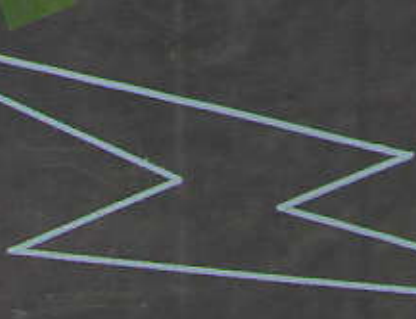
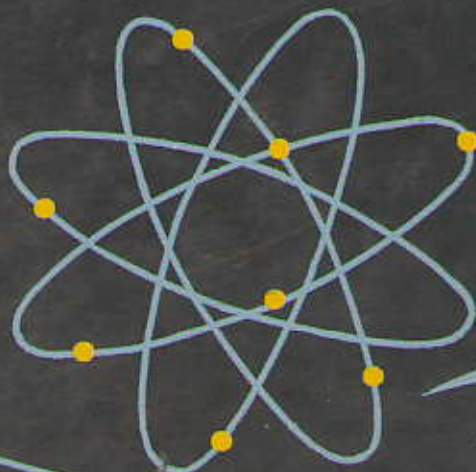
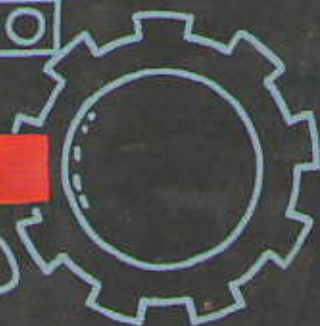
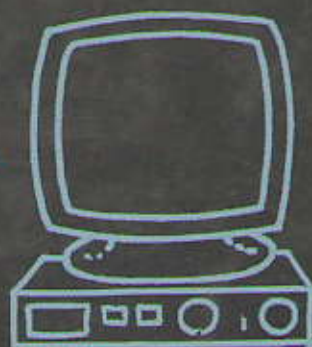


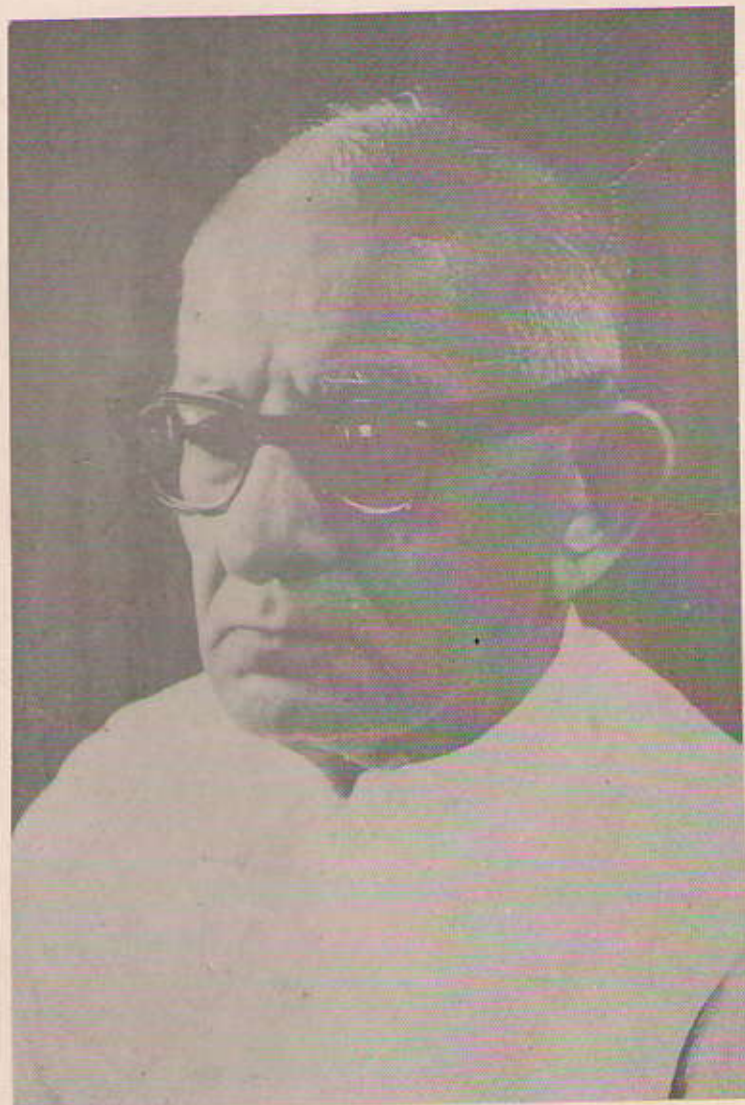
DIKHA

ANNUAL MAGAZINE 1995-96

SARDAR PATEL
COLLEGE OF
ENGINEERING



In Memoriam



Shri Kulapati Dr. K. M. Munshi

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's

**SARDAR PATEL COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING
MUMBAI**

DISHA

(SARJANIKA)



ANNUAL ISSUE

1995-96

Chronology of Sardar Patel's Life

- 1875 : 31st October, Sardar Patel was born at Karamsad Nadiad.
- 1913 : 13th February, Landed in Bombay, after brilliantly passing the Barristers' Examination in London.
- 1916 : First came in contact with Gandhiji. Attended Lucknow Congress as delegate on behalf of Gujarat Sabha.
- 1918 : Took leading part in Kaira Satyagraha. Became more intimate with Gandhiji.
- 1921 : First President of the Gujarat Provincial Congress Committee. Became Chairman of the Reception Committee of the Indian National Congress.
- 1922 : Played a leading role in Borsad Satyagraha directed against Punitive Tax.
- 1923 : In charge on Nagpur Slag Satyagraha from 19th July.
- 1924 : Became President of the Ahmedabad Municipality. Remained President till 1928. Organised Gujarat Flood Relief Work.
- 1928 : Led the Bardoli Movement with all its glorious results.
- 1930 : Arrested for the first time on 8th March at Ras and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Later, was arrested thrice in eleven months.
- 1931 : Became President of the Karachi Congress.
- 1932 : Arrested again under Regulation Bill of 1818 along with Gandhiji. Released only in 1934.
- 1935 : Became Chariman of the Parliamentary Sub-Committee. Remained Chairman till 1940.
- 1940 : Arrested for Individual Civil Disobedience Movement in November.
- 1941 : Released on medical grounds.
- 1942 : Arrested on 9th August, and taken to Ahmednagar Fort.
- 1945 : Released on 15th June and attended the ill-fated Simla Conference.
- 1946 : Became Minister of State for Home Affairs in the Interim Government at Delhi.
- 1947 : Became Deputy Prime Minister of India in the first permanent Indian Cabinet.
- 1948 : The Climax of his performances - Integration of all the States into the Indian Union
- 1949 : 25th November, accession of Hyderabad to the Indian Union.
- 1950 : April, Signing of the Indo-Pak Trade Agreement.
- 1950 : September, Sardar Patel attended the Nasik Congress Session.
- 1950 : 15th December, Sardar Patel Passes away.



Disha - 1995-96



"IRON MAN"

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK :

My Engineer and dear friends :



Every once in a while, destiny presents you with a task so preciously overwhelming, you almost glow with pride, with determination. I know Presenting you with this kaliedoscope of art and literature; DISHA '96 has been one such task; which I just experienced.

And what a rich experience it was ! I learnt the art of forming committies and sub-committies (yes, it is an art), holding innumerable meetings (again an art - deciding when, where and why to meet next), time management (though this hasn't helped me complete my tutorials on time). Lastly, not to forget the crash course I had in deciphering the illegible and the cryptic (sheer lack of space and funds dissuaded me from keeping Latin and Greek sections; leave aside

Arabic and Cantonese).

Presenting a magazine of this magnitude is a tough (and thankless !) job. Presenting a magazine of this magnitude before schedule is well... a Herculean job. The two magic words before schedule have resulted in endless hours of toil, sweat, sleepless nights over endless cups of coffee; for there are promises to keep and hell'wa lot of pages to edit before I sleep. So, what was the motivation for this tough, (thankless) and Herculean job ? Sheer enthu, drive and unflinching determination to do one's job well; so well, that the living, the dead and the unborn could not do it any better; coupled with a desire to leave one's footprints in the 'sands of time' The success of DISHA '96 can be summarised in just one word teamwork; excellent teamwork of the empowered magazine committee members.

The world of tomorrow will be the creation of teamwork and empowerment will play a very powerful role. If S.P.C.E. ites realise the virtues of teamwork and collective leadership over groupism; we may consider our objective and endeavour fulfilled.

Teamwork just can't happen. It requires empowered S.P.C.E. ites acting in unison for a common goal Proctive, not Reactive behaviour is the key to empowerment, betterment of S. P. C. E. and society at large. Empowerment is a two way process; a magical chain of giving and receiving. Watch the parents of a baby teaching their child it's first steps ! Empowerment is letting go, but being there when needed; an understanding look, a nod, a word of encouragement, in other words, 'sharing the magic' so that 'Nothing is official about it' !!

Believe me friends, the rhythm of teamwork is enticing. To quote President John F. Kennedy from his inaugural address delivered on Jan 20, 1961, Washington D. C. :

... "The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavour (of human brotherhood) will light our country and the glow from that fire can truly light the world."

These were some of the thoughts which I felt, I should share with you. I sincerely hope that these rudimentary values are further developed, modified and implemented by you.

Friends, the time to walk is well behind us. Now, the time has come to fly. Lets's soar....

Anandram Kulkarni
Magazine Secretary
(S. E. Civil)

FACULTY



Principal : Dr. Shri. J. V. N. Rao



V. Principal : Dr. Shri. B. N. Pandya

STRUCTURAL

- Dr. Shri. B. N. Pandya (Head of Department)
Shri. M. M. Murudi
Shri. D. Y. Joshi
Smt. H. Pathak,
Shri. A. N. Bambole
Smt. Uma Radha
Smt. M. U. Gokahle (Communication Skills)

MECHANICAL

- Shri. S. B. Prasad
Dr. Shri. R. S. Mate (Head of Department)
Shri. M. L. Ahuja
Shri. D. K. Chawla
Shri. N. K. Panickar
Shri. P. V. Natu
Shri. S. G. Bhatt
Shri. C. S. Nerurkar
Shri. A. S. Chavan
Shri. V. D. Raul
Shri. P. K. Mukadam
Smt. R. R. Easow
Shri. R. S. Maurya
Shri. R. S. Gajghate
Shr. D. N. Jadhav

WORKSHOP

- Shri. A. V. Bhonsale
Shri. G. K. Thampi

PHYSICS

- Shri. A. C. Choksey

CHEMISTRY

- Smt. S. Vatsala
Shri. R. G. Bhatt

ELECTRICAL

- Shri. S. C. Goyal (Incharge Elec. Dept.)
Smt. P. Gharpure
Smt. S. M. Pandit
Shri. M. C. Chtani
Smt. Usha Nair
Smt. V. P. Joshi
Kum. Remadevi C.
Shri. R. Jain
Shri. K. P. Sinha.
Smt. M. Kulkarni.
Shri. N. H. Karande
Shri. Cyriac George
Kum. Jenny Kotak.

MATHEMATICS

- Shri. V. R. Raddi
Shri. E. M. Pereira
Smt. S. P. Kanekar

CIVIL

- Dr. Shri. P. V. Parmeswaran (Head of Department)
Dr. Shri. S. Y. Mhaikar
Shri. M. M. Kulkarni
Shri. P. Sreevastava
Dr. Shri. B. V. Mudgal
Shri. R. H. Kulkarni
Shri. R. M. Joshi
Shri. R. A. Hegde
Shri. P. H. Sawant
Shri. S. L. Pendse
Smt. S. S. Gadve
Shri. N. S. Deshpande

COMPUTERS AND ELECTRONICS SECTION

- Shri. M. M. Shah (Incharge)
Ms. M. Singhal
Shri. K. P. Shrivastava
Shri. S. H. Deshmukh
Dr. (Ms) R. Das.
Shri. R. G. Birla

Annual Report of the College for the year 1995-96.

The academic year 1995-96 can truly be regarded as a milestone in the history of Sardar Patel College of Engineering as we realised our dream of starting new degree courses (both full - time and part -time) thus enabling us to expand our academic horizons both horizontally as well as vertically.

(a) Starting of new courses :

We have started **M. E. (Civil)** course in **Construction management** and **M.E. (Civil) Course in Geotechnical Engg. (Part Time-evening courses)** for working engineers with effect from the academic year 1995-96 with the approval from the University of Bombay and also the All India Council for Technical Education. These courses are self financing.

We have also started **B.E. Degree Courses in Electronis and Computer Engg.** as self financing courses with effect from the academic year 1995-96.

(b) Academic performance of the students :

The performance of the students in the University examinations conducted during May/June 1995 was excellent. **Kum Sheth Soanali J.** secured First Rank in the University in the **B.E. (Electrical)** examination. **Shri Pathan Aslam A.**, and **Shri Parikh Chinmony R.** secured second rank in the University in the **B. E. (Civil)** and **B. E. (Mechanical)** examinations respectively.

(c) Summer/Winter Schools/Seminars Conducted :

i) **Dr. J. V. N. Rao**, Principal conducted Faculty Development Programme for teachers of Engineering colleges in May 1995 in collaboration with Educational Technology Centre, IIT, Delhi. The course was attended by about 25 participants from various colleges in Maharashtra. The course was intended to be an Induction Training Programme for fresh teachers emphasized on Pedagogical aspects and use of various media in teaching. The course has been welcomed by many engineering institutions as a step in the right direction, for improving the quality of teaching. **Dr. P. V. Parameshwaran**, Professor and Head of Civil Engg. Dept, was co-ordinator for the Course.

ii) **Dr. S. Y. Mhaikar**, Professor of Civil Engineering conducted a short term course on "Soil Testing" for working engineers on behalf of the IGS-Bombay chapter in August 1995.

iii) **Shri. R. M. Joshi**, Lecturer in Civil Engineering conducted a one week ISTE sponsored

winter school on "Rehabilitation of Structures - Special Repairs" for teachers of Engineering colleges, from 26th February 1996 to 2nd March 1996

iv) **Shri. M. M. Shah**, Asst. professor in **Electrical Engg.** conducted a two week winter school sponsored by ISTE on "C and UNIX" for polytechnic teachers from 4th to 16th March 1996.

(d) Papers Presented by Faculty Members :

i) **Dr. J. V. N. Rao**, Principal jointly with **Prof. Dr. B. B. Chopane** presented a paper on "need for Faculty Development Programmes at Various levels" in the International Conference on "Management of Technical Education" organised by Director of Technical Education, Mumbai at IIT, Mumbai from 14th to 16th Dec. 1995.

ii) A paper by **Dr. J. V. N. Rao** jointly **Prof. Dr. B. B. Chopane**, Director of Technical Education, Mumbai on "Role of pedagogy in improving Effectiveness of Technical Teachers" was accepted for presentation at the 2nd Jerusalem International Science and Technology conference on "Technology Education for change in Future" organised at Jerusalem from 8th to 11th Jan. 1996.

iii) **Dr. S.Y. Mhaikar**, Professor of Civil Engineering presented a paper on 'Soft Clay Sub-grade Stabilisation using Geocells' at the International R. & D Conference organised by CBIP at New Delhi in December 1995.

iv) **Shri P. V. Natu**, Asst. Professor in **Mechanical Engineering** presented a paper on 'Design of Two stage stirling cycle cryocooler' at the 14th National Conference in Cryogenics held at Aurangabad in May 1995.

(e) Staff Development Programmes :

1) **Shri the P. H. Sawant**, Lecturer in **Civil Engg.** joined the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore in July '95 for Ph. D. programme under the Quality improvement Programme of Govt. of India.

(f) Faculty Promoted

1. **Shri. P. V. Natu** has been promoted as Asst. Prof. in Mech Engg. Dept.

2. **Smt. Shubha Pandit** has been temporarily promoted as Asst. Prof. in Elect. Engg. Dept.

3. **Shri. P Sreevastava** has been temporarily promoted as Asst. Prof.

New Appointments

1) **Dr. Mudgal B. V.**

2) **Shri. N. H. Karande**

Appointed As :

Lecturer in Civil Engg. Dept

Lecturer in Elect. Engg. Dept.

Disha - 1995-96

- 3) Shri. R. Jain Lecturer in Elect. Engg. Dept.
 4) Smt. Manjiri Kulkarni Lecturer in Elect. Engg. Dept.
 5) Shri Deshpande N. S. Lecturer in Civil Engg. Dept.

Electronics and Computer Engg. Dept.

1. Ms. Manisha Singhal as Lecturer.
 2. Shri. R. G. Birla as Lecturer.
 3. Shri. Shreevastava as Lecturer.
 4. Shri Deshmukh as Lecturer.
 5. Dr. (Mrs.) Rita Das as Lecturer.

New Post :

The Director of Technical Education is pleased to sanction a new post of Training and placement officer in the grade of Asst. Professor. We are immensely thankful to the DTE for the same. The post will be filled up soon. With the sanction of this post, we hope our placement activity will receive a great fillip.

(g) Infra Structural Facilities Created :

i) Facilities at the computer centre have been argued with 1 pentium server and 16, 486 nodes, printers, and necessary software.

ii) A committee room with all the modern facilities has been made at a cost of about Rs. 2.5 lakhs. The capacity of the room is about 25.

iii) Constitution of additional rooms on second floor for the exirt collge bldg., is almost complete. We

have already started using the class rooms for (Elex) and F.E. (Comp) Courses.

(h) Centralised Admission to Second Engineering :

For the first time, the Govt. of Maharashtra decided to centralise the direct admission of first cl diploma holders to the second year engg. for all engineering institutions in Maharashtra. The work has been entrusted to our college. About 6,000 applications had been received. Admission of Diploma Holders for various groups was carried out in 8 days. Software was developed for on line admissions and the whole admission process was computerised. Admissions were made at rate of about 1 candidate per minute. On an average about 50 candidates were admitted per day. The Faculty, staff and student volunteers worked with a unity of purpose and completed the work in time. The work was appreciated by the candidates and their parents. Prior to centralisation of admissions, the candidates were required to apply for many institutions with uncertain results.

RESULT OF EXAMINATION OF F. E. TO B.E. SEM. II, I, VI, & VII EXAMINATION HELD IN MAY / JUNE 1995.

Class	Total No. of Students Appeared.	Disti- -ction	Ist Class	IInd Class	Pass Class	Total Passed	A.T.K.T.	Total Promoted	Percentage of Candidates Passing	Percentage of Candidates Promoted
F.E. (C/M/E)	265	-	53	20	71	144	38	182	54.33%	68.85%
S.E. Civil	63	-	14	13	13	40	03	43	63.49%	68.25%
Mech.	84	-	20	04	10	34	-	34	40.47%	40.47%
Elect.	84	-	29	18	06	53	-	53	63.09%	63.09%
T.E. Civil	71	-	49	06	06	61	04	65	85.91%	91.54%
mech.	80	-	45	07	10	62	02	64	77.08%	80.00%
Elect.	72	-	30	08	01	39	-	39	54.16%	54.16%
B.E. Civil	65	-	33	07	01	52	-	-	80.00%	-
Mech.	65	-	40	09	02	62	-	-	95.38%	-
Elect.	82	-	42	11	04	65	-	-	79.26%	-

REPORT OF VICE - PRESIDENT SPCE GYMKHANA COMMITTEE

Gymkhana activities of our college could not be started on the full scale because of delay in conducting Gymkhana Committee elections. Elections were held in the month of Sept. '95 and new Gymkhana Committee was formed. Gymkhana activities of the college create a sense of togetherness and comradeship amongst the students. Students get an opportunity to show their talent; ability to organise various events and develop leadership qualities. Students of our college possess lot of potential and they participate in various Gymkhana activities on a large scale.

The first major event of this year was **Fresher's Day**. This occasion brings the newly admitted students in close contact with their seniors and a fear in their mind vanishes suddenly after Fresher's Day.

Techno - Break was another major event of the college and was well-organised by Gymkhana Committee. This event gives one more opportunity to the students of our college to show their talent.

Students organised various small events like **Musical Housie, Rose - Day; Traditional Day, Formal - Day** and response to these events was tremendous. These events reduce boredom of the students and gives an impetus to take part in other college activities.

Our students participated in cultural events like Malhar; Renaissance; Horizon; Pratibimb, Fusion etc. In the event of 'MALHAR' organised by St. Xavier's College; our students ranked 8th among large number of participants.

Our students also participated in **Inter-collegiate Cricket, Football and T. T. tournaments**. Unfortunately examination dates of our College/University coincide with the dates of these tournaments and students are not able to participate whole-heartedly in them. They do not get enough time to do practice matches.

One of the major events of this year was **SPACE '96**. Students from various colleges participated in this program and it was a grand success.

Annual college Day celebrations were held on 7th and 8th March '96. **Chief Justice H. H. Kantharia** (Lok Ayukta, Maharashtra State) was Chief Guest on 7th March '96; and his speech was well received and applauded by the students.

Swami Satchidananda gave a talk on "Ethics and Human Relations through Education" on 8th March '96. His talk was highly educative and spiritual. **Sant Keshavdas** delivered a benediction address on the same day.

Students, staff of the college participated in all the Gymkhana activities on a large scale. I'm thankful to them. I must thank Principal **Dr. J. V. N. Rao** who has given all support and encouragement to conduct gymkhana activities. I must not fail to mention the names of General Secretary **Shallesh Kosambla**, Cultural Secretary **Salil Patil**, Magazine Secretary **Anandram Kulkarni**, Sports Secretary **Durgesh Manjure** & lady Representative **Meghana Joglekar** who have taken great pains and efforts to make all gymkhana activities a major success. I am very much thankful to them.

- Shri. V. R. Raddi

GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT



I feel very much relieved, as I sit back to write this report of one of the most successful years in the history of S.P.C.E. After winning the elections in September end by a thumping majority, we had gained enough confidence from the moral support given by the S.P.C.E.ites, which has helped us to turn all our dreams into reality. Time had always been a barrier for us and we had always been under constant pressure of living upto the mark which we had promised.

So our first step was Technobreak -95 in first week of October. We had just one week left at our disposal for preparations. After working uptil late evenings our efforts bore fruits. We got a wonderful response from the students. The zest & enthusiasm in this inter-class competition was doubled from previous year's, by our friends from new Electronics & Computer Engineering faculty.

As soon as Technobreak got over, our organising team which consisted people from SE, TE & BE met together and formed the SPACE Committee. After the November exams the SPACE astronauts started their preparations to launch into SPACE on 26th & 27th of January. Then came the day when all the day & night efforts of the SPACE astronauts came to test. Full marks to all of them for successfully organising the festival, which was later on said to be one of the best & well organised inter - collegiate festivals of Bombay, in the current year. This grand SPACE' 96 would have been impossible without the untiring efforts of our junior first year volunteers.

As the home festival got over the enthusiastic SPCEites plunged to take part in the other inter-collegiate festivals like Renaissance, Euphoria, Pratibimb, Horizon & Fusion and produced excellent results as usual. The year had been full of other cultural activities like Traditional day, Rose day & Formal Day.

As we went on organising various functions during the year, we had forgotten that a day will come when we will organise our last function of our wonderful academic year. So came the Annual Day on 7th & 8th of March. It was graced by Hon'ble Justice Shri. H. H. Kantharia (Lok Ayukt Maharashtra State) on 7th March & was blessed by Swami Satchidananda on 8th March. The evening on 7th March was full of fun and excitement as the students came to display their talents on Talent Nite & the function came to an end by professional orchestra in the evening.

Our efforts would have gone in vain without the co-operation and support given to us by our Principal. We had always tried to fulfill the wish of our Principal to make our college one of the best colleges in Bombay. It sounds very incorrect when we say that we managed things, even though we had done it for the first time and with zero experience. It's true, it was due to prof. V. R. Radhakrishnan who was our guru & was always there to guide us. Prof. G. K. Thampi who was the Prof. - in - charge for SPACE always stood by our side during difficult times. Last but not the least I am very much thankful to our workaholic Magazine Secretary for his sincere efforts in doing the near impossible task of getting this magazine much before time for us.

Finally as I end, I thank from the bottom of my heart all those who have contributed to our success.

It was my desire to do many more things for this college but, I was short of time. So I wish my successors all the best and I hope that they fulfill my dreams and make every year better than the previous year.

SHAILESH KOSAMBI
(G.S)

CULTURAL SECRETARY'S REPORT



Dear friends,

As the academic year 1995-96 comes to an end, its time for me to sit back & revive those nostalgic memories I shared with you during my tenure as the Cultural Secretary of S.P.C.E. As you know, S.P.C.E. is not only the best college in Mumbai as far as academics are concerned but it also boasts of an enviable record in extra - curricular activities as well.

This was aptly demonstrated by our splendid performance at Malhar '95, one of the most popular cultural festivals in Mumbai. As usual, the students of SPCE (including some freshies) participated & we finished with overall position of 8th. After the delayed elections to the students' council, we were left with only eight days to prepare for our intra-collegiate cultural competition Technobek '95. Full marks to the SE's & TE's who organised the various events, volunteered & generally helped in every way possible.

Friends as you know, we had promised that this SPACE would be 'better than the best & grander than the grandest'. But such things are easier said than done. Luckily our morale was high & with Ganesh Vishwanathan spearheading our sponsorship drive we redoubled our efforts. Soon sponsorships trickled in as even the FEs were roped in to make presentations.

Once we had Thums Up doing the printing for us, we knew that half the battle had already been won. Slowly and steadily as funds started flowing in, it wasn't long before we had the requisite amount of money with us. The decoration committee led by Sudhir Aire & Vaibhav Peshne came up with innovative ideas and the entire college was given a grand facelift. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the spirited members of the decoration

committee who worked day & night and helped in creating the right ambience for SPACE '96.

As D-day arrived, the entire college geared up for the mega event. We had no shortage of volunteers as the FEs had volunteered in droves while the bulk of the organisers were from TE & SE. The first day of SPACE '96 was Republic Day. We had the flag hoisting ceremony & then SPACE '96 was formally inaugurated by our Principal Dr. J. V. N. Rao. On that day we had a record attendance of 7000 students as they were led by our SPACE crew into a fantastic interstellar journey from one venue to the other competing with the best brains in Mumbai for fantastic prizes.

Before SPACE, on 12th Jan, we had Traditional Day & Musical Housie. The Musical Housie programme was successfully organised by Makarand, Deepak, Amarish and other students of the SE(M) class.

On 23rd February, our college was engulfed in an air of romance as we celebrated Rose Day with Formal & Saree Day. The entire college underwent a sea change as the would be engineers graced the event clad in their formal attire. I am extremely thankful to my class TE(E) for helping me pull off a successful programme.

Among all these events a breath of fresh air was provided by the Bhavaspendan programme of the Marathi Sahitya Kala Mandal organised by Sreekant and Sandeep. It was the first time such a programme had been organised on such a grand scale with students enthusiastically participating in large numbers in the singing & letter writing.

