

MARCH 3 9, 1979

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# Eve's Weekly

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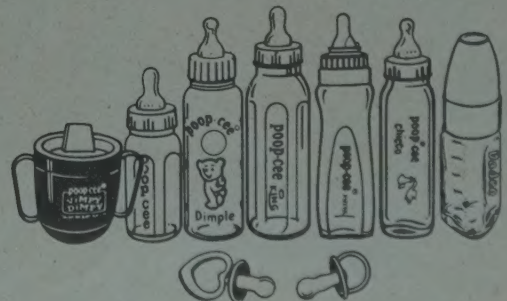
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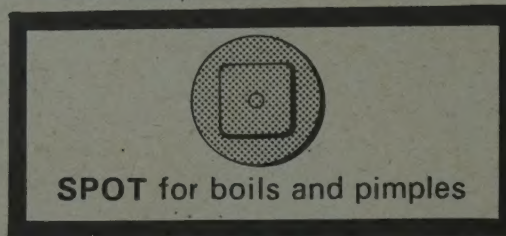
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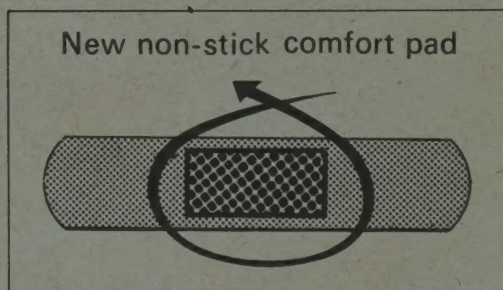


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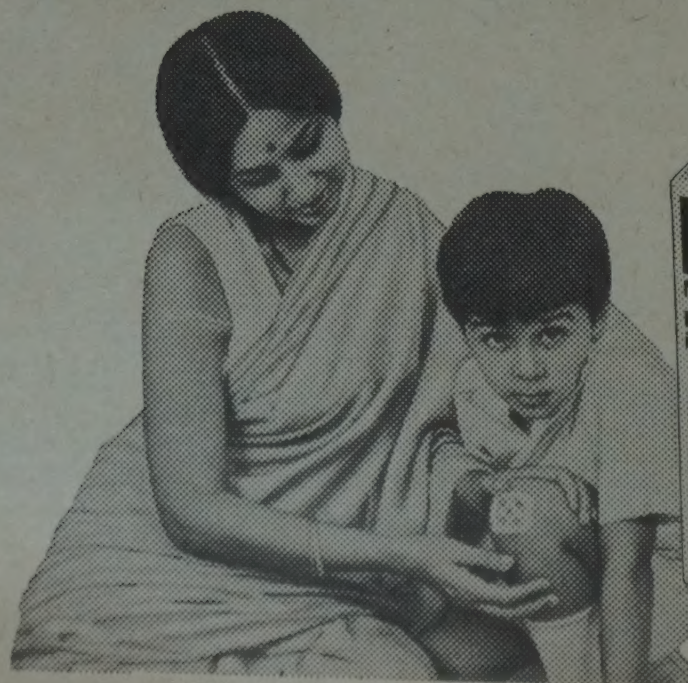
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**RUMKI ROY**

Took to dancing in childhood. Has had a number of stage performances all over India. A star at the age of four. Has appeared in Bengali, Hindi and Tamil films. Now back in films with the screen name Sujata Roy. Has signed for several Bengali, Malayalam and Hindi films, both in lead and second lead roles. Interested in painting and very keen to be a good actress.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

**THIS WEEK**

MARCH 3 — 9, 1979

**THE LONELY WIVES CLUB**

With more and more jobs requiring travelling, women find themselves husbandless much of the time. Interviews with women who find this lifestyle intolerable and some who look upon it as an opportunity to grow on their own. **Page 10.**



**LISTEN TO THE DEAF**

The deaf have special problems, though their handicap is often looked upon as a minor one. Chief among them is general public ignorance about hearing impairment. A thought-provoking article. **Page 17.**

**ALL THE WORLD WATCHES A LOVER**

Ingenious are the ways young lovers find to avoid detection of their meetings. **Page 38.**



**TEENAGE REVOLUTIONARIES**

The story of two young Bengali girls who turned assassins to play their part in the freedom struggle. **Page 13.**

**THE LANGUAGE CONTROVERSY**

Beginning this week, we have state-wise surveys on what common people think of the language controversy. **Page 46.**

**ALSO**

Human Interest Story: Coping with hearing impairment — **Page 15**  
Film Interview: Reena Roy, contented with her lot — **Page 21**  
Colour Feature: Floral mandaps with a difference — **Page 27**  
Eve Today: Meenakshi Dutta Ghosh — **Page 31**  
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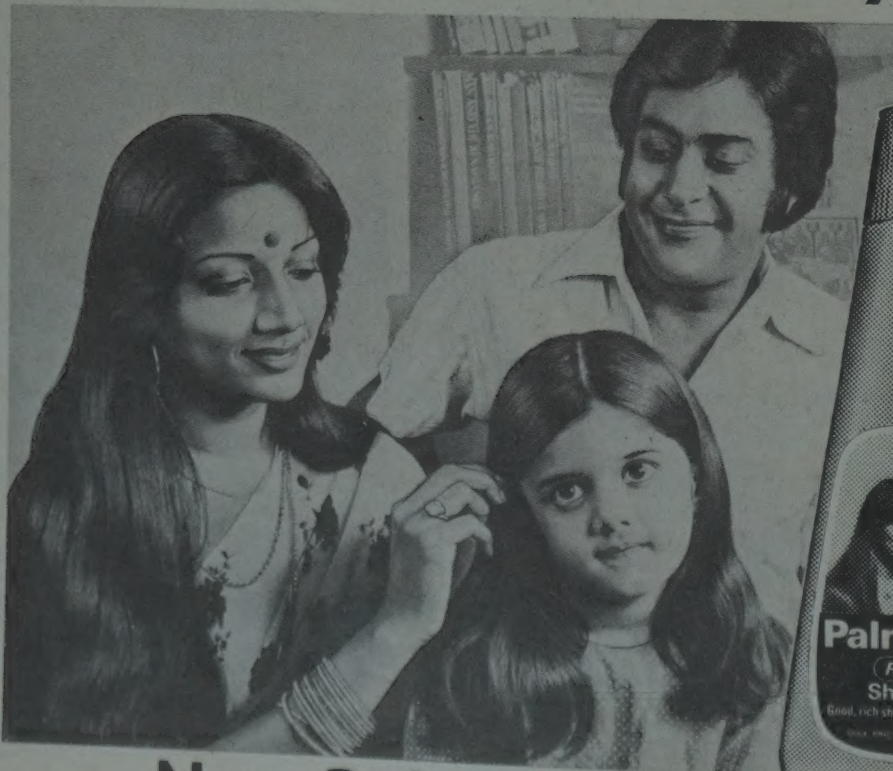


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"Coloured immigrant women have to undergo a virginity test at London's Heathrow airport." What do they mean by this? The Home Office claims that "this helps them to identify women attempting to enter the country illegally". Can there be anything more ridiculous than this? I wonder whether anything more demeaning has ever been contrived to humiliate a "coloured" woman. What about the white women who enter England from other countries? Their argument is "if a Hindu woman is found to be a virgin, she would be believed to be unmarried and if not she would be married." Why only Hindu? Why not Muslims and Christians? Aren't they also "coloured" and "Indian"? Even granting they discover loss of virginity, can it prove anything? Is there a rule that a woman must lose her virginity from the day she is wed? Aren't there many Indian boys who return to their country, marry, and leave their wives behind until they can send for them? Is it not possible that Indian men living in England could marry widows or divorcees from India? And is it an impossibility for Indian boys to marry non-virgins? I feel this method of finding out whether the woman is a fiancée of the man, is not only flimsy and clumsy but also "criminal". A prominent British gynaecologist at London's Hammersmith Hospital has said that it is "scandalous" and "obscene". It is believed that Indian immigrant leaders are deeply embarrassed. Many feel utterly humiliated. But what is being done?

**SRIJAYA N. CHAR, Bangalore**

Indian women are already subject to a lot of discrimination, restrictions and social taboos. But, to subject our women to a degrading virginity test is the utter limit!

Such an examination, it seems, enables the immigration authorities to decide whether the women are bonafide fiancées, entitled to enter the country, or whether they are married. The clear implication is that, if a Hindu woman is found to be a virgin, she would be believed to be unmarried; and, if she was found not to be a virgin, she

would be believed to be married!

Should we endure such degradation? Would foreign women consent to such medical examinations, before entering India? And why single out Indian women? A question left unanswered is: would white immigrant women from, say, Australia or Canada, be subjected to such degradation? And what would happen if unmarried women were found not to be virgins? According to the British immigration officials, they would be sent back to India, for further

fusing her request to be seen by a lady doctor.

In a country like U.K. which boasts so much of modern civilisation, it is really shocking that such an inhuman act can be perpetuated — an insult not only to women but to humanity.

**B. N. BOSE, Jamshedpur**

Whatever the rationale behind the virginity test compulsorily performed on an Indian teacher at Heathrow airport recently, it is a gross violation of human

It was really shocking to read about the monstrous behaviour of the immigration authorities at Heathrow Airport, London.

Certainly not a civilised way to curb immigration! This seems to be one of their new tactics to humiliate non-white visitors to Britain. A country with a permissive society has no right to conduct virginity tests on its visitors and interfere in the marriage arrangements between two individuals. Who is this "immigration authority" to issue a virginity certificate? There are other refined and sophisticated methods and modes to refuse entry to non-white visitors, not this kind of barbaric test. What if India should decide to compete with Britain in such barbarism and adopt reciprocal measures with regard to the entry of British citizens to India?

This incident should serve as a deterrent and an eye-opener for our Indian women's craze for a 'phoren husband'.

**TARA RAMAIAH, Bhopal**

## SHOCK! INDIGNATION! PROTEST!

### THIS WEEK WE REPRODUCE A FEW OF THE MANY LETTERS WHICH Poured INTO THIS OFFICE, AFTER THE SHAMEFUL HEATHROW INCIDENT

investigation! If foreigners entering India were subjected to a similar virginity test, how many women do you think would be able to enter our country?

**MRS. MOHINI RAMALINGAM, Coimbatore**

The episode in which an Indian woman teacher was forced to undergo a "Virginity Test" at Heathrow Airport in U.K. has completely put all Indian women to shame and humiliation.

The chastity of the Hindu woman has been held in high esteem in India. Any Indian woman can even sacrifice her life to preserve her chastity. It is even more astounding and ironic for a country like U.K. to introduce such an inhuman and monstrous practice — a country where pre-marital sex is widespread and there are scarcely 5 per cent girls who can claim to be virgins. The Indian woman teacher was subjected to mental torture when she was medically examined by a male doctor, re-

dignity, and yet another incident which shows up Britain's discriminatory immigration laws. Probes will show that no such barbaric tests will have been performed on white-skinned immigrant women. The fact that the British Prime Minister, Mr. Callaghan, has given his assurance that the practice will be discontinued, will not atone for the damage already done, and the humiliation and distress caused to all Indians. Nor will hysterical, retaliatory gestures of protest solve the real issue. While it is upto the authorities to take up the matter at the official level, and also bring it up before the Human Rights Commission, it is up to the rest of us to step up our image both at home and abroad, by holding our own with any "colourless" person, as a friend of mine cynically put it — and treating them as equals, not superiors. All too often, we Indians subjugate ourselves to an inferior position by fawning over white-skinned people.

**INDU K. MALLAH, Tamil Nadu**

The furore raised over the disgusting tests carried out on Indian women and men in Britain might benefit racist forces there, because future immigrants might get too put off by all the horrific reports coming in to go there. This is the opinion of many people working with immigrants in Britain. But it is up to all those who oppose this violation of human rights to ensure that no such tests are carried out any more. Bodies working with immigrants there should insist on having one representative present at the airport at all times to help the immigrants. Their legal wings should take up every such issue. This would encourage immigrants to expose all the humiliations they are subjected to by racists in Britain.

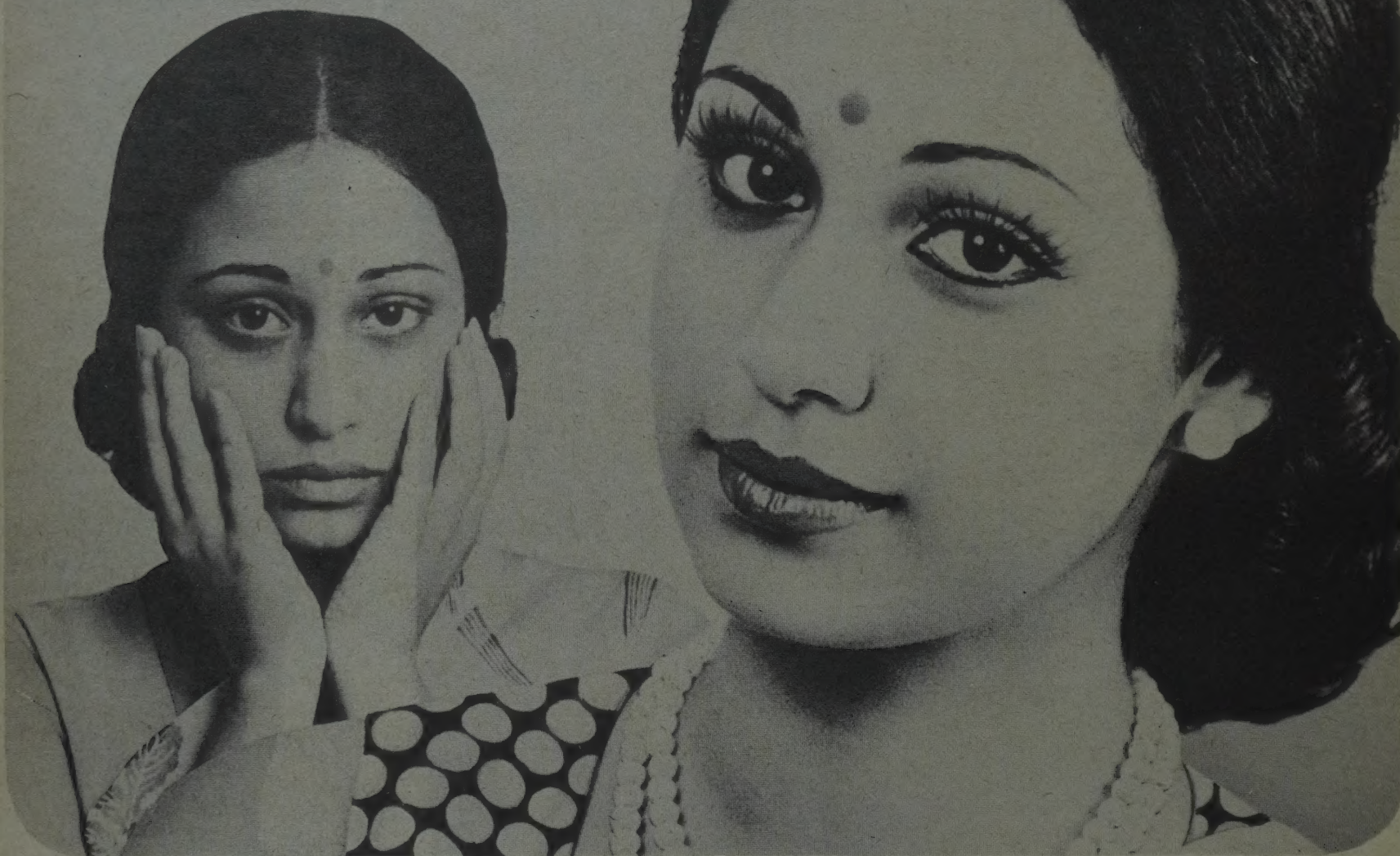
Another point I would like to make is — what was the Indian High Commission in Britain doing all these years? Are our diplomats living in such an ivory tower that they didn't even know about these tests? If they did know, how come no action was taken? If the High Commissioner had any self-respect, he should have resigned to admit the failure of his office.

**M. U. JAY, Bombay**

(The writers of the above letters — all on the same subject — will receive a token payment of Rs. 15/-, each — Ed.)

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## READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

## NEXT WEEK

### WHY BE A MOTHER

In your issue dated January 20, 1979, the article, 'Why be a Mother', sets forth ideas that cannot be adopted by Indian women. In our country, every woman wants to become a mother because otherwise her in-laws will not allow her to live peacefully with her husband and will ruin her life in some way or the other.

Every married woman would like to become a mother whether in the future the child is good or bad — as the saying goes in Hindi: 'Kuput' or 'Suput'. In a local newspaper recently we read about the kidnapping of a child from AIIMS because the kidnapper woman's husband was going to divorce her for having no child after several years of marriage. There was another case in Delhi where a child from the Karol Bagh area was kidnapped and the criminal was a woman who had had no child in spite of trying for years.

This shows it is very necessary to produce children in spite of the huge population of India, whether they can be nicely looked after or not and whether every child gets a balanced diet or not. Everybody will read the article but few of them will be able to make up their minds to not produce children.

HARINDER, New Delhi

### COVER PAGE

Since you give us a chance to speak out frankly, I'd like to take the risk of saying something about a single drawback in Eve's Weekly.

This is with regard to the cover page. I understand that you like to give a chance to pretty girls to appear on the cover page. But after reading their introduction it seems this coveted privilege is given only to society girls. There are girls who may not be glamorous but surely pretty, with promising futures and high qualifications.

We would like to know how you choose your cover girls. It would be good to see women leading in various fields on the cover page.

PINKY, Nagpur

### PURITANIC MYTH

In a conservative and orthodox country like India, where women feel shy to even change their clothes in front of their own husbands, will they ask their husbands to assist them during the delivery process? Moreover, they consider labour something nasty and a part of sex and try to confine this process to themselves. This impression is so deep-rooted that many a time they prefer mid-wives or ordinary women to than their husbands, however educated they may be.

K. S. RAMAN, New Delhi

### SEX AND THE HANDICAPPED

In the article, "I have a Hazy Concept of a Woman's Body" by Meher Pestonji in your issue dated February 10 which carried articles on the Physically Handicapped: Experiences with Sex and Marriage, I was most distressed to read the busy doctor's reaction and reply to Mahesh Mulgaonkar's pleas to him.

With my many years of experience as a consultant surgeon and gynaecologist in India and abroad, I shall be delighted to render my humble advice and services, absolutely free, to these unfortunate brothers and sisters and any of their organisations, particularly in the areas of sex and marriage, where sympathetic understanding appears to be grossly lacking. If anyone needs such help, please direct them to me: Consultant Surgeon & Gynaecologist, 15 Eagles Street, Langford Town, Bangalore 560 025.

DR. MATHEW JOHN, Bangalore

ISSUE OF MARCH 10, 1979

### WOMEN IN PARLIAMENT

Do women and women's issues have more of a chance to find expression in high places through fellow women elected to parliament?

### FEMALE 'BITCHINESS'

The fact that the female dog has been "honoured" in the naming of this phenomenon leads one to suppose that 'bitching' is a female prerogative. That it is not is unquestionable. But if women are more prone to give voice to and admit to bitchiness, there could be reasons for it. An analysis.

### UNDERSTANDING APPLIANCES


In the 'Mechanics' series: all about the iron, the immersion heater, the electronic gas lighter and the room heater.

### YOUNG VIEWPOINT

The winning entries of the YV essay contests.

### INDIAN NURSES IN GERMANY

Are Indian nurses in Germany happy with the treatment they get?



nual or sports days at school or even calamities like accidents or emergency operations? How does Mummy pose as both Papa and Mummy on these days?

One of the greatest problems of being a long-distance wife is that you have most of the responsibilities of a widow or a divorcee but none of the privileges.

# MUMMY IS PAPA, TOO

Amita Sarwal

In this throbbing metropolis there are hundreds of women who are alone tonight — and for the week at least — in full charge of the kids, the house, the servants, the car, the dog and the family budget, such as it may be.

Where have all the husbands gone? Away on business, every one.

It is fast becoming a common scene: suit-clad men with briefcases seen at practically every airport, at all hours of the day and night, every day of the week. To these travellers and their wives, a competent long-distance operator is sometimes the strongest link in their marriages.

So common is business travel today, that it amounts to nearly 35-40 per cent of the average executive's time. That is nearly 100 days in the year. A lot can even happen in ten days — what of occasions that call for family get-togethers? Celebrations such as anniversaries, children's birthdays, an-

But the head of a travel agency told me, "Our wives don't need any thanks or sympathy for holding the fort in our absence. They have all the luxuries that our salaries and perks provide. If we didn't travel, our careers would be nowhere and our wives would miss out on an affluent, independent life."

Another problem these days is that the trips aren't just to "the next-door town". They could be anywhere from Singapore to Sydney or San Francisco.

In her housecoat, her face devoid of any make-up, her hair pinned up, Sheila looks like a collegiate. She and Vinod have been married for eight years. He runs an export house. They have three little girls, aged two to six. Their compact three-bedroom apartment is in one of the posher buildings on Warden Road. It is beautifully done up and kept that way with the help of two servants. Vinod is away for a "short trip" this time — a

week — to Tokyo and his going has really upset Sheila. She wanted to go with him. She wanted to stop by at Singapore for a "bit of shopping". Instead she sits, whiling away the time, sipping coffee.

"Every time Vinod goes on one of his long trips, something is bound to happen," she says. "You'd think he'd just planned it that way. Last time he was away for two weeks the car got stolen, and the time before, one of the girls was down with mumps and the eldest one was in the midst of studies for the entrance examination to her new school. And if that wasn't enough, the cook had to rush home because his wife was ill. I had to get my mother here from Delhi to stay for a while.

"Vinod has no idea what I put up with while he's gone.

cially when the company is your own. I wish things would be the way they were when we were first married. I was teaching in a school and he was just a junior executive in a commercial house. He was there when I needed him and we were happy. I know we didn't have any of this," she said, indicating the wealth that is theirs now. "And the kids also need him now. They're unsettled when he's away. What can you do? You can't stop him or ask him to quit what he's doing. He's responsible for making his export house what it is today — and I can't keep travelling with him. I'm not having any ayahs bring up my girls," she says decidedly.

