

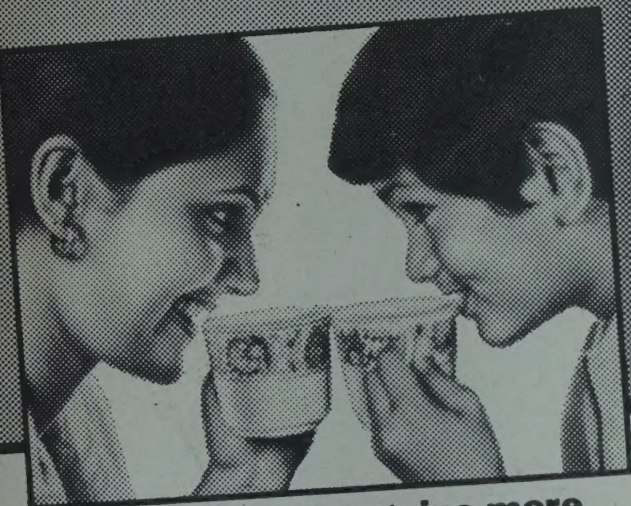
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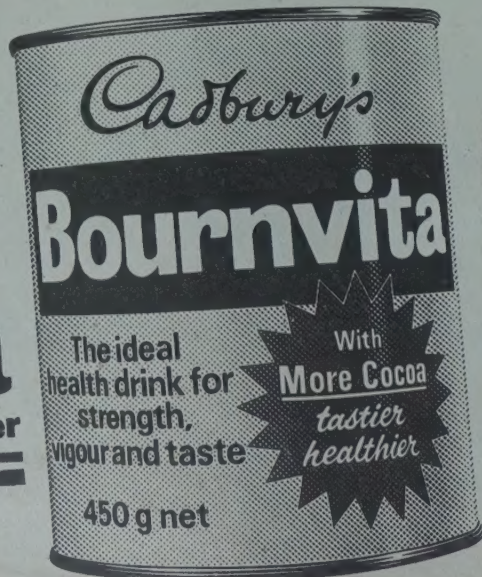
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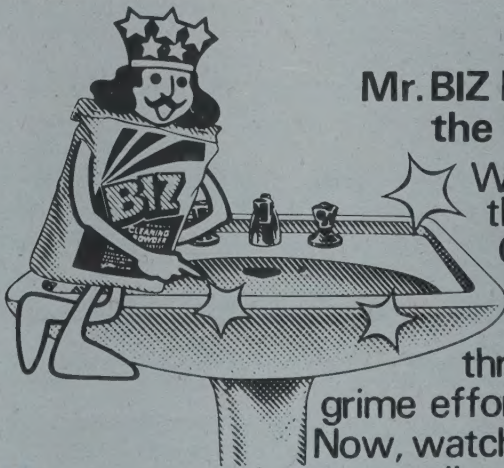
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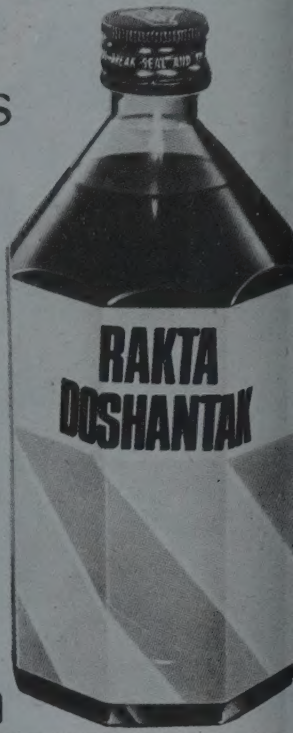
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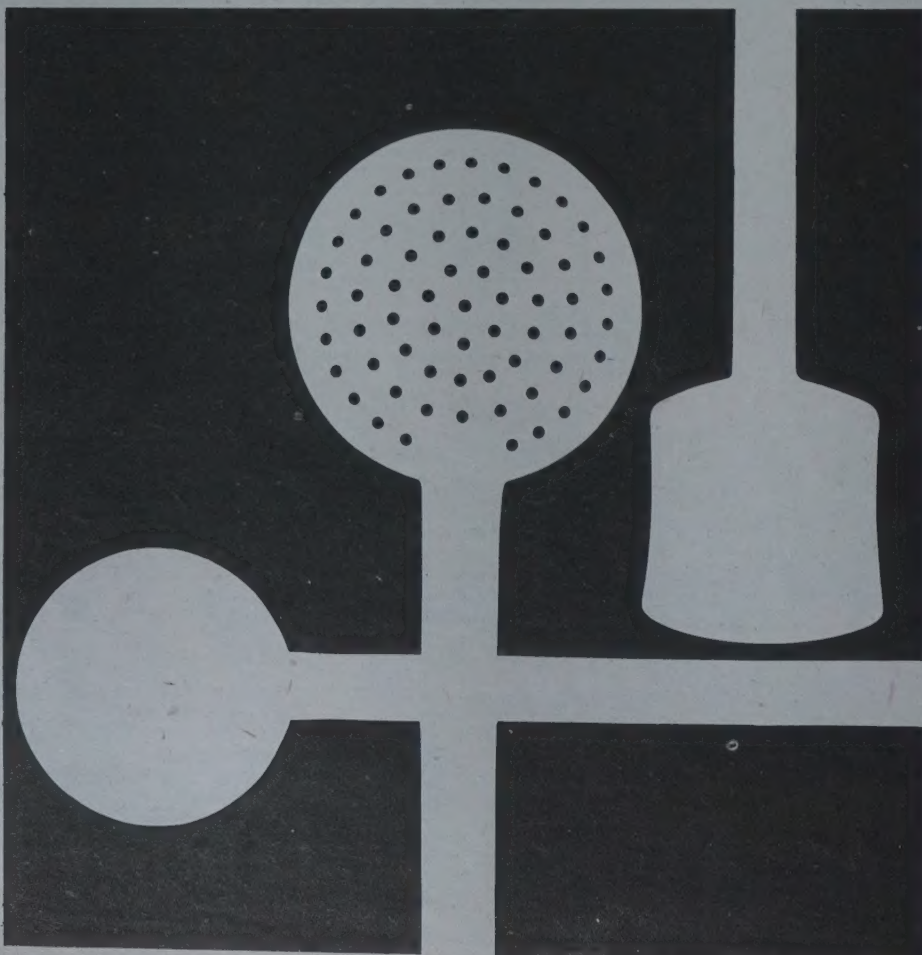
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**AWUNGSHI SHIMRAY
CHONTINGLA**

Hailing from the romantic village of Shiroy, 96 kilometres from picturesque Imphal, Awungshi belongs to a chieftain's family. A Tangkhul Naga of Manipur, she was taught, as most Naga girls are, the delicate art of weaving. But at the same time Awungshi is a modern country belle who is undeterred by the hectic pace of life in the city. On the contrary she loves it.

Having passed the Higher Secondary Examination last year from Ukhrul, Awungshi is currently a student at the Union Christian College, Barapani. Political Science intrigues her, but she plans to study for her master's before she decides on a career.

Gifted with a melodious voice—and a musical name—Awungshi Shimray Chontingla sings soprano and is an active member of the college choir.

Photograph: Pankaj Shah

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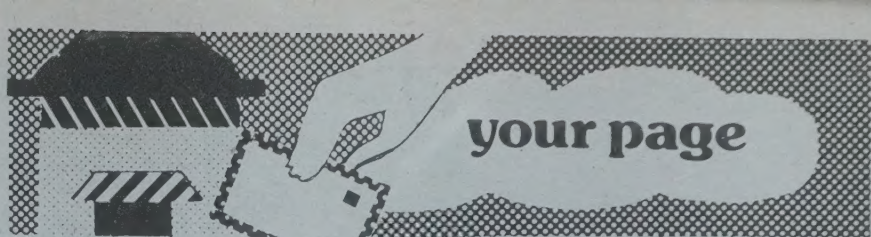
**THE LONELY
WIDOW**

I have always had a great admiration for the strength of will, single-minded determination and courage of a widow bringing up her children with little or no outside help. There are innumerable reasons why a widow shies away from remarriage; the predominant reason, more often than not, is her family, the fear that they may have an unfair deal, they may be the losers in the gamble. So she decides to play safe, she continues to wage a single-handed battle against a million odds.

Yet try as she might, we are told a lone parent is unable to cater for all a child's needs. A child needs the love, understanding, sympathy and kindness of a mother as much as he needs a father's love, protection, guidance and disciplining force. They can together provide him with the ideal set-up: a true home life. Is a widow right, therefore, in rejecting the prospects of a sensible remarriage, is it proper for her to sacrifice her basic needs to protect her children? More important than this, is she doing right by her children, are the very ones she is striving to protect being deprived of something very essential in life? These aspects claimed deep thought when I met a young girl who had an admirable home life and good relations with her mother, step father and half brothers. I wondered, if the girl's mother had persisted in facing the unequal odds of widowhood, would she be the happy mother she is today? Would her young daughter be the same well-adjusted person without a father? It would be a pity, indeed, if after years of toil and sacrifice a widow were to realise her efforts have merely been an exercise in frustration and futility.

Mrs. D. Khan Hyderabad

It is a crucial decision to make. If the widow is strong, economically independent, capable and in good health, she can bring up the children alone and avoid the possible pitfalls of a second marriage. Yes, children do need a father... but better no father, than a cruel or indifferent one. A widow with children is usually considered a liability, by men.



your page



OH, WOMEN

You women are a special species. You cry for equality with the other sex, yet you deplore it when it comes. You march miles with banners in your hands and blisters on your toes demanding the same privileges as men, and yet, when the police lathi-charge your morchas, you call it brutality against the fairer sex. You ask for equal attention and yet, when a man happens to slap your shoulder with the same bonhomie he would another man, you call it eve-teasing and taking advantage of a helpless woman.

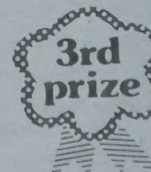
You demand the same working rights as men, yet when a senior officer passes you with a curt "Morning" you bother your heads with thoughts of his rudeness. You long for a friendly, platonic relationship with the other sex, and yet when he fails to talk of love, you cry your hearts out. You talk of the day when a man and a woman will be treated as equals, and yet when he fails to offer you his seat in the bus or to open the door, you rail against the manners of the present age and the appalling lack of chivalry.

Women, women! You cry, you sob, you weep... you use your fatal feminine charms to get anything you want—be it an ice-cream, pocket-money or what you will—and then, when you have it, you forget all about it.

Women are, as said, a special species.

Anand Mark, Hyderabad

We agree that if women expect to take out morchas—and act militant—they can also expect to be lathi-charged. But if you think that all that back-slapping is done with bonhomie for an equal, you are mistaken. Men are notoriously quick to take advantage of a seemingly modern woman—in fact, they are a special species, too!



**BITTER
CHARITY**

We live in an affluent area and it's quite a casual "happening" for our neighbours and friends to whizz off abroad and live a good life in general. Therefore, it was a very ex-

cited 9-year-old who came home the other day and forgetting everything else she tripped off merrily to collect donations for the blind. After each trip her face fell, and she was quite downcast. "Mama," she declared hurt over her eye-opening experience, "the richer they are the lesser they are giving. The servants, drivers and ayahs are better; they're giving the same amount even when I never asked them!"

My daughter has had her initiation into the 'grown up' world but it has left me wondering: Do the nouveau-riche have no generous feelings for genuine causes?

M., Bombay

So your little girl has learnt an important lesson: the more you have, the more you don't give. It is sad, but it is true: and one hopes that by precept and example you will be able to soften the blow...

WHAT, NO MEN?

Professor Carlo Sirtori, an Italian and head of the Carlo Erbo Medical Foundation, Milan, has said that the human race may one day come to be composed of entirely females because of smog and pollution. This is because the chromosome responsible for producing a male baby is more sensitive to the injurious effects of air pollution. Statistics already show a swing to more female babies being born, from 100 girls for every 105 boys to 150 girls per 100 boys.

At this rate the human race will become extinct or nature will, sooner or later, evolve a human hermaphrodite, don't you think? Or should we store enough semen banks—no, that will not solve the problem.

Anyhow, if the world consists of all females only, many of our other problems will be solved

P. Pathak, Bangalore

Oh dear, it would be a drab world without men. Whom would we argue and fight with?

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JOTHI VENKATACHALAM
**KERALA'S
NEW
GOVERNOR**

*Mrs. Venkatachalam brings
to her high office a keen
interest in public affairs and
dedication to social service*

For someone who is new to the politically volatile state of Kerala Mrs. Jothi Venkatachalam, the new Governor, has found herself "in the thick of it" all too soon. Within hours after being the first woman Governor of Kerala, Mrs. Venkatachalam was under fire from the opposition for expressing her good wishes to the Chief Minister, Mr. A. K. Antony, who was contesting a by-election to the state legislative assembly from the Kazhakootam constituency. The Chief Minister's opponent was supported by the political party to which she herself belonged till the other day. Wishing Mr. Antony well was politically perhaps a rash remark, but it provides the key to Mrs. Venkatachalam's nature — simplicity. Despite two terms of minister-ship, Mrs. Venkatachalam remains basically unaffected by petty political considerations.

This essential simplicity of nature is perhaps the greatest asset of 60-year-old Mrs. Venkatachalam. Her friends recall that it was this trait in her character which enabled her to take up the arduous task of implementing prohibition in Tamil Nadu when she was appointed as a member of the late C. Rajagopalachari's cabinet 24 years ago. She was, at that time, the first woman to be appointed as a minister in any state. Incidentally, she is the first Tamilian woman to be appointed as Governor.

It has been acknowledged by her admirers and detractors alike that prohibition has never been as successful in Tamil Nadu as during the time when Mrs. Venkatachalam was the Minister in charge. She, however, modestly ascribes this success to the crusading zeal of the political leaders of that period in the implementation of the dry law as well as the fact that "there was no pride in those days in drinking openly."

Her next stint as a Minister began in 1962, when the late Kamaraj Nadar invited her to join his cabinet. This time also she was entrusted with a portfolio which was closely connected with the kind of



work dear to her heart — social work. As Health Minister, she didn't confine her work to administrative activities alone. With the active co-operation of non-government agencies, several schemes for the improvement of public health were taken up. Mrs. Venkatachalam was singularly fortunate in having developed, as a social worker, definite ideas about community health and the ways to eradicate communicable diseases long before she became Health Minister.

With the dedication that comes to one who is more of a social worker than a politician, she pushed through some schemes for the eradication of malaria, filaria and small-pox. Malaria was completely eradicated from Tamil Nadu during her term in office. What was perhaps most remarkable about the implementation of these schemes, people associated with them recall, was that they were taken up without the fanfare that is usually associated with such programmes.

Three medical colleges — in Thirunelveli, Thanjavur and Coimbatore in Tamil Nadu were set up during her tenure in office. At a time when Indian medicine did not receive the type of patronage that it is getting today, Mrs. Venkatachalam moved heaven and earth to facilitate the setting up of the College of Indian Medicine at Palayamkottai.

It is a tribute to Mrs. Venkatachalam's personal qualities that following the split in the Congress, when people with a greater record of service were jumping into the Indira bandwagon, she firmly stood where she was. What is more, when she found that the Congress organisation, which she joined in 1948, was facing a crisis, she willingly came forward to accept a position of leadership. Thus, she was appointed treasurer of the Tamil Nadu Congress (O) committee, a post which she held until the Congress (O) merged with the Janata party. Even after the merger, she was treasurer of the state unit of the Janata party for some time. Earlier, after the Kamaraj ministry went out of office, and the DMK was voted to power, Mrs. Venkatachalam was elected leader of the opposition in the Tamil Nadu assembly.

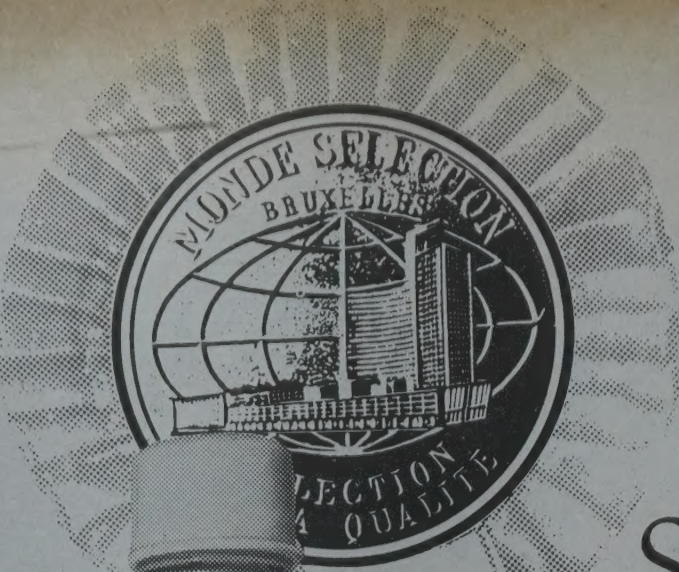
Mrs. Venkatachalam's background and upbringing are factors which will be of immense help to her in giving a good account of herself as Governor of Kerala. Her Harijan lineage and inter-caste parentage alone are enough to strike a note of accord with the people of this state, which has been the haven of ideas championing the cause of the down-trodden.

Her dedication to social work, her keen interest in public affairs as well as her inborn shyness and humility are all factors which are bound to appeal to the people of the state.

Mrs. Venkatachalam was awarded Padma Shri in 1974. After the death of her husband, who came from a rich harijan family of condiment makers she took charge of his business. Mrs. Venkatachalam spends a lot of time on sewing, knitting and handicrafts. On several occasions, she has donated material hand-crafted by her to orphanages. Although at one time she took a keen interest in Carnatic music and enjoyed playing the violin and harmonium, the cares of political office and her preoccupation with her children and grand-children left her with little time to indulge in these pastimes in later life. Hopefully, the tranquillity of the Raj Bhavan in Trivandrum will give her an opportunity to pursue her finer interests in life once again.

Jayan Muruvellil

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In 1976, auditors examining the accounts of the Khadi Gramodyog Board of Kanpur exposed irregularities amounting to Rs. 70 lacs. In Patna this year, the Khadi Sangh defaulted on the payment of provident fund and, in addition to the injury, hundreds of workers were implicated in several criminal cases.

The direction taken by the Khadi movement in recent times is not exactly what its founder had hoped for. Gandhiji had sought to make Khadi the badge of purity, courage and justice as well as of economic self-sufficiency. Today it is becoming instead a symbol for mismanagement, discontentment and violence. The latest blow for Khadi has been the prolonged struggle between the Mumbai Mazdoor Sabha and the management of the Bombay Khadi Gramodyog Sangh.

In the face of all the wrangling the facts are difficult to ascertain. On the one hand union leader Mr. R. J. Mehta, leg propped up on the table, tackling the October heat in a white bunyan cap, stares you with a belligerent glare. Do you mean to say you're going to sit back and allow workers to starve on the wages they're getting? How can you expect this blatant exploitation of workers to continue?"

On the other hand Maniben Nanavati, a trustee of the Sangh, says with the long-suffering air that Khadi wearers seem obliged to assume, "Ours is a no-profit no-loss organisation. Our aim is to serve the needs of the rural poor. It is not to keep up with the industrial sector."

The details of the closure of the Bhandar depend on which side they are seen from. Mr. Mehta impatiently waves aside the questions wobbling out of him. "You listen carefully to what I'm saying. You must first understand the issues at hand."

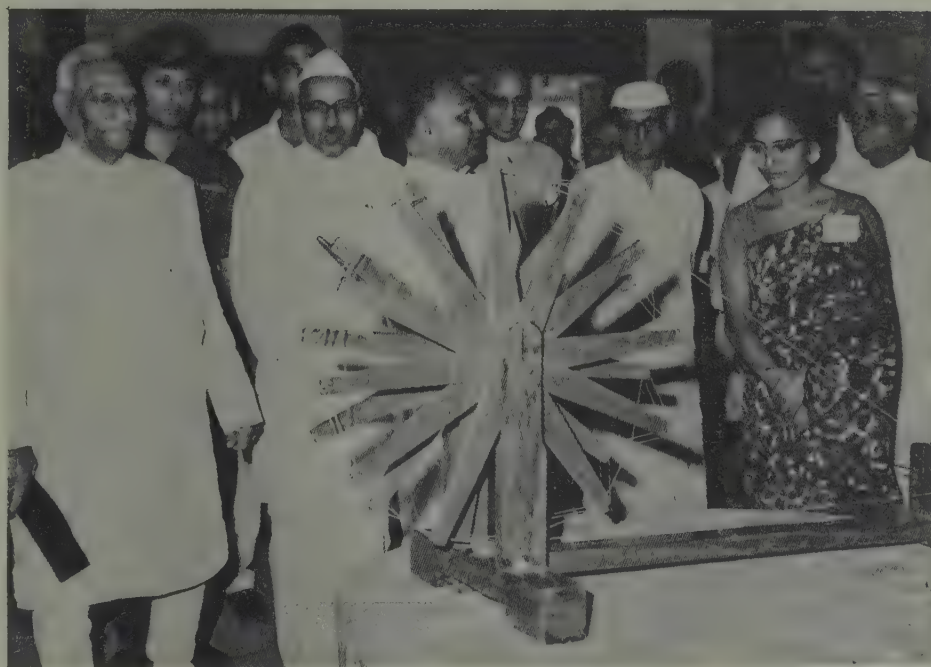
The information is issued in quick aggressive shots. Point number one is the plight of the temporary workers in the suburbs, such as those who make caps, who earn Rs. 3 for every hour day that they put in. This is far below the minimum wage unit fixed by the government, says Mr. Mehta. He feels that they should be paid at least Rs. 10 a month and that the wages of the regular workers which range from Rs. 220 to Rs. 450 should also be doubled. Mehta works himself up to a pitch, declaring that a business which cannot pay its workers the minimum wage has no right to exist. He emphasises on the rural poor and on the development of village handicrafts — "Let's not get emotional about all that." Mehta dismisses the point peremptorily.

The story of the closure of the Bhandar emerges in strangely disjointed bits. The workers' demands, including that for an interim relief payment of Rs. 100 per worker, are referred to the In-



dustrial Court. Negotiations between the union and management begin and break down, resulting in a 103-day closure of the Bhandar. On the 16th of July the workers are back at work but less than two months later, on the 9th of September, the management again declares a lock-out, alleging that some of its officers have been assaulted by the workers. The workers take the matter to court where the management's appeal is rejected, but the emporium still remains closed.

What about the allegations of violence made by the management against the workers? Says



Mr. Mehta, "The Gandhi charkha cannot go with cowardice. Khadi is a symbol of courage. If the management is scared by threats of violence it is not fit to lead." As an afterthought he adds, "We don't encourage violence, but our workers feel that under the pressure they are subjected to, they should be allowed to resort to direct action."

The management version comes to me through Maniben Nanavati, who instructs her interpreter, a smooth, even-tempered, smiling man also in spotless white Khadi, to fill me in on the details. "As you know," he begins, "the main aim of the Khadi Gramodyog Sangh is to encourage village industries. Now in spite of the Rs. one-crore in-

KHADI: a great dream gone sour

Uma Ranganathan

To Gandhiji the charkha was the symbol of a resurgent rural India with every peasant family spinning its way out of its ancient, degrading poverty. Today that dream has gone sour with its idealism forgotten and the dedication evaporated



STOP PRESS

Bombay, November 10: The Bombay Khadi and Village Industries Association opened its emporia in the city on Wednesday, November 9, according to a press release issued by the Mumbai Mazdoor Sabha.

Rs. 35 lakhs whereas the net profit of the Sangh stands at a little over Rs. 4 lakhs.

Of this, Rs. 2 lakhs is to go towards an increase in dearness allowance which has been set at Rs. 20 per worker with effect from January 1977. Another Rs. 1.75 lakhs has been earmarked for an "incentive scheme" under which workers will get a certain amount of money as extra incentive.

According to the Sangh the strike has disrupted the activities of nearly 2 lakh workers and artisans outside the city, in addition to the 450 workers in Bombay, resulting in a loss of over Rs. 84 lakhs in sales and in the closure of the Bhandars in the city.

There it is, a long drawn out battle that gets increasingly involved and bitter each day, and fogs the underlying problems without solving which no gains can be made. Some of the issues being fought over are downright ludicrous. One of these is the workers' reluctance to wear the Khadi caps which form a part of their uniforms. "Why should

interest-free loan from the Khadi Commission, the margin of profit, pre-determined by the Commission itself, is so low (17½ per cent compared to the 50 per cent or so made by the mills) that the profit is negligible compared to what the industrial sector makes. In fact, it is only in the past three years or so that the Sangh has been making any profit."

A major portion of the gross profits, according to the Sangh, is spent on workers' wages. To meet the demands of the striking workers, which include a revision of pay scales, increase in D.A., house rent, education and medical allowances, is absolutely beyond the means of the Sangh. It all adds up to about

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**KHADI:
A GREAT DREAM
GONE SOUR**

...they wear them when they only emphasise their servility?" Mr. Mehta shouts. On the other hand the management insists stubbornly that the workers keep their caps on.

If the city workers suffer in times of crisis, what must be the condition of the rural artisans and weavers who miss out even on the benefits that members of organised labour get? For those outside the purview of trade unions, labour trouble can be lethal. For the duration of the strike or lock-out they have to do without their wages. On the other hand settlement of the issue brings them no extra relief as the scope and interest of unions is confined to city workers.

So, the people for whom the entire Khadi movement was begun in the first place are in fact the people who lose out in the end, and continue to be ignored and exploited by the powers that control the industry.

