

Campastimes

Vol. VII, No. 2

IIT Madras, November, 1968

25 P.

Entertainment or Bust!

The Inter-Hostel Entertainment Competition for the Engineering Unit Trophy went off with a real bang—to be more precise, with a lot of bangs, the left-overs of Diwali crackers. Our IIT audience obviously believes in keen and enthusiastic participation. Often, the entertainment that came from the back turned out more spicy and interesting than what came off the stage. Vocal 'Music', Instrumental Music, you name it, they had it. Whether it was a question of trumpets, or plates and spoons pinched from their hostel messes, or just a matter of their very powerful vocal chords, one cannot but admire their uninhibited enthusiasm.

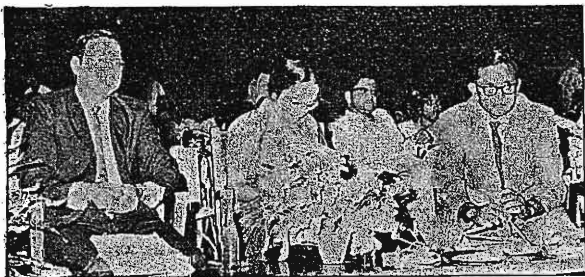
The first to go on stage was Jamuna Hostel, with a pretty good tune from Murali and Kasturi. 'With a little bit of help from his friends', the show would have been more entertaining. The good start petered out into a B grade puppet show that lacked lively dialogue. 'The Necklace', as Ram Sitaram kept insisting, 'was preposterous, was ridiculous'. Things, however, brightened up a bit with a harmonica piece by the Asst. Warden, P. A. K. Murthy.

Obviously *Julius Caesar* is popular with IITians, seeing that two hostels tried to beat the old Bard at his own game. Godavari Hostel came up with ingenious costuming and some pretty good gags. George Verghese on the Piano was impressive. In contrast, the songs that followed were a bit shaky—but Mr. Asthana impressed the crowd with his confidence. The Zulu dance was a waste of make-up.

The bright spot of Saraswati's half-hour was pop-tunes from Kelly and Solomon. Drunks and Deans of lunatic asylums came up with good gags once in a way.

The musically-inclined Krishna Hostel was a big hit, with Vijayan & Co. dominating the scene. Unfortunately their taste in skits was not as admirable. It was unsportsmanly to bring in personal references into competitions of this type.

Kubendran



The Judges

As their own M. C. pointed out, Mandakini is obviously sparsely populated with people—and talent.

It moved many a parental heart when the Ladies Hostel emcee ushered in her group on the second day of the Entertainment. But the heroes at the sidelines were made, like ambition, 'of sterner stuff'. Despite a continuous volume of background noise, and inefficient use of the P. A. system by the performers the L. H. came up with good Carnatic music. Chaya Rao was adjudged the best emcee.

The freshers tried pretty hard to retain their trophy and almost succeeded. The 'Cheeky' youngster, T. V. Krishna, really deserved his best actor prize. Operation APE easily outshone all the other skits in the whole programme.

Narmada came up with a well co-ordinated skit about a man who lost his sense of co-ordination. V. Srinivasan's ticket selling sold well with the audience. Snappy is the word to describe 'the Magnificent Side Kick' and Joshi & Co. Chandrasekhar and Srinivasan pulled off a brilliant two-man mountebank 'Modi Mastan' sideshow.

The prize-winners, Ganga Hostel, were the best by a long shot. The credit of having a well-knit programme goes solely to them. Roy, Sanyal and Amir Ahmed were terrific as the three cool blind mice.

Kaveri Hostel was sleepy.

An Evening in Oat

One couldn't decide how to describe that evening and, after groping for superlatives in Queen's English, turned to German and promptly called it *wunderbar*. And that appropriately summed up the debut by the Germans that evening. Making full use of available resources and talent, they showed the 'Ah-all-crap' IITians what organisation and enthusiasm could do to an entertainment programme.

Believe it or not, they were nervous too, about audience reaction. Especially after witnessing a 'Family Size' dosage of audience participation during the Inter Hostel Entertainment Competition. The more optimistic among them, like Dr. Hans Wagner, were still sure of their show not being a washout. 'If you can't beat them, make them join you,' was the policy. The quizzes and games framed by Mr. Conen *et al.* provided ample scope for the audience to join in.

It was Dr. Pandalai who proposed the idea and Dr. Wagner who said yes. And all of them who worked. Work on the show started three weeks before the Evening. The eagerness of the newer, younger Germans, and the verve of the housewives provided all that was needed. The brainier type sat together to decide on the probability of how many would get all their guesses in their game correct. They reported: one gets all right and fourteen get one wrong. Funnily enough this is just what happened.

Dr. Klein was the Bob Hope of the evening. 'We are sure the evening will go off well because the Meenambakkam Observatory has assured us heavy showers in an hour,' he quipped for a start. He continued right through the programme as the quiz master.

The quizzes were well interspersed with a variety of other items like Waltzing by the Bocks, Swinging by the Henkels, etc. The results of the quizzes brought to light certain points: (1) There are Indian couples more efficient and less efficient than German couples. (2) People from our Workshops have no concept of dimensions. (3) There are members of the Senate who are more resourceful than some of our Gymkhana Reps.

Mr. Peter, after a number of unsuccessful attempts (much earlier than he ought to have) finally had his way and blurted out a vote of thanks. This brought the programme to a close and left the audience yearning for more.

(Photograph on p. 8)

Though slow in starting, the music from Tapti Hostel was well worth waiting for—Daryl Cordeiro and party with their impressive Electric Guitars and drums were almost professional. A good sprinkling of *Mad*, *Playboy* and *Reader's Digest* jokes livened up *Clod Barrow*. It was a pity that Hyder Ali Khan did not use his good powers of pantomime with better taste.

With a little more co-operation from the audience and a little more practice by some of the participants, it could easily have been much better. The acid test of a person's entertaining capability seems to be how well he (or she!) stands the formidable booing.

To sum up, it was a pretty good show.

—M. C. PAL

D. C. RAO

We wish our readers
a hot time these Winter
Holidays

—Campastimes



"Appavoo"

T. V. Krishna

AMERICAN PROFESSORS VISIT THE INSTITUTE

Professors P. S. Myers and O. A. Uyehara of the University of Wisconsin visited IIT and delivered a series of lectures on Combustion Engineering between 28-10-1968 and 2-11-1968. Both the professors are recipients of the Benjamin-Smith-Reynolds' Medal and the Horning Medal. Prof. Myers is the President-elect of SAE for the coming year.



