

Eve's Weekly

Joseph

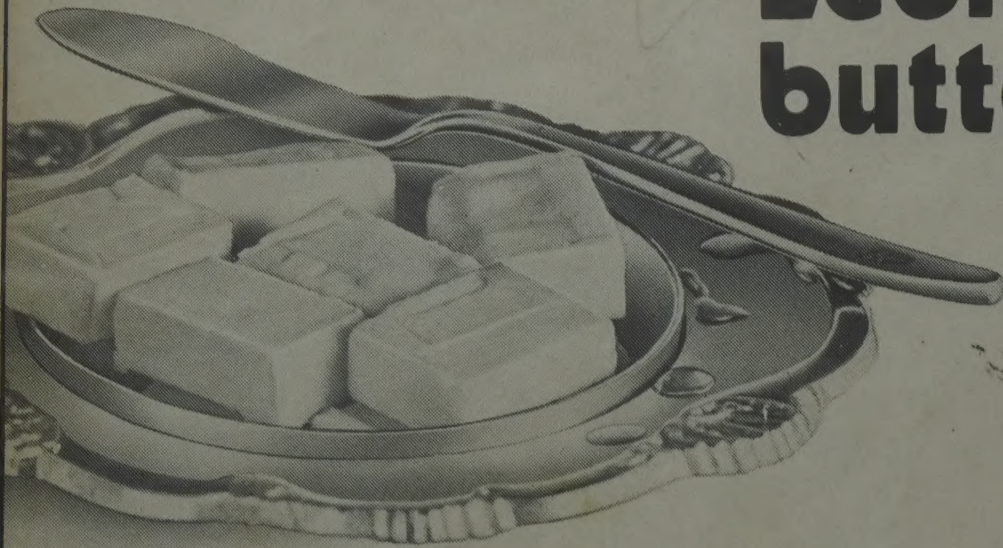
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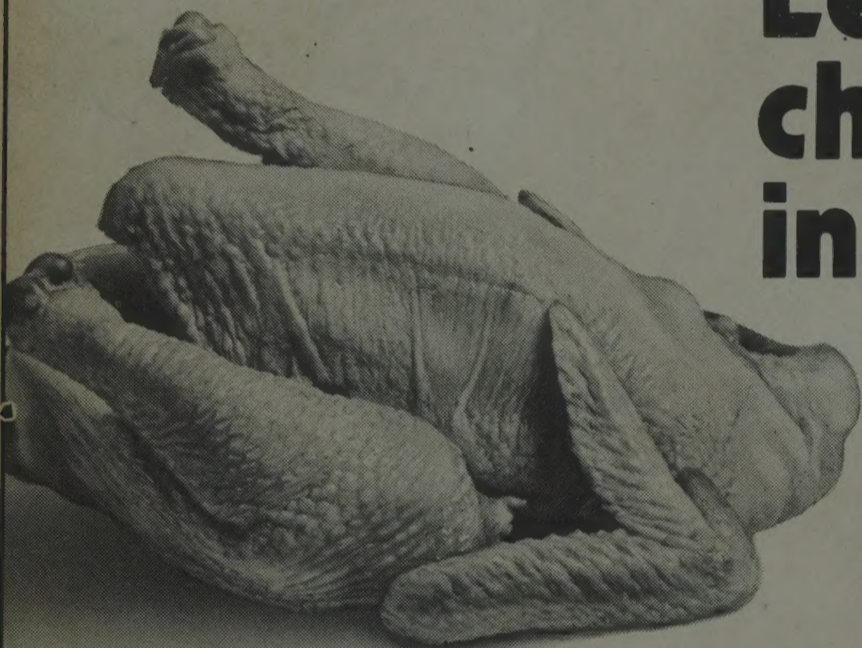
WOMEN
MANAGERS
IN LUXURY
HOTELS

INTERESTING
HAIRSTYLES
TO TRY OUT

Leonard preserves butter in Bangkok



Leonard keeps chicken fresh in Chikmagalur



Leonard keeps Prashant smiling in Pathankot


Leonard serves millions of families around the world. Its dependable compressor and new ingenious defrost system guarantee you long, trouble-free service.

When Leonard owners are asked about their refrigerators, they just smile. After all what more need we say about a friend of the family.

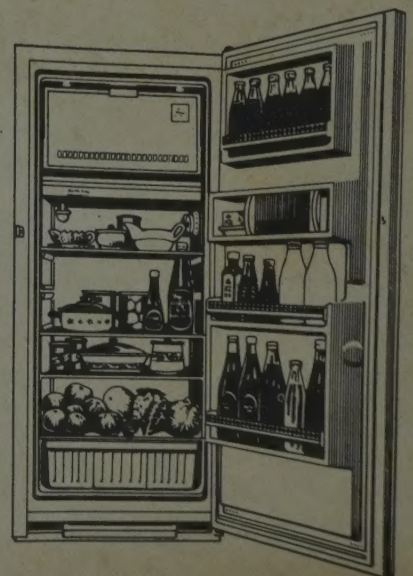
Leonard

Since 1881. Trusted the world over.

Another quality product from

 **BLUE STAR**®

Leaders in refrigeration



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To celebrate the International Year of the Child '79

chic-modithread

present their first ever

Children!
5,462 prizes
to be won!

Children's Needlework Contest





How to enter :

This elephant design shown above is printed in the actual size in the Contest Entry Form. You may work this design or any other design of your choice in a minimum size of 12 cms x 12 cms. in embroidery, knitting, crochet, tatting, applique work or handicraft. All needlework should be done with Modithread only. Entries will be judged on neatness, beauty of design, colour combination, and stitches used. Each entry must be accompanied by the correctly filled Contest Entry Coupon and the labels of the Modithread used. Contest Entry Coupon and Rules

In every territory, prizes will be awarded separately for two age groups:

Age group 6 to 11 years:

Grand National Prize Chic Modithread Scholarship worth Rs. 1000/- and "Needlework Young Princess 1979 Trophy" plus a  **Childcare** hamper of dresses, toys and nursery furniture worth Rs. 1000/-.

Ten 1st Prizes  **Childcare** hampers of dresses, toys and nursery furniture. Each hamper worth Rs. 500/-.

Ten 2nd Prizes Sets of dresses from chic Creations. Each set worth Rs. 200/-.

Ten 3rd Prizes Each worth Rs. 100/-.
Gift hampers of **Johnson's* Baby Powder**,

Johnson's* baby soap and **Johnson's*** baby cream. *Trade Mark

100 Merit Prizes Sets of Children's books from U.S.S.R. Book Centre and Lok Vangmaya Griha (Pvt.) Ltd., Bombay. Each set worth Rs. 20/-.

100 Consolation Prizes S.N.P.

FUN-N-COLOUR Painting Kits worth Rs. 17/- each.

First 500 entries in each of the ten territories


will receive a Duraflex Plastic book jacket
Read Chic Cherub—the special children's section in Chic magazine. For contest details write to Chic Publications, Akash Ganga, 89, Bhulabhai Desai Road, Bombay 400036.


and Regulations are available at all Modithread dealers, Modithread Craftshops, Modithread Depots and distributors, in Chic magazine issues of April, May, June and July 1979, and in Modèle magazine.

Many chances to win!

The country and the contest have been divided into 10 territories with 546 prizes in each territory. The first prize winning entries of each territory will be judged for the Grand National Prizes. Send in your entry to the Modithread Depot in your territory, the address of which is given in the Rules and Regulations.

Age group 12 to 16 years:

Grand National Prize Chic Modithread Scholarship worth Rs. 1000/- and "Needlework Princess 1979 Trophy" plus a gift cheque from  **Childcare** worth Rs. 1000/-.

Ten 1st Prizes Gift cheques from  **Childcare** Each worth Rs. 500/-.

Ten 2nd Prizes Sets of dresses from chic Creations. Each set worth Rs. 200/-.

Ten 3rd Prizes Each worth Rs. 100/-.
Gift hampers of **Johnson's* Baby Powder**, **Johnson's*** Complexion Cream and **Carefree*** Sanitary Napkins. *Trade Mark

100 Merit Prizes Sets of books from U.S.S.R. Book Centre and Lok Vangmaya Griha (Pvt.) Ltd., Bombay. Each set worth Rs. 20/-.

100 Consolation Prizes

Chic Needlework Kits worth Rs. 17/- each.

will receive a Duraflex Plastic book jacket
Hurry! Contest ends 31st July 1979.

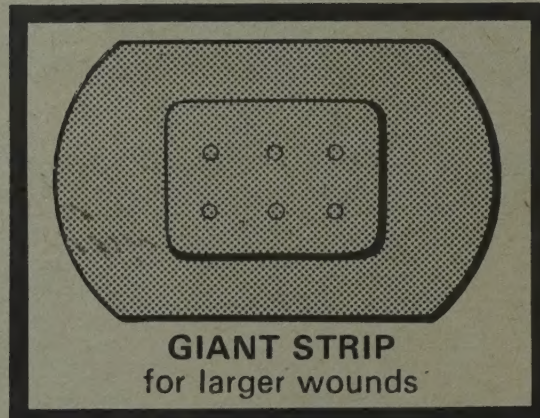
Send in your entry to the Modithread Depot in your territory. Look for the address in the Rules and Regulations.

Wounds come in all shapes and sizes

So do BAND-AID Dressings



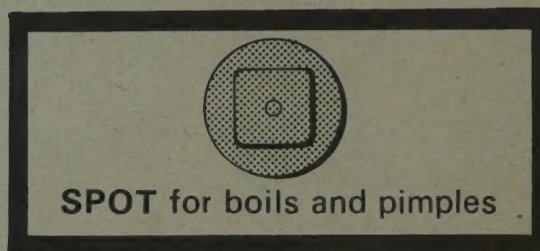
STANDARD STRIP
for cuts and grazes



GIANT STRIP
for larger wounds



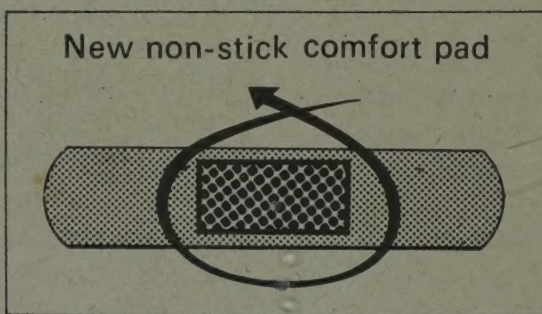
PATCH
for hard-to-bandage places



SPOT for boils and pimples

Wounds are open to infection. Protect them with BAND-AID Dressings. Available in different shapes and sizes to conveniently cover any wound.

Always keep a pack of BAND-AID Dressings handy.



- Each BAND-AID Dressing has
- a new non-stick pad for greater comfort, faster healing
 - a proven antiseptic that helps to mend broken skin
 - tiny pores that let in air to speed up healing.

Protect against infection

with **BAND-AID** BRAND Dressings



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Johnson & Johnson



FAUZIA HUSSAIN

Sales Manager at the Centaur Hotel, Bombay. Born in Jodhpur on July 28. Studied at St. Joseph's Convent, Nilgiri Hills. Did her B.A. from Lady Shri Ram College, New Delhi. Later joined the Public Relations Department of I.T.D.C. Joined Centaur Hotel in 1975 as Lobby Manager. Widely travelled. Loves reading and outdoor games and enjoys Indian music and dance. Ambitious about making a success of her career.

Feature on women managers in luxury hotels inside.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

THIS WEEK

APRIL 14 — 20, 1979

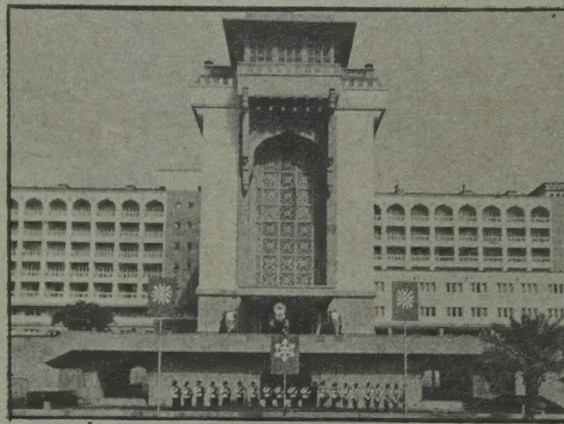
WOMEN MANAGERS IN HOTELS

Behind the five-star smiles are hard-working, often efficient, managers. The public image of women working in hotels, however, is often negative. A survey of women managers in luxury hotels in different parts of the country.

DELHI

In Delhi, one disillusioned woman admitted, "Hard work does not pay all the time..." But another countered with, "Trying to sleep your way to the top will never pay in the long run."

Page 10.



BOMBAY

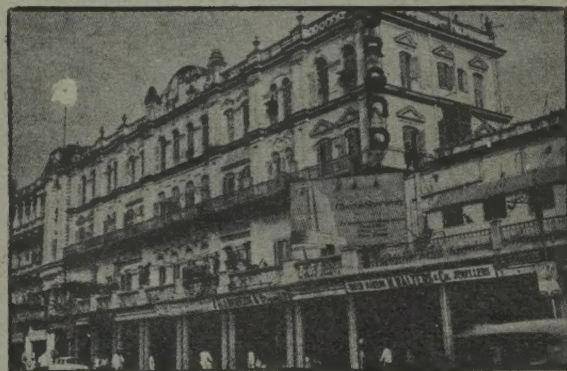
A Sales Manager in Bombay said, "A hotel job is more hard work than fun."

Page 13.

CALCUTTA

"A woman's morals are entirely her own, regardless of the profession. Why do people talk particularly of the hotel industry?" asked a Calcutta Executive Housekeeper.

Page 21.



MADRAS

They never let you forget that you are a woman," reports an ex-PRO in Madras.

Page 23.

ALSO

Jackie Oh!: Concluding excerpt—Page 24 Human Interest Story: Fighting against muscular dystrophy—Page 39 Exciting hairstyles—Page 14 "Sand Through My Fingers": Part III—Page 28 IYC Feature: Maharashtra's plans for its children—Page 32 Film Interview: Hema Malini, view from the top—Page 47 Mechanics: It's easier than you think—Page 52 Profile: Sushila Dass—Page 51.

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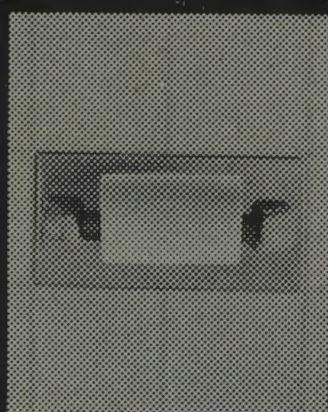
How do you make sure you're getting genuine Johnsons Bathroom Accessories?

**H. & R. JOHNSON
INDIA**

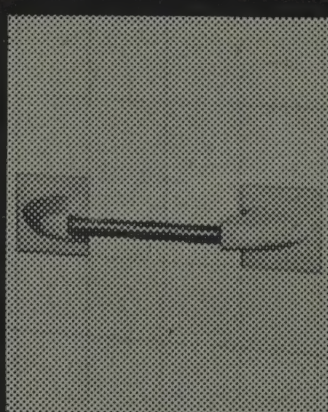
**Just look for the
H. & R. JOHNSON (INDIA)
name behind every accessory**



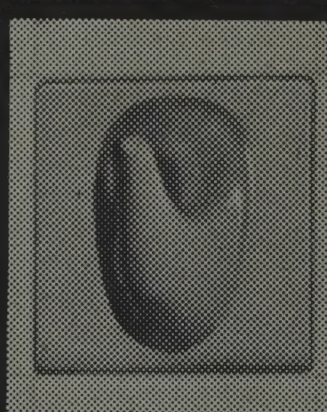
TUMBLER-CUM-TOOTH BRUSH HOLDER



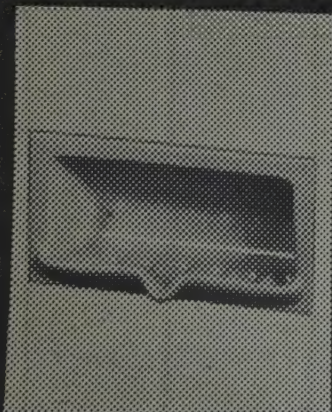
SANITARY PAPER HOLDER



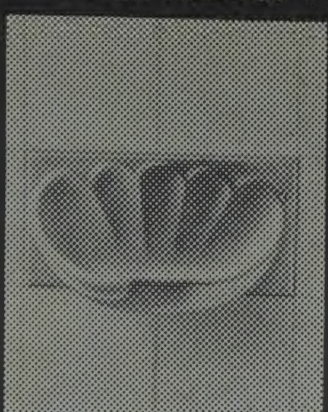
TOWEL RAIL BRACKETS



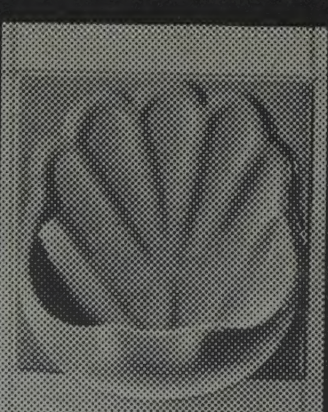
TOWEL HOOK



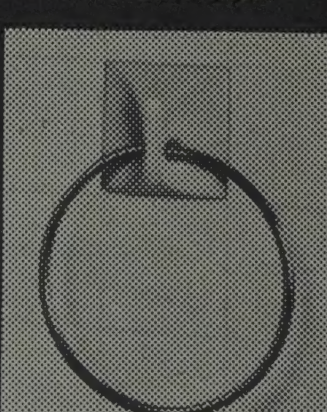
SOAP DISH CONCEALED TYPE



SOAP DISH TONGUED-LIP TYPE



SOAP DISH TONGUED-LIP TYPE



TOWEL RING HOLDER

Quality is often imitated but never matched. The H. & R. Johnson mark is your guarantee of the best in bathroom accessories. All accessories are available in shades that are colour co-ordinated with the range of Johnson Bathroom Tiles. Add the fine finishing touches of practical luxury to your bathroom. Visit your Johnson dealer today.

Do-it-yourself.

You can stick the ceramic accessories 'tile-on-tile' yourself. Look for insta-fix instructions printed on every carton.

**JOHNSON
TILES**

YOUR PAGE

1st PRIZE

DECISION TO DIE

Contrary to what Vijaya Murthy (EW, Feb. 3rd) has assumed, I do not hold the belief "that even when there is a risk of having a defective child, one should go on". Wendy Reeder's experience was quoted only to illustrate the strength and the depth of the instinct of motherhood and I feel strongly that the choice of becoming a mother should definitely be left to the individual concerned.

What is more pertinent however is that her letter raises an important issue. If a defective embryo can be destroyed, what about children who come into the world severely handicapped? In a strict sense, they are only a few months older than the defective foetus. Also what about those who are terminally ill, those whose future consists of unmitigated suffering, who would welcome a merciful release? I know from bitter personal experience that everything human in us — heart, mind and spirit — revolts against such a step. And yet one cannot help wondering what the future holds for mankind. The press of population and the increasing incidence of senility may force upon us decisions which we may now regard with horror. The human being of the future may have to choose his time of death or perhaps consent to die. If this happens, let us hope he will be able to do it with serenity, dignity and grace.

Leela Ramaswamy, Bangalore

Mercy killing is what you are talking about, and it is a subject which may never be resolved. Protagonists of abortion will tell you that they advocate only the destruction of the unborn child — although the recent news-item about a discarded foetus "crying out" has shocked all thinking people. Whether we can take abortion to its "natural" conclusion — as you seem to query — and destroy the handicapped baby or the

definitely-dying patient is something that may raise storms and controversies but offer no solutions.

2nd PRIZE

IMPERSONAL CHARITY

Mother Teresa, "the apostle of the unwanted" is someone I've long revered. But some recent statements of hers startled me with their naïvete. While inaugurating the annual conference of the Rotarians, she is reported to have said that it is not how much one gives to the poor that matters but the love with which one does so. She went further and revealed that when offered donations she declares that "she needs their hands to serve and their hearts to love, not their abundance". This sounds wonderful. But it is neither practical nor fair to the donor. Since the number of poor is so abysmally high, is it fair for one who has their best interests at heart to turn away even a paisa given in charity? I'm sure that the poor would choose to have a full stomach rather than a half-filled one even if it is minus the interest of the donor. Moreover, the donor might be genuinely interested in helping the needy but, for a variety of reasons, might not be able to give of his time to them. Isn't it rather mean to refuse the gifts of such people?

Mother Teresa further declared that true love has to hurt just as it hurts a mother to give birth to her child. If one has to wait for this kind of love before accepting donations, there would be many more destitutes on the street. Human beings are not always capable of deep, intense love. But the amount they can offer should not be spurned simply because it is of a lesser degree.

I, therefore, feel that while Mother Teresa's efforts to get people personally involved in the uplift of their less fortunate brethren are laudable, she should moderate

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10
for the three best letters.

her eagerness and be more charitable towards those inclined towards charity.

Pushpalatha Kamath, Bombay

Mother Teresa is right — and so are you. We cannot afford to turn away any kind of help, however impersonal, which can alleviate the misery of the poor. That is why there will always be agencies and organizations announcing proudly the thousands and lakhs they have collected by way of donations or selling of tickets, etc. But it is left to true givers like Mother Teresa to shake up the complacency and indifference of those who believe that by donating money and getting mentioned in the newspapers, they have truly served the poor.

3rd PRIZE

CRIMINALS-IN-LAW?

It is reported in the 'Hindu' of 6th Feb. 1979 that a case has been registered against a Sub Inspector of Police on a charge of having raped the wife of a suspect in a theft case, who followed her husband to the police station; the Sub Inspector is alleged to have sent away the husband with a constable for investigation of the theft case, taken the woman forcibly to a lodge and committed rape on her. It is not infrequently that we hear of similar incidents of public servants, charged with the responsibility of maintaining law and order in the country, getting involved in criminal offences themselves against innocent persons, by virtue of their power and position.

The only way to put a stop to these reprehensible and brutal crimes in our society is for the trying judge to show no leniency towards the culprits and to mete out to them deterrent punishment so that all Government departments, both at the Centre and in the States, will, in due course, be purged of these anti-social elements.

V. S. Natarajan, Tirunelveli

Crimes committed by the upholders of the law would seem doubly heinous and unpardonable. It is a blot on the national character that our protectors themselves should turn out to be criminals of the most reprehensible kind. We agree that the most stringent measures should be taken to bring these criminals to book.

THE AMUL AD.

I was angry and shocked to see the recent advertisement for Amul butter: "Indian Virgins Need No Urgan". On reflection, I felt there were two points that emerged from the ad.

Firstly, the virginity tests conducted by the British government on Asian women are part of their racist policy. It is shameful enough that our government did not strongly condemn and act, to show the British that we will not tolerate such indignities being heaped on us because of our colour or culture. It is even more shameful that our advertisers, who mould public opinion, use this insult to Asians as a joke. This only shows how slavish the mentality of our 'educated' makers of public taste, is.

Secondly, the ad. was undignified in its reference to women. The morality of a woman is her private business, and no other person, let alone a foreign government, may use it for their own ends. The ad. only joins the British government in mocking at Indian women. In fact, the Amul ad. men would do well to work for Enoch Powell.

Anuradha Ghandy, Bombay

Hitherto, the Amul ads. have been witty, amusing, intelligent and definitely "non-hurtful". We, too, felt that the "Virgins" ad., making light of something that angered a whole nation and pained the feelings of all women, was in very poor taste, and certainly very misplaced 'humour'. Would Amul care to defend their action?

women
with good taste
go for
RADHIKA[®]



RADHIKA[®]
brings you an
excitingly new
range of
**Polyester Georgette
RL 8000 sarees.**

Also 100% Polyester
American Georgette,
Chiffon and Gaji Silk
Sarees in gorgeous
prints and colours.

RADHIKA SILK MILLS

Silk House, Silk Bazar, Bombay-400 002

READERS' VOICE

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

LOVERS' PARENTAL WOES

This has reference to the article 'All the world watches a lover' by Rochelle D'Souza (March 3), which was interesting and thought-provoking.

In the article, the author poses a question, why are parents still so strict and orthodox? Let me provide a probable answer.

In the course of their courtship, chances are that the young man may persuade the young woman to share his bed at some private place. Infatuated as she might be with his wit and humour, she can easily believe his promises of marriage and other such justifications. It usually happens that the passionate young lover escapes and that is the end of the affair except that the girl has 'something' to care for. This has been the plight of many a young woman and as parents are always well-wishers of their daughters, they place all sorts of obstacles to prevent such mishaps. The position of the parents is quite understandable and till our boys prove their worth by being faithful, such courtships cannot be allowed to progress.

My view of the above article may be termed narrow-minded. Maybe it is because I come from a small town in a remote place.

A. MURUGA LAXMAN, Karaikudi.

WANTED : A POSITIVE APPROACH

With reference to your article, 'Mummy Is Papa Too' (March 3), I am glad someone has written about the problems of women who play the role of the lone home-maker. I am also one of the thousands of women who have often felt lonely when their husbands are away. However, although it does make one a bit depressed, especially in the evenings, I do not feel that it can or should drive one to alcoholism etc. I do not think women should become problems to themselves, just because of loneliness. We should have a club or association of 'Grass Widows'. Women can meet each other and thrash out their problems, have club activities etc. Creative work is always more satisfying than seeking pleasure. Women can also have social welfare activities. Don't you think we women should be more positive? I am sure many women will be like me, and can come out with more ideas.

GITA KRISHNAMURTHY, New Delhi.

NAVY WIVES

In your issue dated March 3, 1979, the article "Mummy is Papa Too" has ignored totally the plight of Merchant Navy wives who are alone for not merely weekends or fortnights, but for months together. We are not merely a father figure to our children, we have also to run the home, keep track of insurance premiums and fixed deposit receipts, queue up to pay electricity and telephone bills, renew radio and T.V. licences, handle minor electrical breakdowns, and coolly face emergencies as well. You name it we've done it.

And while we face up to the challenge of being the boss, the long long separations deprive us of the essence of married life: companionship, security and the joys and comforts of having a man around the house. Social rounds come to a stand still. An occasional party invites labels like 'loose' and 'liberated'. Opportunities for constructive activities outside the home are, unfortunately, limited to a very small percentage of the women living in cosmopolitan capitals. And howsoever one may choose to engage oneself, the loneliness of being without your husband looms large and often shows on an emotionally drained face.

