

Campastimes

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25 P.

Convocation

The Sixth Convocation went off in the usual blaze of coloured lights and bustling activity. For many, it was an impressive and solemn occasion—for many, it signified their last contact with the Institute. But for those IITians who will stay behind to witness and perhaps participate in the seventh and later convocations, it was something to be entered into in a holiday spirit. Sufficient to them were the facts that it was an occasion of Institute importance and that Monday would almost certainly be uncluttered with classes.

The Chief Guest at the function was Dr. S. Bhagavantam. Sri H. V. R. Iengar, Chairman of the Board of Governors, IIT Madras, was also present. The ceremony began with the invocation, and then started the procession of graduands. The ritualistic formula pronounced by the Director for each group of graduates should have got across—it was repeated often enough! Hidden in the words seemed to be a persistent whisper that this was just a beginning and not the end of something.

In his address the Chief Guest expressed the opinion that for young men and women beginning a career, the best way to serve the country would be in the fields of science and technology. But scientists, he said, should be aware of their social responsibilities if the advance of science is not to be attended by the creation of bigger and bigger problems. He highlighted the enormous military expenditure undertaken by even the poorest nations today, and cited examples of what could be done if even a fraction of such resources were directed into constructive channels. He had this to say of teachers and students: 'Recent developments in some temples of learning bring no credit to either the teachers or the taught. The teachers seem to confuse legal power with moral competence. The taught are in no position to choose between leftism and rightism and ultimately land themselves in hopeless wrongism.'

The clouds, forever threatening, contented themselves with lightly sprinkling the huge gathering. That was enough to make the brand new doctors, masters, and bachelors run for cover: they had their dinner in the Aero Hangar. After dinner, they took one last long look at the mammoth OAT screen... and at Lord Jim. But for them, that Saturday night at IIT must have seemed somehow different.

—Campastimes

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Photo: Kubendran

Dr Sir A. L. Mudaliar, First Chairman, Board of Governors.

end of an era

DR MUDALIAR'S PARTING WORDS:

May I have your permission to speak sitting, Mr President, Mr Consul-General, Members of the Academic Staff, students and Ladies and Gentlemen,

I do not know how I can express my feelings on this occasion, overwhelmed as I am by the very kind words that have been spoken by all the speakers this evening. The IIT has been a dream for me for many years. Perhaps, most of you may not be aware of the genesis of this Institute. It was in the year 1946, Sir, when the Education Member, Government of India, called for a meeting of all members of various States, businessmen and industrialists. In a gathering of about 65 people there were two representatives of the Inter-University Board, my late lamented friend Prof Siddharta and myself. The whole morning was taken for discussions and as we were about to adjourn for lunch, one of us got up and told the President, now that we had all these discussions, might we have a small Committee to consider what should be presented to the Committee at the next meeting. The suggestion was accepted and a small committee of 9 persons was appointed with Dr Sarkar, who was then a Minister in West Bengal, as Chairman of that Committee. It was the decision of this Committee that led to the various bodies which now have a say in the Technical and Technological Education. Being geared to the University mode of thinking, we started

Farewell Function

There was a function in honour of Dr Sir A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, First Chairman, Board of Governors, on Saturday, 30th August. Sri H. V. R. Iengar, the present Chairman of the Board of Governors, presided.

After a welcome by Prof Sampath, an Address was read and presented by Dr Klein. Lady Mudaliar was presented with a silver image of Lord Venkateshwara and two silver lamps. Following speeches by the German Consul, a Board member, a Senate member and a student representative, Sri H. V. R. Iengar addressed the gathering.

The function which was held in the Aero Hangar, was well attended.

A bust of Dr A. L. Mudaliar is to be unveiled at some future date.

with an All India Council of Technical Education which represents the Senate; we had what is known as a co-ordinating Committee which represents the Syndicate; we had also various Boards of Studies suggested. Then we drew up our plans for four IIT's in the first instance, each to be established in one corner of India, namely, North, East, West and South. The suggestion was adopted at the next meeting and Dr Sarkar was made the Chairman of this Co-ordinating Committee and from that time, we went on to work on the IIT's.

(Continued on page 9)

'Pardon, Your Ship is Slowing'

Reopening day. All faces, eager and expectant, are turned towards the classroom door. In strides the lecturer, looking around like a gladiator as he walks up to the platform. He draws out from his file the attendance register and calls out, one, two, 'We don't know the new serial numbers, Sir,' protests a voice from the back benches. Suspicion on the lecturer's face.

'All right, since this is the first day, I will call you names.'



An explosion, a sudden burst of laughter, which dies off just as suddenly, as the learned man glares at you and demands 'What is the matter?'. Silence reigns; for you know that if he understands what the matter is, there is an overwhelming possibility of his making good his promise of calling you names.

You and I know he has slipped. Now, what exactly is a slip? This is what the dictionary tells you, ... slip (n): A sliding of the feet; a leash; a long strip of printed matter; an inclined plane upon which a ship is built; an unintentional error; ... and so forth. Let us skip over (or rather slip under) all the other meanings and take the last. So the slip, for our purpose, is an unintentional error, creeping in as it does on all conceivable occasions to the delight of many and the chagrin of one.

Now, how could the error possibly occur? It could be an apparent jugglery with words and phrases: a lack of synchronisation of the brain and the tongue. This, as you know, imparts to your words a meaning unforeseen, in many cases comic. In 'The Prince and the Pauper' one reads of 'baronets with hats on their heads of crimson velvet'. Who knows, probably there may be such beings, far out there in space.

Spelling, in the English language, is everyone's *bête noire*. A hazy idea of spelling in many cases spoils your intentions of conveying your ideas. When I declare in all earnestness that Ernest Hemingway wrote 'The Old Man and the Sea' or that Fiddle Castro rules over Cuba, well, pardon me for I am just fiddling with the spelling. But could you pardon, even with all possible sympathy, our library which politely reminded a person last year that he had not returned even after reminders, the book, 'Explosion of Science: The Physical Universe' by Sir Bernard Lover!

Another category of slip appears when one interchanges letters or sounds in a word. This is the celebrated 'spoonerism' which according to the encyclopaedia is 'a transposition, accidental or otherwise, of initial letters or syllables of two or more words'. (Incidentally, it is held that many of those attributed to the Rev. Spooner are actually due to J. Huxley; 'On Living in a Revolution') This is the one you indulge in when you 'hiss the mystery classes'. What is more, if the slip is due to a lisp of the tongue, you could as well boast that you were making a deliberate

Dr Zuern's GANDHI CENTENARY CARTOON COMPETITION

This, the year of Gandhi Centenary, calls for something special in competitions. This is a citywide competition open to students of all Madras colleges.

WHAT IS YOUR IMPRESSION OF THE LEGEND OF MAHATMA GANDHI?

WHAT DO YOU SEE IN HIS LIFE, HIS PERSONALITY, HIS WORK, HIS ACHIEVEMENTS AND IDEALS?

Give expression to your ideas through the medium of cartoons. Nothing is as effective as a cartoon in getting an idea across. How perceptive are you at seeing humour in the realities of life, in the vibrant power of ideals and endeavour? It is up to you to bring alive the meaning of a great life to the generation of to-day.

THE BEST ORIGINAL CARTOONS OR CARICATURES WILL BE AWARDED HANDSOME PRIZES!

You, You and You! It's time you did some *thinking*.

ALL ENTRIES SHOULD REACH, BEFORE 1st NOVEMBER, 1969

THE EDITOR,

CAMPASTIMES,

OFFICE OF THE INSTITUTE GYMKHANA,

INDIAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, MADRAS-36.

Note :—All entries are to be in white non-absorbent paper, or plastic sheet size not less than 150 X 100 mm. Write your name and full address in block capital on your entry. Send in as many entries as you like.

For the CYNICAL IITian :

Alright Olympian, you're too big to bother yourself with the affairs of mere mortals. But how about something that challenges your capacity for original thinking? Something that might enable you to justify the bloated opinion you have of your sense of humour? Or is all that merely for the record, an empty laugh? Come, ye self-opinionated cucumber, there is more to it than *that*! Unless, of course, you are scared of what your efforts may fail to yield Why don't you try?

attempt at spoonerism. Now, how would a slip be like when there is a superposition of spoonerism on a false juxtaposition of words; an effect where one reinforces the other? It would be colossal—just imagine how an Englishman would look, with a howler bat on his head of crimson velvet.

For all the apparent simplicity of classification of slip, it may perhaps be well nigh impossible, sometimes, to say if an error was 'just a slip' or an unpardonable mistake. If you or I say 'Socrates won undying immortality' it is an unpardonable mistake. But when a professor, say of History or English, utters these words it is just a slip; for professors, as you know, are notoriously absent-minded. So the demarcation between the two seems to be thin; the distinction, subtle.

The fact that a slip is unintentional does not discount the possibility of a hazardous reprisal; for the story goes that a newly recruited sailor responded to his captain's orders with a 'yaa, Boss', and then apologised—'sorry sir, I slipped'. 'All right', snapped the worthy officer, 'but next time you slip, I slap—understand?'

Watching another person slip can be fun, either in the literary sense or in the physical. But think of your own plight, if in pointing out the slip, you yourself said.

'Pardon, your ship is slowing!';

—JAGADESH.

IIT ASTRONOMICAL ASSOCIATION

The first meeting of the IIT Astronomical Association was held in MSB on 12-4-69. Dr W. Koch presided over the meeting. Membership of the Association is open to all members of IIT Staff and the students. Those interested can contact Sri M. Sathiamurthy, Secretary of the Association (III/3 Chemical, Narmada).

—Campastimes

SHORT STORY

SAM AND CATHY

They were made for each other. They didn't win the Wills contest, but if they had, they might have prevented the eventual winners from seeing the beauties of Kashmir.

Sam and Cathy met for the first time in the park. The moment they saw each other they knew it. Then followed the usual things that happen when the young at heart fall in love at first sight. Had it been an Indian movie, we might have seen two ducks in the lake, two flowers being blown towards each other by the wind etc.

The lovers did not believe in the usual conventions of society. They began to live together. Cathy was very feminine and like most females, she would never let Sam out of her sight after office hours. They would go for long walks in the evenings or watch television at home. She was devoted to him and never left his bedside when Sam fell sick.

Sam was also faithful to Cathy. His relations with his secretary became business like. He left his bachelor friends. Sam was missed in the club. His friend Dicky tried to talk Sam off his infatuation, but Sam just wouldn't listen. So Dick got annoyed and said, 'You're crazy to give up your social life just for that bitch.' Dick only succeeded in getting his jaw broken.

Sam entertained his friends at home occasionally. Cathy would meet the guests at the door, but she never took part in the conversation. She kept an eye on Sam to see that he didn't get into mischief. But when she felt that it was time for the guests to go home, she did not mince words. She would start howling, which was about all she could do since she was a . . . er . . . she-dog.

—VARGHESE GEORGE.

'Fundas is what counts'

This is the story of Elvis Vikramaditya's unhappy encounters with interviews. Any resemblance of Elvis to living persons is purely intentional.

SCENE—I

Elvis meets the interviewing board of a reputed firm of electrical engineers.

Chairman: Hullo. Are you Elvis Vikramaditya?

Elvis: Yes sir. Elvis Vikramaditya from IIT Madras. You know, IIT Madras is amongst the best institutes in India. Modelled on MIT lines. Especially the Electrical Engineering Department. No need to mention about my batch: they were the very cream of India, sir.

Chairman: Indeed? Tell us about your curricular and extra-curricular activities.

Elvis: We were 'S' averagers throughout the five years, sir.

Chairman: Whom do you mean by 'we'?

Elvis: My friend and I, sir. We ate together, mugged together, did our tutorials together and got a combined 'S' average for five years. By sheer combined and co-operative efforts.

Chairman: Then we must select both you gentlemen and pay you a combined salary. Alright; have you held any responsible post?

Elvis: Yes sir. I was a wing representative. Wing rep. was a fabulous post. It was something like the post of a wing commander in the Air Force. It carried with it glamour, prestige, blah blah blah... above all it called for a sense of duty and responsibility....

Chairman: You seem to have concentrated solely on extra-curricular activities. Briefly tell us about synchronous motors.

Elvis: A motor is a machine, though not in the thermodynamic sense of the term, which converts kilowatts to H.P. Our Institute stresses only the fundamentals, sir. Fundas is what counts.

In a motor, the stator is always stationary. The rotor always rotates. You cannot find a motor with a rotating stator; no siree, no lecturer can confuse me on that. Impossible, sir! Not until science advances further.

(A peon enters and passes a file of papers to the chairman who scrutinises them and addresses Elvis.)

Chairman: I find you were caught for malpractices in your final exams!?

Elvis: No sir! It was a genuine mistake. Even the Professor apologised to me later. My friend and I, as I told you earlier, read from the same book, prepared the same answers, selected the same questions and answered them in the same order. It was my tough luck that his roll number was next mine. This gave rise to suspicions.

Chairman: I am not yet satisfied with your fundamentals in electrical technology. Can you tell me what is cutoff in a pentode?

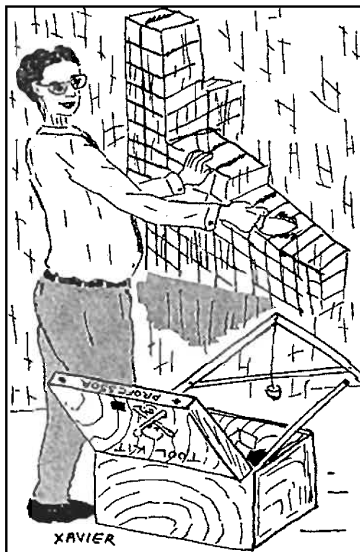
Elvis: Cutoff? I'm afraid I cut that class, sir.

Chairman: (Whispers to himself.) It's a pity you didn't cut your throat instead!

(Aloud:) We'll try another subject.

What is the bending moment of a beam?

Elvis: Ha ha, that's an old one! How can I say? It might bend at any moment it feels weak. Ha ha....



Chairman: Mr. Elvis Vikramaditya, would like to point out that your fundamentals are not as strong as you feel they are. I suggest that you give up heavy electrical engineering and try a light subject like soldering or wiring.

Our hero quits, crestfallen.

SCENE—II

Wiring and soldering.

Chairman: Could you give us the circuit diagram for three-phase power measurement?

Elvis: Sorry sir. In three-phase circuits, we reached only the second phase, sir. Then the lecturer got married. I can't tell you much about the third phase.

Chairman: (Shocked) Is this what you learnt in five years of study in IIT? I am giving you a last chance. If you answer this, you might get a job as an assistant. How do you measure the temperature of a soldering iron?

Elvis: Use a radiation pyrometer, sir.

Chairman: If a meter could read up to 300°C and the iron were at 500°C, what would you do?

Elvis: Pretty simple, sir. Use two pyrometers.

Chairman: Sorry Elvis. I suggest that you first do research on the theory of soldering and then apply for this job.

TEN YEARS LATER: Our man Elvis has changed. He is now an assistant professor in Civil Engineering at IIT Madras, specializing in bricklaying. He is thoroughly happy with his job. Any one of his calibre would be.

VLADIMIR.

INSTITUTE GYMKHANA

POLICY STATEMENT

This year, the Gymkhana elections caused a lot of excitement. Well, for better or worse (let's hope it's the former), I've been elected General Secretary. The Committee consists of a great bunch of guys—Ramani, Chillar, Harcharan, C.K., Chandrasekar, along with yours truly. We're all keen to do a lot of work, and with your co-operation there's practically nothing that cannot be done.

A number of things spring to mind as regards the activities and changes to be undertaken by the Gymkhana. Let me acquaint you with some of them.

There has been a bit of... let's say confusion over the Film Club since Shubban gave it up last year. Unfortunately, this is one of the biggest thorns in our side at present. With luck (and much persistence), we hope to clear up this misunderstanding soon and the position as it existed in the previous years will be restored.

A number of complaints were made about the insufficient facilities provided for the Science Fair last year. This year, the cycle of events will not be repeated. The workshop authorities and other departments have already promised their co-operation. Permission to begin work on projects in the workshops has been given and the interested people can get down to work right away. I hope this will provide an added incentive to prospective inventors and that we can have a damn good display.