Prof. P. S. Myers

These Professors are outstanding educators and have inspired many students and young researchers to success in their engineering careers. Although active consultants for several industries and governmental agencies, their primary concern is with the students, who are of different nationalities. From researches into the vagaries of engines and combustion, their activities extend to other fields as well, like heat transfer during welding, and modern energy conversion techniques.



Prof. O. A. Uyehara

This is illustrative of their flexibility to the changing patterns and criteria. These Professors have adapted themselves to the attitudes of young people from various nations. The greatest testimony to their work seems to be their students who are spread all over the world. It is with an abiding interest to meet their past students and help their institutions, that these Professors are visiting our country.

Campastimes News.

CARICATURE



Joshy Paul Kallungal

Not many people can boast of winning a Merit Scholarship twice and holding two Inter IIT and four Institute track records. To Joshy Paul Kallungal (who is also the Institute Sports Sec.) goes that distinction.

Joshy first made the IITian scene in December '64 when IIT Madras played host for the fourth Inter IIT Meet. Forgetting his aching ankle, which at one stage threatened to keep him off the tracks, Joshy ran away with the 800, 1500 and 5000 metres establishing records in the 800 and 1500. He was also a member of the volleyball team that won the title that year. On the tracks he was the most outstanding performer for IIT Madras. Illness kept him out of the Bombay Meet and he was unable to reproduce his earlier form in Delhi last year. Nevertheless, his records still stand.

Joshy's performance earned him quite a few admirers. To the campus kiddies he became an instant hero. He was the official authority and guest star at the cricket game outside Prof. R. K. Gupta's house. When he was forced to take up residence in the Warden's quarters in second year, one rather dictatorial lecturer of the fair sex suddenly developed a soft corner for him. Nevertheless, when he attempted to correct one of her mathematical blunders, she silenced him with—'Joshy Paul, you might be good at running but you aren't good at Mathematics!' (How is that for a one-track mind?)

As Sports Sec., Joshy has done a lot of good work this year. He has played a big part in moving the powers to enter IIT in the Inter-University tournaments this year.

The picture isn't quite so rosy all around. His animosity towards the hostel showers is well known. The result is that he doesn't get under them as frequently as he should. One evening Joshy returned bone-dry from the bathroom claiming to have had a 'body bath' even though there wasn't the slightest trace of moisture on his soap or towel! During his schooldays in Bangalore, Joshy held the unsurpassed record of 65 bathless days!

Joshy has also been known to be excessively fond of some of his clothes. At first it was a blue T shirt (something like Ramappa's).

Dr. N. V. C. WRITES FROM GERMANY

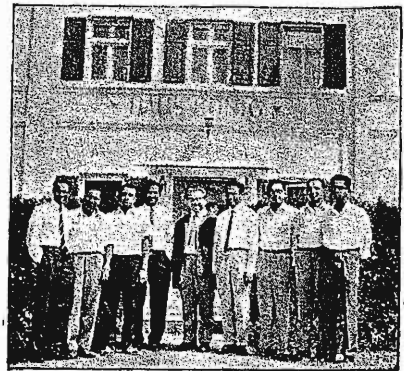
Dr. Chandrasekhara Swamy, who left for Germany in summer, has written us a short account of things around him.

A portion of his letter reads: 'We are undergoing a fast language course in this village, which is very aptly nick-named Sprachenthle. We will finish our course on 8th October and break-up, to go to our various Universities.

'This is a small village, where we are living, with about 40-50 houses. The population is about 500, of which we are 80 Goethe students. There are also about 1000 cows here! The people are farmers and carpenters. Life is pretty dull and uneventful. We are, however, looking forward to our stay in the Technical Universities, where we hope to do some useful work. But I must admit that the language teaching in Goethe Institute is something remarkable!'

Dr. Swamy sends his best wishes to all of us.

—Campastimes—



The Photograph shows, from L to R:

Dr. Kalidas (Chem.), Dr. N.V.C. Swamy (App. Mech.)
Dr. Alwar (App. Mech.), Dr. Ramdas (Chem.)
Dr. Werner (Director, Goethe Institute)
Dr. Radhakrishna (Mech.), Mr. Bhat (Elec.)
Dr. Abdul Khader (Civil), Mr. Sundaresan (Met.)

These days it's a green pant that's seen a lot of Joshy but hasn't yet seen the cleaner. He usually wears it for one long spell (nobody's tried counting yet), gives it a one day 'rest' and it is ready for another spell of service. On the waiting list is a blood-red terylene shirt that Joshy got as a birthday present.

Joshy is quite a practical joker. Together with his old crony and comrade-in-crime Raju, he has pulled off many a brilliant hoax. Topping the list is the time Raju and Joshy played marriage broker for 'Pop' Raphael. Another of their works is the notice that appeared in all hostels on April 1st last year. It ran thus—

'All General Secretaries and Class Representatives are requested to assemble in Taramani Hostel at 5 p.m. to decide about the hostel allotment for next year.'

B. V. A. RAO,
(Chairman, Council of Wardens).

However, none of Joshy's numerous activities cover the cultural field. He is no culture-vulture, and unlike all pseudos he doesn't bother to hide it. Once, Cordeiro approached Joshy with—'Heard this one Joshy? There was this colonel, who decided his regiment needed some culture and so he arranged for a lecture on "Keats"'. When all the rugged soldiers were assembled, the Colonel proceeded to introduce the speaker and the topic—"Gentleman" he said, "it has come to the attention of the Colonel that most of you do not know what a keat is. . . ."

Quoth Joshy—'What's a keat?'

After obtaining his degree, Joshy hopes to go abroad for higher studies. Hard-working and intelligent as he is, he is bound to do well anywhere, especially when he is able to devote all his attention to his studies.

C.M.

MINITALE

"DARLING, YOU SNG LIKE A NGHTNGALE"

On Friday the thirteenth, a man named Krool walked into the IIT campus. He was a determined individual with a hawk-like nose, a thick mustache, a bushy beard and a sinister scar that stretched from his left ear to his lip giving him a perpetual sneer. He had embarked on a ruthless mission a year back, and he looked forward with malignant delight, to the day his task would be complete. He smiled fiendishly to himself and rubbed his scar thoughtfully. Krool detested anything which contained the letter 'i' and he made it an order that everything which had an 'i' be destroyed and done away with. Now this order was endorsed with the Wamba Seal and therefore it had to be obeyed without fail. No one dared oppose any order endorsed with a Wamba Seal for fear of displeasing the Higher powers, under whose reign the world was, in that era.

