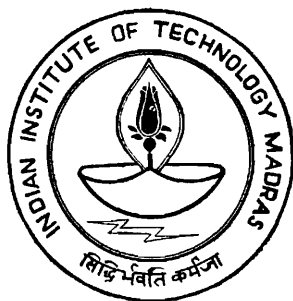






**1962-63**



***Fourth Annual Number***

MAGAZINE PUBLICATION

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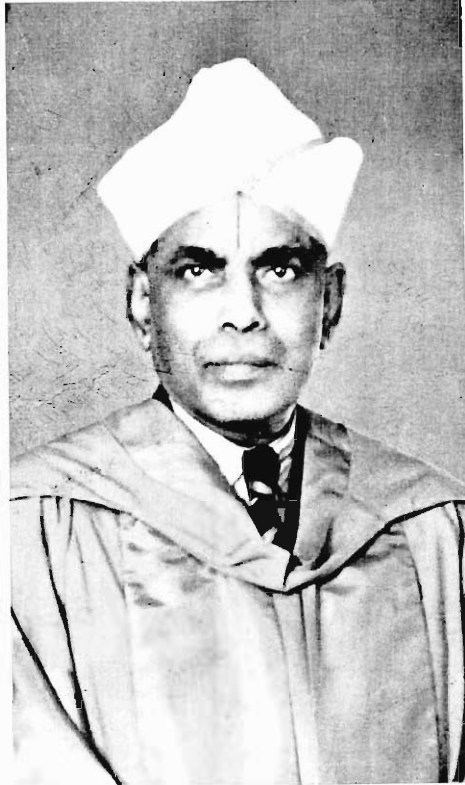
G. VISWANATHAN, *Editor*

V. S. KUMAR, *Associate Editor*

S. NAGESHWAR, *Assistant Editor and Secretary*  
*Magazine Committee.*

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**Padma Vibhushan Dr. A. L. Mudaliar**  
*Chairman*  
**Board of Governors**  
**Indian Institute of Technology, Madras**



The Institute rejoices at the conferment of the title of "Padma Vibhushan" by the President of India on Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, in recognition of his signal services to the Nation and wishes him many, many more years and honours.



PROF. B. SENGUPTO,  
*Director.*

Indian Institute of Technology,  
Madras,

*15 February, 1963.*

Man realises his own weakness and his state of helplessness only when he is face to face with adversity. It is only the brave and the strong who can face it with fortitude.

Let us, therefore, in this hour of crisis resolve that we will shed all fear and do our duty by our country. Let us further resolve that we will do our work to the best of our ability and leave others to do theirs in their own way. We will help our comrades in case of need and will not thwart their efforts by pointless criticism.

ॐ सह नावतु सह नौ भुनक्तु  
सह वीर्यं करवावहे ।

तेजस्विनावधोतमस्तु  
मा विद्विषावहे ॥







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\*Prize Winning Contribution

# Indian Institute of Technology MADRAS



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We enter the threshold of the New Year with a deep sense of satisfaction and pride. It is but natural that we pause to look back to survey the events of the past year. As we do so we feel no need to be apologetic about our achievements.

The woody old campus is slowly being transformed into a lovely township. Nearly two hundred families have moved into the quarters. Hearth fires have begun burning in many homes. The dream of a residential Institute has materialised at last. We are sure that a new life will begin for us in our Arcadian surroundings. We shall soon build up a healthy social life in the campus.

Some of the facilities without which normal life would be impossible in the campus have been provided for the residents. A Post Office and a branch of the State Bank of India have started functioning. The Institute Co-operative Store has already become a flourishing organisation.

One of our recreational assets is the open air stadium. It was there that a magnificent welcome was accorded to the West German President, Dr. Heinrich Luebke, a welcome that turned

out to be an unforgettable pageant. The stadium shall serve as a fraternising centre where through art, drama and sports we shall make life worth living for all of us.

To these solid achievements we shall add one or two more. The post-graduate classes in Physics and Mathematics have been started and accommodation in the campus is provided for those who have joined the course. The Science and Humanities Block is coming up near the sylvan walk, rising like an aspiration into the sky.

As for the Annual Number it speaks for itself. Some people in baleful accents frighten us by saying that the arts fight a losing battle in our technological civilisation and that they see no hope for them. We shall not be unnerved by those raucous voices. The contributions to this number have exposed the hollowness of this fear. We do not live in a golden age. This is an age of gas, of atomisation. Still we have proved that in this campus a climate of sweetness and light can be created. If this number has contributed even in a small measure towards achieving this objective, our efforts would have been amply rewarded.

—The Editor



Dr. h. c. Heinrich Lübke

*President of the Federal Republic of Germany*



## Dr. h. c. Heinrich Luebke

*President of the Federal Republic of Germany*

Dr. h. c. Heinrich Luebke, second President of the Federal Republic of Germany, was born on October 14, 1894 at Enkhausen, a village situated in an idyllic valley of the "Sauerland" hills of Westphalia. Here his parents ran a shoe-shop and a small farm where Heinrich Luebke used to work as a boy.

It was the intention of his brother Franz who, after their father's early death, looked after the children, to give them a better education than the village school of Enkhausen could possibly provide. Having taken additional tuition in Latin and other subjects not taught in the elementary school, Heinrich Luebke, therefore, first joined a high-school at Werl, and on Easter 1913, he passed the Final Examination at the famous grammar-school "Petrimum" at Brilon.

After completing one year's practical training, he enrolled as a student of agriculture, geodesy, economics and regional planning at the Bonn School of Agriculture. With the beginning of World War I in August 1914, however, he joined the army as a volunteer serving in an artillery regiment. Towards the end of the war, he was attached to the General Head Quarters as Lieutenant of the reserve.

After the war, Heinrich Luebke resumed his studies at the Universities of Menster and Berlin graduating in agriculture and surveying in 1921.

His professional career was marked by his particular gift to coordinate opposed interests. At first, his main interest was concentrated on the welfare of the small peasants, tenants and settlers of Westphalia whom he organized in 1922. Similar organizations developed in other provinces, and when these were united in a "National Federation of Agricultural Small and Middle-Sized Holdings", Heinrich Luebke was elected its manager. Closely cooperating with the "Bauernbund" (Peasants' League), he, in 1926, brought about the amalgamation of these two organizations

uphold and defend the Basic Law and the laws of the Federation, fulfil my duties conscientiously, and do justice to all. So help me God.'" (Article 56 of the Basic Law of the Federal Republic of Germany).

For Dr. h. c. Heinrich Luebke dedicating all his efforts to the well-being of the people has always been the ruling passion of life.

N. K.

## A Resolve

by

*Y. S. Kumar*

The cannon roars and bullets fly,  
Buzzing round the serene peaks,  
Shattering the magnificent calm,  
That haloed India's heights.

Waking from their eerie dream,  
The apostles of Panch Sheel rub their eyes,  
To look aghast at their erstwhile friend,  
Whose treachery base is unsurpassed.

The mighty white majestic peaks,  
Stand sentinel with frothing anger,  
That blocks the enemy, to await,  
The negligent gods to return to their posts.

The loyal sons tighten their belts,  
To belt the foe a ringing lesson,  
The pure face meanwhile blushes,  
Tarnished with Chinese blood.

The truant gods come at last,  
The mortal heirs wash her face,  
To restore her to brilliant white,  
And hoist the tricolour once again.



# KEYS

*S. Nageshwar*

Possibly the easiest things to lose (excepting of course, one's heart) are, I suppose, keys. Never was there a situation more exasperating, more perplexing, than a last minute rush to find your keys to lock your room, before you dash off somewhere in a terrific hurry and your elusive keys become even more elusive.

To look at, keys appear innocuous little things, half the size of nothing (which contributes to their elusiveness) which can do little more than open locks (as if that is not enough anyway) but to realise their full havoc-causing potentialities one has to have one's full quota of experience with them.

To recall a daily occurrence with many of us. Quite a large proportion of the student community of I. I. T. wake up just in time to get ready and make it for the first hour. The time for dressing, breakfast and the whole morning routine is calculated to an accuracy far beyond that of the slide rule: even such diverse factors as professors coming late to class are taken care of. In theory, all such arrangements are worked out to enable us to reach on time—5 minutes late (One of my friends carries it to such proportions that he regularly eats breakfast on his way to class!). But now enter the one unknown, unexpected factor—keys. In a programme calculated with more than slide rule accuracy a few minutes searching for keys makes the difference between being in class in time or late.

Just when you step out of the room, you feel in your pockets—no keys. Then begins a frantic search for the keys and a fruitless one it is too for they are not located. The search extends to some very unlikely spots (like waste paper baskets and what not) and to some likely places like the day before's dhobi clothes in the dirty linen. Finally in exasperation, you stumble into them. Where? In your file! By this time you

have let fly such a volley of interesting words that it has left by standers struck and amazed at the effectiveness of the language you employ! That is one up for keys.

One of my friends returned to his room after a late night and coming back found that he could not lay his hands on his flat key. After searching his pockets and racking his brains, while half asleep, he almost woke up the whole neighbourhood by his frantic and rather noisy efforts to open the door. By this time some cautious neighbour had put in a call to the police and the next thing he knew he had got himself a nice and comfortable bed in the cooler on charges of house breaking! It was next morning before he convinced the officials of his bonafides and got back. After a few days came a bombshell. His key was found in the lining of his coat having slipped through a torn coat pocket!

Some people believe that single keys are lost easily so why not put them in a bunch and keep them safe? All very well but unfortunately the keys don't share that opinion: You miss the whole bunch and are in worse trouble. In fact they are more devastating when together than when they are single for after all unity is strength.

An opposite view prevails among some people who say that since you are going to lose keys anyway why not lose them one by one and keep some of them longer. This is quite fatal too. If you lose your car key, you find you cannot get in. Since your house key is inside the car, you cannot get into the house and since the safe key is inside the house you cannot open the safe! since the safe cannot be opened you cannot get the duplicate car keys! see!

Keys have a habit of getting lost at the most uncomfortable moments. If they wouldn't then I don't think one could have found so many boys standing at the Institute gate and cursing with all their eloquence (in the pre-bus days) bemoaning the loss of their cycle keys. The prospect of a 2 mile walk at 10'O'clock at night is not particularly welcome and all for a key.

“ A place for everything and everything in its place ” is an oft repeated proverb. Having got exasperated times without number, I tried to do something about it. It seemed the easiest little thing in the world to hammer in a small nail in the wall and hang a bunch of keys on it. But, alas! the next time I looked there, not only did I find my keys missing but I also lost a nail in the bargain. So much for my futile attempts. I still have keyless days.

We have managed to do so much about sending men up in space and inventing all sorts of gadgets to lighten our load but couldn't somebody find some sort of thing called an automatic key finder?

At I. I. T. the problem seems to have been solved partially. Most keys open most locks (since all of them are the same make.) However one of our boys has come up with a revolutionary new idea. A friend tells me that no lock is invulnerable to a well-directed and well-placed kick at the proper angle from the toe of an N. C. C. boot. This epoch-making discovery has lots of potentialities but has only one snag. People would start losing N. C. C. boots, then!

## Why did the Chinese Attack Us ?

*T. S. Ananthu*

An American student was sipping tea in a restaurant in Milwaukee along with an Indian classmate.

“You know” the American remarked, as the discussion drifted to politics “I don’t quite believe reports that the Chinese have attacked India.”

“What do you mean?” asked the surprised Indian. “Don’t you believe your own news agencies?”

“Ha. well . . .” the American shrugged his shoulders in perfect Milwaukee style. “But it looks odd, you know, that the Chinese should attack you. After all, you would anyway have turned Red within a couple of years. Kerala and West Bengal, I was told, were already on the verge of having Communist Governments. Why, your people gave Krishna Menon a majority of more than hundred and fifty thousand votes? What more proof do you want to know that India was turning Red. And then Mao spoils all the game by snatching some unpopulated hilly areas! No, I don’t quite believe it”.

On about the same date, a Russian worker was sitting in a cafeteria in Moscow with an Indian journalist. He had a copy of the day’s “Pravada” in his hand, and was reading it in exactly the same way as a christian would read his Bible (in Russian “Pravada” means “Truth”), believing, assimilating and digesting each and every word appearing in its columns. In one page, there was an article on Indo-Soviet friendship, the next column contained one on China’s tremendous progress, and the third one contained a brief account of the fighting in the Himalayas. The Russian was bewildered. He could not understand how two Socialist countries were at war, and, making use of the freedom of the Khrushchev era, said so openly to his Indian friend.

The American's and the Russian's disbelief at the Sino-Indian border war may look strange to us, but a close examination will show that it is odd that, China should have attacked India, of all countries. Weren't we the first to recognize the Communist Government in Peking? Wasn't it India who, year after year, brought forth resolutions at the U.N. General Assembly to seat Red China? Wasn't it India who advocated China's participation in the disarmament conferences? Wasn't it Nehru who ridiculed the "two-China theory"? Then why is it that Mao attacked us? A closer and dispassionate examination of the problem will reveal five factors which impelled the Chinese to invade Indian territory.

\* \* \* \*

The first factor that has to be taken into consideration is the fact that China is a nation of 7,50,000,000 people—one fourth of the world's entire population. And the land they occupy covers hardly of the world's dry space. The Chinese not only live in crowded cities and villages, but have also built houses in deserts and finally in areas yearly rampaged by rivers changing courses (e.g. Yangtze—Kiang and Hwang Ho) and by storms, draughts etc. Even then, the Chinese have found that they do not have enough space to live in whereas beside them are countries like the Soviet Union where land is so abundant that prizes are offered every year to those women who produce the maximum number of children. So what is the course left open to the Chinese? Grab some of the neighbour's territory.

To expand the country has been the basic policy of all Chinese rulers from time immemorial. Necessity is the mother of invention, and the necessity for more land has provoked the Chinese to invent new claims to different lands. Originally, China consisted only of what is now called "China Proper". The territories of Tibet, Sinkiang, Manchuria and Inner Mongolia were not part of China. But, by and by China incorporated them all into herself. However, the need for more land did not

end, for the simple reason that as more land was added, the population increased too.

The claims of the Chinese have gone much beyond what they control now. In 1875-77, they fought to retain Turkistan under their control. They faced war with France for suzerainty over Tongquin, and nearly entered into one with Russia over the possession of Kuldja. It would interest readers to know that they once broke off relations with Great Britain for the latter refused to concede their demand for suzerainty over Burma (then a part of India)!

All the rulers of China, irrespective of ideology, have been expansionists. Before 1911, China was ruled by kings who used to send their armies to conquer neighbouring countries. They had a beautiful way of advancing their territorial claims. They forced their weaker neighbours to send presents to the Emperor. The Chinese called these presents as "tributes" and therefore the nations sending them as "tributary nations"—a synonym for colonies. The next step was to claim "suzerainty" over "tributary nations" and the final one to annex their territory (For details, please refer "History of Modern Times" by C. D. M. Ketelby in which it is described how England was also classified as a "tributary nation" in the Chinese Gazette because King George III had sent a present to the Emperor).

In 1911, a Republican revolution took place in China and Sun Yat Sen's Government replaced the Emperor. Sun Yat Sen was revolutionary in his outlook on all questions except one—expansionism. His successor, Chiang Kai Shek, discarded all his policies but one—expansionism. Then came the Communist revolution in 1949. Mao Tse Tung attacked Chiang, denounced him, condemned his men and then trampled under his shoes all his policies, but one—expansionism. Both Mao and Chiang agree wholeheartedly on one (and only one) question—the legitimacy of China's claims to neighbouring lands, including Ladakh and NEFA. The Kuomintang regime, in a note to the United States protesting against her recognition of the McMahon Line, declares that "on this question of national frontier, all Chinese stand

united as a nation". The Chinese in Macao, Malaya, India, Indonesia, Hongkong—in fact, all Chinese all over the world have given support to Peking's claims. D. R. Rajagopal of the "Express News Service" reports that an American correspondent in Honkngong has been forbidden by his Chinese wife even the mere mention of the McMahan Line "unless" she says "you want the Sino-Indian border dispute running through our house."

\* \* \* \*

If China's policies have all along been expansionist, then why is it that the Chinese did not attack us while the Emperors ruled them, or while Sun Yat Sen or Chiang Kai Shek was at the helm of affairs? Why was it left to Mao to break the bond of friendship that connected these two countries for over 2000 years?

The answer is simple. An imperialist nation, in order to be successful in its territorial adventures, must not only have a strong and united people behind it, but also a strong and efficient Government to lead and direct a strong and brave army. In the last few decades before the Communist revolution, the Chinese had no Government worth the name, and no army of soldiers having even a tinge of bravery or sacrifice in their blood. To put it metaphorically, the Chinese lion was sleeping. It did open its eyes for a short while when Sun Yat Sen took over power, but went into a cosy nap again when Chiang became Premier. It was left to Mao Tse Tung to organize the "People's Liberation Army"—said to be the most disciplined army in the world. And with the creation of a strong Government {and a strong army, the Chinese once again gave thought to their so far latent but basic idea—that of expansionism.

But this time the idea of expansionism was combined with and aggravated by two more equally powerful impulses—nationalism and hurt pride. The Chinese are proud, nationalistic and sophisticated by nature. But for over 300 years, they had been suppressed and ruled by foreigners. They had experienced perhaps the bitterest taste of Western colonialism—Portugese

Macao and British Hongkong are still its remnants. These foreigners had lured the Chinese to sleep by making opium available at cheap rates, and had exploited the country's riches to the maximum extent possible.

How easy it was for Mao to go round his people, reminding them of the atrocities committed on them, and consequently instilling in them the worst hatred for foreigners! How simple it was for him to make them believe that Tibet and the McMahon Line were creations of British imperialism! Their sense of nationalism and pride was thus converted into support for Mao's policy of expansionism. The Chinese realized that they must have their rightful place in the world. Yes, the sleeping lion had awoken.

This lion could perhaps have been tamed in the initial stages by admitting it into the United Nations. But the U. S.—supported and assisted actively by Chiang—refused to accept the hard fact that one fourth of the world's population had turned Red. So China was kept out of the society of nations.

If a little, weak man is kept out of society, he may be able to do nothing but protest mildly, but not so in the case of a huge, big, strong giant. China's position in the society of nations is exactly similar to the latter. Chinese pride had been trod upon and crushed for 300 years. And now, even though she was a free nation with a powerful Government, she was being ignored. This was more than what the proud Chinese could bear. How they asked, could an organisation which did not represent one fourth of the world's population be called a "world body"?

So Mao decided that he must make his presence felt in such a way that others dare not ignore his country again. Which was the best way to make his presence felt? Obviously by sparking off international conflicts, by disputing existing borders. And to aid him were the innumerable claims made by his predecessors—including Chiang—to adjoining land.

So the lion, now wide awake, turned its head to and fro in order to find hot spots to create trouble. To its east was Formosa, well guarded by the U.S. Seventh Fleet, so it could do nothing but



shell Quemoy and Matsu. Further north was Korea, where its forces were stopped at the 38th parallel by "U. N." forces. To the north west and west was the Soviet Union, and though tempted by its vast empty lands Mao could not risk a war with his only powerful ally. But to the South lo and behold! the vast hilly areas of Tibet lay empty and (defenceless).

\* \* \* \*

And so it was that the Chinese forces occupied Tibet in 1950—an event whose importance should not be minimized while considering the Chinese aggression of India.

China's suzerainty over Tibet in 1950 opened the question again. India had till then never accepted Chinese sovereignty over the roof of the world. But Indians were, at that time, all praise for China's new regime, and only inaudible protest voices were raised when Nehru conceded China's 'suzerainty' over Tibet.

Suzerainty is defined by the English dictionary as "nominal sovereignty", but Mao obviously was not ready to accept that. He considered Tibet to be as much a part of China as Manchuria or Sinkiang was.

There is a legend in Tibet that the fourteenth Dalai Lama would be the last of the Dalai Lama—and perhaps it is a strange coincidence that the present Dalai Lama—the fourteenth and obviously the last—had to flee Tibet. What actually happened between 1950 and 1960 in Tibet culminating in the Khampha revolt and the Dalai Lama's seeking asylum in India is anybody's guess, but one can come to some reasonable conclusions by considering the following facts :—

1. Mr. Nehru's disclosure that the Dalai Lama, during his 1956 visit to India, had expressed a desire to stay on in this country as he felt the Chinese were not inclined to heed his words in administering Tibet.

2. The Dalai Lama's arrival in India was reported by the New China News Agency three days before the Indian Govern-

ment got to know of it and within a few hours of his reaching the Indian border.

3. The Chinese Government's accusation that the Dalai Lama was "under duress" and their allegation the revolt in Tibet was inspired by "Indian reactionaries".

The Chinese, there is no doubt, wanted to implement Socialist reforms in Tibet—and the Dalai Lama claims he has no objections to these reforms. Then why is it that he did not want to go back to Tibet as early as in 1956? The Dalai Lama himself gave the answer when he said that millions of mainland Chinese were encouraged to settle down in Tibet. Mao had not occupied Tibet in order to attend to the development of its highly backward people. Being preoccupied with China's own problems, he had no time for that. He had done so to find an outlet for China's surging population.

The second fact proves that the Chinese watched the Dalai Lama move from Lhasa to the Indian border. Otherwise it would not have been possible for them to report his movement so accurately and so soon. Why they so deliberately allowed him to slip away is a mystery which can be solved only on making the assumption that they were all along under the impression that the Dalai Lama was supporting them and that the rebels were compelling him to move along with them to India. This assumption is confirmed by the fact that they repeatedly reported the Dalai Lama to be moving "under duress" to India.

Perhaps the Chinese expected the Dalai Lama to make a statement supporting them and condemning the rebellion in Bomdila. This would have acted as a crushing blow to the Khampas. When the Dalai Lama did something quite the opposite, the Chinese got a rude shock. However, they were too proud to imagine that they were wrong in assuming the Dalai Lama's friendship. Instead, they pinned all the blame on the Indian official who read out the Dalai Lama's statement.

The above theory is given further confirmation by the fact that the Dalai Lama is still respected in Tibet, his picture still

hangs in Peking's parliament House and the Chinese invaders, on retreating from Bomdila, destroyed everything but did not touch the picture of the Dalai Lama.

The Tibetan episode was the green signal for the deterioration of Sino-Indian relations. China had suffered the worst humiliation—condemnation by the United Nations, and believed that Indians were the cause of it. The asylum granted to 12,000 Tibetan refugees and the publicity given in the Indian press to the Dalai Lama only kindled their rage against us. The Chinese Premier Mr. Chou En Lai was particularly sore that newspapers like "The Times of India" had given 8-column banner headlines on two consecutive days to hail the Dalai Lama's arrival. He could not understand the fact that India was a democratic country having a free press, and the views expressed in newspaper editorials did not necessarily coincide with those of the Government.

Chinese occupation of Tibet and Mao's anger at India's treatment of the Tibetan revolt have great significance. Tibet had acted as a buffer state between India and China for centuries. With the disappearance of this buffer state, our 2000-mile long border with China became alive.

While Mao and his advisers were seething with rage at India's alleged part in the Tibetan revolt, something happened which though not of very much importance to the outside world played a major role in deciding Mao's anti-India policy.

It was the deterioration of internal conditions in China.

The Chinese rulers, in their enthusiasm to make China once again a major power in the world, had launched almost simultaneously on three huge development programmes—the Leap Forward, the Great Leap Forward and the Grand Great Leap Forward. A series of natural calamities—floods, droughts etc., coupled with a certain amount of lack of planning resulted in the failure of Mao's economic ambitions.

This was just what Chiang was hoping for. Now he could tell the mainland Chinese that the Communists had, after all, fared much worse than what he did.

The only way for Mao to take the mind of the Chinese off their economic difficulties was to confront them with much more important problems. Here Mao was cunning enough to make use of the nationalistic sentiments and aspirations of his people. He raised the question of their national frontier with India. He started this controversy to divert their minds away from their internal problems.

Then came the ideological dispute with the Soviet Union. China was just in the wake of a revolution, and the spirit of obstinacy and rebellion was still boiling in her. She could not conceive of anything—not even a nuclear war—that could exterminate her 750 million people. She disagreed wholeheartedly with Khrushchev's policy of peaceful co-existence, and was particularly sore at the fact that Russia was aiding the non-aligned countries at the cost of increased aid to China. So to attack Khrushchev's policy—which she dared not do openly—she decided to attack a non-aligned nation in order to register her protest. Which non-aligned nation? The previous four factors combined with this new one made India the obvious choice. And so it was a combination of these five factors that led to the event which seemed so very incredible to the American in Milwaukee, the Russian in the Moscow Cafeteria, and to millions and millions of people all over the world—the invasion of India by China.

# Long in Delay

*N. Ramesh*

Oh! Fair Maiden,  
With worry, and care,  
My heart is laden,  
For in every  
Retiring rest;  
As the Sun  
Sinks West;  
Far off! I see.  
A rolling plain,  
Of Life!  
And myself,  
In the Sunset,  
Of my span!  
And soft words;  
Falter at my feet;  
Like, drops of honey,  
From the busy hive  
Of aging time.  
Ah! These words,  
which so long;  
Stayed with me.  
These words;  
That gave me;  
A thirsty desire,  
And was a jewel;  
Bright and gleaming,  
Gleaming in  
The murky depths  
Of a ravaged mind,  
These words which  
Seem to take  
So long, in delay,  
Ere I speed them on,  
To you! To you!

# Rewriting Indian History

A Broadcast Talk on the All-India Radio, Tiruchi

By

*M. S. Vairanapillai, M.A., Ph.D.*

*What is History* ;—History is the story of mankind. It is a narrative of human achievements and failures. The sum total of human activity, good and bad, *tragic and creative*, inspiring and dismal, is related in history without passion or prejudice. History portrays the victorious march of man and his fellows from the unknown distant past to the present day, sometimes with glory and at other times in shame. How the corporate man has behaved or misbehaved forms the substance and form of human history. The art of history-writing, however, is barely 3000 years old. But scientists tell us that our forefathers have inhabited this planet for more than 100,000 years, if not longer.

*Indian History and Geography* :—In the writing of Indian History, the error that most writers commit is their failure to recognise Geography as a basic background for History. Most of the writers make a passing mention of Geography and geographical factors in the beginning, but these do not become their fundamental foundation when their histories are judged as a whole. In most cases, geography ceases to be a potent factor for the superstructure of history. What is often forgotten is that the earth that gave us birth and has sustained mankind throughout history, known and unknown, has been largely responsible in shaping our life and character. Geography which is the study of the earth and its surface, has greatly influenced the course of human events and human conduct. Man has been inseparably related to the earth and its varying fortunes. Geography tells us that men of one region can be very different from those of other regions. It tells us that man is not only affected by his own kind but by the earth as well, including the products of the earth, his industries and his civilizations. We quite often forget that the

mountains and valleys in India, the seas, plains, hills, rivers, the climate, wind, forests, fields, plants, animals and countless other geographical factors have tremendously influenced the growth and development of life and thought of India.

*Pre-Historic India* :—This is a most neglected period of Indian history. Most often, Indian history starts with the Aryan invasion of India, the Persian invasion of India, the Vedic period, the Kingdom of Magadha, the rise of Jainism and Buddhism, and lately deals with the archaeological discoveries at Harappa and Mahenjo-daro. Sometimes, one comes across a passing reference to Dravidian civilization and culture. Indian history starts abruptly, completely ignoring historical developments thousands of years preceding the civilization and culture portrayed in the above mentioned discoveries. Sir John Marshall emphatically states that long before the Aryans were ever heard of, the people of India enjoyed a civilization, in some respects superior to that of Ancient Egypt or Mesopotamia. These discoveries “exhibit the Indian peoples of the fourth and third millenia B. C. in possession of a highly developed culture in which no vestige of Indo-Aryan influence is to be found.” According to the Rev. Father Heras, the builders of such a wonderful civilization were the Dravidians or the Proto-Dravidans as the first known inhabitants of India have come to be called now. Archaeological excavations throughout India and profound researches by unbiased scholars will bring to light this buried history of India for thousands of years.

