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IIInd Prize	...3 Laxmi Vishnu 100% Terene Plain Sarees one each.	Miss Joan Rego BOMBAY-400 025. Mrs. Bina A. Gaikwad GOA Miss Catherine, PIN CODE-627 002.
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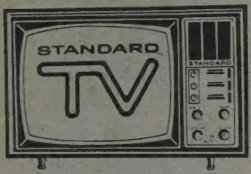
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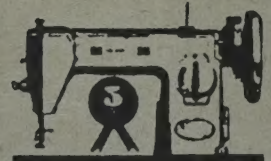
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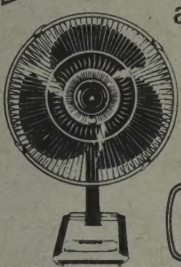
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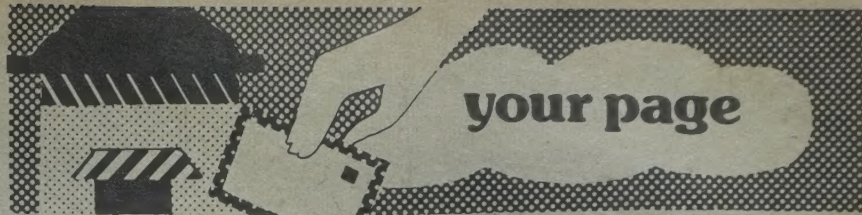
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SWAR LEKHA

Aspiring to be a leading lady in Indian film industry, Swar Lekha, who comes from an army officer's family in Meerut, finished her education in Raghunath College. In Bombay, she was lucky to bag a leading role in "Nai Imarat".

Swar Lekha took part in school and college dramatics. Her entry into film line was due to Pandit Mukhram Sharma, a family friend, who saw her glamorous pictures and induced her to join the films. Language and good looks being her main potentials, she had no difficulty in bagging the first role. In between acting and hoping for more important roles, she is busy modelling for fashions and commercials.

Swar Lekha's other interests are Bharata Natyam which she learned at Prayag Sangeet Samiti, Allahabad, and horse riding. A steadfast and ideological girl, she likes to face challenges. . . right now it is to become a star!

Photograph:
Farokh Reporter.

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LIFE
AFTER DEATH

The article, "They Remember Their Previous Birth" (Eve's Weekly, June 4) must have caught the attention of many and set them thinking. The theory of re-birth may not find wide-spread acceptance but almost all believe, consciously or unconsciously, in life after death. Eminent scientists, like Dr. A. Koor, have been at pains recently to discount these theories because they are used by the unscrupulous to mislead the superstitious and the gullible.

I feel, however, that no amount of rationalisation will do away with the belief and the faith that Man holds in an after-life. It is inherent in him. Man is unique among living creatures in being aware that he is going to die. He also stands alone in visualizing perfection while being imperfect. It is this ability to project himself into the unknown and the unseen that makes him what he is and should be — a spiritual being. Spiritualism and thought are only two sides of the same coin. Echoing Voltaire, if there was no life-after-death, we would have to invent it!

Leela Ramaswamy, Bangalore

Rationalists like Dr. Koor are actually doing a great service to a nation peopled with fearful, superstitious, ready-to-believe-anything human beings. Is there life after death? We don't know. It has never been proved. To have faith is a good thing. But, to have faith beyond the limits of reason and rationalisation can be a terrible burden.

2nd
prize

WE ARE ALL
SELFISH

And then we have the pitiable cases of young, starry-eyed, giddy-headed teenagers agreeing to get married, strictly to keep home for their husbands, shutting out all thoughts of a career; only to find after the first flush of married life that they would indeed like to pursue a career of their own. Would they, if they had known, have taken such an irrevocable step that affects their personal satisfaction so deeply? No doubt, the husband will come up with suggestions as to how

his wife could spend her spare time in any number of inane activities, oblivious of the fact that they do not appeal to her at all. It is ironical that often the very same husband, caught in financial straits, eagerly aids in procuring a job for his wife. Naturally, he has made sure to choose an intelligent and qualified girl to stand him in good stead in times of need.

Is it fair for a man to enforce such an irrevocable decision on a girl at a time when she has not fully understood what she wants from life? Should not the husband realise that his own happiness lies, not in the convenience of having a wife, frustrated or otherwise, to keep his home, but, in the happy atmosphere created by his co-operation in fulfilling her own inner needs?

N. Lakshmi, Bombay

Let's face it. We are all selfish. Man does lose a lot by letting his wife leave home for work. He feels secretly ashamed, inadequate, he has pangs of jealousy (whom is she meeting? who are her friends?); his "manly ego" (whatever that is) is hurt, he feels he is neglected, his children abandoned, his home un-cared-for. If the man is helpless and really needs financial support from his wife, he suppresses all these feelings. Now, on the other hand, a woman gains much from working outside the home. She feels secure, confident and reasonably free; she offsets her own pangs of jealousy (is he having an affair with a girl in the office? did he come home late because he took her out to a restaurant?) by creating jealousy in him. She is not "available" to husband and children at the flick of their fingers—and this gives her the most exhilarating feeling of not being a doormat. So, you see, you can't blame anybody. We are all selfish!

3rd
prize

MIDDLE-CLASS
DREAMS

With the announcement of the Higher Secondary results, the stage is set for a subtle drama in most middle-class homes. Parents would be trying to foist their (unfulfilled) ambitions of becoming doctors or engineers on to their children. I know of a classic case where the mother wanted her son to be a doctor and the father wanted him to be an engineer. The son would have been just as happy being a plumber! Our youngsters

have a tough time steering through conflicting pulls and pushes. Don't you think children are our most exploited group?

Uma Subramanian, New Delhi

Yes, this happens, but not to such a great degree anymore. In most enlightened families—by and large—the youngsters are advised, but then allowed to take up the courses and careers of their choice. Only really frustrated parents foist their own ambitions on their children. A classic example is that of star-daughters of mothers who had themselves hankered after a career in acting.

GROWING OLD

It took two whole days and at least six telephone calls before I could contact my young friend, Swapna! When I did eventually, it took me a whole week before I could pin her down to a lunch date! Her woeful wail was, "Oh! Auntie, I just don't find the time to fit in all my engagements and look after a home!" I quite understood young Swapna's problems. Forty years ago, I too found that twenty-four hours were not long enough for me to fit in all I had to do—at the office, at home, all the endless shopping sprees, the lunch and dinner dates, attending the club and partaking of the various activities offered, writing long letters to my son and looking after home and husband!

Today I smile as I remember those crowded hours over the years; today I am old and am enjoying my old age! Growing old is a splendid phase. In youth there is never time enough and all one's energies are spent rushing headlong in and out of experiences, profiting by so little and being injured by so much; Whereas with age, time has become an instrument malleable to one's will. I can do much more worthwhile jobs and yet find time to write, to read, to rest, to dream and wander into Menory Lane whenever I like.

Do other women feel as happy in the winter of their life?

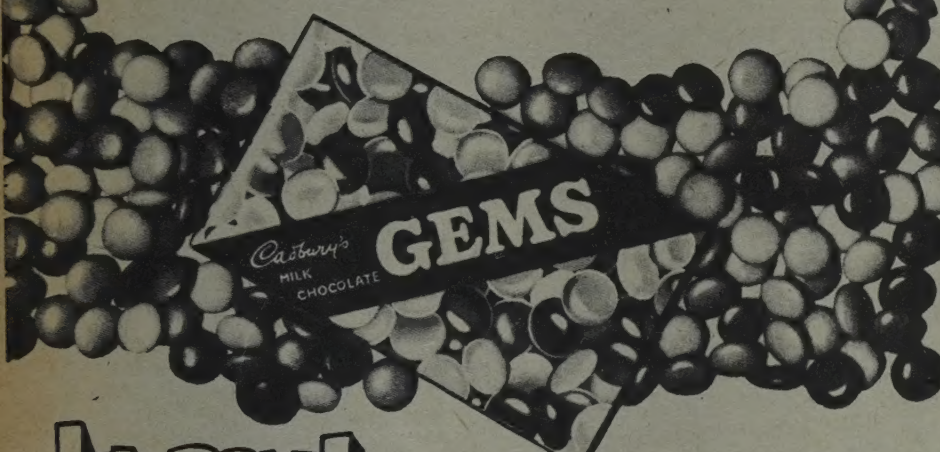
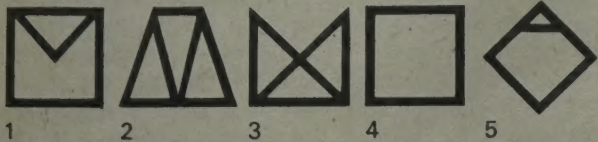
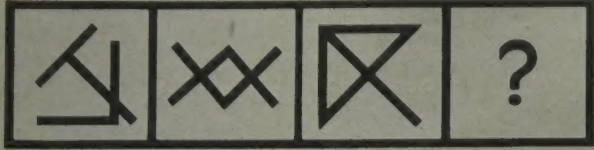
Mildred Smith, Calcutta

Here's a happy "growing old" letter. What do other over-fifties have to say? We'd like to know if you've grown old happily and profitably. Write and tell us (in 300 words, or less), how you've fared over the years, how you've used your time as you grew older. The best letters will be published.

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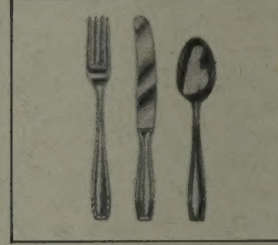
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Dr. Usha Mehta is a short, thin lady, always clad in a khadi sari. To form an opinion about her from her appearance would prove a bad mistake. A freedom fighter and a professor of politics, she has always struggled to fight for the cause of liberty.

Dr. Usha Mehta's political life began at the very early age of nine. She was inspired by Mahatma Gandhi, whose call to struggle for the nation's freedom she found irresistible. As a child she was arrested for taking part in a procession and released after a day's imprisonment.

Dr. Mehta's father was a judge in Broach (Gujarat) district during the British Raj. Being a Government servant he disapproved of her taking part in the freedom movement. But she says, "Such a golden opportunity was not going to come again." She assured her father that she would not endanger his career. She was also ready to give in writing that her father was not responsible for whatever she did.

While in Bombay's Wilson College (1935-42), she had to give up studies in 1942 as she was arrested. Dr. Mehta was one of the few women who worked in the underground movement of 1942. Under the leadership of Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia they decided to run a secret radio. The funds for a transmitter were collected from friends and relatives. The secret radio started broadcasting from August 14, 1942.

The site of the broadcasting was Parekh Wadi (from where Dr. Mehta was arrested later) at Girgaum. "It was a difficult task and we could not escape from the eyes of the police," she said. So they had to keep on shifting from place to place to avoid detection.

Dr. Mehta was assigned to broadcast news and give talks in Hindi over the secret radio. This radio was the only source for getting the true facts of the freedom struggle as there was strict censorship of the press.

In 1942 serious charges were levelled against Dr. Mehta for working on an illegal wireless and spreading "prejudicial reports" among the public. She was also charged under the Defence of India Rules and was sentenced to four years imprisonment.

After her release in 1946 she continued her studies and got her Doctorate in the Social and Political Thought of Mahatma Gandhi in 1953. At present she is Professor of Politics at the Bombay University. She has held important positions at academic and national levels. She has remained Foreign Students' Adviser of the Bombay University for more than 13 years. Dr. Mehta was a member of the Youth Welfare Board and Chairman of the Board of Students in Politics. In 1976 Dr. Mehta was chairman of the All-India Political Science Association. Today she is chairman of the Maharashtra Political Science Association.

Dr. Mehta has written ten books on politics and she has to her credit about 70 articles on political movements, published in various journals. The subject of special interest to her is the study on voting behaviour, on which about ten students have done research work under her guidance. Dr. Mehta is secretary of the Women's and Youth Organisation. She was a member of the Suicide Inquiry Committee of the Government of Gujarat which was formed to inquire into the increasing rate of suicide among women.



DR. USHA MEHTA: she fought twice for the nation's freedom

As a Professor of Politics, Dr. Mehta has no complaint against the University syllabus "because we have been updating the syllabus every alternate year. We have to keep track of international political movements which change so fast," she said.

Referring to the Indian political scene which has taken such a sharp turn after 30 years she said, "It was a victory in the battle for liberty for the second time."

"India," she said, "became a prison house for me during the 19 months of emergency. The atmosphere was suffocating and totally unbearable for those of us



who had fought for India's freedom."

Dr. Mehta remained outside the jail and worked in the underground movement to arouse the urge for freedom among people, to make them fight the dictatorship of the former Government.

Though she has had previous experience in working a secret radio, during the emergency a secret transmitter was not feasible. As she said, "There were powerful detective agencies with the Government, which the British did not have in '42."

The underground movement was widespread particularly in Bihar, Gujarat and Bombay. Its object was to protest against the denial of civil rights (which were suspended during emergency), and the re-establishment of freedom of the press.

"When emergency was declared, there were two ways open to me," said Dr. Mehta, "to launch a satyagraha openly and get arrested, or to remain outside and make people conscious about their rights." And she chose the latter.

The underground movement had two aims — to collect funds for the families of political detenus and to distribute pamphlets giving information about the arrest of leaders and reproducing reports from foreign newspapers.

Communication between the different parts of the country was very difficult, but people coming from Delhi and Bihar representing the Jana Sangharsh Samiti provided them with reports. They even used to get news bulletins from Mr. George Fernandes who avoided arrest for such a long time.

"The collection of funds was a difficult task," said Dr. Mehta. "The opposition parties which had come together during emergency did not have money even to offer a cup of tea at the national convention of Citizens for Democracy in October '76 (which was called for discussion on the constitutional amendments). People were ready to help us financially but they had to do it secretly, because there was fear all over."

Dr. Mehta was appointed convenor of the People's Union for Civil Liberties (PUCL) in Maharashtra. "PUCL was nothing but a preparatory ground for the Janata Party," she said.

Though an arrest warrant was issued against Dr. Usha Mehta, she escaped imprisonment by her alertness and the sympathy of a CID inspector who later promised to help her during the emergency.

Talking about the performance of the present Government, she said, "People are not very satisfied with Janata Party's performance, but they are still in a mood to give them a chance."

She stresses the need to put aside ideological differences in the Janata party.

The immediate problem to be attended to by the Government is to control the rising prices according to Dr. Mehta. "The ministers should understand the joint responsibility of the Cabinet and refrain from making absurd statements, damaging the party image," Dr. Mehta said.

Though politics has remained a subject of prime importance to Dr. Mehta, when asked why she did not contest the Lok Sabha elections, she said, "Though interested in politics, I don't believe in party and power politics."

She thinks people must be vigilant to preserve their liberty. "Although we have won our liberty the second time, vigilance must continue."

Asha N. Vora

Hema Malini or Vyjayanthimala as President of India. Anyway, Mrs. Arundale would not have been the first dancer to turn President. We have an illustrious and rather tragic precedence in Argentina, where Mrs. Isabella Peron, a one-time night club dancer succeeded her husband to the Presidency.

Mrs. Pandit's name was also suggested and she was not un-

willing. She was discarded in haste because most people said "We've had enough of the Nehrus," and "Not another Nehru for some time please!" And so, probably, Mrs. Pandit will go back to Dehra Doon, a promise that has been waiting for her since March 20.

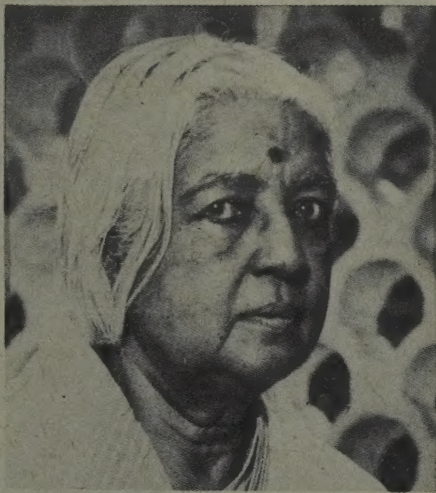
Then the process of elimination continued as though the selection for the highest office of the land

was a game of musical chairs. Among those whose names were mentioned were Mr. S. Nijalingappa, Mr. M. C. Chagla, Acharya Kripalani and Mr. K. S. Hegde. The various factors that came into play ranged from North-South considerations, to a minority community leader being given a chance, and the suggestion that with Gandhism being the order of the day, it would be appro-

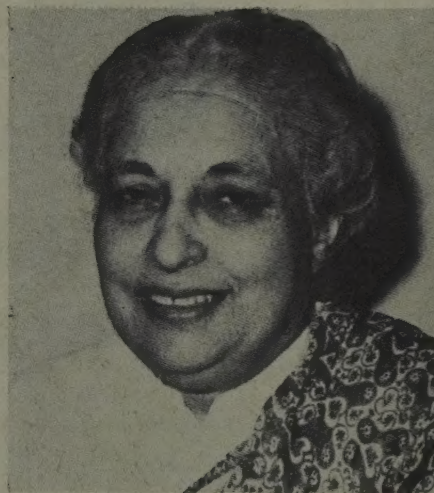
Although the President of India has so far been only a figurehead of great dignity but little power, he can play a crucial role at critical times and therefore the search for a President was quite frenetic until Mr. N. Sanjiva Reddy was elected un-animously. Apart from being the political and executive head of the State, the President of India is also the Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces

Olga Tellis

THE SEARCH FOR PRESIDENT

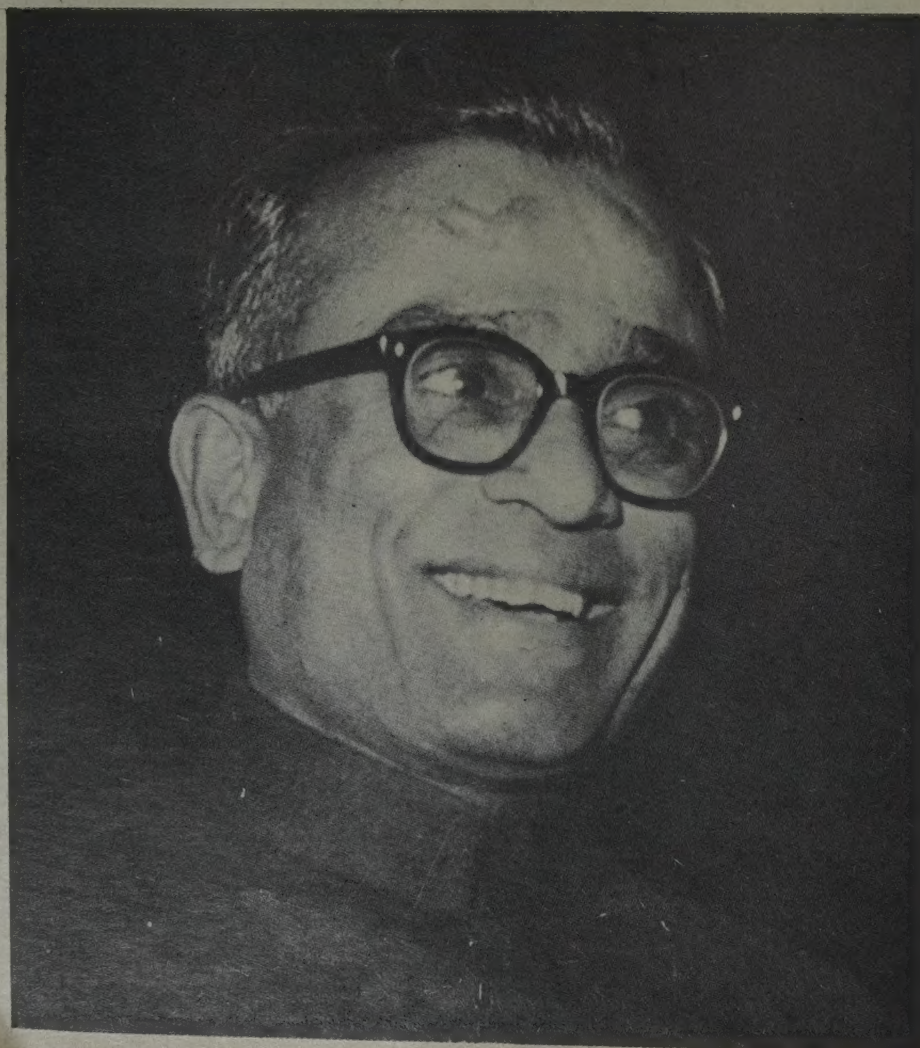


Rukmini Devi Arundale



Vijayalakshmi Pandit

Neelam Sanjiva Reddy



After a good deal of speculation Mr. Neelam Sanjiva Reddy has been elected President of India. But there was at one time a distinct possibility of India having a lady to lord it over the 340 rooms and one and a half miles of corridors that make up the Rashtrapati Bhavan. It is said that "few heads of State anywhere in the world live in such imposing splendour as the President of India."

The two ladies whose names were suggested as possibilities were Mrs. Rukmini Devi Arundale and Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit. Mrs. Arundale, a well-known educationist, social worker and dancer, was acceptable to the Congress Party and the Janata Party in general. She was in Holland when her name was being headlined as a possible "acceptable" candidate for the Presidency. Then, suddenly, objections came from Mr. E. M. S. Namboodripad, the veteran Marxist leader, and from several people in the Janata Party who, preoccupied with Mrs. Arundale's fame as an exponent of Bharata Natyam, said that if she became the President it would be like having

priate to have a Harijan in the highest office. Meaningful glances were thrown at Mr. Jagjivan Ram but he made it quite clear that he didn't want to be pushed into a position of non-power. Then, there has also been a tradition that if the Prime Minister is from the North, the President should be from the South.

So, for more reasons than one, Mr. Sanjiva Reddy is the ideal choice for President. Many Congressmen too feel that this is their chance to make up to Mr. Reddy since they ditched him so unceremoniously in 1969 at the beckoning of Mrs. Indira Gandhi, who supported the opposition's choice of Mr. V. V. Giri.

The frivolity and squabbings that precede the selection of the presidential candidate raises questions about the importance of this, the highest office in the country. For instance it is said that when Mrs. Arundale's name was suggested for the presidency, Mr. Morarji Desai, who had once said that women are not fit to be Prime Ministers, reportedly said that he did not mind women being presidents or state governors. The implication here is that the President's position is not of such consequence as that of the Prime Minister, for instance.

Yet in the Constitution of India, (1) the "executive power of the union shall be vested in the President and shall be exercised by him either directly or through officers subordinate to him in accordance with the constitution, (2) without prejudice to the generality of the foregoing provision, the Supreme Command of the Defence Forces of the Union shall be vested in the President and the exercise thereof shall be regulated by law."

Constitutionally, therefore, the President has enormous powers—but as the experiences of various Presidents show, they have never been able to exercise it independ-

Ironically, whilst he must safeguard the Constitution and integrity of the country, he must also act in accordance with the advice of the Council of Ministers headed by the Prime Minister and can flout this only at the risk of letting down the people. The Council of Ministers are representatives, naturally, of the majority party in the Lok Sabha — so, if the President does not take

headed by the President was to be formed. Nehru and Menon were to be asked to resign and go among the people and restore their confidence in the destiny of the nation, which they had jeopardised."

But that is nearest any President got to having a clash with a Prime Minister and trying to change a Government. As events showed, he never succeeded be-

The Indian President can in no way be compared to the American President. The American President, who is said to be the most powerful man in the world by virtue of his office, is also elected by the most complex process in the world. Various States elect their representatives, who in turn elect the President. The number of these representatives is equal to the number of their representatives in the U. S. Congress and this group is called the Electoral College. This Electoral College meets and elects the President. However, they do not make the official announcement. The choice is put in a sealed envelope and sent to the Senate, from where the official announcement is made.

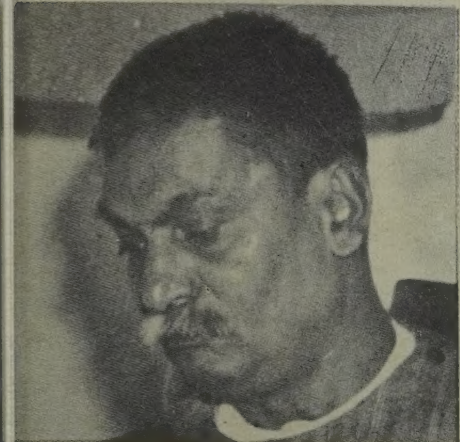
Houses of Parliament and the State Legislative Assemblies.