"You know, there is a whole area of Vinod's life that I know nothing about. Sometimes I feel so left out. And so stupid. I'll

## FOR MORE AND MORE WOMEN THE TELEPHONE IS BECOMING THE ONLY LINK WITH THEIR HUSBANDS DURING A LARGE PART OF THE YEAR. THE JOB THAT FORCES SO MUCH TRAVELLING ON THE HUSBAND ALSO BRINGS ABOUT A SUBTLE CHANGE IN THE RELATIONSHIPS AT HOME. A NEW LIFESTYLE IS EVOLVED. HOW DO THESE WOMEN FACE UP TO THE CHALLENGE?

That's what I resent most about his travelling. The whole responsibility falls on me. And he has no appreciation of that whatsoever. His assistant runs his office when he's gone and I run his home — and we'd both better be efficient, or else," she explodes.

"Sex life? What's that? After a trip he's too tired, making up his jet-lag, and I'm so frustrated that I hate him — so we're even. Once, after he came home I was so disinterested that he accused me of having a lover. I didn't and I don't have one. I don't even go to parties alone. I know a lot of women who do, and lots of them leave with their husband's best friends. You know what would happen if I let somebody's husband see me home? Can you imagine how fast a distorted version of that would get back to Vinod? I'm not saying that every woman who goes to a party alone gets into trouble. Sure, you can go and have a good time. Not too often, though, or other women begin to resent you.

"I don't mean that life is only difficult for me and easy for him. I know the strain of being away on company money — espe-

tell you what I think I do wrong: I think I shouldn't show him how well I can manage. I should be a little more helpless. Once your husband knows what he can expect of you, you're doomed," she says in a resigned manner.

Meet Rohini, wife of Atul. Today her husband is somewhere between Bombay and Bahrain, or is it Amsterdam? He is a senior pilot with Air India. She is what you would call an 'over-doer'. She has two children, 12 and 14. Her life has been like this from the word go. Initially, the kids were young, so she would spend a great deal of time with them. "They don't need me so much now, so I have to keep myself occupied. I have been through the whole rut — cooking classes, tailoring, swimming and yoga lessons. When I'm at home I'm turning out cupboards and spring cleaning them." She goes to practically every exhibition in town, every lecture, and puts in a stint of social work as well. She says this compensation for being a long-distance wife is no different from drinking or "other things that women do to distract them-

selves." Her kids suffer, she says, from a father deficiency. More so in the case of the teenage son.

"Periodically, you re-evaluate it all," she says. "After all, there are benefits of his job. Some of the glamour of the world he moves in does rub off on me. I get to go on trips around the world. Practically everything I own and use is imported. But deep inside you know that if you love the husband you've got, you'll never get used to his travelling. You pretend not to care — especially in front of people who envy you for your sojourns abroad and the things you possess — what else can you do?"

Through Rohini I met an aunt of hers. Kavita, the wife of the Chairman and Managing Director of one of the big commercial houses. Rohini had already briefed me about what a remarkable woman Kavita was. Her husband was away maybe 75-80 per cent of the time. Rohini doesn't understand how her aunt stays so cheerful aways! "Being older, maybe she can pass on some tips." Kavita is the daughter of a doctor. If there was one thing in life she didn't want, it was what her mother had: a husband with no time for his family. As a pretty young graduate, she met an executive trainee, who was one of her father's patients, and married him 20 years ago. In those two decades she has moved house 12 times, and with every move she has seen less of her husband. Last year he was home for exactly 26 weekends. Her two children — a son and a daughter — are now at college. Her husband, right at the top of his firm, is earning a handsome salary and they bought their dream penthouse apartment on Malabar Hill a year ago. But it doesn't look lived in. It is a house, yes, but not a home, as its mistress herself describes it. The golden wall-to-wall carpeting appears to have just been rolled out. The choicest in cut-glass, china, paintings, and antiques are strategically placed, and seem to bear an invisible tag, "Do not touch". A large array of books and magazines are at hand all over the house — even the kitchen, which looks like a page out of 'Good Housekeeping' or 'Better Homes and Gardens', has its bookshelves lined with cookbooks from the world over for their Goan chef to refer to! The terrace provides a magnificent, uninterrupted view of the sea. While sitting out there, Kavita very quickly

tells me more than I care to hear. She has been going to a marriage counsellor and a psychiatrist regularly for the past two years. Her husband says she is unbalanced. He wants a divorce.

"When you live the way we've lived all our married lives, your only close friends are company people," she says. "If anything happened to your marriage, like death or divorce, they'd be nice and kind for a few months, sure. But that would be the end of it. What I'm saying is that if something happened to Satish, or if he divorced me, they'd simply disappear. I'd be all alone. I don't know why there aren't more divorces among people like us. I suppose it's because you accept a certain way of life and give in more and more to it. Ninety five per cent of your husband's life revolves around his work. You've got to take an interest in it, so eventually you get caught up in it too. If you have any sense you don't interfere with a man and his first love. Yes, first love. Men like Satish must make a mark for themselves. They love what they are doing and it keeps them alive. I had the fun and joy of raising the children. He missed it. Now they are in college, and more on their own. He thinks that's why I'm becoming dependant upon him as I am lonelier, and to tend to me as well now is too much of a strain on him. Other than an occasionally shared bed we have nothing in common. I don't even know where he is most of the time. I get his typed itinerary from his secretary. I am a good boss' wife. I know the name of all his colleagues, their wives, their children and where they study. I know the secretary's anniversary and birthday and send her appropriate gifts. And I know the political and social happenings in the country that his firm deals with.

"We could be happy again. I know it. We're both middle-aged and life has changed a lot. I have never had another lover and I am certain he doesn't have another woman. He's going through an emotional upheaval just like I am. But we are going through them in two different parts of the world. Do you think I've been a martyr? Do you think I should have complained years ago? But that would be admitting defeat — a wasted life. But I keep telling my daughter not to marry a man whose job involves travelling. I am trying to make her understand that constant separation

erodes a marriage. It can't be anything but destructive," she concludes in a helpless manner.

"A few months ago I went travelling to promote a tour I'd chalked out for the travel agency I work for," said Yasmin, a working woman. "I was on a tight schedule and couldn't call up home the first evening. The next evening when I tried I found that the lines were down. I worried myself sick the whole night. By that time I was convinced that the house must have burnt down! The next morning I spoke to him at his office and he sounded so terrible — as if he was speaking from Hell. "What's wrong, Rashid?" Silence. "What is it?" I shrieked. He replied in his most miserable tone. "I got to work late and the boss was waiting for me. And it's all your fault because you weren't there to wake me up and switch on the geyser. And the toast got burnt today — the eggs behaved the same way yesterday, you'd better get back soon." "And now his tone sounded a bit menacing," said Yasmin. "I am giving this example, which really happened to me, just in case anyone was wondering what would happen if the roles were reversed and SHE travelled while HE tended the hearth," she smiled.

Meera is an accounts executive with an ad. agency. While her husband travels, her job takes care of the daylight hours. It's the evenings that are unbearable, and these "have turned me into an alcoholic", she states. The Kapoors have no children, so there is even less to keep her occupied. "And after a full day's job, catch me joining an

evening class or going for a lecture. Initially I used to go for movies and plays alone, but I could overhear unkind remarks and even had men trying to pick me up. So, I thought I'd be safer at home. It all started with an occasional peg while I was reading, as I used to take a drink or so at parties. Then, from one it was on to a second glass, as this would help me to sleep better. And now it's a half bottle every evening, even when Ramesh is in town. It's an addiction and my job is also suffering," she says. Three years ago, she had the making of a brilliant executive in the ad world, but now "I'm just about managing to get my stipulated work done. I know this is ruining me. I've been to a psychiatrist but it hasn't helped. I've joined Alcoholics Anonymous but deep inside me I know that as long as Ramesh's job takes him away from me, there is no remedy to this disease," she says.

How many more Sheilas, Rohinis, Kavitas and Meeras are there in this country? Will anyone give them a medal, for single-handedly doing a job meant for two people? Or at least a sympathetic ear to hear them out in their lonely hours?

Their husbands are away just as much, if not more — yet they've

Continued on page 49



# *Step in the white direction*

New Formula

# *det*

Detergent Washing Powder



Unmatched for its  
cleaning power, its lather,  
its fresh perfume.  
And dazzling whiteness.

**Det white is  
dazzling white**

On December 15, 1931, two teenage girls of Comilla in erstwhile East Bengal (now Bangladesh) hit the headlines all over India. In the eyes of the British rulers they were 'murderers', but to their countrymen they were revolutionaries.

Within a few days their photos appeared on walls and buildings as part of revolutionary pamphlets. They had become 'martyrs' in the freedom-struggle.

The 'District Chhatri Sangh' of Comilla was the innocent name under which the youth of that town carried on their revolutionary activities. One Prafulla Brahma was president of the Sangh, Shanti was secretary and Suniti the head of the volunteer corps. They carried out revolver practice in the secluded hills of Mainamati near by. Shanti and Suniti were chosen to do away with the collector of Comilla.

It was the morning of December 14, 1931. With his breakfast over, Collector C. G. B. Stevens was busy at his office work in his heavily guarded bungalow. Those were the days when British officers worked within the safety of their homes, moving out as little as possible. Two I.C.s — Lowman and Simpson — had already been assassinated.

The two girls, students of Faizunnisa High School, left home early in the morning ostensibly to go to school. A member of their group, Satish Roy, escorted them in a carriage. Akhil Nandi followed on a cycle. At the gate of the collector's bungalow, the girls, between fourteen and fifteen years of age, boldly sent in a written request, seeking an interview with the Saheb. They claimed to have come from Kishoregunj to seek permission to organize a swimming competition and request Mr. Stevens to be the patron.

Stevens came out and Shanti engaged him in talk while Suniti pulled out her

## THEY WERE YOUNG SCHOOLGIRLS. THEIR TASK WAS TO ASSASSINATE THE BRITISH COLLECTOR OF COMILLA

not offered chairs, they stood with their backs towards the judge. From the next day they were given chairs.

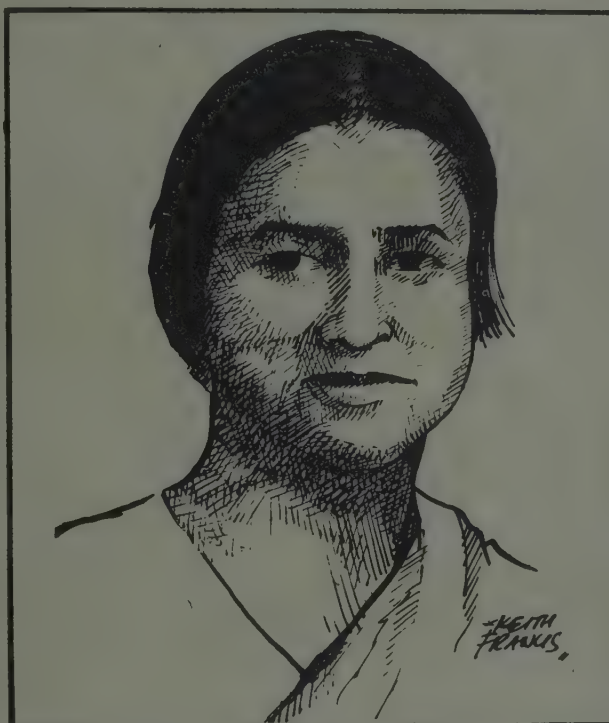
The trial was short. Judgment was delivered on the ninth day. Shanti and Suniti were sentenced to life imprisonment. The girls were disappointed. They were expecting the death sentence, to be the first

example of Indian womanhood on the warpath!

Besides her family, 400 political workers of the area known for their association with Suniti's group were thrown into jail and were tortured. Yet no conspiracy case could be established. They were mostly detained without trial.

Shanti and Suniti spent

# TEENAGE REVOLUTIONARIES



Suniti (left) and Shanti were sentenced to life imprisonment. They were disappointed; they had expected the death sentence and martyrdom.

revolver and shot him dead. The guards rushed in at the sound of the shot. They were too late to save Stevens, but the girls were caught. The girls were beaten and questioned, but they refused to divulge the names of the others involved in the plot.

On January 18, 1932, began their trial before a Special Tribunal in Calcutta. The girls were bubbling with life and, at times, bursting into peals of laughter, much to the amazement of those present in the courtroom which was packed to capacity.

The trial itself was uneventful. One day, however, the girls did something slightly dramatic. On the ground that they were

women martyrs in the revolutionary struggle.

The 'softness' shown in the matter of the sentence was more than made up by the cruelty perpetrated outside. Suniti's family was chosen for 'special treatment'. Her old and infirm parents were subjected to untold indignity, even physical torture. Her father's pension was stopped; her brothers were thrown into jail. Her younger brother died of malnutrition and T.B.

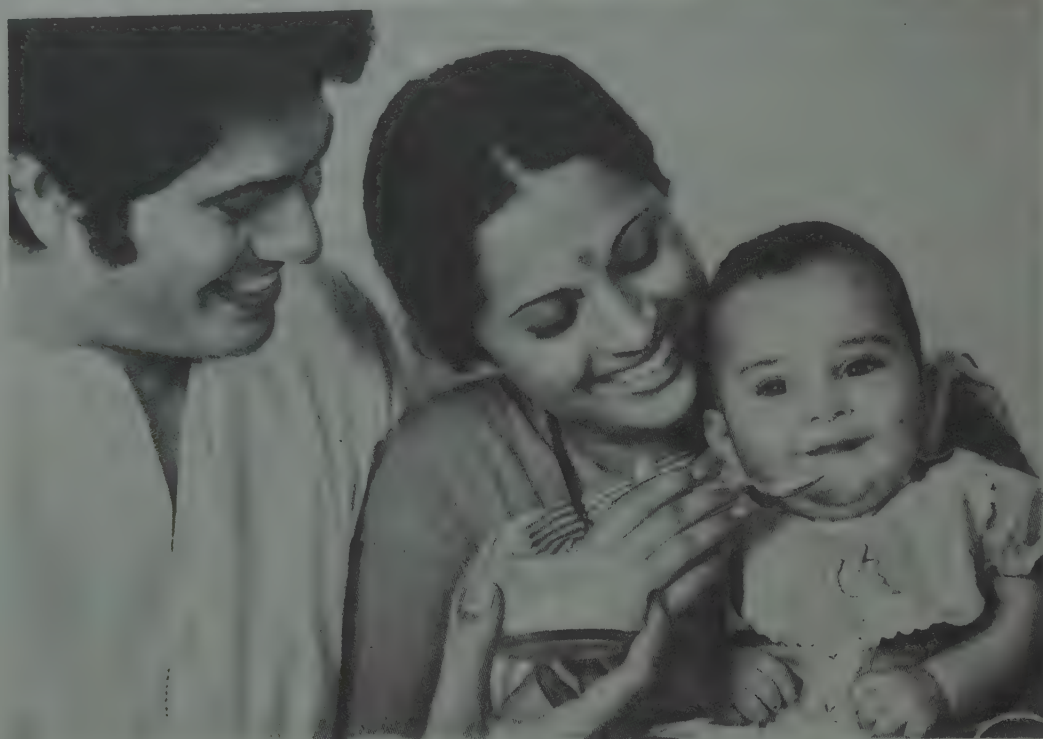
Suniti was kept as a C class prisoner. She came to know of the reprisal against her family, but she never faltered, never repented. What an inspiring

eight long years in jail, shifting from one prison to another. But they were always in high spirits, regaling their fellow inmates with their songs. They were released in 1939 under the general amnesty for political prisoners.

Suniti later became a doctor, devoting herself to the service of suffering mankind. And Shanti became interested in literature and wrote a book in Bengali, *Arun-Banhi* (The Fire of the Sun). In the sixties she was elected to the West Bengal Legislative Assembly. The two are still living.

**Satyavrata Ghosh**

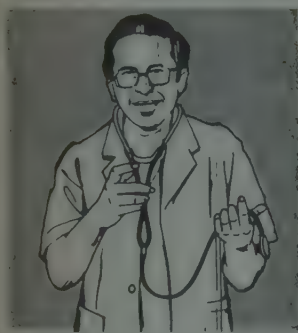
# After 3 months, milk alone is not enough.



Doctors recommend

# FAREX®

## Your baby's ideal solid food



### Doctors recommend Farex! Why?

Because it's perfectly balanced to supply your baby's needs when he starts on solid food; and it is right for baby's tender digestion.

### Why is Farex perfectly balanced for baby's needs?

Let's take your baby's nutritional needs and see how Farex meets them.

Your baby needs protein for the growth of his brain and body: Farex provides the right blend of easy-to-digest protein.

Your baby needs energy: Farex provides carbohydrates to give your baby a reserve supply of energy.

Did you know that, when you brought your baby into this world, you gave him an important gift? Yes, a 3-month supply of iron for his blood. But by the time your baby is 3 months old, he will have exhausted his supply of iron. It's crucial to replenish it. Farex has enough iron to meet your baby's needs and keep his blood healthy.

Farex also has enough calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin D to help your baby grow sturdy bones and strong teeth.

### Why 3 months onwards?

When your baby is 3 months old, he needs help to develop his chewing habit, otherwise you may find him swallowing the solid food you give him later. That would cause him tummy-aches and also affect his growth. Farex helps your baby learn to chew; and as he learns, you add less and less milk, to make his food more solid.

If you give him Farex now, he will adapt better to 'grown up' food later on—because he has learned how to chew and digest it properly.

### Wouldn't mashed potatoes do?

Before you give your baby any solid food, stop a moment to consider your baby's digestion. At 3 months, it is still tender. That's why your baby needs a specially prepared infant solid food—something he can digest *easily*.

Because, traditional foods alone are not always scientifically balanced to give your baby his most important needs: enough iron, calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D, specially iron.

This is why doctors say that, after 3 months, Farex is a must for your baby.

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When he takes his first toddling step. That's when his taste buds have developed and preferences are forming. Now he begins to accept 'grown up' food.

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Now the same Farex goodness comes in the new 400 gm. tin.



# Baby's ideal solid food for rapid all-round growth.

## HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Facing a physical affliction with courage and making the best of life in spite of it is not the easiest thing in the world. True accounts of heroism in real life.

She is a lovely child, slim and tender with a smile on her lips and keenness in her eyes. She is eighteen and so charming. Try to communicate with her and then you are let into a tragic story. She was a beautiful bouncing girl born after two sons and therefore most welcome.

Till she was one year old, her parents did not suspect anything. Then the ayah who looked after the child expressed doubts about her capacity for hearing. It was very difficult for the mother Kamala to accept

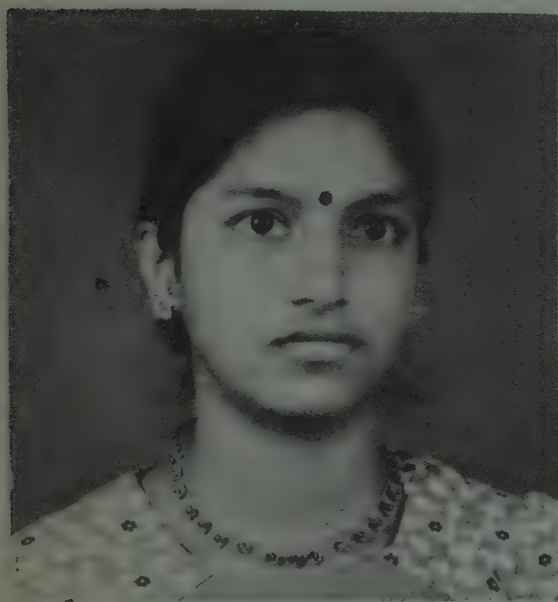
They hoped that some miracle would cure their little daughter.

Finally it was suggested that they try the Christian Medical College, Vellore. Dr. Kapur of the E.N.T. Department after examining Amudha gave the inevitable verdict, but he advised Kamala not to lose heart and to make the best of what God had given them. It encouraged Kamala no end. She dried her tears and determined to see what best she could make out of this 'gift of God'. She

AMUDHA SRINIVASAN

# OUT OF A WORLD OF SILENCE

By  
Kamala Srinivasan  
as told to  
Susie Kuruvilla



the fact that her daughter was born deaf, especially when her two boys were normal. They rushed her to a specialist and their fears were confirmed. Amudha was deaf.

They admitted Amudha at three and a half years to a nursery school along with normal children. Amudha enjoyed herself in the company of other children, but she could not learn anything. The parents had difficulty in looking after her because she used to run around the neighbouring houses and could not hear when called. Kamala used to wander about the neighbourhood looking for her, peeping into the houses to see if she was there. Amudha used to lock herself up in the toilet and could not hear when she was called. Her mother cried in despair and the future seemed dark.

In desperation the parents ran to quacks, and faith healers. They tried all remedies suggested by anyone.

was determined to overcome the obstacle.

It was then that she heard of the school for the deaf and dumb in Madras, the Little Flower Convent. But Amudha was not ready for that school. A feeling of rejection came over her, she cried, threw tantrums and was very unhappy. A kindly relative of the Srinivasans came to their aid and offered to look after the child as the parents were to be away in Coimbatore. The foster parents were kind and understanding. Slowly Amudha got used to the school. She settled down to studies. She was five and half years old then.

Once she got used to school there was no looking back. She was always first in class. She started lip reading, got interested in extra-curricular activities, especially games. She became the model student of the school.

As Amudha grew up Kamala began to wonder what interest she should take up. In the Brahmin community a girl had to be accomplished in music and the fine arts. How could Amudha sing or dance without hearing? Again Kamala despaired. But her determination to overcome any obstacle won the battle, and Kamala decided that the child had her hands to use so she would initiate her into hand work. When Amudha went home for the holidays, Kamala got her interested in embroidery, doll making and general handicrafts. She went on to learn typing, yoga, batik flower arrangement, swimming and table-tennis.

