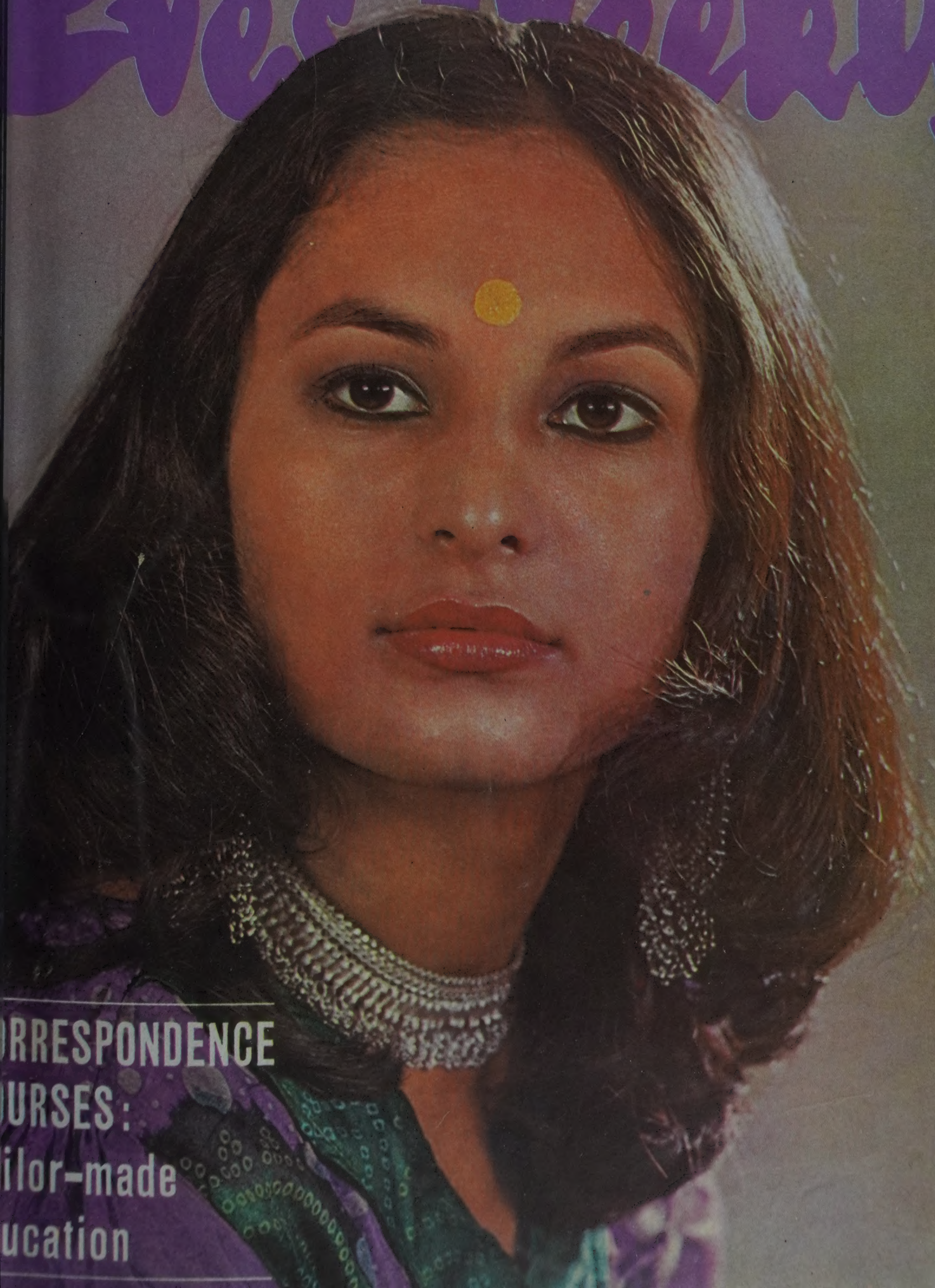


JUNE 24 — 30, 1978

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# Evening Weekly



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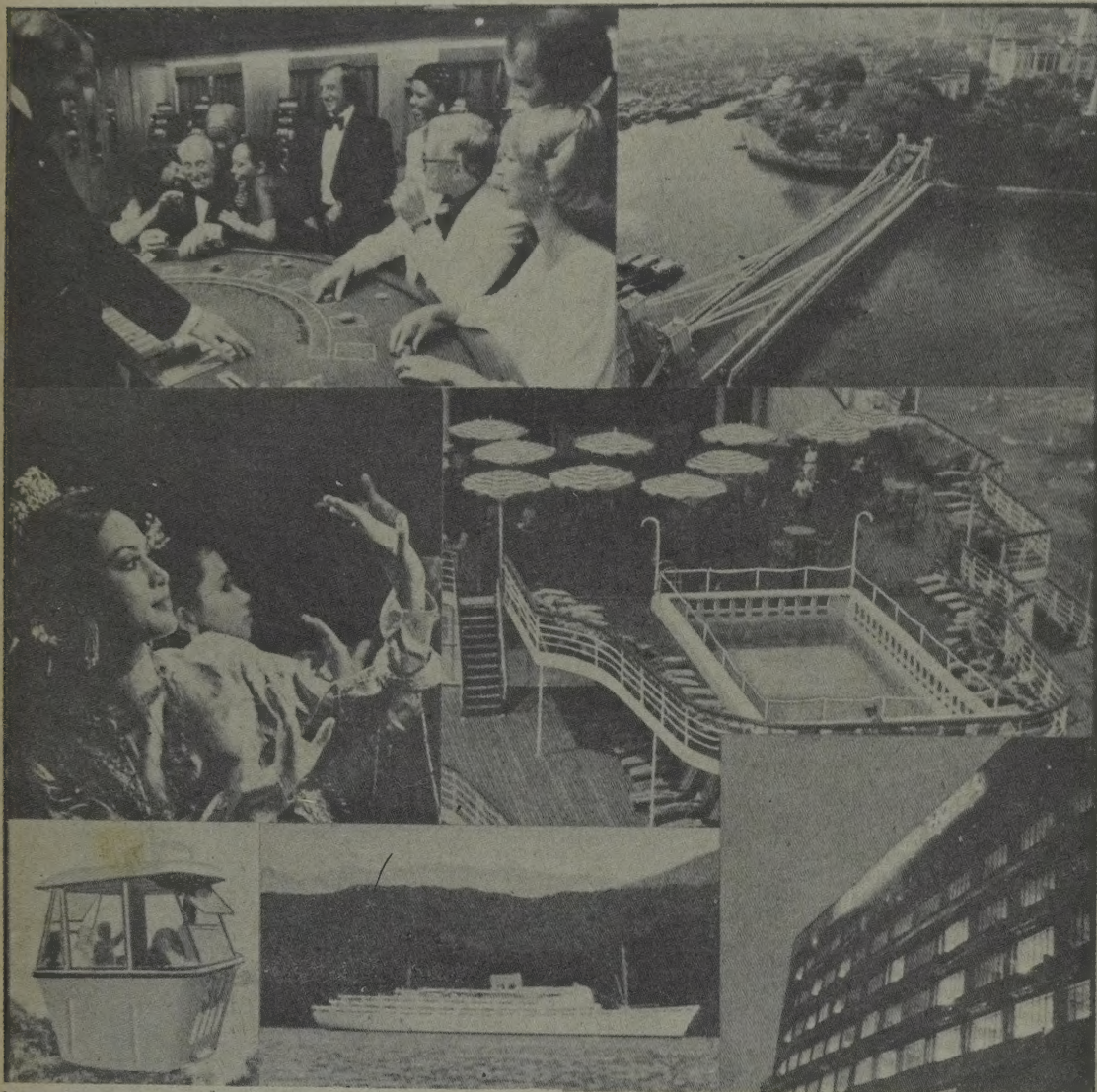
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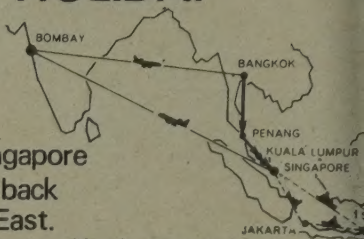
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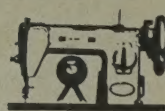
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**Win**  
TCI SITA  
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**NINA RAO**

Nina Rao, a friendly and talkative teenager, has clear-cut plans for the future. An active participant in the extra-curricular activities of the Bombay Scottish High School, she took part in drama, sports and elocution competitions. At present a student of St. Xavier's College, she is interested in specialising in French and German.

Nina spends her leisure hours in reading and cooking, and loves listening to music, both Indian classical and Western. She learnt Kathak dancing a couple of years back. A disciplined girl, Nina strongly believes in arranged marriages.

The secret of her popularity among her friends lies in her friendly approach.

She is very keen to become a linguist and take up a job as an interpreter after graduation.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

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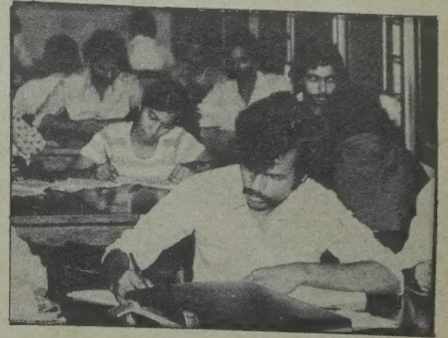
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# this week

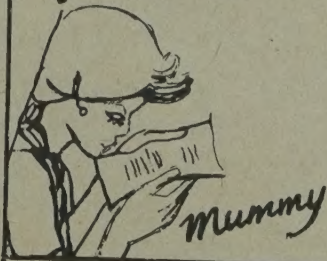
## EDUCATION THROUGH CORRESPONDENCE

Correspondence courses amount to a new lease on life for persons who terminated their academic studies prematurely, either voluntarily or through force of circumstance.

Page 8.



*My dear daughter*



## FROM MOTHER, WITH LOVE

There are certain times when spoken words seem inadequate and this is particularly so when the message to be conveyed is especially emotion-packed. Two mothers resort to letters as the medium through which they express some of their deep-felt thoughts to their daughters.

Page 14.

## CALLING ALL MEN

In response to complaints — irate, aggrieved, righteously indignant — that women's magazines do not give men a chance to counter accusations made against them, proffer explanations, or express the male point of view, we announce a forum for our male readers. They will have their say every month.

Page 33.



## NEWS BULLETIN : FOR WOMEN, ABOUT WOMEN

Very often, news about women and news items of particular interest and concern to women are tucked away in obscure corners of newspapers and magazines from different parts of the country and they go largely unnoticed. A monthly retrospective feature to help keep track of some of what is going on. Of course, due to constraints of space, several items have had to be held over.

Page 13.

## ALSO

How safe are your spectacles? — Page 41, Colour Feature : Make your own tea-cosy and tray-cloth set — Page 17, Film Interview : Vinod Khanna, talent triumphs over type-casting — Page 21, Walk in the Shadows : Part IV of the serialisation of a brand new Mills and Boon novel — Page 22, Quiz Contest 2 — Page 43, Answers to Quiz Contest 1 — Page 45.

## REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/7, Youth Page/16, Beauty/19, Passing Through/19, Comics/20, Fashion/24, True Confession/26, Cookery/29, Frankly Speaking/33, People Known & Unknown/35, Short Story/36, Hiya Honey/43, People & Events/44, World of Eve/45, Horoscope/46.

# Industrial Times

HIGHLIGHTS OF JULY 3, 1978

## VALVES INDUSTRY ENTERS A NEW ERA

The energy crisis and the consequent urge to develop our own oil sources has proved a blessing in disguise for the future of the valves industry, says **Sadanand Shetty**, Managing Director, Fouress Engineering, in an exclusive interview.

## WILL THE AXE FALL ON FAMILY HOUSES?

**Mr. Ramakrishna Bajaj**, the noted industrialist, strongly feels that the Government is not being fair on this issue. Another industrialist, who shall not be named, thinks such threats are periodic, vote-catching gimmicks.

## IDBI In Backward Areas

## REGIONAL IMBALANCES PERSIST

By **Pradip Kumar**, Government College, Jaipur.

## INDIAN TAX SYSTEM :

## A Paradox

By **Pareshnath Chatterjee**

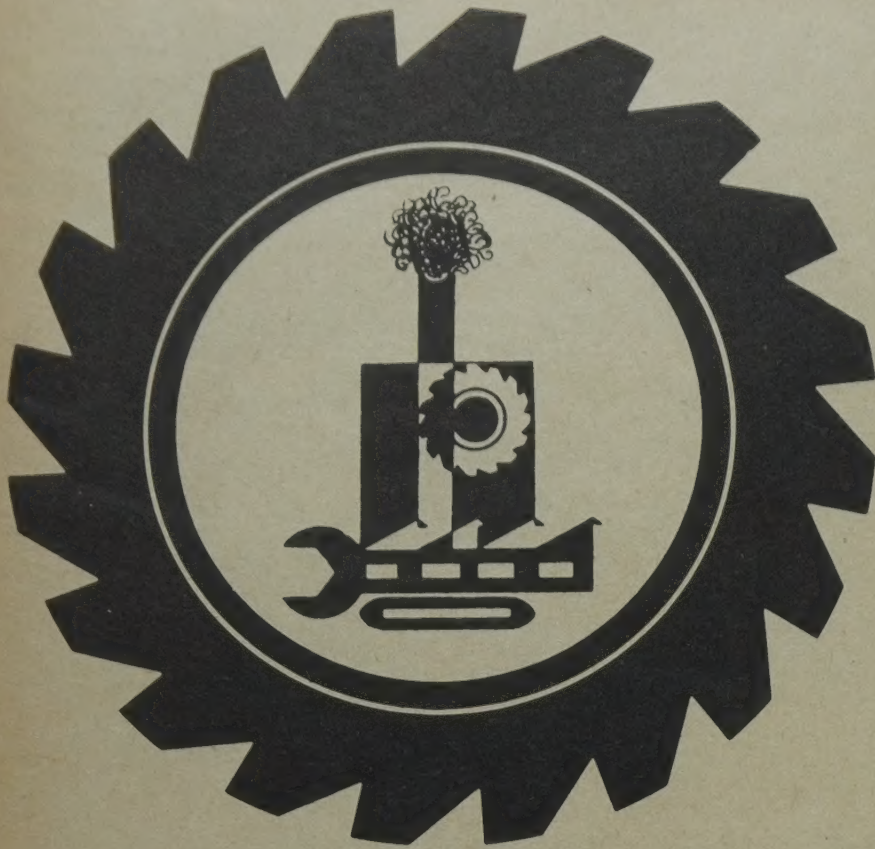
## Management Consultancy SIFTING GRAIN FROM CHAFF

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2. A. V. Deshmane
3. Soli Doctor
4. S. R. Gokhale
5. Dr. L. S. Kanodia

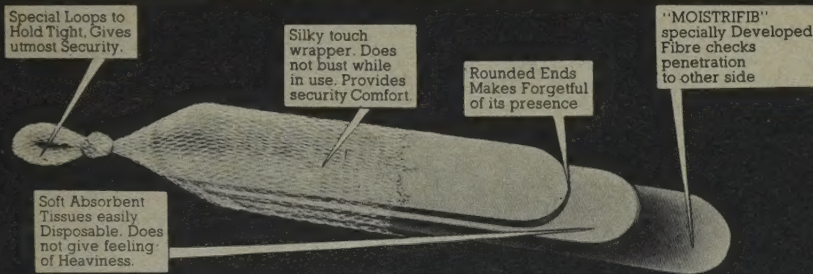
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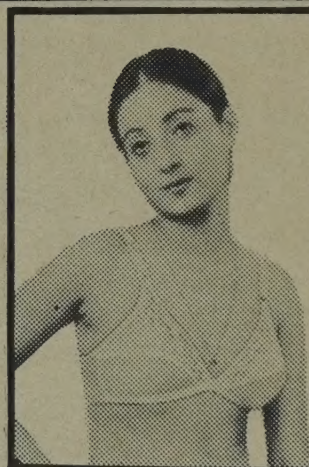
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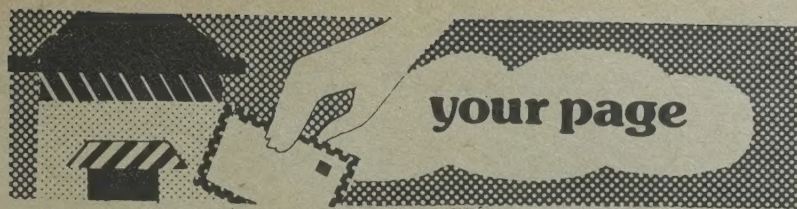
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prize**

**CRIME — AND  
MORE CRIME**

There was a practice in the school I went to, which I considered to be an outrageous injustice, though I was too young then, to call it that. But children can recognise outrage before they know the word for it.

This was to punish innocent and guilty alike, in certain circumstances. It was not an indiscriminate distribution of blame by teachers, but a cool, calculated policy. A precious privilege, maybe an eagerly-anticipated treat, would be forfeited, because of the bad behaviour of some. The method was also used as a means of discovering wrong-doers. A whole class would be lined up, the offence disclosed and the perpetrator of it invited to step forward and declare herself. Quite often she refused the invitation, perhaps because the punishments were considerably more heinous than the crime. Thereupon, after a grim, prolonged silence, we were told we would all suffer punishment unless the culprit owned up in a given time, or someone cared to inform upon her. The last offer seldom had any takers since informers were no more popular in our juvenile circles, than they are anywhere else. But one way or another, the method sometimes achieved the desired end.

I sometimes wonder how those teachers reconciled their methods with the tenets of British justice, "Better ten guilty persons than that one innocent suffer." Perhaps these youthful experiences are partly responsible for the strong feelings I have when I see deliberate, calculated suffering inflicted on the innocent as a means to some end.

Mrs. Vijaya Kumar, Ooty.

Of course, it was never a good practice, leave alone being a fair practice. But, then, as you admit, it often achieved the desired results; and when any agency (school, college, services, government) is dealing with a group of people, this is the easiest way to forcing a confession. We all went through this in school, but seemingly came out unscathed.

**2nd  
prize**

**TURNING  
THE TABLES**

In earlier days, when a girl was to be married, the parents of the boy demanded a huge amount of money as dowry because they were to feed, clothe and care for one more person in their family for life. Perhaps, in those days it was justified.

In modern times, the parents of both boys and girls have to spend for their children's education and rearing (till the age of marriage) almost equally, irrespective of whether the child is a boy or a girl. But then, girls study more sincerely, work harder for their exams, get jobs for themselves, are more attached to their parents. When a girl leaves her parents after her marriage, they lose an earning member, whereas the boy's family gets one more earning member to contribute towards the family's combined income. This loss is felt more acutely by parents who have only one child and that child happens to be a girl. Then they have nobody to care for them in their old age, when they are retired from jobs and are physically depleted.

Thus, in the present changed circumstances, my suggestion is that the girl's parents should demand a big dowry before giving their daughter away in marriage. For a long time the boy's family has pressurized the girl into bringing more and more dowry from her parents. For once the tables will be turned. Will parents of girls listen to me?

Vanita Mudaliar, Pune.

Wishful thinking! Yes, one would like to do it for a while, out of a perverse sense of revenge or something. But, no. We would never do it. No dowry means no dowry — from either side.

**3rd  
prize**

**RIGHT  
TO SUCCEED**

Recently the Swedish Parliament voted for a revolutionary move, one which will put women on a par with men with regard to inheritance. Going against the nation's

laws by which succession is restricted to males, it voted to give Kings Carl's baby daughter, Princess Victoria, the right to succeed to the throne, even if a male heir is born! These enlightened men who had the courage to break away from centuries-old tradition deserve to be cheered to the skies by women all over the world.

Moreover, if royal succession is no longer limited to males, surely 'lesser' mortals can follow suit? In India, especially, such a measure can be linked to our family planning campaign. If, for example, a law is passed to the effect that a daughter can keep her own surname after marriage and acquire all the rights — and responsibilities — of a male heir, it is unlikely that people will go on breeding till they get a son. Unless a radical measure such as this is taken by our Government there will be no democratic solution to our population explosion. The only alternatives will be the authoritarian compulsory sterilisations or letting ourselves be overrun by a runaway population.

Miss P. Swarna,  
Bombay.

All reforms pertaining to women have always been mooted by enlightened men — both, in our own country as well as outside. However, even enlightened men need some prodding and, we think, women are doing just that to get the advantages and benefits that can accrue from such reforms as you mention.

**YIPPY! IT'S ZIPPY!**

It is a shocking change from the white roofed, yellow striped, red coloured city bus. They might be BEST but certainly not better than the multi-coloured, fruits-scattered, cowboy-ridden yippy Dipy's double-deckers which are plying on some routes in our city. Why don't some other consumer product manufacturers take a hint and adopt different routes for them? This will have two advantages: the bus company will save paint and the commuters will not have to scan the number of the bus. For example, if No. 4 Ltd. is adopted by Kissan Tomato Sauce and No. 1 by Surf Detergent while No. 6 is taken over by Thums Up and No. 5

by Colgate Toothpaste, and if I had to explain to a friend to take all these buses to reach my house I would say, Take "Surf" from Mohamedali Road, get down at V.T. and ride on "Colgate" to Flora Fountain, get into Kissan Tomato Sauce which will bring you to Mahim and finally Thums Up will drop you to Bandra. Well, how do you like the idea?

Dr. (Mrs) Najma Heptulla,  
Bombay

Great! Clients, are you game? And we could perhaps so arrange that "Colgate" goes through Worli (to get rid of the foul smell, stupid); but that "Thums Up" does not venture there, because it's "Campa" territory!

**READER'S VOICE**

**MARRIAGE RITUALS**

Your issue on marriage rituals (May 27) was a nice one. But I think the good points should also have been highlighted. We have many marriage customs and ceremonies which are interesting and have social value. Perhaps a feature on this aspect of marriage rituals would be in order. (Brahm P. Gupta, New Delhi)

Your issue on discriminatory marriage rituals was an eye-opener. I had never really thought of the rituals in that light before. Actually, when I saw the "kanya-daan" listed as one of the rituals that are demeaning, my first reaction was negative. No, I told a friend, "kanya-daan" is just a nice little ritual during which the father of the bride entrusts his daughter to the safe-keeping and care of her husband. My friend turned around and said, what about the bridegroom, wouldn't his wife be looking after and caring for him too, why is there no ritual where he is given to her? That really made sense and after that I read the rest of the issue with a new seriousness. (K. Saxena, Hyderabad)

I feel that your treatment of marriage rituals was exaggeratedly "liberated." There is no need to look at those rituals in that way — they can be taken lightly, as part of the fun and games. And anyway, even if you do succeed in making people aware of the discriminatory overtones do you think anyone will have the guts to — or even want to — rock the boat by refusing to perform these rituals? (R. Pratap, Bombay)

Veena, a girl in her late teens, got married towards the fag end of an academic course in Commerce. Her in-laws did not want her to go to college and continue her studies, being of the strong belief that a wife's place was at home.

Jayashree's parents also subscribed to rather conservative views. They did not want their 16-year-old daughter to be exposed to the "evil world of co-education" in our modern colleges. They preferred to put a "finis" to her formal education at the matriculation stage which she had just completed.

