

Eve's Weekly

complimentary

A PROTEST:
Housewives
Work Too!

**HUMAN
INTEREST
STORY:**
A.F. Officer's
Shattered
Career



Meeeddom



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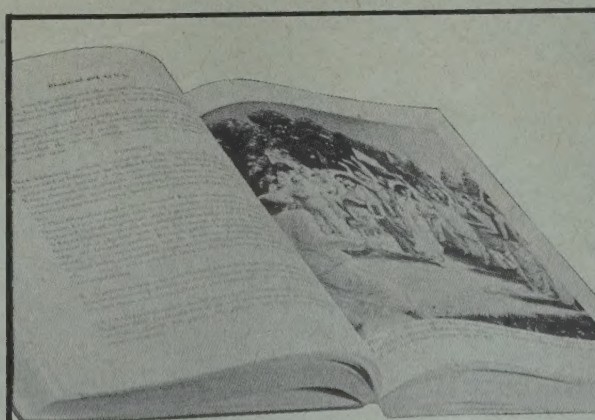
Much has been written on the Bhagavad-Gita itself, by many authors but the edition by his Divine Grace, Swamy Prabhupada of the 'Krishna Consciousness Movement', gives the reader a simple, explicit commentary, which makes interesting reading. His Divine Grace has written several books, which have a universal appeal in a world embroiled and enmeshed in materialism, greed, jealousy and power.

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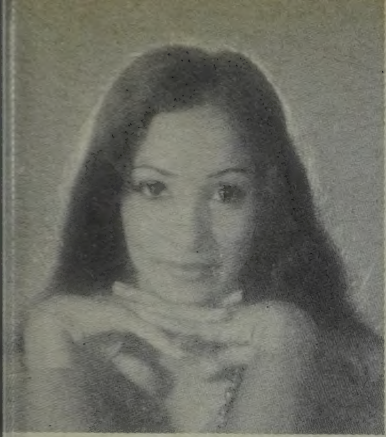
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SOMETIMES you can't tell
one blue ladies' cardigan
from another blue cardigan
and one blue gents' pullover
from another blue pullover
and one gold rib skivee
from another gold rib skivee
and one navy sock from another navy sock
and one fully fashioned sweater
from another fully fashioned sweater
and one jacquard jersey
from another jacquard jersey
and one pair of children's jump suit
from another pair of jump suit
and one sports shirt
from another sports shirt
and one swimwear from another swimwear.

BUT when you see this 
then you know that the pullover, the jersey,
the skivee, the cardigan, the socks,
the fully fashioned sweater, the sports shirt,
the jump suit, all have the touch of 
which means that the style is right,
the price is right, the store is right,
AND YOU ARE RIGHT.



CARDIGANS & PULLOVERS



SOPHIA KHAN

Bubbling with youth and excitement, pretty, lissom and friendly, Sophia loves life in general. After training under the famous Katak exponent Rohiniji, Sophia at 19 years is an accomplished dancer. Coming from Hyderabad, she is also a keen student of Urdu and writes ghazals with an intensity surprising in one so young. Reading and classical Indian music are her other loves. A busy modeling career in Bombay keeps young Sophia occupied, while a possible future in films excites her enormously. Otherwise, she loves the outdoors and likes nothing better than to be at one with nature where her light of fancy can soar high.

Photograph: Dayaram Chawda

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EXPLOITED, DESPITE...

A girl who earns is supposed to be economically independent. But such a girl's marriage may be delayed if her family is very much dependant on her income. Once she gets married, her family might find itself in great financial difficulty.

Nowadays, there is a tendency among men (especially from middle-class families) to have a working girl as a wife. The parents of the boy do not insist on much dowry if the girl is employed. They are shrewd enough to realise that her total earnings will more than compensate the shortfall in the dowry amount. If this is not dowry through the back door or dowry in instalments, tell me what is it. While the husband can spend his earnings as he pleases, the wife's pay packet is normally taken away from her by her husband or her in-laws as soon as she brings it home. She has to go through the humiliation of getting their grudging permission if she wants to spend a part of her hard-earned money on her aged and poor parents or on her brother's education or her sister's marriage.

So you see even a wage earning girl is being exploited by society. Where is the economic independence you talk of?

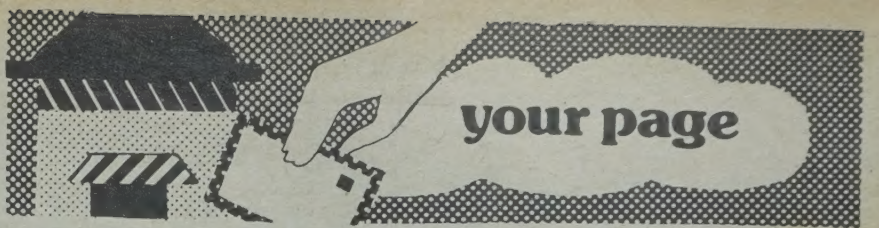
C. Raghunathan, Madras.

You may be right, but there is no doubt in our minds that the working woman will still have an upper hand as compared with the wife who has no money of her own. The day the working woman has had enough of humiliation and cruelty, the day she decides to walk out and be on her own, she can do so. Can the "complete housewife" do the same?



WHEN SUPERSTITION TRIUMPHS

Sometime back when my ten-month-old daughter got an attack of measles I didn't give her any medicine, not because I am a naturopath or that I don't trust modern medicines; but because my mother forbade me to administer any medicine! She insisted that measles were the result of God's wrath and I should not do anything to displease God. Accordingly I took



refuge in neem leaves and prayer. And this I did not because I believed the validity of my mother's arguments but because I was not bold enough to disbelieve my mother. Rather, I was not able to overcome that fear, a lurking suspicion that maybe it is God's wrath so why risk offending God. I didn't realise the risk I took because of my action, or inaction, until I read in your article on Child Care, that measles, if not treated promptly can lead to dangerous consequences. My heart missed a beat then. Fortunately for me nothing happened to my child and she became all right after four days of suffering. But 'what could have happened' I don't want to imagine even now. I don't consider myself a traditionalist or a believer in taboos. In fact I deride them. But when it is a personal crisis, I succumb to pressure and superstition. May be it takes different stuff to make a rebel.

S. Vaideeswaran, New Delhi.

There are many of us, brought up on false beliefs and superstitions, who find it difficult to shake off rites and rituals. It is understandable. All we can do is to restrain ourselves from passing on these fears and beliefs to the younger generations. It is they who will eventually put superstitions into never-to-be-opened graves.



FACT AND FICTION

I asked a doctor, on whose shelves I saw a whole row of philosophy books, whether he wasn't interested in fiction. He said, being a man dealing with science and medical facts he had no penchant towards fictional books.

And yet what exactly are facts. What exactly is truth? What are decreed facts today, may tomorrow in another age of discovery, be given the lie. Many beliefs are being exploded by the stupendous strides of science. So, perhaps, you may yet hold water in a sieve, perhaps you can yet make ropes of sand. And perhaps in equating everything to facts and figures, we are subtracting from life the quality of contentment and acceptance! Where will it end, this progress, this search? With men trying to reach into the unknown aiming for powers that were once beyond our ken, will we also be digging our own graves? Knowledge is power and power corrodes. In

seeking greater rights, greater power, will be bring down on us the wrath of God? It is a chastening thought, that perhaps should make us pause to ask ourselves — quo vadis?

Hyma Bal, Tellicherry

Why should this progress, this search ever end? It is inconceivable that man should remain stagnant through fear of the wrath of God. Scientific knowledge and progress must be pursued, even though some of it may rebound on man himself.

THE MODERN GIRL

In one of your recent issues, I read with interest "An Opinion On the Modern Girl" by Tara Ali Baig. I'd like to say that the article, though true in some instances, was one-sided and prejudiced. The modern girl is not an irresponsible pleasure-seeker totally inequipped in the art of household chores. I, and many of my friends, belong to the generation she speaks of — we work outside the home, cook at home, entertain, read, take tuitions all within the day. We are well aware of our responsibilities; so much so that a far greater part of our life is spent in doing things which others want us to do!

Mala Varma, Kanpur

We have received many indignant rejoinders to Mrs. Baig's article. Well, one thing is for sure: the modern girl is spirited enough to refute charges of irresponsibility, levelled at her.

A BAD WORD?

The other day a friend remarked that so-and-so does nothing, she is merely a housewife — giving the impression that being a housewife is a matter of shame. Another friend who heard her, said: "The way she said housewife, I felt she was saying a bad word." Is the term 'housewife' associated with a bad word these days?

Anyway, housewives need not despair because in surveys conducted abroad, it has been found that the housework of the average American housewife is worth Rs. 6,000 a month to her husband and this figure is being used by courts in compensation cases.

Kaushi N. Bhatia, Bombay

Ah, so you see, bad word or not, the term 'housewife' is being recognised for what it's worth. And then there are those two other bad words: working girl! You can't win, can you?

Amul Cheesensations



Amul Cream Cheese Capers

4 slices of fresh bread, edges removed • 1 spring onion
capsicum, minced
cup celery, chopped
1 medium tomato, blanched and chopped • Parsley
1 cup thick curds
200 gm Amul Cheese Powder
Salt and pepper

Butter bread sparingly, cut each slice into quarters. Tie freshly-set curds in a muslin cloth. Allow whey to drain out, about two hours. Whip well. Thin with a tablespoon of milk if required. Mix in spring onion, capsicum, celery, tomato, salt and pepper, Cheese Powder and fresh parsley. Spread thickly on bread squares. It can be used as a dip by thinning it with milk to the desired consistency.

Amul Cheese Prawn Baskets

For the basket

4 medium-sized potatoes • Salt
1 tsp cornflour • Fat for frying

Grate potatoes fine. Add cornflour and salt. Mix together. Take a tea-strainer and spread a little of the mixture in cup or strainer as a thin layer.

Deep fry (along with the strainer) pressing the layer with the help of a spoon. When golden brown, detach the basket and drain excess oil on a paper. Make more of these baskets and keep aside.

Filling

1 cup prawns • 1 large onion
6-8 cloves garlic } ground to a
Ginger, 1 cm piece } paste
2 medium-sized tomatoes
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp garam masala
Few sprigs of coriander leaves
3 tbsp oil • Salt • Tomato sauce
100 gm Amul Cheese Powder

Heat oil and fry onions, ginger and garlic till golden brown. Cut tomatoes in small pieces and add to onions. Cook till pulp. Add prawns, salt to taste and cook till the prawns are done, sprinkling

a little water if required. Add garam masala and coriander leaves. Mix well. Keep aside.

Arrange the baskets in a tray. Fill each of them with an appropriate amount of the filling. Top with a teaspoon of tomato sauce and Cheese Powder.

Amul Cheese Rice Balls

100 gm rice
150 gm Amul Cheese Powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ onion, finely chopped
Coriander leaves • 1 egg
Breadcrumbs for coating

Seasoning

$\frac{1}{2}$ level tsp mustard powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp red chilli powder • Salt

Add Cheese Powder into cooked rice. Add chopped onion, coriander leaves, salt, seasoning. Mix thoroughly and then mash with palm. Make round balls, then dip into beaten egg, mixed with two teaspoons of water. Coat with breadcrumbs and fry.

Amul Cheese Chinese Samosas

1 cup maida • Tomato sauce
100 gm fresh boiled peas
100 gm grated Amul Cheese
Garam masala • Salt
Coriander powder • Ghee
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp baking powder • Red chilli
Green coriander leaves }
Ginger, small piece } ground
Green chilli } together

Put two tablespoons of melted ghee, pinch of salt and baking powder in maida. Mix well and make stiff dough.

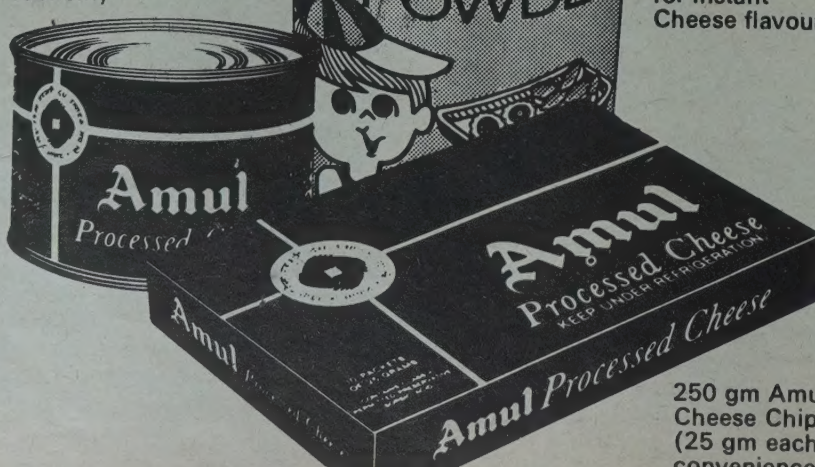
Now put one tablespoon of ghee in karai; when warm, put in peas, Cheese and all the spices including ground green chilli, ginger and green coriander leaves. Mix well and take karai off the fire.

Take half the dough and roll, like chappatis. Spread half the filling on chappati evenly. Roll like a Swiss roll. Cut into six pieces with a sharp knife. Repeat with the rest. Deep-fry pieces in ghee on mild heat till brown. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

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Mrs. Nayantara Sahgal, the well known Indian writer, has been writing about contemporary India for the past 33 years. Most of her novels, although dealing with the problems of women, have a political background, as Nayantara has always been deeply interested in the politics of the country. Her fearless criticism of the previous government's policies led to a ban on the publication in India of her latest novel 'Situation in New Delhi'. It is the story of a woman against the political background and reflects "the kind of anxiety towards the situation that was building up in India—an anxiety towards the authoritarian rule." Nayantara's last book, 'Indira Gandhi's Emergence and Style', the only really political book she has written so far, is ready and is expected to be in the market by the end of this year.

Nayantara's first published work, 'Prison and Chocolate Cake' in 1954, was an autobiography and described the years of her growing up during the Indian National Movement for independence. "My childhood was a very unusual one, with my parents in and out of jails all the time. It was a very inspiring time and I was very proud of my parents," says Nayantara, who is the second daughter of Mrs. Vijaylakshmi Pandit and Mr. Ranjit Sitaram Pandit. "I was very excited and pleased when my first book was published and also rather smug," says Nayantara, "but that was the only time I felt smug, as the more one writes, the more one realises how much more one has to learn about it."

Nayantara has been writing political articles regularly for the 'Indian Express' and other newspapers since 1965. She has also written another autobiography, 'From Fear Set Free' and a historical text-book, 'The Freedom Movement in India.' In 1973, she was invited to be The Writer in Residence at the Southern Methodist University in Texas and in 1976 she was given a research scholarship by the Redcliffe Institute (a part of Harvard University) and from there she went again to the Southern Methodist University on an invitation. She has just returned from there after completing her assignments.

Her last book 'Indira Gandhi's Emergence and Style' was written while she was in U.S.A. "I had been thinking of writing this book since 1974, but when the emergency was declared in 1975, I realised that I could not continue with my profession in India. There was a ban on my political writings, so I was happy to get this invitation from the Redcliffe Institute. It gave me an opportunity to be away from here and also finish my book."

Nayantara now plans to resume her newspaper writing in the near future.

Talking about her novels, Nayantara says, "I pick up my characters from life, based on people I know or people I have seen. I start with a real person or with a combined aspect of various characters, but by the time the story is complete, the character is changed completely. It is like a plane journey. You know the place from where you are starting, but once you take off, you pass through so many different places and experiences that by the time you reach the end of the journey, the destination is something entirely different from what you had imagined at the start of the journey. The only time I consciously based a character on a person I knew was in 'This Time of Morning'. One of the characters was based on the late Mr. Krishna Menon. But there also I created his past from my imagination and spun a yarn around this basic character.

eve today



NAYANTARA SAHGAL: NOVELS WITH A POLITICAL FLAVOUR

"A writer's imagination also comes out of one's experience or from the experience of others. A writer has to live very vicariously through the emotional upheavals of many other persons. For me, writing is like a constant awareness of being driven. It is an urge that has to be satisfied. Political writing serves my conscience as I am very concerned with what happens in my country. I have always spoken bluntly for what I believe in. Creative writing serves my creative urge, the need to express the scene around me."

She says that her writing has no fixed time or pattern. "It depends on when and how the ideas come to me. But it is a profession in which the writer has to be alone most of the time. Either one is a writer or a busy socialite. One cannot be both. I cannot work with interruptions. Writing is a profession which makes a person bound to seek solitude. But I think it is a very good profession for women as they can stay at home and work also. For me it has been an ideal profession. It has not taken me away from home. My children have not been neglected as I think it is just the presence of the mother that is required by the children and not the running around all the time, except in a time of crisis. I have always been a highly organised person and that is one reason both my home and my profession have run smoothly." Nayantara has three grown up children — two daughters and one son — and they are all happily settled.

Nayantara says that though she loves to read poetry, she is not a poet. She also loves to read history, biographies and politics. Four newspapers every morning are a must for her. "British women writers of today are my favourites. These women have made a big impact in Britain. I like the way these women write. I think women are better writers than men as they are more perceptive and sensitive and possess a certain beauty of expression."

Her favourites among British authors are Penelope Mortimer, Margaret Drab-

ble and Edna O'Brien. Among the Indian authors her favourites are Kamla Markandeya and Anita Desai. Paul Gallico and Morris West are her favourites among the current male authors. "But I love to read detective fiction and I think good detective fiction is very hard to beat. I am extremely sad that Agatha Christie is dead. I have always looked forward to reading her books. I am also fond of reading detective novels by Ngaio Marsh. But I am bored with sex and violence in books. I feel most of the best selling books today are trash," she said.

A sensitive writer with a deep insight into human nature, Nayantara feels that everything that happens in a person's life is bound to affect his or her work. "Experience of any kind enlarges a person's perspective and understanding. Emotional upheavals may not necessarily make a better writer, but they will certainly be reflected in the writer's work."

Nayantara was born in 1927 in Allahabad and has written innumerable political articles and many books including her well known 'A Time to be Happy' and 'The Day in Shadow' which deal with the emotions of a woman who has just divorced her husband. Her books have been praised by various critics not only in India but also abroad.

Asked which has been her best book so far, she replied that her next book is always her best book. But she said that she enjoyed writing 'Storm in Chandigarh' the most.

Although a good and popular writer, Nayantara Sahgal tends to look down upon you if you have not read all her books and she refused to discuss them with me as I was guilty of not having read them.

Jyotsana Kapoor

EQUAL PAY FOR GIRL CRANE DRIVERS

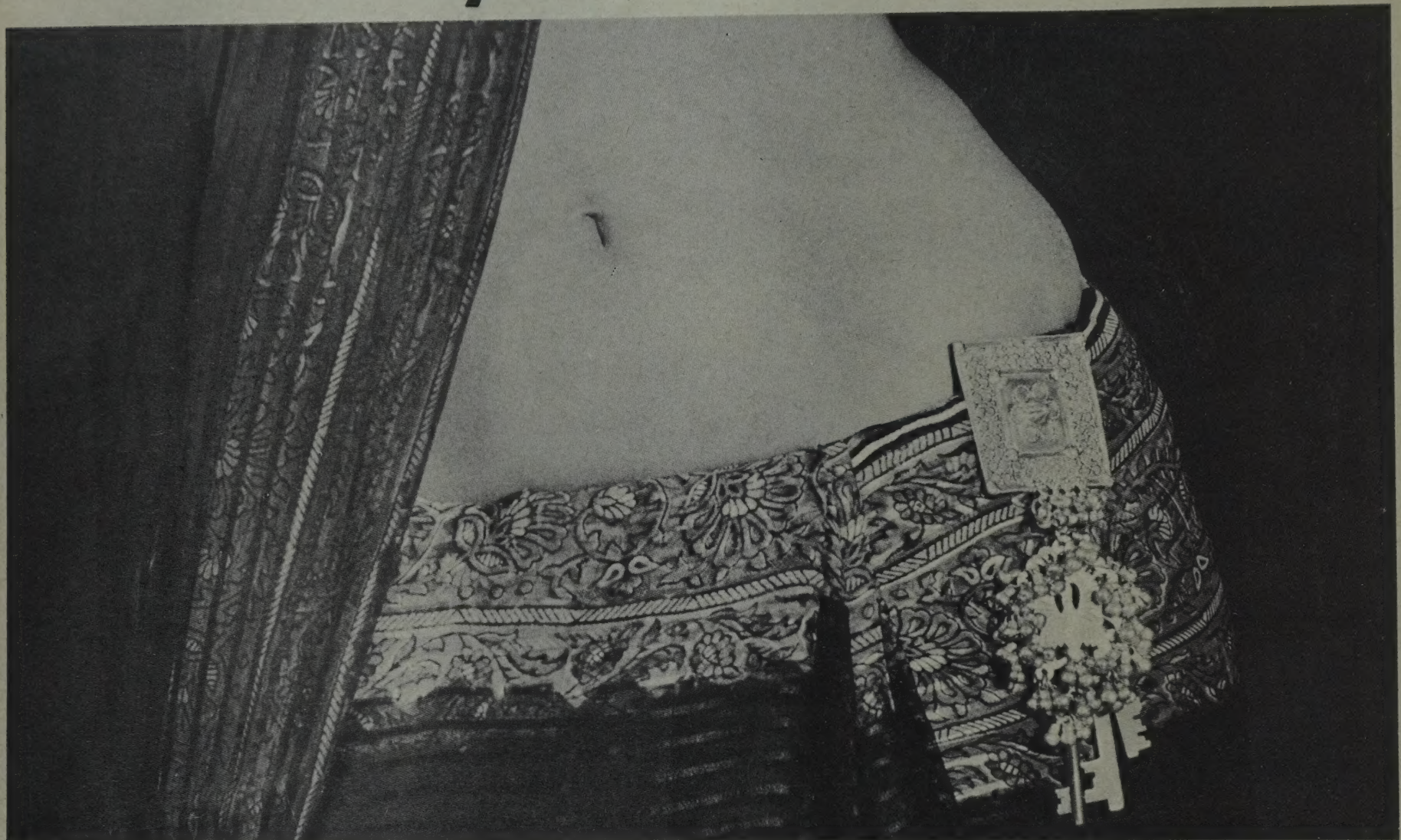


Bremen: In the Federal Republic of Germany more and more girls are gaining access to trades and professions that used to be regarded as strictly men-only. What is more, they are paid the same rates as men!

Twenty-year-old Andrea Wohltmann (photo), is one of fourteen women crane drivers in a Bremen shipyard. The women were trained in an experiment to manoeuvre heavy ships' parts carefully and accurately.

The fourteen have proved the equal of their male counterparts in fingertip control, judgement and technical understanding. Women now drive one crane in five at the Bremen yard—and ensure that their cranes are maintained in working order too!

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Possibly the two most prevalent horrors of the twentieth century are tooth-filling and form-filling, but the latter can claim one virtue. It has brought home to many non-employed women a clear realisation of their own attitudes to their position in life. Probably most of them declare their sex calmly. We are not yet ashamed of being female. But how many of them proclaim themselves housewives without a momentary pang of inferiority — a wish to write in something more glamorous or impressive.

The need to describe oneself unequivocally on a printed form brings this common sense of shame into clear focus.

Yet, why is housewifery — an ancient and honourable calling — so lamentably down-graded? Why can't it be practiced with pride? Why do so many women say so often: "I don't work. I'm only a housewife...?"

Non-employed they may be, but housewives are certainly not unemployed. Theirs is perhaps the only seven-days-a-week, twenty-

relationship; her job involves vast stretches of monotony; she has, usually, received little specialised training; her work offers no direct, socially recognised rewards. For her the employer-worker relationship (and though marriage should be a partnership, this is what it can often be) is an emotional one, in which the work she does is a sort of side-effect of her decision to marry. For, undeterred by the warning implied in the very term "housewife," most women marry a man and then find themselves actually married to a house. Perhaps in

faces, and footsteps leering up from newly washed tiles.

The aftermath of this death is frustration. Emotional distress and sheer physical fatigue then combine to mar a woman's relationship with her husband and the result can be that she sees herself as working for neither love nor money in a job that she didn't even realise that she had chosen.

This was particularly the Western situation. It is increasingly the Indian situation, as marriage becomes romanticised and raises

it does instil some sense of value in the job. The housewife is usually self-taught and the common idea is that hers is a job that anyone can do. No system offers any real training for the work that most women — even those who work outside — usually do.

And once girls were granted the privilege of education, they were considered to be betraying their opportunities if they merely kept house and had children. This is an attitude that makes it impossible for the housewife to

HOUSEWIVES WORK TOO!

SEX : FEMALE

OCCUPATION : HOUSEWIFE

To describe housewives as unemployed women is absurd. In fact, they are the only category of workers who have a 24-hour, seven-days-a-week job

Joan Khurody

four-hours-a-day job existing in a civilised society.

That housewives would benefit from a Union seems clear, for their working conditions can range from the good to the appalling and their areas of responsibility are far from clearly defined. A housewife can — and does — undertake tasks that vary from those of a sweeper to those of an accountant-cum-social secretary.

There is obviously no truth in the statement "I don't work." What is really meant by this phrase is "I don't do anything for which I am paid."