Amudha loves swimming and has distinguished herself in table-tennis, having won a tournament recently. Painting is another hobby of hers, and she has won prizes at various competitions. She played in the All-India Deaf Girls' Tournament at Hyderabad and got a medal. She has appeared on the cover of a local magazine, and in a television programme for youth. This year she will be appearing for her S.S.L.C. examination.

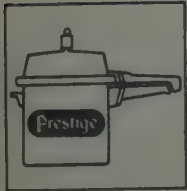
She is very careful and disciplined in her habits. She watches her diet and remains very trim, helped by regular exercises and yoga. She is a voracious reader. She makes friends easily, and does not like anyone gesticulating. She prefers to lip read. Communication is not a problem with her, because she is very expressive.

The parents are very watchful, seeing to Amudha's needs but otherwise treating her like a normal child. Amudha seems a well-adjusted and happy child. The parents consider her a gift of God. Now instead of brooding over Amudha's handicap Kamala is proud of her achievements, looking forward to a rosy future for her, believing firmly that nothing is impossible if one tries hard, and that "where there is a will there is a way."

(If you own a Prestige or Preett Pressure Cooker, cut out and keep this advertisement)

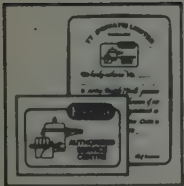
# ANNOUNCING

## THE PRESTIGE NATIONAL SERVICE CENTRE



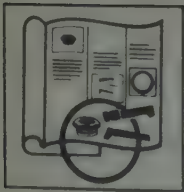
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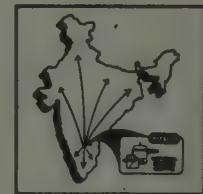
### Get genuine Prestige spares!

It's worth making sure you get genuine Prestige spares—such as the new ISI-marked rubber gasket and the new metal safety valve. All Prestige spares are made from the finest raw materials and undergo strict quality control tests to ensure long life and efficient performance. For instance,

with proper care, a genuine Prestige gasket should last you a minimum of two years. And the best way to be sure is to go to a Prestige Authorised Service Centre.

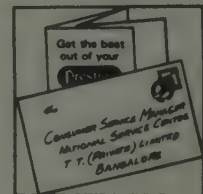
### How the National Service Centre will help

The Prestige National Service Centre, assisted by 9 Regional Service Centres, will act as a co-ordination and information unit, to supplement the efforts of our 350 Authorised Service Centres. So, if you are not certain where to go for genuine Prestige spare parts or reliable service, just write to us — and we'll tell you.



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The word **normal** has various connotations — average, conforming, standardised. In other words, if you can blend into the mainstream and be like everyone else, you are safe. If, however, you choose to be ever so slightly different, you will almost certainly draw attention to yourself, favourable or unfavourable. And there are those who have a kind of non-conformity thrust upon them. That non-attention-seeking, not fully understood group, the handicapped.

The handicapped are those who are not normal. They have some sort of disability that makes them different from the majority. They do receive a great deal of attention at times, but what kind of attention do they really need? All too often, it is assumed that all handicapped persons have the same needs, regardless of the nature of the handicap. So, teachers of the deaf are constantly asked if they can read braille; if they

can lipread; if they are social workers. and so on.

The deaf are handicapped, yes, and the loss of hearing is a serious disability in terms of learning to speak. This group almost invariably receives the wrong kind of attention — either people look on deafness as a minor handicap, or they assume the deaf are dumb, physically incapable of looking after themselves, and/or retarded.

The average deaf person looks like the average hearing person. The handicap is not a visible one. But the deaf give themselves away as soon as they open their mouths. They do have difficulty with their speech, and it

may sound a little different. This is because they cannot monitor their speech easily. But with **special training**, starting as soon after birth as possible, even the most severely deaf persons do learn to speak. Since the widely used term deaf-and-dumb is inaccurate, it is rapidly being replaced by 'hearing impaired'.

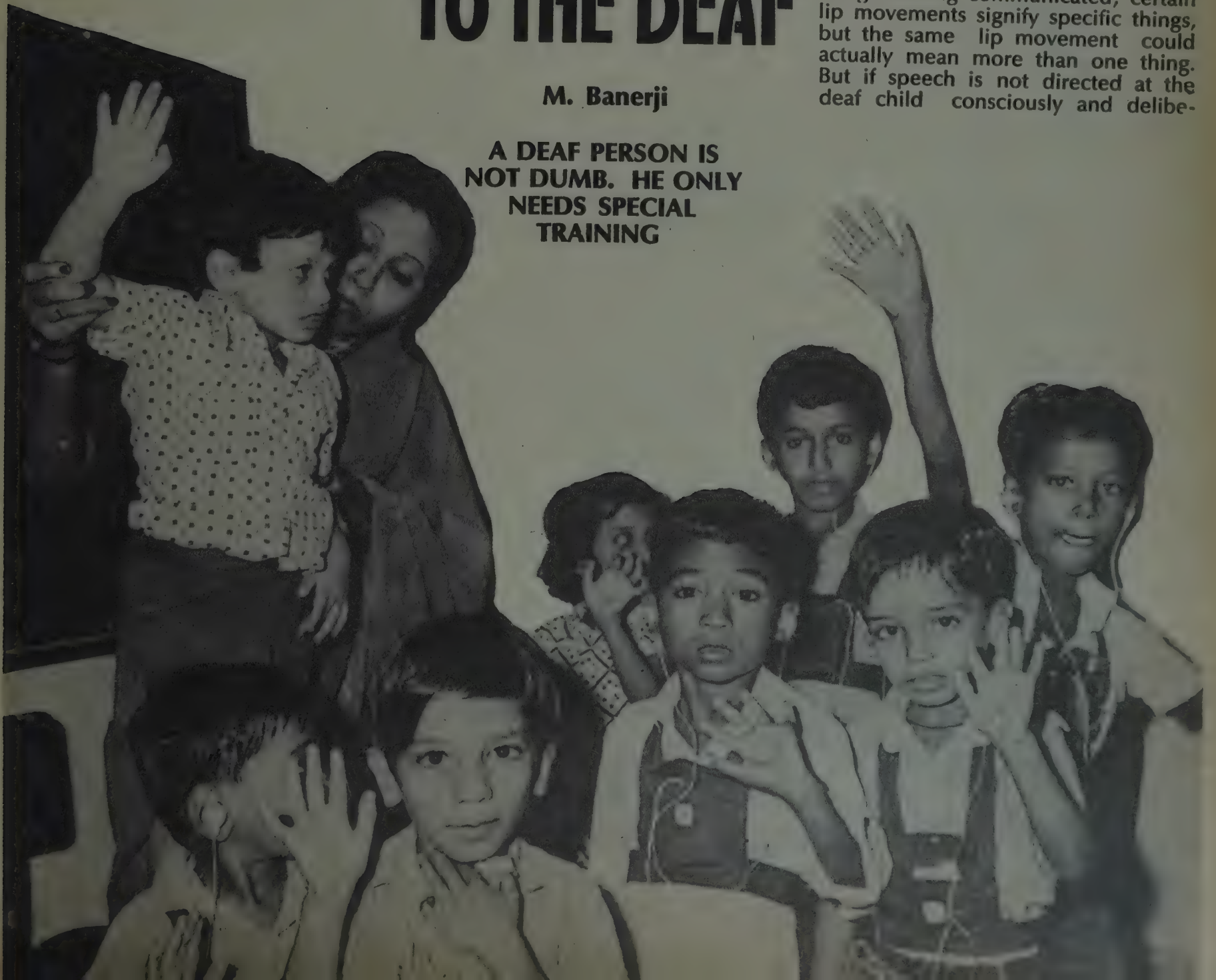
A child who can hear is drenched with information from the time of his birth. At the end of a year, he chooses to utter fewer than ten of all the words he has heard, according to his needs. As everyone knows, this does not imply that he does not understand all the thousands of words that are being directed at him. The deaf baby, on the other hand, may not have any information relayed to him; so what is he expected to say? He can speak and learn. But the channel of learning will not be auditory. The deaf child learns language through visual clues.

If hearing impairment is detected early, a deaf child can be made more observant — when lips move, something is being communicated; certain lip movements signify specific things, but the same lip movement could actually mean more than one thing. But if speech is not directed at the deaf child consciously and delibe-

# GIVE A HEARING TO THE DEAF

M. Banerji

**A DEAF PERSON IS  
NOT DUMB. HE ONLY  
NEEDS SPECIAL  
TRAINING**





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## GIVE A HEARING TO THE DEAF

rately, the whole idea of communication through speech becomes alien and artificial. Most deaf individuals do not speak unless they are spoken to.

The use of whatever residual hearing is available is also important. The percentage of hearing impaired people who are totally deaf is very, very small. An audiometer is an instrument which measures hearing, in terms of frequencies and decibels. This is recorded, in the form of a graph, on an audiogram. Accordingly, amplification is provided, so that maximum use is made of hearing that is useful. Obviously, the less severe the loss, the better the child will speak and learn. A hearing test can be carried out soon after birth. Hopefully, this will become routine in nursing homes, so that congenital deafness can be detected early.

All too often, deafness is mistaken for retardation, and children are placed in institutions where they do not belong. There are special schools for the deaf, with specially trained teachers. What happens in these schools? The answers received from lay persons to this question were quite amazing. Without exception, these people assumed that the children were merely kept busy, maybe picked up bits of information on the way, and were eventually taught a vocation whereby they could earn a living by means of their hands. As a matter of fact, the schools now at-

tempt to follow a regular curriculum. Aside from the regular subjects, the children are also given special speech tuition, auditory training, and their lip-reading skills are sharpened as much as possible. Some children who fare well are placed in schools with hearing children.

Of course, there are problems. There is a great controversy raging among educators of the deaf about which most people are unaware — to sign or not to sign. The deaf have a sign language that is a language in its own right, not based on any spoken language. But the trend to use this sign language to teach a spoken language as a second language is relatively new. Several educators feel that even admitting the existence of a systemized sign language is taboo. Encouraging the use of signs is out of the question. But it is high time that we took stock of the situation. Without doubt, some hearing impaired persons lipread well, and have very intelligible speech. But what happens to those whose lipreading skills are poor, whose speech is not always clear? Must they fit into a system at any cost, or should the system be adapted for them? Signing does not imply that a person is incapable of speech. They are two different channels — to receive information through signs is far more meaningful, and speech is used as a means of expression.

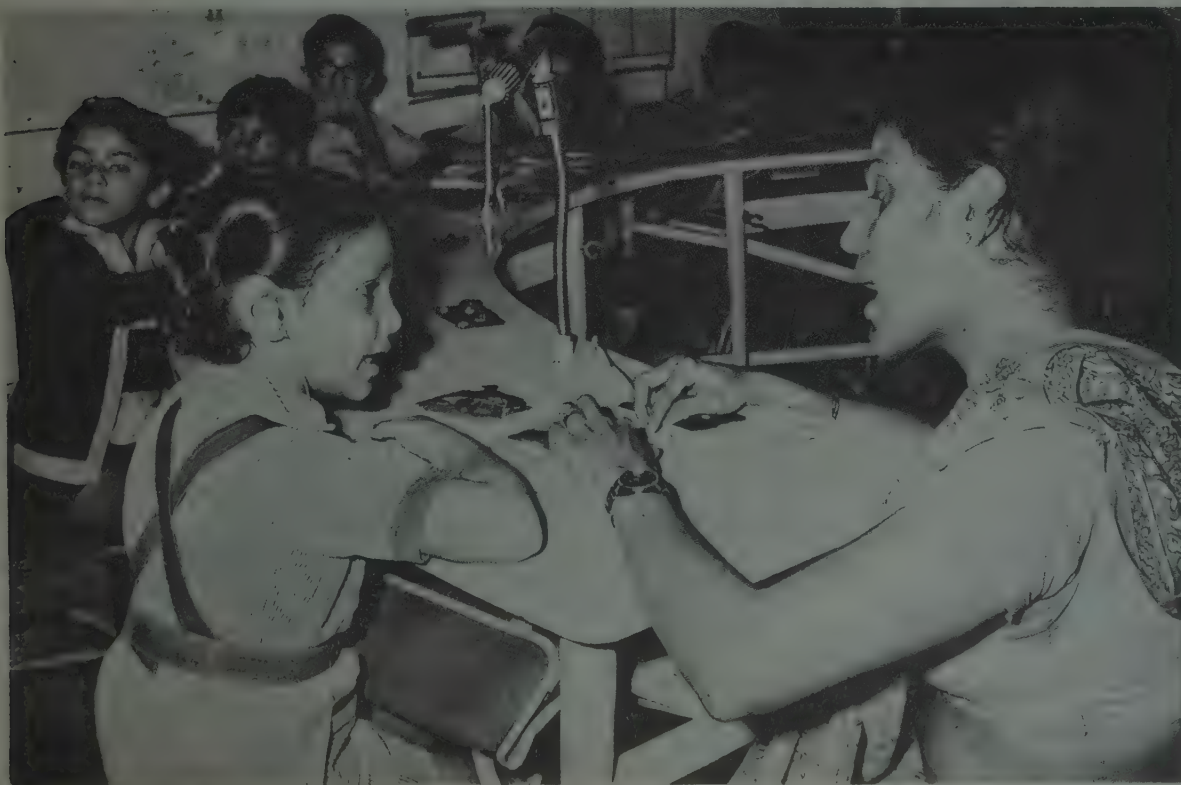
Interpreting-services for the deaf — using sign language — are gradually being introduced. Some lectures at the University of Bombay are inter-

preted in signs as they are delivered: obviously it is difficult to lipread a lecturer, considering the movement and distance involved. And fellow students are full of questions: if he is deaf, how come he can speak? Can he go home by himself? Can he understand everything? Then out of the side of the mouth: Can he understand what I'm saying now? Invariably, the questions are directed at the interpreter, rather than the deaf person. The kinds of questions people ask give away their attitudes. The predominant feeling is one of pity, but something more constructive might help. Contact is a great teacher. I asked a young girl whose future sister-in-law is deaf how her attitudes had changed. "It's amazing," she said. "Before I met her, I was quite prepared for her to be a liability for the rest of my life. My father pointed this out to me several times. Now I find it's really quite easy to communicate with her, and she's really very nice. I just don't see what problems could arise just because she is deaf."

Many hearing impaired persons are secretly amused by the notions the hearing have about them. Everyone has some strange anecdote to relate. Ashok, who is hearing impaired and very satisfied with life, says, "The minute people hear I'm deaf they start writing on any piece of paper. They don't expect me to speak, and I don't try. If I do speak, they become puzzled and stare." Does he miss anything in life? What would he like to do if he could hear? It is his turn to look puzzled and stare. "Is there something I should miss?" he asks. "I always managed to do what I want, and I don't miss things I don't know about." The wonderful adjustment he displays is humbling. Of course, he is right. You and I may feel very sorry for those who cannot hear laughter, music, voices. But those who haven't heard it don't miss it, and we should not force them to.

The greatest problem the hearing impaired have is learning a language that is spoken and written. Chances are, if they know what they want to say, with a little bit of help they can say it loud and clear. And the only way to learn a language is to be immersed in it. Ignoring a hearing impaired person or refusing to try and make an effort to speak to him, amounts to denying him exposure to language. Hopefully, there will be more hearing impaired people who will act as spokesmen. It would be more useful to have the deaf themselves tell us what they would like to receive.

Specialised teaching aids and methods are necessary to enable deaf children to learn.



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Yes, a heroine does have quite a few problems, more than the "lucky" heroes, says Reena.

Suddenly Reena stands up, turns around and shows her waist-length hair. "See this long hair? I have to shampoo and blow-dry it every alternate day. Heroes don't have this problem. And you know how long it takes to complete my make-up? A minimum of one hour. Heroes can do their make-up in less than five minutes. And there are heroes like Sanjeev and Shatru who don't do any make-up at all."

Reena sits down. There's an amused grin on her face. One would imagine she'd be bitter because of what she said. But she isn't. She is one woman who has happily accepted her lot and is more than content with the way things are going.

The heroines have very small roles in the films being made these days. The observation (not very original, admittedly) was made just to provoke her. It didn't. She grinned and said, "Yes, that's the way the things are. The heroines are there just for the songs, something of a decoration piece. (Laugh.)"

"My own brother is producing a film, 'Muqabala', and in that too it is the heroes, Sunil Dutt and Shatru, who have all the role in the film. I'm a decoration piece there too. And I don't mind one bit. Even when I go to see a film myself, I prefer seeing films in which the heroes have dominating roles. Because the story seems to come alive only when the hero or the villain is on the screen. Films in which the heroines have better roles are mainly emotional films and they are not as exciting as the films in which the heroes have the dominating roles.

"It is rarely that a heroine gets a good role. I've had a few good roles to play too, such as the ones I did in 'Nagin' and 'Apnapan', but roles like these are few and far between.

"The heroes are lucky. When a producer goes to sign a hero he knows that the hero will do a film only if the role is to his liking. The heroines are no problem. The producers know that the heroines will sign the film as long as the leading man is right and the money is right."

Reena is great. Even as she makes this confession, she gives the same amused look as if she were talking about cannibals or belly dancers.

"I have become very diplomatic," she says. "I have to, I'm

# REENA ROY:

## Content to let the heroes dominate

Harmeet Kathuria

"It's the heroes who matter.

The heroines are there just for the songs.

But I don't mind it a bit"

not a hero. The heroes can get away with saying anything, but heroines can't. Besides, even the heroes have begun to realize that it's better to be diplomatic. This is what I keep telling Shatru. He really shoots his mouth when he starts speaking, though everybody knows he is a warmhearted guy and wishes no ill of anybody. Still, I keep telling him to confine his wit and humour to remarks about me. I know him and so I don't mind. But there's always the chance that those who don't know him well may take offense."

Another thing that 'amuses' Reena is the unpunctuality of the heroes. "We heroines have

to spend hours on our hair and on our make-up and still all of us are there on the sets on time — always. It's the heroes who don't need more than a few minutes for their make-up, who are the late comers — and

they get away with it. If a heroine ever tried coming late on the sets, she will get a bad reputation in no time at all."

Her piece de resistance: "I'm very happy and satisfied with whatever I'm today. Yes, it does give me some happiness when I can do a good role and be appreciated for it. But there's no craving for more success. I'm grateful to God for whatever I have and am absolutely contented with the way things are going."



Photograph: Girish Shukla

OUT in the fields, in bars and at cross-roads, the topic of conversation was the same. The popular social worker of Dhuppapur village, Chowdhary Hari Ram, had become a bookworm.

Chowdhary Hari Ram was well known. He had thundered at village panchayat meetings, received and conducted dignitaries, sweated for the uplift of the village. Now it was being whispered that he was busy collecting every history book he could lay his hands on.

It was early morning. Chillum in hand, Harku was about to step out of the door when he spied Hari Ram at the gate, apparently in conversation with his youngest son Buddhu. Walking up to the pair, Harku held the gate open and said, "Well, well, do come in, do come in. You haven't forgotten your way, have you? I've heard it's almost impossible to see you these days. You're not in the fields,

"Ah ha, so Tula was right after all, was he?" said Harku.

"No, no, writing history is not in my line. But reading, yes, I do indulge in reading history a little."

"What's all the mystery, Chowdhary?" inquired Harku, smiling ingratiatingly. "How come you've left the council chair and got involved in history?"

The Chowdhary became serious. After a pause, he said, "Why hide anything from you, Harku — after all you're one of us." And then, with a surreptitious glance around, he resumed, "But mind, nobody else must get wind of what's up." He edged a little closer to Harku and lowered his voice. "As you know, my father had a penchant for writing history. Whenever he went to the city he returned with some book or the other. I was a mere boy then, with no attachment for books. After my father's death most of

"Oh, come now Chowdhary, as if I would stoop to do that."

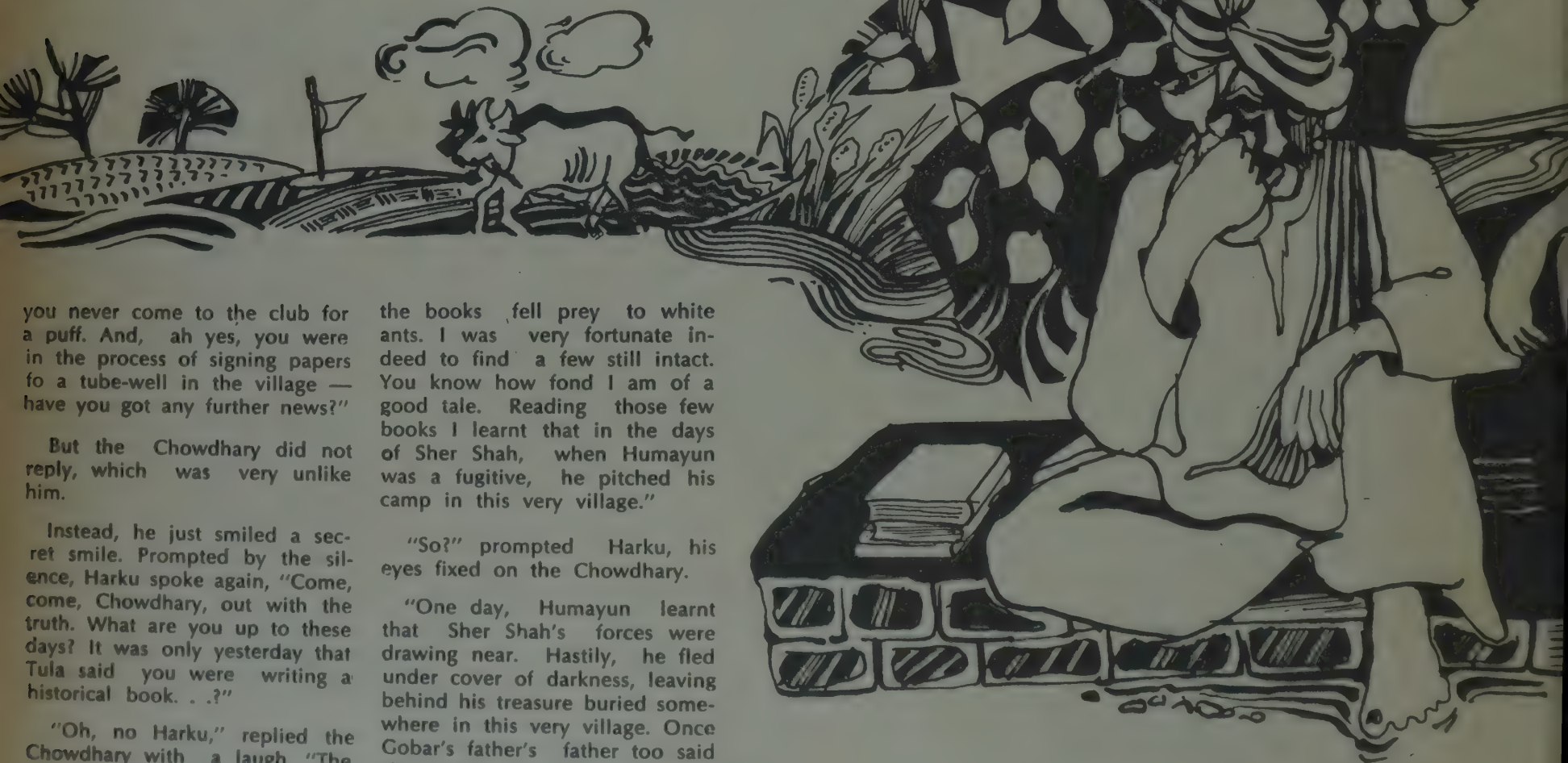
Chowdhary Hari Ram had had identical conversations with a large number of individuals. To each he had given strict instructions. "Not a word to anyone." But hardly had the Chowdhary left for the city than the whole

were outside the village proper, in the fields. It did not take long for the village folk to conclude that these areas had been cordoned off because they were the probable sites of the treasure trove.