Grouses have also trickled in about the 'nomination' of members and editors for the Gymkhana publications. Elections to these posts are also ruled out. We shall try to evolve a system which is more acceptable.

There seems to be a slight discrepancy in the representation of girls in the Gymkhana. The Ladies' Hostel has four Gymkhana representatives and twenty-five residents—this distribution is a bit lopsided. Perhaps the best permanent solution would be to have more girls in the Institute!

Talking of girls, it's time we strengthened our contacts with girls' colleges in the City. Any suggestions in this connection (stupid or otherwise) are welcome.

Generally the freshers are left out of activities in the Institute; we shall try and see that this does not happen. The present freshers seem to be a decent bunch of enthusiastic chaps. Good for them!

So this brings me to the end of my policy statement. Except for one thing—last year there was a heavy concentration of work in the hands of a few people, while the other members were inactive. This year, non-active participation will not occur.

—P. BALAKRISHNA NAMBIAR,
General Secretary.

SIXTH CONVOCATION

Chief Speaker:

Dr S. Bhagavantam,
Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Defence, Government of India.

Prize winners:

President of India Prize:
P. Raghavendran, Mechanical Engineering,

3-year B. Tech.

Governor's Prize:

Joshy Paul Kallungal,

Chemical Engineering,

5-year B. Tech.

Special Merit Prize:

Jayant Baliga,

Electrical Engineering,

5-year B. Tech.

No. of graduands who took their degrees:

	B.Tech.	M. Tech.
5-year		
196	3-year	76
	125	
M.Sc.	D.I.I.T.	Ph.D.
30	24	19

Vol. VIII

CAMPASTIMES COMPETITIONS—I

LIMERICK COMPETITION

Just funny, roaringly hilarious or rollickingly boisterous: send in as many limericks as you can cook up. The printable variety has a chance of winning the prize.

See that your entries reach

THE EDITOR,

COMPASTIMES,

225, Tapti Hostel,

On or before the 1st October.

SECURITY DEPARTMENT

LOST! LOST! LOST!

One numbers baton.
Property of Security Officer.
Finder promised feed at KNICK KNACK.
(Especially if he returns the baton).

WRITING INK TO CURB CRIME RATE!

Latest innovation by Tapti Hostel Attender.

Get some ink—splash it on crosswords.

Crosswords won't be stolen.

Effect guaranteed!

(For those wise guys who go to the Institute Library: they're considering it there too.)

FICTION

The Devil in Person!

P. C. V. NUTHIN*

Two morons, Saxy and Paxy, were desperately mugging for the next day's exam. They had been at it for the past two hours and they were getting more and more frantic with every passing minute. Suddenly, Saxy got up and threw the book he was reading out of the window. 'I give up,' he said, 'it is impossible! I'd sell my very soul to the Devil if I could only get tomorrow's question paper.'

At this moment the Devil walked into the room. At first the guys did not recognize him as such due to his remarkable resemblance to the Assistant Warden of Saxy's hostel. But on closer examination, his horns, hooves and forked tail proclaimed that he was none other than the Devil himself and no cheap imitation.

'Did I hear you say you'd trade your soul for tomorrow's question paper?' eagerly inquired the Devil. Saxy looked as if he wanted to back out, but the sight of the question paper in the Devil's left hand goaded him into signing his name on the document that the Devil had produced from his briefcase. The Devil gave him the QP and having slobbered over the document for a few minutes, disappeared.

Time passed; both Saxy and Paxy croaked. Saxy of course went to Hell, but Paxy, due to some misprint on the list, was sent to Heaven in the place of some goody-goody.

A week later, Saxy met Paxy in an infernal restaurant. They got to yakking about old times over a bottle of castor oil. Saxy asked Paxy how he was faring in Heaven. Paxy sighed, and said, 'Heaven is a rotten place. The trouble is, everybody expects you to behave like a saint. One small mistake, and GOD looks at you as if you're something that had crawled out from under a flat stone. You have to work very hard at being good, otherwise you're done for. How are you getting on in Hell anyway?'

'Excellently,' replied Saxy. 'The grub is far better than hostel grub. The temperature is lower than it used to be in Madras, and due to the large number of people, that has been entering Hell lately, unemployment is rife. We in Hell hardly ever work. Hell is the Utopia I used to dream about while I was in IIT!'

The moral of the story is: GO TO HELL!



BRIDGE

S- K J 10
H- Q J 10 x
D- A K Q J 10
C- x

S- 8 7 x
H- x x x
D- x x
C- A 10 9 7 6

S- A 9 x x
H- 9 8 7
D- x x
C- K Q x x

This deal, I think, presents a new defensive theme: A game may be reached thus:

N S
1 D 1 S
2 H 3 NT

The opening club lead to the Jack is ducked. When East returns the eight, the Queen is put up. The normal play for West would be to let this hold in the hope that later on, another club through South can be played.

But West knows that:

(1) (from the bidding) South is likely to have the Ace rather than the Queen of Spades. If he has both, there is no defence.

(2) East must have at least the Ace of Hearts for the contract to be beaten.

Then if this round is ducked, South will be forced to finesse the Jack of Spades through East—in other words, forced to fulfil his contract.

On the other hand, suppose West wins the round and knocks out South's King even though he has no future entry; then in order to keep West out of lead, the Spade finesse will be through West: this would fail, setting the contract. Declarer cannot, of course, guess the favourable Heart position and the defenders are not inconvenienced by five rounds of Diamonds.

Again, if West's original holding was

S- Q x x
H- A K x
D- x x
C- A 10 9 7 6,

the winning play would be to duck the second round, in spite of knowing that East cannot have another entry. Then declarer is bound to finesse the Jack of Spades wrongly—in the hope that even if it lost, Hearts would not be cashed immediately.

—S. VISWANATHAN.

DEBATING

The Gandhi Memorial Trophy instituted by the Stella Maris Economics Club was won by IIT; the team consisted of V. S. Krishnan and G. K. Pillai. V. S. Krishnan won the individual prize.

QUIZ

The Annual Quiz was held on 1st Sept. two days before the Gymkhana Inauguration. The Quizmaster was Dr. Klein. The placements are as follows:

- (1) S. Parameshwaran 8 pts.
- (2) M. S. Srinivasan 6½ pts.
- (3) Balakrishnan 3 pts.

WILKOMMENS

Dr. Ing Friedrich W. Rutloh,
Professor, Department of Electrical Engineering.
Dr. H. Gerken,
Professor, Department of Mechanical Engineering.

WIEDERSEHENS

Dr. Ing W. Scheer,
Professor, Department of Mechanical Engineering.
Dr. Ing W. Stahl,
Professor, Department of Mechanical Engineering.
D. Ing R. J. H. Bisanz,
Professor, Department of Chemical Engineering.
Dipl. Ing Helmut Conen,
SSA, Department of Mechanical Engineering.
Dipl. Ing Wolfgang Rohrbach,
SSA, Department of Civil Engineering.

REPORT

Campastimes Interviews Dr Bhagavantam

The extraordinary thing about Dr Bhagavantam is that both in appearance and manner of speech, he is exactly what one would imagine him to be. *Campastimes* had the privilege of interviewing him, *albeit* in a post-official-luncheon session.

Inevitably, we started off by asking him about his 'first impressions' of the Institute. 'The Institute gave me the impression that it is well-equipped, modern, and most forward looking,' he answered. 'As I was telling your Director, it bears a different stamp from the older universities. In those days, we in India at least, had not yet come to know of technology in the true sense of the word—for instance, the transistor was quite unknown. From that point of view, such a well-staffed and modern institution certainly has a bright future.' To be sure, we could have told him a thing or two at that stage but he was supposed to do all the talking and not us.

Campastimes: 'Dr Bhagavantam, could you give us an idea as to how far technology has advanced in the field of defence, in India today?'

'Well, we did not think of technology helping defence before 1963, in my estimate. The Chinese aggression woke us all up and we started to think in terms of self-sufficiency for the first time; hard on its heels came the 1965 shock. The point is that we came to realize that even foreign countries with the best of intentions cannot continue to supply us war equipment under such circumstances. In the last four years, quite a lot has been done to improve the situation.' He added, 'The tank factory at Avadi, which is a post-'63 project, is an example. Modern tanks are made there with a substantial portion of indigenous equipment. We are also self-sufficient in small arms and ammunition and have started to make radar equipment in the country. Broadly speaking, Indian technologists have every reason to be proud of what they have accomplished in the field of defence during the past few years.'

We gave him time for a couple of deep breaths and then asked him for his opinion on an oft-discussed topic—whether it was worth our while to duplicate so much of the basic research which has already been done abroad when the field of applied research lies quite fallow in the country. Dr Bhagavantam did not feel that a lot of basic research was being done in the country. He said he was a bit annoyed at the way some people were hitting out at such research. After all, 'In India technology itself is in a basic stage and research must go hand in hand with technology.' He did not want this to imply that applied research is unnecessary—far from it, 'the fact is that even today, we are spending less than one-third of one per cent of our G.N.P. on all the research being done in the country. When two people are starving, one does not pause to theorize as to who is starving the more.'

'But sir, don't you think that at least in the future there should be more emphasis on applied research?' He agreed heartily. 'The present pattern has to and *will* change in the future. The fundamental principle behind all our efforts must be the improvement of our national economy. Everything else is subsidiary.'

Most of us feel rather hot under the collar when we watch bureaucrats strangle technical administration with good old red tape. Dr Bhagavantam is no exception. 'Such people have no conception of technical administration; they always mess up matters. It is high time that technical men started to devote some of their time to administration. They have got to set right their own house.' He carried on vehemently, 'Don't you also think that you must do your own administration? Some of you may not like this kind of work, but you cannot

fight shy of running your own institutions. Bureaucrats are accustomed to certain methods in dealing with a country such as ours, and you cannot expect them to make a good job of technical administration.'

'Do you definitely think, then, that a new approach is called for?'

'Well, even now the trend is to get technical men to do their own administration at all levels. Such men should get themselves involved in policy matters and decisions at the highest levels.'

'Wouldn't that mean entering politics?'

'No! Politics—well, you must differentiate between a politician and an administrator. Politics and policies are made by politicians, I am not suggesting that technical men should get themselves involved at *that* level. After all, we are considering only a matter of Administration.' That seemed to close the topic and we hastily moved on to the next one.

'Dr Bhagavantam, how much of the information which results from defence research is being passed on to the general industries?'

He seemed to relish the question. 'Defence research comes broadly under two categories. Information gathered in fields like plastics, chemicals, metallurgy etc., can be passed on to the industries. As a matter of fact, an improved form of the barbed wire fence which was first made for the army is now extensively used elsewhere. On the other hand, research in fields like radar and telecommunication technology, sophisticated electronic devices, etc., is top secret. For example 75% of my own work is classified. However, by and large, we do pass on a lot of research information to industry.'

That was explicit enough. We then asked him for a *resume* on the progress of automation in defence.

'I do not intend to go into the pros and cons of automation,' he replied. 'However,

the fact remains that in certain special fields like radar and other detection equipment as well as in large-scale inventory control, there is no substitute for automation. Still, the first question asked by the Finance Department when a computer is introduced somewhere is, 'How many men can you retrench?' Lots of people are misinformed on this subject, and they need to be educated.'

That seemed to round things off nicely and we shook hands with him, the usual words on our lips. Before parting our Ed asked him if he had a word of advice for our readers.

'I never give advice,' he replied. 'I know that it will not be taken!'

Yes S-I-R, you sure are bang on our wavelength.

—Campastimes

Results :

Dr. Zuern's Vacation Contests

Competition I :

'GERMANY IN THE EYES OF AN INDIAN.'

1. B. R. Somiah
2. S. Subramanian


Competition II :

'SYMBOL OF INDO-GERMAN FRIENDSHIP.'

1. S. Subramanian
2. Vijay Sarihan

Colour Entries :

1. K. R. Vishweshwar
2. Vijay Sarihan

What are *you* doing about the KGP Meet?


A firm in Germany ordered coffee from a firm in the United States. While the coffee was *en route*, several bags of the coffee were broken and rats had rested in them. The German firm sent the following letter concerning the condition of the coffee on arrival.

Schentlemans :

Der last two paketches we got from you off koffee vas mit ratschidt gemixt. Der koffee vas gute enuff, but der ratt druds schboils der taste. Ve did not see der ratschidt in der sables, vich you sent us for examination.

It takes so much time to pek der ratt druds from der koffee, ve vas much berturbed, ve order kleen koffee! and you schipt schidt mixt mit der koffee it was a mistake, ja? Ve like you to schipp us der koffee in vun zak and der ratschidt in der ober zak, den ve mix it to suit der kostumer.

Write please if ve schut schipp der schidt bek and keep der koffee, or if we schut keep der schidt and schipp der koffee bek, or schipp der hold schidden vorks bek.

Ve vant to do rite in dis madder, but dont like dis ratschidt buisiness.

Mit much respect,
KARL GRUMMENHAUSEN.

LIFE AND ME

It all happened because of a brain-wave which occurred to Henry P. Luce a few decades ago. This was the idea of starting *Life* magazine. To a lesser extent one can blame Hedley Donovan, George P. Hunt and ninety-seven others (deployed all over the world) who are working from dawn to dusk to bring out, every fortnight, the *Life* magazine to enlighten and entertain millions.

I can well understand the questioning look on your face. Even Sherlock would find it difficult to discover the connection between H. Donovan, G. P. Hunt (and ninety-seven others, of course!) and the happiness spread in our batch during the last Physics lecture. But I can explain it.

You see, it so happened that one day Dai Llewellyn of Wales deciding to introduce some humour into his hitherto drab life, started twisting his face into odd contortions. He called this highly interesting sport 'gurning'. It caught the fancy of his fellow Welshmen who, in turn, started to 'gurn' in their free hours. (One good gurn deserves another, you know!) When the local *Life* reporter heard of this, he rushed to Dai Llewellyn's place and photographed half a dozen faces he made. Hed Donovan, George Hunt, and ninety-seven others published them.

It also so happened that on that fine morning (I mean on the morning of the day when happiness was spread during our Physics lecture hour), Halligowda saw *Life* magazine. He was very impressed by Dai Llewellyn's picture, and paused to read the note beneath. So he too came to know about gurning.

Being a chap with abundant supply of grey cells, he started to think at once. 'If Dai Llewellyn could make gurning a national pastime,' he reasoned, 'then I too can make clucking a national pastime.' And being an energetic chap, he decided to go about it with fervour of a fanatic.

Accordingly, in the Physics class (which was during the first hour), as soon as the lecturer turned to write something on the board, he turned and whispered to me, 'Hey! I bet you can't do this,' and then proceeded to produce a clucking noise.

I am normally a quiet chap. But not when I come across such an insulting remark. I replied with scathing contempt, 'Oh yeah!'

Halligowda nodded his nut vigorously and replied 'Yeah!'

I was thoroughly aroused. This son of a bachelor thought me incompetent. I let out an explosive 'Oh yeah!' and proceeded to make the above-mentioned sounds loudly.

The Physics lecturer, not being hard of hearing, turned his face towards the class and asked, 'WHO MADE THAT SOUND?'

The whole class yelled back, 'WHAT SOUND, SIR?'

The lecturer: 'That sound!'

One helpful guy ventured out, 'Could it be something like this?' and let out a long drawn, 'Whee... eee!'

Another guy, 'Or like this? clucka-cluck...!'

Now the spirit of the game was catching on. From all corners of the lecture hall came noises like—'Wee... eee... umpa... crash! Thud! Meo... ww! Bow bow! Ooo... oo! Yaviva riva! Tantara...!' and so on.

The lecturer banged on the table and yelled out, 'STOP THAT, I SAY!'

'STOP WHAT, SAR?' shouted the class.

The lecturer: 'That noise!'

'Which noise, sir?' enquired the class.

The lecturer gulped. Then raising his face ceilingwards, he let out a mighty, 'CLUCKTA!'

As soon as the echoes of his mighty 'cluckta' faded away, the whole class started clapping. Some guys went to the extent of shouting, 'Once more!'

Suddenly Halligowda stood up and said, 'It was me.'