*Historical Bias to Historical events in North India* :—Indian history is mostly North-Indian history, and in any history of India, the South is given at best only a step-motherly treatment. This valid criticism can be substantiated by going through any text book on Indian history. Out of 100 pages, nearly 80 pages or more are devoted to North Indian history, and less than 20 are devoted for South Indian history for a survey of development in the South. This unconscious emphasis on North Indian history is largely due to the political predominance of the North over the South. In the rewriting of Indian history, this one-sided view should recede to the background.

history as expressed in their daily life, in the corporate effort they make, the social and religious movements that touch and transform their life, and above all, the fortunes that change and mould their character, is altogether left out. Our religious and political bias has greatly minimised our historical perspective. The net result is that our histories abound in dates and places and leave out the life of the people as a whole.

*An Outsider's understanding of Indian history* :—What is the impression of an European or American about Indian history? He must have heard about the caste system; the snakes, scorpions, lions, tigers and elephants; the temples, the Taj Mahal and the Ajanta and Ellora caves; the religions, Brahmins and the untouchables; and some of the great personalities like the Buddha, Asoka, Akbar, Gandhi and Nehru. No doubt, the purple wealth of the Maharajahs and the pinching poverty of the people might have once arrested their attention. Some of our social evils, our helpless economic plight and the condition of our womanhood might have come in for their attention. A few of them might have read about Kalidasa and his Shakuntala. Our political serfdom for ages and the innumerable languages and dialects have been given wide publicity. That we have been socially and politically dis-united for ages, and that we have been a nation of poor people subjected to countless beliefs, superstitions and ignorance might have been broadcast far and wide. Vincent Smith, a famous historian of India, wrote years ago, "The ancient history of India is incomplete without a full investigation of the high degree of civilization extant in India long before the nomadic Aryan tribes penetrated into her plains." According to him, "*Kural* taught ethical doctrine of singular beauty and purity, which cannot, so far as I know, be equalled in the Sanskrit literature of the North." People in the North, let alone the foreigners, would find it difficult to believe that a Pandian King, ruling in Maçurai, sent a mission to Caesar Augustus in Rome over thousands of miles of land and sea, and that a Roman community was once living peacefully in the city of Madurai before Christ was born. But very little of these significant developments is known to the outside world. In the re-writing of Indian history, a balanced history of India, with-



out passion or prejudice, without parochialism or provincialism and without any assumed superiority of one part over the other must be dispassionately presented to the outside world. Indian history must be re-written so that any Indian reading it may take a legitimate pride for her glory in the past and a correct historical perspective of her past failures. It must command the respect of all outsiders as a scientific document.

## Was There Love?

*N. Ramesh*

Was there love, my love,  
In the swirl of your skirts?  
And was there love ;  
In the way you walked ?  
And was there love, my love,  
In the glance you cast ?  
One gnawing doubt ;  
Does dare to shout.  
And if on thine,  
Fair young ear  
It be harsh ;  
Forgive me,  
Then, my fault,  
Dear, as in eager haste,  
I ask thee ;  
Was there love, my love ;  
In the swirl of your skirts ?  
And was there love ! my love :  
Tell me dear,  
Just this once,  
Was there love ?

# Ah! That Unnecessary Evil

*G. T. Sundararajan*

It was perhaps Arnold Bennett who wrote that a woman is a necessary evil but some one else an unnecessary one. For Sundar, however, that some one was—well, not what Arnold Bennett wrote. As the Chief Executive head of a big project, Sundar had secured the unique distinction of having achieved the target of Rupees Seventy Lakhs expenditure that year. Yet on that day his mind was ill at ease, though his lovely, educated and cultured wife Leela was close by his side. He was fretting and fuming and all her gentle and suave attempts at calming him were of no avail.

“Ah! that unnecessary evil!”, he cried, “How I wish God never created that dreadful thing in this otherwise happy world?” Leela, who had also read Arnold Bennett closely, could not fail to note the identity of his reference. She was deeply pained that she, his loving and adoring wife, should be branded an evil—an unnecessary evil too. Naturally she burst into sobs. As tears flowed down her cheeks, Sundar's heart began to melt. He realised his mistake. “Leela, I never meant you” he hastened to console her, “It is impossible for me to mistake an angel for a devil. I only referred to that bloodhound which appeared last year, which has again appeared now and haunts me here, there and everywhere—I simply cannot work”.

“You remember, Leela, that last year I had furnished the project Guest House with ten beautiful camel-hair rugs at Rupees five thousand a rug—a bargain price for that superb quality. The American tourist who stayed in that house recently was gazing for hours at that wonderful creation of the weavers of Kashmir. Do you know what the blood-hound had to say on that? It had no eyes to see and appreciate that beautiful work of art. Instead, it saw only the accounts of their purchase and

certain registers and smiled viciously. Then it wrote a long sermon somewhat to this effect.

“ Expenditure of Rupees fifty thousand on the purchase of costly rugs is *prima facie* more than the occasion demanded. The Officer did not call for open tenders by advertisement but purchased them from an ex-Maharaja by direct negotiation. He had not apparently exercised the same vigilance in respect of expenditure from Public funds, as a person of ordinary prudence would exercise in respect of his own money. He has thus offended against the long recognised standards of financial propriety.”

Actually the bloodhound was at my throat: I would have been overpowered but for the timely assistance of certain practical men who realised the impracticability of such principles, especially at this critical stage of our country's progress, where speed is the essence of all work. Did the bloodhound mean that we should waste our precious time in calling for tenders and follow that circuitous procedure in the vain search for that elusive thing, economy. And what about our fundamental rights guaranteed to us by the constitution—the freedom of action, to spend as we choose, unfettered by the choking rules and regulations? Again what a meaningless comparison between public funds and our own money? Have we any money left with us at all, after all the deductions for provident fund, insurance etc. How can we spend the little left with us lavishly? Can we afford even one single Camel-hair rug? Public funds are on the other hand so vast. Why should we restrict the expenditure therefrom and exhibit our niggardliness to foreign tourists? Strangely enough, all these do not appeal to the bloodhound!

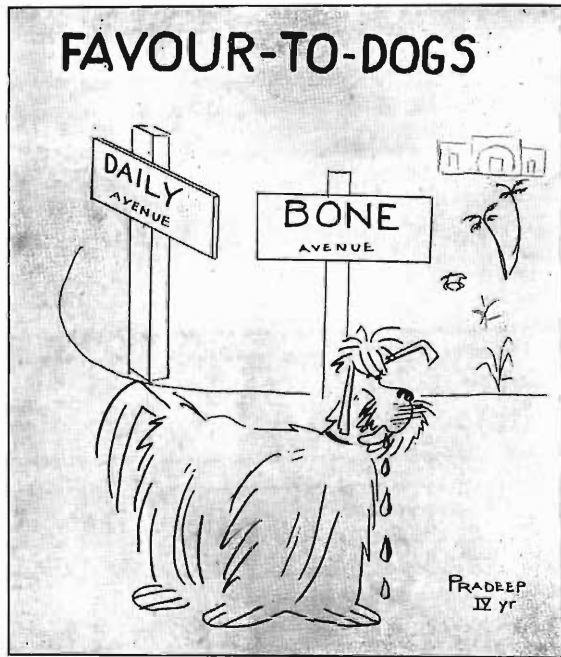
“ Why do you worry yourself about all these now, my dear? It is all over now, I think ” Leela interrupted.

“ Not at all ” continued Sundar “ It had bit me and the wound is just healing, when again it has renewed its attacks—this time more fiercely—one, on the purchase of the travelling

gentry which, however, could not travel on the steep slopes and, therefore, failed to work and the other, on the power house building, which collapsed immediately after construction, due to the treacherous soil—All these I can brush aside; but when it is a question of attack on my own slender purse—well, this is the last straw. When I fell ill last year, I had to go to my doctor a number of times in my car and I spent a lot on petrol. My diet all through the period was only Horlicks and fruits. On petrol and diet alone I have spent about Rs. 1,234/- but this amount has been completely disallowed as inadmissible. We are often told that we are living in a Welfare State. Is it the way in which our welfare should be safeguarded? This is a fit case to be taken to court. It is saddening the way in which an Officer who has been sweating for 7 hours a day for the State is treated. Perhaps, you want to say that in western countries people work for seventy hours a week. But why should you forget the difference in the conditions obtaining in these countries? If every man in India should work for 70 hours a week, what will happen to the ever-increasing number of educated and qualified young men? Should we rob them of their livelihood by ourselves overworking and thus refusing to provide opportunities for their employment?"

Sundar was exhausted and could not talk any more. Leela saw how wrong her husband was but she did not want to tell him so at that time. She knew that audit is not a bloodhound, but just a watchdog—the watchful conscience ever on the alert to warn us against Satan who is always round the corner to tempt us—the conscience that prompts us to hard and sincere work—unceasing work, which alone keeps the mind away from all mischief. Truly has it been said in the Gita "Never desist from work and never work for fruit— the selfish fruit".

Whatever may be the views of that great author, one's wife, just like audit, is not an evil—and definitely not an unnecessary evil: but both are certainly the gentle, yet, effective, monitors of the erring man!



the painful but nevertheless common phenomenon amongst the student population when their minds and emotions are aroused by a demagogue which has led to the closure of many universities in our own country itself. The problem of "student unrest" is basically one of channelling our emotions towards the right attitudes and views. To tamper with these problems with lop-sided and effete methods of enforcement of discipline by any means is surely a step in the wrong direction. A misguided or repressed emotion is only a lurking potential danger.

Thus we see that our emotions and our behaviour are inextricably linked together and a proper comprehension of their causes and results will surely go to make our lives much better and more meaningful as everything depends on our emotions.

"The mind is its own place and of itself can make,  
A Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven".

## A Sonnet on Vivekananda

*G. Viswanathan*

The infinite in flesh and blood he sought,  
Till in one long deep divine swoon he faced  
The fulgent truth. And then no more he thought,  
But pulsed with mission and with fervour blazed;  
Heard vibrant whispers as he sadly paced  
The holy dust and sought his Mother's feet;  
There at the hoary fane as he long gazed  
On the virgin chaste a smile so sweet  
Hushed his doubts; he felt divinely braced,  
To face the West that heard him and was dazed.  
At once from blithe sloth his dumb nation woke,  
Her new-lit soul sighed and felt amazed,  
And throbbled with mystic thrill and boldly spoke.  
Such pulses did the shining one evoke.

# Stumped!!

(Short Story)

M. Vikram Rao

"How's that" rang out a cry. The appeal was upheld and the Dynmoes had won the match by 75 runs. The margin was a convincing one and the result had come as no surprise, for the Dynamoos were now one of the best teams in Delhi. But such are the vagaries of cricket that had the last wicket fallen a bit earlier, there would have been no trouble whatsoever. Just five minutes before, a burglar had decamped with the club money. There was nobody in the club house when they trooped in and found the wall safe wide open and conspicuous by its emptiness.

"Good God, the safe has been burgled!" exclaimed Inderjit,

"Your eyesight seems to be better now than it was on the field" said Pandey scathingly.

Inderjit ignored the thrust for the simple reason that he didn't have Pandey's ready wit and so the battle would have been lost even before it had been fought. He merely said "But I wonder who was a fool enough to take all this risk and trouble just to steal the petty cash that is usually there."

"That's true" Bhatia broke in "I have never known there to be more than Rs. 20 or so in there".

Just then Mr. Sood, the treasurer, entered the room and paled perceptibly at the sight of the open safe.

"What happened?" he gasped "Oh my God! Not to-day of all days!" He wheeled round and asked "Has the thief been apprehended? Where are the Police?"

"Calm down, Sir", Inderjit murmured, "The police are on their way. Khanna has just phoned up. But why this consternation? The thief, I'm sure, was disappointed at his haul"

"Disappointed! nothing" snarled Sood "There was the best part of Rs. 5,000 in there to-day".

The hitherto unconcerned players started at this intelligence. "I was just going forward with a big deal which required cash on hand".

Just then the Police came in and inspected the safe "Hm, these daylight robberies are becoming very common nowadays" remarked Inspector Sharma. "Where was everybody when this happened?" "Watching the match, Sir" replied Inderjit, who seemed to have assumed charge of being the spokesman for the team.

The police searched the room thoroughly for dues and found nothing of apparent import.

This had been an ordinary burglary and events would have followed their normal course if the astute Sgt. Dutt had not spotted one fact. On the way back to the police station, he remarked to the Inspector, "Did you notice that the safe was absolutely empty?" "Yes, so what?" "Only this. Why should an ordinary thief bother to take away heavy ledgers and files of the club? I happen to know that all the club books too were in the safe". "That is a point" muttered Sharma slowly. "Dutt my boy, you have hit it. There's something decidedly phoney about this. We'll see". "And one more thing, Sir, the burgling of a safe like this, which would normally be an unlucrative venture, would not warrant the risk entailed. So the presence of the cash may have been known. Yet Sood says that he told nobody about it!" "Are you sure about that?" "Certain!" There the matter rested and it was not until the next day that rapid developments followed. Mr. Sood was accused of complicity in the burglary. It was further alleged that Mr. Sood had embezzled the funds of the club and had engineered this fake robbery in order to save the situation in the face of imminent exposure.

Of late there had not been much of sports news, and hence it was the sports reporter of the "Gazette" who attended the hearing.



The courtroom was packed, for the case had attracted considerable attention from the local public. The prosecuting attorney was Mr. Krishnan and Mr. Gupta had been retained for the defence.

This is how the "Gazette" reported it. "It was a fine morning and at precisely 10 a.m., the umpire came on to the field; He pounded his gavel and asked the innings to commence.

The prosecuting attorney went over the salient features of the case. He said that the prosecution intended to show that Mr. Sood had swindled the club of large sum of money and that he had engineered a fake robbery to prevent disclosure." The first few batsmen, namely Sharma Dutt and Inderjit were disposed of quickly. Then the star batsman, Mr. Sood whose arrival had been long awaited came in to face the attack. The first few balls from Krishnan were straight forward and he played them with ease.

Is your name M. J. Sood ?

Yes Sir.

You are the treasurer of the Dynamoës Cricket Club ?

Yes Sir!

The next ball was a faster one and dead on the middle stump, but Sood played it with easy confidence.

"Did you or did you not embezzle the funds of the Dynamoës Cricket Club ?"

"I certainly did not. The insinuation is preposterous ?"

"Where were you at the time of the robbery ?"

"In the Canteen."

The next delivery had a sting in it and almost had Sood in trouble.

"Did you not know that the Auditors were going to check the books a week hence ?"

Sensation !

"I . . . I . . . I didn't know it."

"A letter to that effect was sent to you. I put it to you that you *did* know about it."

"I did not. I never received any such letter."

Krishnan was getting his length now and sent down a googly.

"What would you say if I confronted you with the delivery boy who handed it to you?"

Sood stepped out to that one, changed his mind and played a hasty defensive stroke.

"I still say . . . oh all right. I admit I knew of it. I thought it looked rather black against me and so did not admit it earlier."

"Right. Now, is it not true that you were in straitened circumstances until recently?"

"No, Sir!"

Then Krishnan was called up for throwing.

"Don't you gamble and drink heavily?"

Gupta objected to the question and it was sustained.

"When did you transfer the money from the bank?"

"I, er, on the 7th."

"Ah, the day, prior to the robbery"

"Yes, Sir!"

The next delivery was an easy one but Sood treated it with respect.

"Did you tell anyone about it?"

"Yes, I mentioned something of the sort at the Canteen."

"I see. To whom?"

"I can't name them off-hand."

"But you told Sgt. Dutt that you had not told anyone."

"I was mistaken then!"

"Are you sure you are not mistaken now?"

"Yes, Sir."

Krishnan sent down a bumper which Sood would have been better advised to leave well alone. But he was surprised into swinging wildly at it.

“ Do you know a person called Dhani Ram ? ”

“ No Sir ! certainly not, Sir ! ”

“ Ah, so you do know him, otherwise why this vehemence ? ”

Sood had no answer to that one.

“ Did you know that Dhani Ram is a burglar ? I put it to you that you did and that you approached him with an offer to burgle the safe in return for a sum of money. I further put it to you that there was no money in the safe when the burglary took place ? ”

“ It's a lie ! ”

The next ball delivered the *coup de grace* and bowled him neck and crop.

“ You banked on the police not catching him, didn't you ? Right, you may step down. I will now call Dhani Ram to the stand ! ”

The crowd gave a gasp and Sood walked back to the pavilion.

After that the match was a mere formality and the prosecution emerged triumphant.

# The Society of the Invisible Intellectuals

*D. D. Samuel*

“ O shame to men ! Devil with devil damned  
Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
Of creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heavenly grace ; and, God proclaiming peace,  
Yet live in hatred, enmity and strife  
Among themselves, and levy bred wars,  
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy :  
As if (which might induce us to accord)  
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,  
That day and night for his destruction wait ! ”

MILTON'S " PARADISE LOST "

It was a challenging death-knell to the country's freedom ! India was robbed of all production equipment. By whom, when and how were questions unanswerable. The country was immersed in confusion. Was it an enemy's trick ? Or a devil's mischief ? Or was it the citizens' treachery ? Detective dogs could get no scent ; C. I. D. staff could do nothing but blink. Information flew to the neighbouring countries. All the oceans and rivers were thoroughly searched. What a pitiable thing to happen during this National Emergency. But Providence somehow helped us to conceal the secret from our monstrous enemy. This continued for over a month and a half.

Mystery ! Indeed it was so when the Defence Minister found a letter on his table addressed to him. It had no stamp on it. However it was clearly written. It summoned the Defence Minister and a student Technical representative to " Their Land " to see something which would be revealed only on getting there. It promised to send a special plane at 00.00 hours to Palam Airport the next day. The letter ended thus,

“ We have the honour to be your well-wishers and friends,  
The Society of the Invisible Intellectuals ”

After a long “ high-level ” discussion the country decided to obey the orders, good or evil. The cream of the nation was searched and a lot was drawn. Alas, the unfortunate job of representing the technical students was thrust on me. I flew to Delhi secretly and waited at the Palam Airport along with the Defence Minister.

There were ten seconds to midnight. Yet no trace of any plane. We were looking all around and listening intently. We could see nothing; nor could we hear anything. But suddenly we were taken aback when one heavy object was descending right from above our heads at a terrific speed. It slowed down gradually and came to a halt. There was no sign of any human beings in it. A door slid open showing us a board on which was written “ please step in ”. We obeyed instantaneously. Both of us were entering the jaws of death !

Off it went ! we were comfortably seated. It came to a stop after half an hour. We could hear men. The door opened : we stepped on to a pavement of marble and gold ! Two “ Angels ” welcomed us and said we had come to Heaven. They took us to the “ Conference Room ” and asked us to wait there till the “ Intellectuals ” met us and handed over to us a copy of the special issue of “ The Times of Heaven ”.

It was quite surprising to see that the first page contained a map of India and China with all the details of the real and the new shifting line. It was also said that the Chinese action on India is far from just and people in Heaven must somehow help solve this situation peacefully if not fight with the right.

In the second page we read another interesting news : “ In view of the crisis which has arisen recently in the Indo-China border and in view of our desire to help India we have great pleasure in announcing that the following ghosts are promoted to

Heaven from Hell (i) Herr Hitler (ii) Sir Robert Clive (iii) Alexander, the Great (iv) Napoleon and (v) Akbar. The above mentioned five will lead the army to the borders. Further Dr. John Woods and Mr. Scudder are also promoted to take charge of the medical and technical responsibility respectively."

While we were thus reading all this news we heard people entering. We stood up. We could clearly hear they were near, but couldn't see them. One by one they introduced themselves to us and said that they constitute the society of "Invisible Intellectuals." A grand dinner was served to us. Everyone of them expressed his views on the border trouble and everyone spoke to our advantage. One of them praised us saying "We appreciate your patience in dealing with this matter so that India will not be responsible for the outbreak of a world war". I learnt this was the first time "They" met the mortals.

We were led through several rooms. Finally they took us to a workshop whose doors were locked. On them were written in gold

" O Shame to men ! devil with devil damned,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . . for his destruction wait ! "

After sometime we were let in. To our great surprise we found all the "stolen" equipment of India. There they were being utilised along with other goods. They were producing machine guns, tanks, ships, jet fighters etc. In another room we found the rockets and the bombs in production. That was the workshop of Heaven! The society of invisible intellectuals expressed their happiness to render in any help, since we were just and right. They explained to us how these rifles and other things would be manned (or ghosted) by spirits so that the enemy would really be baffled.

We thanked them for the help which they had themselves undertaken to give. By this time Mahatma Gandhi, who was fast asleep in Heaven, had woken up and had learnt that two Indians were there, He couldn't help coming and talking to us.

Till he came and talked we never felt his presence. He blessed us saying "Dear, dear grandchildren, I am sure you will feel your duty to your country at this time especially when even her freedom is at stake. Till the last drop of blood you should stand up and fight for the country and retain its freedom and glory. We have done all we could in those days : so preserve it. Of course we. in Heaven will lose no opportunity to help you. Still you should be conscious of your duty, Jai Hind!" We could hear him no more ; he was gone.

We were again led through a series of rooms ! we inspected all the armoury, medical room etc. We were a bit tired. They offered us a cup of tea and it was quite welcome. We came out again and saw our space-vehicle at a distance. In between was a bridge. The angels asked us to look straight into the Red Lights which were on its other end and warned us not to look down since there was the Hell and left us there deserted and were gone. Now came the real trouble for the Defence Minister and me. How to cross that narrow bridge without looking down but looking only at those stupid Red Lights ?

\* \* \* \*

Something was ringing in my ears ! Yes, it was the whistle of the policeman at the six lane traffic zone of the Mount Road. My friend and I, with myself driving the car, were held up and I had gone to sleep looking at those Red Lights !

## On Neutrality

*T. V. G. Krishnamurthy & D. B. Venkateswaralu*

The one topic that has been much discussed and criticised after the Chinese aggression is India's Foreign Policy. People have been voicing bitter criticism against the policy of non-alignment and have been urging the government to abandon a policy that has been approved by the country unanimously for the past fifteen years. The change, they say, should come in our political outlook since India had been attacked unscrupulously by a country which does not seek to instal democratic ways on its own mainland. So, according to them, in order to preserve the freedom as well as the privileges gained by democracy, we must join the western camp which is a staunch supporter of democratic nations. Military alliance with the Western powers, they argue, would strengthen our defence and make China shrink from committing any aggressive activity.

As it seems, the foreign policy of this country has been much wrongly assessed by even those who are supposed to be political geniuses in their own country. The characteristic of the policy is neutrality, that is to say non-association with either the communist bloc or with the Western powers. It implies non-participation in military alliances, since it is believed that such a participation would give the allies an influence over major policy decisions. Therefore it will be clear that independence of thought and judgment of the nation as a whole would be much affected, harmed and influenced by following a policy other than neutrality. Neutrality preserves the country's freedom in every aspect. It enables a Government to judge between right and wrong, between an aggressor and an aggressed, between justice and injustice, between the harming and the harmed. A neutral country is not obliged to anybody so that its policies may be influenced in their outlook. In short, neutral policy enables a country to keep its eyes wide open by not letting somebody blind-fold it, so that the events that take place in the world can be



judged with a clear conscience and uninfluenced mind. Alliance to some country is apt to make a puppet of us so that we could be utilised in any sort of manner. We see many countries that are aligned, being led by the nose by the major powers. Take for instance a Hungary, a Czekoslovakia or a Philippines. The Foreign Policy of Hungary and Czekoslovakia is absolutely the same, it being drawn up by premier Krushchev. The Foreign Policy of the Philippines is in no way different from that of America on any major political issue. Even though Britain knows pretty well that it was with America's assistance anti-Castro activities were gaining ground, it could not condemn its big brother. U. S. A. disapproved the invasion of Suez by Britain and France unofficially, but it could not come out into the open with a clear denial of the same. This country which is the most advertised democracy in the world, had had to forgo some of its freedom of expression due to its obligation to Great Britain. When the U-2 incident took place Pakistan and Japan never knew that the plane took off from their land for spying, which amounts to saying that they had bartered some of their sovereignty in order to ensure their so called independence. For after all what is independence, unless you are independent without having any strings attached? Defence of this type should not be envied. It is in the best interests of the country that it should follow a neutral policy where neutrality does not mean keeping neutral on major issues, but which means clear judgement on major issues without being pushed hither and thither by someone.

India has been, on the world political scene for over 15 years, a neutral country. On many an occasion when the big powers seemed to be absolutely at logger-heads, India in the role of a mediator, did its level best to avoid many a world crisis. In its fifteen years of independence India had always been striving to strike a conciliatory tone between the rival blocs, the results of which we are able to see today. A world war which seemed imminent over the Cuban crisis could be avoided due to the compromising attitude shown by both U. S. A. and U.S.S.R., the seeds of which were sown by India long back. Wise and farseeing as it is in its outlook, this policy of non-alignment has captivated

quite a few newly emergent nations. The fact that almost all Afro-Asian countries are neutral bears eloquent testimony to the fact that this policy is being approved by the thinkers of the world. Moreover this policy has helped India to build up a reputation that is amazing. We have been seeking the goodwill of everybody without reservation: And this has helped us in a positive way. The very fact that both the communist countries as well as the western countries have been eager to play their part in the country's economic development shows that our foreign policy is a success. The establishment of peace in the world community of nations could only be achieved if, and only if, the rattling of the swords by the fear-ridden big powers is stopped with the help of neutral countries.

People had been linking Chinese aggression with India's foreign policy, citing it as an example for its outdatedness. It is absolutely inconceivable that there should be any connection at all between our foreign policy and the invasion by China. If our defence lines fail to hold on to their positions, it is not because India's foreign policy is bad, but because they were little supplied with modern equipment and ammunition. Hence the blame should be placed on the country's intelligence and its defence ministry. Having three foes on our threshold if the Defence Minister fails to recognise the importance of modernising the army, it would be the country's unfortunate fate to have him in office. It is illogical to say that because India is neutral, China attacked India, in view of the fact that many neutral countries surrounding China had been spared of the treatment. The main reason for the aggression might have been to show to the world that China is the leader of Asia and also that India was an American Satellite. By allowing ourselves to give up our foreign policy we involuntarily serve the purpose of China. Owing to the respect that India has gained abroad and the correctness of its argument, not less than forty countries have rallied round to support India. Is this not a fruit of neutrality ?

It is hoped that the detailed way the foreign policy of the country has been discussed here would remove any misapprehensions that might have crept into the readers' mind during these stormy days of national emergency--Jai Hind.



**TAXI DERMIST**

**K. MAHESH**

**PRIZE WINNING PHOTOGRAPHER**



QUEEN OF TIME  
K. MAHESH  
PRIZE WINNING PHOTOGRAPH

# The Panther from Baroda

*R. Natarajan, I. A. S.*

*Scene: Cricket fields of India*

*Stage: Indo-West Indies Test Matches*

*Year: 1958—1959*

Indian cricket had struck the reef. No touring team, not even the formidable M.C.C. under the ruthless Jardine in 1933-34, had achieved such sensational success as Gerry Alexander's West Indians during the 1958-59 cricket season. With Gilchrist going great guns and Hall gathering a harrowing harvest of Indian wickets, claiming between them 56 out of the 94 wickets that fell in the five Test matches, the Caribbean cricketers had rocked the very foundations of Indian cricket with the violent velocity of a hungry hurricane, tearing off 10 of the 17 matches they played, without losing the rest.

