

# Campastimes

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DIRECTOR.

No. ....

Dated 10th August 1962.

## M e s s a g e

My best wishes go out to the Editor and Publisher of "Campastimes" as it stands poised on its first year of publication. This chronicle, which is going to spotlight the events of spice in Institute and Hostel life, is bound to be popular with the reading public.

The "Campastimes" is not designed to be a mere round-up of Institute news and views; I have inside information that a third dimension is going to be projected on happenings at the Institute and the Hostels. It was the Editor of the famous American newspaper "The Nugget" who once said "If you do not want a thing to be published in "The Nugget", the only way open is not to allow it to happen." If we at the Institute cannot be powerful enough not to allow things to happen, I am sure we can do the next best-- appeal to the mercy of the Editor and the Publisher of the "Campastimes"!

*B. Sengupto*  
(B. Sengupto)  
Director.

## REFLECTIONS ON INDEPENDENCE

DR. M. S. VAIRANAPILLAI

On the 15th of August, our thoughts naturally centre around the independence of our Motherland and the freedom we enjoy from internal and external bondage. Although Indians have been Indian for a longer time than Englishmen have been English or the Americans, American, Indian political unity was not achieved for a thousand years inspite of an abiding culture that has endured for ages. Geographically, we were made for a nation; and yet, we refused to become one even in the presence of enemies within and without. That freedom is a peculiar Western concept may be successfully refuted by the presence of the love of freedom even

among the primitive tribes. 'Man is born free,' said a French philosopher, and freedom has been the birth-right of any individual as of any nation or people anywhere on earth. However, the 15th of August, 1947, is an epoch making date in our history as it has introduced a new era in our national life and in our own lives.

Love of freedom is as old as the history of man. Tacitus, the Roman historian, was full of praise for the Germans for their love of individual freedom as early as the first century A.D. The light of freedom must have been burning in the hearts and minds of countless Indians—both men and women—even before

the time of recorded history. But the modern concept of freedom in all its implications dawned on India during the British period of Indian history. India's contact with the West and the Western impact on India, produced among other things, the concept of individual freedom, equality before law and independent nationhood.

The torch of freedom lighted and kindled from the days of Raja Ram Mohan Roy has been kept burning in the souls of countless and nameless men and women who adorn the written and the unwritten pages of the freedom struggle with varied and conflicting phases. They are the true patriots of the nation. It has seemed to many of us that the aspirations of these selfless men and women culminated in the great event of 1857. Who could have dreamt that the freedom sparks, dimly burning in isolated spots all over the country, could develop into such a mighty flame as to envelop the entire country in one great upheaval ushering in in its train the realization of national liberty which we now casually enjoy? Today, we are celebrating the anniversary of that epoch making event and the Independence of our Motherland. With grateful hearts, let us remember and honour all those who had laid down their lives and sacrificed their all in order that we may come into our own.

Our status as a Sovereign Democratic Republic, with a single administrative machinery for the whole of India including those parts which were under the so-called independent princes, is unquestionably our greatest national achievement. Many decades of struggle and turmoil, suffering and sacrifice, tears and toil and insurmountable

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## Nirmala

K. M. KRIPANARAYANAN

It was a beautiful summer evening. The Sun set gloriously in the horizon casting dark silhouettes of the hills in the far away distance. The chirping of birds returning to their sweet homes seemed to intensify that serene atmosphere. The light pink tinge imparted to the clear sky otherwise strewn with floating clouds made that evening a lovely one.

Sekar was sitting under the shade of the well-known mango tree. His mind seemed to bubble with exciting news. He seemed to live in a land of imagination. Neither the beautiful setting sun nor the returning birds created a stir in his mind. All the same, his expectant mind seemed to nestle in the happy home of his dear Nirmala. He had loved her from the bottom of his heart but his courage had failed him when he approached her for her hand. Today, he had come with a determined will to win the sweet affections of his Nirmala. Sometimes he went into contemplative moods and felt that he had loved her against his better judgement. Caste had been a barrier in their way, but once

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## ON THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIVIALITY

In common parlance it has been tacitly conceded that what is not gorgeous or high-sounding can be neglected. The profound truth embodied in the statement that trifles constitute perfection and perfection is no trifle is being felt more so now when we are apt to be overwhelmed by the strides of science and technology. It is worthwhile remembering that the complex human personality is composed of various elements, high and low, united into a harmonious entity which it is supposed to be.

Nature round us abounds with countless irresistible curiosities which could evoke immense joy and tranquillity if only we cared to. The laws of universal gravitation propounded by Newton were the natural concomitants of Newton's keen interest in the commonplace and the trivial—the sight of an apple falling was the spark that revolutionised conventional scientific ideas. History repeats itself and who knows if the trivialities of today may not be a starting-point of future inventions? Leaving scientific innovations apart which are the accepted harbingers of our material well-being let us see triviality in action in our everyday life.

Politeness and good manners which are more conspicuous by their glaring absence constitute the basic qualities of a true gentleman. Why reserve our best smiles and thanks to outsiders when we can make the people around us happier by being kind and courteous? The tendency to ridicule, bypass and summarily reject others' opinions and ideas is an exemplification of the death-knell which tolls the neglect of triviality. "Do you know" asks Emerson, "the secret of the true scholar? In every man there is something wherein I may learn of him; and in that I am his pupil."

Modern psychology has more than often revealed that many mental and emotional illnesses can be traced to a triviality which on constant neglect has assumed monstrous proportions. Some small seemingly-trivial incident in one's childhood may be the nucleus of a malady which manifests itself only too late. The reason for all this lies in the esoteric fact that human nature being what it is, even trivialities form an essential *pièce de résistance*.