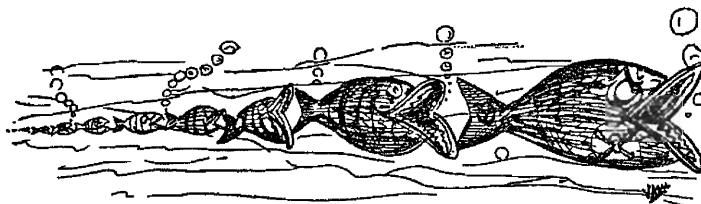
The lecturer, showing intelligence uncommon for him, caught on. 'You mean it was you who made that noise?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Why did you do it?'

SHORT STORY

.... AND BIG FLEAS HAVE LITTLE FLEAS TO SIT ON THEIR BACKS AND BITE 'EM AND LITTLE FLEAS HAVE LITTLER FLEAS, AND SO ON, AD INFINITUM



The happy bloke walked along the corridor, whistling what he fancied was a dashing version of 'Musthafa' and puffing away at a *Panama*. He had just written a periodical in which he was certain of getting an *S*, mainly due to concentrated student co-operation when the invigilator's back was turned. He intended to take the rest of the day off to celebrate. The rosy prospect of a lazy day spent in reading the type of literature he most enjoyed stretched before him: no wonder he was happy.

Suddenly he seemed to shrink. Gone were his jaunty air and cocky gait. Abruptly, he turned around and started scurrying off in the opposite direction.

*Like one who on a lonely road,
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once looked back, walks on
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread!*

The frightful fiend in this case being the lecturer whose class he was supposed to be attending.

'C'mere,' said the fiend, 'where do you think you're going?'

The guy turned around with as much *sang froid* as he could muster. Quoth he, 'I was just going to class.'

'You happen to be walking in the wrong direction, mister. This matter shall be reported to the head of the department... or better still, the Director!' He looked as if he wanted to add that the poor guy's horrendous crime would be reported to the President of India and also to God, but had just refrained from so saying. 'You may go... and never again darken the portals of my class!' Having made this devastating pronouncement, the lecturer strode on with a sunny smile on his face. His good deed for the day was done.

The lecturer, whose rather surprising name was Panduranga Gopalakrishna Sadashivalingam, was called 'Prang' by his pals. Prang had just decided to cut the class he was supposed to be taking. As a matter of fact,

he was rather scared of the class. Some inquisitive moron in the first bench was sure to pop up with, 'How do you get that answer, saar?' or 'Why do you apply that operator, saar?' Besides which he had to be always on the alert to dodge the flying paper missiles that took off from the last benches.

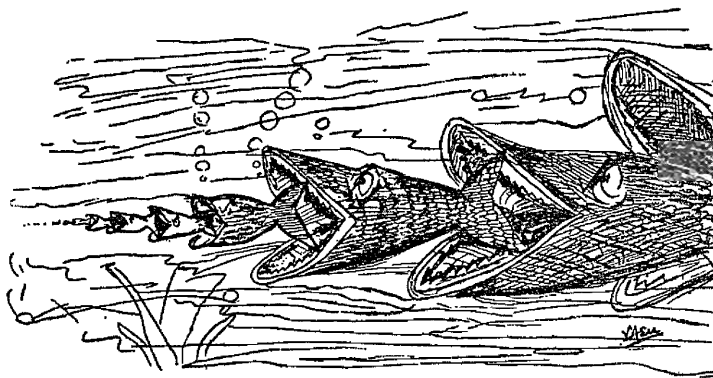
Prang oozed happily along to his department. He lighted a *Charm* and settled down to relax with a confiscated Playboy. The Head of the department rolled up and fixed him with a glittering eye. Prang squirmed like a crucified caterpillar. The Head spoke up, 'Mr. Prang,' (the Head had forgotten the guy's full name) 'What are you doing here? You are supposed to be taking a class. It has been brought to my notice that you do not take classes regularly. Your conduct has been reported to the authorities and in future such conduct will not be tolerated. Good day, Mr. Prang!'

Having successfully reduced Prang to a gibbering wreck, the Head strolled to his office. He prided himself on knowing how to handle malingering lecturers. Smiling broadly, he produced a battered-looking *beedi* from some recess in his clothing and proceeded to light it. The phone rang. It was the Director and what he had to say was surprising. 'A bigwig on the Board of Governors wants to yap with ya, ol' boy!'

The Head was puzzled. What on earth could the top brass want to discuss with him, unless....

The Big Shot opened up with, 'It has been reported that....'

—P. C. V. NUTHIN'



Halligowda gulped. 'You see sir,' he began, 'it was because of *Life*...'

'Don't be foolish, I say!'

'Yes sir! No sir!... it is really true, sir. I wanted to get my picture in *Life* magazine, sir. So I did that sir.'

The lecturer was mystified. In fact, he had a *doubt*. He expressed it.

Halligowda began explaining.

It was a few days after this incident that an M. Tech fellow was thrown out of class for creating a disturbance. Our lecturer, too, it seems, wanted to get his picture in *Life*.

A. Sankaran.

The Changing Role of Student Newspapers

There are well over 2,000 colleges and universities in the United States. Most, possibly all, have a campus newspaper. These newspapers vary in size, circulation, printing method, and editorial quality. Some serve only students, some an entire community. Some appear daily, some weekly, some whenever enough news items have been gathered. One thing they have in common is a growing realization, if not acceptance, that the college newspaper should be a medium for student expression, not just a mouthpiece for college officials or campus 'clubs.'

Once a bland listing of campus events and administration-promoted 'news,' college newspapers more and more are reporting and analyzing local, state, national, and world news of concern to students.

A recent edition of the Colorado State University *Collegian* featured protest activity at Colorado State by Negro and Mexican-American groups. (Colorado, because of its proximity to Mexico, has a sizable Mexican-American population.) The paper's coverage included articles and photographs, guest editorials by protest leaders, and a collection of letters written to the paper by students interested in the subject. There were also a number of wire service stories on state, national, and world news of interest to the students. Buried deep in the paper were two columns of small type devoted to scheduled campus events. At some schools, those two little columns in greatly expanded form might have been the entire content of the paper.

The degree of crusading spirit a paper exhibits depends largely on its freedom from university control, either financially or structurally.

Many papers waver uncertainly between the desire to please students and the need to please the administration. Considering the outright hostility that now exists between students and administration, such a middle course is almost impossible. The *Oberlin Review* comments, 'It is easy to let someone say what they want to say as long as they agree with you. It is harder now that we don't.'

Steve Johnson, business manager of the United States Student Press Association, says succinctly, 'How can the student press ensure structural freedom from the university while bound to its purse strings?'

Some student newspapers have historically been corporate entities independent of the university—the *Harvard Crimson*, the *Yale Daily News*, the *Cornell Daily Sun*. Some are financially self-supporting through paid subscriptions and advertising revenue, but structurally a part of the university. Others are structurally separate, but financially dependent. Some are totally dependent.

The *Indiana Daily Student*, although a self-supporting paper with a circulation of over 28,000, until this year was part of the journalism department at the University of Indiana. Journalism majors were required to work on the paper for classroom credit, a poor system since some of them were not interested in newspaper work. The *Daily* is reorganizing now so that it will be free of the journalism department and controlled instead by a board of students, faculty, and journalism professionals.

A newspaper structurally free but financially dependent is the *Ohio University Post*, which publishes daily at a school of 17,000 students. The *Post* is not connected with the journalism department, but depends on student fees collected by the university for half of its \$125,000 budget.

The danger of financial dependence is apparent in the case of the *Columbia Daily Spectator*. The *Spectator* in recent years has become an independent corporation, but it is subsidized by the university. University officials, alarmed by student violence at

Columbia, claim that the paper has become 'an organ of political opinion.' They have threatened to withdraw their \$20,000 subsidy unless the paper becomes an 'objective source of news.' The paper could survive without the subsidy, but it would certainly be weakened.

Some student newspapers, fearing such control, are trying now to organize into independent corporations totally free of university influence—the *Michigan Daily*, *Daily Pennsylvanian*, and the *Queens College Phoenix* are a few.

A newspaper's potential for independence may hinge on geography. Most of the papers mentioned so far are either at large universities or located in large cities where a paper can exist on advertising and paid subscribers. The small town, small college paper (typically given free to students) cannot.

Julie Van Camp is the editor of the Mount Holyoke *Choragos*, a paper serving a girls' college of 1,600 students in a small New England town. She says, 'Small college newspapers are basically bad. Many students do not bother to read them, and the paper often has little impact on those who do. More often than not, the papers are high-schoolish, poorly written, and boring... their finances at a bare subsistence level, their problems with administrative censorship overwhelming.'

Miss Van Camp suggests that small paper editors adopt a leisurely, 'in-depth' style of coverage dealing with topics of wide student interest, much like a weekly news magazine.

This brings up an issue presently being debated by college editors—the amount of opinion that should go into a campus newspaper. According to the *Oberlin Review*, 'The reporter for a college or university newspaper is in a position where it is practically impossible for him to be 'objective.' He is involved in his story from all sides.' Other editors maintain that in order to be believed by the majority of readers, a newspaper must leave the opinion to the editorial page.

At least 450 campus newspapers belong to the United States Student Press Association, a non-profit organization founded in 1962 by a group of 30 student editors. Its main activity is the daily release of a news packet written for, by, and about students. The Association co-operates with the newly formed European-based International Student Press Service and with the Canadian University Press. It also sends field workers to campus papers that request help with their operations.

Recently, the Association held its eighth annual College Editors Conference in Washington, D.C. Formal papers were presented, government officials and other newsworthy figures were interviewed, group discussions were held. The college press is coming of age.

—By courtesy of the United States Information Services.

MADRAS AVENUE MAD

We foresee the day when *Campastimes* sends its reporter to record the tributes and comments of various persons in the Institute on the death of an Institute personality. We visualize the following tributes from:

The Head of the Electrical Engineering Department

The fuse has blown. It is a pity that the power of his personality has been cut off in such a manner. Without him, the Department will be a rotorless motor. He leaves behind a socket difficult to plug in.

The Head of the Mechanical Engineering Department

It is a bolt from the blue. He was welded to his department and riveted to his colleagues. The infinite force of Fate has torn him away from us, leaving a fatigue fracture.

The Head of the Civil Engineering Department

The news of his collapse has fallen on us like a metric tonne of granite (IS 2069). His beliefs were based on a solid foundation. The bond between us was as strong as reinforced concrete. Our condolences to the rest of the supports in his family structure.

The Head of the Chemistry Department

The reaction of time with Fate has led to this tragic result. He was a colourful personality with a fine taste and great affinity for action. He leaves behind two of his isotopes and one allotrope.

The Head of the Mathematics Department

He has been transformed from a real to an imaginary plane. He played an integral part in limiting the discontinuities among the complex staff. He leaves behind the first two terms in an infinite series tending to fill his vacancy.

The Head of the Humanities Department

No words, German or English, can describe the history of the man, the psychology of his behaviour or the economy of his living.

The Librarian

He has been taken away from our s(h)elves, never to be returned, like our books. Only yesterday I issued him a book on long term loan.

G. NANDA KUMAR.

IT'S NEVER TOO EARLY!

Overheard: Hey, how about voting me class rep next year, yar?

ELLESDIDDLE

A hippe brought up on
L, S and D,
Mixed it with old
Napoleon brandy:
Took a swig at the
mixture——
Bust an intestinal fixture!
Now all he sucks is
striped candy.

—RAT



Address

PRESENTED TO

DR. SIR A. LAKSHMANASWAMY MUDALIAR,

First Chairman, Board of Governors,

INDIAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, MADRAS

SIR,

WE, the Staff-members and Students of the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras present to you this humble expression of our gratitude for your services to this Institute in the first decade of its existence.

WHAT a remarkable ten-year period this has been, witnessing the rapid growth of this institution of learning and its township. How can we forget that the location of this higher Institute for technological study in the Southern Region at Madras was entirely due to your able advocacy of the claims of this metropolitan city for this privilege? The acquisition of this extensive sylvan paradise for housing it was possible because of your imagination and vision and unremitting efforts. We have been the beneficiaries, over the years, of your deep and abiding interest in the creation of a modern and purposeful township with all the basic amenities for the academic community of staff-members and students living in it. We are justly proud that, in lay-out and environment, our Institute commands a pre-eminent position among its sister institutions in the country.

NOR can it be otherwise, considering the rich experience that you possess as an administrator and educationist. To you again, we owe the excellent academic standards that we have attained. With rare intellectual detachment, you brought to the task of building up this Institute a band of teachers and research workers, persons who have distinguished themselves by their scholarly work and devotion to duty. You laid a secure base for training students in a multitude of disciplines in science and technology, and successive batches of students have gone out to fill positions in the country's nation-building activities in educational, administrative and industrial spheres and they have reflected credit on the Alma Mater. Your guiding hand as Chairman of the Board of Governors for three consecutive terms has stabilised the Institute and endowed it with the strength and respect that it enjoys. The Institute as a whole benefitted by your zealous guardianship of the autonomy of educational institutions. The leadership and counselling providing by you have been mainly responsible for the accelerated development of the Institute under the German Technical Assistance Programme and the emergence of this Institute as a shining symbol of fruitful international collaboration in the field of technical education.

SIR, India can be proud of you; you have earned distinction for our country by your remarkable achievements in various fields. Your fame in the field of medicine has been equalled only by your reputation as the Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University which office you held with honour for over 25 years—a record of service unique in the annals of University Education anywhere in the world.

THE achievements that stand to your credit are too numerous to be catalogued. Only a few may be mentioned—your monumental work for the University of Madras, your contribution as a Member of the University Grants Commission, your services to the World Health Organization and to the Councils of the UNESCO, your Chairmanship of the Regional Committee of the All India Council for Technical Education and your role as elected Member of the Legislative Council. One wonders how so much could be crowded into the active years of the life of a single man. Yet we know the answer. You possess the moral qualities which contribute to true greatness, high sense of duty, firmness of conviction, patience and, above all, freedom from motives of selfish advantage. We always see you, in our mind's eye, as a figure of rock-like strength and integrity, imbued with commonsense and wisdom.

SIR, you possess traits of character which are only rarely found in combination in the same individual—culture and urbanity, tact and wisdom, a respect for tradition and a progressive outlook—qualities which mark out the great man in a crowd of average mortals. Withal, you have a generous heart, always ready to understand the difficulties of teachers and students, and eager to find a solution for them. We were specially privileged to be under your fostering care during the formative years of the Institute and we basked in the sun-shine of your radiant personality.

MEN with such phenomenal abilities and qualities of character, emerge, if at all, once in a generation. You have shaped us into what we now are. This Institute, your last and may we say, your best creation, will cherish memories of your association with it with pride and gratitude. You have left us to enjoy a well-earned rest after well nigh half-a-century of unremitting labours in the cause of higher education. It is our firm hope that you will continue your abiding interest in us and give us the benefit of your mature counsel whenever we need it.

WE pray to the Almighty, the Dispenser of all favours, to bless you with many more years of peace and happiness and the strength to continue to serve noble causes and to promote worthy efforts.

Yours faithfully,

STAFF-MEMBERS & STUDENTS

OF

30th August 1965.

INDIAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, MADRAS

End of an Era—(contd. from p. 1; col. 3)

Soon, the Calcutta Institute at Kharagpur was established because Dr Sarkar was the Chairman and he had the blue-prints. The next Institute to be established was at Bombay.

When it came to the Institute in the South, each of the States thought that the Institute should be located in their capital—Travancore, Bangalore, of course, Hyderabad and last Madras. The question was very difficult for the Ministry of Education to decide and therefore they asked a Committee (of which I happened to be the Chairman) to pull the chestnuts out of the fire and give them a solution. We were asked to meet the Ministers of the different States to ascertain their views. This historic meeting was held in the University and the four Ministers were there. The Ministers, having expressed their opinions, retired because they had very heavy duties to perform and the Southern Regional Committee discussed the question. Within half-an-hour, there was an almost unanimous opinion that the Institute should be located in Madras.

