

Campastimes

Vol. I, No. 5

IIT Madras, 15th December, 1962

10 nP.

PRESIDENT LUEBKE LAYS FOUNDATION STONE OF I. I. T. MADRAS



BY OUR STAFF REPORTER

IIT Campus, Dec. 3, 1962 (CNS)—The entire Institute wore a gay and festive appearance. All along the roads gates had been erected welcoming the German President and his party. Even the half completed buildings had a fresh look about them. The open-air theatre resembled a busy beehive with workers putting a finishing touch on the decorations. The central stage as well as the arena displayed the flags of both West Germany and India. The Madras Police Band in attendance was playing some old and favourite tunes. By about 4.00 in the evening, the theatre was getting filled up. The student gallery was packed to the full inspite of the Davis Cup Match. Outside the theatre, the cavalcade of cars was quite a sight. It was unusual to witness a traffic jam like this in our otherwise quiet campus. But it made the evening very pleasant and worthwhile (watching).

On account of the vacation, there will be no issue of *Campastimes* dated January 15th, 1963.

Instead, *Campastimes* dated February 15th, 1963 will be a double issue.

All of a sudden, there was a loud cheering, and all eyes were turned towards the main entrance: Chief Minister Kamaraj had entered the theatre. He was welcomed by Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, and soon they were immersed in deep conversation. The long hours of waiting and expectation soon elapsed, and exactly at the stroke of 4.30 (as scheduled), President Dr. Heinrich Lübke and Mrs. Lübke entered the theatre. With a beaming smile and waving hand, he walked towards the dais followed by Prof. Humayun Kabir, Chief Minister Kamaraj, Prof. B. Sengupto, Mr. R. Natarajan and Mr. Venkatraman. The entire theatre stood up in a thunderous applause—an applause he might remember even after his return to Germany.

The function began on an auspicious note with an invocation by two members of the staff. Welcoming the guests, Dr. A. L. Mudaliar spoke of the several links between India and Germany. He appreciated the generous attitude of West Germany towards the planned development of our country. He said that the Institute owed not a little of its progress to the assistance given by West Germany in the form of equipment and teaching personnel.

The Registrar, Mr. R. Natarajan then read out messages from the leaders of our country as well as from Germany wishing the function all success.

Prof. Humayun Kabir spoke in a dramatic manner about the genius of the German

people and about their wonderful achievements in various fields of science and technology since the end of the last World War. He gave a short account of the history of our young Institute. Built at the enormous cost of Rs. 8 crores, he said it was sure to produce engineers of a very high standard. He then requested President Dr. Lübke to lay what he called 'the corner stone of this visible symbol of Indo-German collaboration for the service of mankind', thus demonstrating to the world that differences in culture and history need be no hindrance to successful co-operation.

The President then laid the foundation stone and in doing so, he said it was the wish of the German Government to help India in her economic development and put at her disposal the experience of an older nation. He praised the high ideals behind the establishment of the Institute and added, that it could best be said in the words of the great leader Mahatma Gandhi: 'Knowledge is the common property of all people'.

The Director, Prof. B. Sengupto then proposed a hearty vote of thanks and later showed and explained to the President a scaled model of the Institute Campus. The function ended on a very thrilling note when the entire audience stood to attention as the Madras Police Band struck the national anthems of both countries.

To the happiness and delight of all students and staff members, the Registrar declared the next day a holiday in honour of the President's visit.

Soon the crowd began to scatter and as they went away, the calm atmosphere of the campus returned once again. All felt that the weather had been the best ally in making the President's visit an event to be remembered for years to come.

K. M. KRIPANARAYAN

(See also pages 2 and 12)

*Campastimes wishes
all its readers*

*Merry Christmas, a very
Prosperous New Year
and, above all, an enjoyable
vacation time.*

Fantasies in a Delirium or As you please

Is the world wide? No, don't you dare persuade me about the huge dimensions of the world—not that you are wrong in your calculations for which you might have gone to the extent of 'damning' the 'accused' time providing only twenty-four hours a day and not a tick more,—but that I am utterly incapable of appreciating them, at the present moment, due to reasons which I want to investigate myself.

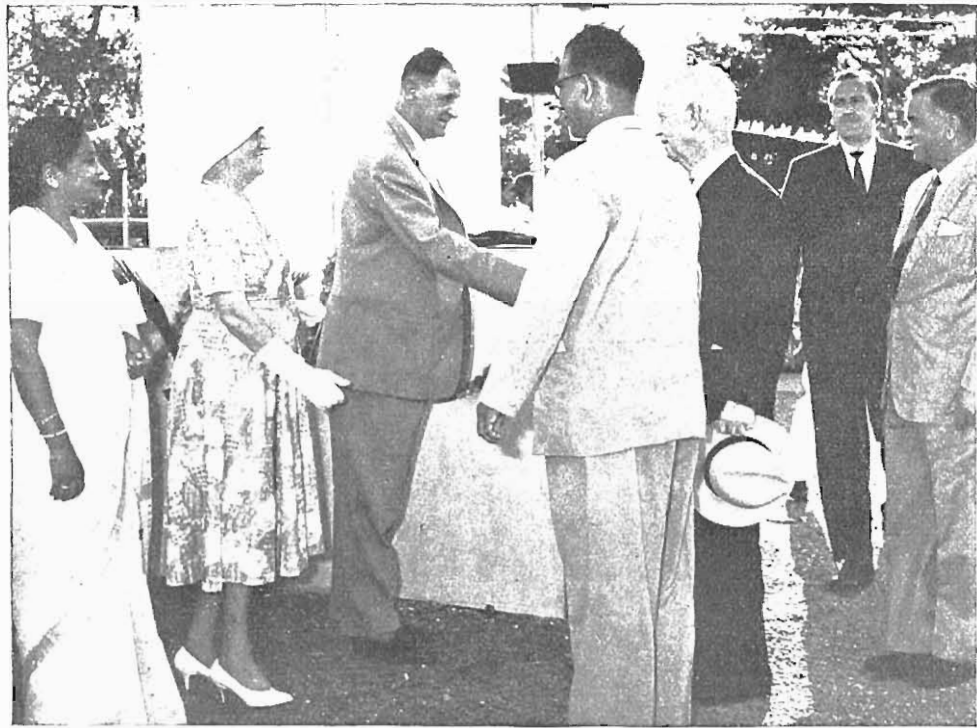
Now, the point is, it is too narrow for me, for my imagination, for my wonder and other peculiar moods—I mean the materialistic world which we live in. Everything seems so trifling and trivial to me, that a careless air has taken over me completely and is reaching, I believe, its soaring heights. Why, to cite an instance, I feel so confident of my performance in the ensuing periodical in Machine Design, as if I myself had propounded every syllable of design principles on which the whole world of machinery might have been based. Oohh!! My brains are split by these elated, elusive and fleeing thoughts. What's wrong with me? (accepting or assuming something is, or was right with me). Introspection, they say, is the most highly advocated principle in times of danger, especially in times of such jeopardising situations wherein the victim finds his brains about to blow off. So let me conduct that test on my poor self.

First of all the first, by any chance, am I proud? No, No!! Only the other day I was beaten hollow by some blessed new guy—I mean in table tennis—and my hitherto imperishable fame has gone to the dogs. Another possible question can be: Am I in an ebb of eccentricity? Surely not, dear reader! See, if I were indeed placed in that excited state of 'mental equilibrium', won't my kind-hearted colleagues be benevolent enough to admit me in that sane locality where the insane are inhabited??

O.K.—Coming to a more important delicate point worth discussing—am I in (frustrated) love? Hahhhaahah. . . . I have to laugh at my own pathetic question since the answer is a strong and concentrated 'No'. You know why? That is not the case, for the simple reason, that *these* are not the 'symptoms' of a (frustrated) love. If I were really engaged in that holy activity, I should be, as Orlando was (you know whom I mean), carving *something* on the barks of the tall and huge, thin and short trees of the deer park, so near to us. Or locating myself in the same spot, I should be prattling away to the speeding clouds up above me, in (vain) hope to convey 'some message' to 'someone' 'somewhere'; or I should find myself measuring the dimensions, with my odd footing on the solitary regions, of the coasts of lovely Marina in cold nights, under dark skies, with (frustrated) Lover's popular garments on, (visually) an old soiled pair of trousers with one leg folded up, a similar shirt but a bit torn here and there yet vividly showing the symbolic cupid's arrow and all the hairs on the head at the peak of their disorderliness, besides, of course, an awfully grown beard).

Am I so highly feverish, that with all the generous supply of codopyrins and aristamids, I am not able to recover?—No, this is fallacious, because, whatever may be the disease—chronic or acute, codopyrins or its persistent dosage has got to cure it, especially, more so, in the case of I.I.T. students to which 'fortunate' category I belong. Or, is it, as seldom or often attributed, a pain of pleasure? Definitely not! Only yesterday, I remember, I was disappointed when I tried to impress one of my lecturers, with all the compass of knowledge I possessed, by asking some 'genuine' doubt, which, I thought, would take him a long time to answer; un-

The German President Arriving at the Open-air Theatre



fortunately the thing blasted off right in the 'embryo stage', and I was just spared by a severe warning not to raise such silly questions which would reflect on my dotting wisdom.

Then, what has happened to me? I illustrated one but, tried many other methods, too, more complicated in fact, and too

laborious and lengthy to narrate here. Yet each and every time, I am meeting with a flat failure. I can't even forget the matter, saying 'God alone knows' as, I doubt, even the Lord above is afraid to face my—what?? Well, If I had known what it was, why need I blabber all this?

