










# Eve's Weekly

Complimentary Copy

**WILL INDIA GO DRY IN FOUR YEARS? A Close Look At Complete Prohibition"—Its Feasibility And Possible Effects**

**TRUE CONFESSION—My Wife Threatened Suicide And I Disbelieved Her!**





I'm glad  
we started him on Farex.

Our doctor said:  
"Baby's tender digestion  
needs Farex first -  
before any other solid food."

better able to move to "grown up" food later on—and to chew and digest it properly.

When should you start him on "grown up" foods?

When he takes his first toddling step. That's when he begins to accept "grown up" food. You can then give him fruit, vegetables, dal, eggs. But don't stop Farex. Your baby still needs its special goodness. So, till your baby is 3 years old, mix Farex, with a little imagination and a lot of love, into baby's meals.

**Doctors say: Farex first! Why?**

From the time your baby is 3 months old, he begins to need solid food. This is partly because he needs more nourishment as he grows—nourishment that milk alone cannot provide—and partly because he needs to develop his chewing habit. But just any solid food won't do—not even soft ones like mashed potatoes. At 3 months, baby's digestion is still very tender. That's why he needs a specially prepared food—pre-cooked to suit his tender digestion—like Farex.

**How else does Farex fit baby's needs?**

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**Why 3 months on?**

When your baby is 3 months old, he needs help to develop his chewing habit. Otherwise, you may find him swallowing the solid food you give him later. That would cause him tummy-ache—and also affect his growth. If you give him Farex now, he will be



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Introducing

# Is it true the amazing secret of Teleresponse Power AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened: A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big thick roll of rupees in your hand?

Now a daring new book called TELERESPONSE POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Jean de Paul—the man who discovered it—makes this shocking claim...

### “Great Wealth and Power Can be Yours!”

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. “But at this very moment,” says Mr. de Paul, “I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you...”

- \* “How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!”
- \* “How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!”
- \* “How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!”
- \* “How a farmer received a pot full of gold!”
- \* “How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!”
- \* “How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!”
- \* “How a man growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!”
- \* “How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!”
- \* “How another woman summoned a man to her, out of thin air!”
- \* “How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!”
- \* “How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!”
- \* “How a man broadcasted silent commands that others had to obey!”

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELERESPONSE POWER!

### “How Teleresponse Power Brings any Desire Easily and Automatically!”

For many years, Jean de Paul, dreamed of a way to call upon the

invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time—commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk—and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

### Others Obey Silent Commands:

Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience: “I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands.....”

“No one can escape the power of this method,” says Mr. de Paul.

### Hears the thoughts of Others:

Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Jean de Paul soon found that he could ‘tune in’ and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, “At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realised that people don’t usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed.”

### See Beyond Walls, and Over Great distances:

Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he ‘tuned in’ he could see actual living scenes before him as clear as the picture on a television screen!

### Makes Woman appear—seemingly out of thin Air:

With mounting excitement, Jean de Paul launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person! He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there—standing before him as real as life—was his long lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There—smiling with arms outstretched in greeting—stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

### DIAL ANY TREASURE!

You’ll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument—your mental equipment—requires no wires, no electricity. “Yet,” says Mr de Paul, “it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world.” When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point “it

starts to materialize!” says Mr. de Paul.

“Teleresponse Power can work seeming miracles, in your life,” says Mr. de Paul. “With it, it is possible to dial any desire—called a Photo-Form—then sit back, relax and watch this powerful secret go to work!”

### Instantly your life is changed:

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command “Simply ask for anything you want,” says Mr de Paul, “whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends or secret knowledge!” Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form 2 for Jewels, for example. That’s what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr de Paul tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning...a surprise gift of a pearl neckalce, and matching silver bracelets...a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

“Almost overnight,” says Mr. de Paul, “It can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love... draw favours, gifts, new friends... or any thing else asked for! It is’nt necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others... men and women in all walks of life ...worked everytime...and it will work for you, too!”

### The Power of this Method!

You’ll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before pay day. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form 1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money...fives, tens, twenties...and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? and by whom?



### A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi-driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form 4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, “We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!” He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful, standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

### Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs Conrad B., reports that she was tired of ‘pursuing’ her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he had’nt looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers.

If TELERESPONSE POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

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## DIPIKA RAI

Dipika Rai, a petite, lively girl of 18, has lived in Delhi most of her life. She passed out from Lawrence School, Sanawar, with flying colours and is now a student of St. Stephen's College, Delhi.

Dipika was one of the first girls to join St. Stephen's, formerly a boys' college. She strongly asserts that all colleges should be co-educational.

She is majoring in mathematics, a subject she excels at. After college she plans to do a computer course.

When Dipika was 12 years old, she held a successful exhibition of her paintings. Amongst her other hobbies are reading and writing poetry. She also has a flair for dress designing and is always dressed in bright colours. Besides this, she enjoys doing embroidery, too.

When Dipika was in Bombay she did some modelling.

Photograph :  
Farokh Reporter

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### OUT IN THE OPEN

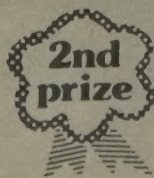
Your article (Eve's Weekly August 20-26) dealing with virginity and premarital sex was very interesting. In my younger days such things were not discussed in public, though they were indulged in on the sly. Maybe the subject is more frequent and open now, because of the present-day permissive society.

In the olden days, since information on contraception was not easily available and abortion illegal, the poor misguided girl was taken for a ride and left high and dry, either with a baby, or not, as luck would have it. How many suicides of young girls were due to illegitimate pregnancies God only knows, because they were invariably hushed up.

Besides, how many must have lived through shame, humiliation and contempt because they became pregnant out of wedlock. Why isn't there a campaign to alter the attitudes and emotions about it? Doctors test the pregnant woman for all sorts of abnormal factors to ensure the safety of the mother and child. But does anyone check for the emotional factor, because the guilt of an unwed mother could be equally fatal in the physical, moral and psychological sense? If the guilt factor were absent, fewer young lives would be wrecked, and there would be fewer, criminal abortions and infanticides.

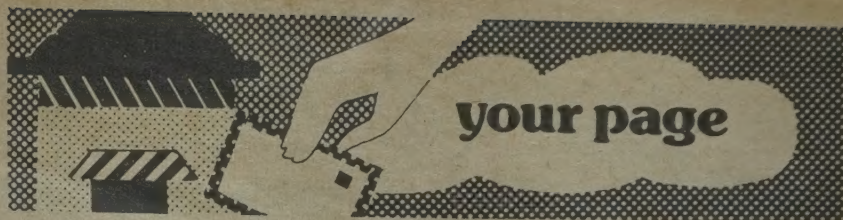
Mrs. Palhak, Bangalore

We have never shied away from tackling the so-called delicate subjects. Every woman must learn to control and protect her own body. Motherhood has nothing to do with legitimacy, and no woman must feel, or be made to feel, guilty for bearing a child.



### I QUIT. . .

In your issue dated August 27, your first-prize winner Ruby Lilaowala says she feels great being a wife and full-time homemaker and then your second-prize winner P. Krishnan says she is giving her family those extras which otherwise are



not possible with one pay packet.

I, too, took up a teaching job thinking I would give the little extras to my kids, now that all three go to school. I get up early, cook, pack the lunch, keep my husband's food on the table and leave for my job. I make up for the rush in the mornings by giving them all my time in the evenings. But then my kids want me to quit the job. Having been used to having mother all to themselves, they can't think of her spending so many hours outside. They say 'we don't want to see your tired face when we come home'. When I tell them it's all for them that I am doing this, they say 'who wants those extras? We'd rather not have them if you have to go to work—let's be content with father's pay. . .'. My kids win. I quit my teaching job.

Mrs. Meena Parthasarathi,  
Balarpur

Maybe your children were prompted by "someone" to induce you to stay home? Anyway, you tried. So long as you are happy, what does it matter who asked you to quit your job. Chances are you were feeling guilty and gave them opportunities to "induce" you. . .



### TORTURED WOMEN

In Indian society man is usually the breadwinner and there are few remedies where men choose to maltreat women, especially the ones who are kept within strict taboos of speech, action and thought.

There are a number of cases where wives have been forced to return to their parents, as their husbands' homes are virtual torture chambers. Here again, they are forced to go back by orthodox parents. The latter cannot tolerate the idea of their daughters' marriage failures.

Virtually buried under the piles of torture, a woman very often becomes impassive. She loses her individuality and ends up being a robot or an extension of her cruel husband who is solely responsible for this grim tragedy. Ironically, he castigates her for being impassive and frigid and turns to other women to satiate his sexual needs.

It is high time that such anti-social elements be brought to

book as there are women who cannot resort to the law courts because of the time and money involved. Moreover, it is the woman who is socially ostracised, rarely the man. Why such an imbalance prevailing in the era of women's lib?

Renu Nagpal, Nasik

It is because these attitudes existed, that women's lib came about. But talking of women's lib is not going to help. Women must wake up to their rights and their duties—to themselves. They must resort to the law courts when necessary—there is neither time nor room for being squeamish about these things.

### SERVANTS GALORE?

I read your "An Opinion On The Modern Girl" (July 30th - August 5th) with interest. According to me much is true, but not all. An educated modern woman has to play a double role. This is an added burden for the compensation of a higher standard of living and a more liberated and independent life for the woman.

In India I feel we'll always have servants. It will take a few more generations to remove illiteracy in the villages and even then there will always be enough people who will be unfit for higher jobs; and, of course, many are too lazy to think for themselves and too disorganised to plan their lives and prefer being ordered about.

So modern women needn't worry over the domestic help problem. At least I am not finding it so—running a school and a home single-handed just because of the boon of having servants. It only needs a managing ability.

Here's wishing luck to the modern girl!

P. N. Lyall, Dehra Dun

But we cannot remain smug and unprepared, in the belief that there will always be servants. This incorporates a belief that our nation is not going to progress very much in the coming years! All women must learn to manage both home and career, and keep agitating for conveniences and facilities which are a working woman's due.

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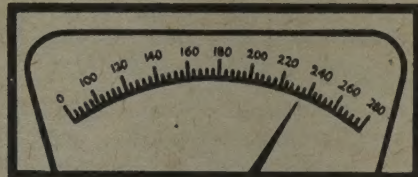


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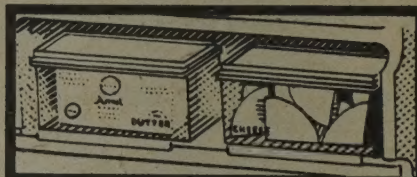
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**PADMA KHASTGIR**  
A penchant for criminal cases



Justice Khastgir seems to be the last person to be a public prosecutor — dealing with hard-headed and hard-hearted criminals — for she seems more like a gentle, motherly, home-loving woman.

"Actually, when I specialized in Criminal Law, I was told that I'd faint when I saw a criminal. But I feel that many a hard-boiled criminal would faint at seeing me," she says humorously. And this could well be true, seeing what an imposing personality she presents in the court room.

After graduating in History, Padma Khastgir joined the University Law College and started on her post-graduate studies simultaneously. Meanwhile, having applied for and got admission at King's College, London, she went to the U. K.

"There were just a few women studying LLB in those days, and I was the only Asian to receive my Barristership from Gray's Inn, at that time." After that, Miss Chatterjee did a course in International Law from the Academy of International Law, The Hague.

So, five years after having started her law studies, she returned to India and did a one-year Chambership under Mr. I. P. Mukherjee, and then got enrolled to become the first lady Barrister of Calcutta High Court.

In 1961 she got married to Mr. Chittanaraj Khastgir, who is currently the Chief Engineer at the Durgapur Steel Plant. But marriage and the growing family didn't in any way hinder her practice. She did a large number of notable session trials and on the merit of these has been the only lady on the Senior Panel of Public Prosecutors for the past 15 years.

The list of criminal cases that this barrister was associated with is a long and interesting one, the noteworthy ones being the Sudder Street Dacoity case, the sensational Justice K. L. Roy murder trial and the Durga Das Patra case, which created a great deal of furor on account of his being a national student.

"The mother in me did want to show mercy to this promising young lad — gone astray — yet justice reigned supreme and I had to prosecute him," she remembers.

Besides civil and criminal cases, Mrs. Khastgir is the only woman to have been in for Military Court Martial cases as well. In the Cossipore Gun factory case, she defended the accused, Mohan Singh,

**eve today**

## Judges Of The Calcutta High Court

*The first women  
judges in India were  
elevated from the judicial  
services to the  
Kerala High Court. But  
now, for the first  
time, two lawyers have  
been appointed  
high court judges*

**Amita Sarwal**

and got him acquitted. She was very impressed by the pomp and grandeur attached to martial proceedings. And the Army's tribute to her was, "We wonder what mettle you're made of — you have exceeded the Military tenacity."

Having qualified from the U. K., Mrs. Khastgir can practise in any part of the British Commonwealth — and her practice in India is "quite a roving one." She has attended the courts at Alipore, Krishnagore and many others, even those at Durgapur.

Speaking of her "love" for criminal cases she said, "I like proceedings full of action, which are quick-moving and have a lot of live drama." Further, she remarks, "Although, I know that we women are considered soft, and tend to show more mercy, we are in no way weak. Being a woman is by no means a handicap. There is nothing wanting in our sex which hinders our becoming just and fair judges."

While she considers hers a very exacting profession, she feels she can do much justice, and save many innocent people from harm, by prosecuting a criminal. At the same time she gets immense satisfaction when she acquits a criminal — for "I feel it's a great responsibility given to me, I hold a man's life in my hand, and it's a proud moment when I can deliver the goods successfully."

Of her choice of cases, she says, "Of course, if at the onset the criminal admits his guilt, and yet wants me to fight for him, I wouldn't touch his case with a barge pole. Besides its unethical. Yet, on the other hand, however hopeless a case may seem, if the accused can convince me of his innocence, I'll fight the case to the end — be it a bitter one or sweet one."

To take her mind off the taxing hours in court, Padma has her "two best friends" — her 15-year-old daughter, and 10-year-old son. Then there are the weekends at Durgapur, "where I take over the role of a housewife totally." And lastly, the piano — "for music helps ease my tensions a great deal," concludes one of the first woman judges of the country.

**MONJULA BOSE**  
In the family tradition



"Law flows in my blood," says Justice Monjula Bose, one of the country's first two women from the profession to be appointed as High Court Judges.

Belonging to a family who had and still has very strong ties with this profession, she is married to barrister-at-law Manindra Kumar Bose, and is the daughter of the late Sudhir Chandra Roy, barrister-at-law who died arguing a case at the Calcutta High Court. Her maternal grandfather was none other than the late Deshbandhu Chittaranjan Das. Her brother, Mr. S. S. Ray, ex-Chief Minister of West Bengal, is also an eminent barrister-at-law.

"Here you must mention that Dada (Mr. S. S. Ray) is responsible for the earlier part of my career. He along, with my two other brothers, made it possible for me to go to England for further studies. But ever since I qualified and came back to India, he has never helped me," she stresses.

After finishing her schooling from the prestigious Loreto House, Monjula switched over to Ashutosh College, from where she graduated in 1947. "My father had died in 1943 so I didn't want to be too much of a burden, financially, upon my brothers. Knowing education in Loreto College would be an expensive proposition, I joined Ashutosh.

"Siddhartha returned from England in 1947, after completing his studies there. It was my turn to go abroad next. My mother was determined to send me, but I had to wait till 1952, when I joined Lincoln's Inn, for Dada to establish himself."

November 27, 1956 was one of the earlier red-letter days in this young lawyer's life. It was the date of her call to the bar. She enrolled as a barrister-at-law at the High Court of Judicature, London and thereafter returned to India, where she did a one-year pupillage under the Late Justice Subimal Ray (then a barrister-at-law).

In 1960, Mrs. Bose joined the Chamber of Mr. Somnath Chatterjee. "He is now an M.P. and a well known CPI(M) leader. My brother urged me to join his chamber, knowing even then that Mr. Chatterjee had leftist leanings."

Ever since, Monjula has been practicing on the original side of the Calcutta High Court, appearing mainly in civil matters and specializing in divorce laws. Here, the eminent Divorce Lawyer Mr. F. R. Surita was her guide. "Of course, as Mr. Chatterjee's junior I have also appeared in

Continued on page 38



"No development is possible," she explained, "unless you can enable people to see their problems clearly, to wrestle with them and solve them. Drinking clouds the vision, saps the will. It is also one of the basic ingredients responsible for the miseries of women. More than anything else, liquor is the bane of the poor woman's life."

"How do I speak authoritatively on this account? You have heard of Acharya Vinobha Bhave's Stree Shakti Jagran movement? Women workers have been making padyatras throughout the

country to effect a grassroots awakening of women. When we talked to women about their status in society, do you know that many broke into tears and told us, 'If you are really interested in our condition, first free us from the evil of drinking that dominates our men's lives—we are beaten, our children are beaten, we starve while precious money is swilled in drink.' In the face of this, is not prohibition a matter of great and primary importance?"

But Dr. Nayyar does not wait for an answer or an acknowledgment. The subject has charged an emotional battery and the words tumble on with a velocity that leaves me, her audience of one, feeling like the proverbial lakh and a quarter of the Nirankari Sikhs!

"I have seen so many atrocities committed under the influence of drink, so much heartbreak. Just to give you one example: some years ago I had gone to a Harijan basti in Rajasthan—a colony of some 1000 families, all cobblers, engaged in making shoes for export. They were doing well financially, even an amateur was earning Rs. 10 and the good ones nearly Rs. 30, a day. But the condition of the place and the people was pitiable. There was not a person who was not just skin and bone and their homes or, rather, hovels, were broken and dilapidated, each with only a string cot and some mud utensils. As one of the social workers there assessed, the collective belongings of the community did not amount to more than Rs. 5000. Yet the sale of liquor in the local shop was over Rs. 5000 a day!

"I spoke to the then Finance Minister of Rajasthan about this, and do you know what he told me? 'As a person, my heart melts

to hear this story but, as the Finance Minister, I have to think of the finances of the state.' Imagine that. Can the state, should the state, earn money at the cost of the well-being of its people? And what of the cost of protecting and caring for the orphans, the destitutes, the sick, that alcoholism produces as a liability to the state?"

"But, to get back to this particular Harijan basti. It was 9.30 or 10 in the morning when I visited the area, and the liquor shop, which was not supposed to open till 4 p.m., was already doing business with some seven or eight men hanging around. I stopped to talk, and there was this old man who said to me: 'Take away this shop and I promise you I won't go in search of liquor. But having it right here in the path to our work is too much temptation. It begins with your stopping to have a drink on the way home just to wipe away the tiredness of the day, and then you find yourself stopping the next morning to forget the tirade of a nagging wife and, before you know it, the habit is stuck.' Now this is not an imaginary narrative; it is a first-hand story of the way people feel. In this particular basti, we were able to vocalise the youth of the colony and ultimately the shop was closed, but how long and in how many places can you keep fighting an individual battle?"

This time I manage a word in edgewise. But surely the need is education and not compulsion?

"No, no, that is no use," Dr. Nayyar expostulates. "Prohibi-

Womanpower on the march. The focus of this display of some militancy on September 12 was the battle of the bottle. In every state capital and district headquarters, the women clustered nearly a thousand strong to walk in processions of protest to present memorandums to the respective chief ministers and district collectors of their areas, asking for a speedier enforcement of total prohibition in the country and, in the meanwhile, an effective implementation of existing prohibition laws.

What brought women notoriously unresponsive to seeking solutions to their many dilemmas into a show of organised force on this particular count? These demonstrations were organised by the various state Social Welfare Advisory Boards in pursuance of a decision taken at a conference of their chairmen in the capital some weeks ago. Perhaps, more than anything else, the known penchant for total prohibition of the Prime Minister—who inaugurated the conference—provided the rallying point for reviving interest in this social issue, which has figured—without much success so far—in national life ever since the birth of the Congress party.

The moral fervour attempted to be roused against the "evil of drinking" by the Mahatma—who said: "I hold drink to be more damnable than thieving and perhaps even prostitution, for is it not often the parent of both?"—has found a new pitch under the Gandhian Desai. This has also bounced Dr. Susheela Nayyar, a close Gandhi associate. Union Health Minister of the mid-sixties and, for the past nine years, President of the All India Prohibition Council, squarely back into the limelight as one of the most influential of the Janata women today—a situation that has brought a still sharper edge to a life-long passion for prohibition.

"I firmly believe that prohibition must be an integral part of the country's development plans," Dr. Susheela Nayyar told me in an exclusive interview for Eve's Weekly. The ample figure and the henna-touched hair provided a maternal appearance to the politician's personality, but more than even the words, the tone carried the strident touch of a Salvation Army worker.

## battling with the bottle

Rami Chhabra

*Dr. Susheela Nayyar, President of the All India Prohibition Council, firmly believes "that prohibition must be an integral part of the country's development plans."*



tionists don't stand a chance before the sly enticements of the trade—this whole 'piyo our jiyo' philosophy that has been disseminated by those that stand to benefit by others drinking. We have to take a stern stand—to remove the social status that drinking has acquired in recent years. In the old days people were ashamed of this weakness—I remember, one of my uncles drank but, when my mother visited his house, he would hide the bottle. Today we say this is hypocrisy, but at least it acted as some restraint; now children drink openly in front of their own parents. What can this lead to but destruction? I think we should revive what Shriman Narayan did when he was Governor of Gujarat. No permit-holder of liquor could be on any government committee or educational institution, during his tenure. Prohibition is part of the Janata's constitution, it was part of the Congress for the matter: khadi and a ban on drinks was an integral part of our original political life. We must enforce it again. There should be no ticket for anyone who drinks."

But for a party committed to the freedom of the individual, is this not interference, I venture. The brow furrows in impatience at my lack of understanding.

"Of course we're all for the freedom of the individual. But the question must be asked: to what extent? Can your freedom be allowed to interfere in mine? It is like a person saying that a red light at a traffic stop is a restriction to the freedom of movement—but if you drive through a green light in support of the contention of personal freedom, there is likely to be an accident. Similarly, the man who drinks is a menace not only to himself but to society; there is no question of individual freedom here. He must be stopped in the larger interest of society."

Then, as I persist on why prohibition and not temperance: "The nature of drink is such that there can be no such thing as temperance or drinking in moderation. Alcohol is habit-forming. This is what was wrong with Indira Gandhi's 12-point programme for prohibition, which was quite all right in other ways, but it left the loophole for beer. This was a fatal mistake, because there is no difference between beer and harder spirits. A mug of beer contains the same alcohol as a shot of liquor, and you end up with the same quantity of stimulant in your body. Low-content alcoholic drinks are no solution—just look at France, which is a great wine-drinking country, but alcohol-born problems are the highest in France."

But wouldn't legislation simply drive the problem underground, compounding the social evils of excessive drinking further by the consequences of illicit liquor manufacture both on the nation's health and economy?

"Utter nonsense. Those are the arguments of those who want to

defeat the onset of a new set of liquor laws because they are having a hey-day under the present conditions. Bootlegging. Proliferation of black money—loss of revenue to the state. Statements that have no basis in reason or experience. Do you know that both Punjab and West Bengal have never been dry so far, but the extent of bootlegging is highest in these two states, because those addicted to liquor keep looking for a cheaper source? Madras, which has been mostly dry, has had occasional problems, but nothing serious, whereas Hyderabad, which has always been "wet," has one of the highest incidences of bootlegging. In fact, more bootlegging goes on under the legalised garb of licensed shops than could possibly occur with more surreptitious techniques.

"During the time when U. K. Malhotra was Chief Executive in Delhi, I remember three 'desi liquor shops,' with a license to sell one lakh bottles each, the price of which was Rs. 14 each were auctioned. If they sold their entire licensed amount, they could only hope to net Rs. 42 lakhs, but the auction closed at 72 lakhs. We were then having a seminar on prohibition and we asked the Excise Collector to explain this phenomenon. Officially, of course, he only hummed and hawed and evaded the embarrassing questions. But later he talked to us privately and pointed out that it was common knowledge that most such licensees had their private distilleries going and that the police and administration were in league, so that nothing could be done. The liquor business is the single biggest source of corruption in this country.