The total value of the votes in the Presidential election is 1,086,973. The value of votes of each Parliament member is 702. The value of votes of Assembly members vary from State to State.

The members from the Union Territories are not entitled to vote.

The ideal President would be a man with legal knowledge, a man who knows the intricacies of the working of the Government, someone who is honest, above reproach and able to conduct himself in a manner becoming to his office. There is no limit to being better and better and there is no reason why the highest position in the country should not have the best man or woman available

The President of India is elected by the Electoral College, which consists of members of both the



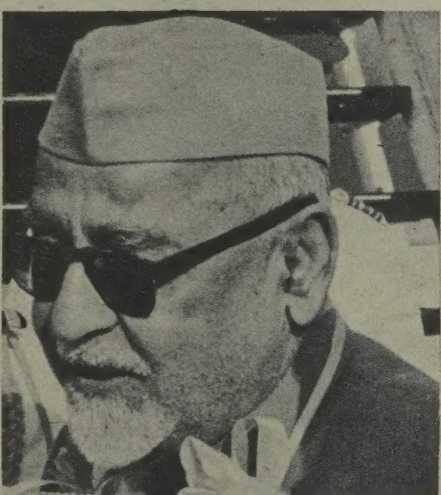
Dr. Rajendra Prasad

Dr. Radhakrishnan

the advice of these Ministers he could be asking for trouble. Such an incident was narrowly averted when in April/May, the Home Minister Charan Singh called for the dissolution of the nine State Assemblies. The President's assent was needed and Mr. B. D. Jatti, then Acting President, took almost 24 hours to give this assent. During this time tempers ran high in the Janata Party and demonstrations were being readied before the President's house had he decided to withhold his assent.

The real powers of the President have always been a point of controversy. With Jawaharlal Nehru—a strong personality—in the saddle so long, successive Presidents were unable to assert themselves, although both Dr. Rajendra Prasad and Dr. S. Radhakrishnan tried very hard to do so. In fact, Dr. Radhakrishnan, who had a strong personality, individuality and standing of his own, did try to make his point during the Chinese war, as Supreme Commander of the Defence Forces.

Dr. Radhakrishnan was worried about the way India was losing the war against the Chinese and, in sheer desperation after a so-called secret visit to Tezpur in November, is said to have remarked that India had been brought to this position because of the "credulity and negligence" of the Government. In "With Two Presidents" the author, Major C. L. Datta, says "The atmosphere in the House was gloomy. As evening set in and the shadows in the Moghul Gardens grew longer, the President, escorted by an ADC, would walk in them. He would sometimes ask: What do the people think about Nehru? Hasn't his prestige gone down? Aren't they thinking of replacing the Government?" I got the impression that a war council comprising some retired generals



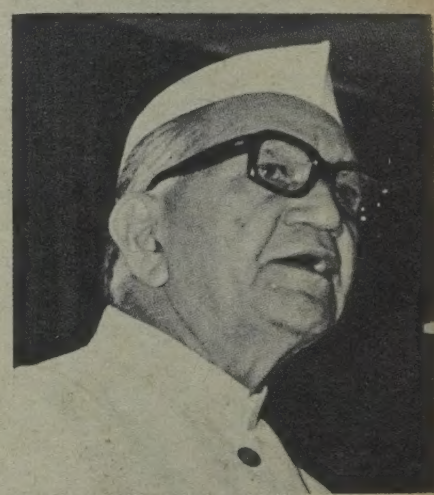
Dr. Zakir Hussain

cause Nehru had the kind of charisma which over-rode the objections and machinations of his opponents. Mrs. Indira Gandhi had the same power and it was this that probably made the late Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed underwrite the illegality of the Emergency which Mrs. Gandhi imposed on the country in June 1975, without consulting the Council of Ministers.

The President's powers remain shrouded in ambiguity, and his position and the power he exercises is comparable approximately to that of the queen of England. On paper she has enormous powers but in actual fact she is only a figurehead. Nehru and his daughter were of the opinion that the President is only a figurehead. But there is no doubt that he can play a crucial role when there is a conflict between any two of the three sectors of Government — the Legislature, the Executive and the Judiciary.



V. V. Giri



Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed

RAJIKA KIRPALANI YOUNG JOURNALIST AWARD 1977

Two young journalists have tied for the now well-known and coveted Rajika Kirpalani Award. They are Anil Grover of Calcutta and Chaitanya Kalbag of Bombay, who have already carved a niche for themselves in the journalistic world, at a very young age. The Award has, this year, been stepped up to Rs. 1500 (from Rs. 1000) because of the tie, and will be shared by the two winners who will also receive a Trophy each.

Three special prizes of Rs. 100 each have been awarded to Vaiju Mahendroo, Rajguru Deshmukh and Manohar Kamath, all from Bombay.

Instituted by the Trustees of the Rajika Education Trust, in memory of the late young journalist, Rajika Kirpalani, the Award is given each year on her birthday (August 17) and is meant to promote and encourage young Indian writers—a cause to which Rajika had devoted herself during her brief yet scintillating career in journalism.

THE STORY SO FAR

Finding her fiance Martin Ashley has disappeared after booking at Reid's Hotel, Corrie spends the next few months frantically searching for him. She follows every clue, refusing to believe that a man can disappear into thin air. But her hope drains away as no sign of Martin is to be found anywhere.

...Actually he had slipped and fallen into a ravine while walking up the mountain and his unconscious body has been found by a once lovely village girl Sanchia, whose life has lost all meaning because one side of her face has been so badly marred that no one can bear to look at it.

Taking advantage of Martin's amnesia, she resolves to keep him as her lover by telling him that he is Jean, a fugitive from the police, and that they are engaged to be married. But as Martin slowly recovers, he resents his imprisonment in their cottage and begins to go out. Corrie then finds him at an inn and, in spite of his dyed beard and hair and his tanned face, she recognises her Martin and takes him to the house of his grandmother, Lady Violetta Grey-Ewing, who has taken up a house in Madeira to be near Corrie during her dark days.

NOW READ ON...

She tried to laugh, but her voice broke. "You'll have to learn to love me again," she said.

"That won't be difficult," he whispered the words, and felt his heart stir at the look in her warm, ardent eyes. Then he put out a hand and touched a silky lock of her hair.

"I remember you, my dear . . . yet I don't. I feel I'm still in that damn fog. I can't even remember falling into a ravine."

"And you don't remember that you were on a business trip to Lisbon selling books for Horton and Mullins? Or that you arrived at Reid's and half-unpacked your case?"

He frowned. "No."

"Nor that in London you used to live with your grandmother, Violetta, Lady Grey-Ewing? Gramma you called her when you were a boy."

"Gramma," he repeated, and

his temples throbbed. He muttered, "I feel I ought to know, but I don't quite recall having a grandmother."

"Or a mother named Vanessa?"

"No."

Frantically Corrie thought up every name, every person, anything she could think of that might rouse his memory. But it seemed only to disturb him rather than have any other effect.

Just for a few moments Corrie sat staring at him, speechless, feeling almost light-headed with excitement. God alone knew

how many days and nights she had prayed to find him again. How many hours she had wept for him—feared that he might be dead. But last night she had reached the end of the corridor. In her dreams she had found him, and here he was, actually with her—altered by his disguise—a victim of amnesia—and, worse still, a victim of a scheming crazy girl named Sanchia—but it was Martin and that was all that mattered. Last night's dream had been gloriously prophetic.

She stood up and drew a long breath.

"Martin," she said, "the storm's over. The sun's coming out. Drive home with me—I mean to your grandmother's villa in Funchal."

Once more he covered his face with his hands. He felt physically sick. She spoke again,

"Don't let's go back to this cottage now. I don't think I could bear to see this girl—not now. Not until we've got you back with your own grandmother. She may help you to remember things. Oh, please, darling, let me take you home."

DARK CORRIDOR

Denise Robins



By this time, he was so bemused and exhausted, he did not want to argue. She settled the small bill. His brain wouldn't even allow him to look for change in his own pocket. What she said tied up so many loose ends. He spread out the hands that she had recognised as his—Martin Ashley's, and gave them a long, penetrating look. Then he followed Corrie out of the cafe and into the waiting car.

Violetta, straw hat on head, gloves on hands and basket on her arm, was strolling around the gardens of the Casa da Turna picking some flowers for the dinner table. She was just thinking about Corrie—poor little Corrie—up in Camacha buying a souvenir for Ann.

The sound of the car coming through the gates reached Violetta's ears. She carried her basket of flowers to the portico, set it down and stood there shading her eyes from the sun. It was late, but the light was still strong. The sun was setting. To her surprise Violetta saw there was someone else in the car with Corrie—rather an odd-looking companion at that! A long-haired, black-bearded fellow. Violetta was very tolerant, but she did like the boys to look more conventional, like her darling Martin or that nice Hugh Aylmer. Actress though she was, or had been, Violetta thought the present generation over-acted their parts a little bit. As the two young people approached her, she saw nothing but Corrie's face. A completely changed Corrie from the girl who had gone to Camacha. The Corrie who for so long had been under a strain and whose eyes held such deep sadness. This was a renewed Corrie—starry-eyed, glowing, excited.

Good gracious, Violetta thought, what on earth had happened?

Corrie literally threw herself into the old lady's arms. "Violetta! Oh, Violetta!"

Martin's grandmother blinked and drew herself away from Corrie. Her gaze was drawn to the young man. She walked a step nearer. At first sight he looked to her like a peasant—one of those long-haired youngsters to be found all over the world these days. She had also thought he looked a little strange—and rather thin and ill in spite of his tan.

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Now that she was nearer to him she experienced the same sort of shock that had vibrated through Corrie up in Camacha. The shock of recognition which at the same time, her brain denied almost as soon as it flashed into being. They were such familiar eyes and so curiously light in colour for the dark-bearded face. Violetta put her fingertips against her lips. She turned to Corrie, "Who is your friend, darling?" For a moment Corrie made no reply. She was suddenly afraid that the truth would be too great a shock for the old lady. Now Martin spoke to Violetta.

"Who are you?" he asked. "I seem to know your face, madame."

But it was enough for Violetta. She knew that voice. She would have known it anywhere. She gave a little scream.

"Martin, my God, it can't be you!"

"It is, it is!" exclaimed Corrie. "We've found him. It is Martin."

"But it can't be! He doesn't know us. He's dark. It isn't Martin..." began Violetta incoherently. Then she called out, "Marty, Marty" the name she used when he was a little boy. But she fell down before either Corrie or Martin could support her. Martin stared down at the old lady. He was rooted to the spot. All so familiar. Like that name. Marty she had called him. He felt as though the closed gates of his memory were slowly opening—letting him through into the light—into the knowledge that had been denied to him for so long. He rushed forward and picked the little old lady up in his strong arms. He carried her through the portico into the house.

"Gramma!" he stammered the name as he went. "Darling old Gramma!"

"A drop of brandy would be

the thing, Corrie," he said. So he knew her, too!

She was wild with excitement—the joy of realising that he was slowly but surely regaining his memory. Hearing his boyhood's name—seeing Violetta fall like that—had done the trick.

Gasping, half choking, Violetta opened her eyes, looked long at him and then, smiling, she tapped him on the cheek with one hand.

"Oh, you wicked boy, to give us all such a fright! Oh, my darling Marty. Martin darling, where in God's name have you been? And what is all this horrid stuff?" she tugged at his black beard and giggled like a girl. "I've never seen such a fright. Go and shave it off at once."

"I will, I will," he said and laughed and kissed the top of her head.

Violetta amazed Corrie. She took everything so calmly. She looked in the pink again, although she actually agreed to have another drop of that brandy.

We shall never forget this moment as long as we live, Corrie thought. There were two people she must ring up at once. The Inspector of Police, and the manager of Reid's, who had been so good, so helpful ever since Martin disappeared. But she paused. If she gave the news to the police they would as likely as not charge Sanchia and her father with having concealed Martin and ignored the police notices. They would be in real trouble.

"Everything's marvellous," said Corrie, her eyes shining, "but wait till you hear the whole story—the fantastic reason why Martin never got in touch with us."

"That can wait, my dear. I'm just so glad he's alive and with us again. I don't think I care what happened before today."

But this was where Martin—struggling with his newly acquired knowledge of the past—began to remember the more recent events in his life. He left Corrie to sit beside his grandmother and relate a few of the facts.

Bit by bit, Martin began to remember so much else—his work in Lisbon, his flight to Madeira—and he could realise what must have happened when Corrie reached Reid's so full of joy at the thought of meeting him—what she must have suffered when he didn't return to the hotel.

He turned suddenly to look at her. She got up from the sofa and came towards him. She was flushed—glowing like a rose, he thought, and so much more beautiful than he remembered her.

"Corrie-oh, my darling, my poor darling!" he exclaimed.

She ran into his arms. They clung together. She pressed her face against his shoulder.

"You know me. You know me now," she whispered. "You do remember about us, don't you?"

"I do. If not anything else—at

least I remember you and Gramma. Oh, my darling, my dear darling Corisande," Martin said.

They kissed like the lovers they had always been—arms straining, mouth seeking mouth, heart beating against heart with the wild happiness of their reunion. Corrie knew now that she would never again travel down that long, dark corridor. The old nightmare would never return. That last dream had been prophetic. She had found Martin waiting for her in that dream, and it had come true.

On a dazzling morning in late August one year later, a taxi deposited two new arrivals outside the door of Reid's Hotel in Madeira—a man and a girl. They walked into the vestibule. A page-boy followed with their suitcases.

The head porter greeted them politely.

"Good morning, sir. Good morning, madam..." Then he stopped. He stared with some surprise at the face of the handsome English gentleman and at the very beautiful, attractively dressed girl. In a changed voice he added, "Sir—Monsieur—madame—it isn't—it can't be..."

"But it is," Corrie broke in and gave him a dazzling smile. "We got married and now we've come back to Reid's. We told you we would. And you do remember us, don't you?"

"Of course, of course, madame. Welcome back to Reid's."

The man looked as he felt—astonished and pleased. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ashley—why shouldn't he remember them? Could any of the staff forget that unhappy time when poor Miss Gilroy had arrived to meet her fiancé and he had gone out and never returned. They had booked a room for a fortnight. The reception expected them. The head porter had the key all ready. Beaming, he handed it to them.

When they reached their beautiful suite in the tower, he entered the bed-room leaving her outside. Within a few minutes she noticed she was alone. Breathlessly she knocked on the bedroom door. Martin called out, "Come in." She closed her eyes and turned the handle. Then she walked in and opened her eyes and saw him standing there, smiling at her. And through the three windows she could see blue skies, the blue sea, the beauty of Madeira. "Oh, you are here!" she said. "You're here—Martin, my Martin. You'll always be here when I call, won't you? You will never disappear again?"

He shook his head and held her close. He thought it sweet and very moving that she should show so much love, so much worry for him. He shared with her the absolute joy of their togetherness.

CONCLUDED

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heart to heart

DON'T DECIDE IN HASTE

I am a Catholic girl of 20 belonging to a rich family. I am doing my final year in college and deeply in love with a Khoja boy of 23 from a middle class family. He has finished his college this year. He also loves me a lot. He thinks we should get engaged and go in for a civil marriage as soon as possible. But I am not yet 21 and secondly neither of our parents know of our relationship. We are quite sure they will oppose our marriage. What should we do?

As both of you are still young you need to give a lot of thought to this serious issue. This inter-communal marriage will call for a lot of adjustments and sacrifices for which both of you must be prepared. Besides, you must see that no incompatibility arises from differences of religion, status background, etc. And is the boy and his family in a position to look after you?

In the meanwhile let time elapse—this will help both of you to find out if you are meant for each other or this is just infatuation.

Incidentally, a girl can have a registered marriage after 18, so your age does not come in the

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 Wants A Divorce

way—but the head must rule the heart on the more important issues of this alliance. If your families see that both of you are capable of making the marriage work, they might not oppose it. Haste in this matter will only bring repentance.

CONSULT A LEGAL EXPERT

We have been married for a year. After the marriage my wife often lived with her parents and even now she stays with them. She lived with me for four months only, during which time we hardly had a married life due to her many activities. Now she is making false allegations against me saying

that I tortured her and that I wanted more dowry. Besides she did love someone else before marriage.

Now I want a divorce. Is there an easy and quick way even if chances by mutual consent fail? How much time will the divorce proceedings involve? What is "maintenance" after divorce and how is it calculated? Is maintenance necessary if the wife is working and under what conditions does it cease after divorce?

If both you and your wife cooperate and see a good marriage counsellor you can make the marriage work. But if both of you

have decided to part, it is best to talk it over with a legal expert who will give you sound advice and guidance in this matter.

The Hindu Marriage laws have been amended and two parties can mutually have the marriage terminated. If there are valid grounds, then a strong case can be made in your favour for divorce. The time involved depends on the strength of the case, the grounds on which relief is obtained and several other factors.

Maintenance is the sum of money due to the wife and/or the children after a judicial separation or divorce is obtained to provide a certain security for the wife and/or the children. It is usually calculated on the hus-

band's earnings and his other financial assets. If the wife is working and there are no children, there may not be such an obligation. Maintenance to the wife ceases if she remarries and also depends on other terms stipulated at the time. However, these are details which have to be worked out in individual cases with the help of a legal expert. There are no hard and fast rules on the amount of maintenance, etc. It all depends on how effective one's case is for maintenance.

WIFE REFUSES TO CO-OPERATE

I am newly-married and suffer from premature ejaculation. I was examined medically and found fit. The doctor told me that my failure was due to anxiety and that I could get over it, if both my wife and I attended sessions with the psychiatrist. But I am finding it difficult to influence my brother-in-law, who is her guardian, to send my wife to me and co-operate to make this marriage work. Please suggest the name of some voluntary organisation who can help me.

You could contact the social worker at the Association for Social Health (formerly known as Association for Moral & Social Hygiene in India), 4, Rouse Avenue, New Delhi 4. You could also contact the Counselling Section, Preventive Medicine Department, All India Institute of Medical Sciences, New Delhi. The people here will be able to help you and guide you further in this matter.

NEXT WEEK











SPECIAL ISSUE

INDIAN CULTURE

Eve's Weekly

AUGUST 13, 1977

PRICE RS. 2.50

A SITUATION IN NEW DELHI by Nayan-tara Sahgal. London Magazine—Editions, 1977. Pp. 208. Price: Rs. 72.00

Shivraj was one of God's remarkable creations... "A politician who till the day he died had never learned to make a political speech, or to trim his sails by the exigencies of politics..." writes Nayan-tara Sahgal in her new novel. It doesn't require the publisher's prodding to recognise Shivraj. Like much that has been written about Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, charisma, legend and all, Mrs. Sahgal also says of her fictional character that he was "a symbol of the fight against colonial rule... a man who took the people with him on uncharted journeys, on the frail, unbreakable, so very unpolitical bond of trust."

The novel opens with Shivraj's death. Through his devoted sister, Devi, who is Education Minister in the new cabinet, and a handful of other characters including Devi's lover, Michael, a British writer doing a personal biography of Shivraj, Nayan-tara Sahgal describes a political crossroads in the country when nothing less than the whole future of the nation is at stake.

Devi is deeply disturbed by what she sees around her in the cabinet. Shivraj's successors at the helm of national affairs, once his devoted followers, are now playing at revolution. The class war they had blithely begun simmered in the streets outside their offices, and they apparently had not a practical notion in their professorial heads what to do about it. Except throw it more bait, more scraps of raw red meat from time to time, in the form of good rabble-rousing speeches and lavish promises. Then they were surprised the rabble had been roused, and that in the sweltering August heat of Delhi, in the streets and bazaars and power plants, in the corridors of the university and at the railway station, things were happening that they could no longer control.

While the politicians are making speeches, Rishad, Devi's student-son has joined a group of violent revolutionaries. They believe that to build a new world the old one had to be razed to the ground. The way to do it was through the systematic creation of panic. Panic, to chaos, to ruin. And out of ruin open revolt and power. Only then could the new social order arise. Not Utopia. Just food in the stomach and a decent wage. Utopia for the poor and the downtrodden. An Indian Utopia."

For weeks Rishad and his comrades have been systematically entering people's houses and ruthlessly destroying clothes, furniture, belongings. When there were killings to be done, a trained squad of twelve and thirteen-year olds did it, laying an ambush, knifing their victims in deserted one-way streets.

Usman Ali, Vice-Chancellor of Delhi University and a close friend of Shivraj and Devi, also believes in revolution, but of a different kind. He muses in his office after a violent demonstration by students has lain waste to his room and he himself has been badly injured: "Surely this was the only era in history when what had gone before had been earmarked for demolition to make room for change. In other ages men built on what they already had, made changes from where they took over. No one had wanted to wipe out the previous human record. But for the current crop of interpreters, nothing apparently grew. It sprang formidably full-grown from the head of chaos."

Usman Ali, scholar and one-time communist, now believes that the past should not, and should not, be destroyed but a "new technique" could change things, and allow the elite and

the masses to coexist. He has prepared a document on education in which he had "taken the prevailing educational pattern apart and in prose approaching literature had put it together again. He had suggested outlets for skill and training before university age and drilled neat holes in current theories about higher education being everyone's inalienable right. He had recommended an end to the weed-burst of new universities and the free functioning of those that existed..."

Devi believes that Usman's educational reform (which sounds of course like vocational education, autonomous colleges and the 10 plus 2 plus 3 system and also echoes of JP's educational theories) could become like Shivraj's national movement for freedom earlier, "a revolution from the ground, a hunger and thirst for justice in all its forms."

All that is required to bring about this non-violent change and at the same time to put an end to the dangerous game that the cabinet is playing, is leadership — leadership of the kind that Shivraj provided — of letting people see how their national identity has a past and a future, of showing them a middle path.

When Devi puts the educational document (now symbolising a national political alternative) before the cabinet, it is rejected on the ground that "socio-political implications" and the "principle of social justice" have not been taken into account in the proposed reforms.

This is the acid test for Devi and Usman. They must put their revolution into action now or they will betray Shivraj's principles and his life's work. The novel closes when the die is cast and Devi and Usman have decided to confront the rabble rousers in the cabinet and have taken their alternative to the streets.

Nayan-tara Sahgal's novels have been described as novels of ideas. "A Situation" follows in the genre of "This Time of Morning" and "The Day in Shadow", in all of which she expresses a cluster of political beliefs filled out with bodies. The people in her works are not so much recognisable individuals but recognisable political viewpoints. Shivraj stands for the liberalism of Indian politics of the fifties, a benign ideology with nothing but the welfare of the masses at heart, a non-political political method unaffected by the conflicts in the national scene, above lobbies and interest groups. Rishad is the stereotype ardent student revolutionary — brilliant, sincere, not wracked by doubts or tainted by any selfish motives, admirable but misled. Devi is the faithful follower motivated in equal measure by faith, intellect and instinct.

The other side, the pseudo-socialists in the cabinet who are bringing the country to the brink of ruin, are not delineated with any such care. They are just an undefined mass of pseudos and their beliefs are dismissed as cliches.

But Devi's rich business friends are given more time and trouble. They are criticised kindly for their lavish life style — jewellery, silks, champagne-guzzling friends — but the author makes no connection or creates no tension, between these people and Rishad's political beliefs or the situation in the streets. It's all very comfortable and friendly and affectionate, with Devi and Rishad coming and going. Only the enemies in the cabinet are attacked, but we don't really know what exactly they stand for.

The publisher is pushing the book as a fictional version of the political crisis that led up to the Emergency of June 1975. This is rather an extravagant burden for the book to carry. But those who subscribe to the political beliefs of Pandit Nehru's niece and this long-standing critic of Mrs. Indira Gandhi's politics, will find in it a detailed exposition of a liberalism of blurred edges and a soft-centred faith in the present system.

Amrita Abraham

this week for you

K. H. Shroff

From Aug. 6 to 12



ARIES (March 21 — April 19)
Arians are promised success in quick settlement of problems. Favourable days: 9, 10.



TAURUS (April 20 — May 21)
Keep a cool head and sustain your efforts to realise your ambitions. Do not be provoked easily. Favourable days: 11, 12.



GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)
People in positions of power help you to obtain preferment. Your judgement will be correct. Favourable days: 8, 10



CANCER (June 22 — July 22)
Unforeseen gains in finance, travel and love affairs. Favourable days: 7, 11.



LEO (July 23 — Aug. 23)
You must take care and be discreet in matters concerning your position and personal affairs. Your influence with friends will count to get over any problems. Favourable days: 9, 10.



VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 22)
This week will be heavy going. You are likely to act contrary to your own interests. Favourable days: 7, 11.



LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)
Venus position enhances your personality and brings recognition. Important business contracts and assignments possible. Favourable days: All days.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)
Stresses arising from unfortunate experiences are now coming to an end. This week do not make any financial commitments. Favourable days: 11, 12.



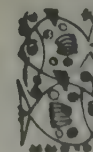
SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec.21)
Emphasis is on your creative abilities, specially in the film world. Intuitive powers will help in the achievement of your ambitions. Favourable days: 7, 10.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)
Aim high in all matters to do with your personal progress. All your trials in the past will be rewarded after August 15. Favourable days: 7, 11.



AQUARIUS (Jan 20 — Feb. 19)
Good money gains and opportunities for investment. You will develop a friendship with someone of the opposite sex. Favourable days: All days



PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20)
Be warned this week in any matter of partnership or business deals as your ruling planet is in inimical aspect up to end of the week. Do not enter into "get rich quick" proposals. Favourable days: 11, 12.

Amol Palekar at home with his family



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INDIA SPONSORSHIP COMMITTEE

The Governor's Award was initiated in 1974 by Begum Zehra Ali Yavar Jung as an incentive to inculcate certain qualities in children sponsored by the India Sponsorship Committee, an organisation working for the promotion of education of underprivileged children. Through sponsorship of one child by an individual donor, the ISC finances the education of the sponsored child, supervises his progress and ensures with the help of a team of dedicated workers that the education he or she gets qualifies him for a job. This year's gold and silver medals went to two fifteen year olds.

GOVERNOR'S GOLD FOR BALU



The Governor's Gold Medal this year went to Balu Parmar, fifteen-year-old son of an impoverished tailor living in Dharaivi — perhaps one of Bombay's worst slums. Due to financial necessity, Balu was recommended to the India Sponsorship Committee and was admitted into one of the best schools in the area in the technical stream.

Despite the unenlightened environment in which he dwells, Balu creditably gets through his exams with flying colours. He takes time off from his studies to help his father's tailoring work and relieves his mother — who babysits to supplement the family income — of household chores such as cleaning and babysitting. Tolerant, understanding and helpful, Balu attends to the sick in his neighbourhood, writes letters for some families and also

helps some of the children with their studies.

An active member of his school's activities, Balu hopes to become an engineer in the near future.

SILVER MEDALLIST RANJANA



Ranjana's family lives in a chawl amidst mill workers and sweepers. She lost her mother

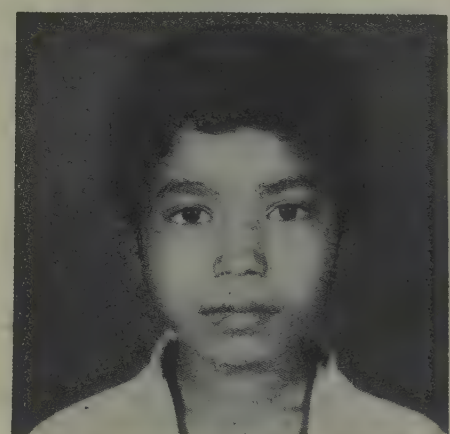
when she was young and has been reared by her father and aunt.

Encouraged by the Committee's financial support Ranjana's education has progressed on all fronts. She is considered to be the best student of the Juvenile Service Bureau.

This girl guide helps her neighbours as well as her younger siblings in their studies. She has won prizes in sports and is good in drawing, painting, elocution, stitching and handicrafts. She spends her spare time in preparing wire bags, play articles, paintings, reading books.

Ranjana who won the Governor's silver medal, hopes to become a doctor and alleviate the suffering of people.

BRONZE FOR YESHWANT



Yeshwant came to the ISC from the Juvenile Guidance Centre as one who needed help.

He was a good student, topping the class till Std. IV. In Std. V he was not very regular as he started working.

Yeshwant came from a family with innumerable problems — a drunkard for a father, a mother who was without a job, a brother who was afflicted with T. B. His eldest brother worked for a florist who provided him with basic requirements. In order to get one of his sisters married, Yeshwant took a loan of Rs. 200 from a sweet mart. The condition for the loan was that Yeshwant would work at the shop. Consequently, studying in standard V, Yeshwant worked part time to repay the loan. It was at that time that the agency referred him to the ISC for help.

With the help of a sponsor and a social worker the loan was paid. Yeshwant started going to school, but it was too late to make up for the loss of lessons. A month later Yeshwant's mother died and soon thereafter the father deserted the children and disappeared from the scene. In order to provide him with his basic requirements like food, shelter and clothing and ensure continuity of his studies, he was admitted to Balgram, the ISC's residential unit, where he is very popular with the inmates.

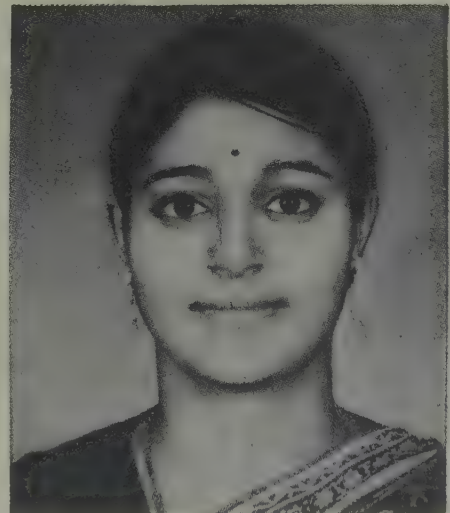
He is helpful with odd jobs of the home, and is always anxious to cheer up the other children.

Yeshwant is good at crafts and is now taking an active part in painting the smaller items of the new Balgram at Bhushi. He was awarded the bronze medal.

UMA NILAKANTAN: VARIED INTERESTS

Cheerful Uma Nilakantan has been adjudged star debator in many competitions. Recently she won the coveted first prize at the all-India Debate Contest held at Bhubaneshwar. She got the first prize and a cash award of Rs. 500 at the State Level Oratorical competition; Uma was selected the Best Orator of the Madras University; she appeared on television and some of her prize winning speeches have been broadcast by the A.I.R. in Youth Programmes.

Tall and lissome Uma is a good dancer. She has entertained large gatherings at programmes held at the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras, R. R. Sabha, Hotel Ashoka, Hotel Wood-



lands, and has to her credit scores of other public performances. A Gold Medallist in Bharatha Natyam, her graceful movements, slick footwork, and sensitive expressions are elements that evoked admiration among the audience. Her other favourite items are the Snake

Dance, Kurathi Dance, Natanam Adinar and Thillana.

Uma has also bagged several prizes for acting in English and Tamil dramas. She also has a splendid record in sports and games, has represented and brought glory to her college in table-tennis and volleyball at the University level.

Mono-acting, boat and punt racing, western music, quiz, panel discussions, poetry writing and painting also interest her.

Uma is interested in art. She paints on wood and glass, and is able to weave beautiful designs on fabrics.

Recently, Uma was crowned Miss Ethiraj.

This double graduate in Commerce and Economics from Ethiraj College, Madras, and President of the College Union, wants to become a lecturer and perhaps dabble in newsreading for T. V.

M. P. Suresh

FROM JUBILEE LAND— SHEILA YOUNG

Sheila Young, former journalist and wife of Eric Young, the new British High Commissioner in Bombay, is pleased to be back in India, for the third time.

"There were electric explosions on the telephone," she said, "when my husband called to tell me we'd been posted to Bombay."

Her contact with India, which she describes as a sort of thread running through her life, began during World War II, when she served in the Women's Transport Service (First Aid Nursing Yeomanry) and the Special Forces, in Pune. Many years later — older and married — she returned, this time to Madras, where Mr. Young was Head of Chancery from 1969 to 1973. They will now be in Bombay for three years.

The Youngs are both ex-journalists. It was, in fact, when they were both working on the "Sheffield Telegraph" that they met and got married. Later, when Mr. Young was working on the "Manchester Guardian," Mrs. Young was an editor with the "Manchester Evening News."

"Ours was a very journalistic marriage in many ways," Mrs. Young said. "One of us would be out all day and the other out all night. We used to meet mainly on weekends and other days off!"

Mrs. Young began her journalistic career at a time when it

A gracious lady who enjoys being in India and working hard to improve the lot of the under-privileged here

was still very much a male-dominated profession. She had to work hard to convince her father, who was himself a journalist, that this was really what she wanted to do. And at work, even though she was not working on the women's page or specialising in "women's affairs," she often found herself asked to handle subjects that were traditionally felt to be of special interest to women.

Questioned about the immigration problems in England, Mrs. Young said emphatically that there is far too much emphasis on what goes wrong and not enough on what goes right — a case of: only bad news is any news. While she does not deny the existence of problems — with the tremendous influx of foreigners into the country there is, she says, bound to be some trouble — she feels that there is a great deal of tolerance and acceptance between the British and the immigrants. In her own neighbourhood, where



the local chemist, the local grocer and the ticket-collector at the "tube" station are all Indians, she knows that she is not the only one who has a warm relationship with them.

Mrs. Young is hopeful about the future generations of immigrants, whose background will be based on life in England. She thinks the many media programmes about immigrant groups will also further mutual understanding. As an example of this kind of programme, she talked about a T. V. discussion featuring several Indian girls and their views on marriage customs.

About Britain's current economic situation, she says: "We are having difficulties — all countries do, at one time or the other. But it's still an exhilarating place to be in... We shall get over our difficulties."

The recent Silver Jubilee celebration, she says, was a morale-

booster and made the whole country come to life. "I hadn't realised that the English could really let their hair down as they did!"

The Youngs have one daughter and three sons — Heather (21), Michael (18), Edward (16) and James (10). The boys are spending their summer vacation with their parents in India, but Heather is in England and Mrs. Young says she wishes she were "a fly on the wall" where her daughter is to make sure she is all right!

Asked about her plans in Bombay, Mrs. Young says she is giving herself some time to get her bearings, although she is already inundated with people wanting her to join various projects. She enjoys social work, and was happy, in Madras, to help train lower-income Indian girls as house-keepers: "It was a diploma course, and they came to my house to learn Western house-keeping — Western ways of cooking, making beds and so on — so that they were better trained for jobs abroad." She was also involved, in Madras, with work in children's homes.

A warm and comfortable person, Mrs. Young is sure to find herself involved in the life of Bombay before very long. It is hoped that she will be able to join authentic projects, involving real issues and sincere people, rather than the several high-sounding but little-doing social service organisations that abound in the country.

Ammu Joseph

Vijayalakshmi Pandit. A name to reckon with.

No. This lady was not a potential candidate for the Indian Presidency. Nor did she create a furor in the pre-election days as her illustrious namesake's biting statements did. Dr. (Miss) Pandit's forte lies not in the political but the pathological field. Dead bodies and biopsies, not diplomacy and party politics, interest her. Though she, like the grand old lady, hails from Kashmir.

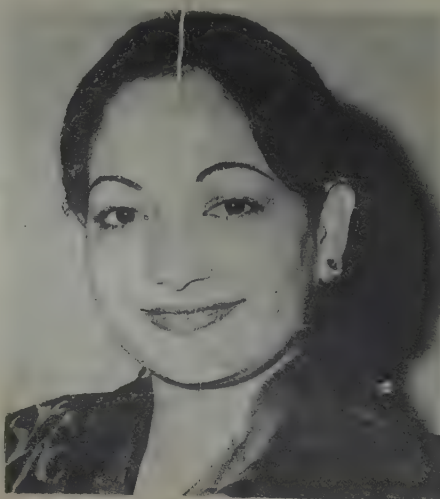
One generally associates a pathologist with blood, urine and stool tests — a mere cog in the intricate medical wheel. Dr. Pandit corrected that misconception. Pathology is all that and more. The tests are performed by trained technicians, the pathologists supervise. They have more demanding tasks to attend to — like post mortems. And, with that dreaded disease cancer ever on the increase, with biopsies.

Dr. Pandit, who did her M.B.B.S. from The Medical College, Simla, and her M. D. from the Post-Graduate Institute of Medical Education and Research (PGIMER), Chandigarh, said that pathology had always intrigued her. Exposed to dead bodies during anatomy classes, she had this curious interest in post mortems,

Dr. Vijayalakshmi Pandit

A GIFTED PATHOLOGIST

"Post mortems make me at least, very sentimental. After all, we are dissecting anatomies of individuals we have tested and treated, whose problems we were familiar with. We get so involved with the patient's welfare. Sometimes you feel the body is going to get up and talk to you! It's totally wrong to think that we



are devoid of emotions because we are exposed to the dead so frequently. We are just as sensitive as other people. The difference is that in situations where others might faint we try to be bold," said Dr. Pandit.

So much for post mortems. An even more challenging field for the pathologist is cancer research. Biopsies are sent to the pathologist who processes it and gives a report. Certain cancers of the mouth and the pharynx are effectively treated in the pathology lab., according to Dr. Pandit, by giving the patient B. C. G. injections. Research in alternative methods of treating malignant tumours are now being carried out by pathologists.

This branch of medicine is attracting more and more women, not because it is any easier than the other medical fields, but because it is less strenuous. "We don't have night duties," Dr. Pandit explained. "We do have occasional emergency duties, but not beyond 10. p. m."

But pathologists put in a lot of effort into every thing they do, "because a correct diagnosis depends so much on our findings."

Working at the PGIMER, Dr. Pandit said she wouldn't launch out on her own, start a private

practice at this stage, even though she may have the wisdom and knowledge. "People wouldn't take me seriously if I were to start practice now. I need grey hair for that! It's just the opposite of the film industry where one's value depreciates with age. A pathologist's value, on the other hand, appreciates with age."

Medicine is not Vijayalakshmi's only forte. Her sensitivity and creativity find an outlet in her interest in the arts, in literature, in music. This young pathologist who was the best all-rounder in the medical college, has written a scenario for "Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram" based on Raj Kapoor's story. When in school she was awarded a gold medal for mono-acting by the Inter State Red Cross Camp. Besides playing the sitar, Dr. Pandit also writes Urdu poetry. And she is also adept at reciting poems from the best Urdu poets for hours together.

Her future plans do include marriage. "I'm waiting to meet the right person." Of one thing she is quite certain though. She isn't going to sacrifice her career at any cost. "It's a part of my life. I can't cut it and throw a precious part away and start living again."

Ratu Kamlan

Gay Accessories



Jayshree Shah held her maiden exhibition in the city where on view were attractive flower-pot hangers in macrame, colourful napkin-holders and table mats in jute cord and wooden beads, eye-catching wall decorations composed of nails and thread (some of her handiwork is featured here), and a host of other items for home

and presentation. A self-taught artiste, making handicrafts was a childhood hobby with this young housewife from Indore now settled in Bombay. Her other interests include collecting stones and shells in unusual shapes, and textile designing.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter



If someone had told Serena that she was in for a nightmarish experience she would in all probability have forgiven her husband, patched up their quarrel and returned home none the worse for it. As it was, she picked up her suitcase, halted a scooter and made her way to the railway station.

Still in a temper, she purchased a ticket for Bhavrali, a small town that was a full day's journey away. She waited for an hour and a half for the train to arrive, during which period she ate a meagre lunch, counted the little money she had in her bag and frowned heavily upon everyone in sight.

How dare he! She fumed in silent wrath. I shall do exactly what I please from now on. The more you give, the less they appreciate it. "They" of course meant all the male chauvinists in the world who were unappreciative of the wonderful little women in the house and all that they did. The nerve of it! She raged. What did he mean by ordering her around? You will not go home now, he said, you can go after another ten days. Why ten days, she had asked angrily. And instead of giving her a sound reason, he had come out with a typical male "Because I say so!"

Which, quite naturally, had made her lose the last of her already short temper. This was the limit! No self respecting woman would tolerate such unashamed chauvinism. Of course, the fact that her own "toleration" threshold was lower than average, that her quick temper and small rages were part and parcel of the person her husband had fallen in love with, were neither here nor there.

What was of immediate import was that she had bought a ticket and was about to board a train to her hometown, that she was in a violent temper and would not return to her husband without proper amends from his side.

The train pulled into the platform. Serena glared at a helpful coolie, picked up her suitcase, found her compartment and seated herself comfortably near the window. When the train chugged out of the station Serena regained her equilibrium. She was smiling at the thought of the expression on her husband's face when he found her missing. Ah, yes. She was a minx, as he often called her, and as headstrong as they come. Wasn't that why he had married her? Well, he would soon find out, she smiled to herself, watching the city give way to empty stretches of arid land as the train took her to her destination.

The journey was uneventful. Serena waited impatiently for the tiny station to arrive. It was a small town with a large number of small-scale industries. In addition, it was a military Cantonment as well — meaning that

what gave Bhavrali its meagre importance was the existence of the army headquarters on such a large scale. And so, here she was. Home!

As she got off the train, Serena imagined her parents' surprise and astonishment at her arrival. They wouldn't be able to believe their eyes. Oh, how lovely to be home with her parents!

Serena hailed a rickshaw with all the practised ease of a local of Bhavrali. . . Well, she had been that till she got married, hadn't she! The rickshaw took her down the straight road, turned right towards the town and got lost amid the maze of side streets and gates till the road straightened out once again and led into a residential area of some size.

It was when Serena saw the closed doors and windows that she had her first inkling of trouble. She climbed down the rickshaw, paid the rickshaw driver his fare and with the suitcase in hand, walked down the path between the two lawns to the doorstep of her house. A big lock stared her in the face.

Not one to be easily disheartened, Serena walked across to the neighbour's house. She had known the old couple since her

Fighting with her husband and going home to mother seemed a lark, but there was nothing funny about the long wait on the spooky railway platform

childhood and was confident in the knowledge that they would know where her parents were.

She was right. The old couple informed her that her parents had left the key of their house with them and had gone for a week to visit their youngest son — Serena's younger brother — two days ago. Which meant that Serena would be on her own for five days.

Not a whit put out, Serena rounded up her old ayah and asked her to move in. She telephoned her old school friends and planned a mad whirl of activities that filled her with delight. What a chance to do exactly as she pleased, plan her days with friends who were as true as the proverbial blue!

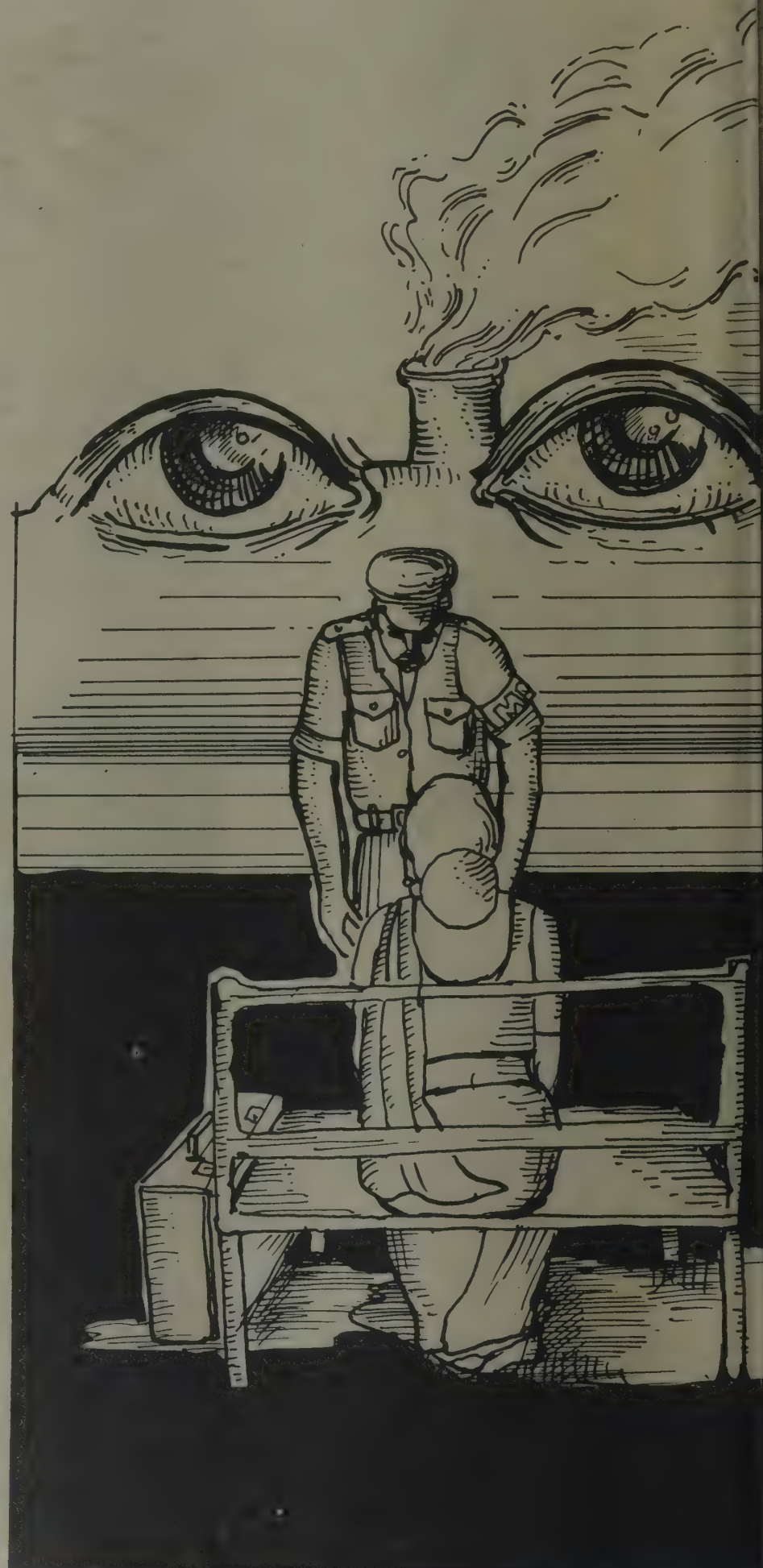
On the third day of her stay a cloud strayed on to Serena's blue skies! The cloud was in the form of a telegram from her hus-

blue eyes to remember

Kamal Aurora

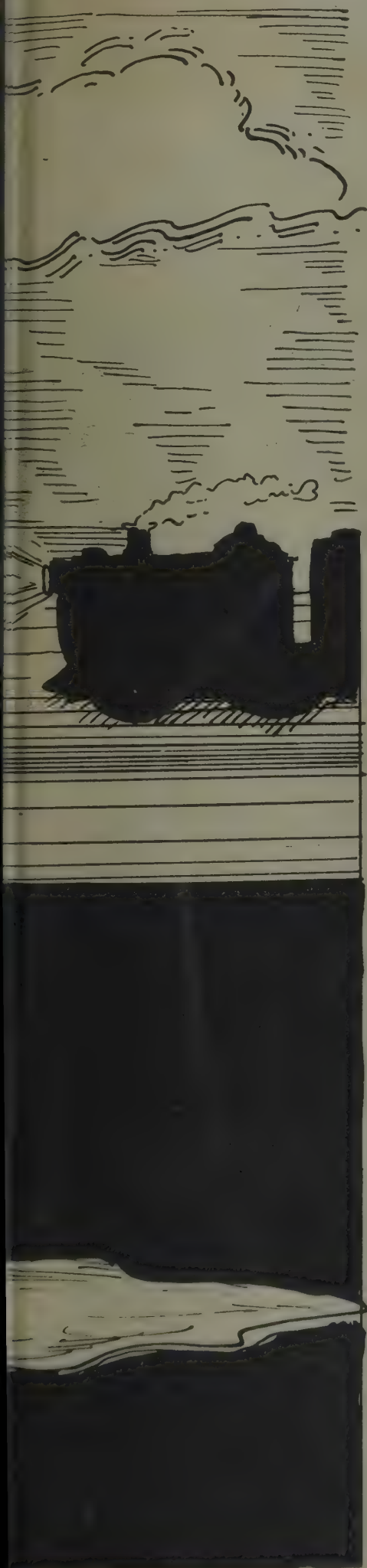
band which stated unapologetically, "Return immediately." Serena ignored the telegram and she received a second telegram which read "Return at once."

Perhaps her husband credited her with less brains than a high school child. Perhaps he thought she would not understand the word "immediately" — hence "at once." Although Serena scoffed at the telegrams, she was seriously worried. Supposing he got enraged as to disown her? Suppose he stopped loving his errand wife?



