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MIRACLE CURE

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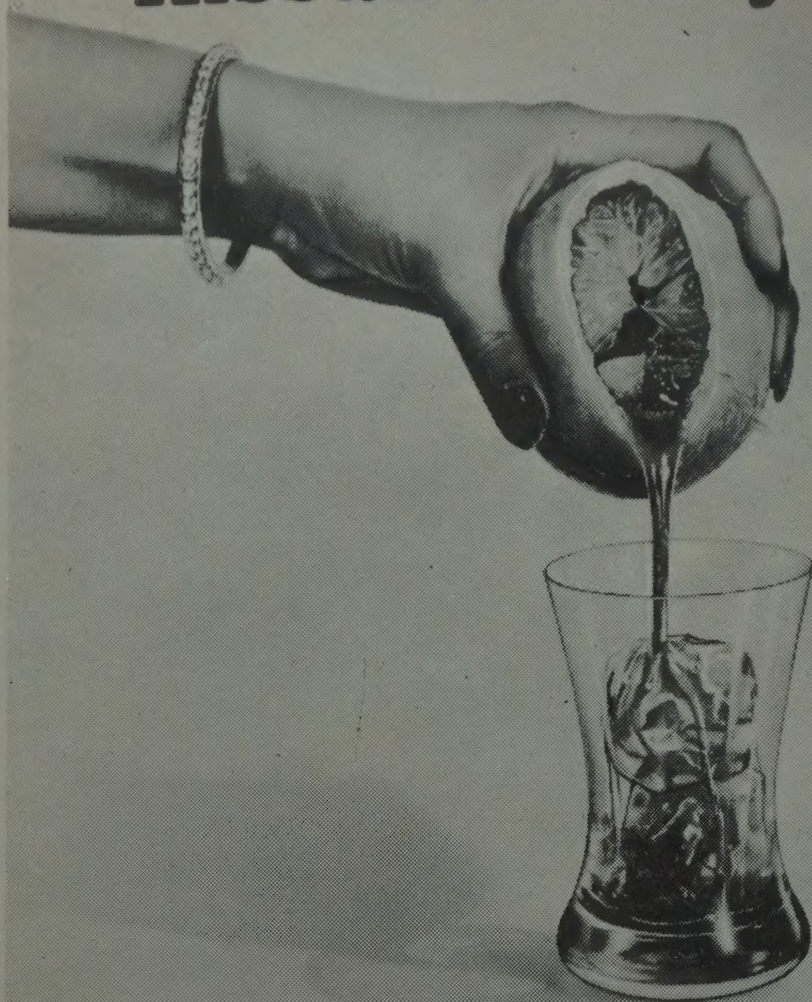
DRSERY

RYMES :

Child's Play



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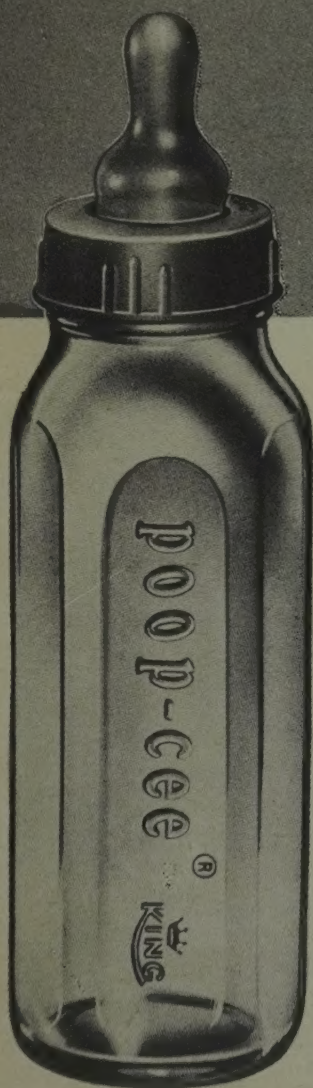
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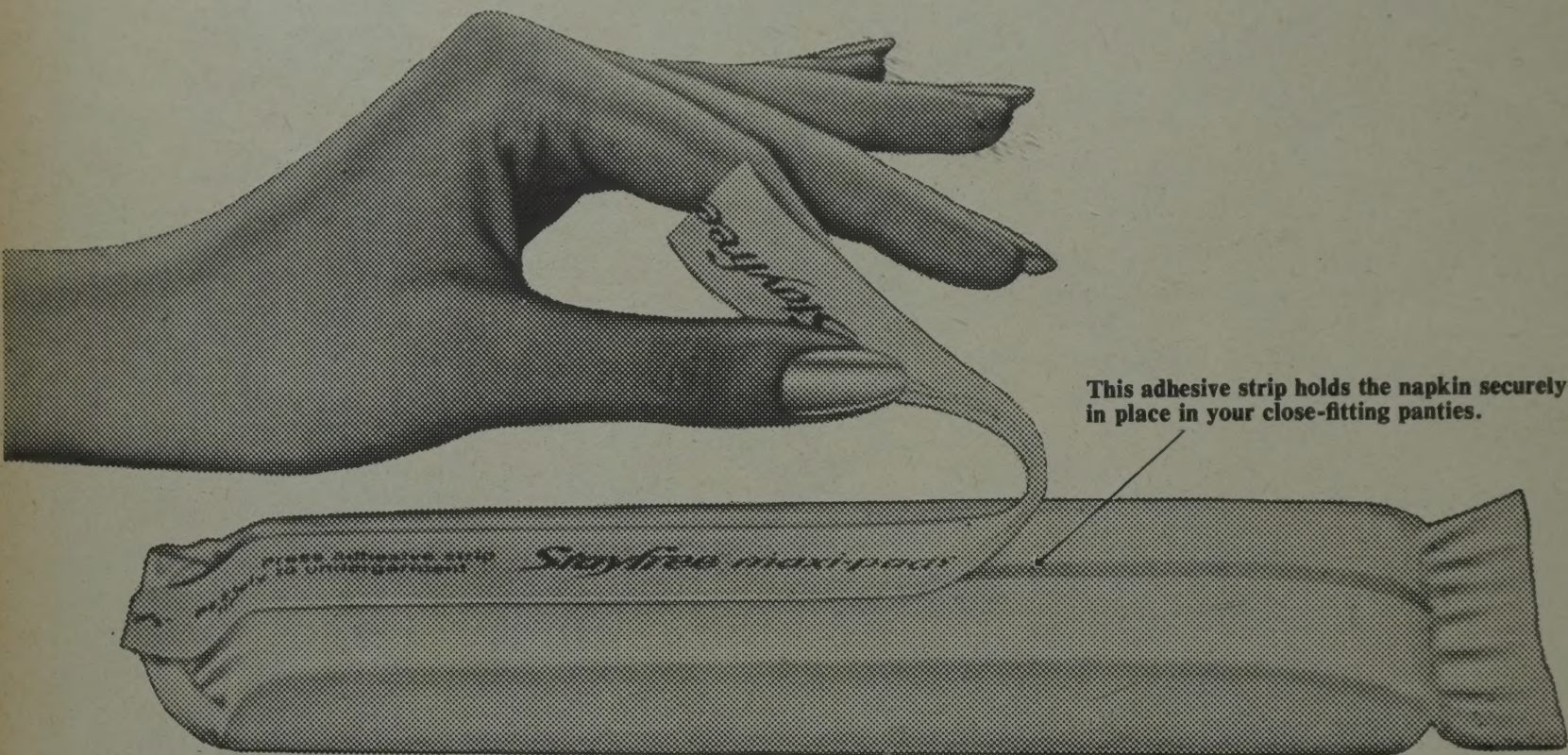
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**CHAULA VINOD MEHTA
ISHANI KALIDAS
KHANDEDIA**

Manipuri dancers Chaula (as Krishna) and Ishani (Radha).

Chaula: Born May 28, 1962. Educated at Queen Mary School, Bombay. Presently studying commerce at H. R. College. Has been learning Manipuri dancing under the guidance of the Jhaveri sisters.

Ishani: Born June 19, 1960. Educated at Fellowship School, Bombay. Now studying in the S.Y.B.Com. at H. R. College. Has trained for ten years under Ibeyaima Devi.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

VOL. XXXIII NO. 23 BOMBAY

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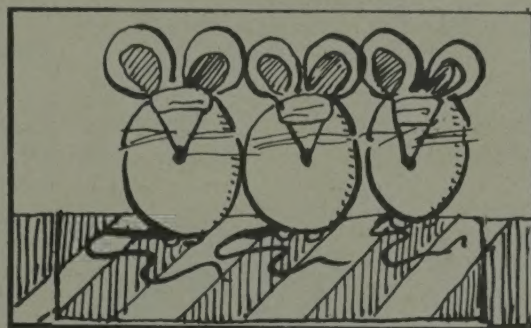
**THIS
WEEK**

JUNE 9 — 15, 1979

MIND YOUR LANGUAGE!

As far back as 1965, the Education Commission clearly laid down that our textbooks should be free from sexist bias. Unfortunately, a recent study of Indian textbooks indicates that this resolution has largely been ignored.

Page 10.



**NURSERY RHYMES:
No Child's Play**

Many of the old favourites, so cutely lisped by kids all over the world, have their roots in political events. A fascinating study.

Page 14.

**MIRACLE CURE OR
FAITH HEALING?**

A Bombay homeopath claims he can cure a wide variety of ills without the use of conventional medicine. An investigation.

Page 40.



**THE IMPORTANCE OF
CIVIC SENSE**

How justified is the verdict, "We are a dirty nation"?

Page 19.

A LONELY PRINCESS

A fun-loving middle-class girl marries in to a Rajput royal family and her entire lifestyle is transformed.

Page 48.

ALSO

Human Interest Story: Overcoming blindness — **Page 12** Cover Feature: The Manipuri dance form — **Page 17** Elegance in the Home: The French Connection — **Page 23** Step by Step Cookery: A cool salad with a fancy name, "Casino Royale" — **Page 27** Woman in Focus: Sita Rawley, queen of the green — **Page 33** From Mother With Love: Prince Charming is a myth — **Page 39** Mechanics: All about the multi-mixer — **Page 44** Film Interview: Amjad Khan — **Page 47** Eve Today: Shanta Rao — **Page 53.**

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1st PRIZE

A CLOTH FOR ALL PURPOSES

I have always thought of the saree as a beautiful form of dress. Much has been said in praise of the saree by many — both Indians and foreigners. Yet, it is only on leaving India that we realise its many advantages. No matter if you are chubby or short or both — the saree clothes your frame better than any other dress can. Generous bosom, flat top, legs you wouldn't like to show off? — the saree is the answer for it. It is the most effective shelter for obesity. During pregnancy, there is no need to shop for maternity clothes if you can wear the saree — for with it, you can still be elegant.

Additional advantages: the pallu serves as towel, scarf and rain- or sun-cover according to need.

No problems, too, maintaining them — washing, starching and ironing — for here in Bangkok, laundering is one of the fortes of the maids. Nevertheless, there is nothing to match the other great miracle of our country — the Indian Dhobi!

PADMA RAMACHANDRAN
Bangkok

To repeat a cliché, it hides a multitude of sins! It has often been observed that the Indian woman takes shelter under cover of the saree because she is too lazy to look after her figure. Of course, this is not so with the younger generation. Today's young lady maintains her trim proportions and does not have to cling to the saree (or vice versa?). However, we do agree that the saree is a beautiful garment.

2nd PRIZE

ACID TEST

So much has been written, and talked, about the evils of child labour — but to what

avail? Laws are framed, age limits are fixed to prevent child labour but no punishment is imposed on the law-breakers. To cite one instance (and to show how inhuman, debased and pitiful it is to employ innocent children), a child of eight years was brought to the hospital with burns around the mouth and inability to swallow any solid or liquid food. On questioning, we came to know that the child was employed in a factory and he had consumed a bowl of acid very innocently, mistaking it for water to quench his thirst. Now the child is undergoing treatment for complete obliteration of the food passage due to burns. This is just one case of negligence and cruelty towards children, in a million more.

Can we solve this problem, and how? Who is to blame — the employer or the employee, an innocent child subjected to a world of hardships by its parents or guardians; or is it the law which is not compelling enough to abolish this heinous practice of using child labour.

VASANTHA REDDY, Bangalore

This kind of thing has been known to happen even to adult workers. The point, really, is the basic one: Can we let little children continue to join the labour force when they should be learning and savouring life?

3rd PRIZE

AWARD FOR WINNER

The film industry has welcomed the recent gesture of two famous film magazines to bear, "in keeping with the spirit of the International Year of the Child", the entire expenses of the education till graduation, of a well-known child artiste. While the spirit behind this deed is to be lauded, what doesn't seem to have struck anybody is the absurdity of giving to those who already have. The child

in question is famous, earns a good amount and is well able to finance his academic career. Surely, spending on this kid is like carrying coals to Newcastle? Aren't there many unfortunate children who belong to the tribe of ill-paid workers in the film industry? Isn't the IYC meant more for them than for those who are already privileged? Wouldn't it be more fitting to select one of the deserving among these, whose talent might waste away for lack of financial resources? Or, better still, instead of helping only one, why don't the film magazines, film stars and movie moghuls get together and set up a scheme that will benefit many, if not all, of the underprivileged children of those working in this line; benefit them not only this year but in the coming years, too? That would be a truer celebration of IYC.

MRS. PUSHPALATHA KAMATH
Bombay

This gesture was by way of an additional reward to the child artiste who was nominated the Best of the Year and received the Award from the magazine. While you have raised a pertinent question and have made a laudable suggestion, the fact remains that this was a lovely gesture by way of rewarding the youngster who has brought so many hours of joy to the people.

WORK TO DO

In this, the Year of the Child, how easy it would be to confine observances to seminars, baby shows and other cosmetic gestures; how much easier to point a critical finger at the organisers of the IYC, and easiest of all, to forget all about IYC once 1979 draws to a close. What can we, women, do to make IYC truly meaningful? Most of us belong to some social work organisation or the other. We could include child welfare projects in our community service programmes for 1979. Others can go out of their way to arrange for the adoption of an orphan, report a

case of a battered child, help a deserving child to get a scholarship, teach an illiterate child to read and write and, in a hundred other little ways, help to give a place in the sun to India's millions of deprived children, thus translating the theme of the IYC into meaningful action.

INDU K. MALLAH,
Tamil Nadu

What you have suggested — and much, much more — will have to be done for our children. Better do, than talk. The Year of the Child must extend to many, many years of fruitful work.

GROSS NEGLECT

My admiration and respect for the Christian religion stem from the fact that its missionaries have, through the ages, tried sincerely to put the precepts of love and charity into practice. None can deny that in the field of social uplift and education, theirs has been a labour of love. It was a rude shock, therefore, to learn from a newspaper report that the children of a certain orphanage in this city had to resort to a march to air their grievances of hunger, neglect and ill-treatment. While it is hoped that matters will be looked into and redressed, one wonders how many of the so-called orphanages in this country are guilty of gross malpractices. The sensitive know that children are mostly seen and seldom heard and this is more so in the case of the poor in our country. I do not know if a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children exists in India and how far it is active. The International Year of the Child would be an appropriate time to initiate or pursue more vigorously such a project.

LEELA RAMASWAMY,
Bangalore

It makes us shudder to think that innocent, little children are ill-treated and kept hungry in the orphanages, which are established for the very welfare of our deprived kids. Yes, it is imperative that in the year of the Child, and also for ever after, we recognise our priorities.

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Bombay's energy break

READERS' VOICE

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

DISCIPLINE BEGINS WITH THE ADULT

This article on Discipline by Preetam Prabhakar (April 21) was excellent. It brought out a clear and consistent picture about the way children should be moulded.

It is very true that discipline must have its origin in the home and that it need not be taught in the conventional ways. In many ways freedom helps children to develop a sense of responsibility and mature thinking. It is also important that parents should be consistent in their handling of children. Similarly, teachers also must understand the psychology of their pupils. The general guidelines given in this article for parents and teachers are indeed useful.

ANANDI BALKRISHNAN,
Sriharikota

LEAVE ENGLISH ALONE

Hats off to V. J. Mathew for his article on "Language: too much talk" (April 21). All this talk about the medium of instruction is disrupting the lives of both the teachers and the students. It is no wonder that today's students out of college do not know their place in life. For life here has become just fighting one issue or proving your point against it. Let those in charge of this state of affairs channel their surplus energies to other fields such as the overhauling of the entire education system, adapting it more to Indian conditions, and leave English alone. Why can't we accept that English has come to stay?

I. RODRIGUES, Bombay

THE SUN IS BURNING

The article "Their Sun Has Yet To Rise" (April 21) makes me laugh. The article says that the sun of the Harijans has not yet risen. This is not true. Since the dawn of freedom the Harijans have been given a lot of facilities in every walk of life.

Their children are educated. They easily get jobs in Government departments. Their bastis are well-decorated and electrified. Their houses are stone-built. They eat good food and wear finer clothes than any of us. They do not care for the high-ups of society. You cannot scold, overtax or exploit them. They know very well that the Government will always stand by them and defend them.

Harijans, if they are in large numbers, even torture the weak people of other castes and classes.

Their sun has not only risen but it is burning at the top.

KRIPA SHANKAR SHUKLA,
Varanasi

TEACHERS' PLIGHT

The thought-provoking article, "The Humiliated Nobility", (April 28) by Suchita Mazumdar was good, if taken from the right angle and understood properly. In our fast-changing world, the dignity, respect, love, affection and understanding of teachers have really been lost.

Why blame our children alone? Our Government, society and the institutions who run these temples of knowledge are more reluctant to look after the welfare of our teaching staff. The teaching staff, especially the women in this profession, are so over-burdened with the increasing responsibilities at home and at the school, that I often wonder how they still manage to carry on.

PRATIBHA HARSOLE,
Indore

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF JUNE 16

WOMEN IN JAIL

Some openly admit guilt but feel they took the only option available to them. Others claim they have been wrongly sentenced. Interviews with women in a jail in Pune.

DEALING WITH HEARTBREAK

What do you do when your castles in the air come tumbling down? When a "beautiful relationship" turns sour? When you discover that your hero has feet of clay? People who have been through the agony talk about their reactions.

THE FUTURE OF THE IRON LADY

What's in the stars for Margaret Thatcher?

ALSO

• Are men more 'sexy' than women?

• Railway bookings — a perennial headache. A Consumer Awareness feature.

Plus all our regular features.

"In a lesson based on C. Rajagopalachari's story, "The Enchanted Pool", the Yaksha asks:

"What rescues man in danger?"

"Courage is man's salvation in danger," replies Yudhishtira.

"Who accompanies a man after death?" Yaksha continues.

"Dharma," says Yudhishtira (F-3).

Do our textbooks mean "woman" also, when they use "man" like this to generalize about human beings in Indian textbooks?

"Who cares!" seems to be the answer from our textbook producers.

But the Indian government claims to be committed to promoting sex role equality through school curricula. As far back as 1965, the Education Commission had clearly laid down that our textbooks should be free from sexist bias. Since the production of textbooks is State-controlled and centralized, India's educational policy makers also enjoy the powers to ensure that their textbooks comply with the declared goals of equality.

What have our official educators done to keep the language of Indian textbooks (IT) free from sexist bias?

To find out, I examined the usage of male-centred language in Indian school textbooks for 1979-80.

Why study sexism in the language of school textbooks?

Because it is an ideology that propagates inherent inequality between the sexes to support the traditional subservience of women. In language, it discriminates against women by subsuming them under masculine terms.

I read more than two hundred lessons in nine textbooks with particular attention to the usage of masculine nouns and pronouns as all inclusive terms for both sexes. These nine school textbooks, listed at the end of this article, are prescribed for English language instruction (classes VIII to XI) in Haryana, Rajasthan, Uttar Pradesh, Bombay, Himachal Pradesh and Delhi.

FINDINGS

My findings show an epidemic of male-centered language in Indian textbooks. As if catering to a male readership alone, the authors and editors of IT blatantly use and approve of sexist language.

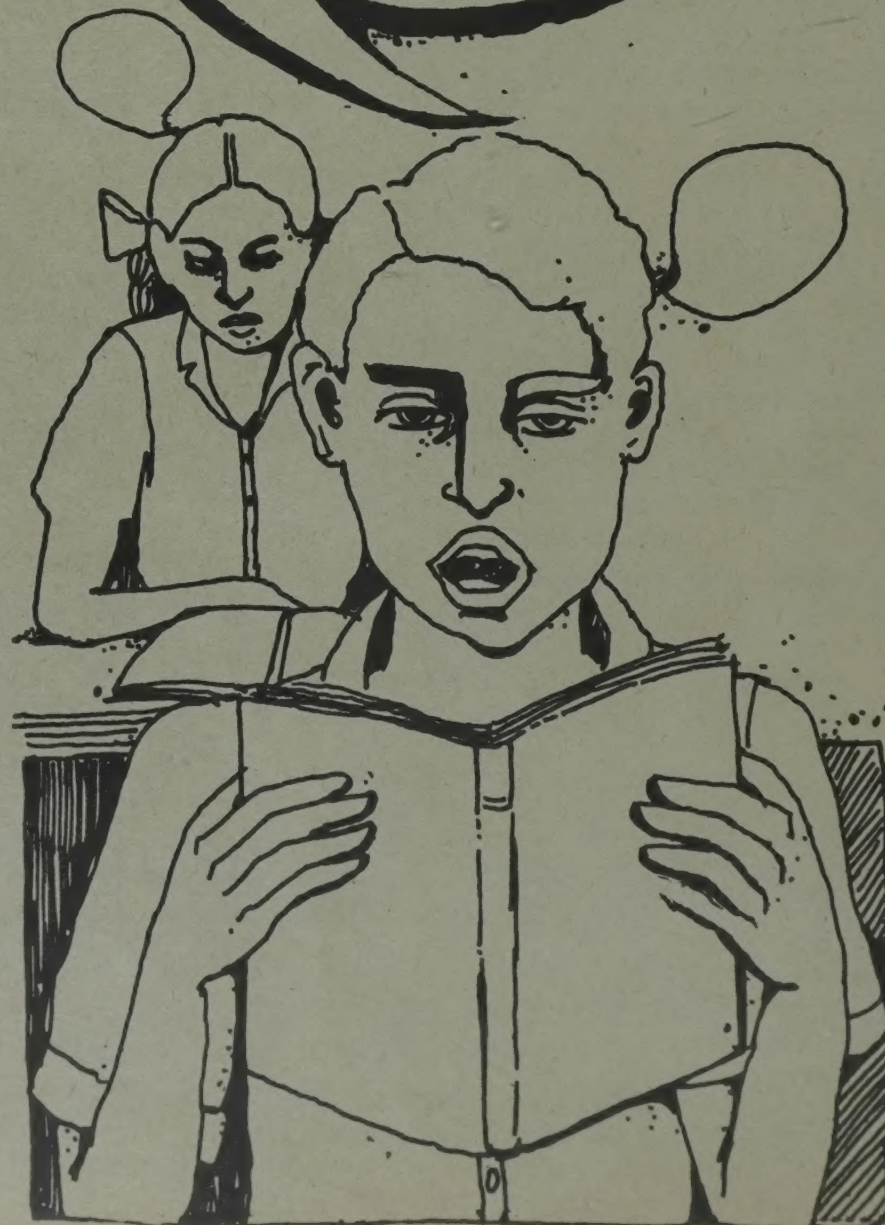
Look first at how our textbooks consistently use the word "man" to refer to people of both sexes. In most lessons, it appears as a substitute for "person," "individual," "people," or "someone."

