

OCTOBER 21-28, 1977

RS. 1.50

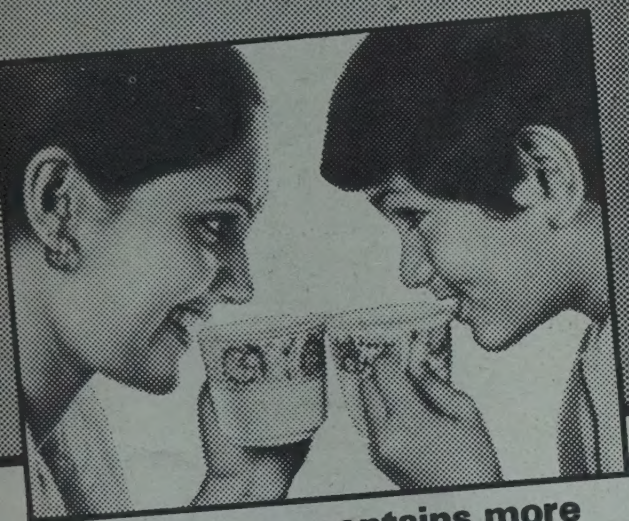
Evie's Weekly

AVRATRI—
Time
for
Music And
Dance

IS YOUR
DAUGHTER'S
CAREER AS
IMPORTANT
AS YOUR
SON'S?



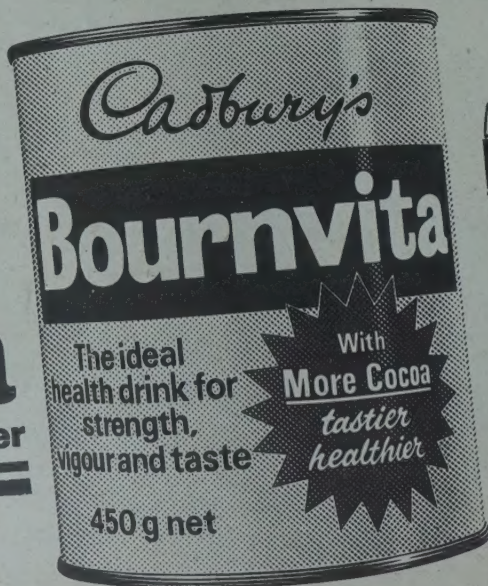
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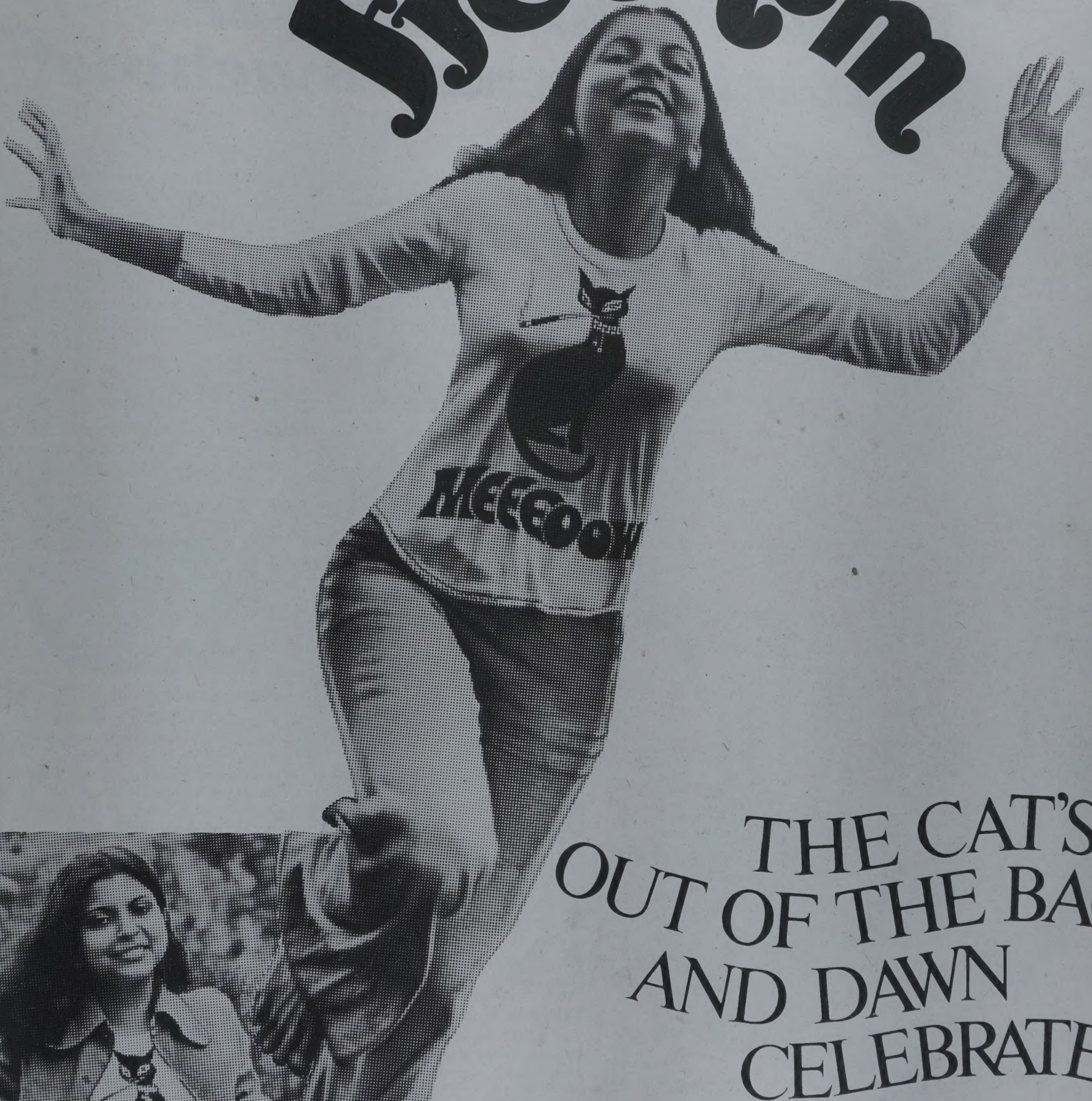
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Freedom



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**“It’s more than a mixer...
It’s a complete kitchen machine!”**

Amazing New Sumeet. The first of its kind in India. Now available with an easy-to-clean hygienic stainless steel jar that has a see-through acrylic dome; three blade assemblies to tackle wet and dry grinding, also whipping, blending, liquidising; a special kneading attachment to make smooth dough for chappatis, puris, even paparhs, and a

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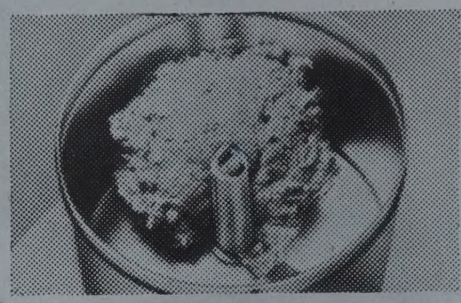


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NEW

Sumeet
-every kitchen needs one!

New Sumeet is available without the kneading attachment at an economical cost. Also available, the kneading attachment separately, so that you can convert your present Sumeet mixer into a kitchen machine.



New Sumeet kneads atta in 2 minutes!

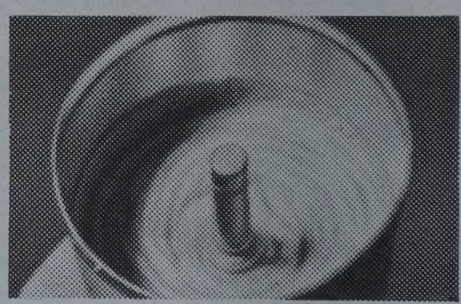
New Sumeet is the only kitchen machine that comes with its own special kneading attachment. Saves you hours of tedious work. Watch it turn out smooth dough for chappatis, puris, paparhs... even crunchy biscuits!

grind rice and dal pastes, idli and dosa mixes, and even coconut chutney into a fine consistency.



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The dry grinding blade assembly in the stainless steel jar does all your tough grinding of dry masalas, rice, rava and coffee beans. For best results, masalas and chana dal should be dried thoroughly before grinding.



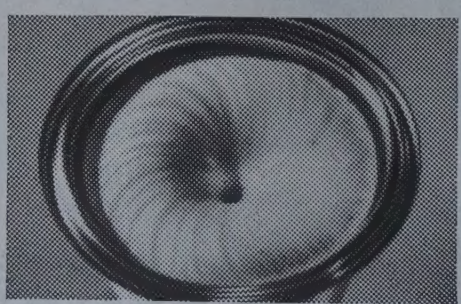
New Sumeet mixes a cake batter in 3½ minutes!

The unique hook attachment in the kneader mixes smooth cake batter in minutes! Cakes turn out light and fluffy!



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Watch the wet grinding blade that comes with the stainless steel jar

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tender skin gets chafed and irritated.

That's when Johnson's Baby
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JAYSHREE MOOKERJEA

With her smiling eyes, and her air of endearing innocence, Jayshree, who finished school from St. Raphael's, Indore, was good in dramatics and Indian folk dancing. She represented her school in elocution and won several prizes and also the best essay prize. Now at Sophia College, Bombay, doing her B.A. Jr. in English and History, she continues to pursue her Indian classical dancing and elocution competitions.

A girl with many interests, Jayshree is an accomplished dancer, a voracious reader — "anything from historical novels to P. G. Wodehouse and Ayn Rand."

But she misses her home town of Indore. "It's quiet, leisurely, with friendly and, hospitable people, which adds to its charm."

Jayshree abhors the teenage permissive society, but is not against dating and parties. She aspires to be a good journalist and is working hard to achieve that goal.

Photograph :

Farokh Reporter.

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EDUCATION, OH EDUCATION

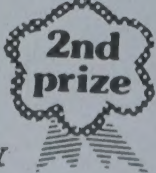
I was thrilled to read the article on Dr. Maria Montessori and her methods of dealing with children, treating each as an individual and directing them instead of controlling and forcibly teaching them.

I am prompted to write this article after having undergone a harrowing experience. Being trained in both Kindergarten and Junior School training, where the Montessori Method was particularly emphasised upon, I took up a post in a Nursery School. I was told that the Montessori method was followed here, and was glad to be where the play-way method could be used whereby the children would discover things for themselves with our guidance, rather than be instructed at very step. But, alas! Here we are supposed to take monthly tests in subjects like English, Hindi and Arithmetic and assess the standard of the child and promptly notify the parents, all to maintain a high standard for the school. Moreover, we are given a monthly scheme of work and it has to be completed. If a child is absent from school or he is weak (according to the person-in-charge here) the work that was supposed to be completed in the school during that period is given as home-work! Ironically, these children are between the age groups 3½-4½ years!

If enthusiastic teachers who wish to raise the standard of education right from the very foundation, are pressurised by inexperienced authorities the result will justify your heading "The Mess that is Education" and our children will continue to be mechanical in whatever they do.

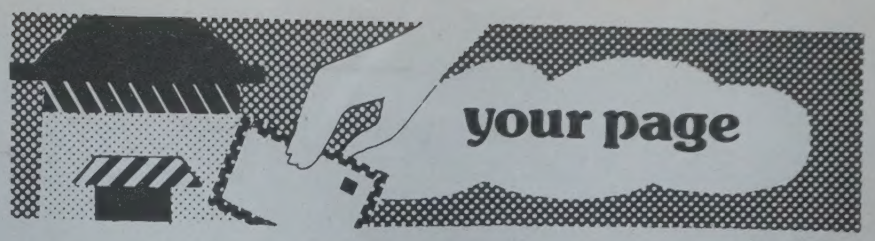
Mrs. J. Pereira, Amla

We can't even bring ourselves to believe such things could be happening — but, of course, they do happen and all those in charge of children's education must hang their heads in shame.



THE TOUGH GUY

I do not think a girl expects the man of her choice to be a tough guy at all. It is an image popularised by films and fashion magazines and cannot be characterised as a



role the male has to play. In the instance cited of the eve-teaser brushing past the girl and her lover failing to rise to the occasion and do his stuff — I admire the man's discretion! Evidently he didn't want to make a scene and draw people around. I think another girl would have reacted differently in the situation and chided her lover for being over-zealous. I have seen girls instinctively backing away from guys strong, handsome and cent per cent masculine, who carry chivalry to the point of pugnacity. . . and still just failing to fascinate. One can't account for girls' preferences. That is why we often come across couples who, by the tough-guy criterion, are patently ill-matched and yet happily convinced they are made for each other.

In my city recently a well-to-do high-caste girl married a scavenger and never regretted her choice. Not that he is a scavenging Adonis or a strong man who could lay flat half-a-dozen eve-teasers, but what matters is she loved him to distraction. The tough-guy image is the logical outcome of the conventional view of women being the weaker sex. Most girls have an instinctive distrust of tough chaps for the simple reason they might make life tough, too. The frail, dreamy type by their very meekness inspire confidence in a negative way. That is, they satisfy the feminine ego and the sub-conscious motherliness a girl brings to bear in assessing a man.

N. Narayan, Madras.

You may be right. A girl usually wants a gentle gentleman, a soft and kindly personality which has nothing to do with the tough-guy image. But, this too has its drawbacks and in later life, when the love-blinkers are off, the woman can gnash her teeth and cry. "I wish he were more go-getting and aggressive!"



OUR DAILY CAKE. . .

Practically every day we hear about calories, diets, gheeless parathas, sugarless tea and eggless cakes. I am almost sick to death of these very names. Although I am a middle-aged woman, I have maintained a trim figure despite the fact that I love and enjoy good food. I feel it is sheer murder to throw a party with my

friends sighing, "Oh, not those cakes" or "doctor has restricted me with sugar" or still further "no ice-cream for me please". Even my teenaged daughter tried her hand at a slimming diet for a couple of months. My God, how she reduced! Then I gave her heavy lashings of butter, eggs, thick sweetened cream and milk. Today the roses are back on her cheeks.

That reminds me of my own school days, when we walked home to mama's good old country cakes, muffins and sweet coconut rolls. We had no school canteens then. Sometimes my mouth waters when I think of my grandma's cooking. Real stuff! Roast chicken deliciously cooked the Mangalorean way and stacks of paper-thin pancakes stuffed with sweetened grated coconut. My dear grandma lived to a neat 80, and the credit goes to the good food eaten — without any hesitation.

So why not start a league "Let's Eat Well" and get rid of the fear of getting fat?

Mrs. Fife Mendonca, Madras.

Your grandma may have lived up to eighty on succulent meats and drooly sweets, but you and I may not be able to match that feat. Sensible dieting is a good idea; "let's eat well" is a bad idea — if by 'well' you mean. . . well, you know what we mean!

THE HEROINE

Much harm has been done to our society by the image of woman as shown by the Indian feature films. She is always shown as the ever-sacrificing, unselfish and tolerant Sati-Savitri.

As if that is not enough, we are of late being introduced to the other type of woman who is liberated, modern and educated — a welcome change, indeed. But then, towards the end things have to get loused up and she turns into a typical Bhartiya Nari. Now, it's shown that she is at peace with herself and has changed for the better. (It's worse, really) Goodness, will we ever grow up?

Miss Shobha Kewalramani, Bombay.

The heroine of Indian films today is the most ridiculous, most idiotic, most unbelievable creature. Do such types really exist? Or, do they come into existence after the film is exhibited? We will shortly be publishing an in-depth feature on this subject.

I want to look young-n-beautiful
for him forever and ever...

So I need
Vanishing Cream,
Moisturiser,
Make-up base,
Cream for prevention
of wrinkles.

But I use
**AFGHAN
SNOW**
which is
all this
and more...

The secret of
everlasting
beauty



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eve today



Indira Chakravarti LABOURING FOR RURAL UPLIFT

The focal village, she says, is a centrally located village which already has some of the basic amenities, so that with the addition of a few more amenities it can look after the needs of not only its own residents but of the smaller neighbouring villages as well. Each village lying within a radius of five miles is directly linked with the focal village by a metalled road. Since this scheme also was first started on an experimental basis, only nine villages were taken up.

I was sceptical about the results achieved in these villages. Mrs. Chakravarti was quick to catch on and told me with a smile that the development in these villages has been quite substantial though not as much as she had expected. In the five model villages a total number of 573 house sites have been carved out, out of which 430 plots are under construction; and loans to the tune of Rs. 22 lakhs have been advanced to the respective villagers for the construction of their new houses. She told me that out of these five villages, Azadnagar in Rohtak district is nearing completion.

A striking characteristic of this village is that it is "an entirely Harijan village." The community buildings completed in this village are the panchayat ghar-cum-dispensary, and the mahila mandal-cum-nursery school. The first phase of roads has also been completed. Tree plantation has been done along the roadsides and a fish culture pond has been developed to augment the resources of the panchayat. Besides, a library, a craft centre, health sub-centre and "ban" and "murha-making" centre have been started in this village.

"Ferozepur Namak is an entirely Muslim village and we propose to remodel this village instead of setting up a new abadi." Alternative residential sites will be given to those persons whose houses have been affected by the realignment of the internal roads. The community buildings have been completed and the

various centres have started functioning. A gohar gas plant has been set up. A milk producers' cooperative society has been formed and the milk is being lifted from this village under the Delhi Milk Supply Scheme. In addition, a cooperative society of weavers and poultry farmers has been also organised. The other three villages are more or less complete as far as the community buildings and the various centres are concerned, but a number of plots are lying vacant and construction has yet to start.

"The focal villages already had some of the basic amenities so we had only to provide community buildings and construct periphery roads and drains."

Kaul is one of the most developed focal villages. The community buildings and periphery roads have been completed. The water supply scheme has been commissioned in this village. A children's park, a bus stand, a cinema hall, two cooperative societies, one for iron and wood work and the other for agriculture, three gohar gas plants, seven industrial units manufacturing cement jaali, soap, agricultural implements and shoes, are some of its major achievements. An open air theatre will soon come up to provide entertainment and recreation.

A major feature of these focal villages are the gohar gas plants — some of the villages are the proud owners of half a dozen of them. Mrs. Chakravarti was very satisfied with the construction and development work done at the village called Khori. She was never satisfied with the work done by the P. W. D. people; so, as an experiment, she entrusted the work at Khori to a private agency — the Social Work and Research Centre. Vishnu Sharma, a young worker of this agency, is staying with the villagers. A good rapport has been established with the villagers and the work is "quicker and cheaper."

NO CHILD'S PLAY

Has she experienced any difficulties? The expression on her face gave the answer. One could make out that she has had no smooth sailing. "It was no child's play with meagre donations and a skeleton staff." But she had expected most of these problems and was therefore "well prepared to deal with them." The PWD department has been a big disappointment for her—not showing the involvement and interest that was expected. Paradoxically, the worst problem were the villagers themselves. Besides being conservative and suspicious, they were divided by factions which came in the way of various progressive schemes. If one group supported a scheme, the other was bound to be its avowed enemy. The opponents would resort to any mischief and even theft.

In village Arjaheri they had put a special kind of fish in ponds, but the entire lot was stolen overnight. Mrs. Chakravarti herself rushed to the spot but the culprits could not be traced. These petty thefts are followed by a large number of complaints — this being an opportunity for rival groups to lodge complaints against each other.

Indira Chakravarti is religiously clinging to the motto "Never say die." She is brave and will never accept defeat in her mission. "No going back," she keeps telling herself and some day her dream will come true. She was very optimistic that one day her perseverance will bring fruit.

Humra Quraishi

As I stepped into the spacious Maharani Bagh bungalow, Durga peered down at me with her amused, sparkling eyes. Settling down, I made a brief survey of this room and the dining room visible from where I sat. There was nothing exceptionally grand, but it was cosy and modestly furnished. My thoughts turned to this important but non-controversial lady—what would she be like? These thoughts were floating in my mind, when suddenly she made her graceful appearance.

Mrs. Indira Chakravarti, wife of the late Governor of Haryana B. N. Chakravarti, is the chairman of the Rural Development Board, Haryana. In the last five years she has been grappling with what has been the most baffling problem for even the greatest planners in the country.

This campaign for the cause of the backward was nothing new for Indira Chakravarti. As a young girl she was actively involved in the Independence movement, lending a helping hand to the victims and looking after the wives of those arrested. She couldn't help it because it came from within her, "my mental make-up was such." This same spirit continued to rule her even after her marriage to Mr. B. N. Chakravarti. Hundreds of flood victims in Meymensing (now in Bangladesh) were saved and nursed by her. But it was only in 1967, the year her husband took over as the Governor of Haryana, that real opportunity came her way. This new state provided full scope and added new dimensions to her field of social service.

GIGANTIC TASK

The task was gigantic, and highly systematic efforts were needed. Mrs. Chakravarti, therefore, mooted the idea of setting up a Rural Development Board which was promptly accepted by the then chief minister of Haryana, Mr. Bansi Lal.

As a first step a detailed survey of nearly all the villages of the State was conducted and five villages were selected. These villages had hardly any modern amenity worth the name and everything was to be provided ab initio. These villages were called model villages. When I asked her why only five were selected, Mrs. Chakravarti said that as it was a new and difficult experiment, it was not desirable to have too big a canvas. The scheme comprised a two-step programme. First, all the minimum basic amenities mentioned above were provided at government expense. Then housing plots were allotted to the residents of the village, free of cost, so that they could shift from their dingy dwellings to new and scientifically designed houses. Loans were given to them at the lowest possible rate of interest (3% to 5%) repayable in easy instalments.

In spite of all these incentives, however, the migration of the villagers from their old houses to the new could not come about at the rate Mrs. Chakravarti had expected. She was sad that "the moss covered villagers" refused to budge from their old slums.

Since age-old social dogmas and conservatism stood in the way of the model village scheme, it had to be replaced by something less ambitious. Besides, keeping in view the fact that crores of rupees would be required if all the 6700 villages in Haryana were to be developed as model villages, Mrs. Chakravarti was keen to evolve a scheme which would benefit the maximum number of people for the minimum outlay. The "Focal Village" scheme was the obvious answer.

beauty

Lift hands up and down from the wrists, as if you were splashing water. Keep them relaxed, let the fingers go loose. Circle hands from wrists slowly in both directions. Clench fists tight, then open and shoot out your fingers.

Nails need extra care. First soak the fingertips in a solution of warm water and soap — by doing this cuticles are softened. Then loosen cuticles, by pushing them back gently with cottonwool tipped orange stick,

spots which are due to circulatory disorders. Fresh fruits, vitamin C and unflavoured gelatine dissolved in water help in such cases.

