

APRIL 18 — 24, 1981

RS. 2

EVE'S WEEKLY



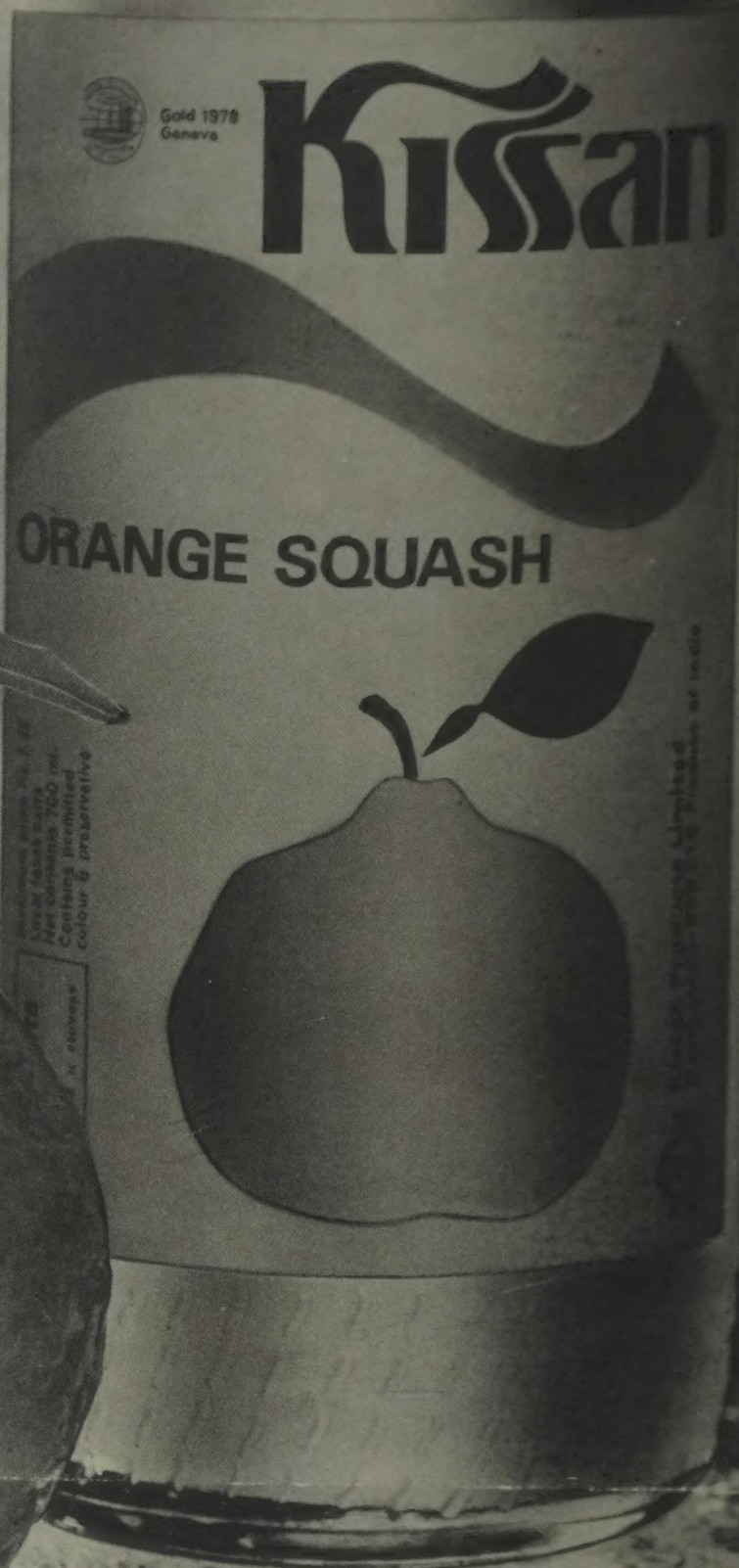
MUSARRAT—
The New, Singing
Sensation!

**HOW MUCH
SHOULD
A DOCTOR
REVEAL**

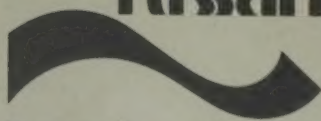
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Squash

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makes a drink that makes thirst a
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Kissan squashes come in all your
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Where will prickly heat strike this summer?

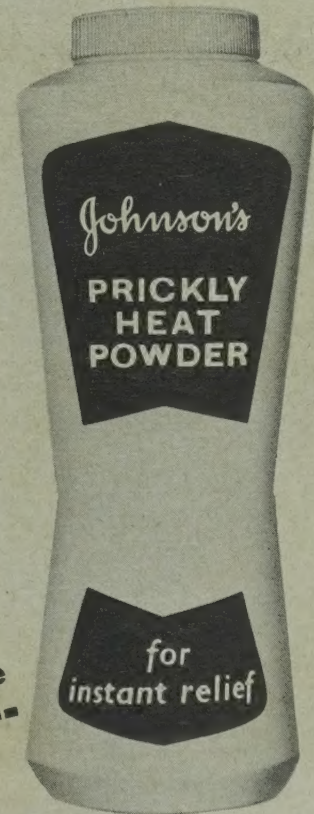
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Cover
Pakistani singing
sensation
MUSARRAT

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EVE'S WEEKLY



TALES OF THREE
CITIES

11 Three talented directors — two of them women — are busy making three interesting films in Calcutta, Bombay and New Delhi.



SINGING
SENSATION
MUSARRAT

20 This gorgeous Pakistani, who is all set to be a serious threat to Nazia Hassan and Runa Laila, talks about herself.

LAMAZE: CHILD-
BIRTH WITHOUT
FEAR

37 Starting from this week, a series on this unique method formulated by Russian scientists and perfected by a French doctor.

HOW MUCH
SHOULD A
DOCTOR REVEAL?

38 How much can a doctor reveal — or hide, — from a patient who's terminally ill?



ALSO
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When the heat squeezes out your energy...



The new name for your trusted Glaxose-D.

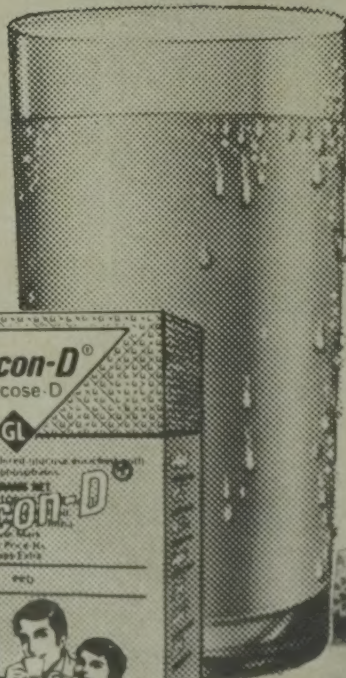
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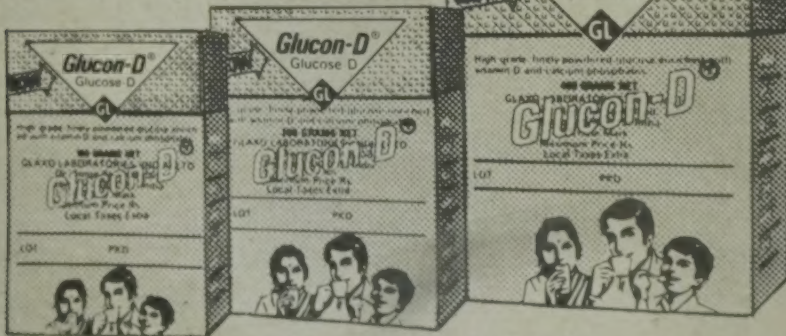
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Do you have something to say?
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ADOPT, NOT ABANDON

We read and hear so much about adopting children, but only when you actually see a forsaken child, do you realise how pathetic it is. I am married with children, but my sister having no child of her own, decided to adopt one. I had gone with her to see the baby at the adoption centre. The sight of so many babies abandoned by their families is heart-rending. This was just one place in Bombay and it had 200 children of all ages.

There I met 'Sapna'. She was lying in the crib next to the baby boy my sister was going to adopt. She was not even a month old and was seriously sick. She had beautiful black hair and large eyes, but was painfully thin. She lay whimpering, her limbs still and weak, but she seemed to be asking for warmth, for love. The ayah told me that they had named her Sapna and that her mother was a young college girl from a wealthy family. If the same Sapna had been born in marriage, she would have had all the comforts she could ask for. Young people act irresponsibly and the price is paid by innocent children. Does Sapna's mother even know that while she is perhaps having a gay time, her little daughter is on the verge of death?

Abandoning children is perhaps pardonable when the mother has been raped or is financially very poor. But if you are liberated enough to indulge in pre-marital sex, then have the courage to give birth to your child and look after it. It is time we learned to treat sex with more respect.

I wonder if Sapna's life will ever bloom to become a beautiful dream.

SHUBHADA ABHYANKAR, Vishakapatnam.

Perhaps it will. You will read in our next issue of the families who have decided to adopt babies, even when they have children of their own. Time and again we have exhorted couples — young and old — to extend their love and reach out to the abandoned and orphaned children languishing in homes and adoption centres.

1st
PRIZE

NO MAGIC FORMULA

2nd
PRIZE

How typical of us to blame the Government — and Mrs. Indira Gandhi in particular — for all the ills befalling the country.

When she came into power for the second time, the Prime Minister admitted that setting things right and, in fact, running the country effectively and rooting out all social evils was a gigantic task — one that she and her ministers alone could not cope with, without the help of the people. She called on the people to extend to her their full cooperation in the great task ahead.

And what are we doing to help? Nothing. Goondaism, strikes, hartals, riots, killings, blackmarketing, smuggling, rape, student unrest (the list is endless) are indulged in by the very people whose help was solicited.

There is no magic formula that the government can summon to combat the social evils prevailing today. But the remedy lies with us, the people. We have to change our own attitudes to life and living. We must not encourage social disintegration by simply fanning the flames of anarchy.

No government, anywhere in the world, can function effectively without the full cooperation of the people.

BARBARA LAL, U.P.

We want a government that works — for people who don't work. We are too busy indulging in anti-social activities to bother about discipline, honesty and hard work. It's easy to blame the Prime Minister — after all she is "mai baap" and "mai baap" must take the blame for all ills in the family...

HOUSEWIFE POLICY

The budget announcement is always awaited expectantly by people in all walks of life. Now that the budget is out, opinions have been exchanged by housewives and they have settled down, mentally prepared to accept it. But soon what seemed reality suddenly becomes a nightmare. One finds one has to pay more for almost everything. If a housewife makes a budget plan for the month, by the third week she runs out of money and has to either draw an extra amount or make sacrifices. She is in a dilemma and has to juggle expenses like a magician. Apart from that, no one appreciates her plight. The husband resents her demands for extra cash and she is left feeling guilty for no fault of her own. A thankless job, indeed.

The effects of the budget are felt much later — hike in bus fare, higher prices of oil, milk, vegetables, and many increases still to follow! Who will safeguard the housewife against this and save her all

RAGGING, AGAIN?

3rd
PRIZE

The present-day trend among students — especially in IIT, Engineering and Medical College Hostels — of ragging freshers has reached alarming proportions. Ragging can be fun and is tolerable and justified to a certain extent, but too much of anything is bad. A cousin of mine joined his engineering course in a Madurai college and was ragged by his seniors. He tolerated it for some time and later brought it to the notice of his Principal when he could stand it no longer. For this, his seniors beat him and even tortured him to such an extent that he has become mentally unbalanced and now even fails to recognise his own parents, leave alone friends and relatives. He is scared of everything and does whatever he is ordered to do: sit, stand, eat, and so on. The doctors who are attending on him are of the opinion that fear has gripped him and has affected his brain. Earlier, we had read in the papers about a girl from a medical college committing suicide because of ragging. Can the students who are responsible for this ever understand the feelings and the agony of the parents?

Serious action should be taken by the principals of these colleges and the management should see to it that freshers are protected from harassment. Ragging, if at all, should be done when the lecturers are present and all concerned should evaluate the pros and cons of the "game". Better late than never — those boys and girls who are in the senior classes in these colleges will, I hope, open their eyes and ears against this evil practice and try to eradicate it before it spreads further and demolishes the serenity of these great Institutions.

NIRMALA, Hyderabad.

We thought ragging had had its day. But it does not seem so. Originally, the whole idea of ragging was something healthy and constructive — and fun. Now it has become vicious and vindictive, with almost criminal overtones. Such a pity!

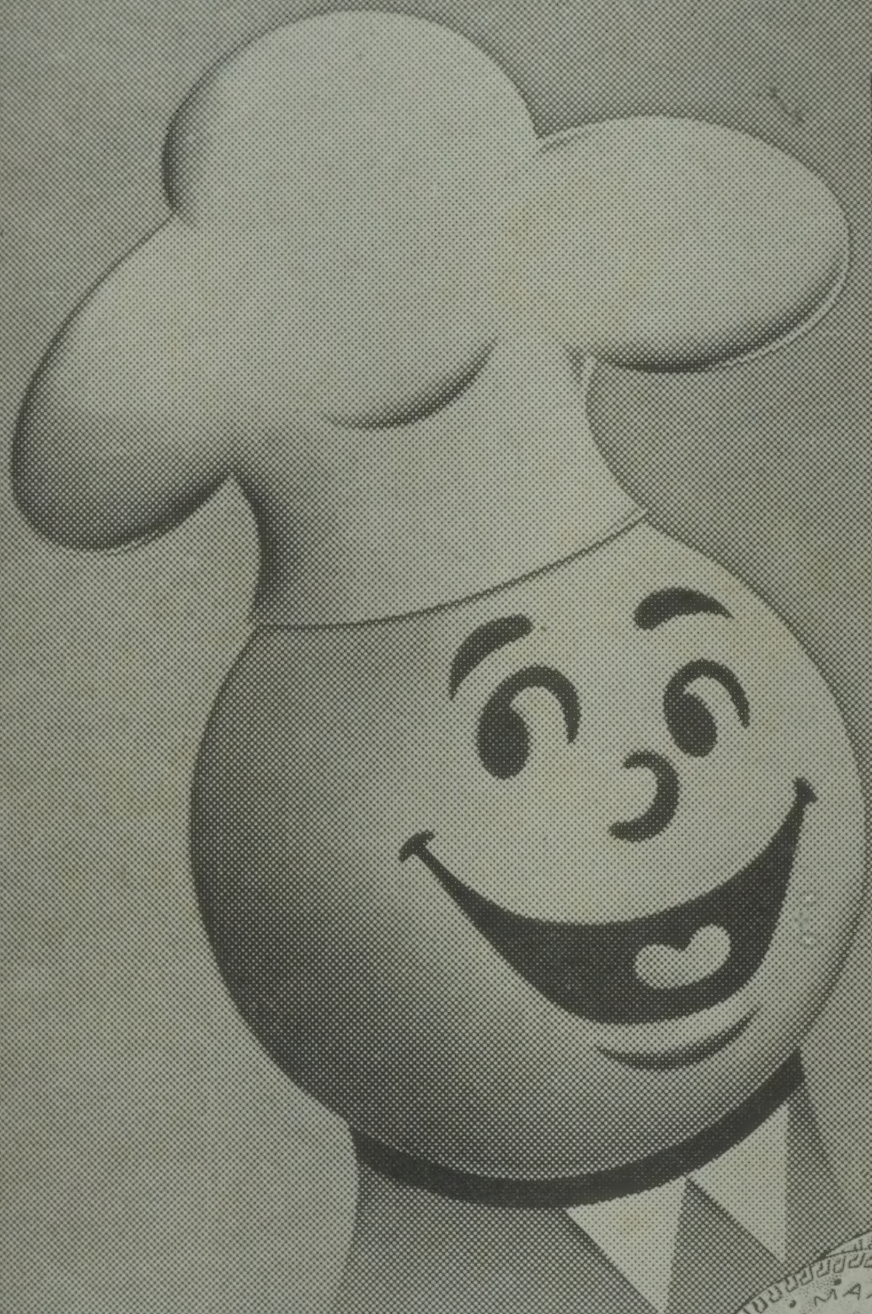
that tension which is the No. 1 Killer to-day?

Could the LIC not devise a novel scheme protecting housewives against price-rise? They have different policies to suit different needs. A move in this direction would be worthwhile, appreciated, and surely they will do roaring business!

I. FERNANDES, Bandra

Almost every housewife is going through budget blues. The prices of everyday commodities are shocking. Who can afford them? Yes, what a lovely idea! A special anti-inflation policy for the housewife. Can it be done?

We ventured
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a decade ago.
It's by choice.



Choice and determination to make the best of biscuits. Employing the best of machinery and expertise.

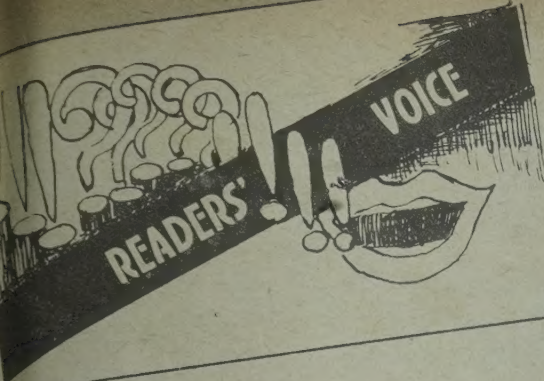
That's why a decade ago we scouted around the world and established connections with Liga Biscuits of Holland — the people with over a century of experience.

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

BITTEN BY THE COMMUNAL BUG

I am glad Mr. Shahzad Shah has expressed himself frankly in his article, 'Indian Muslims Receive Step--motherly Treatment', (Feb. 7). But I am sorry to note that the communal bug has bitten a fine young man like him.

He says that Indian Muslims since Independence have faced "a period of struggle of a nature never witnessed in its history."

I must say I am surprised. Partition hurt both Hindus and Muslims. But it was the Indian Muslims who had insisted on their pound of flesh called Pakistan. What are they now complaining about? Hindus look upon only those Muslims as pro-Pakistanis who tend to identify themselves with Pakistan, and with the historic tormentors of Hindus like Ghazni, Ghoris and Aurangzeb.

It is significant that no Muslim leader has said that "foreigners" should be thrown out of Assam — and out of India. They seem to think with Ziaur Rehman of Bangladesh that there are no infiltrators in Assam! Are such Muslims still surprised why Hindus look askance at them?

Shahzad Bhai then comes to specific grievances. He says that Muslims get less than four per cent jobs, that A.M.U. is being robbed of its Muslim character and that Urdu in India is on the "verge of extinction."

In India, apart from the scheduled castes and scheduled tribes, there is open competition for jobs. If not many Muslims are able to compete successfully, should they not try harder — rather than blame the U.P.S.C.? I hope he is not accusing the Public Service Commission of communalism; for Muslims have not shown better results even with a Muslim as the U.P.S.C. chairman.

As for a uniform civil law, what is "religious" about succession and inheritance? If Muslim countries can amend the Muslim law, why can't it be amended in India — at least to the extent that Pakistan, Turkey or Egypt have amended it? Why can't the Muslim male chauvinists agree to the abolition of the burqa, polygamy and the divorce of a wife by simply uttering the word "talaq" three times?

Aligarh Muslim University has, as before 1947, a large majority of Muslim students and teachers. Its management is entirely Muslim. What more is required to maintain its "Muslim character"?

At the same time it must be clearly understood that A.M.U. is not a university of Indian Muslims; it is basically a university of western U.P. Muslims. The bulk of Muslim Indians go to other universities, including the Banaras Hindu University.

And the main problem of A.M.U. is not its "Muslim character" but rather its quality as a university. According to Prof. Irfan Habib, dean of arts faculty, A.M.U., even Muslim business houses have decided not to employ A.M.U. graduates.

Urdu is supposed to be on "the verge of extinction." According to Josh Malihabadi, the greatest living Urdu writer, now in Pakistan, Urdu does have a future in India but none whatsoever in Pakistan. Today, in Pakistan, Urdu is considered the language only of the U.P. and Bihar refugees, and is resented in all the other provinces of Pakistan. Pakistan is producing more Punjabi films than Urdu films.

The Muslim Indian should protest against the injustices done to non-Muslims in Muslim countries in the name of Islam. Let Muslim Indians do their duty — and their rights will take care of themselves.

S. J. UTTAM SINGH, Bombay.



ISSUE OF APRIL 25, 1981

ADOPTION — WITH A DIFFERENCE

"Instead of going through all that red tape, I wish I had just picked up a child from the slums," fumed a young mother. Shocked? She was only letting off steam. What did the authorities have against her? First, that she and her husband didn't belong to the same religion. Second, that she already had a child and wasn't a 'barren' woman! A poignant first person account. Also, interviews with other couples in a similar situation.

SNATCHING RURAL WOMEN FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH

Childbirth takes the most toll out of rural women. An experiment in helping such women has been undertaken by a social service group.

Plus all our regular features.



FOR PROBLEM SKIN

Take one tablespoon of olive oil and mix with two tablespoons of fresh cream. Apply on face and leave it on for 10 minutes. Remove with cottonwool pads soaked in warm water.

To one tablespoon of honey add 15 drops of orange juice, one tablespoon of multani mitti and

Beat well and add one tablespoon of curds, mix well and apply thickly on the face. Leave it on for 15 minutes then rinse well.

Beat white of an egg with half teaspoon lemon juice, half teaspoon cucumber juice and one tablespoon of gram flour. Mix well and keep aside. Smear oil

cool, strain the liquid and wash face with it.

Are your eyes baggy and tired? Lie down and place used tea bags over closed eyes or soak cottonwool pads in luke warm tea and place over eyes for 15 to 20 minutes. This will bring relief.