The description of a city reads, "men lived together...men helped each other" (A-3). In an essay on "Duty", all strong people are treated as men: "The strong man dies...to save the weak women and children at home" (A-9). In a lesson called "The Men Be-

hind," the author describes the function of an army's back-up forces, writing, "And how does each man know where to go?... there must be some men behind to arrange everything... for every fighting soldier there are at least four men behind..." (A-13).

"when I say
MAN
do you hear
WOMAN?"

Narendra Nath Kalia



It does not even occur to the author that women also work behind the lines.

The collective noun "men" is used to refer to masses of men and women. While casting his beloved's bust, a sculptor remarks, "Men will remember my beautiful little Yupi for thousands of years" (A-3). Describing the process of education for boys and girls at the Tolstoy farm in South Africa, Mahatma Gandhi, as an author, does use terms like youngsters, children, and once, "boys and girls." But whenever it comes to discussing the specific problems of teaching a language or a subject, the "Father of the Indian Nation" reverts to the masculine gender. "The teacher had always to be mindful," he writes, "whether he was in the midst of his boys or not" (C-4). A story about Abraham Lincoln extols "the chance of any little backwoods boy to become president of the United States" (E-16). Apparently, backwoods girls are not in the running.

While referring to the human race, the IT authors use the masculine gender to include both genders. "The Man in Asbestos," an allegory of the future, represents the "final victory of men and machinery" (D-25). The words "mankind" and "brotherhood" are used to signify the unity of all people, including women. Describing the mass reaction to a military victory, a lesson for Himachal Pradesh reads, "One heart, one pride, one glory, connects every man by the transcendent bond of his national blood" (G-1). The second revised edition of "An English Course for Secondary Schools," prepared by the Central Institute of Foreign and English languages, Hyderabad, uses the term: "boys" to denote all the students in a co-educational school (B-1).

One lesson for Bombay students entitled, "Choosing a Career" begins with a pretense of sex role equality, but this opening bow to androgyny soon dissolves under the archaic constraints of sexist language in "Even before a student sits for the S.S.C. Examination, he should find out what career will suit his talent." (I-17). It is common for the authors in the IT to begin with a noun or pronoun in general form and refer to it later with a masculine pronoun. "Each Lapp has his own special joik by which his friends may recognize him..." (H-5). "If anyone breaks the horse in and rides it, I shall give him a rich reward. If however, he fails, he will be put in prison" (B-5). Though this sentence begins with a neutral pron-

oun, "any," it soon degenerates to exclude females by using masculine gender — the presumed sex of anyone who is likely to try to break in a wild horse.

For the millions of boys and girls sitting in India's classrooms, the best of humanity is masculine. The ideal of the "man" is often used to measure the worth of any person because, as the editors of the New Radiant Reader Book VIII (now in its twenty-second printing) tell us, "the world and its goods are the common property of all men" (H-9). Women not only fare poorly in pronominalization, they are also evaluated by being compared to men. When used to describe a woman, "man" is usually intended as a supreme compliment. (F-5).

Such thinking is brought to ludicrous proportions in an essay by C. E. M. Joad, prescribed for students in Himachal Pradesh (G-16). Entitled, "The Recent Past of Man," this essay, an Oxford University Press publication, takes the prize for successfully excluding females from any advances made over the last two centuries. We are informed that the industrial revolution was the "fourth greatest advance in man's life," that it freed "man's mind," that through "the men of science. . . men learned to tap the hidden forces of the earth."

Apparently, Joad has forgotten that Marie Curie was a woman, and that thousands of women accelerated the gears of industry with their minds and sweat.

In showcasing such gems of misinformation, the editors of this text-book — now in its eleventh impression — deify the male who, presumably, bolstered civilization single-handedly. The students may never know that Joad's use of the word "man" was intended to include women. The one instance in which he does mention women does not apply to creative action: ". . . the invention of the internal combustion engine which has done more to change the surface of the earth and the habits of the men and women who live on it. . ." In the light of what precedes and follows this sentence, the young readers will draw only one conclusion: Men act; women merely exist.

These instances of male centered language constitute both sins of commission and omission. The responsibility may lie less with the authors than with the editors of the textbooks who have meekly accepted the patriarchal conventions of linguistic usage.

In the patriarchal grammar of Hindi and English, it is accept-

able to use "man" or men" for the human race (e.g. the word *nurushartha*). Pronominalization works the same way. Pronouns whose referents could either be female or male automatically become male. As in "If anyone

controls the population through their language. "Newspeak," the government's new language, contains no words for concepts like freedom. For those who learn "Newspeak," these concepts simply don't exist.

**EVEN THOUGH
EQUALITY OF SEXES HAS
BEEN WRESTED
FROM THE MALE, OLD
HABITS DIE HARD,
AND ONE OF THEM IS THE
NOTION THAT
"MAN"
EMBRACES "WOMAN"**

doesn't agree, he's mistaken, we are supposed to understand that "he" means "he or she."

But is this really what we understand?

There is enough scientific evidence available now from experiments in early learning to demonstrate the fallacy of presuming that "man" is universally understood as a term denoting the image of a "person." For young readers, the word "man," and masculine pronouns, almost always bring to mind male human beings. Children find it particularly difficult to discern the images of both males and females in the word "men."

Couching all broad statements about the human race in terms of "man" also has dangerous consequences: female children might not identify with what "man" has done. When "man's" achievements aren't their achievements, they are left as spectators. Referring to a group of males and females as merely "men" implies that men are somehow the legitimate, inside real members, while women are the exceptions, the outsiders.

What is the effect of such sexist language?

In "1984," George Orwell creates a government which con-

Similarly, the male-centered language is hardly consistent with goals of equality between the sexes. In a society where every action and actor is assumed male unless otherwise specified, access to power, opportunities for achievement and even decent human qualities will seem distant to the females.

We are now in the process of producing instructional materials for the new 10 + 2 programmes. I suggest that our new textbooks be rewritten in a non-sexist linguistic style which does not use nouns or pronouns that exclude females in generalizations about human society. Only then can our female students learn to think of themselves as persons worthy of achievements no less than those of men.

LIST OF TEXTBOOKS

A. Rust. J. C. W. Srivastava, B. D. & McFarland, D.E. eds. 1977 (1973). "Olympic English Course Reader" (Prescribed for Class IX in Rajasthan for 1978). Madras: The MacMillan Co. of India Ltd. (Reprinted twice in 1976 and 1977. 77,000 copies printed in 1977 alone).

- B. Central Institute of English and Foreign Languages, Hyderabad, eds., 1978, II revised edition (1975). "An English Course for Secondary Schools" (Prescribed for Class IX in Delhi for 1978). Delhi: Central Board of Secondary Education.
- C. Bagchi, G. and Nag, B. eds. 1976 (1975). "English Prose and Poetry Selections" (Prescribed for Classes IX and X in Delhi for 1978). Delhi: Central Board of Secondary Education (Second Impression).
- D. Mehorotra, P.V. and Datta, B.M. eds. 1975, "English Rapid Reader". (Prescribed for Classes IX and X in Delhi for 1978). Delhi: Central Board of Secondary Education, New Delhi.
- E. Collocott, T.C. ed. 1976. "New Radiant Reader, Book IX" (Prescribed for Class IX in Bombay for 1978). New Delhi: Allied Publishers Limited. (Twenty-fourth Impression).
- F. Board of School Education, ed. 1978. V edition (1972.) "A Text Book of English Prose" (Prescribed for secondary classes in Haryana for 1978). Chandigarh: Board of School Education. (485,000 copies in print).
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- H. Collocott, T.C. ed. 1974, revised and enlarged edition. "New Radiant Reader, Book VIII" (Prescribed for Standard VIII classes in U.P. for 1978). New Delhi: Allied Publishers Private Ltd. (Twenty-second Impression).
- I. Maharashtra State Board of Secondary Education, Pune, ed. no date. "English Reader". (Prescribed for Class X in Bombay for 1978).

This article is based on Dr. Kalia's forthcoming book, "Lies We Tell Our Children: Sexism in Indian Education", to be published by Vikas Publishing House.

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

A tall, thin young man wearing large glare-glasses sat talking to his neighbour in the bus. Suddenly, even before the bus stopped, and even before the conductor had called out the stop, the young man took out a folded red and white stick. With a flick it opened out, and picking up his black plastic bag, he was ready to get down at the stop. This young man, M. Raju, is completely blind, and perhaps due to this affliction has developed an uncanny sense of sound. He knows exactly when a bus or any vehicle has reached a particular area — a bridge or a very crowded street, everything is known to his alert mind and this helps him pick up his way correctly.

A post-graduate student of History, he has only the last semester to complete in May. Having secured outstanding grades in his previous exams, he is quite confident about his future also, although he is at the same time humble and reserved about his academic achievements. He deserves full marks for the strenuous life he leads — working full-time as a Braille instructor teaching blind students, then rushing by local electric trains to the evening classes for M.A. in a distant college, listening to the lectures till 9.30 and then going home very late at night. A full and absorbing day's work for a person who is totally blind.

Raju, a young man of 32, was not born blind. Ignorance and illiteracy, along with strange superstitions have turned a normal child into a blind person for life! A happy, healthy child, he had an attack of small-pox at the age of seven. He remembers his father's face and certain other objects. But with the severity of the attack he felt discomfort in his eyes and refused to open them. Superstition prevented the illiterate parents from taking Raju to a good doctor, for small-pox was supposed to be a visitation of the goddess and was not to be polluted by allopathic or any other medicine. After the illness had subsided he was taken to a temple and the holy water given by the priest was poured over his eyes for one whole year. After all these local recommendations by neighbours and priests were over the parents took him to a doctor. By then there was not even a ray of hope for a cure! Although they took the boy from one doctor to another, they received the same unhappy verdict.

His father was a worker in a tobacco company in Dindigul near Madurai, and they had a ticket collector in the Railways for a neighbour. Up to the age of eleven Raju used to stay at home until this ticket collector gave Raju's parents an idea. He had noticed blind children going to and fro in the trains. At times they were going for excursions or going home on holidays from the school for the blind in Teynampet, Madras. He persuaded the parents to give Raju another chance to study and eke out a living for himself instead of being totally dependant on his parents and brothers and sisters. Final-

ly the father took the advice and brought Raju to Madras.

Raju's educational career started in the school for the blind in Teynampet, Madras, where he studied up to the eight standard. Then he had to go to an ordinary school with normal children. For that admission he had to study very well and get outstanding

THE BLUR OF BLINDNESS

Parvati V. Menon



marks so that the Principal of the school could be persuaded to accept this blind boy in his school. Fortunately, Raju with his deep interest in studies won the approval of the Principal and passed the final examination with very good marks, about 426/600.

His college career took him to the venerable fathers of Loyola College who guided him properly until he graduated in Economics in 1970. The fathers still keep up correspondence with him and advise him with regard to any scholarships or joining libraries abroad.

Not content with just being a graduate, Raju joined the Meston Training College for training as a teacher. His fierce dedication and firm determination to get over his physical handicap, have contributed to his success. After securing his B.T. degree, equivalent to B.Ed., he did a diploma course in the Regional Centre which trains teachers of the blind in Poonamallee, Madras. Thus he has added the letters D.T.B. to his name.

He went first to Vellore where he worked in a school for blind students. Later he shifted to the Divine Light School for the blind in Whitefield in Bangalore. Finally he got his appointment as Braille instructor for the blind in a State Government project for the adult blind. With his added qualification of M.A. in History, he hopes he will have a brighter future working either as a lecturer or at some other appointment.

Although blind, Raju has been the saviour of his family. He says he remembers even as a child the frequent verbal battles between his parents. He is of the opinion that the mother in any family should be the pivot around whom the whole family should revolve. But contrary to his hopes and ideas, Raju himself has had to act as both father and mother to all his younger brothers and sisters. Whenever he used to go home eagerly for his holidays he would only be treated to unhappy scenes from which he understood that the younger ones had been sadly neglected by the mother. So he brought his younger sisters and brother to Madras and made arrangements for their stay and studies in proper charitable institutions helped by the missionaries. One of his sisters was married while the other one studied and became a teacher for the blind, thanks to Raju. Still he is worried about his youngest sister and brother who are victims of polio and have been hospitalised.

In 1972 October Raju married Selva Ranj, a young girl who has completed her school

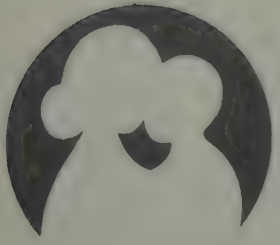
Continued on page 55

HELP FOR THE BLIND

Blind students require a great deal of help in their studies. Volunteers are welcome to read out to the students, write their notes and do the assignments, or do their essays and tests in colleges, whichever is suitable to each one. Some blind students are willing to go over to the houses of these volunteers for the reading sessions, for about one hour a day, at least three times a week. All this work is to be done completely free of charge.

Residents of Madras who have a few hours to spare every week may kindly contact:

Mrs. Annam Narayanan,
7C Cambrae East, 64, Victoria Crescent, Egmore, Madras 600 008



STRANGE ORIGINS OF NURSERY RHYMES

Indira A. Pastala

THEIR RHYMES AND RHYTHM

ENCHANT THE YOUNG, BUT SOME OF THEM HAVE MACABRE ORIGINS

Children the world over enjoy rhythm and rhyme just as much as music. They clap, stamp or sway, singing their favourite songs, eagerly awaiting more. Our children are no different. They love music, rhythm, and enjoy reciting simple jingles and rhymes. Indian children are still reciting or singing the English nursery rhymes that we learnt. Nonsensical, humorous or just repetitive, they have stood the test of time. Their rhythmic quality have endeared them even with our children who never question the morbidity or seek to understand situations foreign to our country.

Like all rhymes, the English nursery rhymes have their derivations in superstitions, religious rites, festivals, or are veiled references to past events and figures in English history. India has happily absorbed these rhy-

mes to enable us to create, or select rhymes suitable and enjoyable for our English learning children of today.

Take for example "Ring a Ring of Roses," one of the most enjoyed rhymes among the toddlers. Did you know that this

refers to the Great Plague of Britain? Roselike circular eruptions on the body were visible signs of infection. Though sweet smelling herbs and "pockets full of poses" were carried and waved to ward off the germ, those exposed sneezed "atishoo"

or "husha busha" and soon fell down — dead.

"Eeny Meeny Mina Mo" does not in the least refer to racial segregation or to the colour bar. It is in fact more gruesome. "Eeny, meeny, mina, mo" went the Druid priests in Celtic England, as they counted one, two, three, four to "catch a victim by his toe" to offer as sacrifice. Some scholars believe "eeny, meeny, mina, mo" to be a corruption of the Celtic one, two, three, four, and "Hickory, Dickory, Dok", serving the same purpose, derived from Hocera, Cocera, Dik, the Celtic 8, 9, and 10. Others feel that the mouse which ran up the clock was a reference to timid Richard, son of Oliver Cromwell who was Protector of England for one year. "The clock struck one, the mouse came down" refers his downfall from power by the "Man in Brown", General Monk in the 17th Century, ending Puritan rule.



mes with the language through the years of British rule, but their origins have been forgotten through the passage of time.

Much has been said on curriculum reform and the relation of education to the child's environment. Nursery rhymes and songs do increase the child's facility with the language, but, after reviewing the derivations of some of the well-known, popular English nursery rhymes, we may pause before indiscriminately teaching them to our young ones. There is ample material in our own history, heritage, surroundings and in our many lang-

Many rhymes have their origins in old superstitions. A common superstition is that foundations will only stand firm if there is blood mixed in them. "London Bridge" kept "falling down" until it was built with flesh and bones. This was to appease the water spirits. Scholars feel that "Oranges and Lemons" serve the same purpose of selecting a victim to be interred or executed.

I always wonder how ponderous Jack was. "Jack be nimble, Jack be quick. Jack jump over the candlestick." This was an ancient way of fortune telling. Good luck, if the candle stayed lit. If after the jump, due to some unforeseen error the candle suffered mishap and blew out, bad luck would follow poor Jack. A cause of fire too!

"The three blind mice" were more than incapacitated when "the farmer's wife chopped off their tails with a carving knife." These "poor as mice" priests were Anglican clergy who were said to be against the religion of the court — Catholicism. They objected to the generous land distribution among the Catholic churches by Mary Tudor, Queen Mary I (more remembered as Bloody Mary). She

objected to the pipsqueaks and got them burnt at the stake for their recalcitrance. A grisly reminder to think of before we speak against those in power.

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, eating his Christmas pie." The pie was not really edible, being full of gifts one dreams of during Christmas. Jack was carrying, from his master, the Bishop of Whiting, to the sovereign Henry VIII, numerous property title deeds. Having no modern safe, they were concealed in a pastry. Dear Jack was not too honest, and on his way "put in his thumb and pulled out a plum" deed, scholars feel, to the Manor of Mellis. "What a good boy am I!" claimed Jack, sanctimoniously insisting that this property was a gift from the King for valuable services rendered.



"Old Mother Hubbard" seems quite a ninny. She bustled around trying to find something for her performing canine, poor soul. The original Mother Hubbard, was no woman but the Pope. The performing dog, a veiled reference to Cardinal Wolsey, Henry VIII had stripped Wolsey, Archbishop of York, of his power as Chancellor. Similar to Mother Hubbard trying to get something for her dear dog, the Pope tried by various ways and means to get his man, Wolsey, reinstated.

The gander in "Goosey Goosey Gander" was the goose-stepping Cromwellian soldier who searched with measured tread for Royalist fugitives. Suspects who would not accept the Puritan way of life had their goose cooked for they were "taken" by "the left leg" and thrown "down the stairs" into prison.

Many rhymes are on personalities of English history. "Georgie Porgie" was a satire on the plump King, George I. Besides being a well known womaniser, he was unpopular because of his Germanic ancestry.

"Mary, Mary quite contrary" was the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. Her gay French and foolish inclinations were con-



trary to those of the austere John Knox.

"Jack and Jill" are just a relic of a Nordic myth accounting for the dark patches seen on the moon. They were said to have been kidnapped, and can still be seen every full moon night with the bucket on the pole hanging from their shoulders.

"Hot cross buns" is a survival of the buns baked and offered during the festival of Eostre to the goddess of Spring. Two of these buns with crosses on top have been found when the ruins of Herculaneum were excavated. (Herculaneum was destroyed in A.D. 79 when Vesuvius erupted).

The "cradle on the tree top" was that of Royalist rule. When the wind of change blew, the government fell and down came Baby (King) cradle and all.



"Miss Muffet" was Patience the daughter of entomologist Dr. Thomas Muffer, whose admiration for spiders has yet to be surpassed.

"One, two, buckle my shoe," "This little Piggy went to market," or "Pat a cake," were a few of the many teaching aids.

"Humpty Dumpty" is a well known riddle in many languages. Ripley in his "Believe It or Not" says it is a ridicule of King Richard III. When he fell from power, all the foreign forces, "all the Kings horses, and all the King's men" could not put "Humpty Dumpty" into power again. As a riddle, Humpty Dumpty represented an egg.

HOW TO CATCH A THIEF

THE farmer's wife wrung her hands in despair. She rushed into the house and cried:

"Gone, gone, gone. Our buffalo is gone. Oh god, what shall we do without him?"

Gur Bachan Singh, the farmer, jumped to his feet and thundered: "What are you saying, wife? That isn't true."

But it was true.

As he entered the stable he found it empty. His only buffalo had gone. Somebody must have stolen it. But who?

"I think it was Munga, the cattle thief," whispered the farmer's wife.

"Yes," agreed Gur Bachan Singh. And gritting his teeth he hissed: "I will find him, wife. Even if I have to search the whole country."

"Run and get me my new turban. If there is a chance to find him it will be at the cattle fair in Kotla."

The Market at Kotla was crowded with cattle, their sellers and their buyers. The air vibrated with the mournful "moos" of cows and calves, the nervous shuffle of horses' shoes, the grunting of pigs, the crowing of roosters and the chatter of frightened hens.

But Gur Bachan Singh, the farmer, headed straight towards a group of buffaloes. He scanned them carefully.

And there, yes indeed, there it was—his big black buffalo.

"Hurray," cried farmer Gur Bachan Singh and pushed himself through the crowd.

When he reached the buffalo he stroked his big head fondly and whispered: "Hey, old fellow, here you are."

Suddenly a heavy hand pulled him hard by his shoulder.

"Hey man, what are you doing? Do you want to buy that buffalo?"

Gur Bachan Singh the farmer turned around and looked into the bearded face of a broad shouldered man, and gazed into his flashing black eyes.

For a moment he said nothing. Then he replied, slowly, in a low voice: "Why should I buy that buffalo when he belongs to me?"

"Belongs to you?" cried the bearded man annoyed: "How

can this buffalo belong to you, when it was born and raised at my farm?"

"What is happening?" asked a man nearby.

Farmer Gur Bachan Singh pointed at the wild bearded man and then at the buffalo and said in a steady voice: "This man says that this buffalo was born and raised at his farm. If that is so, he must know exactly in which eye it is blind."



With these words he went and covered the buffalo's eyes with his hands. "Ha," said the strange bearded man without hesitation, "in the left." Gur Bachan Singh the farmer smiled, smiled a slow and crooked smile. "Well," he said, and shrugged his shoulder, "That settles it. It is clear that you are a liar."

The bearded man raised his fists in anger and shouted with flashing eyes: "I am not a liar! I mean the eye on my left. You see. Haah."

"I see," answered Gur Bachan Singh the farmer and slowly removed the hands from the buffalo.

And turning to the crowd he said, "See for yourself, everybody, my buffalo is not blind in either eye. That man is not only a liar, but also a thief. Catch him. He is no other than Munga the cattle thief."

With an angry cry the people fell upon the bearded man, who ducked to run away.

But they pulled him to the ground and held him till the police came to arrest him.

Gur Bachan Singh the farmer turned, took his buffalo by its string and went home.