Last but not least we had our Annual Day on the 7th & 8th of March. There were informal events during the day which were well organised by Hiren & Saurabh with help from SE students. The Talent Nite & Orchestra were a great hit with the students who appreciated the fine performances by their own friends.

So, friends, this was the year 1995-96 for you. Hope you all must have enjoyed it to the fullest. I also would like to take this opportunity to thank you all for the co-operation extended to us.

SALIL PATIL
Cultural Secretary.

SPORTS SECRETARY'S REPORT



As I sit down to write my report, on the sporting year that was, I am reminded of the lines from Amanda Bradley's Poem "Always have a dream" :
Forget about the days.

When you have been lonely

But don't forget

the friendly smiles you've seen

Forget about the plans

that didn't seem to work out right

But don't forget

to always have a dream.

Absolutely !! The year 95-96 has been a year of dreams. Dreams not just seen but blossomed into reality, as a result of the hard work put in by all of us.

Of all the events in S.P.C.E.'s history, the one to attract the most crowds will always be.... a cricket match. Here I would like to earnestly thank **Ketan Pimputkar**, who made my job a lot easier.

This year there was something more for our cricketers to compete for. The interfaculty competition. The electrical faculty finished numero uno, defeating civil faculty in the finals.

Then came the interyear (Hard Ball) tournament in which the first round saw the FEs take on the TEs and the SEs battling with the BE guys. In the final it was the SE pitted against the more experienced TE; The TE class finally won with winning performances from Nikhil Gawas (TEM).

The interclass tournament, which followed was marred by controversies. The (SEC) class with an unsurpassable run rate of 9.6 was through to the semi finals, and was the favourite of the bookies. But there came a dark horse in the form of (TEC), which, previous records notwithstanding defeated the (SEC) guys and then went on to win the finals against (SEM), who, on their way had put (BEM) & (FEE) in the backseat.

Think of Football and you think of PELE. In S.P.C.E. you think of football and you are reminded of **Sameer Nigam**. Hats off to this prolific goal scorer who bagged the Player of the Tournament

trophy at the Inter Engineering football Tournament. We regret not being able to print his photograph even though we wished to. Equally commendable was the team performance, which saw us reach the semi final and lose only to VESIT, who were eventual winners. Here **ANUJ PAWA** deserves a mention, not only for his performance but also for his sheer willingness to help in every possible way.

Turning to the indoor games, our gymkhana finally has had a facelift. The old carrom boards have been polished and a new one has been bought taking into consideration the ever increasing hordes of carrom enthusiasts. The table tennis tables, which were sitting like neglected, beleaguered orphans, finally have T. T. covers, with which they can clothe themselves and there are curtains on the windows too.

The face of the gymkhana has indeed changed !! Our college T. T. team comprising of Girish, Nikhil, Makarand and yours truly, put up a spirited performance at the intercollegiate Tournament before finally bowing out in the pre-quarter finals. An intra college tournament was also held.

Alongwith T. T. the intra collegiate carrom and chess tournaments were also progressing simultaneously Vishal (SEM) & Avadhoot (BEM), deserve full marks for efficiently organising the chess tournament :

I am extremely grateful, to the various ex-officios Prof. A. S. Chawan (Cricket), Prof. C. S. Nerurkar (Football), Prof. D. Y. Joshi (Indoor Games), Prof. N. C. Panickar (Gymnasium): without whose help it would have been impossible for me to guide through the bureaucratic formalities that have to be followed.

I conclude my report, by thanking you, my friends, without whose enthusiasm, things wouldn't have been the same. However, we regret of not been able to organise a badminton tournament & an athletics meet.

So here's wishing you livelier and more spirited sporting years in future.

Durgesh Manjure
Sports Secretary.

Disha - 1995-96

The Following are the prizes awarded to the students of this college for the year 1994-95

KULPATI'S GOLD MEDAL

- 1) **Shri. Pathan Aslamkahn Ahmedkhan** : For securing First Rank in First attempt amongst students of this college and first class with Distinction in BE(Civil) examination held in May 1995.
- 2) **Shri. Parikh Chinmoy Rameshchandra** : For securing First Rank in First attempt amongst students of this college and First class with Distinction in B.E. (Mech.) examination held in May 1995.
- 3) **Miss. Sheth Sonali Chandrakant** : For securing First Rank in First attempt amongst students of this college and First class with Distinction in B.E. (Elect) examination held in May 1995.

KULPATI'S SILVER MEDAL

- 1) **Shri. Patel Sanjay Chunilal** : For securing Second Rank in First attempt amongst students of this college and First class with Distinction in B.E. (Civil) examination held in May 1995.
- 2) **Shri. Iyer Santosh Vishwanathan** : For securing Second Rank in First attempt amongst students of this college and First class with Distinction in B.E. (Mech.) examination held in May 1995.
- 3) **Miss Patkar Girija Sitaram** : For securing Second Rank in First attempt amongst students of this college and First class with Distinction in B.E. (Elect) examination held in May 1995.

SHRI PRUTHVISH NARAYANDAS KILLAWALLA PRIZE OF RS. 100/- EACH

- 1) **Shri. Bebal Arshad Noormohammed** : For securing highest marks in First attempt amongst students of this college FE examination held in May 1995 and joined in SE (Elect) class for the year 1994-95.
- 2) **Shri Tendulkar Vallabh R.** : For securing highest marks in First attempt amongst students of this college SE (Elect) examination held in May 1995 and joined in TE (Elect) class for the year 1994-95.
- 3) **Miss. Agshikar Sonali R.** : For securing highest marks in First attempt amongst students of this college TE (Elect) examination held in May 1995 and joined in BE (Elect) class for the year 1994-95.
- 4) **Miss Patkar Girija Sitaram** : For securing highest marks in First attempt amongst students of this college BE (Elect) examination held in May 1995.

SHRIPAD RAO DUBHASHI PRIZE OF RS. 75/-

- 1) **Shri. Kulkarni Shashikant Eknath** : For securing highest marks amongst our successful college students in the subject of "Building Design and Drawing" in TE (Civil) Sem. V Examination held in November 1994.

SMT. AHALYABAI TEMBE PRIZE OF RS. 100/-

- 1) **Shri. Ranbirsingh Harbans Singh** : For standing First in the subject of Design of 'Design & Drawing of Concrete Structures' in BE (Civil) Sem. VII examination held in May 1995.

SHRI R. N. JOSHI PRIZE OF RS. 100/-

- 1) **Shri. Pathan Aslamkhan Ahmedkhan** : Has been awarded prof. R. N. joshi prize for securing the highest marks in Sem. VII & VIII (Civil) taken together and passing separately during 1994-95.

DR. PRANLAL PATEL FOUNDATION PRIZE (RS. 500/- EACH)

- 1) **Shri. Chenupati Jechand C. K.** : Has been awarded Dr. Pranlal Patel Prize for securing the highest percentage of marks in FE (Mech) examination at the first attempt during the year 1994-95.
- 2) **Shri. Merchant Sameer A.** : Has been awarded Dr. Pranlal Patel Prize for securing the highest percentage of marks in SE (Mech) examination at the first attempt during the year 1994-95.
- 3) **Shri. Desai Hemang Amul** : Has been awarded Dr. Pranlal Patel Prize for securing the highest percentage of marks in TE (Mech) examination at the first attempt during the year 1994-95.

SHRI. JAYANTI SATYANARAYANA PRIZE RS. 50/-

- 1) **Shri. Lavande Shardul R.** : For securing highest percentage of marks in the subject 'Structural Analysis' Sem. V at the TE (Civil) examination held in December 1994.

SHRI. MARATHE MEMORIAL PRIZE OF RS. 500/- EACH

- 1) **Shri. Bebal Arshad Noormohammed** : For securing highest marks in FE Sem. I & II- Engg. Mechanics examination held in 1994-95
- 2) **Shri. Shah Vikrant Dipak** : For Securing highest marks in SE (Civil & Mech) Sem. III- Strength of Material examination held in November 1994.

Disha - 1995-96

MERIT PRIZE ON THE BASIS OF MERIT IN THE PRECEEDING EXAMINATION HELD IN MAY/JUNE 1995

Class Name Of The Students

- F. E.
- 1) Shri. Chennupati Jechand C. K.
 - 2) Shri. Bebal Arshad Noormohammed
 - 3) Shri. Vijaykar Shreekant Arun

- S. E. (C)
- 1) Shri. Crasta Prasanna John
 - 2) Shri. Dahanawala Dipesh H.
 - 3) Shri. Andurlekar Krishanakant R.

- S. E. (Mech.)
- 1) Shri. Merchant Sameer A.
 - 2) Shri. Naik Sameer Vijaykumar
 - 3) Shri. Shah Vikrant Deepak

- S. E. (Elect)
- 1) Shri. Tendulkar Vallabh R.
 - 2) Shri. Shaikh Tariq N.
 - 3) Shri. Gandhi Bhavesh M.
Miss Bhide Vaishali Arvind

- T.E. (Civil)
- 1) Shri. Vora Adnan Zueb
 - 2) Shri. Kulkarni Shashikant E.
 - 3) Shri. Motiramani Deepak Vishind

- T.E. (Mech)
- 1) Shri. Desai Hemang Amul
 - 2) Shri. Dave Devang Balchandra
Shri. Mankame Nilesh D.
 - 3) Shri. Kabra Anand Shreevallabh

- T. E. (Elect)
- 1) Miss. Agshikar Sonali R.
 - 2) Miss Gaitonde Suruchi B.
 - 3) Miss Ghevde Pratima Suresh

- B.E. (Civil)
- 1) Shri. Pathan Aslamkhan Ahmedkahn
 - 2) Shri. Patel Sanjay Chunilal
 - 3) Miss Inamdar Manjusha Gajanan

- B. E. (Mech)
- 1) Shri. Parikh Chinmoy Rameshchandra
 - 2) Shri. Iyer Santosh Vishwanathan
 - 3) Shri. Patwardhan Kaustubh Prasad

- B. E. (Elect)
- 1) Miss Patkar Girija Sitaram
 - 2) Shri. Jawaharani Dhinrendra P.
 - 3) Miss Sheth Sonali Chandrakant.

Disha - 1995-96

JADHAVPUR UNIVERSITY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION (BOMBAY BRANCH) RS. 1000/- EACH.

- 1) **Shri. Vora Adnan Zueb** : For securing highest marks in the first attempt amongst the students of this college of TE (Civil) examination held in (May- 1995)
- 2) **Miss Agshikar Sonali R.** : For securing highest marks in the first attempt amongst the students of this college of TE (Elect) examination held in (May- 1995)

INDIAN WATER WORK ASSOCIATION (BOMBAY CENTRE) CASH PRIZE OF RS. 400/-

- 1) **Shri. Shah Sameer Lalit** : For securing highest marks in the subject at "Enviromental Engg." B. E. (Civil) Sem. VII examination held in Dec. 1994.

DR. G. A. MHASKAR & DR. B. M. JOSHI PRIZE FOR STUDENTS OF BE (ELECT) CLASS FOR STANDING IN I, II, & III POSITION.

1. Miss Sheth Sonali Chandrakant
2. Miss Patkar Girija Sitaram
3. Shri. Pai Gurudatta Pundalik

Merit Prize of Rs. 50/- each (or books worth the amount) Awarded by the Department of Structural Engg. to the students obtaining the first class and getting maximum number of marks in all (Structural Engg. Subject) taken together at the FE (Civil) S. E. (Civil), T. E. (Civil) & B. E. (Civil) examination held during the year 1994-95

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| 1. Shri. Vinay Chandraskharan | F. E. |
| 2. Shri. Crasta Prasanna John | S. E. |
| 3. Shri. Kant Devanshu Tarun | T.E. |
| Shri. Lavande Shardul Ram | T. E. |
| 4. Shri. patel Sanjay Chunilal | B. E. |

SARDAR PATEL COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING GYMKHANA COMMITTEE (1995-96)

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3) F. E. (Comp.)	1) Chari Rahul 2) Pandya Parth Y.
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6) S. E. (Mech.)	1) Bhaskar Deepak J. 2) Deshmukh Girish S.
7) S. E. (Elect.)	1) Kakkad Hiren S. 2) Vijaykar Shreekant A.
8) T. E. (Civil)	1) Barve Parag S. 2) Deshpande Sandeep S.
9) T. E. (Mech.)	1) Nair Manoj Kumar G. 2) Rangoonwala Juzer
10) T. E. (Elect.)	1) Chonkar Hemendra N 2) Tandon Girish A.
11) B. E. (Mech.)	1) Banka Shashikanat R.

THE MAKING OF DISHA '96

All said and done, still remains the job of sincerely thanking everyone who really cared for and helped our endeavour of presenting this magazine to you. A personalised approach and persistent pestering (!) brought in a flood of articles and advertisements. Unfortunately, it is not possible to reproduce all the articles for want of space; but friends, keep writing : the '**Parker**' is much much mightier than the '**Kalashnikov**' ! We thank all our advertisers. **Abhijit K. (Se-C)**, **Vinayak** and **Milind (Se-M)** deserve a special mention for bringing in a lot of advertisements.

I express my sincerest gratitude to all my friends who gave their suggestions, opinions to improve this magazine and who enquired about its progress at various stages. It mattered and helped. Thank you.

Kudos to **Hiren** for single handedly rejuvenating the Hindi section (Hum honge Kamyab ek din !) His zeal, enthu, determination and patience have manifested themselves in that section. His contribution can be summed up in one sentence, but for **Hiren**, there would have been no Hindi section in DISHA '96. **Sreekant** did a wonderful job of managing the Marathi section and the art work. A fact worth mentioning is that the entire magazine has been handled by the S.E.s

And the person to be thanked the most is unarguably **Mrs. Shubha Pandit** It is only because of her sincere guidance and the degree of freedom that she gave us, could we present DISHA '96 to you in this time frame. The art work is contibuted by **Sreekant** (SEE), **Abhijit N** (SEC), **Vikram** (FEE), I thank **SHRI. S. L. PENDSE** for allowing us to use his art work for the back page. It would be impossible to thank everyone who helped during the making of his magazine. But yes, many lent a helping hand, some two hands, while some wholeheartedly jumped in the fray to shape DISHA '96.

We hope we have given the right DISHA to your dreams and aspirations, always pointing towards the polaris of truth, solidarity and universal brotherhood.

In conclusion, let me share a thought by **Dag Hammarskjold**, the former **Secretary General** of the U.N. with you:

*I expect to pass this world once.
Any good thing therefore that I can
do or kindness that I can
show to my fellow creature,
Let me do it now.
I shall not pass this way again.*

Anandram Kulkarni
(M. S.)
(S. E. Civil)

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE :

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SREEKANT (SEE) Editor, Marathi Section
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ENGLISH SECTION

I BELIEVE

The recent hawala scandal rocked the foundation of faith that is so necessary for the mental and spiritual well - being of a country; faith, they say, is becoming an out-dated concept. 'Cynicism', ugly scathing cynicism and a kind of street-smart world-wise weariness is fast becoming the credo of our disturbed younger generation accustomed to seeing newspapers splashed with headlines on scams, scandals and frauds in the highest places. Are we ushering in an age of non-belief? How do we tell our children to refrain from lying, thieving and bribing when the whole world seems to rotate on an axis of corruption?

Yet, wait! Although heads have rolled in Government scandals, we have the occasional honest taxiwallah who hands in a fat purse of money to its forgetful owner; a college student who handed over a huge amount of money to a train commuter may not have made 'headlines', but he definitely made 'heartlines'. If you see the weeds of corruption everywhere, you also chance to come upon heroic virtues trying to bloom and struggling to make their presence felt!

Cynicism is unproductive; it yields nothing and is an excuse for the unwilling Atlas eager to shake off the world from his shoulders in a hurry. Idealism,

on the other hand may seem to be foolish and may lead to occasional disillusionment. But it is nevertheless a source of strength and faith to those who wish to make the world a better place to live in. Each one of us may become a 'centre of sincerity' in himself reposing confidence in the truth that goodness begins at home and that a moderate pay-packet and a spotless character are far greater treasures than ill-gotten gains and the fear of public infamy. To conclude, let me quote the words of my favourite authoress George Eliot:

*May every soul that touches mine -
Be it the slightest contact -
Get therefore some good;
Some little grace; one kindly thought;
One aspiration yet unfelt;
One bit of courage
For the darkening sky;
One gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life;
One glimpse of brightening skies
Beyond the gathering mists -
To make this life worth while*

- Mrs. Madhavi Gokhale

THE ROAD AHEAD ?

In view of all the hype and hoopla about the advent of the information age, I thought it apt to know all about it from the horse's mouth itself; i. e. from the man in the forefront of this revolution : **Bill Gates**. His prophecy about the future, "**The Road Ahead**" indeed is a layman's guide to the new order of life which awaits him.

Bill Gates begins the book summarizing the birth and progress of the technological age, more specifically the PC revolution. Running on parallel tracks is the success story of the company he founded and nurtured, "**Microsoft**". Time and again

he stresses upon the need for visionary zeal to succeed in

this field. "**The Information Superhighway**", according to Bill Gates is still a decade away. Wonders such as Digital Cash, Global Positioning System and Access allowing kiosks will be fully applicable only when the highway actually exists. PC's, multimedia CD-ROM softwares, high-capacity cable television networks, wired and wireless telephone networks and the Internet are mere components of the highway. The infrastructure available as of now is inadequate. Research is on to develop fibre optic cables which allow more data to be transferred with greater speed. He then proceeds to explain the various implications which the highway will have on day-to-day life, business, society etc. Indeed business will undergo a sea change with all the possible products in the same category competing with each other. Increase in competition will yield better products. He then proceeds to mention the unlimited data which will be literally available at one's fingertips. Anything, absolutely anything ranging from Picasso's birthday to the exploits of Napoleon, from the actions of the U.N. to the human respiratory system will be at the user's disposal. Perhaps the maximum beneficiaries

of this transformation will be students. With more and more interactive softwares, studies will no longer be a drudgery. Research and development will proceed at a much faster pace.

Bill Gates in his book brings forth rosy images that he thinks will be a part of the future. But a lot of questions remain unanswered like the following. What would happen to those who are unable to learn how to use this technology? Would there be a greater rift between the developed and undeveloped countries? Would censorship of Internet suppress freedom or would

non-censorship endanger national security? Bill

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD WRITES A BOOK, AND PARTH REVIEWS IT EXCLUSIVELY FOR US.

Gates has created the world's most technologically advanced (and expensive) house. He predicts that the common man will soon be able to avail of this leisure. It does not seem strange coming from the world's richest man; but it would sound ridiculous to the common man. Another important aspect which has not been aptly dealt with is the social life of people. Socializing is an important means of development of a society. With the advent of improved technology there is a danger of people being locked in with their computers. Especially for countries like India, where socializing is a way of life, it may turn out to be more of a bane than a boon.

Indeed what the future holds for us is a Pandora's box, only here we do not have any other option than to open it.

* Gates, Bill-London, Viking, 1995

PARTH Y. PANDYA
F. E. (COMPUTERS)

DOES THE INSTITUTE MATTER ?

"Look there goes an IIT ian." he whispered into my ear. I looked at the person my friend's eyes were focussed on and found a young man, no different from myself or any other person around me. Yet he had attained the distinction of having passed the acid test that lakhs of students aspire to pass but only two thousand qualify.

The Indian Institute of Technology is one of the best engineering institutes in the world. It is widely recognised as an institute that produces engineers with the capability to make an impact in every field of engineering. To obtain admission in this institution is the dream of many, but only a few transform this dream into reality through their hard work and dedication. While the others seek admission in other excellent institutions but which in comparison to IIT always rank second. This, many a times brings about a change in their attitudes. An IIT ian is either looked upon with awe and admiration or scorned at. Hardly do we realise that in no way is he superior or we inferior to us. YES, it is true that he has passed the IIT JEE which is one of the toughest and most effective sieving processes employed by an educational institution. But then it is to his credit that he has worked harder or is capable of grasping various concepts faster and with greater ease.

Though our syllabus still remains more exam oriented while the IIT's lay greater stress on laboratory application, it is only how you finally shape out as an engineer that matters.

Being an IIT graduate does have its advantages with the B. Tech degree clearly underlining your presence. Job opportunities are more with maybe a better starting salary compared to others. But with a sound academic performance over the four years, a B. E. degree offers very good if not equally good prospects. This is for all those who prefer to seek a job after graduation. For those who wish to pursue further studies, there is always the wonderful option of clearing the 'GATE' examination and obtaining a master's degree from 'I.I.T'.

So, remember 'Success and Hardwork go hand

in hand'. While the institution only matters to some extent, your hardwork could make all the difference.

RAHUL CHARI
(F.E. comp.)



WHY PEOPLE SUCCEED ?

In the 1968 Mexico Olympics an American swimmer had been expected to win six gold medals. World record holder for both butterfly distances he was beaten to second place in the 100 m. and finished last in the 200 m Final. A bronze medal in the 100 m freestyle and even two relay golds were little compensation and he was deemed a 'failure.'

However he made up for all this four years later at Munich in 1972 when he swam to immortality. He won every event he entered -- the 100 m and 200 m free style, the 100 m and 200 m butterfly in each of which he broke world record. He was in all the three winning American relay teams also setting up new World records. Perhaps the finest performance by any individual at the Olympics. Well your guess is as good as mine. That was the legendary Mark Spitz.

How did Spitz do it ? It was not by some supernatural source of power but by his own hard work and determination to show to the world his true worth.

There are many things or aspects which go on to make a successful personality . One very important and absolutely necessary aspect is the determination to succeed. Also having an ambition is equally important. Ambition is a very foremost creative stimulant. When you have an ambition you know what you want and more importantly why you want it. What is great glitters, its glitter arouses ambition, produces the inspiration and determination

to succeed.

Determination and ambition have to be coupled with one inseparable megaconstituent, the hard work. Concentration and perseverance are absolutely necessary while inputting the hard work. Many people experiment to achieve something or the other. Some may succeed in some way or the other but some others may fail and feel dejected and dismayed. They are really unfortunate if they give up their efforts to get what they want. One should not get stuck with failures.

Failure is only the opportunity to begin again & more intelligently.

Take the example of Madame Curie. While she was experimenting, when her calculations went awry, she was puzzled. That however, did not discourage her. Instead the undaunted scientist persisted relentlessly working round the clock. Finally it was given to her to discover the element Radium. And she became the first scientist to win the Nobel prize twice.

As Louis Pasteur has put it, It's only takes getting used to work to be no longer able to do, without it, In this world everything depends on work. And Maxim Gorky has said, 'One must be fond of what one is doing, then labour however crude - is elevated in creation.

Your attitude also plays a major role. Positive thinking acts like a catalyst. Positive thinking is optimism and is closely related to self confidence.

Anand's Keys to Success :

Realise importance of today :
yesterday is forged cheque,
tomorrow is a promisory note,
but today is ready cash.

Disha - 1995-96

Only when you are an exclusively positive thinker you can be self confident. And self confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings. Never think negatively. Always look at the brighter side of things. Count your blessings. When we are too weak to accomplish our goal we are still strong enough to work on it as best as we can. Learn to accept mistakes. It is always better to run back than to run wrong.

Worry - worry is a negative catalyst. Worry is like a rocking chair. It will give you something to do but it will take you no where.

One should be able to keep cool in difficult situations and cleverly work out solutions. When in a tight spot keep your attitude as 'Either I will find a way or I will make one'.

Each one of us can succeed in whatever we aspire, provided we put the necessary input. Great

things in life are accomplished not only by strength speed or dexterity but by force of will, character and judgement. Single mindedness of purpose and endless hours of solitary practice are the keys that open the lock of success. Recognise the importance of today. Yesterday is like a forged cheque tomorrow is like a promisory note. But today is ready cash. Use it in the best way you can. One should learn to take failure in his or her stride and persevere to achieve the impossible because one percent inspiration and ninety nine percent perspiration surely pave our way for the ultimate success.

And don't forget Mark Spitz.

Anand Vaidya

S. E. (Civil)



THE INDIAN AIR FORCE

In Pursuit of Excellence

The Indian Air Force (I.A.F.) has been guarding the national frontiers for more than sixty years since its inception in 1932. The Russian built MIG-21 have held the I.A.F. together for the last two decades. These have been ably supported by the MIG-29, MIRAGE-2000 and MIG-27 aircrafts. These aircrafts also supported the Army and Navy from China in 1962 and Pakistan in 1965. India has always

of tackling any situation unlike our Pakistani counterparts. The transport aircrafts of IAF like the AN-32 aircrafts play an important role in transporting food and other relief packages to flood hit areas. The Russian built Mi-9 helicopters act as the only means of survival for the army soldiers posted at Siachen glaciers. These helicopter pilots fly sorties to these glaciers everyday as essential commodities like food,

During my visit to Pathankot, when my father was posted there as the C.O., I realised how much hard work and training...

depended on Russia for spare parts for its aircrafts until recently when it began to manufacture its own spare parts. Squadron Leader Rakesh Sharma was the first I.A.F. officer to land on the moon.

During my visit to Pathankot, when my father was posted there as the Commanding Officer, I realised how much hard work and constant training had to be put in by our pilots whose lives are constantly at risk. Some of them were even away from their families as they feared that their children's studies would suffer a setback. The pilots at Pathankot have to fly numerous sorties everyday, as the place being very close to the border one does not know when a war may break out.

Pakistan, our friendly neighbour, boasts of having acquired F-16 aircrafts, but can it boast of having experienced and well trained pilots ? Can it boast of having pilots capable of tackling any situation ? Of course not, We Indians certainly cannot boast of possessing hi-tech aircrafts but we can certainly be proud of having well-trained pilots capable

of tackling any situation unlike our Pakistani counterparts. The transport aircrafts of IAF like the AN-32 aircrafts play an important role in transporting food and other relief packages to flood hit areas. The Russian built Mi-9 helicopters act as the only means of survival for the army soldiers posted at Siachen glaciers. These helicopter pilots fly sorties to these glaciers everyday as essential commodities like food,

clothing etc. have to be transported to the army soldiers stationed at the glaciers.

The ultimate achievement of the IAF was when the first Light Combat Aircraft (LCA) rolled out. This aircraft completely manufactured in India would soon fulfill the void created by the ageing MIG-21 fighters which have served the IAF for a long time. The future acquisition of the SUKHOI-30 (SU-30) aircrafts from Russia would make the IAF very powerful.

Surely with such a well equipped air defence system supported amicably by the armed and naval forces, can any other external power threaten our country ? I don't think so. What about you ?...

SHESHADRI SHASHI NANDAN

F. E. (Electronics)

THE RELEVANCE OF BHAGAVAD - GITA TODAY

The whole world today is involved in a frenzy of economic development. More money, more production, more factories, more luxuries of life Not that there is anything wrong with the economic development, yet, what is the object of life ? what are we looking for ? And what are we actually getting ? Where are we heading ? Why this mad rush ?

