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Youth Times

by Rama Sharma

Photographs by R.K. Vaid

**I**N LARKANA (Pakistan), her home town, she is just one of the many orthodoxly-attired, burqa-clad women.

In America, at Radcliffe College (Harvard) where she studies (Political Science), she is not so inhibited. She "mixes with boys", has a penchant for the theatre, is a football fan, loves to drive around in her own automobile and is quite the fun-loving teenager.

In Simla recently she hit the headlines when she accompanied her father, President Bhutto, to the Summit as his Personal Secretary.

During her brief 5-day stay there, Benazir was discussed as

much as the Summit and she invariably merited front page coverage in newspapers.

Correspondents of newspapers and periodicals vied with one another to get an exclusive interview with the President's daughter. We were among the lucky few who succeeded.

Tall (5'-7"), fair, slim and short-haired, Benazir is mature for her 19 years. No teenage giggles, no high-pitched talk.

Her well-thought-over views cover a wide range of subjects. And she's diplomatic and discreet in whatever she's talking about — politics or marriage.

To start with politics — it naturally has an immense fascination

for her because of her family's affinity for it and more particularly because of her father's involvement with it.

On top of her reading list are political books.

Would she join politics?

Perhaps — but she would skip over party politics.

Profession-wise she has two other choices — journalism and law.

But there's no hesitation when it comes to choosing the man she admires most. Her father.

She thinks he has done a tremendous amount for his country in just six, very difficult months.

All this plus the fact that he is her father makes her feel "very hurt" at the remarks she has read about him in the Indian Press.

Benazir is at present studying about the economic systems of China and Cuba and has already completed a detailed study of the political structures of Italy, England, Germany, France and Russia.

Her readings have made her an admirer of China and Russia, particularly their youth movements and the system of compulsory service young people have to put in in rural areas before they are awarded their degrees.

"It breeds a spirit of work and dignity of labour plus a sense of involvement in the national schemes," she says.

To involve the youth of Pakistan in national building programmes she suggests youth corps.

Benazir feels that with the end of military dictatorship the young people of her country are getting more aware of their rich culture, and that congenial social environments are being created for greater development.

But despite their problems she is glad that the youth of Pakistan do not have the problems of their counterparts in America — and



Rama Sharma interviews Benazir Bhutto for 'Youth Times'.

that she says is because of close family ties.

Talking of America and the hippies, she says close family affinity and a strong sense of social obligation, which are so much a part of Eastern upbringing, are totally absent there and so the young people have an urge to find their identity with something durable and this results in chaotic thinking. "Or perhaps their thinking is highly idealistic and beyond me," she adds.

And from hippies to women's lib. Benazir is no women's lib-ite. But there are aspects of the movement that appeal to her. And so blazing a fractional women's lib in Pakistan is one of her aims.

She will strive for participation of women in political, economic, social and creative fields in the country.

But, she points out, women in Pakistan have already achieved a lot.

"Young girls and women with or without burqas have waged a relentless war against dictatorship during Ayub's regime," she says.

In fact, says Benazir, her mother, Begum Nusarat Bhutto, herself led many demonstrations.

All this, she points out, is remarkable considering it was done with limited resources and a "handicapped" social background.

Benazir has been rather impressed by the number of white-collared women workers in India



Benazir—a sketch by Ravi Sharma



"How sweet of Mrs. Gandhi to remember me, despite her hectic political activities," said Benazir as Mrs. Bhalla presented her some gifts on behalf of the Indian Prime Minister.

and the number of women working in diverse fields here.

"I was looking forward to meeting women administrators in India," she said. And she didn't have far to go—two women IFS officers, Mrs. Manorama Bhalla and Miss Veena Dutta were Benazir's 'escorts' during her stay.

Benazir's ideas on marriage do have a women's lib tinge. Marriage is sometimes a necessary evil, she feels, because of the economic dependence of women on men. Now, of course, with women taking to careers the situation has changed and "marrying for money" is no longer necessary.

What about her own marriage?

A pause and she replies, "My country and its call is irresistible. I am not contemplating marriage at the moment.

"But when I do marry it will be to a Pakistani boy... but that's a long way off yet."

At the moment she is on holiday and will be returning in September to America.

A bright student, Benazir finished her schooling in 1969 and had plans to go to Oxford. But she was under-age...so it was Harvard.

Benazir is quite a cultural ambassador for her country in America and figures prominently in college programmes as Chairman of the Faculty Dinner Society.

What else does she like besides football, theatre and driving? The answer varies from 'lime in my cocktail' to reading to squash to music...

Though always very smartly attired, Benazir is not very fashion or clothes conscious.

She wears anything from pants to salwar kamiz to saris. At Simla, her clothes were much remarked upon — whether she was wearing a trouser and tunic outfit, flared pants or a loose mirrorwork Baluchi kurta with silk salwars.

# BENAZIR BHUTTO'S FIRST GLIMPSES OF INDIA

"I have such an affinity for politics that I may be in it one day," says Bhutto's daughter. USHA RAI meets her in Simla

Highlights by Rama Sharma

TALL, willowy, 5' 7" Benazir Bhutto, dressed in the naggiest of pant-suits, took Simla by storm last week. There was not a trace of make-up on her face nor was there anything glamorous about her hairdo—short and wavy at the nape of her neck. But there was about her a dignity and poise that belied her 19 years.

The "incomparable" Miss Bhutto showed a lively interest in everything about her—whether it was the latest books in Indo-Pakistani relations or trout fishing in Himachal. She tasted the tinned fruit juices and fruit slabs of Simla and exclaimed "delicious". She saw Pakeeza and Sahib Bibi Aur Gulam and went home with a high regard for the Indian Film Industry.

The holiday crowds at the hill station who felt left out of the excitement of the Indo-Pak summit conference flocked around her. "I cannot make out whether they are hostile or friendly," Benazir remarked. "I only know they are extremely curious."

And the crowd had every reason to be curious. Was she not the hostess for the banquet given by the Pakistan President to the Indian Prime Minister? She was also President Bhutto's personal secretary—drafting replies to his letters and answering telephone calls.

Benazir played her part perfectly. She was gracious—saluting 'Khuda Hafiz' to the cheering crowds and showing a proper interest in Himachal's industries and colourful people. Only once in a while you saw the chink in her poise.

Benazir, who turned on her charms to add to the summit's chances of success, is a student at Radcliffe College, which is affiliated to Harvard University. She had completed three years of studies at the college and is majoring in political science or "Government" as the Americans prefer to call it.

Her accommodating nature and liberal attitude have often come in for severe criticism from her brother Murtaza, who is only a year younger than her. He keeps telling Benazir it's unhealthy not to have definite tastes.

Two quick double promotions in school made her one of Radcliffe's youngest entrants at 16 years. Initially, Benazir took up psychology, but politics was in the blood of the family and psychology was abandoned for the excitement of political science. Benazir has completed general education courses in history and economics. She enjoyed the course on the political economy of the Middle East.

Till she reached America and Harvard, Benazir's knowledge of politics was limited to Pakistan. But now she knows about the political systems of France, Russia, West Germany, England and Italy and is able to see things in perspective.

"I have such an affinity for politics that I may be in it one day," she says. But Benazir resents all the venom and mud that is kicked up around the politician. "There has been a lot of gossip about my father, grandfather

She likes all kinds of music and all kinds of films, except horror movies.

Above: Looking elegant and unruffled. Extreme right: Benazir talking to her old schoolteacher, Sister Genevieve whom she met at the Convent of Jesus and Mary in Simla. Right: Benazir flanked by her official I.F.S. escorts, Mrs. Manorama Bhalla (left) and Miss Veena Dutt (right)

(Full-length photograph on this page by D. Kumar)

Femina, July 21, 1972



and the entire family. A heap of nasty lies. I may not be able to take it. I like clean, constructive politics."

Career? Busy gathering knowledge and absorbing sights and sounds, Benazir has not given much thought to her future. "The field is wide open for me," she said. "I may become a teacher, a lawyer or a journalist. I have written articles on the Indo-Pak problem."

The women of Pakistan have taken to politics despite the purdah and the traditional belief that the woman's place is in the house. Benazir cannot supply statistics on women politicians but even her mother was involved in the overthrow of Ayub Khan. She organised meetings and led processions. It was a rare sight... Women in purdah marching out in processions."

A lot of her young girlfriends are taking up jobs. They are doing courses in shorthand. There are also innumerable women working on Pakistan television and in every sphere of job activity.

Marriages in Pakistan, especially in the cities are no longer arranged. In most cases, the girl finds the boy and gets the parents' consent for matrimony. In Pakistan, unlike America, young people still like to get the blessings of their parents. Benazir has never seen a marriage column in a Pakistani paper.

The strange blend of the old and the new, of tradition and modernism that is Pakistan today, is reflected in the character of Benazir. In Larihana, the family hometown, no girl dares to walk the streets without purdah. Despite her Radcliffe education, Benazir succumbs to custom and dons the burkha. "It restricts movement but I have learnt to tolerate it till it is put on the shelf."

On her first visit to the Mall, she bought "Pakistan Cut To Size," by D. R. Mankekar, "An End to Confrontation," by B. G. Verghese and "Before And After the Indo-Soviet Treaty," by Pran Chopra. She also placed orders for "Bhutto" by Dilip Mukherjee.

At home Benazir reads a lot, but in Harvard there is such a concentration of books that there is little time for delving into fiction and novels. In school in Pakistan she read a lot of standard text books and armed herself with facts and figures. In America, education was so different that it worried her. It was papa Bhutto who in long letters consoled her. "There is no need to cram, get the essence of all you read," he advised.

Benazir likes to try something new and challenging in her spare time. She has no special interests. "Special interests limit you." At Radcliffe and Harvard, she attends all lectures by visiting VIP's—politically important people—plays squash, calls on friends and goes to plays.

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## BENAZIR BHUTTO

(Continued from page 15)

The section on South Asia in the University is extremely small except for course books. So, much of Benazir's reading on the Indo-Pak problem and on power politics in the sub-continent is done at home or by picking up books wherever available abroad. In Simla, too, she collected a selection on her favourite subject and wanted to know the Indian side of the Indo-Pak problem. "All books, whether by Americans or Indians are coloured."

Femina, July 21, 1972

"Westernisation is desirable, but I do not believe in saying goodbye to my whole culture," says the elegant and unruffled Benazir.

Benazir has travelled extensively—France, Germany, Italy, all over Europe, Cairo and Lebanon. But Western Europe was disappointing. She expected too much of it. Her favourite city is Beirut. "There is something ethereal about the place... red sands and blue skies."

In her clothes, Benazir shows a marked preference for the oriental. "I would never show my knees in a mini. I like the graceful, flowing ghararakameez, lungis and bell-bottoms." Most of her shopping is done in Pakistan. But unlike most teenagers, Benazir finds talking about clothes "a bourgeoisie pastime."

Cooking? Benazir screws up her nose and looks away. "Ever since I went to America I like the American way of cooking. A non-stick grease pan, a lot of tins of food and plenty of water."

The Bhuttos are a close-knit family and ever since going to America Benazir has learnt to appreciate her family ties. She waits for letters from home and seeks Papa's advice on umpteen problems of growing up in a strange land. From her mother she has learnt to be a good Muslim—to pray five times a day and to observe all fasts. But in America one forgets the important fast days.

Papa Bhutto is politically a socialist. "He

does not want Pakistan to abandon its culture. With us, too, he is conservative but broad-minded. He does not believe in the boys of the house being worshipped. Daughters and sons are treated alike, given equal opportunities for education and equal pocket money but he does not wish us to be over-independent, to be permissive. He does not approve of my dating and even when I wear a sari he would like me to cover my shoulders. He has helped us keep our feet on the earth while soaring into the skies." Benazir has two brothers, Murtaza and Shahnawaz, and a 15-year old sister, Sanam. Murtaza will be entering Harvard in September.

Travelling to historical places is high on her list, especially to Delhi, Agra and Fatehpur Sikri. But most of all—she would like to visit Bombay and Poona where her father spent his early years.

About the young people of Pakistan, Benazir maintains, "They are the same the world over. Some are idealistic, some pragmatic and others cynical. Young people today have their dreams and aspirations but they are also more realistic. They know that the three wars with India have generated bitterness. They want peace—peace based on principles. There is too much poverty in our countries. We cannot afford another war. There is no religious hatred of the Hindus. Young people today are more tolerant and Islam is a tolerant religion."