She stared moodily at the telegrams. There he was, ordering her around again. Not so much as a "please" anywhere. Should she go back? It wasn't that she hadn't proved her point. She had come home as she had planned and had a superb time in the bargain. . . the return of the native and all her friends and their parents welcoming her with open arms. Small town comradeship? Well, it was nothing to be sneezed at. No city ever gave you the same feeling of "home."

Well, she had better return to



her husband now. If she stayed, her parents would arrive, they would refuse to let her go immediately and heaven knows what might happen in the meantime.

Serena packed her bags and decided to return "at once." She explained to the old couple next door that she had to cut short her stay due to some important work that had cropped up. The old couple insisted on leaving her at the railway station.

Once again, the old familiar routine. Suitcase in hand, ticket in bag, waiting for the train to arrive. It was 6.30 in the evening. The train was two hours late. Perhaps it would catch up on lost time, a coolie tried to reassure her. Serena insisted that the old couple should return home, she would be all right. A very self-sufficient and independent lady! They hugged her, promised to give all her love and messages to her parents and left.

Serena moved to the centre of the platform and sat on her suitcase. She was looking blankly into space, but her mind was busy rehearsing the scene she intended to enact on her return. Doleful wife? Tearful? Defiant? All smiles and forgiveness? What role to play?

The shadows lengthened. An hour passed. The train was three hours late, she was told. Serena soundlessly voiced some choice four letter words she had picked up from her husband and waited impatiently for the train which was still two hours away.

The two fluorescent lights in the station came on with a flicker that gave strange dark hollows in all corners of the platform where the light did not reach. Suddenly Serena realized that it was quite lonely and barren on the platform. Well, she shrugged, what more could one expect from a small railway platform of a small town! She looked around her. There was a woman and a child in a huddle on the floor some distance away from her. They appeared asleep. Some more prone figures were faintly discernible in the darkness further ahead on the platform. She appeared to be the sole passenger for the Express at 9-30. Another hour to go. The minutes moved slowly, inexorably. Serena sighed as much with impatience as with resignation.

"Excuse me," the male voice was very low.

Serena turned around with a start.

"Yes?" she asked sharply, her misgivings quelled immediately at the sight of the military uniform of the man and the arm band that read "M.P."—short for Military Police.

"Yes?" she asked more politely.

"Can I see your ticket please?" he asked in an even tone.

Serena was surprised. She looked at the M.P. He was a tall man, well built, even features and incredibly blue eyes. It was strange for an Indian to have such sharp blue eyes—but there were sufficient Indians with blue, green and grey eyes to make it an acceptable feature. Serena opened her handbag and showed him her ticket.

She was even more surprised when he frowned at the ticket.

"Please wait a moment," he said in his polite, even voice. "This ticket needs to be checked. Where did you buy it from?"

"The ticket counter of course," said Serena in an indignant voice.

The blue eyes stared at her thoughtfully. Serena felt a strange singing in her ears. She was suddenly afraid of this man.

"Well, go ahead and check the ticket," she said putting up a brave front.

He nodded his head and walked away. Serena looked after his retreating form. He was indeed a handsome figure of a man. Yet, somehow she felt strangely uneasy in his presence. Perhaps it was the uncompromising expression on his face or the chill of his blue eyes. She was not quite sure.

Serena watched a train pull into the empty platform. There was sudden noise and commotion. The engine filled the air with its muted roar, while the whistle of the steam and the babble of passenger voices erupted with the suddenness of a volcano. Serena enjoyed the chaos and commotion, the noise and confusion. Trains were quite the most enjoyable form of transport. It was a live means of travelling. She watched the train begin to heave out of the platform, the scurry of passengers returning to their compartments and finally the tail end of the train disappearing into the darkness. Suddenly, silence descended on the platform like a shroud.

Serena swallowed a strange lump. She looked at her watch. Half an hour to go. Where was the M. P.? She knew a moment of panic. Then, she heard the sound of voices. A railway guard with a red flag was walking down the platform. He was talking to a passenger who had obviously alighted from the train.

She got up hurriedly.

"Yes, Ma'am?" asked the railway guard as she approached them.

Serena felt oddly foolish. "Er . . . what time will the Express come in?" she asked.

The guard and the passenger exchanged looks. Serena was puzzled.

"The Express has just come and gone," said the guard in a

voice that he probably kept for children or imbeciles.

Serena was stunned. "Just gone?" she stammered. "But I was told it was late."

"Yes, but it made up time. They always do . . . this gentleman has just got off."

"Yes." Serena looked at the passenger as if he was a visitor from Mars.

"But what should I do?" she asked.

"Where is your ticket?" asked the guard. Once again Serena was at a loss for words. What should she say? An M.P. had just taken her ticket? They wouldn't believe her.

The guard looked impatiently at his watch. He was evidently in a hurry to get away.

"Er . . . someone has just taken it and is coming back," said Serena. "An M.P. . . ." she tagged on, deciding to tell them about the strange man.

The look of sheer disbelief and derision that crept into the guard's eyes made Serena wish she had kept quiet. Her story was so obviously implausible.

"Well," said the guard in an attempt to be courteous, "you had better wait for the Mail train that arrives in another 40 minutes."

The guard nodded to her and with obvious relief walked off with the passenger.

Serena sat on her suitcase, the tears very close to streaming down her cheeks. What was she to do? She was about to get up and force herself to look around for the M.P. when to her amazement she saw the M.P. coming towards her. Her first feeling was one of total relief followed by a strange mixture of fear and intrigue.

"I am sorry," he spoke quietly. "But your ticket was made all wrong. The Mail arrives only at 10-10 and your ticket had the Express timings on it. Besides which you have been charged wrongly. The Mail first class fare reservation is five rupees less than the Express."

He handed Serena the ticket and the change.

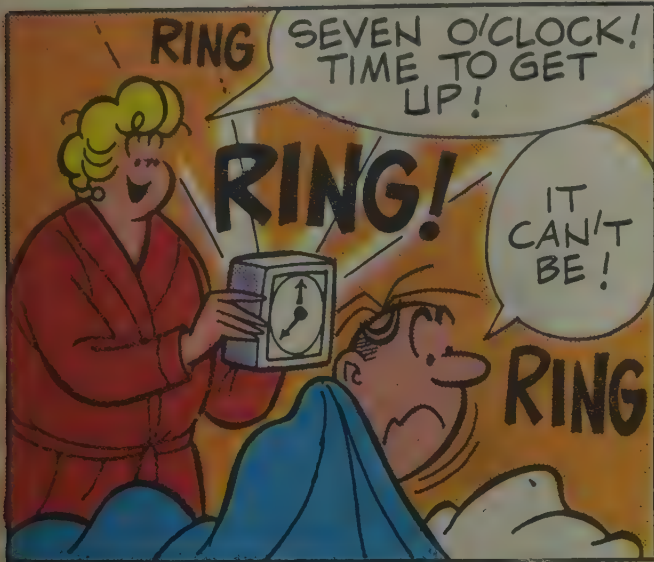
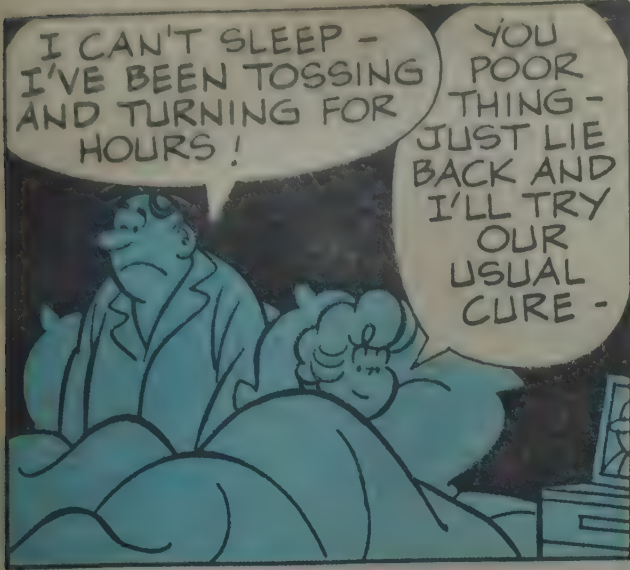
"But I booked my ticket for the Express. I saw it with my own eyes!" She exclaimed in astonishment.

Once again the cold blue eyes stared at her. "You can see the ticket for yourself," he said abruptly and walked down the railway platform.

Aghast, Serena stared at the ticket. It said "Mail" very clearly.

Continued on page 43

THE LITTLE WOMAN



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"I see your wife's back from Florida."

"I always knew she wore a low neck gown, but never thought you could see her back from that distance."

"I wonder why old man Smith puts all his savings under his pillow every night?"

"Reckon he wants people to know that he has money enough to retire on."

"You should meet my husband. He makes his living with his pen."

"Oh, he's a writer?"
"No, he raises pigs."

He: "Why was Solomon the wisest man in the world?"

She: "Because he had so many wives to advise him."

Then there was the bow-legged floor walker who said: "Please walk this way."

"Say, why do they call our language the mother tongue?"

"Because the father so seldom gets a chance to use it."

"Brown was a mighty smart fellow."

"Smart nothing; he just



married a millionaire's daughter, that's all."

"That's all? Did you ever try to marry a millionaire's daughter?"

A man went into a butcher's shop, and finding the owner's wife in attendance, in the absence of her husband, thought he would have a joke at her expense, and said: "Madam, can you supply me with a yard of pork?"



"Yes, sir," she said. And then turning to a boy, she added: "James, give the gentleman three pigs' feet."

Small boy: "What is college bred, Pop?"

Pop (with son in college): "They make college bread, my boy, from the flour of youth and the dough of old age."

"Have you any children?" demanded a house-renter.

"Yes," replied the other solemnly, "six — all in the cemetery."

"Better there than here," said the landlord, consolingly, and proceeded to execute the desired lease.

In due time the children returned from the cemetery, where they had been sent to play, but it was too late to annul the contract.

"How do the Joneses seem to like their little two-room kitchenette apartment?"

"Oh, they have no room for complaint."

Enthusiastic agent: "Now, there is a house without a flaw."

Harvard man: "My gosh, what do you walk on?"

A sales manager had one of his salesmen on the carpet. The young salesman resented the call-down and becoming quite huffy, said:

"Don't talk to me that way. I take orders from no man."

"Exactly," said the sales manager. "That's what I'm raising hell about."

The professor, at a girls' college, wrote on the blackboard, "LXXX". Then, peering over his spectacles at a good looking girl in the first row, he asked:

"Young lady, I'd like to have you tell me what that means."

"Love and kisses," the girl replied promptly.

A railway official of Skewee Met an engine one day that he knew.

Though he smiled and he bowed,

That engine was proud; It cut him — it cut him in two.

Compiled by: George Fegradoe

Nice And Bright

COLOURS ADD A YOUTHFUL ACCENT TO THIS GAY TOP

MATERIALS :

(MODITHREAD) "MTM" Knitting Cotton: 4 balls Blue 134, 2 balls Red 46, 1 ball each Green 255 and White (50 grams each). Crochet hook no. 14.

MEASUREMENTS :

Length 37 cms., to fit bust 81.5 cms., sleeve seam 4 cms.

ABBREVIATIONS :

ch = chain; tr. = treble; st. = stitch; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; s.s. = slip stitch; beg. = beginning; cl. = cluster; dc. = double crochet; sts. = stitches; alt. = alternate.

RIGHT FRONT

Instructions: With Blue thread work 4 ch., turn.

1st row: 2 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook (3 sts. including ch.) 3 ch., turn.

2nd row: 1 tr. in each tr., 1 tr. on top of 3 ch. Drop loop from hook, attach a separate piece of thread to same st. where last tr. was worked, work 5 ch., fasten off thread. Now pick up the dropped loop and work 1 tr. in each of the 5 chs. (8 sts.).

3rd row: 8 ch., 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. and then continue to work 1 tr. in each tr. till end of row, 3 ch., turn (14 sts.).

4th row: 1 tr. in each of next 4 tr., join White thread and work 1 tr. in each of next 2 tr., join Red thread and in next tr. work 3 tr., retain last loop of each on hook, White thread over hook and draw through all loops together. Then in White thread work 1 tr. in each of next 2 tr., pick up Blue thread and work 1 tr. in each tr. till end. Inc. 6 sts. as in 2nd row (20 sts.).

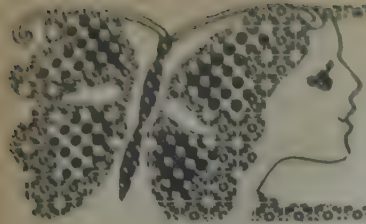
5th row: Inc. 4 sts. as in 3rd row and work 1 tr. in each Blue tr., then work with White on White and Red on Red as in previous row. Then in Blue thread work 1 tr. in each tr. till end of row, 3 ch., turn (24 sts.).

6th row: 1 tr. in each tr. till end. Inc. 4 sts. as in 2nd row (28 sts.).

Continued on page 43

Photograph: Farokh Reporter





SUITABLE PERFUME

The other day I went shopping for a perfume. I tried various kinds but I was unable to judge which one was suitable for me. Can you help me?

V.V.B. (Bombay)

You can choose only by experiment as each perfume has an individual chemical effect on the body. Next time test the reaction of the perfume on your skin by applying a few drops on your inner wrist. Wait for a few minutes, then see if the perfume remains fragrant. There are various kinds of scents, so make a wise choice. If it fades quickly, it is not for you because you want something which will last longer.

DON'T STRETCH HAIR

I set my hair at home. My problem is that when I do this, my hair starts breaking. Any suggestions?

I.K. (Bangalore)

Probably you have been stretching your hair too tightly over rollers for some time now.

HAIR PROBLEMS



This makes the hair lose its elasticity and it is likely to snap and break off. You should never stretch hair over curlers tightly nor pull them.

Part hair neatly in sections and wind gently without twisting. And remember to select soft rollers that will not cause hair strands to tangle.

BRITTLE HAIR WITH SPLIT ENDS

My hair breaks easily. It also has split ends. Please suggest a remedy.

G.L. (Cochin)

You should have your hair trimmed regularly — every month if necessary. The split ends should be cut, otherwise they will travel up the hair shaft. Avoid using harsh lacquers and lotions which glue hair together. Also never dry your hair with overheated electric dryers as this is harmful.

Winding hair too tightly over rollers damages it. And always dab a conditioner on your hair before setting it.

BLEACHING FACIAL HAIR

I have a few hair on my upper lip which embarrass me. I do not want to use wax to remove it. How is bleaching done?

S.G. (Pune)

Take about one tablespoon of hydrogen peroxide and to this add a few drops of ammonia (forte). Then add a little bleaching powder to form a paste. Using a spatula apply this mixture on the hair growth. Let it remain for five-ten minutes. When dry, apply again. After a few minutes your hair will turn a golden shade and will not be so noticeable. Rinse well, then apply a soothing cream on the area bleached.

TIPS ON PEDICURE

I never used a nail polish but always tinted my hands and feet with mehndi. Now I have started painting my toe nails, but the result is not very satisfactory as the polish chips easily. Please advise.

C.S. (Rajkot)

First scrub your feet properly with soap and water — scrub your soles, heels, toes and ankles. Rinse feet well and dry thoroughly. Then cut toe nails straight across. Before applying the polish, separate toes with wads of cottonwool so that the polish does not smear. Two thin coats are better than one thick one. Apply the first coat and let it dry thoroughly, then use a second one and let dry well. If you follow this routine, your polish will last longer.

DRY, CHAPPED LIPS

My lips often become dry and chapped. What should I do? Also my feet perspire excessively — any remedy?

P. S. (Panjim)

You should avoid licking or biting your lips when they are dry and chapped. At night before going to bed, massaging a good nourishing cream on them will help. During the day use a chapstick.

You should rub your feet with a little alcohol and finish by dusting a talc on them. Sprinkle a little talc in your shoes before wearing them.

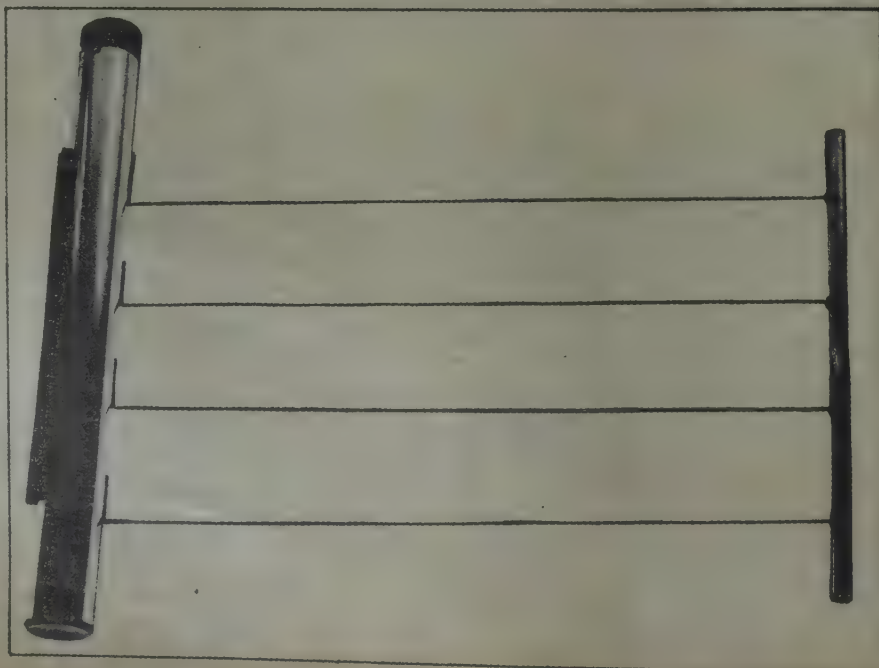


BELOW RIGHT: Very functional is the Clothes-Liner introduced for the first time in the country. Sturdy, compact and well-finished, it is beautifully designed to please the eye. The Clothes-Liner is collapsible — the lines can be pulled out when required and rewinded when not in use. Price Rs. 62. At Mail Order Sales Private Limited, 15, Mathew Road, Opera House, Bombay, and leading stores.

EXT. RIGHT: Invaluable as well as inexpensive are these do-it-yourself books introduced by Hind Pocket Books Private Limited, Delhi. "Photography" — O. P. Sharma, "Batik" — Chitrangada Krishna, "Interior Decoration" — Pramila Mehra, "Safe Car Driving" — Vijay Singh Negi, and "Scooters" — Pradeep Chaturvedi are all written in a lucid style and profusely illustrated. Price Rs. 5 and Rs. 6 each. Other titles are also available in this series, at leading book shops.



LEFT: And now ... Emerald Button Fastener kit to attach missing buttons on your clothes. It comprises a fastener, buttons, attachers for buttons, buttonhole finisher and a booklet with easy-to-follow instructions. No stitching... just press the buttons in place with the fastener. The kit has other uses too. Price Rs. 33. Can be had at Business Development Associates, 3/305, Navjivan Society, Lamington Road, Bombay, and leading stores.

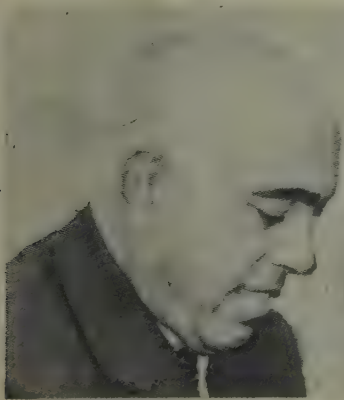




people known

Somehow, the idea of Mrs. Rukmini Arundale becoming President of India was not favourably viewed by either the Janata or the Congress party. They conceded that Mrs. Arundale is an eminent and renowned figure in "her own limited field," but did not consider her a fitting candidate for Presidentship. They feel that she has not enough standing in public life, although Mrs. Arundale is known throughout the world and has won great admiration and respect for her achievements in varied fields ranging from social service to theosophy to dance. However, when Mrs. Arundale saw that there was so much opposition to her being elected President, she wisely chose to refrain from contesting and decided to remain at Kalakshetra among her pupils. At least there, she can be the one who calls the tune!

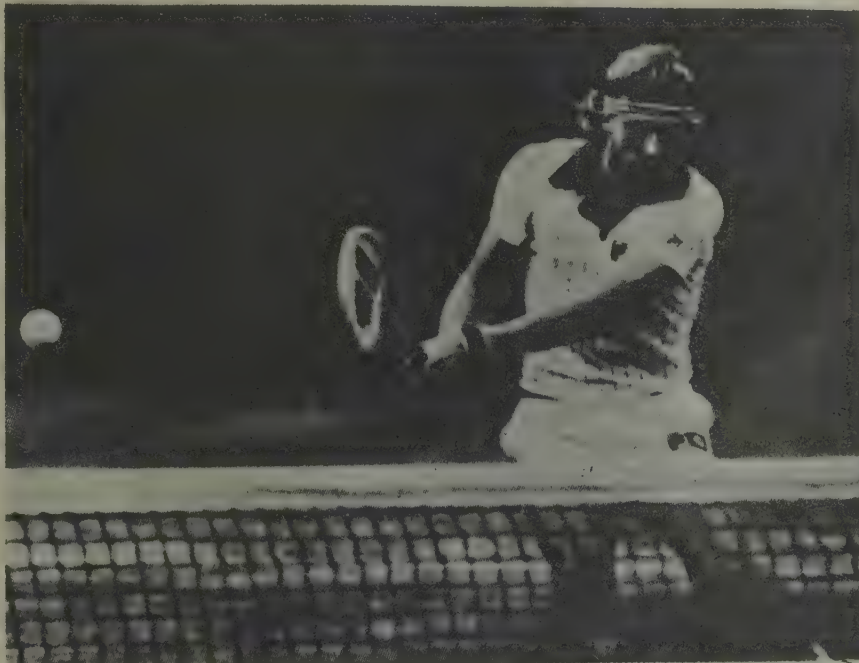
Sheikh Abdullah has won the elections, and the lion of Kashmir is back in power again! He has led his party to a glorious victory. This is almost wholly the result of the Sheikh's personal charisma and his capacity to inspire confidence in his people. How many other leaders can win with such definite majority in spite of the new trends in the Indian political scene? The Sheikh is one



leader who has held his own through a long period of difficulties. Even when removed from power, his personal influence over the minds of his people was great. Now restored to the glory he enjoyed 25 years ago, the Sheikh is all set for another stint of ruling. Hopefully, he will keep the interest of the nation in mind, while attending to those of his state and its people.

After a tough, thundering fight against America's No. 1 Jimmy Connors, Sweden's Bjorn Borg managed to retain

his Wimbledon men's title and win another year's reign as the Wimbledon Champ. The victory was the sweeter for being so hard won. As Borg himself admitted after the match, he never quite expected to win. At least when Connors stormed back to level at 4-4 in the final set, Borg said, he thought he had lost his chance after all. But Borg is not known as the man with "ice in his stomach" for nothing. Maintaining his calm, letting no trace of his despair show on his face, Borg slowed his game to a nerve-wracking calmness, and managed thus to force Connors to ma-



enough errors to lose the match. Bjorn Borg is quite satisfied with the outcome of the difficult match—but not ready to call it a day yet where Wimbledon is concerned. The Champion is already prepared to defend his crown next year too. He believes that victories come in Threes!

Miss Anneke Sandal has made ballooning history. The slightly built, blonde, 28-year-old ballooning enthusiast has managed to soar to new heights of fame. She broke the women's world ballooning record by climbing to an altitude of 8,230 metres — which is 119 metres higher than the previous record.

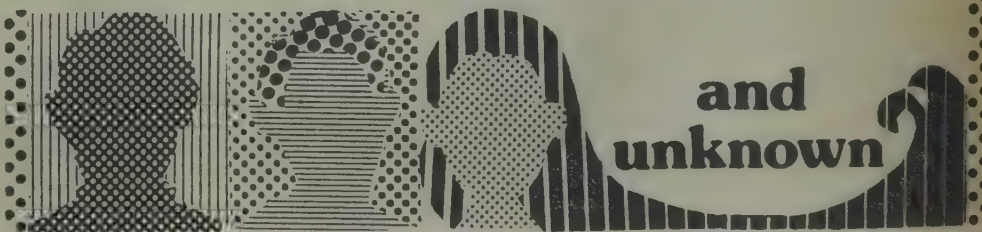
Maneka Gandhi is finding out how closely a wife's lot is linked with that of her husband. When Sanjay Gandhi rode high on the tide of fortune, Maneka Gandhi too lived easy and smiled easy. Now, with the state of affairs being what it is for Sanjay, Maneka too is forced to bear

the brunt of public criticism. The boos and the heckling are directed against her too, and she is as much an unpopular figure as the ex-Youth Congress leader. And now, as though to prevent her from finding release from the publicity and disapproval even temporarily, the Government

has ordered her passport to be impounded. Which act automatically gives her the status of a public enemy in her own right — to be dealt with individually, and not merely in connection with her husband!