Are we not erring in believing that material development is all - in - all ? Our so called 'progress' as is, it seems, simply a progress from crisis to bigger crisis a headalong rush into dangerous apocalypse (just as the world forces the threat of existence from the continuous advancement of nuclear technology and chemical weapons) The industrialistic culture has gone deeply into the very moral fibre of our society. Our society has rallied well to maintain its spiritual culture but it cannot remain immune for long against the onslaught of materialism. A concerted effort to further strengthen its spiritual roots by systematic study and practice of the principles of Bhagavad - Gita is the need of the hour.

'BHAGAVAD -- GITA' , as many of you know, is the dialogue between Lord Krishna and warrior Arjuna in the Battle field of Kurukshetra, about 5000 years ago. But no, BHAGAVAD -- GITA is more than that. it is called as 'GITOU PANISHAD', i.e. it is the essence of VEDIC KNOWLEDGE and one of the most important 'UPANISHADS' VEDIC LITERATURE. It is the most widely read literature in the whole world.

But, a natural question may arise in your mind, "Why do I NEED BHAGAVAD - GITA ?" To answer this question, we present a brief discussion between doctor & his friend, who was a devotee of God.

The doctor owned a beautiful house in U. S. the kind we see on the soap operas of STAR TV. In his driveway these stood a BMW sports car, and a latest model of Cadillac. He had a beautiful wife and was blessed with two sons.

"I came to this country with nothing except my medical degree", said the doctor. "with hard work I am occupying a respected position in this community. What possible relevance could BHAGAVAD - GITA have in my life ?" The devotee asked the doctor innocently "What would you

do if a disgruntled patient slapped you with a malpractice suit for everything you have ? Oh ! I am protected from that," said the doctor "I have MEDICAL INDENTITY INSURANCE for which I pay thousands of dollars annually".

"What if your house caught fire and burned to the ground ?" the devotee continued. "Of course, I have fire insurance," said the doctor with a dismissive shrug of his shoulders.

"If you get a heart attack and die suddenly, who will look after your family ?" the devotee probed . "That is no problem, I have enough life insurance



to look after the next two generations of my family", the doctor said with a smile.

"Life is treating you very well", the devotee remarked. "At present, does this mean that you will continue to have only good fortune in the future. The only thing we can be sure of, in this life, is misery. Old age is misery, disease is misery, and death is misery. To be parted from someone is misery.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS. FRUSTATIONS AND ILL - FORTUNE - disturb the best of us. WILL YOU NOT GROW OLD? DO YOU THINK YOU WILL NOT SUFFER FROM ILL - HEALTH ? DO YOU SERIOUSLY BELIEVE THAT YOUR LIFE WILL BE FREE FROM MISUNDERSTANDINGS, FRUSTATIONS AND DISSATISFACTIONS ? WILL YOU BE THE ONLY PERSON IN THE WORLD TO HAVE NO MISFORTUNE IN YOUR LIFE ?"

The doctor remained silent for a minute. Pensively he looked at the devotee and said, "sure, I guess. I have to face my share of misfortunes too ?" "since you have insurance for everything else", the devotee asked "Do you have MISERY INSURANCE ?"

"What is MISERY INSURANCE ?" the doctor asked. Lifting the BHAGAVAD - GITA upto his face the devotee said " This BHAGAVD - GITA is misery insurance ".

It is explained in BHAGAVAD - GITA that by the art of understanding this knowledge, one will attain liberation from all miseries. Furthermore, the process is joyfully performed and is everlasting.

So what is the answer to our predicament. Let the BHAGAVAD - GITA, the song of the opulent one, Lord Krishna, be our light on the path of progress. let us drink the deep red clarifying from every page of this level among scriptures and make our life perfect.

Vinod Rammohan (SEC)

Ashish Sharma (BEM)

Kulin M. (SEM)

Ramchandran (SEE)

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QUALITY CULTURE IN INDIA

Every time a child is born into the world, it is Nature's attempt to make a perfect human being. Well, we have seen Nature pushing and contriving for some time now. We all know she's interested in quantity but, I think she's interested in quality too. Paradoxical as it may sound, governments and quality revolution have, historically, gone hand in hand. If it was Emperor Hirohito who helped initiate Japan's quality revolution -- with the Deming Prize acting as a catalyst -- it was a drive by US Government --- and the creation of Malcolm Baldrige Award in 1978 -- that triggered off America's drive to regain its global competitiveness. For years after liberalisation, India's economy displays a remarkable resilience. The balance of payment's position is now becoming comfortable, the stock -- markets are maturing, and industry has finally recovered from the recession.

Manufacturing industry depends solely on itself, competition is its life. Protect it, and it goes to sleep; it dies from monopoly as well as from the tariff. The nation that succeeds in making all other nations its vassals will be the one which first proclaims commercial liberty; it will have enough manufacturing power to supply its production at a cheaper price than those of its rivals. A specter is haunting India, the specter of quality. Comfortably ensconced for decades in the warm cocoon of poor production and shoddy services, corporate India is about to receive its final comeuppance. Post Liberalisation -- It is prime time for Indian producers to understand the

implications of quality products. World markets are becoming more and more demanding on quality. With stiff challenges from International competitors, Indian producers must not only retain their present share in the international market, but boost exports by entering newer markets and increasing their market share. India already has the cost advantage due to its intensive low - cost labour base and ability to absorb state -- of - the art technology. If it could

only vouch for quality, It could be a leader in the field.

The Americans and the Japanese have taken the world by storm through their products, which guarantee quality and functional reliability to the specified

standards. Their products stand out in terms of reliability, adapting to consumer requirements, cost effectiveness and aesthetics. Quality control is practiced in each and every activity of the manufacturing process chain. Ever since Walter A Shewhart, a physicist at AT & T's Bell Laboratories in the US gave birth to the management Science called Quality in the 1920's by importing statistical concepts from agricultural research into manufacturing systems, gurus have been regularly mapping the territory they have been covering in the quest for quality. While the number of routes to total quality have proliferated, the high roads can be separated from the dead-ends by checking for the characteristics that every authentic quality roadmap must possess. Mathematically, the addition of these characteristics is TQM that is defined as taking



quality out of the shopfloor to encompass every conceivable activity in an organization, with the customer at the center of all thoughts, processes and decisions.

But as said by quality wizard Joseph M. Juran, TQM is also elusive, always tantalizingly out of reach. Not only India, but in various countries all over world, TQM is a much misunderstood term. All its means really is a collection of all the things that we must do to have quality leadership. India must therefore look for these common elements rather than chasing the quality flavor of the month.

*"Dost thou love life ? Then do not Squander time,
for that is the stuff life is made of "*

Ibid.

*"Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and
sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty
diamond minutes. No reward is offered for they are
gone forever."*

The importance of time to Quality Assurance described above is best explained by the inventory concept called Just -- in -- time (JIT), which was first introduced by the Japanese auto manufacturers. JIT calls for co-operation between supplier and manufacturers. India was first exposed to JIT in the mid '80s, when Maruti Udyog brought in the Japanese style of manufacturing and management. It has brought in the JIT concept of intergrating vendors with its operations and has promoted suppliers like Jai Bharat Maruti for small sheet-metal pressed components, Mart Auto for fuel tank and panel parts, Machino plastics for bumper, grill and dash board etc. All are located within 15 Km. radius from the Maruti factory. The company tries to synchronize supplier's processes with its own, and vendors are looked upon as extension of the company's own operations. But with the kind of infrastructure that India has, making full potential use of JIT is a distant dream.

A major step in establishing world --- wide Quality Control is ISO - 9000 . This is a set of clauses that provide a frame work for showing customers how you test products, train employees, keep records and fix defects. It's the hottest quality buzzword in the country's corporate lexicon today. But is the ISO really quality ? Over the last two years, acquiring a certificate of quality from the International Organization for Standardization (ISO) has virtually

become corporate India's ultimate status symbol, with hundreds of man - hours and billions of rupees being thrown into the effort. In going all out to acquire what they believe is the most coveted quality credential in the world today, is it even possible that Indian companies would actually be mistaking the means for the end ? After all believing that this certification proves that you have, finally, built a total quality company by global standards is a shibboleth, a myth, a lie. Nothing could be farther from truth. Issued by independent ISO - certified auditors, ISO-9000 certification only verifies that your factory, your laboratory, or your office meet a set of quality management requirements that have been determined by the Geneva based organization. ISO - 9000 only proves that the company's systems are in use, it does not ensure TQM.

Lastly the essence of Quality control, that can improve corporate India's image, can be summarized with the help of the following points. The first step Quality Control is to know the requirement of the consumers. One can not define quality without knowing the cost; anticipate potential defects and complaints. Always consider taking appropriate action. Quality Control not accompanied by an action is mere equivocation.

This quality control is a thought control in management. If it is implemented company wide it can contribute to the improvement of the company's corporate health and character. If all Indian companies follow the principle of quality first, their profits will certainly increase in the long run. As Logan Smith put it :

*"The indefatigable pursuit of unattainable
perfection is what alone gives a meaning
to our life on this unavailable star. "*

- Sunil Sharma
B. E. (Mech)

The War Had Been Lost Forever

It was early morning. The first rays of the sun stained through the window inside the room. But Vijay was still fast asleep. "Get up Vijay", said Ajay to his younger brother. "Don't you have college today?" Vijay glanced rather gloomily at the wall clock. "Oh, God 7.30 ! My 8.15 Practs" ! Vijay exclaimed as he arose from the bed sharply. "Look here buddy", said Ajay. "These late night study sessions are not going to help you. But Vijay had no time to listen to his brother's advice. He took his clothes & was off to the bathroom. A little gargle of water with the toothpaste in his mouth, a slight shower and he was out of the bathroom within moments. Dressing up quickly he was ready to leave.

"Breakfast is ready Vijay," came a voice from the kitchen.. "No time for breakfast Mom," shouted Vijay as he took his bicycle keys. He skipped out of the house with the bicycle, stepped on the pedal, jumped on the seat and was gone.

Now it was Ajay's turn. Ajay was an architect by profession. For months he had been working on a project taking pains over it. Today, the preparations for his report were nearing the peak. If his project was sanctioned, he would move much ahead of his colleagues in the rat race. Collecting the necessary documents and dressing himself soberly made him late. He had to be in his office early to make an impression. The 8.22 Churchgate Fast was his only hope now. He took his mother's blessings & left the house.

Ajay came to the road feeling warm and confident . It was a typical daily routine scene of Bombay, as dozens of people hurtled up and down the road to reach their destination. Suddenly Ajay's attention was diverted towards a crowd which had gathered in the middle of the road. From a distance Ajay couldn't conceive what had happened. A natural curiosity was aroused in his mind. He asked a passer by.

"Kya Hua"?

"An accident"

"Who is it"?

"Bechara koi aadmi".

"Is he dead"?

"Who knows," the onlooker shrugged and went away.

Ajay also prepared to leave. But the words, "Bechara koi aadmi", somehow stopped him for a moment. What followed was a usual dilemma, a dilemma of ethics, of humanity. Should he help the young boy ? After all, he could make the vital difference between life and death. May be the gesture of humanity would be just the necessary divine blessing required for his project. He started in that direction "Wait ," said a voice from within; "Are.. you being rational "? And he stopped to wonder. May be he wasn't. He was a noble soul. He believed in doing good, whenever possible and feasible. But right now it was just impossible. What divine blessing was he thinking about, when it was evident that helping the injured boy and rushing him to hospital would surely mean losing out on something for which he had prepared for months. Today he had to do good; but only to one person : himself. so what if he left. It wasn't a sin, so many passers - by walked past without even pausing to think. Were they all sinners ? And surely somebody like him; who had the time, would take him to the hospital. Then he repeated something which he had done so often in cases of such ethical dilemma "Surely not doing good doesn't mean doing bad". And so he decided to do good to himself and walked the other way.

"Gosh" ! He exclaimed, as he looked at his watch. This dilemma cost him four precious minutes. Taking a bus now was'nt possible. Luckily a richshaw was passing besides him. "Auto", he shouted at the rickshaw driver. The auto stopped in front of him. "Station, Jaldi chalo", said Ajay to the

rickshaw driver as he got in the rickshaw.

The rickshaw driver realising the urgency of his passenger did his job well & by 8.22, Ajay was in front of the station.

"Keep the change", said Ajay as he placed a ten rupee note in the rickshaw drivers hand. The 8:22 Churchgate Fast was on the platform, ready to leave. Ajay jumped off the tracks and was on the platform. The train was in motion, but Ajay just caught hold of the bar and boarded the train. He had won the first battle.

The train seemed to be faithful. So did the cab from Churchgate station. Both reached earlier than usual. Two more battles won. "Today certainly was his day", he told himself and entered the office brimming with confidence. But the main battle was inside the seminar room. If he won it, he would win the war.

Meanwhile, at another place in a hospital another battle was being fought - the battle between life and death. Ajay's mind flew more than once. But that did not distract or stop him from winning his battle. A deserving and proud winner, Ajay came out of the Seminar Room to congratulations from his colleagues, some genuine and some artificial. But that hardly mattered. What mattered was that he had done it. Today was definitely his day. The battle was won; and won convincingly in style. Now nothing

could stop him. With these feelings of supreme confidence, Ajay rushed outside. He could barely wait to share his joy with his mother. He went to his cubicle. The moment he took his seat the telephone bell rang..."A call for you, sir", said the operator.

"Hello, is that Ajay", came a choked voice on the phone.

He recognised it as his mother's. But why was it so grief stricken? His heart skipped a beat.

The choked voice at the other end said, "Ajay, Vijay is, our Vijay is no more Ajay." Ajay was dazed, shocked. He couldn't understand what was going on his mind. He had never experienced such a feeling, of such immense joy and grief at the same time. Still he held on to the phone.

"He had an accident in the morning near our house. My poor child lay there and no one bothered to take him to the hospital. If only some good samaritan would have brought him on time....", and words stopped flowing, only tears flowed on both side. Ajay collapsed in his chair. If only some good samaritan would have brought him on time", these words haunted him and would continue to haunt him for the rest of his life. Today was not his day. The war had been lost Forever.

Abhijeet M.
(B. E. Mech)

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" WHAT WENT WRONG ! "

'What went wrong', 'Where did we fail?'; 'Everything was progressing smoothly; then why this disaster?'. These are just some of the questions asked when an organisational structure collapses; or when everything goes astray and is not in accordance with the desideratum. This happens when 'Management Fails'. Listed below is the methodology generally adopted by most organisations (usually these in their incipient stages of development rather than huge conglomerates) to prevent managerial chaos and disorder.

(I) FOUNDATION :-

A group of highly trusted intellectuals who can visualise the future; who have the zeal in them to

strive for
**"BETTER
THAN
THE
BEST"**;

When Chetan writes, you can be sure there's more to it than meets the eye. Keep reading.. (between the lines)

and are essentially leaders in their own fields is formed. This team which is dedicated to the welfare of the organisation and in its think tank is known as **'TOP MANAGEMENT'**. Inclusion of members who aim only for personal monetary benefits and perform their duties just because they are to be performed gives rise to an organisation which persists in the market as a mediocre one, rather than one thing to conquer newer pastures, accept greater challenges and continuously progress. It can be termed as a hollow - structured organisation with no foresight / which operates on the lines of its predecessors (in the case of already established business houses)

(II) GOAL - SETTING :-

The top management defines certain company objectives which have to be fulfilled. These should be concise, lucidly stated and easily understood by each member of the management. Ambiguous goal - setting results in a manager (or managers) trying to achieve something about which he himself is not clear about. The end result is a bunch of workers unaware of whether they are on the right track.

(III) Now depending upon the work - force available and tasks to be performed, an appropriate organisational structure must be adopted i.e. a skeletal network of the entire set-up is made. While doing so it should be noted that the no. of supervisory subordinates who are answerable to a higher officer should be such that they are

just enough for carrying out the duties & tasks expected from them.

(IV) The company objectives are then disseminated to the lower management levels in such a manner that each individual contributes his bit in attaining the overall company objective.

(V) AUTHORITY DELEGATION :-

In order to make objective fulfilment more realistic authority should be delegated downwards from the top to the bottom of the structure empowering all supervisory personnel to perform their duties to the fullest extent. However it should be noted that delegated authority should be commensurate with

responsibility
and
should
go on
diminishing
from top

to bottom.

(VI) ANSWERABILITY :-

Last of all in the answerability phase in which each individual should report to his boss at pre-stipulated intervals (decided by the boss) as to whether he has performed his duties, if not, why? and he should brief him about the role he & his subordinates have played during that interval. This process should go hand-in-hand with frequent checks on the structure, the policies being adopted, the work done and so on. Discrepancies should be taken care of, individual suggestion should be called to & better development techniques must be adopted.

(VII) RESPECT :-

There should exist a feeling of mutual respect in which the senior most members are respected as father-figures and in reciprocation the junior members are also appreciated & motivated by the senior members & the think-tank. Every member must be aware of his rights & duties.

The above mentioned principles are easy to understand & simple to apply. They have been tried & tested successfully by a number of organisations. Remember, being 'Better Than The Best' is not difficult. All it requires is self-confidence and self-introspection.

CHETAN SUKTHANKER
B. E. (Mechanical)

CURIOSITY

*Adam and Eve were of the nosy kind
They got curious and the rest is evolution !*

As one dwells curiously into the psyche of a human being, a number of behavioral traits appear common in nature, greed, love, malice, anger, sacrifice, compassion, pity and of course curiosity amongst others. However ridiculous it may seem, the average person never seems to have control over his curious nature. Have you ever realised how difficult it becomes for a person to resist himself from seeing a street brawl or how his curiosity overcomes him and he ends up peeping into his neighbour's house on hearing loud noises ? Indeed not only humans but also animals are enveloped by this mannerism, albeit in a different manner. This inspired me to conduct a research on this particular topic, although my expertise lies only in the field of curiosity amongst humans. On basis of my research, curious people may be divided into three categories as follows.

The first category covers those people (negligible in number) who seek things on account of their novelty and rarity. Art collectors form a bulk of this people. These people may be genuinely curious, although some put-up an apparent curiosity as this is accepted as a high society norm.

Next up are those 'Curiosites' (Biological term for curious people) who are eager to obtain information or knowledge. These are the genuinely curious people who carry out their task with devotion. Students, spies, suspicious spouses and rival companies are major contributors to these lot. Discoverers too cannot be left out. They combine curiosity with intuition and research to bring out hidden facts.

We now arrive at the final category of curious people which might cover at least half of our country. These people can be branded as 'Unduly Inquisitive' or to put it simply, of the nosy kind. In fact, the first exponents of this form of art were Adam and Eve. It is well known that they got curious

and the rest is evolution. Successful managers use such people to keep a pulse on the company's proceedings.

At any given instant, curiosity may be present in more than one category I have conducted my research to identify the usefulness of curiosity and its role in day to day life. I hope my article does not meet the same fate as the saying goes "Curiosity killed the cat."

PARTH Y. PANDYA
F. E. (Computer)

POLITICS FOR BEGINNERS

SOCIALISM :

You have two buffaloes, you give one to your neighbour.

COMMUNISM :

You have two buffaloes, the government takes them both and gives you the milk.

FASCISM :

You have two buffaloes, the government takes both and sells you the milk.

NAZISM :

You have two buffaloes, the government takes both and shoots you.

TRADE UNIONISM :

You have two buffaloes, they take them from you, shoot one, milk the other and throw the milk away.

MORAL :

Don't have anything to do with buffaloes. They only bring you trouble.

PALKI CHAKRABARTY
F. E. (Electronics)



▲ JHANDA OONCHA RAHE HAMARA



▲ THE S. P. C. E. VISUAL IMPACT :
SOARING NEW HEIGHTS.



▲ RANGEELA - SANS URMILA.

WATCH OUT METALLICA ! S. P. C. E. ITES
ARE HERE TO 'MOCK' YOU.



▼ SPACE RECEPTION : CONNECTING PEOPLE





▲ S.P.C.E. DANCE TEAM :
GLORY BEYOND HORIZONS.



▲ TOL MOL KE BOL/ - AUDIENCE
AT THE AD-WORLD.



▲ THE SPACE FASHION SHOW WINNERS
SALUTING THE TRICOLOUR.



▼ THE SPACE - PARTY; TOTAL FREAK - OUT.



HEY ! WHERE DID THEY GET
THIS SONG !





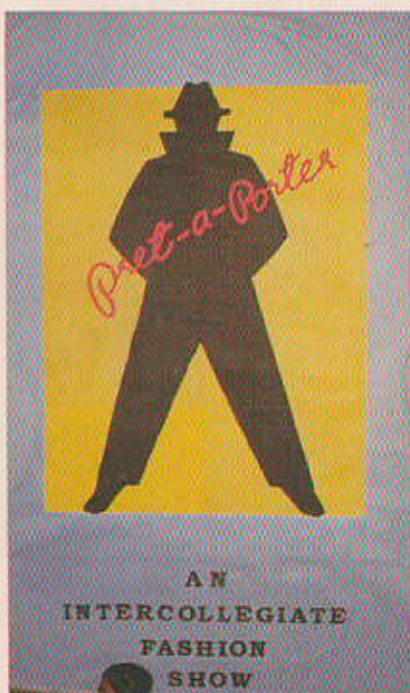
▲ 'LOOK MADAM ; THESE RULES
DON'T APPLY TO S. P. C. E.'



▲ COLOURFUL SECTION OF S.P.C.E.



▲ SPACE FASHION SHOW :
BEAUTIES GALORE.



▲ THE G. S. TAKING A BREAK AT TECHNOBREAK.

▼ 'MANTHAN' : CHURNING OUT THE
TRUTH IN MARATHI DEBATE.



▼ SAURABH :
THE COMPERE SINGS FOR A CHANGE.





▲ 'COLLAGE' : IT'S AN ART !

THE BOUQUET WHICH MADE
SEEMA THE ROSE - QUEEN ▶



▼ BHAVSPANDAN -
MELODIOUS HEART-THROBS



▼ 'MILE SUR MERA TUMHARA'



ENGINEERED TO LOVE

Date : 30th July, Noon 1.28 : 37.86 p.m.

Address : Latitude - 18° 89' 3.9"

Longitude - 72° 59' 5.7"

*Read on all ye Engineers to be, after all
It's love that makes the world go round.*

Dear Sweetheart :

I love you like mathematicians love Boolean Algebra. I love you 'x' to the power n times, where 'x' is any positive integer and ∞

Do you remember the the first time we met ? We were standing vertically on the horizontal plane. You looked into my eyes & your line of sight made an angle of 19° 54" with horizontal.

The second time when we met, you were standing in Balcony 12 feet 4.7 inches from ground level with the angle of elevation 36° 24'36". You smiled at me leaving my heart in simple harmonic motion. Your smile took 1.3625 sec. to reach me. As you kept smiling the avalanche break-down current flowed through bias condition & according to Fleming's zigzag rule the motion of outstretched conductor was undescrivable. Your smiling coefficient was 0.003844 at N.T.P, you can calculate my love velocity neglecting air & other resistances, by lover's calculator.

The third time we met when you caught my hand like spanner holds the nut. It gave me a sensation like current gives to the pointer of galvanometer.

You will never be erased from my 120 MB RAM. My love is as pure as distilled water. You can test it by adding Cuso₄ powder. It will surely turn blue.

I hope you won't forget me. Give your radar signal as earlier as posible on F. M at 20Hz Type III O. F. V or on 2nd channel left side 2nd row 3rd chair in library.

Love You,
Satellite of your heart.
CHETAN B. JAWALE
S.E.(M.)

On Kissing & Kisses...

A Kiss is a noun, because It is common & proper,

It is a pronoun, because 'She' stands for 'It',

It is a verb, because It is Active & Passive,

It is an adverb because it makes an explanation,

It is a conjunction, because It brings together & Connects,

It is an Interjection, because it shows a strong and a sudden feeling,

It is a preposition, because it has an object,

Kissing is a lively (and lovely) trick designed by nature when words become superfluous.

Kissing is a Culuture in Egypt.

Fashion in England.

Pastime in America.

and CENSORED in INDIA !!!



ASTROPOCUS

An engineer to be, who has been thoroughly snow balled and is fast turning to the crystal ball as a more practical and profitable profession, has delved into astrological depths to find what lies in store for all ye laymen.

Ophiucus, that late 13th entrant (triskaidekaphobia anyone) has wrought havoc in starry realms. Staunch Tauriens are now Ariens, Sagittarians have turned into Scorpions and a few unlucky ones called Ophiucans (or however that goes) find themselves lost. I mean what do you make of a star sign whose name means snake bearer and who goes around with pythons wrapped around his body (at least we know how the due in the news got their ideas. Only differences, here there are 2 nude pythons and 1 snake bearer. Wonder if he was modelling when they put him up there? Probably in those days Mr. Pramod Navalkar was St. Peter's stooge). Anyway where were we? Ah yes, our good hearts were melting at the sorry state of the Ophiucans.

Butt never fear. A star star - forecaster is here blessed with E. S. P., crystal ball, magic wand et al, to dispel all fear and prepare you to face your future.

Now crystal ball, tell us all. Ophiucans beware.

You are off to a shaky start. Seen, something big, round and ugly chasing you. Hark, vision clears, apparition seems like mad aunt chasing you with rolling in. Keep away from all aunts especially those you have rubbed on wrong side.

TAURIENS :

Your luck is no better. Seen something bigger, blacker, uglier, fatter in store for you. Could be a cousin from the Bovine family. Avoid red at all costs. Keep away from your friendly neighbourhood tabelas too. Avoid early morning jogs as there is high possibility of some inmates of these tableas deciding to join you. Blue & White are your lucky colours. Avoid green. You might be mistaken for a runaway shrub.

SCORPIANS :

Lady luck smiles. Romance is in the air. The Venus Jupiter juxtaposition endows you with an aura of charm and mystery. You will have more dates

than you can handle & since you have double the luck, high probability of your dates being twice your size.

SAGITTARIANS :

Travel beckons you. I see you hanging out of Virar fasts. Wonder why you don't seem tooo comfy. You will also rub shoulders with some mighty big pople. Voluminous 'Machiwallis' I think. The crystal ball tells me to warn you to take your deodorant along. Says you'll need plenty of Ah ! says Aluminium is your favourite metal, raw garlic is your lucky dish. Probably to compete with the hstinking fish.

Hark ! The crystal clouds. All your unlucky signs, who do not know what awaits you, call the all knowing astronomer (do I mean astrologer). Fee nominal. Shall increase it in proportion to my abilities as soon as I figure out how to charge over the phone.

Until then, adios amigos.

PREETI GOPALAN

S. E. (Electrical)

NO VACANCY

One day while coming
down the street,
I saw some men
gathering like heap.
From the faces of public,
I realised, there happened an incident.

Oh ! on that poor man,
Pressure of work was abundant
and on balancing strength
and work, there happened an accident.

He died on the spot,
Run fast, I thought.
To doctor's consultancy
No ! No ! To fill up his Vacancy

VAISHALI MEHTA

S. E. (Civil)

EVERY DOG should POSSESS A MAN

Every dog must have a man of his own. There is nothing like a person around the house acting with alacrity to spread the dog's blanket for him, or bring him his supper when he comes home tired at night.