The difficulties did not end there. The requirements were about 650 acres of land, a free supply of water—you know what it means in these days—and an abundant supply of electric energy. We had therefore to look for a site. We ventured to suggest with longing and lingering looks that the Government Estate in Guindy was perhaps the most suitable site, because they had 1,100 acres and I know that the Governors, aged people that they are, do not go round the Campus even once a year. We therefore had a small meeting with his Excellency, the Governor, Mr A. J. John of Kerala, the Education Minister, myself, and the Chief Engineer to the Government and fortunately we got the 650 acres. The question was how to get to work on getting this estate into a reasonable form to serve our purpose. Perhaps you are not all aware of the fact that at that time this was part of a Deer Park, abounding in snakes, scorpions and other species of the animal kingdom. Fortunately, we had a blue-print prepared by the Ministry of Education and it was with this that the first foundation was laid by the late Mr. Humayun Kabir who took a keen interest in this Institute. But the buildings were not there and the Institute had to start working. It could not wait for all these buildings. So we poached on other preserves to get some little space to start work. The CLRI gave us accommodation for our officers for which Dr. Nayudamma has to be thanked. The A.C. College, of course, came in and said that they would place their laboratories at our disposal in the early years. Even the Guindy Engineering College was willing to help us. All that happened because, somehow or other, the person who was charged with the duty of the Chairmanship of this Institute had a finger in every pie and so they could not resist.

I am glad to say that under the able leadership of Prof. Sengupto, who was the first Director, and Mr. R. Natarajan who was the Registrar, and with the assistance of the Superintending Engineer Mr. Y. S. Ramaswamy, building after building came up in this vast campus; and the glory of it all was that all the great trees were not touched. The buildings grew up in a sort of atmosphere which we call the Tagore atmosphere in this place. I could go on telling you more and more of this story, but the most important event that took place was the visit of our late Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru to Germany and it is that that gave us the foothold for a strong, able, and academically forward looking Institute here. The generous help given by the German Government of the day has been continued for the last so many years both in equipment as well as in the more important aspect of personnel to guide the work in this Institute. This was indeed a treasure-trove for the successful fulfilment of the dreams some of us had.

And so it came about that the IIT Madras gained a premier position in the IITs—there are five of them—and I can say, without

any contradiction, that it holds a high place not only in this country, but in the technological world of today. We are deeply grateful to the German Government for having given us this excellent assistance at a time when we were just starting life as it were and resuscitating us from time to time. I do not want to dwell long on these aspects. The Schools were opened and I see before me Rev. L. D. Murphy, my oldest advisor and friend who took keen interest in starting these Schools, the Primary School, the Secondary School, and all that goes with it. We have many other friends who have helped us in this cause, many who have willingly given their services. It would therefore not be right to say that either the Chairman or the Board of Governors were responsible for many of the things that have taken place here. I am particularly happy that the student population here have been meticulously careful in conducting themselves in a manner that I have always been able to pose before my students in the University. There has been a great deal of effort on their part to prove that they are worthy undergraduates of this famous Institute of Technology.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am really overwhelmed by the very kind thoughts expressed by you. All that I can say is that such an opportunity comes once in a life time. If you take hold of that opportunity, success will be yours. I hope and trust that on all occasions, the IIT will take these opportunities and come up *par excellence*, the best not only in this country, but in the whole world. I wish your Institute all success. I wish your Chairman of the Board of Governors every success. It was a great delight to me when I relinquished office to know that my worthy successor is none other than Mr. Iengar. I must thank him for taking on himself this onerous duty and I am sure that he will discharge his duty with the ability that he has shown over a long period of public service—as a Secretary to the Government, as a Governor of Reserve Bank and in connection with various Institutes for the development of industry and business. The fact that he is connected with some of the most important industries, makes me feel sure that the link between the IIT and the industrial world will not only be close but always yield the best results possible. I thank him for having accepted the Chairmanship.

I thank you one and all for the great honour that you have done me and my wife and I look on this as a red letter day in my career. Thank you all.

Sri H. V. R. Iengar, the present Chairman of the Board of Governors—

There is no danger of repeating oneself when talking about Dr Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar because his achievements are so varied, his spectrum of interest is so wide that it is not really necessary to repeat oneself even over a dozen meetings.

Perhaps the most important contribution that he has made to the public life of our country is in the field of the maintenance of an exceptionally high degree of standards in the University of Madras. This is not as easy as it sounds, because we have Universities and Universities both here and overseas; and we have been passing through a period of exceptional trouble all over the place. Vice-chancellors have been gheraoed (I think *that* is a new contribution by India to the lexicon of the English language); Vice-Chancellors have been forced overnight to submit their resignations; students have been known to indulge in arson of buses (some peculiar allergy between students and bus-drivers and conductors); students have been known to halt trains by sitting on the track; they have been known to burn tram-cars and signal boxes; and in the midst of all this, there is, remarkably, a singularly free area of peace, quiet, discipline and good sense in the University of Madras. There have been a few ripples here and there, but broadly speaking this description is correct and I have been thinking of the reasons why this is so.

'The fact that students' minds are disturbed in India is not really a matter of great surprise. We have, of course, our own special swedesi reasons aggravating this disturbance among the students: we have the problem of unemployment for instance.

'Then why is it so peaceful in the University of Madras and in the IIT? I can only put it down to the fact that as the Chairman of the Board of Governors of this Institute and as Vice-Chancellor of the University of Madras, he has been able, by sheer force of character and personality, to infuse in the minds of the student community, a sense of respect for himself and the institutions of which he has been the Chairman. The personality of a person at the top and the sense of respect he creates amongst all those he comes into contact with are particularly important because of the general area of indiscipline we notice all round us, particularly in the political field. Politics, in any country is a pretty strange business. It leads to all kinds of distortions in personal relationships. The voices in our country now are rather shrill, personalities have been indulged in, and the manner in which the debates have been carried out is such that if I were a young student, I would not feel a tremendous amount of respect for the political leaders of this country. Indeed I have a feeling that some of the discontent among the student community arises out of the very fact that this respect for the political leaders of the country is rapidly diminishing. It is in the midst of all these distortions, of all the sense of indiscipline and insecurity we have around us, that Dr Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar has been able to create an atmosphere of quietness, a love for scholarship and a sense of discipline, a sense of decorum and good behaviour—all the virtues which are usually regarded as conservative but which in reality are ageless.

'I have been tremendously struck by his methods, by his exceptional sense of discipline, by his meticulousness, by his anxiety to do whatever job he takes up, as well as it can be done. In fact I have often been astonished at the fact that even on relatively small matters affecting either this Institute or the Madras Institute of Technology, he devotes his whole heart and mind to the particular problem. These are virtues exceptionally rare and there are not many people in our country or in other countries in the world who have a combination of his great vision with capacity for infinite care for detail and great meticulousness in the performance of his daily tasks.

'We wish both you and your wife long years of health and happiness. When you reach the evening of your years may it be a long and pleasant evening. I am sure it will give you some satisfaction to know that over your long academic and professional life you have brought a feeling of discipline and good sense to a whole generation of students. I do think that this has been one of the greatest facets of the contribution that he has made.'

On the occasion of the farewell function in honour of Dr Mudaliar, this is what the representative of the German Consulate-General had to say.

Dr Bindseil:

... We from the German side, Dr. Mudaliar, have always considered it as a privilege and honour that you were for so many years the Chairman of the Board of Governors, as a person who has the deepest understanding for the promotion of the Indo-German Co-operation in the scientific field and for all matters connected with IIT, Madras, as an outstanding example of the collaboration between India and Germany. ... On behalf of the German Government, on behalf of Dr Karl Pfouter, our German Consul-General, who is still away on home leave and on behalf of my other colleagues and myself in the German Consulate-General, Madras, I would like to extend my very best wishes to Dr Mudaliar for a long and happy retired life. *



EDITORIAL

Campastimes begins the year with a few changes on record—a new committee, a new editor, and, we hope, new ideas. But the transition has been smooth, with the result that *Campastimes* can proceed from where it stopped last year without the necessity of having to retrace any steps. If we succeed in our endeavour of maintaining the excellent editorial standard of the past academic year we shall be amply repaid for our efforts. At best we can strive to introduce minor technical improvements in the presentation of the material that reaches us: any major improvement must await a drastic change in the attitude of the average IITian towards the idea of writing for *Campastimes*.

We are very glad that Prof. Sampath will remain our publisher despite the great demands made on his time and energy by his other commitments. We are fortunate in having Dr. Zuern for our staff advisor: his help, encouragement and suggestions are, as always, invaluable.

Sorely missed in the pages of *Campastimes* will be the ace writers who have left the Institute with the passing of the year. Gope with his Cup of Aye Aye Tea, and his delightful caricatures, Tee Square, Arvind Johari... these names have appeared at the foot of many a column, and the columns were all the better appreciated for that. One contributor for whom it is going to be very difficult to find a replacement, is Gnanchandra. We can only hope that hidden somewhere in the sea of faces we see around us is talent comparable to his—and that it doesn't remain hidden for long. We look to the junior students to bring their talents into the open; it would be unkind of them to wait for us to come and dig them out.

The Semester System has finally caught up with us and it has brought with it some changes in the curriculum. Opinions vary considerably as to whether the average student is the better off for it as regards the work demanded of him—but one thing is certain, a change has taken place. As with any major change, some maladjustments are unavoidable: however one does pity the class getting a thorough grounding in materials technology for the third year running!... not to mention the class blankly trying to understand the principles of thermal power without the benefit of a previous course in elementary thermodynamics!

The hostel and Gymkhana elections, the Convocation, and the month of grace are over and done with—and the periodicals are marching past with distressing regularity. Before us stretch vistas of technical education and we're all set to absorb, willy, nilly, another year of it: in spite of our lecturers if not because of them.

Sign at Diocesan Press:

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
That cause a printer worry,
Behold the saddest of them all:
'We need these in a hurry.'

WELL, IF YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM, JOIN THEM!

OBITUARY

We record with sorrow the death of Mr. R. Saravanam who completed the M. Tech. course in 1968. He was in the Electrical Engineering Department till recently.

GAS

'Hey, papa.'
'Yeah.'
'They're calling me a Commie.'
'Mebbe, there's some measure of truth in it.'
'Oh, come on, papa. It's the gents in Kerala and Bengal that's commies. I ain't nuthin' like 'em.'
'Just pink, eh?'
'Heck dad, I dont see anything funny.'
'I'm sorry, dear. But, honest, the way you gave the ol' boy a shove was crazy.'
'I had to.'
'Sore about sumthin'?'
'Hum.'
'You cant always have your way.'
'I didn't expect them to scrap.'
'You dont have gallant knights in this game.'
'Unity and all such bunk. How did you manage to hold 'em down, pa?'
'Sheer force of personality.'
'Who you kiddin'?'
'My li'l gal, I admit things are worse these days. Why dont you chuck it up as a bad job?'
'Like a yellow-livered skunk?'
'She who runs away, lives to fight another day.'
'Blast, dad, you dont sound like before.'
'Yeah, I guess it's my ghost. But I got lots of time to think things over these days. It dont pay to slog like this. It's much simpler to sit back and have pot shots at the folks higher up.'
'And I'm just beginning to enjoy the ruddy scenery.'
'So what, it's a lot calmer up here.'
'Not so soon, dad. I'll convert them yet. A coupla charming smiles, and boys will be eating candy outa my hand.'
'Think so?'
'You bet.'
'All luck, precious.'

—AAJOO.

A LOOK AT THE FILM CLUB

Our Film Club possesses a fine projector, a mammoth screen and a highly developed sense of justice. The most commendable of these is the high sense of justice. This seemingly exaggerated point of view about the Film Club's finer feelings will not seem exaggerated any more if one rakes one's memory to turn up the happenings of a recent evening. A Tamil movie, 'Kuzhandai-kaga', was to be screened, True to the IITian spirit, everyone, Tamilians and non-Tamilians alike, had assembled at the OAT. The officials of the Film Club, however, were worried. Wouldn't it be unjust to the non-Tamilians to screen a movie which none but the Tamilians could understand? There were meetings and conferences, brainwaves and cerebral haemorrhages. But there was no escaping the facts. To equalise matters, they decided to screen the movie in such a manner that the Tamilians, too, despite their knowledge of the language, wouldn't make head or tail of it.

Result? They started from the tail, went all over, brought the head somewhere in between and mixed the reels in such a way that the producer himself couldn't have recognised the movie. At the end, they counted the number of reels already screened, and as that tallied with the total number of reels brought, they put the lights on. Wow! What a success! Everyone was guessing wildly, and everyone was equally pleased about the whole thing, thanks to the Film Club's high sense of justice.

What goes on in the Film Club is a big mystery, but what goes on in the projector room is something that won't bear guessing. The operator himself doesn't seem to know much about the gadgetry up there. Whether it be the fault of the machinery, the fault of the operator, or due to the condition of the film, we usually wind up seeing far less of the film than even the censors intended. Perhaps someone in this great and glorious Institute has invented the only existing autocensograph....

—V. RAMAKRISHNAN.

By the Way

The beginning of term this year was slightly later than usual. The very day of commencement coincided with the epoch-making walk on the Moon. A new era has begun. As one writer remarked, the Frontier which was closed a generation ago has opened—never again to close. Never is a strong word, but the possibilities now unfolding are bewildering in their variety and complexity. To my mind, however, what this initial achievement has emphasised is that life goes on. Life goes on as usual in the face of the most earth-shaking events, the most sensational technological breakthroughs, the most shattering revelations.

So here we are, back on campus, with the new semester system, the old scenes, the old faces, and dear old familiar hostel food. And possibly these have occupied us more than Apollo Eleven. This is not unnatural: sensation palls quickly, and the realities of life will not be denied. The semester system has been long awaited and ought to be a relief, especially in the trying month of April when one formerly faced a whole year's accumulated portions with a sinking feeling. The legitimate free hours make us old-timers wistful. There was an edict in our early years that no class should be let off, and free hours in the time table were unheard of. The iron hand remains, but now one feels the velvet glove.

A fortnight after the re-opening came the event of the year, the Convocation. There was a buzz of activity everywhere; young men with crimson gowns and young men without (I have never seen a mortarboard here in all these years) kept rushing about. A very few of them will stay on here for graduate study, but for most it is good-bye. That twinge of regret, which has by now become familiar from the experience of past years, marks the departure of many who were famous in their day and will soon fade into uncertain memory. For those of us who knew the class of '69 personally, however, some personalities will endure; some events will persist in recalling themselves. A few of these have even seen the light of common day, thinly disguised or heavily marked as the case may be, elsewhere in these columns. With typically IITian irreverence, we may reflect that we, too, shall pass.

The transformation of the OAT is another matter. It shall not pass without comment. With all that has been said about the grandeur and dignity of Nature—Raman, I recall, waxed eloquent on this theme—must we add the magic technological touch with a few dozen coloured bulbs defiling every visible tree?

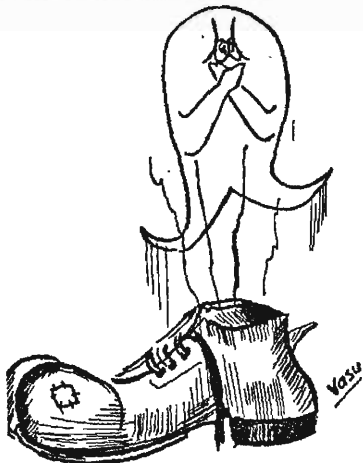
The arch over the dais defied all description, reducing the most caustic remarks to utter inadequacy. I simply closed my eyes and pretended it wasn't there. And what, oh what, was that variable bulb flashing affair that made like a shooting star and whirled, and generally behaved as if it were very ill indeed? I heard it described aptly as a combined advertisement for Kassel Fans and the Gemini Circus. At this rate there will probably be a display of fireworks next time, starting with an enormous catherine wheel. Oddly enough, there are a few people left who think of a Convocation as an academic ceremony rather than an exhibition of our deplorable lack of taste and our regrettable financial ability to illustrate the same. The Gajendra Circle already serves the latter purpose admirably.

