

JUNE 25 — JULY 1, 1977

RS. 1.50

# Eve's Weekly

*Joseph*  
*Complimentary*  
*Copy*

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**SOMEBODY  
NEEDS YOU:**  
From Delhi—  
A Guide To  
Social Service

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**E  
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The  
y Out?

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# HYPNOTIQUE

Relax. R-e-l-a-x.

You are bathed...  
now Hypnotique.  
R-e-l-a-x.

You are refreshed...  
by Hypnotique.

You are  
experiencing...  
Hypnotique.  
F-e-e-l.

French perfume...  
Hypnotique.

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A-w-a-k-e.

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## HYPNOTIQUE TALC

from the beautiful world  
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350 gm and 100 gm packs



# New Sumeet amazes housewives!

## "It's more than a mixer... it's a complete kitchen machine!"

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

special cake hook to mix cake batter. And behind it all, a sturdy heavy-duty motor that can run non-stop for 30 full minutes.

All specially designed to meet your cooking requirements. To give you a mixer plus: a complete kitchen machine. Come and see it perform!



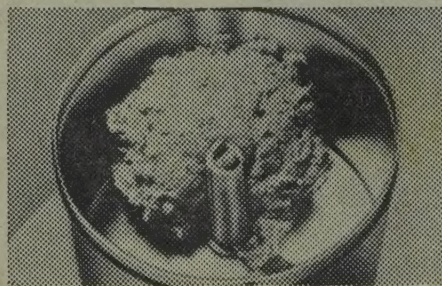
400W, 230V  
AC/DC  
30 minutes  
rating

NEW

# Sumeet

every kitchen needs one!

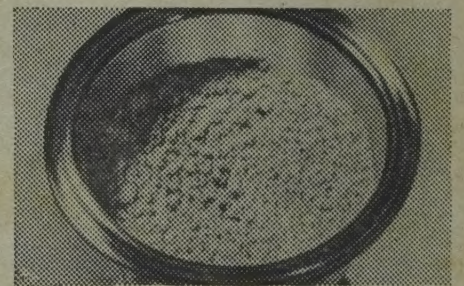
New Sumeet is available without the kneading attachment at an economical cost. Also available, the kneading attachment separately, so that you can convert your present Sumeet mixer into a kitchen machine.



**New Sumeet kneads atta in 2 minutes!**

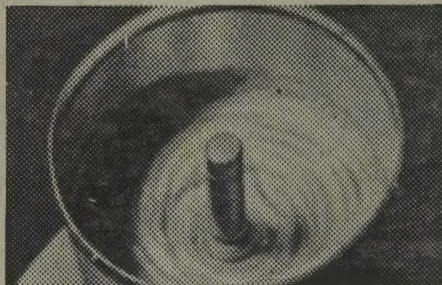
New Sumeet is the only kitchen machine that comes with its own special kneading attachment. Saves you hours of tedious work. Watch it turn out smooth dough for chappatis, puris, paparhs... even crunchy biscuits!

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



**New Sumeet grinds dry masalas in 3 minutes!**

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



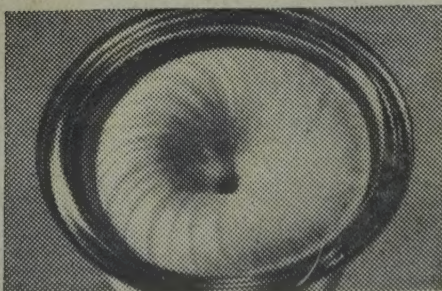
**New Sumeet mixes a cake batter in 3½ minutes!**

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



**New Sumeet whips up lassi and fruit juice in just 1 minute!**

New Sumeet takes all the strain out of whipping and liquidising!



**New Sumeet does wet grinding in 3½ minutes!**

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

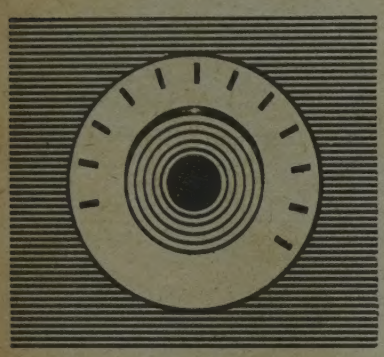
**FREE DEMONSTRATIONS!**  
Now that you know what New Sumeet can do, you know what ordinary mixers can't. And if you're interested in seeing New Sumeet in action, look out for our free demonstration offers!

OBM/7356

**NOW**  
**for truly**  
**automatic defrosting**  
**Voltas Opal 160**  
**with Auto-D option**

Invest in  
**No.1**  
**Quality**

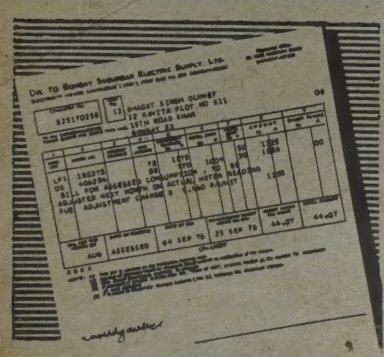
See the manifold advantages of Auto-D:



**No button to push!**  
 The refrigerator automatically switches off and switches on every night and defrosts by itself.



**No need to empty the tray!**  
 A unique built-in automatic water evaporation system does the chore for you. You'll wonder where the water went!



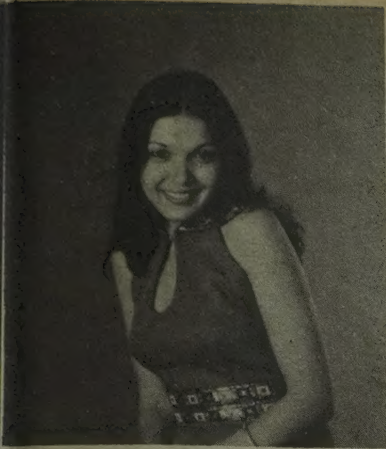
**Lower electricity bill!**  
 The automatic water disposal arrangement not only saves you trouble but also provides optimum cooling efficiency. You get a lower electricity bill every month!



**Voltas Opal 160 the only medium-sized fridge with Auto-D option. See it at your dealer's today.**

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**In keeping cool**

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### JOAN STEPHEN'S

Joan Stephen's is Eve's Weekly's Miss India 1977, and she's already half-way across the world, in Japan, representing India at the Miss International Beauty Pageant.

Twenty-one-year-old Joan is the hostess at the rooftop restaurant of a five-star hotel in Bombay. Her previous experience in the Japanese restaurant of the hotel will come in handy for her trip to Japan, especially since she speaks Japanese.

Originally from Kota, in Rajasthan, she came to Bombay three years ago in search of job opportunities.

An outdoor girl, who enjoys athletics and cycling, Joan likes rough, casual clothes and hates being formal. She enjoys singing both Hindi and English popular songs.

The Miss India title is the second of her beauty titles — she was crowned Miss Neptune at the Navy Cadet Ball last November.

Photograph:  
Farokh Reporter

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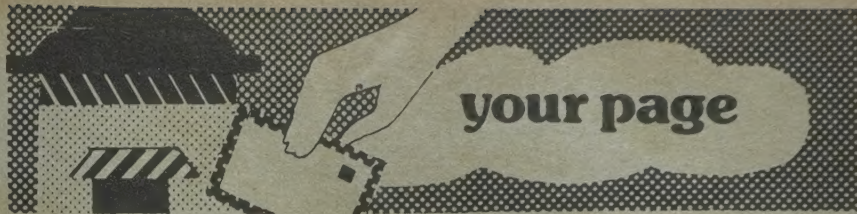
### LOVE'S MANY FACES

Most of us claim today that we no longer cherish the moonlight and roses, soft whispers, racing-pulse view of love; not for us the rhapsodies, the day-long dreaming spells, the world-without-end view of love. We claim to be more realistic; we have thrown aside those rose-tinted spectacles, so long ago! We are more matter-of-fact, casual, cool and objective and oh, so real! We can see our heroes as they are — faded denims, slight paunch, sweat, et al. Love is no longer the earlier, instantaneous made-for-each-other rapport; it is a friendship established over a number of coffee cups! (This view does not really corroborate our increased consumption of Mills & Boon, does it?)

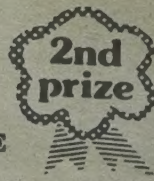
But, I wonder, are we really more realistic? Is this viewpoint a more genuine appraisal of that complex emotion: LOVE? It seems to me that this middle-class Amol Palekar image is just as romantic and just as fanciful as the earlier, more flamboyant style. We are really substituting one romantic view of life for another. An anti-romantic image is not essentially the true or real image. Do we really possess a more considered, mature and balanced evaluation and acceptance of this unique emotion, at once so bewitching, enchanting, frustrating and maddening? Are we in any way closer to a more genuine understanding of this emotion as it is played out in our day-to-day life — as it lives, changes, grows and ... dies? I wonder.

Mrs. Kamala  
Madras.

You have analysed the situation perfectly. All this sneering at romanticism, this stance of matter-of-factness, is a pose. It's like bending over backwards to prove the older generations a bunch of morons. But never mind. There has never been a period in history (or romance) where the pendulum hasn't swung back.



your page



### CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE!

For the 'look' when it comes Weekly has been consistently arousing and goading women to wake up from their (centuries-old) slumber and assert themselves — revolt, if necessary. This has caused quite a ripple in hitherto tranquil urban homes and affected domestic harmony. Of the three broad categories of men, the most affected is the group of middle-aged men. They are facing a fall from their lofty perch and there is a curtailment in the exercise of their authority. The middle-aged man is showing varying degrees of insecurity and depression. In sharp contrast, the men in the younger age group seem to have some awareness of equality. The older men, in any case, are probably too old to change.

Uma Subramanian,  
New Delhi

Sounds like the middle-class trying to fit in — somewhere. However, in any turmoil, revolution or transition, some certain group always has to suffer. The women are revolting and are eager to have their voices heard. Those who refuse to hear are the short-sighted ones ... and if they suffer in the process, we can't help it, can we?



### HAD — BY THE BOSS!

Indian women are now established in all fields, and our progress is envied by women of other nations.

Yet, there are youngsters of the age group 18-21, who are not permitted to select their own career. The parents of such girls are quite forward in their ideas and notions, but they will never allow their daughters to become Receptionists or Personal Secretaries. They are afraid that their daughters will either be raped or finally made willing by the big boss. They just prefer their daughters to be the meek and obedient nursery school teachers or the dutiful and loyal housewives. The parents are made to draw such conclusions after reading some stereotyped In-

dian novels or after watching some movies in which a girl working in a firm is forcibly raped or willingly gives herself for money. Is there no way to convince these parents that what they see and read does not always happen to each and every girl and that an 18-year-old girl is grown up enough to look after herself?

Indira Subramanyan  
Calcutta

You can't blame parents for playing safe. The pity is, the game is reserved only for the girls, not the boys. They will let their sons become soldiers and pilots, but their daughters they will tuck away somewhere and bring them out of wraps when their marriage is settled.

### AD. BLOOMER

Lately I have been seeing in the papers an advertisement by the Orient General Industries Limited saying: "She goes for the looks" and "He goes for the performance". I strongly object to this because this sort of statement indirectly amounts to saying that women only go for looks. A woman who runs the family (this does not necessarily mean housewives) always looks for the utility value of any commodity she buys, particularly when it comes to the question of buying a costly and oft-used item. Even while buying cosmetics, women always go for the results they produce and they do not easily get deceived by the beautiful packaging. Housewives and working women whose roles can be likened to that of an economist, always go in for the utility value of a commodity. So it is absurd to say that a woman only goes for looks. Every woman has a deeper and ulterior motive in whatever she buys. It is only the people who own 'treasure islands' who go for mere looks. Occasionally, women may go for the 'look' when it comes to buying a sari but they also give due thought to the durability of the fabric. Nobody is ever willing to waste money only on the outward appearance of any commodity whether it is a man or woman. Will the advertisers please withdraw the statement "she goes for the looks" and replace it with a better and more sensible statement?

Lalitha S. Iyer, Bombay

What say you, Mr. Advertiser?



**You  
don't know her,  
but she could be  
the girl  
in your life.**

She's pretty, young. A home-maker. And she'd say yes if you asked her to marry you. All it would take is something to bring you together.

Thousands of couples have been brought together by The Times of India. People meant for each other. People who could live happily ever after. Let The Times of India do it for you—put an ad in the Matrimonial Columns of The Times of India.

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eve today



## TEACHING THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE

At the three-week camp students were taught the use of lezim, lathi, dagger. Lessons were also given in Judo and Yogasanas and parades were held. The response was overwhelming. This, Mrs. Pakvasa thought, was a positive and constructive way of making women fearless, of preparing them to face difficulties. More women from chawls and economically backward areas were admitted to the camp — those who were exposed to more hazardous situations.

At first the emphasis was placed on physical training alone. One day, Mrs. Pakvasa witnessed a very dramatic scene during one of her routine morning walks.

She saw a girl hitting a boy with her shoe for no apparent reason. This was an uncalled for show of strength. She realized then that mere physical strength could lead to violent situations. There was a need to blend spiritual training with physical training, for the proper development of an individual.

At Mahabaleshwar, a new curriculum was introduced at the camp held which included meditation, reading of the Gita, Upanishads and Sarvadharmas prayers. Such camps received an encouraging response from women of all communities. There was no discrimination on the basis of caste, creed or religion.

As a result of the success of such camps, Mrs. Pakvasa thought of starting something on a long-term basis. If a three-week camp could improve the plight of women, why not attempt at teaching those from a younger age group? Why not offer a comprehensive system of education to people, thought Mrs. Pakvasa. Thus the Ritambhara Vishwa Vidyaapeeth originated.

A hill station on the border of Maharashtra and Gujarat, Saputara, is the site for this university. Ritambhara "signifies enlightenment and the highest intellect in its purest form, leading towards a balanced, harmonious and integrated life." To begin with, a school from the eighth standard onwards has started. In a nearby district, "Ashramshalas" provide schooling facilities upto the seventh standard. The school will ultimately have all classes and in due course there will be a university with various facilities, including music and fine arts.

Mrs. Pakvasa said that this particular site was chosen because the school would be surrounded by nature. Classes are held under trees, except during the monsoons. The school, at present, has about 60 children and of these a substantial number comes from the Adivasi tribes. Experience shows that Adivasi have a lot of potential — they are eager to learn, have fewer distractions, hence they are able to imbibe education easily.

Now that the school building has been constructed, the camps are held regularly in Saputara itself. Taking advantage of the surrounding forests, Mrs. Pakvasa has enlisted another item in her training — "Vaghdarshan" — venturing into the deep interior of the forests to see wild animals. This helps to make them Nirbhay or fearless. Girls, by and large, have a reputation of being afraid of tiny insects and mice, but this new venture enables them overcome all fear.

Mrs. Pakvasa has also served as Honorary Camp Commandant at the winter camps of Bhonsla Military School, Nasik. She underwent training at the Military Training College at Pachmadhi when her father-in-law, Mr. Mangaldas Pakvasa, was the Governor of CP and Berar. She excels in horse-riding, the use of rifles, revolvers and jeep and lorry driving.

She hopes in the near future to establish a nursery for tribal children and a health education centre for women. She has already started a Balwadi project at Juhu, Bombay, and plans to build a meditation centre and a Yoga Research Institute on the same site.

Vrunda Moghe Dev

"An ideal woman would have the motherhood of Madalsa, Savitri's insistence on truth, Gargi's knowledge, Ahilya's patience and Laxmibai of Jhansi's bravery," and towards this ideal, Mrs. Poornima Pakvasa has been striving for over two decades. She admits that for an individual to embody all these qualities is impossible, but at least one can cultivate some of them through practice and training.

Mrs. Pakvasa's courses for training women in self defence are a combination of physical training and meditation. Her love for teaching the art of self-defence dates back to the 1930s when she served a 6-month term in the Sabarmati jail during the Independence struggle. Her father had awakened her to the need for self-protection and taught her the art of self defence. During the freedom movement, Mrs. Pakvasa used to carry a dagger with her. When their leader heard of this, he was infuriated because a dagger, a symbol of violence, belied the very principle of non-violence. So she was brought before Gandhiji who after listening to her views, patted her on the back and said, "If you taught other women of India the art of self-protection, I would consider you as my beloved daughter." Gandhiji's words have been a source of inspiration to Mrs. Pakvasa who vowed to teach this art to women.

There were many women in the Sabarmati jail at that time. Among them were Kasturba Gandhi, Maniben Patel and Jethi Sipahimalani. On Kasturba's suggestion, Mrs. Pakvasa started lessons in self-defence and yogasanas. Many women joined her. They used branches of trees as lathis and shorter branches as daggers.

Bombay in the 1950s was the scene of violent riots. As a social worker, Mrs. Pakvasa visited many riot-torn areas, and found that women and children were the worst sufferers there. If only they knew how to protect themselves, she thought, their misery could be mitigated. With Gandhiji's words still ringing in her ears, she founded the Shakti Dal in 1955 and began a camp in the Vamita Vishram Garden.

It's "kadam badhao" for women. Military training imparted from a very young age also builds up discipline in them.



It is a well known phenomenon that crystals precipitate to the bottom of a stagnant solution. The same principle applies to the formation of various stones in different parts of the body. Urinary stones do not form in a day or two. The process takes months and in some cases, years before the symptoms appear.

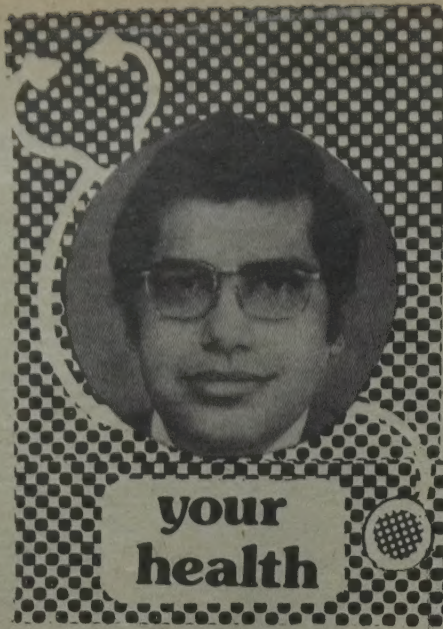
Urine is one medium of excreting waste products of body systems. Crystalloids and colloids are excreted in urine and therefore urinary passages are one of the favourite sites for stone formations. These stones vary considerably in their composition and size. Depending upon their site of formation, some produce more symptoms than others.

It seems that there are stone areas in the world and hence diet, water, climatic conditions, occupation and geological formations have an influence on stone formations. In India there is a high incidence of stones in Punjab, Kutch and some parts of Maharashtra and Rajasthan. Stones are relatively uncommon in Southern Indian states. The incidence of stone formation is high in The Middle East countries, specially in the petrol producing countries.

Calculi resemble ordinary stones in their external appearance. These are of various shapes and sizes depending on their site of formation. Some are smooth and round, others are oblong, some have sharp and nodular surfaces while others are brittle.

Actually a calculus is a physico-chemical complex made of various minerals called crystalloids, which has an organic or colloid matrix. Calcium is the most important component which forms salts with phosphate, uric acid and oxalate. Ammonia and magnesium also enter in combination with calcium to form calculi.

The human body is composed of the same elements that form the universe. If large rocks and mountains can form in nature, small stones can also form in the body because the basic ingredients are the same. Normally the body excretes calcium, phosphorus and other crystalloids in optimum concentration and organic matters—the colloids help



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

Before we proceed to analyse the role of various factors, in the causation of stones, let us first find out the common sites of urinary systems where calculi form. No organ in the entire ordinary system is immune to stone formation. However, the kidney is one of the commonest sites. The tube that connects the kidney to the bladder called the ureter is another common place of occurrence. The urinary bladder is a favourite site but stones are known to occur in the entire length of the urethra. The other common sites in the body are gall bladder, salivary glands and the pancreas.

Dietary factors have often been associated with stone formation. Excess intake of calcium oxalate and phosphate in the food has been blamed for stone formation. Milk and cheese

also have a short urethra which provides perfect drainage of urine.

Running water is always clean and stagnation makes it dirty. The same is true for urine. Any obstruction in the flow of urine will result in infection and stone formation.

Obstructions due to structure and enlarged prostate are known to be associated with calculus formation. This delay in passing urine gives the crystals time to deposit. Being bedridden due to prolonged illness, polio or paralysis in paraplegia leads to slow passage of urine and stasis. This, along with added infection and more calcium in blood due to decalcification of bones, leads to stone formation.

In infection, the reaction of urine becomes alkaline and bac-

# URINARY STONES

*Diet, water and climatic conditions can influence stone formation—its size and shape. Delay in the removal of a large stone can result in damaged kidneys*

them to remain in the soluble form. When this perfectly balanced equilibrium is disturbed due to various reasons, these crystalloids precipitate to form stones. It is important to note, it is not imperative that anyone who excretes more calcium in his/her urine will have stones. At the same time it is not necessary that those who suffer from calculus disease will excrete more calcium in their urine. Therefore, it is a combination of several factors that lead to stone formation.

have high calcium contents. Acidic substances consumed for hyperacidity may produce calculi. Similarly oxalate contents are high in tomatoes, cucumber, spinach, rhubarb, arvi, etc. It cannot be positively accepted that high intake of salads will produce oxalate stones, as stone formation is not seen uniformly in such people. Vitamin A is necessary for healthy mucosal lining of the urinary tract; its deficiency produces shedding of lining, thereby providing a nidus for deposition of salt and stone formation. Vitamin B6 deficiency provides more oxalate in urine. Various crystalloids in higher concentrations affect the solubility of other crystalloids. Therefore it is a very intricately balanced situation and it is not correct to blame any one dietary factor for stone formation.

Citrate concentration in urine prevents stones as it keeps oxalate in solution. This explains the role of vitamin C in the prevention of calculi. Oestrogen, the female hormone, helps to maintain a high citrate content in urine, this is one of the reasons why women get less calculi. They

terial, pus cells, necrotic material, shedded lining of wall, foreign bodies etc., form a perfect nidus for the crystals to deposit upon. This hastens the process of stone formation.

Whether infection precedes or follows the stone formation is debatable. At the same time it has a definite association with calculus disease. Infection and obstruction go hand in hand and have a big role in stone formation.

Many other types of stones like xanthine, cystine and uric acid also count, depending upon their quality in the body and their level of excretion. Their increased intake and excretion may lead to respective stone formation.