True, we have seen the sights of the world. Our array of imported possessions evoke envious glances from friends and relatives. But no one realizes the bitter price we pay for them all through our tears and frustrations. There lies our agony and our ecstasy.

RASHMI BHATT, Allahabad.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF APRIL 21

THE HARIJAN PROBLEM

It is an accepted fact that despite all the legislation in support of the social and economic advancement of Harijans and against their continued repression and harassment, Harijans today continue to have to accept terror, rape and bloodshed as part of their lives. An in-depth feature.

SPECIAL OFFER

The first of the three Eve's Weekly/Child-care features. If you collect the coupons accompanying each, you can participate in the lucky draw which promises fantastic gifts for the winners. Book your copies now!

DISCIPLINE FOR CHILDREN

In the aftermath of the Spock era, it is accepted that children need discipline in their lives. What kind of discipline is the question.

ALSO

Our popular monthly columns —
Women in Sport and Book Nook.



BEHIND THE FIVE-STAR SMILE

DELHI

The hotel industry in India has absorbed women mainly in traditional fields. Most of the non-traditional jobs and the top posts are still male strongholds. Some areas, however, are consid-

ered ideally suited for women, and so we find more women than men on the Housekeeping front. They are also employed in the tailoring department, welfare offices and telephone exchanges. They work as front office receptionists, lobby and restaurant hostesses. They look after Information and Reservations, work as Banquet Sales representatives, and as interior decorators. There are women PROs and many have reached the managerial level.

ARE SUCCESS STORIES, OFTEN BASED ON HARD WORK AND EFFICIENCY AS WELL AS STRUGGLE AND DISILLUSIONMENT.

A SURVEY AMONG SUCCESSFUL WOMEN MANAGERS IN THE LUXURY HOTELS OF THE MAJOR METROPOLISES

BEDI

Mrs. Bedi, Senior Asst. Manager, Housekeeping, Ashoka Hotel, New Delhi, joined the establishment 16 years ago in the tailoring department. She has come up a long way.

Sixteen years ago most people looked down on a hotel job. The girls in the telephone exchange were given no respect, but now they are on par with the other services. Mrs. Bedi lays great stress on the fact that it is the responsibility of the institution to look after their staff well. "Women are good, quiet

workers," she insists. "They have a natural flair for public relations work. They get emotionally involved in their jobs and are more loyal than men. Once they begin to work for an organization and are happy there they will not forsake it very easily."

The Housekeeping department is the very heart of the hotel and is basically responsible for the comfort of the guest. It is like the green room of a drama troupe — a hive of activity. What meets the eye is perfect cleanliness, highly polished brass, glistening panes, snow-white linen, and absolute order. What goes on behind the scenes is a twenty-four hour vigil, constant

scrubbing and polishing, alert and instant repairwork under the supervision of a trained squad of men and women.

Success stories apart, women in hotels face some very real problems that need to be highlighted and if possible rectified.

The first common grouse is one that is so much a part of human nature — dissatisfaction with the remuneration.

Most women find that transport expenses eat up more than 25 per cent of their pay. In some cases where the girl lives far away from the place of work she has to leave home a good two hours in advance, if she is to commute by bus. Sometimes she has to resort to scooters or taxis which prove even more expensive. The women work in eight-to ten-hour shifts and feel drained by the end of the day.

Though the hotel business attracts women, it is like a brilliant flame inevitably drawing the moths. Attracted initially by the glamour, some women do get singed.

"Just because you are working in a hotel people think you are easily available and can be had at a price," says a very pretty ex-hostess who has been promoted as Guest Relations Executive. "But we have nothing to fear as the security is superb and our male colleagues see to it that we are never troubled in any way." But what might be true of a five-star deluxe hotel does not always apply to all hotels.

"Hard work does not pay all the time," says a disillusioned girl. "There have been cases where girls have granted favours and got quick promotions. We all know about it but cannot do anything about it. But then if a girl wants to take that path it is her own look-out. It all depends on the individual."

"Trying to sleep your way to the top will never pay," says a level-headed youngster. "People can tire very easily and as soon as another fresh face or figure comes along the girl is left high and dry. Of course, it is very difficult to keep your head and think rationally. A girl who comes in contact with the guests is constantly complimented. You hear things like 'You are the prettiest girl I have ever seen' or 'Come with me to Italy' or 'Let me buy you a saree'. If you are not mature enough you can become quite susceptible."

Even one false step can get a girl branded. This false step can be taken due to financial compulsion, immaturity and ignorance, emotional involvement or for plain 'kicks'. Some of the girls who work in hotels come from ordinary middle-class homes. An attractive figure and face and a good speaking knowledge of English get them the job. Many girls with these assets do not go for higher education but join soon after school. They are thrown into a totally different world, a world of money, glamour, and sophistication. Some seek to escape in this world, while others get more frustrated and depressed when they see the yawning difference between their own drab lifestyles and those of others at their place of work.

A young girl who had lost her father wanted to help her widowed mother and elder brother. She was very happy to get a job in a hotel but she soon found that she was working under great tension. "I had to smile and be charming and polite even when the customers were being rude or vulgar. My cheeks ached with constant smiling and I began to get headaches. I felt I had a split personality and that the one that was



working was not the real me. My once cosy and unpretentious home seemed very dull. It can be very frustrating to see so much money being spent on food and drinks when at home you have to skimp and save. It seems a criminal waste. All this took a toll on the mind and I had a bad nervous breakdown."

Yet another exceptionally beautiful girl came to the job for 'kicks', soon after school. Coming from a very affluent family she found the atmosphere very exciting. She has had many proposals but has not become emotionally involved as yet. "I never refuse with a blunt 'No', but laughingly turn them down. If they are very persistent I ask them to see my father and would you believe it some have really approached my father! He always deals with them in some mysterious way," she says.

Ignorance was very nearly the downfall of one of the girls at the telephone exchange. When asked by a guest if she was free after duty she willingly said 'yes'. She went out with him and in answer to his queries about her residence, she told him about her one-room tenement, whereupon he very gallantly offered to set her up in a good apartment.

By chance the girl talked about the 'good gentleman' to her brother, who realized what was going on.

Such naivete seems astonishing in these times but the fact remains — such simple girls do exist. In fact, even the ever so smart modern girl comes a cropper at times because of her ignorance of the law.

In dealing with Indians and foreigners most girls feel that foreigners are more frank and open. "They come out boldly with what they want to say," avers an attractive damsel. "If we say 'no' they just shrug it off and go away. But some Indian men can be persistent. Of course, there are some foreigners who can be quite rude and some Indians who are real gentlemen."

SUDHA DHAR

In government-run hotels the lower staff have a lot of job security and this encourages them to be impertinent. This poses a daily problem to the women dealing with them. "Imagine that whereas in the house you have to tackle one or two ser-

vants, here you have to deal with a vast number," says Mrs. Sudha Dhar, an experienced Housekeeper. "We have to keep cool, put up with a lot of backchat and humour them. They are not to be blamed entirely, for there is very little scope for promotions for the lower staff and they get frustrated."

All working women have to evenly balance their house and career and very often they manage it very well. But there is a tendency to take a woman's career rather lightly.


"When anyone falls ill or any emergency arises," says Sudha, "the whole family expects me to take leave and help out. The children don't even think of asking their father to take a day off." Women are not taken seriously and their jobs are treated as hobbies and not as careers. They are treated as something dispensable.

And what do men feel about the women in the hotel line? A most vehement protest comes from a steward and a housekeeper in a posh hotel. "Women are domineering," he says feelingly. "I am made to do all the running around, and I have to tackle all the difficult tasks. Although my status and that of my female counterpart is the same, I have to shoulder more responsibilities. Yet I am paid very much less than her, and my prospects of promotion are rather bleak."

Women are doing very well indeed and the hotel is ideally suited for their talents. In the past twenty years they have made a name for themselves in the industry. It is a tough, competitive field which demands a lot of guts, daring, presence of mind and patience.

"We are all actresses in the true sense," says a PRO. "We have to show a cheerful and smiling front at all times. We are paid for our smiles. But in spite of all the hardships it is a wonderful world," she adds. "We do not feel as if we have come out to work. It is more like a big family and this is our home. There is a close bond of affection that binds us all together and we work as a team. We have a sense of belonging and there is a real joy in meeting people and making their stay a memorable one. It is a home away from home."

Malati Jaikumar



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BEHIND THE FIVE-STAR SMILE

BOMBAY

The hotel industry is a massive business today. Leading Five-Star hotel chains extend even outside the country. Gone are the days of inns and dharamsalas. Their place has been taken by hotels of all types and kinds — three-star, four-star, five-star; the star denoting the status occupied by the establishment.

So, like any other big industrial establishment, this industry too needs to be manned by a professionally trained staff. Some hotels like the Oberoi, conduct their own management trainee programmes based on the American system of hotel management. Most five-star hotels in India have five to six restaurants each specializing in a particular cuisine, round-the-clock service, coffee shoppes, the health clubs, swimming pools, discos — the whole works. Not forgetting the rooms and the many exotic, exclusive suites which cater to the very, very special guests.

The general practice till a few years ago, however, was to employ women either on the house-keeping side, a woman having a 'natural flair' for the job, or as decorative figures — receptionists and hostesses. The picture now is different. This is evident from the increasing number of young, efficient women executives operating in practically all the leading hotels in the country. No longer are they confined to the Publicity or Public Relations Departments but have made inroads into the marketing sphere. Young women are functioning as Sales Managers taking over the heavy responsibility that goes with a job of that nature. Fauzia Hussain of the Centaur, Ragini Kackar of the Oberoi, Asha Rishi of Taj Intercontinental and Roshan Mahendragir Chopra of Holiday Inn are young women who besides adding a touch of glamour have also injected an atmosphere of efficiency into their organizations.

FAUZIA HUSSAIN

When I met 27-year-old Fauzia Hussain at the Centaur she was sitting at this huge desk surrounded by men and women much older than her, discussing business. But before you see her you meet her staff, a secretary, a steno and a girl executive, busy at their work, waiting for the 'boss' to give instructions. Fauzia's office room overlooks the Santacruz airport. Through the curtains covering the French windows you get a glimpse of Air-India's fleet of Jumbos parked out there. The wall behind her is decorated with miniature paintings. It's an impressive office.

And Fauzia? A slim, attractive girl practically lost in that set-up. I could not visualize her doing the aggressive selling required in this line. Charming manners, a cool exterior, a decisive approach, imagination and an immense patience combined with hard work and efficiency are

qualities the management would look for in a Sales Manager, especially in a hotel like Centaur which caters mostly to transit passengers who are always in a hurry. Fauzia has these qualities.

Originally from Hyderabad, Fauzia Hussain travelled widely with her father, a senior official in the Indian Air Force. A graduate from Delhi, she joined the Public Relations Department of the ITDC. Later, she worked at the Ashoka Hotel from where she came to Centaur when it was opened in 1975. She joined as Lobby Manager doing the strenuous night-shifts as well. "A young, attractive girl like you, sitting pretty at the desk in the middle of the night could arouse the wolf in many a men," I teased.

"First of all, I didn't sit pretty. I was on my toes seeing to the needs of the guests who'd just arrived from the airport. And then I know how to keep the wolf away. I have a facade — I put on my spectacles. Believe

me, I look like a school marm. That puts them off," she laughed that easy laugh of hers which warms the heart of many a weary traveller.

"Within three years of joining you've been made a Sales Manager. Hasn't it antagonized the men?" I asked her.

"Initial resistance is always there when a woman is promoted. But the men in Centaur have been very nice about it."

"Do you think a woman is better at public relations than a man?"

"Decidedly yes. A woman can keep her cool even with a most trying guest. She is more understanding, more patient."

"And her smile can work wonders, I suppose," I said.

"Perhaps," she said, a little guardedly.

Continued on page 19





ALL TRESSED UP!

Look what's happened to hair! Inspired by the frizzy Afro styles, fine plait-perming is the current favourite.

Perm adds volume to hair giving it a fuller appearance.

Take a look at these interesting styles . . . there's a breezy freshness about them. The latest rage the world over for that exotic look.

Dressy and dramatic, there is a combination of thin and thick plaits, crimping and perm.

While fresh flowers, a delicate hairpin, and gay ribbons (deftly woven into the hair strands) are used as attractive accessories.



Make-up and hairstyles — courtesy :
Beauty Parlour Tokyo, Bombay.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter

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PASSING THROUGH

Mrs. Heloisa Freire is a well-known French artist who was in India recently on a three-month trip and was fascinated by the country. Fond of doing water colour paintings and etching on metal, she does not believe in painting only on the spur of the moment or when inspired. "I do draw a few rough sketches when something moves me deeply, but mostly I write down my impressions. When I put down these impressions in the form of a painting, my mind adds or subtracts a few things to the sum total of my feelings so that



the final work may be quite different from what I had actually seen," she said.

Mrs. Freire said etchings required hard work and a lot of precision whereas water colours were spontaneous and done very quickly. "When I am working on something very big or important I like to do it at home in a calm and quiet atmosphere, otherwise I can work anywhere. In any case, etchings have to be done at home as they are heavy and require lot of effort. That is one reason why there are more men doing this work than women. If water colours fulfil my need of spontaneity, etchings fulfil my need of serious creativity. In fact, one complements the other."

Married to a photographer, Mrs. Freire also does a lot of writing to go with her husband's pictures. Several of her articles are sold along with his pictures. She also illustrates books, in Europe as well as in America. "It's difficult to be an artist anywhere, but it's very difficult to be an artist and a woman. It's a man's world still. One has to deal with art dealers all the time

HELOISA FREIRE

IMPRESSED BY THE GRACE OF INDIAN WOMEN

Jyotsana Kapoor

and it puts one in a very delicate situation. One has to know how to defend oneself.

"There is a lot of competition and struggle for survival. To get a break in this line is very difficult. It takes a long time, but things get better when people come to know about you and appreciate your work." Mrs. Freire sells her paintings through art galleries and exhibitions.

Heloisa is a Brazilian by birth. Her mother did not like the idea of her becoming an artist, as she thought it was a very insecure profession. "But it's the only profession I feel secure in. It's a profession like any other, except that the tools of working here are human emotions like joy, pain, sorrow and suffering. In any case, I wouldn't be happy doing anything else."

Mrs. Freire left Brazil and settled down in Paris to work as an artist. She is very fond of cooking. In whatever country she is, she makes it a point to see how the food is cooked there. "One learns a lot about the people of a country by just watching the way they cook food or even cut the vegetables. While in India I have learnt to cut fish in a much easier way than I was used to. Regarding Indian food, I like tandoori chicken. I think it's fantastic. Another thing I have really liked eating here is yoghurt. It's homemade and the real thing. The yoghurt that one gets in the West is a commercial food and lacks the domestic flavour. But what is really amazing is the variety one finds in Indian food."

Mrs. Freire was also greatly impressed by the elegance of

Indian women, especially the women of Rajasthan. "Even the poor women walk with a lot of grace. Each movement and gesture is worth watching. The overall impression of colour and shape is very artistic. The life in India is so full and so rich.

"But the general impression one gets in India is of a mass of people. I have been wondering how so many people can live in such a small area. And though I have had a good stay in this country, I have also faced some difficult situations. People do try to take advantage of you at times. But I think these experiences are very necessary in life. One learns a lot from them."

Heloisa is a very curious person and loves to see new places, meet new people. That is one reason she has no child. "With the kind of life we both lead, we won't be able to provide stability to our child. But maybe when we both decide to settle down and have a proper home, we'll also start a family. At present we are both too involved in our work to think of anything else," she said.

IRENE DE LIPKOWSKI

Leading Worldwide Fight For Women

Patrician in bearing, vivaciously feminine with sparkling blue eyes and a mobile expression, Irene de Lipkowski is, in her own words, "a wolf in lamb's clothing".

She had gone underground in the war-torn France of the Second World War, fighting with the Resistance, separated from a beloved husband and two young sons old enough to fight, hiding,

going days and nights without food or water; in constant danger of being imprisoned.

Madame Lipkowski, when freedom came, found both husband and younger son killed and there was no news of her elder son for three years. "It was then that President De Gaulle, whom I greatly admire, asked me to join politics."

She was elected mayor of Orly by a thumping majority. She held the post for fourteen years. "I was very happy, as my father had been mayor of Orly for many years, and I looked upon the city with a personal pride and affection."

Later, Madame Lipkowski was persuaded by her son, her only surviving child, who is now Minister for Internal Affairs in France, to stand for election for the post of mayor of Marennes because "that town needed a little shaking up". She was elected.

"Is this your first visit to India?" I asked her.

"Oh no. I know and love India well. I was here forty years ago when Lord Attlee had come here."

Madame Lipkowski has always been concerned about women's welfare and is president

of eight well-known organizations in France. In 1975 she was elected President of the International Alliance of Women, a job that takes her practically all over the world.

These heavy duties seem to sit lightly on her elegant shoulders, for besides being a quick-thinking, decisive woman, she has a rich sense of humour.

During her latest visit to the U.S.A., when going up to her hotel she found a man staring openly at her in the lift. At the thirty-fourth floor, the man introduced himself as a film-producer and said, "Lady, you are so beautiful, specially with that fur coat and hat, that I would like to sign you up in my motion-picture as a Russian countess." Madame Lipkowski was taken aback just for a second. Then she smiled sweetly as she got out and said: "But I don't want to act as one because I am one, only not a Russian but a Polish countess!"

Tapati Mookerji



Beautiful ways to beat the heat

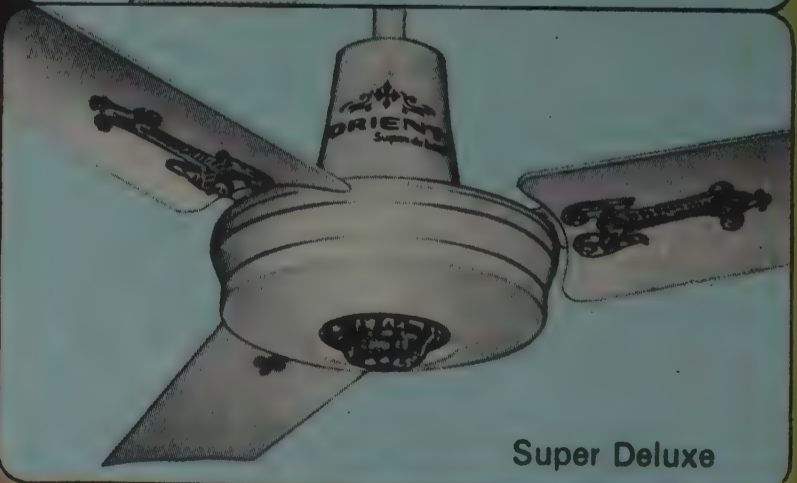
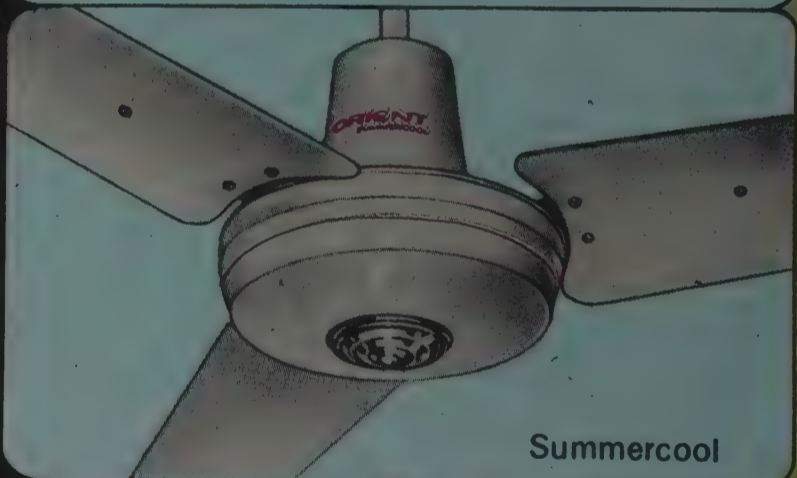
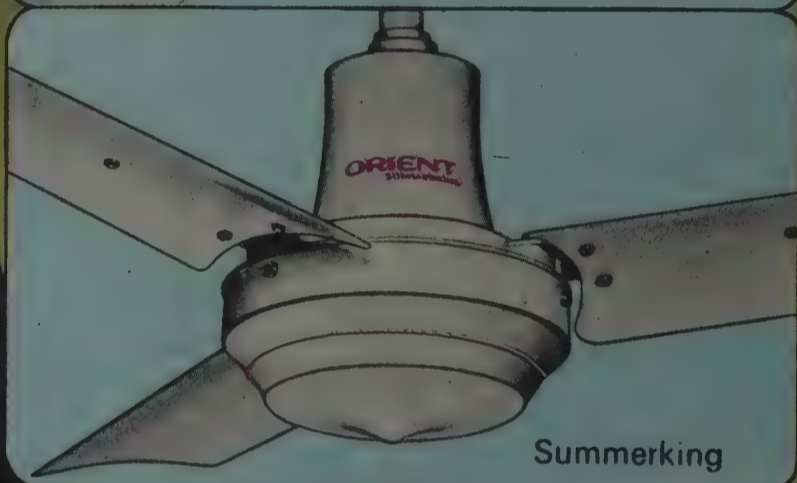
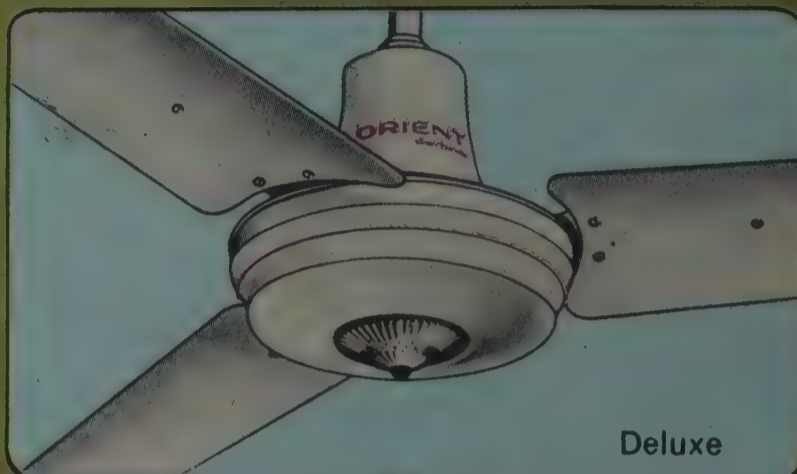
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BEHIND THE FIVE-STAR SMILE

Continued from page 13

"Your job obviously seems very demanding. Does it interfere with your personal life? A young woman in that position should be having a rollicking time," I said.

"Contrary to what people think," Fauzia said, "a hotel job is more hard work than fun. You have to be totally involved with your hotel. Your entire personality gets merged in the hotel leaving little energy for anything else. I wish I could spend more time with my friends. I stay with my aunt in Bombay, and when I get back home I'm so dead beat I can't even play with my little niece."

RAGINI KACKAR

For the 26-year-old Sales Manager of the Oberoi, Ragini Kackar, it's an achievement. She is the youngest woman in that job. An outstanding student in her school and college days, it was no problem for her to gain merit in an all-men (she-being the only girl) two-year management trainee programme of the Sheraton



chain of hotels. Starting as a lobby manager in the Oberoi, Bombay, Ragini within two years was promoted to the post of Front Desk Manager.

This job, she says, is very important from the operation angle. The manager is in charge of all the rooms of the hotel guests.

"As a sales manager what is your function?"

"To promote sales, of course," Ragini explained. "You see, in a



hotel we market services and rooms. Our main sales promotion is done through the airlines, travel agencies, commercial houses and consulates. That is where we do aggressive selling. I have to go out and meet the respective people in these organizations. Be in constant touch with them."

"That's where being a woman helps, I suppose," I said.

"It sure does, but only initially. The rest depends on how well you promote your hotel."

ROSHAN CHOPRA

Where youth helps girls like Fauzia and Ragini, experience and social background have been an asset to Mrs. Roshan Mahendragir Chopra of Holiday Inn. Not only is she the Sales Manager (her husband being the General Manager), but Roshan also has a hand in designing and decorating the Inn. From selecting fabrics, tapestry and carpets to doing up the complete interiors of the various suites.

Roshan feels that being an extrovert is distinctly an advantage in this line. "You have to reach out to people all the time."

Twice-married, Roshan has two growing daughters from her first marriage (a princely family). She met Mr. Chopra, her second husband, when she joined the Sheraton in Delhi. A very versatile woman, Roshan is a trained textile designer and an interior decorator. Her career has been varied. From an air-hostess to a travel agency to a PRO, she finally landed in the hotel line where she has stayed.

PINKI GANDEVIA

Pinki Gandevia is Assistant Purchase Manager of the Taj Intercontinental. She has a say in all the major and minor purchases made by the hotel. And

now, the Centaur has gone ahead and made young Jyothy Murthy its Training Manager to train the new recruits and those needing a refresher course. Jyothy, has a post-graduate diploma in Hotel Management from the Institute of Catering in Bombay. She won the French Government Scholarship in 1972, and was sent to Paris to specialize in French cuisine.

It is evident that most hotels are encouraging women in this line, some even showing an obvious preference. A recent advertisement in *The Times of India* saying that a five-star hotel needed a Sales Manager, preferably a woman, proves the point. But the reaction from the male staff is not always favourable. Many of them feel hostile towards a woman's promotion and attribute her success to means other than fair. Some feel that if an attractive girl pleases the bosses, her success is guaranteed. There are instances of fairly junior girls getting rapid promotions, not always on merit. Resentment has been caused on these grounds. But the women argue that these sentiments are more due to jealousy. They feel that women have a natural warmth and it is in their nature to look after the comforts of other people.

As one of them said, "A couple of years ago the common feeling was that women working in hotels are 'available'. Such is not the case now. Everything is very professional. They know that the girls are doing their job as the boys are. Both have to be charming in this profession. A mere smile from a restaurant hostess is not an invitation to bed. And a Sales Manager has to prove her ability by increasing the sales and not by sleeping around with men."

RITA SURI

Another woman with experience but in a different area of the hotel industry is gracious Mrs. Rita Suri of the Centaur. She is Controller of the Household, a senior position in the hotel. "My job is not merely changing bedsheets and towels," she said. She believes that housekeeping is one of the most basic aspects of hotel business. The image created by the hotel has to be maintained successfully by the housekeeping department. Besides doing the interiors of the rooms by way of choosing curtain material, carpets, etc. Mrs. Suri also looks after the gardens. (She had won some

prizes for her garden at the Bombay Flower Show the very day I met her).