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# A magic casement in Lebanon

THE gentle swish of Indian silks is no longer unusual at the most elegant evening parties in Beirut. Apart from travel and party suits tailored out of the lavish Indian material, Lebanese women flaunt their "instant saris" and fry papads in their kitchens. The aroma of Indian spices scents the air in many homes.

The credit for selling India to this important air travel junction in the Middle East goes to a group of housewives who, three years ago, started the Indian Residents Women's Cooperative Society. With traditional Indian charm and a dash of western sophistication, the women sell anything from fashions and fabrics to tea and spices.

This truly feminine venture is probably the only Indian cooperative outside India. As a matter of fact no government has a cooperative outside its country. The project was started by a dozen housewives, each buying shares worth Rs. 500. In three years the assets of the Society have soared from Rs. 3000 to Rs. 75,000. In silk alone there is an annual sale of Rs. 50,000 to Rs. 60,000.

The cooperative is unusual. Under the Lebanese laws, the members cannot take money from the Society outside the country. They have also to forego their in-

terest on shares. If they wish to leave the cooperative all they get is the Rs. 500 they put into it initially.

Mrs. Prabha Patel, Executive Vice-President of the Society, who is in India on a visit, said seeing the venture grow was a reward in itself. The members had lived abroad for so long that they cherished and valued their Indian origin and were happy promoting India.

## Brain wave

It was in January 1968 when the cooperative movement started in that country that a group of enterprising Indian women approached the Lebanese Government with their brain wave for a cooperative. The government was thinking of starting a United Nations cooperative but instead gave the licence to the Indian women.

The IRWCS was a hit from the word go. The ivory trinkets, the jingling silver jewellery, the leather, brass and copper braid did a roaring business. The Lebanese are fond of the good things of life whether it is food

or clothes. The fastidious woman believes in wearing nothing but the best and the most expensive. An Indian bazaar brought in Rs. 20,000 in just two hours. In 1969, the Society got itself a corner in a leading department store in Beirut. Later in the year goods worth Rs. 30,000 were sold at another Indian bazaar.

Last year the Society struck a deal with the Indian Tea Board and got itself a six-room apartment. The deal was that the Society should convert the coffee-drinking Arabs into fans of the "Darjeeling unblended tea".

Today the India Tea Salon is an important feature of the Cooperative Society. In the drawing room atmosphere of the Salon, tea is served by a Lebanese hostess, draped in a sari. The cutlery is in gleaming silver. It is all very sophisticated and elegant and after a shopping spree on Hamra Street, the women like to cool off in the Salon. They invariably leave the Salon with a packet of Indian tea.

Once a month a tea morning is organised. Neat little invitation cards are printed and sold for

Rs. 3 each. The number of guests are limited to make the occasion cosy and memorable. The morning's programme is completed with a display of Indian jewellery, a film on Indian fashions or a talk on Indian culture and customs.

The Society also organises lunch mornings, open to men. The lunch is completely Indian and cooked by the members. Once in a while lessons are held in Indian cookery. Lebanese women who have attended these classes have mastered the art of making *gulab jamuns*, *batata-wadas* and *tandoori* chicken. Puris and *chappatis* are a refreshing change from bread and cheese-sticks.

The boutique, run by the Society, specialises in "instant saris." Many Lebanese women have a weakness for the sari but are unable to wear it. So from a Delhi boutique, the Society borrowed the "instant sari" idea.

## "Instant saris"

The petticoat is stitched with the sari and even the pleats are neatly tailored into place. The sari can be worn like a skirt. Only the pallay has to be adjusted into place.

Hundreds of "instant saris" have been tailored by Mrs. Aloo Patel, a member of the Society. She also takes orders for *cholis* to match the saris. Twenty per cent. of her tailoring fees go to the Society. There is such a demand for the saris that recently a Lebanese woman, who had an appointment with the former Lady Aga Khan had three chiffon saris stitched up. The saris were not only noticed by the dignitary but received rare notices in the French press.

The Lebanese also associate the twinkle toed, silver belled look with the sari. Delicate silver filigree jewellery that jingles is popular. Agata necklaces, lacquer bangles and leather belts from India have a good market. In summer there is a preference for Lucknowi *chikkan kurtas*.

Understandably this little show-piece in the Middle East has been commended by Indians, Lebanese and U.N. officials. The Lebanese Government has proclaimed it one of the best organised and managed co-ops in Lebanon. A visiting International Labour Organisation expert on co-ops also gave it a good chit and suggested membership to the cooperative be thrown open to foreigners.



▲ saree being tried on a Beirut belle by the members of the Indian co-operative boutique.

Usha Rai

# Delhi's House Of Wax

India will have its first wax museum if two enterprising candle-makers get the necessary backing

**L**F two enterprising young candle-makers of Delhi realise their dreams, India will have its first House of Wax in the next four years. Narinder and Savita Malik are working hard to make their dream come true. In the last few years the young candle-makers have shot out of anonymity to become Delhi's leading manufacturers of decorative candles. Their smokeless candles are used as food warmers in leading hotels of the capital and their wax sculptures have found an honoured place in many homes in India and abroad.

Having proved their talent in candle-making, outdoing many professional candle-makers, the Maliks are busy planning a House of Wax. For their ambitious venture they need training in wax modelling. No such course, however, is available in India. Whatever knowledge the Maliks have has been acquired by a trial-and-error method. There is a candle institute in San Francisco which would technically qualify them for the job. The Maliks could also get the necessary proficiency at wax museums in Japan, Hollywood and of course Madame Tussaud's in London. Savita and Narinder are hoping that Madame Tussaud's will accept them as her pupils.

The other big problem is finance. The Wax House would require a capital of lakhs of rupees. The Maliks hope to get some assistance from the Government and the rest from a financier. To prevent the wax dolls from melting the museum will have to be airconditioned. It would be ideal to have a wax house in the hills but how many people would be able to visit it? The Maliks have been promised land in Delhi near Bengali Market. The

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*There are many attractive features to the Maliks' candles, some of which are painted in various designs. (BELOW) A Punjabi belle in wax.*

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location would be central and the museum would fit into the cultural complex of the area.

Today the Maliks have a "kitchen factory" in the *barasati* of their house. Wax is melted in massive "kaddais" and moulds and candles stored in improvised cupboards. In summer, when there is danger of the candles melting as soon as they take shape, the Maliks move to the hills with their candles and wax.

Their black candles, painted over in the Kashmiri style, are a novelty. Papier mache work is losing its clientele in Kashmir and the skilled Kashmiri painters come down to the plains in search of work every winter. The Maliks have capitalised on their skill.

The Kashmiris paint on the candles and the Maliks teach them the techniques of painting on wax. For in the wrong hands the pigments refuse to stick to the wax and the colours start running.

There are many attractive new features to the Maliks' candles. By a new process they have managed to get a shine on the candles. There are candles that look like mosaic, serrated, streamlined candles and candies that look all drippy and dewy.



Wax shades have been designed with candles inside diffusing light. For table decoration the Maliks have designed floating *deeyas* in wax bowls. The more ornate candles have engraved on them images of the Taj and Kutb Minar. There are candles shaped like lampstands weighing three to four kilos. An image of Cleopatra, and Egyptian figures glowing with a golden sheen give the candles an exotic look. There are multi-coloured candles and candles in the shape of animals and toys. Their price range—from Rs. 40 to 50 paise.

Just before Diwali in 1968, the Maliks entered the candle business with two ordinary moulds for candles and cheap moulds in animal shapes. They invested Rs. 2000 in the business. Since shopkeepers were not interested in marketing the products of the small manufacturer they started selling the capsule *deeyas* at fetes. There were not many decorative candles in the market at that time and the Maliks' candles did a roaring business.

But for six months, the Maliks did not have a market for their goods. Instead of crying off in despair, they sat in their kitchen factory trying out new shapes and designs. They would go shopping as often as possible and look for unusual toys, figures and vases that they could convert into candles. Today they have 200 moulds.

All this the Maliks managed without a wax quota from the government. Only people with an export order are entitled to a quota. For some time, the Maliks even bought the wax in the black market. After a very successful exhibition of their candles, an oil company supplied them with a few tons of wax.

Today the Maliks are riding a wave of success. "When we make ordinary candles we feel like labourers but when we create a beautiful decorative candle we feel like artists", they confessed.

Usha Rai



April 4, 1971

## WOMEN

# Specialised child care —free of cost

**A** CHILD born with conjunctivitis was rushed to a private eye-specialist when his red and puffy eyes continued to water day and night. The baby would not open his eyes in bright light and cried half the night, being in great discomfort.

The highly-qualified private practitioner had one quick look at the child and said the vein running down the nose from one eye was blocked and had to be "needled" open.

The mother could not bear the thought of an operation on a child just a month old and consulted the doctor at a Well Baby Clinic. The doctor confirmed the specialist's diagnosis. But instead of an operation he said the child's eye should be washed four times daily for 15 days with streptomycin drops. He also prescribed that three times a day boiled, cooled water be squeezed into the baby's eye. It was hoped that the force of the water forcibly introduced into the eye would open up the blocked vein. The doctor's orders were followed and in three weeks the vein had opened up. Much to the mother's joy, the child's eye was normal and healthy again.

It was a Well Baby Clinic, one of the umpteen, little-known clinics spread across Delhi, that had saved both mother and child the agony of an operation. And the private practitioner had been paid a consultation fee of Rs. 20 and the operation would have cost another Rs. 150. At the clinic, advice was free and the bottle of streptomycin cost just a few rupees.

Run jointly by the city hospitals, the Municipal Corporation, the

New Delhi Municipal Committee and Maternity and Child Health Centres, Well Baby Clinics are primarily child welfare centres. The babies are examined for congenital abnormalities and parents advised on immunisation and the normal growth of the child. To ensure that nothing is amiss, the skull circumference, the height and weight of the baby are periodically assessed.

The clinics are a-bustle with activity once every week. Protesting toddlers are placed on a weighing gadget. In one corner vaccines and simple medicines are administered, and in the doctor's sanctum babies are examined and mothers given instruction in child care.

A model clinic is run by Irwin Hospital on Barber Road. The clinic looks after children within two to three miles around it. Children born in Irwin Hospital are expected to attend the clinic for a check-up. The hospital runs a clinic on its premises on Wednesdays and Fridays, and on Thursdays the pediatrician is available at the Barber Road Clinic. The mother, the social worker or public-health nurse and the doctor discuss any problem the child may have.

The Barber Road Clinic is open on other mornings too. But at this time only the public-health nurse is available for advice. She is, however, well-versed in infant care.

On his first visit to the clinic, the child is registered and a health chart opened against his name. Apart from the child's vital statistics, the nurse notes down when the child first turned on its side, sat up, crawled, stood up and took its first faltering steps. Even if the nurse does not show the mother's excitement over the first words lisped out by the baby, she jots it down carefully. The diet chart



shows if the child is having the correct requirements in food and drink for a baby of his age.

The four immunisation shots, BCG, triple antigen, smallpox and polio ensure that the baby does not fall victim to these deadly diseases.

Mothers tend to worry over their first-born but the public health nurse dispels fears. She assures them that teething trouble is normal. With her vast experience of baby ailments she serves as a Dr. Spock for the nervous, ignorant mothers. Most important of all she tells them when and how to wean the child from breast milk, when to start it on solids and what to give by way of nourishment on a low-income budget.

A survey on weaning habits in the South revealed that a two-week-old baby was fed coffee. Usually, by the time a child is two to three months old, it is weaned on coffee which is cheaper than milk. In Delhi, mothers who cannot afford milk give tea to infants. In the South, a gruel of boiled rice, ragi and banana is encouraged for the growing child. Later the meal is supplemented with green vegetables, ragi, Bengal gram and if the parents can afford it, the fruit in season, fish and eggs. In Delhi, porridge, mashed potatoes, vegetables and pancer are recommended.

**WEIGHING IN:** At the Well Baby Clinic, Delhi, the babies of the poor gets the kind of attention once available only to privileged children.

It has been found that children attending the Well Baby Clinic regularly are healthier than children who don't. They do not suffer from serious infections, thanks to the immunisation, and are seldom victims of malnutrition.

The mortality rate among children below a year who are not immunised against whooping cough and diphtheria is 100 per cent. If the triple antigen and polio shots are to be fully effective, booster shots of both are advised when the child is two years old. The triple antigen is given in three doses in three consecutive months. Fifteen to 20 per cent of the mothers forget to get even the second of the first three doses. Fifty per cent of the mothers forget to give the booster when the child is two years old. Whooping cough has ceased to be fatal in children of four years and above.

