

Campastimes

Vol. V, No. 4

IIT Madras, April 1967

25P.

THE INSTITUTE DAY

By 5.30 p.m. on the 15th of March 1967, the Open Air Theatre was dotted with a few empty seats here and there. Exactly at 6.00 p.m. the Chief Guests, Sardar and Sardarini Ujjal Singh arrived. The function started and proceeded smoothly till 11.30 p.m. After the invocation, Prof. Varghese welcomed the gathering. It was his last speech as the President of the Gymkhana. Thomas Victor read the report on the Gymkhana activities of the year. He made it sound a very big year. Then Prof. Sampath came to the dias. He recalled the visits of prominent personalities to the Institute and informed us about the close association of Sardar Ujjal Singh with technical education in India. Then came Dr. Klein and Asst. Registrar Rajagopalan who spoke of the odd little things in the I.I.T. that one does not usually notice. Their speeches were highly technical and they poked fun at everything but themselves. His Excellency, Sardar Ujjal Singh, in his address, appreciated the work done by the Institute and wished us continued success. Sardarini Ujjal Singh distributed the year's prizes for general proficiency in the various years and branches. The prize winners were given a big hand as they went up to receive their prizes. The Institute magazine was released. A Piano-accordion was presented by the German Consul to the Gymkhana.

The entertainment programme that followed opened with a fishermen's dance by the Vanavani School Kids. Though it kept the audience guessing as to when it would end, it was very nice and well appreciated. Then came the play 'Chandalika', put up by the children in the Campus, produced and directed by Mrs. Director and the Director. Or as the M. C. put it, directed by the Director, who was directed by Mrs. Director. Prof. Lutz who had made a very bold attempt at learning Carnatic music, held the audience along with his tutor Mr. Krishnamurthy. The 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam' did not do justice to Firadusi, though the setting was fabulous. The Misses Besanz who took part were given a special prize. Interspersed in the programme were attempts at music by a score of I.I.Tians with the Tornados and the Beat X in the lead. We had a lot of time to have our dinner and come back. Prof. Chandrasekharswamy along with Mr. Kumar put up a skit about drilling a hole through the earth as an efficient system of communication and enlightened us on some of the latest advances in the field of Geometry, about the chord of a circle being smaller than its diameter. Mr. Vijayaraghavan on his Hawaiian Guitar was very impressive. Mani's play (the latest in his detective series) was good. Thomas Victor has the potentialities of an efficient butler. Rammohan's acting was very good but the audience was even better. Shanker the master of ceremonies was his usual self and provided a few laughs. The day came to an end with the vibrant notes of the piano.



An excellent performance: "Chandalika"—on Institute day.

The days have fled

The days have fled
Spring is gone
With it his youth.
So much the worse said he
So much the better.
Spring is gone
And Winter's dawn
With his legs and eyes,
So much the worse said he
So much the better.
Love is gone
No fun left nor frolic
And he but a relic.
So much the worse said he
So much the better.
The weary way drags on
With death just around
Each turn's a danger.
So much the worse said he
So much the better.
The days have fled
All is gone
But God's kindly grace.
So much the worse said he
So much the better.

—Paul Claudel
Translated from French by
P. S. Srinivasan
Dept. of Applied Mechanics.

We are deeply grieved to announce the demise of K. CHELLAPPA, a student of 4th year Aeronautics. On the morning of 7th April '67 he was run over by a train while crossing the lines.

May his soul rest in Peace.



Dr. Reichell presenting the Piano-accordion to the Director

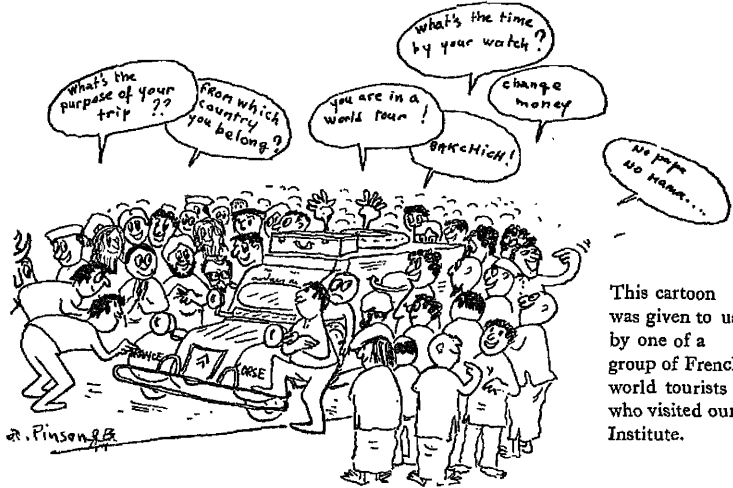
QUIP STRIPS

Focus on Cut

Who perspires thro' the seat of his pants?—Cut. Who talks like a backfiring bus?—Cut. Who's got the breath that launched a thousand mouthwashes?—Cut. Who smokes like his mouth was on fire?—Cut. Who's so active that he has a muscle bound seat?—Cut . . . (The 'Cut' here does not represent the censors answer but refers to a mis-shapen mass of misguided metabolism who rejoices in the monicker of Vinay Kumar Sehgal). Amend to that.

Vinay Kumar Sehgal, who has always been known as Cut for reasons best known to himself and his close associates—is a shining example of a body built for stability rather than for speed. Cut is a powerful swimmer especially in water, and his breast stroke is admired by all both in and out of water. As he has more than his share of facial adornment, he reaps an unusually rich harvest. In fact he is always on the lookout for one less endowed than he, whom he can share it with. His legs though short are long enough to make it to the ground. He always has to buy two tickets; one for his paunch and one for himself.

In his first two years here he was subject to recurrent fits especially when someone touched his fan or sat on his table; and this has caused much bloodshed to all concerned. For instance Yogi once accidentally came into contact with his fan and Cut, always a gentleman, tried to congratulate him with the result that Yogi's wrist broke. Once Cut and Sirpal were engaged in unarmed combat. Cut stopped a mighty clout and that was the last straw. Muttering foul oaths he charged—and ended up on the water cooler hurling abuses at his opponent. It may be interesting to relate another incident popularly known as the 'Bog Light'. It all started when Jack was laying his knotted towel on Cut's back at periodic intervals. Suddenly Cut ran amuck and accelerating rapidly he shot down the corridor in hot pursuit of Jack. Jack being fleet of foot made a ninety degree turn at the entrance to the bathroom. Believing like an amorous bull Cut hit a puddle of water, got airborne and rapidly losing height, crash-landed, naked as a jaybird, on the floor in that order respectively. At this he started gurgling like an emptying sink and delivered a lengthy harangue casting grave aspersions on the parentage of the spectators in general and Jack in particular.