After the survey, the Chowdhary reverted to his old routine of mixing freely with the inhabitants of the village. And once

## HUMAYUN'S TREASURE

Brahm Dev



you never come to the club for a puff. And, ah yes, you were in the process of signing papers for a tube-well in the village — have you got any further news?"

But the Chowdhary did not reply, which was very unlike him.

Instead, he just smiled a secret smile. Prompted by the silence, Harku spoke again, "Come, come, Chowdhary, out with the truth. What are you up to these days? It was only yesterday that Tula said you were writing a historical book. . .?"

"Oh, no Harku," replied the Chowdhary with a laugh. "The talent for writing does not run in my family."

"Well, Chowdhary Hari Ram, what brought you our way? Buddhu, run in and tell your mother we want some tea — Chowdhary Hari Ram is here."

"Please don't bother, Harku, I was just about to move along. I came merely to ask Buddhu whether his history book contained any stories of Babar, Humayun, etc."

the books fell prey to white ants. I was very fortunate indeed to find a few still intact. You know how fond I am of a good tale. Reading those few books I learnt that in the days of Sher Shah, when Humayun was a fugitive, he pitched his camp in this very village."

"So?" prompted Harku, his eyes fixed on the Chowdhary.

"One day, Humayun learnt that Sher Shah's forces were drawing near. Hastily, he fled under cover of darkness, leaving behind his treasure buried somewhere in this very village. Once Gobar's father's father too said that there was untold treasure buried here — and I didn't believe him. But now it seems to me that fortune is about to smile on Dhuppapur."

"So what do you propose to do about the treasure?"

"Well, Harku, I am still searching for the exact location of the treasure. After that, we'll see. . . ." As he stepped away from the gate, he said softly, "Remember, Harku, not a word of this to anyone."

village reverberated with the talk of Humayun's treasure.

The excitement gathered momentum when Hari Ram returned from the city accompanied by a man with a surveyor's cap and queer gadgets, with which he proceeded to map out the land, marking off certain areas with flags. They circled and marked off five spots. Of these, three

again, he made the same request to each and everyone — that if the government got wind of the treasure hunt, they would take over. Therefore, if the villagers got together and dug for the treasure themselves, they would perhaps all be entitled to a share. In this way, the wealth of the village would remain in the village itself.

The very next day, old and young, women and men, armed with a variety of picks and shovels, trooped to the sites marked and began digging simultaneously at the specified areas.

The population of the village was split up into five equal groups. The search for Humayun's treasure proceeded with

**THE VILLAGERS DUG  
FRANTICALLY.  
THE THIRST FOR THE  
TREASURE HAD  
INCREASED THEIR  
STAMINA TENFOLD**



crafts and a metal mug. The thirst for the treasure had increased the stamina of the people tenfold. But despite their Herculean efforts, no treasure heap had surfaced so far. As luck would have it, they struck water at one site.

Some villagers began to lose heart. But Chowdhary Hari Ram's enthusiasm was contagious; dejected people picked up hope again, and persevered with their struggle with the earth. Luck is often stronger than man's efforts. Water gushed out at all the sites, dampening the spirits of almost the entire village. They abandoned the digging and went home.

Water had gushed forth from the earth, but, it seemed, only to sweep away a part of Chowdhary Hari Ram's reputation. After

three days of keeping to himself, the Chowdhary called a village meeting under the great oak tree. At the meeting, he remained lost in thought for some time and then spoke in a most dejected tone,

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my deep regret that having expended so much of our blood and toil, we have been unable to locate what we set out to find. It would be a platitude to remind ourselves that what man desires he does not always obtain. But it is a truth nevertheless.

"Friends, there is no doubt whatsoever that the wild goose chase for the treasure put us all to great hardship. Still, it would not do to leave open the gashes we have made on the good soil of our village. Our cows may step into them, our children are likely to be injured if they happen to fall in. Therefore, a certain course of action has come to my mind. Wealth is not necessarily money from the mint. Wat-

in by the inhabitants of Dhuppapur into the — ahem — Venture of the Wells, is unparalleled. In fact, it is unstinted labour like this that is the need of the hour.

"We must remember at all times that a nation does not move forward by the utterances of Ministers and Members of Parliament — they merely point out the way. The real work is put in by such as the assembly here.

"In fact, the inhabitants of Dhuppapur have presented the country with an example. If other villages and areas too were to follow the example of Dhuppapur, our country would soon become the India of Bapu's dream."

But livelier than the great man's address was the scene at the Chowdhary's house. The ceremony for the wells over, and the great man escorted to the train, Chowdhary Hari Ram returned home tired and flung himself onto the charpoy. Gonti

er, too, is wealth, in that it is a means for us here to obtain wealth. We haven't found Humayun's treasure, true, but we have found instead a part of Nature's store of treasure, so why not make use of it?

"As you all know, water has spouted at five places. If we put in some more hard work, we can convert the sites into wells. And if we could get a 'great man' to inaugurate them, why, the name of Dhuppapur would become a byword for hard work.

"This, then, is my proposal. If it appeals to you all, well, we should lose no time in carrying it out."

The Chowdhary had hardly ceased to speak when the hitherto silent gathering gave its approval by a roar of cheers.

The address the 'great man' delivered at the inauguration ceremony figured in all the newspapers. Below is a resume:

"Ladies and gentlemen, let me begin by saying that the amount of effort put

went up to him and asked, "Well, how did the ceremony go, and has the great man departed?"

"Oh, yes. Everything went along well — and now, the name of Dhuppapur will resound from one end of India to the other."

"That's all very well. But I still don't understand. When that man in the surveyor's cap marked off those five sites as the likely treasure spots, how come water gushed forth instead?"

"Oh, you silly woman. Didn't you know? That man in the surveyor's cap marked off the sites not for treasure but for water — he is a friend of mine, you know, works in the Water Department."

Gonti was quick to perceive the humour in the situation. Smiling broadly, she said, "Ah ha. So with those bulky history volumes that you kept carting home, you made a fool of me as well."

And she laughed until she nearly split her sides.

the keenness of a competition. As they dug deeper and deeper, so their enthusiasm increased. They were all driven by one prime desire — to unearth the treasure and share in the spoils.

During the course of the excavation, two gold coins were found, on which was inscribed the name "Alamgir". At another site, they dug up some handi-

The wedding **mandap** is an indispensable part of a Hindu wedding, the central focus of decoration. Simple, yet deeply significant in its symbolism, it represents a sanctified, square area with four poles, generally adorned with fresh, wide banana leaves. Each corner is further embellished by a systematic, pyramid-like arrangement of earthen pots, seven in number. And it is here in the **mandap**, with fire as the witness, that **hastamilap** takes place — the meeting of hands in an eternal bond — and the bride and the bridegroom take the seven sacred steps that will put an official seal on their new relationship.

Unfortunately, as with many things in the cities, the simplicity that once characterised **mandap** decoration is being replaced by garish, glittering dazzle and cheap plastic pots and artificial flowers in place of earthen **matkas**, beautiful in the rich colour of the earth and sprinkled with the red of the auspicious **kumkum**. And it is this corruption of the **mandap** spirit, so deeply a part of Hindu culture, that has the well-known painter, Aruna Purohit, so thoroughly involved in wedding decorations. As she says, "A wedding is a joyous occasion. Like any festival, there is fluidity to the event and this rhythm cannot be expressed through solid, heavy structures. **Mandaps** in the villages are often more in aesthetic harmony — they have movement and colour and they are gay."

Aruna's own **mandaps** reflect the same sensitivity for colour and balance that have made her



## A SCULPTOR TURNS TO FLOWERS

**ARUNA PUROHIT**, eminent painter, also renowned for her unique sculptures, talks to **JYOTSNA SHETH** about the floral 'mandaps' she creates with the simplest of materials to create an atmosphere of warm welcome



collages collectors' items. The stress is on simplicity and on creating an atmosphere of warm welcome through the use of traditional things like **alpana**, **diyas**, **chandarvo** and, of course, flowers. "My decoration is basically simple. I prefer to use flowers judiciously on a background of jute or mats than to create heavy, floral patterns that often tend to dwarf the couple. It must create an atmosphere of **nandanvan** — fresh and ecstatic."

Aruna feels strongly about the lavish spending on decoration. "It is a sheer waste. It would be better instead to give the money to the marrying couple. Decorations do not have to be expensive, or vulgar and cheap. In one wedding I attended, small plastic spoons that come with ice-cream cups had

been used to decorate the pots. I was simply horrified at this insult to our culture."

The evening I met Aruna, she had just received a copy of a German book on Indian Art, containing a reference to her work. Naturally, she was both happy and excited. . . "I have got the comments translated in English. Would you care to read them?" she asks happily. I quote here a line from the rather longish passage. . . "The works of Aruna Purohit are rational and constructed intellectually."

**LEFT:** "A mural made of pieces of discarded wood.

**ABOVE:** "I prefer to use flowers judiciously on a background of mats instead of creating heavy, floral patterns that tend to dwarf the couple."

To this, Aruna says, "Yes, I do feel a painting with my mind first, before treating it emotionally in colours."

Aruna's collages are usually pre-occupied with myths and symbolism. "As a girl I loved listening to mythological tales. And I still continue to be fascinated by the various gods for the rich imagery behind their concept. Take, for instance, Kali and the number of 'swaroopas' in which she can be visualised. Whether I believe in her or not is immaterial."

Aruna's paintings have found appreciation both in this country and abroad. They are frequently exhibited at the Lalit Kala Akademi and other group shows. In 1960, she received a certificate of merit from the Directorate of Advertising and Visual Publicity in appreciation of a calendar designed by her. She studied at the J. J. School of Art, Bombay and the Faculty of Fine Arts, Baroda. And although a mother of three children, she has consistently pursued her interest. "for, without that, my life would go dry."

Aruna's parents were ardent nationalists and she also went

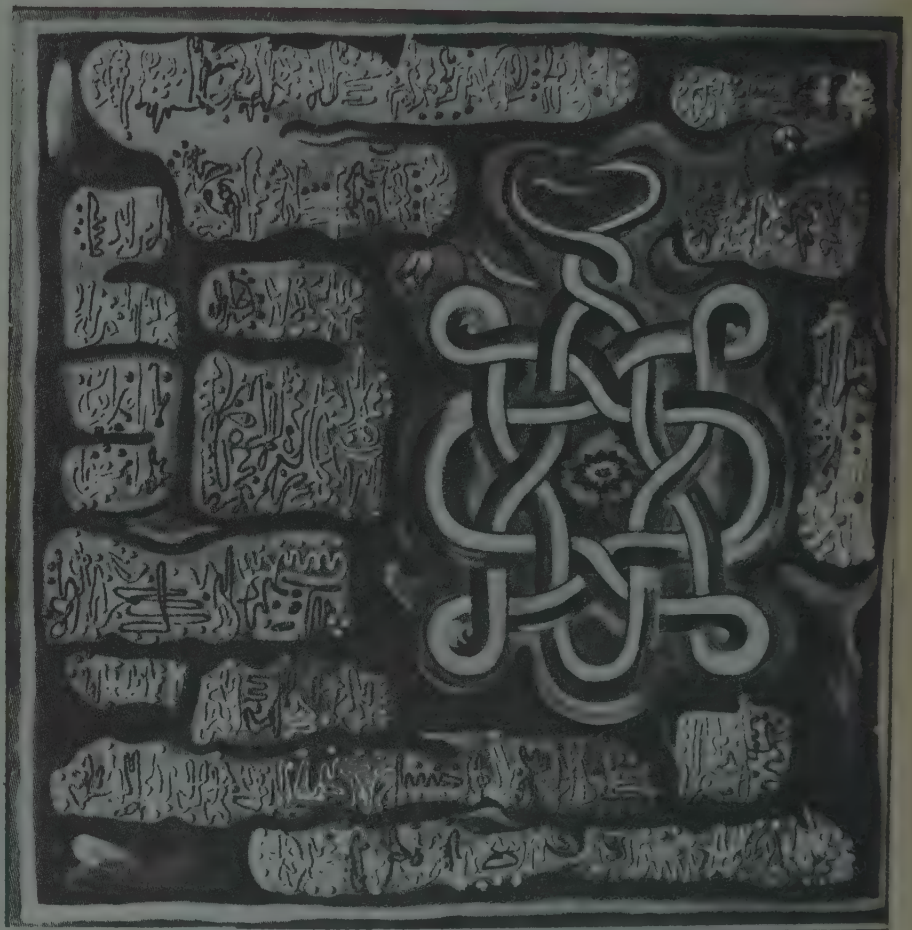
to prison. And even while the family was rich, it believed in living simply. It is from them that I have inherited this love for art, for nature. My father was an ardent gardener and I think I have a green thumb too, where flowers and plants are concerned."

Aruna's paintings show a rare sensitivity for colour and lines. And although the decorative element in her collages predominate, she functions with an aesthetic sensibility that makes them creatively stimulating.

To Aruna herself, her paintings are almost like her alter-egos. "I have done a small painting of a 'devi' and it has become my best friend, with whom I share my most intimate thoughts."

And now Aruna has turned sculptor, having discovered an exciting new medium in — of all things — scrap iron. "I work in Mukand Iron and Steel Works and the scraps of iron I saw almost daily being dumped in the yard, somehow, strangely

**BELOW:** Mats, plantain leaves and flowers. "Decorations do not have to be expensive, or gaudily vulgar."



fascinated me and I found myself itching to try and give them shape."

The hunch proved right and Aruna's first, recent exhibition of sculptures made from scrap iron received rave reviews, and proved what a sensitive artist can achieve with any medium. The nearly black, unyielding material, had, in her hand, acquired really fascinating contours. "Once I had decided," Aruna said, "I found myself visiting the scrap yard as early as six in the morning. Many of my colleagues then thought me crazy"... and recalling this, she laughed happily.

On the teaching of art in schools, Aruna observes, "I think it needs to be less rigid and more dynamic than it is now. We are still being unduly influenced by the West. What art means needs to be crystallised in personal terms."

**TOP:** A simple but warm welcome. No gaudy neon lights, no shiny frills.

**ABOVE:** 'Nag Panchami'. Aruna's collages usually represent myth and symbolism.

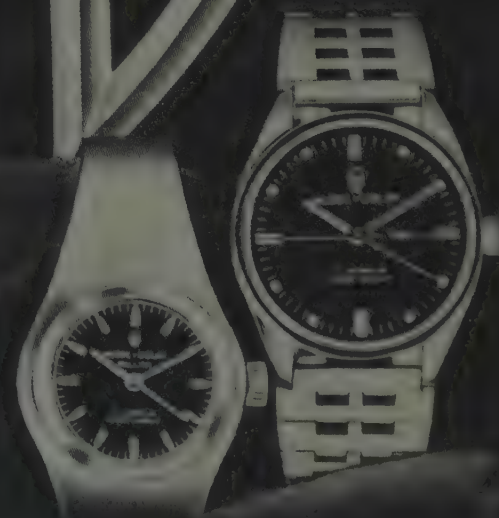
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# BEAUTY

## HOME-MADE BEAUTY AIDS

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Here are some inexpensive home-made beauty preparations for your various problems.

Cucumber will help to brighten up your complexion. Grate a cucumber and extract its juice. Spread the liquid on the face and let it remain for some time. When dry, rinse off.

Face pack for a dry skin: Take the yolk of an egg and beat it well. To this add a teaspoon of honey and a little gram flour. Mix well. Apply on the face and allow it to remain for about 10 minutes. Then rinse using tepid water. This will make your complexion soft and glowing.

Face pack for oily skin: To a little multani mitti add rose water, half a teaspoon of honey, two teaspoons of lemon juice and mix well to form a paste. Spread this evenly on the skin. Leave it on till it dries, then rinse well.



Take two teaspoons of milk cream or malai, two teaspoons of olive oil and juice of half a lemon. Mix well. Apply on face, when dry, rinse off.

To refine pores, take a little buttermilk and add to it a tablespoon of oatmeal and a pinch of alum to make a paste. Apply on the face and allow to dry for 20 minutes. Wash off with tepid water. Those having dry skin should use this: A tablespoon of honey mixed with a pinch of alum.

To remove whiteheads (hardened oil pockets un-

der the skin), steam your face over a bowl of boiling water. Cover your head with a towel to prevent the steam from escaping. Do this for about five minutes. Then take a strip of cloth and exerting a gentle pressure on the skin, press out the whiteheads. Or use a blackhead extractor but never your bare fingers as this might result in infection.

Want to make a cleansing lotion? Take a little milk or curds and mix rice flour to this to make a thin paste. Apply on the face. When the skin feels dry, rub it off and rinse well.

A vinegar rinse helps to soften hair and cut the film of soap. Mix half a cup of vinegar to two glasses of water. Rinse your hair with this mixture, then wash with warm water.

Lemon juice added to the rinse water brings out the natural highlights in the hair. It cuts down oiliness and is an effective remedy for dandruff.

Honey and lime juice added to a glass of water taken the first thing in the morning has a cleansing action as well as is helpful for dieters.

To make wax for removing superfluous hair: Take 12 tablespoons of sugar and eight tablespoons of water and heat on a low fire. Extract juice of two lemons and add to this mixture. Keep stirring till it starts bubbling and changing colour. When it is dark brown remove from fire and pour into a jar.

**Ratna Gehani**

The wheel of fashion has turned and once again tremendous interest is evinced in herbs and herbal aids to beauty the world over. They are the current craze for those in quest of magical results.

Nature offers a bountiful supply of herbs and other organic products for various beauty preparations. Ramma Bans, the well-known beautician, has been researching and experimenting in this field for many years. She has now introduced the Organic Face Lift at the Taj Health Club at Bombay and Delhi.

"I mix the gel of a certain plant, which has been used in beauty treatment in India for over 3000

years, with other organic ingredients. This helps to preserve a youthful complexion. No massage, no gadgets. You just lie back and relax completely while the mask does the work," explained Ramma.

What does the treatment involve?

The face and neck area is first cleansed with the juice

of a plant. Then the gel is spread evenly on these parts and left on for about 30 minutes, to enable its contents to penetrate the skin. The mask produces a tautening sensation which is a self-massage of the skin. The gel is then removed by means of hot compresses. Finally pure almond oil is applied on

the skin and left for an hour till its vitamin contents are absorbed.

At what age can one have this face lift?

"Anyone between 25 and 75 can benefit from it. This invigorating treatment stimulates the blood circulation and tones up the skin, softens wrinkles, lifts sagging muscles and makes the skin glow with health and vitality," claims Ramma.

A single treatment is refreshing, but it will take about ten to bring visible results.

**C. J.**

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Courtesy: Mahendra Mills Limited, Kalol.



LOOKING SWEET AND SAUCY IN A BLACK saree. Broad border in yellow has floral print and beautiful colour combinations; while the other has a vibrant op art print in navy blue and magenta.

EVER SO PRETTY IN A black and white floral saree with an unusual print of dots in yellow and border; isolated sprays in white dominate the skirt edge of a pretty peach saree, over-printed with tiny circles and rectangles.

A STRIKING SAREE IN red, white and black has an attractive floral border printed in yellow colours. The upper half of the saree has a geometrical print in red. The shaded saree has floral sprays over zig-zag stripes and is ideal for late evening wear.



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Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

Mrs. Meenakshi Dutta Ghosh of Delhi State Tourism Development Corporation is its first independent Managing Director since its inception in 1975. The corporation, which was set up to promote tourism in Delhi, has achieved remarkable results within a short period under the guidance of Mrs. Ghosh, who took over this post last year.

"Our main aim is to cater to budget tourists, both domestic and foreign. Most of the tourists who come to Delhi cannot afford to stay in 5-star hotels. We want to provide clean, cheap and comfortable staying places to all the tourists and also reasonably cheap eating places like cafeterias and stand-ins some important places in the city. The plans are ready; we are awaiting the allotment of land. We hope to start construction work soon."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Ghosh has gone ahead with other plans to give more facilities to budget tourists. "Conducted sight-seeing tours of Delhi have been started by this corporation for the first time. From this year, we have also started weekly one-day return tours to Agra, Jaipur and some tourist resorts of Haryana. They are becoming very popular."