The beauties of nature as manifested in tiny flowers for example were the source of inspiration of some of the world's unsurpassed literary exemplars, Wordsworth's Daffodils is an illustration. The great mental tranquillity and happiness we can all derive from simple commonplace events have to be experienced to judge their importance. It is not an exaggeration to aver that our personality and life stand to gain immensely if only we remember that little things do not necessarily constitute a little mind.

V. RANGANATHAN,

## THE SUNSET

See there the glowing west,  
Red and bright, a charming sight;  
The bird darts toward the nest  
Wings silver in the golden light.

The wind boos high in the sky  
The trees nod with drooping heads  
The clouds sail and the birds fly.  
And the sea's tides bellow and cry.

A red hue on the mountainside  
A white tinge on the green earth  
A signal for Dame Night to come  
For worries to go and bliss to dawn.

S. VIJAYA RAGHAVAN.

## Reflections on Independence—(Contd.)

obstacles and hardships have consummated in the dawn of this new day. It is, therefore, meet and proper that we genuinely salute on this occasion our national heroes and heroines who pioneered for a glorious future and endured untold privations that we may live and flourish as a free people in the comity of nations. The creative pages of our freedom struggle merely indicate their supreme loyalty to the land of their birth and the undying hope they cherished for many generations yet unborn. Let us make ourselves worthy of this great heritage. As Abraham Lincoln exhorted, "The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom."

When we started on our life as a free people fifteen years ago, we were at once up against Himalayan problems. Our country was partitioned. Millions of our people who were until recently part and parcel of undivided India were forced to leave us to form a separate nation by themselves. Our land (Kashmir) was invaded. Countless millions from the West Punjab and East Bengal were uprooted from their ancient homes and forced to seek shelter and refuge in other parts of India. The refugee problems, to put it mildly, taxed our financial and economic position almost to a breaking point. Our administrative machinery, at least for a time, was brought to a stand-still owing to the sudden departure of expert and able hands. The Father of the nation, the hand that rocked the cradle and guided the destinies of our people for over a quarter of a century and welded them together as a common human family, was suddenly removed by the cruel hand of death when we needed him most. We possessed no constitution to suit our independent status. Our leaders who had made very great sacrifices for the cause of freedom were utterly new to the art of ruling and administration. We were beset by innumerable internal problems, and our friends abroad were not altogether dependable. The steady increase in population without a proportionate increase in food supply, has been more of a liability than an asset. Social convulsions of one type or the other began to shake us to our foundations.

Today, the picture has slowly changed. We have systematically and methodically solved the refugee problem, rehabilitating most of them as respectable citizens. Our armed forces rose to the occasion and put an end to aggression in Kashmir. The reorganization of the states under the iron hand of Patel is one of our monumental achievements. The age old Zamindari system has been abolished. The three General Elections under our new constitution have taken politics to the doors of the common man. We have been given a stable constitution combining best features of the American and British systems. Parliamentary democracy has been the order of the day both in the centre and in the provinces. The very psychology of the people and Government has considerably changed for the better. Socialistic pattern of society has been stated to be our ultimate goal in economics, politics and social affairs. The idea of a welfare state has come to stay. We have become a great force for peace in the world with *Pancha Sheela* as our national and international policy.

Our achievements in moral and material fields are equally great. Many irrigation dams have been completed and new ones are

being undertaken. Hydro-electric schemes and power-production have been attempted on an unprecedented scale all over India. Both in the public and private sector, old industries with new vigour and new industries with pioneering energy are steadily increasing our economic output. The three Five-Year Plans are progressively changing the face of the entire country with work and employment to tens of thousands of people. The various land reforms and progressive land-policies tend to make the tillers of the soil the eventual owners of the land. The new spirit of social reform has given a devastating blow to the age-old caste system and many other meaningless social growth and customs. Although food production has been stepped up, self-sufficiency is yet to be achieved. The working classes and trade unions have begun to take an active part not only in the politics of the country, but also in the welfare of the working classes in general. The multifarious cooperative efforts in different fields of life are primarily aimed at improving the lot of the common man. The various housing schemes, health and community projects, rural uplift undertakings, educational and technical advances are bound to result in the betterment of the masses as a whole, though it is an uphill task and will take a long process. The agricultural classes have gained a great deal of self-confidence and self-respect. The establishment of Rural Institutes of Technology in different parts of the country has given the long needed direction to our educational set-up. In the international field, our ceaseless efforts for peace have won for us an honoured place among the family of nations.

On this day, let us remind ourselves that we are free and equal citizens of a great Republic. We should consider ourselves more fortunate when compared with the thousands of our countrymen who never had a chance in life. Therefore, our responsibility for the realization of good life and our obligation to our fellow countrymen and women are greater. On this memorable day, let us firmly resolve that we shall sink or swim together. It is high time that we close our ranks, eliminating thereby all fissiparous tendencies that eat into the vitals of our national life. Leadership rests largely with educated Indians. May they be filled with a sense of dedication.

In a great institution such as the I.I.T., potentialities and possibilities ahead of us are beyond our present comprehension. Reflection may be an uncommon product among scientists and technologists. But the light of science combined with a social vision alone can pave the way for an integrated personality and an integrated nation. Science and technology divorced from ethical and human considerations may develop into a monster such as the atom bomb. Without modern achievements in medicine, surgery, science and technology, life may be a pool of stagnation.