Writer Arthur Hailey does not know it—but his name is making other people rich! The well-known author of best sellers is widely sold and read in India, where most of his books are instant hits. Alert, small-time publishers, eager to cash in on Mr. Hailey's popularity with the Indian public, are giving him credit even where it is not due—by bringing out a series of "new best sellers" in his name. The best-sellers bear enticing Hailey-like titles and are complete with write up on the author, and flattering blurb. The contents that lie between the covers are another matter, being third rate stuff that was in the market under its original name till the publishers chose to rechristen it.



and unknown

A dhobi in Bombay has been subjected to great injustice because of the stupidly inflexible rules and officials that abound in our country. The monsoons that hit the city every July forced him to do his ironing inside the shack in which he and his family live.

A BEST (Bombay Electrical Supply and Transport) official visited him the other day, saw that he was ironing the clothes inside the house and decided that it was a business establishment — although he was using a coal iron. In the electricity bill he got he was charged as a commercial customer rather than a domestic one and, instead of the usual average of Rs. 14, the bill was for Rs. 51.

Pleas made to the BEST company raised the comment from the official that rules were rules and that he was helpless. To make matters worse, the dhobi received a letter stating that he was to pay the new rates with retrospective effect for three years.

Compiled by Sathya Saran

**MO
AND I**



Teenage talk . . . and what a conversation piece you'll make if you are mod, hep and happy between the morning and evening hours in this collection of happy-go-lucky casuals that pull at your heart strings and so lightly at your purse strings! Tailored to suit today's mood, these cotton denim casuals are cool, kookie and colourful at home or away . . . travelling 10 kilometres to 2000 kilometres . . . and are geared for fun. And since the young spend so much time outdoors and have budget-wise wardrobes, they have had a great influence on the designers who add spice and gaiety in their designs and spark to the present day weather!

KEEP HAPPY!



LEFT: Youth snap! The kicky look is "with it"! Blue denim sleeveless jacket with tucked patterned trousers is worn with a navy collared blouse. Smart fashion addition — a white and blue drill floppy hat and matching handbag. Pace-setting weekender for fun round the clock is a cool white drill suit with matching hat and a carry-all handbag.

CENTRE: You'll click well in dark blue two-piece waistcoat and trousers worn with light blue T-shirt topped with a floppy matching denim hat; while he is confidently at ease in coffee brown permanent press denim trousers and hi-style cotton stretch-knit body-hugging shirt.

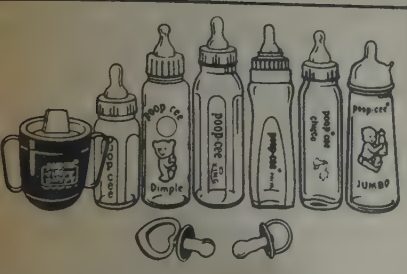
RIGHT: The showcase swingers! A white drill three-piecer suit has top sparked with blue collar and pockets which echo round the broad brimmed hat. Accompanying her is the casual man in beige denim vest-look brightened with a dark blue handsomely styled cotton shirt.



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ONE MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE

Vera Sharma

***How education
can become a nightmare
both to children
and their parents,
with overcrowded schools,
indifferent teachers and
irrelevant curriculum***

Like most mothers, I too was thrilled when my daughter entered the Lower K.G. at the age of four. It was a private Nursery School run by a trained teacher with delightful informality. However, a well-known Marathi Medium School nearby opened up an English section and therefore I got her admitted there for the Higher K.G. I primed her well and told her that here she would have regular lessons, so she entered with high hopes. The first few days of uproar we excused, but soon found that one poor lady and one ayah had to struggle with 60 children of the age group of four to five. Naturally, the teaching had to be put aside in favour of trying to control the children. My daughter, like many, was bored and became mischievous.

In the first standard they were expected to master the Devanagiri script in six months and learn to write short sentences and read in two languages. There was copying in the examinations and strange punishments. This was a co-educational school, and one of the punishments was to remove the knickers of the children and make them stand screaming outside the class.

Once I protested when a teacher set a complete exercise containing 32 sums for homework. My daughter, who was six, battled to complete the task until eleven p.m., but failed. When the principal called the teacher up, she blithely replied, "Oh, but Sir, I didn't check the exercise. I had no idea there were so many sums!"

In the second standard there was a teacher who complained that my seven-year old daughter was childish. To this day I don't know what she thought she should be.

When my daughter was in the third standard, I found that the General Knowledge teacher was teaching them that "wood is a mineral" and "Ivory is a metal." My husband went up and gently pointed out the mistake. Her resentful answer to him was, "I have been teaching this for the last three years and nobody has complained." In the next examination she failed my child in revenge.

When she reached the fourth standard, her class teacher used to eat in class. In fact, I have seen her with a batata-wada in one hand and a piece of chalk in the other writing on the black-board, while a transistor played on her table. The same teacher used to confiscate any eatables found in the children's pockets. Naturally, the children were puzzled by the double-standard.

The speciality of this school—and there are many others like it — was to teach practically nothing all day, but give about two to three hours' homework covering all subjects. This home-work was never checked. There was also the monitor system. A child was asked to beat any child who made a noise, as the teachers were not to beat the children. When a parent complained that her child was beaten by the monitor, the monitor was changed, even though the monitor had obeyed the teacher's instructions. The child was both hurt and confused not knowing how she had erred.

The parents never protested, but on the contrary competed with each other in trying to obtain higher and higher marks for their

children by forcing them to memorize at home until late into the night. Naturally the school results were exemplary and the teachers sat back and regarded themselves as examiners of the parents' ability to teach, rather than teachers themselves.

In this same class, there was a Marathi teacher. One day she heard that my daughter had received a consolation prize in a letter-writing competition in a magazine. The principal had congratulated the child and so she was feeling happy, when this teacher accosted her. "How did you get a prize?" she demanded. "My son sent in a letter that I wrote and he didn't get a prize." "I don't know," said my daughter nervously. "Well," she said. "You may be very smart in English, but I shall fail you in Marathi!" Which she did.

From the fifth standard, I sent my little girl to a convent school. Here they did attempt to teach. Home work was nominal, and the principal kept a keen eye on his teachers. She was happy at this school up to the seventh standard. Meanwhile the school split up into two schools, separating the boys from the girls. As the new convent school started taking in children for the eighth standard, and was very near our new house, I transferred her to this school.

In the new school the teaching was not good. Most of the children went to coaching classes or had private tuition. I kept my daughter away the maximum number of days and taught her at home. When she was in the tenth standard, I approached her Mathematics teacher and asked her to give my daughter tuition as she was weak in Mathematics and I could not teach the New Mathematics. She refused as she was too busy, but suggested a previous Mathematics teacher from their school.

After the first term examination, the science teacher had called me as the child had not done so well. After speaking to her, my daughter asked me to see the Mathematics teacher too. This good lady purposely kept me waiting, and then said over a sea of parents' heads, "I'm so-o-o sorry, but I think your daughter is sub-normal." I was stunned, so I told her that she had passed in the Mathematics examination and I had come to find out how she found her now. "Oh," she said, "I didn't say she couldn't pass." Such peculiar statements leave one wondering how much these teachers know about their pupils.

The English and History-Civics teacher was another strange specimen. She had the responsibility of being the class-teacher of the first batch of new S.S.C. students to be

sent up for the Board Examination. She regularly insulted the students by saying they were born in the gutters and that their mothers were bitches. This lady told me she was trying to raise the standard of these children. When it was time for study leave one month before the S.S.C. examination, she had not taught 12 out of the 18 chapters of History, nor had she opened the Civics book, and only two essays in English were given to the class. However, due to the fact that most of the children depended on tuition classes, the results of the Board Examination were good and my daughter got through with a second class.

It is most regrettable that children should be forced to spend long hours at school wasting their time and then sent to classes in the evening as well. In my time we used to regard any child who needed tuition as backward, but today, it has become necessary. Children do not get enough recreation and so they become resentful. The discipline of teaching has to be undertaken by the parents which often causes serious conflicts. The heavy bags full of unused books which children have to carry for ten years of their young lives will certainly add to the number of heart disease in the country.

Teachers must learn that they have the future of countless lives in their hands. They should never threaten a child with failure out of malice, for then the child no longer has faith in his own power to learn, but only fear of what the teacher can do. The words, "I'll fail you," should never be allowed to pass a teacher's lips. It is unethical. Unfortunately, all these evils like unfair marking, teaching only part of the books prescribed, never correcting homework, etc. are widely practised, and therefore, when universities are faced with the unrest that frustration brings, they should not be surprised.

It is undoubtedly true that the teachers have to cope with classes that are too large, but why aren't the schools allowed to double their fees and provide two teachers per class, so that while one corrects the other teaches alternately. Parents are spending much more on tuition classes than the extra expense would involve. We must bring back teaching to the legitimate institutions set up for that purpose.

I think that what is taught in urban schools should differ slightly from what is taught in rural schools. The average town child doesn't need to know how to grow cotton and sugar-cane, nor what people eat in each section of the Konkan.

Children finishing their primary education are unaware of the world or the universe. It is only at the S.S.C. level that the education is somewhat complete. In my childhood, a primary education made it possible for a person to further educate himself. Now this is not so.

Lastly, why are the parents today so aggressively competitive? Give the children a chance to develop the competitive spirit. Parents lie about their children's results just to keep up appearances, causing their children's moral decay.

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Her success in "Laila Majnu" opened the gates of success for her, but she has dallied long there playing hard to get. She honestly admits that "I behaved in a manner which no newcomer would have dared to try." But now she is set to go ahead

ducers who've gone to her have come back dumbstruck with her high price—which is the easiest way a girl can get out of a film she doesn't want to sign. Photographers find her fussy and lazy so that very few have clicked her in the recent past.

"I suppose my 'Laila Majnu' break has been good and bad for me. It's bad to the extent that I behaved in a manner which no newcomer would've dared to try. Possibly, if I hadn't got such a terrific break maybe I'd have been more careful about what I said and how I behaved."

It is true that though Robby started off in a big film, she didn't sign any new films for a long time—in fact for six months after the release of the film she sat at home wondering when the producers would come tapping on her door.

"I did put off some producers," she admits. "But that's because I was determined not to sign or get caught in B-grade set-ups. For instance, when I was offered Anarkali's role in a film I didn't want to do it because I felt

ROBBY KAUR: LAILA PROVES LUCKY

N. Bharathi

that a story like that should be handled in a big way by a competent director."

Things aren't so bad now. Robby has successfully put off the B-grade offers and "those who wanted to make mythologicals." Instead, she has wisely signed only a few films. One is Rajshri's "Akhiyon Ke Jharoke Mein" (God, these folks have a way of giving their films the oddest names possible). It is another young lovers' story opposite Sachin directed by "Geet Gata Chal" director, Hiren Nag. Robby, who says that more than half the film is complete, is rather pleased with her work in it. "Though I don't look as beautiful as I looked in 'Laila Majnu' I still look rather nice in it. And I'm glad that the film itself is pleasantly made."

Robby should be glad that her six-month wait has paid off. We've just been told that she has signed a film opposite Shashi Kapoor.

Photograph: Harmeet Kathuria

Portrait in its broader sense is the representation of an individual, living or dead, real or imagined, in painting, sculpture or photograph, by a rendering of his or her physical or moral or both characteristics.

In Indian art, portraiture was quite a popular form of art, and has a long and interesting tradition. Its birth is narrated in an ancient religious legend — that the god of creation, Brahma, taught a king how to bring back to life the dead son of a Brahmin by making a portrait of the dead,

anything that has life, in devising its limbs, one after another, must come to feel that he cannot bestow individuality upon his work, and is thus forced to think of God, the giver of life, and will thus increase in knowledge."

However, sometimes the credit for developing portraiture during the Mughal reign is given to Jehangir because very few portraits have survived out of the immense album referred to earlier. But in Akbar's period it developed and flourished to a large extent. Many figures paint-

*The Mughal period
has yielded a rich
harvest of portraits,
especially during
the reigns of liberal
kings like Akbar and
Jehangir*

tice in judging it, have reached such a point that, "when any work is brought before me, either by a deceased artist or by those of the present day, without the names being told to me, I can say on the spur of the moment that it is the work of such and such an artist. And if there be a picture containing many portraits, and each face be a work of a different artist, I can say which face is the work of each them. If any other person has put in the eye and eyebrow of a face, I can perceive whose work



which Brahma endowed with life. There are many more such legends in our old scriptures concerning the art of portraiture.

Portraiture under the Mughals received marked patronage and they paid special attention to this aspect of painting.

"His majesty himself sat for his likeness, and also ordered to have likenesses taken of all the noble men of the realm. An immense album (murraqa) was thus formed. Those that have passed away have received a new life, and those who are still alive have immortality promised them." This excerpt from "Ain-e-Akbari" by Abul Fazal clearly manifests the keen interest evinced by Akbar in the art of portraiture. Akbar's own views in this regard are also worth mentioning here. He says, "There are many that hate painting, but such men I dislike. It appears to me that a painter has a quite peculiar means of recognizing God, for a painter in sketching

ed in the famous "Hamza Nama" possess an individual character and all the qualities of a good portrait, which could only be attained after a close observation of life. The portraits done during his reign are clear and not devoid of any relevant detail, though one can find some impressions of Persian influence.

Sometimes one finds three names appended to the portraits done during this period, under three different categories, i.e. "tarkh" (work), "am'l" (execution) and "chihra numa" (portrait).

Jehangir was a man with a high aesthetic sense and was a connoisseur of art. He evinced keen personal interest in the art of portraiture, and it was under his reign that it reached the pinnacle. His keenness for this art can well be estimated from his own statement in the "Tzuk-i-Jehangiri" (his personal memoirs). He says that his liking for portrait painting and his prac-

PORTRAITS OF THE MUGHAL PERIOD

Balvinder



the face is and who has painted the eye and the eyebrow."

There were numerous artists, both Hindus as well as Muslims, in the court of Jehangir. From the days of his youth he gave shelter to the Persian painter Aqa Riza, whose son Abul Hassan became his favourite artist. Jehangir also had a very high opinion of Mansur, Manohar and Bishan Das. Abul Hassan was honoured with the title of Nadir-e-Zaman (Wonder of the Age). Mansur, who was famous for his excellent bird and animal studies, was also a great master of human portraiture. He was given the title of Nadir-e-Asr (Wonder of the Time). Bishan Das was considered by Jehangir to be "unequalled in his age for painting likenesses."

There is an excellent portrait of Jehangir, who is shown looking at a portrait of his father, Akbar, who offers him a globe. Though the portrait executed by Abul Hassan is fine and delicately rendered, yet the figures have a stoic expression.

While narrating the demise of



Mughal portraits are mostly of the Mughal rulers and members of the royal family. In general, artists of that period, who were possessed with a natural gift for portraiture, confined themselves to the representation of a figure standing on a green foreground carpeted with flowers. The background in general is of a soft terravert green shade. A few portraits, however, are painted against a flat, dark green background. The rich brocades and clothes decorated with gold, which used to be the costume of the Mughals, gave the artist endless opportunities to show his skill. Sometimes transparent summer clothes are also painted, through which the forms of the limbs are visible.

Mughal portraits undoubtedly possess a charm and peculiarity of their own. They excel in presenting likenesses and their drawing is exceptionally excellent and possesses calligraphic vigour and beauty. In the finished works the decoration of the turbans with precious stones and jewels and the golden nimbus around the emperors' heads, add dignity and charm. Mughal portraits are painted with almost negligible light and shade or shadows, only a delicate toning and modelling are imparted to the subject to bring out the relief effect. The portraits mainly depend upon rich colours, deft and forceful drawing and elaborately decorative treatment for their artistic merit.

Notwithstanding the formidable barrier enforced by religion between women and men in everyday life, portraits of women were not uncommon in Mughal times. But individuality was completely absent. Names given to them were of the famous heroines of love stories, perhaps to divert one's attention from the real identity of the ladies hidden in the harem. A portrait by a woman artist namely Shaifah Banu is known, and there is a miniature painting showing a woman painter drawing a portrait in the harem, which testifies that in the Mughal period women too knew the art of portrait painting.

In a portrait of a lady painted during Shahjehan's reign the fineness of brush work is at its best. The delicate flesh tones are visible through the transparent muslin. Every strand of hair and every precious stone inlaid into ornaments shows skill and precision of a very high merit. The lotus in the hands of the lady imparts to the portrait an Indian touch.

As a practising painter I have found that it is both easier and quicker to obtain likeness in a portrait painting when the profile is painted. This might perhaps be the reason for almost all the Mughal portraits representing the figure in profile.

Inayat Khan, an officer of the Bakshis, who was addicted to opium and wine and had been very ill, Jehangir says in his memoirs, "He was skin drawn over bones, or rather his bones too had dissolved. Though painters have striven much to draw an emaciated face, yet I have not seen anything like his. Good God! Can a son of man come to such a shape and condition? As it was an extraordinary case I directed painters to paint this portrait . . . Next day he travelled the road to non-existence."

The portrait, both the drawing and finished work, has survived. The horror of death hiding in the face of the dying is an exquisite example of portraiture by Mughal artists. The skeleton-like portrait of Inayat Khan is unlike other Mughal portraits of that period. Lifelike rendering of the death scene with small decorative elements makes the portrait a rare work of art.

It was during Jehangir's reign that the practice of mounting miniatures with decorative "hashiyahs" (borders) came into being.

Jehangir's son and successor Shahjehan's chief concern was architecture. That is why he did not pay much attention to portraits. However a few portraits of his period having hard and mask-like faces with elaborately decorated "hashiyahs" have survived.

With the advent of the 19th century, deterioration in the art of Mughal portraiture became evident. However, the production of copies of notable personages had become popular, which were reproduced from old "charbas" (tracings).



LIVEN UP WITH LIVER

Premila Lal

LIVER CREOLE WITH NOODLES

- ½ kg. beef liver
- 3 tbsps. hot butter or drippings
- 1½ cups sliced onions
- 1½ cup peeled, sliced tomatoes
- ½ cup, chopped celery
- 1 thinly sliced capsicum
- Salt to taste
- A little chilli powder
- A little flour

Wash and clean the liver and cut into thin slices. Dust with a little flour and brown in hot fat. Add the onions, tomatoes, celery, capsicum and seasoning. Cover pan and simmer for about 20 minutes. Drain out pieces and thicken the liquid with a little flour. Put in liver and vegetables and simmer for a couple of minutes. Serve with cooked noodles.

SEEKH KALEJI

- ½ kg. livers
- 1 onion, minced
- 1 onion, sliced
- 2 green chillis
- 1 pod garlic
- ½ cup minced celery
- ½ cup curd
- 1 piece ginger
- 6 cloves
- 2 sticks cinnamon

- 1 tsp. turmeric
- 2 large cardamoms
- 2 tbsps. ghee
- Salt to taste

Grind the onions, garlic, ginger and celery into a fine paste. Cut the liver into neat 1-inch pieces and arrange on toothpicks. The longer the pick the better. Each pick should accommodate about 3 or 4 pieces. In a saucepan,

Liver provides a vital element in one's diet and can be presented in varied ways. It is a rich source of iron and so is essential for both young and old alike. Liver is also prescribed for those suffering from anaemia, disorder of the liver and general weakness. But you needn't wait for the doctor's prescription to have liver. It can be cooked appetisingly to become a desirable part of your diet. Try seekh kaleji, masala kaleji, grilled liver with potato fingers, chopped liver on toast, liver in tomato sauce and in spicy curries. Whatever way you have it, liver is definitely good for you.

heat the ghee and fry the cloves, cinnamon and cardamoms. Next, add the ground masala and chillis and cook well for at least 15 minutes. Meanwhile, soak the liver in the curd and keep aside. When the masala is brown and well cooked, add the liver sticks and sliced onions. Let it simmer on a low fire. If desired, tomatoes may be added so that the

liver may cook in the tomato juice. For extra spice, add ½ tea-spoons chilli powder to the masala. Serve seekh kaleji with tandoori roti.

LIVER WITH FRIED MASALA

- 1 sheep's liver
- 1 tsp. cumminseed
- 2 tps. coriander
- 6 peppercorns
- ½ kg. potatoes
- 4 tbsps. ghee
- 6 dry red chillis
- A small piece of turmeric
- A little tamarind
- ½ coconut
- Salt to taste

Cut and clean the liver and cook well. Remove the coconut from the shell and roast it well in hot ashes. Wash it and cut into pieces. Fry all the masalas separately in ghee and grind it with coconut and tamarind. Mix it with the cooked liver and temper with ghee and onions. Boil the potatoes, cut into pieces and add to the liver.

LIVER IN TOMATO SAUCE

- ½ kg. sliced liver
- 1 medium-sized onion
- 1½ cups sieved tomatoes



- 1 tbsp. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. chilli powder

Scald the liver, drain and pull off the outer skin, removing also any tough portions. Melt the fat in a frying-pan. In the meantime, brown the liver in it on both sides, then remove. To the same fat, add the minced onion. When golden brown, add the tomato, vinegar, salt, chilli and pepper. Add the sauted liver to this sauce. Pour in the boiling water to cover. Season with additional salt and pepper, if necessary, and simmer until the liver is very tender, and the sauce very thick.

SHAHJEHANI KALEJI

- 1/2 kg. liver
- 125 grams mushrooms
- 60 grams ghee or butter
- 1 large onion, finely sliced
- 1 clove garlic
- 2 tomatoes, chopped
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric
- 1/2 tsp. chilli powder
- 1/2 tsp. garam masala
- 1 tsp. coriander
- 1/2 tsp. cumminseed
- 2 tbsps. curd
- Salt to taste

Clean, wash and chop the liver. Wash the mushrooms and slice. Heat the ghee or butter and fry onions and garlic till translucent. Add tomatoes and spices and fry for 5 minutes. Add mushrooms and cook for 5 minutes. Put in the liver and season with salt. Add curd and simmer for 15-20 minutes till done. Serve hot with chappatis.

KALEJI KORMA

- 1/2 kg. liver
- 1 tbsp. cooking oil
- 2 onions, finely sliced
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 3 tomatoes, chopped
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 1 tsp. turmeric
- 1/2 tsp. cumminseed
- 1 tsp. coriander
- 1 cup curd
- Salt to taste

Wash and clean the liver. Cut into 1" cubes. Heat the ghee and fry the onions and garlic for 2 minutes. Add chopped tomatoes and the spices and fry for 10 minutes. Put in the liver and cook for a minute before adding the curd and salt to taste. Simmer for 20-25 minutes. Serve hot with chappatis or puris.

KALEJI-DO-PIAZA

- 1/2 kg. onions
- 1 kg. liver
- 1/2 kg. tomatoes
- 8 cloves garlic
- 30 grams ginger
- 4 green chillis
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 2 tps. turmeric
- 2 tps. fresh garam masala
- 1 cup curd
- 60 grams ghee
- 1 bunch of coriander leaves
- Salt to taste

Wash the liver and cut into medium-sized pieces. Cut onions into thick slices and cut tomatoes into 3 pieces each. Place a large saucepan on the fire and warm the ghee. Add onions, tomatoes and turmeric and fry till reddish brown. Put in chopped ginger, garlic and green chillis and fry for a few minutes more. Add liver pieces and fry till well browned. Stir in curd and the remaining spices and cook on low heat till the liver is tender and the ghee floats to the top. Sprinkle a little water if necessary. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves.

Wash and cut the liver into small thin slices. Heat 3 tablespoons of ghee and fry turmeric powder and ground masala. Add the liver and let it cook in its own juice. If necessary, put a spoonful of water and when dried, remove the dekchi from the fire. Boil the potatoes and peas separately. Keep aside four potatoes and slice the remaining potatoes and onions. Heat a little ghee or oil and fry onions, potatoes and peas separately. While frying, sprinkle a little pepper and salt and keep aside. Cut the tomatoes into small pieces. Add a cup of water and let it cook for

eat low cholesterol

MUTTON DO-PIAZA

VOBUE-SC-E177

MEAT (BREAST, SHOULDER & MIDDLE NECK) ... 1 Kg.
CURD (OPTIONAL) ... 50 gms.
WATER ... 2 tea cups.
P3 MUTTON DO PIAZA ... 50 gms.