"Now, with regard to the financial aspect. What are the gains? First of all do you know that though liquor has existed through Indian history—right from the Aryan to the Moghul times, no earlier Indian government has made money on this score? This diabolic idea was the invention of the British, so that the state became interested in people drinking. Shops were given on a guarantee system—that is a minimum sale had to be made. Hume, the father of the Indian Congress, called this policy 'a black spot on the fair face of British rule in India.' And this British legacy is what we are now perpetuating with the free sale of liquor.

"It is not an economic proposition either for a government committed to the welfare of the people. For every rupee earned by excise, three or four have to be spent on the social problems stemming from this indulgence. The State of California did a scientific study on this aspect and proved that, for every dollar the government gained, it had to spend seven dollars in return! And a study team set up by our own government has brought out another fact—for every rupee earned by the government in excise, the people spend four to five rupees, so the government is the junior partner in this revenue,

the bulk being siphoned off by the trade and middlemen. If we have prohibition, the state will lose 1000 crores, but the people will save 4000-5000 crores, which will come back to the economy through greater expenditure on entertainment and consumer goods, or direct savings. The experience of the U.S.A. during the prohibition years was a marked increase in savings and house building activities."

But what about the increase in crime that countries like the U.S.A. and Finland faced after an initial short, successful spell of effective total prohibition, which was one of the chief reasons for causing these countries to rescind their earlier decisions? Should we not learn from their experience to avoid a similar attenuated period of social unrest and tension?

"I don't know about Finland but in the U.S.A. the prohibition policy failed only because the liquor trade with unlimited resources was able to buy influence with the press and legislators. Wherever prohibition has been scrapped, there has been money-play or a power-deal at the back. For instance, in Andhra Pradesh, prohibition was scrapped not because of social unrest but because Brahmananda Reddy was making a bid to retain power—when he was tottering politically he bought a lease of political life by issuing licenses to legislators.

"The absence of drink does not necessarily cause social unrest. As I said before, those are the claims of vested parties. People say they drink to escape anxiety, but does drink dissolve anxiety? It is still there when the drink is gone. I am all for promotion of mental and emotional health—I think emotionally insecure people are most dangerous to society. For instance, Indira Gandhi's faults have stemmed from an emotionally insecure childhood that has made her power-hungry, but drink does not provide the magic panacea. This is only the myth the trade has created around it and perverted social values are reinforcing it."

Despite the dogma, the dedication is irresistible, but I parry a final awkward question. No one disputes the aims of prohibition, I point out, it is only the arbitrariness of a total ban that is distasteful. What difference between this and compulsory sterilisation after three children, which serves, if anything, an even more vital need?

"Really there is no parallel," Dr. Nayyar tells me. "How can you talk of the two in the same breath?" The Janata leader has obviously never heard the latest "janta" wisecrack: "Nasbandhi se nasha bandhi."

Prohibition, for Dr. Susheela Nayyar, its most vocal protagonist, is not a subject to be discussed lightly and it is equally clear that any suggestion of the pitfalls ahead are, for her, as suspect as a spiked coke. That is the spirit of 77 bottled for you!



Devi

The present stars have stopped selling (Manmohan Desai is charging more than Amitabh) and the producers are on the look-out for scandals. Candy has been scrapped by G. P. Sippy, but producers like Madan Mohla and Ali Raza etc. are trying to trace her for a lead role. Whilst the search is on, however, writer, director and Nimmi's husband, Ali Raza, has 'ured Haji Mastan out of Prenalath's film into "Patal Ganga," a film produced by Nim-mijan.

## THE TRUE CONFESSIONS OF HAJI MASTAN

I saw him watching the tide over the Worli sea-face from the N.S.C.I. room. Ali Raza, Mohan Kaul, Mukri almost shouted with joy when the rocky path to the Haji Ali Darga was visible.

The Muhurat of "Patal Ganga" took place at the Darga. Instead of a camera, there was a tape-recorder that recorded the True Confessions of Haji and his crowd. Poor Haji Mastan, had rung up Ali Raza to ask him whether he should wear a Churidar or a suit-boot, all for a tape-recording.

Haji Mastan is signed exclusive to Ali Raza, who has kept Haji under strict watch—he cannot even make a guest appearance in a book or film till "Patal Ganga" is completed. Sounds so much like Dimple's exclusive contract with R. K. for "Bobby."

The heroine is still undecided but Mastan, they say, sings only "Oh meri Sona, Sona re Sona" these days. Sona is the Habshi Halva version of Madhubala. Well, then one cannot forget that Mastan has had a change of heart. So what if it is without Dr. Christian Barnard's aid. A heart is a heart and that is why the Dil Ki Rani of his smuggling days is changed to Sona in his saintly days.

# HAZARDS OF HOOCH

Malcolm C. Dias

**While most men from economically backward classes voice their resentment against the government's interference with "a purely personal decision," 60 per cent of the women interviewed are in favour of the dry law.**

"To introduce or not to introduce prohibition," that is the question confronting the Indian Government constantly, and there is no gainsaying the fact that a sensitive issue such as this cannot be resolved without incurring the displeasure of a sizable section of the people. The Government thus finds itself on the horns of a hopeless dilemma. In short, the choice before the Government is between Scylla and Charibidis—and it must choose the lesser evil.

I met and interviewed several people of the lower classes, with the intention of eliciting their opinions and ascertaining their views on this topic. I went to them armed with a long questionnaire. Interesting highlights and features of the interviews were the reluctance on the part of those interviewed to divulge their names (most of them were content with giving their initials), the animosity of the people towards prohibition, and their resentment of Government interference into what they call a pure-

ing to be employed." He recalled the time when, during the days of prohibition, he used to visit a joint where hopeless stuff was served. "Now, with the proliferation of liquor joints, I can go to one of my choice," he said, full of cheer.

I asked him what induced him to take to drinks: "Friends," he admitted "and personal problems." He did not elaborate. However, he revealed that he is an unemployed bachelor and does not intend to marry. "Liquor is my wife," he said with pride.

I asked him how he manages to maintain this habit without employment: "My father is in the Gulf and sends me a tidy amount every month." What if his father came to know of it and stopped sending him the money: "Well, I know how to tackle the situation," he retorted.

My next encounter was with K.L. I explained to him that the Janata Government is committed to a policy of total prohibition and that the introduction of the dry law was now only a matter of time.

"It is not advisable for Mr. Morarji Desai to take such a step," he said and added, "It is not a step in the right direction. They ought to realise that the dry law gives an impetus to unscrupulous elements, who will take advantage of the situation and endanger the lives of many men addicted to liquor."

K.L. is not a habitual drinker, but enjoys it in the company of his friends. I asked him why he drinks in spite of being aware of the malefic effects of liquor, "Oh, forget that nonsense," he snapped, and continued, "these stories are concocted. What entertainment does a factory worker have after a tiring day in the workshop? He cannot enjoy television, for the simple reason that he does not have one. No one can throw away Rs. five to Rs. 10 at the movies every day. For two or three rupees, he can drown his sorrows in drink, but I prefer it as a tranquiliser."

K.L. does not have any qualms against drinking country liquor, because he cannot afford Govern-



Cartoons Courtesy: R. K. Laxman, Times of India

ly personal affair. The bitter memories of the yesteryears, when the dry law was enforced, can best be illustrated in the words of Sir Thomas Browne: "Forcible ways make not an end of evil, but leave hatred and malice behind them."

My first meeting was with a middle-aged man. He prefers to be called "Mani," which, I presume, is his pet name. He hails from Palghat district in Kerala and is a chronic drinker. I asked him whether he was aware of Prime Minister Morarji Desai's plan to reintroduce the dry law. He smiled and replied in the affirmative. But he is sceptical about the success of such a move. "Most people will react strongly against such a move," he said and gave examples to show that the

incidence of deaths due to consumption of illicit liquor is largest in states like Tamil Nadu and Gujarat, where the dry law persists. "We would not expect mass deaths like this in, say, Maharashtra, because few people would care to frequent the joints of the kingpins of the liquor trade, when good liquor is freely available (subject to permit) in wine shops."

I interrupt him to say that the prices of Government liquor are much beyond the reach of the common man anyway.

"So what," he replied, "those who can afford it buy it and those who cannot visit joints where good drinks are available at cheaper prices. How else will those people earn? No one is going to employ them and nor would they be will-



ple from going to the bars, but they cannot possibly prevent people from beginning to distil at home, and that is certainly worse. You can then imagine the state of affairs in poor families like ours."

I met T. G., a married woman with six children in a prominent slum area of Bombay. Her husband is an alcoholic and spends most of his meagre earnings on drinks. She works as a domestic servant in the house of a businessman. Her children do a few odd jobs and help her in her household chores. I asked her whether she would welcome prohibition. "By all means, yes," she asserted, and broke down after narrating her tragic story about how she was the victim of several of her husband's brutalities.

"But with prohibition in force," I went on, "there were greater chances of people taking to illicit stuff and risking their lives." She conceded that this could be true: "Prohibition or no prohibition, it is the same story with us," she sobbed.

I asked her whether stringent police action could be of any help in deterring people from taking to hooch. "They may prevent peo-

ple from going to the bars, but they cannot possibly prevent people from beginning to distil at home, and that is certainly worse. You can then imagine the state of affairs in poor families like ours."

S.V. comes from Andhra Pradesh and works in a cotton mill in Central Bombay. I confronted him with the question: "Is prohibition the answer to the liquor menace?" He reacted sharply: "Is that why we voted the Janata Government to power? Instead of concentrating on the more basic and fundamental issues, they are thinking of introducing prohibition and banning movies—trivial things, which should be left to our own discretion."

S.V. is a habitual drinker and has no regrets about his drinking habit. He stays with his wife and children in a shanty colony. "Even if I am a nuisance to my family, I cannot help it," he said, helplessly. How much does he spend on drink? He refused to answer the question.

I met P.N. a social worker from

a Bombay suburb. He is a teetotaler, yet he was vociferous in his attack against the Government's prohibition policy. "It is a personal decision and should be left to the individual to exercise his volition. When prohibition is enforced, people drink on the sly and haunt the dens of bootleggers and heartless adulterators. They pass on spurious and methylated alcohol to the innocent drinker, and this results in many liquor tragedies."

He hopes the Government will read the writing on the wall and not commit a blunder by introducing prohibition again.

The views expressed by C. Y., are contrary to those expressed by many people. She feels that prohibition is the right step towards mitigating the sufferings wrought by this vice on many families. Since it is a national problem, she advocates nationwide, coercive steps towards ending the evil. Not content with this, she wants drinking to be made a cognizable offence. She dreads the

thought of the Government beating a hasty retreat just because of opposition by a few.

Her sentiments were shared by F.G., who felt that bringing in the dry law would go a long way in paving the way for the implementation of Gandhian principles and policies. If at all it is not possible to introduce prohibition in the early future, then, according to him, the least the Government could do was to put a statutory warning on every liquor bottle, like the one they have on every cigarette packet.

Like many others, C.K. felt that prohibition was not feasible, at least for the time being. He felt that the people should be educated about the various harmful effects of liquor, and should be "persuaded" to quit the habit.

Many people felt they should not be forced to accept the dry law, because an atmosphere not conducive to prohibition persists among the people.

An elderly man felt that society should try to understand the problems of alcoholics and treat such cases more humanely and sympathetically. In this connection, he mentioned that the Alcoholics Anonymous (AA) group could be of much help.

Almost everyone felt that the police were far from efficient in preventing cases of mass deaths due to consumption of toxic brew.

About 60 per cent of the women I interviewed were in favour of the dry law. However, among them, some expressed doubts about the practicability of the dry law. "It will only line the pockets of those who have their own axe to grind," complained a young housewife, while another lamented, "There is not much we can do — come what may. It is the same story, whether we have a dry law or a wet law."

"We womenfolk are subject to much harassment and humiliation," bewailed another woman, and the wife of a liquor vendor was sore over the high prices of Government liquor, which deprived them of a substantial income.

"Laws are meant only to be broken. Nowhere is it truer than in the case of the Government's policy of total prohibition. We must be living in an exceptionally ideal society if it ever succeeds," was a comment overheard on a suburban train.

Perhaps the most striking remark was narrated by my friend who once met a teenage boy employed as a salesman. Out of curiosity, my friend asked him: "What goods do you market?" "I distribute illicit liquor to various joints and earn enough money to keep me going," he replied. My friend was completely bowled over at this reply and asked him: "What if prohibition is introduced?" "Three cheers," the boy exclaimed, "I will treble my income!"

Some food for thought isn't it?

## TREATING THE ALCOHOLIC

The story of D., a chronic alcoholic who was recently admitted to the psychiatry ward of a major city hospital, does not differ markedly from that of many other alcoholics who desperately need psychiatric help. D. himself does not remember the transition from 'social' drinking to alcoholism. First, it was only a peg or two ('business drinking'): Today, D. is a chronic alcoholic, just another routine patient in the hospital's psychiatry ward.

What is the alcoholic's craving for drink due to?

According to eminent psychologists like Otto Feninegel, alcoholism is "an impulse neurosis characterised by compulsion to drink as a defence against anxiety. The neurosis is due to a bad parent-child relationship which has kept the child immature and unable to deal with the stresses of life. Irrational authoritarianism, puritanical ideas and/or emotional deprivation have handicapped him, especially in the areas of sex and aggressiveness. He feels he just cannot reach the heights expected of him and he reacts by doing just the opposite, with consequent guilt feelings in everything he does, especially in sexual matters. This is responsible for the latent homosexuality in such individuals."

Again, as another authority points out:

"Alcoholism is a chronic behavioural disturbance manifested by undue preoccupation with alcohol to the detriment of physical health, by loss of control when drinking has begun and by a self-destructive attitude towards per-

sonal relationships and life situations."

Not many people however, think of alcoholism as just another disease: a disease that can be diagnosed, treated and cured. With the alarming rise in alcoholism, concerted attempts are being made in various countries to fight the disease.

According to Jellenek's classification, alcoholism falls into five different types:

(1) Alpha alcoholism — when alcohol is merely a sort of psychological prop to fight against pain, mental and/or physical.

(2) Beta alcoholism — when the disease is accompanied by other complications like gastritis, cirrhosis of the liver, glomerulonephritis, polyneuritis, etc.

(3) Gamma alcoholism — when loss of control occurs together with the need for 'sustained drinking'.

(4) Delta alcoholism — when the patient has lost his control to such an extent that he is almost never sober.

(5) Epsilon alcoholism — when the patient indulges in bouts of 'periodic drinking'.

The term 'alcoholic' usually implies one of the last three varieties.

The chronic alcohol suffers from what is called 'withdrawal symptoms,' if he stops drinking. These symptoms are characterised by optical and auditory hallucinations, suicidal tendencies, loss of memory, etc.

Alcoholics can be treated by:

- (1) Drug therapy
- (2) Psychotherapy
- (3) Institutional therapy.

Drug therapy is also termed 'aversion therapy' for reasons that will become obvious soon. The main drug used is Antabuse or Disulfiram. After about a week's therapy with this drug, the patient is given a small amount of alcohol. Immediately, the patient undergoes an extremely unpleasant experience: flushing, palpitations, perspirations, nausea, vomiting and collapse. Thus, while the patient is being treated with this drug, repeated doses of alcohol will produce only the traumatic experience described above. Thus, a feeling of aversion for alcohol is created in the patient's mind.

Psychotherapy, instituted by a sympathetic and understanding doctor, can do immense good for the alcoholic.

In Russia, hypnosis has also been used to cure alcoholics. Positive suggestions are implanted into the subconscious to combat the alcoholic's neurosis. Nausea is simulated and made to coincide with alcohol intake. The patient is thus made to shy away from alcohol in the post-hypnotic condition.

The famous 'Pavlov conditioned reflex' has also proved invaluable in treating alcoholics. Just as mere thought, smell or sight of food causes salivation, nausea and repulsion are made to be associated with alcohol. Drugs used to cause this include emetics (drugs that induce vomiting) like morphine.

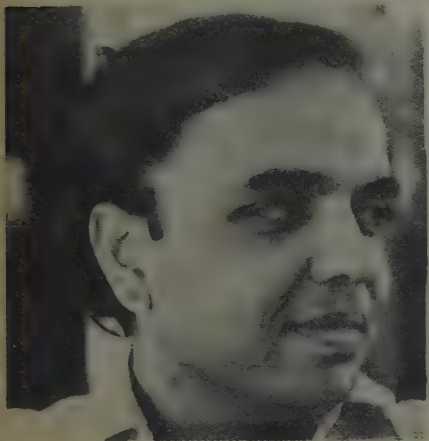
Institutional therapy and group therapy, conducted in particular by Alcoholics Anonymous (AA) have proved of immense benefit to alcoholics. AA's group therapy has shown a success rate of recovery as high as 70-80 per cent.

Shivanand Karkal

# WHO'S FOR PROHIBITION?

Inscrutable are the ways of our new Government, which promises total employment in ten years, but threatens total prohibition in four. If Sanjay's sterilisation policy hit Indians below the belt, this policy hits us under it. Prohibition is literally a gut issue.

"I personally feel that Morarji Desai takes shelter behind the Directive Principles of the Constitution to push forward one of his own personal fads," says Mr. Dileep Nath, a dynamic young solicitor and advocate with his own practice. The Janata Party talks about the freedom of choice. According to me, I should decide whether I may drink or not, and



Dileep Nath

nobody else has the right to decide this for me."

Another argument put forward by the "bottle banishers" at the Centre is that prohibition was a fundamental principle of Mahatma Gandhi. If Gandhiji were still alive, would he still advocate prohibition? The soul force of modern India was a social thinker who, before starting any movement, thought of the impact it would have on the welfare of the masses.

I am confident that were the Father of the Nation still alive, he would have taken into account, among other things, the growing unemployment problem and the shrinking purchasing power of the Indian rupee and advised the neo-Gandhians to go slow on prohibition.

In our country the rich get richer and the poor poorer. Prohibition, too, will drive the middle and working classes to illicit liquor, while the elite continue to drink their smuggled Scotch. The evils of both are too obvious to be mentioned. Are we, who voted for Total Revolution, going to be satisfied with a "tee-total" one?

The unexpected death of her father brought Miss Mandakini Hule into her family's wine shop business while she was still in her teens. Now a joint partner in the wine shop, Mandakini will be one of the thousands of wine sell-

As usual, it's the middle class that will be hit — the rich will buy their way through and the poor will turn to illicit liquor. So say the people interviewed in the following two surveys.

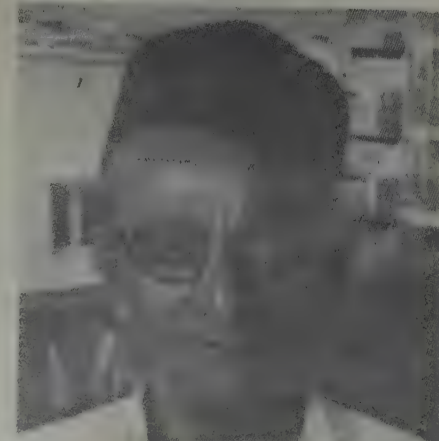
ers whose investment and trade will be adversely hit by prohibition. "There are so many retired people, including retired army officers and ex-Gandhians, who are licensed wine sellers, as well as lakhs of workers engaged in the production of liquor all over the country. With one stroke, the Government will throw them all out of jobs. It is very well for the Government to talk of exporting the entire production, but then international markets are so price and quality-conscious. If the Government is really serious about prohibition, let them stop the thriving illicit liquor business first. With the rationalising of prohibition in Maharashtra, you very rarely see drunks tottering down the road—a sight common enough till the late sixties. This is because people can now drink products that pass through rigid quality tests, in the comfort and privacy of their homes. Previously, when they drank rotgut at the various speakeasies, they had to gulp down their drinks in a hurry.

Prohibition, besides meaning a loss of revenue worth crores of rupees to the State Governments, will also throw an added burden on the Police Department.



Mandakini Hule

Ramanbhai Patel



Ramanbhai D. Patel, a trader who was involved in India's freedom struggle, is opposed to prohibition on the ground that no Government can successfully implement prohibition. He pointed out that the incidents of deaths from drinking illicit liquor were highest in dry states such as his



Pushpa Shiroor

native Gujarat, and the proportion of such deaths was in direct proportion to the enforcement of prohibition. Compulsory prohibition will ruin both the health of the people and the economy of the nation. Any Government that tampers with the ancient 'spiritual' heritage of our people, a tradition that comes from our gods, who drank Soma Rasa, will be voted out before long."

Mother of two young children, Mrs. Pushpa Shiroor, compares the role of government to that of a mother. "It is human nature to hanker for forbidden fruit. If I tell my children not to do something, they will continue to do it unless I can convince them that it is wrong. Similarly, if the Government is convinced that liquor is bad, let them educate the people about its evil, instead of forcing dry laws down their throats. I feel prohibitionists are people whose experience of liquor is limited to seeing drunks on the Hindi screen. It is true that liquor has sometimes destroyed family life, but the root cause in these cases is not liquor itself, but that deep, seething unhappiness that drives a man to drink. The answer to such a problem is a psychiatrist, not a policeman."

As one student who would rather remain anonymous put it, "The Janata party is a party of kill-joys. First they knock off Coke, and now it's booze."

Bharat Savur

## GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY PEG

Uma Ranganathan

Who says that prohibitionists are against drinking? They're only against alcohol — and if you wait long enough, they may even let out the secret of getting high on a bottle of boiled water or carrot juice. Unfortunately, nobody seems convinced.

A random poll on the issue here in Bombay showed that the main reaction to prohibition was scepticism, when it wasn't outright opposition.

Friends Bal and Hari gave me the "where's the point in discussing this" look. "Well," sighed Hari, between hums and haws and sips of whisky, "You don't have to ask us what we think." I didn't, indeed, it was written all over their faces. Young, sober (most of the time), up and coming executives, drink is the relaxing factor in their tension-ridden lives; the little something which restores their equilibrium, the medicine which reminds them that there is more to life than checking balance sheets or designing soap cartons. If, during the next few years, I see loose tiles around the house, or other signs of subterranean activity, Bal and Hari may be sure that I shall keep my mouth shut. Wouldn't it be exciting to dip down under the floor boards occasionally for a clandestine swig!

There are others who strongly object to the idea of prohibition.

Jan, a friend of ours who works with a foreign consulate, is hardly the red-eyed boozier who carries her bottle of gin with her everywhere she goes. But a drink at the end of a hard day's work is something she looks forward to immensely. She also reminds us that countries where alcohol flows freely have far less of an addiction problem than those countries in which it is banned.

"Prohibition, my dear? It won't work," says Linda, a social worker who, during the course of her job, has come into enough contact with cases of drunkenness and of the evils of alcohol. But even she knows from experience that drink isn't the root of the problem, only a symptom.

"The poor drink to drown their misery," says Linda. "So, before we preach to them about the evils of drink, shouldn't we first try to improve their lot? And what about all the production of alcohol in states which in the past few years have scrapped

prohibition? What happens to the distilleries and the people working in them? What happens to the various tribal people or to those in states like Goa, where drink forms a vital part of the local tradition? And — oh yes — what about the revenue we get from the sale of alcohol?

Manju, a 23-year old account executive in an ad agency in Bombay, giggled, "I'm not a drinker, as you know, but I'm against prohibition. Who wants to pay higher taxes to make up for the fall in revenue that prohibition will bring about?!"

There are the social drinkers, people who don't mind a heart-warming nip now and again if it helps to ease the atmosphere. "We certainly don't hanker after it," say Amrit and his wife Neena, "But we don't go along with prohibition either."

"They've tried it before," says Amrit, "And where has it got us? All that it has done is to send up the number of deaths caused by drinking turpentine and nail varnish. If the government wants to stop people from drinking it should go about it in a more rational way. Launch a campaign against the dangers of drinking, sell liquor in limited quantities, observe dry days specially when it gets close to pay day. This sort of thing might discourage the consumption of alcohol. But a blanket ban is downright dangerous."