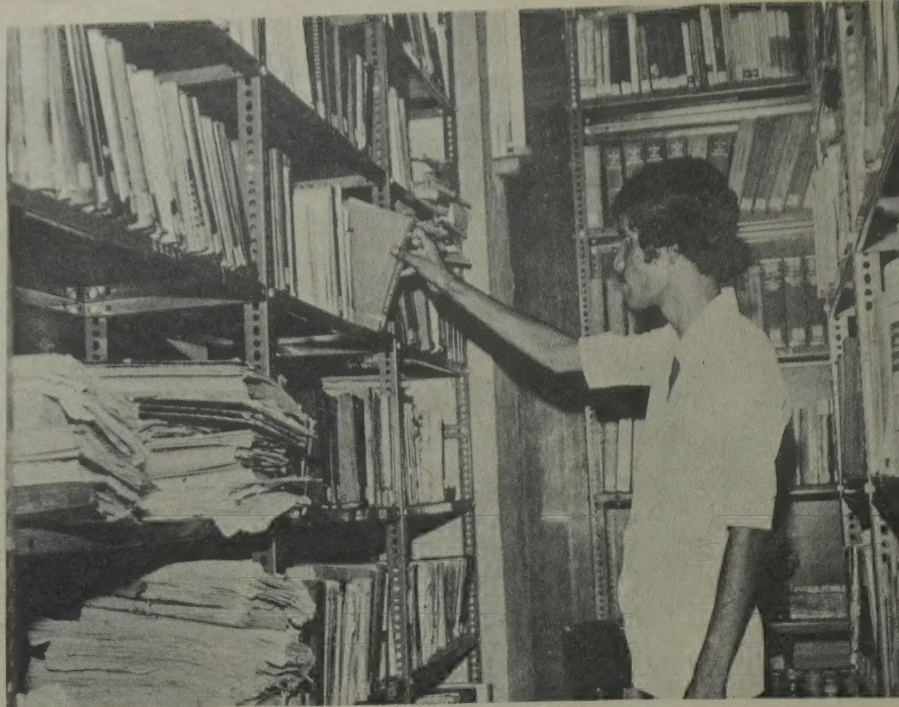
Iqbal was a young man who had to give up formal education because of economic reasons. After doing his Inter Arts, he picked up a reasonably good job in a commercial firm and though he was interested in completing his studies up to graduation, he could not find time to attend morning or evening classes in the local colleges.

Fifteen years ago, these situations would have meant the denial of college education to these three young people who were keen to continue their academic pursuits, realising the importance of education and, more important, that of a degree. New vistas are now thrown open to them in the

*For persons who brought their academic education to a premature halt, either voluntarily or through force of circumstance, correspondence courses open up whole new vistas*

form of education through correspondence courses, which literally take academics to the doorstep of those who are interested in learning at home at their leisure and under their own conditions.

According to historians, teaching by correspondence is as old as the history of human civilization. The earliest available evidence of teaching by this method dates to the times of Plato, who wrote to his pupil Dionysius to give him an insight into worldly matters (Unesco Source Book, 1957). In modern times, the revival of correspondence teaching in a big way came about in 1840, when Pitman sent instructions in shorthand to his students by post-cards. The first school for correspondence education is believed to have been set up a few years later in 1856 by a German to teach various languages to his



post since the early '30s, but the movement has never caught on with the population at large for reasons we shall analyse later.

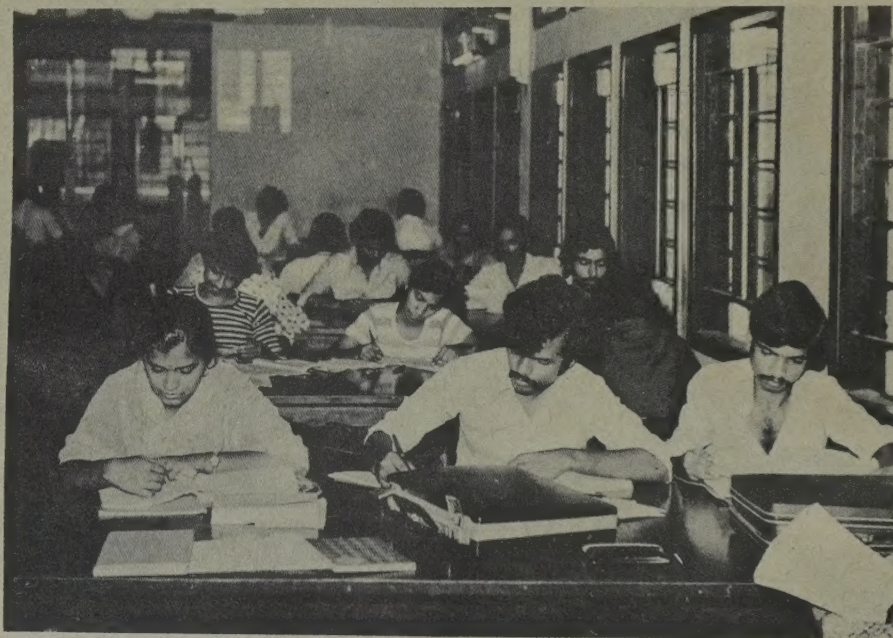
What exactly is meant by a correspondence course? Strictly speaking, it is a system of teaching wherein the lessons are sent to the student by post, and teacher and student never meet each other. However, modern concepts allow occasional lectures, group discussions and question-answer sessions to be included within the definition of "correspondence courses," the emphasis being that a large part of the educa-

Student at work in the library of the Directorate of Correspondence Courses, Bombay University. About 60 per cent of the students are women.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## a new lease on life

Manohar S. Kamath



Library facilities are granted to all correspondence course students at all U.G.C. Centres.

pupils by post. Since then, there has been no looking back and correspondence schools and their role in education have been universally acclaimed and recognized as a realistic alternative to education imparted through regular classes.

The real boost to education by correspondence has come in the post-war period when countries in Europe realised that they had neither the finance nor the personnel to impart education to people in large numbers. Postal education institutes in England, France and Germany

are even today recognised as the best in the world and are known for their innovations from time to time which have revolutionised the postal education system.

In spite of the tremendous problems faced by the Indian Government and student community when it came to college education, and the chequered history of education through correspondence all over the world, the initiation of correspondence courses at the University level occurred in India only as late as 1962. Of course, private institutions have been imparting tuition by

tion is imparted through the post.

Keeping the Indian situation in perspective (considering the literacy rate is 17 per cent and post-matriculいたes less than 1.5 per cent of the population), correspondence courses can and have proved to be a boon to the educational crisis the country now faces. It works on the philosophy that education can impart benefits to an individual in all spheres of life and any adult who can read and write can undertake these courses, while carrying on his regular day-to-day activities. The correspondence course thus bridges the gap in educational requirement at every level.

Correspondence courses in general can be divided into two categories:

1. Courses offered by universities.
2. Courses offered by private institutions.

### UNIVERSITY COURSES

In the last decade-and-a-half, most of the larger universities in India have opened directorates for correspondence courses. The main advantages of these to students have been manifold.

To working students, married women, people staying far away from colleges (particularly in the rural areas) and to those whose education has been interrupted due to unforeseen circumstances, it gives a chance to resume or continue their studies in the

midst of their activities and at their leisure. A correspondence course student has the advantage of catching up on his lessons at his own sweet time, a privilege denied to the regular college student, who has to keep up with the rest of the class.

Another important point to be considered is the tremendous amount of time that is saved by the student in preparing for and commuting to the place of education.

Correspondence courses offer education to all those who seek it. The student who attends college is often hampered by lack of seats caused by the large numbers of students and inability to "score high marks" in comparison to other students. Every able-bodied person, regardless of age, sex and social sta-

elopment of the inter-personal relationships, which are so much a part of regular college and school life, may be missed by correspondence students.

The history of correspondence courses in the last 15 years has been most encouraging. The University of Bombay, which has been offering degrees through correspondence in Commerce and Arts from 1971 had more than eight thousand students on its roll during the last academic year (1977-78). Experience has shown that the student who learns by correspondence has a very strong motivation to learn (which cannot always be said of college-going students) and he or she thus makes a very good student on the whole. There is no problem of discipline (which is generally the bane of Indian

student meets his professor to sort out individual problems and the student's performance is assessed. Library facilities are granted to all correspondence course students at all UGC Centres (which includes most of the large colleges).

The course itself consists of concise notes written by experienced professors, at the end of which references are mentioned. Each subject has a number of lessons, varying from 16 to 40; the student is expected to go through these and answer the questions at the end of the lesson (the "Responses Sheet"), which is sent back to the University for correction. The student is expected to return at least 50 per cent of the sheets duly answered and progress is assessed and appropriate suggestions made on the basis of these. Unfortunately, according to Prof. Israney, Incharge of the Correspondence Courses Section of the University of Bombay, "Most students copy from the lesson sheets and make little effort on their own."

tion? "Not at all," says Prof. Israney. "In fact, they are complementary to the regular teaching centres and are meant essentially for those who do not find a place in those institutions for any reason."

The Bombay University had, for a couple of years, introduced a course leading to M.Sc. by correspondence under certain conditions (using the laboratory facilities of colleges in the city) when there was an acute need for teachers in the 11th and 12th standards, where minimum qualifications for a Science teacher were to be a Master's degree. A course in M.A. (External) is also offered (but without lessons) to those who wish to obtain that degree.

According to knowledgeable sources, correspondence courses in other universities work on similar lines with slight variations.

#### PRIVATE COURSES

The record of the private institutions who offer correspondence courses in this country

# COURSES

tus, can thus avail of these courses.

In terms of economy too, the correspondence course scores over the regular forums of education. Running a college entails huge expense to the authorities; attending them also means considerable extra expenditure to the students. For "earn while you learn" students, their very bread and butter is endangered by the rigidity and the regular hours of college education. The correspondence course alleviates these problems to a large extent.

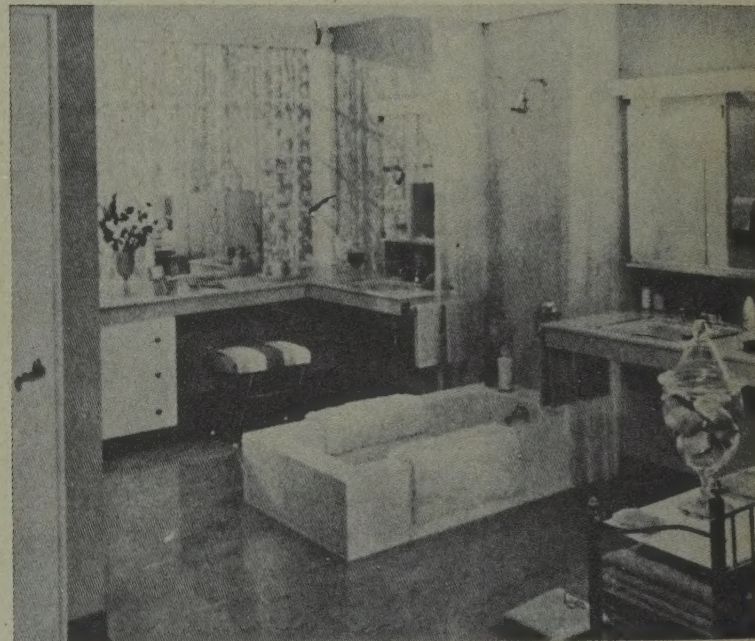
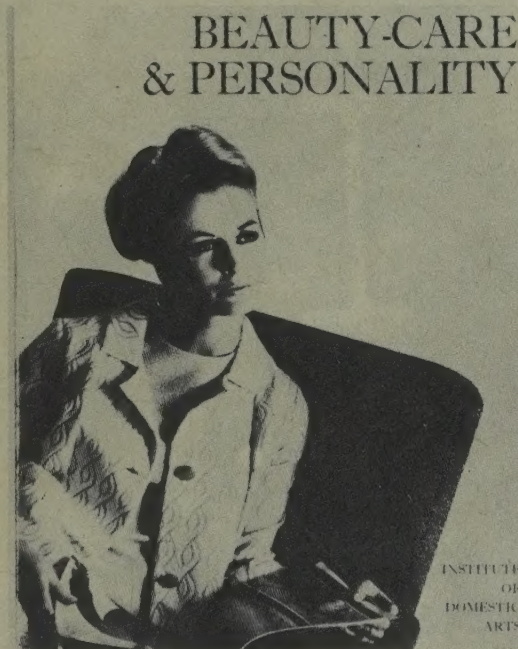
One very important benefit of a correspondence course to the nation is that it taps potential talent which would otherwise have been lost forever. Besides giving education and a degree, it induces a person to think independently and thus improves personality to a great extent.

As with everything else in life, correspondence courses have certain disadvantages which are inherent in the system. Prominent among these are the following:

Teaching by correspondence is not possible where practical work and the use of laboratories are required—as, for example, in science and technical courses (imagine a doctor trained by correspondence!). In a country which is developing and whose standards of technology anyway require regular upgrading, correspondence courses in such subjects would be a special hazard.

The student who takes up a correspondence course must be reasonably mature. The temptation to ignore the lessons or keep them pending and to copy out answers poses a serious threat to the education of the individual.

Loss of social contact and dev-



An unfortunate aspect of correspondence courses in India is that much of the literature is prepared abroad and has little relation to the situation in India.

universities) and drop-outs are minimal. A striking feature of the University's record is that about 60 per cent of its correspondence course students are women, of whom a large number are either working or burdened with domestic problems.

The University arranges 16 lectures every year on each subject in a course (each of which contains 6-8 subjects) which are entirely optional, yet in spite of all their preoccupations, the attendance varies from 60 to 90 per cent at these lectures. Most of these are handled by specialist teachers selected from different colleges affiliated to the University and present their material in compact form, mainly to explain fundamentals and act as guidelines for further study. Besides these, there are our "contact periods" in which the

At the end of the course, the students appear for the University Examination along with the regular students. Surprisingly, it has been noted that the Correspondence students do much better than college students as a whole—the percentage passing out being on par or greater than the percentage of passes in the entire University.

Merit ranks in University exams have often gone to correspondence students. In 1975, the first place in the Punjab University at the B.A. (Final) Exam went to Mr. Sushil Kumar—a correspondence student. In the various Universities all over the country, there are hundreds of such examples of outstanding results among these students.

Do correspondence courses attempt to replace college educa-

has been greatly underplayed by factors which have not been of their own making. As early as the '30s, various institutes (mainly sponsored by the British) were in existence to cater to the needs of students. The most popular were certificate courses in various technical fields which were recognised by many public and private sector industries. Most of their clients at that time were Government servants or those in the Armed Forces where the need for practical courses was greatly felt. With the organisation and spread of University education in independent India, these certificate courses gradually lost much of their importance.

The private correspondence institutes today offer correspondence courses of two types: one, training for exams conducted by

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## CORRESPONDENCE COURSES:

professional bodies like the Indian Institute of Bankers (the CAIIB exams), the Institute of Administrative Management (AIAM) and Indian Merchants Chamber (DBM—Diploma in Business Management); secondly they offer their own certificate courses. The aims and objectives of these institutes are very similar to those of University correspondence courses with some notable differences.

The main drawbacks to the courses leading to certificates offered by these private academies are as follows:

1. Lack of recognition: A very large number of courses offered by private schools are not recognised by Government and private institutions. They are thus of very little help to the person who seeks a job, excepting in the case of the person appearing for a professional exam.

2. They are costly: Being private commercial firms with high overhead expenses, the expenditure a student has to incur in undergoing a course will be quite high, varying from Rs. 400 to Rs. 1000 depending upon the nature of the course selected. Some of the better institutes offer payment-by-installment schemes which often help in reducing this burden.

3. Question of standard: Several sub-standard and bogus classes have crept up in the last few years and given a bad name to private institutes as a whole. Many offer courses which are shabbily written, take little interest in correcting students' mistakes and ultimately leave the student in the lurch by giving a "pass certificate" prematurely without ascertaining his or her skills. These persons often stumble and falter in practical demonstrations demanded by prospective employers.

However, the private academies score in offering a wide variety of courses (particularly to women) in technical and professional fields, besides in careers like journalism, dress-making and interior decoration. Some material and instrument-kits are occasionally sent with the practical courses, besides the written lessons. Progress is judged by the work done by the student which he or she returns to the Institute. One thing noted by this writer was that most of the lessons sent were either copies or lesson-books from foreign correspondence schools, very few having been written by Indians. This is explained away by the statement that the basics of all professions are the same all over the world.

One question that arises in every mind is how to distinguish

the good from the bad among private correspondence schools. The answer, frankly, is not quite as simple as one would expect it to be. It is better if an intending student inquires into the background of an institute and finds out the experiences of someone who has gone through a course with that institute before enrolling as a student. Another way would be to find out the accreditation of the school with the better commercial firms, which are usually aware of the standards of train-

Business Management student at B.Com (Final), she says, "Studying by yourself is so different from doing it in college. Of course, I miss the lectures we used to have, where one managed to pick up at least a few concepts during the course of the lecture. As a correspondence student, one tends to postpone things to the last moment when the exams are round the corner." Another fact she revealed disarmingly: "When doing a response sheet, one is tempted to look into the books or lessons

on the need for more lectures to supplement the lesson course. Suffering from a physical handicap, this lively girl took up a career in Arts with Economics as speciality. "There is not much difference between a correspondence course and regular classes. The only thing which could help us would be greater explanation of the subject as a whole through the lessons themselves."

All the above are indications that the correspondence course is gradually finding a place in the lives of the common man and woman and is being accepted as the realistic alternative for those who cannot attend classes regularly to educate themselves. It is particularly obvious that the effects of correspondence courses have been highly beneficial to those in the lower and middle income groups who can "learn and work" simultaneously.

Such being the conditions, the future of correspondence courses is extremely bright and with it (one hopes) will come better systems of mass education and more courses for those interested in this form of formal education. It is particularly hoped in academic circles that these courses find wider acceptance in rural areas (statistics available with Bombay University reveal that 90 per cent of correspondence students enrolled with it live in the city itself), where these courses would help many to further their careers.

It is learnt from reliable sources that the Union Education Ministry has taken keen interest in the working of correspondence courses in general as part of its plan to spread education to the villages of India. The stress being laid is on the training of primary teachers, who in turn can educate the people around them. The use of AIR and TV to augment the lesson courses (which unfortunately has not been done to date) should also be considered in the greater interests of the furtherance of education. The Eleventh World Conference on Correspondence Education due to be held in New Delhi from November 1 to 8 this year will bring into sharp focus the role of correspondence teaching and should guide us on how to improve present facilities.

Does all this mean that the written word can entirely replace the spoken word as far as education is concerned? The answer was a unanimous "No" from academicians, administrators and students alike. As Mrs. Mavinkurve aptly put it, "The correspondence course is the last resort for those who cannot do the regular course due to personal reasons." Which means that a correspondence course is the special answer to a special problem in education, particularly in poor, developing nations of the world.

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ing imparted by the more popular institutes. Unfortunately, there is no Council or Chamber of the various private schools which could regulate the actions of all council members and in turn be under the supervision of the Education Ministry.

The persons who are most enthusiastic and have unflinching faith in correspondence courses are those who have undergone or are going through the courses themselves.

Petite young Sujata Mahale who was doing her B.Com. through college, suddenly chanced upon an opening in Air India as an air-hostess. She took up the job and continued her education—by correspondence. A

lying just a few feet away. Ultimately, we have no practice of writing out answers and when faced with the exam paper find ourselves seriously handicapped."

Indu K. Mavinkurve, who is also doing a correspondence course with the Bombay University, feels that the course is wonderful for working women like herself. Working as a secretary in a private firm and a mother of three children, she took up Commerce as her subject and is presently in her final year. She stresses the need for more lectures to train and guide correspondence students, herself being one who regularly attends the lecture sessions.

Donnabelle Fernandes agrees

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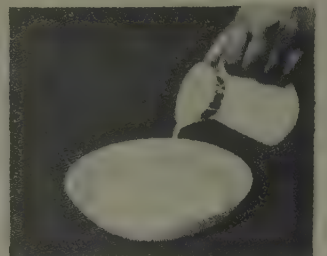
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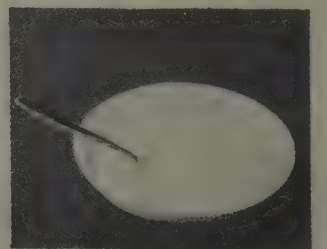
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## FOR WOMEN, ABOUT WOMEN

**AHMEDABAD:** Women outstripped men by over three times in voluntary sterilizations in Gujarat last year, setting a new trend in the family welfare programme in the State. As many as 86,300 women were sterilized in 1977-78, against 25,500 men, according to Gujarat Health Minister, Hemaben Acharya.

**Indian Express, May 18**

**NEW DELHI:** The Agricultural Scientists Recruitment Board released the results of the third Agricultural Research Service examination, conducted in February all over the country. Out of 2,899 candidates who had appeared, 483 were selected. Three women topped three sections. Miss Vimal Jyotsna topped the list for Economic Botany, Miss Jaya Sivaswami wrested the first position for Bio-Chemistry and Mrs. Shanta Nagarajan topped in Bio-Physics.

**The Hindustan Times, May 25**

**NEW DELHI:** Though the share of women in total employment in the organised sector is low, it has been creeping up in recent years. An official survey shows that women accounted for 12 per cent of the total employment in the sector in 1977, compared to 11 per cent in 1971. Out of a total of 20.71 million workers in the sector, in 1977, about 2.49 million were women. Women workers constitute half or more of the total work force in 23 non-farm sectors. The most important of these include food processing activities such as grain milling, oil crushing and manufacture of dairy products, textile spinning and weaving, laundry and sanitation services, manufacture of bidi and coir products and work in tea plantations.

The survey reveals that recent empirical studies show that just as laissez faire in the labour market has discriminated over a long period against the Scheduled Castes and Scheduled Tribes and other weak sections of the population, it has also discriminated against women in certain parts of the country.

Women have lost traditional

occupations as a result of changes which have transferred productive activity from homes and cottages to factories and machines.

**The Hindustan Times, May 21**

**AIZAWL:** Mrs. Thanmawii, a 58-year-old school teacher, became the first woman legislator of Mizoram. A People's Conference nominee, she will also have the distinction of defeating a veteran politician. Her opponent, Mr. Vaivenga, Speaker of the dissolved Assembly and also a former Minister, polled 119 votes less than Mrs. Thanmawii in a five-cornered contest. The first general election in 1972 was unsuccessfully fought by three women candidates.

**Free Press Journal, May 23**

**HYDERABAD:** Mrs. Rameeza Bee today denied before the K. A. Mukhtad Commission that she had alleged that she had been raped and she and her husband beaten at the Nallakunta police station at the instigation of any political leaders. She was deposing before the one-man commission appointed to inquire into her alleged rape and the beating to death of her husband, Ahmed Hussain. Mrs. Rameeza Bee, who was examined in camera, broke down several times, particularly when she was describing to the commission how she was raped by four policemen one after another. She denied that she was brought by Malan Bee from Nandikotkur for prostitution. She also denied that she knew Ghousia, Razia (prostitutes) and others cited on behalf of the police.

**The Hindu, May 19.**

**BANGALORE:** Two more women are likely to be appointed judges of High Courts in the next two months, according to the Union Law Minister, Mr. Shanti Bhushan. Addressing Janata Party workers here, he said that while the Congress during its 30-year rule had appointed only three women as High Court judges, his party, which had been in office for only a year, had already appointed five.

