

An aerial photograph of a winding river, likely the Godavari, flowing through a lush, green landscape. The river is the central focus, curving from the top left towards the bottom right. The surrounding land is covered in dense vegetation, with some rocky outcrops visible. In the background, there are mountains under a bright sky with scattered clouds. The overall scene is vibrant and scenic.

Reflections

2001-2002

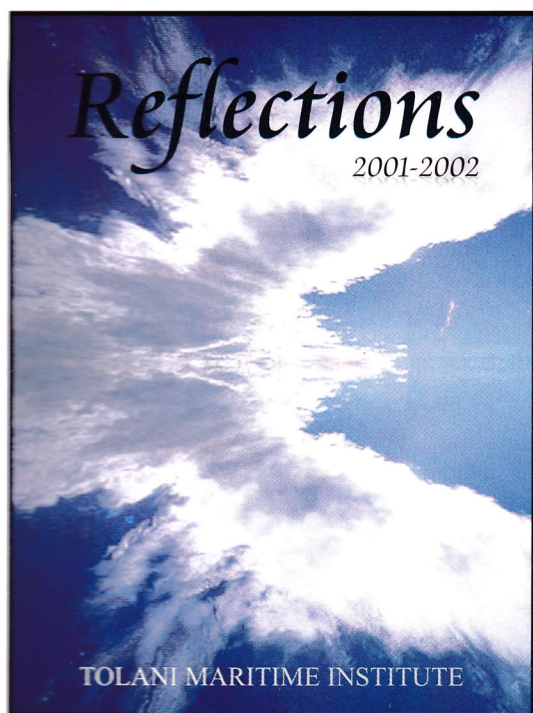
TOLANI MARITIME INSTITUTE



Congratulations Dr. Tolani!

Sri. Ved Prakash Goyal, Union Minister of Shipping presenting the Varuna Award to Dr. Tolani. Also seen in the picture is Vice. Adm. V Pasricha, F.O.CINCWEST

About The Cover



Cover Design:

Cdt. Debasis Pradhan

Cdt. Deepak Kumar Anand

Cdt. Abhijeet Singh

Cdt. Saurabh Suranglikar

Cdt. Tejinder Singh Bajaj

Dove In Flight

This picture was chosen for the cover of this issue for several reasons, not the least among them being its sheer beauty. It is essentially a reflection of clouds in calm, deep waters and the picture itself is quite breathtaking. The sheer size of such an apparition is captivating enough to hold one spellbound, and we cannot help envying the photographer.

The one thing that fascinated all of us was that it meant so many different things to so many different people. When different people were shown this photograph and asked what they thought of it, the responses varied from the normal to the amazingly imaginative. While some people saw it as clouds reflected in water, others simply saw it as a beautiful picture and felt that it was symbolic of the very name of the magazine - "Reflections".

Then came the really imaginative responses - perspectives that we hadn't thought of ourselves. Some respondents to the query felt that because it showed "a bird flying", it represented the flight of their own thoughts, their dreams, and their aspirations. Some others said that to them, it represented a bird moving forward at great velocity, akin to our own lives.

Yet others saw it as a dove in flight, a symbol of peace and brotherhood among all beings. This was the perspective that really caught our fancy and that is why the picture eventually came to be referred amongst ourselves not as the "Cover" or the "Picture" but as "The Dove".

We are aware that it may mean still different things to still more people, and it would be unfair to impose our own views on them.

"Dove In Flight" or "What You Will".

A Message from Dr. N. P. Tolani

Chairman, Tolani Group of Companies



I am delighted to know that the students of the Tolani Maritime Institute are releasing the third issue of the Institute magazine "Reflections".

In today's fast changing and competitive environment, the all round development of our students is imperative to achieve greater professionalism not only for themselves but also for the continued worldwide acceptance of Indian seafarers. Towards this end the annual magazine provides an excellent opportunity for students to display their creative talent and enhance their skills.

The Institute has come a long way since its inception about 4 years ago and has already commenced making its mark in the shipping world. I am sure that our students, members of the faculty and staff will put in their best in the years to come to reach our goal of providing quality marine engineers for international shipping and bring greater glory to the Institute.

I wish the magazine all the very best.

Dr. N. P. Tolani

From the Principal's Desk



On the occasion of the release of the third issue of our annual magazine I congratulate the editorial team and the contributors.

It is an ideal opportunity for me to appreciate and praise all those whose participation and acumen have helped us carve a niche in the competitive world of maritime education.

As the kaleidoscope of time turned yet another year, it has left us more confident and experienced. We, however, cannot sit back on our laurels and must continue the good work to maintain our high standards.

The first batch would be graduating soon and they would be ready to face the tough grind. I wish them calm seas and fair winds.

Let us all continue our work in achieving our goal of making this an exclusive institution. May REFLECTIONS continue to reflect not just our hopes and aspirations but also the triumph of our achievements!

Once again wishing the magazine all the best,

Brijendra K. Saxena

*Principal
Tolani Maritime Institute*

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Brijendra K. Saxena

*Principal
Tolani Maritime Institute*

A word from the Editorial Board



We at the Editorial Board would like to point out what a pleasure it has been to be able to work on a project such as this. It has been effortless at some times and tedious at others. But above all, it has been a wonderful learning experience for all of us. It is our hope and endeavour that you enjoy reading this magazine as much as we enjoyed putting it together for you.

We would also like to take this opportunity to express our gratitude to all those who have directly or indirectly contributed to the compilation of this issue of the magazine. Valuable assistance came from all quarters, and the all the people involved are too numerous to mention here. We must in particular thank members of the faculty for providing vital guidance and support without which this issue of the magazine would not have been possible.

Cdt. Aseem Nanda

Cdt. Tyrone Vaz

Cdt. Jimmy Jose Puddussery

Cdt. Mohit Mehra

Cdt. Kuldeep Mishra

Cdt. Ankita Srivastava

Cdt. Tushar Mudgal

Cdt. Sandeep Guglani

Cdt. Debasis Pradhan

Cdt. Deepak Kumar Anand

Cdt. Abhijeet Singh

Cdt. Manuj Chaudhari

Cdt. Tejinder Singh Bajaj

Cdt. Saurabh Suranglikar

Cdt. Alphius N. Fernandes

Cdt. Pallab Sarkar

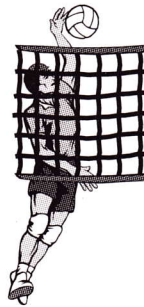
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The Institute Teams

VOLLEYBALL

Cdt. Ranjeet Singh
 Cdt. Siddharth Asokan
 Cdt. Shailendra Agarwala
 Cdt. Sanju Sashidharan
 Cdt. Jigar Shah
 Cdt. L.H..Arun Krishnan
 Cdt. Manish Parmar
 Cdt. Nikhil Chandok
 Cdt. Priyam Venkatakrishna
 Cdt. Shankar S.G
 Cdt. J. Vijay Krishna
 Cdt. Rahul Roy



FOOTBALL

Cdt. Don D' Mello
 Cdt. Vikas Luthra
 Cdt. Pushpendra S. Rathore
 Cdt. Suvro Saha
 Cdt. Shayantan Tarafdar
 Cdt. Vikram S. Thakuri
 Cdt. Somenath Moitra
 Cdt. Ryan Fernandez
 Cdt. Rohit Hadkar
 Cdt. Taksh Sood
 Cdt. Tushar Mudgal
 Cdt. Sanjay Mohapatra

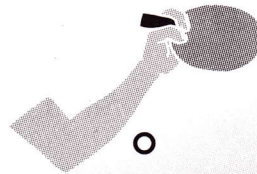
BASKETBALL

Cdt. Priyank Gupta
 Cdt. Pranay K. Jaiswal
 Cdt. Akshay Kumar
 Cdt. Shailesh Pundir
 Cdt. Parth Panwalkar
 Cdt. Shival Sapre
 Cdt. Prashant Prakash
 Cdt. Hartej Singh
 Cdt. Himanshu Maheshwari
 Cdt. Parag Kansal
 Cdt. Saurabh Suranglikar



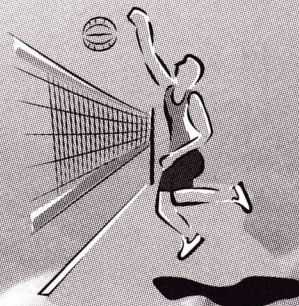
TABLE TENNIS

Cdt. Soumya Dutta
 Cdt. Sanket Koka
 Cdt. Sanket Kalbhor
 Cdt. Vikrant Patil
 Cdt. Mohit Kshatriya
 Cdt. V. V. N. Moudgalaya
 Cdt. Siddarth Kandwal



BADMINTON

Cdt. Anupam Mittal
 Cdt. S. Saminathan



LAWN TENNIS

Cdt. Ankur Dhawan
 Cdt. Akhil Dhavan
 Cdt. Aniruddh Bisht
 Cdt. Vikrant Patil
 Cdt. Arshdeep Singh
 Cdt. Aditya Puri

Our Honoured Guests

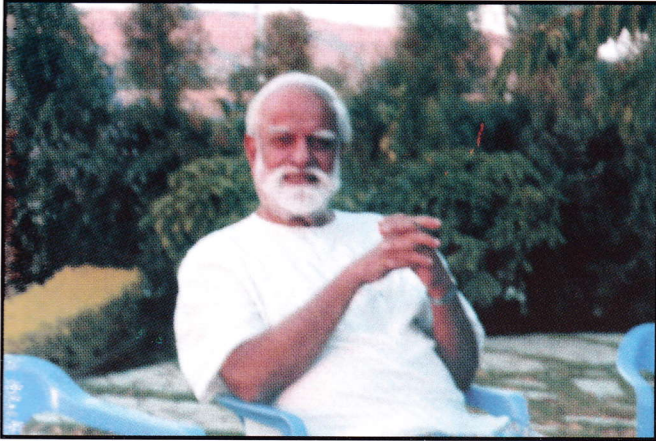
8-Apr.-01	Mr. M.P. Pinto Mr. D.T. Joseph Captain J.C. Anand Mr. B. K. Biswas Captain M. M. Saggi Mr. A. Chatterjee Captain Sudhir Kumar Mr. S. Kumar Cdr. Rajiv Gupta Mr. Sudhir Kumar Mr. P. Govindrajan Mr. Kumares Datta Mr. D K Afzalpurkar Ms. Asha Vasant Sheth Mr. S. K. Aneja Mr. Jaswant Singh Mr. B. K. Saha Captain M. Baweja Mr. Dipak Raut Mr. Vilas Salunkhe Vice Admiral M. P. Awati (Retd.) Ms. Leela Poonawala Mr. Ajay Achutan Mr. Govind Shahani Dr. Aspi Doctor Mr. S. Hajara Cmde. C. M. Belliappa Mr. A.K.Nigam Mr. A.M. Raizada Mr. O. P. Kapur Col. T.D. Tamhane(Retd) Mr. Vijay Handa Mr.M.V. Nataekar Mr. Kamal Kumar Captain S. Nagia Captain Kamal Chadha Captain D.J. Masurekar Mr.B.Ganguly	Secretary Shipping, Govt of India Director General of Shipping Chairman, Indian Register Of Shipping Chief Surveyor, DGS PO, MMD, Mumbai PO, MMD, Calcutta Dy. Nautical Advisor Principal Surveyor, IRS ADG Shipping, DGS Dy. Chief Surveyor, DGS Vice President, Essar Shipping C.E.O. Mitsui O.S.K. Lines Great Eastern Group Institute of Marine Engineers Diesel Power Engineering Former. D.G. Shipping Captain Supdt. TS Chanakya Aarnav Shipping MD, Barber Ship Management Principal, MASSA Academy Principal, Jai Hind College, Mumbai Principal, Tolani College of Commerce Director, SCI Ltd CO, INS Shivaji, Lonavala Conservator of Forests, Pune Circle Lloyds Register of Shipping Secretary, FOSMA GM, SCI Material Associates Pune DNV, Mumbai Sailor Today MAREX Bulletin Secy, IOMOU Secretariat, Goa
1-May-01	Mr. Robert W. Allen Castrol Marine	
6-June-01	Captain N. Dhingra KC Maritime	
15-June-01	Mr. S. Menghani KC Maritime	

	Mr. Sanjay Shesh	Fleet Management Ltd
22-June-01	Captain Deepak Laud	Barber Ship Management
22-June-01	Captain Easow Thomas	Bergesen (I) Ltd
06-July-01	Mr. Shrikant Bhat	Great Eastern Shipping
06-July-01	Captain V.A. Correa	Great Eastern Shipping
07-July-01	Mr. K. Shankar	Chief Executive Sanmar. Shipping Ltd Chennai
01-Aug.-01	Mr. Philip C. Menere	MCA, HQ, Southampton
14-Aug.-01	Prof. L.N. Verma	Training for Trainers Course
20-Aug.-01	Mr. Pooran P. Chugani	Training for Trainers Course
27-Aug.-01	Mr. S.M. Mukherjee	Principal, OMECI, Mumbai
10-Sept.-01	Mr. Sunil Kumar Madan	Siemens (I)
04-Oct.-01	Captain Raman K. Mehra	Elan Maritime Consultants
10-Oct.-01	Captain Raman Harish	Chellaram Shipping
20-Oct.-01	Mr. A.J. Bevan	Fuel & Marine Marketing, London
22-Oct.-01	Prof. V.S. Rao	Dy. Director, BITS, Pilani
27-Oct.-01	Mr. Kees Krot	Wijsmuller Engineering BV, Holland
28-Nov.-01	Captain S. Nadampalli, IN	INS Shivaji, Lonavala
07-Dec.-01	Mr. R. H. B. Rikken	Technical Director, Vroon BV, Holland
24-Dec.-01	Vice Admiral MP Awati (Retd.)	
18-Jan.-02	Mr. Pavan Kapoor	Head, IMTC, Mumbai
20-Jan.-02	Ms. Y.U. Hongrong	Shanghai Maritime University, China
	Mr. Li Nong	Qingdas Ocean Shipping Mariner College, China
	Mr. Xue Jing	Shanghai Maritime University, China
31-Jan.-02	Mr. B. Udhad	Minister of Ports, Gujarat with GMB Team
07-Mar.-02	Sir C. P. Srivastava	Chairman, TMI Governing Council
11-Mar.-02	Mr. Mark Pendlebury	FAMM (Chevron Texaco Group)
11-Mar.-02	Mr. R.C. Bansal	FAMM
02-Apr.-02	Mr. K. S. Rajvanshy	M.D. Fleet Management Ltd. HongKong

Visit of Vice Admiral M. P. Awati PVSM, Vr.C (Retd.)

December 22nd, 2001

The Tolani Maritime Institute has started a system of 'Visitors' to observe the system & functioning of the Institute so that their advice would enable us to achieve continuous improvement in our standards. Vice Admiral M. P. Awati, was the first 'Visitor' to the Institute.



◀ *Vice Admiral Awati in the lush green surroundings of the Institute*

The Jewish Bottle Dancers at the cultural programme in honour of Admiral Awati ▶



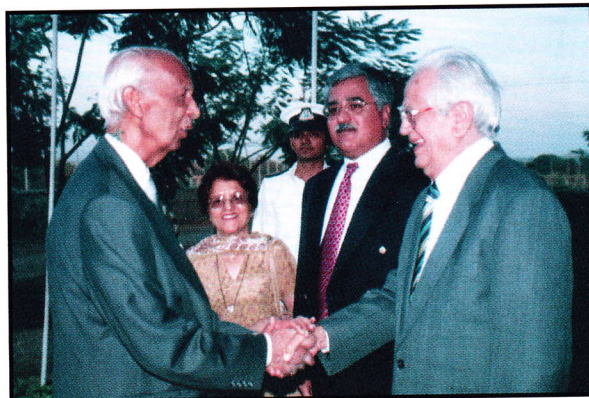
◀ *A scene from "The Pie and the Tart"*



Unity in diversity- India comes together on stage ▶



Visit of Dr. C. P. Srivastava, KCMG
Secretary General Emeritus, International Maritime Organisation, London
Chancellor, World Maritime University, Sweden
Chairman, Governing Council, Tolani Maritime Institute



"So we were right!" - A meeting of the Titans.

A Summary of Dr. C. P. Srivastava's address , March 7th, 2002

Dear Dr. & Mrs. N. P. Tolani, Mr. Rohet Tolani, Principal Saxena, Faculty members & Dear Cadets,

It gives me great pleasure to be amongst you all today in your beautiful campus which has come up so well in a very short time. I am happy to inform you that Dr. Tolani has been awarded a very prestigious "Varuna Award" for his immense contribution to shipping & maritime education in this country. This institute has come up because of the vision, foresight & meticulous planning of Dr. Tolani, who has literally carved this place out of nothing.

I would also like to bring to notice the tremendous contribution & commitment of Mr. Rohet Tolani, who gave able direction to the project when ever Dr. Tolani was away and is also actively involved now in the development of the Institute and shares the vision of his illustrious father. I must confess that I have seen many maritime training centers around the world, but I can assure the cadets that TMI undoubtedly is of international standards & amongst the best. So, you should be proud of this fact & are indeed privileged to be here in such beautiful surroundings. I urge the cadets to always uphold the honour of the institute & our country where ever you go, as you will be sailing to all parts of the world. You should always be loyal to the Alma Mater by living upto the standards that TMI has laid down. Remember that when you go out in to the world, you stand to represent your Institute & your country.

*In step with the
younger generation ▼*

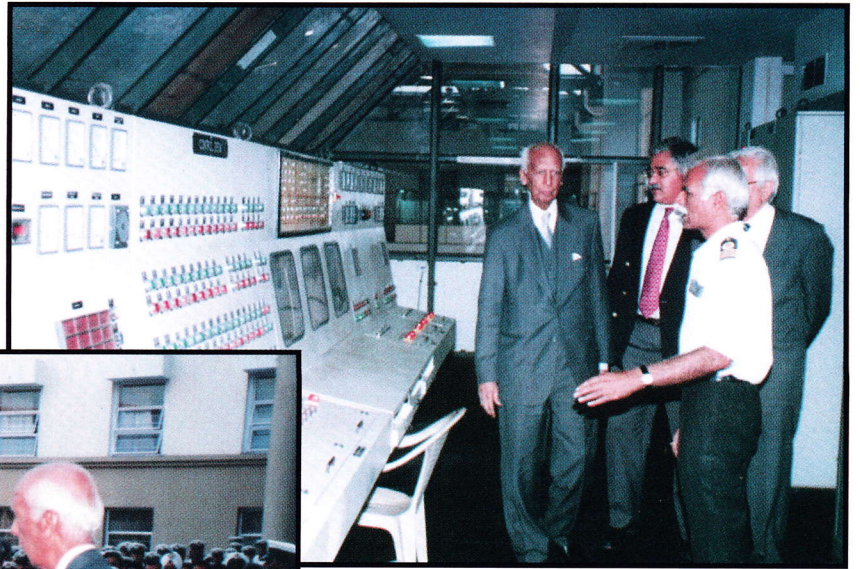


*▼ The Governing Council
debating future visions*



Visit of Dr. C. P. Srivastava, KCMG

At the helm of affairs of the boiler ▶



◀ *Words of wisdom for the younger generation*

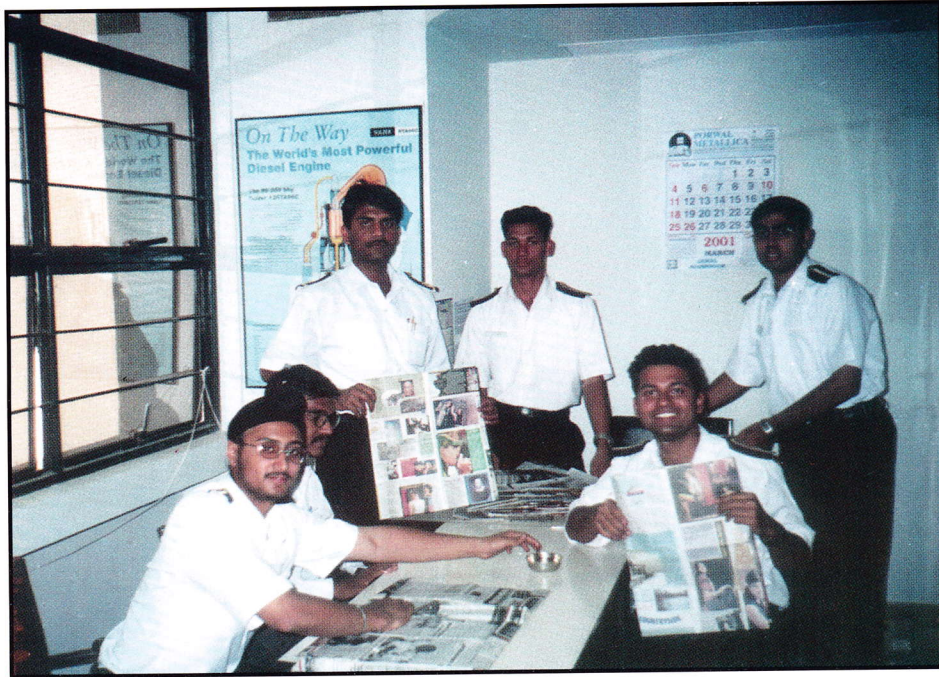


A scholarly shake! ▶



◀ *Three cheers for Dr. C. P. Srivastava*

The Paper Bags Project



Recognising the menace to the environment due to excessive use of non biodegradable plastic bags, the cadets of Tolani House took it upon themselves to provide environmentally friendly option in Paper Bags made out of news print. The project was completed under the able guidance of Mr. N. D. Junnarkar, Mr. S. T. Chawle and Mr. K. A. Mehendale



The Chief sez...

Mr. Mukund Jogalekar, (MJ), is a Chief Engineer with Varun Shipping. He was in TMI lately to deliver a series of lectures as part of the curriculum to the third year.

Mr. I K Basu, (IKB), also a Chief Engineer, is a senior faculty member with the Marine Engineering Department of the Institute

We, the members of the **Editorial Board (EB)** decided to speak to both of them about their experiences at sea and their advice to budding marine engineers.

Read on as we share with you the knowledge that we have gleaned from them and yes - be sure to pay heed to their advice!

EB: Sir, to begin with, please tell us about your schooling and higher education.

MJ: For my schooling, I was at the Mayo College, Ajmer and then I did a four-year course at the DMET, ('73 to '77). After that I went out to sea and in 1994-95, I obtained my B.Tech. in Marine Engineering, in Australia. I was at Launceston in Australia. I passed my Class I Exam in December '82 and I have been a Chief Engineer from November '85 to date.

IKB: I studied in Calcutta at the Scottish Church School. According to the pattern of education at that time, you only studied till the 11th standard and not the 12th as you people do now. I passed Class 11 in 1963

EB: What made you join this line of work?

MJ: No particular reasons as such; a couple of my friends were there in the Merchant Navy. I am the first one in my family to have taken up this career.

IKB: The trend in 1963, when I passed Class 11, was to join the Engineering stream. It was no different for me, and I joined the Bengal Engineering College, one of the oldest engineering colleges in India. Engineering, then, was a 5-year course and I graduated as an Electrical Engineer in 1968. Now in 1965, after the Chinese aggression, the Indian economy went into recession (this is after the Government increased the number of Graduate Engineers in '62). So when we passed out, there were no jobs for us. It was also around this time that I heard that the Shipping Corporation of India was expanding. I put in an application as a graduate engineer and was called for an interview. At the interview, I was asked only one question "Who is the Hockey captain of India?" I answered, "Balbir Singh". That was it! I was sent for the medical test, which I cleared. That's how I got into this line of work. I hadn't the faintest idea that I would ever sail. I had thought of going abroad, but never as a sailor!

EB: Please tell us a little bit about your first voyage.

MJ: Basically, when you enter the ship for the first time, it's quite unnerving because you really don't know much about anything. But you learn quickly, because of the basic training that is imparted. Plus the seniors also help out - in their own way. You start learning about the practical aspects of Marine Engineering once you go on the ship.

IKB: There was a conversion course for us engineering graduates. We were supposed to undergo eight months of marine workshop training, but after four months of workshop, the SCI put us aboard a ship, just as you people now go to sea in the Fourth Year as interns. As part of our training, we would be sent aboard any ship that came to Calcutta. The graduate engineers were just beginning to come into the field because until then, the only marine

engineers that we had were the DMET boys. There was a lot of friction initially. When I went on board, I experienced this friction often enough. My first ship was called the *State Of Travancore*, a 6000 tonner with a 3000 BHP engine. We sailed from Calcutta to the UK, all the way around the Cape because the Suez Canal was closed. I didn't face 'difficulties', to be honest. The only difficulty was living away from home.

EB: *Sir you've been a Chief Engineer for so long now. What would you expect from a Fifth Engineer or a Trainee Marine Engineer?*

MJ: As regards shipboard jobs - not much. But basically what one would expect is absolute honesty. If something goes wrong, most of the troubleshooting depends on the inputs you get from people. For instance a Watchkeeping engineer is primarily involved in overseeing things in the Engine Room. If you can report, as a junior, exactly what happened, without trying to cover up anything, it helps a lot in troubleshooting. So I would really appreciate an honest person. It doesn't matter that he has made a mistake - honesty really goes a long way in running the ship. As soon as you try to hide something, there's a problem. Because, you see, ultimately it will be found out. Nobody trusts you after that. Life on board is not very pleasant once that happens.

IKB: One characteristic of shipping that you must take note of is that the whole command structure is based on verbal directions. Written orders, such as in industry, are not used aboard. Instructions are all verbal. If I tell you to do something and you report back that it is done, then it is accepted as done. Everything runs basically on trust. So when you go on board you must first earn the trust of your seniors. A few of your mistakes can be overlooked, but you must be honest with yourself. Besides, you have to be diligent, you should have an open mind and you should be able to take what your seniors have to offer without being biased by it.

EB: *What have been the changes since you first started working? Have you noticed any major changes in technology?*

MJ: The main area is Technology. There is a lot of automation nowadays. Earlier, we used to have a crew of more than 45 people. When I joined in 1977, it was common to have at least 45-50 people on the ship. Now it is more like 20-25. The machinery is definitely more complicated. They develop more power. Earlier, if things had to go wrong it would take some time before things really went out of order. These days, because you are pushing the machinery to its absolute limit, when things start going wrong, they really go wrong very quickly so you have to really be very alert. But, on the other hand, the reliability of the machinery has also improved.

IKB: Basically the ship is still a ship. We still have a main engine, 3 generators, pumps, etc. But earlier, the risk factor was greater. What I mean to say is, you could probably push an engine a little further. But today, if the maker has defined parameters, you have to stick to them. Secondly, Electronics has come in, in a big way. Communication has sort of opened up. Most of the ships have Internet and satellite phone. Other than this, one can say that there are no major changes except for the quality of equipment. The biggest change to be noted here is the strength of the crew. On my first ship, the crew was 55 members strong. Today it has come down to 20. And they are thinking of bringing it down further. The Japanese and the Swedish are experimenting with ships that need only a 6-member crew! So there is a lot of physical pressure.