One of the hormone producing glands in the body called parathyroid gland, has a big role to play in the proper metabolism of calcium. The increased activity of this gland due to any reason increases the level of calcium in the blood considerably. This calcium comes from decalcification of bones. This also increases phosphate excretion, result-

Stones of various shapes and sizes found in the urinary tract.



g in stone formation. Recurrent formation of stones in the substance of the kidney should be thoroughly investigated for signs of parathyroid disease.

The external appearance of the stones depends upon their composition. Calcium oxalate stones may be small, shiny, smooth, raspberry like or light brown. Some have a rough surface that causes bleeding, and the deposit of blood on them gives them a dark appearance. Phosphate stones are brittle and uric acid stones are oval or round. Cystine stones are yellow or yellowish green and soft. Usually these stones can be seen on an X-ray, but some less common ones like anthine uric acid and cystic cannot.

Kidney stones are common after one is in the third and

waves and the patient doubles up in pain because of its severity.

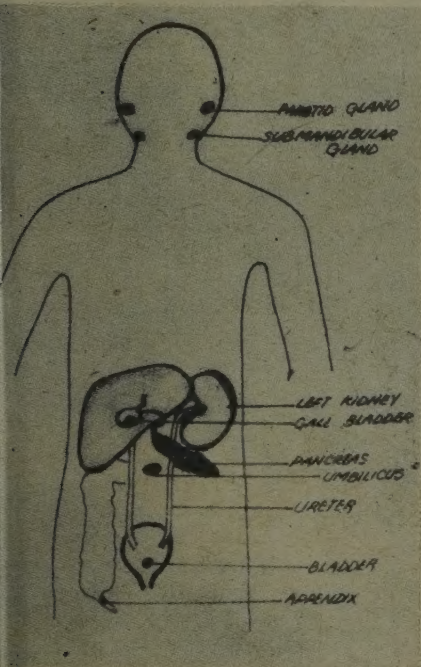
If the stone is in the ureter the pain is called ureteric colic, and it travels from the side of the abdomen to the front downwards towards the testicles. In bladder stones, the pain is not so severe and is felt in the front below the umbilicus and on the tip of the penis. The body tries to throw the stone out of the body and this attempt of squeezing the stone out results in pain. This pain can be compared with labour pains at the time of delivery—this being a kind of delivery of stone. Cessation of pain is often a bad sign. This means that the ureters and kidneys now have no strength to push it further down and the damage may be quite severe.

patient's history, we can suspect calculus disease. The typical pain, its radiation and associated symptoms give us a fair idea about its location and associated infection. To confirm the diagnosis, his urine must be tested and an X-ray of the abdomen should be taken. A special X-ray called intravenous pyelogram helps in outlining the collecting system of urine where the stone forms, and also tells us the extent of damage that has already taken place. This assessment is necessary before any kidney operation is contemplated. At the same time, we have to be sure about the condition of the other kidney. Another way of assessing this is to find the level of urea in blood. A telescopic examination of the bladder, called cystoscopy is quite helpful in some cases.

On the other hand, if the stone is big and there are no chances of it negotiating the narrow urinary passage, then it is detrimental to waste time with the hope that it will come out on its own. Delay may allow the infection to set in and may result in back pressure damage. As mentioned earlier, it may cause hydronephrosis and total kidney destruction. Ultimately kidneys fail and the state of uraemia may prove fatal.

Infection should be treated by appropriate antibiotics, after doing a culture and sensitivity test of the urine. The reaction of urine can also be altered accordingly. In the acute phase, antispasmodic tablets should be taken to reduce the pain.

We always advise an operation as the last resort. To prevent further kidney damage, an ope-



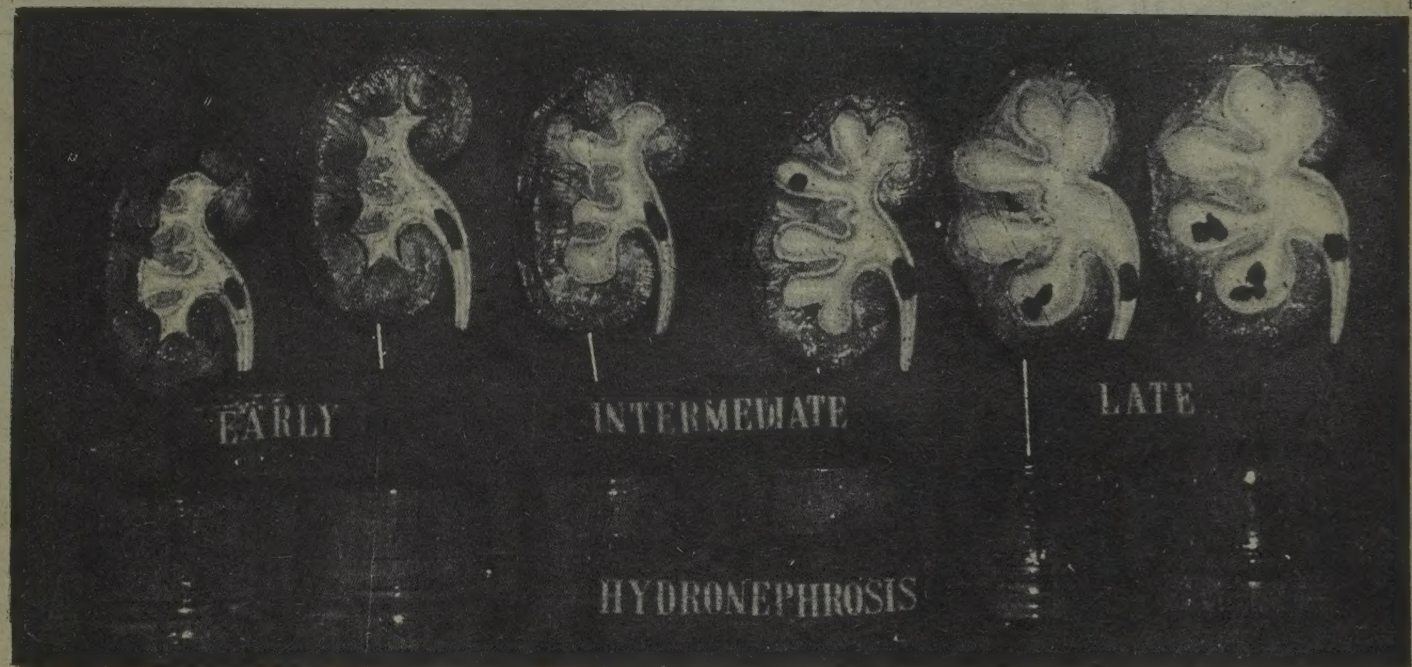
ABOVE: Various sites of stone formation in the body.

ABOVE RIGHT: Various stages of kidney destruction by impacted stone.

RIGHT: Severely damaged kidney with stone.

fourth decade of life. This stone may be free in the pelvis of kidney, or may get fixed in one of its calyces. It grows rapidly if infection sets in. It is commoner in males. Once this stone blocks the outlet of urine from the kidney, it produces considerable damage. As urine now cannot pass down to the urinary bladder, back pressure starts destroying the kidney tissue until the kidney becomes just a bag of urine. This is called hydronephrosis. This may get infected, and this combination of obstruction and infection hastens the end.

If the stone is small, it may grate down the ureter and get to the bladder. Therefore the symptoms will depend upon the location of the stone. In kidney calculi, the symptom is acute and colicky pain in the back between the ribs; this may come to the front. This pain comes in



Therefore, do not sit back once the pain disappears but go to the doctor to find out the exact situation.

Besides pain, the associated symptoms may be a burning sensation while urinating, increased frequency of urination, abdominal distension and passing blood in the urine. Fever with rigors indicates setting in of infection.

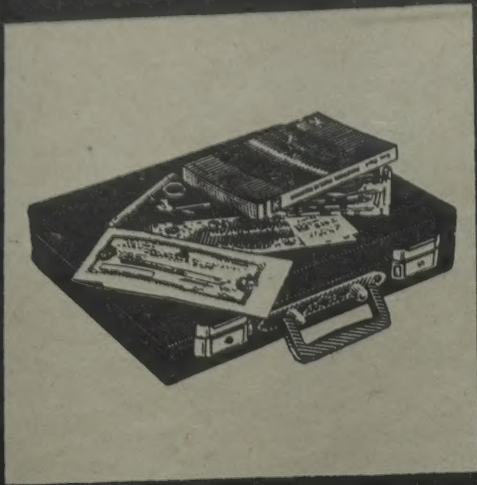
Often while listening to the

Often people live with the pain until it is absolutely unbearable. This delay leads to complications. A small stone of 5 to 6 mm size can pass out on its own and if there is no kidney damage we can afford to wait. This "wait-and-watch" treatment may avoid an operation. During this time plenty of fluids should be consumed to flush out the stone.

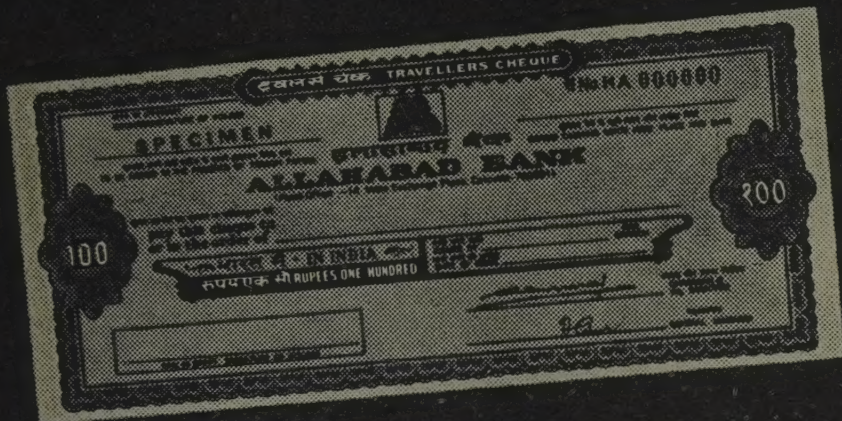
ration is essential. If the stone is in the bladder, it can be removed by cystoscopy after assessing its size. If necessary, the stone can be crushed to smaller pieces and then removed by cystoscopy, through a special instrument. When the stone is stuck at the lower end of the ureter it can be removed by an operation, which has now become quite a regular and effective procedure.

Dietary precautions depend on the composition of the stone. The foodstuffs mentioned earlier, which have a high content of respective crystalloids, should be avoided. However, avoiding salads altogether does not prevent stone formation. Patients with uric acid stone should avoid meat, specially red meat, liver, brain, and kidney. For those with calcium stones, excessive milk and cheese should be avoided. In prolonged immobilisation, don't sleep on one side continuously. Plenty of water keeps the kidneys flushed.

If there is a tumour, it should be removed first. Repeated urinary infection must also be treated properly. Prostatic obstruction is a common cause of obstruction in elderly people which should receive proper attention.



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A time comes in many women's lives when they are surrounded by a sense of emptiness, when they want to fill the void created by the fact that their children have grown up and do not need them as they did in the early years. Apart from those who have planned to be career women, many of the others feel the need to do something to keep themselves occupied. Several turn to idle kitty parties and meaningless coffee sessions.

But surely every adult woman can find something more worth-

**RIGHT:** The printing press manned by women of the AIWC.



is inadequate medical facilities." The Sangh is running nine welfare centres—three in Khanjawa Block, and six in Shahdara Block, as well as a number of adult education projects.

To become a Rotarian is to begin a new adventure. It is a bold undertaking in which certain hazards and unforeseen developments are to be met. Rotary is not an exclusive organisation, but it does pose a challenge. It undertakes innumerable projects and executes them successfully.

I talked to Kusum Ansal who is a novelist and a poet. Her husband was president of the Rotary Club, south Delhi, till recently. She talked about the



The little girl whose case Nargis Raj Kumar is fighting. At left is Dr. P. C. Chunder, minister for education.

**RIGHT:** Kamla Mankekar speaking at the Education Workshop. Seated from left are: Lakshmi Raghuramaiah, Anil Bordiya and Raksha Saran.

# SOMEBODY NEEDS YOU !

*This is a follow-up of the article "Somebody Needs You!" on social service published in our issue of March 12, 1977. In this SAROJ VASISHTH gives an exhaustive list of social service organisations in Delhi which need your help*

cancer hospital that is being built. Crores of rupees were donated by this club for this project. She says, "When the hospital is ready we will need many volunteers. You see, Rotary is like a power plant, the moment it is started the country goes one step forward, but like any other power plant it needs energy. We volunteers are that energy. It is our duty to see that any project that is undertaken by our club is successfully completed."

Kusum clarified that although Rotary has limited membership, it is not an exclusive club. "Anyone who wishes to share our burden is welcome to come and join hands with us."

Imagine a sick person lying in bed with no one to turn to except doctors and nurses who can only attend to him medically. In a country where there is one doctor for 4000 people, how much time can a doctor spare? To fill this void there are people like Janak Satprakash running the Children's Welfare Mission. Janak goes to the sick in the hospitals and reads from the Geeta and other scriptures. Then there is Shri Ram Sharma Acharya of Mathura who runs regular camps in Delhi under the scheme called Yugnirman. One of his active workers, Sudha Gupta, talked about a welfare project called Nari Jagran for which they will welcome as many women as are willing to join them. They also need help when they hold the camps.

One only has to stop being self-centered and selfish. One only has to put away one's complacency, lack of self-confidence or anything that might be holding one back. One thoughtful action, one quick response to need, the act of giving the most valuable possession—yourself—can change your world and some one else's. There is no royal road to social work or social change. It is hard work—often boring—and it requires a lot of intelligence, empathy and concern for people.



while to absorb her capabilities and desire to serve. Surely she comes across people who need help—for example persons who cannot read or cannot talk. Helping these people could be a life long crusade.

There are many organisations in Delhi, listed in the enclosed chart, where many of us who are looking for an opening to do something for someone can find ample scope. One of the most significant of these is the All-India Women's Conference. If Margaret E. Cousins, whose initiative led to its formation in 1926, was to witness its many activities today she would be tremendously satisfied. Today the A. I. W. C. has 28,000 members, out of which 300 are Delhi-based.

Is not this number large enough? I asked Lakshmi Raghuramaiah, president of A.I.W.C. "No," came the emphatic reply, "we need more and more and many more."

The A. I. W. C. was started in Lady Irwin College in answer to Margaret's appeal. Today it is mainly responsible for having brought through the passing of ten Acts beginning with the Special Marriages Act (1954) and ending with the Untouchability Act

(1972). Their activities include education, literary and cultural activities, medical welfare, help to cottage industries, and organising of self-employment schemes.

Nargis Raj Kumar, executive secretary of A.I.W.C., has been around since 1967. She is a lawyer but gets tremendous satisfaction from working here. She talked about a four-year-old girl adopted by the A.I.W.C., whose case she is fighting in court. The father wants the girl and the property that was willed by the mother. The mother died due to extreme physical torture, because the dowry she brought with her failed to satisfy the husband. "This is only one cause we need to help. We need doctors, psychiatrists, lawyers and other volunteers, even if they give us only an hour a week."

It is a strange fact that edu-

cities are the most oppressed. Most of them are educated but still economically dependent. In contrast, rural women are equal partners in the development of their families' lives. But lack of education and traditional methods make them an underprivileged class.

Twenty years ago, under the chairmanship of Man Mohini Sehgal, the Bharatiya Grameena Mahila Sangh was formed. It is affiliated to the Associated Country Women Of The World, with headquarters in London. I talked to the acting president of the Sangh, Lakshmi Raghuramaiah, "Our main problem is that there aren't enough dedicated workers available. It is all very nice to go and get photographed but to go to a village, in such heat and dust, and truly help solve the villagers' problems is another story. The other problem is funds and one of the biggest problems

SOMEBODY NEEDS YOU!

# WHERE TO GO, WHAT TO DO

NAME OF ORGANISATION	ADDRESS	SOCIAL SERVICES RENDERED	WHOM TO CONTACT	VOLUNTARY SERVICES NEEDED	TIMING & DAYS
Holy Family Hospital	Okhla Road, N. Delhi 110025 Tel. 632355	Health care to inpatients and outpatients, public health through various community health and development programmes in villages	Mr. A. T. D'Souza Administrator	Volunteers for patients' library. To set up and operate gift shop for patients,	Daily (except Sundays and holidays) Library 10 a.m. to 12 noon and 3-30 p.m. to 5 p.m.
The Blind Relief Association, Delhi	Lal Bahadur Shastri Marg, New Delhi. Tel: 621376, 626759	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Reading of books</li> <li>2. Recording of books on cassettes.</li> <li>3. Learning Braille and transcribing books into Braille.</li> <li>4. Writing letters for students.</li> <li>5. Organising field trips and outings.</li> <li>6. Helping in fund raising</li> </ol>	Mr. K. N. Nayar, Executive Secretary	Volunteers for all the services rendered	9.00 a.m. to 12 noon and 3.00 p.m. to 6.00 p.m. on all days of the week.
Delhi Council for Child Welfare	Qudsia Garden, Alipur Rd., Delhi — 110054. Tel: 228907	Uplift and care of children from economically weaker sections through daily mid-day meals (5000 children) balwadis, creches, homework scheme, recreational-play parks and swimming pools, vocational training for women and school dropouts	Child Welfare Organiser, Delhi Council for child welfare	For rendering services in the above programme by collecting funds and waste material for running Balwadis etc.	Monday through Saturday — between 9.30 a.m. and 5.00 p.m.
Indian Council for Child Welfare	4, Deen Dayal Upadhyaya Marg, New Delhi—110002, Tel: No. 273063, 271073	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Sponsorship programme for needy children.</li> <li>2. Placing children in adoption and foster care.</li> <li>3. Arranging camps for children of weaker sections.</li> <li>4. Giving information on the child.</li> </ol>	General Secretary, Indian Council for child welfare	For programmes being implemented at our state council in Delhi	10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Shilpa Bharti	21, South Patel Nagar New Delhi — 110008	Vocational arts, crafts, hobby centre.	Mr. Raghunandan Sharma (Art Director)	Craft training-clays and pottery	All days of the week except Monday. 9-12 a.m. 4-7 p.m.
Youth and Family Planning programme Council.	F-13, South Extension Part-7, New Delhi-49 Tel: 624776	Population, sex, nutrition and environmental education for young people on village and urban levels.	Shiv Khare	Organise student and youth groups for the education programmes	According to the mutual convenience of the volunteers and the council staff
Women's Mutual Aid Society	75, South Avenue New Delhi	Libraries for adult literacy and Balwadis in re-settlement colonies.	Secretary, Women's Mutual Aid Society	Part-time teachers, librarians, artistes, to teach folk music, dance and drama.	Any working day between 9 a.m and 1 p.m.
Child Guidance School Society	32, Rajindra Park, Shankar Rd. N. Delhi —110060.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Guidance and counselling service.</li> <li>2. School for difficult and mentally handicapped children</li> <li>3. Publication of magazine, "Growing</li> </ol>	S. Jagat Singh, Principal; Mr. Charanjit Puri, Psychologist	Educated ladies to help in activities	All weekdays: 9-00 a.m. — 1-20 p.m. 2-00 p.m.—4.00 p.m.

Bhartiya Gramin Mahila Sangh, Delhi Branch.	B-14, Sujana Singh Park, New Delhi-110003 Tel: 386310	Welfare programmes in particular for women and children as listed below, promoted through eight of our centres located in the rural environs of Delhi (mainly Shahdara block) 1. Creche 2. Balwadi 3. Training in tailoring and embroidery 4. Adult literacy, social education 5. Mahila mandals 6. Modern agricultural methods 7. Family planning motivation 8. Socio-economic projects for providing employment to women in rural areas.	Mrs. Savithri M. R. Sachdev, President.	a) To supervise and guide rural development activities. b) Assistance in fund-raising programmes c) Collection of donation in kind like discarded clothes, especially of children d) Toys and other playthings, books, old picture calendars, medical chest items. e) Making of garments and toddlers of the creche f) Arranging for medical inspection g) Finding markets for pushing up sales of the rural industrial products i.e. hand ground dalia, haldi, dhania, chilli powders.	Visits to the centre are mostly in the morning hours between 9 a.m. and 1 p.m. hours. Transport will be made available adjusting with other programmes once a week or month according to the convenience of the volunteer.
Balak Mata Centres	526, Matia Mahal, Delhi. Tel: 263542	Pre-school education for children, adult education and craft classes for women.	Begum Habiba Kidwai	Teachers	Daily— 8 a.m.—5 p.m.
Indian Adult Education Association	17-B, Indraprastha Marg, N. Delhi—110002 Tel: 272524	Promotion of Adult Education in the country	Mr. S. C. Dutta, Hon. Gen. Secretary	Yes	10 a.m.—5 p.m. All working days.
Women's Voluntary Service.	14, Ashoka Rd., New Delhi—110001	Self employment for women, tailoring, embroidery, batik and textile printing, judo classes for women. We conduct classes for canteen training and management and first aid. Run production-cum-training centre.	Mrs. Sham Mohini Patha (Secretary)	Lawyers, doctors, and teachers for interior decoration, tailoring, embroidery, emergency work, (first aid and canteen training)	10 a.m. to 1 p.m. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.
Indian Federation of Business and Professional Women	C 1/2 Humayun Road, N. Delhi Tel: 385937	1. Acting as a forum for press and professional women 2. Conducting vocational guidance and legal aid 3. Conducting training in non-traditional trades for women	Mrs. P. Chavan, Mrs. Padma Seth 3A Pandara Road N. Delhi Tel: 387776	Help is welcome in all the areas	Sat-10 a.m. - 1 p.m. Tues: 10 a.m. - 1 p.m.
Y. W. C. A. of Delhi	Ashoka Road, N. Delhi. Tel: 312975	1. Balwadis 2. Clinics 3. A women's co-operative in reedmats etc. 4. A Mahila Mandal 5. Carpentry centre for boys 6. Thrift-exchange corner in aid of servants' welfare. 7. Working women's hostel for low income women.	Gen. Secretary	A larger membership for rural welfare work	9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday
Institution for the Blind	Panchruin Rd. New Delhi	The Institution is running a school for teaching blind students in the age group 7 to 15 years up to the 8th standard. In order to make these blind students self-supporting they are taught various crafts.	Gen. Secretary, Mr. K. S. Bawa. Tel: 561968	For attending to office work, for attending to hostel jobs such as upkeep of dresses and bedding etc. of blind students	For office or other routine work between 10 a.m. and 5-00 p.m. For coaching blind students 5-00 p.m. to 6 p.m.

SOMEBODY NEEDS YOU !