"I also have to keep a strict eye on all the room service boys and girls, not to forget



some guests who may make a nuisance of themselves. Some hanky-panky can go on in any hotel. But as long as it doesn't affect the image of the hotel or cause undue harassment to the staff, we feel okay," concluded Mrs. Suri.

VEENA VIRMANI

Marriage doesn't seem to be a handicap to Mrs. Veena Virmani, Banqueting Executive of the Oberoi, Bombay. She is a happily married woman with a four-year-old child. "We treat the hotel as our second home. When there is a party thrown in any banqueting room, I have to organize everything as I would at home — from choosing the menu to the decoration inside—of course in consultation with the hosts."

"Doesn't your home life suffer? Doesn't your family miss you when you are required late?"

"Yes. But then that happens to all working women. Fortunately, I have my mother and my husband at home. My child is never left alone with servants. The only drawback which I feel a married woman may face is that she can't have much of her own social life. I'm bushed when I reach home. We have to be constantly on our feet. So when we return home there is no energy left to go out again. But my husband is understanding. All the same, I enjoy my work and I've learnt to be a perfect hostess," said Veena happily.

Hotel jobs may have all the glamour, all the fringe benefits like exotic food to eat and opportunities to travel abroad, but it also is a lot of hard work.

Maya Rai Choudhuri

IMPACT OF BUDGET PROPOSALS

useful information for consumers

CONSUMERS ARE BEING CHARGED HIGHER PRICES IN RESPECT OF CERTAIN CONSUMER GOODS THAN ARE JUSTIFIED BY THE IMPACT OF THE EXCISE DUTY CHANGES IN THE 1979 BUDGET.

THE CHANGES IN THE INCIDENCE OF EXCISE DUTIES ON A NUMBER OF ITEMS ARE SHOWN BELOW :

Commodity	Nature of change in duty	Duty change on the product (approximately)
Biscuits	Reduction	0.5% of ex-factory price
Chocolates	Reduction	0.5% of ex-factory price
Processed cheese	Increase	2 paise on a pack of 25 grams
Jam	Increase	19 paise per pack of 450 grams
Orange squash	Increase	22 paise per bottle of 680 ml
Sauce/ketchup	Increase	21 paise per bottle of 370 grams
Instant coffee	Increase	39 paise per pack of 200 grams
Aerated water not containing caffeine —		
(a) Well known brands produced by bigger manufacturers	Reduction	11 paise per bottle
(b) Plain Soda	Increase	1 paise per bottle
Aerated waters containing caffeine	Increase	1.5 paise per bottle
Tooth paste	Increase	36 paise per tube of 100 grams
Toilet soap	Increase	4 to 6 paise per cake of 100 grams
Laundry soap	Increase	11 to 12 paise per bar of 225 grams
Detergents	Increase	57 paise per Kg.
Baby talcum powder	Increase	Rs. 1.69 on a pack of 250 grams
Kerosene	Increase	9.2 paise per litre
Cooking gas	Increase	Rs. 2.06 per cylinder of 15 Kg.
Matches		
(a) Matches produced in the mechanised sector	Increase	20 paise per dozen boxes
(b) Matches produced in cottage sector	Reduction	15 paise per dozen boxes
(c) Others	Reduction	Marginal
Fluorescent tubes	Reduction	94 paise per tube (4 ft.)
Branded biris	Increase	1 paisa per pack of about 15 biris
Mopeds	Reduction	Rs. 62 per moped
Scooter	Increase	Rs. 265 per scooter

The following products continue to be duty free if they are produced by small units whose value of clearances is upto Rs. 5 lakhs in a year :

Processed cheese, Jam, Orange squash, Sauce/ketchup, Aerated waters, Tooth paste, Toilet and Laundry Soap, Detergents, Talcum powder.

Similarly, biscuits, processed cheese, toilet and laundry soap and detergents continue to be free from duty, if they are produced by non-power operated factories. . .

While the above information may be taken as a general guide, the actual change in the duty incidence is liable to marginal variations depending upon the ex-factory prices of different makes/manufactures etc. Consequential marginal increases in sales tax and local taxes such as octroi etc. have not been taken into account

ISSUED IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST BY THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE, GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

davp 78/596.

BEHIND THE FIVE-STAR SMILE

CALCUTTA

The Oberoi Grand, the Park, the Hindustan International, the Great Eastern, Kenilworth and every well-established hotel here in Calcutta owes a great deal indeed to its women employees, who are indefatigably labouring behind the scene to create that front of glamour and glitter.

Today, women have risen to much higher posts than those only confined to the reception counter and Housekeeping. They have reached the heights as Sales Manager, Public Relations Officer, and in a few hotels, even Assistant Manager. But strangely and unfortunately, women general managers and hoteliers are yet to be seen.

PRABHA CHAWLA

"Women can do it, and I myself would aspire to the post of a General Manager. Why not?" put in **Prabha Chawla**, Sales Manager of the Oberoi Hotels in the Eastern region. Elegant and lovely this housewife-turned-care-



er-woman is doing pretty well in her job. She has a great deal to do, and no doubt she enjoys it, be it sales promotion — the publicity and advertising of the hotel — or maintaining cordial relations with the local press, travel agencies and potential business houses. For a sales job, Mrs. Chawla said, "One must have a flair for meeting people and talking to them. Good looks of course are an asset and a definite prerequisite to get into the

hotel. To sell a luxury service, the image projected has got to be glamorous. As for the belief that women have to sleep their way to the top, it is a baseless attitude taken up by the people because of the traditional Indian conventions." Mrs. Chawla feels that in all professional fields, society bears a double standard regarding women but in the hotel industry they are valued for their priceless contribution.

NITI JUDGE

In the office adjacent to Mrs. Chawla's sits **Niti Judge**, who has held the post of a Banquet Sales Executive at the Oberoi Grand for the last six years. Being in charge of the banquet halls, her job involves a great deal of public relations too. "I have to sell banquet rooms, arrange for the conferences and parties, meet various people and discuss the needful. Problems do arise at times, but then it is so interesting too. I have no fixed duty hours. Sometimes I am working the whole day. I have to be around at the parties to see that all the instructions have been carried out to the satisfaction of our customer. I have to organize the whole thing, as if it were my personal party."

Niti Judge feels that women can handle almost any kind of job these days. But they are at



their best when it comes to sales. "Mature women, preferably in their late twenties, are ideally suited to guest handling. Sincerity and hard work are a must for a hotel job. True, a woman must be good looking and all that goes with it, but unless she is devoted to her work she will never reach any place. Yes, I agree people do make sweeping generalizations and attach a stigma to hotel jobs. The least I can say is that after all everything depends on the individual herself."

ANITA GUPTA

In the Park Hotel, one meets **Anita Gupta**, the smart and graceful Public Relations Officer. With her drive and initiative, Anita just walked into her job eight years ago. When she join-

ed there was no Public Relations Department. "I just met the owner, Mr. Surendra Paul, and sold the idea to him."

Anita's job is not only that of a PRO, but partly that of a Sales Executive too. Besides the publicity and house magazine, she is in charge of all the banquet booking instructions to the other departments, correspondence, customer complaints. "Since I joined in 1971 I have learnt a lot and taken up more responsibilities than earlier. Each day brings a new experience for me, and I am never bored with my work. More and more women are eager to join hotels these days and they are doing well too. I feel they are made for such jobs."

Exploitation? "There is none. It is a big story made up by the ignorant masses. Any pretty or charming woman will attract admirers, but how she responds is entirely her own decision. In any case, what is more important is the determination to work hard."

SONIA PESTONJEE

Confident **Sonia Pestonjee** is Executive Housekeeper in the Park Hotel, and is almost the second in command. "I may be a Housekeeper, but mine is mainly a manager's job — that of controlling and stabilizing. I



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manage the laundry, carpenters, cleaners, plumbers, and the accounts. I am also responsible for the recent constructions like the two new wings and the pool in the hotel. I am confident and thorough with my job. The experience is delightful and each day more enriching. Unlimited duty hours never perturb me, because my work comes first for me. And I am loved and respected for it."

Girls make much better executives than boys these days, she feels. As far as the stigma attached to these jobs, "a woman's morals are entirely her own, regardless of any profession. I fail to understand why one should talk particularly of the hotel industry."

RAJI MOHAN

Young and fresh, straight out of college, is Raji Mohan, the one and only kitchen-in-charge in Calcutta. She joined only two years ago, and her efficiency is remarkable. The fact that she is responsible and efficient is reflected in her job which she enjoys thoroughly. "I plan menus, see the costing, stores and provisions, cater to the room service, banquets, and coffee shops. All decisions related to these are mine," she adds with a triumphant smile. Exploitation? She laughed it off as an absolute falsity.

At the reception counter of Hotel Hindustan International stand two attractive girls — Neeta Bose and Kanir Singh, who are in charge of reservations. "We enjoy our work, because we love meeting new people. Sometimes it is very tiring, especially when we are short-staffed. Women are positively capable of managing higher posts in hotels and we don't think there is any exploitation whatsoever. No one can force a person to do anything. It all depends on the person concerned."

Talking to these women, leads one to the conclusion that the hotel industry and women are made for each other. No wonder, each one in her own standing loves it, and aims to reach higher levels, smartness, vigour and dedication being the key-notes of their careers.

Susmita Singhi

BEHIND

THE FIVE-STAR SMILE

MADRAS

In conservative Madras it was unthinkable for a woman to work in hotels. But slowly the emancipated woman shed her inhibitions and tentatively peeped into the tantalizing world of glamour, wining and dining and hospitality. In some cases it was economic necessity, in others it was just to mark time. Consequently, the women in the hotel industry in Madras are a 'floating population' — here today, gone tomorrow. They started as Public Relations Officers, Sales Executives, in Guests Relations, etc. Today, however, none of the five-star hotels in Madras has women in top posts.

I decided to ask some of the young ladies who had left why they left.

SITA MURARI

"It's an ugly world," was the vehement comment of Mrs. Sita Murari, who was Public Relations Officer of the Hotel Con-nemara till recently. Wife of an IAS officer, charming and sophisticated Sita entered the profession with all enthusiasm. "But your exuberance is misunderstood. And never a moment will they let you forget that you are



a woman." What bugged Sita most was the odd working hours. It is very difficult for an unescorted Indian woman to entertain the hotel guests till late in the night. She is the punching bag to take the punches from both sides — the management and the guests, complaints from the one and reprimands from

the other. According to Sita, no academic qualifications are necessary for a hotel job. "If you have a pretty face and a glamorous turn-out, it's fine. There is no satisfaction of a job well done. If you have a contribution to make it is not appreciated."

SUCHARITA SUNDARAM

On the other hand, pretty young Sucharita Sundaram is in her salad days in the same hotel as a Management Trainee. She is looking forward to an exciting

Sucharita finds a lot of job satisfaction. She feels that good looks alone are not enough to make a success of this career. It is real hard work.

Sucharita is an exponent of Bharata Natyam. Though she belongs to an orthodox Brahmin community, her parents are



career in the hotel industry. "It all looks so glamorous and exciting, but behind that facade there is a lot of hard work to put in." She was given fair warning of this when she was interviewed for the job. She has a BA in English Literature from Madras University and a diploma in secretarial practice from Davar's College, but no qualification with particular reference to the hotel industry. She was keen on a hotel job because she would be exposed to a lot of activity, meet different types of people. She hopes she would be able to make good use of her language skills; she knows French, Russian and German. Used to a lot of entertaining and parties at home, Sucharita has had no difficulty in fitting into the hotel atmosphere. When asked about the late working hours, she said it depended on the individual and how she conducted herself.

very broad-minded. She has been given a lot of liberty to decide on her career, and she means to do well. Right now she is familiarizing herself with the different departments of the hotel, and would ultimately work in the sales section, she hopes.

She began her career as a receptionist at the Hotel Savera. She was just out of college then. Her parents demurred at the hotel job, but she convinced them and got her way. She is married now and has a child who is looked after by her mother. She spends as much time with the baby as possible on weekends. Her husband is working for a travel agency and that makes it easier for her, as he is able to understand her problems and co-operate with her.

Susie Kuruvilla

Jackie stayed in Greece with her husband nearly a month. Then she flew home by herself to be with her children, leaving him in Athens to do business with the Greek dictator, George Papadopoulos. He was in the midst of negotiating the biggest financial deal of his career, a 400-million-dollar investment package for Greece. The negotiations collapsed shortly after the junta fell. But Onassis went ahead with plans to build an oil refinery, a shipyard, an aluminium plant, several light industries, an air terminal and a string of tourist resorts which would completely revolutionise Greece while making him the richest man in the world.

He was severely criticised in the United States for wanting to become a partner in the dictatorial regime of the Greek junta, but he could not have cared less. His business dealings had never been hampered by any sort of moral scruples. He was a totally apolitical man interested only in empire building. "It's not a question of money," he said. "After you reach a certain point, money becomes unimportant. What matters is success. The sensible thing would be for me to stop now. But I can't. I have to keep aiming higher and higher — just for the thrill."

Days later he flew to New York to spend the weekend with his new family at Jackie's rented country home in Peapack, New Jersey. Before he arrived she had a photographer arrested for trespassing on her property and ordered barricades erected on every road leading to her house. Onassis teased her about setting up an armed camp.

Shortly after she returned from Greece her secretary, Nancy Tuckerman, called Rosemary Sorrentino at Kenneth's to ask her to go to Jackie's apartment to do her hair. "I had to keep it a secret because the press was dying to get hold of her," said Mrs. Sorrentino. "She couldn't come to the salon because traffic would have been backed up for blocks."

People actually stood outside for hours waiting to see her.

"Nancy told me I had to dress like a washerwoman with a scarf on my head and enter by the servants' entrance so reporters would not be alerted. She sent a limousine to pick me up at the salon and let me out about a block away from Jackie's. I entered the back way, was checked by the Secret Service men, and then went up the private elevator on the 15th floor of Jackie's building. I looked like a peasant when I arrived, just awful, but at least



WITH THE WORLD STILL DISCUSSING THE WEDDING, JACKIE SETTLED DOWN TO THE LIFE OF A BILLIONNAIRE'S WIFE, TRAVELLING WHEREVER SHE PLEASED, SPENDING EXTRAVAGANTLY, BASKING IN THE DEVOTION OF A DOTING AND GENEROUS HUSBAND. IT WAS A FREEDOM SHE HAD NEVER ENJOYED AS THE FIRST LADY IN THE KENNEDY YEARS. — CONCLUDING EXTRACT FROM THE BOOK **JACKIE OH!** BY KITTY KELLEY PUBLISHED BY VIKAS PUBLISHING HOUSE PVT. LTD., NEW DELHI.

no one found out who I was."

Mrs. Sorrentino was not surprised by Nancy Tuckerman's instructions. As First Lady, Jackie always ordered the beautician to say she was a secretary so White House reporters would not know that she and Kenneth flew down from New York to do her hair. "One time when the Jerome Robbins ballet was rehearsing for a state dinner, Jackie let me go downstairs and watch, but she made Kenneth stay upstairs in the family quarters because the press would recognise him," said Mrs. Sorrentino.

"I was so used to her little games that I really didn't pay much attention to it when Nancy called me. Jackie looked just terrific when I walked into her apartment. I congratulated her

on her marriage and told her how gorgeous she looked. Bunny Mellon was there at the time and Jackie kept telling us both how happy she was and all about her honeymoon. She looked wonderful."

At Kenneth's salon, Mrs. Aristotle Onassis was not treated like an ordinary client. According to Mrs. Sorrentino, she was elevated to royalty. "When she started coming back to the salon, she always came under a fictitious name so no one would find out that she was there. She had her own private room on the eighth floor where she had her hair straightened and coloured. She never wanted anyone to know that we had to dye her hair, so she made each of us swear we wouldn't ever talk to

reporters. She got so mad when the word got out that she wore falls and wigs to make her hair seem fuller that she wouldn't speak to any of us for a while. She asked me to teach a little Greek girl how to wash and set her hair and then I didn't see her very much because she was always travelling with Mr. Onassis."

In December, Jackie flew to Washington to visit Ethel Kennedy. Before leaving, she visited the graves of her first husband and her former brother-in-law at Arlington National Cemetery. Then, with Caroline and John Jr, she flew to Greece to spend Christmas with Onassis and his children on Skorpios. Before leaving she bought a sixteenth-century gold Annunciation scene for Ethel which Bobby had wanted to give her as his Christmas present. He had picked it out for her shortly before he died. Jackie gave her husband a painting of herself by Aaron Shikler. In return she received a set of earrings worth 300,000 dollars. Within the next few years Onassis showered his wife with well over three million dollars worth of jewellery. On her fortieth birthday he gave her a 40-carat diamond — one carat for each year, plus a diamond necklace and bracelet worth one million

dollars. Knowing that President Kennedy had started the space programme in 1961 and wanted to put a man on the moon within the decade, Onassis's jeweller decided to give Jackie something special to commemorate the Apollo II mission, so he created a set of earrings consisting of a sapphire-studded earth at the ear and a large ruby moon hanging from a chain. The Apollo ship was attached to a thin gold thread which circled the sapphire earth and then dropped to the ruby moon. It was a unique if not ostentatious design, and the jeweller absorbed the 150,000-dollar cost to please the wife of his best customer.

For specially designed jewellery, Onassis always went to Zolotas, but for larger, more ex-

pensive pieces like Jackie's 40-carat diamond he went to Van Cleef & Arpels in Paris. Usually he paid cash and asked that the baubles be gift-wrapped or sent with flowers. Before their marriage, he sent Jackie several bouquets wrapped with diamond bracelets. Other times he had jewellery delivered to Olympic Airways and someone there delivered it to her as a surprise.

Ilias Lalaounis, the designer for Zolotas in Athens, recalls frequent visits Jackie made to the store after her marriage. "She said that jewellery is epoch making and she loves her own to be original. She simply insists on being the first to appear with something new and different."

After the Christmas holidays Jackie flew back to New York with her children, while Onassis flew to Paris where he dined quietly with Maria Callas at the country home of their friend Baroness van Zuylen. Later he made the rounds of his favourite night clubs with Elsa Martinelli and her husband, Henri Dubonnet, the aperitif heir. He stayed in daily telephone contact with his wife. The next month the golden couple met in New York to spend time with Caroline and John before leaving on a cruise together in the Canary Islands.

Easter was spent cruising on the *Christina* with the children, Rose Kennedy, and Nancy Tuckerman, who was placed on Onassis's payroll at Olympic Airways to continue her secretarial duties for Jackie. During the cruise Onassis gave the Kennedy matriarch a gold bracelet with a serpent's head studded with diamonds and rubies. Rose, figuring her host had bought the bracelet at Bonwit Teller's as a token gift, assumed it was merely a piece of pretty costume jewellery with fake stones. Later she had it valued and learned it was worth 1,300 dollars.

As Mrs. Aristotle Onassis, Jackie became closer to her former mother-in-law and frequently invited her to spend time cruising on the *Christina*. "When I married Ari, she of all people was the one who encouraged me," said Jackie. "She said, 'He's a good man.' And, 'Don't worry, dear.' She's been extraordinarily generous. Here I was, I was married to her son and I had his children, but she was the one who was saying if this is what you think best, go ahead. . . . She comes and visits us. It's wonderful for Caroline and John. And Ari adores her. The first Easter after we were married she came to spend a few days with us in the Caribbean. That next summer she stopped over in Greece.

She was on her way to Ethiopia to have a joint birthday celebration with Haile Selassie. . . . She came and spent the New Year with us."

During Rose's trip to Greece, Jackie photographed her visiting the Acropolis and put the pictures in a photo album with amusing captions. She also wrote her former mother-in-law a letter saying how utterly unexpected life's chain of events was and that she and Rose, after all their experiences together, should now start to share new experiences in a different environment and atmosphere. No longer beholden to the Kennedy fortune, Jackie initiated a rapprochement with the woman she had resented for many years.

After spending the New Year in Greece with Jackie and Ari, Rose said: "I am thrilled by her assurances of welcome because this way I shall always be able to contact Caroline and John and to know that all enjoy having me with them, including Ari and his relatives. And New Year was possibly a little less foreign to the children because I was there."

Rose had good reason to be concerned about her grandchildren. Caroline never fully accepted Onassis as her stepfather and frequently made disparaging comments about him to her school friends. John got along better with him, but he, too, felt that Onassis was trying to buy their affection with ponies, sailing boats and other gifts. Onassis, genuinely fond of the children, tried to spend as much time with them as his schedule would allow. He was also generous to Jackie's aunt and first cousin, who lived in a dilapidated estate called Grey Gardens in East Hampton, Long Island.

In 1971, Edith Bouvier Beale, Black Jack's sister, and her spinster daughter, known as Little Edie, were almost evicted from their seaside mansion by the Suffolk County Health Department after inspectors found the twenty-eight-room house overrun by cobwebs, faeces, raccoons and eighteen diseased and flea-ridden cats. The Beales had no heat, running water or food at the time, prompting public officials to declare their house unfit for human habitation.

A man from the sanitation department called Big Edie's son, Bouvier Beale, a New York lawyer married to a society girl and living on an estate in Glen Cove. He told Beale that his mother's house was about to be condemned unless he would give her the money to fix it up. He also warned Bouvier Beale that the next health inspection of Grey Gardens would create a national scandal. Bouvier Beale remained unmoved. "If that's what it takes to get mother out of the house, so be it," he said, refusing to help her.

Days later there were front page headlines: JACKIE'S AUNT TOLD: CLEAN UP MANSION. Stories flashed around the world telling the sordid tale of Big Edie, whose husband walked out on her many years before, and Little Edie, who had devoted her life to her eccentric mother in the gloomy mansion covered with vines the size of boa constrictors. Their relatives, all rich, well-bred and socially prestigious, turned away from them in shame, preferring a scandal to parting with a penny of their fortunes to help rebuild the decaying estate which had once been a luxurious resort mansion. Jackie ignored the plight of the Beales for a month, saying through her secretary that they were living the

way they wanted to and she was not going to interfere.

"Oh, it was just awful," moaned Little Edie. "The Bouviers hated us, mother and I, because we were the rebels in the family. We're the artists. We're descended from fourteenth-century French kings, you know. I can read and write French because I learned at Miss Porter's School in Farmington, but I can't speak it very well. The neighbours say we're crazy just because we have an overgrown Louisiana Bayou look to our old family house. . . . oh, they hate our cats. . . . you know. . . . we would have perished without Mr. Onassis."

Unsynchronised by logic, the words tumbled out of Little Edie in pell mell fashion. Flashing from the past to the present, she talked about the Greek husband of her famous first cousin. "He's a wonderful man. He called mother and me. Mother has a gorgeous voice, you know, and Mr. Onassis asked her to sing to him on the telephone and he sang beautiful love songs to Mother. They were on the phone for forty-five minutes. Oh, it was wonderful. . . . Jackie introduced us on the phone and she said she loved him very much."

"She said, 'Don't you think I'm lucky to be married to such a splendid person?' and I said yes. I wanted to meet Mr. Onassis in person but you know I wasn't in very good shape then. . . . not thin like I used to be as a young girl. . . . I've lived in this hole all my life. . . . Jackie is always in good shape. . . . She told me that Nehru fell madly in love with her. . . . but she didn't like politics. . . . We knew she wasn't too happy with Kennedy."

Onassis saved the women from eviction by spending over 50,000 dollars to repair the gaping holes the raccoons had chewed in the ceilings. He bought them a new furnace so they wouldn't have to wrap themselves in newspapers at night to keep warm, he financed new plumbing throughout the house, and began paying all the utility bills.

"Jackie asked us, 'What do you want to do with your life?' and Mother said, 'I want to stay right here at Grey Gardens which is my home.' So Mr. Onassis fixed it up for us and gave Jackie the money to put in the bank for mother to pay for our oil and heat and water and lights," said Little Edie. "She came to visit us once and I met Caroline and John. . . . you know, Lee is a great beauty. . . . prettier than Jackie. . . . She is a princess. . . . I held her when she was a baby



Continued on page 49



'The bright Spot in my day!'



Exotic Fare!

HAWAIIAN MOOD

Slice strawberries, seedless grapes and cherries. Arrange them in each section of an ice-tray. Pour Gold Spot into the ice-tray till it is three-fourths full. Put it into the freezer. When set, drop the cubes into glasses of soda or lemonade. Serve immediately.

Goes well with spicy food!

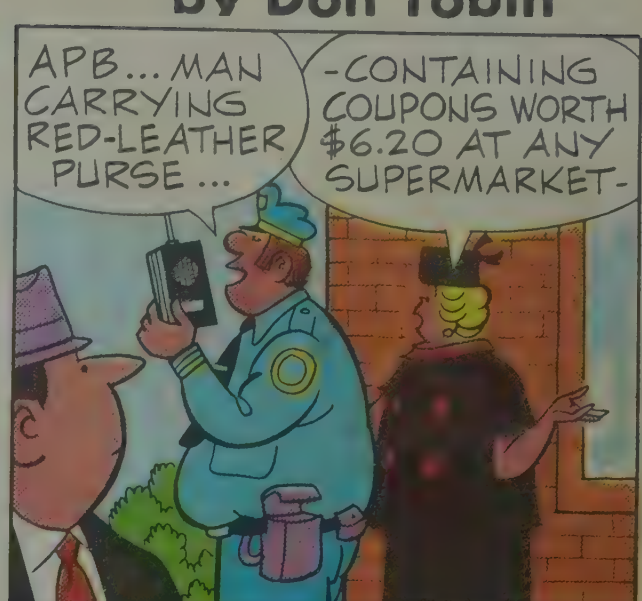
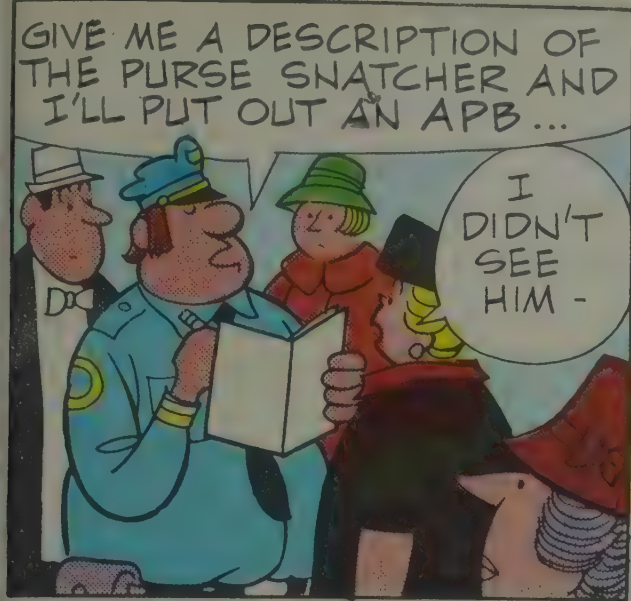
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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



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L. WOMAN

THAT'S A LAUGH!