When you have healthy and lovely nails you will want to enhance their beauty by applying a nail polish. Healthy nails hold nail polish better and longer. With hands steadied on a table apply a thin coat of polish. Use three even strokes — first stroke in the centre of the nail from base to tip and, then a stroke on each side. When dry use another coat over the entire nail.

Always repair chipped varnish immediately. Carry an emery board in your handbag to file a broken nail.

To make short fingers look longer, use a pale shade of pink polish — plain or frosted.

To make large hands look dainty, choose non-frosted

GRACEFUL HANDS

Sakina Ismail

Your hands are constantly on display. Soft, smooth and supple hands attract attention. Do yours?



Hands are exposed all day long and need attention. No matter what your problem — rough skin, fragile nails, stubborn cuticles or an allergic condition — there is always a solution to keep them looking their best.

Hands and nails are quick to show neglect, so give them extra protection. Wear rubber gloves while doing household chores. If you wish to do gardening without gloves on, work some soap under the nails before you begin. Hands turn rough and red, nails dry and brittle, if you do your washing and cleaning without protecting them. While stitching or embroidering, an adhesive tape can be used instead of a thimble. After you have finished your chores, rub glycerine mixed with a few drops of lime juice on your hands. Glycerine works wonders to soften rough

hands and lime juice combats redness.

As age advances, the skin gets drier and requires more and more nourishment. Use a cold cream at night to restore lost oils and moisture. Rub between palms, on fingers and thumbs. Massage the back of the hand with a smooth circular movement from fingertips to the base — always working upwards.

Watch in a mirror how gracefully you can use your hands. Let your hands talk, but see that your gestures are well controlled and lady-like. Hands, moving or in repose, tell their own story. To sit at ease and control your hands, marks you as a person of elegance. Practise these exercises whenever you have a few minutes.

away from the base of the nail. Never prod or push cuticles with a sharp metal instrument. Rinse with warm water and dry carefully. Using an emery board shape nails into neat ovals. Start shaping at least one-eighth of an inch above the corners, and smooth the edges with the fine side of the emery board. Be careful not to file away the "shoulders" of the nails — these keep the nails strong.

The condition of nails indicates a person's health. The grooves across the nails is a sign of physical weakness and soft nails indicate lack of calcium. When blood circulation is interfered with in the hands and legs, nails may become curved at the ends. Fingernails having depressions in the centre are caused by nervous prostration and nail biting. Sometimes nails have white



pinks and peach shades.

If nails are broad, make them look narrow by concentrating polish in the centre of nails leaving a little of the sides unpainted.

A day prior to having a manicure remove the polish to give the nails the benefit of sun and air.

For beautiful women



- a beautiful machine



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3-position drop feed for easy adjustment of feed-dog position.



Dial-type stitch regulator with lever for forward and reverse stitch control and locking arrangement.



Thread tension adjust for regulating poor tension.

active. Sleek. Two-toned. USHA streamlined—the sewing machine that classes any other in its price range. features that others can't match a 5-year guarantee too.

USHA

Streamlined feature for feature a better machine

"I think it is important to educate both your son and your daughter these days, but I would still lay greater stress on my son's education," says Shantaram Tulsiram Shewde. Shantaram, who is 48, works as a head clerk in a semi-government organisation and has three children — two daughters and one son.

"I think it is an economic necessity for middle class parents to educate their sons more than their daughters. Take my case, for instance. I don't have enough money to see them all through college. So whatever money I can spare for educating my children, I will spend on my boy. When I grow old, I certainly wouldn't like to go and live with one of our daughters. I would expect our son to take care of us in our time of need — that is the way it has always been in Indian society. I do not approve of the son breaking away to live separately with his wife the way they do in England. So, in a way, my son's education is a kind of security for me and my wife too."

The Shewde family lives very modestly in a chawl in Tardeo. They have just one room, where they live, eat and sleep. A small partitioned area serves as the kitchen, while all the tenants in the building share the common bathroom downstairs.

"We have been living here for years and find it very comfortable," explains Shewde, as daughter Snehalata (20) brings in the tea, which she carefully places on a little stool in front of me. His wife, Lilawati, is too shy to talk and the other two children are out of the house — Prabha (18) at her shorthand classes, and Deepak (14) studying at a friend's.

"I might sound harsh, but I don't want my son to experience the same difficulties and problems that I did. I got married quite young, but for six years we could not get a child. And then, when we did have children, the first two were girls. It was easy in the beginning to manage, but in the last ten years, with the rising prices, it has almost become a question of survival. Even with my part-time typing and stenography work, we have found it difficult to make ends meet. I have had to deny my children many things and I don't want to see that happen with Deepak.

"Sneha was very fond of singing and used to go for classes. But I had to ask her to stop because we couldn't afford them any longer. Then, when she was in first year of college, I had to ask her to leave and take up a government job for which her age was just right. She didn't say anything, but I know she felt it deeply. She understands how much we need her help. This linoleum for example, has been bought by her, and I am proud that I have a daughter who can make such sacrifices because she will be an asset to her husband, but I also feel guilty

about all this. I tell her very often, 'You were born in the wrong house. With all your talent you should have been born to a rich father who could nourish your talent.'

"Then there is the problem of her marriage, and however anti-dowry you may be, you have to spend some money when you marry off a daughter. I will not have an unmarried daughter on my hands, and I am already looking out for boys for both my girls. Then I can concentrate on my son's future a little more. The younger one is also just an SSC, but she was more keen to get a job — she did not want to go to college, and has been doing temporary jobs as a typist for the last two years. These days you cannot get a job without influence. I hope she gets a job once she finishes her shorthand course.

"As for my Deepak, I have already been putting a little bit

away for his higher studies. He is a diligent worker and wants to go to the IIT to become an engineer. He is weak in mathematics, so I send him to a private coaching class three times a week. This year is very important for him because it is his SSC year and I want him to do really well — his future depends on it."

"I think self reliance is the key word when I think of my daughter's education. I don't want her to be helpless and unable to fend for herself if the occasion ever arises," says Naina Kathpalia, a librarian married to a business executive.

Naina, who has two children — a son Vivek, aged three and a daughter, Nandita, aged ten, feels it is wrong to differentiate between a daughter and a son, especially in the matter of education. "But, at the same time, I

would feel more concerned if my son was not doing well at school than I would if it were the other way around. I think that is because in our society we still lay such a great store by marriage. I mean, if a girl is stupid she can be safely married off, there is an alternative open to her. With the boy it isn't so. The pressures on him are much greater and, therefore, I think, parents are naturally a little more concerned about the son," she says.

What is your attitude towards your daughter?

"I will never pressurise her into getting married, she is free to choose her profession, free to study for as long as she likes. And even if she herself wants to get married fast, I would first insist on self-reliance — she must be able to look after herself. I think all that fuss about teaching a girl to sew and cook is

YOUR DAUGHTER'S is it as important as your

Vaiju Mahindroo

Most parents claim that education and a career are important as much for girls as for boys, but in actual practice few give equal priority, even when they can afford to



Naina Kathpalia with daughter Nandita — "She must be self-reliant."



Pushpa Chand and daughter Reena — "A profession is necessary." BELOW: The Shahanis with their daughter — "We will give her a boy's freedom."



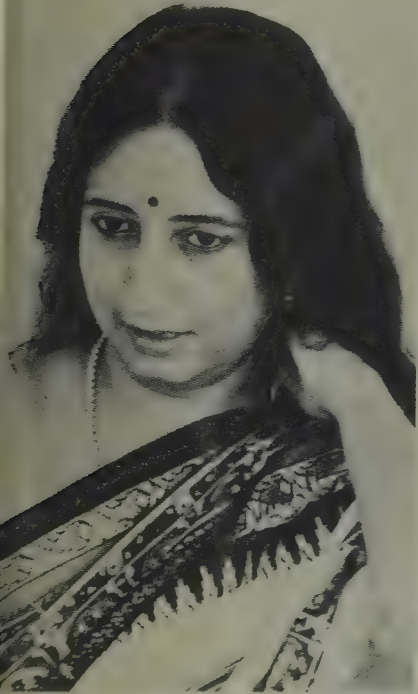
...ly unnecessary. It comes automatically. When I got married I hardly knew any cooking. That kind of thing conditions a child's attitudes. I don't want her to grow up with the feeling that she is bound for the altar. Though, of course, I would want her to be married. But, again, not because she is a girl and I feel she will be a burden, but because it is difficult for anyone to stay alone. Man is not a lonely creature, and deep down we all have the urge to be with people."

"Do you feel men and women have separate and well-defined roles to play in society and therefore boys and girls have to be brought up differently?"

"To an extent it is true, and especially in Indian society the roles are still very well-defined. But the gap is narrowing now with more and more girls entering male-dominated professions. Actually, we are caught in that

CAREER:

Professions?



Interviewer Ela Pal — "I am too ambitious for my daughter."

...ribly difficult transitionary phase at the moment. During our mothers' time, it was difficult. The woman knew, and she took it for granted that she belonged to the home and had to look after it. Now, it has become more difficult for the working girl because she is still expected to be a good mother and housewife. The man still thinks she is lord and master, and she has to cope—not only with the man, but with the house as well."

"Do you feel you have to equip your daughter specially for this kind of situation?"

"I don't really know. As I said before, we are caught in that peculiar patch when we are

in the process of accepting another set of values, and problems can arise. I only hope she is able to adjust to situations and not become rigid in her outlook. I wouldn't want her to be a self-effacing person the way our mothers were taught to be, but I also wouldn't want to see her as a hard-driving, aggressive, masculine woman."

"I definitely am slightly conservative and I feel that my daughter should get married at a reasonable age, and I tell her so. But I also insist that she should have a profession. I have seen too many women caught in bad marriages, or on their own, with nowhere to go and unable to help themselves because they don't have a profession," says Pushpa Chand. Pushpa, who is married to a Naval officer, comes from a very orthodox family from Bulandshahar. "I cannot tell you how much I have changed, opened out. My family was so strict that until I went to college, I hadn't spoken to a boy apart from my brothers. So I suppose some of that old thinking has to remain with me."

Pushpa, who has a 14-year-old daughter and a slightly younger son, does believe a boy's education matters somewhat more than a girl's. "We have put our son into boarding school because we feel he should have an uninterrupted education, since we are transferred so frequently. But I feel I should keep my daughter close to me. It doesn't matter so much if she loses a term here or there. He has to sit for competitive examinations and so has to be in the right age group."

"I also think here is a difference between the boy's and girl's education because of the kind of emphasis society lays on it. For a good many years to come, the man is going to be regarded as the bread-winner. Society is not going to change and I feel one should go along with it."

Do you think there are some professions you would not like your daughter to enter, like films or dancing?

"If my daughter feels strongly about something, I don't think we will ever stop her. If she is determined to become a film star, I think it would be both criminal and foolish to stop her; and she might not listen, for all you know. But, personally speaking, I don't think I would like her to be a film star or a model or a dancer. I think it is my orthodox upbringing, but I do feel there is a certain stigma attached to these professions."

Maya Shahani works as a secretary in a large newspaper office. Her husband is the export manager of an engineering firm. They have one daughter, aged four, and the Shahanis are determined to do all they can for her. "Maybe because I do not have a son, I feel I have to do everything I can for her. To

me, a girl or a boy, both are the same. I will give my daughter as much freedom as I would have given her had she been a boy. I know there is a tendency even among the educated to favour the boy, to think his future is more important than that of the girl. But these people don't realise that the times are changing and one has to move with the times," asserts Maya confidently.

"Even about marriage and what career to choose, I would certainly guide her, put the pros and cons of a proposition before her, but never coerce her." Adds her husband, "Actually it is all a matter of conditioning. When our daughter goes downstairs to play, when it is seven o'clock, even if she is at the neighbour's, with the maid, my wife starts panicking. She feels the child should come home when the lights are switched on. That is because her parents used to insist upon the seven o'clock rule. It's a habit, and I keep telling my wife that one has to make a conscious effort to get over this kind of conditioning. Most people don't want to do that. They want to keep the old order, going. No wonder children rebel and there is so much unhappiness."

The Shahanis are determined not to meddle too much in their daughter's career. "Let her grow up as she will with a little bit of guidance from us. We would lay great stress on things like adjustability; we wouldn't like her to grow up stubborn—so we are quite firm with her. We want her to be a rational, balanced person, to have a healthy, happy childhood," they say.

"I was filled with wonderment one day when I heard my daughter singing an unusual nursery rhyme. She had forgotten one line, and had added on her own—'No one can take my freedom away.' So I asked her if she knew what freedom was, and she said, 'Yes, freedom is being able to do what you want.' And I was so happy that she knew, that she realised what it is to be free," says painter Ela Pal, who is at the other end of the scale from Shantaram Shewde.

"I know what it is to want to be free and yet have constraints on me. I am really keen that my daughter should be ambitious, that she should succeed, and I will do all I can to help her. Sometimes I feel I am a bit too ambitious for her. I feel scared, because I feel I might be injecting an element of conflict into her life by encouraging her to be so independent, so free. She might find it difficult, later on in life to deal with a society as conventional as ours."

What do you think is responsible for your views on life?

"My parents, to a large extent, I think. We were just two sisters and we were never treated

as girls usually are, never made to feel we were the weaker sex or anything like that. The important thing about our growing up was that there was never any insistence on marriage. Not even when we became 22 or 23. My father was quite revolutionary in that way. He could provoke idle, or conservative housewives into action. I think he has had more of an effect on me than I would have liked—it's difficult to put up with women who are content to sit at home and do nothing. Especially women who are well off and who have time on their hands. I feel I am communicating this same urgency to my daughter, the urgency to create, to develop."

Do you worry about how she is going to cope with a career and a house, with this element of conflict?

"Surprisingly, I feel I have to worry more about Ashish, my son, than about my daughter. My daughter is a very strong person—she has that inner strength. Besides, she has an innate femininity about her. I have to take care that my son does not absorb the old attitudes of male domination. I would like him to help around the house more, I wouldn't like him to feel superior and all male when he grows up."

What do you feel about your daughter's future?

"I never ever think of her marriage. I want her to choose her own profession. All I want to do is to make her conscious of her own individuality. I want to sow some seeds and hope they bear fruit. Convictions can kill you, if you are not strong enough to stand your ground and fight for them. So I hope I can also give her the strength to support her convictions."

Of all the middle and lower middle class people interviewed, Shantaram Shewde is the most representative. His views are echoed by many who see the son's education as an investment and the daughter's education as needless expenditure, since she is going to be married off in any case. To them, education means expense in return for a college degree.

On the other side are the more affluent and educated types like Ela Pal, Naina Kathpalia, Pushpa Chand and Maya Shahani who feel education is a complete, all-encompassing process, which begins at home and is not confined to the school or college.

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EMULSION

Walking down the road the other day, I met an old school-friend of mine. "Hi!" "How are you?" "What are you doing now?" the usual pattern of conversation set in. She had just finished her post-graduation, it appeared. So I proceeded to the next "usual" question. "What are you going to do after that? Study further?" was answered by an emphatic "No." "Take up a job?" — Slight hesitancy — "Well . . . maybe . . ." Right now I just want to relax. . . Job . . . Let's see . . ."

And then it struck me that I was asking questions to which there were no answers, simply because she hadn't even thought of the questions. In all probability, all she was planning to do in the near future was hang around until such time as she got married. Having very definite opinions on the question myself, I had taken it very much for granted that women who study up to such a level, do it with some plan in mind. And it struck me very hard to be confronted with the idea of not one, but thousands and thousands of women going through it all, just to end up tending kitchens and babies. . .

Discussing the whole question of women vis-a-vis careers, education and attitudes to these, with college students from different backgrounds, a lot of interesting material was brought to light.

Among the boys, I noticed that very few would admit outright that they would prevent their wives from taking up a job. However, not many were able to firmly uphold the independence of women either.

All those who did come from upper middle-class, Westernized backgrounds. They firmly believed that women should also have a career and be able to realize their abilities. Besides, they did not believe in thwarting their wives' desire to work because they believed that every individual had a right to determine his/her life. They saw women, and therefore their wives, as individuals who should be able to develop independently of any oppression and domination. They saw nothing out of the way in sharing household duties with their wives, and the possible disapproval of their parents would not seriously affect their attitudes to their wives, since they would in any case be independent of them.

Asked how they would react to a woman as a boss, Sanjay, a B.Sc. student in Bombay, quipped, "I'd hate to have a boss—male or female." But it was accepted that it would be no different from having a male boss. And, about whether the capabilities of women were considered equal to men in all spheres, these boys felt most definitely that women were equal

to men. Even though today this might not always be the case, (because of several reasons like mental conditioning, etc.) women, they said, were quite capable of being equals of men, given the opportunity. But these sort of boys, who would warm the heart of any emancipated woman, are still rare and far between in this country.

The majority of the boys, coming from middle class and more orthodox backgrounds, were more evasive. Some of the typical reactions were: "Yes, I'd allow (?) my wife to work —

NILAN KARNIK
from Bombay and
JAYSHREE MISHRA
from Delhi report that
although most girls want
to acquire a degree and
most boys want educated
wives, few of them are
clear in their minds
about girls taking up a career
after graduation

but the house must not be neglected." "After all the primary thing for any woman is her home . . . And I do want a home, not a house . . . I mean I'd like to have someone at home when I get back from work."

In effect, they were saying that though they did not generally mind women having careers, when it came down to their own wives, they would not like the idea so much.

Also, for these boys, parental approval played a very important part. If the wife wished to do something outside the house, which the parents-in-law didn't approve of (which is so often the case), it was quite clear whose opinion would be upheld.

About having a female boss, the reactions were slightly varied. Rajiv, a Jr. B.A. student in Bombay, felt that he had to do his job, irrespective of whether the boss was a man or woman. However, Niranjana, who will be graduating this year, gave a non-committal (but telling) answer. "It would be an interesting experience."

Like in the case of the boys, it was only a very few girls, mainly from upper middle class, Westernized backgrounds, who could think of themselves as individuals, with the right and the capacity to lead their own lives.

Neela, a First year B.Sc. stud-

ent from Elphinstone College, Bombay, was the most outspoken of the lot. She definitely intends to take up a career — something which she'd like to do and which would help her to develop her personality. She'd like to take up a career basically to be an independent individual.

Ask her about the possibility of her husband not liking her to pursue a career, and you get an emphatic answer in 'unprintable' language. But the essence of it is that she wouldn't get married to someone who did not recognise her independence and

way." Of course, what this way was they could not quite explain.

It brought to my mind the words to Alexis Carrel, "Women should receive higher education not in order to become doctors, lawyers, or professors, but to rear their offspring to be valuable (?) human beings."

Through the discussion, I realised that a strange paradox had developed. Most of the girls could quite clearly see a future where they tended the home, would have little independence,

WHAT DO YOU DO AFTER YOU GRADUATE?

if, unfortunately, she did find herself in such a situation, then she would have to break up the marriage.

Feeling that men and women were equal, with each sex having its own limitations, she didn't feel that being in a higher position than men would make a difference to her.

An interesting case was that of J, from a traditional middle class family. She believed that women should choose and pursue their own careers and that women were the equals of men.

But as far as she herself went, the question of which career to take up, which would provide the most satisfaction, did not arise. That was because due to economic reasons, she was forced to take up a job — any job which would enable her to earn. So, though she wished to, she was unable to fulfil herself. Is the prerogative of a choice then only for the comparatively rich and well-placed? It seems that, except for a few instances, this is the case.

A group of girls whom I approached to discuss the topic with, greeted my questions with a lot of giggles. They came from very protected and orthodox backgrounds. One of them almost wistfully said, "Of course I'd like to work . . . but I won't get permission."

It seems that their parents would not like them working and would like to get them married off as soon as possible. They also seemed quite keen on getting married. "And after marriage my husband (giggles) may not like it — we have to look after the house." Then why go through the whole process of education? Don't you think it is quite a waste? — blank or embarrassed looks. Some felt that "maybe it was a waste. But what can we do? That's the way things are." Others felt that it wasn't a waste, "Because it does help in some

and a future spent like the present, under the domination of somebody or the other. But most of the boys were making attempts, even though feeble, to portray a liberal attitude towards the women.

I think the paradox can be resolved in the crucible of reality where we find that the future that the girls saw, is more or less the situation. Because what the boys said were only hollow phrases in most cases. As one girl cynically remarked "They will all talk in a forward-sounding way now. After all, they are in college and cannot take a very traditional stand — they have to espouse progressive ideas to keep up their image. But how many will stick to their fine ideas in the future — when the time really comes?"