Amidst all this dismal debris of disappointment, the intrepid displays of Chandu Borde, nicknamed the "Panther" by the Lanchashire Leaguers for his agility on the field, no matter whether batting, bowling or fielding, stood out in refereshing contrast. Almost like the mythical phoenix did he rise from the ashes of Indian cricket, with scores of 56, 109 and 96 in his last three Test innings of the season, missing, by the proverbial coat of varnish, the fabulous feat of scoring a century in each innings in a Test match, performed only once before for India by Vijay Hazare against Australia in the Fourth Test at Adelaide in 1947. It is only cricketers of character who can rise above the inevitable first run of failures and it was precisely this that Borde did. With scores of 7, 0 and 13 in the Bombay and Kanpur Tests and not a single wicket in bowling and a sack staring him in his face, Chandu was determined to "do or die". At Madras, Borde rode the whirlwind of the West Indian pace attack to score 56 out of a team total of 151 runs and paved the way for his two masterly knocks at Delhi, which made the Almanac refer to his as "Horatius on the tottering bridge as each one of his comrades

fell before the fury of Gilchrist and Hall." He was a national hero within a matter of days.

With such a splendid showing behind him, Borde was an automatic choice for the English tour that followed. He shone in the Tests as a batsman, with sterling knocks of 41 runs at Leeds, 75 at Manchester and another 75 at the Oval, while topping more than a thousand runs in first class matches. He also took 72 wickets though the opportunities he had with the ball were limited and it was the unanimous opinion of English cricket critics that Borde should have been used more as a leg-spinner for he, like Subash Gupte, could conceal a googly in his bag of leg-breaks, as indeed he proved in the match against Kent of Cowdrey fame by taking five wickets in each innings and helping the Indians to win handsomely by eight wickets.

Borde continued his "feud" with the Englishmen, when Ted Dexter and his band invaded India during the 1961-62 cricket season. With Salim Durrani, he was the sheet-anchor of the Indian Test team. Both at Calcutta and Madras, Borde in cunning conspiracy with Durrani, ripped open the English batting and sent it plummeting to the depths with some merciless spin bowling. If Clyde Walcott was the "rabbit" of Dattu Phadkar in days not that old, Dexter, who is presently setting Australia on fire, was Borde's. The best of batsmen have chinks in their armour and it is upto the bowler to exploit them. It is this uncanny skill that stamps a bowler as great. Bradman had, on quite a few occasions, to bow to Bedser while Len Hutton had, quite often, to dip his sail to Lindwall. It is all to the credit of Borde to have got the better of Dexter, that butcher of bowlers, and enabled India to get even with England . after Dattu Gaekwad and his Indian team had got "drowned" in the English channel, during the illfated Indian tour of England in 1959,

It cannot be said of many cricketers that they have been asked to accompany a touring team within two seasons, constituting no more than five matches of first class experience. But to Borde, this came, naturally, inevitably. He, first, turned up for Maharashtra in the Ranji Trophy championship and in his

very first match at Bombay, showed his possibilities by scoring 55 and 61 not out. In his next season, he notched 134 runs against Gujerat. He was then only 18 but there was, indubitably a good, and gallant cricketer in the making.

When Borde, later, transferred his allegiance to Baroda, he promptly hit up 110 runs against Bombay, their traditional rivals in 1955. It was his consistent bowling that won Baroda the coveted Ranji Trophy in 1957—he took 20 wickets at an average of 19.35 runs.

Now a must for both Baroda and the Indian Test teams, Borde has kept before him, Hazare as his model and mentor. He has a penchant for the cut and is particularly puissant on the legside, where his sweeps are graceful and pulls powerful. His cover drive off the backfoot has the Hazare touch and class. It was said of Ranjitsinhji, whom A.G. Gardiner once described as “the Prince of a small state but the King of a great game”, that “he flicked fours off his eyebrows.” Similarly with Borde, fours seem to flow from his bat, without any apparent effort. Besides, he is a marvel at cover point.

Leg spin bowlers are prone to be erratic at times and so susceptible to losing length that Trevor Bailey once wrote in his “Cricket Book” that “leg break bowlers are rather like that little girl of the rhyme—when they are good, they are very, very good; but when they are bad, they are horrid.” But not so Borde. He keeps an extraordinarily good length for a slow bowler and, on his day, can put an entire team to the flaming sword with his leg-breaks and googlies.

Borde is young and strong and with Salim Durrani is sure to be the backbone of Indian Test teams for many a long year to come. Yes—this is my toast to the Panther from Baroda.

## " One More N "

*Nandkumar R. Dave*

"Three G's and one N" are the requirements of the present "National emergency," so said the Union Home Minister. But I would say that in addition to Gold, Guns, granary and Nehru, India requires one more 'N' and that is NON-ALIGNMENT.

Non-alignment is one of the basic policies of India. This policy helps in the preservation of peace, which is an important factor, and in the creation of an atmosphere of cooperation.

India wants to follow not merely a neutral or negative policy but a positive policy, naturally disapproving of the things that she does not like but fundamentally keeping away from other countries and other alignments of power which normally lead to a major conflict. In short, she means to try to maintain a certain friendliness and spirit of co-operation with both the great and the small countries of the world.

India wants adherence to the policy of non-alignment. She still wants peaceful existence inspite of what has happened on the northern border. China attacked our north-eastern borders and Ladakh, and thus she has broken the Panchshila agreement. But inspite of all that has happened, India's policy of non-alignment continues. India's anxiety to develop friendship with all countries does not mean surrendering on any important matter because demands are made.

The right policy is not going about attacking the other countries. It creates great excitement and no solution. It is better to meet in a friendly way than to attack each other. The principle of co-existence is not affected by misuse of it or some people or some countries not acting upon it. The principle remains a principle. Truth remains truth whether another person utters lies or not. In this world there is no escape from co-existence except in co-slaughter. There is a choice between



co-existence and co-destruction. The non-alignment policy is important in the creation of an atmosphere of co-operation.

Peace cannot be achieved by giving long speeches or by accusing other people or other countries who act in a manner which we don't like. To have peace, we must develop the temper of peace, and try to win even those who may be suspicious of us or who think they are against us. We have to try to understand others just as we expect them to understand us. To settle dispute in a peaceful manner is the only civilized approach to the problems and leaves no ill-will or bitterness behind. Yet we have to protect ourselves and to prepare ourselves for every contingency. We have to meet aggression. To surrender to evil is always bad. But in resisting evils, we must not allow ourselves to be swept away by our own passions and fears and not act in a manner which is itself evil. Even in resisting evil and aggression, we have to maintain the temper of peace and hold out the hand of friendship to those who through fear or other reasons may be opposed to us.

Our defence forces—Navy, Army and Airforce—cannot be compared with the armadas of other nations. But the question is whether these countries have solved their problems with the help of their armed forces? Or have they gained any other thing other than to develop a "military outlook"?

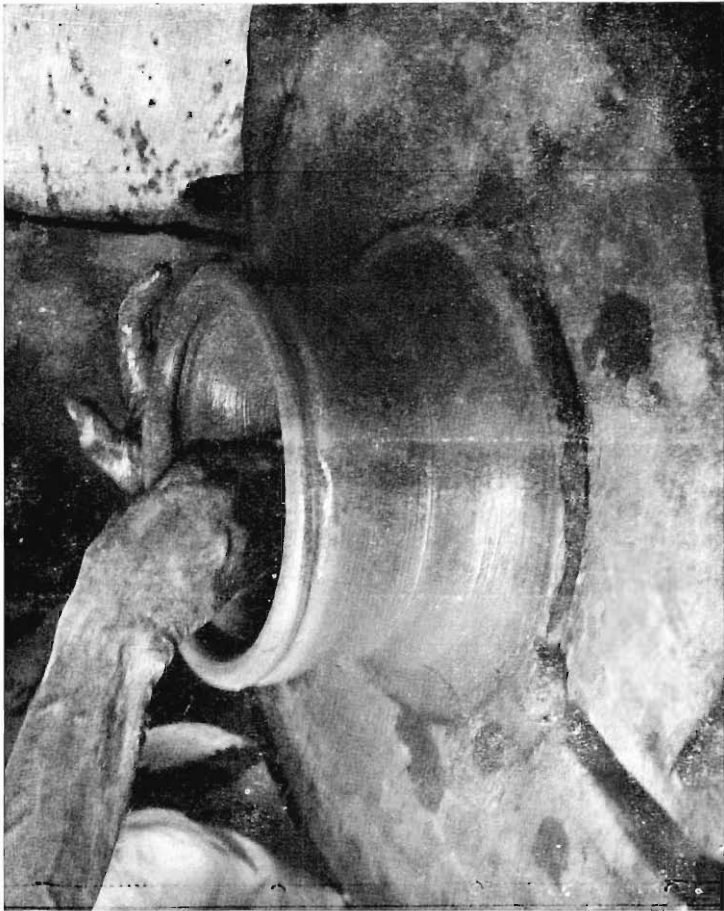
An evil has to be met with armed forces, without getting corrupted by the evil itself. So each Government must give priority to the defence of the country. But what is defence? Most people seem to imagine that defence consists of large numbers of people marching up and down with guns. It is true that armed men and machines constitute defence. But defence means many other things too. It includes the industrial potentiality of a country, the morale of a country, the food production of a country and the like. All this has to balance with the capacity and resources of the country and we cannot upset this balance very much. So the best thing to strengthen our defence would be to strengthen our morale and be determined not to surrender

whatever the danger. If it is done, then no force on earth can conquer us.

It is true that no Government dare take chances with the defence of a country. When there is danger, how can we fight the best army in the world, if we cannot feed it? Thus defence becomes a food problem also. It is not only a matter of guns. A hungry army cannot fight. Hungry people in an army are bad material. It is difficult to fight both on homefront and on the battle front. The food problem, therefore, comes first of all, whatever is the issue. The problem of industrial development and growth becomes equally important in order to build up the resources necessary for defence. More I. I. T.'s and more engineers are required. More economic resources and so more gold is required. More guns and hence more industrialisation is required. Food problem and so more food output is necessary. And to guide us with a determined will to resist evil and naked aggressions, to raise our morale high during the present national emergency, we require, Mr. Nehru and Non-alignment.



**STONY SPIRE**  
**S. NAGESHWAR**  
**PRIZE WINNING PHOTOGRAPH**



**POTTERS WHEEL**

# The absent minded Engineer

*V. Koteeswaran*

Mr. Lobo is an engineer. He had been a hard working and intelligent student during his college days. But what made him famous in his college was his interest in extra-curricular activities. An ambassador's visit to the college or the purchase of dark coloured curtains for the hostels—both were the same as far as he was concerned. He would be the first person to advise and get things done and he was a member of all the associations and committees. A breezy individual, he faced his career with the same vigour. Before long he was employed in a decent firm for a still more decent salary and as usual became the centre of attraction.

Years passed and Mr. Lobo did some higher studies and was soon a recognised individual in all quarters. But still he held on to his "extra-curricular activities". To-day he has gone to address a sugar and candy merchants' annual gathering. Why not we listen to him? Here he goes.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it is a great pleasure for me to address such a learned gathering of sugar merchants. It is unnecessary on my part to enumerate the important aspects of this hydro-carbon which is manufactured from  $C_{12}$ ,  $H_{22}$ ,  $O_{11}$  by the process of fermentation. The strength of sugar solution is always an interesting problem and very modern saccharimeters have used the principle of optical rotation . . ."

—and so on and so forth. There was pin drop silence. The audience consisted of nodding heads everywhere. Alas—the poor Chairman was the only unfortunate one who could not afford to sleep. He had to propose the vote of thanks. Naturally he appreciated the engineering truths that were revealed during the course of the speech (or sleep!)

It was the same old story once and again in every meeting and Mr. Lobo was excelling as an orator-engineer. But not for long—the various presidents of the locality approached him and mildly requested him to consider the lack of wisdom of his audience. “Yes” thought Mr. Lobo “I would try to be more practical from the next time”. Mr. Lobo soon changed the nature of his speeches and his addresses were so simple, touching, humorous and thousand more things that he was invited by almost all the associations and clubs that called themselves so. Thus he was a regular visitor of “Rats and snails a menace”, “Cats and Dogs Society” and the like.

We now come to a later period. It happened that an Engineer's conference was to be staged in the place where Mr. Lobo was staying and very eminent engineers were invited and advanced theories and research works were going to be discussed. Mr. Lobo was of course invited being an eminent engineer and an experienced one at that (for he was now in his forties).

And the fine morning came and the conference got to a flying start. Engineers were pouring in and out and the discussions began. Soon it was Mr. Lobo's turn to address.

“Gentlemen” started Mr. Lobo “it gives me great pleasure to address such a learned gathering.

“The human mind and its reactions are so very fascinating and I have been endeavouring my best to study it. There is a reaction of the mind as soon as it sees certain actions. Why? Even now as I see that young man jumping to the front row I remember my visit to the “Grow more Rabbits Association” for I see a similar action there but the performer was a black rabbit. I must insist that none of you should miss the opportunity of observing the movement of the hind legs of rabbits when they run. They are just as fascinating as the snorting of the bull which I had the opportunity to hear (and see) on another occasion when I had been to the “Bull Breeder's Association”...

Meanwhile the President was breathing anger. "What is this? This is supposed to be a forum in which discussions of the highest order are conducted and here is this gentleman talking about rabbits and bulls. No, this can't continue" thought the President.

He approached Mr. Lobo as he just finished a drink and was about to relate his experience in the "Shark and Cod" yearly gathering

"Er, Sir"

Mr. Lobo turned beaming.

The President controlled his wrath.

"This is supposed to be a conference of engineers where recent discoveries and developments are to be discussed.

Pat came the reply from Mr. Lobo.

"I see, you ought to have invited an engineer in that case, not me", and he walked out to the surprise of all.

The President could not understand this for in his hand he had a list of invitees and on it he saw, Mr. R. Lobo, M. Sc., B. Sc. (Engg.), M. S., A. M. M. E., M. Assoc. E. . . .

\* \* \* \*

When you breathe you inspire ;  
When you do not breathe you expire.

Nitrogen is not found in Ireland because it is not found in a free state.

The difference between air and water is that air can be made wetter, but water cannot.

One of the by-products of cattle-raising is calves.

# No Man is an Island

*" Umbra "*

The night air was crisp and tangy as the Trivandrum Express raced towards the Malabar Coast. The pattern of clouds in the sky strip, ever changing in detail and arrangement, synchronised with the unchanging sound-track of the iron wheels. The moon played bo-peep in the clouds with the train that was carrying, among others, some delegates to the English Literature Seminar organised last December by the Madras Office of the British Council. The precious load was drawn from all over Western, Southern and Central India and our I. I. T. was 'on the map' with one delegate despite the drastic pruning by the British Council.

I was travelling by the third, for the enterprise as well as the expense was mine. I had just finished a hasty toilet when the train groaned into Trivandrum Central. I picked up my rucksack and trotted down the platform till I stood strategically by the entrance of a I class carriage. Then, with a nonchalant air, I took a look around. There were no lady volunteers anywhere in sight. A fellow delegate brightened me up by venturing, " They must be at the exit gate."

One colleague of mine at the Institute, romantically-minded and hailing from that emerald coast, had filled my mind with the witchery and wonder that would greet me in Kerala. Eager, starry-eyed lady students doing their English Literature in the University, I imagined, would guide us around and we were to play the role of respectable, scholarly delegates representing our institutions. Further the British Council had confirmed in its handout that volunteers wearing arm-bands would be waiting at the station.

I craned my neck to see if at least any men students were around with arm-bands. We were not quick to lose hope and



like delegates to the manner born, we had meanwhile allowed ourselves the aristocratic indulgence of seeing a great number of porters carry our light luggage. The porters, most of whom had no uniform, looked very much different from the arrogant blue-bloused throng in red turbans hectoring you at Madras Central. Outside the dismal station we saw a person at the taxi-stand. I do not know to this day if this individual was the student volunteer; he might as well have been a press reporter or a hired assassin. Probably he was having an arm-band bearing the legend BRITISH COUNCIL neatly folded away in his pocket. He did us the kindness of pushing us into a taxi and telling the driver to take 'proper care' of us. We did not know that the idiom in Malayalam, a strange language, was some code word. The taxi took us by mazy, circuitous route covering all the main roads in Trivandrum, for the drivers there did not generally subscribe to the banal geometric notion of the shortest distance between two points. Our taxi was one of the many that drew up before the portico of the superbly-built and shabbily-maintained 'Hostel'—a curious euphemism in Indian political circles for a Luxury Hotel—for Legislators. I got down to be received like the Hon. Member from Badagara or Chenganacherry. I know I will never be an M.L.A., though I was once a member of the Madras Lambretta Association till I defaulted paying the annual subscription.

We were shown up to single bedrooms with the breath-taking comforts normally provided only to people's representatives. The posh Dunlopillo mattress robbed me of my sleep by its excessive, sensuous softness. I lay awake as thoughts rose, like sparks from grindstone, to die in a split-second. A unique experience still lay ahead of me.

Fading night clung softly to the dawn that broke on the first morning, tipping the coconut palms with gold. We had a whole day before us until the Seminar was to be inaugurated by the Governor. We knocked about the town in small groups. Tiny Trivandrum boasts of double-decker buses; there are then the zoo (known locally as the 'soo'), the park, the paintings of Ravi

Varma and Nicholas Roerich and the town looks in patches remarkably like Mysore which once supplied her with Dewans.

The one reason why the women of Trivandrum have not gone red is the presence of President (formerly 'Centaur') 'Candy's' gift to the state of a pin-up-boy; I mean, Mr. Dove of the America 'Calcheral Sendah'.

The boisterous younger delegates, who dreamed of the three W's of Omar Khayyam were a problem to the Seminar Officer, Mr. S. N. Kumar, who adopted an ingenious method to put them on their best behaviour. He hinted to us casually that probably one of us may be invited to England by the visiting professors. It worked.

The inauguration was a very formal affair. The seminar commenced from the next morning. The professors had come to India with their papers fully prepared at home. The papers had been typed or even printed. Each one had his field of specialisation. Prof. Humphreys dealt with the Augustan period and Dr. Jack with the Romantic. They raised their eyebrows when they were told that professors in India could talk best and at their longest when they were least prepared and could cover the whole range of world literature without the least fear of insulting the intelligence of their audience. The English professors of English, however, were content to read their papers in the most casual manner that concealed all the art and labour that had gone into them.

The Master of the Ceremonies was Mr. R. M. Auty, the British Council chief at Madras, a familiar figure to the IITians, remembered in particular for his lecture on Humanities and Sciences. Wearing old-fashioned Gandhi-type spectacles, he has the thinnest and most-easily cracking film of the British insularity. A product of the London School of Economics, Mr. Auty is also well-read in literature, his last literary talk being on Somerset Maugham. I fear that in his position he must be finding it strenuous to steer clear, on the one side, of his countrymen here, most of whom are planters and businessmen with not two thoughts to rub against each other and the local Indian talent wangling and

rope-dancing for visiting professorships and scholarships. He was seen sipping India Coffee with us during the coffee-breaks and one fine day he vanished with no more ado than an iceberg in 'Inferno'

Mr. Geoffrey Tribe, who took over charge from Mr. Auty in the middle of the session, can easily pass for an athletic coach. He seems to have a built-in gyroscope that maintains his equilibrium during his speeches whenever he twists his body like a contortionist. He somehow gives you the feeling that he has one more exam. to pass. Those who have often heard him lecture at the British Council Library in Madras, have learned to love him for his sardonic humour; the delegates at Trivandrum, however, were nonplussed by an unfamiliar face with a serious facade, when he conducted the Brains Trust. Some of his *bons mots* consequently did not catch. According to his own confession the Assistant Representative has as much knowledge of science and technology as the late, lamented Marilyn Monroe; only the humanities and social sciences interest him.

The opening lecture was delivered, fittingly enough, by the historian, Mr. John Hale of Oxford. The lecture was entitled "Thinking Historically" and aimed at giving us a historical perspective of the literary periods, the Augustan and the Romantic. Mr. Hale is the youngest of the three musketeers; he revels in speaking without lecture notes with the gusto of a boy on cycle calling out, "Look! No hands!" He has a boyish mop of hair which he often brushes back with his hand to appear about as much dignified as the head prefect of an English public school. No dull dog that the proverbial teacher of history proves to be, Mr. Hale, with his zestful liveliness, not only caused some agitations in the feminine hearts but won instant converts among the male delegates. His Public Lecture on Machiavelli was his masterpiece. Looking past the mere symbol of much that is deceitful in politics, the historian took us to Machiavelli the man, the gay young blade and the man of letters.

Dr. Ian Jack, who migrated from Oxford to Cambridge some months ago, at first struck us as a queer fish. He would often

hang his head limply on one side and sometimes shake himself like Thurber's terrier worried by imaginary lice. An unfortunate victim of nervous twitchings, he was almost prevented from leaving for India. But once he held the podium, Dr. Jack was a master; his teeth-snapping and wheezing would stop and he would raise himself on his tip-toe and generate much good sense. It was a matter of amusement to all of us to see him stand on tip-toe for a full hour, without looking gawky or feeling tired.

Dr. Jack will be long remembered for that talk at short notice he gave on F. R. Leavis, the great literary critic, on Wednesday morning. We made him alter the scheduled subject and tell us about the critic who has stood out against the climate of the age in a stance of harried isolation. Managing to arrive late by a few minutes for his lecture, Dr. Jack hit off with an aside on how the English were unnecessarily punctual and how he was, thank God, a Scotsman. The lecture was tinged with his icy Caledonian humour that set up ripples of laughter. It was a mortal blow for all Leavisites. Not probably daring to pull Leavis's leg at home, Dr. Jack opened his broadside on the aggressive genius calling him an ignoramus, and his work a second hand stuff of a second rate mind. Commenting on Leavis's 'hostility to increase of knowledge', Dr. Jack observed that Leavis was familiar only with Cambridge and that too one part of it. Prof. A. R. Humphreys of the University of Leicester (pronounced 'lester') is pleasingly donnish, never in the pejorative sense. He was instrumental in starting his department in the university. An Augustan figure in appearance, he must have been a Romantic at heart in his younger years. His most popular lecture "Oxford and Cambridge" was illustrated by coloured slides snapped by himself. One slide showed his wife picking flowers in their garden. Prof. Humphreys is a tall, stately figure in his navyblue suit and he looks at you with his gimlety blue eyes. A genuine interest in the Indianness of the beautiful things that he saw around made him interject often, "It's lovely, isn't it?" We loved to watch him laugh heartily at the witticisms of his younger colleagues—a phenomenon invariably reversed in India. I understand that the professor has also

taught on several British Council Summer Schools in England, Austria and Denmark, and that he is much interested in adult education work.

The Public Lectures were held in the campus of the host university under the shadow of the conch-crested tower. The local elite turned up in good numbers. Gaily clad young women, with their hair still wet from their evening ablutions and redolent of copra oil, approached the distinguished visitors with their autograph notebooks.

In the farewell party we wished to present the visiting professors with an impressive memento of an exquisite carving of a row of elephants. We detained them after the Brains Trust and threw a pleasant surprise on them. The professors were garlanded by the ladies and the officers proffered bouquets. When one lady was rather reluctant about the garland on sentimental grounds, some one quipped that the three guests and the officers were all happily married. They were visibly moved and some eyes glistened. The general feeling at leave-taking would have deteriorated had not a Madurai Principal taken over the fluid situation to orate. With his white turban and the glorious W-mark on his forehead he dazzled the foreigners, who took him for the Raja of Madurai, with terribly long quotations from Newman and Ruskin the gentleman froze everyone and wiped "every tear from every eye"

It was amusing to observe human vanity in its various manifestations, arrant snobbery and sheer eccentricity at such a gathering of Anglophiles. Seminar, I am inclined to believe, is a misnomer for Vanity Fair. Each delegate had some pet author or crazy theory by which he would always swear. One coy lady released on us copies of a sheaf of poems that she had written long ago. A professor let all of us understand that he had come to Trivandrum by air. Two delegates, who had confided to me that they were ardent Leavisites, avoided me after Dr. Jack's denigration of their master. One member from Central India with morbid dietary leanings was all the time talking only about food. There was another who was shadowing the English

professors with the insistence of a curio-pedlar dogging American tourists. A professor of a college put on scholarly airs, discreetly limiting his discussions to the more common works of Shakespeare formerly studied by Intermediates. Another was maintaining a learned aloofness. A third was busy collecting money for the Emergency Fund.

Amidst all this snobbery and chatter, I could not avoid the first person singular. I too had my weakness. I meekly told them about our Institute; I revealed to them that the distance from the gate to our main buildings is more than a mile and a half; that there are more than a hundred clerks in our Institute office; that we have wiped three hamlets, Guindy, Tharamani and Velacheri and also part of the Rajbhavan; and that we do not believe in bells to mark the divisions of class hours. These modest assertions provoked only knowing smiles and calls for moderation in speech. They took me for a vainglorious puppy.

As for the younger delegates, one took to chaperoning the ladies to shops and local tourist centres, acting both as an interpreter and a parasol holder. One young cavalier wrote limericks on three sprightly lady-delegates who turned on him with a lashing lyric. On the other hand, there was also one frustrated soul who fell foul of the bearers in the Dining Room with startling regularity. There was indeed an elderly gentleman, very young at heart, who was exchanging addresses with the ladies. The men who clicked away their cameras regardless of the import cuts were a legion.

The blue ribbon goes to the gentleman who remarked, "Unfortunately, only two men in India can talk with authority on Milton; one is Prof. B. Rajan," and after a pause and change in tone added, "and modesty prevents me from mentioning the other."

The only souls who were unaffected by the general *mélée* were two nuns who sipped their coffee in solemn conclave.

In retrospect, I think I returned a full man ; I was grateful for "the feast of reason and flow of soul,". Such experiences are irreplaceable. "No man is an island," said John Donne in one of his sermons, "every man is a piece of the continent and part of the mainland." Literature of the highest form is a personal involvement in mankind and there's nothing like a constant renewal of that involvement.

## Twilight in the Campus

### *Umbra*

Cuneiform

Securiform

Amorphous in silhouette

Shrubbery, underbrush and wood lot sway

Branch, twig and spray ;

Orangeade oriflames simmer far west ;

Fawns crest airy waves, foliage and fences,

Tube-lamps nazi-salute serpentine avenues—

Unwary traps for God's own little moths.

Inchoate

Incarnate

Truncated gubernatorial grounds,

Our chief's dream-campus sprawls

Somnolent, in-drawn, olympian.

Granolithic blocks, concrete cages and incunabula

Brighten up at hundred windows and hum with life,

Gossip, gabble, cachinnation,

Pale bachelors, plump husbands,

Cackling womenfolk, giggling girls,

Silly maids and simpering servants.

# K Versus K.

*J. C. Camillus, II B. Tech.*

Department of Earthly Humans  
7/39 A, Milky Way.

To

M. NAITRAM,  
Department of Martian Sub-Humans,  
8/39 N, Milky Way.

Hi Naitram,

Guess who is writing? None other than your old pal Yehtrae. Never mind the official stationery. I just couldn't find my personal letter heads. However do you remember our last konversation about who had the most incorrigible mutts to look after? I "herewith submit irrefutable proof" and all that jazz that my humans are more sub-human than your sub-humans. You remember perhaps that there are a kouple of krazy kharacters, who are king-pins in the planet I have to play nurse-maid to, who go by the unenviable names of Krushchev and Kennedy. I don't suppose you kould have forgotten the two goons whose latest bone of kontention some place called Kuba I was telling you about in my last letter,

Well, recently this Kennedy chap sort of sponsored a Kuban invasion which we up here decided to wet-blanket, thus enabling the other K, the fat one, to land him a hefty one on the base of the spine. Apparently Kennedy didn't quite like the sensation and was just waiting for an opportunity to return one of the juiciest.