For example, I simply happened to belong to a Daschund alias Sam who acquired me at a tender age when he was about six months old and has been training me quite successfully ever since. He has taught me to shake hands with him and fetch his ball. I am fully house - trained, and "I" am his devoted companion.

Training a man takes time. Some men are slow to respond, but a dog who can be patient and make some allowances is very likely to win a loyal pal.

The dog must at first train his man to stay at heel. For this lesson, the dog must hook one end of his leash to his collar and the other around the man's wrist so as to prevent him from running away. Take short steps and then pause, till your man is under full control. If your man tries to run ahead, halt suddenly keeping all four feet on the ground, thus jerking him flat on his back. All these efforts will have a fruitful result. The man will now follow his dog with discipline. At the end, the dog should lick his man's face to show him that it is all within the rules of the game and most joyful.

My daschund taught me without any efforts how to retrieve a ball. He would lie in the centre of the room. Now, I rolled the ball from the far corner of the room, uttering the words "Get it boy". He would watch the ball carefully roll past him and under the sofa. I would then get the ball from under the sofa and repeat the steps mentioned above. This lesson would continue, till my dog dozed off.

Sam is endowed with a unique sixth sense. I just can't understand how he simply manages to catch me in the act, whenever I'm eating something, reminding me that he too needs to be fed. There goes half my share. 5.00 p.m. is the time when my master must get his favourite biscuit. He will get me

out of bed and cry out loudly disturbing the entire house. If I don't give Sam his biscuit, I'm doomed. Sam just won't take me out for a walk, that evening

Physical conditioning is very important too. A man who is sluggish and who droops his tail, is a reflection on the dog who owns him. To keep your man in shape, just don't give him a chance to relax. Jogging him up and down the street at the end of a leash, is a great conditioner. Make sure to take your man for a walk every evening, at least especially when it is raining.

Diet is of equal importance. Certain liquids with very high calories like beer tend to fatten a man. A dog must teach him abstinence by jumping at him and spilling his drink or knocking the glass off the table by the sweep of his tail.

Not every canine who tries to bring up a man is as successful as my daschund. The success requires understanding, patience and calmness at work.

• After all, Sam always says, hard work is the stepping stone to success.

Amol Vartak
T. E. (Mech)



Rail - Mania

The incident I am about to narrate dates back to my glorious first year at S.P.C.E. It was just one of those muggy afternoons so typical of 'Amchi Mumbai'. I was standing on platform five --- Andheri Station, in a rather jolly mood as I had no afternoon lectures and I was rushing home early.

If anyone had cared to look at me closely that hot afternoon; he would have got the impression that I was off to the 'Havaldar Recruitment centre'. In all modesty, my appearance was rather strange that day. I was armed with the most Coveted possession of an engineering undergraduate -- the omnipotent drafter, and to go with it an enormous sheet holder which looked more like a giant quiver rather than an innocent container of my art work. Of course, there was also my usual bag which seemed unobtrusive but was slightly hefty, thanks to the new books that I had purchased. All these three articles sat in mute silence as I awaited the arrival of the fast local.

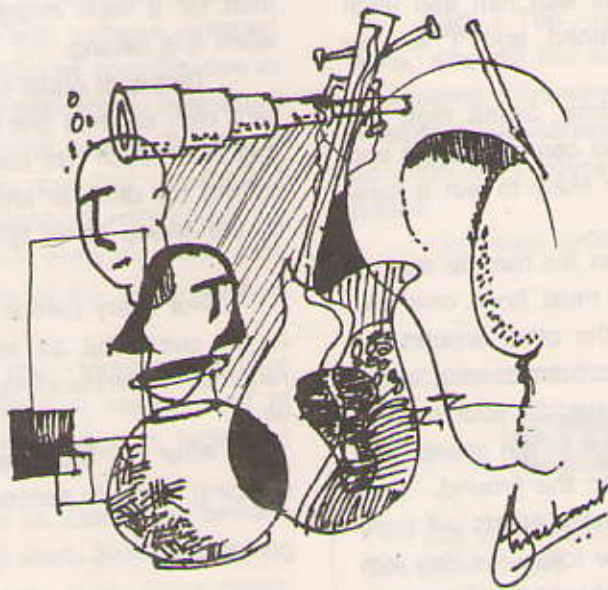
The task ahead of me was rather routine. I had to merely board the train and alight at Bandra. I only wished that it would be that smooth - for to give me company that day were host of distraught commuters; all waiting for the same local. What made it most difficult was the nature of my belongings, which obviously had to be carried in onepiece.

As the minutes sped by, I began to grow impatient and so did my fellow travellers. I had

already bent over the edge of the platform for the nineteenth time to look out for the train and was repeating the ritual once more. After about five more minutes of nerve wracking suspense the train finally rumbled into the station impressively late by twenty six minutes. And then, hell broke loose...

I do not know exactly what transpired in those few seconds when I boarded the train. All I knew

was that I was inside the compartment and breathing, the rest of my anatomy was contorted in one of the most artistic poses ever known to mankind. The drafter by new was pointing heaven wards, jutting out like a sore thumb. I was having a rather tough time being constantly slapped from side to side. The sheet holder was hanging upside down somewhere near my knees and my bag was pressed against



my chest, its straps suspended thus getting entangled with a fellow commuter's umbrella. To top it all my nose was being assaulted with strong jasmine perfum which the gent next to me had so profusely sprayed onto himself. I was almost choked with the scent when I finally saw Bandra approaching. With increased fervour, I touched and pulled & heaved.. Nothing, I hadn't moved an inch. Not giving up so easily, I tried again and to my relief I was able to move pretty much near the door as the train reached Bandra.

Either something was wrong with the braking system or I was dreaming. But the fact is that the train did not stop at Bandra. It just zoomed ahead. My queries about why the moterman has committed

such a palpable error were retruned with a vacant stare as if I was asking directions to Planet Venus. Some well meaning Mumbai - lte. did have the courtesy to answer that the train was 12 coach fast which did not stop at Bandra. (12coach trains used to skip Bandra back then). In all the frenzy at Andheri I had conveniently forgotten to listen to the announcement of a 12 coach and had thus landed myself in such a sorry state of affairs. Realizing how absent minded I had been I was ready for another lesson in crowd-mechanics as I heaved and fumed to the other end of the compartment to alight at Dadar.

'The worst is over'. I thought as I tried to gain my balance after being literally extruded out at Dadar. To my utter dismay, things were not that alright yet. Just as I started out towards the overbridge, I was accosted by the T. C.; who asked for my ticket. "Ah this is okay. Its just another T. C. carrying out his daily duty. Nothing wrong about that huh I thought I as I handed him a crumpled ticket. I can never forget the gleam in his eyes as he pointed out that the ticket was valid only upto Bandra. All my explanations proved to be futile and I became the proud owner of

a long green slip showing a fifty rupees fine to the honourable Western Railways. With this final accolade rewarding my heroics I embarked out of the Dadar station and caught a bus back home which definitely proved to be a safe means of transport.

I am on the verge of completing my third year at S.P.C.E. but my tribulation continues. My friends laugh as I check my ticket over and over again. The sad part of it is that my colleagues seem to have mastered the art of train travel where as my problems continue to increase. "Get used to it Yaar..." they sneer at the slightest opportunity. I don't know about them, but local train is something that I just cannot come to terms with. I feel that my only resort now is to invoke Goddess Mumba and seek her blessings so that I be liberated from the rigours of train travel...

Shantanu Bhosekar
T. E. (Mechanical)

THE 13 MAN TEAM

A 13 member cricket team : a contradiction by itself ! A person well versed with the rules of cricket would know that usually 11 players are allowed to participate in a game. But this number can actually be increased to 13 ! These two extra team members are capable of bringing to life the cliché that cricket is indeed a game of uncertainties, these two individuals being the umpires..... biased umpires.

Recently, I witnessed a match, the semifinal of a particular tournament in which one of the teams indeed consisted of 13 players. The poor 11 member team was chasing a modest run rate of less than 4 runs per over. The 2nd innings began, the ball struck one of the openers on the legs and the question was asked. Instantly this particular team found itself one wicket down. The first reaction of the other team members was that mistakes do happen so - forgive, forget and try to win the match.

However, little did they know that the first wicket was to set the trend for the entire match. The umpires, particularly one of them, seemed to stick his index finger up at every opportunity. Apparently the umpires had misunderstood the meaning of **LBW, Leg Before Wicket** to mean **leg, ball and wicket**, i.e. whenever the ball hits the legs declare that a wicket has fallen! Obviously the team consisting of these 13 players won, with one of the umpires being declared the man of the match !.... and in the end the game of cricket lost.

For us Indians cricket is more than just a game, in fact its a way of life. Hence such incidents are extremely unfortunate, at any level of the game. Thus, to conclude I suppose it would be appropriate to say. 'Rather than winning or losing, it is more important how you **umpired** the game !'

Bharat Indurkar
F. E. (Electrical)

THE "SP"OLLYWOOD BLOCKBUSTERS !

Nowadays the Hindi film industry has become a XEROX centre where the Hollywood blockbusters are copied and fed in the 'desi' style to the Indian public. The Indian living rooms have been invaded by the Santa Barbaras and the Bold & Beautifuls. But where do you think the likes of Mr. Spielberg, Mr. Costner and Mr. Zenicks to name a few successful directors got the ideas to make smash hits ? Yes, you guessed it right. From the day to day happenings in the S.P.C.E. Just reading the next few lines will absolutely clear your FUNDAS.

- ☆ **TERMINATOR** : The workshop instructor handing out your 5th 'REPEAT' on 'JUDGEMENT DAY' (YEAH, that's the term end.)
- ☆ **THE PREDATOR** : Seniors prowling the campus grounds hunting for the FRESHIES.
- ☆ **BODYGUARD(s)** : The mech. guys following the Electrical & Civil babes around the college.
- ☆ **FATAL ATTRACTION** : The "CIVIL'ians Contouring the Bhavans grounds Surveying the Bhavans chicks.
- ☆ **HOME ALONE** : The solitary engineer grievously slogging into the night when his friends (non - enginners) are out on dates.
- ☆ **STAR WARS** : The mercury hitting a high (during elections) with each panel promising to organise SPACE on a NEVER EVER BEFORE scale.

- ☆ **THE INDIANA JONES SERIES** : ELECTRICAL students entering THE TEMPLE OF DOOM (MACHINES LAB) ignorant of the fact that it might be their LAST CRUSADE.
- ☆ **PSYCHO - IV** : (That should be read DESPO - IV) a cognomen given to the final year ENGG. students when they pass out of college.
- ☆ **KICKBOXER** : The external examiner kicking a few ENGG. BUTTS during VIVAS.
- ☆ **TO SIR, WITH LOVE** : From the SPCE teachers day celebrations.
- ☆ **BAYWATCH** : What the SPCE guys are doing the whole day long.
- ☆ **THE BOLD & THE BEAUTIFUL** : Of course, The SPCE girls.
- ☆ **THE EXTRAORDINARY** : The univ. topper (always from SPCE) who fights sleep and time during exams and comes out unscathed.
- ☆ **BABY'S DAY OUT** : What else ? This year's Rose Day.

- R. Sridhar
B. E. (E)



SELF - REALIZATION : A BEGINNING

Friends, don't get turned away by the title of this article. Its worth reading at least once ! Read on and you'll know why.

As for me, I am a pretty normal teenager. I like watching movies eating out and listening to music. Who doesn't ? But that's not all that is to this human life of ours. There's a much deeper meaning to it. And this is not revealed to anybody just like that. We have to ask questions. Questions about the purpose of life, the driving force behind us, the soul. And the answers don't come so easily.

About two years back when I first started asking these questions, my friends thought I'm a bird -- brained nit wit. Everybody thought I was too young to think about these matters. But you know, times flying and its not gonna come back. Every moment, we are getting older, closer to death. This isn't meant to horrify anybody. But that's the truth and we must understand that. We have been given the golden opportunity of having human bodies. We have intelligence, speech, ability to listen,.... the list goes on and on. Why not make use of it to understand what exactly we are and why exactly are we here. We better find at the answer right away. After all, nobody knows where we're going to land up after our bodies die.

The first thing that we all need to know is that we are souls dwelling in these bodies of flesh and blood. Our souls are part and parcel of the supreme soul, God. God - believers would have no problem reading this. But there are non-believers in God. Who is God ? What proof do you have of the existence of God ? There definitely is a proof about the existence of God. But for any proof to be agreed upon there has to be a common frame of

reference. We have come across so many proofs, in physics, geometry and numerous other places. We were able to understand and believe these only because we stuck to certain fundas of science and mathematics.

The proof about the existence of God definitely cannot be given like some ordinary proof. This proof isn't that abstract that it can be just read and understood. It has to be experienced. Self - realization is the key to understanding God and His existence. A self - realized person is one who has answers to all the questions cited in the beginning of this article. Even if we make an attempt in the direction of self - realization, an altogether new kind of peace seeps into our body. This is when our desire to experiment with the spiritual aspect of life gets further enhanced. And that means we are on track.

Finally, to get spiritual does not mean that we renounce all our so-called good things in life and become a 'sadhu'. That's far ahead. In fact it is quite unnecessary. We are living in such a decadent society that even if we make a beginning by spending just a little of our wasted time in thinking about the purpose of our lives, and in remembering God, its good enough.

Lets just make a beginning. Let's try it out once - maybe it will take us at least a step higher and away from the morass that we may slide down into, in the near future.

Vikram Sardesai
F. E. (Electrical)

AGAIN

*Out in search though not for my kind of guys,
I'll be in the pits while you ride the highs.
All the pains will go, I know the scars will remain,
I can't help falling for you again.*

*Don't count my scars, the scars you gave to me,
My soul is stranded, Oh ! Come set me free.
I know I'll be the only one to cry in the rain,
I Can't help thinking about you again.*

*Eccentric, Stupid or you can call me a fool,
Though I'll keep burning, you'll stay cool.
I know I will have to live with all my pains,
But still I can't help getting sentimental again.*

*Turning me down was so easy for you,
Dusk or dawn I still long for you,
I'll lose everything, nothing will I gain,
I will keep loving you again and again.*

*Your love keeps me strong,
so I'll never complain,*

*When you shunned me down and left in haste,
First time I knew my life will have a bitter taste.
All my struggle I know will go down the drain,
I'll fall, just to get up and love you again...*

*You gave me variety, pains to choose,
Now my life is empty with nothing to lose.
Though you betray me a hundred times,
I'll never feign,
Now that I have loved you, my love will remain.*

*I know you like scratching where you know it will pain,
It don't matter much cause now I am in love with pain.
And so even if you tell me all my efforts will go in vain,
I will always try, try again and again and again...*

Prasanna Karhade ...
F. E. (Computers)

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THE WORKERS OF THE EARTH

There ahead the fields a beckon,
And yielding to their call,
I find my way to the greens,
Through the trees as tall!

That was when I saw them all,
The workers of the earth,
singing their song in chorus, and
working in the dirt.

Their music is not soft to hear,
It has no melody,
But blending with the wind, their song,
Seems appealing to me!

They have no slippers on their feet,
It would be a hinderance to them,
They work with only their bare hands,
The works acceptable to them.
The hot sun does not bother them,
Of course they'd prefer the breeze
But now the sun is shining and,
The work must never cease.

I watch them as they plant the grain,
As I sit, under a tree,
Sheltered from the setting sun
I, Brow that now therefore

The days work is done for them,
They now go back to cook,
While I would back to my concrete home,
To rest & read book

Their work I enjoyed, but only to see,
I saw them sweat & toil,
The food that we had taken, they
Gave it back to the soil!

SINDHU K. KUTTY
F.E. (comp.)

I LOVE YOU - SPCE

*You are beauty, in essence & form, subtle, sublime,
rhythmic & so intensely warm,*

*Like the colours, in bright sunshine that glow,
Like the dynamism of the potent oceans that flow,
Like the harmony in melody, your silence speaks a
thousand words to me.*

*In the glow of that soft, white moonlight,
You gently whisper to me in the silence of the night,
You provoked me to evolve, you provoked
me to 'be',
You provoked me to rise, you provoked
me to set free.*

*During those turbulent times, your gentle caress
revived my day, & your harshness opened new
doors, showed a new way,*

*Oh S. P. C. E., I breathe you, I feel you, You exist
within me, I live within you,*

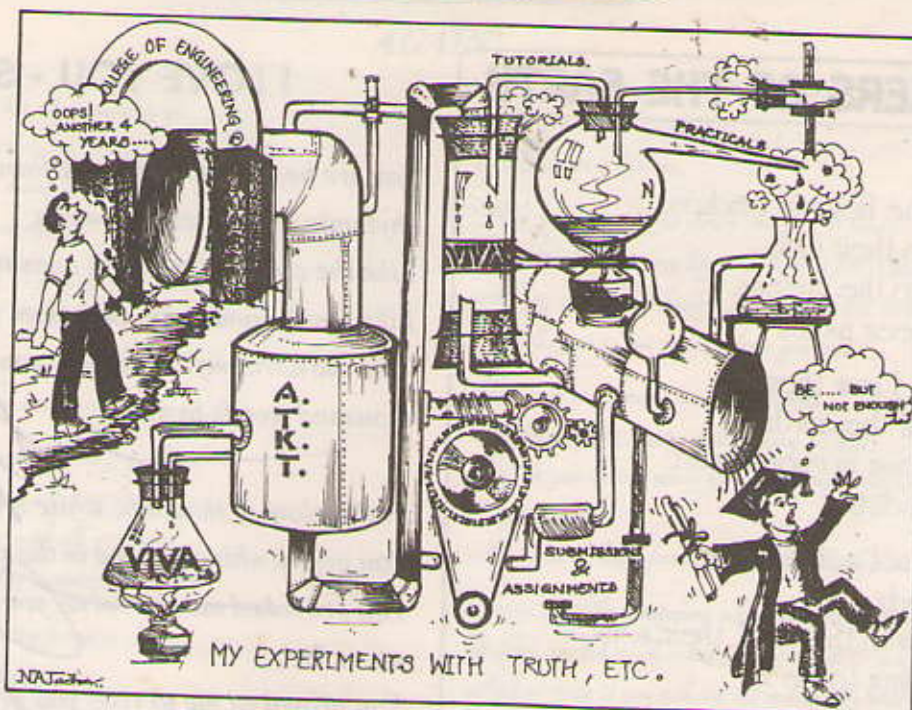
*In a world of deceitful truths & concealed lies, you
stand out as something extraordinary -*

"Genuinely True"

That's you - S.P.C.E.,

I love you, forever.

MALIKKHAN KOTADIA
B. E. (Mech)



My Experiments With Truth Etc...

AIM :

To churn out an engineer, preferably in four years.

APPARATUS :

A nerd with 95 % plus in PCM, a dilapidated college building with a ramshackle workshop, filthy classes, stinking labs with useless props & some big hearted buddies.

THEORY :

Legends of Einstein - Newton - Bose & the condensate bring these nerds into an engineering college. In course of the inaugural address, they dream of plush jobs with hefty 6-figure pay checks. But the highly inflated balloon of enthusiasm & expectations is pricked by one and all & soon you (the nerds) end up going up through the time tested rigours detailed below.

PROCEDURE :

Leave your house at 8.00 a.m. (or earlier) to the classsroom (doom - room) to find boring professor as a teacher. Decide to skip lectures hence forth.

Spend the rest of the day chatting with your buddies, playing with your buddies, playing in the gym, copying assignments, consuming junk food from the far-away canteen and blindly staring at the

instructor (during the tutorials) & at the apparatus (during the practs.) Go home at 5.00 p.m. (sometimes). Complete some more journal work & then sleep. Doing this with unfailing regularity helps you to submit your termwork in the nick of time. In the last month, before the exams, study from the texts, guides and PHOTOCOPIES of the notes. Bear the mid-day heat (not the mid-day mate) and try to cram some more into your brain. Burn the mid night oil and pray to God. Appear for the A.T.K.T.'s (After trying, keep trying.), the vivas & the theory papers.

After the dogwork and the one month slogging are over, go on a hard-earned vacation (in case of even semesters only). Move on to the next term, in course of which you discover that you have flunked in at least a couple of subjects during the previous exams.

OBSERVATIONS : (in general)

1. Members of the fair sex are in a 1:59 minority (except in the mechanical branch where the statistics are 0 :60)
2. You are able to complete the jobs only during extra workshop sessions.
3. The buddies help help help in completing a monstrous part of your paperwork.
4. Only extra-curriculars and the once in a blue moon outing make you feel as normal as the

teenager next door (who is hopefully not in an engineering college).

5. Almost everyone boozes and rags & listens to metal and fags.

CONCLUSION :

By going through this journey of depression, by overcoming exhaustion, trying to help all and sundry, you end up being a complete man (or rather a complete person, taking into considering the number of females in Engineering). You also become an Engineer.

RESULT :

Tons of labour and your B. E. Certificate aren't good enough to land you in a 'High Profile' 'White Collar' job (so preserve your boiler suits and workshop tools as they can be handy). Now, set out to try and make another degree a part of your curriculum vitae.

NIKHIL JADHAV
MANISH JADHAV
F. E. (Mechanical)

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

The World Cup has just concluded... The names of world famous cricketers are hidden in the puzzle. Let's see if you can spot them out

WILLS WORLD CUP 1996

X	A	G	N	U	T	A	N	A	R
C	F	G	V	X	E	L	T	S	A
B	K	L	A	W	A	R	N	E	K
L	O	A	O	W	H	N	P	D	L
A	I	R	M	T	E	A	S	Y	U
D	C	A	O	B	A	R	A	H	D
M	H	S	H	S	L	M	D	I	N
S	I	N	U	O	Y	I	R	C	E
R	H	O	D	E	S	O	Q	K	T

(1) Kambli (2) Lara (3) Imran (4) Sidhu (5) Crowe (6) Warne (7) Healy (8) Sohail
(9) Younis (10) Rhodes (11) Law (12) Hick (13) May (14) Tendulkar (15) Ranatunga
(16) Astle.

SESHADRI SHASHI NANDAN
F. E. (Electronics)

BORN TO RUN

You open your eyes early in the morning to see the sun rays beaming in through your window. What's that ? The sun seems a bit brighter today ? Summer Solistice or something ? No, simple reason, it is 8.15 and not 7.30 as you thought. You were to attend the 8.45 lecture, weren't you ? You might still make it if you get the 8.30 fast you say ? Quite optimistic aren't we ?

You manage to get ready in a record 7 minutes. Beat all previous records, the last one being set just yesterday. But then you were 3 mins. less late.

Lady luck doesn't seem to be in her best of moods, why is it only today your mom also has to be busy with her cooking class you search frantically through the refridgerator but find only the day before yesterday's vegetable, yesterday's chapattis, nothing made in the recent past that looks very edible. Irony isn't it, you go hungry because your mom is busy learning to cook delicacies. Well but we are a devoted lot who give (up) our all just to attend a lecture at break of dawn.

You manage to get out of your house finally, 8.25, not too bad.

There's a bus at the stop you run as fast as your legs can carry you and your 1/2 ton heavy books. "Why am I here " you may wonder. "I Could be on the olympic track winning laurels. The sadistic conductor has seen your unbelievable dash too.

Just as you run the last lap, off goes the bus. Luckily we are a perseverant lot who will chase the bus to the next stop.

Ah ! The station at last. 8.31 up the over bridge & down again. You, wait impatiently for the train at last ! Oh no It's the Flying Rani. How did she get here now ? 5 Precious minutes gone 8.37 now. Finally the much awaited train crawls its way to the station. The macho men start jumping into the train even before it slows down. The not

so macho women jump on everyone in their way. You manage to get a foothold and hang in for dear life. Time to enjoy some breeze and catch up on your breath. not so fast. Ms. Machiwalli insists she wants to sit by the door. You start to protest but your voice dies away with a stare from her and the thought of her throwing her weight around. Now she insists her stinking fish too ought to enjoy the breeze. You wonder what's going to get you first. the stench, the machiwallis fist because you are still blocking part of her breeze or your hands which are already groaning and are threatening to give way. College and the thought of the lecture itself seems sweet and in some far off world.

Your destination at last, 8.55 about 10 minutes late already but you are too battle weary to care.

Another queue, another bus, and 10 more minutes find you are thinking up excuses which might sound at least a bit plausible - Train trouble .. not good enough, ... the set with machiwallis .. would any one believe you ?

Hey ! wait a minute, you have company someone else is just entering class too. Now you can let someone else do the excuse thinking for a change

But wait !! .. Look sharp. That's the professor himself. Now come to think of it didn't you run into him running for the train too. Well, well..... and the moral is:

**In the morning when the sun rises,
The gazelle knows he must run faster
than the fastest lion to live.**

**In the morning when the sun rises
The lion knows he must run faster
than the slowest gazelle to live
so in the morning when the sun rises,
don't bother whether you are a lion
or gazelle, Just get up and start running.**

Preeti Gopalan
S. E. (Electrical)

SANTA, AT A CLOSE

Now that Christmas is over, I guess it can be told, yes, it's going to be a shock.... but I am afraid there is no Santa Clause. And there is absolutely no doubt about that because you see, I got the consultants in to check. I can't confirm whether it was Makinsey, Anderson or Arthur D. Little, but they did a thorough efficiency check and the results clearly prove that his existence is impossible.

Their analysis goes like this. There are about 2 billion children in the world, but let's say Santa only visits Christians (his other name is St. Nicholas remember?) That reduces his work load to only 15 percent of the total, or to be precise, 378 million children.

With an average of 3.5 children per house hold, that's over 91.8 million homes to visit, but Santa does have some advantages. As he's global he can work in different times zones, so he has total of around 31 hours to work in on Christmas night. This divides into precisely 822.6 visits per second. Which means that with every household with good children, Santa has 1/1000th of a second hop out his sleigh, down the chimney (chimney? What chimney only factories have them these days) dump his presents, get back up that chimney into the sleight and on to the next house. To do this, the sleigh

will have to travel 650 mile per second, or 3,000 times the speed of sound.

Assuming that no child is getting a new bike or the complete Encyclopedia Britannica, one can estimate the weight of the presents at 2Lb (slightly less than a kilo) each. That works out to a fuel sleigh load of 321,300 tonnes, not including Santa. Even if we assume flying

reindeer can carry 10 times a normal reindeer, Santa would still need 214,200 of them which would make parking them on the rooftop slightly difficult. Far more

seriously, a load of this size (totalling 353,430 tonnes) travelling at 650 miles per second, would create enormous air resistance. Rudolph, at the lead of the team would absorb 14.3 quintillion joules per second causing him to burst into flame, exposing those behind him and creating a deafening sonic boom. The rest of the reindeer will be vapourised in 4.26 thousandths of a second and Santa will be subjected to centrifugal forces 17,500.06 times greater than gravity.

My Consultant's report ends with a sombre conclusion that is if Santa ever did exist, he's dead by now.