DELHI

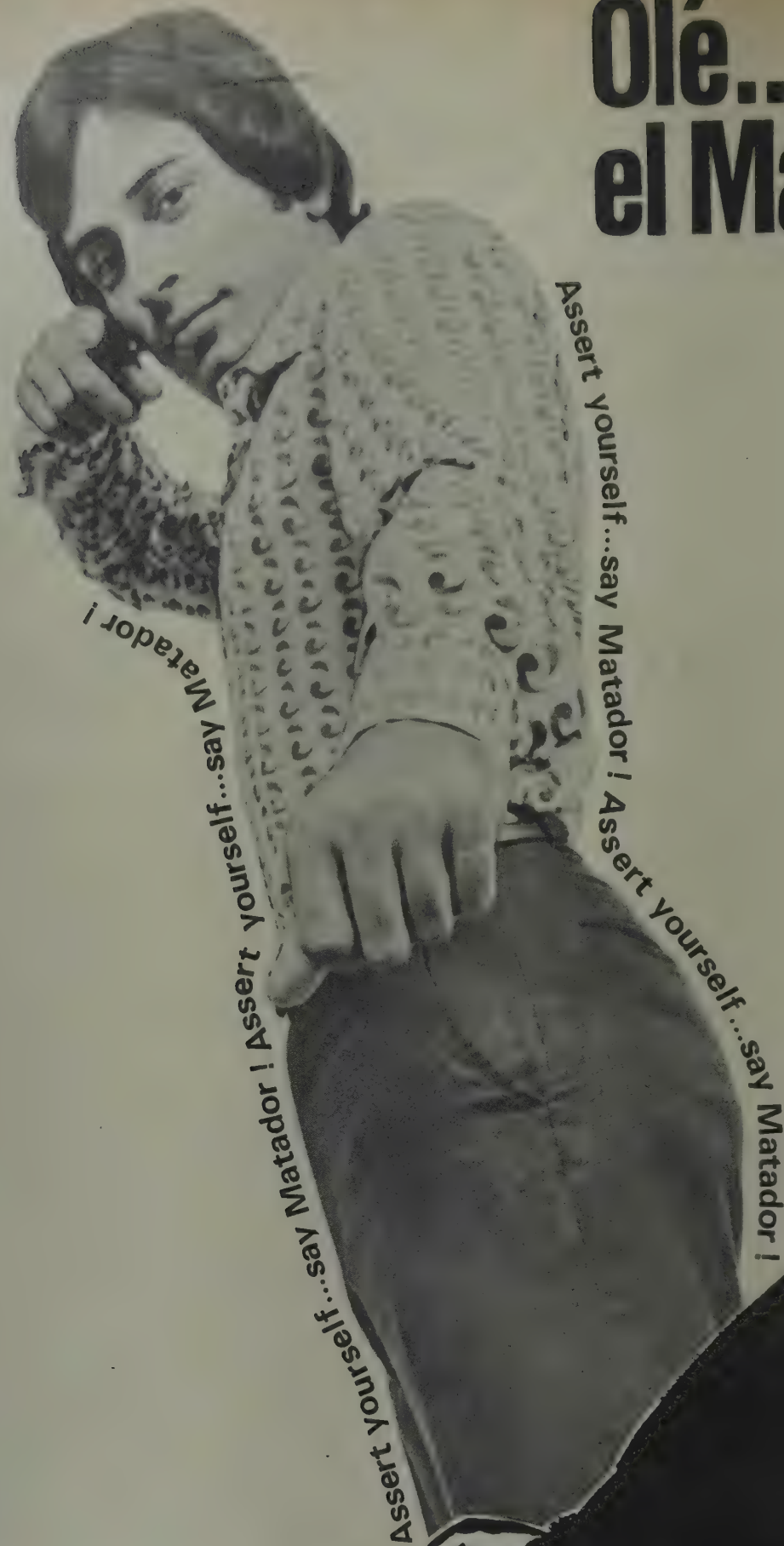
"Nature made them blinder motions

bounded in a shallower brain:
Woman is the lesser man. . ."

The ladies of the Victorian age would have undoubtedly accepted these lines of Tennyson with an air of resignation. Indian society, till not so long ago rated a woman less capable than a man. Moreover, working women were branded in a society that fostered them. But in the 20th century, what with the Women's Liberation movement, and the cry "Whatever you can do we can do too." the above lines would ignite yet another male/female debate on the superior sex.

But what has one's sex got to do with one's aptitude for a job, rightly asked most of the Delhi university students, I interviewed. After all, they said, qualification and ability ought to be the criteria for selection.

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what do you do after you graduate?

Attitudes towards career women varied, but not much. More and more girls are determined to work, after either graduation or postgraduation, both for financial independence and for the need to prove their worth in a male-dominated society. Is this idealistic? Or have they seriously considered the pros and cons of combining marriage and a career?

This is what a cross-section of boys and girls from Delhi University felt.

UTTARA DEVI, B.A. second year



Uttara Devi, doing her B.A. IInd year, emphasised her unwillingness to depend on someone all her life. She intends to do the I.A.S. exam—mainly because it is expected of her, she added a little wistfully, though creative writing would be more to her taste. If ever faced with a choice between a career and marriage, she would opt for the former. Eventually, if she did marry and have children, she would take up writing in her spare time. "I can't imagine myself completely domesticated. A successful career woman would still remain a woman," she said. Regarding the possibility of men working under her, she feels "the world's changing—they should too."

RAMA SHANKARAN, M.A. final



For Rama Shankaran, also M.A. Final, a career is essential for financial independence. The limited scope of her subject—English—and the lack of job opportunities, led her to do her M.A. degree. Her parents are not averse to the idea of her working. Neither should boys complain if their girlfriends/fiancées worked "provided their egos and sense of superiority remained." Rama feels both a career and a marriage could be kept going at the same time. If she had children she would give up work for five or six years—those formative years—till they were old enough to go to school. Rama would love to have men work under her, "to put a few of them in their proper places!" She is of the opinion that women, mentally, are men's equals. Desk-jobs exempted most others require too much stamina she feels. "Whoever heard of women-contractors or land surveyors?"

VEENEETA DAYAL, M.A. final



Veneeta Dayal, doing her M.A. Final would like an academic career because it is the "least likely to interfere with the responsibilities of 'home' and 'marriage'." Desk-jobs are taboo. Her parents are in favour of working, and would-be-in-laws would not mind—"though the husband is the one with whom this must be worked out." Her fiancé wouldn't object to her pursuing a career provided her work did not seriously encroach upon her home life. Managing a home and a career could be difficult, she admitted, but she would certainly like to give it a try. "If a career-woman does lose her femininity it would be because she is over-conscious of having made it." Men working under her would make no difference—how they reacted to it would depend entirely on her aptitude, she said.

NIRMALA DABAS, M.A. final



Nirmala Dabas, M.A. Final, would definitely opt for marriage. Her education, she feels would enable her to bring up her children well, and hence it would not be put to waste. Nirmala advocates the home as the rightful place for a woman. Bringing up children is vitally important—a career would prove detrimental to this function, she feels. A woman, she says would not be able to manage men under her by dint of her very nature. "In the villages, a woman's status is definitely subservient and the question of equality does not arise."

BONANI CHATTERJEE, B.A. third year



Bonani Chatterjee, in her B.A. IIIrd year, would like to try for a bank job after her graduation. Later on, she would

like to do her M.A. and take up free-lance writing. Bonani strongly disapproves of men who insist that their wives stay at home in spite of their desire to work. A woman can cope with a career and her marriage she says. "If the basics of a relationship are right, nothing could be more congenial." Bonani feels successful career women would be a lot more independent than women generally are—and that's not bad, neither would it make them less feminine, she says.

KAVERI JAMALABAD, M.A. final



Kaveri Jamalabad, M.A. Final, has decided to do work in Clinical Psychology, her field of study. This would include helping mentally retarded children adjust better to the ways of the world. Kaveri strongly favours working—her mother is a lecturer—and, at this stage, marriage is not important. She would basically like to remain a career-woman. Anyway, "boys today prefer working wives. Since both partners become breadwinners, both share the responsibilities on the home-front and in the external world." Femininity, she feels, has tones of coquetry—"A successful career woman is a more complete woman," and she adds, "A woman can do anything in a career."

TARUN TALWAR, M.A.



Tarun Talwar, M.A. Prev., feels qualified women ought to have some kind of career. He's all for a working wife—provided she is not kept too busy! But he fears the resultant diverse interests could, possibly, adversely affect family life. His parents might be choosy about the kind of work the job involved. Tarun agrees that a woman would be able to cope with a career and a home at the same time. "Proper adjustment is necessary. Parental responsibility has to be shared, and economic responsibility too, to a certain extent." Working under a female boss might be a little odd at first, but he would manage. "Where white-collar jobs are concerned, women certainly are as capable as men."

Ashok Kumar Mukherjee, Postgraduate (and recently appointed lecturer) feels, "Women who have careers are an asset." If his wife were qualified he would certainly 'let' her work. His main fears would be for her health and safety. Ashok's parents would love a working daughter-in-law. "In fact, a married woman has more room to manoeuvre in her job because of financial and emotional security." Responsibilities of the home have to be shared by both, he says. He feels a female boss would be feasible only if she were willing to take the risks a job involved with a certain amount of flexibility. Basically both men and women are equally capable, in his opinion. "But in the current Indian society the protected lives most girls have led makes them less suitable."

VINOD DUA, M.A. final



Vinod Dua, in his M.A. Final, respects people who believe in working. "In keeping with the economic situation of India, a wife needs to work." His initial fears would be regarding her ability to cope with all types of people and tackling difficult situations. Vinod's sister-in-law works—his parents would not object to his wife working.

All the working women he has met are no less feminine for being successful. In fact, he has been working under a woman T.V. producer for two-and-a-half years without a problem.

DRONA CHOWDRY, M.A. final



Drona Chowdry, M.A. Final, said, "Changing trends in society have led to the acceptance of career women more easily than before." He would encourage his wife to take up a job. "It would contribute greatly to the family in terms of finance and it would also give the wife an equal status at home." But, he frankly admitted, his ego would be hurt if his wife had a better job or status. Teamwork is, he said, a must, to keep the marriage going—but more depends on the woman than on the man. It would be disastrous if a successful woman tried to assert herself because of her success, and consequently henpecked the husband. Drona confessed he would prefer a male boss. Though women are capable, he said, there are many fields in which "man reigns supreme."

Few festivals have such an intoxicating attraction for Gujaratis as Navratri... when for nine nights forgetting everything else, they wholly abandon themselves to dance and music. Nearly every town and village of Gujarat comes under the magic spell... the people even spilling out onto the streets to dance. The barriers come down and the normally orthodox community suspending its inhibitions for a while, participates most freely in mixed dancing.

The festival has become all the rage with the young too... the popularity almost equalling that of rock 'n' roll and jazz. In the cities, dressed casually in kurta and jeans, the boys and girls dance away the hours, playing dandia-ras, just as the Gopas and Gopis perhaps once did in the fields of Vrindavan. This acceptance of Navratri by the youth has resulted in some healthy things like bringing fresh vitality to the tradition, opening out an avenue for innocent fun and creating opportunities to mingle and meet, besides of course popularising the folk-dances. Indirectly it has also encouraged fondness for indigenous dress and



NAVRATRI:

Festival of Dance and Music

Jyotsna Sheth

TO GUJARATIS DASSEHRA
IS THE MOST COLOURFUL FESTIVAL

In the villages women move from home to home with garba (a holed pot), singing, "Those putting ghee for the diya shall be blessed with a son, but those feeding oil to the wick shall only have a daughter!"

styles... nothing being more pleasing to the eye than the sight of whirling girls, in rich, Kathiawari costumes.

There are many myths and legends about the festival, dedicated to Jagdamba, the Mother Goddess. According to one, Mahasakti, rising from Lord Vishnu, fought and defeated the evil forces which for nine, long nights had enveloped the world. Jagdamba, Ambanma, Prakriti, Bhagwati... in these various names the goddess is worshipped as Shakti incarnate, the creative force in the universe.

Among the Gujaratis, the "Devi" is installed in the house in the form of garba, an earthen, white pot with holes with a "diya" inside. For nine days it stays, honoured and worshipped in the house, at the end of which it is either immersed in water or left at a temple.

These are, however, the ceremony and the rituals; what constitutes the festival spirit are the garba-ras. Both these folk-dances have their roots in antiquity and are said to date back to at least 5,000 years. A story goes

Ras, evocative of Krishna-Leela, is generally a mixed dance, played by both men and women. The rhythm is created by the striking of sticks together



that Parvati, pleased with Usha, the grand daughter-in-law of Lord Krishna, taught her the "lasya" and she in turn brought it down from Assam to Dwarka, where it became extremely popular with the Gopis. The word garba is derived from Sanskrit "garbhadeep." As played in the villages, it is a simple group dance, in which women forming a circle move around, clapping and singing. Like in tabla, the beats vary from routine to more complicated action, the tempo rising from slow to tempestuous, excited whirling.

Much creative poetry has been written around garba-ras. Songs of poets like Dayaram, Nanal, Narsinh Metha, have for generations played upon the lips of Gujarati women. . and there are songs that have passed down as cultural heritage from time immemorial. They speak of love and faith and at times of social customs and relationships of the community.

The ras, compared to the garba, is a more vigorous form. Danced to the sound of dholak with tapering, wooden sticks, its inspiration lies in the "leela" of Krishna, as he whirled with Radha and the Gopis, filling them with a strange exhilaration.

The garba-ras once played largely only in "chowks" and by-lanes, has today mounted the stage and acquired in the process a new sophistication. In place of simple steps, the choreography has grown intricate and with each passing year, the costumes are becoming more and more glamorous. This has promoted dazzling spectacles, but one is not so sure whether at the same time, it has not robbed the garba of its pristine charm. There is something simple and appealing about men and women dancing away the night to their own happy rhythm, someone giving the lead in singing and others picking up the refrain. While there may not be much music in such chorus singing, it is nevertheless joyous and heartfelt. The current practice is to generally leave the singing to separate, special groups.

With the Gujarati women's institutions, the annual garba festival has become a prestigious issue and a matter of keen competition. Days in advance, practice begins and though the talent is mostly drawn from members, much money and effort are spent to ensure the quality of production. Innovations are popular. Bhagini Samaj, a leading social organisation, for instance, presented sometime ago a unique experiment of doing the garba to classical music. Incidentally, its cultural unit, Soor-Noopur, toured England, America, Canada with garba-ras repertoire, the first institution to do so. The programme was organised with the help of the World Education Fellowship of India. The group also conducted workshops at the University Campuses.



AVINASH VYAS: People's Poet

His songs are today so interwoven in the life of the Gujarati community that they have become almost an echo of its folk heritage. Even in the remotest village of Gujarat, women are likely to be singing his garbas without knowing the writer, but savouring every line of his verse. Avinash Vyas is a poet of the soil, concerned with everyday, simple happenings of life. There is a lilting, inviting rhythm to his lyrics that makes one just itch to get up and dance.

Without Avinash, one does not know where the garba-ras would have been today, because

it is his music, his compositions that have brought to tradition modern appeal. As he himself says: "Art is a living thing... it can never be static. My songs, my lyrics, are inspired by dreams of present times, and they are still valid for garba."

A creative artiste, Avinash maintains, must feel free to experiment, to innovate ... "provided he does not tamper with the image, for the option can be only in the choice of imagery, the image itself cannot be dispensed with."

Two persons have largely influenced his music: his mother ... "who was for ever compos-

Garba dance is an indispensable item at most Gujarati weddings and festivals. Its charm lies in its simple rhythm.

ing and singing" and Upendra Acharya of Shreya Sadhak Adhikari Varg. He is also indebted to his guru, Amanali Khan. A musical career, however, was never seriously thought of, and it happened accidentally. "I was very fond of cricket and came to Bombay to watch a match. My interest in music till then was limited to just casual participation in amateur shows, but the National Gramophone Company, to my pleasant surprise, invited me to cut a disc. I did

Continued on page 45

Dandia ras is fun, say the young who have accepted it wholeheartedly.



MANAGEMENT STUDIES:

Piloo Chinoy is a second year student at the Bajaj Institute of Management Studies in Bombay. A first class student, Piloo graduated from Sydenham College, standing fifth in the University. However she felt that her education was incomplete, and since she wanted a challenging job with an outlet for her creative abilities, she took up this course. It is a full-time course and requires a tremendous amount of hard work. This itself is a training for an executive's post, which needs a lot of stamina and hard work since deadlines have to be met. The students have lectures on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 1 - 8 p.m. leaving the mornings free for field



work, projects, etc, and they also work on Saturdays and Sundays from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. and 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. respectively. The reason why Saturday and Sunday are working days is that it gives the advantage of having a visiting faculty of professionals who would not be free on weekdays.

In the first year, students are given a thorough general training with a little field work, and in the second, they specialize in Marketing, Finance, Personnel or Operations Research. There is also summer training with a private company that has to be undergone. Perhaps the biggest advantage is that all the students get jobs. Towards the end of the academic year, companies send their representatives to the Institute and select candidates for the openings they have, after a number of interviews. More often than not, the good students are offered a choice of two or three jobs. The salary prospects are also excellent, since even in the training year salaries are anything between Rs. 900 to 1500, and in some exceptional cases they go as high as Rs. 2,250. It is rarely that anyone is asked to leave after this period.

The number of girls taking up this course is far less than boys. In Piloo's class there are only seven out of 42 stu-

*The days when girls
had to be content
with a few traditional
jobs are gone.*

*Today a vast variety
of well-paid careers
are open to them*

Anu Sheth

dents. Piloo says that this may be due partly to the fact that fewer girls than boys apply, and partly to the fact that selection for girls is stricter than for boys. Girls are only taken up if it is felt that they are serious about the work. However considering the effort that has to be put in, it seems unlikely that any girl would take up such a course unless she has aims of making a career for herself.

Piloo herself is specialising in Marketing. Since this kind of work requires a lot of travelling, many firms prefer boys to girls, some even stating specifically that 'girls need not apply.' However this does not apply to other fields. Despite this drawback, Piloo does not see any difficulty in getting a job because even in Marketing there are office jobs which can be given to girls. Companies that specialise in women's products, might in fact prefer women executives even in the Marketing field.

HOTEL ADMINISTRATION AND FOOD TECHNOLOGY:

Nowadays there are a number of institutions offering courses in Hotel Administration and Food Technology, perhaps the most well-known and prestigious being the Catering College at Dadar. The course at this college is of three years duration, and the minimum qualification required is SSC or its equivalent. The course offered by the college is Government-recognised, and here they admit only first class students. I talked to Jyoti Panday, who has taken up a similar course at the Sophia Polytechnic, and who was most indignant that this course does not have Government recogni-

tion. She said that although jobwise there is a definite preference given to the Catering College students, the course offered at Sophia's is extremely intensive and is gaining recognition amongst the hotel managements. The course she has taken up is a two year diploma course. It is a full-time course from 8-30 a.m. to 4p.m.

Students are taught the hotel business from A-Z. According to Jyoti, the hotel business is a world by itself and you have to learn to live in it. Students are taught about all the different departments viz. reception, housekeeping, banquets, office management etc. They also

learn cooking and nutrition; accounts and book-keeping.

Normally during the work programmes the students try to establish themselves and get absorbed in the hotel itself. Initially, after the training is complete, they are taken as apprentices at a stipend of Rs. 500-600 per month, for a year, since, although they have the basic training every hotel has its own rules and methods. Later on the salaries are very good ranging from about Rs. 1200 - 1500, to start with. Perhaps the greatest disadvantage of working in a hotel for girls are the timings, as there is a



shift system — the night shift from 7 p.m. to 8 a.m.; a break shift from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. and then from 7 p.m. to 1 a.m.; and a morning shift from 8a.m. to 6 p.m. However for the night shifts, transport is always arranged, and the security arrangements are also excellent.

Besides working in a hotel, this course also prepares its students for work in airline flight kitchens. The prospects in both are extremely good, since more and more hotels are coming up to cater to the tourists coming to India.

NURSERY TEACHER TRAINING:

This is a one year diploma course in which students are taught how to teach small children. The course is a full-time one — in the mornings the students go for practical training to nursery schools, where they help in general, and on three specific days in a term have to give classes for which they are evaluated.

From 1.30 — 3.30 p.m. they have lectures, where they study child development, nursery school education, lesson plan-

ning and communication with children. They also learn to plan creative activities with children such as painting, finger printing etc. Different nursery schools have different teaching methods; there is the playway method, where children learn through guided play, the Montessori method, and the formal way of teaching, and students learn all of them.

Such courses are offered by a number of institutions among them Nirmala Niketan and the Sophia Polytechnic. I talked to Chitralkhha Bhatia, who is with the latter. She says that it is an extremely extensive course, but should only be taken up if one has a genuine liking for children. She herself is married with two sons aged eight and eleven. After completing her B.A. she did work off and on, but now that her children are older she would like steady part-time work, which is what nursery school teaching is. She goes on to say that there are a number of young married women doing the course, for the same reason — the work is part-time and gives one long vacations. Most of the other girls doing the course have completed their graduation and want to work with young children. Even if they do not have the intention of working immediately, this course, feels Chitralkhha, is an excellent standby.

The prospects of getting a job after completing this course are good, because there are many new nursery schools coming up, and with this training and adequate funds, one could start one's own nursery school, since no Government sanction is required. Not all schools require trained teachers, but Chitralkhha feels that this course gives you not only practical training, but teaches you child psychology, which is very important in teaching young children.

CHALLENGING CAREERS

TRAVEL AND TOURISM :

Susanne Saldanha is a student of the extremely popular Travel and Tourism course at the Sophia Polytechnic. It is a one-year diploma course from 8 a.m. to 12 noon. Although considered a part-time course, it is very intensive and deals with all aspects of Indian culture, music, history, cuisine, iconography and architecture, besides giving a thorough training in ticketing, fare construction and the preparing of itineraries. This course prepares

DRESS DESIGNING :

Preeti Gujral was born in Jamshedpur, but has hardly lived there at all, since from a very young age she has studied as a boarder. She did her schooling at Nainital, her B.A. with History and Political Science at the Loreto College in Calcutta, and at present she is at the Sophia Polytechnic in Bombay where she is doing two courses — one in Dress Designing and the other in Interior Decoration.

Right now, her preference

FOR WOMEN



students for jobs in travel agencies, airlines and as tourist guides. Students are taken on lots of study trips to nearby scenic spots as well as on one long trip. The course involves a lot of reading and Susanne says that she expects to have to put in about two-three hours' work a day. Besides being given a thorough theoretical training, students are sent for practical training for a month. The five best students are sent to various airlines, and the remaining to various Travel Agencies. Normally, if the students are good they are absorbed into offices after completing the course. The job prospects are extremely good, since the tourist industry is expanding, and the agencies would definitely prefer trained people to untrained ones.

Starting salaries are in the range of Rs. 700, with the added attraction of free trips abroad. The minimum qualification required for taking up this course is a degree.

Similar courses to the one at Sophia are offered at Nirmala Niketan and Bhavan's College, but the duration is shorter. This is a very up-and-coming field today, and many of the students simultaneously study a language like French or German as an added asset.

seems to be for Dress Designing, as she feels the scope for a dress designer in Bombay is very good. There are opportunities not only in rapidly coming up export houses, but also to set up your own boutique.

Both the courses are Government-recognised and are two-year diploma courses, but in the case of Interior Decoration, after one year you get a certificate. The Dress Designing course is from 8-30 a.m. to 12-30 p.m. and the Interior Decoration, from 3-6 p.m.

Preeti talks enthusiastically about the standard of teaching, which she finds exceptionally good. Everything is taught very systematically and the students are trained so that they can ultimately design and stitch any garment from start to finish. A very good part of the course is that in the second year, the students, as part of their work, have to also teach the first year students.

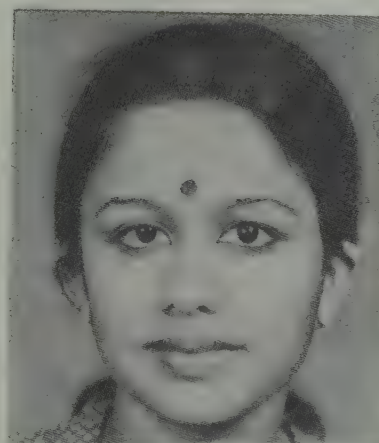
Although Preeti herself is very sure that she wants to make a career for herself, she feels that both the courses would also help girls in their own homes, besides helping them to cut down on tailoring costs. There is also the added advantage that a girl trained in these arts can work at home if she so prefers.