The solution to most labour problems, especially in the present political and economic set-up, is far from simple. In the case of Khadi it might help to take a look at what was in Gandhiji's mind when he launched the spinning movement. "Through Khadi," he said he was "striving for the equality of all men and women in place of the gross inequality to be witnessed today." Gandhiji had never intended handspinning to "satisfy the economics of getting rich." He considered it an immediate solution to the enforced idleness of many of the rural Indians.

Among the reasons for which Gandhiji launched the Khadi and village industries revolution were that it provided a ready occupation for those who had leisure

and needed to supplement their earnings from agriculture; that the outlay of capital was relatively small; that it would develop an indigenous industry and make India less reliant on foreign technology; that it would provide rural dwellers with enough cloth for their own wear and enable them to sell the surplus.

Unfortunately, Gandhiji's practical solution and his ideals of

self-sufficiency have been smothered in the hands of a cumbersome charitable organisation beset with problems such as the shortage of working capital and the rising cost of raw materials. The subsidies upon which Khadi depends so heavily end up benefiting the urban Khadi wearer instead of the villagers, who were intended to gain from the scheme. Out of a massive turnover of Rs. 290 crores the profit is as little

as Rs. 4 lakhs! For an organisation which claims to be interested in the workers' welfare and in solving rural unemployment a "no-profit no-loss" philosophy makes little sense. It invariably means making a loss (as the Sangh has done till recently) and so defeating the very principle it was based on—that of self-sufficiency.

In the face of these economic hurdles it is difficult to see how the Khadi workers' demands can be easily met. It may seem a harsh thing to say too, but in a country like ours, with 13 million unemployed in the urban areas and over 40 million in the rural areas, the priority inevitably goes to the creation of new jobs rather than an increase in benefits to those already employed.

As far as the Khadi issue in Bombay goes, the immediate need of course is to arrive at a settlement as soon as possible. If there are doubts as to the management of funds as workers have often alleged and as to the amount of profits made, it is up to the government to show more interest in the matter and to order an inquiry into the working of the organisation.

Meanwhile, the management should stop treating the Khadi organisation as a mere charitable body and try to make the scheme more productive and meaningful than it is today. Looking at Khadi from a long-term point of view, it might be more practicable to restrict its sale to the rural areas, so cutting down on transport and other costs; to set up trading agencies in the villages to facilitate the sale of Khadi there and generally to use the movement to upgrade the standard of living in the villages.

Gandhiji was one of the few Indian leaders to recognise the importance of rural uplift. In the absence of attempts to do that, no amount of "progress" in the cities can help.

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QUIZ
'HEGMAN'

1. To split a hair, what is wrong with Donald Duck's name?
2. Which Queen is supposed to have bathed in asses' milk to improve her complexion?
3. What is the Japanese art of flower arrangement called?
4. A Janata M.P. recently won Rs. 10,000 for suggesting the name for an alternative to Coca Cola. What was it?
5. How many revolutions a minute does an L.P. record make?
6. In which year did H. G. Wells write "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"?
7. With what flower do we associate Jawaharlal Nehru?
8. Alphabetically, what is the name of the first Indian to go to space in 1964?
9. India's permanent representative to the U.N.O. is Mr.

- Rikhi Jaipal. Who is the Swiss envoy to the U.N.O.?
10. Who was Shivaji's spiritual Guru?
 11. What is Adam's Ale?
 12. If 3 cats killed 3 rats in 3 minutes, in how many minutes would 100 cats kill 100 rats?
 13. Which world famous boxer was nicknamed "The Louisville Lip"?
 14. Which two peoples fought the Punic Wars?
 15. Which was the 1st Indian talkie?
 16. Who invented the ball point pen?

17. What is a bride's wardrobe called?
18. What is the other name for the Alsatian?
19. What is the square root of 4?
20. Who created the following characters?
a) The phantom b) Tin Tin c) Asterix d) Archie.

ANSWERS

1. Donald Drake would have been more correct, Duck is female.
2. Cleopatra.
3. Ikebana.
4. 77.
5. 33 1/3 rev./min.
6. R. L. Stevenson wrote Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, not H. G. Wells.
7. The rose.
8. D—Day.
9. Pooled again. Switzerland is not a member of the U.N.O.
10. Guru Ramdas.
11. Water.
12. 3 minutes.
13. Muhammad Ali.
14. Rome and Carthage.
15. The Bengali Kisanikanya, not Alamara.
16. Johnlond.
17. Troussseau.
18. The German shepherd.
19. 2.
20. a) Lee Falk b) Herge. c) Rene Goscinny and Albert Uderzo. d) Bob Montana.

COMPLETE THE STORY CONTEST

What does a man do, when he's had a row with his wife? I clutched at my glass and stared into it foggy eyed. I could only hear the clink of glasses. The noise reminded me vaguely of Kamal's bangles. I felt sorrier for myself but could not cry. Isn't it strange? I had ordered her out of the house myself and now I repented for having asked her to go.

Kamal was my wife. We had been married for only seven months. I had aspired for perfect happiness, yet here I was drowning my sorrow in drink. And God alone knew where Kamal was.

I suppose I got carried away with my drinking because I suddenly realised a waiter was standing at my table with a bill and the bar was closed. I focused my eyes in the best way I could, and noticed he had totted up an extremely large amount. I must have uttered some swear word in protest in my slurred way, or perhaps I punched him, because the next minute he was picking me up by the scuff of the neck. I saw a suited figure near at hand and realised the manager had materialised.

He laid a firm hand on my shoulder. A grip of steel. I winced. Suddenly a shadow fell across us and a husky voice said, "Leave him alone."

"But ma'am. . . he has no money to pay for all those drinks," protested the manager.

She pulled out some notes and deposited them in the tray. "He is my son," she said in explanation. They released me at once. I glanced at her sharply because I had never set eyes on her in my life. Perhaps she's mad. I thought. Only a crazy woman would offer to foot the drinking bill of a complete stranger.

The waiter and manager departed. The few stragglers in the bar seemed steeped in their own woes.

"What's your name?" I asked. "Shh, quiet. Don't you know your own mother?"

I shook her off. "You're not my mother," I protested.

"Where is your gratitude?" she asked.

I lurched out wordlessly. She followed me. Outside a light rain was falling. A car was parked at the kerb. She fumbled for her keys, got the car door open and said, "Get in."

The only reason which prompted me to obey her command was a selfish one. I could not trust myself to walk. I suddenly felt sick. I retched out my broken heart on the pavement. It stank.

"What's wrong with you?" she asked.

My head felt clearer now. "I want to die," I said melodramatically.

"Get in," she said again. I climbed in and slammed the door shut. She started the car and swished down the road. The dancing reflections of the lights on the road seemed to wink obscenely at my tragedy.

"There are quicker ways to die," she said crisply. "Drink prolongs the agony. Now where can I drop you? At the level crossing? There are trains every now and then. You can just go and lie down on the tracks."

"I've changed my mind mother. Please take me home."

She glanced at me quickly.

"Where do you stay?"

"If you're my mother, as you say, you ought to know," I challenged.

She laughed. "All right wise guy, I'm not your mother. That was just for the benefit of the guys in the restaurant. And this is for your benefit, so listen. I'm taking you to my place. I have every right to be paid back."

"If I had any money with me," I said. "Do you think I would have let you pay for my drinks?" "I'm not asking for money," she said.

"Then what are you asking for?"

"Rest your head against my shoulder," I moved up and sat close to her. She didn't speak. Her subtle perfume wafted to me.

"My wife has left me," I said. Still no reaction. "Can't you understand?" I almost screamed. "She has left me."

"You won't get her back if you scream at me."

I saw the futility of it. I closed my eyes.

You do not know how a woman will turn out till you marry her. Courtship is so different. Marriage sours everything. What you took before for singleness of purpose becomes just plain stubbornness, impeccable taste turns into extravagance, and silence which seems so soothing in the engagement days, has detestable overtones of secretiveness.

I discovered one thing about Kamal which shocked me. She had a cruel streak in her. It came as a surprise after the innocence of the earlier years. I suppose all women have in them some deep rooted cruelty. It probably comes from having to bear pain, both in physical and emotional realms,

more frequently than their male counterparts.

We married with perfect concurrence from both our families. My parents were happy because Kamal came from an extremely wealthy and sophisticated family. Kamal's parents from whom I expected, if not opposition, then at least a faint reluctance, surprised me by agreeing at once. I found it strange then. I understand their behaviour in retrospect. You see Kamal was a grown woman physically but never went beyond a ten-year old mentality as far as emotional development was concerned.

MARITAL DEADLOCK

Mayah Balse



I was a college professor, profession with hair that was just starting to grey at the temples, which went rather well with my thin stern lips, horn rimmed glasses and wise expression.

Kamal was my student and it shocked me to be caught up in the frenzy of her hero worship. It did other things to me as well. It brightened my whole life brought a smile to my lips and imparted a sharper edge to my rhetoric. When we fell in love nothing else mattered, neither my staid mentality nor her youthful recklessness. In fact both the conflicting traits lent an intriguing spice to our love.

We were married before the onset of winter. When summer came, we discovered that Kamal was pregnant. We had been planning a holiday in the hills that summer because we hadn't been able to get away on a honeymoon in the conventional sense during the winter term. Now in view of her changed condition, I immediately considered dropping our holi-

day. Imagine my consternation when she sat down on the floor and cried like a child. I stared at her speechless. She didn't seem able to stop the tantrum.

"Kamal," I pleaded, "try to understand. Don't you feel even a tiny sense of responsibility towards the unborn child?"

"No," she cried. "What crime have I committed that you should deprive me of a holiday? Why should I sacrifice my pleasure because of some brat I never wanted in the first place?"

"Kamal!"

When we first discovered her condition, I had been overjoyed. Now I saw in her face a kind of challenge, a frustration which upset me.

"I'm too young to be tied down," she said.

"You're not young, you're immature. You have no sense of responsibility whatsoever," I shouted.

"And you're an old fogey. Your thinking is prehistoric. You may carry on with your outmoded ideas, but please don't sour my happiness."

The truth hit me now. I had overlooked it all along.

"You're a child Kamal," I said. "You have never grown up."

"I am perfectly sane let me tell you," she snapped. "And not retarded as you imply. I have done my B.A. in two different subjects and won laurels both times."

"Some people can be Ph.D.s many times over," I countered, "and still remain babies emotionally."

"Well, thanks for being so explicit. I only wish you had told me what you thought before we went through with this marriage."

She rose and went into the bedroom. I heard the thud of a suitcase and went into the room.

"What are you doing? You shouldn't lift heavy things. Do you want to land up with a miscarriage?"

Her eyes were swimming with tears. "Do you suppose I care?" she replied.

"No, you wouldn't," I said slowly. Then I sat down on the bed.

I couldn't believe our marriage was about to break.

She snapped her bag shut with a defiant gesture and said, "Well, are you coming or not?"

"Where?" I asked.

"On our long delayed holiday, of course," she snapped.

"Sit down, Kamal," I suggested, "and let's discuss this sensibly."

"I don't want to sit down," she pawled. "If you don't want to take me, I will go for a holiday all the same. With my parents. I can't stick the heat of the plains in summer."

"Kamal," I said, "Please try to understand. You have to realise our financial position, too. With

the coming baby, expenses will mount."

"We can always take money from my parents," she said.

"And I will die of shame," I replied.

"Well, you can hug your precious self-respect and sit at home. But don't ask me to join you," she shouted.

"Well, then go," I stormed. "And you needn't come back."

She looked at me wide eyed. Perhaps she had not expected the ultimatum. I didn't give her a chance to relent. In a trice, I fetched a cab. I still don't remember how I walked to the taxi stand. I only remember her stubborn expression as she drove away from me.

"Wake up," said the woman who'd picked me up. "We're home."

She took me in and gave me another drink. To sober up, she said. It was a neat and unpretentious room. There was a single painting on the wall, nothing vulgar. The only thing in the

His wife was emotionally immature and he had been glad when she left him, but he wanted her back now . . .

room that reeked of immorality was the double bed.

"You stay alone?" I asked.

"Most of the time," she said, drawing on a freshly lit cigarette. "Sometimes I have company."

"Oh."

"Come and sit on the bed," she invited.

I went warily. She picked my spectacles off my nose and put them on a side table.

"Hey," I cried. "What are you doing? I can't see."

"You should wear contact lenses," she said softly. "You have beautiful eyes." Then she took my hand and laid it on her breast. Something electric shot through me. It was over a month since Kamal had gone.

"Don't be afraid," she said. "Even if it's the first time you've made love to a woman who's not your wife."

I wasn't afraid at all, only desperately on fire.

I don't know when I fell asleep. When I woke up it was morning. The chintz curtains were drawn back to let in the sunlight and she was combing her hair before a long mirror.

"I've made some breakfast for you," she said. There was a tray on the table. I got out of bed and made my way to the bathroom,

picking up my clothes from the floor en route.

We had breakfast sitting opposite each other. In the brightness of day, she really looked old enough to be my mother. But her age was carefully camouflaged with foundation and powder, eyeliner and carefully applied lipstick. She must have got up at least an hour before I did, to doll herself up like that.

We ate in silence. When she was pouring the coffee I asked, "Don't you have a family Lily?" I had learnt her name the previous night.

"I did," she said. "He walked out on me."

"Any children?"

"I'm incapable of having any. Perhaps it's a blessing."

She carefully opened a packet and offered me a cigarette. I lit mine and hers too.

"You probably wonder how I managed. If he paid me alimony . . . He gave me nothing. He was no good. But I had looks, though not much of an education. I got by. In the beginning, I did rather well for myself. . . I was young, you know. I'm not a tender chick any longer."

"It's ironic," she said. "When you're young, you delude yourself that you're doing it for the money. When you grow old you realise, it's an elemental need."

I saw her many times thereafter, often twice a day. She always gave me a lavish lunch or dinner and drinks as well. When she bought me a suit length I protested, but she wouldn't take "no," for an answer.

I took it home and put it in my almirah. But it gave me a feeling of revulsion just to touch it. A word came unbid into my mind and congealed in front of me. Damning me. Gigolo. I tried to push it away but I knew no peace. That was when I stopped seeing Lily. I didn't ring her up for days and I avoided going to the bar she frequented.

One morning two weeks later, even before I had shaved, there was a knock at the door. I opened it and saw her standing there. She wore a white saree and bright red lipstick. The wrinkles on her face were clearly visible in spite of the heavy make-up. Darkness and subdued electricity hid so many things.

"Hello," she said. "I thought you were sick."

"I'm all right," I replied.

"Aren't you going to invite me in?"

I stood aside to let her enter. But I was embarrassed. The brightness of morning proclaimed her true identity. It showed her up for what she was — an over-painted woman of easy virtue and uncertain age. As a lecturer in the faculty, I had been given quarters on the campus. Now I was afraid my co-workers would see her here.

She sat down in an armchair and I closed the door and drew the curtains. She caught the significance of my actions and said, "Would you rather, I went away?"

"No, Lily, please don't go. It's just that. . ."

"You're afraid people will see me?" she asked. "Don't worry. I am used to stares. But if you're worried about yourself, it's a different matter."

"I'm not worried about myself," I replied. But I was.

"Why didn't you come over or ring me up all these days?" she asked. I brought her a mug of tea and some biscuits.

"Because I'm a cad I suppose." I replied.

"Let's get this straight," she said. "I'm not seeing you in a professional capacity but as a friend. You understand? As a sincere friend. Why do you think I helped you the first day when you couldn't pay for your drinks?"

"Please don't go on, Lily, I'm sorry. For everything."

She took my hand and kissed it. A strange sound seemed to come from the depths of her throat. Then suddenly she was crying.

"Oh God, I've been so lonely," she cried. She was making too much noise. Right opposite stayed Vaman Rao, the Physics lecturer. He had always eyed me with hostility and would probably jump at an opportunity to ruin my professional life. I went and peeped out of my window and saw his curtain move. He was listening.

I had to take the whore in my arms, if only to stem her outburst. "Lily," I consoled. "Lily, don't cry. I will come and see you everyday, but dry those tears. She rested her head against my shoulder and I put my arms round her.

"You're having second thoughts about getting entangled with me, aren't you?" she queried. "You want Kamal to come back."

She had sensed my thoughts exactly.

"Yes," I whispered against her hair.

In the confusion of her arrival, I had forgotten to bolt the door. It flew open now and in it stood Kamal, visibly pregnant. She gaped at us. I was horrified. I had wanted her to come back all right. But hardly at this moment.

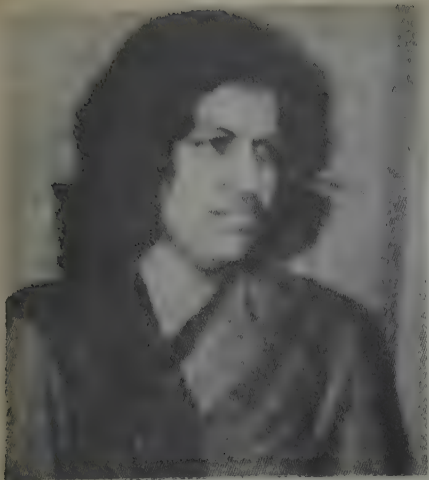
NOW CARRY ON AND CONCLUDE THE STORY . . .

The author of the prize-winning entry will be awarded Rs. 250. All entries should reach Eve's Weekly, Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023 by December 7, 1977. The length of each entry should be approximately 1500 words.

A MODERN INDIAN

Jyotsana Kapoor

It is unbelievable but true that there are men who make a career out of polygamy, preying on lonely women hungry for love, and women who are so anxious to find a husband that they fall for the first smooth talking operator who proposes marriage to them



Raj Chhabra, who posed as a cousin to lend respectability to Prem Nath's matrimonial schemes.

A very interesting and extraordinary case came to light recently when a handsome and educated man, Prem Nath, and his accomplice, Raj Chhabra, were arrested on charges of cheating and robbing many unmarried girls with false promises of marriage.

It all started when an advertisement appeared in the matrimonial column of The Hindustan Times dated November 9, 1975 reading: "Executive, 35, M.B.A. (U.S.A.), earning Rs. 2,800, invites proposals directly from ladies, with absolutely no intermediary, may return to U.S.A. soon. Caste, religion, family status, age, education etc. immaterial. Apply immediately to Box 42882—C.A., Hindustan Times, New Delhi."

The response was quick and immediate. Many young working girls who had passed the age of 25 with the chances of marriage diminishing thought it to be a good marriage prospect and applied with the required information.

Among them was an army nurse, Sunita Vachhar (a Captain), aged 29 years and posted at Ferozpur. On getting a good response from Prem Nath, a meeting was arranged between the two parties at Sunita's parents' house in New Delhi. Prem Nath came with Raj Chhabra, introducing her as his cousin sister, and claimed that he had no parents and had, therefore, been brought up in an orphanage. Prem Nath then asked Sunita to ask him any questions regarding his life and work, since she must know something about the man she was going to marry. Sunita and her parents were quite impressed by the handsome and well-to-do business executive and the marriage was settled.

The next day Sunita got a call from Prem Nath, presumably from Jaipur, asking her to book two air tickets to Bombay for him because he had to go there on some urgent business. He said he would pay back the money to her on arrival at Delhi. After two days, he telephoned her again from a place near Delhi, asking her whether she had got the tickets. On getting an affirm-

ative answer, Prem Nath asked Sunita to deliver the tickets to him in a restaurant in New Delhi. It was learned later on that on the very next day, Prem Nath took the tickets to the airline office, got them refunded and pocketed Rs. 880.

After about a month, the marriage date was fixed and Prem Nath said that he wanted a simple wedding, without much show. He also said that he would like to get married in a hotel. For that purpose, he booked a room in a hotel.

On the day fixed for the wedding, he arrived at Sunita's parents' house in the morning with Raj Chhabra and asked Sunita to accompany them for some shopping. The unsuspecting girl accompanied them unhesitatingly. Her parents were to arrive at the hotel in the afternoon. Instead of taking her shopping, Prem Nath took Sunita to the hotel room, at which point Raj Chhabra departed, on the pretext of fetching her clothes for the evening ceremony. Once left alone, Prem tried to make love

to Sunita and she resisted. But he used force and had his way. After having literally raped her, he left her in the hotel and went away, saying that he would soon get the **pandit** and come back. But when he didn't come till late in the evening, Sunita and her parents got worried and went home disappointed. They even had to pay for the hotel room themselves.

In her deposition in the court before a magistrate, Sunita stated: "I had not had any sexual intercourse with any other man."

MULTI-WIFE ADVENTURERS IN THE ARTS

Firoze Rangoonwalla

Marrying many women at one time is polygamy. But manoeuvring to marry them, then loot them or even master-mind their murders, at different times and places, can only be rascality of the highest order. There have been men of this type, (as also women who fell for their charm), from the Frenchman Landru to the latest trickster of Delhi.

These lovable and much-loved rogues and their piteous victims have proved good stuff for the stage and the cinema. The adventurer who juggles with many women, with a shrewd change of looks, moods and tactics adds up to a fantastic character—the supreme hero, villain and comic combined into one.

It's a challenge to any creator as well as actor worth his salt. That is why talents from Chaplin to Chabrol abroad and Acharya Atre in India have tried it with considerable success. The original inspiration always seems to spring from Landru, also known as the French Bluebeard, for the fictional characters as well as the real life cases. This is one example where reality and created fantasy have overlapped so much that it is difficult to keep a clear line of demarcation.

We cannot say for sure whether and how much the real cases influenced the dramatic

characters or the characters inspired the real life criminals. This is because the game has been going on for years, by turns, with some sort of invisible interrelation. It's a strange situation of the reality becoming the myth and the myth becoming reality.

Chaplin's famous acid comedy "Monsieur Verdoux" made in post-war 1947 is a classic interpretation of the tale of loves and woes. He dared to play the hero-villainous role himself and did it with a comic, picaresque finesse, which even took the women's breath away.

The film was surprisingly credited as based on an idea by Orson Welles, though inspired by the exploits of Landru. It was an expensive production and

proved to be a financial flop again obviously because of the basic contradictions of good and bad in the central character.

Chaplin made Verdoux a spruce, middle-aged French clerk with a style all his own. Outwardly, he is all gentility and chivalry. Really, he is a cynical materialist and stands as a private rebel against the oppressions of big business and war on the common man. Chaplin also prefaced his film with the classic statement: "Murder is the logical extension of business—under the proper circumstances murder can be comic."

In its initial release, the film had the dishonour not only of having very short runs but also of being protested against and

Charlie Chaplin as the much-loved rogue in "Monsieur Verdoux," with one of his "victims"



BLUEBEARD

did not enjoy it even on 31-1-1976, as it was so sudden and I did not know what was happening. I was shocked. I had gone with the two accused happily, as a girl would do when she is going to be married. We did not go shopping but went straight to Hotel Regal, in Old Delhi. I was weeping when my mother and brother came a little later for the marriage ceremony, as I was shocked about what had happened to me, and the accused had also not returned."

But after a few days, Prem Nath wrote to Sunita apologising profusely and saying that he had met with an accident. In fact, this was a common excuse with him—one which he used often to get money from unsuspecting brides-to-be or their parents. In this way he took about Rs. 7,500 on different occasions from Sunita and her mother.

One day, Sunita met a friend

of hers, another nurse who was shocked to learn that Sunita was getting married to Prem Nath. Her friend disclosed that she herself was engaged to the same man and was supposed to get married to him soon. It was this way, the various other "marriages" or "betrothals" entered into by the smooth operator were disclosed.

After hearing this stunning news from her friend in April last year, Sunita—along with her mother—went to see Prem Nath in Raj Chhabra's house. He then declared that he was just not interested in marrying Sunita and, on demand, loftily wrote out a cheque for Rs. 7,500. When presented at the bank, the cheque bounced, as there were just Rs. 10 in his account. It was then that the duped family registered a criminal case against Prem Nath.

The investigations that follow-

prohibited in different states of America. The main charge was that murder had been treated so lightly. Outside U.S.A. the picture was hailed and awarded. The film's contention was that the killing of 15 wives for private profit is nothing compared to the mass slaughter in the war business.

But Chaplin himself had to admit that the audience's cold response was due to his not being sympathetic character. After all, you can't make murder and money, and get sympathy too. Verdoux is a man who is depressed by the depression and turns from clerkship to the business of duping women into matrimony and then liquidating them. He only does it to support his own

in "Who Main Nahin", the film version of Atre's play, Navin Nischol as the accused shifts the blame on one of his aggrieved wives (Padmini Kapila) in the court.



family; he never loves any of the women. He keeps up this cold, cynical outlook right till the conclusion in the prison, when he tries to break the arbitrary difference between good and evil and walks coolly to meet his fate. Thus, he emerges the hero, while the female victims pale into the background.

Years later, in 1963, the famed French new-waver Claude Chabrol made "Landru"—not one of his most acclaimed works but one he loved to make and talk about. Chabrol has gone on record to say that there were two sorts of women in Landru's career. Some were victims and some non-victims, not meaning only those who escaped the killing.



Prem Nath, the much-married villain of the piece.

ed revealed that Prem Nath had married five girls from different places in India and had been engaged to 13 girls. He had allegedly swindled these people to the tune of Rs. 22,000. A trap was laid, and he was finally arrested, along with his accomplice, Raj Chhabra, while having a drink with Raj Chhabra's brother. He was arrested in July last year and when his photos

This tendency to shift part of the blame on the women has characterised many fictionalised works, whether in printed or performed form. In India, we have Atre's brilliant play "To Mee Navhech", having its many language versions and the Hindi screen adaptation "Woh Main Nahin". It is often implied that the women were also guilty and had their ruthless desires which made them fall such easy prey.