This cartoon was given to us by one of a group of French world tourists who visited our Institute.

Cut's vocal chords have never been known to operate at less than 100 decibels—as various faculty members will testify. He gets most of his exercise in the mornings up, down, up, down, up, down and panting heavily he tries the other eye lid. Apart from this he gets most of his exercise at meal times when he devours food in large quantities—'Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow another chicken dies.'

Cut is a deeply religious sort, being a devout gambler. He is no doubt one of the most sporting guys in the Institute and is always ready for some fun which, remarkably enough, generally turns out to be at his own expense. He is musical minded and sings songs from 'The Sound of Music' to the tune of 'My Fair Lady' both of which he has seen at least a dozen times. Of late he has mellowed greatly most probably due to the restraining influence of his lady love and this has made a new man out of Cut. giving a sum total of three men.

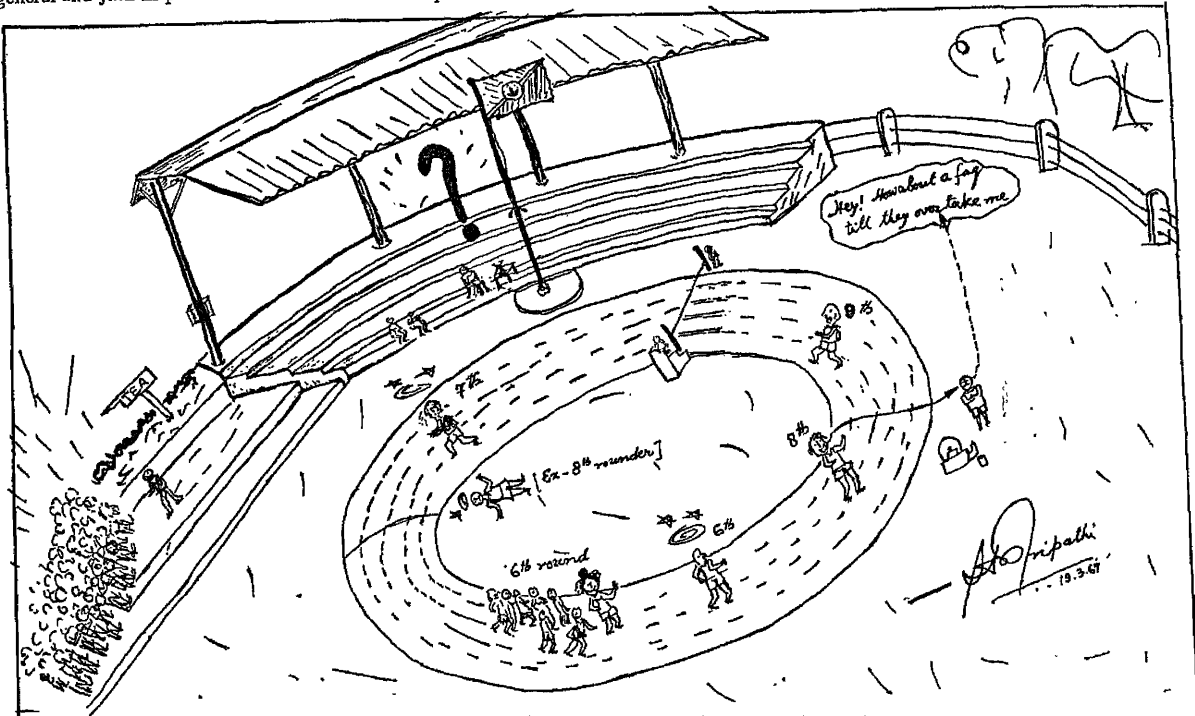
V. GOPAL

If, dear reader, you're looking for Gopal, Take a tip, he won't be in a lecture hall. You'll find him, if at Krishna you call, Playing cricket with a tennis ball. Gopal, the Entertainment Sec. has been, A chap who's always behind the scene, A quiet worker, enthusiastic and keen,

Unlike some guys who in the limelight are seen. When Gopal into the limelight does walk, There are few left to hear him talk, A vote of thanks has rarely—if at all Been delivered in a crowded hall. His disordered room is the sole exception, To the flair he displays for organisation, Inhabiting it is a teeming population Of reptiles, insects and exotic vegetation. If entertainment you feel, is below par, Don't just rant, do something yar, And remember, when next time you curse, That, but for some guys, things could be worse.

R. NEELAMEGHAM

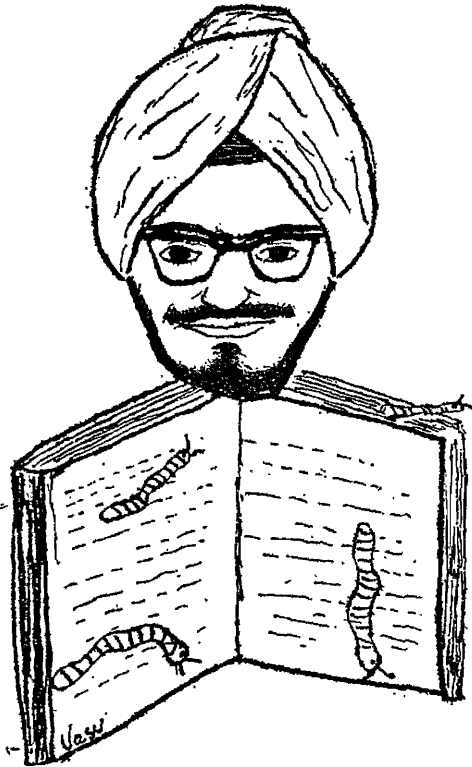
Neelamegham, sir, is a dogged lad, So dogged at times, some say he's mad. So determined is he that he has been found To keep running the thousands till there was no one around. In Narmada, a notice board wasn't needed, All news, by Chief Blue Cloud was speeded, The official town crier he was dubbed, Till a big bird this little bird clubbed. But Neelamegham now sedate has grown, His academic standing to new heights has flown. By virtue of which he has been The Editor of his Society's Magazine. His stay here is coming to an end, Soon he'll be out on his own to fend, And when from here Blue Cloud drifts away, Our best wishes we hope will smooth his way.