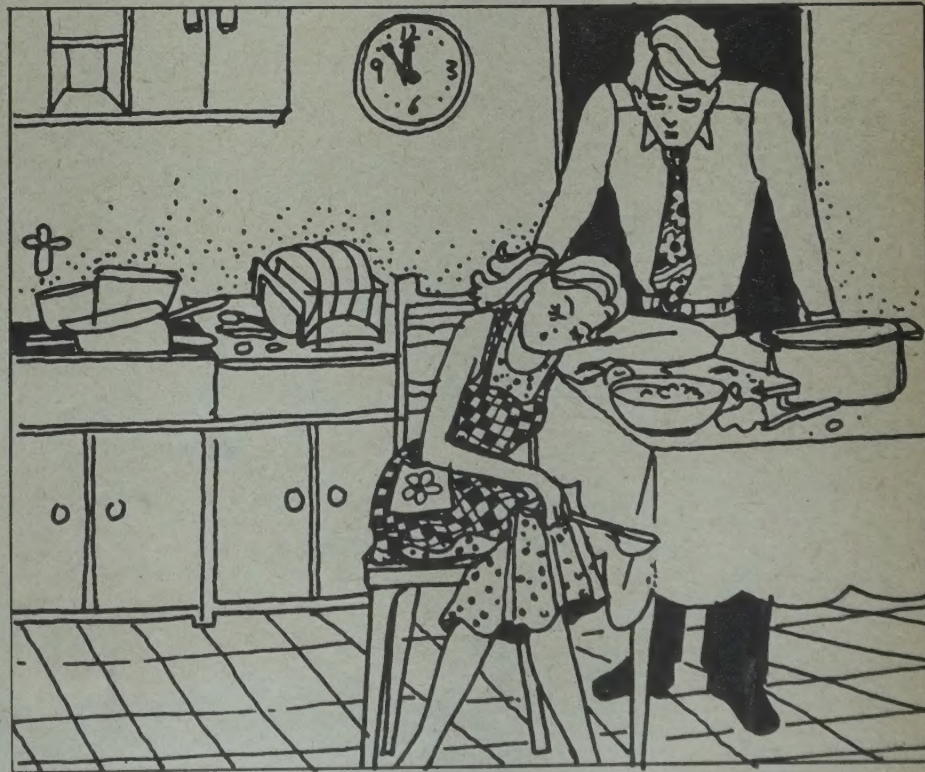
Here is the crux of the problem. A housewife always compares her work with those kinds that are financially rewarded. In any such comparison she has other obvious disadvantages besides this central one. She is tied up in a very special employer-worker

relationship in traditional societies this was both foreseen and enjoyed, but the house tends to creep up on the modern wife somewhat unexpectedly.

Romantic ideas die a hard death in the face of piles of dirty clothes growing larger the moment one turns one's back on them, dust lurking in the air to pounce on freshly cleaned sur-

faces, and footsteps leering up from newly washed tiles. The aftermath of this death is frustration. Emotional distress and sheer physical fatigue then combine to mar a woman's relationship with her husband and the result can be that she sees herself as working for neither love nor money in a job that she didn't even realise that she had chosen. This was particularly the Western situation. It is increasingly the Indian situation, as marriage becomes romanticised and raises

it does instil some sense of value in the job. The housewife is usually self-taught and the common idea is that hers is a job that anyone can do. No system offers any real training for the work that most women — even those who work outside — usually do. And once girls were granted the privilege of education, they were considered to be betraying their opportunities if they merely kept house and had children. This is an attitude that makes it impossible for the housewife to maintain her self-esteem or to set any value on what she does. Add to this the fact that it has no financial reward and that society sets no monetary value on it and it is not surprising that she says; "I am only a housewife."



monotony in paid jobs also, but they can always change jobs, holidays can interrupt their daily routines, they can look forward to an earlier retirement and, in their factories and offices, they work as part of a team. They enjoy a companionship and camaraderie that is denied to the housewife.

Also, except at very low levels, most employed people have to undergo some sort of specialised training. However minor this is,

Money-earning capacity has become the modern standard by which we judge people and we suffer a social loss by doing so. For, the fact is that, despite all the disadvantages we have considered and the resultant devaluation of the housewife's task, it is socially necessary. It also offers greater potential for creativity than many other jobs. It should be considered a profession and suitable training for it given. It is now considered to be work for

riding into 1987



we keep her in the picture

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youth... It trots off to golden lands.
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It is where she belongs herself.

It is a great feeling
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HOUSEWIVES WORK TOO!

unintelligent while, actually, requires the highest intelligence.

Where the work is intelligent-ordered, it offers great rewards both to the individual and society. Indeed, though the joys of housewifery do, indeed, dull the mind and deaden the spirit, the really able can get a lot out of it and give a lot to it. One should not be "only" a housewife. Planning, and efficiency with regard to the essential drudgeries, release energies for creative activities both within and outside the sphere of the home.

What is required is a change of attitude, both personal and social.

The personal change can be effected to some extent by considering the vital part that housewives play in community life. Factors — we need them, but the housewife completes their job. Courses — they are a further stage on the road to recovery but, in, their work is completed in the home. It is the housewife, indeed, who can reduce the need for these professionals by the skill and care she exercises in her craft. Teachers — essential. The mother who instills the will to learn and provide children with support as they take their first steps into the outside world of schools? Who sets the tone for a lifetime of success or failure? Much of the really vital learning — that which makes us the people we are — takes place in the home. The home is not so much a place of recreation as an atmosphere created by the housewife.

Consider also the fact, that, however much we should like to diminish the difference between the sexes, women can have children and men cannot. Whatever social system we evolve has to come to terms with this biological proposition — at least until an artificial mode of reproduction is discovered. Women can satisfy a natural creative urge in having children. Social attitudes obscure and even obliterate this possibility but it exists. Indeed, although child-bearing has become less valued because of the population explosion, it is still essential, as countries with declining birth-rates are discovering.

Men have no such creative outlet, no such primal self-justification. It is true that they are biologically necessary in the reproductive process but too indirect for this to be truly satisfying. Allow them a sense of self-worth in supporting the reproduction of the race may be woman's

great contribution to social stability!

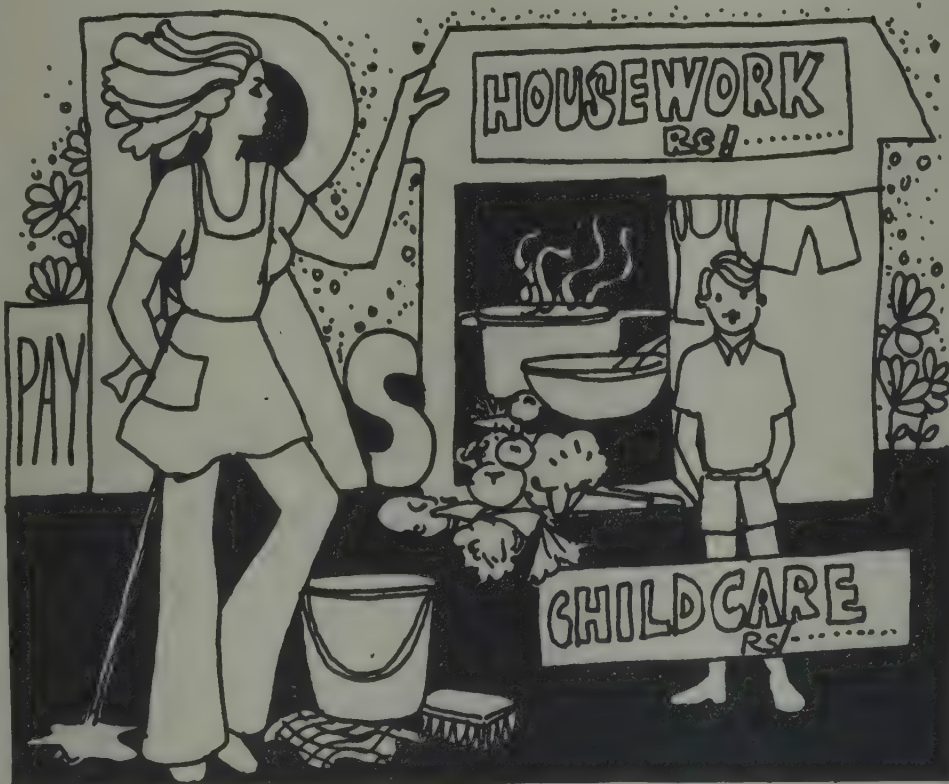
Already, in Russia, men are suffering psychologically, because women are proving successful in traditionally masculine spheres. Social disruption is evidenced by increasing divorce rates and declining birth-rates. Similarly, in West Germany, there is a problem because women prefer making money to having children. To a great extent, women have been 'brain-washed' in to wanting to be men and have joined the race for money and success at all costs. It is questionable whether either men or women are happier in this new mode of existence.

Women do not need to be so much the equivalents of men as

modern inventions. This should free them to do the work that is truly theirs — work that has already contributed much to civilisation and which can help to maintain it.

But all the philosophy in the world will not create contented people. Housewives need direct, practical appreciation. A changed social climate is required. Some steps in this direction have already been taken in Germany. Recently, in Saxony, a judge set a financial value on a housewife's work. For a 46-hour working week in a small home with one child, she was worth Rs. 1000 per week plus Rs. 950 for board and lodging. That was in Germany. The amount has to be recalculated for India to compare with salary scales here, but the principle remains the same. She should also be entitled to the same social benefits as other employed people.

In a materialistic age, only such legal monetary values are



to be their equals. What they require is to be valued as individuals and to have their individual rights protected.

The true genius — woman as well as man — will do what she must under any conditions. The average woman should also be free to do what she can. Career opportunities should be open to her so that marriage is a matter of choice. But women need not be deprived of the freedom to contribute to both social welfare and self-development within traditional spheres. They should not be made to feel ashamed if they want to be housewives and have no other career.

Housewives do work. The drudgery of this work can be, must be, and, to a degree, has been diminished by efficiency and

likely to earn the housewife social respect. Whatever liberationists may feel they have achieved will count for nothing so long as society and the liberationists themselves look with contempt on non-employed women.

We need to achieve a situation in which a woman can claim: "Yes, I work. I am a housewife." Where, with no greater psychological disturbance than is experienced by a lawyer or a doctor, she can fill in her form.

Sex: Female

Occupation: Housewife



Devi

The exodus that began when Dimple entered "Ashirwad" has come to an end with Rajesh's faithfuls, Raj Bhatija and Mamaji signing Amitabh Bachchan for their multi-star "Bajirao Mastan". The film, which has super-star Manmohan Desai as its director, most probably has no room for Rajesh Khanna. "Bajirao Mastan" was originally planned to have Rajesh in the title role, but this has been scrapped. There goes another of Rajesh's

RAJESH: old faithfuls turn away

declarations. Not only have they discarded Rajesh, they have also done it without prior notice to him. Otherwise Rajesh would not have declared in an interview in a Marathi paper a fortnight ago that he will play the role of Bajirao, which is his much-cherished desire.

While filmdom is busy condemning Raj Bhatija and Mamaji for abandoning Rajesh, I can only say that they should have done it earlier, much before Dimple, her father, sister and all could humiliate them, accuse them of fleeing Rajesh before they got insomnia and burnt up their livers by keeping boozing till 4 a.m. with Rajesh Khanna. I left in time, when Dimple revealed an ugly mind. Since she herself lacks the imagination for friendship, she only sees suckers and fleecers all around. And that reminds me, now that she has had her way, the exodus is complete, or is it? Dimple is yet to walk out.

And Nargis, Brij, Sayeeda, Ali Raza, K. K. Shukla are the chief mourners of the Sultan-Shammi break up. They all advised Shammi to get out of Sultan's house, put chunna on her face and start work. While Shammi is looking thin and pale, the mourners show sympathy by abusing Sultan, also his film "Ganga Ki Saugandh" and one wonders whether they are Shammi's friends or bitter enemies of Sultan Ahmed.

human interest story

The evening of September 22, 1974, when Flight Lieutenant Ajit Kumar put his swimming trunks in a bag in anticipation of a practice session in the Municipal swimming pool in Baroda, he little realised that this would be the last time he would be using his limbs. There was joy in his heart. He had always been an expert swimmer, having represented his college on many an occasion. Now he was the bright hope of the Air Force, and was preparing for the Gujarat State Swimming Championships to be held in early October.

"Hurry and get the children ready," he called out to Shobha, his young wife, who had just joined him in Baroda with their two daughters, aged six months and three years. The younger one, Dolly, was just a babe in arms — so getting ready meant packing all her paraphernalia, including feeding bottle and nappies. Dimpi, the older girl, danced around, happy at the advent of an evening's outing.

Ajit Kumar had been sent to Baroda for a six-month course and was giving an excellent account of himself in the capacity of telecommunications engineer. He spent long afternoons in the library studying hard in order to top the course, and two or three evenings a week, swimming in the municipal pool. The Air Force unit where he was posted, always booked the local pool exclusively for their men and officers on Sundays so that they could practise undisturbed. This was one such day.

Their last place of posting had been Srinagar, in the beautiful Kashmir valley and, though Ajit had loved it for its elysian charm and lovely lakes, he had missed his swimming a great deal, because the place was too cold for swimming during the greater part of the year. Now he yearned to show his young wife how much progress she had made in his favourite exercise. His limbs were agog with excitement.

Once at the pool, he really was in his element. He deposited Shobha and the two girls in chairs alongside the pool and went off to change into swimming trunks. Shobha watched the other Air Force men swimming and felt a thrill she had never known before. Her husband was an ace swimmer, getting set to take part in the Championships, and she was proud of him. She loved him for his rugged handsomeness, the power of his limbs, his bonhomie and his infectious enthusiasm.

They had been married five years ago, when she was working as a Home Science teacher in one of the Delhi Administration higher secondary schools. Ajit, in those days, was a newly-commissioned Pilot Officer posted at Delhi. She was the daughter of an army officer, Lt. Col. O. P. Julka. A marriage was soon arranged between Shobha and Ajit and their joy knew no bounds. They had approved of each other at first sight. Ajit had admired many qualities in his young wife — her gentle nature, her softness of speech, her gentle manner. But he didn't realise, in those days, she had a tough core of almost superhuman endurance, which would come to the surface during their greatest affliction.

Sitting at the edge of the swimming pool, she was not aware of it herself. In one's early twenties, one hardly expects grim tragedy. Her husband came out, having changed into his swimming costume. He waved out to her and began to ascend the diving board. She held her breath. But he dived expertly into

the blue depths and swam energetically to the other end. After some time she got used to his skillful swimming and relaxed a little to watch the antics of the others. It was getting on to seven o'clock and the child was getting restless. She wished Ajit would end his session and take them home.

"I'll swim one last length," he called out to her, raising his hand. As he climbed the diving board she thought with housewifely concern of their evening repast. Then, of lying in each other's arms long after the children had been put to bed, and making future plans. But fate had dastardly designs on the happiness of this young couple.

Ajit was almost on the edge of the diving board, when his foot slipped. He tried his best to regain his balance but felt himself falling... falling, at a dangerous angle. He

***Life lay glittering
before him—Air Force
officer, champion
swimmer, beloved
husband and father—until
he dived into disaster***

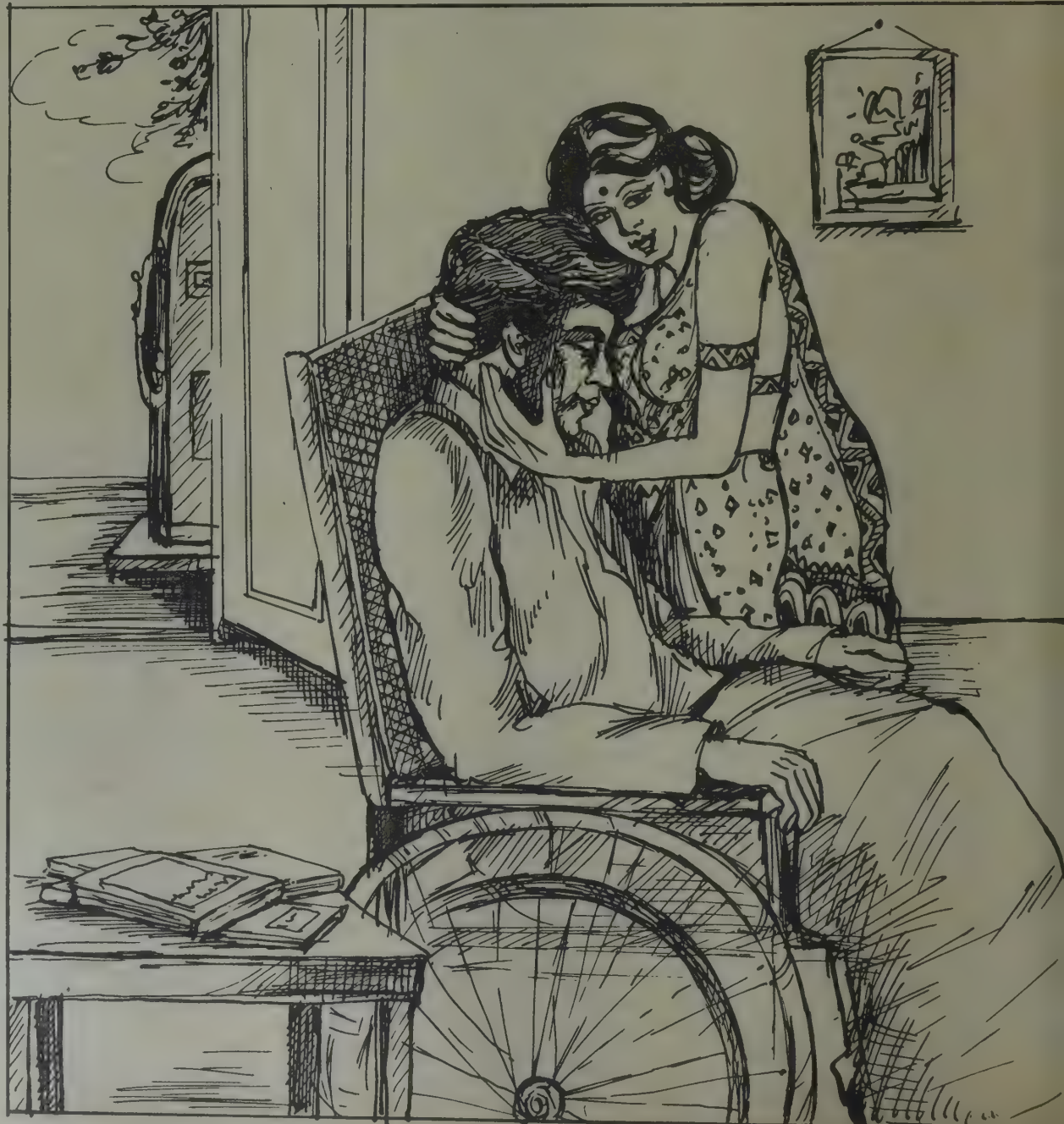
had no control over his body whatsoever. He felt an unbearable pain as his head hit the edge of the pool. He didn't know what had happened and tried to come out of the pool but suddenly found his limbs powerless. He began to sink to the bottom. Desperate now, he held his breath, hoping the other swimmers would find him before he was gone. "Shobha!" he thought wildly. "What will become of her and the children, if I should die?" This thought gave him the will to survive.

Shobha, who had been watching his ascent on the diving board, was surprised when she didn't see her husband among the other swimmers. Her eyes probed the expanse of the pool. Then she saw a figure clearly through the transparent water, on the floor of the deep end. Her heart gave a lurch of alarm. Was it Ajit? She shouted to the others to save him. Her only thought was that he had cramps, as it so often happens to swimmers who have been in the pool for a long time. But some men had already realised Ajit's predicament and were swimming fast to retrieve the limp figure. Through a semi-conscious haze, Ajit realised that strong arms had grasped him and were conveying him to the surface of the pool.

They hoisted him up and laid him flat on his stomach. Then they pressed his back to remove the water he had swallowed. He felt an excruciating pain in his neck and then, suddenly, nothing at all. Why have they

Paralysed Below The Neck

As Related To Mayah Balse



stopped pressing my back, he wondered wildly. Then he realised that they were all around him, still at it — but he didn't feel a thing. His arms and legs lay limp beside him. Only his brain was alive. He could see and hear. He tried his tongue.

"Shobha," he said. She was kneeling on the floor near him, deep shock etched all over her face. "You'll be all right," she said. "They've called a doctor." He wanted to cry at their fate and his. He knew that something serious was amiss. He did not share her assurance. He might even die, he felt.

Within minutes, Wg. Cmdr. Dave was in their midst. They moved aside to make way for him. Dave knew Ajit Kumar.

"Well, young man, what have you done to yourself" he asked. He bent down and felt his limbs for muscle tone; he ran his hands along Ajit's spine lightly. But even as he reached the neck, Ajit gave a gasp of pain. Dave drew his hands away in alarm.

"He's dislocated a vertebra, I'm afraid," he said worriedly. "This is a job for an orthopaedic surgeon. We'll have to get him to Sahaji Hospital. There's an excellent surgeon there, who specialises in spinal surgery. Dr. Merchant."

A stretcher was brought from the ambulance in which Dave had arrived, and willing hands lifted Ajit into it. Again he felt the pain as they moved his neck. It seemed to burst in his head from its epicentre just below the base of his neck.

"Am I going to die?" he asked. No one heard him. Perhaps his words were slurred with pain. He waited a moment till it had subsided. As they lifted the stretcher, he said to the men on either side, fellow officers whom he knew, "Take care... take care of my family."

Shobha walked beside the stretcher, holding Dolly in her arms. She was so close, that Ajit wanted to touch her, to reassure her that she would be looked after if anything happened to him. But his limbs lay useless beside him, refusing to obey the dictates of the brain. Tears welled up in his eyes and in Shobha's too, as they looked at each other, powerless to transmute their feelings into words and actions because of the men milling around to help. Shobha, not clearly understanding what was wrong, wondered why he didn't move his body at all, why he lay so still, like a dead man. But she was somewhat reassured, from his volatile face and shining eyes, that he was still alive.

Sahaji Hospital. Another ordeal began for Ajit as Dr. Merchant worked tirelessly, with grim determined fingers late into the night. Long past midnight, the vertebrae had been set and Ajit was put on a glucose drip. He was also given blood transfusions to build up his energy reserves.

Meanwhile, willing officers took over the care of Shobha's children from the distraught young woman. They took turns holding the baby until it slept. Then they asked Shobha to lie down in one of the recovery rooms till her husband regained consciousness. But, though she lay down, she could not close her eyes. She lay wide eyed and restless well into the early hours of the morning. She wanted to ask Dr. Merchant so many questions, but he had gone away after the operation and she was left with an acute loneliness which made her think of God. She had told Ajit's fellow officers to pass messages on to her parents in Patiala and Ajit's mother and father in Delhi. Now she awaited their arrival anxiously, while the two children, Dolly and Dimpri, slept peacefully in the innocent oblivion of the young.

Ajit was moved to a special ward, where he recovered slowly. The vertebrae were set

but irreparable damage had been done to the spinal cord, which meant that Ajit would be permanently paralysed below the neck. Ajit's brother, Satish Kumar, and his sister-in-law, Sunita, were doctors and they understood at once the severity of the case. They knew only proper nursing and medical attention, coupled with constant physiotherapy, could keep the joints from getting stiff.

When they told Shobha, she looked at them with a stoic calm. "I will undertake the physiotherapy myself," she said. For the next few weeks, she read books on the subjects and watched trained physiotherapists at work, with a consuming desire to help her husband surface through the disaster. In fact, it was her excellent nursing which prevented complications like chest congestion and urine infection during those first crucial weeks after the operation.

Dolly was taken away by her grandparents, so as to give Shobha the time to attend to her crippled husband. During those eight weeks in Sahaji Hospital, Shobha was beside him constantly, giving courage and solace. When Ajit felt plagued with feelings of inadequacy, she wiped his tears. When he indulged in self-torment, she buoyed up his hope. Ajit's only worry at this stage was how he was to earn a livelihood and support Shobha and his two young daughters. She stilled his fears. She said she had not received an education for nothing. She would go back to work.

Her resolve brought tears to Ajit's eyes. "I'm a burden, Shobha," he said. "You're so young. You deserve a better life. I can neither be a husband nor a provider. Though married, you will live the life of a nun."

"I will always be beside you, Ajit," she replied, running a gentle hand over his forehead. "I am glad God gave us five years of intense happiness and two lovely daughters who will be our pride."

Ajit learnt another fact about his affliction when he was in hospital. He had narrowly escaped a worse tragedy. His fourth and fifth vertebrae had been affected. The first three were unharmed. These vital ones encased the section of the spinal cord directly responsible for the brain activity. Anything might have happened if the damage point had been located higher. He might have become blind, in addition to being paralysed below the neck. Or he may have lost his speech or hearing. Or, worse still, suffered brain damage, which would have impaired his mental powers. Even in the darkest of tragedies, God gives some reprieve.

He felt this all the more when he left Sahaji Hospital after eight weeks. He lay on a stretcher that was being conveyed to a waiting ambulance. They were going to Kirkee, where there was a military hospital for the disabled. Shobha and Dimpri walked on either side of the stretcher. He looked at his wife's face and she met his eyes with infinite understanding and warmth. During these few weeks in an impersonal hospital room in Baroda, they had learnt so many things about each other, grown closer in spirit than they had during the months and years they spent in Srinagar and Delhi.

Ajit heard the familiar street sounds, the footfalls of pedestrians and the rush of automobile wheels. He saw green trees and flowers in bloom. The air was cold with a hint of winter and the sun was full in his face. He revelled in its warmth.

"You know Shobha," he said to his wife, "it's the first time in weeks that I have felt the sun's rays." She smiled and was glad he was learning to derive pleasure from simple things.

Continued on page 47

this week
for you

K. H. Shroff

For October 15 — 21



ARIES: (March 21 — April 19) Venus augurs good luck. Joint ventures prove profitable. Insure valuables. Favourable days: 18 — 21.



TAURUS: (April 20 — May 21) Be content and reject get-rich-quick schemes. Favourable days: 18 — 19.



GEMINI: (May 22 — June 21) Geminians on way to glory as creative talents are brought into full swing. Favourable days: All days.



CANCER: (June 22 — July 22) Uranus and Jupiter usher in good fortune. More comforts in domestic area. Favourable days: 16 — 21.



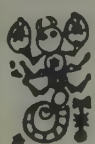
LEO: (July 23 — Aug. 23) Old connections revive. Correspondence helpful. Delay in executing plans likely. Favourable days: 16 — 17.