TEXTILE DESIGNING :

Radha Menon is in her second and final year as a textile designer, at the Sophia Polytechnic. The course she has taken up is a diploma course from 8-30 a.m. to 3-30 p.m., and the minimum qualification required is SSC or its equivalent, and having passed the intermediate and elementary drawing examinations. This course is also recognised by the Government. Bef-

ore joining this particular line, there is a first year basic course which has to be taken up by all the students. Here they are taught the basic of colours, 3-dimensional effects and object drawing, proper shading etc. It is in fact a stepping stone to the other subjects. After this first year, students have a choice between Fine Arts, Textile Designing and Commercial Art.

The textile designer's course is of two years and includes fabric printing and weaving. In the first year, students are taught both the arts, and they work on small samples such as cushion covers and wall hangings. In the second year, they have an option between printing and weaving depending on their choice. The course is very practical-oriented except for one or two subjects like the history of art and textiles, and colour theory which invol-



ve a lot of theory. Students are also taken on tours of mills and for outdoor sketching, which although not directly connected with the course, improves one's chances. The prospects of getting a job are very good after doing such a course. The staff also help in placing the students, although there is no direct affiliation with any firm.

Although she herself wants to take up a job, there are a number of girls who join this course purely as a past time, or they may also take it up with the intention of working at home, say doing batik designs or wall hangings which they can either sell privately or through some of the handicraft shops that give out such orders.

SOCIAL COMMUNICATION MEDIA :

This course, as its name implies, gives both theoretical and practical training in the fields of T. V., Radio, Advertising and Journalism. The one offered at the Sophia Polytechnic is a one-year diploma course from 9 a.m. to 4 p. m., requiring a minimum qualification of a degree. According to Naushad Mehta, who is at present undergoing this course, it is extremely intensive and de-

manding. It requires a lot of hard work, since there are many home assignments. However, for anyone interested in the communications media, and ready to work hard, it is worth doing.

Besides being taught about the different media, students also learn Social Psychology and Research. They have their own T. V. studio where they learn all about handling cameras, direction, sound, lighting, video mixing etc. They also learn how to face a camera. They work in groups of eight. Besides this practical training, there is the theory such as T. V. scriptwriting and learning about the equipment. In the same way they also learn about Radio, and they are taught how to write radio plays and tape them.

In the case of films, they do not have their own studio, but they learn all about what it takes to put a film together. They are also taken to see various films which they must critically analyze.

In Advertising, students learn all about how an advertising agency operates. But perhaps it is the Journalism course that involves the most assignments, such as the writing of reports, articles, interviews etc.

Towards the end of the year, students are given a chance to work for one month in the field of their choice. This is arranged by the college and gives a thorough practical training as well as a chance to establish contacts, which is all-important. As yet there is no placement system, but the college does help students with jobs.

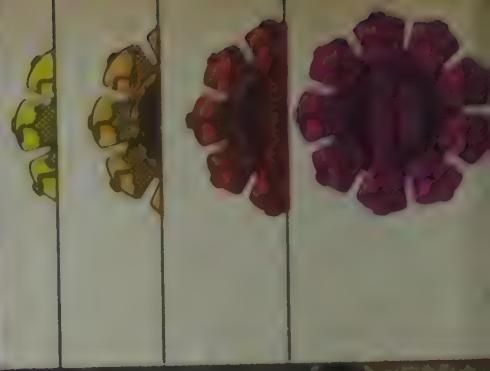
JOURNALISM :

Rita Agarwal is at present doing a one-year diploma course in Journalism at Bhavan's College. After doing her B.A. with Hindi and English Literature from Ruia College, Rita started to do her M.A. However she did not continue with it. Since she had always been fond of writing, her teacher advised her to take up this course. She has been writing ever since she was in school, and had a number of her stories published in her college magazine.

She mainly writes short stories in Hindi, and Hindi and Urdu poetry. She says she joined the course mainly to improve her writing, but as the lectures got underway, she found herself getting interested in all the aspects of Journalism i.e., editing, reporting, mass communications and printing, in short everything that should be known by a journalist. The students are also sent to a newspaper or magazine to get practical training. The course

Continued on page 29

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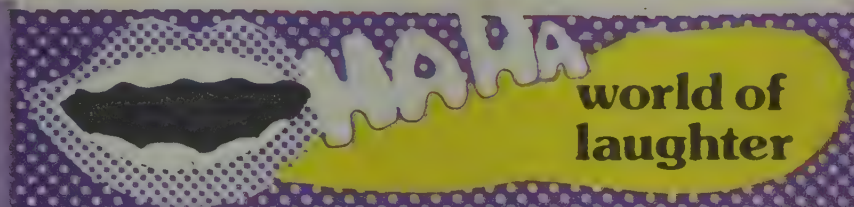


MAFATIL
Suitsings,
Shirtsings, Saris,
Dress Materials
and Denims.

Face face o o place in the Sun



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Johnny Patterson, the famous Irish clown, lay critically ill. The doctor, having done all he could, closed his medicine case and prepared to leave.

"I'll see you in the morning, Johnny," he said cheerfully.

Instinctively, the dying clown smirked and gave his eye a professional roll that had helped launch many a quip.

"Sure, doc," he murmured, "but will I see you?"

Employee: "I have been here 10 years doing three men's work for one man's pay. Now I want a raise."

Employer: "Well, I can't give you a raise, but if you'll tell me who the other two men are, I'll fire them."

The autocrat of the office had one of his more brow-beaten employees on the carpet: "Jones, I understand you've been going over my head."

The timid employee murmured that he hadn't said anything to anyone so far as he knew.

"Ha!" snarled the boss. "Isn't it true that you've been praying for a raise?"

The housewife was interviewing an applicant for a job on her household staff.

"Do you know how to serve company" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am; both ways," was the reply.

"Just what do you mean 'both ways'?"

"So's they'll come back or so's they won't."

Husband and wife were hav-



ing a polite difference of opinion. "It's obvious that I must be right and you wrong," contended the wife. "Since God created woman after man, it must follow that we're an improvement over the original model."

"Not at all," snapped the husband. "God had a very good reason for making woman after he had made man. He didn't want any advice."

Wife to husband: "All right, I admit I like to spend money. But just name one other extravagance."

Being a husband is like any other job—it makes it a lot easier if you learn to like your boss.

Confusion is one woman plus one left turn; excitement is two women plus one secret; bedlam is three women plus one bargain; chaos is four women plus one luncheon check.

A multimillionaire was being interviewed about his self-made fortune. "I never hesitate," he said, "to give full credit to my wife for her assistance."

"And just how did she help?" asked a reporter.

"Frankly," said the millionaire, "I was curious to see if there was any income she couldn't live beyond."

She: "Who is more satisfied, a man with a million dollars or a man with six children?"

He: "A man with six children."

She: "Can you prove it?"

He: "Yes, a man with a million dollars wants more."

"I believe you are thinner the last time I saw you, Mrs. Kane. Are you taking treatment or dieting to lose weight?"

"Oh no, I'm losing weight because of all the trouble I'm having with my new maid."

"Why don't you fire her?"

"I'm going to, just as soon as she worries me down another ten pounds."



Even to this day I can't forgive my mother for what she did. Due to her interference in my life, I am today a forty-three-year-old spinster, left on the shelf for good, you might say. Perhaps you don't believe my own mother could do such a thing to me. I mean, which mother would want to harm her own daughter? But I suppose circumstances were partly responsible for the events which I live again and again in my mind and brood on the what might have been, had I acted differently.

I have a hooked nose and grey hair and leathery cheeks where bitter emotions have etched out wrinkles. I suppose deprivation of sex makes one age before one's time. I have seen women of my own age lush and full bodied, with the bloom of youth still on their cheeks. I envy them many things — their warmth and laughter, their hot blooded mates, their ardour filled nights.

I too had a chance to get married once. Mother wrecked everything. She cried tears of self-pity and bound me to herself irrevocably. I still remember the day. Vinod and I had driven through the city, laughing for no reason and revelling in our new found love. I was twenty-eight years old and he was thirty. I had kept our courtship a secret from my parents because I was not certain of their views.

When Vinod took me to see his parents, they were delighted. Vinod didn't have such a fabulous job and they were glad of a working wife who would be able to help out with the expenses. On the way to my house in the bus we held hands and made plans. I was taking him to meet my own parents now, so a date could be fixed as soon as possible.

I lived in a two-room flat on the third floor of a seedy looking building in Andheri, Bombay. Normally no one paid much attention when I came and went. In Bombay each one lives in a world of his own, too busy to care what happens to the rest of humanity. But today I got stares.

For a moment I thought they were staring because Vinod was with me. We climbed the wooden stairs of the dilapidated building, not speaking much, our hearts too full with visions of the future. I stopped short in the corridor of the third floor. There was a crowd thronging the door of our tenement and they stared at me too. I went forward quickly wondering what was wrong.

"What's up?" I asked Janki, the lady who lived next door. "Why are you all here?"

"Your father's had a heart attack," she said. Vinod heard. He put a hand on my shoulder to calm my fears, give courage.

"Have they called a doctor?" Vinod asked. There was pin drop silence. Then I heard my mother's wails and knew that it was pointless rushing for medical help or phoning an ambulance.

"Vinod..." I began, but could not go on. Tears were swimming in my eyes and I couldn't trust myself to speak.

"Be brave, Archana," he said. "Give your mother the courage to face the calamity."

"Don't go!" I cried.

"Under the circumstances," he said with infinite understanding, "I think it would

be more prudent for me to stay away now." I clung to his hand for comfort. But he disengaged his hand from my wild clutch and slipped away from me.

Mother took the death badly. It was so unexpected. It was such a shock to her that for weeks she just seemed unable to reconcile herself to the loss. He had been hale and hearty with no apparent illness. There was no hint at all of a weak heart.

His death changed my whole life. I was the eldest child. My two younger brothers were still in school. We had a sister too who was retarded. Father had been the main breadwinner. I had helped out sometimes but I had saved much of my pay in order to be able to make a home for myself later. Now with this new tragedy in our midst, mother clung to me for solace and support.

I am a haggard old spinster today because my mother needed me when she became a widow

MOTHER KEPT ME FROM MARRIAGE



I kept seeing Vinod practically every day. He asked me how things were at home. I told him our financial condition. Father had left hardly any money behind. He was insured of course, but mother didn't get much. Only one policy was in force. The others had lapsed due to non-payment of premiums. I would have to be the sole support from now on.

"You can't sacrifice yourself like this," he said. "You mean you're going to live your entire life for them?"

"I can't let them down now, Vinod," I said. "They are my family, my own flesh and blood."

"I'm not asking you to run away with me," he said. "We will marry with your mother's concurrence. We will stay in a separate flat, which my job entitles me to and we can send some money to your mother."

It seemed a reasonable proposition. That evening I took Vinod to meet mother and announced our decision to marry and also of helping her.

She was taken by surprise.

"You can't mean it!" she cried. "You're not going to leave me all alone!"

"Oh mother, you're not alone," I consoled.

"This is a big city. We'll be close by. I'll send you money from time to time."

She would not hear of it. She clung to me and sobbed hysterically and made such a to do about the whole thing that I was quite ashamed of her. Vinod was most uncomfortable. I was sorry now that I had ever brought him to meet her. Vinod left soon after and mother turned the pressure on me.

"Marry him if you must," she cried. "But please don't leave us without an anchor."

"What can I do mother?" I said.

"If he marries you," she said with such determination in her voice that it alarmed me. "He must come and live with us."

When I told Vinod, he was most upset. I knew the home atmosphere was depressing. There was no privacy for a newly wed couple for one thing. The place was cluttered up with odds and ends, bits of furniture and old tattered books which father had never wanted to throw out and which mother hung on to now for sentimental reasons. My sister Ila was always blundering in the cramped flat with her unsynchronised movements and idiot sounds that only mother could construe. My brothers Prasan and Dipu were wrapped in their own world of sports and films and rarely did any work around the house. In fact, it was always I who had to put their belongings away and restore some sort of order in the house.

"I'm prepared to wait Archana," he said, "six months, a year, as long as reasonably possible. But you've got to get away from that hell hole."

"So you think my house is hell?" I cried, stung to the quick.

"Don't you feel the gloom as soon as you step in?" he asked.

"Don't put on airs just because your parents stay in an airy four-room flat," I snapped. "I stay in a chawl, but I am proud of it."

"Then go hug your pride," he snapped.

We parted on that note. It was the first time we had fought so fiercely. Perhaps the tension of having to wait was telling on both of us.

That night I cried myself to sleep and my pillow was soggy. But mother seemed unaware of my suffering. The next day I took leave and stayed at home. I was just too upset to think coherently. I didn't want to lose Vinod. That evening I was helping mother in the kitchen when there was a knock at the door. I went into the hall wiping my hands on my saree. It was Vinod. I was so surprised and there was such a lightness in my heart that I couldn't say a word.

"Archana," he said. "There's something I want to say to you in private. Can we go out?"

I went in to tell mother. She came into the front room and stood like a bulwark between us.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I'd like to take Archana out please," he said.

"You can say what you're going to say here," she said imperiously. "We have as much right to know it, as she does."

Vinod stared at her. An artery in his neck began to throb and I knew from experience that this preceded an outburst of anger.

"Look," he said. "Why don't you let your daughter lead her life the way she wants?"

"I won't have you insulting me like this in my own house," she cried melodramatically.

"If you don't know how to talk, get out," she ordered.

"I will go," he said with hardly controlled anger. "But let your daughter make the final decision. I am prepared to wait for three days. If I don't hear from her in that space of time, I will know she has resigned herself to living in this mad-house."

With these words he stalked out of the house. After he had gone I cried for a long time.

"Why are you eating your heart out for him?" she asked. "If he loved you enough, he would have no objection to coming and living here. He doesn't love you at all."

"He loves me! He does!"

"He called this house a mad-house," she said.

"Don't spring to his defence," she snapped. "I love you. I'm your mother. I wouldn't harm you, I know by instinct when a man is rotten through and through. Vinod just wants marriage without any of the attendant responsibilities. Why do you think he courted you and proposed marriage? He wanted a working girl. Now ask yourself: why a working girl? I'll tell you why. His parents desired it. They wanted all the money their darling son earns, for themselves, and what you brought home would run your newly set up household."

"It's a lie!" I cried.

"It's the truth," she said with conviction, "and don't try to deny it because it hurts you. Go and stand in front of the mirror and look at yourself. God didn't give you any great beauty that makes men fall over each other to woo you. Vinod is a personable young man. Have you ever asked yourself why he sought you out?"

I hadn't. I had taken it for granted that he loved me for my quiet, gentle ways, my sense of humour and so many character traits that endear a couple to each other. But now I couldn't escape the chill of her words. I stood in front of the mirror and had an honest

look at myself. It showed a woman with a bad skin and dull eyes, slowly turning thirty as the minutes ticked by. I began to wonder how he had fallen for my lack-lustre looks. Was it as mother said, a ploy to get a working girl for a wife and then run the household on my income, while he supported his parents with his own?

The office next day seemed drab and depressing. I waited in vain for Vinod. He didn't come. Then I realised he had left the choice to me and given me three days. I picked up the telephone and dialled his office but was told he was on his sales beat. I knew I just had to meet him once more to confirm if mother's doubts were correct.

The next day I fell ill. I had such a raging fever that it hurt my head just to lift it. I lay in bed moaning with anguish, partly physical but partly mental. I sent a message to my office with a lady who worked in the same firm and lived just opposite. Mother smothered me with affection and gentle ministrations.

By evening when the fever hadn't abated I said, "Call a doctor, I'm going to die." She was alarmed then and sent Dipu to call a doctor who lived a few blocks away. I retched up some awful tasting bile from the pit of my stomach.

"I hope you've not got yourself into trouble of some sort," she cried. I wanted to scream then. I wanted to cry out at my tragedy, at her doubts. I wanted to hold Vinod in my arms and be reassured about his love.

I was powerless to reach him. If only I could send a message in some way! At nine that night, our door bell rang. I sat up expectantly. But it was only the doctor.

"How are you?" he asked.

"Awful." I said. He felt my pulse. He put his stethoscope to my chest and back. He pressed my stomach and asked if it hurt. It did. Then he wrote out something and gave it to mother.

"It's typhoid," he pronounced. "At least it looks like it. There's an epidemic raging. Better boil your drinking water and avoid contact with the patient. Or better still, move her to hospital. I know segregation is impossible in a small flat."

I was moved to hospital the next day. Over there I felt even more cut off. I had no contact of any kind with Vinod. He probably didn't even know I was sick. Everyday when my family came to visit I asked mother, "Was there any message from Vinod? Did he call?" She always replied in the negative. The day I was to be discharged from hospital, there was a vague uneasiness about them. I wondered for an instant if they were sending me home as a terminal case and I was going to die. Maybe I had something much more serious like cancer of the stomach.

At home the feeling persisted. I was still weak, so mother insisted on my staying in bed. They had cut my hair in the hospital because it was easier to keep clean and I looked a depressing sight. I had a look at myself in the mirror.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "Why are you all so quiet?" Their silence scared me.

"Vinod got married two days back," Dipu said. It took all I had not to swoon away.

"What!" I cried, unable to believe my ears.

"Yes," said Prasan, "It's in the papers." They brought me the marriage column to read. I closed my eyes and silent tears coursed down my cheeks for events that might have been.



this week
for you

K. H. Shroff

For the week October 22-23



ARIES (March 21—April 19) The initiative is in your hand. This factor along with Venus in house of response spells success in your affairs. Favourable days: 25-28.



TAURUS (April 20 — May 21) Your patience and forbearance are on trial. For Taureans security is the aim of life. This phase is around the corner. Favourable days: 23-25.



GEMINI (May 22 — June 21) You will surprise people with your abilities and talent. Decide your plans at home. Demand your terms in negotiating business. Favourable days: 24-25.



CANCER (June 22 — July 22) Handle new situations discreetly in love affairs. Keep old friendship alive. Happy conditions in domestic affairs. Favourable days: 22-23.



LEO (July 23 — Aug 23) Mars enters your Sun sign. All encumbrances get removed from Friday. Cosmic rays destroy the restrictive nature of Saturn. Favourable days: 25-26.



VIRGO (Aug 24 — Sept 22) Your ability to write, speak and mingle with news media proves fruitful. Money and romance favourable from Thursday. Favourable days: 22-23.



LIBRA (Sept 23 — Oct 22) Ruler Venus in your Sun sign is a promise for response to your wishes. Go ahead if connected with stage and art. Favourable days: 25-28.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22) Saturn is challenged by Mars. Your detective abilities with favourable Jupiter helps to overcome difficulties. Emotions reciprocated. Favourable days: 22-23.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 21) Uncertainty about decisions up to Wednesday. Particular care required in health. Avoid melancholy. Outdoor engagements beneficial. Favourable days: 25-26.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 - Jan. 19) Jupiter's entry in 7th house of partners brings luck. Prosperity in partnership business including marriage if single. Favourable days: all days.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 19) Your onward progress assisted by Venus. Work in congenial atmosphere outside domestic area. Luck for artists. Favourable days: 25-26.



PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20) Young folks in love may join in life partnership. Speculative gains and auspicious event in domestic affairs. Favourable days: All days.

Continued on page 33

EXCITINGLY TRADITIONAL!

Here are printed facts about the latest in "khari" prints — fresh and crisp, cool and light as the morning breeze. They set the pace for the coming season. Fascinating stylized or traditional designs in enchanting colours, these sarees lend themselves to different moods and occasions. So, get into these crisp, shrink-proof sarees and salwar-kamiz suits or turn them into enticing dresses or ghagra-choli ensembles

that are ideal for casual or sophisticated wear. Adaptable and durable, these "khari" prints on organdie, georgette, chiffon and organza retain their uniqueness, no matter which way you drape them. They are in tune with the classic traditional prints, imaginatively designed by Panna Dossa to give you a fresh, confident look.

Courtesy: 'Kalindi', Pedder Road, Bombay.



LEFT : Sparkle on a happy occasion in an orange mercerised cotton salwar-kamiz which has colourful magenta "khari" border on the sleeves and 'pohncha' and a matching chiffon dupatta with border all around; while a parrot green organdie saree with yellow and pink "khari" print all over, has the same colours also on the electrifying border and pallav.

CENTRE : Lead a sophisticated life in a black organdie print with green and white "khari" motifs all over and a broad green pallav and border, which charmingly shows off the white "khari" work paisleys between parallel decorative lines.

RIGHT : For your smashing wardrobe, make a smart tiny checkerboard print salwar-kamiz and matching dupatta, "khari" printed in diamond motifs; and a black and white checked and plain red combination organdie saree is delightful with broad red border and pallav traditionally printed in "khari" work.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter.



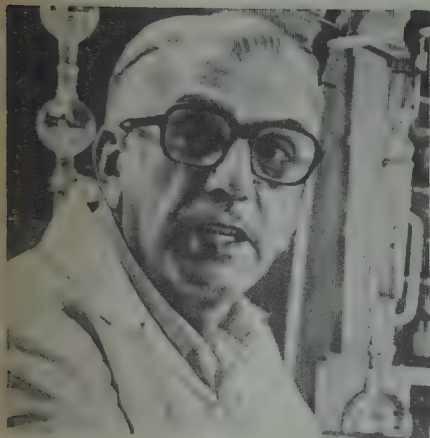
Actual tests prove...