The Sports day

CARICATURE

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SIDHU

(Contd. from Col. 3)

Sidhu sure is a clever guy,
Who, the lecturers in knots can tie,
His knotty questions are rarely doubts,
More often, invitations to sparring bouts.
Even on subjects which to him are Greek,
Sidhu can with authority speak;
His tall yarns, I'm willing to bet,
Are either in Patiala or Germany set.
His uncles and brothers are quite a crowd,
Whose sterling qualities he proclaims aloud,
They seem to have been the world around,
And can from Patiala to Timbuctoo be found.
Few guys can with Sidhu compare,
In his work, no efforts does he spare,
Life here has been a grand conquest,
In coming years, we wish him all the best.

R. K. PRAKASH.

been proposed, but is yet to be carried out. Some of the fifth yearers will go abroad. Some will return in the disguise of STA's or lecturers. Drastic changes will be seen in them. They will begin to 'act tough' with the same friends with whom they played cards, went to the movies and 'gassed' late into the nights. Many others will find jobs all over our country and strive to be a credit to their Institute. It will be a sorrowful Parting this year, more sorrowful than ever before, since, by reason of the removal of the Same year—Same hostel system, inter-year relations have considerably improved. Tears will be shed, grappling hoops of steel sawn apart, hearts wrung, and all that Jazz, when the fifth and third leave. Our Institute, in spite of it's periodicals, submissions, and so on, is not a bad place to live in.

And having writ
moves on

The Moving Finger
writes

The Carnival

Krishna hostel organized another carnival this year. Posters were found all over the campus, posters even in Deutsch:

"Wenn sie wollen indische Speise,
Machen sie zu Krishna eine Reise!"

There were eats, and interesting competitions were available for the enterprising. Mani won the Coca Cola competition by polishing off eight cokes, in the stipulated time. What he did after the stipulated time, he desires, to keep a secret. The Krishnites, we hear, made a profit of around five hundred rupees. This helped them spend more on their Hostel Day, and also in bringing out a brochure—a brand new idea.

Chromophobia

The hostel walls turned crimson with colour powder and with shame. Floors exhibited all the colours of the rainbow. Some hostels are blessed with a pond, and ducks. Ponds turned out to be curses in disguise. We had to fall in line to be chucked into the pond and to wallow in the mud like pigs. The central school was invaded, and the children joined their seniors, shouting for a holiday. On 'Holi' day, every year, the limits of decorum go unobserved in I.I.T.

Suddenly the Summer

The summer has arrived and with it the days of judgement, the days of the triumph of the weak over the strong. A silver lining is however seen among the clouds. For the 'A' grade is now 65-minimum out of 100. More students are putting in their best as the possibility of getting an A-aggregate is now less remote. One can easily see that this state of affairs is not likely to prevail for long. Next year as many B's will flow in as did this year. For around here the paper is given an overall grade. The idea of giving marks for each step does not seem to have occurred to most of the pedagogues in our institute.

April Fool Banaya

Subramaniam, alias Mani is gifted were most of us are not—he is gifted with a sense of humour. On the night of April the first, Mani vanished into thin air. What made this incident sadder was that Mani, (who is in charge of our Film Club), had informed one and all through notices, that a 'Flick' would be shown on the said night. Teacher and Taught, after a long and uneventful stay at the OAT, saw light, and took the homeward path with bowed heads. When Mani returned, late in the night, he was thrown into the Tapti Hostel pond by three well-built young men (with no sense of humour) specially commissioned for the purpose. But Mani still says it was worth it.

The Population Explosion

If the explosion had been among the Homo Sapiens in our campus, it would have just meant additional work for the doctor. It is more serious when in the place of one deer, one sees ten. For years we have lived in peaceful co-existence with our swift footed friends. Trouble was to start, and the first signs of it were noticed when the speedster Mac, with the Lieutenant on his pillion, found himself airborne, after an unexpected meeting with a sweet young doe. The day will soon come when one will be unable to drive from the hostels to the gate, without coming into violent contact with these ever-breeding neighbours. One feels that the day will also come when the deer will take over the academic section—many lie in wait for the day. For drums are beaten, wierd noises are made throughout the night, but the deer continue to find IIT, a more interesting place than the neighbouring deer sanctuary.

So long, farewell, auf weidersehen,
goodbye,—

The year is drawing to a close. The final year students are having their first attacks of nostalgia. A final-prefinal get-together has

(Sd.) P. C. VARGHESE,
Signature of Publisher.

(Contd. in Col. 2)

The Press and Registration of Books Act 1867
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I, P. C. Varghese hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Dated, 6th April, 1967.

AROUND THE HOSTELS



EDITORIAL

Long standing shadows steal across the scene. It is the twilight of our stay at IIT. The shadows are nostalgic memories—real and ever-growing. The eagerly awaited respite from the sun's glare has culminated not in a cool evening but into a gloomy dusk. Minds keep returning to the past, stirring up past memories—memories dotted with happy moments. Pleasant memories of our stay here seem to efface all others filling us with a vague sadness at the thought of our exit from the IIT scene.

In typical old timer style we can speak of the old days—the hardships, the trials and the happy experiences. Few buildings graced the landscape. There were but three hostels—to be more exact two and a half, ours being only half complete—and the Civil Engineering Block. There were no roads, only the winding paths—beaten tracks—leading to the classes. There was no shopping center. There was only an apology for a road from the main gate. Many of us remember the long trudge from the gate after a movie, on a dark moon-less night, all the time hoping and praying that a snake should not sneak out of a nearby bush.

We also remember the classes—a hundred or more crowded into one class-room, eyes peering at the distant blackboard, ears strained, only to give up eventually, allowing the monotonous voice of the lecturer, droning through the sultry air, to lull one to sleep. And then there was the NCC. It was no trifling business—we had to rush back to hostel for tea, down some boiling muck, rush up and dress in a jiffy, run to the Kote and collect rifles, and march to the parade ground—all in half an hour.

We have been long-suffering guinea pigs as far as the periodical system goes. The graduating class of '67 is probably the only one which can claim to have gone through every examination system—every stage from the time periodicals were held at any time and had dubious weightages to the present orderly conduct of periodicals with weightages well-known beforehand.

It was during our stay here that the film club and our campus paper took shape. The OAT, the stadium and the various play-fields were built before our own eyes. It would be no exaggeration to state that the Institute has grown most during our stay.

Initially, persons when told that we were from IIT, wanted to know whether it was a polytechnic institute. It had not assumed the grand proportions of an institution of national importance. Our seniors when they left the Institute went away gloomily nodding their heads at the thought that with their exit the cultural epoch they had started would die a natural death. Needless to say their fears were ill-founded and the class of '67 has acquitted itself creditably in all fields.