Most babies suffer from infections and malnutrition. They are highly susceptible to gastro-enteritis and respiratory infections like bronchial pneumonia. Skin infections are not so common in Delhi as they are in the rural areas and

in the South. Many cases of leprosy among children have been reported from the South.

Eighty to 85 per cent of the children in Delhi suffer from varying degrees of malnutrition and infections because of low resistance. The malnutrition may be due to deficiency of vitamins, carbohydrates or proteins. Well baby clinics attached to hospitals provide multivitamins for the babies. At the nutrition clinic of Irwin Hospital packets of Bengal gram powder, fortified with vitamins, are distributed among the children.

Attendance at the clinics varies from 50 to 100 children. It has been found that either because of ignorance or snobbery the middle class, the rich and elite of Delhi avoid them. Regular visitors to the clinic are children of the poor—sweepers, peons, domestic servants and shop assistants — who cannot afford the exorbitant consulting fees of the private practitioners.

Not a paise is charged for advice and assistance at the clinic. Even the immunisation shots are given free of cost. In rural areas the clinics have become so popular that baby contests are held and the chubbiest baby becomes a model for the entire village.

Usha Rai

# Are Vegetarians Dying Out?

The rising cost in cities of vegetarian food and the belief that a mixed diet makes for strength has brought about a decline in the number of vegetarians in Bombay. But most people believe that the current trend is a revolt by youth against the rigid vegetarian diet rules imposed by their orthodox elders. MAYAH BALSE investigates.

**W**HAT?" said Mr. Ramesh Kamath, a partner in Satkar's restaurant, near Bombay's bustling railway terminus, Churchgate. "I'm not killing vegetarianism. On the contrary I'm promoting it. I run a vegetarian restaurant."

"And you are a vegetarian yourself?"

"Oh, no," he said. "I was born a vegetarian, of course. I'm a Gaud Saraswat Brahmin. My people eat fish but meat? Never. I began eating meat in college!"

Ate fish and were yet vegetarians? A peculiarity that might well puzzle a pure vegetarian. Yet the community of Saraswats, many of whom eat fish, consider themselves vegetarians and Brahmans none the less.

Satkar's restaurant however serves only pure vegetarian food. According to Mr. Kamath, being a vegetarian is costly business. "From 1962 to 1965" he said, "the price of vegetarian food went up 100%. From 1965 it has gone up another 100%. Prices therefore are a great deterrent. Hence many people have gravitated towards non-vegetarian food. Psychologically, people feel it is non-vegetarian food that makes them strong. Many doctors advise people to eat eggs and meat as well as fish. All these facts affect my business. In consequence custom has gradually declined over the past ten to fifteen years. After we added the air-conditioned wing it was somewhat better. People poured in, if only to get away from the heat."

In the experience of Purohit's restaurant on Churchgate Street, too, the rush has visibly declined over the past ten years. In the summer months it showed a spurt, probably attributable to peoples' fear of faster decomposition of non-vegetarian food in hot weather. The major part of Purohit's is not air-conditioned. Yet the customers are at their peak in summer and at their lowest ebb in winter. The monsoons strike the mean. People sometimes demand westernised vegetarian food like cutlets and soup and salad, yet are more inclined to order thalis. This was also the experience of many other vegetarian restaurants in the city and suburbs.

Chetana's near Kalaghoda in the heart of the city was an exception.

"The rush has increased," said the manager, Mr. D'Souza. "I agree the price of vegetarian food has gone up in the past few years but so has that on non-vegetarian food. A kilo of meat used to cost three or four rupees, now it is six."

"You must be a non-vegetarian yourself?"

"Oh no. I am not. At home we cook vegetarian food and I have a

cousin who is the strictest vegetarian."

"I thought most Christians were non-vegetarians."

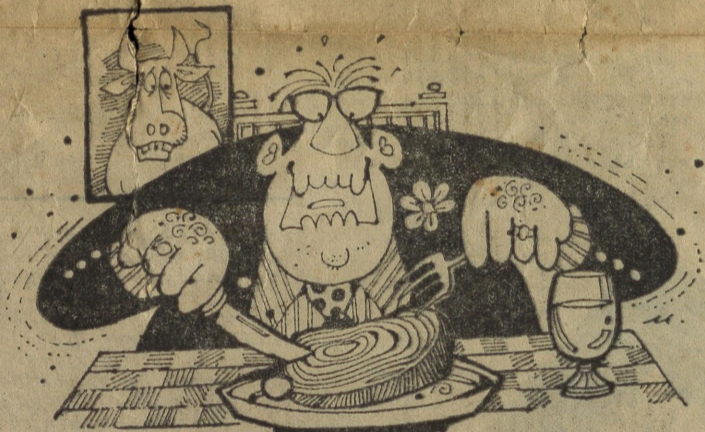
"You are mistaken. There are many people like me. You see, we were originally Brahmans, got converted but retained our food habits."

Fish-eating Saraswat Brahmans and now Christian Brahmans. I thought. What next. And I ran into a vegetarian Sikh!

"Surprised?" he said. "There are so many vegetarian Sikhs, all over Punjab."

is old-fashioned and has been brought up so strictly."

Intercaste and inter-racial marriages, too, have contributed to the decline of vegetarianism. There are wives who don't mind touching, washing and cooking meat but will not eat it. To balance the scale there are husbands who do not like to see the dead animal or touch raw meat, yet consume the cooked dish with relish. An instance is my own husband. He says: "You go and do the buying, I can't choose meat. Besides, if I see it hanging



"What makes them desist? Religion?"

"It is good mental discipline." One encounters many brands of "vegetarianism". There is for instance the "vegetarian" who will eat egg but no flesh or fish and the sterner brand of the same species who will consume only vegetarian eggs, (unfertilised eggs).

Then there are other staunch vegetarians who will eat no non-vegetarian food themselves but have no objection to their children eating the stuff. The only condition is that meat is not cooked in the house. There are countless men and women like this who are vegetarians at home but non-vegetarians when they eat out. Some digress without the knowledge of their parents, some with their permission. But their numbers are growing. This double standard emerges at its most ludicrous in the story of a five-year old boy. The boy, belonging to a staunch Brahmin family, came over one day while my daughter was eating fish. Being a child he uninhibitedly demanded some himself. The father was reluctant at first but was thawed by a tantrum.

"Well, have a little if you must," he said, "but don't tell your mother." He added to me: "My wife is very conservative you know and might object." Another day, the drama was repeated with a slight change in the cast. This time it was the mother who transgressed. "My son is so fond of fish and meat," she said. "I want him to have it, but I am not sure how my husband will react. He

up, I may lose all appetite for it."

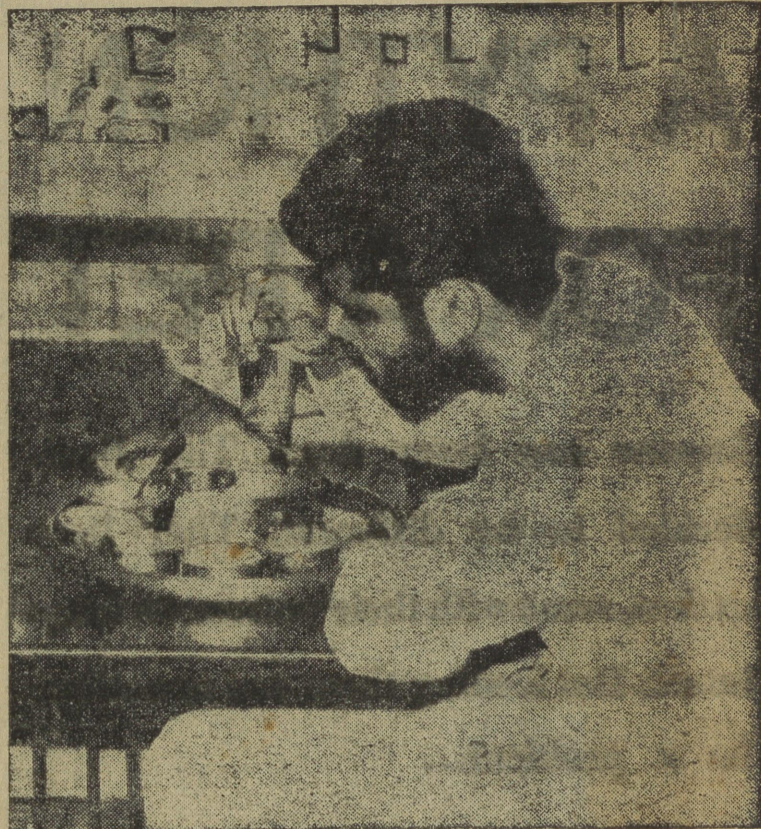
There was another young man who could eat what he called "disguised" meat. He could consume it in the form of cutlets or kababs or inside samosas or sandwiches. But show him a bone and his stomach would turn. "I don't know how people can suck marrow bones," he said, "or eat the organs of animals. As for me, I abhor all such things. I can only eat disguised flesh."

Every year the Vegetarian Congress meets in some venue to discuss and promote vegetarianism in the country. Distinguished vegetarians from all over India converge for the function. Speeches are made on nutrition, catering and the efficacy of a flesh-free diet.

Eleven years ago, a baby elephant from India was gifted to the West to spread the virtues of vegetarianism. The size and strength of the animal, it was thought, would persuade the non-vegetarians to eschew all flesh foods.

The experiment succeeded. The cult spread like a rage in Great Britain, Europe and all over America. It was influenced in no small degree by the Hippie revolution, Indian mysticism and yoga and more recently, the Hare Krishna wave. Yet, India itself seems relatively uninfluenced by the elephant's phenomenal strength. Statistics prove that we are inclined towards non-vegetarianism.

According to the figures published in 1969 by the National Institute of Nutrition, non-vegetarianism touched an All-India average of 70 per cent. The



ABOVE: The 'thali' with its traditional fare—rice, vegetables, and curries—is still much in demand at the restaurants in Bombay.

BELOW: But more and more people from various communities are tucking into steak and onions and other non-vegetarian dishes!

figures for some States were:

West Bengal, Orissa and Assam 95 per cent; Mysore 92 per cent; Maharashtra 67 per cent; Gujarat 41 per cent; Rajasthan 38 per cent.

To balance the picture of the flesh eating-Indian, we have in the West the image of the self-ordained vegetarian. Bernard Shaw of course, is upheld by Western vegetarians and they imitate him believing it will yield a life of extreme vigour, both physical and mental. It is said a British administrator once cured himself of general ill-health by a two-year diet of milk and vegetables.

Among the well known vegetarians who have helped establish the movement in the West, are the Beatles. Hackensmidt, world wrestling champion and philosopher, is another example. Delve into the distant past to come up with Pythagoras who gave us the famous theorem.

A Russian scientist some years ago, succeeded in treating schizophrenics with a starvation diet followed by a long period of light vegetarian diet. Children suffering from rare mental ailments are believed to have been cured by a diet which severely prohibits foods of animal origin.

Ethical reasons apart, is a non-vegetarian diet really essential to health? It is thought, not. Nutritionists say there are several protein rich foods which can easily provide the necessary nourishment and in a form far less toxic than meat. Meat decomposes fast, especially in a tropical climate like India and is more inclined to pass on disease. The intake of peas, beans and lentils, specially soya beans, is said to be much healthier for medical reasons.

Nature too, it appears, did not intend man to eat flesh foods. "Man", says Dr. Henry Bailey Stevens, the well known American anthropologist, "is supposed to have descended from the ape, and all apes are vegetarians. That is a solid reason why hominids who belong to the order of the primates, should also be vegetarians."

Refuting this anthropological reason, the new race of non-vegetarians argue: "If we were not meant to improve on the ape's way of life, why wear clothes or build houses?"

Physiologically also, man was not meant to be a carnivore, say

the upholders of the vegetarian flag. Just look at his teeth? If nature had intended him to tear and rend flesh she would have given him teeth like a tiger. Rubbish, say the antagonists. Why do you think we cook the meat? Besides, we don't tear flesh apart with our teeth. We use forks and knives. And as for decomposition in hot weather, why do you suppose we have refrigeration?

The Greeks and Romans trained their athletes on a flesh-free diet. Yes, but what about their intellectual giants?

Have you seen the inside of a slaughter house?

It is the most natural way of controlling the cattle population. What about ahimsa and non-violence?