Therefore, our primary and immediate concern is to stand by our posts, wherever we may be placed and whatever our hands find to do, and discharge our duties to the best of our ability. As teachers and students, let us exert our utmost and best and set up a high standard in our studies, conduct, duties and social relationship. Let us march forward as disciplined soldiers to face life's tasks and contribute our mite to the common good. Let us conduct ourselves with dignity and honour befitting a free people. Freedom loses its meaning if it does not go hand in hand with discipline. The greatness of India rests solely with her sons and daughters. It is our great privilege to labour ceaselessly for the advancement of life in all its aspects. With malice towards none and charity for all, with unity in our ranks, and service for all those in need, cherishing the great ideals of our past and pressing forward towards a glorious future, let us march forward to make our freedom meaningful in terms of peace, plenty, prosperity, and progress to achieve which we had struggled for freedom and to realize and maintain which no sacrifice is too great.

## PERSONALITIES



DR. C. V. SESHADRI

Seshadri that colourful personality made his debut on a jaunty note. He swaggered into the class, an orange knapsack slung carelessly over his shoulder (Incidentally we never saw that knapsack again) while we were still recuperating from the shock, he lounged over to the black board and started writing alternately with both hands, sensation I whisper in the class 'killer boy type I say?'

Popularly known as 'Tough guy' he lends that carefree air to the lecture which is so unique. A lively atmosphere prevails and it is for this informal attitude that he is liked the most. If you happen to walk down the first floor corridor and hear a curious noise coming from the Fuels Lab, you will almost certainly find on investigation that it is Seshadri singing. Stiffnecked conventionality not being his strong point, he sees no harm in it. Factories abroad, he defends, have radioes installed. Yet punctuality (which is scarcely compatible with his other ways) is one thing he insists upon, though in a mild way.

His interests are not confined to teaching. He plays football for the staff team. (His tactics mainly being to bulldoze his way through the opposition). He is the driving force behind the Tech-out (Not meaning technically knocked out, although in my opinion that's what it will be) club. Slogan: Set a precedent for the coming generation. Essentially it's a club dealing with outdoor activities, which incidentally have been singularly dormant for quite some time. Rock climbing enthusiastically taken up for a couple of days and a dismal trip to Ennore beach comprised the sum total of the activities for last year.

One day he showed us some coloured slides of his daredevil trip down the Colorado River flanked by the Grand Canyon in a rubber dinghy. The photography was excellent. His experiences seem to have been thrilling and more than once Dame Luck played an important role.

His academic qualifications speak for themselves and he has been instrumental in the construction of the Fuels Lab.

To quote Peter Cheyney 'Never a dull moment' with him around.

## LATE NEWS

## The G.O.M. and the Japs

Prof. R. Krishnamurti's booming voice will not be heard for some time drowning the din made by the concrete mixing machines at the Science and Humanities Block. The Professor is representing India in the World University Service Conference held at Tokyo. He was seen off at the airport and profusely garlanded by the English staff, his old boys of Pachiappa's (of which he had been Principal) and his near and dear ones. Bon voyage, Professor!

## TOWARDS INDEPENDENCE

... In December 1945 Wavell speaking in Calcutta, appealed to the Indian People to avoid strife and violence when they stood 'at the gate of political and economic opportunity.'

Gandhi was in Calcutta too ...

The same day, Jinnah made a statement in Bombay. 'We could settle the Indian problem in ten minutes,' he declared, 'if Mr. Gandhi would say, "I agree there should be a Pakistan; I agree that one fourth of India ... with their present boundaries constitute the Pakistan State."'

But Gandhi could not say that and did not say it; he regarded the vive section of India as 'blasphemy'.

... On June 16th Lord Wavell announced that Congress and the Muslim League had failed to agree on the composition of a provisional government and he was therefore appointing fourteen Indians to posts in that government.

... Independence brought sadness to the architect of independence. The father of his country was disappointed with his country. "I deceived myself into the belief that people were wedded to non-violence ..." he said.

... Mountbatten told the Royal Empire Society on October 6th 1948, that in India Gandhi "was not compared with some great statesman like Roosevelt or Churchill. They classified him simply in their minds with Mohammed and with Christ".

... Independence Day, August 15, found Gandhi in Calcutta fighting riots. He fasted all day and prayed. He issued no message to the nation ... 'There is disturbance within', he wrote to Rajkumari Amrit Kaur the next day: In the midst of festivities, he was sad. ...

... 'You must not lose faith in humanity,' he wrote Amrit Kaur on August 29, 'Humanity is an ocean. If a few drops of the ocean are dirty, the ocean does not become dirty.'

He had kept his faith in man. He has kept his faith in God. He had therefore his faith in himself. "I am a born fighter who does not know failure," he assured a prayer meeting audience. ...

... He had gone to Calcutta and been taken into a Muslim house in an area where the stones were slippery with fresh blood and the air acrid with the smoke of burning homes. The Moslem family, to whom the house belonged were friendly to him. "For the moment I am no enemy" he wrote Amrit Kaur.

The bereaved came to him in the lowly house and he wiped their tears. He found solace in the balm he gave others. He had discovered his new task. It was his old task to assuage pain, to spread love, to make all men brothers.

St Francis of Assisi, hoeing his garden, was asked what he would do if he were to suddenly learn that he was to die at sunset that day.

He said, "I would finish hoeing my garden."

Gandhi continued to hoe the garden in which he had worked all his days. Sinners had thrown stones and filth into the garden. He continued to hoe.

LOUIS FISCHER.

A horse that is hitched with others to a wagon is not free to walk in front of the wagon; and if it will not draw, the wagon will strike its legs and it will go wither the wagon goes, and will pull it involuntarily. But, in spite of this limited freedom, it is free to pull the wagon, or be dragged along with it. The same is true of man.

