

JUNE 17 — 23, 1978

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Evie's Weekly

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FISHERWOMEN
OF GOA:
The Struggle
For Existence

COSMETIC
SURGERY:
GOODBYE
TO UGLINESS



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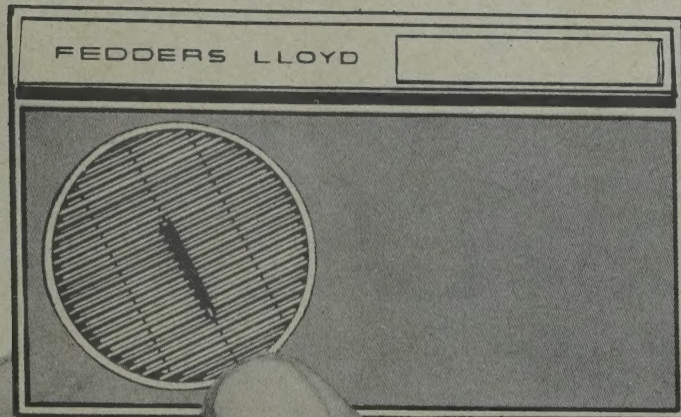
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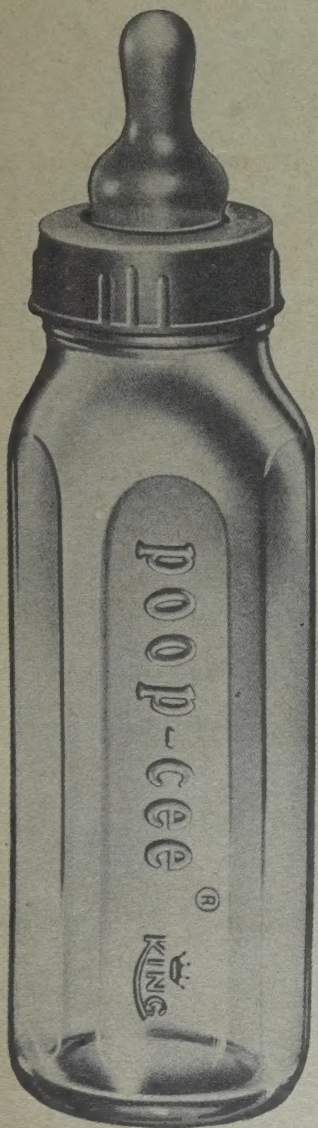
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INNOVATION/BL



RITA KOTHARY

Pretty, talkative and intelligent Rita is a model co-ordinator at one of the leading advertising agencies in Bombay. A graduate from Jai Hind College, she has done a course in Social Communications Media and Interior Decoration.

A girl with varied interests, she loves reading and painting. Her interest in cooking developed only three years ago and she has already won two first prizes at the World Vegetarian Congress cooking contest held in Bombay.

Expressing her views on the young people of today, she remarked, "Each individual should be left to himself to do what he thinks is right."

Rita has two ambitions in life — firstly, to be remembered as a nice human being and secondly, to become a famous cook.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

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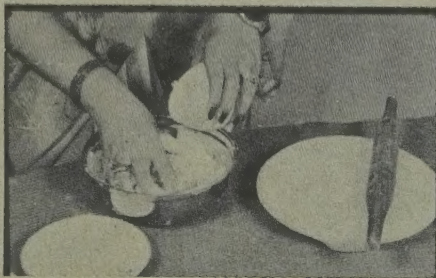
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FISHERWOMEN IN GOA

Ramponcar women are in the forefront of the battle against encroachment by trawlers into the sea space reserved for local fishermen, braving police lathis and imprisonment.

Interviews with a number of fisherwomen, as well as Shashikala Kakodkar, Chief Minister of Goa, reveal their divergent attitudes to the controversy.

Page 8.



MAKING A SPANISH PANCAKE — STEP BY STEP

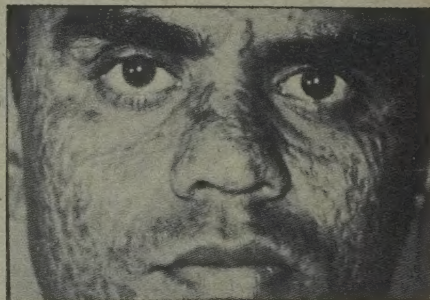
Do your pancakes turn out to be as good as you would like them to be? We teach you the art of making them successfully in four easy steps.

Page 17.

COSMETIC SURGERY

Disfiguring diseases and accidents were lifelong tragedies to many, but today, thanks to cosmetic surgery, the victims can regain their original looks and live a happy, normal life.

Page 40.



SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES

STD is the current euphemism for the age-old and timeless "social" diseases better known as VD or venereal diseases. There is cause for considerable alarm in the fact that in India STD is Public Enemy No. 3, ranking third after Malaria and Tuberculosis. What's more, Bombay has the dubious honour of being among the first ten STD-hit cities in the world. It is time we looked this problem in the face and took serious action on it instead of indulging in self-righteous and self-defeating attitudes about Indian morality.

Page 33.

ALSO

A taste of our daily poison: To add to the usual adulteration, comes problem of pollution of food by pesticides — Page 11, Human Interest Story: She paints sarees for her living despite the loss of her limbs — Page 13, Profile: Tara Moolgavkar, dedicated chairman of AFWA — Page 15, Film interview: Sarika fights to find her own distinctive place in the film world — Page 21, Walk in the Shadows: Part III of the six-part serialisation of a brand new Mills and Boon novel — Page 22.

REGULAR FEATURES

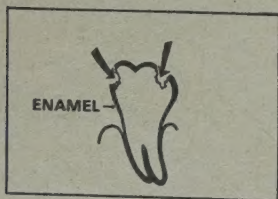
Your Page/7, Children's Page/16, Beauty/19, Comics/20, Fashion/24, Cookery/29, Short Story/38, Madam I'm Adam/43, People & Events/44, World of Eve/45, Horoscope/46.

Now you can save his teeth
from painful cavities

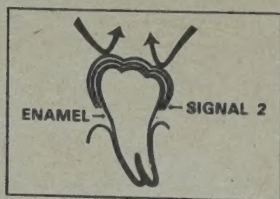
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A toothache isn't just painful, it's a sign of tooth decay. Ignore it, and the decay goes deeper, leading to painful cavities.



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Signal 2 has the most effective fluoride formula to stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.

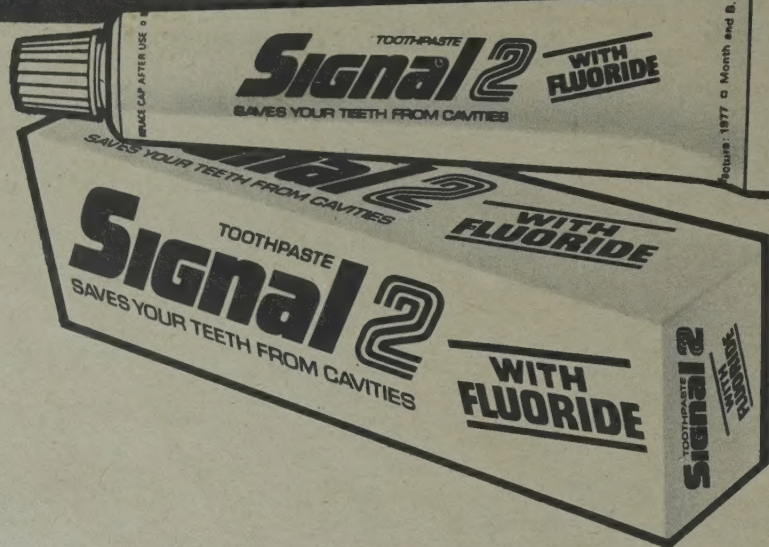
The cavity-fighter

Now, before it's too late, start your family on the toothpaste that is proven to fight tooth decay—Signal 2. Its special fluoride formula unites with the teeth to make them harder, more resistant to harmful mouth acids—and helps prevent cavities. No other toothpaste is better at fighting tooth decay.

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cavity-fighter



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THE BREAK

Marriage brings a sudden break in one's life—whether it is for the better or for the worse is immaterial.

I was married a few months back and have now settled down with my husband in this town, away from my parents. Both of us get along surprisingly well and are satisfied with each other. That is, we are as some would say, "happily married". I have no complaints against him. And yet, I just cannot get reconciled to the fact that my parents and my sisters — with whom I spent those glorious years of childhood and adolescence — are a matter of the past. I am repeatedly told it's all in the past because now, since I'm married and have started a family of my own, that oneness with parents and sisters can never come back. Some may say, "Well, of course!" But for me there's nothing so "of course-y" about it. Perhaps I want to have my cake and eat it, too. Whatever it is, the break is simply heart-breaking.

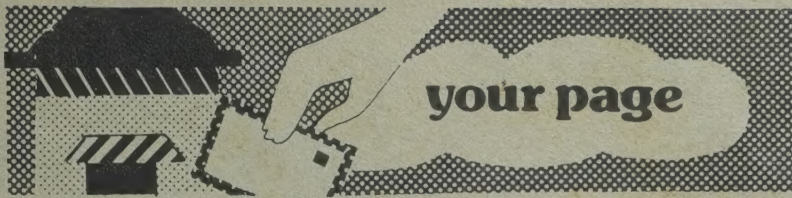
Rekha Gupta, Allahabad

On the face of it, it seems strange that in the first few months of a happy marriage, you should miss your family so much. But then, it's not so strange, really. No matter how congenial the "new home" it cannot bear comparison with flesh-and-blood ties. However, once your child is born, you will think less and less of your past and youth. Only when your children are fully grown will you once again miss your mother and love her all the more.



THE PAIN AND THE SHAME

Mahatma Gandhi called them Harijans, and thereby tried to elevate them. But we are very clever people — we saw through the gimmick and called the bluff. So untouchability has not loosened its grip on us despite the crocodile tears shed by our politicians. A man who has no hesitation



in fondling his pet dog or cat or cow flinches at the very idea of touching a low caste fellow human being? So, in the holy land of Ganga and Jamuna, animals enjoy a better social standing than many of our countrymen!

When our hands are so dirty, what right have we to point an accusing finger at 'apartheid' in South Africa, segregation in America or racial discrimination in the UK? When it comes to brass tacks, does it really matter if something bad and cruel is the policy of a Government or the custom of certain people? Will the enormity of our crime against mankind seep through our thick skins only if unsavoury publicity for untouchability is blared from international platforms as is the case with 'apartheid' and racial discrimination? Even this will fail, for we are cunning enough to sidetrack the issue by getting angry with our critics for meddling with our sovereign right to condemn our own people!

C. Raghunathan, Madras

Yes, we are ever ready to rush into criticism of other countries and the 'atrocities' they perpetrate, coolly forgetting our own heinous crimes. Until we can clean up our own house, we have no business to point out the dirt in others'.



EQUALLY GUILTY

A recent item in a leading daily made me feel good that in the small town of Gorakhpur there are still some courageous people. They hung up the effigy of a leading advocate on a lamp-post with placards that called him 'Dog of Dowry' and 'Worm of Dowry'. The words may not be accurate enough to signify what the people mean but they certainly express their anger at the advocate who broke off his son's engagement to one girl merely because another girl's father offered him a bigger dowry.

I only wish the people had also exposed the name of the man who made the offer. At least he should be put to shame for what he did. Besides, there must

be richer people who can offer even more than he did. Where, then, is the limit to this social evil? If there are people ready to give big dowries why shouldn't there be ones like the greedy advocate? Personally, I think it is time people stopped not only demanding dowries but also giving them.

Three cheers for the people of Gorakhpur! May their tribe increase.

Kamla Spolia, Chandigarh

Are the rich justified in saying they give dowries because they can afford to? It's just like a rich couple saying they have five children because they can afford to provide for them. No social evil can be eliminated with such callous thinking. Whether it's family planning or the dowry, every citizen is responsible — rich or poor.

WISHING WELL

What if wishes were servants...!

How I wish I could get a domestic help who will be 'a real help' in need. One who would handle the glass with care, remember to close the tap, switch off the fans and lights, who does not expect me to remind her of her daily chores — daily! And one who gets involved in the work she does at least for the sake of the free movies she gets from my T.V. set.

Alas! where do we find "involvement in work", especially in our country? Be it domestic, official, professional and even in essential services like the medical field.

Really we are passing through the most difficult period of transition — from a well-knit joint family to a lonely, nuclear family totally dependent on the unpredictable servants. When will the Indian career woman get some real assistance, either from husbands or from real good caretakers, as they do in some countries?

Padma Shetty, Madras

This wholesale dependence on servants will have to go. We are all thoroughly spoilt by our servants, but we do not appreciate them enough nor do we treat them well. Sure, there are bad, lazy servants — but aren't there bad, lazy workers in almost any firm or enterprise or institution you can think of?

LEND ME YOUR BRAIN

The achievements of Dr. Robert White, neurosurgeon at Cleveland Metropolitan General Hospital, in isolating a monkey's brain and keeping it alive outside its own body, and transferring the living heads of monkeys on to other monkeys' functioning but headless bodies, are at once wonderful and frightening. Perhaps, in the distant future, it will be possible to regenerate the millions of severed nerve ends and enable the transplanted head to control the host body, and brain transplants will be a common occurrence. Who knows the futuristic dumb beauty could perhaps have a brain transplant and a plain Jane could have a beautiful head fitted on to her shoulders — provided there are donors, of course!

Shyamala Kallianpur, Secunderabad

Nothing about scientific advances should surprise anyone, anymore. We'll have to see, of course, what they'll do with a plain Jane who is also dumb!

READER'S VOICE

Ranjana Jhaveri, the Manipuri dancer, says in the article on Ballet (May 20): "Not all girls would be willing to throw up a leg or to be lifted by a male partner . . . we are not mentally prepared to assume such positions on a stage!" I do not think this is a valid statement. Throwing up your legs in a ballet performance is a far cry from throwing up your legs as part of a can-can troupe or in a night-club act. Despite the usually tiny dresses worn by ballerinas and even the handling of their bodies by male co-dancers, nothing in ballet even suggests vulgarity — it seems to me to be a very pure, very aesthetic, almost sexless sort of dance form. If anything, our own dances — even the classical ones — are more suggestive, seductive and even provocative. (M. Srinivasan, Madras)

The True Confession of May 20, was in the manner of all your True Confessions, sickening. The heroine is one of those typically vain women who actually revel in the thought that their acceptance or rejection of their lovers can drive the latter to their death. Indulging in all that so-called remorse and guilt is just an ego-booster for such women. While such women do exist in real life, I don't see the purpose of their being the central figures in Confession after Confession. (Jayanthi Parekh Bombay)

THE FISHERWOMEN OF GOA:

AGITATING FOR THEIR RIGHTS

Rajan Narayan

The concepts of women's liberation may not have caught up with the majority of women in this country, but women belonging to the fishing community have by instinct and in practice always been liberated. They are among the most hard-working women in the country. They have always participated fully in the economic life of their community and this factor has probably contributed the most to their liberation. The fisherwoman is no domestic drudge. She enjoys equal status with her husband. The sea is a very harsh provider and unless everyone in the family, women and children included, lends a helping hand, the home fires cannot be kept burning.

No wonder, then, the fisherwomen of Goa are at the forefront of the fishermen's agitation against the invasion by the

trawlers and mechanised craft. Over four hundred trawlers have been licensed in Goa. In violation of the law forbidding trawlers to operate within the five fathoms limit, they have been encroaching systematically on the preserves of the traditional fishermen. As a consequence, Goa's 80,000 strong fishing community is facing virtual extinction. For the last three years, the community has been agitating for the enforcement of the five fathoms limit. The agitation has got considerably intensified in the last three months.

All through the agitation the fisherwomen have been fighting alongside their menfolk. The fisherwomen have been engaged in a chain hunger strike for almost four weeks now. They have also participated in processions and morchas.

On April 10, the fisherwomen



The fisherwomen of Goa face two hard choices — a long and bitter battle for survival or extinction.



blocked the road on which the Chief Minister's residence lies. More than two hundred fisherwomen were arrested and taken to jail.

Francisca Fernandes, one of them, complained bitterly of the conditions in the jail. She said that the women were man-handled. A hundred and fifty of them were kept in a very small, crowded cell. They had to sleep on the bare floor and were treated on par with criminals and murderers. They were served with inedible food and watery tea out of old tin cans. They were further intimidated by the police and warned that they would be kept in jail for an indefinite period of time unless they withdrew from the agita-

Pretty lasses, no doubt, but tough fighters, too, when their livelihood is threatened.

tion. Many batches of women have courted arrest and have been kept in jail for periods ranging from three days to a week.

But all this has not dampened the spirit of the brave fisherwomen. Said Catharine, "It is a life and death battle for us. Consequent on the trawlers invading our territory, we do not get any fish at all. There were times in the old days, before the trawlers came, when I could make Rs. 25 to Rs. 30 a day during the season from selling fish. Now I can barely make three or four rupees. Our earnings are now less than Rs. 1000 a year, as against Rs. 7000 to Rs. 8000 before."

Another woman in the crowd intervened and said bitterly that many of them had to stop sending their children to school because they could not afford to do so any longer. She herself had sold or pledged many of her gold ornaments. "We manage to keep the home fires burning only by borrowing heavily at 18 per cent interest per month from the local landlords. What is going to happen to us?"

I asked them if they did not have confidence that the Chief Minister would solve their problems. After all, she is a woman too, I pointed out. "She is no better than a man," many of the women said in chorus.

Would they like Indira Gandhi to come along and lead their agitation? "What can she do for us?" one of them exclaimed. "She is only a politician. One politician is no different from another. We do not want anyone to exploit us. This is not a tamasha. For us, it is a question of our very livelihood."

Your agitation does not seem to be getting you anywhere. What if the Chief Minister does not yield to your demands? Are you not afraid of violence? "We are even prepared to die rather than give up our fight. We have no choice in the matter. How do you expect us to live? Even if our men-folk want to withdraw the agitation, we will not allow them to. We have only remained peaceful and non-violent because the priests are leading the agitation and they advise us not to get violent. But they cannot hold us for long. It is already three years now since the agitation has started. We are now prepared for drastic methods and desperate solutions. If the government will not do anything about the trawlers, we will catch hold of the trawlers and burn them."

I asked the Chief Minister about the problem. "All these fisherwomen are big cheats," she said. "The prices of fish in the market are very high because the fisherwomen charge exorbitant prices. Go and look at all the gold ornaments they have. Where do they get the

***In the battle for fish,
Goa's fisherwomen
are in the forefront,
braving lathis and
imprisonment. To
them the ban on
trawlers fishing within
five fathoms of the
shore is the only
guarantee of survival***

money from? In fact," the Chief Minister added, "at the time of demonetisation, there were scores of fisherwomen waiting to exchange 1000 rupee notes." The Chief Minister said that the fisherwomen were among the most hated communities in Goa because they indulged in so much cheating. "They go to the trawler-men and work for them and then they come along and agitate against them. Is this the right thing to do?" she asked.

I went back to the fisherwomen and told them what the Chief Minister said. One of them asked me to come and visit her house. "Where are all the jewels I am supposed to have? Look at the condition of my hut. Soon the monsoons will be here and we do not have enough money to

repair the house. Yesterday, I could get only three rupees by selling fish in the market. Is that enough to support my family of five children? Of course we go to the trawler-men and offer to buy their fish. The alternative is to starve. The prices of fish are going up not because we are making money, but because there is no fish available any longer. The trawler-men are not interested in the poor man's fish. They are only interested in shrimps, for export." And so it went on and on. I did not see many fisherwomen wearing jewellery. I saw receipts for ornaments pledged to the moneylenders. Many of the children in the fishing villages had a starved and pinched look about them.

The fisherwomen of Goa are extremely militant. They are determined to carry on the fight to the finish. They are not deceived by the offers of trawlers for all of them. "How can we afford trawlers? How many people will get employment? The trawler can employ only five people, whereas the rampon employs 150 people. They will give trawlers to some of the rich fishermen and to the leaders. What will the rest of us do?"

Unlike the popular cliché-ridden concept of fisherwomen as a quarrelsome, cunning bunch, the reality is that they are sincere and hard-working. They work very hard for their living. While the men go out to sea and bring in the fish, it is the fisherwomen who process the fish and market them. Surely they deserve a better deal, particularly when the Chief Minister of the state is herself a woman.

It is to be hoped that the government of Goa will likewise not merely dismiss the problems of the fisherfolk as the prattlings of fish-wives, but will examine their problem sympathetically.



ABOVE: Mrs. Shashikala Kakodkar, Chief Minister of Goa, finds no reason to shed tears over the ramponcars' present plight.

BELOW: Fisherwomen gather in strength for their dharna in front of the Chief Minister's residence.



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A TASTE OF OUR DAILY POISON

S. K. Pande

To add to the problem of food adulteration, comes the problem of pollution of food by pesticides

of 13 years, showed that 75 per cent of the samples were adulterated. It is reported to have carefully examined over 12,000 samples.

An urban consumer society reported 4087 cases of food poi-

soning there. This is without doubt the position in most villages.

The blame for the present state of affairs lies not only with private bodies. It has been seen over the years that even official organisations, like the Food Cor-

poration can be seen from the much publicised example from Bengal in the early seventies. It was then officially admitted that about 275 men, women and children developed paralysis of the lower limbs after consuming mustard oil adulterated with a colourless toxic liquid used in the plastic industry.

With each year newer and more deceptive methods of food adulteration are invented and unleashed on the unsuspecting consumer. For instance, third rate, colourless chillies, available at throw-away prices in Andhra Pradesh, find their way to some of the cheaper markets in Calcutta. At select places they are soaked in soluble coal tar dyes for a deeper hue. They are then ready for resale.

Argenone, which is popularly known as yellow poppy, is added to mustard seeds. This is known to have caused epidemic dropsy.

Most yellow substances are adulterated either by the addition of kesari dal or by polishing with metanil yellow, a very cheap, soluble colouring substance that makes dals deceptively brighter and fresh-looking. It is also suspected to be a cause of cancer and other illnesses.

In India, the work relating to standardisation of food products is carried on at the Indian Standards Institute, Delhi. It is reported to've issued almost 300 standards on a variety of products. To meet specified requirements, standardisation work is also carried out by some other bodies like the Central Committee for Food Standards and the Central Fruit Products Advisory Committee.

The question is where is all this work getting us. As far as the consumer is concerned there has been no improvement.

As far as legislation goes, the first scheme of quality control came as early as 1937, then commonly known as "AGMARK." The act was amended in 1943. The Central Prevention of Food Adulteration Act came into force in 1955, with stricter penalties introduced in 1976.

Despite all these measures, the menace of food adulteration continues. Not that prosecutions have not been launched. From 1960-'70s, we have had, on an average, 4,000 cases annually resulting in imprisonment. Implementation of the Act, however, has not been very effective — to say the least — as is clear from reports of increasing cases of adulteration.