Face masks are one of the oldest forms of beauty treatments and date back to several years. There are different types of masks for different types of skin. These help to close pores, stimulate blood circulation and keep the skin soft and supple.

Before applying a mask, keep these points in mind.

Wash your face and see that your hands are clean.

Ensure that the mask is spread evenly all over the face and neck. Avoid the under-eye area, eyebrows and hair-line.

Remove the mask when it becomes stiff. Allow 10 minutes approximately before testing.

Use warm water for removing it, then splash cold water to shrink pores.

After removing the mask the skin will be supple, soft and glowing. If there is any patch of high colour, smooth on a little oil or cream.

MASKS FOR OILY SKIN

Mix a teaspoon of honey with one egg white and apply thickly on face and neck. Leave for seven to 10 minutes, then wash it off.

Mix one teaspoon yeast, one teaspoon sugar and half a cup of warm milk, cover, and keep in a warm place. When it ferments use it as a mask.

Mix two tablespoons of papaya pulp with 10 drops of lemon juice. Apply on face, leave it on for 20 minutes then rinse well.

Wash dried peas, dry in shade. When absolutely dry, powder and store in a glass jar. Take a little of this powder, add rose water to it to make a paste. Use as face pack.

Take juice or pulp of any fruit (orange, sweet lime, water melon, papaya) and apply on the face as a mask. This is very relaxing after a tiring day. It cleanses the skin, closes pores and stimulates blood circulation.

one tablespoon rose water. Mix well and apply on face. Leave it on for 10 minutes then wash off.

Mix well one tablespoon each of corn flakes, almond or olive oil and fresh cream. Apply on face and leave it on for 10 minutes. Then rinse well.

FOR COMBINATION SKIN

Add a few drops of olive or almond oil and a few drops of lemon juice to white of an egg.

on neck and face and over it apply the pack. Leave it on for 15 minutes then rinse.

Take one tablespoon of plain curds and one tablespoon of fresh strawberry juice. Mix well and apply on face. Leave for 20 minutes and rinse.

FOR DRY SKIN

Herbal treatment for redness on face: Soak some parsley in hot water for half an hour. When

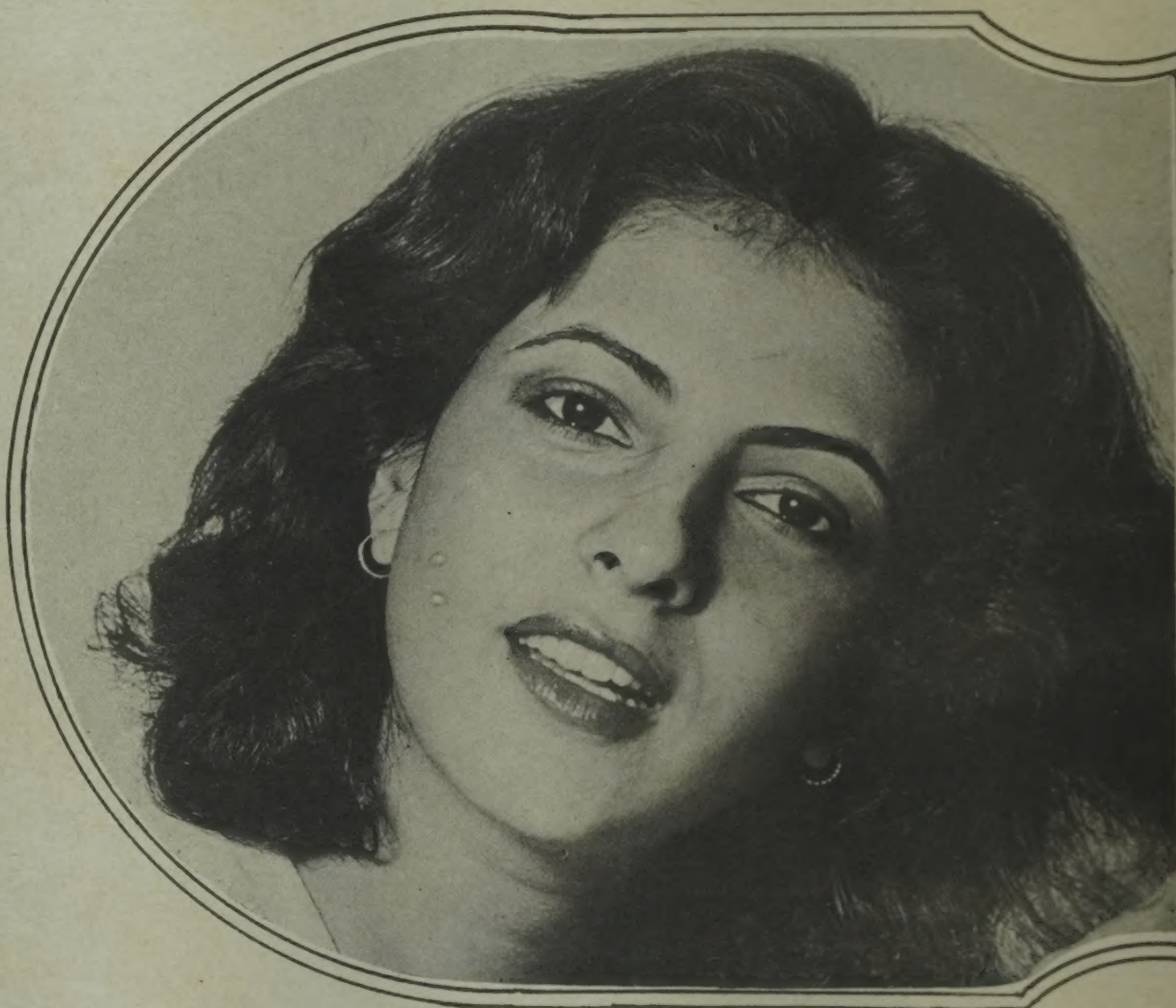
Raw grated potato is helpful when eyes are puffy or swollen.

To loosen and remove blackheads: Make a paste using a little rice powder, honey and white of an egg. Apply on skin and massage for five minutes, then wash off.

To minimise wrinkles, use a face pack made of white of an egg mixed with malai.

FACE MASKS

FOR A GLOWING COMPLEXION

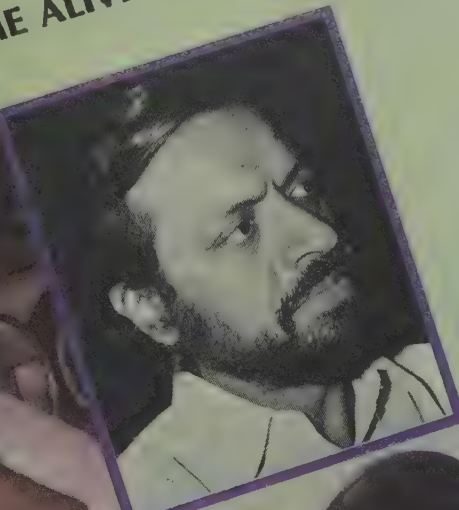
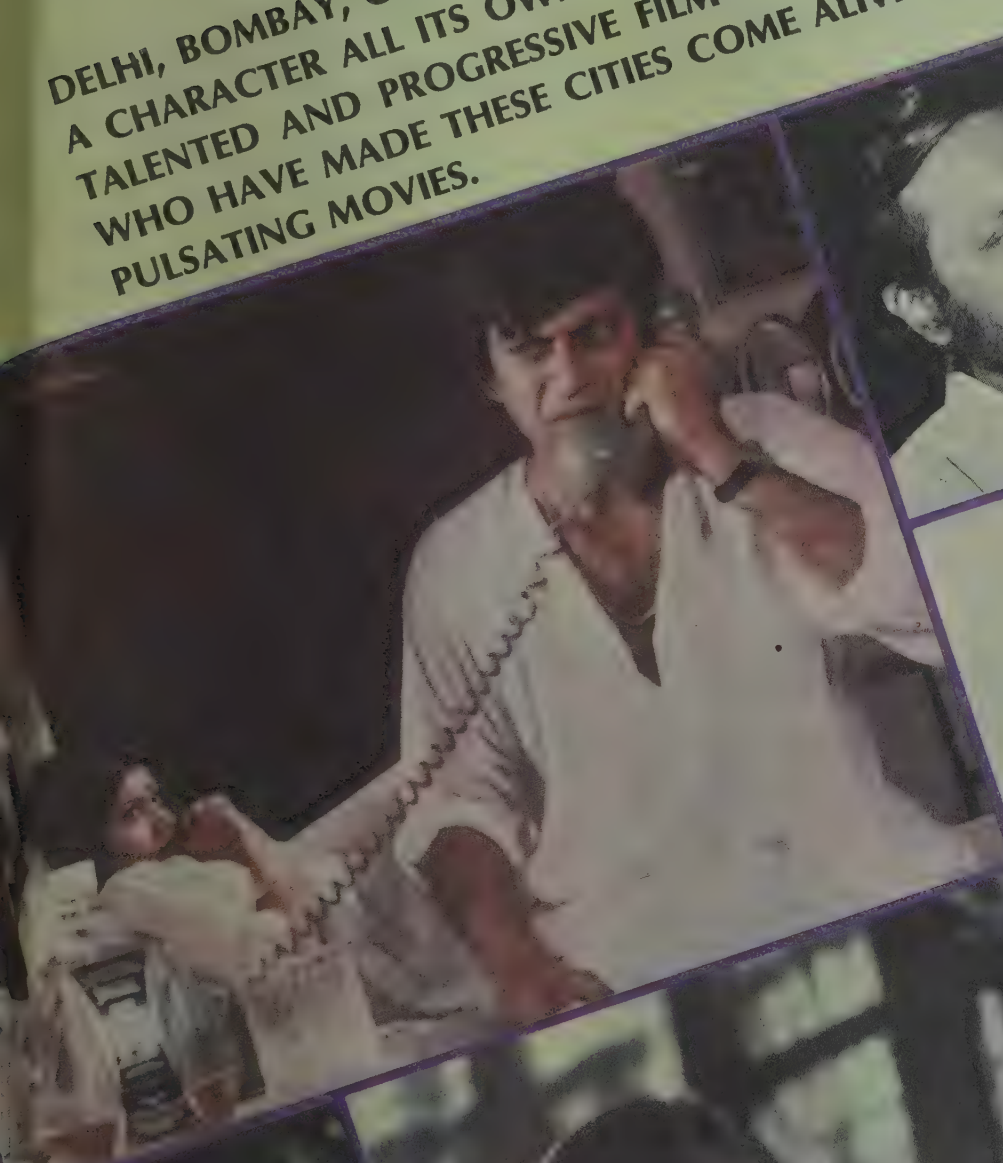


Sushilla Vaswani

TALES OF THREE CITIES

Raajiv Kumar

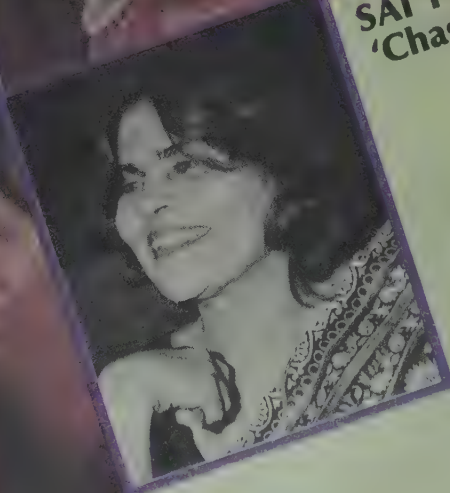
DELHI, BOMBAY, CALCUTTA — EACH WITH A CHARACTER ALL ITS OWN. . . AND THE THREE TALENTED AND PROGRESSIVE FILM-MAKERS WHO HAVE MADE THESE CITIES COME ALIVE IN THEIR PULSATING MOVIES.



SHYAM BENEKAL
'Kalyug'



APARNA SEN
'36 Chowringhee Lane'



SAI PARANJPYE
'Chashm-e-Buddoor'

Story on page 12

TALES OF THREE CITIES

Old, monumental buildings, broad roads lined by tall, green trees on both sides. Open spaces and cute and fashionable (though not ultramod) girls. That's Delhi.

Multi-storey buildings. Industries and textile mills. A strong trade union movement. Morchas. Big businessmen with their decorative wives. That's Bombay.

Dirty, congested, suffocating atmosphere giving you an impression of watching a black-and-white film. Trams. People deeply interested in art and culture. That's Calcutta.

Each of these cities has a character of its own, a flavour belonging to it. Great stories have been written about them. Now it's the turn of films. The current scene in Bombay. The heart of the Indian film industry is rife with talk about 'Chashm-e-Baddur,' 'Kalyug' and '36 Chowran-gee Lane' — three films as much based in Delhi, Bombay and Calcutta respectively as 'The Third Man,' was in Vienna, 'Sunset Boulevard' in Hollywood or 'Casablanca' in Casablanca.

'Chashm-e-Baddur' is a film about three bachelors who share a 'barsati' (A Delhi term for a terrace room). Two of them are real life bachelors — any girl who is not outright ugly is 'Miss Universe' for them. The smile of a girl is their ultimate aim in life. The third one, Siddharth (Farooq Sheikh) is a filmi bachelor — concerned only with his studies and as shy as an 18th century bride when it comes to girls.

Enters Neha (Deepti Naval), a beautiful girl. All attempts to win her heart by the first two — Omi and Jomu — end in disasters. She finally lands in the lap of Siddharth, mainly because of his shyness. The peace in his life (and in that of Deha) is destroyed when Omi and Jomu tell him false stories of their liaisons with her. They break up and now the friends assume the responsibility of undoing what they have done. Their plan for doing so lands the whole cast in deeper trouble. But of course everything works out well in the end, the lovers reunite and the friends are forgiven.

For Sai Paranjpye, the director, it was quite a turn-around from 'Sparsh', her last film (which was her first too). 'Sparsh' was a touching study of the world of the blind. What made her take up a light comedy right after 'Sparsh'?

"That's a good question," Sai

declares. "The reason is that I don't believe in sticking to one genre. An artiste's soul never gets peace; it keeps wandering, it always wants to try out something new. Those who don't have confidence in themselves stick to what they have been once successful at. I have confidence in myself and I see no reason why I should not try various genres.

"As for those who think that comedy is an inferior genre, I would like to tell them that it is not. In fact, it is more difficult

ment, 'Chashm-e-Baddur' is another kind."

Sai hails from Pune, she lives in Bombay. Why did she choose Delhi for shooting this film?

"There were two reasons. First, that I have served in Delhi for eight years as a producer on TV. I have spent a big part of my creative life in Delhi and naturally I have an affinity towards that city. In fact, the film is based broadly on a play that was telecast on Delhi TV when I was a producer there. I had even shot 'Sparsh' at Delhi.

"Secondly, this is a light, romantic film, and Delhi is just the place for such a film. Delhi

"How were the crowds in Delhi?"

"Terrible! People harassed us a lot. Once while shooting at a temple, there was even a bit of stoning. But surprisingly, when we shot at Cottage Emporium, we did not have any trouble at all. The crowds were so disciplined, so cooperative that we could not believe our luck."

Her next project is based on the problems of land-labourers in Maharashtra. It is to be shot partly in Bombay and partly in some village in Maharashtra. She is sure that it will make as interesting a film as 'Chashm-e-Baddur'.



Deepti Naval and Farooq Sheikh in 'Chashm-e-Baddur.'

to make a really intelligent and enjoyable comedy than a serious film. There are so many things that have to be taken care of while making a comedy — even a little lapse in timing can spoil the whole scene.

"I think the main thing is to be humane, to be concerned. Entertainment doesn't necessarily have to be stupid. Anything that touches your heart can be entertaining. 'Sparsh' was such a film. It was a story of the blind, but it was made with true feeling and compassion. People who have seen it tell me that they find it absolutely engrossing. This is one kind of entertain-

ment, has everything — open spaces, greenery, unspoilt skyline. In Bombay, the skyline is totally spoilt; you see an open space today, after a month you find that a multi-storey building has come up. Delhi on the contrary, is a very open, very romantic city."

"I presume you are talking about South Delhi," I interrupt.

"All of New Delhi. Old Delhi also is a very interesting, very charming place, but its charm is of a different kind and not suitable for this story. But for a different kind of film it might provide a perfect background."

IN stark contrast to 'Chashm-e-Baddur' is Shyam Benegal's 'Kalyug'. It is a story of two industrial families. These people are cousins and they are engaged in the same business. The professional rivalry leads to differences and both families start trying to harm each other. These efforts, started on a business level, ultimately reach the physical level.

"I am trying to explore the situations, the happenings and the kind of people that we are surrounded with and how they become..." Shyam fumbles while explaining the theme of his film. "Or, let's take it another

way. What is the final test of a person? Moral strength. Right? The final test of a person is his moral strength. Without moral strength there is no person. Whatever you do, concerns others. Your actions are determined by your attitude towards others. You can't just watch something terrible happening to somebody and say, 'How does it concern me?' Everyone has a particular attitude towards other things and the bitterness of this attitude, the brittleness of one's moral strength is my main concern."

"Sounds simple enough," I comment. Shyam disagrees. It seems he had been trying to make it sound simple so that I don't misunderstand and subsequently misquote him. "It's been the most difficult film of my career. Let's take a situation from the film. Both the families have submitted the tenders for the same job. One of them gets it. The other one thinks that they had an unfair advantage. They appeal and the first family's contract is cancelled. Now the first family thinks that they have been deprived of the job unfairly. Such situations may sound simple but they are very difficult to handle."

"I also found this film difficult to handle because so many people have speaking parts in it. And we shot the film mainly in people's homes where the space

is very limited, and that creates a lot of problems."

"The film works on so many levels — the actions, the reactions, the emotions, the situations, the industrial scene, trade unions. I would say it is a kind of life experience in a capsule."

"Would you say that it is a totally Bombay-based film?" I ask.

"Yes. In fact, originally, we had planned to shoot it in Ahmedabad, but we could not get the type of house we required there. So, ultimately, it had to be made in Bombay."

"Why were no pressmen allowed on the sets?"

"That is a myth created by some press people. Actually, journalists were allowed on the sets."

"We had a lot of problems of our own. We were shooting in houses in which people actually lived. We were so short of space that we were hard put to accommodate the lights and we had difficulty even in finding a place to change. Then, some of the people did not want journalists to be invited to their places since some journalists tend to write about the place and people rather than the film."

"Shooting in Bombay has its own drawbacks. One is not away

from home, not away from the office. Everyday problems start intruding in one's work. With so many diversions, we did not want to call anybody to the sets but if someone did arrive, he or she was not disallowed. In fact, a group of journalists from North India came over and visited our set. The only thing is that we did not go out of our way to invite anybody."

Shyam did not have any problems with the crowds even when shooting with stars like Rekha and Shashi Kapoor. "Such problems arise mostly in the North. When you are living in that part of the country, the stars are so remote, so unapproachable. Then, suddenly they are in your midst and you don't know how to behave."

NOR did the unit of '36, Chowringhee Lane' have any problems with the crowds. This, an English film made in India after many, many, years is about an old Anglo-Indian lady. This lady lends her place to two young lovers when they can't find privacy anywhere. Later, the couple marry, the husband obtains a good position and they forget the kindly old lady. For the old lady it is a rude shock. Jennifer Kapoor plays the Anglo-Indian lady.

Aparna Sen, the oh-so-big

star of Bengali cinema, who also acted in the Hindi 'Vishwas' and 'Imaan Dharam' is the director of '36, Chowringhee Lane'. Busy on her trip to Bombay, I succeeded in getting hold of her outside the preview theatre before she dashed in to see the rushes.

"How do you feel about directing a film?" I ask.

"Oh, it is terribly tiring, exhausting and exciting. I have never worked so hard in my life as I am doing now. There are so many headaches."

"Then why switch over to direction?"

"As I said, it is also very exciting. It gives you much more satisfaction than acting. And anyway, I haven't really switched over. I have not quit acting. I am still acting in Calcutta and this is the only film that I am directing at present."

"I hope this will not remain your only film," I comment.

"I hope not."

The producer (Shashi Kapoor) is Bombay-based, so is the heroine and Aparna has to make frequent dashes to Bombay for technical things (anyway, Calcutta has no colour labs). So, why didn't she shoot it in Bombay itself?

"Well, I could not make a film in a city which I don't know well enough."

"Does that mean that this film is very much dependent on the character of Calcutta city?"

"Yes, in the sense that all the characters not only live in Calcutta, they belong to Calcutta. A city is not simply a place; it acquires its character from the people that live in it. There are Anglo-Indians in Bombay too, but the Calcutta Anglo-Indians are different from the Bombay ones, and this lady truly belongs to Calcutta."

"In what way are the Calcutta Anglo-Indians different from the Bombay ones?"


"Well — how shall I put it? — Bombay Anglo-Indians have a definite Goanese influence. This influence is not there in the Calcutta Anglo-Indians."

"Don't you think that by making the film in English you will lose a big chunk of the audience?"

She shrugs. "I have to make it in English. The Anglo-Indian lady has to speak English if she is to look natural. The Bengali characters do talk in Bangla among themselves, but in those sequences we are providing English sub-titles."



Rima Lagu, Kulbhushan Kharbanda and Sushma Seth in "Kalyug".



**FIVE
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MAN'S HEART**

A selection of
100% polyester,
georgette and
Tishlon tissue
saris. And a
wide range of
polyester dress
fabrics.

BOMBAY

OVER 100 YEARS OF



DYEING



FASHION EXCITEMENT

a new contest

MOTHER-IN-LAW

I'M A MOTHER-IN-LAW EXPERT. MOTHERS-IN-LAW AS WELL AS MOTHERS-IN-LAW TO-BE. I HAVE TAKEN A DEVIOS PLEASURE IN COLLECTING THE GEMS PRESENTED BELOW...AND I SWEAR THAT EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THESE QUOTABLE QUOTES IS TRUE.