Leave it to the ascetics and mystics. What about religious taboos?

Have you heard about the Tantric cult? (The Tantric cult in Hinduism advocates worship by means of the five fundamental principles: Madhya (liquor), Mansa (Meat), Matsya (Fish), Mudra (Corn) and Mithuna (Erotic Love).

Vegetarianism, it would seem is clearly on the decline. It is the revolt of the younger set in India, against centuries of herbivorous diet. It was in the beginning a daring new experiment, like that of the peasant who poked the accidentally roasted pig, put his burnt fingers into his mouth to cool them and then wondered at the exquisite taste. The tentative lapses rare in the beginning, became bolder with time and temptation. The Westerners on the contrary, having had too much of one thing, have swung to the opposite extreme.

Now there is a cult called "Veganism" which goes even further than mere vegetarianism. Its members abstain from foods of animal derivation like milk and cheese, curds, butter and even honey. This is not in any way a new cult with us. It has its roots in the taboos and religious abstinence of our orthodox ancestors. The Westerner has rediscovered and cultivated it, often attributing scientific reasons for its perpetuation. It is easy these days to be a vegetarian in the West. He is no longer looked upon as a crank. His appetite is pandered to with "sausages that look like the real thing but are made of nutritious nuts and flavouring, steaks and rissoles made from peanuts, cakes of pseudo-luncheon meat and gravy minus meat extract."

It is equally easy to be non-vegetarian in India with the tempting array of Punjabi, Moghlai, and Continental dishes pandering to the most fastidious palate. We have certainly transgressed far from the path of our ancestors. The question is, will we go the whole hog, in spite of vegetarian congresses and saffron-robed sadhus?

# A PYTHON FOR A PET

Anyone can keep dogs. The Bedis decided to be different. They keep snakes, some with their poisonous fangs intact. But feeding them can sometimes be a problem...



**I**T is 8.5 feet long, weighs over eight kilos and when it coils around one in a death-like grip, it could be the end of the world for the victim, but for a family in Rajouri Gardens, Delhi, the python makes an interesting and exciting pet.

The Bedis — Ramesh and his two sons, Naresh and Rajesh, have always had snakes as pets. Vicious, poisonous ones like cobras, vipers and crabs, are locked up in boxes but the massive pythons are allowed more freedom. For a few hours every day they may be allowed into the living room. The visitor may come across a python resting on a sofa or coiled on the bookshelf.

The Bedis' interest in snakes de-

veloped when they were living in Hardwar. There were plenty of snakes in the jungles around their house. Anyone can keep dogs as pets. The Bedis decided to be different. Snakes would make novel and exciting pets, particularly if the fangs of the poisonous snakes were not removed.

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Living with snakes is like walking all the while on a high-tension wire. But the Bedis do not mind it. On the contrary, they get thrills out of grappling with a snake. If a snake escapes it means an adventure for the family. It may be in any corner of the house or garden or a couple of houses away. But the Bedis follow their own

set of rules. The poisonous snakes are sealed in boxes and occasionally brought out to make a study of their habits and to photograph them. Both, Rajesh and Naresh are photographers.

The Bedis have caught and kept over a hundred snakes, four of them pythons. They have never bought a snake. They think it is fun to catch it. It is a rule of the house that whenever a member of the family goes on a holiday he brings back an unusual pet, preferably a snake.

One would expect the Bedis to have a private snake-home by now, but most of the snakes have escaped, died in captivity or have been given away. The biggest snake was a 10 ft.-long python that lived with the Bedis for eight months. One day an old Rajasthani snake-charmer asked for the python. He

and Naresh caught the python makes an interesting story. Climbing down a hill in Hardwar, the brothers spotted a python winding up the hill towards them. When it saw them it turned and climbed up a 12-foot high tree. Rajesh took a heavy stone and hit the snake on its stomach. The snake loosened its grip on the tree and dropped to the ground.

Rajesh tried to hold the python's head down with a bamboo stick and catch it but the snake escaped. Trailing it for three yards, Rajesh caught by its neck. The snake could not bite him but it coiled its remaining six to seven feet around his hand and tried to crush it. Naresh saved the situation by uncoiling the tail from Rajesh's hand.

Taking it back to the hotel room was the next problem. Rajesh hit

basking in the sun in the enclosed courtyard of the house. In the evenings it would be put in its cage and moved indoors. A blanket was wrapped around the cage to keep out the cold. Since it was hibernation time, the python did not eat or drink right through the winter.

In mid-March the python came out of its winter stupor to take 401 (recorded) sips of water in 48 minutes. With a hungry python in the house, the Bedis' problems began in right earnest. Rat traps, each bought for Rs. 1.50, were left in five shops in the locality. Two more rat traps were left with friends. Rajesh even entered into a contract with the kabadiwalas, particularly children of the area. Anyone who supplied him a rat would get 25 paise.

The day after the rat traps were

when he was eight years old. In school Rajesh was known as "the boy with the snake in his pocket." Like the lamb that accompanied Mary, the snake attended school. The 1.5'-long snake was not poisonous.

Once, a nest of pandit snakes was unearthed in a tank near Hardwar. The Bedis were called to catch the snakes. Rajesh, then not even eight, accompanied his father to the site. The baby "pandits" were squirming away in all directions. Trying to be helpful, Rajesh grabbed one of them and was bitten. "From that day I learned to handle snakes carefully and with respect," says Rajesh.

Once a pandit snake laid 24 eggs the day after it was caught. It coiled itself round the eggs like all snakes and waited for them to hatch. When the eggs did hatch, a whole lot of little snakes emerged, but one was too weak to come out. It had to be extricated with a forceps. All the snakes were kept in a bottle but escaped.

Mrs. Bedi is endowed with a sixth sense and can tell when the snake will lay eggs. At Mrs. Bedi's suggestion a dead snake was cut open and the eggs, strung together like a necklace of pearls, was extracted. Most of the snakes in the zoology department of a college in Hardwar, have been gifted by the Bedis.

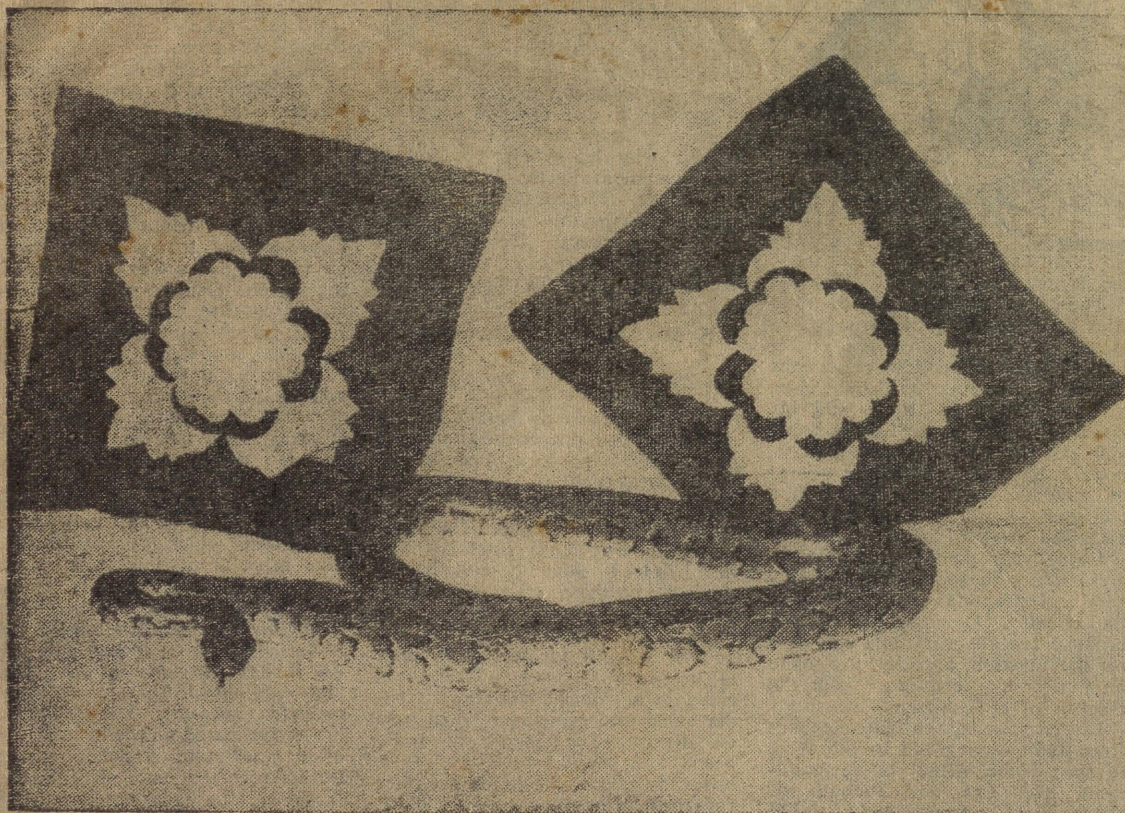
The Bedis have suffered a fair share of bites in keeping snakes. Rajesh was bitten by a cobra. He was cleaning its cage and relaxed his grip on the neck of the cobra. Rushed to hospital, Rajesh was given anti-venom and saved. Ramesh Bedi, a senior research officer in the Health Ministry was also bitten by a cobra. He used to keep the cobra in his office desk and study its behaviour. It was winter and Mr. Bedi decided to keep the hibernating cobra on his desk. The cobra was probably disturbed and bit him.

Why then keep snakes with fangs? "It is not the same if the snakes have no fangs," says Rajesh. "Without fangs the snakes look like old women without teeth. With its fangs the snake can afford to look haughty. Anyone can keep snakes without fangs."

Rajesh has also kept scorpions, civet cats and a mongoose. Right now he has a chameleon and a tortoise in the house. The chameleon, got from the Gir forests, is fed on cockroaches and other insects. Anyone who brings Rajesh a cockroach earns five to 10 paise. The chameleon has shown three colours so far, dark green, yellowish green and blackish green. It can shoot out its tongue six inches to get at an insect. The Bedis will soon acquire a baby panther.

Usha Rai

July 18, 1971



ABOVE: Naresh Bedi nonchalantly sips a cup of coffee, his pet python keeping him company.

LEFT: Snakes like a cosy corner to curl in as much as any human being. The Bedis' pet python likes to take its ease this settee, with a couple of bright cushions as background.

distributed, two rats were delivered at the Bedis' house. The rats were let into the 'doli' that night in one small gulp, it swallowed the rat face first. (A python always swallows an animal from the side it is biggest).

Ever since the Bedis have received a steady supply of rats. But for almost a month now they have received no rats. No one in Delhi, not even the Municipal Corporation, can ensure the Bedis of a regular supply of rats. So Rajesh decided to get frogs for the python. But for a week now the python has not touched the five frogs prancing around its cage. The python has no liking, too, for delicacies like pigeons.

A fat rat is sustenance enough for a week. But it is three weeks now since the python has had a meal. The Bedis plan to tempt its palate with sparrows and maybe a rabbit. If that fails they may be forced to shove a frog down its gullet. The Bedis have fed other pythons in this manner. With a penholder the frog is shoved into the mouth of the python. Then the Bedis squeeze the frog right up to the stomach of the python. Once in the stomach the gastric juices do their bit.

Right through the summer the python has been sitting coiled in a bowl of water in its cage. Only the head is kept outside the bowl. The cage is kept in the bathroom where it is the coolest.

Rajesh learnt to catch a snake

had a 16-year-old daughter who he claimed would not get a good groom unless he offered a python as dowry. The Bedis gave away the snake and the girl was married. The groom, also a snake-charmer, was happy. The massive python attracted a crowd and got him more money than a small cobra or viper would.

The pythons hate being caged. They do their best to escape from the improvised cages. Once the Bedis found the escaped python a couple of houses away, crushing a baby monkey in its vice-like grip.

Today the Bedis have just one python in the house. How Rajesh

on a bright idea. He pulled off his trousers and knotted both the leg ends. The snake was let inside the trousers and the waist of the trousers tied up. In the hotel the python was allowed to move around. In the evening it was again trussed up in the trousers and three or four sheets and a cardigan wrapped around it. The snake, quite a bundle, was brought to Delhi by bus.