What is needed is strong consumer-consciousness, backed by a powerful consumer movement.

In the past year there could well have been over 5000 cases of food poisoning in the country, of which around 700 must have been fatal. And not all of them are due to deliberate mischief by food adulterators, although these criminals continue to flourish. What is also on the increase is the pollution of the food we eat, and even the milk our children drink, as a result of the wide-scale use of pesticides.

A recent study by the prestigious Institute of Science, Bombay, cautions that together with our vegetables and even with our morning milk, we may be unwittingly consuming fairly sizeable amounts of pesticides like DDT, Landane, Dieldrin and Endrine.

According to the study, 63 of the 137 commonly used vegetables contained varying levels of residues of organochlorine pesticides. Potatoes and French beans showed an incidence of residual pesticides of over 70 per cent, and carrots over 50 per cent.

The World Health Organisation and the Food and Agricultural Organisation have clearly specified what the human tolerance limits (HTL) should be. But, as the study revealed, 42 of the 63 polluted samples were above the recommended tolerance limit.

This is not all. Even rice and wheat were found to be polluted by pesticidal remnants.

Milk from both government booths and private parties was found to be polluted. Out of 21 samples, ten were found to be contaminated to the tune of over 47 per cent by DDT residues, as far as milk from Government booths went. In the case of milk supplied by private parties, Dieldrin was detected.

In Delhi, too, DDT was found in mustard, sesame and coconut oils. A Punjab Agricultural University entomologist is of the view that the level of DDT in the human fat of people from the Delhi region could well be the highest in the world.

At the same time, deliberate adulteration of food-stuffs is also increasing every year. Over the years this has become an organised industry.

Two years ago it was widely publicised that the authorities had a sophisticated machine which could chop wood into any size to produce various "dals" to be mixed with the real stuff. A colleague was even told of a factory in a corner of West Bengal which produces a variety of stones cut in various shapes to be freely mixed with cereals.

A sample study by the Industrial Toxicology Research Centre, Lucknow, covering a period

of 13 years, showed that 75 per cent of the samples were adulterated. It is reported to have carefully examined over 12,000 samples.

When this correspondent went to a village in the interior of the Kumaon Hills, he found that not only were many essential commodities often not available but, as far as oils and vegetables were concerned, it was only the worst variety that could be found

there. This is without doubt the position in most villages.

It is true that actions — such as even imprisonment — have been taken from time to time against adulterators. But some States are definitely more active than others in this matter, though the problem is quite widespread nationally, and even they are not strict enough. Adulterators are often the cause of the deaths of hundreds of people. They should be treated as the murderers they are.

How serious the problem is

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soning in one year, of which 683 were said to have proved fatal. This was in the early seventies. The havoc caused by such spurious foods in the villages, where the people are under-nourished and more prone to "mysterious diseases," remains to be studied.

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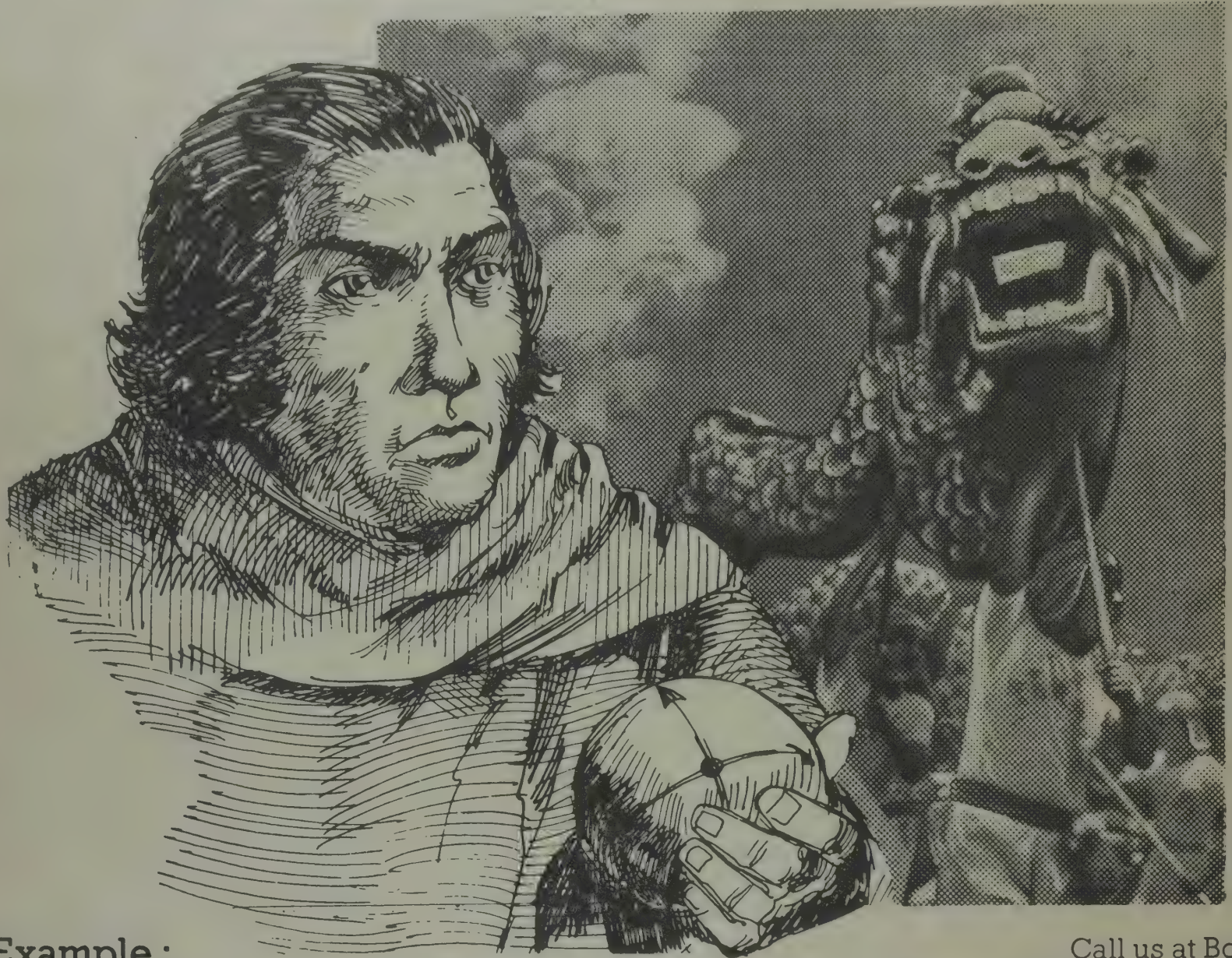
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How serious the problem is

Marco Polo? Decidedly.

(He found Singapore by mistake)

But did you know that KLM has been flying to Singapore for the last 45 years?



Example :

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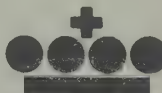
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human interest story



Shakuntala Mishra smiled at the disbelief in the voices of her visitors. "But did you paint all these yourself?" they repeated. And when she nodded assent the disbelief turned into admiration. They placed an order for three painted sarees.

The visitors were justified in their surprise. For Shakuntala is disabled. A cruel and severe attack of rheumatoid arthritis has robbed her of the use of her hands and legs. Her wrists and elbows as well as knees are locked in an uncomfortably curled position, making her dependent on a helper for even simple acts like driving a mosquito away from her face or sitting up on the bed. And yet Shakuntala has managed to be an independent person earning by painting sarees for her clients. She refuses to live off her sisters and brothers who have often pleaded with her to stay with them. She performs this "feat" of painting by holding the brush between her thumb and the rest of her hand and using her shoulder for movements. She often works eight to nine hours at a stretch to complete her orders. For Shakuntala is one of those to whom courage is an everyday thing, giving her a basis for living through the travails of life and the many problems it poses, specially to a disabled person.

Not so many years ago Shakuntala was a strapping and strong schoolgirl, rather on the thinner side, yet full of energy and zest for life. Her favourite games were kabbadi and badminton. It was she who led her sisters and their friends in the self-invented game of "Tarzan", in which the girls, much to the despair of their elders, climbed trees to swing from the boughs to the rooftops.

In school, Shakuntala won prizes in athletics and in slow cycling. She led her class as the captain in the inter-school sports and was the monitor of her class almost continuously throughout high school. Life was happy then with studies and sports taking most of her time. Her father who was then the registrar of the Nagpur University was specially proud of his tall, dark-haired daughter.

The first signs of trouble appeared when Shakuntala was in the tenth class. The school sports were on and Shakuntala was deeply involved in them. She was scheduled to play matches in badminton, tenniquoit and throwball. Suddenly her left wrist became swollen and stiff but she dismissed this as a sprain. The sprain continued to give trouble — an X-ray revealed slight dislocation. Treatment followed and the wrist was set in plaster. The pain persisted and when the plaster was removed, Shakuntala discovered to her dismay that the wrist had become somewhat crooked. There had been some wrong setting done, she thought, not knowing that worse was yet to come. It was only when a few months later, after a debilitating attack of bacillary dysentery which was followed by pain and swelling in all joints of her limbs, that the doctor could diagnose the cause of it all — it was rheumatoid arthritis!

The routine of pills, tablets, injections and massage began in a bid to arrest the disease. A lot of time was taken up by the treatment as a result of which Shakuntala's studies suffered. No effort was spared to

TRIUMPH OVER PAIN

As told to SATHYA SARAN

Robbed of the use of her hands and legs, she retains her independence and earns her living by painting sarees for her clients, impossible as it may sound



treat the aches and pains that had become a constant source of worry. Ayurveda, Homeopathy, Unani medicines as well as allopathic drugs were used but with little success.

In spite of all this Shakuntala passed out of school and joined college. Through the four years of college she continued to win prizes in sports as well as studies and was outwardly a normal girl. The bouts of fever and unbearable pain continued and in the last three months of her final year she was confined to bed. But medicine and treatment won this round too and Shakuntala recovered to pass her finals with excellent marks. She started learning the sitar and also developed a liking for embroidery. But she was unable to participate in sports due to her weak wrist.

In 1953, a dose of a drug especially imported solved all her troubles. She was fit again — free from all pain. Shakuntala felt a deep sense of relief and celebrated it.

But the celebration was short-lived. When the medicine was stopped, the pains returned stronger in intensity than ever before. For eight long months the pain kept her a prisoner, locking her jaws — she could eat only mashed bread; locking her joints — her calves stretched back to touch her thighs. A repeat dose of the drug improved her condition and she could walk again, though slowly and with a limp.

She could now eat only with the help of a long-handled spoon held in her left hand — the right was too stiff to bend. And during the next two — three years, Shakuntala made the irrevocable mistake of helping herself to the drug, whenever she felt the pain.

These were years of gloom, of despair, when even a loudly spoken word hurt like a gaping wound. By 1960 with both her knees locked in the grip of arthritis, Shakuntala realised that she was a permanent prisoner of the dreaded disease. She fell into a depression that worried her family.

The years rolled by. The gloom lifted as Shakuntala realised that it was better to be happily crippled than sad and crippled. She resumed her embroidery. In 1956 or so, when her fingers were still useful, she won an all-India hand-embroidery contest. Working with her stiff wrists and a machine, she won another all-India embroidery contest for her design of a beggar with a bowl.

The prizes did much to revive her spirits. She took up writing for the radio, painting, and developed an interest in numerology and palmistry. Her family had been at Jabalpur since 1956, when her father took up a job as the Pro-Vice-Chancellor. Shakuntala also passed her law examinations and did her M. A. from the university despite her bad condition. She then moved on to new victories — when she left her family and shifted to Nagpur to live an independent life.

Shakuntala, with a nurse-helper to look after her daily needs, and her painting assignments to help her financially, is an independent and cheerful person. She makes friends easily, practises singing in her spare time, and is a frequent visitor at the house of her select friends. Once or twice a year or when some special occasion arises, she travels to her sisters' homes in North India. She hopes to take up teaching and is confident that she will do the job well due to her academic background.

Till such an opportunity comes her way, Shakuntala is quite satisfied living her life the way she wants.

Industrial Times

HIGHLIGHTS OF JUNE 19, 1978



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MANAGEMENT CONSULTANCY : A Much-maligned Profession

A Special Report comprehensively dealing with the current debate, touches upon questions like:
Is the mushrooming growth of Management Consultants a good augury? Has the profession been able to deliver the goods? Management Consultants assess their own contribution to organisational development in the light of the criticisms levelled against them.

Participants in this issue include:

Minoo Masani
F. C. Kohli
Dr. K. K. Anand
Dr. S. K. Parukh
Arvind Gordhandas

GOLD GAINS GLITTER Will It Be Short-lived?

What is the economic justification of the measure, including that of utilisation of our foreign exchange reserves?

What would the long-range ramifications be on the smuggling and prices of the yellow metal?

Will the objective of enhancing exports of gold jewellery be achieved?

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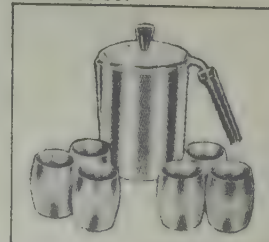
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TARA MOOLGAVKAR

Dedicated President Of AFWWA

Wife of Air Chief Marshal H. C. Moolgavkar, Mrs. Tara Moolgavkar is an interesting and talented person in her own right

Mrs. Tara Moolgavkar, wife of India's Air Chief Marshal and President of the Air Force Wives' Welfare Association comes across as a completely different personality from the one you expect. Her charm and humour set you at ease as soon as you meet her.

Mrs. Moolgavkar had her education all over India, as her father was in the Indian Civil Service. She also studied at the University of London. While there, she learnt drama at the renowned R.A.D.A. and was even awarded the best actress prize for her acting in their play "Separate Tables."

Mrs. Moolgavkar learnt Rabindra Sangeet from Santosh Sen-gupta. With a talent for writing, Mrs. Moolgavkar has written in many British journals. Her other interests, as a student, ranged from flower arrangement to auto-

mobile repairing to learning languages.

Her flair for languages (she can speak eight fluently) is of tremendous help to her in her capacity as President of the Air Force Wives' Welfare Association, the members of which belong to all regions of India.

As its President, how does Mrs. Moolgavkar look upon the Air Force Wives' Welfare Association? The wife of an Air Force man may seem to be merely a cog in a structure as massive as the Indian Air Force. But in fact, she has a very difficult responsibility to fulfil. Belonging to one region and posted to another, having to shift house from time to time, not knowing whether she will have to live next in a small mountain base or an urban centre, she has to adjust her life-

style anew everytime, and create a "home" wherever she may be, for her family. Though total strangers to one another, these women are bound together by a common purpose — the same bond of unity and patriotism which binds Mrs. Moolgavkar to them.

Mrs. Moolgavkar's involvement in this Association is evident from the way she speaks about it. The AFWWA helps its members both in educational and medical care. However, its major responsibility is the rehabilitation of the bereaved families of Air Force pilots. Young widows are given vocational training; grown-up children are helped with scholarships till they complete their studies and attempts are made to find suitable jobs for them. Wounded pilots are also helped. Mrs. Moolgavkar cited a

recent case of a young officer, paralyzed neck downwards while on duty, who was given an electronically-operated wheelchair to help him in his new job. (Ed. Note: The story of this officer was published by Eve's Weekly in 1977 under the Human Interest Story series.)

Funds present a problem, but by working unitedly and sometimes with the Indian Air Force Benevolent Fund, near-adequate funds are somehow raised.

Despite its own pressing needs, the Association also helps others in need. Recently, when six blind children passed their examinations with first class honours, the Association awarded them a Braille watch each. The Okla Home for the Retarded is another praiseworthy project run by the Association.

When asked whether the government should help the Association, Mrs. Moolgavkar quoted Abraham Lincoln in reply: "Nobody should do for others what they can and should for themselves." Our government has done plenty." Her pride and confidence in her Association and its capacity to stand on its own is a pointer to her dedicated leadership.

Tapati Mookerji

**what's
new?**

Recently introduced by Dynam Plastics, Bombay, is this Tele-Melody, an attractive telephone-receiver stand which plays soft music while you come on the line. Made in plastic, it is sturdy and available in various colours and tunes. Price Rs. 75. At leading stores.



Want to serve a meaty meal every day of the week without a dent in your budget? Here is Meal Maker, a textured and concentrated vegetable protein which tastes and feels like mutton. Made from soya, it is fat-free, wholesome and nourishing. You can add a little mutton and a little Meal Maker to your dish to get twice the quantity. Cooked by itself, it makes delicious vegetarian dishes. Manufactured by Mysore Snackfoods Ltd., Bangalore, it can be had at leading stores in Bombay and Pune. Price Rs. 3.50 (for granules) and Rs. 4.50 (for chunks) excluding taxes, for a 250 gms. carton.



And now a Baby Toilet Seat by Brite to fit on any commode seat... for the use of infants. Made in white plastic it is perked up with a gay floral motif. Adjustable, easily detachable and easy to clean, it eliminates the need for a separate potty for babies. Price Rs. 25. At leading stores.



children's page

Kamal Aurora

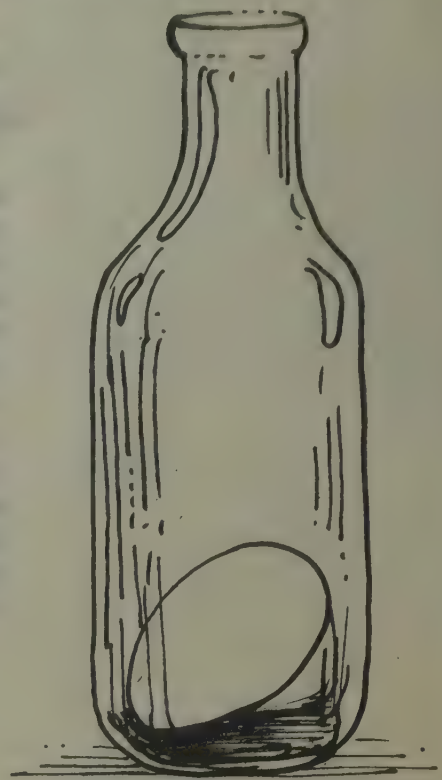
RIDDLE ME REE

- Q. When is an artist dangerous?
A. When he draws a gun.
- Q. What can you never eat for dinner?
A. Breakfast.
- Q. What is it that's made today and yet was used yesterday?
A. A bed.
- Q. Why do airmen never argue?
A. Because if they did, they might "fall out."
- Q. What works when it plays and plays when it works?
A. A fountain.
- Q. Why is your nose in the middle of your face?
A. Because it is the scenter (centre).

PUT AN EGG IN A BOTTLE

It is almost like magic. Can you put an egg with its shell into a narrow necked bottle, without breaking the egg?

This is how you do it. Egg shells are hard because they are made of lime. If an egg is soaked in vinegar for some time, the lime dissolves. Without the lime the egg shell is so soft and supple that it can be easily squeezed through the neck of a narrow mouthed bottle. If the bottle is filled with water, the egg regains its shape and becomes hard again. Try this trick and watch the wonder in your friends' eyes!



FOLK TALES

Once upon a time, there were two friends, a camel and a jackal. One day the jackal discovered a field of melons. "Ah!" he said to himself, "What lovely melons. I can see this is a beautiful place to come for a midnight feast. The farmer is asleep and we can eat and eat. Oh, lovely melons!"

There was only one problem. There was a river that had to be crossed before they could get to the field. Never mind, thought the jackal, the tall camel was there to take them both across. All he had to do was to sit on top of the camel. Wonderful!

That evening he told his friend, the camel, about the melon field he had discovered. "Ooh," said the camel. "How tasty is the very thought. I can taste them already. When do we go?"

"Tonight!" said the jackal. And so the plan was made.

The camel knelt on the ground and the jackal climbed onto his back. Then the tall camel waded into the river.

As soon as they reached on the other side, the jackal rushed off to the melon field. "Wait for me," said the camel. But the jackal did not wait. "I'm hungry," he shout-

ed and began to eat the juicy melons.

Soon the camel joined him and began to eat. The jackal soon had his fill. But the camel was much bigger than the jackal and he was

THE CAMEL AND THE JACKAL



still very hungry. "Please wait till I finish eating," he said.

But the jackal did not want to wait. So he thought of a plan. "Look", he said, "I always howl after eating a good meal. So, I am now going to howl." And then he began to howl very loudly.

The farmer heard the sound. He got up from his sleep, and, picking up a long stick, he ran into the fields.

The jackal saw the farmer and

began to run. The poor camel was eating and so did not see the farmer.

"Got you!" cried the farmer and he began to beat the camel. The camel ran towards the river. Soon the farmer got tired of chasing him. "So, you've come," said the jackal who was waiting for the camel to come and carry him across.

As the camel lifted the jackal, he told the jackal, "I was beaten tonight. And all because you would not stop howling."

"Too bad," said the jackal. "I can't give up my habit just for you."

"Is that so?" asked the camel. "Well, listen to this. I too have a habit. I like to roll on my back after a good meal — and I'm just about to do so."

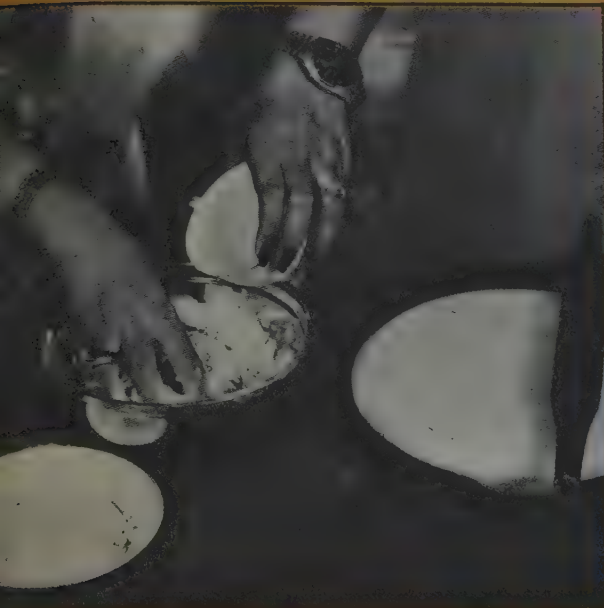
"No, no. Please don't do that," pleaded the jackal. "I'll die. I don't know how to swim. Please, friend camel. Don't lie on your back in the water."

But the camel rolled over on his back in the water.

The jackal gasped and gulped and almost drowned in the water. But the camel saved him at the last moment. "I wanted to teach you a lesson," he said as he lifted the shivering jackal onto his back. "Next time, don't be so selfish."