EB: *Sir, we have heard of so many mishaps in the Engine Room. Have you experienced anything in the engine room that you think is worth mentioning?*

MJ: No, not particularly. We had a fire once, not in the engine room, but that was the most life-

threatening incident. Sometimes you experience rough weather but in these days the ships are so well built that even rough weather is not a problem now.

IKB: I don't really find any incident in the engine room worth mentioning. As a chief engineer I always made sure that I did not allow any incident to be blown out of proportion. I used to start my day at 7 o'clock. (The normal time used to be 8 o'clock, but I used to make sure that at 7 o'clock, I'd be in the engine room. I used to take a round, make sure that everything was well. And even after everyone leaves the engine room, after dinner, I'd take a casual walk around the engine room so that I knew things were ship shape before people went to sleep. I could not leave everything to the juniors because they are quite prone to mistakes and a chief engineer has certain responsibilities. During those 34 years I did not face a single enquiry in the SCI. I always stayed within limits.

EB: *Sir, we have heard so many stories of pirates and ships disappearing. Have you had any such experience on board?*

MJ: Not really.

IKB: Yes, I did encounter pirates in 1991, when I was on a tanker, the *Palma*. Pirates had boarded our ship. When we were in Singapore, our Master was the first to discover that something was amiss when he found his personal safe missing, and also noticed some drag marks on the floor. He notified the bridge about the incident and told them that if they heard of any other similar happening, they were to sound the general alarm, because there surely were pirates on board! Now, as you know, in times of emergency, there are two escape routes on board a ship one through the accommodation and the other through the stern. So late that night (at about 0130 hrs.) when the Mate heard someone trying to break the door of the accommodation, he knew that it was the pirates trying to escape, so he sounded the general alarm. The Second Engineer and the Third Engineer grabbed cleavers from the kitchen and ran out to face the pirates. But when the pirates pointed guns at them, they quickly retreated. The situation turned quite bad when the pirates held the Second Mate as hostage. Having heard that it was in these waters that an Indian ship disappeared, and watching the pirates wielding loaded guns, we were compelled to watch helplessly as the pirates made their getaway.

EB: *What do you think about the prospects of the Indian seafarers when the Chinese are coming into this field so strongly?*

MJ: The Indians are still pretty good and because of their technical expertise they still have a future. The Chinese are good but their main problem is English. Once they get over that, they will be pretty good. But I don't think that will affect the Indians.

IKB: Well, frankly speaking the Indians have two advantages over the Chinese:

Firstly, an Indian has a better command over the English Language and secondly an Indian is known for his art of merging into any society! Besides this, the Indians are very comfortable at sea. Many companies that I know of are thinking of an Indian Officer / Philippine crew team on board, because it is a well-known fact that they merge well to form a work team.

EB: *Sir, Do you think girl cadets can cope on board?*

MJ: They should be able to. Actually when I was in Australia, there were many girls along with me. They were getting themselves trained to be Marine Engineers. It's a similar system there. Of course, there they go to sea more often. Nowadays, you don't require that much of physical strength. Things are so comfortable that anyone can do the work. So you just have to be fit. Gender doesn't matter

much.

IKB: Girls are known for their hard work and dedication and since '96 I have seen quite a few girls doing well as long as they can stand the noise and the heat of the Engine Room. But, we Indians, with our family traditions, pamper our girls and don't allow them to grow up rough and tough! So, can our Indian girl stand the pressure of sometimes working continuously for 30 hours?

EB: *Is there anything that you will like to tell us cadets, any advice for us before we go out to sea?*

MJ: Well, a Marine Engineer's job is a very peaceful job. Once you get used to the job it is difficult to get adjusted to a shore job. Another thing about ship is the constant change. Every month, roughly one-fifth of the people on board change. So basically every month we see new faces. On shore, working hours are fixed and the people around you are the same. So we can get quite bored! So sail as long as you want and enjoy the peace and tranquility of the seas.

IKB: Well that's a good question! There are quite a few things for you to learn before you go on board.

The first thing that you must remember is that there will be no pampering on board. There will be no one to punish you or discipline you. A couple of your mistakes may be overlooked, but after that your carelessness will not be tolerated.

Secondly, you must learn your way around the ship, especially the emergency exits! Then, you must be punctual. No excuses of 'But I slept late' will be tolerated. Remember never to disregard the advice of anyone on board. The person offering the advice may not hold a degree like you do, but he may have more experience, and that is what really matters. Seize every opportunity to learn from those who have spent more time at sea

And, most important of all, respect each and every person on board!

Take as much feedback from your seniors before you go on board, and groom yourself well to face the challenges of life at sea.

A Change of Views?

For entry to the institute, one has to compose an essay called "Why I want to be a Marine Engineer". Like all cadets, Cadet Gaurav G. Lobo also wrote his, but that was a long time back. Now that he is back from his first stint on board, we asked him, if his views had changed and if he regretted choosing this field of work. Here are his compositions

August 1998:

Why I Want to Become a Marine Engineer

Marine Engineering involves the design, construction and repair of ships. In addition to this, in Marine Engineering, we learn about the working of ships, learn the maintenance of main engines, auxiliary engines and a host of other equipments including cargo handling gears and other such equipment.

This appeals to me tremendously. My fascination and interest in Marine Technology is huge because it is one of the few areas where we have an opportunity to work with the technology of the time. This is never stagnant and is constantly upgraded.

In Marine Engineering, not only is brainpower compulsory but also physical fitness mandatory. After completion of Marine Engineering training, when one goes to sea, life at sea makes him a man of himself as he is trained to be resourceful, (sometimes under severe conditions), and manage himself. He is also taught to stand on his own feet independently.

Moreover, a Marine Engineer can enjoy both worlds i.e., a sea life, where we can see different places and learn different customs and also satisfy his craze to see the world and he also has a steady and lucrative job. Marine engineers are also in great demand and thus the jobs are available easily.

In a world of developing technology, India is a competing nation and can excel greatly in the Marine Engineering field. Moreover, India relies heavily and tremendously on the merchant navy for trade and commerce.

Marine Engineering also deals with the disciplining of the mind and body, which is necessary for a young man like me, who is now ready to take on the world and accept all challenges like a man.

Hence I am greatly looking forward to launch my new career in Marine Engineering.

Gaurav G. Lobo

February 2002:

Well that was a long time ago. Some of it I have seen what with all the training and the growing up all bundled together.

I view the world with a different eye now. I know now that when I have the money, I really can't enjoy the mansion and the Mercedes. And the part about 'seeing the world'? Well that leaves much to be desired. But the irony of it all I do like the life, and that's why....

I Don't Regret Being a Marine Engineer

I never realized the fact that my interests in joining the field of Marine Engineering would be turned upside down the day I stepped out into the world and actually joined a ship - which looked like nothing I saw in newspapers and magazines. In fact, I had no idea how ignorance played its nasty trick on me, that day almost 4 years ago.

Sounds really weird to me now. But, boy, was I stupid? "I want to see the beautiful world", said I!

But what a contradiction to my hopes and dreams, all in such a short time, that I wondered if I was coming or going, and whether what I saw was all I was supposed to see. There is a lot more than what I have just

spoken about, just like my working hours on board, which were nowhere close to what was written on paper.

"My ship" - a place where STCW '95 had never been heard of, a place where people relied on each other, a place where one learnt to be self-dependent or independent based on the others' unreliability - a constant contradiction to what you have been told and what you have heard. A place which is so backward, that you have to use hand signals to get a message across, that too efficiently and quickly, a place where walking quickly or running was taken to be a sign of trouble or just running away from work.

So why do I like it? Or why don't I regret being a marine engineer?

Simply because I couldn't have chosen a better profession to be a man. There is no profession like a Marine Engineer's and there will never be one, and it's not all about the pay...the pay I should think is measly for the work you have to do.

But its work..... and I love it!

It's the fact of being alone with your own instincts to rely on, your own strength to depend on. Your own mind is planning your next move and is never at rest. I could offer a million reasons. The career is fascinating, and I am in constant awe of it!

The seafaring community is often in the public eye, especially with incidents of rough weather and sinking ships, pirates and hijacking of vessels in the dark oceans of the world. The mysteries of the sea are only seafarers' tales but in constant need of being heard. They bring about the seasoning of a sailor's skin, the mad gleam in his eye, the unbelievable strength gained from all the hard work. I wouldn't blame anyone for saying that the career was an insane one, but you do get critics from all over in every profession.

"Why not sit at a table with a 9 to 5 job?"

"Why leave your loved ones behind?"

What if these are actually reasonable questions? I choose to answer them with one word *God!* Every sailor depends on that Man upstairs. For he knows that his fate is in His Hand and that the next minute is as unpredictable as the previous and could mean death or a continued life with a little more gratitude for the gift of extended life.

And then we have the sailor; the person closest to nature in today's polluted world, where he looks at the stars not to guide him but to pray to, not to show him where he goes but to let him know that there they are watching over him. A spooky tale?

If one on land were told that he was being watched, then he would naturally assume that he was being 'stalked' and 'followed'. But what a sigh of relief for the sailor!

And the reason why I don't regret being a marine engineer... the part of coming home, a place where this sailor comes to patch his wounds, a place to look forward to, for I really believe in the adage, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder".

The feeling is unbelievable and the best part is, every one onboard is happy for you. It is an irony in a way that you are leaving a family to go to a family. Envy is an obsolete term aboard. And should someone ever ask me for a reason why a ship is called a she, my one and only one is that she takes care of you - just like a mother.

Not everyone may understand, but sailors will, and probably add on if I haven't said enough.

I look forward to going back to another place of refuge, another home, and another family. I don't regret being a marine engineer.

Cadet Gaurav G. Lobo
1998 Entry

A Nightmare

The tower clock struck 9 o' clock and Sam, as usual, was engrossed with the news headlines. Sam was a hardworking man and thought that he deserved his rest at this time of day.

The news headlines were almost over and apart from the usual robbery and other mundane stuff, there was nothing interesting to watch. He was about to turn in for the day when he heard a most peculiar sound - *Scratch Scratch Scratch...*

At first he tried to ignore it but as the sound became incessant he knew he would have to deal with whatever was making the noise. Finally, picking up a broom, he tiptoed towards the sound. As he neared the bathroom, the sound increased in intensity.

Switching on the bathroom light, he braced himself for whatever it was that he would have to deal with. He entered the bathroom. The sound was now gone but he knew that if he waited, the sound would surely return. And then - right on cue - there it was again *Scratch Scratch Scratch.....* - coming from behind him. He realized that the sound was coming from the basin. He tiptoed to the basin and peered into it - his whole body went cold- for there, right in front of him, was a small pinkish finger poking out of the drain. The finger was moving round in circles and scratching the edge of the drain.

For a few moments, which felt like an hour to him, he stood rooted to the spot. Finally, he darted out of the bathroom and shut the door.

He was now drenched in cold sweat. Trying to convince himself that it was just a figment of his imagination, he tried unsuccessfully to push the 'vision' out of his head. But there came the sound again. *Scratch, Scratch, Scratch...*

It couldn't be! ...He was hearing things!

Finally managing to muster up enough courage, he again entered the bathroom, fervently hoping that it had all been an illusion. However, the finger was still there. And now, it seemed to be pointing straight at him. Things were really getting out of hand now. He knew he would never be able to talk about this to anyone. They'd think he was wacky!

He was suddenly filled with dark despair. Realizing he could do nothing, he took a sleeping pill hoping he would sleep.

But in vain.

The sound now haunted him.

He had to do something! But what??

Then it struck him. Rushing to the storeroom, he began to search frantically for it. He couldn't find it. O God...Why couldn't he be more organised? And then, just when he had lost all hope, he saw it. Lying behind a carton was a bottle labeled "Drainezee"-the instant drain cleaner. He scanned the label. - "Will clean your drains of anything and everything." Good. Just what he needed!!

He headed for the bathroom. But at the back of his mind lingered the thought that this was his last hope. Yanking open the door, he entered the bathroom. The finger was still there, but it somehow seemed longer and more grotesque.

Like a man possessed, he emptied the bottle of solution onto the finger. The finger stiffened and disappeared down the drain.

And then it suddenly popped back out. The solution had definitely done its damage. The finger was now greenish in color and seemed to be smouldering, giving off a bad odour.

Then all of a sudden, the finger started coming out of the drain. Realizing his predicament, Sam began running towards the door but the finger wrapped around his ankle and brought him down to the floor.

Sam struggled to free himself. He started screaming frantically and throwing things around as far as his hands reached. He hit out at the finger with the shampoo bottle, the mug, the hand shower- anything he could get hold of. But the finger would not let go!

Hearing all the noise, Sam's neighbours decided to call the police. Meanwhile, Sam still struggled with the finger. He knew that it was either his sanity or the menacing digit.

He thought of his shaving kit on the ledge by the basin. He raised himself a little and reached for it. It was too far off. He then picked up his toothbrush and used it to pull the kit closer by its sling. He finally had the shaving kit in his hand. He fished out his razor and began striking the finger with it in maniacal rage. He managed to lacerate the finger in quite a few places.

The finger, now damaged and bleeding profusely, began to retreat into the drain. By this time the cops had arrived. Fearing the worst, the cops broke down the door and were greeted by an awful stench. They knew for sure something was wrong. Upon hearing some noise coming from the bathroom they headed for it.

There was blood everywhere and Sam seemed to be muttering incoherently to himself. Someone had surely been killed there- the cops knew it- after all, its their job to know it!

Knowing that this had just been the scene of a brutal crime, the cops looked for a body. Sam was arrested and escorted out of his house. Just as Sam left with the policemen, the same - *Scratch, Scratch, Scratch...* wafted gently to his ears

Cadet Tyrone Tome Vaz
2000 Entry

The Tourist's Prayer

Heavenly Father, look down on us your humble obedient tourist servants who are doomed to travel this earth, taking photographs, mailing postcards, buying souvenirs and walking around in drip-dry underwear. We beseech you, O Lord, to see that our plane is not hijacked, our luggage is not lost and our overweight baggage goes unnoticed.

Give us this day divine guidance in our selection of hotels. We pray that the phones work, and that the operators speak our tongue, and there are no letters from our children, which would force us to cancel the rest of our trip.

Lead us to good inexpensive restaurants where the wine is included in the price of the meal. Give us the wisdom to tip correctly in currencies we do not understand. Make the natives love us for what we are and not for what we can contribute to their worldly goods.

Grant us the strength to visit the museums, the cathedrals, the palaces, and if, perchance, we skip a historic monument to take a nap after lunch, have mercy on us for our flesh is weak.

Dear God, protect our wives from 'bargains' they don't need or can't afford. Lead them not into temptation for they know not what they do.

Almighty Father, keep our husbands from looking at foreign women and comparing them to us. Save them from making fools of themselves at nightclubs. Above all, please do not forgive them their trespasses for they know exactly what they do.

And when our voyage is over, grant us the favour of finding someone who will look at our home movies, and listen to our stories, so our lives as tourists will have not been in vain. This we ask you in the name of Conrad Hilton, Thomas Cook and the American Express. Amen.

Cadet Priyank Gupta
1999 Entry

My Experiences Aboard

20th September 2001.

0110hrs I stood on the jetty of the Singapore container terminal watching M.V. *Freedom Container* come alongside.

0140 hrs I took the biggest, most significant step of my life I climbed the first rung of the gangway. It wasn't just like climbing any other staircase. What made it different was the fact that at the end of it I would not only be on a higher floor, but on a higher level in life as well - something that I had thought about day and night for the past three years. Finally when I did get there, the feeling was one of total anxiety, which brought with it questions

Will I be able to? Am I capable enough? Will I be able to prove my worth?

With these questions still troubling me, I reported to the Chief Engineer who in turn asked me to report to the Second Engineer. I did. Those first words I will never forget. Reaching into his pocket he took out a bunch of keys and handing it over to me he said, "From today onwards you are in-charge of the stores." And then began my first assignment onboard receiving and arranging stores. Carrying paint, grease, and chemical cans was quite an experience. Time just flew by. The next thing I knew was that it was morning and the ship was casting off. As the ship sailed into the horizon the land grew more and more distant and finally it disappeared. Here I was in the middle of the ocean with just 20 others, waiting to face the hardships of sea life. It was at that instant that I found the answers to the questions that I had asked myself on the gangway.

I have to do well. I have to work really hard. I have to live up to my parents', the Institute's, the Company's and above all my own expectations.

These answers became my driving force for the next five months.

My second day started with the 2/E calling me to the engine room at 0600 hrs and asking me to start tracing pipelines. This was something that I had been hearing about for the last three years and was something that I thought I was prepared for. But once I did get started, the jigsaw of pipelines and valves left me absolutely dumbfounded. Things just did not make sense. Suctions became deliveries and sea water lines ended up in fuel oil tanks which resulted not only in sheer wastage of time but also invited the wrath of the 2/E. But slowly I got the hang of things and things started to straighten out.

Mine being a watch-keeping ship, I started keeping watch with the 4/E. He was the person who was mainly responsible for getting me acquainted with the engine room, the running machinery, the pipelines and most importantly, the work culture adopted on the ship. In a few days time I was keeping the middle watch with the 3/E, who taught me a great deal about generators and the boiler. Finally, I was shifted to the 2/E's watch. I still remember the frame of mind that I was in, when I closed in for my first watch with him. Nervous, terrified, anxious--- better still--- all of these. I had picked up quite a bit since I had boarded the ship. That was what the 3/E and the 4/E had to say. But the 2/E had this uncanny knack of asking me questions I had no answers to. Everyday I would try and do everything right. Things would always go smoothly until just before the end when something I knew nothing about would pop up. Success seemed elusive. But looking at the brighter side of things I realized that there was something new that I was learning and picking up each day and that kept me going.

As days went by, I became more and more comfortable with the working conditions and eventually a stage came when I actually started to enjoy myself, and that made a world of a difference. I realized then that it's all in the mind. Whether one is at peace depends not on how much or how hard he has to slog but on his state of mind. And then there was no looking back.

The major factors influencing the working conditions are the people onboard and their inter-personal

relations. Imagine having to work in a confined space at 50°C and having to deal with a hostile colleague at the same time. Fortunately for me, this problem did not arise. The crew was totally Indian so there were no real cultural differences to overcome. More importantly, everybody had a good rapport with each other. This left no room for undesired tension between people and made life very pleasant indeed.

Good people and good times go hand in hand and I did experience quite a few enjoyable moments. Firstly there were the barbecue parties with menus that could put any five-star hotel to shame and the peoples' dances- or should I say antics- that deserve to go down in history books. It was during these parties that I was given independent charge of the engine room and that made me feel more confident and important. Then there were the fishing sessions at anchorage. We once managed to catch around 30 fish which were promptly cleaned, cooked and consumed...all in a day's work!

Shore leave was something that I always used to look forward to. After long working hours in the engine room, one has only two options - to sleep and get some rest, or to go out and return for another session of work. I invariably chose the latter. After all, how often does one get to do the Samba and the Lambada in Brazil?

Days went by and I kept working and learning until one day I realized that my stay aboard had almost come to an end. It was 24th of February 2002. This was it. No more 15-16 hour working days, no more pipelines to trace and no more filters to clean. My most memorable moment came when I officially signed off in the Captain's cabin and he handed me my five months' earnings. It was a moment of great pride accompanied by a feeling of tremendous self confidence and job satisfaction which was a result of all the hard work put in over the past five months- definitely worth it.

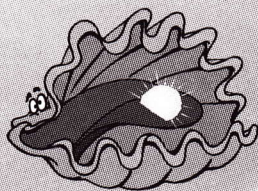
Cadet Kunal Chauhan
1998 Entry

The Oyster

There was once an oyster,
Whose story I will tell:
He found that some sand,
Had got into his shell.
It was only a grain,
But it gave him great pain-
For oysters have feelings,
Although they are so plain.

Now, did he berate
The harsh twist of fate,
That had brought him,
To such a deplorable state?
Did he curse the government?
Cry for compensation?
And claim that the sea
Should give him protection?
No-but he said to himself,

As he lay in his shell.
'Since I cannot remove it,
I shall try to improve it.'
Now the years have rolled by,
As the years always do,
And he bore his discomfort
As oysters always do
And the small grain of sand,
That had bothered him so,
Was a beautiful pearl,
All richly aglow.
Now the tale has a moral;
For isn't it grand,
What an oyster can do,
With a little grain of sand?
What couldn't we do,
If we'd only begin,
With some of the things,
That get under our skin!!!



Cadet Madhu Bothra
2001 Entry

A Requiem for the Hero?

"Bits and pieces of steel, Flashes of red, Glowing fires, A haze of thick black smoke, A single child in white and pink dress, arms extended. And me? Standing amidst all this... in light blue overalls Squeaky-clean! Not a speck of dirt on me. I'm just standing there observing everything but not moving to do anything."

That's my friend recounting a dream he had few weeks after the WTC attack. "It's funny how I'm never a hero in my dreams. One would expect that at least in my own subconscious thoughts, I would be a hero. But, no! There I was in Manhattan, with a child needing my help, and all I did was stand there looking pretty in blue", he said looking very distressed.

I looked at him, "It was just a nightmare."

He didn't even hear me.

"You know I think this is a matter of conditioning. We are conditioned not to be heroes", he said thoughtfully.

I raised an eyebrow.

"From childhood we get into a habit of not confronting things that are wrong. So how can we, as adults, act like heroes? We can't. Its all about conditioning", he was thinking aloud now.

"Look I will dream tonight and maybe you will be the one who saves the day," I told him helpfully.

"But that will be someone else's subconscious! Don't you see I won't see myself as a hero?"

At this juncture, I think, my friend had made a valuable point, for heroes are not born but conditioned in their own mind. It takes years to think, think and act like a hero - very long and very courageous years of standing alone when no one raises his or her voice. I remember a famous Bengali song "Jodi tor daak suney keyo na aashe, taube aekla cholo re". It literally means, "If nobody comes when you call, then walk alone."

From news reports, I came to know that it took seven long years to build the twin towers of the WTC. Seven years! And it came down in a matter of minutes. In a matter of minutes, several thousand lives simply ceased to exist. In a matter of minutes, several more thousand lives were irreparably damaged because they had lost their loved ones. In a matter of minutes, a great nation was reduced to just another country... united with the world in its grief.

Grief is universal.

Terrorism is universal too and it makes no discrimination. By its very nature, terrorism is a warped side of the human brain, which seeks to destroy, and nothing else. It is not a disease. It is not a psychological profile. It is just the human mind gone insane. And the terrorist is all around- the class bully, the roadside 'Gunda', the corrupt man, and the underworld thug. They all terrorize our minds, our lives, our very existence.

And we never make it a habit to try to stop any of it. Heroism, unlike terrorism and grief, is not universal. Everybody waits for a hero. That's what conditioning is all about.

If you, as a person, tolerate errant behaviour, you should be aware that one day the terror might strike closer to home. Don't tolerate a harsh word, a wrong act, or an indication of evil intent. Human life is more than just statistics in the aftermath of a disaster. Human life is you and me. Human life is about standing up for what is right and taking a stand against what is not.

I know you are all heroes. Walk alone and others will walk with you, for everyone awaits you.

Cadet Aditya Puri
2000 Entry

Language Change

The European commission has just announced an agreement whereby English will be the official language of the European Union rather than German- which is the other possibility. As part of the negotiations, Her Majesty's Government conceded that English spelling had some room for improvement and has accepted a 5-year phase-in plan that would become known as "Euro-English." In the first year, "s" will replace the soft "c". Certainly, this will make the sivil servants jump with joy. The hard "c" will be dropped in favour of the "k". This should klear up a lot of konfusion! There will be growing publik enthusiasm in the sekond year when the troublesome "ph" will be replased with the "f". This will make words like "fotograf" 20% shorter. In the third year, publik akseptanse of the new spelling kan be expekted to reach the stage where more komplikated changes are possible. Governments wil encourage the removal of double letters, which have always ben a deterrent to akurate speling. Also, al wil agre that the horibl mes of the silent "e" in the languag is disgrasful and it should go away. By the fourth year, people wil be reseptiv to steps such as replasing "th" with "z" and "w" with "v". During ze fifz yer, ze unesesary "o" kan be dropd from vords containing "ou" and after zis fifz yuer, ve vil hav a reil sensibl riten styl. Zer vil be no mor trubl or difikultis and evrivun vil find it ezi tu understand ech oza. Ze drem of a united urop vil finali kum tru!

Source: The Internet

Points to Ponder

- Pay attention to your enemies, for they are the first to discover your mistakes.
- A man should be educated enough to know that education alone is not enough.
- Obstacles are things that a person sees when he takes his eyes off his goal.
- Nearly all men can stand adversity but if you want to test a man's character, give him power.
- Never look above you unless you are secure on the ground you move.
- He who does not understand your silence will probably not understand your words.
- Is a snake less dreaded if adorned with jewels?
- It is a foolish idea to suppose that another can cause you happiness or misery.
- Dön't get discouraged; its often the last key in the bunch that opens the lock.
- People who drink to drown their sorrows should be told that sorrow knows how to swim.
- Words are one of our chief means of adjusting to all the situations of life. The better control we have over words the more successful our adjustments are likely to be.
- The world is divided into people who do things and people who get the credit. Try, if you can, to belong to the first group. There is less competition there.
- Success without honour is like food without salt.....It will satisfy your hunger but it wont taste good.

Cadet Sitanshu Rai
2000 Entry

—●●● { The King & The Challenger } ●●●—

The King.....

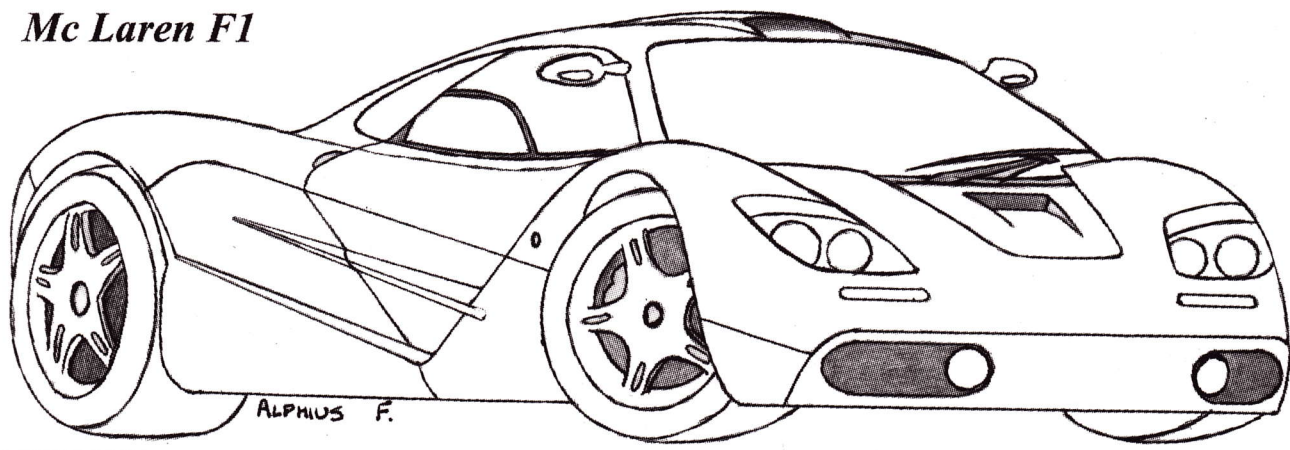
At a time when the world was getting obsessed with "green" cars and "family" cars, the McLaren F1 stood out like a sore thumb. The philosophy behind the F1 road car was simple - to create the finest driver's car ever built or ever likely to be built. This meant producing a car with earth-shaking performance, but as versatile and as usable as an everyday car, albeit one which cost \$890,000 in 1995!