E. S. B. RAO.

PERSONALITIES—(5)



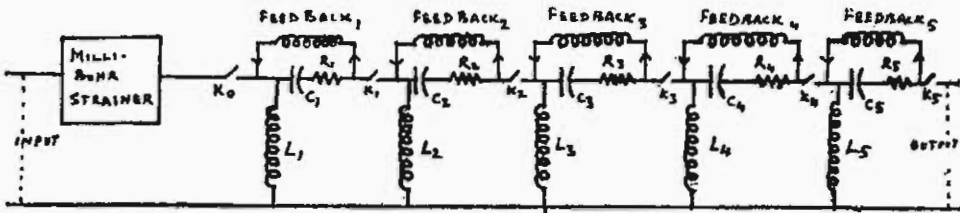
DR. D. V. REDDY

This is Dr. D. V. Reddy, right ?
Dr. Reddy hails from one of the famous Reddy families of Andhra. Devoted to the intellectual side of life, he preferred to take up the line of teaching in spite of its manifold obstacles, difficulties and hardships.
His classes are one of the most interesting ones you can ever attend. You may not like Applied Mechanics, but you would certainly appreciate his jokes. Some assert that jokes are jotted down in his lecture notes.
Some of his jokes have been classified as 'P.J.' by the more boisterous students, but unlike that of most others, his reaction is not to stare at you with glaring eyes and a red nose. Instead, he manages the situation beautifully by saying : 'Sorry ! That is not a joke !'.
Once upon a time he had a flare for saying 'right'. Students of I.I.B.Tech. insist that he crossed the 'century' mark in the number of 'rights' he uttered in one hour at least fifteen times. It is said that the cruel Mechanical students of IV year teased him on this account. Then this is what Dr. Reddy perhaps thought : 'I say right too many times, right ? Students tease me for that, right ? That is wrong, right ? Therefore I should stop saying right, right ?' If any of us had any doubts regarding his control over his mind and mouth, we immediately dispelled them, for believe it or not, not a single 'right' has been uttered since then.
Dr. Reddy obtained his Doctorate from the famous Liverpool University, where he excelled in debating and other extra-curricular activities, too.
You want to know how many countries he has visited ? It is easier to count the number that he has not. In Western Europe and America, he has been to all countries except Spain, Portugal, Luxembourg, Norway and Finland.
Interviewed by *Campastimes*, he placed the blame for the low standard of education in India squarely upon the inability of the teaching staff and the disrespect paid by the society to teachers, and completely absolved students of it. 'India has got first rate students, second rate equipment and third rate teachers', he declared emphatically.
Regarding *Campastimes* he had two important suggestions to make. One was to make it even more humorous, and the other was to start a Science Column. We should accept his suggestion, right ?

T.S.A.

To make us love our Country, our Country,
Ought to be lovely.

—EDMUND BURKE.



The Vennag Fantastron Circuit

AN ELECTRONIC ANALOGUE TO SIMULATE THE PASSAGE THROUGH THE I.I.T.

Exhaustive and painstaking research has been conducted in the past few weeks to devise an electronic network, henceforth to be known as the Vennag Fantastron circuit, having the remarkable property that in its asymptotic behaviour there is no output for any given input. Briefly the network proposes to simulate the wonderful and not entirely loss-less passage through the I.I.T. Before any attempt is made to explain the network and its elements, and suggest design procedures, a basic definition has to be expounded and a fundamental property of the network recognised. The lowest unit of intelligence shall be termed a micro-Bohr. The basic property of the circuit is that only a signal of one-milli-Bohr strength is admitted and also that capacitance acts as a short circuit when a value of a milli-B. is reached.
The signals, analogous to students, are first presented to the remarkable M.B. strainer which is a high pass filter having the desired property of screening out signals of a low Bohr value. The switch K_0 is closed at time as time $t = 0$ years.
The capacitances $C_1 - C_5$, simulate the various stumbling blocks present in the path of the students. A host of factors have to be taken into consideration while designing these capacitances. We list the more important of these here below.
(i) *Branch*.—This factor is by far the most important and has 5 degrees of freedom (for an ordinary monosexual human being). While designing it has to be borne in mind that the first two stages are dependent on various other factors (to be mentioned at a later stage), and that the third stage is constrained to move in the Mechanical Plane (m-Plane having real and imaginary axes !). The final stages show a lot of independence, and are characterised by their highly discriminatory nature capable of exhibiting resonance phenomena too!
(ii) *The Sciences*.—These are of a very secondary nature. Their asymptotic and somewhat eccentric behaviour sometimes makes one believe that in the first two stages they are really important, but by a suitable choice of circuit parameters, and other twists and kinks to be acquired only through experience, the effects of this factor on the design, may to a large extent be considered negligible. At any rate only trivial solutions may exist and a word of warning is extended at this stage and this is that brutal methods of attack are entirely to be avoided and only the elegant methods practised.
(iii) *Administrative Strains*.—These present a real problem to the designer in the nature of surprise periodicals, love-letters from the departments etc. and introduce such effects as distortion of incoming signals (due to their non-linear nature), and extraneous interference giving rise to noise and hum in the network. A safe procedure in all cases of doubt is to profit by experience.
The inductances $L_1 - L_5$ represent the losses occurring at every stage of the circuit. Low values of Micro-Bohrs tend to get shut out by the capacitors and are then passed to ground where the signals are provided paths to return to original states of instability and emptiness.
A feedback path is also provided. Positive Feedback is used and the feedback factor β may be calculated using very complicated formulae. Judging from present experience one is inclined to believe with a reasonable amount of conviction, that at the fifth stage

the factor may tend to a value $\beta = 1$ so that a remarkable state is reached, wherein there is no output for a given input. It is this remarkable behaviour that makes this network ideally suited for the given conditions.
The resistances $R_1 - R_5$ are dissipative elements representing loss of wealth. Besides the usual payments, certain special factors introduce special effects and a guide is given herewith.
(i) Availability of Transport.—Such items as scooters and other mechanical powered vehicles tend to become public property and and increase dissipation in the relevant cases.
(ii) Messing charges are influenced by various factors too exhaustive to even mention *en passant*, be it sufficient to say that it all depends on the right choice of individuals!
(iii) Absence of entertainment at close range, tales of broken projectors, outdated films and absent operators, tend to bring out the advantages and the necessity of going out often and increase losses.
(iv) There is, however, one redeeming feature that a great proportion of losses can actually be avoided if membership of the MIG club is exhibited (for a definition of MIG please refer to the New I.I.T. Dictionary—1st Edition—April 1, 1964).
The switches $K_1 - K_5$ operate at approximate intervals of 365 days each. The gain in degrees for the network is a B.Tech. However, as was pointed out earlier, the switch K_5 may not operate at all if the feedback factor for the fifth stage happens to be equal to 1.
The above circuit is at present undergoing a series of routine tests at Madras. However due to the extremely high time constants involved the signals have only come to the fourth stage and the analysis after this is pure conjecture. The results of this great experiment will be published by 1964 and wait then the world of Electronics must need wait with renewed patience, courage and hope.
N.R.V.S.
P.S.—'Vennag Fantastron Circuit' is registered in all countries and is Copyright of N.R.V.S.

HEARD THIS BEFORE !!!
An American explaining to another American of the game of cricket :
'Cricket is really simple. You have two sides : one out in the field one in.
'Each man on the side that's in, goes out in turn to have his innings. And when he's out, he comes in, and the next man goes in (or out) until he's out. Then, when all are out, that ends the innings, and the side that's out in the field comes in.
'And the side that's been in goes out and tries to get those coming in, out.
'Sometimes, of course, you get men who are still in and not out.
'And when both sides have been in and out, including not outs that ends the game.'
* * *
I bought a wooden whistle,
But it wooden whistle,
So I bought a steel whistle,
But steel it wooden whistle,
So I bought a lead whistle,
Steel they wooden lead me whistle,
So I bought a tin whistle
And now I tin whistle.
* * *
collected by
S. R. MAJUMDAR.

Workshop and Mrs. Bird

(In True Nutty Style)

Long, long ago in Never Never Land, there lived a female bird, who married a male bird, and had four pretty little children. Mrs. Bird was very intelligent. She read a number of books and wore very powerful glasses. She (like Aristotle) did not believe in the practical. She only believed in reading, reading and more reading—and doing nothing. All the other birds thought her very intelligent.

One day while she was hatching her eggs she fell to thinking. Here is my chance (she thought) to bring forth into this world a superior breed of birds—intellectual birds. Accordingly she taught her chicks everything under the sun from the History of little Greek birds to bird Psychology. She also taught them bird Mathematics and Physics and read them select pieces of bird Literature.

All her chicks were boy chicks, but she did not permit them any female companions—'intellectuals, you know' she said. But she forgot to teach her chicks to fly. 'I have taught them everything there is to know in aerodynamics (she reasoned) and hence they should find no difficulty in flying. Suddenly a catastrophe occurred. Mrs. Bird died of brain fever and Mr. Bird of sorrow.

If you fellows happen to pass by Never Never Land you might notice a bespectacled bird. He is very thin, his feathers droop, and his eyes are red like a drunkard's. He spends most of his time writing equations in aerodynamics—Bernoulli's, Euler's and Netta's and Joukowski's and so on. But he still does not know how to fly. He may die in a week.

It's the same with our Institute. They seem to think (like Aristotle and Mrs. Bird) that Workshop is superfluous, unnecessary etc. (for third and fourth years at least). The Electricals have lab. (which helps a lot), the Civils have Survey, the Metallurgist and the Chemicals do something or the other, but what of the poor Mechanicals?

The green engineer has to supervise a set of workmen who have been in their line for a long time. He must necessarily have some skill in working the machines. How can you design cast pieces, welds, and rivets when you have never done casting, welding or riveting? How can you handle complicated machinery when you can't thread a screw? What are our Workshops for?

In Germany engineers work for two years in a factory, in Russia they work for three, but in our Institute ha! 'We are intellectuals—superior breed, you know'. We quite understand the administration problems involved. We know there is a lack of hands. We appreciate the difficulties—but let us not forget Mrs. Bird.

—PAICHANDY.

P.S.: Three of Mrs. Bird's chicks died due to the total lack of female companionship. Let us not forget that, too.

ANSWERS TO 'FIGURE IT'

$$\begin{array}{r} (1) \begin{array}{r} 2 \overline{) 428} \\ \underline{4} \\ 2 \\ \underline{2} \\ 0 \end{array} \quad (2) \begin{array}{r} 7 \\ 2 \\ 9 \\ \underline{6} \\ 1 \\ 8 \\ \underline{5} \\ 9 \\ 7 \\ \underline{4} \\ 8 \\ 6 \\ \underline{3} \\ 7 \\ 5 \\ \underline{2} \\ 8 \\ 0 \\ 5 \end{array} \quad (3) 10 \frac{2}{7} \text{ cm.} \\ (4) \begin{array}{r} 3 \\ 6 \\ 7 \\ 0 \\ \underline{3} \\ 0 \\ 3 \\ 7 \\ \underline{6} \\ 7 \\ 0 \\ 7 \end{array} \quad (5) 13 \text{ Steps.} \end{array}$$

V. RATHAN BABU.

FROM HERE AND THERE

SURJIT RANDHAVA

Surprised? I wonder if you all feel the same way I do about the ex-name of my column. I thought 'News and Views' was hardly suitable for an item that consisted mostly of scraps picked up from here and there with very little news in them. You can hardly blame me for the lack of information in my column. As it is, very little seems to happen in and around our Campus during the course of a month. And when it does, I get a chance to cover it only if it does not fall within the category of sports, literary activities, etc. (they all like to be placed separately); so with due apologies to Shirley Rehamis (mark the similarity in initials) of the Hollywood pulp press, I have changed the handle of this column to 'From Here and There'.

Dr. Lübke visited the Institute on the third of December. Details appear elsewhere in this issue.