**The Statesman, New Delhi, May 25**

**BANDA:** An 18-year-old bride, Mrs. Prembari, married to a student of the local Jawaharlal Nehru Degree College, was alleged to have been burnt alive by her in-laws at Ichauli village, 20 km. from here. It is alleged that the girl's parents had promised a motorcycle in dowry. The failure to redeem the pledge allegedly infuriated the members of the groom's family. The bride's brother has lodged a report with the Khanna police demanding action against the culprits.

**The Times of India, Ahmedabad, May 5.**

**BANDA:** A teenaged woman deserted by her husband set fire to her clothes at Jarar village under the Girwan police circle on May 2, according to a delayed report received here. She was rushed to Banda hospital, where she died.

According to a spokesman of the district hospital, eight cases of severe burns involving young girls and brides in their teens were admitted to the hospital over the past two weeks and all of them died.

**Times of India, Ahmedabad, May 7**

**KOLHAPUR:** An anonymous letter has led to the arrest of 14 persons in Bejvade village of Bhudargad tehsil for allegedly outraging the modesty of a young married woman on the eve of 'Holi' last March. The woman and her brother, it was stated in the letter to the Kolhapur Superintendent of Police, Mr. U. D. Rajwade, were returning from the weekly bazaar when the incident occurred.

The accused had reportedly stripped the woman and beaten her up. The victim did not lodge any complaint fearing reprisals, police officials said.

**The Times of India, May 9.**

**PUNE:** A 17-year-old girl travelling in the ladies' compartment of the Pune-Bombay holiday special screamed for help in vain when she was allegedly raped by a 22-year-old youth between Lonavala and Karjat.

The youth, Prahlad Sadas Shiv Kamble, alighted from the train when it slowed down while approaching the Karjat station, and escaped. He was arrested two days later.

His friend, a Railway Protection Force Rakshak, who was also travelling in the

same compartment, is reported to have remained a silent spectator to the outrage ...

**Free Press Bulletin, May 12**

**BANGALORE:** The police took into custody 24 youths in Mandya about 70 kms from here, on charges of teasing women passengers and assaulting two constables. A group of youths, who boarded the Bangalore-Mysore passenger train at Ramanagaram started teasing girls and women. When some passengers objected, they threatened them with a dagger, and manhandled one of them.

**The Times of India, May 19.**

**BOMBAY:** The Tilak Nagar police have arrested an 18-year-old girl for throwing her illegitimate child into the gutter behind the Swadeshi Mill Chawl. The police said a woman saw the child being thrown by its mother and she immediately rushed it to the Sion Hospital. The child died ten minutes after admission.

**Indian Express, May 30**

**BOMBAY:** An Air-India employee has been arrested for allegedly raping a nun in a hotel room on Friday. The employee's name was given as V. P. Bansode, a traffic assistant. The nun had arrived in Bombay from Rome. As she had lost her ticket, she had to stay back in the city. Bansode escorted her to the transit hotel of the airline and was said to have visited her in the night.

The following morning, the hotel authorities informed the airlines that Bansode had allegedly committed the offence. The police were informed and Bansode has been remanded to police custody for 14 days.

**Free Press Journal, May 24**

**SRINAGAR:** Twenty-six pilgrims returning in separate batches from the Neelkanth Mahadev Temple were yesterday looted at gunpoint in a forest about four km. from Swargashram near Rishikesh. The report said that the bandits tied the menfolk to trees and raped young women pilgrims. The victims were held up in the forest for about 19 hours.

**Free Press Journal, May 31**

# FROM MOTHER

## AN OPEN LETTER TO A DAUGHTER who is entering college

My dear Roshu

I write this open letter to you, knowing my thoughts and feelings will find an echo in many other parents' hearts, as they prepare to send their daughters to college for the first time, away from the protective shelter of home.

It is with mixed feelings that I write — there is joy and pride in my heart for your having got a first class in your school finals, and for gaining admission to the college of your choice, in the group of your choice, and all this on your own merit. These feelings are mingled with a haunting nostalgia as I see you preparing to go to my old alma-mater. And there is a sadness too, for I will miss your bright chatter, your sparkling laughter, your companionship, and your helpful little ways.

And beneath all this there is a tiny current of apprehension as I wonder whether Daddy and I have decided right in sending you to an alien city. It is true that I myself went to the same college, but things were so very different in those days. It's so hard to believe that values can change so much in just 18 years, and it is bad too, because the young people of today seem to be categorically rejecting the good with the bad, without bothering to sift the chaff from the grain.

It is true that there can be no progress without change, and no change without pain in some quarter, but it is hard for parents to see their children discarding tried and tested values in addition to the outdated, and hurting themselves in the process. But values like integrity, courage, chastity, sincerity, compassion — to name just a few — will never go out of fashion.

At the outset, you must work out your priorities. You are going to college to study, never let any other distraction cloud that aim. Of course, the main reason we are sending you to W.C.C. is that you will have a chance to experience the real meaning of education, which, as Khalil Gibran put it, is "not to sow seeds in you, but to make your seeds grow."

We want the years at W.C.C. to help develop all aspects of your personality, to help you to blossom to your optimum capacity. So extracurricular activities, friendships, involvement in the hundred and one activities that a college campus hums with, all these have their place, but they should never take priority over your studies.

Let your credo during the next three years hinge around these three principles: Perfection as a goal. Involvement as a motto. Discipline as a means to your goal.

Remember those beautiful words from "Jonathan Livingstone Seagull", which we shared and loved? "Heaven is not a place, and it not a time... Heaven is being perfect." So reach out and touch perfection in the things that you love doing the best.

Another author expressed my own thoughts on involvement when he said, "Every act of genuine human involvement encourages the growth of the identity beyond the 'I' to the 'We,' intertwining us with other selves, until our lives are no longer single strands, but part of the fabric of human kind."

Your education will become truly meaningful and successful if it teaches you the importance of relating to your fellow students, the community, and the world at large. The motto of W.C.C. epitomizes this truth simply and beautifully: "Lighted to Lighten." Let your opportunities never make you contemptuous of those who do not have them, or impatient of others. I can see you wriggling your nose in distaste when I mention self-discipline, but remember the saying about discipline being the refining fire by which talent becomes ability.

Freedom of self-expression has been a prime value in our family, but at no time let this impinge on another's freedom. One of the reasons we are sending you to a residential college is that you will learn to live and let live, and to adjust to ways and habits alien to you. Some lasting, life-long friendships will be forged in college, and these relationships will be among the most precious in your life, for school and college are two of the few places where the yardsticks of race, religion, colour, financial and social status, etc. are generally not used to measure friends. If you face life head on, with an open mind and open heart, life will respond in the same way to you.

You will have the honour of studying under some of the very lecturers who taught me, and I hope you will treat them with the respect which is their rightful due.

We have tried to shield you from the insidious precocity which seems to be the norm among so many of your contemporaries. Luckily, up to now, you have been interested in books, music, painting, games, action-movies, and all the other things which a normal healthy teenager is naturally interested in. But now you will come under the wider influence of girls with false and superficial values, girls who have cheated themselves of their rightful chance to

be innocent, unspoilt and youthful and have become hard, base, cynical.

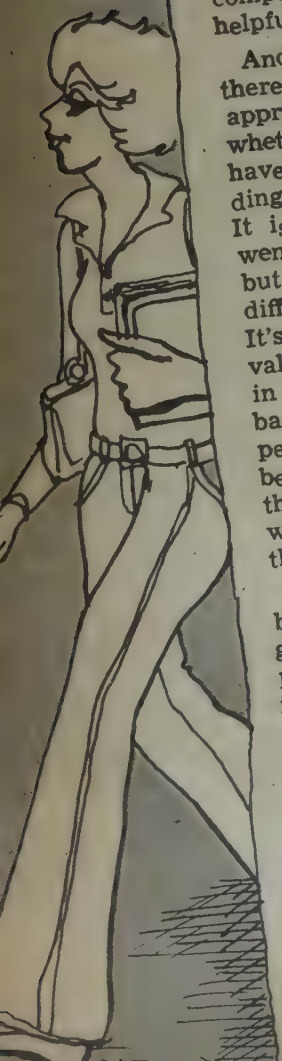
Precocity is one of the ugliest qualities in a youngster, and one of the most abhorrent sights to me is a powdered and painted teenage girl, looking and behaving as though she were ten years older. Young girls need no better ornament than the bloom of youth. If they only knew that many older women would give a fortune to possess that priceless quality! So whether it is a question of make-up, perfume, clothes, movies, attitudes or values, I hope you will retain your quality of childlikeness, and refuse to be swayed by the wrong group.

Time and again you will find yourself under pressure to conform to the values of the group, and you will face one of the most difficult decisions of your young life whether to follow the group or to stand firm in your convictions and be called a square. It requires a great deal of strength of character to withstand this pressure, and I hope you will take it as a challenge to have the courage of your convictions. You will find that the group will secretly respect you for your decision.

Well, that is enough preaching from me. Live life to the hilt, spread your wings and soar to the very heavens, give of your best, and these years in college will be among the most joy-filled, fun-packed, challenging, stimulating, horizon-widening, full, fulfilling, glorious years of your life. With love, trust, hope, joy, pride, good wishes and prayers,

Mummy

Indu M. Mallah



# 20977

# LOVE

## AN OPEN LETTER TO A DAUGHTER who is growing up

### My dear daughter

You are sixteen? twenty? or just ten? The years will soon pass and you will be a Woman. What will you be like? Like me? My mother? Grandmother? Some of you will be like us, but most of you my great-grandmother would not recognise.

These are times of change, of questioning, of uncertainty. Every mother wants to "protect" her daughter so that she may be ready when the time comes, but she rarely succeeds. Torn between the desire to "warn" and yet to safeguard the innocence of girlhood, she ends up by being harsh. Between the need to conform to social imperatives and her own desire to spare her daughter, she can find no solution. Let the dilemma end. Let mothers speak freely to their daughters.

I remember my mother. She was thin, worn out from work. At 32 she looked ancient. Her day began long before we were up and ended long after we were all in bed. She was a frail figure, clouded by the swirling wood smoke of the kitchen fire that stung our eyes. She staggered under pots of water fetched from the well. We saw her bent over endless household tasks. All the rituals were scrupulously kept, for she was "upper caste." The daily worship was never skipped. She ate after all the family had eaten — father-in-law downwards. She had no time to read a book, listen to music or just relax. I never knew what she would have looked like with a smile, for all that we saw was layers of sorrow in those black eyes. In time the sorrow had turned to gentle resignation.

My grandmother was like her, too. But I recall

the feeling in grandma's voice when she said to my cousin who had just got married, "Why this tearing hurry to get married? What is there in marriage? Babies!" Looking back, I understand. She had been married at the age of ten, had borne ten children, five of them girls, each of whom had to be married with a proper dowry to a suitable man "within the caste."

Great-grandmother was still around when we went to school. A sprightly woman with bright eyes. How old was she? It was difficult to say, for she was in the Hindu widow's dress — hair shaved off, white sari, no red mark on the forehead, no ornaments. What were they trying to tell us grandchildren? Between the impatient admonitions of, "Girls don't do this," there was also "Learn all you can while you still have the chance." They saw the winds of change, but they did not know where and how they would blow.

My mother never went anywhere. Visitors to the house were rare. Festivals and the arrival of relatives were the only great occasions. Caste hung around us from childhood. We learnt soon enough how people of our caste did things. There were the names typical to a caste; the dress, the food, the ceremonies — every moment in our lives we knew who we were and how we were supposed to behave. If the servants did not come beyond a point in the house, we did not know why. They just could not.

Today here I am. A college graduate, married, with children, and holding a job.

You, my daughter, do not know what caste is. You have not seen a young

Hindu widow, white-clad. You have not seen your mother wasting away her youth in domestic slavery, frightened of a mother-in-law. Your mother does not get up and go to the kitchen if a "male" visitor comes. She talks with ease with her father-in-law, sitting at the same dining table.

You will do all this and more. But is it all? Yes and no. What will you be inside? Life is not going to be easy for you — it will be harder for you than for me. True, you will engage in life outside the home; you will go to college, travel, meet men and women. Your domestic chores will be fewer. You do not know what caste is except as a label. You can marry whom you choose. You will have a couple of children. You will earn your living. These are the things grandmother yearned for.

To accept deprivation it was necessary to have one kind of courage, the courage of self-denial. Today you need the other courage, the greater courage: to accept yourself as the arbiter of your own destiny. There will be no readymade customs to escape into. There will be no one else making decisions for you. You will have to experiment on your own and be prepared for mistakes. Security derived from "belonging" to someone else will be unavailable. It will no longer be enough to be gentle and pretty. You will have to cultivate all your faculties. When you step into the work-place, the set of expectations you confront there will be alien — personal employee-status. Men will take time getting used to the new woman, to realise she is a person, not something they can "have."

There are many, many new problems you will

face — problems that arise because you are a woman, problems that arise because of a changing society and changing social expectations. Whatever solutions you arrive at, stick to one important principle: to be human more than to be only female. Where you are today, few have reached or hope to reach. Our sisters, and yours too, are doubly oppressed, by poverty first of all, then by their being female — condemned to illiteracy, married off at fifteen or less, dying of childbirth or, if surviving, spending emaciated lives in endless toil whose fruits they cannot even claim for themselves, or sold like cattle or abused and robbed of all dignity. "In our great country," they say, "women have always been respected."

You will, I think, be fresher, healthier, stronger; assertive of your identity, aware of the world around you and the world beyond the walls of your home. Above all, you will be concerned with the fate of all women, if you are also moral. To be truly moral is to assume responsibility for not only yourself but all humans. Will you prepare for the day, my dear daughter? Such an opportunity might not come again.

Mummy

S. Maithreyi





youth  
page

# inter-slum youth festival

We tend to think of slum children as being incapable of concerted efforts which finally bear fruit. Our attitude to them is often patronizing or condescending. What most of us fail to realize is that these young minds throb with desires and aspirations. Released from the barren environment in which they are reared they are capable of enviable achievements. Their main handicap is that they come from that part of society which does not provide them with any standards or goals.

In their own way, 14 members of the Social Service League of St. Xavier's College, this year, made a modest attempt to fill this gap for the slum children.

To help the children to develop their talent, the idea of an inter-slum youth festival was hit upon. Over the years the concept has evolved into a reality. Originally, it started as a leadership camp in which about 30 students participated. Then gradually, over the years the emphasis has shifted from mere fun and games to creative events such as debates and dramatics.

On the first day's programme this year, were story telling and painting. The paintings depicted idyllic landscapes or smiling Ganeshes. A recurring image was that of a tranquil stretch of water on the edge of



which a sturdy hut stood with a contented farmer sitting outside. The need for security and peace manifests itself thus.

On the second day, a young boy from Kumbharwada made a symmetrical clay pot in a few minutes with a tasser depicting wildlife on the outside. Pottery was second nature to him as he came from a family of potters. For modelling, the entries handed in by boys from a certain mill gave an insight into the problems of mill workers.

The dramas enacted were entertaining. The plots were original, the dialogue flowed smoothly. The hero, invariably in the garb of the downtrodden, had integrity, moral strength, was the upholder of ideals in a degenerate world. The plays provided a glimpse of the children's dreams and aspirations.

On sports day, for which camp was shifted from St. Andrews' School to St. Stanislaus' School, the children went ahead and enjoyed themselves — what with the lemon and spoon and sack races and the track events for which the children had practised hard. They showed eagerness to improve on their timings. And Luladhan Bhoir from B.I.T. (Bombay Industrial Tenements) stood first in several sprint events.

**Tarang Chaudhry & Beena Butani**

## ARTISTIC FRIENDS

A hobby course at Bombay's Nirmala Niketan drew Pinky Bathija and Kavita Shankar B. C. together. Since then they have been functioning as a team, in pursuit of perfecting a shared passion — that of painting.

Recently, both Pinky and Kavita held a combined exhibition of their works of art in a local gallery. Both these youngsters have specialised in painting in oils and both share a penchant for depicting landscapes. They pick up "a few references from books and pictures, but," they say, "most of our work is inspired by the sights we have seen while travelling." Needless to say, they're both enthusiastic travellers.

Their appreciation of nature was evident in the 32 canvases on display. A characteristic feature of their work is the effect derived from the use of a knife instead of the more conventional brush. Both Kavita and Pinky prefer to use a knife, "because," they say, "when we use a brush we get smooth, even strokes. Whereas a rougher, more realistic effect is got with a knife. This adds depth to a painting."

Neither of them have been inspired or influenced by the lines or themes of any particular Indian artist.

In fact, one of the failings of such a course (considering it is an extensive hobby course — Pinky and Kavita have spent three years at it) is that scant attention is paid to the theory of art. It is believed, erroneously one hopes, that as the majority of aspiring artists who attend the course are married women, theory of art would be of scarce interest to them. Which, surely, is not the right approach to a subject — or a hobby, for that matter.

However, the course has managed to bring to the surface latent talent. Both Kavita and Pinky had dabbled in drawing while at school, and Pinky passed the Intermediate Drawing exam. She entered art competitions in which she obtained two certificates.

The girls feel they are "good" for each other. One criticises the other's "masterpiece" and the artist improves upon it accordingly.

Both these enthusiastic artists started painting as a hobby, indulging in it as a pastime, but right now they are totally dedicated to paint and palette. Who knows? One exhibition could very well lead to another... and another...



## U. S. MAID OF COTTON



Ruth Harman from North Carolina, a student of mechanical engineering, was selected Maid of Cotton, 1978, out of 200 contestants representing the 18 cotton growing states in America.

As Miss U. S. Maid of Cotton, Ruth will be promoting U. S. cotton for the American Council of Cotton. On her six months' trip around the world she will be visiting England, Canada, Germany, Thailand, Taiwan, Korea, Hong Kong, the Philippines and Japan and will be promoting cotton by modelling a huge variety of cotton ensembles and visiting cotton traders and textile manufacturers.

Passing through India, Ruth said, "Indian cottons are absolutely fabulous." Commenting on the fashion trend this season, she said, "Dresses with ruffles and soft frills are going to be 'in' and the dominant colours of the fashion scene will be lavender and soft shades of green."

# To Serve Graciously

## MATERIALS:

Mercer Crochet no. 20: 2 balls White, 1 ball Red. Stranded Cotton: 1 skein each Pink, Red and Green. Crochet hook no. 5. 40 cms. cotton material in strawberry. Crewel needle no.7.

## MEASUREMENTS:

Tray-cloth 43 cms. x 30 cms.; tea-cosy width 20 cms., height 23 cms.

## ABBREVIATIONS:

ch. = chain; tr. = treble; dc. = double crochet; dbl. tr. = double treble; trip. tr. = triple treble; s.s. = slip stitch; cl. = cluster; ch. lp. = chain loop; ch. sp. = chain space; beg. = beginning; rep. = repeat; st. = stitch; tog. = together.

## Large ballerina

### Hat:

With White thread work 4 ch., turn and work 6 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 4th ch., turn:

Next row: 1 dbl. tr. in same place as 4 ch., 2 dbl. tr. in next tr., 1 tr. in each of next 3 tr., 1 dc. in each of next 2 tr., 1 ch., turn.

Next row: 1 dc. in each of next 2 dc., 1 tr. in each of next 3 tr., 1 dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr., 2 dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr., 2 trip. tr. in last dbl. tr., 1 ch., turn.

Next row: 1 dc. in each st. to end. s.s. to first tr.

### Body:

1st row: 3 ch., 8 dbl. tr. in first tr., 3 ch., turn.

2nd row: 1 tr. in each dbl. tr. to end, 2 ch., turn.

3rd row: As 2nd row, 4 cms., turn.

4th row: Miss 2 tr., 3 trip. tr. in next tr. retain last loop of each on hook, thread over hook and draw through all loops (a cl. made), (miss next 2 tr., 3 trip. tr. cl. in next tr.) twice, 5 ch., turn.

5th row: 1 dbl. tr., 1 ch., 1 dbl. tr. in first cl. \*(1 ch., 1 dbl. tr.) 3 times in next cluster, rep. from \* once more, 4 ch., turn.

6th row: 1 dbl. tr. in same place as 4 ch., \* 2 ch., 2 dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr., rep. from \* till end (9 pairs of dbl. tr.), 4 ch., turn.

7th row: 2 dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr., \* 2 ch., 1 dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr., 1 dbl. tr. between next 2 dbl. tr., 1 dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr., rep. from \* till end, 4 ch., turn.

8th row: 4 dbl. tr. over each set of 3 dbl. tr. with 3 ch. between each set of 4 dbl. tr., 4 ch., turn.

9th row: 5 dbl. tr. over each set of 4 dbl. tr. with 3 ch. between each set, 4 ch., turn.

10th row: 6 dbl. tr. over each



## An unusual design for you to crochet on your tea-cosy (it can also be used to cover your coffee pot) and tray-cloth

set of 5 dbl. tr. with 3 ch. between each set, 4 ch., turn.

11th row: 1 dc. between 3rd and 4th dbl. tr. of the group, \* 4 ch., 1 dc. in 6th dbl. tr. of same group, 4 ch., 1 dc. in first dbl. tr. of next group, 4 ch., 1 dc. between 3rd and 4th dbl. tr. of same group, rep. from \* end with a dc. in last dbl. tr. of the row, 4 ch., turn.

12th row: 1 dc. in first 4 ch. lp., \* 4 ch., 1 dc. in next 4 ch. loop, rep. from \* to end, 2ch., turn.

13th row: (2 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr.) in first 4 ch. lp., \* 1 ch., 1 dc. in next loop, 1 ch., (2 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr.) in next loop, rep. from \* till end, fasten off White thread, join Red thread, 2 ch., turn.

14th row: 1 dc. in first 1 ch. sp., \* 3 ch., 1 dc. in each of next 2 spaces, 3 ch., 1 dc. in next 1 ch. sp., rep. from \* end with 3 ch., 1 dc. between last tr. and turning ch., fasten off the thread.

### Arms:

Join White thread to turning ch. at beg. of second row of tr. of

body 3 ch., 3 tr. in same loop (turning ch.) 4 ch., turn.

2nd row: 1 dbl. tr. in same place as 4 ch., 1 dbl. tr. in each of next 2 tr., 2 dbl. tr. in last tr., turn.

3rd row: s.s. over 2 dbl. tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 2 tr., 3 ch., turn.

4th row: 1 tr. in each of next 2 tr., 3 ch., turn.

Rep. 4th row twice more, omit turning ch. at end of last row, fasten off.

For the other arm, join thread to the other side of the body, one row lower than the first arm and work to match first arm.

### Smaller ballerina

#### Hat:

With White thread work 8 ch., turn.

1st row: 2 dbl. tr. in 5th ch. from hook, (2 tr., 1 dc.) in next ch., 1 dc. in each of next 2 ch., 1 ch., turn.

2nd row: 1 dc. in each st., (1 dc., 2 tr.) in the loop of turning

ch., 1 ch., turn.

3rd row: 2 dc. in first st., \* 1 dc. in next st., 2 dc. in next st., rep. from \* to end, turn and work 1 dc. into side of last dc., 1 dc. in next dc. (opp. side of the beg. ch.), 1 ch., 6 tr. in same ch. as the dc., 2 ch., turn.

4th row: 1 tr. in same place as 2 ch., 1 tr. in each tr., 2 ch., turn.

5th row: 1 tr. in next tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 2 tr., retain last loop of each on hook, thread over hook and draw through all loops, 1 ch., work next 3 tr. tog. as above, 4 ch., turn.