SPANISH PANCAKES

DO YOUR PANCAKES REALLY TURN OUT TO BE AS GOOD AS YOU WOULD LIKE THEM TO BE?
SUSHILLA VASWANI SHOWS YOU THE WAY TO SUCCESS IN FOUR EASY STEPS



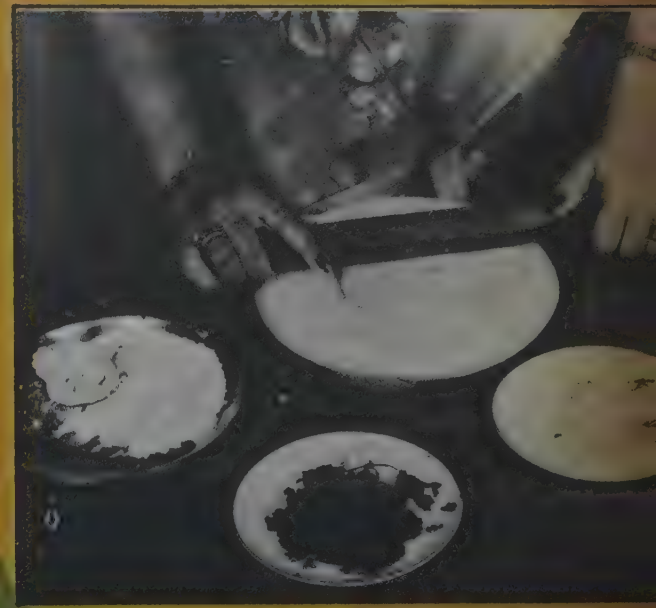
FOR THE DOUGH:

1 cup flour (maida); ½ cup cheese, grated;
2 tbsps. oil; ½ tsp. salt; ice cold water

FOR THE FILLING:

½ kg. mince meat (boiled); ½ cup cheese, gra-
ted; 2 tbsps. Worcestershire sauce; 2 tbsps.
tomato sauce; 1 tbsp. ginger, garlic and green
chilli paste; 1 tsp. cummin seed powder; 3
onions, chopped; ½ cup oil; Salt to taste; (½ kg.
boiled, diced potatoes can be used instead of
mince meat)

Fry the onions till golden brown. Add the
ginger, garlic, green chilli paste, and the
sauces, cheese, cummin powder and salt.
When cheese melts, add mince meat (or
potatoes) and keep frying. Remove from fire
and cool.



1

2



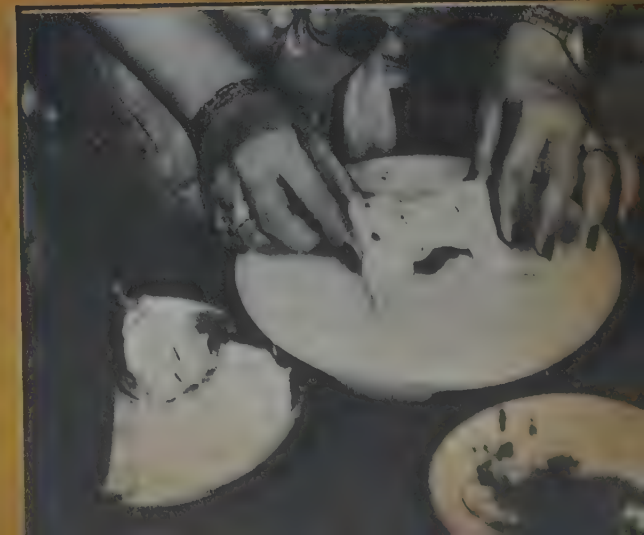
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4



FOR THE DOUGH:

1. Mix flour with cheese, salt and oil and knead into a stiff dough with cold water. Leave the dough in the refrigerator or over ice for ½ an hour and re-knead. Divide into small equal size balls.
2. Dip each ball into dry flour and roll them as for chappatis.
3. Place the mince filling in the centre of each 'chappati'.
4. Fold over lengthwise and then the two corresponding sides of the 'chappati'. Roll over and bind together with flour and water. Deep fry till golden brown.



Photographs: Farokh Reporter



Mrs. Winnie Chung of
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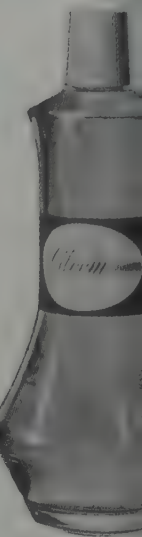
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hair, loose
scales, itchy
scalp



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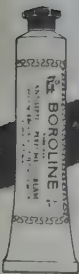
**Does
your Skin
Pose A Problem ?**

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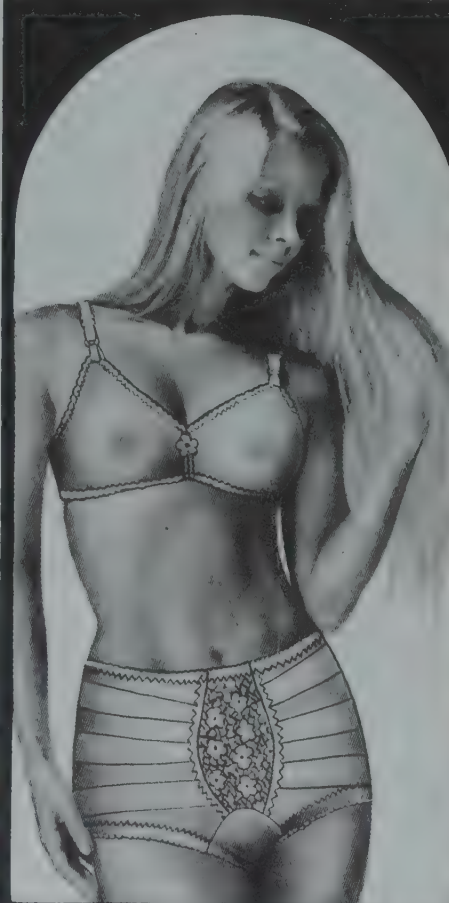
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beauty

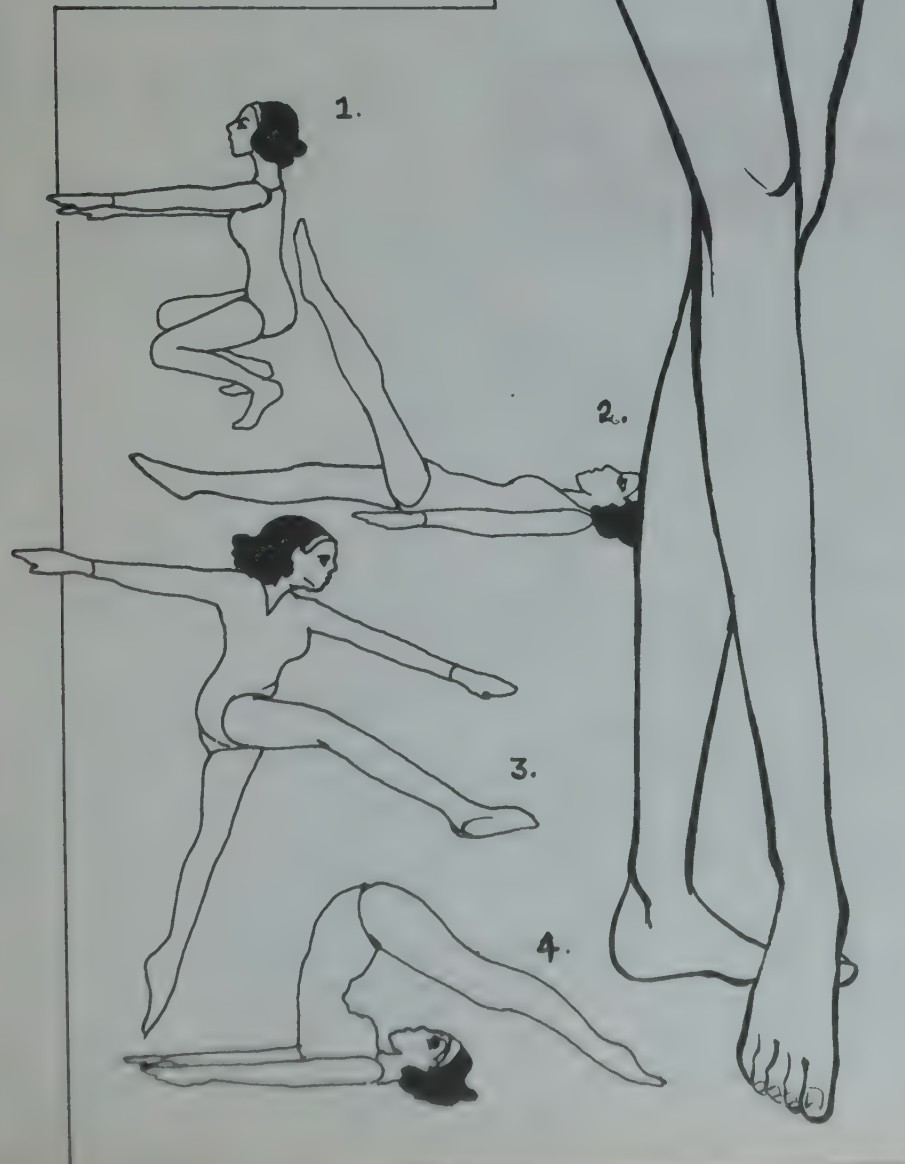
Some overweight girls have heavy legs, some slender; some skinny girls have legs that are well developed and some have spindly ones. By and large this is a hereditary factor.

But can heavy legs be slimmed down and skinny legs rounded out? Of course, the bony structure of the body cannot be altered, but the muscles shape the leg contour and this can be done with the help of exercises.

In this age of shifting skirt lengths, and in summer when you are spending more time at the swimming pool or the beach, your legs are on display therefore their shape is important.

If you are unhappy about the appearance of your legs you should start taking lessons in dancing. Skipping, swimming, cycling and hiking are also helpful; so is walking on the shifting sand on the beach.

SHAPELY LEGS



There's nothing more unattractive than unsightly legs — exercises will shape them

Exercises are best but you have to do them regularly and continue for a couple of months till you see results.

Here are some for you to try — do them for about 15 minutes daily.

1. Stand straight with feet slightly apart, arms in front. Slowly bend knees and lower your body — raising heels from the floor and keeping back straight. Now rise slowly to straighten legs, keeping back straight and staying on your toes.

2. Lie on your back then raise right leg as high as possible keeping knee straight. Point toes upwards and make a large circle with this leg. Repeat with the other leg.

3. Lie on the floor with arms straight out at right angles to the body, legs together. Without lifting your arms or shoulders, swivel hips to swing to the right leg over towards the opposite hand, keeping leg straight. Return to the original position. Now swing left leg to the right in the same manner.

4. Lie on back, arms at sides, legs straight on the floor. Now raise your legs as high as you can, without bending your knees, and try to touch your toes to the floor behind your head.

Ratna Gehani

PUT YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD

Beauty is judged not by one's face only but by being well-groomed from top to toe. We usually neglect certain parts of our body. Feet which bear the entire burden of your body are not given proper attention. Well cared for feet are important for your overall appearance, so follow a weekly routine for them.

More time should be given to your feet at bath time. Use

a stiff brush for cleaning the heels and toes which tend to become dry. Rub a pumice stone on them to remove rough skin and to make them soft and smooth. Wash well, let dry, then dust them with a talc.

A weekly pedicure is a must. A visit to a beauty parlour fortnightly is not that expensive, However one can do it at home.

For this you need a pair of clippers, cuticle cream, cotton-wool, orange-stick, nail-polish remover, nail varnish and a basin of warm, soapy water to which a little disinfectant has been added.

First remove old nail polish using cottonwool and nail polish remover.

Soak your feet in the basin containing water for 5-10 minutes, then dry them with a towel.

Cut nails straight across to prevent ingrowing nails.

Put a blob of cuticle cream or oil on each nail and massage gently. Using the wedge shaped end of an orange-stick gently push back the cuticles. Put a little polish remover on cottonwool wrapped around the orange-stick and gently remove dirt from under the nails.

Massage a hand and body lotion lavishly on the feet. Scrub your nails with a brush, wash and wipe dry.

Place a little cottonwool between the toes of your feet to separate them. Apply a thin coat of polish. When thoroughly dry, use a second coat. Let it dry well.

If your feet hurt make absolutely sure that the shoes you are wearing are the right size, comfortable and give good support. Don't be a slave to fashion and wear shoes that are uncomfortable. Be very cautious when buying footwear as a wrong choice can be harmful. It should be neither too loose nor too tight and should conform to the shape of your feet.

Here are some exercises for your feet.

Keep heels firmly on floor, raise toes and instep and twist them gently but strongly outwards. Do this exercise at any odd moment — wherever you are sitting.

Move toes firmly up and down — 10 times each foot.

If your feet are cold massage them with warm olive oil at bedtime. Rub it well in between your toes.

Abha Oberoi

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



Judge: "I am revoking your driving licence, and you will not be allowed to drive a car for two years. You're a danger to pedestrians."

Motorist: "But, your honour, my living depends on it."

Judge: "Yes, and so does theirs."

It was Mrs. Shiplet's first ocean voyage, and she was deathly ill. Wanting to comfort her as much as he could, the steward told her: "Don't be so downhearted. I've never heard of anyone dying of seasickness."

"Oh, don't tell me that," was her reply, "It's only the hope of dying that has kept me alive so far"

She had insisted on taking along every garment she owned, and they arrived at the station loaded with baggage.

"I wish," said the husband thoughtfully, "that we had brought along your piano."

"Now, don't be sarcastic," came his wife's frigid reply.

"I'm not being sarcastic," he said wistfully. "I left the tickets on it."



A man touring Europe sent back to his son a picture postcard which bore the following message: "Dear Son: On the other side you will see a picture of the rock from which the Spartans threw their defective children. Wish you were here! Dad."

A young lady was going on a sight-seeing tour of Detroit.



Going out Jefferson Avenue, the driver of the bus called out all the places of interest.

"On the right," he announced, "we see the Dodge home." "John Dodge?" the lady asked.

"No, Madam, Horace Dodge."

Continuing on further, he called out: "On the far left corner we have the Ford home."

"Henry?" she suggested.

"No, lady, Edsel."

Still further out on Jefferson: "Oh the near left crossing you will see Christ Church."

"Jesus, or am I wrong again?" the lady sheepishly asked.

Phil: "Where are you going on your vacation?"

Will: "Haven't decided yet. I want to take a trip around

the world, but my wife wants to go some place else."

One summer evening when Thomas A. Edison returned home from his work, his wife said, "You've worked too long without a rest. You must take a vacation."

"But where will I go?" he asked.

"Decide where you'd rather be than anywhere else on earth and go there," was the answer.

"Very well," promised Mr. Edison, "I will go tomorrow."

The next morning he returned to his laboratory.

A scene in the Ark. Sailing has been delayed for 24 hours because of a spell of bad weather. Mr. and Mrs. Noah are checking off the animals.

Noah: "Elephants?"

Mrs Noah: "Two."

Noah: "Camels?"

Mrs Noah: "Two."

Noah: "Sheep?"

Mrs Noah: "Two."

Noah: "Rabbits?"

Mrs Noah: "A hundred and ninety three."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

At home, Sarika is invariably in kurta and trousers. Still, it's her mother, in sarees all the time, who wears the pants in the house.

But, more often than not, the two speak in unison. Like they say, "We are a fighting lot." Half in jest, of course. Yet, you can feel the seriousness lurking behind the statement.

The mother and the daughter live in a sprawling flat in Juhu, all by themselves. Sure, there are servants and ayahs around. But it's left to the twosome to play the man of the house.

Sarika's father, a still photographer in films, left her mother when she was still a kid. Since then, Sarika's mother has been bringing up the daughter, lovingly, protectively, single-handedly. "I've had to fight my way in a man's world," she says. "And, you know, filmdom is really dominated by men."

Sarika started her career when she was still a little kid. She couldn't possibly play a man at that age. So she did the next best thing. She took to playing a boy. Sarika became moppet Suraj and starred in some two dozen films, running around in shirts and shorts.

As a kid, however, Sarika wasn't given to much fighting. In fact, everybody thought of her as a rather sweet little child. She was quite a darling of the then reigning stars like Nutan, Sunil Dutt and even "uncle" Parikshat Sahni, who is now co-starring with her in a couple of films.

As a kid, Sarika didn't really have many friends. She always looked to her mother for solace and companionship. Even now, Sarika always insists that her mother is "the best friend I've ever had." The mother reciprocates this feeling in toto. And when they say, "we are a fighting lot," it's obvious they don't mean fighting with each other. "We do have our own little discussions and quarrels," says Sarika. "But

it's more like among friends. And we always end up saying sorry, sorry and apologising to each other."

The fighting, Sarika refers to, is the one she feels she has to do to survive in the industry. "Many people in this industry try to take advantage of us thinking that we are mere females. Not that they succeed all the time. But they would, given half a chance. One has to be so careful, you know."

Sarika insists that all she does is assert herself when she feels the other party is trying to be smart with her. Maybe she overdoes it. Because, somehow, Sarika and her mother have acquired a reputation of being difficult. And this, in spite of the fact that most of her producers are all praise for her punctuality, her sincerity and her undemanding attitude while on the sets.

Sarika can be quite friendly. As a matter of fact, Sarika goes out of her way to be nice to even the very junior members of the unit. If anything, Sarika could be accused of excessive indulgence in leg pulling. She's a great one at playing games of one-upmanship. And the unit members, all too conscious of the fact that she's the heroine, the star, let her get away with it. They "grin and bear it," so to say.

Sarika and her mother, individually and together, have also been known to be willing to fight things out with journalists—even physically, at times. Specially with the female journalists, the gossip columnists. Here too, it's because of that nagging feeling they nurse. The feeling that the journalists were trying to get at mother and daughter by writing maliciously about them just because they (the journalists) thought they were dealing with mere females. And that if Sarika and her mother didn't put their foot down and assert themselves, the journalists would probably write still more nasty things.

The "nasty things" are, of course, references to Sarika's ex-"friends," Sachin and Mithun. The partings with the two actors weren't exactly sweet and "let's call it quits" kind of occasions. There were fights which left a bitter taste in the mouth. Sarika parted because she felt her friends were trying to exploit her and trying to cash in on her name.

Sarika's other sphere of fighting extends to her personal paraphernalia. For some reason or the other, the people on her payroll keep changing every now and

then. Every time you go to meet her, you find a different secretary or a different P.R.O. or a different personal photographer or a different make-up man/hair dresser, or even a different servant.

Sarika, of course, has an explanation for each change of staff. Still, she insists, her fighting energies are never wasted on these petty things. "All I really want to fight for is my own distinctive place in the film world."

Photograph: Girish Shukla

SARIKA:

FIGHTING FIT!

Harmeet Kathuria

"All I really want to fight for is my distinctive place in the film world."



THE STORY SO FAR

Nicola Prenn's missionary streak had got her into trouble more than once. This time a young girl, Denise Graeme, persuaded Nicola to pretend involvement with a married man Todd Baxter, just so Denise herself, whose date he was that night, could escape unscathed from her own fiance who had come in search of her. Nicola agreed, thinking she would never set eyes on the three people again. But she was wrong. Her father Robert Prenn, the famous artist, accepted a commission for Nicola, which concerned painting the portrait of old Traugott Sorensen in Northern Transvaal. She drove down there only to discover that the nephew of the man was none other than Barak Sorensen, Denise's fiance.

Barak Sorensen understandably had a wrong impression about her morals on account of his earlier encounter with Nicola. But he was constrained to suffer her presence, at least till the portrait was finished. Ellen and Traugott Sorensen, the old couple, made her feel at home. But there was friction whenever Barak and Nicola met. Also in the house was Melanie, a nine-year-old girl, grand-daughter of the old Sorensens. Nicola learnt she was the daughter of Barak's brother Karl who had died in a car crash together with his wife Vanessa, the elder sister of Denise, whose farm was a short distance away. Nicola also learnt that Barak had been in love with Vanessa but she had chosen Karl. One day Nicola drove down to Denise Graeme's house with Melanie and found Todd Baxter there. Todd also lived in the vicinity. He pestered Nicola with his attentions and she was compelled to give him a lift home.

NOW READ ON...

They didn't talk much on the journey and presently they approached a gate. Todd indicated that it led to his wife's farm and Nicola stopped the car.

"Goodbye, Todd," she said.

"Get out, Nicola," he told her quietly.

"Why?"

He glanced significantly at Melanie, who stared back at him stonily. "There are things to be said."

Reluctantly Nicola got out of the Volkswagen and they stood next to the gate.

"It's wonderful having you in the Soutpansberg. We could have a good time together, Nicola."

Todd caught at her hands, arresting her progress.

"Please let go of my hands,

Todd. Melanie and I have to get back to the farm."

"Not yet," he said, as a gleaming station wagon went past, travelling in the direction of Louis Trichardt. "When can I see you again?"

"Never, I hope," Nicola said bluntly. She succeeded in snatching her hands away from him and returned to the car.

"That was Uncle Barak who went past," Melanie informed her.

Nicola closed her eyes as she slammed the door. Damn! Had he seen them? Oh, drat Todd

PART THREE

walk in the shadows

Jayne Bauling

WALK IN THE SHADOWS by Jayne Bauling, was originally published by Mills & Boon Ltd, London (C Jayne Bauling 1978.)

Baxter! No one else had ever caused her so much embarrassment.

"Don't you like Mr. Baxter?" Melanie asked.

"No," said Nicola, too annoyed to put a guard on her tongue.

"Why were you holding his hands, then?"

"I wasn't — he was holding mine. There's a difference."

"Oh," Melanie thought about it for a while.

Nicola spent a quiet evening in the lounge with Ellen and Traugott. Quite early on, the telephone rang and Sarah came to call Nicola.

Surprised, Nicola went into the hall and picked up the receiver.

"Hullo?"

"Nicola? It's Todd here," said the voice which she was beginning to find a source of irritation.

"What do you want?" she demanded rudely.

"Shall I come over, Nicola darling?"

"No," she said shortly. "And I mean that, Todd. If you turn up here, I shall refuse to see you.

I've had enough of you to last me a lifetime!"

She put the receiver down without troubling to say good-bye, and returned to the lounge.

Ellen looked up from the chessboard over which she and her husband were pondering. "Was that your father ringing from the city, Nicola?"

Nicola hesitated, then shook her head. "It was Todd Baxter. He's acquainted with my father, and I've met him a few times in Johannesburg. He knew I was here, so he rang up." It was as honest as she could make it, and Nicola wanted nothing more to do with deceit.

"You'll probably be seeing him while you're here then," Ellen told her. "At the Braaivleis on Saturday, at any rate. I think he and Hilary have been invited."

"Braaivleis?"

"Didn't we tell you?" said Traugott. "It's for Melanie's sake,

really; to make up for Barak's having to miss the New Year's Eve affair we had here."