A great celebrity at a Woman's Institute tea party saw to his horror, a vast matron determinedly bearing down on him.

"I haven't told you about my grandchildren, have I?" she gushed.

"No, you haven't, madam," he replied, "and I'd like to tell you how deeply I appreciate it."

Overheard: "It was a woman who drove me to drink. I still feel bad about it — I never wrote and thanked her."

Since his father had become Mayor, a certain little boy had been unbearably conceited. Hoping to score over him, one of his pals said to him one day, "One of our chickens laid two eggs this morning."

"That's nothing," came the reply. "This afternoon my Dad's laying a foundation-stone."

He went to a nudist camp once just to see what it was like, and was telling the wife about it afterwards.

"I knocked on the door," he said, "and the butler answered."

"If everyone's in the nude," she said, "how did you know it was the butler?"



He said, "Well, I could tell it wasn't the maid."

The world's most polite bandit waved his pistol at a bank's employees and customers and announced silkily, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, all those in favour of leaving these premises alive will kindly hold up their hands."

"The greatest man who ever lived — broad-minded, tolerant, generous, patient, temperate, brilliant — died with all his talents unsuspected," announced one friend to another.

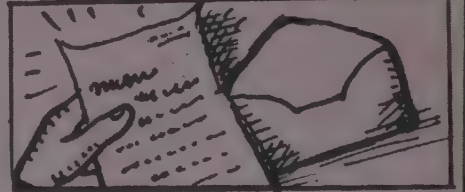
"In that case, how did you manage to find out so much about him?" he was asked.

"I married his widow."

After a stormy council meeting, one councillor was surprised to find himself being chaired through the streets by a cheering throng. Eventually he said to his carriers, "All right, lads, this is my house."

"Don't be daft," came the reply, "we're taking you to the canal."

"I've had a letter from a chap saying that if I don't



leave his wife alone he's going to beat me up."

"You'd better do as he says."

"But he didn't sign the letter."

Sid was teaching his well-fed wife to swim, but he was no Olympic coach. She kept going under and spluttering:

"Idiot! Put your palm under my chin."

"Idiot yourself," he snapped. "Tell me which one."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

THE STORY SO FAR...

Young Lauren Fletcher flies to West Asia to take up appointment as secretary to the Director of Akhmar Oil Company. Her co-passenger, Molly Kennedy, is enroute to join her husband Alan, a veteran employee in the same firm. At the destination Lauren is met by Peter Corbett, a company representative, but is upset by a confrontation with a surly stranger whom she takes for some roughneck. In her living quarters, she meets Kath Stevens, her room-mate. On the official side she gets a shock when Edgar Stewart, the Director, introduces her to his drilling superintendent, Blake Elliot. He is the "roughneck" she had encountered earlier. To complicate matters there is some mysterious antagonism between Peter and Blake.

For Lauren, office life brings constant skirmishes with Blake, who possesses a disturbing physical attraction she does not show. The monthly dance at the Dolphin Club introduces Adele Harding, a local nurse, who is Blake's constant companion. At Molly's house one evening, Lauren meets Blake. She also learns about the rig fire accident that affected Blake's personality.

NOW READ ON. . . .

The following evening, Peter Corbett took Lauren for an evening at the Dolphin Club. They drank champagne laced with brandy in the cocktail bar and walked on the lawn-covered terrace beside the swimming pool. Intimacy was a natural outcome. The kiss stopped Lauren in her tracks, causing her mind to become a hotch-potch of thoughts and emotions. The champagne was having a benevolent effect on both of them, she reflected. Even so, she resisted Peter's embrace and moved ahead of him. Undeterred, he caught up with her. He kissed her again, but this time it was a long, lingering kiss that bespoke awakening passion.

Lauren turned her head sharply. A kiss was a kiss — involvement was something else again. Quickly disengaging herself from Peter's embrace, she gazed ahead and stared straight into the impassive face of Blake Elliot. He had come upon them unawares.

Blake spoke evenly, "Good evening, Miss Fletcher." There was a look in his eyes which she could not read.

"Good evening, Mr. Elliot." Reaction from the warmth of Peter's embrace, and the chill of

this sudden encounter, made her shiver. The movement did not go unnoticed.

"I suggest you go indoors, Miss Fletcher." Blake made this suggestion sound like an order. Grimly he confronted Peter. "As for you Corbett, haven't you more sense than to keep Miss Fletcher out here, wearing only a thin dress? You know how rapidly the temperature drops."

The drilling superintendent wasn't joking. Judging by the atmosphere, Lauren would bet the thermometer had fallen to zero!

Peter flushed with vexation. His lips tightened in a mutinous

PART THREE

sand through my fingers

Lee Naughton

SAND THROUGH MY FINGERS was originally published by Mills and Boon Limited, London, c Lee Naughton 1978 (Australian Copyright).

line. "Why don't you get off my back, Blake?" he said unexpectedly. "I know you're my superior, but I'm entitled to a private life." He laughed bitterly. "Or have you decided that I'm not entitled to that any more?"

Blake's voice was deceptively soft. "As your superior, I intend to ignore that remark. As man to man, don't you think it's about time you grew up?"

Bewildered by the turn of events, Lauren stood watching Blake. The cheek of the man — talking to Peter like that! Could anyone be so hateful? Rallying to Peter's defence, she spoke quickly. "I'm not on duty now, Mr. Elliot. What I do out of office hours is no concern of yours."

"In that you're wrong, Miss Fletcher. Make no mistake about that." Blake gave her a cold quelling glance that shrivelled any warmth she had felt for him. "I don't like members of the staff making a spectacle of

themselves in public," he told her. "Particularly in an Arab community where strict moral codes are observed — as Corbett should well know." He said with icy finality, "If you wish to indulge in romantic behaviour, I suggest you choose a more isolated location. Good-night."

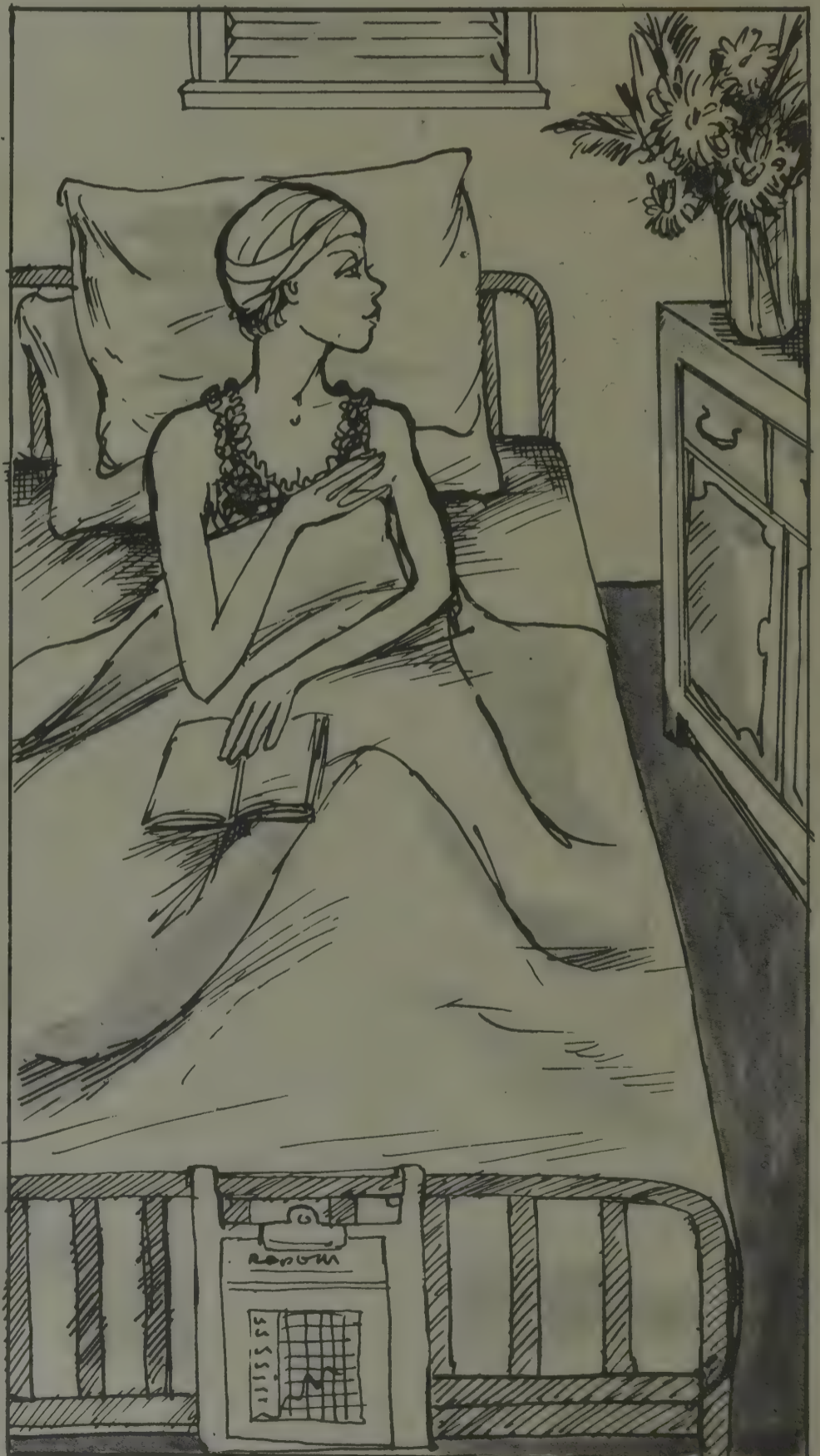
At dinner in the luxurious restaurant of the Dolphin Club, Lauren probed cautiously. "Peter, why are you and Blake continually at loggerheads? Why can't you meet without sparks flying? Won't you tell me please?"

Peter said abruptly, "Don't let's talk about it. I've known Blake for some years. It's a long story. . . I don't want the memory of it to mar this pleasurable

evening." He frowned. "Talk of the devil!" he muttered angrily.

Lauren turned round and followed his gaze. With a sense of dismay, she watched Blake and Adele enter the dining room and take a seat where it was impossible for her not to see them. She felt a twinge of envy but tried to hide under a facade of gaiety, flirting a little with Peter to dull her hurt. The evening left her with a vague feeling of dissatisfaction and back at her bungalow, she felt lonelier than ever.

Mr. Stewart, Director of Akhmar Oil Company, had to go to London for a fortnight and Blake was to officiate during his absence. She prepared herself for the challenge of it. Tomorrow,



Blake would sit in Mr. Stewart's chair. The brightness of that morning was deceptive. A cold easterly wind hurried round corners to meet Lauren and she arrived at the office feeling chilled and out of tune with herself.

The light flicked on her intercom. "Bring in your notebook, Miss Fletcher, please," Blake said tonelessly. It was strange seeing him sitting in the director's chair, Lauren reflected. She had met his eyes unwaveringly — his gaze was as expressionless as his voice as he told her to be seated.

Blake dictated so rapidly that Lauren's pencil skimmed over the pages. She was glad the technical phraseology now held no terrors for her, because it was plain to see Blake would prove a hard taskmaster if the morning's work was anything to go by.

As he finished dictating, he handed her a sheaf of papers. "That lot should keep you out of mischief," he said and Lauren fancied the dark eyes betrayed a glimmer of amusement. Later, sparks flew between them when she couldn't lay her hands on the Rig Five Report that Blake demanded. He was in conference with the General Manager and he kept calling for the misplaced report till Lauren became a flurry of nerves. When she finally did trace it from the office of the financial director, Blake said, "Looking in the wrong place can waste valuable time."

Throwing caution to the winds, she retorted, "I know just as little about your job, as you know about mine." When Blake didn't comment, she picked up the folder he had placed on the desk for her. "Is there anything else, Mr. Elliot?"

"No, thanks. At least not officially." Blake's eyes narrowed. "Women are so often attracted to the wrong man. I don't want that to happen to you."

"And who are you to say who's the right or wrong man for me?" she stormed. "Peter's been extremely helpful."

"I was just trying to stop you from getting hurt. Forget it."

"I enjoyed dining with Mr. Corbett last night. I only hope you enjoyed your evening with Miss Harding." The inflection in her voice changed to a sliver of steel. "She certainly gave you her undivided attention."

Blake's eyes darkened with anger. "You've made your point adequately, Miss Fletcher," he said harshly. "Good night."

It was Guy Fawkes night in the desert town. The road to the

LAUREN TRIED TO PUZZLE OUT WHY BLAKE WASN'T ESCORTING ADELE TO THE PARTY, WHY HE WANTED TO ESCORT HER. SURELY SHE WOULD BE THERE? THE THOUGHT NAGGED AT HER AS SHE DRESSED

ridge was heavy with traffic. The oil town was far away from Great Britain, but the procession towards the bonfire seemed to bring a breath of home to the foreign environment in which they lived.

The bonfire stood about thirty feet high. The area had been roped off and to the left of the stack, rope also cordoned off the display set pieces. A fire tender was standing close by and a first-aid post had been erected.

By seven o'clock, a large crowd had gathered. Molly and Alan with their twins, Sharon and Moira, Peter Corbett, Lauren, Kath and of course the arrogant Blake.

Lauren was laughing with the others when a very familiar voice cut in, "Hello folks. Can anyone join the fun?"

"Sure," Alan answered, "the party's free."

"Why of course, Blake," Molly said happily. "We're having a lovely time, aren't we, Lauren?"

"Fabulous," Lauren replied and despised herself for feeling her heart lift at Blake's appearance.

As the men moved away, Lauren saw Sharon running towards the bonfire. It was roaring now, scattering intermittent rockets. With ease the child scrambled underneath the rope that cordoned off the stack.

"Sharon," yelled Lauren, suddenly galvanized into action. She chased the child. Vaguely she heard Blake shout. But the crackle of flames and her concern for Sharon made her pay no heed. Speeding ahead of the child, she pulled her back sharply from the stack, wincing as the heat from the fire scorched her skin.

Sharon resisted. "No. Let me go! I want to see if the guy has been all burned away."

"No, Sharon," Lauren said severely. "Go to Mummy." With that command, she pushed the child towards Molly. A swishing noise filled her ears and her gaze became transfixed as she watched a rocket misfire. Lauren could only stare at it, filled with the

terrible inevitability that it was speeding towards her. Pain seared the side of her head. There was a surging movement around her, then Blake's dark figure was there. Instinctively Lauren stretched out her arms. Then oblivion claimed her, holding her its prisoner.

Lauren lay in a world of silence and shadow. Her head was full of little stabbing pains that darted in and out of her thoughts as she tried to think where she was.

Lauren stared at the woman approaching the bed, suddenly recognizing the stranger in the crisp white uniform as the elegant Adele. This was a hospital then and Adele was evidently nursing her.

"How are you feeling, Miss Fletcher?" Adele asked, feeling Lauren's pulse.

"Hazy," Lauren replied. "What happened?"

"One of the rockets shot off at the wrong angle. It could have been worse — you've only had to have a few stitches. I've told Mr. Elliot he can visit you in the afternoon. He's always so considerate of his staff." The smile she gave Lauren did not reach her eyes. Then softly as a shadow Adele moved away.

"Hello, Lauren," Blake said softly. "Feeling rough?"

"A bit?"

"How does it feel to be a heroine?"

"Is Sharon all right?"

"Fine, apart from being blistered by her mother's tongue. Molly and Alan are so grateful. If you hadn't grabbed Sharon..."

Weakness made her want to weep, yet it was not weakness alone that made her feel so helpless. Seeing Blake so near her, she felt a desperate urgency to touch him, to talk to him.

"Perhaps it won't be too long before I'm back on the job," she said anxiously.

"Work is the last thing you've got to worry about," he told her.

"The main concern is to get back on your feet. As for work, we'll cope." He grinned. "Did no one ever tell you that once released, the oil just gives itself up?"

Later, he sent her flowers, flown in from Beirut, jewel bright against a background of ferns. She was overwhelmed.

A few days later Lauren returned to the office. Blake told her to take it easy, but paper work

soon builds up and in next to no time Lauren felt she had never been away. November progressed into December. Mr. Stewart had been delayed and it seemed unlikely that the Director would return to Akhmar before the New Year.

One morning, a week before Christmas, Blake sauntered to her desk. His alert eyes took in the invitation card on her desk. "I see you've been invited to the General Manager's cocktail party."

"Yes," she said.

Every year, the general manager and his wife invited local dignitaries and certain staff members to a Christmas gathering.

"Be ready at six o'clock," he said. "I'll escort you personally to that cocktail party." There was a gleam in his eyes as he whispered, "I must see that you're introduced to all the right people."

"Thanks, Blake," Lauren said meekly. "I'll be ready."

As Lauren lazed in a bath of scented foam, she let her thoughts drift. Tonight she would wear her dress of jade green silk. This was the first time Blake had arranged to escort her and she wanted the evening to be special. She tried to puzzle out why he wasn't escorting Adele. Surely she would be there? The thought nagged at her as she dressed.

"You look enchanting," Blake complimented when he picked her up. "You remind me of a sea nymph." His hand touched her shorn hair. "Perhaps that hair-cut they gave you at the hospital has something to do with it."

At the party Lauren met many people but what stuck in her mind was the Arab Sheikh, Ben Abdul Hassan, a member of the ruling family.

"Enchanted, mademoiselle," he greeted her. "How fortunate is my friend Blake to have the company of such a beautiful woman. I too must invite you to some occasion you will remember."

"I shall look forward to it, thank you," said Lauren formally. Later as Hassan bade her goodnight, Lauren could not but be aware of the admiration kindling in the Sheikh's eyes. Suddenly, she felt uneasy, as if a feather of premonition had brushed her skin.

(To be continued)

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

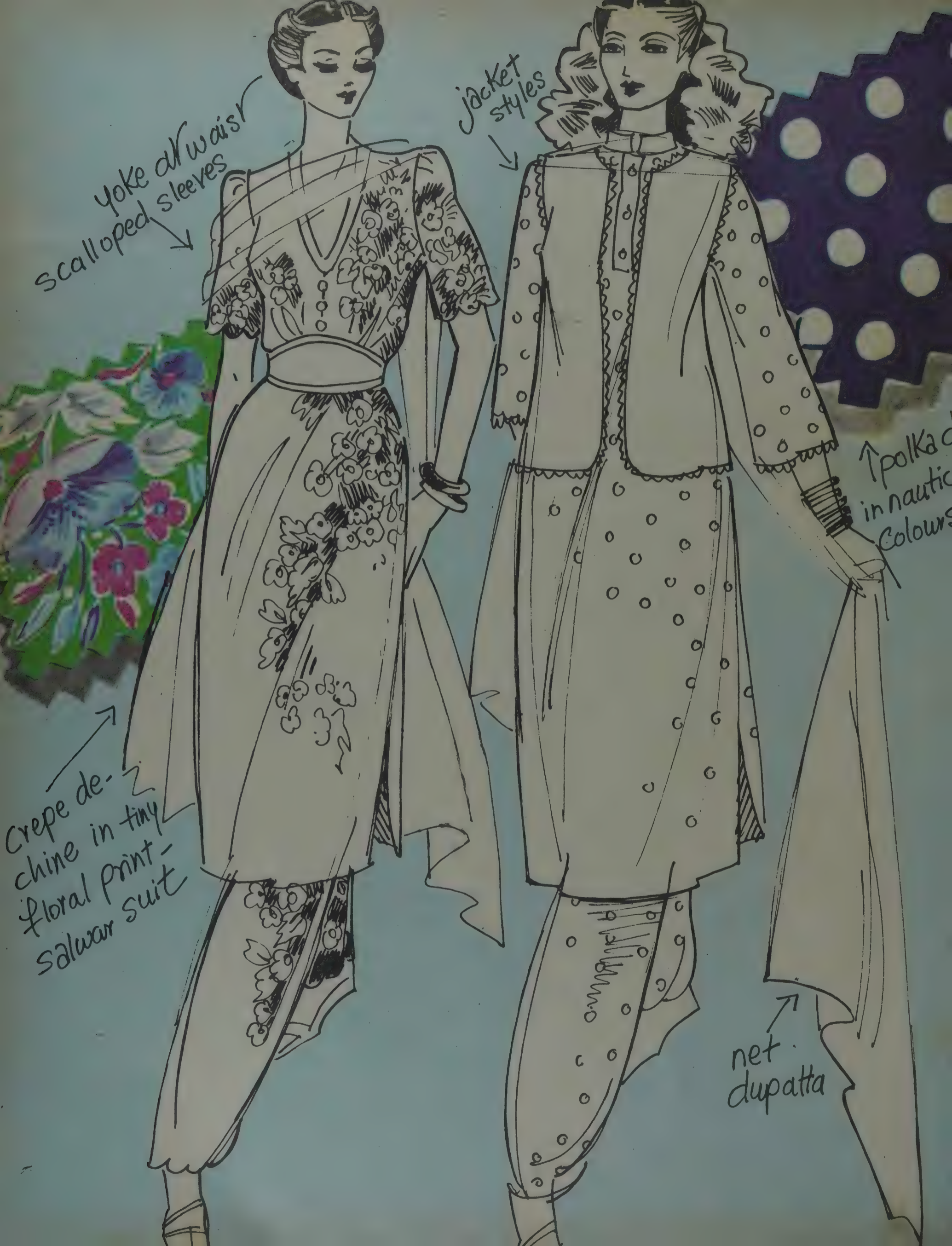
yoke at waist
scalloped sleeves

jacket styles

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The fashion and the fabric

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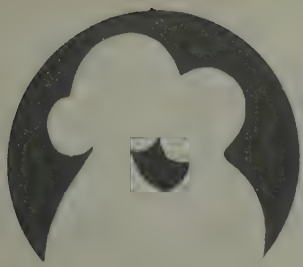


shaded chiffon sequined embroidery

shawl collar
pleats at
shoulder—
padded sleeves

Satin jacquard
soft fluid,
feminine.

dhara



On December 21, 1976, the U.N. General Assembly passed a resolution that 1979 would be the International Year of the Child. Since then, all over the world countries have been planning and chalking out various programmes to focus attention on children and to work for their benefit.

In Bombay too a special citizens' committee has been set up to plan several large-scale schemes to focus the limelight on the most deprived child, to highlight children's special needs, and to initiate programmes in order to leave lasting benefits to them.

The citizens' committee is headed by Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali, who is its Chairman; its honorary secretaries are Mrs. Bakul Patel and Miss Armaity Desai. The committee has already-prepared plans for several major long-term projects.

The committee felt that in Maharashtra the most deprived child lives in the rural areas and should be considered first. Initially, they thought they could set up schools in the rural areas so that basic education, at least, could reach these children. Later, they could be trained in a profession which suited their life-style, such as agriculture, animal husbandry or horticulture.

Two rural areas in Maharashtra have been selected — Parner taluka in Ahmednagar district and Umred taluka in Marathwada. The hon. secretaries arranged a programme of visits with the Chief Executive Officer, Mr. O.P. Gahotra, and met the extension officers of the panchayat samiti.

To say that they were appalled by the conditions in these drought-prone areas would be an understatement. Apart from the fact that these areas receive hardly any rainfall, they are completely non-irrigated and the main water-supply in the village comes from wells, most of which are dry. Since farming and agriculture are impossible in such conditions most of the population remains unemployed. In Malkup and Kalkup, people are supposed to be employed under the Employment Guarantee Scheme, but ninety per cent of those em-



trition are clearly visible among the children, many of whom suffer from rickets.

In the midst of such dire poverty it is impossible to expect parents to send their children to school. It was realized that if the committee wished to help the children, they would have to begin altering the entire socio-economic structure of the villages.

It was then decided that while the committee concentrated on the needs of the village children, it would have to work simultaneously for the adults, and thus plan schemes in order to help them help themselves. Discussions were held at which men and women from the villages were present. The aim of these discussions was to ascertain the specific needs of the people and discover how these needs could best be catered to.

From these discussions it emerged that mothers had to walk several miles to their work-sites carrying their little children with them, for want of a day-care centre or creche where the little ones could be left. If they had slightly older children, they kept the little ones in their charge, with the result that children, especially girls, had to dis-

CHILD-ORIENTED PLANNING IN MAHARASHTRA

**THE RURAL CHILDREN
IN MAHARASHTRA ARE
PROBABLY THE MOST
DEPRIVED CHILDREN IN
THE STATE. THE STATE'S
PLANS FOR THE IYC WILL
CENTRE ON SCHEMES
FOR THEIR WELFARE**

played are women, who work on construction sites. Sometimes they have to walk three to five miles to reach the site and earn a meagre Rs. three per day. None of the households in the villages have any cattle, goats, sheep or poultry. The only diet of both the adults and the children is dry bhakar, made of bajra or jawar, and even this only once a day. The effects of severe malnu-



Photographs : Sanil

continue their education. This was very evident from the statistics of the drop-outs in each village, where only two to four girls were found in Class IV, whereas in Class I males and females were in equal proportion.

The villagers also requested the committee to make provision for food, clothing and school equipment for the children of the primary school. They considered food and clothing, ie, uniforms, a major 'incentive' for parents to send their children to school. This would reduce the burden on their shoulders, and would provide the children with a meal which they were not in a position to give. They also felt that the curriculum of their education should be revised so as to make it more relevant to their community needs and environment.

As a first step, therefore, the committee is considering the setting up of a balwadi (creche-nursery) for the children of working mothers. The programme will include nutrition, health and non-formal education. Thus, the children will be usefully occupied, while the mothers can work with complete peace of mind, knowing that their children are being well looked after. Recreation will also be provided at the balwadi for the older children, and the health of pregnant and lactating mothers will be under constant scrutiny.

The committee will also see to the improvement of the physical structure of schools and will train teachers to work in them. The social and economic development of the village will be the primary consideration, and for this purpose adults and youths of the village will be organized into groups in relation to this development. Thus, the children will be educated, fed and clothed in these schools, and on completing high school, they will be trained as farmers, sheep-rearers, carpenters, blacksmiths, cobblers and tailors.

While these services will be provided in the villages, other schemes are being planned to help the adults, in so far as earning a decent living is concerned. For unless they have the means, they will not be able to provide even the basic necessities of life for their children.