Padmini, a third-year student

in a suburban college, is almost of the same opinion, though her views on alcohol are perhaps more disapproving. "A growing social evil is how she looks at it. But "systematised rationing" through permits will be more effective, says Padmini, than a total ban on drinking.

Aruna, a housewife with two grown-up children doesn't think much even of licensing. "Prohibition is meant to help the poor, isn't it? In fact it's the poor who suffer when they are prevented from drinking. The well-to-do will either get permits and continue drinking or they'll just stop, for fear of being nabbed by the police. The poor will just switch to poisonous hooch, as they so often have in the past. What does jail mean to them, after all? A roof over their heads, which is a great deal more than many of them have to start with."

Shanti, the wife of a top-notch business executive is one of many people who fight prohibition from behind their glasses of Coca-Cola (which, presumably, will be substituted, soon, by 77). Hard liquor is not exactly her weakness, although you would not guess that from the way she lams into the prohibitionists. "Just another attempt to attract public attention away from the real issues. Look at the way they go on about prohibition when there are so many more important matters on hand. Do they

think that banning alcohol is going to provide the complete cure for all our troubles? And so what if prohibition is mentioned in the constitution. . . many other crucial things are, too, which seem to have been overshadowed by the great debate on prohibition."

There's the little lady next door who's getting on into her seventh decade, though you'd never think it, from the way she paints the town red, often on a BEST double decker bus. However, old times still count, and she gets positively misty-eyed when she thinks back to the good old days when the only people who boozed were the Bad Old British and some rather — uh — fashionable types who aped them. The rest got all the kicks they wanted from lime juice and tea or just plain milk. Make no mistake about Mrs. Venkatrao. Her withering glances would make even a respectable brand of scotch dry up with shame. Yet when it comes to prohibition she joins the refrain: It won't work. Like everyone else, Mrs. Venkatrao has vicariously suffered the effects of the killer brew and is aware of the misery that that can inflict.

Some people are going to think that I faked this opinion poll, because I haven't mentioned any people who do support prohibition and, in a vast city like Bombay, there must be several. To date, I have come across two who I know will welcome the ban.

The first is young, college-going Ashok. Between us there has been a long-standing debate on the effects of alcohol. Ashok, describing alcohol as one of the "greatest destroyers" of human life, is in tune with some of the great philosophers of our time—Bertrand Russel, for instance, who called drunkenness temporary suicide. Ashok says people should go back to eating grapes instead of drinking wine. (To argue that grapes and other fruit are too expensive anyway for Indian distillers to use, and that most alcohol in India is just flavoured molasses would be to destroy the symbolic purity of the argument, so I generally keep my mouth shut on this point.) In any case, Ashok is one of those rare young Gandhians whose views are not out of keeping with the spotless white kurta-pyjama he wears, or his great (and, I'm sure, genuine) desire to be of service to mankind.

The other person I know who openly welcomes prohibition is our local bootlegger, who downs as much of his own brew as he manages to sell. He hasn't actually aired his views on the subject but does one have to go beyond that rather pleased conspiratorial gleam in his eye? If anything, the bootlegger feels that four years is too long a time to wait. He would much rather the government introduced prohibition straight away.

**NEXT WEEK**

**THE WORKING WOMAN**  
A SPECIAL ISSUE

**Eve's Weekly**

OCTOBER 8, 1977

PRICE Rs. 2-50

# IS COMPLETE PROHIBITION

Malati Jaikumar

## **Doctors, psychiatrists, lecturers - responsible members of society, who come across the terrible effects of alcohol on healthy people everyday, discuss Prohibition.**

On Friday July 15, 1977, newspapers in Delhi and in many parts of the country carried anguished reports of one of the major liquor poisoning tragedies in the Capital. The stark faces of wailing widows, the bewildered and the frozen faces of young, fatherless children, painfully accentuated an evil that has long prevailed in our society at all levels.

Either in one sweeping stroke, or in the persistent corrosion of many an individual's health and character, liquor plays a leading villain's role. It takes a heavy toll of life, breaks up homes, creates rifts between generations, corrupts and disrupts discipline and authority and apart from the general havoc, causes ripples in an ever-widening circle that, in the final analysis, touches every single member of society.

The first and the immediate effect is on the imbibor—the individual. If the liquor is adulterated, he loses his sight, becomes otherwise handicapped or dies. If the liquor is "safe," the end is delayed but is in no way really different.

Is drinking a part of the social system? When so many of the poor population can ill-afford the bare necessities of life, what moves them to squander their meagre wages on hooch? What are the problems associated with drinking, as viewed by responsible members of society?

Talking to leading members of each profession, one is struck by the fact that, although their approaches and reactions vary, they all have a common bond—the bond of dedication and sincerity.



**DR. J. P. SINGH**, Senior Surgeon at the Willingdon Hospital, New Delhi, is a very eloquent speaker on what he considers a "vital issue."

**Dr. J. P. Singh:** "Alcohol metes out direct punishment to the individual's body and indirect punishment to society. Many drinkers, especially of the poorer classes, drink on empty stomachs

and then sleep it off. This can cause loss of weight, ulcers, tuberculosis of the lungs and intestines, kidney failure and cirrhosis of the liver.

"Most patients who come for treatment do not consciously believe liquor could have been the main cause of the disease. The affluent classes blame the pressures of present-day life, the stress and strain they are subjected to.

"Personally, I feel that the rich can drink themselves to death if they wish to. What I find tragic is the effect of alcohol on those near the poverty line, who drink to escape from reality."

Once a poor man tastes the euphoria brought on by liquor, he very rapidly becomes an addict. He drinks whenever he has any money in his pocket, money that is so vital for sheer subsistence. He robs himself and his family of nutrition, which is already very low. His addiction thus sets off unlimited chain reactions.

Once he develops this weakness, he falls a prey to various other influences as well. Union leaders and politicians find that the flow of liquor at the right time and place can swing things their way. Close on the heels of liquor, treads sex; there is therefore, a high rate of venereal disease associated with drinkers.

One striking consequence of drinking most often seen at hospitals is violence. The drinker becomes aggressive, is enraged very quickly, is rash in his judgement and causes physical harm to himself and others.

"One incident seared in my memory," says Dr. J. P. Singh, "is that of Chotu Ram, a farmer from Haryana. He makes occasional trips to Delhi and probably likes to pretend to be richer than he actually is, by treating himself and his friends to liquor. On one such trip, he halted at a shop, near which was a drain where the inebriated customers usually threw the empty bottles. Chotu Ram suddenly decided he could jump across the drain, which was liberally littered with jagged broken bottles. But the alcohol fumes clouded his judgement and he slipped. He was brought, bleeding profusely, with his abdomen lacerated. Fortunately we managed to save him, but it was a near thing.

"It is not only farmers and labourers who get into brawls and accidents. Many from good families arrive hurt or dead as a result of driving while drunk.

"A young journalist of great promise was coming back from a party rather drunk. He crashed against a road barrier and was brought in with severe head injuries. We struggled with him from 2 a.m. to 6 a.m. but he survived for just two days and then died. It was a personal loss to us to see a young life snuffed out like that just because of too much liquor.

"As a doctor as well as a person, I am all for prohibition on a national scale. As a beginning, liquor should be totally banned for the first fifteen days of the month, by which time the money in the poor man's pocket will be much less. Just telling people that drinking is bad will have no effect. Every packet of cigarettes carries a warning, but no one even looks at it. The only sure way is to take away the temptation altogether. There will be illicit liquor, but one tragedy will put fear into the people and illicit liquor itself will be a great deterrent."

The physical consequences of alcohol are bad enough, but what makes the problem worse and even more difficult to solve is the effect it has on the mind and the mental attitudes of society.

**PROFESSOR MOONIS RAZA**, of the Jawaharlal Nehru Institute.

Professor Moonis Raza feels that as yet drinking does not affect the student population too badly.

"It is mainly a 'mod' phenomenon of the affluent boys or a social habit of the tribal and scheduled caste students. In the past six years, there have been only two cases of rowdiness due to alcohol, both rather similar. Some hostelites were asked out by friends to celebrate and came back late, rather drunk, shouting and creating a nuisance. But the next morning, in the cold light of day, when the boys were spoken to, they all felt so guilty and ashamed that nothing more than a reprimand was necessary.

"Besides this, there is an automatic social control, because the other boys look down upon the habitual drinkers, who number about five in 3000 students. Drinking is only a symptom of the disease which is poverty and hunger. Those who can afford to live a comfortable life have no right to point to the poor man and moralise to him from a high pedestal. Remove hunger and want first.

"In Egypt, for instance, there is no wheat available in the market. What is easily available at wayside shops and post-offices is a nan-like wheat preparation. One is plain and another variety is stuffed with vegetables or something, and this is sold for a few cents. It is so cheap that no one need go hungry."

The transition from the spacious and neat J.N.U. campus into the crowded halls of another college on the Delhi campus is a striking one. Every available inch of wall-space is scarred with posters, past and new. A noisy crowd of students surge back and forth. Here one can feel the reality of life. This is how a majority of our Indian youth get their education.



**SUBHADRA BUTALIA**, a senior lecturer in the Department of English

Talking to Subhadra Butalia a senior lecturer in the Department of English, one could feel the under-current of harsh reality. Drinking is a serious problem here and, with the personal experience of fifteen years in the same college, she paints a picture which is not exactly rosy.

Drinking, apparently, often starts as a celebration or to keep up with the Joneses. The student body in power often draws from the union funds. Collections are made in the name of some cause or the other but are spent on a binge. Drinking as a general weakness is exploited both by the teacher and the student. A boy who gifts a few bottles to a lecturer can expect favours in return.

# THE ANSWER ?

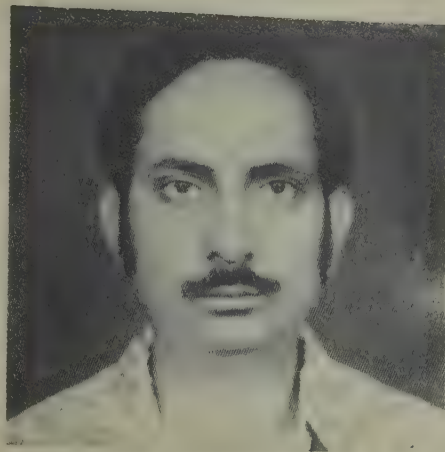
"There are serious problems of discipline," says Mrs. Butalia. "I have seen a boy sitting in my class with his head in his hands, dead drunk. I have seen a boy being physically carried out, and at another time there was a stabbing incident. But we can do nothing about it. Nobody wants to take the initiative. It is the human psychology of keeping your eyes closed, putting blinkers on, and seeing no evil. This fear of getting involved holds everyone back.

"A majority of our students come from the lower classes. Coming from a poor family, the boy is sometimes the only one in the family to get an education and as such he is a pampered member of the family. His father may be an illiterate labourer who wants his son to have better prospects. But being illiterate, he is easily duped by the son. There was this case of a boy who never attended his classes. When we wrote to his parents, the father who could not read, showed the letter to the son. The boy coolly told him it was an invitation for a function and the father believed him.

"A boy who comes from a poor background is exposed to new ideas. He feels a misfit at times and tries to conform to the prevalent fashions in the way of dress, manner of talking, smoking or drinking. It is very easy to fall into the wrong groove and very difficult to get out of it. With a smattering of education, he becomes a misfit at home also. What was good enough for his father is no longer good enough for him and, out of frustration, he turns to liquor — the great leveller.

"Drink is also a very powerful weapon. What cannot be achieved by money can be achieved by drinks. I have witnessed students handing bottles to a policeman, who shoved it quickly under his shirt-front. Some students arrive drunk for examinations.

"Teachers also are not as dedicated as they used to be. When I began teaching we considered it a religious duty to attend every class. But now some teachers are so busy playing chess that they wave away the students who come to remind them. The whole atmosphere has changed. We respected the teachers and treated them as gurus, but these days the students see no harm in having a smoke or a drink with the teacher. The teachers, too, make most of this. There are enough problems in education as it is. Liquor aggravates these problems and creates new ones in the bargain."



**MR. D. TRIVEDI**, a factory manager at the Mechanised Brick Plant of N.B.C.C. (National Building Construction Corporation) New Delhi.

Mr. D. Trivedi has been in close touch with labour both here and with Bird and Co, in Kumar-Dubhi, Dhanbad. He feels that the problems of liquor differ from place to place and from people to people.

"In an industrial complex, with easy access to gambling dens, liquor and prostitution, the evils are more than in a secluded place. Labour from the tribal classes or backward areas are more susceptible than others.

"Apart from absenteeism, which is a regular feature, we find that many senior workers gain experience, become fully trained and at the peak of their efficiency, they lose their stamina for sustained labour due to health problems caused by liquor. There is a high incidence of tuberculosis and ulcers among the labour class and the tragedy of it is that they try to hide it till no treatment is possible.

"We had a supervisor, who had grown up children, all working in the factory. He was fairly comfortably off financially. One day, all of a sudden, blood began gushing out of his mouth and he died. We later learnt that he was in the last stages of T.B. and he used to chew pan to camouflage the blood he spat out.

"Workers usually buy all articles on credit except liquor, which requires hard cash, with the result that on pay day we have a hoard of creditors and 'kabuliwallahs' at the factory gates. This gives rise to problems of discipline and order.

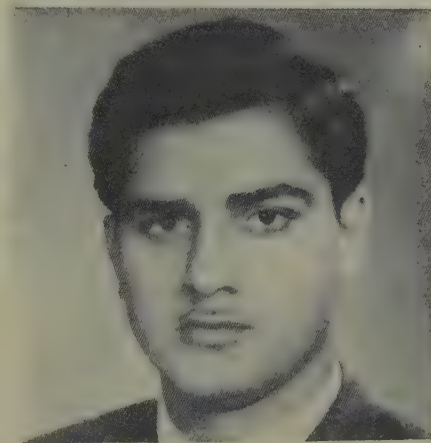
"We try to restrain the worker who is a habitual drinker, by changing his shifts, keeping him under a teetotaler-supervisor and offering him more overtime, which is very lucrative indeed. But even this is not very effective because he invents excuses to avoid overtime and turns up drunk for the night shifts. If any action is to be taken we

have to prove that the labourer was drunk and for this we have to get some of the other workers to testify, which becomes a tricky problem. If we had some equipment, like the breathalyser, to record and prove the alcohol consumption, it might act as a deterrent.

"I personally feel that clean, healthy residential accommodation near the factory, along with some recreational facilities, will improve matters. Prohibition might not be so effective since it is a known fact that in every factory there are two or three who brew their own liquor and it will reach those who want it. Enforced legislation will not work."

In principle both Nasbandhi and Nashabandhi are good — yet — if improperly implemented, just as one was the reason for the demise of the previous government, the second might very well be the undoing of the present one.

The matter does not end there. For every reported case of violence, and every poisoning tragedy publicised, there are hundreds of other victims in society who are hastening toward their graves on the tide of liquor.



**S. M. MAHESHWARI**, a high-level executive of Hein Lehmann India Ltd., working at Faridabad.

Education leads to employment, and employment to labour. Mr. S. M. Maheshwari feels that liquor is a grave problem but affects the individual more than anything else.

"The average salary of a worker is about Rs. 250, half of which is spent almost immediately on drink. The women then come to the manager and complain that there is no money and begin to ask for advances, which are given in many cases. But there is a set limit to the amount that can be given as advance, and when that is reached they turn to the sharks, who exploit them.

"According to the regulations, if the working strength is below 100, the wages should be paid by the seventh of the month, and if it is above 100, it should be paid by the tenth. So, between the seventh and the tenth of each month, there is a high percentage of absenteeism in all factories. About 20 per cent of the labour force lays off. We can do nothing but request or warn them. They just

report sick, though we know they are on a drinking binge. We have come to expect it as a natural phenomenon. During those days we have others working overtime, or put in substitutes. Of course, efficiency suffers. In Faridabad and Mathura Road there are an ample number of liquor shops and during the past four years they have increased. Prohibition will have some effect, for then at least the liquor will not be easily available. If they are not open to temptation, 15 of the 20 per cent will abstain."

**DR. D. MOHAN**, a psychiatrist and Associate Professor at the All India Institute of Medical Sciences.

Dr. D. Mohan: "Alcohol as an intoxicating beverage has been part of the social system since the beginning of time. No Government has been able to change this by legislative action alone. Banning or prohibiting of any custom when the society is not ready for it usually has adverse effects and creates mental blocks. We need a clear policy decision, with short-term as well as long-term goals. Indeed, such a policy decision should include not only alcohol, but all other drugs and, ideally, it should be a non-political decision.

"The modern way of looking at the problem of drug and alcohol addiction in terms of controlling their availability is symbolised in the term 'Drug Demand Reduction.' When the international and national agencies think about this, they usually do not include alcohol, which should definitely be included in it. Hence, a clearer conceptual approach would be to aim at reducing the demand for alcohol rather than prohibiting it, because it is implied in this concept that eradication of this problem would take a long time.

"One of the best approaches to alcoholism would be to recognise it as a disease, as has been done in some East European countries. In the immediate context, this implies a break from the moral imperative associated with alcohol, as well as the economic aspects of it. No government makes money from disease.

"Now for the psychological implications and complications. To conduct a research into the motive(s) for drinking would be an exercise in futility. There might be motives in the very initial stage of drinking — such as dejection, tiredness, frustration or boredom. After repeated intake, a chemical inter-action takes place between the man and alcohol and makes him drink more. When the individual is dependent on liquor, then it is alcohol that takes over and invents reasons which may not be true at all. He becomes increasingly in-

Continued on page 26

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With her children well settled, Indumati Sheth of Bombay, finds ample time to fulfil her artistic ambitions. Age does not deter her though she is in her early fifties. Two years ago she visited Japan, and during her eight-month sojourn in that country, she learnt the Japanese language and Ikebana. She took lessons in the art of Yuguoshie—wall-hangings in patch work; and is a diploma holder in Kimekoni—ancient Japanese art of doll-making using figure moulds. Not satisfied with this, she attended classes in paper doll and ribbon flower making. Indumati mostly uses Japanese materials in her creations. "They impart a better finish, but I have also experimented with indigenous materials," she says.

With her tenacity, patience and hard work, this zealous housewife has acquired a number of skills in the past two years.

"It is never too late to learn. In fact, I want to go back to Japan to gain proficiency in the language, and learn some other arts," she enthused.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter



# DOLLS FROM JAPAN



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## people known

Honour is bestowed on the deserving. **Dr R. K. Gandhi**, Professor of Paediatric Surgery, K.E.M. hospital, Bombay, has been singularly honoured by other members of his profession. Dr. Gandhi was elected Vice President of the World Federation of Paediatric Surgeons Association at a Congress held some time back in Barcelona. What makes Dr. Gandhi's election a matter of pride for Indians is the fact that he is the first Asian to be elected to this august post.

Thirty years is a long time to suffer in silence, but **Greta Garbo** has always been known for her unusual attitude to life. The "screen's loveliest actress," who has remained in the public mind long after she removed herself from the public gaze in 1947, has at last broken the cocoon of mystery she had wrapped around herself. Now, at 72, the ex-star has admitted to the world some of her innermost emotions. The crux of her statement is that she is lonely, miserable and confused, and seldom at peace with herself. "I have messed up my life and it



is too late to change it. . . I am not happy with the way I made my life. . ." Garbo is reported to have said.

Her misery must be very real indeed, but for Garbo's fans her suffering only adds to her worthiness as an individual to be admired and respected. It also proves what many have long suspected—that behind that calm exterior Garbo is a very sensitive person indeed. For even without this revelation it was obvious that Garbo, for all her beauty and success, could not be a completely happy person. Screen goddesses, too, are, after all, only human.

India honoured one of her foreign flown sons recently. **Mr. Zubin Mehta**, conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, was presented with the

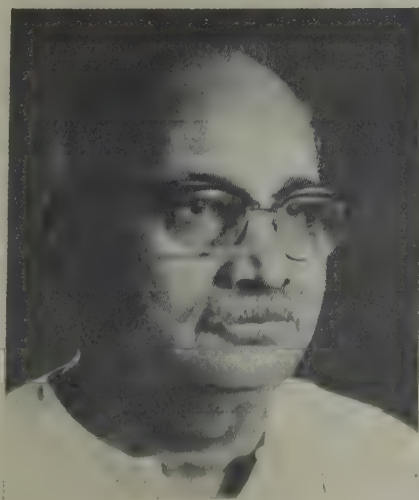
Sangeet Natak Academy Award. The presentation was made on behalf of the Government of India by the then Ambassador, Mr. Kewal Singh, at a impressive ceremony attended by 1500 Indians and Americans. Glowing tributes were paid to Mr. Mehta who was hailed as a "monumental symbol" of the



renaissance that has swept India in the past 30 years. He was described as a "messenger of peace and tranquility."

The honour was however double-edged where the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra is concerned: Their award winning conductor will soon be moving to fresh pastures—and a new orchestra—in New York.

While skipping bail is a punishable offence, stretching the rules of quarantine seems to be less censurable — especially when it is done by a minister. **Mr. Brijlal Verma**, Minister of Communications, must have been aware of this unspoken law—which is probably why he chose to defy the rules pertaining to quarantine. According to a report, the minister quite firmly refused to remain confined to the V.I.P. lounge allotted to him by the airport authorities at Delhi during his quarantine period, and insisted on shifting to a guest house within



the city limits. Hence precautionary measures had to be taken for the prevention of the possible incidence of yellow fever in the country. The measures included fumigation of the V.I.P. lounge, the plane seats, as well as the car in which Mr. Verma travelled to the guest house, and the guest house itself.

Indeed, Mr. Verma did not know that he was breaking any laws when he boarded the plane from yellow-fever ridden Surinam without a yellow fever vaccination. But as one who knows the regulations — and the reasons for enforcing them

— he should have done his best to avoid exposing the citizens of his city (or any city, for that matter) to the unnecessary risk of yellow fever. Instead, he chose to play the role of powerful minister. Perhaps, he is not wholly to blame—power tends to change everybody.

Recently, **Mr. Semmangudi Srinivasa Iyer**, veteran singer of Carnatic music, was conferred the title of "Sangeeta Samrat" by the Nagarjuna Cultural Centre of Guntur. A well deserved honour for Semmangudi, as his fans call him, has been delighting music lovers for the better part of four decades now. The musician, in his speech, urged his audience comprising young people to start a trust in order to maintain artistes of repute who are often left unprovided for in their old age. A valuable idea, indeed, which has been voiced by many other artistes, too, in other parts of the country, on other occasions. An idea worth taking up seriously. Not that Semmangudi himself has to fear such a fate for himself in the near future — in spite of his advanced years, he is in fine fettle yet.

Perhaps being born in the seventh month of 1907 had a hand in proving the number 7 lucky for **Mr. H. V. Kamath**. And, perhaps, Mr. Kamath himself knows that 7 is lucky for him — which is why he suggested the number as a name for the new, all-India, soft drink. To be doubly sure, he threw in an extra 7. And "77" brought Rs. 10,000 to Mr. Kamath, as a prize for the suggestion, which has been accepted as the most suitable.

Seven has proved lucky for him in other ways too — not only did Mr. Kamath emerge victorious against his rivals in the Lok Sabha elections — he managed to fight illness and his heart attack, too, in the year 1977.

## and unknown

He believes in long term planning, all right. **Mr. Prabhakar Narayan Ojha**, a 19-year-old graduate from Bihar has covered 2000 kms. on foot in the past two years. This is, however, only the first lap of Mr. Ojha's self planned tour, which is to extend over the rest of the world, and which will take him the next 20 years to complete.

However, the long walks have made him realise he is lonely. Mr. Ojha has expressed the desire, in an interview in Kurukshetra, that some enterprising person should volunteer to accompany him. In case the person is a woman, Mr. Ojha is prepared to marry her, too. Now it only remains for some girl, somewhere in the world, to take up Mr. Ojha's offer — and thus assist him to complete his feat in togetherness.