BUT MOTHERS-IN-LAW, DON'T TAKE THIS LYING DOWN.

SHONA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

A sleeveless choli, short-haired, cigarette-smoking socialite:

"I like these simple Indian traditions... My daughter-in-law has to touch my feet every morning. And when we don't have a servant she doesn't mind pressing my feet at night..."



SHANTA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

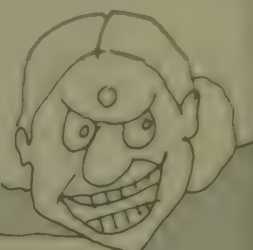
After the chickens in her poultry farm died of an epidemic:

"How come the chickens died only when Shanta was left in charge and not when I looked after them? She must have poisoned them to spite me."



SHARADA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

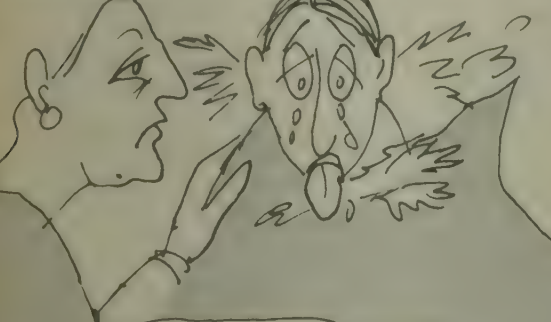
"How dare they name my grand daughter after her (meaning Sharada, of course!) mother and not after me? This is a deliberate insult to me..."



HEMA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

When her daughter-in-law cooks for the first time:

"My god, such spicy food! My son will die of ulcers (He's just had three helpings) if he eats this."



ELIAMMA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

When she discovers that due to various reasons, her spanking new daughter-in-law comes from a family where they eat only bland food:

"You'll have to eat the same amount of chillies we do (their food tastes like pickles to poor Eliamma!) or starve. We give no special treatment to anyone in this house."



LATA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

After her son has secretly forbidden his wife to ever cook bhindi in the house:

"My son only enjoys my cooking. I used to cook bhindi three times a week just for him... and now his wife refuses to cook it even once a week..."

And when she catches her son helping his wife in the kitchen:

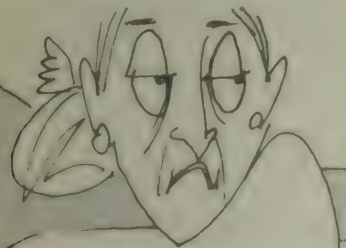
"I have not brought up my son with such love and care to cook for that woman."



ELAINE'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

When complimented on her gorgeous Christmas sari:

"So what if this sari is prettier? It cost less than Elaine's sari."



DEVI'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

"You know, when your father-in-law was posted in the forward areas for years, I had to bring up my sons single-handed. I led the life of a sanyasin and deprived myself of everything...so...oh, isn't that nylon sari from Dubai? Can I take it?..And also that imported time-piece...it'll look nice in our drawing room...and that mixie is just what my daughter has been looking for...I set my heart only on these little things to make me happy. Otherwise, tell me, when have I ever interfered in the way you run the house or treat me... although there are so many faults I could point out if I wanted to..."

VEDA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

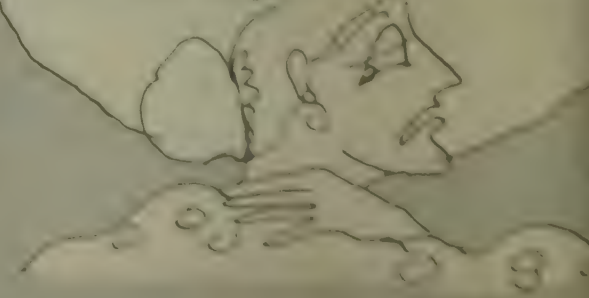
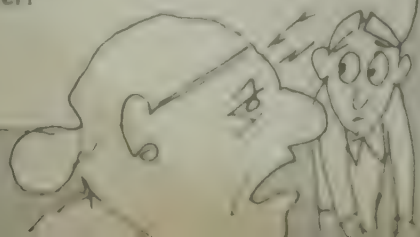
A variation of Devi's:

"When my son came back from London, I chose my favourite baby pink sari, and took the red one for my daughter because she's so fair...What? My daughter-in-law?...We left her the brown one with the yellow splotches on them...just can't understand these abstract designs..."

SUJATA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

A slight variation of Veda's:

"So what if my son's dark? He's a man. But imagine wanting to marry that darkie. How will she look in the red sari I'm supposed to give her?"



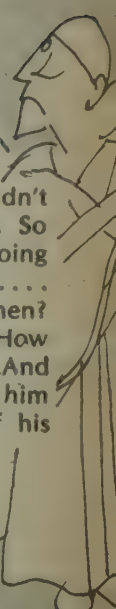
I'VE KNOWN

Lakshmi Narayan

**THERE IS STILL TIME TO RETALIATE!
SEND US YOUR VERSION (GENUINE ONES, OF COURSE!)
OF 'DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW I HAVE KNOWN'.
THE BEST THREE QUOTES (MAKE THEM SHORT AND PITHY)
WILL WIN A PRIZE OF RS. 25 EACH,
AND MUST REACH US BY MAY 2, 1981.
THEY DON'T ALL HAVE TO BE NASTY ONES, YOU KNOW.....**

SUMA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

"Since my son and daughter-in-law didn't marry in church they are living in sin. So it's perfectly all right that my son is going in for a divorce....What did you say?... Whether my grandson is illegitimate then? What nonsense, he's my son's child. How can there be any doubt about that?...And after the divorce I shall certainly bring him up...away from the heathen influence of his mother."



UMA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

"I just don't know what to do with that extravagant daughter-in-law of mine. She's not one bit like yours. First, she earns a measly Rs. 1,000 a month. And as you know, she brought no dowry either. Now she has the cheek to say that I must give her a pocket money of Rs. 300 a month instead of the usual Rs. 100 because the cost of living has gone up. Does she think we're running a dharamshala here....?"



TULSI'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

"My poor grandson has lost so much weight. My daughter-in-law insists on enjoying life so much that she spends the whole day in the office. After all, didn't I stay home and manage everything within my husband's salary?" (The son sends home Rs. 700 every month to his parents, that's why Tulsi works.)

SHAMLI'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

A widow whose husband was a known womaniser in his heyday. Now lording it over her daughter-in-law's two-bedroom establishment. Sniffs and says:
"I'm not used to living in a crummy place like this. It's beneath my status. My husband used to treat me so well.... We had plenty of servants, a big bungalow, a Mercedes... We didn't live like this..."

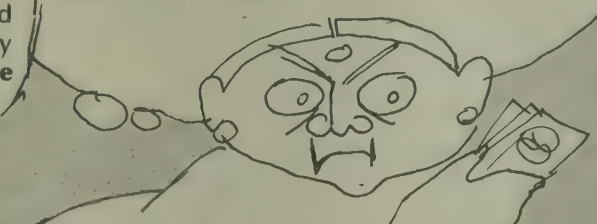


SANDHYA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW: (Prospective)

"The day after Ravi's marriage, we're planning to leave my younger daughters with them and go on a six-month trip to Europe...and we may stay for another six months with my daughter in the U.S....I only hope this girl will look after my two daughters properly....."

NIMMI'S MOTHER-IN-LAW: (Prospective)

"Son, I'm tired of doing all this housework day in and day out. When are you going to bring home a daughter-in-law?"



NAMITA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

"First, she couldn't conceive for 10 years, then she delivers two daughters in a row... now she has the cheek to suggest that my son go in for a medical examination!"



SNEHA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

"We gave her all the clothes, we got her married to our son when her parents threw her out of their house. Yet, she refuses to wear the pearls and chiffon we gave her, when she comes to the club. After all, we have to show a certain status in life....And now she has the nerve to tell us she's divorcing our son because she finds him incompatible! I tell you, there's no gratitude in this world these days...after all we did for her....."

LATIKA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW:

"Every time my son's male friends come home, she sits with them and talks like an equal and even shakes hands with them. Touching other men! Dancing close to them! Were they her husbands in her previous births? She thinks I don't know, but she's not averse to sharing a drink with them. And she does not even do it on the sly. She's so brazen she does it in my son's presence!It's all his fault, really, he's so enamoured of her that he takes my hints badly...After all, he is the man, he must discipline and control her...Wait, when they get divorced and he comes crying to me, then I'll give him a piece of my mind...."

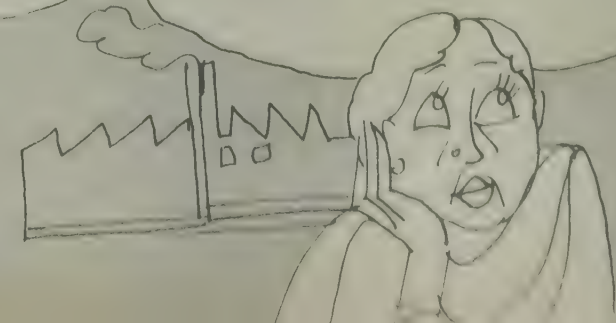
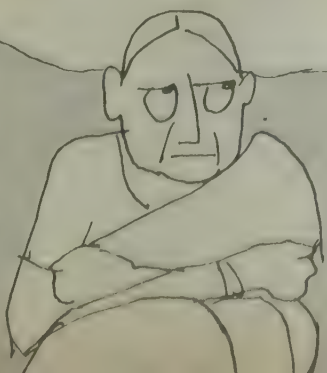
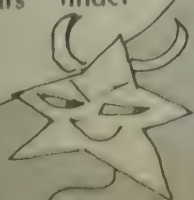


RASHIDA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW: (Prospective)

"Sigh! If only he'd agreed to marry Yasmin. Such a homely, sweet, girl. And so fond of us. So what if she's only a matriculate? After all, her father owns a factory in our home town and he has promised to pay for Karim's medical studies. It would have been a load off our back..... And they even hinted that they would send us on a world tour at their expense....Dowry? No, no. We don't accept it in our community.... Besides, Karim's father is a government official...."

BHARATHI'S MOTHER-IN-LAW: (Prospective)

"No, we don't want any dowry. But we're insisting on a diamond ring for my son only because our family astrologer says that it is essential for our son's health after marriage to protect him from the evil stars under which your daughter was born...."





We're all Goldspotters, we're going Goldspotting!

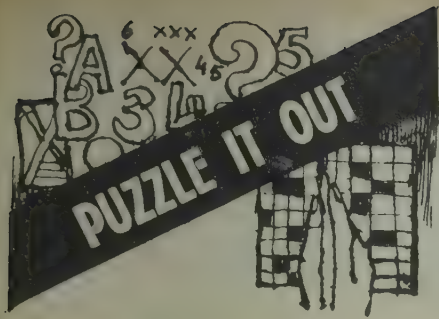
Hooray! Hooray!
It's a Goldspotting day!



It's not just a new word.
It's a way of doing things...
a great new feeling for fun,
a feeling that comes out with
only one word... goldspotting



...you'll like it

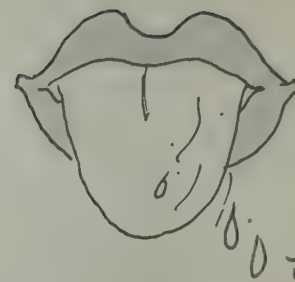


PHANTOM FIGURES

Complete this problem in multiplication, in which only five of the figures are given.

You will recall that in the multiplication table there are only three pairs of numbers that give

a product ending in 9. You will also note that in this problem two times one of the numbers in the pair must give a product ending in 4. The rest is easy.



GIVE YOUR TONGUE A SALIVA TEST

Five funny farmers found forty frozen francs

Six slick chicks fried six thick steaks.

Four fat Frenchmen fetched fifty fancy fowls.

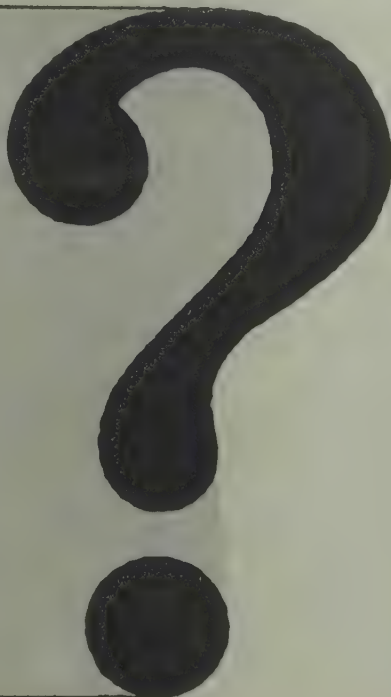
Seven shy soldiers sat shoulder to shoulder.

WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD?

BIG CATS

The answer to each of these clues is a word ending with the four letters-LION. How many of the big cats can you identify.

1. A bright colour
2. Resistance to authority
3. A yellow flower
4. A back seat
5. A vertical window bar
6. A unit of soldiers
7. Gold ingots
8. A scamp
9. A kind of horse
10. A large medal
11. A kind of horse-rider
12. A thousand thousand



GIVE US A NUMBER

$$54 \div 3 = 18$$

The square of a two-digit number is divided by half the number. After 36 is added to the quotient, this sum is then divided by 2. The digits of the resulting number are the same as those in the original number, but they are in the reverse order. The tens digit of the original number is equal to twice the difference between its digits.

What is the number?

LISTEN, WORLD!

Phrases now in common speech testify how widely persons have listened to, and perhaps been influenced by, certain men and women. Can you supply what's omitted here in a quotation from the past?

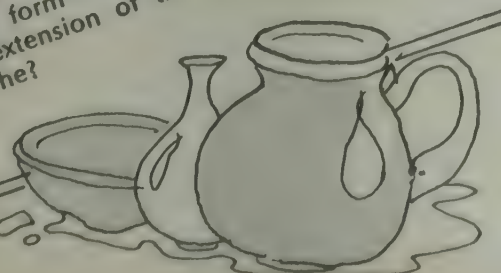
"Let us not throw the — after the bucket." — Cervantes.

One can't help but string along with Cervantes' words which bear on the continuous exercise of good judgement.

Missing is a four-letter word. What is it?

WHO'S IT?

He was born in 1730 in Burslem, Staffordshire, England, a district rich in pottery clays. At 29 he became a master potter and set up a business of his own. Experimenting in clays, glazes and processes, he produced an improved form of chinaware that came into great demand and led to the extension of the Staffordshire industry. He died in 1759. Who was he?



$$\begin{array}{r} X \ X \ X \\ X \ 2 \ X \\ \hline X \ X \ X \ X \\ X \ X \ 4 \\ \hline X \ 0 \ X \\ \hline 5 \ X \ X \ X \ 9 \end{array}$$

Solution on page 40

1	2	3	4	5	6		7	8	9	10
11							12			
13						14				
15						16			17	
			18		19					20
21		22							23	
24	25							26		
27					28		29			
30				31					32	
33									34	35
	36				37					

ACROSS

1. Simultaneous attraction and repulsion
11. — my God To Thee (hymn)
12. Gas
13. Nobody of importance
15. Dread
16. Spanish yes
19. Strip of wood
22. No one
23. Negative
24. First man
26. Ingested
27. Precious
28. Three
30. Arranged shortly
31. Captain
33. Crystals of ice
34. French the
36. Compass direction
37. Assert positively

DOWN

1. — and the King of Siam
2. Cat's cry
3. Poison
4. Anger
5. Air hole
6. Skill
7. Being
8. Marshall — (French officer)
9. Company briefly
10. Finale
14. — Duncan (dancer)
17. Teepee
18. Few
19. Embarrassing affliction for short
20. Christmas
21. — theme (movie music)
22. Slender
25. Mends by stitching
26. Yes
28. Rend
29. Correct for publication
32. Initials of "Treasure Island"
35. French and

While our 'desi' public is yet to recuperate from the "Baat Ban laaye" fever inflicted by Nazia Hassan and her haunting voice, here comes another singing sensation from Pakistan — Musarrat Nazir — all set to conquer the hearts of those afflicted with the current rage: disco mania.

Meeting Musarrat on the very first day of her first ever trip to India (a rather crammed, four-day schedule) was in itself a trying experience. First of all the lady was completely exhausted after more than 30 hours of non-stop flying from Canada and secondly she was reluctant to meet the press at short notice. Anyway, a little coaxing from the sponsors got me my deal and there she arrived — the lady who was recently voted the year's "Best Dressed Woman in Canada" — in a well-cut dark blue salwar kurta ensemble.

For Musarrat, fame and publicity came rather early in life, in her early teens, when she began her career as a film star in Urdu and Punjabi movies. Joining films was purely accidental for this beautiful girl. A close family friend who happened to be looking out for a fresh face spotted her and made an offer which her parents just couldn't refuse. Besides, since the producer was a family friend, she was well protected and so there was no question of opposition from her elders. The movie was a success and thereafter followed a series of hits, three of which got her the prestigious Pakistani President's Best Actress Award.

However, while her histrionics were being exploited left, right and centre, the talents hidden within the recesses of her voice-box lay dormant. Interested as she was in music, she tried to imbibe various styles of singing on her own by listening to stalwarts of the music world. She claims to be a self-made singer for she has had no formal training from any ustad or gharana.

At the zenith of her glory, she met a young psychiatrist with whom she fell in love and ultimately married. Leaving behind a glorious film career she settled down in Canada where her husband had set up practice. Feelers for movie contracts continued to pour in even after marriage but she resisted all the temptations and stuck to her husband. Did he discourage her from continuing in films? "No," she insists, "the decision was solely my own. I firmly believe that a marriage cannot work if the husband and wife are not together all the time." That was 13 years ago. Having firmly resolved to end her film career, she plunged headlong into developing her



Talented, beautiful and a dedicated artiste, Musarrat, Bombay's latest singing sensation, was interviewed by ARUNA MALLYA, during her visit to the city to launch her new record

other talent — music — and once she had made up her mind, there was no looking back. She set forth impulsively into the international circuit of professional singing in an alien country where cut-throat competition and racialism are common.

Her husband, she says, impressed by her determination, helped her edge her way through, and interested as he himself was in music, he did his own bit by writing out lyrics for her. Musarrat began with a band of musicians with instruments like the tabla and dholak, performing at cultural get togethers and during festivals. Her traditional ghazals and lilting Punjabi folk tunes were instantly applauded both by the locals and the Indians and Pakistanis and very soon she was the rage.

Side by side she took to competing T.V. shows and live modelling. Her association with the various cultural organisations and community programmes won her the title "Lady Of The Year", a rare achievement for a foreigner, especially a Pakistani in Canada where in recent times there has been immense antagonism between the two nationalities. Expressing her opinion on

the racial issue, Musarrat said that this tension surfaced due to the rigidity of habits of Indians and Pakistanis. In Canada, according to her, racial conflicts arose chiefly over food and cooking habits — the Canadians openly revolting against the pungent spicy odours of Oriental cooking. The mass migration of Indians and Pakistanis into Canada during the last 15 years has further aggravated the situation. However, the racial tension, Musarrat claims, has in no way affected her career as a singer. "The competition is there, of course, and I love it," she adds confidently.

It is very encouraging, she says, to see how many foreigners appreciate our music and also make attempts to learn Hindi.

While on the topic she had an interesting episode to relate. During her visit to Beijing as a member of a cultural delegation she had occasion to dine out with some Chinese. One item of food did not particularly catch her fancy and she whispered her dislike to her companion. Imagine her horror when a Chinese very apologetically remarked in 'shudh' Hindi "Aapko khaana pasand nahi aaya?"

This talented artiste has not confined herself solely to music and acting; she has also won wide acclaim as a modern dancer. "I like to communicate with people," she says, and dancing rhythmically with the music helps her to communicate the mood of her numbers.

Sometime last year Music India, all set to exploit the current craze for disco music, approached her with a contract to cut a disc for them in collaboration with the internationally famed group Boney M. and the musical genius Peter Moss and his orchestra. "It was a challenge and I took it up," says this pretty crooner. INDI DISCO — "M3" — a rare combination of talents from India, England and North America, recorded at the famous Ivan Berg Studios, London, promises a rare treat for music lovers all over the world with Musarrat and Mahendra Kapoor at their singing best and Amit Khanna with his sensational lyrics.

Would she be giving any live performances during this visit, I asked. Unfortunately no. This short trip was solely undertaken

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ — NO. 19

1. Sir P. G. Wodehouse
2. Gertrude Stein
3. 10 years. Syed Modi
4. No film. He's never said it.
5. 72
6. Om Puri
7. Pandit Ravi Shankar, Prof. S. S. Dhawan
8. 1812!
9. Benjamin Disraeli
10. Maharishi Mahesh Yogi
11. Howard Hughes
12. Guru Gobind Singh

The sum of Rs. 200 is being shared by three winners.

SHAHI TUKRAY

A satisfying sweet at the end of a meal.
The lightest and the easiest to prepare with
easy-to-follow steps shown
by MUMTAZ RAHIMTOOLA.

- 1 litre milk
- ¼ kg thickly whipped cream
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 sandwich bread, cut into 1-inch slices and then quartered
- ½ tsp. cardamom powder
- ¼ tsp. saffron, heated and crushed
- ½ cup ghee for frying
- 1½ tbsps. rose water

TO DECORATE:

- Silver foil
- A few rose petals

Some finely sliced almonds and pistachios (optional)

Heat some ghee in a frying pan. Fry the bread pieces till golden brown. Drain on an absorbent paper. Boil the milk till it reduces to half the quantity. Add in the sugar, saffron and cardamom powder.