Are the lonely, unmarried women at fault if they are vulnerable and prone to hook a man for a comfortable living? Would rascals get away with matrimonial ads. followed by deceitful matrimony, if women were not so needy? Are there not many other cases of divorced, widowed or single women being sexually exploited by lovers with false promises of marriage and kept on the hook for years?

It is at last in the popularly oriented recent Hindi film "Woh Main Nahin" that the conflict about who is to blame can be seen at its best (or worst). As per the film trade concept, the hero can do no wrong. So a special double role had to be invented to keep his image unsullied. The women victims did not seem to matter so much and in the legal battles, while giving evidence as the aggrieved parties, they were made out to be guilty parties. Still the good and evil combination in the central character (till the explanation at the end) confused and dissatisfied the audience. The result was that like "Verdoux" and "Landru", the film did not fare well, despite all the additional "masala" poured into it.

were published in various newspapers, the police station was suddenly flooded with various complaints. The prosecution had filed the names of 38 witnesses on the basis of investigations carried out by the crime branch of the Delhi Police, headed by P. S. Bawa, S.P.

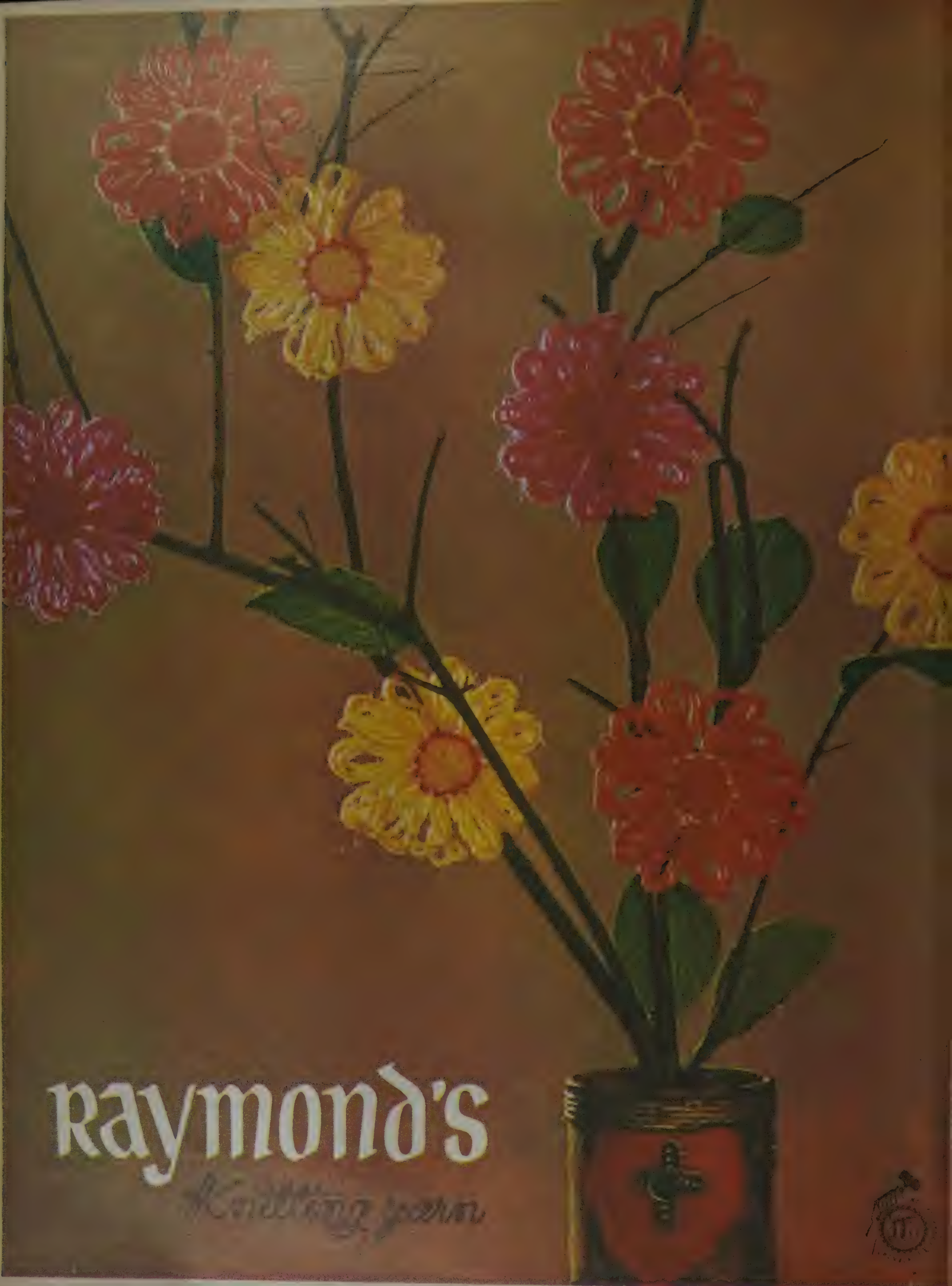
39-year-old Prem Nath has studied Business Management in an American University and his real name is Prithivi Nath Kashyap. He belongs to a rich family of Mathura, U.P., and has always been thought to be a playboy. Married at the age of 20, he has two grown-up children, who live with their mother in Mathura. Prem Nath and his wife have not seen each other for a number of years. While in America, he got into the company of smugglers and also fell in love with a girl there and married her. When he applied for American citizenship, his case was referred to the Indian government for verification. On getting the information the U. S. government sent him back to India.

Back in India, he knocked about at various places in India for a job and finally landed one in Nepal. But the pay that he was getting was not enough to satisfy all his demands and needs. While in Nepal he raped and later married a poor Nepali girl and had three children.

After a lapse of a few years, he managed to get a passport on a false declaration from Bombay and flew to Canada where, once again, he got into a smuggling racket, handling "charas." He was arrested and jailed in Canada. Raj Chhabra, who later became his accomplice in India, advertised for a matrimonial alliance in the newspapers. Prem Nath responded to the advertisement. On being sent back to India by the Canadian Government, he was arrested at Bombay airport on charges of smuggling and possession of a fake passport. He wrote to Raj Chhabra from Bombay that he "was in trouble and needed money immediately." She sent him Rs. 3,500 telegraphically and he was released on bail. Then he came to Delhi and met Raj Chhabra with a promise of marriage to her. Prem Nath stayed with her for some time and had a good time. He used to borrow money from Raj often and one day she demanded that he either marry her or return all the money he had borrowed from her. It was then that he took her into confidence and said, "If you help me in my scheme, we can both become rich quickly."

Being a man of the world, he was soon able to persuade Raj Chhabra to help him in his felonious acts. He realised the importance of having a woman accomplice who would lend an air of respectability to his various

Continued on page 41



RAYMOND'S
Knitting yarn



cluding the principal of the college — to look into the issue. On principle, the University has accepted the suggestion; its implementation is still awaited.

A College comprising 360 odd students boasts of just seven permanent staff members, according to a spokesman of the students.

Since October 7, none of the students have attended classes which the seven staff members initially wanted to hold. So, instead, each morning students from the 4th and 5th years conducted classes for the juniors which was followed by a general meeting. And to relieve the monotony of lectures, slide shows were held, impromptu entertainment programmes were organised.

Three hundred and sixty students functioned as one large family with no racial, religious, or linguistic prejudices creating barriers in their united bid to make their demands heard.

"This strike has certainly brought the entire college together. Each one of us has realised, in the past month, just how important our education is to us, and what exactly we want and expect from a bachelor's in architecture," said a spokesman of the college.

The Student Action Committee organised a "silent, disciplined procession" to the V.C.'s office, even though they had been advised: "If you want to get things done you have to resort to violence — burn buses and the like."

At the time of going to press the Vice Chancellor of Bombay University had not responded favourably to the students' demands.

And as the last semester started 20 days behind schedule and on account of the resignation of the visiting staff, the course was not completed. The students feel they will not be able to appear for the University examinations scheduled for December until the time lost has been made up.

What the University chooses to ignore is the fact that by its lethargy, indifference or inability to take decisions fast, it is killing creativity and enthusiasm, both in the students and in those who are committed to imparting constructive knowledge to our future architects. And, by its attitude the Establishment is antagonising practising architects, who, of necessity, must be part and parcel of architectural education.

Then again we have Queen Mary's, where, according to reliable sources, the management has gradually, insidiously wormed its way into the decision-making region of the school, rendering the principal almost impotent as an administrator in her own right. The position of the staff members has been threatened; insecurity lurks in the air, dedication and devotion to education has been completely overlooked, staff members have had to resort to raising funds for various activities as school funds were found to be inadequate.

In the interest of the students of the school and for the cause of education, the management should realise that decisions taken by committees which do not have staff representatives of the school, will be sadly lacking in direction.

And, further, by creating discontent and fear among the staff, who despite being monetarily dissatisfied are committed to the school, it may deprive the girls of the high teaching standards the school has been reputed for.

The staff are aware of the management's moves, parents have become restive because the teachers have displayed resentment. Soon this feeling of discontent will filter down to the smaller classes. Something is rotten in the state of the school. It is time that teachers and parents united to prevent the decay from spreading.

If only education could be placed in the hands of responsible educationists, perhaps, many institutions, similarly hampered by commercial managements who haven't a clue as to how schools should be run, would function smoothly sans unnecessary interference and delays.

J. J. STRIKES AGAIN!

Ratu Kamlani

The trouble with all Establishments—Government/university/management — is that they hate "trouble" generated by an assertive, demanding member of the populace. He who propagates change is penalised, harassed and invariably broken, like a spirited filly is. In a college or school, so long as the principal is a passive figurehead, a stooge who prances to the tune the authorities call, his position is secure. What if he is made of sterner stuff? What if he is a man of ideas? The University's answer is simple. Show him the door. Or, harass him, refute his ideas, postpone decisions, vacillate on important issues until the poor blighter, out of sheer frustration, disgust or helplessness resigns.

Enter a stooge.

In Bombay, for instance, principals of two educational institutions—both able in their



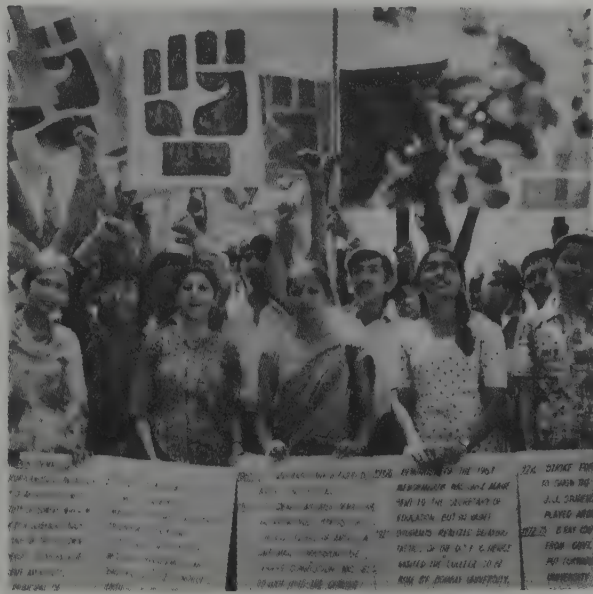
To relieve the monotony — impromptu entertainment.

respective fields, both dedicated individuals, full of ideas — have been frustrated in their efforts at improving the standard of education in their institutes. Both have worked under tremendous pressure.

Mr. Raja Poredi, principal of Sir J. J. College of Architecture, has abandoned the cross he chose to bear when he accepted the post of principal in April 1975. Not without a fight though. It is hoped that Mrs. Rajhuns, principal of Queen Mary School, whose attempts at maintaining a certain standard in the school are being aborted, will not succumb to the harassment the management is subjecting her to.

What precipitated Poredi's resignation? After the J. J. College of Architecture had been taken over by the Bombay University in '73 (the take-over occurred after the students had been on a three-months' strike), a committee had been formed to report on the activities of the college. One of the recommendations of the Achwal Committee was the formation of a new staff structure. Mr. Poredi suggested to an advisory committee (formed later) that the staff structure should comprise: Core staff — professors and assistant professors, part-time lecturers, visiting faculty, fellows.

This suggestion proposed in the winter of '75, was accepted by the committee, but unfortunately it reached the Executive Council of the University only in March '77. The University then appointed a subcommittee — ex-



Architecture students voice their demands.

Pending the adoption of the staff structure, associate visiting lecturers, mainly practising architects, were appointed by the principal from July '76 to April '77. In May this year, Mr. Poredi was informed by the University that the visiting lecturers were not to be re-appointed for the next semester.

Not only was he divested of his authority, with the introduction of red tape, he was also denied rent-free accommodation on the college premises. The University also displayed its lack of confidence in the principal's judgement by asking him to submit, a few months later, the biodata of the visiting staff who had been employed by the college for an entire academic year. They were re-appointed in July.

Small wonder, then, that Mr. Poredi decided to quit and packed his bags. And, in sympathy with him, refusing to be a part of this regressive system of education the 30 members of the visiting faculty resigned, too.

The architecture students, who until the resignation of Mr. Poredi were unaware of the bureaucratic set-up involved in the administration of the College decided to agitate.

Since October 7 all the students of Sir J. J. College of Architecture, without exception, have been on an indefinite strike.

Having realised that the University's competence lies merely in the prompt formation of committees and sub-committees and ad-hoc committees, the students demand "the incorporation of an exclusive faculty of Architecture in the University, which will be run by a Governing Body comprising university officials, eminent personalities of the architectural profession, the principal of J. J., staff and student representatives of the college."

This, the students feel, will annihilate lethargy, "facilitate decision making and implementation of policies, and improve the standard of education imparted through the adoption of the latest and relevant development in the field by a periodic review of the syllabus."

They also demand implementation of the staff structure to ensure high teaching standards.



CINTHOL

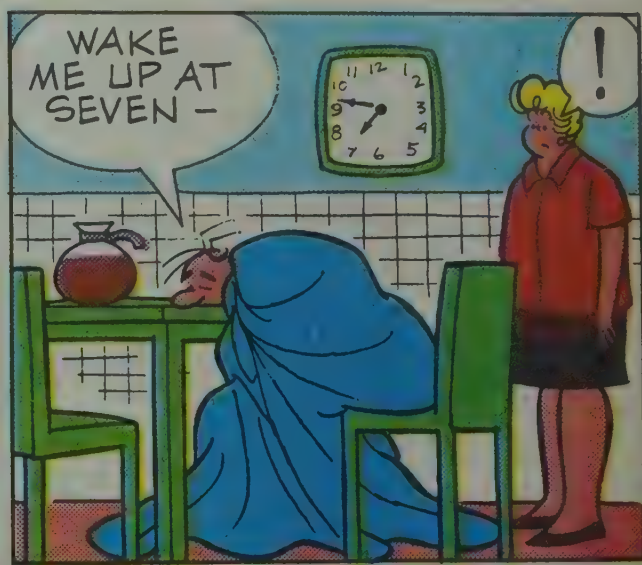
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They found themselves in a museum ogling a mummy. Or the bottom was marked: "1268 B.C."

"What does that number mean?" asked the first one.

The second, all-knowing, said: "That must be the number of the car that hit him."

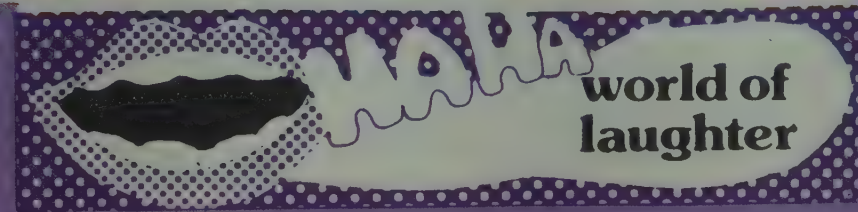
"The walls in my apartment are so thin," the poor man complained, "that when my wife peels onions, the guy next door cries."

The landlord ignored all the restrictions, rent laws, and frozen rents and tried to evict the tenant illegally anyway. But the tenant knew the law and answered in writing—short and to the point: "Sir I remain. Yours truly."

The chief noticed that the soldier wasn't eating his food "You shouldn't waste food like that," he scolded. "Don't you know the old saying, 'Food will win the war?'"

"It sure would," the private agreed. "Now how do we get the enemy to eat here?"

"I wonder what Private Adams did before he joined the Army? Every time he fires a shot—he wipes his fingerprints off the gun."



The scene is an auction. Bidding for various objects is going furiously when the auctioneer suddenly slams down his hammer and announces, "A gentleman in this room has lost a wallet containing Rs 1,000. If it's returned he will pay Rs. 200." There's a moment's silence and then from the back of the room comes the cry, "Rs. 250!"

A couple of atomic scientists were watching their colleague



at the crap tables in Vegas between experiments.

"Say," said one of them "that Anderson is gambling like there's no tomorrow."

"Maybe," said the other, "he knows something."

Two Jewish astronauts were talking. One said: "Forget the moon—everybody is going to the moon—we go direct to the sun."

"But we can't go to the sun—if we get within 13 million miles of the sun, we'll melt."

"Okay—then we'll go at night."

A holdup man robbed Picasso and stole some of his paintings. When the police questioned the famous abstract artist, he drew a picture of the thief. "Now," he said "you'll have no trouble capturing him."

With the picture the gendarmes went out and arrested a one-eyed ballet dancer, the Eiffel Tower, and a wheelbarrow.

The six-year-old looked at the new wrinkled baby and remarked, "So that's why mother hid him under her egg for so long."

Two beatniks were walking down a street, and a man in front of them fell into a manhole. The man looked up and said, "Say, fellows, give me a hand."

So the two beatniks applauded.

The lifeguards were working over a young lady they had just fished out of the water.

"What are you doing?" her father asked.

"We're giving her artificial respiration," one answered.

"Give her the real thing," said the father. "I can afford it."

My first book was so funny, one fellow fell out of his chair laughing—but I'm all right now.

A funny young fellow called Gritten

With a peculiar habit was smitten.

He kept in his room

A fierce baboon,

And twenty-three dogs and a kitten.

Compiled by: George Fegradoe

join the ocm caravan



OCM
SUITINGS

Alfred Allan

SUITINGS, TWEEDS, BLANKETS, SHAWLS, & KNITTING YARN

beauty

in into the dry skin areas only. At night use a skin food, again on the dry skin only, massaging it well, then blotting off the surplus with a tissue. The rather tacky, nourishing creams of yesteryear have given way to those which are lighter and also kinder to the skin. Don't fall into the trap of thinking that the richer and firmer the cream the more good it's going to do. . . it just doesn't work that way.

COMMON MYTHS ABOUT DIETING

A trim and slim figure not only draws attention but indicates good health too. But many a well-meaning attempt at dieting does not bear fruit because of some prevalent misconceptions.

Many are reluctant to go on a diet as they believe that they will have to starve—here is precisely where they go wrong. Dieting by no means amounts to starvation or even semi starvation. It means eating well but intelligently. If you balance your calorie intake by having more of low calorie foods and reduce the high calorie ones as much as possible, you can eat even more while on a diet.

The common high calorie foods include sweets, cakes, puddings, ice-creams, cereals, pulses, jam, jelly, fats and oils, thick sauces and gravies, fried foods, alcohol etc. Reduce these in your diet and switch over to more of low calorie and high bulk foods like green leafy vegetables and others, (except root vegetables) and raw salads; fruits like oranges, melons and papayas; skimmed milk and buttermilk; puffed cereals; lean meat, eggs and so on.

The common notion that protein is non-fattening or that it burns the body fat and can be eaten as much as one wants is not true.

When on a reducing diet many view rice with suspicion believing that it is more fattening than chappatis. Though rice has more carbohydrates and less proteins than wheat, both contain the same numbers of calories. Rice as well as wheat have approximately 350 calories per 100 grams. So, for a balanced reducing diet, the emphasis should be on a combination of various cereals. Cutting down the normal salt and water intake does not give a lasting result. In this the loss of weight is achieved by a temporary loss of fluid and not fat.

Beware of those "hidden" calories. Many dieters adhere to low calorie foods, but tend to forget the way they have been cooked.

An egg which contains about 70 calories, if fried in a generous amount of fat, will have double the number of calories. So have it boiled or poached rather than fried. Similarly, the oily dressings in a salad will add calories.

Count how many extra calories are consumed to feel satisfied that there has been no waste. Be firm and reject the left-over food which can be used in other dishes.

Vijaya Ramamurthy

WINTER HINTS

Julie Smith



If winter blues are getting you down, they will reflect in the condition of your skin, so now is the time to give yourself a clean-up.

The following routine is for those with combination skin, but you can adapt it slightly if you've either a very dry or very oily skin simply by using richer or stronger preparations.

If some parts of your face are dry while the T-shaped panel (across the forehead and

Is your skin winter weary?

Know your skin type and give your face a lift in the cold weather

down the centre of the face) is greasy, it is said to be a combination skin.

Tiny sebaceous glands provide the natural moisture that our skin needs. Sometimes these glands are overactive and the result is an oily skin. Often they are sluggish and don't secrete enough grease, so the skin is dry. With a combination skin the sebaceous glands are active in some places and inactive in others, and treatment involves caring for both skin types. This needn't be at all complicated or difficult if you work out a routine.

First, make sure that you are getting plenty of dairy foods, eggs, butter, cheese and milk. Eat salads, green vegetables, fresh or stewed fruits. Drink plenty of water and avoid fried, greasy and starchy foods, especially pastries, nuts and chocolates which can cause excessive grease and spots as well.

If you use make-up, a cleanser is essential because soap and water will not remove all oils used in cosmetics. Choose

a cleansing milk and use it twice in the morning and twice before going to bed. Follow the cleansing with a soap and water wash.

Using warm water and a mild soap, work up a rich lather and concentrate on the oily areas of your face and neck, rubbing well into the crevices of your nose and chin. Rinse thoroughly with several changes of clear water and finish with a cold splash. Follow by toning. Ideally you should use a mild skin freshener on the dry areas of your face and an astringent on the greasy parts. If this is too involved, choose a fairly mild skin tonic. Pour some on to damp cottonwool, pinch one end to form a wedge shape, then pat brickly onto your forehead, chin and nose. Leave to dry.

Whether you use make-up or not, always apply a moisturiser after your cleansing routine in the morning, smooth

A face pack is beneficial to most skin types. Choose the sort which does not become hard on the skin if dryness is a problem; alternatively simply use the pack on the oily sections of face. Always leave out the delicate skin tissue around the eyes. Treat yourself to a pack once a week during your special cleaning, thereafter once a fortnight will suffice.

Spending time in front of the fire during the cold months or living in centrally heated rooms does tend to dry out the skin. If the weather gets milder take as much exercise out of doors as you possibly can. Walk briskly in the fresh air, taking long strides and deep breaths. Not only will this improve your complexion, it'll improve your figure, too.

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It was her husband who saw the body first.

"There seems to be some one asleep behind that tree," he said.

"Or may be some drunkard sprawled out in a state of stupor," Mallika commented.

They were returning in their Ambassador late at night from a party at Hotel Dasaprakash in Purasawalkam. The roads were dark and deserted as it had been raining some time before, and though the rain had come down heavily, the sky was still overcast with not a star visible. Both Mallika and Gopalan were glad that soon they would be safely at home in Mylapore.

"You may be right. No man in his senses would sleep out on a night like this. Even the homeless would go to the verandah of some public building." Gopalan drove steadily on as he spoke.

"Why aren't you stopping? Let's see what the matter is."

"You mean you want to stop and look at that person there?"

"Yes."

"You said yourself it could be just a drunkard."

"Of course. At the same time it could also be someone taken suddenly ill. We can't simply drive on without finding out whether there is anything we can do to help."

"Are you crazy? Suppose it is some crook pretending to be ill just for gullible people like us to stop and go to him so that he could pounce on us?"

"That's a chance we have to take, I suppose."

Gopalan braked the car and peered at his wife's face in the dimness. She seemed composed enough, her voice steady and determined. Did she have no thought of self when a humanitarian impulse overtook her? Did even the mention of the word "crook" have no power to shake that compassion? Had she totally forgotten the terrible experience she had undergone five years ago?

"I said he might be a crook, Malli," he said softly.

"I heard you."

"He might be dangerous."

"I'm not afraid, with you beside me." She touched his arm, smiling. "Just think of it. By simply driving away we might be neglecting someone in critical need, whom we could have saved with our timely help. Can you bear the thought, any more than I?"

Without a word he reversed the car and drove back to the tree that loomed high like a pillar of darkness with another lump of darkness stretched out at its foot.

They got out of the car, Gopalan taking a torch from the glove compartment. It had begun to drizzle again. A few lights at distant windows went down. The road glimmered with pools of water. There was no one in sight, and no sound could be heard apart from the murmur of a fresh shower beginning.

Then, as they approached the tree, another sound mingled with it. The sound of low animal moans emanating from the depths of pain.

They walked to the dark lump

PART ONE

the saviour of life

Chudamani Raghavan



at the foot of the tree and Gopalan flicked the torch on. The sudden stab of light picked out a young male face lying in an unconscious state, with deep blood-crusted welts crisscrossed all over it. Unkempt hair falling over the forehead was matted with blood. The lips were black and swollen and hardly moved as the moans emerged.