The McLaren delivered on all the above counts. The car was mild enough for runs to the neighbourhood coffee shop but could also trounce with consummate ease all cars foolish enough to challenge it. The car was powered by two BMW 6-cylinder In-line engines mated together to give a naturally aspirated V-12 displacing 6064cc. The engine had a bore and stroke of 86x87 mm. More importantly, it produced 627.1bhp @ 7400 rpm and could rocket to, hold your breath, 100km/hr in 3.2 seconds and to 160km/hr in 7.7 seconds! The engine was coupled to a 6-speed transmission to give a maximum speed of around 384km/hr.

The emphasis during the design process was to get the highest possible power-to-weight ratio in a comfortable, roadworthy machine. The body shell was made of carbon fiber and composites to keep weight low and increase body strength, enabling the car to weigh in at a paltry 1132 kg dry. To keep the center of gravity along the centerline of the car, the driver was seated in the middle with the passengers on the either side to his rear. This "arrowhead" layout was unique to the F1. The car also had many aerodynamic features like spoilers that were raised automatically at high speeds to enable better control and traction at high speeds. This purity of design led to the McLaren winning the prestigious 24 hours Le Mans Race on its first time out, taking 4 of the top 5 positions. Thereafter, it competed in the '96, '97 and '98 Le Mans Races and also the World Supercar Championships with phenomenal success.

The F1 was the ultimate supercar. Only 300 were built. In its performances on track (and off it), it blitzed competition like the Lamborghini Diablo and the Ferrari F50, which were by no means walkovers. It was gorgeous to look at, handled beautifully and could scorch the tarmac with its blistering performance. It was the ultimate car - a car that was made to rule the road realm. It was King.

Mc Laren F1



Sketch: Alphius Fernandes

.....And The Challenger

Flash forward to 2001. Enter the Bugatti Veyron 16/4. Named after one of the Bugatti's outstanding racing drivers, the Veyron will be one of the most exciting machines in this decade (It is slated to go on sale in 2004).

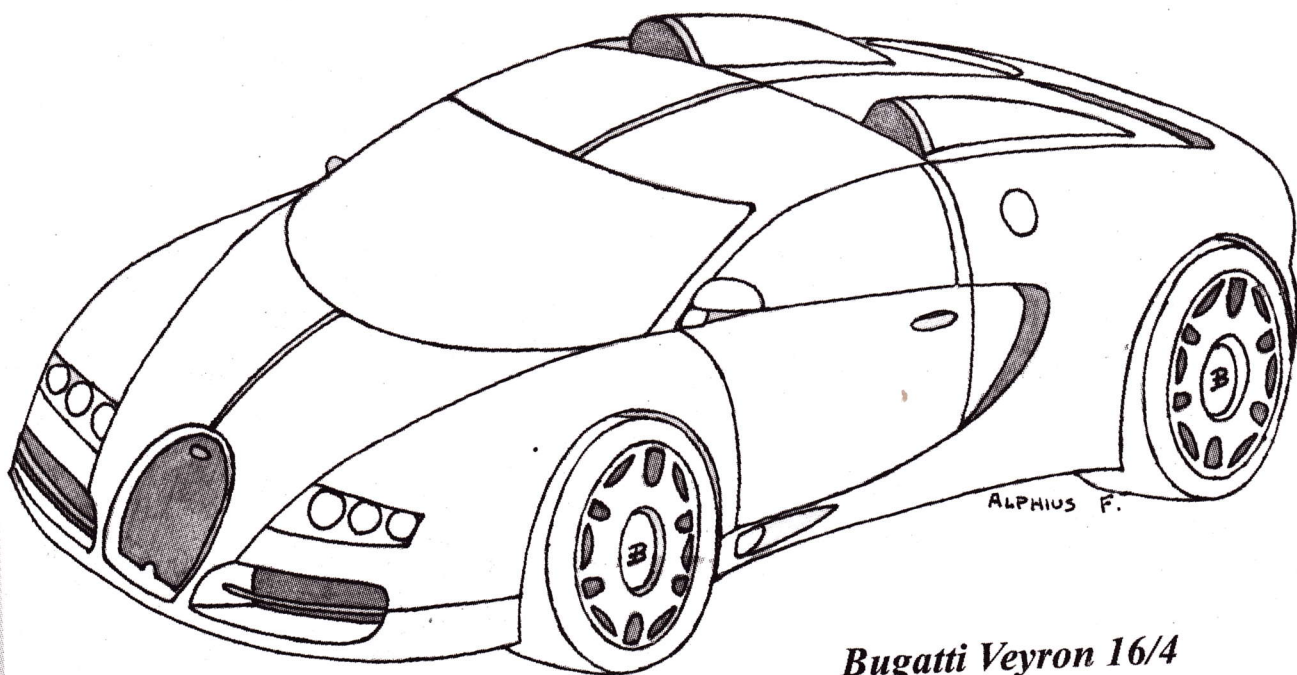
The design is focused on aerodynamics and cooling, two important ingredients for a 400+ kmph supercar. Front air inlet openings are optimized for engine and brake cooling. Body lift at high speeds is kept under control with an automatically extending rear spoiler, fully paneled under tray and diffuser. Cooling ducts for the engine are located underneath this spoiler. After the engine is shut off, the spoiler lifts to help warm air escape the engine bay.

Now for the engine - two exceptionally narrow V8 blocks are combined at an angle of 90 degrees. This unique W16 displaces 7993cc and has a bore and stroke of 86x86 mm. As though not mighty enough already, the engine has been fitted with four turbochargers to give 1000bhp @ 6000 rpm and is mated to an all-new 7 speed gearbox. Gear changes are done by paddles behind the steering wheels and take a little more than 200 milliseconds. To handle the awesome power, the car needs 4WD. Thus equipped, the Veyron is capable of reaching 400km/hr.

All this performance will not come cheap. The Veyron will be built only for around 250-350 discerning (and mega rich) clients for a price tag of around \$10,00,000! The Veyron thus seems to be the car that can knock the McLaren F1 off its throne and obliterate the F1's performance records. Lets wait and see...

Cadet Alphius Nigel Fernandes
1999 Entry

Sources: *Overdrive*
World Car Guide
<http://www.supercars.net>



Sketch: Alphius Fernandes

Bugatti Veyron 16/4

Crossing the Equator - An Experience of a Lifetime

The seas are almighty and signify the overwhelming power and glory of nature. Varuna is the reigning lord of the seas and the Equator is the notional boundary of his kingdom. And all hell shall besiege you if you don't seek His permission to cross his domain!

It is therefore an age old tradition among all seafarers across the globe to "seek the permission and blessings of the Lord of the seas before crossing the Equator."

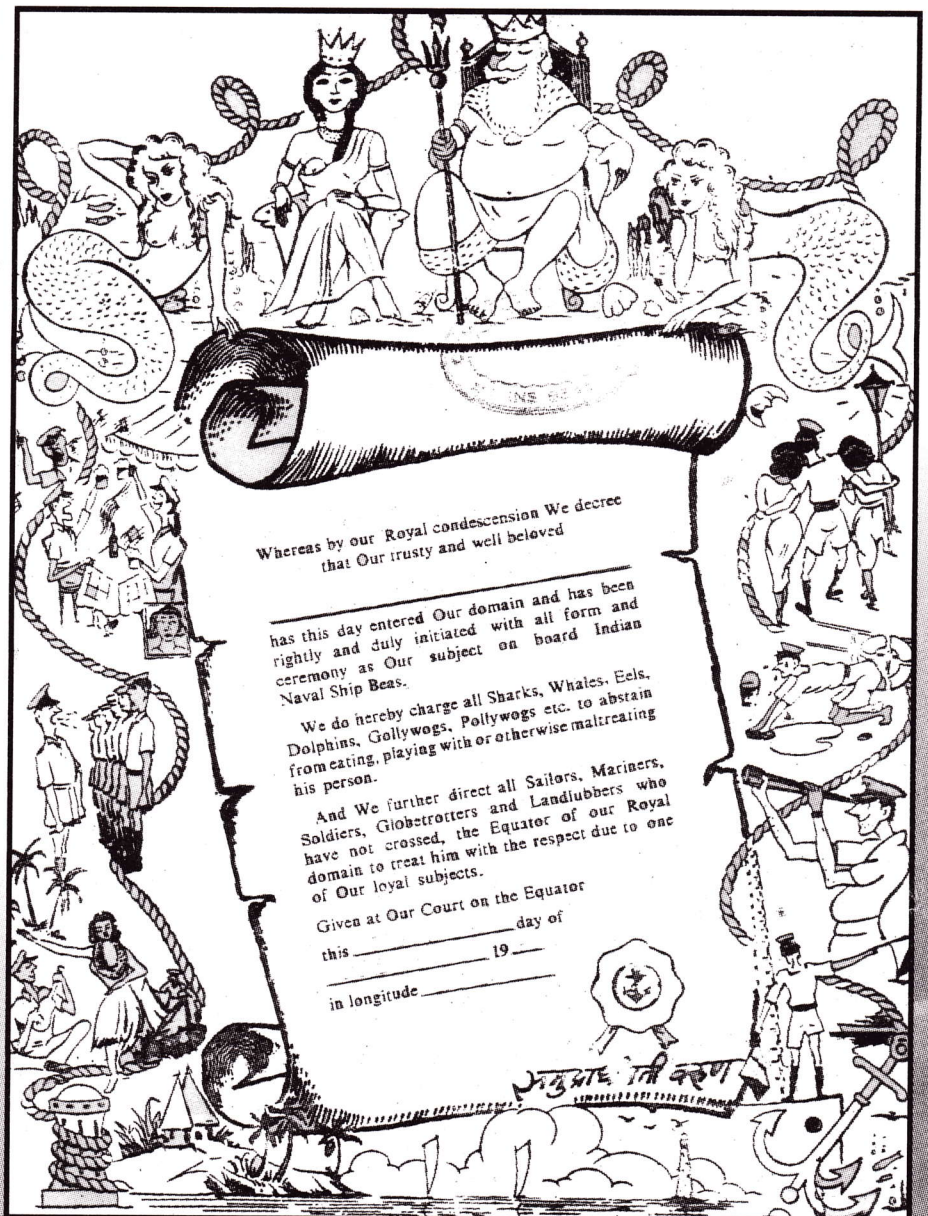
For the first timers it is an event, the memories of which will be cherished for a lifetime.

Read on as one of our Faculty members recounts his experience and shares his photographs and his certificate for the benefit of those of you who are yet to trespass the domain of the Lord of the sea. There has been little change in the festivities as Cadet Rohit Kaul's photographs prove! (He is one of the lucky few to enjoy the experience on the very first voyage of his career!!)

I wasn't "new" to ships or so I thought as I climbed the gangplank of *INS Beas* at Calcutta in the beginning of a choppy monsoon season back in August 1981. A British-built Frigate, already about 21 years old (*INS Beas* was commissioned on the 24th of May 1960) and still challenging the elements of nature, she was set to sail from there in a day. Not to mention the mission ahead, she commanded the waves for a while in the Bay of Bengal, crossed the Gulf of Manner, sailed around Sri Lanka and entered her homeport, Cochin.

By then, I realized what I had really known about ships! Being the youngest onboard, was indeed a task by itself! With seasickness as my constant companion, hot engine-rooms & watch-keeping (round the clock at times), to combat it, I found solace in spending a few lonely hours (if any!) on the Hello deck or just gaping through the port hole of the compartment that was my home.

Being a cadet ship that promptly did two cruises a year, she was due to sail to a few East African ports. With nothing much to boast of (in terms of dollars), my excitement grew as the day to



The Certificate



Cadet Rohit Kaul aboard the *Prabhu Das*



The faculty member aboard *INS Beas*

cast off drew near. The very mature, cool-minded, Commander Sampath Pillai, was ram-rod straight as she cast off from Cochin sometime in September.

Having just crossed 19 and a with few days of sailing under my belt, I braced myself for the voyage to Mombassa (our first port of call) that would last about 3 weeks or so. As was customary, there was a map of the route we took and was religiously updated every day. The sea was merciless at times. With the upper deck being awash most of the time, we shuttled between our watch-keeping stations and the messes. My excitement grew as the plot on the map closed-in on the equator! I was oblivious of the fact as to what was in store for a kid like me! Fortunately by then the sea had calmed down and I could proudly stand on my own two feet - without support!

Came D-day and the time when we were about to CROSS!

I was suddenly swamped by burly looking guys (my seniors and some familiar faces), taken to a compartment and "prepared for the show"! I could only smile sheepishly as the deal was (jokingly of course!) to either comply or jump overboard!

All I had to do was to be the wife of Lord Varuna (also known as Neptune, the lord of the sea). I was privileged to have two other (equally chick-looking guys) to serve as my mermaids in my Lord's court or *darbar* as is commonly known. My consent wasn't anticipated but taken for granted.... Then came the band of men in the court, the make-up artists (painters I must say!) and the jesters, yellers, etc.... With Lord Varuna by my side a man twice my size and towering over me, I made the perfect queen! We "took over the bridge" somewhere late after sunset and the Executive Officer (Ex-O) and Commanding Officer (C.O.) were there to "surrender" to us. This was the first time I had the guts to come face-to-face with a smiling (otherwise stern) C.O.! The next day the court of My Lord was in session!

There I sat perched on a make-shift throne next to My King. The First to be brought in was the Chief Cook who had the task of proving to the court the reason for the excellent (albeit common flavour) in all the dishes that he served. All he had to do was catch some cockroaches and a live rat! (He managed the former with difficulty!) Then came the engineer who was supposedly in-charge of the freshwater supply. As a token of our respect for his stringent control, we gave him a good lube oil bath and then a few holy dips in seawater. Some baldies were given a good shave for being the reason of the barber's poor income. A stern disciplinarian was given a cool wine glass of a concoction of masala-water (and I don't know what) just to add to his hot-headedness! None whosoever took it amiss and the celebrations went on for a few hours until everyone had whistled at me enough and had taken the opportunity to woo me as much as they could!

My compliance to go along with the fun did make me well known and I must say that the rest was real smooth sailing for me! A few days later we entered port Kalindini in Mombassa, spent some time, sailed on to Dar-es-Salaam, then on to Diego Suarez in Madagascar and back to Cochin. Often as I reminisce about my first voyage, the good times and bad flash back. My certificate and photographs may have yellowed and faded, but those cherished memories are still afresh in my mind.

PS: All you people from TMI, can you recognize the faculty member in the Photograph?

Games people play...

No matter what the time of the year is, sports are always the rage at TMI!





◀ *Our Brand new Sports Complex*



The Wreck of the *Amoco Cadiz*



A diver off the bow of the *Amoco Cadiz* in the depths of the Atlantic. The name of the ship is clearly visible.

March 16, 1978. It was a rather rough Thursday morning. She plodded on at 11 knots, pushing her 230,000 tonnes of crude through heavy seas, rainsqualls and gale-force winds, moving northwards at the upper end of the Bay of Biscay. It had been over five weeks since she had loaded in the Persian Gulf. Soon, she would pass the French island of Ouessant, and then a little traffic-dodging across the English Channel would get her to Lyme Bay on England's south coast for unloading operations. It was intended to be the last day of a long voyage. Instead, it was to turn into the last voyage of the *Amoco Cadiz*.

At 6:00 am, Pascale Bardari, the 35-year-old Italian skipper of the supertanker gave up trying to sleep and went to the bridge. The waves hurling against the stern deck had wrested some barrels free of their lashings. Bardari altered course and ordered the vessel to be slowed down, so that the barrels could be secured with the poop in the lee of the weather. This was done by 7:30 am and the course was corrected. At 8:30, a fire hose and some more barrels came loose on the foredeck. The captain detoured again while a work-crew chased the errant drums on the slippery deck. Soon, all of them had been secured. Hardly had Bardari set the course right when he saw a small tanker coming up towards him. He detoured again. By the time the danger was averted, he was 12 kilometers from land - much closer than he wanted to be. Now, at 9:45 hrs, as Bardari scanned the shipping lanes with his binoculars, helmsman Fransesco Fede informed him that the ship was drifting to port at the bow. He had corrected course to starboard but she had not come round. The Captain and Fede looked on in speechless surprise as the rudder indicator in front of them swung slowly to the left till it showed hard a-port. Fede was holding the wheel at 20 degrees starboard steady. "Captain," said Fede, "we are out of control!"

Bardari stared at the gauge. He grasped the handle of the engine room telegraph, slid it to SLOW AHEAD and after a moment's reflection, to STOP. He buzzed the control room. "We have a problem with the steering gear. It is blocked to port. Inform the chief engineer immediately." The nightmare had begun. After the morning's steering activity, the hydraulic machinery had tired.

When first assistant engineer Michele Calise reached the steering flat, he saw oil everywhere. The floor was covered with oil. The machinery dripped. Pools formed against the bulkheads when the ship rolled. And a fan-shaped fountain taller than a man was spurting from the distribution block. Calise cautiously hauled himself up to a chest-high platform and flipped the switch to stop the port pump, which was desperately spurting out huge quantities of oil in an attempt to centre the rudder. But as soon as he did that, the fail-safe system caused the starboard pump to take over and now it began churning out fountains of oil. Calise now

began shutting the valves to staunch the oil flow. Minutes later, Chief Engineer Salvatore Melito walked in to be greeted by the appalling spectacle. The tiller swung wildly from side to side. Now, the tiller controlled the rams. Melito and Calise together closed a couple of valves. They could isolate the port pump and stop the leak. The fountain gradually died down. But, by now, the hydraulic system had been enfeebled with air and it was imperative to fill it up with oil again and control the madly dancing rudder. Crouched awkwardly and perilously, four oil-covered engineers opened and closed the purging cocks in rhythm with the movement of the rams. The hope was that the rams would expel air as they drew back and suck oil from the tank when they thrust out. For a while, it seemed to be working. But then everything turned awry, and the process turned topsy-turvy - pumping oil out and sucking air in. The ingenious design was destroying itself. For the next three quarters of an hour, Captain Bardari, having visited the steering flat himself, phoned down three or four times more. All Melito could tell him was that they were working on it. But when the Second Mate went down at around 10:30, he was shocked to see the amount of metal flying around. The machine was falling apart.

Shortly after 11:00 am, Captain Bardari called Radio Brest to ask for assistance. The only tug nearby was the *Pacific*. When Captain Hartmut Weinert was notified, he reckoned he was an hour away from the *Amoco Cadiz*.

From this point in the story, versions as narrated by Captains Bardari and Weinert diverge and the conflict is over a piece of paper called the Lloyd's Open Form (LOF). The form is a standard contract for a proposed salvage operation and has blanks where the captains can fill in their names and those of their ships. There is no talk of fees before the salvage. If the parties cannot agree upon a fee mutually later on, then an amount decided by a neutral observer from Lloyd's of London is binding on both.

Shortly after noon, the *Pacific* arrived at the site. And what followed was a haggling session that lasted four long hours. Weinert insisted on the LOF saying it was his company's policy to operate in cases like the one at hand only under the LOF. Bardari, on the other hand, insisted on the towage rates to Lyme Bay. In the midst of the talks, however, a towline was established between the vessels at 1:30 pm. The disagreement continued. The different parties involved, including the American Oil Company, Chicago, insist upon completely incongruent narrations of what happened in these four hours. Finally, at 4:15, Captain Bardari consented to the LOF. Soon after, he heard what he called "a wrenching" and looked down to the bow. The towline had parted.

Since the first towline had parted, the *Amoco Cadiz* had drifted over six kilometers towards land. The heavy sea made it an arduous task to rig up the towline again. It was 7:30 pm, well past twilight, when the line was finally hooked up. But the power of the *Pacific's* engines was not sufficient to overcome the strong current, the wind and the enormous bulk of the *Cadiz*. Bardari, as a last minute measure, dropped anchor. But the *Cadiz* continued to drift at about two knots, rolling and pitching heavily. The flukes of the anchor, one after the other, got caught in the seabed and were sheared off. Tied together, the two ships drifted inside the buoy marking the shallows of the Portsall Rocks.

Captain Weinert vividly recalls seeing the buoy idly drift past despite his propellers churning. The sea had turned the stern of the *Cadiz* towards land. The best he could do was pull gently with his engines at SLOW AHEAD. He requested for the *Cadiz's* engine to aid with her big screw in the reverse while he tried to pull the stern away from the land. Bardari refused blatantly. They had passed the buoy. The crunch could come any moment. He would go ahead, not astern! In this supreme moment of danger, the two Captains were totally at cross purposes.

Then, at 9:04, Bardari's voice came in over the walkie-talkie, grave and strangely ceremonial. "Sir, we are grounded."

The rock cut cleanly through the bottom, thrust deep through the complex network of pipes and pump room machinery and ruptured the rear bulkhead of the Number 4 tank. The result was spectacular. In about eight seconds, the front of the bridge was covered in crude oil. There were hydrocarbon vapours all around and

the sea was terrible. Men in life jackets tried to put life rafts into the sea while the Captain was up on the bridge firing rockets. And they were afraid. A little radio or electricity could cause an explosion. All lights were switched off.

The sea kept playing with the lifeless tanker till, at 9:30 pm, the *Amoco Cadiz* ended her wanderings. She slammed into the reef, stern first, opening up her bottom under the machinery space. This time, there would be no wave high enough to lift her off the rock.

Captain Bardari had the emergency transmitter brought to the bridge. Its hand-cranked generator sent an automatic signal of twelve dashes followed by a double SOS. But it got no answer, not even from the *Pacific*. It was broken.

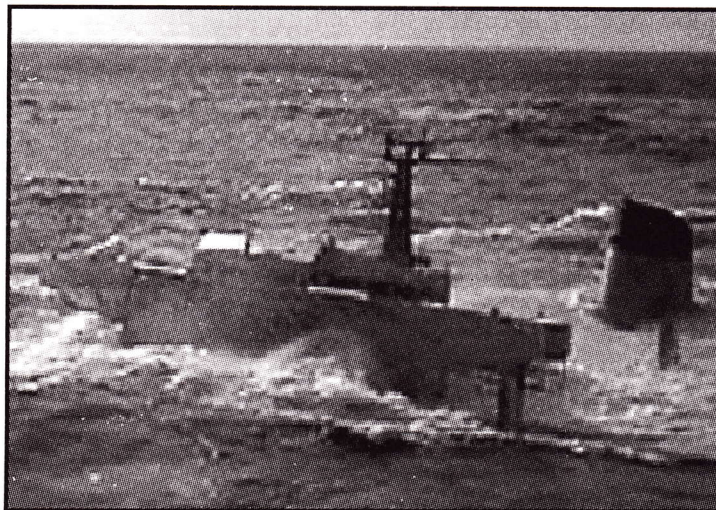
Then, an unfriendly wave picked up the port lifeboat from where it hung in its davits and smashed it to pieces. The starboard lifeboat was facing into the weather and could not be lowered. Now there were only two means of escape- a helicopter or a swim.

The captain waited half an hour and then decided that the risk had to be taken. He asked the radio operator to go down and fire up the battery operated emergency transmitter. There was a collective holding of breath as the man disappeared below. The set came to life. Working by torchlight, he sent an SOS and was delighted to get an instant response. There was no explosion.

Soon, two helicopters, Bravo Alpha and Bravo Kilo, had winched up forty-two men over extremely turbulent seas. Captain Bardari and Lesley John Maynard, an expert on ship safety from England, elected to stay on board.

At 4:00 am the next morning, the *Amoco Cadiz* broke her back. "I was on the bridge wing," Maynard recalls. "I thought I saw some lightning flashes. The ship was breaking in two, with a screech of metal and a shower of sparks that lasted about ten minutes. The metal was ripping and flaring, flaming and popping. I called to the Captain, then fired our remaining three flares."

At the base, Chief Mate Rosario Strano knew that the ship would not hold out. He persuaded the commander to send Bravo Alpha back out. Bardari and Maynard did not refuse the ride this time.



Amoco Cadiz continued to writhe and grind up her metal innards, sending occasional clashes of sparks into what remained of the night, but she never did explode. Perhaps, it might have been better for Brittany if she had.

One by one, the bulkheads of the ship kept giving away over the several days that followed. Oil rented through the broken hull and bubbled through air vents and hatches. Tantalizingly, the weather turned fair over the next three days giving rise to a plethora of ambitious schemes. One envisaged towing the forward portion of the wreck to a discharge port. Another planned to have a fleet of smaller tankers pump out oil from the wreck. Still another had pumps on the shore and hoses strung out to the *Cadiz* on pontoons. The French government even considered bombing the wreck before most of its oil flowed out but eventually decided against it because of environmental and ecological considerations. But before anything could happen, the storms came back to Brittany.

In the first 24 hours of the accident, oil simply slopped ashore, polluting a zone of six to eight kilometers around the wreck. By the time the *Amoco Cadiz* had finished her work, some 400 kilometers of coastline

had been polluted. The cost that the flora and fauna had to sustain was predictably depressing.

Dazed and suffering, first Portsall, and then other towns of the Breton coast started digging out the invading muck with shovels, rakes, plastic buckets and rubbish bins. Ironically, the following months were to prove that these were the best means anyone had - modern means failed miserably.

When the *Torrey Canyon* had gone aground off England, the British had removed the oil with heavy detergents.

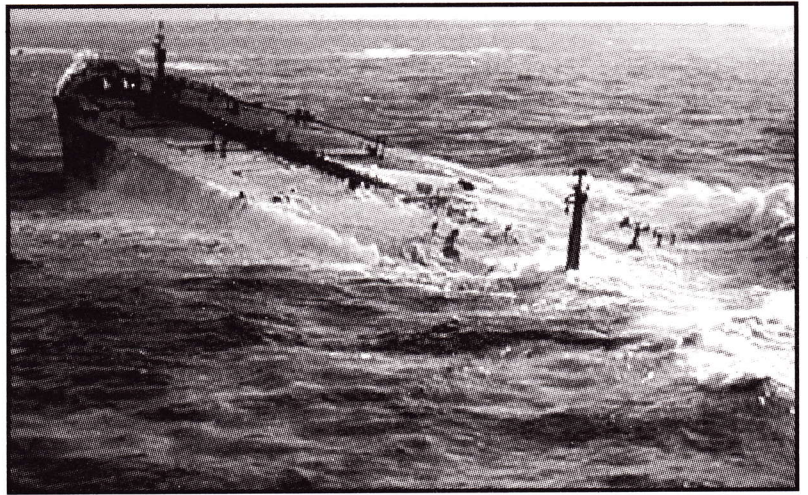
Warned by the wasteland that the "cleaned" beaches around the Torrey Canyon had become, the French chose this slow and painful approach to cleansing the sea. It is impossible to come up with the exact count of people involved in the clean up but the commonly accepted figure is 10,000. This includes navy-men in boats, soldiers, hired hands, volunteers and of course, the local population. They made a motley army but worked with admirable dedication.