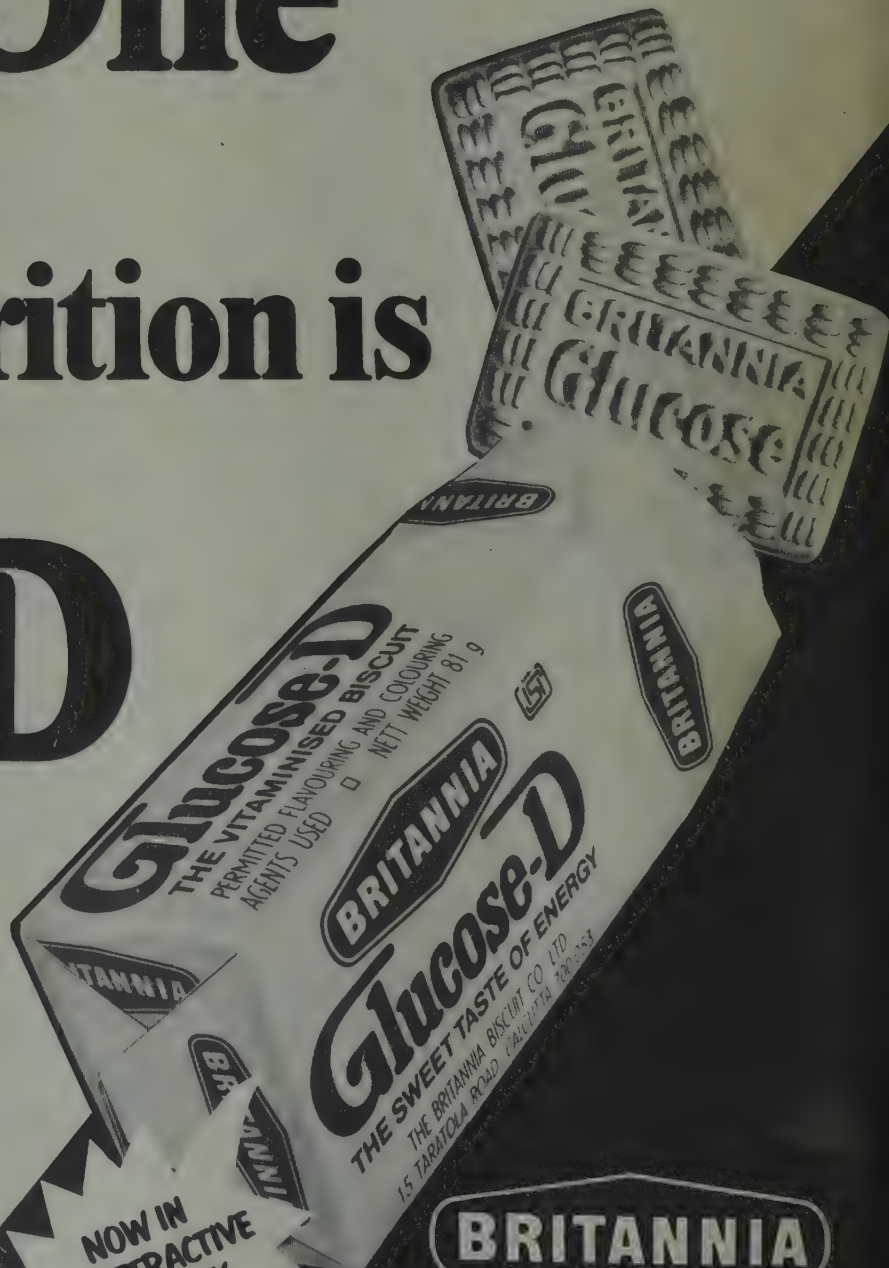
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for taste,
vitamins and nutrition is**

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Glucose-D



Actual comparative tests on Britannia GLUCOSE D and a leading brand of glucose biscuits clearly proved that GLUCOSE D is higher in vitamin content and overall nutrition. A 'blindfold' taste test proved that GLUCOSE D is preferred for its sweetness, flavour, crispness and overall quality. Energy-wise, GLUCOSE D gives 20% more energy than glucose itself!
Britannia GLUCOSE D —
the sweet taste of energy!



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AN ATTRACTIVE
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BRITANNIA

Britannia biscuits are the best.

That's why more people have switched to Britannia GLUCOSE D than to any other glucose biscuit

CHALLENGING CAREERS FOR WOMEN

Continued from page 21

She feels that getting a job in Bombay is difficult and that not only will this course improve her chances, but the principal and lecturers of the College also help in placing students in suitable positions. She would like to take up a job with a newspaper or magazine, preferably a Hindi one, since she says she has a far greater command over that language. Her first love is writing, and this she has no intention of giving up. The course she has taken up, besides aiding her job prospects is also helping her to improve her style of writing.

Until now she has not had any of her stories published, but is by no means discouraged, since she says she has not tried very hard. She says she would rather wait until she has finished her course. Even though the publishers she has approached have not accepted her stories, they have been very encouraging, and she is sure that sooner or later she will get the results she wants.

COMMERCIAL ARTIST :

Elsie Chandy is also an Art student at the Sophia Polytechnic. After doing the one year basic course, she chose to take the longer course in commercial art. This is a five year diploma course (including the foundation year) equivalent to the one at the J.J. school of Art, and every other year there is a public exam. After completing the diploma, there is also the possibility of doing a post-graduate course, so it finally turns out to be a very lengthy and intensive course from 8-30 a.m. to 3-30 p.m., Mondays to Fridays.

Students study a number of subjects such as Advertising, both indoor and outdoor. The former includes cinema slides and press layouts, while the latter consists of hoardings and posters. They also learn the designing of mobiles, and packaging and letterheads. Another part of the course is painting, where students draw and paint a live model every week. Besides this, there are a number of subsidiary subjects like photography and screen printing. Here again the course consists mainly of practical training, with very little theory, although in the final year students do have a thesis to write and a full-time advertising campaign to plan out.

Elsie says that normally students try to establish themselves and they build up contacts with advertising agencies dur-

ing the course itself, by freelancing. This itself is very paying e.g. she herself is designing a book jacket for which she will get about Rs. 150 to 200. And a friend of hers designed a set of six posters for which she was paid Rs. 900.

Besides this, all agencies take on students as summer trainees, which not only helps them gain experience, but also get contacts. After completing the course, Elsie would like to take up a job with an adver-



tising agency. Here, she says, although the starting salaries are not very good, the prospects are excellent and ultimately the work is very paying. The other option open to a commercial artist is freelancing, which again has excellent prospects.

Elsie hails from Madras. She came to Bombay because the course here was better, and she is very happy with it. However she wants to work at home.

ADVERTISING AND PUBLIC RELATIONS :

Even though it would seem that she has her hands full with her commercial art course, so keen is Elsie to make a career for herself in her chosen field, that she has also taken up an evening course in Advertising and Public Relations at the K. C. College of Management Studies. This course, and a number of others like it, is from 6-30 to 8 p.m. on weekdays and from 4-30 to 8 p.m. on Saturdays. It is a post-graduate course and attended mostly by working people who want to improve their prospects, and a few students like Elsie who are in an affiliated line. It does however mean a lot of extra work, and those already working do complain that they cannot find the time for all the reading work involved.

However, it is an extremely worthwhile course, and no doubt improves one's job prospects. It consists of two semesters, with an examination at the end of each one. The students are taught management practice, consumer behaviour, advertising manage-

ment, public relations, public speaking, marketing management and managerial economics.

PERSONAL SECRETARY :

Secretarial courses are offered by a number of institutions, but perhaps the most well known is at Davar's college, and it was here that I met Beroz Bhatena. She is one of their youngest students doing the Personal Secretarial course. Although the minimum qualification required for this course is SSC or its equivalent, about 50-60 per cent of the students are graduates, and it is but natural that a graduate who has done this course will have better prospects. Beroz has just completed her schooling from Darjeeling, and she joined this course in January, whilst she was waiting for her results. This June she joined Jai Hind College, where she is doing her F.Y. She says that one of the reasons why she took up this course was because she did not want to waste her holidays, but the main reason was that she has always wanted to be a secretary. As she says, she is very sociable and enjoys meeting people which a secretary's job would involve. Later on, she plans to do a travel agency course as she eventually would like to take up a job in a travel agency, say as the manager's secretary. So there is little doubt that Beroz has everything well thought out.

The last course she has taken up is from 9.45 a.m. to 3.45 p.m. and lasts for seven months. The subjects taught encompass everything about working in an office. The ones which are most time consuming are shorthand and typing; the former especially requires a lot of practice, and Beroz has to put in two three hours' work on it daily at home. Other subjects taught are office management, filing, human and public relations, accounts and book keeping, business correspondence, telephone operating and practical office routine. The girls are also sent out to obtain various forms, say from the post office or the passport office, and they are taught how to fill them in. They are also taught how to make travel arrangements. Besides all this the students are checked on their appearance. They must come to college looking well-groomed and neat, and they are expected to wear light make up and look attractive.

The job prospects after doing this course are excellent, since Davar's has its own placement system. There are a number of companies who take up secretaries from here and the starting salary ranges from Rs. 500 to Rs. 1000. Girls are also en-

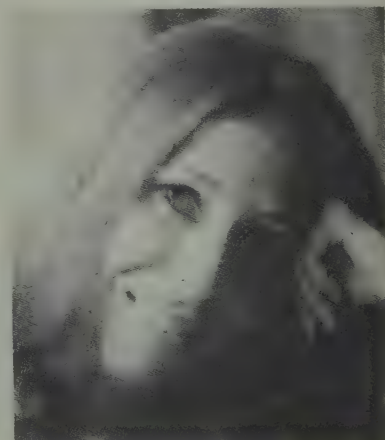
couraged to seek higher posts with more responsibility. In fact, many of them, after a few years experience, do eventually take up posts of junior executives.

Besides this full-time course, there is also a part-time personal assistant's course for working people. It is the same as the one mentioned above except that the students are already supposed to know shorthand and typing. In this course there are about 50 per cent boys, and it gives working people an opportunity to get better jobs.

LANGUAGE COURSES :

Davar's College also offers a number of language courses. The languages taught are English, French, Arabic and Japanese. I talked to Vera Emina, who is doing the English language course. Other languages are taught in much the same way.

Vera is originally from Brazil, but has been in India for



about a year as her Italian husband is the Italian Consul-General here in Bombay. She speaks French and Portuguese, but only a little English which she learnt in school, and she feels that since her husband's job involves so much travelling, it is essential that she be able to speak English fluently.

She herself is taking private tuitions, and feels she will need about six months before she is fluent in English. She has four lessons a week of an hour's duration each, in which she is taught conversation, grammar, (a little that is, so that she is able to form a sentence correctly), story telling and composition.

Besides private tuitions there are also regular classes, but even here the students are taught on an individual basis. Amongst those who wish to learn English are many who studied at school and college in their mother tongue or Hindi, as the knowledge of this language is a great asset in getting a job. There are also a number of ladies who join this course in order to be able to speak English fluently.

For those whose ruling sign is Earth



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Traditionally, adolescence is described as the difficult age because the individual is neither a child nor an adult but struggling hard to achieve maturity. This period usually refers to those between 11 and 17 years.

As time changes society changes and new concepts of social responsibility and new moral values emerge. The expectations depend upon advance of the civilising process. In the West the concept of social responsibility has undergone a revolution with changing concepts in morality, freedom, opportunities and attitudes.

breast buds, though occasionally growth of pubic hair precedes this. There is a large variation in age at which various changes occur in girls.

The onset of menstruation (menarche) is a dramatic event in the girl's life. This occurs soon after the peak of the height spurt.

Girls of the present generation mature earlier than their mothers did. Changes in breasts occur in four stages of development from the bud stage to the mature stage of womanhood. Girls are usually ahead of boys

These social norms and limitations on freedom beget frustrations. There is a continuously changing trend the world over to grow up in a different world away from that of one's own parents. This is a world of new possibilities which one's own parents never knew, which nobody's parents ever knew.

A different kind of frustration develops in the under-privileged adolescents in overcrowded slums. For them there is no opening up of a bright new world of possibilities. They drift into gang life and choose easy ways of life devoid of discipline and

measure ability against ambition, to build up the future step by step.

The common problems encountered may be broadly divided into: those arising from variation (or aberration) somatic growth; and those arising from psycho-sexual reactions and maladjustments.

Just as a tall girl is anxious about her height spurt, the girl with abnormally big busts has her anxiety in inviting stimulation. Similar anxiety exists in those who are abnormally short or obese.

Hormonal imbalance leads to many transitory manifestations which create problems. Among these are:

Variations resulting from puberty: The onset of changes earlier than normal is called precocious puberty. This is caused by many complex clinical conditions which need to be evaluated by proper examination and specialised investigations.

Abnormal onset of menstruation creates considerable mental trauma in the child and her parents. Similarly, its late onset (after 16 years) creates equal upsets. These may or may not be associated with organic disease. Parents should seek medical advice in all these cases.

Acne: Quite a significant percentage of adolescent boys and girls develop acne on the face. These transitory pimples reflect some hormonal imbalance. They may last a few years. Nothing should be done to invite secondary infection which is bound to follow by scarring and pitting of skin.

Abnormal stature and shape: Nothing can be done for tall and short girls who fall within the physiologic limits. Defects arising from underlying disease may be amenable for treatment. Obesity and skinny appearance both create difficulties.

Adolescent goitre: Swelling in the neck because of enlarged thyroid glands occurs almost exclusively in girls. This is due to the increase in physiological need during puberty. Most of these regress spontaneously in a year or two. Cases where the goitre persists need detailed investigation and therapy with thyroid hormone.

Absent testes in boys: Undescended testes in boys is not very uncommon. Though not infrequently associated with sterility, usually this is not responsible for delayed sexual maturation. Medical investigation and surgical therapy is necessary.

Menstrual irregularities: In adolescence this is the rule rather than exception. Painful periods are often encountered. This is the prime cause of pain in the lower abdomen and chiefly accounts for absenteeism in schools.

Irregular cycles occur and sometimes the flow stops (amenorrhoea). This creates great ap

Problems of Adolescence

This article by the senior paediatrician, TELCO Hospital, Jamshedpur, is being published in connection with the XV International Congress of Paediatrics being held in New Delhi from October 23 to October 30, 1977

G. B. Mahapatra

In the last two decades there has been a constant invasion by these Western concepts and fashions of age-old Indian traditions and norms of society. This has led to the growth of a heterogeneous adolescent population, the urban type making continuous efforts to follow the West and the rural changing at a slower pace to emerge from rigid traditions.

To understand this continuous changing process of adolescent 'behaviour' one must understand the physiological and psychological changes in these young individuals. An attempt has been made in the following paragraphs to explain the underlying process of body change and maturation.

There are swift increases in body size, shape and composition. Rapid development of gonads and reproductive organs signals the change in sexual mechanisms in the body. Girls and boys are somewhat different before adolescence but they are more different during and after it. Some changes are common to both, but most of them are sex specific.

An increase in muscle size, strength for hard work and running faster occurs in boys. The early signs of puberty in boys are accelerated growth of testes and scrotum closely followed by growth of pubic hair, spurt in the growth of the penis begins about a year later. Growth of hair in the armpits and on the face comes a little later.

In girls, as a rule the first sign of puberty is development of

in maturation at adolescence. They are also ahead of them right from fetal life onwards.

The mechanism is obscure. The males grow for a longer time than females. This differential rate of growth of bone, muscle and body fat determines the ultimate stature and shape. Besides internal reproductive organs and gonads, the other hormone producing glands (pituitary, adrenals, thyroid) have a great influence in these changes of body and mind.

The process of growth imparts a sense of creation. Skinny little boys and girls are becoming men and women, capable not only of producing their own kind but of doing new things. The hormonal revolution requires individuals to integrate their sexual impulses, their natural productive capabilities and opportunities and roles in society.

Their heads are full of day-dreams, imaginings and fantasies. Boys visualise becoming engineers, doctors, lawyers. Girls visualise the need to discover how wide their range of choice is.

But for many freedom of choice does not exist. In many societies everything is settled and arranged for them. In a rural setup a boy is normally expected to follow his father's profession. Village girls have no opportunity even to express their choice. Everything has been arranged for them to marry around 15 to make a new home and produce children.

skill. They fall into the nets of anti-social characters and become delinquents.

In an ultra-modern home with a high degree of westernisation, adolescents have easy access to and provisions for the go-go society. For them time is too short. They behave like adults too soon. Their fantasy is of substitute adulthood for a mod society and its fashions.

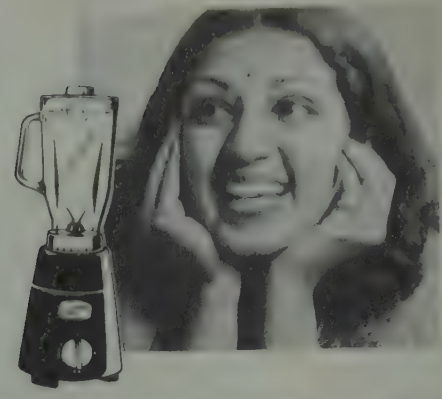
They are vulnerable to drinking and being promiscuous. They are prone to jump into complicated situations and marry too soon and become parents without growing up. They have been exposed to too much, with too little knowledge for protection. Society has taught them to want what they cannot have and has failed to teach them what they could have become.

All these frustrations are the root cause of failure at school and college and of being labelled a "difficult individual" at home. So these youngsters are the casualties of our society.

Social environment plays a great role in the lives of these budding adults to utilise their energy, strength and power in many different ways. Creative outbursts may shape the individual to be a leader or a follower. To others this may take the form of love and excitement. To a third group this may take the form of deep friendship or hero worship in religion or politics. Whatever form it takes, every adolescent needs time to absorb new dreams, to direct and sort out the real from the unreal, to

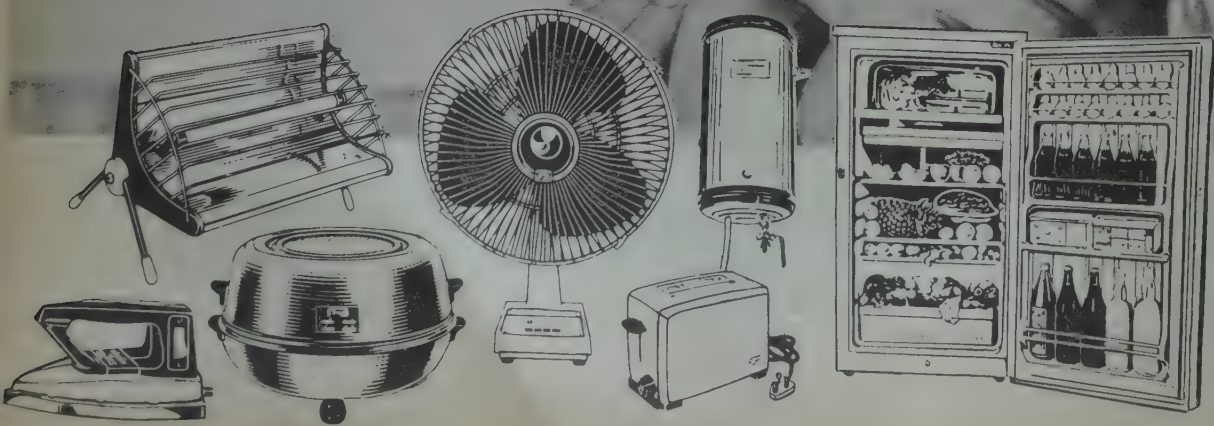
'He's like a baby when it comes to milk shakes.'

'Funny how we love eating out of the same plate.'



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PROBLEMS OF ADOLESCENCE

Comprehension and emotional upset. Whitish discharge (leucorrhoea and vaginitis) occurs in a significant percentage of girls. Medical checkup is necessary in most of these cases.

Reassurance with a great deal of understanding on the part of the doctor and parents is necessary to help the troubled girl to ease her way to adult womanhood.

Sexual problems: These young persons become increasingly conscious of their body changes, consolidate their own sexual identity, develop self-esteem and gradually emerge independent of the family. Inter-personal relations with parents and older children undergo great changes. Most of the sexual problems arise as symptoms of a breakdown in these developmental stages.

Commonly encountered problems are:

Girls develop great anxiety about their body changes and menstruation and doubt whether these are following the normal pattern. They are mentally not prepared for the attention their developing breasts invite from males. They may feel quite embarrassed and try to minimise breast prominence by adopting a hunched posture. On the contrary an under-developed girl is susceptible to shyness, withdrawal, depression and social maladjustment.

As a rule, older adolescent girls are more expressive verbally, like to talk and are inclined to be seductive. They are quite sensitive about their appearance and give more attention to make-up aids, cosmetics and hair styles.

There emerges a desire for satisfying heterosexual ties which gives rise to difficult relations with their parents. Fear of sex often underlines various behavioural manifestations which

stem from the concept that there is still a little girl inside the adolescent.

Transitory homosexual behaviour is a normal phenomenon in boys and girls, more often in boys confined in hostels and camps. These are the so-called trying-out experiments or learning episodes in developing inter-personal relations.

A tendency to masturbation and nudity are sexual impulses under hormonal influence. These

are also learning experiences carried out in secret and vary a great deal according to the individual and the environmental circumstances.

Heterosexual behaviour in older adolescents is a communicative process in search of new experience and pleasures. Adolescent pregnancy and venereal diseases are serious problems in Western countries, but their incidence is also on the rise in India. Sex education is the key for sol-

ving most sexual problems of the developing years.

These young people have not only insufficient knowledge of the biological process of creation but also have misconceptions about how to protect themselves from the hazards of sex relations. Hence sex education at the school age level is a necessity. Parents, teachers, school nurses, and physicians, social workers, and society as a whole, have the moral responsibility to educate these budding adults.

Sex education involves the entire spectrum of human behaviour, understanding of the basic need to belong, to love and to be loved while respecting the rights of others. There always exists a generation gap while communicating with these adolescents. They are not always cooperative in communicating with adults. Hence the counsellors should try to forget the difference in age.

Teaching should include the basic anatomical and physiological process of maturation and development of primary and secondary sexual characteristics. Group discussions are a vital process of communication in sex education for both sexes.

They should have free access to discussion on all aspects of sexual myths, daydreams and confused ideas about psychedelic and other drugs — alcohol, marijuana, amphetamines and tranquillisers.

There is a critical need to offer them all available means for their protection such as pills and other contraceptives. A clear understanding must be given about other forms of sexual myths such as those surrounding masturbation, nudity, homosexual experience, teenage pregnancy and abortion.

To complete the broad spectrum which sex education covers, the programme should provide educational and vocational training for the teenage would-be father and mother on their area of responsibility for developing into mature human beings.

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MOTHER KEPT ME FROM MARRIAGE

Continued from page 25

It was only months later that I learnt a startling thing. Vinod had in fact tried to contact me. He had sent a letter by hand delivery when I was sick but mother had burnt it, Dipu told me. He had received it from the peon and was putting it in his pocket to give me when they visited me in hospital, when mother saw it. She snatched it away. She read it too and then put it in a pouch at her waist.

"Why didn't you tell me, Dipu?" I cried. "Why did you keep me in the dark all this time?"

"She said she would whip me if I divulged anything," he said. "But I just had to tell you because I can't see you suffering like this. You should have gone away, Tae, and married him." I lifted up his face and kissed him

on the forehead because he was the first person in my family to show me any sympathy.