Not only are the luxury coach tickets cheap, they are also attractively designed. A small picture of each monument to be visited in a particular tour along with a little history of that place has been printed on each ticket. The idea is to provide all tourists with a kind of souvenir and not just a plain ticket.

Mrs. Meenakshi Ghosh is an I.A.S. and has been in service since 1970. "One exciting thing about this service is the variety it offers. From being an additional district magistrate I have come to this post and I do not know where I will be posted next. As magistrate my work was more regulatory and called for lot of tact and diplomacy in dealing with rowdy elements. But I am absolutely fascinated by my job here. Tourism today is a billion-dollar industry, not only in India, but all over the world. The job requires a great deal of originality and imagination, and it is very competitive. One has to innovate all the time," says Mrs. Ghosh.

"Another field in tourism in which we have been able to show quick re-

sults is the production of tourist literature. We have brought out this year the only authentic and detailed tourist guide to Delhi which has been marketed at only Rs. 4. The only other guide to Delhi brought out by ITDC a few years back is expensive and

MEENAKSHI DUTTA GHOSH

## BOOSTING TOURISM IN DELHI



beyond the reach of average tourists. Our guide to Delhi has become very popular and we have sold about 1,500 copies in a month. I hope to bring out a second edition in May."

Big hoardings and posters advertising the facilities offered by DSTDC have also been put up at strategic points in the city. "We also propose to bring out a souvenir on Delhi which will be sold in the market and will also be used for presentation to visiting dignitaries. It will be an exquisite publication with beautiful photographs and will bring into focus some unique characteristics of the city of Delhi."

In spite of having achieved so much in such a short period, Mrs. Ghosh does not feel very satisfied with the progress. "It is not as fast as we want it to be. Our main problem is land. We have many schemes to built 1-star tourist lodging resorts,

camping sites and cafeterias near railway stations and inter-state bus stops. These schemes may take time to materialise, but I am happy that there is now at least a realisation among the people concerned that these facilities are very necessary. I also want to lay more emphasis on group travel and I am trying to get some schools and other organisations interested in it."

Mother of two small children, Mrs. Ghosh says that doing a job and looking after a home is not too taxing as long as one is properly organised.

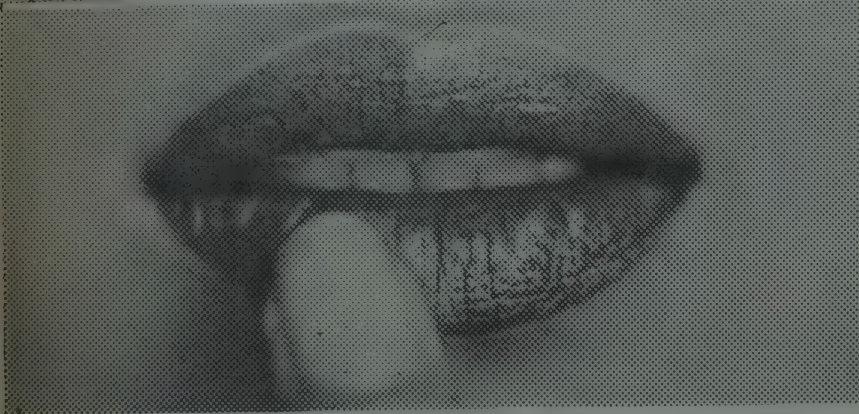
"I think children also get used to the idea of having their mother away the whole day. My children are quite satisfied if I spend enough time with them in the mornings and evenings. But one must have the right kind of servant and ayah to look after the home and kids. A working mother cannot afford to be very fussy with servants if she has to have peace of mind. I feel one can enjoy one's career only as long as one is organised. My philosophy is, your work is only worth it as long as you enjoy it and as long as you are able to give your best to both your home and your work. What is the use of working if one is all the time worried either about one's home or about one's work? For a woman her home and her children are very important. I do not deny the fact that a woman's income does supplement her husband's income and helps to raise the family's standard of living, but a woman should not neglect one at the cost of the other."

Mrs. Ghosh says that a woman has to put up with a lot of male chauvinism. "Most men think that it's easy to get work done from a woman. So being a woman one has to have higher standard in everything like morality, integrity, discipline and punctuality. A woman has her career in her own hands. If she starts with a firm hand, she has no problems later on, but if she herself is lax and does not take her work seriously, no one will respect her."

Mrs. Ghosh has not faced any problems in her career and says that if one is good in one's work and knows how to behave, it does not matter whether one is a man or a woman.

J. K.

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# THE SWISS CONNECTION

Good food with a generous use of raw materials, cooked simply but perfectly, typifies Swiss cooking.

The celebrated chef from Switzerland RENE GOTTRAUX (Left) assisted by chef de cuisine HUBERT BERTRAUD welcomed and delighted food lovers with Swiss dishes at a recent Swiss Food Festival hosted by the Centaur Hotel in collaboration with Air-India and Hotel Du Lac, Coppet, Geneva.

Mr. Gottraux had decided at an early age to be a cook. At Hotel Beau-Rivage Palace in Lausanne he worked his way through all departments of the kitchen. Later, he took over a restaurant near Geneva and now owns the Hotel Du Lac.

Food Courtesy: The Centaur Hotel

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## POTAGE ST GERMAIN (SOUP)

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- 180 grams dehydrated green peas
- 100 grams onions, chopped
- 70 grams butter
- 1 small leek
- 2 medium potatoes
- 100 grams bacon
- 200 ml. fresh cream
- 4 slices bread

Soak the green peas for about 2 hours. Bring them to a boil in the same water. Drain out water. In a pan heat 30 grams of butter, add the chopped onions, chopped white of leeks and bacon cut in small pieces and cook without discoloration. Add water and add



the green peas and potatoes cut into big pieces. Cook for about two hours. Pass through sieve. Add the fresh cream and remaining 40 grams of butter. To make croutons, cut the bread slices into small cubes and fry in butter. Garnish the soup with croutons before serving.

## RAMEQUIN AU GRUYERE

### FOR THE PASTRY:

250 grams flour  
100 grams butter  
200-300 ml. water  
A pinch of salt and pepper  
12 tart moulds

### FOR THE FILLING:

250 ml. milk  
250 ml. cream  
4 eggs  
Salt to taste  
Pepper to taste  
A sprinkle of nutmeg  
100 grams gruyere, grated

Rub flour with butter, salt and pepper using finger tips. Make a well of this mixture. Add the water to make a dough. Grease the tart moulds. Roll out the dough and spread out onto the moulds. Press the rolled out dough into the moulds. Use the rolling pin over the dough. Put a little bit of gruyere into each mould.

### FOR THE FILLING:

Break the eggs into a vessel, whip lightly. Add the milk and cream, salt, pepper and grated nutmeg. Pour this mixture into the tartlets. Bake in an oven at 220° for 15 minutes. Remove from the mould after it is well baked and serve.



Rene Gottraux and Hubert Bertraud demonstrating their art at the Centaur Hotel.

## TOURTE AU POIRES GLACEES

2 tsps. jam  
50 ml. sugar syrup  
50 ml. pear essence  
6 pears, halved

### FOR THE PASTRY:

200 grams butter  
50 grams powdered sugar  
1 egg  
300 grams flour

### FOR THE GENOISE:

4 eggs (separated)  
120 grams flour  
150 grams sugar

### FOR THE FILLING:

½ litre milk  
6 eggs  
100 grams sugar

30 grams flour  
½ litre fresh cream  
40 grams gelatine  
Williamine pear essence

### FOR THE PASTRY:

Make a well in the flour. Put in the butter and the powdered sugar. With fingertips rub in the butter to resemble bread-crumbs. Break an egg over and mix rapidly. Put this dough in the fridge for 2 hours. Roll out and line a round cake tin of 12 cm diameter with this dough. Bake in the oven, 200° to 220° for 10 minutes.

### FOR THE GENOISE:

Beat egg whites stiffly with half the powdered sugar. To the egg yolks add the rest of sugar and whisk till creamy. Add the yolk

and sugar mixture together with flour to the whipped egg whites. Mix gently. Grease and flour a mould of the same dimension as the cake tin. Pour the mixture into it and bake for about 15 minutes.

### FOR THE FILLING:

To the eggs add 50 grams of sugar and whisk well. Add the flour. Boil the milk with the remaining sugar. Pour over eggs and stir till thick. Add the gelatine, melted in hot water to the mixture. Let the mixture cool. Add the whipped cream.

Brush the tart with jam. Cut the genoise into 1 cm cubes and place on the tart. Place both in a 2½ - 3" high mould. Pour the sugar syrup and pear essence over the genoise to moisten it. Place the pear halves on the cake. Pour the filling over and set in refrigerator.

## LA FONDUE AU FROMAGE

350 ml. white wine  
600 grams gruyere cheese  
5 grams potato starch or cornflour (powder)  
1 flake garlic  
1 tsp. kirsch  
Bread cut into cubes

Heat the white wine and add the chopped garlic. Add the potato powder mixed with a little cold water. Remove the pan and add the Kirsch and cheese. Put the pan back on the fire to cook. Serve hot in a fondue pan. Serve a dish of bread, cut into one inch cubes, lightly toasted.

## PEACHES FLAMBEES

6 fresh peaches or canned peaches  
250 ml. caramel  
100 ml. grand mariner or cognac  
24 scoops of vanilla ice cream  
Zest of one lime and one orange

Take fresh peaches and poach in the syrup. Make a caramel using water and sugar caramelize to a fairly dark colour. Add the zest of orange and lime. Put the caramel in a pan, add the peaches and heat. Add the grand mariner and flame. Dish into a plate and serve with a scoop of vanilla ice cream.

## NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50 cash prize,

- 1) A 3-in-one Storefresh Container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay,
- 2) A gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn flour,
- 3) A 1000 ml pack tin of pure Coconut Oil from KMP OIL INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LIMITED and
- 4) A book "Delightful Chinese Dishes" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.



So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

# RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Miss Meena Batheja, Bombay.

## VEGETABLE JHALFRAZIE

- 2 onions
- 3 spring onions
- 2 large size tomatoes
- 3 teacups mixed boiled vegetables
- 4 green chillis
- ½ teacup tomato ketchup
- ½ inch piece ginger
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 1½ or 2 tps. sugar
- 2 tbsps. ghee
- Salt to taste
- 1 tbsps. coriander leaves

Chop the onions, spring onions, tomatoes, green chillis, ginger and coriander leaves. Keep them aside. Heat the ghee in a vessel and fry the onions till they turn brown. Now add the tomatoes, chillis, ginger and coriander and fry for at least three minutes.

Now add the tomato ketchup, boiled vegetables, spring onions, sugar, chilli powder, salt and ½ cup water and cook for five to ten minutes. Serve hot.



Himani Guha, Calcutta.

## PANEER BALLS & ORANGE GRAVY ON SPAGHETTI

- 250 grams spaghetti
- 4 tbsps. butter

- 1 tsp. salt

FOR THE PANEER BALL:

- 250 grams paneer
- 2 tbsps. flour
- ½ tsp. soda-bi-carb
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 1 tsp. cummin seed powder
- Few raisins
- Oil for deep frying
- Turmeric water

FOR THE GRAVY:

- 2 ripe and firm tomatoes, chopped
- 2 cups orange juice
- 1 tsp. chilli paste
- 1 tsp. cummin seed paste
- 3 cardamoms, powdered
- 3 tbsps. ghee
- Salt and sugar to taste

Rub in the paneer till it is smooth and creamy. Combine soda, flour, chilli powder, cummin seed powder and paneer. Mix well. Divide the mixture into equal portion and shape it into big marble size balls, stuffing one raisin in each ball.

Deep fry over moderate heat to a golden brown. Drain and plunge in hot turmeric water. Keep aside.

Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water till tender but firm. Drain. Place in colander and coat with butter to keep them from sticking. Set over a pan containing boiling water to keep it hot till serving time.

FOR THE GRAVY:

Heat ghee in a karahi. When smoking hot remove from the fire. Fry the cardamom powder lightly. Return the karahi to the fire and add masala paste. Fry till ghee comes out. Add tomato pieces and cook till tomatoes

are done. Then pour orange juice and sprinkle salt and sugar to taste. When the gravy comes to a boil drain the paneer balls and float in the gravy. Cook for few minutes.

Spread the spaghetti in a shallow serving dish. Pour the orange gravy over hot spaghetti and arrange the paneer balls on top.

Serve with grated cheese and vegetable salad.

## COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

### New Scheme For the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipe—non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

April, 1979

BAKED PUDDINGS

May, 1979

MUSHROOM DELICACIES

June, 1979

CURRY SPECIALITIES

All entries for April should reach us latest by March 10. May entries by April 10, and June entries by May 10.

## COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

## WEEKLY WINNER

ANURITA HURIA, New Delhi.



Miss Huria wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield, a 1000 ml Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin and a book by Aroona Reejh-singhani.

## VEGETABLE KHEEMA WITH MACARONI

- 1 cup soya bean granules
- 1 cup macaroni
- 2-3 onions, finely chopped
- 2 tomatoes, chopped
- Salt and red chilli powder to taste
- 1 tsp. turmeric powder
- ½ tsp. garam masala
- Coriander leaves, finely chopped
- 2 tbsps. oil

GRIND TO A PASTE:

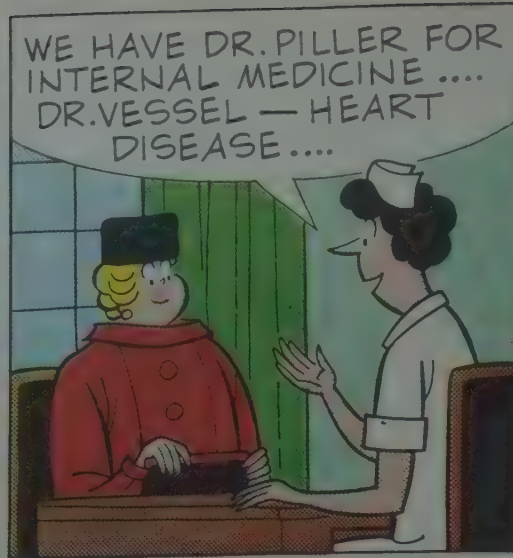
- 1" piece ginger
- 2-3 green chillis
- 5 cloves garlic

Soak the soya bean granules in water for half an hour. Heat oil in a karahi. Fry onions till light brown. Add the ground paste. When dark brown, add the chopped tomatoes, and fry until the tomatoes form part of the gravy. Add salt, red chilli powder and turmeric powder. Fry on low heat for two to three minutes. Squeeze dry the soaked granules and add to the fried masala. Mix well. Cover and simmer for five to 10 minutes. In the mean time, boil the macaroni in water with a pinch of salt till tender. Strain under cold water.

Add the macaroni to the fried mixture, stir lightly, then cover and simmer for ten minutes. Remove it from fire and garnish with garam masala and chopped coriander leaves.

Serve hot with chappatis.

THE LITTLE WOMAN



King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1977. World rights reserved.

L. WOMAN

Dan: "If you sell your watches under cost price how can you make any profit?"

Van: "We make our profit repairing them."

"My dear girl," said the housewife to her hired girl, "I can write my name in the dust here."

"Honestly," said the maid in admiration, "that's more than I can do. Isn't education a wonderful thing?"

Invited to a masquerade party, hard-drinking Jones called to his wife: "Got any ideas, dear?"

"Yes," she replied. "Go sober. That'll fool them".

The girl in the ticket booth demurred at selling a ticket to a youngster in the early afternoon. "Why aren't you in school?" she asked sharply.

"It's okay, lady," he assured her. "I've got the measles."

A married man claims he has seven controls on his TV set - his wife and six kids.

**THAT'S A LAUGH!**

"I asked you not to tell your mistress what time I came home last night," said the master of the house to the maid. "Why did you disobey me?"

"I didn't," said the maid. "She asked me what time you got in, and I told her I was too busy cooking breakfast to look at the clock."



The manager asked the departing guest: "Did you enjoy your stay with us?"

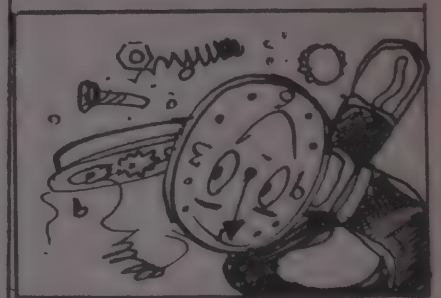
The guest said: "Yes, but I'm a bit upset about leaving the place so soon after I've practically bought it."

Flat broke at the end of his holiday, Nick went to a second-hand car dealer and asked him to put a price on his vehicle. The dealer gave the car a sharp scrutiny and told him: "Let's put it this way: if I was a vet, I'd have to shoot it."

Gladys was normally patient with her very economically-minded husband. But when they got to the hotel and went into dinner she snapped: "Just remember we're on holiday and for once you can stop reading the menu from right to left."

The manager was interviewing a new man and was going through his references.

"It says here that you once had a slight accident while cooking when you worked at the Scranton Hotel. As head chef that seems to be very incompetent. What got burnt?"



The applicant said. "The Scranton Hotel."

It was the couple's first day at the seaside hotel. The husband excitedly cried: "I know what! Let's go out and have some fun tonight."

His wife said: "Great idea! And in case you get back ahead of me, leave the key at the reception desk."

Compiled by George Fegradoc

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with 11 nutritious  
vitamins and iron

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and iron essential for baby's healthy growth.

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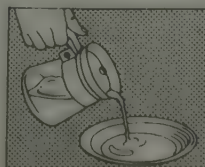


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So good for  
baby's growth.

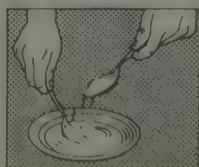


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Rs. 7.00  
Local taxes  
extra.

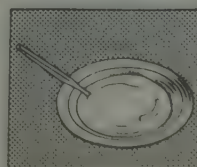
Prepare with milk to make  
a gentle, nutritionally complete feed



Pour pre-boiled milk.



Add Nestum & mix.



Ready to serve.



The narrow road between Mazagon and Byculla is congested throughout the day, with crowds hurrying by and vehicles pushing through. It is always under a cloud of smog and dust. And this road is named 'Love Lane'.

This road set me thinking and I began to wonder which local lover's lanes are frequented in Bombay when a young couple wishes to spend time alone. And do lovers have only lanes in which to do their cooing?

Did I hear someone say movie-houses and restaurants? Well, easier said than done, for it is amazing how ingenious are the methods used by teenagers to hoodwink their parents when they wish to date.

There is the recent experience of Rashida, an eighteen-year-old, who made a date with classmate Quresh, at the Regal. But she ran bang into her mother's close friend, Mrs. Gupta, and had no option but to introduce Quresh as her cousin, Azimbhai, whom she had met while shopping. Mrs. Gupta lapped it up, and Rashida was silently congratulating herself for her quick presence of mind. But her joy was short-lived. For a week later, Mrs. Gupta visited her mother, and unfortunately for Rashida, her real cousin Azim happened to be visiting too. Mrs. Gupta was introduced to him, and she promptly said, "Haven't I met you before? But you look so different from the day I saw you at the film with Rashida." "Film? What film?" said the startled Azim. And of course the cat was out of the bag.

Then again, Smita, a nineteen-year-old, decided at last to brave recognition and made a date with her current boyfriend, Arun. He bought the tickets, kept his own and gave Smita hers, for it was planned that they should enter the theatre separately. Half an hour before the show, Smita hid herself in the toilet, to avoid detection by the people leaving the theatre or entering it. She stayed in the toilet until she thought the lights would be dimmed and entering slyly was shown to her place by a most courteous usher. Sinking down into the seat, she reached out and gratefully pressed Arun's hand, thankful that she had escaped detection. They stayed like this until the lights came on at the interval when she smilingly turned to Arun, and discovered to her horror that it was not Arun besides her, but a middle-aged

gentleman grinning at her from ear to ear. Obviously the usher had made a slip. "I was frozen with shock and embarrassment, and as soon as I could possibly pull myself together I got up and fled," she told me later.

My friend Rosanna had a nasty experience once when she went to a film with Ashley, but told her mother that she was going with her friend Loretta. Fate was against her, for at the time when she was supposed to be at the film, Rosanna's mother ran into Loretta at the tailor's. "Good heavens, Loretta! What are you doing here? Weren't you going to see some film at the Metro with Rosanna?" she asked. Loretta was equally stunned, and realizing that she had to try and cover-up for Rosanna, she managed to say, "Something unforeseen crept up at the eleventh hour, and I couldn't make it. But I gave the ticket to my neighbour Sheila, who is at the movie with Rosanna right now." Needless to say, Rosanna's mother smelt a rat and on Rosanna's return questioned her mercilessly, until Rosanna broke into a sweat. She was forced ultimately to admit the truth and was thoroughly ashamed of the deception by the end of it.

One wonders why such elaborate plans of deceit are necessary merely to see a movie with a friend. Why are parents still so strict and orthodox that their off-spring need be so frightened of being caught out while dating? Surely in this day and age when the two sexes are in contact at so many levels, studying together and working together, it is only natural that they should date one another, frankly, openly and quite fearlessly. However, the very thought of dating is taboo to some parents and makes such underhand dealings essential.

Then, of course, there are the restaurants. But as Gurbir, aged twenty-one, said, "Restaurants are too public. If a boy wants to get to know a girl better, a restaurant is hardly a place he would choose. For one thing, you have to get used to the sensation of having a dozen pair of eyes on you. This can be quite intimidating, and both parties are very self-conscious. Besides, the more exclusive restaurants cost a packet, so that even a cup of coffee makes a big hole in one's pocket."

"One can always resort to the family-rooms in the more sleazy restaurants," Jasmine pointed out. "But as they have probably been misused in the past, they have become extremely noto-

## WHEREVER LOVERS GO THERE'S ALMOST ALWAYS SOMEONE WATCHING. IF IT IS NOT A PARENT OR ACQUAINTANCE, IT IS SOME LECHEROUS VOYEUR. WHAT DO LOVERS DO TO BEAT THEM ALL?