Compiled by Sathya Saran

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MAX FACTOR  
**SHEER GENIUS**

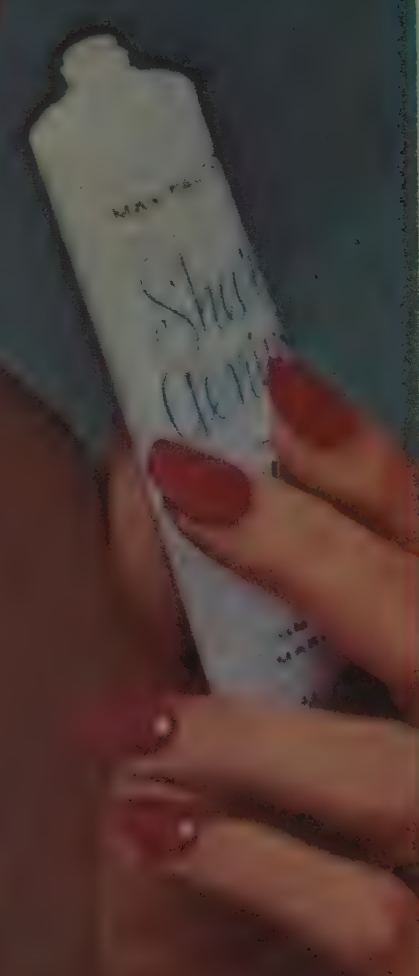
— combines the lustre of liquid with the softness of face powder to give you smooth...flawless...completely natural loveliness

Instant loveliness is really as simple as Sheer Genius. Blends so evenly, you can't tell where its silky touch begins...or ends. Never shiny, never powdery. It's the perfect complete moisture-rich make-up for that natural loveliness you're seeking.

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from the beautiful world of Max Factor...naturally



Sheer Genius

My acquaintance with "The Gun" was not recent; it dated back to the historic times when she used to belch out fire and brimstone.

We were neighbours and I could touch the corrugated tin roof of her two-storey house through our iron grilled window. Wild creepers had invaded her roof and it had turned rusty. Even though her verandah wall had been reinforced with a patch-work tin sheet, half the wall had already crumbled. When the Municipal Committee served The Gun with a notice to demolish her decrepit house, she rushed up on to the roof, and throwing out her chest, bombarded the Hindu Chairman of the Municipal Committee with such savegery that even the Municipality cowered under her fiery onslaught and abandoned the idea of demolishing her house.

The Second World War was on at that time and our home-town, Almora, lay stupefied under its impact. A large contingent of Australian troops was stationed at the cantonment, and its presence created such a scare that women would not dare to stir out of their houses, even to go to the temple for morning worship. Wearing boat-shaped khaki caps, when these hefty Australian brutes came out for parade, sparks flew from the metalled roads under the thud of their military boots, and on both sides of the road people started shutting their windows with frantic haste. But not The Gun. When she heard the staccato sound of military boots beating in unison on the roads, she would thrust half her body out of the window and respond to the calls of "Hey, honey", "Hello, sweetheart" and delirious whistle-calls with a bouquet of flying kisses. I was astounded by her dare-devilry. Not stopping at that, by evening a party was in full swing at her house. White soldiers with "I love you" tattooed on their chests would kiss The Gun, and then holding her in their arms, toss her like a ball towards the ceiling. Their wild laughter would keep ravaging our ears till late in the night. In the morning when our mother found The Gun standing in her window, looking tarnished and messed up, she would gloomily shake her head. "Your father, Thomas master always behaved like a gentleman and here you're, his daughter, romping about naked to the bones!"

As one could easily guess The Gun was only her nick-name. Her real name was Christiana Veronica Thomas. Noticing her full-throated, booming voice, her six foot manly height and dark complexion, some one with an aesthetic bent of mind had called her The Gun and the name had caught on. In contrast to her booming voice and her bulk, she was very sweet-tempered, and like every fat woman, simple and without guile. Her father was a teacher in a school at Pithoragarh where she had received her early education, with Bhootia girls forming the bulk of the

(Translated from the Hindi by Jai Ratan)

Shivani

## Her special treatment of certain patients extended too far sometimes ...

students. Then a missionary lady took a fancy to her and took her away to Madras. The climate of Madras made her complexion a shade or two darker. After the missionary's death The Gun returned to the hills again. Her upbringing seemed to have sobered her and imparted her an intelligent look. But when she went out for a walk in a flamboyant red sari my chhoti bhabi would laugh. "Look, the coal dump seems to be on fire!"

The Gun would laugh with her, and just tease her, tuck a yellow flower in her hair. "I'm tired of wearing khaki all the time!" she would say, throwing up her arms in disgust.

The Gun was telling the truth for she had joined the army as a

WACI. One day when she came to meet us in her khaki uniform all my three bhabis could not help laughing. "Gun, what kind of job do you do in the army?" they asked.

Then my chhoti bhabi whispered something in her ear and Gun's face reddened upto her gills. "I don't like cheap jokes, yar!" she protested. Propelling her body forward with an extra



heave, she barged out of the room, never to come to our house again.

On the third day, at the expiry of her leave, we learnt that orders had come for her posting to Secunderabad. On my way to the busstand in a khaki uniform, a porter following her with her luggage. That was the last that I saw of her and then I seemed to have lost track of her for good.

In the meantime I was married. My husband had a touring job and was often away from home for long spells of time. I had put the children in the school boarding-house, and having lot of time on my hands, I was free to go about visiting places.

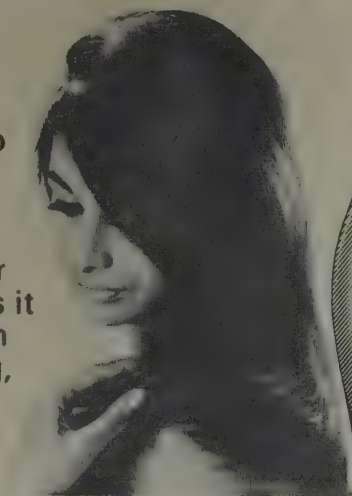
I was going by bus to Mukteswar, my favourite hill-resort, to spend some time with my sister. It had been constantly raining for the last three days, and we were still on the way when the rain turned into a heavy downpour, followed by a heavy landslide, blocking the road and leaving us stranded where we were. Since the bus was stuck up there, the driver suggested that we may leave our luggage in the bus under his care, and spend the night at nearby Bhowali. Following his suggestion, I got down from the bus and wading through the pouring rain, took the bridle-path to Bhowali. One of my nieces was the principal of a school there, and I decided to spend a day or two with her before returning to Namital.

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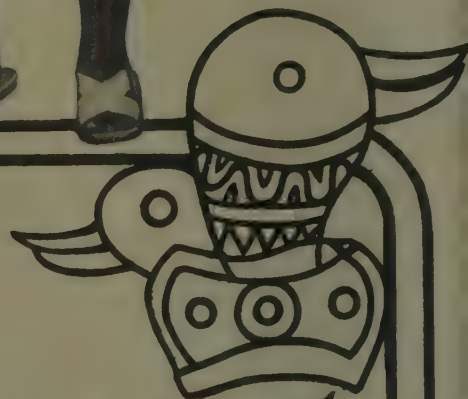
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left high and dry. I earn a lot, of course. But how does it matter? As the saying goes the bulk of the earnings of a eunuch are spent on shaving his beard. No, I won't let you go to your niece. You're going to be my guest." Still cannonading she dragged me to her bungalow.

Gun's bungalow named "Seven Oaks" was a roomy affair, hedged by trees and circular rows of flowers. At the entrance, two striped pots in red and black, held tiger lilies. After her release from the army The Gun had settled down at Bhowali.

me? But I take in one patient gratis, call it charity, if you may. This time it's an M.Sc. chap. A first class first. He was doing some research in physics when he caught the disease. He had no money to seek admission in the sanatorium. 'Never mind,' I said. 'You stay with me. The sanatorium people are heartless and mercenary. But The Gun has a big heart. Come and stay with me.'

The Gun was right. She was indeed generous to a fault. But in the case of men only. She introduced me to all her lodgers. I was

"Do you see them?" The Gun gave out a loud laugh. "Dr. Khagan had given them only four months to live. But I've granted them a whole span of life. You'll ask me how? Well, it's goat's milk and apple juice — they have done the magic. Tra-la-la-tra-la." Holding her thick waist on both sides The Gun drummed her belly with her fat fingers.

Besides the lanky Hardeep there was the slim looking Magan Das Patel who could regale you with endless anecdotes. And then there was the squat-bodied Maheswari whom The Gun had honoured with honorific of "Midget". But it was Rajinder Singh who attracted my attention most. Of all the inmates, he talked the least and from his air of humility I guessed he must be the recipient of Gun's special charity. She claimed he was a great scientist in the making and considered him as her special protegee. With his glasses off he looked so harmless and lost.

"Rajinder is a shy bird," she said. "God willing, one day he's going to win the Nobel Prize in Physics."

Next day, Gun's four lodgers came to see me off at the bus stand. I invited them to visit Nainital along with The Gun. But none of them ever came.

The next year my husband was transferred to Agra. That Christmas we received a beautiful card from The Gun, of all persons. The card bore the picture of a pair of reindeers pulling a sledge through the snow. Under the picture was written: With Good Wishes From — The Gun and Rajinder.

That set me thinking. Why Rajinder only? What about Hardeep, Midget and Patel? Was it that the others were cured and had gone to their homes while Rajinder was still under treatment.

As the new year began I received a telegram from The Gun saying that she was visiting Agra with Rajinder to see the Taj. The telegram put me in a quandary — it only deepened my fear. Bhowali was no place to live in during the winter. Was she bringing Rajinder to the plains for a change? I knew she took great care of her patients. I went to meet at the station.

I swallowed hard as I saw The Gun getting down from the train with Rajinder. It was not the same Gun whom I had seen nursing her four patients back to health. It was The Gun of the war days in whose memory the white soldiers, with her name tattooed on their bodies, must still be turning in their graves. Her lips had a thick coat of paint. There was a string of artificial pearls around her neck, scintillating ear-rings in her ears and her body was swatched in a flamboyant red sari. Rajinder was hanging at the periphery of her existence, his lack-lustre eyes peeping from a sallow face. As

As I approached Bhowali the sight of the sanatorium revived my past memories. I recalled the sallow face of my childhood friend, Kusumi, whom I used to see sitting in the verandah of the Rest House, adjacent to the main gate of the sanatorium. Then there was my great uncle, a victim of galloping consumption, who later used to occupy the same chair. Those who climbed the steep height to the sanatorium rarely came down by the same sloping path. Within a short time of his admission, uncle made the last journey of his life, down that pleasant slope, without being aware of its glory.

Even that night, that airy room of the Rest House was very much there, staking its claim to its position by the edge of the road. I was walking along the road, conjuring up visions of the past when a jeep came crashing through the darkness and rushing past came to a stop a little ahead of me. I had stepped away to let the vehicle pass and had momentarily taken refuge under a tree. A woman in red jeans and a black cardigan, a mauve scarf over her head, lumberingly climbed out of the jeep. Two large packets cradled in her arms. "Give them my salaams," she said to the driver. "And tell them I'll send the sputum of all the three patients first thing in the morning."

The woman, it seemed, had not seen me till now. As she turned she spotted me standing under the tree and headed towards me with great alacrity.

"Are you looking for some bungalow?" she asked. "Can I help you?" Then she started panting, her bosom rising and falling like the pans of a scale.

Evidently, she had not recognised me. How could she recognise a school girl whom she had seen way back in 1943 wearing a frock and now had daughters of her own who had long since grown of their frocks. But The Gun had not changed a bit. Only her flair to look colourful seemed to have become more pronounced with age. An artificial pearl necklace was still around her neck and her lips were heavily painted. All the time her bosom travelled a step ahead of her body. As she drew closer a sharp whiff of perfume momentarily pervaded the air.

"Honey, are you looking for some bungalow?" she repeated the question.

I laughed. "Gun, haven't you recognised me?"

That immediately set The Gun cannonading. "Oh, my God! you here? How big you have grown. You're married, of course. What did you say? You have daughters studying in M.A.! Oh, Mother Mary I never realised that so much time has passed! Where are all the others? So they have all made their own nests! Which means I'm the only haramzadi

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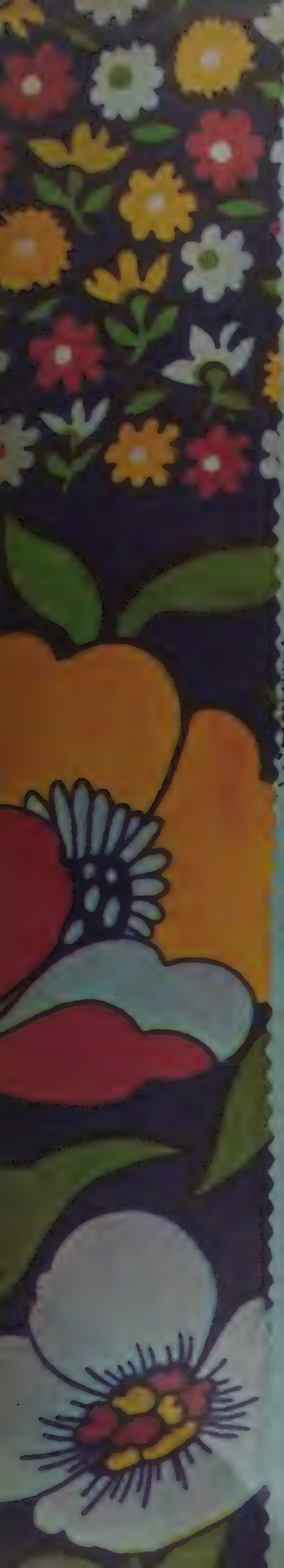
"This is my Rest House," she said, looking with pride at her beautiful bungalow. "The patients discharged from the sanatorium come here for after-care. Some times even sick patients. They beg me to take them in and I don't have the heart to refuse them. I charge every inmate for the full season — one thousand rupees each, for board and lodging, including milk, fruits, eggs, dhobi's washing — in fact, everything. My charges are very moderate. That's why they come flocking to me. But I've laid two strict conditions. "One," she struck her thick finger on her fleshy palm — "No female patient. Two — payment strictly in advance. What if the patient kicks the bucket without paying me? Won't that mean a dead loss to

a bit taken aback. They seemed to be glowing with health.

The Gun sensed my thoughts. "You should have seen him last year," she said pointing towards a lodger. "Hardeep, my son, do you mind bringing your group photograph?"

The Gun sat down on the diwan and pulled me down by her side.

Hardeep Singh, a triangular-faced and triangular-eyed lanky youth had caught the disease while dreaming of shattering the world record in long-distance race. He came back in long strides, holding a faded photograph. He and others in the photograph looked miserable as if they were getting ready to be pitched into a grave.



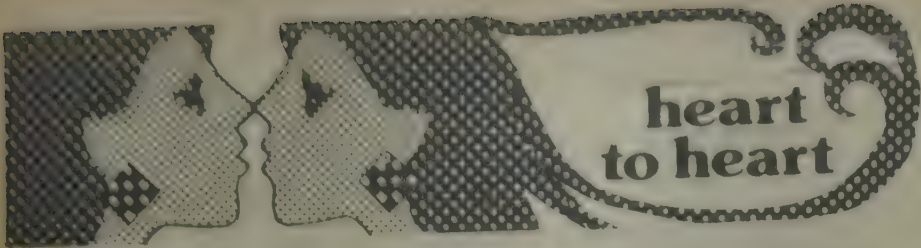
chinao



## FASHIONABLE FOURSOME

Dinoo Vacha

Four lovely outfits, with to-day's latest prints! To the left, a clever use of the "border print" — prettily arranged at the yoke and the sleeves, or dramatic at the bottom. This fabric comes in a double print, with and without a border, so that you can mix and match your favourite pattern. To the right, smartly arranged striped ensemble has a bibbed yoke and flared long sleeves while a sweetheart neckline looks well on a high-waisted khamiz!



### BE SENSIBLE

I am 40. A man of 47 having a wife and three children is in love with me. He assures me that he will marry me. He has indicated a date on which he will marry me at a holy place observing all the rituals. He has also promised to keep me in his house after the marriage.

We belong to the same caste and have similar temperaments.

**CONFIDE YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS TO DR. MABEL FONSECA C/O EVE'S WEEKLY. DR. FONSECA IS A LEADING MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR AND WILL ANSWER YOUR QUERIES EVERY FORTNIGHT**

## PROPER CONCEPT OF SEX

Should I marry him? Can marriage bring any more happiness to me than living alone?

The marriage will not be legal and this man can be jailed for bigamy. In the first place, you should not encourage him to do anything wrong. He has a great responsibility towards his wife and children, so leave him to honour his family commitments. Don't let him play with your life too.

It is no use remaining single if you are so eager to marry — even at the cost of breaking a home. You don't seem to be happy being single and lonely. But you can find someone single, even if he is a widower or a divorcee, or a bachelor, and get married when you find someone suited to you. Be more sensible and rational and don't let people take advantage of you.

### HUSBAND IS UNFAITHFUL

My husband is 40 and I am 21. We have two daughters.

We were happy during the first two years of our marriage. But now the problem is that my husband is in love with our neighbour's wife who is about the same age as him. She has two grown-up sons who are in a boarding school. Her husband is unaware of this affair. I don't want to divorce him because of the future of my daughters. I am very devoted to him. Kindly help.

This must be a temporary attraction, and, if you are understanding and tolerant during this passing phase, may be your husband will realise his mistake and come round. Also you must find out why is he going to another woman. Have you gone wrong somewhere? You could talk to him and find out.

But if after all your efforts he continues the same way, you could try out other means. Sometimes confrontation and firm decisions help the other party to face the reality. Perhaps you

him to keep off drinks

"Last of all comes the small percentage of addicts, and for them there is no permanent cure, only temporary remissions. No matter how much the psychiatrist tries to help, it might only be a temporary cure of a year or two years or so. All the stories you hear of "cured cases" usually belong to the other two categories — i.e. the weekend drinker or the regular drinkers — who may come up for treatment and claim to be cured but then they were never addicts in the true sense. For the hard liquor addict, it is an orbit of hospital, home and back to the hospital till death relieves him.

"There is no denying the fact alcohol has tremendous social costs both in the short and the long run. That it should be brought under a system of control is also obvious.

If we as a nation, have promised to eradicate Cannabis abuse in the country in the 1980's a sub-

could confide in a parent or a family member or a friend and see if the woman's husband could be talked to about this matter. Some member of his family or a friend could be requested to intervene and let him know what is happening. As a last resort, you could go in for a temporary separation, if he is very adamant.

If your husband is basically an understanding man and loves you, he will not be rigid and will give up this affair as a passing fancy. The difficulty comes in, if he has persisted over the years, neglecting you and the children. Of course it all depends, too, on how much of this affair you can stand and how long; and whether you can choose to ignore it, if he

continues to look after you and the children well.

You have to think over all the aspects and decide what steps will be best.

### LEAVE HER ALONE

I am a Christian boy, a foreigner, studying in India. I fell in love with a girl. At first she accepted me very well but now she ignores me completely, I am heart broken and although I have tried real hard to win her love and failed, I am willing to try again. What is your suggestion?

You should not pursue this girl as she does not reciprocate your love, but find someone better, who will genuinely love you.

It is better to break off now. You will get over your emotional attachment in course of time. Do not keep brooding, but find a sincere and understanding mate.

stance which is more popular and less harmful than alcohol, we can certainly accept in principle the concept of alcohol demand reduction.

"I think it would be the last time that a country would go in for a policy of alcohol control and I as a scientist feel that we should not fail. Hence, it needs careful, national debate, involving all dependence-producing drugs and a national policy for its implementation. If it is improperly or hastily imposed all over India, the ensuing social unrest, corruption and public antagonism generated would be equal to any other method of coercive social change, as recent experience has shown. It has to be remembered that use of dependence-producing drugs is usually interwoven with the socio-economic status and standards of living of a society and, as this rises, health consciousness also increases — this also influences drug taking.

### AFRAID OF SEX

I am a healthy and good-looking young girl of 19. My parents are on the lookout for a boy for me. There are a few good proposals, but I have rejected them. I have this fear of sex which I cannot remove. Is it abnormal? I am attracted to boys but the idea of sex puts me off. What should I do to change my attitude towards sex and marriage?

It would help if you see a good counsellor and talk out your fears and reservations on sex. May be you have had an orthodox indoctrination to sex at home, or you have seen or experienced some unpleasant incident, or you have your own wrongly conceived ideas on the subject.

Counselling will help through re-education and you can get a proper insight and understanding about sex. Besides, the counsellor will see if intensive therapy is necessary.

You should also read some good books available at good book-stalls, which give you the right approach to sex and scientific information about the facts of life.

Most often, one can get over these fears and apprehensions through proper guidance by a counsellor. Rarely is it deep-seated and requires psychiatry. But a self-analysis of what is really worrying you, along with the efforts to know the facts about sex in marriage, and convince yourself that sex is normal, healthy and enjoyable in marriage should help you. There should be no cause for worry, if you keep an open mind and get over your inhibitions and change your negative attitude. When you can accept the proper concept of sex, then you will be able to enter marriage with confidence. Therefore the sooner you make the efforts to get over this barrier the better.

"In relation to alcohol, a better proposition among others would, therefore, be to systematically reduce the content of alcohol instead of introducing total prohibition. A small beginning could, for example, be the removing of various brands and varieties of alcoholic beverages from the market and replacing them with, say, two or three types of alcohol, with fixed alcoholic content. Making excise laws uniform and enforcement aspects even-handed could also be of help.

"Having said all this, let it also be understood that I am totally in favour of Drug Demand Reduction, including alcohol. In this aspect, we should move away from the Western norm which calls alcohol a beverage. The only issue I differ on is the means to achieve it — legislation is the least effective way of doing it, and four years too short a time."

### IS COMPLETE PROHIBITION THE ANSWER?

Continued from page 15

involved in his habit and, when looked down upon by the society, develops a more deviant complex behaviour. This is a vicious circle.

"Properly analysed every society consists of four groups. There are the teetotalers.

"Next come a vast number of social drinkers who drink occasionally, as a form of celebration, at social gatherings, on weekends or vacations.

"Then come the retired company executives and service men who need their two 'chota' pegs in the evening as a man might need 'pan' after dinner. These are the regular but controlled drinkers. Some of the regular drinkers might develop alcohol-related ailments. The doctor then advises

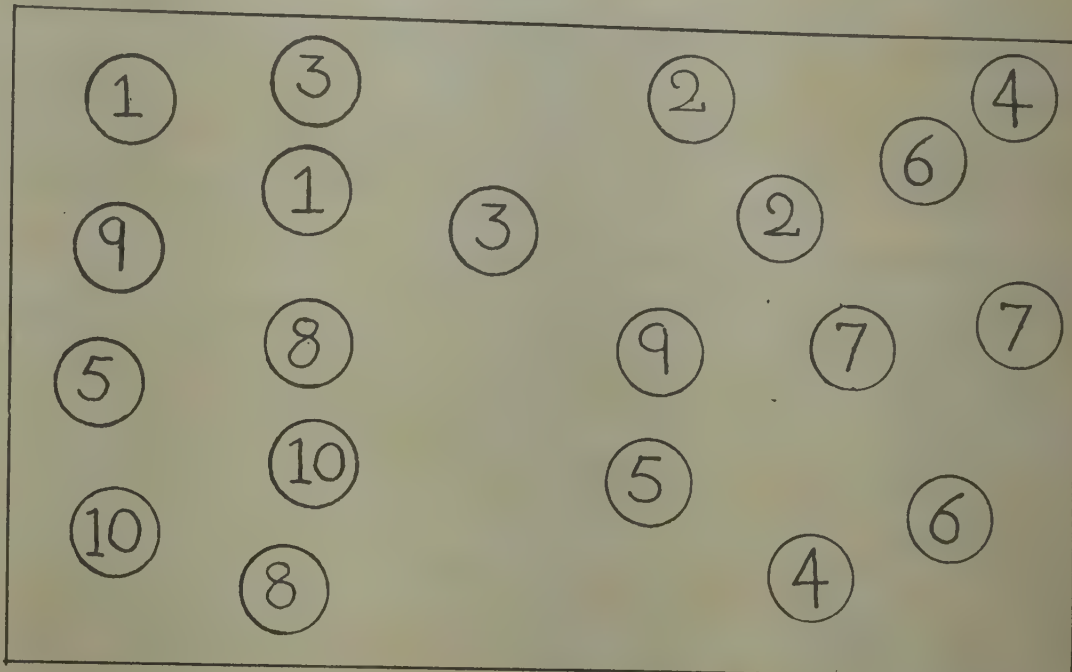
(Two players take turns drawing lines)

Draw a line from each number to its twin. Start with number one, then number two and so on, without crossing any other lines. The first player to cut a line loses a point.