Great things are in the offing in the Institute (the long overdue swimming pool, the 35 mm. projector and the boating club) and the thought that we will not be here to see them makes us a trifle sad. IIT has been a great place to stay in with great guys to move around with. It wouldn't be mere slushy sentiment to say that it is a sad parting for all of us.

The twilight has deepened into a dark night.

'So shall it be written and so shall it be done', said the Lord, but our authorities have gone one step further—they do not have to write, they just have to say what is to be done, and it is done. I am obviously referring to the combination of Hostels in the celebration of Hostel days.

Much against the will of most of us it was decided that this year two hostels get together and celebrate a combined Hostels' Day. Of Dr. Bannerjee's claim, of such an eventuality resulting from a special bond of friendship between two particular hostels, I hardly need say a word. The inmates of Godavari hostel felt that the same bond of friendship that united Tapti and Narmada links them with all the other hostels—'So we combine with all or with none'.

Mr. Nithyanandam of Gears India Ltd. was the Chief Guest when Tapti and Narmada got together. Prof. Sampath, our Deputy Director presided over the function. After the routine ceremonies were over we moved to the most interesting part of the whole show—the dinner.

One notable feature of this year's Hostels' days celebration was that the guests were not chosen exclusively from the ranks of Professors and Asst. Profs. Staff members on the lower rung of the ladder were given a chance of taking part in our merry-makings.

Talking of the guests I am reminded of a little saying I learnt at school. 'where there is honey the bees will be.' But surely the cream of the Indian intelligentsia could well afford to conduct themselves with better dignity and decorum than little bees. I am obviously referring to the unhealthy practice that is fast gaining ground—of self-styled guests making their presence felt at dinners.

The rest of the hostels' day celebrations that day is a sad tale of 'one big mess'—thoroughly disorganised and mismanaged. Above all it was a scene of chaos and confusion.

The Chief Guest on entering Narmada must have been surprised to see people 'already at it'. Soon the tables were full with quite a few left stranded without a seat. People got panicky in the fear that they would have to go hungry. They charged into the mess to help themselves with what they could find. The scramble for ice creams was unmanageable.

The entertainment that evening was chiefly a one-man show—Gopal Ramachandran dominating the stage. The way Mr. Henkel tailed the cat is a lesson to all imaginative brains.

Having learnt the lesson from the guinea-pigs as to what makes the Hostels' day a success, the Ganga-Saraswathi combination started on an excellent note.

Mr. England their Chief Guest stressed on the importance of unity. He asked of us to set aside thoughts of individual glory in the pursuit of common good. The preliminaries being finished with, we got on to brass tacks.

The dinner was a well-organised affair. The tables were laid out spick and span. Each chair bore the name of the one who would occupy it—and this, (Thank God) got rid of the unbecoming practice that goes by the name of 'gate crashing'. Barring a few minor slips that are normally unavoidable they have done everything in their power to establish for ever the idea of combined Hostels' day.

The entertainment programme was almost fully monopolised by Shankar whose humorous interludes were quite often more interesting than what preceded or followed. He has, I am sure, made a name for himself as a master of ceremonies.

The most commendable of all the Hostel days was the Godavari Hostel day who for reasons mentioned earlier refused to combine with any of the hostels. Theirs was a simple affair and a homely one too. Prof. Sampath was their Chief Guest. They did not have the usual gala dinner. They had just a tea party.

A wholesome entertainment was provided by the Godavari Hostel group—the Spectacles [Beat - X - (Alfy + Ebbie) - Codeiro] stealing the show.

The same mysterious air that surrounds many other things that happen in Jamuna hostel kept us from the proceedings of the Jamuna-Alakananda Hostels' day.

The little kids have been so petted and pampered that they have hardly any acquaintances among the seniors. Little is known of what went on. Mr. G. D. Naidu was, I believe, their Chief Guest. He made a vigorous attack on the Policies of the government.

A little bird tells me that combined Hostel-days have met their doom, the 'marriage dinner' affair at the Sangam, the fenced-off affair at Jamuna-Alakananda and the 'big mess' at Tapti-Narmada have exposed the dangers of a joint Hostel day.

TEERS

Letters to the Editor

Sir,

What is the height of frustration? One of the printable answers to this query is, 'to stand before the workshop water cooler, hot and thirsty after a hard day's work'. Why? Because there's nary a tumbler in sight and you are bound to have oily and dirty hands.

One of the rituals to be gone through in the machine shop is the cleaning of the lathe bed. The efficiency of this process could be greatly improved and a lot of time saved if broader brushes were used. The brush now provided is about half a centimetre across and seems to be more suited for brushing flies off a sleeping Venus.

Yours,

A SENIOR PUMBER.

P.S. May I remind the workshop that two years have elapsed since the Madras Inter IIT Meet. As such the Meet poster urging the reader to make the most of playing the host can safely be taken down from the workshop notice board.

Dear Sir,

Permit me to point out the discordant note that seems to have been struck so effortlessly in the February issue of *Campastimes*. I refer to the caricature of Charanjit Singh.

While one does not wish to be unduly harsh on the author, the whole thing is in grossly questionable taste. Specially the likening of Mr. Singh to Fagin and a few other things is unmitigatedly malevolent and invidious.

The author has made a pathetic mistake in failing to distinguish between humour and ribaldry and the end product is nothing short of calculated lampoon.

The sole consolation to be drawn from the whole article is that the author has lived down to his sobriquet.

At the present rate, *Campastimes* is heading for the point of no return.

Yours truly,

T. A. SAKTHI KUMAR.

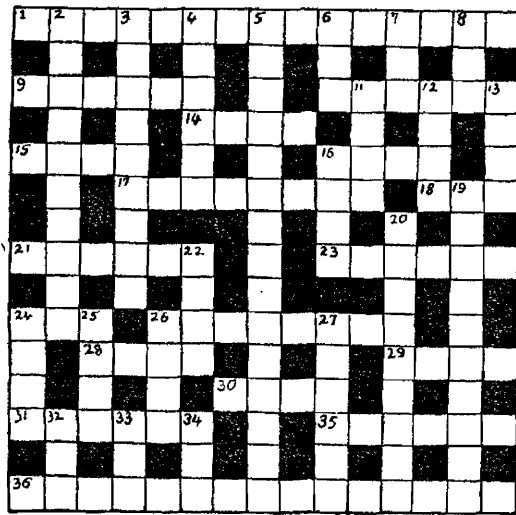
Ravi the Reckless.