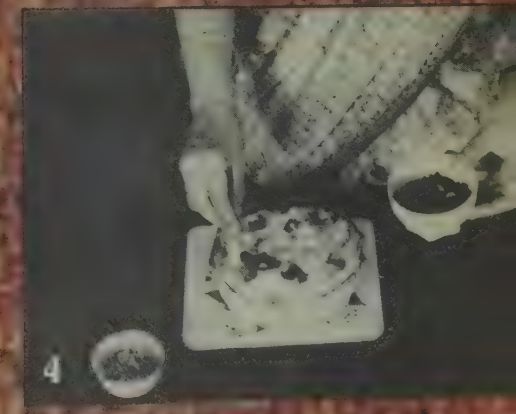
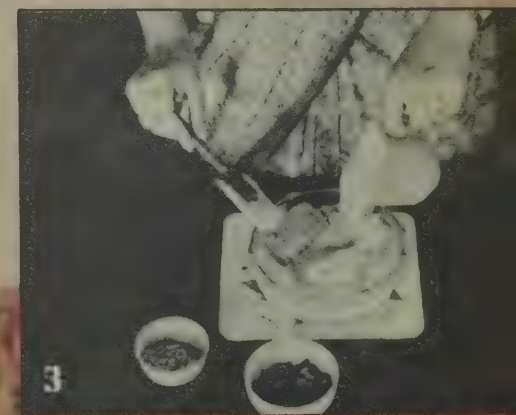
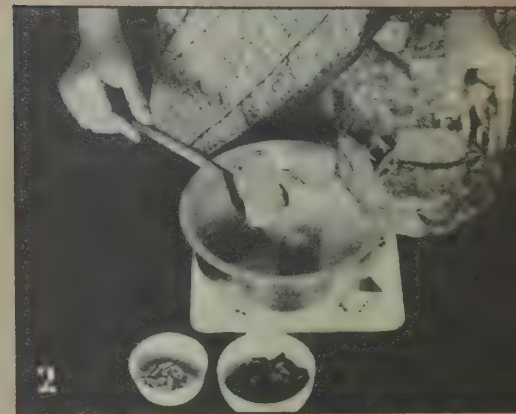
1. When the sugar dissolves, add in the bread and cook gently till most of the milk is absorbed.

2. Remove the bread pieces carefully and lay in a serving dish. Add rose water to the remaining milk and pour over the bread.

3. Cover with cream.

4. Decorate with foil, rose petals and chopped nuts. Chill till served.

Photographs: Taiyeb Badshah



Forget the itchy, burning misery of prickly heat!



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The prickly heat powder for
quickest relief.



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in 2 packs—
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Forget Prickly Heat.
At a price
lower than talc!!!

Only a prickly heat powder brings you quickest relief from itchy, burning discomfort.

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The lady behind the intense activity at the Shriram Bharatiya Kala Kendra is Shobha Deepak Singh, director of the Kendra.

"I took over from my mother, Mrs. Sumitra Charat Ram, 10 years ago," said Shobha. "Through her I developed an artistic inclination, and the courage to assume this stupendous task." The kendra provides training in classical Indian dance and music and presents ballets in Indian dance form, including the celebrated Ram Lila staged annually in Delhi.

"We'll be celebrating its silver jubilee next year," said Shobha. "In fact it is the longest time an Indian ballet has sustained public interest. In our recent tour of the South-East Asian countries, it was greatly appreciated."

But what received immense public applause was their latest ballet, 'Khajuraho'. Done in Mayur Bhunj Chau style, it transported the audience to the glo-

rious era of the Chandella kings. Shobha handled the costume designing and also wrote the script of the ballet. "I had to translate the story, 'Khajuraho Ka Shilpi' into a dance script, which was a tedious job. For authenticity we visited Khajuraho, and discovered from the villagers legends within legends."

SHOBHA DEEPAK SINGH

CULTURAL DIRECTOR



The eye-catching costumes in 'Khajuraho' were designed with great attention to detail. "I used either Chanderi or the Maheshwari saris of Madhya Pradesh.

As for jewellery, we got some of the designs from the local people of Khajuraho. My husband, who also happens to be my greatest critic, has always maintained that 80 per cent of the audience does not follow classical dance. For the audience then, ballet should be a visual experience."

The audience seems to think so too, as the shows always go houseful. "I think it's a very encouraging sign. There seems

to be a growing interest in Indian ballet. Curiously, a good percentage of the audience are foreigners."

'Konarak', 'Kaling Vijay' and 'Khajuraho' each signal a breakthrough in Indian ballet, with their novel ideas and varied dance forms.

"I could stage a ballet in Western style, but I know it would always be second best. I'd rather do something in Mayurbhunj Chau, a relatively unexplored dance form, and be a step ahead," said Shobha.

She's equally definite in her views on women. "Women, I believe, should definitely pursue careers of their own. I don't

think there should be any role conflict for a working housewife.

"I'm a career woman, but you can be assured that my house is well run. It is neat and tidy, and the fridge well stocked any time of the day. I spend an hour in the evening teaching my daughter, who is 12."

In her spare time, Mrs. Deepak Singh is learning to play the sarod, her guru being the illustrious Amjad Ali Khan. She also finds time for Kathak lessons from her guru, Munna Shukla. She thus seems to have struck a perfect balance between the two worlds. "I owe much of my success to my husband," admits Mrs. Deepak Singh. "He has always encouraged me to step out and work. If I sit at home, he says, I'll end up doing something useless."

She is currently, busy in the production of the forthcoming ballet, 'Shaan-e-Mughal'. It is based on the personal life of the three Mughal kings, Akbar, Jehangir and Shah Jehan. "Our culture and history is so rich and varied," mused Mrs. Deepak Singh, "that we don't need to look beyond the borders of our country for ideas and inspiration."

Anuradha Kochhar



Tricia and Patrick Daugherty, currently on their fourth visit to India, are inveterate globe-trotters. Weathered and seasoned by the exposure to a variety of different cultures, people and places, Tricia and Patrick have felt that life has been a rich and satisfying experience for them.

Over the years this young and sprightly American couple have been continuously involved in many social service projects.

Having served in the Peace Corps way back in 1969, Patrick received an added impetus and active encouragement from wife Tricia whom he met and married when both were studying at Duke University in North Carolina in 1976. Patrick holds a Masters degree in Health and Planning, and Tricia majored in music.

Inspired and interested by Patrick's accounts of his work with the Samoans in the South Pacific, the couple again enlisted with the Peace Corps to find themselves this time in Botswana, in Africa. In Serowe, the largest village in Botswana, they carried out an agricultural project teaching the villagers the basics

of health and nutrition and how to grow their own food. This was followed by a two year stint in Nicaragua in Central South America, under the auspices of CARE, and then again at Riyadh in Saudi Arabia where they spent

On his joining the Peace Corps a year as emissaries of Hospital Corporation International.

TRICIA & PATRICK DAUGHERTY

WORKING ABROAD



in 1969, Patrick says, "I specify myself as an idealist. Like many idealists who did not support the Vietnam war, I did not want to be involved in the war — the Peace Corps was the only alternative. I felt I could do something useful and avoid what I thought was wrong."

In between their various assignments, this much travelled couple managed to fit in several visits to India, each time travelling deep into the interior. But the motivating factor behind their Indian trips, was visits to their Guru on the banks of the Beas. Adhering to the Sant Mat way of life, Tricia and Patrick are strict vegetarians, teetotalers and spend long hours of the day in meditation. "It is a big decision for a westerner to become a vegetarian — as it is not a done thing in Western society," says Patrick whose association with the Eastern way of life dates back to his university days.

He started reading a lot on philosophy and religion and felt gradually drawn to Indian

Continued on page 31



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It was quite rare for the good-natured, easy-going Mrs. Chowdhury to be seen scowling but now, as she sat reading her mother-in-law's letter, she was definitely scowling. Getting Arati married! Was that all the old lady ever thought of — getting Arati married? Every letter was full of the same thing, ever since Anjali got married last year and Arati finished college, a couple of months later. A proposal from the Chatterjee's for their eldest son, a proposal from the young Mrs. Mukherjee or her brother-in-law, a proposal from somebody else for someone she knew, and each proposed suitor apparently quite unique and the ultimate in eligibility. Some times Mrs. Chowdhury couldn't help wondering how there could be so many perfect young men, all eager to marry her daughter on the first auspicious date.

And yet, she couldn't blame her mother-in-law for feeling the way she did, for very often, she felt exactly the same way herself. With her elder daughter married to an excellent young man, and going around looking so utterly blissful. . . Mrs. Chowdhury's mind drifted off into a wistful dream of Arati getting married even as Anjali had, ah decked up as a blushing bride should be, and of Arati settling down with her in-laws even as Anjali had. Oh, the way Anjali's in-laws spoke of her "Such a sweet girl! We never thought we would find such a wonderful daughter-in-law!" It was enough to make a mother's very existence worthwhile. And then Mrs. Chowdhury thought of Arati with her in-laws and she shuddered.

That was the whole problem, one which, try as she would she couldn't get across to her mother-in-law. As far as Mrs. Chowdhury (Sr.) was concerned, daughters were meant to be married off, the sooner the better, and what the daughter thought of the matter was besides the point. But Mrs. Chowdhury (Jr.) knew better. Anjali of course had never posed any problem at all. She had always seemed made for complaisance and a contented married life. Mrs. Chowdhury could scarcely remember a single incident which had involved Anjali answering back, or yelling at her sister, or fighting at school, or disturbing her own placidity in any way, but Arati had always more than made up for this. She was a tomboy when she was younger and a spirited young lady now — headstrong and boisterous and always well-meaning.

Mrs. Chowdhury's thoughts went back to the time Arati took up the cause of Women's Liberation. She was scarcely out of school then — her final examinations were just over — and she picked up the idea from a book she had been reading. She decided, that the people around her needed to be made aware of the Women's Lib. movement and the fact that women could be repressed no longer. She started by spending two days trying to convert Anjali, who didn't feel repressed in the least and was therefore much bewildered by Arati's rabble-rousing harangues. After two days Arati gave her sister up as a lost case and turned her attention to her parents instead. Two more days passed before Arati tired of trying to break past Mr. and Mrs. Chowdhury's amused tolerance and on the third day she decided that she had to prove her dedication to the cause to this block-headed unfeeling family.

She chose her moment when the rest of the family had gone out shopping, and she gathered all her bras together and made a nice bonfire of them in the verandah of their flat. She had a splendid smoky fire going by the time the rest of the family came back and there was terrific confusion before they realised that the whole house wasn't on fire. It was only Arati's bras. Arati couldn't go out of the house for the next couple of days because she didn't have a bra to wear, and for some reason, no more was heard about women's liberation after that.

Mrs. Chowdhury stopped smiling as her thoughts came out of the past, back to the present and she sighed instead. Arati's father called her latest campaign "INGTOMAN" which stood for "I am NOT going to marry now" and he treated it with the same amused tolerance that he had treated her past campaigns. He kept telling his wife to stop worrying so much and insisted that this, like all the others before it, was only a passing phase. It would soon be over and then Arati too would go Anjali's way.

But Mrs. Chowdhury wasn't so sure. For one thing no other campaign of Arati's had lasted for so long and for another (of course, it could be just her imagination), none had so much vehemence as Arati was putting into this one. Supposing. . . Mrs. Chowdhury felt that familiar old feeling somewhere in her middle. . . supposing Arati was carrying on with someone, supposing she was having an Affair? It wasn't impossible. But then, and Mrs. Chowdhury's spirits rose when she thought of this, whatever Arati's qualities were, reticence wasn't one of them. She had never concealed anything about her past boyfriends, and if anything, the family generally tired of hearing of her latest flame far before she did.

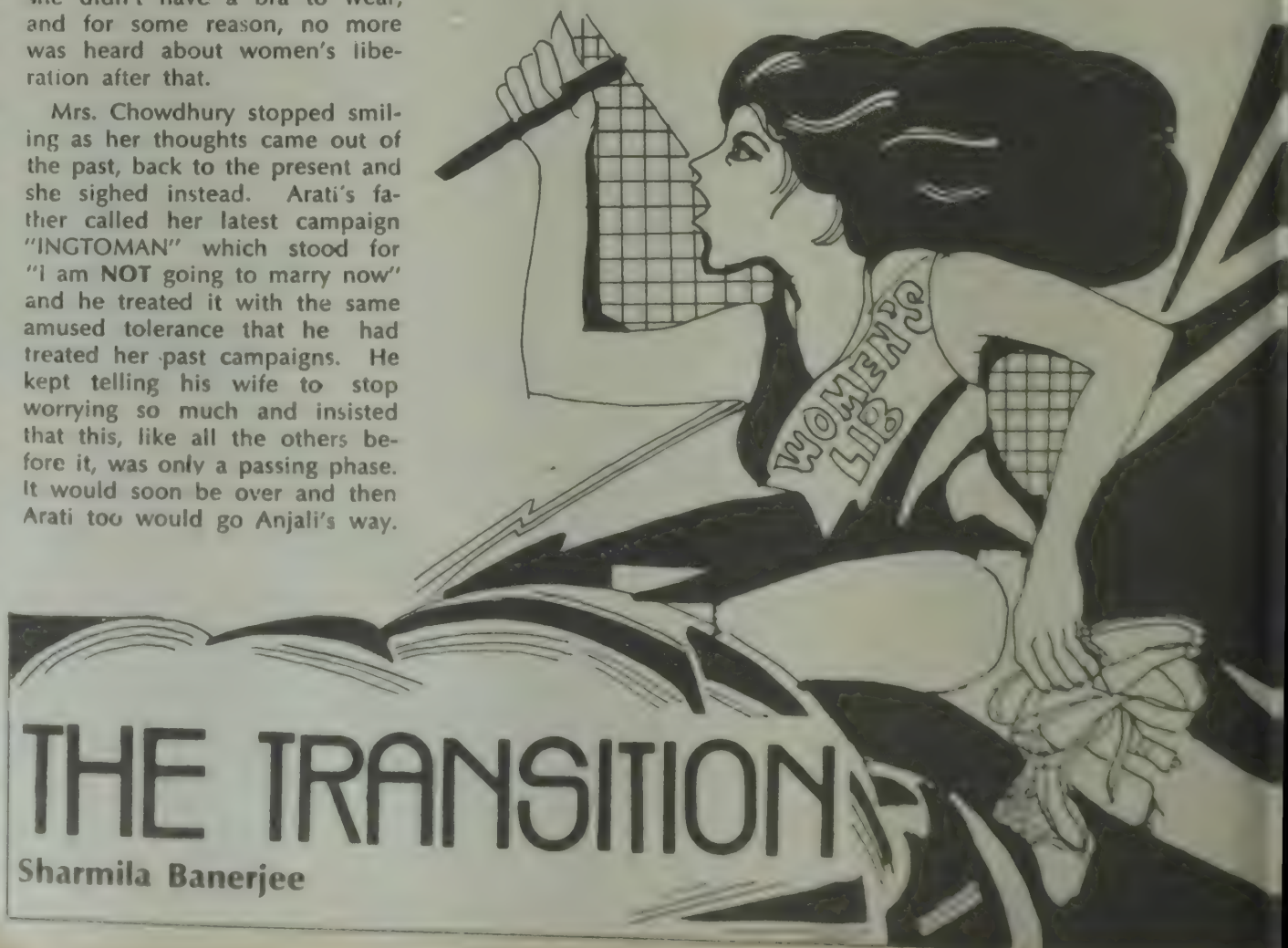
No, it couldn't be that, decided Mrs. Chowdhury. Her husband was probably right after all. This "INGTOMAN" was just another passing phase. Her scowl vanished now and Mrs. Chowdhury went back to reading her mother-in-law's letter.

Another proposal. Of course. This time the boy lived in Bombay too. (At least it sounded more hopeful than the last one, for Arati simply refused to listen to proposals that meant staying anywhere except in the city she had grown up in.) His name was Ashish Chakrabarty. He had a long enough list of qualifications

to satisfy Arati's father and the gist of the long list as far as Mrs. Chowdhury was concerned was that this Ashish Chakrabarty was an engineer, working for one of the better known firms in Bombay. He was the only son (more and more hopeful — Arati had refused to marry into a large family) and his parents who lived in Calcutta were well-known to Mrs. Chowdhury (Sr.) and slightly known to Mrs. Chowdhury (Jr.). Better and better.

Further, said the letter, Mr. and Mrs. Chakrabarty had already been in communication with their son and Ashish had been asked to go over to the Chowdhury's house on the 14th. Mrs. Chowdhury (Sr.) was sure that it would be no problem for them to be at home, since the letter would reach in ample time and any plans for the evening could doubtless be changed. The frown reappeared on the younger Mrs. Chowdhury's face as she read through this last bit once more. Trust the old lady to do something like that again!

The last time she had done it Arati had refused to even meet the prospective suitor. It had been so embarrassing. How was she going to tell Arati now, or Arati's father for that matter? He didn't like this sort of thing any better than Arati did. It was a Friday too. . . Friday? . . . 14th?



THE TRANSITION

Sharmila Banerjee

To say that a lady of Mrs. Chowdhury's not inconsiderable bulk jumped up from her chair and ran for the calendar may seem inappropriate. Nevertheless, Mrs. Chowdhury did just that and when she reached the calendar, her worst suspicions were confirmed. Friday, 14th was today.

Much later, Mrs. Chowdhury was to come to the conclusion that the inexplicably late arrival of the fateful letter was a blessing in disguise. At that time, however, when she realised that this Ashish Chakrabarty was coming over that very evening to meet Arati, she came near to being thrown into a panic. This awful chap would probably land up straight after office and both Arati and her father were coming home late and there wouldn't be time enough to warn them and goodness knew how Arati would react when she saw him and oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

As it turned out, Mrs. Chowdhury was quite justified in feeling nervous, for not only did she not have time enough to warn Arati and her father, but this awful chap actually landed up before either of them had come home and she had to sit with him for quite half an hour before they came back. The only thing which Mrs. Chowdhury hadn't quite foreseen and which fairly ruined the feeling of righteous indignation she had built up, was that this awful chap

wasn't awful at all. Ashish was in fact, a very nice young man.

Mrs. Chowdhury began to feel this from the moment he introduced himself rather nervously, as "...er... Gita Chakrabarty's son—er... My mother said you'd know her. . .? Mrs. Chowdhury was quite disarmed. The haughty reserve she kept for strangers who didn't know any better than to come barging in without even a phone call, melted away com-

pletely, and she fairly fell over herself trying to make the poor boy feel at home. They were quite absorbed in an intricate discussion, which involved trying to trace how Ashish's mother's aunt's husband was related to Mrs. Chowdhury's mother's sister-in-law, when Arati and her father came home, half-an-hour later. Quickly Mrs. Chowdhury jumped up to introduce Ashish to the two of them and she got the whole family involved in the discussion of the complicated relationship before Arati had time to get suspicious and raise her defences.

Ashish stayed over for dinner that evening and the end of the

evening saw him and Arati on positively back-slapping terms. Needless to say this outcome surpassed Mrs. Chowdhury's wildest dreams and resulted in even wilder dreams in the weeks that followed. Arati saw plenty of Ashish and if she was surprised at her mother's treating him like a long lost son, she didn't show it. On her part she spoke of Ashish as a "decent chap" and "quite OK", which

hension on her face.

In all this time Ashish must have been in communication with his parents, because a month later, Mrs. Chakrabarty, Ashish's mother, wrote to Mrs. Chowdhury with a formal proposal for the hand of her daughter for Ashish. To say that Mrs. Chowdhury was bowled over would be to put it mildly. For one thing, she had never really thought that matters would come to

It was the dearest wish of all her well-meaning relatives, that she should get married, but Arati took her time, and, as in everything else, did it her way

didn't sound particularly encouraging to her father. But then, of course, he reminded himself ruefully, the language that the kids used these days was slightly different from what he had used long ago. In any case, he was content to let his wife take the active part in the matter and remain observer himself.

A couple of weeks passed by and Ashish continued to turn up regularly at the Chowdhury household. And though Arati was uncharacteristically silent on the matter of Ashish, Mrs. Chowdhury gradually began to find the signs she had been looking for in her daughter.

For one thing, Arati seemed to take an unprecedented interest in sarees and jewellery and cosmetics, in fact in dressing up in general. She actually stopped arguing every time she was told to go and comb her hair and please get out of those jeans for once. Then she stopped biting any one who mentioned marriage and the ING TOMAN campaign was so rarely heard of that Mrs. Chowdhury almost began missing the uproar it had invariably brought with it. And then one day Mrs. Chowdhury came across her daughter poring over the photos of Anjali's wedding. Mrs. Chowdhury was rather taken aback — Arati had been present at the wedding and she had seen those photos innumerable times. What on earth was she staring at now?

"I was only looking to see what Didi was wearing — all the paraphernalia... I mean... Didi did look very pretty, didn't she?" and Arati had abandoned the album and run away, leaving Mrs. Chowdhury staring after her with the beginning of compre-

a head so soon and for another, for Mrs. Chakrabarty, as the boy's mother, to have written first, was an honour so great that Mr. Chowdhury privately wondered how long his wife would be able to bear it without collapsing.

The only thing that marred Mrs. Chowdhury's bliss was the fact that matters would now have to be brought out in the open with Arati. Of course, there could scarcely be any doubt left that she would react to the proposal favourably, but still... Mrs. Chowdhury thought of the ING TOMAN days and shuddered. She decided to put off talking to Arati for a couple of days.

Mrs. Chowdhury was still dithering, two days later, when Ashish turned up quite unexpectedly in the evening and asked to speak to Mr. Chowdhury alone. Audience granted, he squared his shoulders manfully and started on what was obviously a carefully prepared speech.