For the next two mornings, Nicola worked hard at Traugott's portrait, anxious not to waste time. Ellen gave them a flask of coffee to take up the hill with them, so that they need not lose valuable time walking back to the house for refreshment. Traugott carried a rifle with him because, he explained, the rabid dog's whereabouts remained unknown, although a local man thought he had spotted the animal moving West from the top of a neighbouring hill which he had climbed while engaged in birdwatching activities.

On Friday afternoon, Melanie came to Nicola on the enclosed verandah between their bedrooms.

"Hullo," Nicola said with a smile as the child planted herself in front of her.

"Hullo, Nicola."



"Could you come for a walk with me?" Melanie requested gravely. Then she hurried on, "You see, I promised Uncle Barak I wouldn't go out far from the house on my own — because of that dog, you know? The one with rabies."

"Do you want to go right now?"

"Yes, please," said Melanie. "Thank you very much, Nicola."

They walked up the hill.

Melanie said, "Ilse is coming tonight. She's Aunt Ellen's daughter, but her name is Lewis because she's married to Peter. They often come for a week-end, and then I'm allowed to stay up until they arrive on Friday nights. They've got two children, Martin and Erika. Martin is ten and Erika eight. Do you think you'll like them?"

"I can't say, but I think I will," Nicola said honestly.

"Do you like Aunt Ellen?"

"Yes, very much."

Todd's behaviour is an embarrassment to Nicola but there is evidence of a chink in Barak's armour, which she doesn't dare accept

"And do you like Uncle Traugott?"

"Also yes."

"And do you like Uncle Barak?"

"I...yes," Nicola lied.

She didn't like Barak Sorensen. She resented him. Did she even respect him? Admire him? He invoked in her a feeling of confusion. What else? Nicola found it hard to decide what she felt about him.

They walked in the shadow of a very high wall which ran vertically up a wide grassy slope, a part of the farm Nicola had not yet seen.

"What's on the other side of the wall, Melanie?" Nicola asked.

"Nothing much at first, then Uncle Traugott's strawberry patch," said Melanie.

They walked on beside the high wall, Melanie continuing her new game. Did Nicola like Graeme? And Auntie Denise?

"Oh!" Nicola interrupted suddenly as the still peacefulness of the wide grassy slope was destroyed by a tan streak hurling itself towards them. "What's that?"

"Nicola!" Melanie's voice contained horror. "It's that dog! It's got rabies!"

Nicola could see that. Her heart seemed to stop and turn over.

"We can't run," Melanie added desperately, "What can we do?"

"Get over the wall," Nicola commanded, desperation sharpening her wits. There was so little time and the sick beast was crossing the slope at an unnaturally rapid pace.

"I can't," Melanie wailed. "It's too high!"

"I'll help you. Quickly, Melanie!" Nicola helped to hoist the child up, straining every muscle to make the required effort.

"Get over and run back to the house." She shoved at Melanie's rear end and was rewarded by a winding kick in the chest.

Her thought processes seemed to speed up in response to the urgency of the situation...rabies...did you die if you were bitten?

"I'm up!" Melaine shouted as she gained a hold on the top of the wall. "Come on, quickly, Nicola!"

"There isn't time," Nicola gasped, adding urgently, "go on, Melanie, get back to the house and tell them!"

The dog was so near now, she could see its eyes, its tan fur, and the foaming mouth which indicated the madness.

"Hail Mary..."

At the last moment she flung herself aside, in a forlorn attempt to escape this horror. There was a thud, and a sickening crunch as the impetus of the dog, unchecked, hurled it against the wall.

Disbelieving, Nicola stared down at the unconscious animal. Concussed. She giggled weakly in reaction and closed her eyes. But how long would the senselessness endure?

She ran with the terrible fear in her that any moment now the animal would recover and come pelting after her...down the hill.

She gained the kitchen door and paused, breathing hard. There was nothing behind her.

There were voices from within — Melanie shouting. Then Traugott and Barak, both carrying rifles, came out; Melanie following, while the maid Sarah attempted to haul her back into the kitchen.

"Nicola!" Barak exclaimed as

he caught sight of her. "What happened? Where's the dog?"

"He knocked himself out, running into the high wall," Nicola gasped painfully. "Oh, do something quickly! He may come round at any minute. I ran all the way."

"Thank you." He glanced at the maid. "Sarah, see to them." He went out. When he returned, much later, he said, "That animal won't worry anyone again. Traugott is fetching a couple of the men."

He went on, "Thank you for what you did, Nicola."

"It...I wasn't thinking about anything at all when it happened. Oh it was horrible," Nicola finished, and burst into tears.

"Poor Nicola," said Melanie in tragic tones.

She found herself drawn, just briefly, against a lean hard body by Barak's hands that gripped her arms, but the contact was impersonal, as was the voice which advised, "Nicola, stop crying. I really can't stand weeping women, you know."

Nicola discovered that her knees were shaking, and it was no longer due to reaction, but the result of Barak's nearness. For although he was no longer touching her, he still stood very close. Knowing herself to be suddenly vulnerable, she moved away from him, and, making an effort, stopped crying.

The Lewis family arrived from Messina after dinner that night. Nicola had intended to slip away, feeling it to be a time for the family only, but when she would have taken herself off to her room, Ellen protested:

"Oh, you must stay and meet Ilse and her family, Nicola."

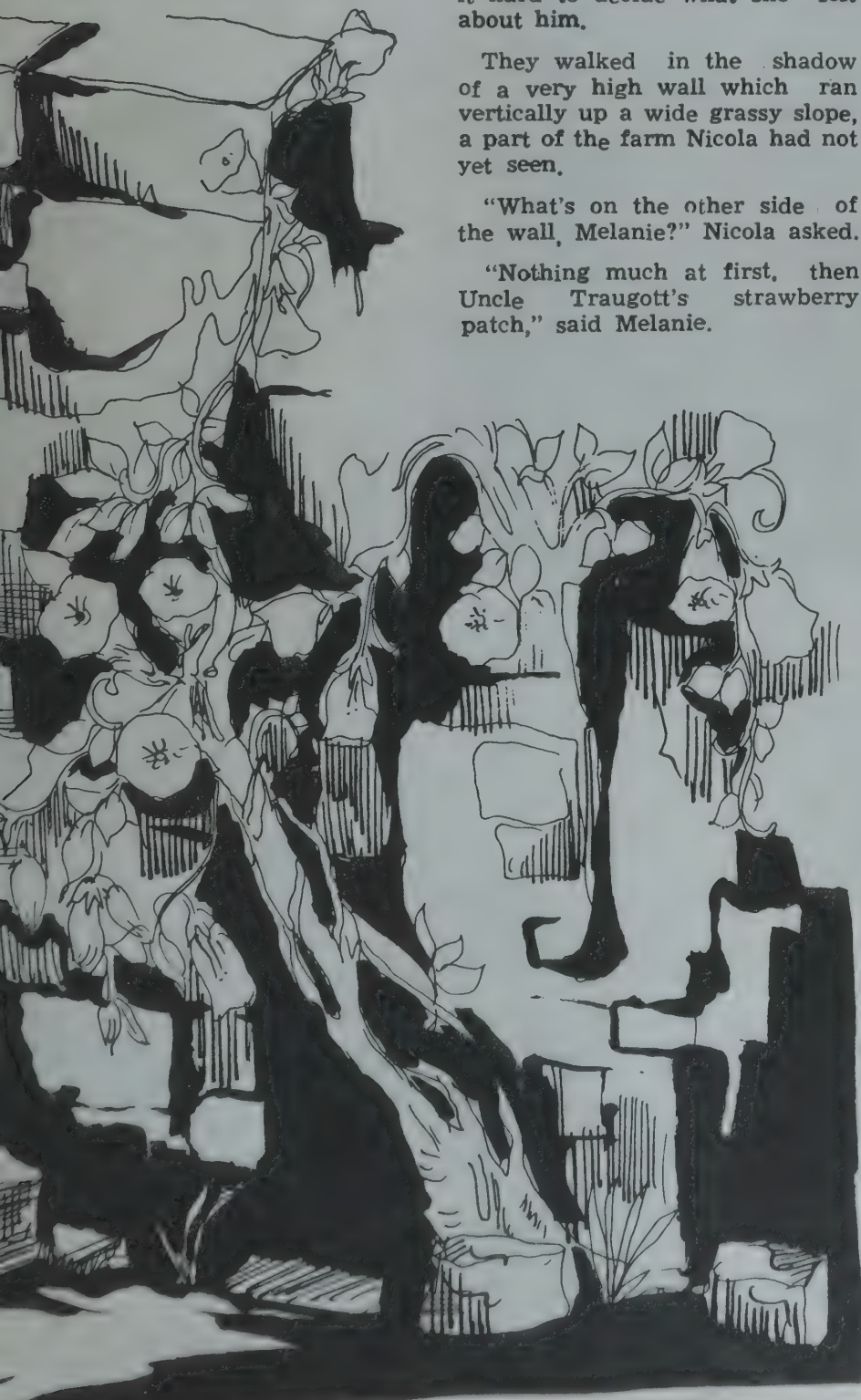
So Nicola remained. She caught Barak's sardonic glance as she sat down again.

Ilse Lewis, in her mid-thirties, was very like Ellen; and Peter, a few years older, was a pleasantly quiet man, while their pigeon pair had inherited their mother's fair hair and Peter's brown eyes, and were a lively twosome.

Nicola was oddly restless that night and was unable to fathom the reason for it. The afternoon's excitement over the dog couldn't be the cause as she had hardly thought about it in the last few hours, but beyond that she was unable to reason. She listened absently to the murmur of childish voices coming from Melanie's room at the other end of the verandah, and attempted to analyse whatever it was that nagged at her so persistently.

"Nicola!" She heard Melanie's flat voice calling from across the verandah. "Nicola!"

Continued on page 27





FAR LEFT: All set for those summer evenings! A light pink printed churidar kameez with a dramatic center panel in brown and pink pyramids, panel repeats on the chiffon dupatta.

LEFT: Bright colours look smart on young girls. A red salwar kameez ensemble has a bold print in white with a matching printed chiffon dupatta.

BELOW: Perfect for the sun on mornings. A mulmul saree in red stripes has vertical traditional mango motifs at regular intervals. While the miss wears a simple green kameez, printed in a floral with a plain green salwar.

Photographs : Harbans Mody

FASHION OF THE MONTH

WIN-A-WARDROBE!

This is the seventh of the 12 fashion features which will enable you to Win A Wardrobe from Delhi's popular SOPHISTICATION boutique. A fantastic chance for you to win these marvellous range of outfits. A wide selection in mulmul sarees, bosky salwar and churidar kameez that set your mood for the cooler days ahead.

So far, we have published six features along with coupons for you to clip and keep. Be sure you have in hand a minimum of 10 coupons out of serial nos 1-12, when its time to send in your coupons after the publication of the 12th feature in November, 1978.



RIGHT: Cool and casual in mulmul saree in shades of blue. A checked choli matches the pallav and the center pleats. A brown halter kameez is styled for the hot summer evenings with a matching chiffon dupatta and plain churidar.



1

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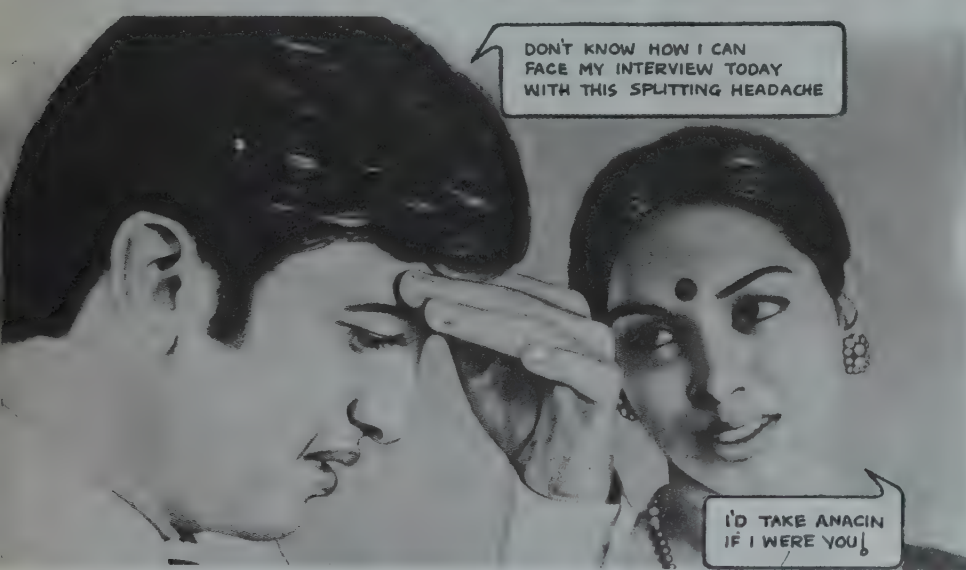
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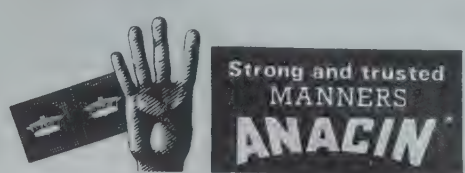
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walk in the shadows

Continued from page 23

She got out of bed, put on the flimsy short dressing-gown which she had snatched the night before, before going across to the child's room. A bright moon lit the verandah and her figure cast a long shadow on the floor as she walked.

Melanie's bedroom door was ajar and Nicola entered the room. The small bedside lamp was still on, and the two girls were in bed, while Martin was curled up in a chair beside the curtained window.

"Were you asleep, Nicola?" Melanie enquired.

"No, what did you want?"

Erika sat up and leaned against her pillows, giggling. "We want you to play Paddy's Black Pig with us."

It was a simple game, requir-

ing nothing more than the ability to keep a straight face and at which the poker-faced Melanie consequently excelled. It was a ridiculous game, but Nicola enjoyed being with the children.

Later, when they had all laughed a great deal and the children were starting to yawn, Nicola suggested that it was time they went to sleep, and they agreed.

Nicola went out on to the enclosed verandah. The bright moon, suspended above the gum-tree plantation, still flooded the space between the two bedrooms with its anaemic light, and the whispering trees outside were full of mystery.

Barak Sorensen suddenly appeared on the verandah.

"Oh! What are you doing in this part of the house so late at night? I thought everyone had gone to bed," she said, speaking with breathless haste and drawing the ludicrously inadequate dressing-gown closer to her body.

"I was reading in the library," he countered calmly, standing in front of her. "What are you up to?"

"Stealing the family heirlooms," Nicola said flippantly, and saw him smile. "I was with the children. They asked me to play...er...Paddy's Black Pig with them."

Barak commented abruptly, "I think Melanie likes you."

"I suppose that surprises you?"

"Fighting again, Nicola?" he suggested coldly. "And attacking, not defending, now. You're continually lashing out. What are you so afraid of that you have this compulsion always to fight?"

"I'm not afraid," she said in an intense whisper.

"You are," he contradicted her, his eyes never leaving her. "But I wonder if you even know what it is you fear?"

"I suppose you think you do," she said derisively.

"Involvement?"

"What do you mean?" she demanded, discovering that her heart was beating uncomfortably fast.

"You and me, Nicola."

They stared at each other in the pale unearthly light provided by the opaque disc which sailed over the gum-tree plantation. Nicola was trembling as she watched Barak warily. His face looked very dark tonight...satanic.

His hands were on her shoulders and she could see that the grey eyes had darkened. Her own were dark hazel pools as they stared up into the harsh face so close to her own. Then her lashes

fluttered down to rest in dark half-circles on her cheeks, and her parted lips were raised to meet his.

His mouth was warm as it claimed hers and Nicola trembled uncontrollably as she lifted her slim arms to encircle his neck. His fingers, moving restlessly over her back and shoulders, demanded and received a response.

Then with a supreme effort she forced her hands to cease in their urgent rhythm of movement against his back, and tore herself away from him.

"No," she protested vehemently.

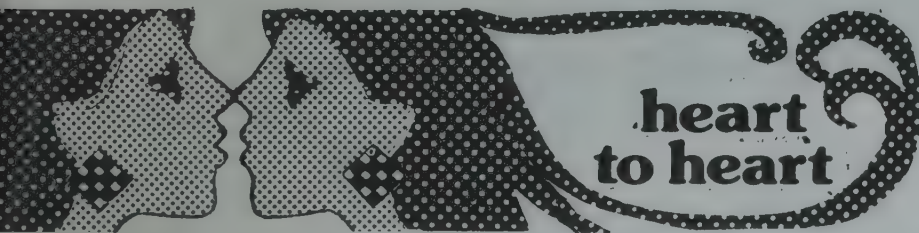
"Nicola," Barak murmured. "I need you."

Nicola stared at him with pain in her eyes. "I'm flattered," she managed to get out sarcastically. "Especially as I don't have the smooth face and tawny beauty of the Graemes."

His eyes grew even darker and she knew she had made him very angry.

(To be continued)

Mills and Boon books are available at all leading bookshops and the MacMillan Company of India Ltd.



CONSULT A PSYCHIATRIST

I am 43 years old and have three children. At times I have a terrible urge to act like a female. I wear a saree, the latest bra, bangles, jewels, etc. and adorn myself with flowers. I wear a wig and when dance and flirt in the presence of my wife only. She does not raise any objection but this pricks my mind. I want to overcome this weakness but unfortunately I am unsuccessful. Kindly advise.

Yours is a case of transvestism created due to psychological conditioning, infantile injurious influences, childhood fixations or some arrested emotional development. In your case, particularly your mother's attitude towards you may have been responsible, and your condition has largely been acquired by behavioural and motivational patterns that have resulted from your childhood experiences.

You are fortunate to have a very understanding wife. It would

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A Case of Transvestism

help if you see a psychiatrist. Psychotherapy for a while may be of help in gradually overcoming this compulsive behaviour. You must be mindful of the children and see that you conduct this behaviour only in private. And if they have to come to know about it, then you should explain to them your childhood influences and why you were impelled into this behaviour. This knowledge of your behaviour should be kept within the family confines.

DECIDE WISELY

I have done my post-graduation and now studying further according to my father's wish. My ambition has always been to bring up my father's name. He is not a very educated person, but is very well-known in this town for his social service. He is a self-made man and has high hopes from me.

I came across a boy belonging to a mediocre family. All my family members except my father know him, and had hopes that he would do well. But after his father's death everything changed. Four years have

passed and he has done only his graduation and taken up a job. He is drawing a good salary but the post is not up to the expectation of my father.

I am now in a fix. Will my father approve of my marrying him? Will it be all right on my part to do so? We love each other deeply. But my duty towards my parents comes in our way. I know my father would never disagree

if I persuade him. But will it be proper to do so?

It is only circumstances that have forced the boy to remain where he is — one has to appreciate his worth as a man. If he is ambitious, he will have a bright future — perhaps now he is loaded with immediate responsibilities towards his family.

If your father is a self-made man, he may appreciate this boy, rather than one who has acquired name and position through inheritance alone.

You must get your parents to know the boy and his family better. Talk to your mother and father independently and take their views into consideration. Analyse the pros and cons as you have to adjust to the boy for a life time, and see if he is industrious and wants to make efforts towards his betterment.

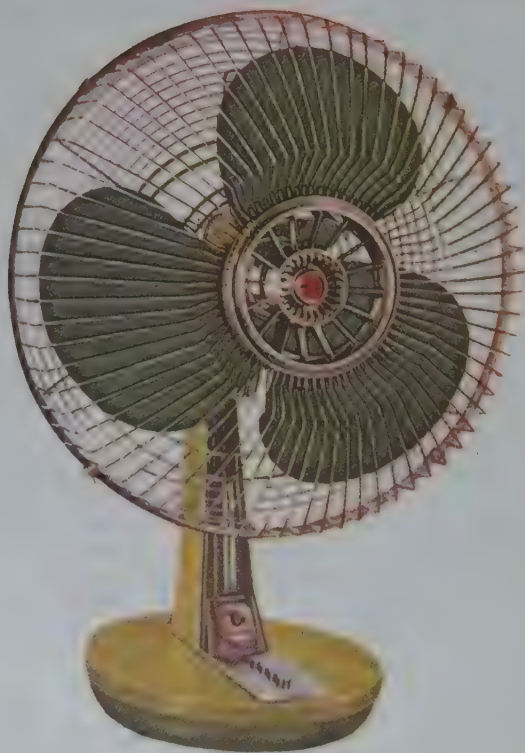
There is no question of your being disloyal to your parents or to him, if with mature guidance from elders, you decide what you feel will be good for you as well. Your parents will surely not object, if, in spite of everything they think he is worthy of you, and that some day he will make a good future for you and the family. If with all their experience they think otherwise, then it is for you to take a decision. As your parents love you dearly, they will help you in finalising your choice in your best interest.



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ALL THAT'S NICE... WITH RICE!

Premila Lal



Whether you are having the family for Sunday lunch or friends in for supper, select the nicest dishes, the ones they would most enjoy having. A dishful of rice-pulao or biryani serves as a main attraction on the dining table and also stimulates the appetite with its exquisite fragrance. Rice forms the basic diet in many countries. Rather bland in taste, it combines well with many other types of meat, fish and vegetable dishes.

MIXED VEGETABLE PULAO

250 grams Patna rice
2 large onions, chopped
2 ripe tomatoes, quartered
2 tbsps. ghee or cooking oil
175 grams peas, shelled
125 grams carrots, sliced
1 small aubergine, sliced
150 grams cauliflower
½ tsp. garam masala
½ tsp. saffron, crushed
½ tsp. chilli powder
1" piece cinnamon
4 cloves
Salt to taste
Raisins and sliced almonds (optional)

Parboil the rice with a dash of salt. Drain and keep aside. Heat the fat in a saucepan and saute the onions till crisp. Add peas, carrots and tomatoes and simmer on a low fire for 15 minutes till barely tender. Add aubergine,

cauliflower flowerettes, garam masala, saffron, chilli powder, cloves and cinnamon. Simmer for another 15 minutes, and season with salt. Cook till tender and remove from heat. In a large casserole dish spread the bottom with a layer of half the cooked vegetables, spread over with a layer of half the rice and another layer of vegetables. Top with a spread of rice. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) for 15-20 minutes. Serve garnished with fried almonds and raisins, accompanied by seasoned yogurt.

MANGO RICE

1½ kg rice
6 medium green mangoes
A few red dry chillis
3 cups coconut gratings
750 grams gingelly oil or ghee
1 tbsps. mustard seeds

1 tbsps. gram dal
30 grams cummin seeds
A sprig of curry leaves
A little saffron
Salt to taste

Wash rice and put to boil. When it is about three-fourths cooked remove from fire, drain and allow to cool. Add saffron powder and half the gingelly oil and mix well.

Cut the mangoes into tiny bits or small scrapings. Grind the cummin seeds, half the chillis, salt and coconut gratings into a paste. Rub the paste into the mango bits thoroughly and then add this to the cooked rice.