# WHERE TO GO, WHAT TO DO

NAME OF ORGANISATION	ADDRESS	SOCIAL SERVICES RENDERED	WHOM TO CONTACT	VOLUNTARY SERVICES NEEDED	TIMING & DAYS
All India Federation Of The Deaf	18-Northend complex, R. K. Ashram marg, N. Delhi-11001.	Printing press institute for the deaf. Photography institute for the deaf. National institute of clothing and fashion designing for deaf women. National electronic engineering institute for the deaf. Mook Dhvani—A bimonthly magazine dealing with the problems of the deaf.	Miss Surrendar Saini, President, Dr. D. K. Nandy, Hon. Gen. Secretary	Anyone interested in the cause of the deaf is welcome to contribute to its promotion in what ever useful way he or she can	All working days—10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Bharat Sewak - Samaj	22, Sardar Patel Road, N. Delhi — 110021	Youth camps, family planning welfare work, free dispensaries, nursery and preprimary schools, building houses for poor people, night shelters for pavement dwellers, rural development etc.	Gen. Sec.	As mentioned above or any other type of social work	Daily, except Sundays and holidays 10 a.m.—5 p.m.
Dr. Zakir Hussain Memorial Welfare Society	Jamia Nagar N. Delhi 110025	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Balwadis</li> <li>Tailoring &amp; embroidery class for women</li> <li>Child welfare activities</li> <li>Youth welfare activities</li> <li>Literacy classes for women</li> <li>Socio-economic programme for helping persons, especially women, earn additional family income.</li> </ol>	Gen. Sec.	In the field of child welfare, youth welfare and family welfare volunteers can supervise the services rendered by the society.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Central office 9-30 — 4-30 p.m.</li> <li>family welfare centre 8 a.m.—4-30 p.m.</li> <li>child and youth welfare centre 6-30 p.m. to 9 p.m. Except on Sundays 2nd Saturdays and other holidays</li> </ol>
National Federation of Indian Women	1002, Ansal Bhawan, 16, Kasturba Gandhi Marg, N. Delhi Tel: 388341	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Legal aid to the socially oppressed vic-tims</li> <li>Adult literacy centres</li> <li>Creating public opinion against dowry</li> <li>Running craft centres and co-operative societies and thus providing employment to the women.</li> </ol>	Secretary	Marketing facilities for women's handicrafts.	10 a.m. — 4 p.m. from Monday to Fridays 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. on Saturdays
Bapnughar	6, Bhagwan Das Road, N. Delhi.	To help women in distress solve their domestic problems, provide free shelter, legal aid and advice, reconciliation and employment.	Mrs. Krishna Chawla, member-in-charge. Mrs Nargis Raj Kumar, Executive-secretary. Mrs. Indira Sawhney, Advocate. Tel: 389680	Doctors, lawyers, psychiatrists, trained social workers. People who can offer employment to women.	All weekdays except 2nd Saturdays. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Okhla Centre	Opp. Holy Family, Hospital, N. Delhi-25 Tel: 630979	Evaluation and training of mentally retarded children.	Mrs. R. Malhotra	People who can work with mentally handicapped children in the following areas: games, music, craft work, clay modelling, swimming, stitching.	Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

<p>(Regd) and Bal Vikas Samiti (Regd)</p> <p>Willingdon Hospital Welfare Soc.</p> <p>All-India Boy Scouts Association</p> <p>All-India Women's Conference</p> <p>New Delhi Family Planning Association</p> <p>Association of Medical Women in India</p>	<p>I. N. Delhi-110 049 Tel: 622731</p> <p>C/o Social Welfare Department, Willingdon Hospital, New Delhi. Tel: 345525/355</p> <p>7-Mathura Road, Jangpura-B, N. Delhi Tel: 616437/692464</p> <p>6, Bhagwan Das Rd., N. Delhi Tel: 389680</p> <p>F.44/A, N.D.S.E-I. New Delhi 110 049 Tel. 622699, 693982</p> <p>77, Golf Links, N. Delhi, 110 003 Tel: 619391/618448</p>	<p>dren.</p> <p>To look after the needs of patients, particularly emotional and socio/economic</p> <p>Scouting, Character building, Child and Women's Welfare, Social Service and Relief camps, hiking, camping, mountaineering, population control, Grow more food campaign, prevention of wastage of food grains, small savings scheme, adult education, hobby centres, sanitation drive, handicrafts, and other development programme.</p> <p>Welfare of women and children. Legal aid and advice, training for self-employment.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Consultation — Male and female</li> <li>2. Information, education and field publicity</li> <li>3. Population education for younger generation</li> <li>4. Condoms, Foam tablets, diaphragm/jelly/cream etc. Pill/IUD, male and female sterilisation</li> <li>5. Maternal and child health care</li> <li>6. Antenatal and postnatal care, child health services and immunisation</li> <li>7. Medical termination of pregnancy</li> <li>8. Infertility (sterility) treatment</li> </ol> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Provide and maintain link between the medical women of not only India but of the world through affiliation to the medical women's international association.</li> <li>2. Look in to the interests, problems, and fight for their rights.</li> <li>3. Create and sponsor institutions for imparting medical education to women and providing medical aid to women and children. e.g. Lady Hardinge Med. College and Hosp.</li> <li>4. Put in all efforts to see that medical aid can reach all needy women even in the remote corners.</li> <li>5. Arrange to provide medical aid to women and women's organisations if called upon to do so.</li> </ol>	<p>Mr. M. Lall, Incharge, Social Welfare Dept.</p> <p>The General Sec. Mr. S. H. A. Jaffri or National Sec. Prof. O. P. Misra</p> <p>Mrs. Rakshmi, Raghuramatiah, President. Tel: 381439 Mrs. Nargis Raj Kumar, Exec. Sec. Tel: 389680</p> <p>Information and Education Officer New Delhi Family Planning Association</p> <p>Dr. Sushila Gill, or Dr. Urmil Sharma, the Hon. Secy. Tel: 632280</p>	<p>tional and cultural activities for children in the low income group areas.</p> <p>Yes.</p> <p>For all services.</p> <p>Typists, organisers in all mohallas, grassroot workers, lady doctors.</p> <p>In all areas.</p> <p>Funds for a building of its own.</p>	<p>Weekdays 10.00 a.m. to 1 p.m. and Sundays preferably in the morning (depending on convenience)</p> <p>9 a.m. to 1 p.m.</p> <p>11 a.m. to 4 p.m. except Sundays and Holidays</p> <p>Everyday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. except 2nd Saturdays.</p> <p>All weekdays 9.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m.</p> <p>Round the clock if required.</p>
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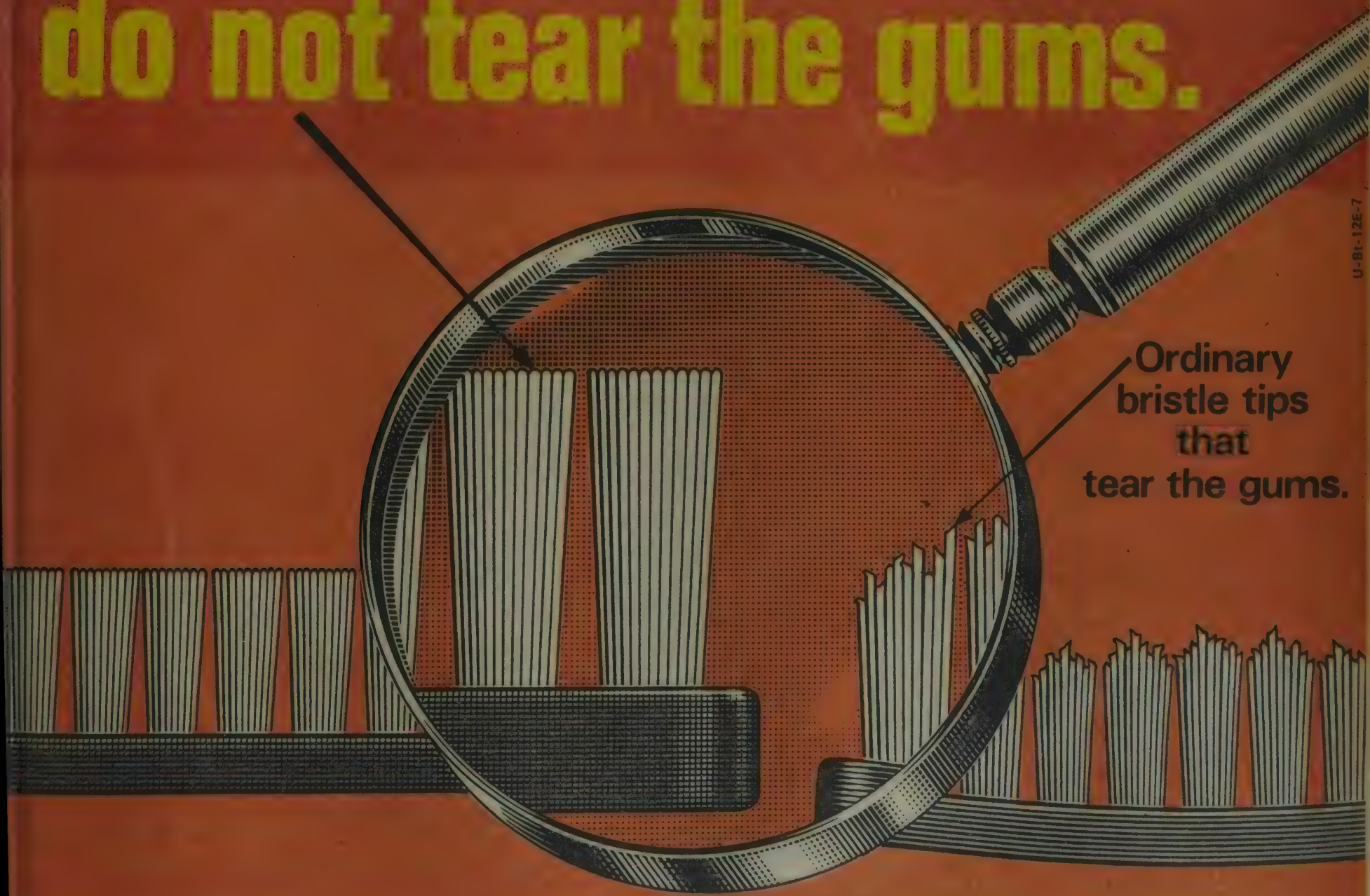
SOMEBODY NEEDS YOU!

# WHERE TO GO, WHAT TO DO

NAME OF ORGANISATION	ADDRESS	SPECIAL SERVICES RENDERED	WHOM TO CONTACT	VOLUNTARY SERVICES NEEDED	TIMING & DAYS
Hardinge Avenue Welfare Assoc.	CII 36 Tilak Marg. Tel: 387664	a) Clinic for the needy b) Nursery school c) Milk distribution to needy children d) Sewing centre e) Sunday recreation centre	Dr. Gokhale 387764 Mrs. Srirangam 386643	a. Volunteers for dispensing medicines b. Volunteers for the supervision of nursery school, milk centre, milk distribution, sewing centre & Sunday recreation centre.	Clinic: Monday 3 to 5 p.m. Sat. 10 a.m. to 12 pm Nursery School: All days except Sat & Sun. 9.30 a.m. — 12.30 p.m. Milk Centre: All days except Sundays & Govt. Holidays 4 p.m. Sewing: All days except Sat. and Sun. 1 — 3 p.m. Sunday Recreation: 3 - 4 p.m.
All India Blind Relief Society	IIF Lajpat Nagar, N. Delhi - 110 024 Tel: 622858	a. Runs model eye & E.N.T. hospital where medical & surgical treatment with food and spectacles all absolutely free is provided to poor patients b. Organises free eye camps in rural and slum areas c. Runs mobile ophthalmic unit which calls at fixed points at regular intervals to attend to poor patients.	Dr. Kumar Pal, Director & Gen. Sec.	Camp organisers	8 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 4 p.m. to 6.30 on all days except Sundays and other national holidays
Mobile Creche for Working Mothers' Children	Main Office: 5-B Telegraph Lane N. Delhi - 110 001 Bombay: Oxford House, 2nd floor, Apollo Bunder B'bay 400 001. Tel: Delhi — 381576 Tel: Bom — 230869	Integrated programme of education, nutrition and health, for the construction workers children and the children in the DDA resettlement areas. Literacy classes for the adults are also conducted in the evenings	Chairman or sec.	Help in the offices, stitching clothes for the children, in our fund raising schemes	Office hours — 8.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. 6 days a week. The above timings are meant for regular employees of the Institution. These are relaxable in the case of volunteers.
Association for Social Health in India	4, Deen Dayal Upadhyaya Marg, N. Delhi - 110 002 Tel: 272004	1. Mobilising public co-operation against exploitation of women. 2. Promotion of legislation and law enforcement 3. Rescue and rehabilitation: rescuing the women in immoral traffic and moral danger and their rehabilitation through institutional and non-institutional services 4. Prevention of prostitution, establishing family life, institutes to offer counselling services, V.D. control, study and research.	Mrs. Shakuntala Lall, Sec. Gen.	Yes	On all working days, except second Saturday and gazetted holidays from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

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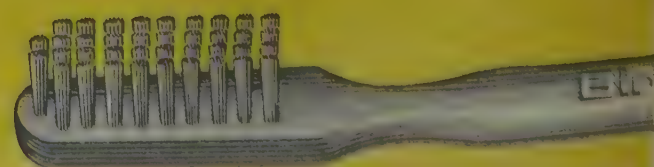
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The question of divorce has been finally settled today. Early morning, the two children are to be sent to a school in Mussoorie. They are both sleeping most blissfully, happy in the knowledge that tomorrow, they too will be going to study at Mussoorie to join so many of their friends who are already there. Poor souls, little do they know that with the decision to send them to Mussoorie, their parents too are going their separate ways, that they are taking leave of home forever.

At the moment, their mother is not in any of the upstairs rooms—maybe she is downstairs somewhere, putting the last touches to her packing. We have both come to this decision after much thought. Both the children will study at Mussoorie, and I shall bear their expenses. They will spend one half of their holidays with me, and the other half with their mother. We shall both leave the house in the morning—she to the staff

The two of us had loved each other intensely. But just as a mirror develops cracks with the passage of time, so had 11 years of married life left their mark on the mirror of our love. In the beginning whenever we happened to quarrel, which was seldom and far between, we sulk-

ed and refused to eat our food. But our quarrel had never spoiled our night. We would lie down with our backs to each other but in the end, either Rekha or I gave in, and turned to the other. This moment of re-union after a quarrel was so intensely sweet and delightful that often I was tempted to pick a fight with Rekha simply to savour the delight of the reconciliation.

Soon however, we began to quarrel more often, more bitterly. Sometimes I said biting things to Rekha just because the food was not well cooked. At other times, Rekha berated me for not buying some household article. And since the twins were born, Rekha had bestowed more love on them than on me.

I consoled myself for some time thinking that it is only natural and fitting that toddlers should have the first claim on their mother's attention. But the children grew up and began going to school and still I found

the old depth lacking in Rekha's love. I felt that Rekha's love had never been real. Perhaps, she had married me because she wanted children. Or maybe our love had not been able to stand the strains of domestic life. Whatever the reason, we have finally decided today that separation is the best solution. It seemed that if we stayed together longer, even minor squabbles would flame into deeply hurting exchanges. And then we would have to separate as bitter enemies. Far better that we go our ways like friends and in peace.

Sitting in a room, I am thinking as the night advances. I make no attempt to switch on the light. But the house does not stop its chatter. Had the walls spoken fiercely, I would have answered fiercely, but the walls only whisper softly.

I tell myself that this is just a building, made of lifeless bricks

Continued on page 27

# decision to divorce

Brahm Dev

*When minor  
disagreements grow  
into major  
disputes, divorce seems  
to be the only  
way out*

quarters of her school, where she will take over as matron of the adjoining hostel, and I to a friend's house to stay as a paying guest.

I had wished to assist her financially, but the offer of financial assistance would perhaps, have struck at her self-respect. However, her job of teacher-cum-matron will fetch her Rs. 550—sufficient for her needs.

Tonight will be the last night for the family under one roof. I could have kept the house, but the memories of eleven years of wedded domestic life are interwoven with it. I do not want to live with memories, in the past.

Husband and wife, we are no children. Neither did we arrive at the decision to separate suddenly. The topic of divorce had cropped up a couple of times earlier, too, and we had been turning it over in our minds, thinking over the pros and cons. Instead of looking at one's face in a mirror cracked into two, it is far less painful to break the mirror and gaze at oneself whole in one of the pieces. But when we thought of the years we had spent together, we could not pick up courage to break away. This time, we had decided beforehand that sentimentality would play no part, we would not allow it to intrude on our decision. When it raised its head, we would think not of the happy days of the past, but of the rift and dreariness of the present.



Ask a heroine how professional she is and she'll tell you that she chooses her roles with care, gives dates willingly to the better projects and reports for work punctually; and to say, "I even take a personal interest in all my costumes and my lines," is meant to be the ultimate in professionalism! Ask the most successful and intelligent actresses about editing, lighting, mixing, about the different lenses—the chances are that she hasn't ever

bothered about any department other than acting.

Almost every good director will tell you that knowledge of film techniques improves the performance of an actor. But female stars as a rule stick to just their roles, their dresses and their dialogues. Direction is hard work and most actresses like to leave it to the men in the industry.

Perhaps the best reason put forward is by Reena Roy: "I like

Meena Kumari



Zeenat Aman

to make a man feel like a real male. A director is the one who commands and it's good that a man should take it up. The set-up has been like this for so long that today if I were to walk into the studio and ask my director about the kind of shot, what lens, what lighting, etc., word would go around immediately that Miss Reena Roy is getting too big for her boots. Folk in the industry would promptly start avoiding me if I dared to sit down with the directors and discuss the scenes like the heroes do."

The experiences narrated by some of the directors are really

hilarious. They show how ignorant a leading lady can be, after years of working in the industry. O. P. Ralhan, who has directed women of all shapes and sizes is perhaps one of the best bets for narrating the diverse experiences he has had from Mala Sinha and Meena Kumari down to Sharmila and Zeenat . . .

**MALA SINHA:** (O. P. Ralhan directed her in "Gehra Daag".)

"Mala's biggest hang-up was a close-up shot. To keep Mala Sinha in a good mood throughout the day, the director just had to take her close-up early in the morning.

## HOW PROFESSIONAL ARE OUR HEROINES?

O. P. Ralhan, veteran comedian and film-maker, who has worked with leading ladies of varying histrionic talent, comments on the problems he faced while directing them

N. Bharathi

"Mala Sinha has been religious, dedicated to her parents, a lover of children, insincere to her lovers and very short tempered. I remember how our cameraman and Mala used to joke a lot on the sets. One day there was a shot with Mala, Rajendra Kumar and others. Just before the shot, Mala told Dada, 'Light ka khayal rakhna.' Dada immediately shot back, 'Jiska jyada bhav hoga, usko jyada lighting milegi.' This statement cost me Rs. 60,000 because Mala left the sets,

camera movements and lenses. Maybe living with a director like Kamal Amrohi gave her some sense of camera techniques.

"Meena Kumari wanted to die with her make-up on. She was happiest when I told her that even at the age of 80 she'd be a great actress. When 'Pakeezah' stopped half way, I advised her to complete the film even if she got only one rupee for her work. Much later, at the premiere of 'Pakeezah', Meena



Sharmila Tagore

...died in the make-up room and went straight home. I had to pack up shooting for the day.

"The next day her father told me that Mala would report for work only if the cameraman apologised to her. Dada was ready to go, but I didn't let him. On the third day, I went to her house and brought her to work. She was such a wonderful girl that the minute she entered the room she went to Dada first and apologised for her behaviour.

"Mala was a like a child. If she knew that someone else was getting a better deal than her in the industry she would be in a bad mood. I don't think Mala knew anything about film making except, of course, the meaning of a close-up."

**MEENA KUMARI:** (O. P. Ralhan directed her in "Phool aur Pattina".)

"I think Meena was the only actress who was bothered about

came up to me and asked, 'Aaj aap khush hain?' She was always prepared to take advice from well-wishers.

"On the sets, Meena was thoroughly attentive to the work. If she had any suggestions to make to a co-artist she would call the director and ask him to make the suggestion so that the other artist wouldn't feel bad about being given advice."

**SHARMILA TAGORE:** (O. P. Ralhan directed her in "Talash".)

"There's no doubt that Sharmila is the smartest heroine I have come across. She's more of a planner than even Zeenat Aman. After signing her for 'Talash', I got irritated with Sharmila for having cancelled three appointments with the doctor for her contact lenses. I was so angry that I went to Sadhana who said it would be a pleasure to work with me.



Mumtaz

"Sharmila heard that I was considering another heroine for my film. She called me and I went to meet her. She is such a smart girl that within half an hour of our meeting I felt I had to apologise for wanting to drop her from the project!

"Sharmila always knows how to carry herself. She can never be common. She's a hundred per cent professional who'll get whatever she fancies. She is calculating and manipulating. If a film inspires her, she'll give of her best. Sharmila could never be bothered about film making techniques in spite of being so intelligent. She never went beyond her clothes and her own dialogues. But the best thing about her has been her ability to handle anyone in the right manner."

**MUMTAZ:** (O. P. Ralhan directed her in "Bandhe Haath".)

"Being a typical Leo, I couldn't help but be attracted to her. Mumtaz's best characteristic was her straightforwardness. If she wanted to work in a particular film, she'd just ask for the role. She was always frank and forthright. Mumtaz hated chamchagiri and if anyone dared to flatter her she'd tell him off immediately.

"What endeared Mumtaz to her colleagues was her warmth and friendliness. On the sets she'd merrily sit and chat with the dancers and 'bit' players and have lunch with them.

"Mumtaz's major asset was her tremendous confidence. She had a sixth sense and an uncanny story sense. In her heart of hearts she wanted to settle down and

be a dutiful wife. But while she had a career she concentrated on that. Mumtaz was the exact opposite of Sharmila. Mumtaz used her heart and never was her brain taxed for her performances..."

**ZEENAT AMAN:** (O. P. Ralhan directed her in "Paapi".)

"Zeenat is hardworking and it's a stroke of luck that she has a mother like Mrs. Heinz behind her all the time.

"Zeenat is a very ambitious girl. I don't think she has reached her goal yet.

"In her case, it's total brain work. She has to work very hard to get her heart into something. But give her a challenge and she will rise to it. She's clever and a great manipulator. She has a clear-cut vision of the moves she has to make. She knows how to play around with people and when to hit.