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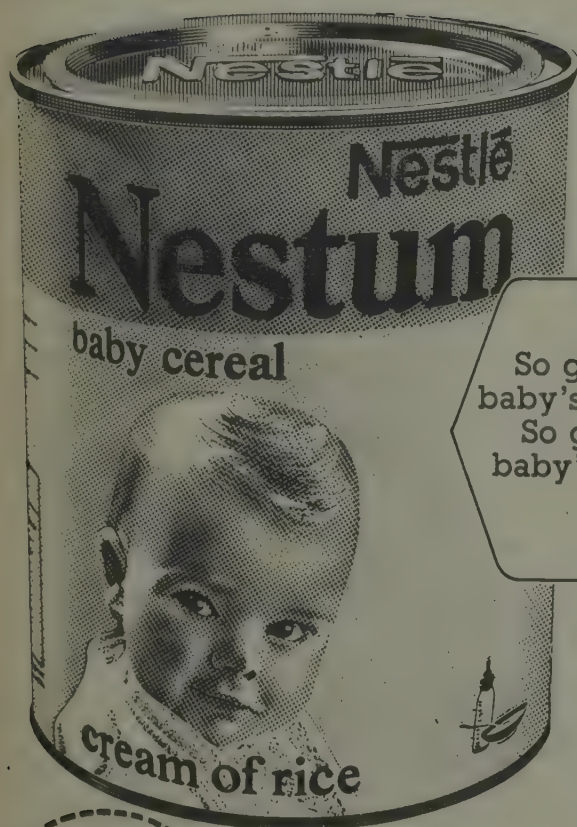
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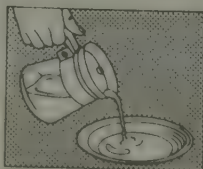


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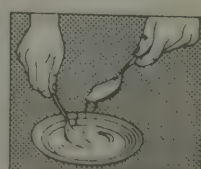
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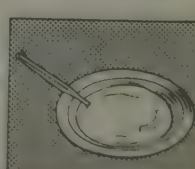
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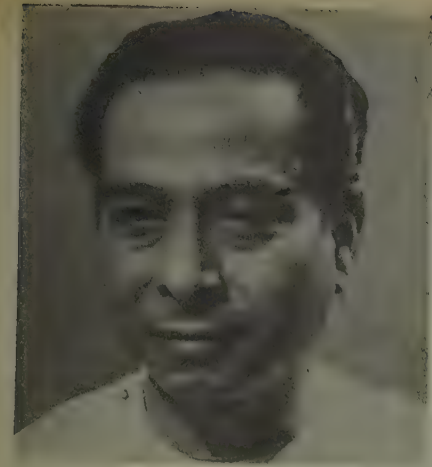
Dedicated Dancing Quartet

NO OTHER DANCE FORM IS SO IDENTIFIED WITH ITS INDIVIDUAL PERFORMERS AS MANIPURI IS WITH THE JHAVERI SISTERS. TO THEM THIS NARTAN IS NOT SO MUCH AN ART FORM AS A RELIGION

Saraswati Swaminathan

aesthetic experience of this dance form. Our guru has, for instance, done deep study and research in various aspects of Manipuri nartan. He has successfully created new dance compositions," say the sisters,

Their art is a quiet passion that has pervaded the entire being of the four sisters. The regard and affection which they have for Guru Bipin Singh is monumental, for their association has fostered genuine love and en-



The study of a classical art in its purity and presentation in all its beauty and glory demands almost the entire life of an artiste. Especially in the case of Manipuri nartan the various forms are deeply associated with religion.

For centuries "Laiharoba", the merry making of the gods, has been performed by the people and Maibis, the priestesses of temples in Manipur. Since the last three centuries they follow Gaudiya Vaishnavism and enact

thusiasm among artists and audiences for Manipuri nartan all over India and abroad.

To express their gratitude towards their guru, the sisters presented a new dance drama "Geeta Govinda" based on the enchanting Sanskrit lyrics of Jaidev on the occasion of the completion of three score years of their guru — the "Sasthipurti ceremony."

The greatest recognition of his talent as a guru came in the year 1978 when Nayana, the eldest sister, received the National Sangeet Natak Akademy Award and in 1979 the Jhaveri sisters received the "Nritya Villas" title from Sangeet Peeth of Sur Singar Samad for their contributions in the field of Manipuri nartan.

The Jhaveri sisters, in collaboration with Guru Bipin Singh, have founded the Manipuri Nartanalaya at Bombay, Calcutta and Manipur in the year 1972. Their academic courses have been recognised by several universities of India, which speaks for their excellence.

The special feature of Manipuri nartan is the expression of a mood, or a character through a total balance in the movements of the entire body. The eyes, the hands, the feet, they move with a totality which creates a harmony in 'Angikabhinaya' or expression through body movements.

Years of performing the Manipuri nartan has created the same balance and inner harmony in the sisters.



ABOVE LEFT: Guru Bipin Singh
ABOVE: Nayana Jhaveri in "Krisnaroop Varnam".



LEFT: Darshana Jhaveri and Shantibala Devi in "Mridangvadan".

BELOW: The Jhaveri sisters and artistes of Manipuri Nartanalaya performing "Geeta Govinda".



the stories of Lord Krishna and Radha through dance dramas known as Ras Leelas. The devotional aspect of the dance form must be maintained in accordance with the principles laid down in classical texts.

This is the view of the renowned Manipuri quartet — the Jhaveri Sisters, Nayana, Ranjana, Suverna and Darshana. They believe that they are protagonists of a glorious art and its tradition or parampara. Guru Bipin Singh is the maestro under whom the sisters studied and performed Manipuri nartan for over three decades.

"We are not averse to experimentation within the framework of the classicism of Manipuri nartan, which may enhance the

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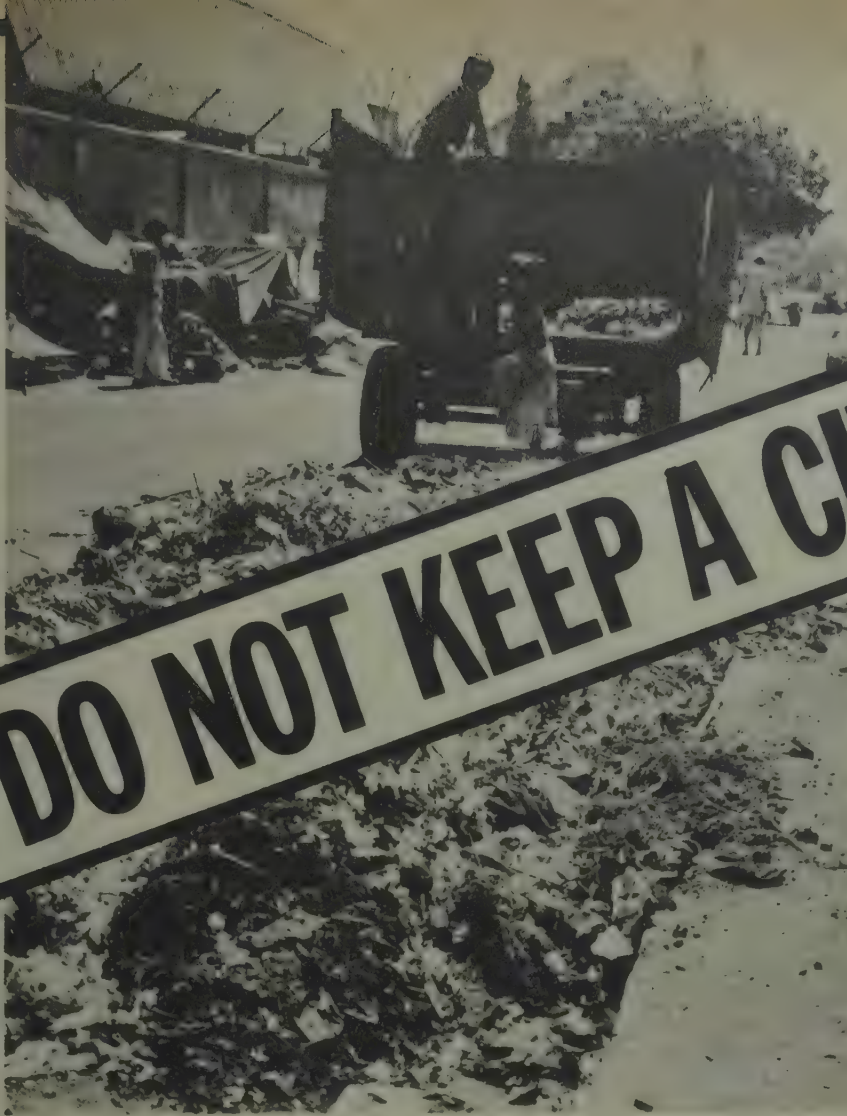
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SLOGANS DO NOT KEEP A CITY CLEAN



Ask any foreign tourist what he thinks of India and pat comes the reply, "We like it, but for the dirt." Ask a foreign-returned Indian about his holiday abroad, and chances are, the first things he'll comment on are the clean streets, the spotless pavements and the high civic sense of the people.

We are born and bred in a dirty environment, so that more often than not, we do not notice garbage on sidewalks, paan spit on our walls, and litter in our neighbourhood. And even when we do, we tend to feel helpless and turn a blind eye to it all in the interest of peace of mind.

It has almost become a practice to pitch orange peel and wrappings out of the window, oblivious of who the recipient of our thoughtlessness will be down below. We never give a second thought to the natural beauty of the environment at a picnic spot when we leave litter scattered all over the place. We fail to realize how others following in our footsteps will leave their remnants at the same spot, and consequently build up a rubbish heap where none existed before. The most picturesque spots are often misused in this manner. We don't stop to consider how nauseating it is for the looker when we use a wall or a tree — trunk to blow our nose.



It is not enough to have poster campaigns like the familiar one in Bombay, proclaiming, "Clean Bombay, Green Bombay" or "Bombay is yours, keep it clean." It is futile to plant trees (the favourite current pastime of our politicians) to beautify the landscape when we persistently ignore the dirt around our feet. Our people — rich and poor alike — have to be educated at the grassroot level, or else we cannot expect results.

It is strange how the dust bins we have around the city, near theatres, railway stations, outside schools and sometimes even on footpaths either remain disused, or have garbage spilling out in all directions around them. Most litter bins remain disused out of sheer negligence. People saunter right past a bin, and then drop a plantain-skin on the road. This is most infuriating, apart from being dangerous, in case someone should slip and break his

backbone. Such cases are not rare and several accidents of this nature have occurred. But our people still remain as thoughtless as ever.

Overflowing trash cans are not a rare sight in some parts of the city. I have seen servants and people throwing trash right outside the bin, rather than in it, out of sheer laziness to walk two steps further, and drop their garbage into the can. It is impossible to walk past such a place without holding your handkerchief to your nose. Obviously, in such an atmosphere rats, cockroaches and other such pests

thrive. Naturally, no one wants a garbage can anywhere near their home on account of the nuisance involved and any old sidewalk becomes a garbage dump for want of an official municipal dump. If the garbage was thrown into the can itself it would be cleared by the municipal staff and the surrounding area would neither be affected by the stench nor the annoying pests. I have seen municipal vans coming everyday at the

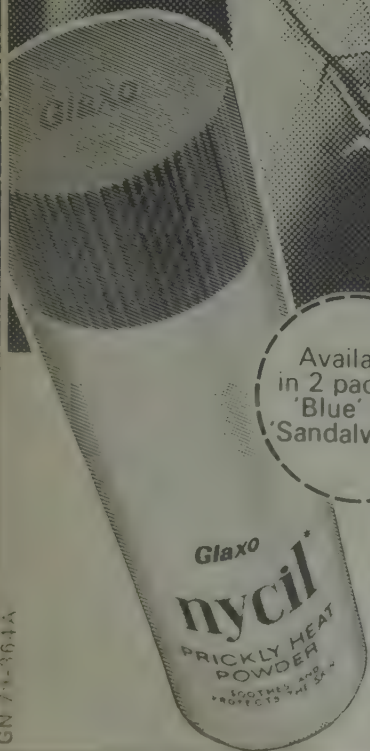
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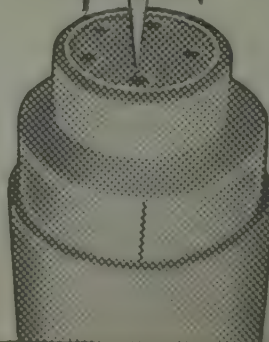


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SLOGANS DO NOT KEEP A CITY CLEAN

scheduled time, and clearing the garbage inside the bin but not touching the mess outside it.

In this connection, I spoke to Mr. Vincy D'Mello, a Municipal Councillor, who told me with a grimace of despair, that the disposal of garbage was an eternal problem for him. People were always urging him to install garbage cans in their locality, and three months later they ask

at the scheduled time, keeping people waiting for hours on end until they reach the limit of their endurance. Mr. D'Mello did not seem to be aware of this as the complaint was never brought to his notice. But he said, "The lapse in punctuality can easily be rectified. All we have to do is to insist that they come according to their shift."

. Mrs. Odette Drego, a Bombay

housewife, was speaking to me about the problem of garbage disposal. She has ample opportunity to watch the misuse of garbage bins from her balcony. "It is unfair to blame only the municipal workers," she said, "for what is primarily negligence on the part of the people themselves. I see servants coming each day with the domestic garbage bins just five minutes after the municipal van has left. If they brought their bins before the van comes each day, the spot around the bin could stay clean for a few hours at least."

But how are people to know when the van will arrive each day? Mr. Vincy D'Mello insisted that at each dump the exact timings at which the municipal van makes its rounds through that particular neighbourhood is painted. According to Mrs. Drego, the van sticks to its time quite meticulously every day, and never arrives either before schedule or much after this given time. She suggested that housewives should bear in mind the timing allotted for their area and bid their servants to take out their garbage at the allotted time. Let's say the van comes to Shivaji Park at 10 a.m. If all the residents of the surrounding area sent out their garbage by 9.30 a.m., it would be just right. Then the van could cart off the whole load of rubbish, so that the area could stay clean up to around 4 p.m. at least.

Sanjay Sharma, a post-graduate student, when asked about the misuse of public garbage dumps said: "Of course, I'd use a municipal litter bin on the streets if only they were sensibly designed, but in some cases, matchsticks, match-boxes and sometimes even cigarette packets fall right through." His point was proved when passing between Churchgate and Flora Fountain. I saw a few of these litter bins made of wire meshing, designed around advertisement poles, with bits of trash on the pavement immediately below them. These little bins are thus very thoughtlessly designed.

The ones that are meant to swing between two poles are play things of every street urchin and are tilted and tipped out at every juncture on a side-walk. There again, thoughtless planning and designing are the chief drawbacks. Most people confided that they wouldn't mind having garbage bins in their neighbourhood, provided they were well designed, with tight fitting lids to prevent offensive smells, and they were assured by the municipal authorities that the area would be kept clean and the garbage collected every day on time.

The sense of cleanliness and hygiene is absolutely non-existent among some sections of our population. They see no shame in using the pavements as lavatories at any time of the day or night. People use pavements to relieve themselves quite blatantly outside schools or in the heart of a residential area. One can't really blame them, in a way, for public lavatories in Bombay are so few and far between that pavement dwellers have no op-

Continued on page 39



him to get rid of them as they couldn't tolerate the offensive odour and the pests. "We must design new bins as soon as possible," he said, "which will eliminate the evil smell and the rodents. Underground garbage dumps in different areas would be ideal. These can be easily designed by the students of the Indian Institute of Technology, if only they were asked to do so." Mr. D'Mello, however, is helpless for such a scheme requires large funds which have to be sanctioned by the Municipal Corporation of Greater Bombay. He does intend putting up this suggestion before the corporation, and the plan can be implemented if the majority of vote is in its favour.

In some parts of the Bandra constituency, there is the 'mobile dust-bin which comes to each locality at a specified time. People keep their trash cans ready, on hearing the bell which keeps ringing as the mobile dust bin wends its way around the locality. The municipal workers then come to each flat, disposing of garbage in a hygienic and systematic manner. This seems to be very popular among the local residents, except that sometimes the municipal staff do not come



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Sunsilk's 'new look' range has a shampoo for every type of hair. Almond for normal hair. Lemon for greasy hair. Amla for dry hair. Egg Protein for dull, lifeless hair. Shikakai for delicate hair.

THE LOOK IS ORNATE



Maheep Singh's furniture is exquisitely French. Her designs are mainly Louis XIV and Louis XV styles. Her carved wooden pieces have a touch of green or blue, silver or gold paint to give that antique and ornate look. The fabrics she uses are mainly shimmering brocades in soft muted tones.

Maheep who has had no formal training in furniture designing is one of the most sought-after designer in the North today. "Whatever I have learnt is from books. I do not think I have left out any book on the subject." She had this flair for designing furniture and interiors since her childhood. During her school and college days she kept experimenting with her ideas.

Since the last four years her hobby has turned into an industry. She has her own factory and a band of 75 workers. It was when Maheep was furnishing her home in Delhi after marriage that she saw a dream of a settee at an exclusive furniture boutique. Its price — twenty-four thousand rupees! Her heart sank. The price was too steep, but she had set her heart on the piece. She took a paper and pencil and drew the settee. Then she got a couple of carpenters and started work



on it. The dream settee looked exactly the same as the one she had seen and cost less than half its price at the boutique.

She made a few more pieces and soon found herself designing furniture for her friends. More orders came in—her help was sought for interior decoration as well as furniture.

"The main ingredient is wood and the first basic requirement is that it should be seasoned properly." Maheep's favourite wood is teak as it is soft and can be carved easily. It also takes the colours of the paint well. This process of painting the carved portion to give it an antique finish is called "patina." Mahogany and rosewood are two other favourites of hers, but they are expensive. They have such a beautiful surface that she leaves them in their natural glory. She is all praise for the Indian craftsmen and workmen who are "extremely intelligent, quick to grasp and very talented."

Maheep finds designing most satisfying. "There is always a challenge when you create something unique, and when you have met the challenge there is a tremendous feeling of achievement."

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BEAUTY BULLETIN

TIRED EYES

My eyes get tired often. Any exercises for this problem? Also, I have puffy eyelids; how can I disguise them with make-up?

D. A. R. (Bangalore)

You should avoid reading in bad light or do close work — such as embroidery. Bathe your eyes with rose water to freshen them up. Here are some exercises for you.

1. Close your eyes and "palm" them in your hands for a couple of minutes during the day.

2. Hold your finger about a foot away from your nose. Look at it, then at a distance object, then back to your finger.

3. Blink rapidly about 20 times.

4. Roll your eyes round in complete circles — 20 times to the right and 20 times to the left.

Have you checked with your doctor the cause of your puffy eyelids?

You can camouflage them with this make-up trick. Use a paler foundation than the rest of your face on the eyelids. Also use two-three coats of mascara on the upper lashes.

HOME-MADE MASK



BLOTCHY SKIN

My skin is very blotchy. Please suggest a home-made mask for this. My hair is greasy and often my scalp feels itchy. Any remedy?

V.S.S. (Ahmedabad)

Here is a good remedy for a blotchy complexion. Mix one teaspoon of honey with egg yolk and a teaspoon of curds. Smooth this on the face in an upward direction and leave it on for about ten minutes. Then remove gently with warm water.

Greasy hair needs washing frequently — in some cases every alternate day. Also cut down on rich, fatty foods. But have plenty of salads, fresh fruits and vegetables.

Here is a tip to freshen your scalp between shampoos. Soak pads of cottonwool in cologne, make partings in your hair, and dab cologne all over the scalp.

ACNE IS HER PROBLEM

I am 16 and have acne. I have attractive features and I am fair complexioned, but acne spoils my beauty. Please help.

V.S. (Hyderabad)

The glandular changes that take place during puberty are responsible for this condition. And your overactive sebaceous glands block your pores resulting in blackheads and infected spots.

You should keep your skin scrupulously clean. Wash two-three times a day using a medicated soap. Pat dry, then apply a mild astringent.

As regards your diet you should avoid starchy food, sweets, pork and fish. Have a balanced diet and include lots of salads, fresh fruits and vegetables.

And remember never to pick your skin as it may spread infection. You should keep your towel, brush, sponge and puff absolutely clean as they come into contact with your skin.

And don't get unduly worried about acne. It seems to be related to stress and often seems worse when you are run down in health.

Sandalwood paste mixed with water and applied on the face and left overnight is a good remedy for acne.

Sita Rawley is the recipient of the Arjuna Award 1978-79, presented to her by the President of India at a colourful ceremony at Rashtrapati Bhavan, for her excellence in golf. This follows her winning the National Golf Women's Championship for three years consecutively. Hours of practice and sustained effort have helped her reach the No. 1 position among women golfers.

Sita started playing golf at the age of 16, at the picturesque golf course in Gulmarg, Kashmir, situated at an altitude of 9,000 ft., one of the most scenic and beautiful natural courses in Asia, with its mounds of green and little streams.

She won her first competition (the first Indian girl to do so) and shocked the British lady players by winning the next three competitions consecutively. At that stage (before Partition) golf had seemed to have been the prerogative of the British and their families. After this there has been a long list of wins for Sita. Each success spurred her on to greater effort. She won the Northern India title in 1956 and the Sri Lanka championship in 1972. She won the Nationals for three continuous years — 1976-77-78.



WOMEN IN FOCUS

SITA RAWLEY:

QUEEN OF THE GREEN

How is it that she has been so consistent with her game, coming out a winner most of the time?

"Simple. I never lose my cool, and like any other sport, the keynote to good play is your ability to relax and not get tense." She feels she has a real match-temperament — the tougher the match, the more relaxed she is.

Sita is happy that the myth about golf being a game for retired people has been exploded. Youngsters all over the world, boys and girls play this game and find it exciting and challenging. There are a large number of women golfers in India, but Sita says that not much is being done for the advancement of the game. The Ladies Golf Union does not have funds enough to send teams

abroad which is so essential for learning different and new techniques of the game. She feels the Men's Golf Union should help achieve this so that there is proper progress and development of the game.

Sita feels that this is an ideal game for today's tension ridden world. "For at least three hours you are lost to the anxieties around you. Amidst nature where the greens are soothing and the air bracing you enjoy the spirit of camaraderie among the fellow players. At that time your problems and worries recede and you feel rejuvenated."

A woman of many talents, Sita besides being an outstanding golfer is also a good painter. She had her recent exhibition of sketches in Calcutta, which was appreciated by viewers and critics. For years Sita has been designing carved wood furniture and having it made in her little workshop in her garage. Her beautiful pieces adorn many a home in Delhi.

How does she find the energy to do all this?

"Well, golf does a lot of things for you — one of them is — you never feel tired."

Pushpa Hans

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STEP-BY-STEP COOKERY

SALAD CASINO ROYALE

What is more refreshing,
light and nutritive than a crisp, chilled salad
on a summer's day?
MUMTAZ RAHIMTOOLA
shows you the easy way to salad making

2 cups mayonnaise; 2 cups mashed potato, (coloured pink with a few drops of cochineal); 1 cup chicken or meat (optional); 3 stalks celery, chopped; 1 cucumber, diced; 1 apple, diced; 1 guava, diced; 2 carrots, diced; 2 capsicums, chopped; ½ cup green peas, boiled; 2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped; 3 pineapple rings, sliced; ¾ cup seedless grapes, washed; salt and pepper to taste.