A lot of haze and dust disappeared from the atmosphere when we saw the last of the Terminal Examinations on the 17th of November. There is no denying the fact that two tests a day were enough to sap the life out of the bravest. After a few of them, one just carried on in a sort of daze. A remarkable capacity for switching the brain from one topic to another was required. To cite an example, mornings my mind was crammed with Moorish influence on Spanish architecture and probably natural frequencies of engine crankshafts, whereas afternoons found me turning my beacon towards pentodes, crane-hooks, and things like that.

I made a few interesting observations about examination nights. If one studies a subject a few days in advance, the night before D-Day is bound to catch the early bird on the wrong foot. It's that feeling of confidence that kills. Moral: 'Don't go seeking trouble, let it find you'.

Enormous quantities of coffee were consumed. Heaters were repaired, condensed milk was bought, and we were all set. I'd sit down with the idea of going deep into the night. Things would be easy till about eleven, at which time we'd all break it up for a cup after which it would be a feat to keep the eyelids separated. So, set the alarm for four-thirty and hit the sack. And, of course, when the ghastly hour arrived it used to be the simplest thing in the world to persuade myself that I knew everything, and carry on doing what all sensible things do in the wee hours of the morning. That I'd find out differently sometime later is another story.

Dr. Klein has got the top of his wagon painted a beautiful off-white. Someone remarked that from above it looks like a cross between an Italian laundry and a New York Helicopter landing ground!

Our Canteen needs looking into very badly. From bad its gone on to worse. The food served is pretty rough but the condition of the kitchen really takes the cake. The co-operative stores should start arranging something in the way of cold drinks and snacks. That might wake the Canteen people up, when they start losing customers.

Eggs are fast becoming the favourite food of the I.I.Tian. They make breakfasts eatable (thus enabling one to face the rest of the day), they are used when one is off colour and also when a person cannot muster up enough guts to go through a regular meal. That reminds me which came first, the chicken or the egg?

It might interest budding engineers to know that a student of the Madras Medical College thinks that volume is measured in cubic cubic microns, which makes it just about six dimensional; and that we all know is three too many.

A few days back a IV year Chemical Engineering student come rusing to me at some odd hour wanting to know the difference between a solute and a solvent. Wonder what he'll come up with next year?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WRONG ASSUMPTIONS !!

Sir,

So what, so the structure failed! Fundas* not clear, this is what the student community would say!! The structures are failing every year but yet we don't seem to have analysed the proposition. Who is to be blamed? The students—not at all, the staff-members—don't talk about that. Then who else? These are the wrong assumptions upon which is based the rod of testing our knowledge, the so-called 'Periodicals'.

We never assume safety factor equal to be one, then why assume human factor equal to be one? A human being, so complicated a machine and even then the efficiency cent per cent—Fundas not clear. It is next to impossible to have so many examinations at a stretch and that, too, two in one day. No question of preparation holidays at all. My dear Sirs, it violates the 'Second Law of Thermodynamics'.

Not only the student community but even some of the staff-members are heard saying:—

1. I am not in favour of periodicals but don't leak it out, because I am a Government Employee.
2. An intelligent boy would become less intelligent when he leaves this Institute.
3. There it still a better way of judging one's knowledge.

Last year, our seniors were taken aback by a quiz. It was quite unexpected and the question was still unexpected. The question was 'Why your performance in the last periodicals was so bad?' Not going into details, the following were some of the answers:

1. We are B. Tech. students and not M. Tech. students.
2. Don't take all the things for granted.
3. Don't go like express.
4. Don't draw the diagrams in air.

But the most common complaint was, 'Our Periodicals System' itself is the reason for that. I would like to congratulate the teacher concerned for having taken such an initiative and reacting sportingly over it. Why the other teachers also don't realise that if the majority of the students suffer, there is something wrong at the bottom leaving aside the system of periodicals.

The other day we had 'National Emergency Meet' and a little bird says that it was decided in that meet to have 'Surprise Periodicals'. It is quite a high time to hold 'Institute Emergency Meet' and to think over this matter of vital importance. But I am at a complete loss to understand as to why a student member with a power of 'Veto' is not included in the council when the matters concerning students are decided. Believe me if so done, the result would be far far better because a student understands the students' difficulties in a much better way.

If we actually want that the purpose of this I.I.T., 'the Institute of National Importance' is fulfilled, here is one of the solutions of this controversial problem. There should be only three examinations placed at equal intervals, each carrying 25% of total importance and the portions covered in one should not be included for others. The remaining 25% should go to the 'Tutorials'.

A step towards this direction would be

(Continued on page 5)

I'm sorry to say that apart from collecting subscriptions from the boys, the Outdoor Club has not been able to do anything. Let's hope they put their minds to work during the coming vacations and arrange some activities for 1963.

I'll close by wishing all the readers a merry Christmas and a very happy New Year.

Idea of the Month: How about the I.I.T. arranging a ball in aid of the National Defence Fund.

Letters—(Continued from page 4)

another donation to the country which would promise better engineers!

Yours etc.
P.R.C.

*Fundas : A common word with students meaning fundamentals.

CURVES & STRONG FEELING

Sir,

Indeed surprising,—I mean that article on 'Curves etc.' by one of our distinguished writers. This is not the time when we can afford to admire curves and the rest of them. There are already so many Moravia's who have written abundantly about the subject. If you may wish this to be called a diversion, well, I differ from it. We are serious, fully mindful of the dire situation we are in. At such a juncture, an article dealing profusely with a familiar and a so well discussed topic, is rather un-welcome. The contributor could have written something more creative, and more heartening. Hereafter, I feel, that such articles should not be published, when there are things demanding serious attention.

Yours etc.

One of those who
feel strongly about
it.

CLOSE DOWN !!

My dear Editor,

I was much shocked rather became mad with anger when I read the story-like-nuisance, 'His Last War' written by Mr. Kripanarayan. During such a time of emergency, when every true Indian's blood is boiling, when every true Indian is determined to push back the Chinese of our territory when even the girls are determined to sacrifice their lives for their motherland, the voice of 'Budhham Sarnam Gachami', comes from the pen of the writer. It is not the time for 'Budhham Sarnam Gachami' but our motto at present should be, 'Yudhham Sarnam Gachami'.

When every-day our national leaders are inspiring the public through their speeches, the idea of 'Dharmam Sarnam Gachami' seems to be quite absurd and foolish. Our motto should be, 'Karmam Sarnam Gachami'. I might tell Mr. Kripanarayan that if we go to Budhham Sarnam now, our courtesy will have to go 'Chinese Sarnam'.

It would be far far better for the 'Campastimes' to close down rather than filling the pages with articles which don't recognise the 'Signal of Time'.

Yours etc.
R. C. PAHUJA.



we always appreciate
your worthy suggestions

The Staff Campastimes



Kidneys are kidney shaped, and so are some sophisticated swimming pools, but traffic islands? Ofcourse, one never knows the exact proportions till a thing is built. So, think big, act big and build big. And when something really big comes along, prune it, break it, alter it, till the relative size is the same. It is reported that the embarrassing radius of turn of the big cars which were expected on the third of December was the reason why the central island at the Bonn-Delhi intersection was altered. The money spent on breaking this (Oh ! so beautiful !) island would have provided one day's meal for all the starving people who helped to build it.

Even assuming that the canted roofs of the gateways do infact correspond to the Clark-Y airfoil section, Rs. 50,000 apiece is an abominable price.

Room No. 105 is in the news again. Not only is the 'black' board bleached, but rumour has it that this bleaching action is due to the Chlorine-Sulphurdioxide combination emanating from the pipes leading down from the Chem. Labs. Lack of attention in the class room is attributed to the saporific effect of the ether-lecture group.

Now that the 'cup is almost empty I might risk the following from the 'Punch'

'Unsolicited letters, Punch never returns, In summer he tears them, in winter he burns.'

—V.S.

WAYWARD BUS

Dear Sir,

The shuttle service of the Institute Omnibus is as good as non-existent. Not a day has dawned when one does not see on the notice boards a notice (written with meticulous care—and what pride !) informing us—who hardly ever use it, for, no bus is run when we most need it—of the cancellation of one 'scheduled trip' or the other. No reasons are given—they never are—in this darned hole !

Sometimes the driver is on sick-leave. Probably he feels like cutting, too. But, of course, it is preposterous even to entertain the thought of having tow drivers (the idea !!), or some substitute arrangement. Logical consequence—let not the bus run, and a notice (for which there always is some place reserved on the board) to that effect.

Finally (!) we now have two buses. It was bad enough trying to run one bus smoothly (without cancellations of scheduled trips). It will be fun to watch their frantic efforts to stave off confusion and chaos with two !

Yours etc.,
P.M.

ARTIST SAHA

Dear Editor,

The Sketch accompanying the story titled 'His last War' was really a very imaginative one. It brings to the reader the enlightening theme of the story i.e. the catastrophe of a war. The calm and steady image of Buddha depicting Peace alongside with that of a fighting soldier representing war gives the reader a very clear idea of the story.

Through this column of yours, may I extend my warmest appreciations for such a praiseworthy effort by the enterprising artist 'Saha'.

Yours etc.
ADMIRER.

OUR CANTEEN—AN
INTROSPECTION

The clock chimed one silently. There was no tintinnabulation of the bells as they do in factories. We were reminded of our lunch. My friend and I left for the canteen, which I am informed, is considered to be the best in the Velacheri village !

We got ourselves seated on the 'backless' chairs before a 'shaky' table. The remnants left over by the previous patrons of the canteen were still on the table, and particles of rice were seen scattered over.

"Get the table cleaned", I yelled.

A dull-looking man, with a long-drawn face, appeared and vanished, after taking the dirtiest duster and making it flash across the table with an unpalatable murmur. The table became dirtier still on account of this 'cleaning' and a bad odour began emanating !

It was quarter past one. We were yet to be attended to. Came there at last a white-clad man with a tray in his hand. Alas, he passed by unobtrusively without responding to our hungry looks. It was only later that we knew that he was not assigned to our table ! There, another man was seen coming in. Yes, he was approaching us. We were right. He did come, and it was twenty-five past one.

"Get us dosai", I said.

"Sorry, Sir, exhausted."

"We will have chapati with kuruma, then."

"That too is over, Sir."

"You don't have what we want—all right, what's it that you have ?"

The smiling server uttered some name—I have forgotten the nomenclature—and it was sweet, of course—not his utterance ! He said the name of some sweet preparation. My friend immediately commented that the same item of sweet was seen in the show case for a long time—for the past some weeks, if not months. Neither could we see any reduction in the number of sweet pieces, nor the dislocation thereof ! They were safe in the show case—let them live long ! We did not naturally opt for it as we had apprehensions of certain contagious diseases embracing

(Continued on page 10)

NATIONAL INTEGRATION
AND THE SQUARE DANCE

Dear Sir,

Mr. T. S. Ananthu's article on 'National Integration', is not only a timely one, but also gives us an insight into the narrow minds. As the author says, it should be nipped in the bud. But before doing so, it would be better to find the cause for this. Why should such a tendency exist ? It is not so incompatible in case of uneducated people, who are lulled by the glowing eloquence of some politicians, who preach this, as against the educated personalities, who have a mind to think and all the education to reason out. Can there be smoke without fire ? There must be some loophole in the attitude of the Government some way, which should be detected and corrected.