VIRGO: (Aug. 24 — Sept. 22) Delightful week. Ruler Mercury sensitized with benefic Venus in income house assists planning. Health receives stimulus. Favourable days: 18 — 19.



LIBRA: (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22) Radiation from world of music and art engulf you. Unattached folks suddenly find fascinating romance. Favourable days: All days.



SCORPIO: (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22) You emerge from chaotic conditions. Action from dictates of heart over head solve problems. Luck in chance games. Favourable days: 17 — 18.



SAGITTARIUS: (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21) Expensive week, heavy work and engagements. Decisions likely on love or marriage. Relax. Favourable days: 20 — 21.



CAPRICORN: (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19) Changes likely in career, residence and acquaintances. You attain superior status. Favourable days: 19 — 20.



AQUARIUS: (Jan. 20 — Feb. 19) Research students and creative writers find congenial environment. Journeys likely and aspirations are achieved. Favourable days: 16 — 17.



PISCES: (Feb. 20 — March 20) Jupiter favours desire to contribute to happiness of others. You succeed in removing misunderstanding. Favourable days: 15 — 21.

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knitting

Budhoo was the village idiot. He was about twenty years old and physically very well-developed. His mind had stopped growing when he was three. He could not speak, but expressed his feelings by grunts, squeals and howls, in the manner of an animal. He could, however, understand simple direct instructions, such as a dog can comprehend — commands such as "sit," "come here," "give paw," etc. Who his people were, no one in the village knew. He had wandered in one day about ten years ago — filthy, with long, unkempt hair and a dirty, hardly concealing strip of loin cloth about his waist.

He was as free as a wild creature and evaded all attempts of the villagers to "domesticate" him, in the sense of bathing, cutting his hair and wearing clean linen. In fact, it was difficult to persuade him even to wear his old, filthy, inadequate strip of dhoti. He fed at no fixed times. He had over the years been made to realise that he would be given a meal only in exchange for work. He could perform tasks of a fetching and carrying nature, digging or even ploughing, when he often substituted for a lame or missing bullock. He preferred sleeping outdoors, under trees, or haystacks into which he would hurrow in winter. During rainy weather he would often take shelter in a cattle shed, snuggling happily amongst the warm, drowsy animals.

The villagers who had never heard of "equality" or "exploitation" or similar disturbing theories, acted naturally and, to their mind, in a kindly fashion, towards "Budhoo," as they addressed him with candid, blunt, rustic, directness. It is only town people who have mastered the polite art of hypocrisy. The village folk extracted work from him by a species of bribery. They would show him a piece of gur, of which he was inordinately fond, then indicate the task to be done. Budhoo would catch on at once. The only thing was, he had frequently to be reminded, as his interest soon wandered. In the middle of drawing water, for instance, he would forget all about his task and sit cooling his feet in the little stream. Another dis-

play of the gur would then stimulate him to further effort.

Meals, as such, only attracted him when he was hungry, which he was most of the time and at the oddest hours. But if he had eaten recently there was no use promising him the "next meal" as an inducement to work. He would only react to immediate stimuli. In this way the villagers got much work out of him for very little expenditure, but as Budhoo had no "economic sense," the system satisfied him and he was generally contented. He was physically in top condition, strong, lithe and very active. He could run like a black buck and used invariably to race along a single rail of the railway track that ran along one side of the village. He preferred this to the dusty village roads which during the monsoons became a series of deep and clogging puddles.

Though the villagers were kind to him his relations with them were more like those of a timid and slightly suspicious animal, say, like a stray dog that hesitantly accepts food proffered by a

stranger than of a confiding human child. There was one exception to this. There lived an outcaste woman on the far side of the railway line, outside the village, that is, in a miserable hovel. Her name was Malathi, and in her make-shift shelter, Budhoo found absolute security. He did not live there nor could he be said to be a frequent visitor, but whenever he was disturbed or was in any sort of trouble, or could get no food from any other source for lack of odd jobs, he would return there and lie quietly in a corner, and Malathi, without any sort of bargaining or demanding a quid pro quo, would give him food and shelter from her pitiful resources.

It is a strange fact of human nature that the poorer an individual is, the more ready he is to share with another in want. The cynical might explain it by saying the rich have become rich by their very frugality, their refusing to share, and the poor conversely, brought to their plight by an excess of generosity. But there could, perhaps, be another reason. The very poor have been forced by circumstances into a different philosophy of life. Perhaps they feel that their tenure of the good things of life is so me-

agre and fleeting and insecure that there is no point in saving for the future. With the concept of "saving" removed, selfishness is automatically ruled out.

Malathi, of course, had no such well-defined philosophy. Her behaviour was almost instinctive and had probably been acquired over the years of her suffering. Her past too, was shrouded in something of a mystery. Only a few of the village elders remembered her tragedy and they never spoke of it. There was a legend, however, about her to the effect that she had done something terrible and was now suffering the just deserts of her sin.

One tale, commonly believed, was that she had persisted in marrying a man against the wishes of the village elders. Finding that threats were of no avail, the whole body of villagers had surrounded the hut of the newly and defiantly married couple at night. They had secured the staple from the outside and set fire to the thatch. The young husband, finding escape impossible, had seized a blazing brand from the roof, burst open the door by main force, and rushed out, whirling the flaming rafter among his assailants, while he

THE IDJOT

Denzil Joseph

A cretin and an outcaste come together in their loneliness, and are destroyed together by Society



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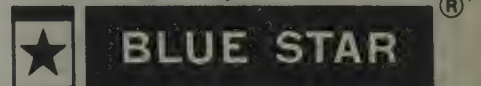
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half carried, half dragged his trembling bride within the circle of his left arm. He had felled four or five of his would-be killers, all of whom were armed with lathis, axes or reaping implements, and was on the point of escaping, when a swinging axe from behind sunk into the back of his skull and he dropped to the ground.

His last conscious act had been to thrust his wife forward, urging her to escape, and she had run blindly into the night pursued by some few of the attackers. She had then remained hidden for weeks in the surrounding jungle, subsisting God alone knew how, and when the tumult had died down, had built herself a little shelter across the railway line and outside the village boundary.

This tale, from the vivid details it contained, was most probably nearest the truth. At all events, some twenty years later, Malathi was not subjected to any ill usage. She was merely treated as one belonging to an inferior species. No one spoke to her except in the way of business, her business being to sell dried cowdung cakes, coal collected from the railway track (the firemen on the trains, not knowing of her disreputable past, often obligingly dropped large chunks of coal from the tenders while passing her hut), wild jamuns and plums gathered from the jungle, dry twigs for firewood and leaves for fodder. She was allowed no part in the community life. If she fell ill no one knew. If she starved no one bothered. If she died even she would hardly have been missed.

She was now about 35 years old, comely but with sorrow permanently installed in her large, liquid, and coal black eyes and the soft downward curve of her mouth. Her tragedy was said to have occurred when she was hardly fourteen, but the twenty years of suffering that she had undergone entirely on her own without another soul to comfort, protect or counsel her, had not embittered her. It had merely made her supremely self-reliant and independent of any outside opinions. How Budhoo had made her acquaintance no one knows. Perhaps because both were waifs, unwanted or unclaimed by the rest of mankind, they had naturally gravitated towards one another.

At all events, Malathi demanded nothing of Budhoo, she only showed him an unvarying kindness, giving him food when he expressed hunger, shelter whenever he chose to avail of it. She never made any attempt to change his way of life. For his part, with an animal-like directness, he gestured or whined for food or some anything that took his fancy, or

growled throatily like a dog being petted when she stroked his matted locks to soothe him after some injury or nameless fear that he had encountered in his wanderings.

There was no spoken communication between them as Malathi never had orders to give, but she often spoke to him as if communing with herself. "Bachoo," she would croon to herself. "Have they been unkind to you? Did anyone beat my Bachoo?" and she would pat his tear-stained cheek. The bond between them was something subtler but more enduring than that which is founded on exchange of words or ideas. The perfect emotional rapport that bound them was like that between mother and infant.

The headman of the village was Thakur Pratab Singh. He had been a young man of twenty or so at the time of Malathi's tragedy. It was his father, who as headman then, had issued the edict against the couple, and it was believed by some that the present Thakur was the one who had wielded the fatal axe. He was fabulously rich compared to the rest of the villagers and was consequently much respected. He was generally addressed as "Thakur Saheb" or "Maharaj," a title which was given to him willingly. For Thakur Saheb was like the more enlightened slave owners of the old American South who, from motives of self-interest, saw to it that their serfs were healthy, well-fed and reasonably happy. Thakur Saheb looked after his tenants, took an interest in their domestic problems and was ready to render assistance in time of need. But he exacted an immediate and absolute obedience.

As the owner of most of the land in the village, his goodwill was essential to nearly every member of the community. He was generally of a cheerful disposition and given to fits of impulsive generosity. Even when he was crossed he employed subtlety rather than brute force to enforce his will. On one such occasion he required the services of Ram Kishen, the village blacksmith, to make an iron window grille for the room in which his safe was kept. Ram Kishen, whose main job was to manufacture iron tyres for the bullock carts and who did a bit of share-cropping to supplement his income, had that day to take his ailing wife to the dispensary six miles away at the next village. On being informed that the blacksmith was not available, Thakur Saheb merely compressed his lips and nodded, "Tell him to see me as soon as he returns."

When Ram Kishen returned late in the evening and reported at the headman's house, the latter kept him waiting for over an hour, then went out to see him. "I wanted you to do some work for me, Ram Kishen," he began mildly, "but it seems you had some private work to do." The blacksmith began a long tale of woe, explaining his wife's illness

with details of her symptoms.

The headman listened patiently for a while, then interrupted in a very understanding tone: "Of course, I appreciate that personal matters must come first. After all, a wife's health is very important..." After a slight pause, during which the blacksmith allowed himself to relax, the headman continued at what seemed to be a tangent; "You know that field of mine which you are supposed to be looking after? Well, I noticed yesterday that the bund is broken in three places and the irrigation drain is silting up, I think I'll hand it over to Laxman. He has more time, you see, not having any domestic problems to speak of."

Laxman was the village carpenter and a bachelor. He was also a drunkard and thoroughly unreliable. Ram Kishen got the message. He knew it would be futile to continue harping on his wife's illness, so he briskly changed his tactics. "You wanted a window grille Maharaj. Show me where it is to be fitted and I'll have it ready by tomorrow morning first thing." After working all night when the blacksmith fitted in the grille early next morning, the headman complimented him on a good job of work, and added as an afterthought. "You know Ram Kishen you can work well when you want to. You can continue on the field, provided of course, that you devote sufficient time to the job." Ram Kishen was profuse in his thanks and left, wondering, "This Thakur Saheb is really a good man. He has such great power to harm and yet he is so kind. We must thank God for giving him to look after us poor people!" The ancient and primitive practice of placating the powers of Evil is still with us, though in a rather more refined and less overt manner. In this case it was also unwitting.

The Thakur Saheb's wife was a fat, pleasant woman. She was well liked by the village folk, but had a reputation for thrift. Her greatest horror was at any form of theft. Not for her the grand gesture of handing out largesses as the Thakur Saheb was occasionally wont to do. She was scrupulous in her dealings but she was also frugal. She bargained shrewdly before, but paid promptly and correctly, after. The only thing that ruffled her placid temperament was dishonesty. Then she seemed to become another woman and would go to fearful lengths to exact vengeance. On one occasion she had caught a servant girl red-handed, stealing rice. She had tied down the wretched creature and thrashed her so severely that for four days and nights the culprit could neither lie down nor sit.

Now the Thakur Saheb's wife, in her unceasing search for economy, had long ago discovered that Budhoo offered the best return on expenditure. For a quarter kilo of gur he could be persuaded to split up a whole tree trunk

into firewood—if he was in the mood, that is. The only drawback she found in him was his unconcerned habit of grabbing anything that took his fancy. If gur or sweets were left out within his reach he would openly snatch at them and thrust them into his mouth. This was not theft, the housewife realised, but still it was wasteful. She countered this by seeing that any temptation was kept out of his way.

One morning there was a faint stir of excitement in the village. A rumour went around that Malathi, the village outcaste, had had a baby. The interest was not in her, to be sure. She was of no account, but the burning question was: "Who could the father be?" That she did have a baby there was no doubt. The brazen creature was seen going about on her business trips, selling fuel and fodder, with the new-born babe in her arms. She would occasionally turn aside to a quiet corner and suckle the child.

The women folk speculated on the possible father. It could be no one from the village. No one would dare, or for that matter, care, to consort with the pariah—not even Laxman, the drunkard. It must be some visiting cartman or itinerant vendor from another village, they concluded. The men, who were more worked up over the event, went into greater detail. To be sure, Malathi was undoubtedly attractive and very many had private day-dreams, but the taboo was too strong—no man from the village could be responsible.

Someone suggested Budhoo. There was a general guffaw and the remark: "He wouldn't know how!" put an end to that theory. "It must be one of those cartmen from Santipur," was the general consensus. This question however, was destined never to be answered.

Meanwhile, in Malathi's hovel, a strange transformation was taking place in Budhoo. He who so far had shown no attachment to any creature beside Malathi herself, now seemed fascinated with the child. Perhaps it was the state of helplessness of the infant and the fact that it made no demands on him, but he kept returning to the hut more and more frequently. At first he would only gaze at the infant for long periods, with wonder in his eyes. Then he timidly stretched out a hand. Malathi restrained her impulse to stop him—he was so unpredictable. Softly he ran his fingers over the child's face. The baby smiled.

As Malathi watched half fascinated, half fearing, Budhoo advanced his lips to the baby's stomach which was uncovered. "My God, will he bite her?" the mother shuddered, watching closely, ready to intervene. But Budhoo was nibbling the baby's tummy with his lips, as a horse does in affection, and the child was chuckling away at the ticklish sensation. Budhoo seemed very pleased

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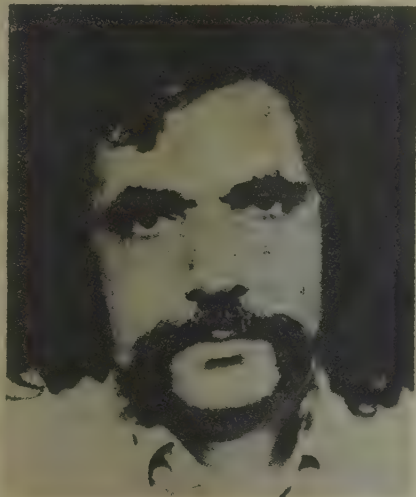
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people known

To some, even gods look like stone, others see gods in stones. To **Arun Kolatkar** "the dividing line, if it exists is very thin at Jejuri." No wonder then this young poet felt poetry in the stone gods of Jejuri, and gave it form in a series of 31 poems. The inspiration was of a high order and resulted in poetry great enough to win for the writer the Commonwealth Poetry Prize for 1977. And thanks to the vision of the poet, the sleepy, forgotten village of Jejuri has come alive with renewed meaning and signifi-



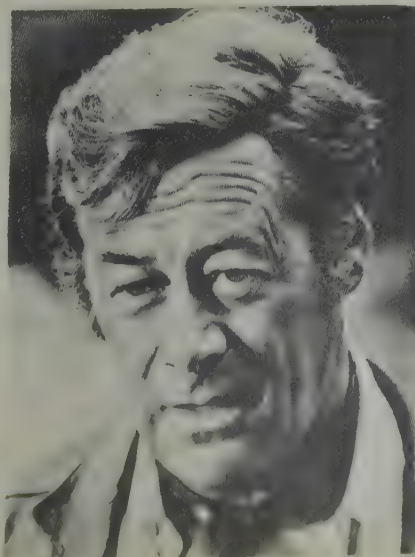
cance. Such is the power of a poet's pen. Now even those who see gods as stone will find vision keen enough to see gods in the stone idols of Kolatkar's Jejuri.

Imagine having an international race cancelled because one person could not participate in it. **John Walker** of New Zealand must have felt flattered indeed when promoter Dan Shedric called off a "dream mile" race, soon after Walker, the world record-holder, announced his withdrawal from the event. The cancellation was effected barely eight days before the race. While Mr. Walker may feel justified in not participating because he was "not in good enough shape" his would-have-been rivals in the event must have been riled at the waste of practice and training involved. Among the rivals was Tanzanian Filbert Bayi, world record holder in the 1500 metre event. The race was mainly postponed because non-participation by Walker automatically cancelled the long-awaited return meet between the two record holders, which was to have been the highlight of the race.

Mr. A. R. Deshpande, alias *Doct "Anil"*, has been honoured with the *Nehru Literacy*

Award for 1977. The Award has been made for his efforts in promoting literacy and social education in the country. And, indeed, Mr. Deshpande has been involved in the Literacy effort since 1925 when he started a mass education society in Amravati. Even today, he is involved in the cause of literature and education and till recently was the president of the prestigious Vidarbha Sahitya Sangh at Nagpur where he resides. Mr. Deshpande has held many posts worthy of his zeal in the past, the most notable among them being that of adviser on social education to the Government of India.

Rex Harrison was quite put off by the habit of the Indian Customs Department of giving all visitors to the country a rough time with complete impartiality. The star had to explain in detail at the unearthly hour of 4 a.m. that his wardrobe was part of the costumes he would be wearing in the film, "Shalimar", to act in which he had made this trip to India, and not his daily wear as the Customs people supposed. The episode riled Mr. Harrison to such an extent that he shut himself in his hotel room and refused to answer phone calls or meet anybody. Even this was an adjustment on the star's part, for he had been heard remarking to himself that he felt like taking the flight back home from the airport itself. Not that the Customs men can be blamed for being so enthusiastic about discharging their duties well. Mr. Harrison better show some of the famed tolerance and good humour that he exhibits in some of his lighter-films or, like *Eliza Dolittle*, India too may decide that he is a "crochety, hot tempered old professor" who is not worth placating at all.



Dr. B. K. Goyal, eminent cardiologist of Bombay has been elected President of the Association of Physicians of India for 1978-'79. At 43, Dr. Goyal is the youngest physician ever elected as the chief of the highest national body of



medical specialists. Dr. Goyal was also the youngest president of the Cardiological Society of India in 1973 and also of the World Congress of Cardiovascular diseases in 1976. He was the leader of the Indian delegation to the World Congress of Cardiology at Buenos Aires. He is the Chairman of the Bombay University MD cardiology teachers' committee and the publisher of the "Indian Heart Journal." He is an Hon. Professor of Cardiology at Grant Medical College of the J. J. Group of hospitals and Hon. Cardiologist at the Bombay Hospital Medical Research Centre & J. R. Railway Hospital, Bombay.

Erich Jerichan of Denmark may not be so well known as a person yet, but the symbol

he has created for the children of the world will be constantly in the public eye all the world over at least for the next two years. The Danish artist's design has been selected from among the 176 submitted by artists from 20 countries as the one best suited to represent the theme of "Children's Year" to be observed in 1979 by the UNICEF. The symbol shows two embracing figures—a protective adult and an upward reaching child, enclosed on either side by laurel leaves, the symbol of the U.N. The emblem is as easy to understand as it is attractive and is worth the exposure it will receive in and before 1979. In future, among children at least, **Erich Jerichan** should be a well known name.

Whether **Rajiv Gandhi** received the fantastic sum of 990,000 dollars from Boeings as commission or not is a matter that has yet to be proved, but till the facts are examined and revealed the fact remains that Rajiv will be the butt of much unwelcome attention from both the enquiry commission men and the general public. According to members of the high-level Indian team sent to the United States, the money was paid into a foreign account maintained by Rajiv. Whatever the final findings may turn out to be, the mischief has been done and the results of the scandal will be practically irrevocable where Mr. Gandhi is concerned. Now instead of being known as Mrs. Gandhi's lesser-known son, Rajiv may be referred to as Mrs. Gandhi's equally crafty elder son.

and unknown

Russia has acquired a new genius. Eighteen-year-old **Mircha Juriey**, a research scholar has been hailed as a genius, and rightly so, because the young man is preparing, at this early age, his doctoral thesis on "cancer research." Even from his childhood, Mircha has proved to be an extraordinary child. At four he was a voracious reader, at five he showed an amazing gift for solving problems in advanced mathematics with the speed of a computer. Mircha is working in biology because of its "research possibilities." And with his rare intellect it is quite probable that he will make some earth shaking discovery. With the speed he works at, it should not be a long wait for those interested in the nature of the possible discovery.

Compiled by **Sathya Saran**



A TOUCH OF FRENCH LUXURY

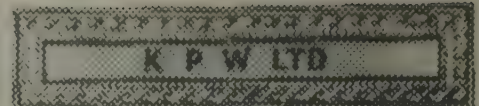
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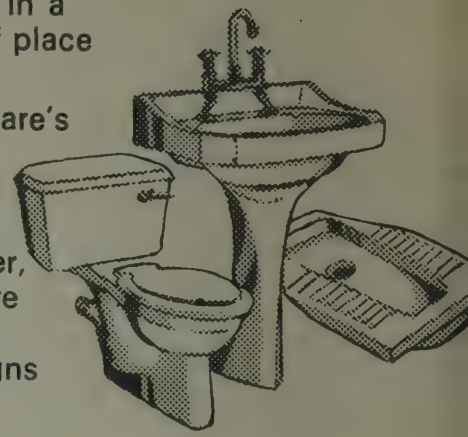


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This is the Golden Jubilee year of the Children's Aid Society which is rendering such yeoman service to homeless waifs and handicapped children

Shailaja Ganguly

"Why are you here?" I ask Irene, a fresh-faced little girl as she pedals away at a sewing machine with an absorption so rare in a bubbling child of eight summers. Punctuated with shy smiles, her story trickles out—Mummy died, so Daddy married again—the familiar pattern of 'sauteli ma' (stepmother) problems followed, forcing the father to deposit little Irene and her brother at the Home.

The Department of Social Welfare, Government of India, has laid down the following criteria for admission under the "Scheme for the Welfare of Children in need of Care and Protection" at Children's Homes—

1. Orphaned and abandoned children without both parents and no near relatives to look after them.
2. Children in single parent families, where the father has died or the children have to be looked after by the mother due to long imprisonment of the husband or desertion or vice-versa, and where the income of the family is less than Rs. 250 p.m.
3. Children whose parents are unable to take care of them due to leprosy or mental illness.

This brings us to the Children's Aid Society (C.A.S.), Started in 1927 (this happens to be its Golden Jubilee year) the C.A.S. is a voluntary child welfare agency which offers sanctuary to about 2300 children between two and 18 years of age. Although supported by annual grants from the State and Central governments and funds from the Bombay Municipal Corporation, the Society relies for the bulk of its welfare programmes on donations from the public and from various charity trusts.

As Mr. M. G. Gore, Secretary of the C.A.S. and Director of their "Bal Kalyan Nagari Project" tells us, "Our building cost comes to Rs. 45 per square foot while the government gives us 90 per cent of an (under) 'estimated' Rs. 20 viz; only Rs. 18! This gap has to be filled by collections from the people."

We now take a short trip through the serene 50 acres of the sprawling campus of the C.A.S. at Mankhurd, a "far-from-the-madding-crowd" suburb, with only the roaring trucks on



Children at play at the Additional Remand Home at the campus of Bal Kalyan Nagari.

HAVENS FOR HELPLESS WAIFS

the adjacent Bombay-Panvel Highway to remind you that you are still on the fringes of a teeming metropolis.

To start with is the latest project, "Bal Kalyan Nagari", (B.K.N.) a scheme for the care and protection of 900 destitute children.

Inaugurated by the late Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed in '74, the B.K.N. presently consists of residences, recreational centres, two workshops (under completion) plus a home and therapy-centre for the retarded. Of the three residential buildings, only two are occupied at present and each houses 300 boys; the third one is exclusively for girls and will be opening soon.

Each has 12 "kutirs" (every kutir being a dormitory for 25 children) with pretty names like "Chinar", "Prabhat", "Mandir". Each kutir is under the charge of a "griha mata" who caters to the physical and psychological needs of her flock. The griha matas are given a 3-month orientation under the Central Welfare Board, in which they are taught the basics of hygiene, nutrition, child-care, housekeeping, etc.



Mentally retarded girls at the vocational training centre.

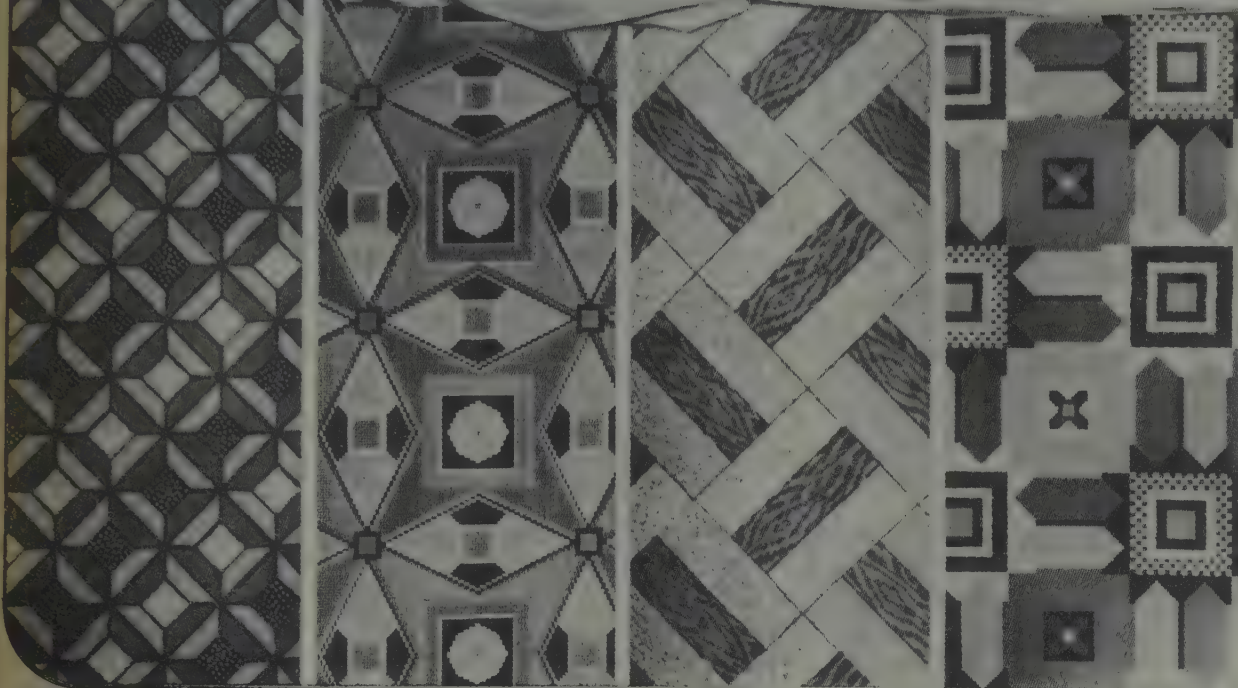
BELOW: Mentally retarded boys at work.