Now, what happened was that that krafty guy Krushchev kooked up a klever plan by which he managed to secretly begin the installation in Kuba of some cigar-like things that go off with a loud bang. Krushchev had hitherto been bombarding us with pleas not to let Kennedy know about his schemes until it was too late. But just to add to the fun we decided to let the kat out of



the bag. Can't always keep a guy down you know. As expected, Kennedy did not like the situation at all and did he send up a yell to us. Boy, this was where the fun began. No sooner had Kennedy finished yelling to us about the injustice we had let his chum, perpetrate, than his chum starts kicking up a row klaiming that we don't "help those who help themselves", as we are supposed to, down there.

This was just the mild beginning. Later we had to work overtime because of the noise Kennedy and his kounterpart insisted on a making over the Kuban Krisis (with Kapital "Ks" as they called it).

You see, the Kennedy Kharacter's rear was still smarting and the guy said he was quite willing to go full length, if we did not do what he had the nerve to call, our duty and kick Krushchev and his cigars out of Kuba. Krushchev too made it very plain that he was not satisfied with the turn of events.

This was where I began going grey. You recall those cigar-like objects I referred to. Well one of my juniors comes and tells me he has inside information that they are kapable of exterminating the humans on Earth. Did I sit up and take notice? If that had happened the Boss might have sent me down to keep those humans kompany. He has some sort of misguided affection for them and prefers to let them exist, though I for one, feel that the planet would be better off without them. But this is strictly between you and me.

Anyhow, to kome back to the point, kan you imagine those pesky kharacters making me liable to lose my job. Well I soon put an end to it. I was all in favour of bringing those two up for a premature reckoning, but when I kooled down I felt it **better** not to draw the attention of the Higher Authorities. After further thought I decided to let Kennedy come out on top this time. He had been exercising his vocal khords more and moreover he came out worst on the previous occasion. I am referring to the invasion. So I arranged it that Krushchev backed down, growling of course, and that was that.

Now can you honestly klaim to have a bigger headache than yours truly? Your charges may be lacking in grey matter but they don't charge around trying to wipe themselves out. Well, so long pal. Hope to see you before the end of this aeon.

Yours  
YLHTRAE

*P.S.*: Been to see my psychiatrist recently. He says I have some sort of "K" komplex. Wonder how?

Y

## The Opium Den

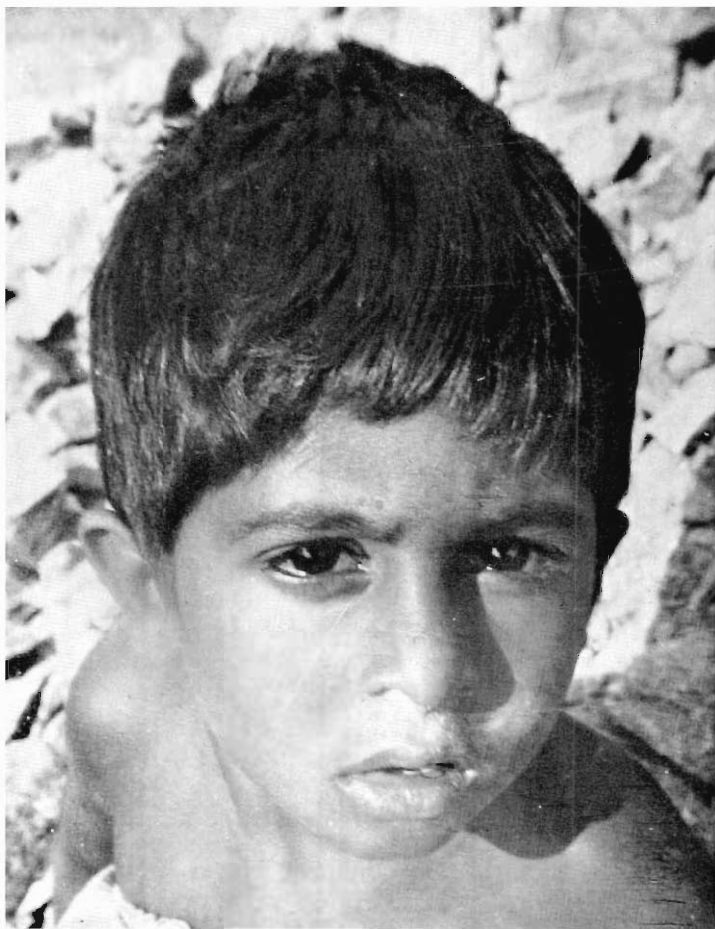
*Mohan*

Lead me to that opium den, my Friend,  
You said you'd discovered Friday last;  
I would be away from men, my Friend,  
Till the Earth and its all seem part of the Past.

I've drunk my Friend, and lain with women,  
But these have proved but scant comfort.  
Ah, let me try this opium den:  
One trial at least; Oh sure it's worth.

Hashish may lead me out of Life and Death,  
Hasten, my Friend, to Hashish let's on;  
Let's take some incense to sweeten the breath  
And a velvet cushion to recline upon.

Goodbye Self, I'll not know you again;  
You'll never more haunt me in feverish dreams:  
Goodbye, I'm off to the opium den  
To dance with the Moon amid Stellar beams.



PORTRAIT OF GRIEF

*K Mahesh.*



## Some Reflections on Inertia

*D. V. Reddy*

Most engineers find it difficult to express their ideas properly and I am certainly no exception. I was therefore overwhelmed by the magnitude of the task when invited to contribute an article to this magazine. Having accepted the challenge with considerable hesitation I had to decide on the subject almost immediately. As one unaccustomed to the art of essay-writing I was absolutely sure that any attempt to write in a serious manner would mean treading on dangerous ground. In spite of frequent reminders from the editorial staff I procrastinated for a while and tried to rationalise my inability to meet the challenge but could find no reason except mental inertia. I therefore decided to record some of my own reflections on a matter which is of considerable national importance Inertia.

Today when we hear so much about National Integration Committees of all sorts, one wonders why no reference is made to a characteristic that unites all of us together. Inertia pervades every sphere of activity in this country and is a serious impediment to progress. Like the weather it seems to be a subject everybody talks about but does nothing about. Politicians exhort us to work hard to accelerate progress and raise the standard of living in vain. The striking difference between life in the Western World and that in ours makes us increasingly aware of our shortcomings. But the blissful state of inactivity continues in the land of the Lotus-eaters and Inertia of all kinds is misconstrued as the philosophy of contentment.

It is very difficult to list adequate reasons for the tremendous amount of inertia in our everyday life. Insecurity due to centuries of foreign domination was partly responsible for the static nature of society today. Living in an atmosphere where creativity and enthusiasm are damped at every stage of activity the individual is soon adjusted to mediocrity and attains a state

of mental inertia. Every milestone along life's journey from womb to tomb seems a step forward but in the negative direction. The rigid and generally intolerant environment clinging to obsolete and complex patterns of bygone ages enforces a certain type of 'thought control' in a most subtle manner. Lack of confidence, the development of parasitic tendencies and love of austerity for its own sake are only a few of the many negative qualities acquired in the Indian social set-up. The state of mental inertia is very conducive to the acceptance of these negative attitudes and we soon find that the less original and more conformist we become, the better off we are. Overwhelmed by the complex social patterns we drift through life unable to steer it according to our desires. In an environment devoid of incentives there is really no need for hard and sustained work. Thus the difficult and vicious spiral of poverty and lack of opportunity perpetuates and propagates itself and leads to pathetically amusing situations.

At a time when men are exploring outer space, the love of the principle of least work in this country is unfortunate and embarrassing. While it is a well-known joke that the Americans have no time to attend their own funeral it is probably no exaggeration to remark that we spend all the time in preparing for not only our own but everybody else's funerals. The nation can no longer afford to continue in its long period of deep slumber. The mechanism needed to awaken us from this state needs to be created by the people themselves. It ought to be the primary aim of all development plans. The campaign for the elimination of inertia may be called the National Inertia Eradication Programme (N.I.E.R.) NIEP should do everything possible to convince us that Man, although trivial in the cosmic scale, ought to think and feel as the master of all things. The social order needs to be reorientated and people made increasingly aware of the pleasures that can be derived from developing a zest for life and trying to live every moment of it. Contentment with meagre living conditions and fatalistic reconciliation to difficult situation will cease to have any appeal in a social order in which life's problems are considered as mere challenges and

not helpless situation preordained by God. People ought to be convinced that the love of negative attitudes is not in any way synonymous with spiritualism.

The Universities have an important role to play in helping NIEP. Higher education should aim to make the individual capable of independent thought not only in his particular field of study but in every aspect of his life. As soon as the intellectual elite begin to think and act for themselves without blindly accepting institutions based on ritualistic survivals new dimensions will be added to living. When individuals can be the architects of their own lives without being conditioned in all sorts of ways by people around, life will cease to be a dull, repetitive process and become an adventure. The "thought reform" of the educated, who after all are the pattern makers of the social order in a country, will certainly provide the proper atmosphere favourable to a "social revolution". The suggestion for a NIEP is bold in its outlook and courageous in its message. Let us hope that the enlightened leaders of our country will find the means for it in their plans.

It is hoped that readers will excuse the inconsistent and sometimes intentionally provocative nature of the remarks of a person who is as much a part of Indian Society as they are. The article was written with the firm belief that self-criticism is very essential for self-development. If some of the comments can throw light on the seriousness of the state of inertia in our country today, the article would have more than achieved its purpose.

# Be Happy

*K. Rangaswamy*

Do people like disappointments in their struggles? No, they don't. We want to achieve everything, get all our desires and ambitions fulfilled, however foolish and fantastic they may be. We want to get our curious thirsts quenched at all costs. In short we want to be happy all the time and that is exactly why we are seldom so. We are happy, in the truest sense of the term, very rarely. This happiness is a peculiar emotion. On musing further, quite a few things come to my mind. It is like any other emotion, that's quite spontaneous in its outburst and very much out of our good control but it's also specially true that it breaks out sometimes without any reason. You would not weep for nothing nor would you fret and fume without reason but you do laugh and feel that you are in high spirits, when there's nothing so happy at hand. My memory will be busy now telling you that incident, so simple, yet so meaningful, so ordinary, but yet bubbling with high philosophy, if you care to understand that, which I would call an eye-opener.

I was in one of those 'without reason' high spirits and it was quite natural to survey the bus, which I got into, and the seats, which were hardly filled. Suddenly my eyes were arrested. She was a beautiful woman, and that divine beauty has to be seen to be believed and if I attempt to describe it in black and white, I should be doing injustice to what I saw. But what's this? There is a pathetic touch in her face, conveying that her happiness not of the same high order as her beauty. How could she be ever unhappy? But she was. Would it be because of her husband? possibly, and again who was that phlegmatic son of clay who could neglect that embodiment of beauty. It drove me mad. I could not conceive it.

What's wrong with this beautiful young man or that flabby middle-aged gentleman, in that sophisticated attire? The pathos beat me completely. The young man so handsome and full of



life who wore a grief-stricken face and the gentleman, with all wealth in the world to command anything putting up a countenance, that would melt even a stone, were mysteries to me. What could be their sorrow? I stopped thinking and witnessed a peculiar scene in the next stop. A poor young man, with both legs gone, perhaps by some accident, and who was struggling hard to walk with the aid, got into the bus with great difficulty and my (why mine, everybody's heart) was full of sorrow and sympathy for him for such a fate so early in his life. How sorry would he be, if even his very sight made others weep for him. But what's this I am seeing? His face gleams with brightness, his ugly teeth flashing out. Do what I see is what I see? I could not conceive it again.

That rich man, who, could command anything is unhappy and this poor bare-chested fellow gay and all merry. That beautiful young woman who would convince anybody that persons in history, who forewent great things for genuine beauty, did not do so for nothing, was far from happy and this ugly creature hardly able to creep on ground was all happy.

I began to think differently now. That rich man was not satisfied, with what he had and hence unhappy. That beautiful lady was not content with what she was or had and hence miserable. But that illfated fellow was quite content with life, accepting any calamity in the name of inevitable destiny and hence that contentment or happiness rested in his heart.

As I said we want everything, we are not able to face disappointments, we are not content with what we have and the result is simple, we are unhappy.

The famous words of Hilaire Belloc come to my mind. "Happiness is not the necessary follow of wealth. It's contentment, that is happiness. Wealth does not necessarily lead to happiness, nor poverty to pedantry." It has no bars, and it comes to anybody, who is content. Be content always and be happy.

## Alien in One's Own Land.

*Th. Ramachandran.*

The problem is not new: ever since the British established their sway over the Indian provinces there has been a steady stream of Indians going over to Europe, particularly to England, in search of knowledge or atleast to get rubber-stamped " England returned ". These scholars or aspirants to that title found on their return that they could not easily reconcile themselves again to the way of life they had left only a few years earlier and to which they were naturally much more used than to the foreign one. Yet there was a feeling of frustration and intense intellectual dissatisfaction of a complex nature, not easy of analysis. What, however, makes the problem more important to-day is the different type of background of the persons going abroad and also, even more important, the very large number of such people.

From a mere trickle of a few persons from very well-to-do circles the stream has grown into a veritable flood of people drawn from all strata of the Indian Society, more particularly from the lower middle-class which supplies the majority of educated Indians. When the Oxford educated Maharaja's or Landlord's son returned, he had no difficulty in getting a suitable position, and in any case he was already well off financially and so found in material well-being some sort of a compensation for his frustration and the lack of intellectual activity and variety. A few, of course, became rebels and they found in the foreign regime an easy enough target to lash at, but themselves remained curiously western in outlook and way of life. But the vast majority of those returning home today after a long sojourn in Europe and America find no easy way out of their unfortunate predicament, as they neither have the financial advantage of their predecessors of the last generation nor a foreign Government to have a go at!

The trouble starts right at the entry-point in India—the Customs Shed. Whereas you had been treated abroad for years as an honest and mature man, the stuffy customs official makes you feel at once an insignificant underling cringing for special favours. He treats you as if you have been smuggling all the gold, or for that matter opium in China into India and as if even your suit-case were transistorized. Your protestations that the obviously battered-looking radio has been in your possession for a long time will certainly go unheeded; but that is not what hurts you, nor the 50% duty based on its new price, but his whole attitude towards you as a man in your own right, and this has to be experienced to be believed!

You still have a few dollars (or marks or pounds or francs or) left and so you pay the porter and the taxi-driver five or ten times their normal rates and then find yourself being abused (in particularly foul language, some of which you may be fortunate not to understand) for not paying more. Meanwhile your uncles, aunts and cousins (more generally than your father, mother and brothers) will be complaining about your extravagance and about the like of you upsetting the whole income structure of the place!

All this you withstand with remarkable fortitude, even though you realise you are losing rapidly your individuality, acquired in the past years against all the odds of the previous Indian upbringing. Soon you will find that you have precious little say in matters which concern only you such as your marriage, religious habits and even, sometime, your career. Of course, there is nothing to stop you from breaking yourself completely away from it all. But you are not prepared to go that far. So you get used to a society which has stood still for centuries; you will wonder that though you were brought up after all in these surroundings, you feel a stranger to it now. Almanacs, horoscopes and astrologers determine your daily life; the superstition all around stifles you. You feel you are a twentieth-century misfit in a pre-biblical world!

Soon you look around for work if you did not already accept a position in India while still abroad. By the law of probabilities you are more likely to land in some organisation controlled by the Government. Were it a factory, a laboratory or a University

you will find that it is run like a collectorate. Directives and circulars constantly remind you that you as a person do not exist, you are just a cog in the wheel of the bureaucratic machine. You are unlikely to be consulted before hand on any work you are to do, you will just be told to do it. If you are in a factory, you will find it is managed by laymen who have no idea of the technical processes involved. If you are in a research or teaching institution you are likely to be confronted with a total lack of a sense of purpose and direction. There will be immaculately arranged conferences and oft-repeated cliches will be uttered by Ministers, Deputy Ministers, M. Ps., and others. Totally impracticable ideas are often presented as concrete proposals and wishful thinking substituted for constructive thought and work. Even research laboratories, which should seek to set high standards of intellectual honesty, sometimes resort to large scale swindling of the public and the Government by publicising results which have been cooked up for a particular occasion and even by faked demonstrations. If you protest against such gross immorality, you are a marked man and may count on all the fury of these people, who are obviously very powerful to get away with it all and are even honoured for the show they put up.

You take to heart the way all the gigantic efforts of a well-meaning Government are set to nought by a corrupt minority who give no leadership to the vast unthinking army of yes-men ; you experience how inspite of all prattle of ushering in of a socialistic pattern of society, a strict regimentation into categories of people is practised more than anywhere else in the world ; you are shocked by the intellectual and social corruption of a whole nation. You decide that the only way out of the morass is to leave it all and escape from the seemingly hopeless situation. Even that is sometimes made difficult though not impossible by all sorts of restrictions put on you.

If, after all that, you change your mind and decide to stick on, it is only because of some vague consciousness that, with all its faults, it is the land of your birth and that, it is better to be an alien in one's own land than to be at home in an alien land !

# This is Delhi

*Ramesh A. Vaswani.*

" This is Delhi!" A sentence which is familiar to all " Delhi-ites ", no doubt! with that cryptic three-word construction a " Delhiwalla " almost always reconciles himself to the large number of unique characteristics which are a part and parcel of this blessed city.

In summer the mercury shoots up to a sizzling 45°C and winter it quivers at 0°C; in summer traffic comes to a standstill because of blinding dust storms and in winter because of thick early morning fog which at times persists till noon; summer brings with it a hot dry wind and winter a cold frosty one. One's wardrobe has to be very elaborately stacked if one is to strive against weather odds. For six months of the year even the best is uncomfortable to wear. Manila shirts and bush-shirts are the order of the day. Come winter and one has to literally pile wollens on wollens in order to keep warm. Woolen clothes are brought out of hibernation and dry-cleaners make a fortune by washing them in water and charging the rates of a dry wash.

Leaving the weather aside, what is more difficult to put up with is the transport system. The Delhi transport is a perfect example of what a modern transport system should not be. A wait at a bus stand may last from five minutes to half an hour. The queue system has yet to catch the fancy of the Delhi people. Catching a bus at a crowded bus-stand is a question of " survival of the mightiest ". The buses move at no speed limit, emitting a thick cloud of black smoke as they pass. Research over a number of years has revealed the distressing fact that Indian Engineers are incapable of solving the smoke problem. As a last resort the Delhi Transport undertaking has had to call in foreign assistance.

A very noteworthy oddity on the Delhi roads is the motorcycle rickshaw, or, as it is locally known the " phut-phut ". It

consists of a four seater carriage rigged up behind a powerful Harley-Davidson bought in the war days from the Army disposals. Most of them have stood the test of time as is testified by the deafening roar and the rattling sound they make as they move majestically along the roads giving a tough competition to the public transport.

A ride in one of these contraptions is a memorable experience. The plastic-covered "cushioned" seats look very inviting but feel like as if they were stuffed with scrap metal; A kick, a loud roar followed by a sudden jerk and we are off! Each part of the vehicle jolts at a different angle bearing testimony to the senility of the shock-absorbing springs. A miraculous power secures to hold the structure in one piece. The journey inevitably leads to either an empty or an upset stomach.

Cyclists—thousands of them—are another characteristic of Delhi. During peak hours they work havoc by riding as many as six overcast. They turn a deaf ear to the loud, persistent signals of motorists, thereby throwing all traffic discipline into a state of utter chaos. They are, however, a problem as well as solutions. Apart from relieving the load on buses, cyclists in Delhi provide a source of invaluable revenue to the Administration. The Delhi Police force thrives chiefly on the fines—and bribes, of course—collected from offending cyclists. In fact, without cyclists the police force would become inactive since it seems to specialise only in checking cyclists' offences, while other traffic moves along merrily, immune to any law and order.

Delhi is supposed to be a perfect synthesis of all sorts of things—modern and ancient culture, Mughal and twentieth century architecture and the like. One synthesis which baffles one is the myriads of shoeshine boys in the fashionable shopping centre of Connaught place. Like the shops they are an intrinsic part of the picture. Walking along the corridors of this beautifully planned shopping centre one is accosted by a number of grimy-faced teen-aged shoe-shines. If you give way to their repeated pleas, your shoes are in for a royal treatment. A

cocktail of polish, cream water and heaven knows what other solutions coupled with their deft hands convert the dull leather into a glistening mirror. The unnatural shine almost overshadows one's personality. A friend running into you will probably look at your shoes first !

A very annoying feature of Delhi is the frequent failure of water and electricity supply. The paucity of available water and electric power generated demands that every day, a different locality be deprived of one of the supplies. In this way the Municipal Corporation makes up for the deficiency of its generators and the inefficiency of its departments,

This is Delhi ! A conglomeration of political glory, Nature's eccentricities, Municipal anomalies and civic "incivility" !

\* \* \* \*

Iron was discovered because some one smelt it.

Heat expands—in the summer the days are long.

Cold contracts—In the winter the days are short.

Masculine—man—Feminine—Woman—neuter—corpse.

A passive verb is when the subject is the sufferer, as ' I am loved '

An autobiography is a history of motor cars.

Monsoon is French for Mister

Facetious is a term used to denote the followers of Mussolini,

Poetry is when every line begins with a capital letter.

The plural of " forget me not " is " forget us not "

The metric system refers to Kilograms, centigrams, telegrams, phonograms etc.

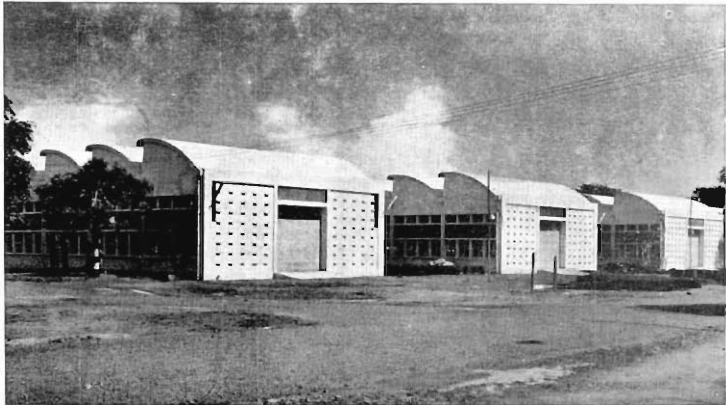
# Our Library

*G. Vazswonathan*

Can I forget the mansion fine  
That stirs to life at half-past nine ?  
It starts to work when students learn,  
And promptly closes when they return.  
This spacious hall of knowledge great,  
With books in plenty up-to-date  
Spare its tomes from human moths  
And veils their charm in gory swathe.  
Books are not issued and lie unused  
Still tickets ten are always issued.  
Authors on their racks of steel  
Their diurnal peace do deepy feel.  
New ones wait to be classified  
On dates that are never specified.  
Some like phantoms easily flit  
From shelf to shelf in a jaunty fit.  
Milton meets the metallurgist  
Hahn with Joan keeps his tryst.  
Eves of letters lie on Science  
And beget odious nescience.  
Books on Applied Mechanics  
In easy amour mate with classics.  
Physics and Maths and Chemistry  
Lie deepy buried in history.  
Thus in promiscuous chaos  
Masterminds their hours pass.  
Let me cry a halt to my tune.  
It's time for me to pay my fine.

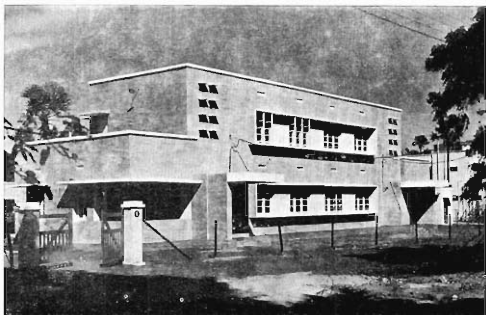


## I. I. T. THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHS

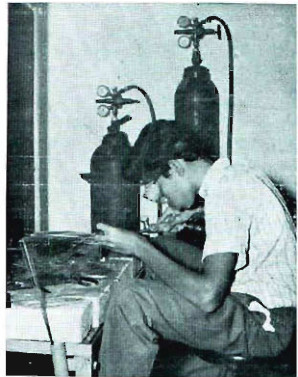
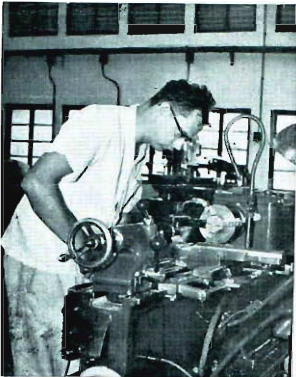
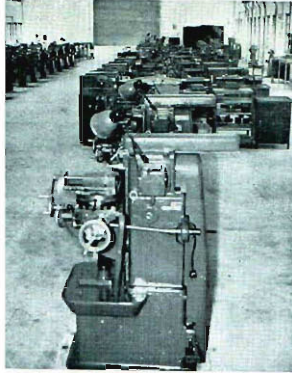












Photos by K. Mahesh

# World's Scriptures

*V. K Vedapuri*

“ All the legends of the early world, no matter what the religion that produced them, were the work of poets; not only Eve eating the apple in the Earthly Paradise or the dove bringing bhacket olive-branch to Noah, but Manu, the father of the human race, as he appears in the Vedic tales, dictating the first laws. Prometheus stealing fire from heaven, Deucalion scattering behind him the stones which turned into men, or Pandora opening the chest in which were imprisoned all the miseries of the world. These ancient myths are a confusion of gods and mortals. They raise men to heaven or bring down gods to earth.”

With the dawn of historic-civilisation on the bank of the Nile, the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Indus and the Yellow, religion early seized upon men's hearts and never since has relaxed its hold. Egypt's progress in the realm of religion and sacred writing was undoubtedly remarkable. The Pyramid Texts are the Spells and Prayers inscribed on the walls of burial chambers in the Pyramids of Egypt about B.C. 2600. The Book of Ptah-Hotep is called the “ oldest book in the world ” and it is a guide to the Good Life and is full of earthly wisdom, The Book of the Dead the most important of all the ancient Egyptian scriptures was really a book for the dead. The Sumerian Epic Gilgamesh followed later.

The oldest sacred book of Hinduism, the oldest of all religions, are the Vedas. The Rig Veda, the chief among them, contains 1028 hymns grouped into ten books. The literary knowledge contained in it had been handed over to posterity through Sruthi and Smuruthi. The other venerated scriptures include the other three Vedas, Brahmanas, Aranyakas, Upanishads, the Epics. Dharma Sastras, Puranas and Vendangas.

The Ramayana and the Māhabharata are the Collective Unconscious of India. They have been traditionally compared

with the two great epics of Greek literature the Iliad, an epic of war, and the odyssey, an epic of travel. Grown out of the recollections of the golden age of the Kosalas and the Videhas, the Ramayana is the unified work of the writer Valmiki and has been retold in beautiful Hindi by Tulasidas and in sweet Tamil by Kamban. As Ramesh Dutt puts it, "The creative imagination of the Hindus has conceived no loftier and holier character than Sita; the literature of the world has not produced a higher ideal of womanly love, womanly truth, and womanly devotion."

The Mahabharata is a description of the great historical war between the Kurus and Panchalas. In the words of Rajaji, "The characters in the epic move with the vitality of real life. It is difficult to find anywhere such vivid portraiture on so ample a canvas. Bhishma, the perfect knight; the venerable Drona; the vain but chivalrous Karna; Duryodhana, whose perverse pride is redeemed by greater courage in adversity, the high-souled Pandavas, with god-like strength as well as power of suffering; Draupadi the most unfortunate of queens; Kunti, the worthy mother of heroes; Gandhari the devoted wife and sad mother of the wicked sons of Dhritarashtra—these are some of the immortal figures, on that crowded, but never confused, canvas. Then there is great Krishna himself, most energetic of men, whose divinity scintillates through a cloud of very human characteristics. His high purposefulness pervades the whole epic. One can read even a translation and feel the overwhelming power of the incomparable vastness and sublimity of the poem". The Bhagavad Gita is the "Essence of the Vedas" and teaches a 'loving faith' or devotion to a personal God, Krishna and the necessity of good deeds "without regard to selfish benefit but for devotion to God".