Instead to nip it in the bud, if hasty measures are adopted, it would only be aggravating the tendency which as it is, is causing enough nuisance. An unwanted, and undesirable thing is best removed, if it is traced to the very root and then removed by correct measures.

Hats off to the genius, who made square Dance—i. Very few understood the nice trick of isolating that column, where you could put 'Inder' or 'Bajaj', as the case may be, for you to announce the result and feel sorry that nobody was clever enough to go to U.S.A.

Yours truly,
K. V. RANGASWAMI.

THE QUEST

The evening was gradually creeping in as I walked along the dust-free and quiet road. The whole country-side seemed to be bathed in a kind of lull and freshness, I was rather pleased with the progress I had made that day. I had been able to hitch-hike a distance of almost over twenty-five miles. Now that the evening was closing in I decided to call it a day. All the same I could not help feeling a kind of discouragement, for upto now I had not found the slightest clue for what I had been searching.

I felt a queer sensation as I entered the village. I felt that I was stepping into an old age town that somehow had lost pace with the modern age. It almost reminded me of the picture I had seen about the lost town Brigadoon in Scotland. I followed the workers, most of whom were women. However, when I hesitantly approached them to ask for some direction they hurried away without answering me.

Now that I was entering the village proper, the strange sense of antiquity came back with a renewed vigour. The streets unlike many of the village streets I have seen, were remarkably clean and lined with thatched-roof houses. In the centre of what looked like the village square stood a tamarind tree whose fruit seemed dry with age. The ground felt unusually hot and on observing more closely I saw that it was made of special square bricks. The strange quietness of the place made me feel as though I was in some dreamworld!

By now I was aware of a large number of eyes peering at me. I felt awkward like a man who is accused of some crime before the court. A little towards the left of the tree sat a barber. He had no customers on hand and was watching me idly as I strolled upto to him. 'Could you tell me,' I asked, 'where I can find lodging for the night?' For sometime he did not answer and I could feel a deep silence suddenly descend upon the village. The barber gazed at me stupefied not knowing what to say and gazing in all possible directions as though to seek some comfort from the silent watchers. Finally he deigned to reply, 'You must go to Ali Baba's.'

'And where am I to find this Ali Baba's inn?' I asked rather amused at the name.

Once again the barber looked worried but replied soon, 'Just walk along straight till you come to a grave and then turn to your left.' He paused, looked around and then said, 'The first house is the inn.'

I left my friend still gazing at me and decided to make the necessary preparations for the night. As I walked along the streets, I saw men and women come out of their homes and stare at me. Some of the children watched from behind their mothers' saris. I looked at myself to make sure that nothing was wrong with my physical appearance. No, there was nothing wrong there, only I was a bit dusty. But I didn't think that it would be worth staring at. The only other possibility left was that these people were not used to outsiders. I seriously began to consider whether I had chosen the wrong village as my camp.

I was just about in sight of the grave now when I heard someone running hard behind me. I spurred around (truly speaking the staring had made me rather nervous) but to my surprise found that it was only my friend the barber.

'Excuse me, Sahib,' he said rather embarrassed, 'have you visited this village before?'

'No,' I said trying to sound rather sure but, to be honest, I was beginning to doubt myself. The barber apologised and hurried back to the square. The remaining distance to the grave I walked very slowly. A thousand and one memories rushed into my mind.

I hope you will admit that it is hard to recall that which has taken place twenty-three

years ago. I felt certain that this was not the village that I had left when I had been five years old. My village had been very much different. I remembered clearly that it had a little red hut in the centre in which sat an old hermit whom we used to call 'Dadaji'. The roads unlike those of this village had been rough and oh, how well I remember the particular smell of the place. But above all these, almost childish images of the village is the remembrance of the happy and the carefree days that I spent in the fields, of the joyous hours that I passed trying to entertain my little sister who had been born just a year ago. And then there was the memory of my dear and beloved parents. Oh, it's too painful a memory. I beg you to spare me the ordeal of trying to go over it all over again. I appeal to those who through some unfortunate accident of nature have lost the very things that make life worth living, but I appeal specially to those whose parents have been snatched away. Yes and, as these thoughts came fluttering back to my mind, I knew that I would never see my village again.

By now I had reached the grave and mere curiosity made me read the epitaph. It read, 'The Brother.' The words caught me unawares. It seemed strange that a two-word epitaph should be at this place. Moreover the headstone contained neither date of birth nor the date of death. Only two words were engraved on the headstone.

The houses in this area looked deserted and they were situated quite far apart from each other. The house that I was heading for was a low mud structure, but in spite of its old air it looked very spick and span as though it had been looked after by some capable persons. I walked upto the door and knocked. There was no reply. I knocked again and turned to admire the flowers. All of a sudden I felt someone gazing at me. I turned around and was confronted by an old but cheerful looking man. So silently had he come that I had hardly heard the door open.

'Ali Baba, I presume?' I asked.

'Yes,' he said plainly and I thought I could detect a slight twinkle in the corner of the eye.

I briefly explained to him my position and asked him if he could afford to let me in for the night. He thought for a while and then replied, 'Alas, my business days are over. But since you have come to my door, I cannot just turn you back. The charge will be eight rupees together with the food,' he said. I certainly thought that he was asking for a little too much, but since there did not seem to be any other accommodation in the village, I decided to pitch in. But above all I liked the old man right from the first moment I saw him and somehow I had the feeling that he would be useful. As he told me to come in, he shouted across the room.

'Farida we will have a guest for dinner.' Turning around he smiled at me and conducted me to my room telling me that I was expected to join him at dinner in another hour's time. He had given me more than enough time, and so I set about bathing leisurely and thought perhaps I would take a nap before dinner. But I decided not to risk it. I didn't want to create a bad impression on the inn-keeper.

We had the dinner in a small, well-kept room. The food was laid out on the table before us and as I entered the old man broke into smiles. I saw plainly that he was eager to talk, but only modesty held him back. As the meal progressed, even that barrier was lifted and soon he was talking freely as if he had known me as an old friend. Then there was an unexpected pause and in order to continue the conversation I remarked that the food was excellently prepared. Again he broke into a grin and said proudly, 'Yes, that's my daughter's cooking.'

Throughout the rest of the meal Ali Baba was a very good conversationist and he remarked almost sadly how very few strangers passed that way, but how during the British rule the place had seemed teeming with men and it was then that he had thought

of making an inn. And in those days he made quite a handsome profit. They paid well!

We were just talking about the British Raj when his daughter came in with the hooka. For a moment I was struck. She was a neatly dressed woman of about twenty-six. Her hair was tied in a small bundle at the back in the Indian fashion. But what struck me was her face. There was something familiar and yet something undefinable in the face. Wait now! I had seen that face somewhere. Where, I could not remember. She, too, paused an instant, stared at me and then began cleaning the dinner table. I watched with her eager eyes trying hard to think whom she resembled. But my mind seemed to fail me and was in a turmoil. Queer possibilities presented themselves before me in that instant. But I cast them out as being ridiculous if not stupid.

Her father was looking at me with interest and when she had left the room he gave a piteous sigh. I didn't know just how to interpret it.

'My poor girl,' he said, 'to think of her wasting away her youth.'

At first I did not say anything thinking that he would consider me an inquisitive man. But my curiosity got the upper hand and I meekly asked about her. Ali Baba didn't say anything for a few moments, but looked at me as though he was trying to find my real worth and whether I could be trusted with the secret. He sounded very far off when he finally began to speak. As he spoke his voice seemed to change into a strange remote sounding one.

'The girl is my adopted child,' he said and looked at me to see the reaction it had produced. At this sentence my curiosity was fully aroused and I asked him to continue. 'One day soon after the tragic earthquake in 1934, I was walking along the fields when I suddenly heard a faint weeping in the distance. I quickly hurried to that place and can you guess what I saw? It was the most piteous scene I had ever seen in all my long life. There on the ground underneath a tree lay a young girl about four years old clasping a dead baby, shaking it as though trying to wake it up from sleep. But the baby was dead. The small girl herself almost half as dead. I picked up both of them and rushed home. And even as I rushed I could hear her weeping 'Munna Bhai, Munna Bhai.'

'By the time I had reached home the girl had fainted. I called the doctor, and it was only due to his opportune arrival that she managed to survive. The child I buried outside and that's the grave you saw when you came in. It was obvious that the child was from the neighbouring village which had disappeared during the earth-quake. But who she was, none of us were able to know. For many days she hung between life and death, neither speaking nor eating much. Believe me it was a tremendous relief when after three weeks she began to show signs of recovery.

'As soon as she could talk well enough I asked her who she was and from which village she had come. She said that she did not remember anything. She had even forgotten her name. She, however, vaguely managed to remember that the village she had come from was called something like Sutwari. I didn't know what to make of it. Because the two villages near our house were called Kotwari and Putwari. I had never heard of Sutwari, but I guessed she meant one of those two villages, however, I could never find out which one.'

Ali Baba looked at me as he finished his tale. He could plainly see that I was excited. 'Good God,' I said 'For goodness sake, call that girl! Please call her at once,' I almost shouted out.

'Sit down,' said Ali Baba clearly disturbed at seeing my anxiety. 'She won't be here for another half hour, she goes out for her walk after dinner.'

I was too excited to sit down and kept pacing the room. Finally, I turned to ask

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THE INNOCENTS

Ling Sao was bewildered. In a matter of a few days everything around her seemed to have changed. The tears welled up in her eyes as she once again recalled Meena's words. 'Ling, my mother says I must not play with you because you are all very cruel people. You hurt your friends.'

Meena, had said the words with all the gravity of a six-year-old and Ling Sao, who was only a year older, had been stricken with grief. Now she understood why Balu, Geeta and other friends had been unkind to her. Balu had called her rude names, and one day as she was passing under Geeta's house someone had spit on her. She guessed that it must have been Geeta.

Rushing home she had burst into tears on her Mother's bosom and had told her everything. Then came a moment when she thought she would die—for her mother herself was weeping uncontrollably. There was such a look of anguish on her usually sweet face that Ling wished she had remained silent. With her arms around her mother's neck Ling had gently queried 'Why do you cry, Mama? What have we done? Why do they call us all a cruel people?' Her mother had explained haltingly, but Ling could understand only a little of it. So Meena's mother and Balu's mother and all of them were angry because Ling Sao's countrymen were trying to take a part of India, and then she thought of jolly Mrs. Fu Chen, of the obese but cheery Li Tan and so many other people whom she had met when she had last gone to China with her parents. These people were all so pleasant! Ling was sure that they would never take other people's possessions. Of course, they did not always have enough to eat.