6th row: (1 dbl. tr., 1 ch., 1 dbl. tr.) in next 1 ch. sp., 1 ch., 1 dbl. tr. in next 1 ch. sp., (1 ch., 1 dbl. tr., 1 ch., 1 dbl. tr.) in same sp., 4 ch., turn.

7th row: 1 dbl. tr. in same sp. as 4 ch., (2 ch., 2 dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr.) 4 times, 2 ch., 2 dbl. tr. in loop of turning ch., 4 ch., turn.

Work next 3 rows as 7th, 8th and 9th rows of large ballerina, then work next 2 rows as 13th and 14th rows of large ballerina, working last row in Red thread.

Arms: Join thread as for large ballerina but work only 4 rows of 3 tr. each.

Similarly work the other arm. Work 10 ballerinas in all.

Continued on page 41

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

# Super Rin strikes whiter than any other detergent tablet or bar



Use it regularly — see how much whiter Super Rin gets your clothes — whiter than any other detergent tablet or bar... because Super Rin has a superior whitening formula. See for yourself.



More whitening power than any other detergent tablet or bar



# beauty bulletin

## LINES UNDER EYES

I am 29 and have fine lines under my eyes. How can I remove these?

N. S. S. (Cochin)

You should massage a good anti-wrinkle cream, specially formulated for under-eye area, every night. As the skin under the eyes is extremely delicate, it will need a gentle touch. Massage from inner corner outwards for a few seconds. Blot excess with a tissue. This will help to minimise the lines as well as prevent new ones from forming.

Try this home remedy. Mix a teaspoon of honey to the white of an egg. Mix well and apply on the lined area. Leave it on till dry, then remove gently with tepid water.

## FOR TIRED EYES

Sometimes my eyes get very tired, what should I do about this?

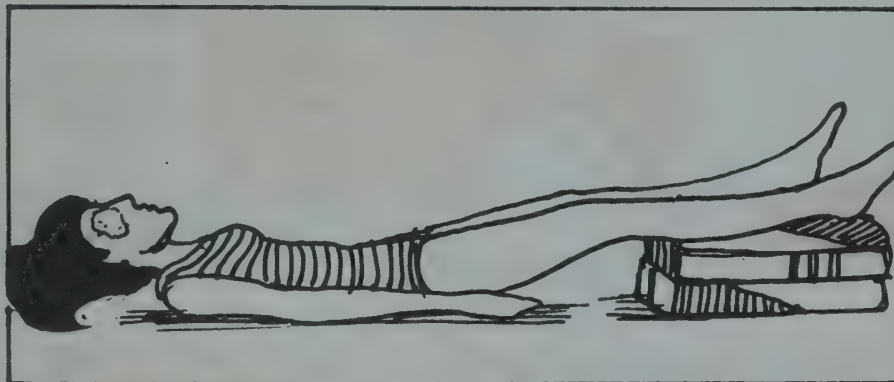
I have another problem — cracks around my heels which look very unsightly. Please suggest me a home remedy for them.

F.K.K. (Hyderabad)

The easiest treatment is to bathe your eyelids, temples and forehead in ice water to which a few drops of cologne have been added. Or dip cottonwool pads in chilled rose water and place them over closed eyelids. Lie down in a darkened room for about 10 minutes, propping your feet higher than your head.

Avoid reading in bad light, watching T.V. or doing any close

## ROSE WATER FOR EYES



work for long stretches without relief.

Cracks around heels is an ugly sight, specially when your feet are dirty. At bath time, rub your heels with soapy pumic stone and wash well. Every night before retiring take halves of a lemon and rub on the heels, then massage the area with coconut oil. A paste made of tumeric powder and mustard oil rubbed on the cracked areas is also helpful.

## HEALTHY TEETH

I have an attractive set of teeth and I want to keep them healthy. Any suggestions?

K.L. (Pune)

It is essential to brush your teeth twice a day — morning and at night before retiring — to keep them clean and healthy. Brush upper teeth downwards and low-

er teeth upwards, twisting your wrist slightly with each stroke to dislodge food particles. And remember never to brush teeth across.

You should also massage your gums daily.

Visit the dentist twice a year for check-up.

Keep sweets, starchy foods, soft drinks to a minimum as excess of these tend to harm the teeth, and eat a balanced diet.

Never use your teeth for opening bobby pins, breaking sewing thread and so on.

## REJUVENATING DRY SKIN

I am 39 and have dry skin. Can you suggest a face pack for my skin?

A.V. (Delhi)

Here is an inexpensive and effective remedy to rejuvenate dry skin. Take the yolk of an egg and a little olive oil and beat them well. Spread the mixture on the face and neck. Wait for a few minutes. When it begins to dry apply a second coat. Lie down for about 15 minutes. The mixture will penetrate your skin and improve your complexion. Do this weekly.

## passing through

Very much in love with Nepal and full of admiration for India and her people, Mrs. Fjola Edwards, wife of Jim Edwards, Managing Director of Tiger Tops Jungle Lodge in Nepal, is an active philanthropist in her own right.

Having been away from Iceland — her motherland — for a long time now, Fjola was nostalgic about her country. Coming from a family of hunters, fishermen and farmers, Fjola had spent an adventurous life, mostly outdoors. Brought up in idyllic surroundings, she learnt handicrafts from a very young age, which is natural in Iceland as the arts and crafts are handed down from generation to generation.

Determined to do something useful, she took up a teacher's

treks, and left for Nepal, which has now become her home and land of dreams-come-true.

Fjola's marriage did not bring an end to her welfare activities; she now assists her husband in the Tiger Tops Jungle Lodge, looking after the school and the

Most of the decor was planned by Fjola herself — her exquisite taste is reflected in the well-planned forest resort.

Though born in Iceland, her children, son Christian Bahadur and daughter Anna Tara, have been brought up in Nepal, and they speak English, Icelandic and Nepalese with equal fluency.

As a foreigner, she found it very difficult to start working in Nepal. "There is not much scope in the arts, unless you create something yourself. Once I tried to teach pottery but despite all my persistence and perseverance, I failed." But she has not lost heart; even today, she is interested in doing something for the people. At present, however, Fjola intends helping in regenerating a new town called 'Bag-lapore' as a project undertaken by a German association.

Besides the vast difference in lifestyles of the countries and Iceland, Fjola is really taken up by India and Nepal. She believes in spiritualism, transcendental meditation and yoga. "So peace giving," she says.

## FJOLA EDWARDS:

# FROM ICELAND TO NEPAL

Susmita Singhi

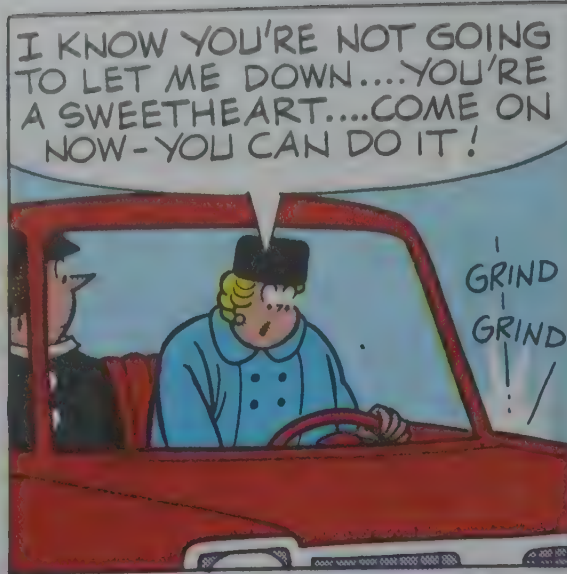
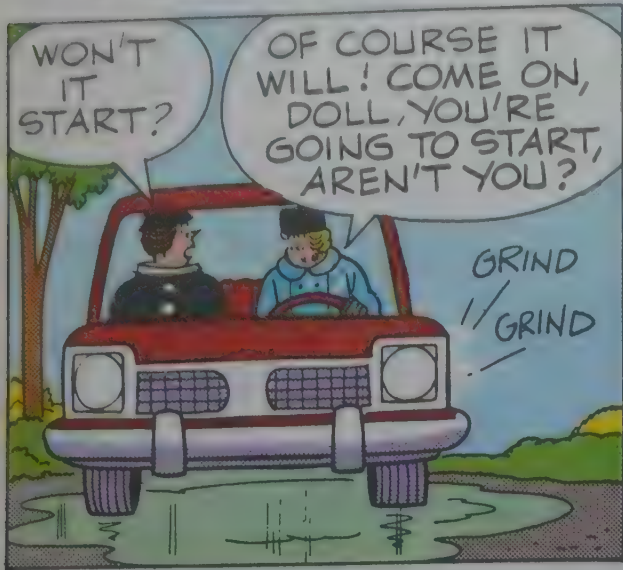
job in a mental home in Iceland where she established an excellent rapport with the patients by her patience and goodwill. She taught them crafts and found it a wonderful means of curing them. But her mission in her country was short-lived. Soon she married Jim Edwards, a British expert on safaris and



clinic. Her love for arts and crafts and her intense desire to create is now manifest in the luxurious comforts provided in the Lodge's free houses and bungalows, which are built with materials from the forest itself.

# THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



Mrs. Mulligan was in the witness box. The prosecution counsel indicated her husband.

"Do you mean to say that a physical wreck like your husband could give you a black eye?"

"He wasn't a physical wreck when he gave it to me."

An Irish magician made a feature of sawing a woman in half. After his retirement a friend asked him what had happened to his assistant.

"She's living now in Belfast and Dublin," he answered.

An officer was visiting a Scottish gun battery. During his tour of inspection he addressed a smart-looking soldier. "What would you do if the First Gunner got his head blown off?"

"Nothing sir," came the reply.

"Why nothing?"

"Well, sir, you see," he replied hesitantly, "I'm the First Gunner."

Two old cronies were discussing the good old days.

"Aye," said Tam, "nearly



all our old friends are gone, but Jock's the one I miss most."

"How's that, Tam?" asked the other.

"Because I married his widow."

Cohen was killed in an accident and Levy was deputed to break the news as tactfully as possible to his wife. He knocked on her door and she



came out.

"Pardon me, are you the widow Cohen?"

"Certainly not."

"Want to bet?"

A minister was taking a stroll around Leicester Square one Sunday morning when he came across a small crowd listening to a disreputable-looking youth playing a guitar and accompanying himself on the harmonica.

During a pause in the music, the minister said reprovingly, "Young man — do you not know the Fourth Commandment?"

"No, I don't," said the youth. "Whistle a couple of bars of the melody and I'll pick it up from there."

A woman noted for her explosive temper and angry outbursts finally died. At the funeral, the coffin was lowered

into the grave and the attendants started to shovel in the earth. Just as they were completing the job, a tremendous clap of thunder rent the air.

The woman's husband looked upwards and said, "Well — it looks like she's arrived."

A man called Agnew was posted to Central Africa. On arriving at his new post, he sent a telegram to his wife in London. Unfortunately it was delivered to another Mrs. Agnew by mistake.

Her husband had just died the day before so you can imagine her feeling when she received a wire reading, "Arrived safely this morning. The heat is awful."

A poetess luscious and trim

Indulged in a mighty strange whim;

When composing a sonnet She affected a bonnet

But stripped herself bare for a hymn.

Compiled by George Fegradoe

He started his film career as a villain. He went on to establish himself as a rugged, ruthless "baddie." He started with a negative role in "Man Ka Meet" and made an impact right from the very beginning. As the down-right hateful dacoit in "Mera Gaon Mera Desh" he still managed to make the girls in the audience swoon over his rippling muscles.

Nobody has ever called Vinod Khanna a bad actor. But it was

generally accepted that he was at his best when he was bad, i.e. he excelled as a screen villain. Even as a bad 'un, he had this habit of making the best of heroes uncomfortable in his towering presence. Rajesh Khanna for instance, acted in a film called "Aan Milo Sajna" where Vinod played the villain. Though Rajesh was the super star those days, he was still uncomfortable in Vinod's presence. Reportedly, they were not the best of friends during the making of the film

with V. Khanna often feeling that R. Khanna was full of complexes and difficult to understand.

While he concentrated on screen villainy in the bigger films, Vinod Khanna was offered (and accepted) lead roles in stunt films. B-grade films like "Nateerja" starred him in the lead.

Perhaps the first signs of Vinod Khanna's imminent stardom came when he did small but good films like "Achanak" and "Imtihaan". It was in films like these that his personality came through forcefully. Vinod Khanna attracted attention to the fact that he was perhaps the best choice going for a strong character who need not necessarily be the proverbial goody-goody hero or the proverbial all-bad villain for that matter. In fact, in a film like "Prem Kahani", it was Vinod Khanna who left an indelible mark on the audience with a small but effective guest appearance as a truck driver.

In spite of being accepted as an artiste who could carry a film as a hero, Vinod Khanna had to hang around waiting for that all important element, Luck, to come his way. Some time last year with the release and the resounding success of "Inkaar", Vinod Khanna at last reached out and touched Stardom.

We won't discuss futile things like numbers — whether it is Amitabh Bachchan or Vinod Khanna who is really Number One. If you ask me, there's room for both at the top and they're equally successful in their respective roles.

What is really important is that Vinod Khanna's transition from villain to hero brings home the point that the audience today is more willing to give a man a chance instead of putting him into the strait-jacket of "Villain" or "Character Artiste" and not letting him progress from there.

Where the character artistes are concerned, you have heroes of yesteryear (Pradeep Kumar, Premnath, Bharat Bhooshan, etc.) who have had to turn into character artistes (it's considered a demotion actually). Perhaps Pran is the only big ex-

ample of a successful villain making a total about-turn and becoming good with a vengeance. In fact, Pran had to make a conscious effort to turn good. Once, good friend Dev Anand went to him with the role of a villain and Pran had to turn it down "because it would have come in the way of my turning into a character artiste." It is only when Dev went to him again, this time with the small but terrific role of an immigrant, that Pran accepted his friend's offer.

While Pran switched over to character roles after a long and successful career as a villain, another young man who got tired of villainy and has made an attempt to become a leading man is Shatrughan Sinha. Like Vinod, he too has been accepted as a hero after the success of "Kalicharan".

Among the girls, perhaps only Mumtaz has been able to make the grade as a top heroine after several years of playing second fiddle to women less talented than her. One really can't forget that the fiery Leo who was advised by Rajendra Kumar to stick to side roles took up the challenge and one fine day acted as his heroine in "Tange-wala".

Though the success story of men like Pran, Vinod Khanna and Shatru and a remarkable girl like Mumtaz, is very heartening, the film industry still abounds in those who secretly desire to be lead players but continue to act in side roles. Currently, another successful villain, Amjad Khan, is trying his hand at playing the lead roles of "Adhura Aadmi" and "Lakhan". Ranjeet made a similar attempt in "Valmiki" and "Aadam Khor" (both unreleased).

You continue to have girls like Aruna Irani and Farida Jalal who are a thousand times more talented than Hema Malini, Zee-nat and Parveen put together. Yet they have to keep busy with roles that do no justice to their immense talent. This way, the film industry continues to be inexplicable in its success stories that are balanced by the stories of those that remain typecast for the rest of their lives . . .

# VINOD KHANNA:

## TALENT TRIUMPHS OVER TYPECASTING

N. Bharathi



## THE STORY SO FAR...

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

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

When she stopped to let off Todd, he made unwanted advances to her, which Barak Sorensen passing that way in his car, happened to see. The bad impression he had about Nicola was thus strengthened and the wrangles between them intensified. Nicola didn't confess the truth about Denise and Todd to Barak for fear of causing an estrangement between Denise and Barak, who were practically engaged. Meanwhile the portrait painting progressed. In spite of their heated exchange of words, Barak and Nicola were instinctively drawn to each other with a fierce physical attraction that led to intimacy.

## NOW READ ON...

Traugott's portrait was neglected that morning because his wife had assigned to him some last-minute shopping to be done in

Louis Trichardt, in preparation for the Braaivleis they would have that evening.

"There's no hurry, is there, Nicola?" he said when he excused himself after breakfast. "I must help. The women will be busy here, and Barak is out on the farm, so Peter and I must go into town."

"That's all right," said Nicola, though inwardly she chafed at the delay. She wanted to finish that portrait and return to the predictable ease of life in Johannesburg. The longer she remained here, the more she would weaken to the powerful, insidious magnetism of Barak Sorensen.

That evening she spent some time examining the clothes she had brought with her from Johannesburg. She didn't want to appear overdressed for the Braaivleis, but...well, Denise Graeme would be there and she would undoubtedly look wonderful. Long skirts, Ellen had said.

Eventually she settled for a slim petrol-blue skirt and a white blouse.

She didn't want to meet Barak alone, but here he was, apparently waiting for her, because now he stepped forward. Those strange grey eyes raked her appearance yet gave no indication of whether he approved.

He said casually, "You don't appear to have much sense of time. Most of the guests have arrived and everyone is already up at the fires. Or were you trying to gather courage?"

"What for?" she demanded, then rushed on in case he answered her. "You needn't have waited."

"Why not? I am your host," he reminded her, his glance amused.

Her foot encountered an unevenness in the grass, and Barak put out a hand to steady her. The contact had the immediate effect of reminding her of his caresses the night before, and, frightened by the sudden weakness that assailed her, she moved quickly away from him, keeping her distance as they walked on.

"Independent," he commented, drawling more than usual. "Or scared? What are you afraid of, Nicola?"

"I'm not," she protested wishing her voice wouldn't shake.

"I was right, wasn't I?" he went on inexorably, his tone deriding her nervousness. "It is involvement you fear."

"I don't understand you."

"You don't want involvement on my terms?"

"Not on any terms," Nicola said vehemently.

Denise approached them, looking as elegant as ever. She had achieved just the right degree of sophistication for such a party in donning a rich crimson blouse and a long cream skirt. Nicola

wondered ruefully whether Denise had ever made a mistake over her appearance. Had she felt worried about her looks when she had attended her first adult party? That wouldn't have been so very many years ago, Nicola reflected.

"Barak!" Denise exclaimed, coming to hang on his arm in a young and beguiling gesture. "What happened to you? I was getting quite concerned."

Nicola said politely, "Excuse me, please."

She hastened towards a group of people standing around the fires.

She was introduced to Hilary Baxter, who was a plain woman in her late twenties. Nicola noticed with compassion how her eyes followed her profligate husband, who was making himself charming to Peter and Ilse.

## PART FOUR

# walk in the shadows

Jayne Bauling

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

Nicola was accosted by Todd himself a little later.

"Hullo, Nicola darling," he greeted her. "How are you getting on?"

"Fine, thank you," she assured him abruptly. It was no use. He was one of those people whom she would find it impossible to like, no matter how many redeeming virtues she might discover in him.

"I wish I could see more of you," he continued in a low voice. "How about my taking you out for a drive through the mountains tomorrow? They won't expect you to work on a Sunday, will they?"

"I don't know, but I don't want to go out with you, Todd," Nicola said gravely.

The following morning, Nicola accompanied Ellen Sorensen and Peter Lewis to the Methodist church in Louis Trichardt.

When they returned to the

farm, Nicola headed for her bedroom.

She entered the lounge and her steps faltered, because Barak was sitting at the piano. He ran his strong fingers over the keys, producing a discordant jangle, then stood up as she started to cross the room. His dark face was grim and she was conscious of a feeling of trepidation.

"Well?" he asked, and there was something inexorable in the one word.

"Well what?" Nicola retorted, determined not to allow him to see the effect he had on her.

"I didn't have a chance to speak to you against last night," he said expressionlessly.

"No, you were fully occupied with Denise. You don't need to tell me." Nicola said drily.



"At least Denise doesn't feel she has to fight me all the time," he commented, and there was a flicker of humour in the ice-grey eyes.

"Perhaps someone should warn her," Nicola suggested.

"Warn her of what?" he enquired, leaning casually against the piano.

Nicola shrugged, exasperated. "Oh, I don't know," she said wearily. "But I shouldn't think anyone would find a relationship with you very rewarding."

"What gives you that impression? Do you know so much about me Nicola, when you've only been here such a short while?"

Her hazel eyes held mingled anger and confusion as she met his glance. "No, but I have discovered a few things about you."



*However strongly  
she wills it,  
Nicola finds it  
impossible to  
break the spell  
that Barak has  
cast over her*

"Such as?"

"Oh, what does it matter?" she said listlessly.

"But I'm interested," he mocked with a half-smile. "What commodity will Denise find me failing to bring to our relationship?"

Nicola's hands smoothed the skirt of her sunshine yellow dress which revealed the stiff tenseness in every line of her slim body. Wanting to hurt, she taunted, "It's not what you'll fail to bring, Barak, but simply the fact that you've never tried to rid yourself of the the past. I feel sorry for that girl — she'll always wonder if you aren't perhaps thinking of her sister. Isn't it because of her resemblance to Vanessa that you're almost engaged to Denise?"

Later everyone gathered on the driveway to say goodbye to the Lewis family, and little Erika, doing the rounds, gave even Nicola a brief hug before getting into the car.

"I'm so glad we know you, Nicola," she said, and the smiles of her brother and parents said the same thing.

As the car moved off down the drive, Nicola heard Barak murmur in cynical amusement, "You appear to have much the same effect on them as you do on Traugott and Ellen."

Barak went out again immediately after dinner, and Nicola supposed he was going to see Denise.

The schools re-opened the next day, so Melanie was absent in the mornings. She found herself deriving pleasure from the farm. She would help in the kitchen while Ellen and Sarah were busy, or she would sit on the veranda with Traugott and listen to his reminiscences about the past.

On the few misty days, work on the portrait was delayed, and Nicola took the opportunity to explore the area as well as Louis Trichardt with its old churches, bright gardens and many commemorative plaques and monuments.

Returning to the farm one such morning, she caught sight of a car in her rear-view mirror. It was the station wagon which Barak used for going about the farm, and he was at the wheel, which probably accounted for the fact that she suddenly found her nerves on edge.

She ground her gears as she took the last hill, and when she had parked the car, she found that he was still with her.

Barak fell into step beside her as she walked towards the house, and Nicola scowled.

"You're not a very good driver, are you?" he remarked casually.

"We can't all do everything perfectly."

"I've noticed that you're going out quite frequently. Still acting out the lingering death? Where do you meet him?" Barak asked coldly.

Nicola stopped and faced him, her hazel eyes dark with anger. "I am not meeting Todd Baxter, if that's what you are suggesting," she informed him in a tight voice. "I haven't seen him since the Braaiivleis."

"Where do you disappear to, then?" he asked, but he sounded so indifferent, as if he didn't care what the answer was.

"I've been exploring the district," she said tonelessly.

In her bedroom she sank down into a chair. Every short encounter with Barak left her feeling exhausted, and she wished more than anything in the world that she could escape from this place where everything seemed to conspire to destroy her nerves and wreak havoc on her emotions.

Nicola was alone in the lounge the following afternoon when Denise walked in.

"Nobody else at home?" the girl asked. She was wearing a turquoise dress which flattered her tawny colouring and the flawless, softly tanned skin.

"Nobody but Sarah and me," Nicola agreed.

She looked at Nicola very directly and said, "Do you know that Barak is interested in you?"

Nicola raised her head defensively. "How do you know that?"

"I'm not a fool and I learnt to look after my own interests a long time ago," Denise said impatiently. "It's the way he talks about you...or rather, the way he doesn't talk about you. I sometimes question him about you, but he remains adamant in refusing to discuss you."

"Do you love him very much?" Nicola asked. Denise must love Barak terribly if she was prepared to use her resemblance to Vanessa in order to keep him hers, she thought.