"Zeenat may be very clever, but she also cannot be bothered about the mechanics of filmmaking. But she knows that the best can be got out of her by cooperating with the director. For one song in 'Paapi' she had looked up some books and got herself a particular dress which cost me Rs. 4,000. When I saw it didn't like it. I sketched something else and she agreed to it. She knew immediately that she had been wrong in her choice of dress.

"Zeenat Aman is like Sharmila and Mala—she cannot give a good performance unless the director is good. Meena Kumari and Mumtaz were artistes who could be good even if the director didn't know his job."

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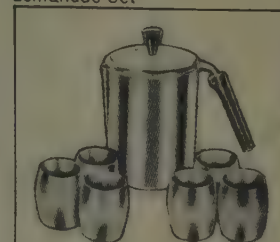
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## people known

After much hesitation, following steady persuasion, Mr. A. Z. Phizo, the self-exiled Naga leader has decided to participate in some sort of conciliatory talks with the Prime Minister of his country, Mr. Morarji Desai. Phizo, who has been in London ever since his voluntary exile two decades ago, had a tough time making his decision. It was only when the people of his state as well as the Nagaland Peace Committee pressed him urgently to meet Mr. Desai during the latter's proposed visit to U.K. to attend the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, that Mr. Phizo arrived at his decision. Phizo has a reputation for being a stormy petrel and has raised many a hostile storm in the past. This meeting with Mr. Desai may result in his returning to his country, but only if he accepts Indian citizenship. Otherwise, "the law will take its own course against him." However the chances are, that his period of exile must have mellowed Phizo enough to make him feel more Indian and less hostile to this country.

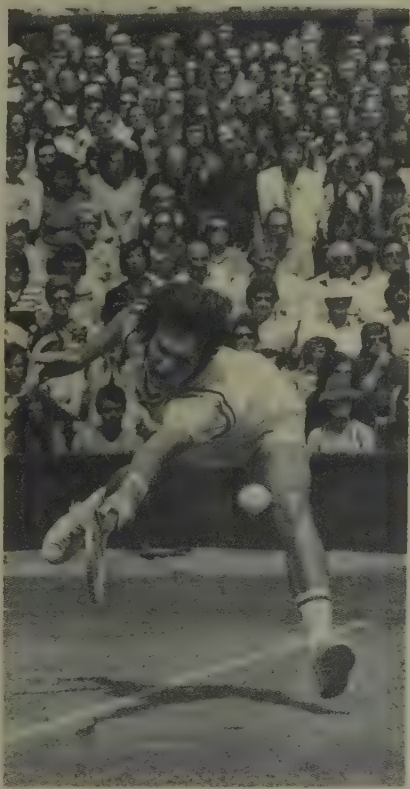
He does not like garlands - be they of flowers or of coins, he thinks special planes for V. I. Ps are a waste of public money, he believes women are "mothers" of the world's people and must be "bowed to"



(the exception to this rule being those "devilish women" who gain power and become "power-mad") and he is sprightly, active and alert in spite of his 82 years. Mr. Morarji Desai is an interesting person indeed - whose austere and self-denying way of life makes one think of the ancient concept of philosopher-kings. Only, Mr. Desai is no philosophical monarch of a servile kingdom; he is a practical, hard-boiled leader of a democratic nation whose free,

thinking millions have elected him their Prime Minister. The latest tit-bit about Mr. Desai's personal habits is that he eats sparingly only twice a day - his diet comprising fruit and milk only. (Which perhaps may be the P.M.'s only luxury - for both items are on the costly list this year.) However, Mr. Desai's diet perhaps explains one aspect of his personality - it is clear now to what he owes his astringent sour-sweet sense of humour!

A lot of people must be wondering who Jimmy Connors' (24) "special girl" is. And a lot of girls in America at least must be hoping to be the winner of Connors' affections. For, whosoever she is, the girl will not only



get Connors' attentions, but also a glittering diamond pendant. The American tennis star made a grand haul at Dallas in mid-May, when he beat his U.S. rival Dick Stockton in a 3-hour match to win the "World Championship of Tennis" title. The prize included a "first-place check of 100,000 dollars, a 1,000 dollar wardrobe, the use of a luxury car for a year, as well as a championship ring glittering with diamonds." The diamond pendant mentioned earlier was included as a present for "the lady of Connors' choice." All of which makes Connors, already a multimillionaire, an even more eligible catch than he was before the championship match. And, for all one knows, this is only the beginning. This is the first time

Connors made it to the WCT finals - and he hopes to retain his title for a few years more at least.

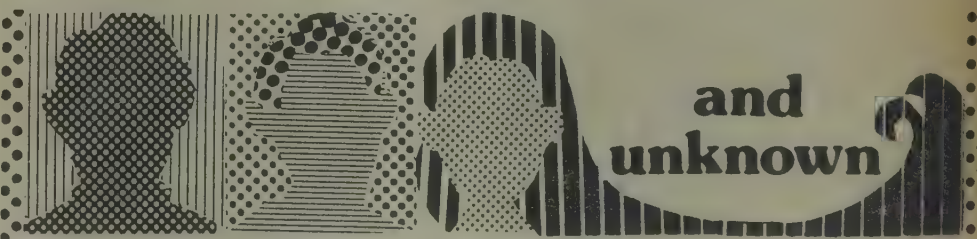
Donna Rachele Mussolini, the widow of Benito Mussolini has lost the battle for the return of her property, confiscated after World War II. The dictator's widow, who is now 86 years old, has been fighting the Italian government for the past nine years and has finally been told by the Supreme Court of Italy that she has no claim to any of the lands she calls hers. Donna Mussolini has claimed that the farms and estates she owned independently of her husband were wrongly confiscated by the government when it sequestered all the dictator's possessions in 1946. Now she has lost not only the land for ever, but also a large portion of her private savings, which went as fees to the lawyers who fought the case in the various courts of Italy.

Russian-born Dr. Barbara Moore died on May 15 in a London hospital where she had been registered under a false name. Dr. Moore died a broken woman, following bankruptcy proceedings and legal troubles over land surrounding her English home. Yet, only a few years ago, Dr. Moore was Britain's most talked about woman, because of her long-distance walks around the world. Dr. Moore had claimed at that time that she had conquered age and was convinced she would live to be 150 "on a diet of carrot juice, lettuce and grass." Perhaps her troubled life fol-

lowing the legal battles broke her spirit and made her lose her will to live. She was only 71 when she died.



Groucho Marx (86), world renowned comedian and film and T.V. star is not a very happy man these days. Groucho (as his fans know him) has been ailing seriously for some time now. And to make his problems more serious, people close to him are fighting in court over the right to "administer" his multi-million-dollar estate. The rivals to the post of "permanent managers of the estate" are Groucho's 56-year-old son, Arthur, and his former housekeeper, Miss Erin Flemming (37). However, there seems to be no dispute over the more important issue of who should tend the ailing ex-star. All of which must be very depressing indeed even for a man of Groucho's fun-loving, optimistic nature.



## and unknown

A woman in Semrang, Central Java, holds the dubious distinction of being the first known victim of a unique eye ailment. The ailment is caused by a tiny worm that is found only in the lungs of infected rats. This rat worm, approximately 0.9 centimetres long, was found in this woman's eye in October last year. Now, seven months later, another person with a similar affliction has been brought to the notice of doctors in Jakarta.

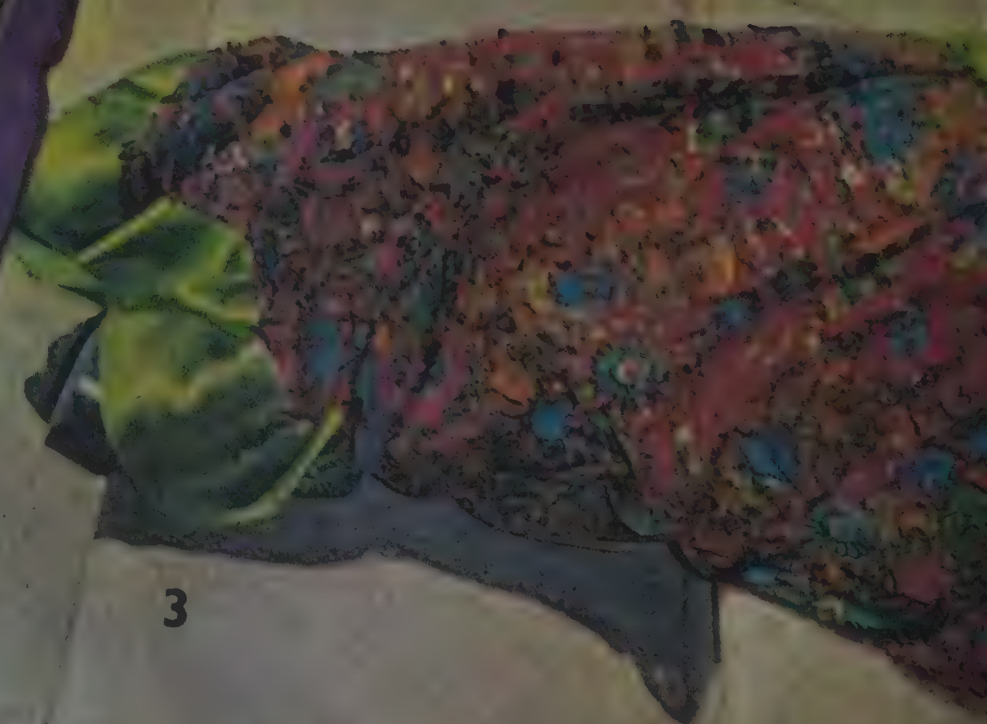
No one knows if the woman has been cured and what the extent of her suffering was before doctors took up her case. But one thing is sure - the rat worm has helped her attain some sort of immortality. Her case will feature eternally in medical books dealing with eye diseases.

Compiled by Sathya Saran

# FASHION IN TRADITION!



2



3

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Strike it in purple and grey  
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...ble paisleys over smooth  
...on the pallav. Just right for an  
...ing date!

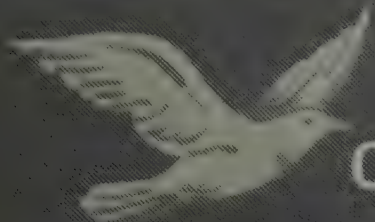
A white satin saree is hand-block  
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...active design all over and a large  
...sual paisley pallav, which  
...can wear now and also under  
... coat in winter!

3. Full blooming beauty in chiffon  
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4. Step out gracefully and  
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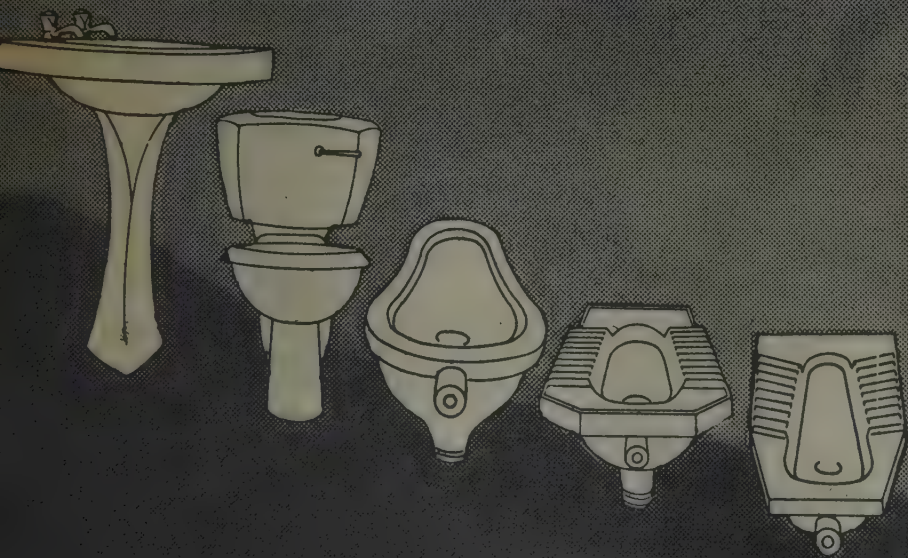
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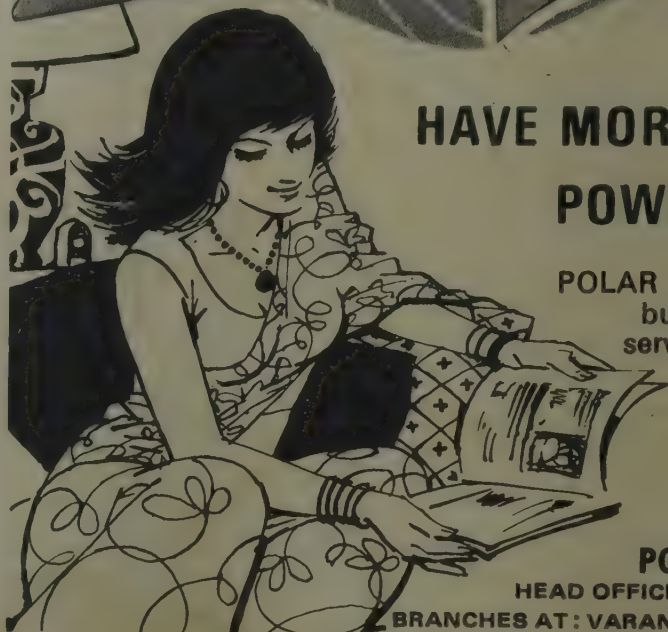


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### What causes colds and flu?

Air-borne viruses from infected persons spread colds and flu. Normally, the body resists these viruses. But over-exertion or under-nourishment weakens the body and lowers resistance to infection.

### What are the symptoms?

Bodyache, heaviness in the head, sneezing and a runny nose. Flu is often accompanied by shivering, discomfort and sweating. Cough, sore throat, loss of appetite and fatigue may follow.

### Can it lead to complications?

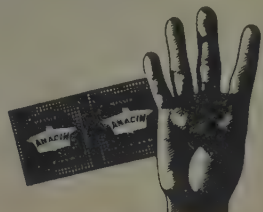
Neglected cases may lead to pneumonia and infection of the upper respiratory tract.

### How does Anacin help?

Anacin relieves the misery of colds and flu. Anacin is strong—it contains more of the pain-reliever doctors most recommend all over the world. Anacin is trusted by millions. It is a combination of medicines like a doctor's trusted prescription. So at the first signs of cold or flu take Anacin four times a day.

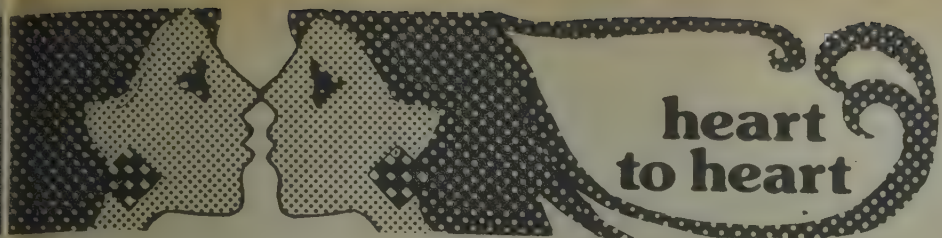
### What else should you do?

- Drink plenty of fluids, boiled water, orange or lemon juice
- Eat nourishing foods
- Rest adequately
- Gargle with antiseptic or salt water
- Keep rooms properly ventilated



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# heart to heart

## SHE NEEDS COUNSELLING AND UNDERSTANDING

I am 21 recently married to a girl of 19. My wife is terribly frightened of sex and when I try to make love to her at night, she does not respond. During the day time she is quite normal and responds to my affection. I do not know what happens to her at night. Please advise.

You must communicate with your wife and find out why she is afraid of sex, particularly at night. Perhaps she has had or seen some traumatic experience in childhood, which has left an impression on her mind. As she regains your love and confidence, she may express herself to you. Love, reassurance and understanding on your part can go a long way to bring her round to enjoy sex life. A good counsellor or a psychiatrist could do a lot of good to help her out of this mental block coupled with your love and tolerance.

**CONFIDE YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS TO DR. MABEL FONSECA C/O EVE'S WEEKLY. DR. FONSECA IS A LEADING MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR AND WILL ANSWER YOUR QUERIES EVERY FORTNIGHT**

# AFRAID OF SEX

A more practical tip is to make love to her at night, but with lights on!

## GET IN TOUCH WITH HER

I was going steady for about two years with a very beautiful girl living next door. One day I told her I was not interested in studies and that I wanted to join films.

On hearing this she stopped talking to me. I cannot forget her. I do not know what to do, please help me.

Perhaps this girl is aware of the hazards of working in films and how it can affect one's life personally, socially and financially for better or for worse. And may be she is not prepared for the risks.

However, the friendship need not end so abruptly. Get in touch with her and plan a meeting to talk things over. If you really love her and want her back and this is the main point of disagreement, you should think hard, take up studies for a career that will be constructive and lucrative. On coming to terms

with each other, you can be friends again and work towards a happy, united future.

Discussion is the best way in the circumstances. Don't be despondent, go ahead and contact her.

## PSYCHOLOGICAL SET-BACK TO MARRIAGE

I am a young man of 28. For the first time I have fallen

in love with a girl. Whenever I broach the topic of our marriage she tells me that when she was 15 she consulted an astrologer who told her that if she marries, her husband will die within three months. She is scared and does not want to get married.

Kindly suggest some way so that I convince her about accepting my marriage proposal.

It is rather unfortunate that this girl has taken so much to heart the statement made by the astrologer.

For her mental satisfaction, you could have her and your horoscopes read by a good astrologer and get this point cleared. And if there is nothing adverse in this connection, you could get her to accept the fact and get married. And if there are any technical formalities to be gone through to avert the bad influences, according to her belief, have them done.

Tell her to be more optimistic. In any sphere of life one has to take a chance. No one can really predict one's exact future — it's a chance one takes!

## DECISION TO DIVORCE

Continued from Page 19

and wood, but still the house is not quiet. I begin to walk up and down — perhaps the whispering will stop. But the walls throw back the laughter of myself and my wife — just as when we had laughed together when finding names for our new-born twins.

I hurriedly go into the next room. Here, from the bed, arises a mixture of gurgles and cries of little babies. I turn, only to find my chair where I had sat, and travelled through so many lands through who knows how many books, had shared the fortunes and misfortunes of so many characters . . .

This is foolishness, I tell myself. This is just a building of lifeless brick and wood, no storehouse of memories. If only the house would listen, too, I can tell it my side of the story, but the windows look at me as if they were the eyes of the house viewing my unfaithfulness with contemptuous anger. The scent of flowers has filled the room, although the flower-pot in its customary place has only withered flowers. In this room, I have hummed who knows how many songs, sometimes for the children, sometimes for my

dreams and aspirations. Can that music be buried under the walls? Why blame the house? The daily conversations of the four of us, our love for each other, anger, joy, the castles we built together, it is their sound that these walls are echoing and re-echoing.

Memories are closing in from all sides. After the wedding, when we rented this house we had gone arm-in-arm from room to room as if making friends with the walls. In this same house had been heard the laughter and howls of two small children and the security provided for them. Returning home in the evenings, it was towards this house that my tired feet moved so fast.

Caught in this net of sentimentality, I roam through every room in the house and then, to put to flight the memories rising from all sides, I open the front door. The calm of the night, I think, will soothe the echoing walls. But I am unsuccessful in this because the very first day we had entered the house, Rekha, living up to the meaning of her name (line) had drawn one on the painted door, saying with eyes full of mischief, "From this day, Rekha will rule in this house, this ought to be clear from the door itself." And each time the door was repainted, Rekha used to draw her line anew.

I come out of the house, but in front of me is that darned

bush behind which on moonlit nights we used to sit on the grass and wait for the moon. I move forward hoping that beyond the bush these tender memories will cease. But a passing gust of breeze reminds me almost immediately. Right in the beginning, when we had ventured out and a gust of cold wind had come, Rekha had moved close to me murmuring, "I didn't know it would be so cold here. I didn't put on my coat," and I had laughed and said, "If you had the coat on you wouldn't have been in my arms," and shyly she had laid her head on my shoulder.

I move forward in the darkness over the green grass towards the rocks. It is so dark there, I can barely distinguish anything. Up in the sky the twinkling stars are playing hide and seek. I stand quietly. And then I see her.

She is sitting on her favourite rock quietly, calmly. She has not even heard me approaching. I wonder whether it is a trick of the darkness, whether I have just imagined that someone is sitting there. At this moment, the clouds thin out, letting some of the moonlight fall on the garden so that I am able to make out her form more clearly. The shafts of moonlight begin playing on her thick, lustrous hair. I had thought she was putting the last touches to her packing. But now I remember that I have been

through all the rooms, but she hadn't been there.

I do not speak. Neither am I able to go back. Moving forward softly I sit down beside her. Have the echoes of the walls sent me here? We both sit quietly and I keep wondering what unseen force has sent us in the lonely, calm night to the same spot.

She tells me, "I felt like crying and my throat was all choking up, thinking that tomorrow we will separate, each going our own way. Then, who knows? Maybe we will meet again, maybe we will not. If we do not meet again, how and when can I tell you that I love you a lot . . ."

"Quiet, be quiet," I say, gently stroking her hair, "there will now be no need for that, Rekha."

Saying, "No need for that? Do you speak truly?" she draws close to me. But then a thought seems to strike her and she says, "How cold it is, you haven't got your coat on."

I reply, "If I had put on my coat, I would not be in your arms," and we both laugh remembering that other night. We get up and holding hands, run towards the house to tear up the papers with our signatures on them for which our lawyers are to come in the morning. But the door stands in our way. Pulling my hand, Rekha brings me to a halt and with her finger nail, makes the line on the door even deeper.