Fry the mustard seeds till it begins to splutter together with the gram dal, curry leaves and the remaining chillis in the remaining oil and add this mixture

to the cooked rice. Mix well and allow to cool. Serve when cooled.

CHICKEN BIRYANI

1 medium sized chicken
1 cup rice
2 cups curd
3 medium onions, finely sliced
Ghee
Salt to taste
31.25 grams almonds (optional)
62.5 grams raisins
4 eggs
1 tsp. saffron

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE:

2 medium onions
6 cloves garlic
4" piece ginger
A sprig of coriander leaves
A sprig of mint leaves
4 small cardamoms
2 blades mace (javitri)
4 cloves

Clean the chicken, keeping the liver and kidneys aside. Cut it into 4-6 pieces. To the ground masala, add the curds and mix well. Marinate the chicken pieces and sliced liver and kidneys in this mixture for about 2 hours. In a pan containing a little fat, fry the sliced onions until golden and crisp. Add these to the chicken and mix thoroughly. Place the chicken over gentle heat and cook until it is almost done. Now, parboil the rice. In a large dekchi, put in a layer of rice, then 2 pieces of chicken with a proportionate amount of gravy and so on until all the chicken pieces and rice are finished. Place generous dollops of ghee over the top layer of rice. Crush the saffron, dissolve in a little warm milk, and sprinkle over the surface. Cover the dekchi well, sealing the edge with a flour paste. Place the dekchi in a larger covered vessel containing water and set the whole to boil for about half an hour. Before serving blanch and slice the almonds, pick and wash the raisins. Decorate with the nuts and hard boiled eggs.

PRAWN PULAO

500 grams rice
500 grams prawns (cleaned)
1 large onion
125 grams peas, shelled
½ coconut, grated
4 cloves
3 cloves garlic
6 peppercorns
2 sticks cinnamon
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. turmeric powder
A little thick tamarind juice
2 tbsps. ghee
Salt to taste
1 egg, hard-boiled

Slice onion finely and chop garlic. Wash and soak rice. Heat ghee in the cooker body and fry onion, garlic and grated coconut, till light brown. Add cloves, peppercorns, and cinnamon and fry for 2 minutes. Now add rice and fry till dry. Add 1 litre water and a little salt. Put in the prawns, peas, tamarind juice, chilli powder and turmeric. Close the cooker, bring to pressure, reduce heat and cook for 6 minutes. Serve garnished with fried onions and sliced eggs.

KUTCHI BIRYANI

250 grams rice
500 grams mutton or chicken
1 cup curds
2 large onions
½ tsp. saffron
30 grams garlic
30 grams fresh ginger
125 grams ghee
8 red chillis (dry)
1 tsp. salt
15 grams cardamoms
1 tsp. cummin seeds
15 grams cinnamon
6-8 cloves

Wash and soak rice. Wash and cut up meat and soak in curds for 20 minutes. Slice the onions. Soak the saffron in a tablespoon

of warm water. Grind garlic and ginger, each separately, to a smooth paste. Grind saffron and keep aside.

Heat a little ghee and fry the sliced onions to a golden brown. Put in the meat with the curds together with all the spices, garlic, ginger and cummin seeds. Fry till the meat is brown. Drain rice and add it to the meat and fry for a while, then pour in enough water to cook the rice. Cover the saucepan tightly. When the rice is almost cooked, put in the ground saffron in the center of the rice, cover saucepan again and leave to finish cooking. Garnish with fried onions.

CHICKEN WITH SPANISH RICE

2 small chicken
6 thin slices of ripe fresh pineapple
2 tbsps. lemon juice
¼ cup fine breadcrumbs
½ tsp. tabasco sauce
2 pinches saffron
½ cup raisins
4 tbsps. tomato puree
1 orange, sliced thinly
½ cup sherry (optional)
½ cup guava jelly
1 cup butter
1 tsp. oil
Salt and pepper to taste

FOR THE SPANISH SAFFRON RICE:

1 cup rice
1 onion, minced finely
1 clove garlic, chopped
½ tsp. saffron
1 litre chicken broth
2 tbsps. olive oil
Salt to taste

Joint the chicken and brush the pieces with lemon juice. Season

with salt and pepper and let it marinate for two hours. Heat the butter and fry the pieces. When tender add the tomato puree, raisins, sherry, tabasco sauce and saffron. Stir once and cover tightly. Keep it warm but do not cook any more.

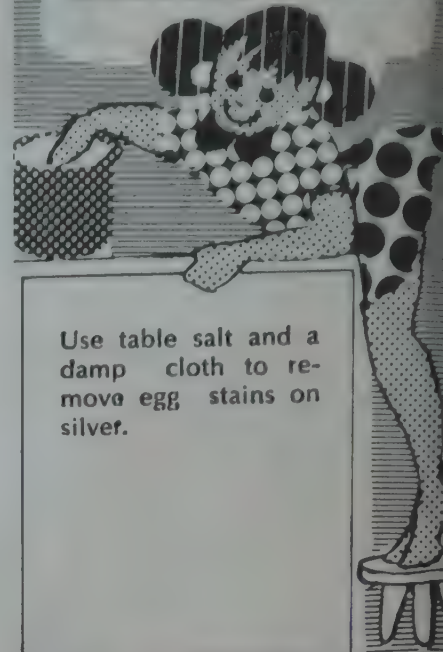
Clean and wash the rice. Heat 2 tablespoons of olive oil in the top of a double boiler. Fry the minced onions and garlic. Add the rice, saffron and salt. Stir well. Pour in just enough chicken broth (or stock) to cover. Cook, uncovered, till tender. Add more liquid if necessary. When cooked, turn out onto a shallow pan and dry in a warm oven. Spoon into a ring mould and turn out onto a serving platter.

In the center of the Spanish saffron rice ring pour the chicken and gravy. Heat one cup of oil. Cut the sliced pineapple into 1" squares and fry for about 5 minutes with the breadcrumbs. Pour this over the chicken and garnish with the orange slices with some guava jelly on each slice.

MASALA KITCHEREE

2 large onions
5-6 green chillis
1 tsp. coriander leaves, chopped
1 piece ginger
6 cloves garlic
2 small potatoes
2" piece coconut
Oil
Ghee
1 tsp. garam masala
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. turmeric
450 grams rice

cuckoo lal



Use table salt and a damp cloth to remove egg stains on silver.

125 grams green gram dal
Salt to taste

Chop the onions and green chillis finely. Mince the coriander leaves, ginger and garlic. Peel and cube the potatoes. Grind the coconut pieces to a fine paste. Fry onions in a combination of 1 tablespoon ghee and 1 tablespoon oil. When the onions are light brown, add the garlic, ginger and green chillis. Then add the garam masala together with the ground coconut, cummin seeds, chilli powder and turmeric powder. Fry for a while, put in the rice and dal, and fry both till crisp. Pour warm water till it is about 2 inches above the level of the rice. Add potatoes and salt. When the water starts bubbling lower the heat and simmer till rice is cooked. Sprinkle coriander leaves on top, before serving.

COOKERY QUEEN OF THE MONTH



Miss Radhika Sundaram of Palghat, wins Rs. 100.00 for this month's best recipe plus a 300 mm non-stick Tava from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

DRUMSTICK CUTLETS

13 drumsticks, large & fleshy
120 grams grams (chana), roasted
3 slices bread, soaked in water & squeezed
Amchoor or crushed anardana.
Salt to taste
Breadcrumbs for coating
Ghee or oil for frying
3 tps. coriander powder
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. turmeric powder

GRIND TO A PASTE:

1 pod garlic
1 large onion
½" piece fresh ginger

BROIL & POWDER TOGETHER:

½ tsp. cummin seeds
½" cinnamon
2 cloves
1 cardamom

A few peppercorns
A small flake mace (javitri)

Cut off the edges of the drumsticks. Cut each drumstick into 3 inch pieces. Steam or boil them till very soft. Open up each piece and remove the fleshy portion completely. Grind this without adding water into a thick paste. Keep aside.

Heat a little ghee in a pan, saute the ground onion, garlic and ginger paste till golden brown. Add the turmeric, chilli and coriander powder and powdered spices. Fry for a few more minutes. Remove from fire and mix with the ground drumstick flesh.

Roast the grams till golden brown, without oil. Powder finely. Now mix the gram powder, bread slices, amchoor and salt with drumstick mixture. Knead well. Form into round cutlets. Roll in breadcrumbs. Fry in hot ghee or oil.

recipes from our readers



Saguna B. Baljekar, Calcutta.

CHAKLIS

- 1 cup thick sour curds
- 1 cup rice flour
- 2-2½ tbsps. chilli powder
- ¼ tsp. asafoetida
- Salt to taste
- Oil for frying
- Chakli Press

In a mixing bowl, put curds, salt, chilli powder and asafoetida powder. Mix well with hand. Now, add rice flour and knead into a soft dough. If the dough is very soft, add more rice flour till the dough resembles soft chappati dough.

Heat oil in a kerahi. When oil is very hot, put dough in chakli press and press chaklis directly in hot oil. Fry on both sides. Remove from oil and drain. Store in air tight tins.



Nirmala Padmanabhan, Madras.

ADA PRATHAMAN

FOR ADA :

- 1 large cup raw rice
- 2 tbsps. ghee
- A pinch of salt
- A few pieces of plantain leaf

FOR PRATHAMAN :

- 100 grams jaggery
- 2 coconuts
- ¼ tsp. ginger powder
- 5 cardamoms
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups milk

Wash and soak rice. Drain and dry the rice and pound well. Pass through a fine sieve. Mix the rice flour with two cups of warm water avoiding lumps. Add salt and ghee, mix and make a thick batter. Cut plantain leaves into pieces and blanch them in hot water to make them pliable. Place some batter in each plantain leaf and spread evenly. Roll the leaf and tie it with a string. Repeat this till all the batter is used up. Now steam these rolls for about 20 minutes. Remove, cool them and cut "ada" into small pieces.

Grate coconut and extract one cup of thick milk and four cups thin milk. Boil milk with two cups of water. Add steamed "ada" pieces and cook until done. Add to jaggery, and thin coconut milk and sugar. Allow it to simmer on a low fire and stir continuously. When it thickens add the thick extract of coconut milk and powdered cardamoms and remove from fire.



Miss Shraboni Sikdar of Kota wins, Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Store-fresh container from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

BHINDI DO PINYAJA

- 200 grams bhindi (lady's finger) (cut into 1" pieces)
- 100 grams onions, (chopped



Mrs. Lakshmi Murthy, Bombay.

HAGALKAI GOJJU

- 200 grams bitter gourd, (karela) chopped
- 100 grams jaggery
- A small size tamarind ball
- 1 tbsp. oil

GRIND TO A SMOOTH PASTE:

- 1-2 tbsps. chilli powder
- 1 tbsp. coriander seeds
- 1 tbsp. sesame seeds
- 1 tbsp. bengal gram
- ¼ tsp. turmeric powder
- ¼ tsp. mustard seeds
- 1½ cups coconut, grated

FOR SEASONING:

- 1 tsp. oil
- ¼ tsp. mustard seeds
- ¼ tsp. cummin seeds
- ¼ tsp. fenugreek seeds
- 2 to 3 green chillis, chopped

- lengthwise)
- 2 medium sized tomatoes, chopped
- 2 tbsps. khoya (broken into granules)
- 2 tbsps. milk
- 1 level tsp. turmeric powder
- 1 level tsp. coriander powder
- 1½ tsp. chilli powder
- Salt to taste
- 1 cup curds
- ½ tsp. cummin seeds
- 1 bay leaf
- 7 tbsps. oil

GRIND TO A PASTE:

- 4 cloves garlic
- 1" piece ginger

Heat oil in a dekchi and deep fry the bhindi pieces. Drain and keep aside. Add cummin seeds and bay leaf. Put onions and fry till golden brown. Add tomatoes, garlic and ginger paste, coriander powder, chilli, turmeric and salt. Add curds and stir till masala leaves the sides of the pan. Lower the heat. Add bhindis and khoya mixed with milk. Cover. Stir occasionally very carefully so that bhindis do not break but mix well with masala. Remove from fire. Garnish with coriander leaves. Serve hot.

- A sprig of curry leaves
- ¼ tsp. turmeric powder

Put the oil in a kerahi and add mustard seeds, fenugreek and cummin seeds and chopped green chillis. Add chopped bitter gourds turmeric and fry till brown. Add ground masala, tamarind water, jaggery, salt and curry leaves to fried bitter gourds. Boil for 10-15 minutes and cool. Serve with rice or chapatti.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Miss Parvathi S. Pai of Bangalore, the Weekly Winner of our cookery contest of May 27 — 2nd June, will not receive the mentioned prizes, as her recipe, "Sun N Snow," is a direct copy from The New Dalda Cook Book.

We hereby announce Miss Akash Khanna of Bombay as the winner. Her recipe, "Melon Basket" appeared on the "Recipes from Our Readers" page of the same issue.

All cookery contestants are hereby informed that originality is a basic criterion in our contest. Recipes that are picked up from various cookery books and other published material will be disqualified.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

In response to requests, from now on, each recipe sent in to us is to be accompanied by this coupon only, with no photograph.

The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send us a passport size photograph of herself, to be published along with her recipe.

Please note that even a selected entry will be DISQUALIFIED if the requested photograph does not reach us by the date mentioned.

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

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Venereal diseases — or, to use the euphemistic term currently in vogue, 'Sexually Transmitted Diseases' (STD) — have come to occupy a place high up on the list of public health menaces all over the world. Of late, syphilis and gonorrhoea, the two most important among the sexually transmitted diseases (there are six major and seven minor ones totally) have begun to claim more and more victims. These diseases produce typical symptoms and can easily be diagnosed by simple clinical tests. Most important of all, medical science has devised potent and effective drugs to combat them. It is therefore all the more surprising that they have shown such an alarming increase in incidence.

In the late '40s and early '50s, in fact, when the foundations of the Antibiotic Era were firmly established, there was hope of ultimately vanquishing the spirochaete — the tiny organism that is responsible for syphilis. However, a number of factors, many of them sociological, have belied this hope and even the World Health Organisation indicated, about the turn of the '70s, that sexually transmitted diseases were "beyond control."

In the 1950-'57 period, there was a precipitous fall in the number of cases, but the incidence of both syphilis and gonorrhoea shot up after that, and in some countries peaked to virtually epidemic proportions. For

SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES: public enemy no.3

Shivanand Karkal

Venereal diseases are not only widespread in India, but their incidence is increasing, especially among the young. What needs to be done to meet this threat to the nation's health

instance, even countries like the USA and Sweden once had a gonorrhoea prevalence rate of about 308 and 500 per 100,000 of the population, at the height of the backlash period. Experts estimate, conservatively, that there are about 150-200 million cases of gonorrhoea in the world today and about 50-100 million cases of syphilis.

STD SITUATION IN INDIA

The problem is nothing short of alarming in India: sexually transmitted diseases rank third in menace among the communicable diseases, next only to malaria and tuberculosis. Bombay has the dubious distinction of being among the first ten STD-hit cities of the world. Syphilis is rampant in other cities and

towns — the ports and industrial belts accounting for a major number of cases. The sub-Himalayan region has a higher incidence rate — whereas the overall rate is thought to be somewhere around five per cent, certain surveys made in Himachal Pradesh, the Kulu valley, Jammu and Kashmir and Jaunsar-Bawar (Uttar Pradesh) indicated a rate as high as 30-40 per cent of the population.

The gonorrhoea situation is even worse. If the epidemiological data on syphilis is scanty and unreliable, that on gonorrhoea is nearly non-existing. However, it is believed that this disease is much more prevalent than syphilis. At least 30-50 million gonococcal infections occur every year. Women constitute most of the gonococcus' victims and the disease is particularly dangerous in them because among the residual defects, badly damaged Fallopian tubes occur in about ten per cent of all cases and total sterility in about three per cent.

Recently, Dr. R. S. Misra, vice-president of the Indian Association of dermatologists, venereologists and leprologists, reported at a symposium on social health that there was a high incidence of venereal diseases among married men in Delhi. Dr. Misra, who is attached to Delhi's Wilingdon Hospital, revealed that married men made up more than a third of the clinic's patients. Only 60 per cent of the married patients lived with their

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT STD

Charaka, Sushruta and other Ayurvedic authorities, more than 500 year B.C. ago, wrote of "minute animalcules invisible to the naked eye infecting people through proximity, physical contact, chance eating or sitting or sleeping together, mixing up of each others' clothes and cosmetics."

Syphilis is thought to have been introduced in Europe in the late 15th century by Columbus' soldiers, returning from the New World, where they presumably picked it up. And by the middle of the 16th century, syphilis had spread all over Europe and even to India and the Far East, courtesy Vasco da Gama and other Portuguese sea-travellers.

Till the 18th century, though it was known that syphilis and gonorrhoea were transmitted by sexual intercourse, it was thought that the two were different manifestations of the same disease. "One of the most remarkable chapters in the history of syphilis," as Boyd put it, was the story of John Hunter who wanted to prove this theory,

and inoculated himself on the external genitals with pus got from a patient suffering from gonorrhoea. Hunter "then proceeded to observe and record with the detachment of the scientist the lesions as they appeared and disappeared over a period of three years. He experimented with various forms of mercurial treatment (then in vogue) but always stopped when there appeared to be danger of curing the disease!"

Unfortunately for John Hunter the patient from whom he had obtained his inoculum (the pus) was also suffering from syphilis. Hunter contracted syphilis which naturally convinced him, and many other people that he was right (that syphilis and gonorrhoea were the same disease). It was proved only much later that the two were distinct entities.

Incidentally, a great many historical stalwarts were STD patients — Julius Caesar, Cleopatra, Casanova, Catherine the Great, Napoleon, Nietzsche, Van Gogh, Goya, Goethe, Oscar Wilde, Keats, Schubert, Dos-

toevsky, Guy de Maupassant, etc.

Syphilis is caused by a tiny pale, corkscrew-like organism termed *Spirochaeta pallidum* or *Treponema pallidum*. The organism gains entry to the body via sexual intercourse with an infected person. The disease, after an incubation period of 9-90 days, passes through three stages. In the primary stage, a local sore ('the chancre') is seen on the external genitalia. This heals in a few weeks and is followed by a normal period, the lull before the storm of spirochaetes bursts again. In the secondary stage, lesions are mainly seen on the skin and mucous membranes. This stage is again followed by another lull, and 'in a year or not for many years, a third set of lesions appear with something of the inevitability of a Greek tragedy.' These affect the vital systems of the body like the cardiovascular and central nervous system. In the congenital variety, when the mother is infected, either the baby is born dead, or is born alive, with external

signs of syphilis, or is born alive and healthy and develops certain malformations.

The drug of choice in the treatment of syphilis is penicillin. Correct dosage regimen and proper follow-up ensures a complete cure.

Gonorrhoea is caused by a type of bacterium called *Neisseria gonorrhoea* or the gonococcus. Transmitted through sexual intercourse, the infection affects the male and female genital tracts, and a purulent discharge is the characteristic symptom. Proper antibiotic treatment in time cures the infection. If untreated, the infection can spread upwards, and affect the various parts of the male and female reproductive systems. In the female, salpingitis (inflammation of the fallopian tubes) and sterility can occur.

A number of drugs can be used in the treatment of gonorrhoea like the sulfonamides, penicillin, tetracyclines, etc. Careful and regular follow-up is again necessary to prevent reinfection.

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SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES: public enemy no.3

spouses and extra-marital sexual relations had significantly contributed to the high rate. According to Dr. Misra, as much as 75 per cent of all such cases in India are in the 20-30 age group. The incidence among teenagers is also quite high.

FACTORS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SITUATION

Prostitution, of course, continues to be the single most important factor responsible for the spread of sexually transmitted diseases. The difficulty arises in defining a prostitute — the profession has undergone a sea-change in recent times insofar as modus operandi, organisation, etc. are concerned. As the WHO stated in a report after an international survey of STD:

"Prostitutes comprise a heterogeneous group that is difficult to define because the definition depends partly on the attitudes and tolerance of the society concerned. Generally, however, the women concerned range from semi-prostitutes also engaged in normal jobs to call-girls and car-prowling girls. They may be highly mobile, their field of operations extending over several cities and even across national frontiers. Contact tracing (tracing sexual contacts during the critical period of the infection) is therefore extremely difficult. Periodic medical examination and control, although attempted in some countries, are possible only in a small proportion of prostitutes. The prevalence of VD among prostitutes is therefore estimated to be very high, although few studies have attempted to assess the exact rate. In developed countries, casual partners who do not accept payment are frequently named as sources of venereal infection — the proportion varies between ten and 50 per cent. In some developing countries, — on the other hand, prostitutes account for between 30 and 90 per cent of named contacts. Prostitution of all kinds is a measure of social and individual health, and effects to counter prostitution must be based on social, behavioural and educational principles rather than on moral attitudes."

Some time ago, a survey in Bengal revealed that out of 9600 STD-affected women, just 15.6 per cent were "regular" prostitutes — proving once again that

these diseases are not confined to the red-light districts (where the "pool" of infection traditionally existed). It will be easily appreciated that if tracing, detecting and treating such cases in the red-light areas is difficult, it becomes well-nigh impossible once the "pool" swamps its boundaries. Thus the "regular" prostitute, once considered the prime disseminator of these diseases, has now been replaced by what one could crudely term a "part-time" prostitute.

Promiscuity, again is another important factor responsible for the spread of STD. It must, however, be emphasised that

sexuality has also contributed its bit.

Group sex, orgies, "business sex" in the jet-set world of the super-rich, lead to a high incidence in the so-called upper strata of society. And, in the lower strata, it is the vicious cycle of poverty and ignorance that strengthens the spirochaete's hold. But as an eminent authority points out, "Venereal diseases or other sexually transmitted diseases have nothing to do with poverty, dirt, lack of sanitation or personal hygiene, per se. They cannot be self-engendered. They do not arise spontaneously even in the most soc-

for the rising incidence of STD. ('Sex Is Safe!') is the banner these potential victims flourish and, with the threat of pregnancy removed, promiscuity gets yet another fillip. A study undertaken some years ago in Britain showed that more than two-thirds of a group of screened STD-patients utilised contraceptive devices and indulged in extra-marital sexual relationships.

The spirit of "sexual adventurism" has also percolated to the teenage and young adult age level. More than 50 per cent of new STD cases currently belong to the 15-25 age group. Sex is now peddled on street-corners and the prurient are more than willing to impart the facts of life to boys and girls — at a price of course. Vulnerable youngsters, particularly those from broken homes, become easy prey to the blandishments of Sex. The root cause is the absence of sex education. A bad parent-child relationship, ignorance, emotional immaturity, etc. are only accessory factors.

WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE

Health Education. The importance of health education in the control of STD cannot be over-emphasised. The appalling ignorance of the cause, method of spread, symptoms and sequelae of STD that is so wide-spread among the population needs to be corrected. A large number of ridiculous misconceptions about the diseases still abound in the general populace — they are variously believed to be "visitations from God," "the result of eating nettle leaves," "the result of sexual intercourse with a menstruating woman," "a sign of growing adolescence and maturity" and so on. Others believe that sexual intercourse with a child cures the condition — a superstition that leaves hapless children the sufferers. Even in the "progressive" West, it was thought till a few hundred years ago that sex with a virgin could effect a cure. Others practised bestiality for the same purpose.

The social stigma attached to sexually transmitted disease has also hampered their prevention and control. The illiterate and ignorant apart, even the literate and educated are chary of approaching the right medical personnel for treatment. The fact that these diseases affect the genitals and for some reason or the other are always associated in the lay mind only with prostitutes and the red-light area, has contributed greatly to the difficulty in detecting and treating STD cases. In India, particularly, conditions exceed those in England at the peak of the Victorian era!

The crying need for health education is, therefore, obvious. Four points must be made clear to the lay person

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promiscuity, per se, does not and cannot spread STD unless an infected individual is involved. Promiscuity, extra-marital sexual relationships, sexual adventurism, disinhibition, permissiveness, call it what you will, only enhances a contact between one infected person who acts as a focus of spread, and his or her potential victims. A sort of chain reaction follows and the infection is rapidly disseminated. Broken homes, emotional immaturity, sexual disharmony among the married, are some of the other factors incriminated. The increasing incidence of homo-

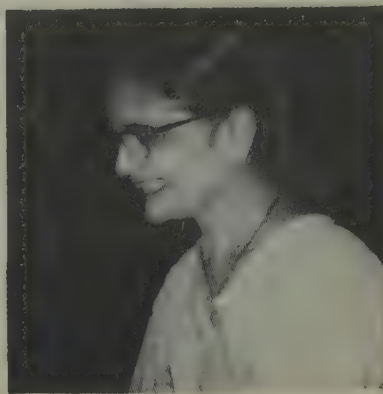
sexually unacceptable places or people." Prostitution is one off-shoot of poverty and an infected prostitute can transmit the spirochaete and the gonococcus to succeeding sexual contacts. Ignorance compounds the situation either because the patients neglect the first symptoms, or because they do not know whom to approach for treatment, or because they fall in the clutches of unscrupulous quacks who flourish in such areas.

Epidemiological surveys have also shown that the increasing use of contraceptive devices has been another important reason

MIRROR

Breaking the Age Barrier

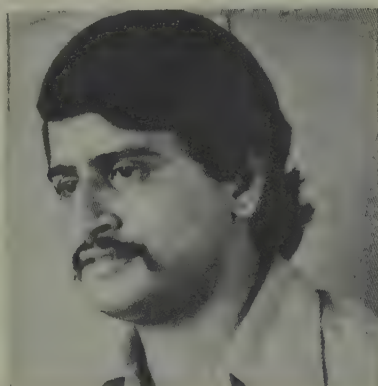
Grandpa—An easy-chair in the sunlit verandah, a flask of coffee and a copy of the Mirror—that is grandpa's idea of relaxation. He is poring over an article on the generation gap



Grandma—Her grandson has finally gone to sleep. So, it is time for a quick look at the Mirror for grandma. She is absorbed in the mystery of the Hope diamond, peering down memory lane at her own struggles to acquire her diamonds.



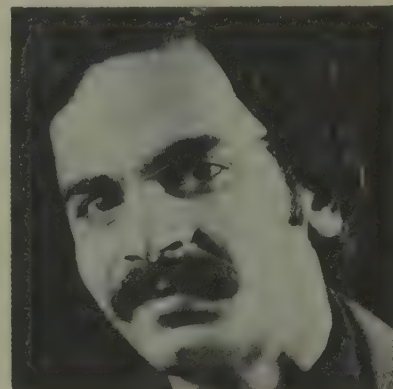
The daughter-in-law—As a custodian of the health and well-being of her family, the daughter-in-law finds the 'Your health is our concern' column fascinating.



The son—A busy executive relaxes with the Mirror, noting the quotations at the end of the articles for his next Junior Chamber speech.



The younger daughter-in-law—She has literary aspirations. Mirror's regular column on "The writing of poetry" has put her on the right track.



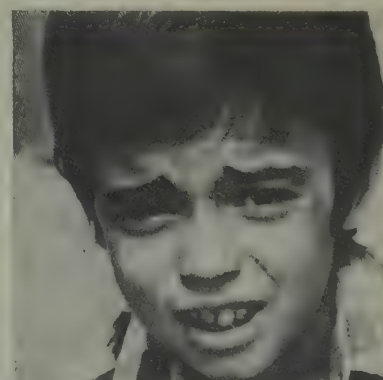
The younger son—What does life have in store for him? Will he too achieve greatness like all the men and women he has been reading about in Mirror's 'How they became great' column?



The teenage son—His favourite hobby is pen pals and Mirror's "Pen Pals" column opens out new worlds to him.



The teenage daughter—She likes to impress her boy friends with the wealth of general knowledge that she gleans through the Mirror



The little son—He resents the Mirror. The whole family is immersed in it and finds no time for him. But he does like the Ripley's, 'Believe it or not' page in Mirror.



The little daughter—She can't wait to grow up to join the happy family of Mirror readers.

The Mirror is a complete family magazine—a good, clean, family magazine with no sex, sensationalism, politics, or cinema. There is something for every member of the family in the Mirror. Every issue has 110 pages of well-researched, informative, entertaining articles on a wide spectrum of subjects. The Mirror is a magazine which gives you value for money and is a must for every family.



SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES: public enemy no. 3

(1) Venereal diseases are transmitted only through sexual intercourse with an infected person, and promiscuous sexual intercourse enhances their transmission.

(2) Male contraceptive devices do not afford complete protection from these diseases and female devices afford none at all.

(3) These diseases can be easily cured, but reinfection can occur and therefore patients must present themselves for regular follow-up according to medical advice.

(4) Unless the patients themselves cooperate and help the medical authorities in detection, diagnosis and treatment, irreversible damage can be caused to various important organs of the body like the heart, brain, liver, etc. Untreated women who become pregnant can give birth to babies suffering from congenital syphilis. Gonorrhoea can leave behind destroyed Fallopian tubes, or cause sterility in some women.

A massive, nationwide publicity campaign incorporating all these points must be immediately launched. The message must percolate to the common man.

Stringent legislation is needed to weed out the pernicious influence of the quack and the charlatan. Medical facilities must be made available, particularly

to the poor and ignorant, who are gullible victims of the alleyway "sex-clinics."

General practitioners, who are middle-men between the patients and public health authorities, need to be made more aware of the STD problem. In Bombay, the Association of Social Health in India, Bombay Branch, the VD Advisory Committee, Maharashtra State and the Bombay Municipal Corporation have organised free refresher courses in venereology for general practitioners. This course was introduced about ten years ago and is held twice every year. Such courses must be started all over the country.

Venereology as a separate branch of medicine has not yet been accorded its due importance. Most hospitals in India have a combined Dermatology-Venereology (Skin-VD) department and limited facilities for diagnosis and treatment. Venereology is not given much priority either at the under-graduate or post-graduate level. At the under-graduate level, a bare week or so (out of a total course of four and a half years) is allotted for a combined skin-VD term.

The National VD Control Programme initiated in 1955 is now in the doldrums. The 300 or so VD clinics set up are woefully inadequate to deal with the situation. An organised infrastructure comprising of a Central control body with attached State bodies, special VD training centres, VD clinics, etc. requires to be set up.

It's time we realised that STD are Public Health Enemy No. 3 (Nos. 1 and 2 being Malaria and Tuberculosis)!

Sex education assumes paramount importance because of the alarming increase of sexually

transmitted diseases among the teenage and young adult age group. As two eminent authorities, Drs. Ambrose King and Claude Nicol point out in their book, "Venereal Diseases":

"Education of the public in matters concerning venereal diseases is a difficult matter. It is, of course, linked with the even more difficult problem of sex education of children. Modern thinking rightly rejects the inhibitions of the past, as the result of which the problem was ignored or direct questions were answered with direct falsehoods. It is generally conceded that questions asked by children should be answered fully and truthfully, and that opportunities given by such questions should be taken to give useful additional information. Children should know about venereal diseases by the time they reach the age of puberty. Information of this kind should be linked with advice on the value of self-restraint and should stress the idealistic view of the union of man and woman in marriage. The child should never be forced to obtain information on sex from ill-informed and prurient-minded street companions. Many parents shirk their responsibilities in these matters, and it is of the utmost importance that religious authorities, school teachers, organisers of youth clubs, and all others concerned with the welfare of the young should be aware that their responsibilities in the matter of imparting correct information are secondary only to those of parents. It is unfortunately true that the most admirable advice is hardly likely to be fruitful if the home background is unstable and unhappy. The example of parents is of paramount importance, all too often it leaves much to be desired."

KEEPING MILK GOOD IN HOT WEATHER

To prevent milk from turning sour in hot weather, try the French method and drop a small piece of horse-radish in it as soon as it is delivered in the morning.

A lump of sugar helps to preserve cream in hot weather. But do not wait until the cream is beginning to "turn" before adding the sugar. Treat it while it is still in a perfectly fresh state.

When milk is beginning to sour, add a very small quantity of bicarbonate of soda — enough merely to cover a thimble top — to a pint of milk and boil the milk without delay. If it is not already too soured, this single method will keep it as good and sweet as fresh milk.

Nothing sweetens vessels in which milk has been kept so well as a solution of baking soda and hot water. The proportion is one teaspoonful of the soda to a

quart of warm water. Let the solution stand in the vessel long enough to get cold, then wash in the usual way.

To keep milk fresh for the longest period in summer, obtain a piedish of cold water and stand the milk jug in it. Cover the jug with two thicknesses of clear butter muslin. Allow the edges of the muslin to hang down so that they touch the water. Stand in a cool place, in a drought if possible, and replenish the water as required, since it will evaporate quickly.

Use plain, straight, wide-mouthed jugs for milk. No vessel which is difficult to wash should be employed as a milk container. A common cause of milk turning sour is the imperfect cleaning of jugs.

All utensils used for milk should be rinsed first with cold water,

er, then washed or scalded with water at or near the boiling point, and then rinsed again with clean cold water. They should not be wiped with a cloth that has been used for other dishes,

Especially during hot weather, new milk should never be mixed with old milk unless it is to be used at once. The old milk is likely to contain a large number of bacteria, and if the weather be very hot, sourness will occur in one to three hours.

Milk deteriorates by exposure to the air. It should, therefore, always be kept covered. A further danger that arises if it is left uncovered is contamination by flies that carry dust and disease.

If your milk is likely to have to be kept for some hours, put it into a vacuum flask as soon as it is delivered, corking up the flask well.



Devi

The Postmen's Union of Bombay generally deals with complaints against stray dogs and mad dogs. So the Union was taken aback when a postman, bruised all over, came with a complaint against film-star Premnath. The crime of the poor postman was that he passed Premnath's Versova bungalow without any mail for the star.

Premnath was outside in the garden at a bhajan session with his chelas. He called out to the postman as he

PREMNATH: Assault on Postman

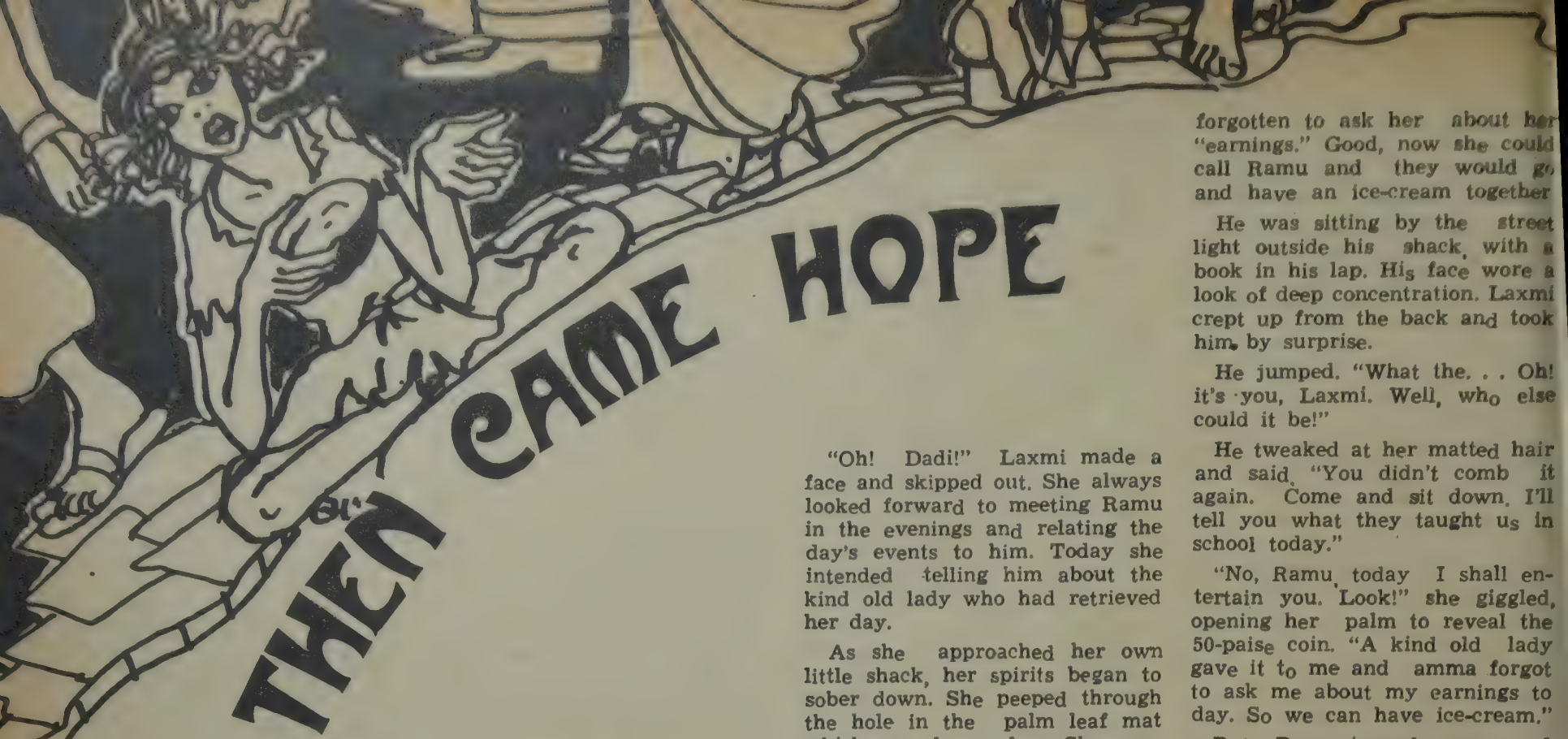
was passing by and was furious to know that his fan-mail had reeled back to zero. He snatched the post bag from him and scattered the mail all over, beat him up with the threat that he would see to it that he (the postman) is out of his job.

Still frustrated, Premnath then relieved himself of gallons outside his bungalow. The session was on, in spite of passers-by. To shock the public more, Premnath allegedly stripped himself and danced in the nude. The police arrested him, later released him on bail, only to be collected by an asylum van for medical check-up.

The neighbours insist he is mentally deranged and I recall Premnath's fury when I had got his two sons Prem Junior and Monty arrested by the police after they assaulted and abused me at Bindiya Goswami's party. I closed the case when the two expressed regrets in court, as I have better things to do than meet them in court regularly every month.

I also recall Dabboo's quarrel with me at Sunita B. C.'s party when he tried to provoke me by saying, "They are bachchas and nice guys," etc.

My reply was, "Supposing they were not Premnath's sons, but some young but poor servants called Tuka and Dhuka who tried to assault Babita, would society and you spare them?" And for once I am glad society and the state are treating all men alike — the glamorous millionaire ones and the kadka roadside ones.



THEN CAME HOPE

Rekha Sarin

The ten-paise coin made a light, musical sound as it hit the bottom of the bowl. Laxmi opened her eyes and saw it shining, staring at her sadly. She must take herself out of this inertia. What would her amma say when she got home?

"You lazy, useless girl!" she could imagine the shrill voice piercing her ears. "Don't you feel ashamed of yourself? Look how your mother slogs the whole night in that wretched Karkhana — and you, good-for-nothing idiot can't even bring home a few rupees?"

Oh well, this was one of her unlucky days. Besides, she felt a little sick. Perhaps the bread she had stolen from the old Irani's shop was stale. Her stomach had been giving little protests of pain the whole day and she had merely sat on the pavement, watching the busy shoppers go by.

Here came another nice-looking pair of feet. She watched the shiny toe nails and the tinkling silver anklets fascinated her.

"Give a poor girl some paise, didi. . ." she heard herself say.

"Your family shall prosper, you'll bear many children. . ." She was churning out the professional nonsense mechanically.

"Chalo hato!" she got an irritated response. No luck, once more. She must try harder, for she could not go home empty-handed.

She decided to plant herself at a more strategic point, near the traffic lights. In the corner stood a bookstall. She stared at it, mesmerised by the glossy covers and pictures of the magazines. Her eyes fell on the jacket of a book displaying a lush, green countryside. Her mind sped to Ramu; Ramu, who often told her tales of the vast magic lands which lay beyond the sea. A group of

chattering school children brushed past her. She wanted to snatch one of their bulging satchels and look at the books inside. Of course, the black printed words would just swim before her, but she could at least feast her eyes on the colourful pictures, instead of standing here, waiting to hear the clink of a little coin in her bowl from some kindly soul.

She came down to earth with a jolt. The sun was going down and in a few minutes Colaba would be glowing with a thousand lights. She loved the evenings here, but the dark thought of facing her amma at home always deflated her joy.

One last attempt.

This time she tried a different approach. She started singing a popular Hindi film song, with her bowl outstretched at the awaiting cars near the traffic lights.

It worked.

"You poor child," said the gentle, grey-haired lady in the car. "How well you sing — take this!"

The 50-paise coin clinked reassuringly in her bowl. The eyes in the face smiled at her. Laxmi's heart got a little surge. A mild, gentle breeze had begun to blow, but the lady's kind look was more soothing to her than the breeze.

"Thank you Maaji," she said in a gratified voice.

She was still humming the film song tune as she weaved her way through the shacks at the edge of the beach. There was a loud babble of voices. A strong smell of fish assailed her nostrils. She paused by Ramu's shack. An old lady sat in the corner, bending over a weak fire, puffing hard to make it work. Her wrinkled face creased and beamed into a smile as she saw Laxmi.

"Ramu is not yet back from the evening school, beti," she said in a quivering voice.

"Oh! Dadi!" Laxmi made a face and skipped out. She always looked forward to meeting Ramu in the evenings and relating the day's events to him. Today she intended telling him about the kind old lady who had retrieved her day.

As she approached her own little shack, her spirits began to sober down. She peeped through the hole in the palm leaf mat which served as a door. She wondered what sort of mood she would find her amma in. She saw her knotting her hair in a tight bun, peering at herself intently in the mirror. She was wearing a red cotton sari with a shiny gold border. Laxmi had never seen it before. She eyed it enviously. Perhaps it was one of the presents she received so often from the Seth at the Karkhana. Her amma said he was very generous. But in that case, Laxmi often wondered why he paid her so little. Anyway, the day amma got a new sari, she would always be in a good mood and sometimes even forget to scold her!

"Amma," she called timidly.

"Ah! you're back so soon, Laxmi," said her mother, without diverting her gaze from the mirror.

Laxmi shuddered, expecting a blow on that account. But she was not concentrating on her today. Instead, she merely said, "Come and hold this lantern closer, child. I can't see myself properly in this flickering light." She started applying 'kajal' to her eyes. "Here," she said holding out a 'gajra' to her, "put it in my hair. Today, there is a special function at the Karkhana. My Seth will be there — I must look my best."

She gave a final look at herself in the mirror.

"And listen — no need to make my morning 'roti' tomorrow. I'll be back late."

"But Amma, isn't your night shift over at seven in the morning — will you be doing double duty this time?" she asked.

"Questions, questions! That's all this child can do." She gave her a rough push. "Adjust the pleats of my sari and don't delay me further."

The faint smell of the 'gajra' still lingered in the room after she was gone. Laxmi let out a smothered sigh. And then she smiled to herself. Her amma had

forgotten to ask her about her "earnings." Good, now she could call Ramu and they would go and have an ice-cream together.

He was sitting by the street light outside his shack, with a book in his lap. His face wore a look of deep concentration. Laxmi crept up from the back and took him, by surprise.

He jumped. "What the. . . Oh! it's you, Laxmi. Well, who else could it be!"

He tweaked at her matted hair and said, "You didn't comb it again. Come and sit down. I'll tell you what they taught us in school today."

"No, Ramu, today I shall entertain you. Look!" she giggled, opening her palm to reveal the 50-paise coin. "A kind old lady gave it to me and amma forgot to ask me about my earnings to day. So we can have ice-cream."

But Ramu turned away and said coldly, "Sorry, I have my class exam in a few days. I have to study."

"Oh! Ramu, you can always get away for some time," she persisted.

He swung around abruptly.

"You want to know the truth? Well, I can't eat with this kind of money, someone merely gave it to you out of pity — just like throwing a crumb at poor Kalu the dog."

She felt the blood rushing to her face.

"How dare you compare me with Kalu! I'm not as lucky as you — working as an errand boy in some good Sethji's shop. You think I enjoy it, sitting out in the streets? But you know I have no choice. Amma. . ." Her voice trailed off, choked with bitter emotion. Her eyes brimmed over with tears.

"I'm sorry, Laxmi, I didn't mean to make you cry. You give this money to your mother. I'll take you out for ice-cream."

Amma did not come home the next morning.

Laxmi went as usual to Colaba Causeway with her tin bowl. She held it with distaste, thinking of Ramu's comparison of her with Kalu — she flushed at the thought. Her day was spent in a listless, dazed frame of mind. The waves of noise and the bustle of the bazaar drowned her thoughts and she let the crowd swirl around her. No one took notice of the lonely little figure in a tattered frock, holding out a tin bowl in a statue-like pose, not bothering to beg.

Dusk fell — the end of another day. The hour when time lies suspended, poised for a change of scene, when lights come on and throw a glow of warmth in happy homes. But, for Laxmi, the hour held no such meaning. The lights did not thrill her today. She did not even dread the idea

of facing her mother. Her mind was numb and her emotions were encased in an armour of indifference. She paused at the crossing near the traffic lights. She heard a familiar click in her bowl. The gentle-faced lady leaned out of the car window.

"What is the matter child? Are you not well today? You are not singing?"