They stared down at the face for some moments. Gopalan moved the torch slowly over the length of the supine body that was bare except for a pair of threadbare shorts. Legs, arms, shoulders, belly — all were covered with bruises, gashes and other marks of a severe beating up, leaving little doubt that the back too would present a similar appearance.

The torch travelled back to the face with its closed eyes. The moans seemed to come from the

wounds themselves. Mallika drew in her breath sharply.

"Clubs? Whips? Bicycle chains?" Gopalan said, almost without expression.

Mallika was fighting down her tears and an acute surge of nausea. She did not speak.

"You recognise him of course?" She nodded in the dark.

"Five years older. More rugged, hairy. A man now. But still Kandana."

"We must take him to the hospital. At once." Mallika spoke with sudden clarity. Both tears and nausea had been brushed aside by the sheer urgency of the situation.

"Are you serious, Malli? Take him to the hospital?"

"Yes. We must try to save him."

"After what he had done? To us? To you, particularly?"

"This is no time to nurse grudges. The boy has been assaulted by some thugs and we just can't leave him there to die."

"I can."

Was it a drunken man or a person too ill to move? Whoever it was, would it be safe to help him at this late hour on a rainy night and a deserted road?

"That is just talk. Lift him by the head. Gently. I'll take the legs."

"I refuse."

"Gopal!"

"You may forgive him but I can't. I can never forget your white face and tortured eyes as you lay day after delirious day in the nursing home. And he had caused it all."

"Come on, Gopal. If you really love me so much do this for my sake. Please. I won't even pass by a wounded dog and let it lie neglected and die, let alone a human being. The Royapettah hospital is the nearest. Let's hurry."

"I don't care what happens to him. I won't help a dirty, ungrateful crook who had hit you and made you go through hell."

"He is critically injured and we are the only people on the spot. We have got to help him, Gopal. There is no choice."

"I'm sure somebody else will pass by soon enough and see him."

"By then he might be dead. Don't waste time. Lift him by the head. Please, Gopal."

Executive

Student

Housewife

Engineer

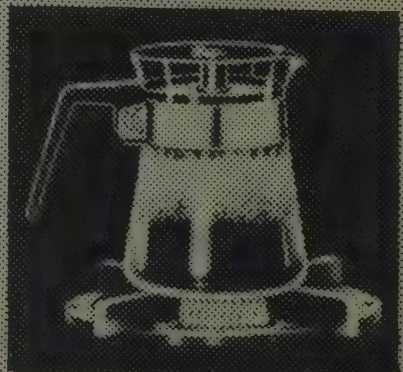
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husband**



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The rain was coming down steadily now. Gopalan sighed, walked around and stooped to raise the figure up from under the shoulders. Mallika crooked her arms around the knees. Together they carried the youth over to the car and lay him carefully in the rear seat. Then both got in at front, and Gopalan turned the car round and began to drive back towards Royapettah.

A week later Kandan opened his eyes in the common ward of the hospital. He gazed steadily on the kind, smiling face before him. "I'm sleeping," he thought. "And this is a dream. I am living in the past in my dream. I have gone back five years in time and am again working in Amma's house, drawing warmth from her smile."

"How are you feeling now, Kanda?" Mallika's voice came through across his daze.

"I am even hearing her voice in my dream," he thought.

"Can't you speak? Are you in pain, boy?" She reached out and touched his forehead gently.

He snapped out of his daze. Why, this was real! Amma was really here! How? He had avoided her carefully. And then... Where was he? This looked like a hospital; those women in white hurrying to and fro must be nurses. How did he come to a hospital? Memory twisted painfully through a quick series of nightmarish scenes. A rainy night... A deserted road... And suddenly figures pouncing down on him from the dark... The sharp punch of the first fist crashing into his face... Then the rain of blows, jabs, lashes... Suddenly his body quivered in a hell of remembered agony.

"Don't exert yourself, Kanda. Don't try to speak if you can't. You are still very weak. But you'll pull through. The doctor told us."

Doctor? Pull through? Gingerly he moved his limbs and found that, despite a feeling of heavy discomfort, the pain was gone, the sharp, stinging, shattering, star-flashing, mind-clogging pain that had been his last reality before he collapsed was indeed gone.

"Don't worry, boy. We are taking care of you. Just relax."

Who was 'we'? She and her husband? His former master and mistress? Had they found him and brought him here? He stared wildly at her gentle face for a minute. The truth burst in on him, and immediately he flushed scarlet, guilty and ashamed, and covered his face with both hands.

"Go away, go away, go away..." he moaned, trembling, sobbing involuntarily.

"I'll go now, but I'll come back in the evening, with him."

"I don't want you... either of you. Leave me alone!" he cried in despair. "What do you care

about me? You must be glad to see me battered, even dead..."

"I'm sure you shouldn't excite yourself like this just when you have regained consciousness after a week. Cool down, Kanda."

"Why did you come... Why did you come...?"

She didn't tell him that she had been coming every day since she and Gopalan had admitted him here. She merely got up and said, "I'll tell the doctor that you are awake at last. But if he sees you exciting yourself, he'll only

eyes. Gopalan and Mallika learned that he had lost both parents in his early childhood. He had grown up at the uncertain mercy of neighbours and institutions but finally landed up on the streets. He tried to find work and failed. He did pick up a few friends, both among vagabond youngsters like himself and older men who had gone over to crime. Kandan, quite amoral and embittered in a world that was indifferent to him, did not judge these older friends and had even kept them company in some minor escap-

ing comment be really based on truth? Was she beginning to give the boy the image of a son and to shower all the pent-up feelings of motherhood on him?

Whatever the reason, the fact remained that she grew gradually fond of the boy and treated him generously. Kandan, too, seemed to respond to her affection. Though Gopalan was also kind and considerate to him, the boy appeared to get more attached to Mallika than to his master.

He busied himself in the house quietly throughout the day, taking the chores away from her. He swept and washed the floor, and scrubbed vessels, to the great wonder of visitors, because these duties were usually performed by women servants. But Kandan did them willingly and even, it seemed, happily. Since both husband and wife washed their own clothes no servant was required for that job, but Kandan helped his mistress with everything else. Even before she woke up in the morning, he would have returned from the Tanniturai vegetable market with the items specified by her the previous day. By the time she was ready to do the cooking he would have cleaned the day's ration of rice. And while she cooked he cut up the vegetables for her.

Whenever she felt indisposed, he thought nothing of running up to Hotel Shanti Vihar to fetch food or coffee. After he had been with them some months she even allowed him to warm the milk and make coffee whenever she was unwell and Gopalan was away on work. Once, when she had fever he had sat up throughout the night to minister to her comforts and give her the three-hourly medicine. Gopalan himself, in spite of his worry and concern, had gone to sleep now and then due to exhaustion, and every time waking up with a start, was filled with both relief and a sense of shame at the sight of Kandan sitting faithfully at Mallika's feet, watching over her.

"You might have indeed been my son in some previous birth," she once said fondly to the boy. Kandan was never demonstrative, but at those words his eyes filmed over and he smiled shyly. He seemed happy that she liked him, and the thought gave her pleasure.

Gradually, during the one year that he was with them, Mallika came to love and trust him completely. Gopalan teased her more and more about her "adopted son" and she only glowed warmly at the term now. Kandan addressed her as Amma in its respectful connotation as applied to the mistress, but it now made her feel happy to imagine the word being used in the meaning of "mother."

To be concluded

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give you a sedative and send you back to sleep."

"Go away, go away..." His sobs grew hysterical.

"Or if the doctor isn't available, the ward nurse will."

"Don't come here, don't ever come here..."

"Try and stop me!" Mallika grinned, and left.

Mallika remembered.

Six years ago Kandan, then a lad of 14, had come to them as a domestic servant.

He was lean and tended to be tall, though he had not attained his full height at that time. His skin was darkish and there was nothing outstanding about any of his features. But he impressed in a strange way because of a lonely, pensive expression in his

ades. But he seemed happy enough to come to Gopalan's household and live a routine, unexciting life there. Perhaps he welcomed the change or felt a restful sense of security with a roof over his head at last.

Mallika had always been kind to her servants and her kindness to Kandan was, therefore, nothing remarkable. But gradually she began to feel something more for the boy, a strange affection and tenderness, much to Gopalan's amusement, who teased her by calling him her adopted son. The couple were childless but had resolutely overcome any sense of longing and frustration they might have initially felt. Mallika therefore knew that her husband spoke only in jest, but she could not help noticing the growing tenderness she felt for the boy. Could Gopalan's laugh-

SWADDESHI AND SUPERB



The fashion world demands a seasonal freshness, a newness, a change. But in some fields of fashion, however, it's fashionable not to change, once one has joined a certain trend—for instance, the handloom cottons and silks which have stayed steadfast to fashion through many a changing mood. Today our cottage industries have brought out a new and wide range of artistically designed Batik, cotton Patola, printed silks and dress materials which are appealing and flaunt original colour combinations with bold traditional motifs. The cool, crisp cottons cater to every fashion whim, whether it be for day or date wear. Ideal for budget-wise Eves, the handloom fabrics go hand in hand in fashion and value.

Courtesy: Handloom House, Bombay

ABOVE LEFT: Casual catches for today! A blue, off white and black diagonal, floral striped handloom cotton salwar-kamiz has an off-white bordered dupatta; while the other in brown and white Batik print is striking with white bands on the sleeves and hemline and white dupatta appliqued with matching Batik fabric.

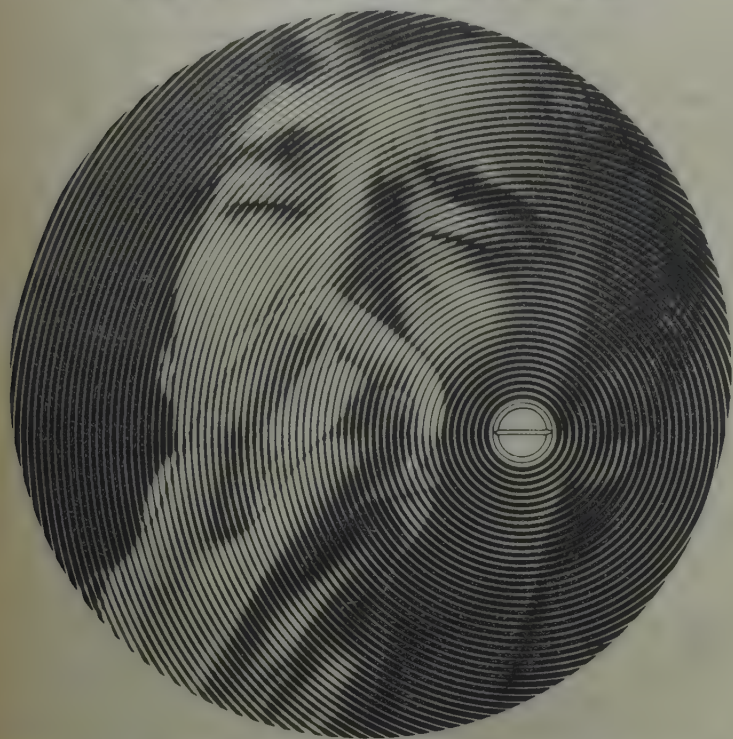
RIGHT: Traditionally appealing for a day time date! A pink, white and black cotton Batik bordered saree has large motifs on the pallav; while the other in cotton Patola looks bright and fetching in yellow, red and green geometric designs and a broad intricately woven border.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter.

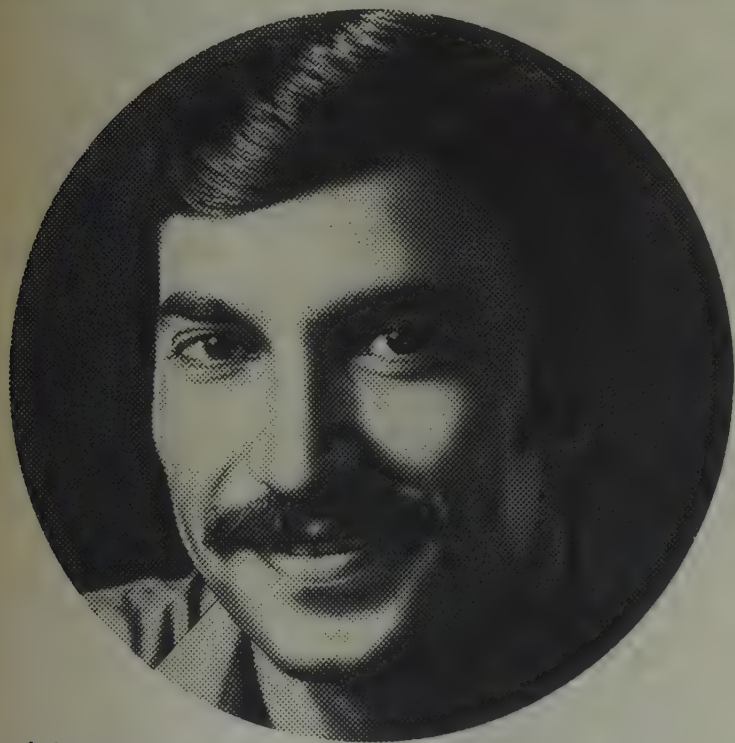
comfortable caftan in turquoise blue, brown and off-white diagonal stripes out in 'V' formation with an off-white dicky front piped in brown.



**Colds bring
misery, suffering,
weakness**

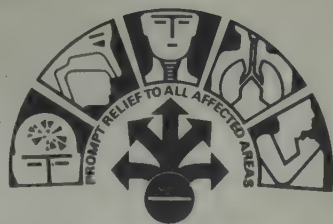


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Coldarin brings prompt relief
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A decongestant to clear runny nose and sinus
Caffeine to combat that depressed feeling
Vitamin C to build resistance
Aspirin to relieve pain

At the first sign of a cold,
take one Coldarin,
preferably after meals.



COLDARIN

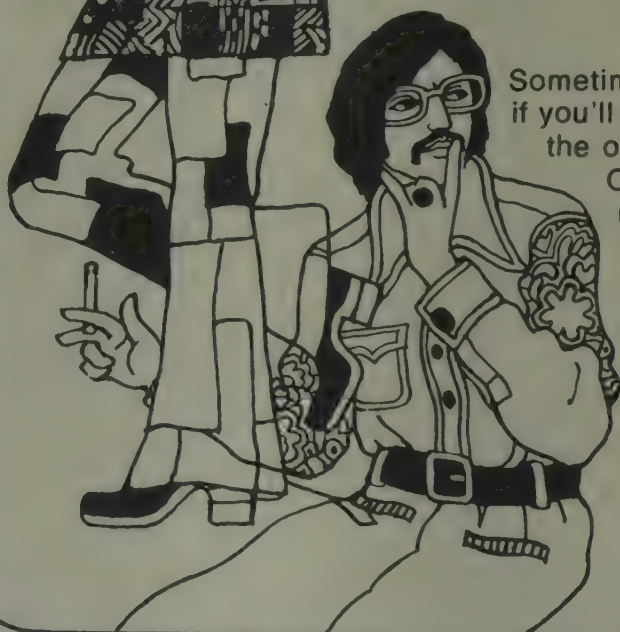
with Vitamin C THE SPECIAL COLD TABLET

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**Bridges
The
Generation
Gap...**



You're young, mod and trendy.
You dress in today's fashions and you
talk in today's language.



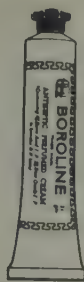
Sometimes you wonder
if you'll ever understand
the other generation.
Or if they'll ever
understand you.

And you know that
BOROLINE
Antiseptic Perfumed Cream
gives your skin the best protection
all the year round.

Regular use of
BOROLINE
keeps your skin healthy,
helps heal minor cuts and
prevents chapping.

That's why you use
BOROLINE.
The same way the other
generation has been doing for years.
Sometimes you wonder if the other generation
is all that difficult to understand after all.

BOROLINE
Antiseptic Perfumed Cream—
the trusted choice for any generation.



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CALCUTTA-700 003

India is very famous for its arts and many Indian women have good artistic talent, but rarely do they break through from the kitchen to achieve the fame they deserve.

Mrs. Saroja Nagarathnam is one of the lucky exceptions. Her calligraphic portraits have won acclaim not only in India but in foreign countries also. The drawing of a picture using minute letters or words apt to that particular portrait is called calligraphic painting.

In 1967, when the Gandhi centenary was celebrated, an art exhibition was held in Madras. Mrs. Saroja Nagarathnam drew a unique picture of Gandhiji with the words "Ram" written in Tamil. No wonder it won the first prize in the exhibition among 3,000 entries. Now the picture adorns the Gandhi Illam at Government Estate, Madras.

This was the starting of her career as a calligraphic painter. So far she had drawn about 15 pictures, nine among them of gods and goddesses, eight of goddess Lakshmi (Ashta Lakshmi) and one of Lord Vishnu. All these nine pictures have been gifted to the Mahalakshmi temple, Adyar, Madras.

Recently, Mrs. Nagarathnam had drawn the picture of the Queen of Iran, Her Imperial Majesty Farah Pahlavi Shahbanu, and presented it to her through a mutual friend, on the occasion of the V Teheran International Film Festival held at Teheran. The interesting feature is that this picture was drawn using



lines from the Quran and the word "Allah" in English. This is the first picture she had done using English words. In appreciation of its high artistry, the Queen presented Mrs. Nagarathnam a gold medal.

When asked why she had selected the Queen of Iran for her portrait, Mrs. Nagarathnam replied, "Mr. Venkataraman, one of our friends and well wishers, while visiting Iran had mentioned about me and my art to the Queen. She was so much interested that Mr. Venkataraman promised to get a portrait of her done by me. I did it with the help of a photograph of the Queen. I selected the words carefully. As background I drew the national flag of Iran and at the bottom, the famous mosque of Iran."

While talking about calligraphic paintings, Mrs. Nagarathnam commented, "It is a very difficult and complex art unlike oil or water colour painting. Except

SAROJA NAGARATHNAM:

CALLIGRAPHIC ARTIST

An exotic art form which has won wide acclaim and achieved the patronage of the Queen of Iran

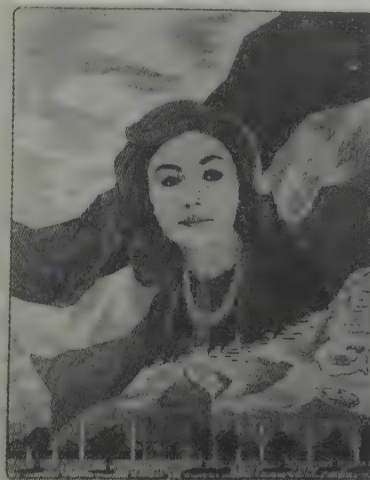
Indian ink. But by adding two or three colours together I make it into 40. Moreover, a special kind of nib has to be used in this art. The lifetime of the nib varies from three minutes to three hours. The production of these nibs is becoming very scarce in India and to import them from abroad is a costly affair."

The most interesting feature is that her eyesight is perfect. I had to peer through a magnifying glass to decipher the letters written by her in the pictures.

She considers the picture of the Kanchi Kamakoti Periyavar as her best work. It is made up of the words "Jaya Jaya Sankara". It was unveiled by the successor to the Kanchi Kamakoti Peetam on the day of the kumbhabhishekam of the Kamakshi Amman temple, Kancheepuram, which she considers a special honour.

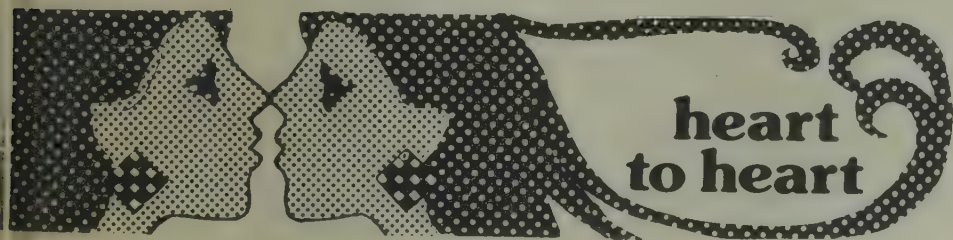
Her husband, Mr. Nagarathnam, a businessman, helps her a lot. Her achievement is all the more remarkable considering the fact that she is a housewife with six children. Two of them are already portrait painters. She attributes her success to the blessings of Jagathguru Chandra Sekhara Saraswathi Swamigal of Kanchi Kamakoti Peetam.

Shanthi



HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY FARAH PAHLAVI SHAHBANOU OF IRAN
By K VENKATARAMAN, MADRAS-INDIA
AT THE OCCASION OF
V TEHRAN INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, 1970.
ARTIST PRESENTED BY
Mrs. SAROJA NAGARATHNAM, MADRAS.

the eyes I have to draw the whole picture with minute characters and form them into a perfect resemblance. You cannot even count how many times I write the same words. And I have to decide what colours to use beforehand. Twenty shades are available in



CONSULT A COUNSELLOR

I was married in 1972 and my wife stayed with me only for about 10 months. In between she used to live with her parents and was always unwilling to come back. Several allegations have been made against me by her people. My parents insist on my getting married again as early as possible. But I am a government servant and afraid to start legal proceedings as I fear my father-in-law could create problems that might affect my service. Please advise.

From the details you send, it appears that your case is too intricate. You should see a marriage counsellor or discuss the matter in detail with elders from your or your wife's side. If both parties are unwilling to cooperate and there is no issue, you can go in for a divorce rather than have constant family bickering. But before you do so,

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

HE HAS A ROVING EYE

make sure if the government rules of service could affect you if you terminate your marriage. Consult a legal adviser too.

HAVE MORE CONFIDENCE IN YOURSELF

I was married two years ago and have a boy. My husband is in the habit of admiring all the women in the neighbourhood—

married and unmarried. As a result these women consider me inferior to them and treat me so. I love my husband deeply, hence, I am reluctant to talk to him about this. I am a working woman and afraid about the things that might happen during my absence. He is good to me but very short-tempered. I am very much upset, please advise.

You should have more confidence in yourself—and don't suffer from an inferiority complex. Do not be jealous or overpossessive of your husband. He may admire or compliment them, and you could join him in doing so.

He is doing it in your presence, so don't make an issue of it. If you make things unpleasant for him, he might seek their company. You should dress well, look smart and be congenial and friendly. Have a happy sex adjustment with your husband, keep the home warm, attend to his needs, give him more of your time and communicate with him. With your love and positive efforts, he will not go astray.

DON'T PLAY WITH HER LIFE

I am a boy of 19 and never had a steady relationship with a girl—one of us ends up fighting. A girl who has been in love with me for about a year wants me to get friendly with her. I responded and our relationship has become quite intimate, even physically. Now that she has started going to college, I find her changing a bit. Although I don't want to get seriously involved with her, I still want physical pleasure out of her, and I don't want her to stop loving me. This girl is not sophisticated and at times she acts crazy. She is not very good-looking either.

If you don't love this girl, don't play with her life—it's not fair to her. A woman gives herself up fully and emotionally when she loves a man. So if you leave her later, after she is involved emotionally, it will be hard for her to face the future. So leave her now and tell her the truth, and don't mess about with her for your selfish ends. Convince her that this relationship will not work out.



Photograph: Farokh Reporter.

PERSONAL CHOICE :

POT-POURRI

"Do you spend a lot of money for a lavish spread on the dinner table?" "Certainly not," is the answer from sisters Malati Karwarkar and Jyotsna Padmakar. Malati is the wife of a senior military officer who has held important diplomatic assignments abroad and Jyotsna is the wife of a leading technocrat in the Motion Picture Industry.

Both sisters entertain a lot but they do it within a limited budget. Through trial and error, personal experience and study of various dishes of different nationalities, they have adopted a new approach towards culinary art. With minimum effort, less oil, fewer spices, using readily available ingredients and less expensive substitutes and combining expensive items like meat and poultry with vegetables and pulses, their dishes are not only tasty and attractive but have the added advantage of being light to eat.

Malati and Jyotsna have published a cookery book, "Mixed Cuisine", which contains both Indian and international dishes. It will be available in a revised and enlarged edition soon. The entire spread in this picture is budgeted within Rs. 100/= and is sufficient for a party for twenty people.

AASH

(An Afghan meat and bean soup, a meal in a dish)

$\frac{1}{2}$ kg. mincemeat (keema)
1 cup of rajmah (red beans), soaked overnight

3-4 onions, chopped
2-3 medium size tomatoes
1 whole pod of garlic, crushed

Chilli powder to taste
2 tbsps. oil

Heat the oil in a vessel and fry the onions, crushed garlic and chilli powder. Add the rajmah and keema and fry for 5-7 minutes. Add chopped tomatoes if desired. Put in two cups of water and cook till done—pressure cook for seven to ten minutes. Remove the lid and cook on a slow fire, adding a litre of water and salt. Prepare some noodles if you can, or just take them out of the packet and empty them into the

boiling soup. Also prepare some wontons or shells (recipe given) and add them to the soup. When the wontons or noodles are cooked, take the soup off the fire.

For Tempering (Tadka)

Heat two to three tablespoons of oil in a frying pan and put in some dry, crushed pudina leaves. Dry pudina is better but if it isn't available, fresh leaves may be used.

While serving

Keep the bowl of soup ready along with a bowl of beaten curd, a bowl of chopped onions, a bowl of chilli sauce, and a bowl of brinjal or cucumber pickle.

If you want to make it vegetarian, cook the rajmah and keema separately and serve accordingly.