This was the first oil spill of such an enormous magnitude and brought thinking minds from around the globe together to review the then-existing trends and resulted in significant changes in maritime law and practice.

But the real heroes were the Bretons themselves, who, after a brief reaction of despair, rallied to do battle against the intrusion with an energy and dedication that do good to all the best French traditions of stubborn courage in times of adversity. They were the ones who cleaned their beaches and coves with shovels and buckets and fire-hoses, who mopped up the oil with straw, rags and newspapers. The real image of the fight against the pollution is neither the helicopters turning endlessly over the wreck nor the navy's boats chasing after oil slicks. It is the sight of old men in rubber boots, silhouetted against a grey horizon, patiently raking a shimmering tidal flat with wooden scrapers.

Cadet Aseem Nanda

1999 Entry



A Friend

A friend who borrows a rupee or a handkerchief will conscientiously return it to you; but he will borrow a book worth five times as much, and possibly, irreplaceable, with no thought that he holds any of your property. He will lose the book, deface it, give it away, or take it from your house without notice, honestly unconcerned whether it is his or yours. Indeed, if he cared, he might find on the flyleaf the name of the third party from whom you had purloined it on the same terms.

Jacques Barzun, 'The House Of Intellect'

Cadet Kartik Kathavate

1999 Entry



Just One Puff!!!

My cabin mate was no different
From any other seafaring officer.
It all started one night:
Heavy downpour on the bow,
Both of us lying in our bunks,
Thinking of home sweet home.
And then he reached for his pocket
And I saw him take out a pack;
He said, "Just one puff, mate".
I grinned, knowing what he meant.
Though he was forbidden to in his bunk,
He puffed away clouds of smoke.
At daybreak I went below for my watch.
And in the middle of my duty,
I heard the alarm ringing loud in my ears.
"Action Stations", I heard the Chief shout.
I ran towards my cabin,
Where all the crew had gathered.
As I got closer, I could feel the intense heat,
The red-hot flames dancing in front in me.
It took a long time to put out the fire,
Long enough to burn everything...
"Anyone inside???"
There was no answer.
There was nothing I could have done.
I made my way towards the fo'c'sle,
And recalled those dreaded words...
Cause "Just One Puff " had been enough!

Cadet Shival Sapre
2000 Entry

SIGN outside a Calcutta hairdressing saloon: "Going grey and looking old? Come to us
for dying."

Birds of TMI

The distance from the city of Pune and the industrial township of Chakan, the presence of a lake, the pleasant climate and the general peacefulness of our campus make it a haven for all kinds of birds. From the Dabchicks, which swim in the lake to the handsome Blackwinged Kite, which stands guard in the woods near the East Block, the range is very impressive.

The largest bird I have seen on the campus to date is the Whiteneked Stork (*Ciconia Episcopus**). There were around seven or eight of these shabby looking birds walking in the partially dry lake during the summer months. I think they were mating as some of them seemed to be doing mating dances. The numerous dogs seemed to be giving them a hard time but towards the end they seemed to have become a lot more aggressive and the dogs hardly bothered them.

A very smart looking bird that I have seen twice, sitting on the electric pole in the sparsely wooded area next to the East Block is the Blackwinged Kite (*Elanus Caeruleus**). It was once seen sitting on an electric pole near the lake and once, hovering behind the East Block. From a distance this kite looks predominantly white. A black stripe over the eyes was clearly visible when the bird was sitting near the lake and this was what helped me to identify the bird. Another kite, the Pariah Kite (*Milvus Migrans**), is a regular in the campus, its favourite habitat being the electric lighting poles around the lake. They are a very playful set, swooping down and then flying up high in pairs or triplets. The Pariah Kite can be identified beyond doubt by its tail. It is the only kite that has a forked tail. The same kite could be seen hovering high over the football field and the staff quarters during the football season.

The most common bird on the campus, I'm happy to say, is not the crow, but the House Sparrow (*Passer Domesticus**). And I hope that it will stay this way because it is usually, only a matter of time before the common crow starts taking charge of places of human habitation. Right now the sparrow is everywhere. It can be seen going round in circles in the courtyard, tapping the glass windows of the hostel, and flying over the lawns near the basketball court and the cafeteria. Sparrows are common visitors to the mess. Entering through the open glass windows, they seem fearless of humans. Pairs of sparrows going around in circles in the mess is a common sight. Once, while brushing my teeth, I heard a tapping sound. Initially, I ignored it. But when it continued, I walked across to the next toilet and saw a very interesting sight. A confused sparrow kept pecking at its own image in the mirror. This also happens with the mess windows, which are mirrored on one side. A similar tapping interspersed with a chirping sound at around seven in the morning usually starts off my day. Another sub-species of the sparrow seen once near the water tank in the farm area is the Yellow-throated Sparrow (*Petronia Xanthocollis**).

Kingfishers are common near the lake- the White Breasted kingfisher (*Halycon Smirenensis**) can be seen near the dam or sitting by the lake bank. These make their nests there. (A hole dug horizontally into the river or the lake bank ending in a small enlarged area which is cushioned with hay and other material makes a Kingfisher's nest.) Whenever any disturbance is created, the bird can be seen darting off to more peaceful localities. The Pied Kingfisher (*Ceryle Radios**), which, unlike its colorful cousins, is predominantly white with black stripes throughout its body, and the Small Blue Kingfisher (*Alcedo Atthis**) have also been seen in and around the lake. I once saw the latter diving into the lake unsuccessfully. Kingfishers, as their name suggests, are fish eaters but their diet goes beyond that and it is common to see Kingfishers diving down into the fields just outside the hostel and returning with small bugs and grasshoppers.

The small duck-like bird very commonly seen swimming in the lake is the Dabchick (*Podiceps Ruficollis**). The long-legged Red Wattled Lapwing (*Vanellus Indicus**) is also commonly seen on the lake bank closer to the main gate. Paddy Birds or pond Herons (*Ardeola Grayii**) are very common near the lake and the farmland. It can also be seen almost every time one walks along the cooling water ponds. These shy birds have a dull greyish color when they are sitting, but it bursts into a bright white when the birds start to

fly. The Little Cormorant (*Phalacrocorax Niger**) is also a permanent resident of the campus. This black bird can be seen in the lake and in the cooling tanks. Cormorants are deprived of the gland that provides water birds with the oil to keep the feathers dry. Thus, this bird can be seen sitting with its wings spread to dry itself.

Since our campus is a sanctuary for many resident birds as well as a stopover for seasonal migratory visitors, the number and the types of birds that can be seen is amazing.

This account is based on casual observations made over a period of one year. It would be very interesting if we could start a bird watching club on campus for a more systematic study of ornithology.

**The names given in brackets are the Biological names of the birds. This information was taken from Salim Ali's "The Book of Indian Birds" and Bikram Grewal's "Birds of India."*

Cadet Avira Abraham Kallivayalil
1999 Entry

Why it's Good To Be a Guy!

Just a few reasons why we think guys have it so good! It's not fair, but guys seem to always get the better deal. Don't believe me? Read on ...

Wedding plans take care of themselves.

Chocolate is just another snack.

Car mechanics tell you the truth.

Wrinkles add character.

Wedding Dress 30,000; Tux rental 1000.

Your last name stays put.

New shoes don't cut, blister, or mangle your feet.

Phone conversations are over in 30 seconds flat.

A five-day vacation requires only one suitcase.

You can leave the motel bed unmade.

You get extra credit for the slightest act of thoughtfulness.

If you are 34 and single, nobody notices.

Everything on your face stays its original color.

You can quietly enjoy a car ride from the passenger's seat.

Three pairs of shoes are more than enough.

You can quietly watch a game with your buddy for hours without ever thinking "he's mad at me."

You are not expected to know the names of more than five colors.

You are unable to see the wrinkles in your clothes.

One wallet and one pair of shoes, one color, all seasons.

You can "do" your nails with a pocketknife or your teeth.

Christmas shopping can be accomplished for 25 relatives, on December 24th, in 20 minutes.

Cadet C.S.S.K Sessa Sai
1999 Entry

A Marine Engineer's Tale

We are the men from down below,
We fight to survive wherever we go,
Day and night, we sweat and toil,
All amidst the smell of oil.

Four years at a degree course;
The job's never better, but rather for the worse,
Overhaul, decarb and routine schedule,
Keep you working like a mule.

Our job is done amidst all the noise,
We take our spanners and strike our poise,
We work in grease, oil, soot and rust,
But we never forget, that safety's a must.

The work lies in the belly of the ship,
And port stay just makes it tougher,
And as if not to make matters worse,
Hell comes down to earth, when the seas are rougher.

Watch keeping and maintenance are a part of our daily lives,
And breakdowns just mean the beginning of a bad day,
Living like a dog is what it's all about,
But then again, what can I say?

I could write more of this little story,
About these men who go to sea,
But, I say, try it - experience it, and bicker not,
To prove that a man you can be.

Cadet Gaurav G. Lobo
1998 Entry

Maturity

The things that you learn with maturity are not just simple such as acquiring information and skills. You learn many more important things. You learn not to burn up energy in anxiety. You discover how to manage your tensions. You learn that self-pity and resentment are among the most toxic of drugs. You find that the world loves talent, but rewards character. You come to understand that most people are neither with you nor against you; they are thinking about themselves. You learn that no matter how hard you try to please, some people in this world are not going to love you, a lesson that is at first troubling, and then quite relaxing!

Cadet Prashant Gaur
2000 Entry

Modern Means of Communication- A Boon or a Bane?

Today we live in a completely wired world. And accordingly, our lives too, are wired to the modern means of communication. We use devices such as the Telephone, the Facsimile and the almighty Computer for our day-to-day communication. All these means of communication have steadily and surely crept into the life of every man. Making contact with people has definitely become easier and faster.

These means of communication have converted the world into a global village. Indeed, people can reach out to anyone at any time. But do they really connect with the other person?

In earlier times, maybe even before the word 'communication' was coined, the means of conveying news or messages to another person were very different from what they are today. To convey even a small piece of news, people travelled all the way to that person. In doing so, they actually met the person and 'connected' in the real sense. Then, with the arrival of the telephone, there was no need to actually traverse that distance. People were content with hearing the voice on the other side. And thence, the Human Touch was lost from 'communication' a word that had started gaining a whole lot of attention from everyone.

At a stage when everyone was happy with the Telephone, the Computer made its mark in the field of communication. The new means included electronic mail (popularly known as e-mail), Internet chatting and several others. This attracted the attention of the computer savvy and a revolution began in the field of communication. 'Tele-communication' became a household word. But, in this process, one more step had been taken towards breaking that personal touch. People saw typewritten messages and replied in the same manner. The voice factor had been deleted. Net-chatting evolved so fast into the lives of every child, teenager and adult that today, people communicate by means of the computer even when the other person is just a phone-call away or at a distance of a stone's throw. As we study the trend, we find the technological developments have slowly affected the real person in you.

As we all know that the only thing permanent is change, we can be sure of further developments in communication. As I think of the previous changes that communication has brought about, I wonder what the next step would be. People just might start using communicating machines personalized to their own character and leave the machines to carry out conversations. If something like this happens, it would not be the people communicating but just some machines that would do the job.

So before the Human touch is lost from communication totally, lets try to use technology not to break bonds, but to preserve this human touch and try to connect!

Cadet Shival Sapre
2000 Entry

If you know what I mean?

GRAFFITO on a wall at the London *Observer*: "The editor's indecisions are final."

●●● { The Art of Goofing Up } ●●●

"It was I, myself, who personally and accidentally goofed."

- DAVID OGILVY

Success is overrated. Everyone craves it despite daily proof that man's real genius lies in quite the opposite direction. Man spends his entire life doing things that he can do well, and which, invariably, are the least interesting parts of his abilities. Look at it this way - we spend our lives trying to do things so well that we have all quite forgotten the joy that comes with a realization of how bad at something we are (and how others are as bad or even worse).

This article is not, like so many you must have come across, for or about people who are good at what they do. It is not for the likes of Tendulkar, Santana, Jordan, or Satriani. It is for us: we, the less than good, who are privileged to such moments of absolute incompetence as these monotonously good people can never ever hope to achieve. It is about people who were so wonderfully bad in their chosen sphere of endeavour that their names and exploits live on as beacons for the future generations - truly inspirational.

Thankfully, our field of work has not been left untouched by the art of being bad. Maritime history is blessed with some absolutely magnificent instances of incompetence. This is what this article is concerned with - long forgotten (well, mostly) tales of people at sea who managed to be so uniformly and characteristically appalling that it would indeed be a waste to allow their genius to recede unrecognized into the mists of time.

THE WORST SHIP

Between 1953, when it was built, and 1976, when it (finally) sank, the *Argo Merchant* managed to achieve the rare distinction of having suffered from every single known form of maritime disaster.

Sadly, the first fourteen years of her operations were almost totally devoid of anything of interest to us. But as we shall see, she more than made up for this bland period in the rest of her lifespan. Her run of brilliance started in 1967, when she took eight months to sail from Japan to America. En route, she collided with a Japanese ship, caught fire three times and had to stop for repairs five times.

In 1968, there was a mutiny on board and in 1969, she ran aground off Borneo for 34 hours. The next five years were rather quiet by her standards and it was feared at the time that she would return to her old boring ways. In this entire period, she only ran aground once off Curacao and once off the Italian island of Sicily, and once had to be towed into New York because she had lost all power aboard.

In 1976, she started showing signs of her old flair again. In a period of eleven odd months, her boilers failed six times. On one occasion, her engine *and* steering gear failed simultaneously and she spent quite a bit of her time drifting with two red lights displayed, meaning that the vessel was not under the control of the crew. News of her exploits travelled fast, and she was banned from Philadelphia, Boston and the Panama Canal.

Towards the fag end of 1976, however, she quite outdid herself, running aground yet again - this time off Cape Cod, Massachusetts - and sinking immediately, causing in the process one of America's biggest oil slicks ever. Even in passing, she showed signs of brilliance. When she finally went aground, she was no less than eighteen miles off course and was being navigated by the stars because modern equipment had broken down. What is more, the West Indian helmsman later disclosed that he could not read the Greek handwriting showing the course to be steered.

A naval expert was later so rude as to remark that she was "a disaster looking for somewhere to happen".

THE LEAST SUCCESSFUL NAVIGATOR

Mr. Ronald Davies, formerly of Ireland, took well over two years to complete the journey from Belfast in Ireland to Plymouth in England. A duller man would have made it in a few days. But not Mr. Davies. His motivation for leaving Ireland in the first place was that the IRA suspected him of working for British Intelligence, while the British Intelligence suspected him of working for the IRA. Since the situation was obviously unpleasant, Mr. Davies left Belfast in December 1974 with his companion, Ms. Brenda Collopy, and set sail for the Isle of Man in a 17-foot sloop, the *Calcutta Princess*. In the months that followed, they attracted six coastguard alerts, four lifeboat rescues and the assistance of a Royal Navy helicopter and other Royal Navy units, including the aircraft carrier HMS *Hermes*.

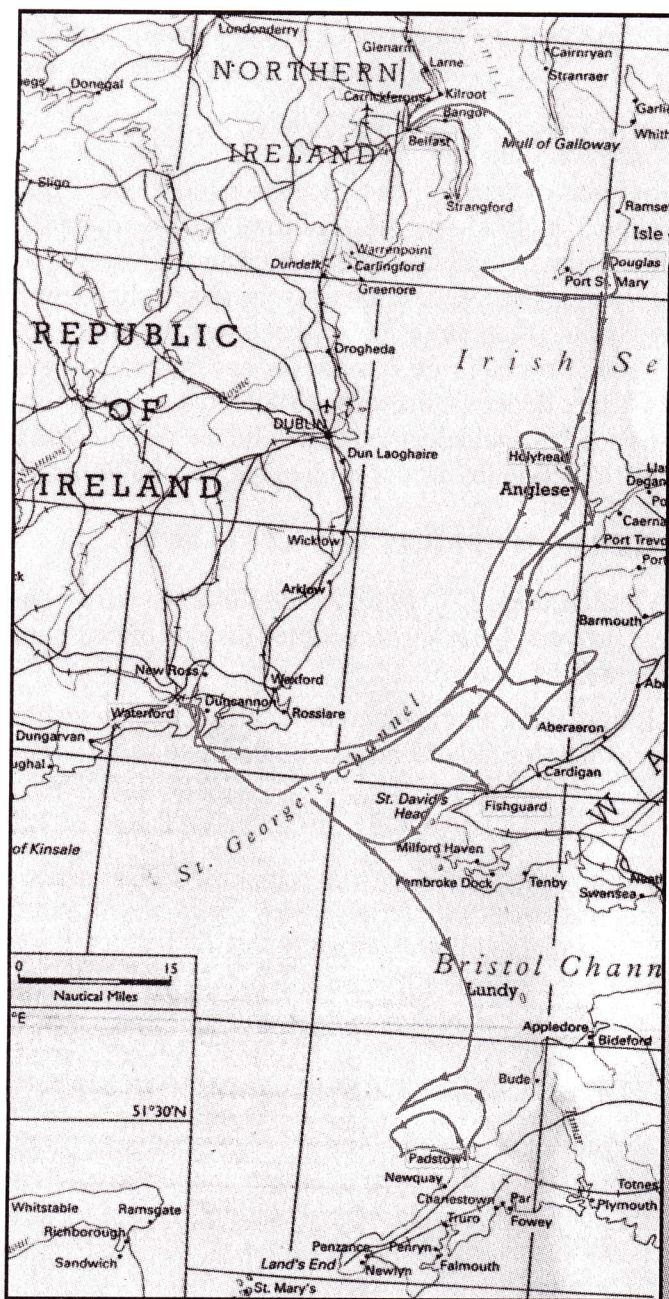
On their way to the Isle of Man, the travelers got lost and had to be guided into Douglas by a lifeboat. From there, they went to Holyhead and set sail for Fishguard. They failed to arrive. A search effort eventually found the mariners in Waterford across the Irish Sea. From here they left for Fishguard yet again but turned up back in Holyhead instead. On their third attempt, they finally made it to Fishguard.

Later, off the coast of Devon, they had to be guided into Padstow. After a day's breather, they set sail for Newquay but ended up back in Padstow. Just as they were about to enter port, they got caught in a storm and had to be rescued by the Padstow lifeboat.

At this point, Ms. Collopy decided that she had had enough and left the boat. Mr. Davies carried on alone. Five weeks later, the lifeboat from Padstow had to rescue him again. He completed the journey overland in August 1977.

THE WORST VOYAGE

A year later, a Mr. William Smith of Norfolk, England, made a commendable attempt at superceding Mr. Davies' saga. He did not succeed, but his attempt is worth mention. He sailed from Scotland to Yarmouth in August 1978. Showing great independence of mind, en route, he missed Bridlington Harbour by 400 yards and rammed a jetty. At Yarmouth, he overshot by 90 miles and ran aground off Kent. Search and Rescue operations were hampered by a change in the appearance of the boat. When the boat left Scotland, it was black with one mast. When it was finally found, it had two masts and was painted green. Mr. Smith later explained, "I spent my time when I was aground by redecorating". Touché.



Now that we have seen a small sample of what merchantmen and privateers are capable of, can the navies of the world powers be far behind? Apparently not.

THE LEAST SUCCESSFUL WARSHIP

In times of war, self-sacrifice is a paramount virtue. New heights were achieved in 1941 by HMS *Trinidad* when it sighted a passing German destroyer and fired a torpedo at it. Sailing in the Arctic for the first time, the crew completely overlooked the effect of the icy Arctic waters on the steering mechanism of the torpedo. The crew watched as the shape sliced through the water at over 40 knots towards its target. It was only later that they realized that it was beginning to follow a curved course. In less than a minute, following a semicircular route, it made its way into the *Trinidad's* path. Displaying the sheer precision on which naval warfare depends, the torpedo scored a direct hit on the ship's engine room. The passing German destroyer noticed this and decided that it did not need to add to the troubles of the enemy vessel. The *Trinidad* stayed out of action for the duration of the Second World War.

GERMAN EFFICIENCY AT ITS BEST

On February 22nd, 1940, a German Luftwaffe fighter-bomber flying off the coast of Borkum sighted two destroyers. In an unprecedented display of courage and aggression, it strafed, bombed and cornered the two vessels on its own.

Rarely has a single plane inflicted such damage on two surface vessels. The destroyers, the *Lebrecht Mass* and the *Max Schultz* both belonged to the *Kriegsmarine*- the German Navy.

THE LEAST SUCCESSFUL NAVAL REPAIRS

In September 1978, a paint scraper worth 30 pence was accidentally dropped into a torpedo launcher of the nuclear attack submarine USS *Swordfish* while she was undergoing repairs. When the submarine put to sea, it was noticed that the loading piston had been jammed in its loading cylinder by the paint scraper. For a week divers tried to free the piston while the *Swordfish* was waterborne, but all attempts failed. She eventually had to dry-docked, and subsequent repairs cost the US Navy 171,000 dollars (£ 84,000).

THE LEAST SUCCESSFUL MANOEUVRE

Reversing into a jetty is an art. New standards for this were set in May 1966 by the Royal Navy frigate HMS *Ulster*. Returning from exercises in the Tamar Estuary near the port of Plymouth, she was waiting to berth. At this time, it so happened that her control telegraph at the bridge got stuck in the 'Half Astern' position. Attempts to free it only resulted in the handle getting jammed at 'Full Astern'. The Engine Room obeyed orders and soon she was sailing backwards straight for a stone jetty. The Captain of the warship tried to call the engine room but got no reply. So he ordered the Officer of the Watch to go down and personally remedy the situation. Action Stations were sounded to alert the crew. The Officer of the Watch, on his way down, met the entire ship's company racing in the other direction to their Emergency Stations and was unable to make any headway. The frigate eventually hit the jetty steaming backwards at 8 knots. The impact shortened the vessel by seven feet and compressed the air inside it. A sailor who was halfway through a deck hatch at the instant of impact was propelled 15 feet into the air and landed on the jetty unharmed. Fortunately, there were no casualties.

THE WORST FLEET

Tanker Operations are some of the most demanding areas of our sphere of work. In recent years, the inherently dangerous business of running a tanker has become so specialized that it provides us with hardly any incident deserving mention. However, things were not always so mundane. In the early 1970s, a fleet of

US Navy tankers blazed a trail through naval history adorned with classic mishaps. On one occasion, one of them had to sail from Britain to the Caribbean backwards, because her engines were stuck in reverse. A sister vessel came to be known as the 'Pink Panther' after the normal grey and red paint used on it had been accidentally mixed. And a third tanker went full speed into a crowded Los Angeles Harbour and damaged a freighter so badly that it had to be towed away for scrap.

To me, what we have seen above is both a comfort and an inspiration. Fallibility, especially of such inspired variety as above is something that is fast becoming extinct in our perfect world - like the Dodo. The future looks bleak. But in all of us remains the dormant ability to achieve such glorious heights of inadequacy. So let us hope for the best and recall the famous words of Philaster Chase Johnson while encouraging readers to plough through his (completely incomprehensible) magazine article:

"Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

Cadet Manuj Chaudhari

1999 Entry

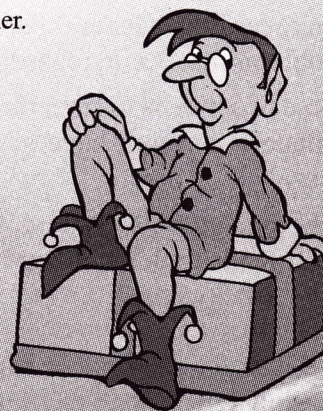
I'm My Own Grandpa!!!

Many, many years ago, when I was twenty-three
I got married to a widow who was pretty as could be.
This widow had a grown-up daughter who had hair of red;
My father fell in love with her, and soon the two were wed.
This made my dad my son-in-law and changed my very life,
My daughter was my mother for she was my father's wife.
To complicate matters more, although it brought me joy,
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy.
My little baby then became a brother-in-law to dad
And so he was my uncle, though it made me very sad.
For if he was my uncle, then that also made him brother
To the widow's grown-up daughter, who of course, was my stepmother.
Father's wife then had a son, who kept them on the run
And he became my grandson for he was my daughter's son
My wife is now my mother's mother and it makes me blue
Because, although she is my wife, she's my grand-ma too!
If my wife's my grandmother, then I am her grand-child,
And every time I think of it, it simply drives me wild.
For now I have become the strangest case you ever saw
As the husband of my grandmother, I am my own grandpa...

(Poet: Unknown)

Cadet Jimmy Jose Pudusery

2001 Entry



—••• { The Troubles of an IT User } •••—

When the 'system' crashes...

Dear Tech Support,

Last year I upgraded from Girlfriend 7.0 to Wife 1.0. I soon noticed that the new program began unexpected child processing that took up a lot of space and valuable resources. No mention of this was included with the product information. In addition, Wife 1.0 installed itself into all other programs and now launches during system initialization, where it monitors all other system activity.

Applications such as Poker Night 10.3, Football 5.0, Hunting and Fishing 7.5, and Racing 3.6 no longer run, crashing the system whenever selected. I can't seem to keep Wife 1.0 in the background while attempting to run my favorite applications. I'm thinking about going back to Girlfriend 7.0, but the uninstall doesn't work on Wife 1.0.

Please help!!!!!!

Thanks,

A Troubled User.

Reply:

Dear Troubled User,

This is a very common problem that men complain about. It is due to a primary misconception among men. Many people upgrade from Girlfriend 7.0 to Wife 1.0, thinking that it is merely a Utilities and Entertainment program.

Wife 1.0 is an OPERATING SYSTEM and is designed by its creator to run everything! It is also impossible to delete Wife 1.0 and to return to Girlfriend 7.0. Hidden operating systems files cause Girlfriend 7.0 to emulate Wife 1.0, so nothing is gained. It is impossible to uninstall, delete, or purge the program files from the system once installed.

You cannot go back to Girlfriend 7.0 because Wife 1.0 is designed to not allow this. Some have tried Girlfriend 8.0 or Wife 2.0 but end up with more problems than in the original system.

Look in your Wife 1.0 manual under "Warnings--Alimony/Child Support." I recommend that you keep Wife 1.0 and work on improving the situation. Suggest installing the background application "I'm Sorry A2Z" to alleviate software augmentation. Having installed Wife 1.0 myself, I also suggest that you read the entire section regarding "General Partnership Faults (GPFs)." You must assume all responsibility for any faults and problems that occur, regardless of their cause. You will also find that GPFs are cyclical.

The best course of action is to enter the command C:\APOLOGIZE. Avoid excessive use of C:\YES DEAR because ultimately you will have to give the APOLOGIZE command before the system will return to normal anyway.

Remember the system will run smoothly as long as you take the blame for all GPF's. Wife 1.0 is a great program, but it tends to demand very high maintenance. Wife 1.0 comes with several support programs, such as Clean and Sweep 3.0, Cook It 1.5 (which replaces Burn It 1.0), and Do Bills 4.2. You must, however, be very careful how you use these programs. Improper use will cause the system to launch the program Nag-Nag 9.5. Once this happens, the only way to improve the performance of Wife 1.0 is to purchase additional software. I recommend Flowers 2.1 and Diamonds 5.0 should this happen.