Courtesy : The Independent On Sunday
Compiled by : SHAH HIMANSHU H.
S. E. CIVIL

Santa has 318 million children to visit in 31 hours travelling at 650 miles per second !!

AN APPLICATION

Dear sir,

With due veneration,
And deep contemplation
In a sick situation,
I give you information,
Though weak in constitution
With due all attention,
My condition is beyond explanation.

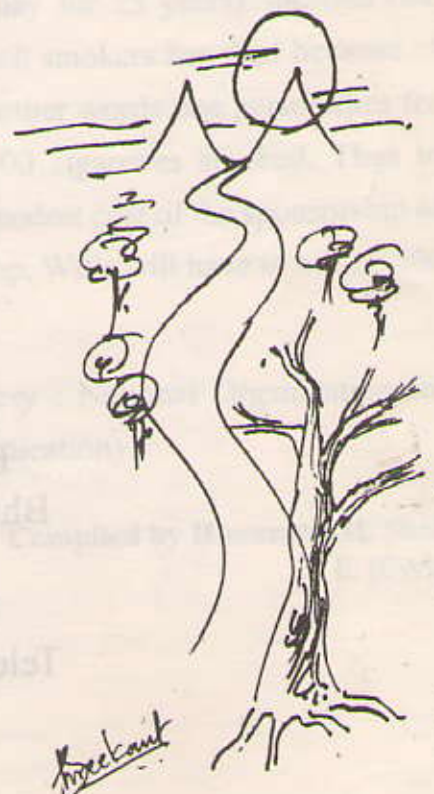
Therefore,

With great humiliation,
I draw your consideration,
To grant me a vacation,
of fourteen days duration,
As a College regulation,
For the mitigation
of an acute invalidation.

In addition,

To avoid examination,
I may be granted permission
To enjoy the intermission.
Thus, with great expectation
I end my application.

PALKI CHAKRABARTI
F. E. (Electronics)



Disha - 1995-96

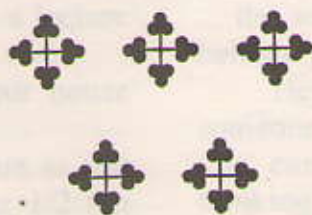
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OH GOD.

Today there is no greenery to be seen,
but once upon a time they say the earth was green.

Here animals are killed for fun a sport,
The tusk of the elephant goes from port to port.
The horn of the rhino is out in the market,
And a dolphin struggles in a fisherman's net.

Oh God, Why did you give us hands ?

A child who should play, toils in a mill,
Has to spend his life with his broken will.
He toils and toils just for his belly to fill,
After seeing all this, God how can you sit still ?

Oh God, why did you give us bellies ?

The eyes which were to see this land and these
stars,

Are tired of crying over destructive wars,
It's better to be blind than to see,
All crying and suffering in misery.

These eyes which were to see streams of fresh
water,
Sees rivers which are red, red because of slaughter.

Oh God, why did you give us eyes ?

The heart which was large enough to give,
Is out for revenge with no will to forgive,
Jealous of another man's success and glory,
Man's life is a dirty story !

Oh God, Why did you give us hearts ?

You should have made just these forests and
streams,

A world without slaughter, without helpless screams,
You would get to see a cheetah run,
Hey no man what great fun. !!

Oh God, Why did you make man ?

Draasanna Karhade
F. E. (Computers)

Making a Killing

This is the cricket season. And what better way to spend this month than to be at the grounds or in front of your T. V. sets watching the Wills World Cup '96. Just a thought mull over, the next time you see the ad for the Wills World Cup '96 :

I. T. C. pays approximately Rs. 53 Crore for the sponsorship of the World Cup. And to make this payment of Rs. 53 Crore out of its profits the Company would require to make sales of about 530 crores cigarettes (Rs. 1 per stick). It is estimated that a dying smoker has smoked on an average 1,00,000 cigarettes (10 cigarettes a day for 25 years) and that one every two such smokers has died because of smoking. In other words one person dies for every 2,00,000 cigarettes smoked. Thus to recover the modest cost of the sponsorship of the World Cup, Wills will have to kill 26,500 people !!!

(Courtesy : National Organization for Tobacco Eradication)

Compiled by Himanshu H. Shah
S. E. (Civil)

शब्द

देव दगडात नाही.
पण शब्दात आहे.
माझा शब्द..., तुझा शब्द...,
शब्द पूजा....
निःशब्दपणे.

रुद्रवीणा झंकारली
हिमालयात
चौदा वेळा.
हा शब्द पहिला...
हा नाद खरा...
आसक्तीधिन.

शब्द म्हणजे ब्रह्म
विश्वाचे कणरूप.
शब्द म्हणजे जीवन
जगण्याचे आशयरूप.
शब्द ही संपत्ती
शब्द हीच सृष्टी
चेतनामय.

पशूंचा शब्द वेगळा
निसर्गाचा नाद वेगळा
ढगांचा गडगडाट
जळत्या अरण्याचा कडकडाट...
शब्द वासनाहीन.



शब्द सामर्थ्यवान
शब्द क्रियावान
पेटत्या मशालीसारख्या
पेटत्या हृदयांचे स्फुल्लिंग...
शब्द अग्नीसमान.

शब्द म्हणजे वाफ
विचारांची.
शब्द म्हणजे स्पंदन
सृष्टीच्या सूक्ष्माचे.
हा शब्द साथी
हा शब्द सारथी
निष्ठावान.

शब्दाने शब्द वाढवू नका.
शब्दाने शब्द फुलवा...
गुलमोहरासारखा.
शब्द म्हणजे संस्कृती
शब्द म्हणजे तुझी प्रतिकृती...
सूक्ष्मतम.

शब्द मानवाचा
जगास वेढा घाली.
शब्द वात्सल्याचा
कालचक्राचा भेद करी.
वसुधेचा हुंकार...
आकाशाचा अहंकार....

शब्द केवळ !!

- श्रीकांत विजयकर

'सर्जनिके'च्या निमित्ताने.....

स्पर्धेने बजबजलेल्या, स्थाने लिडबिडलेल्या आणि पाश्चात्यांचे अंधानुकरण करण्यात स्वतःला धन्य मानणाऱ्यांच्या या युगात आपण सध्या वावरत आहोत. ज्या जमान्यात मराठी माणसाची अवस्था पु. ल. देशपांडे यांनी म्हटल्याप्रमाणे "मराठी बर्ड्स प्रोनाऊन्स करायला त्यांना डिफिकल्ट जात !!" अशी आहे, त्या जमान्यात आपण आज आहोत.

अशा या विचित्र व अधांतरी युगात आपल्या महाविद्यालयाचे मराठी वाङ्मय मंडळ मात्र आपले मराठीपण टिकवून आहे. इतरांच्यातील मराठीपण टिकवून ठेवत आहे. अनिश्चिततेच्या समुद्रात भरकटणाऱ्यांना संस्काराचा आणि संस्कृतीचा किनारा दाखविण्याचा हा एक छोटासा प्रयत्न आहे. या प्रयत्नात सरदार पटेल अभियांत्रिकी महाविद्यालयाचे सर्वच विद्यार्थी, शिक्षक व इतर कर्मचारी उत्साहाने आपला वाटा उचलत आहेत हे नमूद करताना मला अत्यंत आनंद वाटतो.

गेल्या वर्षी म्हटल्याप्रमाणे वाङ्मय मंडळाने या वर्षाच्या पहिल्या सत्रात निबंधलेखन स्पर्धा आयोजित केली होती. या उपक्रमाला अपेक्षेपेक्षाही जास्त प्रतिसाद मिळाला. ही स्पर्धा पार पाडण्यासाठी मला शिरीष पोटे (B.E. Civil) आणि कादंबरी टोके (T.E. Civil) यांची प्रचंड मदत झाली.

दिनांक ०१ मार्च १९९६ रोजी मराठी वाङ्मय मंडळाने इतिहासाची पुनरावृत्ती घडवून आणली. होय! १९९२ साली झालेला 'भावस्पर्दन' हा कार्यक्रम तितक्याच मोठ्या प्रमाणावर व तितक्याच उत्साहाने यावर्षी पार पडला. यात गीतगायन, कथाकथन, काव्यवाचन, अभिनय अशा निरनिराळ्या क्षेत्रांत विद्यार्थ्यांनी आपले कसब प्रकट केले. शिक्षक व शिक्षकेतर कर्मचाऱ्यांनीही विद्यार्थ्यांच्याच उत्साहाने कार्यक्रमात भाग घेऊन या कार्यक्रमाला एक वेगळीच झळझळी प्राप्त करून दिली.

या उपक्रमात ज्यांनी आपला बहुमोल वेळ देऊन तो यशस्वी करण्यास हातभार लावला त्यांची नावे सांगायची झाली तर एक वेगळे पुस्तक छपावे लागेल.

'वाडिया हायस्कूल'च्या प्रमुखाध्यापिका श्रीमती काश्मिराबेन व गायनाच्या शिक्षिका श्रीमती केतकर यांनी

आपला वाद्यांचा संच आम्हाला पूर्वतयारीसाठी उपलब्ध करून दिला. (आमच्यासारख्यांवर विश्वास टाकण्याचे कौतुकच करायला हवे, नाही का?). श्री. विवेक जोशी व श्री. सुबोध निमकर हे (आमची काहीही ओळख नसताना) स्वतःहून आमच्या मदतीला धावले आणि त्यांनी पेटी तबला हाती धरला. श्री जगताप यांनी तर आम्हाला सभागृह उपलब्ध करून देण्यासाठी बराच आटापिटा केला. या सर्वांचे मी मनःपूर्वक आभार मानतो.

'भावस्पर्दन' साठी जिमखाना कमिटीच्या फंडात तरतूद नसतानाही प्रमुखाध्यापक श्री. राव व अध्यक्ष श्री. रेड्डी यांनी अर्थसाहाय्य केले. त्याबद्दल त्यांचे आभार.

आपल्याच लोकांचे आभार मानणे योग्य दिसणार नाही कदाचित, म्हणून या उपक्रमात पोस्टर्स बनविण्यापासून सारी व्यवस्था पाहणाऱ्या व तितक्याच उत्साहाने कार्यक्रमात भाग घेणाऱ्या प्रकाश राणे, बाळकृष्ण पाटील, सूर्यकांत पवार, जयवंत घोडके, संतोष पगारे, अशोक शेंबावकर, राजेश ठोकळे, काचन जोशी, प्राजक्ता पांडारकर, सुबोध नार्डक यांचा व इतर अनेकांचा जमिनी नावे सांगायची तर एक वेगळे पुस्तकच ... (पुनरावृत्तीचा दोष पत्करून); त्यांचा केवळ उल्लेख करतो. संदिप जाधव (B.E. Civil) याचा उल्लेख स्वतंत्रपणे करणे आवश्यक आहे कारण तो या उपक्रमाचा "पाठीचा कणा" (Back Bone) मराठी प्रतिशब्द अजून सापडायचाय) होता असे म्हटले तर वावगे ठरू नये.

आणि शेवटी आपले अध्यक्ष श्री पेंडसेसर, ज्यांनी आपली प्राध्यापकाची खुर्ची थोडाकाळ सोडून; आमच्यात मिसळून आमच्यातलेच एक होऊन व प्रत्येक समयी आम्हाला भरभक्कम आधार देऊन मराठी साहित्यकला मंडळाच्या इतिहासातले ते सोनेरी पान लिहायला मदत केली, त्यांना मी 'सलाम' करतो.

याशिवाय मंडळाने, काव्यवाचनाचा एक छोटासा कार्यक्रमही आयोजित केला होता. 'भावस्पर्दन - ९६' ला जोडूनच 'प्रेमपत्र-लेखन स्पर्धा' ही अभिनव स्पर्धाही मंडळाने आयोजित केली होती. या सर्वच उपक्रमांना विद्यार्थ्यांनी उत्स्फूर्त प्रतिसाद दिला.

आता थोडंसं या सर्जनिकेकडे, 'दिशा' कडे वळू या. 'दिशा-९६' साठी तुमचे साहित्य द्या' असे

आवाहन करताच निरनिराळ्या आकारांच्या निरनिराळ्या विचारांच्या, निरनिराळ्या पार्श्वभूमी असलेल्या लेख व कवितांचा माझ्यावर अक्षरशः पाऊस पडला. त्या प्रचंड गव्घ्यातून अंकासाठी साहित्य निवडणं केवळ अशक्य होऊन गेलं. विद्यार्थ्यांच्या या अपूर्व प्रतिसादाने मी भारावून गेलो आहे.

साहित्य- शारदेची ही फुले वेचण्यात, निवडण्यात व मराठी विभागाच्या या हारात गुंफण्यात ज्यांनी मला मदत केली त्या सर्वांचा, विशेषकरून स्वाती संसारे व हेमंद्र चोणकर यांचा मी ऋणी आहे.

आमच्याकडे आलेले सर्वच साहित्य उत्तम दर्जाचे असूनही केवळ जागेच्या कमतरतेमुळे अनेक प्रकारचे लेख व कविता मला विद्यार्थ्यांना (सा 'भार' !) परत करावे लागले याची खंत वाटते. पुढच्या 'सजनिके'लाही विद्यार्थ्यांचा असाच 'न भूतो न भविष्यति' प्रतिसाद मिळावा अशी मी अपेक्षा करतो.

'दिशा - ९६' साठी निवडलेले साहित्य विविध प्रकारचे आहे. यात लेख आहेत, व्यक्तिचित्र आहेत, कविता आहेत, विनोदी लघुनिबंध आहेत, अगदी चारोळ्यासुद्धा आहेत.

मराठी भाषेच्या उपजात सौंदर्याने सजलेला हा विविध अंगी, विविधदंगी, पण लहानसा असा विभाग तुम्हाला स्तब्ध करील, अंतर्मुख करील.

आपण कुणी मोठो रसिक नाही. कलावंत नाही. भाषाप्रभू नाही. आपण फक्त गोंधळी आहोत. देवी पुढे पिढ्यानपिढ्या नाचत असलेल्या गोंधळ्यांप्रमाणे हातात या 'दिशा' अंकाची मशाल घेऊन आपण सरस्वतीपुढे नाचतो आहो. या नाचाला निश्चित अशी पावले नाहीत. ठराविक असा साचा नाही. इथे केवळ ते नाचणे खरे आहे. आणि खरा आहे हा आनंदाचा एकमेव क्षण !

जय हिंद

श्रीकांत

तुझ्या काळ्याभोर केसातून हात फिरवताना
माझ्या स्वत्वाला साहित्य नव्हता...
काळ्या रंगातही भावना असतात
या मागील अर्थ मला माहित नव्हता.

जगन्नाथ गंगाराम कारेकर ज्युवेलर्स

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मराठी बाङ्मय मंडळातर्फे आयोजित निबंध लेखन स्पर्धेत 'यावर्षी अक्षरशः धों धों (!) प्रतिसाद मिळाला. एकूण सत्तावीस निबंध परिक्षकांकडे पाठविण्यात आले होते सर्व स्पर्धकांचे आम्ही हार्दिक अभिनंदन करतो. त्यापैकी पहिले तीन व दोन उत्तेजनार्थ अशा पाच निबंधांना पारितोषिके देण्यात आली. निबंधांचे विषय पुढील प्रमाणे होते :

- १) माझ्या स्वप्नातील भारत
- २) राजकारण आणि बाढती गुन्हेगारी
- ३) आधुनिक स्त्रिया - संसार मांडणाऱ्या की मोडणाऱ्या ?

विजेत्यांची नावे पुढील प्रमाणे आहेत:

प्रथम	: मकरंद सु. जोशी B. E. (Civil)
द्वितीय	: हेमेंद्र न. चोणकर T.E. (Elect)
तृतीय	: अपर्णा व. पाटील F. E. (Electronics)
उत्तेजनार्थ	: सर्वेश म. दामले F. E. (Elect)
उत्तेजनार्थ	: बाळ शि. अमलदार S. E. (Civil)

सर्वच निबंध मराठी बाङ्मयाचे उत्कृष्ट नमुने होते. पण जागेअभावी केवळ पहिलाच निबंध येथे देत आहोत (तोही संक्षिप्त स्वरूपात!) इतर उत्तेजनार्थ निबंध व विशेषकरून द्वितीय क्रमांकाचा हेमेंद्र चोणकर व तृतीय क्रमांकाचा अपर्णा पाटील लिखित निबंध देता आला नाही. त्याबद्दल आम्ही दिलगीर आहोत. मंडळाच्या यापुढील उपक्रमांसही आपली साथ लाभेल अशी आम्ही अपेक्षा करतो..

आधुनिक स्त्री - संसार मांडणारी की मोडणारी

आधुनिक स्त्रीचा संसारविषयक दृष्टिकोन मांडण्यापूर्वी आधुनिकतेची म्हणजेच तथाकथित पुरोगामित्वाची व्याख्या करणे उचित ठरेल. आजचे विज्ञानयुग हे आधुनिकतेचे युग आहे. चंगळवाद, नास्तिकता, कमालीचे व्यक्तिस्वातंत्र्य आणि मनस्वीपणा ही आधुनिकतेची बीजे आहेत. या आधुनिकतेने भारतीय संस्कृतीला अनेक ठिकाणी शह दिला आहे. या ठिकाणी फक्त 'स्त्री' शी संबंधित आधुनिकता विचारात घेते.

भारतीय संस्कृतीने स्त्रीला फार मोठी जबाबदारी पेलायला सांगितले आहे. क्षणाची पत्नी आणि अनंत काळची माता; नव्हे जगन्माता असे स्वरूप दिले आहे. आपल्या वैयक्तिक सुखाचा त्याग करून आपल्या पती व मुलांसाठी झटण्याची उर्मी तिला मिळाली आहे. पण, नवरा दमून घरी आल्यावर त्याला हातात आयता चहा देणे यापुढे जाऊन चहा फुकुन देणे, अशी पुरुष प्रधान संस्कृतीची छाप पडल्यावर, केवळ घरकाम करणारा व प्रजोत्पादन करणारा प्राणी अशी अमानवी वागणूक मिळाल्यावर, स्त्रीने पुरुषांचे वर्चस्व झुगारून आपल्या वरील अन्यायाचे व अत्याचाराचे निर्दालन करण्याचे

तसेच केवळ स्त्री म्हणून संधी नाकारू देणार नाही असे म्हटले आणि आधुनिक स्त्रीचा उदय झाला, असे मला वाटते. तर अशी आधुनिक स्त्री ही स्त्री-पुरुष समानतेसाठीच्या गुणांना वाव देण्यासाठी घराचा उंबरठा ओलांडून कोणत्याही क्षेत्रामध्ये यश मिळवण्याची उमेद बाळगून आहे.

आधुनिकतेचे वारे वाहत असताना श्रद्धा ही प्रकृती तर अंधाश्रद्धा ही विकृती मानण्याऐवजी ईश्वर या संकल्पनेलाच लोकलज्जेसाठी तिलांजली देऊन विवाह विधीसाठीच आक्षेप घेणारी स्त्री ही 'समवयस्कांचे सहजीवन' जगू इच्छिते असा अर्थ ध्वनीत होतो. अशी स्त्री संसार जरूर मांडेल पण भारतीय संस्कृतीला अपेक्षित 'घर' बनवू शकणार नाही !

आजची स्त्री आधुनिक आहे म्हणजे सुशिक्षित आहे असे नव्हे तर पन्नास टक्क्याहून कमी स्त्री शिक्षण आहे ही वस्तुस्थिती आहे. मात्र आधुनिक स्त्रीचे कार्यक्षेत्र व्यापक आहे. विमान चालवण्याचे धाडस ती बाळगून आहे आणि दरोडे घालून खून करण्या एवढी क्रूरताही ती बाळगून आहे. यामुळे

'मी स्वतःच्या पायावर उभी राहू शकते; आमच्या स्वातंत्र्यावर कुठल्याच मर्यादा आलेल्या चालणार नाही' असे ती म्हणत असेल तर ती जरूर संसार मोडेल, ही आज वस्तुस्थिती आहे.

आईवडिलांचे संस्कार ही सुद्धा फार महत्वाची बाब आहे. पती हाच परमेश्वर मानून चूल आणि मूल यातच आपले आयुष्य कटण्याचा संस्कार कोणी आज करणार नाही; मात्र पतीची अरेरावी सहन न करता, आपला मानसिक कोंडमारा न होऊ देता तिने उमेदीने कसे जगावे याचे बाळकडू तिला कशा पद्धतीने मिळते यावर तिची संसार मांडण्याची व मोडण्याची मनीषा अवलंबून आहे. जास्त न ताणता एकोपा ठेवण्याचा सल्ला तिला मिळाला असेल, तर ती संसार टिकवून ठेवेल पण 'आपल्या मनाविरुद्ध काही झाले की सरळ माहेरी ये' असा 'आगाऊ' सल्ला मिळालेली स्त्री संसार मोडायला क्षणाचीही उसंत बाळगणार नाही.

आजची स्त्री ही सहनशील आहे. नक्याने तिला 'कामावर जाऊ नकोस' म्हणाले तरी ती ते मान्य करून घर सांभाळून टाखवेल. मात्र या बदल्यात 'बाबा पैसे कमावून आणतात, म्हणून घर चालतं. आईचे काम हे 'काम' नव्हे!' अशी मल्लीनाथी ती कदापी सहन करणार नाही या विरुद्ध ती बंड पुकारेलच शिवाय संसार मोडून एकटीच जिणं ती जगणं पसंत करेल. आजच्या स्त्रीच्या आपल्या नक्याकडून फारशा अपेक्षा नसतात. नवरा अपंग असला तरीही 'ऑफिसवर्क' करून 'गृहकर्म' करण्याएवढी क्षमता तिच्या अंगी आहे. पण एक 'माणूस' म्हणून तिच्याही मनाचा विचार व्हावा, समाजाचा एक जबाबदार घटक म्हणून आपल्याला योग्य तो मान मिळावा ही तिची माफक व सहज पुरी करता येण्याजोगी इच्छा आहे. तीही पुरी झाली नाही तर तिने घटस्फोट का घेऊ नये ?

आज विज्ञान युगात आपण बालपण १॥ वर्षाचे करून तारुण्य पन्नाशी पर्यंत लांबवले आहे पण निसर्ग नियम टाळता येत नाही, हे आपण अजूनही जाणत नाही कारण जगात प्रवेश करण्यासाठी अजूनही मातेच्या उदरात ९ महिने काढावेच लागतात ! आपल्याला मूल होत नाही म्हणून स्वतःहून नव-याला सवत आणायला सांगणारी स्त्री मेलीय. आज ती आपल्या बरोबर नव-यालाही 'टेस्ट' करून

घ्यायला लाबतेच शिवाय नैसर्गिक मातृत्व मिळणार नसेल तर दत्तकाचा पर्याय ती सुचवते. सासू-सास-यांना व नव-याला कष्टाने ते गळी उतरवते. म्हणजेच नैसर्गिक आपत्तीही आजच्या स्त्रीला मोडू शकत नाही मग स्त्री संसार कशाला मोडेल ?

आजची स्त्री ही तितकी भावनेच्या आहारी जाणारी नाही. विधवा असली तरी आपल्या ऐन उमेदीच्या काळात दुस-या विवाहाचा प्रस्ताव ती सहज मानत नाही. नवरा गेल्यामुळे दुःखाच्या डोंगराखाली असलेली ती मूल असेल तर त्याला सुसंस्कारीत करून वाढवण्यात आनंद मिळवेल, एकाकी असेल तर समाजकार्यात हिरिरीने सहभागी होईल पण पुन्हा संसार मांडण्याचा विचार कदाचितच करेल !

नव-याकडून छळ सहन न झाल्याने ती ताबडतोब घटस्फोट घेईल, हे म्हणूनच खरं वाटत नाही. तिची मानसिक जडण घडण आज बदलली असली तरी स्त्री-पुरुष समानतेचा डंका पिटणा-या समाजाला अजूनही फार मोठा पत्ता गाठायचा आहे. सारांश, स्त्री आधुनिक असल्याने ती संसार मोडण्यास आज मागे पुढे पाहणार नाही असे प्रथमदर्शनी वाटले तरी ते विकृत समाजमनामुळे तितकेसे खरे नाही, असे म्हणावेसे वाटते.

शेवटी एक मुद्दा मांडावासा वाटतो. समृद्ध जीवनबद्दल आज स्त्रीच्या काय कल्पना आहे हे ही महत्वाचे आहे. बंगला, गाडी, दागदागीने..... अशी चढती कमान असलेली स्वप्नं ती पाहत असेल तर यात आक्षेप घेण्यासारखं काही नाही पण ते स्वप्न कसं पूर्ण होईल हे ती कसं पाहते यावरही तिचं संसार मोडण्याचं स्वप्न अवलंबून असतं. केवळ संपत्ती हवी यासाठी 'भोली भाली लडकी' बनून 'प्यार वाली खिडकी' उघडून बसलेली पाश्चात्य विचारसरणीची आधुनिक स्त्री शीलाचा बाजार मांडेल, संसार मोडू शकणार नाही; मोडलाच तर अळवावरच्या पाण्यासारखा सहज मोडेल. अर्थात अशा आधुनिकतेला भारतीय समाज सरावलेला नाही, हे सुदैव !

म्हणूनच मी म्हणेन, आजची स्त्री संसार मांडेल पण सहजासहजी मोडणार नाही !

मकरंद जोशी

बी. ई. (सिव्हील)

दिशा १९९५-९६

कट्ट्याचा तास

मी स्वर्गात प्रवेश केला. तिथे रंभा, उर्वशी, द्रौपदी दिसल्या. द्रौपदीस पाहून महाभारतातला द्रौपदीवसस्त्रहरण प्रसंग आठवला.. वस्त्रहरणापासून बचाव करण्यासाठी द्रौपदीने श्रीकृष्णाचा धावा केला. पण इथली द्रौपदी तर कृष्णाचा नसून दुर्योधन-दुशासनांचा धावा करीत आहे असे वाटले. मला माझ्या भावाचे शब्द आठवले, "अरे, तुला किती चांगला असलेला कट्टा असलेले कॉलेज मिळाले, तू नशीबवान आहेस, कॉलेजचे जीवन म्हणजे स्वर्गच ! त्याचा मनसोक्त आनंद घे" कॉलेजच्या आवारात मला बरीच झाडे-झुडपे दिसली. रवींद्रनाथ टागोरांच्या निसर्गाच्या सान्निध्यात शिकण्याचा आदर्शाचे पालन करताना बरेच विद्यार्थी - विद्यार्थिनी दिसल्या. तेवढ्यात आवाज आला 'अरे, सर आले.' माझ्या माहितीप्रमाणे सर म्हणजे गंभीर, वृद्ध असामी. परण मी तेथे माझ्यापेक्षा साधारणतः चार - पाच वर्षे मोठ्या असलेल्या मुलाला सर्वजण सर म्हणत असलेले पाहिल्यावर आश्चर्यचकित झालो. तेवढ्यात ते सर माझ्याजवळ आले व 'फ्रेशीजमधला दिसतोस' असे म्हणून ताज्या फळांना खातात तसे मला खायला सुरुवात केली. विद्यार्थी - विद्यार्थिनींचा घोळका तेथे जमा झाला. मला निरनिराळ्या पशु-पक्षांचे आवाज काढायला लावले. हिंदी सिनेमातल्या गाण्यावर नाच करायला लावला. सर्कसमधील नव्हे तर मदारीच्या खेळातल्या माकडांसारखी माझी अवस्था झाली. तितक्यात त्या सरांनी एक मजकूर लिहिलेली चिठ्ठी माझ्याकडे देऊन खूण केली. मी जवळच असलेल्या द्रौपदीला ती चिठ्ठी दिली. जाणकार वाचकांना त्या चिठ्ठीत काय मजकूर असेल हे कळले असेलच. इतक्यात कसला तरी आवाज झाला. मी गालावर हात धरून चालू पडलो. सर्वजण माकडाच्या खेळाचा आनंद लुटत होते. मी काही कट्ट्याच्या तासाची फी भरली नव्हती. विनामूल्य शिक्षण मिळत होते. कोणतीही वस्तु विनामूल्य का घेऊ नये ते मला कळले. चार दिवस कट्ट्याचा तास बंक मारला. मग मात्र हळूहळू स्थिरावली... दोन-तीन वर्षे लोटली.