The water resources in the area will first be tapped by sinking wells. This will be followed by the construction of irrigation channels with the people's participation. The area will be surveyed to determine the nature of

economic development and the committee will co-ordinate the services of the various agencies available for the development of the economic infrastructure. Thus, various bodies like the World Bank, the Gnyan Prabodini, the Action for Food Production (AFPRO), the Sugar Co-operative Bank and the Bharat Agro-Industries Corporation will actively participate in the further economic development of these rural areas.

Apart from these two major schemes at Parner and Umrud, the committee is working simultaneously on other projects for the urban community which are aimed at helping urban slum children. With the help of the Municipal Corporation of Greater



UNICEF

Bombay, it was determined that the slum-colony at Chembur is by far the worst and required immediate attention. Here children live amid filth in the most unhygienic conditions. Bootlegging, gambling and other dubious activities are carried on in the slums. The incidence of juvenile delinquency is naturally very high. The committee aims at thorough reform measures which will benefit both adults and children in the slums. Once they have established their programme of work at Chembur, they will move on to the other slums of Bombay.

Yet another activity of the Citizen's Committee is the formation of a Legislative Committee that will consider the question of protective legislation for children. It is the aim of the Legislative Committee to recommend a comprehensive Bill for the benefit of children to the State Government. Various acts like the Juvenile Delinquency Act and the Child Labour Act exist only on paper. Besides, these Bills exist in isolation. The Committee is considering a comprehensive Bill that will bring all these acts under one heading effectively. The passing of the Adoption Bill has also been held up in Parliament for various reasons. The Committee will strive to see that the Bill can be passed swiftly, without any hitch.

A Publicity Committee has also been set up to stir public awareness by means of radio programmes, television spots, documentary films, etc. Posters and hoardings bringing home the message, and the publication and distribu-

tion of related literature will also be a part of the duties of this Committee.

A Science Education Committee, headed by Dr. Homi Sethna, will review and revise text-books on science so that the lessons may be made relevant to the needs of the village community. This will make the lessons more interesting for the children who will be able to identify their studies with their lifestyles.

It is evident from the plans of the Committee that their aims are high, and their ideals noble. But a great deal of effort is needed to achieve these ambitious goals. Besides, the committee requires funds to enable them to carry out the good work. In spite of the aid they will receive from the Chief Minister and institutions, it is essential that they get other funds from voluntary organizations and the trade and industrial sectors. A Finance Committee will therefore mobilize institutions to raise money and a special foundation will be created to help finance the various projects of the Citizen's Committee.

Much time will elapse before concrete and lasting benefits can be achieved. Most people harbour the misconception that everything has to be completed within this Year of the Child. The main point in the resolution of the U.N. General Assembly was that countries should initiate programmes this year to benefit their children so that in the years to come their effects will materialize.

Though the plans mentioned are the immediate concern of the Citizen's Committee they wish to turn to other pressing problems that children encounter, such as exploitation and child labour. They will also keep in mind the physically handicapped, the blind, the deaf and the dumb, the spastics and the mentally retarded child. However, only one thing can be tackled at a time, so that these plans will be reviewed later on.

In the cities, essay competitions, painting contests and exhibitions have been organized to create an awareness of the IYC. These are but a means by which people may constantly be kept aware of the great role children play in the country's life.

Rochelle D'Souza

IT'S PICKLE TIME !

Pickles add a piquant touch to a meal and no Indian meal is complete without spoonfuls of these served at the dining table. Pickles need a lot of sunshine and utmost cleanliness in the preparation. Pick on any recipe given below. Remember, when it's shining bright, it's pickle time !



One of the greatest cultural inheritance the Indians have is the method of preservation of various fruits, vegetables, fish and meat by way of pickling. The variety of these pickles is really enormous. There are two main ways to make pickles: fermented and unfermented. Then there are sweet and sour pickles. According to Indian Fruit Products Order 1955, there are 3 types of pickles: (1) pickles in vinegar (ii) pickles in oil (iii) pickles in lime juice. The preservation of pickles is achieved by a combination of various ingredients. Salt, oil, vinegar, sugar, spices and sourness (acidity) help to preserve pickles.

Pickles truly add colour to the meals and bring a variety of tastes at the dining table. They improve the appetite, since they help to increase the flow of gastric juice. Besides they contribute valuable vitamins and minerals in the diet since practically no cooking is done while making pickles and these essential nutrients are preserved more or less. Therefore, it is worth preserving the flavour of the seasonal vegetables and fruits and enjoy them throughout the year. Utmost care should be taken in preparation and bottling of pickles, if you want them to last for months without any mould formation on them. Fruits and vegetables should be washed in running water. Use large glass, porcelain or unchipped enamel bowls and jars. Wash them thoroughly, preferably sterilizing before use.

Duru Jagtiani

(Author of "Pickles and Chutneys of India")

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

MANGO PICKLE (Maharashtra)

- 12 large raw mangoes
- 200 grams salt
- 200 grams mustard powder
- 5 tbsps. fenugreek seeds
- 2 tbsps. asafoetida powder
- 100 grams red chilli powder
- ½ kg sesame oil
- 1 tsp. mustard seeds

Select mangoes with tough seeds. Wash thoroughly and wipe them with a clean piece of cloth. Cut each into small pieces.

Fry the fenugreek seeds in a little oil and then grind them finely. Mix salt, mustard powder, fenugreek powder, red chilli powder, asafoetida powder and mango pieces in a stainless steel thali or vessel. Transfer into a jar. Heat oil and splutter mustard seeds and cool. Pour over the mango pieces. This pickle will take about 7-8 days to get ready for use.

SWEET AND SOUR LIME PICKLE (Gujarat)

- 25 limes
- 1 cup salt
- 4 cups sugar
- 50 grams ginger
- 50 grams green chillis

Wash the limes and cut into eight pieces. Wash and cut green chillis. Scrape and slice the ginger finely. Mix these together and put into a jar along with salt and sugar. Place the jar every day in the sun for about 15-20 days or until the sugar dissolves. Store in a cool place.

SWEET BRINJAL PICKLE (Karnataka)

- 1 kg small long brinjals
- 50 grams salt
- 25 grams turmeric powder
- 25 grams mustard powder
- 50 grams garlic
- 50 grams green chillis
- 50 grams red chilli powder
- 25 grams cummin powder
- 100 grams sugar
- 1/2 kg gingelly oil (til)
- 1/4 litre vinegar

Peel garlic and scrape the ginger. Grind these together using a little vinegar, into a fine paste. Wash, wipe and slice the brinjals. Heat oil and fry the paste. Add the sliced brinjals, chopped green chillis and all the other masalas except vinegar.

Cook for ten minutes. Add vinegar and cook till brinjals are done. Remove from fire and cool. Store in a jar. This pickle can be used immediately.

MIXED PICKLE (Punjab)

- 3 kg cauliflower, carrots and turnips in equal proportions
- 2 medium size onions, grated
- 3" piece ginger
- 15 flakes garlic, crushed
- 8 tsps. salt
- 5 tsps. mustard powder
- 6 tsps. red chilli powder
- 4 tsps. garam masala powder
- 1 cup mustard oil
- 100 grams jaggery
- 1 tsp. acetic acid

Wash and cut the cauliflower into big pieces. Scrape and cut turnips into rounds and carrots lengthwise. Boil water in a big vessel. Put all the vegetables for a minute or two. Drain and cool on a dry piece of cloth. Make a thick syrup with jaggery and water. Heat oil to smoking point. Fry the grated onions, ginger, and crushed garlic until brown. Put off the fire. Add salt, mustard powder, garam masala powder and chilli powder. When cool, add the blanched vegetables and mix well. Add jaggery syrup and acetic acid. Mix well and store in a big porcelain jar. This pickle keeps very well for a longtime.

KADUKASH (Sindhi)

- 1 kg green mangoes
- 100 grams salt
- 4 tsps. red chilli powder
- 3-4 cloves
- 5 tsps. aniseeds
- 1 tsp. turmeric powder
- 2 tsps. fenugreek seeds
- 1/2 tsp. black pepper corns
- 1 cup mustard oil
- 2-3 bay leaves
- 1/2 tsp. onion seeds
- 2 tbsps. jaggery, grated
- 1/4 cup vinegar

Wash, peel and grate the mangoes. Add salt and keep aside for 2-3 hours. Add rest of the masalas and jaggery and transfer into a glass jar. Pour mustard oil and the quarter cup of vinegar. Mix well and keep the jar daily under sun for 15 days. With a clean wooden spoon, mix the pickle every day so that

the masalas get well blended into mango shreds.

MANGO CHUTNEY

- 1 kg big mangoes
- 6 tsps. salt
- 400 grams sugar
- 1/2 tsp. onion seeds
- 1/2 tsp. cummin seeds
- 2 tsps. red chilli powder
- 1/2 tsp. pepper corns
- 1 pod garlic (small)
- 1/2 tsp. dried ginger powder
- 1 tsp. garam masala powder
- 1/2 cup vinegar

Wash and peel the mangoes. Slice them. Add salt and keep the slices on a clean cloth in the sun for 3-4 hours. Peel the garlic.

Dissolve sugar in one cup of water and bring it to a boil. Add garlic, mango slices, and the masalas. Continue cooking. When the chutney becomes quite thick, add vinegar and mix well, taking care not to mash up the slices. Remove and hot pack in a glass jar. The lid should be put after the chutney has cooled.

CAULIFLOWER PICKLE

- 2 1/2 kilo cauliflower (in pieces)
- 300 grams mustard oil
- 300 grams salt
- 120 grams mustard powder
- 60 grams red chilli powder
- 10 grams clove powder
- 60 grams cummin seeds
- 60 grams garlic
- 300 grams jaggery

- 120 grams dates
- 60 grams blanched almonds (optional)
- 1 bottle vinegar
- 30 grams dry ginger
- 60 grams cinnamon powder

Boil the cauliflower in little water. Heat the oil and keep it separate. Make the syrup of jaggery with vinegar. Add all the ingredients except oil. Mix cauliflower in it. Now put the oil in the mixture. Store it in stone jar. The pickle can be used on the same day.

BRINJAL PICKLE

- 2 kg brinjals
- 3 tbsps. mustard
- 60 grams salt
- 3 tbsps. red chillis (ground)
- A very small quantity turmeric
- 3 tbsps. mustard oil

Give crosswise incision to brinjals leaving the other end, intact. Boil water. Add brinjals to the water. Add a small quantity of salt also to this water. When they are a little soft, take them out and allow them to cool. Take all these spices, mix them in a flat vessel. Use the spice mixture as a filling for the brinjals. As soon as the brinjals are filled, put in a jar. Add enough water to cover. Keep in the sun for one day. Then keep them in the shade. The brinjals in the jar are shaken lightly, everyday. No strong shaking is done, otherwise the brinjals will break. On the fourth day, they are ready for consumption.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize,

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



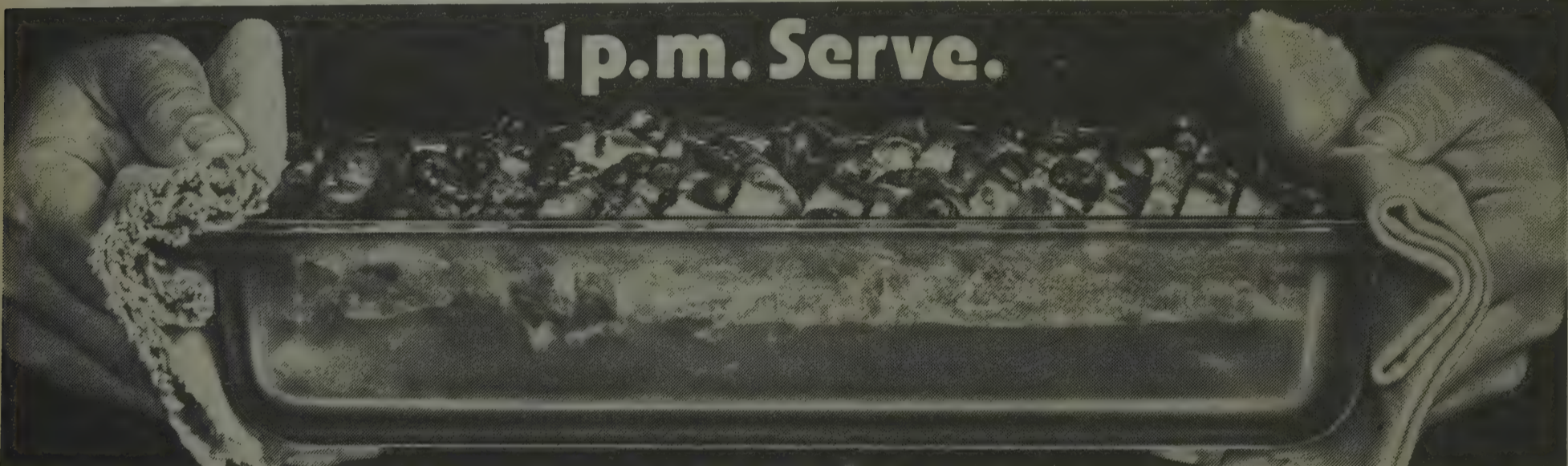
So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

THE CORNING OVENWARE

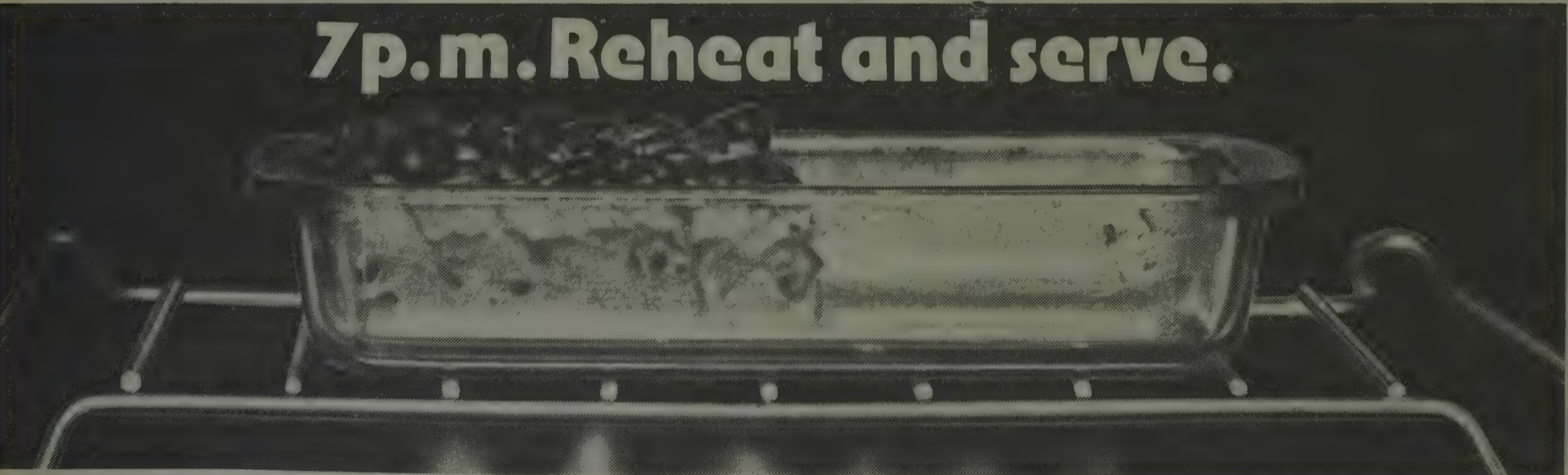
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1 p.m. Serve.



7 p.m. Reheat and serve.



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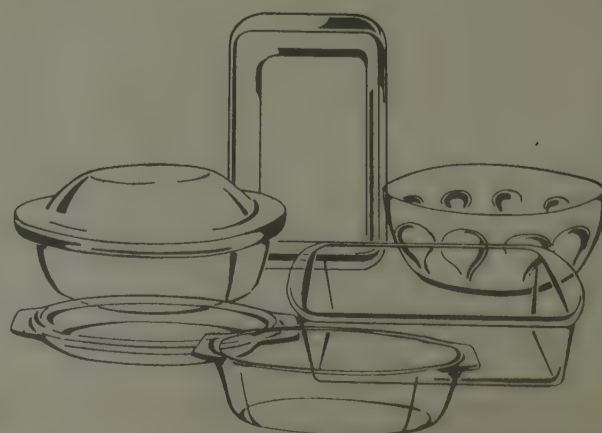
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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Miss Sushma Garg, Paniput.

BANANA HALWA

- 2 ripe bananas, mashed
- 3/4 cup sooji
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 cup cream
- 2 tbsps. ghee
- Pink colour, cardamoms, nuts and essence

Dry roast the sooji for 3 minutes. Add milk and cream. Cook. When sooji is well cooked, add the mashed bananas and sugar. Cook for 4-5 minutes, until the water is absorbed. Now add ghee and stir till the mixture leaves the sides of the pan. When done add colour, essence, nuts and cardamoms. Remove from the fire and mix well.



Mrs. Sheri Budrani, Madras.

VERMICELLI NOODLES

- 100 grams vermicelli
- 100 grams carrots
- 100 grams beans
- 100 grams cabbage
- 100 grams potatoes
- 100 grams peas
- 4 medium sized onions, sliced
- 6-7 green chillis, slit lengthwise
- 1 tsp. pepper powder
- 2 tomatoes, chopped

- A big lime
- 2 tbsps. oil
- 2 cubes cheese, grated
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- 100 grams melted butter
- A few curry leaves
- Salt to taste

Cut all the vegetables into long thin strips, wash, strain and keep aside. Heat oil in a kerahi. Saute the sliced onions and green chillis and stir adding a few curry leaves after 2-3 minutes. Add

the chopped tomatoes and fry a little. Put all the vegetables, mix well and cook, covered on slow flame for 5 minutes stirring occasionally. After a few minutes remove the lid and add salt, pepper powder and lime juice. When done, remove from fire.

Now boil water in another vessel. Add 1/2 tsp. of turmeric powder, and vermicelli. Give one boil and remove from fire. Take care to see that the vermicelli does not form into lumps.

Strain the vermicelli. Add to the vegetables and mix slowly. Cook for 2-3 minutes. Remove from fire and serve hot with grated cheese and melted butter on top.



Dr. Irene Anthihad, Bangalore.

BREAD PAKODAS

- 6 left over bread slices
- 2 large onions
- 6 green chillis
- 1 cup peas, shelled
- 1 small cauliflower, diced
- 1 egg
- 2 tbsps. gram flour
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- A pinch cummin seeds
- A pinch asafoetida
- Salt to taste
- Juice of one lime
- A sprig of curry leaves
- Coriander leaves, chopped
- Oil for frying

Par boil the peas and the cauliflower. Keep aside. Beat the egg. Roast the cummin and asafoetida. Soak the bread slices in cold water. Squeeze out the water. Mash well together with peas and cauliflower. Add chilli powder, salt, cummin and asafoetida, the beaten egg, gram flour, lime juice, chopped onions, green chillis, curry leaves and coriander leaves. Mix well adding little water if necessary. Deep fry in oil. Serve hot with chutney or sauce.

WEEKLY WINNER

RANU MISRA,
Assam.



Mrs. Misra wins Rs. 50.00 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield, a 1000 ml. coconut oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

VEGETABLE SURPRISE

- 3 capsicums
- 6 medium size ripe tomatoes

FOR THE STUFFING :

- 1/2 cup Bengal gram dal soaked overnight and ground to a fine paste
- Paneer made from 1/2 litre milk
- 2 onions, finely chopped
- 2 sticks cinnamon
- 3 cardamoms
- 2 tbsps. ghee

FOR THE GRAVY :

- 2 tbsps. groundnut oil
- 2 onions, finely sliced
- 2 onions, ground
- 1" piece ginger, ground

- 2 tbsps. chilli sauce
- 1 tbsps. Worcester sauce
- 2 tbsps. tomato sauce
- 1 tbsps. chat masala
- 10 cashewnuts
- 10 raisins
- 1 tsp. pure ghee
- 5 green chillis
- Silver varakh

Halve the capsicums lengthwise and scoop out the tomatoes. Apply a little salt and pepper to the inner sides and leave aside for 1/2 an hour.

FOR THE STUFFING:

Fry the onions in ghee till light brown. Add the dal paste and stir for 4-5 minutes. Add paneer. Put in the powdered garam masala and remove from the fire.

Stuff the capsicums with the prepared stuffing and then put the stuffed pieces on a greased baking tray and bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

FOR THE GRAVY:

Fry the onions till brown. Add the masala paste, the sauces, cashewnuts and raisins. Fry till the oil leaves the sides of the pan. Now add the chat-masala and fry for a minute. Add 2 1/2 cups of water and boil for 3-4 minutes. Add the pure ghee.

Place the baked capsicums in a serving dish. Pour over the hot gravy. Put in the whole green chillis and decorate the top with silver varakh. Serve hot.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

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

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

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

That was Soundaram Ranganathan's first reaction when she heard that her cousin was expecting her first child. Soundaram had good reason to be afraid. She was well aware of the scourge that often struck male children in their family — a peculiar incurable disease called muscular dystrophy, where the muscles gradually lost all their power. Soundaram's cousin Ramesh was a victim of it. It had struck him when he was eight years old. Now his sister, on the threshold of starting a family, generated misgivings. Would the child be all right?

Soundaram was the mother of such a child herself. The crippling disease had attacked her son Giridhar when he was four years old, perhaps even earlier. She said, "It is a terrible ordeal to watch one's child, innocent and trusting, waste away before your eyes. To experience the agony of being unable to help him. To know that no money or prayer or power on earth can arrest the persecutor."

In the early years they were full of hope. When people watched Giridhar as a toddler in Gorakhpur where Soundaram's husband was posted those days, there were many comments about the child's awkward gait. Soundaram felt he would grow out of it. The servants suggested it was due to cold. She made them massage his limbs with mustard oil. His peculiarity was he neither crawled, nor walked, like other children of his age. He did not speak much either and Soundaram had many anxious moments. Friends, sensing her doubts, often reassured her. They regaled her with accounts of how their own children had progressed, some slowly, others quite fast. "Don't compare Giridhar with anybody," was the advice. "Even the fingers of the same hand are not alike."

When they came to Delhi on posting in 1969, Giridhar was almost three years old. He was walking now and saying a few words and Soundaram was happy. He was a well-behaved child. He rarely cried and was not particularly clamorous even at eating times. The two elder children often demanded food when they were hungry and got it too. But Giridhar was so docile, Soundaram's heart went out to him.

Soundaram realized that something was seriously wrong when she noticed the thickening of the thigh muscles. Giridhar was able to walk all right on a level floor, but on steps or an incline he was unable to move without support. When he wanted to rise from his cot, he would support himself with his elbow to achieve it. Soundaram thought with a sudden ache of her cousin Ramesh whom she had carried on her hip in Nagapatnam. He had been struck with the same disease in later years. His father S. V. was Soundaram's paternal uncle, an income-tax clerk who was posted in small districts in the early years. There were not many facilities there for medical help. Soundaram compared herself to them and thought of the many medical facilities they enjoyed being in

'WHY AM I AT HOME WHEN THE OTHER CHILDREN ARE IN SCHOOL?' THE CHILD ASKED. HOW WAS THE MOTHER TO EXPLAIN TO HIM THAT HE WOULD NEVER BE LIKE OTHER CHILDREN?

Delhi. Hope surged and they took Giridhar to the Air Force Hospital to find out. They were referred to the All-India Institute of Medical Sciences.

A husband and wife team of doctors, Dr. and Mrs. Nainihal Singh, examined him thoroughly. They were leading specialists in India. What they said stifled any hope the Ranganathans might have had. Muscular dystrophy had no cure. In this, healthy muscles gradually lost their power, growing thin and wasted and lifeless. It was a disease of children, generally striking before the age of sixteen. It mainly attacked males. It did not

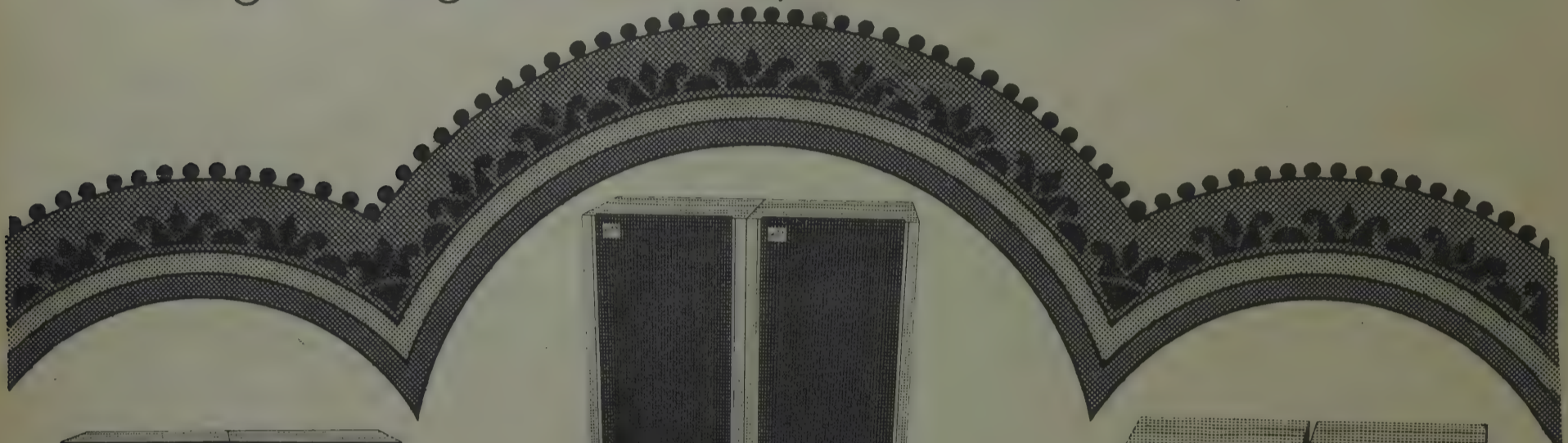
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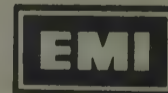
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HUMAN INTEREST STORY

come on violently like polio, with a raging fever. It came stealthily and took hold of the victim unawares. It ran in families.

Soundaram was anxious to find out the cause of it. But the people whose expert opinions they sought could not say for sure. They hazarded that marriages between close relatives, albeit several generations ago, might be a possible reason. The Ranganathans came home dispirited and gloomy, taking care not to convey their depression to the child. Soundaram was still full of hope. Maybe there was no cure in India, she thought. Perhaps foreign scientists had found a cure. They wrote to the Edgewater Hospital in Chicago, where a doctor of their acquaintance was employed. Dr. R. D. Nathan's reply closed the only avenue left to them. "There is very little in the way of treatment for this condition and not much is known about the problem."