The Gymkhana elections form the next event on our social calendar. Much has been said about the ethics of IITian campaigning and anti-campaigning. The defects of democracy have been frequently decried. A few words on a less philosophical and more mundane plane would not be out of place. To begin with, all elections should be held very early in the year so that the Gymkhana is inaugurated before Independence Day. Hostel elections one week from the day of re-opening, class elections two days later, and the Gen. Sec. Election a week after that, sounds reasonable. Secondly we should establish a tradition of candidates addressing the electorate. Whether in the hostel or in the electoral college of the Gymkhana, voters are entitled to hear what the policy of every candidate is, if indeed he has any. What we

(contd. on p. 12; col. 1, bottom)



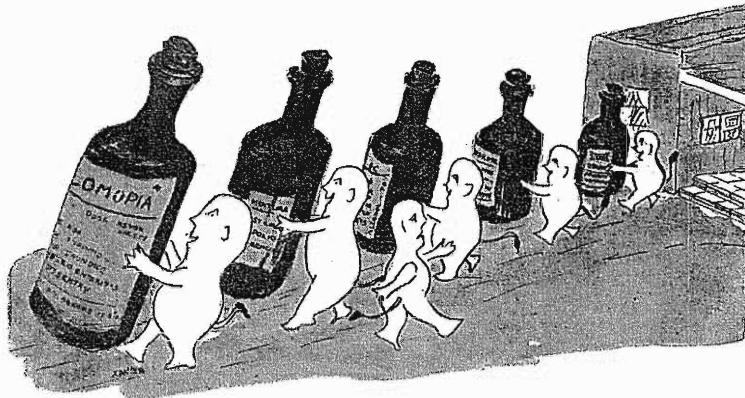
Like anybody else stepping into someone else's shoes, I'd like to make a few excuses, naturally lame, In the first place I don't like shoes. Besides, stepping into them would unsettle the rich caveman aroma soaked into them over the years and that would create a rather unpleasant situation.



Excuses aside, let me tell you the real secret—it's part of the Editor's scheme to discover good writers. They feel that my sacrilegious attempts on this column would set off a deadly howl all over the place and hundreds of budding Shakespeares and Steinbecks and Hemmingways and Shaws would burst out of their shells with first class articles to replace this effusion. If such a thing were to happen ah, but will it?

The Path

Coming back from the holidays involves two strongly contradictory feelings, that of looking back with pleasure on two months of holidays and of looking forward (if that be the phrase) to somewhat more than that many months of classes. One of my first experiences was a feeling of mild pleasure on seeing a path which had been made connecting the Warden's Quarters and the OAT. A misty contentment crept into me as I reflected on the thought that, at last, somebody, up there had begun to like us.



This state of mind lasted about five or six seconds—until I saw one of our illustrious elders making his ponderous way along the path. And then I was enlightened, I knew why those trenches, pit traps, thorn bushes and other fortifications had been removed. That thought was absolutely thrilling. Surely a project of this magnitude would never have been undertaken had not one of our wise sages or their distinguished visitors gone for a toss! Possibly a learned researcher in Naval Architecture suddenly found himself in a position to carry out fundamental research about flow past hydrodynamic bodies in a genuine liquid environment. Or may be a Visiting Professor of Botany had the opportunity of coming into violent and intimate contact with some of our abundant cacti. Or The possibilities are enormous.

Robert Burns wrote,
'I'd give the breeks of my hurdies
For one glimpse of the bonnie
birdies.'

And I can think of no birdies bonnier than, say, a brace of doctorates kheddahed in one of the regulation size man traps, or a *Professor a la Waterditch* garnished with *essence de chameleon* and slashed tree roots having a few frogs and centipedes thrown in for kicks. If these thoughts don't seem sublimely delicious to you, you just can't be normal. Yes, it's extremely improper, bad-mannered, childish and so on to delight at the predicaments of our elders, but I am sure that, like Burns, there are many who would gladly give their pants for a ring-side view of the proceedings.

The only drawback in all this would be the fact that the poor gentleman might suffer an injury and have to go to the hospital. Now, an injury by itself won't be much, but a visit to the hospital is something like seeing a trailer of where one will be going on account of one's long and sinful life.

The Hospital

Having arrived at the doctor's, let's stay for a while and harp on this new theme.

It is quite possible that the hopes many students have about bringing our medical facilities out of the Stone Age are just day-dreams, and rather far fetched ones at that. Certainly one doesn't expect the IIT Hospital to carry out Heart Transplants or to dabble in Neurosurgery, but I think one is entitled to ask for a level of care slightly above that given at the Palace Saloon, or a Velacheri cycle shop.

I mean no offence, but it's the custom to find out at least on which tyre the puncture is before sticking a patch, and generally some sort of question like 'Scissors or machine?' is asked before a mess is made of your crowning glory. Similarly, we could at least expect to be asked at the hospital whether, for instance, a stomach disorder meant too much digestion or too little, before medicines were prescribed. I don't claim to know anything about medicine but I can assure you that between a loose stomach and a not so loose one, there lies a wide and substantial difference. This difference, I feel, one should endeavour to appreciate before any meaningful treatment be undertaken. Nowhere but in IIT can one see an instance where Medical Science has advanced to the stage where a common arbitrarily chosen medicine could be effective on both these starkly opposite cases.

There are also, one believes, many distinctly unsubtle points which could be used to distinguish between, say, a cold and a jaundice, or a flu and a typhoid. Yet these things have happened.

Personally, I feel that one need not go running to an encyclopaedia and start eliminating diseases in order to arrive at a diagnosis. Nor, for that matter, need a degree in Ophthalmology be essential to anyone supervising the reading of an eye-chart. In spite of this a group of prospective Naval Officers were turned down for just this reason and they had to go elsewhere in their distress.

I don't think it's too much to ask for these basic facilities. Just think of what would happen if one of the dozens and dozens of snakes in the campus decided to have a go at you. (In case you don't know it, we have cobras, kraits, vipers, adders and all the other horrifying creatures you read about in story books about the tropical jungle—You don't have to go far to find one, we have an authentic tropical jungle here!) May be if a nice bloke were around with a blade or two, or some latent vampirical tendencies, you might have a chance. Otherwise you might as well crawl over to the Library, settle down under a fan, and pass out reading an extract from the medical encyclopaedia about snake-bite serums and such fabulous things.

Possibly official policy requires a death or two before anything is done. But a student did land in a week long coma after his flu (or whatever was diagnosed,) transformed itself into typhoid. Luckily, he was taken home by friends and managed to survive. This seems to be close enough to a death and I hope it serves as such for red-tape purposes. Another person, bitten by a scorpion had to go to the V.H.S. He was lucky that it wasn't a fast acting scorpion, only a painful one.

I ought to say that the cases mentioned above are genuine and will be substantiated if

(please turn over)

necessary. The great pity is that nothing has been done in spite of them. If you have come across the parable of the Good Samaritan, you might have wondered about the virtuous people who crossed over to the other side of the road to avoid the unpleasant sight. This is all very well in the case of characters whose only purpose is to serve as bad examples in a story, but it is a bit thick when people supposedly trained to administer medical aid deliberately refrain from doing so.



I am sure that all of us hope that something is done before anything drastic happens. Will it be too much to expect *One Numbers Good Samaritan* just for us?

Extra-curricular Clubs

Coming to a pleasanter topic.....

Two new clubs are coming up—The *Astronomical Association* and the *Classical Club*. The former has got itself established and its members, I suppose, are spending their nights happily gazing at the stars. They might also be vicariously identifying themselves with the latest moon efforts and even contemplating shots from IIT—there definitely isn't any shortage of people who ought to be shot up there! A time might come when you could see whole hordes of astronomers parading round in the evenings with their necks oriented towards Betelgeuse or may be even the ethereal remnant of the Jamuna Spirit, which having got detached from its moorings, is said to hover around the old hostel now and again. But this would be all to the good, for these strange beings pattering round with their opera glasses, and crystal balls would be sure to pick up a lot more information than anyone going through the ritual of formal classes.

The *Classical Club* is another of this year's excellent ideas. Most of it has been hush-hush so far, but from what I gather it is mainly concerned with music. The organisers are going easy on it for they don't want it to choke on a dose of too much publicity. Since Dr Klein (remember the neatly organised German Evening?) is concerned with it, one can be sure that when it comes up, it will be appreciated a lot by persons interested in classical music and so on, but either too shy or too lazy to have done anything on their own. Still, though it seems a very good idea, it hasn't got on to the runway yet; and one hopes that unlike many other good ideas which floated round the place, this doesn't curl up and go to sleep.

—VIKRAM.

By The Way—(contd.)

have now is a popularity poll based on the buddy—can—ya—spare—a vote approach.

It comes as a shock that two inspiring addresses, which I will cherish, were delivered all of three years ago by Dr Linus Pauling and Mr Mohan Kumaramangalam. Three years is a long time. Such stimulus is needed much more often. I hope the coming year will bring speakers of breadth of vision and depth of thought, who will break down our barriers of complacency and indifference.

—S. PARAMESWARAN.

SHORT STORY

Lakhpathi

Sethji was dead! I just could not believe it. For us, the few poor tenants of the building, it was startling news. Nobody who had ever met the Seth would have associated him with illness, much less with death. It was indeed a juicy bit of news for the few battered hunks of humanity there.

The tenement as such is not much to speak about. A ram-shackled and dilapidated structure, with a rusting corrugated tin-sheet serving for its roof. It was condemned long back by the municipal authorities, but the landlord, reluctant to give up his gold mine, met the proper persons in the proper manner, to make the necessary adjustments. Thus the building missed meeting death at the hands of the demolition squad.

The tenants, too, are not important. The ground floor was rented out by S....., a girl of easy virtues. It served her (adequately), both as office and residence. Part of the middle floor is rented out by me. The other half was the Sethji's abode. In the upper floor was Dr Khan. He had his clinic there. He was rich enough to rent out a bigger and better place, but for his not-so-legal practice, this place was well suited. So Sethji and I lived there, between the two dirty professionals, between passion and the destruction of its creation.

The news of Sethji's death had by now permeated all the crooked corners of the *mohulla*. People, for want of a better thing to do, were crowding before our building. A few, who were more inquisitive, had managed to move up to our floor. I could see a group of them standing near the stairs.

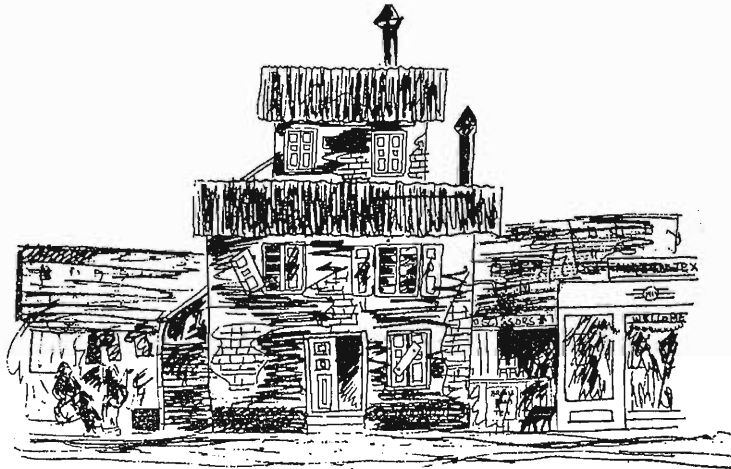
I moved into the Sethji's room. There he lay fully stretched on his cot. In his left hand he was clutching a newspaper. Even

Time passed. The news of his death had become stale now and he was now forgotten. For the poor, death is a daily affair, and so Sethji's death was just another ordinary occurrence. His room was now uncared for. (The landlord could find nobody to rent it.)

I was still intrigued by his sudden death. I just could not digest the cause given by our Dr. Khan. After all, diseases like heart-attack are for the chosen and rich. And our Sethji was certainly not rich by any standards. So I wondered but could not solve the riddle!

It all happened by chance. It was a month now after his (I mean the Seth's) death. I happened to go into his room. (Do not ask me why.) The floor was by now coated with dust and I had to step very gingerly across the floor to keep the dust down. Then I noticed on the wall some number written in the familiar scribble of the Sethji. I went closer and looked. It was indeed a number—UF 765421. I wondered if it could be the number connected with some lottery!

Then I remembered everything. It was indeed a lottery ticket number. I recalled a conversation with the Seth a few days before his death. He had mentioned then that he too had got the 'aasha' of becoming a lottery 'lakhpathi' that day and had bought



The tenement is a ramshacked and dilapidated structure.....

dead, he looked huge to me. When alive, he used to be loud-mouthed and domineering and before him I had always felt insignificant. But now, I thought, I was more powerful.

His room was a plain and unfurnished one. He had very few things to call his own. A few tattered books, a threadbare blanket and a couple of dhothis. He was making very little every week and whatever he earned, he spent on keeping himself well-fed. He had told me once that he did not believe in saving, as he had nobody to whom he could leave his savings. Now he was no more.

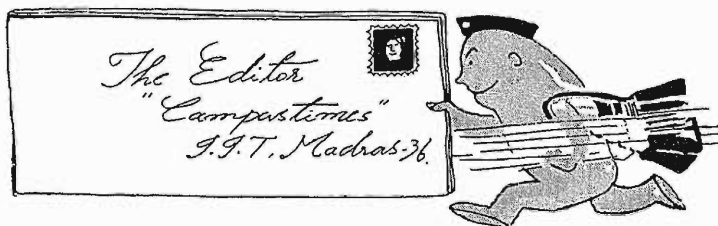
Sethji was cremated the same evening. The end of his simple life was even simpler. His funeral was paid for by us, his poor cotenants. We could hire no pundit for the few rupees we collected and the Sethji's soul had to go unguided and unsung to the world beyond. With him we burnt his few worldly belongings too, as there was nobody to claim them.

a lottery ticket. He wrote the ticket number on the wall so that he would not forget it.

I rushed madly out of the house to the local news-stall. The *paperwala* was a bit amazed when I demanded a newspaper dated a month back. It took him quite some time to get the newspaper from the old heap at the back. I snatched the newspaper from his hand and with shaking hands turned the pages. There, the results of the last draw of the local lottery was before me. I saw the number of the lucky winner (was he?) of the first prize. The ticket number was UF 765421.

I laughed mirthlessly. The Sethji had indeed died of heart-attack. You see, he was a lakhpathi when he died. Too bad that he could not bear the happiness of becoming one!

—A. SANKARAN.



About the Tendency for Campastimes to Expand Itself

Dear Editor,

Once upon a time, there lived a cute little *Campastimes*.

It had only one editor and there were a few guys helping him to bring it out. And they did a fairly decent job of it because it was the only *Campastimes* they had and they liked it very much.

And then came a whole lot of big bad staff members who grabbed the poor little mag by its tail and insisted on tying all sorts of nasty old tins and fireworks and things to it. And they set fire to it and merrily watched it run around suffering.

But things don't happen like that in fairy tales. A good fairy godmother came along and sent all the wicked people away. I think she turned them into frogs—that's why IIT has so many!

Unfortunately, lots of other people came along: little people with big ideas. At first they did a decent job of running the mag. Later they had to give up. They had to go and ask the wise Old Wizard for help.

He was smart. He brought in his own ideas and blokes and things went on nicely for a while.

For a while.....

Then other blokes came along. They wanted posts and high sounding names for themselves. They got them.

You have the Keeper of the Exalted Inkpot, the Painter of the Rebounding Big Toe, the Grand Dragon Guarding the Chickenface Block.....

That's why *Campastimes* isn't cute or little anymore.

Yours,
MORONOWSKY

BROCHURE

Sir,

Last year, as almost everyone in the Institute knows, sweeping changes were made in the structure of Gymkhana publications. In brief, *Campastimes* would publish 4 issues annually, the Institute Magazine would be scrapped and replaced by a *Gymkhana Brochure*. All this was done amidst a lot of fanfare in a speech made on Institute Day and in individual protestations made by Gymkhana chiefs to students.

Well, the *Brochure* has been received by most of us; quite frankly, I was looking forward to going through it. Unfortunately, the only point in its favour seems to be the excellent printing and the clear photographs. Apart from this, the *Brochure* is a rehash of old *Campastimes* news and contains nothing original at all. It is disgusting to be informed under the heading 'Cultural Events', about programmes held four or five years ago: I am referring to the parts relating to items like 'Playtime USA', the Indiana Jazz Ensemble, etc.