पुन्हा तेच आवार. तीच घोषणा... 'बाअदब बामुलायजा होशियार, सर येत आहेत.' सर आले. नव्या माकडांना शोधून मदारीचा खेळ करू लागले. पण यावेळी मी माकडाच्या जागी नव्हती, तर मी मदारी बनलो होतो...

सदा

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कारण तो अष्टपुत्रे, आता, सातपुत्रे झाला
आई स्फुंदत गप्प झाली - झाली चूक पुसली गेली
तो पाळण्यात मेला तेव्हा ॥१॥

तो एकदा शाळेत मेला
तो शाळेत मेला तेव्हा, सारी मुले फिसकून हसली
थोडी पुढे सरकून बसली, दाटीवाटी कमी झाली
तो वर्गात मेला तेव्हा ॥२॥

तो लिहिता वाचता मेला
वाचता वाचता मास्तरांनी मारले
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तो शाळेत मेला तेव्हा ॥३॥

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तो ऑफिसात मेला तेव्हा ॥४॥

तो एकदा रस्त्यात मेला
तो रस्त्यात मेला तेव्हा - बरेच त्याच्या भवती जमले
त्यानी त्यांचे खिसे तपासले, आणि रिकाम्या खिशात पुरले
तो रस्त्यात मेला तेव्हा ॥५॥

तो एकदा घरात मेला
तो घरात मेला तेव्हा,
बायकोने थोडा त्राग केला, "वर्किंग डेला" का हो मेला"
मुलांनी टी. व्ही. बन्द केला, शेजारचा "डोअर" बन्द झाला.
तेरा तासांचा तेरावा करून, नवा दिवस सुरू झाला.
फोटोक्रेमीत त्याला पुरून साऱ्यांनी दुखवटा साजरा केला.
तो घरात मेला तेव्हा ॥६॥

तो त्याच्या वस्तीत मेला
तो वस्तीत मेला तेव्हा सारे साळसूद हळहळले
उधार उसनवार हिशेब दाखवत मनो मनी चडफडले
त्या वस्तीचा 'दादा' सुद्धा यमावरती रागावला

"कारे त्याला वरती नेला ?" एका मताचा 'लॉस' झाला"
तो वस्तीत मेला तेव्हा.. ॥७॥

आता त्याच्या वर्षादिनी
सारे जमतात, सगळे जमतात
मरणाजागी जमा होतात
फोटोवरती हार घालतात
'उपेक्षितांचे प्रश्न' मांडून वाचावीर भाषण देतात.
फोटोवरचे हार निघून पुढाऱ्याच्या गळ्यात पडतात.
असे सारे चालू असते,
उपेक्षितांच्या पुण्यतिथीला
सारे जमतात, सगळे जमतात,
तो मरून जगतो तेव्हा

त्याला विसरून जाण्यासाठी ! ॥८॥

श्री. ल. पेंडसे
लेक्चरर, सिव्हील डिपार्टमेंट

हार्दिक शुभेच्छा

मेमर्स प्रतीष विनायक भडेंकर
ज्युवेलर्स

चोख सोने, चांदी व मोत्यांच्या
दागिन्यांचे व्यापारी

२५, हेन्ड्रे मॅशन (मोघे भुवन),
गोखले रोड (उत्तर), दादर (पश्चिम),
मुंबई - ४०० ०२८.

फोन : ४२२०२७९ / ४३०६६७६

अपेक्षा

येणाऱ्या प्रत्येक क्षणाकडे
मी तुला मागायचो
चांदण्या मोजत कितीतरी
रात्री उगाचच जागायचो
माझे मलाच कळत नव्हते
मी असा का वागायचो ?
त्या दिवशी बोलून गेलीस तू
भरपूर काही
शब्द कळत नव्हते, अर्थ कळला होता
तुझ्या जगात मला स्थान नाही
तुझ्या या नकाराने जेव्हा केला
माझ्या मनावर आघात
काहीच उरले नव्हते माझ्यासाठी
या मनुष्यांच्या जगात
आता मात्र मी येणाऱ्या प्रत्येक क्षणाकडे
फक्त बघतच बसतो
चांदण्या मोजता येत नाहीत
म्हणून त्यांच्यावर उगाचच रुसतो
आशा, अपेक्षांच्या जाळ्यात मी
असा नेहमीच फसतो.

बाळ अंमलदार
द्वि. वर्ष (स्थापत्य)



WELL

WISHER



प्रतापगड दुर्गदर्शन

किल्ले प्रतापगड !

‘श्री भवानीच्या कुंकवानं नि रणशूरांच्या रक्तानं
अग्नितेज चढलेला नि महाराष्ट्राचं धारातीर्थ असलेला
हा प्रतापगड....!’ चहूअंगी अतुंग नि अत्ताल
डोंगरदाटीत नि गर्द वनराजीत दबा धरून बसलेल्या
अखादचा ढाण्या वाघासारखा दिसणारा हा
प्रतापगड...! अफझलखान नावाचा बत्तीस दातांचा
बोकड शिवाजीमहाराजांनी भवानी मातेला जेथे अर्पण
केला तोच हा प्रतापगड...!

... नुक्ताच प्रतापगडवारीचा योग आला आणि
तो सुद्धा दस्तुरयुद्ध शिवशाहिर बाबासाहेब पुरंदरे
यांच्या बरोबर !

शिवरायांच्या चरित्र गाथेतल्या या अत्यंत
नाट्यमय व रोमहर्षक पर्वाची महती गायची तर एक
पुस्तकच लिहून होईल. आमच्या या लेखाचा उद्देश
प्रतापगडाची केवळ भौगोलिक माहिती सांगणे हा आहे,
जेणेकरून यानंतर या पवित्र स्थानी वारी करणाऱ्यांना
तेथे काय पाहायचे आहे याची कल्पना येईल.

पारघाटाच्या तोंडावर आणि रडतोंडी घाटाच्या
नाकासमोर असलेला ‘भोरघाटा डोंगर,’ महाराजांनी
ज्यावेळी जावळी जिंकली त्यावेळी नजरेत भरला आणि
त्यांनी मोरोपंतांना त्यावर गड बांधण्याची आज्ञा केली.
अरजोजी यादव यांच्या दुर्गबांधणीच्या कौशल्यावर केवळ
दोन वर्षांच्या कालावधीत भोरघाटा डोंगर तटाबुरूजांचे
लेणे लेवून सजला. महाराजांनी गडाचं नामकरण केलं
‘‘श्री प्रतापगड’’ (सन १६५६).

गडाखाली इतिहास प्रसिद्ध गावे आजही ठाण
मांडून आहेत. त्यातील पारं गावी श्रीरामवरदायिनीचे
मंदिर आहे. समर्थानी या देवीची स्थापना केली.
मंदिराजवळच नदीवर एक शिवकालीन छोटासा दगडी
बांधीव पूल आहे. गेली जवळजवळ ३५० वर्षे
पाणलोटाला न जुमानता तो उभा आहे. शिवकालीन
स्थापत्यशास्त्राचा, हा पूल म्हणजे एक उत्कृष्ट नमूनाच
आहे.

गडाच्या पायथ्याशी असलेल्या वाडा, कुंभरोशी
गावात पडक्या वाड्यांची जोती दृष्टीस पडतात. वाड्या
जवळच सुमारे दोन मैलांवर मो-यांची प्रसिद्ध जावळी
आहे. तेथे वरच्या जावळीत मो-यांचा पडक्या

अवस्थेततला वाडा पहावयास मिळतो.

गडाची वाट चढताना डाव्या हातास आपणाला
अफझलखानाची कबर दिसते. सुमारे ८ X ८ मीटर
चबुत-यावर एका हॉलमध्ये अतिभव्य अशा दोन कबरी
पहायला मिळतात. मोठी कबर ती अफझलखानाची
तर दुसरी ती सैय्यद बंडाची. कबरीच्या थोडं पलिकडे
पिरासारखे दगडी उंचवटे दिसतात. महाराजांविरूद्ध
चालून आलेल्या मराठा सरदारांचा महाराजांनी येथे
सन्मानपूर्वक दहनविधी केला होता. कबरीचे रंगरूप
व एकूणच श्रीमंती थाट पाहिल्यावर मन विषण्ण होवून
जाते.

गडाचा आकार काहीसा फूलपाखराप्रमाणे आहे.
सातारा जिल्ह्यातील महाबळेश्वर तालुक्यात हा गड
येतो. समुद्रसपाटीपासून गडाची उंची आहे ३५४३
फूट. घेर आहे चार कि.मी. नि क्षेत्रफळ आहे साडेचार
एकर.

प्रतापगड दोन विभागात विभागलेला आहे. वरचा
तो बालेकिल्ला व खालचा किल्ला असे ते दोन भाग
पडतात. बालेकिल्ल्याचा दरवाजा साधा आहे. परंतु
खालच्या किल्ल्यांचा दरवाजा बुरूजांचा आहे. गडाच्या
मुख्य पाय-या चढून आपण महादरवाज्यापाशी येतो
व दरवाज्याला आपल्या बज्रमूठीत धरणारे दोन बुलंद
बुरूज आपल्याला खडी ताजीम देतात.

महाद्वारातून वर आल्यावर समोरील वाट थेट
अफजल बुरूजावर नेते. डाव्या हातची वाट सरळ
गडावर जाते. इथला दरवाजा सूर्यास्तानंतर बंद ठेवला
जातो व सूर्योदयापूर्वी उघडला जातो. महाद्वाराने वरती
बांधीव पाय-यांनी चढून आल्यावर पडक्या स्थितीतला
एक दरवाजा लागतो. नागमोडचा पाय-यांनी वरती
चढताना उजवीकडे एक तलाव दिसतो. त्यावरती
तटात एक छोटा दरवाजा दिसतो. हेच प्रसिद्ध अशा
भवानी मंदिराचे प्रवेशद्वार. भवानीमातेच्या मंदिरातली
मूर्ती, महाराजांनी नेपाळात माणसे पाठवून, तेथील
त्रिशूल, सरस्वती व श्वेतगंडकीच्या संगमातल्या एकसंघ
शिलेतून घडवून आणली आहे. ह्या मूर्तीशेजारीच
महाराजांच्या नित्यपूजेतले एक स्फटिकाचे शिवलिंग
पाहायला मिळते. मूर्तीची प्राणप्रतिष्ठा झाल्यापासून
देवीच्या नैवेद्याती व पूजाअर्चेची व्यवस्था राजांनी लावून

दिली आहे.

मंदिराच्या डावीकडून प्रदक्षिणा मार्गावरून बाहेर पडताना तटातून जाण्यास पलिकडे एक वाट आहे. ही वाट फडणिसांच्या वाड्यावरून जाते. ह्या घरात मोरोपंत राहत असत. पुढे समर्थस्थापित हनुमानाचे मंदिर लागते. हीच वाट पुढे बालेकिल्ल्यात जाते. मंदिरापुढून निघाल्यावर दिंडी दरवाजा लागतो. दरवाज्यातून वर आल्यावर प्रथम डावीकडे वळायचे. आता आपण केदारेश्वर मंदिराच्या प्राकारात येवून पावतो.

केदारेश्वरा समोरच सुमारे ६० फूट लांब व २० फूट रुंद असा दगडी चौथरा दिसतो. हीच ती राजसदर! शिवकालात अनेक मसलती इथं रंगल्या. खंडोजी खोपड्या सारख्या वेईमानाचे हातपाय कलम करण्याची शिक्षा महाराजांनी येथूनच दिली. सदरेवरच्या एका कोपऱ्यात उभं राहायचं आणि उजव्या हाताला लांबवर नजर फेकायची. समोर दिसते कोयनेचे खोरे ! इथून थोडसं मंदिराच्या मागे यायचं. इथं पूर्वी जिजाऊंचा वाडा होता. मंदिरासमोरून आपण शिवपुतळ्याजवळ येतो. पुतळ्याला उजवी घालून बालेकिल्ल्याच्या तटावरून आता फेरी मारायची. वाटेत दारूच्या कोठारांची जागा लागते. येथे तटावर जाण्यासाठी पाया-या आहेत. वाटेत एक चोर दिंडी लागते. मग गडात शिरताना पाहिलेल्या तळ्याच्या काठाने अफजलबुरूजावर येऊन पोहोचायचं. अफजलबुरूजावरून पूर्वेकडील भागावर लक्ष ठेवता येतं. त्या दृष्टीने येथे बुरूजाची बांधणी आपल्या लक्षात येते.

सूर्या, रेडे, केदार, दरखन, टेहळणी नि दुपदरी बांधणीचा यशवंत अशा सहा नामांकित बुरूजांनी वेढलेल्या या गडास चोरवाटा आहेत सहा. शिवपुतळ्याच्या मागच्या बाजूला गडातून बाहेर पडायला एक चोर दरवाजा आहे. या दरवाजाला 'राजपहारा' असं म्हणतात. इथं येऊन एक गोष्ट बघायला विसरायची नाही. ती म्हणजे या दरवाज्यावर कोरलेली घोरपड.

प्रतापगडाच्या साधारणपणे आग्नेयेला डाव्या हाताला डोंगराची एक छोटी सोंड फुटली आहे. या जागेला जनीचें टेंब म्हणतात. हे टेंब एका बाजूने मुख्य उताराशी जोडलेले आहे व इतर तीन बाजूंना घळींमुळे दुर्गम झाले आहे. ही जागा पायथ्याकडून दिसत नाही. परंतु गडावरून मात्र स्पष्ट दिसते. इथेच राजांनी खानाची भेट घेण्याचे ठरविले. आणि

इथेच, इथेच शिच्या राज्यावरील त्या पहिल्याच परंतु अक्राळविक्राळ संकटाला धुळीस मिळविले.

संख्याबळ, ताकद, *अस्त्र अशी सर्वांथाने प्रतिकूल परिस्थिती असूनही अफझलखानासारख्या कपटी व दगाबाज शत्रूला जावळीत बोलावून त्याला तिथेच चारीमुंड्या चीत करण्याचे साहस महाराजांनी दाखविले. शह अन् काटशह यांनी रंगलेल्या या युद्धात प्रतापगडाने महत्वाची भूमिका बजावली आहे.

... आज जावळीचं गच्चदच्च खोरं निखळ, नीरव, गूढरम्य शांततेत बुडून गेलं आहे. शिवछत्रपतींच्या काळात येथे खेळल्या गेलेल्या रक्ताच्या होळीचे रंग कालौघात धूसर झाले आहेत....

प्रतापगडावरचे युद्ध वास्तवात कसे खेळले गेले याची केवळ कल्पनाच आज अस्तित्वात असलेल्या अवशेषांवरून करता येते. पण जे या घडीला इतिहासाच्या जाड 'रजिस्टार' मध्ये उपलब्ध आहे; त्यापेक्षा आगळंवेगळं, अद्भुत, अनोखं, अन् अपूर्व असं काहितरी काळाच्या पोटात दडून राहिलं आहे. दयाखोऱ्यांत चाचपडणा-या आम्हाला ते सापडेल काय ?

.... महाराष्ट्राच्या गडदुर्गावरील दगडांना पाचशे वर्षांपूर्वीचा हा ज्वलंत इतिहास आम्हाला ऐकवता येईल काय ?...

... आणि त्यांनी तो सांगितलाच, तर ऐकण्याची क्षमता आणि पात्रता आमच्या अंगी असेल काय ?

संकलन : श्रीकांत विजयकर / वैभव टेंबे
(द्वि. वर्ष इलेक्ट्रिकल)

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कक्षासाठी... ? देशासाठी... !!

- स्वातंत्र्य मिळून ४८ वर्ष उलटली, दरवर्षी हा आकडा बदलत जाणार, ४९, ५०, ५१.... १००! तसं म्हटलं तर आज आपला भारत तरुणच. पण देशातले लोक म्हातऱ्यासारखे वागतात, गालितगात्र झालेयत. हिमतीनं, मर्दुमकीनं काहीतरी करावं असं वाटतच नाही कुणाला, आणि....

- हे मला सांगणारा तू कोण ?

- मी महात्मा गीधी, सुभाषबाबू, स्वातंत्र्यवीर सावरकर, लो. टिळक ह्या सुपूतांचा वारस. मी आजच्या....

- पुरे, पुरे, हे डायलॉग पूर्वीच्या हिंदी पिक्चरमध्ये ठीक होते, पूर्वी ते शिष्टा आणि टाळ्याही घ्यायचे. आता मात्र त्यांना कुत्रपण विचारत नाहीच. काहीतरी समजेल

नाही ? आणि जर वाटत असेल तर पहिल्यांदा आपल्या सुरांमध्ये बदल करावा लागेल, याची तुला कल्पना असेलच.

- तू हे मलाच का सांगतोस ? दुसरं कोणी सूर बदलायला तयार आहे का ?

- हे बघ, समाजपरिवर्तन काही क्षणात घडत नाही त्यासाठी लागणारे बीज हे तुमच्या-माझ्या मनात पेरले तरच उद्या त्याचा वृक्ष तयार होईल. बाबरी मशीद पाडणारे तुम्ही-आम्हीच. धर्माच्या नावाखाली रक्ताची होळी खेळण्याच्या प्रयत्नात देशाच्या भवितव्याचा विचारच कोणी केलेला दिसत नाही. समाजातला भ्रष्टाचार, अनागोंदी या गोष्टी समाजालाच घातक आहेत असं तुला वाटत नाही का ? की त्या गोष्टी तुझ्या जीवनाची मूलभूत अंगेच बनली

आजच्या घडीला आपल्या देशात माजलेल्या अराजकाबद्दल, अनागोंदीच्या कारभारबद्दल सारस्वीच चिंता वाटणाऱ्या दोन विचारशील मनांमधील हा संवाद तुम्हाला नक्कीच क्षणभर स्विकवून ठेवील

असं बोल, नाहीतर सरळ रस्ता सुधार.

- अरे, असं काय करतोस ? थोडं थांब, तू म्हणतोस काहीतरी समजेल असं बोल, पण तू समजून घेतील तर ना ? तशी तुला गरजही नाही म्हणा ! एकविसाव्या शतकाकडे वाटचाल करणाऱ्या तरुण पिढीचा नायक आहेस तू ! गतकाळाबद्दल तू विचार तरी का करावास म्हणा ! पण तरीही स्वातंत्र्यासाठी घरादाराची राखरांगोळी करणाऱ्या हुतात्म्यांना तू विसरलास ? "चाळीस कोटी लोकांना नेसायला जर पुरेसे वस्त्र नसेल, तर मला चांगले कपडे घालण्याचा अधिकार नाही" असे म्हणणाऱ्या महात्मांचा तुला इतक्या लवकर विसर पडला ? वैयक्तिक स्वार्थासाठी दुसऱ्याच्या तोंडाचा घास काढून घेताना तुम्ही 'शहीदांना' आपसूकच विसरता.

- बस्स, बस्स, मला एक सांगा, ६ डिसेंबरच्या दंगलीच्या वेळी तुम्ही कुठे होता ? माणसं जेव्हा माणसाला कापत होती तेव्हा ही माषणबाजी उपयोगी पडली नसती का ?

- हे बघ, आपली जबाबदारी दुसऱ्याच्या खांद्यावर टाकून, हात झटकून मोकळे होता तुम्ही. आपण स्वतःही स्वतंत्र भारताचे घटक आहोत, आपणही काहीतरी केलं पाहिजे असं वाटत नाही का तुला ? 'मिते सूर मेरा तुम्हारा, तो सूर बने हमारा' हे टीव्हीवरच ऐकायला बरं वाटतं का ? प्रत्यक्षात एकमेकांचे सूर जुळावेत असं वाटत

आहेत ? एकवेळ भ्रष्टाचार, अनागोंदी परबडली, पण त्याबद्दल आपल्याला वाटणारी अनास्था हीच फार भयावह गोष्ट आहे. समाजाला लागलेली ही कीड अजगराचं रूप धारण करून समाजाला गिळंकृत करायला निघाली आहे. समजतय का तुला ?

- हो, हो, मला समजतंय, मीच का सगळेच समजून आहेत, पण काहीतरी करायला कोण पुढे येतं ? धर्माचे राजकारण करणाऱ्या, भ्रष्टाचारी राजकारण्यांना रोखणार कोण ? व्यसनाधीन तरुण पिढीला आवरणार कोण ? कोलमडून पडलेल्या, मृतवत समाजाला नवी उभारी कोण देणार ? मी म्हणतो 'भागते क्यूँ हा उजाले के पीछे ? उसको ढूँढते क्यूँ हो, जिसे पा नहीं सकते.'

- अरे, प्रकाशाच्या मागे धावणारेच प्रकाशाची वाट दाखवणारे ठरतात. हजारो लोकांनी परतंत्र्याविरुद्ध लढा पुकारून आकाशाला गवसणी घालण्याचेच काम केले होते, त्यांच्या कष्टांची फळं आज आपण चाखत आहोत. देशासाठी काहीतरी करण्याची हीच वेळ आहे. त्यासाठी 'उठा, संघटीत व्हा, राष्ट्राच्या विकासाचा पाया रचा आणि त्यावर समाजाच्या उत्कर्षाचा कळस चढवा.

जय हिंद !!

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लहानाचा तो मोठा होतो
निरागसपणा लयास जातो
स्वार्थाचे तो धडे गिरवतो
ज्याचा त्याचा असतो जो तो
भारतीय आम्ही स्वतःस म्हणतो ॥१॥
सत्य शिवाची होळी करिती
न्याय नीतीचे खून पाडती
जन काळाच्या पुढे धावती
मूल्ये येथे मोडीत निघती
हीच प्रगतीची खूण मानतो
भारतीय आम्ही स्वतःस म्हणतो ॥२॥

पैशा भवती दुनिया फिरते
सत्ते पुढती दुनिया झुकते
सौंदर्याला दुनिया मुलते
जो जिंके त्या 'सलाम' करते
सत्तेचे मग गुलाम होतो
भारतीय आम्ही स्वतःस म्हणतो ॥३॥
वशिल्याने ती मिळे नोकरी
धनवानाला मिळे छोकरी
गुणवत्ता ही लक्ष्मीते वरी
काळाची ही किमया सारी
कुणी कुणाचा येथे नसतो
भारतीय आम्ही स्वतःस म्हणतो ॥४॥

इथे वर्दीला डाग चालतो
खुर्चीला ना शाप बाधतो
धर्म जातीचे युद्ध मांडतो
रक्ताचा किती सडा सांडतो
तरीही नामानिराळाच तो
भारतीय आम्ही स्वतःस म्हणतो ॥५॥
बौफोर्सही तो सहज पचवतो
'हवाला'त ना हवालदिल तो
सत्तेसाठी जगतो मरतो
सत्ते पुढती झुकतो नमतो
माणूस माणूसपणा विसरतो
भारतीय आम्ही स्वतःस म्हणतो ॥६॥

अमोल भिडे
(द्वि. वर्ष यांत्रिकी)

माणूस

मी 'पक्षी' होतो ना,
तेव्हाची ही गोष्ट,
विहार करताना आकाशात
जग दिसायचं लोभस अन् स्पष्ट
तोल जातोय अस वाटलं की
ध्यायचो भरारी आकाशात
मित्र 'वारा' ही दयायचा क्षणात मला साथ
वडीलधाम्या चोचीतून चविष्ट,
तृप्ततेची ढेकर देणारे दाणे खायचो
एकत्र विहार करताना तर
आनंदाने अक्षरक्षः वेडा व्हायचो.
पण.....
पण आता मी 'माणूस' झालोय
वरून स्पष्ट दिसणाऱ्या जगात येऊन
मी स्वतः अस्पष्ट झालोय
तोल जाण्याचा तर इथे प्रश्नच नाही
सर्वच असतात इथे पडलेले
घड्याळ्यांच्या काट्यानी वेढलेले
असूया, निराशेच्या मातीतून घडलेले
एकत्र असताना इथे
प्रत्येक जण एकमेकावर हसतो
मी फक्त इकडे तिकडे बघतो.
कारण भर गर्दीतही....
... मी एकटाच असतो.

बाळ अंमलदार
द्वि. वर्ष (स्थापत्य)

तसा मी श्रद्धाळूच
सकाळीच देवाला फुलं वाहतो,
संध्याकाळी हातभट्टी लावताना
डोळ्याच्या कोपऱ्यातनं गिऱ्हाडकं पाहतो.

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रुळावरून घसरले,
वाकडेतिकडे होऊन ते रानोमाळ पसरले.
किती मेले, किती जगले, किती जखमी
मोजणाऱ्यांचं ते काम आहे,
फोटो कुठच्या अँगलमधून काढू
प्रश्न मोठाच पडला आहे.