Kamal Aurora

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Which mammal lives the longest?
2. Which animal next to man is the most intelligent?
3. Which is the largest bird in the world?
4. Which animal lives the longest?
5. Which is the fastest four-footed animal?



THE  
ADVENTURES OF

omphy-  
momphy  
tak tak

Omphy-Momphy stared hard at him. It was time for class to begin. The lunch break was yet to come.

"I can beat you at eating and talking," said Omphy-Momphy.

"You can't," said the fat boy.

"I can," said Omphy-Momphy.

The fat boy again looked at Omphy-Momphy.

"Let us see," he said, "Whoever talks more in this class wins. He can eat the loser's lunch."

"Ok," said Omphy-Momphy. "Whoever talks more in this class wins. I shall eat your lunch."

"I can talk more than you, and I can eat more than you," said the fat boy. "I shall eat your lunch."

Omphy-Momphy thought about what to talk. While Omphy-Mom-



phy was thinking, the fat boy was already talking.

"See!" said the fat boy. "I can do more talking. I can talk to the boy on my side too."

"SILENCE!" said the teacher.

The class was quiet. Omphy-Momphy was also quiet. But the fat boy continued to talk.

"Do you collect stones?" said the fat boy to the boy on the other side of him. "I have a black stone, a marble stone, a white stone. . ."

"QUIET!!" said the teacher.

"You are going to lose!" said the fat boy. "I have talked much more than you."

Omphy-Momphy forgot all about the teacher. "No," he said. "I will not lose." Then Omphy-Momphy began to talk softly to the boy near him. "Do you want to have an extra large lunch?" asked Omphy-Momphy of the boy near him.

"Yes," said the boy.

"Then talk with me," said Omphy-Momphy.

The boy was very surprised but he began to talk and talk. On the other side the fat boy also talked and talked.

"SILENCE!!" said the teacher again.

But the fat boy continued to talk. Seeing him talking Omphy-Momphy also did not stop talking.

Then Omphy-Momphy saw the teacher coming towards them.

"You two," said the teacher. "Go out of the class at once."

Outside the classroom, the fat boy said to Omphy-Momphy, "Teacher asked me to go out first. That means I was talking more than you."

"Teacher asked me to go out first," said Omphy-Momphy. "I win."

"I win," said the fat boy.

"You lose," said the Omphy-Momphy.

"I win," said the fat boy.

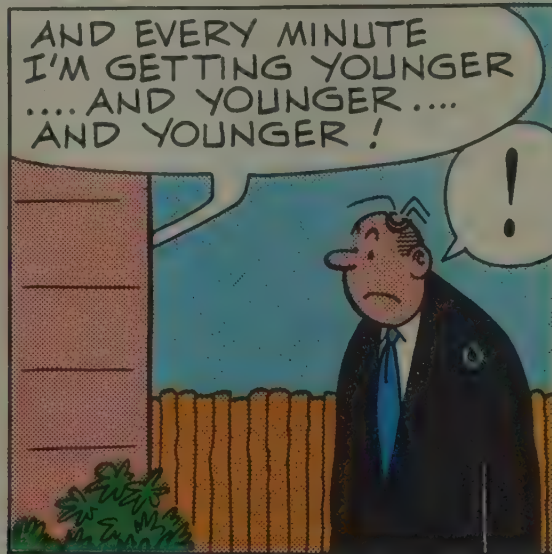
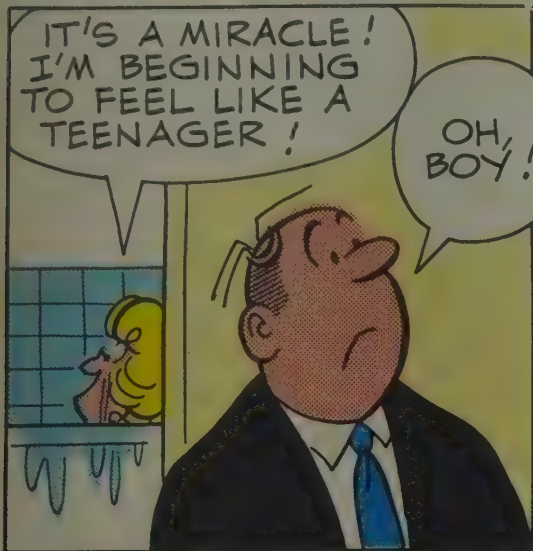
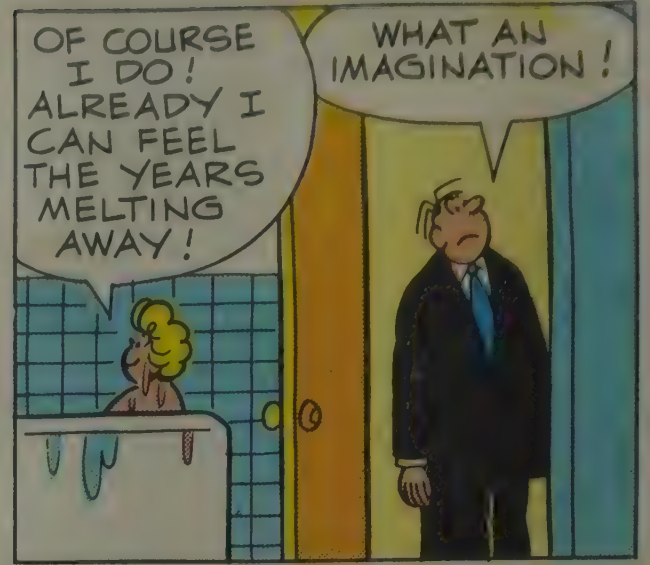
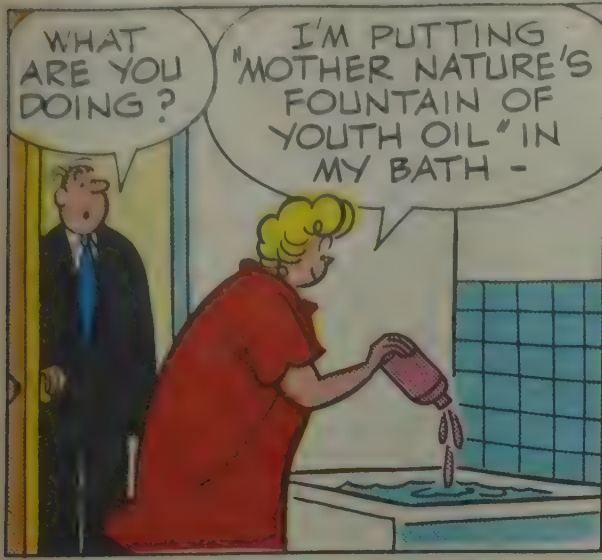
"No, I win," said Omphy-Momphy.

Hearing their voices the teacher came out of the class. "What is this?" she said. "Are you two STILL talking?"

Both Omphy-Momphy and the fat boy kept quiet.

"Since you do not listen to me you will both stay in class during lunch break," said the teacher.

Poor Omphy-Momphy! He looked at the fat boy. The fat boy was looking very sorry too. Neither of them had won in the talking competition, and neither of them was getting lunch either. They had lost both in talking and eating!



A funny animal is the idea — No one can tell a he from a she. But he can ... and she can ... WHOOPEE!

A man was walking about with a lemon stuck in his right ear. When he was asked the reason for this he replied, "You've probably heard of a hearing aid — well, this is a lemon aid."

"What's the matter with Joe's face?"

"He was getting shaved by a lady barber when a mouse ran across the floor."

Customer: "The periodicals you have here are full of horror stories."

Barber: "Yes, sir. My clients' hair stands on end and it's easier to cut."

Teacher: "What is half of eight, Frank?"

Frank: "Which way, Teacher?"

Teacher: "What do you mean?"

Frank: "On top or side-wise?"

Teacher: "What difference does it make?"

Frank: "Well, the top half of eight is zero, but the half



of eight sidewise is three."

Mother: "Didn't I tell you not to let that man come over to your apartment last night? You know how things like that worry me."

Daughter: "But I didn't. I went over to his apartment."

Little Jimmy was one of the gladsome youngsters in a Louisiana school. His teacher told the class of the Roman who swam across the Tiber

three times before breakfast.

"Three times!" involuntarily said the wondering Jimmy. "Did you say three times, Miss Jones?"

"Why, yes, Jimmy," responded the teacher. "You don't doubt that a trained swimmer could do it?"

"No, ma'am," was the smiling reply of little Jimmy. "I just wondered why he didn't make it four, and get back to the side where he left his clothes."

The teacher was trying to get over the intricacies of subtraction. "You have ten fingers," she said. "Suppose you had three less, then what would you have?"

"No music lessons," Johnny promptly replied.

"There now," said the sales manager as he and his newly married Chorine came within sight of Niagara Falls. "Didn't I tell you that if you'd be my wife you could look forward to the biggest cataract you'd ever seen?"



"Cataract?" she screamed. "I thought you said Cadillac!"

Upon due reflection, a rural school teacher decided to give full credit to a pupil for his answer to an arithmetic problem.

The question: "If your father sold fifteen hundred bushels of grain for two dollars per bushel, what would he get?"

The answer: "A new car."

Tired after a busy day, a distinguished congressman in Washington handed the menu-back to the waiter and said: "Just bring me a good meal."

A good meal was served and the congressman gave the waiter a generous tip. "Thank yo', suh," the waiter said, "and if you get any friends what can't read you jes' send 'em along to me."

A lisping young lady named Both

Was saved from a fate worse than death

Seven times in a row,

Which unsettled her so,

That she quit saying 'No' and said 'Yeth.'

Compiled by: George Fegradoe.

Super to walk into a room...  
and make everyone else seem colourless.



®

**Supertex**

Dress Materials

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## true confession

Some people don't mean what they say. I had always thought Meenakshi was one of those, who say rash things they don't intend doing. You may think this odd coming from a man who's been married to a woman for 20 years and more. You may think I'm lying, that I purposely neglected her when I should have called the doctor at once. After all she did confess she had taken an overdose of sleeping pills. I have no excuse for the lapse, other than a strong conviction that she was lying.

We were happy in our fashion. We did have occasional rows, of course, but we bridged our differences and lived together, because an ideally married Hindu couple with grown up children, can't think of anything else. It was such a ghastly thought to deviate from the norm, that we suffered the fruits of our action, rather than churn up the censure of society. Sex had died long since. In fact for years and years we had lived in just companionable proximity, because I had got used to the way she cooked beans. The birth of our two children had made her fat and ungainly, so that whatever passion still smouldered in the over-forties, died a natural death. She did not excite me to any frenzy. She was just comfortable to have around the house. She knew where to place the easy chair so the light fell right for reading. She was a damn good cook and my slippers were always in the right place.

The first time I got an inkling of her melodrama was when our marriage was three years old. She was expecting her second baby and the first one was barely a year old. I had to go on tour leaving her with an old servant. She refused downright to stay by herself. She said she was frightened.

"What is there to be frightened about?" I asked. "This isn't a wilderness. It is a teeming city. Thousands of people live alone here and think nothing of it. I don't see why you should make such a hullabaloo."

"You are heartless," she cried. "Tell your boss you can't go."

"I will tell him no such thing," I replied severely.

"You have no thought for me," she wailed. "You don't care what happens to me. You don't love me." She sobbed and clung to me, weeping as if her heart would break. I disentangled myself from her wild clutch and asked with some asperity, "What's the matter with you?"

"I have a premonition that something will go wrong," she wailed. "One of us is going to die."

"Don't be silly," I said. "What crazy ideas you get." I turned away from her and began to pack my suitcase.

"Are you going by air?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied. She gave a cry of alarm and lunged at me. She knelt on the floor and caught my legs in a vice like grip which pinned me to the spot.

"I beg of you," she cried, "postpone your departure."

"I'm afraid that's impossible. My ticket has already been bought for tomorrow morning, all arrangements have been made at the other end for an important meeting, and I can't put off things at the eleventh hour."

"If you don't put off your departure I will kill myself," she cried melodramatically. She

clutched our son to herself and tears rolled down her face.

That night I couldn't sleep. Maybe I had a nagging fear at the back of my mind that her qualms would come true. No devout Hindu is completely immune to the psychic experience. One never could tell with a woman's premonition. So many times it had been proved unerringly right. I was afraid. Yet at the back of my active mind was the hard boiled scientist poh-pooing the doubt. In the end the scientist in me won out, and I prepared for departure while my red-eyed wife, lay listlessly in bed.

***She craved for attention and thought she could get it through threats of suicide. But the frequency of these made me immune to them and, on that fatal day, I disregarded her fears***

# I DISBELIEVED HER THREAT OF SUICIDE



I watched her from time to time but there was no movement. Alarmed I went across and touched her forehead to make sure she hadn't killed herself in the night. She was all right. Merely spent with crying. She caught my hand and kissed it.

"I'm going," I said. "Take care of yourself." She dropped my hand unceremoniously. I put a slip of paper on her pillow. "That's my telephone number," I said. "Just in case there's an emergency." She didn't smile.

I had never been frightened of air travel. In fact that was the only way I got about on my tours. Yet that morning my legs shook as I boarded the plane.

Right through the journey I sat on the edge of my seat terrified I would go crashing down to a fiery end. When we landed my relief was so great that I loosened my tie, went into the airport lounge and flopped on a seat while my luggage came. The man who was to receive me spotted me and came across. Seeing my ashen face he asked, "Aren't you well?"

"I'm all right, thank you," I said, rising hurriedly. "Just tired." We went along to where the bags were just arriving on a conveyor belt.

"Excuse me," I said suddenly. "I must make a phone call home." I rushed off leaving him bewildered.

Meenakshi picked up the phone herself. "I've arrived safely," I said. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, I'm fine," she replied. "When will you be back?"

"In a week," I said. "Take care of yourself."

"Yes."

I put down the phone. I had imagined for one dreadful instant that the old servant would pick up the receiver and tell me mem-sahib couldn't come to the phone, because she had flung herself down from the sixth floor balcony.

Even when I went back to the luggage section, I couldn't suppress my fear. In fact I phoned her every day from the hotel to check if she was OK. She had really injected concern in me. My colleagues imagining I behaved in this manner because I was desperately in love with my wife, teased me about it. Little did they know, that melodrama can achieve much the same effect.

Through the years I began to realise this was just a guile Meenakshi used to bind me more securely to herself. She kept me on tenterhooks because it pleased her to see me concerned for her. It got her the attention she craved and which I was otherwise too busy to give her, wrapped up as I was in my office work.

Our marriage got older and so did our children, Amita and Ajay. When they were of school going age, she riddled me with fears about infection and disease, about accidents caused when boarding buses or crossing roads. In fact she kept up the refrain so endlessly that I guess I got immune to it. My fears got dulled and blunted and her melodrama began to look like a huge joke.

I still remember the time she staged a heart-attack in the train. We were going to Agra for a sightseeing tour, and at Mathura, she complained of an unbearable pain in her

her exhibitions I was alarmed.

I didn't want to take a chance. I called for medical help and we got off at Mathura. I walked ahead to a waiting ambulance with Amita and Ajay, while she brought up the rear on a stretcher ceremoniously carried along the crowded railway platform. Everybody looked at us.

At the hospital, she was put into a cool white room and we sat around waiting for the report of the medicos. They had taken an ECG directly and now we twiddled our thumbs.

An hour later the doctor came into the room and summoned me outside. Imagining it was something serious I went out into the corridor with him.

"Everything is normal," he said. "There seems to be no reason for the pain. Has she had it before?"

"This is the first time," I replied.

"There's nothing wrong with her heart at all. The pain may be due to gas, of course. I will prescribe some tablets."

We went back to our interrupted journey but she complained of pain and discomfort all the way in spite of taking the pills. I was so sagged, I had half an inclination to return to Delhi by the next train, but the kids were eager to go on according to plan.

When we came back to Delhi, I had her thoroughly examined by a specialist to rule out any bungling on the part of the Mathura doctors. When everything proved OK, I was relieved. But it was a relief tinged with a vague feeling of dissatisfaction. That was the first time it struck me that her malady might be purely psychological, which meant that it was infinitely worse than I imagined. For diseases of the body could be cured without a trace, but mental illnesses lingered on and had all kinds of stigmas attached to them.

I consulted a psychologist on my own and he put me on to a good psychiatrist. One day I brought him home on the pretext of bringing a friend for dinner and he observed Meenakshi's every mannerism. He gave her his entire attention, for obvious reason, but she feeling proud of the attention began to wax eloquent about the number of times she had nearly died. I was silent, letting the man do his analysis undisturbed.

When I saw him to the door after a belated dinner, he asked me, unexpectedly.

"How is your sex life?" I confessed we had been off it for years now.

"Do you give her attention otherwise?" he asked.

"Why, yes!" I cried.

"When was the last time you paid her a compliment?" I didn't remember.

"There's nothing wrong with her that a little attention won't cure," he counselled. "The trouble is she has to get it, almost extract it by staging these exhibitions because you won't unbend on your own."

"What do you suggest I do?" I asked, putting myself completely in his hands.

"Treat her with concern and affection at all times," he said, "except when she's staging these exhibitions. She will gradually snap out of them. It's a kind of reverse process, you understand. You will have to undo what you've been building up all these years."

For a year everything was fine. Her exhibitions gradually got less and less, and, we almost limped back to some kind of harmo-

nious marital relationship. Then Amita told us she wanted to marry a Muslim boy. She had been seeing him off and on and he was fairly well-to-do. I tried to reason with her, pointing out the basic differences between our culture and religion. She said she knew all that. She was adamant. That was when Meenakshi had a reversal of the condition she had suffered all these years. At least that was what I thought. She ranted and raved and said she would kill herself if Amita mentioned the boy's name again.

Amita eloped with her lover two days later. I had half expected it, but had been powerless in view of my wife's tantrums, to do anything in the least constructive about it, I could have got them married in right royal style if it wasn't for Meenakshi's melodramatic scenes.

That night when I came home from work, she told me Amita had run away with Ahmed. She was sobbing uncontrollably, clutching the note the girl had left on the mantle-piece of her room. I drew her to myself and tried to console her but she was distraught. "I'm going to die," she cried.

"Go to sleep," I said. "You'll be all right. The girl will come back after a few days and we can hold a reception for them."

"I don't care about them. Help me, please. I've taken an overdose of sleeping tablets." I looked at her in disbelief. She had told lies so often that now I didn't believe her.

"Don't trouble me now Meenakshi," I cried. "For God's sake I'm tired. It's so late and I've worked like a dog."

She clutched at me and whimpered like an animal. "I don't want to die. I don't want to die."

"You won't die," I said. But she persisted. "Please Meenakshi control yourself. This is as much of a shock to me as it is to you but we have to live with the times." She went to the phone and picked it up.

"Whom are you calling at this hour?" I asked. "It's past 11 o'clock."

"The doctor," she gasped. "You've got to call the doctor." I remembered what the psychiatrist had told me about not showing concern when she had her melodramatic spells.

"Come on Meenakshi," I cried snatching the phone from her. "Whatever it is, it can wait till morning. There's nothing wrong with you that a good night's rest won't put right."

"Can't you understand," she cried. "I've taken an overdose of sleeping pills. I'm going to die. Tomorrow it will be too late." She struggled in my arms. I went to the bedroom almost dragging her. Once in bed she was relatively more quiet, even her words were fainter. I blamed it on exhaustion. Little did I know the drug was taking effect.

I lay down beside her and went to sleep. In the morning she was dead. When the doctor gave his verdict—an overdose of sleeping pills—I couldn't believe my ears.

"She told the truth," I cried. "but I didn't believe her."

The doctor who had treated our family for years, pressed my shoulder in consolation. "You are not be blamed," he said. "She was always a strange woman, wasn't she?"

Only I know that it was my fault she died. I could have called a doctor at once and he would have saved her. Yes. Maybe she was a strange woman but wasn't it really I who made her that way, through lack of attention and affection which are the only things a woman lives for?



K. H. Shroff

For 1st Oct. to 7th Oct.



ARIES (March 21—April 19) Auspicious week to make any new agreement, partnership or sign any papers from the 4th. Favourable days:- 3-4.



TAURUS (April 20—May 21) Your career and business dealings are favourable. A good chance of gain in financial matters. You succeed, provided you do not join your luck with others. On the 2nd, avoid arguments and journey. Favourable days:- 5-6.



GEMINI (May 22—June 21) Financial gains invested bring regular income. Your mental and love planet helps you to overcome problems in personal affairs. Favourable days:- 4-5.



CANCER (June 22—July 22) Social life is exceptionally good. Happiness in domestic and personal affairs. Favourable days:- All days.



LEO (July 23—Aug. 23) Success of your plans is round the corner. Do not succumb in last round of trial. Favourable days:- 2-3.



VIRGO (Aug. 24—Sept. 23) Good days for travel, investment, meeting interesting people, including your admirers. Chances of deep, emotional involvement. Favourable days:- 5-6.



LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22) Something beautiful in respect of planetary combination. This is exhilarating to your innate sense of peace and harmony. Remember to cultivate your artistic qualities to the highest pitch. Favourable days:- All days.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22) Success possible provided you employ fair means, because honest planet Jupiter helps you. Favourable days:- 5-6.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 21) You gain from your better half and any joint enterprise. You have opportunities to qualify for higher academic achievements. Favourable days:- 2-7.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 22—Jan. 19) All affairs of heart bring contentment. In money matters caution necessary. Overseas exchange of correspondence beneficial for every purpose. Journeys likely. Favourable days:- 1-2.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 19) You score in esteem amongst your circle of associates. Specially inspiring week for imaginative writers and idealists. Favourable days:- 2-3.



PISCES (Feb. 20—March 20) Your buoyant health and lively personality helps you to project yourself. You create genuine good impression of your innate qualities of love and dedication. Stars favour you. Favourable days:- All days.

# BEST OF BREAKFAST

*Premila Lal*

I doubt if any meal of the day produces such different reactions as breakfast. There are people who get up to a leisurely breakfast: fruit juice, cereal, bacon and eggs, etc; while others say they can't eat in the morning. What is a perfect breakfast? Obviously it is food that suits each individual's requirement. But missing breakfast is a very unwise thing to do. Everybody needs to eat something in the morning after a long lapse between dinner and morning hours, but it should not be monotonous.

## EGG RAREBIT

125 grams grated cheese  
2 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk  
Salt and pepper  
1 tomato  
A knob of margarine

Put cheese in a shallow fire-proof dish. Beat the eggs with milk and seasoning and pour this over the cheese. Bake in moderate oven for 15 minutes. Arrange slices of tomato, topped with a dab of margarine down the centre of rarebits. Put back in the oven and cook for a few minutes until golden brown and set.



### OATS DOSAI

- 250 grams oats
- 175 grams curds
- 2 green chillis
- 1 onion
- 1/2 inch piece ginger
- 1 tsp. salt
- Ghee or butter

Chop the onion, chillis, and ginger finely. Put oats in a mixing bowl, add chopped spices, salt and curds and mix into a thick dough.

Heat a tava or an iron plate and grease the surface with a spoonful of ghee. Take a tablespoonful of the oat mixture and spread on the surface of the tava to make a thin pancake. Add a little more ghee, flip the dosa over, then fry on the other side till nicely brown. Serve hot with curry or pickles.