It was one of those rare occasions when somebody offers to take you to a movie, for no reason whatsoever. It was Ravi. I grabbed the opportunity and went out along with him. On our way I was trying to find one reason at least why he should have picked on me. I could not figure it out. I perceived that Ravi was in great spirits.

My grandmother has taught me well to predict that a buoyant man picks trouble on his way. It was a great surprise to me when we reached the theatre and even got seated, without Ravi getting into trouble. I wondered if my Granny was wrong.

Anyone acquainted with Ravi will know a hundred stories of Ravi and his exploits of which not one is confirmed. Ravi claims even

(Contd. on page 5, Col. 1)



Campastimes Crossword

No. 1

By MAC

[This is the first of a (We hope) Series]

CLUES ACROSS

1. They found a house delicious (6, 3, 6)
9. Bows ones head to the platforms ? (7)
10. Strange boy seemingly the favourite (4, 2)
14. Release while on journey ? (4)
15. Away with it for the fugitive (4)
16. Singular game? No; only used in playing it (4)
17. Resulting soreness from adapting fifty in Ghana ? (4-4)
18. As rested within 21 (3)
21. I ended week in this crystalline substance. (6)
23. Is it possible for the animal to make this delicacy ? (6)
24. Avail oneself of the eastern States ? (3)
26. Source of a thorny problem, as the story goes. (5, 3)
28. There are those who somehow live behind it (4)
29. It's set high for the more serious offenders (4)
30. Noisy 24D (4)
31. Lets in something worthless (6)
35. One of two which enclose a hotter clime (6)
36. One incapable of playing sharps ? (5, 10)

Answers in Next Issue.

CLUES DOWN

2. The very opposite seems to be against the proposition (10)
3. She is connected with a number of short friends (9)
4. A little way in right to yield to request (6)
5. Always capable of getting attention when played ? (8, 7)
6. Prefix of the earthy variety (3)
7. 5 marks this usually (3)
8. He goes to show part of the mind (3)
11. Wooden type available in bargain basements ? (4)
12. They could, perhaps, be helped by A.A. (4)
13. Any street, seemingly, but it's home for some (4)
16. This could be a record (4)
19. Piano part and I appear strangely (10)
20. One freshly appointed to ensure tidiness ? (1, 3, 5)
22. Fix the latter half of 17 (4)
24. Internationally, it may be derived (4)
25. 10 type on the level (4)
26. Drop the fish a letter ? (4)
27. Better on the waters ? (6)
32. Apparently I am willing to be evil. (3)
33. One absent half the day ? (3)
34. Blooming welcome neckwear ! (3)

(Continued from p. 4 Col. 3)

now that he could wave to and receive a smile as acknowledgement from, any pretty one you pointed out in a crowd. Nobody has ever seen him giving proof of this.

Today he was trying to get the attention of a plain blue saree towards the rear left and a yellow black stripes to the right side. As I saw him turning his head from one side to the other I resolved to buy a bottle of pain reliever for his neck.

I had lost faith in my Granny's sayings for ever when we left the theatre. Nothing had happened till then. There was something else which surprised me. Ravi, normally would grab every occasion to prove himself smarter than others. Today he had not done it yet.

Now came the turn. We wanted change for a tinner. I took it to the shop nearby and politely asked for change. I drew a blank. Before I knew what had happened, Ravi entered the shop demanding a pack of Charminar, tinner in hand. Money and a packet of cigarettes exchanged hands. A smile and a scowl darted across the counter to the shopman. Exit Ravi and friend, smiling and looking stupid respectively. I fancied I heard the shopman chuckle.

I knew, Ravi did not smoke. What would he do with the pack ? Having been humbled, I restrained myself from asking such a question, for it would have put him one up.

We strayed into a restaurant and came out bursting at the seams, with Ravi's purse lighter. Waiting at the bus-stop, I wondered if my Granny had not been wrong this time at least.

Now came the symptoms. We had been waiting full eleven minutes for the bus which was not coming. In fact, we were not destined to catch a bus—for there drew up a grey Ambassador. A respectable, bespectacled 'andhra' looking man was beckoning to Ravi. A door opened and Ravi and I got in. A pleasant introduction was made. It was his uncle. A conversation ensued. The two started speaking in Telugu. Telugu being a foreign language to me I became interested in the side show through the window.

The next thing I knew, the gentleman in white was heatedly shouting and Ravi was sunk against the upholstery and looking pale. I tried my best to figure out what had happened. Ravi mumbled something feverishly under his breath, which only made his uncle raise his voice further. The car stopped near the Adyar terminus and we got down silently.

I saw Ravi's uncle extend his hand and Ravi reluctantly parted with the packet of Charminar and avert his face.

My Granny could never be wrong. Well ! here is one of Ravi's adventures—a true one. Ravi claims that he never went out with me to a picture—never. He ridicules me by asking who would ever take ME to a picture. That's Ravi for you.

Cultural Week—

(Contd. from page 8)

Thomas started it all with a welcome speech for Mr. Achutha Menon, the Chief Guest for the evening. Then it was the turn of the various gymkhana secretaries after which the Director himself addressed us. Mr. Menon told us how happy he was to be with us that evening. Mrs. Sengupto, then, proceeded to distribute the prizes for the earlier events.

We then, got down to brass tacks and took up where we had left off the previous evening. The Women's Polytechnic came on first with a group dance. Then there was a 'harikatha' through which all of us sat with nary a whimper.

When Sudarsan M. C. led the YMCA and in particular the Bhangra in, a titter emanated from the audience. One cannot easily forget Sidhu's imitation of a mechanical toy in a bhangra item at a function some years ago. Anyway all of us were in for a surprise. It was a brilliant item, very vigorously and enthusiastically done and at the end, our hands were aching from all that cheering.

Stanley Medical were next and their entry was a numerical group 'The Falcons'. A pity their guitar amps chose that moment to be uncooperative, especially since there were quite a few fair Stanleys around all set to cheer them. Tch! Tch!

Then it was the time of the heartless casehardened one on the harmonica from the C.P.T. Where he was, maybe he couldn't hear the audience. It was now the turn of the A.C. Tech. to impress us. Their marathon Tamil play was, nevertheless, 'delectable.

Solomon of the Guindy College was good with his 'Edelweiss'. Singing 'On the Street where you live', he looked as pathetic as Freddie himself.

M. I. T. was next with a real 'fourful Hudth.' who was simply scintillating on the mridangam. May be his being a presidential award winner will explain things. It was now the turn of a monoactor, who was, at times funny.