—LEO TOLSTOY.

After all my boasted independence curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds..... Do for God's Sake, send me that sum, and that by return of post....forgive, forgive me!

—Letter to GEORGE THOMSON.

## SOME RECENT RESEARCH

V.S.

Most new research organisations are started with a lot of fanfare and publicity. However, it is refreshing to report of one which was established so quietly that nobody will know of it until he reads this.

With the instalment of the new mess committee a new department came into being. 'The Department of Catering Technology and Applied Nutrition Research.' A number of investigations into such diverse fields as fluid stability, plantation biology etc. have resulted in a series of papers. A brief résumé of the titles and a layman's explanation of each follows. To indicate the calibre of the papers presented the bibliographies cited are also included together with information to facilitate the process of reference in the I.I.T. library.

1. "An investigation into the stability of hot viscous organic fluids with particular reference to the problem of Random overflow from constraining vessels."

This is an interesting investigation on the problem of Rasam, Sambar, etc., falling on to the table cloth and laps of the diners.

The analysis (incorporating stochastic i.e. Random processes) arrives at certain conclusions. The theory predicts (and is confirmed by experiment) that excessive overflow (or spilling) will occur whenever the vessel is violently agitated either by hand or by a spoon. The problem is aggravated by using the same spoon for different liquids and for solids such as dry curry.

2. "Anomalous behaviour of magnification factors in the Quantum flow of water." This timely paper deals with the apparent anomaly between theory and practice in the problem of determining the quantity of water in a tank or tanks. By introducing such variables as the make of the slide rule used in calculations and varying systems of rounding off (eg. 1400 as 2000) the paper satisfactorily explains, but suggests no solution, to the so called 'water problem.'

3. "The Generation of noise with stereophonic effects due to moving loads on plates." Though this paper does not strictly come under Nutrition it is interesting. It deals with the creaking of cots. By extensive mathematical manipulation, the conclusion, that the problem is unsolvable, is reached. However, by introducing certain approximations, the author, who remains anonymous, suggests that periodic changes might reduce the average amplitude of the noises.

## BIBLIOGRAPHIES

To facilitate reference the headings under which the books can be found in the I.I.T. library is included.

1. (a) Hydrodynamic and Hydromagnetic Stability by S. Chandrashekar.

(Under ELEC. ENG. in between "Design of Dams" and "Problems in Indian Economics".)

(b) "Hypersonic flow"—French (Under German Gift and in between GRIMMS FAIRY TALES and Mein Kampf).

(c) "Stochastic Model etc." by S. K. Srinivasan (ANNUAL NUMBER—I.I.T. Science and Engineering section—OUT OF PRINT).

2. Flow through Pipes (under REFERENCE—now lost).

3. STEREO systems (under CIVIL ENG. next "Transistor Physics" and "Chemical Kinetics").

This is just a sample of the wealth of material available in the papers published by this excellent organisation.



## EDITORIAL

### SHE AND YOU

Campastimes was born on Thursday August 3 1962. She has come into this world and hopes to become very much a part of the life of Iitania. The Iitan will give her a very short time, maybe two or three months (since at present it is a monthly) or may be a little charitable and predict a slow death for her. Uncharitable as her critics may be, the other Iitan is bound to defend her.

She is definitely not going to be hasty, but she would like to be more juvenile than infantile (regardless of her birth), for she does have to cater to Student tastes. She would not like it to be a poor version of any current literary or a degenerate Student's rag. She'd rather strike a balance between the two with intentions towards the latter.

She is wise, very wise for her few days and already knows what is in store for her. The unavailability of articles (though she has come out with an issue in a fortnight). Stuff like 'O Kashmir, you most beautiful...'; geographical descriptions of towns and distant (and some-times not so very distant) lands and similar trivia etc. etc. etc. She may have to sift out (or is it sieve on a mesh) the relevant and appropriate from the agglomeration—the sieved material so small in quantity that her Editors shoulder the burden of writing and bringing out regular issues. The over burden of work may tend to delay in Publishing, but Campastimes is indignant and has already stated in clear terms that she is one of those freaks who would like to be published every month at least. She hopes having read so much of this 'not so much triviality' her readers are aware of her needs. On her behalf the Editors appeal to her readers to lighten their task in this matter. Criticisms and complaints are welcome when they are constructive. Letters, too, are welcome as long as they are substantial, humorous not merely funny. In any case let us not have witty comments and complaints from those who would not try to improve Campastimes.

### LITERARY ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

#### Programme upto 13th September:—

15th August	.. Debate
30th August	.. Quiz Programme.
6th September	.. Group Discussion.
13th September	.. Talk by Prof. Krishnamurthy on 'My Impressions of Japan.'

(Topics to be announced separately)

For announcements on the activities of the various sections of Institute Gymkhana, please contact the Editor of 'Campastimes'.

## TRAVELLING LIGHT

(with apologies to Cliff Richards)

He puts them on, those killer looks,  
This is it—by gum; of all the flukes.  
Leather jacket and pipes to drain,  
He just can wait, he goes by train!  
Toothbrush 'n' comb, he will not haul,  
They're a bit too heavy after all.  
By love engulfed his heart's agleam,  
But his pocket's empty with all those  
dreams.

And when he comes with grit and grime,  
The living light from the door does shine;  
'I've got another', she bawls and screams,  
'so bye for now, you goddamned Steve  
Reeves!'