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मनुष्याच्या निर्दयतेचा
मला अंत करायचा होता
समाजातील गरीबीचा
समाजाच्या अधोगतीचा
समाजातील बेकारीचा
मला अंत करायचा होता
समाजातील हींसेचा
समाजातील अत्याचाराचा
समाजातील अराजकतेचा
मला अंत करायचा होता
समाजातील अंधश्रद्धेचा
समाजातील धर्माधेतेचा
समाजातील जातीयवादाचा
मला अंत करायचा होता
पण भ्रष्टाचाराने पोखरलेल्या समाजात
स्वार्थाच्या बाहुपाशात लपेटलेल्या समाजात
अंत झाला तो माझ्याच निःसत्त्व धोरणांचा
माझ्याच मी पणाचा

हर्षद ल. पाटील
द्वि. वर्ष (यांत्रिक)

दिशा १९९५-९६

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सोडणार नसशील तरच घे तुझ्या हाता माझे हात
काळ्या नमाच्या जीवनी, तुच चंद्रकोर गोरी
दोन पळांच्या निद्रेमधली होशील का तू स्वप्नपरी ॥
आयुष्यांच्या सागराचा किनाराच जणू कुठे हरवला
तरून जाऊ या हे आयुष्य करशील का तू मदत मला
दे तुझी आसवे मज घे माझी सुखे सारी
दोन पळांच्या निद्रेमधली होशील का तू स्वप्नपरी ॥
एक स्मित हास्य तुझे पालविते माझ्या मना
तेच हास्य शोधत बसते माझी नजर पुन्हा पुन्हा
मातीलाही सुगंध देती अल्लड या वरुणाच्या सरी
दोन पळांच्या निद्रेमधली होशील का तू स्वप्नपरी ॥
राग नको मानू सखे, मन माझे हे आहे निर्मळ
मनभ्रमराला ओठ लावी, तुझ्या जगीचा स्वैर परीमल
स्वीकारशील का गुलाब प्रीतीचे असले काटे त्याला जरी
दोन पळांच्या निद्रेमधली होशील का तू स्वप्नपरी ॥

अजय ओगले

प्रथम वर्ष (इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स)

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प्रेम म्हणजे काय असतं

प्रेम म्हणजे, प्रेम म्हणजे, प्रेम असतं ! तुमचं आमचं सर्वांचं 'सेम' असतं ॥

असं असूनही प्रेम हा विषय सर्वांच्या खास जिह्याळ्याचा. जगातील तमाम भाषांत प्रेम, प्रेमभंग या विषयांवर मुबलक साहित्य आढळते. पण ते सारे वाचूनही शेवटी 'प्रेम म्हणजे काय ?' हा प्रश्न अनुत्तरितच राहतो.

प्रेम म्हणजे काय असतं.....

एक उत्कट नातं जे दोन जीवांना बांधतं एका नाजूक सुंदर अनमोल धाग्यात. जे नातं आहे चंद्राचं आणि चांदणीचं, जे नातं आहे लाटांचं आणि समुद्र किनाऱ्याचं, जे नातं आहे सूर्य आणि पृथ्वीचं, जे नातं आहे पावलांचं आणि मातीचं. जे नातं आहे फुलराणीचं आणि सूर्य किरणाचं. तेच नातं ज्याला आपण कधीही विसरू शकत नाही. हृदयातला एक कप्पा ज्याच्यासाठी खास राखून ठेवलेला असतो. ज्यामुळे आपण एकदम आतःबाह्य बदलून जातो. जे आपण अगदी मनापासून जीवनात फक्त एकदाच करतो.

जेव्हा पहिल्यांदा जीवनाच्या या पटावर प्रवेश करतो तेव्हा कोणतीही ओळख नसताना एकत्र येतो. जशी वर्ष जाऊ लागतात तसे आपण एकमेकात पूर्णपणे गुंतत जातो. एकवेळ अशी येते कि त्यावेळी त्या व्यक्तीचा विरह आपणास सहन होत नाही. किंवा तसा विचार करणे म्हणजे फार मोठा गुन्हा आहे असं आपण समजतो. एक दिवस जरी ती व्यक्ती आपणास दिसली नाही तर मन पार बैचेन होतं. कुठेच लक्ष लागत नाही. त्याच्याशी सतत काही ना काही बोलावसं वाटतं. त्या व्यक्तीचं दुःख व सुख आपण आपलंच आहे असं समजतो. त्याच्या दुःखात किंवा सुखात अगदी काळजाच्या तळापासून, अगदी मनापासून सामील होतो. त्याच्या दुःखात आपण रडतो आणि त्याच्या आनंदाच्या क्षणी आपण आपलं दुःख विसरून जणू त्या व्यक्तीची सावलीच आहोत असं वागतो. दुसऱ्याबद्दल आपुलकी, जिह्याळा वाटणं, आपलाच त्याच्यावर अधिकार आहे असं वाटणं म्हणजे प्रेम ? खरंच प्रेमाला उपमा नाही हे खरं.

पण सगळ्यांनाच या अनमोल अशा देवाघरच्या भेटीचा लाभ होतो असं नाही. फारच थोडे या बाबतीत सुदैवी असतात. काहीवेळा प्रेम एकतर्फी असतं, मनाला ते पटत असतं पण तरीसुद्धा आपण त्यात गुंतत जातो. इतकं गुंततो की त्या सुखद जाणीवेतून बाहेर पडण्यास मन राजीच होत नाही. आपण सांगण्याचे फार प्रयत्न करतो. पण वाटतं ती व्यक्ती नाही म्हणाली तर. ? 'पुढे मग आपल्याशी बोललीच नाही तर ? मन म्हणतं एकदा सरळ सांगून

टाकावं. नंतर वाटतं पत्रांनं कळवावं. पण मग वाटतं, बघूया त्या व्यक्तीला ते समजतं का ? त्या व्यक्तीला ते कळतं. तिच्याकडून 'हो' आल्यावर काय करू आणि काय नको असं होवून जातं. चंद्रावर जाऊन आल्यासारखं आपण छाती पुढे काढून चालत असतो. मनात गुदगुल्या होत असतात. सगळं जग आपणाला वेगळं वाटू लागतं. पण 'नाही' म्हटलं की ? मन मोडून जातं. पुन्हा आकाशात भरारी घेण्यासाठी ते तयारच होत नाही. अशावेळी आपल्या हातून आपलंच काही बरं वाईट होईन इतकी स्थिती होते. ती व्यक्ती समजूतदार असेल तर ती आपल्याशी बोलत राहते. नाहीतर अचानक तिच्या वागण्यात एवढा फरक येतो की आपल्यालाच वाटतं आपण आपला एक चांगला हितचिंतक गमावला.

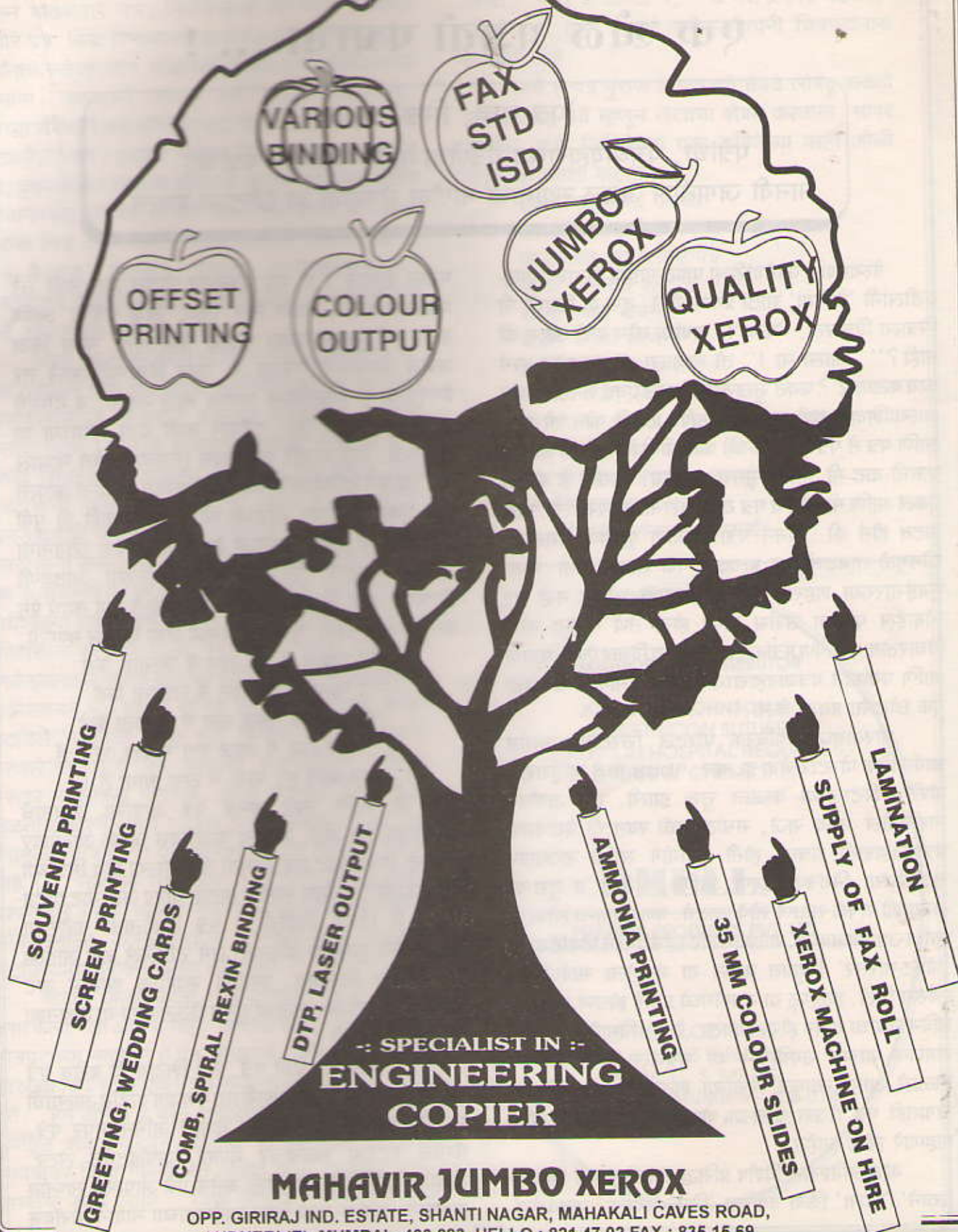
काही जणांना प्रेम एक साईड ॲक्टीव्हिटी वाटते. कॉलेजच्या स्पोर्ट्स किंवा गॅदरिंग या ॲक्टीव्हिटी सारखीच. पण ती व्यक्ती दुसऱ्याचा मनाचा विचार करतच नाही. दुसऱ्या व्यक्तीला झुलवण्यात काय राक्षसी आनंद मिळतो त्यांना. काय माहीत ? ते विसरतात कि एका मनाशीच नाही तर एका जीवाशी खेळ खेळतोय....

प्रत्येक जण स्वतःच्या विचारातून आपला हृदयाचा तो कप्पा भरण्यासाठी बदाम शोधतच असतात. त्यांना तो मिळतो ते जन्मभराचे सुखी होतात. पण ज्यांना तो मिळत नाही ते एकतर पुन्हा दुसरीकडे उमेदवारी सुरू करतात किंवा स्काळलेल्या हृदयावर आलेला तीव्र आघात घेऊन जन्मभर तेच दुःख उराशी कवटाळून बसतात.

प्रेम म्हणजे काय खरोखरच कोणीच सांगू शकणार नाही त्यात एकदा पडलं कि वाटतं अजून आत शिरावं आणि त्यासुखद आठवणीतून कधीच बाहेर पडू नये. लहान पणी जसं गोष्ट संपूच नये असं वाटतं, तरुणपणी जसं ती व्यक्ती कधीच दूर जाऊच नये असं वाटतं तसं या आठवणींचा, या भावनेचा, या नात्याचा कधीच शेवट होऊ नये असं वाटतं.

आशिष अ. पाटणकर
(द्वितीय वर्ष विद्युत)

दिना १९९५-९६



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एक खेळ असती पत्राचा.... !

‘पत्र नव्हे, मित्र’ !!

पत्रांचा, पत्रव्यवहाराच्या यंत्रणेचा आणि पर्यायाने पत्रांच्या मानवी जगातील अढळ स्थानाचा मागोवा घेण्याचा हा छोटासा प्रयत्न.

गेल्या बारा जानेवारीला पहाटे माझ्या मित्राच्या आई-वडीलांनी ‘केनिया’ साठी प्रयाण केले. दुस-या दिवशी मी मित्राला विचारले, ‘‘काय रे, बाबांचा फोन वगैरे आला की नाही?’’ ‘‘आला ना!’’ तो म्हणाला, ‘‘पण फोन वरून काय कळणार? फक्त सुखरूप पोहचले एवढं समजलं. पत्र आल्याशिवाय पूर्ण कळणार नाही. शेवटी फोन तो फोन आणि पत्र ते पत्रच ! फोनची पाहिली नसेल इतकी त्यांच्या पत्राची वाट मी आतापासूनच पाहतोय.’’ त्याचे हे बोलणे ऐकलं आणि मी फोन व पत्र यांची तुलना करू लागलो. मला वाटत होतं की ‘फोनने पत्राची जागा पूर्णपणे घेतलीय. फोनमुळे ताबडतोब व प्रत्यक्ष संपर्क साधता येतो. तेव्हा मुंबईसारख्या शहरात तरी जेथे फक्त फोनच नव्हे तर मोबाईल फोनचा सर्रास वापर होतो तेथे पत्रांना कोण विचारतोय?’’ पण पत्रांबद्दल मित्राचा हा विचार ऐकून, पत्राचा आणि पर्यायाने पत्रव्यवहाराच्या यंत्रणेचा मागोवा घेण्याचा एक छोटासा प्रयत्न केला.

भारतामध्ये ‘पब्लिक पोस्टल सिस्टीम’ अर्थात सार्वजनिक पोस्टल सेवा इ. सन. १७७४ मध्ये व्हॉईसरॉय वॉरन हेस्टिंग्जच्या काळात सुरू झाली. त्या अगोदर भारतातील अनेक राजे, सम्राट यांची स्वतःची वैयक्तिक पत्रव्यवहाराची यंत्रणा होती ज्यायोगे त्यांना राज्यावर सक्षमरीत्या नियंत्रण ठेवणे आणि जनतेशी व दुस-या राज्यांशी संपर्क साधणे सोपे जायचे. पण सामान्य लोकांना त्याचा उपयोग नव्हता. सर्वप्रथम वॉरन हेस्टिंग्जने ठिकठिकाणी ‘पोस्ट-मास्तर’ नियुक्त करून या यंत्रणेला सार्वजनिक स्वरूप दिले. हळूहळू या यंत्रणेमध्ये प्रगती होऊन त्यामध्ये नविन तंत्रांचा वापर होऊ लागला. रेल्वे, विमाने, जहाजे, संगणक यांच्या उपयोगाने या यंत्रणेला पुनरुज्जीवन मिळाले आहे. त्यामुळे विसाव्या शतकाच्या या गतीमान जगातही पत्र घेऊन येणा-या पोस्टमनची आतुरतेने वाट पाहणारे लोक आहेत.

कॉलेजविश्वात विशेष प्रसिद्ध असलेलं पत्र म्हणजे ‘त्याने’ ‘तिला’ किंवा क्वचित ‘तिने’ ‘त्याला’ पाठवलेलं

पहिलं प्रेमपत्र ! हे पत्र पोस्टमन घेऊन येत नाही तर पोस्टमन बनतो ‘त्याचा मित्र’ किंवा ‘तिची मैत्रीण’ आणि कधी कधी लायब्ररीतील एखादे मॅकेनिक्स, मॅथ्स किंवा असेच कोणतेतरी पुस्तक ! उत्तर होकारार्थी आले तर प्रेमपत्रांचा हा सिलसिला असाच चालू राहतो, व दोघांचे मनोमिलन घडून येते. दुर्दैवाने काही वेळा दोघांच्या या भेटीगाठी, चिठ्ठीचपाटी समाजाला (त्यांच्या भाषेत म्हणाल तर ‘जालीम दुनियेला’) मंजूर होत नाहीत व त्यांना आपली मैत्री एका वळणावर सोडावी लागते. अशावेळी ही पूर्वी लिहीलेली व जपून ठेवलेली प्रेमपत्रे त्यांच्या जीवनाचा आधार बनतात. एखादा प्रियकर तिच्या आठवणी मिटवण्यासाठी ही पत्रे पाण्यात सोडून येतो. पण त्याचे प्रेम कमी झालेले नसते. एका गझलमध्ये असा प्रियकर म्हणतो,

तेरे खुशबू में बसे खत मैं जलाता कैसे,
तेरे प्यार में डूबे खत मैं जलाता कैसे
तरे हाथों से लिखे खत मैं जलाता कैसे ...
... तेरे खत मैं आज गंगा में बहा आया हूँ,
आग बहते हुए पानी में लगा आया हूँ ।

ही आणि अशी अनेक पत्रे आपल्या जीवनाचे अविभाज्य अंग आहे. आपला वाढदिवस जवळ आल्यावर नकळत आपण वाट पाहू लागतो ती आपल्या प्रिय मित्राच्या भेटकार्डाची ! मुलीला सासरी पाठवल्यावर आई वाट पाहत असते ते तिच्या चिठ्ठीची ! पत्र लिहीताना माहेरच्या आठवणींनी मुलीच्या डोळ्यात उभे राहिलेले अश्रू आईला त्या चिठ्ठीत दिसतात. परदेशी स्थायिक झालेले वाट पाहतात ती आपल्या मातीचा सुगंध घेऊन येणा-या लहानशा चौकोनी कागदाची !

ही झाली नेहमीची पत्रे, त्या शिवाय ही बरीच पत्रे आहेत, दहावीच्या किंवा बारावीच्या गुणवत्ता यादीत आल्याची माहिती देणारे पत्र, त्यानंतर येणारी अभिनंदनपर पत्रे, कॅम्पस इंटरव्यू झाल्यावर येणारं ‘अपॉईंटमेंट लेटर’ (अर्थात नियुक्तीचे पत्र) अशी अनेक पत्रे आपल्या स्वप्नात असतात. संतोषी माता किंवा साईबाबांच्या नावाने झोरॉक्स

करून पाठवलेले पत्र, निरनिराळ्या ब्रीदच्या स्वरूपात येणारे पत्र. किंवा विनाकारण खर्चात ठेवणारी पत्रे बहुतेक सर्वानाच नको असतात. बसिबवटि. ही बरील कार्यक्रमाच्या प्रश्नांना पाठवलेले उत्तरे पत्र, एखाद्या लेखकाला, त्याच्या रसिकाने पाठवलेले दाद देणारे पत्र, त्याचे लेखकाने पाठवलेले उत्तर, एखाद्या नटाला किंवा नटीला पाठवलेले पत्र, वृत्तपत्रातील लेखांना प्रतिसाद म्हणून पाठवलेले आणि वर्तमानपत्रात प्रसिद्ध होणारे पत्र, परदेशस्थ अनोळखी मुलांना मित्र करण्यासाठी पाठवलेले पत्र, (त्यांना आपण 'पेन फ्रेंड्स' म्हणतो), एखाद्या अभ्यासक्रमासंदर्भात पोस्टाद्वारे येणारी पुस्तके ही थोडी वेगळ्या प्रकारची पत्रे असे आपल्याला म्हणता येईल.

आता एक नजर काही इतिहास प्रसिद्ध पत्रांवर टाकू. यात सर्वप्रथम मला आठवले ते रूक्मीणीचे पत्र. आपले लग्न शिशुपालासोबत होणार हे कळताच रूक्मीणीने कृष्णाला लखोटा पाठवून स्वतःचे अपहरण करण्यास सांगितले होते. एकदा शिवरायांना आपल्या कर्तृत्वाचा गर्व झाला तेव्हा रामदासांनी त्यांना पत्र पाठवून, योग्य शब्दात त्यांची कानऊधडणी करून त्यांना गर्वापासून परावृत्त केले. याच रामदासांनी संभाजीराजांना लिहिलेले शिवरायांचे आठवावे रूप हे काव्यमय पत्र तर इतिहासप्रसिद्धच आहे. राघोबादादांनी लिहिलेल्या आणि आनंदीबाईने 'ध' चा 'मा' केलेल्या पत्राने इतिहासाला कलाटणी दिली. १९४७ मध्ये भारत, पाकिस्तान वेगळे झाल्यावर स्वतंत्र राहीलेले काश्मिर राज्य मिळवण्यासाठी पाकिस्तानने ४० हजार सैनिक लुटारू टोळ्यांच्या रूपात पाठविले. त्यावेळी राजा हरी सिंगाने मदतीची याचना करणारे तातडीचे पत्र आपल्या प्रधानासोबत रातोरात सरदार पटेलांकडे पाठवले; आणि भारतीय सैन्य निरोप मिळताच काश्मीरमध्ये दाखल झाले. अशाप्रकारे या एका पत्रामुळेच काश्मीरचा एवढातरीभाग सध्या आपल्या हातात आहे (!). नाहीतर त्यावेळीच ते पूर्णपणे पाकिस्तानच्या घशात गेले असते. काश्मीरसंदर्भातच म्हणायचे तर भारताने पाकिस्तानला काश्मीरमधील हस्तक्षेपाबद्दल निषेधपत्रे पाठविण्याव्यतिरीक्त केलंय तरी काय ? असो.

शेवटी जाता जाता चित्रपटांमध्ये पत्रांचा उपयोग कसा केला गेला आहे ते पाहू. 'आखरी खत' सारख्या अनेक चित्रपटांच्या नावांतून हे पत्र डोकावतं. 'हमराज', 'महल' सारख्या चित्रपटात एक पत्रच कथानकाला वळण आणि वेग देते. 'हम आपके हैं कौन' सारख्या चित्रपटात एक पत्रच अपेक्षित शेवट घडवून आणते. पत्रांवर आणि विशेषतः प्रेमपत्रांवर किती फिल्मीगीते आहेत याची गणतीच नाही. 'डाकीया डाक लाया', 'चिट्ठी आई है', 'मैने तुझे खत

लिखा', 'प्यार के कागज पे', 'ये मरा प्रेमपत्र पढकर', 'लिखे खत तुझे', अशा अनेक गीतांनी चित्रपटांनास सजवले आहे.

असे हे पत्र पुराण आपण हवे तेवढे लांबवू शकतो पण ते लांबू नये म्हणून लेखाचा शेवट करताना 'सागर कर्णिक' यांनी लिहिलेल्या एका कवितेच्या काही ओळी नमूद कराव्याशा वाटतात.

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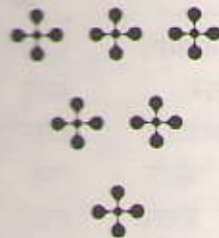
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माणूस

माणूस ह्या प्राण्याच्या आतापर्यंत अनेक व्याख्या झाल्या आहेत. बुद्धिमान प्राणी, हसणारा प्राणी, रडणारा प्राणी वगैरे वगैरे. पण माझ्यामते माणूस म्हणजे केस कापणारा वा कापवून घेणारा प्राणी आहे. अर्थात आपले शीख बंधू, ऋषी आणि केसाला कात्री लागू न देणारी टवाळ पोरं त्याला अपवाद आहेत, पण नियम हा अपवादानेच सिद्ध होतो असा एक नियम आहे. प्राणी कधी स्वेच्छेने केस कापताना वा कापवून घेताना दिसत नाहीत. अर्थात काही निरुदयोगी लोक घोड्यांच्या शेपट्या आणि कुत्र्यांचे केस कापतात. पण ते प्राण्यांच्या इच्छेसाठी नव्हे. सिंहाला आयाळ कापून घेताना कधी पाहिल्या का तुम्ही? अर्थात त्याला सिंहीणीनी 'फारच ब्रे टोचतो ही तुमची दाढी' वगैरे शेर दिले की तो सुद्धा निमूटपणे एखाद्या सलूनमध्ये जाऊन

बसेल. किंवा एखाद्या सिंहाला अगदीच 'छावा' बनायचं असेल, तर तो हा उद्योग मोठ्या आवडीने करेल.

केस कापण्याची आणि दाढी 'सफाचट' करण्याची पद्धत फार प्राचीन आहे. अगदी राम-कृष्ण सुद्धा 'फोटो' मध्ये बिनामिशीचे दाखवतात. म्हणजे न्हावी हा प्रकार बराच जुना आहे. न्हावी आणि हजाम यांतला फरक 'केस कापले' आणि हजामत केली' ह्या वाक्यांतल्या फरकाइतका सूक्ष्म पण सुस्पष्ट आहे.

लहानपणी मी एका न्हाव्याकडे केस कापायचो. तुम्ही म्हणाला मग आता काय स्वतः कापतोस ? तसं नाही. आता सलूनमध्ये कापतो म्हणजे केस आणि खिसा एकदम कापले जातात. सलून मधला न्हावी हा न्हावी नव्हेच. तो आपला जुना खिसा कापू असल्यासारखा कापण्याचं काम करतो. आणि न्हावी तो, जो आपली झोपटी घेऊन गावभर आपला पूर्वापार व्यवसाय

चालवतो. माझा लहानपणचा न्हावी असाच. त्याला त्याच्या घराण्याचा जेवढा इतिहास आठवतो त्यावरून त्याचे पूर्वज हाच केस कापण्याचा व्यवसाय करत आले आहेत. त्यामुळे एक सराईतपणा त्याच्या अंगात मुरलाय.

लहानपणी हा आला की मला हाक मारायचा आणि एक स्टूल टाकून मी बसायचो. हा आपली धोपटी उघडायचा. 'क्यों सेठ कैसा है ?' हा त्याचा ठरलेला प्रश्न. वास्तविक मी तेव्हा लहान तरीही हा मला सेठ

म्हणायचा. मग त्याच्या अॅल्युमिनीयमच्या वाटीतलं पाणी माझ्या डोक्यावर थापायचा आणि मग सुरुवात. "वो नया पिक्चर देखा का ? अमिताभ का " ह्याला हो असं मी उत्तर दिलं की हा त्यातली गाणी मला म्हणायला सांगायचा. नाहीतर स्वतः म्हणायचा. तो चुकून न्हावी झाला.



गवईच व्हायचा पण काय करणार ? शेवटी नशीब. काही न विचारता ह्याची टकळी चालूच. त्याने मला वास्तविक हलवा कसा करतात हे शिकवायची काय गरज होती ? पण नाही. काहीतरी असंबद्ध बडबडण्याची स्पर्धा लागली तर ती हाच जिंकून जाईल. राजकारणी लोकांवरही हा सफाईने वस्तरा चालवणार. 'का हरामी लोग है ? हम गरीबन्को मार डालेंगे' म्हणत हा राजकारणात घुसायचा. मध्येच, 'बहुत पतला हो गया तुम ! दूध-बदाम खाओं । एकदम दारासिंग बन जाएगा' असेही सल्ले ऐकायला मिळत. पण ह्या सगळ्या भानगडीत हा केस बरोबर कापायचा. आणि वेळ कसा गेला तेही समजायचं नाही. मग त्याचा तो पारा उडालेला आरसा माझ्यासमोर ठेवून म्हणायचा 'देखो सेठ अभी आप बिलकूल अमिताभ जैसे दिखते हो' वास्तविक अमिताभ केस कापत असेल ह्या गोष्टीवर

माझा विकास नाही. का केस कापलेले अनित्य असं दिसतं असं त्याचं म्हणजे असावं. मग तो त्याची एक अजब पाहण करून लक्षात आणित केस ब्रशने झटकण्या. हा पाहणसत कसलीही सुख किंवा दुःख नसावं. ही कल्पनात पाहण हा झुडून पैदा करायचा कोण जाणे ? मग त्याला पैसे देऊन त्याची बोटवण झालवी. पण सध्या तो माझ्या डोक्याला झकडणीही मालीत करायचा. काय जादू होती त्याच्या हातात कोण जाणे ?