FOR WONTONS

1/2 cup of maida

A pinch of salt

Water to mix

Knead to form a dough as for chappati, roll out thinly on a floured board and cut rounds or squares approximately two inches in diameter. Fill between each two of these, chopped onions, leeks or cooked keema, (taken out of the soup), and close. Or use just one piece of dough at a time and give a shell-like shape to each one or simply fold in half and seal the edges. Prepare them all in the same way. Afghans use a certain variety of leek which is not available here. They serve this soup rather thick and put the curd straight into the soup. If you are reheating the soup, it is advisable to add the curd at the time of serving.

SUKIYAKI

(A variation of the Japanese dish)

1 medium size, plump chicken

Ginger and garlic paste

Salt to taste

1 onion sliced and fried crisp

1/2 cup mixture of soya sauce, vinegar and sugar

Chilli sauce to taste

Some cooked spinach and cabbage as accompaniment

2-3 eggs, scrambled, for topping

Cut the chicken into pieces according to your liking and after cleaning them, rub them with the ginger and garlic paste, and salt. Heat some oil in a dekchi and fry the chicken on all sides to get a brown colour and then cook by pouring in just enough water. When properly cooked pour in the soya sauce mixture and add the fried onions. Cook the spinach and cabbage separately in oil with very little spice. While serving, arrange the chicken in the middle of a large serving plate and put the spinach and cabbage on either side. Scramble three eggs and spread them over the chicken. Serve with chilli sauce and preferably with rice.

STUFFED VEGETABLES WITH MINCEMEAT

(Dolma—a style of the Middle-East)

1/2 kg. mincemeat, cooked

1/2 cup boiled rice
1/2 cup chopped dhania leaves
6-8 medium size brinjals or capsicums or tomatoes
2-3 tbsps. oil
1-2 onions, thinly sliced

Mix the mince meat with the boiled rice and dhania leaves. Add salt and chilli powder according to taste. Prepare the vegetables for the stuffing: slice off the top, remove the 'caps' and hollow out the centre. Mix the scooped out portion of the vegetable with the mincemeat stuffing. Fill the hollow vegetables with the stuffing and replace the 'caps.'

Take a shallow heat proof dish, pour in the oil add onions and arrange the stuffed vegetables on top. Sprinkle some water over it and bake it in a moderate oven till done. You can even make this dish without an oven. Use a thick bottomed vessel with a close-fitting lid and put it on the fire. Maintain the water requirement throughout. If some stuffing is left over, arrange it around the stuffed vegetables and serve.

JAPANESE OMELETTE

2 eggs

1 large onion, chopped fine

100 grams ham or cocktail sausages, chopped or some left over mince-meat

1 tsp. soya sauce

Oil

Salt, pepper and chillis to taste

Fry the onions in some oil and mix in the chopped ham or sausages. Check for salt and put in the soya sauce and chillis. Take a shallow, heat-proof bowl large enough to hold the meat mixture. Put it in and then break the two eggs on top, at some distance from each other. Cover the bowl tightly and cook it on a slow fire. You can also use two individual bowls, one for each egg and put them in the oven till the eggs set.

GADOW GADOW

(Indonesian rice in peanut sauce—a meal in a dish)

1 cup boiled rice (leftover rice will do)

1/2 cup boiled potatoes, slightly mashed

1/2 cup grated cabbage

1/2 cup mixed sprouted beans, moong, lobia, boiled with salt
1/2 cup dhania leaves, chopped
2-3 lemons

FOR TOPPING:

Sago papad
Hardboiled eggs
Fried onion rings
Cloves of garlic

FOR PEANUT SAUCE:

2 cups peanuts, roasted or fried
1 tbsp. of jaggery (optional)
1 tsp. green chillis, chopped
Salt to taste

Grind the ingredients for peanut sauce together, with a little water, to a smooth paste. Then slowly mix in some more water to get a curry-like consistency. Boil it for five to seven minutes.

Mix the rice, mashed potatoes, cabbage, beans and dhania leaves together with light strokes and keep them on to a flat rice dish. Pour the peanut sauce on top of the rice and vegetables and decorate it with slices of hardboiled eggs and fried onion rings. Fry some sago papad and arrange them all around, or serve them separately. Squeeze two or three lemons all over the rice.

BABA AU RUM

1 cup flour

A pinch of salt

1 tsp. yeast

1 egg

2-4 tps. sugar

2-4 tps. oil

Enough milk to make a smooth dough

A few currants for sprinkling

4 bananas cut into slices for topping

For soaking:

Sugar syrup

Lemon juice

1 tsp. rum (approx 1/2 a cup)

Make a smooth dough by mixing together all the first seven ingredients. Keep dough covered in a greased bowl for rising. Grease a flat baking dish (8" x 8") and sprinkle the currants all over it. When the dough rises to almost double its size, punch it down, knead it for one to two minutes then fit it into the prepared baking dish, cover it loosely and allow it to rise again. Bake the baba dish in a hot oven till it turns light brown in

cuckoo lal



To marinate food means to soak in a liquid containing an acid such as lemon juice, vinegar or wine, plus seasonings and, sometimes, oil. Used to flavour and tenderize meat, fish and poultry.

colour and feels like bread when touched. Take it out and invert it to get it thoroughly soaked. (Add the lemon and rum according to taste.) Arrange the bananas over it and top it with sweet, whipped cream or serve the cream separately. It can be served warm or cold. Any other fruit can also be used instead of banana.

FATLESS SPONGE

4 eggs, at room temperature

1/2 cup powdered sugar

1 tsp. vanilla essence

1/2 cup maida

A pinch of baking powder

Separate the yolks from the egg whites. Beat the whites to a stiff consistency, then add the powdered sugar and the yolks, beaten smooth. Finally, fold in the maida, baking powder and the vanilla essence. Line a cake mould with well greased paper and pour in the cake mix. Bake it in a hot oven till it becomes a golden brown. Then invert the sponge on butter paper with sugar sprinkled over it. Peel the paper off it and roll it with the help of the butter paper under it. Unroll it and spread on it any filling you choose. Then roll it up again, slice it and serve.

ATTENTION COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

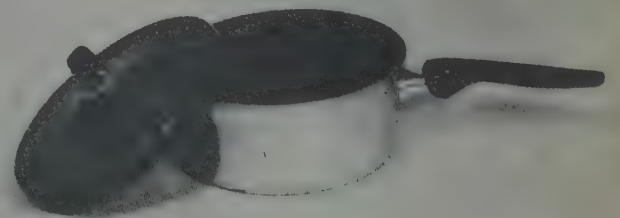
SPECIAL PRIZES

FOR WEEKLY WINNERS AND COOKERY QUEEN OF THE MONTH

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.

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

So, send in your best vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipe accompanied with photograph and coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Apollo Street, Bombay 400 023.

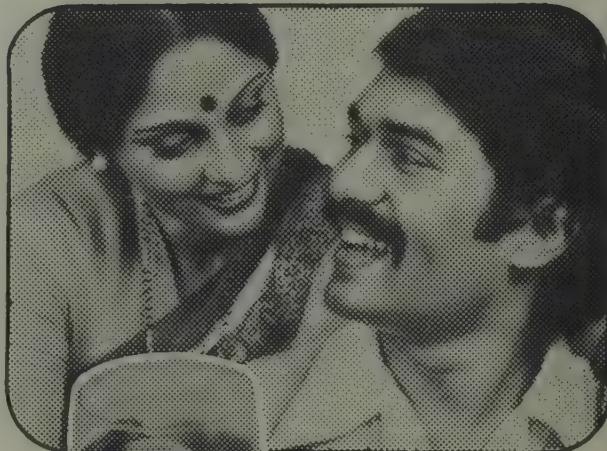


The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to Rs. 100.00, a saucepot (Nov.); a 315 mm tava (Dec.) and a saucepot (Jan. 1978).

“ My mummy sure can make Rex Jelly yummy! ”



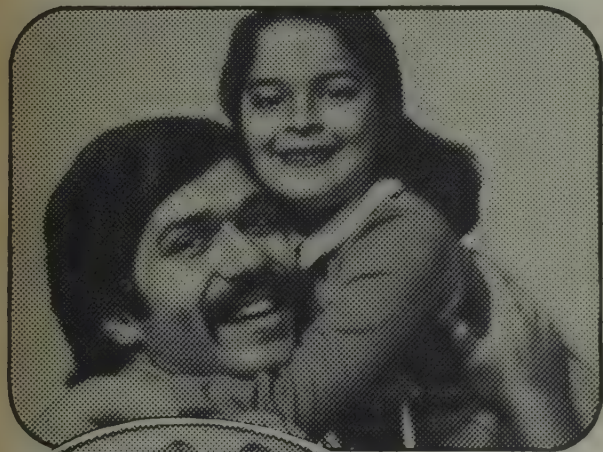
Our twin treat
—Rex Jelly with
custard



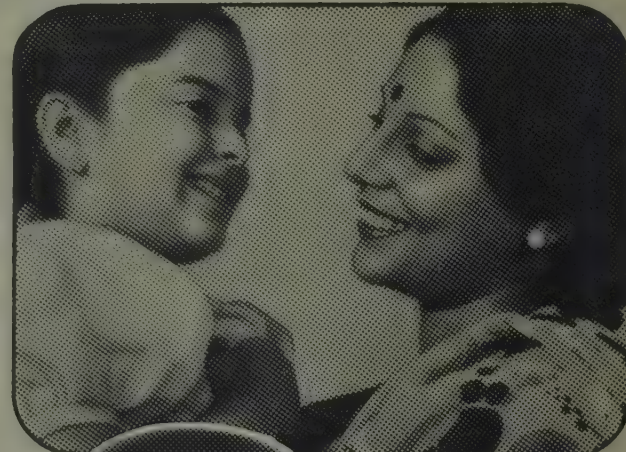
Our whole family loves
Rex jelly with dollops
of ice-cream on it!



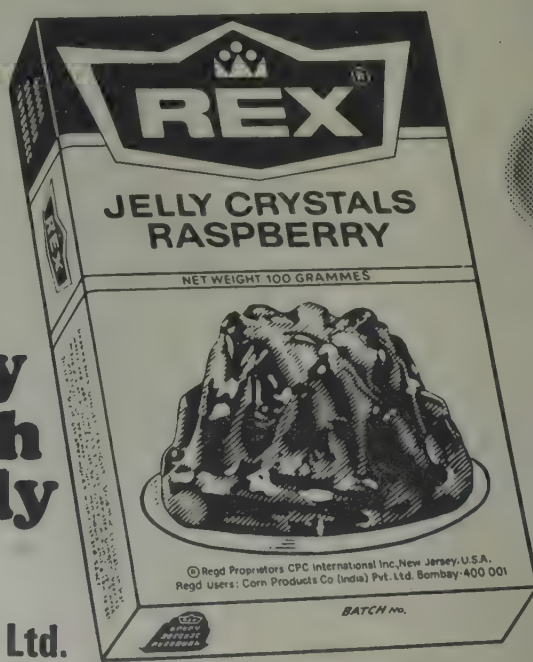
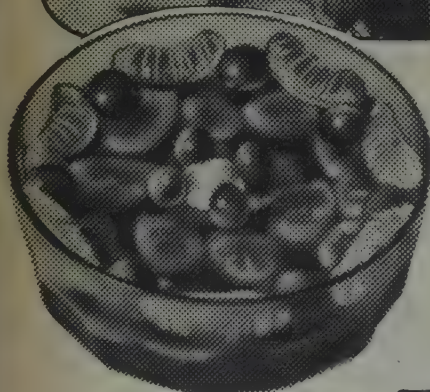
Guests get
'rainbow' Rex
Jelly with lots
of cream (I get
some, too!)



Homework
done, and I'm
the apple of
Daddy's eye
... I get
Rex Jelly
with fruit!



If I'm good, I get
Rex Jelly by
itself... and that's
the yummiest!



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recipes from our readers



Maya K. Mudbhatkal, Madras

SWEET AND SOUR KARELA

- 1/2 kg. karela or bitter gourd
- 6 tbsps. chilli powder
- 1 tbsp. turmeric powder
- A lemon-sized ball of tamarind
- A lemon-sized ball of jaggery
- Salt to taste
- FOR SEASONING :
- 2 tbsps. coconut oil or til oil
- 1 tsp. mustard seeds
- 1/2 tsp. fenugreek
- 1/2 tsp. asafoetida
- 15 green chillis
- 1 sprig curry leaves

Soak tamarind in hot water and extract juice and keep aside. Cut the karela into thin slices, apply salt and keep aside for two or three hours. Squeeze out the water and deep fry till criso, drain and keep aside.

Fry mustard in two tablespoons of oil. When the seeds splutter, add fenugreek, asafoetida, curry leaves and small slices of the green chillis, chilli and turmeric powders, jaggery and tamarind juice. When the gravy thickens, add the fried karela slices and remove from fire. Serve hot with chappatis.



Shashikala Shivanand, Bangalore

POTATO-ALMOND KHEER

- 1 litre milk
- 250 grams sugar
- 250 grams potatoes
- 10-12 almonds, soaked and peeled
- 10 cashewnuts
- 1 tbsp. raisins
- 5 cardamoms

- A few drops of almond essence
- A pinch of saffron colour
- 1 tbsp. ghee

Boil the potatoes. Mash the peeled potatoes with almonds, cashewnuts and cardomoms.

Fry raising in ghee, add mashed potatoes and cook for five minutes. Add boiled milk, stirring constantly. Now add sugar, saffron colour and essence. Stir well.



Linda Johns, Hyderabad

CAPSICUM PICKLE

- 1 kg. small capsicums
- 100 grams garlic, ground
- 100 grams ginger
- 1/2 bottle vinegar
- 2 tbsps. chilli powder

- 2 tps. saffron powder
- 50 grams cumminseed, powdered
- 1 cup sugar
- 350 grams sweet oil
- Salt to taste

Grind the ingredients, except the capsicums and sugar, in one fourth bottle of vinegar. Wash and wipe the capsicums, slit and remove the seeds. Heat oil, then add capsicums and cook till soft; then keep aside.

Add the ground masala paste and fry for five minutes; add capsicum, salt, sugar and the remaining vinegar, which should be boiled well and kept for ten minutes. Remove, cool and bottle.



Vijaya Sampath, Bombay

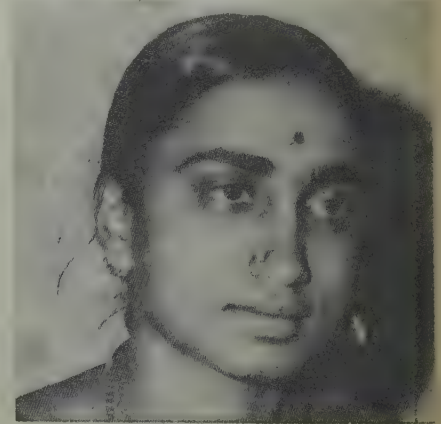
NATIONAL CAKE

- 1 coconut
- 1/2 litre milk
- 300 grams sugar
- 150 grams ghee
- Kesar (orange) and green colours
- 1 tsp. vanilla essence

Scrape the coconut. Divide the scraped coconut, milk, sugar and ghee into three equal parts. In a thick bottomed dekchi put one part each of the above ingredients and stir well. When it is mixed properly and thickens like a cake without sticking to the dekchi, add one third teaspoon of the vanilla essence and then green colour and stir again. Then pour onto a greased plate.

Now heat the second part of the above said ingredients and stir well. When it becomes thick as before, add one-third teaspoon of vanilla essence. Stir again and pour it over the green cake.

Finally heat the last section and stir well. When this thickens without sticking to the dekchi, pour one-third teaspoon of vanilla essence and dissolved kesar colour. Stir again and pour it over the green and white cake.



Sitha Mohan Rangan, Mussoorie

EASY BESAN BURFI

- 1 cup besan
- 3 cups sugar
- 2 cups ghee
- 2 very small pieces of edible camphor
- 12 cashewnuts
- 12 almonds
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder

Sieve the besan and heat it in a karahi for five minutes. Keep aside. Make a syrup with sugar and water of one thread consistency. Add the besan with one hand and stir with the other until the besan blends with the syrup. Stir for five minutes and add the ghee, a little at a time, stirring continuously. Add the baking powder. When the mixture froths, add the camphor. Remove from fire and spread it evenly on a greased thali. Garnish it with chopped cashewnuts and almonds.



Vijaya Krishnamurthi of New Delhi wins Rs. 50 plus a non-stick sandwich toaster and a Tin-O-Mat from Trupti Industries, Bombay.

TENDER JACK-FRUIT USILI

- 400 grams tender jack-fruit
- 1 cup arhar dal
- A pinch of asafoetida
- A small piece of ginger

- 1 or 2 sprigs curry leaves
- 3 tbsps. shredded coconut
- A few green chillis
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric
- 1 tsp. mustard seeds
- 1 tsp. urad dal
- 4 tbsps. cooking oil
- Salt to taste

USILI
Soak arhar dal in water for half an hour, then drain and grind it coarsely along with green chillis, asafoetida, ginger and a little salt. Spread this mixture on a plate and steam it as for idlis.

SABZI
Peel the skin from the tender jack-fruit. Cut it into very small pieces, put it in a vessel, add turmeric and salt. Sprinkle as much water as is necessary and cook till it is done. Heat two tablespoons of oil in a frying pan. Add mustard seeds and urad dal. When the seeds splutter, add curry leaves. Now add the dal mixture (usili) and stir it for a few minutes. Then add the cooked jack-fruit sabzi. Pour the remaining oil and continue stirring for two minutes over a low fire. After five to seven minutes, add shredded coconut and remove from fire. Serve with rice or chappatis.

ATTENTION, COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

Each recipe for the weekly and monthly contests and Recipes From Readers' page must be accompanied by this coupon. Those not accompanied by the coupon and a passport size photograph will not be considered for publication.

Address your entry to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Bombay Samachar Marg, Fort, Bombay-400 023.

*For those whose ruling sign is Water.**



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in your element
in cottons
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TOWARDS SELF-HELP IN RURAL MEDICINE

Promilla Kalhan: A unique project in rural medical self-help, which will provide health care to nearly a crore of Maharashtra's five crore population, is briskly making headway under the auspices of the Rajmata Jijav Pratishtan (Jijamata Trust), a registered public charitable trust exempted from income tax. Its moving spirit and chairman is Mrs. Shalini Patil, wife of the Maharashtra Chief Minister. She started this work several years ago, when Vasantdada Patil was not the Chief Minister. For a year, after he was dropped from the S. B. Chavan Ministry, and lived in Sangli cultivating land, Shalinitai bravely carried on the work of setting up and running the growing chain of Jijamata Hospitals despite, according to her, unhelpful "official attitude" to her work.

Recently, when Janata Party President, Chandra Shekhar, inaugurated the dental department of the Jijamata hospital in Vashi, New Bombay, he made a significant remark—that the Jijamata Trust should be helped for the good work it was doing, irrespective of the political party to which its organisers subscribed, because social work and serving humanity did not have any political or other barriers. When Mrs. Patil referred to the difficulties encountered by her workers during the time of the previous regime, he cut in: "Carry on your work bravely. Your cause is good." He himself offered any help he could give.

Kamala Mankekar: The sprawling hillock off Belapur village, near Bombay, overlooking the sleek, steel bridge spanning the Panvel creek, will soon be humming with activity if the plans of Mrs. Patil materialise. A major medical centre is to be set up on the hillock, with a 350-bed hospital to serve the Belapur industrial area and the nearby Konkan villages. An adjoining hill is also being acquired to establish a residential medical college, since staffing rural hospitals has always been a problem in India.

The Belapur project is only a part of the scheme to take modern medical aid to villages in Maharashtra. Shalinitai plans to build fifty small hospitals in 25 districts of the State. These will be spread out from Marathwada to Vidharba to New Bombay, and there are to be two larger hospitals—a 100-bed institution in Vashi (New Bombay) and a 350-bed complex at Belapur.

"We had already decided to institute a memorial to Rajmata Jijau—mother of Chhatrapati Shivaji. We thought that, instead of installing stone statues we should have a programme to benefit the people," Mrs. Patil said, explaining the Hospital Trust Scheme.

The growing chain of Jijamata Hospitals is doing yeoman service in the State of Maharashtra.

Two well-known women journalists of Delhi, PROMILLA KALHAN and KAMALA MANKEKAR, recently visited the sites and we present here their glowing report of this outstanding project



Union Defence Minister Mr. Jagjivan Ram at the Vashi hospital with Shalinitai Patil, the sponsor of the project.

Janata party president Mr. Chandra Shekhar opening the dental clinic of the Vashi hospital. Shalinitai Patil looks on happily.



The Vashi hospital, which at present has 40 beds, is complete and has been treating almost 400 outdoor patients every day for the past few months. It has specialised services, such as dental care, an X-ray department and a well-equipped operation theatre; it has wards for women and children, besides a general medical ward. It can also handle psychiatric cases.

The building was originally constructed by CIDCO, the New Bombay development authority, but it was bought by the Pratishtan for Rs. 30 lakhs. They began running it in December 1975. The Pratishtan has spent another 12 lakhs of rupees on equipment and such. The hospital has a full-time staff of seventeen, including seven doctors. It also has a number of visiting specialists as advisers and consultants.

The work on the Vashi hospital, though started two years ago, could not be completed earlier because of "lack of official cooperation." The organisers then decided to go to the people and collect money through small donations. Some of the labour groups proved very generous, notable among them being the "Mathadi kamgars," dock-labourers who carry loads on their heads. They have decided to contribute two lakhs of rupees to the scheme and have already sent three instalments of Rs. 50,000 each. Every instalment represents half a day's salary to the contributing group.

It is hoped that the Vashi hospital will soon be expanded to contain 100 beds. The success of the Vashi project encouraged the Trust to set up the centre at Belapur.

The Belapur complex is a much bigger venture—the college and the hospital along with other planned facilities, will cost about two crores of rupees. The organisers feel that if the five crores of Maharashtra citizens contribute one rupee each, the Pratishtan will have enough funds to finance the entire network of fifty hospitals, as well as the Belapur complex. About two lakhs of rupees have already been collected through small donations from the Akola district. But to approach crores of people and to keep count of their small donations is not an easy task. Shalinitai says they therefore welcomed any amount from donors. Consequently, they have already collected a total of about Rs. 60 lakhs for the project.

However, the financial requirements of such projects, involve the building and equipping of hospitals. Large sums are needed for the day-to-day running of medical institutions. The Pratishtan has decided not to

Continued on page 41

this
chilly
winter



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Cadbury's Nutmate. A super combination of crunchy nuts and chewy caramel, covered with creamy milk chocolate. Not too sweet. Not too soft. Just nutlicious! Get your teeth into it—no

MATERIALS:

Knitting Yarn "modella"
Doubleknit Madeira—16 balls
Mustard 705 (50 grams each). A
pair of knitting needles no. 9
and no 8.

MEASUREMENTS:

Length 62 cms., chest 92 cms.,
sleeves seam 47 cms.

TENSION:

6½ sts. and 8½ rows to 2.5 cms.
measured over st.st. on no. 8
needles.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K. = knit; p. = purl; sts. =
stitches; rep. = repeat; tog. =
together; beg. = beginning; dec.
= decrease; inc. = increase;
alt. = alternate; st.st. = stock-
ing stitch; sl. = slip.

FRONT

With Mustard yarn and no. 9
needles cast on 112 sts. and work
in k. 2, p. 2 rib for 8 cms. In the
last row dec. 1 st. (111 sts.).

Change to no. 8 needles and **
sts.st. for 5 cms.

Now work pattern as follows:

(Multiple of 6+3 on casting
on. After 1st row the sts. are
divisible by 8+3.)

1st row: P 3,* p. 1, (k. 1, p.
1, k. 1 into next st.) p. 4. rep.
from * to end of row.

2nd, 4th, 6th, 8th and 10th rows:
* k. 4, p. 3, k. 1, rep. from * to
last 3 sts., k. 3.

3rd, 5th, 7th and 9th rows:
p. 3, *(p. 1, k. 1) twice, p. 4, rep.
from* to end of row.

11th row: P. 3, * p. 1, cross 3
(sl. 2 sts. on to a cable needle,
place at back of work, k. next
st., p. 2nd st. from cable needle
then k. first st. and slip both sts.
off tog.), p. 4 rep. from * till end
of row.

12th row: * k. 3, cross 2 (sl.
next st. on to cable needle, leave
at front of work, p. next st., k.
st. from cable needle), k. 1, cross
2 (k. into 2nd st. on left needle
then p into first st. and slip both
sts. off tog.) rep. from * till last
3 sts., k. 3.

13th row: k. 1, p. 1 * cross 2
(k. 2nd st. on left needle, then
p. first st. and slip both sts. off
tog.), p. 3, cross 2 (sl. next st.
on to cable needle, leave at front
of work, p. next st., k. st. from
cable needle), p. 1 rep. from * to
last st. k. 1.

14th row: * cross 3 (sl. 2 sts.
on to cable needle, place at back
of work, k. next st., p. 2nd st.
from cable needle then k. first st.
and slip both sts. off tog.) k. 5,
rep. from * till last 3 sts., cross
3 sts. as before.

15th row: p. 2, * cross 2 (sl.
first st. onto cable needle, leave
at front of work, p. the next st.,
k. st. from cable needle) p. 3,



Knitted with "modella" knitting yarn.

MAN POWER

*He is sure to appreciate this
heavy textured sweater, to
keep him warm in winter*

cross 2 (k. 2nd st. on left needle
then p. first st. and slip both sts.
off tog.), p. 1, rep. from * to last
st., p. 1.