WARNING!!!!!!

DO NOT, under any circumstances, install Secretary With Short Skirt 6.9.

This application is not supported by Wife 1.0 and will cause irreversible damage (Fatal unexceptional

errors) to the operating system.

Best of luck,

Tech Support.

(Author Unknown)

Cadet Vadlamani Ravi Kiran

2001 Entry

Digital Delights

Digits and numbers are the building blocks of mathematics. Every digit or a number has peculiar characteristics, which makes it interesting and enchanting. It is a sheer joy to work with them. They can come alive and lead us into a world of mathematical adventures and thrills.

Sum of continuous odd numbers in a series is a square of a certain number.

So $1^2=1$, $1+3=4=2^2$, $1+3+5=9=3^2$, $1+3+5+7=16=4^2$

A special pair of numbers:

The no's 46 & 96 are rather peculiar. Their product does not change if the digits are interchanged.

Thus: $46*96=4416=64*69$.

Try to find more.

Twenty Seven:

Every two digit no in which the units digit exceeds the tens digit by 3 has the following property.

$41-14=27$, $74-47=27$, $52-25=27$.

Any number when you multiply it by 5 and add 6, then multiply the result by 4, add 9, gives you a number, when you multiply the number by 5 subtract 165 gives you a number, when you knock of the last two digits brings the original number.

Find this 6-digit number in which the first three digit - last digit = 665, within the number there is a 3 to the left of 1, there is 0 to its right and contains 7 to the right of 9 and 5 to the left of 3. (975310)

Armstrong numbers:

The numbers whose sum is the cube of individual numbers are called 'Armstrong numbers.'

For example: $153=1^3+5^3+3^3$

$371=3^3+7^3+1^3$

$370=3^3+7^3+0^3$

Srinivasa Ramanujan's Number: 1729

The specialty of Ramanujan's number is that it is the only number that can be expressed as the sum of the cubes of two different numbers.

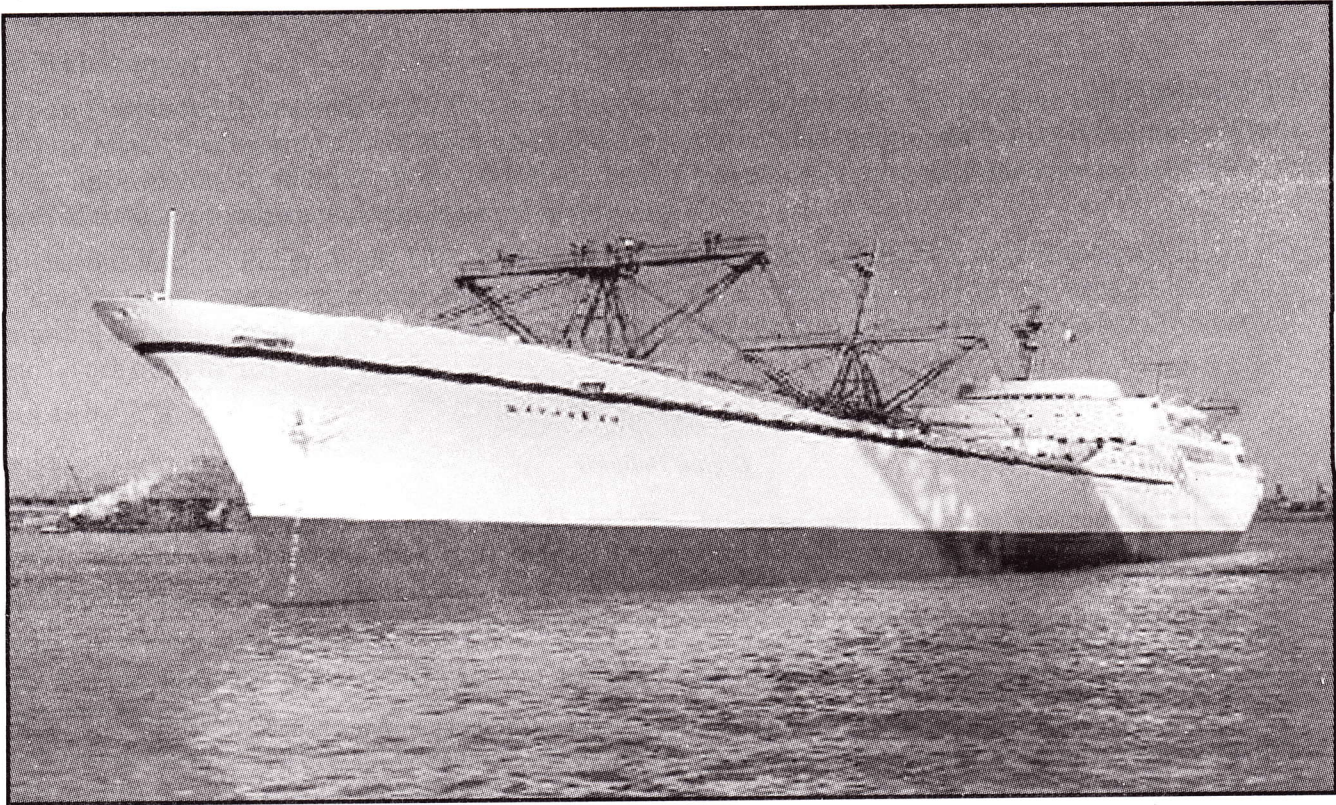
$10^3+9^3=1729$

$12^3+1^3=1729$

Cadet J. Vijay Krishna

2001 Entry

The N.S. *Savannah*



The N.S. *Savannah* on her maiden voyage

When one says "Nuclear Ship", the first things that come to mind are the sinister black shapes of nuclear submarines and massive aircraft carriers. One would imagine that the only ships that use nuclear propulsion are warships, owned by a few select nations that can actually afford to have them.

It is a fact that most vessels that operate on nuclear propulsion are military vessels. However, in the fifties, in the aftermath of the Second World War and The Bomb, the U.S. Government embarked on a project so unique that it has no parallel to this day.

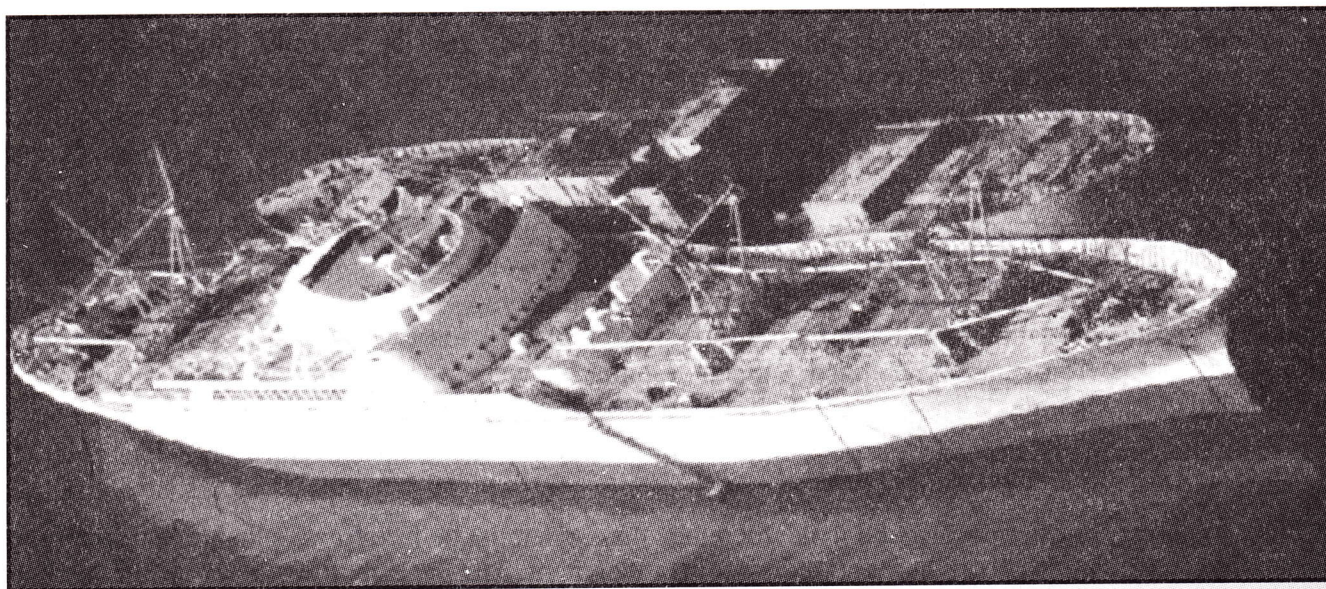
In the interest of displaying the peaceful and practical uses of atomic energy, President Eisenhower on April 25, 1955, proposed the design and construction of a nuclear powered *merchant* ship. This ship was to become the *Nuclear Ship Savannah*. The *N.S. Savannah* was the first nuclear-powered cargo-passenger ship, built by the New York Shipbuilding Corporation at Camden, New Jersey. This was a fitting name, as the first steam-powered vessel to cross the Atlantic Ocean was the *SS Savannah* in 1819.

In October 1956, the Babcock & Wilcox Company was selected by the Atomic Energy Commission to design and provide the nuclear power plant for the ship. The plant design would eventually develop into the one picture. In April of 1957, a contract to design the ship was awarded by the Maritime Administration to George G. Sharp Inc. of New York City. The Maritime Administration awarded the construction contract for the ship to the New York Shipbuilding Corp. of Camden, NJ. On May 22, 1958, on National Maritime Day at Camden; the keel laying ceremony for the *NS Savannah* was presided over by Mrs. Richard Nixon, the wife of the Vice-President.

The Babcock & Wilcox Company supplied the 74 maximum-power thermal megawatt pressurized-water reactor. Nearly 600 feet long with 22,000-tons displacement, the ship at top speed surged along at 24 knots,

with more than 22,300 shaft horsepower to a single propeller. She had a beautiful profile containing a clipper bow, a modified cruiser stern with a knuckled tumble home, a long bridge, and three levels of house blended into a tear drop shape. She had three continuous decks, A, B, and C, and a full-length double bottom. Ten transverse watertight bulkheads divided the ship into eleven main compartments - fore peak, four cargo holds forward, reactor compartment, machinery space, three cargo holds aft, and the after peak. The Savannah was designed to carry 60 passengers in 30 staterooms.

After construction was completed, the *Savannah* was chartered to the States Marine Lines for experimental commercial use. Travelling first to major U.S. ports, beginning in 1962, the *Savannah* made several global voyages. She was a brilliant execution of an unprecedented concept and was hailed as the "pride of an ailing U.S. fleet". She was the first of a kind a pathfinder. It was widely expected at the time of her launch that she would be the first of many nuclear powered civilian vessels to enter service. Thus, in addition to her role as a cargo/ passenger vessel, she was also expected to fulfill the need for a training platform for future nuclear ships.



The *Savannah* moored at Patriot's Point National Museum, South Carolina

In the end, the *Savannah* story did not quite go the way it was expected to. In commerce, the bottom line is the monetary viability of any concept, and on those terms, the *Savannah* just didn't measure up. She required a crew of more than 100 highly trained sailors, including nuclear technologists and engineers. Comparable conventional ships required only 20 to 30 hands. In June 1963, an editorial in the *Marine Engineering / Log* called the beautiful white colored vessel, the American "merchant marine's biggest white elephant". The death knell for the *Savannah* - and for commercial nuclear shipping - came when the United States Department of Defense, a major customer of US-flagged shipping, inevitably and appropriately concluded that oil-fired freighters were more cost-effective than nuclear ships. The ship continued in service for the duration of the sixties. Labour disputes over the wages of her highly skilled crew finally put paid to one of the world's most unique and complex merchant vessels. The *Savannah* was deactivated in the fall of 1971 and is now moored (without her reactor) at the Patriots' Point National Maritime Museum in South Carolina.

Cadet Abhijit Singh
2001 Entry

Pro and Contra

The German poet Goethe, in his poem *'Faust'* about a scholar by the same name, has immortalized the dilemma of our age. Faust strives to see the world in its innermost essence, to behold the source - the driving force of all that exists.

The leading character of the poem *'Faust'* embodies the spirit of our times. He tries to search for 'The Ultimate Truth' by studying Science, Philosophy and all the learned arts and yet is unable to come any closer to 'The Ultimate Truth' than he previously was. Finally he turns to the occult and is visited by Mephistopheles, the devil himself. While introducing himself to Faust, Mephistopheles says, "I am just a part of the whole".

Let us dwell for a while on this strange way of introduction that Mephistopheles uses... "I am just a part of the whole". What does it mean? And what is the whole?

"The whole" is the whole of creation: living, non-living, visible, invisible, susceptible to our senses or not susceptible to them all at once. By his introductory statement, Mephistopheles seems to be implying that just as good is a part of the whole, evil is also part of the whole. If one believes in God (which one must if one believes in good and evil) then one must believe that all creation is permeated by God. And according to Mephistopheles, good and evil are but parts of the whole. Then they must necessarily be parts of the supreme force that we call God. Then why so much emphasis on the good? Why not on the evil?

We emphasize good and shun evil without really being clear about what is good and what is evil. Our very definitions of good and evil are hazy and confused. They are not absolute definitions and are based upon our own convenience - our convenience that arises from our delusions. And where do our delusions spring from? They spring essentially from our society and our limited field of activity, from our getting obsessed with our emotions, from our getting attached to our systems, to people, to ideas, to causes etc. Attachment, in a nutshell. It is attachment of any kind, which is the cause of delusion.

But then attachment is also an indispensable anchor. It lets you know where you stand. It gives you something to live for.

In order to correct our definitions and make them absolute, we must be free from delusion. But freedom from delusion can occur only if there is freedom from attachment. And freedom from attachment is terrible. It makes you ask yourself repeatedly: "What am I living for?" And to this there seems to be no answer. There seems to be absolute nothingness: there seems to be no meaning, no purpose, no motive, nothing worth doing... There seems to be nothing but chaos, nothing worth existing for.

And if there is nothing, then what is good and what is evil?

We cannot proceed any further unless we have more knowledge of creation. We must know more, but how?? Suppose we know for certain that God exists and is not just another concept that we have made up for our convenience. Suppose God exists and as our religions tell us, is all consciousness. Only if we believe in this supposition can we proceed further...

If God exists and is all consciousness, then consciousness is precious and is something to aspire for. But as far as the universe is concerned, consciousness seems to manifest itself as life and in life. And thus, life is something to aspire for. Consciousness is the only way to the truth and consciousness manifests itself in life. Anything that accepts life, promotes life, then accepts consciousness, accepts the way to the truth - is Good. Anything that rejects life, negates life, or rejects the way to the truth - is Evil. And there we have our definitions.

In order to be "Good" or "Evil", one must rise above delusion. But since most of us are deluded (and are happy in our delusions), we are neither good nor evil. We are nothing, we are lukewarm, neither hot nor cold...and in our nothingness, we are happy. Our 'good' is nothing but a cheap game of mental and

emotional comfort and our 'evil' is nothing but our petty spite, our petty lusts.

In the Bible, in the Apocalypse, there occurs the passage:

"...And unto the Angel of the Church of the Laodiceans write: These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God. I know thy works that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would that thou wert cold or hot; So then because that thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased in goods and have need for nothing; and thou knowest that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked..."

Indeed we are all poor and blind and wretched and naked. We are lukewarm...and herein lies our misery.

Cadet Mohit Mehra

2001 Entry

Slow Dance

Have you ever watched kids
On a merry-go-round?
Or listened to the rain
Slapping on the ground?
Ever followed a butterfly's
Erratic flight?
Or gazed at the sun
Into the fading night?
You'd better slow down.
Don't dance so fast.
Time is short.
The music won't last.

Do you run through each day
On the fly?
When you ask, "How are you?"
Do you hear the reply?
When the day is done,
Do you lie in your bed
With the next hundred chores
Running through your head?
You'd better slow down
Don't dance so fast.
Time is short.
The music won't last.



Ever told your child,
We'll do it tomorrow?
And in your haste,
Not see his sorrow?
Ever lost touch -
Let a good friendship die
'Cause you never had time
To call and say, "Hi?"
You'd better slow down.
Don't dance so fast.
Time is short.
The music won't last.

When you run so fast
To get somewhere
You miss half the fun
Of getting there.
When you worry and hurry
Through your day,
It is like an unopened gift....
Thrown away.
Life is not a race.
Do take it slower
Hear the music
Before the song is over.

(This poem was written by a girl seven years old suffering from leukaemia during the terminal stages of her illness.)

Cadet Abhinav Shrey

2001 Entry

●●● { Pipe Specifications From A Chief Engineer } ●●●

No one ever allows a Chief Engineer to have his way in setting standards in the manufacturing specifications of spares, parts, tools or ancillaries... Ever wondered why? This should clear all doubts.

1. The pipe is to be made of a long hole, surrounded by metal or plastic centered on the hole.
2. The pipe is to be made hollow throughout its entire length - do not use holes of lengths different from that of the pipe - especially holes of greater length.
3. The I.D. (Inside Diameter) of the pipe must not exceed the O.D. (Outside Diameter) - otherwise the hole will be outside.
4. The pipe is to be supplied with nothing in the hole, so that water, steam or other stuff can be put inside at a later date.
5. The pipe should be supplied with rust this can be more readily applied at the job site otherwise time will be wasted in storing the pipe and waiting for it to rust before using it. Some vendors are now able to supply pre-rusted pipes .If available in your area, this type of product is recommended, as it will save time.
6. A pipe over 50ft. in length should have the words "Long Pipe" clearly painted on each end, so the Chief Engineer will easily know that it's a long pipe.
7. A pipe over 100ft. in length, must have the words "Long Pipe" painted clearly in the middle of the pipe, so that the Chief Engineer will not have to walk the entire length of the pipe to determine whether it is a long pipe or not.
8. All pipes over 6 inches in diameter must have the words "Large Pipe" painted on them so that the Chief Engineer will not mistake them for small pipes.
9. Flanges must be used on all pipes. Flanges must have bolts quite separate from the big hole in the middle.
10. When ordering 90,45 or 30 degree elbows, be sure to specify right hand or left hand; otherwise you will end up going the wrong way.
11. Be sure to specify to your vendor whether you want level, uphill or downhill pipe. If you use downhill pipe for going uphill, the water will flow the wrong way.
12. All the couplings must have left-handed or right-handed threads, but do not mix the threads; otherwise, as a coupling is being screwed on one pipe, it will be unscrewed from the other.

Cadet Gaurav G. Lobo
1998 Entry

Blessed To Know Less

This proof is based on two basic assumptions that everyone knows:

1. Time is money 2. Knowledge is power

Every science student knows that $\text{Power} = \text{Work}/\text{Time}$

Hence $\text{Knowledge} = \text{Work}/\text{Money}$

Solving for money:

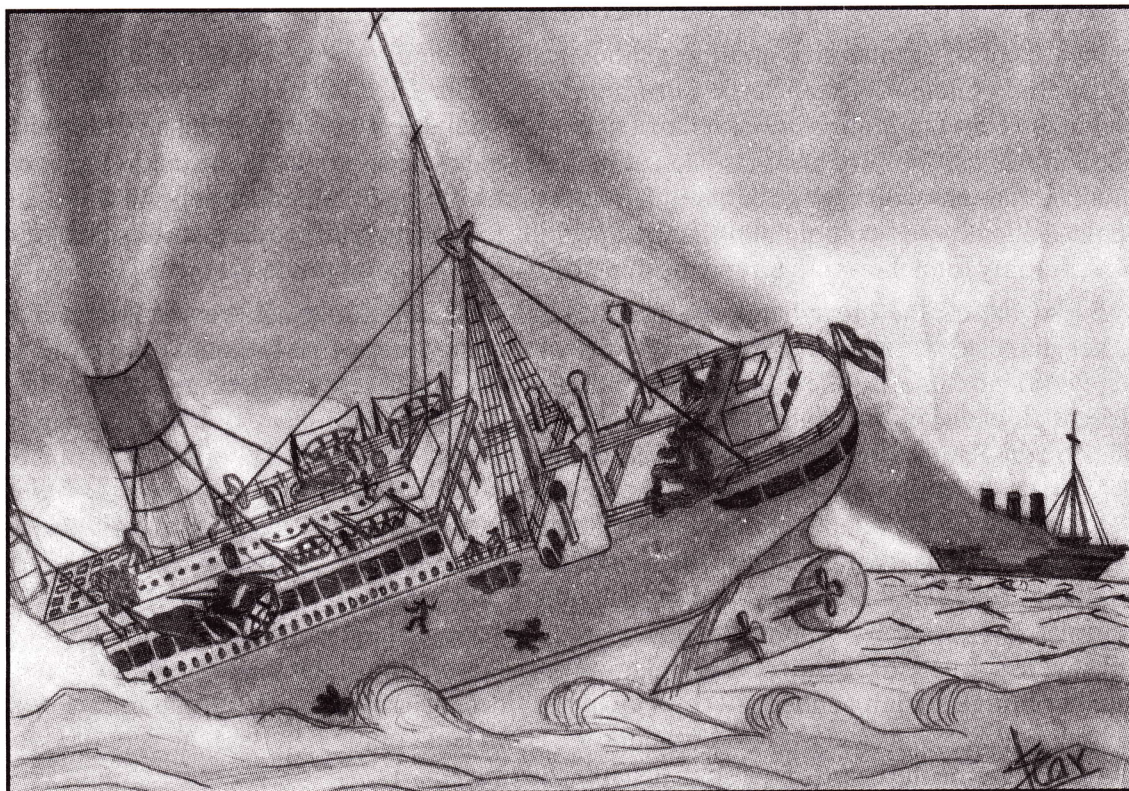
$\text{Money} = \text{Work}/\text{Knowledge}$

When knowledge keeps on reducing the money keeps on increasing irrespective to the value of work.

Thus it is proved that the less you know more you earn.

Cadet Krishna Kumar
2001 Entry

The Ship That Hunted Itself



Sketch: Saurabh Suranglikar

There are battles and then there are battles. Over the centuries, countless ships have met in combat at sea some winning and inevitably, others losing. But it might surprise you to know that one of the most curious naval engagements of all time was not between two battleships or men-of-war, but between two merchant vessels.

It was the First World War, just after the outbreak of hostilities. The Cunard Line had in service at the time a luxury passenger liner called the *Carmania*. She was very well known in her time, reputed to be one of the most luxurious British liners in service. She was huge for her era 205 metres long and drawing 10.5 metres of water when fully laden. She displaced 20,000 tonnes.

The *Cap Trafalgar* was the pride, joy and flagship of the Hamburg South America Line of Germany. At most ports, she would tower way above most of the other vessels in the vicinity. She was a triple screw turbine vessel with a reputed speed of 18 knots. Her 210-metre length was painted black, and her upper works a dazzling white.

On the night of August 4, 1914, the *Carmania* was sailing out of New York with 800 passengers. The journey looked like any other run that she had done over the years until a lookout reported that the cruiser HMS *Bristol* had drawn up abreast with her, and was closing fast on her starboard beam. A light signalled from the warship - "Carmania War is declared Darken ship Radio silence Await further orders."

The next day, the master of the *Carmania*, James Clayton Barr, received orders to proceed to Liverpool for conversion to an armed merchant cruiser. Armed merchant cruiser or not, she would never be able to contend on even terms with one of the large German battleships. Their massive guns would blow her out of the water before she could do enough damage to their thick armoured plating. She would have to be disguised as a German vessel so that she could take her pick of engagements steaming peacefully past the big battlewagons, and taking on the small fry. Given her size, she would have to be disguised as a German

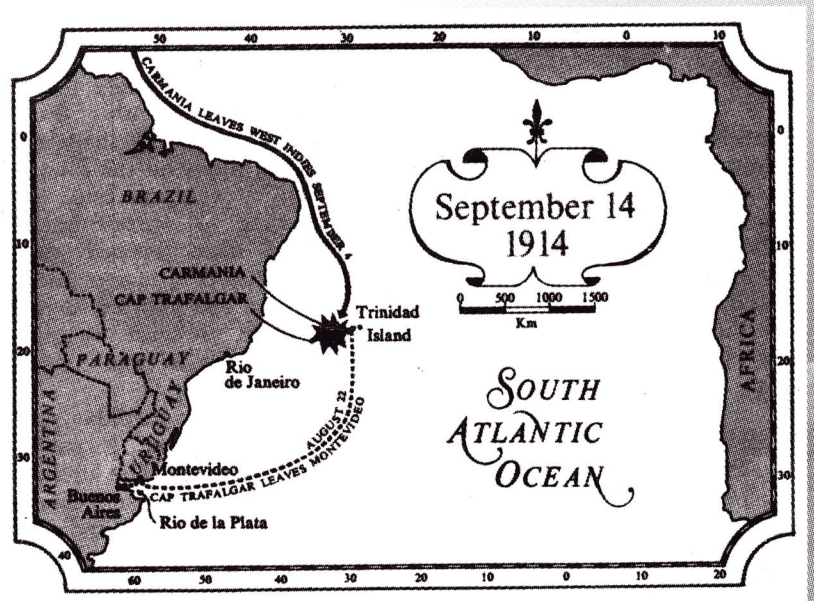
vessel, which was as big and as well known, because a large unfamiliar vessel in German merchant livery would arouse suspicions. The British Admiralty took its time trying to decide which vessel the *Carmania* should impersonate, and quite naturally settled for the *Cap Trafalgar*.

The two ships were of similar size and the silhouettes were similar, with a few minor differences- the *Trafalgar* had three funnels as against the *Carmania's* two. The *Carmania's* bridge extended the beam of the vessel, but the *Cap Trafalgar's* only sat like a matchbox atop her superstructure. The *Carmania* docked at Liverpool on August 7th, 1914 and was back at sea in a week's time armed to the teeth. She now carried 120 mm main armament with a range of about 8.5 kilometres. Being a Cunard vessel, she was well known, and her paint scheme was completely changed within a week to perfectly resemble that of the *Cap Trafalgar*. A dummy funnel was put up and the transformation was complete.

The *Cap Trafalgar*, on the other hand, did not quite have things going her way at the time. She was unarmed, her guns stowed below decks. Her decks were ready to receive the guns the bases had been machined several months ago. She was in Montevideo at the time the war was declared and the Royal Navy had mounted a blockade outside. She fled Montevideo on the night of August 26, 1914; making for a little known island in the South Atlantic called Trinidad Island. She was to be joined by other units of the German Navy there. Unarmed as she was at the time, she needed to be disguised as badly as the *Carmania*, if not more so. On the way to the island, her crew completed one of the most amazing conversions ever at sea. Ship recognition manuals were consulted for similar-sized enemy vessels. There was the *Mauretania*, the *Carmania*, the *Franconia*, the *Caronia* and several others, but by some twist of fate, it was the *Carmania* that was ultimately chosen. Work started as she neared the Island. Her after funnel was dismantled and her upper works were painted in Cunard colours. Canvas drapes were run along the beam of the vessel starting from where her bridge actually ended, all the way to her sides, on a framework of light timber bolted on to the actual bridge. Paint was used to create "windows". By the end of the first day, she actually looked as if she had a bridge running the beam of the ship, just like the *Carmania*.