"Love him?" Denise echoed with surprising casualness. "I suppose so. I want to be his wife, anyway."

She stood up and walked like a graceful lioness to the piano. She ran a loving hand over its polished lid, while her tawny eyes swept round the room, over the beautiful old furniture and the wealth of art on the walls. There was a strange light in those eyes; a feverish and hungry greed, almost, Nicola thought.

For some reason it hurt her to learn that Denise apparently loved Barak's home more than she loved Barak.

At dinner Barak was looking strained, Nicola thought, eyeing him covertly. His dark face was shadowy, and harsh lines appeared deeply grooved, bracketing his hard mouth and interwoven about his eyes.

Nicola found herself wanting to go across the room to him, and touch his face; to draw the tenseness out of him and make him smile with eyes that looked only at her. She wanted to put her arms about those firm shoulders, and touch the dark hair, and feel the warmth of him, and see the ardour in his eyes, and know that for him, all thoughts of two tawny-haired women had melted away, and he was aware of only Nicola Prenn, who loved him.

Nicola's face was a pale, stiff mask as she came to self-knowledge. How had she travelled to reach this bitter loving?

And her despair was all the more painful for Nicola, because a new wisdom told her that there could be no going back along the road which had led her to this. You couldn't retreat from love.

To be continued

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



1. A swiny maxi, printed in a striking geometrical pattern has a plunging neckline and tie-up at the shoulders.

2. Simply seductive — a maroon body curving maxi has an embroidered dicky front. Billowy sleeves add to the richness with embroidered cuffs at wrist.

3. Catch the mood of young lovers — a green printed salwar kameez ensemble has a striking border on sleeves; while the other looks casual in blue harem suit printed in bold design and piped in white.

4. All set for the evening in floral printed organdie saree. Bold flowers adorn the pallav. Looking extra fresh in pale yellow, the checked saree has scattered flowers all over the pallav.

5. Looking prettier than ever in brown printed saree. The richness of the design and colour adds to the evening elegance.

6. Pink harem styled pant suit with a mandarin collar helps you to move freely and comfortably.



# FASHION ADVENTURE

Bring a little adventure into your life this season with the latest creations in nifty casuals that will catch many compliments from the envious eyes around you. Casual midis, feminine maxis and shape hugging harem suits have the maximum drapability in exclusive fabrics from "Vimal" and "Nirlon." These crease-resistant, uncrushable fabrics will take you confidently through the long hours of the day. The freshness and coolness of organdie sarees from Finlay's keep you feeling on top of the world. These outfits were displayed at the Fashion Show produced and directed by SHANTI CHOPRA at the recently held Galaxy Ball in aid of the Urban Community Development Centre's Charities.

5



6



4





I used to be such a socialite... fond of the giddy whirl. There was never a party or a dance I missed, appearing always at the eleventh hour accompanied by my debonair and dashing husband. I was proud of my own beauty, but more than that, I was proud of him. He was what was considered in the marriage circles as a good catch. Tall, fair with light brown hair and jet black eyes, a peculiar combination which sprang from his American ancestry. His father was an Indian who had settled in Los Angeles for years and had during the time married and divorced a nurse whom he met at the house of some business associates. She had left him when Don was barely three years old, but peculiar as it seems, she had not wanted the child. So Don had been brought up solely by his father — a fact that made him Indian to the core.

Don's father came back to India and in fierce rebellion against anything foreign, an antithesis to his earlier frivolity, became serious and dedicated to all things Indian—a fervour which took matters to the other extreme. He subsisted on fruits and milk, wore khadi and eschewed drink. The result of this was all the more evident in the growing Don, who grew more and more an introvert. He was brilliant and succeeded in his career more on account of his mental agility, than any real knack for making friends and influencing people.

We met at a highly technical seminar on air pollution and its hazards conducted in Bombay. I had been compelled to go along with my father because the original plan of dropping me at a picture house en route had fallen through due to non-availability of tickets. So my brother and I were lugged along to what we considered the worst affliction. It would have got late if father dropped us home and went to the lecture by himself.

We followed him down the aisle and got into some vacant seats at the back. We were late and the hall was crammed with people. What stuffy nuts, I thought to myself. Avidly waiting for the silly high-sounding thing to begin. They were testing the mike. Having nothing better to do I looked around the hall. They were a sorry-looking lot of men and women, except for one young man in the third row who swivelled himself right round to glare at us. My brother and I were making a racket and my father had disappeared for a moment to talk to some friend he had spied.

I stuck out my tongue at this uppity young man. To my horror he rose from his seat and began to come towards us. I nudged my brother sharply to warn him of the impending doom but he was wrapped up in some nasty wrangle with me. Soon the young man was standing in front of us.

"Excuse me," he said, "the seminar is about to begin and I must request you to be silent."

"Oh," I said with gumption, "and if we refuse?"

He was very fair and his ears turned red as a beetroot. He turned round quickly and

walked away from us. I thought he would go back to his seat. But to my consternation, he marched straight up to my father. I saw them from a distance conferring for a minute or two. They were looking in our direction but I could not make out what they were saying. When they had finished, the young man went back to his seat and father came up to us.

"Get up," he said without ceremony. My brother and I rose ponderously.

"Are we going home?" I asked.

"No," said my father. "Come with me."

We went down a long carpeted corridor to a wide glass door which opened into a well-furnished lounge. On the table were piles of magazines. Fun magazines. Sports. Films.

## OUR FATHERS' PRIDE DESTROYED OUR MARRIAGE



"Sit here both of you," said my father. "I'll fetch you when the lectures are over."

We must have sat there for two hours but it seemed like minutes. There were so many absorbing stories to read and pictures to see. What's more, in the middle of it all we were surprised by a bearer who brought two cups of ice-cream and deposited them in front of us.

"Sab ne bheja," he mumbled.

When my father came at the end of the lectures, I hugged him gratefully. "Thanks for the ice-cream," I said.

"What ice-cream?" he asked in surprise.

"Didn't you send us two cups of strawberry ice-cream?" my brother asked.

"No, I didn't," he said emphatically. He

looked at the empty cups lying on the table.

"I suppose they were meant for somebody else," he said, "and the two of you ate them up."

"But the bearer who brought them insisted they were for us," I cried.

"That's right," said a voice from the doorway. "They were for both of you."

We turned and saw the young man of the lecture hall, who had booted us out without a preamble.

"I hope you were not too bored," he said to me.

"Oh no," I said, "and thank you for being so thoughtful. The ice-cream was delicious."

"My name is Don," he said, "Don Jathar."

That was my first acquaintance with him. Thereafter we met quite often. He came over to our house. Sometimes he took my brother and me to movies, which must have been quite an effort for him because I learnt later that he hated them. He merely tolerated the torture of sitting through the two and a half hours of film because of me.

I still remember the time we went to see his father, a prim old man in khaddar, sitting cross-legged on the floor in an Indian style room, which was utterly devoid of furniture. He offered me a glass of milk which I gulped down just to please him. I would have much preferred a sherry. There were dry fruits of all sorts laid out and I picked at some of them. He asked me questions about my college and friends, my father and what he did.

"And your mother?" he asked.

"She's dead," I said.

He was momentarily lost with a far-away look in his eyes. Then he said, "Sometimes it is better that way."

"I beg your pardon?" I asked in surprise. His utter lack of sympathy struck me to the core. Don tried to slur it over with talk of the film we had just seen but I could see the old man was not with us.

When Don dropped me home in his convertible Ford, he said, "I'm sorry father was so blunt. . . he has had his problems. . ."

"Is he an eccentric?"

"No. It is a kind of reversal I might say. My mother deserted him when I was three years old and he has lived alone with me since then."

"Oh!"

"We were staying in Los Angeles in those days though I have scant memory of it. We have never gone back. She was an American and father has developed an aversion to all things foreign. . . even food and drink."

"Do you think he will object to our marriage?" I asked.

"Of course not," Don said, with a laugh. "Why should he? After all you're Indian to the core — like me."

I didn't say anything but I was suddenly afraid. Though both my parents were from staunch Indian stock, we had a Westernised upbringing. We went to dances and parties, dressed sometimes in Western styles like jeans and frocks; wore make-up and ate non-vegetarian food. Don and his father lived in a manner to which I was ill-accustomed. I didn't know if I would be able to cope.

"Don," I said, clutching his arm. "I'm scared."

"What are you frightened about?" he asked.

"I am not what I posed to be," I said. "I kept it up for a few hours. Will I be able to keep it up all my life?"

"It won't be so bad," Don soothed. "After all, father is not going to stay with us. I have already told him I will go and live in another flat when I get married."

"You have? Oh Don, you're so wonderful!"

We were married in November. So many of the girls in his office had been crazy about Don, that they all turned up at the wedding to see whom he was finally marrying. It was a grand affair and my father spent a lot of money on the show because I was his only daughter.

"Good riddance," said my brother to me, as I got into the car with Don at the end of the festivities. Then he winked at me to show that he meant it in jest.

The car drove away and I rested against Don's shoulder.

"Well, it's over at last," he said, flicking off some rice grains from my hair.

"It isn't over," I replied. "It has just begun."

The first furore came when Don began to look for a flat for us.

"Are you seriously thinking of going away?" asked Don's father. He looked pathetic when he said that. His face looked so crestfallen that I wanted to reach out and comfort him. For a week Don and I had been away honeymooning, and now we were back, dispelling the old man's loneliness. He was troubled to find this was going to be short-lived.

"Father," said Don quickly, "I explained everything to you in the beginning."

"I know, but Usha is different. When you spoke in general about marriage, I had not really visualised a daughter-in-law. Now that she has come in the form of a living angel, I wanted to have her around the house. It is so long since a woman's hands

have cooked our food, mended our clothes with personal attention."

"We have to go away father," Don said emphatically, "don't you understand?"

"No, I don't understand," said the old man like a stubborn child. "Why must you go away? This is such a rambling old house. What's the sense of going away and slumming it in a cramped flat?"

"It isn't a question of space father. . . it is a question of identity. . . of freedom. . . of respect."

"Don't I give you respect? Do I interfere with your life? You wanted to marry Usha and you have married her. I give you all the leeway. I won't come in your way. I promise. But please don't go away."

We couldn't do anything else when he pleaded like that.

---

*My frail old  
father-in-law begged  
of us to make our  
home with him because  
he needed my  
feminine touch, and  
then he wrecked  
our marriage*

---

The trouble began slowly, but flared up in no time like an all-consuming fire. One day my brother Ravi brought some of his friends over. There were some girls in minis. There was loud music and they danced away exhausted for half the night. They brought some fish with them which they insisted I fry, and it stank to high heaven in spite of my precautions to keep it from the old man's knowledge. More than anything I think this party whipped out the submerged personality in me which I was trying my best to bottle in this austere household. I began to dance too with Pavan, one of Ravi's friends. When Don's father stalked in disturbed by the sound we made, the lights in the room were dimmed, there was cigarette smoke all over and I was dancing a slow number with Pavan.

All activity ceased as soon as the old man made his appearance. There was a hushed silence and I disengaged myself from my partner's arms.

Don's father stared straight at me. I think he was more upset than he made out. His hands trembled and he could not speak. I was wearing tight jeans so as to be more free and I had left my hair open. What was worse, Don was not home to defend me. He was out on one of his perennial tours.

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded the old man when he had composed himself enough to talk.

"We were. . . we were just having a party," I said softly.

"You call this a party"? What sort of morals do your friends and you have. . ."

"You did say we could do what we pleased," I cried. "You gave us freedom to live our own lives without interference. You stopped us from going away."

"Shut up," he said. "Had I known you were like this, I would never have let Don marry you. . . You're filth. . . You should be ashamed of calling yourself a true Hindu. . ."

I fled from the hall into my bedroom which had been a haven for Don and me for so many happy weeks. Now everything had suddenly gone sour. I was sobbing when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked quickly, my tear-streaked cheeks shamefully hot, at the insult Ravi's friends had suffered. It was Ravi.

"Usha," he said softly, and now he didn't look childish and irresponsible anymore but terribly mature.

"You have stood enough," he said. "Come home with me this minute."

"No," I cried. "I cannot come. Don is not here. . ."

"I knew in my heart that this marriage would never work. I knew as soon as I saw the stuffy old man who's such an eccentric and a crank with his whims and conservative ideas, that you were not cut out for Don. . . but you had gone too far to care. . ." he said.

"Stop it," I cried. "Leave me alone."

Suddenly the old man was amidst us.

"Take her away," he told Ravi. "I won't keep her in this house for another moment."

Father was shocked to see us. I could only cry. But Ravi explained as best as he could what had happened. Father's face grew grim as he heard. He had brought us up with so much love and affection that he could not bear it when I was insulted so despicably in front of my friends.

Just then Don rang up.

"Usha," he said desperately. "Father told me a long involved tale. What happened?"

"Don. . ." I started to say, but felt the receiver whisked out of my hand. It was father. "Please," I began, "let me speak to Don. . ." But he put it coldly back in its cradle. I began to go out of the front door.

"Where are you going?" he asked me.

"I must see Don," I cried.

"You will do nothing of the kind," he snapped. "If he wants he will come here and deal with me first."

When he did come, father insulted him in the same manner as I had been. He called his mother a tart of the worst order and his father an incorrigible crank. I was kept in my room upstairs so that there would be no loving reunion. I don't blame Don at all for going away and never renewing the contact again. Maybe he thought I stayed in my room because I didn't want to see him.

I cried for days and even tried to correspond with Don, but Ravi was as adamant as my father when the talk of a reunion came up. My marriage to Don was broken up and sacrificed at the altar of a foolish pride between two old men — my father and Don's — who had never known real marital happiness — one on account of desertion and the other on account of death.



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"Entertaining always entails extra work, but it also brings an enormous amount of pleasure when two ideas combine in the preparation of dishes," remarked Mrs. Theresa Rodrigues and her young talented daughter Annette.

Fond of cooking from an early age, Mrs. Rodrigues brushed up her Continental as well as Indian cooking under experts. She also does a lot of creative handicrafts in her spare time.

Annette, a young college girl, is also a marvellous hostess. She perfected her culinary art under the guidance of her mother. She attends regular cookery classes and wishes to be an excellent cook like her mother.

With this common interest, both mother and daughter lovingly share their culinary talents and add a host of recipes to their collection.

## PERSONAL CHOICE:

# A LEGACY OF RECIPES— from mother to daughter

### MEXICAN DELIGHT

- 1 litre milk
- 6 tbsps. sugar
- 4 tbsps. China grass, chopped (dissolved in water)
- 1 cup isogel, boiled (isabgol)
- A few drops of rose essence
- Colouring essence (red or green)
- 1 pkt. pineapple jelly
- 1 pkt. strawberry jelly

Set the two packets of jelly separately in 3 cups of water. Boil the milk. Add in sugar and the boiled isogel seeds and

China grass. Mix well and let it cook on fire till China grass completely dissolves. Remove from fire and cool. Add in rose essence and separate the milk into two equal portions. In one portion add in green colour. Set this in a transparent dish. When set add in the next portion mixed with red colour, very carefully. Leave it to set. Chop the set pineapple and strawberry jelly. Mix together and place a layer on the above set milk mixture. Keep in the fridge to chill. Invert the jelly before serving and place

a tiny doll in the centre for decoration.

### SORPOTEL

- 1 kg pork meat
- 1 piece liver
- 1 piece kidney
- ½ cup pork blood
- 3-4 green chillis
- 1" piece ginger
- 4 onions, chopped
- Salt to taste
- Pork fat or oil for frying
- Small ball tamarind
- GRIND IN VINEGAR:
- 12 Kashmiri chillis
- 1½" piece cinnamon
- 6 cloves

- ½ tsp. mustard seeds
- 10 peppercorns
- 1 tsp. poppy seeds (khush khush)
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds
- ½" piece turmeric
- ½" piece ginger
- 15 large flakes garlic

Cut the pork fat in small pieces. Fry, drain and keep aside. Wash and clean the meat, liver and kidney and sprinkle it with salt and boil till tender. Remove the meat, liver and kidney and cut into small pieces. In a large frying pan put in the fat and fry the onions, till light brown. Then fry the meat pieces. Add the ground masala, green chillis, ginger and fry well. Add the stock, vinegar and tamarind water. Cover the pan and cook. Boil the blood with addition of vinegar and use it in the cooking.

### ITALIAN LAISGNE

- 1/2 kg mince
- 2 onions, finely chopped
- 1 tsp. ginger and garlic paste
- 2 green chillis
- 2 cubes cheese, grated
- 1 tomato
- 2-3 tbsps. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tbsp. chilli sauce
- 1 stick cinnamon
- 1 clove
- 2 cups spaghetti, boiled

### FOR THE CHEESE SAUCE:

- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- 2 cubes cheese
- 1 tbsp. flour
- 2 tbsps. butter
- 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tbsp. tomato sauce
- 1/2 cup water

### Salt and pepper to taste

Fry onions till golden brown. Add ginger, garlic paste. Add in spices and grated cheese. Mix in all the sauces and then the mince. Stir till the water from the mince dries up. Add 1 cup of water. When this water dries up remove from fire. Grease a baking dish, put a layer of spaghetti mixed with tomato sauce. Then put a layer of mince meat and then pour cheese sauce. Sprinkle grated cheese. Bake in an oven for 15 minutes.

### TO MAKE CHEESE SAUCE

Melt the butter, add in flour and keep stirring till the mixture becomes light brown. Add in cheese and stir well till it melts. Add milk, salt, pepper and then water. Keep stirring till it thickens. Remove from fire, add in egg and all the sauces. Mix till the mixture is smooth.

### SPANISH CHEESE RICE

- 100 grams butter
  - 1/2 kg fine rice
  - 2 tbsps. tomato pulp
  - 1 pint water
  - 2 spring onions
  - 100 grams cheese, grated
  - 50 grams ham, finely chopped
- Salt to taste

Chop the onions finely and fry in butter till light brown. Add the well washed rice and stir till dry. Add a little salt. Now put in the tomato pulp and stir for a few minutes. Then add water and cover the dekchi. Cook on high heat and bring to a boil. Cook on low heat till water is absorbed and the rice is cooked. Remove from heat and with a fork stir in half the cheese, ham and one finely cut onion shoot. Place on heat again and stir well with a fork.

### SHAKUTI

- 1/2 kg mutton or a small chicken
- 4 red chillis
- 1/2 tsp. cummin seeds
- 1/2 coconut
- 1/2 tsp. mustard seeds
- 1 1/2 tps. coriander seeds
- 2 cardamoms
- 15 pepper corns
- 1 nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. fenugreek seeds
- 1 tsp. aniseeds
- 4 cloves

- 1" piece cinnamon
- 1/2" piece turmeric
- 3 flakes garlic
- 2 medium sized onions, sliced
- 150 ml. oil
- 2 green chillis
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 coconut cut in small pieces
- 1/2" piece ginger
- Small size tamarind ball
- Salt to taste
- Few strands of mace (javantri)
- 1 petal of Dagad Phool

Cut the meat or chicken in 1" pieces. Add salt. On a tava, roast the red chillis, cummin seeds, mustard seeds, fenugreek seeds, coriander, pepper, nutmeg, aniseeds, cloves, cinnamon, turmeric, cardamoms, mace, Dagad phool, and the coconut pieces. Grind the masala (except the coconut pieces). Extract thick juice from 1/2 coconut. Warm the oil, fry the sliced onions. Add the meat, ginger, garlic, green chillis and fry till water dries up. Now add the ground masala and the coconut pieces. Cook with two cups of hot water with tamarind and sugar till the meat is tender. When nearly cooked add the coconut milk and cook.

### HAWAIN FISH

- 1 1/2 cup flaked fish (pomfret)
- 1 green chilli
- 1/2 ginger, crushed
- 2 flakes garlic, crushed
- 6 peppercorns
- 5 grams China grass
- 1/2 pint milk
- 1/2 tsp. pepper powder
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg powder
- 1 onion
- 1 tomato
- 2 egg yolks
- 30 grams butter
- Salt to taste
- 30-40 grams cheese, grated (optional)
- 1 tsp. olive oil (optional)

### FOR GARNISH:

- Red radish
- Parsley or coriander leaves
- Salad leaves, finely shredded
- 1 cucumber
- 1 tomato
- Mayonnaise of 2 eggs
- Cut 1" pieces of China grass

and soak in cold water overnight. In a dekchi put 1/2 pint water with the onion, tomato, salt, ginger, garlic, peppercons, green chilli, olive oil and bring to a boil. Add the flaked fish and cook till done. Drain fish and reserve stock. In a dekchi put in the strained stock and the China grass and cook till nearly dissolved. Add the milk and egg yolks and cook till it thickens. Put in the cheese and butter. Now stir in the fish, pepper, nutmeg, and salt to taste. Put the mixture in a ring or fish mould and freeze. Mix salad leaves with little mayonnaise. Arrange on a flat serving dish and unmould the fish mould. Garnish with cucumber slices, tomatoes, chopped parsley and radish.

### VEGETABLE CROQUETTES

- 1/2 kg green peas
- 1/2 kg potatoes
- 2 tbsps. gram dal
- 100 grams brinjal
- 100 grams cabbage
- 1 egg, beaten
- 4 tbsps. gram flour
- 1/2 tsp. pepper powder
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- 3 green chillis
- 1/2" piece ginger
- 2 onions minced
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 5 mint leaves
- 3 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped

### Salt to taste

### Oil for frying

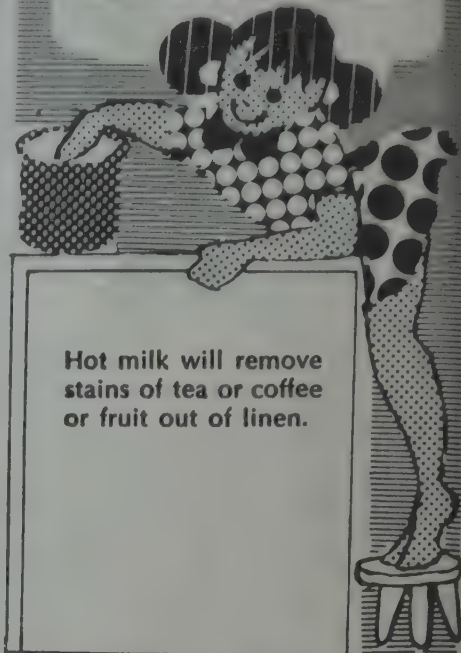
- 1 cup bread crumbs

Parboil the peas, potatoes, dal, cabbage. Cook brinjals in just enough water. Add a little salt. Squeeze out the water thoroughly from the vegetables and mince them together. Mix with finely chopped minced onions, chillis, ginger, coriander and mint leaves. Add pepper, turmeric and beaten egg. Mix in gram flour and baking powder. Make small balls of this mixture. Roll them in breadcrumbs. Flatten them. Fry till golden brown.

### SCANDINAVIAN SALAD

- 150 grams carrots, diced and boiled

## cuckoo lal



Hot milk will remove stains of tea or coffee or fruit out of linen.