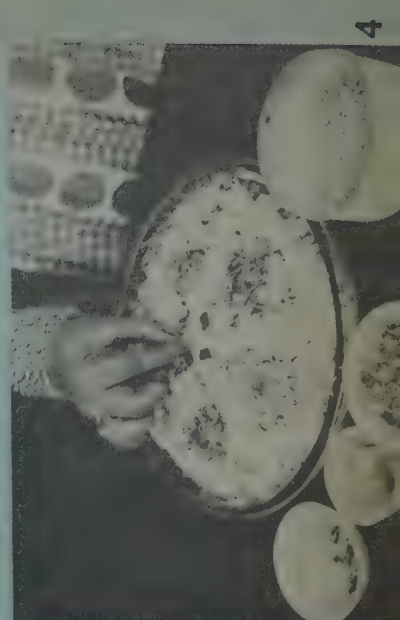
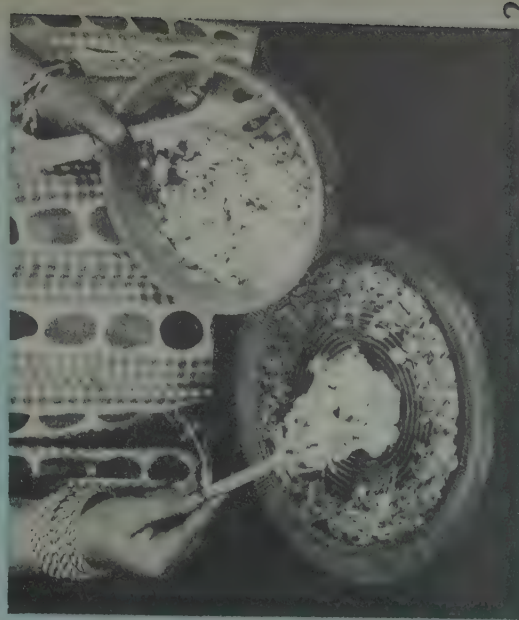
FOR THE GARNISH :

Chopped lettuce; grated carrot; sliced capsicums;

chopped pineapple.

1. Mix all the above ingredients together, with mayonnaise, except the mashed potato. Season well with salt and pepper.
2. Turn out onto a bed of lettuce in a flat serving platter.
3. Put the mashed potato into an icing bag and pipe over the mixture with any design of your choice.
4. Garnish with carrots, capsicums and pineapple slices. Chill before serving.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter



1

2

3

4

HE had seen that look in her eyes before at those other meetings, lectures, demonstrations that he had fathered and put through. He had thought them so important then... a way of climbing in society, to be invited to the drawingrooms of the rich, to be seen talking to those "captains" of industry, however vacuous their conversation may be, to be seen having tea with their wives, however gaudy and empty-headed they may be.

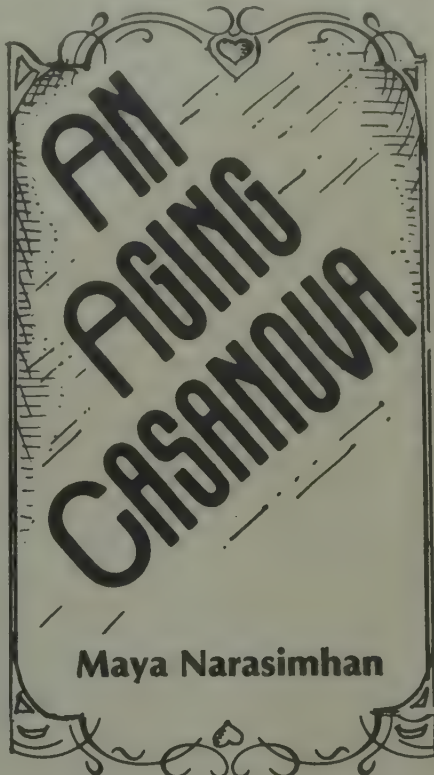
Ever since he could remember he had wanted to be somebody. He had always seen himself in the role of a great intellectual, a philosopher-critic, a writer-thinker and any other "distinguished" label one may think of. And he had achieved something after all. From a drifting, dilettante professor in a suburban college he had become a peripetatic visiting professor in Commonwealth countries; in fact, he was even considered as something of an expert. But peripetatic was the key-word — still drifting. And he thought how Malu would have smiled mockingly. Had she ever taken him seriously? Perhaps she did, and was that why she was always so cynical about his achievements? A bitterness not unmixed with tenderness rose in him. Malu, with her Roman nose and sensuous lips, and above all, those clear brown eyes that seemed to look straight into one's heart and mind, and into all those shady, intriguing, calculating thoughts of his.

It was while she was introducing the chief guest of the evening that she had seen him, seated in a corner of the sixth row. For a moment she stopped, almost shocked, then quickly slurred over her next sentence and continued with her speech, all the while marvelling at her composure, her own self-confidence. But the evening had been spoilt for her — entirely spoilt. The words of the other speakers came to her in a murmurous haze as she tried to prevent her eyes from straying in his direction, trying to fix them on the pattern of the tablecloth in front of her. But she had to, she simply had to see how he looked after... how long was it? Yes, five years, five long years, to see whether he had changed, whether he looked older, if he showed his age. He had been so conscious of his youthful looks.

He had grown greyer, she could see that, even from that distance; the face, too, seemed more lined. She couldn't suppress a mocking inner smile. And yet, she felt sad, a feeling she had not surrendered to since the first

agonising moments of realising that he was going to leave her, not for another woman, of course, but to her it had all been the same. He had held something else to be of greater value than her, more important than her love.

All her reading, the little experience of the world that she had, her knowledge of him — everything should have prepared her for what she thought of as a



"great betrayal". But she had only exposed her own ignorance of the world and its ways. She had realised that men give up everything for love only in books. What a fool she had been! What an utter fool!

She could not prevent the bitterness that came flooding back into her even as she tried to concentrate on what was happening around her. So it needed just another meeting to bring it all back again into her consciousness. It had been there all along, like a malignant growth that she had thought had been incised, but it had only been sedated. All her activities of the past few years, the frenzy with which she had thrown herself into the work of the sundry associations she had been a member of but had never bothered to help with — everything had just been a cover.

She had not forgotten. The associations had gratefully accepted her, almost as something heaven sent, for there is always a dearth, not of talented but of hardworking people; and she had been busy, very, very busy, not having the time to probe and question and analyse. The deliberate amnesia had helped her. Then there was Ashok. She turned her head...

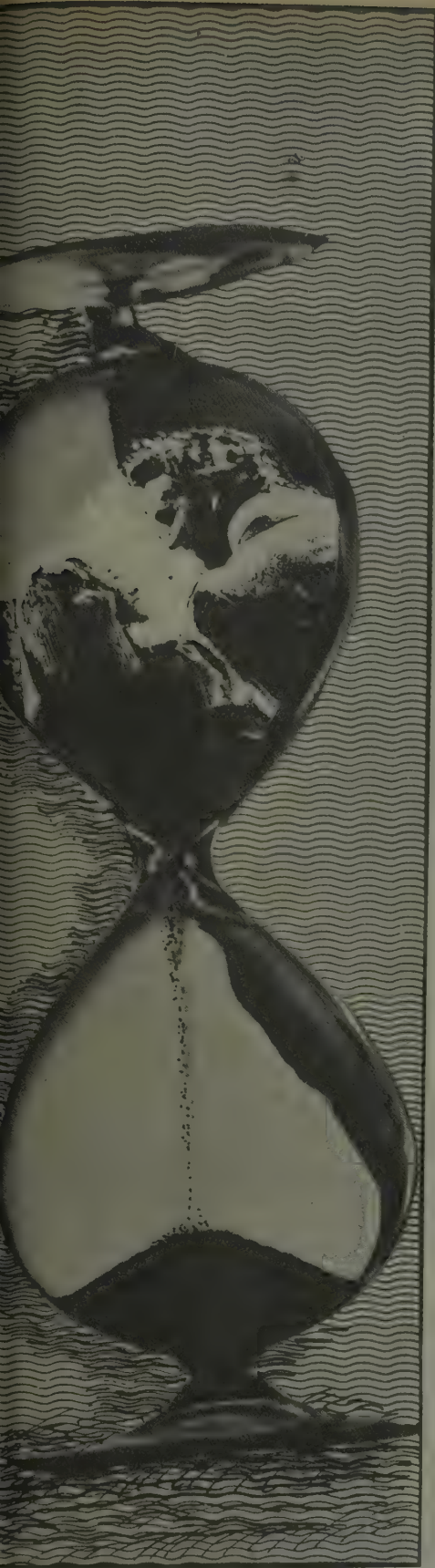


The same arrogance, he thought. The first time he had seen her, too, he had thought her arrogant. This was before he discovered that it was just a way she had of carrying herself, and then he had even come to love it as a special part of herself. He had really not meant to take her seriously even then. He had no need for her. He was busy following up slight acquaintances among women he met at friends' places, in the library, at university meetings.

He was desperately trying to fill up the emptiness in his heart, a resounding emptiness

ever since Anusha had died — so suddenly, so tragically, so young. It was his serious affair, a highly romantic thing, coloured by every book he had read, every poem he had once laughed at, but had then found so meaningful. He still could not say what exactly he had found in her. She had been totally unlike him.

He had known only gloomy libraries and musty books while she had been a bright talkative creature with not an "intellectual" thought in her head. Perhaps that was it — her light, gay spirit so much in contrast to his own



slender fingers and rounded breasts. Even in those first terrible weeks after Anusha's death, in spite of the searing pain, the wretched loneliness that made him seek out lonely beaches and sinister cemeteries, he could not quite suppress a small spasm of satisfaction that she could never be another's. Their love was now enshrined forever in a kind of mental Taj Mahal; it could now be treasured as a little globe of luminosity in a grey world, a grey life.

She saw him turn and say something to his companion. It was the nubile Miss Gidwani, looking succulent in chiffon and diamonds. So, he had come with her. Up to his old game

THE IDEA OF LOVE WAS WHAT HE LIKED ——— TO LIVE IN A ROMANTIC HAZE, TO POSE AS A LOVELORN MAJNU. BUT ANYTHING MORE THAN THAT PUT HIM OFF

again. If so, this time he had met his match. The clever Miss Gidwani would never allow herself to give more than she could receive. Yet it was not surprising that he should have allowed himself a fling with her, and it must be more than mere acquaintance for she could read all the signs now, she knew that in spite of all his intellectual pretensions, he had always gone in for the admiring, wide-eyed female who would drink in every word of his without a single murmurous dissent.

Then, how had he fallen in love with her, one who had constantly belittled him, his ideas, called him a hypocrite, a coward, a narcissist? Even now she wondered whether she had loved him or hated him more. What a curious relationship it had been. It was a kind of fascination. Just as the snake is transfixed by the graceful undulations of the charmer, she had been unable to shake it off. Yet she knew that it was not mere infatuation, it went deeper than that, for their love had been built up on a solid foundation of friendship.

And she had gone on, wilfully blind to their situation, even though she knew that he was married and later, when she knew that he would never leave his wife, not because he loved her overwhelmingly, only because such an action would be unthinkable socially.

He had too much at stake to take love seriously. Love was good enough to write poems about and sentimental letters running into multiple pages. It

was good enough for poses of a love-haunted Romeo or Majnu but not for a serious, growing, mature relationship.

He had just been living out adolescent fantasies. By the time she realised it, it was too late for her to extricate herself either from the relationship or from the emotional pain. She tried to break off even then, vague point-less gestures, but she had been only too happy to run back into his arms at the first protests of undying love for her, till mercifully he had decided to take the first step and had left the country.

Foolishly her eyes filmed with tears as she recalled the lonely bus journeys after that when she

had relived their jokes, their conversation. The polite applause around her brought her back with a jerk to the present and she saw Ashok looking quizzically at her. She gave him a quick assuring smile and bent her mind to the last nagging details of the end of the programme. She did not know when he left the place.

He had waited for a little while, at the edge of the crowd, hoping to talk to her, at least to have exchanged a greeting. When she turned away, he did not know whether it was deliberate. Even if it had been he would not have been surprised for it would have been in keeping with her strong, obstinate character. He had tried to shake off Miss Gidwani whose perfume and high-pitched chatter were proving a wee bit too much for him. Speaking to her desultorily he kept his eyes on Malu and heard her say, "Don't be selfish" playfully to somebody.

He couldn't suppress a twinge of irritation at the familiar words and the familiar tone. Does she think that she alone is the soul of unselfishness in this world? it was the first sentence she had uttered at their last meeting. "Utter selfishness," "self-seeking", and "self-aggrandisement". He remembered the words only too well, flung as they had been in ferocious accusation by Malu.

How well he remembered her flashing eyes, her whole face flaming with anger and contempt, almost spitting out the words. She had looked like a panther then, as mysterious and

exciting, so that even as he was about to react with an equal flash of anger, he could feel the passion rising in him.

After so many years he now felt the same kind of ferment stirring in him. With a stab of jealousy, he watched her now, clad in her favourite maroon, looking ten years younger than her thirty-five, sparkling at some man. She had presided over the meeting, too, with an assurance he did not know she possessed. She had changed in some subtle way these last five years, he thought. She had grown, matured, blossomed in some unaccountable way. Whatever did men find in younger women? he thought.

But beneath the calmness there was a woman of steel as he had cause to know — the kind of strength that had made her deny that she had any kind of feelings towards him, defeating all his efforts at continuing with their relationship in between the intervals he spent in India during the last few years, through letters, phone calls, messages through her closest friends.

Though she had received his phone calls with a kind of bored courtesy she had always put off seeing him, giving him one excuse or other. She had the kind of strength that had made her just look at him, silently, when he had told her of his decision, when he had tried to explain why he had to look for success now or he would never have it, it might already be too late...excuses that sounded lame even to his ears, master at self-deception though he was.

Malu had looked at him then, eyes veiled so that he could not quite read the expression in them. Only one letter had she written to him after that, a letter full of the tenderest, the most sorrowful passion for things that could never be, but ending with a fierce "I'll never never forgive you." And she had not, for she had not written at all after that.

It had been too late by the time he realised how much he needed her. With success too failing to give him the repose he needed he had continued to drift. He sighed and realised with a start that Miss Gidwani was asking him if they could go. He put her off with some excuse and decided that he should ring up Miss Kulkarni and fix up a meeting tomorrow. As he thought of the charming Miss Kulkarni, his publisher's assistant, his hand unconsciously went to his growing bald patch. Yes, Miss Kulkarni, twenty-four, and perhaps, willing. . .

grave seriousness. Still he could not say how he could have been so overwhelmed with his feeling for her that he could so completely have neglected his gentle wife at home.

It was madness, nothing but madness, but it had created a fever in him — to live in a constant romantic haze, a rainbow-hued soft focus. Thus he could find excuses for not getting ahead in life, to take a masochistic delight in comparing himself with his contemporaries and their success.

Soft shoulders came in pretty handy then. And fair hands and



ELEGANT AND EMBROIDERED

Dinoo Vacha

The fashion favourite this summer is the embroidered blouse worn with corduroy or velveteen skirts. Shown here are two attractive motifs for you to embroider on crisp white organdy collars and yokes in pastel colours and stitches of your choice.



LEFT TO RIGHT :
A yellow cotton blouse has embroidery on the scalloped collar. Embroidery repeats at centre back yoke.

Shawl collar echoes the old 40's look. Embroidery makes it more perfect. Wear a cummerbund with padded and pleated shoulders for a total look.

A blue blouse with unusual embroidered shoulder yoke, has tiny gathers which cascade from under a small roll collar.

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MUTUAL 1724

She is cheerful, pragmatic, petite... she is 59-year-old Ester Ocloo, one of the leading business women in Ghana. But behind the business acumen and string of appointments which include being the Managing Director of her own enterprise — Nkulenu Industries Ltd., President of the Ghana Manufacturers Association, Chairman and Technical Adviser of the Projects Committee of the National Council on Women and Development, Executive Secretary of the Council's Regional Workshop on Village and Cottage Industries and Director of the Ecumenical Development Co-operative Societies for the World Council of Churches, is a charming, approachable personality.

"When I was a young girl I thought I would never in my life visit India because the distance is so great... I made my first trip to this country five years ago and I am glad to visit it again. I have been to China, Japan, Europe and the U.S.A., but I have never found people so open and hospitable as in India. Indians are willing to share their knowledge and experience, they want to help developing countries and they are open to ideas. This makes it easier for us to put forward our problems," she said with a smile.

THIRD WORLD UNITY

As a guest of the Government of India, Dr. Ocloo has visited small scale and cottage industries in Delhi and Bombay. She is particularly interested in buying prototypes of spinning wheels, new model charkhas, oil extraction machines, bottling machines, pottery and ceramics, glass beads, tie and dye fabrics, hand spun and hand woven cloth. She firmly believes that "in Ghana the centre of our economic activity must be the village dweller. As soon as he joins the enterprise both as a producer and as a consumer the rate of the growth of the economy will shoot up."

Dr. Ocloo paid warm tributes to Indian expertise: "Even the U.N. acknowledges the fact that the best technical assistance for setting up industrial estates are available in India. India has emerged as a leading country in the developing world in provid-

Dr. ESTHER OCLOO

VIEW FROM THE TOP



ing technical know-how to countries in Asia, Africa and Latin America."

Agro-based industries which can manufacture agricultural implements, etc. and the manufacture of auto-parts are two industries which Ghana wants to develop on a priority basis. The transportation factor is important because not all industries in Ghana are located in the districts from which they obtain their raw materials. Hence the need to develop an auto-spare parts industry with Indian expertise and know-how.

Dr. Ocloo thinks it is essential that developing countries should help other developing countries. Most of the people in developing countries have a common background — a colonial past. They not only understand each other's economic problems but have a sympathetic attitude.

"Aid from developed countries is not only very expensive but the technicians from these countries being used to highly sophisticated and expensive equipment cannot understand the needs and requirements of the developing countries. In Ghana

we need simple, easy to handle, economical equipment for our small scale and cottage industries and these can be supplied only by the developing countries. I have seen at New Delhi's Constructive Programme Pavilion a spinning wheel which costs Rs. 50, a new model charkha which costs about Rs. 300 and power operated machines for oil extraction, bottling and for match and paper factories which do not cost more than Rs. 6,000.

Ghana's national development plans give priority to the training of women and girls in improved methods of farming, marketing, sales techniques, basic organisational and accounting methods. Technical schools needed technical skills. From her experience as the Technical Adviser of the Projects Committee of the National Council On Women and Development she could see that they have the same problems as we and their rural development programmes include the creation of suitable industrial and employment opportunities to reduce the migration to urban areas.

BEGAN IN KITCHEN

With disarming candour Esther Ocloo said that she began her canned fruit business (which includes preparing jams, fruit juices and tomato ketchups) in her aunt's kitchen. "My father was a blacksmith and my mother a housewife — they were poor so my aunt financially supported my education at college."

She started her business in 1942 at the age of 22. Later, she was awarded a Cadbury Scholarship which took her to England where she studied large scale food preservation at the Long Ashton Unit of Bristol University and housekeeping at the School of Cookery in London.

A highly successful business-woman now she has overcome all the early difficulties of setting up an independent business. Her main problem today is that she still has to import bottles, jars and caps from Britain, Germany and Holland.

Do women managers have any special problems arising because of their sex? Esther laughingly replied: "Yes, I did face a problem. Being an independent businesswoman bachelors were afraid to propose. They were afraid, because they thought I would be bossy and not submissive like most Ghanaian housewives. I just couldn't convince them that I could combine the

roles of manager and housewife, that I could change roles from that of the leader to that of the led..."

But she soon met her future husband who had and still has a sense of equality and partnership. "The day I married him was the most memorable event in my life," she recalled. "I had imported some bottling and fruit crushing machines from England and was having trouble with them. He set them right and that is how our friendship began."

He had been trained in England as a commercial designer, but when he saw that her industry had a bright future he resigned his job and joined her business. He is now the General Manager and their son is the Manager and Marketing Officer.

Though Esther Ocloo started her food preservation business in 1942, she did not set it up in a factory till after independence in 1957. At that time there were few indigenous industries. Today the Ghana Manufacturers Association has 600 members — 240 of them own their business and there are 12 women members.

Since then Esther Ocloo has opened another unit making handicrafts — hand woven textiles, tie and dye prints and hand printed textiles. "I have set up this industry in a village and it is run by hand and semi-automatic machines."

Esther observed that in Ghana small scale and cottage industries tend to employ women more than men. Many Ghanaian women are in the garment industry and this business suits them well "because they have an eye for beauty and good judgment." Many women workers are employed in soap plants, bead-making, pottery, weaving, bamboo craft, fruit shredding and food preservation industries.

Extraordinarily busy, Esther Ocloo begins her day at 6 a.m. All her office work is done in her home after ten at night. Being Ghana's first woman in industry, all the business organisations including U.N. bodies appeal to her to share her experiences and "store of knowledge" with them. Consequently she travels a lot to participate in international conferences and seminars and has never been able to enjoy "a really long holiday with her husband, two sons and a daughter."

Usha John

ANYTHING LEFT OVER?

Cooking with left-overs does not necessarily mean dull, unpleasing dishes. If you let your imagination run wisely, with the varied left-over food you can easily produce the best of meals that will surely tempt the most jaded appetites. Also, using up left-overs not only saves money but cuts down the cooking time which is most essential for working girls nowadays.

Premila Lal



Photograph: Farokh Reporter

VEGETABLE PIE

Left-over mix vegetables, cooked (vegetable stew may be used instead)

2 potatoes, boiled and mashed
Left-over green peas and diced

- carrots
- Salt to taste
- 1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
- 3 eggs
- ½ tsp. chilli powder
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 1 slightly beaten egg white
- Pie pastry

Line a pie tin with the rolled out

pie pastry. Prick the pastry with a fork and leave to chill. Meanwhile, blend together the eggs, coriander leaves, chilli powder and stir this mixture into the cooked vegetables when cool.

Brush the pie pastry with beaten egg white and fill in the mixture. Divide the pie into four with piped mashed potato. Fill in each

quarter with green peas and diced carrots. Dot with butter and bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes.

MINCE KABABS

½ kg left-over minced meat cooked

6 hard-boiled eggs
20 mint leaves, chopped
Small bunch coriander leaves, chopped
2 tbsps. gram flour
1 egg, beaten
Salt to taste
Ghee

Mix the cooked mince meat with gram flour, egg, mint and coriander leaves. Add salt if necessary. Wrap the meat paste around the hard-boiled eggs. Heat the ghee and deep fry the balls until golden brown. Serve immediately.

GOBI PARATHA

375 grams wheat flour
1½ cups left-over uncooked cauliflower, grated
1" piece ginger piece, minced
½ tsp. coriander powder
½ tsp. garam masala
2-3 green chillis, finely chopped
Salt to taste
Ghee

Sift flour. Add enough water and 1 teaspoon of ghee. Knead till soft and stiff. Left-over chappati dough may be used instead. Mix the cauliflower with all the remaining ingredients. Roll out chappatis thickly. Place 1 heaped tablespoon of the mixture in the centre. Gather edges and roll into a ball. Flatten and roll out as thinly as possible. Heat a tava and cook on both sides with a little ghee till nicely brown.