In short, Sir, this issue of the *Gymkhana Brochure* sticks in the craw of any self-respecting IITian. It is my very sincere hope that this year's *Brochure* will not be an imitation of the first, not-so-grand issue.

Yours truly,
C. K. SHARMA.

Re: DER COFFEE BEANS

Dear Editor,

Lots of chaps have been thinking that your magazine is schidt.

This is just to say you've confirmed this.

Yours sincerely,
Rat.

HOLIDAY!!!

Dear Mr Editor,

This is about the incident that occurred on the 2nd of August. Rain had just subsided and the convocation function had just come to an end with the playing of the national anthem. Immediately the OAT was filled with shouts of 'Holiday, Holiday'. Have we stooped so low as to reveal this childish attitude in public, and that too, before the eminent citizens of our society? Be it known that the cream of the country must behave like the *cream* of the country. It is a tradition of which everyone is well aware, that a holiday is declared after the convocation every year and by shouting thus we gain nothing. Let this be a reminder to control our emotions on such occasions in future.

Yours sincerely,
RAKESH GOTH.

Dear Editor,

You bore me, I drill you. This is a warning, so take care! I can give you a hammer or a sickle, a buzzsaw or a blowtorch right where it hurts most: on the Editorial pate!

—SOBERS.



? ! ?

Dear Editor,

Arre yar, how about returning my lab record?!

VASU

ACROSS

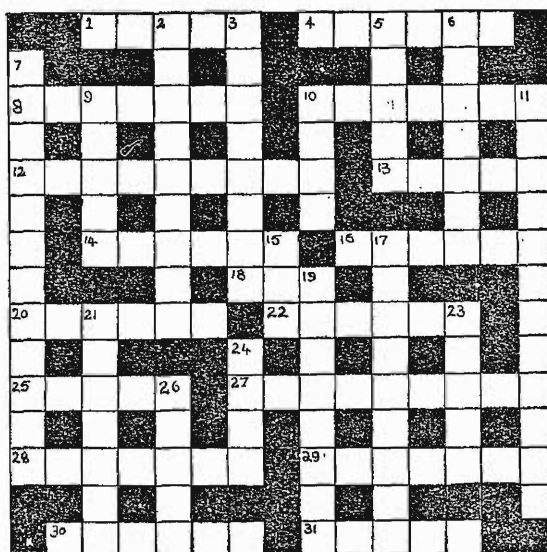
1. Drop them and pick up useful information (5).
4. Reference within a wager leaves one deprived (6).
8. The red cure makes less (7).
10. People in an actionable misdeed—watch them wriggle (7).
12. He knows the ropes—time must be gained somehow (9).
13. No valves in recent models (5).
14. An affront, however insignificant (6).
16. He has met agitated people passing through London (6).
18. Drag the blonde in? (3)
20. Behold a singular point—it is the seven year plague (6).
22. Plight of young bird in a tale—e.g. confused, confounded and dumb-founded (6).
25. The beginning without the beginning—I still don't get it (5).
27. The key to all safekeeping (5, 2, 2).
28. The men of Troy pen jumbled verses, whose value increases (7).
29. The old woman who lived in a shoe has a son in service (7).
30. Manifestations of culture around his retreat? (6).
31. Faithful to the king (5).

DOWN

2. In any riot, vices emerge triumphant (9).
3. The path of righteousness is narrow as well (8).
5. Perhaps uncooked steak is more uncommon (5).
6. As in education, more degrees complicate matters (7).
7. The proverbial call of wolf inspires no such attempt (3, 2, 7).
9. Buildings are pompous when designed in this mode (5).
10. Plenty of them—they sound quite a group (4).
11. And three, they say, is a crowd, though never in the army, obviously (3, 2, 7).
15. The Pobble lost ten when he swam the channel (3).
17. And that's all, we hear (4, 5).
19. Keep a wary eye on the time? (8).
21. In opposition in all good shops, as the advertisements say (7).
23. Ancestry up the pole? (5).
24. How disgustingly sweet (4).
26. The tail of the animal has gone—to Gretna Green? (5).

S. PARAMESHWARAN.

THE SQUARE DANCE

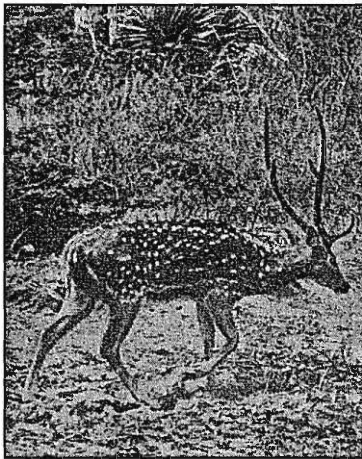


Oh Dear, Deer!

by

C. GOURISANKAR

The other day I fulfilled a long cherished desire of mine—to photograph the deer in the campus of the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras. In spite of my long association with the Institute I could not do the photography earlier for want of proper equipment. A few days ago I came across a camera with a lens of the correct focal length, and I said to myself, 'Here is my chance'.

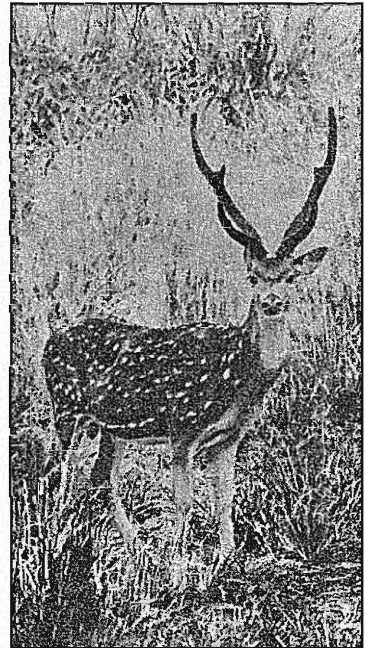


I prepared for the assignment with all thoroughness. True, I might not have done any wild life photography in the past, but my close association with a doyen in the field proved useful. 'Suitable camouflage is all-important' was lesson number one. I acquired a green cloth hat with a broad brim and a few yards of netting dyed in the same colour. A pair of mud-coloured trousers (my wife complains that I have none else!) and an olive-green bush-shirt completed the ensemble. 'Patience in ample measure' was lesson number two. This I do claim to have, though 'only in photography' adds my little daughter. And lesson number three was, 'Be fully prepared for failures and frustration'. This, of course, sounds quite elementary. After all you do not expect the deer to come to the right place at the right time, look this way or that, and say 'Cheese'. But what I was completely unprepared for, was frustration, not from the dear deer, but from an entirely different quarter.

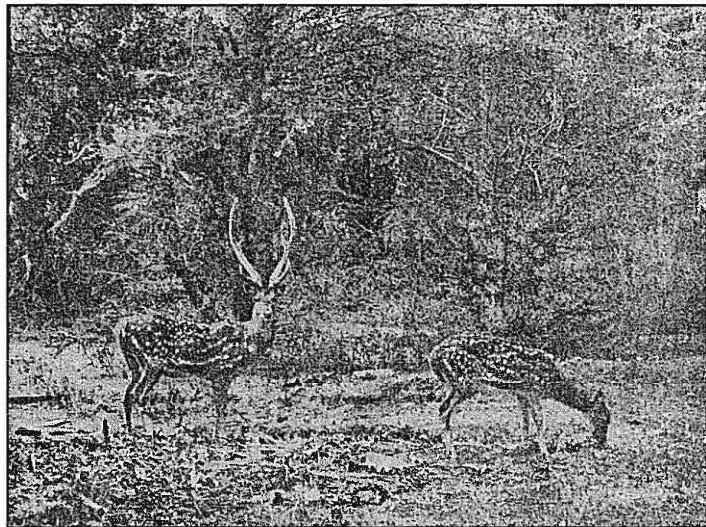
I reached the campus, locked my scooter under the shade of a tree and took up position a hundred yards away near a road-bend known to be frequented by deer. I put on my hat, covered myself up with the green netting and, to top it all, stuck into it lengths of creepers with fresh leaves. I would have been the envy of my friend, the wild life man! I was all set and was looking forward to the deer. A herd appeared soon enough—not of deer, but of men. They were engrossed in some conversation, but the moment they spotted me, they stopped, stared hard and started discussing me in whispers. And one significant gesture of one of them and the unanimous nod of the others made me realise what they thought of me. I immediately decided to get rid of my camouflage. After all, without it, the deer would take me for a man, but with it, it was worse—man had mistaken me for a!

Shortly a herd appeared in the bushes on the other side of the road and I was hoping they would soon come out in the open. But this was not to be. A man on a cycle shouted at me, 'Sir, is it your scooter under that tree?'. Presumably a member of the security staff. The deer were disturbed. 'Patience', I said to myself. Some time passed and the deer were again calm and grazing peacefully. My hopes began to rise. Just then a boy who was passing along, saw me and my camera, looked round at the deer and observed, 'So, you are photographing the deer!' Obvious, no doubt, but you should have seen the Sherlock Holmes look on his face! I knew I was dished for another half-hour.

Things were returning to normal when a passing car suddenly stopped and reversed to where I was. The deer pricked up their ears and retreated. 'Where could I meet Prof. Kapur?', one of the men in the car asked. In my anxiety to get rid of him quickly I replied, 'In the HSB'. He was none the wiser, for he was a stranger to the campus. I had to explain to him in detail the two-mile stretch, the Gajendra Circle, the turn to the left etc. Another hour of peace was disturbed by a man in uniform and hob-nailed boots. First he threw out a challenge to a wood-cutter a furlong away. But on seeing me he decided I was a more urgent problem. He approached me briskly with his 'crunch, crunch' steps and asked me who I was. 'So and so', I replied. 'From where?', was his next query. 'From such and such a place', was my answer. Irritated at my curt replies, he puffed up a bit and raising his voice asked, 'Have you got the permission of the Security Officer to take photographs in the campus?'. I casually took out a visiting card and handing it over to him said, 'Please give this to



By now I had decided to see it through to the end. The sun was high up and it being the lunch hour, I was hoping for peace and quiet at least now. The deer had also become used to my presence. At last I was to get the pictures I had been waiting for, those four hours. The herd was almost at the kerb of road and the leader was looking this way and that, as though to make sure that all was clear. A lone screeching cycle showed up, which in itself, I was gratified to note, did not bother the deer. But just as the cycle was passing between me and the deer



Mr. Venkatraman'. The very mention of the name had its magical effect. It is always amusing to see authority deflate! He proceeded to tackle the woodcutter.

I sat through another thirty minutes hoping for the best. I kept the camera trained on the deer for I expected them to come out of cover any moment. I heard the noise of a car coming out of the campus and prayed that it should pass quickly. But it slowed down—out popped a face and with a grateful grin said, 'Thank you'. Yes, it was that friend of Prof. Kapur. I cursed courtesy.

I was startled by a loud report. One of the tyres of the cycle had burst. I just had a glimpse of the deer fleeing—their hind-quarters disappearing gracefully into the thick growth beyond.

With a big sigh and a 'dear deer', I started packing up. But wait, the exposure counter on my camera indicated twenty—pictures which I had managed to take in spite of man not leaving me in peace with the wild animals. Wild life photography, according to my friend, is very rewarding. I do hope so—I am just going to process my roll.



DEAR DIARY...

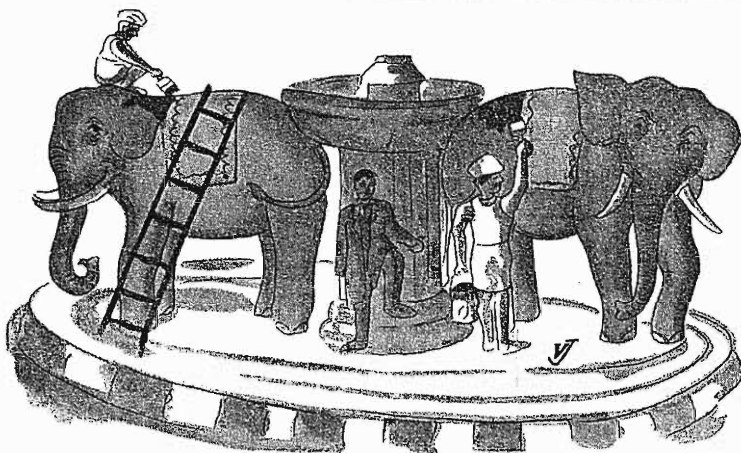
(Excerpts from the diary of an engineer-to-be, in times of spectacular scientific and technological achievement.)

Monday: —! —! —! * * *!! Today's Semi-conductors periodical was an absolute washout. In the fifth problem I got 72.9 Volts, just imagine 72.9 Volts. All the others (including of course Pinky and T. S.) got 72.5 Volts. Oh god, what is happening to me these days? I'll lose five, no ten, no twenty marks for this sick, sick mistake. And this Semi-conductors lecturer is an absolute moron. He just hates the sight of me. I know it, he hates me. Last Sunday when I met him at the Adyar bus-stop, I asked him how to solve one really tough problem and he said very loudly, 'I don't think this is the best place to discuss Semi-conductor electronics'. I know the cheap moron will cut more than twenty marks. Oh, no! I am going to get an A, an A! I am desperate. Any way this periodical must be dropped from my best two. I must make up in the other two or I am sunk. I don't think I'll get any sleep tonight. If I go on goofing like this I will not only lose my scholarship, but I will definitely fail this year, semester I mean. I must make up. I shall start preparing now!

Bony told me today that I am not fit to be in the rat-race although I am a rat. I told him not to act smart.

Tuesday: Why is my hair falling off so fast?

Wednesday: Got our Machines grades today. Pinky got S-good and T.S. got S-excellent. And poor little merit-scholar me? A poor little S, just S. I am desperate. The tragedy is that neither Pinky nor T. S. are really intelligent. But then true intelligence (as I have found) gets no credit here. Pinky just mugs, day in and day out. This morning for instance, I saw his room light come on at three o'clock. And he never gets anything less than S-good. T. S. on the other hand gets all his S's by buttering, pure soaping. 'Good morning, sir,' 'Good afternoon, sir,' all the time. He even smiles at the lecturers! The sucker. He has no shame. And he has too much luck, fab luck. Point. That's the trouble with me—I have abs no luck.



Well, Well! A new gown every Convocation!!

Bony told me today that I am a Perpetual Mugging Machine (PMM-1). I told him not to act smart.

Thursday: There is a movie today at the Open Air Theatre. In the middle of the week, that too. They show too many movies as it is. I don't like movies. Anyway the films they show here are not so good. And the cement seats are too damn hard. Also the OAT is too stuffy. Anyway I don't like movies. Today they're showing 'Apollo-11'. Propaganda stuff, that's all. Who'll see it? Any minute now Ramesh will come to call me on his way to OAT. I feel very tired. I'll put off my light and lie down for a while.

Friday: Drank too much coffee last night. But you can't stay up till five on just nothing.

Have to change my specs once again. Had been planning to see the doctor since the beginning of this semester. But no time at all. Finally managed to get away last Saturday. Wasted one whole afternoon. The doctor said I read too much. I said of course not. My eyes are bad because I see too many movies. Got the new prescription and hunted all over the city. Not a single shop has -19 lenses.

Networks periodical tomorrow. Got to continue studying. Its only two-thirty now. If I go on relaxing and taking it easy like this its definitely goodbye to the scholarship.

Bony told me today that I have as much brains as a retarded ant. I told him not to act smart.

Saturday: My neighbour is too damn noisy. He keeps singing and laughing all the time. Yesterday he was playing his guitar during lunch break. I simply couldn't study a word.

The annual sports was held in the afternoon today. So for once I was able to study without disturbance. In the evening, after going to the stadium for tea, decided to relax for one whole hour. Went to the library, reference section. Found a great book there. Too sexy. Its called 'Some theoretical intricacies of ultra-high-frequency wave propagation techniques'. Maha book. Only hope those muggots Pinky and T.S. won't get hold of it. Anyway I've put it behind two big books. When I returned from the library my neighbour was shouting louder than usual. Just because our hostel won some silly cup—Shooter or Shoder or something. I forget the name.