I had a showdown with mother that very day. She cringed away from me and confessed it was true. But she said she had prevented me from a fate worse than death.

"What did it say mother?" I asked.

She didn't speak.

"What did it say?" I screamed at her.

"He said he was willing to move in here," she replied. "He was willing to undergo any hardship just so that you and he could be together always."

I cried then. I cried as if my heart would break. But it was too late to do any thing now. I didn't talk to mother for months after this. She had stolen from me what was dearest in life. Gradually I learnt to adjust to a life without love. Even the love I had in my heart for my family died a natural death. I became hard and unfeeling.

Dipu and Prasan got their degrees and broke away to stand on their own feet. Poor demented sister Ila died one night of a kind of fit which could not be diagnosed. Only mother and I were left. In later years mother was paralysed below the waist and bedridden. She often implored me to get a wheel chair for her. But I never did. Sometimes in a vengeful mood I let her lie in her own excreta. It was meant to punish her for all the wrongs she had perpetrated against me.

I lock her up when I go to work and I put her food on the table by her bedside. She has it whenever she's hungry. Sometimes she drops it and then has to lie hungry and moaning, till I get back.

It is this which has led people to whisper that I am a witch. They cannot understand my callousness, my sullen, unsmiling face, the frustration which pours out when I shout at small children who disturb my peace.

Can I be blamed?

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SOUTHERN FARE

Premila Lal



What could be more monotonous than having the same old dishes, however delicious, appearing on the table? So keep a look out for regional cuisine that is delightfully different and has a distinct flavour of its own. To cater to your family and friends, this week we give you a few items of the famous Udupi cuisine. Their flavoursome addition will tempt the most indifferent eater. Curries, chutneys, rasam, relishes and dosas done differently add a refreshing and unusual touch to the menu. Try them out and we are sure the family will be clamouring for more.

TOMATO RASAM

- 4 large red tomatoes
 - 100 grams tur dal
 - 1 tsp. cumminseed
 - 1 tsp. methi seeds
 - 2 tblsps. coriander seeds
 - 1 small bunch coriander leaves
 - 5 red chillis
 - 1 tsp. refined oil
 - A few curry leaves
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. turmeric
 - $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. asafoetida
 - 2 tbl. sp. shredded coconut
 - Marble size tamarind
 - 2 tbsps. salt
 - A small piece of jaggery
- Cook the dal well. Keep half tsp

oil in a frying pan. Put the methi first. When it turns red, put jeera. When it splutters add the dhaniya and red chillis. Fry for two minutes. Put asafoetida and karipatta. Fry half a minute. Grind all the masala and two tablespoons coconut to a fine paste. Cut the tomatoes into small pieces. Mash the dal well. Mix the dal, ground masala, tomatoes, salt, haldi, juice of the tamarind all together. Put six to eight glasses of water to boil and pour the dal into it. Boil for 15 minutes. Cut the dhaniya and add at the end. Season with $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. oil and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. rai. You can add a large garlic sliced into small pieces to the seasoning to give a different flavour.

DRUMSTICKS SAMBAR

3-4 thick drumsticks
4 large onions
300 grams toor dal
lemon size ball of tamarind
1 tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. mustard seeds
2 tbsp. coriander seeds
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. methi
1 tbsp. channa dal
8 red chillis
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated coconut
Sprig of curry leaves
A pinch of asafoetida
4 tps. oil

Boil the dal in 5 cups of water till very tender. Keep aside. Heat 1 tsp. oil and fry the methi first and then coriander seeds, channa dal, asafoetida and red chillis together, then grind to a paste with the scraped coconut. Soak the tamarind in 2 cups water and strain. Cut the drumsticks into 3 inch pieces. Slice onions coarsely.

Put the drumsticks and onions into a saucepan, add the tamarind water, turmeric and salt and cook over a medium fire, until the vegetables are tender. Add the masala paste and dal and mix together well. The consistency should be a little thinner than the ordinary dal. Boil for 15 minutes and remove sambar from the fire adding a sprig of curry leaves. Heat remaining oil in a frying pan and fry the mustard seeds and one or two shredded red chillis till the seeds crackle. Add to sambar. Serve with rice.

CABBAGE GASHI

$\frac{1}{2}$ kg. cabbage
200 grams peas
 $\frac{1}{2}$ of a large coconut
50 grams toor dal
2 level tps. coriander seeds
1 tsp. each cumminseed and urad dal
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. methi seeds
5 red chillis
A few curry leaves
2-3 green chillis
1 medium size onion
1 lime size tamarind
Salt to taste

Fry the methi seeds urad dal, cumminseeds, coriander and red chillis. Grind the grated coconut with the masala. Cook the dal first. Cook the cabbage and peas. Cut the onion and add. Squeeze the juice of the tamarind and add it to the cooked vegetables.

After boiling for 5 minutes mix the cooked dal and ground masala. Slit the green chillis and put them in. Cut the curry leaves and put it in and boil for two minutes and keep it down. Fry $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon rai and one red chilli in 1 tablespoon of oil and season. Serve with rice and ghee or chappatti.

BRINJAL CHUTNEY

$\frac{1}{2}$ kg. brinjal
A lime size tamarind
3-4 green chillis
A marble size jaggery
1 tsp. asafoetida
Few stalks curry leaves
A bunch green coriander leaves
FOR SEASONING:

2 tbsps. oil (either refined or coconut)
2 red chillis
1 tbsp. urad dal
Few curry leaves
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. rai
Salt to taste

Roast the brinjals with one drop of oil applied all over (if the brinjals are small they can be boiled). Peel them and mash them well. Squeeze the juice of the tamarind. Mix this juice, salt, jaggery with the brinjal. Mash the green chillis in it. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. teaspoon of asafoetida. Chop the coriander fine and mix.

Seasoning: Heat the oil, put urad dal, rai and shredded red chillis, when the rai splutters, add the remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of asafoetida and curry leaves cut fine. Pour this hot over the chutney and close with lid immediately. Serve with rice and ghee or coconut oil

URAD-RICE DOSAI

$\frac{1}{2}$ kg. urad dal
 $\frac{1}{2}$ kg. parboiled rice (if raw rice is used the proportion is 1 urad to $1\frac{1}{2}$ rice)
1 tsp. methi seeds
100 grams pova
Salt to taste

Soak the rice in the morning and the urad dal and methi in the afternoon. If raw rice is used all three can be soaked in the afternoon. Soak pova about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before grinding late in the evening. Grind into a fine paste adding enough water at frequent intervals, to make dough into a semi liquid. Add the pova with last lot into mixi. Add salt and mix thoroughly. Keep overnight in a large vessel as the dough rises, by fermentation.

Next morning keep a flat tava on the gas turned full on. Sprinkle a few drops of water to test the tava is hot. When the water evaporates with a hiss, smear two or three drops of refined oil with the stalk of a brinjal or the tuft of a coconut or half a potato with a match stick stuck in it. Pour the dough with a ladle with a circular motion to make a circle 9" in diameter. Cover with lid and lower fire. Remove lid after a minute and let the dosai cook for half a minute more until the edges curl upwards, the upper side is soft and pitted with holes. Remove with a flat, broad spoon and place it flat on a plate. Don't fold or roll it. Smear tava with oil for each dosai. Serve hot with fresh, home made butter and pickle or chutney.

cuckoo lal



Small pieces of broken glass may be picked up from the floor or other hard surface with dampened, absorbent cotton or paper towels.

CHUTNEY

$\frac{1}{2}$ large coconut
4 green chillis
A few karipatta and coriander leaves
 $\frac{1}{2}$ " ginger
Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ small lemon
Salt to taste

For seasoning 2 tsp. refined oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. rai, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. urad dal, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. hing, one red chilli, a few karipatta leaves.

Grate coconut and grind. Clean ingredients and grind in mixi into a coarse paste with a little water. Put oil to heat, put in the urad dal, rai and shredded red chilli and fry until the rai splutters and the urad turns red. Add the hing and karipatta. Remove after $\frac{1}{2}$ minute and pour the seasoning on the chutney and mix quickly and cover immediately until you serve.

KARELA RELISH (Kairasa)

200 grams karela
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. urad dal
1 tsp. channa dal
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. methi seeds
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. asafoetida
6 red chillis
3 tsp. coconut, shredded
1 medium lime size tamarind
1 marble size jaggery
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. turmeric
2 green chillis, curry leaves
Salt to taste

Fry the urad dal, channa dal and methi. Fry the red chillis asafoetida and curry leaves. Cut the karela into small size squares. Squeeze the tamarind in a glass of water and to the liquid add the turmeric, jaggery and salt and boil it. After it boils add the karela (if it should be too bitter then keep the karela in a little salt water for an hour. Squeeze out the bitter juice and then mix it with boiling tamarind juice). A little more jaggery can be added according to individual taste. Cook it well.

Grind the fried masala with the coconut roughly. After cooking the karela, add the ground masala and boil it for five minutes. Slit the green chillis and add while boiling. Fry $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. rai and one red chilli in two tablespoons of oil, and season. Should be served with rice and ghee or coconut oil.

Cookery Queen Of The Month



Mrs. Freny M. Vacha, of Bombay wins Rs. 100 for this month's best recipe plus a non-sticks, scratch resistant, non-stain skillet.

KHARIYAS (TROTTERS) Parsi Style

1 doz. trotters
100 grams small chora (chawli beans)
2 large onions
1 tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. dhania-jeera powder
1 large pod, garlic
2" piece ginger

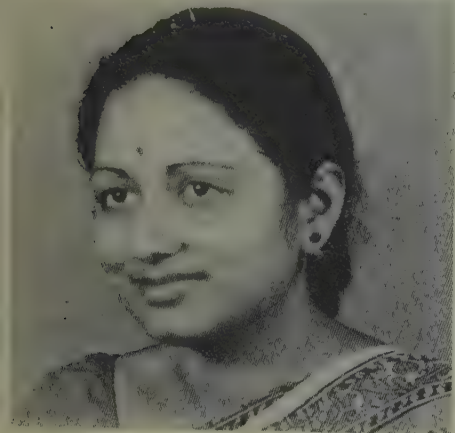
4 cardamoms
8 peppercorns
6 cloves
2" piece cinnamon
25 Kashmiri chillis
1 tsp. cumminseed
1 tsp. coriander powder
Salt to taste
Ghee or Oil for frying

Clean, cut and wash the trotters and beans and pressure cook with salt, dhania-jeera powder, turmeric powder, one sliced onion and sufficient water to cook for one hour.

Roast on a tava chillis, cumminseeds, coriander, cloves, cinnamon and peppercorns. Then grind to a fine paste all the masala with ginger and garlic.

Heat some ghee or oil in a dekchi and fry one sliced onion till golden brown. Add the ground masala and fry for 10 minutes. Then add the cooked trotters and beans to it. Stir well and let it simmer for 15 minutes till the gravy is slightly thick. Serve hot with naan and sliced lemons.

recipes from our readers

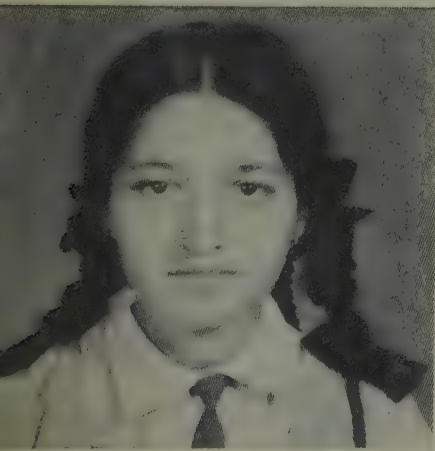


Mrs. Poonam Sethi, Bangalore.

SOOJI AND PANEER CUTLETS

- 1/2 cup sooji (fine)
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 tbsp. ghee or oil
- 24 green chillis, finely chopped
- 2 tbsps. fresh cheese (paneer)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. garam masala
- A little water and flour (maida) mixed with a little salt
- Bread crumbs for coating

Boil milk and ghee. Put salt, green chillis, sooji, garam masala and cheese and let it cook till it becomes thick. Grease a plate, put the mixture in it and let it set. Now cut in any shape. Coat with flour paste, dredge in bread crumbs and deep fry till well browned. Serve hot with mint chutney.



Gauri N. Sharma, Bombay.

ALU KOFTAS

FOR KOFTAS:

- 1/2 kg. medium sized potatoes
- 1/2 tsp. garam masala
- 2 tbsps. chopped coriander
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. chilli powder
- egg
- Some oil for frying

FOR THE GRAVY:

- 1/2 kg. onions
- 1/2 pod of garlic
- 1/2 piece ginger
- 1/2 tsp. garam masala
- 1/2 little chilli powder

- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- 1 tsp. coriander powder
- 200 grams tomatoes
- Salt to taste
- Oil for frying

Boil the potatoes in their jackets, and when the skin is just beginning to split, remove them from heat and out of water. Allow to cool, then skin carefully and mash smoothly. Mix salt, garam masala and chilli powder and chopped coriander. Beat the egg and keep aside. Heat oil in a deep karahi. Take a little of the potato mixture, shape into a ball, and after quickly coating it with the egg mixture, deep fry in hot oil on medium heat until golden brown.

GRAVY:

Fry onions till golden brown. Add ground ginger and garlic and fry for two to three minutes. Then add garam masala, turmeric powder, coriander powder and fry for another three minutes. Add tomatoes and fry till the masala leaves the oil. Stir in four cups of water in to the masala and simmer for 10 minutes. Add the koftas, slowly and simmer for another five minutes. Add chopped coriander.



Mrs. Chitra Ray, Bhopal.

SPECIAL VEGETABLE KOFTA PULAO

FOR KOFTAS:

- 1/2 kg. potatoes
- 125 grams each, peas, carrots and beans
- 2 tbsps. gram flour
- Salt to taste
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric
- 1 tbsp. each chopped coriander and mint

Oil

Bread crumbs

PULAO:

- 3 cups Basmati rice
- 3 tbsps. ghee
- Salt to taste
- 2 tejpatta
- 4 tbsps. cream (malai)
- 1 bunch chopped soova bhaji
- 1 tbsp. mixed whole spices (cloves, cinnamon, and cardamoms)

- 1/2 tsp. cochineal
- 1 kg. chopped tomatoes (mixed with 6 cups water and boiled down to approx. 4 cups)

Silver foil

CHOP FINELY:

- 1 large onion
- 6 green chillis
- 8 cloves of garlic
- 3" piece ginger

Peel, chop, cook and then grind the vegetables. Mix all the kofta ingredients except the last two. Form into small balls roll lightly in bread crumbs, and deep fry till brown, drain and set aside.

Strain tomato juice and mix with cochineal. Heat ghee, put in whole spices and tejpatta and fry. Now put in chopped ingredients and fry. Add rice and fry well. Put in tomato juice and salt, and boil briskly till juice dries up. Remove from the fire. Stir in soova bhaji and malai. Cover the pan, place on a tava on moderate heat, cook till the rice is done. Serve garnished with koftas and silver foil.



A. Jayashree, Nilgiris.



Mrs. Padmini S. Shetty of Bombay wins Rs. 50/- plus a non-stick coated toaster and Tin-O-Mat.

BRINJAL BHAJI DELIGHT

- 1/2 kg. brinjals, round and black
- 1/2 of a large coconut
- 2 tbsps. coriander seeds
- 1/2 tsp. methi seeds
- 1 medium lime size tamarind
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric

- 12 red chillis
- 6-8 tbsps. refined oil
- Salt to taste
- 1/2 tsp. rai
- 1/2 tsp. asafoetida

Cut the brinjals into two-inch long and half-inch thick pieces and soak in water for 10 minutes. Grind all the masala (without frying) with the tamarind, salt and turmeric together with a little water into a fine paste. Add grated coconut and grind a little more. Mix the masala paste with the sliced brinjals. Heat half of the oil in a thick bottomed dekchi. Add the rai and asafoetida. When rai start to splutter, add the brinjals. Sprinkle with a little water, just enough to make the brinjal half cooked. Cover the dekchi for five minutes. Take off the lid. Now fry the brinjals on a low fire, adding one tablespoon of oil every five minutes and stirring the brinjals from bottom upwards so that the pieces remain separate and do not solidify into one mass until the brinjals are well cooked and masala turns reddish brown. Serve hot with chappatis or better still, with rice and coconut oil or ghee.

STUFFED CAPSICUMS

- 6 large capsicums
- 1/2 cup, shelled green peas
- 5 potatoes
- 1 large onion
- 2 medium sized carrots
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 1/2 tsp. dry mango powder
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- 1/2 cup grated coconut
- 1 tsp. garam masala powder
- Ghee or vegetable oil for frying
- Salt to taste

Wash the capsicums and allow them to stand in a vessel of boiling water for 8 to 10 minutes. Peel and dice carrots. Pressure cook potatoes, carrots and peas.

Remove potatoes and mash to a smooth paste. Heat ghee in a skillet and fry onions till brown. Add mashed potatoes, carrots and peas. Add chilli powder, turmeric powder, mango powder, garam masala and grated coconut. Add salt and mix well. With a knife, slice tops of capsicums. Scoop out the seeds carefully. Fill each capsicum with potato mixture place back the top and tie with a string. Heat ghee and fry the capsicum on all sides till done. Snip off the threads and serve hot.

a grasshopper bends
over a blade of grass
his passions to conceal
from those who pass
but an unseen breeze
shakes his stance
and gives me a chance
to get the feel
of the velvety green

Nature our teacher



The mood of green
hushed and serene from
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KAAJAL KIRAN:

Starry Eyed Chintu Fan

N. Bharathi

She sat, looking aghast... a plump 19-year-old who has one release, one hit to her credit. Naturally the external signs of her sudden success were apparent... a new flat done up quite nicely (at least it didn't look like a film set and that's saying something) and a phone that kept ringing every five minutes. Still, Kaajal Kiran looked aghast... I strongly suspect it was because we were talking about her affairs, the off screen ones.

"I'm supposed to be having an affair with Nasir Saab!" she cried. I didn't know what was wrong with having an affair with "Nasir Saab" except that he's supposed to be a happily married man (but then so are the Bachchans and the Vinod Khannas of the film industry) who is about four dozen years older than Kaajal. But the young girl seemed quite upset about it. "Nasir Saab keeps telling me that he likes me so much that he'd like to adopt me. Someone who wants

to adopt me isn't going to have an affair with me!"

When Kaajal made the last statement I knew she'd grown up at last. Three years back the mere mention of living together would've drawn a blank look from her plump face. But then three years back, Kaajal was one of the funniest girls I'd met. Of course, she hadn't lost her puppy fat, (and those days she seemed to have a lot of it). She used to talk a lot but everything she said didn't always make sense. Her make-up was all wrong and one found her wearing weird clothes, weirder hair-do's and too much make-up for a teenager.

When I wrote about her bad make-up and suggested that she stop using anything on her face, Kaajal had been damn upset over it. It was her mother who had taken my side and told me, "I keep telling her not to use make-up. She has a good complexion. She'll spoil it with make-up. But she doesn't listen

to me. I hope she takes your write-up seriously."

Suddenly now, everything was different. I met Kaajal at a party and she let me know that she'd changed for the better. "I didn't know how to use make-up then. I was too young to apply it well. Now I'm trying to use less of it," she said. When I went to meet her after the release of "Hum Kisise Kum Nahin" she told me that though the reviewers had been kind about her performance, the press wasn't sparing her in the gossip columns. "It doesn't affect me, but my mother gets upset," she pointed out.

Since Nasir Hussain is supposed to be her godfather, producers are unsure of approaching her, she said. The Rajshri folks, Harmesh Malhotra and H. S. Rawail had offered her some exciting projects Kaajal told me, but it was sad that most other producers kept away from her because they're under the wrong impression that she has an exclusive contract with Nasir Hussain.

"I didn't even know what an exclusive contract meant till I heard that producers weren't approaching me because they feared that I had such an understanding with Nasir Saab. Nasir Saab definitely gave me a terrific break and he has signed me for four other films. But he isn't the sort to tie me to an exclusive contract."

Naturally Kaajal has seen "Hum Kisise Kum Nahin" several times. "It helps because I learn where to correct myself. For instance, many people feel that my clothes and hair styles were atrocious and I agree with them. Towards the end of the film I started using my own clothes (like the simple trouser-shirt in the climax scene) ... Though I think Nasir Saab has made a terrific entertainer, to be frank with you, I couldn't stand my own performance in it. I could've been much better. The first scene that we shot for (and I admit I used to be extremely nervous, specially when I first faced Chintu) was the drunken scene, which incidentally went down well with the audience. I wish we'd re-shot that scene."

Kaajal doesn't like to be told that maybe she's stepping into Neetu's place in Chintu's professional life.

"Please don't say such things. Neetu mustn't get hurt by such statements," she pleaded. The general impression one has of Chintu is that he's stand-offish and can't let a newcomer breathe freely in his exalted presence. But Kaajal denied it all and opined, "Chintu is very painstaking with his scenes. He takes his profession seriously. It's a pleasure to work with an actor like him. He helped me a lot with my scenes and though initially I was nervous, he put me at ease with his unstarry behaviour. In fact, I hold 'Hum Kisise Kum Nahin' as the most beautiful experience in my life. I hope all my units are like this."

One of the first questions I asked Kaajal when I met her that day was whether she felt cheated with her role in "Hum Kisise Kum Nahin". I mean the winner is the one who gets the hero, right? "I didn't feel cheated because right from the beginning I was to be Tariq's girl. But what many people felt was that I should have had at least one piece of dialogue to establish who I was really in love with. In the film I just kept running from one to the other!"

In real life, Sunita Kulkarni (that's her real name however unglamorous it may sound) isn't the sort to keep having affairs. "The minute I fall in love I'll quit films and get married," she promised. At the moment it's only her work, she stressed. She even diets and is learning Kathak because her role in Nasir Saab's next movie might be one of a gypsy girl with a lot of dances thrown in. Must say Mr. Kapoor's conscientious approach towards his work has rubbed off on this Chintu fan!

Photograph: Harmect Kathuria

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he was surprised to see that the lock wasn't on the door. Shiela must have come back. She rang the bell.

"Hello, didn't you go to the room with your friends after the film?"

"No." The monosyllabic reply rang an alarm bell in her mind. "Where's Vikram?"

"He's out."

"Still playing cricket? It's cold now. He should be back."