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HEAVENS FOR HELPLESS WAIFS

They stay with the children, eat with them and in general generate in them a feeling of belonging. The children we spoke to seemed spruce and cheerful and a couple proudly declared that they were rank holders!

Attached to each building is an activity room where (it is proposed) indoor games and library facilities will be available. The Podar and Ruia workshops plan to conduct professional courses in motor mechanics, tailoring, woodwork and so on. The girls' hostel proposes to have its school and workshop within its premises to save the girls from the pitfalls of venturing out (and falling prey to big bad wolves).

The food (though a little unappetising to the eye) tasted wholesome and appears adequate (judging from the bouncing kids who swarmed around us). Thanks to UNICEF, 15 tons of milk powder will be coming from Anand. Wheat, milk powder and oil are also made available to the C.A.S. at concessional rates under the World Food Programme.

For a child to be admitted at this home there is the usual form demanding exhaustive biodata; when the details have been confirmed by the social worker attached to the "nagari" (there are three of them apart from the students of the T.I.S.S. and those of the Bombay University who visit it periodically for field work under the N.S.S. scheme), the Admission Committee interviews the child and his relative and then absorbs him into the Home.

Reverting to the older complex — the Chembur Children's Home — it was in 1939 that a certified school was established here, for court-committed children from rural areas. The original plan was to utilize the vast area for giving them training in agriculture, poultry-farming and allied occupations, but snared by the tinsel glamour of the city, the youths expressed unwillingness to return to their villages; so alternatives had to be devised. Today, the boys are taught sewing, carpentry, hair-cutting, wireman's course, and against their output, a sum is set aside, to be handed over when they finally take leave of the institution and set out to earn their bread, (after they have passed the respective exams conducted by the Board of Technical Education). The boys are 300 in number and are divided into four units, each under a housemaster; their ages vary from six to 18.

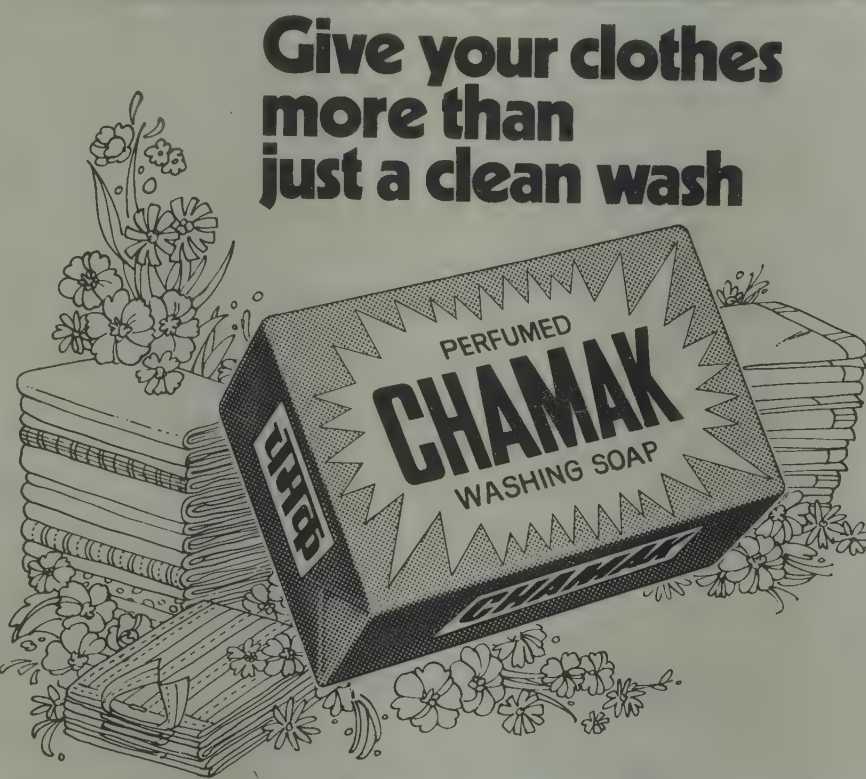
At the primary school, we met a couple of enthusiastic teachers who are working hard, it appears, to help these children to rediscover their dismantled identities. One evidence of this was the set of colourful, hand-drawn annuals they have compiled, containing poems, paintings and

says contributed by them. On to the Remand Homes. The Remand Home is an observation-centre of the juvenile court. At the Home for the older boys (there are 150), Mohammad Yunus (a youngster who does not know how old he is) confessed with twinkling eyes that he had been nabbed for ticketless travel; but he is comfortable here and looks forward to the occasional family visit.

At the Additional Remand Home housing 125 two-six year old we met Mrs. S. Nirody who, in spite of belong-

ing these lost souls with their vacant eyes and sheepish grins to work with their hands. About 75 retarded girls will be soon housed at the "Pitru Vatsalya" (a residence inaugurated by that angel of mercy Mother Teresa).

A welcome feature of the campus is the Shyam Prasad Jain Medical and Recreational Centre, packed with shiny equipment for dental care, physio and occupational therapy and other medical and psychiatric facilities — the only point being there is only one R.M.O., Dr. (Mrs.) Rathod, who has to manage the show (1.0



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ing to the "have" section of the community, stays full-time with these unfortunate little ones. She gave forthright views on the problems the children have faced (most come from broken homes, and every tale is sordid, pathetic and traumatic), the financial squeeze they are facing (the government grant which was a barely sufficient Rs. 100 p.m. is being slashed shortly to a measly Rs. 45!) and about the two-faced Indian mentality which extols the idea of equal opportunities for girls and adopts only boys (fair and beautiful, if you please!). "The girls are just stranded," pleaded Mrs. Nirody in an anguished voice.

At the handloom section of the mentally retarded we saw a band of workers patiently train-

mean achievement with 180 epileptic inmates) with the aid of three nurses. Also of note is a tiny pet corner where rabbits, guinea-pigs, love-birds and a tank of fish offer an anchor to so many emotionally starved children.

"At first the C.A.S. was wholly dependent on the government. It was only a few years ago, when the community was involved that things started moving," Mr. Gore said, and Mr. Kantikumar R. Podar, Chairman of the Children's Aid Society added, "It is most heartening to the Society that it is coming closer and closer to the society at large." With the annual Flag-day programme from October 2 to 8, it is hoped that there will be a substantial addition to the funds the Society.

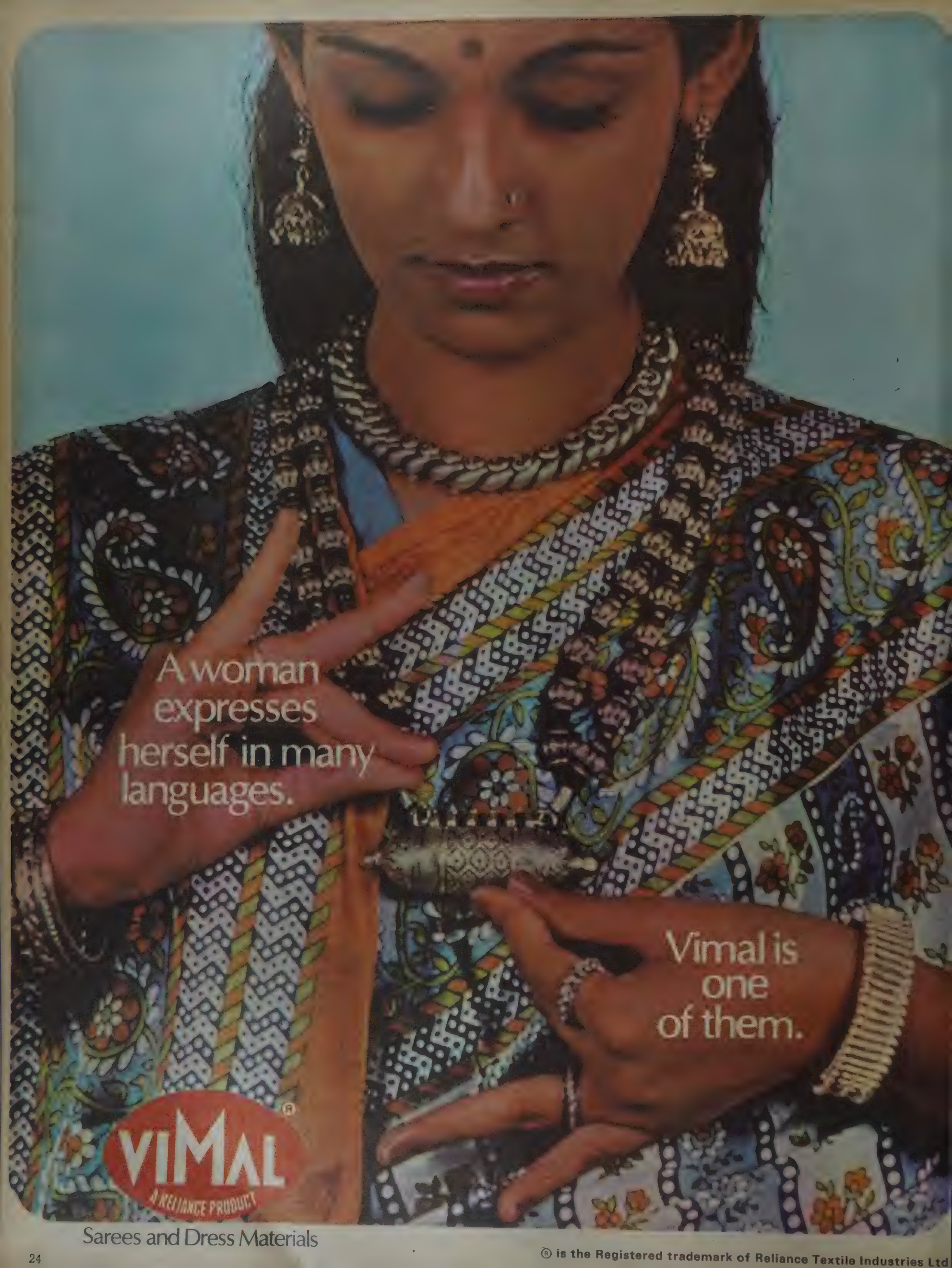
QUIZ

'HEGMAN'

- Who is the first woman Commander of the Indian Navy?
- Amitabh Bachchan is the son of the famous Hindi poet Harvanshrai Bachchan. Name the daughter of the famous Urdu poet who acts in Hindi films.
- True or false? "Asian Drama" is a book which reviews the Asian theatre scene.
- What is half of two-thirds of three-quarters of four?
- Bonsai is the Japanese art of dwarfing trees. What are the Japanese arts of paper-folding and flower arranging called?
- Most of our readers diet at times for a slender figure, but what could diet also be?
- Of what possible colour could be the house at 1600, Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington D.C.?
- The renowned Indian poetess and writer Kamala Das has an equally famous writer cousin. Who is he?
- If carbon-dioxide is bubbled through lime water, what change does the lime water undergo?
- Which countries were originally called a) Abyssinia b) Persia?
- When was the Janata Party formally launched?
- Which mother and daughter combination have been Governors of the States of India?
- Which Indian President taught Eastern Religions at Oxford?
- If you were looking at the rainbow, where would the sun be?

1. Dr. Barbara Ghosh.
2. Kafi Azmi's daughter Shabana.
3. False. It is a book by the famous economist, Nobel Laureate Gunnar Myrdal and its prime concern is economics, not drama.
4. One.
5. Origami and Ikebana.
6. The Japanese parliament.
7. White. It is the White House.
8. Aubrey Menen.
9. It turns milky.
10. (a) Ethiopia b) Iran.
11. May 1, 1977.
12. Sarojini and Padmaja Naidu.
13. Dr. S. Radhakrishnan.
14. Behind you.

ANSWERS:



A woman
expresses
herself in many
languages.

Vimal is
one
of them.



Sarees and Dress Materials

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



The doctor was taken to a patient's room but came down in a few minutes and asked for a screw driver. Five minutes later he was back and asked for a can opener. Soon after he returned and demanded a chisel and hammer. The distraught husband couldn't stand it any longer.

"Please, Doc, what's wrong with my wife?" he asked.

"Don't know yet," the doc answered. "Can't get my bag open."

Patient: "Since we have known each other for a long time, Doctor, I do not intend to insult you by paying my bill, but I have left you a handsome legacy in my will."

Doctor: "That's fine. By the way, let me have that prescription I just gave you. I want to make a slight change in it."

A prominent businessman fell in love with an actress and decided to marry her, but for the sake of prudence he employed a detective agency to report on her life.

The report read: "The lady has an excellent reputation; her past is without blemish; and she has a circle of impeccable friends. The only breath of scandal is that lately she's been seen a great deal

in the company of a businessman of doubtful reputation."

A professor at medical school asked one of the students how much of a certain drug should be administered to a patient and received the following reply: "Five grains."

A few minutes later, the same student raised his hand. "Professor," he said, "I'd like to change my answer to that previous question."

The professor looked at his



watch and replied, "I'm sorry, young man, but it's too late. Your patient has been dead for forty seconds."

The baby sardine saw its first submarine, and went swimming in terror to its mother. "Don't be frightened, darling," she reassured him, "it's only a can of people."

"Darling," cooed the beaming wife, "I haven't told you before, but I only paid five hundred dollars for this series of beauty treatments, and after only three weeks I've been taken for Marilyn Monroe."

"You," corrected the husband, "have been taken for five hundred dollars."

The woman lion tamer had her beasts under perfect control. At her summons, the fiercest lion came meekly to her and took a piece of sugar out of her mouth. The circus crowd marvelled — all except one man.

"Anybody could do that," he yelled from the audience.

"Would you dare to do it?" the ringmaster yelled back scornfully.

"Certainly," replied the man in the spectators' stand. "I can do it just as well as the lion can."

Visitor: "How many people work here?"

Employer: "Oh, about one in every ten."

A very stout man was walking on the promenade of a seaside town when he noticed a weighing machine with this notice: "I speak your weight."

He put a penny in the slot and stood on the platform. A voice spoke up. "One at a time, please."

An assistant professor named Dodd

Had manners arresting and odd;

He said, "If you please, Spell my name with four 'D's"

Though one was sufficient for God."

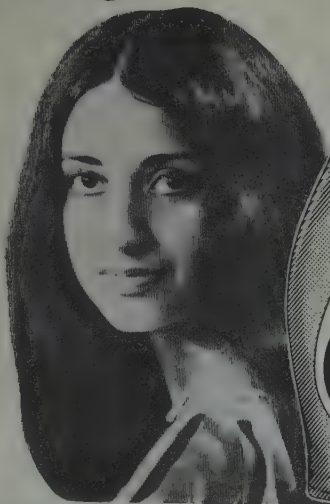
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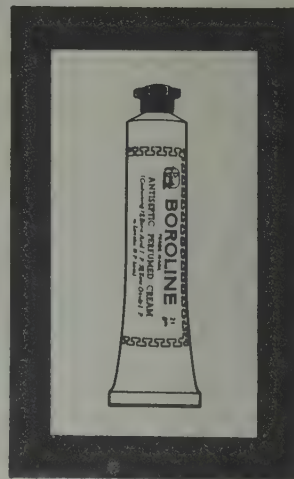
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beauty bulletin

REMOVING BLACKHEADS

I am 19 and have a smooth complexion. My problem is that I have started getting blackheads on my nose and on the sides of the chin. How should I remove them?

S. L. (Madras)

Blackheads are stale plugs of grease clogging the pores. Keeping the skin absolutely clean is essential to prevent them. You should wash your face several times a day and avoid using cosmetics having an oily base.

Wash your face well with soap and water. Then apply a softening cream and massage gently over the face. Remove excess and steam your face over a bowl of steaming water. While bending over the bowl cover your head with a towel to prevent the steam from escaping. Wipe face with cottonwool. Then cover fingers with pads of cottonwool or muslin and gently press the blackheads out. You can use a blackhead extractor if you have one. Finally pat on an astringent.

TIRED FEET

I am working full time in a paper factory. When I return

TO TONE UP THIGHS



home in the evenings, my feet start aching, with the result I just flop on the bed, unable to do any work. Any remedy?

J. A. A. (Bombay)

A soothing footbath after a tiring day will solve your problem of aching feet. Dissolve two-three handfuls of salt in a basin of warm water. Soak your feet in this for

about ten minutes. The water should be ankle deep. Then rinse with cold water. Pat dry and smooth on a body lotion.

Here is a relaxing exercise: Lie down for 15 minutes with your feet propped higher than your head. The blood will circulate towards the heart and freshen you.

Some foot strengthening exercises:

Curl your toes under the soles of your feet, then stretch them out as far as possible.

Walk round the room on tiptoe.

Walking on the sea beach on sand is a good exercise too.

TREATING SUNBURN

The underside of my fingernails look discoloured. I want them to be white.

Please suggest a home remedy for sunburn and for bleaching the face. My complexion is patchy.

L. P. (Delhi)

You should keep your nails clean by scrubbing them with a stiff brush, using plenty of soap and water. Then dry thoroughly. Run a white nail pencil the point of which is tipped in hydrogen peroxide, under them.

To treat sunburn, beat the white of an egg and add to this one teaspoon of castor oil. Mix well and smooth it over the

burnt skin — this will act as a healing lotion.

Apply buttermilk on your face and leave it on for 10-15 minutes, then rinse. This will bleach your face. You could also rub lemon juice on your face and leave for some time. Then rinse well.

FLABBY THIGHS

My thighs are very flabby and I feel very self-conscious when I wear a swimsuit. Could you suggest some exercises?

S. F. (Panjim)

Try these exercises, but you should do them regularly for good results. Stand with feet apart, hands on hips. Turn right foot out to the side, bend leg, and lean all your weight to that side, keeping body and left leg in a straight line. Lean as far as you can without losing your balance. Straighten leg and return to the first position. Repeat five times with each leg.

Here is another one:

Lie on the side, rolling hips so that your tummy is forward but not touching the floor. Straighten one leg and raise it up and back as high as you can, then move it in small circles — five one way, five the other. Turn and do the same with the other leg. This exercise will tone down hips.



DEEPA SALTZMAN—

DOCUMENTARY T.V. FILM MAKER

"There is no industry or profession in the world which is not male dominated, and educational films which I am making is not a very flourishing industry and very few women like to take this up as a career. But I also feel that there is no need to be a female chauvinist to counteract the male chauvinist. I have learnt that if you are sincere, completely involved and give your all to the profession, you win over your male colleagues."

Deepa has made three documentaries, done the sound for six, edited four and has won 10 major awards in Canada and one in United States. She had always been obsessed with ideas of filmmaking but before getting into it did many a odd job. She worked for a magazine in Delhi, sold tea behind a counter in London, and did research for a cinema workshop in Delhi, a small company making educational films.

The initial problem when she started making her own films in Canada was of being taken seriously by the cameraman and the crew. The crew was all male. "But I was lucky to have people

who were not interested in stupid male-female power games! As I gained confidence, they started regarding 'this young girl' as one who has what it takes. So that when I said cut! the cameraman actually did stop the camera." Deepa feels she would never like to do anything different. If a woman is career oriented, she should take her work seriously, have confidence in herself and take no nonsense from her male colleagues.

For Deepa there have been no problems at home. Her Canadian husband is a film maker as well. He is ever ready to help with the housework, the dishes, etc. "We both enjoy cooking simple meals." They are not planning on a family for another three to four years. They enjoy their work, the feeling of independence, and are so deeply involved that they are not ready for extra responsibility yet.

"It feels great making films and actually seeing them on T.V., getting the thrill of positive emotional response from the audiences."

Pushpa Hans

ORIENTAL OPULENCE!





1. Traditionally inclined! A red Kanchipuram silk saree with green, yellow and black parrot motifs and broad border with large leaf designs echoing the background colours is worn with matching printed backless choli. The other in turquoise, purple, white and black floral stripes looks very smart indeed worn with matching choli.

2. East and West are fashion right, styled from printed silk sarees. A yellow and green printed salwar-kamiz has border interest at the pohncha and chiffon dupatta; while royal purple saree is fashioned into a Mexican dress flaunting the border at the neck and hemline in ruffles.

3. Middle Eastern romance. Dramatic bold black and white printed silk makes a flowing caftan matched with a bandana, while a small maroon, white and green printed satin is styled into a harem pant and kamiz with a matching printed chiffon dupatta.

The holiday season is practically here and it's the time for exciting fashions and that's exactly what you'll find here. The season's silks in delightful textures vie with each other and make fashions more interesting. In a symphony of traditional designs and colours, they are cloud-soft and feather-light too. Besides, the young fashionables today are broad-minded and alert regarding styles. They combine their oriental charm with Western ideas and come out with winners that are wonderful value for money. The latest caftans, salwar-kamiz, dresses and harem outfits designed from silk sarees are picked to make sure that you are up to the mark in both ways.

Courtesy: Oriental Boutique, Calcutta.

Model — Surekha Inamdari —
Courtesy: Air-India.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter.



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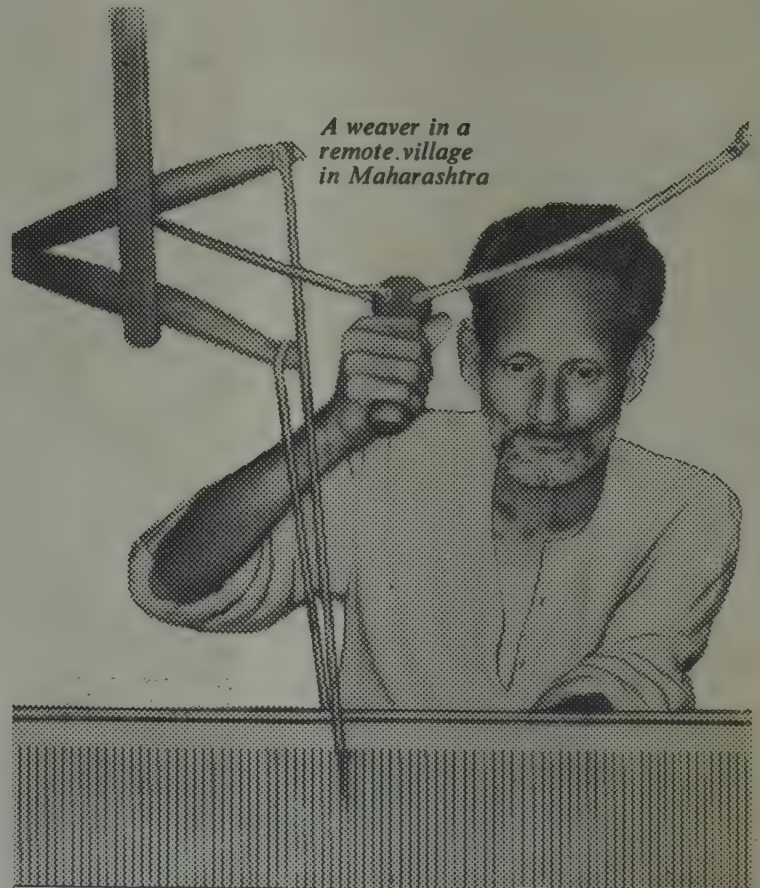
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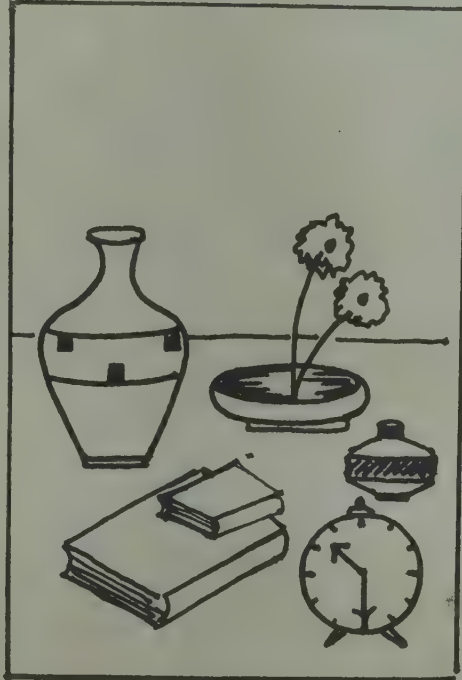
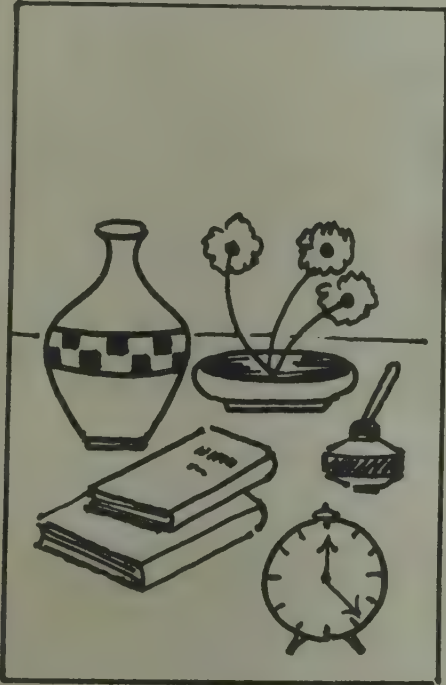
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Helping people to help themselves—profitably

children's page

Kamal Aurora

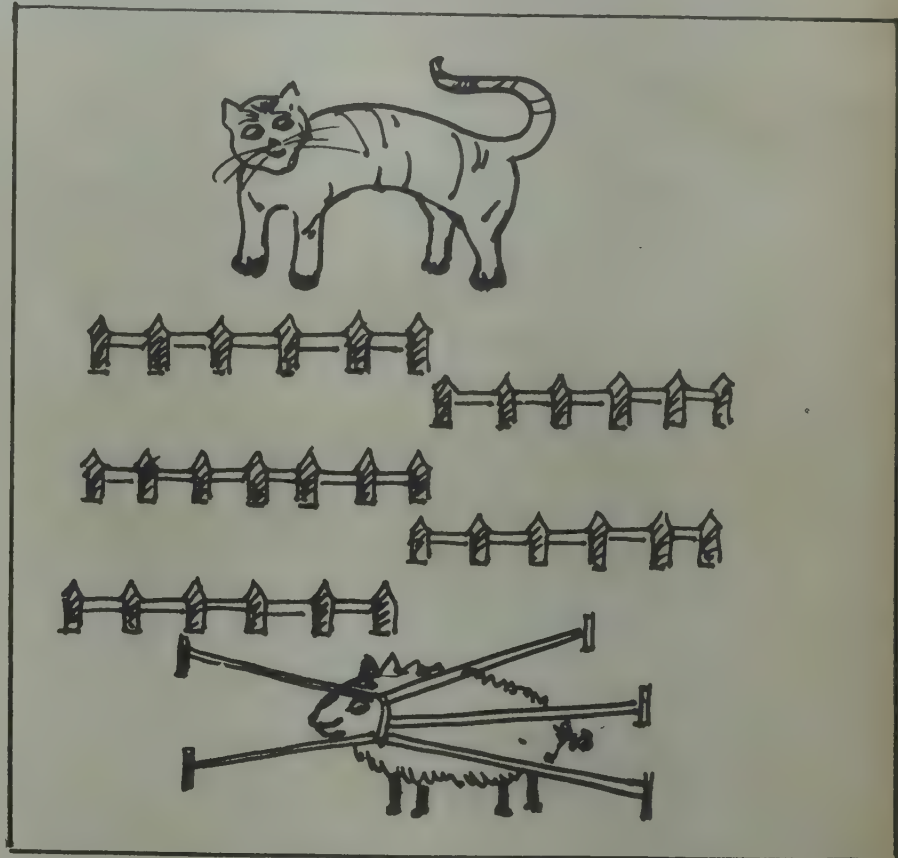
SPOT THE DIFFERENCE



SAVE THE LAMB

One child becomes a lamb, the other a tiger. The lamb is tied with five ropes. The tiger must break five fences to eat the lamb. Each child asks a question or a riddle by turns. Each time an answer is correct, a rope or a fence breaks. The first child who breaks all the fences or all the ropes wins.