At home, the 'doli' or meatsafe, in which the jars of pickles are kept, was emptied and the partition in the centre removed. The meatsafe made a neat cage for the snake. Right through the winter the python spent the afternoons

## Cyclones

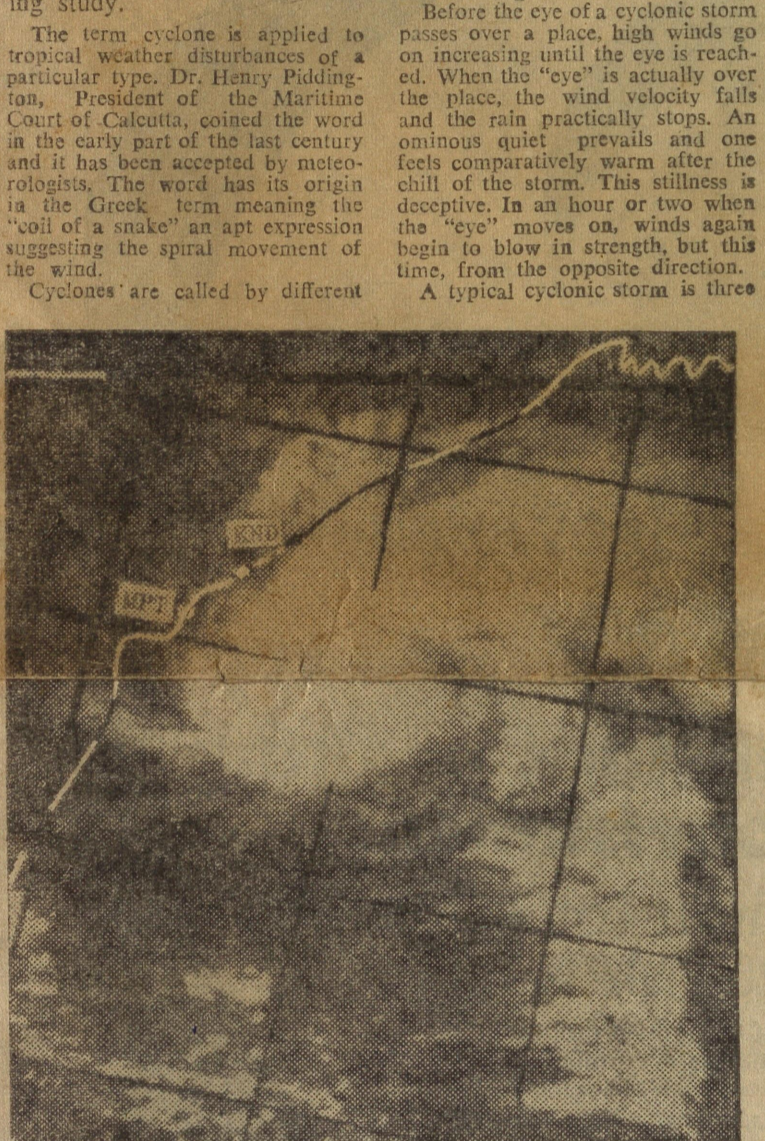
These stormy winds leave death and destruction in their wake.

**C**YCLONIC storms recently caused colossal loss of life and property in East Pakistan. How they originate and what happens in the course of the storm makes an interesting study.

The term cyclone is applied to tropical weather disturbances of a particular type. Dr. Henry Piddington, President of the Maritime Court of Calcutta, coined the word in the early part of the last century and it has been accepted by meteorologists. The word has its origin in the Greek term meaning the "coil of a snake" an apt expression suggesting the spiral movement of the wind.

Cyclones are called by different

names in various parts of the world for instance "hurricanes" in the United States, "typhoons" in the western Pacific, "Asifat" along the Arabian coast.



names in various parts of the world for instance "hurricanes" in the United States, "typhoons" in the western Pacific, "Asifat" along the Arabian coast.

The Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Sea are the "breeding" places of the cyclonic storms that strike the Indian coastline. The number of cyclones occurring in the Bay of Bengal are, on the average, 4 or 5 times as many as those occurring in the Arabian Sea, but only 25 per cent of the Bay of Bengal cyclones are severe.

The Arabian Sea cyclones originate over warm oceanic areas near the Maldiv Islands and the Bay of Bengal cyclones are born in and near the Andaman Sea, although some of them trespass from the South China Sea as a weak system to start with and intensify on entering the Bay of Bengal.

By and large, October and November are the months to be dreaded most for cyclonic storms originating both in the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal.

During the formative stage, the atmospheric pressure gradually falls accompanied by squally weather, rain and thunder. Slowly, the winds take an anticlockwise circulatory motion and their direction varies from the normal wind pattern of the place.

A fully developed cyclonic storm

is a massive whirl of circulation, 150 to 800 kms. across, with a vertical development of 5 to 8 kms. and sometimes even up to 12 kms. The cyclone has usually a calm centre called the "eye", which can be made out as a dark spot from the photographs taken by weather satellites orbiting the earth.

Before the eye of a cyclonic storm passes over a place, high winds go on increasing until the eye is reached. When the "eye" is actually over the place, the wind velocity falls and the rain practically stops. An ominous quiet prevails and one feels comparatively warm after the chill of the storm. This stillness is deceptive. In an hour or two when the "eye" moves on, winds again begin to blow in strength, but this time, from the opposite direction.

A typical cyclonic storm is three

dimensional in character, with an anti-clockwise motion. A more severe cyclonic storm, usually consists of four parts, viz., a calm central area (eye) of diameter varying from 10 to 20 kms where there is a near calm or very light winds; an inner ring of hurricane winds rising to 50 to 150 kms. in diameter, the winds blowing at the rate of 90 kms. or more. Then there is an outer storm area within which winds blow in gale strength and lastly the outermost area of weak cyclonic circulation.

The motion in the upper levels of a cyclone assumes a spiral shape, which decreases in extent as you go down. At the centre, i.e., the eye, the motion of the air is gently downward without any marked movement in the horizontal direction. The eye has on its flanks a thick vertical cloud called the "wall cloud". Not all cyclonic storms have an eye, but those with one are of severe intensity.

Cyclonic storms increase in intensity when the water vapour content is condensed as rain, during which process energy is released in the form of heat. This heat warms the air around it and when the warm air rises, a sort of vacuum results. To fill this vacuum, winds rush from all directions towards the centre. This intensifies the storm and the earth's rotation causes

the onrushing air to circle round. This is the characteristic spiral of the mature cyclonic storm. In the northern hemisphere, the cyclonic storm circulation is *anti clockwise* and in the southern hemisphere, it is *clockwise*.

After hitting the coast, the cyclonic storm spends itself although in its weakened state, it often causes cloudy weather and fairly heavy rains in the hinterland. The frictional effect of the land and its physical features combined with the paucity of the moisture (the fuel of cyclonic storms) over the land are the main causes for lessening the intensity of the storm.

How fast does a cyclone travel? The average movement of a cyclonic storm is 15 to 25 kms. per hour, but this speed varies from cyclone to cyclone and differs from day to

day for the same cyclone. There have been instances where cyclones have remained stationary for a couple of days or more; on the other hand, there are some exceptional cyclones which have travelled as much as 1,000 kms. (over 40 kms. per hour) per day.

Project "Stormfury" of the NHRL (National Hurricane Research Laboratory) Florida, has a number of scientists working on the project of "taming" hurricanes and has at present 16 aircraft at its disposal. As soon as a hurricane is detected either on the weather charts or from photographs taken by the orbiting weather satellites, one or two of these special planes take off for the site of the weather disturbance and inject a fine spray of

silver iodide crystals into the eye-wall clouds of the hurricane using special pyrotechnic compressors. These minute crystals of silver iodide condense the super-cooled water of the storm clouds into ice crystals, which upset the balance of the storm.

Radar observations made after "seeding" Hurricane Esther in the Caribbean sea with silver iodide showed that the energy was reduced by about ten per cent, and wind velocity reduced by about two miles per hour, by no means an encouraging result. The experiment was repeated with Hurricane "Beulah" in 1963 with better success.

in "destroying" or "changing" the course of hurricanes by using "Hurricane Modification", the technical term used for taming the hurricanes, by altering their paths.

The Meteorological Department of the Government of India have selected Calcutta, Bhubaneswar, Visakhapatnam, Masulipatnam, Madras, Nagapattinam on the east coast and Goa and Bombay on the west coast, for installation of Cyclone Warning Radars. The first of these has already been installed at the "Dolphin's Nose" at Visakhapatnam (Andhra Pradesh) in May 1970. These powerful (10cm. wavelength) radars can detect approaching cyclonic storms when they come within the range of the radar, viz., 400 kms. A Cyclone Warning Centre on the model of the National Hurricane Research Laboratory at

Miami, U.S., has been planned for Madras; special units of Storm Warning Centres with experienced meteorologists are already functioning at Bombay, Madras and Calcutta.

Weather satellites also help. In addition to the location of cyclonic storms, they are useful in studying the advance of monsoon and thunderstorm activity over vast expanses of oceans from where no observations can be received.

What precautions should people take in the event of a cyclone forecast?

They should pay attention to official warnings and not listen to the news on the radio and television.

cattle and other livestock to safer higher areas. Fixing up wooden barricades behind doors and windows will strengthen them against the storm. People living in weakly built or dilapidated houses should vacate them instantly. A sufficient quantity of provisions and fresh water should be stored. After the storm has blown over, they must be wary and avoid stepping on fallen electric wires or walking near dilapidated buildings.

Epidemics generally follow the passage of a cyclonic storm due to water-logging and any public health organisation has a vital role to play in mass inoculation against typhoid and cholera. And relief and rehabilitation of the cyclone victims are of primary importance.

M. P. Rao



These two graphic pictures transmitted by weather satellites show, at top right, the cyclone in the central Bay of Bengal which moved (see arrow) and crossed the East Pakistan coast on the evening of November 12, 1970, causing unprecedented havoc. The picture at left depicts the Andhra cyclone which crossed the coast between Kakinada (KND) and Masulipatnam (MPT) on the night of Nov. 6, 1969. Note the characteristic "eye" of the cyclone.

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### TALES FROM RAJASTHAN:

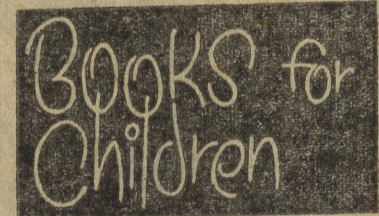
Told by Anjali Varma (Hemunt Press, Patel Road, New Delhi 8, Rs. 10)

**RADIANT** Rajasthan is a storehouse of innumerable folk tales. In these stories, we get a glimpse of the way of life in the feudal era — of the simplicity, resourcefulness and robustness of a people who fought many battles and sang about the victories of war and peace. We also get acquainted with the wit and humour of the rural folk of Rajasthan.

One would get an idea of the wide spectrum covered by these tales of a bygone era from the pioneering work done by Vijaydan Detha who has taken great pains to compile them. Unfortunately, he writes in Rajasthani and his readership is therefore restricted.

In the eleven Tales under review, we come across wise and foolish chiefs and ministers, farmers and merchants, sages, simpletons and tricksters. Young readers will probably get the most fun out of "The One Paise Vizier" and "A Jatty Trick." Many of the stories have a moral to convey.

The type is large and clear, the



illustrations adequate if a bit crudely drawn and the printer's devil has not been unduly active. Unfortunately, the author's (or narrator's) command over the language she has written in is rather inadequate, a factor which detracts considerably from the reading pleasure. And one wonders how many parents can afford this slim volume of 70-odd pages for their children.

F. S. P.

**THE PRINCE OF DWARKA:** Told by Bani Roy Chowdhury. (Hemunt Press, Patel Road, New Delhi 8, Rs. 10.)

**THE Mahabharata** is part of our literary heritage but it is rather tiring for children to plough through the long epic with its rich

array of incidents and characters. Publishers are now breaking up the long epic into sketches of the various characters against the broader canvas of the Battle of Kurukshetra. Capital work has been done with stories of Karna, Bhima and now, Lord Krishna.

The winsome childhood of the Lord, some of whose pranks are the highlights of Hindu festivals like Holi and Gokulashtami, are related here as well as the serious part of his life, like his stay at a hermitage, his friendship with the Pandavas and the pivotal role he played in the war between the Pandavas and Kauravas leading to the triumph of good over evil. There are glimpses of the Lord's glory as when he reveals himself to Durodhanya and his court, and softer aspects of his character, his kindness to his old friend Sudama.

One or two of the illustrations in the book seem rather gruesome but the story is well told, and the publishers succeed in their aim to make knowledge of our ancient literature more acceptable to children.