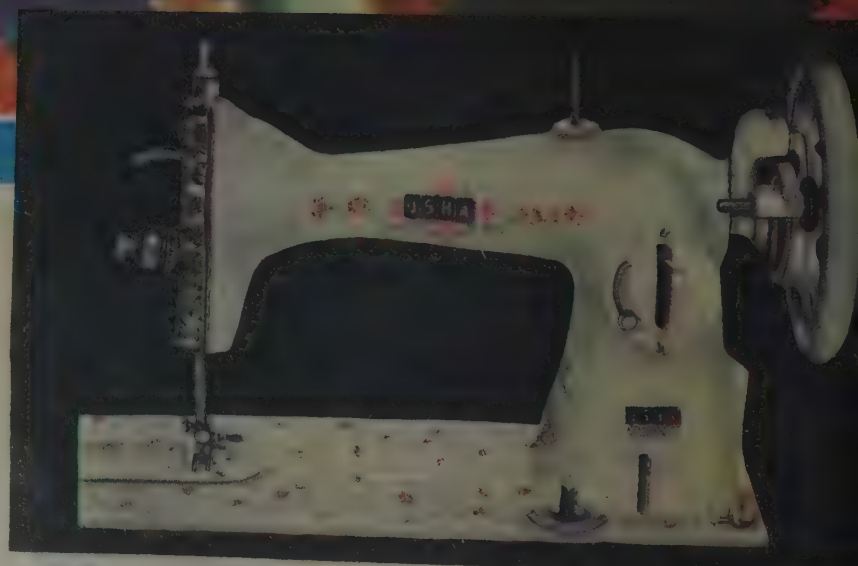
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USHA

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sewing machine w



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It was approaching midnight and the young man still hovered around the door. The stillness was suddenly shattered by a loud crash upstairs.

"Gracious, dear," said the timid lover, "what could that be?"

"Oh," replied the miss, "that's just papa dropping a hint."

"Wise men are always in doubt. Only idiots are sure of their case."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, absolutely."

Donald: "I dreamed last night that I proposed to you. What is that a sign of?"

Dorothy: "It's a sign that you've got more sense when you're asleep than when you're awake."

Willie: "Paw, does bigamy mean that a man has one wife too many?"

Paw: "Not necessarily, my son. A man can have one wife too many and still not be bigamist."

Grandpa: "My little man, you shouldn't say 'I ain't going.' You should say, 'I am not going,' 'he is not going,' 'they are not going,' 'we are not going,' 'you are not going.'"



Little Johnny: Goodness, Ain't anybody going?"

"Daddy, who was Hamlet?"

"Bring me the Bible, you ignoramus, and I'll show you who he was."

Young lawyer: (to coloured man): "William, who was your wife before you were married?"



William: "Boss, I didn't have no wife then."

The wife of a small farmer sold her surplus butter to a grocer in a nearby town. On one occasion the grocer said: "Your butter was underweight last week."

"Now fancy that," said Mrs. Farmer. "Baby mislaid my weight that day, so I used the pound of sugar you sold me."

One railroad has a regular form for reporting accidents to animals on its right of way. Recently a track foreman had the killing of a cow to report. In answer to the question, "Disposition of carcass?" he wrote: "Kind and gentle."

A Mexican and an American worked together in a Western mine. On several occasions the Mexican had rabbit for dinner, and shared it with his workmate.

One day the American asked: "Where do you get rabbits, Joe? I can't find any."

"My wife, she get 'um," Jose replied. "Every night they come round the house and make noise. She shoot 'um."

"Noise? Rabbits don't make a noise."

"Sure," asserted Jose positively. "They go 'Meow, Meow'."

This letter exemplifies the power of the press:

"Dear Editor: Thursday I lost a gold watch which I valued very highly. Immediately I inserted an ad in your lost-and-found column and waited. Yesterday I went home and found the watch in the pocket of another suit. God bless your paper."

What does an artist like to draw most?

His salary.

A bather whose clothing was strewed

By breezes that left her quite nude

Saw a man come along

And unless I am wrong, You expected this line to be lewd.

Compiled by: George Fegradoc

Out of sheer force of habit Kaveri proceeded to apply make-up after her evening bath. She stopped. She looked into the mirror. In her petticoat and bra her cypress slender, youthful body looked utterly ravishing. Her features were perfect in all respects. Her eyes were black and large like a gazelle's, her nose straight and perfect, her lips soft and pink like a rose petal, her full and firm breasts struggled to burst out of her snug white bra. Her smooth, creamy white, rounded arms glistened with a translucent glow under the fluorescent light of her dressing table. She was young, beautiful, desirable.

But who would desire her now? What was the use of beautifying herself? The only person who had the right to desire and love her youthful body had become a cripple and invalid for the last three months. He could not move without his wheel or without her assistance. Kaveri felt hot tears rising in her eyes. The painful memory which she desperately wanted to drive out for ever, came rushing into her mind — the automobile accident which had made Prakash, her husband, a cripple for life had occurred only a year after their marriage.

Kaveri remembered with nostalgia that first idyllic winter and summer following their marriage. They were in love. Prakash was young, handsome, tall, athletic and virile. He was always gay and carefree. Those idyllic days and nights were full of love, romance, gaiety and mirth. They were fully wrapped up in each other as only two persons deeply in love could be. For them the outside world with all its pains and sorrows did not exist. They were in love and they were happy. Even the gods would have been envious of their happiness in those perfect summer days. Probably they were.

For their days of love and romance, gaiety and happiness ended abruptly about a year after their marriage in the crash of an automobile which Prakash would never again be able to drive. For days after that a shocked and dazed Kaveri had been disconsolate. She could not believe that her ebullient Prakash, whose infectious gaiety had reverberated throughout the house, could be a helpless cripple for life. God, why did it have to happen to them, she thought.

What was the use of applying lipstick to her lips or mascara to her eyelids? Prakash would never again desire her body. He had not even kissed her once after the terrible tragedy. There would no more be that carefree mirth and passionate love-making in their life. He even avoided looking at her. He depended on Kaveri for all his physical needs. He could not take a bath without her help. "I have become a burden for you Kaveri," he would often remark. Kaveri, on such occasions, with her heart heavy with anguish, tried to console him with a

forced smile. But afterwards when she was alone, she wept silently.

Kaveri pushed away the box of cosmetics. She would not need them any more, she thought, not in the evenings anyway. She had now to go out for work. She had got a job in a bank to make up for her husband's lost salary, and make-up was a feminine necessity. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her beautiful and creamy white body, full of youth and vitality, would now wither away with the passage of time without being touched again. The curse of a capricious providence had deprived her of all happiness even before her life had truly begun. The hunger of her youthful flesh which stood before her in the mirror would forever remain unsatiated. Throwing herself on the bed, Kaveri sobbed, burying her face in the pillow, as she contemplated the future which held no glimmer of hope.

"Are you unwell, Kaveri?" Prakash had heard her sobbing and he had wheeled himself up to the doorway of the bedroom.

"Oh, it is nothing, Prakash. You need not worry. It was a little stomachache. It will pass away soon," Kaveri lied as she wiped off the tears from her face. But Prakash had understood. He knew that hers was

the cry of deep anguish and despair.

"You should go out to the movies once in a while for a change," Prakash said with pity in his eyes. "You should not sacrifice everything for me. After all I am alive because of your care. Is not that enough service and sacrifice on your part? You should make more friends outside. That will drive away your gloom to some extent. I will be only too happy to see you a little more cheerful. Your happiness is my happiness, Kaveri, remember that."

Kaveri turned her face away from Prakash and wept uncontrollably. The pent-up frustration and sorrows of the past two years, which she had controlled by sheer force of her will, burst out in all its tragic force. Prakash too felt tiny drops of warm tears on his cheeks.

Once again spring turned into summer. It was a full moon night. Shafts of moonlight poured through the bedroom window. Kaveri could not sleep. Strangely enough, she always found it difficult to sleep soundly on a full moon night. Her restless mind wandered down memory lane. She remembered another full moon night of that summer when they had gone to Kashmir for their honeymoon. Prakash had hired a country-boat. Ex-

cept for the boatman who sat at one end of the boat, hidden behind the screen of bamboo, there was nobody on the boat except themselves.

Their hearts full of love and romance, their minds untroubled by the future, they had sat close to each other under the moonlit sky as the boat floated down the still waters of the lake. With passion and desire flaming in their hearts, they had hungrily probed each other as if they were trying to discover some elusive mystery. That cool moonlit night, with its eerie silence, was unforgettable for the sheer beauty and romance of it. They had savoured every moment of that silent night.

But all this was before she had met Suresh. Abruptly her thoughts went to him. Of late, she often thought about him despite her efforts to avoid such thoughts. Suresh was her colleague in the bank where she worked. Always gay and charming, Suresh was young, generous, helpful and a perfect gentleman. Her friendship with him had sprung up when she was once stranded after a heavy rain no conveyance was available. Suresh, always helpful, had given her a lift on his scooter. Three months had passed since then. During these three months their friendship had grown.

# THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

Beena Mohanty



Now Suresh gave her a lift everyday to the bank and back to the house. He had also been helpful to her in many other ways. As she lay on her back sleepless and restless, she recollected the small incidents which had marked their friendship. Something was happening between them, she knew. She had developed towards Suresh a tenderness which was more than mere gratitude and she knew, with the instinct of a woman, that he too had feelings towards her deeper than mere friendship. They began to go to movies and restaurants together, but that was all.

She had not only told Prakash about her new friend Suresh but had also invited him a few times to their house for tea and dinner. Prakash too liked Suresh for his unaffected charm, his kindness, generosity and jovial manner. He was such good company. Often Suresh had long chats with Prakash and Prakash enjoyed every minute of his stay in their house. He was so knowledgeable too.

Prakash was always full of praise and appreciation for Suresh. He even encouraged them to go to movies and picnics together. Kaveri found a new happiness and solace in her new found friendship with Suresh, which she had not had for a long

*His married bliss  
cut short by a ghastly  
accident, he decided  
that his wife,  
young and beautiful,  
had a right to  
happiness*

time. Kaveri was able to laugh once again — the laughter that had gone out of her life after the crash of Prakash's automobile.

With her new found gaiety and happiness, Kaveri discovered that the frustrating days that had dragged on endlessly and monotonously, passed with surprising rapidity. Soon there was another spring and with it came Holi, the festival of colour. On the eve of Holi, Kaveri invited Suresh for supper. Suresh, gay and carefree as usual, arrived early. Kaveri had taken unusual care that evening in choosing her make-up, dress and perfume. She had even put on a beautiful set of jewellery which she usually reserved for special occasions. Kaveri cooked supper in the kitchen as Prakash and Suresh chatted gaily about all conceivable subjects. Kaveri's heart swelled with love, pride and happiness as she heard from the kitchen their occasional peals of laughter coming from the living room.

Kaveri relished and savoured every moment of such get-togethers. She frequently looked at herself in the bedroom mirror. She looked ravishingly beautiful and vivacious. Gone were the black rings under her eyes and the bleak look of despair. Kaveri, gay and happy sat proudly between Prakash and Suresh as they ate their delicious dinner.

"There is going to be a cultural function tomorrow night at Kalamandir," Kaveri said casually between mouthfuls of tandoori chicken.

"Why don't you go? Suresh can accompany you if he is not busy otherwise," Prakash replied, as he tackled a chicken bone.

"You too can come with us," Suresh said. "We can somehow manage to get you there."

"Oh no, those days are over for me," Prakash sighed. There was a poignant moment of silence as they tried to avoid each other's eyes.

Kaveri walked down with Suresh upto his scooter. It was parked in the darkness under a tree. Both of them were silent, each preferring to pursue thoughts that could not be made vocal. The silence of the night held a magic that spelled both ecstasy and danger. Suresh knew that Kaveri was beautiful. But he had never realised till this moment that she was so ravishingly beautiful, because after Prakash's accident, Kaveri had always dressed herself simply to look plain. Suresh for the first time that night, saw Kaveri gorgeously dressed, bejewelled and made up with cosmetics.

His heart had missed a beat when he had walked inside and had been greeted by this unusually youthful and lovely Kaveri. For a few moments he was not able to take his eyes off her face. Their eyes had met too and in that momentary glance, some mysterious communion had taken place between them. Such a thing had not happened to him before. A tremor, delicious and dangerous had passed through his body at that moment of silent communion. Kaveri had stopped smiling and had averted her eyes. She had looked down on the carpet and her sigh was quite audible.

Now they stood silently in the darkness under the tree near Suresh's scooter. Each of them wished to know what the other was thinking about. Neither wished to leave and break the silent spell of their sweet emotions. They wanted to be together as much as possible to relish this loving warmth and the beauty of their silent communion. A sigh escaped from Kaveri and in the darkness she felt a drop of warm tear flowing down her cheek. It was so ecstatic and so sad. The silence was most eloquent. Their bodies touched, for a fraction of a moment, as Suresh brushed past Kaveri to his scooter. A delicious shiver ran through Kaveri's body. She could stand the tension no longer. She turned abruptly and fled. She wiped off the tear as she entered the living room. Prakash was reading a book. After the automobile crash he had never been as happy as this night. He asked for the vial of sleeping pills. Nowadays he could not sleep without them.

The crowded hall of Kalamandir was plunged into darkness as the hall lights were switched off. The curtain went up. The first item of the programme was a Bharata Natyam dance. Kaveri, in her sleeveless blouse, pink brocade sari and wearing her best set of jewellery, looked almost glamorous. Her large mass

of black silken hair had been elegantly coiffed with extreme care. Her make-up subdued, her nail polish palest of pink, she wore some perfume which made Suresh's head swim with desire. The Bharata Natyam number on the stage continued. Their hands touched. A delicious tremor passed through their bodies. The moment lingered on. Neither wished to withdraw from that ecstatic experience. Both wanted to prolong that moment of joy forever. They held each other's hand as the show on the stage went on.

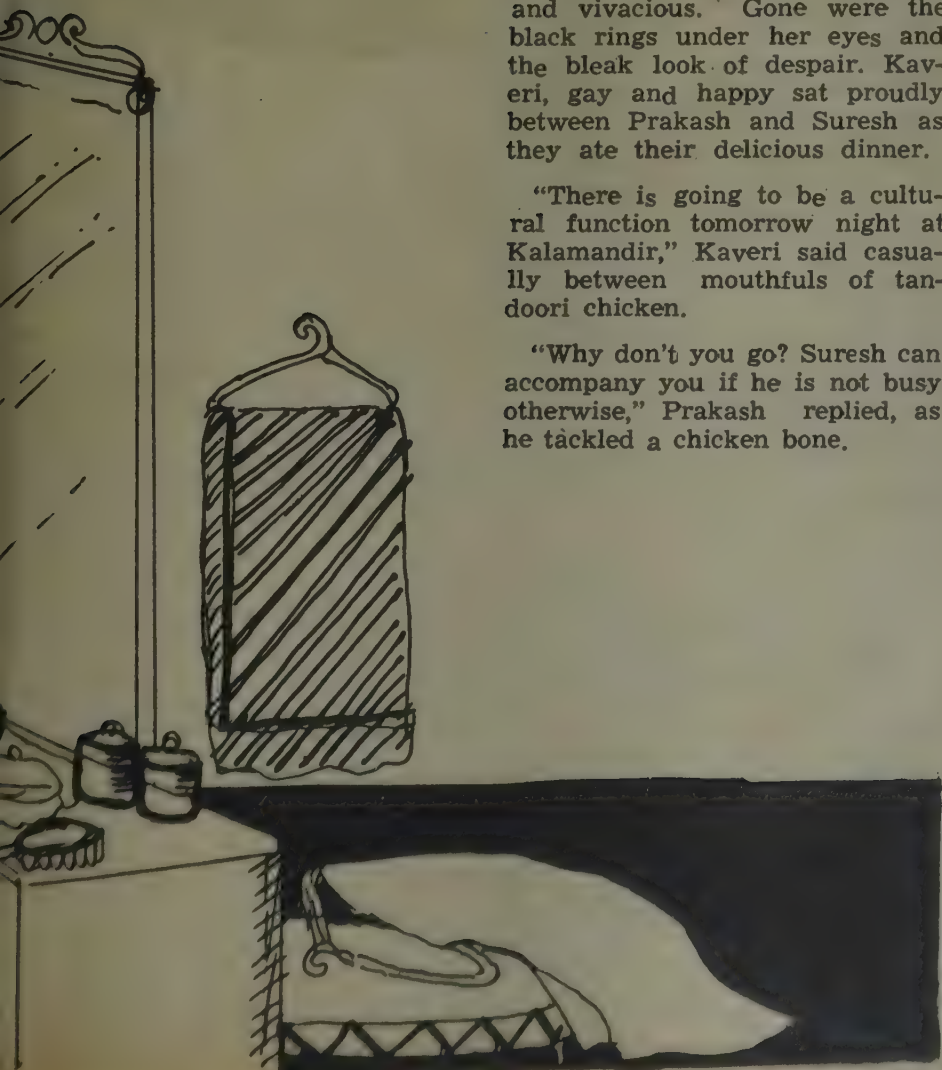
A cool breeze was blowing outside. The spring night was getting chiller. A bright moon shone overhead in a cloudless sky. After the show at Kalamandir, hand in hand, they passed through the darkened tangles of the twisting alleys and headed instinctively and almost automatically towards a destination which they had never before discussed. It was a spot on the river bank well-known as the rendezvous for the city's lovers. Driven compulsively by some mysterious force and a silent understanding, they had been propelled to this obscure spot on the river bank as if they were sleepwalkers. It was late and the river bank was almost deserted.

They fell into each other's arms, the instant they reached the safety of darkness among the trees. A floodgate of desire and passion that had been held in check for months burst open with the force of a tidal wave. They did not speak because words were meaningless at that moment of their ecstatic union.

"My God what have I done?" a remorseful Suresh exclaimed, his voice full of guilt and anguish. Kaveri, too, suddenly felt guilty and remorseful as she lay exhausted on the tender green of the river bank. Thin shafts of moonlight fell on her tangled hair and saree through the small gaps in the thick, lush foliage overhead. They rose and departed together in the ominous silence of their mutual guilt. Neither had any desire to speak after what had happened. Prakash was fast asleep when a dishevelled and dishonoured Kaveri tiptoed silently to her bedroom.

"My dear Kaveri," Kaveri anxiously read Suresh's hastily scribbled letter the next evening. "I will never be able to forgive myself for what happened last night. I behaved most abominably like an animal. Where was my sense of honour? Where was my conscience? How can I show my face to Prakash again? For that matter how can I call myself a faithful friend of yours? I have dishonoured myself and you. I have broken the bond of faith between us. I have also broken God's commandments, Kaveri. Such love as ours is forbidden both by God and by society. It is all my fault. And I cannot even plead that it was an irresistible impulse of the moment. I

Continued on Page 36





PERSONAL CHOICE

# EAST INDIAN FARE

Photograph  
Farokh Reporter

Mrs. Judith Pereira, an East Indian housewife from Bombay, excels in cooking dishes from her region. No picnic or party is complete without Judith's East Indian dishes, say her friends. She caters for all kinds of functions. In addition, she supplies meals for working girls. Taking orders for parties and receptions is Judith's hobby. It takes up most of her

time, but she pleases her husband and children with her delectable dishes. Cooking is only one of her interests. Social work is closer to her heart. Distributing clothes, food, mash, etc., to the poor in her parish is a labour of love. She is ready to extend a helping hand to anyone, through cooking or morally, through her prayers for the needy around her.

## PRAWN CUTLETS

- 8 large prawns
- 2 medium onions
- 1/2" ginger
- 2 green chillis
- 1/2 pod garlic
- 1 tbsp. vinegar
- 1 tbsp. bottle masala
- Coriander leaves
- Oil
- Salt to taste

Shell prawns and chop finely. Mince onions, chillis, ginger and garlic and grind thickly with bottle masala. Mix well with prawns. Form balls of the mix-

ture, flatten them and dip them into beaten egg. Coat them with bread crumbs and fry in shallow oil till browned.

Note: East Indian bottle masala is available in the market.

#### STUFFED CRAB

- 6 crabs
- $\frac{1}{2}$  kg. onions
- 1" piece ginger
- 1 pod garlic
- 3 green chillis
- $\frac{1}{2}$  coconut
- A little tamarind
- Oil and salt
- 1 tbsp. bottle masala

Roast the onion, ginger, garlic, chillis and coconut and grind to a fine paste. Add bottle masala, salt and tamarind and mix well. Open the shells of the crabs and stuff with the filling. Tie the crabs, and place in a vessel with oil and steam it.

#### SHELL CURRY

- 3 doz. clams (khubeh)
- 2 medium onions
- 3 cloves garlic
- 100 grams tomatoes
- $\frac{1}{2}$ " ginger
- 3 green chillis
- Fresh coriander
- $\frac{1}{2}$  coconut (scraped)
- Salt to taste

Steam the shells. Heat oil and fry the onions, garlic, ginger and chillis, all cut length-wise. Then add the finely cut tomatoes, salt and shells and fry for 5 minutes. Sprinkle the coconut and coriander on top.

#### DUCK MOALE

- 1 duck
- green chillis
- 2" piece ginger
- 1 pod garlic
- 6 onions
- 4 tbsps. ghee
- 1 tbsp. bottle masala
- 2 tbsps. vinegar
- 1 tbsp. garam masala
- Salt to taste
- Ghee for frying

Clean and cut the duck into small pieces. Cut lengthwise the chillis, ginger and garlic. Cut onions into rounds. Brown the green masala in ghee. Add a spoonful of bottle masala. Heat ghee in another vessel and fry the duck, cut in pieces, till well browned. Add to it the onions and other green masala. Add hot water, salt, garam masala and vinegar and simmer till meat is tender.

#### TROTTERS KHUDI

- 2 trotters
- green chillis
- 1" piece ginger
- pod garlic
- onions
- dry coconut
- dstsp. bottle masala
- kg. potatoes
- tbsps. ghee
- sour lime
- salt to taste

Roast onions, chillis and dry coconut. Then grind with ginger and garlic. Joint the trotters into small pieces. Cook till soft, adding salt. Heat the ghee and fry the sliced onions. Then add the ground masala. Stir and fry

well. Add bottle masala. Now add the trotters to the gravy. Squeeze  $\frac{1}{2}$  a sour lime into gravy and add boiled potatoes cut into quarter. Simmer for 15 minutes.

#### POM POM

- 1 kg. maida
- 2 eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$  kg. sugar
- 1 tbsp. yeast
- Salt to taste

Mix flour, eggs, sugar and yeast with water, and make into a thick batter. Keep aside for two

#### PICKLED PRAWN

- 1 kg. shelled prawns
- 2 pods garlic
- 4 onions
- 12 dry red chillis
- 1 tsp. turmeric powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. peppercorns
- $\frac{1}{4}$  pint gingelly oil
- $\frac{1}{4}$  pint vinegar
- 3 oz. green ginger
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. mustard seeds
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. cumminseed
- 10 green chillis
- 1 sprig curry leaves
- 1 tbsp. sugar
- Salt to taste

# COOL, CREAMY DELIGHTS

#### PEACH MELBA

Only three flavours must merge in this classic dish — peach, vanilla, and raspberry — because these are the three from which Escoffier created the dish at the request of Dame Nellie Melba.