Can you help this little girl get home?



THE

ADVENTURES OF

omphy-momphy tak tak

One day Omphy Momphy was entering his classroom when he saw a bright blue packet on the floor. Omphy Momphy picked it up. It was a bubble gum. Omphy Momphy looked around. There were a lot of children in the class. He did not know who had dropped the bubble gum. Omphy Momphy did not ask the children in the classroom, "Who has dropped a bubble gum?" even though he knew he should. Omphy Momphy put the bubble gum in his pocket. He walked to his desk and took out the school books from his bag. He put the books in his desk and closed the lid of the desk. Then Omphy Momphy put his hand in his pocket and took out the bubble gum. He put the bubble gum into his mouth.

Omphy Momphy tried to blow a bubble as he had seen some

children do. He blew and blew but nothing happened.

"What are you doing?" asked a boy who was sitting next to Omphy Momphy. "I am eating a bubble gum," said Omphy Momphy. "Do you know how to blow a bubble gum?" asked Omphy Momphy. The boy told Omphy Momphy how to make the gum thin and how to blow out the gum like a balloon.

Then teacher came into the class. She began to write words on the blackboard. Omphy Momphy looked at the words on the blackboard. He looked at the back of his teacher's head. She could not see him. Omphy Momphy chewed the bubble gum and tried to blow a bubble.

Suddenly, as Omphy Momphy blew, a big blue bubble began to



grow Omphy Momphy was very excited. He touched the boy next to him. The boy looked at Omphy Momphy. He looked at the bubble gum. He smiled at Omphy Momphy. Omphy Momphy blew harder. The bubble grew bigger.

Pop! The bubble burst! Omphy Momphy felt something stick all over his nose and cheeks and mouth. Many children were laughing. Omphy Momphy wiped off the bubble gum from his face, just as the teacher turned around. She saw the grinning faces and knew that something naughty was going on in the class.

Omphy Momphy put the bubble gum back into his mouth. He was really enjoying himself.

"Omphy Momphy!" said the teacher, "what have you got in your mouth?" Omphy Momphy was surprised. He did not know how the teacher knew he had something in his mouth.

The class began to laugh. Omphy Momphy did not know what to do. "Take out what you have in your mouth," said the teacher. Omphy Momphy took out the bubble gum. "Throw it in the waste paper basket," said the teacher. Omphy Momphy felt very sad as he threw the bubble gum away.

"Why are you eating in the class?" asked teacher.

"I found the bubble gum in the class," explained Omphy Momphy.

"Did you ask whose bubble gum it was?" asked teacher. Omphy Momphy shook his head. He had not asked. So teacher asked

if anyone in class had lost a bubble gum.

Strangely, there was no one who had lost a bubble gum. The teacher was surprised.

"Since no one seems to have lost a bubble gum, I will not be as angry with you as I could be. You will spend half your play hour standing outside the class," she said.

"Yes, Miss," said Omphy Momphy.

When the bell rang and all the children went running out to play, poor Omphy Momphy had to wait outside the class.

Suddenly Omphy Momphy felt a small hand in his. He looked around. A small girl was standing near him. She was in Omphy Momphy's class. Her eyes were round and big. She was laughing.

"There is another bubble gum for you," she said and Omphy Momphy found a small packet in his hand.

"Was that your bubble gum?" asked Omphy Momphy in surprise.

"Yes," said the little girl, "but teacher would have been very angry if I had said so, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes," said Omphy Momphy. "Thank you."

"Don't eat it in class!" she said and waved to Omphy Momphy as she ran off to play.

Omphy Momphy felt the bubble gum in his hand. Girls could be fun, he thought. When he could go and play, he would make her his friend. And tomorrow he would get a bubble gum for her!

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MATERIALS:

Raymond's Knitting Wool Cash-
milon 4 ply: 12 balls Yellow 205,
2 balls Orange 228, 1 ball each
Brown 222 and 243, Blue 212 and
209 (25 grams each). A pair of
knitting needles no. 11 and no. 12.

MEASUREMENTS:

To fit bust 86 cms., length 53
cms., sleeves seam 42 cms.

TENSION:

8 sts. and 10 rows to 2.5 cms.
measured over st.st. on no. 11
needles.

ABBREVIATIONS:

k. = knit; p. = purl; tog. =
together; tbl. = through back of
loop; st. = stitch; rep. = repeat;
beg. = beginning; dec. = de-
crease; inc. = increase; alt. =
alternate.

JACKET

BACK

Instructions: With Orange wool
and no. 11 needles cast on 120
sts., work 10 rows in moss stitch.
Fasten off Orange wool. Join
Yellow wool.

- 1st row: K.
- 2nd row: P.
- 3rd row: K. 2, * k. 3. tog. tbl.,
(k. 1, p. 1, k. 1) in next st., rep.
from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.
- 4th row: K.
- 5th row: K. 2, * (k. 1, p. 1, k.
1) in next st., k. 3 tog. tbl. rep
from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.
- 6th row: P.
- 7th row: K.
- 8th row: K.
- 9th row: K.
- 10th row: P.
- 11th row: K.
- 12th row: K.

13th to 16th rows: As 9th to
12th rows.

1st to 16th rows form the pat-
tern.

Rep. pattern 7 times more.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 8
sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows
then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of
next 4 rows, then dec. 1 st. at
each end of next 2 rows (92 sts.).
Continue straight till 2nd row of
12th pattern has been worked.

Shape Neck: With right side
of work facing pattern across 36
sts., cast off 20 sts., pattern to
end.

Continue in pattern over last
36 sts., keep armhole edge
straight, dec. 1 st. at neck edge
in every row, till 27 sts. remain.
Continue straight till 15th row of
12th pattern has been worked,
ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 9
sts. at beg. of next and 2 alt.
rows. Complete the other side to
match first side, reversing shap-
ings.

LEFT FRONT:

With Orange wool and no. 11
needles cast on 54 sts., work 10
rows in moss st. Fasten off Or-
ange wool. Join Yellow wool.

1st pattern row: K. 45 Yellow,
Join Orange wool and moss 9 Or-
ange. Work pattern as for back

DOUBLY SMART

*Something unusual for you...jacket
and blouse knitted into one*

on 45 Yellow sts. work the Or-
ange border of 9 moss st. till
front matches back at armhole,
ending at side edge.

Shape Armhole: Keeping con-
tinuity of pattern, cast off 8 sts.
at beg. of next row, then 2 sts.
at beg. of next 2 alt. rows, then
dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in
every alt. row till 27 Yellow sts.
remain. Continue straight till
front matches back at shoulder.

Continued on page 37



Photograph: FAYOZA BAYLOR

If a tired, unhealthy complexion
greet you each morning...



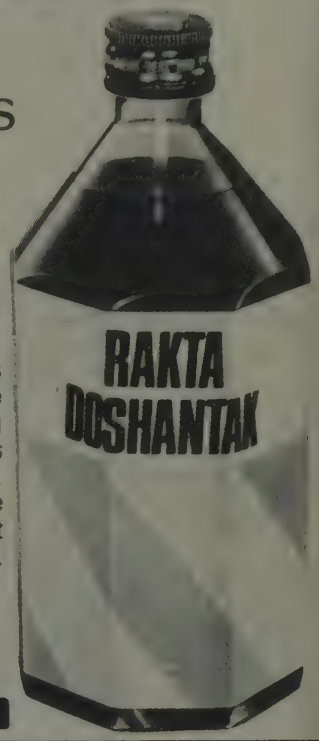
it's because of impure, unhealthy blood.



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And you'll see and feel the
difference—a clear, radiant
complexion.

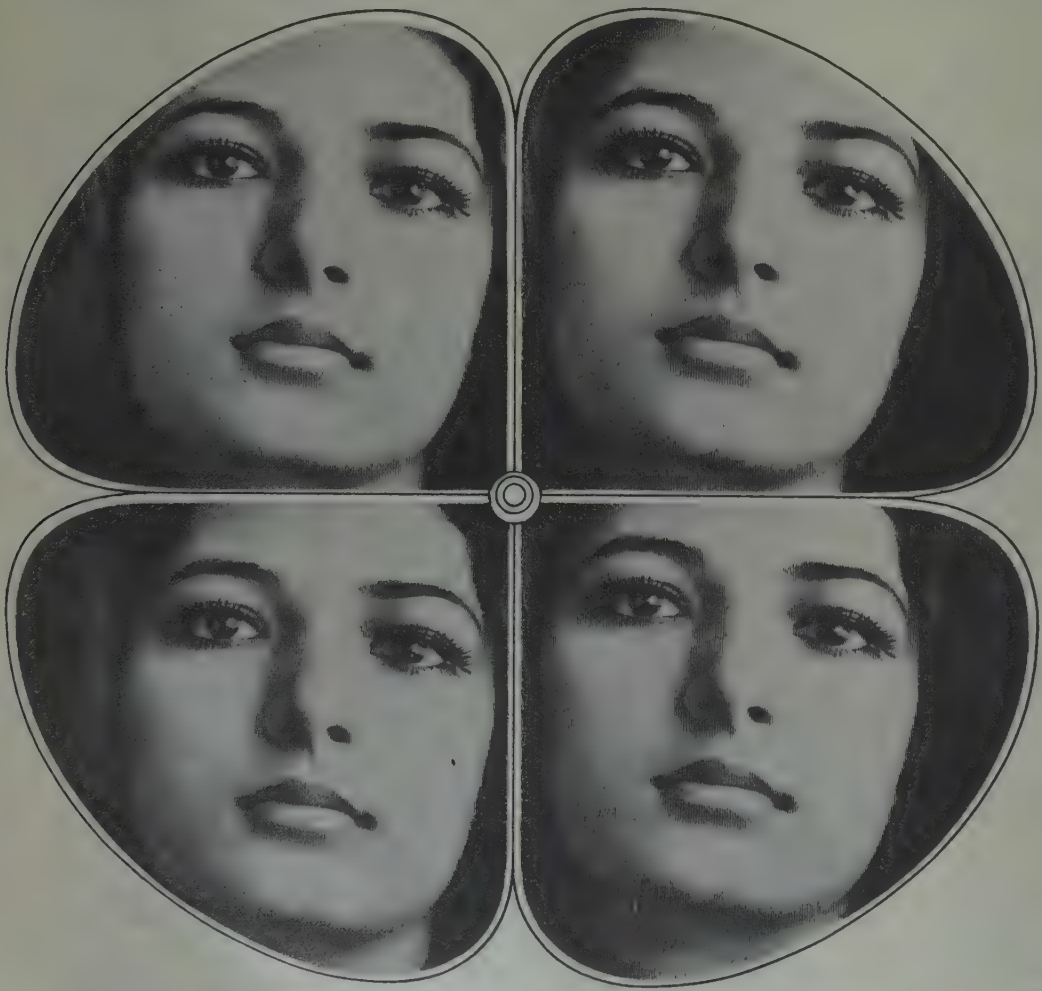


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TEACHERS REPLY

Teachers have reacted strongly to a feature, "From K. G. to Higher Secondary — One Mother's Experience" (Eve's Weekly, August 6). We publish below two of the responses, in which teachers explain their situation, defend their fellow teachers, and reply to the accusations levelled against members of their profession in the earlier feature

Kamala Balachandran

be cautious even while speaking to their wards!

Teachers are blamed everywhere for giving meaningless quantities of home-work. As the entire community of teachers cannot be sadists one fails to see what the teacher could possibly be gaining by such an act. Today, the competition among schools is such that every school wants to establish itself as absolutely dedicated to academic achievement. In this rat race, teachers are pressurised to extract the maximum from students and show 100 per cent results. In a class of fifty, if a teacher has to achieve this, the drill method is the only one to be adopted. In my day, parents expected the school to teach their children. Today's parent expects the school to guarantee the child a first class. And believe me, the drill method is the only proven way to mass "success." Also, quite a few parents consider every written home-work as a receipt for the day's fee! And so the home-work problem stays!

Vera Sharma says that "most of the students depended upon tuition classes." I recall a typical case of a parent who, on seeing his daughter's poor report card said, "As long as that good-for-nothing teaches her, she will never pass," and went on to arrange for tuition. Parents today are an impatient, over-anxious breed who blame the teacher or the size of the class for the child's poor performance. Children too readily accept this spirit and psychologically assume that "this isn't good enough for me," or "this isn't going to help me," in the class. And once the child loses faith in the school or the teacher, learning becomes an impossibility. Also, once the child is sure that the lessons will anyway be taught at the tuition class, he loses all interest in the school and once again it becomes impossible for the teacher to reach him. It is a vicious circle which can and should be broken by parents by refusing to arrange for tuitions and by telling the child that they expect him

or her to do just as well as any other child.

Talking of his son's master, a parent once remarked, "Well, if he was any better he wouldn't have ended up as a school master!" This, in a nutshell, is the attitude of most people towards the teachers. In ancient India the Guru occupied a place higher even than that of God. Today the guru is no more than a paid servant, who is looked upon with disrespect and suspicion. But education is not a business transaction, wherein the parent doles out the fee and the teacher duty bound hands over the learning. It is a complicated process involving human elements. Children build their values from their parents and when the parent community shows such utter contempt for the teachers, the students cannot be expected to venerate their teachers. And where there is no humility and respect in the student, education can never accomplish what it is meant to.

Monetarily, teaching is not an attractive profession. Unless authorities give it adequate remuneration and society gives it respect, it will fail to draw the best men and women into it. And so long as society condemns and distrusts teachers it has no right to complain about teachers.

DEFENDING HER TRIBE

Maya Hegde

"Don't worry if your job is small

And rewards are few

Remember the mighty oak

Was once a nut like you."

These words I have always valued and I would like every teacher to read and remember them and derive consolation from them. Nowadays we often read articles vehemently denouncing the work of teachers in

schools. In a way it's heartening to realise that those parents who voice their hasty opinions are taking an interest in the education of their children.

A Spanish proverb says — "To shoot without thinking is to shoot without looking." I would request everyone to realise what responsibility the school teacher faces nowadays. In earlier times each class teacher had an average of 25 children and the syllabus wasn't so demanding. But a cursory glance over or a visit to a school nowadays shows that each class teacher has about 50-60 children to cope with. This is due, not so much to the greedy school management, as most people would think, as to the three-fold increase in the demand for school education. The number of children yearning for a basic education has increased — but schools have not increased proportionately.

Education in many states has been made compulsory at the primary level — and it is very often offered free. Even a sweeper's child is given a chance to educate himself. Is he born a sweeper by choice? Why should he then be damned to a predetermined, lowly profession? Just because he is born a sweeper's son he should not have to die a sweeper. He too has every right to learn — to try his luck in a competitive world. With a proper foundation he can definitely aspire to lift his family from the depths of degradation.

To solve overcrowding in schools or, rather, in class rooms, parents might suggest that the fees be doubled and more teachers employed. How many parents in the present day world, can afford to pay even the existing fees? Education, especially in a large city, has already become very, very expensive. A middle-class worker can hardly save anything after paying all his bills. Has his pay-roll grown proportionately with the rise in prices? Even if the number of teachers is increased, how can the problem of space be solved? Can the school authorities afford to put up new buildings? If the parents are approached for a building fund, what is their reaction? In big cities like Bombay and Calcutta, the space problem has forced schools to work in shifts.

Therefore, before denouncing the school teachers, parents should first and foremost think what can be done to improve the situation. Many a complaint is that a teacher does not give personal attention to "mama's darling." I suggest that a parent offer, for one day at least, to teach a class, taking upon himself or herself the teaching duties, the evaluation of class work, the correction of home-work, the preparing of lessons, etc. She (or he) would then realise how difficult it is to give personal attention to each and every child. At home, when there are more than three children, the same mother would definitely complain that

No profession can claim to have a set of totally dedicated individuals belonging to it and the teaching profession is no exception. But no teacher today can afford to be even half as indifferent as is made out to be in the article. School organisation is a systematical branch in the modern educational system. Teachers now are expected to submit lesson plans for the whole year and maintain a daily record of work. There is no room for any haphazard functioning and hence portions not being finished is now an almost impossible situation.

Assuming that some teachers manage to do this, the students of today are not dumb. Student council (almost every school has one) representatives can report such matters to the school authorities immediately.

Another significant fact in today's schools is that the teacher no longer enjoys the ultimate and unquestionable position that she formerly used to. However determined a teacher may be, she just cannot carry out her threat of "I will fail you." Children today are smart enough to question the teacher about the ratings, after having compared them and even take the matter up with the higher authorities. In fact most teachers strain themselves to see that even the subjective element of fatigue does not affect the evaluation, lest they be hauled up for partiality. Further, to avoid controversies, all schools retain the entire set of promotion examination answer books and allow the doubting parents to inspect them. Hence to say that a teacher failed a child out of malice is near fiction.

Likewise, no teacher would tell a parent "over a sea of parent's heads" that her ward was "sub-normal." She would know that the matter would immediately get reported to the management which would make life unpleasant for her in the school. In fact some parents (particularly the wealthy ones) wield such power over the school that most of the time the teachers have to

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TEACHERS REPLY

they are a handful. How then can a teacher deal individually with 50 children?

Another favourite complaint is that too much home-work is given. I am a teacher myself and I have noted that parents are never satisfied. A section of parents want home-work because otherwise the child refuses to study, or gets on the mother's nerves at home. Home-work is thought of as the means to keep the child pre-occupied at home. Another section of parents does not want home-work — because their way of life is happy-go-lucky. Home-work ties the child to the house while the mother is impatient to have the child tag along to a party. When there is a mixture of these two categories, how is the teacher to solve the problem?

Then again, parents complain that they have to help the children with their studies because the teaching in the school is not satisfactory. Before coming to a hasty conclusion, why doesn't the parent find out whether the fact is whether the teaching is no good or that the child is inattentive in class?

When the child knows that she will be helped at home by her mother or tuition teacher, she will tend not to bother to be attentive in class. She therefore enjoys her hours in school looking out of the window or throwing paper pellets at her friends. As a parent myself, I firmly denounce the practice of giving too much help at home.

Arranging for a tuition master is the surest way to make your child lazy, dependent and irresponsible. If your child cannot do the task, because of her inattentiveness in class, do not help

her. Let her learn to accept the punishment given in school. Let her learn to face failure. In course of time she'll learn to study by herself. She'll grow up with greater courage and ability to face success and failure alone.

Another feature which has become predominant now is the comparison of progress reports, by the parents. I have seen mothers going hysterical when their children get low marks. I have been bombarded by parents to revalue their child's test paper.

Why? Because another child has scored a mere quarter of a mark more. Is this a race with life? Our parents never did this. They never suffered this complex. I have seen parents come close to enmity just because another child has scored a higher rank. What does this imply? Is the child studying for her mother's social prestige? What is the final result? The child who always stands first — by fair means or foul — turns into a snob. She will never be able to face failure. But will life always offer her success and no failures?

Before I end, let me touch on discipline in schools. I would frankly advise parents to discipline their children at home first. Discipline, like charity, begins at home. Teach your child the meaning of obedience, tolerance, and truthfulness. Instil into your child these qualities so firmly that he will be an example to others. Why should you blame the school for lack of discipline?

This does not mean the school should shirk all responsibilities. Both parents and teachers should join hands in all respects. The future of our country lies in our children. Form a parent-teacher association. It helps to bring a great deal of rapport between parents and teachers. Treat the teachers also as humans. They're not machines. Find out their problems, instead of judging them from your pedestal.

Remember, each teacher has her own home, her own family and her own woes. So cheer up her drab life with an occasional smile, a word of praise.

Swami Vivekanand says, "Experience is the only teacher we have. We may talk and reason all our lives but we shall not understand anything fully until we experience it ourselves."

Are you a little ashamed of your toilet?

Most of us are a little embarrassed about the state of our toilet. If only embarrassment were the only problem. Much worse is the fact that:

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CHAITRA-BLS-85

DOUBLY SMART

Continued from page 33

end at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next and 2 alt. rows, but continue with the Orange moss st. border till it fits centre back of neck.

RIGHT FRONT:

Work right front to match left front, reversing shapings and working a moss stitch border in Orange at beg. of a right side row.

SLEEVES:

With Orange wool and no. 12 needles cast on 60 sts. and work 20 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Fasten off Orange wool. Change to Yellow wool and no. 11 needles and work in pattern as for back, inc. 1 st. at each end of every 6th row till 10 inc. on each side have

been worked. Then inc. 1 st. at each end of every 4th row till there are 106 sts. on needle. Continue straight till 16th row of the 8th pattern has been worked.

Shape Top: Keeping continuity of pattern, cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row till 10 sts. remain. Cast off.

BLOUSE FRONT:

With Orange wool and no. 12 needles cast on 98 sts. and work 22 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Next row: Change to no. 11 needles, K.

Next row: P.

1st pattern row: Join colours as required, k. * 7 Blue 209, 7 Blue 212, 7 Brown 243, 7 Brown 222, 7 Orange, rep. from * at end, omit last 7 sts. Orange.

2nd row: P. 6 Brown 222, * 7 Brown 243, 7 Blue 212, 7 Blue

209, 7 Orange, 7 Brown 222, rep. from * end with 8 Blue 209.

3rd row: K. 2 Orange, then k. 7 sts. of each colour in order of previous right side row end with 5 Brown 222.

4th row: P. 4 Brown 222, 7 sts. of each colour to match pattern ending with 3 Orange.

5th row: K. 4 Orange, 7 sts. of each colour, ending with 3 Brown 222.

6th row: P. 2 Brown 222, 7 sts. of each colour end with 5 Orange.

Continue in the striped pattern shifting colours as in previous row to acquire diagonal stripes and also dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 4th row till 5 dec. have been worked on each side. Work 24 rows straight, then inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 4th row, till 6 inc. have been worked on each side (100 sts.).

Continue straight till work measures 34 cms. ending with a row on wrong side.

Shape Armhole: Keeping continuity of pattern, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 14 rows. Fasten off all the colours. With right side of work facing, join Orange wool to the remaining 44 sts. and k. across. Work next 10 rows in moss st., cast off.

To make up:

Join the ends of front Orange bands and sew to back of neck. Join shoulder, sleeve and side seams of the Jacket. Join the sides of the blouse front to the side seams so that the lower edge of blouse remains 4 cms. above the base of the jacket.

Join the ends of the moss st. border at neck of blouse to corresponding points to inside edge of the jacket border of each of the fronts. Set sleeves into armholes.

Arnavat Dhondy



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NAN TAIYAR AST

Premila Lal

Iranians believe in entertaining lavishly. As one enters their kitchen or dining room, one gets a rich aroma of saffron and spices. The characteristic flavour, however, comes from the use of onion-flavoured oil and garlic. Parsley is also used in abundance; while a good deal of cheese is eaten and very often for breakfast. Though meat is the mainstay of most of their dishes, vegetables are always cooked with a sauce—either oil only or oil and tomato or braised. We have selected some simple and easy recipes which are not so expensive yet are typical of their everyday meal.