Meanwhile, the British Admiralty intercepted radio traffic from a support vessel waiting for the *Cap Trafalgar* at Trinidad Island. This vessel was the gunboat *Eber*, assigned to escort the *Trafalgar* when she reached the island. British cruisers in the Atlantic had their hands full with German vessels at sea in the area and could not be spared to investigate this. Still, any one of the 42 odd armed merchant cruisers that the Admiralty had at sea at the time could have been chosen for the job. Again, by some strange twist of fate, the *Carmania* was chosen.

The *Trafalgar* rendezvoused with her support units, among them the *Eber*, on August 28. The *Carmania* was sailing out of Bermuda at this time, making for Trinidad Island. The *Trafalgar* immediately started taking on coal and preparing for the voyage to a friendly port, where her deadly armament would be installed on deck. The *Eber's* main armament, two small calibre guns, were moved to the *Cap Trafalgar*. Manoeuvres were practiced just in case she met unfriendly vessels on the way. She had next to no armament and would have to come alongside the enemy to launch a boarding party onto the other vessel if she had to win a battle. Of course, these were only standby



measures. The cruisers *Kronprinz Wilhelm* and *Dresden* were heading full steam for the island. They were to escort her until the time she took on her main armament and became capable of taking care of herself.

On the night of September 14th, the *Carmania* sighted the island. It was to be a meeting of two imposters. She almost immediately sighted a large vessel about her own size, at a range of about fifteen kilometres. She closed fast, and the vessels' Cunard colours soon became visible. The ruse worked only too well at first. The *Carmania* steamed straight for the familiar silhouette. It had to be the *Mauretania*, her sister ship.

At about the same time, the *Carmania* was sighted by a lookout on the *Trafalgar*. But in the dim light, the crew on the *Trafalgar* could not obtain positive identification. All that could be said for sure was that they were looking at a ship that was very similar to their own. But that was impossible. There was only one *Trafalgar*. She had no sister ships.

Meanwhile, the other ship was closing fast. Aboard the *Trafalgar*, it was finally decided that it was the cruiser *Dresden*, arriving to take up escort duties. After all, there were supposed to be no other ships in the area. The *Cap Trafalgar* immediately altered course, steering straight for the newcomer. The error was realized first by the *Carmania's* captain, who saw the name of the approaching vessel through his binoculars. The *Cap Trafalgar's* name had not been painted over - it was feared that doing so would bring it bad luck. The *Carmania* opened fire. She hit the *Trafalgar* almost immediately, causing frightful damage to her upper works. The *Trafalgar* now broke free her German colours. She steered straight for the enemy, her boarding parties ready. Her puny guns returned fire, but did no serious damage to the *Carmania*.

They were closing at over 36 knots. Crewmen on the *Trafalgar's* support ships watched in mute horror as she raced for the enemy vessel. They were mere colliers and the only warship in the group, the gunboat *Eber*, had no armament to support the *Trafalgar* with. The escort cruisers were still en route and would not reach for another few hours at least. The *Trafalgar* was on her own.

Time after time, the *Trafalgar* tried to close the range, but the *Carmania* kept shying away. By this time, her captain had realized what the *Trafalgar* was trying to do. The *Carmania* kept her distance, mauling the *Trafalgar* with her heavy armament. Now on fire, the *Trafalgar* went to full ahead. Her only hope was to launch boarders and occupy the enemy vessel. In a move that would have done the battle cruiser *Dresden* proud, she cut inside the *Carmania's* turn and came alongside. Nets were flung over her side and boarding parties armed with everything, right from guns to sticks were launched. It so happened that the *Carmania's* guns fired, all together at this precise instant, raking her with fire at point blank range. She had now been holed in multiple locations, including some at the waterline. To compound the damage, the *Carmania* tore way from her, heeling sharply as she broke the other way. The *Trafalgar* tried to follow, but a giant hand seemed to grip her and hold her back; she was flooding and was soon dead in the water, sinking fast.

The *Carmania* herself was not unscathed. At close range, the *Trafalgar's* guns had damaged her superstructure severely in the short while the vessels were alongside, and her superstructure was ablaze too. She now retired to a safe distance to regroup and lick her wounds. Aboard, there was a flurry of activity as she prepared to reengage. She need not have bothered. Even as she drew away, the *Cap Trafalgar* was pronounced beyond repair and had to be abandoned. Some 350 of her surviving crew took to the sea in lifeboats. No one quite knows who started it, but aboard the *Carmania*, strains of a song of farewell could be heard clearly over the waves. As if in response, the *Cap Trafalgar* settled at the bows, imperceptibly at first, and then her stern rose into the air and slipped quietly under the waves. The battle was over.

The *Carmania* went on to serve with great distinction through the First World War. After the War, she went on to serve as a popular transatlantic voyager until 1931. In 1919, a body called the Navy League acquired 24 silver plates that were originally the property of Lord Nelson and had been aboard his ship at the Battle of Trafalgar. The League presented a plate each to ships of the Royal Navy that had rendered outstanding service during the War. The *Carmania* was the only civilian ship so honoured.

Cadet Manuj Chaudhari
1999 Entry

Some Stuff for People with Substance

For many of us, there is a certain level of comfort in making somebody wait for us. We think that it enhances our prestige value. Here is a story to be remembered, for this is the kind of stuff that makes timeless legends, not momentary value. As we interact with hundreds of people daily, we have a tendency to stereotype people for how they look. This story reminds us to look beyond what we 'see', to see the real people behind the looks.

A lady in a faded gingham dress and her husband, dressed in a homespun threadbare suit, stepped off the train in Boston and walked timidly without an appointment into the Harvard University President's outer office. The secretary could tell in a moment that these were country folks who had no business at Harvard and probably didn't even deserve to be in Cambridge. And it made her frown. "We want to see the President," the man said softly. "He'll be busy all day," the secretary snapped. "We'll wait," the lady replied.

For hours, the secretary ignored them, hoping that the couple would finally become discouraged and go away. They didn't, and the secretary grew frustrated and finally decided to disturb the President, even though it was a chore she always regretted. "Maybe if they just see you for a few minutes, they'll leave," she told him. He sighed in exasperation and nodded. Someone of his importance obviously didn't have the time to spend with them, but he detested gingham dresses and homespun suits cluttering up his outer office.

The President, stern-faced with dignity, strutted toward the couple. The lady told him, "We had a son who attended Harvard for one year. He loved Harvard. He was happy here; but about a year ago, he was killed in an accident. My husband and I would like to erect a memorial to him, somewhere on campus". The President wasn't touched; he was shocked. "Madam," he said, gruffly, "We can't put up a statue for every person who attended Harvard and died. If we did, this place would look like a cemetery". "Oh, no," the lady explained quickly, "We don't want to erect a statue. We thought we would give a building to Harvard".

The president rolled his eyes. He glanced at the gingham dress and homespun suit, and then exclaimed, "A building! Do you have any earthly idea how much a building costs? We have over seven and a half million dollars in the physical plant at Harvard". For a moment the lady was silent. The President was pleased. He could get rid of them now. The lady turned to her husband and said quietly, "Is that all it costs to start a University? Why don't we just start our own?" Her husband nodded. The President's face wilted in confusion and bewilderment. And Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford walked away, traveling to Palo Alto, California, where they established the University that bears their name, a memorial to a son that Harvard no longer cared about- Stanford University.

Source: The Internet

Cadet Sarath. K.
2001 Entry

The Cookie Thief

A woman was waiting at an airport one night,
With several long hours to go before her flight.

She hunted for a book in the airport shop,
Bought a bag of cookies and found a place to drop.
She was engrossed in her book, but happened to see,
That the man beside her, as bold as could be,
Grabbed a cookie or two from the bag in between,
Which she tried to ignore, to avoid a scene.

She read, munched cookies and watched the clock,
As the gutsy "cookie thief" diminished her stock.
She was getting more irritated as minutes ticked by,
Thinking, "If I wasn't so nice, I'd blacken his eye!"
With each cookie she took, he took one too.
When only one was left, she wondered what he'd do,
With a smile on his face and a nervous laugh,
He took the last cookie and broke it into half.

He offered her half, as he ate the other.
She snatched it from him and thought, "Oh Brother,
This guy has some nerve and he's also rude,
Why, he didn't even show any gratitude! "
She had never known when she had been so galled.
She gathered her belongings and headed for the gate,
Refusing to look back at the "thieving ingrate."
She boarded the plane and sank in her seat,
Then sought her book, which was almost complete.

As she reached in her baggage, she gasped with surprise:
There was her bag of cookies in front of her eyes.
"If mine are here ", she moaned with despair,
"Then the others were his and he tried to share!"
Too late to apologize, she realized with grief,
That she was the rude one, the ingrate, the thief!!!

(Poet: Unknown)

Cadet Jimmy Jose Pudussery
2001 Entry

Education For Human Excellence

*"Bring light to the ignorant and more light to the educated,
For the vanities of the education of our time are tremendous."*

-Swami Vivekananda

Real education is a combination of knowledge and character because they alone can make a path for human excellence.

Character comes from the manifestation of the divine always present in every human being and finds expression in the spirit of love and service of humanity, irrespective of caste and creed, gender and nationality.

Various aspects of human excellence are:

Strength and fearlessness

Self-confidence

Courage

Discrimination

Compassion

Concentration

Self-sacrifice

...and various others.

Let me not try to give you the literal meanings of these characteristics, as I am sure that I will not be able to do them justice! Instead, let us try to look at the benefits we derive if we possess (or cultivate) a few of them:

1. **Self-confidence (*Shraddha*):** Whatever material power you see revealed by the western races is the outcome of this *shraddha*.
Read the story of *Ekalavya* and you will understand 'self-reliance'. By much effort and faith in one's own power, by longing for knowledge and above all, by relying not on others but on self, one can perform 'miracles'.
2. **Courage:** Life is not always smooth sailing. But, only by standing one's ground in the face of obstacles (and not running away from them) can one overcome them. Remember great things are achieved only after overcoming mighty obstacles.
3. **Compassion:** This is best explained with an example which needs to be emulated. Out of *compassion* for the suffering people, Buddha preached simple techniques to overcome the miseries of man. His teachings are simple and direct. He did not pay much attention to the theoretical part of religion but preferred instead to concentrate on the practical aspect.
4. **Concentration:** Success in life mostly depends on the power of concentration. Clear thinking and intellectual understanding are very easy for a concentrating mind. Concentration improves the quality of work done and one can understand and grasp intricate things with ease.
5. **Knowledge:** Frankly speaking, no one can be taught. *Vedanta* says that within man is all knowledge - It requires only an awakening and that awakening is the part of the teacher. Teachers have to do only as much as students need to learn to apply their own intellect to learn the proper use of their senses.

"Education is but a manifestation of the perfection already in man."

In the process of learning, self-help is the best help. Depending on others, be it teachers or parents, is a sign of weakness. One must learn to stand on one's feet. The secret of success lies in self-confidence and self-reliance. Teachers and parents can only help us to *manifest strength, power and perfection that is already within us.*

All knowledge depends upon calmness of the mind. The purer the mind, the easier it is to control. Truth, purity and unselfishness are required to build character. Whenever they are present, there is no power above or below the sun to crush the possessor thereof. Equipped with these, an individual is able to face the whole universe in opposition.

"Stand and die in your own strength. If there is any sin in the world, it is weakness; avoid all weaknesses, for weakness is sin; weakness is death."

A calm mind is very important. To attain this, first of all, start thinking pure thoughts, perform your duties well in time with full zeal and energy. If possible, you can practice some form of yogic *asana* coupled with meditation. Simply performing religious ceremonies will also serve the purpose, but it should be done with full devotion, or it will be of no use. If devotion is lacking, it may cause stress instead of being of help. In simple words, when you are in a meditative state you lose the concept of time.

This will help you perform even better. Meditation is not necessarily a religious practice, but because of its spiritual element it forms an integral part of most religions. And even though the basic objective of most meditation styles remain the same and are performed in a state of inner and outer stillness, they all vary according to the specific religious framework within which they are placed. Preparation, posture, length of period of meditation, and particular verbal or visual elements—all contribute to the various forms of meditation.

Arun Sharma

Member Of Faculty

Quotes for the Soul

- A cynic is a man who knows the price of every thing and the value of none.
- Some people think it's holding on that makes one strong. Sometimes it's letting go.
- A bore is someone who persists in holding his own views after we have enlightened him with ours.
- If you really want to keep a secret, you don't need any help.
- Anxiety is the income tax of civilization.
- People seem to get nostalgic about a lot of things they weren't so crazy about the first time around.
- Good luck is with the man who doesn't include it in his plan
- A baby is born with a need to be loved — and never outgrows it.

International Standards

Nowadays, we often hear of quality systems being discussed in magazines and these are being implemented in an increasing number of companies. The most articulately used term in this context is the ISO 9000/9002. Apparently, the outcome of an ISO certified process is, more or less, at the desired level of perfection.

Conceptually, ISO requires that you, "record what you do" and vice versa. But laying a plan on paper is simple while its execution depends on the management's view. The system can be successful only when the management is serious about it.

The ISO system has the following positive aspects:

1. A quality system leads to complexity in the work process. Complexity indicates a number of people working together. Teamwork leads to unity. Where there is unity, there is strength. Thus a quality system promotes organizational strength.
2. Because of teamwork, workers of all ranks come together. This leads to an exchange of ideas and hence further improvement in the quality of work.
3. When people work united, a feeling of togetherness comes in. Jealousy and animosity are left aside and people come together to market a better product.
4. Because of the assured quality of the product, the worker and the customer, both save time. When a job is done well, it gives birth to a feeling of pride.
5. The interests of both the customer and the organization are kept in mind.
6. Teamwork leads to appreciation of each other's skills. This improves relations among co-workers.
7. Group discussions and group audits lead to minute observation and supervision of the work process.
8. Thus, quality system brings to habit, the practice of inspection and control.

Just as every coin has two faces, the quality system has a few flaws too. While working with this type of system, people tend to shoot off on a tangent and waste time arguing rather than providing solutions. As the focus is not on value addition of the final product, people also tend to lose faith in the entire system. Just before external audits, people tend to put in extra hours and patch up their mistakes, and this mars the integrity of the system.

To overcome these flaws, one needs to have keen observation and a positive mental outlook towards his work. This will greatly enhance the quality of work.

N.D.Junnarkar
Member of Faculty

A Bunkering Operation

It was the day "Sholay" was released. The Chief Engineer had bought tickets for the opening show. His family was with him on board. So was the attending Superintendent of the vessel. The ship was in Bombay at the Ballard Pier Jetty. The Chief wanted to leave early and gave the Second Engineer instructions regarding the bunkering. All seemed hunky-dory on the ship as he prepared to leave. It appeared that the Superintendent too planned to go ashore, perhaps for the same reason as the Chief and his family.

The bunkering hose was connected, the pumps were started and the ship started to take on bunkers. Soon, it was noticed that there were a few drops of oil leaking through the manifold flange. The leak was on the seaside of the connection. The Fourth Engineer informed the Second Engineer, and was instructed to stop the bunkering and rectify the leak.

The Fourth Engineer proceeded to make an attempt to stop the leak by shutting the bunkering valve! The pressure in the bunkering hose surged, the leak turned huge and the oil spurted into the sea in a fountain. There was a shimmering black sheen on the Arabian Sea, and it was growing fast!

The scene was one of utter chaos. A mere half-hour remained for the start of the movie. But somebody would have to stay to handle the grim situation. The question was - who - the Superintendent or the Chief? Both of them desperately wanted to go. The Superintendent outranked the Chief. But in the end, he was the one who had to stay. For as the Chief put it, it was indeed he who had selected a Fourth Engineer foolish enough to cause trouble for the Chief just when he needed assistance the most (in leaving for the film)! Of course, things were not really that simple. The real matter was that the Superintendent had been junior to the Chief in college.

So the Superintendent stayed on board and supervised the cleanup operation for the mess that had been created. The Chief narrated the story of "Sholay" to him at breakfast the next morning.

I. K. Basu

Member of Faculty

कलम - दिखने, सुनने और बोलने में यह छोटा सा शब्द सम्भवतः हम सभी के जीवन में एक विशेष स्थान रखता है। आज यदि हम सभी यहाँ पर जीवन में कुछ करने आये हैं तो इसके लिए हम सभी ने कुछ परीक्षायें उत्तीर्ण की हैं, जो मौखिक कम, लिखित अधिक थीं। आज हमारे पास लिखने के कई स्रोत उपलब्ध हैं किन्तु यह बहुत कम लोगों के विचार में होगा कि कलम का अवतरण कहाँ से हुआ? कब किसने लिखना प्रारम्भ किया? यह कहना अत्यन्त कठिन है किन्तु सत्युग में ऋषि मुनियों की शिक्षायें, वेद, पुराण इत्यादि हमें पीपल के पत्रों पर मिलते हैं जिससे स्पष्ट है कि उस युग में अथवा उससे पूर्व लिखने का उद्गम हो चुका था। सम्भवतः इससे पूर्व मनुस्मृति की प्रतियों से यही बात दृष्टिगोचर होती है। किन्तु इन सभी वेद, पुराण, उपनिषद इत्यादि की विशिष्ट एवं विचित्र बात यह है कि ये सब पत्रों पर मुलायम लकड़ी से लिखे गये। सम्भवतः यही कलम का प्रथम स्वरूप था।

कलम को भगवान का वरदान ही कहा जायेगा क्योंकि यदि आदिकालीन ऋषिमुनि अपनी शिक्षाओं को, वेद पुराणों को न लिखते तो मानव जाति को जीवन व्यतीत करने की कला का ज्ञान न होता और हम इन सारी शिक्षाओं को प्राप्त करने से वंचित रह जाते। यदि किसी भी भाषा के साहित्यकार अपनी रचनाओं को कलमबंद न करते तो अच्छी साहित्यिक रचनाओं का अकाल सा पड़ जाता। यदि तुलसीदास जैसे समाजसुधारक तत्कालीन समाज को राम नाम का मर्यादापुरुषोत्तम रूप न दिखाते तो समाजमें व्याप्त कुरीतियों का नाश कैसे होता? 'रामचरित मानस' से आज भी प्रेरणा कहाँ से मिलती? ऐसे ही अन्य सुधारक जैसे कालिदास, कबीर, रहीम, फिरदौस, खुसरौ इत्यादि अपनी रचनायें न लिखते तो आज न्याय-अन्याय, सत्य-असत्य, प्रेम-द्वेष, दया-धर्म इत्यादि के बीच सीमा रेखा का पता कैसे चलता?

स्वतंत्रता प्राप्ति के समय में ऐसे अनेक उदाहरण मिलते हैं जिनसे कलम का महत्त्व दृष्टिगोचर है। गाँधी, नेहरू, नेताजी बोस, आज़ाद इत्यादि तो वे लोग हैं जिन्होंने पूरी जनता के साथ मिलकर ब्रिटिश सरकार की नींव हिला दी, किन्तु उनके साथ जनता को लाने का श्रेय, तत्कालीन कवियों और लेखकों को जाता है। उन्होंने अपनी रचनाओं से भोग विलास में डूबे देशवासियों पर कटाक्ष किया और उन्हें स्वतंत्रता प्राप्ति के लिए प्रेरित किया। वहीं, दूसरी ओर उन्होंने भारतवासियों को एक सूत्र में बांधने का काम किया। उनके समाचार पत्र, साप्ताहिक और मासिक पत्र ब्रिटिश सरकार की निंदा से भरे होते थे और अन्य देशभक्तों में जोश और नया जीवन भर देते थे। उन्होंने न जाने कितने दुःख सहें किन्तु उनकी कलम की अविरल धारा को फिरंगी अपने अत्याचारों से रोक न सके और सम्पूर्ण देश की शक्ति के आगे अंततः अंग्रेजी सरकार को झुकना पड़ा। सम्पूर्ण देश ने स्वयं को एक नये सूर्योदय की लालिया में रंग हुए पाया।

नवीन युग में सम्भवतः हमें कलम का सदुपयोग समाचार पत्रों के रूप में मिलता है। वे देश विदेश में होने वाली नित नई उपलब्धियों की जानकारी देते रहते हैं। वह हमारे देश के नेताओं के व्यवहार और चरित्र का अवलोकन कर सत्य को राष्ट्र के समक्ष खोल देते हैं। इससे राष्ट्र के विकास के रक्षकों को स्वयं और राष्ट्र को सुधारने के नये तरीके समझ में आते हैं। किसी ने कहा है कि कलम में तलवार से अधिक शक्ति है। यह शक्ति अति सत्य है क्योंकि तलवार से एक बार में केवल एक को मारा जा सकता है किन्तु कलम के प्रयोग से पूरा राजतंत्र एक बार में काल के गाल में लीन हो सकता है। किसी उर्दू शायर के अनुसार-

“खीचों न कमानों को, न तलवार निकालों
जब तोप मुकाबिल हो, तो अखबार निकालो॥”

राष्ट्र के प्रति अपने दायित्व को निभाने के बाद कलम का एक और महत्वपूर्ण कार्य सामने आता है- शिक्षा का आदान-प्रदान। शिक्षा के क्षेत्र में नित नई तकनीकों का विकास हो रहा है और यदि इन नई और उच्च तकनीकों को कलमबद्ध कर पुस्तक के

रूप में न ढाला जाये तो इन तकनीकों पर शोध कार्य मुश्किल हो जायेगा।

अंत में केवल इतना ही कहा जा सकता है कि भगवान ने मानव को बुद्धि दी है और उसने उसका उपयोग कर कलम की खोज की – वह कलम जिससे न जाने कितने कार्य आसान हो जाते हैं और जो ज्ञान का स्रोत है। अतएव हमें प्रभु के इस वरदान का सही उपयोग कर इसके दुरुपयोग को रोकने की कोशिश करनी चाहिए।

कॅडेट अंकिता श्रीवास्तव

२००० प्रवेश

अप्रैल फूल

पढते-पढते अखबार एकदम उफ़न पडे गिरधारी
आज नहीं आतंकवादियों ने गोली किसी को मारी
न कहीं पर दंगा भड़का, न ही बम फ़टा है
न रेल के नीचे कोई बेरोजगार कटा है
न कहीं मिलावट-खोरी, न ही भ्रष्टाचारी
न कहीं दहेज के कारण दुल्हन जली बेचारी
लगता है मुझको, किसी ने यूँ 'एप्रिल फूल' बनाया है
या फिर यह अखबार किसी और देश से आया है



अमर एस. अहूजा

२००१ प्रवेश

भारतवर्ष अनेक धर्मों, जातियों और सम्प्रदायों का देश है। यहाँ के प्रत्येक प्रान्त में भिन्नता पाई जाती है। प्रत्येक प्रान्त की अपनी एक प्रान्तीय भाषा है - कहीं-कहीं तो एक प्रान्त में ही विभिन्न भाषाओं का आधिपत्य छाया हुआ दृष्टीगोचर होता है। वास्तव में राष्ट्रभाषा ही राष्ट्र का प्राण होती है, और इसी के आधार पर राष्ट्र का उत्थान और पतन निर्भर करता है। इस विशाल भारतवर्ष के लिए संविधान निर्माताओं ने राष्ट्र के प्रश्न को हल करने के लिए हिन्दी को राष्ट्रभाषा के रूप में ग्रहण किया था क्योंकि हिन्दी ही एक ऐसी भाषा है जिसको समझने वालों की संख्या भारत में सर्वाधिक है। कश्मीर की घाटियों से लेकर कन्याकुमारी तक, और गुजरात से लेकर अरुणाचल प्रदेश तक, हिन्दी का ही वर्चस्व है।

दूसरी बात यह है कि हिन्दी भारत की अन्य प्रान्तीय भाषाओं को निकट लाने में समर्थ है। हिन्दी के पास एक विस्तृत तथा समुन्नत साहित्य है और संस्कृति की उत्तराधिकारिणी होने के कारण यह भारतीय धर्म, संस्कृति तथा आचार-व्यवहार आदि को अभिव्यक्त करने में समर्थ है। इसके अतिरिक्त हिन्दी के पास एक विशाल शब्दकोश है। सबसे महत्त्वपूर्ण बात यह है कि हिन्दी का सम्बन्ध संस्कृत से है और संस्कृत शब्दकोष संसार की सभी भाषाओं से अधिक विस्तृत तथा समृद्ध है। अतः हिन्दी संस्कृत से अनगिनत शब्द ग्रहण कर सकती है। अन्य किसी भी भाषा में ये सभी गुण एक साथ तथा इतनी मात्रा में नहीं पाये जाते।

आज हम स्वतंत्र देश के निवासी हैं परन्तु हम विदेशीपन के प्रवाह से इतने प्रभावित हैं, कि आज हम हिन्दी के वर्चस्व को समझ ही नहीं पा रहे हैं! किन्तु अब वह समय आ गया है, जब भारत ने अपने आत्मगौरव का ध्यान करना शुरू कर दिया है। हिन्दी हमारी राष्ट्रभाषा है और अब वह समय दूर नहीं, जब हिन्दी से भारतीय ही नहीं, विदेशी भी प्रेम करेंगे और राष्ट्रभाषा के माध्यम से संसार को विश्वशान्ति का उपदेश देंगे। राष्ट्रकवि मैथिली शरण जी के शब्दों में राष्ट्र की हार्दिक कामना इस प्रकार व्यक्त हुई है—

“मानस-भवन में आर्य जन जिसकी उतारें आरती।
भगवान भारतवर्ष में गूँजे हमारी भारती।।
हो भव्य भावोन्मेषिनी वह भारती, हे सुरपते।
सीतापते-सीतापते! गीतामते गीतामते ॥”

कॅडेट सिताँशु रॉय
२००० प्रवेश

सावन का महीना पावस की लाजवन्ती संध्याओं के श्वेतश्याम मेघ मालाओं से प्रस्फुटित नन्ही-नन्ही बूंदों का रिमझिम-रिमझिम राग सुनते ही कोयल मधुर-मधुर स्वरों में कूक उठती है, पपीहे गा उठते हैं, मोर नाचने लगते हैं, ठन्डी-ठन्डी पुरवाई के स्पर्श से अलगानी पर टंगे मंजीरे जब बज उठते हैं तो आँखों में नाच उठते हैं मयूरपंखी सपने और तब अनायास ही किसी का गीत गुनगाना उठते हैं "प्रकृती के कण-कण में संगीत"।

सृष्टि के स्वर्णिम विहान से लेकर प्रलय की काली सन्ध्या तक संगीत का अस्तित्व स्वीकार करना ही पडता है। जीवन ग्रन्थ के पृष्ठों को कहीं से भी पलटिए, कोई भी तो अध्याय ऐसा नहीं जिसे संगीत-शून्य कह दिया जाय। निर्बाध गति से चलते हुए जीवन-मृत्यु के चक्र का आदि संगीत है तो अन्त भी संगीत के साथ ही होता है। युग सृष्टि मानव के पृथ्वी पर जन्म लेते ही ढोलक मंजीरे के साथ खुशी के गीत सुने और मृत्यु होने पर घंटे-घड़ियाल और "राम नाम सत्य है" ध्वनियों के साथ उसका शरीर शून्य में खो गया।