Rochelle D'Souza

rious. Thus the hotel authorities are immediately on their guard if a couple enters one of them. Besides, when you do come out, you are stared at by all with such sinister implications that you immediately feel cheap and degraded. And all you wanted, in the first place, was to chat quietly over a coke."

The popularity of hotels and restaurants has therefore dwindled. But out of necessity comes invention, and today teenagers have worked out another novel way of meeting one another. This has taken the form of what

is popularly referred to as the 'house-party'. A close circle of friends usually plan the party so that there are about ten or twenty couples. They need not necessarily be celebrating an occasion, for the party is a general pool-in where the boys organize the snacks, drinks, and invite the girls. If a person likes dancing he can "freak out" uninhibitedly. If music is his passion, he can listen to his heart's content to the latest rock music. And if the volume is several degrees louder than usual, it is only their way of giving vent to their exuberance. There are ample opportunities to socialize, make friends and establish contacts. And if you hate music, dancing and other people, there is always the booze. "It is all good, clean fun and everyone enjoys himself," a habitual party-goer told me.

Some parents, however, seem to be under the impression that there are more suspicious goings on at such a party, and the most imaginative liken it to some kind of an orgy. There are parents I know who prefer to send

# all the world



their children to gala, formal dances rather than to a party, since the former are more 'open' and hence less alarming. Their children then invent a pack of lies about where the formal dance is being held, about which bands or beat-groups are in attendance, and whom they are going with. Then they leave the house supposedly to a sophisticated gala show, wearing faded jeans and T-shirts. It beats me how their parents can't see through the hoax.

One can quite understand girls having a difficult time getting permission to go out at night, for parents are far more protective of their girls than of their boys. But there are grown-up boys I know, in their early twenties, who find it impossible to get out of the house without fabricating the most fanciful stories.

Dilip once bluffed his mother that he was going on an overnight excursion with the hiking team of his college. In actuality, he wanted to go to a party his friends had planned. "Where is the hiking club going?" asked

his mother, swallowing his story. Dilip said the first thing that came to his mind. "To Matheran," he said. His mother then got out an attache-case and packed in soap and tooth-paste, a towel, and sheets because "it might get chilly in the night". Dilip could hardly conceal his laughter. However, he took the case, dutifully kissed his mother good-bye and made his way to Pradeep's place where the party was being held. He avoided being seen at the windows there. The party went off as planned, Dilip had a supper time and returned home at 9 o'clock in the morning. He was of course, fagged out after dancing his heels off during the night, but his dear mother thought that it was because he had done hours and hours of strenuous hill-climbing. She remains ignorant to this day.

I couldn't help laughing when I was told how Sameer hit upon a plan to fool his mother in order to attend a party, and how it was an utter failure. When his mother refused to grant him the permission to go to a party, he

asked his friend Vijay, to step in. Sameer left his home (apparently for the factory he worked at) at around half-past six in the evening, the time he normally left his house when on night-duty. He made his way instead to the party. At around half-past eleven which was approximately the time Sameer returned home after a night-shift, his friend Vijay (who was at the party too), stepped in, changing from his trendy party gear into ordinary workday clothes. He went to Sameer's home and informed his anxious mother that he was Sameer's colleague at the factory and had been asked to pass the message on that Sameer would be working overtime till about 3 o'clock in the morning and would spend the night at the office for want of adequate conveyance to get home.

Sameer's mother seemed quite satisfied with the explanation and thanked Vijay for delivering the message. But mothers have a strange intuition sometimes, and since it had been Diwali night, she cross-questioned Sameer to such an extent the next morning that he was forced to admit that he had been to a party. Vijay was the one most affected by the deception. I met him a few days later and he said, "It's all very well for Sameer, but I can't figure out how I am going to face his mother again. She will be furious that I aided her son in throwing dust in her eyes."

There are always stage plays to be seen if one lives in Bombay and is a theatre enthusiast, but as they do wind up rather late it's not always easy getting permission. Beat contests, rock shows, jam sessions and discos are other favourite haunts which Bombay's collegians frequent. But apart from organized entertainment, young people discover their own hide-outs for a rendezvous, until these places gain in popularity, grow too crowded and are in turn discarded for some other place.

In Bandra, there is the Bandstand or Land's End, or as it is vaguely known "that joint behind the rocks". Anita related to me the sorry experience she had when she escaped behind the anonymity of the rocks with Riaz. They were engrossed in singing "nilmi" songs about which both are very keen. They were oblivious to everything around them, while steadily the tide crept in, so that half an hour later, when they came down to earth, they found themselves marooned on a tiny

island of rocks. They had to jump from rock to rock in order to reach the shore. The most amusing part was that the next day both Anita and Riaz were at the dispensary, to get ointment applied to the badly bruised soles of their feet. "We had had to discard our footwear to grip the wet, slimy rocks. Both Anita and I sat at different corners of the dispensary, aching with laughter," said Riaz.

However, every second lane in Bandra is a delightful Lover's Lane, because most are cool, serene, deserted avenues.

Girls and boys are very astute when it comes to discovering places to go to. In Dadar's Shivaji Park area, there is the beach at Cadell Road, which is, as I was told by Neeta, "frowned on by most decent folk, since it has acquired a notorious reputation and is usually used by 'cheapies'." In Mazagaon, far from the madding crowd, is Ferry Wharf (or Bhaucha Dhakka, as it is locally known), which has become the ideal lover's lane. I am told that the place "overlooks the harbour and is almost like a beach, but without sand. It is very private and romantic and is well cut-off from the Mazagon T.T. area by a winding bus-route."

In the Malabar Hill area, there are the Hanging Gardens, of course, and the road leading up from Kemp's Corner, which has become so pseudo-Yankee that it is used as a parking-lot ostensibly, but for other activities, in reality. At Worli, there is the sea-face, which on some days gets so crowded that the couples literally sit shoulder-to-shoulder! Those who are financially less well off use the gardens of Bombay University. "The advantage of these well-manicured lawns in that nobody suspiciously speculates about you, but thinks you are heavily involved discussing Marx, Keats or Curie. Besides, there are several spots in the interior of the University that don't face the main road and afford privacy," said Shenaz who often goes there with Navroz.

In the course of my extensive research I did find several dubious locales, and the admirable skill and ingenuity of boys and girls in Bombay. However, though they may have problems initially, the fun they have compensates for the worse moments. For I have discovered too that "all the world loves a lover", and what is accepted universally, is doubly applicable in swinging Bombay.

# watches a lover

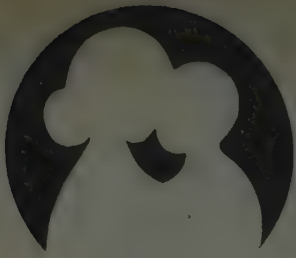


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The year of the child brings to focus the fact that children all over the world are in need of greater attention and care. Like flowers, they bloom in a happy and congenial atmosphere and wither away if neglected and uncared for. They need not only economic security, but also emotional security and stability. In India, with its poverty and increasing population, the efforts being made by the government and other voluntary organizations are not enough. The problem is enormous, solutions are few and resources scanty. Besides the demand for orphanages or homes for the handicapped and mentally-retarded children, there is also a growing demand for more homes for illegitimate children. Another area which requires tremendous attention, but has largely been ignored, is the rehabilitation of dropouts and the setting up of good clinics for emotionally disturbed children. No one can deny the fact that the love and attention of parents are necessary for children, especially during the early years of life. But when a child is denied these needs, he tends to be a problem child and an unhealthy element in society.

What is more important is not just opening of new orphanages or homes, but of providing love and affection to its inmates. People with dedication and who are willing to give their love unhesitatingly to these deprived children are the greatest need of today.

One of the most well-known orphanages in Delhi for both boys and girls (kept separately) is the Arya Orphanage in Daryaganj. It has 650 boys and girls between the ages of 3 and 18 years in its three institutions. They all go to municipal schools near by. Once they reach the age of 18, most of the girls are married off and the boys are free to look for jobs.

These children have either lost both their parents or one parent and have no one else in the family to look after them. They are all provided with their basic needs, and those willing to study further are encouraged to do so. They come from an economically very poor class. The mothers of some of them take up jobs in these institutions and look after the children. One woman has about 25 children in her care. "But," says Mrs. Chitra Chowdhary, deputy secretary of the institution, "it is difficult to get dedicated women always. The institution, which runs mostly on donations, cannot afford to pay high wages and so we try to do the best with what we can get."

Jain Bal Ashram is another such place in the same area, but it has fewer children. This institution gives children for adoption.

A well-kept place is the Nirmala Shishu Bhawan run by the Missionaries of Charity. It provides home for sick, crippled and abandoned children. Unwed mothers are also given shelter. Most of these children are adopted before they reach the age of five,

but even the ones which are left there are not abandoned by the Sisters. "No one can give these children the love of their parents," says the Sister in charge, "but we try our best to fulfil this need of the children. Grown-up children are sent to school and we look after them till they settle in life. We also keep the children of very poor parents who cannot provide for their children." In fact, two Sisters make daily rounds of all the slum areas in Delhi and pick up the children needing help. They are kept in the home for some time and then are sent back to their parents.

Palna in Old Delhi, a home recently opened by the Delhi Council of Child Welfare, brings hope for the abandoned child. The children are kept in clean surroundings, with a qualified nurse and other attendants to look after them. The Council hopes to provide all of them love and care irrespective of colour, caste or sex. It also hopes to find suitable homes for these children and

Secondary, preferably be a widow without any encumbrances and be about 40 years of age. All children, once they reach the age of 16, are sent to Observation Homes run by the Directorate of Social Welfare and then trained for vocations of their choice.

The children who come to the Udayan Foundling Home are literally thrown away babies. They are often in a shocking physical state when they come to this institution. It is difficult to save the lives of all the babies who come here, in spite of the efforts of a child specialist and a children's hospital. Most of the children who are brought here have been found abandoned in drains and nullahs in extreme conditions of exposure.

But the maximum credit for providing normal home conditions to homeless children goes to the SOS Children's Villages. This system of keeping children in the care of foster parents has had dramatic results,

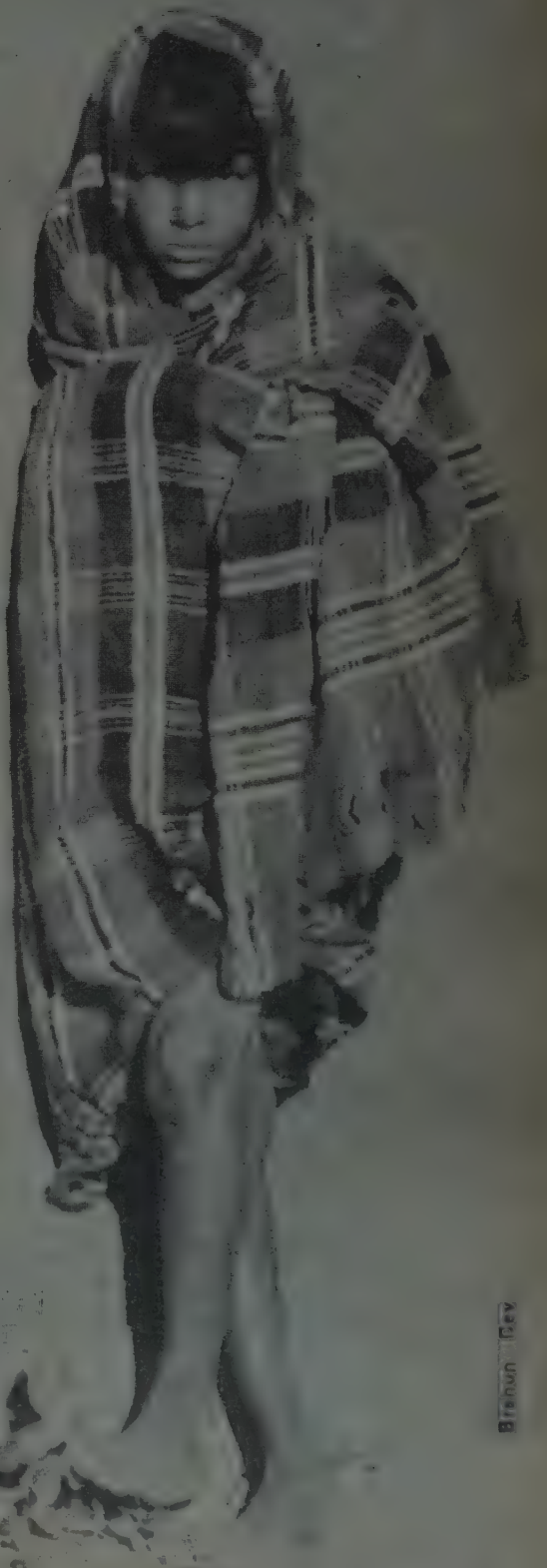
## HOMES FOR DELHI'S ORPHANS

Jyotsana Kapoor

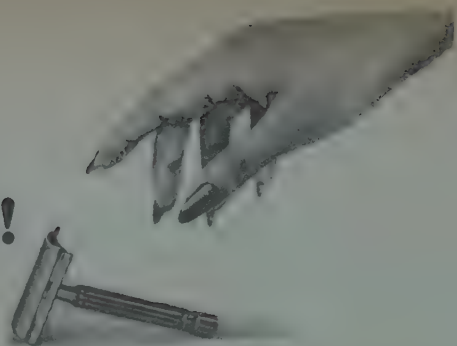
scrutinizes all applicants wishing to adopt children with great care.

Situated in the heart of the city is the Children's Village Cottage Home, run by the Directorate of Social Welfare. Started about a year ago on an experimental basis to see the effect of home life on the mental and physical growth of an orphaned child, the Home is proving to be a success. "The most important factor in the proper growth of a child," says Mr. P. C. Kumar, Joint Director, Social Welfare, "is the affection and love of a mother and if a child has been deprived of this love due to certain circumstances, we try to provide it with the help of a House Mother or Foster Mothers."

There are six cottages in all, with ten children in each cottage under the care of one house mother. "These houses provide the necessary family atmosphere, motherly love and affection in a normal environment and a spirit of family life, which is missing in all other such homes. And I feel these things are very necessary for the proper mental, physical and psychological growth of a child," says Mr. Kumar. "There is a playground for the children and a hospital near by. The younger children sleep in the same room as the house mother, as it gives them a sense of security and warmth." The house mothers are also a devoted lot. They are employed by the Social Welfare Department and get a pay of about Rs. 530 per month. A house mother should have studied up to Higher



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# HOMES FOR DELHI'S ORPHANS

because it puts dedicated women and needy children together in an atmosphere very close to normal family life. The children are given love, personal care and emotional security. All the children are cared for as long as they are not capable of working and living independently. According to Mr. J.N. Kaul, Secretary-General, SOS Children's Villages, "Only those women are taken who can give love to the children. A woman must have a sense of involvement and feel this is her home and these are her children. We feel that children in the homes should not be treated as inmates, but as individuals with their own identities. And the SOS Village Homes try their best to provide these children with a proper home and family."

Bal Sahyog, an institution for dropout children of poor parents, is doing remarkable work in trying to settle these children in life. The institution has set up 19 contact clubs in various backward areas of Delhi, to provide facilities for recreation and craft work for the children of working class people. Children found roaming aimlessly in the streets are picked up and gradually drawn to these clubs where they develop their latent talents and become good citizens. Institutional services are provided only to those boys who, the authorities feel, are very bad cases and need to be kept away from the tense atmosphere of home. Admission is for boys between the ages of 12 and 16 and all the maladjusted or wayward boys in need of help are taken in. They are given vocational training in various fields and the institution helps them to get jobs later on.

Mentally retarded and handicapped children need a lot of understanding and a special kind of training. "Retarded children have the same needs, emotions and feelings as normal children. But these are usually either overlooked or exaggerated. It is necessary that a retarded child is treated like a normal child and not avoided or ignored by others. Society has a responsibility towards such children and it must try and accept them," says Mrs. Vasanthi Pai, President of World Federation of Mentally Retarded (India). Commendable work is being done in this respect in the Balwant Rai Mehta Vidya Bhawan, Lajpat Nagar, New Delhi, where sincere efforts are being made to conduct an integrated programme for retarded and handicapped children with 'normal' children. This institution is the only one of its kind in Delhi and has been started on an experimental basis as it is felt that if 'normal' children learn to accept such children at an early age, they will not treat handicapped people as outcasts later on.

Another good institution for mentally-retarded children in Delhi is the Cheshire Home at Okhla. It has also a workshop attached to it. Many dedicated people offer their services, and all efforts are made to treat the children as 'normal' children. This is the only place in Delhi which keeps the severe cases of mentally retarded and other handicapped children for life. These are the

children who, it is felt, cannot get attention or care anywhere else.

Though there are a few other institutions for mentally retarded children in Delhi not all of them provide facilities for other kind of handicapped children. Only a few of the government hospitals have rehabilitation centres for all kinds of handicapped people.

The Institution of Physically Handicapped on Deen Dayal Upadhyaya Marg is the only place which has a school. It also teaches the handicapped the optimum use of a defective limb. According to Miss Veena Slaich, Senior Occupational Therapist, "Much depends on the parents of handicapped children. If they are encouraged to accept the deformity, they learn to adjust themselves easily. But if the child is not accepted at home, how can he be accepted in society? The parents must help their handicapped child to gain confidence and self-sufficiency." This institution provides artificial limbs, crutches, spinal support and splints for hands

## Delhi has its share of orphans and handicapped children.

### The city administration and several organizations are making an effort to help them

and legs for all age groups. Children between the ages of 6 and 9 years are admitted for education till high school and are at the same time taught how to make maximum use of their artificial limbs.

The Govt. Lady Noyce School for the deaf and dumb, Ferozeshah Kotla, New Delhi, has hostel facilities for both boys and girls and also education facilities till Higher Secondary. In fact, there are many institutions for the blind which admit children for education. There is one government school for blind boys in the Kingsway Camp area, as well as the Bharat Blind School in Shahadra and the well known Jormal Memorial School for the Blind on Lal Bahadur Shastri Marg, New Delhi. The children here are taught various crafts.

The children of working mothers are also in great need of love and emotional security. Deprived of the warmth and closeness of their mothers for the greater part of the day, these children often grow up feeling neglected and unwanted. To minimize the problems of such children, the Home Ministry started a few years back a chain of creches in Central Government colonies, meant only for the benefit of government officers. These creches keep the children from 3 months to 7 years for the whole day. The charges depend on the parents' pay. The parents have to provide food and other everyday needs of their children. Each creche has about 40 children under the care of three attendants, four ayahs and one main incharge. The children are kept in clean rooms with clean beds and cots for them. The women looking after the children are the wives or daughters of government employees who are in need of extra money.

The Delhi Administration has also opened 10 Day Care centres for the small babies of working mothers. They do not keep school going children and have only 25 children in each centre, as it is difficult to give good care to more children.

The credit for thinking about the needs of the children of labourers goes to the late Mrs. Meera Mahadevan, who started creches for such children in 1969. These creches are not based on philanthropy or patronizing charity, but on the right of an Indian child, no matter where he is born or what background he is from, to care and education. Initially this creche idea failed, as there were older brothers and sisters who needed looking after too. So the creche became a creche-cum-school. Today it is a creche-cum-school-cum-training-cum-continuity centre.

"A slow and arduous process of persuasion and public relations work was required before the field could be opened up for our work," says Mrs. Devika Singh, Chairman, Mobile Creches. "A sense of challenge had to be inculcated in all field workers so that they could feel that they had to prove to all on a work site that the children merited better facilities. It was a peaceful battle for recognition that had to be waged and is still being waged. It was also a problem in the beginning to convince mothers to trust us to handle their babies, feed them, clean them and medicate them."

The Observation Home for boys run by the Delhi Administration is a place which must be mentioned. Miss Usha Bahadur, Special Officer, Research Training, says, "The children who come to this home can be divided in two categories: (1) Delinquents, (2) Neglected. Whereas neglected children are those who have run away from homes and have been lost due to one reason or other, delinquents are those children who have committed some crime. Neglected children are dealt with by the Child Welfare Board and delinquent children are dealt by the Children's Courts. Till a decision is taken by the courts these children are kept in the Observation Home." According to Miss Bahadur, most of these children have family problems. "We try and help these children by having long sessions with their parents, and 60 per cent of such children are restored to their families. Though the parents do co-operate with us, the economic problems, which are the major cause, cannot be solved by us. Then some parents have double standards in everything they do. They want to send their children to good schools and mix with rich boys and girls, but at home they are not willing to give them any freedom. These children find it difficult to adjust themselves to these different circumstances and so either they run away home or create problems and difficulties for their parents."

All those children who cannot be restored to their families for one reason or another or have no one to look after them, are sent to the Children's Home for Boys, Kingsway Camp. This institution provides care, treatment, education and vocational training in eight different trades.

Continued on page 54

## TRUE CONFESSION

It was a starless night. Dark clouds covered the moon too so that the flames of the funeral pyre seemed eerily bright. There was a storm coming, but nothing to match the tornado that had just shattered our lives. As I stood and watched my son turn to ashes before my eyes, I thought: "Let the secret die with him."

A raindrop hit my cheek and the huddled group of friends who had accompanied me there, glanced apprehensively at the sky and shuffled their feet, impatient to go. One of them tucked an arm through mine, "Shekhar," he said, "It is all over. Time to go." I let myself be led away.

"Where is my wife?" I asked. The words did not seem to belong to me. The voice was almost a croak.

"In hospital," said the man who was leading me. "She's completely over-wrought with the tragedy, poor thing. They've given her tranquillizers to compose her."

"And my son?" I almost asked, then remembered that we had just cremated him. The man who led me whispered, "Those whom the gods love die young."

"They must hate me then," I rasped. He glanced sharply at me but said nothing.

"I am sixty-one years old and still alive."

