



Guftagu "गुफ्तगु"

IETLAA Monthly Newsletter

September 2009

www.ietalumni.org

OBITUARY

We regret to announce the passing away of

Harshit Aggarwal

(Electronics & communication 3rd yr)
and

Gagandeep

(Information Technology, 3rd yr)
on September 7.

Their demise followed a fatal accident after they were hit by a truck.

May their soul rest in peace.

[Know More...](#)

Sniff the fragrance of festivities! That's what this month marks the beginning of. And here comes guftugu to revive the college memoirs one more time. Loads of thanks to all of you for the valuable and interesting suggestions for the newsletter.

This month has been significant with addition to the executive committee. The Alumni Students Interaction Cell (ASIC) has come into existence and there are heaps of suggestions bubbling in young minds.

And surprise!!! The most awaited notice board is ready and placed outside the Training and Placement Office.

We are eagerly waiting for suggestions and contributions to embellish the special alumni notice board!



5 Most searched people on ietalumni.org

- 1) Bandana Sinha 1989 CSE
- 2) Garima Gupta 2003 CSE
- 3) Rashmi Tyagi 1990 CSE
- 4) Manish Shrivastava 1991 EE
- 5) Pankaj Katoch 1988 EC

People with maximum post on forums

- 1) Sankalp Chugh 2007 CSE
- 2) Sanjay yadav 1992 EC
- 3) Rajeev Tivari 1995 ME
- 4) Vipul srivastava 1991 CE
- 5) Shivam Patel 2006 CSE

Registrations on the website have reached a hefty number of 835 and the number is increasing day by day .one day we hope to bring all ietians under the umbrella of IETLAA

THE LIST OF ASIC MEMBERS...

- ✚ Megha Aggarwal (CH, Final Year)
- ✚ Shefali Kansal (EI, Final Year)
- ✚ Deepti Agnihotri (EE, Final Year)
- ✚ Monika Nigam (ME, Final Year)
- ✚ Pooja Bhat (EC, Final Year)
- ✚ Santosh Kumar (EC, Final Year)
- ✚ Rahul Verma (CS, Final Year)
- ✚ Satya Prakash (ME, Final Year)
- ✚ Robin Lodhi (CS, Final Year)
- ✚ Shashin Kumar Sachan (EI, Third Year)
- ✚ Shashwat (EC, Third Year)
- ✚ Pradumyn Singh (EI, Third Year)
- ✚ Siddharth Singh (ME, Third Year)
- ✚ Abhishek Gulani (EE, Third Year)
- ✚ Atul Kumar (EC, Third Year)
- ✚ Swapnil Saraswat (CE, Third Year)

"मस्ती की पाठशाला"

खुशबू खिली थी चंद गुलाबों के बीच में,
ये आशियाँ बसे थे किताबों के बीच में...

- रंजन



"Better to have loved and lost, than to have never loved at all."
They loved and lost, and today are still lost in their eternal love.
Saint Augustine's this saying exemplifies their love life and
These eternal love stories are and will always motivate the
Present and upcoming IETians to perform the same feats.

Amit Kumar (1989) & Rashmi Tyagi (1990)
Mukul Govil (1989) & Kiran Verma (1991)
Kamal Kapoor & Leena(EE -1992)
Himanshu Gaurav(EE-1993) & Ritu(EE-1992)
Biju Barmola (EE 1995) & Vineet Sethi-1996,
Sunita Gokhroo (EE 1995) & Shakti Singh-(EE 1994)
Dhirendra Singh (EE 1995) & Savita Chaudhary (1997)
Parikshit Mittal & Anuradha Singh(EE-1995)
Rahul Gupta & Nitu Jain(EE-1995)
Ashish Gupta & Kalpana Gupta(CS-1995)
Ritesh Vaish(CS) & Prerna Gupta
Anurag Arora(CS-1995) & Monica Kapoor(EE-1995)
Jaya Srivastava (CH-2006) & Anukrant Anand (CH-2006)
Jyoti Katiyar (CE-2006) & Puneet Chandra (CE-2005)
Rajat Nigam (CSE-2006) and Mudita (2009)
(Already Engaged and marriage due shortly)

And the list goes on..



Industrial visit-

Civil engineering final year batch (06-10) recently visited the construction site of CPWD to see the working of the plate load test.

The teacher who had accompanied them was prof.M.Z.Khan



Alumni notice board!

"It is proposed to upgrade I.E.T lucknow to the level of IIT. An outlay of Rs 50,000 lakh has been proposed during the plan period for this"-this is what the 11th five year plan of Govt of India for Uttar Pradesh mentions and the irony stands so clear in front of us. We have a long way to go from 'E' to 'I' .

An essay writing competition was organised on sept 6, by Ram Chandra mission in collaboration with United Nation information centre, in our college.

"We have a new college bus ,
hurray!!! "



THE GREAT IET STORY



Rajeev Tivari

ME '95 n Secretary ,(PR) IETLAA

Let the Muzik play, as Shamur would say or would the Finnish OEM vendor. For, nostalgia is never out of favour. Even if it gives goose bumps and a throatful of lumps.