HOW TO COOK
CLEAN AND CUT MEAT INTO MEDIUM SIZE PIECES. MIX THE MEAT, CURD (IF USED), P3 MUTTON-DO-PIAZA AND SET ASIDE FOR 30 MINUTES. NOW, ADD THE ONIONS (PROVIDED WITH THE RECIPE), WATER, AND COOK THE ENTIRE MIXTURE IN A PRESSURE COOKER FOR APPROX. 20 MINUTES OR UNTIL MEAT GETS TENDER. YOUR DISH IS READY TO SERVE.

GARNISHING (OPTIONAL)
GARNISH WITH 1 tbsp HOT OIL/VANASPATI, CHOPPED CORIANDER OR MINT LEAVES. SERVE HOT.

PLEASE REMEMBER

DO NOT FRY. DO NOT ADD OIL, SALT, ONION, OR ANY KIND OF MASALAS WHILST COOKING.
DO NOT USE VINEGAR, TOMATOE ETC. IN PLACE OF CURD.



INSTANT COOKING RECIPE

MUTTON CURRY (50 gms)	Rs. 3.25
MUTTON-DO-PIAZA (50 gms)	3.25
MUTTON KORMA (50 gms)	3.25
CHICKEN CURRY (50 gms)	3.25

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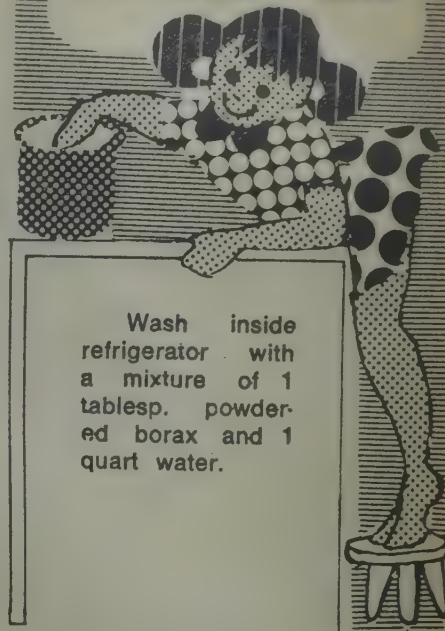
B SPICES & CONDIMENTS 41 BALLYGUNGE PARK, CALCUTTA.

LIVER SURPRISE

- 1/4 kg. liver
- 1/2 kg. green peas
- 6 tomatoes
- 1/2 tsp. mustard
- 1 tsp. cumminseed
- 8 red dry chillis
- 1 tsp. turmeric powder
- Pepper and salt to taste
- 1/4 kg. potatoes
- 6 medium sized onions
- 6 cloves garlic
- A small piece of ginger
- 2 tps. coriander seeds
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. flour
- Bread crumbs
- Ghee

10-15 minutes. Sieve the tomatoes. Brown a teaspoon of wheat flour and add tomato juice and let it cook. Add salt, a little garlic, ginger and chopped onions. After it has boiled twice, remove the sauce from the fire. Grease a pie dish well and put a layer of potatoes, onions and peas. Sprinkle a little tomato sauce on top. Spread a layer of liver. Repeat these layers till all the ingredients are used up (except a little of the sauce). Beat the eggs, add salt and the remaining sauce to them. Beat the mixture till creamy, spread on top of the arranged layers with a little bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes. Serve hot.

cuckoo lal



Wash inside refrigerator with a mixture of 1 tablesp. powdered borax and 1 quart water.

To Tenderise Tough Meat

Very often some cuts of meat are on the tougher side. These are some tricks that can help tenderise the meat quicker.

1. Use a little acid-wine, tomatoes, curd or vinegar, either as a base of marinade in which you leave raw meat for some time or as additions during cooking. Milk which contains lactic acid is also useful in some cases.

2. Try hammering with a wooden or metal hammer. This tenderises the meat by physically breaking down the tough fibres. You can use a rolling pin (belan) as in the case of chops. Meat chops can be hammered on grinding stone with the edge of the grinder.

3. Try papaya, a raw 1/2-inch piece for 250 grams of meat.

4. Soften it up with some fat or lard in the joints. For poultry of uncertain age, tie a piece of pork fat or fatty bacon over the breast.

5. Cut correctly, carve across the grain so that you chew small sections of the fibres. It will seem more tender than when meat is cut with long grain.

Some special cases

1. For spiced steak — bash well with hammer before marinating.

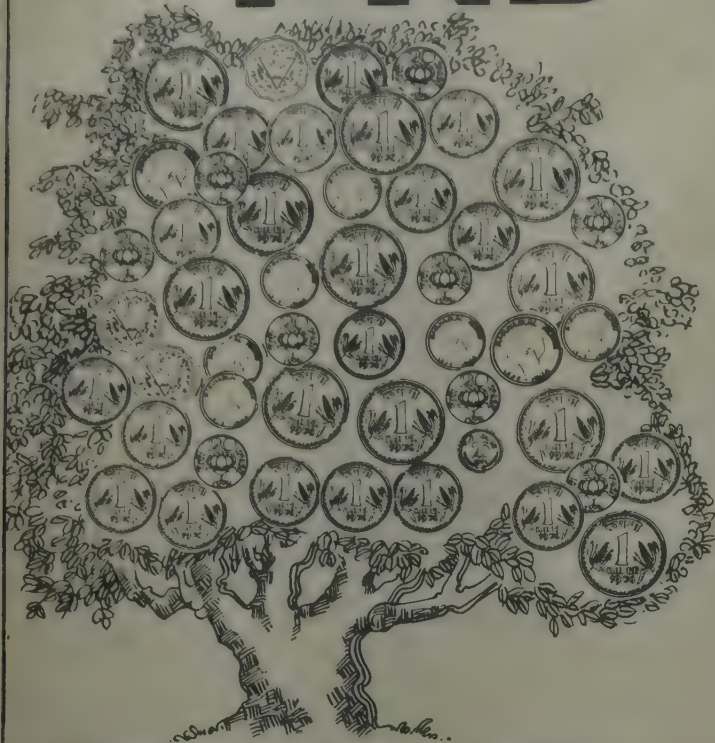
2. For pork kababs, curd tenderises as well as gives an excellent flavour.

3. For casseroles — tomatoes not only add colour and taste but helps soften.

4. For braised liver, use milk which also takes away some of the strong flavour.

Doris Frey

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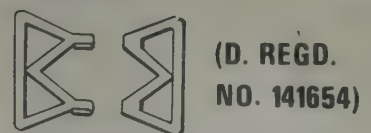
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- **SPECIAL FIXED DEPOSIT**
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- **AUTOMATIC EXTENSION DEPOSIT**
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recipes from our readers



Mrs. Bina David, Madras.

BUTTERED VEGETARIAN DELIGHT

- 100 grams carrots
- 100 grams beans
- 1 cup peas, shelled
- 1 cauliflower (if in season)
- 1/2 cup maida
- 100 grams butter
- 1 tsp. pepper powder
- 2 tbsps. grated cheese
- 2 tbsps. ghee
- 1 cup milk
- Salt to taste

Scrape the carrots. String the beans, and cut them lengthwise. Shell peas. Break cauliflower into flowerettes and soak for a while in salt water. Wash all the vegetables together, and boil with a pinch of soda-bi-carb and salt. When cooked, drain off the water from the vegetables. Blend the flour with the milk, pepper powder and salt.

Heat ghee in a deep frying pan. When it melts, pour in the mixed maida paste and whisk briskly, so that lumps do not form. When the mixture thickens, toss in the boiled vegetables and gently stir. Now pop in the butter and lastly the grated cheese. Allow it to simmer on low flame for a while. Remove and serve hot.



Miss Geetha Bajaj, Bangalore

PEAS BIRIYANI

- 1 cup shelled green peas
- 4 cups Basmati rice
- 1 cup cashewnuts, chopped
- A small piece cinnamon
- 2 cloves
- 1 bay leaf

- 1 coconut
- 2 cardamoms
- 1/4 kg. onions
- 8 green chillis
- 1/2 bunch mint
- 1 tsp. aniseeds
- 1 tbsp. poppy seeds
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- Salt to taste
- 1 cup ghee

Grate coconut and grind, adding enough water to extract milk. Make 8 cups, keep aside. Slice onions. Powder cardamoms. Grind together green chillis, poppy seeds, aniseeds, garlic, mint, coriander, ginger, cinnamon and cloves to a very smooth paste.

Heat ghee, fry cashewnuts till golden brown and keep aside. Fry bay leaf in ghee and add onions and saute. Add peas and fry well. After 2 minutes, add coconut milk, turmeric powder and ground masala, close the dekchi with a lid and cook. Pick and wash rice and add to the above when it starts boiling. Add salt to taste, mix well and close the dekchi. Cook on slow fire till done. When the rice is tender, add fried cashewnuts. Remove from fire and serve hot.



Miss Shanta Surlani, Bombay

SUNDAY DELIGHT

FOR BESAN SQUARES:

- 1 1/2 cup butter milk
- 3 tbsps. besan
- 1/2 bunch coriander leaves, finely chopped
- 1 tsp. red chilli powder
- 1 tsp. cumminseed
- Salt to taste
- Oil to fry

FOR GRAVY:

- 2 large onions, chopped
- 4 tomatoes, chopped
- 2 green chillis
- A few sprigs of coriander, chopped
- 1 tsp. turmeric powder
- 2 tsp. coriander powder
- 1/2 tsp. asafoetida
- 1 tsp. minced ginger
- Salt to taste

Sprinkle besan over the butter milk, and beat into a smooth batter, add salt, cumminseeds, chopped coriander and red chilli powder. Cook on slow fire, stirring all the time till the batter becomes fairly thick. Pour it into a greased thali and keep it aside till it sets. Cut into 1" to 1 1/2" squares. Deep fry, drain and remove.

Brown the onion in cooking oil, add chopped tomatoes and seasoning and cook till oil starts separating from the mixture. Stir the mixture add 1 1/2 cups of water and simmer till well blended. Put in the fried besan pieces and simmer for 5 minutes. Remove from the fire and sprinkle with garam masala and chopped coriander. Serve hot with chappatis or rice.



Miss Sarojini G. C., Ahmedabad

BITTER GOURD CURRY

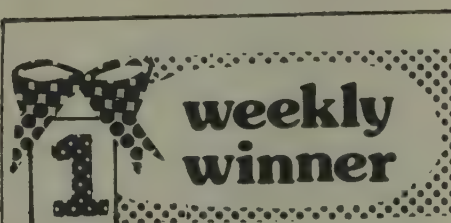
- 100 grams tur dal
- 4 large size bitter gourds
- 2 onions, chopped
- 4 green chillis, chopped
- 3 tsps. coriander seeds
- 1/2 coconut, grated
- 10 red chillis
- 1 cup tamarind juice
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- Salt to taste

FOR SEASONING:

- 3 tbsps. coconut oil
- 1 tsp. mustard seeds and fenugreek seeds

A few curry leaves

Boil the tur dal with enough water. Scrape bitter gourd remove seeds and pulp and cut into rounds. Wash with salted water. Add bitter gourd to dal and cook well. Fry coriander seeds, red chillis with oil till brown. Grind this along with 1/2 of the coconut to a fine paste and add the tamarind juice. Fry onions, green chillis, curry leaves and balance of coconut in oil to a light golden colour. Add salt to taste and turmeric powder. Add vegetable-dal mixture and enough water to cover all the ingredients and let it boil till vegetable is tender. Season with mustard and fenugreek seeds. Sprinkle with chopped coriander powder.



Smt. Yashomathi Desai, of Hubli wins Rs. 50 for this month's best recipe

TENDLI PULAO

- 2 cups rice
- 8 tendlis
- 1 tbsp. coriander seeds
- 6 red chillis
- 4 cloves garlic
- 2 onions
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- 1/2 tsp. shahjeera
- 2 tsps. white till
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- 1/2 dry coconut
- 2 pieces cinnamon

- A few curry leaves
- 1/2 cup fresh grated coconut
- 2 tsp. salt
- Thick tamarind pulp
- Ghee to fry.
- Chopped coriander leaves

Clean, wash and soak the rice for 30 minutes. Then drain and keep in a coriander. When dry, rub in a teaspoon of ghee. Heat a little ghee and fry separately coriander, chillis, garlic, one sliced onion, turmeric powder, shahjeera, til, garam masala, dry coconut, cinnamon and curry leaves. Grind all these ingredients to a fine paste and add salt. Make two portions and add tamarind pulp to one. Wash and slit tendlis into four and stuff these with tamarind masala. Heat one tablespoon ghee and add the stuffed tendlis and cook.

In another dekchi, heat a little ghee and fry the remaining chopped onions to golden brown. Remove the onions and drain. Now, in the same ghee, fry the rice to a light colour. Add four cups water and the remaining half portion of ground spices and cover the pan, letting the rice cook. When the rice is ready, add the cooked tendlis and grated fresh coconut and mix well. Dry excess moisture in the oven or with live coals on the lid. Serve garnished with fried onions and fresh chopped coriander leaves.

The traditional role of the family of women is known well enough: they run the home, they give birth to and rear children.

Taking up employment does give women some amount of independence but it really has not called for much more than a modification in the traditional role. However, protecting their jobs and wages call for much more.

In order to take part in union work, to agitate for their legitimate rights to better wages and terms of work, women have to forsake their historical role as passive spectators and actively enter the battlefield. They have to see themselves as human beings primarily and as women only secondarily. It means they cannot always give first priority to their families; their job and their fellow workers may claim their attention from time to time.

Since more and more women are taking up jobs now in our cities and towns, how far are they able to adjust to the new role that is demanded of them? We met some women who have had experience of agitations and strikes in their workplaces.

The Khadi Gramodhyog employees had been on strike for almost three months when we met them. Their strike was total. It was a very desperate situation, the women told us, that had forced them to take this action. Their wages were so low, that some of them even after 20 years of service, took home a salary of only Rs. 450! The women said that they had tried to remain true to Gandhiji's ideals while working in the institution, but it was the "Gandhian" trustees, the bigwigs like Shantilal Shah, Nanavati and others, who failed to reciprocate with the same attitude. The institution had amassed huge profits but the workers never got any of the benefits.

They got total support from their families for participating in the strike. In fact, sheer economic necessity forced their families to support their action in spite of the immediate hardships.

The women sat with the striking men for only part of the day because of their commitments at home. In the organisational and propaganda work they played a supporting role. Their unity and determination was obvious.

And yet there was a contradiction. They had absolute faith in the union leadership and said that they would accept any agreement that the union came to. That the leadership could betray them never occurred to them.

We met some women working in a leading Indian pharmaceutical company and their attitudes were not much different from those of the Khadi Bhandar women. Many years ago they had been on a 52-day sit-down strike, demanding higher wages and permanent jobs. Although they had been employed for as long as 4 — 5 years, they had been retained as temporary workers and were paid a daily wage of Rs. 3.

That strike had been success-

ful, and the memory of the strike was still vivid in their minds. They recalled the struggle — agitating day after day at the gates of their factory, going around from factory to factory collecting strike funds, collecting money from passers-by to keep their struggle going. The only feeling that sustained them throughout the strike was that without this struggle there could be no better future.

Though they had had minor agitations since the big strike, there was inter-union rivalry among the workers. They had now settled down to their jobs

And apart from these problems, they had general complaints. A large number of them have not been confirmed, promotions are arbitrarily made, memos are served for being even a minute late.

Among those actively involved in founding the association were two women. Their conditions of work forced them to take the lead. Their husbands wholeheartedly supported them, they themselves being active in their own places of work. They were being harassed to the point that their health has deteriorated but they are still willing to fight hard and "teach them a lesson."

WOMEN ON STRIKE

Even Indian women, normally docile and timid, can be provoked into a grim struggle for their rights as prolonged strikes in Bombay's factories and offices show

Anuradha Shanbag

and had begun to think like women from the middle class. They now felt embarrassed to shout slogans. Although they did say that they would contribute to the strike fund of other factory workers and fight injustice, they did not seem much aware or conscious of the fate of workers in other factories.

Surprisingly enough, the attitudes of the women in the Directorate of Purchases and Stores, Department of Atomic Energy, were very different, although they are middle class clerical workers. Their association is only three years old and they have been conducting lunch hour demonstrations everyday since May.

The women were in a very angry mood when we met them. They had much to complain about. In spite of the fact that they had been working in the same office for years, they have no proper cloakroom facilities. One old, dirty lavatory has to serve all purposes — from changing clothes during the monsoons to resting when they are sick.

Since they are Central Government employees, their troubles increased during the emergency. They were harassed by their officers for taking maternity leave, for wanting extensions on maternity leave even on doctors' advice, for wanting their rightful casual leave when children were sick. The officers constantly use foul language when speaking to them.

As a result of their harassment during the emergency and such victimization, other women are also becoming bold and gradually active. They now shout slogans along with the men and, as one of them said, "now there is no turning back. If we give in now, all will be lost and we will have to suffer worse conditions."

However, the women admitted that they are still not as active as they would like to be. There are several constraints — responsibility of the home and children, not enough support from their families, and plain fear of the officers. And yet their willingness to go ahead, both in terms of physical action as well as other involvement, was clearly evident.

All the women we met were vehement about the need for unity in their own places of work. The thought of giving up their union or not supporting the men never arose in their minds. This is in marked contrast to other middle-class women, working as teachers and lecturers in Bombay, who are indifferent or hostile to their union activity and yet demand the benefits of such struggles.

One thing we realized was that although women actively support the men, few of them come out as independent human beings organising both men and women. They are often given representation on their union committee, but their main function is limited to bringing women together.

This is partly perpetrated by the unionists through their condescending and protective attitudes. Also, women require support from their families more than the men when they come into the forefront of a fight, because the responsibilities of the home then need to be shared with the other members of the family.

Both men and women, but especially women, in India seem to be unable to see their work as a job. They seem to feel the organisation is their own (conveniently for the owners); they work hard — "as if it is our own home" — and "feel bad" when the management treats them with contempt.

That the whole work relation-

ship is based on exploitation, irrespective of how "good" or "bad" the owners are, does not occur to them. They don't see the economic relationship, and accept their lowly positions. Why else would the employees of Khadi Bhandar be satisfied to demand only a "reasonable" increase, a microscopic raise from their shockingly low wages? Why don't they demand as their right a decent, living wage?

Their concept of the unity of all working people is even more limited. They are unable to concretely understand the need to support and unite with other

working people. They remain wrapped up in their own problems, and their union leaders have done very little to broaden their vision.

And yet, a gradual change in the attitudes of women is evident. Their work and the existing economic and social conditions are forcing them to abandon their old ideas. It is, in fact, only during the course of such struggles that they will learn to act as complete human beings and to develop their individual potentialities to the full. But for this a revolution in men's thinking is also needed.

WIVES OF STRIKERS

Jyoti Punwani

All four of them looked bright and cheerful, though quite shy at the prospect of being interviewed. But once the questions started, they had a lot to say — and not always echoing their husbands' attitudes. When I approached the Khadi Bandar striking men, they laughed, and sniggered, "What will our wives tell you that we can't?" And worse still was their sense of shame about their wives (which was unjustifiable with respect to every one of the women I met) "They are illiterate. How will they answer you?" The wives spoke of the hard times they faced when their men struck work cheerfully. And they answered my questions smilingly, sometimes making me feel a fool for asking what seemed to them rhetorical questions.

"Of course, we have a lot of trouble in those times," said Mrs. Vijayalaxmi N. wife of an employee in a local newspaper. The employees had had two strikes this year; in the second one, a lock-out had been declared.

"In a big city like Bombay, everything runs on money. In our village, (near Mangalore), we have some land and some cattle, so we need not pay for milk, etc.

"Yes, we do borrow money during the strike, no, not from

... moneylender, but from relatives or friends. Though we pay back in instalments and without interest, it's bad enough having to borrow money at all. And yes, we have to cut down expenses. We take less rations, less milk. But we can't avoid paying school fees. And how can you explain to children?

"It's not just this year that there have been two strikes. In this company, strikes are regular. Since 1972, this has been happening. 1969-71 were happy years. So we've been cutting down gradually — we've stopped getting the daily newspaper and the daily supply of bread. We've stopped having dhobi. I haven't been to a movie in four years. Taking your children along is too expensive. So I must go across and watch the neighbour's T. V.



Vijayalaxmi

"This year, we'd planned to have the house painted. But the lock-out spoilt all that."

"Financial difficulty?" what do you mean by that? She makes do with what I give her—that's all." The Khadi Bhandar men asked roughly. But financial difficulty isn't the only form of trouble the wives have to face. What about the psychological tension — when will the strike end, will they harass him, will they get any of their demands, will there be a lock-out, if it lasts long how can they borrow again when this money runs out, where can he get another job.

"I'm constantly telling him to find another job," said Vijayalaxmi. "Strikes there are in every company, but not so often. Even his friends tease him about it. And to top it all, he's gone and become an office-bearer in the union! He comes home late, can't stay home on holidays—he's always involved in meetings, or having to go to the court. Couldn't they have found someone else?"

"Why must he be so active in the Union? He didn't get more than four hours of sleep during the strike, sometimes he just didn't come home at night. He didn't eat much — he was so tensed up. He can last two days without sleep, without food — not feeling anything. But I know his health suffers. As it is, we had to cut down on buying meat — which we normally have five days a week." Mrs. Theresa D'Souza spoke seriously about her husband's month-long strike at a leading multinational.

And what if he loses his job? He is permanent, but even then... He's a catalyst operator and there aren't many firms in India needing such workers."

"No. Where can he find a new job now?" asked Mrs. Shanta Sonawala, whose husband works in Khadi Bhandar. "This is the job he knows. He's worked there for 15 years." (And earns Rs. 357!)

Mrs. Sonawala was the only one who was fully behind her husband's strike — with no reservations. And she had faced the longest strike of the four — 103 days. Though the Khadi Bhandar workers get Rs. 100 a month each from their union, they have still had to borrow from her father.

Mrs. D'Souza's husband got Rs. 500 from his union for his one-month strike. "But how far does that go?" asked Mrs. D'Souza. But she admitted, right in the beginning, that her husband and his colleagues could not be classified with other factory workers, as far as financial problems went, because they earned quite a good salary. Also, financially, she wasn't as hard-up as "my neighbour, who has children. But then her husband rested during the strike — he really relaxed, unlike mine. I had many tiffs with my husband about this. He's ten years older than I am, he's more patient and tries to explain whatever he does. But I'm not convinced.



Theresa D'Souza

"They got the management to agree to 25 per cent of their demands. But in spite of that, in spite of the Rs. 500, I feel his was the loss."

None of these wives were working. Hadn't these experiences made them want to work?

"Yes, I would like to work," said Mrs. Vijayalaxmi, "but there are problems. I studied in Karnataka and can read and write only Kannada. When I married and came to Bombay, that was the only language I could speak, also. During these few years I have picked up Hindi and Marathi. And in Bombay, you need a knowledge of English.

"Now of course, with the children, it's difficult to leave the house. But once they grow up, I plan to take a job. My husband," (who sat in the other room, and never came in, nor later asked me what questions I had asked, nor what she had replied) "doesn't object."

But Mr. Sonawala did. "Though we need the money, I wouldn't like it. It's not just that the children are small now," (they have three sons and a daughter) "and therefore she should be home. If she weren't there, we'd either have to lock them at home, or let them run wild. She should be home to guide them always."

In spite of all their resentments, in spite of the problems, when I asked them, — "Do you ever feel, whether he participates in the strike or not, it won't make a difference. If the union wins, he



Kuppu

stands to gain from the agreement. If it loses, too, he stands to gain, because he would have been paid for working through the strike." — Their response was the same, though the tone varied. "Work on behalf of the company? Break the unity?" asked Mrs. Kuppu S. one of the newspaper employees' wives. "Never."

"That would be unjust; he would be betraying his colleagues," felt Mrs. Sonawala.

Both Mrs. Vijayalaxmi and Mrs. D'Souza, fortunate/unfortunate enough to have activist husbands, were more restrained, though as definite in their response. "We can't ask them to do that, we only ask them not to be so active in the strike."

The Khadi Bhandar men gave me the impression that they didn't tell their wives what the strike was all about, where they stood, whether the prospects were good or bad. "They know what we tell them. What will you tell them?" they demanded. But Mrs. Sonawala knew what was happening — as did the others, though rather vaguely.