Scald two ripe peaches for almost a minute, and skin them. Cut into halves and remove stones. Put a portion of vanilla ice-cream on each fancy plate. Lay a peach-half on top and cover with a raspberry sauce, made by sieving fresh raspberries (tinned fruit can be used, if drained) through a strainer. Work in sufficient sieved icing sugar to thicken, creaming it in gradually. About a teacupful of puree and of sugar will be needed for 4 peach halves. Put a little vanilla flavoured, sweetened, whipped cream on top to decorate.

#### CHOCOLATE CREAM

- $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk
- 2 eggs
- 60 grams sweetened plain chocolate
- Sugar to taste
- Vanilla or coffee essence
- $\frac{1}{2}$  pint evaporated milk or cream

Make a custard with the eggs and milk, and cool it. Scrape chocolate finely with a knife, and melt carefully in the evaporated milk, mix all ingredients and whisk well. Freeze according to directions. If cream is used in place of evaporated milk, keep aside a little of the milk which is to be used to make the custard, in which to dissolve the chocolate.

To prepare evaporated milk for ice-cream mixtures, put the unpierced tin in a saucepan of boiling water, cover. Boil for 15-20 minutes, then remove and chill rapidly. Use when quite cold.

#### APRICOT ICE-CREAM

- $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of sieved puree from fresh or tinned apricots (steamed fresh ones give best flavour)
- $\frac{1}{2}$  pint evaporated milk or cream
- Sugar to taste

Mix all ingredients and freeze according to directions.

#### MANGO FOOL

- 1 cup thick mango pulp
- $\frac{1}{2}$  litre cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. lemon juice
- Nuts for garnishing
- Sugar if needed

Whip the cream well and add lemon juice. Whip the puree and add to the cream. Blend well together and put into individual glasses. Decorate with nuts and serve chilled.

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hours till the flour rises. Dip fingers in water, take small portions of batter and form into small balls and deep fry in oil until golden brown. Drain and remove.

#### FRIED DRY BOMBAY DUCK

- 12 dry bombils (Bombay Ducks)
- 8 dry chillis
- 1 tsp. cumminseed
- 1" piece ginger
- 1 pod garlic
- 2 tbsps. vinegar
- Salt to taste

Soak the bombils in water and keep aside.

Grind together the chillis, cumminseed, turmeric, garlic, ginger with vinegar and a little salt. Apply the masala to the bombils and mash them. Put it in a pan with oil and fry them till crisp.

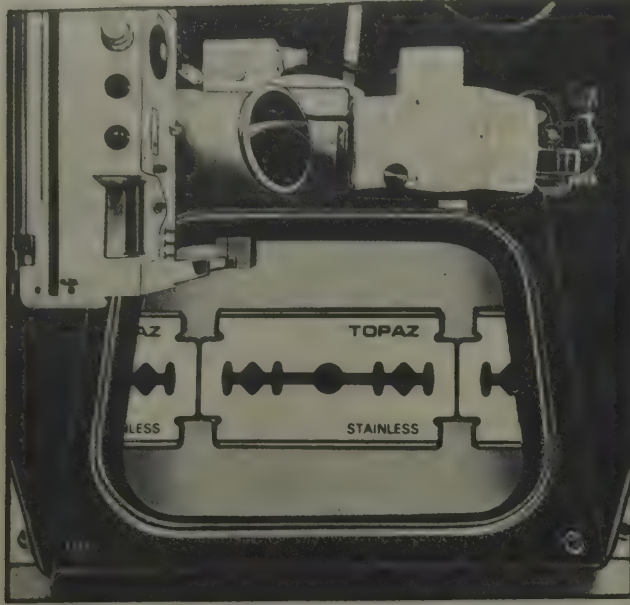
Grind the onions, red chillis, pepper, 4 cloves garlic to a smooth paste. Put in a saucepan to boil, together with the prawns and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water and salt. Simmer till water evaporates.

Heat half the oil and fry the cooked prawns till well browned. Remove from oil and keep aside.

Grind with a tablespoon of vinegar, 2 oz. ginger, 12 cloves garlic and mustard seeds, turmeric powder and cumminseed to a paste. Slice remaining ginger, garlic and green chillis. Add remaining oil to the oil in which the prawns were fried and fry the sliced ingredients. Add curry leaves and ground paste and fry, stirring continuously. Pour in the vinegar, season with salt and bring to a boil. Then add fried prawns and sugar and simmer.

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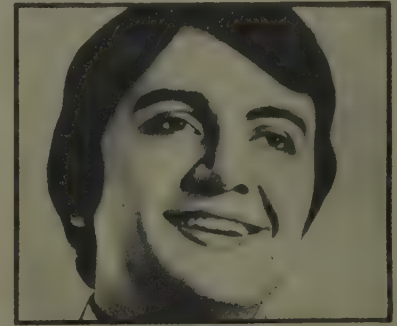
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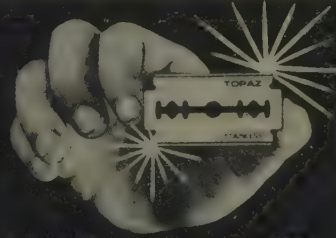
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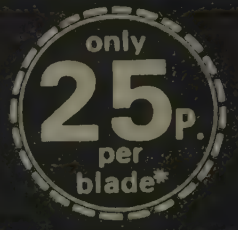
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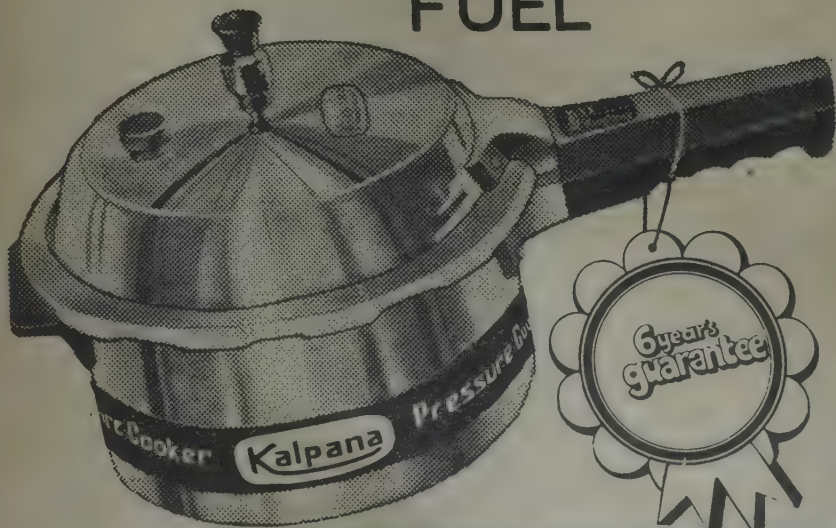
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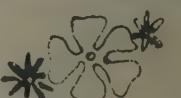
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# recipes from our readers



Miss Prema S., Bangalore

## ALOO SURPRISE

- 500 grams small potatoes
- 250 grams curd
- 3 tbsps. ghee
- 2 onions, finely chopped
- 1 tbsp. coriander powder
- 1/2" piece ginger, minced
- 7 green chillis, slit
- 2 medium sized tomatoes
- Chilli powder to taste
- 30 grams chopped nuts
- 30 grams dates, chopped
- 1 tbsp. sugar
- Coriander leaves

Boil potatoes, peel and fry in ghee till brown and keep aside. Fry finely chopped onions in the same ghee but see that the onions do not get brown. Add the coriander powder, turmeric powder, ginger and fry for five minutes. Add green chillis, finely chopped tomatoes and curd. Keep stirring till the water from the curd is absorbed and the masalas well mixed. Add dates, salt, chilli powder and one cup water and let it simmer till nearly all the water is absorbed. Add the fried potatoes and sugar and cook for 15-20 minutes more. When a thick gravy is obtained, remove from fire. Serve hot, garnished with finely chopped fried nuts and coriander leaves.



Mrs. Meena B. Kumar, Bangalore

## NATIONAL KHAJA

- 1/2 kg. white rawa
- 150 grams khoya

- 250 grams jaggery
- 8-9 powdered cardamoms
- A few cashewnuts and raisins
- 400 grams ghee
- 50 grams rice flour

Make a fine paste of rice in 25 grams of ghee and keep it aside. Make three portions of rawa. To one portion, add one teaspoon ghee and a pinch of salt, making it into a dough. To the second portion add ghee, a pinch of salt and 2 drops of green colour. To the third portion add ghee, a pinch of salt and 2 drops of orange colour.

Spread all these 3 portions in the form of a chappati and keep it aside.

First, take the portion with the green colour. On this, spread the rice flour paste all over. Then over this, place the white portion of rawa. Again, spread the rice-flour paste and place the orange portion of rawa. Roll the whole tightly and cut into small pieces and keep it aside.

### For the filling :

First fry the khoya then mix cardamom powder, jaggery and raisins. Make small puri shapes of the rawa and fill and fold them and fry.



J. M. Somaiya

## VEGETABLE FINGERS

- 2 cups moong dal
- 1 cupful rice flour
- 1 cup curd
- 400 grams each: peas, carrots, potatoes, French beans
- 100 grams capsicums
- 1/2 bunch coriander leaves
- 1/2 grated coconut
- Paste of 6 green chillis, 2" piece ginger and salt
- 2 tbsps. oil
- 1/2 tsp. soda-bicarb
- A pinch of asafoetida

Soak dal for 2-3 hours. Wash and grind finely.

Boil potatoes, peel and dice. Cut rest of the vegetables into small pieces and boil, adding salt and a little soda. Add all the boiled vegetables to the dal mixture along with green chillis, ginger paste, salt, soda, oil, rice-flour, grated coconut, coriander, curd, asafoetida and thinly sliced and chopped capsicums. Mix thoroughly. Spread mixture thinly on a greased thali and steam till cooked. Remove when done and cool. Cut into 3" long and 1" broad strips and serve with tomato ketchup or green chutney.



Mrs. Philomena Fernandez, Pune

## INSTANT MALAI BARFI

- 1 cup thick cream
- 1/2 cup crushed cashewnuts
- 1/2 cup charoli and pistachio
- 1/2 cup wheat flour
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 tbsps. ghee
- 10 cardamoms
- Green colouring

Put sugar and cream in a dechi and place this over a fire till the sugar starts melting. Mix wheat flour with milk and colouring, then add it to the cream and sugar mixture. Let it boil for fifteen minutes, then add half of the crushed nuts.

Again let it boil on a low fire, adding a little ghee at a time. When the mixture forms into a round ball, add the remaining nuts, cardamoms seeds and ghee, mix well and pour into a greased thali. When it starts cooling, cut into diamond shape pieces.

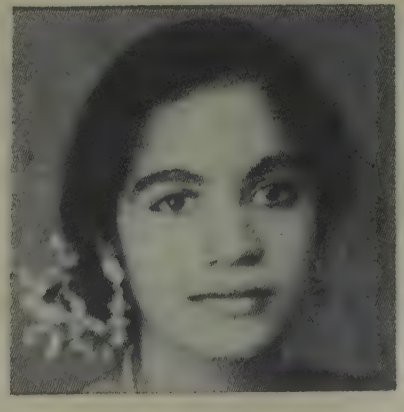


Miss Saker P. Billimoria, Bombay

## ORANGE BAVARIAN SALAD

- 1 pkt. orange jelly
- 1 1/4 cups boiling water
- 1 cup crushed pineapple with juice
- Sugar to taste
- 1 cup grated coconut
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1/2 pt. whipped cream
- 2 tbsps. mayonnaise

Dissolve the jelly in boiling water. Add the juice of the pineapple and, if necessary, add sugar to taste. Keep in the refrigerator until slightly set. Stir in the remaining ingredients, pour into mould and place in the refrigerator once again. When finely set, remove and serve on a bed of lettuce.



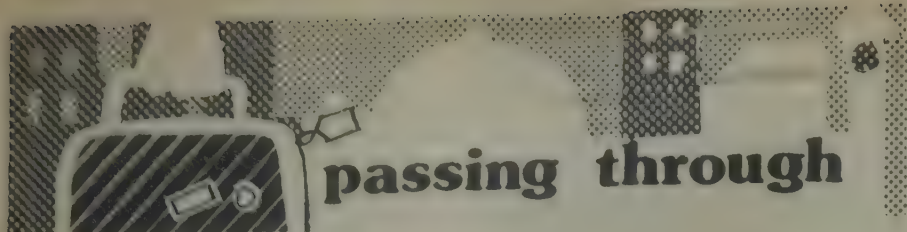
Mrs. Vimala Gabriel of Cannanore wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe.

## JACKFRUIT PARCELS

- 1/2 kg. boiled rice
- 300 grams jaggery, pounded
- 3 cups ripe jackfruit, cut into small pieces

- 1 coconut, grated
- 10 cardamoms
- 2 tbsps. ghee
- 2 tbsps. chopped coconut
- 4 plantain leaves
- Salt to taste

Wash and soak the rice in water for 4 hours. Fry chopped coconut in ghee till it turns light brown in colour. Drain off water from the rice. Mix chopped jackfruit pieces with the rice and grind them coarsely without adding water. Add jaggery, grated coconut and salt. Grind again for 5 minutes. Now add the fried coconut pieces with the remaining ghee and the powdered cardamoms and blend well. Divide the dough into 4 parts. Place each portion in the middle of the plantain leaf and press it into an oblong shape about 2 1/2 inches in thickness. Fold the leaf from all four sides, steam the parcels for one hour by placing the folded side facing downwards. Slice and serve when it is cold.



## passing through

She is not a militant feminist but an active advocate of femininity. Though why the two should be mutually exclusive in her mind, she is unable to explain. Being a one-time ballet dancer, an actress, a T.V. moderator and primarily a cabaret artiste-cum-singer, Diana Darvey, a Britisher, has all the qualities needed for this career—beauty, bounce, curvaceousness, sex appeal.

She takes a decidedly anti-feminist stand. "I don't believe in women's liberation. I like to have my door opened for me. I like to have my bags carried for me. I don't like a man to treat me as his equal." And yet Diana admits she bosses over Terry, her drummer-husband, who accompanies her on all her tours, makes all the financial decisions, but "I decide when the lights are switched off at night!" she said. And, hypothetically speaking, she said if she were a factory hand—a role one can scarcely imagine for this 38"—27"—

## DIANA DARVEY: WARBLER FROM U. K.

38" mass of femininity—she'd expect equal pay for equal work.

Diana Darvey was imported from the U. K. last month to embellish the British Food Festival celebrated atop the Taj Intercontinental at the Rendezvous. The festival, organised by the Taj and Air-India in collaboration with the British High Commission in celebration of Queen Elizabeth's Coronation Silver Jubilee was rated a success. According to admiring folk who heard Diana sing "I am a woman" and other nostalgic ditties like "The shadow of your smile" and "I

want to be loved by you" said it was a great show.

Diana's show consisted mainly of songs interspersed with little "chats" with her audience and laughs raised by her proposition-



ing volunteers (male) from the audience who came on stage. The more bashful, inhibited, reserved the volunteer, the more laughs Diana's bold tricks evoked.

She started her public career at 16 as a ballet dancer. While performing in Spain Benny Hill discovered her. Now she is a permanent performer on Benny Hill's T. V. show. Gradually she drifted from ballet to acting and singing. Diana travels a lot. As part of the entertainment world she has been to Nigeria, Dubai, Spain, Ireland, and now to India. "I adore my profession," she enthused. "It was not a respected profession years ago. If a man went out with an actress (or a singer) he was frowned upon. Now it's like going out with royalty!"

Diana performs at private parties, at big dinners and other functions. She has occasional hotel engagements in various parts of the world. So, she said, she doesn't have the inclination nor the time for children—she has been married for a couple of years—but she does have a dog.

### THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

Continued from page 31

have lusted for you too long to hide behind that excuse. There is no one else to blame. My intentions were dishonourable. Please forgive me.

"But let us not meet again. What happened last night will happen again if we continue to meet. Let us forget each other. That is the only way to pay for the sin we have committed. The damage has been done and I have betrayed Prakash's faith. I wish there was a way to repair the damage and rectify the wrong, but I see no way to do it. My conscience will never again allow me to live in peace. A wrong has been done; a bond of faith broken and a friend who left you in my care has been betrayed. What can be more vicious and more dishonourable than this? Please forgive me. Kaveri. Goodbye . . . Suresh."

Her few moments of reborn happiness were gone for ever. Kaveri sighed. Tears flowed down as she pushed the letter inside her dressing-table drawer. Once again gloom descended on the house. No more was there to be laughter and gaiety in her life. Suresh stuck to his resolution. He never again visited them and avoided Kaveri at the bank. The short spell of sunshine which Suresh had brought into her life was gone for ever. Prakash noticed everything even though he did not ask any ques-

tions; not even to know why Suresh had stopped visiting them so completely. Only once he had asked her where Suresh had disappeared and Kaveri had given an evasive reply. Prakash knew that she was lying.

The endless days dragged on monotonously. Kaveri's eyes once again had the sad and haunted look of a lost soul. She cursed the capricious providence which had singled her out for such punishment and agony. The sunshine had gone out of her life forever, she thought, and continued to brood.

The sky was overcast with darkening clouds. The rains had at last come, bringing relief to the suffering millions of the city. But there was no relief for Kaveri from the dull misery of her life. The living room was plunged in the darkness of the gathering dusk when Kaveri returned one day from her work in the bank. Prakash did not greet her at the door as he usually did every day. She was puzzled.

She opened the door herself and switched on the living room light. She screamed when she saw Prakash slumped in his wheel chair. His head hung backwards and his lustreless eyes stared blankly at the ceiling. Obviously he was dead. An empty vial of sleeping pills lay on the floor. Shaken and horrified, Kaveri noticed a neatly folded piece of paper lying on the side table. Instinctively, she picked it up. Her cup of anguish and bitterness was full as she open-

ed the letter and began reading it.

"Kaveri darling,

By the time you read this letter I will be no more—unless of course some miracle interferes with my plan." She began sobbing as she read on.

"Please do not grieve over my end. I admit that I lack guts and courage to face the long and difficult ordeal of my miserable life. What can life hold for a cripple and invalid like me? I have been a burden on you and a parasite. You have to earn and work even for my upkeep. I have admired your struggle and sacrifice for me, to keep me alive and happy. You have sacrificed all your happiness for my sake. And what reward can I offer you, except my life?"

"You are still young, Kaveri, and you deserve a better deal in life than you have got so far. I can do nothing to help you and make you happy except by withdrawing myself from the scene and from your life. As I see it, that is the only possible step for me to take, however cowardly it might appear to others.

"Do not grieve over me, Kaveri, because my good days and life ended four years ago in the crash of that automobile. I knew for a long time that the inevitable end had to come. But I postponed it. But after reading Suresh's letter (excuse me for digging it out of your dressing-table drawer) I had to make my decision. I have always admired his honesty, generosity and high-mindedness. His letter only confirms my opinion about his

sterling character. Please tell him that. And also tell him how grateful I am for the happiness he brought me.

"My only request to both of you is that you should have no guilty feelings about my passing away. Because the step I am about to take is motivated only by my selfish desire to escape the lifelong misery and ordeal which is my inevitable lot. From the moment of that terrible crash I was a doomed man. So please do not have any regrets.

"I expect that Suresh will not forsake you in your hour of need. I am taking this step with the firm conviction that he will not let you down. He will come to your aid in the hour of your distress and need. I have no doubt about that. Nothing would make me happier than to know even in death that both of you had chosen to live together in the happiness you deserve.

Love.

Prakash"

Tears flowed uncontrollably down her cheek as Kaveri wept silently, as the letter fluttered down to the floor from her palsied hand. All life had ended now in disaster. Prakash looked calm and serene in his death. Prakash in life had always been a great and generous soul. But in his death, by his supreme sacrifice for the sake of Kaveri's happiness, he had become even nobler than when living. A soft rain was splashing against the window. With the gathering darkness of that rainy dusk, a chapter in her life had ended abruptly.

## ANJALI GOKHALE: A PASSION FOR DANCING

Endowed with a lovely figure and the most enchanting smile is young artiste Anjali Gokhale who has a natural talent for the fine art of dancing.

Anjali took her primary lessons in dancing from Mrs. Sucheta Joshi. In 1971 she gave her first recital at Udyan Prasad. Her ability to present the various styles of classical Indian dance was greatly appreciated. She performed well in the Tilak Vidya Peeth first year examination in dancing and has won prizes in several classical dance competitions. She was honoured by the Akkaloat Swami Sangeet Samsad when she was presented with the "Nitryalal Trophy".

Anjali later joined the Aradhana Institute of Dancing. She is grateful to her Guru, Prerana Desai, from whom she takes lessons in Lharata Natyam, for guiding and encouraging her.

Anjali is a student of Smt. Penukaswarup High School, Pune, and is studying in Std. X.

This fine artiste took Pune by storm at her arangetram at the Balgandharva Rang Mandir there recently.

Farida Sajan



## RENU VAISH: VARIED INTERESTS

Some are good at sports. Some are proficient in the arts. Others are meritorious in studies. But not many, like Renu Vaish, can excel in all these and more!

As President of the Jaipur Maharani's College Students' Union during the turbulent days before the emergency, Renu conducted the College activities with an adroitness and dignity uncommon among student leaders. Courageous and conscientious, she served the student community with a deep sense of dedication and responsibility.

Renu looks too fragile to be an athlete. Yet she is a fine athlete. Captain of the Rajasthan State Women's Basketball team, she has been to the Nationals at Pune, Agartala, Cochin, Delhi, Madras and to the Pre-Asian Nehru Gold Cup Championship at Delhi. Besides winning scores of prizes in basketball, Renu was awarded the Best Athlete Shield in St. Angela School and the Games Championship Cup in College.

But sports are not her only passion. Dance has no less a fascination for her. She has completed the Kathak dance course from



Prayag Sangeet Vidyalaya and has given innumerable dance performances. She won the Best Dancer Prize at the Maharani's College. Renu recently participated in Ghumar Dance at the 2nd All India Cultural Festival. She is slated to visit Europe this summer as a member of a dance troupe. Though a student of Science, Renu dabbles in all the fine arts including painting.

An impressive public speaker, Renu is frequently heard over the air. Her talks, plays, and other programmes at the A.I.R. have been widely acclaimed.

In spite of her being in the N.C.C. Air wing, Renu found time to organise a number of social service projects. She was awarded the Social Service Prize and the Maharani's College Service Cup. And to crown it all, the College honoured her with a Gold Medal for her extra-curricular activities.