V. S.

## NEWS AND VIEWS

SURJIT RANDHAVA

Last Saturday night I cycled peacefully down from the main gates to the Hostel. At the branch-off I decided to take the older road. At the island, however, I went slam into something and sailed merrily off my bicycle. Got up, gathered my things and went and had a look what it was all about. A sign-post saying 'Road out of Order'! A sample of what happened to Bawa and Mahesh when they along with their scooter went into a ditch dug across the main road.

Talking about sign-boards, have you seen the one at the island? A visitor told me that if he followed the directions to the Hostel properly he'd have to go up the clump of bamboos growing just behind.

Tennis in our Institute started a few weeks back with a big bang. A whole lot of boys wearing all sorts of coloured clothes reached the courts at 3 p.m. The balls were brought an hour later. I was told they wanted to decide as to who would play on which court.

Incidentally, Bawa has finally got his scooter tyre repaired. It took him roughly a month to get this done. Anyway, now he'll once again become a useful inmate of the Cauvery Hostel.

Mahesh who had caused quite a stir in the Institute with that differential-less contraption of his—The Go-Kart, seems to have lost all enthusiasm for it and has gone back to his Vespa. It is alleged that he was rather perturbed about flames a metre long shooting out of the exhaust every time he went over twenty. After about a week's running parts had started falling off. Comes out of making things at home.

On August 2, 1962, all the professors of our Institute were informed that Dr. A. N. Khosla, Member of the Planning Commission and Director of the National Institute of Sciences of India would be visiting the IIT on the fourth morning.

Subsequently on the third, Dr. M. V. C. Sastry was at the airport to receive the important visitor. Dr. A. N. Khosla being a Governor Designate, the Raj Bhavan car was already there waiting for him. As soon as an important looking person got off the plane and moved towards the waiting car, Dr. Sastry approached him and requested him to visit the Institute the following morning.

Came the fourth morning. Sharply at nine, a big car drew up and out stepped a impressive looking gentleman dressed in khadi. He was immediately taken to the Director's office, and Mr. Ramaswamy proceeded to explain the layout of the Institute. Slightly raised brows could be observed when the distinguished guest wanted to know when the Institute was actually started. But an explanation was soon found: He wanted to test the professors' memory. Brows, however, were raised to their maximum extent when he showed a stern disinclination to visit the workshops. Even Dr. Kraus' cajoling 'But they are very nice and the machines are very modern' aroused next to no enthusiasm in Dr. Khosla who would rather visit the hostels.

During tea—or should we say: lingering over a glass of fruit juice?—Prof. Sampath disturbed by misgivings cautiously began to tap Dr. Khosla's secretary, and the information he eventually received, caused a near furore: 'Dr. A. N. Khosla' was actually Shri Mehdi Nawaz Jung, Governor of Gujerat and Chairman of the Central Lalit Kala Academi.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

DEAR SHOT-PUTTER,

Dozens and dozens of nice names were suggested for our Bulletin. And what do we go and do? Choose a title by stealing words from some poor pencil-chewing hard thinking contributor and merely recombining them. Just because I was outvoted at that Committee meeting it doesn't mean I can't bawl my head off on this page.

Anyway, I don't deny the fact that it was an ingenious and shrewd scheme. This way nobody gets the prize, thus saving our funds from an economic collapse. Right?

Yours etc.;

SURJIT RANDHAVA.

Too late to put those wise who took the wrong Dr. Khosla through laboratories and workshops.

As luck would have it, a few minutes later the real Dr. Khosla arrived. There were not many people left to receive him, but it seems the credit goes to Mr. Dubay for having brought the situation under control.

The day, however, was saved by the canteen people by producing somehow or other a fresh plate of sandwiches. Rumours saying that these were the leftovers of the previous party, have to be rejected as libellous.

Moral: Never be in a hurry to meet a guest. Let him come up to you.

In planning and constructing the Science and Humanities Block—affectionately called the 'ScH'—the authorities have taken pains to instal ultra-modern devices whose benefits are already experienced by students and teachers—What a treat! One such device with which the lecture halls of ScH have been equipped, is 'Antivox'. Trial runs of the first unit have made such a hit, that a second unit was speedily dragged across the hills around ScH and set in operation.

'Antivox' successfully drowns human voices, especially wrong answers, witty remarks and snorcs of slightly absent-minded back-benchers, thus creating the stimulating atmosphere of the good old silent screen.

'Antivox' may also be used as a concrete-mixer.

### TRANSPORT PROBLEM

Various methods have been suggested to tide over the transport problem that has harried the campus from its earliest days. It is proposed to have a running race for the students rushing out for their week-end. Every Saturday at 1 p.m. after lunch all the boys leaving the campus for the city will gather near the Taramani Gate. The 2 Kilometres Race to the Main Gate on the Guindy Road will start exactly at 1 o'clock and all are expected to join.

To solve further the transport problem Dr. Klein is expected to add a trailer to his lorry. At present only ten persons can be accommodated in the lorry. He, as most others, is often heard to complain about our corrugated roads, which—as rumour has it—have been constructed to last for two years. As the roads may be soon rendered unusable by and for vehicles with wheels, we hope the German Government will send us several hovercraft.

Idea of the Month: How about a Juke Box in the Canteen?

P.S.—The author invites readers to pass on to him any ideas, views and bits of news that they may like to see in this column.

## IIT CO-OPERATIVE STORES

### BUMPER SALE

Aristo Studio Slide Rules — Rs 32 each  
(Exempt from Duty)

Staedtler Drawing Boxes — Rs 22 each  
(Exempt from Duty)

Heavy rush . . . . . Book your orders now

NIRMALA—(Continued from page 1)



Sekar understood her, he could think of none else as his friend. So sweet was her form! So melodious was her voice!! So enchanting was her smile.