C. D.

# HUMOUR

## A MONTH'S LEAVE

**L**T was our servant's first trip home from the big city, and a month before his departure the whole family was involved in his shopping. We were infected by his excitement and allowed lapses in the house work. The floor remained unswept, the furniture dusted only when he was not lost in a day dream and the baby's clothes piled up for ironing.

We were intrigued by his shopping list. Perfumed hair oil, soap cakes, *bidis*, clothes and chappals for every member of the family, and several other odds and ends.

Travel, we warned him, would be disastrous for the bottle of oil and *bindi*. But he was confident everything would be well. In one of his more communicative moments he explained to us the magic quality of his perfumed oil. A bit of oil massaged into an aching head drove out pain instantly. Every villager fortunate enough to have a relative in the city sought the wonder oil.

The shopping bag also contained a couple of cakes of a much-advertised toilet soap used by film stars who claimed it contributed to their glowing complexions. His mother and two sisters would love to have them, if only to exhibit them to envious villagers.

He also coveted my red shawl that I considered mod enough for Delhi, and pestered me to buy a similar one for him. The price did not worry him.

In between his chores, our teenage servant would tell us of the welcome awaiting him in the village. With all his city know-how, he would be treated like a VIP. He would strut around doing nothing. His people would cook special dishes for him, and hordes of villagers come to listen to his stories.

But he conceded the heady atmosphere would last just a month. After that he would be expected to pack up and go back to the city to earn the money the family needed.

Every day after the expiry of the month's leave would make him less welcome. His mother would drop hints about his going back, and the meals would become less elaborate.

One day when we were all sitting in the balcony, he pointed to a group of domestics and said "So you see them? They probably don't eat enough and get by with a few clothes in Delhi. But in the village they will flaunt their terylene and be treated like rajahs."

His shopping list kept getting longer and longer. We bought him two sets of natty shorts and bush shirts. He scrutinized them, pronounced them good and packed them carefully. For his father he purchased *bidis* that tasted better than those available in the village. The torch, a very sensible buy, would light his way along the hill path. He selected a shiny red one with a strong beam. Umpteen calendars, diaries, empty bottles and tins that he had been hoarding ever since he came to work with us, went into the bag.

A few days before he left, he complained that the cloth bag would not hold all his things. He ordered us to get him a suitcase. We advised that a tin trunk would be cheaper and more convenient for third class travel. But he was firm about the trunk not being quite the thing for the city-returned *babu* to carry.

There were visits to the zoo so that he could regale the villagers with stories of tigers, lions and bears. He accompanied us to a western movie. He insisted right through the film that we tell him what it was all about.

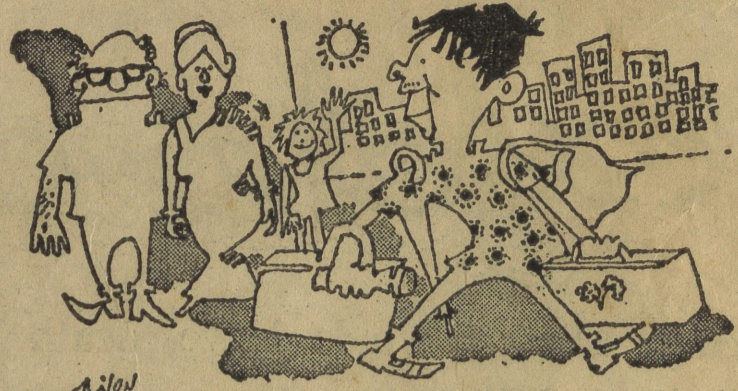
The day of departure saw him smiling broadly and in the highest of spirits. The hands of the clock would not move fast enough for him. He wanted to leave as soon

as possible to ensure a seat in the train. He must have reached the station a couple of hours before the scheduled time for the train's departure.

A fortnight later we received a childishy-scrawled and ink-stained postcard, informing us of his safe arrival. His father, mother and

other close relatives were well, he said, and sent their salaams to his "sahibs". Right at the bottom of the card, in fine print, was an invitation to his marriage and the request that he be permitted to return a month late.

Usha Rai





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# THE GIRL WHO GROWS TOO MUCH

From a perfectly normal 16, Sheila, a village girl from Patna district, has become so huge and tall that she has crossed the 7'-4" mark at 21 and is still growing. She suffers from gigantism — overgrowth caused by excessive overactivity of the pituitary gland. Delhi's doctors are now trying to save Sheila's life—she is due to be operated upon soon.

**D**OCTORS in Delhi are confronted with the 'growing problem' of a 7'-4" tall girl from Jhapla village near Patna. This is the first case of acromegaly or gigantism reported in the Capital.

Sheila, the 21-year-old giantess from Jhapla, was perfectly normal till she was 16 years old. She had been happily married for two years when she suddenly started growing taller and broader. When she was 17 years old, her husband threw her out of the house because she was becoming unmanageable. What is more, she ate four to five kilos of rice each day.

Sheila went to her father. He maintained her for three years. But she was a source of great embarrassment. All the village folk looked on her as a freak and were even frightened of her. Besides she was eating the old man out of his home.

Last month the father, Sheila and her elder brother came to Delhi in search of medical attention for Sheila and a livelihood for all three. However, they were arrested soon after reaching the Capital under the Vagrancy Act.

At Tihar Jail where Sheila was kept, the medical officer found her exceptionally tall. She had the features of acromegaly or gigant-

ism, was losing her eyesight and the left side of her body was partially paralysed.

She was rushed to Irwin Hospital where hundreds of people crowded to see the woman giant. Policemen had to barricade the entrance to her ward, to keep away the curious, jeering masses.

To give Sheila more privacy and to help doctors investigate into her case, she was recently shifted to Pant Hospital. Dr. D. S. Mehta, neuro-surgeon, confirmed that Sheila was suffering from acromegaly. There was a growing tumour in the pituitary gland at the base of the skull, between the nerves of the eyes.

With special radiological techniques, a team of the hospital's doctors "outlined" the tumour. They studied its size and exact location. They have also studied the biochemical results of the tumour in Sheila. She was suffering from acute diabetes.

In the last one month the diabetes has been controlled and the growth checked. Sheila is now being prepared for surgery. But the doctors are in two minds about operating on her. The tumour is not malignant in that it will not spread to different parts of the body. But if it continues to grow it will kill her. The tumour is the size of a duck's egg, and it is infiltrating into the depths of the brain,

*ABOVE: Sheila, who came to Delhi recently in search of medical attention and a job, was arrested under the Vagrancy Act. Partly paralysed and weak in spite of her enormous size (compare her to the woman on the left), she is taking a faltering step after being helped to her feet.*

*BELOW: The giant girl requires two beds in hospital and waves an admonishing finger at the photographer who takes this picture ignoring her protests.*

specially the right temporal lobe. The size of the tumour, its extension into the brain and the high susceptibility to infection after the operation are some of the points against an operation.

But if the doctors do not operate on her life is not worth living. It would be a slow, painful death. One side is already paralysed. She cannot see with the right eye and with the left she can only see large objects a foot away. Though huge she is extremely weak. With the operation the paralysis could be set right, the vision restored and further growth checked.

Sheila is extremely keen on the operation. She keeps barging into the doctor's room asking, "When will you operate?" She has even threatened to run away if an opera-



tion is not performed quickly. Little does Sheila realise that though she will be strong and physically fit, should the operation be successful, she will never again be the dainty woman she once was.

In an interview, Dr. Mehta pointed out that pituitary tumours were not unknown though he had never seen such a case. If the tumour occurs after puberty, as in the case of Sheila, there is a thickening and coarsening of features along with the abnormal growth. In case of pituitary tumours before puberty there is just an increase in height. Dr. A. Bagchi of Calcutta reported a case of gigantism recently. A child a few years old was 5'-9" tall. An American, Dr. Cushing, has also reported that of 333 cases of pituitary tumours that he has studied there were seven cases of gigantism.

Were the Cyclops, the fabled giants, cases of pituitary tumour? Dr. Mehta feels there were no giants. They were merely fairy-tale characters. The Cyclops in any case are supposed to have had only one eye. They were also strong. But those with pituitary tumours are anything but strong. Sheila can just about carry herself around. She would not be able to pick up a heavy table. Due to her paralysis, she is not even able to

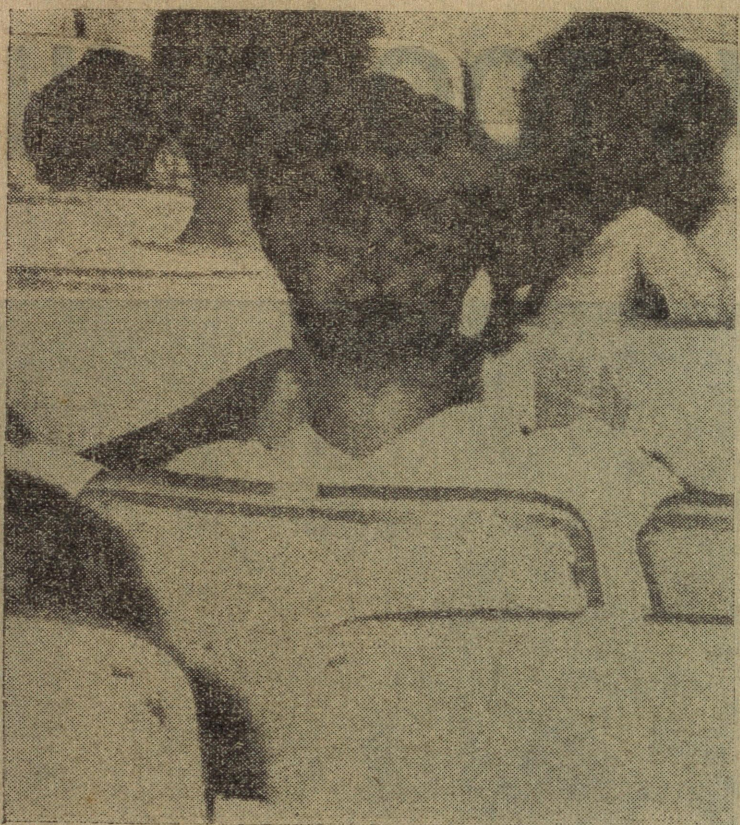
sit properly.

At the hospital doctors had to improvise facilities to meet the giant woman's requirements. Since she would not fit into the normal scales, they measured her against the wall. She just manages to fit into the door leading to her room. Two of the big hospital beds have been joined together to hold her huge frame. Petticoats and jackets were tailored to her size. Sheila's diet has been reduced. She is provided four kilos of rice and two kilos of dal but is not able to finish it in one meal. The nurses attending on her say she likes to eat every hour or two. She has a huge mugfull of milk and two cups of tea at a time.

The simple village girl who loved grazing the cows in the meadows and looking after her younger brother, Sudhiya, is bewildered and angry at the attention she is getting. She is extremely moody and often uncooperative. She refuses to take her medicines and in a fit of temper may throw the mug of water, kept beside her, on the nurses.

But never have the wards had a patient so keen on an operation or a patient who sings in a thunderous voice of her village home and the terrifying policemen of Delhi.

Usha Rai



# BLUE FILMS:

Who sees them? How are they made? Where are they shown? Our young investigators, N. Lakshmi, Cheryl Rozario and Bharat C. Malani, report on the 'blue scene' in Bombay.

**T**HE scene: a darkened drawing room in a posh locality in Bombay. There is a hush in the audience, consisting mostly of young married couples. The occasion: the celebration of a young business tycoon's birthday. The show: the screening of a 'Blue' film.

A Blue film has no claims to royalty or quality. It is the current pastime of some sections of the young, the idle, rich businessmen, not very literate, who do not know what to do with their suddenly acquired wealth. In fact, among the *nouveau riche*, it has become a great status symbol.

Blue films are either indigenously made or are smuggled from abroad. The Indian movies were made formerly in Goa before its liberation, but now they are made in Bombay. Indian Blue films are usually in black-and-white.

As might be expected, very little originality goes into the making of the domestic product. In tiny shady studios, photographs from foreign pornographic magazines are shot and processed. Or, copies of foreign Blue films are made and sold at a slightly lower price. Otherwise, enterprising freelance photographers shoot a movie and seek a good customer to sell them.