All of them saw the necessity for going on strike — "That's the only way to get better wages." But they were not prepared to face an indefinite and prolonged strike which might force the management to agree to their husbands' demands, instead of a short strike which would end on a compromise. "One month is bad enough" they felt.

Except Mrs. Sonawala. Her husband told me, "We are determined to fight it to the end. With a wife like her I feel secure that my home will not suffer even if the strike goes on and on."

That could have been said of all four wives — complaints, doubts about what the strike was worth, notwithstanding.



Devi

The Juhu Khans smell a Gora (Phoren) faster than I smell dal me kala. This time it was Zeenat Aman's Europe escort. Remember the fight composer I had written about last year? Well, they say it is the same guy and Zeenat picks up lost threads with the ease Dev Anand picks up Ina, Mina, Tina. Back to the Khans. Feroze Khan with a few buddies and belles, had organised a dinner at the Rendezvous,

SANJEEV: ULTIMATUM TO HEMA

for Zeenat and her Gora escort. During the three-course dinner, Feroze asked Zeenat a dozen times for a dance. Zeenat declined politely and quietly slipped out with the Gora in a cab, a little before dessert. Said one of the "Kasak" unit men, "Tomorrow is our shooting, this late night date of madam means the shooting will start after lunch."

Producer Feroze was quite sour, but on his way out he spotted the B.C.s — Ram and wife Sunita — with another couple and a young girl. Feroze danced with the new acquaintance who was more than happy with a Feroze in her arms.

And this year is the last (pucca) year of Sanjeev's Haritalika Vrat. You know this vrat is kept by all the maidens in Maharashtra ever since Parvati observed it and got Shiva for a husband. Haribhai Jarivala is as eager as a spinster to shed his virginity, sorry bachelorhood. Said he the other day to a friend of mine, "I am giving them one year's" (only five months left) "grace, and if they do not agree and accept me then I will marry somebody else." By "them" he means the Chakravarty family, Amma and Hema to be exact. And all because Hema had romanced with him three years ago. A week after Haribhai's birthday, Hema and Dharam walked in at the Polydor function to mark the Golden Disc of "Sholay". Not that it shocked anyone but Haribhai. But then Sanjeev being as determined as Parvati, you never know. After all, Hema could fall off from Dharam's arms some day. And Haribhai can continue to extend his grace period.

ARE INDIANS MOTHER-OBSESSED ?

*The deifying of the
mother among Hindus
—from the Vedas to
the Hindi film of today
—has resulted in
family life becoming a
cauldron of conflict-
ing emotions with the
mother a sort of
brooding menace over
her son and
daughter-in-law*

Usha Subramanian

My American friends who spent a few days in an Indian village were shocked at the way mothers treated their grown-up sons and how the sons zealously accepted their mothers' decisions. "The most amusing experience was at dinner time. The sons, varying between the age of thirty and forty, along with their children sat in a large circle on the kitchen floor. The mother brought a large vessel of rice mixed with sambhar. She placed a ball of rice on each son's extended palm and added a piece of vegetable in the centre. The sons received the rice ball by turn and the process was repeated for curd and rice also. The daughters-in-law, who had prepared the food, were standing in the corner of the room and had no share in the chatter, mirth and gossip that accompanied the dinner. Why was the mother treating her grown-up sons like infants? Don't they or their wives ever protest?" they asked.

Indian sons usually do not. In spite of marriage, responsibilities and children, the mother's role in a son's life continues till her death. The mother is an unquestionable goddess in a Hindu family and even today young men feel that to keep the mother happy for all the sacrifices she has made is their primary goal in life. The wife comes only next to the mother, and Shantha Rama Rau is quite justified when she observes that the greatest dream of every Indian woman is to become the all-powerful mother-in-law!

According to religion, we can realise God as personal or impersonal and we can approach the personal God in masculine or feminine form. But the concept of the motherhood of God seems to be the essence of spiritual ex-

perience and the quintessence of spiritual reality. The concept of the fatherhood of God is not so popular.

The Kenopanishad identifies God with Devi, the eternal mother. Sister Nivedita observes "The soul that worships is the child, the soul that becomes a child finds God as mother. It is in India that the thought of mother has been realised in its completeness." The great sage Ramakrishna gave the world a fascinating and dynamic application of motherhood.

One famous Indian writer settled in America says, "Mother's love is the only ideal love, real, utterly unselfish and is called as 'avyaj prem' or disinterested love. Mother's love alone can be one-sided, never looking for reciprocity. If God is love, He should be conceived as a mother."

NOT SELFLESS

Is a mother's love selfless? Motherhood like any other function is a biological one and the mother takes care of her children instinctively. One does come across thousands of selfish mothers in day to day life. In free hospitals, it is not uncommon to see mothers snatch the food from their offspring's hands to satiate their own hunger, leaving the undernourished child miserably hungry. Mothers who sell their daughters to brothels, mothers who desert toddlers for new mates and mothers who cause conflict between their sons and their wives do not merely appear in melodramatic movies and novels but are flesh and blood characters of real life.

Even self-sacrificing mothers are not devoid of selfishness. Helen Deutsche, famous psychologist, puts it this way: "The masochistic components of motherliness manifest themselves in the mother's readiness for self-sacrifice, but in contrast to the feminine woman — without demand for any obvious return on the part of the child."

A woman who is utterly feminine is not masochistic in her love for her child. Her wish to be loved or the narcissist element is preserved in her capacity to metamorphose it into her love for her husband, self-expression in art, social life, etc. But to many Indian women, motherliness completely fills the emotional void in their lives. Maternal love acts as a substitute for all other forms of love. The lack of opportunity for self-enrichment and her self-in-

flicted restrictions make her cling to her son to stabilise her position in society, win respect from her husband and his kin and to fulfil her own psychological needs.

In joint families, which continue to exist, a wife hardly ever gets a chance to look at her husband during day time. Though the nuclear families of urban areas have changed this pattern, the vast majority of Indian women are forced to be subordinates not merely to their husbands, but to his kith and kin also. It is often said that an Indian woman marries a family and not just a man. Though the daughter-in-law does most of the housework, the mother-in-law jealously retains the privilege of serving the son, and attends to him while he is sick and comforts him in a crisis. The wife forever remains a shadow and only the death or absence of the mother-in-law gives her a chance to play an active role in her husband's life.

Because of the dominant role played by the mother, marriages had to be mere social charters for the establishment of a legitimate family and a licence for sexual intercourse. The feeling of the continuity of the family was the strongest social force. The marriage hymns bless the bride: "O generous Indra, make her fortunate, may she have a beautiful family, may she give her husband ten children, may He himself be like the eleventh."

HUSBAND'S EQUAL

According to Hindu sociologists, marriage is a social and ethical relationship and the begetting of children, the payment of a debt. Romantic love is anti-social.

"In Hindu marriage happiness will arise from the fulfilment of a vocation. It is the fulfilment of a traditional design and does not depend on the accident of sensibility," observes A. K. Coomaraswami. Indian society is based on group morality and the purpose of womanhood is the continuity of racial life and nothing more. Sakti is woman only figuratively and symbolically, but she is the principle of productivity.

The first warm glow of fulfilment is felt by the woman only when a son is born. Her frustrated urge to love and to be loved is to a tremendous extent eased by the appearance of a son. It is after the birth of the son that her husband can call her name in public and our film fathers too

recognise their wives only as "munne ki ma." It is during her son's "punya vachan", "ayushom" or "upanayan" that she is seated as an equal to her husband.

CONTRARY PULLS

An amplitude of life which should by right come to a wife through her husband, comes only through her son. Consequently, the Indian mother places on her son an abnormal amount of love and expects from him emotional fulfilment. Quite early in life, the son learns to sympathise with her and reciprocates her exuberance of affection and they enjoy the mutual dependence. She is so completely wrapped up in her son that she forever warps his sense of proportion and frustrates his attempt at a normal and healthy expansion and extension of affection.

Socially too, he is stunted. It is his mother who chooses his friends, demands to know all his movements and waits on him endlessly. For fear of her son being corrupted by his companions, she holds on to him like a leech. "She shackles her son with unbreakable chains and leaves him mother-complexed beyond hope of release by conscious later efforts. The intense mother-goddess worship is the baleful ideal held before growing Hindu youths for ages past."

This exaggerated worship of the mother is also the cause of deep contempt for women. The mother cult, leading to the neurotic worship of the mother has caused confusion regarding the role of a wife. Margaret Cormack comments in the preface to her book on Hindu woman, "In my years spent in India, I was increasingly puzzled by a seeming contradiction. One saw daily an actual and often inhuman subjugation of women, yet equally apparent was a lofty ideal of femininity in Mother-India, the mother-cult, goddess worship and in a general cultural veneration of the feminine."

Iqbal, who kept his wives in purdah and preached to the world the conception of the ideal woman is no exception to this rule.

"The chaste Fatima is the harvest of the field of submission.

The chaste Fatima is a perfect model for mothers.

She who might command the spirit of heaven and hell

Merges her own will in the will of her husband."

Poor meek Fatima without even a will or desire of her own!

The exaggerated worship of womanhood has led to distrusting women and holding them in contempt while hungrily depending on them for daily existence. The young man, at the onset of individuality, rebels against the emotional possessiveness of his mother, but it is forcefully suppressed at the psychological and social level. To quote Freud, "In these people signs of contradictory or opposed wishes or mental conflicts are often found. One side of the personality stands for certain wishes, while another part struggles against them and fends them off."

The natural unsatisfied ego is frustrated by the reality of a dwarfing mother, but the too powerful mother-worship remains inexorable even though the ego is fighting for its freedom. The ego is finally drawn into the path of regression by those fixations it is trying to fight in its road to development.

Motherhood, which has been exalted in the abstract for centuries, does not produce parallel ideals in reality, and our men are deluded. Else, why should Tagore's Chithra claim, "I am no goddess to be worshipped, nor yet the object of common pity to be brushed aside like a moth with indifference." This is exactly what Abbe Dubois calls, "Low estimation of women in private life, respect for them in public." Mother and Devi worship instead of forming a real and living respect for the female, has led to adoring the mother and slighting the wife or worshipping the abstract while hating the real.

GUILT COMPLEX

Kannadasan, one of the acclaimed poets in Tamil, himself a man of questionable morals, says in his "Meaningful Hinduism" that the wife's duty is to make her in-laws happy. No man should ever give predominance to the wife over his mother because mother is a living goddess.

Ramakrishna Paramahansa, the greatest Sakta of our times, sought the eternal union of Prakriti and Purush through symbolic mother worship. Though highly acclaimed in India, Western critics call him "the greatest neurotic of our times, because to the layman, he preached a wrong sense of proportion".

Married at twenty-three to a girl of thirteen, he conceived of marriage as a union of souls only and called his wife, mother. Later on in life, he was associated with a sanyasin who was also "ma" to him. Ramakrishna's hysterical craving for union with his mother and claiming that she was dwelling in him at death, lost its philosophical meaning for the common man and so he developed a guilt complex about physical relations with his wife and looked to her for motherly affection alone.

This vicious circle has continued

through centuries with the man subconsciously seeking a mother in his mate and the wife transferring her repressions into her relationship with her son. The modern educated wife often protests "he wants a mother, not a wife" and rebels against his yearnings to be smothered with love. The mature husband-wife relationship is still far off from our men. Our writers and films are responsible in a great measure for this by highlighting the sacrificing, suffering mothers.

Sex, with its stress on motherhood as its highest expression, always remained a sanctified principle to be worshipped. At the same time, it was the most dread-

alone, he is constantly nagged by a feeling of guilt.

To a mother who ties her grown-up son to her apron strings (or saree pallav) the trauma of severing the umbilical cord, when the son marries is disastrous. A Kannada folk song says:

"Joy at the prospects of her coming.

But from you, your son she is stealing,

Gapè with your dismayed mouth at heaven."

A Tamil proverb possessively claims, "He may be the King of Delhi, but he is my son." A woman who has expanded her ego through her child feels impover-

should not look upon woman as a mere means to pleasure. She is, it is true, a female; she is also a helpmate, but she is first and foremost a human being. She is not to be treated as a mere chattel or maid servant or house-keeper. She has a soul and is for man generally the bridge to reality. If we make her a mere housewife or a mother, the best in her does not find expression."

If our women are able to achieve this and lead a full and enriched life, they will grant a normal and rich life to their sons devoid of mother-obsession and guilt complex.

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ed antagonist to be overcome. So sex was worshipped in the female principle of divinity, while women of flesh and blood were degraded.

What then is the role of a wife? Aitreya Brahmana says that the wife is the second mother. Gita Govinda opens with a verse where Radha is enjoined to lead Krishna home, to further the fulfilment of his nature, as he is a timid child. While the emotional relationship between a mother and a son is praised, the physical relationship between a man and his wife is overlooked or looked down upon. As it is biologically impossible for a man to content himself with sex for procreation

ished if his affection branches off to his wife. Mothers with many children protect themselves from loss by transferring their affection. Hindu mothers continue to be dominant mothers-in-law. The hostility of the mother-in-law to the daughter-in-law as a son-snatcher and the latter's disapproval of the mother-in-law's possessiveness are commonplace.

For a woman to express herself with charm and feminine beauty, she must be recognised as an individual in her own right and marriage should not be a barter for procreation alone but should act as a means of self-expression. To quote Dr. Radhakrishnan, "We

REVERIE

This is my dream: A cottage on a hill,

Placed so the sun can flood it thro' with light;

With wide bowed windows op'ning into gardens bright

With flowers, where my eyes can look their fill.

With cosy armchairs with gay coloured covers,

Tables littered with bits of silver and brass;

Soft carpets—lace curtains with 'knots-o'-lovers'

And bowls filled with blooms, fern and china-grass.

A corner fireplace of old mellowed bricks,

A bookshelf bulging with books we like so well;

Twisted stag-horn stands for candle-sticks,

A chest with unique top of myriad seashell!

An alcove just for two to dine or dream

With painted potteries and old copper-ware.

I think you'd like a sober colour scheme?

Then come, help me to plan each room with care ...

Your smile is tender—your eyes far away—

I wonder! If the fates are kind ... some day?

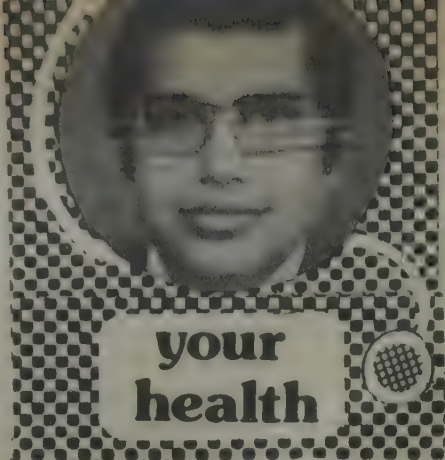
Mildred Smith

In the previous article we discussed the common diseases of childhood and a few of the problems that parents encounter routinely. For bringing up a child in a healthy way, several things are essential—proper food and feeding habits, timely inoculation, proper education, proper emotional development, timely treatment of ailments, etc. A little understanding and care on the part of parents can decisively turn the future of their children towards a bright and better tomorrow.

NUTRITION IS KEY TO GOOD HEALTH

For a healthy and active life good food is essential. It is all the more important to give a nutritive diet to your children because their growing bodies and minds require it the most. Malnutrition not only affects physical growth but also retards mental development. To keep your children in a proper state of nutrition, it is necessary to inculcate good feeding habits in them.

At a conservative estimate, there are at least 100 million under-



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Advisers: Dr. B. D. Patel
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tion of the uterus and hastens its return to its original size and position.

Regular timing of breast feeding should be practised. Even if the mother has enough breast milk, the child should be given at least one feed of outside milk after the first two months of life. Food supplement should be introduced gradually and steadily so that by 6-8 months, the child is habituated to take solids. We have discussed all these details in our article on "Infant Care." But one point I would like to stress is about the misconceptions that prevail in our country about prolonged breast feeding. Prolonged breast feeding without supplements may cause "breast starvation" and "breast addiction." Such children refuse to accept anything but breast milk and thus suffer

and three years and those between three and five years.

Meal plans given here may vary a bit from child to child, but these will provide an idea of the relative importance of the different types of food in well planned meals. The feeding time should also be flexible according to the feeding habits of the family, but some regularity is essential.

IMMUNISATION —AN INSURANCE AGAINST DISEASE

Immunisation can be rated as one of the biggest achievements of medical science and it protects the child from many deadly diseases. Preventive immunisation is possible against small-pox, dip-

PAEDIATRIC PROBLEMS

Feeding a child the correct food in correct quantities at the correct time is all-important for its healthy physical and mental growth



Marasmic child — gross malnutrition.

nourished children in the world, mostly in the developing countries. While some of them die from malnutrition, a vastly greater number suffer from physical weakness and possibly mental retardation, and are highly susceptible to infectious diseases.

In the first few months of life a child's nutritional needs are met by any good quality milk, breast milk being the best. Mother's milk contains most of the nutrients essential for growth and development in correct proportion and in an easily digestible form. Breast feeding is safe, simple and clean and causes less gastric upsets than other type of milk. Breast feeding is also a happy experience for both the baby and the mother, giving them emotional satisfaction. The exercise involved in sucking aids in proper development of jaws, palate, mouth and cheek muscles. It also helps the mother as breast feeding in the first few weeks promotes contrac-

RIGHT: Healthy child,

BELOW: Poor nutrition leads to ill health.



starvation. It is also erroneous to believe that until the children have cut their teeth and can walk they cannot digest anything other than liquid diet.

For the convenience of the readers we are giving the chart of the food groups which form our daily diet. In the diet of the child each group should be well represented. We also give the diet sche-

htheria, tetanus, whooping cough, polio, typhoid, cholera, tuberculosis, etc. While some vaccines are recommended routinely, some are to be given only in endemic areas. The risk of cholera is not as much as it used to be in our country and therefore vaccinating against it is not routinely advised. Here is the vaccination chart:

you would notice, most of vaccinations are given within the first few months of life and a little vigilance on the part of the parents may save the child from deadly and mutilating diseases. It is equally important to give the booster dose at the proper time.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

Intelligence can be inherited but proper training, education and environmental factors usually decide the I.Q. and character of the child. Because of better facilities of training, more stimulation from parents and increase in competition in life, the present generation of children appear to be brighter and smarter than their parents.

Children should start going to primary school around the age of 6 years when they are ready to grasp the different subjects. Before that they may be sent to nursery school where they can learn manners, good social habits, personal hygiene and group activity. They also learn to adjust socially with other children. At

Physical debility like poor eye sight, defective hearing, ill health, etc. tends to retard progress. Physical deformity also affects academic performance by its psychological impact. To prevent an inferiority complex in these children, they should be encouraged and looked after well. Some medical conditions or specific illnesses give rise to mental backwardness, e.g. minimal brain damage, decreased activity of the thyroid gland, encephalitis, meningitis, etc. Stammering, a psychological problem, often leads to this kind of retardation.

More commonly seen today are misguided and demanding parents pushing their children beyond their mental capacity e.g. urging them to earn a double promotion. Obviously under such heavy demands the children fail to attain the expected grade. Often we see children too young for their class. They feel the competition and tend to withdraw from their studies.

The futility of working discourages them and they lapse into indifference.



Sanitary surroundings invite diseases.

At this time the emphasis is mainly on playing, dancing, singing, painting, etc. which help in their proper development.

Some children are sometimes found to be backward. This could be real or only assumed. Real backwardness can be medically evaluated, but mostly it is our own fault.

Very often there is lack of stimulation at home from the parents or relatives, which may be attributed to several factors induced by poverty, ignorance, custom and tradition. Too much distraction like playing all the time, and company, over-indulgence in non-academic pursuits, etc. often result in apparent backwardness and can be countered by proper and timely intervention.

HOW TO PREVENT MENTAL RETARDATION:

By abolishing or avoiding consanguineous marriages we can prevent recessively transmitted mental aberrations. Also it is a good policy to avoid having a child in one's late thirties. Here the chances of certain diseases like Mongolism are more. Injury to the child in the form of distress just before or during labour increases the chance of mental retardation. Therefore good ob-

stetrical and antenatal care are essential.

In new-born babies, severe and badly treated jaundice can cause considerable mental damage. This can be avoided by hospital delivery where facilities for blood grouping and proper treatment are available.

Some causes of mental retardation are dietetic and medical which can be checked by proper medical attention.

TABLE I
FOOD GROUPS

The five* Food-Groups	Foodstuff
I	MILK Milk, curds, butter milk, paneer (cheese), milk powder PULSES Dals, grams, dried peas and beans, groundnut and other nuts MEAT, etc. Mutton, beef, poultry, game, fish, egg
II	FRUIT Papaya, orange, tomato, melons, lime, mango, custard-apple, amla, guava, sapota, grape, ripe banana, apple etc. GREEN LEAFY VEGETABLES Sag or keerai, tops of radish, onion, carrot, drumstick leaves, mint, lettuce, cabbage, etc.
III	OTHER VEGETABLES Beans, brinjal, cucumber, carrot, drumstick, kovai, radish, onion, chillies, ladies finger, pumpkin, bitter-gourd, etc.
IV	CEREALS Rice, wheat, maize, jowar, bajra, ragi and other millets STARCHY VEGETABLES Yams, colocasia, tapioca, potato, sweet potato, jack-fruit, raw banana, etc.
V	FATS AND OILS Vegetable oils, butter, ghee and other fats SUGAR Jaggery, cane-sugar, etc.

* The division of foods into five groups may not be ideal, but it is practical and easy to follow.

Disease	How given	1st dose	Booster doses
1. Small-pox	By injection	At the age of 1 month	Repeat every 3 yrs.
2. Tuberculosis	By injection	At one month	Repeat after 5 yrs. and at 11 yrs.
3. Diphtheria, tetanus, whooping cough	Triple vaccine by injection	3 months 4 months 5 months	Three doses Booster at the age of 2 years and 5 years
4. Poliomyelitis	Oral	3 months 4 months 5 months	Three doses Booster every 2 yrs. till the age of 12 years
5. Typhoid	Injection	3 years 0.5 cc every week for 3 weeks	Booster once a year
6. Cholera	Injection	Whenever indicated	

WORKING PARENTS AND CHILDREN

Children of working parents feel emotional deprivation. Children who have their mothers close by to attend to their problems are better off than the children who lack maternal attention. Such children gradually become dissatisfied and emotionally insecure. Lacking their guidance, they learn their habits from their substitutes like the ayah or male servants. A child is like a clean slate which will show whatever is written on it. From servants children learn bad manners, indiscipline, foul language, filthy habits and undesirable behaviour. And often children pose a problem when such substitutes are replaced by the mother herself. Therefore, there is no real substitute for mother when it comes to children's guidance, social training and emotional stability.

This does not mean that mothers should not work. I am simply trying to emphasise the value of maternal affection and care. Therefore, working mothers should

devote their available time to their children. Here a word of caution will not be out of place. Please do not deliberately overlook your child's misconduct just because you are trying to make up for the lost time emotionally. The child should not be allowed to develop bad habits by mothers becoming over-lenient to them.

SEX EDUCATION FOR CHILDREN

Children should be educated about sex as soon as they start asking questions about sex. This age may vary from child to child, but just before puberty, at the age of 12 to 14 years some sex knowledge is essential.

The changes of puberty should not come to them as a surprise or bring them a sense of guilt. It is however necessary to explain to a child in words which are easily understood, avoiding undue details.

It is better that a parent or a teacher of the same sex educates children in these matters. A classroom where questions are asked freely and answered to the point and convincingly is a good place.

**TABLE II
MENU FOR CHILDREN**

For 1 to 3 years

TIME	FOOD	AMOUNT
On rising	1. Breast-milk or boiled animal milk	1 feed ½ tumbler (110 ml.) 4 oz.
9.00-10.00 a.m.	1. Cooked cereal-pulse preparation such as khicheri, dalia, etc. or idli or bread with butter 2. Soft-boiled or poached egg or boiled animal milk 3. Fruit juice	2 spoons 1-1½ idlies 1-1½ slices 1 egg ½ tumbler ¼-½ tumbler
12 noon-1.00 p.m.	1. Cooked cereal or starchy vegetable or ragi dumpling (ball) 2. Boiled pulse, fish or minced meat, liver etc. 3. Leafy or green vegetable (cooked)	1 spoon 1 small 1-1½ spoon 1 spoon
3.30-4.00 p.m.	1. Boiled animal milk 2. Fish liver oil	½ tumbler 1 teaspoon
6.00-7.00 p.m.	1. Cooked cereal such as suji, broken wheat porridge or ragi porridge 2. Boiled animal milk	2 spoons ½ tumbler
At bed time	1. Breast milk or boiled animal milk	1 feed ½ tumbler

Milk and other preparations may be sweetened.