Nirmala was the only daughter of a well-to-do Zamindar but neither wealth nor position had made her proud. Her illustrious education at the University had not in any way compelled her to follow a modern and fashionable way of life. Simplicity was her forte and in it, she seemed to blossom like a rose. Her calm and simple virtues adorned her far more than the artificial and lustrous forms of jewellery.

Sekar had met her in one of the dissection classes. He remembered how he had scoffed her for holding the scissors in that awkward manner and how he had helped her in her first dissection. Thus the past seemed to come before him and incite his imagination. As he sat there, thus musing, there was a sudden rustle of leaves and from among the parting of tiny bushes emerged Nirmala for whom he had waited so long. She was robed in a beautiful attire and as she came towards him, he felt as if it was the dawn of a new age. He sat there gazing into those lovely eyes which had enthralled his imagination.

'Nirmala! Why are you so late? Do you know how long I have been waiting for you? Like a thirsty traveller . . . ' began Sekar in his poetical manner.

'Enough! Enough!' she said, interrupting the intellectual imagination of Sekar. Sekar was surprised to hear this. His words seemed to have no effect on Nirmala. She was staring into the beautiful roses blooming in the wilderness. She tried to force a smile, but her lips seemed to be glued together.

For a moment, she seemed a picture of unshakeable resolution and a strong determination.

Sekar moved a step ahead and he placed his arms gently on her shoulders and entreated her in a loving tone 'Nirmala! Why are you so angry with me? Why are you weeping? What sorrow has clouded your beautiful face? Tell me! dearest! tell me!' This soft entreaty seemed to strike Nirmala at her very heart. In a moment, she was resting on Sekar's shoulders and all she could say was in muffled sobs and he heard her indistinctly 'Please forgive me!' Thus they stood in each other's arms forgetting in that blissful moment the many cares and sorrows of life. In that wonderful moment, Sekar and Nirmala were elevated to ethereal regions of incessant happiness.

Sekar still could not understand the reason for Nirmala's sorrow. Until yesterday, he had visions of a happy home. He would soon be a flourishing doctor and he had dreamt of Nirmala as his future helpmate, in his little dispensary. Perhaps he was foolish! Perhaps he was over-enthusiastic! His head reeled. He could think of no explanation for

this strange behaviour of his beloved. He could not understand the reason for her weeping today.

Gently Sekar wiped the tears off Nirmala's face and gazed gently into her loving eyes. Nirmala gathered courage and in a determined manner she said, 'You will have to forget me!' 'What! What did you say? To forget you after having loved you for so many years. To erase from memory the sweet face that I have adored. Impossible! Impossible,' he said as he plucked a rose from a nearby bush and placed it on her head. He was about to begin an oratory on her beautiful form when she said 'Stop!' She could not continue further. Her charming face was clouded with the sorrow of some unforeseen circumstance. In the midst of sobs, she said 'I am betrothed'. She could utter nothing more. And though she stared into the thoughtful eyes of Sekar, she was not seeing him. Her mind was a complete blank.

As Sekar gently stroked the lovely form of his dearest, she continued. Her head was bent and her eyes were fixed on some scattered flowers on the ground. She said 'You hurt me! Its true that I loved you without reserve. Its true that I had you as my supreme lord, but now alas! dearest! I must! I must leave you! You alone have been my true love, but circumstances have forced otherwise. Today, I leave you, never to see you again, never to live again in the castle of my hopes, never to see your happy face again, never to hear your sweet words again. Fate has thrown you and me far apart but even in that far away distance, it's you who will be my guide, its you who will be my ideal. I have enjoyed every moment of your company. Every glimpse of you has been a source of happiness to me. It's time for me to part, but let us not part with sorrow. Let not our affections be wasted.' Choking with emotion and tears in her eyes she said: 'Let us be . . . let me be a younger sister to you.' She could continue no further. Her voice failed her. Her rosy cheeks were flushed. When he looked at her, there was no response. She was silence personified and this eternal silence seemed to mock his ideas of love and romance. Though she tried to speak, her words were drowned in her stifling sobs. She was weeping.

To Sekar, it came as a bolt from the blue. He had not expected it at all. All at once, his world of imagination was shattered to pieces. He could not believe that it was Nirmala who was saying these things. It was all over for him. In that split moment of trying circumstance, he made his decision. He turned to her and said 'Adieu! Dearest! I cannot conspire with Fate to force decisions from you! May God bless you!' He could not restrain his tears. But with a heavy heart, he left her. As he walked away, at every step he turned back to have a glimpse of the maiden who was no longer his love, of an angel who could not understand the depth of his feelings. He thought her cruel; he thought she was wicked to desert him, but all the same, she seemed so divine, so angelic to have the power of will and determination for such a hard decision. She had been so near and yet so far.

There they parted, never again to enjoy each other's sweet company. Perhaps never to see each other again, but all the same they left with a hope for a better life and littered with the reminiscences of a past that was glorious and a future that was not to be.

Destiny made Sekar seem a fool, a mere cog in the mighty Machine of Time and Circumstance.

\* \* \*

It was thirty years afterwards. In a magnificent Pandal, a wedding was going on. The blare of conches and the lilting music of the Nadaswaram intensified that happy atmosphere. A young couple was walking round the sacred fire. The marriage was soon over, and as people started going away, one could hear such comments as 'What a lovely couple,' 'What a matchless pair!'