16th row: k. 3, * cross 2 (k.
2nd st. on left needle, then p.
first st. and sl. both sts. off tog.),
k. 1, cross 2 (sl. next st. on to
cable needle, leave at front of
work, p. next st., k. st. from

cable needle) k. 3, rep. from *
till end of row.

17th row: As 11th row.

18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th and 26th
rows: * k. 4, p. 3, k. 1, rep. from*
to last 3 sts., k. 3.

19th, 21st, 23rd and 25th rows:
p. 3, *(p. 1, k. 1) twice, p. 4, rep.
from * to end of row.

27th row: p. 3, * p. 1, p. 3
tog., p. 4 rep. from * to end of
row** Rep. from ** to** once
more.

Now continue in st.st. Inc. 1
st. at each end of every follow-
ing 5th row till there are 117 sts.
Continue in st. st. till work mea-
sures 44 cms.

Shape Armholes: (Right side
facing) cast off 11 sts. at the beg.
of next 2 rows (95 sts.) Continue
straight in st. st. till work mea-
sures 46 cms.

Shape Neck: (Right side fac-
ing) K. across 31 sts. turn.

Leave remaining sts. on a
spare needle, till work measures
60 cms.

Shape Shoulder: (Right side
facing) cast off 10 sts. at beg. of
next and following alt. rows.
Work 1 row in st. st. Cast off re-
maining sts. With right side of
work facing slip 33 sts. on a
spare needle, join yarn to re-
maining 31 sts. and complete to
correspond with first side re-
versing shapings.

BACK

Work same as for front till
armhole shaping is completed.
Continue straight on remaining
sts. till work matches front at
shoulder.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 10
sts. at beg. of next four rows.
Then cast off 11 sts. at beginning
of next 2 rows, cast off remaining
33 sts.

SLEEVES

On no. 9 needles cast on 64 sts.
and work in k. 2, p. 2 rib for 8
cms. Change to no. 8 needles,
garter sts. Inc. 1 st. at each end
of next and every following 10th
row till there are 72 sts. Con-
tinue in garter sts. till work mea-
sures 47 cms.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 3
sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Then
cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 14
rows. Cast off remaining sts.

COLLAR

Join yarn to 33 sts. left on a
spare needle at centre front and
work in garter sts. till collar
measures 68 cms. Cast off.

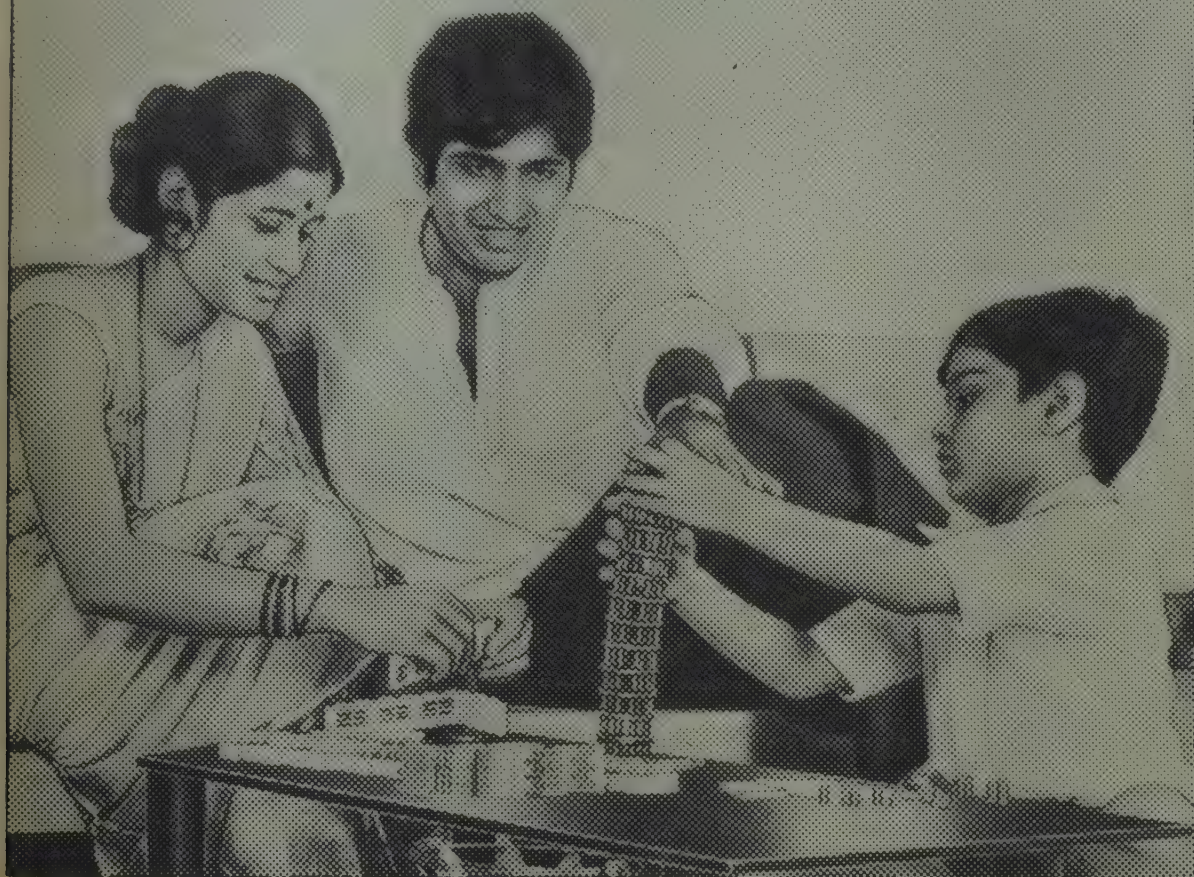
TO MAKE UP

Join side, shoulder and sleeve
seams. Set sleeves into armholes.
Sew collar neatly in position, re-
fer photograph.

Arnavaz Dhondy

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

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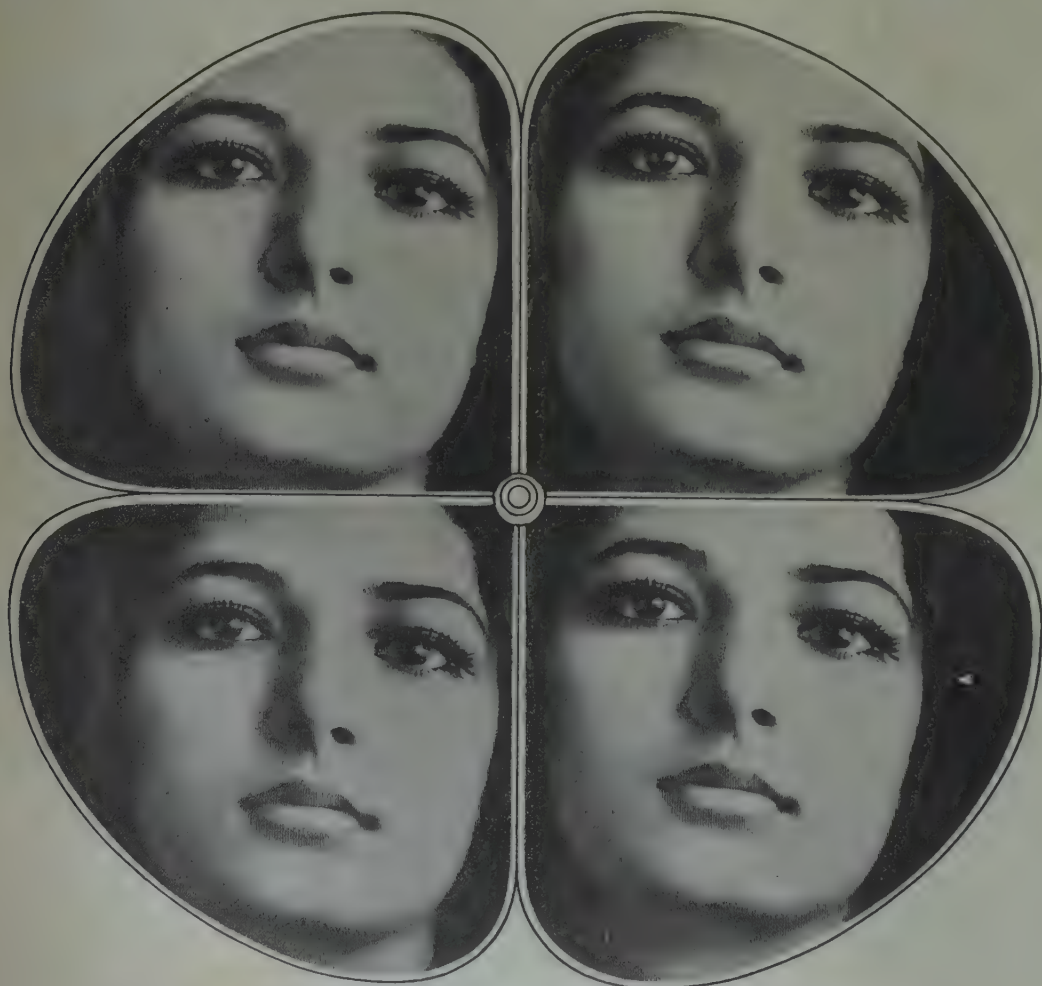
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Treat your complexion beautifully—all four ways



In the day, a fresh bloom:

Light enough to wear during the day, Charmis moisturises and protects your skin. So you look your best. Right through the day.

And at night, nourish your skin:

Use Charmis—the gentle make-up remover. Then stroke on a light film of Charmis at bedtime. It nourishes your skin to a new loveliness while you sleep.

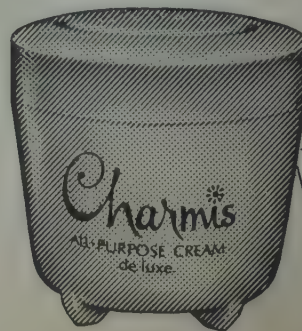
In winter, a smooth, glowing skin:

Charmis smoothes away ugly wrinkles, lines and rough patches. Keeps your skin looking young, soft and gentle.

In summer, a clear complexion:

Use Charmis on your face and skin. To protect your skin from the harsh sun and dust. Deep-cleansing Charmis for a smooth supple skin.

Start your beauty plan today with Charmis All-Purpose Cream de luxe. You'll love its delicate flower-fresh fragrance.



IN A PRETTY,
NEW POLYJAR

Day and night...winter or summer
you need the care of
Charmis all-purpose cream de luxe

Continued from page 37

make the medical aid given by them totally free; their hospitals will charge nominal fees on the scales of the charges in Government-run public hospitals.

"Nothing should be absolutely free, or it loses its value," says a spokesman of the Pratishtan. In the wards also, while a certain percentage of the beds will be free, the rest will be paid for by the patients who can afford to do so. This income from hospital beds, plus the nominal charges collected from outdoor patients will, the organisers feel be enough to meet a major part of the running expenses of the hospitals. Donors have the right to be provided with beds when they need them.

The hospital at Vashi has an added advantage. It is right in the heart of a growing industrial area. It has enrolled a number of industrial houses and factories as permanent members on a retainer basis. These factories pay a retainer fee of Rs. 250 every month and will, in return, be assured hospital beds for their workers at any time the need arises. The workers also get medical treatment—on payment by management—where a factory does not have adequate medical facilities. In the case of an accident, the hospital can be called and it rushes its own team of doctors to the factory; the workers can be treated in the hospital under the direct supervision of the factory medical officer, if so desired.

While the industries pay for the services rendered to their workers, needy groups benefit from this income. Among the beneficiaries will be the institutions run by the Children's Aid Society in Chembur. The Vashi hospital plans to extend its medical care services to the inmates of these institutions. It will provide day-to-day health assistance and, once a year, provide complete medical check ups to each child.

This hospital has also started a blood bank. A list of volunteer donors has been prepared and donors classified according to their blood groupings. They are called upon to donate blood in time of need.

Though the Pratishtan hospitals in villages are planned for general health care and treatment of simple ailments, the particular needs of an area are to be kept in mind when planning the services. Ratnagiri district, for instance, is notorious for a high incidence of tuberculosis among its inhabitants (approximately 74,000 cases out of a 20 lakh population). The Pratishtan plans, therefore, to provide special facilities for TB treatment in their medical centres in this area. Similarly, the scourge of leprosy is considerable in Vidarbha. Special clinics for leprosy treatment are, therefore, being set up along with the hospitals in that area.

The Belapur hospital, when it comes up, will also benefit road travellers, as it is just a few kilometers off the busy Bombay-Pune highway. At present, in case of an accident, the injured have to be taken either to Bombay or to Pune.

Promilla Kalhan: Being a good housekeeper, Mrs. Patil thinks of everything, particularly the budget. Raising funds from the Government and the public apart, she is seeing to it that each centre has some resources of its own. The Belapur medical centre and college will, for instance, have attached to them a large dairy with a thousand-odd cattle and also a poultry farm. These will not only cater to the needs of the patients and the students and staff but also bring in cash from the sale of milk and eggs, besides providing nutritious food for the local population.

How does the rural population feel about the Jijamata rural health centres now in the making? I visited two sites where construction is now beginning. Both of them are not far from large, ancient temples which are thronged by thousands of villagers, particularly during festival time.

At Jejuri, about a two-hour drive from Belapur, the village panchayat members told me that the area was starved of medical aid and that people had to travel to New Bombay for treatment. During festivals, thousands of devotees visit the Shiva temple perched on a hill-top which can only be reached by climbing five hundred steps. Quite a few of the devotees come to the temple with the hope of being cured of their physical ills. If Jejuri could offer them medical aid in addition to spiritual healing, the chances of a cure would certainly increase. The village people, they said, were aware that science and worship together could achieve wonders. The benefits of science were valued by them. They were no longer backward.

An hour's drive beyond Jejuri takes one to the picturesque temple of Shikhar Shinghnapur, at the foot of which a patch of land has been acquired for a Jijamata rural health centre.

Who does all this land belong to?

In the case of Shikhar Shinghnapur, it belongs to the **pujaris** of the ancient temple. In the case of Jejuri, it belongs partly to local farmers and partly to the village panchayat. At Belapur, land has been acquired from CIDCO.

Mrs. Patil takes her fund-collecting bowl far and wide. She interests the rich and the poor, private individuals as well as executives of co-operatives and mill owners in the cause. A sugar cooperative near Shikhar Shinghnapur, the chairman of which is Mr. S. N. Mohite Patil, also treasurer of the Pradesh Congress Committee, has been able to help with funds for the land at this spot. Mrs. Shalinitai Patil is always ready to make donation-giving a pleasure by naming hospital wards after the donors!

In a few months from now, eight of the 50 rural health centres planned by the Jijamata Trust will be running. In two years, the Belapur medical college and 350-bed hospital will be humming with activity. Each year, the hospital beds will multiply and new hospitals will be in demand.

The alleviation of human suffering cannot be measured in arithmetic terms. To Mrs. Shalinitai Patil, social welfare is more important than a political career. "One politician in a family is enough," she says, even as politics beckons to her.

A MODERN INDIAN BLUE-BEARD

Continued from page 17

marriage proposals. Most of the parents of the young girls he hoodwinked were taken in by the two of them.

Most of the girls selected by Prem Nath for "marriage" were either Army nurses or teachers. One of them was secretary to a businessman in Delhi. Four of his "wives" belong to Lucknow, Allahabad, Bombay and Ferozpur. But no one knows how many girls he actually cheated, raped or married, as the evidence before the police may not be complete. All these girls were in the age group of 25 to 30 years and were earning good salaries. He used to write all of them very romantic and intimate love letters, saying that he was missing them and would soon be with them once again.

His sob stories in most cases were of the same nature—either he had met with an accident or his pocket had been

picked and he was in urgent need of money. The girls and their parents were easily taken in by his smooth talk and persuasive manner.

His last "wife," Saroj, belongs to Ferozpur (Punjab) and is an instructor in physical education. In her complaint to the police, Saroj stated that she had met Prem Nath through an advertisement which had appeared in "The Hindustan Times" in November 1975. Being a quick worker, Prem Nath had finalised all the marriage details in a short time. To mark the auspicious day, Saroj's parents gave Rs. 500 to Prem Nath and, reciprocating the gesture, Raj Chhabra, posing as Prem's cousin, gave Rs. 101 to Saroj. The marriage was fixed for February 1976 and the preparations started. At the formal engagement ceremony a few days later, Saroj's parents gave Rs. 1,000 to Prem Nath. After a lapse of a few days, Prem Nath wrote to Saroj's parents saying that he wanted Rs. 5,000 to get a passport for Saroj and for some other travel arrangements since he would be flying to the United States

with his wife soon after the marriage. The money was given to him.

Prem Nath turned up at Ferozpur a day prior to the actual marriage day saying that the "baraat" consisting of five people would arrive by car in the morning the next day. No one turned up and, as the auspicious hour drew near, Saroj's parents and other relatives who had gathered for the wedding grew worried. A visibly upset Prem Nath told Saroj's parents that some mishap must have occurred on the way. But if there was no objection on their part, he was willing to have the marriage ceremony performed at the auspicious hour. The relatives were relieved, and the marriage was solemnised. The happy couple soon left for their honeymoon and had a wonderful time.

Saroj could not, in her wildest imagination, have thought that her handsome husband was a cheat and swindler. In her statement to the police, she said she had had intimate relations with Prem Nath as his wife and that

not even once had he hinted that he was already married. His accomplice, Raj Chhabra, who was later on proved to be his mistress and not a relation, as was claimed by Prem Nath, also went to Ferozpur and stayed with Saroj's parents for a few days enjoying their hospitality. Saying that he had to finalise his plans for the trip to the United States, Prem Nath returned to Delhi along with Raj Chhabra, leaving his wife behind on the promise that he would send for her.

A few days later, Saroj happened to see photographs of Prem Nath and Raj Chhabra in the newspapers and realised that she had been cheated. She filed a complaint against him, but her case has not come up for hearing as yet. She has been called to give evidence in the case of Sunita Vachhar on behalf of the prosecution.

Raj Chhabra has been released on bail, but Prem Nath is facing a trial for cheating, criminal conspiracy, and abducting a woman to compel her into marriage and causing her debilitation and rape.



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Shakti Samanta's "Anand Ashram" was recently released in the city and the reports were more or less unanimous; the film was a bore but Moushumi had done a terrific job though hers was the least important role in the story.

The verdict makes one feel rather sad. For, on one hand you have girls making it right to the top through their push, drive and ambitious nature, though they've never shown even a glimmer of acting talent in them. And on the other hand you have a woman like Moushumi who's enormously talented but hasn't the patience to give her career the kind of attention it deserves. Recently, Moushumi was replaced by another actress in Shakti Samanta's next film because the hero (Amitabh Bachchan) had declared that an intense story called for some kind of "tuning" between the lead artistes and, unfortunately, he claimed, he had no tuning at all with Moushumi.

"What does he mean by 'tuning'?" Moushumi demanded. "We have done 'Benaam' together and it was a hit. We're doing 'Manzil' together and it seems to be rather promising. We've always got along fairly comfortably on the sets. Does 'tuning' mean that I have to forget my husband and child and spend all my time with the heroes?"

Sometime back, Moushumi got for herself a terrible reputation with her producers. They said that she demanded Chinese lunch from a faraway restaurant wherever she was shooting, they said that she feigned illness and ditched her producers at a crucial moment; they said she didn't care to be punctual and came almost when it was time to pack up. I remember a disgusted Shatru telling me, "Moushumi acts like she is the first and only woman in the country to be pregnant."

Moushumi will of course deny all the charges against her and give wishy-washy reasons for her misdoings. But the fact re-

mains that all her producers couldn't be wrong. There must be some fire where there's so much smoke. But everybody makes mistakes—specially when stardom comes as easily as it did in Moushumi's case. . . she was a star long before any of her films were released.

Meeting a more sober Moushumi now, you get the feeling that she has definitely learnt her lesson and has made a conscious effort to change her ways. Yet the stigma of being a troublesome heroine is difficult to wash away. That is Moushumi's current predicament. One sees her behaving normally and she's become rather warm with the people of the press (once upon a time she was considered impossible for an interview). Some of her producers too find her quite comfortable to work with. But Moushumi has alienated herself from a very important and vital group of people. . . the leading men.

On a personal level you kind of agree with her uncompromising attitude and respect her for it. But on a professional level it seems rather foolish to be in this industry and yet be so undiplomatic, and unprofessional. I think in any profession, it definitely pays to keep one's mouth shut, which a chatterbox like her finds almost impossible to do.

Frankly, with an attitude like hers, I think the best solution would be to sign as few films as possible. What Moushumi should do is to corner a few good film makers and act in a handful of films where she can have a field day as an actress. Since she herself confesses that she can't play the game as a professional should, Moushumi should resign herself to the idea that stardom, glamour and a fat bank balance are not for her. Sacrificing these goals, she should concentrate on making her presence felt as an actress.

Meanwhile, she can continue to give all her spare time (and there's lots of it too) to her family. In her personal life, Moushumi is careful and definitely very sure of her moves. "I've made up my mind to get pregnant again sometime next year," she declared. "Payal is now going to school and I think a new arrival is necessary in a year's time." I agree with you, Moushumi. But please plan your career with equal concentration and don't repeat the same mistakes you made with your producers during your last pregnancy. . . Okay?



MOUSHUMI CHATTERJEE: denied her due

N. Bharathi



I still remember the time when Suraj came alone to the third floor flat in Hill Road where I stayed and asked me, "There's something wrong with your daughter isn't there?"

"Come in Suraj," I said companionably. "Don't stand outside the door. Are you alone?"

"Yes, I'm alone. I wanted to talk to you about Sadhna. She has these peculiar spells when she isn't quite herself. A couple of times I found her talking to herself."

"What do you mean?" I asked, just for something to say. I knew very well what he meant. When we arranged a marriage between my daughter Sadhna and Suraj, we were fully aware of what we were doing. We were trying to give a mentally ill girl some foothold in life. Perhaps you will never understand how a father feels when he has such a daughter on his hands. Maybe you have normal children. I often wonder why this scourge touches only a handpicked few. What have they done to deserve this, that the others haven't?

Sadhna was a source of worry to me and my wife Hansa, from the time she started going to school. She never seemed to be able to concentrate for long on her lessons. Her mind wandered all the time and suddenly we found her talking about a subject so much at a tangent to the one under discussion that we were alarmed. In the beginning when she was a child, we blamed her lack of concentration on the distractions of childhood. Today we know it is something very deep rooted. Her mental equilibrium wasn't quite sound.

She never went to college. Soon after she finished high school we arranged her marriage. Suraj was a boy known to us. At least I knew his father. Suraj himself was rarely in town because he spent his early years in boarding schools, his youth in the N.D.A. in Pune and his initial years as a commissioned officer in the Army, in a host of far flung places which we only knew from their APO numbers.

When his father died, Suraj was left an orphan. His mother had died years ago when Suraj was still a baby. His broken-hearted father, Dr. Pant, hadn't married again. Nor had he kept his only offspring with him. He had led a solitary life, viewing his tragedy as a verdict of the gods on him. He was convinced his calling in life was that of a sanyasi, so God had deprived him of conjugal happiness. He relinquished all worldly ties and threw himself wholeheartedly into his profession of doctor. Often he treated patients free, specially when he knew they were too poor to pay. It gave him, he said, an indescribable feeling of bliss. He wrote occasional letters to Suraj, but knowing Dr. Pant's attitude to life I could gather they were cut and dried with no emotional nonsense about them. He was his son and the old man was only doing his duty.

One night Pant fell dead of a heart attack. His servant Govind came running to me, just as we were preparing to go to bed. He blubbered and told us that his saab had gone into the bathroom and hadn't opened the door for an hour. There was no response to the frenzied knocking. He feared something was amiss. I went along to the doctor's place. I had known him for years because we had studied together in the same school and college. I was a little alarmed because we were the same age. It is a great shock when one's colleagues start dying. My heart began to

beat very fast as I got into my Standard 10. I slid behind the steering wheel and opened the door for Govind. He sat on the edge of the seat and said, "I am frightened." I drove wordlessly.

We had to break down the bathroom door and get in. Pant was lying on the floor face down, with a bath towel wrapped round his waist. I was a doctor too. I bent down and touched him, wondering if he had just fainted. But his flesh was cold and I gave a shudder. I felt his pulse just for the formality. I

**TO GET MY MENTALLY
RETARDED DAUGHTER
MARRIED SEEMED
SO IMPORTANT THAT I FORGOT
TO CONSIDER HOW HER
HUSBAND WOULD TREAT HER**

DID I KILL MY DAUGHTER?



knew he was dead.

When I had lain him in his bed with Govind's help, I asked the old servant, "Do you know where his son is these days?" "Yes," he said. "Yes, indeed." He went to a writing desk and pulled open a drawer. Then he brought me a book full of addresses. I opened the index at S and found it. It was an APO number again. I committed it to memory and closed the book.

"You wouldn't know if he had any other relatives?" I asked.

"No," he said. "He had cut himself off from everyone after his wife's death. No one came here and he didn't leave his house either. He had a sister abroad. If you would care. . ."

"No, that's all right. I'll just inform Suraj. He'll do the rest."

I sent him a telegram the next morning. He flew down almost at once. He was a tall, browned man, rugged with his Army training. He was in uniform, having travelled in a service air craft and he wore the rank epaulets of a major. The first thing that struck

me was his absolute lack of emotion.

"How did father die?" he asked. There was no feeling in his voice, no glint of tears in his eyes. He might have been talking about a perfect stranger.