TABLE III

For 3 to 5 years

TIME	FOOD	AMOUNT
8.00-9.00 a.m.	1. Cooked cereal-pulse preparation or idli or bread with butter or puffed whole ragi (to be eaten with milk) 2. Soft-boiled, poached or scrambled egg or boiled pulses 3. Boiled animal milk	2-3 spoons 1-2 idlies 1-2 slices Small amount 1 egg 1 spoon ¼ tumbler
10.30 a.m.	1. Fruit juice or fresh seasonal fruit	¼ tumbler (4 oz) one
12 noon to 1 p.m.	1. Cooked rice or wheat or ragi chappati or boiled potato, sweet potato or tapioca (occasionally) 2. Curds or milk 3. Cooked leafy or green vegetables 4. Raw vegetable salad to be given 3 times a week in place of above.	2-4 spoons 1-2 chappatis Small portion ¼ tumbler 1-2 spoons 1½-2 spoons
3.00-4.00 p.m.	1. Boiled animal milk 2. Fish liver oil	¼ tumbler 1 teaspoon
7.00-8.00 p.m.	1. Cooked cereal such as suji, broken wheat or ragi porridge 2. Boiled pulse, fish or meat preparation 3. Boiled animal milk (may be given at bed time)	2-3 spoons 2 spoons ¼ tumbler

Note: A three-year-old child may not eat much more than a baby of 18 months, as the rate of growth between 2-4 years is comparatively slower than that of the infant between 1 and 2 years of age. The quantity which a child eats depends largely on the size and activity of the child. It is safer to give a child small helpings and extras if he wants more. The quantity may be increased gradually but appetite is the best guide as to the amount of food required at any particular time.

It is advised that the following foods be not given to young children below 5 years of age.

1. Over pungent curries and highly spiced dishes
2. Fried or roasted foods of any kind
3. Excess sugar, sweet foods and sweetmeats
4. Tea, coffee and other stimulants

Many doubts and fears can thus be sorted out. Older boys or girls can give many wrong concepts of sex which may have a bad influence on children.

According to the W.H.O. definition, health is a state of complete physical, mental and social well being and not merely the absence

of disease or infirmity. Mother should be taught the importance of good hygiene and sanitation, health, good nutrition, preventive aspect of diseases, immunisation education and limiting the family size. They should be taught to cast away false notions, superstitions, and harmful traditions in rearing their children.

Continued from page 19

The timings had been corrected as also the fare. It was just as the M.P. had said. But Serena could have sworn.

She shivered slightly. A feeling of eerie fear gripped her. Please God, let the train come. The M.P. turned as he reached the end of the lighted platform and walked back. Serena began to tremble. She did not want to speak to him. Her heart beat suffocatingly loud. She was virtually in tears as the figure walked past her without bothering to even glance at her.

Please God, prayed Serena, let the train come. Keep me safe. She turned her head to see if the M.P. was still walking away or about to turn around. The platform was deserted. There was no man walking up and down. The huddled sleeping forms of beggars were the only signs of human existence there.

Serena swallowed hard. She stared all around. The M. P. was nowhere in sight. Numb with fear, she sat and waited for the Mail to come. Suddenly she saw a dull red glow on the tracks in

the distance. The train! she thought with relief. But as the light came closer, she saw that it was a man with a red torch walking down the lines.

Serena stared first in dismay and then with astonishment at the sight of the short squat figure in military uniform with the arm band of M. P. on it. Strangely she felt no fear of this man.

"Please," she got up in a rush. "There is something very strange here. Can you help me?"

"Certainly," said the uniformed M. P. looking at her distraught face with concern.

"What time does the M...Mail come?" stuttered Serena.

The man looked at his watch. He seemed to be precise. "The Delhi Janata should be here any minute. The Mail arrives just ten minutes later."

"Oh!" sniffed Serena, the tears pouring down her cheeks.

"What is the matter?" asked the M. P.

"There was another M. P. here... a man with blue eyes, a tall man, he... he changed my ticket, I am sure," she sobbed. "I don't know why. I was to go on the Express. He has changed my ticket... I think he wants to rob me or something. Please, s... stay till the M... Mail arrives."

The M.P. put a restraining hand on her arm. "Certainly, I'll stay," he said. "But tell me about this man... where did you see him?"

As Serena told him her tale, the expression on the M.P.'s face become strangely still.

"I don't know how to tell you this," he said at last. "But the man in the M.P. dress with blue eyes died ten years ago. But we have frequently heard strange stories—like yours—about him. His sister died in unfortunate circumstances shortly after his death—here on the railway station. Some people believe it is the reason why he is seen here sometimes."

He stopped, hesitating... wondering whether to go on.

"Please don't stop," said Serena wondering what was to come.

"Well," said the M.P. "You are indeed fortunate. He is generally not associated with good events. Many people who have had near total injuries on the track talk of an M.P. with blue eyes who gave them wrong instructions or tricked them into a dangerous situation. I am glad that you have come to no harm."

Serena shivered, whether with

relief or fear she was not quite sure. The distant sound of an engine made her start.

"That will be the Delhi Janata. Your train will be here shortly after," he said.

Serena watched the train pull in. Suddenly she choked back a cry... A dear, familiar figure had just alighted from the train. Her husband!

She ran towards him, missing his expression of incredulity and worry at seeing her there. As his arms closed around her, she wept and cried like a frightened child.

It was not till much later that she realized that her husband had not been too sure regarding the effect of his telegrams and had come to fetch her himself on the same day as she was going to him.

And it was even later still, that she read the news item that the Express had an accident in which 60 passengers had been killed and many more injured. She would have been on the train if it had not been for the M.P. with blue eyes.

NICE AND BRIGHT

Continued from page 21

7th row: Inc. 6 sts. as in 3rd row, but after working the 3rd st., join White thread and work in White and Red as above in next 5 sts. as in 4th row, then in Blue thread work 1 tr. in each of next 9 tr., then again in White and Red threads work as above in next 5 sts., then in Blue thread work 1 tr. in each tr. till end (34 sts.), 3 ch., turn.

8th row: 1 Blue tr. in each Blue tr. and White and Red pattern over pattern till end. At the end inc. 6 sts. as in 2nd row. (40 sts.).

9th row: In Blue, inc. 8 sts. as in 3rd row and work 1 tr. in each st. till end of row, 3 ch., turn (48 sts.). 4th to 9th rows complete the pattern.

10th row: As 4th row but work White and Red pattern 4 times across the row then inc. 8 sts. at the end, as in 2nd row (56 sts.).

11th row: Inc. 8 sts. as in 3rd row, then work as 5th row till end (64 sts.).

12th row: In Blue thread work 1 tr. in each tr. till end of row. Continue to work in pattern, without further inc., work in pattern for 12 rows more, end at side edge.

Shape Armhole and Neck Shaping: Continue to work in pattern.

1st row: s.s. over 3 tr., pattern to end.

2nd row: Pattern to last 3 tr., turn.

3rd row: As 1st row.

In next 2 rows dec. 2 tr. at armhole edge and 1 tr. at neck edge. Dec 1 tr. at each end of next 2 rows. Then work armhole edge straight and dec. 1 tr. at neck edge only in every row for 22 more rows. End at armhole edge.

Shape shoulders: s.s. over 7 tr. at beg. of next row, work till end.

Next row: Work to last 7 tr., fasten off the thread.

LEFT FRONT

Work to match right front, reversing shapings.

BACK

With dark Blue thread work 116 ch., turn.

1st row: 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. till end, 3 ch., turn.

2nd row: 1 tr. in each tr. till end, 2 ch., turn. Work 2nd row 21 times more. Shape armholes to match front armhole, then work 22 rows straight.

Shape shoulders: s.s. over 7 tr., work to last 7 tr., turn.

Next row: s.s. over 7 tr., work to last 7 tr. Fasten off the thread. Join side and shoulder seams.

With Blue thread and right side of work facing, work a round of dc. on fronts, neck and lower edge at front and back. Work 3

dc. at each of the front corners at base. Join Green thread and work 2 rounds of dc., but when working 2nd round work 4 loops on straight edge of each front. Work a loop as follows: * 6 ch., miss 5 dc., 1 dc. on each of the next 5 dc. rep. from * 3 times more, and then continue in dc. and complete the round.

Sleeves: (Worked on right side of work only): With Red thread work a row of 181 ch., turn.

1st row: 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each on next 2 ch. Join Green thread and in next ch. work 3 tr., retain last loop of each on hook, Red thread over hook and draw through all loops (cl. made), * in Red 1 tr. in each of next 6 ch., 1 Green cl. as above on next ch., rep. from * to last 7 ch. in Red, 1 tr. in each ch. till end, fasten off thread and join it to beginning of the row. Similarly fasten off threads at the end of every row (so as to work on right side only).

2nd row: Join thread to top of turning ch., and work 3 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 2 tr. and next Green cl., attach Blue thread and work 1 cl. (as in 1st row) on next tr. * In Red thread 1 tr. in each of next 5 tr. and next cl. Then work next cl. in Blue thread in next tr., rep. from * to last 6 trs., 1 tr. in each tr. till end. Fasten off the thread.

3rd row: Join Red thread to first st. of last row and work 3 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 3 tr. and

1 cl., then in White thread work a cl. (as above) on next tr., * in Red thread 1 tr. in each of next 5 tr. and 1 cl., and 1 cl. in White thread in next tr., rep. from * to last 5 tr., 1 tr., in each tr. till end.

Continue in pattern, shifting the cl. by 1 st. in every following row (to obtain diagonal rows of cl.) and work rows of Green, Blue and White cl. alt. throughout the sleeve.

Then work 2 rows more (altogether 5 rows of cl. are worked.). **Shape top:**

1st to 3rd rows: s. s. over 3 tr., work in pattern to last 3 tr., fasten off.

Next 2 rows: s.s. over 2 tr., work in pattern to last 2 tr., fasten off. With Blue thread work 2 rows of dc. at lower edge of sleeves.

TO MAKE UP

Join sleeve seams, insert sleeves into armholes with gathers at top and slightly on each of the sides.

Make cord and thread through loops, to tie at front as follows: Cut out lengths of threads each 126 cms. in length. Hold them together and divide them into 3 equal groups. Make a plait leaving 5 cms. of threads loose at each end of cord to form a tassel. Tie a knot above each of the tassels.

Arnavaz Dhondy

people and events



Mrs. Shalinitai Patil planting a tree at the inauguration of the Inner Wheel Club of Mulund's park.



Miss T. Irani, hon. gen. sec., Bombay Hospitality Committee, presents a garland to Mrs. Vijayanthimala Bali at a reception to felicitate her on her successful cultural tour abroad.



Mrs. Meenaben Patel, the incoming president (elect) of the Inner Wheel Club of Ahmedabad, receiving a gift from chief guest Dr. Bihari Kanaiyalal at the installation ceremony.



ABOVE: Mrs. Nargis Dutt addresses boys of the Dominic Savio Boys Home. Seated (from left) are Father D'Cunha, Tarasing Nagpal, Mrs. Rani Vohra, chairman, Ladies Wing, Andheri Jaycees, Mrs. Makkar and Mr. Ramesh Somaiah, founder-president of Andheri Jaycees.

LEFT: At a fashion show held at the Calcutta Swimming Club, models (from left) Pomi Ramchandani, Nafisa Ali and Shashi Ramchandani display Lalchand Dharam's jewellery, and clothes designed by shops in New Market.

BELOW: Students of the Karnataka Medical College perform Doll Dance as part of the Mangalore Giants' inauguration programme.



Dr. Sarasa Bharathi (left) being installed as the president of the Altrusa Club of Madras by Miss C. Ammini Kutty, immediate past president. Mrs. Tara Cherian, chairman, Tamil Nadu Social Welfare Board, looks on.



bombay

Mr. Girish K. Chitalia was unanimously elected president of Indo-American Society for year 1977-78. The other officers elected are: vice-presidents: Mr. William F. Courtney, Shafi N. Thanawalla, Mrs. Mitra M. Vakil and Mrs. Gool Panthakey; joint honorary secretaries: Mr. E. F. Conyngham and Miss Vimla Dalal; hon. treasurer: Mr. D. M. Parekh and executive secretary: Mr. N. Krish-

The Inner Wheel Club of Bombay spent part of the money from their funds on setting up an Inner Wheel park. It was inaugurated by Mrs. Shalinitai Patil, Chairman, Jijamatha Hospital, wife of Maharashtra's Minister. Mrs. Hansa Salvi, president of the Club, explained to the chief guest the entire project. Mr. Deotale, Minister for Forests, was also present on this occasion and explained to the gathering the plans of the Maharashtra Government for the development of national parks and forest area of Maharashtra.

Mrs. Nargis Dutt addressed the students of Dominic Savio Boys' School at Andheri at a meeting organised by the Andheri Jaycees' Ladies' Wing. She appealed to the students to work with a wide vision for the future depends on them. Pairs of school uniforms, and school books were presented to the students.

Mrs. Rani Vohra, chairman of Ladies' Wing, said that they have a number of programmes to help the needy under their "Operation Betterment Humanity" programme, and conveyed her gratitude for the encouragement received from the public.

The American Cultural Centre presented a short film, "Ustinov at Wimbledon" in the second week of July. The film featured the Wimbledon games, but the quality was well compensated by Peter Ustinov's brilliant commentary which covered everything from the strawberries and cream to the actual games.

Peter Ustinov described the traditions of the Wimbledon championship tennis matches. After commenting on several persons including Nastase and Bjorn Borg, he pointed out that the more demonstrative, are usually changing the atmosphere.

The Baroque Strings Ensemble, acclaimed by critics from the international music scene all over Europe, now give two concerts in Bombay, at the Patkar Auditorium on August 5 and 6, presented by the Time and Talents Club Arts Committee.

The artistes will be soloists Alexandre Magnin — flute, and Frank Gassmann — violin. Alexandre Magnin (41) won the first prize of Virtuosity of the Geneva Conservatory in 1956. He has performed in India in 1972 too.

Frank Gassmann (38), also winner of the first prize, is the leader of this ensemble, and its concert master.

calcutta

Shahnaz Husain gave a series of lectures in Calcutta in which she criticised the outlook of Indian women towards beauty and personal grooming. She has now left for the U. S. to represent Asia in the World Congress on Beauty Therapy.

Nrityam staged a folk dance-drama "Chandrabati" at the Birla Academy auditorium. The staging was refreshingly original. The script by Sunanda Mukherjee presented a poignant theme enriched by the arresting tunes of Aparna Chatterjee and the senchoreography of Purnima Chatterjee.

madras

The Altrusa Club of Madras met at the Hotel Atlantic when the office bearers of the current year were installed. Mrs. Tara Cherian, Chairman, State Social Welfare Board, Tamil Nadu, was the chief guest. Dr. Sarasa Bharathi was installed as the President.

kerala

Sukumari Narendra Menon was awarded the "Nadasree" by the Thirurenkata Chalapathy temple Committee of Guruvayoor recently. She presented a programme 'Megh-Malhar' for the Rotary Club of Palghat. It included verses from the Vedas, Ramayan, Megh Sandesh of Kalidasa, Thyagaraja, and other North Indian Ragas dedicated to the rain, like Megh Malhar, immortalised by Tansen. Her songs were accompanied by a commentary in English.

A children's traffic park established by the Calicut East Rotary Club in the city was formally declared open by the Chief Justice of the Kerala High Court, Mr. V. P. Gopal Nambiar. The Park has been established in an 80 cent plot given by the Calicut Municipal Corporation. A Children's Library has already been established at the site and a mini-theatre is planned to be built there. The total cost of the entire

project is estimated at Rs. 5 lakhs. The Chief Justice said that the Rotary Club deserved special congratulations for its interest in training children in traffic rules and regulations.

The Kerala State Branch of the Indian Red Cross Society has donated 200 dhoties, 20 blankets and 100 mats for distribution to poor gastro enteritis patients in the Vizhinjam, Pulluvila and Pooval coastal areas in Trivandrum district. These gifts, including the 100 dhoties donated by the Kerala Handloom Weavers' Co-operative were handed over by Mr. K. C. Pillai, vice-chairman of the State Red Cross to the Medical Officer, Dr. S. Vijayakumar.

bangalore

A young German girl, Agnes Stache, daughter of Mrs. and Dr. Stache, director of Max Muller Bhavan, had her Bharata Natya Ranga Pravesham at the Bal Bhavan theatre, Bangalore.

Agnes acquitted herself creditably, doing justice to the training given by her gurus U. S. Krishna Rao and Chandrabhagya Devi.

mangalore

The Giants Group of Mangalore held a contest to select "Miss and Master Intellectual Giants 1977". An essay competition on the theme of school education, a general knowledge and IQ test and a viva-voce test were held.

Ebenezer Vivek was Master Intellectual Giant 1977 and Cynthia Menezes, Miss Intellectual Giant 1977.

raipur

Speaking as the chief guest at the Installation Ceremony of the Rotary Club of Raipur, Mr. C. S. Dharmadhikari, a Judge of the Nagpur and Maharashtra High Courts, commented on the fact that the Rotary Club had kept its membership closed for women.

He said that in India woman has a high status. She has been made Prime Minister, Chief Minister and Governor, and can acquire any office in the political and social fields. Shouldn't the Indian Rotarians ask themselves, where is the need for a forum which does not add status to Indian women?

Mr. S. C. Jain was installed as President of the Rotary Club, Raipur.

world of eve



MADHULIKA JHA

Madhulika Jha, a Naval Officer's wife, has been painting since the age of ten.

Her first attempt at painting was with crushed brick powder on a mud wall. She has come a long way since then with a number of exhibitions at Cochin in 1974, Wellington in 1975 and Bombay this year.

Madhu completed her graduation from Lucknow. She also did a course at the J. J. School of Arts.

Madhu's is an impressionist style and her favourite colours are ochre, turquoise, brown and scarlet. Her paintings done in oils reflect her bright, vivacious personality. Her speciality however, is painting on tiles. She has tried her hand at abstract painting too.

Madhu has attempted fabric paintings, Batik and sculpture. Adept at embroidery, Madhu likes classical music also. Her other hobbies are reading and photography.

LEELA DEVI R. PRASAD



Leeladevi Prasad of Bangalore entered the field of social service in her teens,

and was a Municipal Councillor at 22. A member of the State Social Welfare Advisory Board, Mrs. Prasad was also a member of the Central Social Welfare Board, New Delhi. She started Mahila Mandals in many areas of Karnataka, and nursery schools in each division of Bangalore City. She is the founder-president of the Bhavaneswari Mahila Samaja, which helps destitutes and women in distress.

Mrs. Prasad is the president of the Akhila Karnataka Ex-servicemen's Association, which aims at improving the ex-jawan's life through housing sites, health camps, first-aid classes and civil defence work. A recipient of State and Central awards for savings, Mrs. Prasad's book in Kannada, "Women and savings," won a prize in a literary competition organised by the Kannada Sahitya Parishad in 1975.

She was the AIWC representative at the 24th Triennial Congress of International Alliance of Women in New York. Mrs. Prasad has been a Director of the Karnataka Handicrafts Development Corporation.

madam im adam

You know, pet, it's a funny thing. There was this guy Desmond — free, white, twenty-one and a real nice guy. Luxuriating in a boundless pasture with not a fence in sight. When suddenly, without even a cry of warning, the dope leaps into the quicksands of matrimony. He gets himself hitched to a muscular jane named Matilda.

I admit the sap, hadn't the faintest idea that he was putting his head into a gas-oven. In fact, for the first couple of years, everything was like cherries-and-cream. Desmond used to call Matilda his "Sweetie Lambie Pie" and Matilda would flutter her eyes and address him as her "Tweety Poo."

And then, sure enough, the vanilla began to rub off.

Sweetie Lambie Pie turned out to be a woman who recoiled at the very thought of housework. In fact, on the single occasion when she tried to iron Tweety Poo's dress shirt, she reduced it to ten square inches of smouldering cloth. Apart from her indifferent housekeeping, Sweetie Lambie Pie spent money like a drunken sailor and displayed fits of temper that would have made Nero break his fiddle . . . over her head.

But Tweety Pooe was no weak-kneed pushover. When a spat was in the offing, he waded in with both guns blazing.

At the end of the second year, the endearing pet names were brushed into the ashcan. Des-

mond and Matilda began calling each other "dear." Their relationship deteriorated into a lukewarm affair while conjugal felicity dwindled with the dawn of each new day.

In the middle of the third year, Matilda had a baby and the world applauded — including Desmond. It was expected that the arrival of the newcomer would have his parents kissing and cooing over his crib. But it didn't work out that way.

Matilda went absolutely ga-ga and devoted every minute to safety pins, bottles, rubbers and diapers. Desmond was treated like last week's fish.

By the fourth year, Desmond was just about ready to blow his mains. If Matilda bothered to speak to him at all, her voice had that boss-lady ring in it that made him want to smash chairs. And yet, when she spoke to the baby, she went "My little itsy-bitsy pumpkin, mama loves you."

So Desmond did what any self-respecting guy would have done. He went out and got stinko — plastered to the eyeballs, pickled to the gills. The loneliness went away and the whole world smiled.

At least until the morning!

The passing years made life still more rugged. Matilda and Desmond only spoke to each other in the heat of battle. Only they didn't speak, they hollered. The baby of course remained ecstatically happy. Desmond fell back into the category of a cash register and nothing more.

And to crown it all, Matilda appealed to her mother, who

promptly descended upon the household with six trunks, a sewing machine and her pet parrot that prayed.

By now, Desmond clung on to the bottle like a long-lost friend. Wife and mother wedged him into a corner with a doubled-barrelled assault. They joined forces in finding new ways to insult the poor boob. And at this stage of the proceedings, Matilda addressed him as "Hey, you" and he addressed her as "Aw, hell, shut up."

The grand explosion was due any minute now!

The lid blew off with devastating suddenness. In the middle of a screaming row, Desmond caught sight of himself in a mirror. Something inside him cracked like a peanut. He forgot the row, forgot everything. Addressing his quivering reflection in the mirror, he said, "Coward! How much longer are you going to take this? Walk out, you lily-livered sap. Nobody here gives a stinking hoot whether you live or die. Walk out and to hell with the whole lousy lot of them."

And you know what, baby? That's just what he did. He walked out. For keeps.

Me, I'm not saying he did right, but this I know — with a wife like Matilda, yours truly would have done "just exactly likewise."

G'bye now!

Adam



CHAMPION GO-KART DRIVER

Paula Allard is sweet sixteen, with a disarming smile and a killer instinct which has helped her take the 1977 South Australian Ladies Go-Kart Championship.

Last year Paula won both the South Australian and the Victorian Junior titles. Last year Paula also competed in trials at Victoria Park on Hong Kong Island, and her performance in the second division earned her a start in the first division trials.

Paula was given her first go-kart at the age of 12. Four cars and a fractured shoulder blade later she can boast three State titles and a fifth and a third place in two Australian championships.

"It is important not to be scared," Paula said. "You need lots of determination and a killer instinct, so you can take advantage of opportunities during a race."

Split-second decisions are necessary because Paula races at speeds up to 160 km/h (about 100 mph).

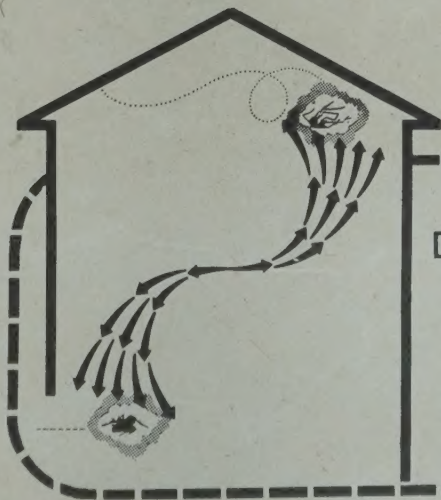
Most of her racing now is done in the open class against all comers. "I enjoy racing against men because they treat you just like another bloke during a race," she said. "Some women won't race with men, but I enjoy it when no one expects anyone else to be careful."

Courtesy: Australian Information Service

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