EGG AND CHEESE PULLAO

3 eggs
150 grams cheese, grated
2-3 cups left-over cooked rice
1 cup left-over green peas
1 green chilli, minced
2 large onions, chopped
½ tsp. cummin seed powder
½ tsp. chilli powder
Salt to taste
Ghee

Fry the onions in ghee. Add the cummin powder. Fry, then add the chopped chilli and chilli powder. Add the rice and peas and mix well together. Then add the cheese. When the cheese begins to melt turn out onto a plate. Beat the eggs well with some salt and scramble roughly in some hot ghee. Cover the rice with it and serve hot with sweet mango chutney.

BREAD FRITTERS

4-6 slices left-over white bread (not too stale)
½ litre cream
¼ tsp. cinnamon powder
50 grams castor sugar

2 tbsps. mixed fruit or apricot jam
Ghee

Remove the hard crusts from the bread slices and cut into fingers about 1½ inch wide. Combine the cream, cinnamon and sugar. Put the bread fingers into this mixture and soak for about 10 minutes. Drain the fingers and fry in hot ghee until nicely brown on both sides. Heat the jam with a little water and sieve. Serve as a sauce with the fried bread fritters.

PEA KOFTA AND POTATO CURRY

250 gram left-over cooked peas
Little gram flour
1 tsp. poppy seeds
Ghee
Salt to taste
1 medium sized onion, chopped finely
3 large potatoes, peeled and cubed

GRIND TO A PASTE:

5-6 cloves
¼ tsp. cummin seeds
½ tsp. turmeric powder
6 dry red chillis
1 tsp. garam masala

Mash the peas to a paste.

Take the pea paste and mix in it 1 tablespoon poppy seeds and sufficient gram flour to make the mixture hold together. Form into balls and fry immediately to a golden brown. Set aside. Brown the onion in some ghee, adding the ground paste. Fry the masala till the raw smell disappears. Add the potato cubes and salt, covering with sufficient water to cook the potatoes. Add more water if necessary. Remove

when sufficient gravy is left. Now add pea koftas, simmer for 2 minutes, and serve.

JHAL FARAZI

1 large onion
3 potatoes
30 grams ghee
3 cloves garlic
250 grams cooked meat (left-over roast)
1 small piece ginger
1 tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. garam masala
A pinch of turmeric
Salt to taste

Chop the onion finely and boil the potatoes. Heat ghee and fry onions till brown. Add garlic and fry. Shred the meat and dice the potatoes. Add to the onions with remaining spices and salt to taste. For variation, add one chopped tomato. Mix well and fry till dry.

STUFFED ONIONS IN TOMATO SAUCE

Left-over cooked meat or chicken
6 large onions
2 tbsps. vegetable oil
2 tbsps. breadcrumbs
¼ tsp. chilli powder
A pinch of turmeric
¼ tsp. garam masala
2 tbsps. capsicum, chopped
1/8 tsp. pepper, freshly ground
1 green chilli, chopped fine
2 tbsps. cheese, grated
Salt to taste
1 cup tomato sauce

Peel and boil the onions in salted boiling water until tender but firm. Drain thoroughly and cool. Slice off the tops and scoop out

centres. Use 1 cup of scooped out centres. Chop and saute in oil with the capsicum and green chilli. Add the meat. Cook for about 2 minutes, add chilli powder, turmeric, garam masala, breadcrumbs, pepper and salt to taste. Fill onion centres with meat mixture and place in a shallow baking dish. Sprinkle with cheese and pour tomato sauce over it. Bake in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes, basting occasionally. Serve hot.

EGG AND KHEEMA SQUARES

6 eggs
250 grams left-over cooked minced meat
1 cup ghee
¼ kg onions, minced fine
4 green chillis, minced fine
2" fresh ginger, minced fine
4 cloves garlic, minced fine
Small bunch coriander leaves, chopped fine
½ tsp. fresh ground pepper
2 tps. mixed spice powder
1½ tsp. chilli powder
Juice of 2 lemons
Salt to taste

Mix the mince meat well with all the remaining ingredients except the eggs. When well blended, add the eggs and mix again.

Heat half of the oil in a flat pan on a low fire and spread the meat evenly over it. Melt the remaining ghee and pour evenly over the meat. Cover the pan with a well fitting lid. Place live coals on the lid and let the meat simmer until it becomes a golden brown. Remove from fire and cut into 1½ inch squares. Serve hot with fresh salad and hot buttered rolls.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR MONTHLY COOKERY QUEENS

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00:

1) A 5.0 litre all stainless steel KITCHEN-KING Pressure Cooker with 3 separators from ASHA APPLIANCES, Bombay, 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, and 3) A non-stick coated Taper Fry-pan from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay.

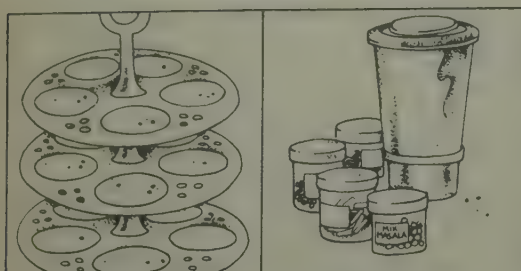


A discount of 5 per cent is offered to Eve's Weekly readers on purchase of KITCHEN-KING all stainless steel Pressure Cookers only. Contact Akbarally's, Bombay, with this clipping or phone 541629, Asha Appliances, for your nearest dealer.

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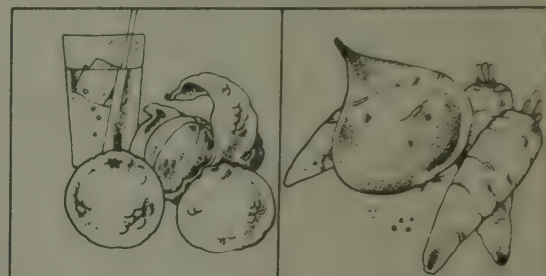
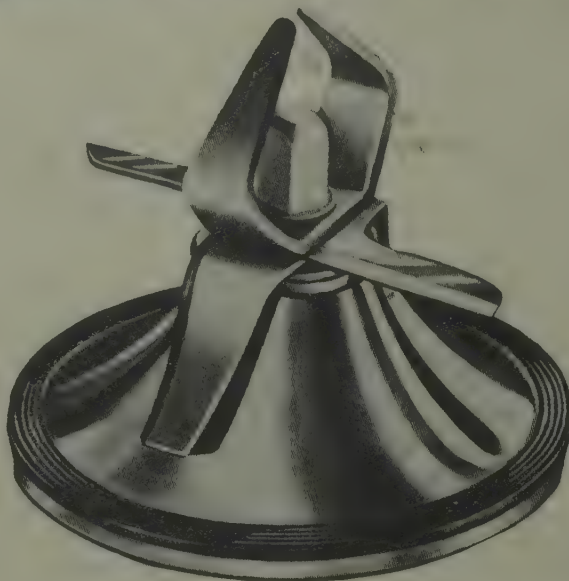
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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Mrs. Khorshed Kamdar, Bombay.

FRIDAY PUDDING

- 1 litre milk
- 6-7 leftover thin wheat flour chappatis
- 2-3 tbsps. sugar or as per taste
- 2-3 drops almond or rose essence
- 3 large eggs
- A pinch of salt
- 3 tbsps. melted butter or ghee

Grease the baking dish. Pre-heat the oven.

Crumble the chappatis into small pieces and leave aside. Add sugar in the boiled milk and boil it on a slow fire until the milk becomes thick and creamy. Set aside to cool. Add essence and stir well.

Add the chappatti crumbs in the cooled milk. Stir it with spoon. Beat eggs with a pinch of salt—beat well. Add the beaten eggs in chapatti mixture. Add melted butter and mix thoroughly with a wooden spoon. Pour the whole mixture in a greased dish or mould. Bake in a moderate oven for ½ an hour or until well baked. Cool and serve cold.



Miss Anees Masood, Hyderabad.

ANDAE-KE-LAOOZ

- 10 eggs
- ½ kg khoya

- 400 grams sugar
- 100 grams pure ghee
- 100 grams almonds (optional)
- 10 grams cardamoms, powdered
- 5 grams saffron

FOR DECORATION:

- 25 grams raisins
- 20 grams almonds (optional)
- 20 grams pistachios

Rub sugar and khoya together using fingertips. Beat the eggs well and add to the sugar and khoya mixture little at a time. Mix thoroughly so that no lumps are formed.

Soak the almonds overnight. Peel off the skin and grind finely. Add the almond paste to the mixture. Add the cardamom powder. Grind saffron with a little water and add to the mixture. Add ghee and mix the whole mixture thoroughly.

Pour the mixture in a lagan. Cover and bake on the charcoal only when the embers are fully lighted and the fire is not blazing.

When half-done, sprinkle raisins, pistachios and almonds, soaked and cut lengthwise. Remove the charcoal from underneath when it is done. Put the charcoal on top of the lagan. When it is golden brown, remove from the fire. Cool. Cut in diamond shaped pieces before serving.



Mrs. Carol Subaya, Bangalore.

BAKED CRISPY MUSHROOMS

- 10 large mushrooms
- 1½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce or soya sauce
- 12 slices bread, cubed
- 225 grams bacon
- 60 grams butter
- 175 grams cheese, cubed
- ¼ tsp. nutmeg powder
- Pepper and salt
- 10 cashewnuts
- 3 green chillis, chopped fine

Pre-heat the oven. Wipe the mushrooms and remove the stalks carefully. Invert each mushroom cap and arrange them lightly on a greased baking dish. Sprinkle salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Remove the bacon rind and cut into thin strips. Fry till crisp. Melt butter in a pan. Add the chopped mushroom stalks, bread cubes and cashewnuts. Fry for a few minutes, add the fried bacon, nutmeg, pepper, green chillis and salt. Lastly add cheese and fry for a minute. Remove. Carefully remove the cashewnuts and stuff one in, and spoon a heap of the mixture on, each mushroom. Bake for 25 minutes

WEEKLY WINNER

LEELA RAO,
Pune.



Mrs. Rao wins Rs. 50.00 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries. Cochin.

DRIED PRAWN PULLAO

- 2 cups basmati rice
- 1 cup peas, shelled
- 2 cups prawns, dried
- 250 grams onions
- 50 grams butter
- 2 tbsps. oil
- ½ coconut, grated
- 5 green chillis, cut lengthwise
- 2 bay leaves
- 8 pepper corn
- 8 cloves
- 1" piece cinnamom
- 1½ tbsps. raisins

Chop the onions length wise.

Wash the rice and soak for 15 minutes. Clean the prawns nicely. Wash them well. Boil for 15 minutes on a slow fire with ½ cup of water and ¼ teaspoonful of salt. When completely dry, put them on a thali to cool. Steamcook the rice with 3½ cups of boiling water. Add peas, butter, green chillis, bay leaves, pepper corn, cloves, cinnamon to the rice. Add 1½ tsp. salt

Grind the grated coconut coarsely with one tablespoon of milk.

Remove the rice from the fire. Spread it on a big thali to cool. Separate the grains and discard all the herbs and green chillis.

Heat the oil. Fry the chopped onions to a golden brown. Leave aside half of the fried onions for the garnish. Add ground coconut and raisins in leftover fried onions. Fry over a low heat for another 2 minutes, then add rice and prawns together. Mix them nicely. Spread it evenly in a rice dish and decorate with the fried onions.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

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

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



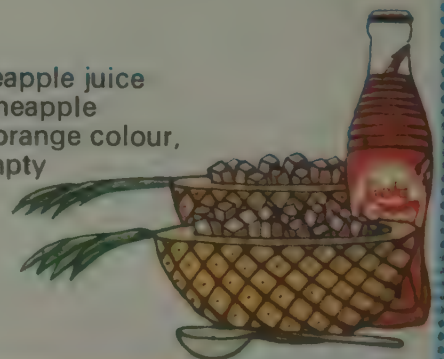
Blue-ribbon winner!

ORANGE NOVELTY

Pour 1 bottle of Gold Spot, 1 cup milk and 3 tablespoons pineapple juice into a mixer jar. Blend well on low speed. Add small bits of pineapple and 10 grams dissolved gelatine to this mixture. Stir in a little orange colour, if needed. Keep in fridge till set. To serve, arrange pieces in empty pineapple shell.

Hurry if you want your share!

**KEEP GOLD SPOT STOCKED AT HOME.
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SLOGANS DO NOT KEEP A CITY CLEAN

Continued from page 21

tion but to use the footpaths as lavatories. More latrines and urinals should be constructed around the city, so that people don't need to degrade themselves or be a source of nuisance to everyone else around. Such localities also breed dangerous germs and generally contaminate the atmosphere. In vain do people paint notices saying, "Commit no nuisance," for they go absolutely disregarded. Perhaps it is the use of this elaborate euphemism which is the reason for this persistent evil. If it was stated clearly, in black and white, people would understand and results could be obtained.

Some time ago, a handful of people with an aesthetic sense tried painting religious frescoes on the walls of the Prince of Wales Museum. For a long time, the idea worked and people stopped messing up the pavement. In the meantime, the Municipality constructed a public lavatory at the same venue, and the nuisance was brought under control. However, after nearly two years, the paintings have grown very faint and the area is being misused again. After having gone to the extent of constructing the lavatory, the municipality should go a step further and see that it is kept clean and that its flush tanks are in a working condition, so that people will not use the pavement, paintings or no paintings.

Since it is mostly pavement and slum dwellers who use public toilets, though others feel the need too, a large toilet with every reasonable facility like flush tanks and adequate running water for cleaning purposes, should be constructed, wherever there are slum colonies and pavement dwellings.

As things stand, with faulty flushes, pipe bursts and erratic water supply, the stench from public latrines is awful and people have to literally hold their breath and run whenever passing such a latrine. This explains why public latrines are so rare because people object when a public lavatory is being constructed in their neighbourhood. It is therefore a vicious circle of people desiring hygiene and sanitation, but not the means by which this can be achieved. If the municipality would periodically clean them thoroughly and maintain them well, then people would not mind too much if a

lavatory was constructed in their neighbourhood.

One wonders why nothing can be done to reform the evil doers. Television spots, slides and cartoons directed at educating the people to keep the environment clean, have not worked. Neither have messages carri-

in anyway spoiling or contaminating the environment. These people are very conscious of the penalty involved, and automatically keep the neighbourhood spotless so that one does not find so much as a match-stick on the road.

The lack of civic sense is not confined to the illiterate or the economically backward sections of society. The so-called elite and affluent are equally guilty of the same crime, and in their

ground floor, who suffer from the odour and the pests. This has become such a habit with those who don't realize the consequences that even repeated attempts to stop this have not brought forth results.

Again car owners in Bombay are reckless and callous to say the least. Many an accident on the road is the result of late signalling or no signalling at all on the part of the driver. A driver may suddenly decide to turn left, but it either doesn't occur to him to signal with his arm or his horn, or he is just too lazy to do so. Thus the driver of a vehicle behind is caught unaware, and an accident occurs.

Car drivers, similarly, take a queer delight in sounding their horns full blast outside hospitals and schools in complete disregard of silence zones.

During the recent Holi celebrations children from well-to-do homes smeared paint and colour all over freshly painted buildings, and on gate-posts and walls with deliberate ill intention. They flung water balloons high up, so that they burst on the third or fourth floors. The coloured water ran down the building in ugly streaks, spoiling the entire look of the building. This was their perverse idea of fun. Of course, their parents looking on did not breathe a word.

It is therefore unfair for richer folk to sit in their plush apartments and point at those who litter or dirty the pavements. They too, in their own way, are responsible for going against the basic rules of civic sense.

It must be borne in mind, however, that while pavement dwellers use public toilets most frequently, the need to relieve is common to all classes of people. A housewife on an occasional shopping spree may find herself desperately ill at ease for a decent toilet to go to. Similarly, travelling salesmen, vendors and hawkers need to relieve themselves in the course of their day's work. While men can and most often do use pavements unashamedly, it is women who are most handicapped in this respect.

Latā P — says she wouldn't use public toilets the way they are for anything in the world. "I wouldn't be seen dead entering one. I'd rather go blue in the face from self-control!" When asked if she used toilets at five-star hotels she said — "Certainly, I do." What's the difference? Well, for one thing they are immaculately clean, there is always a woman in attendance, and

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ed on the rear of buses and trains helped. Advertisers have tried to sponsor lessons on hygiene and civic sense through posters and hoardings in various parts of the city, but judging by the same sorry situation, they haven't achieved much.

This may perhaps be due to the fact that most of them are in English, thus defeating the purpose altogether. The regional languages will certainly help in this respect.

This brings us to the conclusion that unless people are penalized they will never learn. In countries abroad like Singapore people are fined very heavily for dropping litter on the streets, or

case, the offence is somewhat amplified because they have both education and wealth, so that they do not flout civic rules out of ignorance or necessity.

In the Breach Candy area, for instance the sky-scrapers have become the favourite breeding-ground of rats and cockroaches. As one enters such a building, the stench hits one in the face. The cause of the accumulated rubbish, is the construction of wells which run internally throughout the length of the building.

People living in these buildings use the well as a dump, so that the accumulated heap is a nuisance to the residents of the lower floors, not to mention the

Continued on Page 41

"Get cured of piles, gall-stones and kidney-stones without surgery," the board announces at the entrance of the clinic. An organised feature service sends out handouts claiming that the doctor has cured many patients of cancer and other "incurable" diseases. The scientific mind is immediately provoked into a series of questions, foremost among which are: Is the claim genuine? What proof exists that a cure is guaranteed?

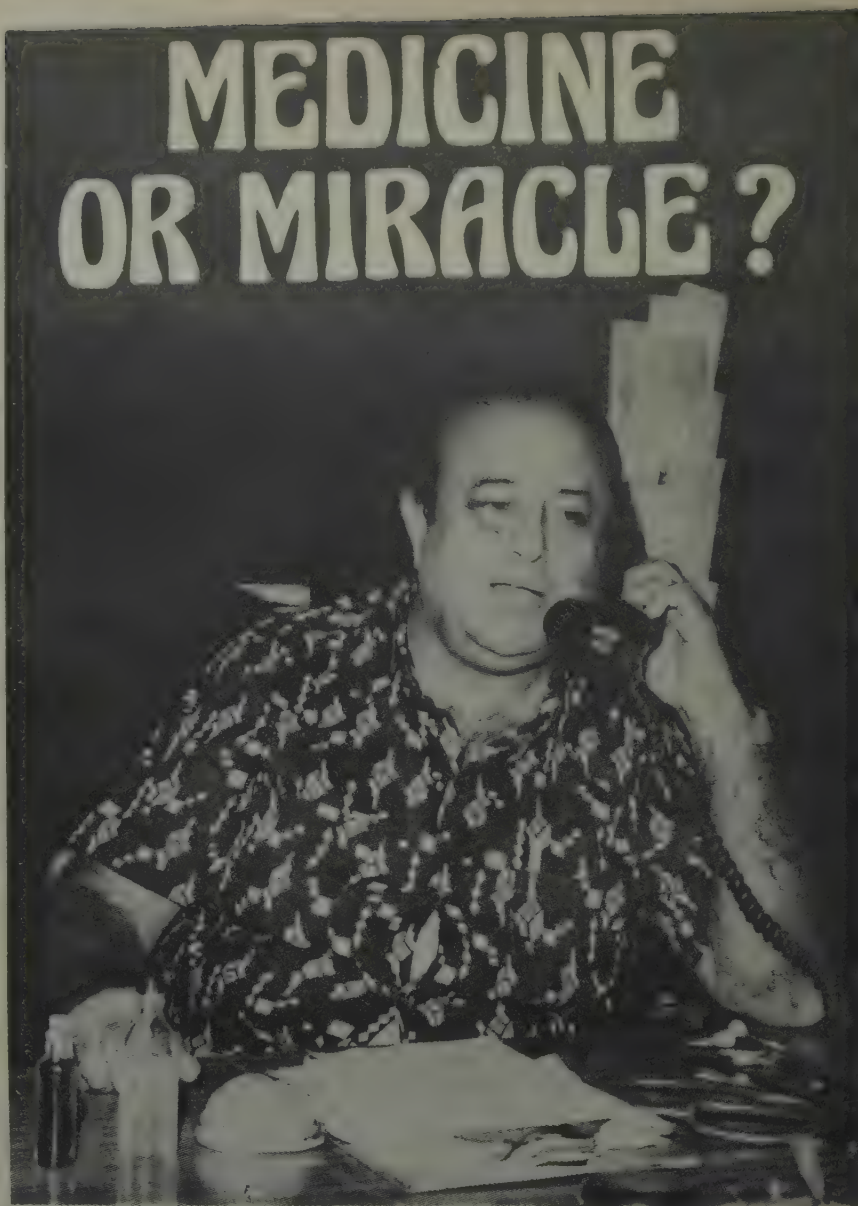
The clinic referred to above belongs to Dr. K. Jessani, a homoeopathic practitioner who practises on the outskirts of Bombay proper. There is a continuous, never-ending stream of patients lining up at the clinic much before consultation hours begin in the mornings, as well as in the evenings. They come from all strata of society: the rich, the poor; Hindus, Muslims and Christians; and almost all of them come to him as a last resort, having exhausted all other resources for a "cure".

Portly and cherubic, Dr. Jessani exudes confidence and joy in whatever he says and does. His method of handling patients reminds one of faith-healers who literally force their patients into believing that they can get well. A middle-aged man comes up and complains of hoarseness of voice. "Do not worry," says the healer. "I will get your voice back in no time." Another elderly patient suffering from "motor neurone disease" comes hobbling up to the doctor. "You will soon be walking normally, uncle," says Dr. K. Jessani.

Dr. Jessani comes from a family of traditional homoeopaths who have been in the profession for over three generations now. In addition to obtaining training from his father, the ebullient doctor graduated in homoeopathy from Lahore and migrated to India only a few years ago.

Reasonably proud of the "successes" he claims to have achieved, Dr. Jessani talked readily to me during the course of an interview. "I don't need to say anything about my work," he claimed, and thrust a file of letters he has received over the years into my hands. The letters are in all sizes and shapes and represent a cross-section of society. Almost all of them express thanks to the homoeopathic physician for his kind attention due to which their ailments have taken a turn for the better.

Having gone through the letters, I started firing questions at



HIS TREATMENT MAY NOT PASS MUSTER WITH THE MEDICAL COUNCIL, BUT PATIENTS COME TO HIM IN DROVES WITH DIVERSE DISEASES AND SEEM SATISFIED

Manohar S. Kamath

the doctor. What is the secret of his success? "I keep faith in God and use my vast experience to treat a case. No two cases are alike; it is the decision on what drug will suit a particular patient that calls for experience. All the remedies I use are mentioned in the textbooks of homoeopathy, but while other homoeopaths do not have the skill and confidence to use these remedies I make full use of them to cure my patients."