DOLMEH FEFEL SABZ VA GOJEH FARANZI

(Stuffed green peppers and tomatoes)

- 4 green peppers (capsicum)
- 1 cup water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 large tomatoes
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup yellow split peas (gram)
- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
- 2 tbsps. butter
- 1 medium onion, finely chopped
- $\frac{1}{2}$ kg. ground beef
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. pepper powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cinnamon powder
- 2 tbsps. butter
- 2 tbsps. tomato sauce
- Tomato pulp and juice
- Curd, beaten

Wash peppers. Cut thin slice from stem end of each and save them. Remove seeds. Boil water

with salt. Put peppers in the water and let them boil for 5 minutes. Drain and put them aside. Cut thin slice from stem end of each tomato. Save these. Scoop out pulp and juice from tomatoes. Save pulp and juice.

Cook rice and yellow split peas in water for 25 minutes or until done. If your rice takes a long time to cook, cook them separately. Melt butter in a skillet and saute onions and meat for 10 minutes. Put meat mixture in a bowl, add cooked rice and yellow split peas, parsley, green onions, and seasoning. Mix well. If more seasoning is needed, add to taste. Lightly fill the green peppers and tomatoes with meat mixture. Put steps back so that the meat doesn't fall out. Melt butter in a skillet. Arrange peppers and tomatoes in the skillet. Add tomato sauce and pulp and juice. Cover and let cook on a low fire for 20-35 minutes or until done. Serve topped with curd.

GEISI POLO (Rice with Apricots)

- 3 tbsps. butter or shortenings
- 1½ kg. shoulder of lamb
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1/3 tsp. pepper
- ½ tsp. cinnamon powder
- ½ tsp. nutmeg powder
- 2/3 cup water
- ½ cup raisins
- 2/3 cup dried apricots
- 2½ cups rice
- 1½ tbsps. salt
- 2 qt. water
- 2 tbsps. salt
- ½ cup butter (melted)

Have the butcher cut the lamb shoulder into chops. Clean the lamb and trim the fat. Melt the butter in a skillet and saute the lamb with the seasonings. Add water and let simmer on a low fire for 30 minutes. Quarter each of the apricots. Wash the raisins and the apricots. Melt butter in a skillet and saute the apricots and the raisins about 5 minutes. Cook rice as in directions for chelo. When you come to step 6 of the directions for chelo, after putting half of the rice in the pot, arrange meat, apricots, and raisins over the rice. Pour the rest of the rice over the meat mixture. Cover and cook as directed for the chelo.

COLD YOGURT SOUP

- 1 beiled egg, chopped
- ½ cup raisins
- 2-3 cups curd (yogurt)
- ½ cup light cream
- 6 ice cubes
- 1 cucumber chopped
- ½ cup spring onions, chopped
- 2 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper powder
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 tbsps. parsley, chopped
- 1 tsp. fresh dill, chopped or
- 1 tsp. dill weed

Soak the raisins in cold water for 5 minutes. Put yogurt in a big mixing bowl, add cream, chopped egg, ice cubes, chopped cucumber, green onions, salt and pepper. Pour off the water from the raisins and add it to the curd mixture. Add 1 cup of cold water and mix well. Let this soup stand in the icebox for 2 to 3 hours. When serving, garnish with parsley and dill.

KUKUNE SIB

(Apple and Meat Sauce)

- 4 tbsps. butter
- 1 large onion, finely chopped
- 1 tbsps. lemon juice
- ½ kg. mutton, cut in 1" cubes
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- 2 cups water
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 4-5 tart apples
- 3 tbsps butter

Melt butter in a 2-quart pot. Saute onions until golden. Remove onions and add lemon juice and set aside. Saute the meat with seasoning until the meat is browned. Add water and lemon juice and let simmer on a low fire for about 30 minutes or until meat is done. Wash, core, and slice apples as for apple pie. Melt butter in a skillet and saute the apples in the butter for 5 minutes. 5-10 minutes before serving, add onions to the meat and arrange the sauted apples around the meat and let simmer on a very low fire for 5 minutes. Serve with chelo.

IRANI HALWA

(Sweet dessert)

- 1 cup butter or shortening
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1½ cups sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1½ tbsps. saffron

Boil the sugar in 1 cup of water. Melt butter in a deep skillet. Add flour gradually, stirring constantly. Stir the flour and butter mixture on a medium fire until it is light caramel colour. Remove from fire. Add ½ cup of the melted sugar and stir vigorously. Add the rest of the melted sugar and saffron and stir well. When ready, halwa should look like peanut butter. This halwa can be used as a dessert or it can be eaten like peanut butter on bread.

CHELO KABAB

(Rice with kababs)

Prepare some grilled kababs if possible, otherwise prepare some meat with rather dry gravy.

Prepare some plain boiled rice and keep it piping hot.

Allow one egg to each person, a knob of butter, salt, pepper and lemon to taste.

For serving, pile the hot rice on each individual plate and put a knob of butter in the centre on top and immediately break an egg on to it and mix it in with a fork. The egg gets slightly cooked in the hot rice and butter. Add salt, pepper and lemon to taste. Eat it with kababs or with meat gravy. Serve buttermilk as an accompaniment.

MANTU

- ½ kg. keema
- ½ kg. channa dal
- 1 pod garlic
- ½ litre curd
- 1 onion
- 1 cup maida
- 1 egg
- Oil
- Salt to taste
- Tomatoes

Prepare keema and gram dal together according to taste but using tomatoes and garlic as the main ingredients.

Prepare a bowl of curds mixed with ground garlic and onion paste. Add salt to taste.

Make a dough with maida and egg and a little bit of oil and salt. Roll out thin chappatis out of this dough. Cut small rounds about 2 inches in diameter. When all are ready, take 2 rounds, place some cooked keema in the centre and close it from all around. Keep these mantus ready under a wet cloth. Then boil them in plenty of salted water

cuckoo lal



For mildew stains collected in the monsoon, wash in warm suds and dry in the sun. Rub with lemon juice and salt, dry in sun and wash again.

(as for noodles) and take them out on a flat serving dish. Spread the remaining keema and dal over the prepared mantus and pour the curd on top of the keema. Crush some dry mint leaves and sprinkle on top. Serve without reheating.

KUKU

- 1 cup cooked spinach
- 2-3 eggs, beaten
- 2 small onions, minced
- Juice of 1 lemon
- Salt and paprika to taste

Mix all the ingredients thoroughly and pour them into a well-greased baking dish. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes in an oven until set. Cut in wedges and serve.

N.B. Iranians are particularly fond of a slightly burnt base in many of their dishes.

BOOK REVIEW

100 EASY-TO-MAKE GOAN DISHES By Jennifer Fernandes
Price Rs. 5.

Published by Bell Books, Paperback Division of Vikas Publications.

Prawn Baffad and Sorpotel, Bibinca and Cordeal — if you have dreamed of these Goan delicacies, but despaired of ever being able to make them, 100 EASY TO MAKE GOAN DISHES tells you how; simply, clearly and with an assurance that you will succeed.

Jennifer Fernandes has taken the muscle and drudgery out of traditional Goan cooking, introducing some of Goa's specialities to the modern housewife knowing that the kitchen is not her only preoccupation.

This inexpensive cook book is well laid out, in an easy-to-refer-to style — one page per recipe — and includes handy hints that a housewife should welcome.

V. S. R.

ATTENTION COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

SPECIAL PRIZES

FOR WEEKLY WINNERS AND COOKERY QUEEN OF THE MONTH

Prize winner of our weekly cookery contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize, a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a Tin-O-Mat.

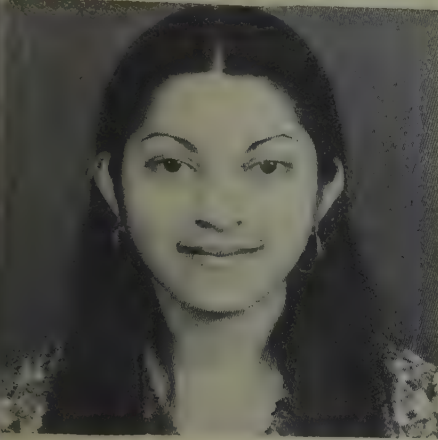
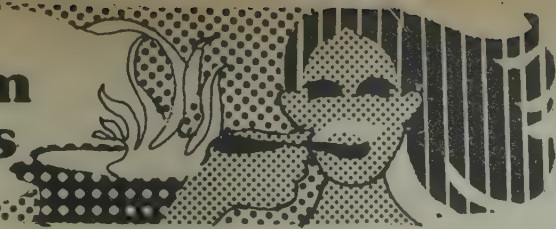
All the above mentioned items are from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, BOMBAY, famous for their Sapphire non-stick, scratch resistant kitchen ware.

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



The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to Rs. 100.00, a Skillett (Oct.); a saucepot (Nov.); a 315 mm Tava (Dec.) and a Saucepot (Jan. 1978.).

recipes from our readers



Miss Bowena Abreo, Mysore

PORK PADA OR PICKLE

2 kg. pork meat

MASALA:

- 150 grams red chillis
- 1 tbsp. cumminseed
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. turmeric
- 3" piece ginger
- 1 pod garlic
- 1/2 bottle vinegar
- 6 cloves
- 3" piece cinnamon

Cut the following lengthwise:

- 12 green chillis
- 3" piece ginger
- 2 pods garlic

Salt to taste

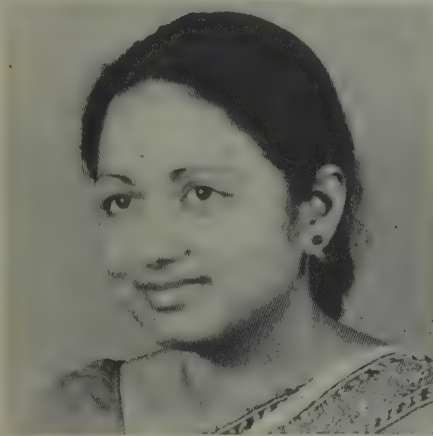
Ghee is to be used as required as the pork fat will extract.

Cut the pork into 2" x 2" pieces. Wash well. Apply salt and keep at least for one hour. Then squeeze out all the water. Heat ghee and fry into golden colour

and remove it, straining all the fat. Keep aside to cool.

Grind the masala ingredients in vinegar, and remove it in a porcelain vessel. Add cut green chillis, ginger and garlic, stir it into the ground masala and mix well. Now add the cooled pork pieces to the mixture. Stir well and put it in a clean air-tight jar.

(It can be preserved for at least two or three months).



Mrs. Poonam Sethi, Bangalore

CHILLI CHICKEN

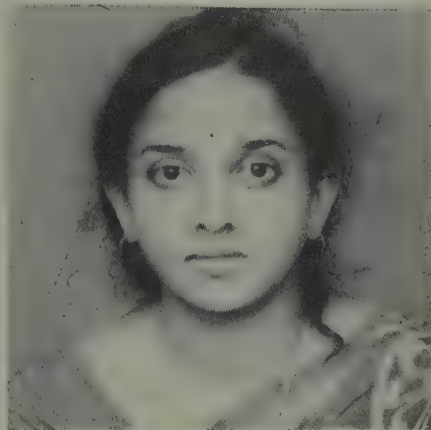
- 1 chicken
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. black pepper
- 1 tsp. flour
- 1 onion
- 6 cloves garlic
- 1" piece ginger, ground
- 100 grams capsicum

FOR SAUCE:

- 1 tbsp. salt
- 1 tbsp. vinegar
- 1 tbsp. ginger juice
- 1/2 tsp. water
- 1 1/2 tsps. cornflour
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. white pepper
- 1-2 tsp. chilli sauce

Joint chicken and boil until done. Rub with salt, pepper and flour and keep aside for half an hour. Fry till golden brown. Now heat ghee separately and fry capsicum and remove. Fry onion, ginger and garlic, till brown. Add fried chicken pieces and capsicum. Remove from fire.

Dissolve cornflour in stock and add all the ingredients for sauce. Pour this sauce over chicken and cook for 5 minutes. Serve. You can add mushrooms if desired.



Miss K. Dudha Shanoy, Mangalore

PRAWN SPECIAL

- 150 prawns
- 1/2 kg. potatoes, boiled
- 1/2 kg. tomatoes
- 4 onions
- 1 clove garlic for seasoning

MASALA:

- 1/2 coconut
- 1 tbsp. coriander
- 6-7 grams fenugreek seeds
- 1/2 tsp. cumminseed
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 15 red chillis
- 3 tbsps. oil
- Salt to taste
- 1/2 tsp. cumminseed

Tamarind—a small ball
Coriander leaves for garnishing

Clean and wash the prawns. Chop two onions, finely. Mix with the prawns and keep aside.

Boil the potatoes. Peel and cut into cubes. Wash the tomatoes, chop and keep aside. Fry the coriander, cumminseeds, fenugreek, pepper and red chillis in a little oil. Grind all these with tamarind and salt to a fine paste and add the grated coconut. Grind for one or two minutes. Coconut should be very coarse. Take the masala and add to the prawns. Mix well. Fry the chopped tomatoes in a little oil. Then add the prawns and cook till done. Add the boiled and cubed potatoes to the prawns and mix thoroughly.

Chop the remaining two onions and crush the garlic. Fry in little oil till light brown. Pour over prawns when curry is dry. Take off the fire. Garnish with coriander leaves. Serve with rice, dosai or chappatis.



Ms. Batal H. Darbar, Madras

MUTTON MUSALAM

- 1/2 kg. mutton
- 150 grams cashewnuts
- 100 grams curd
- 4-5 onions, finely chopped
- 4 tbsps. oil
- Salt to taste

GRIND TO FINE PASTE:

- 1 tsp. cumminseed
- 2" piece ginger
- 3 cloves garlic
- 6-7 red chillis
- 3 stick cinnamon
- 5-6 cloves

Wash the mutton pieces and keep aside. Heat the oil and fry mutton with ground ingredients till the oil separates. Add enough water to cover the meat. Then in a frying pan, deep fry chopped onions, drain off and remove. Add fried onions, fried crushed cashewnuts and curd to the mutton. Add a little water and salt; boil for about 10 to 15 minutes or till meat is tender. Remove from the fire and serve hot with chappatis or plain rice.



weekly winner



Mrs. Usha Sharma of Bombay, wins Rs. 50/- cash prize for this week's recipe plus a non-stick coated sandwich Toaster and a Tin-O-Mat by Trupti Industries, Bombay.

MOTI PULAO

1 kg. Basmati rice

FOR THE MOTIS:

- 1 kg. minced mutton
- 200 grams ghee
- 200 grams curd
- 2" piece ginger, chopped
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 2 tsps. garam masala powder
- 2 tsps. salt
- 2 tsps. coriander powder
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 100 grams ghee
- 1/2 litre milk
- 1 litre water

FOR GARNISHING:

- 1 tsp. kewra water
- 1 tsp. saffron
- A few green coriander leaves

For preparing stock, boil meat, salt, coriander, chilli, garam masala, cumminseeds, ghee, milk and water till the meat is cooked and the gravy is approximately 3 cups.

To Make the Motis: Mix minced mutton, ginger and chilli powder, garam masala, salt, coriander powder, cumminseeds, 2 teaspoons of ghee, 2 teaspoons of curd together. Mix well and set aside for half

an hour. After that make small meat balls not larger than a pea. Keep them aside. Heat ghee, put the rest of the curd in it with the meat balls, add half a cup of water. When the water is dried stir the balls occasionally till they are cooked. Remove the balls from the ghee. When they are cool wrap each ball in a small piece of silver warq. Keep them aside.

Wash rice thoroughly and boil it in a litre of water. When the rice is half cooked, remove it from the fire and drain. Mix the meat stock and left over gravy from the motis. Keep it on a slow fire till all the stock is absorbed. Mix meat balls in the prepared rice. Cover the pan tightly and put on a very slow fire, with a few live coals on the lid. Remove it from the fire after 5-10 minutes. Dissolve saffron in a teaspoon of water. Mix saffron water and kewra water into the pulao. Just before serving garnish with coriander leaves.

Winter flowers in **ESSMA** shawls



ESSMA

WOOLLEN MILLS, PUTLIGHAR, AMRITSAR

Sanjeev Kumar:

The Reluctant Bachelor And The Elusive Bride

Vijaya Irani

Sanjeev Kumar has arrived at a very strategic point in his career, where he has everyone from Rai to Reddi putting their ultimate faith in him and watching him turn out performances which yield super-size and family-size box-office takings and have critics acclaiming.

He has undoubtedly built himself a cast-iron, mistake-proof armour which protects him from any risks he might want to take and continue to take, by way of on-star roles (right from an old man to a strange species which talks to God throughout the film!). A top-grade actor he has made it to star status and gets the lion's share of columns and headlines.

He supplements his talent and success with his generous good humour. Only a person with a large helping of humour would give the decor he has in his flat. Only a humorous person could turn a frightening malady into a heart-attack into a funny incident that now gives him the excuse to knock off weight, and consequently years, from his reading form, and gives him enough strength to control his appetite. For a person who admits to having just two loves — food and sleep — it is a great asset to have a big sense of humour.

This has also helped him shrug off through these years reports which make him out to be some kind of a maniac for marriage. It seemed at one time that all he was doing in films was carrying on a search for a bride!

You ask him if he really enjoys those digs made at his expense about his wanting a bride and he snorts and says of course not, but what else can one do but laugh at the never ending reports of his matrimonial adventures? But seriously, this is what he has to say about marriage.

"I have become a cynic as far as this business of marriage goes. After a certain age when one has spent years as a happy bachelor you become disinclined to even think of settling down with some-

one as your wife. And as I have said before, I am too ease loving and lazy to want to clutter up my life with the problems that marriage brings.

"Let people say what they

want about my getting married, I know what I want." I can't help feeling that he is really sincere in what he says and enjoys all this talk and speculation.

His new bungalow at Juhu is ready and he is making the final plans to shift out of his flat in Bandra where he now lives. He certainly could not bring a bride into his tiny bachelor den. It is much too small for even him alone; imagine his wife crowding there as well! Maybe the bride will make her entry now when he shifts to the new bungalow. He smiles mysteriously at that suggestion.

That birthday invitation of his was the final act in this clowning of the hero in search of a bride. The card threatened that this would be his last party as a bachelor. It even made headlines in the evening newspapers calling the birthday party a function to announce Sanjeev's marriage with Jhumar Ganguly, a Bengali actress who has starred with him briefly in a film.

The party went off without any incident and the boy who cried "Wolf!" had another big guffaw at the stampede of people and speculation about who his bride would be.

As for the Neeta Mehta rumour which is given the most credence so far, compared to all the others, he categorically says that we could be no farther from the truth! She is nowhere close to his future gharwali role. He insists that after shifting to his new place, he will get married, but it will not be anyone from films. It will be a simple non-filmi girl who will keep him happy and fit in with his home and family!

Photograph: Girish Shukla



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Scarcely had the flood waters receded from Delhi before its inhabitants had to face an even greater menace: malaria. Soon the disease had assumed epidemic proportions and had in its grip some of the poshest areas of the capital. A recent news report indicated that almost every house in south Delhi and the New Delhi Municipal Committee (NDMC) area had a malaria case. The other posh areas in which malaria was rampant were Karol Bagh and west Delhi.

According to the Mayor, Mr. Rajendra Kumar Gupta, 38,498 positive malaria cases were detected till the middle of August alone. Health authorities however claim that there may be anywhere between four and five hundred thousand malaria cases all over the capital. This, considering that not even one out of every four or five cases is usually reported, may not be very wide off the mark.

Taken together with reports of a sky-rocketing increase in malaria cases all over the country, a grim picture begins to emerge: that of an ubiquitous mosquito riding triumphant over flustered health authorities. A look at the statistics of malaria incidence over the decade 1965-1975 alone should suffice to bring home the magnitude of the problem — from a “mere” one hundred thousand cases in 1965, the number rose by a series of alarming leaps and bounds till it reached 5.1 million cases in 1975.

And yet, till a few years ago, our health authorities fondly believed that malaria had been “almost eradicated.”

Why has this disease — which was believed to be more or less wiped out in this country, some years ago — staged a come-back with such a vengeance?

Malaria is caused by a group of tiny organisms called Plasmodium vivax (P vivax), P falciparum, P malariae and P ovale. These parasitic organisms require two hosts for completing their life cycle — human and mosquito. Their injection into a human by the bite of a female Anopheles mosquito transmits the disease.

The organisms travel through the bloodstream, reach the liver, and are engulfed by the liver cells. Inside these liver cells, the parasites reproduce themselves at a fantastic rate, so that thousands can grow out of a few organisms. These then undergo certain stages of development. The patient's red blood cells are affected by one of the forms of the parasite. These red blood cells are destroyed (a process called hemolysis) on a massive scale.

The cyclic development of the parasite in the host causes batches of organisms to be showered into the bloodstream at regular intervals. Therefore the resulting fever exhibits a typical cyclic nature. Thus in the commonest type of malaria, the fever appears every 48 hours. Each episode shows three characteris-

tic stages: a “cold” stage, a “hot” stage and a recovery stage. The first stage develops with a sense of intense cold, with the patient having long bouts of shivering. This is followed by the “hot” stage, when the patient feels like throwing off his bedclothes. The third stage is a sort of interlude before the next cycle begins.

Fortunately, the more dangerous type of malaria, which often proves fatal (“cerebral malaria”) and which is caused by P falciparum, is rare in our country.

mosquitoes. But this is easier said than done. For, the mosquito has been strenuously resisting all of man's efforts to make it extinct. Anopheles mosquitoes breed in stagnant pools of water and themselves go through a complex cycle of development. The anti-mosquito campaign therefore aimed at (1) Destroying mosquitoes in the developmental cycle by drainage of stagnant water, and (2) Destroying adult mosquitoes with insecticides like DDT. As far as the malaria patient is

ria vaccine.” Now the basic principle in vaccination is the introduction of killed disease-causing organisms in the body. After this is done, the body manufactures antibodies against the organism and is immune to that infection. The organisms used in the vaccine are usually killed after growing them in pure laboratory culture. Unfortunately, with the malaria parasite, this has proved to be very difficult.

About two months ago, however, a research worker attached to the Bombay Hospital succeeded in growing the malaria parasite (P vivax) in the laboratory. This was reported as the “first step” towards the development of the malaria vaccine.

One big stumbling block is that immunity is specific, i.e. if a vaccine is made against one kind of malaria parasite, it will guarantee immunity only from that type of malaria. To be fully effective the malaria vaccine will have to provide immunity against all the four types of parasites that cause malaria.

Currently, this immunological aspect of malaria control is receiving a lot of attention from scientists here and abroad. But as Dr. C. Gopalan, the Director-General of the Indian Council of Medical Research, recently remarked, “The immunological approach to fighting this disease may take some time to be perfected and efforts will have to be concentrated on research on the parasite's resistance to the drugs in use and on biological control.”

“Biological control” refers to yet another new method scientists have devised to fight the mosquito. An instance of this is the use of certain kinds of fish which devour the pupae of mosquitoes. Together with this, scientists are also investigating newer and more effective drugs which could replace the traditional ones used in the treatment of malaria.

On a long-term basis however, only the active involvement of people, especially in rural areas, will ensure the success of the malaria eradication programme. At the village level, health education assumes paramount importance — the menace of stagnant water cannot be too strongly impressed on the villager. Also, basic amenities like efficient sewerage systems would help in solving the problem. Perhaps the 580,000-strong task-force of community health workers being drafted under the Raj Narain plan will make a significant contribution to the eradication of malaria. They have the potential to do so and it is up to the authorities to utilise that potential fully.

Finally, a note of caution to city-dwellers: stagnant pools of water are not the only reservoir of mosquitoes—those ornamental potted plants may also serve as a potential breeding ground for mosquitoes if the water in them is not changed at least once or twice a week!

MALARIA

strikes again

Our health authorities, who until a few years ago believed that the disease had been “almost eradicated,” are trying new methods to stamp out malaria

Shivanand Karkal

However, repeated attacks of even the less dangerous forms of malaria may leave the patient in a very anaemic condition (due to the destruction of his red blood cells.) This will increase his susceptibility to other diseases.

Not much was known of the disease, however, till 1888, when a French doctor called Laveran discovered the malaria parasite in a patient's blood. Then, in 1898, Dr. Ronald Ross after years of painstaking research, discovered the role of the female Anopheles mosquito in the transmission of malaria.

How does the mosquito spread the disease? When a female Anopheles bites a malaria-infected person, certain forms of the parasites (called gametocytes) are sucked in by the proboscis. These develop into male and female gametocytes inside the mosquito. The females are then fertilised, and scores of new forms of the parasites are formed. These reach the salivary glands of the mosquito, and are introduced into the blood of a healthy person by the mosquito's bite. Thus the parasite completes its life cycle within man and the female Anopheles mosquito.

From the above account, it is obvious that wiping out malaria is synonymous with wiping out

concerned anti-malarial drugs are the only resource—quinine, for instance is the classical drug used in the treatment of malaria.

The resurgence of malaria can be traced to a bewildering medley of reasons. Not the least important of these is the stubborn perversity of the mosquito. Even in areas where all stagnant pools of water were drained, it was observed that mosquitoes left their “traditional” breeding grounds, and took to fresh water pools. Then some of the mosquitoes have begun to show a startling change in behaviour — normally, the mosquitoes bite people inside their homes and then retire to outhouses and the like. If these buildings are properly sprayed with insecticides like DDT, that as far as the mosquitoes are concerned, would be that. But scientists have discovered recently that some mosquitoes, especially in eastern India, do just the opposite: bite people outside their houses and then scrupulously keep away from the DDT-sprayed walls.