An Indian female model is paid something like Rs. 100 to Rs. 200 a day. These are generally young second or third rate models looking for a little pin money, film extras and sometimes even secretaries and typists. Little wonder then, that they insist on hiding their faces behind a mask! Strangely enough, professional prostitutes, who are easily available, are not wanted by the photographers. The younger the girl, the more interesting her figure, the higher her fee. Sometimes, of course, when young fresh models are not available, jaded middle-aged prostitutes are used, they do not always take the trouble to cover their faces. The male models are paid only a nominal fee, because they are mostly from the streets and it is a privilege for them to 'act' with the women who may not be available to them otherwise.

These films are then processed in well-equipped studios in Bombay where this is a regular "side business."

Sometimes, a Blue film is financed by a moneyed individual who can afford to hire a professional photographer who can handle a cine camera. The average cost of making such a film, including photographer's and models' fees, the cost of raw film and processing, comes to about Rs. 3,000. The photographer makes about Rs. 500. But there are others who screen 'exclusive' films for their own and their friends'

*ABOVE: Blue films are usually seen by those who have too much money and too little to do. Their attitude is: Must-see-it-Something-different-you-know.*

benefit and the young girls who act in these movies are paid more than Rs. 1000 for a few minutes' 'acting'.

The foreign smuggled films are mainly made either in Paris or in the Scandinavian countries. They are smuggled into India in Arab 'dhows' and through the usual channels, though on a very small scale.

Any well-to-do person who returns from abroad brings these films along with other film rolls, pretending they are 'home' movies, and thus escapes the Customs officer's eye.

Once it is brought into the country, it is seldom sold—the person usually hires it out or exchanges it with someone who owns another Blue film. It is freely circulated among close friends, rather like the latest western pop records are passed around. They are available in two convenient sizes — 8 mm. and 16 mm. and generally sold at Rs. 2 a foot.

For those who cannot afford to have a "library" of these films or have no access to their own direct

source, they can go to Suklaji's Street, a smuggler's paradise in Central Bombay, where quite a few screenings are held every night in vacant shops and offices. These shows last for about half-an-hour and two movies are generally screened at one show. These films are sometimes shown in slow motion to accentuate the erotic scenes. The entrance fee for a black-and-white movie is anywhere between Rs. 5 to Rs. 10. For the smuggled colour movies, the rates can be as high as Rs. 25 per head.

In certain circulating libraries on Peddar Road, a leading residential area, this cheap form of pornography is made available to teenagers. It is here that pedlars of Blue films encourage the youngsters to come and view them. Those teenagers who can afford to buy their own films have 'Blue' parties when parents are away, and the pattern is: you-bring-the-beer-she-brings - the - wafers - he - brings - the - projector - and - I'll - bring - the - movie!

One fact that came to light during the course of these investigations was that the more titillating and erotic the movie, the higher the over-all expenditure — from models' fees to the screening and selling price of the film.

Few Blue films have a story and the majority of these films use no artistic techniques. They are low sex-act films with the scenes loose-

ly strung together. The photography in some of the foreign films, however, is technically good.

Who are the people who see these movies? Normally the rich, the old and the sexually frustrated. Rich dowagers with too much money and little to do, screen such movies regularly in the afternoons to relieve their boredom—and perhaps, frustration.

What are the reactions of those who have seen these movies? One 19-year-old college student shrugged his shoulders and said, "I went to see one just for kicks, especially since they are banned. It doesn't make much difference to me, whether I see any more or not." A mechanical engineer told us, "I went to see one in a friend's house. It was so nauseating, especially watching the audience's reaction. I shall never again go to see another film like that," he concluded emphatically.

His friend added by way of explanation, "Do you know trick photography is used to show ordinary men as sex athletes? It can easily add to frustration instead of relieving it."

A high-ranking official confided that some of the viewers become so obsessed that they are compelled to see these movies again and again.

If Blue films do cause harm, and are spreading to other cities like Madras and Delhi, can something be done about them?

One police official pointed out that private screenings at a residence are difficult to detect. As he wryly remarked, "If one develops the taste for certain unpalatable things, and enjoys it in the privacy of his home, nothing can be done to stop it."

However, periodic raids are made by the police, acting on tips given by informants. The films are confiscated, the viewers liable to be imprisoned. In fact, recently, a young bachelor in a commercial firm in Bombay was dismissed by his company when he was arrested for viewing a Blue film.

What the authorities can do is to clamp down on professional places where these movies are commercially shown. But as one source disclosed, racketeers who smuggle and screen these films, are also those who indulge in gold smuggling and bootlegging, and have greased the palms of certain officials for constant police "protection". Their operations are too well organised to risk detection.

After pornography in the Scandinavian countries was legalised, there has actually been a decline in the sale of pornographic books. The best thing is to bring Blue films out into the open. There is a human desire to see what is not meant to be seen. "This relaxation will kill that desire," insisted a sociologist. But we feel that in a country where even kissing in films is considered taboo, it is too early to do this.

## WEATHER WATCHMEN OF TOMORROW

The newly-designed ocean-going buoys will provide valuable meteorological data

**W**ON'T it be great when you can know weeks ahead what the weather will be? You can then plan your vacations so that you will not be rained out. Accurate weather forecast is important for agriculture as well as industry. If meteorologists could predict weather accurately for just 15 days, they would save industry thousands of rupees.

There are a number of observatories in India on land as well as on sea along the coastline. The meteorological data collected by these are used for weather forecasting. One important point is always missing from our forecasts. The meteorologists do not know what the great weather breeders like Arabian Sea, Bay of Bengal and Indian Ocean are doing. The sea is a great weather breeder. What happens out there is what largely affects the weather on the land, as the oceans of the world together cover two-thirds of the Earth's surface.

A number of observatories function from anchored ships and is-

lands. These observatories make observations at the sea's surface and transmit the data to control stations for use in weather analysis but these require men to operate them. The coverage is still inadequate over most of the oceans and it is only possible to get a crude picture of the conditions on sea.

The need for filling the gaps in the weather data like temperature, pressure, wind velocity, rainfall, solar radiation etc have given rise to the design and operation of buoys which can work unattended at sea. These buoys will measure the near surface and subsurface conditions in the oceans and transmit the data via satellite to control stations. The first such buoy has been designed by the Convair division of General Dynamics Corporation. This is an ocean-going buoy for the collec-

tion of meteorological data on surface winds, barometer-pressure etc. and oceanographic data like currents, tides, salinity and temperature at various depths. The buoy is about 12 m. in diameter. It has a six km long tether line and contains more than 200 advanced electronic devices. It can transmit weather data up to 4000 km. The buoy is powered by two independent propane-fuelled internal combustion engines which charge a bank of batteries. It can work unattended for two years, in winds upto 256 km per hour and withstand waves 20 m high.

The entire portion below the deck is sealed and filled with chemicals which keep the air dry. The mast supports the radio antenna system. Of the two buoys in operation, one has already come out

unscathed through two hurricanes.

A major difficulty faced by oceanographers and meteorologists in the U.S.A. is that their buoys have been subject to various types of vandalism, and as a result, they have suffered extensive damage. The giant buoy has been designed so that it cannot be attacked by vandals easily. It is very bulky, hence it cannot be boarded at sea from a small boat. No hand holds have been provided.

World Meteorological Organisation (WMO), a United Nations Agency, is planning to establish a pattern of such fixed and drifting buoys. In the not-too-distant future, a world-wide weather watch is envisioned with hundreds of data-collecting stations on the giant buoys dotting the oceans, working with satellites and other weather detection devices. The Indian Meteorological Department is already receiving data from weather satellites. Data from giant buoys will serve to improve the accuracy of weather forecasts.

G. V. Joshi

# WHEN INDIA ATTAINED "ICE AGE"

Early in the nineteenth century, a curious load was taken off a ship on the banks of the Hooghly—several tons of ice, brought from America, 15,000 miles away!

**I**NCREDBLE as it seems, one of the earliest goods to be shipped from America to India was ice. The junk, with the ethereal cargo of the frozen waters of a Boston lake within its vaults, had voyaged a distance of 15,000 miles, more or less, in coming all the way to Calcutta on a February morning in 1833. The sensation that the news, which spread like wild fire, created among the Calcuttans was so immense that they in their hundreds—that was quite a large number in those remote days—hastened to the bank of the Hooghly where the vessel was berthed.

Those who came on horse-back, in chaises, or simply ran, were the obvious winners in the race to the river bank over those who chose to convey themselves in palanquins and, of course, bullock-carts, but all had an eye-full of the spectacle of enormous slabs of Boston ice stacked within the ship's hollow, being unloaded piece by piece. For some unexplained reason some apples from America were found scattered on top of the ice-blocks. Was it, everyone wondered, to create a demand in India for American apples? Anyway, the ice and not the apples became the talk of the town, a subject of animated discussion in taverns, punch-houses, "baitak khanas" and offices, where no work could be properly transacted for days after the ice arrived.

The sensational news could not obviously go unreported in the contemporary press in Calcutta. "Some enterprising Americans (Messrs. William C. Rogers, Frederick Tudor and Samuel Austin, Jr. of Boston)", reported *Asiatic Journal*, "have imported into Calcutta a cargo of ice from America in a vessel named the *Tuscany*."

The quantity originally laden was 180 tons; it was surrounded with tan, and so stowed as to allow the meltings to drain off at once to the pump-well, and by constant attention to the pump-well, the hold was kept tolerably dry during the voyage, and it was expected that the wastage had been so small that at least two-thirds of the ice was in its original state. The ratio of daily wastage increased rapidly whilst the ice was being unloaded.

The collection of Rs. 25,000—the sum was supplemented by a government grant—at a special public meeting called particularly to discuss the issue of financing the "Ice House" project by Lord William Bentinck, British Governor-General of India from 1828 to 1836, who evinced a keen interest in that "new feature of commerce in Calcutta." Interest in this cargo amply reflected the dire desperation with

which the European settlers of olden Calcutta craved for some effectual relief from their annual ordeal of having to live through the gruelling summer months there.

They had so far been fighting the fierce Calcutta summer with their backs to the wall with the assistance they received from their "Abdars" or servants, who, by prolonged stirring of their wine and water bottles in saltpetre solutions used to cool their drinks. Their "punkhwallas," another species of their large retinue of servants, would remorselessly swing the "punkhas" in their rooms meticulously sealed by "khus" curtains kept wet by intermittent sprays of water. The fitful and scanty supplies from local ice-pans at Hooghly were of course there, but those were as costly as eight annas a seer whereas the ice shipped from far-off Boston would sell at half the price from the "Ice-House."

"The ice-cargo of the *Tuscany*, we believe, is nearly sold off," ran the November 1833 comments of *The Englishman*, "and we hope that freighters have met with sufficient encouragement to continue their speculation." It went on: "It has introduced the means of enjoying a luxury and comfort, the task of which, we trust, will not be forgotten during the interim which must reasonably elapse before another attempt of a similar nature shall be made; and we hope that Mr. Tudor, the American gentleman in Boston, who, we have understood, is the principal adventurer in this speculation, will ever find a substantial acknowledgement on the part of Calcutta public for every similar proof, which he may afford them of his enterprise."

It is said that the idea of long distance transport of ice had first dawned on Mr. Tudor when one of his ships plying to the West Indies got stuck on a mound and could not be rescued for as long as four months. On its belated rescue, the ship-owner, to his surprise, had found that a large block of ice, which the ship was carrying within its cargo-vault, had survived nearly intact.

For several years more, perhaps until the Hooghly ice-panwallas learnt the mass production method, tons and tons of American ice kept flowing into the Calcutta "Ice-

House" but no account of the novel enterprise of the import of American ice into India can be complete without taking note of the brain wave it had set in motion among the opulent, quick-rich Calcutta "Nabobs"—as olden British settlers of Calcutta were sarcastically nicknamed by their own people at home.

The following quote from another contemporary issue of *"Asiatic*

*Journal*" tells us all that the brain-wave was about: "The experiment has sharpened the wits of the Calcutta speculators, who considered that if ice could be profitably brought from America, the frozen masses of the Himalayan mountains might be converted to the same purpose. Accordingly, a projector has proposed the foundation of an 'Ice Company'; and, no doubt, by means of steam engines and rail-roads, passes may be cut in those mountains, and the rubbish conveyed to Calcutta, to increase the luxuries of the City of Palaces!"

However, the "Ice Company" scheme did not materialise. The revelation that it was more practicable to seek to establish some hill-resorts on the foothills of the Himalayas whereto the "Nabobs" could more conveniently transport their portly selves from Calcutta in summer "by

means of rail-roads and steam engines" soon came.