Krool had, on his way from Kansas, Tokyo and Denmark, destroyed automobiles, bicycles and rickshaws but had left cars, trams, buses and aeroplanes untouched since they contained no 'i'.

Within a week of his stay in IIT Krool made sure that IIT was called T. and Knick Knack was to have the signboard minus the 'Knick'. Krool also invaded the academic section. - There were to be no periodicals or tutorials, but tests, exams and orals continued. Final exams were barred but the half-yearly remained.

Krool visited the workshops and saw to it that the Fitting, Welding and Smithy sections were demolished, but the carpentry portion of the workshops lived on.

On entering a hostel and tasting the grub, Krool was reminded of his mission and so he bade the cooks to have done with Chappatis, Rice, Dosais, Vadais and Idlis; Rasam, Curry, Sambar and Sugar could be had in plenty.

In the academic calendars the year had no April and the week no Friday. The OAT (open air theatre) was to be called the O.T. because of the unfortunate way 'air' was spelt and no movie was screened. Only dramas, concerts, dances and farewell speeches were staged.

Ice-creams were sold no more; instead cokes were perennially drunk. The games allowed were football, basketball, hockey and shuttle. Alas for the cricket-players and the t.t. fans. 'If ever cricket were to be allowed it would be played without the wickets and balls', bellowed Krool in answer to the

plaintive query of a player. P.J's. were cracked by the dozen, but no wit, limerick or spoonerism was ever heard of. Parks and gardens were left as such but no picnics were had in them.

Then one fine day Krool announced the Great Movement according to which words or things with 'i's' were to be pronounced without them and not to be banished from existence. Speech became practically impossible. A 'bird' became a 'brd' and 'mice' became 'mcc'. The library hours were from eight a.m. to nine p.m. Chaos reigned in every sphere of campus life. A chemistry lecturer had a harassing time trying to explain Onsaton potential was ionisation potential and that the full form of T.N.T. was trinitrotoluene. *Campastimes* reluctantly acquiesced to Krool's order. Plural forms changed accordingly and 'rad' was the plural of 'radius', or rather, of 'radus'. And the gentleman who hailed out loudly that he wanted a tax to take him to Gundy was asked to kindly shut up and keep quiet. Many IITians, I mean, many Tans, caught bran-fever and the hospital was full. Pretty girls with plaited hair named 'Kumaris' blushed a deep pink whenever called. An enthusiastic fellow from Tapti, who when complimenting his sweetheart's voice, said, 'Darling, you sng like a nghtngale,' was slapped hard on his cheek. Two fashion models down at Mt. Road had an awkward hour trying to make the salesman at a departmental store understand that they wanted bkns and mnskrt to wear for a fashion parade. Embarrassing situations cropped up from nowhere.

Finally, a day arrived when a gentleman named Smirk decided to defy the Wamba Seal. He stalked upto Krool, pulled his moosh, spat on his face and showed him his place. Krool, the craven cur that he was, admitted defeat and slunk away.

Gradually, things resumed normal proportions. The people hailed and cheered Smirk, proclaimed the day a holiday in his honour and held a banquet. When Smirk was requested to blah a few words, he said 'Better times have come with the fall of Krool's regime. Now no one need fear. The Wamba Seal will be replaced by the Zingo Seal. Everything concerned with the letter 'o' will be.....'

—N. RAMESH.

[Ramesh, you've heard of "The Thirteen Clocks and the Wonderful 'O'," by James Thurber, of course?—Ed.]

THE THREAT

'Twas a threat that the missive did carry,
Which did the judge, a little bit harry,
'Acquit the criminal, if wish you your life,
And the safety of your family and that of
your wife;

Just a word about this, to the security
service,
And you and your family, the world shall
miss';
This was what in short, the mystic missive
said,
The missive that the judge had many times
read.

But the judge was a man, true and bold;
Said he: 'At no price shall justice be sold,'
The accused in question was popular and
well known,

Hence, many to his acquittal had favour
shown,
But the judge knew for sure the criminal's
guilt,

And the very thought of acquittal made him
wilt,
'Convicted'; His voice rang out in the
court-room;
Then homeward he turned, prepared for his
doom.

He prayed for his family, as homeward he
did pace,
His innocent family, which a grave danger
did face.

At home all were safe and happy and gay,
But for the judge it was a very anxious day.
His anxiety did his wife, a great deal annoy,
And wonder she did at the absence of his joy;
For not a word had he said about the threat;
The threat which now made him profusely
sweat.

The next day as he sat, his nervous eyes
blinking,

His wife brought a letter, wondering what
he was thinking.

The sight of the second letter made his heart
sore,

For this resembled the one that came before;
But this letter was not in the least mystic.

'Twas from higher authorities, and he no
longer felt sick,

For it said; 'Well done, you heeded not
OUR THREAT';

Now await with glee, the promotion you
shall get.'

—A. PARASURAMAN.

JUST IITians

Higgledy—piggedly
A lousy journalist
(Indiscreet mutton-head).
Wrote of his pals
After this unpyal
Scandalous exposure
Balram shows Gopakumar
None of his gals.

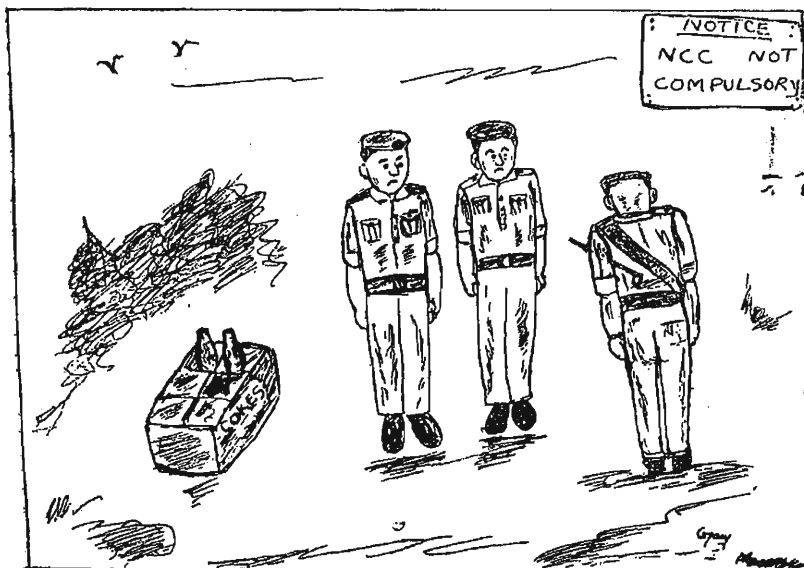
Higgledy—piggedly
Guitarist R. Kelly
Sang to a couple of
Psychiatrists
Audience response was
Purely professional
Kelly is now just a
Soliloquist.