But none could ever imagine that the handsome man was Nirmala's son, and the

## SUITABLE GOVERNMENT FOR UNDERDEVELOPED NATIONS

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—these are words which sprang up in the time of the French Revolution. Oppressed by a monarch people want to get rid of him and so we see the revolutions.

In the twentieth century, many Asian countries were given independence by the foreign nations that ruled them. Getting independence is one part and maintaining it is another important part. The question facing these nations is the nature of the government they should set up. Should they be Democratic or Communist?

Any democratic country cannot be Marxist, that is to say, that a democratic country cannot be and will not be socialistic, however the leaders say they are socialistic. It is impossible to remove the social inequalities in a democratic country. The government of these underdeveloped nations cannot undertake all industries into its authority. That is, there cannot be a full public sector. The reason is this that when the state takes the industry from a private owner, they have to pay remuneration to him. Previously, the private owner had to pay tax to the government. As soon as the government undertakes an industry they lose the tax, as well as they have to remunerate the owner. This the underdeveloped nation cannot do. To say they are socialistic, the State maintains the public sector. But when the tax, which the private owners have to pay to the state is more than the profit which the state gets by its nationalising why should the government nationalise these industries at all? The fact, that as long as private sector exists the manager-labourer inequality exists, is true. So long as there cannot be a full public sector, which is true in the case of these democratic undeveloped nations—there does exist social inequality. Thus the aim of these nations to remove social inequalities cannot be achieved.

In a parliamentary system, there is another grave danger. To be elected as a member of a parliament or an assembly one must have money. Even the committee of a certain party which proposes the names of candidates for election, proposes the names of the rich. The reason being that the rich candidates can purchase votes, thereby defeating his rival. Thus the democracy reduces to oligarchy.

After World War I some new types of governments came into existence in some underdeveloped nations. For example the Russian government. In Russia they propped up only one class, viz., the workers or proletariat at the cost of all others which they sought to wipe out. They set up a dictatorship of the proletariat. They assumed that the interest of the state and of the people was one and the same. The individual must live for the state and merge himself in the state. Therefore there cannot be a system of inalienable individual rights. They stood for the concentration of power in the hands of the leader of the party. This type of government sought to organize and control the activities of the people. In countries like Russia where this type of government called communism is followed, the private property is completely abolished. Thereby, the social inequality is completely

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beautiful bride was Sekar's daughter. Only Sekar and Nirmala knew that the various ways of Divine Justice were unpredictable!! Practically unimaginable!! Age had withered their youthful forms but the sweet past came to their eyes once again as they saw the happy young couple come towards them for their blessings.

THE END.

## ON NATIONAL INTEGRATION

T. V. G. KRISHNAMURTHY AND  
D. B. VENKA TESVARLU

One of the burning problems of the day concerning Indian life is the emotional integration of the Nation. It has to be stressed that the problem is not a political one; but it is of primary importance to anybody who may call himself an Indian, whatever the walk of life he has chosen may be. It is not as though only the 'men in the chairs' are concerned with it. It is the duty of every citizen or citizen-to-be to dwell over, understand and partake in the necessary actions or antidotes that are to be applied to the fissiparous tendencies that are prevalent in the country.

India as had been told by many great people, is a country with vast differences in the ways of living, with different languages and customs. The great Indian Culture had been binding them together in a unique fashion quite unparalleled in the history of mankind. Due to the external influences and internal conflicts it has nowadays not been as buoyant with vitality as it used to be. The differences or diversities amongst the people are growing, and just at the moment the problem has attained a menacing complexion. Cries for the disintegration of the country on the basis of unjustifiable prejudices either for language or for religion are renting the air. Even for an optimist it is becoming quite difficult to imagine for how much more time the structure of the country is going to hold on.

These problems arise mainly due to the differences in the religions followed as well as the differences in the languages spoken. It, therefore, becomes urgent that a solution should be explored so as to meet these difficulties. National life seems to have come to be aware of the gravity of the situation, and various steps are being contemplated both by the Government and by the people as well.

Steps have to be taken so that the idea of oneness of the people is strengthened in the country. Maybe a common language or a common script or a three-language formula can serve as a solution to this problem. But it is necessary that a healthy atmosphere is created and the minds of the people are set to look through this problem before any steps can be implemented.

It is necessary, therefore, to do our bit in this great effort for the unification of the country. As students we may not have much to do with political problems. But when certain fundamental questions are concerned, even we should not be indifferent to them. It is our duty to cultivate a national sense and get rid of petty and narrow-minded ideas. As people who are not ignorant it is our duty to explain the facts to the people who are unconscious of them. Particularly, being in an institution like the I.I.T., we are privileged to look at and admire the beauty and the vastness of Indian thought as had been contained in the various languages, various customs and traditions knit together by an underlying Indian character acquired by the people rather by instinct. It is our duty to preserve and enhance the greatness of the culture that has been handed over to us by our preceding generations.

People whose minds are in the budding stages, are apt to be lead away by anything that sounds big and goes against the common groove. The separatist tendencies are fully exploiting this handicap of the young people. As we, too, cannot, perhaps, advocate matured minds, let us guard against these tendencies so that we can claim to be good, loyal and patriotic citizens of our Motherland.

Wishing for intellectual large-hearted and imaginative citizens to the Mother India—  
Jai Hind.