We walked in silence punctuated only by the patter of raindrops which had increased in intensity now. They hurried me on, a raving old man who mumbled something from time to time that was incomprehensible to them.

They pushed me into a waiting car, out of the rain. Soon we were bumping along the uneven ground towards the pucca road, walled into a warm world, protected from the angry raindrops by walls of glass. It beset me again, the peculiar breathlessness that always came on when I was confined in a small space. It happened to me in elevators too. I began to gasp for breath. Our family doctor who had accompanied me shouted to my friend on the other side, "Nathan, lower the window, Shekhar is struggling for breath." I took in deep gulps of welcome air.

"Are you all right?" The doctor put his arm on mine. It was scant consolation. "You and Laxmi must go away for a holiday. The change of scene will do you good," he advised.

I did not reply. I knew what would happen if we both went away together. We would go round and round in circles thrashing out the sequence of events in the tragedy till we both became insane. We shared a secret about the happening that we did not wish to become public. In the fierce glare of legal limelight, I didn't know what construction people would put on it.

Laxmi and I were married twenty-five years ago. She was not educated but my parents assured me she was a good girl and I would do well to marry her. I was quite old when I married. There was a reason for this. I was not a very healthy man in my early years and maybe my father and mother thought marriage would be too much of a responsibility. It was only when mother died that my health improved. Laxmi and I had been married for three years, but we were childless. Mother's desire was to see us blessed with a son. But he was born after she left us. Sometimes, when our son Chirag talked or laughed, I was reminded of my mother. He had her traits of behaviour too and the same taste in food — he liked sweets and hated onions.

In the early years of my marriage, we lived away from the city. It was almost like a village, so Laxmi was very much at home. I worked in a nearby industrial plant. It was more convenient to stay here, than in the heart of the busy metropolis. With promotion, I was forced to move away to the headquarters, based in Bangalore. Laxmi did not like it. As I told you, she was not educated and crowds bored her. Chirag was of school-going age then and I was happy he would be in the vicinity of good schools.

Laxmi fretted a lot in those days and when we quarrelled, she took refuge in smothering Chirag with affection, and ignoring me completely. It was her way of punishing me.

Why does a man stray? The lapse is not one-sided. There are so many facets to it. The deception is born from frustration with home and family, with niggling worries, persistent nagging, grossness of appearance and speech, a curious sense of being unwelcome. Laxmi grew fat with the new-found luxury of my increased salary and perquisites. We had many servants and she did not have to do her own chores. The food was heavy and richly spiced. She hardly walked because now we had a car to take her where she pleased.

I liked to read and discuss topics of interest with an intelligent companion. Time and again, I came home to find my gross wife ranting that I was not paying her enough attention.

"You have every conceivable luxury here," I cried. "What are you grumbling about?"

"We never go out together like we used to," she complained. "You are wrapped in your own work."

## DEATH CHEATED ME



"And do you think I work like a dog just to please myself? I am earning this money for you and Chirag. To educate him and qualify him for a good job and to save enough for our old age comforts."

"I was happier in the suburbs," she said. "You were a different person then."

"Will you shut up and let me read?"

Late into the night I spread out my files on the study table and browsed through the notes I had scrawled in the office. But my eyes burned and I was troubled by an endless sniffing and weeping which came from the bedroom. Try as I might, I could not shut out the sound which was a severe source of distraction. I went into the bedroom. She looked up expectantly, as I switched on the light. In its brightness, she was more unattractive than ever, rotund in a new lace nightie that did not suit her at all.

"What is it?" she said.

"I'll lose my job on account of you," I cried. "From tomorrow I'll work late in the office. Don't wait to have dinner with me."

That was how it began. The late nights grew later and sometimes I did not spend them in the office at all. There was a woman in my office whose company was pleasant. She was lively and well read; she was stenographer to my immediate superior. A couple of times when I worked late, she stayed to help me out with the typing. One such evening, we finished work at nine o'clock and as we drove to her house where I dropped her on the occasions we worked late, she said suddenly, "Mr. Shekhar, you're a very intelligent man, but you have such sad eyes."

"Life is ironic," I said. "When people have no comforts they hanker for luxuries and when these come their way, they turn round and shun them."

"You're talking about your wife aren't you?"

"How did you know?" I asked.

"It is so apparent, even a fool would have sensed it," she said.

"Oh."

"Why don't you take her out sometimes? Go to a movie maybe. She must be so bored."

"She doesn't like the same films that I care for," I replied. "And I'm damned if I'll sit and suffer her variety."

We pulled up below her flat, where she lived with her old parents. She was in her early thirties. Marriage had slipped by her, while she slogged to support her aged father and mother. Their relatives had migrated to Australia or the U.K., but Rosie's parents had stuck on because of ill health and lack of funds. The money she made was just sufficient for them to live in comfort. I doubted if there was anything left to save.

On one occasion I went up to their flat and had coffee with them. It was sparsely furnished and the china was chipped. But the Britishness was there in their nostalgic voices, in their accented English and their grey eyes. I thought if I had enough money to spare I would have sent them all away to the countries they longed for.

I told Rosie this one Christmas day in my awkward fumbling way, as I offered her a silk saree — my first gift to her. She took it and held it to her face. When she drew it away I saw that there were tears in her eyes. She had put the saree to her face to hide those tears from me. "Rosie, you're crying?" I said in a rush. She looked beautiful with her straight brown hair and limpid grey eyes. "Don't you see?" she said, "it will be no use. As futile as our attraction for each other. They will be as much outcasts in those countries as they are here in the land of their birth."

I lifted her pale face and kissed her lightly. She had put in words a feeling I had been trying my best to drive underground because it went against my conscience. She clung to me and wept and I smoothed her hair and whispered that everything would be all right. Even as I spoke, I knew it

**SHE WAS MY BOSS'S STENO,  
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THAT IS HOW IT BEGAN.  
WE DID NOT REALIZE THAT  
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OFFICE. BUT MY SON  
FOUND OUT . . .**

wouldn't. There was Laxmi and there was Chirag, now growing into a young man. I had great plans for him. He would graduate and go abroad and return with a new found prosperity. I had slogged to give him everything in life and there was no turning back now. My hesitation must have conveyed itself to Rosie in the imperceptible slackening of pressure of my arms, because she asked sharply, "What's wrong, Shekhar?"

"Everything," I replied. "I am a married man with a young son, to whom I owe a tremendous responsibility. His future is more important than mine."

She let me go and turned her face away. "I'm sorry Shekhar. I suppose I brought it on. We must stop seeing each other. It will be best."

The next morning I saw her application, asking for a transfer to the Delhi office. I signed it and passed it on to the boss. In a month, during which Rosie was aloof with me, the transfer came through and the family left without so much as a word to me. When I realised they had gone, I combed heaven and earth to get her address. I had the office address of course, but I didn't know where they stayed. I almost caught the next flight out there but held back only because of the scene Rosie might create if I appeared without warning in Delhi.

The next few months were the most miserable ones I had ever spent. Laxmi must have sensed my misery because she asked me, "Is anything wrong?"

"Nothing," I said. "I have a headache." I went and lay down. She came into the room and fussed over me. She was very worried. I had never been like this before.

"I'll call a doctor," she said.

She was just going to lift the receiver, when a voice said, "Don't!" I looked up. It was Chirag. He had in his hands an air ticket. I sat up in bed, suddenly alert. He knew everything.

"He wants to go to Delhi," said Chirag. "He wants to leave us. Mother, why don't you ask him why?"

"Why?" Laxmi asked like an automaton.

I did not speak. My lips were white. My face was pale. There was a lump in my throat. The son I had fondled on my knees, now raised his voice angrily at me. He fluttered the air ticket in front of my eyes.

"How do you think it looks, when an old man goes around making a fool of himself?" he cried. "Over a girl young enough to be his daughter." Laxmi glanced from Chirag to me and back to him, not understanding anything.

"Go to the slut," he said. "I've got you an air-ticket to Delhi. Spare us the humiliation of the scandal that's rocking your whole office."

The truth hurt more because it came from my only son, on whom I had pinned every hope in the world and for whom I was making this tremendous sacrifice. Didn't he realize I was prepared to live with Laxmi for his sake?

When I told him this, he snapped, "Don't worry about me. I am fully capable of looking after myself and mother. You can wallow in your indiscretions and spare us the shame."

I raised my hand and slapped him. Neither of us saw that Laxmi had gone from the room. Chirag realized it first. "Mother," he cried. He was more attached to her than he was to me. He went in search of her.

We found her in the kitchen, pouring kerosene over her clothes. Chirag tried to wrench the can from her hands, that was when he got some on his clothes too. They struggled with the can for a few moments, the liquid sloshing madly on both of them. At last it was empty and she picked up the matchbox. Chirag tried to jerk the burning matchstick from her hands onto the floor. It leapt from her hands onto his shirt front. The kerosene-doused shirt flared into flames working down to his terelene trousers. We were all screaming together and this attracted the servants who had turned in for the night. They came rushing from their quarters to see Chirag rolling wildly on the floor in a desperate attempt to put out the flames.

The cook did a crazy thing. He picked up a bucket of water and before I could stop him, he had thrown the contents over Chirag. The fire went out with an angry hiss. But it took Chirag's life. He died on the way to hospital in a screaming ambulance. Laxmi and I sat beside him in shocked silence.

All this came back to me in the aftermath of the funeral as we drove through the rain-filled streets to the hospital where Laxmi lay in a state of shock. Though hers were the hands that lit the match, I cannot escape the thought that I was really responsible for the tragedy.

## CONFUSION IN PUNJAB

A few months ago, the noted Pakistani poet, Faiz Ahmed Faiz, was in Chandigarh for about four days. He was surprised to find the overwhelming affection of the people for him and the good understanding of his poems among them. He had not imagined so many persons here, young and old, would be interested in Urdu poetry. This fact came out at various formal and informal gatherings. It was noticeable that recitation of poems in the Punjabi language did not win the same applause as his Urdu compositions. And this is a region where there have been so much agitation and fighting for Punjabi or Hindi!

This city and the region — Chandigarh is the joint capital of Punjab and Haryana where the predominant languages are Punjabi and Hindi respectively — are confusing for anybody who wants to study the language phenomenon. The more you talk to the people, the more confused you get. There is no pattern, no logic, behind what the people do or say. An English daily continues to have the largest circulation. The same paper brought out its Hindi and Punjabi editions in August. Both are popular. A Punjabi paper of Jullundur, not far from here, has recently started publishing an edition in Urdu and it is equally popular. The Urdu papers of Jullundur continue to be a force.

I asked an eight-year-old student of a public school here what language he liked. Rajesh's reply was typical. He spoke Hindi at home or with his friends, his parents are Punjabi-speaking, can manage to speak Punjabi if necessary, but finds English the easiest. So he prefers his comics in English rather than in Punjabi or Hindi. Rajesh's grandfather, a 70-year-old retired professor of Mathematics, could explain it in an adult's language.

Mr. H. C. Malhotra speaks Punjabi at home or outside, but he likes his morning paper in English. He writes most of his letters in English, but in Hindi to his wife and one of his sisters. It is a question of convenience, he says. He has been teaching in English, speaking Punjabi. It did not involve any clash. But it is not the same Punjabi the champions of that language talk about. He finds the words in both the Punjabi and Hindi news bulletins of AIR difficult to follow. So he

prefers the English news bulletin.

That brings us to the basic question of convenience. "What is a language for?" more than one interviewee asked me. Convenient communication, they answered themselves. There will be no controversies if this concept is accepted. This is the thinking of the common man. Whether it is Harish, a young waiter in the Secretariat canteen, Kalu, a peon in a local office, or Sumitra, the sweeper woman, language is just an instrument of communication in their normal life. They are all literate but not well-educated. They can speak Punjabi and

Neena Singh, belonging to a well-to-do family, who sends her two children to English medium schools. Asked about all the talk of love for the regional language and Hindi, the national language, she said it was nothing but politics for the big ones who merely talk about it and do not practise it. And then she came out with a long list of such people who spoke for such languages in public but sent their own children to convents and public schools merely because of the English medium. While for some it was to prepare children for future careers, or in case of daughters, for a good match,

ple it is merely a question of convenience and career.

Civil servants can be made to do their work in Hindi or Punjabi, but they may not be able to give of their best. Nobody cares, however. The political bosses are happy that work is being done in the language they want and do not care to know what the loss has been in the process. It is easy to have nameplates outside secretariat rooms in Punjabi or Hindi, but those responsible do not know the inconvenience it causes to many who come to visit them but do not know the language concerned.

# LANGUAGE IS FOR COMMUNICATION... but which language?

Hindi, and do so as the occasion calls for, and occasionally use a word of English without even knowing it is English. They do not understand why people fight over language. Harish comes from the hills of Almora, Kalu from eastern U.P. but they speak Punjabi if necessary. This, however, does not make them protagonists of Punjabi or any other regional language.

But convenience is not all, says Mr. Narain Singh, a well educated junior officer dealing with labour directly in a large establishment here. He has passed through the mill and is self-made. Career is an important consideration while considering language, he says, and adds that English is best as it means better prospects in life. This is specially true for the middle class salaried people in towns and to some extent middle class families in villages, whose children hope to secure good jobs. Unless one is good in English, one might not do well in any field, at least today. And a middle-class man lives for today. He is not worried about which language would be more useful from the national perspective. For his livelihood today, English is the most useful.

One has to think about the future of one's children, said Mrs.

there were others who considered education in English a status symbol, Mrs. Singh said. For those who did not have to seek jobs, an English education was like possessing a TV or a fridge.

Prof. B.S. Thakur, Head of the Journalism department, Punjab University, agrees on this point. Today, for instance, there are not enough text-books for journalism written and published in India in Indian languages. And even if they are provided, could our institutions afford to have different sets of teachers to impart instruction in different languages? he asked.

Mr. Kulwant Singh Virk, a well-known Punjabi writer, feels there is enough talent in Punjabi for writing text-books, but talented people are ignored and the mediocre patronised by those in power. The result is that our languages do not develop as they should. He could not speak for other regional languages, but it was true at least in the case of Punjabi. A more systematic and scientific approach could develop our languages for their use in education up to any level.

In brief, the theme of these and other people was simple enough: Controversies are for politicians. For the common peo-

It is unfortunate, but the fact remains that many people are not familiar with the regional language nor Hindi, nor is any serious effort being made to equip future generations. No doubt, more people knowing these languages are appearing on the scene, but most of them are just literate and not learned in those languages. Something therefore must be wrong with the system of education. Another unfortunate aspect of the problem in Punjab is that the question of language has been turned communal by politicians. A Sikh is bound to support Punjabi publicly, while a non-Sikh will oppose it.

These are the problems, practical and psychological, and till they are sorted out, the position will remain more or less the same. English will continue to be preferred by those who rule, and Hindi and regional languages will be the second choice. Others will accept whatever comes their way, and nobody ever cares for the views of the common man.

P. Kumar

## ENGLISH GAINING IN GUJARAT

Gujarat is in a middle position in the country, both geographically and linguistically and it appears to have followed the middle path. Gujaratis are not averse to Hindi; in fact, Gujarati and Hindi are sister languages, very similar to each other. Thanks to the mass media — films and radio — Gujaratis have been increasing their knowledge of Hindi.

Gujarat has accepted Hindi as the second language. A Gujarati child learns Hindi from the fifth standard in school to the tenth. He may drop it in the higher secondary school. It is no longer taught compulsorily in the colleges. Had Hindi been accepted as the national language, Gujarat would not have been a loser.

A housewife in Gujarat is happy if she knows Hindi because she can communicate with neighbours from different provinces easily. Mrs. Uma Ghoda asserts that her Hindi came very useful to her when she travelled to the South of India with her family. Mrs. Malagi, a housewife come to live in Gujarat from Karnatak, finds her own knowledge of Hindi (she studied it in her childhood apart from the school curriculum) sufficient to get along in Gujarat. In markets or offices, among neighbours and newly made friends, she can talk in Hindi and finds that people respond to her in the same language.

The Gujarat government conducts examinations in Hindi for newly recruited staff. A government servant has to pass the examination in three attempts and within two years, or his annual increment is stopped. A non-Gujarati speaking person has to pass examinations both in Hindi and Gujarati. The examinations are conducted by the Directorate of Languages of the Gujarat Government.

If Hindi develops, people may not need English, but till then, says Prof. Ramesh M. Bhatt, co-ordinator of the H. K. Centre for Professional Training run by Gujarat University, Gujaratis will have to learn English. Gujarat is being isolated by neglecting English. Gujarati students find it difficult to get in anywhere. Gujarat has almost earned notoriety by turning its back on English. The Centre runs classes for office management, business management, financial management, secretarial practice, public competitive examinations, etc. and in

each of these courses English is compulsory.

The syllabus is devised in consultation with professionals and according to the needs of a particular course. Students' knowledge of English is weak and they have to improve it. English is the language of the Central Government administration, and is also used extensively by autonomous corporations, by business houses and by all who deal with other states within the country. It is in demand for inter-state communications and also for international communications.

English has been the language of the Central administration in

Principal Fr. Eric Condillac of Xavier's High School, Loyola Hall, has to reject a large number of applicants every year; his school is considered the "town's best" among English medium schools. Gujarati parents now demand English medium for their children. Analysing the causes, he says that now parents seem to feel that without a knowledge of English their children will not be able to compete on an equal footing for plum posts. And English now has prestige value.

Again, if some children in a family are learning in English, other children too are sent to English medium schools. Personally speaking he does not con-

ing paediatrician and hon. professor in the medical college, considers it a must for medical students. To keep in touch with the latest researches a doctor must know English. Dr. Bhanuben Trivedi, Principal of the Pharmacy College, says that English is needed to teach the subject as Hindi or Gujarati do not have the necessary vocabulary nor is there a quick translating system as is found in Czechoslovakia where she secured her doctorate. Pharmaceutical firms work in collaboration with other countries and so it is impossible to think of making do without English. So pharmacy students have to learn English for one year.

Prof. Malagi, Head of the English department, Gujarat University, believes that dropping English is trying to put the clock back. One does not de-Indianise oneself by studying English. It's no use being hostile to English, he says. We have inherited English, so why not take the fullest advantage and learn about other cultures through it? he asks.

One might wonder then, who does not want English in Gujarat? The answer lies deep in the philosophy of education. Do all need to study English? The demand for English is the demand of the elite, the two per cent who go in for higher education. How about the masses whose first need is to be literate in their language?

And what about the students? Shaunak Parikh, general secretary, St. Xavier's college, studies for the B.Sc. and he picked up English only last year because he needed it badly to talk and to read more. Mukhesh Amin, a medical student, found himself the leader of the class because he was the one who could talk in English! Jayesh Varma, an ex-member of the Welfare Board of the Gujarat University, studying Engineering, feels that his command of English ought to be better than what it now is. His command of the language helped him to become the leader of the All-India Mountaineering camp, but he feels that it is not enough to compete for a seat in national institutes.

To those who want to reach beyond their state or pursue higher studies, English is a must. To others Hindi may be enough. Regional language, the mother tongue is getting richer with the help of the other two—Hindi and English. Ninety-eight per cent of Gujarati students are happy studying it and through it, other subjects.

Ela Pathak

---

**For the lay citizen, language is  
for communication and convenience.**

**Though he prefers his own language for the  
former, it is English that gets him jobs and status**

---

India since British rule started, and it continues to be that. So Gujaratis find themselves at a disadvantage compared to others, because the Gujarat government's policy has been to teach English as the third language from the eighth standard. Schools were given the option to teach it from the fifth or eighth, but it had to be taught in extra time and no grant was admissible for teaching English. Thus English teaching was discouraged and students failed to realise the harm done to them by the neglect of English.

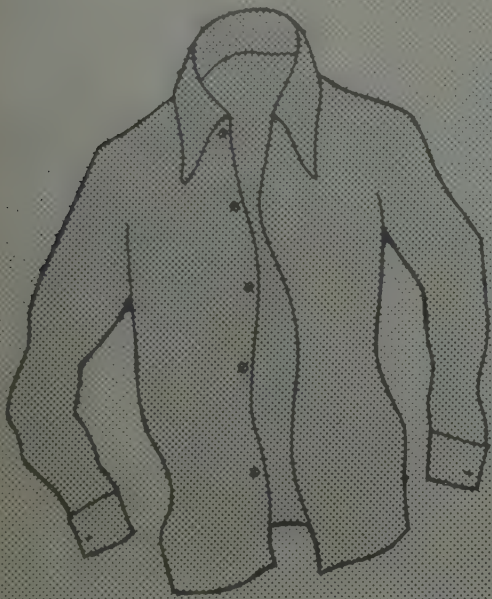
But now they have awakened to their handicap and so the pendulum of reaction has swung to the other extreme. At Ahmedabad there is an increasing demand for English medium schools and a demand for classes that exclusively teach English. English improvement classes are run by many agencies. Father Lewis, who looks after such courses offered by the Xavier Institute, finds the demand ever-increasing. The students are mostly graduates looking for jobs or, if in jobs, aspiring for promotion. Their age group is roughly speaking, 20 to 30, a couple of them are in their forties. They need remedial courses in grammar and practice in speaking English.

sider English to be the right medium for education. It is not related to a child's life, and so the study appears irrelevant to the child. So it would be better if English is taught as one of the subjects from the sixth standard.