### PRAWN CUTLETS

- 1 cup cooked prawns, mashed to a paste
- 1/2 cup grated coconut
- 6 green chillis
- 1 small bunch fresh coriander
- A clove garlic
- 1 tsp. cumminseed
- A little turmeric powder

Mix all the ingredients, add salt to taste, and form into flat cutlets. Dip in beaten egg, roll in breadcrumbs and fry.

### CHICKEN LIVER SPECIAL

- 1 doz. chicken liver
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 1 1/2 cups chicken stock
- 1 cup cream
- 1 capsicum, finely chopped
- 1 sliced onion
- 1/2 tsp. chopped coriander leaves
- 3 tbsps. butter
- Salt and pepper
- 1 egg yolk

Wash and clean the liver and halve them. Season with salt and pepper and coat with about a tablespoon of flour. Heat some butter and saute well on both sides. Remove from pan and keep aside. Clean out the pan and add remaining butter. Stir in and saute the flour and onions. Gradually add the stock and cream and stir. When the sauce is smooth and boiling, add the liver, capsicums and seasoning. Add some chopped mushrooms if desired. Put in the almonds and serve hot on rounds of toast.

### KELE KI PURI

- 60 grams Bengal gram flour
- 125 grams refined flour
- Salt to taste
- 1/2 tsp. red chilli powder
- A pinch of turmeric powder
- 1/2 tsp. cumminseed powder
- 2 1/2 tbsps. ghee
- 1 large ripe plantain
- 2-3 green chillis, ground
- A pinch of sugar

Mix both types of flour, add salt red chilli powder, turmeric and cumminseed powder, then add a tablespoon of ghee and mix till well blended. Peel the plantain, mash it and mix it with ground green chillis and sugar, and add to the flour. Knead into a smooth dough, adding water if necessary. Divide the dough into eight portions, and roll into puris of bis-

cuit thickness. Fry till both the sides are browned. Serve hot.

### MOONG FRITTERS

- 250 grams sprouted moong
- 3 onions
- 2 green chillis
- A small bunch of fresh coriander
- 1/2 tsp. chilli powder
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup flour
- A pinch of soda bicarbonate
- Salt to taste
- Ghee

Soak moong for about 24 hours. Drain before use. Cover with sufficient water and cook till tender. Strain any excess water.

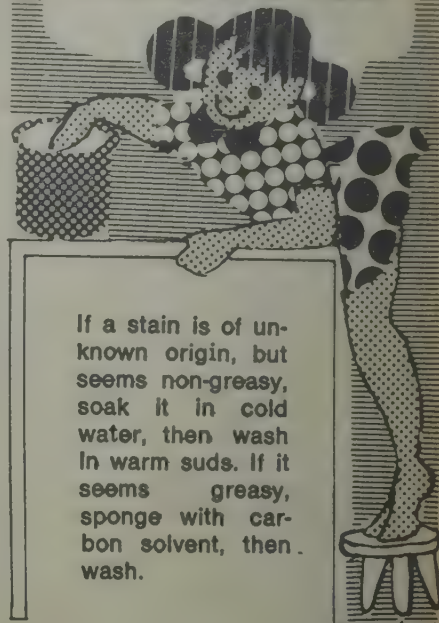
Chop onions, chilli and coriander leaves. Mix with moong. Add salt

to taste and chilli powder. Add flour and mix thoroughly. Beat eggs and add to the mixture gradually. Add milk to form a thickish batter. Drop spoonfuls into hot ghee. Fry on both sides.

### MASALA EGG ON TOAST

- 6 eggs
- 4 medium tomatoes
- 4 cloves of garlic
- 2 tsp. coriander powder
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- 2 onions
- 2-4 green chillis
- 1" piece of ginger
- 1/2 tsp. garam masala
- Salt to taste
- Ghee or butter

## cuckoo lal



If a stain is of unknown origin, but seems non-greasy, soak it in cold water, then wash in warm suds. If it seems greasy, sponge with carbon solvent, then wash.

Hard-boil the eggs. Cool, shell and cut into quarters. Boil the potatoes, peel and cube them. Grind roughly, the ginger and garlic, coriander powder, chilli and turmeric powder to a smooth paste. Slice the onions and green chillis. Heat two tablespoons of ghee in a pan. Fry the onions and green chillis till slightly brown. Add the ginger-garlic paste and fry again till brown in colour. Then add the ground masala and keep frying till the ghee floats to the top. Now put in the potatoes and chopped tomatoes and stir well. Simmer for a few minutes and sprinkle garam masala. Add eggs and stir carefully. Remove and serve with hot toast.

### MOCK OMELET (for vegetarians)

- 125 grams dal
- 4 green chillis
- Salt to taste
- 4 large onions
- 1/2 cup ghee or oil
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder

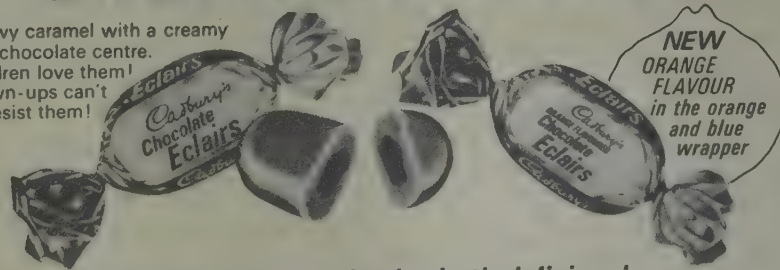
Soak dal for one hour, then grind to a smooth paste. Mix dal paste with thinly sliced onions and green chillis, salt and turmeric. Make into a batter with a little water. Heat pan well and grease it and spread one serving-spoonful of batter into it. When the batter sets, fold ends over to form a roll. When the omelet is a nice golden brown, remove from the pan. Serve with buttered toast.

## A delicious two-in-one treat



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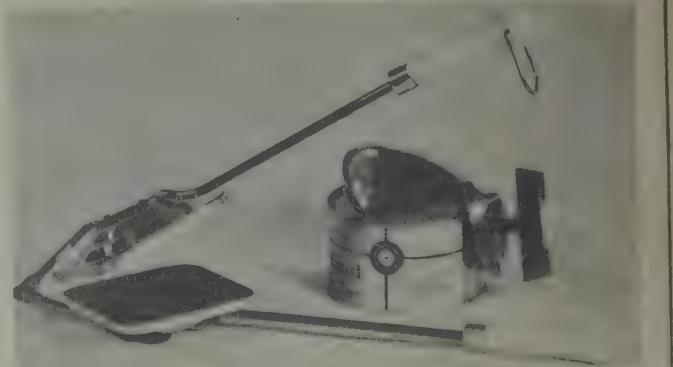
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## ATTENTION COOKERY CONTESTANTS! SPECIAL PRIZES FOR WEEKLY WINNERS AND COOKERY QUEEN OF THE MONTH

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to Rs. 100.00, a Skillet (Oct.); a saucepot (Nov.); a 315 mm Tava (Dec.) and a Saucepot (Jan. 1978.).

All the above mentioned items are from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, BOMBAY, famous for their Sapp-hire non-stick, scratch resistant kitchen ware.

So, send in your best vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipe accompanied with photograph to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Apollo Street, Bombay.



Prize winner of our weekly cookery contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize, a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a Tin-O-Mat.

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## Must someone you love die for want of blood...



### before you do something about it?

It's a cruel thought, but an emergency can arise at any time. Even when doing something as ordinary as crossing a road. Emergencies need blood. There's no substitute for it. Yet, we never realise how vital blood donation is till something happens to us. Till the life of someone we love dearly, hangs in balance.

adult, between 18 and 55, you can donate blood three times a year. Every year. It's not painful. It's not harmful. All it takes is 10 minutes of your time. And your concern. The blood you donate is only a small fraction of your body's supply. You can go immediately to work. And soon your body makes up the full amount.

Then why are we short of donors? It's not because people don't care... but because they don't think about it. Don't let that happen to you again. Don't get so involved in everyday living that you can't save a thought for life. Donate your blood. Today.

Blood means life—there's no substitute. Think about it.



The great tragedy of our lives is that in a city like Bombay, there's never enough blood. 9 out of 10 people have never donated blood. Hospitals are often left to the mercy of professional blood sellers. Can you allow this shameful trafficking in blood, in life, to carry on?

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# recipes from our readers



Mrs. Soma Rajan, Ahmedabad

## DRIED FRUIT PICKLE

- 1/2 kg. dried apricots
  - 1/2 kg. dried figs, quartered
  - 1/2 kg. carrots, sliced fine
  - 1/2 kg. dates
  - 1/2 kg. raisins
  - 100 grams black currants (seedless)
  - 10 cups vinegar
  - 1/2 kg. dried red chillis (ground in vinegar)
  - 1 kg. tinned mango pulp
  - 1/4 kg. mustard powder
  - 1/2 kg. jaggery
- POWDER :**
- 18 cardamoms
  - 18 cloves
  - 6 pieces of cinnamon
  - 2 tsps. cumminseed
  - 1 tbsp. salt

Wash fruits in two cups of vinegar. Soak apricots in four cups of vinegar. In three-fourth cups vinegar, cook the chillis, jaggery, powdered spices and salt. Add fruits and mango pulp, and cook, stirring all the time. When the fruit is cooked and the gravy is thick, remove from fire and cool. Beat mustard powder with the remaining half cup vinegar and add to the cold pickle. Mix gently and fill in air-tight jars.



Neeta Singhal, N. Delhi

## CHEESE LOAF CURRY

- 400 grams cheese
- 1/2 tsp. ajwain
- 2 tsps. mango powder
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- 1/2 tsp. black pepper powder
- 1/2 tsp. red chilli powder
- 1/2 tsp. orange colour
- 6 tsps. besan (gram flour)

## FOR GRAVY :

- 1 1/2 cups sliced onions
  - 3 tomatoes
  - 1 small piece ginger
  - 1 small clove garlic
  - 1 tsp. red chilli powder
  - 1 tsp. garam masala
  - 1 tsp. dry coriander
  - 2 tsps. cumminseed
  - 2 cardamoms
  - 1 tsp. mustard
  - 1/2 cup boiled peas
- Ghee for frying

## THE LOAF :

Cut the cheese into three equal layers. Mix garam masala, mango powder, salt and black pepper powder and apply on every layer. Put ajwain on the topmost layer. Make a paste of chilli powder, colour and salt with a little water and apply this paste all over the cheese. Cover the cheese with dry besan powder and leave aside for 10 minutes. Now fry the cheese in a little ghee till golden brown.

## FOR GRAVY :

Fry onions in ghee until golden brown. Add the paste of ginger and garlic. Add one cup of water. After the water evaporates, add skinned tomatoes, mustard, garam masala, coriander powder,

salt, red chilli powder, cumminseed and cardamoms. Fry till the ghee appears on the sides of the vessel. Add four cups of water and allow the gravy to boil. After it boils, allow it to simmer for 20 minutes. Add the cheese-loaf and garnish with coriander leaves and boiled peas.



Miss Suman Agrawal, Bombay

## ALOO KOFTE

- 1/2 kg. potatoes
- 1/4 kg. peas (boiled)
- 1/2 kg. tomatoes
- 1/4 kg. grated carrots (boiled)
- 1 tbsp. butter
- 2 tsps. garam masala
- 1 tbsp. coriander powder
- 2 tsps. chilli powder
- 1 tbsp. grated coconut
- Coriander leaves
- Curry leaves
- 1 piece ginger, chopped
- Oil
- Salt to taste
- 1 tsp. cumminseed

- 1 tsp. mustard seeds
- Chopped green chillis

Make small cavities in peeled potatoes. Mix boiled, grated carrots, grated coconut and boiled and mashed peas with a little salt to taste, one teaspoon coriander powder and chilli powder. Make into a paste. Fill the potato cavities with this paste and butter. Close the cavities with potato caps and tie the potatoes with a thin thread. Heat oil in a dekchi and fry cumminseeds, mustard seeds, curry leaves, chopped green chillis and ginger. Then add 4 1/2 cups of water. Add potatoes, chopped tomatoes, garam masala, coriander powder and salt to taste. Cover and cook for 15 minutes. Garnish with coriander leaves. Serve hot with chappatis or bread.



Miss Lakshmi Subramaniam, Madras.

## STUFFED PUMPKIN

- 1 pumpkin (3 kg. in weight)
- 400 grams white bread
- 250 grams cheddar cheese
- 2 cups (approx. 1/2 litre) cream
- 1 cup milk
- 1 bay leaf
- Salt and black pepper to taste

Take the pumpkin and mark on the top portion for cutting a round opening of 4" diameter. Keep the cut portion aside for using it later as a lid. Scoop out with a spoon and remove all the seeds and fibres of the lid and the inside portion of the pumpkin. Then stuff the filling in layers.

Cut each slice of bread into four equal parts after toasting both sides and keep them aside. Then take a sauce pan, pour cream, milk and bay leaf into it and boil it on slow fire, allowing the flavour to infuse in the milk. Remove the bay leaf.

First put in a layer of bread, then grated cheese, sprinkle salt and pepper on each layer. Lastly after laying cheese, pour the hot cream mixture. Bake the pumpkin without the lid in a moderate oven. After the first hour, put the lid on the top. At the end of this time, test with a fork to make sure the pumpkin flesh is tender, and if necessary cook a little longer. Serve the pumpkin really hot.



Mrs. Chandra Dosai of Hyderabad wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe.

## CARROT GULAB JAMUN

- 2 cups grated carrots
- 1 cup milk
- 3 cups sugar
- 1 cup maida
- 1 tbsp. cashewnuts
- 1 tbsp. raisins
- A pinch of cardamom powder
- 1 cup ghee
- Oil for frying

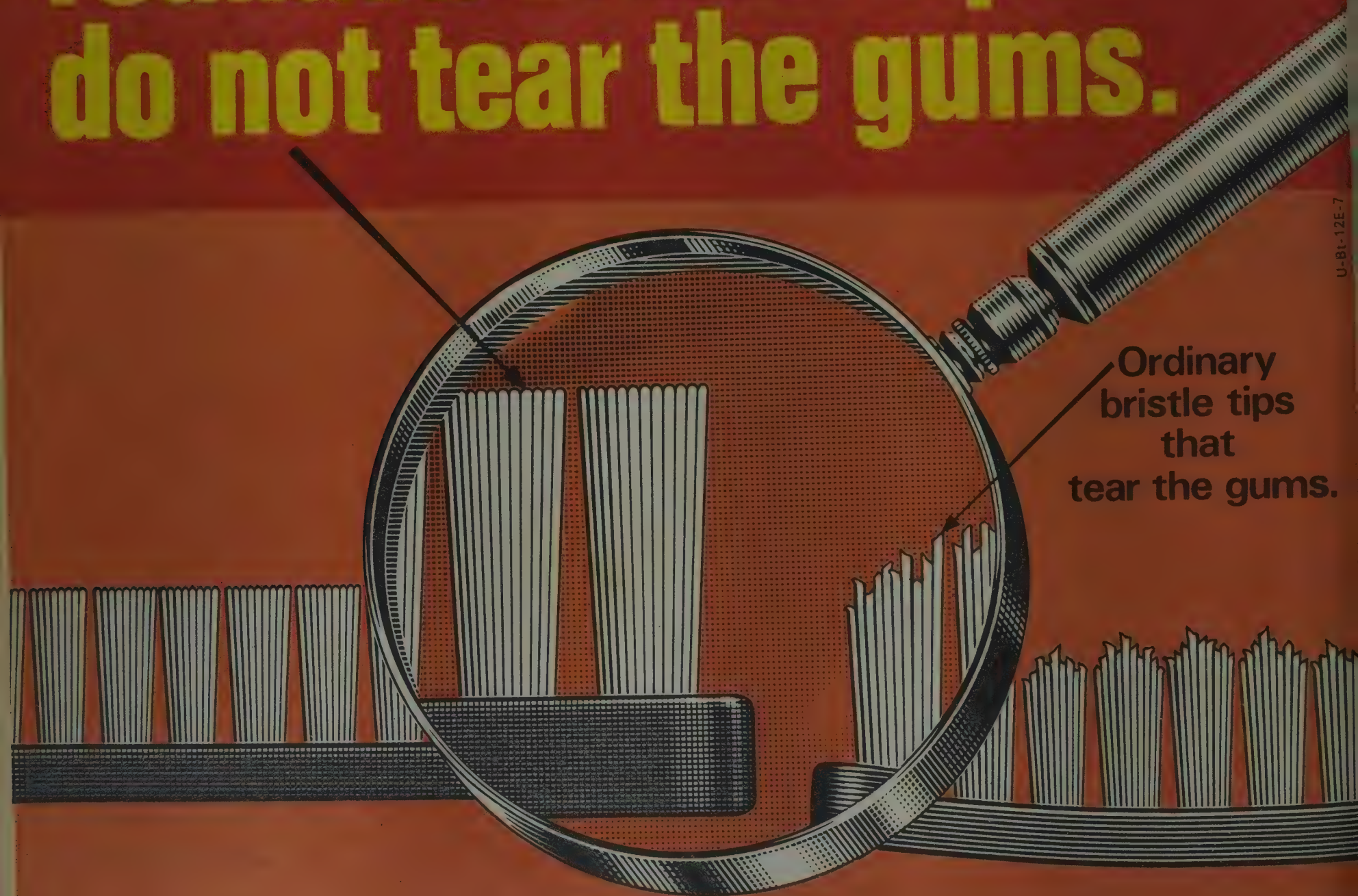
- A little water
- Rose essence

Put the milk and grated carrots in a clean vessel or pressure cook till soft. Transfer mixture into a thick bottomed vessel, place on a slow fire and stir. Add one and a half cups of sugar, stirring continuously. Add three-fourth cup ghee. Keep stirring. Fry cashewnuts and raisins separately in ghee and add to the carrots. Add the rest of the ghee, stir well and cook till dry. Remove. Add the cardamom powder and mix well. When cool, roll into small balls and keep aside.

Make a thick batter of the maida and a little water. Heat oil in a karahi. When the oil is hot, dip each carrot ball in the maida batter and fry few balls at a time. When the balls turn golden brown, gently lift them out and keep aside. Fry all the balls in this way. Now put the remaining one and a half cups of sugar in a thick-bottomed vessel, add one cup water and allow it to boil. When the syrup has boiled for about 10 minutes, lower the heat and add the gulab jamuns one by one to the syrup. When all the gulab jamuns have been added, allow it to boil for a few seconds and remove from the fire. Add a few drops of rose essence.

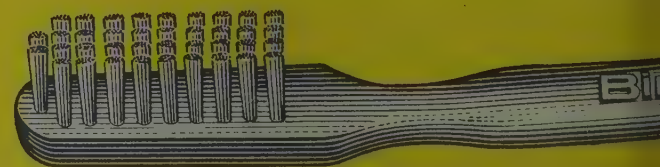
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# SHENAI'S MUSICIANS!

## IT'S DHARAM-DHARAM ALL THE WAY!

Vijaya Irani

We were meeting after a long time — about a year, perhaps. The last time was distinctly different from this. It had been during the Censor-furore, when I had been to meet her at home, where she was relaxing and basking in the welcome one-shift pattern it afforded her. Thanks to the confusion caused by the then-new laws, she found a lot of her films having to undergo script-changes and otherwise: thus it had been a situation she could not control.

Now at a Goregaon studio, where she was sitting, ready with make-up, for the director to call, I came into her room, to find her pre-occupied with a pen and what looked like the inside of an opened, unused envelope.

"I was going through my list of films," she smiled, after a greeting. "And rejecting on paper the films I feel I will not be able to finish. . . I cut them off here with a little cross against each, arguing that I won't do them. But for tomorrow morning's routine, I know they'll all be back on the list again. Mr. Behl, my secretary, will have been confronted with the producers concerned, and a good hassle later, I know I'll put back all these films."

Does your rejection depend on your mood or what, I asked, for she rarely looked so serious as she did now — she is always laughing away her statements.

"No, I feel I will not physically be able to

finish them, even in a given time. So what is the sense in keeping them on the list? If I take up something and am not able to fulfil it, I feel wretched. But the fact that I can't do it makes me tell them beforehand — it doesn't work really — I race into a three-shift day when I find I have no other way out. It was so nice last year, when most of my films faced the Censor-laws and I had a brief respite.

Are most of your films with Dharmendra, I asked, knowing that the film she was shooting that day, J. Om Prakash's "Aas Paas," has Dharmendra in it.

"Yes, most of them are. And I want to do more films with him. If you want a ratio, I would like to have an eight to two proportion — the two being with outsiders! Since I am going to do films, I want to and am going to work with the hero I know so well and like so much."

Is your latest release, "Dream Girl," doing very well, I asked.

"Being my home concern movie, it should have received better attention than my other films. But, somehow, it didn't. Nobody, it seems, took an interest in it. And the main trouble was the delay — it took so long to get made that it proved, in the end, not as big a hit as it should have been. It could really have been a smasher!"

But the delay could have been yours and Dharmendra's fault too, I am sure, you two were too busy to give dates and your undivided attention.

She laughed, affirming the fact, and then:

"I'll tell you one thing. They make such a big thing about us stars being busy and all that. But one important thing they forget is that we are tuned to being able to switch on and switch off. And, for this, we put our blind faith in our directors. The director is the most important person in a film. As far as I know, we artistes do exactly what we are asked to, by them — how they get the work and effect out of us does the trick, and makes the difference. If a director feels that he can also take up many other films like the stars and do double-triple shifts, then that is a mistake. For, then, no one is paying attention — the very person you are putting so much faith in, is himself so divided!"

How long do you feel the Dharam-Hema star-pair combination will go on, notwithstanding the movies which "don't do so well," as well as your big hits?

"Forever. As long as I am in films. No, there is no such thing as, "some of our films don't do so well, so we must stop doing films together," with us. We continue to get films together, and will continue to do them, as long as the script and director are approved of by us. If a film has not clicked, you can't blame only the stars. The director and the script could have been bad. So, too, you can't blame the star-pair: the director could have been bad, for distorting the original story according to his whims and fancies. And if a film does well, it does good for everyone around."

And what about the reported tension or rift between you two personally, as was rumoured everywhere?

"Who reported this? The Press, isn't it? When they get tired of running stories about us being together, they run stories of imagined rifts between us. If you want the truth, nothing has changed with us. He shall always be the most wonderful person in my life, as he has always been. I think the world of him, and there is no one who is more understanding a friend as he is to me!"

Dharam and Hema are so much alike, it is no wonder that they are such a "together-pair." And as for Hema's optimism about going on forever, I suppose, when a pair has gone on for so long, and so strongly, it is not hard to predict they'll go on forever!

Photograph: Girish Shukla

## JUDGES OF THE CALCUTTA HIGH COURT

Continued from page 7

numerous cases on the appellate side and also in the Supreme Court of India. This Marxist leader went all out to encourage and guide me. He must have had tremendous patience," she smiles. "And he always treated me as an equal though women were a rare sight in this profession at that time. I have the greatest respect for him."

Another "friend, philosopher and guide was the former Advocate General Gouri Nath Mitra — he was there to help and advise me whenever Dada couldn't — which was often enough, because he was determined not to give anyone a chance to say that I was where I was on account of his political position and not on account of my merit. His being the Chief Minister of this State was the cause of one of the greatest hurdles in the way of my being elevated to the Bench," she says candidly.

Justice Bose has a long list of firsts to her credit — they go back to the days when she was the first woman to be elected to the Union of the Calcutta Law College and was also the first woman Debate Secretary of her college. The years were 1950/51.

In 1967, with only 9 years of practice to her credit (she had the unique distinction of being appointed "Amicus Curiae" by

Justice P. B. Mukherjee in a matrimonial cause. This honour is usually bestowed upon barristers who have served a much longer term in court. The court, in its judgement, recorded its high appreciation "of an admirable tradition admirably discharged with great ability by Mrs. Bose," and the case was also reported in the All India Reporter, 1968, Calcutta.