Higgledy—piggedly
D. R. K. Nayudu
Borrowed a mo-bike and
Went for a toss
Medical bulletins
Morosely stated that
He was to IIT
'claimable loss.

Higgledy—piggedly
B. Venkateshwaran
Serious conformist
Noted a flaw
Characteristically
Light-hearted maniacs
Crave to deposit him
In Shangri-la.

—N.K.

UNITY AND DISCIPLINE



"Cumpny wun will attack Cumpny two"



EDITORIAL

WHERE TO START?

Everyone is for improving the Gymkhana. The activities of its various committees, in particular of that committee for which 'work' has had to be made to justify its existence, has attracted much banal comment. The more muddled the structure of our Gymkhana gets, the clearer becomes the case for a radical change in its set-up.

The Gymkhana has faced many problems: that of increasing number of committees, floating clubs, circles—all of which have totalled an exploding number of representatives. This fragmentation of responsibilities has less advantages than disadvantages; for apart from desired action, organisation and communication are involved.

Is an improvement possible? Possible or not, the case for it is so compelling that we have already taken steps towards it. It is encouraging to note that the General Secretary is aware of the problem, and intends remedial measures which will go a long way in stabilising the existing set-up. The Executive Committee has been constituted, and the publications group reconstituted.

It is hoped that the response to the thoughtful recommendations for an Editorial Board, instead of an elected Publications Committee, will be positive. The switchover to a Board consisting of nominated members will represent a further step forward in our 'Reformation' programme.

ENTERTAINMENT

Perhaps not more than the selected few who are responsible for providing entertainment (to the IITian crowd) can realise the difficulties involved in putting up a good show. That there is very little reason for booing from beginning to end, is known even to the 'booper'. One would think that the OAT harbours secret evil spirits which slip into IITians when they enter the place as audience; and dictate their mood: 'Boo, or you're a goner!' Let the IITian do it—but let him also, as he might sometimes say, 'have a heart, yar!'

THE MEET

IIT Madras has always tried hard—to avoid the fifth place. Considering that a good number of our sportsmen do not wish to take part in the meet at Kanpur because they 'will miss the holls', we can only pray for a miracle.



Preparations are going on for the Kanpur Meet.

Letters to the Editor

Quick Before it . . .

Sir,

I would like to convey to *Campastimes* and its readers a brief account of a factual incident which took place during the second day of the Inter-Hostel Entertainment at the OAT. At the height of the incessant booing, blowing of trumpets, clanging of plates, and bursting of fire crackers, which formed such a conspicuous feature of the proceedings, I heard a voice from behind me demanding why all this racket was being made, and suggesting that the performers be given a hearing. On turning around to see who it was, expressing what was obviously a minority view, I found that it was not a resident of our campus at all but of one of the neighbouring villages. In view of the fact that these intruders at our functions have already come in for mention in *Campastimes* (for example in 'Over a cup of aye aye tea' in the last issue), I wish that we devote ourselves with renewed urgency to the effort of keeping them away. Who knows, their dangerous ideas of decency and fair play may pollute the atmosphere of our Institute entertainments. Or they may start to copy the unique and original tradition that we have so carefully built up.

Yours etc.,

RAJARAM NITYANANDA.

On Being Frivolous

Dear Editor,

It is disturbing to be told that 'we have not evolved a philosophy of life' (at twenty). It is agonizing to know that 'we imagine ourselves to be martyrs'. It is shameful to hear that 'it is a stigma to be serious'. It is maddening to find that 'we have an obsession for the frivolous'. It is a relief to know that we do have advantages like 'some nice movie every week where lots of people let off lots of things'. It is appetizing to acknowledge that 'we are nearly starved of the right kind of companionship'.

But it is sad to find a young man going out of his mind.

Tsk! Tsk!

Ever thine,

K. S. LOGANATHAN.

On 'On Being Serious'

Sir,

The willingness of Mr. B. Venkateswaran to 'grant' this, that and the other does not mitigate the fact that his views (Letters to the Editor, Oct. '68) are tiresome, repetitious and hackneyed. I for one fail to see where all this frenzied harping on seriousness has led him: the letter seems to be written primarily to convince B. Venkateswaran, and others whom it may concern, of the seriousness of the said B. Venkateswaran, rather than to engage, entertain or elevate the IITian at large.

I disagree with the view that the 'serious and intellectual young men' here practice the 'loathsome hypocrisy' of trying to 'pass themselves off as lighthearted chaps'. To begin with, this implies that they all behave in the same way; but as a general rule intellectuals do not move with the mob—they make their decisions on an individual basis. Secondly, the combination of seriousness and intelligence is not inevitable: the combination of lightheartedness and intelligence is just as natural. What exactly does 'serious' mean? If it means refraining from levity when matters of great moment are at hand, there is no controversy: we are all serious enough on occasion. But if it signifies a twenty-four hour state of mind, I suggest the word 'gloomy' or 'depressed' or 'pessimistic', and freely confess that I avoid such specimens

(Continued on p. 7, col. 1)

By the Way

The evenings are drawing in. From time to time the weather turns grey and cloudy, and there is a vague drizzle which suddenly turns into a downpour, and as suddenly subsides. In fine, November is here. . . . and the lack of gunpowder, treason and plot is compensated in suspense and tension, if not in entertainment value, by the approaching examinations. But none of that now. The idea is to take our minds off these lurking horrors, not to brood on them.

The Model General Assembly at the Stella Maris College was a fair success. And considering that this was their first attempt at holding an inter-collegiate function, with the gates thrown open to the men's colleges, it was more than that: it was a significant achievement. To those who have tired of the usual inter-collegiate melée of debate after weary debate on the same old topics, and quiz after hackneyed quiz with the same old questions, the change was welcome and refreshing. I heartily applaud the initiative and enthusiasm which characterised this attempt, and I hope we will see a lot more of it in the years to come. Not only in other colleges but in our own campus as well.

The other day Professor A. L. Krishnan gave a fascinating talk on 'The Meaning of Tragedy' under the aegis of the Department of Humanities. In the brief compass of an hour, he could not elaborate his analysis of the form and nature of high tragedy, but even his brief exposition of tragedy as interpreted by Aristotle was full of meaning and significance. His concluding remarks on the meaning of tragedy, and its quality of elevating rather than depressing the reader, carried complete conviction. His frequent allusions to the great tragedies (he confined himself to the Greek Tragedy and Shakespeare) were carefully explained, so that our ignorance of such literature proved no handicap, but indeed a privilege for having found so learned a guide to introduce us to it. His allusions were never made for the display of erudition, but bore out admirably the characteristics of tragedy as he saw them, and brought out in a purely incidental manner the beauty of the originals and the awesome extent of his understanding of them. Altogether it was a wonderful experience, and all of you who find such things interesting will no doubt look forward as eagerly as I do to his next talk, on 'The Meaning of Comedy'. I hope I am not mistaken in venturing the opinion that the Humanities Department will find considerable response from us to such activities.