Meanwhile, Soundaram watched her child walk painfully on his toes, while other children of his age pranced and frolicked. Giridhar watched them sad-eyed but his amazing intellectual curiosity was a blessing which assuaged any pain he might have felt. He surrounded himself with books of every description even as a child, leafing through the pages full of wonder.

Another problem now loomed before the Ranganathans. It was a psychological one. They did not want Giridhar to feel inferior or afflicted. They wished him to be part of the natural scheme of things. To delight in the joys of childhood, to experience the pleasures of discovery. How a plant grew. How a fish breathed. How machines worked.

"Why am I at home?" he asked, "when the other children are in school?"

In Jodhpur, during their subsequent postings, they enrolled him in school with their two elder children. They felt safe because he had the protection of his brother and sister. Those were happy days for Giridhar. He would be full of words about a new friend or a kind teacher. He had an avid curiosity for learning and a sharp intellect to store the innumerable experiences that are a part of growing up. Soundaram remembered those days of bliss, but they were superimposed in her mind with memories of pain and rejection. A doctor had said, "Giridhar does not have much more than a life span of 30 years. Let him revel in the delights the world has to offer." Thirty years, she thought. So short a time in which to love and be happy. Time flies. I have to help my son make the most of it."

One day her husband brought Giridhar home from school. There were tears in the child's eyes. Some boys had teased him cruelly about his awkward gait and his inability to climb stairs. His class was on the upper storey and he was unequal to the challenge of climbing the stairs.

Soundaram hugged Giridhar

"Don't go if you don't want to," she said. "I want you to be happy, that's all. I just want you to be happy, Giridhar."

"Will I be all right when I grow up?" he said.

And she had no reply.

Soundaram began to teach him at home, slowly and painfully. She was only a matriculate having been married when she was barely seventeen. Progress was slow, but Giridhar understood it. Often he would find her in tears of frustration and hold her hand in consolation.

One day her husband had to be admitted to the hospital for some minor ailment. He said he would take Giridhar along too. It would be a good change for him to stay there and maybe he could get a fresh opinion on the case. The hospital stay paid unexpected dividends. When they came back, Soundaram was amazed to see Giridhar walk more erect than she ever remembered and also climb the three front steps with ease.

"What medicines have they been giving him?" she asked amazed.

"Nothing," said her husband. "Just some vitamin pills."

"It can't be," she retorted in sheer disbelief. "You're hiding something from me aren't you?"

"No," he assured her.

She did not believe him. She fought the possibility that her own easing of tension of the past few days had made her see things in a rosier light.

Her joy was short-lived. In the next few days, Giridhar's condition deteriorated sharply and his legs seemed robbed of life. Soundaram was unprepared for this collapse of muscular power. She pleaded with her husband to take Giridhar back to the hospital which had wrought such a tremendous improvement in him. She was so insistent that finally Ranganathan did take both her and Giridhar to the hospital but only to have Dr. Ghosh there assure Soundaram that they had tried no new medicine on her son nor any kind of treatment. In fact, there was nothing they could do for him. Faced with medical affirmation she finally resigned herself to the fury of a power beyond them.

Fasts and prayers, vratas and vows followed. Visits to the Nagur Muslim Darga, St. Mary's Church near Nagapatnam and the temple at Guruvayur were made with a devotion which realized the oneness of all religions, the universality of human suffering in the face of a power beyond them. In Hyderabad the venue of their next posting they tried homoeopathy under Dr. Nag and Ayurvedic medicine at Kottakal in Kerala. Giridhar's condition continued to worsen. He let himself be subjected to painful massage with herbal oil showing a forbearance which brought tears to Soundaram's eyes. But when Dr. Nag advised Giridhar to sleep with heavy sand bags tied to his legs, his frail spirit rebelled. He cried to be left alone, undisturbed Soundaram promptly undid the heavy bags unmindful of the doctor's protests. "enough. Let him be happy," she said. "That's what we are living for."

Giridhar's sister Savita used to take him to school on her cycle. One day, she lost her balance and they both tumbled to the ground.

This was the time Soundaram steeled herself for the wheel chair, which had been at back of her mind for many months. She realized it would make his mobility easier for all of them, but she had not suggested it. She sensed it would be a psychological setback for the child. Yet when she did his chores, dressing him, bathing him, carrying him to the bathroom, Soundaram saw how Giridhar strained at the utter dependence on her. Perhaps the wheelchair would liberate him from some of this, she thought.

She made him see by degrees how he was growing up. A wheelchair would make him more independent to move about using his hands. She said no more but for his tenth birthday, they surprised him with it. The joy and ecstasy in his eyes made them hide their tears.

But in a few days, he started losing the muscle power of his hands. One day he could not lift his bowl to drink rasam. With a sudden pang of pain Soundaram reached him. He looked at her then and his eyes seemed to say, "The wheelchair is not much use now, is it?"

They are in Bangalore now and Giridhar still goes to school, pushed in his wheelchair by his sister. He is in the seventh standard and has a voracious appetite for reading. He wants to sit in the midst of a discussion on art or science or politics and give his own views with gusto. The family revels in his sharp intellect and lucid comments. Often they buy him books and watch with pride as he absorbs them.

A month back, the family went on a car tour of South India, visiting places like Srirangam, Vallagani, Nagore and Tanjore. They were compelled to leave the wheelchair behind at home because it was too cumbersome to take on a car trip.

"You should have seen the pleasure in his eyes," said Soundaram. "At sea resorts, we placed an ordinary wooden folding chair on the sands and made him sit on it. He soaked up the sights and sounds of nature, watched us wade and wrote a record of his impressions though he had a little difficulty manoeuvring his pen. He was not shy of photographs, because now there wasn't a wheel chair to make him different from the others."

Back home, school was resumed. Giridhar is slowly deteriorating in other spheres of muscular activity, too. His speech is sometimes slurred and he cannot take part in discussions with as much avidity as before. Yet when the family discussed the car trip and the expenses they had incurred, stressing the necessity of economising by each member sacrificing something, he said eagerly, "The only thing I can economise on are my books. Don't buy me any this month."

They went out and got him an arm load from the National Book Fair at Lal Bagh and exulted in the delighted surprise in his eyes. "But why?" he asked. "Why did you spend so much money?" They didn't tell him.

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Madhubai was crying. No, not like one of those sophisticated city girls who cry silently and blow their noses noisily in dainty lace handkerchiefs, but a full, throaty, hearty cry revealing all her helplessness and frustrations in full public view as she sat on the ground with outstretched legs.

Things were moving quite satisfactorily for fourteen-year-old Madhu since she came to the city from her village about six months back. Gangaram, her husband, was a cook in that spacious bungalow with its sprawling lawns. They lived in the one-room servants' quarters. The entire neighbourhood was spotted with similar bungalows. The sahibs all worked in the nearby company. After adjusting to the noise and congestion of the city Madhu thought Bombay was the greatest city in the world.

She woke up early every morning and while Gangaram left

Madhu was 14, married and very tomboyish. She was in awe of the memsahib in whose house her husband was a cook, and puzzled by the memsahib's friends' talk of liberation

to cook breakfast for the sahib, she cleaned up her room, washed the few clothes and utensils, and was left to herself for the rest of the day. Her cook husband was provided with food; so twice a day he brought in enough food for the two of them and Madhu never had to do any cooking. Often she felt lonesome.

Her 'jeth' and 'jethani' lived nearby with their brood of eight children. Her jeth was the eldest of a large rural family, while Gangaram was the youngest. Her jethani worked as a maid in a nearby house where her jeth was the gardener. They struggled to make both ends meet. The constant friction and scarcity at home left her jethani, Kusum, tense and high-strung most of the time. She was always beating up something — the kids, the clothes or the dust out of the beddings.

On Madhu's arrival in town Kusum had initially extended her hopes of her children being taken care of by Madhu while she herself went for work. Soon Kusum was disillusioned; Madhu's presence at her home cre-

ated more chaos than anything else. Madhu had developed a fond relationship with Kittu, Kusum's eldest child. The latter, a restless boy of ten, was only too eager for Madhu to join in all his activities, which included pelting stones at the neighbour's mango tree. While Madhu aimed, armed with a load of good-sized stones, at the sound of every thud Kittu dashed in and out of the neighbour's yard carrying a handful of green luscious mangoes. Then both of them sat down in front of Kusum's room surrounded by the smaller kids. For a brief period peace and contentment reigned in the neighbourhood.

While the older children thoroughly enjoyed such sessions,

the younger ones occasionally came down with severe stomach disorders which upset Kusum more as she was forced to stay out of work for a couple of days and the mistress was not too kindly about it. So one morning on a surprise visit Kusum caught the whole gang red-handed; she gave such a dressing down to the kids, particularly to Madhu, that thereafter all such operations were carried out in great secrecy. Kusum re-

buked Madhu for her 'unwifely' activities and threatened her with dire consequences if anyone from the village ever came to know of such things. And why, said Kusum with her voice rising, did Madhu not cover her face in front of her jeth that other morning? Madhu and Kittu excluded all other children from their joint activities. As the mango season was nearing an end they needed something else to keep themselves busy.

Every morning as Gangaram left to cook for the sahib, Madhu's loneliness distressed her. Not that she particularly enjoyed the company of her husband; she sought company more to her liking. Gangaram was much older than her and Madhu thought that the man was weird. Every night she slept with the bucket of water next to her cot for self defence — just because he was her husband she could not allow him to take liberties with her. He was too drunk anyway to notice anything. He

THE LIBERATED WOMAN

Nomita Grover



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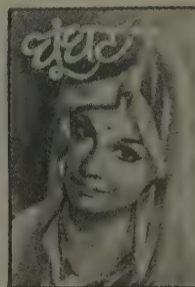
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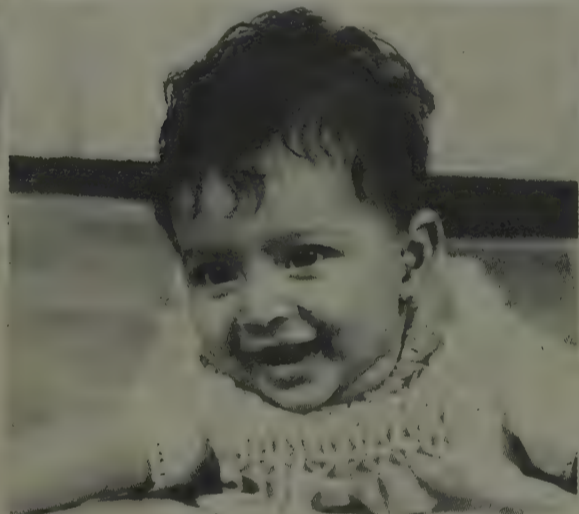
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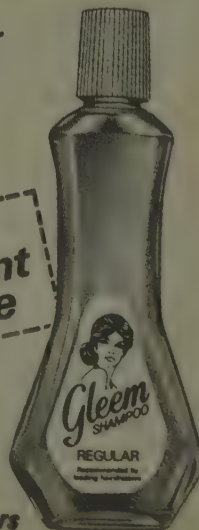


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THE LIBERATED WOMAN

acted better though, Madhu thought, while he was sober. On their last trip to the bazaar he had bought her a whole yard of red ribbon to tie her waist-length pigtail, and also some colourful hairclips for her well-oiled hair.

Left alone in the mornings Madhu sometimes watched the memsahib drag out a chair and a small table on the shady side of the bungalow while Gangaram placed a small black box on the table. Thereafter all morning memsahib went clack...clack clack...ring, clack...clack...clack...ring, clack...clack...clack...ring, till that funny machine spat out black writing on several sheets of paper. Around noon-time memsahib stacked up all the paper carefully and went indoors. Several times Madhu thought of asking memsahib what that was all about but could not gather enough courage.

Sometimes memsahib also drove the car: she often took her mother-in-law with her and the old lady looked mighty pleased about it. Madhu tried to visualize herself driving a car dressed and groomed like memsahib — how nice! Memsahib was not unkind but was definitely unfriendly. However, she had given Madhu some of her own used sarees and Madhu delightedly shed her nine-yard sarees for memsahib's six-yard ones. Occasionally, memsahib called Madhu in during the afternoon to help her entertain the women guests who came for coffee. Most of the food remained untouched as the ladies gingerly sipped their coffee. Madhu listened to their conversation. It surprised her to see their vehemence against 'the men'. They thought that women should be 'liberated', whatever that might have meant. Alone in the kitchen Madhu tried to visualize herself as one 'liberated'. She decided to acquire more information on the subject.

One morning as Madhu watched memsahib drive out, Kittu sneaked in and whispered something in her ear. Madhu was thrilled. The two of them quickly went out, and there, parked next to the bushes, was a bright and shiny bicycle Kittu's father had bought recently. Kittu informed her that he had already mastered the art of riding the cycle and wouldn't Madhu like to do the same? "Why not", exclaimed Madhu as she examined the shining handle-bars and

the backseat. Come to think of it, Madhu mused, the backseat may be a trifle too small for her mother-in-law's ample posterior. Never mind!

Kittu and Madhu got busy in their joint expedition. Madhu bent down, stretched her right hand backwards between her legs, caught hold of her back saree border, yanked it out at front, pulled it all the way up and tied it securely at the front waistband. So much so for the six-yard saree adjusted to the nine-yard style needed now to ride a gent's cycle. With Kittu's helping hand and a push now and then, Madhu held on to the handle-bars. She felt almost 'liberated'. She was doing a fine job when she decided with Kittu's urgings to speed up a little. She managed quite well for a while but all her elation while thus flying through air was rudely interrupted when she overlooked the treacherously low mango branch and as Kittu said "whir...r...r...r..." the branch opposed her motion with an equal and opposite reaction. Madhu's hands were dislodged from the handle-bars and she found herself solidly on the ground.

As if the thud, the shock, the treacherous mango branch, the cuts and bruises on her face, the ugly lump on her forehead, the twisted nose, the mud-cakes on her well-oiled hair, the red ribbon smeared with dirt, the torn sari dragged up to her knees were not enough, she realized with horror the existence of a short stout figure with an ample posterior standing a few feet away from her. It was her mother-in-law

Vachillabai had left the village early that morning to visit her sons in the city. She carried a large bag perched precariously on her head with her left hand supporting it, while her right hand clutched a tin trunk. She had hoped to bring along one of her grandsons to make the journey easier but at the last moment the scoundrel faked a stomach-ache and Vachillabai was forced to make the trip all by herself. She could have managed all right but for her decision to carry the kid-goat with her, a favourite of her latest daughter-in-law. At her age it was no fun chasing a restless kid bleating incessantly. The bus-driver was vehemently opposed to the animal inside the bus and it was only after Vachillabai's fervent appeals (plus a bottle of homemade pickles from her bag of goodies) that she succeeded in bringing the kid along. Also, with both her hands occupied with the luggage she was com-

pelled to tie the other end of the rope around the kid's neck, around her own waist. She had done all that to please her daughter-in-law, and now this!

So Madhu was crying. As if the rebukes, the humiliation, the threats and all the insinuations were not enough, Madhu was dragged indoors and forced to change into a nine-yard saree. The commotion had also attracted half-a-dozen urchins and even memsahib had intervened. Thereafter Ma-in-law tried to calm Madhu down with a forced smile on her lips and her eyes showering embers. Kittu was nowhere to be seen. Madhu felt helpless and could not stop crying.

Vachillabai squatted beside Madhu and whispered something into her ears. Madhu was instantly up on her feet wiping away her tears. Vachillabai led the way and Madhu followed behind her.

Fifteen minutes later Madhu was in the nearby field and, yes, Kittu was back on the scene. Ma-in-law stood near by, with the bleating kid. Kittu held the strong rope tied securely at one end of the thick broken branch; Madhu settled herself carefully on the trailing head of a network of springlike leafy branches. And with the two of them shouting "whoa! whoa!", Kittu started circling the field. Madhu bounced joyously on the springy leafy seat holding on to the front branches, jerking them vigorously. It was so much fun.

As they completed one full circle nearing Ma-in-law, Madhu noticed her sealed lips but the smile on them was genuine. Elated, Madhu gave a loud "whoa!" and a generous whack with a twig on the branches urging Kittu to race faster. As they raced past Ma-in-law Madhu snatched from her hand the rope tied around the kid's neck. The kid, at last re-united with its rightful owner, joined the chorus in full swing, its bleating orchestrating with the noisy "whoa! whoa!" of the ringleaders.

The reunion, the race, the speed, the wind slapping at her face, the joyful bounces, the sound of the mango branch being dragged along, topped with her Ma-in-law's approving gesture inspired in Madhu an indefinable sensation never felt before — she felt truly, truly 'liberated'. As the three of them were completing the second round Madhu noticed the smile on Vachillabai's lips. Madhu looked over her shoulder — there was just a tiny snag; there was absolutely no possibility of a backseat.

HOW TO BUY TOYS

Jacqueline Himelstein

Buying the wrong toys can disappoint, frustrate and even cause physical injury to your children, says a leading psychologist.

"Buying a toy or game for a child isn't as simple as it seems," said Dr. Rocco La-Manna, child psychologist at Coney Island Hospital in Brooklyn, N.Y. "A lot of thought should go into it because of the effect the toys and games can have on children."

Dr. LaManna offered three tips on buying toys and games:

1. Buy toys and games geared to the age level and interest of your child.

2. Make sure the toy or game you buy will give the child enjoyment, a feeling of achievement or mastery, and provide some sort of creative outlet.

3. Read the instructions before buying any toy or game and try to put yourself in your child's position.

Dr. LaManna offered the following gift hints for different ages:

Age 1-2: Simple toys like cuddly animals, talking story-books, pull toys, colourfully illustrated books, small dolls and toy cars and trucks.

Age 3-4: Blocks, building-type toys, talking storybooks, clay, finger paints and paint sets.

Age 5-6: Simple games — particularly those which help the children learn follow directions.

Age 7-8: Competitive games like checkers, games involving sports, and games which stimulate the thinking process.

Age 9-11: Slightly more complicated games, mechanical toys, construction toys like erector sets and paint-by-the-number sets.

Age 12-13: Sophisticated games like "Monopoly," records, clothing, books, models and hobby kits.

"Regardless of what toys or games you buy, they should be safe," said Dr. LaManna.

"Stuffed animals should have eyes and noses which won't come off because small children have a tendency to put everything in their mouths.

"Caution should always be used in buying toys with parts which shoot into the air or across the room."

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HEMA MALINI

WORRYING ABOUT LITTLE THINGS

Vijaya Irani

At Kamalistan Studios, amidst a sprawling palace structure with courtiers and gatemmen and horses, sat an attractive figure in orange talking to another girl in green. Hema Malini, as I discovered when I got close, talking to Parveen Babi. The two were shooting for Kamal Amrohi's *Razia Sultan*.

Whether it was the dress, the make-up or just her personality, Hema looked every inch a queen. However well she knows you, her first reaction to an in-

iste who basically wants to shine in the field of dancing and who has acquired such acclaim in the glamour world, she feels that a bad report or two against her or her people does immense damage. Not so much to her image, which she says she is not too particular about, but to her relationships with her own people.

"Everyone has problems. It is only when things appear in print that the intensity of the problem is understood."

Hema is at the top and there is no one to challenge her position. In fact, she has reached a stage where it matters little whether her films are flops or hits. Yet she worries about what the press says, the gossip about her, the little things that a 'queen' should take in her stride

terview is one of caution. As a friend she is totally disarming, with her simple ways. But whisper to her that you want to do an interview and she immediately tenses.

This is because she is very sensitive. "It hurts me more when my near and dear ones get hurt." And needless to say, she has on several occasions suffered as a result of what had been printed.

The press has certainly been her bugbear. An art-

She considers her acting commitments and her dance shows as important and sacred. When she had told me earlier that she was at the top and she saw no one else in the field as competition, she did not mean it as a vain boast. She knew it to be a fact, as much as she knew that she never aspired to be at the top, that the position had been thrust on her.

And now they say unkind things about how happy she is that Krishna



Shah's *Shalimar* flopped; because now the Dharam-Zeenat team cannot continue after the flop. According to her, it is only when a producer wants to pair Dharam and her that they sit down and discuss the role and the project. What Dharam does with his other films and producers does not concern her.

But it does hurt her when his films flop, which is natural. A flop film is bad for everyone. How it can make anyone happy is beyond Hema. Things like these upset her.

"I have this habit of thinking furiously even when I am in company. With the result I tend to get lines on my brow. It seems as though I were frowning or sulking. I am not aware of it when I am thinking. But it upsets everyone around me. They think I am angry." See what I mean? It upsets her to think that "others" (mostly

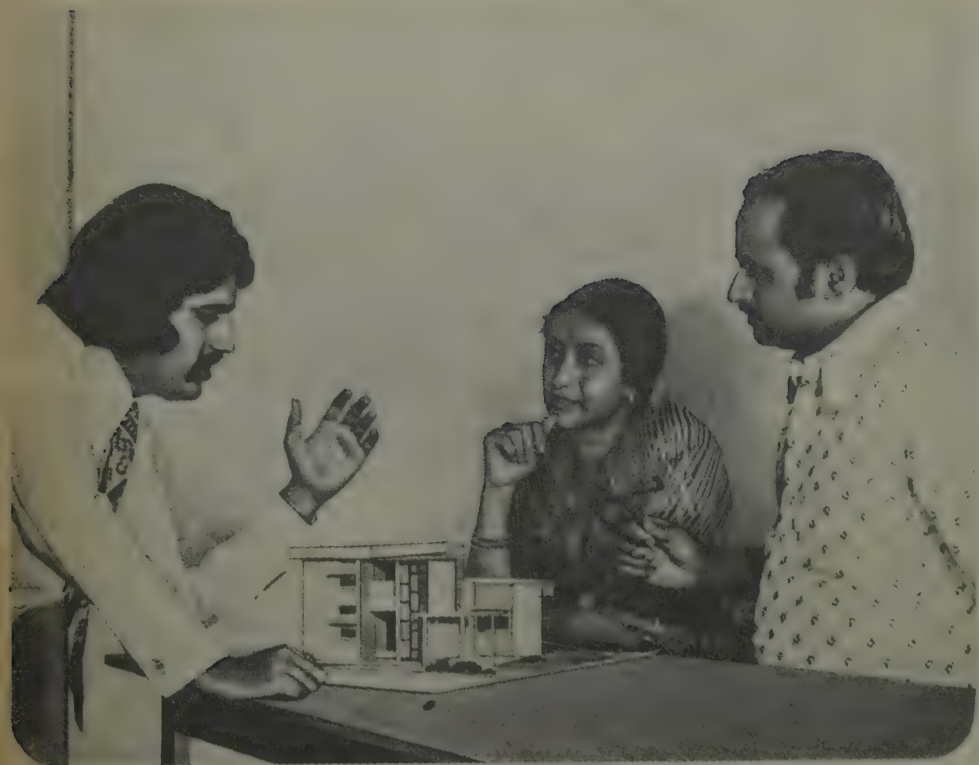
Dharam, I presume) get unduly upset about her.

There must have been something serious on her mind when it was reported that she was sulking and sullen during an outdoors stint.

"When you don't talk, it creates problems. When you do, it is wrongly interpreted and so again it creates problems. So just what do you do?"

Why should a girl who has everything be so worried about what is said and written against her and her people? She is in such a position that it matters little how many of her films flop or are hits. But she'd rather sit and worry about little things that her simple little mind can imagine. Meanwhile, for those in doubt, her career as well as her relationship with Dharam are doing fine.

Photograph : Girish Shukla



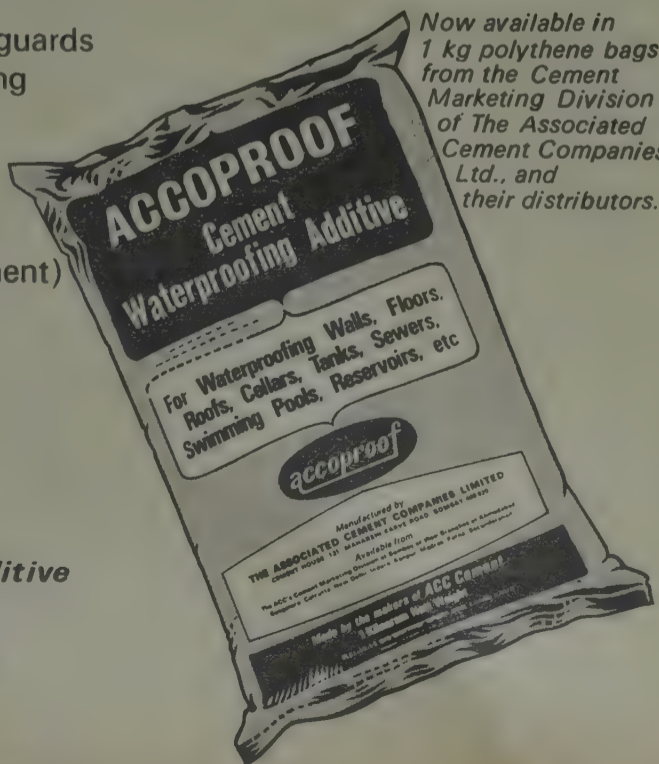
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Lee came to see us, too. . . I had to sell our silver to pay for food and I only got 6,000 dollars and I had to give the dealer half just to sell it."

Later, John Davis drove out to East Hampton to visit his aunt who was then seventy-six years old and spending most of her time singing French operettas in bed with her cats who ate and voided on her dingy blue bedspread. "When I arrived, she was wearing a perfectly magnificent silk dress," he said. "I told her how gorgeous it was and she said, 'Oh, do you like it? It's a Givenchy. Jackie sent all her most expensive clothes out to me.'" The sight of his aunt running around her tumble-down house in haute couture unnerved John Davis. "It was quite a vision, but I thought it was rather sweet of Jackie to give her clothes to her aunt. I think it tore her heart out to see them living the way they were and she wanted to help them in some way. Her hand-me-downs were quite lovely."

Most of Jackie's time was spent flying back and forth to Europe. On holidays she took her children to Greece to join Onassis, then returned with them to New York, as Onassis stayed to tend his worldwide business empire. This pattern of separate lives continued throughout their marriage, mixed in with regular meetings on various continents. The long-distance relationship was ideal for Jackie who never could bear to be with someone for any sustained period of time. With Onassis she found a man who made no demands on her while allowing her the freedom to live alone with her children.