Neera Kothari

## BOOK REVIEW

**SUCCESS THROUGH SEX ENLIGHTENMENT (For Girls):** By S. Perry. Published by St. Paul Publications. Price not given.

The author has set for himself the ambitious and important task of giving advice and providing information to young girls who may "not have had the chance of getting the advice contained in this book from their home or classroom."

The book contains a series of instructions to girls on topics such as Dating, Clothes, Marriage and Motherhood, Employment, and so on.

Girls are instructed not to allow "themselves a diet of steady association with the same boy or the same girl all the time" because the trouble with this sort of thing is that it can lead to all kinds of sin. It warns girls against the ugly sins that are the consequence of the pressures of passion and the tremendous curiosity about sex that all teenagers experience. It is important to note that the author does nothing whatsoever to explain these pressures.

A list of boys' opinions on different types of girls' clothing is also presented. Under the heading of General Comments, a boy is quoted as having said that, "girls should be most careful in the attire which they choose. Even if they have no intentions to be immodest, they should realise that a boy is very easily aroused." Regarding shorts, another boy says that they are "a source of immoral thoughts." About bikinis, "Bikinis are disgusting, awful and dangerous." In the same manner the author shows the immoral aspects of jeans and dungarees and low cut gowns.

In choosing a partner for marriage girls are sternly told that the judgment of their mothers is always best in such matters. In no circumstance are they to make the decision independently. The author further says that God has given women an instinctive interest in the house and that "there is no reason why cooking for a lifetime should be a routine drudgery." Girls do not need jobs. It is the men who need them. Girls ought to stick to the home and the kitchen.

All through the book there is an underlying current that stresses on the bestiality of men and their uncontrollable passion and lust. If anything this book would serve to confuse a young girl even further as to the nature of society around her. The book clearly intends to keep the female sex oppressed by describing the ideal society as one where man's position is dominant and the woman's position is in the home and as the influence behind a successful man. A young girl who reads and believes in this book will probably never ever have a normal and equal relationship with any man.

Two chapters in the beginning of the book that deal with the secrets of pregnancy and childbirth have not been dealt with because they tend to be so abstract and pseudo-scientific that the less said about them the better.

Sunil Shanbag

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**DENIAL OF NATURAL GROWTH**

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**IS THERE A SHIFT FROM DEAR MONEY POLICY?**

By Our Special Correspondent

An English poet once complained that "getting and spending" we lay waste our powers. In his sonnet the poet was juxtaposing the love of nature with the love of material things, and most of us probably agree at some time or another, that the world is, indeed, "too much with us" and that we acquire too many possessions. When we are worried or unhappy, Nature is certainly a balm. Yet people in western urban industrial socie-

*Shopping is primarily a way of passing time, but it is also an activity requiring skill and practice*

ties have rarely the time for Nature's balm. There are few people who do not enjoy good things—acquiring them, owning them, savouring them, replacing them.

And this seems to have been so ever since men and women began to produce more than they and their families needed and discovered the advantages and satisfaction of barter. This primitive market, an "oasis for caravans of merchants' camels" is far removed from what we today call "shopping." But their purpose was the same—"getting and spending."

However, it is necessary at the outset to clarify the meaning of the term "shopping" and to investigate the question: "Who are the shoppers?" "Shopping" is an entirely different type of activity from "buying." Buying is the result of a pre-determined and exactly defined aim.

The activity of "shopping", however, is generally approached with a certain degree of aimlessness and usually with a generous supply of free time and a flexible amount of funds. The aim of a shopping trip is not necessarily only that of buying certain goods which are urgently needed. Today, shopping has, no doubt, become a kind of professional vocation. It involves the comparing of prices, styles and quality. But it is also influenced by the desire to spend some time sociably and a wish for exposure to human experience and entertainment.

Admittedly, shopping is typical of an affluent society and of a life pattern in which people have leisure on their hands. The typical shopper, may have a

# SHOPPING AND THE SHOPPERS

T. K. Chakrabarti



shopping list prepared, but is perfectly willing and, in fact, hopeful that in the pursuit of the shopping activity, inspiration for the purchase of goods of all types not in the list might be found. These inspirations may occur in the form of reminders concerning articles which one really needs but had not previously thought of, or emotional involvement with an article which, although not really needed, is bought nevertheless.

The activity of shopping has some positive effects on the shopper, who is exposed to thousands of varied articles. The experience widens the horizon, sharpens judgement, elevates taste. Through the sharpening of the sophistication of the shopper, the merchants, in order to remain competitive, are forced to increase their own demands on suppliers and steadily

raise the quality, novelty and value of their goods. Shopping, when it is taken seriously, is a time-consuming and rather tiring activity.

The centre which wants to attract and hold the professional shopper will therefore provide opportunities for rest and relaxation—benches, eating facilities (all the way from refreshment stands and snack bars to small cafes and restaurants), etc. Moreover, if the centre can enable the shopper to combine his shopping activity with other important tasks, such as a visit to the bank or post office, it will gain appreciation and goodwill from the shoppers.

Now, in almost all shopping centres, the largest part of the "shopping army" is represented by the urban housewife. She is usually a woman with time on her hands. The activity of shopping becomes for her, to some extent, a substitute for cultural, social, and spiritual activities. But she also takes shopping very seriously as one of the virtues of a good housemaker.

She acquires skills and an experience in her shopping activity which are highly superior to those of a mere buyer represented by those who are regularly employed and who are to a large degree represented by the male sex. Thus, even most of the shopping for masculine needs is done by women, with the exception of those things which have to be tried on and fitted, such as suits or shoes.

To the woman shopper, a shopping trip is simultaneously work and enjoyable utilization of free time. She has a certain sporting instinct, she is a devoted bargain huntress, willing to do battle at certain counters, partly in order to save money and partly to prove to herself her superior shopping ability.

Thus dedication to bargain hunting is equally strong in both those who have to count their paise and in those who have ample pecuniary means. The woman with a limited purse will also, from time to time and on certain occasions, be tempted to buy luxury items, and even the one with an unlimited budget has a professional pride in buying a real "bargain."

What about the role of a man in the shopping business? In spite of the fact that a man is rarely a professional shopper, he still plays an important role in the success of the shopping centre, though it might be sometimes only a symbolic one. He still has, or believes he has, some power of decision when it comes to major investments or exceptional purchase. Of course, in such cases the wife usually makes the pre-selection in order to save the shopping layman time and trouble.

The final decision is then made by both. However, from the business point of view, the non-professional shopper may be preferable to the merchant because they make their purchases quickly and are not as price conscious as the professional shoppers. Yet one has to concede that it is the great mass of professional shoppers on whom the economic success of business depends.

As far as the economic status of the shoppers of a typical shopping centre is concerned, it usually excludes the extremes at the lowest and at the highest levels of the economic scale. The very rich women rarely find shopping an exciting pastime, at least inside the country and acquiring the things they want. They are catered to by certain expensive and exclusive stores; they are willing to order merchandise over the phone at a higher price from stores who will deliver the goods at home. The very poor on the other hand, have neither the time nor the incentive to go shopping when they can barely afford to buy enough food. Thus the shopper of a typical shopping centre generally belongs to the middle-class.

Honesty and fair dealing in buying and selling were neither greater nor less in the past than they are today. There have always been rogues, just as there have always been a majority of honest and hardworking citizens. What was very different in the past was the size of society, the scale of financial operations, the degree of control exercised by the authorities and the punishment meted out to those who cheated.

Women—and many men too—have on the whole enjoyed their shopping. At times exciting, at times frustrating and difficult, going on a buying spree has always been a lively, exciting mission.

Whenever we live, wherever we are, our shopping is very much a reflection of ourselves. What we buy, how we arrange our belongings, whether we keep them for a long time or renew them often—all this is a part of us and a reflection of our personality. Everybody likes to have enough but "enough" is a very relative term—its meaning differing entirely from person to person, place to place and from one period, one century to another. The desperately little possessed by the majority did not worry the wealthy in the past. They were less aware, less informed than we are and felt less concern. It is only now, in our knowing, more conscientious time, that we think about life's strange disparities. Our modern societies are the first to realise that everybody should have enough to go shopping.

# THE JOINT FAMILY IN TRANSITION

Shailaja Ganguly

## *Although the urban nuclear family seems to be the antithesis of the joint family, the latter still influences it strongly*

In a book written in the nineteen thirties on "Purdah: the Status of Indian Women," F. H. Das described the joint family as a household wherein the "father, his brothers, their sons and all male descendants remain under the same roof. Girls taken in marriage are added to this group from the outside, while sisters and daughters of the group in their turn leave it to be absorbed as wives into other families. All property except a bride's 'six-fold property' is jointly held under the unrestricted control and at the absolute disposition of the oldest male member of the family."

I can almost see the horror and disbelief spilling out of the pampered faces of modern wives as they jingle their silver key-chains and shrug away the (im) possibility of living in such a "teeming household." But the change-over has been neither cataclysmic nor complete as we shall see.

What then were the initial causes that threatened the earlier structure and paved the way for the "nuclear" establishment (or to put it "desi" style the "hum do humare do" unit)? Which of the two systems comes out the winner in the present environs when a comparative analysis of their plus and minus points is attempted? And, to repeat, is the amputation of the nuclear family from its larger kinship group total, or does it still function merely as an extended arm with a host of "centripetal" ties and responsibilities?

The historical importance of the institution of the joint family remains unquestioned. Particularly in an agrarian society which was both self-contained and self-sufficient, this type of family composition was an ideal solution to both material and psychological needs. While the male members worked in unison on the land which was held as joint property, the women-folk tended to the household and reared the "future sons of the soil." Not that their lives were entirely devoid of fun 'n frolic—only, all social contact was virtually restricted to blood-relations.

As Irawati Karve describes it in "Kinship Organisation": "A joint family is always an exciting group to live in. All the time something of interest is happening there; now it is the marriage of a girl or a boy, now it is an initiation ceremony, the birth of a new baby, the puberty rites of a new bride, some particular family ritual, a fast, a feast... there is always bustle and expectation; life may be

complicated... but is rarely dull..."

This pattern of huge households of clans is not an exclusively Hindu or Indian feature; parallels have existed among Muslim, Chinese and traditional Japanese societies.

The slow switching over to the present structure is evident when we study the four types of family compositions that have existed in Hindu society—the traditional Joint Family consisting for example of the ego's extended family and ego's married brothers and their extended families, the Patriarchal Family meaning the ego, his wife or wives, married and unmarried children and the wife and children of the former, the Intermediate Joint Family housing the ego, his wife, unmarried children, and one of his sons' nuclear family, and finally, the Nuclear Family of ego, his wife and unmarried children.

Strong filial bonds, language problems, lower level of education and predominance of agricultural occupation tended to keep the internal migration minimum and the resultant economic gain through co-operative effort towards a common goal succeeded in maintaining the stability of the joint family.

Tensions due to personality-clashes were promptly squashed in view of the compensatory economic gain from living under the same roof. But with the

shift in emphasis from agriculture to industry and the mass exodus to cities in search of diverse occupations, the first seeds of disintegration were sown. With the shattering of the stable economy and clear-cut division of labour present in the rural family, money became the only measure of a person's contribution to the family purse; since inherent capacities like intelligence and aptitude are bound to differ the monetary differentials became the breeding ground of jealousy, hatred and consequent rift.

As Aileen Ross in her study of "The Hindu family in its urban setting" has concluded, "Economic factors have probably been the main determinants of the increasing number of family separations. For, the inability of the land to support the growing population has forced many sons to leave home and seek their livelihood in the growing cities;" and the viable alternative to satisfy individual initiative (which is the strongest enemy of a joint set-up) came in the guise of industrialisation. Now it is only the unfettered youth who can yield to this weaning and set out to seek their fortunes in strange settings; and so the accelerating rise in the age of marriage served as a boost to the splitting up of large families. As the "Village Survey Monograph" (V.S.M.) of the 1961 census reports, "A slow but steady change can be

seen... no particular preference is found for the joint family living. So the tendency for the households to break up as soon as the sons get married." The V.S.M.s have statistically proved the direct co-relation between the age of marriage and occupational mobility (which automatically result in nuclear families).

Now that we know the economic basis for the break-up of existing norms, let us examine the psychological problems that activate the process of disintegration. Besides breaking down the bond between kinship and the occupational structure, migration has further led to a secularisation of beliefs, a broadening of outlook due to higher education, mass media and wider social contacts. All this has naturally led to alterations in the previous value-system.

Here are some of the familiar bones of contention that lead to a split: the clash of wills when a younger male member refuses to blindly give in to every whim of the elder. Since the traditional system supported authoritarian rule by the eldest male, formerly the rebel would get no social support. A young man with a growing awareness of the outside world desire to do something different they feel hemmed in by the silken shackles of familial bond where initiative and independence are compulsively crushed.

Again, they resent the parasitical "black sheep" of the family who bed and board comfortably under the dubious tag of "blood relation."

Then the tug-o'-war between daughter-in-law and mother-in-law, between sisters-in-law, quarrels over children, scorn and neglect meted out to widows and barren women have all served to breed a lot of wrath and ill-will hastening the break-up. Children too have at times expressed resentment at being herded together for everything, with the mothers too busy to dole out special attention. A case-study by Ross recalls bitterly that his house was more like a hotel and his room like a dormitory.

The stresses and strains breeding unrest, simmering discontent, and finally rebellion are even more obvious in the urban joint family.

Here is a typical example from the "Help!" column of a women's journal: "My mother-in-law lost her husband at an early age and developed a possessive love for her only son. Now she gets into a jealous rage every time my husband buys me a gift or takes me out, etc. etc."

### TELL US YOUR TALE

We plan an issue on the problems of the aged and care for the aged. We would like to hear about your personal experiences—the difficulties as well as the joys.

Write to us if you are a:—

1. son/daughter looking after elderly parents
2. parent being looked after by son/daughter
3. son-in-law/daughter-in-law looking after elderly in-laws
4. parent-in-law being looked after by son-in-law/daughter-in-law
5. son/daughter who does not have to or has chosen not to look after elderly parents or in-laws
6. parent who is forced to or has chosen to look after himself/herself.

Your letter should not exceed 500 words and should reach us by July 15. Please write "Care of the Aged" on the envelope.

Apart from this eternal grouse between the mother and the wife, there is the problem of the outraged father who wonders how his sons can flout his word so calmly, the bewilderment of parents of yester generation at the career complex of their youngest daughter; the resentment in fact against the idea of a young woman rubbing her shoulders with all and sundry in a tough and competitive world (the problem getting all the more slimy when the Eve question is another man's daughter or the daughter-in-law).

At a time when child marriage was "in," the baby-bridges may have been an easy bird of prey (though even then there were spicy folk-songs like "Don't be sweet as sugar or they will overwhelm you with work nor be sour as a neem leaf or they will split you out!"), but the pertinent miss of today is neither!

Besides, much to the chagrin of the traditionalists, the conjugal bond in the urban joint family is much more demonstrative. So, yet another tension ground is created when the husband "stoops" to lend his wife a hand in the household chores or if he seeks her judgment on any issue. There is also the trouble that brews over children, eg. "Every time I scold my son, or correct him, he lets out a wail of protest because he knows both grandpa and grandma will rush to his help. I am so scared he will grow up to a horribly spoilt person."

So the strife goes on, but one now to swerve towards the advantages of a joint set-up which are not enjoyed by a nuclear household. Firstly, since the husband is the ultimate guardian of welfare in a single-unit family, death or any similar disaster immediately poses a crisis in the family, for, in most cases the wife's income is merely a supplement; whereas a joint family assures of both material and psychological security.

Then again, the lavish affection of grandparents which is thoughtlessly equated to spoiling, is in fact a very essential security bolster, especially to children with both parents working. So many career women manage to hold on to their jobs precisely because they are content of this conscientious care from a grandmother as against doubtful ministrations of an employer. Also, since present mothers have but a sketchy knowledge of mythology and folklore, it is the grandparents who serve as the cultural storehouses from whom the child picks up bedtime tales.

Relationship fission or a gradual breaking up of all ties of blood is another negative offshoot of the nuclear setting. While this is the positive aspect of widening social horizons, it tends to a

great extent to rub the shine off his sentimental attachments to extended kin, responsibility takes on the ugly garb of obligatory duty, unmarried siblings (brothers and sisters) or a sick, elderly relative, slowly shrink into mere liabilities.

But then, is this switchover truly complete in our country? Have we wiped off all traces of blood ties enshrined over the centuries, or is the nuclear family merely a nuclear household with the joint family umbrella shielding it from the pitfalls of assuming total responsibility?

As Ross explains, "Feelings of responsibility and identity do not disappear overnight and a short sojourn in the nuclear family might do little to remove the deeper emotional ties laid down over a long period in a joint family."

While economic inability, higher standard of living, greater ambitions for his children, a larger social life, varied avenues of entertainment and the factor of physical distance from kinsmen are gradually estranging an individual from his family, the desire to help kinsmen in need with what may seem the



## Devi

If you are the type who reads the writing on the wall, then Gulzar's loves are daughter Meghana (I can't stand that hotchpotch name Bosky), himself, Meena Kumari, last but not least ex-wife Raakhee. Panchel, his virgin white bungalow on Pali Hill, has these wall to wall paintings. Not that you can recognise any except Gulzar (black and white). That guy has done the stars on a mass scale, and Achrekar is the only guy who makes Nargis and Vyjayanthi and Lata Mangeshkar so alike that even a Raj Kapoor won't be able to tell them

## JAYA'S HABITUAL HYSTERICIS

apart. And, Gulzar's confused playing the daddy's role. First of all, Meghana is his first child. Secondly, he hardly gets to meet her, I only hope he does not end up being one of those film fathers, who turn a child's nursery into a toy shop. It is sad that an unmarried woman like me has to advise the doting daddy, but whoever has told Gulzar that children play with toys? Every baby grows up on grown ups' chappals, shoes, aunties' bags, daddy's spectacles, ayah's lipstick and stray dogs.

A photographer at the Santacruz Airport, Bombay, is pretty fed up with Jaya versus Rekha fights which have the usual end — Jaya getting into Amitabh's car in a flood of tears. When he told me of this incident, I said he had already told me this story. Then he said that was another time, this is new (two months ago). Jaya went to fetch Amitabh from his Goa flight. He alighted hand in hand with Rekha, when he saw Jaya he shoved Rekha into the airport toilet.

Jaya went into the toilet, had a verbal battle, after which she flopped in the car sobbing hysterically. I fail to understand Jaya who rushes to the airport to see the same sight. I fail to understand Amitabh who fails to grow out of hand-in-hand, Jack and Jill romance, but most of all, I fail to understand this photographer who fails in his duty to take action photographs.

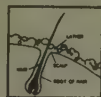
# Washes away dandruff Leaves hair healthy



### How Clinic works



Clinic is scientifically formulated to help clear dandruff from hair and scalp.



The rich, deep cleansing lather works right down to the scalp to wash away dandruff without removing precious natural oils. Leaves hair healthy.



For best results: lather once. Rinse. Massage in second lather for one whole minute. This revitalises the scalp and allows Clinic to work effectively.



Use Clinic regularly: at least once a week. Clinic will help clear your hair and scalp from dandruff.

## CLINIC SHAMPOO

HLC. 1578 (A)

A quality product from Hindustan Lever Ltd.

Sociologists tend to feel that the latter is true, although an exhaustive analysis of the total population is not available. That the common man still feels a strong familial bond is evident. Ask a neighbour where he is going for his annual holiday and you get the stock reply, "To my native place."

In the survey conducted by Ross, most of the young men who had come away to cities spoke with fervour of the sacrifices their parents had made to give them a sound education and promised, "I will look after them and my wife will see that all their needs are cared for in their old age."

Western mind as "extreme self-denial" still exists.

True, urbanisation has caused familism to be replaced by individuals, but this must not lead us to forget the fact that provided its members are enlightened and cooperative, there is a tremendous amount of benefit to be got from the joint family, especially in the relative anonymity of the city. Having seen that the wrench is not total even though there is external change in the family structure, we may at best conclude that the traditional value system is in the process of adaptation to adjust to today's changing attitudes.



Gujarati girls seem to be going places, and Gujarat University seems to be helping them to do so—by encouraging both girls and boys to take part in adventurous trips to various places in the country.

Under the leadership of Kanak Dave, Assistant Director of the Youth Welfare Wing of the University, Gujarati youngsters have already triumphed over the peaks of Rohtang, Hamtaghat, Gangotri and, even, the 20,000 ft. Kalindi pass.

The latest feather in their cap is the successful expedition into the arid and remote Kutch desert which borders Pakistan. They penetrated right up to Surkhabnagar—a place which has to date been visited by not more than a score of people. Certainly the Gujarati girls were the first women to venture there.

On their spirited adventure they travelled the 1700 kms to and fro by train, truck, cycle and camel-back, "ships of the desert." At times they cycled up to 125 kms in a day non-stop towards their destination. On an average, 45 kms of cycling was the daily routine.

The 21 girls who took part in the expedition are:—

Purnima Patel, Dhruti Bhatt, Harsha Pandit, Nina Pandya, Ramila Desai, Hemiksha Rao, Nalini Mule, Ragini Parikh, Urvashi Yagnik, Kailash Panchal, Jyoti Gandhi, Divya Yagnik, S. Padmini, Chaula Jagirdar, Jhanvi Bhatt, Mina Parikh, Mina Patel, Sharda Parmar, S. Jyotsna, Bharti Bhalani and Bharti Bhatt.

Originally the team of 21 girls and three boys was scheduled to visit only the Kutch desert. It was their chance encounter with the world famous photographer, Pomel, at Bhuj which made them change their original plan. It was Pomel who so thrilled their imagination that they decided to visit Surkhabnagar, known for

The birds had flown but their eggs make interesting souvenirs.

## A MAIDEN VENTURE

Avinash Gandhi

*Encouraged and helped by the University, Gujarati girls are undertaking rough-it-out trips to various parts of the country. Their latest jaunt was to the Kutch desert.*



Exhaustion makes any rest a good rest.



its scenic beauty and harrowing loneliness.

In spite of its scenic beauty the journey to Surkhahnagar was highly treacherous. Nobody wishes to go to the place because it means wading through marshy land. Even the Indian army avoided Surkhahnagar, in spite of the fact that it provided a short cut to the Pakistan border, which is only 8 to 10 miles away from there. Its greatest attraction is the presence of the incoming "Surkhabs," birds which come in large number from Australia. However, it was doubtful whether the adventurers would be able to spot this particular species of bird by the time they reached Surkhahnagar, because the birds camped there only for a very short period in winter.