"What percentage of cases do you cure by your method of treatment?"

"On an average, I would say 80 per cent of the patients who follow my instructions to the last detail are cured. Most of the patients who come to me, do so

at a very late stage, after having undergone all sorts of treatments from the different systems of medicine. As a result, the treatment I give lasts as long as four to eight months, but once begun, a patient can be reasonably sure of a cure."

Coming to the cure of cancer, Dr. Jessani said, "All cancers are caused by suppression of other minor ailments of different body systems. A cure for different types of cancer has been mentioned in homoeopathy; I use these with some individual variations to get a cure for this otherwise 'incurable' disease. Most of the cancer patients I treat come to me after undergoing radiation, chemotherapy, surgery, etc. (the standard treatment in modern medicine)

and quite often, after 'cancer specialists' admit failure, I treat them successfully."

What is the proof of his tall claims, I venture to ask. "Those letters are proof enough," he said, pointing to the files on his table. "Patients from all over the world take my treatment and express their gratitude after they have been cured."

On paper, all these statements appear to be based on sound grounds. But what about the scientific aspects of the learned doctor's treatment? It is of utmost importance that all claims for successful treatment of diseases by new drugs should undergo the rigorous scrutiny of scientific assessment before being accepted as standard forms of therapy.

The ideal test to confirm Dr. Jessani's cure for cancer and other diseases would be to undertake a clinical trial of his drugs under controlled conditions by august bodies like the Indian Council for Medical Research.

"I have no time at all for such activities," says the homoeopath. "The never-ending rush of patients prevents me from taking even a short vacation. Research involves time, skill and patience, plus the need to follow up patients very closely. With my sort of hectic schedule, such activities are impossible."

Why doesn't he reveal the formulae of his medicines or train other doctors in the art of curing the incurable?

"As I have mentioned earlier," he said, "the treatment is specified clearly in standard textbooks of homoeopathy. It is the task of all doctors to unravel these secrets for themselves by studying the subject in depth. As for teaching others, we come back to the original problem—lack of time."

Among persons who came to consult Dr. Jessani was a leading radiologist whom I met on one of my visits to the clinic. The alliance of modern medicine at the highest level with the mysticism of homoeopathy is a strange one and raised several questions which the doctor (who is an M.D. and preferred to remain anonymous), answered readily.

"I have been in the field of radiology and modern medicine for well over 30 years and am naturally chary of unknown regimes of therapy," he said. "The doctor will not tell you what his medicine contains because it is some sort of 'trade secret'.

have come here at the request of a friend in North India who is suffering from cancer of the kidneys which has not responded to known methods of treatment; this gentleman came to hear of Dr. Jessani through another friend."

Does he accept homoeopathic remedies at face value?

"I keep an open mind on these things," he answered. "After all, a large number of drugs like rauwolfia and belladonna have been taken from homoeopathy and successfully used in allopathy. One must realise that almost all the people who

remains an intelligent guess at real diagnosis. The same holds true for treatment of outstation patients who receive treatment for months on end by post, without having been examined even once by the physician.

The role of faith in effecting a cure should also not be underplayed. One of the strange rituals performed by Dr. Jessani is the sprinkling of "holy water" all over some of his patients while muttering a prayer for the cure of the patient. As he himself puts it, "dawa ke saath dua ki bhi zaroorat hai" (besides medicine, prayer is also required to

cure the patient).

The economic aspects of the physician's cures merit some attention. Since all drugs are supplied from the stock of the clinic itself, costs vary from Rs. 3 to Rs. 10 a day, and since most preparations are supplied for periods varying from 15 days to three months, the paying customer shells out quite a large sum of money at every visit.

The ultimate proof of the efficacy or otherwise of Dr. Jessani's treatment are the patients who have undergone his line of therapy and claim to have obtained relief. Unfortunately, one cannot rely too much on them because of their personal bias. Add to this the fact that some of them combine conventional as well as homoeopathic treatment, one is not sure which of the two has really cured them.

One cannot ignore the hundreds of patients who believe that Dr. Jessani is a saviour who saved them from pain and disease. At the same time, the scientific mind does not readily accept available evidence at face value.

The only answer thus lies in detailed clinical research on the homoeopathic treatment by Dr. Jessani. It would be prudent to mention that many effective indigenous medicines suffer from wanton neglect just because of the fact that no research is carried out on their use and efficacy.

SLOGANS DO NOT KEEP A CITY CLEAN

Continued from page 39

soap, towels and face tissues are freely available. What facilities do public toilets have to offer by comparison?" she asked.

Archana Desai, when questioned on the issue, said, "Of course I'd use a public toilet provided it was reasonably clean and restricted to ladies only. I wouldn't mind paying for this badly needed public amenity." Most people I queried wouldn't mind using public toilets provided there was someone constantly in attendance to ensure that flushes were pulled immediately after use and the place was always kept clean. Dinaz, a school teacher, also said that she wouldn't mind paying for the use of such a toilet. "I'd pay a nominal fee for using the toilet, and perhaps for the use of soap and talc inside. But even while I suggest it, I feel it's like some kind of vague dream, for who'd be willing to take up the responsibility of running such a project?"

Who indeed? But at this juncture I would like to point out the facility available at the toilet of the Jehangir Art Gallery, in South Bombay. The charge for using the toilet is ten paise and a woman on duty gives each person a counterfoil for the amount. In spite of this the toilet is not always clean.

How then should we tackle this problem of keeping our cities clean? Perhaps social workers and members of voluntary organisations could grab hold of people who throw litter around freely, and warn them that action would be taken against them if the offense is repeated. This could be accompanied by a short verbal lesson on civics. Or again, social workers or college students could work on an honorary basis, giving short lessons on sanitation and hygiene at booths constructed on the pavements, or they could start an adult education drive in slums, distributing literature in the various regional languages, educating people to cultivate a civic sense. There could also be incentive prizes for the cleanest locality, the neatest neighbourhood, the best maintained public latrine, etc. each year so that at least then each individual would remain mindful of the tremendous responsibility that rests on his shoulders in contributing towards a cleaner, greener, neater environment that would be a pleasure to live in.



ABOVE: Dr. Jessani examines a child patient.

RIGHT: The doctor with a vast variety of medicines.

come here are clutching at the proverbial last straw. Whether they are cured or not, at least they have the mental satisfaction of having tried all possible remedies."

This is a very heartening attitude to take, and coming from one who has been in the medical profession (though in a parallel system) for such a long period, is perhaps the right one under the circumstances.

At the same time, there are several aspects of the proceedings which do not stand up to scientific scrutiny. For example, the doctor's diagnosis is made on the basis of symptoms and without much of an examination of the patient, which is not a very sure method of verifying the nature of the disease and at best,



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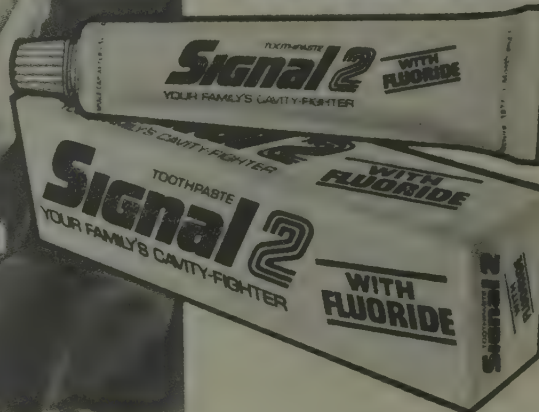
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The passengers seated in the plane in flight heard this: "Sit back and relax. This plane is entirely automatic. Automatic pilot, automatic food servers, and automatic landing devices. You are perfectly safe. Enjoy your ride. Nothing can go wrong...nothing can go wrong...nothing can go wrong..."

When the bottle of Scotch broke on the floor, the three little mice lapped it all up. Now they were really stoned. "I'm going to find Cassius Clay and knock his brains out," said the first one. The second said, "Just let me at that General Zia, I'll annihilate him." The third mouse had his own plans. "You boys do what you want. I'm going upstairs to make love to the cat."

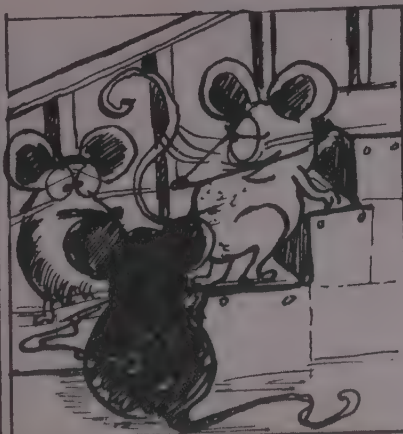
Did you hear about the whale who fell in love with a submarine? The whale followed the submarine all around the ocean, and every time the submarine shot off

THAT'S A LAUGH!

a torpedo, the whale handed out cigars.

Swimming in Florida waters a hipster yells: "An alligator just bit my leg."

"Which one?" his pal asked.



"How do I know, man, all these alligators look alike."

I brought a one-rupee cheque to the teller at the bank and asked him to cash it. "How do you want it?" he asked, "heads or tails?"

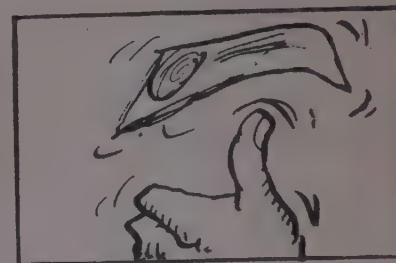
Pat Henry says he didn't realise how bad New York's air pollution was until the other night when he was held up by a thief. All he took were his cough drops.

"I'm not going to any more psychiatrists," said the call girl. I just don't see any future in going to a guy who tells me to lie down on a couch and then sends me a bill."

"Son," mother said to her son on his sixteenth birthday, "you can always come to mother about everything. If you ever start smoking or drinking, come to mama and tell her. I don't want to hear

it from the neighbours." "Don't worry, mom," the kid said. "I gave up smoking and drinking a year ago."

My memory is excellent. There are only three things I can't remember: I can't rem-



ber faces. I can't remember names — and I forgot what the third thing is.

I saw six college kids stagger out of a bar and get into the little car. One of them said, "Anil, you drive — you're too drunk to sing."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

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

Among all household appliances in common use in the country today the mixer is unique in the sense that it does a lot of mechanical work which otherwise would have to be done manually. Thus it has a very special place among a housewife's arsenal.

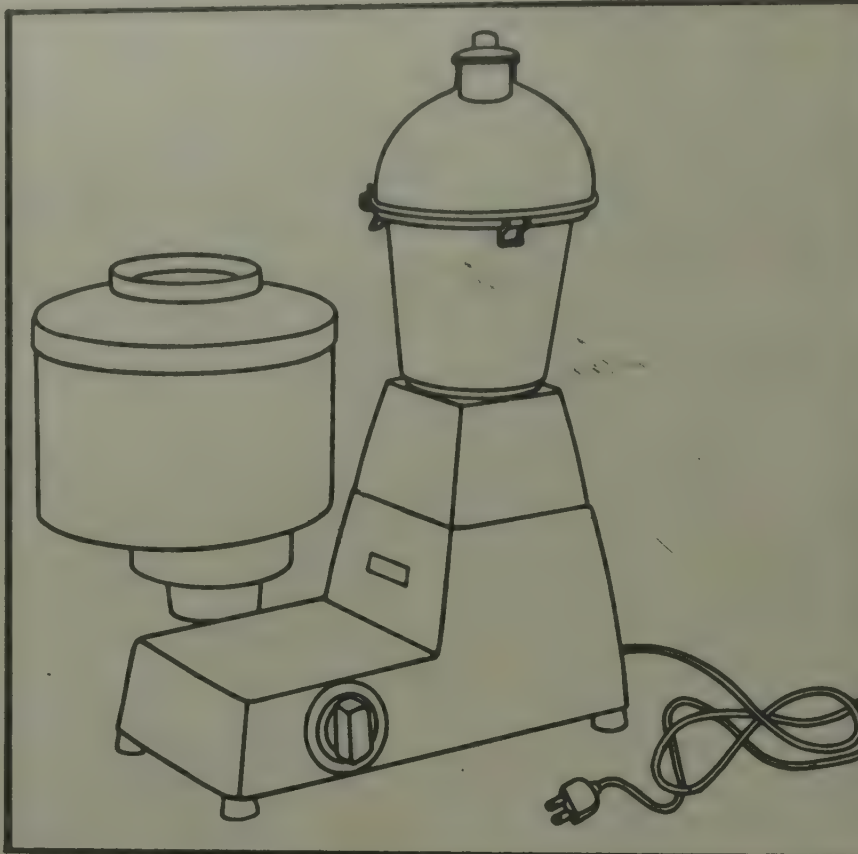
Like practically every other appliance the mixer too runs on electricity. Its basic components are an electric motor (similar to the one in a ceiling fan — though much smaller) which drives a set of two (or more) blades in exactly the same way as a ceiling fan though at a much higher speed. These blades are enclosed in a vessel or container into which the stuff to be mixed is filled. A lid to cover this vessel. These are the essential parts of a mixer.

The basic function of a mixer is to churn the contents you put into the vessel — be it beating an egg, mixing dough or making a milk-shake.

About the only thing that could go wrong in a mixer is the motor, apart of course from defects in your wall socket, plug and connecting cord for which corrective action was explained in an earlier article.

If on switching on the mixer, it fails to run, you should go about checking the plug, the connecting cord and the wall socket — in that order. If the plug is a one-piece sealed unit and the cord looks okay on a minute visual examination, the wall-socket may be faulty. Before you proceed to open the wall socket, try to operate some other appliance which you know for sure is in working condition through it. If it does not work then you may conclude that the socket is faulty. You may double check by using the test-pen as described earlier.

If the plug and the cord are okay and the wall socket is also okay, it may be that the other end of the cord, which is connected to the mixer drive unit, is not fixed properly. To examine this, remove the screws which hold the base cover to the under side of the body. Gently tug at the cord. If a connection is loose you will know by the feel. You can make the connection the same way as in



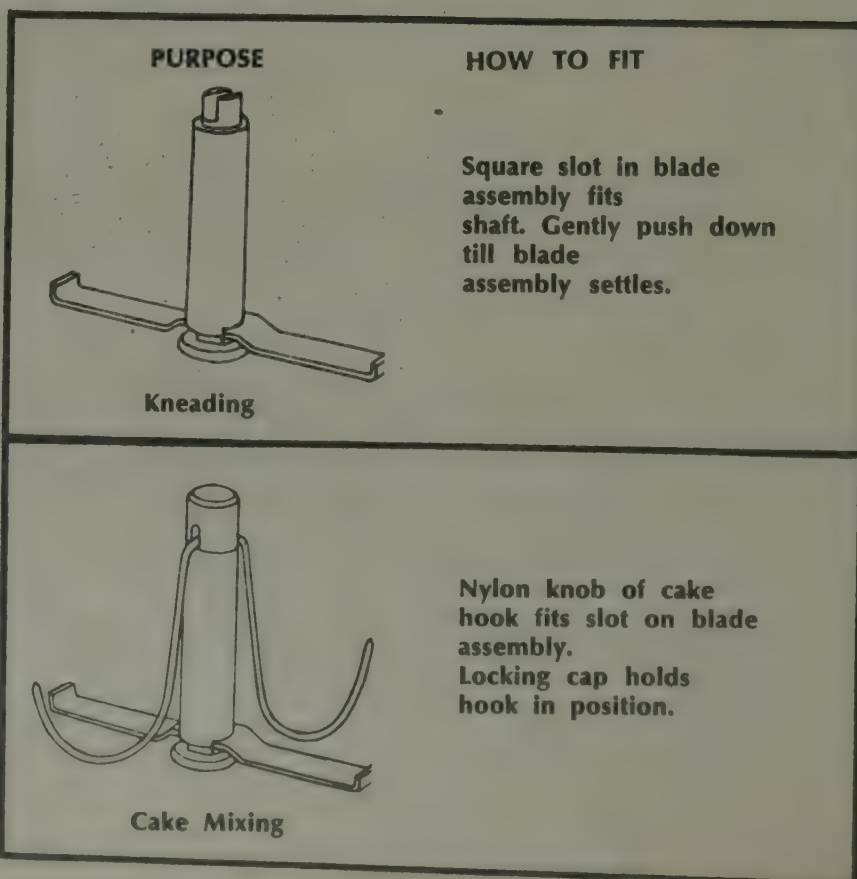
a plug if the wire is held by screws. If connection is by soldering (as it is in some makes) then the wire will have to be re-soldered. Any electrician will solder it for you for two or three rupees at the most (though only five paise worth of soldering material may be actually used!).

If all the parts mentioned above are okay and yet the mixer fails to work, you may conclude that something is wrong with the motor. In that case, you will have to get it repaired by an electrician. One last thing you should do before going to an electrician is switch on the mixer, with the container vessel empty and give it a couple of mild slaps on the base. It might start working if the problem was that some foreign particles were fouling contacts.

Apart from the above, if any plastic parts of the body are cracked or broken, they can be

how to handle THE MULTI MIXER

Dilip Bam



stuck back by some good adhesive (a tube of adhesive costs between five and ten rupees). You will have to leave the repaired (stuck) part untouched/undisturbed for 24 hours for the adhesive to dry. The crack will show, but the part will last all right if a good adhesive is used. Remember, the same adhesive is useful for sticking together practically any broken parts of anything, including wooden objects.

The following tips/precautions will ensure years of trouble-free service from your mixer.

1. Manufacturers specify how long one should run a mixer continuously. This duration differs from make to make and model to model. However, as a general rule, do not run it for more than two minutes continuously even if the manufacturer allows a longer time. After two minutes, give it a rest of half-a-minute before running it again. By running continuously

for longer periods, though no immediate damage may occur, it will reduce the total life of the machine as continuous running causes heating and parts wear out faster. If the manufacturer's specified time limit for continuous running is considerably exceeded the motor may burn out and will have to be replaced along with other parts suffering consequential damage. This is quite expensive.

2. Various types of blades for different applications are provided (e.g. dry grinding, wet grinding, whipping, etc. See fig). Whenever you fix/change a blade, ensure that it is secured properly, i.e. screwed on firmly to the shaft. If this is not done it might come loose during operation and break the container vessel as well as get damaged itself. However, do not over-tighten.

3. If your mixer is provided with more than one speed, always first let it run at the lowest speed for about a minute and increase the speed step by step to the highest. Switching off need not be done step by step. As a rule, the heavier the load, the slower should be the speed.

4. Do not fix or remove any attachment while the motor is running.

5. Sometimes, especially if the container vessel is overstuff-ed/overloaded, when you switch on, you hear a sound somewhat similar to a running motor. Even touching the machine gives an impression that there is mo-

tion inside, whereas actually there is no motion. Therefore, after switching on, always look through the transparent window to confirm that the material inside is indeed being churned. If the whining sound is there without motion, switch off immediately (or else the motor will burn out) and stir the contents a bit manually (two or three turns), replace the lid and switch on. If in spite of this the machine does not run, reduce the

quantity of the material in the container. If it still does not run, remove the vessel altogether and run the shaft alone for 2/3 seconds to check if anything is wrong with the motor itself. If the motor runs, it is possible that the vessel is not mounted properly, and the motor shaft is not in alignment.

6. Always operate the machine with the lid on. This will (a) prevent spilling of material,

(b) prevent injury if the blade is not secure,

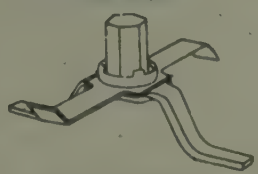
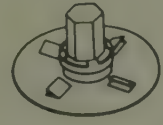
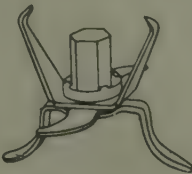
(c) prevent anything else falling into the jar.

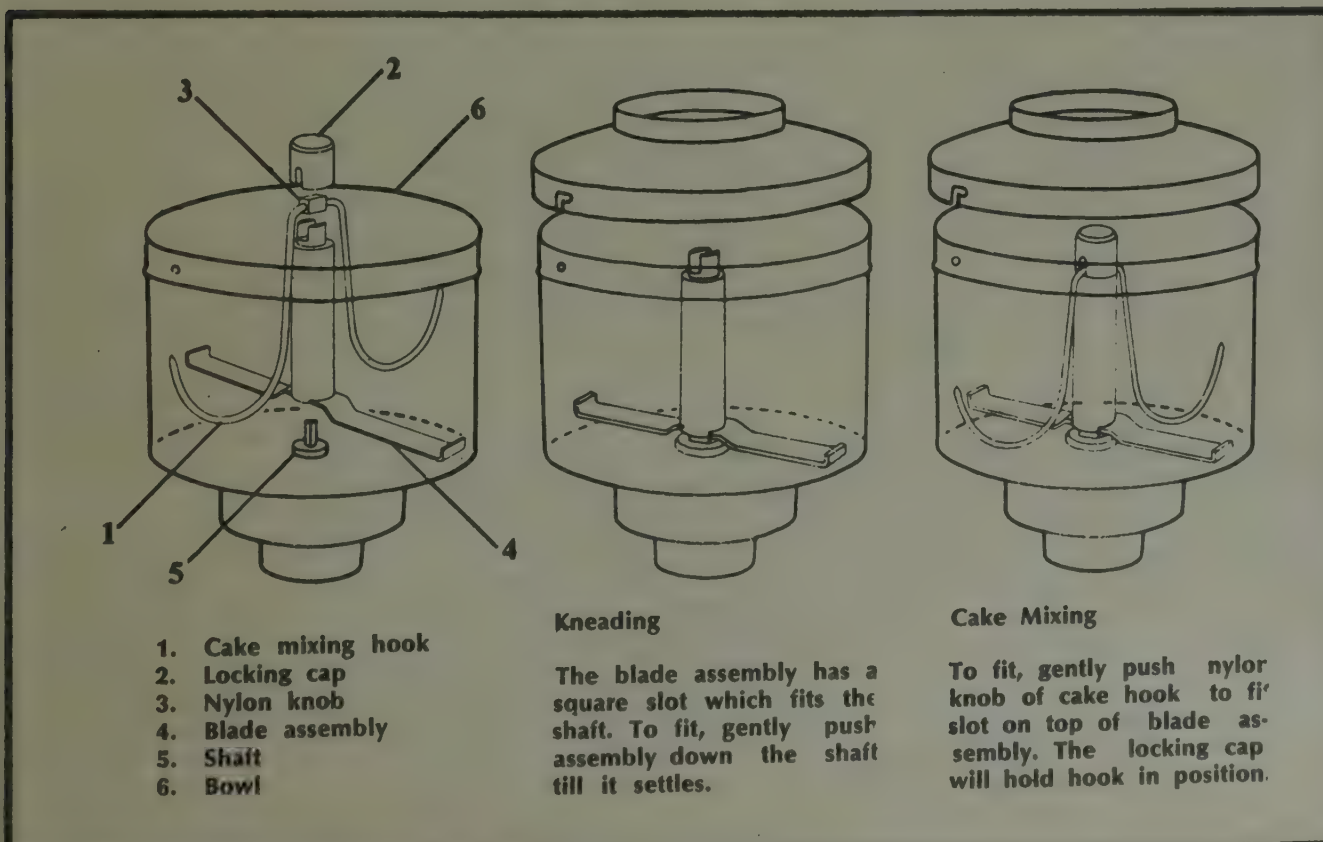
7. Always clean all parts of the machine (jar, blades, etc.) immediately after use. If kept unclean for long, some particles of food, etc. may get stuck in the sealing area at the bottom of the jar and will prevent it from sitting snugly on its seat for operation. In any case, cleaning immediately after use requires much less scrubbing than vessels cleaned after food has dried in them.