She was once again, the first woman receiver of the Calcutta High Court, appointed by Justice Malik in 1958. Five years later, she was appointed on the panel of the Central Government and later on the panel of the non-coking coal mines authorities.

Recently, Mrs. Bose appeared independently in the Supreme Court with her junior, Miss Manju Ray Chaudhuri. Besides this, she has also appeared in the City Civil Court and the District Courts of Alipore and Sealdah.

Prior to June 1977, when Mrs. Monjula Bose and Mrs. Padma Khastigar were elevated to the Bench of the Calcutta High Court, only two women in the country, Justice Mrs. Anna Chandy (now retired) and Justice Janaki Ammal had been elevated to the Bench. Both were appointed from the judicial services to the Kerala High Court, whereas these appointments have been made for the first time from among private practitioners such as barristers-at-law.

Monjula, obviously, doesn't have much free time at her disposal. "My mother, the

late Aparna Debi had written a book in Bengali about her father, 'Manush Chittaranjan.' I had promised to translate it into English, but within the past 10 years I have only been able to do two chapters — and there are still over 20 more! Besides this, I used to write articles for numerous papers and magazines on a variety of subjects of interest to women. What I still find time for, though, is music — be it listening to western classical or playing the piano."

A career at the Bar for women has made great progress since 1916 when the first aspirant, Miss Regina Guha, who — although qualified to practice — was turned away from the Courts of Law by a full Bench decision presided over by the then-Chief Justice, Sir Lawrence Jenkins, and Sir Ashutosh Mukerjee, on the grounds that there is "no trace of women practitioners in Hindu, Buddhist or Islamic Society." Even as late as the late 50s, when Monjula enrolled in the Calcutta High Court, there were just about four or five women practicing at the Bar. Today there are over a 100 women practitioners, at the High Court and also including the City Civil Court and the District Courts of Alipore, Sealdah and Howrah.

Although the Justice Mrs. Monjula Bose has approached her "new assignment with trepidation, temerity, anxiety and humility," there is little doubt that she will make a great success of her career at the Bench.

## THE GUN

Continued from page 23

was her wont, The Gun exhibited her affection for me by making clucking noises while planting kisses on my cheeks. "So here we're in Shahjehan's Agra, launching on our honeymoon with a visit to the Taj! Aren't we, darling?" She gave an affectionate squeeze to Rajinder's hand.

I felt as if my face was drained of all blood. They presented such a glaring contrast — a woman of 50 who had lost the sap of life and a youth of 25 who was on the threshold of life. Luckily, my husband was away. But what would my daughters say? That mother had such old specimens of humanity for friends. Even the servants could not hold back their smiles. How could I explain to my daughters that 25 years ago The Gun matched herself with Ginger Rogers and even now she believed she could put Liz Taylor in the shade.

She changed her saris like the chameleon changing its colours — red, then yellow followed by green — and roamed arm-in-arm with her new husband. I did all that I could to make them feel at home. But even then Rajinder did not feel comfortable at the dining table. "No, darling, no samosa. You must avoid fried things. Will you have tea? Must you? Better have a cup of milk, instead. Tea doesn't seem to agree with you."

I felt sorry for the unnatural death of the natural appetite of Gun's youthful scientist husband. In three days she had left him half-dead by making him subsist on fruit and taking him around

on excursions in Shahjehan's Agra at odd hours. Mercifully, the grotesque couple departed on the fourth day. After the customary letter of thanks The Gun seemed to have retired into her shell and for one year I had no news from her.

The next year I happened to be passing through Lucknow on my way back from my sister's daughter's wedding. I had to stop at Lucknow for the night and no suitable place being available I was forced to seek shelter in the Railway Retiring Room where a bed was still available, the other one being occupied. I could only see the outline of the occupant. His or her head was covered with a bed sheet from under which I could hear the sound of heavy snoring. I was too tired to ascertain who the other person was but on second thoughts I realised that I could not bring myself to spend the night in such an uncongenial place in the company of a stranger, and was about to leave the room in search of a better place, when the occupant of the bed suddenly sat up as if in a huff. To my utter surprise it was no other person than The Gun.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed. "Oh my Jesus! He unites people where He likes, when He likes. Who could imagine we would be meeting in this place?"

"Are you ill?" I asked. "You look so transformed." Without make-up The Gun was looking haggard and lost and her stomach was bloated like a drum.

"Illness and The Gun never go together," she said. "It's just a little strain, darling. I'm coming from Hardwar."

I looked at her startled. A

church-going woman who kissed the Bible 80 times a day — what had taken her to Hardwar?

"I had gone there with Rajinder's ashes," she volunteered the information, sensing my thoughts and then sighed. "I did not have the heart to write to you," she continued. "Of late he had become highly squeamish and did not take care of his health. No goat's milk, no apple juice. He ate spicy chats on the sly and saw Hindi films. I told him a hundred times that if he must go to the cinema, he must see English pictures and not Hindi films. But no, he just didn't listen. And as I had feared cheap excitement carried him off."

I was not really surprised. Tired of The Gun's restraints the horse had at last broken loose and run berserk.

"He was ill for two days, That's all. Hardeep's, Midget's and Patel's lungs were also stuffed with straw but they followed my instructions and went away to their homes fully cured. But this fellow was too hair-brained for my liking. His dying wish was that his ashes should be immersed in the Ganga at Hardwar. First I thought that I would have a marble grave made for him in our graveyard. But then I feared that being a wilful and stubborn man his soul would come out of the grave and dash off towards Hardwar."

Her voice choked. Taking off her glasses she wiped the tears from her eyes, while her other hand groped for her dentures on the table.

"Gun, come and stay with me for a few days," I said. "Your mind will be diverted in the midst of children." She looked so disinte-

grated in the dim light that I felt sorry for her.

"Thank you, darling," she replied. "I'm not alone. Will the Holy Father ever leave alone? He has again placed a poor patient under my care. No, it's not T.B. He was a case of pleuresy. But now he is fully cured. He's a very promising young man, my Samuel. It's his last year in the medical college. But he proposes to take rest for a year. He'll appear for his final examination next year. If Jesus wills it, he will win the Nobel Prize for surgery. Honey, I've left the house under his charge. We shall meet some other time."

In the morning I found that The Gun was gone.

As long as I lived in Agra I dreaded the sight of every telegram that we received lest The Gun should have again taken it into her head to visit the Taj. But she never came. Instead we received a lovely card from her on Christmas Day. This time it was two pigeons sitting on an electric pole, their beaks inter-twined. Under the picture was the message: With best wishes — from The Gun and Samuel.

It must be the same half-baked doctor The Gun had alluded to. It was the country's misfortune that last year it lost a promising scientist and now there was this doctor. But this time if The Gun's new life-companion had the cussedness to jilt her before his time, she would take proper care not to allow his soul resting under the marble slab to dash off towards Hardwar. Even if his soul deserted her would the Holy Father bear the thought of her ploughing a lonely furrow?

beauty

You may not be able to buy those pretty jars of creams or lotions in the shop windows. But don't despair. If you care to use items from your kitchen intelligently, they may very well revolutionise your beauty care.

Eggs help in the treatment of ageing and sallow skin. Clean your face thoroughly and smear it with raw egg-white. Leave it on for 10-15 minutes, then rinse off with tepid water.

Beat the egg-white until stiff and add a teaspoon of honey to this. Smooth the mixture over your face and neck. Leave it on for 15 minutes, then rinse off with warm water followed by cold water. Do this treatment once a month. It tautens and tones the skin, and also helps to remove blackheads.

Add a grain of camphor or alum to the beaten egg-white to shrink open pores. Fluff this mixture on the face and leave for an hour or so. Use this on the neck and ears too.

For extra dry skin mix oatmeal and honey in equal parts and make a paste. Leave it on for half an hour then wash it off with warm water.

Oatmeal or barley retains heat for a long time. When mixed with hot water and applied on the face, ears and neck as a poultice, it draws out impurities and makes excellent bleaching agent especially if lemon juice is added.

Mix oatmeal with buttermilk to form a paste and apply to skin. This cools and softens rough skin.

For instant cooling, add cucumber pieces to ice-cold water and let stand for a few minutes. Then rinse face with it. It has a very refreshing effect.

Pimples can be treated with a mixture of glycerine and castor oil, especially to heal the scars.

The best remedy for pimples is spirits of camphor. Put it on the pimples two-three times a day. If it has a head, dab a hot cloth till the head pops out itself. Then pat the camphor on it for fast healing.

Dissolve boric acid in boiling water, let cool a little, then pat on the reddish areas.

Large open pores must be treated with an astringent. But-

mix vaseline with juice of a lemon or fresh cucumber. Rub into the skin.

Dry skin responds well to honey mixed with almond oil. Any other oil can also be used.

You can stop excessive perspiration with a home-made anti-perspirant. Mix equal parts of boric acid and powdered starch. This is a mild and harmless remedy.

Rub coconut oil on areas having stretch marks, which

To smoothen rough elbows, rest them in lemon halves.

Rub a mixture of honey and orange juice into the palms of the hands to make them soft and smooth.

For split nails, beat raw egg-white and mix glycerine, honey, and ground barley to form a paste. Rub in and around the nails at bedtime.

To take stains off the nails, rub with a slice of potato.

Heat and glare can tire your eyes and redden them. To add sparkle to them, make some weak tea, dip cotton pads in it and lie down for 10 minutes, with the pads on your closed eyelids. Rose water may be used instead of weak tea.

Pour a little boric acid and a few drops of camphor into a cup of hot water and use pads dipped in this liquid over the eyes.

For white sparkling teeth, grind dried orange peel and mix it with your regular dentifrice.

Beat an egg with a fork and use instead of shampoo to add life and bounce to hair.

*Inexpensive and effective, these home remedies will help solve your beauty problems*

Oily hair needs to be washed frequently because sweat and grease tend to collect on the scalp. Add a dessert spoon of ammonia and a pinch of borax to warm water for rinsing after a shampoo.

Dry lifeless hair can be treated with castor oil at bedtime and shampooed in the morning. Do this twice a week at first then once a fortnight.

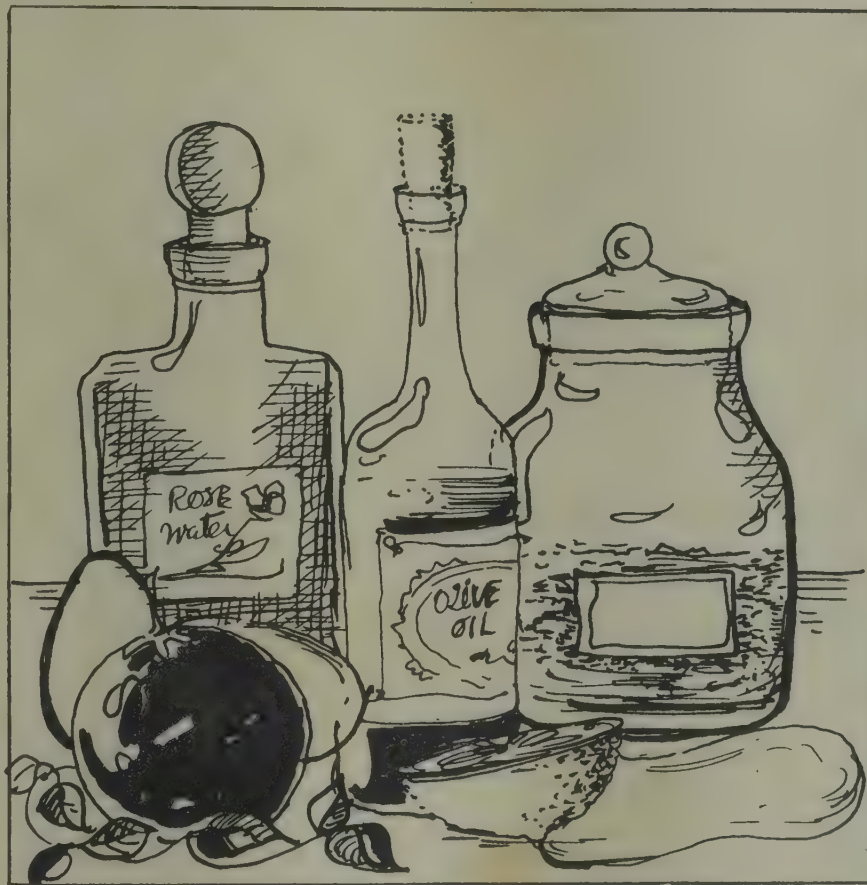
If you don't want to leave the oil on all night, rub the castor oil vigorously into the scalp before you shampoo. Let it penetrate into the scalp by steaming. Press hot wet towels on your head.

Lemon juice is used as a mild bleach or to bring out natural highlights in the hair. It also helps to cut down oiliness. Vinegar helps to make hair soft and manageable.

Try anything that appeals to you and seems the easiest. But it is essential that you make a routine of the treatments.

## HOMIE-MADE BEAUTY AIDS

Shobha Krishnaswami



termilk is effective for this. Pat it on the face and let dry for 10 to 15 minutes, then rinse off with cool water.

A few drops of spirits of camphor added to cool rinsing water acts as an astringent.

Lie down, put slices of raw tomatoes on your face and leave them for 10 to 20 minutes. Or use mashed pulp of tomatoes for open pores.

Summer leaves most of us several shades darker. This is not only due to tanning, but also because the skin loses its moisture and becomes shrivelled in the heat. Pat vinegar lavishly on the sunburnt areas.

Dissolve a pinch of soda bicarb in half a cup of milk and pat on the tanned patches.

Oily skins can be treated by dabbing with rose water. Or

may be caused by tight clothing.

If hangovers are your problem, eat fresh mint or several teaspoons of honey.

The most effective remedy for removing warts is as follows: Dip a freshly cut stem of a betel leaf into a solution of chunam and water, and apply to the wart. Use several such stems. The leaf's sap mixed with chunam will dissolve the wart and prevent recurrence.

Mix almond oil, milk and lemon juice in equal parts, and apply every night on the neck, shoulders and arms. Use light upward strokes for the neck.

Borax mixed with glycerine and rose water makes a mild whitening and softening cream.

# THE PIRAMAL LOOK



**Piramal Mills**  
**Maheshwari Mills**

"If you say 'Would there be no wine' because of drunkenness, then you must say... 'Would there be no night,' because of thieves. And 'Would there be no women,' because of adultery." (St. John Chrysostom in 'HOMILIES')

# IDDIES PROHIBITION IBRIEED CORRUPTION ?

Urmila Puttur

Prohibition has been a recurring phenomenon on the Indian scene. It might be worth looking back into history to avoid some of the pitfalls of the earlier days of the dry law.

The concept of total prohibition was put forth as one of the objectives at the meeting of the All India Prohibition Committee held at Delhi on July 31 of this year. This was attended by the prohibition and chief ministers of the respective states. It is significant that the meeting was inaugurated by the Prime Minister, Mr. Morarji Desai, and attended by the Home Minister, Mr. Charan Singh and the Finance Minister, Mr. H. M. Patel. Certain resolutions were made at the meeting:

1. Complete prohibition within four years. The committee is chalking out a programme by which a 25 per cent cut will be imposed every year so that, within four years, total prohibition could be achieved.
2. With the imposition of prohibition, the exchequer stands to suffer a considerable financial setback, since this will be a block in this major source of revenue. The final decision on how to tackle this issue has been left to the eighth Finance Commission which will be meeting shortly. This decision, if acceptable to the government, will then be discussed with the chief ministers of the various states, and then suitably implemented.
3. The chief ministers made a plea that prohibition be made a concurrent issue so that a uniform policy would encompass

all the states. This would automatically dissolve any problems arising from the interstate differences in policy.

4. It was decided to intensify the education programme and propagate the evils of drinking and the benefits of abstinence through the mass media. In going about this, it was proposed that maximum use be made of woman-power.

5. Also suggested at the conference was the introduction of a substitute, "innocent, healthy and non-alcoholic" drink.

6. Would the prohibition policy affect the tourist trade? This question was also touched upon, and it was decided that the average tourist does not come to India

with the sole purpose of drinking and therefore a negligible percentage would be affected by it.

Instances of prohibition go as far back in history as the *Manu Smriti* which advocated abstinence from wine as it was "unfit to be drunk, unfit to be given, and unfit to be accepted." The tenets of the Islamic Shariah forbid the consumption of intoxicating drinks to Muslims, and fanatical Muslim rulers like Allah-Ud-Din Khilji, in the 14th century, and Aurangzeb, in the 16th century, imposed total prohibition in their empires, with varying degrees of success.

The British came to India and realised the benefits of exploiting the "drink potential" of the coun-

try for revenue. Consequently, in 1790, the first excise laws came into being under the British policy of "maximum taxation with minimum consumption" and, as a result, excise departments were set up with police squads to help in the administration and enforcement of the laws.

Throughout the 19th century, the excise policies were amended to bring in more and more revenue.

By then, a considerable number of the "brown sahibs" had acquired the fashionable British habit of social drinking and many of the middle class were also following suit.

In 1900, at the Congress session at Lahore, members expressed alarm at the growing consumption of liquor since it was so freely available. It was around this time that the Congress instigated "temperance drives" and the first protest took place with the picketing of toddy shops in 1907.

The campaign gained momentum with the freedom struggle, in which stalwarts like Sardar Patel and Mahatma Gandhi were actively involved.

The prohibition policy is incorporated in the Indian Constitution itself — Article 47 lays it down as a Directive Principle, of which the ultimate aim is complete prohibition.

During the post-independence period, the Congress made prohibition an election issue, and included it in the manifesto. In Maharashtra, total prohibition was brought about in April 1950. This was the culmination of a four-year-long period, during which the quota of sales was progressively minimised by 25 per cent annually.

## ALLEGATION of CORRUPTION in the PROHIBITION DEPARTMENT

Year (1)	Against Field Staff (2)	Against Office Staff (3)	Total (4)
1944-45	2	-	2
1945-46	5	1	6
1946-47	6	1	7
1947-48	8	5	13
1948-49	12	3	15
1949-50	9	2	11
1950-51	7	3	10
1951-52	2	1	3
1952-53	2	1	3
1953-54	3	-	3
1954-55	6	3	9
1955-56	2	2	4
1956-57	5	-	5
1957-58	-	3	3
1958-59	6	-	6
1959-60	-	-	*
1960-61	3	1	4
1961-62	9	1	10
1962-63	2	-	2
1963-64	4	2	6
1964-65	3	3	6
1965-66	2	6	8
1966-67	13	4	17
1967-68	7	3	10
1968-69	*	*	9
1969-70	*	*	8
1970-71	*	*	10
1971-72	*	*	15
1972-73	*	*	16

\* Figures not available

## NET REVENUE OF THE PROHIBITION AND EXCISE DEPARTMENT

Year	Gross Revenue in Rs.	Net Revenue in Rs.
1943-44	5,30,10,926	4,75,72,318
1944-45	7,46,51,795	6,86,44,598
1945-46	8,74,20,415	7,86,96,369
1946-47	9,56,83,406	8,70,04,007
1947-48	8,31,99,108	7,28,34,819
1948-49	6,24,73,965	5,20,29,189
1949-50	4,13,30,547	3,35,48,073
1950-51	1,12,04,927	55,34,693
1951-52	96,07,233	52,63,052
1952-53	96,26,733	62,89,839
1953-54	99,88,332	70,45,130
1954-55	89,73,736	59,57,975
1955-56	78,82,934	45,06,506
1956-57	2,21,29,361	1,82,54,238
1957-58	1,59,53,117	1,15,67,546
1958-59	1,21,89,991	75,08,469
1959-60	74,64,798	39,32,989
1960-61	70,07,879	37,62,606
1961-62	1,28,14,889	98,59,104
1962-63	1,49,23,961	1,16,71,687
1963-64	1,74,65,583	1,41,20,643
1964-65	3,06,19,542	2,70,00,289
1965-66	3,27,27,523	2,89,46,315
1966-67	3,77,63,035	3,36,97,626
1967-68	4,17,96,950	3,68,64,259
1968-69	5,53,45,709	4,95,59,445
1969-70	7,28,03,523	6,53,88,266
1970-71	6,83,57,243	6,08,34,424
1971-72	7,89,77,541	7,11,20,459
1972-73	10,12,89,407	9,27,70,520



# Industrial Times

HIGHLIGHTS OF OCTOBER 10, 1977

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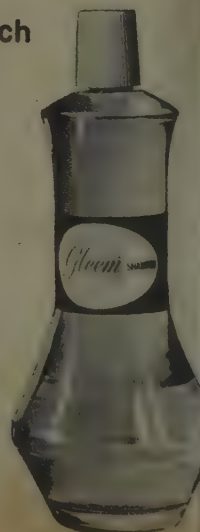
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## DOES PROHIBITION BREED CORRUPTION?

After more than a decade, the Government of Maharashtra was not quite satisfied with prohibition as the solution to the drink problem. Illicit liquor dens were rampant and people had evolved various tactics to evade the law.

In 1963, the Government announced a rationalisation of its prohibition policy. "Health permits" were liberally issued to persons over forty years of age. In 1968, the foreign liquor rules were amended and drinks with three per cent to five per cent alcoholic content, like toddy, were allowed for those above 21 years of age.

However, these measures were not enough to curb the activities of illicit distillers, smugglers, and traffickers, who had developed clandestine means of carrying on their trades. The illicit liquor tragedies of Khopoli and Ghatkopar further augmented the fact that these measures were a failure.

In 1972, there was a further revision of the policy. Within this liberalised framework, permits were granted to persons over 21 years of age at a nominal charge of Rs. 10. Liquor-vending licences were also easily accessible and liquor shops sprouted up around the city at strategic points. Government-approved country liquor was also made available at Rs. 5 a bottle.

During the Emergency, on October 2, 1975, the Centre issued guidelines for preparing the ground for an ultimate prohibition policy for the entire nation. According to the Prohibition Minister of Maharashtra, the 12-point prohibition programme did not envisage a total ban on consumption of liquor but emphasised the need to curb "demonstrative drinking" in public and the general consumption of liquor.

An offshoot of prohibition is the menace of bootlegging and illicit liquor. In Bombay, illicit liquor is distilled at Dharavi, Matunga, Raoli Hill, Juhu, Ghatkopar, Varsova, Mahim, Mahul, Sion, Kalina, Jogeshwari and Malad.

Two factors are considered important for the location of these places: unapproachability, and convenience for the storing of the liquor.

The preparation of the drink is something that requires imagination and individual talent. Used battery cells, "navsagar," french polish, insects, methyl alcohol, anything that would make the "kick" more action-packed are added to the brew.

The ghastly tragedies in the last two years in Madras, Ahmedabad, Surat, Indore and Ghatkopar, very recently, in Delhi, where hundreds were killed and/or maimed for life are grim evidence of the havoc these concoctions can wreak on the populace. Illicit liquor is indulged in for one main

reason—the non-availability of a cheap, authorised, intoxicating drink. A negligible percentage go in for it for the better 'kick.'

It is believed that prohibition and illicit liquor sales are inversely affected. Pro-prohibitionists, however, have other views.

The late Shri Kondand Rao, Chairman of the Servants of India Society, and member of the committees for prohibition, pointed out that if bootlegging is a criterion of the success or failure of prohibition, then there should, logically speaking, be no bootlegging in the wet areas. However, his studies in Madhya Pradesh, during 1963-64, when there were simultaneously wet and dry areas

defenders are dealt with has brought the police department considerable criticism.

Pascal is a bootlegger in the Khar area with an "image." He sells "good, clean stuff," and he has respectable middle class among his clientele. He assures the safety of the customer and goes to great lengths to safeguard it. For instance, if his place is "raided," the customers are let out through the back door and a few of his own boys are rounded up. In case of a "genuine" raid, the customers who are clamped in the police van are, somewhere along the way, substituted with persons from Pascal's own entourage. In most cases, however,

the police. However, they still lack the proper equipment required for this function.

According to one Excise official, efforts are also being made to introduce deterrent penalties and revise the approach towards the arrest and conviction of offenders. To date, they have been conducted in a haphazard manner, with the offenders at times being let off with a meagre fine. Most often, the person booked is not the King Pin but merely one of the "boys."