## THE TOWER OF WISDOM

M. VENKATESWARA RAO

Once there was an extraordinary rendezvous of four expert technologists in a renowned part of India—One was a metallurgist from West Germany, one a civil engineer-cum-architect from Rome, one a mechanical engineer from Russia and the other an Indian chemical engineer. Their congregation had a set purpose, namely, to construct a supra-terrestrial monument—the most beautiful, the most wonderful in the world. The German metallurgist suggested that it should be a huge tower made up in Gothic style of a bright and untarnishable alloy impregnated with ground opal to scatter different hues in different directions. The Roman architect insisted on embellishing the monument with nymphae all around built up in the archaic fashion of Baroque or Byzantine. The Russian engineer suggested a magnificent replica on the top of the monument to attract public attention beyond a radius of fifty kilometres. The Indian engineer had alluded to the wondrous non-corrosive iron-pillar near Delhi and expressed his hope that the material of construction for their monument should have such an inimitable chemical composition.

Each of them had decided to infuse their utmost faculties and long-earned experience into this novel endeavour. Accordingly they chose an apt site for the construction and after the usual procedure of governmental formalities, set up the foundations and equipment for the monument.

The chemical engineer had sweated for a long while and as a consequence of his research work could produce the wonderful metal with the composition he aspired for. The metallurgist was very busy in obtaining the variegated cryptocrystalline forms of Quartz from all over the world and analysing them for the multicoloured opal. The architect had taken strenuous pains to carve the exquisite nymphae out of marble. The mechanical engineer after drawing a thousand stress and deflection diagrams, designed a beautiful replica to be the diadem to the royal monument.

The construction had progressed very rapidly and without any dichotomy of opinions among the zealous technologists. The huge metallic tower and the peristyle had been completed according to the unison of the four brilliant minds. The only thing to be done was the installation of the replica on the top of the monument.

"Ach! wie herrlich!" exclaimed the metallurgist looking fondly at the monument.

"Slava Bógoo", the Russian engineer looked gratefully towards the heavens.

"Quel beau bâtiment!" exclaimed the architect in French.

"Khuda ki kasam..." murmured the Indian being unable to suppress his ecstasy.

It took one more month for the mechanical engineer to receive the hovercraft from Russia. One fine morning, in the presence of a gazing and admiring public, the Russian set on his expedition of installing the replica upon the gigantic tower. He had got into the hovercraft and the impetuous public was watching the movements of the hovercraft even without winking. It had risen high and higher up in the sky and reached the archive top of the tower and began hovering around it. The three technologists were proudly awaiting the success of the forthcoming event. But, all of a sudden—there was a clash, and the spectators were panic-stricken at the terrific noise caused as if by a volcanic explosion, and there was a great conflagration which made them shut their eyes. When they opened their eyes, they could see the massive tower broken to its foundations, reflecting the flares of the fallen hovercraft beside it. In his attempt to haul the replica, the Russian engineer collapsed the tower itself, giving a death-blow to the ambitions of his collaborators.

'What a havoc!' exclaimed the Roman architect after recovering from a maze.

'Elende Katastrophe!' cried out the German metallurgist.

'Hai Ram!' yelled out the Indian without constraint.

'Chtó za neschástye!' tuned the Russian who had escaped with a slight contusion.

Thus, though the cooperative endeavour of these technologists resulted in an unprecedented fiasco, the place of the catastrophe is there, even today, with its relics, revealing the zeal and genius of the original planners and inviting the young technologists to the open vistas of wisdom.

## HYDRAULICS

The reported decision of our Registrar to rename our hostels as The Sahara Hostel, The Kalahari Hostel and the Arabian Hostel has raised a chorus of protest from all quarters. Such drastic steps were rendered unnecessary when the hostelites bound themselves under oath to adopt the following resolutions to exorcise the water ghost that has haunted our campus?

(i) that a Beatnik Club be formed with Mr. Randhawa as the Secretary,

(ii) that *rasam* be stopped forthwith in all messes,

(iii) that shaving without electric shavers be banned,

(iv) that the tennis courts and the football grounds be closed (and all vigorous games avoided),

(v) that no bathing will be allowed inside the campus except under pain of immediate dismissal from the hostel, or worse transfer to the other I.I.T.s in the North *Note*: Experiments have shown that the Eskimoes are the healthiest race in the world,

(vi) that members of the hostels will cooperate with the authorities in detecting the hydromaniacs from Kerala,

(vii) that tissue paper be provided in plentiful supply,

(viii) that all members shall lick and polish their own plates before leaving the mess,

(ix) that on rainy days students may be allowed to come out from the lecture halls and have their baths in the open,

(x) that all chemical engineers in the campus shall concentrate upon inventions either to make salt water sweet or to create artificial rain by injecting sodium iodide into the clouds that pass over the campus,

(xi) that as a punitive measure water may be deleted from the portions for study in the Chemistry Exam.,

(xii) that the Security Officer shall be responsible for all illicit distillation of water, inside the campus,

(xiii) that water may no longer be recognised by its definition in the Oxford Dictionary: . . . . . (Well, look it up yourself!)

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## SUITABLE GOVERNMENT FOR UNDEVELOPED NATIONS

removed. There is planned economy in this government. This communist government has great faith in the will of the people. But the will of the people is to be aroused, trained, unified and guided to action. The governments main aim is to uplift masses. But mass of common men cannot understand and so cannot determine policies of the nation. So they have to follow the leader. The communist government follows marxism. It believes in unity, development and equality. It makes all the people equal. Democracy is slow and inefficient.

Thus we see that though the aims of both democracy and socialism are same, one can achieve the aims through the type of communist government surely and rapidly. There is no wonder that Russia rose from barbarism to one of great nations in such a short period. If we want such real rapid development, we have to sacrifice our civil rights and follow Marxism.

P. POORNANJANEYA SASTRY.