8. Most importantly, never try to wash the base block inside which is the motor. If water were to seep in, it will ruin the motor. If it is dirty, scrub it with cloth dipped in soap water or detergent and squeezed because even a drop of water entering the motor will cause damage.

About a dozen makes of indigenous mixers are available in India today. Prices range from Rs. 400 for a very simple one to over Rs. 1000 for a really good one with many attachments. The quality of Indian-made mixers compares favourably with imported ones — at least functionally.

The advantage of buying an Indian-made mixer is that repair costs are far cheaper and spare parts are easily available. Repairing a defect in an imported machine may cost three times as much as repairing an Indian-made one, the logic being that if you could afford to buy an imported machine supposed to be more expensive (which is not true as imported machines are cheaper than Indian-made ones even after paying customs duty), you can very well afford to pay more for its repair.

<p>PURPOSE</p>  <p>Dry grinding</p>	<p>HOW TO FIT</p> <p>Fit dry grinding blade assembly in the jar by gently screwing down in an anti-clockwise direction with the spanner (provided with spatula) until it is firm. DO NOT OVER-TIGHTEN.</p>
 <p>Whipping, blending and liquidising</p>	<p>Same as above. The ingredients you want to whip into jar, should be liquid enough to permit circulation. The contents when machine is not in action should not exceed level of jar.</p>
 <p>Wet grinding</p>	<p>Same as above.</p>



TELL US

This is the fifth instalment of our column which aims at demystifying mechanics for our readers. We would now like some feed-back from you so that we can cater to your needs even more closely. Please write and tell us whether you have learnt anything new from this monthly feature, whether you have found it practically useful, what other gadgets/machines you would like explained and whether there is any way we can make the column more useful for you.

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LIPSTICKS AND NAIL ENAMEL



Miracle of Science

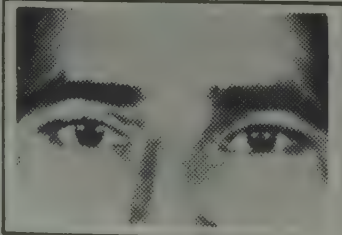
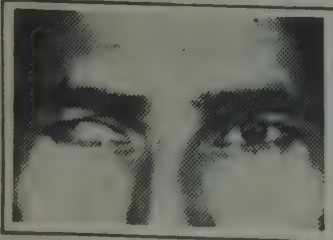
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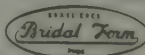
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In spite of the car mishap, Amjad Khan looked hale and hearty when I dropped in at his wife Shehla's house where he was convalescing after his stint at the Nanavati hospital. To keep him company, he had his almost look-alike son Shadaab full of pranks.

"The second car mishap has come as a blessing in disguise to me," Amjad said as we settled down in the drawing room after Amjad finished his late lunch.

"After the last accident at Goa, in spite of the fact that my doctors had advised me to undergo an operation to remove a rod that had got into my thigh, I couldn't because I had no time. Now that I am laid up in bed for about a month, I decided to utilise the opportunity to get the rod removed."

Producers keep calling on Amjad. Some of them come only to wish him while a few drop in to cajole him into listening to their stories so that Amjad can decide whether to accept the film or not. However, Amjad said that at least he has learnt to say No sweetly.

Amjad was in high spirits that afternoon. Talking about his decision to accept a selected few films, he said, "A Yes gets lots of virgins into trouble. Similarly I too have had my share. Today, I am on the look-out for something different and interesting. And I am talking about the roles and not the virgins. My No is as emphatic as my Yes."

In spite of his doctor's advice not to strain himself for at least a month, Amjad just could not resist helping his producer friends. "I've got to think of the interests of the producers too, as they have sunk lakhs into their projects involving me and I just cannot be indifferent. I have started reporting for dubbing because there are quite a few films of mine awaiting early release and are held up only because of dubbing."

What Amjad hates is the producers — at least most of them — trying to play safe and sell their films by typing Amjad. "Even in a film like 'Hamare Tumhare' in which I was playing the heroine's father, I was given a gun by Umesh Mehra because he felt I would not be accepted by the audience as just a father. The streak of Bad Man just had to be there."

Amjad's Man Friday serves tea, his favourite drink. He is a teetotaler and even at parties avoids liquor and makes a beeline to the tea counter. "I've got to be different. I hate conventions. Had

AMJAD KHAN: WAITING FOR A COMEDY ROLE

Jyothi Venkatesh



I stuck to conventions the dacoit Gabbar Singh in 'Sholay' would have had a tikka on his forehead like every other earlier dacoit right from 'Jis Des Mein Ganga Behti Hai' to 'Mera Gaon Mera Desh', apart from the typical kurta and the moustache. I broke conventions and that made me what I am today."

"Is it true that in the wake of the success of 'Dada' you insist on accepting only leading roles and refuse even plum roles because you do not want to play second fiddle to any leading man?" I asked Amjad.

"It's all bunkum," Amjad asserted. "Today, it is the distributor who compels the producer to cast me as the leading man because he hopes every film which has me as the leading man will click the way 'Dada' clicked."

And Amjad is absolutely right. The producers are cashing in on Amjad's rising popularity. The posters of 'Jaandar' and 'Khoor Kharaba' flash Amjad's face quite prominently even though Vinod Mehra is the leading man in both the films. 'Lakhan' has just been released with Amjad in

the title role. On the floors, are 'Adhura Aadmi' directed by Amjad, with himself and Vidya Sinha in the lead roles, and 'Pathan' starring Amjad and Padmini Kapila.

'Adhura Aadmi' is the only film of Amjad on the floors with him as director. "I have decided not to accept any more assignments as director. I have come to realise that as long as I have films on the floors as an actor, it is next to impossible to involve myself in direction too. Why, take 'Adhura Aadmi' itself. I have not been able to get the dates of Amjad the actor even though Amjad the director's dates are available. And I just do not want others to say that I am giving preference to the film for which I am the director."

Amjad made his bow in films in the multi-starrer 'Sholay'. Yet he is frank enough to admit that the trend to rely only on multi-star films is simply disastrous. "We need powerful scripts to do justice to each and every star working in a multi-star film and a distributor pays through his nose to acquire such films, while one hero-one heroine films simply go abegging. As long as these multi-star films keep on drawing people by promising them something different, it is O.K. I only hope and trust a situation will not arise when because of the multi-star system, the economy of the industry goes haywire and the industry grinds to a screeching halt."

Amjad doesn't have any fascination to work under any particular director. "Things keep on happening to me. I had never dreamt that I would make my bow in films with a memorable role. But I did. I never thought that I will be called upon to do a role in 'Shatranj Ke Khilari' by a film maker like Satyajit Ray. But I did. So today I am not keen on working with any particular director. I prefer a director who tells me that he will make the film only if I agree to act in it because he has faith in my performance."

Amjad doesn't pin-point a few important films of his on the floors because, according to him, he doesn't agree to do a film if it isn't an important role. "I've varied roles in my bag. Thankfully, though producers want to type me, I have escaped because my fans continue to welcome me in different roles."

However, Amjad has one unfulfilled desire. Not a single producer so far has utilised his flair for humour. Amjad is yet to show his talent in a comedy role.

"We are almost home," Rajan told his bride, who looked curiously out of the window of the taxi, as it sped across the streets of the small town. When the vehicle turned into a walled compound, and the ramparts of the building that was to be her new home first became visible, Mala gasped in surprise.

"Yes, this is our home, we will live here," her husband said, smiling at the surprise on his bride's face. The surprise soon turned to fear and awe. . . for Mala realised her new home was a palace. Her husband, who she knew was a rich man, was nothing less than a prince! And she, middle-class Mala, who had always lived a frugal life, had almost overnight become a princess.

"My first thought was of running away," Mala said, talking of that day, five years ago. "I was not at all prepared for this, and moreover, there was the knowledge that I was an intruder into this royal family, for I was a commoner whom the first son of the family had married without his elders' consent. And worse still, I was from a different caste, a different city, a different background altogether. I was sure I would have a terrible time, and wished frantically Rajan and I could go away in the same taxi to some place and set up a small home of our own."

Quite an unusual reaction, most girls might say. For, almost every girl, brought up on stories of beautiful princesses and handsome princes in rich palaces, dreams at some time of growing up to be a princess and marrying a prince. Mala too might have had such dreams when she was a little girl, but growing up had made her realise that girls from the middle class, "special-ly an ordinary-looking girl like me" did not become rich princesses, but grew up to marry middle-class men who lived contented but middle-class lives. Little wonder she was surprised and not a little dismayed by the sudden transformation.

It all began when Mala was in school. Her cousin wrote to her, asking if she would become the pen-friend of his friend, who wanted to correspond with a convent-going girl. "I was unwilling at first. I knew my father would not agree to my writing letters to a boy, we are from an orthodox family," she said.

But when her cousin insisted, her spirit of adventure overcame her inhibitions. After all, a girl of 14 is definitely fascinated by the forbidden and the unknown, and there was "really no harm" in writing letters to someone

THE GIRL WHO BECAME A PRINCESS

Sathya Saran

she might never meet.

"I had another pen-friend too, a girl in London, and being an avid letter-writer I kept up an active correspondence with Rajan, my Indian pen-friend, as well as my British pen-friend. My first letters to Rajan were shy, formal," she said reminiscently. "We were of the same age, and he too wrote very schoolboyish letters, writing all the time of his school friends, and his hostel."

The letter writing continued for some years and both Rajan and Mala entered college. Then her father, who had taken a somewhat liberal view of the whole thing, decided it was time for Mala to stop her pen-friendship. She was growing up.

"I wrote to Rajan and told him that I would not write any more," she said. But Rajan insisted she continue, that there was really nothing wrong in writing letters, and so Mala continued the correspondence, though her receiving address was shifted to a neighbour's house.

By this time, she knew that her pen-friend was a rich man, with two sisters and two brothers.

She knew, too, that he had no father, that his family included a grandmother and an uncle, and that his own mother was a beautiful and capable woman. "But I did not have any idea of his real status, or of the extent of his wealth, he never let me know that," she said, somewhat petulantly.

When six years ago his letters began to take on a different tone, and he started to talk of marriage, Mala was quite surprised. "I told Rajan that he was silly, that pen-friends did not marry, and that I was an ordinary girl from an ordinary home and he was too rich for me," she said. "I told him he had been seeing too many Hindi films."

Rajan replied that he hated seeing films, and had told his family he would marry her and none other. He also took up a Government job to prove his seriousness and desire for independence.

When he was posted to a city 200 miles away from where Maya stayed, the pen-friends met for the first time. "I invited him to come and visit me, for I told

him I was very different from my photographs, and he should know me before he decided to marry me," she said. But Rajan evidently liked Mala even more in flesh and blood, and the friendship grew. Within a few months, they were married.

"When the news was broken to my family and his, they accepted it. My parents held a reception, and were glad for me that I had found a handsome, loving and rich husband. And then we set off for his home to meet his family which, though it considered me an intruder and an outsider, decided to accept me as Rajan's wife," she said.

But the first sight of her palatial home, and the regal splendour of her new family was enough to upset and frighten Mala for some time.

"It was like entering a new world," she said. "I was overwhelmed by the splendour and the opulence of the way of life of my in-laws. They were royal indeed, and lived as if their status had not been changed at all by the coming of independence to India."



The first few weeks were a round of functions and feasts, Mala recalled. "I was given all the status of a new, royal bride, and overwhelmed with rich gifts, costly sarees and gold ornaments." And along with the presents, her in-laws also explained to her her rights and duties as a princess of a Rajput household.

But being a Princess is not an easy job, as Mala found out. First of all, there was the change in plans. "My husband left after a few weeks to return to his job, and I was left behind to help me to get adjusted to his family. I was still buying new vessels and furnishings to set up my new house when he returned, saying that the change was now impossible as he had thrown up the job. He was a Prince and could not continue to serve in a paltry government job, he said".

Mala was disappointed, but did not mind too much. Her apprehensions had turned into happiness, for she found her new family loving and kind. But things did not remain that way for long. The rigid demands of a royal way of life soon changed things drastically.

"Having grown up as a girl from a middle-class family, I was used to getting into a rickshaw and going to the bazar whenever I needed to shop," she said. "Now this was no longer possible. My in-laws told me very clearly that I was now a Princess and had to behave like one."

Thus if she had to go out any where, it had to be in a closed car (even jeep rides were out) and well-escorted. Never alone. Those shopping sprees many women love were out, too.

Most of Mala's shopping is done in the palace. "The saree man, the shoe and chappal man, the jewellery man, all come on regular rounds, and whenever something pleases us, we buy it." Not that Mala can buy anything she wants, anytime she wants. "We women are given pocket money and have to manage within it," she said, "but at least once a month I am presented a saree by my mother-in-law or grandmother-in-law or sister-in-law. There is no dearth of presents; only, the freedom to buy as and when I wish is missing."

Then there is the strict ritual of daily life. Being the only daughter-in-law, it is Mala's duty to wake up first every morning, bathe and do puja. Then she must visit the rooms of the mother-in-law, grandmother-in-law, aunt-in-law and other elders in turn and pay her respects to them by touching their feet and praying for their blessings. She

BEING A PRINCESS IS NOT EASY — SPECIALLY FOR A MIDDLE-CLASS GIRL WHO BECOMES THE 'BAHU' OF A ROYAL HOUSEHOLD. MANY ADJUSTMENTS AND SACRIFICES ARE DEMANDED BY THE STRICT CODES OF TRADITION. AN INTERVIEW-BASED, REAL LIFE, FEATURE

has also to touch the feet of the "nanads", sisters-in-law who, though younger to her, are "higher" in status. The ritual is repeated at sunset when the lamps are lit in the palace.

"If it is my devar's birthday, I have to visit the temple and pray for him, then visit him in his room and perform an aarati to him," she said, then added, "but I do not mind, it is all in affection after all."

What Mala minds is the loneliness. "There is a total lack of emotion in this way of life," she said. "I am constantly reminded that as a Rajput bahu, I must not laugh loudly or look a man in the face. I must not let my head be exposed even before a servant, and must be always dressed in jewels and fine clothes, even when working in the kitchen, preparing a favourite dish. Fortunately, we are not prevented from cooking, or I would be really bored."

But Mala has adjusted to all this. "It is a way of life, and since I have chosen it I must live according to it," she said. But the feeling that her freedom is gone forever troubles her once in a while. "I have no friends in my new home," she regretted. "The formal way of life has left me alone."

Her first (and till now only) pregnancy was a long nightmare. "I had a lot of complications," she said, "and complained a lot about the aches and pains of

my first pregnancy." Then one day my mother-in-law told me it was not worthy of a Rajput bahu to complain so much. So even during my labour I did not cry out. I was ashamed of myself, and wanted to prove I could be as brave, too. The doctor used to come for a monthly check-up, and only to her did I mention my problems."

The desire to prove herself worthy of being a Rajput bahu kept her from complaining even when complications set in before labour. "Two days after my labour pains started weakly but incessantly, my face betrayed my pain, and my mother-in-law found out something was wrong," she said. "The midwife was called, and finally the baby was delivered."

But Mala had waited too long, and complications had developed. Moreover, hers was an Rh negative blood group. The baby daughter she delivered died a few hours after birth. "I forgot about being a Rajput and cried terribly," she said, "but even as my mother-in-law comforted me she reminded me that royal princesses did not succumb to such a vulgar display of personal grief."

However, the tragic episode finally won the complete trust of her in-laws. "My grand-mother-in-law, when she heard the details, could not help remarking proudly 'Akhir woh Rajput nikli.'"

Her capacity for adjustment has won her family over. "They are full of concern for me all the time, only they do not show it," she said. But this care and love are not extended to her own family. "When my sister came to visit me, she came alone all the way, while I am always escorted to and from my mother's house each time I visit it," she said.

Mala feels that the tradition that rules a royal family is very male-oriented. "Take the example of my husband," she said. "A gem of a person, but a slave of tradition. When I was newly married, he was devoted to me, he used to go to the clubs and to his friends' houses but return by 10 p. m. or so. But today that is not so. His friends told him he was a 'Joroo ka gulam', that he was not a real Rajput. Even some of the women told him he should not spend too much time with his wife, it was unmanly. And he was somehow persuaded. His ego was hurt by their words. Now he takes his own time returning home, comes at 3.00 a. m. or later, and when I complain he says he is only doing what every Rajput man does, and I should learn to ad-

just as his mother and her mother before her have done.

"It is not that he does not love me," she continued. "He is a very different person when he is away from the palace. When we came here on a visit to my mother's place, he was full of fun and laughter, and spent every moment with me, but once in the palace, he is a slave of tradition and lives a very different life. It is four years since we went out together, and since I left the palace to come out; and that too only because I was coming home to my mother's place," she said.

Her husband had gone back, and Mala would return a month later, escorted by her brother. "It is a waste of money, I can very well travel alone," she said. "but what do Princes know of the monetary problems of a middle-class family? So I have to follow orders and return with an escort."

While at her mother's place, Mala is again the ordinary girl she was before her marriage. "Even my husband knows this, and doesn't mind," she said. "I go to movies as often as I can since I see none in my in-laws' place. I take a bus or a rickshaw when I go to an old friend's house for a visit. And I revel in wearing comfortable, unstarched cotton sarees after all those stiff, though beautiful, organzas and heavy silks."

The only sign that she has another, richer way of life is the heavy intricate gold anklets she wears on her ankles — gold shackles that are an auspicious symbol of her marital status.

"In fact, I am two people, I lead two lives," Mala said. "Now, I am an ordinary girl, I talk loudly, laugh a lot, giggle when a joke appeals to me, cry when I remember my old friends, or my lost child. I am a gregarious person, and love company, and I am making up for my long years of royal solitude."

"But next month I will return and will become a Princess again—a Princess with many clothes and riches, with a family which loves her, but which she cannot laugh and joke with (the Rajputs don't know what they miss), a lonely Princess after all. Perhaps one day I will have many children and I will forget my loneliness in their company," she said wistfully, then added, "till they grow up to be correct little Princesses and Princesses at least."

Till then, Mala will continue to be the royal Princess who longs to be an ordinary girl again.

To lead is to know what it means to be last

Autumn. Bimini Coast, the Bahamas.
Fifty-four lobsters had received the signal
from their group leader to move from shallow
reef to deeper off-shore breeding grounds.

They lined up in a single file. Each individual
hooked one pair of front legs around the tail
of the comrade in front. The marchers
would now move faster than a single lobster
ever could...

The group's enemies generally attack the weak
hind quarters. They remember their leader's
clever manoeuvring to elude a hungry octopus
not very long ago... The leader, usually a
veteran, therefore, literally leads from the rear.

To lead is to know what it means to be last!

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FROM MOTHER WITH LOVE

'PRINCE CHARMING IS A MYTH'

For my Teenager.

When you were a child of four, at bed-time I often told you tales of Prince Charming and his heroic deeds. You would listen to them with great interest and then say, "Auntie, these are called fairy tales because now, there are no winged horses and golden bulbuls that sing in a human voice and there is no magical water that could cure the princess's ailing father."

To that I would reply, "There are aeroplanes that can fly over snow-capped mountains, and workshops where electronic golden birds with human voices can be designed and there are research laboratories where medicines with magical effect can be prepared. But, there is no Prince Charming who would like to win his beloved's heart by performing such heroic deeds."

You were then too young to understand and appreciate my argument. So, you would yawn and go to sleep. Now that you are a teenager, I hope you won't doze off to realities but try to face them.

PRINCE CHARMING NEEDS A BAIT

Those days I told you about Prince Charming to put you to sleep. Today, I speak about him to wake you up to realities.

Prince Charming is a myth, for he no longer proves his valour and comes hunting for the princess, nor do the couple live happily ever after. He is to be baited with a big dowry, and once married, it's the beginning of troubles with all the social and economic pressures for which they are least prepared.

I remind you of this fact, for I see many a maiden ageing before her time in expectation of such a prince. When I was a collegian, i.e. two decades ago, a student had composed a poem wherein at sweet sixteen, the girl desires a husband who is healthy, wealthy, handsome, learned, loving, kind, etc. With the advent of each year, one qualification is dropped till, "O God! Now that I am twenty-five, send me a man who is still alive."

Little change has taken place since then, except that the bait has grown bigger. The husband is still the pivot around which a girl's whole life rotates. Acquiring a husband seems to be her only goal. She does go to college to obtain a degree, for it is an asset in the marriage market. Once married, it is considered useless.

Even her own children are taught by a private tutor. When

changing nappies and preparing milk bottles for her little nephews and nieces.

LIVING ONLY FOR THE FUTURE

Our society pities an unmarried woman as a "poor left out spinster." It is mainly due to this tendency that she accepts a 'career as a last resort, after facing many rejections and dejections.

makes any positive efforts to feel secure, confident and self-dependent. It is high time such attitudes changed.

LET HIM COME HUNTING FOR YOU

Look at the plight of so many grand-mothers around us. They are treated worse than a maid-servant. The latter is economically independent, hence able to show her temper. Where can the poor grandma go? She has never been taught to think beyond the four walls of her home. You have your opportunities. So learn, make the best use of them. You lick and you are kicked, you kick and you are licked. So woo a career, and Prince Charming shall come hunting for you. He too will be inspired to prove his worth and not beg for a dowry.

Wooing a career does not mean that every one should go out to work. A housewife's can be an equally challenging career. Build your own identity, and individuality that reflects in every thing you do — the decor of your house, the taste of your cooking, the upbringing of your children, the interesting manner in which you spend your leisure hours alone or with your family. An efficient housewife with her savings and part-time jobs like tuitions, sewing, journalism, hair dressing, etc. can very well compete with her office-going counterpart.

If a man were to die young leaving small children, the wife has to shoulder the burden of bringing them up with little help and much pity from society. She is often labelled as an ill-omen. But if she were to die, even not so young, in no time she is replaced. Don't make yourself so easily forgettable and replaceable. Each corner of your house should echo your personality. Be more assertive and less submissive. Stop worrying about what men would like you to be, but think and be what you would like to be yourself.