The flaws in the procedure have been pointed out time and again. There are not enough men on the beat; the "panch" witnesses are made to sign the "panchnama" after the arrest is made and often they refuse to support the claims of the police in court. In some cases, the chemical analyser's report of the illicit liquor sample is not given within the stipulated period, and the offender is let off. Another complaint is that the police department is not properly equipped to handle the bootlegging in some situations. For example, those along the marshy tracts of Danda make their escape in tiny boats called "tonis," which the police lack.

Prohibition will deprive the state of crores of rupees by way of revenue received through sales and excise tax on alcoholic beverages, besides causing unemployment and giving an impetus to the illicit liquor trade. In Maharashtra alone, about 200,000 vendors depend on licensed business. In May this year, 500 of the liquor vendors, headed by Mr. B. D. Killedar, president of the Vendors' State Federation, offered to quit the business if their losses incurred by the wavering prohibition policy were compensated for.

The incidence of alcohol is found to be more in countries where an ambivalent attitude prevails towards it.

Pro-prohibitionists claim that what they are trying to avoid is the pernicious approach of liquor manufacturers in the West. In the U.K., for example, a large liquor company manufactures chocolates for children with a small percentage of liquor, so that children are free to inculcate the taste for liquor from a young age. A similar application for the manufacture of liquor chocolates in India has been turned down.

"Even in these societies, where liquor has become a way of life, there is a small but growing trend towards the imposition of discipline in drinking habits. In the U.K. and Switzerland, there are the temperance groups. In Switzerland, more than a 100 drink-free hotels are run by this group. In France, the Prime Minister himself is the Chairman of the Community for Sober Living.

But, as one lay person remarked, "People do not need a reason to drink. People in affluent societies drink because they have the money and the inclination. People in poor countries drink to drown their frustrations."

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within the state, prove the contrary.

Mr. S. H. Adivrekar, Director (Education) of the Prohibition and Excise Department, is of the opinion that bootlegging "is an independent phenomenon. Prohibition or no prohibition, the offence exists in some degree or the other. Only, in one case it is called a prohibition offence, in the other an excise offence."

The existence of "hatbhatti" and illicit liquor "addas" under the very nose of the local police; their interest in the trade and acceptance of "hafta;" and the haphazard manner in which of-

a raid follows only after prior intimation has reached Pascal.

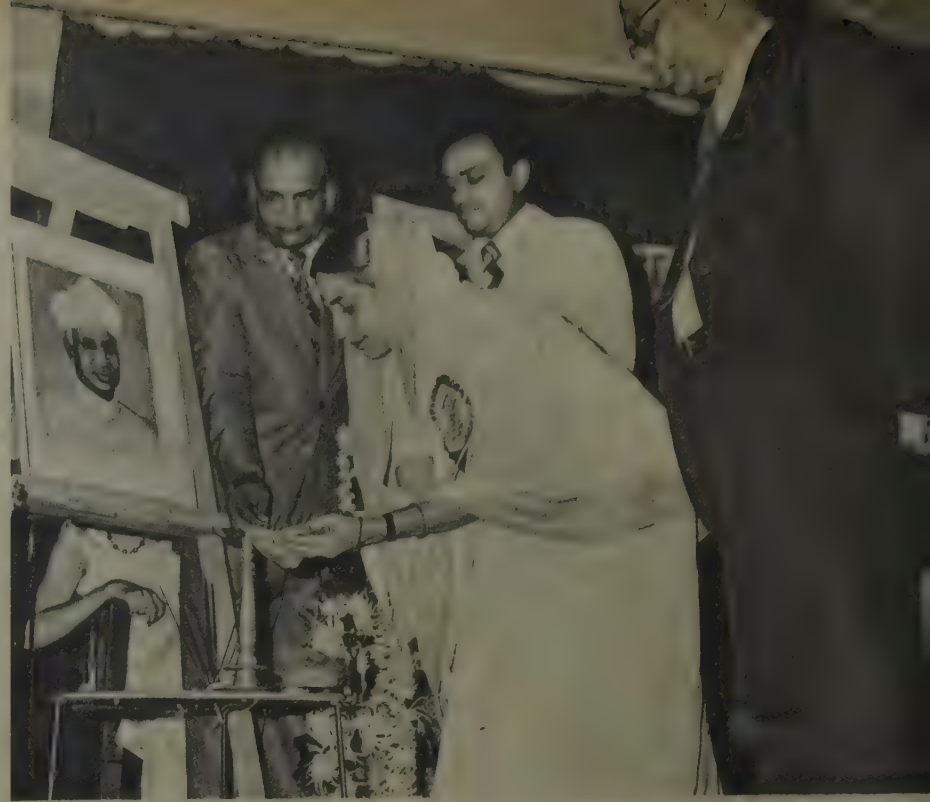
Such instances are common and every locality can boast of its own bootlegger.

In 1948, the prevention, detection, investigation and prosecution of offences under the Prohibition Act were transferred to the Police Department from the Excise Department. A special Prohibition Intelligence Branch was also created to look into cases alleged to be committed by the local police staff. This year, the Excise Department has once again taken over some of its earlier functions of detecting offences along with

**people and events**



Seen at Hita Pandya's dance recital in Bombay, presented by the Nalanda Dance Research Centre, are from left Kanak Rele, principal, Nalanda, Mr. B. R. Chopra, who presided, Hita, and chief guest Mr. K. L. Khandpur, chairman, Central Board of Film Censors.



Seen at the fund-collection drive on Teachers' Day in Bombay is State Education Minister Pratibha Patil. With her are Mayor Murli Deora (centre) who presided, and Mr. C. Sheth and Dr. J. K. Somani (1st & 3rd from left), chairmen of the Fund Committee.



ABOVE: Nafisa Ali speaks at An Evening with Beauty Queens of Eve's Weekly (seen at far right) arranged by the Rotary Club of Bombay Mid Town. Seated are, from left, Mr. Bhupendra Shah, one of the organisers, Khalid Ansari, hon. gen. sec., Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, editor, Eve's Weekly and Star & Style, who compered the show, and Mr. Sam Daruwalla, president of the Club.



BELOW: Seen at the Ramon Bonus Bonanza lucky draw held at Rupkala, Madras, are from left, Mr. Gopi Advani of Rupkala, Mr. Narayanaswamy of Ramon Bonus Stamps, Mrs. S. Kuruvilla of Eve's Weekly, screen artiste Chandrakala and Mr. Inder Advani of Rupkala.



ABOVE: Dr. Usha Bhargava, President elect of the Delhi Mid-Town Inner Wheel Club, delivering the presidential address. On her right are chief guest Rajmata Vijaya Scindia, and Manju Vaish.

RIGHT: Mrs. Kamla Gidwani presents two newly-released Sindhi cassettes to CM Vasant Rao Patil, in Bombay. Seen with her are Mr. Ram Panjwani (left) and Mr. Hundaldas Sainani.



## bombay

Mr. G. B. Udeshi, (49), blinded at 11, is now starting his own factory at Badlapur, to manufacture items like plastic screens, stickers, greeting cards, gold embossings and brief cases.

Mr. Vijay Merchant, President, National Association for the Blind, announced this at a Press conference. Most of Mr. Udeshi's employees too are physically handicapped. The funds for the factory have been loaned by the Central Bank.

Mr. Udeshi has been supplying these articles on contract, for many years now. His wife Prabha, also blind, is a partner in the firm and plans to start a Griha Udyog to help the women of Badlapur.

Professors and students of the S. V. T. College of Home Science (S. N. D. T. Woman's University) attended a Crash Programme on "Memory Efficiency" which was sponsored by the Memory Training Academy (India). Inaugurating the programme, Director Mr. K. S. Vaz stated that our educational system was only semi-effective as a process of how to learn, retain and recall the imparted classroom material is totally lacking in it.

Ranjan Parekh, Vice-Principal, introduced the programme. Dr. Warty and Prof. D'Souza were the programme co-ordinators.

Urvashi will hold an exhibition of their exclusive collection of handprinted saris and matching blousepieces, salwar sets, and organdie, kota, and hand-made kalamkari sarees. The exhibition cum-sale will be held at Aakar Art Gallery from October 9-11, 1977, from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. everyday.

The Rotary Club of Bombay Mid Town organised an 'Evening with Beauty Queens' of Eve's Weekly at the Taj. Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, editor, Eve's Weekly and Star & Style, compered the show and introduced the beauty queens, who later mingled with the guests. Filmstars Neetu Singh, Parveen Babi, Katy Mirza and Rishi Kapoor were the guests of honour on this grand occasion. Mr. Bhupendra Shah, one of the organisers, proposed the vote of thanks.

The partners of "The Thweet", Ranjeet Surve and Geeta Marwah, will hold an exhibition of casual and formal children's clothes designed by them at the Symroza Art Gallery, from October 9-11. The two also make clothes to order.

Mrs. Kamla Gidwani, producer of pre-recorded Sindhi cassettes, presented two newly released Sindhi cassettes entitled "Sindhi Sangeet" and "Nuri Je Qadaman Ke Anjali" (Sindhi bhajans) to

the C.M. of Maharashtra, Vasantdada Patil on the occasion of the 'Jhule Lal' Festival.

The Travel Corporation (I) Pvt. Ltd. (TCI), the largest travel and tour organiser in India, has received the Government of India Tourism Award securing the 1st place among the travel agencies in foreign exchange earnings for tourism in 1976. The award is given in recognition of the contribution made to international travel and is symbolised in the movement of a bird taking flight from the globe.

The award was presented by the Minister of Tourism and Civil Aviation, Mr. Purushottam Lal Kaushik, at the Ashoka Hotel, New Delhi. Mr. Nariman J. Katgara, Director of TCI, received the award and the scroll containing the citation on behalf of the Company.

At present, TCI operates a sea-side resort at Bangaram Island (Lakshadweep) with Hotel Corporation of India and will establish its own sea-side resort at Andaman Islands near Port Blair. TCI also promotes tours to Leh (in the province of Jammu and Kashmir, the Northern-most tip of India) and will start operating its resort hotel at Leh shortly.

## delhi

The Union Education Minister, Dr. Pratap Chunder released "Mahatma Gandhi, A Contemporary Perspective," by Dr. Anima Bose, in New Delhi. He emphasised that it is important to understand Gandhi in our day and time. He also commended Dr. Bose's work abroad where she has initiated courses on Gandhian studies, in the universities of St. Louis, Georgetown, Portland State and Wooster. Besides the U.S.A., Dr. Bose has also taught in West Germany and England. Dr. R. R. Diwakar, Mr. Radhakrishna and Dr. L. M. Singhvi of the Supreme Court also spoke on the occasion.

Dr. Bose is the President of the University Women's Association of Delhi, and the Vice-President of the Indian Society of Gandhian Studies.

Dr. Usha Bhargawa was installed as President of the Delhi Mid-Town Inner-Wheel Club at the Oberoi Hotel. A popular figure in Delhi's educational and social circles, Rajmata Vijaya Raje Scindia was the chief guest. In her speech, the Rajmata exhorted the women to adopt values which should not be a blind emulation of either traditional or ultra-modern mores.

Mrs. Lakshmi Raghuramiah, President, All-India Women's Conference, along with other members, went to the flood affected Najafgarh village near Delhi. They distributed atta, spices, pul-

ses, ghee, sugar, tea, bread, buns and biscuits and clothes. They also distributed medicines.

## calcutta

Mr. and Mrs. Kanwaljit Singh of Autosales Corporation held a delightful cocktail party at their residence.

Prominent among the guests present were Mr. K. C. Basu, a former speaker of the West Bengal Assembly, Mr. K. R. Patel, Hon. Consul General of Philippines, Miss Mira Mazoomdar, Director, Calcutta T. V. Centre, Mr. Daljit Singh, General Manager of Coca-cola, Mr. G. S. Paul of Calcutta Port Trust and Mrs. Paul, Mr. S. M. Luthra, President, All Nations Club, and Mrs. Luthra.

The party was followed by a musical session.

An impressive function was held at the Marine Engineering College on the occasion of the passing-out parade and graduation ceremony, at which Mr. A. L. Dias, Governor of West Bengal, took the salute.

Mrs. Joan Dias gave away the prizes to the deserving cadets. Capt. Srivastava (IN) is the head of the college.

## madras

The Right Reverend Sundar Clarke, Bishop of Madras, at a press conference at the New Woodlands Hotel, explained the details of the India Good News Festival, and the visit of Dr. Billy Graham in December. Dr. Akbar Abdul Haqq, Associate of Dr. Billy Graham and Dr. Walter R. Grist, Director for India, were present at the press conference. Members of the press and some active Christian workers were also present.

A Ramon Bonus Bonanza was held at Rupkala, Mount Road, at which cine artiste Chandrakala picked the lucky numbers. Mr. Narayanaswamy, Manager of Ramon Bonus Stamps, was in charge of the arrangements, helped by Inder and Gopi Advani, partners of Rupkala.

## bangalore

Mrs. Chitra Krishnan, President of the Montessory Preparatory Committee, gave the welcome address to the trainees and invitees at a special function organised at the Kamala Bai Girls High School, to mark the inauguration of this nine month course. Mr. Lakshman Rau, Corporation Administrator, presided. Mrs. Nag-anand proposed a vote of thanks.

## world of eve



### VIJAYARANI MOEHL

Her fine rendering of emotional roles brought Vijayarani Moehl, a prominent figure on the Hindi stage of Bombay, the Best Actress Award for her role in "Badha" in the 14th Maharashtra State Dramatic Competition held in 1974-75, and a silver medal in 1976-77 for her role in "Ateet Ki Parchhaaian".

She has acted in more than 15 plays of which two are Gujarati and one Marathi. She joined the Reserve Bank in 1973, and made her acting debut that very year. She is active in the Bank's Drama Club.

A double post-graduate from St. Xavier's College, Bombay, she is doing a course in Management Studies. She is also a member of IPTA and Natya Shilpi.

She has also learned Kathak under Pandit Gauri Shankar. She feels that the drama troupes should go to the villages to awaken and educate the villagers against many social ills. The Government should aid plays financially.

### VEENA PAINTAL



When a shy 16-year old gets married to a senior army officer, there are bound to be periods of loneliness and disillusionment. When Veena was confronted with such a situation in 1947, she created a world for herself, the world of paints and brushes, of the sitar and of roses. But never for a moment did she imagine that she would become a novelist.

Married to Lt. General Rajinder Singh Paintal, right now she has only one worry: "I may not live long enough to finish the 60 themes I have outlined on paper for my novels."

Veena is an organised, highly disciplined and basically a solitary writer. "I feel God gave me life only to write. The act of writing creates an earthquake inside me. Even if I do not get published, at least there is a release." Currently she is writing romances for Hind Pocket Books.

So far she has written Autumn Leaf, Serenity in Storm and Link in the Broken Chain. She has won the 1st prize at the All India Artists' Exhibition for her creation 'Peace'.

hi ya honey!

Wanted a table for a lady, with a wooden top. That's my wife

By an Alves called Johnnie

Honey, one of the things I did not bargain for in the marriage contract, is going out shopping with the wife. Going out shopping without her is bad enough. I never seem to buy the right things and am generally at the receiving end when I get back home. But then wives never give full and complete instructions, do they? When she says "John go out and get me a jar of jam," with never a "please"—prefixed or suffixed—I, as a husband of several years' experience, am expected to know by the tone of her voice, or the time of day, which particular jam she intends.

The last time I came home with a jar of jam, I was told "How could you, John! Knowing full well that I wanted to make jam tarts and no normal housewife makes jam tarts except with raspberry jam." How easily this normal housewife forgets the time I was dangling over the awning of the verandah for five minutes waiting for the pair of pliers I had asked for, and was given a screw driver.

And the chaps behind the counter never attempt to make life easier either. Looking at the long list in my hand, I say "May I have some bread please?" "Do you want it whole or sliced?" "Oh it doesn't matter really," and when I return home she has a frown that would scare the hell out of Hitler. "You must always create extra work for me. I wanted sliced bread for sandwiches."

Any normal husband would yell: "Then why the bloody hell didn't you say so," and spoil the entire week-end. But marriage Encounter, 30 years of slavery, and common sense have taught me better.

Last week I paid my radio licence in less than 10 minutes. It would have been in two, if it hadn't been for the old lady ahead of me, enquiring why she should pay a whole year's licence fee when her radio did not work for seven months in the year. The counter clerk told her everything, except what to do with the radio.

I always like collecting my

Diwali. Then, little short of reporting me directly to Sanjay Gandhi, he gave me a ten-minute lecture on the benefits of family planning and how people like me were responsible for the bad shape of the economy of any country. When I told him that my youngest son was born before Sanjay Gandhi was, he produced a receipt in less than one minute. So much for virility.

It's when she sends me to repair the gadgets in the house, that I spend my most embarrassing moments. The mixer was a constant source of irritation because every time she put it on, the fuse would blow off. I really did not mind this, as I had taught her how to replace the fuse. But on two successive occasions, the mixer blew the fuse off when I was fully lathered and ready for a shave. A calculated mischief designed to force the husband to get the gadget repaired.

## Shopping For The Spouse

wife's dresses from the tailor, because they are never ready.

It was at the bank that I got into an unpleasant argument. I was depositing my son's monthly savings when the clerk, a meek looking fellow who could do with a large helping of daily Boost, turned to me and, in the new national fervour, said "Your only son, I suppose." Not wanting to stop him writing the receipt, I did not tell him that it was none of his damn business. I merely made a bold display of masculinity and said, "As a matter of fact, my fifth child."

He stopped writing and looked at me as if I were responsible for the oil and ghee shortage during

So I took it to the local repair man. One look at the mixer and he spent half a minute looking at the Heavens and another half a minute at me. "Been with the family for a long time I presume? I mean the mixer. It's an ancestral hand-me-down, isn't it? I am sorry I cannot help you. I stopped repairing this model 25 years ago."

"But what should I do with it?" I blurted out, hoping he'd tell me who else to take it to. "I am sorry Sir," he said, looking at the Heavens again, "I am not sore yet, but don't try my patience, or I'll be forced to tell you what to do with it."

Until next time then.

## QUIZ

HEGMAN

leaders, who was not murdered?  
Ceasar, Gandhiji, Socrates, Becket.

9. Where is 1) Meenambakam airport 2) Begumpet airport?

10. What is the fluid or substance that is treated to become "yoghurt"?

11. What are the first names of the following world leaders?  
a) Mr. Bhutto b) Mr. Sadat c) Mrs. Thatcher.

12. What was the great "first" achieved by the wife of Russian Cosmonaut Andrian G. Nikolayer?

13. Which queen killed herself by holding an asp?

14. If husband partners a wife, who should partner a witch?

1. Helen of Troy.  
2. High Commissioner.  
3. Vixen.  
4. In Mali, West Africa.  
5. He lived in a barrel.

6. Mohammed.  
7. Polygamy & polyandry.  
8. Socrates. He poisoned himself.  
9. 1) Madras 2) Hyderabad.  
10. Milk — yoghurt is also called curds.  
11. a) Zulfikar b) Anwar c) Margaret.  
12. She was the first (and only) woman to go into space. Her more familiar name is Valentina Tersch-kova.  
13. Cleopatra.  
14. Wizard or warlock.

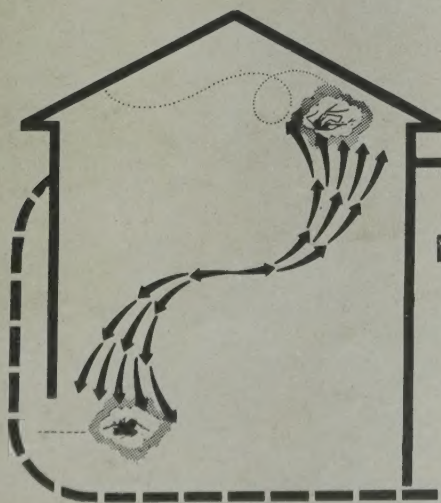
ANSWERS

- Whose abduction caused a 20-year war?
- The Indian envoy to Washington is called an ambassador. What is the Indian envoy to the court of St. James known as?
- What do we call a female fox?
- Where is Timbuktu?
- Diogenes, the cynic, solved his housing problem in a unique way. How?
- Who was the prophet who was born in 570 A.D.?
- What are the terms used for plurality of wives and plurality of husbands respectively?
- Among these famous

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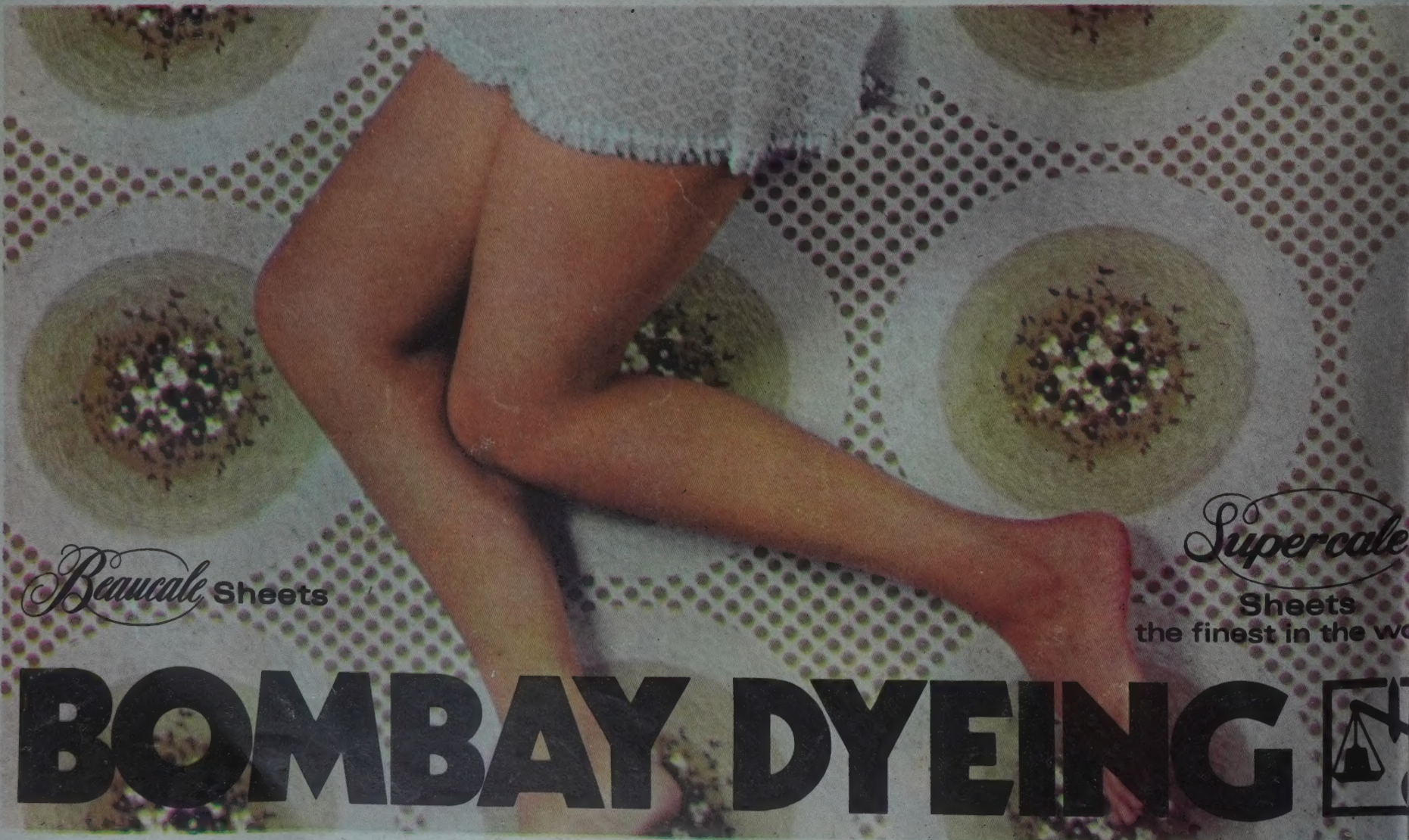
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