आजकाल सलूनमध्ये केस कापतो. पण त्यात काय ती मजा नाही. हा सलूनवाल्या म्हणजे स्वतःचे केस कापले तर काय होईल ते कळत नाही. महाभारतातल्या (सिरीयल) कृष्णासमवेत यावे खांद्यावरून रुळणारे केस असतात. आणि मिहळकाचे केस कापणवे म्हणजे केस हे आपले शत्रूच समजून ते कसेही कापत सुटतात. घर केस आणि काप. लवकरात लवकर एकेका मिहळकाची हजामत केली कसत होईल हेच ते बघतात. भले त्यांच्या कात्री नव्या असतील. वस्त्रे डेटॉलात बुडवलेले असतील किंवा त्यांचे आरसेही चकचकीत असतील पण त्यांच्या हातात ते कसब नाही जे मी माझ्या लहानपणाच्या न्हाण्याच्या हातात पाहिलं.

अजूनही कधीतरी तो केस मारतो आमच्या गल्लीतून, पण आता पार पिकतय तो. काय काय असेल कोणास ठाऊक ? तरी पंचाहतरव्या आसपास असावं. डोक्याचा चमनगोटा आणि फणसाच्या काट्यासारके मधेमधे उभे रहणारे चंदेरी केस. आता त्याला चप्पा लागलाय. नजर अगदी पत्राशी नंतरही तेज होती पण आता शरीर थकलय. पण हात ऐकत नाहीत. ऐकतील तरी कसे ? आधी पोटाचे ऐकायला हवं ना ? मग हा आपले जुने भैयाछाप जोडे पायात चढवतो आणि उन्हातान्हात धोपटी घेऊन वणवणत फिरतो.

'क्यों सेठ बाल बढ गए है । बनाना है ?' मी म्हटलं चला. ह्याच्या कथा पुन्हा सुरु झाल्या. पण आता त्या अमिताभच्या नव्हत्या. त्या जिंदगीच्या होत्या मी आता लहान नव्हतो त्यामुळे तो मला गाणंही म्हणायला सागत नव्हता. तो आपला त्याचं जीवनविषयक तत्वज्ञान सांगत होता. 'दो बेटे है । किसी कामके नहीं । एक तो साला गुंडा मवाली है । दुसरा अलग रहता है । इस उमरमें हम का करें ? कैसे पेट भरे ।'

खरं होतं त्याचं म्हणणं. त्यानं बिचाऱ्यानं आयुष्यात

कमवून कमवून काय कमवलं असेल ? हातातोंडाची मिळवणी करत ह्याने दिवस काढले आणि या वयात त्याला दगदग कशी झोपणार ? 'अभी ता कैची को धार लगाने का दो रूपया लेता है वो मुसलमान । वस्तरेका ब्लेडभी महंगा हो गया है । साबुन भी देखो.....'

पुढचं मला काही ऐकायला येत नव्हतं पण सारं सारं कळत होतं. तो बोलत होता, पण माझ्या कानांवर ते शब्द पडून वेगळेच अर्थ मनात उमटत होते. पण तेच खरे होते. त्या सान्याचा अर्थ एकच निघत होता, की सलूनवाल्यांमुळे त्याच्या पोटावर पाय आला होता, आणि महागाई ? विचारूच नका !

नेहमीप्रमाणे केस कापून झाल्यावर त्याने मालिश केलं; पण हातात पूर्वीचा जोर नव्हता. कसा असणार ? पण डोक शान्त करण्याची त्याची कला अजून शाबूत होती. मग त्यानं त्याचा तोच जुना आरसा काढला. काही न दिसणाऱ्या त्या आरशात मला माझं 'बाल' पण दिसत होतं. मी 'ठीक है' म्हटलं आणि वीस रुपये त्याच्या हातावर टेकवले. 'छुट्टा नहीं है का ?'

"नहीं रख लो ।"

"अरे अगले बारका भी पैसा देते हो का ?"

क्षणभर तो थांबला आणि भरल्या डोळ्यांनी म्हणाला "भगवान जाने अगली बार हम आएंगे भी या....."

हेमंन्द्र चोणकर

T. E. (C)

एकांतात तुझ्या विचार करताना
माझ्या भावनांना पूर होता
सर्वत्र होती शांतता पण...
त्या शांततेलाही सूर होता.

प्रेमाची परिभाषा

अनंत काळापासून जगात वेगवेगळ्या प्रेमयुगलांच्या अनेक प्रेमकथा प्रचलित आहेत. कुणी यांचे वर्णन गद्यात केले आहे, तर कुणी पद्यात. प्रत्येकाने प्रेमाची परिभाषा वेगवेगळ्या रूपात मांडलेली आहे, पण मूळ भाव एकच आहे. असेच एक आगळे वेगळे काव्य, ज्यात प्रेमाचे वर्णन गद्यात, पद्यात व छंदात न करता, रसायनशास्त्रात केले गेले आहे, ते कसे ते पहा -

तुझ्या आणि म्हणूनच माझ्याही जीवनाची ही Chemistry,
पण तुझी जरा over च Normality,
तुझ्या Pipette चा मोहक बांधा,
चेहऱ्यावर झळकते Methyl Orange चे तेज,
डोळ्यात तुझ्या Copper ची वलय,
केसांना तुझ्या Lead ची झिलई,
कित्येक Apparatus ना तडे गले,
पण नावावर तुझ्या Breakage नाही लगले,
कधी चढत होती Chloroform ची धुंदी,
तर कधी गुलाबी स्वपनांत Phenolphthalein ची सर होती,
माझा Boiling Point Constant होता,
तुझ्या Melting Point चा पत्ताच नव्हता,
पण अखेर Eye Catalyst ने चोख काम केले,
Neutral Heat Active झाले,
प्रेमाची होती Acid Test,
पण बघता बघता C.T. यशस्वी झाली,
आता आपल्या प्रेमाचे मंदीर, छे छे ! Lab बांधू,
जिथे झळकतील Litmus च्या पताका,
अन् रंगीत Powder च्या रंगोळ्या,
Anthracin Picret ची फुलतील Flowers,
तेवतील आपल्या प्रीतीचे Burners,
तू अन् मी बनून Partners,
Complete करूया जीवनाचे Journal !

मनिषा सिंघल
(लेक्चरर ईलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स डिपार्टमेंट)

संपादकीय

“मुश्किलें दिल के इरादे आजमाती हैं, स्वप्न के परदे निगाहों से हटाती हैं, हौसला मत हार गिरकर ओ मुसाफिर, कि ठोकरें इन्सान का चलना सिखाती हैं।”

बस यही पंक्तियाँ याद कर, गत दो वर्षों से शुष्क, इस हिंदी-विभाग को जागृत करने का आरंभ किया था। और फल आपके सामने है।

सरदार पटेल अभियांत्रिकी महाविद्यालय की इस वार्षिक पत्रिका में राष्ट्रभाषा का पुनरागम हम सब के लिए गर्व की बात है।

आजके स्पर्धात्मक दौर में अभियांत्रिकी अभ्यासक्रम में दाखिला लेना और उसके बावजूद एक कवि बने रहना अपने आप में एक सिद्धि है। ऐसे मेरे मित्रों को मेरा हार्दिक अभिनंदन।

यहाँ प्रस्तुत हिंदी-विभाग के गुलदस्ते में भिन्न-भिन्न विषय रचनाएँ सजायी गई हैं। उनमें ‘अकल की बातें’, और ‘लोकल यात्रा’ निर्दोष हास्य निबंध है, जब कि ‘स्वर्ग में Traffic Jam’ लोगों में प्रसरित धर्माधिता पर व्यंग्य है। कविताओं में, ‘हिंदी प्रेमी’, ‘वक्त’, ‘मेरा भारत महान’, ‘मेरा जीवन’, अपने शीर्षकानुसार योग्य संदेश व सीख देती हैं। और अंत में ‘ऐ मेरी महोब्बा S.P.C.E.’ इस महाविद्यालय के हर एक विद्यार्थी के दिल को छू जाती है।

अंत में यही स्वाहिश के साथ अपना संपादकीय समाप्त करना चाहूँगा कि ‘दिशा’-९७ जब कोई संपादक इस विभाग के लिए संपादकीय लिखे तो उसकी पहली दो पंक्तियाँ यही हों,

“हम तो अकेले चल पड़े थे अपनी मंझिल की ओर,
लोग मिलते गए और कारवाँ बढ़ता गया।”

हीरेन कक्कर

अस. ई. (इलेक्ट्रिक)

कुछ पंक्तियाँ

जम न जाए बदन तेरा, तेरी ही सर्द आहों से,
मर न जाए हम कहीं, तेरी कातिल निगाहों से ।
नजरों से बड़ा और क्या नजराना होगा,
दिल से बड़ा और कौन सा खजाना होगा ।
मोहब्बत से बड़ा और कौन सा तराना होगा,
और तुमसे बड़ा कौन सा निशाना होगा ॥

मुझे तेरे प्यार में क्या न मिला ।
आँसू के साथ गम का फसाना भी मिला ।
देखने को तो बेदरद जमाना है मिला ।
खेलने को यादों का खिलौना भी मिला ।

दूर से ही देखे, आकर कभी न बात करें ।
मुस्करा कर, हमारा जीना वो दुश्वार करें ।
बस, हम आँखों ही आँखों में कैसे प्यार करें ?
ऐसे कब तक कोई किसी का इन्तजार करें ?

आती है सुबह, लेके गम का पैगाम ।
जाम छूने से पहले हो जाती है शाम ।
न दिन को चैन, न रात को आराम ।
गुजर रही है जिन्दगी लेके उनका नाम ।

अज्ञात

ख्याहिश

ना मैं दिल की किताब हूँ,
ना मैं मौत की सच्चाई,

मैं ख्याहिश हूँ,
मेरा कोई अंत नहीं ।
मेरी गहराई कोई सोच नहीं सकता ।

क्या दुनिया बड़ी है ?
मुझे ज़िदगी छोटी लगती है ।

मैं भगवान हूँ,
मैं कुछ भी करवा सकता हूँ ।

मुझे मत मारो,
मेरा अंत भी एक न पूरी होने वाली ख्याहिश है ।

सौरभ सिन्हा
(एफ. ई. इलेक्ट्रिकल)



लोकल - यात्रा

नमस्कार! रहस्य-रोमांच से भरपूर, मुंबईया लोकल ट्रेन की यात्रा में आपका स्वागत है। यात्रियों की सुविधा के लिए विविध प्रकार की लोकल ट्रेन सेवाएँ उपलब्ध हैं। गठियाके रोगियों के लिए बेस्टर्न लाइन की लोकल ट्रेनें फायदे मंद हैं जिनकी भीड़ में टब-पिस कर रोगियों की हड्डी-पसली की मरिदा हो जाती है। बीसवीं सदी में बैलागाड़ी की रफ्तार का जायका चखने के इच्छुक लोग हार्बर लाइन की लोकल ट्रेनों में यात्रा करें। और गड्ढोंसे भरे चंद्रमाल पर मास्ति कार चलने पर कैसे धक्के लगने यह जानने के उत्सुक लोग बिना चॉंद पर जाए, बम्बई की सेंट्रल लाइन की लोकल ट्रेनों ही यात्रा कर यह अनुभव प्राप्त कर सकते हैं।

फिल हाल आप जिस ट्रेन की प्रतीक्षा कर रहे हैं वह पश्चिम रेल्वे की तेज लोकल है और कुछ खास स्टेशनों पर नहीं ठहरेगी। वह इन स्टेशनों के बाहर सिग्नल पर ठहरेगी। यात्रा के रोमांच का लुत्फ तो आप बाद में उठाएँ अभी तो इस रहस्य का मजा लीजिए कि ट्रेन आएगी कब? रहस्य को दुगुना करती है प्लेट फॉर्म पर लगे उद्घोषणा यंत्र से उभरती उद्घोषिका की आवाज जो बेहद रहस्यमय अंदाज में धीरे से कहती है "कृपया ध्यान दीजिये"। और जब आप ध्यान देकर सुनने लगते हैं कि अब शायद आपके गाड़ी के आगमन के बारे में कोई महत्वपूर्ण सूचना मिले तो गंभीरता पूर्वक आपको बताती है कि ट्रेन में दरवाजे पर सामान मत रखिए, इससे उतरने-चढ़ने वालों को परेशानी होती है।

लीजिए, ट्रेन आ रही है। तैयार हो जाइए एक रेकार्ड बनाने वाली टीम में शामिल होने के लिए। यह रेकार्ड होगा १७६ यात्रियों की क्षमता वाले डिब्बे में ६७१ यात्रियों के समा जाने का। जैसा कि आप जानते हैं, किसी भी प्रकार का रेकार्ड बनाना बड़ी

मेहनत-मशक्कत का काम होता है, अतः इस में भी थोड़ी कसरत करनी पड़ेगी। हो सकता है, आपकी शर्ट का एक-आध बटन टूट जाए, पसलियों में दो-चार कुहनियों गड़ जाएँ, लेकिन ऐसी ही स्थितियों को तो ध्यान में रख कर कहा गया है कि "गिरते हैं शाहसवार ही मैदाने जंग में, वो तिफल क्या गिरेगा जो घूटनों के बल चले।"

आ गए आप अंदर? बढ़िया। अब हमारी यात्रा का सनसनीखेज दौर शुरू होता है। इस दौरान आपके पैरों में लगातार खड़े रहने के कारण सनसनी महसूस होगी। यदि दूसरे पैर से खुजालने के बावजूद सनसनी न मिटे तो समझ जाइए कि आप अपने पैर के बजाए बाजू वाले का पैर खुजला रहे हैं।

यात्रा के अंतिम चरण में आपको "उड़ान सेवा" की निःशुल्क सुविधा मिलेगी। करना सिर्फ इतना होगा कि स्टेशन आनेसे पूर्व दरवाजे के समीप भीड़ में जगह बना लें। आँखें मुँद लीजिएँ। आँखें खोलेंगे ता पाएँ गे बिना हाथ-पाँव डुलाए ही आप भीड़ के रेले के साथ तिरते हुए प्लेट फार्म पर आ पहुँचे हैं। गिर पड़े? कोई बात नहीं। अभ्यास से सीख जाएंगे - "गिरत-गिरत अभ्यास से, जड़मति होत पहलवान।"

उम्मीद है आपको यात्रा पसंद आयी होगी और आगे भी उपनगरीय रेल्वे को सेवा का मौका देते रहेंगे।

धन्यवाद।

मनीष दुबे

अफ. ई. (मिकैनिकल)



“एक गीत”

जब नजरो से नजरे मिलाते हैं,
फिर हमें देख करीब, क्यों चले जाते हैं ।

कहूँ मैं इसे नफरत या प्यार,
नहीं हूँ मैं इस पार न उस पार ।

जब जब हम उनके करीब आए,
क्यों रहते हैं हमसे वे घबराए ।

क्यों रहते हैं वे हमसे डरे डरे,
जब नहीं हम उनसे, न वे हमसे परे ।

जब दिल हमारा है उनके लिए बेताब,
क्या पता देंगे प्यार से हमारे दिल का जवाब ।

मिल जाए हमें वो कभी अकेले में,
तो बता दे नहीं मजा है इस कदर जीने में ।

उन्ही की बदौलत हो गया है जीना हमारा दुभर,
मन टूँडता है उन्हें कभी इधर तो कभी उधर ।

छाई रहती है मन में हरदम उनकी तसवीर,
उनके रूठ जानेपर रूठ जायेगी मेरी तकदीर,

न जाने कौन सी घड़ी में होगा मधुर मिलन,
दिल हो जाएगा उनका, देंगे बधाई धरती और गगन ।

हीरेन कक्कड

अस. ई. (इलेक्ट्रिकल)

“मेरा भारत महान”

यह हकीकत है इसे गीत न समझना ।

ऐ मेरे दोस्तों इसे मुसीबत न समझना ॥

कहते हैं सब मेरा भारत महान ।

करते कुछ नहीं जिससे हो भारत का नाम ॥

सबको मतलब है अपने आप से ।

क्या लेना है किसी को किसी के नाम से ॥

भूखे मर जाते हम अगर न होता किसान ।

मौत हमें निगल जाती अगर न होता जवान ॥

फिर भी इन सच्चे सेवकों की जिंदगी विरान ।

इस पर भी कहते हो मेरा भारत महान ॥

जात पातकी छोड़ दो झूठी शान ।

सभी भारतियों को समझो एक समान ॥

समझो पहले इन्सान को इन्सान ।

उसके बाद कहो मेरा भारत महान ॥

कामयाबी हासिल होगी हम नौजवानों से ।

दूर करेंगे परेशानी को हम समाधानों से ॥

होगी शान दुनिया में, होगा तिरंगे का मान ।

तब जाकर कहीं कहलायेगा हमारा भारत महान ॥

हंसराज कोरी

अस. ई. (मिकैनिकल)

अकल की बातें

अकल क्या होती है? यह तो मालुम नहीं पर होती बड़ी गड़बड़वाली चीज। जिसे कहते हैं अकलमंद वास्तव में उसकी अकल, मंद होती ही नहीं। अकल होती कहाँ है, यह भी शोध का विषय है। खयाल किया जाता है कि अधिकांश के सिर में अकल होती है, लेकिन कुछ लोगों की अकल घूटनों में होने का शक किया जाता है।

जिस भी स्थान पर हो, मानव - शरीर देखते हुए इसका आकार - प्रकार ज्यादा बड़ा होने की संभावना नहीं लगती। फिर भी, 'तुर्फी पहले या अंडा' की तरह प्रश्न भी जमाने से लोगों को उलझन में डालता आ रहा है कि अकल बड़ी या मैंस? अकल का आकार भले ही विवादस्पद हो, कहा जा सकता है कि उसका प्रकार निश्चित हो मैंस के खानदान से मिलता-जुलता होगा। तभी तो पूछा जाता है 'अकल घास चरने गयी है क्या?' इससे यह भी साबित होता है कि अकल में इधर - उधर जाने की

क्षमता होती है। और जब वह ज्यादा इधर-उधर हो जाए तो उसे ठिकाने लगा देने की धमकियाँ मिलती हैं।

ये अकल जाती कहाँ है? शायद काम पर। इसलिए तो कुछ लिखनेवाले लिख नहीं पाने पर शिकायत करते घूमते हैं कि "क्या करूँ, अकल ही काम नहीं कर रहा।" शायद ऐसे लोगों की अकल पर पत्थर पड़ गये होते हैं।

वैसे अकल है काफी काम की चीज। खास कर परीक्षा में विद्यार्थियों के बहुत काम आती है क्योंकि नकल में भी अकल की जरूरत होती है। कुछ लोग अकल के दुश्मन होते हैं। ऐसे लोग अक्सर अकल के पीछे लट्ट लेकर पड़े रहते हैं।

अकलमंदी की ये बातें जिनकी समझ में न आएँ, समझिए उनकी अकल हवा हो चुकी है।

मनीष दुबे

अफ. ई. (मिकैनिक्ल)

"हिंदी प्रेमी"

एक हिंदी प्रेमी नवबुवक
कल हमारे शहर में आया,
मंच पर चढ़कर
जोरदार शब्दों में चिल्लाया
" 'लेडीज एन्ड जैन्टिलमैन'
'इन्डिया' हमारी 'कन्ट्री'
और हम इन्डिया के 'सिटीजन' हैं।
हिंदी बोलना हमारी 'ड्यूटी' है।"
(इसलिए हिंदी की किस्मत ही फूटी है।)
"आज की 'यंग जनरेशन'
'क्वेनेवर माऊथ' खोलती है,
'ओन्ली एन्ड ओन्ली'

इंगलिश ही बोलती है।
'परसन' की 'एबीलीटी' को
इंगलिश में तोलती है।
हमें हिंदी को
'वर्ल्ड-वाइड' फैलाना है,
'धेन' मेरे और भारत माता के
'ड्रीम्स' होंगे सच,
'थैंक्यू, वेरी मच'।"

सुनिल तिवारी

अस. ई. (इलेक्ट्रिकल)

स्वर्ग में Traffic Jam

यह कहानी सत्य घटनाओं पर आधारित है। लक्ष्य था स्वर्ग की Roadway और Traffic Sense का निरीक्षण करना। यह कहानी उन माइनों के प्रति श्रद्धांजलि है जो घटना और दुर्घटना स्थल के बीच पिसकर मारे गये। जानवरों से निवेदन है की इनकी आत्माओं की शांति के लिये प्रार्थना करें।

सुबह के ६.३० बजे थे। श्री राम अपनी मारुती में अनेक भक्तों के साथ आ रहे थे। पवन पुत्र हनुमान और उनकी वानर टोली नजर नहीं आ रहे थे। रोज रोज के ढोंग की Patience खो चुके थे।
(ना आदमी थे ना भगवान)

उधर मुहम्मद अपने नये नये बने भक्तों के साथ Overtime करने के बाद अपनी उँट नुमा Fiat में, अपने ही बनाए गये धर्म की कट्टरता से त्रस्त, 15 Days की भूख के मारे घर लौट रहे थे।

दोनों ही गाड़ियाँ तेज़ी से एक ही चौराहे की ओर जा रही थीं। चारों दिशाओं में मुखवाले Traffic Incharge ब्रह्माजी शायद सो गये थे, क्योंकि जैसे Churchgate और V. T. की ट्रेन कभी एक ट्रक पर नहीं आ सकती वैसे ही हिन्दू और मुसलमान एक साथ कैसे चल सकते थे। परन्तु सृष्टि रचेता विश्वकर्मा यह सब देख रहे थे उन्होंने Immediately अपने पेजर से ब्रह्माजी को जगाया। Situation की नजाकत को देखकर चार सिर, आठ आँखें और आठ हाथ वाले

ट्रेफिक इनचार्ज भी बेबस नजर आने लगे। युनाइटेड गॉड्स ऑर्गेनाइझेशन (UGO) को भी नहीं बुला सकते थे क्योंकि शायद वह भी (UNO) की तरह आग में घी डालने के काम में माहिर थी।

खैर लाचार ब्रह्माजी ने वही किया जो युगों से चला आ रहा है। एक कमिटी बैठाई गयी जो Problem की गहराई में जाती और उसका हल निकालती। मजे की बात यह है कि अभी कुछ भी नहीं हुआ था।

तभी उस चौराहे पर दोनों सेनाओं का आमना सामना हुआ। हर कोई अपनी अपनी गाड़ी पहले ले जाने की जिद कर

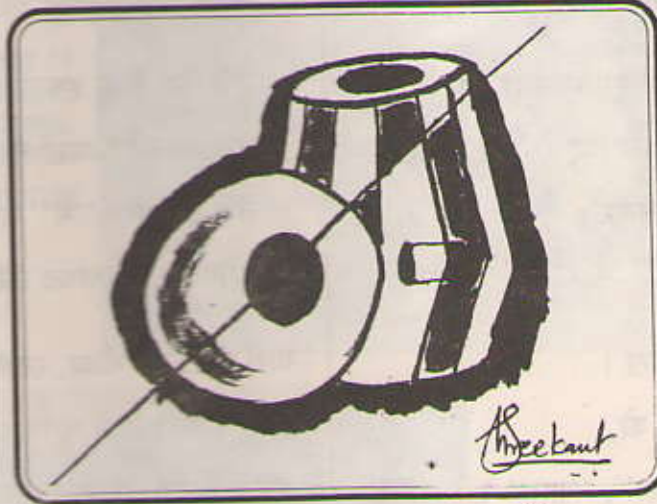
रहा था। चारों तरफ सब बोल रहे थे। अपनी अपनी भाषा के शब्द कोश में न मिलनेवाले शब्दों का प्रयोग हुआ (गालियाँ)। दोनो लीडरों की तू-तू मैं-मैं में धर्म घास चरने चला गया।

तभी एक पत्थर कही से Mercedes का काँच तोड़कर चला गया। मौके की नजाकत को देख, सब लोगों ने बहती गंगा में हाथ तो दूर, संपूर्ण स्नान कर लिया। जब कुछ नहीं बचा तो दोनो दलों के सदस्य अपने अपने घर लौट गये।

Mercedes और Fiat का ढाँचा तहसनहस हो गया था। हम सोचते रह गये यहाँ जब ये हाल है तो नीचे क्या हो रहा होगा।

सौरभ सिन्हा

अफ. ई. (इलेक्ट्रिकल)



“वक्त”

जमाने को है यह वक्त की मार,
कहाँ गई वह प्यार की धार
जो थी सबकी तारण हार
जो देती थी सबको सुख चैन और प्यार ।

आज नहीं किसी हिंदू को मुसलमान से प्यार,
और न किसी मुसलमान को हिंदू से प्यार,
बस उनके हाथों में है तलवार ।

क्या बच्चों को यही दोगे सीख,
जो कल माँगेंगे सुख चैन की भीख ।
‘मुलतानी’ समझा दे इस नादान को,
जिसे बढ़ाया था “लाल”, “बाल”, “पाल” ने,
और हमारे प्यारे ‘जवाहरलाल’ ने ।
कभी दिए थे अच्छे आदर्श ‘महात्मा गांधी’ ने
क्या ठोकर मार दी उन आदर्श को तनाव की आँधी ने ?

अब भी वक्त है संभल जा ओ मेरे यार,
समझ ले इस ‘वक्त’ की पुकार को,
वरना याद करेगा जमाना वक्त की मार को ।

अझीझ मुलतानी
अफ. ई. (सिक्लिल)

ऐ मेरी मोहब्बत - S. P. C. E.

तुझसे, तेरी अदाओं से तेरी वफाओं से मुझको है प्यार,
मेरे ख्वाबों-खयालों में है तू, तेरी तसवीर तेरी हर एक दरो-दीवार,
तेरे ज़र्रे - ज़र्रे में महक है गुलशन की,
तुझसे कोई बात छिपी नहीं है मेरे मन की ।

तेरी रोशनी ने हमको एक नया रास्ता दिखलाया,
तेरी मस्त फिज़ाओं ने हमको ‘जीना’ सिखलाया,
तेरी अदाओं में “मैं” का नशा, यार की आँखों की मस्ती है,
इसलिए तो शायद तेरी हस्ती में ही हमारी हस्ती है ।

यारों ने खंजर भोंका, जहाँ ने मुँह मोड़ा,
पर तूने कभी दिल न तोड़ा कभी साथ न छोड़ा,
अपनी मायूसी में हुआ जब-जब तुझसे फरामोश,
जीने के लिए तब-तब नया सबब मिला, दिल में पैदा हुआ नया
जोश ।

कल तुझे छोड़ना होगा, जाना होगा तुझसे दूर,
दिल तो भर आएगा, पर दर्द ही तो है प्यार का दस्तूर,
मगर चाहे तुझसे कितना भी दूर चला जाऊँगा,
तुझे हमेशा अपने करीब, अपने दिल में पाऊँगा,
ऐ S.P.C.E., पता नहीं तेरा कर्ज कैसे मैं चुकाऊँगा ?

मल्लिकखान कोटाडिया
बी. ई. (मिकैनिकल)



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ARTIST : SHRI. PENDSE.

Lord Chandrasekhar Temple
Bhavan's College Campus, Andheri.