Ling Sao and her parents had returned to India after the holiday, for her father was a business-man in India. Beset by doubts she had sometimes asked her parents why they did not go back to live in their native land of China (only recently had she found out that this was their native land and not India). The answers she received were always vague, but Ling Sao had no regrets. She was contented and happy in that small town. She had friends galore and she liked everyone.

But now the entire structure of happiness seemed to have crashed around her leaving a ringing noise inside the ears. The next day she went to school with a heavy heart knowing that she and the likes of her stood in much ridicule. Once inside the class-room, she tried to make herself as obscure as possible. While a lesson was in progress, Balu—mischievous to the core, flung a chalk and invoked the teacher's wrath.

'Children' the teacher's angry voice pealed out 'you must not be so naughty. You must all be good and brave so that when you grow up you can face the Chinese.'

Poor Ling's face went ashen pale as, at these words, everyone turned round and glared at her. Thankfully the class was soon over and Ling Sao sobbing silently, went to her favourite tree and sat down beneath it.

Presently she felt something soft in her palm and turning around with a tear-laden face saw Meena, at once smiling and sad.

'Don't cry, Ling,' her voice exuded sympathy. 'I know everyone thinks we all shouldn't play with you, but I think you are the nicest person ever and I like your mother and your father, too.'

'Meena, I, too, think you are the nicest person ever. But why does your Mama think I am bad? Did I do anything wrong?'

Meena had already thought out the answer. 'That day when you came to our house you pulled Ruff's tail, remember? Mama was very angry.' At these words there spread over Ling's face an expression of such relief that whatever qualms Meena had over her bold lie were soon dispelled.

'So that was it!' Ling thought to herself. She was hard put to it choking back a sob

as she replied penitently, 'Meena, tell your mother that I am very sorry and I will never pull a dog's tail again as long as I live.'

A cloud had lifted from little Ling's mind. It was now clear why everybody had been unkind to her. She had pulled Ruff's tail and Meena's mother had told everyone about it. So that Ling was thought to be a mean cruel little girl. Her immature mind was satisfied with the explanation. She was confident that she could make up with everyone in a few days, by being good-mannered and pleasant.

That night as she slept peacefully there played about her face a smile of such beauty that Mr. and Mrs. Sao, entering her room were quite touched and forgot their own infinity of troubles.

However Ling's happiness was short-lived; a few days later an incident occurred which was to shatter completely all her illusions regarding her environment. She was sitting in her room trying permutations and combinations with building blocks when she heard her mother cry out in a loud and terrified voice. Ling rushed into the next room and on the sight of her father, her heart nearly missed a beat. His face and clothes were splattered with blood and there was a deep cut in his left arm. As Mrs. Sao dressed the wounds, he explained the misunderstanding due to which he had been manhandled. But as he spoke there was an air of resignation about him, of philosophic acceptance of his condition. He remembered only too well the day when one of his Indian friends was made the victim of a misguided burst of anti-Indianism. The poor man had not been as lucky! He had paid with his life, that time.

Ling's father was quick to notice the anger, resentment and hatred that showed in his little daughter's face. But she was not old enough to understand his statements even though they were carefully worded. There rose in her heart a deep dislike for the people who had perpetrated the injustice against her father.

Her brother who had been away at a relative's for sometime returned the next day and they went to school together. Under the tree after class was over, brother and sister were joined by Meena and Sunder.

Sunder and Ling's brother Li, were of the same age and they considered their three years of seniority as enough justification to put on adult airs. Ling and Meena did not grudge them their airs and were, in fact, secretly intimidated.

'Actually my elder brother says we must not mix with you people.' This was Sunder the frank one.

'But Why?'

'Because many of your people have killed our people and taken our land. And you are also Chinese.'

Li felt some of the grief that his sister had experienced. Being himself a child his next words came out with spontaneity.

'But what did we do? My father is good to everyone and mother is pained even if an animal is hurt. And look at my sister. She wants everyone to be happy.'

'I know,' Sunder was trying to plead his brother's cause, 'but that is what my brother says and he reads so many big, thick books. So he must know. But my pop told my brother that all Chinese were not bad. It is only because of the government or something that...'

'Government!'

'Yes, that is right. It is because of the government that many are bad: Many people in your government are big and strong and they want to become bigger and stronger. Also they are very jealous if other countries do better than theirs. So they want to spoil our country.'

Li heard this all out in silence and his young heart wished he could defend his

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INSTITUTE GYMKHANA

AN APPEAL

Professor R. N. Dogra, Principal, College of Engineering and Technology, New Delhi-16 wrote to our Director, Dr. F. Rumford, Professor, Chemical Engineering Department in our Institution, who visited you in Madras a few months back returned with praises for the number of cups that you have collected for various games etc. in your Institution over a very small period of two to three years. It may be recalled that Dr. Rumford was with us for the Third Institute Day. On that occasion, the Trophies presented to the Institute Gymkhana by Professor M. V. C. Sastry, Head of the Department of Chemistry for Group Discussion, Mr. Kurt Schroeter, Foreman-in-Charge of Tool Room and Advance Fitting for General Championship and by Messrs S. M. Mehndru & Co., Manufacturers and Dealers of Sports Goods, Madras, for Basket Ball, Messrs Pioneer Sports (India) Private Ltd., Manufacturers of Sports and Athletic Goods, Madras, for Hockey and Messrs Sharman & Co., Sports Specialists, Madras, for Cricket were presented to the winners by the late Dr. P. Subbaroyan, then Minister of Transport, Government of India.

Institution of these trophies has created a considerable enthusiasm and spirit of competition. They acted as stimulants for the Campus activities.

The Institute Gymkhana is happy to announce the institution of two more trophies this year—one by Prof. Dr. N. Klein, Professor of German language for German Recitation Competition and one by Shri R. Natarajan, I.A.S., Registrar, for Quiz Competition.

We will have our Fourth Institute Day this year in February or March. It is time that we have many more trophies—one trophy for each of our sports, literary, cultural and other activities.

We are sure that we have on our staff many members who have played a great part in various extra-curricular activities in their own student days and who still have interest in all students activities. We take this opportunity of requesting the members of the Academic staff, Administrative and Engineering Sections to contribute to the activities of the Campus by donating trophies for the activities in which they may be interested.

The institution of a trophy does not cost much. It may be about Rs. 200. But, it will considerably enhance the Campus activities and will add lustre to our next Institute Day. Members who wish to donate trophies may please inform the President, Institute Gymkhana.

S. GOPALAKRISHNAN,
Secretary,
Institute Gymkhana.

SOLUTION TO SQUARE DANCE NO. 2

Across.

1. Sebastian	5. Valet	11. Oroide
15. Sat	16. Implunge	19. Ephesian
21. Opulent	26. Nodalise	27. Atone
29. ate	30. A tub	31. Hog
34. Sir	35. Sob	36. America
39. Mae	40. Natu	
41. Asunder	44. On	46. RO
47. SS	48. IATA	50. Fasten
51. Sam	52. Stale	53. Soe

Down

2. Blimp	3. Stole	4. TIRUS
6. Also	7. Eater	8. To
9. He	10. Siesta	12. Onion
13. Igapo	14. Denudation	
17. Phlegm	18. Tea	20. Elephant
22. Later	23. 'elo	24. Nina
25. Tsetse	28. Ebb	32. Omar
37. Rural	38. Assam	39. Mean
42. USSR	43. Diet	45. Name
49. Ass.		

'Maa Ne Aaj Sindhur Maanga Hai'

I

'Maa ne Aaj Phir,
Apni Maang Ke Liye,
Sindur Maanga hai.'
Let us rise.
Let us rise with arms.
Yellow feet have defiled
The radiant face
Of Mother.
Her purple features have lost
Their radiance,
Let us re-empurple them
With our blood.
The sound of beatings drums,
The thunder of howling guns,
is calling you,
to the field.
Rise, Rise like the mighty arm
of Hercules.
And crush the 'yellow fever',
wipe it out.
Mother is thirsty.
Shed the blood.
of invaders,
Quench her thirst.

II

Maa ne aaj phir,
Apni Maang ke liye,
Sindur Maanga hai.
Let every son rise,
To defend the Mother,
Let every arm strike,
To crush the invader.
She is calling us,
Let her not call again,
For
Every groan 'She' utters
Is a shame,
On our name.
Let us Rise,
And give her back,
Her radiant face.
Maa Apni Maang ke liye,
Sindur Maang chunki hai.
Let us give it.
Or,
She may not ask again.

R. S. SEHGAL.

THE PATRIOT'S OUTCRY

'And shall I keep quiet while others do my natural office? Let me ask you, who is more suited to rant about the glory of the Motherland, the idlest of the crowd or the ablest? Able-bodied and active spirits have other opportunities: they can fight and drive the Enemy within the land; but the likes of me, that are by Nature endowed with no gifts of the spirit or the body, and who are slaves to the rile addiction of idleness, our only solace is shouting. Let me do my natural office then, I repeat! leave this poor glory to me, you men of valour. Your turn will come when the Enemy has sufficiently advanced. Then you can prove your prowess by the might of your daughty arm and the nimbleness of your flighty feet. This job of preaching and screeching I am better fit to do.

'Ah, how shall I describe the anguish that makes my every hair stand on end, when I hear of the vile outrages the Enemy has dared to commit on the person of our holy Motherland? How shall I describe the bitter grief that sends a shiver through every mil of my epidermis as I hear that the Enemy ruthlessly, heartlessly, mercilessly advances, and refuses obstinately to retreat! Why won't he be reasonable? Surely, he cannot be such a fool as not to realize that the final victory is ours. Could he be a little deaf? He should have prepared himself against such an emergency. Why has he left his hearing-aid at home? Perhaps he thought, the fool, that the final victory

might not be ours! Have we not dinned it sufficiently in his ears that the final victory cannot but be ours? And still he advances. What more does he expect us to say?