The School of Architecture began in style with a Kathak dance embellished by tricky spotlighting. That's where they should have signed off—while the going was good. Instead, they went ahead with a skit of sorts—something about James Bond. If one had really tried to keep track of the story, it would have been very confusing but there was just no point in doing that. Never very straight forward, it got wilder and wilder towards the end. Bits of it, I guess, were meant to be actually thrilling. It was still nearer in spirit to a Hitchcock mystery than a Bond film.

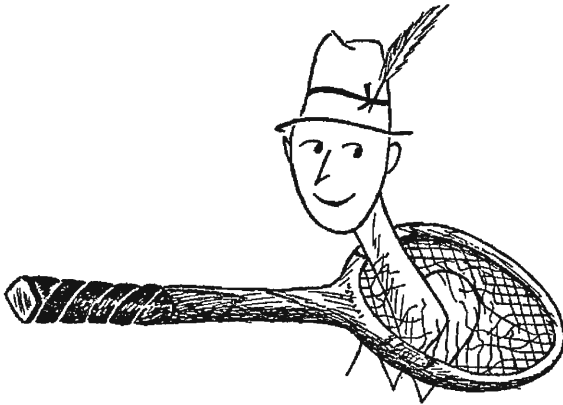
Christian College's contribution came like drink to a dying man. Kannan delighted the audience with his imitation of several film actors. Rumour has it that he was persuaded by well-wishers in the audience to put up something—anything, since the official team forgot to turn up.

The Presidency College band seemed to have taken an overdose of catnip. They mixed music with action and the result was something ludicrous. Finally the Institute Film Technology came on with a play. It had, I guess, something to do with the gendarmie as cops seemed to be all over the stage at once.

Our own boys were heroes too, in their own way. They would come, in between items, as if to assure the audience that there were still a few good things left in this world. Sebastian and George Verghese were delightful on the piano. Scintillating as usual were the Beat-X. Shivakumar's Zulu dance was spectacular. Bashir's rendering of 'Roman Guitar' on the harmonica drew an encore from the enthralled audience. Ranjan and the Kellys were good too but the star was Shankar, their emcee, who was exceedingly humorous.

A word of praise for the audience is perhaps in order. They were on their best behaviour and as Sudarsan put it 'Just Great' That's the IITian everyone knows.

Sportfolio



The Annual Institute Sports day was held on 11th March '67. Mr. S. Sriraman, Secretary, Cricket Control Board of India was the Chief Guest. Some very interesting items like the staff couples' needle and thread race, the staff over 35 years race, the musical Chairs, the obstacle race etc, were witnessed. The huge crowd that was present for the occasion consistently gave the winners a big hand. The prizes were distributed by Mr. Sriraman after the normal routine of addresses. The March Past trophy for the best contingent went to Godavari Hostel. The Inter-Hostel Athletics Championship was won by Saraswathi. Joshi Paul of the same hostel won the coveted Individual championship. The Schroeter cup for the general championship was shared by Tapti and Ganga. By winning the toss, Ganga earned the right to have custody of the cup for the first six months. A solemn national anthem, and the curtain was brought down on the VIII Annual sports day of the Institute.

A national topic of today is who is going to be the next President. It is a strong local one, too, but with a small difference. The present President of the Institute Gymkhana, Prof. P. C. Verghese will be soon laying down his office. Speculations are very much on. The names taking special rounds are those of Prof. R. K. Gupta and Prof. E. G. Ramachandran. Who knows there might be a pleasant surprise in store for everybody.

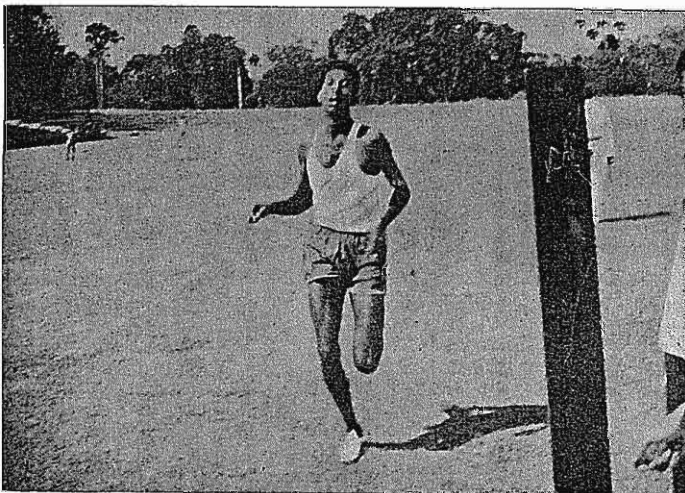
Reflecting on the past, it will be in the best interests of the extra-curricular activities (especially sports) of the students that the Gymkhana elections be finished by end of July itself and the committees start function-

ing right from first week of August. With the Inter-Collegiate commitments, the Inter-IIT meet preparation and not forgetting the academic and NCC demands, the sports committee tends to feel a sad lack of time. Many other tournaments for which trophies have been installed could not be held this year for various reasons. The committee could as soon as possible draw up an annual schedule including all these, besides the Inter Hostel Tournaments (something to be really careful about) of course, giving sufficient time for IIT meet preparations. Talking about the meet, as a prominent sports chap suggested the committee could appoint a small sub-committee to see that really adequate arrangements are made for a good participation in the meet. The next meet will be held in Delhi, according to most reliable sources.

In conclusion may I express the hope that the swimming, the boating and the shuttle badminton needs of the very many IITians are met as soon as possible in the form of the pool, the lake and boats and the Hall. May the outdoor club which according to R. Jai-kumar is one of the best in the country today and which is held in quite some esteem by many mountaineering associations of the country, flourish and attain greater heights in the year to come. May I also express the wish that more and more people take interest in the boxing and skating clubs and make them into full-fledged bodies of student activity.

And finally as a sweet young thing says everything good should come to an end, I take leave of you now.

ABDUL HAMEED.



A common occurrence—Joshi Paul breasts the tape

ODYSSEY

Sunday—4th Dec. 1966.