Laxmi smiled feebly. A picture of Kalu the dog floated before her eyes. A sob escaped her lips. She turned towards home like a robot.

In the distance, she could see Ramu sitting at his usual place near the street light. She changed her direction. She went home through the other side.

She entered without taking her usual, cursory peep through the matted door. Somehow she was indifferent to her mother's mood this evening. An inner defiance possessed her and she walked in with an air of nonchalance. Amma was still not to be seen. Laxmi was puzzled. But she was past caring. Her mind was a medley of confused thoughts. They were mingled with a dull ache of desire; desire for a better existence, than the wait and dread of her mother day in and day out.

She lay down on the frayed mat on the cold floor, ignoring the ripples of hunger passing through her stomach. A picture of the chattering school children flashed through her mind. Life had shone bright on their faces. How she wished she could become a part of their world! She closed her heavy eyelids. Then she felt much better. She felt herself floating, transported to the beautiful lands which Ramu talked about.

She awakened with a start. Yes, there it was again, an agonised moan. She was not dreaming now. She rubbed her eyes and wiped her clammy face with her frock. Then she heard the wheezing, moaning sound close by. She saw a form trembling besides her.

"Amma! she cried.

With trembling fingers, she lit the lantern and gave a horrified gasp when she saw her mother's face. It was contorted out of shape. Her eyeballs were rolled up so that the whites of her eyes stood out in the dark making her look so eerie. Every now and then, a shudder would rack her whole body and she would emit a banshee-like sound, a struggle for breath!

Laxmi touched her mother's forehead. It was ominously cold. Her choli was soaked in sweat and Laxmi could smell a strong, vile odour from her mouth.

"Amma! Amma! Say something, what's the matter with you?" she cried, shaking her mother.

But there came no reply. The moans continued and the form

kept shaking, like an animal in fright.

Laxmi debated what to do. The best thing, she decided, would be to go to Ramu and Dadi. As she turned to go, she heard a loud, tortured scream. She whirled around and saw the fluttering form go still. A dark river of blood slowly meandered its way across her mother's bosom. It stained the shiny gold border of her sari. A putrid odour filled the little room. Her mother had vomited blood. Laxmi knew that this was the end.

Morning came, as bright and sunny a day as could be. A cluster of women had formed outside Laxmi's 'jhuggi.' They were all buzzing amongst themselves in

Her own desire for a better existence was heightened by Ramu's distaste for her way of earning a living

excited whispers. Laxmi stood, unnoticed in the crowd, holding on to Dadi's 'pallu'. She observed the scene dry-eyed, like an indifferent witness. Cold fingers clutched at her heart — a well run dry of emotions. She noted the women's faces, shining with sadistic pleasure. Something extraordinary to gloat over, a respite from the humdrum routine of their mechanical existence. Fragments of their conversation floated up to her, and she absorbed them, bit by bit.

"It served her right with the life she led. God had to punish her. Did you smell the room? Illicit 'bhang.' I say. She was a slut and she drank like one, too!"

"Yes, yes, Behin. Who doesn't know — I tell you, I never let my man even look at her. She was a witch, you know," sniggered a young fisherwoman holding a baby to her bosom.

"But what about the child? They say that..." and the two women lowered their voices and Laxmi could hear no more.

Evening came and Dadi took Laxmi home.

"You'll stay with us, my child. Ramu will be very happy too."

He stood at the door and patted Laxmi as she came in. His face was soft with compassion and understanding. She still seemed drowned in her world of misery.

"There's no need to worry, Laxmi. My Sethji is looking for

a maid for his little girl. We could go and meet him tomorrow. He is a kind man. And then you could work and come to the evening school with me. Isn't that what you've always wanted?"

But the words did not penetrate the numbness that had settled on her. The morning's gossip amongst the women kept reverberating in her ears. The words 'slut' and 'bhang' chased each other round and round in her head. She could contain herself no more. She burst out.

"Was my mother a slut, Dadi?"

There was a pregnant silence in the room. The old woman cleared her throat and shuffled her way up to Laxmi. Taking her hand, she said in a slow tremulous voice, "My child, so you have heard! Yes, the truth cannot be hidden for long. But you must be brave and not say anything harsh about the dead. You must pray for her."

And, suddenly, reality dawned clear in Laxmi's mind.

"So, those 'night shifts' at the factory were actually for 'dhandu,'" she thought, speaking aloud. She pictured her mother in the red sari preening before the mirror. So that was why she dressed up so gaudily. "Here I work so hard in the factory..." her mother's nagging echoed through her mind and she gave a cynical smile.

"But why did she force me to beg? Why was she so harsh with me?" Laxmi cried, her emotions spilling over.

"Hush, child, some women are like that — Lord forgive her. She wasn't even your real mother. You know your father married again after your own mot-

her's death. But poor man, he was not destined to live in peace and one day he left the house in disgust."

The numbness finally lifted from Laxmi's heart. She felt a sea of bitterness, indignation and hatred rising within her and finally the emotional waves broke through her stunned senses. She put her head in Dadi's lap and sobbed hysterically.

The next day, Laxmi decided to collect her belongings from the 'jhuggi.' Ramu would take her to the Sethji and she would get a job and go to school like him. She felt elated at the thought.

She stepped into the room overcome by a feeling of detachment. Her mother's spirit seemed to have already left the room. The silence did not seem to miss her presence. No haunting of pleasant memories, no feelings of a cosy home shattered by tragedy; the room had been barren of such an atmosphere even when it was inhabited.

Laxmi started collecting her few belongings. Her three frocks — she would wash the best one right away, for she must look presentable for her interview with the Sethji, an old picture book which Ramu had once given her — she would now get to see many more books like this one. As she fumbled through the rusty old trunk, her hand struck a metallic object. She dug out a tarnished silver box — her mother's trinket box, where she kept her ornaments for dressing at night to go to 'work.'

Continued on page 43



A person comes into this world with features provided by nature, and till very recently he or she had to be content with whatever he or she got. There are some factors that can transform a beautiful person into an ugly one. Such people have a desire to become beautiful again. This, again, was not possible until a few decades ago.

But now, because of the tremendous progress in the field of surgery, it is possible to mould your features according to your choice. It is also now possible to change and mould the shape of certain parts of your body through modern surgery.

WHAT IS COSMETIC SURGERY?

Cosmetic surgery is an aspect of plastic surgery which is concerned with the enhancement of beauty. Plastic surgery was so named because it dealt with the shaping and moulding of living human flesh and skin. The word 'plastic' comes from the Greek word "plastikos", to mould. Any work of construction or re-construction has aesthetic value, therefore these values are an essential part of plastic surgery.

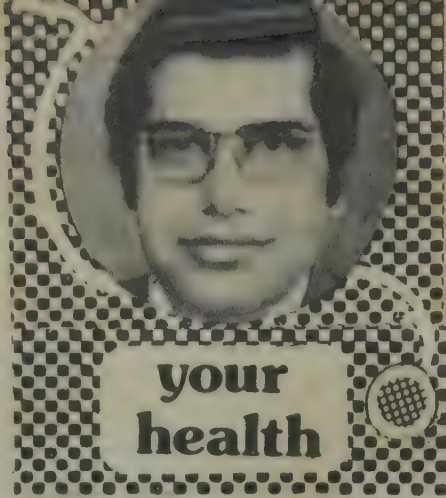
PRE-CONDITIONS TO COSMETIC SURGERY

Cosmetic surgery is done out of necessity. It should not be done merely on casual and unwarranted request. Because of the influence of films on teenagers, many of them are easily carried away by the appearance of film stars, and they may take a momentary decision to get their features changed, whether they need it or not. Such an approach is purely cosmetic. The cosmetic surgeon, however, would have to evaluate whether there is a genuine indication for altering the features. How would such an alteration affect the balance with the rest of her face? How would it affect the person's personality? And so on. Therefore, they do not always agree to carry out the surgery demanded by a person. It is the responsibility of a surgeon to correctly guide and, if necessary, to restrain the person.

Sometimes, it is difficult to accept the new image. None of us has really seen our own face. What we see every day in the mirror is our image, and we get a mental impression of our features established over a period of years. When this image is altered by surgery, it is at times difficult to accept the new image. Therefore, cosmetic surgery should be done as a surgery of necessity and not as the result of impulsive decisions.

COMMON CONDITIONS FOR COSMETIC SURGERY

Common conditions like small-pox scars, scars due to injury, infection, burns, etc., patches of de-pigmentation, especially on the exposed parts of the skin —



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buttocks, and in correcting birth defects.

In our country, the commonest cosmetic procedure is performed for small-pox scars on the face, but nowadays surgery of the nose, other scars, and even breast surgery is becoming quite popular. Removal of scars after burns and as a result of leprosy is fast becoming popular in our country.

SMALL-POX SCARS

There are various surgical procedures for removing small-pox scars. These range from a technique of rubbing the skin of the face with sandpaper to grinding with a high-speed rotary mach-

are not over-enthusiastically rubbed out, neither should the treatment be attempted by anyone but a fully qualified cosmetic or plastic surgeon or else the resulting scars from deep abrasion would be worse than the original.

Secondly, in deep rubbing, infection is the real threat. Therefore, the aim should be to give a smoother finish to a level which is safe. A person with deep scars may need two or three sittings, at intervals of six to twelve months, which permits the skin to regenerate sufficiently to take up another abrasion. There is an additional possibility of the darkening of the abraded skin, particularly in dark-complexioned

COSMETIC SURGERY

Thanks to cosmetic surgery, victims of disfiguring diseases and accidents need no longer carry the scars of their misfortune for the rest of their lives

all these need corrective surgery. A deformed nose, a very large or a very small chin, an enlargement of the lower jaw, baldness, facial wrinkles due to advancing age and other such conditions can also be helped by cosmetic surgery. This surgery can also help in correcting abnormal sizes of breasts, in removing excessive fat from the abdomen, thighs or

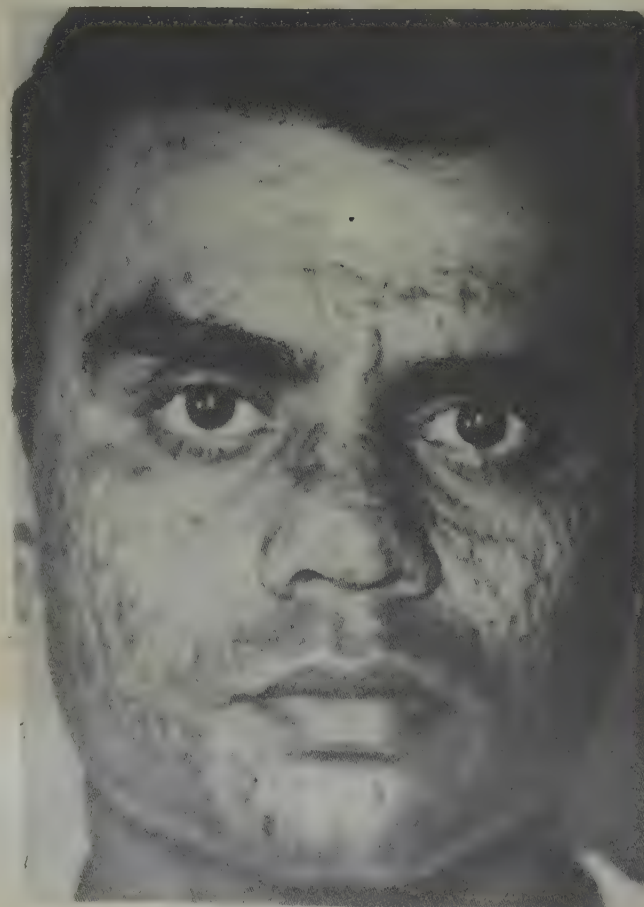
ine. This process is known as **Dermo Abrasion**. This is usually recommended after the age of 18 years, when the person can decide for himself or herself about the necessity of such procedures. We attempt to make these scars inconspicuous by this procedure. Because of the pitted nature of the scars, they are deeper than the surrounding normal skin, and often have a darker colour. The aim is to reduce the thickness of the surrounding normal skin and to bring about a uniform colouration between the pits and the neighbouring skin.

Although the marks remain, they do become less conspicuous as a result of this treatment. Care has to be taken that these

people. Such a darkening may take a year or more to clear out.

People are scared at the thought of getting their skin rubbed and they think that it must be a very painful procedure. This is not true. Under anaesthesia, this procedure is painless, and the little pain that the patient experiences after coming out from anaesthesia can easily be relieved by various pain-killing drugs. It usually takes one and a half to two hours to complete one sitting, and the patient has to remain in the hospital for five to ten days. A dry scab forms on the face and this should not be touched. It usually falls off on its own leaving a very pink layer of healed skin. It takes from six weeks to six months for this pink

Small-pox marks: before and after dermo-abrasion.



colour to return to normal. Sunlight should be avoided completely by these patients if good results are to be obtained. If the patients expose themselves to sunlight, the skin colour may become even darker than normal.

OTHER SCARS

Once a scar, always a scar — but an ugly scar can definitely be better by converting it into a fine, well-placed scar. The human skin has a number of existing or potential skin creases, and the scars placed along these creases are inconspicuous. Changing the position and the quality of the scars is an important aspect of the art of cosmetic surgery.

Before removing a scar, a nevus, a mole or a wart, proper planning is done. Then their removal produces gratifying results. At times, to fill up the gap created by the excision of the scar, skin might have to be borrowed from the surrounding area, or new skin from another area might have to be transplanted. Now, with the advent of micro-vascular surgery, it is possible to lift the entire thickness of the skin from one place, and to graft it in another place at the same sitting.

FACE LIFT

With advancing age, wrinkles appear on the face. The skin of the face and the neck sags downwards, eyebrows droop and this image is registered as old age. In a face-lift operation, the skin of the face is gently stretched upwards and backwards, thus removing these wrinkles and creases. At times, this is combined with the lifting of the eyebrows.

Sometimes, for the removal of

racial features, cosmetic surgery is done. Thus, in America, the Jews often get their noses altered to remove their typical racial characteristics of the hooked nose. The Chinese, Japanese and other people with Mongol features often get another operation done — a transverse fold in their upper eyelid, which is normally missing, can be created to make their eyes larger and wider.

Occasionally, the members of the underworld seek alteration of their features to escape the arms of law. This is one more reason why the surgeon should, before undertaking such an operation, go deep into the reasons for the necessity of doing cosmetic surgery. Normally, a photograph of the person is taken before the surgery is undertaken so that proper identity is established.

SURGERY OF THE NOSE

Cosmetic surgery for the nose is very commonly performed in Western countries. In our country there is not much demand for such surgery, possibly because of the large variety of ethnic features that the people of India have, which makes any type of nose more or less acceptable as normal for all groups.

Everyone has an image about himself or herself, and if any part of the body falls below that body image, then the person is dissatisfied. If this persists, it can lead to psychological problems — the least of them being an inferiority complex. The requirements vary from place to place and from people to people. For example, in America, when

altering the appearance of a young girl's nose, it is common to create an angle of 110 degrees between the lip and the base of the nose, thus creating an up-turned nose tip. Such a nose tip does not look nice on Indian girls and here we do not like to give an angle of more than 95 degrees.

At times, it is difficult to determine what exactly a person wants. There is usually some confusion in the minds of patients about what they want. It is therefore essential to have a plaster model of the desired result of the operation, so that the patients have an opportunity to choose the type of nose from the various plaster models. Only after their approval is obtained should the surgery be performed.

Some people have a small nose which they want to have enlarged. Others have a crooked nose which they would like to have straightened. In other words, no two operations are ever alike. This type of operation usually takes half-an-hour to three hours, depending upon the complexity of the situation. After the operation, the patient has to rest at home or in a hospital for one or two weeks. As these operations are done from inside the nostril, no visible scar is seen externally.

SURGERY OF THE BREASTS

If there is deformity of the breast as a result of injury, burns, or surgery, or if there is gross difference between the breasts as a result of development defect, cosmetic surgery can help in balancing the situation. This is known as Memoplasty. Likewise, gross over-development of the breasts poses physical problems of ungainly appearance, drooping shoulders, backache, and skin infection in the folds underneath; here again the size of the breasts can be reduced to suit the personality. Very small sized breasts sometimes give rise to anxiety (however unwarranted). Cosmetic surgery can help to increase the size of the breasts. Needless to say, a number of factors have to be carefully weighed before embarking on this type of surgery.

OBESITY AND COSMETIC SURGERY

A sari-clad woman's midriff is often in view, and many women desire a flawless appearance. Apart from this, a woman's abdomen has to pay the price for pregnancy, and it often loses its shape. The skin may become heavily wrinkled and the front wall of the abdomen sometimes becomes loose and pendulous. This is coupled with problems of posture and pre-disposed to post-operative hernias. Restoring the shape of the abdomen, though a marathon operative procedure, is possible. Re-shaping of the abdomen is also at times considered

necessary in the treatment of excessive obesity.

At times, ugly and loose folds of fat and skin may cause a person to want these to be removed from arms, thighs and buttocks to combat obesity. Every operation, however small or big, leaves behind a scar. In these procedures the scars are of considerable length, and every attempt is made to place them in such a position so that they are not too conspicuous. Scars resulting from such surgery are minor surface blemishes, and good and well-placed scars could be considered a small price to pay for the correction of the major deformity.

Though cosmetic surgery can help in obesity, this should not lure people into a false sense of security that allows them to depend entirely on surgery. Obesity must be prevented and proper diet measures and exercises form the basis of treatment. Surgery is only an adjunct and cannot replace the basic principles of treatment for obesity.

OPERATIONS FOR BLEMISHES

Operations for blemishes on the skin can be done at any age. The aim is to complete the treatment before school-going age, so that the child can be spared ridicule from his school-mates. Operations for improving the appearance of the ears can also be undertaken at this age.

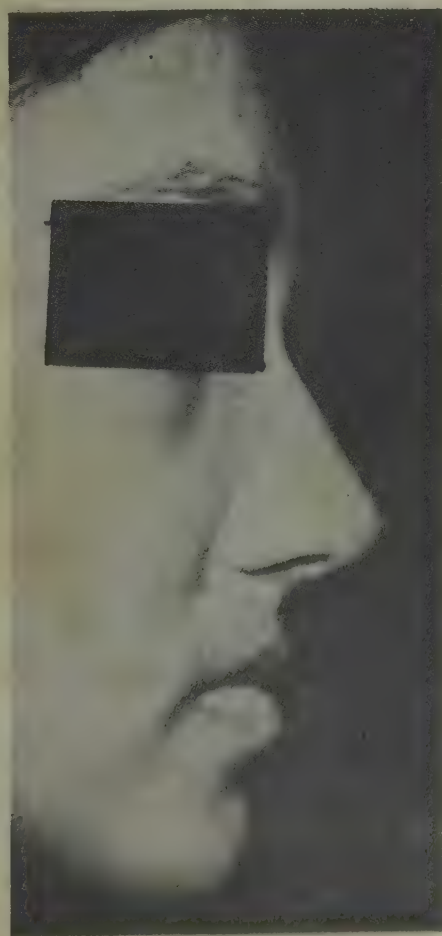
Removal of moles, warts, abnormal skin patches, etc., gives instant results and at times, it is very gratifying to see the blessings brought by it.

In most cases of cosmetic surgery, the gross defects are usually obvious immediately, but the settling and the final results can only be evaluated after six months or a year, or even more.

One of the common questions that crops up in the mind of the patient is about the permanency of the results of such surgery. The answer is that it depends on the problem. Where the causative agent is no longer active, the results would be permanent — for example, the treatment of defects resulting from injuries, scars and birth defects. However, where the causative agent is still active, the benefits might wear away with time — for example, the effects of surgery to remove signs of age can be nullified over a period of time. Of course, in these cases, surgery can, and often is, repeated.

Cosmetic surgery — the surgery of beautification — is a branch of plastic surgery which is fast-developing. With this surgery, it is not only appearance that can be changed, but in changing the appearance, the entire outlook on life and the purpose of life can sometimes be changed, for the better.

Surgery to shape a disfigured nose: before and after surgery.



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madam im adam

"Where is my new bushcoat?" I asked Phyllis, "the one with the hula-girls swaying in the sunset?"

Phyllis shuddered and said, "I gave it away."

"You whichit?"

"I gave it away," she repeated, unperturbed. "You don't imagine I'd send you out with a travel folder flapping on your chest, do you? You'd have cars running up telephone poles."

"Sugardoll," I said, "you have a pedestrian soul. Can't I have a little colour in my life?"

"All the colour you need, Confucius," said Phyllis sweetly, "I will provide."

I sighed and settled for a mustard bushcoat with thin purple pinstripes.

You'll notice I didn't hit the ceiling about this incident. In matters of dress, I bow to my wife's superior judgement. In the early years of our married bliss, she could hardly look at me without dark glasses. Today, it's only on rare occasions that she tries to stop me from dressing up like a rainbow.

There are also a coupla other instances when I let the hen in the home rule the roost. For example, when we throw a party, I tell her, "Look, honey, I'll draw up a list of the men to invite and you pick the dolls."

"Not on your cotton-picking life," she promptly replies. "If you pick the men, there'll be language floating around strong enough to knock over an army tank — and the party will end up with blood on the carpet. So, I'll pick the men and you pick the — er — dolls."

I smile and say, "Okay, boss-lady, so be it!"

It takes genius to get your own way and not let the other person catch on.

Sometimes, before we go out dancing, Phyllis will wrap herself up in something she calls 'fashionable', whirl around and say, "Well, Confucius, how do I look?"

"Absolutely dinky," I'd tell her. "If you so much as sneeze, that gown will land around your heels. If you come in that, my pet, I'll come stripped to the waist."

"But, sweetheart," Phyllis would say, "when other women wear things like this you positively drool over them."

"That's because you're someone special, baby," I'd tell her. "Of course, if you want me to lump you together with 'other women', maybe it can be arranged."

She'd consider this briefly, then reach for a dress that starts three inches below her chin instead of ten. Neat, eh?

Choosing wedding gifts for friends is another little exercise I leave entirely to the little lady. Phyllis is rather firm about this, ever since I gave two bottles of Scotch to a young couple whose wedding we could not possibly attend. There was one little fact I'd neglected to find out, because the possibility would never have occurred to me. Since I'd seen them last, some months before, they'd joined a religious denomination that bans the consumption of any liquid stronger than milk.

Now whenever they see us, the atmosphere becomes cold.

I have also learned to let my sweet-and-bitter half have her own way in other momentous matters. Such as rearranging the furniture — which she does with devastating enthusiasm every month; needless to add, she merely directs the campaign while I push, pull, lift and tug at things until my back muscles scream for mercy.

But there are two essentials, babydoll, in which I never relinquish my authority to my wife. I have my own way and I see to it that she does exactly what I want. One is in relation to my consuming fondness for the amber fluid, and the other is . . . the other is . . . you know when I feel like . . . well, for once angel, words fail me.