"Uncle... I mean... Sir, Arati said... that is... I mean er... Arati..." and then, in a desperate rush of words, "Arati's agreed to marry me and she wanted me to come and tell you and I think she's feeling shy... I say, my mother has written to you, hasn't she?"

Ashish and Arati were married exactly four months from the day they first met and everyone said what a handsome couple they made. Later, Mrs. Chowdhury was to have difficulty in deciding which of her daughters took to married life better, but at that moment her only difficulty was containing her happiness within decent limits.



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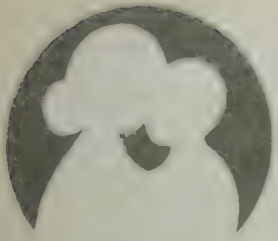
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"Oh Jane, thank you!" said Pratima. Jane hadn't said a word. For she was only a doll and that too a one-eyed doll but Pratima who was only five pretended that Jane had wished her a happy birthday. It was better than nobody wishing her. Uncle and Aunt had forgotten that it was Pratima's birthday. And her parents were far away. So there was only Jane to wish her.

Oh well, she had to cheer up. There wasn't any use remembering Mummy or the cake she would have baked. Pratima hoped that Uncle would remember to take her to the park in the evening. But both of them had gone out to work so they would come back so tired that they would want to rest. So with a great big sigh Pratima went to the balcony and looked down.

How very crowded Bombay was! The road below was dirty and full of people, rubbish, cows and dogs. And a lot of noise! Some children played near the road and Pratima wished that she could play with them. But she was very shy and hadn't made any friends yet. So she held Jane in her arms and tried to talk to her. She was such a pretty doll really, with her long golden hair and her red frock which had faded a bit now. If only she had her other eye. But a naughty little boy had pulled it out one day, still Pratima loved her as much as on the first day she had got her.

"Now Jane, we must have a bath," she said. Then she went into the bathroom where Lakshmbai had kept hot water ready and took a bath. She bathed Jane too. Then for herself she chose a favourite yellow dress and put it on. It had dear little heart-shaped pockets with lace round them. Jane had to make do with her old red dress. Then again she went onto the balcony. Suddenly it began to rain. Great big drops of rain! And the wet earth gave out its soaked scent! Pratima sniffed it happily, looking down at the people in the road beginning to run hastily for shelter! Somehow she liked the rain, feeling that it would clean up this old building. Soon it began to rain hard and fast. And she could hardly see anything.

"I think we'll go inside and read," she said to Jane and was about to turn away when she saw something strange. She looked harder outside and gasped. It was a large bubble floating on the clouds! She could hardly believe her eyes for inside the bubble was a pretty lady. She wore a pink saree with little blue flowers on it. The bubble came right up to the balcony and balanced gently on the railing. A little door inside it opened and out stepped the lady! Pratima stared hard. "Happy Birthday, Pratima!" said the new-comer. "Oh, who are you, thank you very much!" said the little girl all in one surprised breath!

"I'm Dot the Bubble Fairy," said the lady in the pink saree. "I've come to take you with me. Would you like to spend the day in my company?" she asked. Pratima could hardly believe her luck! "Oh yes I would!" Dot stepped up to the bubble and opened the door. Pratima hesitated. "You mean I can come inside that?" Dot grinned at the big-eyed girl and said, "Of course, and you can bring Jane too!" So in they all went. Inside there were two chairs that looked like giant mushrooms. And Pratima sat on the one next to the window, while Dot sat on the other. Then she pressed a button and off they flew!

After pinching herself hard once or twice, Pratima finally believed that this wasn't a dream and relaxed on her seat! When she looked out of the window she saw soft fluffy white clouds for the rain had stopped. And then, looking down she could see tender green fields with small yellow flowers dotting them. Small streams looked like silver threads running through the fields. And here and there she could make out tiny figures of sheep and cattle, grazing.

Then the bubble started to go down between two small mountains and settled on the ground. Pratima looked out and saw a wooden house. It was the prettiest house she had ever seen. It was only made of planks of plain wood but it was painted white and green which made it look very cheerful. And all round it there were tiny bright red flower-pots, each with flowers growing inside them.

"Oh what is that house?" she asked Dot.

"Come and see," invited her new friend. So Pratima, holding Jane in her arms, stepped out of the bubble and walked eagerly towards the house.

As soon as she stepped inside the white door which had a shiny brass door-knob, Pratima knew what it was. The large bright room was full of old, broken toys. There were dolls with an arm or a leg missing, there were cars and lorries with wheels lost, and there were small doll's houses which were broken. But in one corner lay the teddy bears and these looked so sad that Pratima was soon drawn to them.

Most of the dolls and teddy bears were crying and had to be consoled. Because careless little girls and boys had treated them very badly and thrown them off just because they were broken. New toys had taken their place so they were forgotten. Dot had brought Pratima here because she was a little girl who had kept her old doll with love, even after she had lost her one eye. "Come I'll teach you to mend old toys and make them as good as new," said Dot.

The Fairy in the bubble

Laksha Hathi



They went to the teddy bears. Some of them were tattered and their coats had to be brushed out. Dot took out clean flannel material and showed Pratima how to cut it out neatly and patch up the torn coats. Soon she was working neatly and fast.

With Jane in her lap Pratima worked busily. She took the sad bears and stuck on their torn ears. She spoke to them gently consoling them. But there was one little fellow who cried long and bitterly and just would not be consoled. He had lost his one

manage without the other! So she took it out trying not to notice the dreadful empty space between the long lovely lashes. And stuck it onto the little bear's face. At once he stopped crying and smiled so happily through his tears at Pratima that she felt

Continued from page 23

Pratima saw something strange . . . a large bubble floating on the clouds. She could hardly believe her eyes for inside the bubble was a pretty lady in a pink saree

She also combed out the tangled hair of the dolls and mended their dresses. "One day I'll teach you to make little dresses too," said Dot. The bubble fairy then had to go and get some material so she left Pratima to mind the place and went out.

blue eye and it could not be found. All his comrades tried hard. They looked just about everywhere but at last had to give up. The little bear was just heart-broken. He was so very small too.

Then, Pratima remembered Jane's eye. She sighed. Well, anyway Jane had managed with one eye so far. Perhaps she could

warm in her heart.

Just then Dot came back. She was very pleased with all the work Pratima had finished. She then gave her tea with freshly baked buns and a pink cake. And as she ate the bears sat around and smiled at her cheerfully. Then Dot said it was time to go home. "But you can come again whenever you want to," she said. So Pratima gathered up Jane, and they walked out to the bubble waiting in the garden.

As it floated over the green fields with yellow flowers Dot asked, "Did you enjoy your birthday Pratima?" She nodded happily, a huge smile brightening up her face. "Oh yes, I did, thank you Dot!" Then said the bubble fairy, "Now when you make friends, you must teach them to take care of their old toys and how to mend them." And Pratima promised that she would.

As they floated gently down into the balcony at home, Dot gave Pratima a small purple soap. "This is my birthday present to you," she said and gave her a kiss. "Whenever you want to come for a bubble ride, you must put this soap in a mug of water and then blow bubbles, and in the seventh bubble I shall come and get you!" Pratima carefully kept the soap in her pocket, and hugged Dot who smelt like fresh soap too! Then holding Jane in her arms she waved goodbye to the bubble fairy as she rose slowly into the sky and floated away without a whisper of sound.

When Pratima awoke next morning she thought "Oh what a lovely dream I had!" She then woke up Jane and gasped! For she had both her eyes now. Bright blue lovely eyes with long dark lashes! And then she rushed to her yellow dress and felt inside one heart-shaped pocket. There was the purple cake of soap! "Oh Jane!" she said happily and hugged her hard.

philosophy which seemed to present facts in a convincing manner. "You and I may call it Indian, but it is universal. The logic behind the teachings appealed to me, it made sense," he adds.


Relating their multifarious experiences abroad, the Daughertys have a dramatic story to tell. Of the time when they were caught up in the in-fighting and civil war in Nicaragua in Central South America between the leftist Sandinistas (who ultimately won power) and the loyalist forces of President Anastasio. "The services were disrupted throughout the country, there was no law and order, the supplies of food and necessities from the city had stopped, and we were completely cut off from the airport and the outside world, till we were literally air-lifted to safety from the hill-top house of the American ambassador!" Pat recalls.

However, their other experiences were of a different kind. They learnt to live and interact with the simple village folk under primitive conditions. "The houses were wooden with a tin roof, no ceiling and wooden boards. And mildew settled on the supplies due to the wet and humid climate. And we used to collect drinking water from the tin roof," laughed Tricia, who helped out by giving English lessons to government officials and their wives. They learnt Spanish to interact better with the people.

After their long sojourn abroad their thoughts have turned homeward again. Tricia would like to continue her study of music, teach and perhaps start a family. Coming from a business family Patrick has mixed feelings about settling down, though no doubt it has its advantages too. "Constant travelling is not as romantic as it seems. There are many negative points. The incessant packing and unpacking wears one down, and the day to day trials as a foreigner when even simple routine things take time and effort to be accomplished, adds to the frustration," feels Tricia. And Patrick adds, "One is always far from family and friends, and there can be no deep friendships due to the transitory nature of one's stay, as tomorrow we may not see each other again."

Nita Parekh



A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a vibrant red saree and a pearl necklace, is seated at a dining table. She is looking down at a plate of food. The table is set with a white tablecloth, several white plates, and a glass. The background is a simple, light-colored wall.

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THE PIQUANT TOUCH

One of the good food restaurants still existing, that serves mouth-watering spicy and fiery Goan food is the CITY KITCHEN — a tiny unnoticeable restaurant situated on the Frere road, near Fort Market, but popularly known and remembered for its delicious spicy fish curry rice and pork vindaloo among office goers. And, as the proprietor Sacru Menezes puts it, "the food served is mainly home type. You can eat two to three dishes at a time and still go back to office and work."

The place is as homely as the food, with straight backed wooden chairs and tables with plastic covers and the daily menu scribbled over several small blackboards. All the dishes are priced moderately — ranging from Rs. 3.50 to Rs. 6.50 per dish.

Sacru, like any other restaurateur, does the purchasing himself every morning. Vegetables, fish and meat bought from Crawford Market and various other markets in the Fort area.

So far, whoever has visited the City Kitchen has savoured the food immensely and will always remember the courteous service rendered to them with one request to Sacru, "Keep up your standard."

PORK VINDALOO

- 1 kg pork (cubed and boiled)
- 6 onions
- 15 cloves garlic, flaked
- 2 inch piece ginger
- 20 red dry chillis
- $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. cummin seeds
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. peppercorns
- 1 inch piece whole turmeric
- 6 green chillis, slit
- Salt, tamarind, vinegar and sugar to taste

Slice the onions, six cloves of garlic and one inch piece ginger. Grind together the red chillis, cummin seeds, peppercorns, turmeric and the remaining ginger and garlic. Fry the sliced onion, ginger and garlic. When brown, add the ground masala, pork and sufficient water. Add green chillis, sugar, salt, tamarind and vinegar to taste. Cook till the gravy thickens.

MEAT CHILLY FRY

- 1½ kg beef or mutton
- 4 green chillis
- ½ kg onions, sliced
- ½ kg potatoes, cubed
- 1 inch piece ginger
- 1 pod garlic, flaked
- 2 tsps. turmeric
- ½ tsp. pepper
- Vinegar to taste
- Salt to taste or as required

Boil the meat. Grind the chillis, ginger, garlic, turmeric and pepper. Mix them all with vinegar. Brown the sliced onions in oil. Add the meat, masala and the potatoes. Add sufficient warm water, cover and cook till tender.

MASALA STEAK

- 1 kg undercut meat
- 2 green chillis
- 1 pod garlic, flaked
- 1 inch piece ginger
- Salt to taste
- ½ tsp. peppercorns
- 2 tbsps. vinegar
- 2 tbsps. soya sauce
- 2 tbsps. oil
- Onions, potatoes and tomatoes for garnishing

Trim the meat and beat to tenderize. Grind the chillis, garlic, ginger and peppercorns. Mix it with the vinegar, soya sauce and oil. Mix meat in this mixture and marinate for three to four hours. Heat a little oil in the frying pan and fry the onions (cut in rings) for three to four minutes. Drain and set aside. Fry the potatoes as French fries and set aside. Now fry the steak on medium fire and turn after sometime. Serve with the fried onions, potatoes and tomatoes.

FISH CURRY

- 1 pomfret
- 1 coconut, grated
- 6 dry red chillis
- 1 tsp. coriander seeds
- ½ tsps. cummin seeds
- 4 cloves garlic, flaked
- 10 grams tamarind (mix in water)
- 4 green chillis
- 1 onion, sliced
- 1 inch ginger, chopped fine
- 1 inch turmeric
- 1 lemon
- Salt to taste

Clean and wash the pomfret. Cut into pieces and sprinkle salt and lemon juice. Marinate for one hour. Grind the coconut, dry chillis, cummin seeds, co-

riander leaves and garlic together. Add the ground masala and sufficient water. Allow to cook. Mix the onion, tamarind water, and green chillis. Simmer for ten to fifteen minutes. Add the fish and cook for another ten minutes. Serve with boiled rice.

PRAWN CUTLETS

- 2 cups prawns, shelled
- 2 onions
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds
- 2 cloves garlic, flaked
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1-inch piece ginger
- Green chillis to taste
- 1 bunch coriander leaves
- Bread crumbs
- Salt to taste
- Chilli powder to taste
- Oil for frying

Chop the onions, garlic and ginger finely. Fry in oil till soft. Boil the prawns till tender. Fry. Grind to a paste along with the rest of the ingredients except the bread-crumbs and eggs. Form into round cutlets, roll in crumbs, dip in beaten eggs, roll in crumbs again and deep fry till golden brown. Instead of the prawns, any other fish may be used.

MASALA LIVER

- 250 grams liver
- 1 cup peas, shelled
- 1 large tomato
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder
- 1 tsp. coriander powder
- 1 onion, sliced
- Salt to taste
- Oil as required

GRIND TO A PASTE:

- 1 big onion

- 4 cloves garlic, flaked
- 1-inch piece ginger

Extract milk from the coconut and keep aside. Heat the oil. Fry the ground paste. Add the chopped tomatoes, salt, powdered spices and cook till dry. Add the liver pieces to the above fried masala. Cook till the liver is tender. Put in the peas. Lastly add the coconut milk. Cook till thick. Serve hot.

MINCE PULLAO

- ½ kg mince
- ½ kg onions
- 2-inch piece ginger
- 12 cloves garlic, flaked
- 1 tsp. turmeric
- ¼ tsp. chilli powder
- ½ tsp. cummin seed powder
- ½ tsp. pepper powder
- 1 tomato
- A bunch coriander leaves
- 4 green chillis

FOR THE PULLAO:

- 1½ cups rice
- 1 large onion
- 5 cloves
- ½ tsp. peppercorns
- 1-inch piece cinnamon
- 1 bay leaf
- Salt to taste

Fry the onions in ghee till brown. Then add the ginger, garlic and chillis. Now put the mince and the rest of the ingredients. Add the tomato, coriander and salt to taste. Add sufficient water, and cook till tender.

Soak the rice for half an hour. Fry the onion, add cloves, peppercorns cinnamon, rice and bay leaf. Then add salt to taste and enough water to stand one inch above the rice. Cook till the rice

is done. Put the rice and water in layers and cook over very low flame for a few minutes. Mix well and serve hot.

BEEF ASSAD

- 1½ kg beef
- 4 green chillis
- 1-inch piece ginger
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 1 pod garlic, flaked
- 2 tsps. turmeric
- 3 onions
- Vinegar and salt to taste

Grind all the above ingredients and mix in vinegar. Brown the onions and add the meat. Add a little warm water, cover and cook till tender.

MEAT BAFFAD

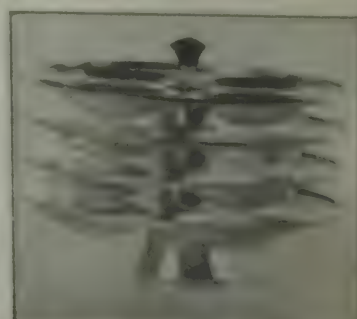
- 1 kg beef, cubed
- 1 coconut
- 8 red chillis
- 1-inch piece turmeric
- ½ tsp. peppercorns
- ½ tsp. cummin
- 5-6 cloves
- 1-inch piece cinnamon
- 12 cloves garlic, flaked
- 1-inch piece ginger
- 3 green chillis
- 2-3 onions, chopped
- Vinegar and salt to taste

Grind all the above ingredients except the onions. Boil the meat. Fry the onions and add the meat, masala and water accordingly. Add the vinegar and salt to taste. Cook till tender.

ANNOUNCING NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

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

- 1) A set of 3 Thumb-Press Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, 2) A gift hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Elaichi Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Drinking Chocolate, Glucose-D, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour and, 3) a 4 plite Meera Steam-Thru from MEERA METAL INDUSTRIES, Bombay.





Mrs. L. Chandra Bai, Madras.

BREAD VERMICELLI PULLAO

250 grams vermicelli
8 slices bread
¼ kg mince meat
¼ kg mutton
3 large onions
10 grams chillis
2 inch piece ginger
10 cloves garlic, flaked
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. turmeric powder
Salt to taste
¼ kg oil
2-3 pieces cinnamon
10 cloves
4 cardamoms
1 cup thick coconut milk
1 tbsp. butter
Coriander leaves
Cashewnuts

Boil the mince and mutton together with one sliced onion, ginger and garlic paste and the powdered masalas and salt. Heat the oil in another dekchi. Put in the cinnamon, cloves, cardamoms, the remaining sliced onions and the green chillis. When the onions turn brown, put in the broken vermicelli. Keep frying on gentle heat for five minutes. Now put in the mutton-mince along with the stock. Stir. Cook covered for five minutes. Lower the heat, stir and pour in the coconut milk, and the melted butter. Let it cook over a low flame. In the meantime, toast the eight slices of bread to a light brown on both sides. Break into pieces. Sprinkle over the meat mixture and mix gently. Fry the cashewnuts and the chopped coriander leaves. Garnish and serve with lemon wedges and sweet and sour pachadi.



Miss Kavita Bhatia, New Delhi.

CHICKEN-YUM-YUM

600 grams chicken
250 grams onions
200 grams carrots
150 grams capsicum
4 tbsps. oil

FOR THE MARINADE :

300 grams curds
1 tsp. coriander powder
Salt to taste
1 tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. turmeric powder

FOR THE GARNISH :

100 grams flour
Salt to taste
1½ tsp. parsley seeds
Water to make the dough
Oil for deep frying

Wash and clean the chicken. Pierce with a fork on all sides and leave to marinate in the above marinade for one hour. Heat some oil and fry the chicken pieces till brown. Drain on an absorbent paper. Slice the onions and fry in oil till translucent. Add the chicken pieces and the marinade mixture and let it fry for a few minutes on slow heat. Add the capsicum rings and carrot slices. Cook till chicken is done.

Make a dough as for chapattis with flour, parsley, salt to taste and water. Roll out and cut into strips. Heat some oil in a dekchi and deep fry the strips till brown and crisp.

Put the hot chicken in the serving dish and garnish with these fried strips. Serve hot.



P. NARAYANAN NAIR, Cochin.

½ tsp. turmeric powder
A sprig curry leaves
4 tbsps. oil

Grind the onions along with chilli and turmeric to a fine paste. Grind the boiled rice and dal coarsely. Keeping aside one tablespoon of the ground masala paste, fry the rest of the masala in oil. Put the minced meat and the required salt. Sprinkle just enough water to cook the minced meat.

Now add the coarsely ground rice and dal. Add a tablespoon of minced onions, chillis and curry leaves. When cool, make small portion and shape like vadais. Shallow fry till brown.

Extract thick milk from the coconut. In a frying pan put the mustard seeds, red chillis and udad dal. Add the remaining ground masala. Put the coconut milk extract and the required salt. Just one boil is enough for the milk. Serve the vadais soaked in milk.



Mrs. Nair wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a set of 3 Storefresh containers from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 4 plate Steam-thru from Meera Metal Industries, Bombay.

MINCED MEAT MILK VADAI

1 coconut
½ tsp. mustard seeds
2 cups minced meat
½ tsp. udad dal
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 cup boiled rice
1 cup gram dal, soaked over night
3 onions
1 tsp. chilli powder



Mrs. Sarala Joseph, Sanath Nagar.

SPINACH WITH MEAT

400 grams mutton
600 grams spinach
100 grams onions
125 grams fenugreek leaves
20 grams coriander leaves
10 green chillis
1 tbsp. chilli powder
1 tbsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. garam masala
½ tsp. coriander powder
1½ inch piece ginger
10 cloves garlic, flaked
100 grams groundnut oil
Salt to taste

Clean and wash the mutton, spinach, onions, tomatoes and green chillis. Grind the garlic and ginger. Chop the spinach.

Heat the oil. Fry the onions till brown. Add the ginger-garlic paste and the chilli powder. Fry for five minutes. Add the mutton and fenugreek leaves. Fry for two minutes. Add the tomatoes, turmeric, coriander powder and salt. When the water evaporates, add one and a half cups of water. After fifteen minutes put in the chopped spinach. Cook for ten minutes.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

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

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



**We're all in it together
for the fun of it,
for the taste of it!**

CAMPA ORANGE FLAVOUR - IT'S THE FLAVOUR OF FUN!