- 150 grams french beans, diced and boiled

- 150 grams peas, boiled

- 2 cucumbers, cubed

- 1/2 kg potatoes, boiled, mashed and shaped into a small boat

- 1/2 cup cheese, grated

- 2 tbsps. carrots, grated

- 1 onion, chopped

- 1 tomato, chopped

- 3 tbsps. tomato sauce

- 1 cup spaghetti, boiled

### FOR THE CURD SAUCE:

- 1 cup sweet curds

- 2 tbsps. Worcestershire sauce

- 1/2 cup tomato sauce

- Salt and pepper to taste

Beat together all the ingredients for the curd sauce, till smooth. Mix the raw and boiled vegetables with 1/2 the curd sauce and keep it aside. Mix some tomato sauce with the spaghetti. Place the boat shaped potato in the centre of a rice dish. Place spaghetti with tomatoes sauce all around. Then place a layer of raw and boiled vegetables over the spaghetti. Pour the rest of the curd sauce over the boat shaped potato. Put some raw and boiled vegetables over the potato. Sprinkle grated cheese and grated carrot over the potato. Chill and serve.

## MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our weekly cookery contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize, 1) A non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) WEIKFIELD'S Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Ice Cream Mix Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A book, "Eve's Guide to Fashion, Beauty, Cookery and Child-care" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.

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



## recipes from our readers



Mrs. Sujata Mishra, N. Delhi.

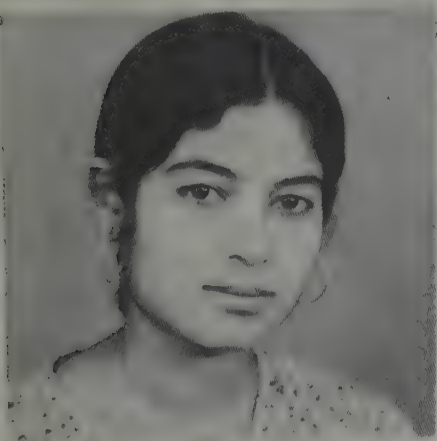
### MUSHROOM DIP

- 30 mushrooms
- 50 grams butter
- 10 grams cream
- 2 to 3 tsps. soya sauce
- Juice of half lemon
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste

Wash the mushrooms. Keep two aside for the garnishing and chop the rest finely. Melt the butter in a large frying pan, then add the mushrooms and cook them over a brisk heat until all the moisture has evaporated. Stir the mushrooms while they are cooking, so that it does not catch on the base of the pan. Leave to cool.

Put the cream into a bowl and beat it with a wooden spoon to soften it, then beat in the mushrooms with the lemon juice, soya sauce, salt and freshly ground black pepper.

Turn the mixture onto a serving dish and garnish with the two remaining sliced mushrooms.



Mrs. Parvin T. Rangwala, Bombay.

### STUFFED TOMATOES IN SAUCE

- 8-12 firm tomatoes
- 300 grams ground meat, cooked
- 1 onion
- 2-3 cloves garlic
- Salt and pepper to taste

#### FOR THE SAUCE :

- 500 grams tomatoes
- 3 tbsps. flour
- 1 tbsp. butter
- 1 tbsp. sugar
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Choice of bay leaf, cloves, or nutmeg for flavouring

#### FOR THE SAUCE :

Mash the tomatoes and stew over low flame for 15 minutes, stirring now and again. Put through strainer. Fry the flour until golden in colour and mix with the tomato puree, ensuring that there are no lumps. Put into a heavy bottom vessel and simmer. Add the butter, sugar, salt and spices and cook for another 10 to 15 minutes over low flame.

Slice the tops off the tomatoes and scoop out the insides. Chop the onion and garlic finely and

mix with meat, salt and pepper, and stuff the tomatoes with the mixture. Place in a deep pan, cover with sauce and bake for 30 to 40 minutes in a moderate oven. The sauce penetrates through the stuffed tomatoes, making them succulent and tasty.



Mrs. Jayshree Gopinath, Bangalore.

### MACARONI-PRAWN-CHEESE CASSEROLE

- 1 pkt. macaroni (boiled)
- 1/2 kg prawns
- 1/2 litre milk

- 3 eggs
- 4-5 tomatoes
- 2 onions, sliced
- 1 cup cheese, grated
- 3 tbsps. butter
- 1 tbsp. mustard powder
- 2 tbsps. tomato ketchup
- 1 tbsp. chilli powder
- 1 tsp. turmeric powder
- Salt & pepper
- 1 tbsp. cheese, grated

Shell and clean the prawns. Apply chilli, turmeric powder and salt. Fry in hot oil until golden brown. Drain on paper and keep aside.

Beat eggs till frothy. In the same pan fry the eggs until lightly set, remove and break into small bits. Mix the scrambled eggs, fried prawns into the boiled macaroni. (reserve a few prawns for garnish). Mix well. Add a little salt and pepper and keep aside.

#### FOR THE SAUCE :

Fry the sliced onions in butter, until light and transparent. Then add milk, mustard powder, to mato ketchup and pepper. Let it simmer on a low fire for 5 minutes. Add the grated cheese, and keep stirring till cheese melts. Remove the pan and let the cheese sauce cool. When cold pour over the macaroni. Add more pepper and salt if needed. Mix lightly.

Pour the mixture into a casserole dish and garnish with tomato wedges and fried prawns. Sprinkle grated cheese on top. Bake in a moderate oven for 30-40 minutes or until brown. Serve hot with a green salad.



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

#### LAMB PARCEL

- 2 kg leg of lamb
- Salt to taste
- 6 cloves

#### GRIND TO PASTE:

- 4 tomatoes
- 4 onions
- 4 cloves garlic
- 2" piece ginger
- 1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped

- 3-4 green chillis
- 3 tbsps. coconut grated
- 2 fresh figs
- 2 tbsps. blanched almonds or cashewnuts (optional)
- 1/2 tsp. saffron (soaked in 1 tbsp. hot water)

- 1 cup curd
- Juice of 1 lemon
- A small piece of raw papaya.

#### GRIND TO PASTE :

- 1 tbsp. coriander seeds
- 12 peppercorns
- 4 cardamoms
- 1 stick cinnamon
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds
- 3 cloves
- 6 red chillis
- A small piece of turmeric or turmeric powder

#### FOR GARNISHING:

- 6 peaches, halved
- Chopped nuts

Trim the leg of lamb and remove the excess fat and skin. Make a few gashes and insert cloves. Fry in oil till golden brown and place in a baking tray.

Mix the two pastes together. Apply this mixture all over the leg of lamb and allow to marinate for 4-6 hours. Sprinkle with salt and place in a hot oven for 20 minutes. Reduce heat and cook on slow fire turning occasionally till very tender.

Ten minutes before serving arrange peaches all around the leg and bake in a moderate oven. Serve sprinkled with chopped nuts.

## COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

### Revised Contest Rules

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

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

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

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

# A Dream of a Girl Hema Malini inspires a dream of a saree

The weavers of Marathwada  
inspired by  
Hema Malini's grace and  
beauty have now created  
Texcom's range of  
**HEMA MALINI SAREES**

Texcom resurrects and  
rejuvenates in Tex-Styles  
the rich heritage  
of the weavers  
of Marathwada.



*Best wishes*

*Hema Malini*





Devi

The Juhu Khans, like the Congress, have split into Khans (F) led by Feroz and Khans (S) led by Sanjay, with brother Akbar Khan sitting on the fence and Zeenat Aman available to both the parties, e.g. Feroz's "Qurbani" and Sanjay's "Abdullah".

And when the S. camp, through their socialite satellites, sent out the news that Zeenat and Sanjay got married according to Muslim rites, the Nikka ceremony was held in Bangalore, etc. and as the satellites circulated well,

## ZEENAT-SANJAY Wedding Rumour

the news spread and, like filmdom which believes every rumour, I believe in miracles.

Being a woman, I also believe in whims and fancies, so I rang up her mother. She told me on the phone to laugh over it and go back to sleep. As I do not sleep at 10.30 a.m. I continued to chat with her.

Mrs. Aman insisted that she knows her daughter well, and why should Zeenat marry a father of four children, etc. She emphasised that the rumour was spread by Sanjay's, rather Zarine's socialite friends. Why, it could be Sanjay himself.

I mean, in filmdom it is not a rare phenomenon to see an actor-director dating his leading lady. But when it leads to an unusual thing like a Nikka story, only two people could have spun it — Zeenat or Sanjay. But Zeenat has nothing to gain (and she is not the type who has a flair for self-destruction) and Sanjay has everything to gain (he has the intelligence to appreciate gains).

But I feel nothing is impossible. After all, it is Society which puts these norms — like father of four, married man, unsuccessful star, etc. Like Rajesh all along wanted to marry Anju, but Society thought someone like Dimple would be better, and Society wanted Anju to weep in black and marry a nonfilmi man who would be "sincerely yours". But Anju married Imtiaz who sacrificed his first wife and dissolved his first marriage and affairs for her sake.

# THE SUPERIOR SEX

Anurag Roy

Has this ever happened to you? Sitting on a comfortable seat in a DTC bus on your journey back home from the tiring office routine, your thoughts and imaginations focussed on something sweet, you are suddenly jolted into the present by a very polite "excuse me" from a young lady who reminds you that the seat you are sitting on is a ladies' seat. How do you react at such a moment? Do you very politely vacate the seat to avoid any embarrassing comments from people who are always looking for such opportunities, or are you determined not to act against your principles of equality and therefore keep sitting? Whatever your attitude may be, I am sure you will agree with me that ladies' seats have often created unpleasant scenes and made people exchange bitter words. It is always a pleasure to offer a seat to a disabled person, an old person, a pregnant woman, or one carrying a child, but if a young, able-bodied girl comes and howls at a man, even an old and infirm man, sitting in a ladies' seat and reminds him that she has a right to it, that he is not entitled to the honour of the seat, is her claim justified?



special seats for women? Does it not constitute a form of discrimination, however positive the consequence, in terms of travel comfort?

Some time back, during the International Women's Year, when the flames of the slogans for equality were hot, I suggested to the authorities that they abolish the seats reserved for women in public buses. The authorities probably reacted to my appeal by increasing the number of ladies' seats from four to ten instead of abolishing them. How do the feminists justify the reservation of

To change the topic somewhat, I personally consider women "The Superior Sex," with whom men can never compete. The woman is the Absolute. To me it seems that the slogans with which women demand equality were, in fact, meant to uplift the status of man and to bring him at par.

At times, when there are bitter controversies over the equal rights of two sexes, one does feel that life would have been more peaceful, and maybe more pleasant, had God created only one sex. However, I am reminded of a wise man's story which explains that in the original state there was only one sex. Man was composed in totality with two heads, each looking in opposite directions, two pairs of eyes, legs and arms each. Terrible was the strength and might of this being. However, life became so dull and monotonous that men protested and attacked the kingdom of the gods. The gods refrained from killing them, because such an act would annihilate the human race. Finally they came up with an idea: to cut man into two halves and thus reduce their strength to half and mend their manners. After the division, each half, desiring and searching for the other half, forgot their war on the gods. And when one half finds the other half, making one of the two to form the original state of Man, the pair is lost in the amazement of love, friendship and intimacy. And life has ever since become a wondrous and interesting phenomenon.

## CALLING ALL MEN

There have been many complaints — some irate, some aggrieved and some righteously indignant — that women's magazines often make digs at men without giving them a chance to counter the accusations, proffer explanations and justifications, or present the male point of view.

To remedy this situation of reverse discrimination, and to give the "much-maligned" sex a platform from which to hold forth, we introduce a monthly forum for our male readers.

To ensure coherence, we will set a particular topic for each

month and you rush us your say by the appointed deadline.

Since we go to press several weeks ahead of date of issue, we will have to skip July and start the forum in August in order to give you sufficient time to get your thoughts and words together and to allow for the vagaries of the mail system.

So here's the topic for the August forum:

**"IF ANYONE IS DISCRIMINATED AGAINST, IT'S THE MALE OF THE SPECIES."**

This is your chance to tell it like it is (according to you) and to air all your grievances.

Each write-up should not exceed 300 words, so that a maximum number of views can be published.

The write-ups for the August forum should reach our office by July 15, 1978, at the latest.

Please mark "Male Forum" on your envelopes. Please note that we do not undertake to return write-ups we are unable to use.

We will announce the topic for the September forum in one of our July issues. Look out for that too.



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as a  
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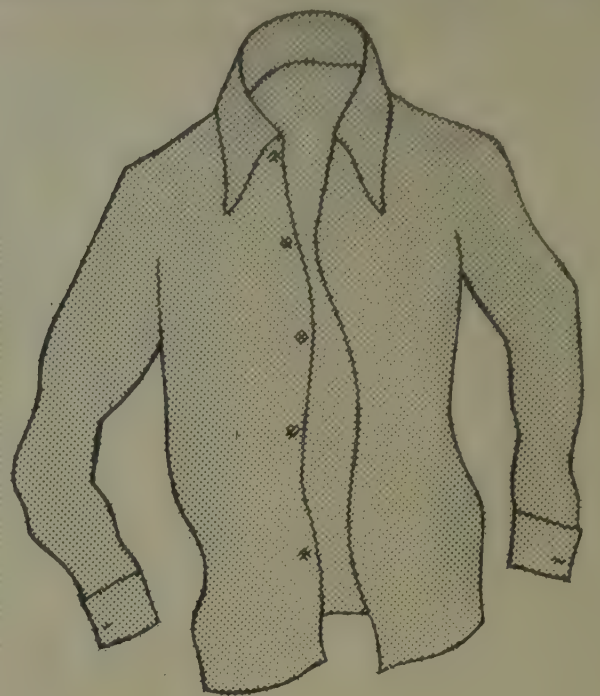
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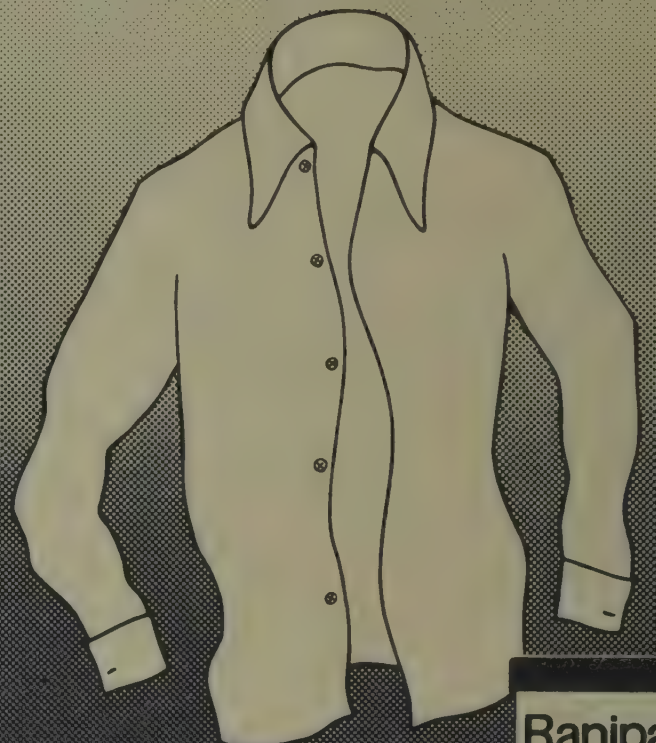
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 every wash



**Ranipal-S**

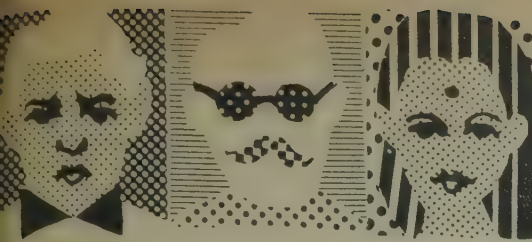
whitener for  
 synthetics and  
 blends



**Ranipal-S**

the whitener for  
 synthetics and blend  
 (because no washing powder  
 contains a special whitener for  
 these special fabrics).

Ranipal-S whitens synthetics bes



## people known

then considered impossible because of the rarefied atmosphere at that height.

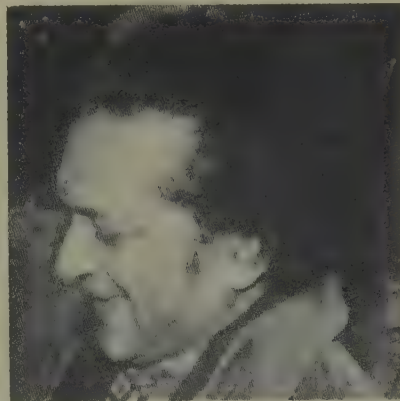
The 65-year-old but still sprightly Tenzing (chief guest at the inaugural function) wrote in the souvenir brought out for the occasion that the controversy over who first stepped on the summit, he or Hillary, was utterly sterile. "To a real mountaineer," he said, "this question makes no sense as climbing is always a team effort... Hillary and I reached the summit almost together."

In the last fortnight of May, Tokyo witnessed an unusual happening in the world of music that is perhaps also an all-time first in its particular genre. Ravi Shankar joined with two eminent Japanese musicians, Hozan Yamamoto (who plays the "shakuhachi") and Susumu Miyashita (a noted "koto" player) to record an LP for Polydor. Such a combination of Indian and Japanese classical music was hitherto unheard of, according to Mr. Wunder Wald of Polydor. In fact, while Western and

Indian music have often come together at both the popular and the classical levels, such cooperation between Indian and Far Eastern music is largely non-existent. Professor Fumio Koizumi of the Tokyo Art University acted as adviser to the project. The music—both the Indian and the Japanese components—was completely composed and arranged by Ravi Shankar.

For some reason male Janata leaders seem to be allergic to women in the upper echelons of the party. Ministers Sushma Swaraj in Haryana and Shyama Sharma in Himachal Pradesh were subjected to a good deal of humiliation and ill treatment. Mrs. Nandini Satpathy, a Janata leader and former Chief Minister of Orissa, is facing a series of charges over her past misdeeds and has complained to the Prime Minister that she is being harassed for political reasons. The latest victim of this male hostility is Mrs. Hemaben Acharya, Health Minister of Gujarat. She was publicly accused of corruption by a Janata M.L.A., Mr. Basanji Thakrar.

He has not revealed on what this accusation is based and Mrs. Acharya is justifiably furious. She has demanded an inquiry into the charges to clear her name. The Gujarat Janata party's reaction to this has not been instantaneous. But now the party has threatened Mr. Thakrar that if he fails to prove his charge, disciplinary action will be taken against him.



has taken place right inside the ruling family — an event that has not taken place since over 400 years ago King Henry VIII indulged in multiple marriages and, to meet his desire to divorce Anne Boleyn, turned his country Protestant.

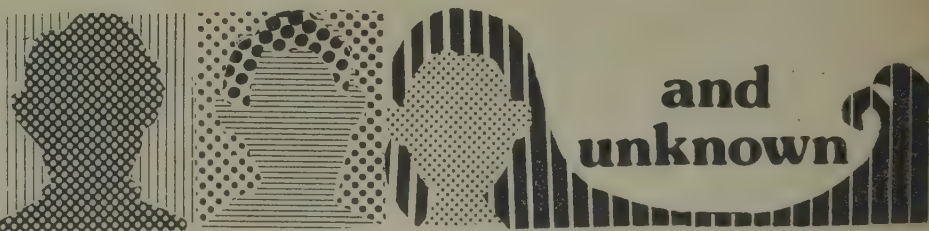
Princess Margaret, Queen Elizabeth's swinging younger sister, has been granted divorce from her estranged husband Lord Snowdon after 18 years of marriage. Of course, Queen Victoria would not have been amused, but then one cannot blame the princess either. After all, she sacrificed her happiness to her family's prestige when she agreed not to marry Group Captain Peter Tournsend because he had divorced his first wife. Now, at 43, in a world where every kind of moral aberration is condoned and accepted, she certainly has a right to a fling at life on her own terms.

And even more remarkable than this historical event is the style in which it took place. It was a perfect example of democracy in action. And it also demonstrated that while Britain may have shed its greatness, it still retains its unflappability, that the British still face disasters with the traditional stiff upper lip.

No Royal Commission was appointed, no special session of the House of Lords was called. It took less than two minutes in the London High Court for the judge to grant the divorce and the princess was one of 27 who were granted divorce that day another being Mrs. Laura Knowles, a charwoman.

May 29, 1978 must have been a day of mixed pride and nostalgia for Sir Edward Hillary and Tenzing Norgay when Nepal celebrated the Silver Jubilee of the conquest of Everest by man's indomitable spirit. It was on this day, 25 years ago, that these two achieved the feat of standing on the world's highest peak. Till then all the heroic efforts to scale the Everest had ended in disappointment or disaster.

Since then however, the proud peak has been trodden by many a human foot, both male and female and from both its north and south slopes. And the latest team to climb the Everest, only a short six weeks ago, did so without benefit of oxygen, till



## and unknown

The woman is not only unknown, but even her name was not mentioned in the news item. After all she is only a nanny working in West Asia. But she administered a very necessary lesson to the men of what is humorously called the emigration protection office. The way these men protect the hapless emigrants going to West Asia is to prevent them from entering, or offload them from, the plane in which they have booked their tickets, on some pretext or other even if their papers are in order. Unless they part with some considerable cash to go-betweens, they must watch their plane flying away without them and with that, their jobs too.

They did this to the nanny at the Santa Cruz airport, but instead of wringing her hands and shedding piteous tears or opening her purse, she walked to a telephone, rung up somebody and the next thing that happened was an official from a consulate entering the airport and inquiring why she had been offloaded from the plane.

The red faced protectors of emigrants beat a hasty retreat and the nanny left for West Asia. How could they know she was working for a consular officer?

Compiled by: K. S. Rao

"Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." And no crowned head is easier today than the Shah of Iran's. As it is, no absolute monarchy can feel secure with the U.S.S.R. as its neighbour. Already violence has erupted within the country because his subjects are unwilling to accept any longer his strong, personal rule.

And now a new threat has raised its head on his flank with the communist take over in Afghanistan. It is not a military threat of course, but it is none the less dangerous for that. Iran has a large Baluchi population and nearly a million Pakhtoons working in the country. And these two fiercely independent tribes have been restless in neighbouring Pakistan demanding self-determination.

Even under President Daoud, Afghanistan was encouraging and supporting the Pakhtoon and Baluchi demand for



independence. Now the new rulers may be expected to increase the pressure. Simultaneously, Pakistan, on whom the Shah depended to contain tribal unrest, has become a broken reed with its very integrity hanging by a thread (the hangman's noose in fact).

If the Pakhtoons succeed in seceding and joining their tribal brethren in Afghanistan, the Baluchis will certainly follow suit and demand a separate Baluchistan for themselves and the Baluchis across the border in Iran. No wonder the Shah has gloomy forebodings of a possible communist take over of his country, too, if his subjects continue to indulge in riots and rebellion. He has warned them accordingly.

Finally, that citadel of rigid respectability, the British monarchy, has fallen to the ruthless march of time. A divorce

It was a hot airless summer day, slowly dragging itself into a tired summer evening. I was mooning about the house because I had no original, brilliant idea to write on. My articles and stories had been bouncing back with dismal regularity. At moments like this I'm apt to go where gravity leads me and that's down in the dumps.

Suddenly the door burst open and a small cyclone hit the room. The long pallav of a bright red saree got entangled in the wire stalks of our faded-out artificial roses, knocked down the vase, and dragged the flowers with it. The human tornado then flung itself on my mother, nearly bowling her over. But mothers are made of sterner stuff and my mother, a woman of spirit, returned the embrace with gusto, partly to save herself from falling back, but mainly because she never likes to be outdone in courtesy and good manners and affection. I could see by the expression on her face that she hadn't the least idea whom she was hugging. It had all happened so quickly.