The Panchatantra and the Hitopadesa are outstanding collections of animal fables in Indian literature. The former is a treatise on human nature and a treat in the wise conduct of life. It conveys a Machiavellian notion of conduct and resembles the Gulistan of Sadi, which became the *Vade mecum* of British Civil servants in understanding the psychology of Moslem Indian. It



is also the source of many stories to be retold by Aesop, Scheherazade Boccaccio and La Fontaine.

Jainism and Buddhism arose as offshoots of Vedic Hinduism in the sixth century B.C. The sixth century B.C. was an era of sages. "By a singular coincidence in the very same century that heard the voice of Confucius, the Jewish prophets were disseminating the idea of One God, and Solon, Zoroaster, Buddha were speaking to mankind."

The Jain Sacred Books are divided into 45 Siddhantas or Agamas and these are said to have been collected by Indrabhuti. They were handed down by oral tradition till A.D. 453 when at the Council of Valabhi, they were written down.

The Jataka Tales constitute the early Buddhist literature. The Buddhist Canons are divided into "Three Baskets" or "Tripitaka". The last of the "Basket" came to be subdivided into five sections called Nikayas and the very last of the five sections contains the Dhammapada, which is one of the sublimest of the scriptural writings in the world. The Dhammapada enunciates the mode of disciplining the mind, heart, will and body to overcome the fire of passion, hatred and stupidity. Edwin Arnold's poetic narrative "The Light of Asia" is a sympathetic interpretation of the tenets of Buddhism to the western readers.

The basis of the Chinese heritage is the enduring wisdom of the subtle mystic Lao-tse and the practical moralist Confucius. "If there is one book in the whole of Oriental literature, which one should read above all others, it is Lao-tse's Books of Tao" writes Lin Yutang. 'Tao' means the way or what to-day is fashionable to term 'know-how'. "Its basic injunction might best be paraphrased by an inversion of the New Testament words; Ask not, and it shall be given you; seek not, and ye shall find; knock not and it shall be opened unto you".

Chuang-tze did for Taoism what Mang-tze did for Confucianism. The thirty small books of Chuang-tze make rich

reading. "Their central teaching may impress some readers as nihilistic nonsense, and others as mystic supersense; in either case, it will at least impress ... Whether a great sage or a superb fool, he was certainly a supreme stylist"

The Confucian Classics might well be regarded as the repository of a substantial portion of the whole history of China. They are the Book of History, the Book of Poetry, The Book of Ceremony, the Book of Changes, Short History of Lu and the Analects. The last of them contains the very seeds of Confucianism which for two thousand years governed the destinies of the land of the Yellow River. Lin Yutang's "Wisdom of China and India" offers a valuable introduction to the other classics of Chinese literature.

The Japanese trace the history of the nation to the mythical "age of the Gods". In his collection of myths and stories written partly in Chinese ideograms, Yasumaro emphasised on the way of man, as recent-writers hold,

The Gathas or Psalms of the Avesta, the Zoroastrian Bible, contain the records of Visions and revelations of the great Prophet of Persia. The Eighteenth Gatha and the others are later hymns in praise of angels and ancient heroes and accounts of ceremonial rules concerning purifications and protection against demons. The Ahura Mazda, the Lord of Light, Zoroaster believed, manifested himself through six deified virtues Truth, Piety, Kindness, Health and so forth. Zoroastrianism, in short, was a pragmatic faith demanding "Goodly thoughts, Goodly words, goodly deeds, and nothing more or less."

Christianity, which is the most universal religion today, has several denominations which are bewildering. It is differently expressed in different ages and in different lands but has certain common tenets believed everywhere. The Bible has gifted to mankind a Universal God, a just God, and world brotherhood built up on Love.

The old Testament is divided into three groups—the Law, the Prophets, and the Writings of different authors. Genesis,

Exodus, Numbers, Leviticus and Deuteronomy attributed to Moses form the first section. The pronouncements of the Hebrew Prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel and the twelve minor prophets are found in the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel and Kings. The third section constitutes the Book of Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Song of Song, Ruth, Lamentation, Ecclesiastes, Esther, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah and the Chronicles. The other religious document of Jews is Apocrypha full of very beautiful literature, some portions of which are read in Christian churches.

Written in Greek, Mark, Luke, Matthew and John of the New Testament and arranged in a manner suitable for reading in church and for teaching purposes. Of the remaining 23 books, most are letters of St. Paul. These Gospels and Parables contain an account of the birth, infancy, discourses of Christ. The deeper spiritual meaning of the life and work of Jesus as the Son of God is retold in his own way by St. John. Mary Ellen Chase's "The Bible and the Common Reader", Fosdick's "Guide to Understanding of the Bible", dealing with God, Man, Right, and Wrong, Suffering, Fellowship with God and Immortality are the result of three generations of historical biblical criticism.

Arab literature began with the Koran, "the thing to be read" 30 chapters in all. "The sincerity of the work is itself its chief merit." It is believed by the Moslems to contain the words of Allah dictated to Mohammed in Arabic form, a book kept in Heaven. The Koran consists of many stories borrowed from the Old Testament, later Jewish writings and the Christian apocryphal Gospels. These revelations are regarded as 'miraculous because but for Allah who chose Ubu'l Kassim to be His Prophet, these might not have been revealed to him. The Koran is for Moslems the most sacred book in the world, containing as they firmly believe, the last word of God to mankind.

Thanks to the great philologists the above mentioned sacred writings of the historically most important eight religions of the world are no longer sealed in strange languages. No important holy book is without a translation today and all the scriptures of the world are available in the English language. And they require

to be read and to be read with zeal and devotion, if life is to be fruitful. To conclude in the thoughtful words of the elder statesman of India, Rajaji, " Mythology cannot be dispensed with. Philosophy alone or rituals alone or mythology alone cannot be sufficient. These are the three strands of all ancient religions. The attitude towards things spiritual which belongs to a particular people cannot be grasped or preserved or conveyed unless we have all these three. Even an iconoclast like Bernard Shew has acknowledged the essentiality of myth".

\* \* \* \*

The future of " I give " is " you take ".

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but presents bring better results.

Everybody wants to go to heaven but nobody wants to die.

The difference between success and failure is the difference between energy and lethargy.

There is nothing like a heavenly body to make a man stare into space.

Epitaph—monumental lie.

A woman is called the better half because her best half chooses to call her so.

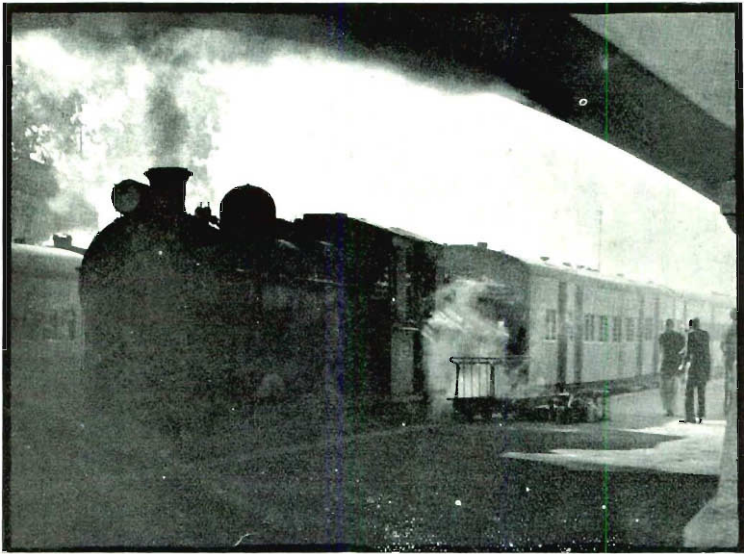
Conscience—something that no's what is wrong.

Charity begins at home but never goes abroad.

Money is so inflated now that a rupee saved is 50 np. lost.

No lawyer ever reads a book—he quotes from it.

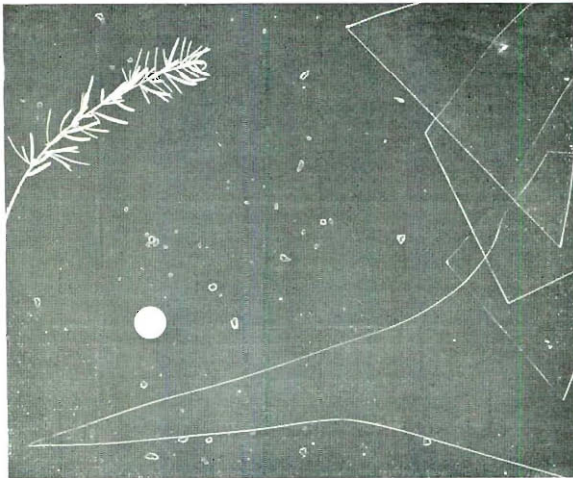
Getting up in the morning is a matter of mind over mattress.



‘ DEPARTURE ’

*S. Shrimati.*

Prize Winning Photograph



‘ PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY No. 1 ’

*S. Shrimati.*

Prize Winning Photograph



# VIPER, THY NEIGHBOUR

“ T. S. R. ”

Rally round the flag, rally once again,  
Shouting the battle cry of Mother Divine,  
The tree of liberty will grow and flower-  
Only when watered by the blood of ours.

With sweet words covering hideous heart,  
And death-dealing daggers concealed in yellow robes,  
And sharpened claws to pierce our motherland's heart,  
Had swarmed, the brute and treacherous hordes.

Too long have we fraternized with scheming foes,  
Lulling us to sleep with Bhai-Bhai morphia,  
With lines of treachery writ large on the bushy brows,  
No longer the blood-thirsty wolves can ensnare India,

Sons of Ind, remember the heroes of the glorious days of old  
Who fought for this land to bathe in freedom's fragrant showers  
The cursed word of ' Slavery ' shall on our land never  
again be told ;

Proclaim this to the heathens from the land of “ Hundred  
Flowers.”

Our brethren on the borders braving blizzards and bullets for  
our Mother's fame  
Face a foe unsurpassed in practice of diabolic deceit and art  
and cunning ;

Sons of Bharat, wake up from the illusion's slumber of shame,  
Peace is hard to win with Chinese vipers bobbing out and in.

Let party strifes be cast away,  
They dim the flame of Liberty ;  
Let caste and creed dissolve to-day  
To form a mighty stream of Unity.

Victorious we shall ever be !  
Very shape of our dear Motherland  
Is a mighty V of Victory,  
Carved out by the Great Creator's hand.

# I HISS

*By Snake*

I have a memorable past—Nevertheless the future portends to be bleak—For progress spells ruin and annihilation, for my tribe. Each developmental project in the forests disturbs my retreat and no length of withdrawal seems to me to be safe—I am blamed for showing you the forbidden apple but you chose to eat it—

Be that as it may, since then, you crush my body and I attempt to bite your heel.

I combine in me respect and hate—Sri Krishna in Balabhava finished Kalia and his aerial help Garuda to this day is after my blood, cold though it be. It is to my everlasting pride that the good Lord after the deluge reposed in me. In another context, did I not take human shape and accompany the Lord in exile for fourteen years— No better guardian for a safe sojourn in the forest could be found than me.

To churn the ocean was made possible because I was used as a rope for that purpose—My grace, charm and beauty has adorned the body of Shiva. To this day I am unsurpassed as a " Motif"—Subramania took my form and did penance in Sheshadri hills to atone for his sin for having slighted Brahma.

The deeds of astronauts are child's play when I think how at very regular intervals I swallow and release planets hot and cold alike, with mathematical exactitude.

Bipeds are paradoxes if nothing else—I am worshipped as " Adishesha " and they call themselves by my different names as suits their fancy ; and to injure me is considered to bring unhappiness for generations to come—But whenever, stealth, vile, ingratitude or unnecessary harm is to be compared with ; I am taken as a standard !



Whether I stand guard of treasures or not, my stay in some houses keeps the place safe from even dacoits. What the good earth yields as harvest reaches the granary in a better proportion since no rodent comes near where I crawl—Even men do not transgress paddy fields at night fearing me.

My name when associated with medicines surely commands respect—Serpa pills and Redolphia Serpentina plants enjoy a good market—If the far eastern indigenous medicine shops do a roaring trade in dispensing all-cures; you can take it that my carcass has a due share in the prescriptions under various allotropic modifications.

The poison that I hold, corrects many a human ill if only used in homeopathic doses.

The Aryans who certainly know what they did, gave me a place of importance! Right now, the tourist in India admires the Taj but feels the visit incomplete without a sight of my swaying hood keeping rhythm with the wailing note of the Charmer's pipe.

I am not at all pedestrian in my habits and keep myself clean and shining Alas! that is my undoing too—Vulgar hands are quick to flay me and change me as her vanity bag or his waistbelt and my only satisfaction is that price is better than other hide.

Even the little lebensraum in which I contain myself is disturbed by entomologists who advocate, use of detergents and acids to drive me into the open where I could be done away with as nobodys business. They want to take up exactly where Janamejaya left the job unfinished.

But if only men think of pets and cases of hydrophobia caused by them, I would be considered as an angel by comparison—For as a medium of exit from life can any beat me—a quick incision and paralysing of the nerves—the moment of truth is there.

In spite of all that is said, it behoves you to keep your eyes open when I am near, and meantime as aloof to you as you are to me and wishing never to draw near.

# Jest Before Justice

*S. Srikant*

The title may amuse you because you believe that a jest and jecose, a sally and sortie are the monopolies of a jocund jester in the circus arena or a comedian in a play or a picture; because you presume that courts that administer justice are rooms where wit and humour, retort and rejoinder have no place at all. When you visualise a court scene, you picture before you an erudite Judge seated on the raised dais with his serious looks and morose appearance, the black-robed barristers who live on others' quarrels, appealing to His Lordship's passions and sympathies, his prejudices and predilections to establish the cause of his client and destroy that of his adversary, and the lugubrious litigants anxiously awaiting the pronouncement of the court. It is true the proceedings of the court are insipid and dull, and its atmosphere, drab and dreary. Nevertheless, the tension of tragedy and seriousness of the court atmosphere is broken by an apt jesting or a mild fun, a witty remark or a brief repartee, a little joke or a humorous sally, a small yarn or a pithy anecdote. Such humour or wit may emanate either from the Bench or from the Bar, and more often times than not it is the witty witnesses that bring in the smiling and laughter in the court and relieve its ennui and monotony.

It is not uncommon that a smart witness may pull the leg of the Counsel cross-examining him, however experienced the Counsel be. In one case, a carpenter was sub-poenaed as a witness on a trial for assault. The Counsel who was much given to badgering and brow-beating of witnesses, asked him in the course of his cross-examination, what distance he was from the parties when he saw the accused strike the victim. The shrewd carpenter answered: "Just four feet, five inches and a half". The Counsel asked: "Pray, tell me, how is it possible for you to be so very exact as to distance?" "Why, to tell you the truth, I thought,

perhaps, that some fool or other might ask me that question, and so I measured it" was the reply of the witness.

In another interesting case, a lawyer was cross-examining a witty woman witness as follows :

"Now, will you please say, how and where you first met this man?" "I think", began the woman, "that it was....."

"Never mind what you think", interrupted the lawyer. "we want facts here; we don't care what you think and haven't any time to waste in listening to what you think. Now please tell us where and when it was that you first met this man?"

"I can't", said the woman.

"Why not?"

"The court doesn't care to hear what I think, Does it?"

"No".

"Then there's no use of questioning me any further. I'm not a lawyer; *I can't talk without thinking*".

Sometimes an advocate may ask such questions that would give the witness in the box an opportunity to raise a laugh against the cross-examiner himself. A laugh against him, or a wit at his expense personally may be a point against him professionally. In a case where the main dispute was whether or not a particular restaurant was a place of repute, the witness was giving a series of reasons why he considered the restaurant in question a disreputable one. Not satisfied with what the witness had deposed, the lawyer finally asked: "You have given us about a dozen reasons why you consider so and so restaurant a disreputable place. Now, could you finally give us one single reason which alone gave you the impression that this restaurant was a place of disrepute?"

"Oh, yes", the witness replied.

"What's it?"

**“ Once I saw you sitting in it ”**

Sir Frank Lockwood, a famous British barrister, was examining witness at the York Assizes as to the exact position of certain cattle on the road, ‘beasts’ as they were called in Yorkshire. “Now my man” asked Mr. Lockwood, “you say you saw these animals clearly from where you stood; how far off can you usually see a beast.”

The witness looking critically at Sir Lockwood across the court replied: “Just about as far as I am from you, Sir.”

Here is an instance where an advocate, who was making an observation about the witness, was taken quite unawares. “There’s no use of asking you questions, for I see the villain in your face”, said the lawyer.

“Do you, Sir?”, replied the witness with a smile. “I never knew before that my face was a looking glass”.

A lawyer who asks insolent questions will find they will recoil on himself by the over-bearing conduct of the witness. A doctor was being examined in a case as an expert witness. The lawyer asked:

“Doctors sometimes make mistakes, Don’t they?”

The answer was: “The same as lawyers”.

“But Doctors’ mistakes are buried six feet underground?”

“Yes, but lawyers’ mistakes sometimes swing six feet in the air”, replied the Doctor.

A eighty-year old Parsi lady was being examined in a case. The cross-examiner asked of her: “And now, Madam, if suddenly all your teeth were removed, you would feel extreme pain wouldn’t you?” The answer was: “No, I wouldn’t”.

“What? You wouldn’t feel any pain if all your teeth were removed at the same time?”, said the surprised lawyer, and the old lady repeated that she wouldn’t. At this stage, the octogenarian gave a broad grin to the Judge and the audience in the court and with a gesture removed the denture from out of her

mouth. The shameful advocate hid his head behind the heap of papers before him as if not to hear the loud laughter raised in the court.

Let us next pass on to the humour that arises on account of exchanges between the members of the Bench and the Bar. No doubt there exists a good feeling between them and the Justices show considerable latitude to the members of the Bar in placing their clients' cases vigorously. But still, certain lawyers, out of emotion and without disrespect to the Bench, in the heat of their arguments, of course, stung by caustic remarks of a peevish Judge, sometimes lose their equipoise and use expressions which they never meant to utter; and more often than not, they are incisive duel of sallies and jokes, repartees and rejoinders. Mr. Oswald was noted for his defiant attitude towards the Judges and his caustic wit. He once said in Court that the proposition was one with which no reasonable man could disagree. The Judge, interrupting, observed: "I beg your pardon, I disagree with it".

Mr Oswald politely retorted: "I said *reasonable man*, My Lord".

On another occasion, the same Oswald was opening an appeal case before a Judge who seemed worried and cried out: "Really, Mr Oswald, you might give Judges credit for a little common-sense". "That, My Lord, was the mistake I committed in the Court below", replied Mr Oswald.

Once an English Judge expostulated at the proposition of law that the celebrated Irish barrister John Philpot Curran was propounding before him and exclaimed: "If that is the law, I may burn my law books".

Mr Curran replied tartly: "Oh No, Milud, better *read* them"

When a Counsel in America was pleading his client's ignorance of law as an extenuating circumstance, the Judge remarked that ignorance of law was no excuse, quoting the famous Latin maxim: *Ignorantia Juris non-excusat*.

"Yes, Your Honour", replied the learned Counsel, "I'm aware that every shoe-maker, tailor, mechanic and illiterate

labourer is presumed to know the law—Yes, every man is presumed to know—except Judges of the Supreme Court and we have therefore a Court of appeal to correct their mistakes”.

There have been instances from our own courts, too. When a Vakil from a District Court appeared before the Chief Court to argue an appeal case, the presiding officer eyed from top to toe thrice and throwing a contemptuous glance at the young Vakil in a very over-bearing manner asked him: “Have you ever appeared in this Court before?”. Replied the Vakil: “My Lord, more than once, in better times, before better Judges”.

A leading criminal lawyer who was extremely improvident and always shabbily dressed, on one occasion wore a brand new silk turban, a new alpaca gown, besides the new coat and the starched collar and the shining shoes. A Judge, a meticulous observer as he was, who saw the glimmering lawyer, leaned forward and solemnly inquired of him: “Have you won a lottery prize, Sir?”. Pat came the answer from the lawyer; “No, Milud. It’s you Lordship who wins a lottery prize on the first of every month”.

Two Counsel were arguing an appeal case before a District Judge. On a certain point they came to grips and called each other names, each abusing the other as “silly ass”, “donkey” and so on. The Judge who was watching this silently and enjoying the repartee, quietly remarked: “Gentlemen, now that you have fully recognised each other, let us proceed with the appeal”.

Certain Judges there are, who frequently interrupt the lawyers in their arguments, apparently to impress the Bar with their knowledge of law. A lawyer at one time exasperated at such uncalled for interruptions by a Judge cried out: “Milud, you are paid to listen, I am paid to talk, and let us perform our respective duties”.

Sometimes the Judges also are victims to the witness’ clever retort and repartee. Justice Jeffreys once mistook an apparently stupid witness who was having a long beard, and took a dislike

to the man even at the outset, and remarked that if his conscience were as long as his beard he must have a very troublesome one. To this the bearded witness retorted: "My Lord, if you measured consciences by beards, you would have none at all".

Personal references by the advocates in the course of their arguments are not uncommon, and in their zeal, often remind the Court that they have been in the Bar for so many years and therefore they could put forward a point of law with unstinted confidence and the Judges rejoinders on such occasions are humorous and witty. In a case where a Judge decided that certain evidence was inadmissible, the attorney took a strong exception to the ruling and said: "I know, Your Honour, that it's proper evidence. Here I've been practising at the Bar for forty years, and now I want to know if I'm a fool?". The Judge replied: "That's a question of fact and not of law, and so I wouldn't pass my opinion upon it, but will let the Jury decide".

There are certain lawyers who forget the fact that court hall is not a proper forum to show off their mastery of the language or the range of their vocabulary. They try to be pedantic and use expressions that puzzle the witness or confound the Judge and the Jury. When a witness answers a particular question without understanding the high literary language put by the literateur-lawyer, we sometimes get a laugh which is in fact not against the witness' poor vocabulary, but against the lawyer's sesquipedalianism. In an important case where a man was examined with reference to his qualifications as a Juror, he was asked: "What do you understand by a preponderance of evidence?". Back came the answer: "It's evidence previously pondered". In another case when a witness was asked to explain *de jure* and *defacto*, he replied, perhaps because of the phonetic similarity of the terms *jure* and *jury*: "They mean, you must prove the facts to the satisfaction of the Jury".

Certain celebrated barristers pun their expressions studiously chosen, so much so, their ambiguities understood in a different context and meaning, give rise to a mild fun. John Philpot Curran was one such and in one of his trials he was pressing the Jury rather intently and the Judge irritated him by constantly

shaking his head, indicating thereby that the court did not agree to what he was saying. "Gentlemen of the Jury", commented the great Curran at the end of his arguments, "you must have noticed His Lordship shaking his head. I ask you to pay no attention, because if you were as well acquainted with His Lordship as I am, you would know that when he shakes his head, *there is nothing in it*"

When a young barrister expressed surprise at the ruling of a Judge and was severely criticised for doing so, his senior stood up and apologised for him by saying: "Whenever my junior is as old as I am, he will never be surprised at anything your Lordship says or does," and those present at the court who got the meaning of this enjoyed the fun.

Besides the funs openly enjoyed and wits equally shared by all in the court, among the brother-advocates an unexpected wit may be cut at the expense of any in the court. A learned Counsel when the Judges had retired for a few minutes in the midst of his argument in which from their interruptions and objections he did not seem likely to be successful, went out of court, too, and on his return stated he had been drinking a pot of porter. Being asked whether he wasn't afraid that this beverage might dull his intellect and debase his spirits, he said: "That's just what I want it to do, to bring me down, if possible, to the level of Their Lordships understanding".

There was a criminal lawyer whose clients, especially when tried for murder, were almost invariably convicted. He boasted one day to his colleague: "I've been forty years at the Bar and I've never had a complaint about the way I have looked after my clients' interest." "That's because dead men tell no tales," was the sharp answer.

A Judge's charging the jury regarding an accused for horse-stealing who put in a peculiar plea of "matrimonial insanity" contained a humorous sally. It was in evidence that the accused had married half a dozen times and was living with wife number six at the time of his arrest. The Judge declared: "This Court



had a certain amount of matrimonial experience with one female and such experience has not been altogether of a satisfactory character. But here's a man who has been so blind, so imbecile, and so idiotic as to marry in ten years six horrible scolds and shrews. For so doing, I class him as a natural fool; and even if he possessed any intelligence, the dwelling with these women must have destroyed it. The plea of the Counsel for the defence is sound in law and equity and I charge you to bring in a verdict of acquittal". Needless to add, the Jury did as they were bid.

Thus Courts have been the arenas of many a witty combat. The jests of the Justices, the laughs of the lawyers and the wits of the witnesses that relieve the monotonous atmosphere of the Court scene are spicy and saucy, piquant and pungent. They may not of course be comparable to the 'quips and cranks and wanton wiles, nods and becks and wreathed smiles' of Milton's *L'Allegro* or Shakespeare's Porter in *Macbeth* or the Fool in *King Lear*, who help relieve the tragedies by their flashes of wit and shoots of humour. But all the same, the bonmot and the banter, the jest and the jecose, the retort and the rejoinder, the sally and the sortie exchanged in the courts are spontaneous and are never pre-meditated to bring humour for the sake of humour to get a laugh with a guffaw, and any visitor to the Court is sure to get a feeling of *joie de vivre* which he will long remember.

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Honesty is the best policy, but too many people let it lapse.

Clothes may make a man, but they just fake a woman.

Worry—Interest paid on trouble before it falls due.

“ PERENNIAL FLOWER ”

*Venugopal*

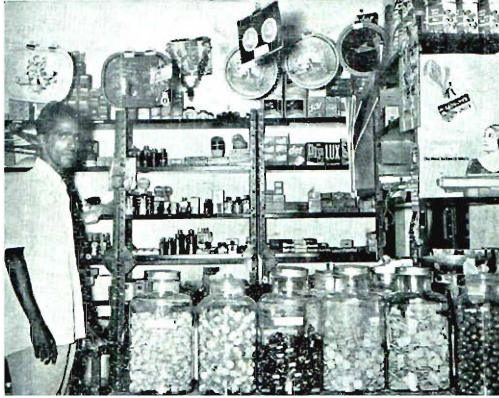
Let a thousand flowers bloom  
Yet all but one will die  
This is the Chinese dictum  
That Mao and Chou stand by  
No contact with the U. S. A.  
Till they vacate Formosa  
And all the off-shore islands  
All those waters and lands  
They claim to know no aggression  
And work to ease tension  
But of many a border state  
With China rests the fate  
Like offing, China's border line  
(To mark it is but vain)  
For as the Chinese proceed  
Farther does it recede  
The Lamas with their prayer wheels  
Have taken to their heels  
The world watching in awe and dread  
What else would Chou not tread  
Our country's northern border shrank  
Before the Chinese prank;  
But how to raise a nation bold  
Against a comrade old?  
For did we not in hoary past  
When over mighty hills  
Came Huien Tsang with wisdom vast  
Pay off his heavy bills?  
But further south their banner came  
With excuses all lame  
Till at last the giant rose  
To meet the move so gross  
Of “ Hindi Chini Bhai Bhai ”  
The echo dead well-nigh  
Is lost on one and all  
Beyond the mountain wall,  
The beacon light that China bore  
Aloft in days of yore,  
Shining all the world over  
Is gone out for ever.