"Jackie is a little bird that needs its freedom as well as its security," he said, "and she gets both from me. She can do exactly as she pleases — visit international fashion shows and travel and go out with friends to the theatre or any place. And I of course, will do exactly as I please. I never question her and she never questions me."

In New York Jackie began calling on old friends to escort her around town when Onassis was not there. She was frequently seen going to dinner and attending benefits with Andre Mayer, Bill Walton, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr, and Paul Mathias. "She's marvellously contented and leading the kind of life she's always wanted to lead," observed Walton.



JACKIE OH!

Dubbed 'Daddy, O' and 'Jackie O' by *Women's Wear Daily*, Ari and Jackie attracted the same frantic hordes of people who stampede royalty and idolise movie stars. They became the most famous couple in the world knocking Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton off the front pages of the tabloids. Even alone, Mrs. Aristotle Onassis emerged as the world's greatest living human tourist attraction, exciting more curiosity than any other woman alive.

No longer hemmed in by the political dictates of the Kennedys, Jackie began having fun for the first time in her life. She flaunted her new wealth, revelling in the diamonds and sapphires and rubies bestowed upon her by the indulgent Onassis. She discarded the little white gloves from her days as First Lady and romped around in skin-tight pants, T-shirts without a bra, wild calypso skirts and floppy hats.

As the most exquisite jewel in his collection, Jackie was encouraged by Onassis to shop and buy and spend for herself. He even suggested that she invest in some new lingerie and toss out the high-necked nightgown from Elizabeth Arden and the cotton underpants which reminded him of a little boy's boxer shorts. To surprise her, he asked Halston to design some sexy lingerie and sent the designer a pair of her panties and one of her brassieres so he would know the right size. "I could have auctioned off those undies for enough money to retire for life," said Halston who took the assignment and began creating transparent silk designs. When the collection was finished, he sent it to Jackie who was indeed surprised. And so outraged she returned it unopened with a curt note.

Jackie enjoyed her fame and relished publicity, but only on her terms. Unexpected flashbulbs irritated her and prying lensmen threw her into a rage. One day a photographer snapped her

leaving a movie house after seeing the pornographic film *I am Curious Yellow*. She flipped him to the street with a quick bit of judo. Papparazzi enraged her, particularly one Ron Gallela who was in constant pursuit. She complained bitterly to Onassis about the photographer and he tried to persuade the man to leave her alone. Putting his arm around Gallela one evening, he asked, "Why do you do this?"

"You have your job, I have mine," said the photographer. "She has had much tragedy in her life."

"Yes, but life goes on. I'm not a sadist giving her pain. This will help her forget. If not for me, people would kill themselves with curiosity about her and the kids. There is a big void for an American papparazzi with courage and I am filling it."

"Don't do it any more."

"Then give me a job with Olympic Airlines."

"Yes, and for that I will pay you one dollar."

Jackie was angry with Ari for even talking to the photographer.



Eventually she had Gallela arrested for harassment. Gallela filed a 1,300,000-dollar countersuit charging her with assault, false arrest, malicious persecution and interference with his work. Jackie countersued him for 6,000,000 dollars in damages charging him with invasion of privacy and mental anguish. She also got a court order temporarily restraining him from "alarming and frightening" her. She claimed she was an "absolute prisoner" in her New York apartment, living in "dread fear" of him and his camera.

All of Gallela's 4,000 photographs of Jackie showed her looking exquisitely beautiful. Not one was unflattering. He never

photographed her smoking or drinking, and always took his pictures in a bright light to camouflage her grey teeth and soften the wrinkles around her eyes. In one year he made 15,000 dollars selling Jackie photographs to national publications. These pictures he took by vaulting over hedges, leaping from behind coatracks, and following her to Capri, Naples, Skorprios, Peapack, New Jersey and Brooklyn Heights. Each picture showed an undisguised love of his subject.

The court case of Gallela v. Onassis dragged on for days as Secret Service men appointed to protect Caroline and John testified in favour of their mother. Finally, the Federal judge, who had been appointed by President Kennedy, ruled in Jackie's favour. He ordered the photographer to stay fifty yards away from the most newsworthy woman in the world and 100 yards from her apartment. His ruling was later reversed by the Court of Appeals and the distance was reduced to a mere twenty-five feet. Still it was enough for Jackie to claim another victory, adding the suppression of Ron Gallela to the massacre of William Manchester.

"It serves him right," she crowed to her friends. "He has no right to harass me the way he does." Onassis was not so pleased. When Jackie's lawyers sent him a bill for 235,000 dollars he refused to pay it, saying, "I had nothing to do with the damn thing." Jackie complained to friends that her husband was a cheapskate and a tightwad. Months later the prestigious law firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton and Garrison sued Onassis to recover its costs. More months passed before it received a cheque for 235,000 dollars.

"In public Jackie is always on," says her stepbrother Jamie Auchincloss. "She's professionally Mrs. John F. Kennedy and Mrs. Aristotle Onassis twenty-four hours a day. She knows how to get out of a car like a movie star arriving at a premiere. Despite her screams for privacy, she has practised making a grand entrance so often that she now does it like a pro."

With millions of dollars at her disposal Jackie reverted to eccentric economizing. She secretly sold her clothes at second-hand stores which accepted them on consignment and gave her 60 per cent of the price. Rather than donate the clothes to charity and ask a tax deduction, she sold them for cash.

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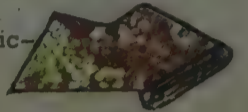
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Jackie was extravagant and spent thousands of dollars on her clothes, and she was equally indulgent with her children, and tried hard in the beginning to help her stepdaughter shop for clothes.

Christina was an awkward, gawky young woman given to frequent use of amphetamines to control her weight and tranquilizers to cope with her depressions. Accepting Jackie as her stepmother was unbearable. She always hoped that her father would reconcile with her vivacious, beautiful blonde mother who was only sixteen when she married the forty-year-old Onassis. Tina Livanos Onassis was married to the Marquis of Blandford when Ari decided to marry Jackie, but Christina and her brother, Alexander, still naively hoped their parents might be reconciled. In 1959 Tina testified in the New York Supreme Court when she began divorce proceedings on the grounds of adultery: "It is almost thirteen years since Mr. Onassis and I were married in New York City. Since then he has become one of the world's richest men, but his great wealth has not brought him happiness with me."

From childhood Christina and Alexander were exposed to the panoply that surrounded their father's life. They lived through his feuds with oil companies, whaling associations, sovereign states, world leaders, rulers and potentates. They felt the bitter division between him and their uncle, Stavros Niarchos, who was married to their mother's dark and serious sister, Eugenie. They suffered through Onassis's ten-year liaison with Maria Callas and despised her.

Spoiled, indulged and pampered, they grew up meeting persons of note and notoriety across the world. Prince Ranier and Princess Grace of Monaco were considered members of the family. Sir Winston Churchill was a beloved friend, and Greta Garbo a frequent guest in their home. Their portraits were painted by Vertes, Domerque and Vidal-Quadros. Their ponies were a special gift from the King of Saudi Arabia. Money rained down on them from the Onassis and Livanos empires. The trust funds established for them by their father made them multimillionaires by the time they were twenty-one. Yet both children seemed more cursed than blessed by their vast wealth.

Christina grew up with a father who never spent much time with her while never hiding his disappointment at not producing a second son. She wandered



JACKIE OH!

aimlessly through a lush life of penthouses and yachts, worrying about her unruly hair, her heavy figure and her large nose which she finally had bobbed. After her father married Jacqueline Kennedy, she tried to be cordial but there was little pretence. Soon she referred to Jackie as "My father's unhappy compulsion".

Close friends of Jackie say the feeling was mutual. "Jackie told me that Christina was a spoiled monster with fat legs and chunky ankles who dressed like a Greek peasant," said one woman. "She made an effort in the beginning to please Ari by having little dinner parties for Christina in her New York apartment and taking her shopping for clothes, but it never worked."

A friend of Christina concurs "Make no mistake about it, she hated Jackie from the start. At the best of times, they tolerated each other — were just barely civil."

Less than three years after Jackie became Mrs. Aristotle Onassis her stepdaughter, then twenty, eloped with Joseph Bolker, a forty-eight-year-old divorced American selling real estate in Los Angeles. Onassis was informed of the Las Vegas marriage by telephone as he celebrated Jackie's forty-second birthday on Skorpis. The call drove him wild, and he immediately disinherited his daughter, telling her that she could never receive another penny from her 100-million-dollar trust fund as long as she remained married to Bolker. The thought of his only daughter married to a Jewish real estate broker with four grown children enraged him.

Christina's marriage lasted only nine months before Bolker caved in to Onassis and started divorce proceedings in California. "We were subjected to extraordinary pressures," he said, "She is a young woman and should not be alienated from her father."

"He may soon be just my ex-husband, but he will always be my best friend," said Christina. "I am too Greek and he is too Beverly Hills. That's really the trouble."

Onassis also berated his son Alexander, for his romantic involvement with Fiona Thyssen. Onassis objected because Fiona, a divorced baroness with two children, was, despite her youthful beauty, almost old enough to be Alexander's mother. Alexander retaliated by baiting his father about Jackie: he made no attempts to hide his hostility towards her and was often openly rude in his remarks. One night at Maxim's the three began gossiping about a show girl who was taking an older man for all he was worth. Alexander turned to his stepmother and said, "Jackie, you certainly don't think there's anything wrong in a girl marrying for money, do you?"

Embracing his father's feud with Stavros Niarchos as his own, Alexander felt betrayed when his mother married the man who was once married to her sister. At this point his relationship with his father improved considerably and they began discussing important business decisions. Onassis actually began to listen to, if not accept, his son's advice.

Alexander persuaded him to replace the faulty Piaggio aircraft in their fleet with helicopters, a decision that would eventually lead to his death. Growing more confident of his son's business acumen, Onassis accepted him as an equal and began to confide in him. He admitted that his marriage to Jackie had been pointless, and together they discussed the practicality of divorce and how much Onassis money it would cost.

On the evening of 21 January 1973, Alexander called Fiona from Athens and arranged to meet her the next night in London. He explained that he had to train a pilot for his father to fly the Piaggio which was on board the *Christina*. An American amphibian pilot had arrived from Ohio to make the test run and Alexander wanted to check him out personally before assigning him to the plane.

They took off from Athens the next day. Seconds after they were airborne the Piaggio banked sharply causing the plane to cartwheel and crash. Rescuers who rushed to the wreckage recognized Alexander only by his bloodstained monogrammed handkerchief. His head reduced almost to pulp, he was rushed

to the hospital for a three-hour emergency operation to remove blood clots, then placed in an oxygen tent on a life-support system. Only a miracle could save him.

The news reached Ari and Jackie in the United States. Christina was in Brazil. Tina and Stavros Niarchos were in Switzerland. Fiona was still waiting in London. They all flew to Alexander's bedside, praying for that miracle. But Onassis soon realized it was hopeless and said he could not torture his son any longer. He ordered the doctors to turn off the life-support system, then watched helplessly as his son died minutes later.

"We weren't killing him," Onassis said. "We were just letting him die. There is no question of euthanasia here. If he had lived, he would have been dead as a human being. His brain was destroyed and his features completely disfigured. Nothing could be done for him."

Onassis was rocked to the core of his soul by his son's death. He lashed himself with guilt, feeling that if he had not demanded a trained pilot for the Piaggio his son would not be dead. He insisted that if he had only followed Alexander's advice sooner and replaced the Piaggio with a helicopter, he would still be alive. Onassis could not accept the death as an accident. He convinced himself that it was the result of sabotage by his enemies. He immediately began an investigation, offering a huge reward for evidence of foul play.

This mania consumed him for weeks as he ignored his family and his business to build a web of suspicion and paranoia bolstered by imagined suspects and supposed motives. He was prepared to spend his fortune and the rest of his life to find out how Alexander had died.

Surrounded by his Greek relatives who indulged him, allowing him to wallow in his self-pity, his American wife felt like an outsider. Their wailing grief was beyond the range of her tightly controlled emotions. Her instinct was to bury the pain and forge ahead. Onassis wanted to revel in his misery and retreat to the past. There was only one woman who could possibly understand his suffering. She alone could console him and help him pull his life together enough to go on living. And so it was to Maria Callas that he turned in his time of most desperate need.

If women are no good at things mechanical, it's because we have not tried our hand at it. A guide to a better understanding of gadgets and machines.

HAIR DRYER

This device utilizes electricity in two ways. One, to produce heat and the other, to produce motion. It essentially consists of two parts:

(a) The 'coil' or 'element' which produces heat when electric current passes through it. This coil/element is similar to the one used in the Electric Coil Heaters mentioned in an earlier article, the only difference being that it is smaller and made of a thinner wire. This coil is clearly visible in the picture. (Fig. 1)

(b) The fan which blows air over the hot coil. The fan is run by a motor and is situated behind the coil inside the casing. The fan basically is no different from an ordinary ceiling fan or table fan except that it is very much smaller.

The working is very simple: When you switch ON the hair dryer, the coil gets red hot in a couple of seconds. Also the fan starts revolving the moment you switch the dryer on. Thus the fan forces air over the red hot coil and hot air is forced out through the opening, via the nozzle.

Dryers can be of two types: one that gives out only hot air and the other that gives out hot as well as air at ordinary room temperature. The price difference should not be more than five rupees.

The switching-on arrangement is generally of two types. In one type, the coil and the fan are switched on

by the same switch. If you switch on the dryer and do not hear the sound of the fan also running immediately or in some other way become aware that the fan is not working, you must IMMEDIATELY switch off the dryer itself from the wall switch. Because if the coil is ON and the fan is not working then the coil will over-heat and burn off, in which case there is no option but to replace it. It might also damage other parts of the dryers.

In the other type of switching arrangement, there is a 'stepped' switch, which means that you cannot switch on the heater unless the fan is already on. Thus it is obvious that the difference between a dryer that gives out only hot air and one which gives out hot as well as ordinary air lies only in the switch and some extra wiring.

In case the dryer is not working at all, i.e., neither the heating part nor the fan, then the probability is that there is something wrong with the wiring or the plug; in which case you should check the wiring and the plug as explained in an earlier article and set right any loose wires or disconnections. It is also possible that there might be a break in the wire in some other part of the dryer. So after check-

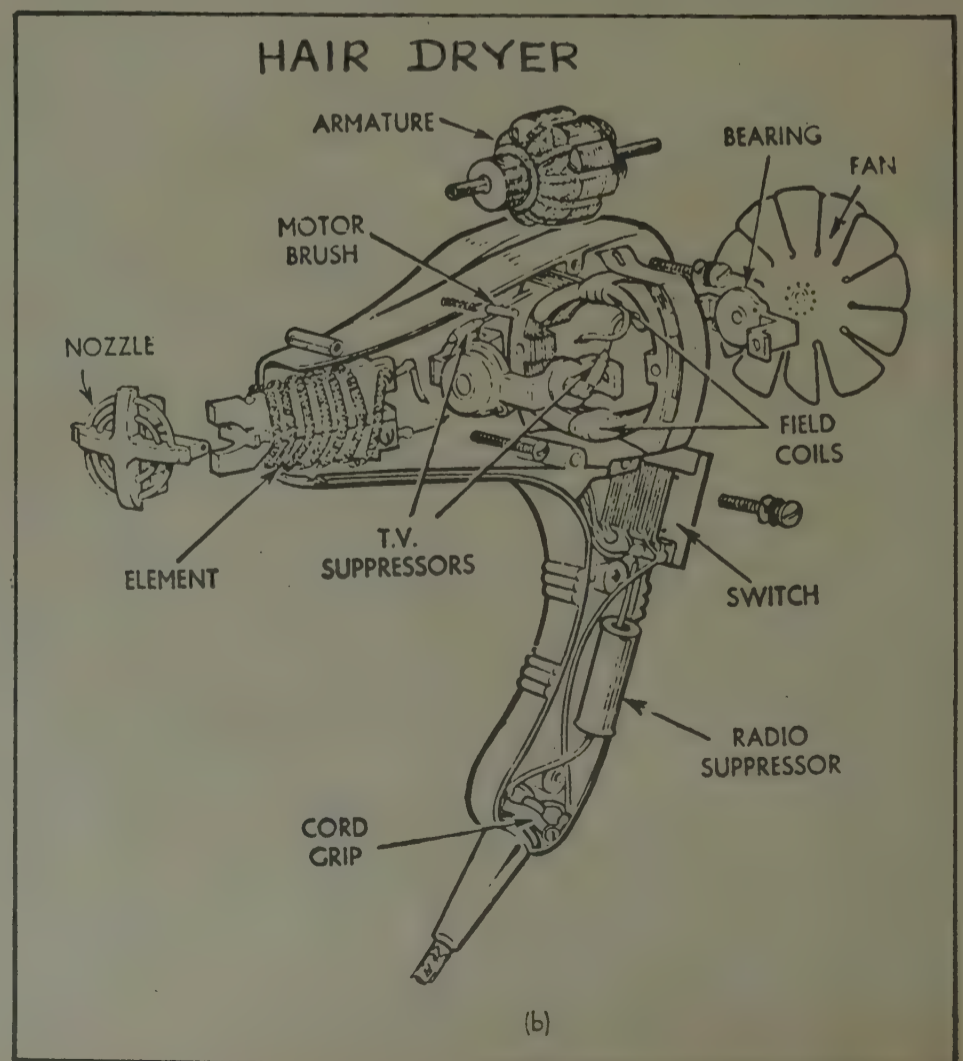
COMMON HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

Dilip Bam

ing the plug and the external wiring, open the nozzle cover by unscrewing two screws which hold the nozzle to the casing. Thus the coil will be exposed. The rest of the casing is made of some synthetic insulating material (such as bakelite or some special plastic). And the various pieces are stuck with some adhesive or are otherwise held together by inter-linking. However, before you proceed to open up all the casings, it is prudent to

check any discontinuity since this is the most common occurrence. This examination of the coil has to be done very minutely since the coil is very thin and the discontinuity, if any, will be hardly one-fourth of a millimetre wide. If the coil indeed has a break then you just have to replace it.

Though it is an apparently simple job, replacing the coil calls for great dexterity and practice if it is to be a neat job, since a new coil has to be uniformly stretched and wound over the mica chips. It is better to get this done at the shop; if the coil is not stretched uniformly and there are any sharp bends in it, it will burn off at the bend within a week. If you use your dryer every day (and carefully), an average coil should last about three months or more. The correct way of using a hair dryer is to



switch it on for 15-20 seconds and off for five seconds. The idea being not to run it continuously for long periods non-stop. This periodic switching off for a few seconds intermittently prevents overheating and prolongs the life of the dryer.

ELECTRIC OVEN (BAKING OVEN)

Essentially, an oven consists of an aluminium vessel with an enclosed heating element at its base whose temperature is controlled by a thermostat. It also has a lid with a transparent, heat resistant observation window. Because of its all-metal casing, when you switch on the oven, heat rapidly travels all over the casing and whatever you have put inside to bake receives heat from all directions.

A typical oven has in its accessories a perforated plate. Whenever using the oven you should first place this plate on the floor inside the oven and then place the container containing food on top of this only. The plate should be placed with its rim downwards and the flat face upwards. If this plate is not used, the food you place inside the oven will receive more heat from below and the cooking/baking will not be uniform. Also, whatever food you put inside the oven, its container should be at least two centimetres from the side walls of the oven or else again the cooking will be uneven.

Some ovens do not have a thermostat and are known as non-automatic types. In a non-automatic type there is no automatic temperature regulation just as in a non-automatic iron, and the correct baking temperature becomes a matter of personal judgement. In the automatic type there is a thermostat provided which prevents the temperature from going above the pre-

determined limit exactly similar to the automatic electric iron mentioned in an earlier article.

The working of this thermostat is exactly like that of the electric iron. The procedure for testing the thermostat for proper working before buying is also exactly the same as for the iron.

There is very little that can go wrong with an oven because there are no moving parts and if used with care should give you years of trouble-free service. Only two things might go wrong. One, the coil, i.e., the heating element, may burn out or break, in which case it has to be replaced. Two, the thermostat may be faulty, in which case it is better to get it repaired/replaced at the shop from where you bought the oven.

A few simple precautions, if observed, will ensure better service as well as prolong the life of your oven: 1) Before using the oven for the first time, turn the thermostat at 'high' and switch on for five minutes. Switch off, remove the lid and switch on again for two or three minutes. By doing this any oil or burnable matter left over from the manufacturing process will be burnt off. 2) Any leftovers should be wiped with a dry cloth. If necessary, you may also clean with a cloth wetted in detergent solution and again wipe with a dry cloth. After this, heat the empty oven (at thermostat 'max') for a few minutes to burn off any moisture left over. The idea is not to leave any food particles or moisture in the oven. 3) NEVER immerse the oven in water or let water in any other way reach the coil. 4) Do not turn the oven upside down and shake to remove left-over food from it, as this will damage the heating element and loosen the moorings of other electrical components.

For best results: a) pre-heat the empty oven with the lid on to the recommended baking temperature for the recipe you are baking, then switch off the oven, place the unbaked food inside, close the lid and proceed with baking.

b) For baking large cakes use the centre tube provided with the accessories for more uniform heat distribution.

Oven prices depend mainly on size, and a good one with thermostat is available for Rs. 250 — 300 maximum.

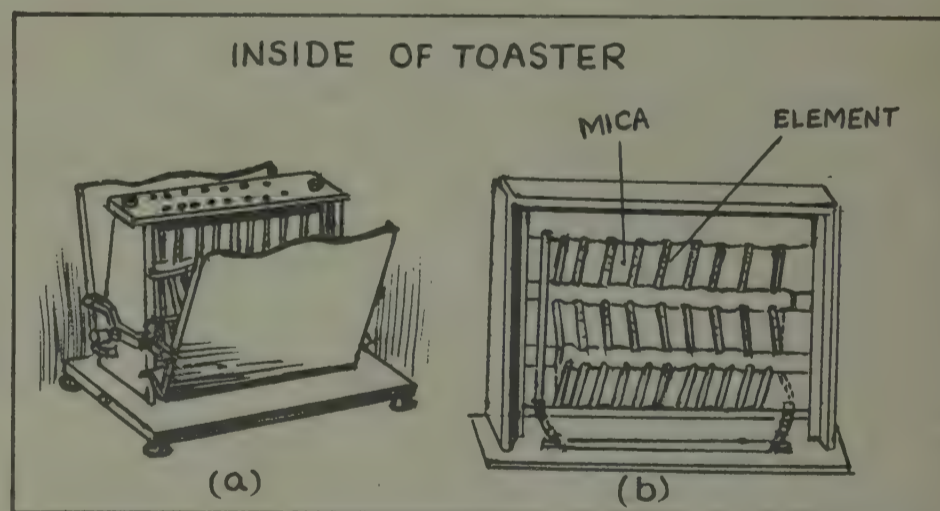
ELECTRIC TOASTERS

Electric toasters fall in two categories, manually operated and automatic. The heating arrangement in both types is the same. It consists of a metal framework on which a heating element made of resistance wire wound over mica sheets is mounted as shown in the diagram. Electrical faults in this type mainly arise from

toasting is completed, the toast is automatically raised up ready to be taken out and the heaters (coil element) are switched off. Some models use a clock-work mechanism for timing but the majority have thermostatic control which activates the mechanism to release the spring and the toasted bread rises as soon as ready.

If your toaster fails to function, you can easily open the casing and examine the coil minutely. If there is a break in the coil, it has to be replaced. The leads and the plug may be examined and set right if any connections are loose. If the coil and the plug and leads are found to be in order then it is best to have the toaster repaired by an electrician.

Automatic toasters are still not very common and there are very few indigenous makes. Manually-operated toasters are more popular and the price difference between a manual one and an automatic one is considerable. A cheap manual



burning out of the coil, in which case it is necessary to replace it.

In a manually-operated toaster, when toasting is completed (the duration of toasting being a matter of personal judgement), one has to press a lever which releases the spring and the toasted bread rises.

In an automatic toaster it is so arranged that when

toaster can be had for about Rs. 35 whereas the cheapest automatic one would cost about Rs. 150. A very good manual toaster can be had for Rs. 150 and an average one for about Rs. 85. An Indian-made automatic toaster costs about Rs. 220.

When buying any of the appliances it is always advisable to look for the ISI mark.



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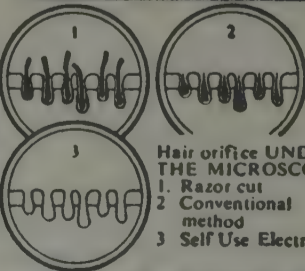
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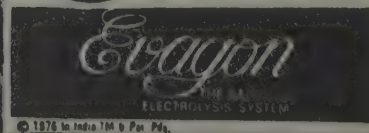


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8/2 Bakul,
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2. Conventional method
3. Self Use Electrolysis



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SUSHILA DASS

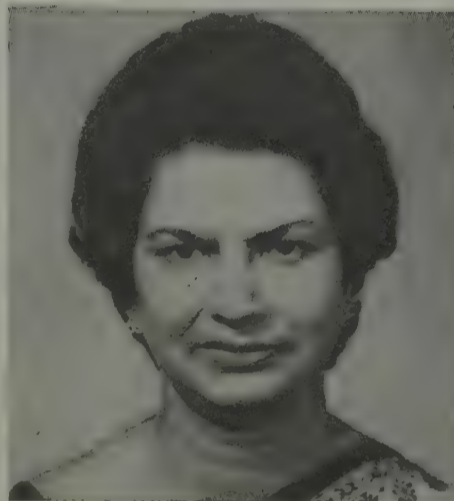
MANAGING HER OWN HOTEL

spacious dining room, grill room, bar, all of which are very Indian in their decor. Sushila herself supervised the details of the interior decoration.

The guests are mostly planters, tourist groups, parents of children studying in the boarding schools in the hills, and of course those who just want a holiday. In addition to these are the various members of the diplomatic corps, royalty from abroad, and guests of the state and country.

Sushila insists on appointing top trained personnel for her hotel. She herself is at the hotel from morning supervising details, discussing the menu with the chef. She has lunch at the hotel to see that the standard is maintained. She also does all the marketing herself to buy quality goods, fresh and seasonal fruits and vegetables, giving it the personal touch. All of which is an effort to make the hotel a home away from home.

To familiarize herself with the



latest trends in hotel administration, Sushila attends all conventions and conferences held in India and abroad by the travel and tourist agencies. She had recently been to one such convention in Madrid in Spain.