News drifts my way that some of the films shown in the Open Air Theatre are considered unsuitable. I would be the last to hold all of them up as shining examples of the triumph of aesthetic and technical perfection, but a few mild words of protest are not out of place. Nobody gets a preview of the film to be shown, and even if he could, the time schedule of the IITian precludes the Secretary from so doing. Further, even if he did get the said preview, he could hardly presume to pass judgment over the varied taste of our two thousand. Morally objectionable material is supposed to be deleted by the Censorship Board anyway. Grouses about unsuitability subsequent to censorship necessarily represent personal points of view. Due deference should be given to them, but this is a free country and those who disagree are at liberty to do so. If an occasional extra inch of leg, or some such similar peccadillo, is going to draw alarmed squawks from the audience, we are not the adults we thought we were. The tendency to overprotect is as bad as any other restrictive tendency. Anybody who is old enough to stand on his own legs in a figurative sense, and decide to come here and study technology and stay in the hostel without his nanny to look after him, is also old enough to decide whether a given form of entertainment is 'suitable' from his point of view or not. And having decided, to act on this decision. It is quite time we reasserted our right and duty to think for ourselves.

—S. PARAMESHWARAN.



The weather is just pippin right now as I sit down to pen this cup of tea. It is as if one has drunk the milk of paradise, on honey dew fed and finally washed it all down with a deep draught from the old fountain of youth. It may be a bit thick, but in my imagination I can perceive a chap taking the afternoon off to catch a couple of hours' snooze, running into his Professor, who pats him on his back and tells him not to worry for he knew how exactly he felt.

However, the weather may not last, according to the meteorologists, who say that a 'depression' is moving in from the Bay of Bengal—may be it is something in connection with the Terminal Exams.

The last issue of *Campastimes* hit the campus on a bright Saturday not long ago. I took my copy and toiled into the Dining room to muse over it there, over a bottle of Coca Cola. Soon I was perusing that magnum epistle on Sidekicks. A casual observer, studying me, would have felt that the makers of Coca Cola had fallen in line with Solvay's arguments and had ammoniated the beverage before carbonating it. In other words, I choked on the Coke! I mean it's one thing to say that my views are diametrically opposite to those of the authors and perhaps, theosophically speaking, they and I didn't vibrate on the same plane or that our auras were not in the same colour, but it's quite another thing to run into articles of that sort in *Campastimes*.

The trouble with using *Campastimes* for personal attacks is that in no time at all it catches on and spreads like the much talked-about wildfire. Just supposing that the chaps who were at the receiving end of the jokes in 'Sidekicks', decided to sit down and each wrote an article saying that a little bird whispers in his ear that the combined brains of the three authors could be comfortably packed into the ink container of one of the smaller variety of commercially available fountain pens; and that a look at one of them shook his belief that Man was Nature's last word; and that the last time he saw a face like that of the second, Tarzan was feeding it bananas; and that he didn't want to say much about the third bloke because the poor fellow was handicapped from birth with a concrete block, which served as a cheap imitation head, or things along those lines, see where it lands *Campastimes*. In no time at all it would deteriorate into the level of those cheap trashy mags, which every week brings news of what such-and-such popular matinee idol had been doing to what's-her-name screen actress and things like that.

The article served no purpose—it just brought out the news that the Institute had sidekicks (it took three of them to write the stuff too) and... and what?... that's all! Moreover it's a sad day when people have to insult their friends to impress others, which is a method not advocated by Dale Carnegie anyway.

The authors have some terribly wrong notions also. It's not true that everyone who has had his education in Public Schools, wants to be an Englishman, and goes around whispering 'Oh! To be in England' and things like that! Speaking English with the correct pronunciation, accent etc., doesn't mean that persons who do so go around saluting the Union Jack first thing in the morning and whisper 'God Save the Queen' after their nightly prayers. What's more, according to these chappies Bill Shakespeare was all wrong when he gassed about the whole world being a stage. Ha! they say, funny fellow this Shakespeare!! Anybody

can see that the world is not all a stage, but just a conglomeration of sidies. Not only that either, if we are to believe these chappies, there can be no emotions like friendship, love etc, etc, and everything of human relationships boils down to—either you are a sidie or somebody is your sidie—this is what puzzles me and many wiser men!

It is on very sound principles that lightning conductors have been placed on top of the Administration Building. I wanted to call them a blot on the landscape but there are so many of them there that it is the landscape itself! A Civil Engineer chap tells me that one such conductor is enough to keep lightning out of mischief within a radius of three miles. I am not sure on the figures myself but I suppose these Civil Engineers know what they are talking about—after all it is these fellows who go around putting these eye-sores on the buildings. Maybe after a few centuries the building may collapse out of sheer old age, it may be bombed out during a war, it may even be torn down by rioters of some sort; but one thing is pretty sure—lightnin' ain't gonna touch our li'l main block.

It is generally believed outside the campus that the tastes of our guys is as highbrow as they come. Boy! Are they mistaken! There was this Jazz movie show and fellows were going around behaving as if Darwin had come looking for the missing link and everybody wanted to qualify. And after that when, in the feature film, James Stewart came on filling Injuns with lead (Cheyenne Autumn) there was a roar of approval. Again, in 'The Man Who Knew Too Much' when James Stewart grabs the assassin, there was the uproar associated with the 'four anna seats'. Some highbrow taste, hunh, preferring James Stewart's antics to Dave Brubeck's jazz!

During the Inter-Hostel Entertainment Competition, though our behaviour when the Girls' hostel came on wasn't exactly what Sir Walter Raleigh would have recommended, in general the amount of yelling and booing has come down. Keep this up and who knows, one day in the near future we may even end up with our old image of being the City's gentleman-college!

The Institute Gymkhana is an Institute affair. The statement is ridiculously redundant, yet not too many people notice that (the gymkhana's being an institute affair that is, not the redundancy of the statement.) The idea is that the staff members are as much members of it as the students are. Then how come for the Gymkhana Inauguration there was no staff participation? I don't mean that the Professors should organize themselves and do a little Bhai-la or something along those lines to amuse us, but a bit of Veena strumming or vocal exercise on stage could have gone to show the old one-for-all and all-for-one spirit.