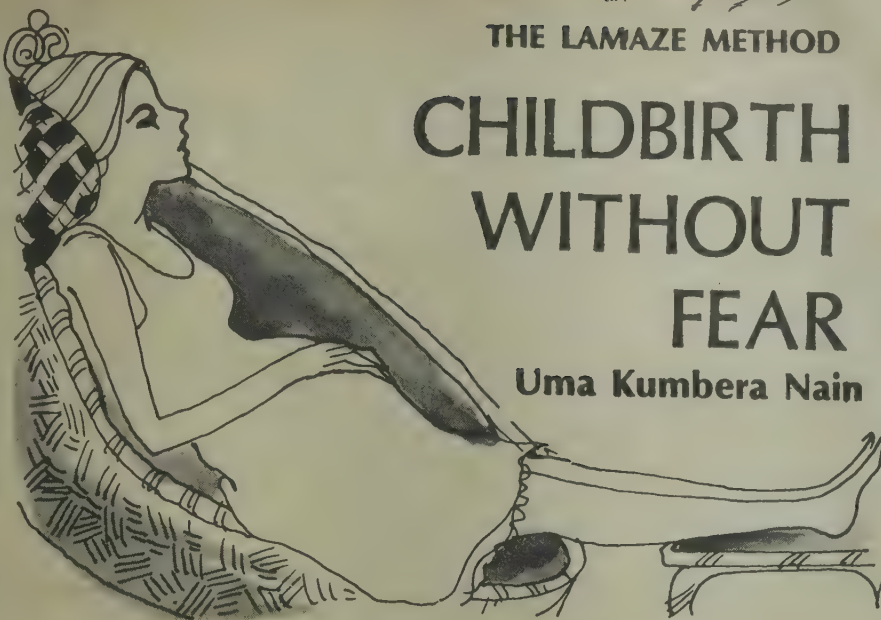
1975-1976

The young people of today are no longer content to be passive participants in the birth of their babies. Just like I did, they want to know not only what happens physically but also how they are going to respond to the challenges of childbirth. So this series of articles is for those of you who want to participate in the birth of your child. Just as you can learn to read, write, swim or drive you can also learn the effective way to give birth. This series has been written by a lay person for lay people in simple language. You will learn not only what happens during birth but also techniques to use during labour and delivery that will help you work with, rather than against, the normal process of childbirth.

Although childbirth is a normal and natural function for women, it is also an intense experience. A woman who undergoes labour and delivery without preparation is very likely to find it a frustrating experience. In order to participate effectively in the birth of her child, the mother-to-be must be prepared for the experience. The trained woman recognizes the birth of a child as a normal, natural phenomenon. She understands the various aspects of labour and delivery and hence is better prepared for childbirth.

An unprepared mother often dreads the actual childbirth mainly due to misguided information given to her by her immediate environment. She has been taught that it is a frightening and painful experience. During childbirth she feels helpless, her husband feels that the woman he loves is suffering and is helpless to aid her. The normal thing for an unprepared mother to do during labour is to respond in some way to her contractions. As she hasn't been told what to do the basic response is to tense her whole body during each contraction, thus causing the contraction to become painful. A tense and frightened woman in labour may hold her breath or over breathe, producing an imbalance of oxygen in her system. Over a period of time she finds herself exhausted and out of control. When she is exhausted any strong sensation becomes painful and difficult to control. All these factors — fear, ignorance, helplessness, tension, imbalance of oxygen and exhaustion are contributing factors to the discomfort of a woman during labour and delivery. So it is very important to train oneself for childbirth.

In training, a woman not only



THE LAMAZE METHOD

CHILDBIRTH WITHOUT FEAR

Uma Kumbera Nain

learns the various aspects of labour and delivery but also acquires techniques that will help her control her body. Instead of tensing against the contractions of childbirth, she is prepared to consciously relax her body. She

and relaxation techniques could experience childbirth with a minimum of discomfort. The high activity level of these techniques, acted as a distraction which decreased the pain sensation. The Russians presented their prog-

This article, the first of a series, should be cut out and kept and followed in full when complete. Warning: Do not practise this method without the guidance of your personal physician

learns to respond to each contraction with a specific type of breathing. She is able to distinguish the beginning, apex and end of each contraction and also the difference between different types of contractions and is hence able to respond effectively. To a prepared woman a contraction is a signal to begin her work.

These factors — a positive attitude, knowledge, confidence, relaxation, breathing techniques and ability to conserve energy, prepare a woman to assume an active role in childbirth.

The Lamaze method prepares a woman emotionally, intellectually, psychologically and physically for childbirth. The trained woman approaches childbirth with a positive attitude. The Lamaze method is based upon Pavlov's principle of conditioned response. The theory that the brain can be trained to accept and analyze a given stimulus and select a response to it.

Russian psychologists called it 'Psycho prophylaxis' and trained their pregnant women to respond positively to the uterine contractions of childbirth. They found that women who had been taught to regard birth as a positive experience and trained to respond to their uterine contractions with effective breathing

ramme of Psycho prophylaxis to a gynaecological conference in Paris in 1952, where Dr. Lamaze, then head of an obstetrical clinic, became acquainted with the concept. Dr. Lamaze went to Russia to become more familiar with the techniques. He added to it the rapid, accelerated breathing technique and set up a modified psycho prophylaxis programme in France that today is known as 'Childbirth Without Pain'. It is practised throughout Europe, South America, Africa and the United States as well as in many Eastern countries.

Lamaze is not childbirth without anesthetics, although the trained woman has less need for anesthetics in a normal delivery. There is a possibility that for the safety of her baby or herself the doctor may have to intervene at any time. Lamaze is not childbirth without pain.

There are certain physical factors in birth that may cause real pain regardless of training. The physical structure of the woman, the size of the baby, the quality of contractions, complications of labour are a few of the real physical problems that may contribute to pain. Although training helps to minimize pain factor, the aim of the training is to make childbirth a

controllable, positive experience. Even if pain is present, the prepared mother regards her labour and delivery as a time of activity, work concentration and confidence rather than a time of passiveness and suffering.

The function of the Lamaze education is to provide preparation for childbirth as a link between the mother, her doctor and the attending nurse. The doctor and her team enjoy working with a woman who is knowledgeable and who is able to participate and cooperate intelligently with them. They are able to communicate and work together to achieve a safe, happy delivery.

Preparation for childbirth is based upon understanding and knowledge, that is, what are the organs and skeletal structure that are concerned in your pregnancy, labour and delivery? First consider the area in the pelvic basin. Put your hands high on your hips and draw them together down low in front of the pubic arch, that bony lump in the middle. Now put your hands on your hips again and draw them to the back and down as they will go. This is your coccyx or 'tail bone'. This entire area is called pelvic basin and essentially it is where all the activity of your pregnancy, labour and delivery takes place. The main organ is the uterus. The fertilized egg implants itself in the lining of the uterus, where its reception has been well prepared in advance. Part of the egg attaches itself to the wall of the uterus and begins to develop into the placenta. The baby is connected to the placenta by its umbilical cord, and the exchange of nourishment between the mother and baby is via the placenta. The uterine cavity is filled with 'amniotic fluid' which keeps the baby at an even temperature, cushions him from shock and provides a medium for his movement. The 'membranes' are the sac that holds in the fluid. The uterus, shaped like a pear, is divided into two parts. The upper triangular part is the uterine cavity that contains the baby. The lower part, which is tube-shaped, is called the cervix. A portion of the cervix projects into the vagina or birth canal. The cervix is the opening of the uterus from which the baby emerges. The vagina or birth canal is the passage from the cervix to the exterior. The tissues of the vagina are extremely elastic and once the cervix opens, the baby passes through the birth canal with ease.

To be continued

HOW MUCH SHOULD A DOCTOR REVEAL?

TO COMFORT AND CHEER THE PATIENT IS PART OF THE DOCTOR'S DUTIES AND IN DOING SO, HE MAY CONCEAL THE TRUTH FROM THE PATIENT IN THE LATTER'S OWN INTEREST

Manohar S. Kamath

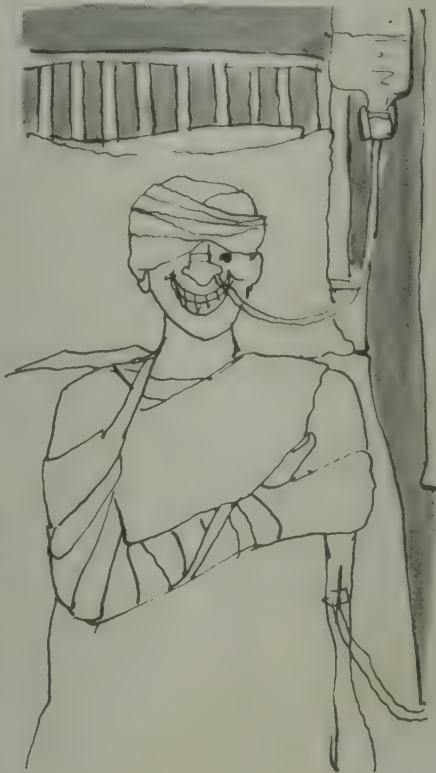
Madhu was perturbed after a visit to her family doctor. The medical man, after examining her thoroughly had advised examination by a specialist. What could be the matter? Was it some serious incurable disease? The doctor had said it was nothing to worry about and specialised examination was only a precautionary measure, but Madhu had a feeling that he was deliberately soft pedalling the whole issue.

Doubts such as these crop up ever so frequently in the minds of patients and their relatives especially when doctors recommend blood test, X-rays or other specialised investigations. With mass medical education programmes through different media like television and the press, people have vague notions and fears about chronic diseases like cancer, diabetes and rheumatoid arthritis and develop fears that they may be suffering from these diseases at the slightest sign of pain or other symptoms. And if a doctor expresses even the slightest doubt or hesitancy in making his diagnosis, the fear and anxiety are compounded. A very important question crops up in this context: How much should a doctor reveal to his patients and the close relatives?

When a patient visits a doctor and the latter examines him or her, they enter into an unwritten contract. The patient is expected to tell the doctor all that he or she knows about her ailment in the form of symptoms, answer all relevant questions, undergo all examinations and tests, and finally take all the medicines and other treatment prescribed for the ailment. The doctor on the other hand is bound to use utmost skill to diagnose the patient's condition and avail the patient of the best treatment available. The doctor is also obliged to tell the patient what he or she suffers from and the possible outcome of the disease.

The last part of the contract however, has a small rider attached to it. Revelation of the patient's disease and its exact nature is left entirely at the physician's discretion and if he so feels, he may not reveal it to the patient "in the patient's own interest." For example, a woman in her 40s having a very heavy bleeding during her menses may be submitted to a cancer check-up by the doctor on mere suspicion without revealing to her his doubts, merely, to prevent unnecessary panic.

On the other hand, a woman already suffering from cancer of the reproductive tract may not



be told of the seriousness of her condition in the initial stages to prevent the onset of unwarranted depression and suicidal tendencies. To comfort and cheer the patient right up to the end is part of the doctor's duties and in doing so, he may conceal the truth from the patient in the latter's own interest.

How do doctors usually behave in such situations? A general practitioner (who preferred to remain anonymous) interviewed on this subject felt that as a family doctor "breaking the bad news" would depend on several factors. "As a rule we tell our patients whatever they are suffering from provided of course that they are capable of understanding what we are saying. In cases of fever, in the initial days when we are unable to really identify the cause, we may pass it off as a viral 'fever' but in

general, the patient is informed of his or her condition."

The problem however arises in the pronouncement of chronic or incurable ailments. "In the first place," says the doctor "we check a hundred times before pronouncing some chronic illness because the patient's first reaction is disbelief and an instinct to take a second opinion, which in a city like Bombay may mean from a quack across the road. Then of course, we are worried how the patient will take it. Pronouncing a man as hypertensive or a woman diabetic may set off a chain reaction within the family and the patient himself may not take it in the right spirit. The worst thing of course is to tell a patient that he is going to die because of his disease."

Patients are generally classified by doctors into four broad categories and revealing the disease and its extent will depend upon

what category an individual falls into.

First comes the illiterate patient. To him it makes no difference if the disease is the common cold or liver failure. To such patients doctors only like to opine on how soon he would recover or just label the disease as 'serious'.

The happy-go-lucky patient: He is sometimes as bad as the illiterate patient in that no matter how serious his ailment, he refuses to follow instructions and just smiles off his worries. The plus point is that he can be told everything and will in all probability keep smiling till the end.

The neurotic: If such a patient is informed he has mild hypertension, he turns up at the doctor's clinic every day to check his blood pressure when a weekly check-up would do. He makes a fetish of everything: diet, drugs, exercise and makes a nuisance of himself to both the doctor and relatives. Doctors usually think twice before revealing much to such a patient.

The morose patient: will start thinking of pneumonia even when he or she catches a cold. Has a fatalistic attitude towards disease and has thought processes which could lead to suicide if he or she knows that something is seriously wrong with his or her health. Such patients will rarely hear the whole truth from doctors.

"Breaking the news gently is the best," says the family doctor I talked to. "In most of the cases it is the relatives who create problems in excess of the problems caused by patients — particularly, anxious mothers



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HOW MUCH SHOULD A DOCTOR REVEAL?

and worried spouses. However, I make it a point to tell the near and dear ones of what's going on most of the time because the sick person is often not in a frame of mind to accept the truth squarely. The idea is to prevent unnecessary panic; in my experience, as days go by the patient also realises his or her condition by instinct and gradually learns to face reality."

The views of a consulting specialist in this matter were slightly different. Dr. K. Ravishankar, a practising physician in Bombay feels that it is advisable to tell the patient all that is possible "Without exaggeration and without painting too gloomy a picture." Accepting the fact that consultants are expected to reveal more because of their different role, the bespectacled young doctor adds: "Telling a patient what he or she suffers from is the only way to ensure that he or she takes medications regularly. Of course, this can act as a double-edged sword and make the patient desperate or overcautious, but the decision is basically his or her own."

On the family doctor's methods of tackling patients on merits, Ravishankar feels: "As a specialist, I cannot afford to hum or hedge or haw. I am expected to be precise and quick in my work. Of course, if the family doctor and consultant work together on a case, there is nothing like it, with the family physician attending to the psychological aspects of revelation of grave illnesses."

Just as doctors differ in their opinion on how much to conceal from, and reveal to, a patient, there are persons who respond differently to how much they would like to hear from a doctor about their ailments. Blanche Vaz, a petite stenographer in a private firm in Bombay says, "When I go to a doctor, the least I expect is for him to tell me what's wrong with me, if not cure me completely from my ailment. After all, it's I who suffer from the disease so why should he hide it from me?" she asks.

What if the condition was serious or fatal? "In such a case, I would expect a doctor to break the news gently, starting with small hints and ultimately getting to the heart of the matter. Of course, concealing the truth for some time would be justified in the interest of the patient but hiding something completely would be a breach of trust," she feels.

If some near or dear one were to suffer, "I would like to come to know of it as soon as possible if I were responsible for that person's care." And what if the doctor did not tell her everything and she learnt of the truth much later? "My first thought would be that the doctor had mis-diagnosed the illness. In addition, I would have lost faith in such a doctor and stopped recommending him to my friends. Finally, if I got the opportunity I would definitely ask him why he had kept truth away from me when I was entitled to know it."

These are however not the views of Mrs. Asha Menon, a housewife hailing from the middle-class in Central Bombay. Having accompanied her husband for an operation to a large hospital in the city where she was interviewed, she feels that doctors should use kid gloves when talking about diseases in front of a patient or the patient's relatives. Mrs. Menon opines that doctors should do their best but need not explain the exact name or complications of the disease to "prevent everybody concerned getting sleepless nights." Of course, the doctor would be expected to inform them of the seriousness of the patient's condition "but not too much of the medical aspects which is more likely to be misunderstood."

Not revealing the gravity of the situation can be a traumatic condition for a close relative particularly if death occurs suddenly. As one young lady (who prefers to remain anonymous) revealed: "Nobody told me that my brother was suffering from leukaemia till one fine day he suddenly collapsed. He was getting the correct medicines and injections all right, but it was a shock to us when we lost him all of a sudden."

THE LEGAL ASPECTS:

Though many may not be in the know, the actions and words of a doctor are subject to legal bindings. What happens if a patient or the patient's relatives drag a doctor to court for not revealing the exact nature of the disease?

Dr. Pritam P. Phatnani, an eminent personality in the annals of legal medicine in India feels that a doctor may conceal the diagnosis or treatment from a patient if such an act is done with the sole purpose of protecting the patient's interest. The patient could sue the doctor for breach of contract or trust but if the doctor proves his bonafide intentions, he would be acquitted of the charge.

On the role of informing relatives, Dr. Phatnani says, "There is no provision in law for a doctor to reveal the patient's secrets or his ailment to the patient's relatives — even to the spouse of the sick person. Unless the person is a minor or not in physical or mental condition to understand his predicament, everything between doctor and patient is a secret. Legally speaking, a doctor can be sued by his patient for revealing anything about his disease to the relatives, but again the question of bonafides would arise."

Another little thought of aspect of medical niceties in 'revelation', is that of communication between doctor and doctor. A doctor is supposed to maintain professional secrets even from his professional brethren, a provision often observed in default, in the present atmosphere of one-upmanship in the profession. At parties and social functions doctors like to indulge in a little name-dropping to boost their ego, which is both unethical and against the law. Even in medical conferences and professional meetings, the doctor is not supposed to reveal the

names of persons when discussing interesting cases without prior permission from the parties concerned.

In referring a patient to a consultant the referring doctor is supposed to stick to the facts relevant to the present condition of the patient. In talking to a pathologist or radiologist, a doctor is not expected to reveal more than the man of the respective speciality needs to arrive at a reasonable diagnosis.

In the ultimate analysis, as Dr. Phatnani puts it: "The doctor should use common sense, professional courtesy and his personal judgement in deciding how much to reveal to a patient." Patients on the other hand, are expected to be curious about their ailments within reasonable limits and trust their doctors to do their best for them. If both parties strive conscientiously towards this end, the problem of how much to reveal and conceal will logically be solved.

PUZZLE IT OUT

Solutions For Page 19

WHAT'S THE NEW WORD

1. vermilion
2. rebellion
3. dandelion
4. pillion
5. mullion
6. battalion
7. bullion
8. rapscaillon
9. stallion
10. medallion
11. postilion
12. million.

GIVE US A NUMBER

The original number was 46.

PHANTOM FIGURES

Four zero seven times one two seven is five one six eight nine.

WHO'S IT?

Josiah Wedgwood.

LISTEN, WORLD!

The word is "rope".

CROSSWORD

ACROSS

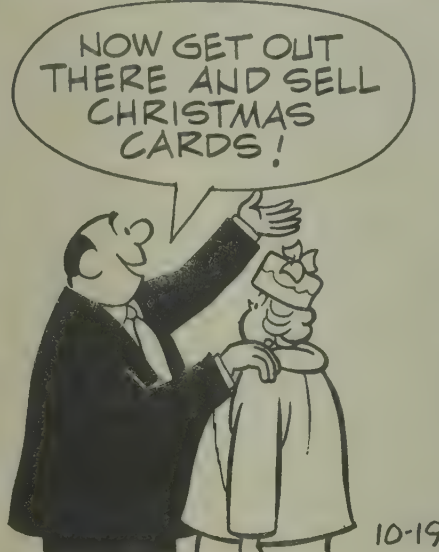
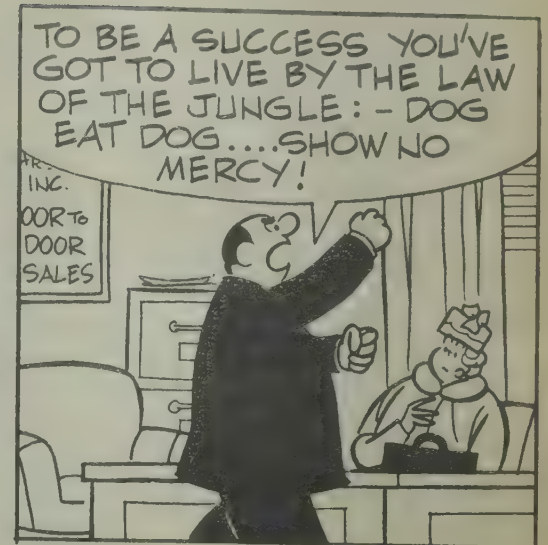
1. Ambivalence
11. Neater
12. Neon
13. Nonentity
15. Awe
16. Si
19. Batten
22. Nobody
23. No
24. Adam
26. Ate
27. Rare
28. Trey
30. Arr
31. Leader
33. Snow
34. Le
36. Sw
37. Protest

DOWN

1. Anna
2. Meow
3. Bane
4. Ire
5. Vent
6. Art
7. Entity
8. Noy
9. Co
10. End
14. Isadora
17. Tent
18. Some
19. Bo
20. Noel
21. Laras
22. Narrow
25. Darn
26. Ave
28. Tear
29. Udit
32. RUS
35. Et

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



TWO acquaintances who had not seen Macpherson for some years, called at his house on Saturday evening. Mrs. Macpherson opened the door.

"Does Macpherson live here?" they asked.

"Ay," was the woman's reply. "Just carry him in."

PUNCTUALITY is the art of guessing how late the other fellow is going to be.

A POLITICIAN is a man who divides his time between running for office and running for cover.

MRS. Brown: "I hear the vicar thinks your daughter has a real genius for reciting, Mrs. Smith."

Mrs. Smith: "Yes. All she wants, he says, is a course of electrocution, just to finish her off, like."

BURGLAR (to assistant):

"You're late. I told you to be here at half past eight."

Young burglar: "I forgot the number of the house you told me. Had to break into every house in the street."

FACETIOUS one: "Why so gloomy old chap?"

Gloomy one: "Just heard my uncle has cut me out of his will. He's changed it five times in the last two years."

Facetious one: "He! Evidently a fresh heir fiend, what?"

LADY (who has had a spat with her neighbour): "What I say is there are ladies and ladies, and you aren't neither."