While abroad she gives publicity to her hotel by hosting cocktail parties, inviting diplomats and the industrial managements who send their executives all

over the world. On one such occasion she had the opportunity of projecting a film — 'A Voyage Through Tamil Nadu' produced by the India Tourism Development Corporation. Immediately, there were inquiries from travel agents and groups who wanted to visit India.

Sushila has had the opportunity of entertaining royalty and high officials from abroad. Among her recent distinguished visitors were Lord and Lady Saint Brides from England and the Netherlands Ambassador and his wife.

Sushila's interests are varied, ranging from breeding race-horses to doing social service. Her well appointed home is a reflection of her love for beautiful things, paintings, flowers, curios. She has a beautiful landscaped garden in her home, Brook View in Coonoor with a wide variety of exotic flowers. Every year she walks off with most of the prizes at the popular flower show in Ooty. She is a Fellow of the British Royal Horticultural Society and attends the Chelsea Flower Show whenever she can.

In all her efforts and interests she acknowledges the encouragement her husband has given her.

S. K.

Two factors motivated Mrs. Sushila Dass to establish a hotel industry in the Nilgiris in South India. First, the South was grossly neglected by the tourist industry. In all her travels in India and abroad there was no mention of this queen of the hill stations. Second, the breathtaking beauty of the Nilgiris, its vegetation, the rare orchids and the soothing eucalyptus trees. A bonanza for anthropologists, to learn of the fast disappearing tribals like the Todas, the Kotas, the Krumbas and the Irulas, for which the Nilgiris is renowned. With these factors in view and with the determination to put the Nilgiris on the tourist map of the world, Sushila set about opening a hotel in Coonoor, which is not too cold for those who come from the plains, and not too warm for those who are used to a cold climate. Coonoor is a two-hour drive from the nearest airport, Coimbatore. It retains the old world charm, the leisurely pace so suited for a quiet holiday.

Hampton Manor Hotel, as the name itself suggests, is a sprawling three-star standard hotel reminiscent of the colonial days. Set amidst lovely lawns and gardens, Hampton Manor is a quaint, recently refurnished building with all the facilities of a star hotel. Among these are a

NEW FIRST AID FOR SNAKE BITE

than 50 years.

"This we found surprising as it is estimated that at least 30,000 people die from snake-bite each year. This lack of research meant that snake-bite first aid measures in vogue for many years had never been scientifically assessed," Dr. Sutherland said.

"The tourniquet method, which cut off the blood supply from the bitten limb, was extremely painful, could be used for only a short period and was liable to cause severe damage to limbs."

Dr. Sutherland emphasized that the new first aid was not a cure for snake-bite but simply an effective method to delay the effect of snake venom until the victim could receive hospital treatment. This would result in needing less antivenom.

It was effective for bites from scorpions and other non-reptilians and its effectiveness lasted for four to five hours.

"It has been tested and found effective for the bites of five venomous Australian snakes," he said.

Dr. Sutherland said the first aid was carried out in the following three simple steps:-

- * Bandage the bite area with as much crepe bandage or bandage made from other material — even torn-up clothing — as possible. Wrap the bandage with about the same pressure applied for bandaging a sprained ankle or wrist and make sure the bandage covers the bite area.
- * Splint the limb and do not allow it to be moved. Many things make an effective splint, a stick, a spade, a baseball bat.
- * If possible bring transport to the victim, not the victim to transport. If the victim must be carried, do so without the bitten limb being

moved. It is important to keep the victim as still as possible, and to get the victim to hospital as quickly as possible.

Dr. Sutherland said that as at least 95 per cent of snake-bites occur on arms or legs, the new first aid was applicable in most cases.

He and his team used monkeys in their research project. It involved devising new methods of measuring accurately and at regular intervals the level of snake venom in the monkeys' blood. One special assay was devised which was sensitive enough to detect levels as low as one thousandth of a millionth of a gram of venom.

Measured amounts of venom were injected into the monkeys' lower legs, and many methods of delaying the movements of the venom were tested. It was found that a combination of firm pressure over the bite site, and keeping the leg as still as possible, effectively delayed venom movement.

Australian medical researchers have developed a new first aid technique for snake-bite victims. The new technique does away with the widely advocated emergency treatment of applying a tourniquet to the limb above the bite, and substitutes another simple procedure. This comprises wrapping a firm bandage around the bitten limb over the actual bite, and immobilizing the limb with a splint.

Researchers at the Australian Government-operated Commonwealth Serum Laboratories (CSL) in Melbourne announced the new technique early in December 1978. A paper on the technique is to be published in the British medical publication *The Lancet* in 1979.

CSL's head of immunology, Dr. Struan Sutherland, and his partners in the research project, Mr. Alan Coulter and Mr. Rodney Harris, developed the technique after five years of probing the behaviour and effect of snake venom.

Dr. Sutherland said that until the project began, little research on first aid for snake-bite had been done in the world in more

BOMBAY

The "Shaila Welfare Trust", a charitable and welfare organisation, with a membership of over 110 women, has as its aim the help and uplift of the weaker sections of our society — irrespective of caste or creed. The trust runs a nursery school for children of slumdwellers and a work centre for women of under-privileged classes.

To celebrate the International Year of the Child, the Trust held a variety entertainment programme for and by children. Children from orphanages, slums and blind schools and physically handicapped children were invited for the programme. Skits and dances were performed by the Trust members' children, and the music and orchestra was provided by the students of Vasant Niketan, also a charitable institution.

Mr. Ram Batra, Sheriff of Bombay was the chief guest and Mr. Shadilal Jain, ex-Sheriff of Bombay, Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, editor, *Eve's Weekly* and *Star & Style* and character-artist Rehman were the guests of honour.

Nunoo Munjee held an exhibition of wall-hangings at the Aakar Art Gallery recently. Nunoo uses bitumin, plaster of paris, glass, silver and copper foil, broken tiles — in fact any scrap material she can lay her hands on — to create collages in all moods. Temperamental, Nunoo works frantically for six months at a stretch, and then may not go near a canvas for a year. This was Nunoo's third solo show and her current favourite theme appears to be horses.

The Avabai Petit Girls' High School held their annual function recently. On the occasion, a craft exhibition was organised by Miss

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

Dolly Merchant, craft teacher, and inaugurated by Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, editor, *Eve's Weekly* and *Star & Style*. Mrs. Arnavaz Dhondy, dress designer, was the chief guest.

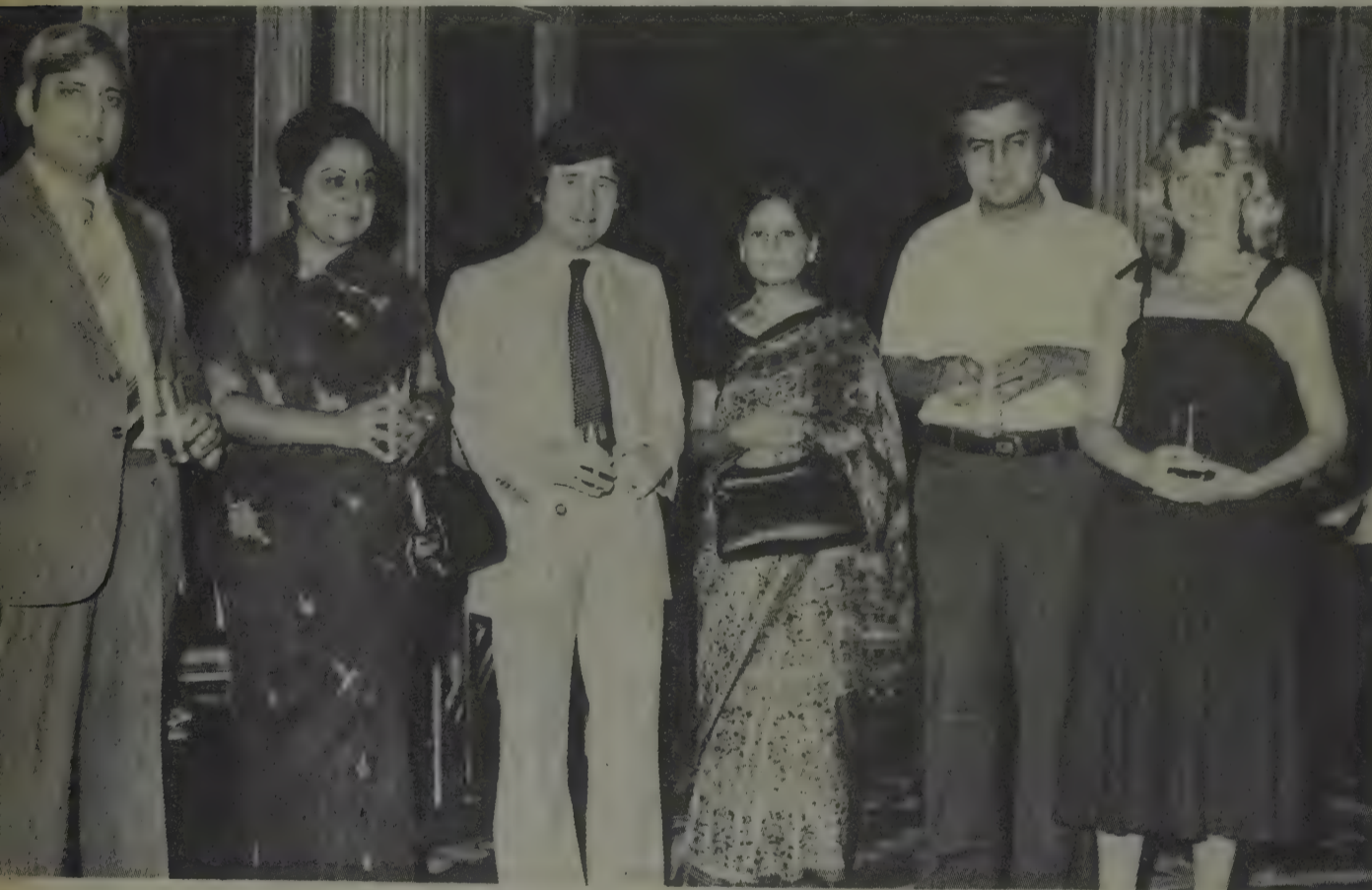
facilities and consumer products. Premeeta Sannon is the editor and Anita Kohli the editorial assistant. Mrs. Renuka Devi Barkatki, Minister of State for Education and Social Welfare, released the magazine at a function at the Triveni Kala Sangam.

DELHI

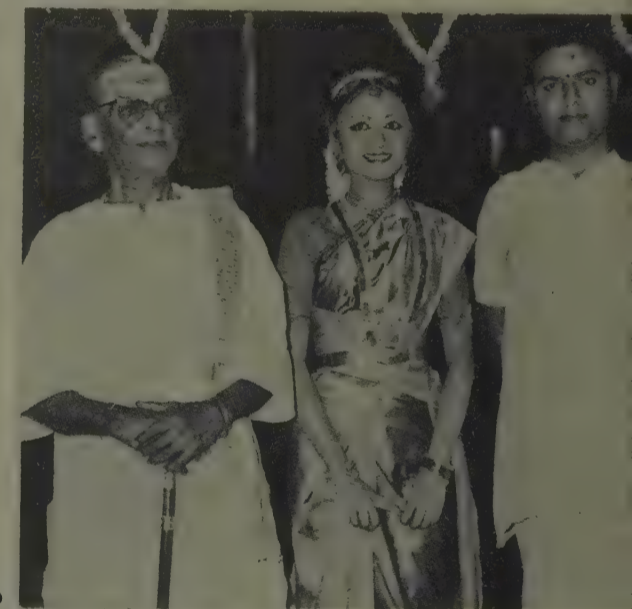
Kare Publications released *Mother and Child*, a monthly publication exclusively for parents. *Mother and Child* plans to help parents and young adults find answers to all their questions relating to motherhood, child-rearing and family care. It will also provide detailed and regular surveys on educational and medical

CALCUTTA

Yamini Krishnamurthi gave a two-hour Bharat Natyam recital under the auspices of Sumadhar Hansadhwani, in collaboration with Union Carbide. Her innovations were breathtaking and her *abhinaya* in *Navarasa* was superb. She concluded with an item of Kuchipudi.



1



1. The Macmillan Company of India Ltd. held a get-together in Bombay to meet Mr. Paul Walton, export sales director, Arrow Books, London, (3rd from left). Seen with him are, from left, Mr. Surinder Khanna, vice-pres., Macmillan India, Mrs. Nalini Wasani, Mrs. Koili Khanna, Mr. Sharad Wasani, president and managing director, Macmillan India and Mrs. D. Walton.



3

2. Sunita Pillai seen with her gurus Vazhuvoor Ramaiah Pillai (left) and Vazhuvoor Samraj, at her Bharat Natyam performance sponsored by the Sri Shanmukhananda Fine Arts & Sangeetha Sabha, Bombay.

3. Seen at the annual function of the Avabai Petit Girls' High School, Bombay, are from left, Arnavaz Dhondy, who was the chief guest, Miss Dolly Merchant, craft teacher at the School and Mrs. Bharucha, principal. At right is a view of the School's craft exhibition organised on the occasion.

MADRAS

Mrs. Veni Ramamurthy and Mrs. Shanti Narayan are holding an exhibition and sale of summer garments for children and other utility items such as pen holders, handbags, at the C.P. Art Centre on April 21 and 22. This is their first exhibition.

Mr. L. M. Menezes, Member-Secretary, Madras Metropolitan Development Authority, addressed the Institute of Public Relations and Management, (IPRM) on 'The Urban Poor in the Metropolitan Areas'. He also presented the post-graduate National Diplomas in Public Relations and Marketing and Advertising. Miss Gillian Spalding, who stood first, received the gold medal. Mr. Gyan Haksar, Founder Chairman of the IPRM, welcomed the gathering.



6

Three enterprising women Mrs. Shainda Karim, Mrs. Mehmooda Haja Shareef and Mrs. Bilkiz Alladin held a two-day exhibition and sale at the Hotel Savera. On sale were items ranging from household articles and sarees to beautifully embroidered garments in leather and silk.

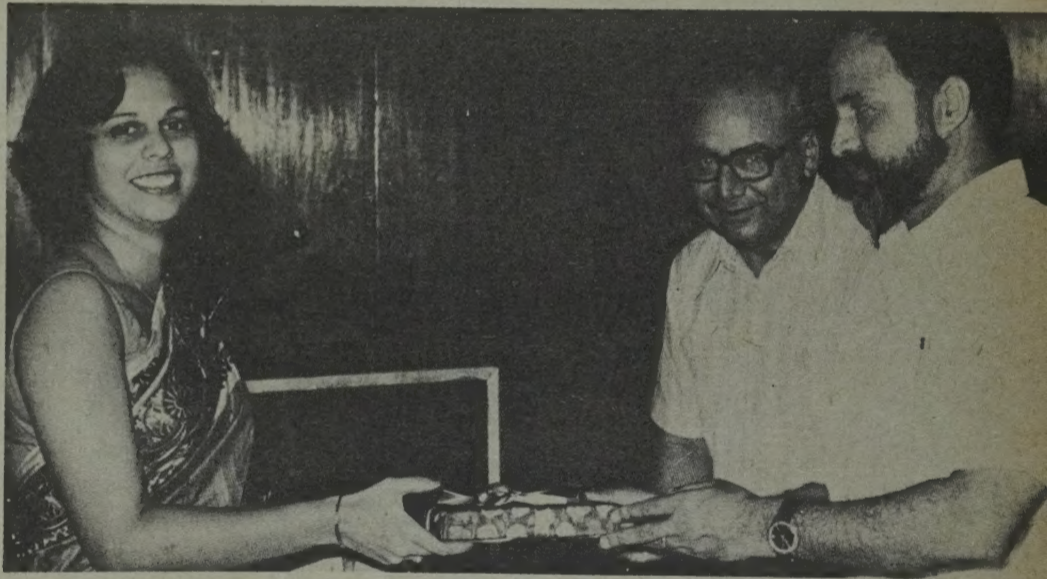
AHMEDABAD

The honorary director of the puppets section of Darpan, Mrs. Mehra Contractor, exhibited some puppets at the grand international festival held at London from March 18 to 31. She also took part in a puppetry festival organised at Liege, Belgium from March 26 to April 4 to mark the golden jubilee of the Union International de la Marionette. Mrs. Contractor is the vice-president of the UNIMA and its Third World Committee Chairman.

PUNE

The Air Force Wives Welfare Association, Pune, has opened a nursery school in their camp, as their contribution during the IYC. Called 'Amar, Akbar, Anthony', it caters to the children of Class IV personnel. Charging a nominal fee of Rs. three, the school is intended to be used as a feeder for either the Government School in Lohegaon or for the Air Force School.

The members of the AFWWA are also running a Welfare Shop, which aims at providing an outlet for items made by the talented women of the station. The clothes are marketed under the name of "Shalimar Styles", and orders are taken from retailers in Bombay and Pune. Run on a no-profit, no-loss basis, this shop sells very inexpensive readymade clothes for children.



5

4. Mrs. Renuka Devi Barkataki, (right) Minister of State for Education and Social Welfare, releases the first copy of Kare Publications' magazine 'Mother and Child' in Delhi.

5. Miss Gillian Spalding, who stood first in the P.R. diploma course conducted by the Institute of Public Relations and Management (IPRM), Madras, receives her gold medal from Mr. L. M. Menezes, member-secretary of the Madras Metropolitan Development Authority, while Mr. Gyan Haksar, founder-c'man, IPRM, looks on.

6. The Shaila Welfare Trust, Bombay, held an entertainment programme for children. Chief guest Mr. Ram Batra, Sheriff of Bombay, hands over gift parcels to two blind children, helped by Mrs. Sarita Chopra and Mrs. Adarsh Chandhok.

7. Seen at Malavika Ramanathan's arangetram in Bangalore, are, from left, Guru Pandanallur Gopalakrishna, Leela Ramanathan, Malavika and Shakuntala Srinivasan, vocalist.

BANGALORE

The arangetram of Malavika, daughter of danseuse Leela Ramanathan and disciple of Guru M. Gopalakrishna and the late Natya Kalanidhi M. Muthiah Pillai was held at Bal Bhavan. Tall and attractive Malavika proved a talented dancer and presented the items with ease and expertise. Though this was her first solo performance, Malavika has been on the stage many times with her mother and also on Calcutta T.V.

CORRECTION

The author of "Hindi does not need an advocate" in our issue dated March 31, 1979, is Rajam Pillai. We regret that the byline was inadvertently omitted.



7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

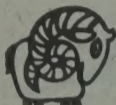
FOR THE WEEK APR. 15 — 21 1979

John Naylor

IF YOUR BIRTHDAY'S THIS WEEK:

It should be a steadily progressive year. Your enthusiasm will be high and will lead you into some adventurous activities which should turn out profitably. A major change is on the way for you — but this might be delayed until 1981. However, bear this in mind when planning ahead. Travel and few friendships will widen your outlook. If single, the indications are that you will be happily involved in the near future.

ARIES
(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20).



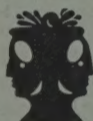
Everything is going well for you. Therefore, don't be put off your stroke by associates who might be a little envious of you or not in a position to advise, anyway. A stranger will be helpful this week. An ardent romance soon, if unattached.

TAURUS
(Apr. 21 — May 21).



The Sun moves into your sign as this week ends; other transits will follow shortly. A good time to improve your prospects and enlarge your circle of friends. Unusual bargains around. A secret message will please — but might not be accurate.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21).



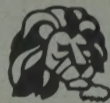
You will be running around a lot, meeting new people, making useful business contacts. Your personality will please in most areas. Anything personal to you is well starred and you will soon enter a progressive period when hopes and aims will succeed.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23).



Your special hopes will succeed — but might take a little longer than anticipated. Meanwhile, have confidence, get around and into everything that's going on. There are promising signs for romance. If a parent, involvement with youngsters will be rewarding.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug. 23).



As this week ends, Jupiter, that lucky planet, moves into your sign — until late September. You may have had some minor disappointments in the recent past — but the picture ahead is rosy now. You can plan with confidence along more expansive lines. Travel is well starred this week.

VIRGO
(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23).



In recent weeks, others have been calling the tune. The picture changes now and, although there are one or two items to be sorted out, you will be able to please yourself more. If you have neglected health or appearance, catch up now. Get out and meet new people, try fresh activities.

LIBRA
(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23).



Planetary transits are giving the luck to others at present and you will be finding little appreciation for your efforts. Try to keep the atmosphere harmonious and, if unattached, avoid an impulsive relationship which can't lead anywhere.

SCORPIO
(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22).



Romance and the lighter side of life are fulfilling: you will be busy, amused, pleasure outings will be wholly enjoyable. Yet, some of your time will be spent giving a helping hand to people close to you. Be careful about giving promises.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22).



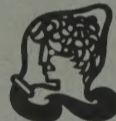
You will be in the mood to revive ideas and plans, your appearance — and your hopes. There is no better time to start a fresh trail. There will be highspots in romance this week, the odd bit of money luck too. If active in sports, you could carry off honours.

CAPRICORN
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20).



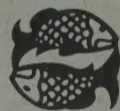
Your various interests and activities could get a little confused this week. Try not to act hastily. Be inclined to drift and matters will sort themselves out next week. New people will enter your scene, including a romantic prospect, if single.

AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19).



A busy week with many short trips, interviews, meetings and so on. Profit could come your way, some earned, some as a happy surprise. Put the accent on communication — it is the key to success just now. Catch up on correspondence.

PISCES
(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21).



It is possible you will begin to lose interest in current activities — perhaps a fresh venture begun under recent vigorous stars. Try to keep your enthusiasm, for your ideas are good and workable. Life should be lucky and loving just now, with plenty of chances to progress, businesswise, also some delightful social occasions.

The International Fur Fair was held in New York from March 17 to 21.

The world-wide organisation BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY protested against this near the scene of the fair. At the same time they organised a fashion show of simulated furs and a film show depicting the agony be-

ANIMALS BORN FREE AND



LIVING IN FETTERS

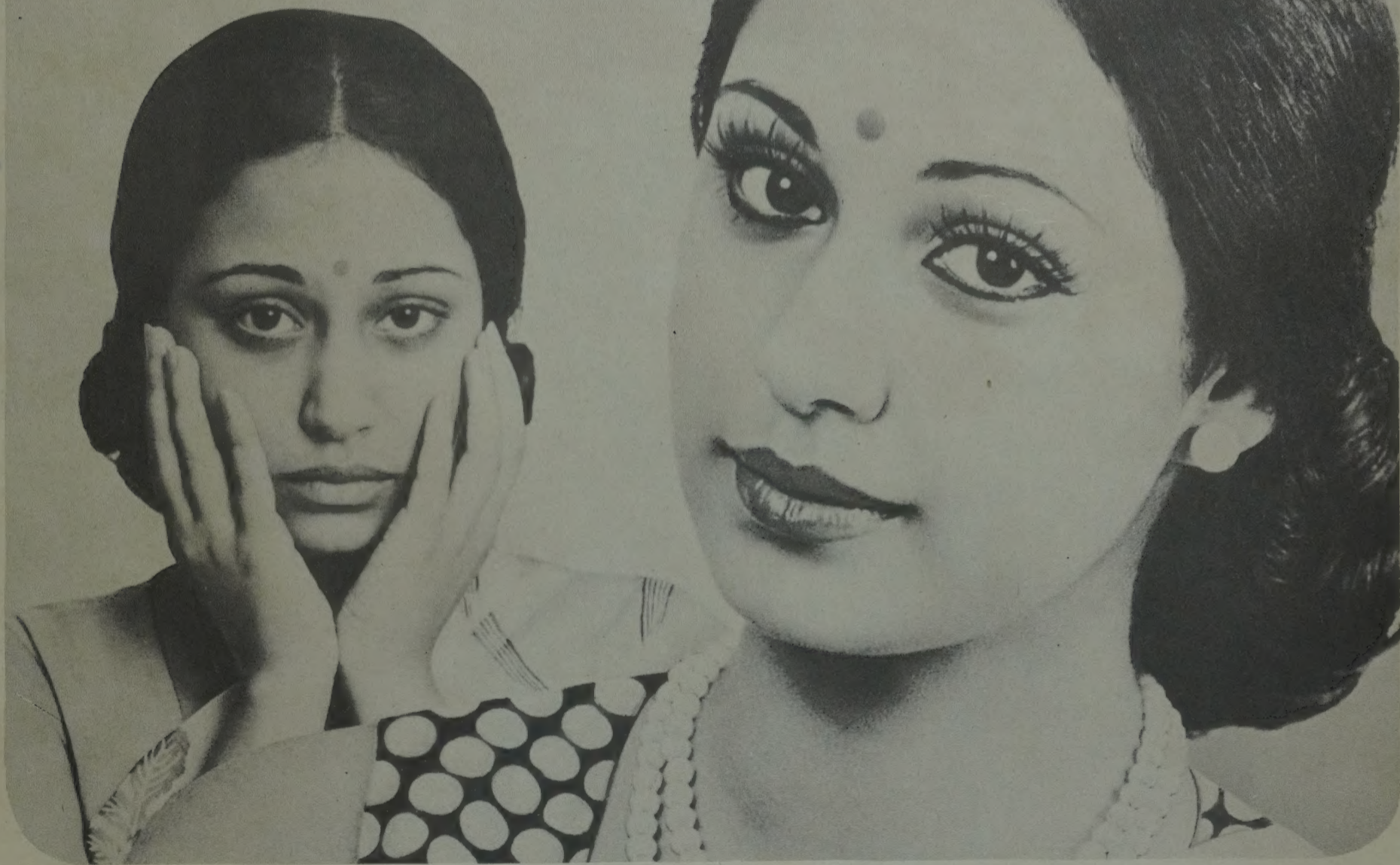
hind the fur trade. In order to obtain an unmarked pelt animals such as leopards are killed by inserting a red hot iron rod in the animal's anus!

More and more people are now protesting against innocent creatures being trapped in the wild. An animal can remain alive in a trap for as long as ten days, till the trapper makes his rounds, that is if by that time it hasn't chewed off its own paw in order to free itself. Approximately 30 million wild animals are killed each year for their furs alone. This figure does not include animals which have been caught in the painful steel traps and being of no use to the fur trade are thrown away. Neither does it include the millions of animals bred in captivity solely for their furs.

BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY (India Branch) opposes the setting up of farms in this country for the purpose of ranching fur bearing animals such as the jackal, fox, lynx, karakul, lamb, rabbit etc. To kill an animal primarily for the sake of its pelt, whether to make a coat or cap, is surely degrading to the human race. BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY believes that animals should be born free and allowed to live free.

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