There followed in the wake of the cyclone a pale, nondescript man wearing a foolish grin and carrying a tin trunk which had seen better days. He touched my mother's feet and introduced himself and his wife. The human tornado who just couldn't stop her tears of joy, suddenly realised her omission and sank down to touch my mother's feet, knocking down a small stool in her enthusiasm. My mother blessed them and then I heard her saying, "Acchha acchha, from Chandangarh. And how's Babujee and Ammajee? It's been so long. Nearly ten years since we went to the village."

My first confused impression was of someone small and round and dark. I got a better look when she turned towards me. Then to my consternation she was advancing upon me with her arms open.

"Hallo," she said. "I'm your cousin Champa."

I was trapped and, as I have horror of hugging and embracing, I sought feebly to divert her attention.

"Hallo!" I said, pointing to the artificial flowers still clinging to her pallav. "Why are you wearing flowers in your pallav, why don't you wear them in your hair?"

But this didn't stop her for a moment. She just smiled a wide smile showing very white teeth in a plain rustic face. Then I was caught in a bear hug and enveloped in a frightful smell of mustard oil. I extricated myself as fast as I could, hitched up a polite smile on my face, and started talking of irrelevant things. My chit-chat was not particularly bright — it was not even chit-chat. But I needn't have bothered, because Champa

met her match in my mother. The two of them chatted well into the night, and I thankfully escaped.

The next morning my mother informed me that Champa wanted to go around the city. She had never seen Delhi before. Her husband had left early in the morning on some important work.

"You'll be a dear and show her around, won't you?" my mother asked.

"Why me? Why can't the others go with her?" I argued.

"Because," she replied apologetically, "they've got to go to school or college and you're the only one who has nothing important to do."

No one, of course, took my writing seriously. "It's a passing phase," they'd say, "she'll get over it."

"That's right," I said, with the air of a martyr. "Throw it on my face. Just because I'm one of the educated unemployed, I've got to do all the dirty jobs of this household."

But my mother was looking at me with that special look in her eyes and because I'm weak and spineless I capitulated.

"Oh, all right," I said. "When do we start?"

"As soon as Champa has packed her basket."

"Why on earth does she need a basket?" I thought irritably. But I had agreed to go through with it, and it didn't matter now if she carried a basket or the whole goddam world.

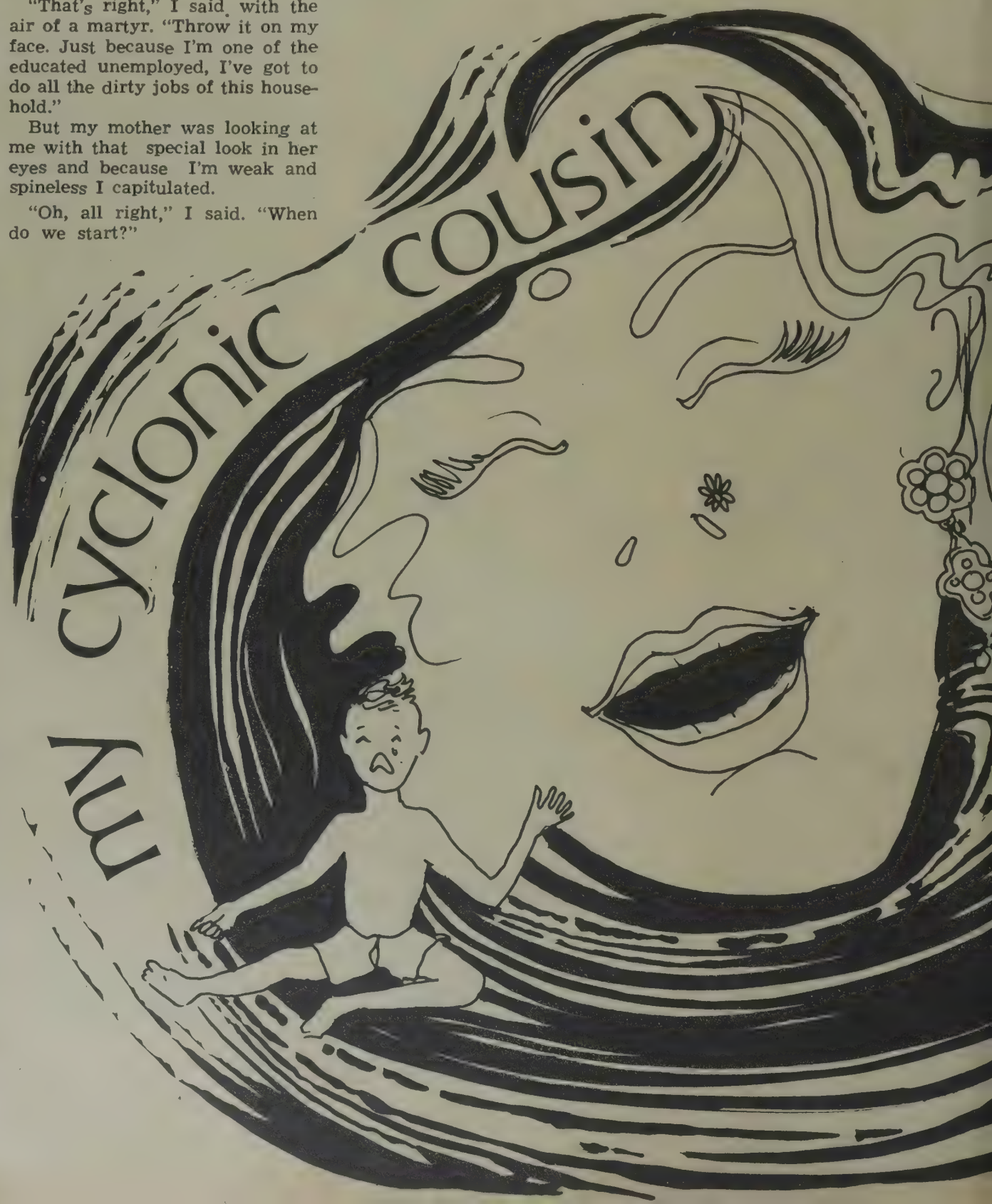
First of all, Champa wanted to buy sandals. We went into a shoe shop. The shop man glanced scornfully at Champa's foot and called to a hidden confederate, "Ramu! Send up a large pair."

After squeezing her feet into a pair of very high-heeled sandals, Champa galloped up and down the shop to see if they fitted. She insisted on wearing the new ones during the rest of the trip.

My worst fears were realised as soon as we stepped out of the shop. Champa couldn't walk on high heels, and she was going to

make an exhibition of herself. She walked uncertainly at first, lifting her foot a good six inches with every step. When she tried to walk normally she bent violently to one side and then to the other. At times her arms flew in the manner of doing the "jerk." So absorbed was she in keeping her equilibrium that she didn't notice a banana skin on the ground. When with the new sandals and the slippery skin, she skated for about five feet and then came to rest heavily on her seat. I rushed after her and helped her onto that uncontrollable part of her anatomy — her feet.

"Why don't you wear the flat ones now and try these at home?" I ventured, and then, seeing her face beginning to fall, added hurriedly, "You're doing pretty well already, but it'll take some practice."



Her face lit up at the praise and fired with ambition, she started again. For a long time I patiently steered her along, while she lurched and skidded, waving her arms, grabbing and clutching and bowing as a sovereign to her subjects, to the amusement of the people around. Finally she mastered the art of retaining her balance and then proceeded to enjoy the scene from her superior height.

"It's pretty easy once you know how to do it," she observed proudly.

And I felt a sneaking admiration for this village girl, who hadn't waited to practice in some dark room at home for fear of ridicule. She had done it here, in the middle of the bazaar, undaunted by the unkind remarks and mocking glances — and she had triumphed. But I was interrupted in these



reflections by the approach of the bus and the rush of the crowd towards it. It being a Tuesday, Champa insisted on going to the Hanuman Mandir first. There was a huge crowd of devotees, but we nevertheless managed to get in. After lying flat on the floor with her face down for about two minutes, Champa inquired of the panditjee:

"What about the aarti?"

"The aarti's in the evening," he told her.

"Well, we can't wait that long, let us go," I said.

"I can't leave my puja incomplete!" she replied.

"Then say it yourself," I whispered fiercely, hoping that she'd do it in her mind and finish off with it. But Champa being what she was, she started solo and aloud. Undaunted by the glares of the panditjee, she sang on lustily. The other women soon joined in and the men provided the bass.

I wondered uneasily at the crowd of people outside in the sun, awaiting their turn. It wouldn't have surprised me if they'd

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**SHE WAS ONLY  
AN IGNORANT  
RUSTIC, BUT SHE  
HAD THE HUMAN  
QUALITIES THAT CITY  
LIFE HAD DRAINED  
OUT OF HER  
SOPHISTICATED  
COUSIN**

Rita Sharma

---

started shouting slogans and creating a general disturbance. However, my fears were unfounded and nothing untoward happened outside. Inside the temple, the notes of the aarti grew higher and higher in unison with the bells and resounded against the ancient walls. I dropped all controls and surrendered to the moment. It ended all too quickly.

Just as we were about to leave, we saw a small boy standing near the fountain. He was crying and was obviously lost. I looked at the kid sympathetically and was about to walk on. But not so Champa. She picked up the little boy and asked him what the trouble was. He kept crying. So back we went to the temple. Champa bought him a balloon and his tears dried up.

"Now that he's stopped crying, let's put him back and go."

"Put him back? Where?" Champa asked blankly.

"Why, where we found him, of course. His parents might have left him there," I retorted.

"You must be joking. This child is lost. We can't put him back there and we can't go either, until we find his parents," she said firmly.

"Well, all right," I mumbled. "Have it your way." And prepared myself for a long and futile wait.

Time passed, as it usually does. Champa played with the little boy and I kept asking around if anyone had lost a kid. Then a man with a camera came round to where we were standing.

"May I take a photograph, please? I'm entering for a photography competition," he explained.

"Why sure, you're welcome," I simpered striking a pose.

"I'm sorry, I don't want yours," he replied ungallantly. "It's hers I want." He pointed to Champa.

"What cheek, fancy choosing plain old Champa instead of me!" I thought, furious. But my annoyance dissolved when I saw Champa. I gave the photographer full marks for spotting that rare moment of real joy — Champa was holding the child in her arms. Her head was covered with her red saree and the tikka glowed red on her forehead. Both she and the child were looking up at the balloon in the sky. The child was laughing and Champa's face reflected that joy.

Champa suddenly became aware of the photographer. When I explained what he was doing, she smiled and asked the man to take more photographs of the little boy. To please her, the man took a few more photographs. Meanwhile, a small crowd had gathered around. We were suddenly startled by the shrill shriek of a woman who shrieked, "Munna Munna." She pushed her way through the crowd and clasped the little boy to her bosom.

"Thank God I've found you," she murmured brokenly. Then she called to a harassed-looking man. "It's all right. I've found him. These nice people have been taking care of him."

Her hand dived into her bag, and I thought, here comes the reward. She took out a handful of prasad and gave it to Champa and me, her face aglow with gratitude. It had been worth waiting in the sun for that extra hour, just to see that look on the mother's face.

"Where now?" I asked.

"Chandni Chowk."

"Let's take a scooter. I have some money."

"Let's take a bus. It's more fun."

"Okay, you're the guest."

We managed to push our way into a crowded DTC bus. It was bad enough being packed like sardines, but it was worse when the driver braked and the standing passengers came together in a passionate embrace. But Champa seemed to be enjoying every

moment. She was using my back as a convenient dholak to beat a rhythmic tattoo in time to the song coming through a transistor. Even in buses people couldn't do without the Vividh Bharati. Just then the driver braked, cursing roundly, and the sudden change in momentum precipitated the transistor to the floor, where it gave a gurgle and died out.

There was a short bar of silence, then Champa's voice.

"Why has it stopped? That was a very nice song."

The owner twiddled the knobs, shook the box, thumped and prodded in vain. "Bhai Saheb, why don't you put it on?" Champa poked him with her finger. He turned round and scowled at her. "Why don't you sing yourself, if you're so interested?" he said rudely.

"Yeah, why don't you?" piped up another voice, mockingly.

Champa wavered.

"Come on, Begum Sahiba," said a smart alec. "Start the wind instrument."

"Irshad, irshad," echoed a few.

"A seat for the Prima Donna," and Champa was offered a seat. She sat down smiling amid feeble clapping. Everyone turned in their seats to look at her with amusement. My ears were red with embarrassment and I would have slunk under the seat, were it possible.

Oh the simple-minded imbecile," I thought. "Can't she understand?"

I knew these people were making fun of Champa. They were out to amuse themselves at her expense, taking advantage of her simplicity and village innocence. Of course they'd never listen to her, only make unkind remarks and wisecracks. But before I could warn her, she had started.

Above the drone of the engine came Champa's voice. She sang a catchy little village song.

There was no mocking, no jeering, no wisecracks, just pure enjoyment. Champa had turned the tables, without realising it. When she sang the refrain, the passengers sang with her, clapping their hands to the beat.

I was struck by the look in Champa's eyes. There was courage in them and dignity and purpose. And a kind of triumph too, as if they contained a valuable secret.

Finally we set off towards Chandni Chowk.

"Well, we're here. What do you want to buy?"

"Nothing."

"What do you mean, nothing?"

"I can't buy anything. I have no money."

"Oh...well then why did we come here? This is a shopping centre."

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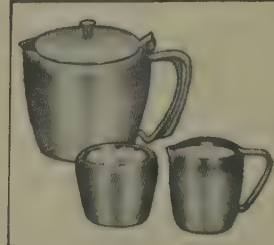
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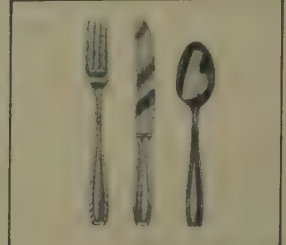
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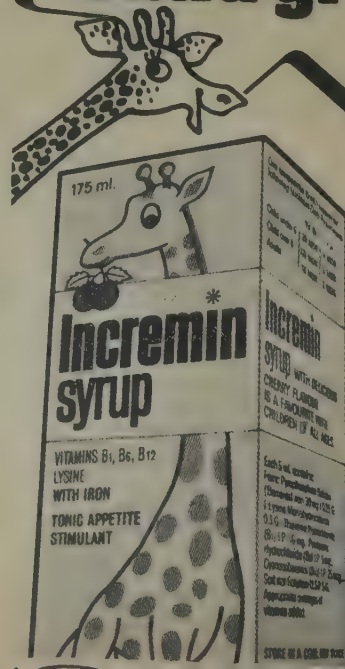
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## MY CYCLONIC COUSIN

"I know. I came here to look at the shops and all these people."

We didn't have any money. But money is no object when we didn't plan to buy. We window-shopped at the most expensive shops, walked up and down Dariba Kalan, pressing our noses to the window panes of the jewellers. We looked yearningly at the beautiful jewellery, and made a list of all the things we'd buy if we were millionaires. We stared at the lovely sarees in the show-cases, and the beautiful handbags and elegant sandals. Then Champa bought a pair of long dangling earrings for eight annas from a pavement vendor.

A lady dressed in a heavy red and gold saree, loaded with necklaces and bangles and earrings, plodded heavily into her car. She was sweating profusely in the afternoon heat, and really looked ludicrous in the midst of so many skinny and half-starved people.

"I bet she wishes she had two pairs of ears, and two noses and four pairs of hands and an elastic neck to load on more jewellery. And if she wasn't so fat already, she'd probably wear two sarees," someone said.

And we both laughed aloud. Champa took our imaginary shopping list from my hand, and tore it into a hundred little pieces.

We walked on towards Jama Masjid. There were more people there, buying, selling, yelling, shouting, bustling, jostling and some just walking around like us. We came across a little crowd around a small platform. Champa peered in and gave an excited cry.

"They're gambling in there, and I'm going to try my luck too."

"You hardly have any money, don't risk it," I advised. But Champa was in the grip of something stronger than herself — gambling fever.

"I'll chance it," she replied.

We pushed our way to the centre of things. A man sat with a sheet spread out in front of him. The sheet was covered in odd hieroglyphics which looked like some advanced variation of Einstein's theory.

All the gamblers placed their money on the sheet. The old man fiddled with the dice, shook it a number of times in his hand and then threw it on to the middle of the sheet. The whole procedure looked pretty fishy to me, and I was about to ask for an explanation when the man declared that Champa had won two rupees. I could feel her excitement in her uneven breathing. She placed another fifty paise on the board and won again. The next two times she lost and then won

again. When she had won five rupees we left the little den. Champa's eyes were shining. "I've got five rupees, let's buy something."

We walked on the dusk blue city pavements, and sighted the early stars beyond the city lights. We bought two pieces of sweet, cool, water-melon and walked to the bus stop saying, "You take the bigger piece," "No you."

A stray cloud in the sky experimented with the first playful monsoon shower. It was getting dark already. I looked up at the

"How wonderful," Champa exclaimed.

"What a crackpot thing to do," I observed. Her eyes still on the dancers, she answered, "How can you say that? They're happy, that's why they're dancing. It's perfectly natural."

I couldn't think of anything to say to that.

My participation in the world had been confined to watching movies or television. Maybe what Champa said was true. In that case, I had missed a lot of enjoyment. Perhaps it was my false

"Do you mean you like the look of them, the gay paint on them and the colourful advertisements they carry?"

"Don't be silly, not that. I like the fun we had travelling in them."

"You promised to teach me the twist," she reminded me. We went down to the basement. I hunted up our ancient gramophone and two old and worn discs, "Come September" and "Baby Elephant walk." My younger brother and sister joined us.

"The twist is very easy," my sister explained. "All you have to do is pretend you've just got out of a bath and you're drying yourself with a towel."

We all tried and had lots of fun. The revelries went on till midnight, when I retired to bed.

The next morning Champa was going back to Chandangarh. We went to the station with them. I wanted to tell her how much I'd enjoyed her visit. And there had been something more than just enjoyment, something which I couldn't define. Only, at moments like this, I'm apt to get tongue-tied.

Champa was smiling her wide smile, her eyes misty.

"How shall I thank her?" I asked myself. And the answer came to me from across the years, when I believed that the best part of school was recess and the best part of love was a hug.

She was looking at me with infinite love. Then I did something which I hadn't done for ages, much less in public. I flew into her arms and hugged her tight. And in those moments everything was said and understood.

As the train disappeared round the bend, it suddenly struck me as being very ironical that I hadn't given Champa anything. She hadn't learnt anything from me. I had had a good education — a good school and a good college. Champa had had nothing. Yet she had taught me so much in those 24 hours, with the kindness and generosity of her life. Isn't it funny that people like us go to teach the villagers under various educational schemes and programmes? It's the villagers who should come to the city to teach us perhaps the greatest of arts — the art of living.

### AND THE FOOTNOTE.

It's three months since Champa returned to Chandangarh. Just yesterday, leafing through a popular magazine, I saw the results of the photography competition, entitled JOY. The entry which won the first prize had the picture of a small round woman, with long shining earrings dangling from her ears, and eyes that contained in their extraordinary warmth all the wonder of the world.

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**Pan**

**DEHYDRATED PEAS**

**MOGHLAI PAN PEAS AND CAULIFLOWER.**

<p>1. kg. cauliflower, 250 gms. tomatoes, <math>\frac{1}{4}</math> pkt. Pan Peas, <math>\frac{1}{2}</math> cup dahi (Grind together): 250 gms. onions, 1 inch ginger, 2 cloves garlic, 4 green chillies, <math>\frac{1}{2}</math> tsp. jeera, <math>\frac{1}{2}</math> tsp. amchur, 1 tsp. garam masala, 1 tbsp. khoya/Mawa, 1tbsp. raisins, 2 tbsp. chopped cashewnuts, salt to taste, 4 tbsp. ghee, chopped coriander leaves. Soak Pan Peas in water.</p>	<p>Put Pan Peas on to boil. Cut cauliflower into small pieces and brown in 2 tablespoons ghee. Fry ground masalas in remaining ghee. Add jeera, garam masala, amchoor and salt and skinned chopped tomatoes. Stir in dahi. Add fried cashews, cauliflower, raisins and khoya. Add 2 cups water and cook for 10 minutes. Stir in tender boiled Pan Peas. Garnish with coriander. Serves 4.</p>
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Incentive

grey cloud and asked anxiously, "Do you think it'll stop?"

"It always has," she answered simply.

We sniffed the warm damp smell of the earth and let the drizzle play on our faces. We stared with awe at the whole city mirrored in a puddle no deeper than a plate. The shower ended as suddenly as it had started.

A baraat, with the band and the gay gas lamps and the glittering fray, was wending its way leisurely across the traffic jam. And, as is the fashion in Delhi, there were people in front, doing the twist and the bounce and the shake, and looking very ridiculous.

sense of dignity which was making me lose so much of the fun of life. . .

Champa broke in on my reflections.

"I like the way they're dancing and I love the music." The band was playing a very distorted version of "Come September."

"We've got that record at home and the dance is called the twist. We'll do it when we get home," I said.

It was 9.30 p.m. when we reached home. "Well, how was the day and what did you like best in Delhi, Champa?" my mother asked. "I liked your buses and the twist," she said.

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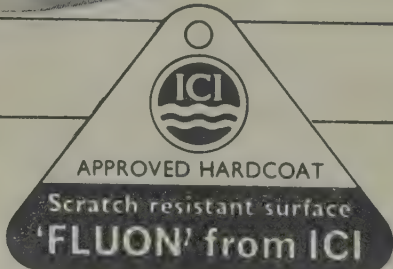


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# HOW SAFE ARE YOUR SPECTACLES?

Shoukath Ahmed

**Utter scarcity of good ophthalmic glass in our country has of late led to its large-scale substitution by sub-standard glass in spectacles, posing a dangerous health hazard to millions of visually impaired people**

In India one out of every four persons is estimated to wear (or need) spectacles to bring his world into focus or beat the glare of the sun, but it is most likely that he faces the hazard of more damage than help to his eyes.

Today, material of such low standard as ordinary window pane glass is increasingly being substituted for quality ophthalmic glass by unscrupulous opticians to meet the acute shortage of lens material in the country.

While the demand for ophthalmic glass has risen manifold over the years, the lone source of supply for the country's entire requirements -- a public sector unit at Durgapur -- has miserably failed to match the optical industry's increasing needs. Naturally, with its limited annual output of about 200 tonnes having remained constant for the last ten years, the Durgapur glass plant can at best meet only a fraction of the national requirement which is estimated at a little over 1,500 tonnes of ophthalmic glass for spectacle lenses and glare glasses. Present imports of about 600 tonnes of ophthalmic glass still leave a wide gap of 700 tonnes which the spectacles industry fills with window glass, an analysis reveals.

But what makes the situation worse is the substandard quality of the product that comes out of our Durgapur plant itself. Far from conforming to international standards, it does not even qualify for retention of the ISI mark, a fact which has been confirmed by the withdrawal of certification by the Indian Standards Institute. This only proves the allegation of experts that the glass produced in this factory is full of manufacturing defects and has a very low transparency for optical use. Perhaps the reason why in spite of such severe shortage Durgapur glass has accumulated at its plant -- a sorry state of affairs indeed.

Another aspect of the problem which deserves urgent attention is the large scale manufacture and peddling of cheap, spurious "sun glasses" often powered, but passed off as "powerless" to young urbanites among whom there is a growing fad for sporting sun glasses.