- 05-30 hrs. Ravi, Penny and I leave the Campus by the Vellachery gate—destination unknown.
- 05-31 hrs. The watchman at the gate stares doubtfully at the rucksack on Penny's shoulders. We gulp.
- 05-31'15 hrs. He says, "Outpass, Sahab?" But we are already past him.
- 06-00 hrs. We entrain at Guindy. The train heads towards Tambaram.
- 06-17 hrs. Ravi cracks a P.J.
- 06-17'5 hrs. We laugh.
- 06-20 hrs. Tambaram. From here we head towards Vandalur across country.
- 07-00 hrs. Green fields on both sides. "Shall I lighten your load, Penny?" says Ravi, and Penny hands over the rucksack to him. Ravi takes it, removes from it a few bananas and a sandwich, swallows them and hands the rucksack back.
- 07-30 hrs. We are still walking—in search of adventure. The rucksack is a few pounds lighter and Ravi an equal number of pounds heavier.
- 08-00 hrs. Silence. We are in search of a decent spot to sit and have our breakfast—Penny and me, that is!
- 08-15 hrs. We head towards a hill that is inviting.
- 08-30 hrs. Oh no! A huge sheet of water blocks the way. I decide to wade through like they do in the movies. Penny detours via the main road and Ravi detours via the orange grove nearby.
- 09-00 hrs. Ravi and I meet at the foot-hill. It is a thick jungle. Penny is lost.
- 09-01 hrs. It is very hot and wet and we sweat. But there is no background music.
- 09-02 hrs. Really thick jungle. Ravi climbs a tree to see if he can spot Penny (with rucksack on his back) approaching anywhere. No.
- 09-03 hrs. The dense jungle is frightening. I climb a tree now. I can hear Penny hollering for us and we holler back.
- 09-04 hrs. At last Penny is with us; thank God! we realise that we have been lost only for four minutes. Anyway, we celebrated it with breakfast, eaten in a clearing.
- 11-04 hrs. breakfast over. (how sad!)
- 11-30 hrs. We walk along a lake embankment to a cliff nearby.
- 11-45 hrs. We start rock climbing—I first, followed by Penny—and Ravi last.
- 12-00 hrs. 'Puff—puff—pant! But I'll follow a rucksack of lunch anywhere," swears Ravi.
- 12-30 hrs. A magnificent view from up here! We decide that we have appetite for natural beauty. Green everywhere. Presently Ravi reminds us that even hunger is a natural beauty.
- 12-45 hrs. Eat...eat...chomp...gulp...chomp...gulp...gulp...eat...eat... (belch!)...chomp...chomp...
- 13-30 hrs. Yawn! zzz...zzzzz...
- 14-00 hrs. We are back in Godavari and/or Ganga for lunch.

KAKÉ.



What a woman wears, or closer to truth, what she does not wear, has always been an area of intense human interest. Save the privileged like, Dior or Cardin, men may not, with impunity, satisfy their curiosity for the inside story of female fashion. The forces, the intentions, the pretensions and the strategy that go to make a woman's clothing, or lack of it, are classified information as far as men are concerned. Some otherwise competent men have tried unsuccessfully to confer a logic, if there is a logic, on the vagaries of woman and her fashion. One of them writing in *The Reader's Digest*, accounts for the evershifting necklines, waistlines, hemlines etc., by his hypothesis of migrating erogenic zones. At least one other unpublished theory says that these said necklines, waistlines etc., move in such a direction as to meet each other and where possible eliminate each other. This much can be said, that this is a matter of great sensitivity and best left alone by men, who are not qualified. Unaware of the hazards, or if aware, displaying spunk beyond the call of duty, the Literary Committee dared to ask of a city college for women to send a team of competent and informed speakers to conduct before a male, predominantly human congregation, an exposition of the said ticklish topic. Shocked, the ladies not only asked the fresh young cads from I.I.T. to mind their own business but also refused to take part in the other competitions amidst such an environment of moral turpitude. Everyone has a right to prejudices but for these prejudices not to change with the temper of the times, for these prejudices to become dogged convictions is fatal to the thinking man or for that matter to the rare thinking woman. Can the organizers be blamed for not wanting to have a group discussion on some hackneyed topic, already thrashed out in a hundred debates by a thousand speakers, when more burning issues lay un contemplated? They hoped to strike the first blow for a new frankness and maturity in the thought and speech of Madras Campuses but they seem to have struck rock.

* * *

The Return of Sheba, cried the chaste; an X-cert performance observed the movie maniacs. Wild and wonderful, the audience at large seemed to cry; at least judging from the response the dance evinced. The Zulu dancer had hit the headlines. Sheba, contrary to stories otherwise said, was a second generation Zulu herself but it is extremely unlikely that even in her deadliest moments the pagan enchantress was as pagan as this one. A wooden puppet dancing to one of these space-age Tamil movie beat numbers would be considered vulgar by many. Replace the lifeless puppet by a half naked, weed clad B. Tech. jumping about the stage and you could shock Frank Harris. However, a good part of the audience in the southern stands was visibly excited, excited enough to stampede to get a closer look—at what? Poor souls. Since the mass of humanity had gathered in the fabled bowl, not for a session of cultural indoctrination but with the sole, and I believe, unabashed intention of being entertained and since this pagan or Sheba or whatever you choose to call him, entertained many as not all other performers could, there is no justification in condemning the dance or whatever it was meant

to be. The next time the Zulu decides to jump about he need not bother himself with unstable upper garments that came threateningly close to falling off because on the authority of Encyclopaedia Britannica I can guarantee that the Zulu ladies went topless quite a few hundred years back and till today they have not found sufficient grounds to change that state of things.

The ostrich is a fascinating bird. It has been known to run at speeds exceeding 45 m.p.h. It is claimed to have eaten burning coal. Its supple legs have enough strength to carry a massive human at considerable speed. However, it suffers from a touchingly human weakness. When it is being chased by a hunter and is losing the race, it stops suddenly at a sand bank and buries its head in the sand. There in the security of darkness its pea-sized brain churns out an almost human philosophy:

'What I cannot see,
Cannot be.'

That the students of a certain hostel should want to stop subscribing to *Campastimes* because it did not pour praise and shower appreciation on their prize-winning performance in the inter-hostel entertainment competition is quite ostrich-like, besides being childish. Whether they subscribe or not, what has been written has been written, published and read and what will be written will be written, published and read: If they wish to close their eyes and convince themselves that nothing has been written about them, they can go right ahead and play the ostrich. We have the spotted deer, the katans and now these. *Campastimes* is their affair as much as it is of the columnist, who they claim

has libelled them. If they do not agree with what has been written they are free to sing what they think is the truth and I am sure *Campastimes* will find space for their song of truth and any other numbers.

Whether they are going to subscribe for their copies of *Campastimes* or not, it is a bet that they are going to read the paper somewhere or the other, and that is not being ostrich-like but being very smart.