Vinita went to the tiny kitchen to put the kettle to boil. Perhaps a hot cuppa would chase the blues away. It might give her the strength to ask her teenage daughter some questions; it might even sharpen the edges of the woolly, blurred world she lived in—had been living in for the past year, ever since that night they told her about Dinesh and the accident. It best not think about it now. Later, later. The water is boiling. Fix a smile on your face: for the sake of the children you

must live, you must smile; you must make your life a mockery and a farce.

They were seated at a small table along one side of the kitchen with cups of tea before them.

"What happened Shiela, I thought you were to go to a matinee with your friends. Couldn't you get tickets?"

"No, the film had been changed, an adult film was showing there. I wanted to ask you if I could go, but you weren't at your office. Had you gone out?"

The question was an accusation. Careful now—remember

an evening at home

Juhi Sinha

she's going through a difficult phase these days. So am I, whispered an anguished voice, so am I.

"Mr. Basu dropped in for a while—we went out for a cup of coffee."

"Oh, where did you go?"

"We went to the Busy Bee." The gay, multicoloured tables, the bright sunshine, the laughter and the vibrant groups of boys and girls. The boys, long-haired with drooping moustaches and bright jerseys; the girls young and confident, their hair swinging forward, their skirts swishing, dupattas flying, the very air full of an infectious joy. But she sat there, immune, isolated.

"He asked about you and Vikram."

"Oh, well."

Don't withdraw from me, Shiela. I just talked to him—one adult to another, although the lump in my throat hurt to smile and talk. I sat there and thought about you when I saw all the laughing and talking

boys and girls. I hope you find happiness—as I found it with your father. But at 36 I am alone. Oh, so alone. Can you hear me, Shiela?

The door bell rang sharply. Shiela opened the door and eight-year-old Vikram bounded in. He threw the cricket bat in a corner and gave his mother a quick hug. Thank God for Vikram. So full of enthusiasm for marbles and cricket, and a healthy loathing for baths and hair cuts. So uncomplicated, and the image of Dinesh. Blink away your tears fast. Children are unnerved when they see their mother cry.

"How was your game, Vikram?"

"Very good. Gosh, I'm hungry. What's for tea?"

Vinita got out some biscuits and buttered some slices of bread. She put some milk to warm. Nothing home-made my son, and nothing fancy. Nothing to strain an already tightly stretched budget.

"Harish says if I improve my bowling a bit, I'll be the second man in the team."

Vinita watched him as he spoke between mouthfuls of bread and butter. "Eat slowly son, don't stuff it into your mouth like that," she said gently.

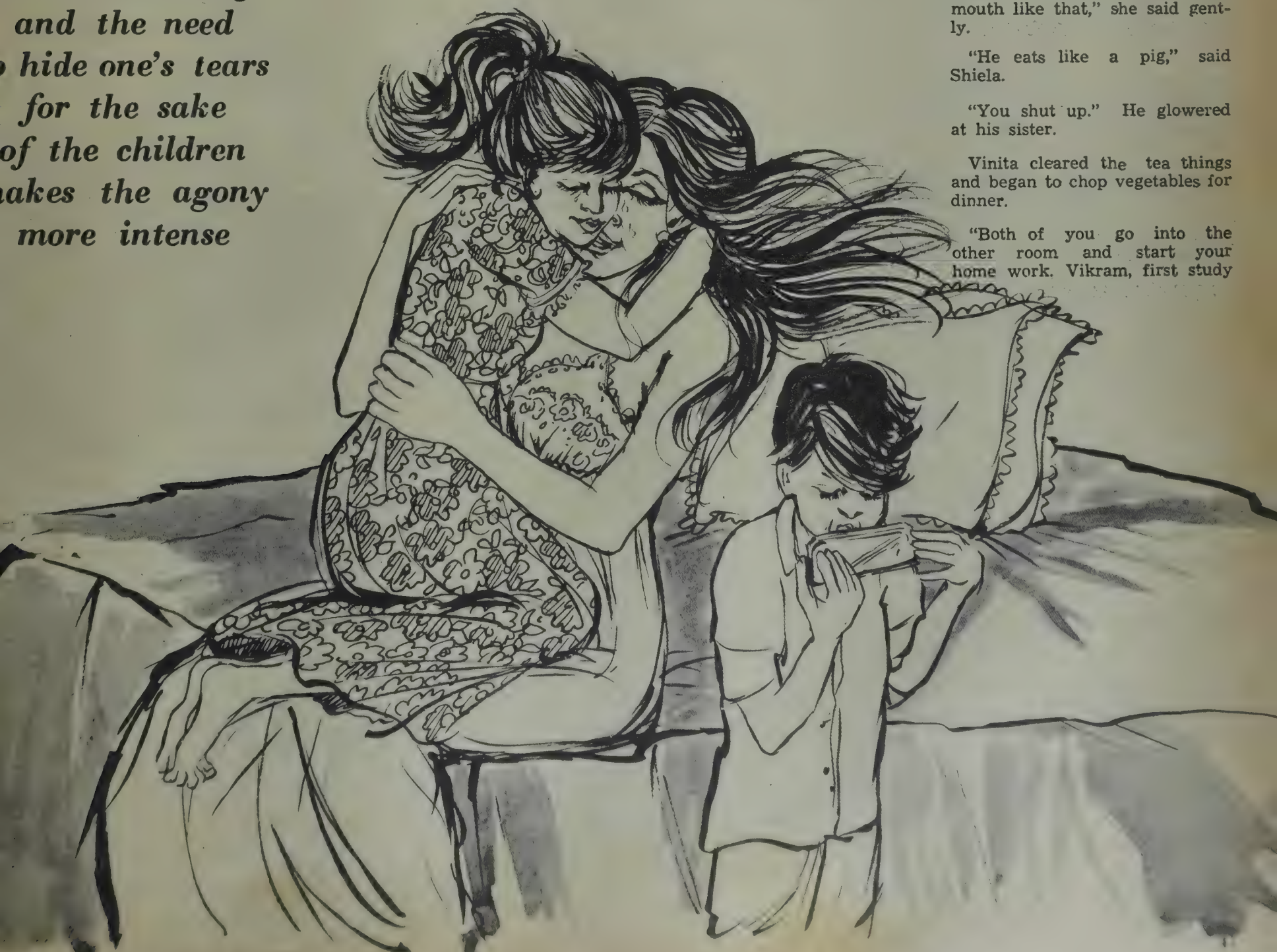
"He eats like a pig," said Shiela.

"You shut up." He glowered at his sister.

Vinita cleared the tea things and began to chop vegetables for dinner.

"Both of you go into the other room and start your home work. Vikram, first study

The death of a beloved husband can be shattering, and the need to hide one's tears for the sake of the children makes the agony more intense



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your Hindi test tomorrow. I'll come and ask questions in half an hour."

There was silence and Vinita quickly prepared the dough for the parathas. Then she went to the bedroom, moving between the books and the clothes, the school belts and shoes strewn on the floor. Really she must speak to the children to be more tidy, but they were so cramped in this tiny two-roomed flat. But flats in Delhi were so costly and hard to come by. What she should do was to get rid of some of the luggage she had accumulated — much too much for a flat this size. But of course it had been bought for bigger houses, for a family — bought with care, love and planning, each article of furniture had a special memory attached to it. Can one sell such stuff? But of course she must.

After a wash and change, she went to the living-room. She heard voices.

"Stop it, Vikram."

"Shan't."

"Don't be such a damned nuisance."

I must stop Shiela from using such language. The last time she told Shiela not to talk like this a long argument ensued. But mummy everyone talks like this! Well, let it be everyone less so. Oh mummy, don't be so pre-historic. Is it pre-historic to talk politely? Well, how does one word make it so damned impolite? And on and on. Tonight she felt mentally and physically incapable of another argument — utterly drained and revitalised, and unable to cope. If only she didn't feel so alone. Her authority wavering, and unsure of any stand.

"Vikram, stop playing your mouth-organ — let your sister finish her work in peace."

"But I never get a chance to practise," complained Vikram. Shiela's always wanting me to top."

"You practise after dinner for while," she offered placatingly.

Dinner over she cleared the kitchen, setting the tray for morning tea. She could hear the musical sounds from the bedroom, as Vikram struggled with the mouth-organ, and she waited with apprehension for another scrap between the brother and sister. Why have I lost my sense of humour, she wondered. Little things I could smile at, now make me tense and upset. But there was so much she had lost that humour and confidence seemed too insignificant to worry about.

At last the flat was locked, the lights out, the children asleep

and Vinita in bed, and able to afford the luxury of the tears she fought all day. The images rose sharp and clear in her mind and the tears fell, hot and futile. I must not cry, she thought, a headache the next day will not help. But the inescapable fact was that here she was, 11 months and 21 days after Dinesh's death, alive. Breathing, eating and drinking... the blanket was only in her mind, her traitor body functioned normally and during the day she sniled and chatted. "Your children are so small — weeping mothers have a morbid effect on their minds." "Keep the semb-

"Mummy! You're crying. What's the matter?" Shiela sat up in the next bed.

Vinita tried to remember that to weep had a morbid effect on youthful minds, but her self-control lay shattered.

In one awkward movement her daughter's arms, young and bony, went round her. "Mummy, please don't cry, I'm sorry I was such a pig this evening. Only, I thought, you didn't care about Daddy any more," the words rushed out, and Vinita felt the tears freeze on her cheeks. What



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lance of your old life as far as possible."

She managed a challenging job, and believed in widow remarriage. She was truly the picture of modern, emancipated Indian womanhood. There was just this trifling bondage to memories and Dinesh, without whom all her philosophy crumbled to dust. And there was Shiela, who at the age of 14 seemed to be moving further, and further away from her. She went over the evening when Shiela had seemed so remote, so indifferent to her presence. The tears came afresh; suddenly the bedside light snapped on.

was that again? But the words burned vividly in her tortured mind. Could one stand in the sunshine and have to prove there was a sun? Or stand on the beach and deny the ocean? Could one debate on the firmness of the earth beneath one's feet, or that the star would appear every night? Apparently one could. Perhaps, at 14 doubt could be all obscuring. A load rolled off her mind and some of the numbing pain too, as her own arms went around her daughter, in compassion and understanding.



Devi

Chunibhai rushed to my room with tapes of Acharya Rajneesh, a dozen complaints against his son-in-law, and a bagful of hopes for daughter Simple. That he is trying to sell Simple shows he is shaky about Dimple's comeback to films and Kapadias. Not quite. Before Chunibhai left (with Rajneesh, though I prefer Jagjit's voice) he whispered a true confession that he had warned Dimple on the eve of her departure to Bangalore (Rajesh was shooting) to take care and not to get pregnant. Because nobody will accept a leading lady with three kids.

O. P. Ralhan announced his project, "Samrat Ashoka", over Scotch and tangdi kababs in Hotel President served to choice editors (I was the exception). The assorted editors

**WANTED:
90 NUDE
AMAZONS**

ranged from Mr. B. K. Karanjia of "Filmfare" to Mr. Kushwant Singh of "Illustrated Weekly". I have never had a more hilarious evening. Of course, O. P. is always hilarious even when he is dead serious. The evening in a nutshell ran as follows: O. P. circulating huge sketches of the film, where the face of Ashoka looked a cross between Amitabh Bachchan and O. P. Ralhan himself; O. P. talking of his Hollywood contacts, collaborations, etc.; O. P. relating the entire history of India from the Gupta period to Ashoka (cast credits are not yet settled). O. P. requested the press to write about it so that Government would back the project, after which I suspect the foreign collaboration will come on the scene.

While the editors did justice to the Scotch and the food, O. P. expressed his main problem — getting 90 nude women with voluptuous Amazon like bodies to play the nude women guards of Ashoka's palace.

"Ashoka had women guards, that too nude," he said, "but how to get 90 such lusty nude women now?"

So O. P. Ralhan's problem right now is not history, but 90 women with solid geography.

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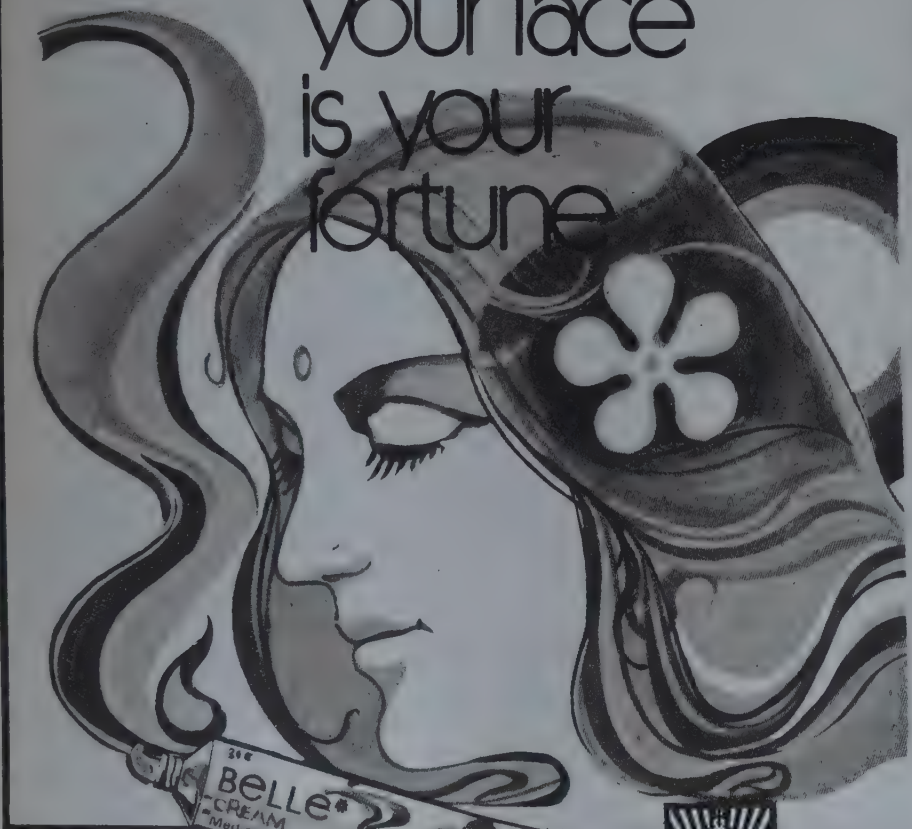
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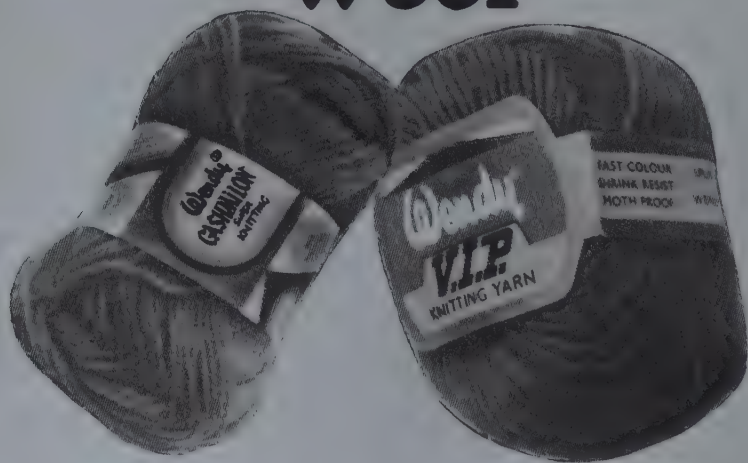
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heart to heart

HOROSCOPES DON'T MATCH

I am a 21-year-old girl deeply in love with a boy of 27 who is my distant relative. We both love each other deeply. We would like to marry soon after I complete my studies. He is well-off and has a good job.

But the sad part is our parents are against this marriage since our horoscopes do not match. We have pledged that we will not marry anyone else.

We are terribly worried because of our parents' objection. Kindly help.

Horoscopes do have a psychological effect on people. In order to avert any undesirable happenings in the future, the parents are taking their safe guards with regard to your future.

However, if you two do not believe in the effects of the horoscopes and are willing to face whatever the future has in store, then both of you through some good friends or relatives, could convince your parents and bring them round to agreeing.

The other alternative is to get married in spite of their objections which may be hurtful for a while; or to decide not to marry, in which case, they may be forced to agree to this match ultimately.

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MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THEM

I am deeply in love with a girl for many years but since she was undergoing her training in a mission, I had no chance of expressing my love to her. Her training is to be completed within a few months and I have told her how much I love her and asked her if she will marry me. To my surprise she said "Yes". But she is very promiscuous and I am not sure whether she is really interested in me.

At the same time my aunty has seen a suitable girl for me. I want to break off with the first girl. Please suggest a solution.

The fact that you are wavering shows that you do not love the girl. If you find her promiscuous

and she continues to be so even after your proposal to her, then you could gracefully bring her behaviour to her notice, and tell her that you are not interested in her. She should take the hint and not pursue the matter. There is no need for pity from your side since she will find someone more suited to her.

You should also find out whether the other girl is suited to you. So watch the behaviour of the first girl for sometime more; and also find out whether the second girl will really be a suitable partner for you. Then make your choice and proceed accordingly.

INTER-CASTE MARRIAGE

I am a Kshatriya boy from a middle class family. I am 27 years old, a graduate and have a good job. I have been in love with a Marwari girl from a rich family for almost eight years now. Her parents disapprove of me because of the caste difference. They have been beating up the girl whenever they come to know of our meeting. This has been happening a number of times. In spite of this she keeps on seeing me. Since her parents are against our marriage, she says she will join me even after her marriage. Kindly help me to solve my problem.

If both of you are deeply in love with each other, you must find a way of getting married. You can have a registered marriage. But before you do so, you must either have a separate home of your own, or see that your people accept this girl and let her live with them till you can manage to live separately. If this is possible, you can go ahead with a registered marriage as soon as possible and on the quiet, so that the girl is not harassed.

If your parents favour your choice, then they should convince her parents too and bring them round. The other alternative is that she take a job and live in a woman's hostel, or as a paying guest, till both of you are in a position to marry.

You can also try, if possible, to approach her parents together or some understanding elders in her family, and tell them how determined you both are. If they ultimately accept the idea well and good, if they don't, both of you must be prepared to stand by each other come what may.

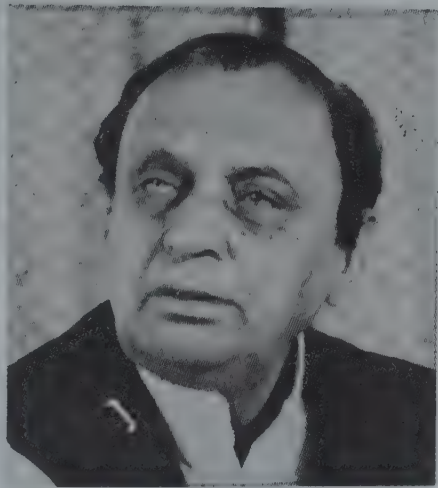
There is no point in this girl breaking her marriage or being married to someone else if she is so determined. This will ruin her entire life. It is best that you and she work out feasible ways of getting married, if you both sincerely love each other, are willing to make sacrifices, and face the obstacles that may come to make this alliance materialise.

NAVRATRI

Continued from page 19

not, however, much care for what they asked me to sing, so instead, offered my own composition. It was a ghazal, 'Chabi ri dilne dubhavi rahi che,' which quickly proved a great hit."

With the success of the first record came a spate of radio assignments ... and Avinash's voice soon began reverberating in homes. His career from then took a zig-zag course: "Following the publication of my book 'Lajamani', Sarojben Yodh invited me to help with garba programmes of Bhagini Samaj. Indian National Theatre also by that time had got established, and proved an excellent avenue for Yogendra Desai and myself. Together, we did a number of significant ballets, like Mirabai, Sukh, Amrapali ... then, somewhere around 1956, Kanaiyalal Unshani called us to the Bhavan, and I started a garba class there which proved extremely popular and had at least 300 women attendees each session."



As a cultural delegate in Milan, Avinash tried a unique and successful experiment of composing Italian songs with Indian tunes. In Russia for a folk festival, he pleased and bagged a bronze medal. On the home front, he has been honoured with a Padma Shri. But what Avinash is more happy about is his record of composing nearly 7,000 songs.

Avinash regrets garba, as performed on the stage today, coming under the influence of dance, is losing its folk simplicity. "Mind you," he said, "It is not that I am against experi-

mentation. Art must continue to grow, but not at the cost of basic structure. Clasps, 'talis' are an essential element of garba. When you eliminate them, you are destroying something very basic to the form. The items with their exaggerated hip and hand movements are definitely not garba."

In which areas, then, is experimentation possible? I ask. Avinash is very clear on this: "Many things, such as notes, beats can do with innovation. Music must enrich itself with each new generation. I have never believed in remaining imprisoned in the past, in orthodoxy."

"And why a male choreographer to direct garba?" he thunders. "Cannot the women themselves decide the steps? What one sees today on the stage is nothing but dazzle. Bhagini Samaj is probably the only institution where there is still group singing and no mikes."

As Avinash himself says, there are two sides to his music: one which is purely professional and another more poetry. His main leaning, however, is still towards the garba ... "for there is so

much dramatic strength in it. Besides, it also encourages group singing and group participation ... a healthy thing for any community."

To properly enjoy garba, Avinash insists there must be the right atmosphere. A city hall is definitely no place to enjoy them. His suggestion is for a theatre with circus-like seating arrangements which will permit an overall view.

The poet in Avinash predominates his songs. Take, for instance, "Tari bakire payaldi nu phumtu re" or "Madi taru kanu kharyu ne suraj ugyo" ... and observe the rhythm of the language, the delicacy of imagery. "Do songs keep humming all the time in your mind?" I cannot resist asking. He smiles in reply: "No, no, it is not like that. To me, both words and notes come simultaneously and, at that time, I must have my harmonium as much as pen and paper. If I were to put down words first and then search for the notes, maybe there will not be the same harmony. Who knows, perhaps, this is the secret of my popularity ..." and I notice a twinkle in his eyes.

people and events



Mrs. Shalinitai Patil, gives her mite to a child of one of the homes of the Children's Aid Society, Bombay, at the inauguration of Flag Day Week. Next to her are Mr. Vasantdada Patil, C.M. of Maharashtra, Mr. Ramesh Saboo, chairman of Flag Day Committee and Mr. Kantikumar R. Podar, chairman of the Society,



At an exhibition organised by Madhu Manjari in Bombay are (left) Mrs. Urmila Agarwal, Mrs. Sarla Somani, Mayor Murli D. who inaugurated it and Mr. Basudev Somani.