Mostly made of ordinary pane glass simply heated and bent, they do not reduce the intensity of invisible rays -- ultraviolet and infrared -- as genuine sun glasses should. On the contrary, they endanger one's eyes beyond repair. It is time our authorities woke up to the urgent need for

providing an adequate supply of quality ophthalmic glass to manufacturers in order to safeguard the precious vision of our people.

Several representations by various optical associations in the country, among them the Federation of All-India Optical Manufacturers and Exporters, to improve and increase the Durgapur project's production have not had any effect so far.

Although the question of curbing the sale of substandard glasses was recently raised in Parliament, no tangible action has yet materialised. The Union Health Ministry would do well to enact comprehensive legislation prescribing standards and regulations, and prohibiting manufacture of coloured optical and other ophthalmic glass not conforming to ISI specifications. We should draw a lesson from the United States of America where stringent penalties are imposed for selling glasses which are not impact resistant.

On your part, here is what you can do as a consumer to guard against the hazard of substandard glasses:

Ensure that your spectacles are made only by a reliable optician after a competent eye examination so that your lenses relate precisely to a correct medical prescription.

An American consumer bulletin suggests you can make a wise selection of sun glasses in a grey (neutral) or a dark (not intense) green tint, as the former is free from colour distortion and the latter, which offers most protection against sunlight, has little of it.

One of the ways of testing whether the lens is defective is to look for any distortion in the images (of say, a fluorescent lamp or a window) it mirrors when these reflections are made to pass across its surface by slightly tilting the glass. Waves or ripples indicate a faulty lens capable of causing eye strain.

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VENART/GAA

## TO SERVE GRACIOUSLY

Continued from page 17

### TO MAKE UP

On the lower side of each of the hats embroider a rosette with 2 strands of thread in the needle, working 2 tiny bullion stitches in Pink thread, then working 3 more bullion stitches in Red thread. Lastly work 3 leaves in lazy daisy stitches in Green thread at the sides. Stitch cosy to shape. At the lower edge, fold hem onto wrong side and hem

stitch in place. Stitch the large ballerina at the centre of the lower edge and work a crochet edging as follows:

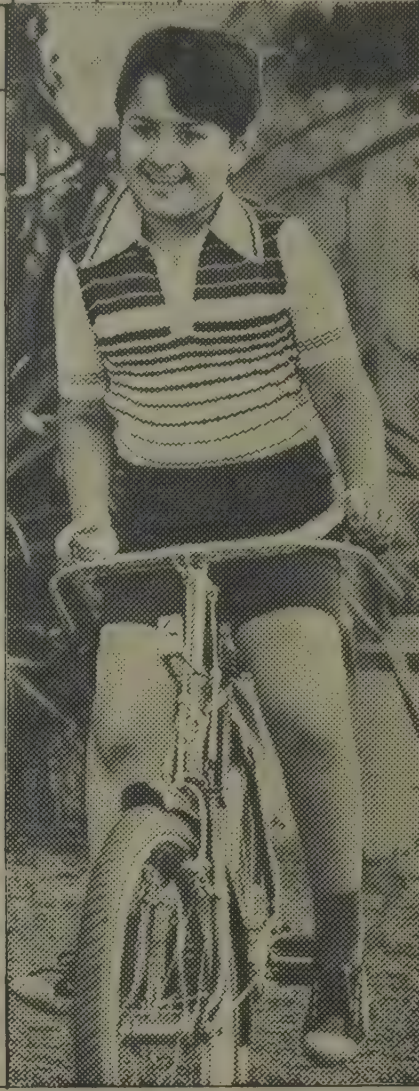
Edging: In White thread, work 1 dc. at the edge of the material, \* 4 ch., leaving a space of 1 cm. and work the next dc. rep. from \* all round. Fasten off White thread.

Next round: Join Red thread to centre of any 4 ch. lp. and work 1 dc., \* 4 ch., 1 dc. in next loop, rep. from \* all round. Fasten off the thread.

Tray-cloth: Cut the material to measurements, fold hem on the wrong side and hem stitch 3 small ballerinas on each of the longer sides and 2 ballerinas on each of the shorter sides, so that the skirt of each lies outside the edge of the tray-cloth. Spaces between the ballerinas are finished with an edging to match the cosy.

Arnavaz Dhondy

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Mother, how is it you have such a lovely hair?

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Even as a little girl, I learned all about hair care. If it is inconvenient during the day, I make sure to rub a little Jabakusum on my head before going to bed and comb and tie the hair carefully. That keeps my hair healthy and beautiful... gives me a sound sleep, too.

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hi ya  
honey!

By an Alves called Johnnie

Very few men I think have had love affairs with some of the most beautiful women in the world, without the females knowing about it, as I have had. Mumtaz chased me over the meadows beseeing me to succumb to her charms; Liz Taylor has more than once begged of me to yield, and local models and beauty queens have gheraoed me to select one or more of them and leave for a deserted island for a few days. I have, however, always maintained my principles in my dreams and woke up at the crucial time when the flesh was ready to give in, the will having been defeated. Only once did I dream of my wife and Hema Malini having a terrific row over me. I woke up with fright when I discovered that my wife was winning.

When I ponder over reality, however, I realise that when God was distributing charm I must have been so far away that He missed me completely. Mind you, I have tried. It is not for lack of trying, but because of certain basic defects that Dharmendra or Valentino do not have

I were close, but whenever we got closer, she told me she was ready but worried that I would not respect her later.

I had really fallen for Victoria. She was of the build whose sight would make the most sour Milk Commissioner happy. And Victoria's greatest charm was the way she walked, sending out messages loud and clear. This walk had me bowled. She was ten years older than I was, but who was worried about age when everything about her looked young? One day as she was passing the corridor, I brushed past her, and both of us fell. While I was busy picking up her things and apologising, I took courage and said, "How about it, Victoria?" She held me by the ear and said, "Does your mother know that you are out so late?"

Jeanne was next on my list. Nearer my age too. If you placed Jeanne near a cockscrew, the cockscrew would look straight. My lower jaw almost fell when she agreed to accompany me to Metro. I had wisely chosen "Gone with the Wind"

## ALL THE WORLD LOVES A LOVER ... MY FOOT!

that I came out second best in all my attempts to woo the pretty ones. Oh yes, I have beautiful eyes, but then it didn't take long for girls to realise that they couldn't do much with a pair of beautiful greyish blue eyes. For one thing, I could not see eye to eye with them, and men in those days did not wear high heeled shoes. Besides, I wasn't even born with a silver spoon in my mouth, an advantage that raises men to great heights.

The other problems in my young days were the result of the fact that girls then were not liberated. Once, when I had succeeded in cornering Cynthia in a thickly wooded area, I brought up the subject of love, and she immediately threw cold water by wondering what her father would say if he only knew. Cheryl was the educated, intelligent type. And when it came to conversation and brains, no one in college could even come up to my shoulders. So Cheryl and

as I would be spending five long hours with her in the dark. I didn't remember any part of the film next day, but when I approached the subject of going steady she said, "What do you think of me? What salary do you draw as a teacher?" I felt like a junior temporary clerk in a ration shop in the presence of a Ford's daughter. I knew the odds were against me. It was like competing with Madhwani for Mumtaz's hand.

Myrtle thought I was too common. "I would not marry any Johnnie," she said, indicating that she would prefer any Tom, Dick or Harry. Priscilla wanted 15 years to think things over.

There is a destiny that is chalked out for us and we cannot escape her. I console myself with the fact that I would not have been happy with any one of them. They are memories now, but I carry the scars like a real prize fighter.

Until next time then.

## Eve's Weekly Corn Products Quiz Contest-2

HEGMAN

1. Which citizen of Burma served as Secretary-General of the United Nations?
2. Who calls the faithful to prayer from a minaret?
3. On which real person's adventures was the story "Robinson Crusoe" based?
4. Who made film history by being the first screen actor to be heard speaking in a full length film?
5. What is the new name for Cambodia?
6. Which is the official diplomatic language of the world — English, French, Russian, Spanish?
7. The President recently gave away the Arjun Awards to two cricketers, one male and one female. Name them.
8. Where in the world is most of Iodine mined?
9. Charles Nutwidge Dodgson, mathematician, achieved lasting fame by writing a children's classic under a pseudonym. Name the pseudonym.
10. M.A.N.I.A.C. (Mathematical Analyser Numerical Integrator and Calculator) was the name of the second computer in the world. Name the first computer.
11. Which World War Two U.S. General sparked off a controversy by slapping a soldier?
12. Who is: a. The Deputy Speaker of the Lok Sabha?  
b. The Vice-Chairman of the Rajya Sabha?

This is the second of our fortnightly Quiz Contest series.

Win Rs. 50 plus a pack each of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly if you are first with an all-correct entry.

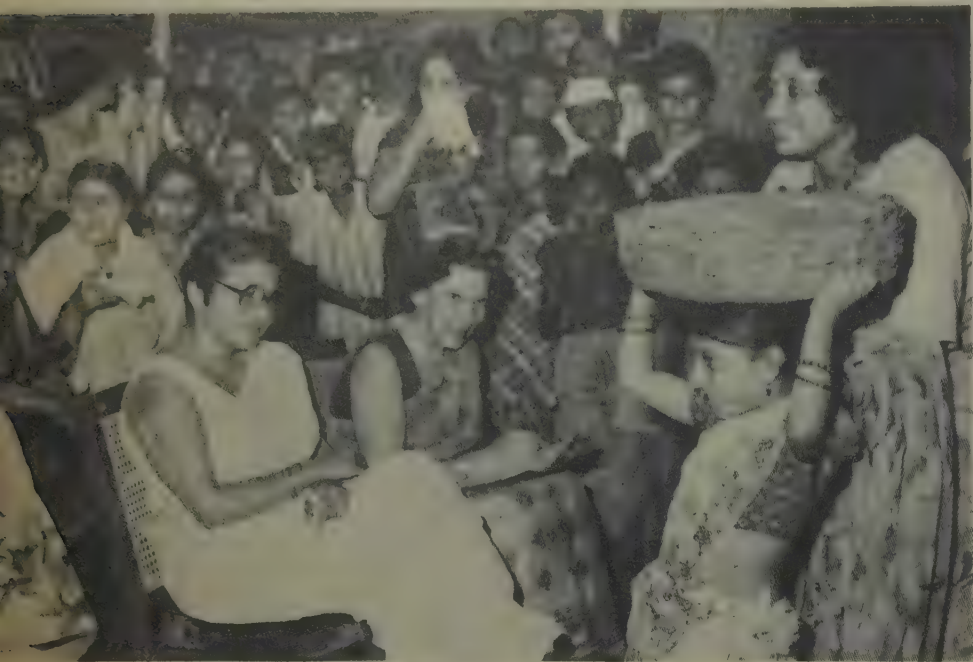
The next 10 all-correct entries will each win a pack each of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly.

There is no entry fee. But remember that the first eleven entries that arrive at our office by mail have the greatest chance of winning. Any entries that arrive later than the first eleven all-correct entries will not be considered.

Please mark "Quiz Contest 2" on the outside of your envelopes. Please note that no entries will be returned to the sender.

So hurry with your entry. And watch out for the correct answers.

# people and events



Mr. K. R. Ramachandran, Secretary and Commissioner of the Social Welfare Dept., Govt. of Karnataka, inaugurates the Bangalore Branch of the Guild of Service. Others with him are Mrs. Shanthi R. Ballga, president of the Guild of Service and Mrs. Nirmala Gokarn, Vice-Chairman of the Guild of Service (Central).



ABOVE: Seen at the Children's Fair held in Hyderabad by the Jayceettes as part of their programme 'Children Our Concern Today' are (seated) Mrs. Roda Mistry, State Minister for Tourism, who presided, and Dr. Helen Butt, one of the judges of the Fancy Dress competition. At right are Mrs. Rubab Alladin, Chairman of the Jayceettes Wing, and Preeti, who won the first prize in the competition.

RIGHT: Seen at the annual May Queen Ball presented by the Silverstar School of Dancing, Calcutta, are from left (standing) Principal Peter Dey, Diana Osborne, Mr. H. Majumdar of Eve's Weekly, Calcutta, Tito, Shyamashree Tagore and compere Mantu Dey. Seated are the winners Miss Tithi Dutt, crowned May Queen and Miss Saira Verghese, crowned Silverstar Princess.

LEFT: Shefali Chowdhury seen at her exhibition of floral arrangements depicting Rabindranath Tagore's poems, held in Calcutta.



## bombay

The "IV International Dolls Exhibition" organised by South Bombay Jaycees, was inaugurated by Mr. J. C. Luthar, the Income-tax Commissioner, at the Jehangir Art Gallery.

The dolls from different countries, dressed in their traditional costumes, carry with them part of the culture of their country. The exhibition was a common platform for presenting these different cul-

tures to promote international understanding and brotherhood — as one of the tenets of the Jaycees Creed.

Over 400 dolls representing countries like Spain, Japan, Belgium, Israel, USSR, Korea, Poland, France, Sri Lanka, participated in this year's exhibition. There was a special pavilion for Indian dolls representing the various dances, the states and mythological figures.

Mr. C. M. Venugopal, the president, welcomed the chief guest, and spoke about the proposed permanent dolls mu-

seum.

The Sanjivani Trust's school uniform distribution project, which has been going on for the past eight years is aimed to help poor students. Last year, they were able to distribute school-uniform cloth to about 1500 students of 500 families. Since the cost of cloth is still very high, to extend distribution of such uniform cloth to a larger number of deserving students, donations are requested from readers.

Cheques drawn in favour of "Sanjivani" can be sent to

"Sanjivani" Everest, A1/A2, 2nd floor, Near Famous Cine Laboratory, Tardeo, Bombay-400 034. Tel: 895022.

All donations are exempted from Income-Tax Under section 80 (G) of the Income-Tax Act, 1961.

Mrs. Smita Shastri, the well-known exponent of Indian classical and folk dance from Gujarat, held a performance here in aid of her Nartan school of classical dances, Ahmedabad. Mr. Soli Batliwala was the chief guest on the occasion.

## calcutta

Residents of Calcutta went all out to celebrate the birthday of Rabindranath Tagore. "Monisha" a women's cultural club's celebration will stand out as unique. "Monisha" requested Shefali Chowdhury to interpret 25 of Tagore's well known poems on summer, through floral arrangements. Shefali's creations, each one tabulated in the original Bengali with a Hindi translation, delighted the beholder. She had used authentic summer flowers like the oleander, the nag-keshar, the champak and the motia.

The May Queen Ball presented by Peter Dey, Principal of the Silverstar School of Dancing, at the Princes, Oberoi Grand, was a glittering affair. The guests enjoyed the exhibition dance by Peter Dey and Myrtle Culloden, the oriental dances by Papya and the music of Anthony Fernandez with Jenny's pop songs.

A bevy of lovely girls were judged by Mr. H. Majumdar of Eve's Weekly, Calcutta, Mr. R. L. Bembey, Mr. V. S. Kul-karni, and Mrs. S. Tagore. The winner was beautiful Tithi Dutt, crowned by Diana Osborne and Mrs. Tagore. The Silverstar Princess chosen was vivacious Saira Verghese. Mantu Dey compered the show with verve.

### ANSWERS TO QUIZ 1

1. Prime Minister Morarji Desai.
2. German. Published in 1848 for the first time.
3. Spencer Perceval, by a lunatic John Bellingham at the entrance to the House of Commons.
4. It can't! The Jack Ass is a bird.
5. Karl Wallenda.
6. Originally found at the end of a book, the colophon — which gives details of the publication — is now found on the title page.
7. 1912. It became a Communist Republic in 1949.
8. Yasser Arafat.
9. Two. Onny Parun in 1974 and Kim Warwick in 1976. Vijay Amritraj won it in 1973, 1975, 1977.

## hyderabad

The foundation stone of a community and marriage hall was laid by Mr. I. J. Naidu, the Chief Secretary at the Government Employees Co-operative Housing Society. Mr. Naidu praised the Nivedita Mahila Mandali which had collected and contributed Rs. 30,000 for the project.

The Jayceerette wing of Hyderabad Jaycees held a Children's Fair at Jawahar Bal Bhavan. Organised mainly for the weaker sections of society, both games and foodstuffs were priced very low so that children could enjoy themselves at the minimum expense. The highlight was the fancy dress competition presided over by Mrs. Roda Mistry, State Minister for Tourism. The competition was judged by Dr. Helen Butt, Dr. Sadruddin Kajani, and Mr. Dhiraj Dangoria.

## bangalore

Hotel Ashoka presented "The Deep" Disco Night at the Banquet Hall, which was decorated specially for the occasion, with a fantastic sea/sky decor. Maya Swami (of the Swami sisters) who was at the mike, delighted the audience with her deep voice, so much like her sister Usha Uthup's voice.

10. a. "Guddi". b. "Hum Ek Hain". c. "Ishq, Ishq, Ishq" and "Jwar Bhata."
11. Sir Frank Whittle.
12. Argentina.

Miss Candice D'Souza of Wadala, Bombay, wins the first prize of Rs. 50 plus a pack each of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly for sending in the first all-correct entry. Names of other winners will be announced later.

See page 43 for Quiz Contest No. 2



### R. MANGALAM

A graduate of Delhi University and a trained vocalist in classical Carnatic music, R. Man-

galam is a technical assistant with All India Radio, New Delhi. With a decade of experience in her work, Mangalam is perhaps one of the few "experts" who knows just by reading the script how long a particular programme would be. She functions almost like a computer, her fingers magically running over the intricate machine recording the programmes. Mangalam's uncanny efficiency in this field is her hall-mark and it has made her the pride of her colleagues.

Mangalam's training gives her the necessary knowledge about classical and folk music. Radio correspondents who have the slim and dusky Mangalam to assist them in producing their programmes, relax with the knowledge that she will do the needful.

### HU YU SHOW



As a placement officer for the rehabilitation of the physically handicapped, Hu Yu

Show has helped 86 persons in just one year.

Yu Show received her Master's degree in Social Work from the Madras School of Social Work in 1976. Even in school, Yu Show was always active in social work. In college she organised adult education programmes and holiday camps for children. She was also a Service Civil International Volunteer. She also participated in the Ved-anthangal brick making project to build a dispensary for the Harijans. As a student, she worked in the Artificial Limb Centre at the Madras General Hospital and found working with the handicapped very challenging.

Yu Show's parents came from China long back. "Though we are Buddhists we believe in all faiths," she said. A very warm person, Yu Show goes out of her way to prepare typical Chinese food for her friends. Though she knows Tamil fairly well, she watches Tamil programmes on T.V. to improve her grasp.

## delhi

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, India, are the winners of the "Kaspar", the KLM Advertising and Sales Promotion Annual Award for 1977. Four years ago, KLM Royal Dutch Airlines decided to institute an internal, worldwide award to be given annually to the KLM establishment that produces the best overall advertising and sales promotional entry.

Judges for the award (a bronze hippopotamus called "Kaspar") receive examples of all creative work performed in the fields of press, direct mail, radio and television advertising, and for complete sales promotion projects. Previous KLM winning countries are Australia, South Africa and Great Britain.

The fact that KLM India has won it is particularly noteworthy because their budget is comparatively small and their marketing staff consists of only two persons. Credit goes also to Clarion Advertising Services, KLM's agency in New Delhi who now have proven their ability against top international advertising agencies.

Go out to meet your luck and have fun on the way! The best year you will have for some time, so set out to be a winner! It is a time when hopes and dreams can be fulfilled if you come out of your shell and trust in your luck and your judgment — also your intuition! There will be more money, a super job offer, a little step-up in the world! You will get a luxury item you have wanted for some time, have an unusual proposition put to you, which could lead you on a profitable and adventurous trail. Your popularity will be high and this will bring new friendships, an ardent love life! Ask favours, push yourself into the limelight. Unusual opportunities won't come again in a hurry, so sieze them!

this week  
for you

John Naylor

For the week June 25 — July 1, 1978



**ARIES** (Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

There'll be temptations to play with fire in your love life but, anyway, you won't be lonely! Yet, should that special someone, a satisfactory relationship elude you, try fresh scenes, join a club, communicate more, generally. Show willingness in your job if you have extra tasks thrust upon you.



**TAURUS** (Apr. 21 — May 21)

If you have special shopping in mind, this is the week for it, with the 30th an especially good date. Happy trends for social life and friendships; new faces and places will be lucky for you, so cultivate fresh links. Dynamic stars affect your love life; a new romance may start suddenly.



**GEMINI** (May 22 — June 21)

Your stars are helping you in more than one direction. It's a good week for making changes or for looking for a new home, spotting bargains in unusual items. An ardent time for romance; you could take a bolder approach. There will be a pleasing response to an application made recently.



**CANCER** (June 22 — July 23)

Put the accent on communication and you won't go far wrong! Wherever your plans, hopes and wishes lie, you'll get on best if you make contacts. People will be helpful, kind and generous, show you the right trail to follow. A very busy week, though, so organise.



**LEO** (July 24 — Aug. 23)

Planets moving through your sign will give a zip to your personality, increase your appeal, make you feel and look good! New friendships have a lot to offer, could put you into a super special circle or an "in" group. If heart-free, a super meeting, probably at a party.



**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Mars, that fiery and impetuous planet, is in your sign for some weeks — you won't know yourself soon! You'll be throwing caution to the winds, setting yourself on a more adventurous road. If not happily involved in a romance, you soon will be, but don't neglect the practical things you have to do.



**LIBRA** (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

A lively and amusing week, so make the most of your chances to get out and have fun. A good time for travel, for starting something new. Extra enthusiasm will help all your attempts; it won't hurt to put some irons in the fire. Shortly, a new influence puts the accent on romance.



**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Everything is in an uptrend for you now; push hard at your hopes and dreams. One boring task will be finished — you may also end a friendship you've outgrown. It is time for fresh activities and relationships. Look happily ahead — the future pattern is very promising.



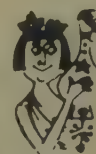
**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

Life will be more relaxed; you'll get some cooperation. Those little irritations you had to cope with lately are over. If you've been short of cash, much improvement; there will also be a chance to improve your set-up, generally. If a romance has ended — another is on the way!



**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

You'll be running around a lot, could get yourself generally confused if you go off on too many trails. A busy social scene, but you may not find the time to enjoy it. Try to, for there could be a happy meeting which leads to romance. Don't rush into changes; curb a restless mood.



**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

If you want to keep your routine running smoothly, your love life swinging, give in to the wishes of others as far as you can. Allow for people being hard to please, demanding and ungenerous. Just a temporary phase, but make a fuss of your boy, respond ardently to him.



**PISCES** (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Aggressive stars could affect your mood, make you unwilling to put up with the demands and temperament of others as you usually do. Quarrels can easily arise, so take care of precious relationships. Try to have time for fun; you will certainly have too much work to cope with.

next  
week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF JULY 1, 1978

**BACK TO COLLEGE**

• Is it back to the books or the fashion parade? Is it necessary for collegians to spend so much time and energy — not to mention parents' money — on just looking good?

• A certain class of youngsters in India by and large take their college education for granted, secure in the knowledge that their parents will provide. However, a section of young people cannot afford to do so

and they work their way through college.

• Attitudes towards girls going in for higher studies.

**WOMEN AT WIMBLEDON**

The '78 Wimbledon matches begin on June 26 and end on July 9. Focus on the favourites among the women tennis players competing this year.

**ASTHMA**

A doctor's guide to this chronic ailment and its treatment.



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INDIA

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