Sunday: Monday and Tuesday are holidays. Last night while I was preparing for Wednesday's periodical, a terrible fact struck me. The final exam is only two months away. I am desperate. What shall I do? I haven't finished revising even once. I bet Pinky has already crammed every single word. The muggot. I've been taking it too easy. Kicking it up, relaxing too much. I can't afford to waste any more time. I will stop writing in this diary from today.

Bony told me today... oh b—— to Bony!

—S. R. NAIR.

ROMANTOMIES

A roving bachelor electron.

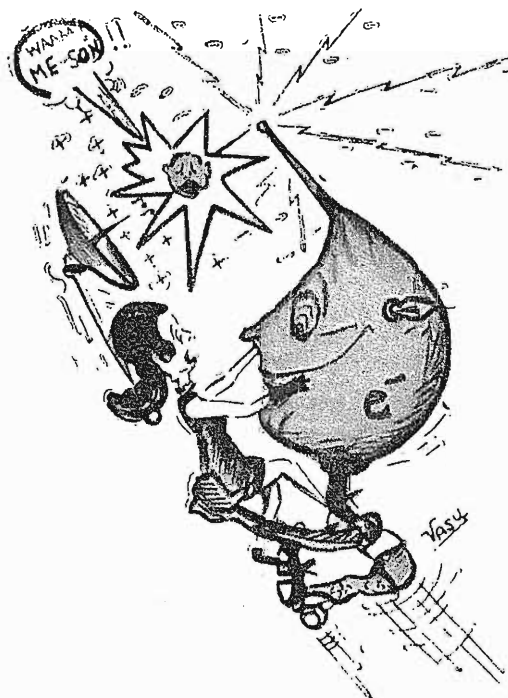
Although a bit of a moron.

Turned his love-light on

A beautiful photon:

Now she's expecting a meson!

P.C.V.



Story

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The primeval night had descended upon IIT. A cool breeze wafted across the roads and left in its wake a tranquil peace. There could be seen in the distance a dim light penetrating the dark shroud of the night. The IITian hostelwards plodded his weary way after seeing a flick at Velacheri. As the figure approached nearer, one could see gloom and despair showing on the face lit by the feeble glow of the Charminar. One could divine intuitively an unfathomable sorrow sitting heavily on his shoulders. He approached his hostel and found the gates of that haven barred to him. The Warden had issued strict orders that all the freshers

should be back by nine o'clock. This was issued along with the other five commandments, the chief of which were:

'Thou shalt write home regularly,
Thou shalt like the hostel grub,
Thou shalt not be ragged under any circumstances...'

This was just a minor thunderbolt compared to what he had already sustained. 'Bullets don't harm a dead person, do they?' he asked himself. His mirthless laughter echoed and re-echoed in his brain, until the practical side of him woke up and nudged him with a 'Now what?' He came to his senses and made a bee-line for the side wall. He climbed

with leaden feet, all the time thinking about his woe-begotten fate. A sudden slip and he came hurtling down. The ground came rushing up to meet him, and what a meeting it was! The meeting of two long-lost brothers would hardly have been more intimate. His inert, prostate form lay on the turf. 'O Lucifer, Son of the Morning, how art thou fallen?' were the words that sprang to one's lips.

We must go back to ye olde days if we are to discover the cause of Chandran's woe and his consequent fall. It was the age-old complaint Adam suffered from, the complaint for which Mr X has removed his beard and Mr Y has grown one: in short, love. He was madly in love with Geetha; so much so that he never borrowed the same pair of trousers twice when he was to appear before her divine presence. Many were the days Chandran spent around Sarayu, and many were the days Geetha felt her own shadow superfluous. Resourceful Chandran managed an introduction to her in his own unique way. One day while he was walking back to the hostel after a particularly boring class and she was walking along the well-worn path to Sarayu, she dropped her handkerchief. A tornado detached itself from the neighbourhood and charged straight at the handkerchief. Even a critical rhinoceros would have been all praise for Chandran. Geetha thought she was seeing pink elephants. One of course understands and sympathises with her. The pink cloud on which Chandran was floating combined with his obese form, must have created such an effect.

Anyway, having come down on the handkerchief like a wolf on the fold, he retrieved it and handed it back, all the time imagining the sweet words she would utter in thanks and the tears of gratitude welling in her eyes.... When he looked up, she just wasn't there. He stared open-mouthed at her receding form like a fish with lockjaw.

(Contd. on p. 18 col. 3)

Tonite and every nite

SNACKS !

SMOKE !!

and

FABULOUS

FLOORSHOWS !!!

Why go to
Vellacheri, Gajendra
or even Thiruvanniyur,
yar ?

We're right
here, under your
doorstep!

JAMUNA

and

NARMADA

Celestariars

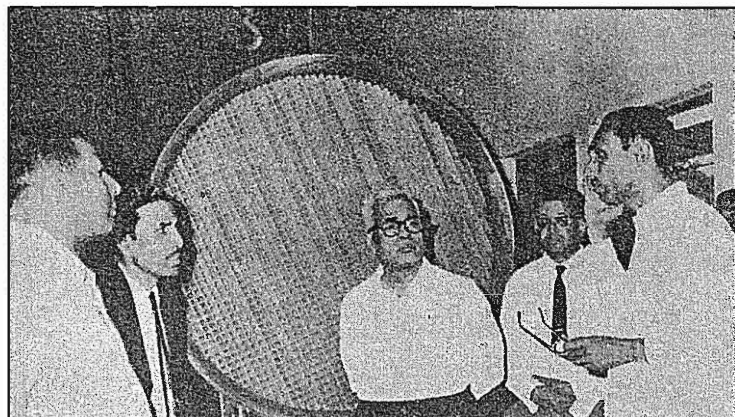
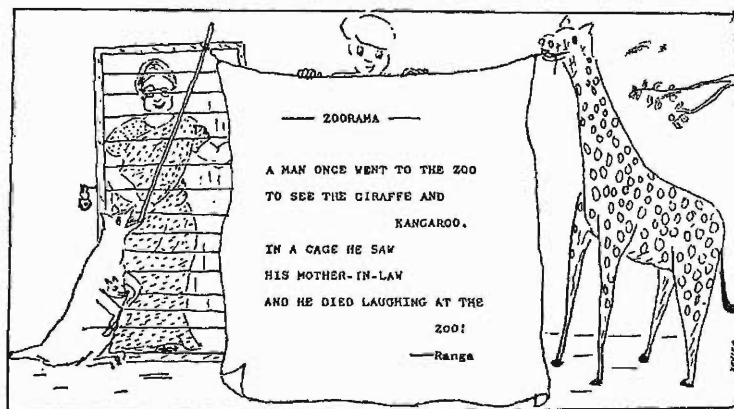


Photo : Kubendran

Guess who again . . . with who and who and who and who ?



The Fatal Lift

HE ran all the way to the bus-stop, his heart pounding under the unaccustomed exertion. As Jim Adams rounded the corner, he saw that he was too late. In all the five years of his work as a machinist in the automobile factory he had always arrived on time. Jim could never afford to forget that as a black man his first mistake could turn out to be his last as well.

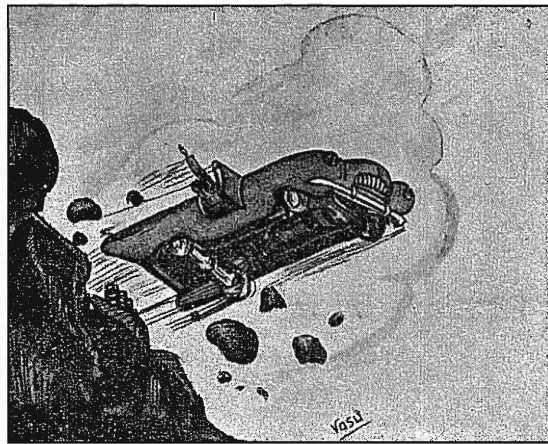
His only hope would be to hitch a ride from a passing motorist. Several cars whipped by, the drivers hardly giving him a second glance. Then to his surprise a chic looking sports model pulled up beside him. His eyes popped when he perceived a young woman behind the wheel. She gave him a cheery smile and said, 'Hop in if you want a lift.' As he stepped hesitantly into the car his nostrils caught a whiff of alcohol. Something warned him to back out and not get involved. But it was vital that he should not provide his foreman with a chance of finding fault with him. She giggled as she caught sight of his worried looking face. She asked him, 'You in a hurry, Mister?' Jim wondered whether it was wise to encourage her and just shrugged his shoulders. She pulled away from the kerb with a jerk and raced down the road.

She turned and studying his face said, 'My name's Aileen McCoy. What's yours?' His voice appeared unnaturally loud as he said, 'Jim, Jim Adams. I work in the Automobile Factory, fourteen miles down the road.'

'Well Jim, we've got a long ride ahead of us. Pass me that bottle in the cabinet in front of you.'

Jim obediently gave her the half-finished bottle of brandy. As she took the bottle to her lips her eyes went off the road and the car swung towards the ditch that ran along the edge. Jim grabbed the wheel and twisted it with all his strength. Suddenly the world started spinning and seemed to be exploding in a thousand places all around him.

When his eyes opened he found himself in bed, in a clean, airy room which had the unmistakable look of a hospital ward. In a flood the memory of the accident entered his brain. His thoughts turned to the girl and he hoped that she had been more fortunate than he. Jim found that he was unable to lift his legs and moving his neck sent flashes of pain down his back. He heard the door open and through the corner of his eyes he was able to see a doctor entering the room, closely followed by a police officer. The sight of the latter threw Jim into a panic and all the bottled up stories of his childhood came to the surface. He heard his mother's words of caution, 'Listen, mah son. The fuzz are always agin' us, poor black people'. The doctor felt his pulse and checked his chest. He then nodded to the officer, who came forward with a note pad in his hand. He questioned Jim in a harsh voice, taking down details of his name, address, occupation etc.



Jim's voice quavered as he asked, 'How is the young lady? I hope she's not badly hurt.'

The officer replied in a cold, clear voice, 'Miss McCoy was killed on the spot. Her father is pressing charges against you for causing her death.'

Jim was struck speechless by the glaring injustice of these words. Meanwhile the officer kept talking. Jim gathered that he had been found in the front seat of the car with his arms around the girl. Also his shirt was soaked in alcohol. Mr McCoy's charges were that Jim had tried to molest his daughter, under the influence of drink, and in so doing had caused the accident, resulting in her death.

Jim's brain was in a turmoil of indignation and fear. He recalled stories of negroes being lynched for getting involved with white women. He knew that no amount of protesting would overcome the strong tide of the father's grief and the white man's hatred. The policeman had left and Jim looked around the room feeling trapped like a cornered beast with only a few moments to live. He could picture in his mind's eye the agonising weeks of trial by a prejudiced jury; the inevitable conviction and the shameful end. Jim realised that there was only one possible solution to his misery. Summoning all the strength at his disposal he rolled off the cot. As he fell, his body screamed with intolerable pain and anguish for the last time.

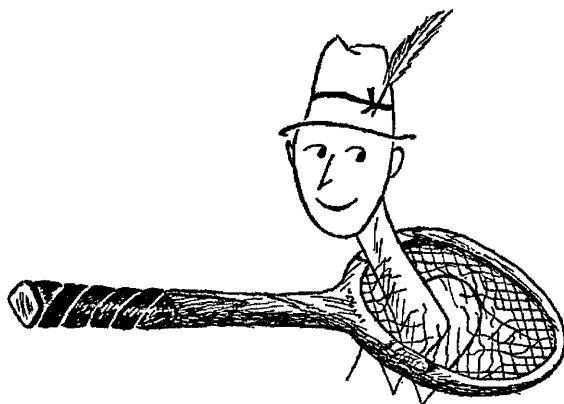
—M. P. SARANATH.

A Survey of Friendship



India and Germany – Partners in Progress

Sportfolio



It is more than a month since the semester started, and during this month, sports activities have been going on full steam ahead. It is very encouraging to notice that so many turn up for practice daily, especially from among the freshers and the second year chaps. The periodicals need not dampen their enthusiasm for sports activities. Watching the Hockey and Football teams at practice, one finds that they are as good as they were last year. The vacancies caused by the graduating seniors have been filled by deserving new players. The fact that we have had no defeats in football and hockey so far, proves this point.

The inter-collegiate tournaments have started and our teams have been doing well. The inter-hostel matches have also started. We hope to see keen competition for the Schroeter Cup.

Badminton :

EDWIN AGAIN !

Edwin Srinivasan, Madras State Badminton champion, clinched when he clinched the Madras Students' Badminton Championship title. Four IITians, Edwin, Vaidyanathan, Capt. Sheopuri and Capt. Singha took part. Edwin reached the finals beating Capt. Sheopuri in the semi-finals. In the finals Edwin brushed aside Ranga Prasad's challenge, beating him in straight sets. Later he partnered Capt. Sheopuri to win the doubles title. Our prospects at the Inter-IIT Meet look bright.

Football :

In the inter-collegiate tournament, IIT has been doing well. IIT beat Vivekananda 1-0 and Kandaswami Naidu College, 6-0 at the home grounds. Star of the match against Kandaswami Naidu College, was Dhruv Pant who netted thrice. Fresher David Roby netted once.

Hockey :

In the inter-collegiate tournament IIT beat Kandaswami 3-0. IIT then beat Kilpauk Medical 2-0. 'Gus' was in good form and scored a goal in each match. We were held to a goalless draw by MMC.

Cricket :

The Institute team has been doing well in the inter-collegiate matches. The team has been strengthened by the inclusion of fresher Gaurishankar. He has played well in most of the matches. Gaurishankar and Varadarajan are a good opening pair for the Institute. Vasan, Satyanathan and Gaurishankar have been bowling very well. At the Jain College tournament, IIT 'B' lost to Vivekananda and our 'A' team lost in the second round to Law College by two runs. In the first round we had beaten Pachayappa 'B' by nine wickets.

In the Inter-Collegiate League IIT beat Law by seven wickets and then Arts College by the same margin. Against Law, Gaurishankar hit 54 runs. IIT beat Veterinary by 37 runs (Gaurishankar 57). At the home ground we beat C.P.T. by ten wickets. The scores : C.P.T. 90, IIT 96 for no loss. (Gaurishankar 50 n.o. Varadarajan 36 n.o.)

Tennis :

Ramanathan Krishnan has urged the youngsters of this country to take up the game with zeal. Many IITians have responded to his call. With the arrival of balls and the courts being prepared, one sees many new hands at the game. The players have been classified to play in different courts.

Ram Kumar Menon represented the State and took part in the Ceylon National Championships. We fared satisfactorily at the Jain College tournament. In the Inter-Collegiate League we lost to MMC. But we should do better with R. K. Menon back from Ceylon. Lionel Paul, twice the winner of the Bertram Tournament, is back in the Institute.

Basketball :

The Institute team has been weakened by the passing out of many of the players. However, the team did well to beat CPT 84-44. Keshavan scored 44 points and Palanikumar 28. We lost to MMC and Loyola.

Volleyball :

In the Inter-Collegiate League we won our match against CLRI and lost to Loyola and MMC.

Rowing :

The Madras-Colombo Challenge Fours was won by Madras. Representing Madras were two IITians—Ebbay Sargunar (class of '69) and M. Sanyal.

The Inter-Collegiate Regatta is being reintroduced this year after having been deleted last year. IIT were the holders for the first five years of its existence, then AC Tech took over for one year. The IIT crew this year will consist of Basu John, Ray, Sanyal, and some new recruits.

Table Tennis :

Prem Watsa won the non-medallists singles title in the Open T.T. Tournament conducted by YMCA. The Institute pair of Prem Watsa and Rakesh Gothi were runners-up in the doubles event. The Institute team has been strengthened by the inclusion of Itequar Ahmed, the Mysore Junior T.T. Champion. We should do well at the Inter-IIT Meet.

Skating :

The Institute Skating team represented Tamil Nadu at the All-India Skating Competition held in Simla between the 26th and 29th of June. We were runners-up in the hockey event and lost to Patiala in the finals. Three players from the Institute, M. S. Syalee, Raman Mullick, and S. Umapathy were amongst the five that constituted the rest-of-India team which played the winners. IITians are showing keen interest in skating, and the Skating Club has over a hundred members now. A trophy has been instituted for the hostel adjudged the best in skating. The Club is trying to enrol a few members from the Ladies' Hostel. That would certainly draw more members from the men's hostels.