Another perturbing feature is the mosquitoes' resistance to the insecticides being used. This resistance developed gradually — initially a higher than normal dose of DDT was required to kill the mosquitoes, and now, many of them are totally immune to the once lethal insecticide. Correspondingly, the malaria parasite is also developing immunity against anti-malarial drugs. Added to all these nature-bred phenomena was the entirely man-made one of jacking up oil prices. Consequently, the prices of insecticides shot up, and this factor also hit the malaria eradication programme a nasty wallop.

Considering all these factors, the authorities have realised the limitations of trying to eradicate malaria with traditional methods. Therefore, newer methods are being tried. One, for instance, consists of developing a “mala-

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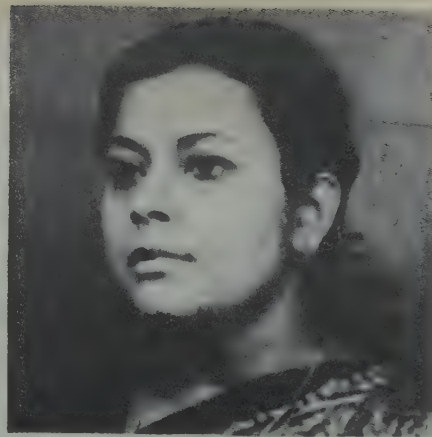
"Ever since I can recollect, one of my ambitions has been to do something unusual — something that's not been taken up by too many girls. That is what lured me to this male dominated profession of chartered accountant. When I joined, I realised that there was a big handicap that we women faced. Most of the commercial houses were reluctant to take us on. This was also the case of the CA firms which have accounts outside the city limits. I suppose, to some extent, the employers' hesitation was reasonable, because of the difficulty a woman faces when given an assignment which requires touring. There are a lot of practical problems, security being one of them," Mrs. Ghose says.

Recalling her start in this field, she says, "After my B.Com. with Accountancy Honours from the Poenka College of Commerce in 1970, I did a three-year articledship with my present company. At that time I was the third wo-

It is not a very glamorous career and few women take it up, and that was what induced Mrs. Ghose to become a CA

Amita Sarwal

man to be taken in by them—my years here made me realise the pros and cons of my profession. At the client's office, I felt a step-motherly treatment. Initially it was a surprise. While some helped me get the strings right, others were most uncooperative, as if resentful at my invading their domain. But once they knew that they had no alternative, they tolerated me. But this used to irritate me no end. At times I had to ask my seniors to intervene, to convince them that given a chance I would prove as competent as my male counterparts." But it was a differ-



ent story at Lovelock and Lewis, one of the largest auditor firms, where she is now working, because her colleagues were young boys. "Since we were all equally raw, they were good to me. At that time there was one senior lady with L & L and after she left I was the only woman there for one and a half years."

The difficulty for a woman begins from the word "go." "Obviously, for reasons I've given earlier, and also because we women aren't too keen on working overtime or on holidays, the bosses have to be really convinced of our merit before taking us in."

Money is not the only reason

why Sreemati works. She just can't visualise wasting her time after all the studies she has put in. "The only time I feel guilty about working is when I'm getting ready to leave. My son, sensing it, clings on to my saree. That's when there is a mental conflict. When he gets a bit older I'd like to do something part-time, maybe set up my own practice, so that I can spend more time with him." Besides this, she has no regrets about her choice of profession.

Although she considers herself too young and inexperienced to give advice to other women, she says, "I'm definitely all for the single woman working. A mother, like I feel at times, should try and spend time with her child while he is still very young. Thereafter, once she's decided on a career, she should go all out for it, without a break. I lost touch with the rapid changes in my field during the year I didn't work after my marriage. In CA laws are amended frequently and I had a lot of catching up to do. And last but not the least, my job gives me independence — morally, financially — and if the need ever arises I know I can support my child and myself."

PARALYSED FROM THE NECK

Continued from page 13

The Superintendent of the technical school for the disabled at Kirkee was a kind and understanding man called Col. Nicholson. He understood Ajit's dilemma and offered him a room where he could stay with Shobha and Dimpi. If it wasn't for this kind gesture, Shobha would have been compelled to live out in a house in the city while Ajit underwent the treatment intended to rehabilitate him.

Shobha, by virtue of her training, got a job as school teacher in Home Science in one of the Central Schools in Pune. Later she passed some tests and an interview and took up appointment with a leading bank. Her days were busy. Dimpi started going to school in a bus which picked her up and dropped her at the same point everyday. She was home much earlier than her mother, so Ajit found himself regaling her with stories he invented on the spur of the moment and was surprised to find he had quite an imagination!

There were problems that arose from the accident. Ajit could not tell when he had his fill of a meal, nor could he control his stools and urine. His stools were ejected every morning by artificial means with an enema or purgative and a catheter was used to allow the urine to accumulate in a bag. This had to be emptied every two hours. Again, there had to be a servant to shift him from one side to the other in the absence of his wife, who did the job at night. If this wasn't done there was a danger of bed sores. Ajit began to regulate his meals with a fixed intake of food daily and he engaged a servant to attend to his physical needs.

When Dimpi and Shobha were away on week days he passed the time reading books on telecommunication, to keep up-to-date and deliver lectures in the technical school where he was wheeled for two hours every morning. He did this work in an honorary capacity at the instance of Col. Nicholson who felt

some occupational therapy would do Ajit a world of good.

It did. When Shobha came home in the evenings, she was happy to see her husband more cheerful. The wheel-chair was a further booster to his morale, though he felt irked and impatient when he had to wait for the servant to come and turn the page of the book he was reading. During this time he read extensively, medical books on paraplegia and tetraplegia, to ascertain if there was some hope for him abroad. But he was disappointed. True, medical men were doing amazing things with electronics for permanently disabled people. But in the region of the spine, they had accomplished little. Most of the work was still in the experimental stage and there was still a long way to go before they wrought miracles. The spinal cord was an extremely complex area and even the most advanced surgery had not unravelled its mystery.

For the first time the realisation dawned on him that his condition was irreversible. Spinal cord tissues were the non-regenerative type, which meant they would not grow again, like tissues elsewhere. The knowledge was a great shock to him. Till now he had had a faint ray of hope that surgeons abroad might help. Now with his last dream dashed, he began to think seriously about rehabilitation.

With Shobha's help he kept up correspondence with the Directorate of Resettlement. Shobha went to Delhi several times with the plea that her husband be allotted an agency for scooters or anything suitable to enable him to earn a living. He had stopped receiving pay from the Air Force and had gone on to a disability pension which was hardly sufficient for a comfortable life. He was offered a gas agency in Patna which he turned down. He was anxious to be in a place where he had friends and relatives who would help out. He knew his own limitations too well. He wanted to stay in Delhi where both his parents and his wife's parents now lived. His father-in-law, Col. Julka, had retired from the army and was staying in Greater

Kailash. His parents were in Paharganj.

He was finally granted a petrol pump in Delhi after interminable correspondence and a personal visit as well. It came about through the intervention of Air Marshall Pandit who happened to visit Kirkee when Ajit was staying there and was moved by his plight.

Ajit received a gift from the Air Force which touched his heart.

It was an expensive 10,000 rupee electronic wheel chair which he had been trying to get for a long long time. In fact, he had even applied for an import licence for one. Now the Air Force took over all correspondence on his behalf and when the chair did come, they gifted it to him at a special ceremony in Delhi in April 1976.

It was the happiest moment he had known in the two and a half years since the accident. It was operated by a button which reached his chin. With this he would be able to control the movement and direction of the wheel-chair. Used to depending utterly on others, he derived a rare pleasure from the fact that he would be able to move the chair on his own.

"Look," he said to Shobha like a child discovering the wonders of mobility. "I can move on my own. I can actually move!"

They built three rooms behind the petrol pump where they could live comfortably and they also brought Dolly to live with them. It was the first time in three years that the whole family was together again and that day Shobha cried with sheer happiness. She didn't take a job, because from now on, her husband would be able to support her and the children with his newly acquired petrol pump. And though she did the accounts and had her father come down during the day to attend to the business, she knew the pump was Ajit's own, a harbinger of self-respect and confidence, which are so essential for a young man when he has to hold his own in a ruthless world.

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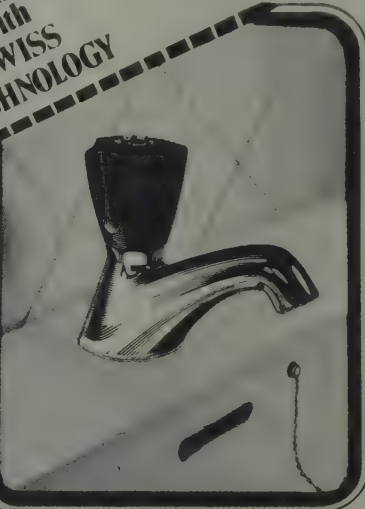
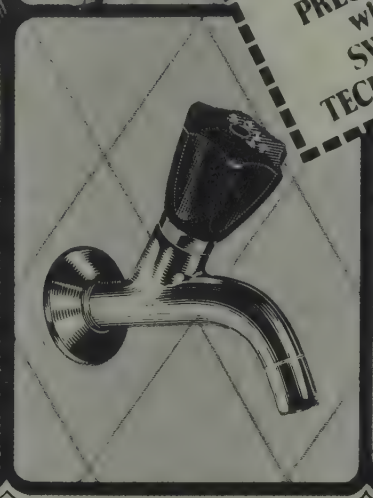
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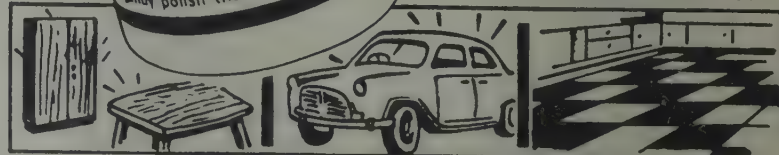
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THE IDIOT

Continued from page 17

at this reaction and tried out further experiments. From that time onwards he regarded the child as his favourite plaything. Whatever he considered interesting or tasty he would bring to the baby. Malathi was often hard put to it to remove unsuitable gift offerings without hurting his feelings.

It became a regular sight to see Budhoo racing along the railway line, sure footed as a goat, just before dusk every evening, on his way back to the hut. For the first time in his life he slept regularly at a fixed place. The attraction was neither food nor shelter, for often he would not eat, being replete, and as for sleep or shelter, he would wake up at any hour of the night to play with the baby. Malathi tolerated his whims with her usual gentleness.

The Headman's wife was having a small celebration in honour of her son's return from college. For this she had collected an assortment of laddoos, jalebis, gulab jamuns and other delectable sweetmeats, at a most economical rate to be sure. The party was Thakur Saheb's idea, in his usual impulsive manner: the financing of it was left to his wife, who was determined to keep it within strict financial limits. To compensate for the extravagance on food (which was unavoidable), she decided to practise economy on the service, which was well within her sphere.

Budhoo, as the prime example of practically free service, was enrolled to help out. He was given the comparatively safe task of filling up the large gharas with water. The sweetmeats which had of necessity to be displayed and were thus left open to his known rapacity, were a problem. The housewife drew Budhoo's attention to the sweets and warned him not to touch them. He would get his share later.

This turned out to be a mistake. Budhoo was not one for long-term plans. What he wanted he took on the instant. As soon as the lady of the house had turned her back, Budhoo pounced upon the sweets. Feverishly he crammed them into his mouth, much like a monkey stuffing its pouch. Never had he had such an opportunity before and he made full use of it. The housewife returning a few minutes later was horrified to see the devastation in her artistically arranged layout. The thief, before her very eyes, was cramming in yet more of the delicacies. She flew into one of her ungovernable tempers. She seized the wondering and unresisting Budhoo by the wrist and dragged him into the kitchen. There she locked the door, found some rope and tied his hands. Meanwhile she thrust the iron tongs into the fire. In a few moments they were red hot. She approached the shrinking Budhoo with the tongs: "This

will teach you once and for all never to steal!" and she clamped the glowing metal about his hand. He screamed like an animal with a high-pitched, gibbering note and struggled furiously. In the melee the tongs slipped off his smoking hand and pressed against his naked belly. The stench of burning flesh filled the air and the scream had turned to a series of blood-chilling grunts like an animal in its last extremity.

In his desperation Budhoo had got his bound hands around the woman's throat. With savage, unthinking fury, he squeezed, all the while keeping up the agonized grunting as the scorching metal ate into his vitals. The woman gave one shriek, then collapsed, and the tongs, their fiery heat now quenched, fell to the floor with a clatter. Outside, people were hammering on the door. Frantic shouts enquired what was happening within. In the struggle, Budhoo had burst the rope confining his wrists. He now clasped his smouldering stomach, whimpering and looking anxiously at the still form of the woman on the floor.

At this instant the door burst open and Thakur Saheb, his son and retainers, armed with sticks, axes and other weapons, rushed into the room. Thakur Saheb was the first to grasp the situation. "He has killed her!" he

cried. "Hold him!"

Budhoo's first instinct was to escape. As he burst through the throng, sticks swished down on him. He was struck on the back, on the head, on the legs, but he felt no pain. The excruciating agony of his burning entrails was the summit of sensation and left no room for any other. Regardless of the blows, he thrust forward and won his way out of the house. The men pursued him. Still whimpering, he headed blindly for the railway track and the one secure shelter he knew.

He ran swiftly, faster than he had ever run before and quickly outdistanced his pursuers. In a few moments he had forgotten why he was running. He was only aware of the pain, not of the pursuit. Perhaps in the dim recesses of his brain he thought he would find solace for his unbearable suffering in Malathi's hut, as he had so often before. He entered the hut whimpering and crouched in a corner, with both hands clasped about his stomach. Malathi placed a hand on his trembling head and crooned to him soothingly: "What have they done to you, my poor Bachoo? Show me where it hurts," and tried gently to remove his hands. He squealed in agony and shrank back from her. With the movement, the wound was exposed and she gazed with horror at the purple tip of

the protruding entrails. She had the baby in one arm and she stood, staring and moaning, not knowing what to do.

At that moment there was the sound of running feet and many voices, then the doorway was darkened. Thakur Saheb stood in the entrance, brandishing a thick lathi. Close pressed beyond him were others, also with upraised sticks. "There he is!" shouted the headman, advancing. Malathi, with the baby still clutched tight against her bosom, turned towards the intruders. "Get out of the way," snarled the headman. "That beast is a murderer. He must be destroyed," and he swung his stick. Malathi hurled herself at the headman, seizing his arm. But by this time others had pressed in and a shower of blows thudded down on the cowering Budhoo. Malathi uttered one despairing scream, then threw herself down, her body shielding the idiot's. But now the frenzy of mob fury had seized upon the assailants. They struck savagely and indiscriminately at the tangled bodies on the floor. There were cries of "Maro! Maro!" accompanied by grunts as blows were struck. There was one sharp cry from the child, an intermittent, animal-like moan from Budhoo and then only the monotonous sound of the lathis beating down on lifeless flesh.

what's new?

RIGHT: And now Sizzler Gas Tandoor-cum-Oven, which can be used on gas/stove, introduced by Domestic Appliances, New Delhi. It bakes and grills, and you can make delicious vegetarian and non-vegetarian dishes in a matter of minutes. What's more, skewers are also provided for grilling, and the inside chimney is detachable for easy cleaning. Price Rs. 175 inclusive of taxes.



LEFT: Introduced for the first time in India is the Sizzler Pressure Cooker with coloured lids—epoxy coated in black/blue/green; plain also available. Carrying a seven-year guarantee with free gasket replacement during the period, they can be had in different sizes—Rs. 180 onwards (without separators). Both items are available at L.C. Trading Co., 62, Lohar Chawl, Bombay, and all leading stores in the country.

A small organ situated in the upper part of the abdomen may cause a lot of problems which may not be very serious in nature but certainly have a lot of nuisance value. Gall bladder diseases are quite common and cause prolonged suffering. The bizarre symptoms not only puzzles the patient but can create a lot of diagnostic problems for the clinician as well. Its main symptoms mimic the symptoms of the diseases of many other organs of digestion and unless you suspect the gall bladder to be the cause of the problem, one may miss its diagnosis altogether.

The gall bladder is one of those organs where stones form and where infections are very common.

SOME ANATOMICAL FACTS

The gall bladder is a thin-walled sac which is oblong in shape and is about 2" to 4" in length. It is situated in the middle of the inferior surface of the liver and is connected with the main tube which drains bile from the liver to the small intestines. It can accommodate about 2 to 4 ounces of bile. This small organ is sheltered under the ribs in the right upper part of the abdomen and hence it is not possible to palpate it with the fingers in a normal person. The main function of the gall bladder is to store bile, a secretion of the liver.

Bile is a greenish yellow viscous liquid which is constantly produced by the liver and it is very useful in the digestion of the food we eat, specially the fats. The gall bladder stores this bile and releases it into the small intestine as and when it is required for the process of digestion. The release mechanism is very delicate and sophisticated. The gall bladder is not merely a storehouse of bile. It concentrates the bile it stores and it regulates its release into the small bowel.

WHAT IS BILE?

Before we go any further, let me tell you something more about this greenish yellow liquid bile. Liver cells produce it continuously and its main constituents are bile salts and bile pigments. Bile salts are manufactured in the liver and bile pigments are made from the broken down red cells of the blood. These pigments impart the brown colour to our faeces and yellowish colour to our urine. Bile is essential for the proper digestion of fats. In diseases where bile cannot reach the intestines, the fats are improperly digested and pass out in the stools without being utilised by the body. The stools become clay coloured and the pigments start accumulating in the blood. This colouring material is then distributed to all the tissues of the body and results in jaundice.

MAIN DISEASES

The commonest disease that affects the gall bladder is stone formation. Not only one or two



Dr. Padam Singhvi,
M.S., F.R.C.S. (Eng.),

GALL STONES

It is a well known phenomenon that solutes tend to precipitate to the bottom in a stagnant solution. Even if we leave the water still for some time it gets polluted. Bile not only stays in the gall bladder but it is concentrated there and this solution is rich in many varieties of ingredients. Therefore, the slightest imbalance in the delicate working of this organ may result in stone formation. Certain factors keep the various ingredients in solution in the bile and when the disturbances occur, these bile salts and bile pigments precipitate and form gall stones.

the process of stone formation. In some patients pure stones of any one single ingredient form, while in the others mixed stones are commonly formed. During an attack of infection some stones are formed which are of the same size and shape while during another attack another series of stones are formed. Like this several families of stones are formed in the gall bladder during the course of several years. Actually, each gall stone is the tomb formed in the memory of the dead germ of infection which remains buried in the stone. Dead bacteria form an excellent nidus on

Diseases of Gall Bladder

A diseased gall bladder is better removed than allowed to create chronic ill health by blocking the supply of bile to the intestines

Gall stones are formed mainly of the materials that are found in the bile. The largest single contributor is cholesterol, then the bile pigments also share in the formation of the gall stones. Calcium is another mineral that gets involved in the stone formation and at times all the materials jointly participate in this process.

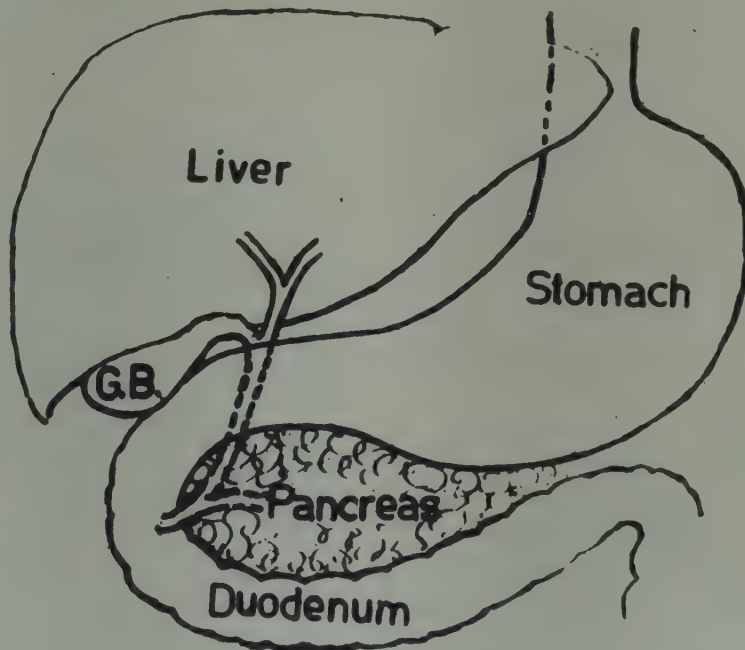
Infection readily produces the necessary imbalance and hastens

which these stones are precipitated.

COMMON SUFFERERS

Gall stones are common in ladies. This does not mean that the males are immune to this disease, but ladies far outnumber men as far as the occurrence of gall stones are concerned. Women over the age of forty and those who have borne many children are more susceptible to this disease. Fatness and fair colour of the skin are said to be factors favouring this ailment. Gall stones are very common in the western world, perhaps because of their dietic habits. They eat rich food that contains more fat and that is why it is common there. So much is the prevalence of this disease in the United States that removal of the gall bladder has become a very common operative procedure, perhaps next only to the removal of appendix. On an average every operation list usually contains one gall bladder operation.

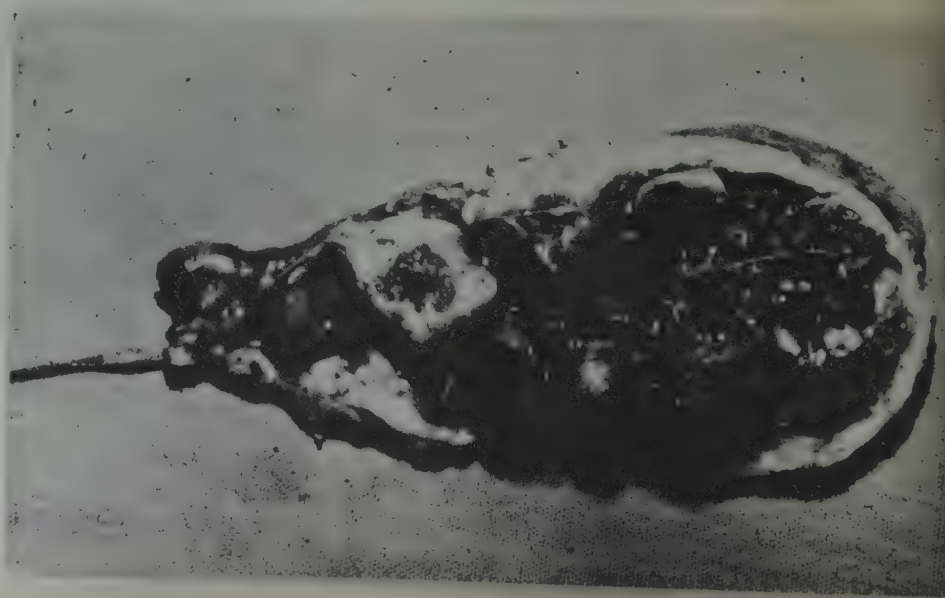
In our country gall stone formation is common in Punjab, Gujarat and Bengal. It has been found that between the age of 55 and 65 years 10 per cent of men and 20 per cent of women suffer from this disease. The best way to remember as to who is more likely to suffer, just remember the 6-F formula: FAT, FORTY,



Relation of gall bladder with other organs.

stones form here but the number may run into hundreds. The next common problem is the occurrence of infections in the gall bladder. This is known as Cholecystitis. If this infection comes suddenly and with force then it is called Acute Cholecystitis and if it troubles the patient for years then it becomes Chronic Cholecystitis. Besides, the common problem of indigestion caused by the gall bladder disease is known as Gall Bladder Dyspepsia and it is quite prevalent. Some times diseases like Tuberculosis and Cancer can also affect the gall bladder. Gall bladder diseases are mostly the problems of middle age and these ailments usually occur after the age of 30 years.

Gall bladder full of stones.



As far as the size is concerned, it can be in the form of sand particles or there may be well formed stones of various shapes and sizes. At times these stones may be in hundreds and at times there may be a solitary stone occupying the gall bladder. The sizes of the stones formed at one time will be the same while the next generation of these stones may differ from the previous ones.

SYMPTOMS

At times a single stone may live silently in the gall bladder of the person and may not produce any symptoms. It may not even be detected during the entire life of that person. But invariably these stones produce symptoms which may at times be very suggestive and at times these may be very vague. It is when a small stone moves to the opening of the gall bladder or goes into the bile duct that it may cause obstruction to the flow of the bile and then it will produce symptoms. As I mentioned earlier, a total obstruction will produce pain and jaundice. As the stone moves away and the flow of the bile is restored, the jaundice will disappear. If the stone again causes obstruction then the jaundice will

...ial radiograms called Cholecystograms have to be done to know about the presence of these stones and also to assess the functioning of the gall bladder. For these X-rays the patient is asked to take 6 to 10 tablets of a dye at night and then in the morning X-rays are taken. This medium on reaching the gall bladder casts shadows and then we can know the presence of the stones in contrast to the negative shadows.

At times these several families of the stones in the gall bladder produce beautiful contrast pictures. To assess the functioning of the gall bladder a fatty meal consisting of butter and bread is given to the patient and some time later more pictures are taken. The presence of fatty food in the intestines will trigger the emptying mechanism and the gall bladder will contract to release the bile and this can be well documented on the X-ray films.

WHAT TO DO

Once it is confirmed that the gall stones are there, then the question arises about treatment. You may argue that the stones are causing minimal symptoms, so why undergo a major operation? It is all right to argue, but it is like a time bomb in the abdo-

men. One cannot say when these gall stones will give trouble.

Another question often asked is, "Can't you give some medicine that will melt these stones and thus surgery is avoided?" The answer is simple: so far there is no effective medicine that will melt the stones and leave the gall bladder intact.

At times it so happens that a small stone is seen on X-ray and then due to natural body processes it is passed down into the small intestine. In such cases it is very easy to claim a miraculous cure by removing stones without operation and fool people, but actually the credit should go to the body processes and the small size of the stone rather than to the unscrupulous claimant.