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the waiting period for the Prince Charming is prolonged, she hops from one class to another; from cooking to hair-dressing; dress making to flower decoration; rarely finishing a course or mastering an art. It is just to forget the agony of the waiting.

When all hopes of finding a husband are lost, she thinks of pursuing a career. It is quite a task to do so after a gap of several years. If she is not successful, she ends the rest of her life

Ever since her birth a girl is brought up with a view to fit her into her "future home." She has never lived in the present and gained confidence to face and solve problems as they arise. Living for a future that is so distant and uncertain makes her an insecure person. So she searches for security in a husband. But a dependent can never feel secure. So she prays and fasts for his long life, prosperity and faithfulness. She seldom

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES

If you know someone who has overcome physical handicaps to live a life of courage and joy, send us the story, written in the third person, about 1200 words long and accompanied as far as possible with a photograph of the person.

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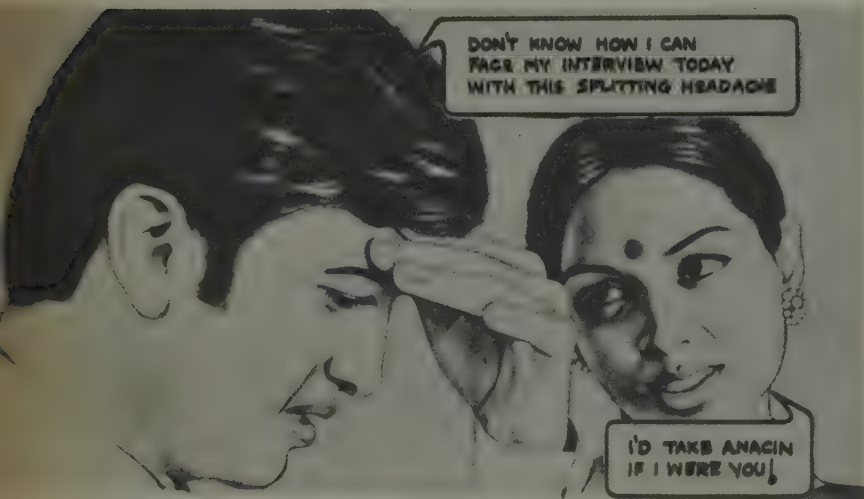
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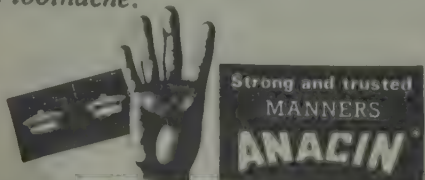
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Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

In a country where the tyranny of numbers continues to hold sway, and where official family planning programmes have now entered a phase of virtual stagnation, the dedicated but unobtrusive work of scientists, doctors and related specialists is of particular relevance. Research in reproduction occupies a role of considerable significance in family planning measures. It was, therefore, gladdening to meet Dr. (Mrs.) Shanta S. Rao, a specialist in this field, who has been occupied with immunological research in its varied applications.

A graduate of Maharani's College, Bangalore, Dr. Rao won her Master's degree from Toronto University for her work on "Action of Crystalline Enzymes on Bacterial Toxins and Toxoids." Pursuing her special-

work has been done in the diagnosis of cervical and vaginal cancer in women at the very early stages, facilitating effective remedial measures. Implementing her views, she has been the motive force behind the establishment of four clinics in different parts of the city with different environments, with the objective of integrating family planning services with those on maternal, child health and nutritional programmes. One such clinic has been set up in the compound of INDU mills at Suparibaug and another at the Wadia Children's Hospital to attend to mothers of small children visiting the clinics.

A winner of the prestigious C. J. Watummull Award in 1963 and the Shakuntala Amir Chand prize of the Indian Council of Medical Research in 1961, Dr. Rao has initiated

Numerous awards and distinctions have come her way as a result of her distinguished work on immunology. Among others, she was one of the participants at the W.H.O. Scientific Group Meeting on the Immunological Aspects of Human Reproduction which met at Geneva in 1965. Further, she was largely responsible for enabling the ICMR to develop the Government of India Family Planning Unit into the Institute for Research in Reproduction, which incidentally celebrates its Silver jubilee year in 1979.

Under her guidance, the Institute is engaged in goal oriented basic research on the physiology of reproduction and fertility control in the context of the nutritional conditions and the environment in which the majority of our people live. Tests are conducted on the efficiency, safety, and acceptability of contraceptives and also further research to come up with better and more efficacious methods of contraception. The criteria standardized have been accepted internationally. New delivery systems are also under trial at present which include vaginal rings, subdermal silastic implants, injectables, etc.

Dr. Rao's Immunological approach has also led to tests on pregnancy, and the result has been the development of pregnancy diagnostic reagents called INSTREP which, freeze dried, have been found to be sensitive and specific for detecting pregnancy as early as within 4-6 days of the missed period. Clinically, pregnancy cannot be confirmed until at least 5-6 weeks after the missed period. INSTREP can also be used to detect ovulation as also, pathology, of pregnancy. i.e. choriocarcinoma — malignant cancer — and hydinitiform, a benign tumor of the uterus. Origins have been traced mainly to nutritional and genetic factors.

The findings of some of her research activities are particularly significant. To cite one instance, the work leading to the discovery that antibodies in spermatozoa cause infertility had to be carried out in earlier days with buffalo semen as human semen was particularly difficult to obtain in those times. Also, techniques have been developed to determine the sex of the foetus from as early as the 14th week of pregnancy. While this technique is not made available for ethical reasons (terminating pregnancy with foetus of unwanted sex), it is judiciously used for the purpose of genetic counselling.

Dr. Rao has recently been able to acquire a large plot of land (100 acres) for the ICMR in the National Park area and space in the Safari Park area for the breeding and maintenance of primates. She seeks, among other things, to tap the vast animal sources for the preparation of hormones which, after suitable modification, could be used for diagnosis, prognosis, and treatment in man.

M. N. Hebber



DR. SHANTA RAO :

RESEARCH IN REPRODUCTION

and built up research activities almost single handed and now successfully guides students for the M.Sc. and Ph.D. degrees of Bombay University in Applied Biology, Biochemistry and Microbiology on problems pertaining to one or the other aspect of reproductive biomedicine.



isation, she carried out further research in the course of which she was able to prepare an enzyme digested diphtheria and tetanus toxoids with a high degree of purity while at the Haffkine Institute in Bombay. This significant work under the auspices of the Indian Council of Medical Research brought her the Ph.D. degree of Bombay University in 1953.

Talking in her modest office at Parel, where she heads the Institute for Research in Reproduction, Dr. Rao explained that having accepted immunization as the best form of medication for the physical well being of a person, it would be ideal indeed if the process of birth is also controlled by immunization. Her pioneering efforts in the use of the science of immunology in the study and control of reproduction led, among others, to the establishment of the presence of antibodies in spermatozoa as a cause of infertility in the human male and female.

Dr. Rao is of the view that results of research in the area of reproduction must reach the common man if the colossal expenditure of time, energy and money is to have any real significance. Stressing that prevention is better than cure, considerable



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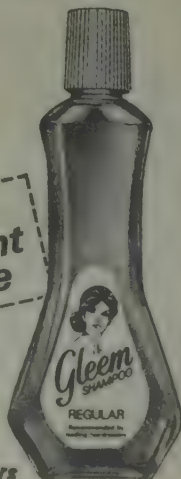


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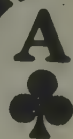
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Continued from page 13

education and knows needle work. She also suffers from partial blindness — again a case of gross neglect and perhaps, malnutrition. After an attack of typhoid the girl used to complain of weakness and loss of eyesight, which was not taken seriously by her parents. They administered all the crude medicines recommended by quacks and neighbours to restore her failing eyesight. By the time they went to a doctor the harm had been done. No medication could ever restore complete vision for her, but the doctors salvaged what little vision was left.

Now Selva Rani can manage their little home, look after their two healthy, normal little children — Vasanthi, three and a half years old, who goes to a nursery school, and son Ravi, not yet one year. Selva Rani goes shopping, takes care of the children and does all the household work with some help given by her aged mother. But towards night when light fails, Selva Rani finds it difficult to manage, and hence she completes all her work earlier.

Raju and Selva Rani are determined to give all the love and attention which normal parents give their children. Raju is thrilled at the mention of his daughter's sprightliness, smartness and sweetness. It seems she insists that her Papa "see" everything she has in her hand. She brings it, whether a toy or a flower or a book, places it in his hands, so that his sensitive fingers can "see" what his eyes cannot.

Raju beams with pride when he is told that his baby son is fair and handsome, and that both his children are perfectly normal and healthy. His wife takes all precautions to immunise both the children against all the common diseases. They have even managed a small terrace garden above their flat, planting in pots every type of vegetable or flower that they can get from neighbours and friends.

Raju's conversation does not ever reveal even a twinge of self-pity. He is absolutely independent, going about wherever it is necessary to go, with only his white stick for company. He does not try to evoke any sympathy on account of his handicap. On the other hand, he prefers to be as independent as possible so as not to give any trouble to others.

He has no complaints against the hardships of life. In fact, he takes his blindness in his stride as any normal person would accept old age or gray hair as an inevitable part of life.

He always has a good word for all his friends as well as strangers who try to help him whenever the need arises. Faith in his ability to study and work hard, confidence in his future and a bright and cheerful temperament make Raju a very interesting person. He proves to the world that nothing can stand in the way of a person determined to overcome physical handicaps and make a success of his life.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

HING FOR THE EMPEROR!

Why are folks against ego and why do people want to level down everyone (except themselves)? There was a time when Kishore Kumar had become a threat to everybody including Rajesh Khanna, and used to reach the recording room two hours late, rather five minutes later than Rajesh Khanna. Said Rajesh, "Why the ego? Where will it take him? Why does he have to come late?" More than the two hours, it was the five minutes later than Rajesh which had upset him.

And I said, "Well, Kishore is moody like you or me, let him be."



Then there are some thousands of stories of Lata Mangeshkar and her moods. Raj Kapoor tucked in his king-size ego (like he tucks his paunch in a kurta), made up with Lata (after the "Joker" war) and broke a coconut at every step when she entered the studio for the recording of "Bobby". From "Bobby" to "Satyam Shivam Sundaram" Raj kept his ego pulled in, and we got beautiful songs by Lata.

Gulzar decided to be a perfect editor and tried to clip Lata's voice. After a quarrel, instead of patching up (for the audience's sake), he went for Vani Jairam, or maybe tried to be more Bengali than Raakhee and followed Tagore's "When the setting sun is worried about the darkening universe, an earthen lamp said she would try and light up the world".

But the earthen lamp, aided by the music director, Ravi Shankar, has messed up all the songs of "Meera". A wonder that Giridhar Gopal did not fly out with Vani Jairam's "Meera". As for Hema Malini, she looks an arrogant hunterwalli, and I thought any minute she would draw out a pistol instead of an ektari.



The joke of the year is Amjad Khan as Akbar in "Meera". At the celebration of the birth of Prince Salim, Akbar is in raptures about the presents, and tells Man Singh, "Apart from dry fruits, Kabul sent us hing as they knew that Akbar likes hing tadka to his moong dal."

That Akbar is a pucca Hindustani. Dry fruits are common tohfes. Those days, an emperor used to get loads of courtesans from Iran wrapped in Persian carpets, silk from China, rose perfume from Kabul. When Amjad spoke of hing, I thought any minute he would draw out a packet of Gluco biscuits saying, "But they don't know, Mansingh, Akbar's asli pasand is Parle's Gluco biscuits."

Gulzar's "Meera" is neither a princess nor a poet-saint; she is a mediocre commoner like Akbar's moong dal with hing tadka.



Remember Dheeraj Kumar of Mummy Chakravarty's retinue? He rang up to say he is marrying a Zubey, an Air India hostess originally from Indore. Apart from Mummy Chakravarty, Dheeraj managed more glamorous god-parents on the wedding card — Mr. and Mrs. Manoj Kumar.

BOMBAY

The India Sponsorship Committee is actively involved in promoting the International Year of the Child. One of its contributions was a ten-day National Integration Camp held in Srinagar, from May 25. 200 children from all over India attended the Camp, of which the majority were from Bombay. These were economically handicapped children from the slums in and around Bombay.

The objective of the Camp was to let children from different states live together for ten days, and share their ideas and experiences with each other. Every evening the young representatives from different states staged cultural programmes.

A Bombay Clean-up Drive was organised by the Revenue Unit, National Association for the Blind,

and the Society for Clean Cities at Deshpande Garden, Shivaji Park, Chowpatty,

One hundred children made good use of their summer vacation when they swept, cleaned, watered, painted and planted in the Deshpande Garden, after which they appealed to citizens to sponsor them by contributing a nominal sum towards the work which they had done to beautify the Garden. All the funds thus raised were donated to the National Association for the Blind.

The Bombay Municipal Corporation supplied plants and saplings and loaned their garden implements for the drive; the Society for Clean Cities donated gifts and prizes to the children and M/s. Noble Paints & Varnish Co. Pvt. Ltd., donated the paint and paint brushes.

The drive was held as part of the International Year of the Child, in a bid to inculcate in the children a sense of the dignity of labour.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

DELHI

To celebrate the International Year of the Child, the Northern Railway Women's Welfare Organisation organised, under the presidentship of Mrs. Nirmal Sachdev, a Bal Mela in Delhi. The Mela was inaugurated by Mrs. K.S. Rajan, wife of the Chairman of the Railway Board.

Set in the sprawling landscape of the Rail Transport Museum, the Mela presented the look of a carnival. The star attraction was a gaily-decorated mini-train that provided free rides to children. Snacks were distributed free of cost to the children.

CALCUTTA

The Bustee Welfare Centre under the presidentship of Mrs. Sheila Davar and her voluntary workers, saw the fruition of their labour when their new school building was inaugurated by the Governor of West Bengal. Nirupama Chatterjee, Minister for Social Welfare, presided over the function and gave away the prizes to the bustee children on the 11th anniversary of the Centre.



1



1. Indrani Mishra welcomes Mr. T. N. Singh, Governor of W. Bengal, (seated 3rd from left) at the prize-giving ceremony organised by the Calcutta Alipore Ladies Circle No. 3. Seated at his left is Mrs. Neelu Varma, chairman, Ladies Circle, and at his right, Mr. Mitty Oberoi, chairman, Round Table No. 12.



3

2. Shahnaz Husain opens Woman's World, Chandigarh. Seen with her are, from left, Mrs. Nita Bhandari, Mrs. Sulochna Ahuja, franchise holder of Woman's World, Chandigarh, and Miss Anju Ahuja.

3. School-children participate in the Bombay Clean-up Drive organised by the Revenue Unit of the National Association for the Blind.

LUCKNOW

Lucknowites were treated to a variety of dance performances last month. The first of these shows was a recital sponsored by the Uttar Dakshin Cultural Organisation in which students of their Natayala ranging from 6 to 14 years of age participated.

The performance was organised to celebrate the third anniversary of the dancing school, which is being managed under the guidance of Guru T. N. Shanmugam Sundaram Pillai. The star performer of the evening was Neeharika Yajnik, who gave her arangetram performance on the occasion.

The North Eastern Railway Women's Organisation organised a performance, by Malvika Sarkar, pupil of the late Lacchu Maharaj. Her 90-minute Kathak recital reflected Malvika's composite training both in abhinaya

and nritya.

The unusual but exciting feature of this series was the Odissi performance by the Argentinian-born exponent of Odissi Myrta Barvie, sponsored by the Uttar Dakshin Cultural Organisation. Myrta Barvie is a pupil of Guru Kelucharan Mohapatra.

OOTACAMUND

The Women's Voluntary Service, Nilgiris, organised a gala celebration to mark its annual day, on May 15. Dimple Khanna, who was the chief guest in the morning, declared open the celebrations at the Savoy Hotel. There was a flower arrangement competition, at which the prize-winners were: Ms. Srinivasan, 1st prize; Malini Vijayaraghavan, 2nd prize; and Shanthi Madiah, 3rd prize. The highlight of the day was a dance-drama by Kalashetra, Kuttrala Kuruvanji, at

which Vyjayanthimala Bali was the chief guest.

BANGALORE

Mrs. Leelavathi Dayakumar presented an exhibition of dolls and handicrafts which was inaugurated by Mrs. Chandrika Guttal, Chairman of the Karnataka Handicrafts Development Corporation. Mrs. Dayakumar, who has been making dolls for the past 20 years, had more than 300 dolls at this show. The handicrafts section consisted of rangoli work, toys, wall-hangings and wax figures.

A Ladies Nite was celebrated by the Lion Ladies of the North Lions Club. Mrs. Krishnaswamy, President, explained that this year's activities were directed towards children's welfare. Indira Patolawala introduced the chief guest Shakuntala Balu who talked on the significance of IYC.

CALLING ALL POPPETS!

Eve's Weekly invites you to, once again, join our Poppets on Parade. Send in photographs of your little darlings — daughter, son, niece, nephew, grandchild...just about every poppet in your family or, even, a friend's poppet.

Photographs (only black and white) must be sharp, clear, preferably glossy-finish and not smaller than postcard size. There will be no prizes and only selected pictures will be published in Eve's Weekly. Please mention the name of the child and the age at the back of the photograph. The age limit is up to 8 years.

Closing Date: June 22.

And remember, NO tiny pictures, please.



4. Mrs. C.S. Rajan, wife of the Railway Board's Chairman, flags off the mini-train at the Bal Mela which she inaugurated in Delhi, organised by the Northern Railway Women's Welfare Orgn. To her right is Mrs. Nirmal Sachdev, president of the Orgn.

5. Dimple Kapadia (5th from left) chief guest at the annual function of the Women's Voluntary Service, (WVS) Nilgiris, seen with office-bearers of the WVS. From left, Nicky Mistry, Geeta Dharmarajan, District Collector, WVS, Lucky Sumukudas, Shobha Aiyar, treasurer, Malini Vijayaraghavan, Indu K. Mallah, secretary, Mrs. Vyas, Mrs. Mathur, Mrs. Kuruvilla, Mrs. Weidemann and Mrs. Satyanesan.

6. Mrs. Chandrika Guttal, chairman, the Karnataka Handicrafts Development Corp., inaugurated Mrs. Leelavathi Dayakumar's exhibition of dolls and handicrafts in Bangalore.



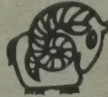
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6

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

There is no doubt you will be winding up some of your present activities and interests — and creating new ones. Changes are unavoidable and you should go along happily with adjustments, for they can set your feet on a far more satisfactory trail. A new outlook which will now begin to develop will see you expanding ambitions with good chances of success. Between now and late September, short-distance travel, new meetings, hobbies, and relatives of about your own age will all tend to be lucky for you. Should you have domestic problems at present, late 1979/early 1980 should see these resolved, particularly if they are of long standing. Money will come in well, but will tend to slip through your fingers. In romance, plenty of variety, but it may not be until 1980 that your emotional life is truly settled.

ARIES
(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)



It's an "opportunity week" — stay alert and something good could drop into your lap. In any case, there should be extra money, most likely rewards for efforts made recently. Your love life is under happy stars for some months ahead.

TAURUS
(Apr. 21 — May 21)



Vital influences are affecting you, giving you added energy and drive, a positive attitude to life and people. You should look and feel fine, but if you have a niggling health problem there is no better time to finally sort it out. Special luck will come this week through correspondence.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)



It will be a busy and amusing scene for you for some time ahead. There is no better phase for going boldly after what you want. Life could be a happy whirl of activity, but don't neglect your more practical aims.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)



A busy week, even hectic, but extra activity will be to your advantage. However, don't be distracted by time wasting associates; get organised and cut out the et ceteras so you have time for more important issues.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug. 23)



The accent is on your special hopes and wishes, and there is promise of fulfilment for these between now and September. Friends will be much in the picture and will tend to have a fortunate effect on your affairs.

VIRGO
(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)



There will be some good news, a happy surprise or a loving reunion. Yet it could also be a rather confusing week, especially for home and working life. Try not to let people use you for their own ends but, on the other hand, cooperate on minor matters.

LIBRA
(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)



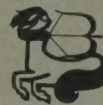
Travel, movement and change will be good for you, so be a little more adventurous in most areas. There is also an accent on your more distant plans and ambitions: your long-term ideas will be workable, especially in the financial field. A relative will be much in the picture in a helpful way.

SCORPIO
(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)



Better times are on the way, but most of June will throw up minor irritations. It is essential to make time for fun and relaxation. Money trends should improve as this week ends. A relative can help if you take the initiative.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)



Venus moves into opposition to your sign this week and you could soon find cash going out faster than it comes in. But this is a passing phase and if you are sensible, it shouldn't upset your calculations.

CAPRICORN
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)



Your starry pattern points to romance, social life, friendships and fun. Mischievous stars will be keeping you on the hop for the remainder of June, and could have you confused at times.

AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)



Lots of affection around you this week, so make the most of your chances in all directions! In romance, many promising overtures if you are in the mood to respond. There could also be a spot of money luck.

PISCES
(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)



You will feel enthusiastic about future plans. It is a week to be practical and positive. If born around the end of February, the influence of Saturn is strong and you might not be able to see quite where you heading at present.

Beauty is a value, whatever its object may be.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

We are conscious of beauty when there is a harmonious relation between something in our nature and the quality of the object which delights us.

BLAISE PASCAL

Beauty, real beauty, is something very grave. If there is a God, He must be partly that.

JEAN ANOUILH

The mysterious authority of beauty.

EDITH WHARTON

Not only does beauty fade, but it leaves a record upon the face as to what became of it.

ELBERT HUBBARD

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT BEAUTY

Things are pretty, graceful, rich, elegant, handsome, but, until they speak to the imagination, not yet beautiful.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Where does beauty begin and where does it end? Where it ends is where the artist begins.

JOHN CAGE

Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour.

THOMAS NASHE

I have often thought that good is only beauty put into practice.

ROUSSEAU

Beauty, deprived of its proper foils and adjuncts, ceases to be enjoyed as beauty, just as light, deprived of all its shadow, ceases to be enjoyed as light.

JOHN CAGE

Beauty stands in the admiration only of weak minds led captive.

JOHN MILTON

Anything in any way beautiful derives beauty from itself, and asks nothing beyond itself. Praise is no part of it, for nothing is made worse or better by praise.

MARCUS AERELIUS

Oh, what a vileness human beauty is, corroding, corrupting everything it touches!

EURIPIDES

— David Gunston

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in Marble...

...Reality
in Ceramics—
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Show off in this striking Piramal salwar kameez




TUESDAY

Add more appeal in a Piramal striped tunic and demi



WEDNESDAY

Please him in a Piramal printed blouse and slacks



THURSDAY

Wear this dramatic Piramal off-shoulder dress




FRIDAY

Look gorgeous in a colourful Piramal saree



SATURDAY

Surprise him in this sizzling Piramal printed kaftan



SUNDAY

Piramal

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SHIRTINGS
& DRESS
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