'Take heed, Sir Enemy, you may drive too far. We can be patient. We are patient. We are long-suffering. But don't depend on that benevolent streak in our nature for pardoning your excesses. You are up against you know not what. A mouse played once with the lion . . . You know the rest. When you see us allowing you a few victories so that your sense of vanity may be gratified, you see the patient wisdom of a big brother who allows the little one to jump on his toes. Have you ever thought, little Enemy, what it will be like when the big brother jumps on the toes of the little one? If you haven't thought about it yet, please do think about it first, and you'll surely realize the folly of your violence. If you still don't realize your folly you can always ask us to explain. Ours is a nation of philosophers. We have always prided ourselves on our wisdom and way of teaching the abstruse sciences. Doubt not that you will get the fullest benefits of our educational systems. We can fully convince you that all your victories are chimerical. They are mere optical, acoustical, electromagnetic, atomic and modern illusions. You think you have won the battles. You think you have invaded the inviolable sanctum of our sacred Motherland. This is what you think. Have you ever wondered what we think? Not you, with your characteristic dullness. Listen then to what we think. We have it in our ancient scriptures, that were extant even before the dawn of civilization, itself, that what seems is not, and what is not is. That's the philosophy behind the whole thing. It seems that you have won the battles: therefore, you have not won them; we have not won the battles: therefore, we have won them. Could anything be simpler?

'We hope, Sir Enemy, you will hearken to such profound and ancient wisdom. Should this also fail to convince you of your madness, let me warn you that we shall be forced to take recourse to violence. Do not think only you can fight. We are patient, it is true. But we can also be impatient. Beware our impatience. The dog's bark was worse than his bite. Our bite, however, is much worse than our bark. We will fight you tooth and nail; we will fight you fist and fangs; fair means and foul are alike to us when we are roused and see red. We will scratch you, slap you and tickle you. Do not be surprised if we pull your hair. Anything is permitted, anything is fair when the freedom of the Mother is in jeopardy.

'We will continue our warning right after I have a coke to moisten my throat.'

(Report has it that at this stage the effect of the patriots' tirade was so great that the Enemy ran till he was safe beyond the borders of his own country.)

P. MOHAN.



SIX MONTHS AGO I COULDN'T
EVEN SPEAK IN JUNEER...
AND NOW I AM ONE

The Quest—(Continued from page 6)

Ali Baba something, but found that he was asleep. I must have been walking up and down for a long time. A deep, almost scared, silence had descended upon the village and more deeply on the house. I sank on the chair and began thinking. Gradually things began to appear more clearly and I remembered the by gone days more clearly than ever. It seemed some divine power was helping to recall what had happened twenty-three years ago. The trance of the last half hour passed and I remembered everything with a surprising clarity.

I remembered the small rebellion that was the cause of all my misery in the years to come. Our landlord in conspiracy with some Rajahs had revolted against the British Raj. But soon when things had become calm again, the British had fined a very heavy amount together with two children from the village. This they had done in the hope that he might be kept in check by the people who had to give up their children. One night I had heard my father telling my mother that the landlord had demanded one of his children, and that it was necessary for them to surrender one of us if they ever hoped to survive. There was no chance of complaining against the landlord, because he had threatened him with death for him and his family. Father had ended off, 'Anyway we will have to ask him. Only when he agrees can we send him.'

The next morning my father called me and asked me if I wanted an English education. I was thrilled at the idea and without knowing what lay ahead, I agreed to go. My father assured me that he would write to me continually and would let me know when I could come home. When the day of departure came, I wept as I had never done before. I had one last look at my baby sister Gulabi who was just about a year old then. So fond of her had I grown in the past few months that leaving her seemed the hardest thing to do. The memories of Nargis and the childish promises I had made to her are still fresh within me.

But I do confess that behind all this sorrow there was a deep sense of pride. Having an English education in those days was an undreamt of thing, specially for a poor village boy like me. My head was swimming high in the air as I walked out with my father, for I was aware that several boys were watching me.

Then my memory becomes vague. I only know that I was sent down to Calcutta for my education and that the English gentlemen under whose care I was, was exceptionally kind to me. As the years rolled by, I began to consider him as my second father. As the years rolled by I developed a liking for the surroundings and I enjoyed the studies. The books seemed so fascinating and contained such a vast store of knowledge.

Then came the terrible and dreadful year 1934. The fearsome earthquake hit India. People all over the country, especially those of Bihar panicked. One day my guardian called me to his study and told me that several villages in Bihar had been completely obliterated from the map. A sickly feeling crept into my heart and my face grew pale. I guess the kind gentleman saw what I was thinking of, and he quickly said as yet he didn't know the names of the villages and that he would let me know the following day. You can imagine the anxiety that I felt the whole of that day and the next. I could neither eat nor sleep. There was nothing I could do except wait with feverish anxiety. The next day I didn't go to school and waited for my guardian to come back from his office. Finally he arrived and from his dreadful face I knew that he had something fearful to tell me. Suddenly I lost all courage and didn't dare ask him what had happened to my village. Towards the end of the day he called me and said, 'Well, young boy, you know, so far three villages have been

(Continued on page 9)

The Quest—(Continued from page 8)

exterminated,' he paused and looked at me hesitantly. 'I am afraid, Kotwari is among the three.' At these words I felt very weak and started weeping aloud, crying out for my parents. The gentleman came over and sat beside me and tried to console me saying that there was some chance that several people would have survived. He told me how two days after the terrible accident a little girl had been found in the fields by one of the farmers.

His words cheered me a little, and for the next few days I waited for more news. But the days passed into months, months into years and yet no news. Still I refused to believe that they were dead. It just couldn't be. From then on I resolved that I would hunt down every village in the North till I had definite news about my parents and about Kotwari.

The years following the terrible incident were one long nightmare. I did everything with that one resolution continuously in my mind. I must find my parents. After passing the B.A. I applied for the I.C.S. and by God's grace I got selected. The training period was over and I was posted in the South as an Assistant Collector. Through two years I laboured and collected enough so that I could take a year's holiday and set out to complete the task that I had so long resolved to do. And here I was almost at the end of my plans with no more comforting news except that all the villagers of Kotwari had perished in that terrible accident. I didn't feel satisfied and I thought that there was something missing somewhere.

I don't know for how long I sat there ruminating over the past, when suddenly I woke to the sense of the painful present. I saw the girl come in and take away the hooka from the inn-keeper's mouth. I sprang to my feet and at once grabbed her delicate arms. Her screams woke the old man up. He gaped at me and demanded what I was doing. 'Just a minute Ali Baba,' I said impatiently. Then I looked at the girl and looked into her face. Her eyes were full of unknown fear. I felt so sorry for her that I released my grasp. It was suddenly borne in upon me that she was my sister. . . my long lost sister Gulabi.

'Gulabi,' I said softly trying to sound as I had done when I was five years old and had played about with my sister. I looked anxiously into her face, but it gave no sign of recognition. It simply remained blank. 'Gulabi,' I said trying to sound still more gentle, 'Don't you remember your own brother, Aziz?' Still her face remained expressionless, but her eyes became thoughtful as though she was trying to recollect something from the past. 'Your brother, Aziz, has come back to you, Gulabi,' I said almost breaking down into tears and I drew her near me. Then her pale lips began quivering. I drew her closer to me and stared hard into her face. Yes, I felt sure I had known that face in my childhood. She finally made an effort to speak, but nothing came out of her mouth, then suddenly a faint voice seemed to come from the past. 'Aziz?' she looked at me surprised and then said, 'Sikhi' Gulabi. . . back where. no, no dead.' Then she fainted in my arms.

In those few words all the hope of the past years were shattered. I felt sick with sorrow and holding her began weeping. 'Oh God,' I cried half knowing what I said. 'God why? Why I ask you?' Ali Baba had remained silent till all this time and put his arms around both of us and consoled me. At his suggestion, for I was still holding on to the unknown girl, I laid her down on Ali Baba's bed and then waited for her to regain consciousness. I was no longer crying now but silently watching the pale face that lay on the large pillow. All of a sudden a strange urge seized me and I wanted to know who that girl was.

Presently she moved her eyelashes and with that movement my hope came back with a new vigour. Gradually her eyes opened and I wanted speak to her, but Ali Baba restrained me saying that she was still weak from the shock. Finally, he allowed me to

speak. I spoke as gently as I could urging her as softly as I could to remember her name. Then as I looked into her face, I felt certain who she was. The revelation was so sudden that I sat staring at her with new eyes. She was my uncle Hanif's eldest daughter. I remembered how she and Gulabi had been the best of friends when young. Yes, it must be she.

'Sultana,' I said mustering up all the softness of voice I possessed. As soon as I breathed her name, a strange light came into her eyes. Then I knew that if there was any hope of finding the girl's identity it was now.

'Sultana,' I continued, 'don't you remember your father Hanif. Think Sultana think.' I concluded. She again seemed to withdraw into the past and then suddenly cried aloud, 'Mother, mother,' Her voice suddenly cracked in the second, 'mother' and again she fainted away.

I knew then for surety that the girl was my uncle's daughter.

True, I did not feel the happiness that I would have felt had I seen my own parents. But even then my joy was great. I confess my inability to describe what I felt at that moment. God did not seem as cruel as he had appeared a moment before. But above all there was that supreme feeling of family pride, that feeling which those who have the misfortune to be alone in this world have never tasted. I felt a strange sense of relation that in this vast world where previously there had been none of my kin, in a remote village almost forgotten by all mankind dwelt one of my own kin, someone of my own blood.

After a week when Sultana had fully recovered, I told Ali Baba that I would be leaving with her in a day or two. At first he wasn't very cheerful about that, but then he agreed whole-heartedly and even helped me to make some plans about her future. I tried to persuade him to come, but he shook his head and said, 'I can never live in a city. . . Besides I love this place too much. After all I have lived here for the past seventy years.'

Some how the whole village had come to know about the incident and many of them came to wish Sultana good-bye. Some of the men spoke to her and exclaimed how unpredictable the workings of the Almighty were.

Finally, the day arrived for the departure and as I walked out of the inn to the bullock-cart that I had hired, I stopped before the grave. Sultana stopped, too. And then I know not why she went and kissed the stone. 'Gulabi's brother,' she said almost to herself. I stared at her and then at the stone. For a few moments I just kept on staring. Then slowly, as though in a painful manner I read again 'The Brother.' 'Sahib, its getting late,' said the cart-driver.

My eyes were suddenly flooded with tears and moving towards the cart slowly, I said, 'Good-bye, my brother.'

'I don't think Sultana understood the significance of the last act, for she stared at me blankly.'

As soon as Sultana had settled down in her new home I took her to a psychiatrist. After he had talked to her for several hours, he called me and said how difficult it had been to make her talk. 'Its obvious,' he said, 'that she has passed through such a ghastly scene that she hates to recall it.' When I told him about the earthquake he said, 'Probably she was out in the fields when the whole thing happened. It must have terrified her so much that she does not want to speak about it.'

Then as I was walking back home with Sultana the whole thing flashed upon me in a second. Gulabi, my baby brother and she must have been playing out in the fields when the earth-quake struck the village. The children must have been mad with fear. They must have run all over the place before the deep fissures swallowed my Gulabi. Sultana, on the other hand, had managed to escape with my little brother and run from that horrid scene. Hunger must have soon smitten the children, and, whereas, my brother died, Sultana still managed to survive.