With the encouraging performances noted in the different games we could hope to do better in the Inter-IIT Meet which will be held at Kharagpur sometime in December. Perhaps we'll outgrow our traditional last place in the Meet.

—Campastimes

Moonstruck—(contd. from p. 16)

He kept turning in his bed trying to remember a famous line of a celebrated poet : '... O Woman, in times of ease, ... hard to please ...' He tried to remember the rest of it. He kept tossing and turning like a flimsy bark on the turbulent seas, but the evasive word kept slipping his memory like an oiled eel. At last he gave it up.

'Coy and uncertain !' he shouted with a sense of triumph, even as the alarm he had set joined him in chorus. It might have been due to the jubilation of bringing to memory an evasive word, but as he thought more about it, a queer expression began to spread over his face. He had, in short, hit upon a solution. He thought that his motives, though very obvious, were misunderstood by her, and hence, he argued with penetrating logic, the best method to adopt would be the direct approach. He could imagine himself walking up to her boldly with a rose in his buttonhole and saying, 'Just a minute Made-moiselle, may I be allowed to say something? I love you !' He could imagine the closed eyes of the heroine, the alluring smile on her lips and ... well, let's leave it at that. It was with a springy stride and a smile on his lips that he set out for adventure, feeling rather like Lochinvar.

Chandran was whistling a Carnatic tune as he walked to his destination. He was a great connoisseur of Carnatic music. When he reached his destination, he tried to look casual and indifferent. As soon as he sighted her, he shook visibly like a coke bottle shaken by an expert shaker. She just raised a quizzical eyebrow as though asking him, 'Why have you come here ?' Chandran's spirits sank to the nadir and he stooped down to pick them up. He actually bent down to release something from under his right foot. He thought it was a stone, but later on closer investigation, found it to be his left foot. When he rose after setting it right, he found something missing. Once again, he stood with his mouth gaping wide open and eyes staring after the fleeing form, now only a dot against the hostel.

So now you know the reason for the scowl and the secret sorrow that lay buried in the heart of our hero ; though the sorrow was secret no longer thanks to the last bench (his usual classroom habitat) covered with the name of Geetha written in all possible manners in conjunction with our hero's.

Chandran tried to smile in such a way as to express his unexpressed sorrows, but what actually resulted was a grin which no *Orang Utan* in the deep forests of Borneo would have produced. He tried to move his leg, thought better of it, and sighed resignedly at his legs in casts. In short the fall had torn asunder what God had joined together, namely the thingummyjig bones connecting the lower and upper portions of his legs. He closed his eyes meditatively, opened them shortly afterwards, and like Abu ben Adhem, saw an angel, or what at first glance passed for an angel. The angel had come to take a preventive cure for cold. The angel, otherwise Geetha, looked at Chandran and gave an inaudible gasp. For indeed Chandran was her loved one. She had a father who looked like an overgrown pig, and she loved him dearly. Thus she had an inclination towards fat men. There was a negative impetus, too, for she had a brother who wore the lean-and-hungry look and not a few were the unpleasant moments he had caused. Her behaviour with Chandran during their previous encounters had of course been due to a woman's natural coyness. Her crossed eyes gleaming and looking more crossed, she advanced towards Chandran. At the first sight of her, his heart bounced up only to knock against his lower jaw and fall back to the right place. This was not because he was thrilled. Only, he now noticed her crossed eyes and that unsightly pimple on her nose. Then it dawned upon him. *He had actually never seen her at close quarters !* 'Hullo Chandran !' she cried. The sound was like of a female rhinoceros calling to its young. It jarred on Chandran's sensitive musical ear. Then she smiled. Chandran fainted.

Poor chap, he's still at the hospital. They are treating him for heart trouble.

—D. KALYANARAMAN.

THE BUREAUCRATS

I

I had finished my calculations on Apollo 10 and 11. Naturally enough I wanted to send it to NASA before they launched them (i.e. about May-June). But the work was quite bulky and the heavy postage was beyond my pocket. Also I had lots of other material to send to various authorities. Money for the postage became a problem. So I approached the Permanent Vice-Chancellor of my University for financial aid. I thought I had a deserving cause. But this is what happened.

I explained the story to the P.V.C.
P.V.C.: Why do you have to send it abroad?
 The patriotic feeling is completely lacking in this post-independence generation. You can very well give it to some of our excellent departments here.

Me: Sir, without prejudice to my patriotic feelings, may I humbly state that no-one in this University is interested in what I am doing. Besides, if I were to give it to some of the departments here, I know from experience that I may never get it back and no-one will know what happened to it.

P.V.C.: All right, how much do you want?
Me: I think Rs. 250 will satisfy all my present requirements, Sir. After all, they give every post-graduate student a monthly stipend of Rs. 250, so this should not be difficult.

P.V.C.: Rs. 250! My God! *Ayo Rama! Aray Ram!* Rs. 250! *O Bhagwan!* We could print 20,000 forms with it! No, certainly not! Besides, I don't think there is any provision for it in the rules.

Me: But Sir, it is for a reasonable cause. Any credit that might come to me is a credit to the University also. I am not going to squander the money.

P.V.C.: (Flaring up) It is not for you to say whether it is reasonable or not. That depends on the rules. And how dare you come into my office like this and talk such nonsense? Don't you know the correct procedure? You must approach me through the proper channels. You have committed an unpardonable crime by walking in like this and you deserve to be disqualified from all aid. However (suddenly smiling) I am world famous for my benevolence and sympathy for students, and I will give you one more chance to approach me through the proper channels.

Me: (Timidly) Thank you, Sir. And—may I know what is the proper channel?

P.V.C.: (Furiously) Now I warn you again, you must ask that question through the proper channels. I myself do not know what they are. Probably if you contact Mr Raman Redtape of the Administrative Office, you might get the information. Go in peace.

It took me two days to locate the clerk. After giving me a tough look, he directed me to another who in turn directed me to a third. After this process was repeated factorial five times in factorial four days, I found myself face to face with an old, sinister looking character called O.

O: (In his most haughty tone): Well? I explain the purpose of my visit.

O: What is NASA? Is it a factory where you want to do your summer practical training?

Me: It stands for National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

O: (With a show of knowledge): Oh that thing in Bangalore!

Me: You are confusing it with the National Aeronautical Lab. The thing I am talking of is in the U.S.A.

O: U.S.A.! Are you mad? You are in India, not in the U.S.A.!

Me: (Realizing that it won't get into his skull): OK, let us forget about the NASA and all that. Say I want some financial aid from the University. What is the correct procedure?

O: (Happy at finally understanding the matter): You mean you want aid from the Student's Aid Fund!

Me: From that or anything else, so long as I get something.

O: I know only Student's Aid Fund. I don't know about anything else.

Me: Student's Aid Fund, then!

O: Alright. You must fill up these forms. In particular, you must fill the following in detail: native place, mother-tongue,

property, caste, sub-caste, sub-sub-caste, anthropological origin, blood group, anatomical details (about 300 details!) At least ten copies must be sent to the P.V.C. so that at least one may reach him before the end of the year; six copies each to all heads of departments with five spare copies each; two copies to the N.C.C.; and copies to the workshops, labs and all hostel notice-boards.

Me: But that will mean filling up more than 200 forms, and that too, with 300 details each!

O: (Mercilessly): But that is the only correct procedure, and the easiest one. Take the forms, fill them up, and hand them over to me.

Somehow all the forms are filled up and handed over to O.

O: Come after two weeks. I will then let you know the results.

After two weeks

I go to meet O and remind him.

O: (Recoiling): Who are you? I am sure we've never met before!

Me: But you made me fill up 200 forms just two weeks ago. How can you forget?

O: What forms are you talking about? Don't talk nonsense. Please go away and don't disturb me.

I can stand it no longer and I weep.

O: (Shouting): It is all because you did not approach me through the proper channel.

Me: For goodness' sake, what is this proper channel that everyone is talking about? It is as difficult to enter through the proper channel as it is for an interplanetary rocket to get into the narrow atmospheric re-entry corridor for a safe landing! Would you please specify the accuracy required in the angle and the velocity of approach in order to enter the proper channel safely?

I am in dread lest should he specify as high an accuracy of the velocity and angle of approach as required for a soft-landing on the planet Jupiter. According to my calculations, this is about sixty times more than that involved in William Tell's archery feat!

O: No angle, no velocity. What I mean is, you must approach me through the P.V.C.

Later that week I heard that a full division bench of the University High Court presided over by the P.V.C., together with all the members of the faculty met in solemn conclave and rejected my petition. The consensus of opinion in the learned Assembly was that the great and universal law of bureaucracy, viz.: *No provision, no precedent*, must not be violated. Their learned lordships came to this dramatic conclusion after diligently burning the midnight oil for three continuous nights, poring over 1000 volumes of rules and regulations right from the first volume brought out in 1859 A.D. Not finding the rule appropriate to my petition and seeing no mention of NASA anywhere in the 1000 sacred bibles at their disposal, they came to the above conclusion after much intellectual exercise.

EPILOGUE

(i) It seems that the great law of bureaucracy enunciated above in four golden words (*No provision, no precedent*) is as inviolable as the law of conservation of mass-energy in physics. Any attempt at violation is thus bound to have the most disastrous results.

(ii) Of course, in modern physics, there have been cases of apparent violation of the law of conservation of mass-energy, but these violations were satisfactorily accounted for by postulating new elementary particles like the neutrino and the gravitation. Similarly, in

modern bureaucracy, there have been numerous cases of apparent violation of the great law stated above, but these have been satisfactorily accounted for by the 'elementary particles' of modern bureaucracy such as: bribes, influence, wire-pulling, status etc.

(iii) Further, I was warned by the University High Priest that any questioning of the great and sacred decision of the holy Assembly was bound to attract the wrath of the gods, who, after striking me with a sore disease in all my joints, would (with apologies to Lord Maaculay) transport me to Hades and the gates of terror and confusion, to burn thereafter in the eternal fires of Hell.

What could I do against such threats?

(For the following piece, apologies are due to Charles Dickens.)

The above strategy having flopped miserably, I decided to make the learned Assembly apparently violate the great law by invoking the help of the elementary particles mentioned in epilogue (ii). It worked! I got Rs. 245 duly sanctioned.

'Please Sir, may I have Rs. 5 more,' I asked the P.V.C. He looked stunned, and almost fainting, clung to his desk for support. Recovering, he aimed the ashtay and paperweight at my head. I could have saved the University Rs. 245, but unfortunately I ducked. 'More!', he screamed. 'This is sacrilegious! Unparalleled impertinence!' He rushed out of the office.

The University Supreme Command was sitting in solemn session with the University President in the high chair when the P.V.C. rushed in pale and trembling, choking with emotion and screaming in indignation.

'What is the matter, P.V.C.?' the president screamed: 'Has the University been bombed?'

'Beg your pardon, Mr. President Sir, but that boy has asked for Rs. 5 more,' the P.V.C. screamed with indignation.

Horror and indignation were depicted on every countenance—several members fainted.

'What?' roared the president, 'You mean he was impudent enough to demand more than what the sacred Assembly sanctioned? This is unbelievable.'

'But he *did* sir,' the P.V.C. again screamed.

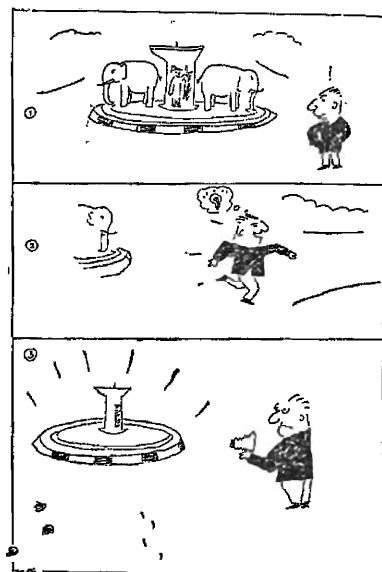
'I know that boy will be hanged for this, he certainly will be,' said the professor with the psychedelic coat.

'Besides, he was saying the other day that the planet Jupiter is contracting at the rate of one thirty thousandth of an inch per year,' the professor quipped in.

'Another heresy,' screamed the President, 'Fancy insulting a beneficial planet in my horoscope like that! This will have an adverse effect. Oh, no!' (He fainted)

Half an hour later, when I picked up enough courage to enter the hall, I found the P.V.C. screaming voicelessly, 'Five rupees more!!' Everyone else seemed to be in a dead faint. I couldn't have got out of there fast enough!

SHIVRAM..



CAMPASTIMES PRIZES

PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED TO CONTRIBUTIONS ADJUDGED THE BEST IN EVERY ISSUE OF CAMPASTIMES THIS YEAR.

IN EACH ISSUE, THERE WILL BE A PRIZE FOR THE BEST

- (A) SHORT STORY
- (B) GENERAL ARTICLE
- (C) COMPETITION ENTRY
- (D) THERE WILL ALSO BE AN EDITOR'S PRIZE FOR ANY OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION NOT FALLING IN ONE OF THESE CATEGORIES.

IN EACH ISSUE THERE WILL BE A CAMPASTIMES COMPETITION FOR WHICH THE PRIZE (C) WILL BE AWARDED.

ALL CONTRIBUTORS HAVE A CHANCE OF WINNING THESE PRIZES.

(Members of the Editorial Board, however, are not in the running.)

ALL YE CITIZENS OF IIT, IT'S TIME YOU ROLLED UP YOUR SLEEVES AND SET TO WORK !

CONVOCATION

Long sleepless nights;
and now this!

Hear, hear!

From Here and There

The way the elections for the posts of class-representatives of various years were conducted recently, reminds me of the Indian political scene. There was intense canvassing by the contestants, and some catchy slogans decorated every wall in H.S.B. and other places. What amused me more was the conveyance facilities provided to the voters to exercise their franchise at C.L.T., our polling booth. They used cars, mobikes and bikes. I happened to overhear someone say: Look yar! This guy goes on that guy's mobike but votes for some other guy. Even at the hostel level, I heard, there are some guys who preferred heavy 'treats' to empty promises in making their decision. This, perhaps, explains the reason why the results are not as expected in some cases.

One feels highly delighted to find that Sarayu hostel gets the full status of a hostel from this year onwards with four Gymkhana representatives. Recently this had given an opportunity to various contestants of individual committees seeking election to the Gymkhana as secretaries to make occasional trips to this hostel, which under normal circumstances would not have been possible, and convince them of their abilities. Judging from the total strength of the hostel, one gets the feeling that almost all of this hostel hold some portfolio or other either at hostel or Gymkhana level. Let us hope that their presence will at least add some colour and charm to the Gymkhana if not highlighten its activities with some bright new ideas.

A word about film-club cards. Its present size, with the look of a 'ration-card' does not suit any purse or pocket of normal size. Besides one wonders if the monthly renewals of these cards for those coming from hostels is really necessary. Last year's weather-proof design seems to be a better idea. By introducing this card system, the film club might have succeeded in preventing the Velacheri crowd from entering the O.A.T. But, the committee has totally overlooked another important aspect. This is the only theatre in the city where kids have free access to adult movies.

DAFT DEFINITIONS

EDDIE CALVERT—*The guy who's always blowing his own trumpet*

CHRISTIAN BARNARD—*Have a heart, yar!*

SEMESTER—*Same as yester?*

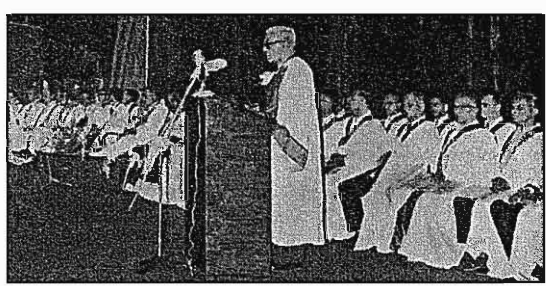
—Kokah



Long sleepless nights;
and now this!



REWARD: A soft-boiled egg for
five years of hard work



Hear, hear!



Puff . . . Puff . . . pant . . . pant,
just made it .

Photos:
C. GAURISANKAR