TREATMENT

Once a diseased gall bladder, always a diseased gall bladder. Even if we remove the stones and leave the gall bladder in the body, it is more than likely that the stones will reform. Therefore, at present the best advice regarding the treatment of the gall stones is to get the gall bladder with the stones removed surgically.

While removing the gall bladder the surgeon should remove all the stones specially from the bile duct. Any left over stone will pose several problems in the future. Nowadays on the operation table we can take X-rays to detect any hidden stone in some corner or the other. We have to take care that the stone is not broken while removing the gall bladder or stone, else a small piece may go into the bile duct.

After the age of 60 to 65 years, if a stone is detected in the gall bladder accidentally, then we may leave it alone. But anything that gives trouble should be removed.

INFECTIONS

When gall stones block the outlet of bile, then because of the pooling of the bile, infection sets in. This is called Cholecystitis. If there is infection first then also there are more chances of stones formation in the gall bladder. Both, the gall stones and infection, are complementary to each other. If the infection sets in quickly and is severe then it is an acute condition, while when it grows slowly over a period of months or years then it is chronic cholecystitis.

ACHES AND PAINS

In acute cholecystitis there is severe colicky pain in the right upper part of the abdomen. This is usually accompanied by vomiting and fever. This lasts for a few days and needs prompt treatment. With pain relieving drugs and antibiotics the acute condition will subside but it usually leaves a damaged gall bladder. When such attacks are repeated then the gall bladder is battered each time and it now becomes thick walled and contracted. This is now chronic cho-

lecystitis. The gall bladder slowly then stops working and in this diseased gall bladder the chances of stone formation increase several times. It has been observed that with each attack of infection a family of stones is formed and this explains the large number of stones with different shapes and sizes.

Heaviness after eating, gas trouble, nausea and at times vomiting, hyperacidity, dull pain in the right upper part of the abdomen, etc. are the main symptoms of this chronic problem. Some patients experience a lot of eructations and their symptoms are aggravated on consuming fatty and fried foods. At times peptic ulcer, pancreatitis, etc. also give the same type of symptoms; therefore, it is very essential to thoroughly check the patient for these symptoms and only after establishing a firm diagnosis should any kind of operation be suggested.

CURES

Here again the best form of treatment for these infections is the surgical removal of the gall bladder. This not only removes a useless and diseased organ but prevents further complications. One doubt commonly lingers in the mind of people that such an important organ's removal will leave after effects. Believe it or not, there is no harmful effect to the body by removing this otherwise non-functioning gall bladder. Now the bile is going into the intestines instead of the gall bladder and the bile ducts take over the function of the gall bladder to a considerable extent.

Besides these common problems, sometimes cancer also develops in this small organ and grows slowly. As this cancer is enclosed in the walls of this sac it takes a considerable time before it spreads to other organs. Years of irritation by gall stones may enhance the chances of cancer development in the gall bladder. That is why the removal of the gall bladder at the first indication is so important.

As far as prevention is concerned, there is no particular way or life style or food habits that proves effective. However, it has been observed that obesity goes along with stone formation and therefore, every effort should be made to reduce the excess weight. It is also advisable to cut down on the consumption of fats, specially fried foods. Persistent indigestion and flatulence should be thoroughly investigated and if no particular cause is found then one must consider gall bladder disease.

This tiny storehouse of bile plays an important part in the digestive process and its working is very delicately balanced. This organ, according to the basic law of nature, is a common site of stone formation and infection. Any ailment of this organ renders it useless for the human body and it should be removed to get rid of chronic sufferings.



families of gall stones.

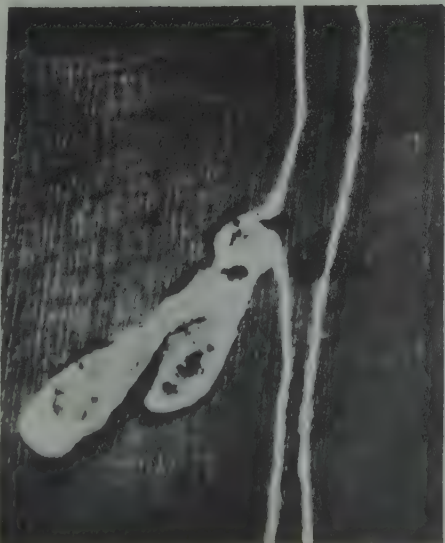
...appear. This fleeting jaundice is characteristic of a bile duct stone.

Usually, infection is a constant accompaniment, then fever with chills and rigor and pain are prominent symptoms. In a few cases due to prolonged irritation of years, cancer may develop in the gall bladder. The symptoms of other problems of gall bladder are the same as of the stones.

HOW TO DETECT GALL STONES

During the interrogation of the patient we do suspect stones in the gall bladder. Then for confirmation we first take a plain X-ray of the abdomen. But unfortunately only 10 per cent of the gall stones cast shadows in an ordinary X-ray. Therefore, spe-

Gall bladder and bile duct with a stone slipping into the duct.



people and events



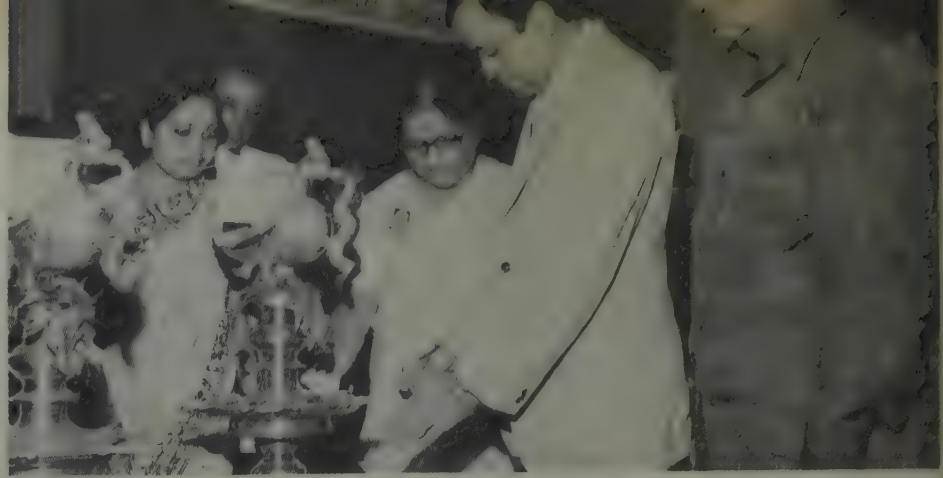
At the Founder's Day celebrations of MD College, Bombay, Mrs. Shalini Patil, wife of Maharashtra's CM, presents an oil portrait of the founder Mangaldas Verma to the president of the MDE society, Mrs. Sarla Verma. Others in the pic., are Mr. S. D. Kumar, member, MDE Society, and Mr. J. G. Malhotra, hon. sec., MDE society.



RIGHT: Seen at a party hosted by Shahnaz Husain on her return to Delhi from New York, are (from left), Nelofar Husain, the hostess, Raj Marwah (ex-Miss India) and Nasreen Rehman.

LEFT: At a fancy dress competition organised by the SNTD College, Pune, are the judges (standing 1st and 2nd from left) Mrs. Mangala Mulgund and Mrs. Leena Chowdhary, with the prizewinners.

At the inauguration of the Madras South Round Table's Medicaid Centre, by Tamil Nadu's Minister for Social Welfare P. T. Saraswathi, (centre) are seen (from left) vice-chairman R. S. Chary, extension governor R. V. Rajan, project convenor Dr. B. Subramanyam and chairman T. V. Mohan.



Bombay Mayor Murli Deora inaugurates a new centre opened by the A. K. Munshi Yojana (AKMY) Stree Mandal, in Bombay. Seen with him are Mr. R. C. Ankleswaria, Mrs. Sarala Sheth, chairman, AKMY, Dr. Manubhai Japee and Mrs. Usha Mehta, hon. sec. AKMY.

BELOW: Roshan Vajifdar Ghosh (5th from left,) gave an unusual programme of Gita Govinda in Bombay. She is seen here with the leading dancers of the city.



Trend Exporting Co. of Calcutta held an exhibition of shoes. Seen (from left) are the proprietor, Anil Sahgal, and the organisers, Miss Pinki Sahgal, Mrs. Urmil Sahgal, Mrs. Shashi Kapur, Mr. L. R. Sahgal and Mr. Hirdesh Ghai.



bombay

Three interesting exhibitions were held here last month. Kavita Mahni held her first exhibition of paintings and drawings at the Max Mueller Gallery. In her own words, her works "are stories of experiences of the human mind... as the painting proceeds, I make discoveries about the truth of the unconscious."

"Deven" D. B. Seth held his exhibition of paintings entitled "Spirit of Nature," at the Jehangir Art Gallery. The Delhi-based 33-year-old painter says of his paintings, "It is my affinity with nature that has been transformed in vivid tones on the canvas."

Mrs. Bithi Dabgupta's exhibition of paintings at the Taj Art Gallery was inaugurated by Mrs. C. R. Gandhi, wife of Vice-Admiral R.K.S. Gandhi, F.O.C.-in-C, Western Naval Command. Mrs. Debgupta's dominant theme was boats. Her oils had a fantasy-like atmosphere, which reminded the viewer of childhood adventure islands. This haunting atmosphere came across most strongly in Yellow Dream Boat, Tranquil Hour, Brown Sails and Floating Light.

Poshaq of Jaipur have put together from the remotest parts of Rajasthan an unusual collection of quilts and saris for sale at the Cymroza Art Gallery, Warden Road on October 12 and 13, 1977. Unique prints have been adapted for feather-weight quilts made for Bombay's climate. Cute children's quilts with matching sheets and pillowcases are also on sale as well as attractive colourful Lehri and Chinari saris. Jaya Bhaduri will inaugurate the exhibition.

Gurdeep Singh will hold his one-man show of paintings from October 18 at the Taj Art Gallery.

The exhibition will include his Dancer series. These paintings were influenced by the theatre and film people and the dancers he had met in the United States and elsewhere.

The National Association for the Blind is celebrating its Silver Jubilee this year. All-India Flag Day was observed on September 14, 1977 by the Finance Raising Committee.

The Flag Day was inaugurated by the Governor of Maharashtra, Mr. Sadiq Ali, at Raj Bhavan in the morning. Later in the day the Mayor of Bombay, Mr. Murli Deora and Sheriff Mrs. Anjana Bai Magar, were visited by members of N.A.B. and received handsome donations.

Six thousand volunteers, mostly students, went round collecting funds in sealed boxes. Public response was generous and very enthusiastic.

Alliance Francaise de Bombay and Time and Talents Club Concerts Committee will present a pianoforte recital by brilliant young French artiste Genevieve Chauveau, on October 17, 1977 at the Homi Bhabha Auditorium at 6.45 p.m., in aid of medical, educational and social relief. Genevieve Chauveau has been hailed as "the great hope, in the steps of Benedetti-Michelangeli."

A. K. Munshi Yojana, Street Mandal, has recently started a Mentally Retarded Children's Bureau and Civic Forum at the Yojana's premises. Mr. Murli Deora, the Mayor of Bombay, inaugurated the Centres.

A. K. Munshi Yojana has amongst other activities medical centres, family welfare centre, a marriage bureau and a child welfare centre.

This section will mainly advise parents on their attitude towards mentally retarded children.

The Swastik Janata Sahakari Bank Ltd. is bringing out a monthly bulletin "Swastik Janata Samachar" from October 2, 1977. Its aim is to communicate to members, account-holders and the public, the schemes of the bank.

Swastik Janata Samachar invites articles on banking, finance, industry and commerce. Views of the public as to what role co-operative banks should play and what they expect of them will also be given coverage.

calcutta

Trend Shoe-Show '77 was held at the Hotel Hindustan International. The first of its kind in the city, it displayed the latest trends in shoes. Elegant dress sandals in laminated bottoms and wedge sandals were displayed for women. For men there were sandals and clogs in two-toned aniline leather. Also shown was casual wear for children.

madras

The role of women in today's world was the theme of a talk given by the well-known champion of women's rights, Mrs. Shirin Fozdar. Mrs. Fozdar was on a visit to Madras from Singapore and she spoke at a well-attended gathering of Bahai women and other invitees. Mrs. Tara Cherian, chairman, Tamil Nadu Social Welfare Board, was the chief guest. The meeting was held at the Hotel Chola.

The Madras Printers' and Lithographers' Association celebrated its Silver Jubilee. At a press conference held at the Golden Bowl Restaurant of Hotel Savera, Mr. R. A. Kukilayya, presi-

dent of the Association, and Mr. V. Subramaniam, secretary, outlined its activities and future plans and also discussed some of the problems confronting printers today. They hope to build a library very soon, to have an effective information and consultancy service, as well as part-time and refresher courses in printing technology.

pune

The S.N.D.T. College, Pune, organised a Fancy Dress Competition at which Leena Chowdhary and Mangala Mulgund were the judges. Mrs. Leena Chowdhary, who also presided, handed over the prizes. The first prize went to Mrs. Aruna Datar, the 2nd to Miss Patni and the 3rd was shared between Miss D'Mello and Miss Megha Kirtane.

bangalore

Several women's organisations in the city participated in a consultative workshop on food and nutrition, organised by "Leela" and the Department of Women and Child Welfare, Government of Karnataka.

Miss M. C. Madhura of "Leela" welcomed the delegates. Mrs. Veena Sriram Rao, Director of Women and Child Welfare, in her address, stressed the importance of teaching the facts of nutrition to the poor. Mrs. Godavari Kamalanadhan, vice-principal, Home Science College of Coimbatore, presented the keynote address. Dr. Marion Mascarenhas presided. Mrs. Kaveri Nadamangalam proposed the vote of thanks.

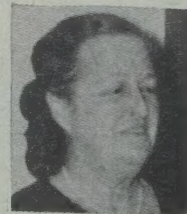
The workshop was arranged with guidance from Miss Padmasini Asuri, president, Home Science Association of India.

calicut

A house costing Rs. 7000 was donated by the Jayceettes Club of Calicut to be handed over to a poor family selected by the Calicut Corporation. The land for the building was given free by the Calicut Corporation authorities. Mr. A. Ravindranath Menon, assistant engineer of Calicut Corporation, congratulated the Jayceettes. At the function presided over by Mrs. Ramani Menon, Mr. K. T. Nair, District Collector, inaugurated the building at Vellayil, a crowded locality. Mr. K. Devarajan, president, Calicut Jaycees, also spoke.

Mrs. Sherina Gangadharan, secretary, Calicut Jayceettes explained the various social service activities of the Club.

world of eve



DEVIKA TRIVEDI

Daughter of an Australian mother and an Irish ship's captain, Devika spent her childhood aboard her father's ship. Having travelled all over the world, Devika, married an IFS official and, now lives in Delhi.

Quiet and shy as a girl, she was literary dragged by an American friend in Tokyo in 1950 to take lessons in Ikebana. Seven years later, Devika became a member of Ikebana International, Tokyo. Her book on Ikebana has just been published. Winner of many awards, she is the only Indian woman recipient of the Komon Diploma, the highest award of the Sogetsu School, to which she is also an adviser.

Devika has set up study groups and Ikebana Chapters all over the world. Deeply affected by the spiritual side of Ikebana, Devika follows its rules and etiquette rigidly. "Writing this book was an act of defiance on my part," says she. "I wanted to illustrate it with Jataka tales."

After partition, Devika worked for three years with women and children. She works for the Red Cross too.



KUMUD BOLE

A defective heart has not prevented Kumud Bole from acting on stage with such intensity that her role in the Hindi version of "All My Sons" gave her a nervous breakdown!

Kumud has been acting for the past ten years, in 40 plays, and wants to make the stage her career. Her mother tongue is Hindi, but she has acted more in Gujarati plays. She wants to see the Hindi stage grow to the level of the Marathi and Gujarati stage.

Connected with films through her family, Kumud has acted in a few Hindi films, but prefers the stage as "it's more alive." And she would rather act in commercial plays because, "As it is, Hindi plays are not very popular. Experimental plays in Hindi would be even less popular." One of the few Gujarati actresses who are good at comedy, Kumud still prefers serious roles as "they give more scope for acting." Kumud's stage ideals are Pravin Joshi, Sarita Khatau, S. P. Menghani and A. K. Agnihotri.

madam im adam

When the office put me in charge of the annual Employee Talent Contest, I didn't leap joyfully at the offer. Believe me, it's no cinch! In the first place, the guys and gals in the office have pretty drastic notions about what constitutes entertainment; in the second place, when you take the loot-list around to collect a little dough to buy prizes, everybody looks the other way; and in the third place, so many unfortunate things happened at last year's show, I still break into a cold sweat every time I think of it.

So I decided to send around a kinda warning notice to cover myself in case some crazy jane felt tempted to do a fan dance after the second round of smuggled hock. Or worse! My notice said...

"Fellow Workers: It's Talent Contest Time again and the Company cordially invites you to participate. All names should be given to Miss D'Costa of the Typing Pool next Friday before noon, and trials will take place a week thereafter. In order to ensure that the show is a success, certain rules will have to be observed. I am glad to inform you that your committee has adopted these rules, and I urge you to read them very carefully...

One: No employee will be allowed to participate if his act includes the baring of the torso to signify anguish at highly drama-

tic moments; needless to add, this goes double for the ladies.

Two: Contestants will be allowed to read out or sing their own original Limericks, only if they pass Mr. Bunker's censorship. For those recently appointed, Mr. Bunker is our chief accounts clerk who has been with the Company eighteen years, and would hate to lose his job.

Three: To raise cultural standards, one item of Indian Classical Dancing will be permitted. However, no more than ten minutes will be allowed, including the time taken by the musicians to extricate their feet from their instruments.

Four: Applause should be held in check till the completion of each act. Hooting, booing and whistling will be allowed only if the boss signals you to go ahead. Smart-aleck jokes from men in the back rows will be frowned upon. And ladies in the audience are earnestly requested to refrain from addressing catty remarks to ladies on the stage.

Five: Those who intend to do "harmony" singing should ensure that they fully understand the meaning of the term. There are nineteen dictionaries in the office, all of them far too sparingly used.

Six: Skits and blackouts will be screened in advance by the admirable Mr. Bunker. (Last

year, some wise guy got away with murder. A sheet 18 feet by 12 feet was suspended in the air with the words "WHAT AM I?" written on it. Then it was turned around, and there in letters large as life were the words, "I'M THE BIGGEST SHEET IN THE HOUSE." Blackout.)

Seven: This year, engaged couples are requested to sit in the front rows where they are not so easily lost to view. It is disconcerting, to say the least, to hear delighted squeals issuing from the rear of the hall, when tragedy is being unfolded on the stage.

Eight: Refreshments can be obtained at nominal rates from the company canteen. The canteen manager has requested me to mention that he considers it unfair to see employees coming in armed with tiffin-carriers, lunch boxes and milk-flasks.

Nine: Instruments allowed this year are guitars, accordions, flutes, harmonicas, ukuleles and mandolins. Drums, trumpets and saxophones are banned. In case you question this rule, may I remind you that last year some nervy neighbours sent the cops over during our Mr. Cowasji's item DRUMMING UP BUSINESS.

Your committee trusts that these very necessary stipulations will be willingly observed and with all of you a rousing good time."

G'bye now!

Adam

next
week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF OCTOBER 22

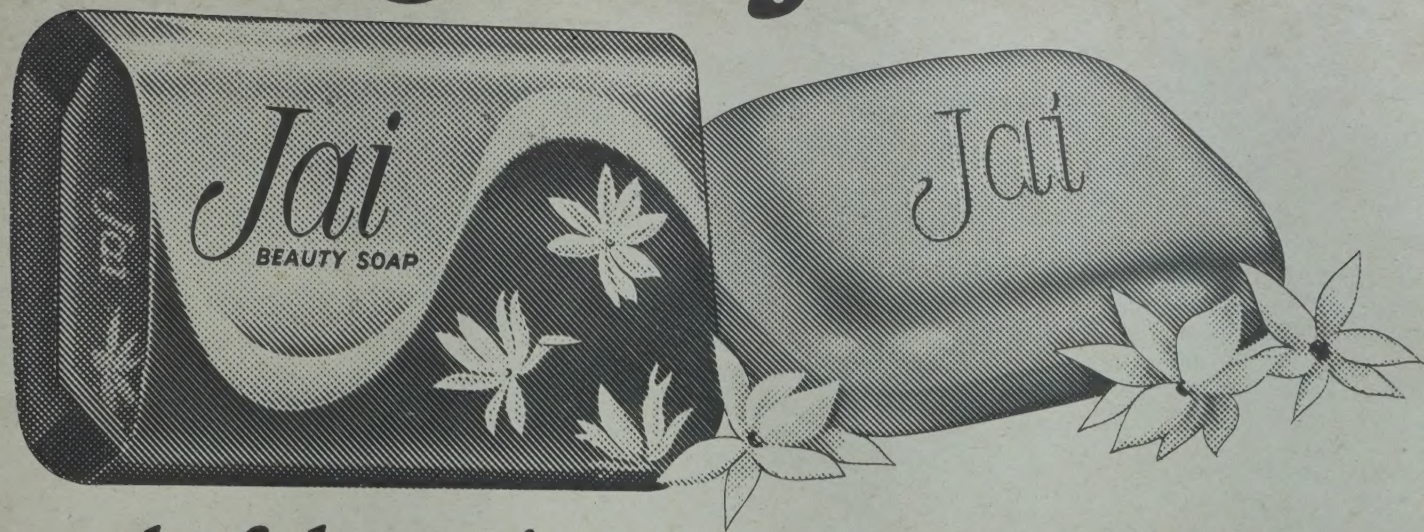
DASSERA —
to the Gujaratis it is Navratri, a time of music and dance.

EXAMINING ATTITUDES:

- Is your daughter's career as important as your son's?
- What do today's teenagers and young adults think about women working?
- Career-options — a look at fields that are opening up.

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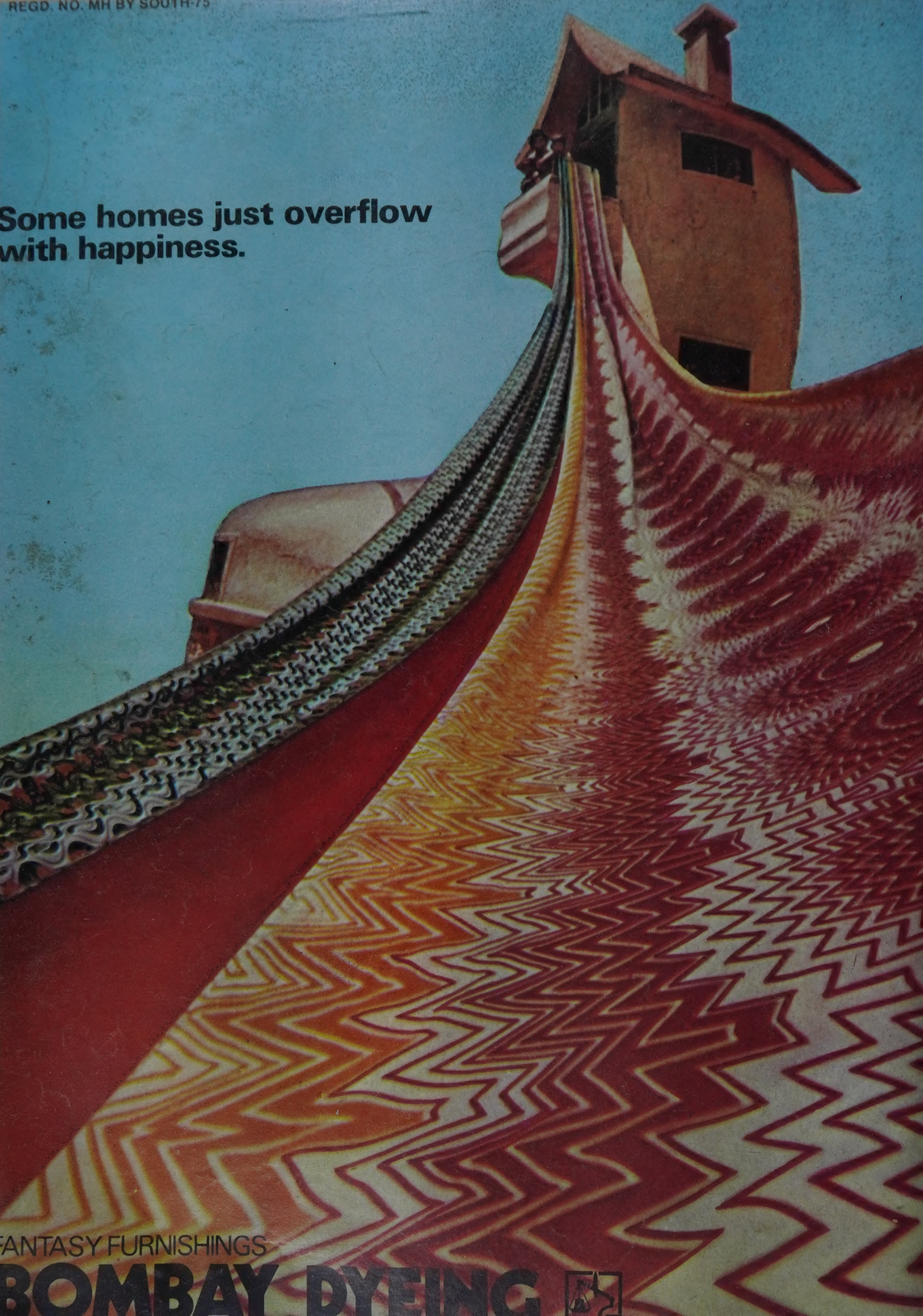
is new! Jai beauty soap: with softer, creamier lather. Brings a new bloom to your complexion...and a jasmine fragrance that lingers and lingers. New Jai. Now in a beautiful new shape...and a shimmering new foil wrapper.

New Jai beauty soap: with the lingering fragrance of jasmine

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