A few years later Sultana got married to a lawyer and is now able to pursue the normal life of a woman. . . But even now she does not remember anything of the horrid day. The

mystery of her escape from the jaws of death still remains hidden in her.

S. BUKHT.

The Innocents—(Continued from page 7)

government with fiery zeal, wished that his nation had a government of which he could be proud. But alas! His father had told him much of the shameful ways of the Chinese government, of its complete disregard for the human individual, of the bestial methods which characterised most of its actions and other sundry reasons which had caused him to leave China and earn his livelihood elsewhere. It was, therefore, that Li could say a little to Sunder by way of reply, but at least he could defend his people.

'My father says that we Chinese are very hard-working and also very brave when there is no food in the land because of rain and storm and things. He says that the Chinese people want to be friends with everyone but'—here his voice choked with emotion—'Our government wants only to make war.'

'Yes, that is what my Pop also says. But my brother keeps telling everyone that just because many famous Chinese came to India in the olden days and just because we were once good friends, we must not keep remembering that, we must now forget all that and only have hate for your people because they have tried to take our land.'

'But it is not the people who are doing it! It is only the bad Government.'

'What my brother says is, whoever it is, the Chinese are the Chinese. We have been attacked by the Chinese. So it is no use remembering our past friendship. He got very angry when my father called him a fool and told him not to lose his perspective or something.'

Right through the entire discourse, Ling and Meena sat with open mouths avidly drinking in everything that had been said. Much of it they did not understand on the other hand there was much that they did. The two boys felt very important and solemnly shook hands.

'But in spite of everything I shall always play with your sister, Li.'

'Same here,' Li's imitation of his seniors was comic, but at the same time it rang with deep sincerity.

'And I love you, Ling.'

'Same here' Ling had a sharp ear for new expressions.

Soon one day Meena learnt that Mr. Sao and his entire family were leaving for Canton in China. Many were the plans that Ling and Meena jointly made as to what the former would do and what she would bring back from the trip. Sunder, a curious boy by nature had tried to find why they were going at that time.

But outside of the vague answer given by Mrs. Sao he could not gather anything. Little did he know of Mr. and Mrs. Sao's anxious brothers and sisters whose very life and future depended on Mr. Sao's positive response to the injunctions issued from Peking.

Before parting, Meena had asked Ling when they would all return and the latter had given the time as one week. At least, that was what Ling's mother had said.

Time passed. One day Meena, alone in her room was wrestling with a problem that had long piqued her. She and Ling had made a dolly. Meena had insisted that green beads should be used for the eyes, whereas Ling had been adamant on using black beads. When they had parted the question was still undecided.

As she was thinking about this, her eyelids became heavy, but just as she was about to drift into sleep, she heard her father's voice as it floated into the room, saying something about a Mr. Sao; Meena sat up and listened intently. She heard her father tell her mother that a Mr. Sao and his entire family including one son and daughter had been brutally massacred while trying to make an unsuccessful attempt at crossing into Hong-

(Continued on page 11)

'NARMADA HOSTEL TOURNAMENTS'

Jaideep Singh, our Hostel Secretary, considering himself to be capable of conducting a tournament started off with collection of entries with great enthusiasm, but he heaved a sigh of relief when it concluded successfully on Diwali day. Some of the funny incidents that occurred during the tournament were:

1. Collection of Entry Fees.
2. Seedings at the time of draws.
3. Some participants considering 'Bye' to be their opponent, started enquiring about his room number while others did not know what 'walk-over' was.
4. In the singles final, when four games had been played, the match was stopped by Mr. Sur owing to some function in the Hostel.
5. In the interesting replay we ran short of balls and could solve the problem only with the kind co-operation of other boys. Jaideep was able to retain his seedings (I.I.T. No. 3) by defeating his old rival Batra (I.I.T. No. 4) in a tough five set encounter.
6. The Carrom and Chess matches were conducted nicely by R. Jagdishan and could have been finished on the desired day, if the striker had remained in the Common Room. This resulted in the singles final being played after the prize distribution. Dulal Shankar proved too good for Gogra in the final and won the title easily.
7. The referee usually had to face an alarming situation in every match when a party of few 'Bright Sportsmen' (unable to participate in this tournament) shouted at the pitch of their voice during the rally, 'Referee, Set² (meaning set score)?' On being given the reply the usual comment was, 'So BLOODY WHAT?' P. R. Gorga was adjudged as the best sportsman of the Hostel while Jaideep and Batra shared the honours for Table Tennis. Jaganathan won the Chess title.
8. A lot of confusion was caused when Dr. Klein who had consented to preside over the function and give away the prizes could not come. We were lucky enough to have Prof. Sampath amongst us, who in his short speech encouraged the boys to take part in such activities of the Hostel and congratulated the prize winners while distributing the prizes.

The programme of the evening included an exhibition match in Table Tennis, a variety programme and prize distribution followed by a delicious special dinner. The function also brought forward some students with songs and the harmonica, the highlight of the programme being an impressive song by Mr. Kumar. Mr. Sur when asked to sing a song, replied that his singing qualities ended with his name.

The following were the results of finals:

1. Table Tennis:

Singles:—Jaideep Singh beat Krishan Batra 21-13, 21-17, 20-22, 21-19.
Doubles:—K. K. Batra and P. R. Gogra beat Jaideep Singh and Jagannathan 16-21, 21-13, 21-14, 21-6.
Lucky Doubles:—Suresh Shenoy and Chitkara beat Jaideep and Diwakar Pandey 21-18, 21-17, 21-13.

Carrom:

Singles:—D. S. Ray beat P. R. Gogra 3-0.
Doubles:—Gogra and S. P. Shukla beat Kannan and Madhavan 3-1.

Chess:

Winner:—Jagannathan 7 points.
Runner-up:—Gajraj Singh 6 points.

K. K. BATRA

Canteen...Introspection—(Contd)

us, in view of certain news items, then, that customers getting into the hotels hale and happy, are brought out on a stretcher having fallen unconscious due to food poisoning.

By then it was thirty-two past one. We were yet to be served. The waiter went in, dashed out with a good news: 'We have mixture ready'. We had no other alternative than to gulp what was available. Mixture was brought. It was a mixture of *grams* and *peas*! It was not crisp either. Like the wet Deepavali crackers, no noise could our teeth produce while munching the unbrittle and untasty mixture. Hungry as my friend and I were, the unpalatable mixture was pushed into our throats.

'What next?'

'Shall I repeat the item?' asked the sympathetic server.

'The same mixture?' I asked innocently.

'Yes.'

'We would rather be without it' I said.

I thought water would follow the refreshments served. But it didn't at our canteen.

'You don't give us water?'

'No, unless asked for,' was the nonchalant reply.

When it ultimately came, you may be surprised and aghast to know, that it contained all the flora and fauna! When asked about it, we were informed: 'That's pure Corporation water—it has been chlorinated.' We had no answer to this.

It was thirteen to two when we ordered for tea. You are aware, we have a lunch interval of half an hour only and we knew we had far exceeded this limit. Our thoughts of frets and fumes of our bosses for our late getting-back to our seats, were disturbed by the jesting server who stood before us without tea, which we expected, with a careless smirk, asking: 'You want *Pot Tea* or *Cup Tea*?'.

'What is the difference between the two?' I queried.

'Nothing, excepting that the one is served in the *pot* and the other in the *cup*!'

'Economical?'

'Yes. Three can drink.'

'How do you save? Three individual cups cost the same price?'

'There is a saving of a *naya paisa*.' We conceded ordering for two cups.

Tea was brought in. The saucer was cracked and oily. One cup had no handle; the other had a broken one. It was oleaginous too! Stains of *sambar* were seen on the saucers.

'Do you use the saucer for supplying *sambar* and *chutny*?'.

'Can't help.'

'Lack of adequate utensils?'

'May be; I don't know.'

'The greasy spoon you have given has onion smell?'

'Some one would have taken onion *vadai* with it.'

'When—last week?' (because after that, the item of onion *vadai* was not repeated). The spoon in question had been so washed that even after weeks the stains and smells remained.

I hurriedly looked at my watch and found it was 2 p.m. I wanted to get back to my seat in a jiffy. After two sips, I suddenly stopped. I sighted a dead body of an insect floating in it!

'Fly?' I asked myself.

'Must be a mosquito,' my friend retorted.

The white-apron-clad server looked at us helplessly seeing the predicament we were in.

'That's neither fly nor mosquito; that's tea leaf', remarked the canteen representative.

'I don't agree. It can't be tea leaf or tea dust.'

'It's leaf only—perhaps not properly filtered.'

He meant probably that the mosquito or fly must have been unrecognisably boiled in the water to its saturation! I wish there was

an autopsy or a *post mortem* of the deceased insect which has trespassed into the hot beverage. It should not surprise you if they say what you have found floating in the liquid is red chilly and not cockroach, and what you may observe in an edible served to you is mustard and spices and not black ants!

We were not for a quarrel inside the canteen. We came out discontentedly and it was quarter past two when we flung back to our seats sneakingly, unnoticed of by our superior bosses.

Even an occasional peep into our canteen kitchen is not at all advisable. The smoke from the oven, the dirty-looking cooks, some with running-down noses who blow and discharge the phlegm in the kitchen itself, which may sometimes take refuge in the dishes around (!), the utensils being dipped in and taken out of filthy water—these and many more are abominable. Rumour has it that for crushing potatoes, the canteen engages military men who dance over the boiled potatoes with their army boots—it is to be verified by a vigilant Health Inspector before the potato curry is ready for service on the table! The less said of our canteen kitchen the better.

The location of our office in a forest, away from human activity, far off from public conveyances, amidst greenwood trees, has perforced us to patronise our canteen, not worth the name.

'He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving; He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving; He may live without love—what is passion but pining; But where is the man that can live without dining?' so said a greatman. Without food we cannot survive in this mundane world. To live healthily we require good food, which naturally brings us to the question of having a good canteen. The unclean atmosphere of our canteen is abhorring. Hygiene and sanitation are alien to it. The provision of a wash basin is an imperative necessity. Sterilisation of used plates and tumblers need not be stressed. Quality items of food must be made available. The three K's that are most essential for the running of a good canteen are Kwality, Klenliness and Kurtesy, (mis-spelt for Quality, Cleanliness and Courtesy) are things that you don't find at the I.I.T.C.! We cannot risk our health, the loss of which would mean loss of everything!

Ben Johnson has said: 'Oh health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this world without thee!'