"क्षिति जल पावक गगन समीरा। पांच रचित यह अधम शरीरा॥"

अर्थात् आकाश, जल, अग्नि, धरती, वायु-इन पांच तत्वों से मिलाकर जीव का निर्माण होता है और यही तत्व जीवन का आधार माने गये हैं। यह लीला आदि से अन्त तक सृष्टि का आधार है और इन पांचों तत्वों में संगीत प्रचुरता से विद्यमान हैं। बहती हुई ब्यार का शोर जब कानों में गुंजित होता है तो वह संगीत ही है। या फिर बन्द कमरे में चलते हुए पंखे की ध्वनि सुनिए-वह भी आपके कानों की संगीत का आभास दे जायेगी। बहती हुई ब्यार व पंखे में मूलभूत फ़र्क सिर्फ प्रकृति का है।

स्वर, लय व बोल, तीनों का समभाग से विद्यमान होना ही संगीत का सृष्टि कारक है। प्रथम भाग "स्वर" ध्वनि के उतार चढाव का नाम है अर्थात् आवाज की विभिन्न अवस्थाएं प्राकृतिक रूप से मनुष्य में विद्यमान हैं।

संगीत का द्वितीय भाग है "लय" जिसे गति कहते हैं। इसका प्रादुर्भाव मनुष्य के साथ होता है, जिसे हम श्वास, धड़कन, नाडी, इत्यादी का नाम देते हैं। ये सब एक विशेष गति के नियन्त्रण में रहते हैं। हमारा चलना, लिखना, पढना, सोना, खाना, पीना, आदि क्रियाएं एक विशेष गति में बंधी होती हैं और ऐसी प्रत्येक प्रक्रिया जिसमें गति हो संगीत की भाषा में लय कहलाती है।

संगीत का तृतीय भाग "बोल" है जो मनुष्य की वाणी से व्यक्त अथवा उदभूत होते हैं और यह भाग भी मनुष्य के साथ ही पैदा होता है और जीवन पर्यन्त विद्यमान रहता है। इसी को वाक्-शक्ति कहते हैं और इसके कारण मानव को बृद्धीजीवी कहा गया है।

अतः निष्कर्ष यह है कि प्राणी मात्र की उत्पत्ति संगीतमय वातावरण एवं संगीतमय तत्वों से परिपूर्ण होती है। भौतिक स्वरूप में तो सिद्ध है कि व्यक्ति के जीवन का संगीत से गहरा सम्बन्ध है। परन्तु यदि आध्यात्मिक दृष्टि से देखा जाए तो संगीत का सम्बन्ध सीधे हमारी आत्मा से है। संगीत नाद में है, सामवेद के अनुसार "ऊँ नाद ब्रह्मण्ये" अर्थात् "नाद ब्रह्म है" यानि परमात्मा है और आत्मा परमात्मा का स्वरूप, इस युक्ति से संगीत का सम्बन्ध सीधे हमारी आत्मा से सिद्ध होता है।

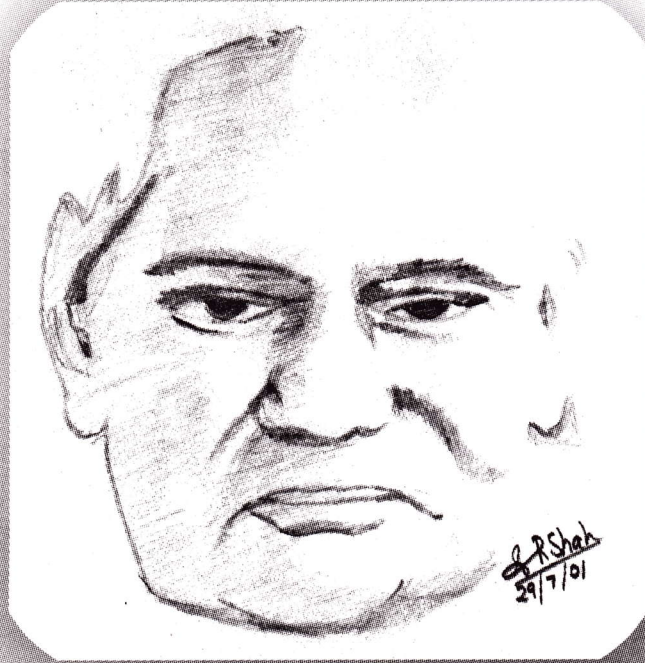
भावुकता से हीन कोई कैसा भी पाषाण-हृदय क्यों न हो किन्तु संगीत से विमुख होने का उसका भी दावा नहीं माना जा सकता। कहावत है गाना और रोना सभी को आता है। संगीत की भाषा में जिन व्यक्तियों ने अपना विवेक, बुद्धि, अभ्यास, तपश्चर्या एवं कल्पना के बल पर स्वर एवं ताल पर अपना अधिकार कर लिया, उनका विज्ञ समाज में आदर है। उन्हें बडा या गवैया समझा जाता है। परन्तु अधिकांश जनसमुह ऐसा होता है जो इस ललित कला की साधना और तपस्या से सर्वथा

वंचित रह जाता है। वह गायक या कलाकार नहीं कहा जा सकता लेकिन ऐसे जनसमूह के प्रत्येक जन का संगीत से गहरा सम्बन्ध होता है। गावों में गाए जाने वाले लोक-गीतों के विभिन्न प्रकार, कपड़े धोते समय धोबियों का गीत, भीमकाय पाषाणों पर चढ़ते समय श्रमिकों का गाना, घने जंगलों में स्वच्छन्द विचरण करने वाले आदिवासियों का गाना, खेतों में पानी देते समय या पक्षियों से अपनी फसल की सुरक्षा करने के लिए "हिलोरी गीत" पनघट पर ग्रामीण युवतियों के गीत, पशु चराते समय ग्वालों का संगीत इस कथन की पुष्टि के लिए यथेष्ट प्रमाण है कि संगीत व हमारे जीवन का मेल उसी तरह है जैसे फूल और उसकी खुशबू। विवाह, सन्तान जन्म, धार्मिक, राजनैतिक या अन्य विशेष अवसरों पर होने वाले समारोह एवं कार्यक्रम संगीत के बिना अधूरे रहते हैं। जनसाधारण की भाषा में कहा जाए तो संग बैठकर गाए जाने वाले गीत ही संगीत है।

रात के विराने में कहीं दूर से आती बासुरी की आवाज मस्तिष्क पर जादू सा असर करती है। यह असर ही, "संगीत का हमारे जीवन से गहन सम्बन्ध है," इस कथन की पुष्टि करता है। आत्मा सत्य का स्वरूप है तथा भाव-विभोर करने वाला संगीत इस सत्य की सत्ता को स्वीकार करने वाला माध्यम बन जाता है।

कॅडेट तुषार मुद्गल

२००० प्रवेश



चित्र: शिशिर शाह

जीवन में समय की श्रेष्ठता

जीवन में समय का उच्चतम स्थान है। समय का उद्गम स्रोत था सृष्टि की रचना। ईश्वर ने मानव की रचना कर धरती को जीवन रूपा धारा से ओत-प्रोत कर दिया। किन्तु साथ ही भगवान ने "समय" को बनाकर मनुष्य की क्रियाओं को बंधन-युक्त कर दिया। समय उस निरन्तर धारा का नाम है जो कभी भी किसी के लिए नहीं रुकती और समय के संग न चलने पर हम उसी प्रकार पीछे रह जाते हैं जैसे नदी के बह जाने पर विशाल चट्टानें रह जाती हैं।

“चलो संग समय की धारा
बुद्धिमान का यही है नारा
तुम उससे नहीं, वह तुमसे है हारा
यह कहकर तुमने जीता है समाज सारा।”

शेक्सपीयर ने भी अपने कथन में कहा है कि- "हमने समय नष्ट किया, अब समय हमें नष्ट करेगा"। अर्थात् समय हाथ से निकल जाने पर केवल पश्चाताप ही हाथ लगता है।" फ्रेकैलिन ने भी कहा है कि "अगर तुमको एक क्षण का भी अवकाश मिले तो उसे तुम शुभ कार्य में लगाओ क्योंकि कालचक्र अत्यन्त क्रूर और उपद्रवी है।" जीवन की सफलता का रहस्य समय के सदुपयोग में निहित है। आलस्य-रहित होकर यथासमय प्रत्येक कार्य को करना समय की उपयोगिता है। छात्र जीवन में समय का विशेष स्थान है, अर्थात् जो छात्र नियत समय पर अपनी मानसिक वृत्तियों को एकाग्र करके कार्य करते हैं उन्हें जीवन संग्राम में अवश्य सफलता मिलती है। समय की तीव्र गति का वर्णन करते हुए गोस्वामी तुलसी दास जी ने कहा है कि "समय जाते नहीं लागाहि वारा।"

अतः शेक्सपीयर की प्रस्तुत पंक्तियाँ ही हमारे जीवन का प्रेरणा स्रोत होनी चाहिए।

“समय ही जीवन है। समय का सदुपयोग ही जीवन का सदुपयोग है।”

कॅडेट सिताँशु राय

२००० प्रवेश

—••• { जिस रात की सुबह नहीं !!! } •••—

“एक तहजीबों का संगम है
जिसे दुनिया भारत कहती है,
तुलसी के दोहों पर
ग़ालिब की गज़लें भी रहती हैं,
यह भारत है मेरा भारत, तेरा भारता।”

गुजरात मुझे उन महान हस्तियों का स्मरण कराता है, जिन्होंने अपना सर्वस्व इस देश पर न्योछावर कर दिया। इनमें महात्मा गांधी और सरदार वल्लभभाई पटेल का स्थान सबसे ऊपर है।

लेकिन आज, इस भूमि को इन्सान के खून से रंग दिया है। होली के दिन, लोग रंग की जगह खून से होली खेल रहे हैं। पिछले कुछ महिनों के दौरान गुजरात में हिंसा ने जो तांडव किया है, मैं उसका श्रेय उन तमाम असामाजिक तत्वों को देता हूँ, जो कि देश की उन्नति सहन नहीं कर पा रहे हैं।

ऐसे लोग कहीं बाहर से नहीं आए, बल्कि हमारे बीच से ही उत्पन्न हुए हैं। इन्हें देश में सुख और समृद्धि का वातावरण सहन नहीं होता है। प्रदेश में सभ्य समूह ने भी इन असामाजिक तत्वों के समुख अपने घुटने टेक दिए। आज अगर ईश्वर यह देखता होगा, तो उसे कितना दुख होता होगा कि उसने कितने प्यार से इस खूबसूरत सृष्टि की रचना की थी, लेकिन कुछ बुद्धिहीन व्यक्तियों ने उसकी इस रचना को तहस-नहस कर दिया है।

आज जो कुछ हो रहा है उसका निर्णय कल होगा। न्याय बाकी रहेगा, अन्यथा मिटा दिया जाएगा। हम भविष्य के निर्णय पर आस्था रखते हैं। धर्म की आड़ लेकर इन धर्म के ठेकेदारों ने देश को खोखला कर दिया है।

आज जब मैं गुजरात के बारे में सोचता हूँ तो, बदन में कंपकपी सी होने लगती है।

लगभग एक महीने बाद भी लोग अपने दिल और दिमाग से भय नहीं मिटा पा रहे हैं।

आज गुजरात में यह हालात हैं कि कई लोगों की लाशें अस्पतालों के शीतग्रहों में पड़ी हुई हैं, लेकिन अपनी मृत्यु के भय से कोई इन लाशों को अपनाने के लिए आगे नहीं आ रहा है।

लगभग डेढ़ हजार लोग मारे जा चुके हैं। मध्य और उत्तर गुजरात के छब्बीस-सौ गाँवों से लगभग डेढ़ लाख लोग अपना घर छोड़ दूसरी जगह चले गए। सत्ताईस वर्षीय किसान रहमियाँ सुबहानमियाँ सिंधी ने दंगों में अपने पिता, बीवी, और तीन बच्चों को खो दिया।

गुजरात में पता नहीं ऐसे कितने परिवार हैं, जो कि इन दंगों की आग में समा गए।

उत्तर गुजरात के किदीयाद कस्बे पर तीन हजार लोगों ने एक साथ हमला कर दिया। वहाँ के सरपंच ने खुद अपनी आँखों के समाने अपने रिश्तेदारों को मरते देखा। बंद दुकानों व ठप्प व्यापार के कारण राज्य को तीन हजार करोड़ रुपये का नुकसान हुआ है।

हजार करोड़ रुपए का तो सिर्फ सूरत में ही नुकसान हुआ है। लगभग बीस हजार दो पहिया वाहनों व चार हजार कारों को जला दिया गया। राजकोट, वदोदरा, भावनगर, अहमदाबाद, में भी हजारों वाहनों को जला दिया गया।

बरतानवी साम्राज्य ने भारत की भूमि में समय-समय पर जो बीज डाले उनमें से एक बीज यह था। इसने तुरन्त फूल पत्ते पैदा किए और अब तक पचास वर्षे गुजर चुके हैं, परन्तु अब तक उसकी जड़ें सूखी नहीं हैं।

जहाँ हमारा देश प्राकृतिक आपदाओं से लड़ रहा है और पड़ोसी मुल्कों से सुरक्षा का खतरा है, वहाँ ये दंगे देश की उन्नति के पथ पर बाधा बन रहे हैं। हमारा देश एक प्रगतिशील देश है—उसके लिए ऐसे झटके कदापि सुखमय साबित नहीं होंगे।

एक समय था, जब गुजरात को सबसे अमीर प्रदेश माना जाता था, लेकिन आज हम इसे सबसे गरीब प्रदेश मानें तो कोई गलत बात न होगी।

भले ही आज तक कितने ही लोगों का खून इस धरती पर बहा हो, लेकिन मैं आशा करता हूँ कि शीघ्र ही ये काले बादल जाएंगे और सूर्य की नई किरण के साथ सारा वातावरण जगमगा उठेगा।

अंत में, मैं यह कहना चाहूँगा—

“पड़ा रात का सपना अभी वहीं का वहीं
जिस आधी रात हमें मिली थी आजादी,
इस आधी रात की किस्मत में सहर है कि नहीं?
कलयुग में यह रामलीला चलेगी थोड़ी लम्बी,
दोस्तों, करना पड़ेगा इन्तजार,
पर इतना तो तय है, कि रावण को मरना पड़ेगा।”

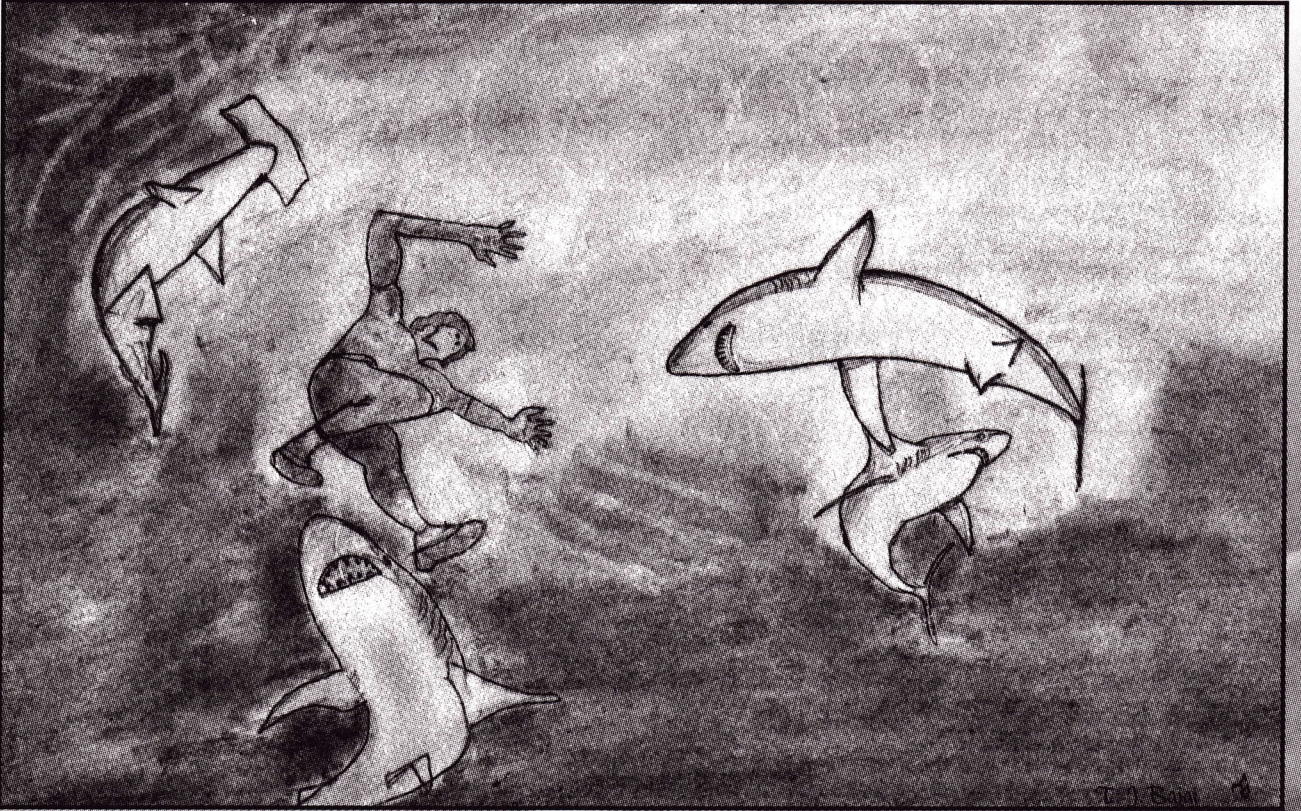
कॅडेट पद्म भूषण

१९९८ प्रवेश

सन १९८६ में दिसम्बर की बारिश में भीगी रात थी। वाल्टर व्याट अकेले ही अपने दो इंजन वाले बीचक्राफ्ट में उत्सुकता से बैठे हुए मियामी शहर की एक झलक की प्रतीक्षा कर रहे थे। बहामास को छोड़े उनके विमान को एक घंटा पूरा हो चुका था। ३७ वर्षीय व्याट एक विमान कंपनी में फ्लाइट इंजीनियर थे और फ्लोरिडा से अपने घर जा रहे थे। नसायु में चोरों ने उनके दिशादर्शी यंत्र लूट लिये थे और उनके पास एक कम्पास और छोटे से रेडिओ के अलावा कुछ न था।

एंज्रोस टापू पार करते ही आकाश में कालिमा गहराने लगी और कम्पास की सुई अनायास ही घुमने लगी। उन्हें डर था कि सम्भवतः उन्होंने पश्चिमी तट सुई में हुई गड़बड़ के कारण पीछे छोड़ दिया है। इसलिए जब उड़ते हुए १०० मी. नीचे उन्होंने समुद्र की लहरों को तटीय पत्थरों से टकराते देखा, तो उन्होंने अंदाजा लगाया कि वो बिमानी जाने वाली राह पर हैं। वह उत्तर की ओर चले किन्तु बिमानी का दूर-दूर तक कोई पता न था। उन्होंने अपना रेडिओ क्रियान्वित कर सहायता की गुहार लगाई जिसे मियामी में स्थित एअर जमेका के जेटलाईर ने सुना। उनकी पुकार को तटरक्षक तक पहुंचा दिया गया। उनके खोजी दल ने तुरंत ही कार्य प्रारम्भ कर दिया किन्तु मौसम की खराबी के कारण व्याट तक पहुंचने में उन्हें एक घंटा लग गया।

जब तक व्याट ने बादलों में से उस जेट विमान को निकलते देखा तब तक उनका दाँहिना इंजन खराबी के संकेत दे चुका था और रात्रि भी आ रही थी। सहायता विमान के प्रमुख स्टीवन ब्लेकेनशिप ने व्याट को आश्वस्त किया और उन्हें अपने पीछे आपात्कालीन विमान पट्टी तक आने को कहा। किन्तु उससे मात्र दस कि.मी. की दूरी पर व्याट के बायें इंजन ने पूरी तरह काम करना बंद कर दिया और खाली इंधन टंकी ने दूसरे मोटर की भी स्वाहा कर दिया। उनका विमान समुद्र की ओर विमुख हुआ और व्याट मदद के लिए चीखे, "मैं नीचे की ओर जा रहा हूँ!" चिंतित ब्लेकेनशिप ने विमान की रोशनी को



चित्र: तेजिंदर सिंह बजाज

समुद्र को छुते और गायब होते देखा। समय गवायें बिना वह अपने विमान को कुछ नीचे लाये किन्तु न व्याट का पता था और न उनके विमान का।

उन्होंने विमान से पैराशूट गिराये किन्तु चार बार दूँढने के बाद भी कुछ पता न चला और न ही आपातकालीन संकेत मिले। उन्हें लगने लगा था कि व्याट मर चुके हैं। इंधन समाप्त होने वाला था। प्रातः ६ बजे वे फ्लोरिडा वापस आये। ब्लेकेनशिप ने वापस जाने का निश्चय लिया।

व्याट ने अनुभव किया कि उनका सर किसी यंत्र से टकराया। विमान पानी से टकरा कर वापस आया और फिर पानी में चला गया। व्याट ने स्वयं को किसी तरह विमान के पंख तक खींचा। अपनी लाइफ़ जैकेट पहनते हुए उसने तटरक्षक विमान की रोशनी देखी। उसने एक रोशनी को जलाने के ढक्कन को मारा। लौ लड़खड़ा कर बुझ गई और दूसरी उसके हाथों में ही खराब हो गई। उसने अपने विमान को अपने पैरों के नीचे सरकते हुए पाया और कुछ ही समय में उसने २ मी. की गहराई पर स्वयं को गोते लगाते पाया। उसे पता था कि इस समय अपनी जीवन रक्षा के लिए उसे अपनी ऊर्जा बचानी होगी किन्तु ३० मिनट बाद ही उसके पैर काँपने लगे और बचाव के लिए उसने तट की दिशा में तैरना प्रारंभ किया। एक घंटे के बाद ही उसे अपने बचाव की आशा क्षीण लगने लगी। उसकी लाइफ़ जैकेट का बाँया पक्ष एक छिद्र के कारण मुलायम हो रहा था। छिद्र बन्द करने के लिए उसने उस पर अपनी उंगली लगा दी। उसके मस्तक से खून निकलने लगा था किन्तु उसे पता था कि जीवित रहने के लिए उसे लड़ना होगा, आत्मसमर्पण आत्महत्या के समान होगा।

अपनी अंतिम इच्छाओं को अपने प्रियजनों तक पहुंचाने के लिए उसने अपने पहचान पत्र पर घड़ी से लिखा। पहचान पत्र की दूसरी ओर उसने अपने परिजनों के लिए संदेश लिखा। पहचान पत्र को अपनी जैकेट में सुरक्षित कर उसने सोचा कि वह दस बजे तक लड़ सकता है। दस बजने के कुछ पहले ही उसने किसी सख्त गतिशील वस्तु को अपने पैरों के नीचे पाया। 'शार्क!!' उसने सोचा कि वे वापस लौटेंगी क्योंकि उन्होंने उसे दूँढ लिया है। उसके जैकेट का दाँया पक्ष भी छिद्रित हो गया था और अपने दूसरे हाथ की उंगली से उसे बंद कर वह मध्यरात्रि को अपना लक्ष्य बना जीवन रक्षा के लिए लड़ने लगा।

वह अब पानी में पीठ के बल था। जैसे ही आकाश से बादल थोड़ा सा हटे तो उसने तारों को देखा। उसने प्रभु से प्रार्थना की कि वह जीवित रहे। उधर ब्लेकेनशिप एक नौसेना हेलीकॉप्टर के साथ उसे तलाश करने निकल चुके थे। खराब मौसम के कारण कुछ भी देखना असंभव था। उन्होंने अपने दल को वापसी के निर्देश दिए और प्रातःकाल की प्रतीक्षा करने लगे।

व्याट ने स्वयं को संयमित कर प्रातः तक अपने जीवन को बचाने के विषय में सोचा। किन्तु तभी कोई वस्तु उसके पैर से टकराई। दूसरी शार्क! अपना जीवन बचाने के लिए उस शार्क पर उसने पैर मारा और जैकेट से अपने हाथ खींच लिए। जैकेट में पानी भरने लगा और वह १.५ मी. नीचे चला गया। किन्तु अपने दिमाग को संयमित कर वह फिर अपने हाथों को जैकेट के समीप लाया और पुनः पानी के ऊपर आया। बचाव के लिए उसने पानी में पैर मारे और बहता रहा। यह क्रम उसने एक घंटे तक किया और फिर प्रातः तक जीने की ठान ली।

एक आशा बंधी जब उसने सूर्य की आकाश में चढ़ते देखा किन्तु किसी विमान का कोई संकेत न था। जैसे ही उसने समुद्र की ओर देखा, उसे एक शार्क की पूँछ दिखाई दी। वह एक नहीं बहुत सारी थीं! वह तुरंत ही पीठ के बल आया और तभी उसने अत्यन्त विशाल शार्क को अपनी ओर आते देखा। वो हवा में उछली और व्याट के पैरों की ओर बढ़ी। व्याट ने अपने जूते से उसकी आँख पर प्रहार किया। प्रहार से विचलित वह ६ मीटर की दूरी पर चक्कर काटने लगी। अपने जीने के निश्चय को और दृढ़ कर वह चिल्लाया—'मैं अभी मरने के लिये तैयार नहीं हूँ!' उसके प्रहारों से दो और विशाल शार्क विचलित हो चुकी थीं। किन्तु एक दूसरी शार्क उस पर बहुत तीव्रता से लपकी और उसने उतनी ही तीव्रता से उसकी पूँछ पर

प्रहार किया। वह भी भाग गई।

- फिर व्याट ने एक नीली पूंछ वाली 'ब्लू पॉइंटर' शार्क को देखा और स्वयं को चेतावनी दी। बिजली की तीव्रता से वह शार्क हवा में उछली और उसकी भाव विहीन आँखों को देखकर व्याट डर से सिहर उठा। उसे अपनी शक्ति कम होती प्रतीत होने लगी और उसे लगा कि यदि उसके शिकारियों को यह पता चल गया, तो यह उसके जीवन का अंत होगा। तभी उसने एक तटरक्षक विमान को आकाश में देखा! जब विमान उससे १ कि. मी. दूर रह गया तो उसने अपनी नारंगी जैकेट हवा में लहराई। विमान उसके अत्यन्त पास आया और उसके सिर के ऊपर से निकलने लगा। वह वेदना में चीखा कि वे सभी उसे देखते क्यों नहीं?? उधर विमान में ब्लेकेनशिप को लगा कि एक क्षण के लिए उन्होंने किसी व्यक्ति को पानी में संघर्ष करते देखा है। उन्होंने तटरक्षक कटर 'केप यॉर्क' को संदेश दिया कि पानी में एक व्यक्ति है। इस समय 'केप यॉर्क' १२ मिनट की दूरी पर था।

सहायता विमान ने पानी में धुआँ छोड़ा जिससे 'केप यॉर्क' को जगह का पता चल सके। व्याट ने उस धुएँ की ओर तेजी से तैरना प्रारम्भ किया। ब्लेकेनशिप ने तुरंत रेडिओ पर सूचना दी कि एक शार्क उस मानव के पीछे है और तटरक्षक दल जल्दी वहाँ पर सहायता के लिए पहुँचे।

उधर व्याट सोच रहा था कि अभी तक उन्होंने जीवन रक्षक नौका क्यों नहीं भेजी?? कुछ ही समय पश्चात उसने एक नौका को अपनी ओर आते हुए देखा। जैसे ही 'केप यॉर्क' उसके पास आया, उसपर से एक सीढ़ी व्याट की ओर फेंकी गई। व्याट ने उसका निचला सिरा पकड़ा और ऊपर चढ़ने में असमर्थता जताई। दो लोगों ने उसकी ऊपर आने में सहायता की और एक ने उससे लाइफ़ जैकेट फेंकने को कहा। व्याट ने उत्तर दिया, "यह जैकेट वहीं जायेगी जहाँ मैं जाऊंगा।" वह नौका पर आया, और घड़ी देखी – सुबह के १ बज रहे थे। वह पिछले १५ घंटों से पानी में जीवन के लिए लड़ रहा था। आकाश में ब्लेकेनशिप और उनका दल प्रसन्न था।

उसी दिन बाद में अस्पताल में जब वह अपने प्रियजनों के साथ बैठा था, उसे विश्वास नहीं हो रहा था कि वह जीवित है। घर पहुंचने पर वह जल्दी ही सो गया और उसके समीप उसकी वह जैकेट थी जिससे उसने उन भयंकर शार्कों से अपने जीवन की रक्षा की थी।

कॅडेट अंकिता श्रीवास्तव

२००० प्रवेश

—●●● { सफलता के लिये प्रतिभा नहीं, पहुँच चाहिये } ●●●—



उन्हें मत सराहो, जिन्होंने अनीतिपूर्वक सफलता पाई और सम्पत्ति कमाई।

परिश्रम और कड़ी मेहनत सफलता पाने की कसौटी है। यही कहना चाहते हैं। ना आप, कि सफलता के लिये प्रतिभा चाहिये? सफलता और प्रतिभा या सफलता और पहुँच?? माध्यम कैसा भी हो, सफलता सफलता है—चाहे वो नीति के अनुसार हो या अनीति के अनुसार चाहे उसके लिये हमें छल, कपट, शारीरिक बल, धन की शक्ति का ही सहारा क्यों ना लेना पड़े।

आज के युवा में सफलता है सुख और धन। आज जीवन धन के तराजू में तुल चुका है। आज जिसके पास सुख—सुविधायें है, वही सफल है, धनी है, चाहे वह धन किसी भी साधन से कमाया हो, गौर उसके माध्यम पर नहीं उसके धन, उसके नाम, पर होता है।

एक अशिक्षित पर करोड़पति और एक बुद्धिमान और शिक्षित परन्तु केवल दो रोटी कमाने वाला सेवक—दोनों में से कौन है आज सफल? इन दोनों में से किसका नाम है सफलता का अर्थ?