At the Gymkhana Inauguration another thing I noticed was that the External Affairs Committee has been renamed as the Social Service Committee, which, I suppose, means that from now on, its members, instead of going around having affairs outside the campus, will be sent to the villages and slums to teach young mothers how to bathe their babies, maybe do a little road building and things on those lines.

That, I suppose, is all the news and I had better sign off. Don't despair, for as the hero of a play once said—when the fields are white with Daisies, I will return.

Best of luck in the exams.

—GOPE.

K. SRIDHAR ROLLING TROPHY

A Rolling Trophy for proficiency in sports, either cricket or bridge, has been offered by Shri C. R. Krishna Rao, father of K. Sridhar, B. Tech. Shri K. Sridhar who did his B. Tech. here passed away soon after he joined the M. Tech. course

The Trophy will commemorate his close association with the Institute.

—*Campastimes News*.

From Here and There

The 'Administrative Block' (A.B.) of our Institute, overlooking the library and the ladies' hostel and having the look of the L.I.C. is fast getting ready. I have seen the construction of it going on for years and a friend of mine once told me that it would be ready for the Convocation. He was clever in not mentioning which Convocation he had in mind. It is yet to be seen what plans the authorities have regarding filling up its basement area, since left to itself as everybody knows, it will become another parking place for the Bulets and Volkswagens.

In this connection, I have my own suggestions to make. Following the example of L.I.C., we can have showrooms of some of the important companies in the city. However it may not be liked by all, as it will become another shopping centre where most of the shops are opened only to be closed again after a few months of service. The next alternative will be to adopt the Saffire pattern and we can call it either 'Ten Gems' or '17 Jewels' where between 10 p.m. and 1 a.m. the continental dish, Lizi or Zizi, dances to the tune of Madras-36, on all those nights when we do not think of a periodical the next morning.

IIT's saddest edifice is the one foot thick 'Berlin Wall' recently constructed by the Institute, separating H.S.B. 142 and the computer room from the rest of the world. There was a time when our IITans sitting in the back rows of their class-rooms used to appreciate the works of God, when there was not much to appreciate on the black board, by looking out in admiration at those open corridors, the tamarind tree and the popular C.L.T., where vital issues like 'Whether India needs Military dictatorship or Women dictatorship' were decided in an hour's time. There was also a time when some of the boys used to let themselves free, unnoticed by the concerned lecturer, taking advantage of the open corridors. Today with the change in the situation, I am afraid we will have to think of building a memorial under this greenwood tree, if someone attempts freedom, adopting the old techniques.

KANCHA, NANDA, KAILA, GOWRI

They, you see, are names of dames
They do not play sizzly games
It is a fact, it is a shame
That deadly girls have deadly names.
The buses here finely maintained
Sometimes at the P.O. detained
Generally at the BSB retained
All the reasons not explained.
Our Velachérians who once were banned
From travelling thro' our deer land
Found the buses quite surplus,
They now travel with children plus.
The guys at Kaveri pretty smart,
Board the bus to the Jamuna start,
The bus leaves full-loaded
Just half-a-dozen foot boarded.
When Stirling Moss in the seat
Fiats and Heralds never compete
The going is great, the going is fun
If you catch the bus without a run.
Sometimes, a Jaffery-charge you make
Lest the bus you shouldn't take
Try once by calling, 'Halt, choo...'
'Jaisa Tha' applies to drivers too.
Hark, now I hear that distant noise
'The bus is coming' says a voice,
Alas, it isn't to your liking
It's just that Prasad mobbing.
Now Lobo and Roy board the bus
Lo! begins a lot of fuss
Lobo finds the ceiling low
Roy finds the bus go slow.
Pray, tell me, what of us
Without the usual IIT bus
Saturdays, minus matinee flicks,
Or to Marina just for kicks.

—PLAGO.

Sportfolio

Hockey

KUMBHAT MEMORIAL CUP MISSED!

Having beaten Stanley Medical 2-0 in the replay, IIT went down 0-1 to Christian in the finals.

For the first time in IIT's history, the Hockey team entered the final of the Jain College tournament but ended up runners, losing to Christian College by a solitary goal in a clean and keenly contested final.

This year IIT entered two teams, 'Maroons' and 'Yellows'. The 'Yellows' made an early exit losing to Vaishnav 0-1 after getting a walk-over from Madras Medical earlier. The 'Maroons', (otherwise the A team) got past Law College with a solitary goal by Abraham Verghese after putting up a drab display. Meeting Kilpauk Medical in the next round we won 2-0, our scorers being Allen and Verghese. Our victory that day was made easier by the Medicos frequently losing their tempers at any decision adverse to them.

Getting a walk-over from Pachaiyappa's in the next round, we ran into last year's runners-up, Stanley Medical, in the semi-finals. We started off in great style with Verghese netting a goal early in the first half. In the second half, Stanley Medical equalised after a defence lapse thus earning a replay.

The replay next morning brought out the best in the IIT team. Overnight dew had made the field slippery, yet we adapted ourselves quicker than our opponents did and went ahead 1-0 when Gill made no mistake with a penalty stroke. The match was safely in our hands when a gift goal came our way thro' Abraham Verghese.

The final, played the same evening, pitted us against our old rivals, Christian College. MCC, fresher than we were, went into the attack from the word 'Go' and got the winning goal thro' their University star, M. S. Monappa. Putting everything we had into the game, we tried to equalise but the Christian defence was hard to beat. Christian had the major share of the exchanges and kept us pinned to our half repeatedly. Anyway, we did well to restrict their goal-hungry forwards to a solitary goal. Alas! it was this goal that separated us from the coveted Cup.

Basketball

Our hats off to the BB Team. The team is one which has won laurels on almost as many occasions as there have been.

This year the bunch of 'flubber men' is being led by M. S. Venkateshwaran, a nippy forward.

George Verghese is the right winger. He has captained IIT for the past two years. With his experience, he has shown dexterity both in the forward and defensive line.

Left winger Abraham, tall (and tough!), is endowed with fine judgment and shooting capacity.

On the defensive line are Ramakrishnan and Kesavan, who have always withstood the brunt of the opponent's attack.

Suresh Bhandari, Parthasarathi, Chillar and Shiv Shankar are the other four skillful players who complete the team.

Coach Philips as well as the players are for team work rather than individual skill.