WIFE: "But I enclosed a small file in that pje I sent you, Bert."

Convict: "That was your blinking pastry again, Liz. I didn't notice it."



ONE lady: "And what's more, I haven't had a day's illness in my life."

Second lady: "Good Lord! What on earth do you find to talk about?"

TEACHER: "Johnny, can you define nonsense?"

Johnny: "Yes, teacher. An elephant hanging over a cliff with his tail tied to a daisy."

THE inspector was paying a hurried visit to a slightly over-crowded school.

"Any abnormal children in your class?" he inquired of one harrassed looking teacher.

"Yes," she replied, "two of them have good manners."

AN angler was asked: "How are they biting today?" His answer was: "On the neck and legs mostly."

HOW is it you get into the theatre for nothing?"

"Easy. I walk in backwards and the doorkeeper thinks I'm coming out."

SOULFUL lady (rhapsodising over the view): "Exquisite. This is exactly like heaven."

Bus driver: "Lumme, Alf! The lady's been everywhere."

GOD asked Sherlock Holmes if he could identify Adam from the millions of men in heaven. "Easy, my Lord," said the detective, "I'd look for the only man without a navel."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

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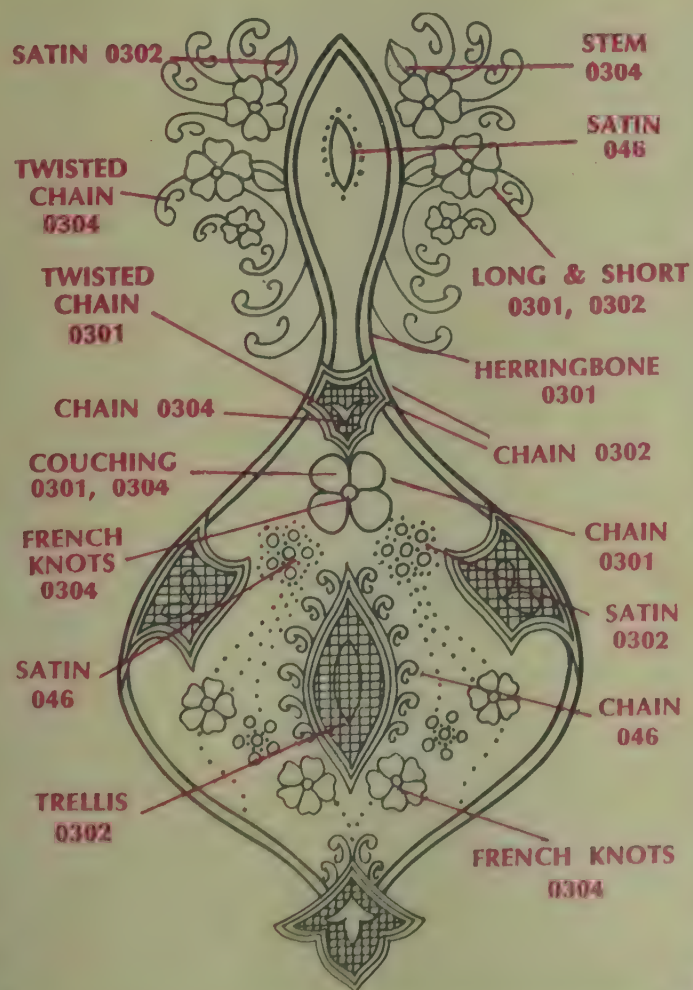
The wedding season is here and it's time to think of pretty clothes to add to your wardrobe collection. Here's a pretty saree — easy to embroider with elegant paisleys in enchanting colours — well suited for the festive glamour.

Materials : Madura Coats Anchor Stranded Cotton : 6 skeins Scarlet 046, 30 skeins Gorse 0301, 9 skeins 0302 and 11 skeins 0304. Crewel needle No. 7. Green striped American Tissue Nylon Saree.

Instructions : Enlarge the given motif to the size of 47 cm x 20 cms. One motif is placed at each end of the pallav connected with 5 straight horizontal lines at the base and the third motif is placed at the centre of the two leaving 40 cms from edge of the pallav. The patterned lines are drawn between the motifs (Ref. photograph). Similarly, 2 more motifs are drawn at the skirt border (for kali) at a distance of 150 cms, with the patterned lines drawn between the motifs to match the pallav.

These patterned lines on the outside are worked in chain stitch in 0302 and the inner lines are worked in twisted chain in 0301. Work throughout with 2 strands of thread. For stitch and colour indication follow the given pattern.

Courtesy: Madura Coats Anchor Design Centre.



BEAUTY CONTEST AND FASHION SHOW

EVE'S WEEKLY

VIP Luggage



simplex

Eve's Weekly has pleasure in announcing that it will, in association with **Blow Plast Ltd.** makers of VIP Luggage, select **Miss India** and **Miss Young India** to participate in the Miss International and the Miss Young International Beauty Pageants to be held in Japan later this year. Eve's Weekly will select two girls each at Delhi, Calcutta, Bangalore/Madras and Bombay out of the entries received to compete for the titles of Miss India and Miss Young India in Bombay on April 22, 1981 at Hotel Oberoi Towers. Eve's Weekly will also present on the

occasion a fabulous Fashion Show sponsored by **Morarjee Mills**, **Simplex Mills** and **VIP Luggage**. The Fashion Show will be created and presented by Jeannie Naoroji. Hotel Oberoi Towers, in association with Air-India, will soon thereafter take this Fashion Show to some of the Middle-Eastern countries with the collaboration of local sponsors.

Girls intending to participate in local selections at Delhi, Calcutta, Bangalore/Madras and Bombay, should immediately contact the following persons:

DELHI

Mrs. Pushpa Hans
1-13 Lajpat Nagar III
New Delhi 110 024
(Res: Tel. No. 625485)

or

6-7 I.E.N.S Buildings
Rafi Marg
New Delhi 110 001
(Off: Tel. No. 381965)

CALCUTTA

Mrs. Tapati Mookerji
235/2 Acharya Jagadish Bose Road
Calcutta 700 020
(Res: Tel. No. 441200)

or

11, Hungerford Street
Calcutta 700 017
(Off: Tel. No. 44788)

BANGALORE

Mrs. Shakuntala Balu
Gitalaya
1, South Cross Road
Basavangudi
Bangalore 560 004
(Tel. No. 602570)

MADRAS

Mrs. S. J. Kuruvilla
163, Purasawalkam High Road
Madras 10
(Tel. No. 663555)

BOMBAY

Mrs. Gulshan Ewing
Editor
Eve's Weekly
Peraj Building
Bombay Samachar Marg
Bombay 400 023
(Tel. No. 271444)

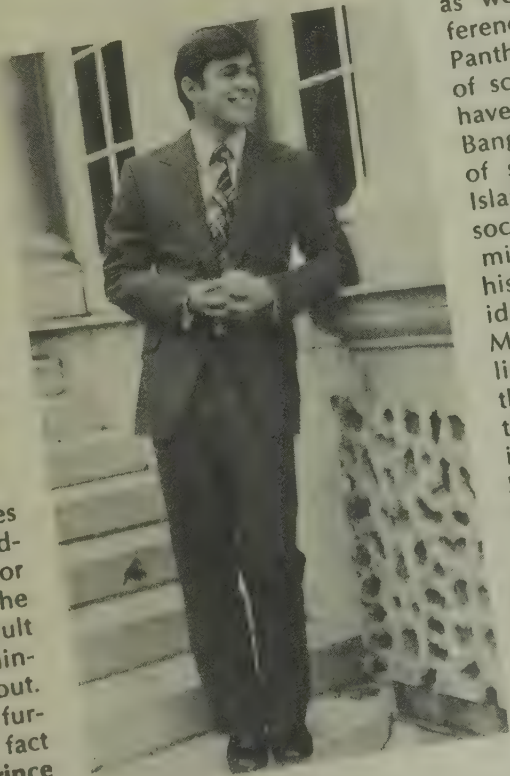
The participants must be of Indian nationality and must be between the age of 17-21 years for the selection of Miss India and between the age of 15-20 years for the selection of Miss Young India. The girls selected at Delhi, Calcutta, Bangalore/Madras will be provided return air passage and will be put up at Hotel Oberoi Towers in Bombay

ALL you coffee drinkers out there, rejoice. For a long time, along with alcohol and cigarettes, coffee was on the 'brown list' of many doctors. Caffeine (found in large amounts in coffee) was held responsible for causing a variety of problems, including birth defects, cancer (what doesn't cause cancer is what I'd like to know!), heart attack, diabetes, ulcers and emotional disorders. As coffee addicts, most of us (especially South Indians) have pooh-poohed this, as we cannot do without our daily cup of poison. And now, **Dr. Elizabeth Whelam**, executive director of the American Council on Science and Health, has challenged doctors to prove with facts that pregnant women must abstain from coffee and other caffeine-containing products to protect the health of the unborn child.

As she said: "There is no evidence from human studies to support the belief that moderate use of coffee or cola is harmful to the foetus." The crunch of course is the word 'moderate'. Now how many cups of coffee a day would be considered moderate? Two or 20? And has she included the strong South Indian filter coffee and the Turkish coffee (which is so thick it is almost eaten rather than drunk) in her survey?

ALTHOUGH Prince Charles was until recently considered the most eligible bachelor in the world, rumours insist he has been plagued all his adult life by the fact that he has thinning hair and ears that stick out. And this complex has been further compounded by the fact that his younger brother, **Prince Andrew**, is a handsome, dashing

young man with film star looks, and girls swoon with ecstasy at his very name. Well, Randy Andy, as he's popularly known in the British tabloid press, turned 21 recently, which means that he will now perform royal duties like cutting ribbons at charity inaugurations in his mum's absence. Like his father, Prince Phillip, Andrew has also opted for the Navy. For some reason, his family has decided to postpone his official coming out party until summer (Such a pity. It will then be overshadowed by THE EVENT of the season — Prince Charles' wedding) and the Prince on his birthday spent "a normal working day with helicopter training from 8 in the morning until tea time," said a spokesman for the naval air base in Cornwall where Andrew is stationed. A little bird from the palace has revealed that at his official birthday party, the Prince will be bestowed with the title, the Duke of York. And for all you impatient girls who want to know what an adult Prince Charming looks like, here's his photograph to drool over.

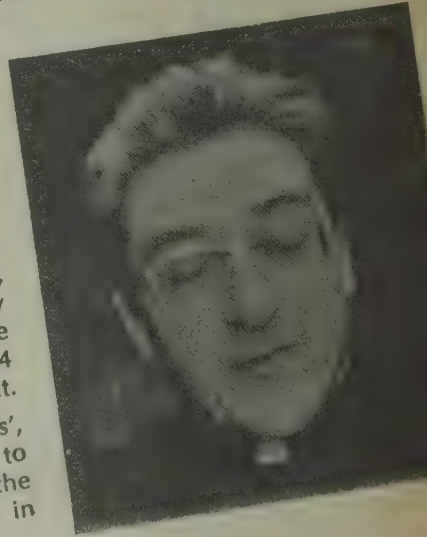


FOR quite some time now, Muslims abroad have been showing an unhealthy interest in the affairs of Muslims in India. When some fanatical Bohras tried to disrupt a meeting of Bohra progressives some time back in Bombay, the police were forced to resort to a mild lathi charge. This immediately found an echo in Pakistan where a group of Bohras presented a petition to the Indian ambassador. Similarly, the Moradabad incident were also played up. An Iranian clergyman was sent here, who said publicly that Muslim hospitals should only be for Muslims. Now comes the news that at the Islamic summit at Taif, Saudi Arabia, a decision was taken to use oil money to convert Hindus in India to Islam.

The Indian government has at last found proof of this nefarious activity. According to a report filed by the director of the London based Islamic Cultural Centre, **Mohammad Abdul Kheir Badawi**, the time is ripe for converting Harijans in India with the lure of petrodollars, as they are disillusioned by Buddhism as well as Hinduism. At a conference organised by the Dalit Panthers (a militant organisation of scheduled caste members who have converted to Buddhism) in Bangalore last year, a number of speakers talked of embracing Islam as the answer to all their social problems. A union cabinet minister has reportedly given his blessings to this move. The idea is to increase India's Muslim population from 80 million to 200 million within the next decade and shift the balance of power with 50 Hindu families have secretly converted to Islam. They were lured by a grant of about Rs. 4 lakhs for an agricultural project.

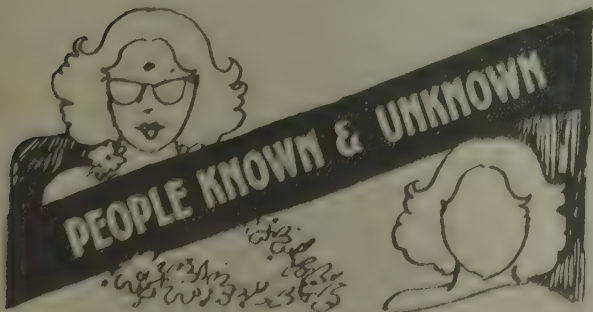
First we had 'rice Christians', now we're probably going to have 'kanji Muslims'. Is this the way to exploit poor people in the name of religion?

AJEW as the new Archbishop of Paris? The Catholic world was stunned when the Pope appointed **Jean-Marie Lustiger** to the post recently. What is more, the Archbishop said that "I have always considered myself a Jew. I was born Jewish and will remain so even if that is unacceptable to some." Strange words, indeed. His mother died in the Nazi concentration camp at Auschwitz. He also wore a Star of David (a Jewish emblem) throughout the Nazi occupation of France. Yet, he turned to Roman Catholicism at the tender age of 10 and changed his first name from Aaron at 14, and was sheltered during the war years by a Catholic family. There is no doubt however that the new Archbishop is impeccably Catholic in thought. "France is in a crisis that other nations cannot understand," he said recently. "We have gone through paganism, libertinism, rationalism, socialism — all of them opposed to Christianity." Anyway, it was not the new Archbishop's Jewish antecedents as much as his Polish origins that have upset the Pope's entourage. Grouched a member: "Is the Pope going to pack the episcopate with Poles?"



REMEMBER that joke about a farmer who couldn't stop all the cars from running over his chickens till he put up a board saying, 'Drive slowly, nudists crossing'? Nudists, or naturalists, as they prefer to be called, have believed that man must remain the way Nature intended him to be — without clothes. But the rest of the world never took them seriously. Like for instance at a nudists' wedding, where only the self-conscious lawyer was in a full suit, the report in a daily newspaper read, "The bride wore a smile, the groom wore a tan..." Strange-

ly enough, the man who introduced organised nudism in America was a Presbyterian minister (priest). **Henry S. Huntington**, who died at the age of 99 recently, was intrigued by the Nude Wave in Europe and joined the American League for Physical Culture in 1929 and established one of the first U.S. nudist camps in Massachusetts in 1938. He then proclaimed himself a humanist and agnostic and renounced his ministry.



**Dipy dee
Dipy doo
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Dipy's Squashes are
very yum yum yum**

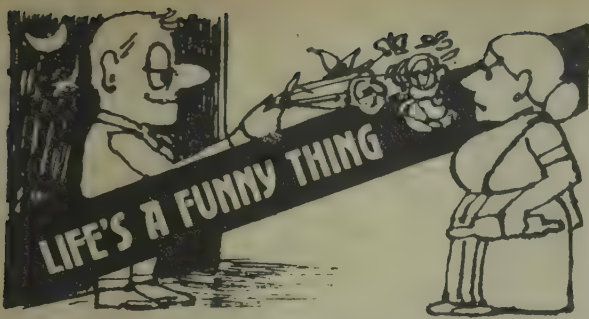
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A spoonful of humour to make the medicine go down

Oh, the times — they are a-changing!

Sunder had a friend of his over. A kid named Chin, for some unknown reason. I eavesdropped on them shamelessly.

Chin: "Sunder, do you like school?"

Sunder: "Hate every hour of it."

Chin: "Me too. Wonder who invented schools?"

Sunder: "Don't know, but he deserves to be hanged."

One thing about children, they sure are honest. Not like us bigsters.

Chin: "Do you like your Ma and Pa?"

Sunder: "Oh sure, Ma's a real friend and Pa, though he has a terrible temper, wouldn't hurt a fly."

Chin: "What about your sister Sushila? Like her?"

Sunder (shrugging): "Oh, I can take her or leave her."

Chin: "Yeah, I think sisters are disgusting."

Sunder: "Seen any movies recently?"

Chin: "Not quite. Saw 'Grease'. Wasn't all that hot."

Sunder: "Yeah. Maybe that's why John Travolta is being chosen for Godfather 3."

Chin: "Is he now? That's great."

Sunder: "Not as great as you think. The movie will be 'A'."

Chin: "Damn."

Susie comes in with cakes, patties and lemonade. Chin wishes her and kisses her cheek.

They carry on.

Sunder: "What's your favourite snack?"

Chin: "Oh, masala dosa without a doubt."

Sunder: "Why didn't you say so? Ma makes them great."

Chin: "Next time. Also tell her to make medu vada."

Sunder: "Will do. I love those things too. Makes a nice ring for my finger."

Chin: "What does Sushila like?"

Sunder (shuddering): "Rose milk, so help me. She drinks it by the yard."

Chin: "Ugh!"

Sunder: "You can say that again."

Chin: "Does your family pray a lot?"

Sunder: "Ma does, complete with joss sticks and marigold. Dad doesn't. Says he doesn't want to bother god. Sushila pretends to pray. I pray but just a little."

Chin: "I pray too, but I'm puzzled."

Sunder: "How?"

Chin: "By many things. Like I accompanied my dad to the Central Bank at Mahim. A bank, mind you. Well, through the window came a lot of squawking. Looked out. It was a butcher killing chickens with a huge knife. Well, I asked myself, how can we call god merciful?"

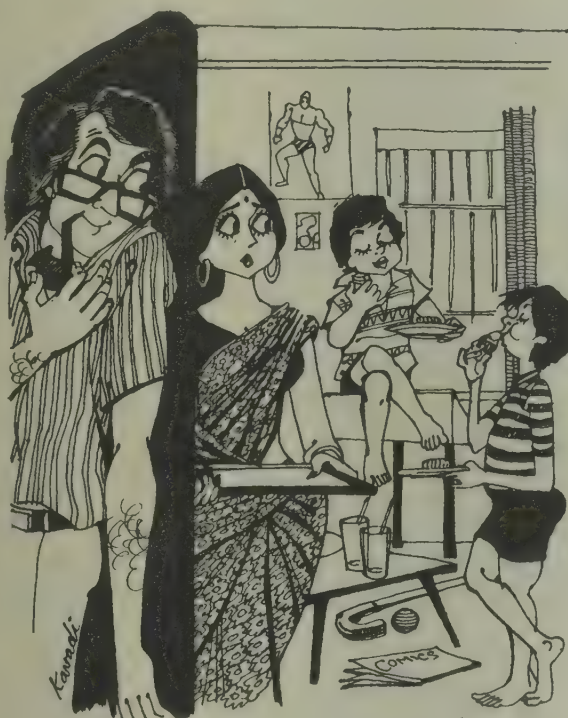
Sunder: "Sometimes, I wonder too."

Well, now, can children ask difficult questions! You try answering that one.

They continued. Sunder: "If you had one wish, what would you wish for?"

Chin: "Oh, I'd wish for lots of good health."

(Bet their elders would have wished for lots of money).



Sunder said: "I'd wish for lots of peace of mind. No worries, you know."

Chin: "Great."

Sunder: "Well, let's finish the patties, and I'll walk home with you."

They finished the patties and walked home.

I went and asked Susie the one about chickens and god. She shuddered and said, "Don't say things like that. You'll shatter my faith."

I said, "Nothing can do that."

She skipped away. I went back to my book, DEAD ON TIME, remember? And got engrossed in it. Well, all seemed well with the world.

See you!

SUNNY

CRIMINAL QUEEN SURRENDERS

Gulzarin Patelan, the 76-year-old 'queen of Kanjars', a criminal tribe operating in Madhya Pradesh and Rajasthan, was instrumental in arranging for the unconditional surrender of 50 Kanjars with their arms before Madhya Pradesh Chief Minister, Arjun Singh, at Tonk Kalan on the Bombay-Agra national highway on March 28, this year.

The Kanjar queen in the name of 'peepal tree' administered the oath and everybody announced that they would give up a life of crime. All those who surrendered paid floral tributes to the portrait of Mahatma Gandhi before taking the oath. It was for the first time that the Kanjars, inspired by their queen, had surrendered along with their arms. The arms laid down by the Kanjars included five foreign made guns. Most of the Kanjars had been carrying rewards over their heads.

Gulzarin Patelan, who heads a family of 100 members, became the patelan after the death of her father-in-law almost 30 years ago. She is obeyed by her community in settlement of all sorts of disputes. She even engages a lawyer for them when needed.

When approached, Gulzarin said frankly that her followers had surrendered following police pressure but wanted them to be given the same treatment as was given to the surrendered dacoits when Mr. P. C. Sethi was the chief minister of Madhya Pradesh. She was against any legal action against those who surrendered.

The Kanjar queen who walks faster than a man at this age, alleged that the police did not want them to surrender as they were of the opinion that the Kanjars should be dealt with at the point of a gun.

Kanjars have for ages engaged in crimes for living. Their queen, Gulzarin Patelan, lives in a pucca hut on the outskirts of Tonk Kalan on the Bombay-Agra national highway and owns a big plot of land.

While praising the efforts of Gulzarin Patelan, the Madhya Pradesh Chief Minister, Arjun Singh, assured every possible assistance to the tribe. He expressed the hope that the life pattern of those who had surrendered and also of their family members would change. The ceremony was watched by thousands of people.