Then



And Now!



## THE TWIN NEEDS



## THE ATOM

*S. Sreenivasan*

The Greeks discovered the atom  
Rutherford split the atom  
Hahn got its fission  
And Teller then its fusion.

The might of atom then became  
A weapon in the military game  
Two drops on an enemy found  
Two of his cities under tomb.

The cold war carried the atom  
To the politicians' bottom  
They play their game with it  
Never feeling its danger a bit.

So they tested many bombs  
Without caring for their wrongs  
In poisoning the atmosphere  
Around this living sphere.

The power that vanquishes others here  
Must plant its men elsewhere  
A count of ten will be longer than  
When our earth will be nowhere.

Goneva talks or some other talks  
Whether are talks or no such talks  
Out of doubt should we walk  
Away from this deadlock.

The powerful atom is useful sure  
When harnessed with objects pure  
Who can deny the utility  
Of a mighty inanimate entity?

The evil is not sure in the atom  
But is at the sadist's heart bottom  
The Hyde in Man is alone to blame  
If the world dies in atomic flame.

## 3rd December 1962—A Red-Letter Day

*Prof. R. Krishnamurthi, M. A.,*

Monday, 3rd December 1962, was a red-letter day in the history of the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras. The whole of the Campus wore a gay and festive appearance. The whole of the Campus wore a gay and festive appearance. The President of the West German Republic, Dr. Heinrich Luebke, was arriving that evening to lay the foundation stone of the Administrative buildings of the Institute : for it was a fact that though many buildings had come up in the Campus, and classes and workshops were in full swing, no foundation stone had ever been laid : and for laying the foundation stone who else could be a more appropriate person than the President of Federal Germany :

Temporary gates and arches had been erected all along the roads to welcome the distinguished visitor. Even the half-completed buildings put on fresh look. The open-air theatre, which had been got ready within a few weeks, was having the final touches given to it. The central stage as well as the arena displayed the national flags of both West Germany and India side by side. The Madras Police Band was in attendance. Paper and floral decorations and festoons were waving in the air in their multi-colours.

From 3.45 p.m. the guests started coming in : and by 4.15 p.m. the whole of the theatre was getting filled up. There were seats reserved for the V. I. Ps., the President's *entourage*, the German Professors and their families, the other staff members and their families, and the invitees and students. Among the V. I. Ps., were the High Commissioners of various countries, members of the Governing Council, High Court Judges and top-ranking Government officials. The staff volunteers and student volunteers did a fine job that day. Outside the theatre, there was an imposing collection of cars, ranging from luxurious and sleek limousines to weather-beaten and midget vehicles. Everybody was in the highest spirits.

Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, Chairman of the Governing Council, was the earliest to arrive. He made a general inspection of the place and arrangements, and looked satisfied. A few minutes afterwards, our popular Chief Minister, Shri Kamaraj, arrived, and he bowed to the loud cheering with which all those who were already assembled greeted him. Dr. A. L. Mudaliar received him and conducted him to his seat. It was now nearing 4.30 p.m. and there was tense expectation.

Dr. Heinrich Luebke had in the meanwhile been met and welcomed at the entrance to the Campus at about 4.05 p.m. by Professor B. Sen Gupto, the Director.

The Presidential party which consisted of :

- (1) The President of the Federal Republic of Germany
- (2) Mrs. Wilhelmine Luebke
- (3) Mrs. Brigitte Schroeder (w/o Foreign Minister)
- (4) Hans Heinrich von Herwarth, State Secretary
- (5) Mr. George Ferdinand Duckwitz, Ambassador of the Federal Republic of Germany in India
- (6) Mrs. Duckwitz

and (7) Mr. P. A. Menon, Ambassador of India in the Federal Republic of Germany

was taken round the whole of the Campus in open cars. Within half-an-hour, the distinguished visitors had obtained a comprehensive view of the lay-out of the whole campus, and the progress of construction. Just before entering the Stadium, the President and Mrs. Luebke were introduced to the Adviser to the Government of India for development of I. I. T., Heads of the Departments the German staff and their families.

At exactly 4.30 p.m., the West German President and Mr. Luebke entered the dais. With a pleasant smile, Dr. Luebke got on the platform followed by Mr. Luebke, Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, Professor Humayun Kabir, Chief Minister Kamaraj, Sri R. Venkataraman (Minister in-charge of Industries and

Technical Education with the Government of Madras), Professor SenGupto, Mr. R. Natarajan, the Registrar and the Superintending Engineer, Mr. Y. S. Ramaswamy. All the guests who were assembled including the students rose in their seats, and gave the distinguished visitors a magnificent welcome. Dr. Luebke was evidently pleased. His face was wreathed in smiles.

The function began with prayers. Then Dr. A. L. Mudaliar welcomed the guests. He expressed his pleasure that it was possible for the distinguished guest, Dr. Heinrich Luebke, President of the Federal Republic of Germany, and Mr. Luebke, to be present at Madras to participate in the function.

He referred to the many cultural links that bound India and Germany together durling a hundred years and more, and to the help that West Germany had been giving in recent years to the development of India. The latest instance of such help was the technical assistance from Germany in the establishment and development of this Technological Institute at Madras as mentioned hereunder :

- (1) Scientific and Technical Equipment from Germany of the value of Rs. 1. 8 crores.
- (2) the supply of German Professors and 5 Foremen for teaching and training.
- (3) facilities for the training of 20 Indian personnel in German Technical Universities.

Dr. Mudaliar referred also to the generous grant by the Government of Madras of an area of over 600 acres of land adjacent to Raj Bhavan for the location of the Institute. He added that this Institute has been given by an Act of Parliament the status of "an institution of national importance" and that it provided at present facilities for under-graduate teaching and also advanced post-graduate teaching in some subjects. It was having during this year about 650 students on its rolls. When it was fully developed, the Institute Campus would be a self-sufficient township with about 2000 students, 1000 staff members of all categories, hostels, workshop buildings, instructional buildings,



and an administrative block of 5 storeys, a primary school, a high school, a hospital, a Guest House, Staff and Ladies' Clubs, a Bazaar a swimming pool and a boating club. It was the hope of all that the work of construction would be completed by 1965-66. Dr. A. L. Mudaliar remarked that the Institute would be one of the most important and fruitful of the Indo-German projects in the country, and referred with gratitude to the visit of the previous German President, Dr. Theodore Heuss to the Institute. He thanked Dr. Kraus of his unflagging interest in his capacity as Adviser to the Government of India in the development of the Institute, and expressed his appreciation of the work done by Mr. Sengupto, the Director, Mr. R. Natarajan, the Registrar, Mr. Y. S. Ramaswamy, the Superintending Engineer and all the members of the staff to make this Institute a model one. He concluded thanking Dr. and Mrs. Luebke for coming over to India to inspire us with their presence, and to bless the Institute by laying its Foundation Stone.

After Dr. Mudaliar had finished his welcome speech, Shri R. Natarajan, I. A. S. (our Registrar) read out messages from various distinguished persons in India and Germany, every one of whom wished success to the function. Among the messages that were read, those from The President of India, the Prime Minister of India, Dr. Theodore Heuss, former President of the Federal Republic of Germany. Dr. Konrad Adenauer, Chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany, Dr. Zakir Hussain, the Vice-President of India, and The Governor of Madras require special mention.

Professor Humayun Kabir, Minister for Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs, next delivered his address. He spoke *extempore*, and expressed his pleasure that it was given to him to speak on this auspicious occasion when the Foundation Stone of the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras was to be laid by the President of the Federal Republic of Germany. The day was in many ways memorable not merely for Madras but for the whole of India. The first of such Institutes of national importance was established at Kharagpur in 1951. The offer of help by

the German Government to start the Institute at Madras was made in 1956 when our Prime Minister visited Germany. The second of such Institutes was started at Bombay in 1958 with the assistance of the UNESCO and the co-operation of the Soviet Union. The Madras Institute started functioning in 1959.

Professor Humayun Kabir referred with appreciation to the work done already during these three years to bring this Institute to its high level of efficiency. A city was rapidly growing up in the Campus, dedicated to the pursuit of knowledge and to the development of Science and Technology. He recalled how India has owed a great deal to Germany through the years, and how German scholars have been among the greatest interpreters of Indian Culture to the Western World. He paid a glowing tribute to the German people for the wonderful way in which they have re-built their cities and their economy, which had been shattered by World War II. He acknowledged with gratitude how Germany has been giving many evidences of her good will towards the developing country, India, and how this Institute is probably the most important of all such acts of help. He praised German scholarship for its high standards, and for its thoroughness and attention to details. The Indians are well known for their imaginative and speculative achievements. He expressed the hope that in this Institute at Madras there will be a marriage between these qualities in the cause of peace, and for the service of man. He thanked Dr. A. L. Mudaliar and Dr. Kraus for their abiding interest in the growth and welfare of this Institute, and then requested His Excellency Dr. Heinrich Luebke to lay the corner stone of the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras.

The President then laid the foundation stone amidst cheers. The highlight of the day was his speech on this memorable occasion which he gave in a clear ringing voice. The words of encouragement and wisdom had an instantaneous appeal. There was thunderous applause when he mentioned the name of Gandhiji. The following is the text of his speech:—

Excellencies,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

To-day is an important date in the long history of Indo-German Co-operation. We have gathered here to lay the foundation Stone of the Institute, which shall commemorate for all time the joint achievement of Indians and Germans in establishing this Institute of Technology in Madras.

In past years, Indians and Germans have co-operated to perform great achievements in very many different fields, and have carried out many projects jointly.

For a long time past, scholars from both our countries have worked in close collaboration in the field of Arts and literary studies. The economic development of India, which finds visible expression in the aims of the Five-Year Plans, presents your country with the task of training above all a large number of engineers, technicians and skilled workers. It has for long past been the wish of the Federal Government to help you in this, and to put the experience of an older industrial nation at your disposal. This has had the gratifying result of close co-operation between Germany and India in the field of training for technical professions. Representative of this is the prototype training centre at Okhla near New Delhi, where skilled workers and master-craftsmen are trained.

The Institute of Technology here in Madras is a practical addition. It will train the engineers who are so urgently needed for the economic development of India, and will contribute through research to the expansion of science and engineering.

The idea of establishing this Institute of Technology in Madras dates back to the visit of His Excellency the Indian Prime Minister, Nehru, to the Federal Republic of Germany in 1956. The difficulties which arose in the execution of this scheme were manifold, and could not at first be foreseen. They ranged from a shortage of construction steel and cement to concern regarding a sufficient supply of teachers. The decision to expand

the project considerably, contrary to the original plans, confronted all those concerned with new problems, Thanks are due to the trustful co-operation between the two Governments, and between Indian and German Professors and lecturers, that in spite of all this the project has almost reached completion within four years.

The division of labour agreed on, by which the Federal Government was for the greater part to undertake the equipment of the laboratories and workshops with machines, apparatus and material for theoretical and practical teaching, as well as send a number of professors and instructors, has proved successful. A form of co-operation has been carried out here, which may serve as an example of good partnership on a basis of equality. In addition to training in their special subjects, the students have before them daily an object lesson on how two nations, which in their history, traditions and habits of life have developed very differently, can collaborate together well and successfully to achieve a high aim.

The aim to be served by the Institute of Technology in Madras can be described most succinctly in the words of the great lodestar of Indian youth, Mahatma Gandhi :-

“ Knowledge will be the common property of the people ”

The Stone which I now have the honour to lay should be a constant reminder of this task to us and to all who teach and study in this Institute.

I wish from my heart that the Institute of Technology in Madras may be successful in its further development. May it work for the welfare of the Indian Nation, and contribute to a flourishing friendship between Germany and India.

After the President's speech was over, Professor B. Seu Gupto, the Director, in proposing the vote of thanks, expressed his deep indebtedness to Dr. Heinrich Luebke, Dr. Humayun

Kabir, Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, Mr. Kamaraj (the Chief Minister of Madras) and other distinguished guests who were present on the occasion to wish godspeed to the Institute. It was a historic occasion, and His Excellency, Dr. Heinrich Luebke, had laid everybody under a deep debt of gratitude by traversing thousands of miles from his Fatherland to lay the foundation stone of this Institute. His interest in the welfare and prosperity of the developing countries was well-known: and we would always cherish his emphasis on education and self-help.

He next thanked Professor Humayun Kabir who had been intimately associated with this Institute ever since its inception for his presence and his inspiring address.

Professor Sen Gupto thanked the Chief Minister, of Madras, Mr. Kamaraj, for his presence that evening and for his active interest in the welfare of the Institute from the days when it was having its "teething troubles". Expressing his indebtedness to Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, Chairman of the Board of Governors, he referred to him as his friend, philosopher and guide" and said that whatever progress had been achieved by the Institute so far was due to his inspiring leadership. He expressed the hope that it would be given to the Institute to have his wise guidance for many years to come.

He thanked Her Excellency Wilhelmine Luebke and Frau Schroeder for their gracious presence, and expressed his gratitude to Mr. H. H. Von Herwarth, and their Excellencies Duckwitz and P. A. Menon for their fostering care of this Institute. He specially thanked Mr. Gerhard Fischer, the Consul of the Federal Republic of Germany at Madras for his continued interest in the growth of the Institute. Thanking Mr. Chandiramani, Joint Secretary of the Union Ministry of Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs, for finding time to be present on this auspicious occasion, he expressed his appreciation of the co-operation which he had received in an unstinted manner from him as a Member of the Board of Governors. Making special mention of the great help of Dr. Kraus, and the Joint Secretary to the Ministry and of the

valuable services of the Architects and the Engineering Unit, he wound up the proceedings with a final expression of his gratitude to all who had made the evening's function a memorable one.

The Madras Police Band then struck the National Anthems of India and West Germany, and the function came to a close.

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A KISS is a peculiar proposition; of no use to one, absolute bliss to two; the small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, the old man has to buy it: it is the baby's RIGHT, the lover's PRIVILEGE, and the hypocrite's MASK.

To a young girl it means, FAITH, to a married woman HOPE, and to an old maid CHARITY.

*Geographic muddle*

(On the Bonn Avenue two guys walking along).

"And where are you from?" came the opening question from the tough-looking guy.

"Rajasthan" said the timid-looking one.

"Rajasthan, huh" grunted the former. "Well I have a friend who lives in Cuttack"

End of conversation.

# Report of the activities of the Department of Applied Mechanics

Since its formation in July 1961, the Department of Applied Mechanics has grown steadily and made some progress in all the three phases of academic work—Teaching, Research and Development. Subjected to the inevitable difficulties associated with a developing Institution planning of laboratories proceeded rather slowly. The Department, was able to set up a small laboratory for the Mechanics of Rigid Bodies with both West German and locally purchased equipment. Laboratories for the Mechanics of Deformable Bodies and the Mechanics of Fluids are in their formative stages.

Although all the teaching commitments have been at the undergraduate level till now, the Department looks forward to an intensive programme of postgraduate teaching from the beginning of the next academic year. As Applied Mechanics cuts across all branches of Engineering, the members of the staff are drawn from various disciplines and benefit from the consequent opportunities for the cross-fertilisation of ideas. This is bound to provide a healthy atmosphere for creative work.

In spite of the considerable responsibilities imposed by work concerning teaching and development the members of the staff took active interest in research and the Department is proud of its contributions published in leading journals both at home and abroad, which are listed below :

## I ELASTICITY

Title	Author	Journal
1. A Moment Distribution Method for the Elasts-Plastic Analysis of Grid Frameworks	D. V. Reddy & A. W. Hendry	Civil Engineering and Public works Review, August 1961.

Title	Author	Journal
2. Minimum-weight Analysis of Interconnected Beam Systems.	D. V. Reddy & A. W. Hendry	Proceedings of the 7th Congress of Theoretical and Applied Mechanics, 1961.
3. Hetenyi's method of Initial conditions for the Analysis of Beams	D. V. Reddy & A. C. Gangadharan	Indian Concrete Journal, July 1962.
4. Frequency Analysis of a Circular Orthotropic Plate clamped Along the Edge	N. R. Rajappa & D. V. Reddy	"Engineering and Science" Indian Institute of Technology, Madras, 1962.
5. Analysis of an Orthotropic Plate by Maclaurin's Series	N. R. Rajappa & D. V. Reddy	Journal of the Royal Aeronautical Society, London, Jan. 1963
6. Flexural Vibrations of Interconnected Beam Systems supported at the Corners	N. R. Rajappa	Journal of the Institution of Engineers, India (to be published)
7. Discussion of a paper by Kuang-Han, Chu and G. Krishnamurthy on "Moments in Composite Beam-Bridges by Orthotropic Plate Theory".	D. V. Reddy	Journal of the American Concrete Institute, Dec. 1962.
8. Discussion of a paper by H. Beck on "Contribution to the Analysis of Coupled Shear Walls".	D. V. Reddy	Journal of the American Concrete Institute. (to be published in March 1963).



Title	Author	Journal
9. Discussion of a paper by Loh-Kwan Chen on "Analysis of Vierendeel Truss by Influence Moments".	D. V. Reddy & A. C. Gangadharan	Proceedings of the American Soc. of Civil Engineers (to be published).

## II FLUID MECHANICS

1. Two-Dimensional Compressible Flow past a Solid Body placed in a Stream Bounded by a Plane wall	N. R. Rajappa	Journal of the Aeronautical Society of India, Aug. 1962.
2. Variation of the Angle of Incidence of a Cascade of Aerofoils with Reference to the Mach Number in Compressible Flow	N. R. Rajappa	"Engineering and Science" Indian Institute of Technology, Madras, 1962.
3. Spectrum of Axisymmetric Turbulence	N. V. Chandrasekhara Swamy	Proc. American Society of Civil Engineers. Engineering Mechanics Division, April 1962.
4. Open Channel Flow with a Constant Pressure Gradient.	N. V. Chandrasekhara Swamy	Proc. of the 7th Indian Congress of Theoretical and Applied Mechanics 1961.
5. Length of the Hydraulic Jump	N. V. Chandrasekhara Swamy	"Engineering & Science 1962.

## REPORT OF THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

The start of the academic year saw the Electrical Engineering Department housed in its own quarters. A beginning was made by occupation of the southern wing of the Electrical sciences block in July 1962.

The Department, in the main, is being organised with the following divisions.

1. Electrical fundamentals and measurements
2. Electrical communication
3. Electrical Machines
4. Electrical power.

All the four divisions have been planned to provide effective instructional facilities for under graduate and graduate students majoring in Electrical Engineering.

Our laboratory facilities are much better and now provide practical work for our students majoring in Electrical Engineering. In the course of time it is expected that we shall have a lot of special equipment.

The fundamentals and measurements section, will of course be equipped with modern measuring devices. In addition it will also have special calibrating rooms where it will be possible to conduct precision measurements. The Electrical Communication lab. is also expected to have special equipment such as Pulse Oscilloscopes, Envelope Delay and Distortion measuring devices. Our Electrical machines section will be equipped with analog computers, Medium frequency generators, Frequency response measuring unit, Magnetic amplifiers and the like, while our Electrical power section includes a High Voltage laboratory which will most certainly be one of the biggest if not the biggest of its type in India. This also includes an air-conditioned chamber to help us conduct tests on equipment under varied climatic conditions. This section also includes a relay demonstration laboratory, switch gear testing laboratory and modern rectifier technology laboratory.

In the year under review we have had many additions to our staff. To all of them we extend a hearty welcome.

INDIAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, MADRAS  
DEPARTMENT OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

The Department of Mechanical Engineering sends its hearty good wishes to the Institute Gymkhana, for success in its venture to bring out an ANNUAL, featuring the progress in the various sections of our Institute.

During the session under review, additional members have joined our staff. We are happy to say that Dr.-Ing. Günter Stahl has joined us as Professor of Internal Combustion Engineering. To them, we extend a hearty welcome.

Our workshop facilities have been enhanced and extended to cover training in electrical installation, foundry, welding and advanced fitting. A cupola is under erection, and is expected to be completed shortly. Training facilities in machine, carpentry, and fitting shops are upto date, and perhaps, are second to none in this country.

For the benefit of the third year students, during the last academic session, a general machines laboratory was rigged up in a very short time, in one of the workshop bays and an intensive two-week course was given to the students. The laboratory course included I.C. engines, pumps, drives and materials handling equipment.

The Department has expanded its scope and activities during the current session, though on a limited scale. Consequent to the graduation of third B. Tech. students to fourth year class, additional facilities had to be provided in respect of laboratories. Owing to the paucity of building construction work in respect of workshop type laboratory bays, and other allied amenities, equipment could not be installed. However, a makeshift arrangement has been made to provide laboratory instruction facilities. When the I.C.E., Steam and other laboratories are fully established during the course of the next few months, the final year students will be required to take an intensive course of short duration in laboratory work, towards the end of this year.

Title	Author	Journal
9. Discussion of a paper by Loh-Kwan Chen on "Analysis of Vierendeel Truss by Influence Moments".	D. V. Reddy & A. C. Gangadharan	Proceedings of the American Soc. of Civil Engineers (to be published).

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In August 1962 Dr. D. V. Reddy delivered the inaugural address of the Aeronautical Faculty of the Madras Institute of Technology, Chromepet on a subject entitled "Structural Analysis and the Digital Computer". At the invitation of the Mechanical Engineering Association of the P.S.G. College of Technology and Polytechnic, Coimbatore, Dr. Reddy participated in a Seminar on Stress Analysis in January 1963 and presented a paper by himself and Mr. N. R. Rajappa entitled "Stability Analysis of Certain Orthotropic Plates by Galerkin's Method". In February 1963, Dr. Reddy attended the ISI Sectional Committee meeting of the Criteria for Design of Structures Committee, BDC 38 as the Institute Delegate.

#### DEPARTMENT OF CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

The following members joined the Department in the academic year 1962-63.

Dr. P. B. Rao, M. Sc. Tech., M. S., Ph. D., A. M. I. I. Ch. E.,  
A. M. I. E., A. M. Amer. I. Ch. E., M. A. Ch. Soc.

Dr. T. S. Govindan, M. Tech., M.S., Ph. D., A.M. Amer. I. Ch. E.  
M.A. Soc. Eng. E.

Shri K. Subbaraju M.Sc., Tech., A. M. I. I. Ch. E.

Shri K. Jayasimhulu B.Sc., B. Sc. Tech.

Shri K. J. Janakar B.Sc., B.Sc. Tech.

Shri R. Vedaraman M.Sc. Tech.

Shri A. V. Ramani B.Sc. Hons. Tech.

Dr. C. V. Seshadri left the Institute.

Shri R. S. Saigal and Shri A. R. Sangameswaran were elected as representatives of III and IV year classes.

The following lectures were arranged by the Department :

"Desalination of mineral matter" by Dr. S. Sourirajan,  
National Research Council, Canada-

“ Oil pipe design ” by Shri K. S. Raghavan, Oil Refinery, Gujarat.

“ Design of pilot plants and scaling up ” by Shri P. Srinivasa Murthi,  
Humphreys and Glasgow (P) Ltd.

“ Chemical Engineering Profession ” by Shri M. L. Seth, General  
Manager, D. C. M. Chemicals Ltd.

Students of the IV year class accompanied by Shri Y. B. G. Varma visited the different sections of Neyveli Lignite Corporation.

The following papers are published in this academi year :

1. “ Prediction of azeotropic conditions in binary systems ”  
R. Nagarajan, C. Sivaprasada Rao and M. Satyanarayana, Chemical  
Age of India, 13, 352 (1962).

2. Salt and its byproducts as fertilisers - C. Sivaprasada Rao,  
Chemical Age of India, 13, 196 (1962).

The following papers are communicated for publication :

(1) Desorption of Barium sulphate at high temperature and high  
vacuum - Y. B. G. Varma.

(2) Desulphurisation of heavy fuel oils - Y. B. G. Varma.

(3) Prospects of Indian Salt Industry - C. Sivaprasada Rao.

(4) Salt in the eradication of Malaria and Goitre  
C. Sivaprasada Rao,

(5) Prospects of Salt Industry in Madras State C. Sivaprasada Rao.

(6) Production of Sodium Sulphate in India - C. Sivaprasada Rao.

(7) Specific gravity and refractive index of Benzene - Cyclohexaned-  
Acetic Acid Solutions at 30°C A. Baradarajan and  
M. Satyanarayana.

Dr. D. Venkateswarlu is elected as member of the Council and  
Convener, Education and Examination Committee, Indian Institute  
of Chemical Engineers.

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Our staff have organised a series of seminars on engineering topics of current interest. During these seminars, we had useful, purposeful and interesting discussions. We are glad to say that other departments have co-operated and participated in the discussions. We are looking forward to greater participation of our sister departments in the coming months.

The Nation is facing an emergency, which may perhaps last a couple of years. Hence, there is all the more need for integrity, hard work, and optimum efficiency, on the part of all those who belong to the fraternity of engineering education.

JAI HIND

#### NOTE FOR THE ANNUAL NUMBER OF THE INSTITUTE

*Department of Physics:* Post-Graduate courses leading to M.Sc and Ph.D. degrees in Physics have been started in October 1962. With increased teaching work, the staff strength had to be practically doubled over the figure of the previous year. At present, the staff consists of one Professor, two assistant professors, seven lecturers and seven associate lecturers besides an appropriate number of supporting staff. Dr. W. Koch, guest professor in the Department from West Germany, had returned last October after a holiday of 3 months in West Germany. Shri M. D. Khadkhikar, lecturer in the Dept, continues to be on study leave in W. Germany. The undergraduate laboratories are now shifted to the main Physics building in the Science and Humanities block. With ten doctorates on the teaching staff and sixteen doctorants, the department is a happily well-knit group. Research work is in progress in the fields of X-ray crystallography and solid state physics.

## REPORT ON THE ACTIVITIES OF THE ENGINEERING UNIT DURING 1962-63

During the year 1962-63 the Engineering Unit continued its constructional activities in full swing. The difficulties by way of cement, steel etc. were all overcome to a large extent with the help and assistance of the concerned authorities. The 7 Unit Workshop and the Building Sciences Block which were completed in July, 1961 were fully occupied. In addition to these the following instructional buildings works were in progress.

- (1) 7 Workshop type laboratories.
- (2) Electrical Sciences Block.
- (3) Mechanical Sciences Block, and
- (4) Science and Humanities Block.

All the above construction works are expected to be completed in all respects during the year 1963-64. But, in view of the high pressure on the accommodation available, portions ready for use in the buildings under construction have been occupied by various departments to keep up with the expanding activities of the Institute.

During the year another hostel "Narmada" was added to the 2 already completed *viz.*, Cauvery and Krishna.

In regard to accommodation for the residential quarters for the staff of the Institute the following residential buildings were completed during the year and are being occupied.

- 1 Director's quarters.
- 20 Professors' quarters.
- 10 Assistant Professors' quarters.
- 24 Lecturers' quarters.
- 42 Associate Lecturers and S.T.As. quarters.
- 66 J. T. As. etc. quarters, and
- 60 Class IV staff quarters.

As an adjunct to the construction of residential quarters a Shopping Centre has been constructed and is being commissioned. The construction of a building for a primary school has been started and is expected to be ready by July, 1963.

The highlight of the activities of the construction during the current year was the construction of the open-air theatre to accommodate about 5,000 people and the laying of the foundation stone of the Administrative Block by the West German President. The work of the stadium was first mooted in August, 1961 and working against time and continuous rainy spell the work was completed pressing into service all the available resources of the Engineering Unit. The inauguration ceremony by the West German President on 3-12-62 was indeed a signal success. The amphitheatre has been constructed taking advantage of a natural dip in the land and is set in the sylvan surroundings.