On the first leg of their journey to Surkhahnagar the team cycled its way from Bhuj to Khavda—about 75 kms in the scorching heat of a sunny afternoon. It was an exhausting trip because of the repeated tube and tyre bursts caused by the heat. After a brief wayside halt in the darkness they reached Khavda at midnight.

After a day's rest the team reached "Kuran," about 17 kms from Khavda by truck. From Kuran, the journey of 48 kms to Nir began on camel-back.

Nir was a lonely place with no signs of any habitation. After a night's halt, during which they made "kichri" on an open fire, the team was on the last leg of its journey to Surkhahnagar, about 25 kms from Nir.

The journey from Nir to Surkhahnagar proved to be very taxing, tiresome and tough. Riding on camel-back became more risky because of the muddy, water-logged land. Even the camels faltered at times and fell down amid the cries of its riders. The language barrier between the camel riders and the young girls made matters worse. At times the camels ran amuck when the girls wanted them to go slow and at other times they moved at snail's pace, when the adventurers asked them to speed up! By the time the expedition reached its destination all its members were smeared with mud and dust. There was no trace of any refinement on their persons and they all looked like sons and daughters of the soil.

The sun was at its zenith when the team reached Surkhahnagar. The destination looked disappointing because the Surkhabs birds had already left the place. However the expeditionists were in high spirits and they made their trip good by collecting nests and eggs of the Surkhabs as mementos of the arduous but exciting journey. They took some photographs too.

By the time the team started its return journey, there was a

sudden change in atmosphere. As if from nowhere the sky was covered with dark clouds and it began to rain heavily. The journey to Nir on muddy land became even more risky because of the rains. All the girls were completely drenched in the rains and were shivering in the heavy cold winds. The camels moved even more cautiously and really at a snail's pace.

The very heavy mist in the atmosphere obscured vision so that even the camel rider immediately in front was not visible. At long last, after many hurdles, they reached Nir at midnight in the heavy darkness.

As feared, their tents at Nir were all covered with water. However, they made their stay comfortable by spreading air-mattresses and lighting a bonfire. With much discomfort all the girls accommodated themselves in a couple of tents so that some tents were spared for the camel riders. To the surprise of all, Kanak Dave and his two male associates, Balubhai Rajput and Narottam Patel, managed to prepare hot tea for everyone. The hot tea proved a good morale-booster and soon everyone was asleep.

The next morning all of them were quite fresh for the five-hour ride to Kuran on camel-back. At Kuran they bid goodbye to the camel riders. It was an easy journey by jeep from Kuran to Khavda and from there to Kotda by cycle.

It was midnight when they reached Kotda but the villagers were awake to accord them a grand welcome with good, heavy food and a small entertainment programme.

On its way back the team visited the India bridge leading to the border area. It is an important link in the regular supply of logistics to the army. They met the frontier guards—the jawans—and cheered them up by singing songs. This was their last important halt in the return journey. From there they moved on to Khavda Ghord, Hajipir and Lakhpat Narain lake on cycle and then embarked on the train journey from Gandhidham back to their homes in Ahmedabad.

All said and done the exciting to and fro trips between Nir and Surkhahnagar and the warmth and hospitality of the people of Kutch have left an indelible mark on the minds of the spirited young girls.



## beauty bulletin

### COMPRESSED POWDER IS THE ANSWER



#### FOR TOUCHING UP MAKE-UP

I have curly hair, can I have it straightened? What is the cause of this kind of hair?

I go to parties very often and need to touch up my make-up during the evening. What should I do?

V. B. (Delhi)

You can have your hair straightened at a beauty salon—this has to be done every two months or so. When you are at home, wind your hair on very large rollers.

A curve on the hair follicle creates a flattening of the hair as it comes out of the scalp. Straight hair emerges round in shape.

You should use compressed powder for touching up your make-up. Never apply this directly on the skin and it is only for occasional use when retouching make-up. It is not a substitute for powder. At parties or when you have no time for cleansing the face and applying make-up fresh, stroke the puff well (or use cottonwool) over the powder and press all over the face—paying special attention to the oily areas like nose, forehead and chin. Don't move the pad round the surface of the skin—your make up will get spoilt. Press the pad with light downward movements on the face.

#### HAIR ON NOSE

I have a superfluous growth of hair on the bridge of my nose which embarrasses me. I do not want to wax it. Can this be removed by plucking?

T. M. (Madras)

You should pluck hair carefully to avoid infection. To make plucking easier and to soften the skin, place on the area a warm cloth wrung out in hot water. Then pull hair with a tweezer one at a time, while you hold the skin taut with the other hand. Pull in the direction of its growth to prevent it from breaking. Dab toilet water or cologne on the area when completed.

#### UNPLEASANT ODOUR

I perspire profusely during the sweltering summer months and the result is offensive odour from under the arms. How can I stop this?

H.R.R. (Delhi)

Cleanliness is very essential to counteract this problem. Never camouflage the odour by dabbing a cologne or a perfume. You should keep your underarms defuzzed to check the odour.

After your bath, use an anti-perspirant under arms to prevent perspiration; then pat a talc. Wear dress shields which will prevent your clothes from staining. You should use a deodorant which kills bacteria and stops the unpleasant odour. But remember never to use this immediately on skin treated with a depilatory—wait for about three to four hours.

#### TO TONE ARMS

My upper arms are very flabby—they look unsightly when I wear halter neck tops and sleeveless dresses. Please suggest an exercise to tone them.

I have a receding chin. I wear my hair short—please suggest what type of hairstyle will suit me.

A. C. (Bangalore)

You should avoid a chin-length style. Have a short bubbly cut or sweep hair upwards allowing plenty of width.

Here are two exercises to tone up your arms:

1. Sit at a desk or a table, palms flat on top, head straight, elbows against sides. Press down very hard with your palms. Relax. Repeat five times at one go. Do this for about 10 minutes daily.

2. Lie flat on the floor—your entire spine should touch the floor. Stretch left leg and right arm at an angle. Be sure the pull is slow and strong. Then repeat with right leg and left arm.

**people and events**

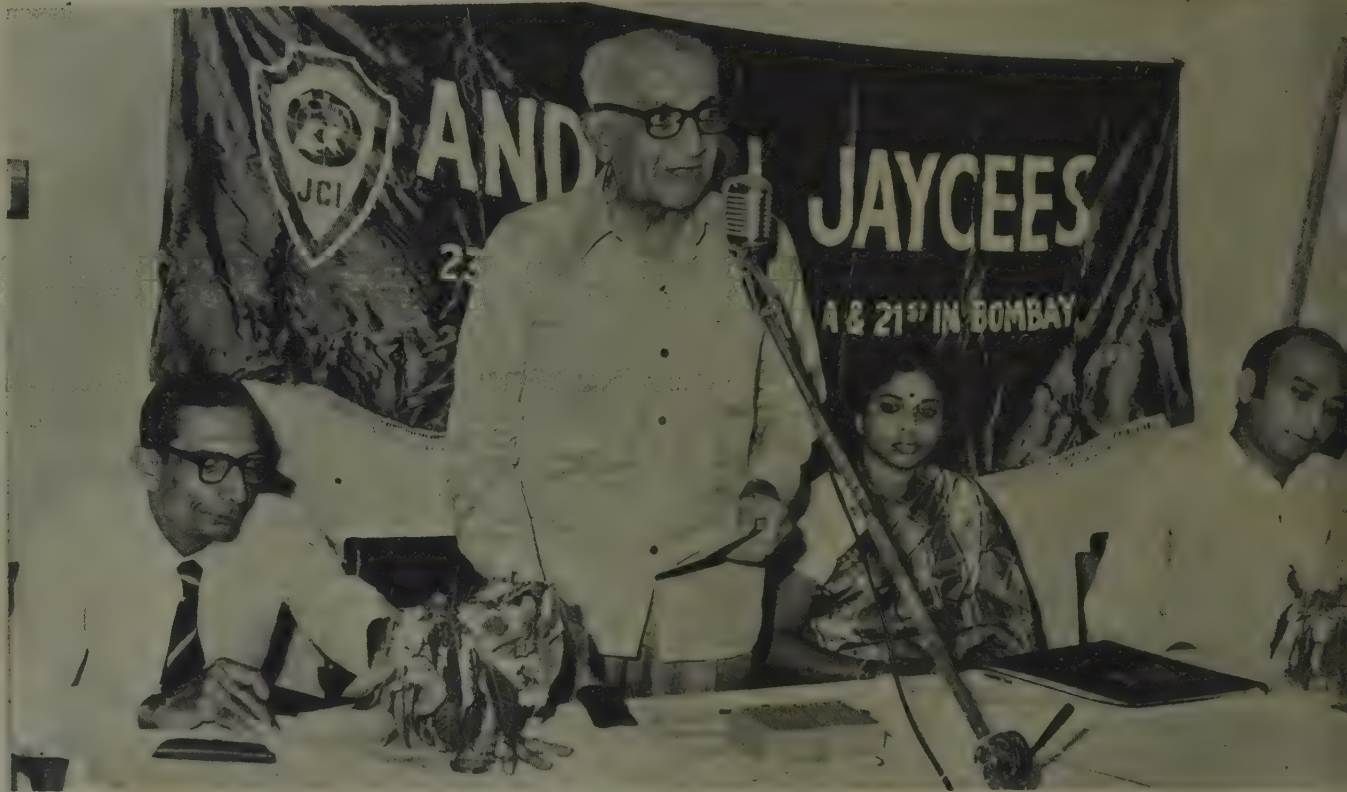


Mr. J. K. Somani, industrialist and Chairman, Eve's Weekly Limited presenting a cheque for Rs. 60,000/- to Sr. Celia Braganza, Director, Shree Basant Kumar Somani Memorial Polytechnic, for capital expenditure of the institute. Others in the picture are from left Mr. J. Jain, Sr. Mary Braganza, Mrs. Manorama Devi Somani and Mrs. Yvette D'souza.

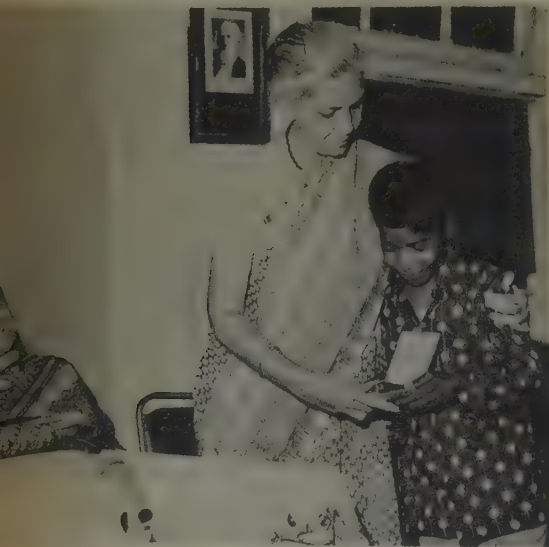


ABOVE: Seen from left are Mrs. Padmavati Samarth, and Mrs. R. Haksar, hon. secs., Society for the Rehabilitation of Crippled Children, and Smita and Sucharita Shetty at the sisters' performance in Bombay in aid of the Society.

BELOW: Yeshwant Waghmare from Lonavla receives the Best Sponsored Citizen Child Bronze Medal from Mrs. Sadiq Ali, at a function in Bombay. Looking on is Mrs. Vidya B. Kotak, Hon. Treasurer of the India Sponsorship Committee.



ABOVE: Mr. Vijay Merchant speaks to the Andheri Jaycees. Seated from left are: Mr. Anandi Dossa, Mrs. Vimala Somaia, president Andheri Jaycees, and Mr. M. M. Shah, vice-president.



BELOW: Mrs. Shahnaz Husain cuts the ribbon to inaugurate Woman's World, a beauty parlour in Calcutta. To her left is Mrs. Threety Irani, who will run the parlour.



Mrs. Padmaben Gandhi receives the Red Cross Shield on behalf of the Ahmedabad District Branch for the best fund-raising performance in all the branches, from the Governor, Mr. K. Vishwanathan, at a meeting of the Gujarat branch of the India Red Cross Society.

## bombay

A two year course in Nattuvangam was launched by 'Nriya Geetanjali' at the S. I. E. S. High School Hall, Matunga. The programme was formally inaugurated by Mr. Soli Batliwalla, Trustee of Bhulabhai Memorial Institute, who in his speech commended Mrs. Rajee Narayan, Director, Nriya Geetanjali, for starting the course, the first of its kind in Bombay. He added that the course will create a better awareness among dancers of the true meaning and intricate knowledge of Nattuvangam.

Mrs. Rajee Narayan said that the course will enable the students to accompany the dancers and act as a promoting element among the orchestra.

The Shetty sisters, Smita and Sumanita, gave a very enjoyable Bharata Natyam performance in aid of the Children's Orthopaedic Hospital of the Society For The Rehabilitation of Crippled Children. The two sisters danced in perfect harmony in this intensely lyrical recital.

The Society is completing 25 years this year. Its Hospital has helped 38,000 crippled children lead a normal life. The Shetty sisters' was the final cultural programme organised by the Society to raise funds in their Jubilee year.

Students of the Sree Rajarajeshwari Bharata Natya Kala Mandir of Bombay, the sisters have already completed 14 years of intensive training.

Addressing a meeting of Andheri Jaycees, Mr. Vijay Merchant said, "just as the better batsmen help the weaker ones, the well-off sections of society should help the weaker sections."

Mr. Merchant appealed to the Jaycees to take up individual projects apart from carrying out large projects to help suffering humanity. He said that he is in search of a sighted girl from any community to marry a blind man who manages two business establishments.

Mrs. Vimala Somaiah, President of Andheri Jaycees, welcoming the gathering, outlined the important programmes of their chapter during the current year.

Mrs. Meena Dixit held her first solo exhibition of paintings at the Chhangir Art Gallery. The exhibition was inaugurated by Mrs. Anjana Magar, Sheriff of Bombay.

A painter from Bangalore, Mrs. Dixit has participated in exhibitions held in Bombay, Delhi and Bangalore and recently won the gold prize in the All-India Art Exhibition organised by the Lalit Akademi of Karnataka at Delhi. Her paintings and sketches cover a wide range of subjects.

Another painting exhibition, but this time by a veteran, was held at the Taj Art Gallery. Vijaya Hiremath exhibited her latest batik paintings in her 13th exhibition. Vijaya, who is writing a book on this 2000-year-old art, has been studying it for the past 20 years and has contributed to its development. Her floral paintings revealed her mastery over the art.

## delhi

Mrs. V. Seth opened her Beauty Parlour at Nehru Place—the new shopping centre in South Delhi. Mrs. Seth has qualified from Morris School of Hairdressing in London and has a band of excellent staff.

## calcutta

Beauty Therapist Shahnaz Husain inaugurated "Woman's World" a novel beauty parlour with a training school attached. It is being run by Threety Irani, who trained under Mrs. Husain, and later went to London for a post-graduate Skin and Teacher's Training Diploma in the Arnould Taylor School.

Earlier, Mrs. Husain gave a series of demonstrations-cum-lectures on beauty therapy.

Silverstar's May Queen Ball was presented by Peter Dey at the Oberoi Grand. The highlights of the evening were the selection of the May Queen and the Bond Princess.

The panel of judges comprised of Mr. H. Majumdar of Eve's Weekly, Mr. H. Tarneja of the Times of India, Mr. Anil Bhalla, director in-charge, Chains (India) Pvt. Ltd., Mrs. Shyamasree Tagore and Mrs. Malavika Khaitan. Mrs. Kanchan Bhalla crowned both the winning Queen and Princess and also gave away the prizes.

## bangalore

The International Music and Arts Society sponsored an exhibition of drawings and metal crafts by Arnawaz at the Ashoka Art Gallery. Karnataka State speaker Mrs. K. S. Nagarathnamma inaugurated the exhibition.

Ramayana Sudha Madhuri, an All-India Seminar on the Ramayana, was organised at Brindavan, Whitefield, near Bangalore, by Sri Satya Sai Baba, as part of the month-long summer course for students. Among the participants were eminent scholars like Dr. Yashoda Reddy, Dr. Manjula Sahadev and Dr. N. Krishna Kumari, who spoke on Ranganathe Ramayana, Ramayana literature in Punjabi, and the Ramayana in folk songs, respectively.

## chandigarh

An exhibition of handicrafts & flower arrangements was inaugurated by Mr. T. N. Chaturvedi, Chief Commissioner, Chandigarh, Administration, in connection with the Annual Day celebrations of the Govt. Central Crafts Institute for Women, Chandigarh. Embroidered garments, knitwear, leather articles and other household essentials were exhibited. The dresses were designed by young designer Satwant Singh. Sculptures and relief murals made out of waste material also demanded attention.

A colourful variety show of skits and dances of India was presented later in the evening. Mr. T. N. Chaturvedi praised the efforts of Mrs. P. L. Paul, Principal, and her staff. Three new job-oriented courses, in beauty techniques, hair-dressing and sales, will soon be introduced. A sales section was also opened at the Institute.

## world of eve

### KAMALA KUMAR



Twenty four hours don't seem to be enough for all that Kamala Kumar wants to do.

She is an active trained social worker and a free lance journalist.

She successfully projected the Indian image abroad when her husband was in Kuwait as the Indian Commercial First Secretary in the Embassy. There she organised cultural shows and fashion parades for the Indian community by tapping local talent. Her piece de resistance was an Indian jewellery show on Kuwait TV.

Now in Madras, she finds time to collect money for a project to help orphans. She also teaches in the Stella Maris College as a part-time lecturer. She is actively connected with the Guild of Service.

Her spare time is taken up by her favourite hobby — playing the veena. Besides this she takes great interest in stamp collecting.

### NEENA GHOSH



Currently the District Sales Manager with Quantas at Calcutta, Neena

Mondira Ghosh has been associated with the travel trade for years. After her studies, she did a secretarial course in French, in Geneva. On her return, she joined the French Trade Commission as Secretary to the Trade Commissioner. Wanting to travel free, she joined KLM as Secretary to the Sales Manager. Not yet satisfied, she became a sales-cum-ground-hostess. Wanting to get out of the "secretarial rut" she worked with another international airlines as ticketing and reservations supervisor, and in 1974, came her present job.

Calcutta was an offline station when Mrs. Ghosh joined them. Within a year she built it up and became the District Sales Manager.

Her official tours have included Australia and London. Travelling abroad doesn't hold the initial charm that it did. "My idea of a holiday now would mean living it up in style," she says.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN INDIA!

## Eve's Weekly

serialises DENISE ROBINS'

latest novel before its release.

## DARK CORRIDOR

The moving story of a charming young journalist who arranges to meet her fiance in a hotel, a few days before their marriage. When she arrives there, he has vanished. In spite of the best efforts of the police, he remains untraced. . .

A novel by DENISE ROBINS designed particularly for young hearts. Watch out for the serialisation next week beginning with the issue of July 2.

(BY ARRANGEMENT WITH HIND POCKET BOOKS.)

## madam im adam

If you asked me to tell you how to win friends, honey, I'd go blank. But the art of making enemies comes easy to me. So pull up a hatchet, baby, and let me pass you a few hints on HOW TO BE UNPOPULAR WITHOUT EVEN TRYING.

The first rule, chicken, is — be a snob. Walk around with your nose a foot in the air. Look at people as though they smell to high heaven. Develop a superiority complex and wave it about in everybody's face. Don't speak heartily, smile broadly, or listen intently. When you do speak to someone do it as if you're a duchess, and the other person is a drain attendant.

Fine. Now you're on your way.

When your telephone rings, grab it and snarl, "Whaddya want?" Better still, just scream, "There's nobody here," and slam the receiver down. This little trick is guaranteed to get your telephone on everyone's black-list within a week. There's one danger though. It may ring at midnight and some revengeful voice may bellow in your ear, "Drop dead, you —."

At parties, baby, just freeze. Drop all courteous pretences, cut your host dead and hog the refreshments. Later on, yawn prodigiously every ten minutes and say, "Aw I wish I were in bed." To get the best effect from this little performance, you should

monkey-scratch your ribs and stretch luxuriously. A sweet piece of mischief is to circulate round the room yawning your head off. It's catching. Soon you'll have everybody doing it and the party will die. It's most unlikely that you'll ever be invited to the same house again.

At beach-parties, honey, doll up in an eye-popping swimsuit, but don't get in the water. Stay on shore, wiggle up and down and collect all the whistles. Every thirty minutes, change your swimsuit. One of the women in your party might slaughter you, but that's a chance you've got to take.

At picnics, keep a deadpan expression on your face all day. When the singing starts get up and scam outa sight. When the dancing starts, swear you've sprained an ankle. When the kissing starts, pretend to be asleep. When the next picnic is arranged, they'll pay you to stay away.

Learn how to bluff without batting an eyelid. When a celebrity is mentioned, claim to be an intimate friend. Say, "Oh, Lord Puddinghead and I are old pals. He always takes my advice when he wants to buy horses."

(N.B. Make good and sure Lord Puddinghead isn't interested in dogs.)

When an ordinary person is mentioned, say, "Oh that nitwit — what fool thing has he done now?" Sneer as you say it.

Practise the "so what" technique. When somebody holds forth on his favourite topic and warmly reels off the most impressive

facts about it, and then glances around for appreciative applause — you look bored and say, "So what?" This works particularly well on college professors, religious fanatics and old women who talk for hours about their surgical operations.

When meeting new people, be sure not to show any cordiality. Never allow your hand to be shaken. Always interrupt when the other guy is talking and launch into a tall story of your own. Be a name-scrambler. If you're introduced to a Mr. Cotter, for instance, call him Potter, Botter and Snotter during the course of the evening.

If none of this works in making people dislike you, then climb on a table and yell, "I hate the whole stinking lot of you." This seldom fails.

Being disliked has decided advantages, honey. People don't corner you with sob stories. Belly-aching relatives stay out of sight. You don't get tapped for loans. The world gives you a wide berth and you get where you can stand on your own two feet, and take no sauce from anybody.

When everybody likes you, it softens your guts and you become a milksop in the hands of your friends. Never mind Dale Carnegie. Take it from me, chicken, one good enemy is worth a dozen friends. If you have no enemies, baby, you're not worth a plugged nickel. So go out and kick somebody in the shins. Hard!

G'bye now!

ADAM

next  
week

**Eve's Weekly**

ISSUE JULY 2, 1977

### DARK CORRIDOR

The exclusive serialisation of Denise Robins' new novel begins next week!

### WOMEN SHERIFFS

Five, so far, in Bombay.

### SMOKING :

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