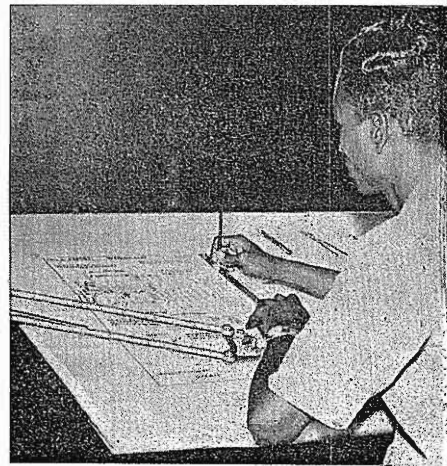
V. R.

The Coupon System

'Mess bills', they complained, were awfully high,
'The Coupon System'—they cried, 'let's give it a try',
Coupons for lunch and dinner, for breakfast and tea,
For Appalams' and sauce and even chutney. As one enters! one sees plates in a stack, And tables arranged so's to form a track, A track you follow at every repast, Service, sir, is now a thing of the past. You pick up a plate, a spoon and curds, Then follow the queue moving rasam-wards, At the end of the line, reck'ning begins— Coupons torn off and dropped into tins. Coupons have come in, thrown service out, As one grows thinner and the servers grow stout,
To new heights now, many mess bills have flown,
The upward trend into a habit has grown. The Coupon system is a struggle in vain, Mess bills are still a source of migraine, Let's accept facts, it needs little gumption To realize that a mess bill is an unbounded function.

LUMIERE

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SEMBIAM MADRAS-11

Fifth Annual Literary and Cultural Week

With the prize distribution by Prof. Sampath on the 11th Feb., the fifth annual literary and cultural week came to a close. And with it came to an end, a week of hectic activity and excitement, a week much looked forward to.

The last time we took part was last year and we came right on top in almost every competition. As the Director pointed out in his welcome address the same evening, it's no fun allowing the trophies gather dust on our own shelves. So we did not take part at all this year—except for individual prizes. Some feel that itself was too much.

Perhaps the busiest person in the literary portion of the week was Kamdar, officious as ever. Thanks to a demonstration of foresight by the literary committee, colleges got their invitations well in time and the response for some of the events was overwhelming.

The motion for the debate on the opening day was 'The Female of the species is more deadly than the male'. A team from Patna gave it an all-India character. Some 13 colleges took part and the result was a spicy treat for everyone. Shankar, in top form, was the hero of the evening. Uma Ramachandran of Ethiraj had to be satisfied with second place. The audience did not forget its chivalry even when the judges put the motion to vote. We are IITians, you know. The German Recitation Competition was won this year, by the Max Mueller Bhavan. I suppose that it is to be expected. Kamdar came a close second to Sudha Varadarajan of the MMB.

There were barely six teams for the Group Discussion on the third day, but, I guess, it is quality and not quantity that counts. Otto of the Engg. College pulled off a brilliant one man show. But the star team of the evening was our own which carried away the audience with rather localised cracks. There was some new blood in the team but since we were not competing, I don't suppose it mattered. The Law College team proved to be the pick of the crowd, an improvement over the SIET which came second.

We made good meal of the Quiz event giving the others hardly a chance. Alex grabbed 8½ points and the Encyclopaedic Parameswaran 6. The team trophy went to the Christian College for the first six months and A.C. College for the next.

It is difficult to gauge the 'fourful hudths' around without a trip to the Science Fair-Guys like Umesh Achia, would make even Pfeleiderer back 'ome in Germany beam with delight. Umesh has progressed from last year's reciprocating steam engine to a steam

turbine which won him top honours this time. Dutta's complicated setup of glass tubing and what have you was impressive, too. An innovation was the Psychology section at which there was always a crowd. Credit must needs go to Mr. T. N. Govindarajan, of the Psycho Dept. The Hall was replete with photographs and paintings on every conceivable subject. Jai's rocket was there as usual, poised for a takeoff. Venkatesh Mannar demonstrated to us what curious contraptions can be fabricated from bits of a meccano set. It was a commendable effort, anyway.

One cannot help wondering whether it would not have been better to hold the competitions where the audience would have more freedom of movement. Friends however tell me that the Kattans, tribal gentlemen residing in the campus, whose virtues were extolled in a previous issue, would then have come into their own, started their own side show.

Gopal, the Secretary, ushered in the Entertainment competition on Friday evening. Jain College got in first, though not as we found later, top telling. The SIET, coming on next, began with a group dance. Except for the fact that the dances were rather out of step and some of the lamps they carried

were extinguished, it was all right. Credit must go to them, however for their 'impromptu' skit—so informal that scripts were read out on stage. It was a novelty and we let it go at that. Then there was a thing-amajig about child psychology. Fortunately for them, the audience displayed profoundly tolefant attitude and merely breathed a sigh of relief as the curtains were drawn. Next was a sitar item of which, unfortunately, we could not have more.

Thus ended the first evening of the Entertainment competition and one wondered what was in store on the morrow.

(Contd. on page 5 column 3)

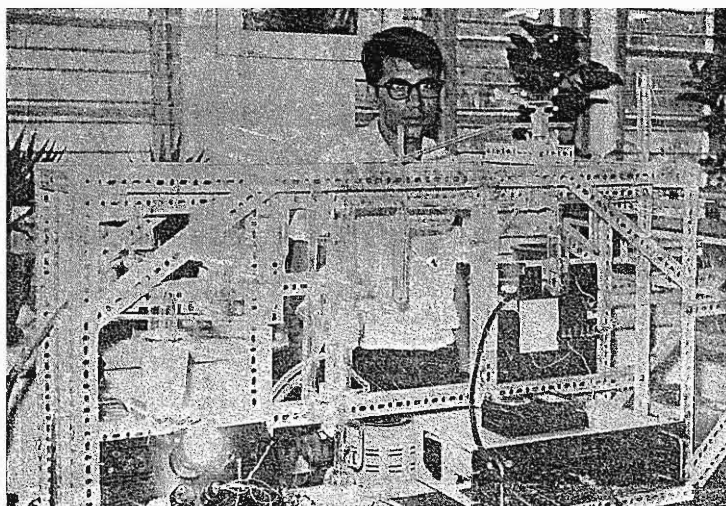
Campastimes wishes its
readers the best of
luck in the final
examination, and
happy holidays.



R. Shanker—winner of the All India Debate



Entertainment : A Bangra item from YMCA



At the Science Fair :—Helium-neon laser designed by U. Dutta



Mrs. D. V. Reddy judging the paintings