Services required for the campus of this magnitude like roads, parks, pipe lines, sewage lines, street lighting etc., have been completed. Intimation has been received of the shipment of the underground cables required for the campus from Yugoslavia and indoor switch gear from M/s. Heavy Electricals, Bhopal. With the arrival of the cables and the special equipment the electrification of the campus in its final shape is expected to be completed during the next financial year.

Water for the present is being obtained from local wells and also from the infiltration galleries in the Urur Foreshore which has been specially commissioned for the purpose of the Institute. Two R.C.C. overhead tanks of 1,50,000 gallons are under construction and the other of 50,000 gallons are under construction and are expected to be completed by June this year. Necessary water supply pumps have been ordered and are also expected to arrive and be commissioned by June this year. For the present water is being pumped from the sump specially built to receive the Urur water supply and work on the main and distribution pipe lines is in full swing.

In addition to the other normal engineering activities the Unit has also taken up the manufacture of the entire furniture required

for the hostels, residences of the German staff, class rooms and laboratories. The quality of the furniture and the pace of their manufacture have been well spoken of. 160 tables, 200 dual desks and about 800 chairs of various types besides other miscellaneous items have already been supplied.

From the expenditure point of view the year 1962-63 was a peak period for the Engineering Unit. Starting with a mere expenditure of Rs. 5. 50. lakhs for the year 31. 3. 60 and Rs. 28. 36 lakhs for the year 31. 3. 61 the expenditure rose to Rs. 86. 75 lakhs in 1961-62 and Rs. 77 lakhs upto end of January with a target expenditure of Rs. 110 lakhs for this year. The budget provision for the next year 1963-64 is in the order of about Rs. 80 lakhs.

The turn-over considerable as they are is conditioned by the bottleneck in the availability of key materials of construction made worse by the war crisis and but for this greater progress could perhaps have been achieved. The Engineering Unit had to carry out work at great speed to cope with the demands of space etc. for the fast expanding Institute and in this process both the students and the staff had to put up with much inconvenience due to the construction activity going on round about their places of work. It is really gratifying to record that all the inconveniences have been borne cheerfully by one and all.

#### N. C. C. REPORT FOR THE YEAR '62-'63

The National Cadet Corps activities of the year started in July itself. The total strength of the two Companies reached a maximum of 360. The Coy. Commanders are 2/Lt. G. V. N. Rayudu and 2/Lt. P. Radhakrishnan and the Senior Under-Officers are D. K. Barde and R. Rajamani.

Some of the main events, since last report, can be summarised as follows:

45 cadets and one officer participated in the Annual Training Camp at Ketti, Nilgiris during April-May, 1959. The Group returned with flying colours winning the best guard cup and the officer securing the third prize in the Officers' Shooting Competition.

Liet. General Kumaramangalam visited the Units and inspected the parade on 16th Oct. '62 and he was very much impressed by the smartness and turn-out of our cadets.

One Officer, One Senior Under-Officer, Two Under-Officers and Sixty Cadets of our Unit participated in the Combined NCC, T. A. Day celebration on 18-11-62. Our Unit was chosen to lead 2 (M) Group NCC Rifles.

On the occasion of the visit of Dr. Heinrich Luebke, President of the Federal Republic of Germany to the Institute, the NCCR had the privilege to welcome His Excellency along with the Circle Commander Commodore M. K. Heble and Group Commander Maj. P. K. D. Nair.

In view of the present border troubles, the NCC training has been intensified from Nov. '62. The Cadets unanimously agreed to forgo the refreshments and to make the money available to the National Defence Fund.

To give a true picture of the Unit, we would give something about the darker side also. Even though the Institute authorities decided to impart NCC training to all I & II B. Tech. students, the parade attendance was not very satisfactory. As the choice of availing the training facility solely rested with the Cadet, the average attendance continuously fell through about 25% in spite of the national emergency. Owing to the irregular nature of the attendance, the effectiveness of the training was reduced.

Before closing, we wish to record our appreciation of the services rendered by the following outstanding Cadets of the Unit :

Senior Under-Officer D. K. Barde

Senior Under-Officer R. Rajamani

C. S. M. V. Venugopal

Sgt. G. Srikanth

Sgt. N., V. R. Krishna Rao

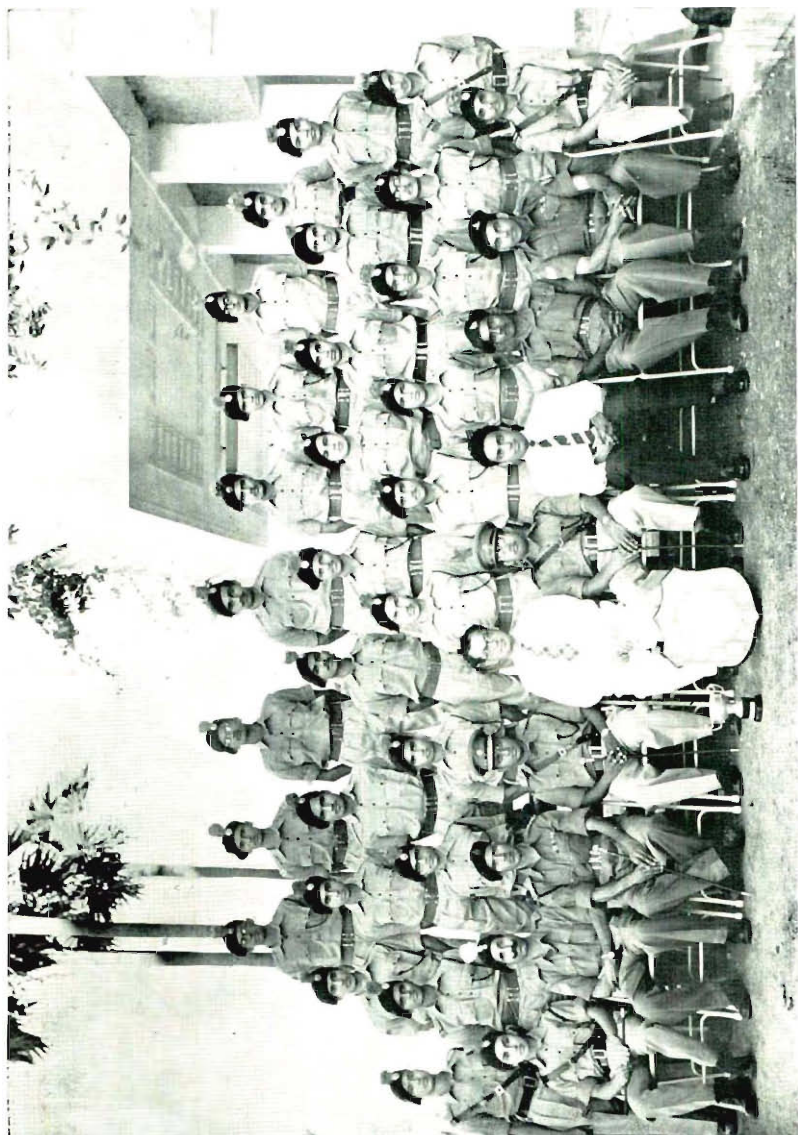
Cpl. Venkatesan and

Cpl. R. C. Madhok.

Sd/- R. RADHAKRISHNAN.

For Coy. Commanders

23 and 24 Rifle Coys.



### NAMES OF CADETS IN PHOTOGRAPH

- Sitting Left to Right :* S. U/O. R. Rajamani, HAV. Ramditta, JEM. Mitranand, 2/Lt. G. V. N. Rayudu, Prof. B. Sengupto, Director, 2/Lt. P. Radhakrishnan, Sri R. Natarajan. I.A.S. Registrar, HAV. Ranaganayakalu, HAV. Raghavan Nair, S. U/O. D. Barde
- St. 1st row L. to R :* U/O. T. K. Ramakrishnan, U/O. V. Venugopal, Sgt. V. Narayan Rao, W/O. V. Sekar, W/O. G. Sri Kanth, Sgt. R. C. Madhok, W/O. B. Venkatesan, U/O. N. V. Krishna Rao, Y; U/O. S. Sarathy, U/O. Chadan Kumar Das;
- St. 2nd row L. to R :* Cpl. N. Mani, Cdt. S. M. F. Farooq, Cdt. S. K. Nanda, Cpl. U. Ramakrishna Shettigar, Cpl. Y. Krishna Mohan Rao, Cdt. Ramesh Chandra, Cdt. R. Ramani, L/Cpl. B. V. Shenoy, Cpl. Radhakrishna Rao, K;
- St. 3rd row L. to R :* Sgt. J. C. Camillus; Cdt. V. Bhatra, Cdt. K. Rajaram, Cdt. R. M. Nair, Cdt. Bhani Shenoy, Sgt. B. Achutha Pai, Cdt. R. Viswanathan, Cdt. S. S. Ramakrishna.



## FACULTY ASSOCIATION

The Faculty Association, founded in September 1960, has continued to cater to the needs of the Academic Staff members in matters relating to cultural and social fields of human activity. Man is a social being and he desires to have social contacts with his colleagues and fellow workers after the day's work is over. In this direction, the Association has taken a lead and has been arranging activities to foster the fraternal feelings amongst the staff members, and we have had interesting programmes.

The activities for the current session commenced with a dinner party given in honour of the visiting Directors of the other three Institutes, at the New Woodlands Hotel, Mylapore. At the dinner party, Brigadier Bose was so moved by the scenic beauty of the surroundings, the cordial atmosphere and the genial company, that he committed himself to entertain us to dinner whenever we choose to visit his Institute. He gave us some spicy jokes, which will linger in our minds for a long time to come.

Dr. Nicholas Klein showed us an interesting film—a travelogue of his country.

Mr. R. M. Auty of the British Council gave us an interesting talk on the importance of humanities and social sciences in the engineering curriculum. He also told us the differences in the systems of education obtaining in Germany, England and the United States.

Professor Gerhard Rouve gave a talk on his impressions of Turkey, supplemented by beautiful colour slides, through which he had captured the scenic grandeur of that country. His talk was full of interesting anecdotes.

We had the good fortune to have amidst us distinguished scientists from abroad, who were visiting Madras, in connection with the International Symposium on Crystallography. I guess it was a unique event in the history of the Association, since it is seldom possible to get so many scientists at the same time.

We hope to have many more interesting programmes before the session ends.

Just as any infant organisation has teething troubles, our Association also has. We need quite a few amenities to make the association a centre for recreational and sports activities. We look forward to continued, healthy and fruitful co-operation from all sections of our Institute to make our Association a purposeful and a living force in matters of social, cultural and sports interest.

M. C. G.

### OUR LIBRARY

The Institute Library which came into existence in June 1959 was housed in the third floor of the A. C. College of Technology. It was there till August, 1961 when it was shifted to the Institute Campus.

The western wing in the second floor of the Civil Engineering block which it occupies is a spacious hall measuring 170 feet in length and 30 feet in breadth. One half of the hall is the stack room and the other half is reserved for current periodicals, readers and the staff. It is provided with huge windows on the southern side and big doors on the northern side to let plenty of natural air and light and also with fans and tube lights. The reading room chairs, tables and periodicals' stands have been made by our workshop. As this only a temporary location, the next shifting of the Library, it is hoped, will be to its own building.

The staff at present consists of one Assistant Librarian, 2 Junior Technical Assistants, 2 Upper Division Clerks, 4 Lower Division Clerks, and 2 attenders and one peon.

The Institute Library holds now 23205 volumes on a wide variety of subjects in sciences and Humanities. Some of the recent additions to the Reference collection are given below :

1. Junior Science Encyclopaedia, 8 V. 1961. Sampson Low.
2. Ward Lock's Junior pictorial Encyclopaedia of Science, 1961.

3. McGraw-Hill year-cook of Science and Technology—Annual Review of Scientific Developments,—1962.
4. Lohwater (A. J.) Russian-English Dictionary of Mathematical Sciences, 1961, American Mathematical Society.
5. De Vries (E). Atlas of the Universe 1961, Nelson.
6. Landolt-Bornstein. Zahlenwerte and Funktionen.  
Bd. 1 Tls. 1-4.  
Bd. 2 T-3.  
Bd. 3  
Bd. 4 T1 and 3. Springer.
7. Comrie (J.) *Ed.* Civil Engineering Reference Book. 4 V. Edn. 4 1961. Butterworths, London.
8. Microwave Research Institute Symposia: Proceedings 10 V. 1960. Polytechnic Press, New York.
9. Langmuir (Irving). Collected works 11 V. 1962. Pergamon Press London.
10. Zechmeister (L.) Fortschritte der Chemie Organischer Naturstoffe. 18 V. 1960. Springer.
11. Mark (H.) *Edc., Eds.* High Polymers. V-1-12 except V. 5 Interscience publishers, N. Y.
12. Smith (William George) *Comp.* Oxford Dictionary of English proverbs, Edn. 2, 1960, Oxford, Lond.
13. Magill (Frank N.) *Ed.* Masterpieces of world Literature in digest form. First and second series, 1955, Harper & Brothers, N. Y.
14. Kothari & Sons: Economic guide and investor's Handbook of India, 2 V. Edn. 24. 1951.
15. Wealth of India: Dictionary of Indian Raw Materials and Industrial products.

(a) Raw Materials. V 4-6 (1956, 1959 and 1962).

(b) Industrial Products. Pt. 1 (1948)

Pt. 3 (1953)

Pt. 4 (1957)

Pt. 5 (1960)

C.S.I.R. New Delhi.

16. Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences. 15. V. 1959 Macmillan New York.

724 journals have been subscribed for on behalf of the following Departments.

<i>Departments</i>	<i>Total No. of Periodicals</i>
1. Humanities	... 53
2. Mathematics	... 80
3. Applied Mechanics	... 5
4. Physics	... 86
5. Electrical Engineering	... 50
6. Mechanical Engineering	... 62
7. Civil Engineering	... 116
8. Chemistry	... 12
9. Chemical Engineering	... 46
10. Metallurgy	... 33
11. History	... 6
12. Economics	... 30
13. German Periodicals	... 75
	-----
Total:	724
	-----

Besides this, a large number of back volumes of present magazine and journals are available in the library.

There are at present, 1021 members borrowing books from the library.

P. S. SRINIVASAN,  
*Asst Librarian*

THE I. I. T. CO-OPERATIVE STORES LIMITED MADRAS-36  
REG. NO. X. N. C. 484

The I. I. T. Co-operative store Ltd, Madras was registered in April 1962, and the stores started its business activities from 9th July 1962 with the inauguration of the stores by our Director Prof. B. Sengupto.

We owe our sincere thanks and gratitude for the preliminary work done in connection with the organisation of the stores, to the interim committee consisting of Dr. D. Venkateswarlu, (Chairman), Dr. N. Klein, Dr. D. V. Reddy, Sri. G. Sundaram, Sri. V. D. Muthayya (Convenor), Sri. P. L. Kapur, Sri. A. K. Mehrotra, Sri. S. Srinivasan' Sri. Madhava Sampegathaya.

The first general body meeting of the stores was held on 23-4-62 when the following office bearers were elected.

Dr. M. V. C. Sastri	...	President.
Dr. N. Klein	...	Vice-President.
Dr. C. Ramsastry	...	
Dr. C. V. Seshadri	...	Treasurer.
Sri. V. D. Muthayya	...	Secretary.
Sri. V. Siddartha	...	Asst. Secretary.
Sri. Pradeep Mallick	...	
Sri. P. L. Kapur	...	

They held office till 24th August 62.

The second general body meeting of the stores was held on 24-8-62, when the following office bearers were elected for the Co-operative year ending June 1963.

Dr. M. V. C. Sastri	...	President.
Sri. N. V. Chandrasekhara	...	
Swamy	...	Vice-President.
Sri. V. D. Muthayya	...	Secretary.
Sri. R. Ramanathan	...	Treasurer.
Sri. V. K. Vaidyanathan	...	

Sri. A. T. Santhanam ... Asst. Secretary.

Sri. Srinivas Nageshwar

Sri. Premananda Prabhu

Sri. Pradeep Mallick ...

The share capital members are 231 with a paid up share capital Rs. 4,750 as on 31. 1. 63.

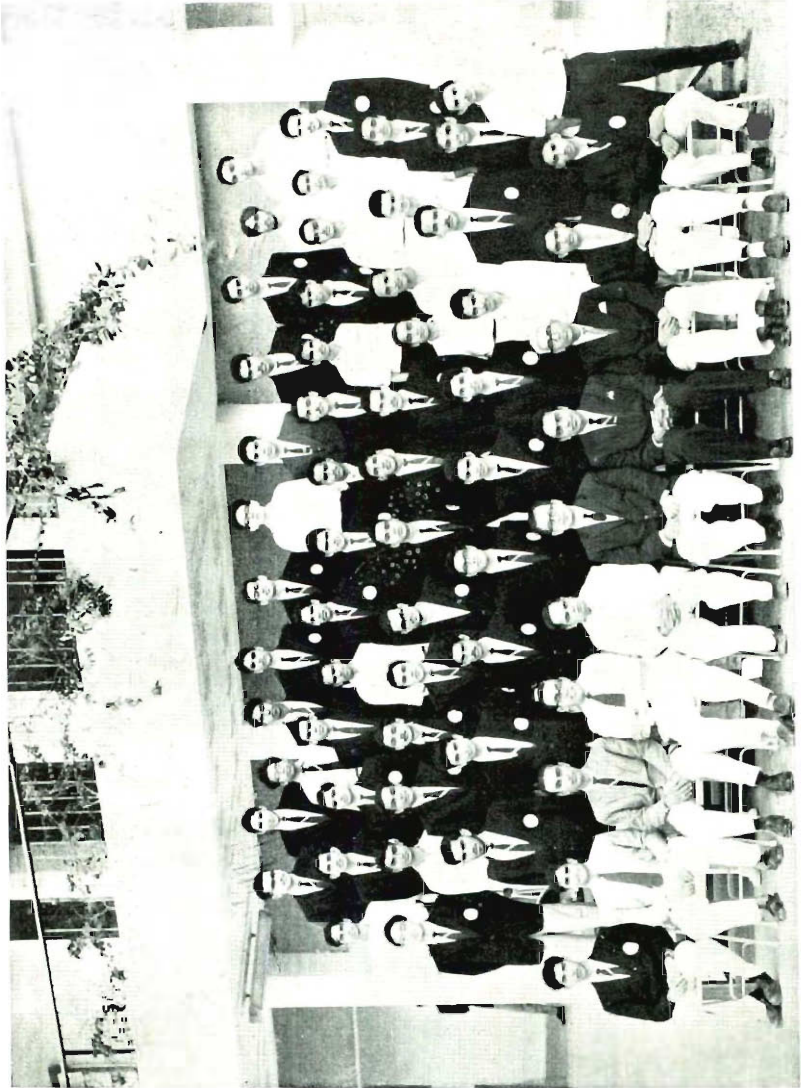
The details of important business transactions given below for the half year ending December 1962 will apprise the members of the appreciable work turned out by the stores.

	Rs.
Total share capital collected	4,720.
Total entrance fees collected	186.
Total purchases made ,,	45,127.
Total sale proceeds ,,	31,662.

The stores supplies books, drawing instruments, stationery articles, toilet requisites etc to the members.

We owe our thanks to the students and staff for their kind patronage and co-operation.

V. D. MUTHAYYA,  
*Secretary.*



## INSTITUTE GAMES AND SPORTS TEAMS

- Sitting Left to Right:* Shri S. Gopalakrishnan (Secretary, Institute Gymkhana), Sarvashri M. Sarvotham and V. Srinivasan (Physical Directors), Prof. K. S. Sankaran, Dr. D. Venkateswarlu (President, Institute Gymkhana), Prof. B. Sengupto (Director), Shri R. Natarajan, I.A.S. (Registrar) Prof R. Krishnmurthy, Shri P. K. Jacob (Physical Director), Shri Jacob Dominic.
- Standing 1st Row:* Sarvashri S. A. Aleem, G. Varghese, K. Janardanan, R. Ganesh, M. Bhaskaran, G. Harinarayanan, S. G. Subba Rao, M. R. P. Shetty, M. Shivaram, M. H. I. Khan.
- 2nd Row:* Sarvashri D. B. Shresta Jai Kumar, C. Krishna, V. Srinivasan, R. C. Paul, C. M. Das, T. K. Ramakrishnan, A. Swaminathan, G. Srikant, K. S. Krishnamurthi, Mahadeven, Chandan Das, K. R. Vijayanathan.
- 3rd Row:* S. Muthuraman, S. Nageshwar, V. S. Srivastava, C. P. Subramaniam, Angamuthu, M. Sundarraju, S. Gyanendranath, S. Gowrinathan, S. Ramkumar, S. M. Muthukrishnan, S. R. Thangavelu, Venkatesh, Ramani, R. P. Kaushik.
- 4th Row:* G. K. Bannerjee, S. Mahindru, K. Ramalingam, P. Natarajan, D. K Barde, N. Sharma, Jaideep Singh, K. K. Batra, K. Ramachandra, B. S. Sudir Chandra, I. P. Singh, P. R. Gogna.



INDIAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY EMPLOYEES  
CO-OPERATIVE BUILDING SOCIETY, MADRAS

The I. I. T. Employees Co-operative Building Society Ltd. was formed in the year 1960 for the purpose of acquiring and making available to the members of staff cheap house sites in a developing neighbourhood of the City where they could eventually build their own houses. The Collector of Chingleput originally agreed to assign to the Society a site of 10½ acres near Tambaram. But while finalising the proposals, it was found that the President of the local Panchayat Board very strongly objected to the alienation of the site consequent on rapid development in that area. The population of the City according to the latest estimates framed by the Government is increasing at an average rate of one lakh a year and it is expected that there will be a horizontal development around the City up to a limit of at least 10 miles. It was with this view that when the alternative site was offered by the Collector in 1962 very near the previous site at a reasonable price the Society readily agreed to accept the same as per the decision of the General Body meeting convened in July, 1962. These proposals are now pending with the Collector of Chingleput as per information received in Revenue Divisional Officer's letter dated 29. 1. 63. It is hoped that these proposals will be finalised soon and the land will be handed over to the Society before the end of March, 1963. The proposed land is located at the 9/4th mile of the Velachery Road i.e. about 7 miles from the Institute Velachery Gate. The locality is connected by buses plying every half hour and is fast developing, with the introduction of electric traction up to Villupuram, besides full amenities like school, market, energy etc. available very near the spot. The Society has at present 84 members on its roll.

The end of the 1st term saw two Annual Literary events being brought to a close. The Annual Quiz was conducted on the 29th November with Prof. Vaideswaran of the A. M. Jain College as the Quiz Master. After over an hour's fun, R. Venkateswaran stood first and S. Nageshwar and V. Siddharta tied for the second place. The Annual Debate was held on 10th December. The proposition before the House was "Co-education is not conducive to the development of Scientific or technological genius; may be to artistic aspiration". R. A. Vaswani was placed first, followed by T. S. Ananthu and R. Venkateswaran.

Besides these inter-class events, the Institute was represented in various Inter-collegiate events. On August 27, R. A. Vaswani was invited to participate in a discussion "The Youth and the Nation" organised by All India Radio, Madras. On 17th August, R. Venkateswaran attended a Quiz Programme organised by the Madras College Student's Council at the Presidency College. He was placed third, and a book "Great Ideas of To-day" which was presented to the Institute, was handed over to the Library. On 17th November the "Saturday Evening Club" held its Annual Quiz and Oratorical contests. M. Vikram Rao and R. Venkateswaran participated in the Quiz and R. Venkateswaran was placed second. R. A. Vaswani and T. S. Ananthu took part in the oratorical contest. On the 6th November R. Venkateswaran and M. Vikram Rao participated in the Inter-Collegiate Quiz at the Engineering College, Guindy. R. Venkateswaran was placed third this time.

The second term saw the start of the round of several Literary Activities which reached its climax on the four days 26th, 28th, 29th, 30th of January. On the 23rd, the Annual Group Discussion Competition was held. The III Year team carried the day's honours away, but the IV year team managed to show their best performance in this field of Literary Activities, and after a spirited fight stood second. This winning team discussed "Censorship is unavoidable in, any civilised society". The Institute team for Group Discussion was selected on the basis of this competition and R. A. Vaswani was chosen as leader with

R. Venkateswaran, V. Siddhartha, Srinivas Nageshwar, and T. S. Ananthu, as the other members.

The Republic Day, saw the culmination of the activities of the Literary Activities Committee. The Institute Trophy for Inter-Collegiate Debate was the prize at stake. Five Colleges had responded to our invitation. The Madras Christian College, Queen Mary's College, Loyola College, College of Engineering and the Pachaippa's College. The proposition before the House was "The secret of Happiness lies in liking what one does and not in doing what one likes". After a most interesting morning's debate the home team represented by R. A. Vaswani and T. S. Ananthu bagged the trophy and T. S. Ananthu was declared the best speaker of the day. It was amidst thunderous applause that Miss Mridula Rao of the Queen Mary's College was placed second. The first Inter-Collegiate event was extremely well attended and the hall had been very well decorated. Prof. R. Krishnamurthi gave an air of sophistication to the whole proceedings and acted as Chairman.

The next inter-collegiate event was the German Recitation. In this it was very unfortunate that not a single entry was received from outside and even the Max-Muller Bhavan failed to respond, in a satisfactory manner. The Recitation was nevertheless conducted and R. Venkateswaran was placed first followed by C. V. Sahasranaman. The Inter-Collegiate Quiz was held on the 29th. Prof. Thomas Johnson of the Pachaiyappa's College, was the Quiz Master. Only 3 colleges responded to our invitation. The Engineering College, Queen Mary's College and Pachaiyappa's College. The Institute was represented by V. Siddhartha and Srinivas Nageshwar. The Engineering College walked away with the Trophy, the first and the Second prizes. The Queen Mary's College put up a very good fight and were a close second. Finally the Inter-Collegiate Group Discussion was held on the 30th. Only two colleges responded to our Invitation, the Loyola and the Engineering College. The Institute Team was declared the best and the Loyola College came second. The home team discussed the topic "All said and done, more is said than done".

The poor response to the Inter-Collegiate events was attributed to the fact that the events had been placed too close to each other and also that they were conducted in this part of the Academic year. Next year, an effort would be made to space the events conveniently and to conduct them at a time when the University Examinations do not loom nearby! The All India Character of the debate will be stressed next year.

Following these, the Institute debating team consisting of R. Venkateswaran and T. S. Ananthu bagged the Law College Trophy on 4th February. The individual prize was awarded to R. Venkateswaran. The Johnson Rolling Cup for Quiz was the next contest in the year's activities. The team comprising S. Nageshwar and R. Venkateswaran was however not very successful and R. Venkateswaran just got away with the 2nd Prize.

Finally it is with great pleasure and pride that I report the phenomenal success of our debating teams in the third week of February. In the space of 5 days, the Institute participated in 4 debates, two of them being All India debates, and bagged the trophy in three of the four. The first was at Jain College where after a very tough competition, R. A. Vaswani and R. Venkateswaran just failed to make the grade and were rather unlucky in that respect. R. Venkateswaran was awarded a special third prize however. Following this on Saturday the 23rd and Sunday the 24th, R. A. Vaswani and T. S. Ananthu brought the greatest of triumphs to the Institute by knocking off the All India Debating Trophies at the B. E. College, Sibpur, Howrah, and at the Sister I. I. T. Kharagpur. This indeed is the greatest achievement of this year and to top it all, on Monday the 25th R. Venkateswaran and V. Siddhartha whacked the most coveted debating trophy in Madras at the Christian College, Tambaram. The Gordon Matthews Trophy for which the Institute participated as defending Champions (R. A. Vaswani and V. Siddhartha had knocked it off last year) was certainly a fitting finale to the Literary Round up for the year. What's more the first time the Gordon Matthews Trophy has been successfully retained by a defending College!