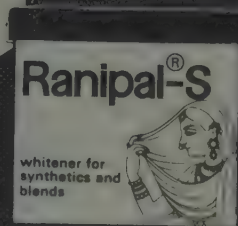
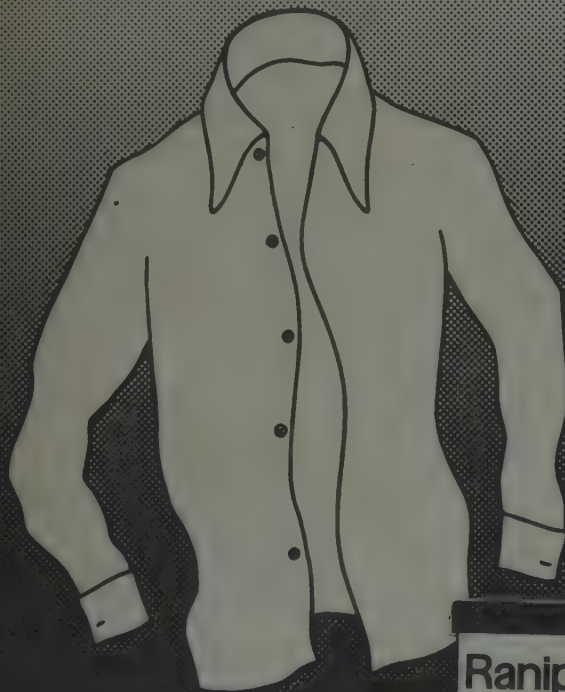
This need is felt by many, and the Gujarat government, during the time of the Governor's rule, recommended that English may be taught optionally from the sixth standard. This teaching was considered admissible for grant and from June 1977, English is taught in most schools of Gujarat as a subject. Dr. Mrigavati Shah, Dy. Director, State Institute of Education, says that since the expenditure is considered "approved" many district schools are offering this subject. Teachers had to be trained and the Education Technology Cell of the government helped in this. Primary school teachers were trained, a series of radio lessons were prepared, support material was distributed and grants were given to schools to buy books. The teachers responded enthusiastically and so, now a teaching "module" is being prepared with audio-visual aids and support material to help the teaching of English in all schools of Gujarat.

Those aspiring for higher studies find English an absolute necessity. Dr. Saroj Patel, a practis-

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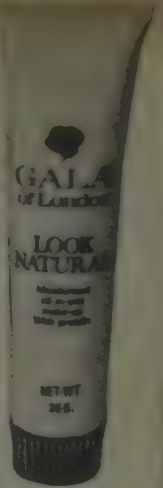
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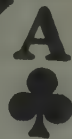
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## MUMMY IS PAPA, TOO

Continued from page 11

adjusted to this style of life beautifully, utilizing the extra hours on their own to make more complete women of themselves, more liberated, more independent, more responsible and more useful. They find more time for kids, more time to attend to household chores, and more time to attend to the millions of things they enjoy.

Usha Abraham's example proves that the extra time she now has, on account of Alex's frequent out-of-town trips, have enabled her to do something that she's been longing to do for nearly a decade now. Ever since she completed her M.Sc. in Nutrition, she's been determined to do her Ph.D., but with first marriage, and then the kids taking up all her spare time, she couldn't squeeze in time for even a regular teaching job, leave alone her Doctorate. Fortunately, the Abrahams have always been posted in big cities, and that is why Usha has never been lonely while Alex was away. "Now, it's mainly because he is away so much that I find life is much simpler and I have time on my own. If he wasn't travelling so much, he might have resented my working" (she is teaching at the Institute of Hotel Management, Catering Technology and Applied Nutrition) "but now he looks at my profession more sympathetically. Yes, it is definitely secondary to my other duties as wife and mother, and although I would have worked even if he was in town day in and day out, I would have been able to do so against a lot more opposition. He knows I'm not the social butterfly kind, so I would need something more substantial to keep me occupied, and this seems just after my heart.

"Frankly, even though many wives won't admit it, this — the being away from each other for spells of time — is what holds many marriages together. There is a little freshness about the relationship — it's almost as good as new every time," she explains.

"Let's get this clear," she continues, "just because I've got myself so organised, it doesn't mean that there aren't any minus points in this setup. They are plenty — like we have no set routine, not even for the children. It's one way when he is here, and quite another when he's away. The kids suffer. Even

when he's in town, try as much as we may, the kids get left out quite a bit. But even then I wouldn't ask him to change his job, for among other things, to a large extent, it's really let me grow the way I want to," she concludes optimistically.

"His job requires this extensive travelling, and he enjoys it, so I would not interfere. Besides, as everything in life requires adjustment, I consider being so much on my own a part of his job, and have decided to accept it as such," says Shashi Vig, the wife of a senior executive in the export department of a commercial house. Her daughter was busy with her dance lesson, and

ing and preparation kept us quite occupied. This is now being continued by some other mothers." Then, Mrs. Vig did a secretarial course, and is a trained medico-social worker. Now she is again either found embroidering, (an old interest rejuvenated) or attending gymnasium classes. Of course, when her husband is in town, she misses out on these.

"I think we all 'pamper' him more because he is away so often. I overlook a lot of his shortcomings, as I am sure he does mine. We don't take each other for granted and realise how much we mean to each other. I get much more time with the kids,

ing school, teaching poor children, and working at an antique shop, all in Delhi. "And by now I am quite geared to being away from Nitin for nearly half the month. When we were just married, I wouldn't step out on my own much in the evenings, but now I'm pretty well organised. During the day the bookshop keeps me busy, and the evenings I either spend at an Indian classical music concert or with friends. And I like keeping a beautiful house, so a lot of time, thought and energy goes in that direction. Although we have very similar interests, there are a few things which I feel I've been forced into or vice versa, so now I have the perfect solution. I deal with my kind of things in my own time," she says. "Now I feel one is just looking for moments to be together. Yes, we do go out when he's in town, but that is cut down to the bare essentials. Earlier, I'd religiously write letters to him whenever he was out of town, mostly abroad, but they'd invariably get redirected and get to him after he returned," she laughs. Deera chalks out a complete schedule for when he is away, and just in case he comes back a bit earlier, it all just goes 'phut'.

What N.B. hates about being on her own is her social life being curtailed. "Suddenly I have all these restrictions on my whereabouts." She is working at a Consulate and her husband is in the Gulf, "mainly to make good money now. I don't want him to be slogging when he is 45. Now is the time. So, he took up this job after much thought and consideration. I have no regrets about it. What is a year or two in a lifetime of togetherness? Besides, it's all for our own future," she says. Once having got this clear, N.B. took up her present job to keep herself occupied, and along with this, she finds plenty of time to attend concerts, sewing and embroidery classes, bridge sessions, and yoga lessons. "Imagine trying to find time for all this, had he been here.

"There still are moments when I say, 'why the hell did I agree to this contract, I should just pack up and join him. And then I recall his saying, 'I'm going away to save for you and Zia (our daughter) and if the two of you come over, the whole purpose will be defeated.' And then I ask myself what the hell I am cribbing for. I sure am keeping myself happily occupied," she says.

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the mother was supervising it, as part of her routine. She says being on her own "left me very lonely in the beginning, and then, everytime he was out I'd find an additional responsibility on my shoulders. But soon everything fell into a pattern, and I had plenty of time. I started off by catering to my daughter's school — a friend and I would make snacks for nearly 200 girls every morning. The plann-

and to compensate for their father not being here very much, I tend to take them out a great deal."

The chain of Danai Bookshops — two in Bombay, one each in Madras and Pune — has as its manager-cum-buyer attractive young Deera Kitchlu. She's the kind of person who is a jack of all trades. Before coming to Bombay, she was running a rid-

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# THE NEED FOR AWARENESS

A two-day state-level seminar organized recently by the Delhi Administration on "Women and Development" highlighted three major issues — employment, health and education of women. Almost all the speakers thought that in spite of slight improvement, social constraints and taboos continued to effect the lives of women in all these three spheres. Even in the socially developed city of Delhi the problems existed in a large measure.

In recent years women have made substantial inroads in the work force. In the middle class the prejudices against working women are slowly and surely lessening. Whereas in 1971 the percentage of working women in Delhi was 4.7, today it is 25 per cent. There is a spurt in the education of women. But unfortunately the range of job opportunities has remained limited.

Dr. Shailaja Chander, Director of Training and Education, Delhi, said that although many women wanted to get vocational and technical training, only about 25 per cent of the demand could be met. There was just one polytechnic exclusively for women. Mrs. Chander suggested that women should explore opportunities of self-employment in insurance, sales of consumer goods, domestic industries such as tailoring and food preservation, tourism and interior decoration. She strongly recommended the formation of a special cell for women at the state level, and also urged the reservation of a quota for women at training institutes.

Reading his paper on Health, Dr. O. P. Sharma, Director of Health Services, Delhi Administration, said that a large number of women died following pregnancy complications. In spite of there being 81 maternal and child health centres and special wards

in many public and private hospitals, 37.1 per cent of the child deliveries in Delhi were done by untrained persons. "Our major duty therefore is to create an

awareness among women about problems of pregnancy and to make use of the facilities provided by health services for family planning. It is a healthy

sigh though, that 60 per cent of the couples in the state were conscious of family planning," said Dr. Sharma.

Dr. (Mrs.) Nanda said that Adult Education should be geared to impart income-generating projects, in slums and rural and backward areas. The Delhi Administration was going ahead with this project in its 14 resettlement colonies. Vocational training would be imparted to women and marketing facilities created. Creches and balwadis should be attached to all these centres.

Dr. Nanda felt that the problem of school drop-outs was a giant-sized one. There were more girl drop-outs as parents felt it was more important for the boys to get education and that the girls should remain in the house to help their mothers with household chores. She suggested that education up to the tenth class should be free for girls. Not only that, their uniforms and other material needed should be supplied by the school authorities.

**Pushpa Hans**

The diamond jewellery shown in the cover photograph of the Eve's Weekly issue dated February 17, 1979, is by Tribhovandas Bhimji Zaveri, Bombay.

The photograph of tennis player Rina Einy in the same issue is courtesy Sportsweek.

Dabur

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## ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS OF OUR CHILDREN'S DRAWING CONTEST

We are pleased to announce the winners of our children's drawing contest, which brought in a delightfully large number of entries:

<b>FIRST PRIZE:</b>	SATISH SABAPATHY	Madurai
<b>SECOND PRIZE:</b>	JEYALAKSHMI,	Madurai
<b>THIRD PRIZE:</b>	DENNIS TARAPOREWALA,	Bombay
<b>SPECIAL MENTION:</b>	G. YAMUNA,	Bangalore
	RUMA NAIR,	Darjeeling
	KUMAR RAMAKRISHNA,	

The six drawings will appear in our issue dated March 31, 1979.  
The prize-winners will each receive a gift parcel of books from India Book House and a gift hamper from Weikfield Products.

# BOMBAY

Mrs. Homai H. Mehta, President of the National Institute of Personal Secretaries (NIPS) India, has become the President of the Association of Secretaries in Asia (ASA) for 1979. This is the first time an Indian has attained this prestigious office.

ASA is a federation of secretarial organizations at the national level in all member countries of Asia.

Mr. Mehta is the Faculty & Administrative Co-ordinator of Sir. J. J. College of Commerce, which is a leading Secretarial College in Bombay, and is the founder-member of NIPS.

The Save Bombay or Bombay Bachao Committee, along with the British Council Division and the Museum Society of Bombay,

sponsored an exhibition 'Concerning Buildings—Conservation in Great Britain'. The exhibition showed how the present strategies for conservation of historical buildings and precincts in Britain evolved through the Middle Ages to the 19th century, often through contentious democratic processes.

The Save Bombay Committee, has been working to create "an enlightened public opinion regarding the total environmental situation in Bombay."

Primula Pandit, noted potter, held an exhibition of her work recently. Unusual bottles, jars, bowls and ceramic murals and plaques were on display in natural and beautiful colours. Primula's first exhibition was in 1957. She studied in the Sir J. J. School of Arts and has worked under famous masters abroad. In 1970, she founded the Indian Studio Potters Association.

# PEOPLE AND EVENTS

ciation. Marg says of her: "... one of the few international potters who has grasped the meaning of pottery and sculpture."

"Our concern for children should not be confined to the International Year of the Child," said Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Editor of Eve's Weekly and Star & Style as she inaugurated 'Adventure Playground' set up by the Ladies' Wing of the Andheri Jaycees, for the children of 'The Haven', a residential school for mentally retarded children. Mrs. Ewing said that children's parks will be able to help them develop their bodies and expose them to nature.

Mrs. Jayalakshmi Krishnamurthy, the guest of honour on the occasion, lamented the fact that politicians and governments do not have time to work for the betterment of children.

Winners of the Indu Sakrikar Katha Spardha 1978 (Short story competition in Marathi) received their prizes from Mr. Sharad Pawar, chief minister of Maharashtra. The competition was only for women. The first prize went to Mrs. Urmila Prabhudesai from Dombivli, the second, to Mrs. Pushpa Medhekar from Nagpur, and the third to Dr. Manasi Kanekar, Thana.

The judges were Prof. Sarojini



1

1. Mrs. Gulshan Ewing (at mike) inaugurated 'Adventure Playground', a children's park set up by the Ladies' Wing of the Andheri Jaycees for mentally retarded children. Seen on the occasion are from left Kalpana Maheshwari, sec., Ladies' Wing, Vimala Somaiah, past president, Chandan Dedhia, chairman, Jayalakshmi Krishnamurthy, guest of honour, Tutu Moniz and Mr. Moniz, directors, 'The Haven' and Mr. Tarasingh Nagpal, president, Andheri Jaycees. Seen at left are the children.



2

2. Pavla M. Roth of Indiska, Sweden, seen with senior director Mrs. Hemrajani of Shivhem Fashions Private Limited, at a reception hosted by Shivhem Industries in Delhi.



3

3. Judith Fernandes, star athlete of St. Anne's High School, Bombay, inaugurates the School's annual sports events, while the principal, Mother Columbiere, looks on.



4

4. Mrs. Dharmishta Desai receives a prize for the highest collection in small savings from Mr. Bhanjibhai Patel, Gujarat's minister for small savings, at a function arranged in Ahmedabad.

Vaidya, Mrs. Mrinalini Desai, noted writer and Mr. Madhu Mangesh Karnik, famous short story writer. Mr. Vijay Tendulkar, who presided over the function, observed that from his experience of women's writing, he felt that women writers faced and expressed reality more boldly than male writers.

The St. Anne's high School (Fort) held a novel athletic meet this year. Managed entirely by the students, the president of the meet was their star athlete, Judith Fernandes, winner of 40 medals in various sports events held all over India. Judith who inaugurated the meet was received by the principal Mother Columbiere, and the head girl. The School arranged this for the International Year of the Child.

## DELHI

Mr. Thambert of the All Indiska Utaliningen, Stockholm, Sweden, who is a great promoter of Indian handicrafts and garments in Sweden, was on a visit to India along with 23 managers and owners of his stores to familiarise them with India and some of the products they promote.

Mr. Hemrajani of Shivhem Fashions and Mrs. Hemrajani hosted a barbecue dinner in honour of the Swedish guests, where they met heads of the fashion trade in the Capital.

'Autumn Changes', a spectacular fashion show presenting the autumn collection of Indian garment exporters was presented at the Ashoka Convention Hall. Styles of 24 exporters were exhibited in the show produced

and presented by 'Swank' India and directed and choreographed by audio-visual experts Preminda Sen and Prem Kapoor. A stage with wood-tones caught the mood of autumn and set off the garments to perfection.

## CALCUTTA

Mother Theresa and her Missionaries of Charity organised a novel enjoy-and-learn programme in observance of the International Year of the Child.

Conducted by the Traffic Training School, the realistic show was conducted with toy cars, miniature buses and other vehicles moving with abandon with a bland disregard for traffic rules, with resultant collisions and accidents. Tiny toy 'children' obstructed traffic routes by playing football and cricket to add to the general disorder. About 10,000 children from the less

privileged sections, enjoyed the show. The State Governor, Mr. T. N. Singh was present and Cardinal Picachy read a blessing sent by the Pope.

## SHOLAPUR

Dr. Pramilatai Tople, Minister of Health and Family Welfare, Government of Maharashtra, laid the corner stone of the out-patient department building of Dr. V. M. Medical College and Hospital.

The building will be constructed at the cost of Rs. 35,00,000. It will also have a biochemistry and clinical pathology laboratory open round the clock. The major feature of the function was that Dr. Tople personally did a 'Tubectomy' in accordance with her practice that every formal function that she attends, must be preceded by a family planning operation.



5



6



7

5. Mrs. Havovi G. Dotivala garlanding the Australian Premier, Mr. Malcolm Fraser when a delegation of the Indo-Australian Society called on him while he was in Bombay recently.

6. Dr. Pramilatai Tople, Maharashtra's Minister for Health & Family Welfare, unveils the corner stone of the Dr. V. M. Medical College's out-patient department in Sholapur. Looking on are, from left, Maharashtra's Minister for Labour & Tourism, Mr. S. K. Shinde, who presided over the function, Mr. Pathare, chief architect, Government of Maharashtra and Dr. R. N. Dubey, Dean of the Hospital.

7. Mrs. Renuka Roy (left) inaugurated an exhibition held in Calcutta by Women's India Trust (WIT), Bombay. Here she is seen with Mrs. Kamla Tyabji, founder of WIT.

John Naylor

## IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

It is true that, at times during the coming year, you might not be able to see the wood for the trees. However, you can be sure that you are getting somewhere. Some changes may be forced upon you, and be unwelcome; others you will instigate yourself, but it is right to alter course now, rather than continue along present lines. There is nothing to be gained by clinging too rigidly to the past. By your next birthday you will see the picture ahead clearly — and will like what you see. In romance, you might be torn two days, between the old and the new, and, being by nature emotional, you will do some heart-searching. There is a need to curb expenditure, except on necessities, or on a sound financial venture which although a struggle for some months, ensures future prosperity.

### ARIES (Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)



Mercury moves into your sign and the next few weeks should be a lively and amusing period. You'll find yourself in a delightful flurry of activity and it could mean a special celebration. A carefree period ahead,

### TAURUS (Apr. 21 — May 21)



Things are building up nicely for you and in a few weeks time your plans and hopes will get a boost from helpful planetary transits. This week, your scene is a bit changeable but will be light-hearted

### GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)



Planets on the Midheaven of your Solar chart are a good indication for your worldly aims and ambitions. You are in a progressive period which will reach peak conditions as your 1979 birthday draws near. This will be a busy week with new people entering your scene.

### CANCER (June 22 — July 23)



You might not have had much cooperation lately but your stars are twinkling brightly now and luck is flowing your way. Recent irritations should have faded and your popularity will start to rise. If unattached, a new love is on the way.

### LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)



Should you need to spend on a special item, Wednesday is your best day but, as far as you can, put off buying for a few weeks. Make do until the end of March if you can. It is not a time to gamble either, or to take too much heed of friendly financial tips.

### VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)



You'll get on best if you accept the fact that life and people will not be easy to handle for a few weeks, will tend to give rise to minor irritations, bring problems into your set-up, generally. Should someone be depleting your confidence, remove yourself from their influence if you can. It is just a temporary downtrend.

### LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)



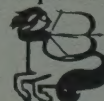
A busy social scene but you may not find time to enjoy all the pleasing distractions that offer. Mercury moves into adverse position to your sign until the 27th, this transit mostly affecting those born in September. Don't expect people to be reliable always. Try to curb a restless mood.

### SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)



Loving stars are affecting you and will make life fun for some weeks ahead. The social scene will be busy. A generally lucky time, with some new meetings of promise. If born around the 12th, there could be an opportunity out of the blue between now and April which improves your prospects.

### SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)



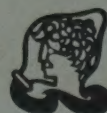
Careerwise, a special target is now within reach and a personal wish too. Ambitions are aided by the present starry pattern and new contacts or unexpected information will be invaluable. Cultivate friendships, for fun as well as profit.

### CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)



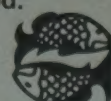
Life is pacy but enjoyable, also rather lucky. It will profit you to open your mind and your heart to fresh possibilities. No need to be nervous if you made changes recently. Your ideas are right and your judgment, as always, good.

### AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)



Your scene will have been lively, perhaps exciting, lately but you can relax now under the influence of Venus in your sign. This gentle star will add to your charm, also make you feel and look good.

### PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)



You can sometimes be lacking in confidence, so letting others take the prizes that should be yours. It is time to come out of your shell and take a more positive approach to life and people. In this respect, your stars will aid you and it is a good time to start something new.

## HOMES FOR DELHI'S ORPHANS

Continued from Page 43

The Delhi Administration also runs an Observation Home and a Children's Home for girls where similar facilities are provided as in boys' institutions. It also has two Counseling and Guidance Bureaus in two most backward areas to give guidance to children as well as their parents.

Miss Nirja Kumar, a clinical psychologist, has recently started giving advice to problem children as well as their parents in a clinic in Connaught Place. "Either the parents are over-ambitious for their children and keep pushing them beyond their capacity or do not give enough emotional security and understanding to their growing children. The problem usually starts around the age of 11 years and is more common among boys. The rich family kids usually take to drugs to get over their frustrations and the parents usually realize it when it is very late. The middle-class children start stealing to be able to compete with their rich classmates." Nirja says that children from broken homes also have serious problems and feels that there is a great need for boarding schools with a lot of extra-curricular activities so that these children are kept busy and away from home environments. "Problem children," she says, "are usually very intelligent and over-sensitive, but their emotional disturbance overshadows their intelligence and they develop split personalities. Parents do not know how to handle these children and the problem is exaggerated. They must consult qualified people before a child gets beyond help."

The Child Guidance Experimental School in Rajendra Park, New Delhi, admits children who have some emotional, psychological or behavioural problems. It has helped about 800 children during the last 22 years. It also provides counselling service to parents. But because of lack of space, the school cannot admit more than 40 children at a time, and only very acute cases are given admission. Evenings are meant for the guidance of parents of problem children. The Director of this institution, Mr. Jagat Singh, is seriously involved in helping these children and gives lot of personal attention to them.

Summing up the needs of all the children, Mr. Tripathi, Programme Officer, Central Social Welfare Board, says that "an integrated approach to the welfare of a child is a must. If proper care is taken of the children at an initial stage, we will not require so many homes in the future. But the problem is so enormous that it will take some time before any appreciable impact is felt. Immediate priority has to be given to the poor children. Dissatisfaction of a child on any score — it may be due to economic strain, it may be due to neglect or parental tiffs at home — if allowed to mount usually results in delinquents. The society does not have a responsibility only towards such children, but towards all normal children if it wishes to avoid more children turning into delinquents."

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