I told him what had happened.

"Has he left any money for me?" he asked next. I gaped at him. I hadn't thought anyone could be so hard and mercenary.

"I don't know," I replied. I hadn't looked at the legal side at all, being more bothered about the funeral arrangements.

"If there is some legal matter to be sorted out, I will extend my leave," he went on. "Otherwise I want to go back immediately after the funeral."

"Why, can't they spare you for a few days?" I asked him.

"Oh, they don't care one way or the other," he replied, "but I see no point myself in hanging around more than necessary."

The old man hadn't left Suraj any money. In fact, he had died severely in debt. In later years he had charged so little for his services and given away free medicines so often that his practice was really costing him a great deal of money. The house was heavily mortgaged and whatever he possessed in the nature of property like his car and his wife's jewels were barely enough to tide over his funeral expenses. His car fetched practically no price at all because it was in a state of disuse, having been jacked up for years.

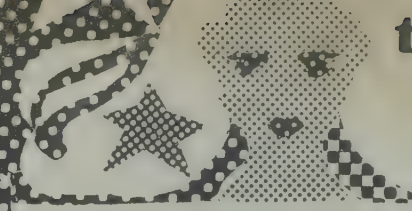
When Suraj came over the day after the funeral he had tears in his eyes. Self-pity wrung them out. He had inherited nothing but his father's debts.

"I had such visions," he said. "I didn't expect him to leave me anything, but I thought he would at least die with a clean slate, with no commitments to honour. But a huge chunk of my pay every month will go towards clearing off his loans." I let him lay bare his heart. Then I told him I would pay off his loans, so that nothing would be outstanding against him. He looked at me in surprise.

"Why are you doing this for me?" he asked in puzzlement.

"Because your father and I were old friends," I said, "and because I feel I must do something for his only son."

"I didn't know father was doing so badly in his professional life. I always thought he was a good doctor."



K. H. Shroff

For November 18 to November 25

ARIES: (March 21 — April 19) Success in big undertakings and promotion for the enterprising. Encouraging news from distant places. Favourable days: 21-22.



TAURUS: (April 20 — May 21) Surprise monetary gains from business or jobs. Sudden break in romance likely. Communication helps. Favourable days: 18-23.



GEMINI: (May 22 — June 21) Favourable for recovery of financial dues. Be careful in signing important agreements as in clandestine affairs. Favourable days: 20-21.



CANCER: (June 22 — July 22) Ambitions are fulfilled and your affairs go well, but likely to overspend. Unfavourable for new ventures. Favourable days: 18-22.



LEO: (July 23 — Aug. 23) Don't be impulsive. Head must rule heart. Use your mental powers for your advancement and public image. Favourable days: 19-20.



VIRGO: (Aug. 24 — Sept. 22) In your personal affairs you will be upset. Avoid touchiness. Domestic area requires extra care. Favourable days: 24-25.



LIBRA: (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22) You see life differently and your popularity increases. Splendid week for stage people. Avoid speculative risks. Favourable days: All days.



SCORPIO: (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22) You may feel aggressive and the urge for confrontation, but hold present status quo in all personal and public matters. Favourable days: 19-20.



SAGITTARIUS: (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21) Success and recognition in your field of activities. Unexpected friendship of dominant persons proves exciting. Favourable days: 18-24.



CAPRICORN: (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19) Though you have good friends, their help may not be available, but Venus helps in money and love affairs. Favourable days: 18-24.



AQUARIUS: (Jan. 20 — Feb. 19) Mars confronts your Sun. Do not sever old friendships, postpone court disputes, be compromising to challenging problems. Favourable days: 21-22.



PISCES: (Feb. 20 — March 20) Jupiter is receding and financial help is slow, but Venus brings vivacity. Exhilarating week for talented artists. Favourable days: All days.



"Why didn't you tell me?" he accused. "Why did you palm her off on me, just because I was distracted due to father's debts."

"How will you understand the predicament of an old man?" I cried. "How will you know what it is to have fostered such a child and feel responsible for her all your life?"

"That's no reason to cheat an unsuspecting young man," he said. "She can't do a thing for herself, when she has these spells. I have kept a full-time servant woman and it is an additional expense."

"I'll pay for the upkeep of the servant," I pleaded. "But please, please don't send her back to me."

"Give me ten thousand rupees in addition," he demanded, "plus the two hundred rupees a month that I pay the servant." I willingly gave him the money. After he had gone away, I relaxed a little. One crisis at least was tied over.

But another one came close on its heels. Sadhna became pregnant. In the later stages, I brought her to stay with us, because the hospital was close by, but both my wife and I had a thousand qualms about the normality of the child. It was a difficult labour and the nurses were unable to control the delirium of my daughter. She wanted to get off the labour table when the delivery was in progress. She even bit one of the nurses who was attending on her. They had to put her under chloroform and operate at once. The Caesarean produced a healthy eight-pound boy.

We brought her home, but though she got physically fit again, she was unable to care for the child. It fell on my wife to bear the brunt of the child rearing. In two months we sent Sadhna back to Suraj. He was then posted at Mhow. We kept the baby with us. We had called him Chetan. He helped fill our lonely hours with a little joy. Six months later a letter came from Suraj that Sadhna was pregnant again.

I cursed his haste. I knew a second delivery so close on the heels of a first one, would definitely endanger Sadhna's life.

She came back to us for her confinement. Suraj was on a prolonged course at that time. The labour was as difficult as the first one. Sadhna cried and lashed out at the nurses and even got her hands round the throat of an ayah who was wiping her forehead. Three people had to extricate the poor woman from her clutches.

A doctor came stiff lipped and said the woman had narrowly escaped choking. He put Sadhna under chloroform again and performed another Caesarean. After the operation, when she was being wheeled away to the recovery room, he said to me. "Two Caesareans over such a short period of time are really unadvisable. She'll survive, but she's come through after a bad time. Due precautions must be taken in future. She must never conceive again."

When I relayed this to Suraj, he laughed. "What happens if I want another child?" he asked.

"Are you crazy?" I cried. "Sadhna can't have any more. The danger to her life is immense. I got this from the doctor who had performed the operation."

"Do you think I really care whether your daughter lives or not?" he cried.

I was shocked. I knew Suraj was emotionless because of a childhood without affection, but I thought marriage might have changed him.

"She may be my daughter," I said slowly, "but remember she is also your wife."

"A wife I would be better off without," he lashed out.

Continued on page 47

"He wasn't doing badly at all," I replied. "He had so many patients everyday, they used to spill over on the roads."

"Then?"

"His problem was, he could never take money from the needy. Shed a few tears and he was ready to write off the amount. Many skunks took advantage of him, pretending they were too hard up to pay. Your father was a good man. . . a very good man."

"What use is goodness of heart?" asked Suraj. "It didn't get him anywhere. To do charity, one must first have the money to meet one's own needs."

I agreed with him there. Many a time I had tried to make Pant see reason. I had told him there was a limit to altruism. I myself had no such principles. I didn't treat any patient unless he was in a position to pay and I always took cash on the spot. No credit. I had thus earned a reputation for being hard and ruthless. They didn't know I earned so much money, just to keep my daughter secure in latter years when my wife and I wouldn't be around. We were getting on in years and I was sensible enough to gauge my daughter Sadhna wouldn't be able to make it on her own. She would always need to be looked after. Who would look after her after we were gone? The thought had given me many sleepless nights.

Now I found a distinct possibility in Suraj. I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "If you marry my daughter, I will clear all your debts." He looked thoughtful and I pressed the point. I told him I would gift him with a car, besides all the other household items.

"I'd like to see the girl first," he said. I went inside and asked Hansa to dress Sadhna in her best clothes. Then I joined Suraj in the drawing room. When Sadhna was led out, I couldn't suppress a gasp of admiration. She looked beautiful. She had always been attractive but her awkward gait and peculiar behaviour had detracted a great deal from her appeal. Now when Hansa made her sit in a chair near Suraj, she raised her head and looked him in the eye unabashed. Afraid she would make some stupid remark and give away her mental condition, I kept up an incessant monologue about this and that. A couple of times I saw Suraj looking at her from the corner of his eye. It was a good sign.

I made a sign with my eye for Hansa to take Sadhna inside. She did so almost at once. Suraj watched their retreating backs.

"My daughter is very shy," I explained.

Hansa made tea and passed around biscuits.

"What has your daughter studied?" Suraj asked me.

"She has done her higher secondary," I said. "Of course I could send her to college, but what will a girl do with education, she has after all to get married and settle down."

"I like the girl," he said, "though she is rather young. If you really mean what you say about clearing off father's outstanding dues, I will marry her."

We celebrated Sadhna's marriage the very next month. They didn't have much of a courtship, as I told him my wife was old fashioned. But he did speak to her a couple of times in our presence. You couldn't make out at a glance that there was anything wrong with Sadhna. She looked as normal as anybody else. It was only when you had lived with her for some days that her peculiarity came to light.

Now, seeing Suraj standing in front of me just a month after the wedding, I was tongue-tied.

"Yes," I confessed. "There is something wrong with her."

SOMETIMES you can't tell
 one blue ladies' cardigan
 from another blue cardigan
 and one blue gents' pullover
 from another blue pullover
 and one gold rib skivee
 from another gold rib skivee
 and one fully fashioned sweater
 from another fully fashioned sweater
 and one sports shirt
 from another sports shirt

BUT when you see this 

then you know that the pullover,
 the skivee, the cardigan,
 the fully fashioned sweater
 the sports shirt,

all have the touch of 

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passing through

The image we have of West Asian women—caged in purdah—was destroyed when attractive, loud-voiced and “bold” (this was added by her interpreter) Iranian journalist, Iran Mugaddam walked into the office.

Iran thinks of herself as one who “loves doing impossible interviews.” She aims to become an international journalist. She writes for French and English magazines, and works for “Ban-nouvan” (woman), an Iranian magazine, run by Etalat, a leading group of newspapers in Iran.

Iran appears to be a woman's liberator: she has “strong feelings about enlightening women of the world on their rights”; but her magazine seems to be a traditional “women's magazine”, dealing with “food, housekeeping, woman's relationship with man, psychology, art and fashion.”

Iran feels that “woman's proper place in society is in the home and the office. One woman alone can't do everything. The husband's help is needed to achieve everything. If women want, they can make men follow their instruction. My husband has learnt a little from me,” she says.

IRAN MUGADDAM:

JOURNALIST FROM IRAN



Most husbands in Iran, says Iran, do help their wives with the housework, with washing and cleaning, one reason for this being the lack of servants in Iran. Iranian women, at least those living in cities, are already “free,” feels Iran. Most of them

work, and the women's organisations there are very powerful.

But she admitted “tradition hasn't changed in remote places, in the rural areas. Girls there are still not allowed to move around freely. They still think themselves to be inferior to men.”

“I love work, only work.” (She later added, “I love my home, I love my husband.”)

Iran's love of journalism started when she was very small. “My parents had many ancient books and I started reading them at the age of five. I started writing at 15, in my school magazine, and have been a journalist for 11 years.” She joined her magazine as a trainee and was trained by leading journalists.

Though her husband does not object to her demanding profession, (“He can't — he sees that when I stay at home all the time, I fall ill. Besides, I don't misuse my freedom.”) she feels restricted in her job, being a woman. “I miss many chances to do really good interviews because I can't go around as often as I would like to and anywhere I want to. Once my children are big, I'll start.”

Are men preferred as journalists? “Importance is given to men, but there is no evident opposition—it's very subtle.”

Iran Mugaddam seems to be the sort who'll do what she wants, opposition notwithstanding.

Jyoti Punwani



Devi

He looked at the rusty chains hanging down the studio roof, drums, bottles, heaved a sigh, and said, “Another maramari ka set getting ready I suppose. People no more want films, just noise and maramari...”

While he cologned off the beard (Abdullah role), Raj Kapoor spoke of the nails that are quickening his crucifixion faster than he had expected.

RAJ:

“Just noise and Maramari”

“First the music died, then the melody, then rhythm, then landscape; everything is slowly disappearing from the cinema, finally the emotions. The final nail is the maramari, crime, cabaret. About five years ago, I met Frank Capra, and he said he has stopped making films. People no longer want passion, emotion and beauty, what they want is bullets, action, noise.”

Raj Kapoor already appeared dejected with the twenty thousand reels of the passion he has filmed. “Satyam, Shivam Sundaram”, like all his films, has no story. R.K. films are just a thought coiled out into yards of passion. Says Raj. “I know, people will reject it, it is not an era for philosophical films.”

But what about Zeenat's nudity and the glossy lingam exposed throughout the film?

As for Dabboo, I think he has given up the fight for stardom, instead settled for food. He just lives on chilled beer, masala crabs, frozen ham and Bloody Mary and helplessly watches younger brother Chintu jump the grades and get into the ace trio of filmdom (at least as this goes to press).

Amitabh, number one, with Dharam and Chintu in a dead heat as seconds. While I am on the Kapoors, here comes news that Nargis is buying a fresh burkha to go and see “Satyam, Shivam Sundaram” on the opening matinee show at some local theatre. Simi is busy ripping off the sleeves and collar of her evening dress and slitting it at the calves, feet, bust, hip, so that in time for the “Satyam” premiere she will be left with an evening dress that will cover her throat and perhaps provide a fig leaf.

DID I KILL MY DAUGHTER?

I was shocked. I knew Suraj was emotionless because of a childhood without any affection, but I thought marriage might have changed him.

“She may be my daughter,” I said slowly, “but remember she is also your wife.”

“A wife I would be better off without,” he lashed out.

“I was cheated outright by a man who claimed to be my father's friend. Don't you remember that?”

“I cleared all your debts in return for that,” I reminded him.

“Yes, but you ruined my life. You just bought yourself a son-in-law with your stinking wealth and I was sucker enough to fall for your tale of compassion. I will lead my life the way I please and you have no right now to tell me what to do. Sadhna is my wife. It is my business how many children I have.”

I could do nothing. When I told Hansa, she cried tears of repentance. “We should never have foisted her on Suraj,” she wept. “We could have looked after her as long as we lived.”

“And what would have happened to her after we died?” I asked bitterly.

“Time has a way of sorting out these things,” she said with

a resignation that amazed me. “She could have had a lawyer to manage her affairs and lived on the income from your wise investments. But now what have we given her? A husband who doesn't want her except for the money she will bring. And a torture chamber of childbirth which her body isn't made to bear.”

I let her weep and buried my head in my hands.

As we had expected, Sadhna got pregnant a third time just four months after the last Caesarean. Suraj was bent on sending her to her premature grave. He told us after she had passed the 8-week MTP limit, but still I rushed down to Mhow and took her to the hospital to see if we could do an abortion. But they seemed to think it was dangerous, because she was so weak. There seemed no alternative but to go through with the full-term pregnancy. We brought her to Bombay again and nursed her tenderly. Both her children were staying with us, the first a boy and the second a girl. I wondered what legacy she would leave us the third time. When the time came for her to go to hospital, Hansa packed her suitcase with tears in her eyes.

“It is murder,” I said. “Deliberate and cold blooded. Suraj should hang.”

“Shh,” she cautioned. “What is done can't be undone. At least

don't communicate your thoughts to Sadhna.”

The doctor who had treated her the first time, gaped at me in amazement.

“Are you out of your mind?” he cried.

“I am sorry doctor. It was out of our hands. Please do your best.” He didn't reply, just donned his sterilised gloves and made a signal with his eyes for the nurse to wheel Sadhna in for the operation.

“No, please,” I gasped. “Try to avoid a Caesarean. A normal delivery may save her life.”

“How can you say that when you know full well how the pain makes your daughter behave? I won't endanger the lives of my staff, thank you.”

“Be careful, doctor,” I cautioned as he disappeared through the door of the operation theatre. “She is my only child.”

“You should have warned the husband about the dangers of a third child,” he said. “Now get into the waiting room and pray.”

The operation produced a ten-pound boy, but my daughter died on the table. It was just as we had expected. “It was murder pure and simple. Suraj killed her intentionally. Only you can't convict him for it.”

“Suraj is not at fault,” said Hansa. “You are to blame.” Perhaps she is right.

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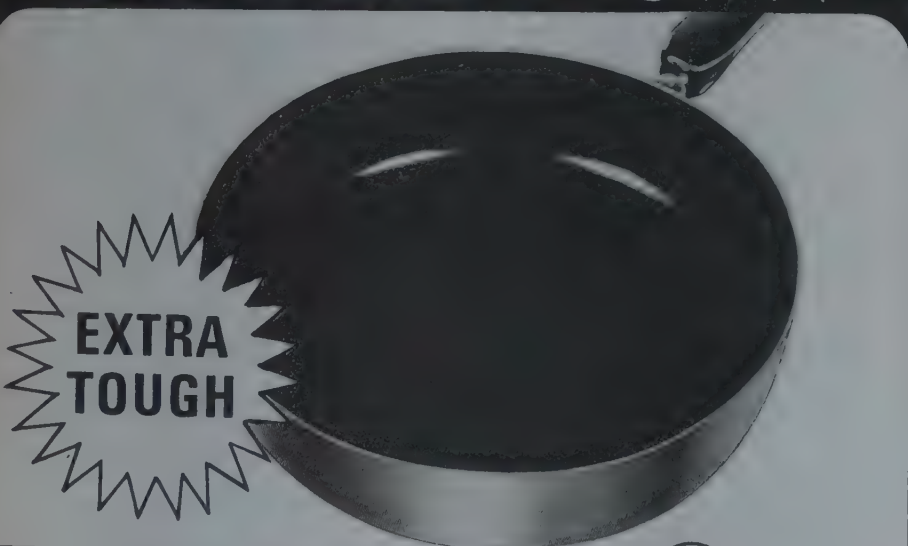
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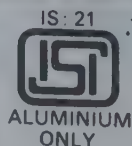
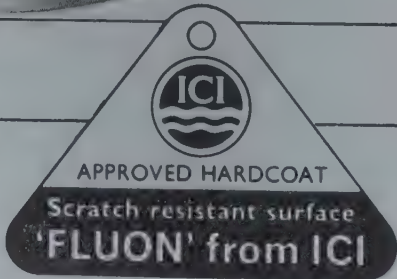


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Miss Zarin Khambatta of 'Dolfré' beauty parlour, Bombay, says:

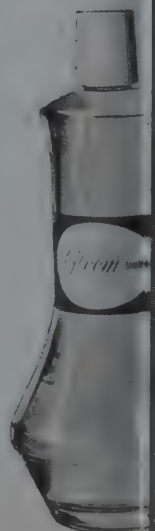
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or "I have a liver problem," or "My liver is not working properly. . ." These and many similar complaints related to the liver are so common these days that doctors wonder about the diagnostic acumen of the masses. Anything related to digestion, whether it is hyperacidity or indigestion or gaseous distension or loss of appetite, is promptly connected to liver function. As a matter of fact, any ailment that is not understood properly is attributed to the liver.

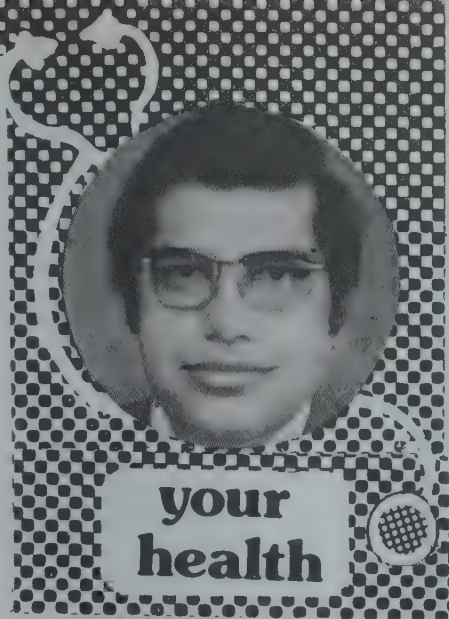
The liver is the wonder organ of the body. It is an extremely efficient chemical laboratory which performs very complicated and sophisticated chemical functions with remarkable ease and efficiency. Life is just not possible without the liver. It is one organ which serves our body in several divergent ways. In this article we will not only bring out the details of the liver and its problems but will also discuss the common beliefs that the people have about it.

SOME BASIC FACTS : The liver is the largest single organ in the body. It is 1/50th of the total body weight and in childhood this proportion is even bigger at 1/8th. This solid organ is triangular in shape and is situated in the right upper part of the abdomen under the diaphragm and is protected by the right lower ribs in the front. It has two lobes—right and left. It is connected to the beginning of the small intestines by a tube called the bile duct. Just underneath its inferior surface a sac-like organ is situated, which is known as the gall bladder. This stores and concentrates the bile which is a secretion of the liver.

It is estimated that one-third of the total circulating blood passes through the liver every minute. It has a double blood supply. One is the regular blood supply just like any other organ and the second is the portal circulations. All the blood coming from the intestines first passes through the liver and then goes into general circulation.

It is one of the key organs in the process of digestion and, as I said earlier, it is a big chemical laboratory. The main functions of the liver are :

- 1) It distributes the digested food products properly throughout the body.
- 2) It manufactures, alters, stores and destroys many food products.
- 3) It manufactures bile. This is a very important secretion that helps in digestion, specially of fats. This is stored in the gall bladder and, whenever required, it is released into the intestines for digestion.
- 4) It manufactures many essential factors that help in blood coagulation.
- 5) It changes all the carbohydrates into glucose and regulates its release in the blood to maintain our blood sugar level.



**Dr. Padam Singhvi,
M.S., F.R.C.S.(Eng.),**

problem and knows how to tackle it.

Now the question arises—How to know if the liver has really gone sluggish?

The Symptoms :

It all starts slowly. First the patient loses appetite and feels tired very quickly. He starts growing weak and loses weight. He may then develop jaundice. In cases of cirrhosis of the liver ascites (water accumulation in the abdomen) is a common feature. In liver diseases swelling of the feet is quite common. Red, straw-like lines appear on the palms. Males start losing hair and their sexual powers diminish as the disease advances. Similarly, in women menses become irregular and their reproductive capacity is reduced considerably.

These patients get some rise in temperature all day. Quite a

Common diseases of the liver:

There is a very long list of diseases that may affect the liver but the common ones are the various types of infections that may affect it. Viral infection, bacterial infection and amoebic infection are common. Several types of drugs, chemicals, etc can damage the liver. Malnutrition is one of the chief wreckers of this fine organ. Iron deficiency, anaemia, etc. can also derange the working of the liver. Diseases like cancer and tuberculosis also affect this organ. With our present fast-paced life, injuries to the liver are also very common. Such cases of injuries to the liver must be attended promptly to save life. Lastly, the most important cause of liver damage is **ALCOHOL**.

In all these causes the liver cells are damaged and scars

LIVER DISEASES

The wonder organ of our body, the liver can take a lot of punishment, but do not try it too high

few feel pain in the liver area. Along with this, the spleen enlarges in these patients. In advanced stages the brain is also affected and one is confused. One is disoriented and then slowly one loses consciousness. The breath of such persons has a special type of odour. But these are very advanced symptoms. The early symptoms are usually ill defined and vague.

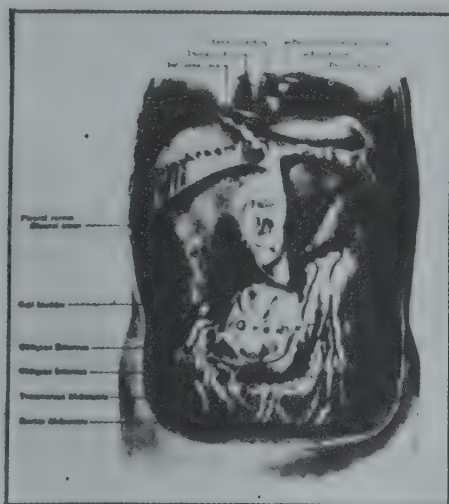
form. Though the liver has an amazing capacity of recovery and regeneration, the newly formed liver cells are no longer arranged properly. Due to scarring, the normal architecture of the liver is lost and the new cells are now heaped up in lumps giving a nutty appearance to the liver. e.g. in cirrhosis of the liver. This causes pressure on the delicate veins in the liver resulting in a rise in the pressure in the liver circulation which is called portal hypertension. Though the body system and general circulation try to reduce this pressure by various methods, yet this rise eventually leads to collection of fluid in the abdomen (ascites) and bleeding from mouth or rectum.

We have ample reserves of liver tissue in our body. Even on a conservative estimate, one-sixth of our liver is sufficient to maintain life but we can damage our liver to such an extent that even that much is not available to sustain normal life.

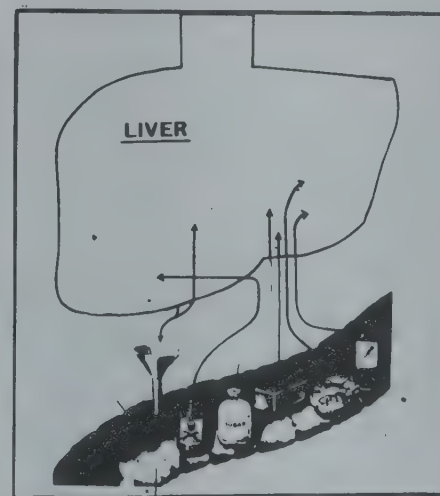
Alcohol is the major cause of cirrhosis of the liver. The other causes are viral hepatitis, various drugs and other toxic chemicals that may damage the liver. In children malnutrition is a common cause. There is one other variety of cirrhosis in children in our country for which the cause is still unknown, but presumably malnutrition has a big role to play in its causation.