The Institute Annual Essay Competition was held on Tuesday the 26th in the morning. This year a novel competition has been started. This is the General knowledge test which was also held on Tuesday.

With that comes the end of another year in the Literary Activities of the Institute. This by far has been the most eventful and fruitful year. The Institute has had a pretty tight schedule of literary events to keep the humanist traditions alive. Certainly it can't be said of this Institute that it produces mere Engineers and Technologists. The Literary successes certainly have wider repercussions than that. I wind up this report with my heartfelt thanks to all who by their little efforts have made the year a successful one and in particular my thanks are due to Dr. D. Venkateswarlu who really spurs the students on to greater conquests by the generous help and encouragement that he's ever ready to offer.

R. A. VASWANI

Secretary, Literary Activities Committee.

### ENTERTAINMENT ACTIVITIES

The past academic year has been quite an eventful year for our institute and we are glad to say that we have had some part in it, since at every function we presented an entertainment programme.

One such occasion was when the directors of the four I.I.T's. met and a tea party was arranged by our Gymkhana at the Narmada Hostel and some of our boys got together to present a variety of songs. This also served to unearth some new talent in the first year.

Last term, we had visions of a grand cultural week at our I, I. T. but alas! for all our fond hopes our country was in the

thick of the war and the least that we could do was to forget about this completely.

On the 21st of January, we were treated to a monoacting performance by Shri N. Sundaram, a veteran monoactor who presented scenes from popular Shakesperean plays.

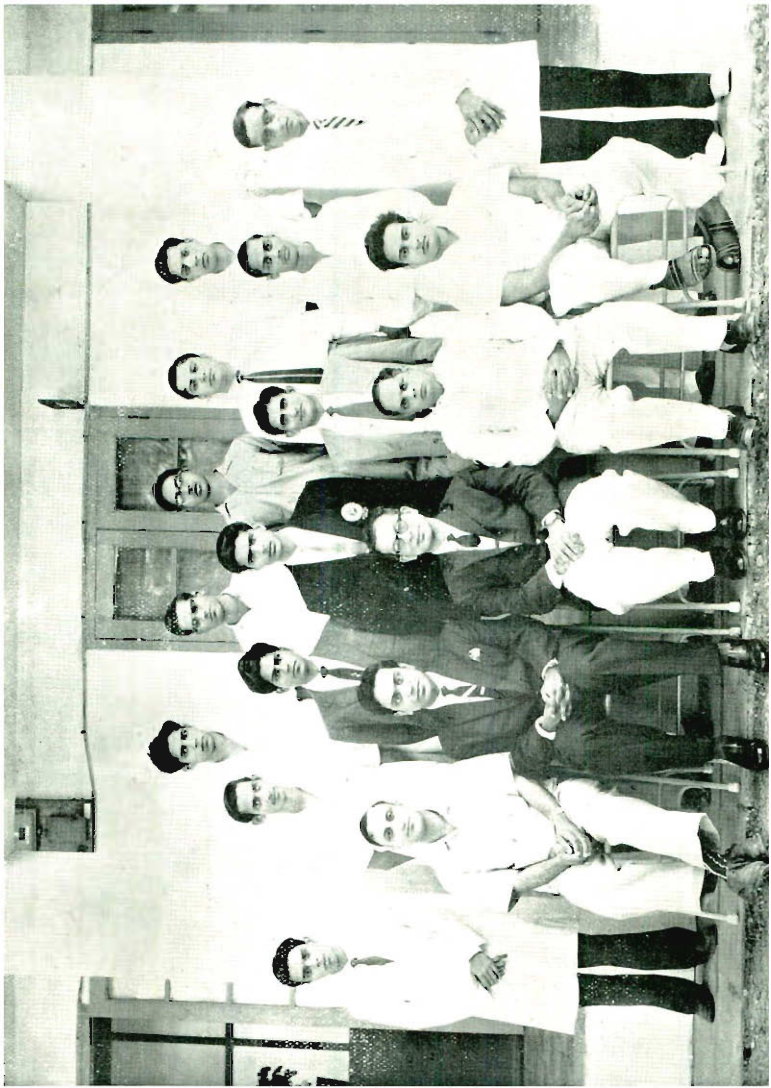
On the 26th January, our boys presented "The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone" directed by C. Krishna. The actors were V. Siddhartha, R. A. Vaswani, S. N. Bukht, S. Nageshwar and R. P. Loomba. We also had a new feature this year. An Annual Music Competition was held the same evening at our famed Open Air Theatre. We were very fortunate in having Mrs. Sengupto, Mrs. M. V. C. Sastry and Mrs. Klein as judges. R. Venkateswaran was adjudged first and he was followed by K. S. Krishnamurthy and K. M. Kripanarayanan.

In between all this, on the 18th February, staff from the four Institutes and the College of Engineering and Technology at Delhi were here with us and we took the opportunity of treating them to tea in the evening followed by a lively entertainment programme.

Our Institute Day is close at hand on the 11th March 1963. We expect to present a programme of variety entertainment.

In conclusion, I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Dr. D. Venkateswarlu the very efficient President of our Institute Gymkhana for all his help. I would be failing in my duty if I did not thank Shri N. V. Chandrasekharaswamy whose unbounded enthusiasm could not even be matched by our students.

**K. V. RANGASWAMY,**  
*Secretary, Cultural Activities Committee.*



MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE STAFF TEAM WHICH BEAT THE STUDENT'S  
ELEVEN BY 2 RUNS IN A THRILLING FINISH ON 17TH FEBRUARY 1963

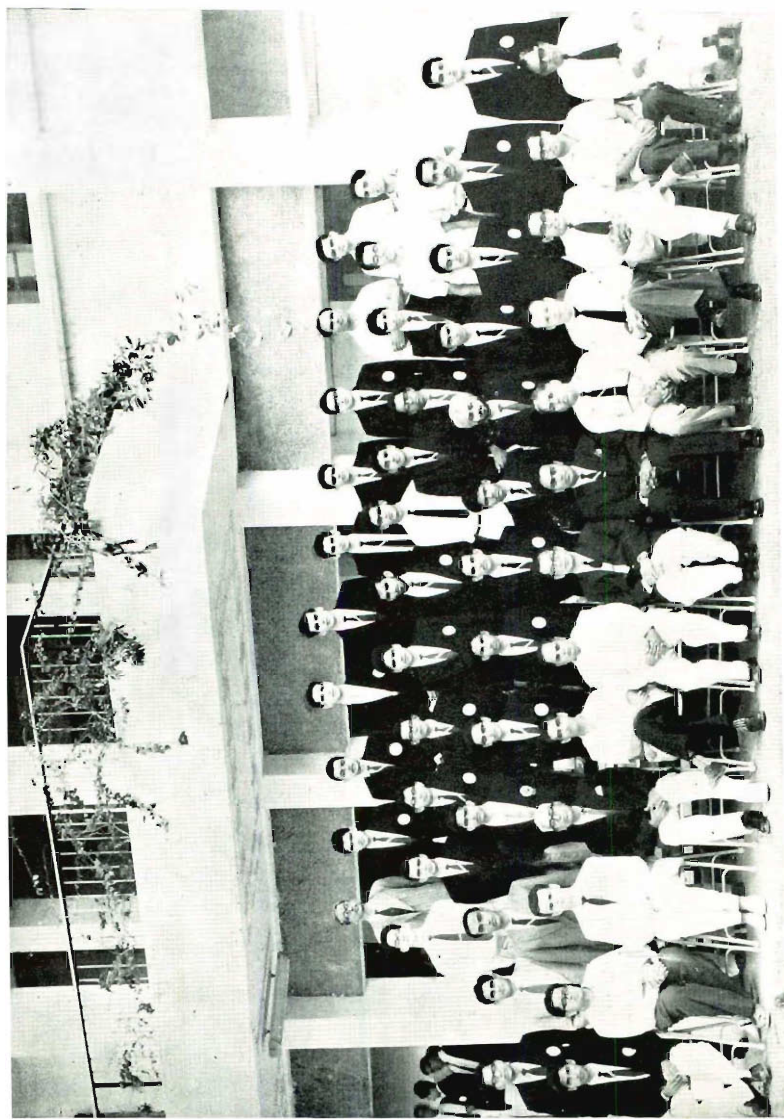
*Sitting :* Sri E. G. Ramachandran, Sri R. Natarajan, (Captain) B. Sengupto  
(Director), Sri D. Venkateswarlu (President, Gymkhana) Sri C. V. Se-  
shadri.

*Standing :* Sri S. Srinivasan (Umpire), Sri N. Chandrasekharan, S. K. V. K. Sobhana-  
*First Row L. to R. :* drachari, Sri P. K. Jacob, Sri M. Sarvotham Sri C. S. Venkatachalam  
Sri K. Sampathkumaran (Umpire).

*Second Row L. to R.* Sri G. Aravamudan, Sri R. Parthasarathy, Sri T. R. Swaminathan,  
Sri R. Mahendranath Dubay Sri Y. R. Nagaraja.

The highlights of the match were the match-winning bowling performance of  
Sobhanadrachari, who took 7 students' wickets for 45 runs the all-round performance of  
P. K. Jacob for the Staff and the fighting knock of Ramani (38 not out) for the Students.





## GYMKHANA COMMITTEES

*Sitting Left to Right:* Shri S. Gopalakrishnan, Prof. S. Sampath, Dr. G. Rouve, Prof. R. Krishnamurthy, Prof. R. G. Narayanamurthi, Dr. D. Venkateswarlu (President), Prof. B. Sengupto (Rector), Shri R. Natarajan, I. A. S., (Registrar), Shri Y. S. Ramaswamy, Superintending Engineer, Dr. N. Klein, Prof. K. S. Sankaran, Prof. N. V. Chandrasekaraswamy, Dr. M. S. Vairana Pillai.

*Standing 1st Row:* Sarvashri Prem Babu, M. Sarvotham, V. Srinivasan, P. K. Jacob, K. V. Rangaswamy, Jacob Dominic, S. Nageshwar, C. M. Aravindakshan Nair, P. S. Kutra, George Varghese, R. Sirpal, M. R. P. Shetty, A. S. Bawa

*2nd Row:* Sarvashri Vinay Khanna, R. P. Loomba, P. C. Gupta, M. A. Abdul Khader, A. K. Mehrotra, S. A. Aleem, K. Mahesh, A. Swaminathan, V. Koteeswaran, M. Vikram Rao, Ramachandran, Santosh Naik

*3rd Row:* Sarvashri T. P. Krishanaswamy, S. Gyanendranath, V. Srinivasan, Talukdar, S. S. Randhawa, C. V. Sahasranamam, R. Venkateswaran, L. K. Sharma, Prof. M. C. Gupta, Shri S. R. Mazumdar

## FILM CLUB

1961 will remain a significant year in the History of our Institute, since it marks the birth of the Film Club. The first show was held on Sunday in October 1961. The projector, the projectionist and the members were all there, in that grimy corridor in the central workshops and though all of them failed at various times during the show, it was a good start. That show was the result of months of correspondence between us, the various Film Distributors and of course the Institute authorities.

The next few shows were held just outside the Workshops, where it was more airy and where Members could relax on the grass or have the thrill of seeing a picture from ladders, tree-tops and window-sills. But now the Film Committee was up against a lot more difficulties than it had bargained for. There were several technical problems regarding projectors, screen, electrical connections, etc. Most of these were overcome by the sheer will-power shown by us and to a greater extent by the determination of the members to see good pictures. The last shows that year were held just before the Final Examinations started.

1962-63 saw a more mature and experienced Film Club. It knew the worst that could happen at a show, the proper thing to be done when projectors, members and the weather were all against it and lastly, the psychology of the common picture-goer. We started our shows in one of the smaller workshops, but as usual, we always got what we didn't ask for. We got bad weather when the members had the unique opportunity of seeing pictures while kneep-deep in water, and we always got either more or less than 220 watts in the lines, when we went back to the 20's and saw silent pictures.

Problems regarding projectionist, projectors and transport got worse and many a time, members of the Film Committee have had to drop the projectionist back at his home on private conveyance. We are grateful to Bawa and Mahesh in this respect. The

Second Term was the beginning of an exodus, when we migrated to the Open-air Theatre. Here the shows were more enjoyable due to better weather and operational facilities. We welcome the German staff and their families and hope they will enjoy our shows.

“Our reports will not be complete without the mention of Mr. Ramaswamy, who has been exceedingly helpful in the operation of the projectors.

Our thanks are also due to Prof. Narayanamurti, Venkateswarlu, Mr. Ebert for their help and guidance.

Attached :

P. L. KAPUR  
Secretary, Film Club

### NARMADHA NOTES

July 8th 1962, What a day for the Freshers ! On arrival at the I. I. T. Campus we were confronted by a rather gloomy looking building, with no water, electricity, messing facilities and well practically nothing that makes life in a hostel worth living. The most awful prospect was of course the introduction that had to be made with the seniors. All this is in the game of living in a hostel I suppose. We enjoyed every bit of the fun and frolic and wished for the day when we could be the pipers !!

Soon after, all the preliminary hardships, came a period of calm when we were at last able to settle down to a spot of peace in the hostel which by this time had been properly finished. The elections to the Gymkhana Committee and Hostel Committees came on in full swing. Prem Kalra started canvassing in an impressive manner with all sorts of leaflets in true electioneering style. Sirpal (the thin-moustache type !) got in by a close shave indeed ! In the Hostel Elections Jaideep won by a narrow margin. Pretty keen this election fight.

As reward for the hardwork of the Secretaries a few improvements were at last seen and the long awaited. T. T. Table made its appearance.

In September the news of the Emergency roused a great deal of activity and in a wave of generosity the inmates contributed a smuch as Rs. 7000- Voluntary blood donors increased fourfold. The spirit of the jawans was present in the increased attendance at N. C. C. parades.

Came the first round of Literary Activities all held in our premises. The team for Group Discussion led by S. P. Shukla was good enough to get the second place. Pretty fine beginning for the Freshers! The Literary events were closely followed by the Hostel Tournaments in Carroms, Chess, and Table Tennis. D. S. Ray and Jagannathan claimed the honours in Carroms and Chess. The highlight of the Hostel Day celebrations was the Table Tennis finals in the distinguished presence of Prof. Sampath our Warden. Jaideep emerged the Victor. Diwali was celebrated in a sober fashion in view of the emergency.

The examination fever then ran high for the next couple of weeks. The markets, I am told, did a roaring business in Alarm clocks, aspirin and other paraphernalia! The excitement of going home for the vacation then gripped the freshers. After the visit of the German President 10 days before the start of the vacation, a great contingent of students invaded the Central Station in our effort to purchase all the possible tickets! Came December 14th and we were off.

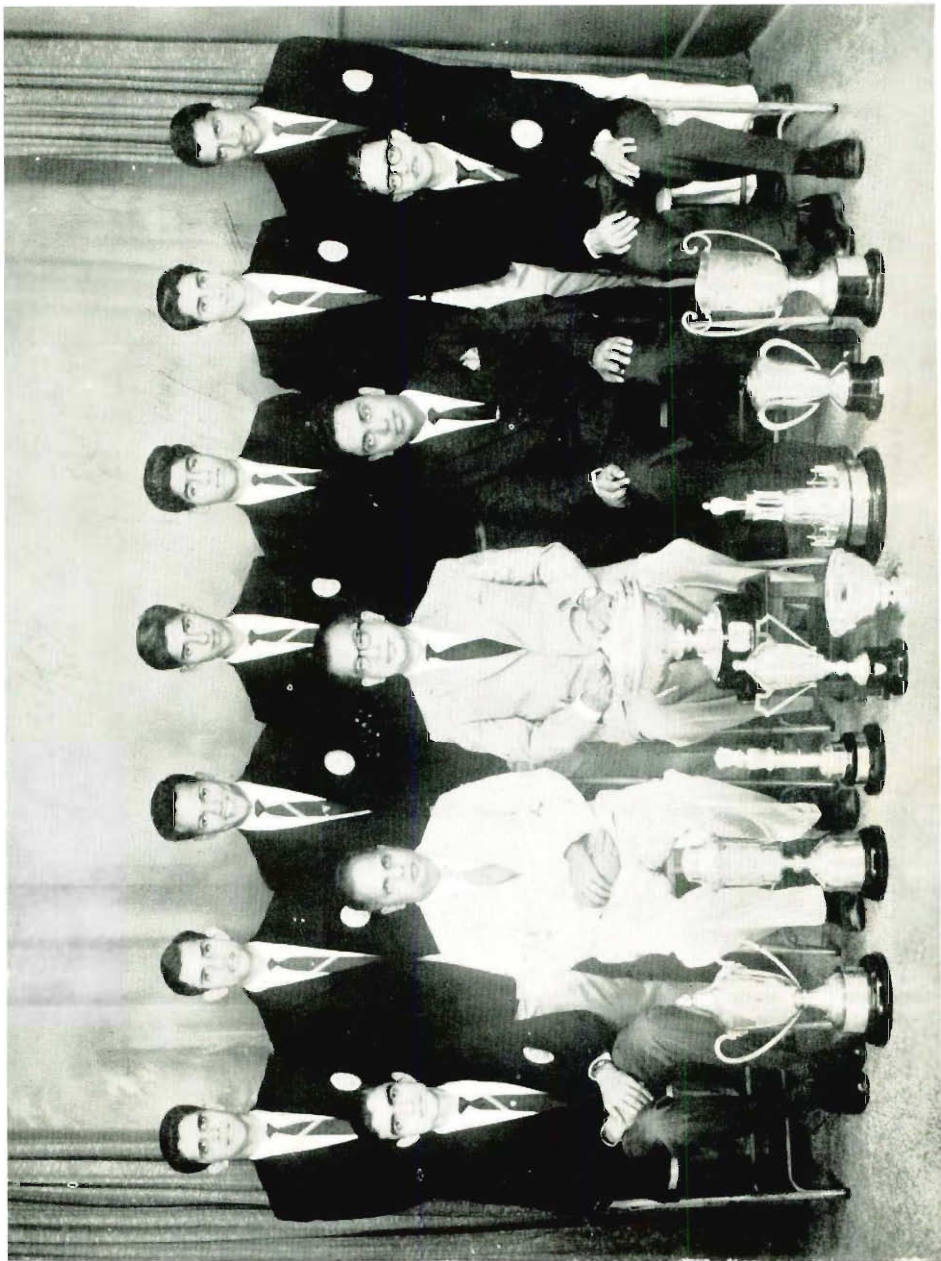
On our return, the inmates played host to the Director and Mrs. Sengupto on Republic Day. The round of Inter-Collegiate events saw a lot of freshers as the major part of the audience !! May be they were just learning the subtleties of taking part in Inter-Collegiate activities or may be they were just encouraging the participants!

With the final examinations looming before us, the hostel has settled down to a quieter life punctuated only with the excitement of the Intra-mural Tournaments!

(JAIDEEP SINGH.)

## FELICITATIONS

1. Shri S. G. Subba Rao for winning the Principal's Cup at the Bertram Table Tennis Tournament at Loyola College.
2. Shri S. Gopalakrishnan and Sri S. G. Subba Rao for winning the Krishnaswami Iyer Memorial Cup at the same tournament.
3. Shri R. A. Vaswani and Shri T. S. Ananthu for winning the Institute Trophy. The B. E. College Trophy at Sibpore and the Sarojini Naidu Memorial Trophy at I. I. T. Kharagpur for Debate.
4. Shri R. Venkateswaran and Shri C. V. Sahasranamam for winning Dr. Klein's Trophy for German Recitation.
5. Shri R. A. Vaswani, Shri R. Venkateswaran, Shri V. Siddhartha, Shri S. Nageshwar and Shri T. S. Ananthu for winning the M. V. C. Sastry Trophy for Group Discussion.
6. Shri R. Venkateswaran and Shri T. R. Ananthu for winning the Law College Trophy for Debate.
7. Shri V. Siddhartha and Shri R. Venkateswaran for winning the Gordon Matthews Rolling Cup for Debate enabling the Institute to retain it.
8. Shri P. L. Kapoor for winning Senior Fours Challenge Cup and Maidens Scull and Shri. S. Talukdar and S. S. Randhawa for winning the Maiden pairs in the Regatta organised by the Madras Boat Club.



INTER COLLEGIATE PRIZE WINNERS  
ON STOOL—INSTITUTE TROPHY.

*Trophies* Principal's Cup (Loyola College-TT), M.I.T. Cup (Tennis). Bengal Engineering College Trophy (Debate, Prof. M. V. C. Shastry Cup (Group Discussion), Klein trophy (German Recitation), Sarojini Naidu Memorial Trophy (I.I.T. Kharagpur-Debate), Gordon Matthews Cup (Madras Christian College—Debate), Krishnaswamiar Cup (Loyola College—TT).

*Sitting L. to R.* R. A. Vaswani, Dr. D. Venkateswarlu, Prof. B. Sengupto (Director), Sri R. Natarajan (Registrar), T. S. Ananthu.

*Standing L. to R.* R. Venkateswaran, S. Nageshwar, L. Paul, S. Gopalakrishnan, V. Siddhartha, C. V. Sahasranamam, S. G. Subba Rao.



## KRISHNA KALEIDOSCOPE

The academic year 1962-63 saw the appointment of Sri Ganga-dharan as our new Assistant Warden in the place of Mr. Sur whose services were required in Narmada Hostel. Dr. Rama Sastry continues as Warden and Mr. D. S. Subramaniam as Assistant Warden. Our sense of loss at Mr. Sur's departure was alleviated by the cheerful personality of our new Assistant Warden. Mr. Sur, however, apparently could not bear parting from us, as he continued and still continues to reside in our Hostel.

About the end of July the Direct Entrants into second Year made their appearance. They however were the second batch of "strangers within our gates" as previously some first years who could not obtain accommodation in Narmada were allotted rooms in our Hostel.

The elections for the office bearers in our hostel were held on the 7th of August.

The following were elected :

Student Secretary	...	Shri J. C. Camillus
Mess Committees :	...	Vegetarian :
Northern Zone	...	Shri M. Vinod Kumar
Southern Zone	...	Shri N. Mani
Eastern Zone	...	Shri D. B. Venkateswarlu
Non Vegetarian :		
Northern Zone	...	Shri G. L. Chopra
Southern Zone	...	Shri M. Shivaram
Eastern Zone	...	Shri Sashi Bushan
Western Zone	...	Shri Eapen Sakaria
Sports Secretary	...	Shri S. Mahendru
Reading Room Secretary	...	Shri R. Subramaniam.
Social Activities		Shri K. V. R. Murthy
		Shri P. K. Prabhakaran

Owing to there being no representation for the Vegetarian Western Zone, Shri Y. Venkataramani was appointed.

August 15th was celebrated on a comparatively large scale in Krishna Hostel. The German Staff was invited and many attended. The Director too graced the occasion with his presence and the Registrar expressed his regrets at his inability to attend as he would be away from Madras. After dinner there were entertainments ranging from housie to a quiz conducted by Mr. Gangadharan. There were two guest items. One was a speech by Mr. Michael of Engineering College and the other a piece of mimicry by Shri Siddhartha of Kavery Hostel. Musical items too were not wanting. The highlights of the evening however were the surprize package and of course, the fancy dress competition. Shri George Verghese was undoubtedly the best. His portrayal of a "kuruvikaran" (gypsy) was authentic even to a live monkey. The competition was open to the guests and Dr. N. Klein was adjudged good enough for a special prize. The success of the evening however depended in no small measure on the efforts of our Warden, Assistant Wardens, and members of the various committees. Shri C. Krishna as the Master of Ceremonies did not permit a single dull moment to creep in.

Owing to the activities of the Gymkhana Committee, it was felt that any debates such as were held in the previous year would be superfluous and hence to be avoided.

The National Emergency did not find Krishna Hostel wanting, The inmates rose gallantly to the occasion and contributed the maximum among the three hostels. The collection of Rs. 825/- was greatly the result of the efforts of Shri T. V. G. Krishna-murthy Shri D. B. Venkateswarlu and Shri T. K. Narayanan.

Among the many improvements made this year were the installation of notice boards and the filling up of a tank which had been the breeding place of mosquitoes. Thank you Mr. Gangadharan and Mr. Subramaniam.

Plans are now being formulated for a hostel day which I trust will turn out to be a grand success Wish you all the best, Krishna Hostellers.

## ACTIVITIES OF THE INSTITUTE GYMKHANA

- JULY 26** Inauguration of Institute Gymkhana by Prof. Dr. Ing habel R. A. Kraus, Adviser to the Government of India for I. I. T. Madras.
- AUG. 9** Lecture by Shri M. Ganapathy, Retired Resident Director, Hindustan Steels, on "Steel Projects in Public Sector" (with particular reference to the Rourkela Plant)  
Loyola College Tournaments
- 15-24** Table Tennis : Singles : The Principal's Cup was won by Subba Rao.  
Doubles—Krishnaswami Iyer Memorial Cup : was won by S. G. Subba Rao and S. Gopalakrishnan  
Jain College Tournaments :-  
Tennis—Singles—Lionel Paul was runner-up.
- SEPT. 10** Address by the following  
1. Dr. S. R. Sengupto, Director, I. I. T. Kharagpur  
2. Brig. S. C. Bose, Director, I. I. T., Bombay  
3. Dr. P. K. Kelkar, Director, I. I. T. Kanpur
- 11** Meeting of the Presidents of the Gymkhanas of the four IITs.
- 14** Talk by Mr. K. Chandrasekhar, M.A., B.L. on Bharathi Day
- 27** Lecture by Prof. R. Krishnamurti on "My Impressions of Japan".
- 28-30** Participation by students of I. I. T. in the following :-  
1. Madras City Students Conference on "National Integration" conducted by the Y M C A at Madras Christian College.
- 2.** Seminar on "Students' Role in National Integration" in the Presidency College.
- OCT. 12** Lecture by Prof. Dr. E. Schramm, Professor of History, Gottingen University on "The Rising Generation in Germany"
- 22** Table Tennis coaching commenced by Shri T. Thiruvengadam of National Institute of Sports.

- DEC. 3 Laying of the Foundation Stone—by Dr. Heinrich Luebke.
- 4-6 Students of IIT took part in the “Chocolate and Blanket Drive” under the auspices of the “Committee for Welfare Amenities and Voluntary Services”.
- DEC. 7 A Collection of Rs. 800 was handed over to the convener of the above Committee.
- JAN. 21 Monoacting performance by Shri N. Sundaram, B.A., Shakespearean Monoactor.
- 26 Inter-Collegiate Debate, won by I. I. T.
- 28 Inter-Collegiate German Recitation won by I. I. T.
- 29 Inter-Collegiate Quiz won by College Engineering
- 30 Inter-Collegiate Group Discussion won by I. I. T.
- FEB. 4 Law College Debate won by I. I. T.
- FEB. 18 Tea to the Visiting members from Indian Institute of Technology, Kharagpur, Bombay and Kanpur and College of Engineering and Technology, Delhi, and entertainment at the Open Air Theatre.
- FEB. Debate at Bengal Engineering College—Sibpore, I. I. T. emerged triumphant.
- 24 Debate at Kharagpur—I. I. T. Madras victorious.
- 25 Madras Christian College Debate—Gordon Matthews Cup I. I. T. Won for the 2nd time in series.  
MIT tennis tournaments—Lionel Paul of I. I. T. Madras wins the singles trophy
- MARCH 2 Fourth Annual Athletic Meet of the Institute.
- 11 Institute Day  
President :- Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, Chairman, Board of Governors, I. I. T.  
Chief } :-Bishnuram Medhi, Governor of Madras  
Guest }

S. GOPALAKRISHNAN  
*Secretary, Institute Gymkhana.*

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