G'bye now!

Adam

THEN CAME HOPE

Continued from page 39

She examined the contents. When she made a move towards the light to see better, her foot banged against a stool and she fell.

The lid of the box flew open, its contents spilling over the floor. And as she picked up the box, she realised its base had gone loose. She shook it, and the base fell out, revealing a hidden compartment. Her eyes widened as she realised what lay inside.

Two hundred rupee notes!

So, this was amma's hidden treasure. A fresh wave of resentment welled up inside her. Her mother hoarded wealth and made her beg on the streets!

She felt suffocated and decided she must get away from the cloistered atmosphere of the 'jhuggi.' She started walking towards the deserted section of the beach. Her mind ticked with a myriad thoughts. Why had her mother grumbled so much about their poverty when her "earnings" were so much? Why had she been so harsh with her? Well, it served her right. She, Laxmi, had found the "earnings" which her mother had so secretively tucked away. She felt the notes crackle in her palm. So these were the winnings of her amma's night shifts and she suddenly felt stung by a revolting thought. She imagined a greasy, fat, pan-chewing man giving the money to her mother.

How many such men had her mother sold herself to? Laxmi felt nauseated.

She stood still and stared at the notes again. They looked back at her innocently in a mute challenge. They were mocking her, inviting her to accept them. She continued to stare at the money, lost in thought, her mind a stormy whirl!

A strong gust of wind blew, almost sweeping her off her feet. A strand of hair lashed her eye in reprimand. For a second, she was blinded. She lifted one hand to push it away. Another gust of wind and a note tore away from her hand and got wafted by the wind.

She opened her smarting eye and watched it go, without any panic, overcome by a feeling of sudden calm. She looked down at the second note in her palm. She loosened her grip and released it. It fluttered away in the wind, performing a merry jig. She saw it becoming a speck in the distance. It seemed glad to be free. It would now find its own destiny, just as she must find hers — and turn a new leaf in her life.

She smiled to herself, turned around with an air of hope and headed towards Ramu's hut.

people and events



Kamini Kaushal, chief guest at the cookery contest organised in Bombay by Ramon Bonus Stamps and sponsored by Lijjat Pappads hands over the 1st prize in the Continental Dishes category (full menu) to Mrs. Shirin Vahanvaty. Mr. G. K. Chitalla, manager-in-charge, Ramon Bonus stamps, looks on.



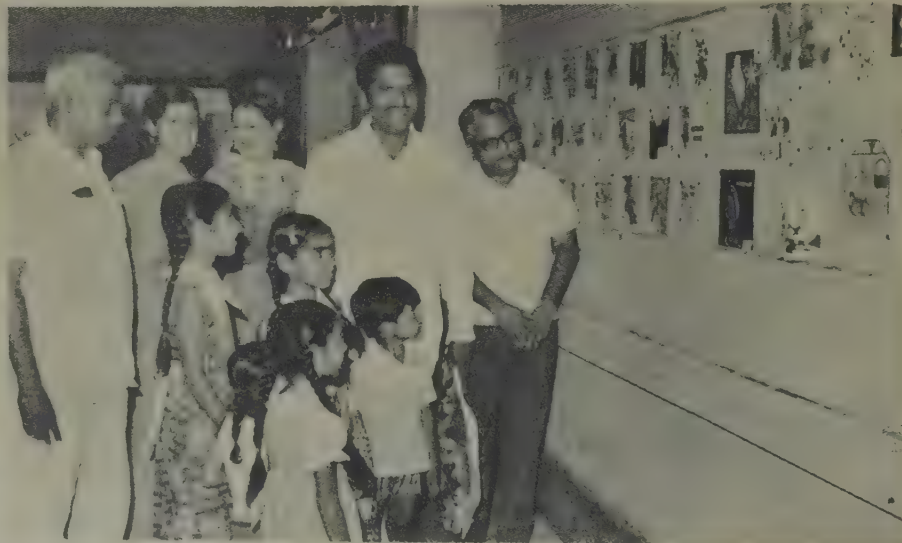
ABOVE: Seen at the press conference held in Bombay by J. K. Helene Curtis Ltd. to launch Pimponyle, are from left Mr. I. K. Aggarwal, executive director, J. K. Helene Curtis Ltd., a guest, Mr. N. N. Mehta, General Manager, chief guest Mrs. Ramma Bans, Manageress, Taj Health Club, special invitee Simple Kapadia, and Mr. Romesh Khanna, from ARMS Advertising.



ABOVE: At Mikelos' exhibition-cum-sale of children's clothes, sarees and knick-knacks, held in Bombay, are seen from left the organisers, Poornima Taparia, Nita Mehta, Shrikanta Taparia and Sudha Taparia.



The Madhya Pradesh State branch of the Indian Red Cross Society celebrated World Red Cross Day in Bhopal, with a dry flower arrangement exhibition by Mrs. Gargi Beri (3rd from left, forefront). Mrs. Savita Bajpai, State Minister for Public Works is seen inaugurating the exhibition.



LEFT: Mr. Hambirrao Moze, Mayor of Pune, (2nd from right) inaugurated the "Child Art '78" exhibition organised in Pune by the "Children's Corner" of the Pune Herald. Seen with him are Farida Sajan, Eve's Weekly's Pune correspondent, and Leena Chowdhary, a Pune artist (2nd and 3rd from left).

Mrs. Vasantha Moorthy, President, N. F. Railway Women's Organization, Mallgaon, giving a cheque for Rs. 20,000 to Prof. Madhu Dandavate, Minister for Railways, for the Railway Minister's Relief Fund, at a function held in Gauhati.



Invitees seen at the inauguration of the Vishkapatnam branch of Shahnaz Husain's Woman's World, to be run by Mrs. Rukmini Janardan, (6th from right), skin therapist.



bombay

A representative exhibition of contemporary Indian art from the Tata Organisation's collection of paintings in Bombay was declared open at the Jehangir Nicholson Museum of Modern Art at The National Centre for the Performing Arts. Mr. J. R. D. Tata presided over the inauguration.

Thirty canvases were on display, selected from the very large number of paintings acquired by the Tata Organisation over the last two decades, not only to introduce an element of aesthetics in various Tata offices but also for producing the Tata annual art calendar.

The present exhibition aimed at displaying a representative cross-section of the different styles that have prevailed in contemporary Indian painting in the last two decades — from purely academic and illustrative pictures to the figurative-abstract work of artists like Hussain, Bendre, Sabavala and Hebbar, and the completely abstract works of Gaitonde, Ramkumar and Akbar Padamsey. Other great artists featured were Ara, Badrinarayan, Chavda, Chetanarya, Krishen Khanna, W. Langhammer, (the only non-Indian), Anjali Menon, Gieve Patel, B. Prabha and Raval.

Dr. Khorshed D. P. Madon, Principal, Davar's College of Commerce has been elected the Zonta Club of Bombay II delegate to the Zonta International Convention to be held in Denver, Colorado, from June 25 - 29.

Dr. Madon, who is the founder-President of Zonta Club of Bombay II, will join more than 2,000 delegates and members of 750 Zonta Clubs in 47 countries, in conducting the business of this international service organization of executive women, adopting international service projects and electing new leadership. She will meet and hear several of the world's most outstanding women, including Betty Williams, founder and leader of the Peace Marches in Northern Ireland and a winner of the 1976 Nobel Peace Prize.

The Zonta Club of Bombay II has adopted the antenatal ward of the Naorosji Wadia Maternity Hospital as its major service project. It also supports Zonta's International service projects: The Amelia Earhart Fellowship Awards for graduate study in

aerospace related sciences and engineering (this year the Fellowship has been awarded to 25 young women from five countries); and the building of health and education centres in the crowded, urban slums in Columbia.

A press conference was recently held at the Taj Intercontinental to launch Pimponyle, an Ayurvedic cure for pimples by J. K. Helene Curtis Ltd., the well-known house of cosmetics. Made from natural herbs it does not contain any harsh chemicals.

Mrs. Ramma Bans, Manageress, Taj Health Club, was the chief guest of the evening. Addressing the gathering she said that several body disorders like pimples can be best cured by natural products in combination with a proper diet. Filmstar Simple Kapadia was a special invitee on the occasion.

delhi

All nine members of the National Spiritual Assembly of Baha'is of India attended the Fourth International Convention of the Baha'i Faith held in Haifa, Israel.

Mrs. Bharati Gandhi, Jagdish Gandhi, L. P. Lad, Dr. Perine Olyai, Sohrab Olyai, R. N. Shah, H. V. Singh, R. B. Tripathi, and K. H. Vajdi were the Indian members who attended. The Baha'i faith, an independent world religion, was founded in 1844. The purpose of the Convention was the election of the Universal House of Justice, the nine-member body which heads the Baha'i faith.

calcutta

The South Eastern Railway Women's Organisation opened an annexe of their Mahila Samiti at Garden Reach. Mrs. Pramila Dandavate was presented on the occasion with a cheque for Rs. 40,000 for the Railway Minister's Relief Fund, by Mrs. Kamla Kohli, President of the S. E. Railway Women's Organisation.

gauhati

Art lovers of greater Gauhati enjoyed the Ganesh Stuti, Alaripu, Kavathvam, Astapadi, Padam, Slokam and Tillana of

Bharata Natyam; and Mangal-acharan, Pallavi, Astapadi and Moksa Nata of Odissi — both presented by Shrimati Gayatri, a danseuse of international fame, at Rabindra Bhavan. The show was organised by the North East Frontier Railway Women's Organisation, Maligaon. A product of Kalakshetra, Gayatri's chief quality is her sense of proportion and timing.

On the inaugural day, the audience included Prof. Madhu Dandavate, Minister for Railways, Mr. L. P. Singh, Governor of the North Eastern States, Mr. Golap Barbora, Chief Minister of Assam and Mr. Jahirul Islam, Transport Minister, Assam.

Before the function started, Mrs. Vasantha Moorthy, President, N. F. Railway Women's Organisation, Maligaon, presented a cheque for Rs. 20,000 to Prof. Madhu Dandavate, for the Railway Minister's Relief Fund, and a cheque for Rs. 10,000 to Mr. Barbora for the Chief Minister's Relief Fund.

bhopal

May 8, World Red Cross Day, was celebrated by the M. P. State Branch of the Indian Red Cross Society at Bhopal. This time the unique feature of the celebration was a solo exhibition of Dry Flower Arrangements by Mrs. Gargi Beri of Bhopal, in aid of the Red Cross. The exhibition was declared open by M. P. State Minister of Public Works Mrs. Savita Bajpai and was on for three days. This was the first such exhibition to be held in Bhopal.

secunderabad

"Jyothi International" is planning to publish a directory of working women (of all categories), women writers, women readers, and women's clubs.

Interested women may write to Jyothi International, Post Bag No. 36, Secunderabad 500 003, giving information about names, addresses, age, and the language they can speak, read and write. Women writers and women readers are particularly requested to let them know the titles of work they have written and the names of journals they read regularly. Presidents and secretaries of Women's Clubs, Mahila Mandals, etc. should send the names and addresses of all the members along with brief particulars of their clubs.

world of eve



INDIRA PURI

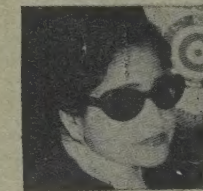
Indira Puri's, or Taruni's (as she calls herself) interest in art started while she was in school. She then did a five-year course at the M. S. University, Baroda, specialising in painting and graphics.

Indira's work consists of lithographs, oil paintings and pen and ink drawings. She deals with both subjective and figurative subjects. Her work shows a fine handling of form and composition. Her use of lines, particularly in the drawings and lithographs, reveals her sense of movement and rhythm.

Indira's paintings evoke strong reactions through their use of the human form, as in "Destitutes in my front verandah". Another painting striking for the way in which colours have been used is "Portrait of my cousin".

These and other pieces were on view in Indira's recent exhibition at Calcutta.

Indira's next experiment will be depicting poetry in visual form.



GEETA ROY

Mrs. Geeta Roy proved to be the best marks woman in India at the recent

National shooting competitions in Ahmedabad. She won the .22 Standard rifle three positions in the women's events.

Fifty-year-old Mrs. Roy has been in the 'shooting field' for the last 30 years. Encouraged by her husband, she took to it seriously and bagged her first gold in 1952 — a gold badge in the First All India Ladies Rifle Championships held in Calcutta. She has won several awards and prizes and has been the National champion even in the mixed events.

Her greatest moment was when she received the Master Shooters' Badge in the world championships held in Cairo in 1962. In 1971, again in Cairo, in the Hind Asian Shooting Championships, she bagged the special Sportsmanship Award.

Mrs. Roy has won a total of 100 gold and 50 silver medals.

Interested in table tennis, rowing and swimming, she has also participated in car rallies with her husband.

this week
for you

A Full Moon this week. You will be involved in sweeping changes and these may be thrust upon you suddenly. Go along with them willingly — they can't be dodged and it is time to break with the past to some extent, to adapt to new ideas, activities, to form fresh and more rewarding relationships. Generally, it is a year of opportunity with a strong accent on friendships and communication. Success will come through contact with others, also from taking an adventurous attitude. No problems cashwise, it seems, and if you did not get your special wish late 1977/early 1978, it should come in the twelfth month ahead. In your love life you will perhaps have too many chances, feel uncertain — until someone very special comes along — in 1979!

For the Week June 18 — 24, 1978

John Naylor

ARIES (Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)



Your charm and personality will get you anywhere this week! Folks will be sincere, anxious to be helpful and generous. Yet, over the next several weeks, your emotions could be too high, so don't be too eager to rush into a relationship which begins turbulently.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 — May 21)



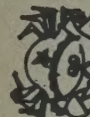
You'll be energetic, be in the mood to clear all the bits and bobs out of the way — perhaps start something fresh and interesting. Happy times, socially, great prospects for romance — and nearly everything else! Good influences continue for some time ahead with highspots in romance.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)



You will have right ideas and can proceed with confidence; don't let a jealous friend dampen your enthusiasm! The new and novel will be lucky to you; a stranger will be helpful. A busy social scene, with new friendships, if heart-free. Some super bargains around in the shops.

CANCER (June 22 — July 23)



You'll have a lot to do, be rushing around a bit until early July but success is promised for anything personal to you. Get around and push your luck a bit! Yet, you might be more in the mood for fun and frolic than for more practical issues, so letting an opportunity slip by.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)



Loving Venus is in your sign until mid-July, a happy portent for your love life, social activity, also for cash matters. Lots of parties, outings, super new meetings, with one unusual encounter which could lead to a fantastic relationship. A good time to ask favours.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)



A new confidence is developing in you — and this is as it should be. There is nothing you can't accomplish in the weeks ahead, as long as you think you can! If some minor problems are lingering on for you, you'll get the answer to these soon. Your love life should be ardent!

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)



You can sort out lots of little things, clear the decks for action later on — but you are probably magnifying difficulties, taking one person far too seriously. Use your intuition in dealing with people and you won't go far wrong this week! Lots of fun if you get around.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)



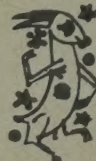
The first half of the week puts the accent on money matters and new opportunities. The last few days shows a happy trend for a special hope or wish — with promise of fulfillment soon. There will be good news, a happy surprise, perhaps the return of someone you are fond of.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)



Your busy stars have waned, easing tensions, making for a more relaxed atmosphere. If there has been a misunderstanding with a friend or you've mislaid something precious to you — all will be sorted out. Romance shows a new promise but this week, forbidden fruit may tempt you.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)



Your confidence has probably ebbed, rather, in recent weeks but difficulties in your personal life should now be over. If not, take the initiative and don't hold grievances, however justified. Should a relationship have ended, this was inevitable and a happier one is on the way.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)



Life is more easy-going now but over the next few weeks you will be in an extravagant mood — and you won't get many bargains. If you do buy, you won't be pleased with your choice, so just spend on the essentials and don't lend cash — you won't get it back in a hurry!

PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)



Present busy stars will continue until early August. Try to organise so that you don't cut out leisure-time activities. You are probably finding people a bit unreliable, prone to alter arrangements and break promises. Don't take it too much to heart — it's just a temporary phase.

next
week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF JUNE 24, 1978

EDUCATION BY CORRESPONDENCE

Correspondence courses are almost like a new lease on life for people who brought their formal education to a premature halt, either voluntarily or by force of circumstance.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK: A WOMEN'S BULLETIN

Very often news about women and news items of particular interest and concern to women are tucked away in

obscure corners of newspapers and magazines from different parts of the country. A monthly feature to focus attention on these.

QUIZ CONTEST

Announcing the winner of Quiz Contest 1 and the correct answers. Also, Quiz Contest 2.

CALLING ALL MEN

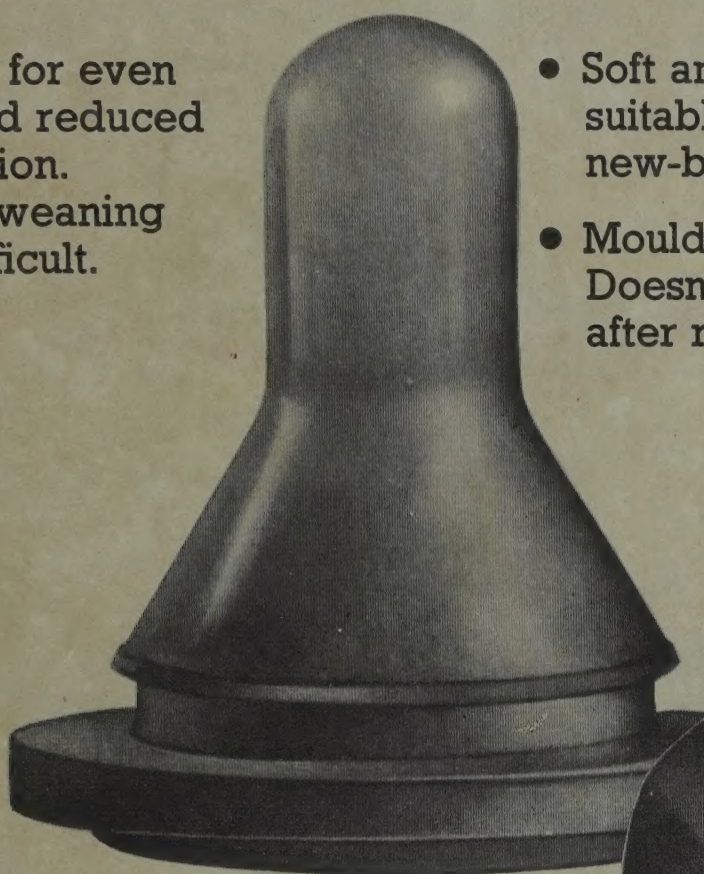
A forum wherein our male readers can air their views on controversial topics.

PAPU NIPPLES

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also makes them the best.

U.P. 7

- Shaped for even flow and reduced air suction. Makes weaning less difficult.



- Soft and odourless—suitable even for new-born babies.
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- Two varieties available: Transparent & Moulded.



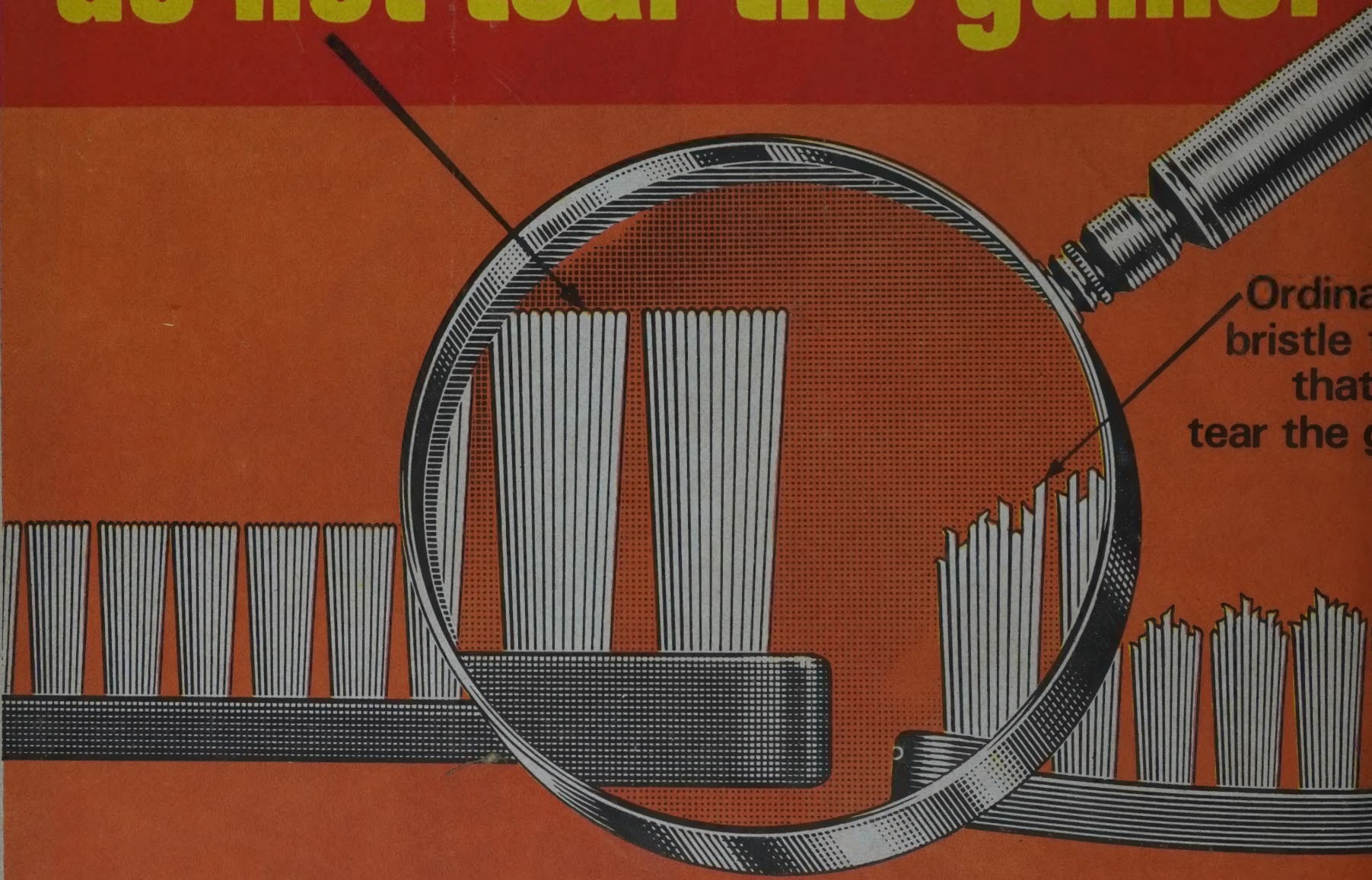
Babycare that mothers trust



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