ABOVE: At a tea party in Bombay to felicitate Jaishree Tamhankar and Navel Kanga, editors of the "Navroz", on the occasion of the publisher's diamond jubilee, seen (from left:) Mrs. Rajeshwari Bhabhen Gandhi, Mr. Ramesh Karanjia, Editor, "Bhaskar", Mrs. Jaloo Kanga, Mr. Gulabdas Broker and Mrs. Uma Shankar Joshi.



Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain (left) inaugurated an exhibition in Bangalore. Next to her is Mrs. Chandrika Guttal, chairman of the Karnataka State Handicrafts Development Corp. Ltd.



Mrs. Joan Dias (at mike) opened a Home for the Aged in Calcutta. Seated (from left) are Mrs. Abha Maiti, Mr. A. L. Dias, Governor of West Bengal, Mrs. Renuka Ray, president, Women's Co-ordinating Council, and Mr. Rusi Gimi chairman, St. John's Ambulance Association.

BELOW: At the 13th All-India Post & Telegraph minton tournament in Ahmedabad are champion Jaishree Tamhankar and L. Kriplani receiving the trophy from Gujarat's minister Mr. Bhailalbhai Chaudhary tractor.

Mrs. Shirin Fozdar, (second from left) who addressed a Bahai Women's gathering in Madras, is seen with Mrs. Tara Cherian, Chairman, Tamil Nadu Social Welfare Board, (at her right) and members of the audience.



bombay

ar Bahar presented two programmes, "Milejhule Naghme" "Sham-e-Ghazal", at the Al Auditorium earlier this h.

azals, geets and bhajans sung by pupils of Yunus K, the ghazal expert. Malik npanied most of them on the onium and treated an inter-audience to several gha-excellently rendered, at the of each programme.

urba Kishore Bir, who won ational Award for Photogra-for the film "27-Down", held xhibition of his paintings at Artists' Centre. Mr. Sama-ra Kundu, Union Minister oreign Affairs, unveiled the ings and B. K. Karanjia, r, "Filmfare", presided.

e paintings have been dona-to the flood victims of Bala-Orissa.

e exhibition opened on Sep-er 27, the birth anniversary vtar Kaul, the maker of "27-", who died in 1974.

e paintings were very power-and left a strong impact on iewer.

ive-day all-India Sangeeta akala conference in Bombay naugurated by Guru Kup-Pillai the noted Bharata n exponent. He appealed e Government to foster the e form of art by increasing al grants.

e conference, devoted to ses-of paper reading, demon-on, discussion and music lnce performances was said e first of its kind in the ry. It was sponsored by the adan Cultural Society. Its ose was to achieve unity gh art, the Society's princi-Guru Mani said.

e artistes who participated in programme included: Dam-Joshi, Kanak Rele, Bhas-Menon, Kalanidhi Naraya-Shoba Naidu and the Jha-Sisters.

lery Chemould presented que Binswanger Soubes' ex-on of graphics. This 34-year-rench artist who now lives yderabad studied painting in e. Her first exhibition in was in 1975 in Hyderabad.

e artist also gave a demon-on in print-making during xhibition.

e Railway Women's Club of war Park celebrated their al Day recently.

ariety entertainment pro-me was organised by the on this occasion. The high-of the programme was a on show under the guidance ulbhushan Anand, a well-n model.

The Diamond Jubilee of the "Navroz", Calcutta's only Anglo-Gujarati weekly was held at the WIAA Club. Mrs. N. E. Kanga, who edits and runs the weekly with her husband, came here especially from Calcutta for the function.

Gulabdas Broker, noted Gujarati writer, was the chief guest. He also distributed the prizes of the Navroz Diamond Jubilee Short Story Competition.

Inaugurating the exhibition-sale of hand-printed and hand-embroidered sarees and bed-covers at Eka Art Gallery, Chowpatty, Mayor Murli Deora said that every citizen should contribute something towards the progress of our country. Housewives can improve their economic status by using their spare time for some creative work by which they also contribute towards the nation's prosperity.

The exhibition-cum-sale was organised by Madhu Manjari under the guidance of Mrs. Sarala Somani and Mrs. Urmila Agarwal.

The earnings from this sale will be used for the welfare of the widows of soldiers, by way of scholarship to poor students and contributions for treatment of poor patients.

delhi

An Exhibition and Cultural programme was held on the 20th International Day of the Deaf last month at the Multipurpose Training Centre for the Deaf in Delhi. Dr. P. C. Chunder, Union Minister for Education & Social Welfare, was the chief guest. Mr. Brahm Prakash, M. P. presided.

In order to foster unity among the deaf throughout the world, the International Day of the Deaf is observed every year on the fourth Sunday of September under the aegis of the World Federation of the Deaf, Rome. The Federation is the international body of the deaf working in official relationship with the UN for the 'Full Citizenship' of the deaf.

The All-India Federation of the Deaf, the premier voluntary national body of the deaf in our country since 1955, is trying to fulfil its obligations towards the 2.5 million deaf in India through its education, training, employment and social adjustment programmes. It has 44 affiliated organisations and major institutions.

Mrs. Kusam Ansal was chief guest and speaker at the regular monthly meeting of the Inner Wheel Club of Hapur. She was introduced and welcomed by the president of the Club, Mrs. Madhuri Agarwal. Mrs. Ansal spoke on the necessity of service through the medium of Rotary & Inner Wheel Clubs. Mrs. Geeta Narang, secretary of the club, proposed a vote of thanks.

Dr Neelima Singh, Saroj Vas-

hisht, Shubha Verma and Renu Mehra, first lady of the Rotary club of Delhi South, were also present.

The Inner Wheel Club Hapur came into being in 1973. The Club has undertaken various service projects during this period.

calcutta

"Nava-Nir" (Home for the Aged) at 30, Ashoke Avenue, Tollygunge, Calcutta, was opened by Mrs. Joan Dias. This Home has been sponsored by the Women's Coordinating Council, West Bengal, to commemorate the International Women's Year, 1975.

Mr. Dhiren Dey, general secretary, Mrs. Dey and members of the Mohun Bagan Athletic Club held a reception at Grand Hotel for the members and families of Cosmos Club of U.S.A. Some of those present were Mr. Jatin Chakrabarty, Minister, P.W.D., Govt. of West Bengal, and Mrs. Chakrabarty, Mrs. Kamala Basu, wife of Mr. Jyoti Basu, Chief Minister of West Bengal, Mr. & Mrs. R. G. Perkins, Mr. & Mrs. Pele, and Mr. and Mrs. Chinaglia. Mr. Pele was offered a special bouquet by a young football fan on that occasion.

It was a day of receptions for the "Ocean to Sky" expedition as the Air India, the Ganga and the Kiwi pulled into the Man-o-war jetty in the afternoon. Sir Edmund Hillary and his men were greeted with the blowing of conch-shells and garlands. The reception, held on board the Calcutta Port Trust launch, was attended by many dignitaries including Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Dias.

bangalore

An exhibition of bidriware and pineapple fibre products was arranged at the Kaveri Arts and Crafts Emporium in Bangalore.

Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain, wife of the Governor of Karnataka State, inaugurated the exhibition which laid stress on new designs and better utility articles.

Nostalgia, a unique film festival, was held in Bangalore. The festival honoured film personalities of the past. The old stars were brought to the show in old cars in a colourful procession. Mrs. Devika Rani Roerich was the chief guest and Mrinal Sen presided. Mr. V. N. Subba Rao welcomed the guests.

Stars who attended the show were presented with mementos and took part in an interesting seminar which had Filmfare Editor B. K. Karanjia in the chair with M. Bhaktavatsala, President, Film Federation of India, moderating the discussions.

world of eve



SADHVI SURI

Vivacious and talented Mrs. Sadhvi Suri symbolises verve and dynamism.

She did her M.A. (History) from the Delhi University and B.Ed. from the Andhra University. As a student she enjoyed debates and swimming and bagged many prizes in debates and dramatic competitions. Gifted with leadership qualities, she was the vice-president of the Student Teachers' Association of the M.R. College of Education, Vizianagaram.

Mrs. Suri is interested in dress designing. She is also interested in abstract and modern art and her paintings have depth and variety. She is planning to hold an exhibition of her paintings in Delhi. Currently she is running a snack bar in the capital.

"I would like to expand my snack bar into a major business venture or alternatively do my Ph.D. As yet, I have not made my choice between academic achievement and distinction in catering," she says. Married to Lt. Suri of the Indian Navy, Mrs. Suri has one son.

DHARMA CHANDRA-SHEKHAR



Mrs. Dharma Chandra-shekhar's birthday coincided with "World Disabled Day"

and she celebrated it by inviting the handicapped children of Chandigarh for an evening of fun at her home.

She is a regular visitor at the Saket Home for the handicapped, and a founder-member and hon-secretary of the Blind School.

Her immediate concern is the just completed building for the Blind School, built with the help of Central and State grants, to equip it with a work-shop, an auditorium, a Braille printing unit plus a training school for Blind Instructors.

Dharma is also active in the Child Welfare Council and the Blood Bank Society. She is closely connected with the International Women's group and the Experiment in International Living Project.

She attributes her achievements to her mother, who was illiterate when she married but educated herself.

hi ya honey!

THE FAMILY THAT FIGHTS TOGETHER, STAYS TOGETHER— THAT'S US

Honey, with parental negligence running at an all time high, Women's Lib—Wife's Lib in particular — and children's individual tastes, it is becoming increasingly difficult to have a harmonious family life. The point is, no one wants to try, each member wants to go his or her happy way. In my home, I feel like an octopus with me as the centre and my family members the many arms pulling in different directions.

It wasn't so 30 years ago, when my father was the head of the house. Not a figurehead like me. What he said went. I remember my mother putting in a nervous word or two, but it always ended with "I've made up my mind and if anyone has any other ideas, he had better shut up." My father was a very clever man too. He decided when we needed another pair of shoes or when my mother needed a new dress.

Today, a simple choice of colours to paint a room has us all mixed up. I usually prefer the common lemon cream, it's the cheapest. My daughter picks an ice-cream blue, my son a loud red. The wife however says that the painter must watch the evening sun go down and when it just sets, the sky is flooded in a beautiful irridiscent pink — that's the colour she wants. The last time the painter poured a litre of my paint on her head, charged me for the labour and walked off and

By an Alves called Johnnie

informed his union about us. No painter will agree to come to our house now.

Deciding the place for our annual holiday is as difficult as getting the Pope to agree to the compulsory sterilisation bill. My wife knows exactly where she wants to go. She has made up her mind to spend a fortnight at the Fort Aguada Beach Resort, Goa. She has no recollection of the fact that salaries of oil company officers are frozen, and that their leave fare is just enough to travel Janata. My daughters would not really mind the place if they got new wardrobes, hairdos and per-

mean to say you put in that smell on purpose?"

She likes salads and mayonnaise, because she is perpetually on a diet. My son likes hamburgers, my daughters prefer corn and crab soup. I prefer the good old East Indian dishes. We have a regular turnover of cooks of all communities. The last one even sued us for mental fatigue as a result of our indecision. He has left for West Asia.

Conveyance is always a big problem in our family. My wife takes the car. The daughters travel by taxi and the son runs about on a scooter bought with a loan from my Provident Fund. I generally spend long hours in bus queues or on station platforms.

We never seem to see eye to eye on a single subject that means family harmony. Last Saturday night after two hours in a queue,

UNITY IN DIVERSITY

fumes. The boys prefer to lounge in the sitting room with the hi-fi belting and the latest pop star screaming a one line song, "You love me, ya ya!" I on the other hand would like to invite Rui over and see the bottom of the Red Knight or a knight of any colour.

Honey, the faces members of my family make at dinner time would make circus clowns look silly. No two people in my household like the same food. The other day when my wife yelled at the son to eat his meal, he stared at what looked like a steak in pain and said, "Mum do you

I was enjoying a film at the Metro seated in the stalls with a packet of gram to keep me company. During the interval, my son and daughter waved out to me from the balcony seats with large cones of ice-cream in their hands.

Even the television folk have a programme for each one of us, thus putting a final wedge in my attempts to bring about family harmony.

Only one thing seems certain, I earn the money and they spend it.

Until next time then!

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF OCTOBER 29

AFRAID TO MAKE LOVE?

- A thorough, authoritative discussion of frigidity by our marriage counsellor
- An opinion piece, which contends that today people are afraid not so much to make love as to love—a sign of our times?

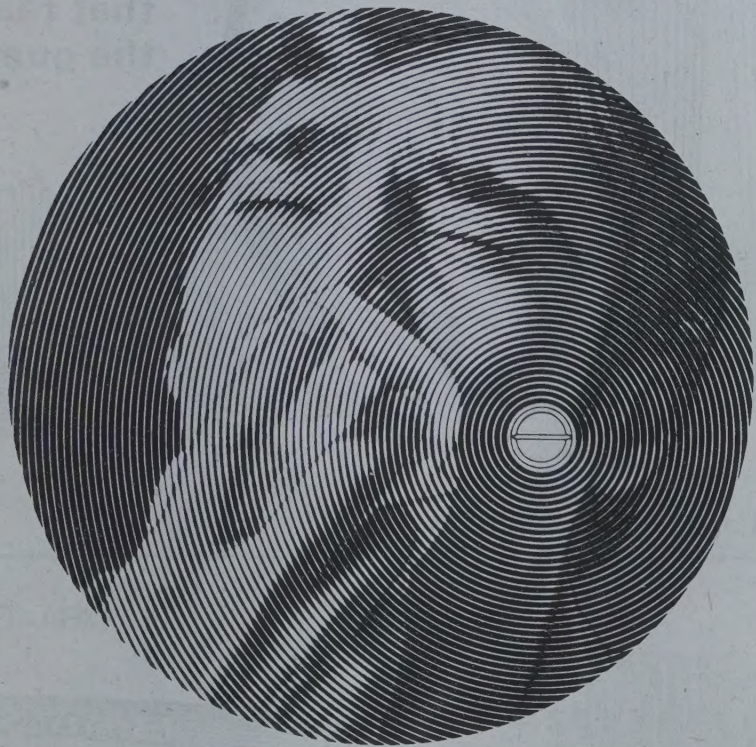
ACCOMMODATION PROBLEMS

A survey of accommodation facilities available to the single working woman and a plea for improvements in this area.

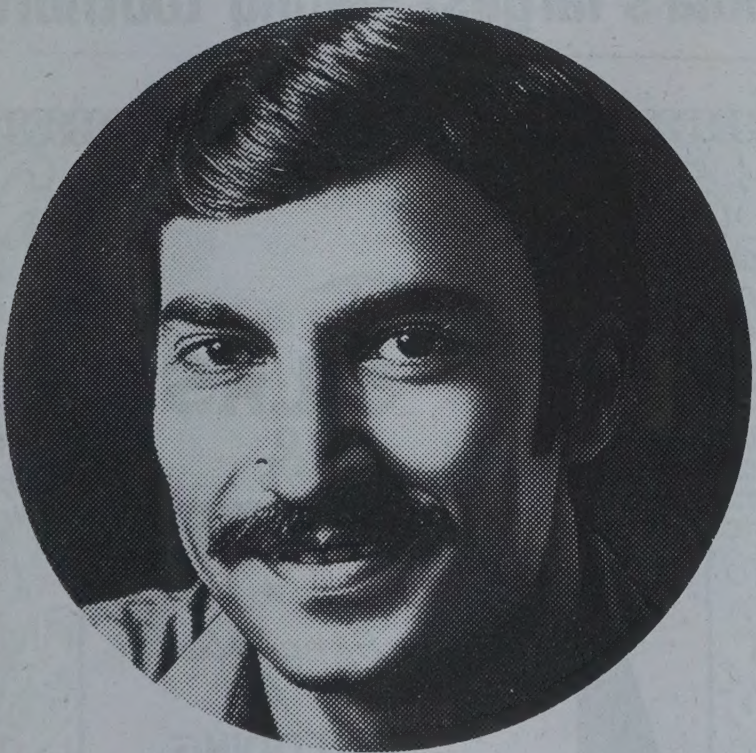
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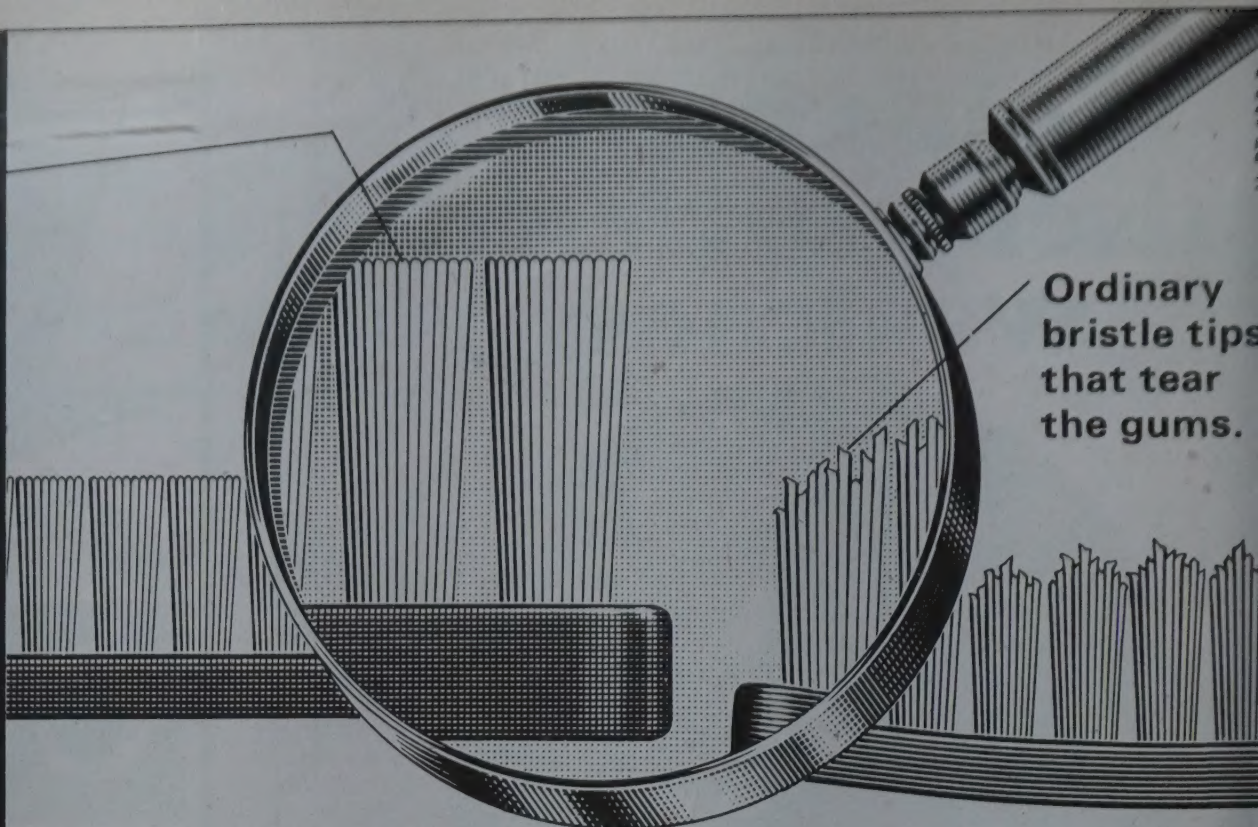


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do not tear
the gums**

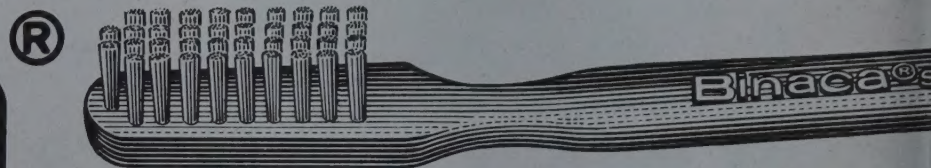


Ordinary
bristle tips
that tear
the gums.

A Binaca Toothbrush for all ages, all preferences.

CIBA-GEIGY

Binaca®



India's largest selling toothbrush

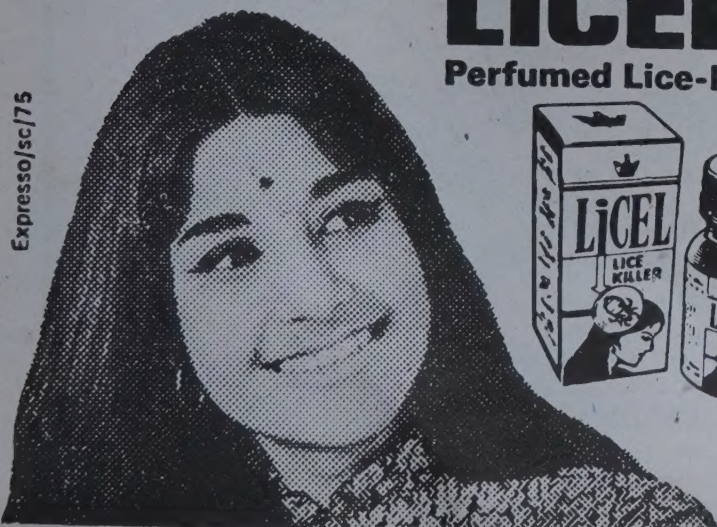
Do not let the Lice disturb your peace



**Lice are common
hazard for children
and women.
They are bad but
poisonous powders
are worse!**

Cleanliness alone cannot protect you against lice. Your children may carry them home from schools. Women too, get them easily. Remember, poisonous powders harm your hair, scalp and tender skin. Use of modern anti-lice perfumed oil 'LICEL', once a month is your best guarantee of protection from lice and nits. It removes dandruff too!

LICEL®
Perfumed Lice-Killer



Expresso/sc/75



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&
SAREES**

★
*Specialist
for*

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EMBROIDERED
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PEARL MANSION, 91-A, QUEENS RD., BOMBAY - 20.



New Gold Mist the only cologne soap

New Gold Mist. Wrap yourself in its exclusive mist of cologne freshness that tingles on your skin. Cologne fragrance that stays with you... all day through.

New Gold Mist. Look for it in its elegant new shape, its luxurious gold wrapper.

New Gold Mist. It's worth its weight (100 g) in gold. Most other soaps in the same price range weigh much less.



For cologne fragrance...
cologne freshness



A TATA PRODUCT

OBM/7892

PARLE

Krackjack

the konversation opener

"Yes—but it's salty!"

"This sweet biscuit is terrific!"



Never
sold loose
—beware of
imitations

Some say it's sweet.
Others swear it's salty.
All agree it's tasty,
tasty, tasty.

PARLE

Krackjack — the one and only sweet and salty biscuit sensation.



World Selection Award