Cirrhosis of the liver and portal hypertension are related to each other and, as explained earlier, the raised pressure in the liver circulation causes bleeding at various places in the body. The common sites are the oesophagus (the food pipe) and piles in rectum. At times the bleeding is severe and could be a threat to life. Ascites is common in portal hypertension and the spleen is enlarged

At times due to heavy blood loss, we need to have an emer-



Normal anatomical position of the liver in the abdomen.

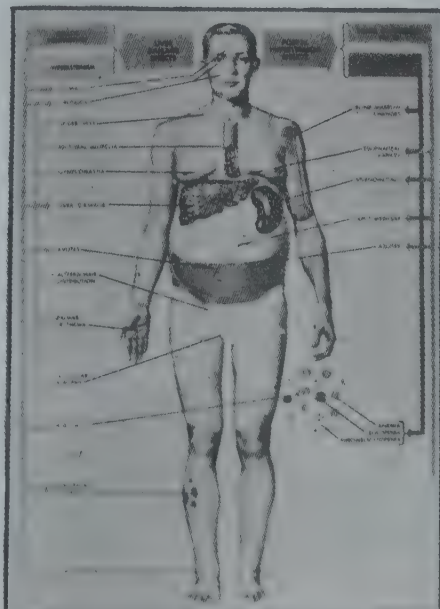


Functions of the liver.

RIGHT: Symptoms of liver disease.

6) It detoxifies many harmful things that may go into our body through the food that we eat.

"My Liver is enlarged": This is a very common complaint. Admittedly the liver enlarges when it is diseased, but at times the liver may be palpable even in normal persons. At other times, the liver may be grossly damaged but not enlarged. Therefore it is a very vague complaint. One should not think of liver problems all the time and should tell the symptoms to the doctor instead of attempting one's own diagnosis and leave the rest to the doctor who understands the



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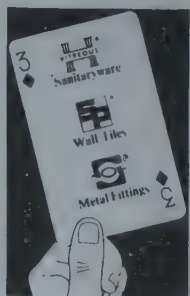
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LIVER DISEASES

gency operation and try to stop the bleeding. At times, we pass a tube which has a balloon around it through the mouth. Once it is placed in the food pipe, the balloon is inflated and the pressure thus created stops the bleeding. Blood transfusion and other supportive treatment is given along with this.

Once the crisis is over, then planned surgery is done by which the circulation pressure in the liver is reduced by diverting the flow of blood from the liver into the general circulation. Technically it is a rather difficult operation, but nowadays it is done with good results.

shall confine ourselves to its extension to the liver. Amoebiasis starts in the intestines and then extends to the liver. At times it is detected as liver pathology only without any intestinal symptoms like dysentery, etc. Once the amoebae reach the liver, they start playing havoc on the liver cells. With the destruction of the liver cells, abscess is produced and this may cause many complications.

An amoebic liver abscess may burst in any direction depending on the site of occurrence. It may burst into the general abdominal cavity and cause peritonitis. This is a dangerous situation and may prove fatal if not tackled as an emergency and drained properly. Similarly, it can burst into the chest, which is even worse.



ABOVE: Amoebic liver abscess.

RIGHT: Cirrhosis of the liver. (Note the nodular appearance of the liver.)

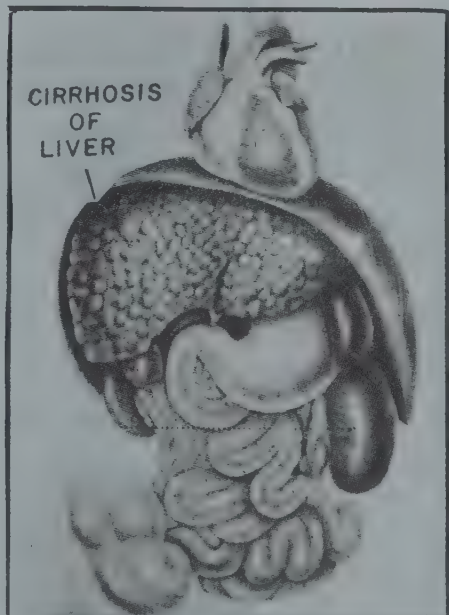
EXT. RIGHT: Injuries to the liver.

Alcohol and the Liver:

For centuries it has been well known that any kind of alcohol is bad for the liver and yet people consume it. It not only directly destroys the liver cells but because of his drinking habits, the person does not eat properly and his nutrition suffers. This in turn produces more damage to the liver. The biggest hypocrisy is that people often console themselves by taking liver tonics. They think these kind of tonics can protect their liver and they have the liberty to abuse it. They are under a false sense of security. The so-called liver tonics are no different from other tonics and by naming them liver tonics people are lured into believing that they really protect their livers.

Amoebic Hepatitis:

More than one third of our population suffer from amoebiasis. We have dealt at length on this subject in one of our previous articles and therefore, we



In 20-25 per cent cases there is usually a history of dysentery. The liver is enlarged and the patient complains of the same general symptoms as described earlier. With modern technology now we can scan the liver and this outlines the abscess cavity beautifully.

Many times we aspirate the abscess with needles and many times we have to operate and drain the abscess properly. The ultimate aim is two fold: first to remove all the pus and second, to prevent further abscess formation. The second part is achieved

by various effective drugs that are now available.

Liver and Indigestion:

Perhaps one of the most common complaints is "My digestion is not proper" and instantly the liver is blamed for it. Invariably the cause of indigestion is either in the intestines or in the gall bladder. It is seldom that indigestion is the direct result of liver diseases. We should try to find out the cause in the stomach, intestines, gall bladder or the pancreas, and only finally in the liver. One point I would like to stress here is about the habit of consuming enzymes after every meal. Those who really need them should take these enzymes only on medical advice, routine use is not good.

Liver Injuries:

While we move faster and faster on the road and in life we risk getting involved in accidents at a proportionate rate and as a result liver injuries are increasing these days. The liver is very rich in blood and such injuries usually involve a lot of blood loss, specially when it is lacerated. Now we can excise this badly damaged portion of the liver. Even upto 70 per cent of the liver can be excised.

Cancer in the Liver:

The other occasion when we have to remove a big chunk of liver is in cancer of the liver. Cancer can involve the liver in two days. It may develop there only if cancer of some other organ gets deposited in the liver. In either case we can now ex-

there is gross derangement of the liver; it may only signify that that particular function is not being performed normally.

Bilirubin is the greenish yellow colouring matter that is excreted in the bile by the liver and when it is either produced too much or cannot be excreted properly by the liver, then its level in the blood increases and this colouring substance then causes jaundice. The level of bilirubin in the blood is a significant parameter of liver functions.

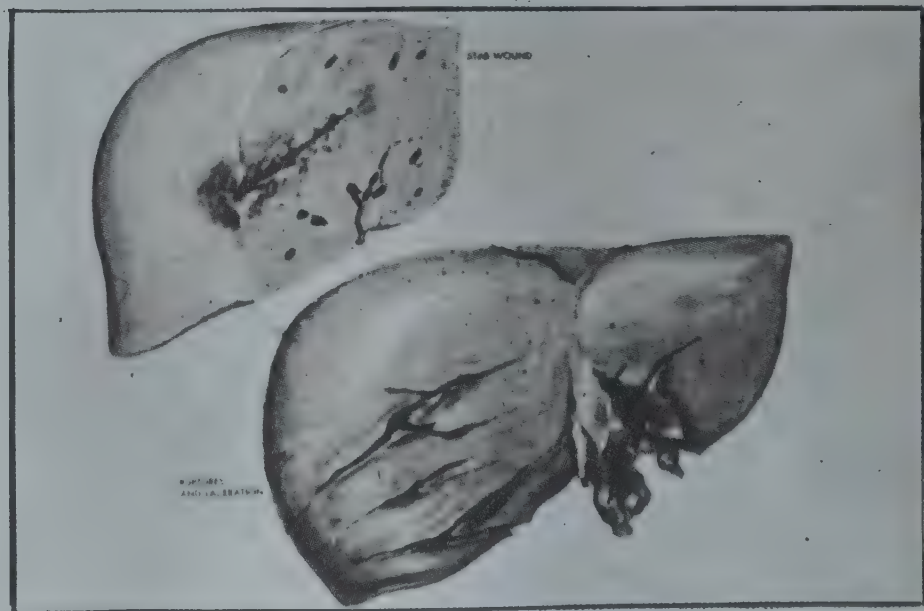
Treatment:

I would like to repeat here that so far there is no tonic available that can improve the working of the liver. These liver tonics are only for mental satisfaction. The liver has such a strong regenerative power that it hardly needs any kind of tonic.

But it does require proper supportive treatment. During illness it is necessary that a good high caloric diet is taken and fatty and fried foods are avoided. Alcohol and various liver-toxic drugs should be avoided. Plenty of vitamins and complete rest are necessary. If there is ascites, it can be tapped by putting a needle in the abdomen, if there is swelling of the feet, then salt restrictions and diuretics are given.

Future Advances:

Liver transplant is now feasible from a technical point of view, but the phenomenon of body tissue rejection is yet to be solved. When it is, then liver



bise the affected portion of the liver.

The Dilemma of Liver Tests:

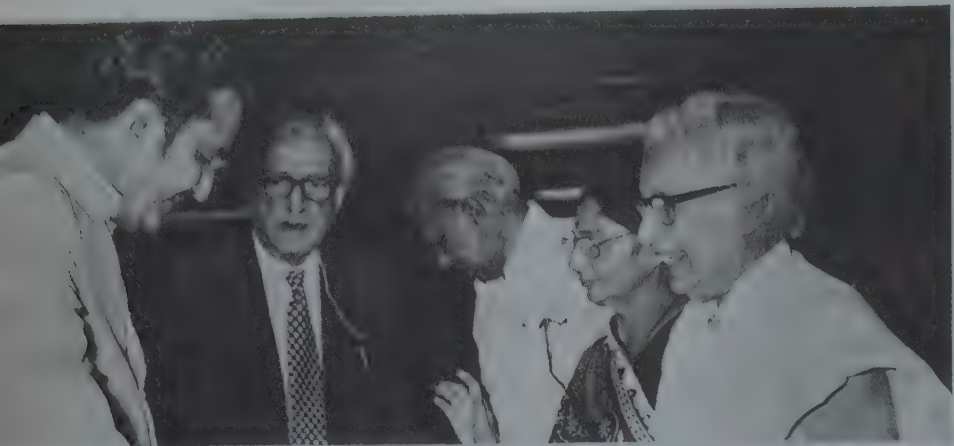
Doctors ask for liver tests and when the results come, due to curiosity, people try to make sense out of these figures and if there is something underlined in red, then panic starts. These tests are ordered to assess the various functional capacities of the liver and as the liver does so many duties it is but natural that several tests will be needed. Now if they are a little up or down, that does not mean that

transplant can be done in several otherwise hopeless cases.

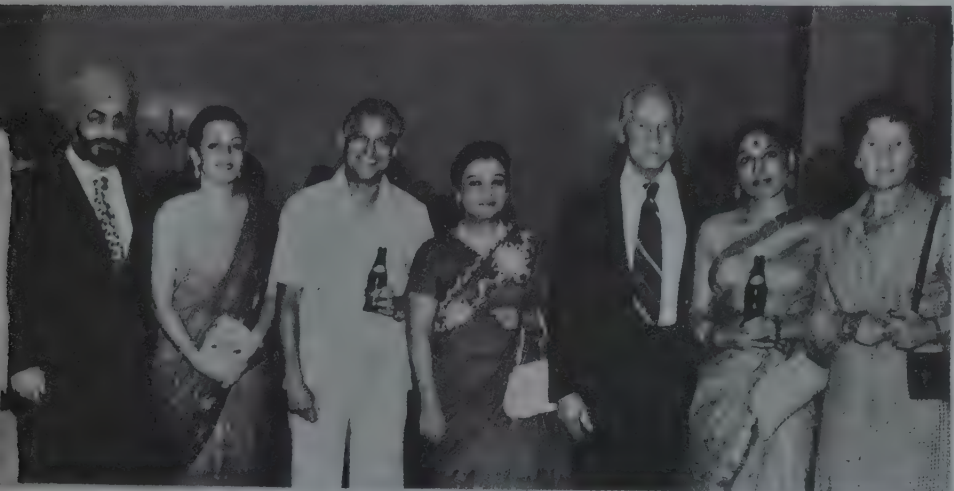
Liver perfusion is now being tried. In this the blood of a person is purified like in dialysis for kidney failure. Work is also in progress for making an artificial liver and the future seems to be quite promising in this field.

The liver, the greatest little chemical laboratory in the universe, is absolutely essential for life. Nature has provided plenty of reserves in this organ, yet we, because of our habits, destroy it and suffer the consequences.

people and events



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ratlam

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She visited the local Railway Hospital, the Bal Mandir and the Handicrafts Centre.

She addressed a meeting of the Mahila Samiti and praised the good work done by them. Later, she was taken round to see the sewing classes started by the Samiti, where the wives of railway employees of all classes learn stitching.

A cultural programme was arranged in her honour by the railway employees and their families.

world of eve



MALA DASWANI

Mala Daswani is the first Asian to be given a Nigerian name — Amoke, that

is, loved by all. Mala went to Nigeria 10 years back, soon after her marriage. Instead of languishing in homesickness and boredom in a foreign land, Mala kept herself busy. The list of activities she participated in is impressively long:

The YWCA, (which gave her the name), the Association for the Blind, the Red Cross, the National Women's Council, the Business and Professional Women's Association besides being the principal organiser of the International Women's Society, the social secretary of the Indian Cultural Society, putting up plays for Nigerian TV, cultural shows in Ghana, writing Urdu poetry and running a boutique of Indian goods!

Now back in Bombay, Mala intends doing voluntary social work at Jaslok hospital and for the Spastic Society. She would also like to do some interior decoration.

Mala's 12-year-old daughter is her main reason for returning. She wants her to grow up imbibing Indian culture.



SITA KRISHNAN

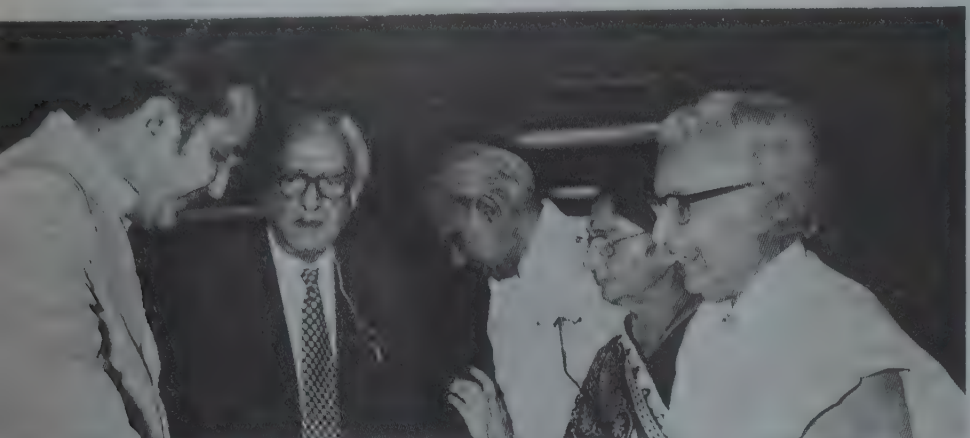
Sita Krishnan has a flair for converting cast off objects into beautiful pieces.

A baby cot turns into a screen, shells from Cape Comorin and grass from Assam become curtains. Her favourite material is driftwood, which she uses for flower arrangements.

Mrs. Krishnan has been the president of the Naval Officers' Wives' Associations in Delhi, Lonavla, Bombay, Vishakapatnam and London. She has organised children's parks, KG schools, open-air theatres, family clinics for naval personnel and welfare centres which encourage people to make handicrafts and be self-sufficient.

Wife of ex-vice-admiral Nilakanta Krishnan, PVS, DSC, now Chairman and Managing Director of the Cochin Shipyard Ltd., she is the president of the Ladies Club of the Shipyard.

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Mrs. Pramila Dandavate, wife of the Union Minister for Railways, was at Ratlam at the invitation of Mrs. Uma Pant, president, Western Railway Women's Social Service Committee, Ratlam division. The occasion was the annual day function, organised by the Western Railway Women's Social Service Committee.

She visited the local Railway Hospital, the Bal Mandir and the Handicrafts Centre.

She addressed a meeting of the Mahila Samiti and praised the good work done by them. Later, she was taken round to see the sewing classes started by the Samiti, where the wives of railway employees of all classes learn stitching.

A cultural programme was arranged in her honour by the railway employees and their families.



MALA DASWANI

Mala Daswani is the first Asian to be given a Nigerian name — Amoke, that

is, loved by all. Mala went to Nigeria 10 years back, soon after her marriage. Instead of languishing in homesickness and boredom in a foreign land, Mala kept herself busy. The list of activities she participated in is impressively long:

The YWCA, (which gave her the name), the Association for the Blind, the Red Cross, the National Women's Council, the Business and Professional Women's Association besides being the principal organiser of the International Women's Society, the social secretary of the Indian Cultural Society, putting up plays for Nigerian TV, cultural shows in Ghana, writing Urdu poetry and running a boutique of Indian goods!

Now back in Bombay, Mala intends doing voluntary social work at Jaslok hospital and for the Spastic Society. She would also like to do some interior decoration.

Mala's 12-year-old daughter is her main reason for returning. She wants her to grow up imbibing Indian culture.



SITA KRISHNAN

Sita Krishnan has a flair for converting cast off objects into beautiful pieces.

A baby cot turns into a screen, shells from Cape Comorin and grass from Assam become curtains. Her favourite material is driftwood, which she uses for flower arrangements.

Mrs. Krishnan has been the president of the Naval Officers' Wives' Associations in Delhi, Lonavla, Bombay, Vishakapatnam and London. She has organised children's parks, KG schools, open-air theatres, family clinics for naval personnel and welfare centres which encourage people to make handicrafts and be self-sufficient.

Wife of ex-vice-admiral Nilakanta Krishnan, PVSM, DSC, now Chairman and Managing Director of the Cochin Shipyard Ltd., she is the president of the Ladies Club of the Shipyard.

hi ya honey!

Happiness is a way of life... you cannot buy it.

It's funny how different people enjoy life in their own diverse ways. For some the idea of a good life is belting up Lönnavia and back on their motor-bikes, making all the possible noise they can. For others it is sitting around a card table for hours on end trying to coax Lady Luck to favour them. Many would die if they did not see a couple of films a week. My friend Peter likes cocktail parties where drinks mix people. He never suffers from bottle fatigue. Yet a few others will be perfectly happy in the company of a blonde with big busts, who giggles with one rum and coke.

It's the same with gifts, little children go wild with joy when they get a new toy. My wife, no matter how many dresses she has, one more will always make her day. I don't know what Mr. Tata will be getting this Christmas, but I will have to be satisfied and show great joy on receiving a tie and a matching pair of socks.

From my early childhood, I was a victim of "Sensible Gifts." Parents who have to struggle to make both ends meet, think it's an obligation to present their children with "sensible gifts." As a boy I always wore shoes which were two sizes too large for me, with the hope that in a year or so my feet would grow to fit them. In the meantime they were well padded with 2 or 3 pairs of socks. My trousers were

By an Alves called Johnnie

always folded at the bottom so that at the slightest sign of growth, the fold could be unfolded. I foiled the entire scheme by refusing to grow.

Today, I still receive "sensible" gifts. If I mention that I need a few hankies, she will remember the request and present me some in a neatly tied parcel on my next birthday, or at Christmas. Hang it all, I want something that pleasantly surprises me. Why can't she be extravagant for a change and buy me a car? Or, to hell with what people

will say, my next birthday gift could well be a buxom blonde. Think of the help she would be around the house, helping her with the chores and adding a little glamour to an otherwise twenty-five-year-old dust laden marriage.

Everything is a rat race, even in the presentation of gifts. A friend of mine, poor fellow, married for the last 15 years, received a gold cross from his wife as a birthday present. Taking a good look at the cross, Fred said, "I got one when I was married, and just as I was getting used to it, here comes another."

Each one of us goes his or her own way to achieve happiness. Some like to take time off and sit at home with a book. Others like me want to go out into the countryside if one can find any nowadays. Some find pleasure in buying a new car every three years. I am happy to have mine repaired every three months. The only pleasure denied to us by society so far—note my optimism—is the changing of one's wife after a specified period, preferably 3 years.

Some folks are of the opinion that happiness has nothing to do with the possession of money and strangely only those who have, profess this theory. I am not one of those who despises cash, belonging as I do to the vast majority who do not have much to talk about. I like money and

MANY ROADS TO HAPPINESS

the power it wields. Funny, but it even makes one more sexually appealing.

Once you have money, however, don't think happiness can be bought. I know friends who have swimming pools and hardly swim in it. Others have built themselves palaces and spend the week-end in shacks or tents in Juhu. Some have yachts which only friends use. And my wife always says, "Most men marry beautiful and good wives and spend their lives chasing flirts."

To each his way of happiness, luv Until next time then.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 26, 1977

THE WOMEN IN THE ANAND MARG

The recent violent activities of the Anand Marg, particularly in Australia and England, have shot the organization into the news once again. Interviews with women Anand Margis reveal many facts about the cult—its background, purpose and activities.

VEGETARIANISM

To coincide with the 24th World Vegetarian Congress (November 18-December 10), we present:

- A case for vegetarianism
- A look at the evolution of the vegetarian way of life
- The birth of the "new vegetarian" in the West
- Special vegetarian health-food recipes.

Plus our regular features

New Sumeet amazes housewives!

**“It’s more than a mixer...
It’s a complete kitchen machine!”**

Amazing New Sumeet. The first of its kind in India. Now available with an easy-to-clean hygienic stainless steel jar that has a see-through acrylic dome; three blade assemblies to tackle wet and dry grinding, also whipping, blending, liquidising; a special kneading attachment to make smooth dough for chappatis, puris, even paparhs, and a

special cake hook to mix cake batter. And behind it all, a sturdy heavy-duty motor that can run non-stop for 30 full minutes.

All specially designed to meet your cooking requirements. To give you a mixer plus: a complete kitchen machine. Come and see it perform!



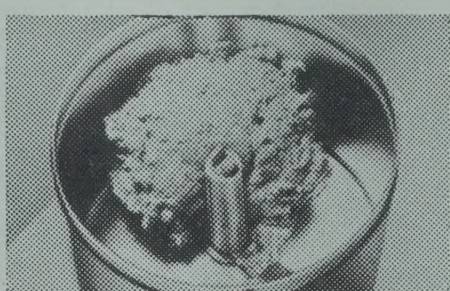
**400W, 230V
AC/DC
30 minutes
rating**

NEW

Sumeet

-every kitchen needs one!

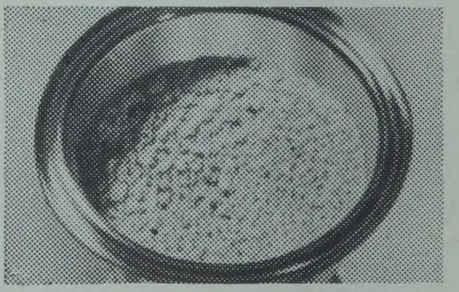
New Sumeet is available without the kneading attachment at an economical cost. Also available, the kneading attachment separately, so that you can convert your present Sumeet mixer into a kitchen machine.



New Sumeet kneads atta in 2 minutes!

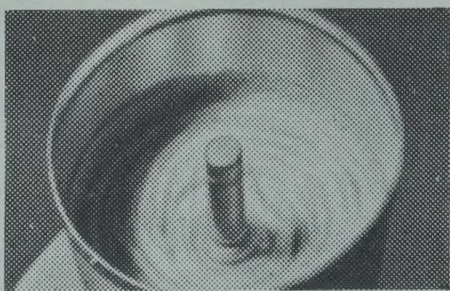
New Sumeet is the only kitchen machine that comes with its own special kneading attachment. Saves you hours of tedious work. Watch it turn out smooth dough for chappatis, puris, paparhs... even crunchy biscuits!

grind rice and dal pastes, idli and dosa mixes, and even coconut chutney into a fine consistency.



New Sumeet grinds dry masalas in 3 minutes!

The dry grinding blade assembly in the stainless steel jar does all your tough grinding of dry masalas, rice, rava and coffee beans. For best results, masalas and chana dal should be dried thoroughly before grinding.



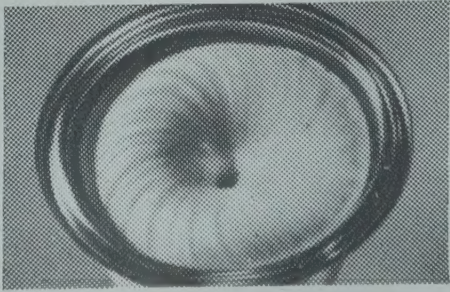
New Sumeet mixes a cake batter in 3½ minutes!

The unique hook attachment in the kneader mixes smooth cake batter in minutes! Cakes turn out light and fluffy!



New Sumeet whips up lassi and fruit juice in just 1 minute!

New Sumeet takes all the strain out of whipping and liquidising!



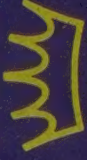
New Sumeet does wet grinding in 3½ minutes!

Watch the wet grinding blade that comes with the stainless steel jar

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Now that you know what New Sumeet can do, you know what ordinary mixers can't. And if you're interested in seeing New Sumeet in action, look out for our free demonstration offers!

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