Tennis

Our tennis team has won all its matches in the inter-collegiate tournament so far, in the current year. They have beaten in succession, Vivekananda (3-0), Presidency (3-0), M.I.T. (walk-over) and Christian (2-0). Engineering College and A. C. Tech. are to be met shortly. The fact that our team players (J. P. Ramappa, R. K. Menon, J. C. Giri and V. Srikrishnan) have not lost a single match in the inter-collegiate is heartening. Particularly creditable is our straight victory over Christian. The scores in this particular tie were: Ramappa beat Bangara 10-6, Menon beat Shivaram 10-6.

Rowing

Indrajit Ray won the Junior Sculls and the Senior Fours Event in the Winter Regatta of the Madras Boat Club, Adyar.

Cricket

Opener V. Ashok and wicket-keeper Balakrishna Sharma were called for selection for the Madras State Junior team. Ashok is 'in'



Basketball Team

Ravi



Hockey Team

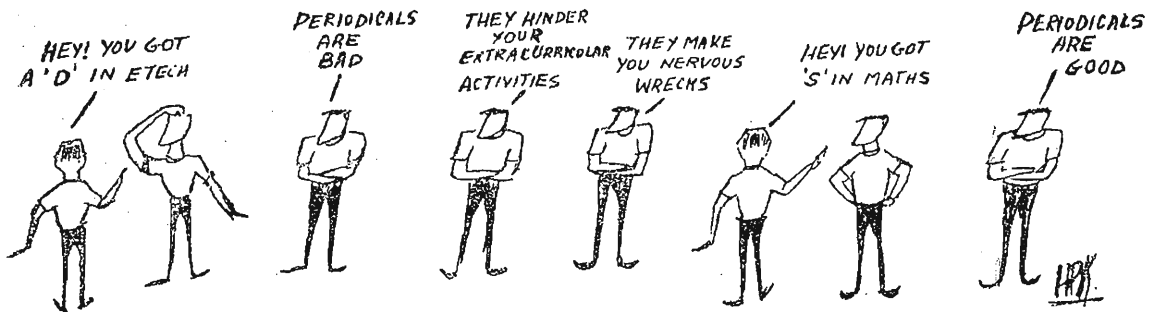
Ravi

MORON IN IIT

A moron whose name I cannot tell
Thought of this place as downtrodden hell
His brother was quite a smart little guy
Who felt he would see this place or die
Our moron grumbled as any ol' chap would
'I'll ditch this blighter if I possibly could.'
Kids are too smart for IIT guys
He gave in at last (Now, forget his size)
Avenues here, Delhi and Bonn,
Flashed past them, and soon were gone
'Bonn Avenue appeals to me
Every tree is a rare beauty'
Gajendra circle in the centre lay

Our hero was in utter dismay
And soon the kid's manner grew curt
He seemed to be— by barbed wires hurt
'Let's go home,' he began to cry
Our moron felt he could have died
Together they went to OAT
The only pride of IIT.
Too young to ogle a colourful saree
He looked at urchins from Velacherry
'Why did they have to build a fence?'
With all this crowd, it doesn't make sense'.
'Shut up, you mutt', he almost shed a tear
If they had sense, you wouldn't be here'.
The kid shrugged his shoulders 'n' said 'Big
[deal'

Stared at the torn screen, reel after reel.
The movie was a mighty big bore
'This place,' said he, 'I'll explore'.
He ran towards the forest dense
And into a lousy barbed-wire fence
Went to his brother with blood on his face
'To your room', he said, with child-like
[grace.
To Kaveri they prodded their way
It seemed hundred miles away
On his way to a warm cosy bed
He stopped as if he were struck dead.
Thoroughly shaken—muttered the pest
'Come now, they say Bonn's in West'.
—DIKZIHWEEG



Letters—(continued from p. 4, col. 2)

like the plague. In the third place, all normal people are sometimes serious and sometimes jocular. To call this behaviour inconsistent is unfair enough, but to brand it a 'loathsome hypocrisy' is highly offensive and uncalled for. Mr. Venkateswaran would do well to reflect that he does not have a monopoly in invective, and that insulting epithets are not logical arguments.

Why this obsession for ostentatious Higher Thought? Why this preoccupation with gloom, this morbid craving for platitudinous pomposity? Why these pitiful strivings after pseudo-intellectualism? Since when has laughter been so insignificant? The strain of our schedule of work is undeniable, and lightness of spirit does much to ease the tension. It is no doubt possible for a person to read Kant's Critique of Pure Reason and The Collected Poems of T. S. Eliot as his sole relief from work, but it is hardly probable.

I am not sure what Mr. Venkateswaran would have us be, but I resent the implication that lightheartedness is synonymous with cynicism and the lack of national feeling. Indeed, I fail to see any connection whatsoever between these diverse attributes. The sudden intuitive leap bewildered me. Cynicism, is a contempt for all worldly things and experiences and comes from a serious rather than a frivolous frame of mind. As for doing something for the country, we are understandably reluctant to make speeches about it. Ideals and philosophies of life are too personal, too lofty to be vulgarly bandied about in common conversation. How these feelings are linked with the compulsion to stagger around in sackcloth and ashes, I really do not understand.

The reassurance at the end that he is not declaring total war on humour—graciously, as it were, permitting its presence as a lesser attendant to the Grace of all Graces, Seriousness—is of dubious worth. The judgment of what constitutes an 'admirable mixture of humour and seriousness' is arbitrary. It varies with the person and with the situation. But I firmly maintain that humour is the saving grace.

Yours sincerely,
S. PARAMESHWARAN.

Gymnasium

Sir,

It is surely magnanimous on the part of the Institute authorities to maintain a gymnasium for the benefit of the surrounding village population. One hopes that there is at least a ten year plan to provide students with gym facilities. Some points which may be noted:

A gym need not function as a traffic island for regulating the evening rush between the hostels, gate, Velacheri and the institute buildings.

Motor cycles, various passers-by, stray kids and dogs and varieties of insects should not be seen or heard as the case may be.

Hazards due to frequent collapsing of apparatus, strangulation by banyan tree tentacles etc. can certainly be avoided in an indoor gym where sun, rain and termites are absent.

Indian Standards 2459 to 2463 contain some information about apparatus. Sand is not a substitute for mats.

An indoor gym can also incorporate activities like weight lifting and boxing, which are at present permitted to function only in hostel cellars, if at all.

—A would be gymnast (no more).

Our Image

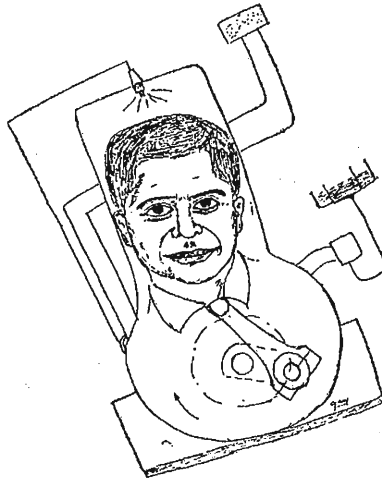
Sir,

How conscious can one be of one's image abroad? Admirable though the sentiment might be, there are limits to which one should go in trying to protect it.