Suresh Mehrotra

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GROWING UP OR GROWING OLD?

Today is my wedding anniversary. How the years have flown. I do not feel a day older than I did on that day 22 years ago, when we took the vows. Nor do I think has my husband grown older. Physically yes, a grey hair here, one there, but the damage is not yet enough to alarm or demoralise.

Yet I have only to look at my 20-year-old daughter and teenage son to realise that time has silently ticked by and we are on the threshold of being middle-aged parents (if not actually inside). I remember the children at their various stages of wonder and learning asking me umpteen questions for which there were easy answers then. But today their questions are different and very difficult to answer. Their knowledge is far above my "household common sense". I can see a wink passing between them when I hold forth on some issue. I get free advice on how I must wear the saree low and flowing like teenagers do these days, and what are the latest cassettes to buy.

Was it only yesterday that my daughter and son clung to me on the first day of admission in school? Their curl-framed faces were sweet and innocent when I called their friends over for a birthday treat. I think the first time I 'grew' up and realised they were no longer babies was when my son refused to hold my hand while crossing a road.

And what of my daughter? On days when there was no one to look after her, I took her to office with me, the little girl with the long pony tail and pleasant smile for everyone. A time has come when people are asking me whether I am looking out for a bridegroom for her. Many of her peers are brides already. But the shock of shocks will come when the first grandchild will arrive. It will then mark the half century of our lives.

I feel very old already!

Padma Ramachandran



Devi

'KUDRAT'—19 reels too long!

Priya Rajvansh, I thought, was the only sore angle of 'Kudrat' with Chetan Anand's story, screenplay, direction centred on her. But 'Kudrat' has many other sores besides Priya. In any case there is not much to choose between Priya and Hema or Aruna Irani, who is shown aged with Waheeda Rehman type grey sidelocks on the screen. Hema looks as old as Priya and Aruna, their only threat, has been forced to put chalk on her hair. Vinod Khanna looks debonair and dances with zip, while Hema discos in Bharat Natyam style and is erased out in the second half. What remains is Raaj Kumar versus Rajesh Khanna. Raaj Kumar is very impressive, Rajesh very unimpressive. Rajesh has been given an idiotic role.

In both the births (reincarnation story), Chetan's direction is at its worst, the prize scene being Rajesh and Hema, a mature pair, enacting a love scene or a kiss, while aping the British saab. Nineteen reels could have been chopped even keeping Priya intact, by just cutting off the postponement of the climax scene of the haveli, as well as that of the culprit. In the film everyone runs, they don't use cars, nor shoes. The soundtrack is of hoofs. The only luscious bit in the film is Kalpana Iyer, whose disco number is again interrupted by Hema's 'tha thai' (in disco). Kalpana with her disco is a 'must' for every film, she is a visual delight.



I think the cast of 'Kudrat' knows the exact meaning of 'mixed reports' and none of them except Raaj Kumar were present at the premiere. Then, maybe, only Raaj Kumar can afford display. He stood, waved, went out to smoke and the crowds followed him only to watch the way he lights his cigarette and takes a puff. That is style for you.

Gulam Ali's programme for Ruhe-Mahtaab, at the Ashoka Hotel last year had ended in a film fashion 'maramari'. Rukhsana, the head of the social organisation which had sponsored the programme had enthusiastically requested the radio and TV to record the gazals. At the end of the programme, Ashok Singh, the music trader who had brought in Gulam Ali, removed the tapes and put them in his pocket, saying, "They cannot use them. What will Polydor say?"

Rukhsana left in a huff. The next day was a mess of telephonic battles between the singer, organiser, Information, Ministry and the Pakistani ambassador.

What ended like a storm in a cup of tea has cropped up this year in court cases and unmusical battles. Polydor sued Ashok Singh who in turn sued Gulam Ali; H.M.V. sued Polydor and impounded all the cassettes issued by Polydor. Meanwhile Gulam Ali jetted in, recorded thumris for H.M.V., sang at Pyarelal's and was en route to Pakistan, when he was stopped in Delhi by the Supreme Court orders.

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Apeksha Art Gallery was inaugurated at 39, Nepean Sea Road, Bombay, by Mrs. Nargis Antulay (right). Also seen are Mrs. Dipti Shodhan, and Mrs. Lalita Kapadia.



EXHIBITIONS, INAUGURATIONS, PREMIERES



At the exhibition-cum-sale of ladies' nightwear and children's dresses held at Ruchi Art Gallery, Bombay, are seen Mrs. Seema Kapoor, Mrs. Nafisa Khorakwalla, and Mrs. Renu Behl of 'Lady Love' boutique. Mrs. Nadia Attia (2nd from left), wife of the Consul General of Egypt was the chief guest.



A Fashion Show entitled "Spring Summer'81" was organised by the Institute of Marketing and Management, Bombay Chapter to conclude the National Conference on "Textiles in the 80s... a marketing challenge?" at Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay. Seen (from left) are Mr. Subroto Ghosal, Mrs. Hutoxi Ghosal, Mrs. Veena Mewani, Miss Komilla Mewani, Mr. P. G. Gavai, Chairman, IMM, and Chief Secretary, Government of Maharashtra, Mrs. P. G. Gavai, Dr. Jagjit Singh, and Mr. Gulab Mewani.

BELOW: At a charity film show of "Krodhi" held by the Zonta Club of Bombay I at Novelty Cinema to raise funds for The Helen Keller Institute of the Deaf-Blind, are seen (from left) Dr. Dinoo Dalal, President, Dr. Tushar Sheth, Bhanu Patel, Vice-President, Perin Hakim, and Freny Gimi.



Mr. Ram Mohan and Mrs. Sunita Basrur judging the entries of paintings, sketches etc. at an exhibition organised by the Western Railway Women's Social Service Committee, Bombay.



LEFT: Mr. Yves Gautier, President, Diners Club and Diners Voyages, France, is flanked by Mrs. Perveen Aggarwal and Mrs. Ruksana Mehta (right) at the inaugural function of Diners World Travel held in Bombay recently.



BOMBAY

An exhibition-cum-sale of western style evening wear made from metallic lurexa fabric and designed by Mike Kirpalani will be held at Aakar Art Gallery on April 16 and 17, 1981. The sale will continue from April 18 to June 3, 1981, at the Breach Candy School.

The Artisans of India will present a sale of sarees and churidar-kameez sets designed by Mita Parekh at Ashoka Hall, Vile Parle, on April 16, 17, and 18, 1981.

A modest but memorable function was held at the Home For Mentally Deficient, Mankhurd. As a part of its welfare programme for the International Year of the Disabled, Britannia Industries Limited awarded the "Best Inmate" awards to the winners of the Home and other institutions of the Children's Aid Society.

Mr. N.C. Chaudhuri, Managing Director, Britannia Industries Limited, gave away the awards. On the occasion, the inmates of the Home presented a delightful variety entertainment.

For the first time a major manufacturer of textiles, J.K. (Bombay) Limited, a subsidiary of the Raymond Woollen Mills Limited, has stepped in on a large scale to meet the local demand for readymade trousers. Called "Legwear by Raymond," this new range of ready-to-wear trousers will be available in the latest fashions prevailing abroad, cut and tailored in fabrics and styles appropriate to the season.

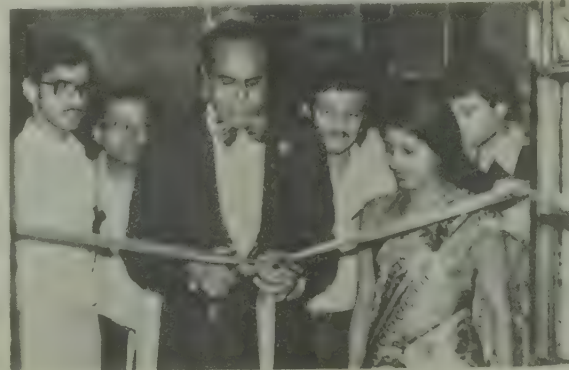
This new range will comprise three product groups, namely Le Slac, La Mode and Le Monde.

The new range will be launched this month in the city of Bombay. Later, the market will be expanded to cover all major cities.

A joint project for the rehabilitation of rural cancer patients and their families, worked on by the Indian Cancer Society, Parel, and the National Institute for Handicapped Research (NIHR) Washington, was inaugurated at the Ball Room of Hotel Taj-Inter-continental, by Dr. Martin McCavitt, Special Assistant for International Affairs at NIHR.



A lavish reception was held at Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay, by the Consul General of France, Mr. M. Posselle for members of the French visiting ship, "Jeanne D' Arc". Seen with two naval officers are (from left) Mrs. J. Gallo, Mr. K. Adjouri, Mr. L. Petit, Mrs. L. Petit, and Mrs. K. Adjouri.



Dr. B. K. Goyal, Sheriff of Bombay, was the chief guest at an exhibition of articles prepared by spastic and mentally retarded children at C. J. Hall. It was organised by the Leo Club of Dahisar. President, Myra Vaz is seen at right.



Shobana Chandrashekar receiving a memento from Union Minister, Mr. Veerendra Patil after giving a Bharat Natyam recital at the International Maritime Conference and Centenary celebrations of Madras Port Trust.



A function was held by the Chairman and Board of Directors of Standard Batteries Ltd. at Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay, to felicitate Mr. V. Dixit, Director, STBL, on his appointment as Managing Director, LIC. Standing (from left) are Commodore J. Chatterjee, Admiral M. Awati, and Mr. V. Bhargava. Seated (from left) are Mrs. P. Char, Mr. V. Dixit, Mrs. A. Thakoor, Admiral J. Cursetji, and Admiral R. Gandhi.

With the assistance and guidance of NIHR, in the form of technology aides and appliances and exchange of experts, a total outlay of Rs. 20 lakhs has been invested by them in the project, for a period of four and a half years.

Fifty trainees identified from all over India will be admitted for this training programme in Bombay. A monthly stipend of Rs. 150/- will be paid to each rural cancer disabled or his/her dependant admitted for training, besides budgetary provisions for

boarding, lodging and transport.

On April 16, Bombay audiences will get the chance to see an outstanding young Canadian dancer, Margie Gillis, at the Homi Bhabha Auditorium. 27-year-old Miss Gillis has won rave reviews in Canada and abroad for her solo performances in modern dance. She is currently on a tour of Asia and the South Pacific sponsored by the Quebec Ministry of Inter-governmental Affairs and the Department of External Affairs, Canada. Miss Gillis has perform-

ed all over the world and in July '79 she gave an historical performance in China, the first performance of western modern dance given in that country. She will be giving one performance in Bombay under the auspices of Time and Talents Concerts Committee before leaving for Delhi, Goa and Bangalore. A typical product of the '60's (Janis Joplin is one of her idols), her emotional, "free" style of dancing should appeal particularly to a younger audience not so steeped in the tradition of classical ballet.



ABOVE: The Governor of Gujarat, Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee, presenting a file of stamps to Mrs. Sushila Mavlanker after releasing a commemorative postage stamp of the late Mr. G. V. Mavlanker, first speaker of Indian Parliament at a function held by the Gujarat Vidya Sabha and Post Master General, Gujarat Circle, in Ahmedabad.

ABOVE RIGHT: "Manthra Spenta", a classical Indian dance ballet by Khurshid Irani was presented at the Nowrooz festival programme held by the Indian Zoroastrian Anjuman, Bombay.



CALCUTTA

Jointly organised by the Alliance Francaise and the Asutosh Museum, a hundred original prints by the French artist Honore Daumier (1808-1879) were on display in the Asutosh Hall of the Indian Museum. The fascinating lithographs were a commentary, sometimes caustic, sometimes satirical of the time in which he lived and gained fame.

MADRAS

The Chitra Darshan Film Society held a seminar on "Sex — Violence and the Common Man" and "Censorship and Creativity" at the German Hall of the Bala Mandir. Mr. P. Paramaguru, Inspector General of Police was the chief guest, and Mr. K. S. Srinivasan, Visiting Professor, Institute of Film Technology, Madras, was the Moderator. Mr. S. V. Venkatraman, President of Chitra Darshan welcomed the gathering, while the organisers of the seminar, Mr. C. Lakshmi Narain and Mr. K. S. Sridhar introduced the participants. These included journalists, members of the teaching profession, the mass media, psychiatrists and others. After the seminar, a Malayalam film was screened.



ABOVE: "Fascination", a boutique owned by Ishrath Quadri (left) and Purnima Singh (right) was inaugurated in Hyderabad by Mrs. Sarojini Pulla Reddy, Minister for Information and Municipal Administration, Andhra Pradesh.

BANGALORE

At a colourful and well-attended function, about 100 ladies received scrolls from Asian Paints for the successful completion of the third Interior Decoration Appreciation Course. Mrs. P. David of the School of Architecture, Bangalore, was the chief guest and distributed the certificates. Mrs. Sheila Menon of HAL headed the panel for judging the entries for the exhibition.



LEFT: Mrs. Srilata Katre, wife of Air Marshal L.M. Katre, AOC-IN-C, Eastern Air Command, giving away the prizes to Miss Susmita Singhi, crowned "Air Force Queen" at the Air Force Ball, at Grand Hotel, Calcutta. Also seen is Air Commodore M. K. Rudra, AOC, Adv. HQ; Eastern Air Command.

DELHI

introduction to various activities of Air Force Wives.

The Air Force display of its aircraft and equipment at Air Base, Palam, New Delhi, exhibited the best of the IAF and the acrobatics performed showed the immense skill of IAF pilots. Simultaneously the Air Force Wives under the able guidance of Sheila Katre, President, Air Force Wives Association, Western Command organised "Parichay" an

The shopping complex offered handicrafts, embroidered linen, wood-work, jams, jellies, leather items, clothes and costume jewellery. The fruit and musk of Kashmir, hosiery items from Jullundur and tie and dye textiles from Rajasthan were also available. The complex was inaugurated by Mrs. Bilkees Latif. Prime Minister Mrs. Indira Gandhi paid a visit to the complex and evinced keen interest in the fruitful activities of the Air Force Wives.

BOMBAY QUEEN & BOMBAY PRINCESS

Selections for participation in Miss India for Miss International and Miss Young India for Miss Young International will be held on Sunday, April 19 at 10.30 a.m. in the Regal Room, Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay.

Girls intending to compete for Bombay Queen and Princess selections on the 19th should be of Indian nationality and should be between the age of 15-20 years (Princess) and 17-21 years (Queen). Please see announcement on page 44.

Still time to enter. Come for the selections on 19th morning!



FOR THE WEEK
APRIL 19 — 25, 1981

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK :

A good money-making year — yet not without effort and conscientious application. Don't expect to take life easy. Far from it; you'll have your nose to the grindstone for most of the time. If changes did not occur during the past twelve months, then these are surely on the way in the coming year, and could affect most areas of your life. You may find old ambitions and loyalties being replaced by new ones; some of your ideas will seem out-dated. Many opportunities will come your way and you must have the courage to rise to challenges — but this does not mean to take wild risks.

ARIES

(March 22 — April 20)



Plenty of chances to push ahead — in all directions! A fast-moving week when you will have plenty of vitality, will feel and look your best. Be prepared to change some of your ideas, or update them, if this is the way to progress.

TAURUS

(April 21 — May 21)



There is a good prospect that your special hopes and wishes will succeed. Cash trends are high and, if you have career ambitions, it's an opportunity phase. Happy signs for your love life.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)



This week is important for what is happening behind the scenes. A new cycle is about to begin for you and you can plan ahead optimistically. People, generally, will be kindly disposed and someone may be giving you a boost, secretly.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)



Both personal and practical matters are under helpful stars. A job offer, some unexpected money, good news from a distance, are pleasing possibilities. Take advantage of social opportunities too.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug 23)



You should have shaken off an unenthusiastic mood and now be ready to forge ahead, and to plan along optimistic lines. The trend is upward for you, but make time for light-hearted pursuits.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)



Forget difficulties of the recent past and make the most of happy new trends in your affairs. A positive mood will aid all you do and if you take a decision this week, be confident but careful over the important details. Put out feelers if you are considering changes.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)



Not an easy week to handle, but one which should resolve current minor problems. Let grievances drift — they won't seem so important in the near future — and concentrate on creating a harmonious atmosphere.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)



Vitality will be low and an easy-going phase can't be promised to you. Discontent will tend to build up over the next month or two and you must try not to let it get out of proportion. Use your talent for organisation.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)



A lively period for fun and flirtation, a lucky one for money matters. There will be some flattering attention, pleasing proof of your popularity. If a parent, you'll be in tune with youngsters, happily involved in their activities.

CAPRICORN

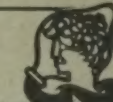
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)



A nicely balanced week, favouring both work and play. New friendships will form, these proving lucky to you as well as companionable. A good time to fix up family outings.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)



Involvement with relatives will be rewarding, especially those in your own age group. There are good buys around in home equipment and you'll see a way to streamline routine to advantage.

PISCES

(Feb 20 — March 21)



A pacy week, with plenty of variety, but a lot of running around. You'll be following up fresh trails, new leads. There will be an unexpected communication, perhaps a follow-up to a recent meeting, which turns out well for you.

Quiz: NEW SERIES
No. 20

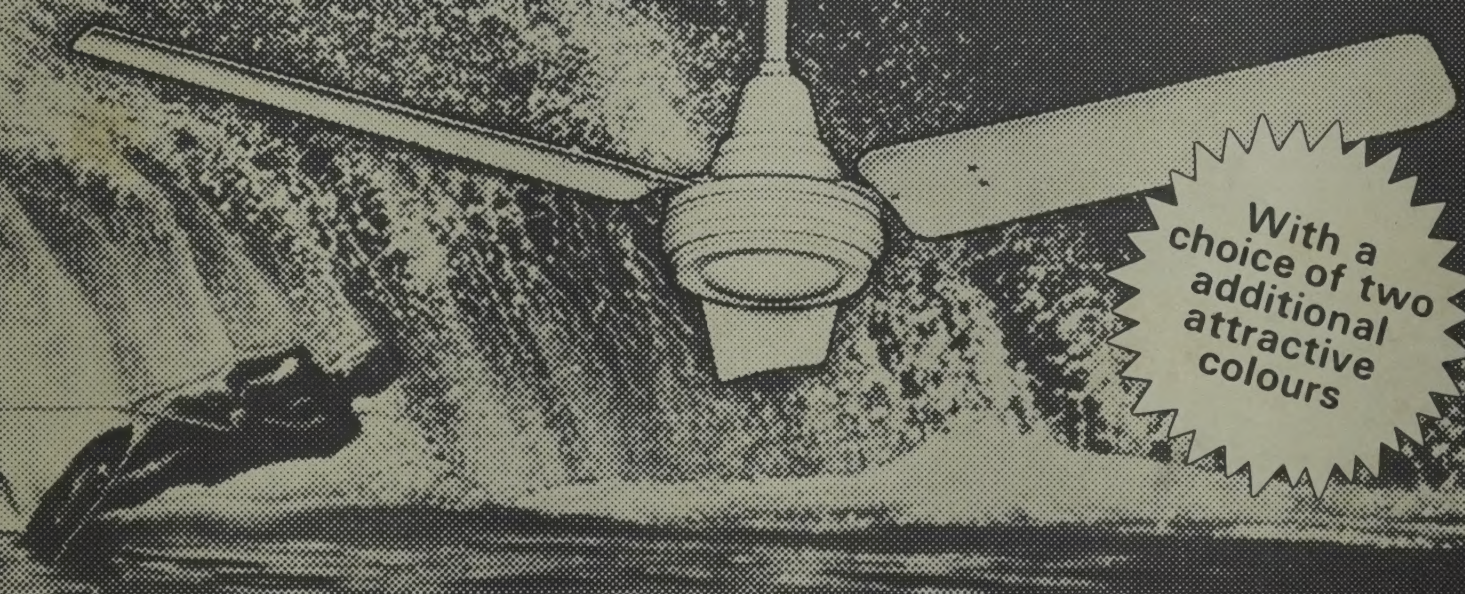
"HEGMAN"

1. Name the 19-year-old girl who will become Princess of Wales on July 29, this year.
2. What are the official languages of the Vatican and the Holy See respectively?
3. 'Albert Pinto Ko Gussa Kyoon Aata Hai?' was Saeed Mirza's second completed film. Which was his first completed yet unreleased film?
4. Who or what is an Irish Bull?
5. What unique religious event took place on Feb. 22 in Karnataka?
6. Where did the nations meet in Congress after the Napoleonic wars and after World War I respectively?
7. 'My Son's Father' is which noted poet's autobiography?
8. What art movement is symbolised by Marcel Duchamp's painting a moustache on the Mona Lisa, bosoms on the Laughing Cavalier, and 38 lectures in unison on the difference between the Kaiser's left elbow and leek soup?
9. What are Dmitri, Ivan, Alyosta, Smerdyakov together known as?
10. When Chetan Chauhan scored 2,000 runs in the Test Cricket, what record did he create?
11. These pieces of music are known by names not given to them by their composers — The Moonlight Sonata, The Unfinished Symphony, The Hen Symphony. Who wrote them?
12. Katherine Hepburn has won the Oscar thrice for fine acting. Ms. Hepburn always wears a particular dress when she goes to receive her awards. What dress is this?

A prize of Rs. 200 will be given to the reader who sends in the all correct solution. If more than one do so, the prize money will be divided among them. The deadline for the answers is May 18, 1981. Every entry must be accompanied by a cutting of this column.

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Its Elegant :

Its beauty and style lends grace to the room while the sleek regulator matches any decor. Stays wobble free even at peak performance ! Take the beauty of the new Devidayal fan home.

Its Durable :

Electrostatically painted to stay rust free - dust free. The regulator and motor have been built to international specifications. Devidayal's trustworthy name guarantees it for two years.

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