The Head of our State has, by proclamation, declared an emergency in view of the unprovoked and unabashed invasion of the Chinese on the Indian borders. Within the precincts of our I.I.T. Campus, a grave emergency exists whereby the health of the members of the staff is threatened and is at peril. I therefore request the Head of this Institute, to declare an 'emergency' in our Institute. He may close down the canteen, suspend its workers, abrogate its existing rules and assume full plenipotential powers relating to the maintenance, management and administration of our canteen. The contract with the present hotelier may be rescinded forthwith, pending entering into an agreement with a quality restaurant. Till then necessary arrangements may be made to supply the members of the staff with refreshments from the I.I.T. Hostels, or free bus services upto Saidapet and back (the nearest place to our campus) where we can have our bellies filled up, may be made available.

'Why not continue the present canteen in view of our shortly appointing a Medical Officer?'—I hear somebody say. But our present canteen contractor is too incorrigible and unrepentant to merit our sympathy, much less our patronage.

DOWN WITH IITC!

S. SRIKANT.

ALLAH says 'NO MORE'

Kharim Khan's profession was not in the least sense wicked to him. He admitted, however, to other rather prejudiced views held by other people. He was something of a philosopher and he spent many happy (philosophical?) evenings sitting outside his shabby house. He would stroke his long black beard in a dazed contemplation. Deep set eyes and a mushrooming turban was his everyday attire. He wore his long flowing shirt over his dirty lungi. Kharim Khan was a carter of goods.

One day he drove his donkey along Bairam street. This was the last street in the city. The eastern gate of the fort formed the end of the street. Begum Oum Sat, a rich lady, made her abode here. Kharim entered the garden breathing deep the fragrant incense that clung to the atmosphere. Normally, he would have enjoyed such perfume taking in every whiff with great relish but not when he had a new purpose he wished to carry out. He hid behind the wall encircling the servants quarters. In a tree he disrobed and changed his garb. He emerged from his hiding place, transformed into a holy man complete with a red beard, the mark of one returning from holy Mecca.

Kharim Khan placed himself in front of one of the servants and ordered in an imperious voice that the 'Thousand and one times hailed' of holy Mecca be set before the master of the house. The frightened servant at once led him to Begum Oum Sat. He was at no pains in making himself comfortable in that house, for the lady was one who was gullible to this type of holiness. Her heart was full of sympathy for Kharim Khan who had endured so much pain and had undergone various penances for the achieving of the 'good end'.

The Begum was all the more joyous on hearing that the lord had sent this holy man to test her faith in Him and His servant. 'The lord has sent me to you, oh, Mistress of the house on the eastern front, and I beseech you to listen carefully to what he had to say', began Kharim Khan. 'It has been His most sacred wish to test your faith in Him. He has 'therefore' directed me to inform you that a part of your most cherished jewels be buried in a certain spot known only to Him and 'alas' not even to His servant this very night. The way will be shown to you by the highest among his order, the donkey, Mashmin, given me by the Almighty for this very express purpose. You are to follow him with a few of your most trusted servants and oblige this wish' concluded Kharim Khan.

The Lord will surely double my happiness if I should show my devotion to Him in this way, thought that esteemed lady to herself and went about to execute the holy command.

A box was brought before her and in front of him called Kharim Khan, the Begum began exhibiting her faith by filling it with riches. Kharim mentally sent up a prayer of gratitude and he really did wish that the Begum would realise all her dreams. Satisfaction is a virtue and even Kharim knew the value of restraint. He 'therefore' cried out that the box be closed when only partly filled, but Begum Oum Sat heeded not his words. She was bent on pleasing the Lord and winning His reward.

'Allah says, "No more!"' exclaimed Khan but the jewels continued to pour in till every movement doubled the danger.

'Allah says, "No More"', Allah says, "No more . . .", cried out Kharim but relentlessly the Begum kept on. It was finally completed, this task of filling the box. The donkey Mashmin led the Begum and her retinue to a certain spot that his master and he were fond of. The servants made the necessary preparations for the covering of the treasure. Half way through the servants who were knaves, set about killing the credulous Begum and finally made off with the booty.

A happy man was Kharim Khan till he reached his favourite spot the next morning. He found the misdeed when he came upon the

'ON LIFE'

With running sands of Time,
With every turn of seasons,
With every birth of Sun,
With every new moon,

It draws close,
To the end
This Life.

And
The Man,
Crawls through it
Like a dissatisfied insect.

On the overcrowded stage,
In this eternal Drama

There have been,
Men,
Whose Ghosts
We shall never bury,
Who,
Like the 'Primordial Matter',
Shall always be.

They have,
In their turn,
Tried
To define the purpose
of Life.

The life is to love
Love everyone,
And it shall have been lived
Well.

The life is to do good
To all.

And thus
A way of
Breaking away
From the eternal cycle,
Which brings us back,
Time and again,
To this earth.

The life is to fight
And die.
And thus attain
The permanent heaven.

The life is a search
For the entity.
We see not,
We feel not,
And so comprehend not.

Amongst these mighty voices
Let us look
For a voice,
Which may say,
The life is not to love,
The life is not to fight,
The life is not to give,
But
The life is to live.

It is not a search,
But a fulfilment.

T.S.G.

dead Begum. He whispered half to himself 'Restraint, oh, Begum, you did not know the virtue of restraint and look now on me who is no richer for all my pains'. 'Still I wish you well for your stupidity and may the good Allah forget your greed in judging you' continued Kharim Khan. He resumed his old trade of carting goods from behind houses and bemoaned the ill-luck that attended him on his first venture in front of the house. He was still the gainer 'however' for the wise mind seeks to gain knowledge in failure, as he observed that one badwill should so interfere with another.

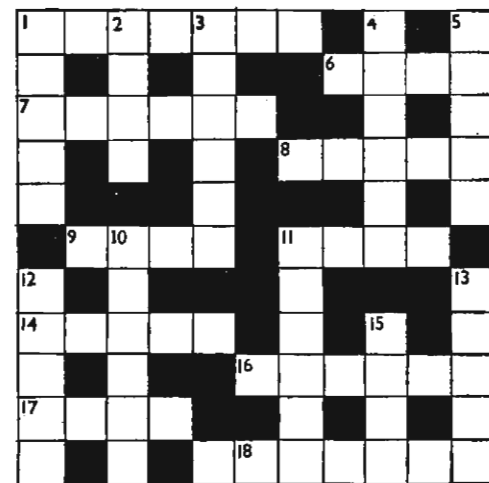
N. RAMESH.

The Innocents—(Contd.)

kong. What Meena had failed to notice was the strange metallic gruffness that his voice carried as he spoke.

Meena lost interest and dropped back into her pillows. She did not know the meaning of 'brutally massacred' but guessed that it had something to do with dying. She wished that the man who had died with his family had not been called Sao, for it reminded her of kind Mr. Sao and his wife and Ling. And thinking of them her heart was filled with pleasurable anticipation. Ling had said they would return in one week. It was now more

SQUARE-DANCE No. 3



Clues: Across.—Figures inside brackets indicate No. of letters.

1. Laura and N.T., for this inborn feeling! (7)
2. Einsworth was as crazy as one according to Sir Gregory Parsloe—Parsloe (4)
7. Horses or peaks? (6)
8. The famed army of Genghiz Khan! (5)
9. Valley (4)
11. 'Beware of the—of March' (Shakespeare) (4)
14. A year's record for the Tolstoy heroine above fifty (5)
16. The bone on the good French for this strip of silk (6)
17. The three in Bangalore! (4)
18. He lands and provides the grips (7)

Down

1. She goes to New York at speed (5)
 2. "T'is a pity, t'is —,
'T'is —, t'is a pity! (Shakespeare) (4)
 3. The rodent before the charged atom in wartime? (6)
 4. Her legend is more famous than his doctrine! (6)
 5. The French article turns around the English for the girl! (5)
 10. G. R. Nile to tarry (6)
 11. This is what you are! (6)
 12. A thousand before the first man for her, no doubt! (5)
 13. Zoological group! (5)
 15. Victim of the World's first murder! (4)
- Results next issue: First all-correct entry secures a book prize. In case of a tie, 'Ed' will toss the coin to decide the winner.

A Homage to the Jawans

What consoling dirge for those who die on
the snows,
Only the hideous hum of shells,
Only the monstrous boom of guns,
Can roar out their prayerful chant,
No voice of lament save the buzz of
bullets,
That wail and shriek above them,
No holy flame save the stars' eternal
flicker,
No pall save the white unending snow,
No wreaths save the nation's grateful
tears,
No tomb save their own shining deeds.

G. VISWANATHAN.

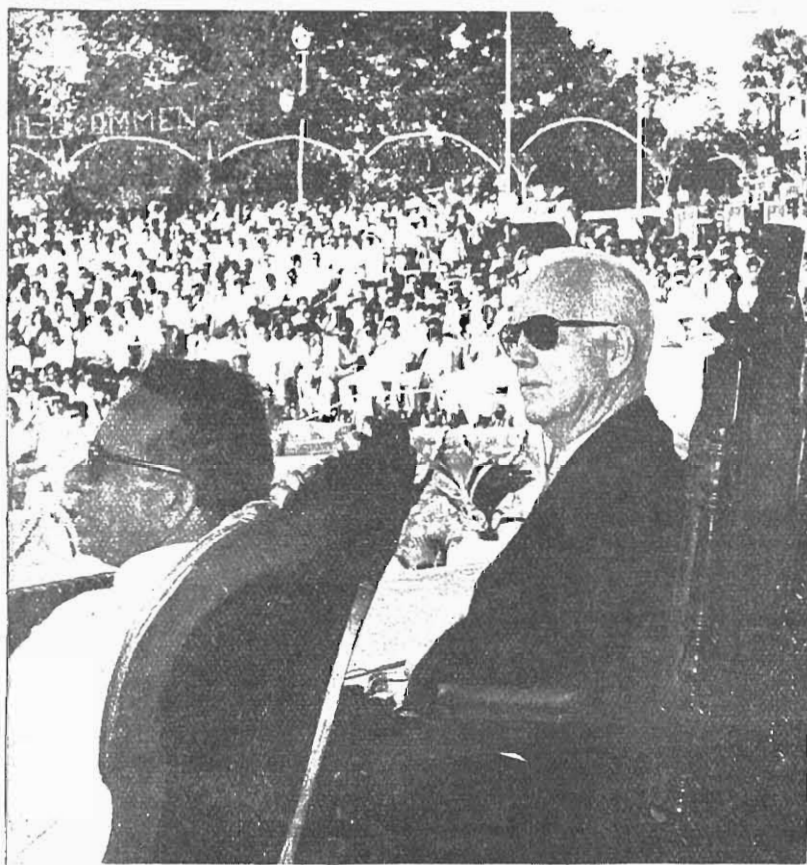
than one week. Probably they would arrive to-morrow. . . .

Suddenly the solution to her problem struck her.

When her parents entered the room, they found Meena clutching an eyeless dolly and muttering happily what seemed to be:

'One black bead and one red. Okay Ling? . . .

M. S. CHANDRAMOULI.



PHOTOS: K. MAHESH