सफलता के साथ प्रतिभा का भी अर्थ बदल गया है। बल बुद्धि व ज्ञान ही प्रतिभा है। है न? पर आज इनके साथ पहुँच और सिफारिश भी प्रतिभा के रूप में जुड़ गये है। जब सफलता का रूप बदल गया है, प्रतिभा का अर्थ बदल गया है। तो उसका माध्यम कैसे समान रह सकता है? आज सफलता पहुँच है।

आज जहाँ इमानदार प्रतिभाशाली नेता को चुनाव का टिकट तक नहीं मिलता तो इसके विपरीत, स्वार्थी, प्रतिभाहीन व्यक्ति पहुँच के बल पर ऊँची—ऊँची कुर्सियों तक पहुँचना अपना अधिकार समझते हैं। आज नौकरी के लिये परिचय पत्र में 'रेफरेन्स' के लिये अलग से जगह होती है। व्यक्ति एक बार असफल हो कर अपनी क्षमता खो देता है और आज उसकी असफलता का कारण है उसकी प्रतिभा का तिरस्कार। क्यों? क्योंकि आज उसके पास पहुँच का सहारा नहीं है। पहुँच की बैसाखी के बिना हम सब अपाहिज हैं। और इस सच्चाई से इन्कार नहीं किया जा सकता। जिंदगी का कोई भी क्षेत्र ले लें—पहुँच की ही हर जगह घुसपैठ है। और यही आज का सबसे बड़ा यथार्थ है।

कॅडेट अभिजीत सिंह

२००१ प्रवेश

छलो तो

छलो तो तुम मन की श्यामलता छलना ।
छलो तो तुम रावण की दानवता छलना ॥
जला सको तो काम क्रोध की चिता जलाना ।
जल सको तो हर घर में मंगल दीप जलाना ॥

सुनील कुमार ममगाई

अभी हुआ है शुरू semester, पढ़ने का कोई काम नहीं।
बंद रखेंगे अभी किताबें, उन पर जाता ध्यान नहीं।।

शाम को खेले Game बहुत, और रात को पिक्चर देखी है।
सुबह सवेरे पी.टी. सर की, सीटी जोर से बजती है।।
जाना पड़ता है Muster में, पर आँख नहीं खुल पाती है।।
नहीं गये उस Muster में तो रिपोर्ट Dean को जाती है।।

है अदा निराली Dean sir की, देखो तुम्हें दिखाते हैं।
कट जाते है Credit point, मुश्किल से जो हम पाते हैं।
हमे कमाने Point credit के, बाकी और कोई काम नहीं।
बंद रखेंगे अभी किताबें उन पर जाता ध्यान नहीं।।

गर परीक्षा देनी है तो, बात हमेशा याद रखो।
८०% हो क्लास उपस्थित, बाकी सबको Bunk करो।
Bunk क्लास को करने में, मजा बहुत ही आता है।
खास समय वह अच्छा है, जब दूरदर्शन मैच दिखाता है।।

बात क्लास की आते ही, नींद जोर से आती है।
ऐसा करें बहाना कोई, जो Attendance मिल जाती है।
Sports ground और Hostel से अच्छा कोई स्थान नहीं।
बंद रखेंगे अभी किताबें, उन पर जाता ध्यान नहीं।।

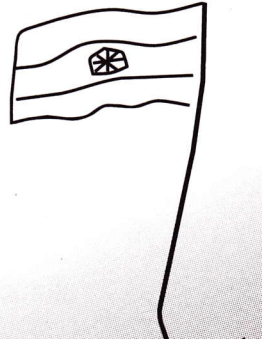
पता समय का लगा नहीं, और Semester पूरा बीत गया
नाम परीक्षा का आते ही, हाय पसीना छूट गया।
इधर Submission workshop के—उनको हम तैयार करें।
लिखने बैठ अब हम Journal या फिर Viva का ध्यान करें
प्रयोगात्मक आयी परीक्षा, बाँह पसारे खड़ी सामने।।

End Semester बनी पूतना, डर लगता है सोच के मन में।
'सुनील' हुई है शुरू परीक्षा, अब मिलता आराम नहीं।
बन्द रखेंगे अभी किताबें, उन पर जाता ध्यान नहीं।।

सुनील कुमार ममगाई

वतन की बात करते हैं

नही संकट कभी झेले, कफ़न की बात करते हैं।
संभलता घर नहीं अपना, वतन की बात करते हैं
है दिल्ली की ख़बर यारों
मिले जो भी उसे मारो।
मगर अपने अहम को तुम
न भूले से कभी मारो।
बटोरे स्वप्न के कंकर, रतन की बात करते हैं।
संभलता घर नहीं अपना, वतन की बात करते हैं।
जहाँ देखो यही भाषण।
बदल डालो नियम-शासन
करें बातें विदेशों की।
भले घर पर न हो राशन।
ये कैसे सत्यवादी हैं, गबन की बात करते हैं।
संभलता घर नहीं अपना, वतन की बात करते हैं।
बहाते है मरम गंगा
फिरें अलमस्त मन चंगा।
कहीं मतलब न निकले तो
कर देते हैं ये दंगा।
सदा बोये हैं खुद कांटे, सुमन की बात करते हैं।
संभलता घर नहीं अपना, वतन की बात करते हैं।



कॅडेट सिताँशु राय
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यू तो हम छोटे से समाजसेवक थे। समाज में भी अपना कुछ नाम था, प्रतिष्ठा थी।

हमने सोचा क्यों न इस प्रतिष्ठा को कैश कराया जाए।

चुनाव मैदान में उतर कर भाग्य आजमाया जाए।

ये सोचते ही हमने झटपट फ़ोन पर एक पार्टी का नंबर घुमाया।

उधर फ़ोन उठाने वाले सज़न ने पूछा "फरमाइये"।

हमने भी तुरन्त जबाब दिया "टिकट चाहिए"।

उधर से जबाब आया "आपकी ही सेवा में बैठे हैं हुज़ूर, जितने चाहिए ले जाइये।

बोलिये किस दिन और कौन सी ट्रेन का दूँ"?

ये सुन कर हमारा दिमाग चकराया वाह रे दूरभाष तेरा क्या कहना।

खैर अंततः हमें अपना वांछित नंबर मिल ही गया।

हमने प्रभु को लाख-लाख शुक्रिया अदा करते हुए बात करनी शुरू की।

हमने बोला "महोदय, हम आपकी पार्टी के टिकट से चुनाव मैदान में भाग्य आजमाना चाहते हैं।

राजनीति में अपना करियर चमकाना चाहते हैं"।

दूसरी ओर बैठे सज़न ने फरमाया, "ठीक है, कल आप यहाँ आ जाइये।

अपने सारे रिकार्ड लेकर दफ़्तर चले आइये"। रात भर हम ऊँचे-ऊँचे ख्वाब देखते रहे।

नींद में भी अपनी जय-जयकार के नारे सुनते रहे।

समय काटे नहीं कट रहा था और हमें तो बस सुबह का इन्तज़ार था।

सुबह हम निर्धारित समय पर पार्टी दफ़्तर में थे।

पर ये क्या? सुनसान-न भीड़, न चहलपहल। हर जगह ताले पड़े थे।

और हो भी क्यों ना? हम भारतीय अपनी सदियों की परम्परा को कैसे तोड़ सकते हैं?

भला देरी करने में दूसरों को कैसे आगे निकलने दे सकते हैं?

खैर इन्तज़ार की घड़ियाँ खत्म हुई और अब हम अध्यक्ष महोदय के सामने थे।

उन्होंने हमें हलाल होने वाली बकरी की तरह कसाई की नजरों से परखा।

और बोले, "अच्छा तो आप राजनीति में उतरना चाहते हैं।"

हमने फरमाया, "जी हुज़ूर।" उन्होने तुरंत कहा, "ठीक है, अपने सर्टिफिकेट दिखाइये।"

हमने तुरंत उन्हें अपनी आठवीं फेल मार्क शीट और चार पाँच आपराधिक केसों के रिकार्ड दिखाए।

वो क्या है न राजनीति में अशिक्षा व गुण्डई की दीक्षा बहुत आवश्यक है। वो बोले, "केस में कुछ तो वजन है"। हम आदरणीय

अध्यक्ष जी की बात का मंतव्य समझ गये। तुरन्त ही नोटों से भरा थैला महोदय के हाथों की शोभा बढ़ा रहा था।

अंततः हमें टिकट मिल चुका था। हमारे भाग्य का फूल खिल चुका था।

आज हम चुनाव जीत कर मंत्री बन गये हैं।

कुछेक घोटालों के आरोप भी हम पर लग चुके हैं।

पर क्या करें- "काजल की कोठरी में कैसे सयानो जाए। एक लीक काजल की लागी है पैलागी है।"

कैडेट कुलदीप मिश्रा

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T MI की एक तन्हा शाम....

एक शाम किसी ने प्यार से पीठ थपथपाई,
पीछे मुड़ा तो वहाँ खड़ी थी तन्हाई।
वो बोली "मानो या ना मानो तुम्हीं मेरे साजन हो,
और मैं ही हूँ तुम्हारी परछाई।
मैं ही हूँ जो हर अकेले दिल में बसती हूँ
और मैं ही हूँ तुम्हारी नस-नस में समाई।
फिर दरवाजे पर किसी ने दस्तक दी
"फिर आऊंगी, वफ़ा निभाऊंगी," इतना कहकर वो चल दी
पर हर बार की तरह वो पलट कर मुस्कराई
एक तन्हा शाम जब मैंने अपने अरमानों की चिता जलाई
किसी के सिसकने की आवाज सुनकर मैं पलटा,
वहाँ खड़ी थी मेरी तन्हाई।

कॅडेट शैलेन्द्र अग्रवाल

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हमारा लक्ष्य

ऊँची मंज़िल ऊँची आशा,
ऊँचा लक्ष्य है हमारा
सदियों की अंधेरी दुनिया
को देंगे हम उजियारा।
समुद्र की लहरों से भी दौड़ेंगे तेज़
जब साथ होगा तुम्हारा
ये संकल्प है हमारा
सूर्य चन्द्र का तेज लिए हम
वैज्ञानिक हैं इस उपवन के,
हम से आगे राह हमारी,
पीछे है जग सारा,
बुराईयों को ना हम छुएँगे
करे कोशिश जितना कोई प्यारा।
ये संकल्प है हमारा....
सदियों की अंधेरी दुनिया,
को देंगे हम उजियारा
हम न रोके से रुकेंगे
हम न तूफ़ों से डरेंगे
ऊँची मंज़िल ऊँची आशा
ऊँचा लक्ष्य है हमारा
ये संकल्प है हमारा

कॅडेट तुषार मुद्गल

२००० प्रवेश



यौवन के आँगन में

कोयल की हर कूक कहानी कहती है
कोई कली हर भंवरे के मन में रहती है
बचपन के भोले बगुले उड़ जाते हैं,
जब यौवन की चंचल नदियाँ बहती हैं
नाव जब कागज की चलने लगी,
मौज एक तूफान में ढलने लगी,
सुबह सुन्दरी उठी अंगड़ाई ले,
सुरमई हर शाम भी ढलने लगी।

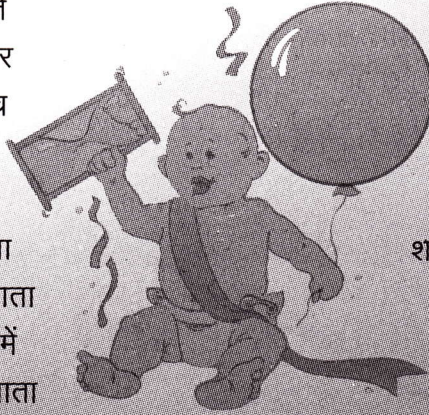
नयन खो जाते हैं, सूरज की तरह शाम ढले और नजर आते हैं साये के भी तेवर बदले
शहर की गलियों में सो जाता है बचपन
दिल की गलियों में जाग उठता है सोया यौवन।

कॅडेट अभिजीत सिंह

२००१ प्रवेश

बचपन

काश लौट आते
वह बचपन के दिन
वह मासूम शरारतें
वह अपनों का प्यार
वह दोस्तों के बीच
मीठी तकरार
वह बचपन, जो-
परायों को अपनाता
अपनों पर प्यार लुटाता
वसुंधरा की काया में
वो चंचल मन खो जाता
काश! वो दिन लौट पाते
काश! वो रात फिर से जगमगातीं
यह सारी दुनिया अपनी होती



और हम अपनों में खो जाते
मगर जैसे इंसान बढ़ता है
उसका छल भी बढ़ता है
पराये तो पराये
वह अपनों के साथ
दगा करता है
शायद हम समय के इस चक्र को
न बदल पाएँ
मगर इतनी तो कोशिश करें
कि इस प्रेम को
अपने अंदर जगमगाएँ।

कॅडेट अनुराग सिन्हा

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अकेला सितारा

एक अकेला सितारा चमका
दूर कहीं क्षितिज पर
कुछ वैसे ही जैसे
कोई मुस्कुराये अपने ही दुख पर
संध्या घुल रही है
रात्रि की गहरी कालिमा में
रात ने अपने पंख पसारे और
समेटा सब कुछ अपने गहन अंधियारे में।
चन्द्रमा भी आया आकाश में
अन्य तारे भी आये बाहर अपनी ओट से
हँसता रहा तब भी वो ऐसे
जैसे आहत हो किसी गहरी चोट से।
पूछा सभी ने हँसी का कारण उससे
आँखों में अश्रु भर बोला वो
देखा टूटते तारे को रोते हुए
दिखने में था बड़ा भोला जो।
पर क्यों हुआ ऐसा
कि अपने ही ताप से जला वो
पलभर की रोशनी दी उसने
फिर अंधेरे में अकेला ही चला वो।
सुन कर उसकी चिंता
बोला एक सितारा हर कोई है अकेला यहाँ
दूसरी ओर है संसार सारा।
इसलिए हे मेरे मित्र
जब तक है यह जीवन तेरा
फैला उजियारा इस काली रात में
जब तक हो न जाये सवेरा।
सवेरा होगा सूर्योदय होगा
लेकिन फिर से रात आयेगी
फिर कोई नया तारा निकलेगा।
और खुशियों की बारात छायेगी।
तो करो तुम कोशिश यही
अपने जीवन काल में

फैलाओ अपने उजियारे को
और चमकते रहो रात्रि के भाल में।

कॅडेट अंकिता श्रीवास्तव

१९९९ प्रवेश

समय की शिला....

समय की शिला पर खड़ा आज मानव
दिशाहीन पथ पर चला जा रहा है
कहाँ वह शिवा है, कहाँ शिव दधीची
मरीचि समय ही चला आ रहा है
सो गई साधना है, बस बची कामना है,
सिर्फ संशय ही बढ़ता नजर आ रहा है।

कॅडेट सन्दीप गुगलानी

२००९ प्रवेश

काल सर्पिणी है मुँह फाड़े, लहू-लहू को धोने बैठा।
रुण्ड मुण्ड की माला पहने, मनुज हृदय विच ये क्या पैठा।
धधक रही है प्रलय की ज्वाला, पाश बिछाए है चहुँ ओर।
क्या बीता क्या होने को है इसका कोई ओर न छोर।

बिखरी लाशें, उड़ते चिथड़े, गिध्दों चीलों का मेला।
यमदूतों का निष्ठुर नर्तन, दृश्य भयावह है फैला।
मूक गगन है, स्तब्ध है धरती, मौन हो चुकी है वाणी।
मोल चुक गया है जीवन का है शोणित से महंगा पानी

क्या वे हत्यारे हैं सचमुच, या विक्षुब्ध क्षीण क्षणभर।
दंभ लादकर बन गए वहशी, अकस्मात ही हुए प्रखर।
किसने किसको किस हित मारा, जीवित टुकड़े रहे बटोर।
क्या बीता क्या होने को है इसका कोई ओर न छोर।

सोलह वर्ष की वह नवयुवती, हाथों की मेहेंदी थी लाल।
चमक रहा था आज अभी भी, प्रियतम के चुंबन से भाल।
उजड़ चुकी है माँग की शोभा, काँप रहे थे उसके पाँव।
खिंच आए थे होंठ गुलाबी, फटे नयन अनगिनत थे घाव।

सूनी माँगें रोती आँखें, हृदय बेधती चीख पुकार।
शून्य ताकते जड़वत चेहरे पशुता का देखें विस्तार।
हाय लुट गया उनका सबकुछ, बिन नदिया अब कैसी नाव।
आगे का दिन कैसा होगा किसकी बारी किसका दाँव।

कहाँ गई बापू की शिक्षा, कहाँ गया मानवतावाद।
कहाँ उड़ गई प्रेम की नदियाँ जो सदियों बहती रहीं अगाध।
काल सर्प की लोलुप जिह्वा का शम दारुण नर्तन।
प्रेमातुर मानव समाज का है कैसा ये परिवर्तन।

कॅडेट कृष्ण कुमार

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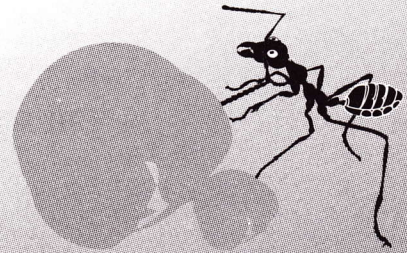


कोशिश करने वालों की हार नहीं होती



लहरों से डरकर नौका पार नहीं होती
कोशिश करने वालों की हार नहीं होती।
नन्ही चींटी दाना लेकर जब चलती है,
चढ़ते हुए दीवारों पर सौ बार फिसलती है,
पर मन का विश्वास सदा ही साहस भरता है,
चढ़कर गिरना, गिरकर चढ़ना नहीं अखरता है।
आखिर उसकी मेहनत बेकार नहीं होती,
मेहनत करने वालों की तो हार नहीं होती।
गोताखोर सिन्धु में जो डुबकियाँ लगाता है।
वह जाकर खाली हाथ वापस आता है,
उसको सहज मिलते नहीं मोती गहरे पानी में,
पर उत्साह और बढ जाता इस हैरानी में,
उसकी मुट्टी खाली हर बार नहीं होती,
मेहनत करने वालों की तो हार नहीं होती।
असफलता की इन चुनौतियों को स्वीकार करो,
कमी कहाँ क्या रही सोचकर वहाँ सुधार करो,
जब तक नहीं सफलता मिलती आगे बढ़े चलो,
संघर्ष की आँधी में दीपक से जलते चलो।
बिना कुछ किए विजय साकार नहीं होती
कोशिश करने वालों की हार नहीं होती।

कॅडेट रोहित मिश्रा
२००१ प्रवेश





माँ प्रकृति की अद्भुत कृति है
अपने बच्चों की वह सुमति है
जीवन के प्रति पूर्णतः समर्पित
माँ प्रकृति की अद्भुत कृति है

जीवन भर सुख-दुख सहती है
पर उपकार में रत रहती है
भाव न लेने का जो रखती
माँ प्रकृति की अद्भुत कृति है

स्वर्ग नहीं देखा है हमने
केवल बुने हैं उसके सपने
सपनों को साकार जो करती
माँ प्रकृति की अद्भुत कृति है

हमने केवल सीखा लेना
सीखा नहीं कुछ वापस देना
इसलिए यह कृति दूषित है
माँ प्रकृति की अद्भुत कृति है

माँ जीवन की रीति सिखाती
अपना देते नहीं अघाती
उपहारों के हार उढ़ाती
माँ प्रकृति की अद्भुत कृति है

माँ को हमने है बिसराया
हम पर भारी भौतिक माया
फिर भी अटल जो साया रखती
माँ प्रकृति की अद्भुत कृति है।

कॅडेट अमर एस. आहुजा
प्रवेश २००१

—••••{ वर्तमान काल में जीवन मूल्य सार्थक? }••••—

“सभ्यता का स्वरूप है सादगी, अपने लिये कठोरता और दूसरों के लिये उदारता।”

“स्वयं को मनुष्य बनाने का प्रयत्न करो, यदि इसमें सफल हो गये तो हर काम में सफलता मिलेगी।”

इन्हीं विचारों के साथ मैं कहता हूँ कि वर्तमान काल में जीवन मूल्य सार्थक है।

पुझे आश्चर्य होता है कि आज हम बीसवीं सदी को पार कर इक्कीसवीं में जा रहे हैं, और आज भी आदिकाल के विचारों का समर्थन कर रहे हैं। मनुष्य एक सामाजिक प्राणी है – वह एक समाज में रहता है। समाज का संगठन शाश्वत परस्पर कैसे रखा जाए? एक दूसरे के प्रति हमारा क्या कर्तव्य है? यदि ऐसा नहीं होता तो कोई भी सभ्यता और संस्कृति जीवित नहीं रह पाती। हमने नैतिक मूल्य एक दिन में नहीं बनाए हैं – हजारों वर्षों से हमारे ऋषियों और मुनियों ने चिन्तन करके नैतिक मूल्य दिये हैं। यह वे ही नैतिक मूल्य हैं जो आदमी को देवता की श्रेणी में ले जाकर बैठा देते हैं।

आज हम केवल जीने के लिये दूसरों को लूट के पशुओं की तरह रहने की बात सोचते हैं। सुख ही सुख की आकांक्षा केवल पशुओं का ही धर्म हो सकता है। जरा सोचिये—जीवन मूल्य नहीं होंगे तो हमारे सम्बन्धों का क्या होगा? माता - पिता, बहन - भाई व सगे सम्बन्धियों के प्रति हमारा क्या व्यवहार रहेगा? जीवन मूल्यों के बिना समाज में कोई उन्नति नहीं हो सकती है।

एक दूसरे से झूठ बोलकर व धोका देकर हम कैसे सुखी रह सकते हैं? सत्य, अहिंसा, दृढ चरित्र, दया, करुणा— ये नैतिकता के प्रतीक हैं। इन्हें छोड़ कर तो हम जंगल राज्य में चले जाएंगे। मैं याद दिला दूँ की जीवन मूल्य ही आत्मबल है और नैतिकता के आधार पर ही व्यक्ति संसार में बड़े कार्य करता है।

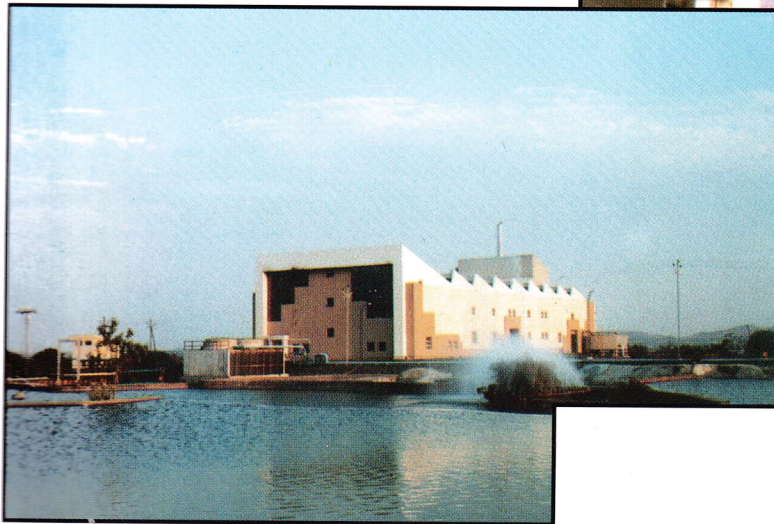
अनैतिकता से एकत्रित की हुई चीजें आपको सुख नहीं दे सकतीं क्योंकि अनैतिकता से ही आप हमेशा भयभीत रहेंगे। भय का अर्थ है मृत्यु और मृत्यु पर राज करने वाला नैतिक पुरुष ही हो सकता है।

कॅडेट अपूर्व सिंह

२००१ प्रवेश

A look around the Campus

The 'Prabhu Vidya' at her berth ▶



◀ *Where we learn the
tricks of the trade
- The Workshop*

*New visions...
New construction under way* ▶



◀ *Our humble abode -
the TMI hostel*



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