Even if the accessible romance of a level crossing on a Meter Gauge rail track has given way to concrete ambitions of a convoluted flyover. Trains still pass by the GB.s. 1 and 2. But there is no IETian crossing the tracks when Nainital express or even Sitapur Local goes chugging along, what it still does with a precise routine, who can notice the few peeping eyes enjoying the passing trail of lit squares. For, the passage at the corner is closed. So is the passage to the Vijaya Bank through the village by the Cold Storage Plant. The branch where the current account of Encore 93 was kept. Many new blocks have come up in the campus including the administrative building for the UPTU, the auditorium, Post Office and bank, the New GB.

The Band Samosa of Guptaji's dhaba are no more now. As is the Dhaba. The over-bridge has routed away this settlement by a Neem-grove. The serenity of this corner has since been buried under the noise of hot rubber tracting on cold tar. The Mishraji ki Dukan is still there-supposedly the hygienic-est of 'em all by large.

The city has arrived to the 'Engineering College' and gone beyond towards Sitapur. The pond behind the playground on the way to the village (that was) Madiyaon has been reclaimed and has been inhabited by the urban man. The landfill pond by the road to Sec-Q has been reclaimed as well and monstrous structures in this place have been sliding up the sky-scape since the summer of 95. This has brought about shrinkage in the catchment area of the IETians. The exit in the wall behind D Block and A Block has since been closed. The height of wall makes IET a little fortress.

Now no Policemen can extort food from the C-Block mess on special day (Wednesdays) and get the chase and subsequently beating of their lives. Later Sarswat would be in his full character shielding the free hitters from police. I do not know whereabouts of the mess manager of C-Block. He was ever so polite and provided finger licking yummy food. The Bread Rolls out of his kitchen were the tastiest one would have ever had (No one has my wife's number). The custard on Saturdays lunch menu, (well, now lump drowned in saliva, almost) forced local hostellers to stay back for it.

Then during exams Babulal and Ramkumar would call "Bhaiya Chai" at about 11pm. The tea was served in the mess to prepare for the overnighter. The huge 'Bhagona' would store the tastiest tea. Then there would be sounds from the D-Block top floor abode of SMT, Saket, SK-II. The Ghost of 11ft height had reappeared draped in white and knocked on Alok Dwivedi's door.

The badminton court of the C-block was witness to some of the fiercest matches. HKP, TJ, SK et al used to be the stars. The sound of shuttlecock being powerfully, repeatedly, smashed by a tight net was music enough to entice the padhaku-est of them all out to the balcony. For other times there always was Rajiv Kanaujia with his Enigma graveyard shifts. So were the guitarists from the north east. Or one of the RDLA's playing 'Nothing Else Matters' in full blast. Life was music.

One of the great sights that iet offered repeatedly every 24 hours was -the 9 o'clock, or thereabouts, nainital express. Usually the time when we returned from our after dinner walk or cigarette stroll till gupta's/lambus and while the pretty girls were hounded back inside the walls of gargi for a safe night(!), the nainital express would announce its imminent arrival from a distance. And some of us would wait at the crossing as indeed would some girls at their windows to see that beautiful sight. And suddenly it would be upon us -- a musical on rails with little openings emanating light, reaching out in a weird enchanting dance on the sides of the rails almost in tandem with clickety clack of the rails. And then it would be gone. Taking some people to their homes some people to a nice little sojourn in the hills, some to their colleges and some to their work. But, we stood there, rooted, left in a strange mix of feelings.

There was a little homely bank across the tracks where all of us used to have our accounts. our pay slips from home we would scurry to deposit here through a short cut in the fields from behind the faculty building across the tracks. This is

where we stored our small money that would eventually buy us a ticket to a big life. And it did. after many years I have and i still wonder, if that bank with its smiling helpful people, is the same as we left it? Does it still roll out the same tokens? Do they still smile or has time and times put scowls on their faces? Does innocence still survive in madiyon?

On the other side, from behind the mens hostel, led a small way towards aliganj. in days of yore, seldom did vikram's come to this little "T" which later on a became a crossing, mostly one walked down to sector q. And from there vikram would take us to mayfair. To my 7th screening of "dil hai ki manta nahin". Bhala kyon mane dil? Jab Amir ka nahin mana to main kya cheez hoon? Usually it was the night show and for my nice friend gulati it was a late chicken dinner that would end around 12 midnight. At 12 or roundabout, ganj was a delightful sight. Wide expansive smooth roads, almost no traffic. Sodium lit. One could walk here forever but i never had the right person to hold my hand. I had to manage with sunil pathak -- our inhouse rambo, which tells you why i had an arm ache soon after. When, for returning, one would finally board another vikram, it was time to be pleasantly surprised: familiar faces would be already seated there, some returning from novelty and some from sahu. And from sector q we would again walk back to our college with the night wind in our hair.



A glipse of 22nd July Solar Ecllipse
shot by Sanjay Yadav EC'92

" I went to a party Mom,
I remembered what you said.
You told me not to drink, Mom,
So I drank soda instead.

I really felt proud inside, Mom,
The way you said I would.
I didn't drink and drive, Mom,
Even though the others said I should. "

[Continue Reading...](#)

Vipul Srivastava CE '91

“मैं जब भी ज़िन्दगी की दौड़ में कुछ टूट जाता हूँ,
ये आँखें भीग जाती हैं, मुझे माँ याद आती है “

- रंजन



Happy Dusshera and Eid Mubarak

Regards
IETLAA Newsletter Team

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