Mr. Parameswaran ('By the Way,' *Campastimes* October '68) seems to be haunted by the idea that the image of IIT might be tarnished. The consequence—a lengthy discourse on the lack of public mindedness of an individual...—seems to have defeated its own purpose.

Yours etc.
P. RAMNATH.

PERSONALITIES



Dr. B. S. Murthy

In a place like IIT, where both staff and students consider it a fashion to be always late for class and be proud of it, too (this, incidentally, being the only thing they have in common), it is indeed a rare thing to hear a lecturer, on entering the class, utter these cheerful and apologetic words 'Good Morning, boys, I hope I haven't kept you waiting.' To add to this breach of convention, the lecturer does not go immediately to the black-board and start writing the 26 English and 24 Greek letters in a not-so-orderly manner. Instead, with a characteristic hustle and bustle, somewhat magnified by his stature, (not magnified stature) he continues from where he left off the previous class, explaining the physical concepts involved in combustion, in an animated manner, which would make Rolf Scharre look pedestrian.

His elaborate explanations, repetitive if need arises, may result in slow progress, but the student is real sure of his 'fundas!'. Such a person is Dr. B. S. Murthy, Prof. of I. C. Engines and acting Head of the Dept. of Mechanical Engineering.

Prof. Murthy belongs to that old guard whose interest in students is not confined to class-rooms. Interrupting his lectures in the middle, he would remark to a student, 'By the way, I met your uncle the other day. He

is a great pal of mine. Isn't the world a pretty small place?' However, in his view, his interests are not reciprocated and he is disappointed that even students at the research level fight shy of approaching him despite his repeated attempts to break the ice.

Dr. Murthy states vehemently that the proper place for an academician is the classroom and that nothing gives him more pleasure than teaching, especially with receptive and responsive students as in IIT. Yet, this should not convey the impression that students are any different here from elsewhere, and thus his basic approach to students has been the same, all through his career.

Dr. Murthy recalls, with a smile, the torrid spell of ragging he underwent on his first day as a lecturer, and how the very same boys gave him a heart-rending farewell a year later.

Dr. Murthy graduated from Mysore University and worked at the Annamalai University and at the Birla Institute of Technology and Science, Pilani, before going over to the United States for his M.S. course work. While at Wisconsin, he also worked in a couple of Engineering Firms and on his return to India, he joined the Faculty of Mechanical Engineering at Ranchi. A little later, he worked for his Doctorate which he was awarded by the Mysore University.

Prof. Murthy feels that the workshop-training, and the ability to produce what one designs, differentiates an engineer from a scientist. While he is all praise for the German scheme of compulsory workshop training, he feels that it could be modified to make it less monotonous.

Regarding his present work here, Dr. Murthy feels that what is currently called I. C. Engines, should really be treated as I. C. Engineering, and will eventually emerge as one of the specialised modes of energy conversion—just as in a fuel-cell or water turbine, with as vast a field of application as any other mode of energy. He is confident that I. C. Engines will outlive the generations to come, though the pundits have given it a theoretical burial.

Besides his life as a teacher, Dr. Murthy has other things to look back upon with pride. He was in the (then Royal) Indian Air Force as an Education officer and later in the N.C.C. at its inception, at Annamalai University (he held the rank of a Major).

Dr. Murthy is a true example of perfect harmony between intellectual seriousness, bubbling friendliness and warmth.

He is fond of Indian classical music (Carnatic and Hindustani) and is keen on recording good pieces on tape.

—KALYANASUNDARAM,
R.K.V.

PHILIPS INDIA DONATES AN ENDOWMENT

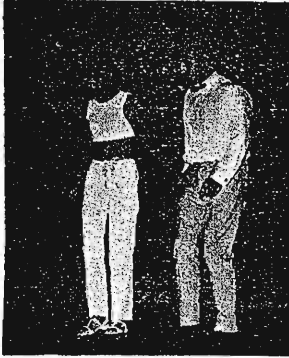


Mr. V. T. R. Chandran, Regional Manager, Philips India Ltd., Madras, presented a cheque for Rs. 10,000 to the Director. Mr. M. G. Damodhar, Manager, PTT Department, is looking on.

Philips India Ltd. are giving the Institute this amount for an endowment to mark the association of this industrial organization with the work of the Institute. The endowment is to be used annually for the award of prizes to outstanding students and for extension lectures at the Institute by outstanding scientists or technologists.

GERMAN EVENING

(Photographs by Kubendran)



1. "BEAT" HENKELS



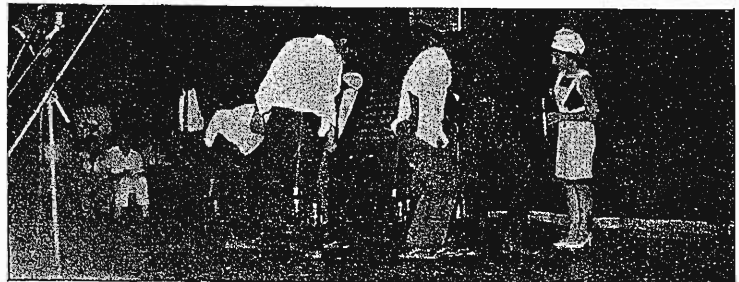
3. A COUPLE OF COUPLES

1. Boots are made for walking. Snaps are here for staring.
 2. Ooo... la... laa...
 3. Tying ties can be trying.
 4. Kooo... shik... shik... chick... yeah, real chic.
 5. Blue Cross for the Woody Woodcutters.
 6. It is a belief that people count their fingers after they shake hands with him.

2. "CHA-CHA-CHA" HENKELS



4. "KIDS TRAIN"



5. "RED CROSS"



6. "MAJIC" WAGNER

Out of thousands who fored the results of the games, only one person got ' all correct '

	TEAM I	vs	TEAM II	TEAM I	DRAW	TEAM II
1.	Indian Couples	vs	German Couples		X	
2.	Administration	vs	Central Workshop	X		
3.	Indian Children	vs	German Children		X	
4.	Ladies' Club	vs	Staff Club			X
5.	North India	vs	South India			X
6.	Female Students	vs	Housewives	X		
7.	Senate	vs	Institute Gymkhana	X		

Results of the competitions