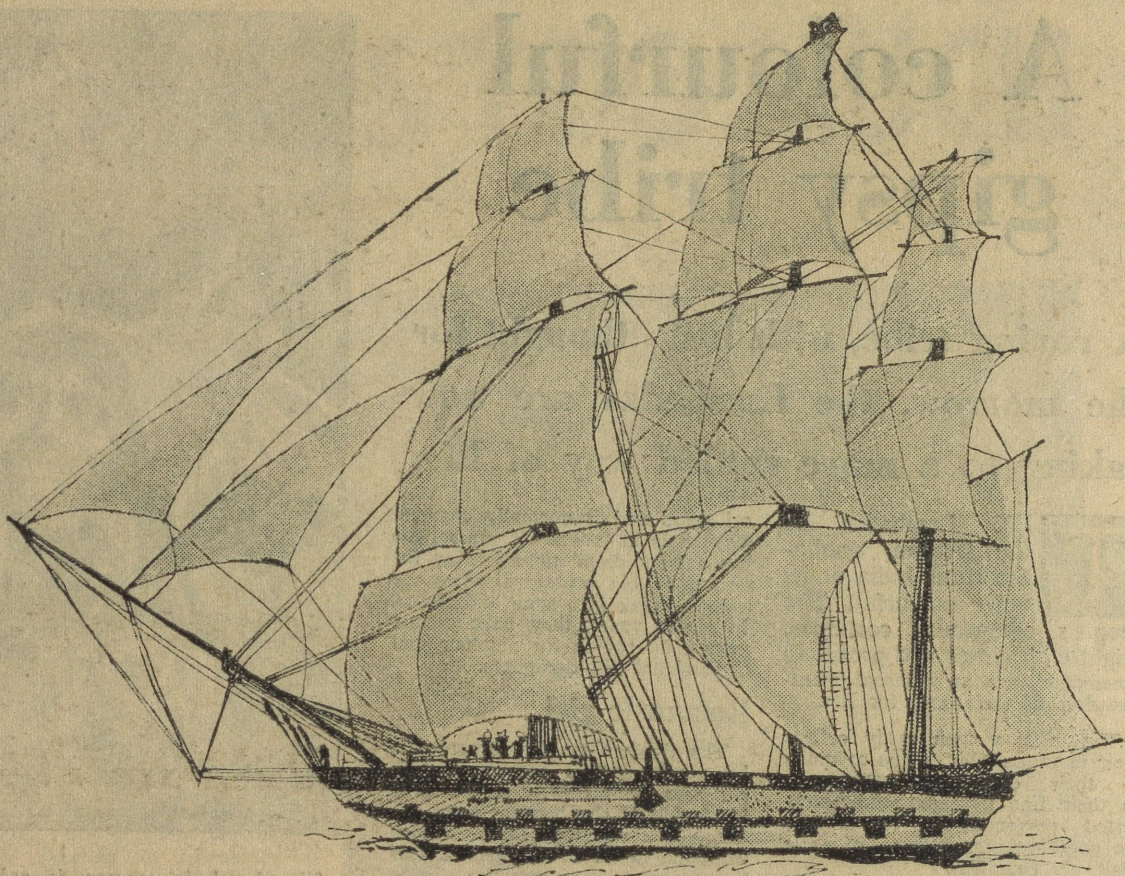
There had for some years been doubts and difficulties attending the selection of the site for the Darjeeling Cantonment. The Sinchal site had proved unsatisfactory, owing to its "excessive rainfall and depressing climate".

The Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Mansfield, in April 1867, after visiting Darjeeling, gave his opinion in favour of placing the barracks upon the Jalapahar hill only, "the elevation of the latter being 1000 feet less than that of Sinchal, the rainfall not so great, and the officers and men of the garrison not so averse to it as to Sinchal". Sir William Grey, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal from 1867-71, seconded the stand taken by the C-in-C. New sites were cleared on the Jalapahar hill and they were linked by road in

1867 but Darjeeling Cantonment was not placed on the railway map of India until 1875.

After all, the British Nabobs of Calcutta had found a much better place to flock to in summer than Chanak, as Barrackpore was originally called, which had until then been saddled with the unqualified responsibility of serving as the summer resort of British G-Gs and Viceroy's.

Gopendra Sircar



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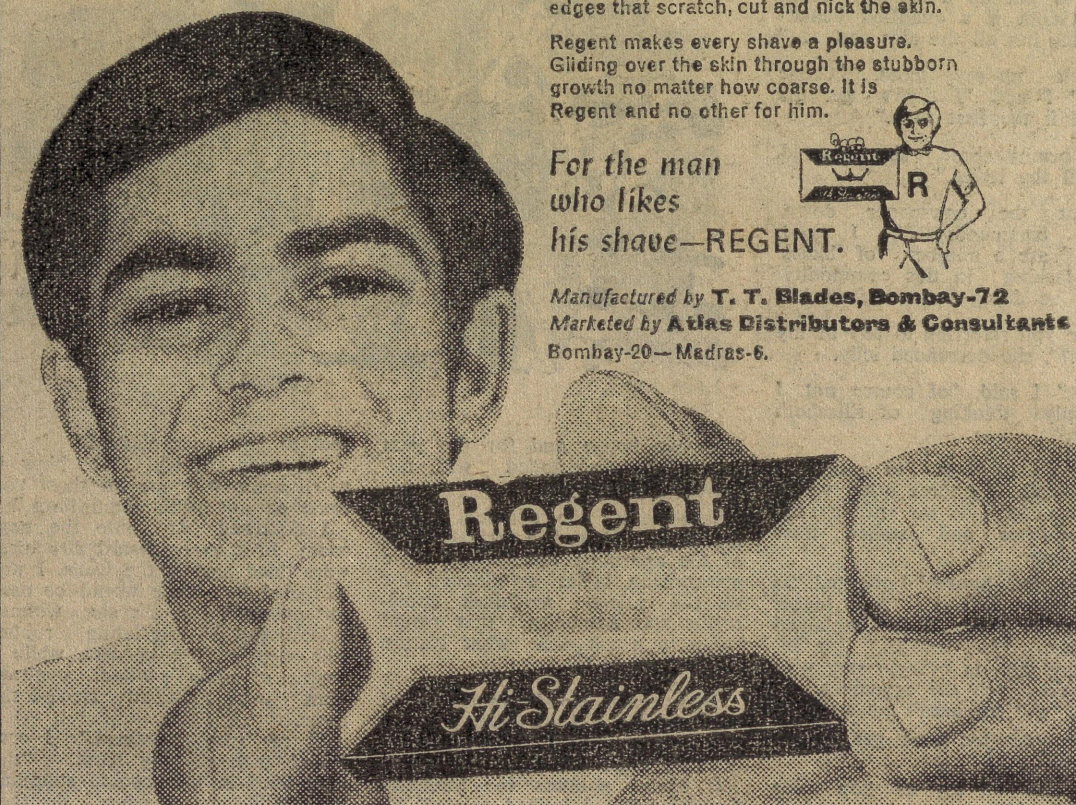
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## A colourful gipsy tribe

A roving tribe, with little thought for the morrow, the Lambadas are now taking to a more settled way of life.

**T**HE Lambadas of the Deccan symbolise rural India at its most colourful. The people's gorgeous costumes, bright with glitter and profusely ornamental, are an external manifestation of their zest for life.

The tribal women easily eclipse their menfolk. This is due as much to their distinctive costumes as to their fine physique and extroverted personalities. The women are good-looking. Some of them positively beautiful.

The dress is indeed eye-catching. It consists of a multi-coloured skirt and a heavily-mirrored and beaded blouse. A third piece of the costume is draped over the head and shoulders. A large number of ivory-coloured bracelets adorn her forearm, while numerous rings, necklaces, armlets and anklets cover her robust form.

It is said that a Banjara (gipsy) woman carries about twelve pounds of ornaments on her person throughout her life, and rarely feels the necessity of changing her clothes. Made of long-wearing material, the three-piece costume lasts for seven

years and is normally changed when it is in tatters. Of course, she has a 'new dress' tucked away for festive or big occasions, when the women break into song and dance. In recent years, they have earned money by posing for amateur and professional photographers.

### Romantic girl

The Banjara maiden is romantic by nature and is generous with her favours. Her lover is bound to marry her if she became pregnant. Usually, a marriage offer comes from the father of the groom. But the groom has to pay the bride price.

The Lambada marriage, like marriages all over the world, is an occasion for merriment and the entire village goes gay for three days. Eating drinking and dancing are much in evidence. The newly-weds set out on a gaily caparisoned bullock cart for their new home on the fourth day. Widow marriages are also common, though they are not celebrated elaborately.

The Banjaras have occult powers, and like gipsies elsewhere, are known for their fortune-telling and sale of good-luck charms. In recent



The Lambada woman is robust and good-looking. With her colourful costume and ready smile, she makes a fine camera study.

years, they have engaged in more mundane activities and constitute the labour force in building construction activities.

The men have adapted themselves admirably to urban conditions and many of them earn three-figure incomes as factory hands and industrial labourers.

While preserving their customs and way of life, the Banjaras have come into contact with civilisation and many have benefited from the various tribal uplift programmes of

the Government. Their skill in embroidery and needlework is exploited, their work being sold in emporia in India and abroad.

The Banjaras form part and parcel of India's rich and diversified cultural pattern. While affording them the benefits of economic development, every effort should be made to preserve their identity, because, without their native customs and local colour, India would be poor, indeed.

U.U.

## CAKES and PIES

**H**AVE you a sweet tooth? Here are some mouth-watering recipes for cakes and pies which you could try out. The instructions are simple to follow.

### MOCK CHOCOLATE CAKE

**Ingredients:**—Eggs—3 large, sugar—10 tablespoons (50 oz), Butter or margarine—1 level cupful (6 oz), plain flour—9 heaped tbsps. (9 ozs), baking powder—1½ teaspoon, sugar for colouring—2 tbsps, mixed peel—3 heaped tbsps, walnuts—5, cherries—4 to 5.

Roll the peel in dry flour. Crack nuts and break each into 8 to 10 pieces. Cut the cherries into four pieces each and leave aside. Sieve flour with baking powder. Heat up the 2 tbsps. of sugar measured for the colouring to a dark brown colour. Add ½ cup water and cook for about 5 to 10 minutes till the lumps dissolve and the syrup is of honey consistency. Leave aside.

Cream sugar and fat with a wooden spoon till it is light and fluffy. Now add one whole egg and just ½ tbsps of flour and mix thoroughly. Add the second egg and ½ tbsps of flour and mix. Use up the third egg the same way. Lastly, fold in the remaining flour lightly, add the syrup and mix. Add peel and nuts leaving a few for the top. Grease a baking tin, sprinkle lightly a teaspoon of flour and roll lightly. Remove excess flour.

Pour cake mixture into prepared tin. Decorate the top with the quartered cherries and remaining walnuts. Bake in a preheated moderate oven, 350—400 degrees for approximately 1-¼ hours.

### ROCK BUNS

**INGREDIENTS:** 4 heaped tbsps self-raising flour (4 oz), 1-½ tbsps. margarine or butter (1½ oz or little less than a ¼ cup), 2 heaped tbsps. of dried fruit or raisins, 4 tbsps. sugar (2 oz), 1 small egg.

Rub the fat lightly with the fingertips into the flour until it resembles dried breadcrumbs. Next add sugar and dried fruit. Beat egg lightly. Add beaten egg, little by little and mix lightly with a fork. It may not absorb all the egg; perhaps only half for the mixture should be enough. Place portions of mixture on a greased tin and bake in a moderate oven 350 to 400 degrees for about 20 minutes.

**NOTE:** Do not form balls of the portions, let them be unevenly formed like rocks.

### SPONGE IN CHOCOLATE SAUCE

**INGREDIENTS: (For Sponge)** 4 eggs, 4 heaped tablespoons self-raising flour; 6 tablespoons of plain sugar.

**Ingredients for chocolate sauce:**—2 egg yolks, 6 tablespoons of plain sugar, ½ cup water; 6 to 8 tablespoons of cocoa-powder, ½ slab of chocolate; a few walnuts.

**How to make sponge:** Whisk eggs and sugar until very thick; to test if it is thoroughly beaten, lift up the beater from the mixture and if the dripping leaves a line on the surface for some seconds only then is the mixture sufficiently whisked. Lightly stir in the flour. Grease and dust a cake tin with flour. Remove excess flour. Pour in the mixture and bake in a hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes. The oven should be pre-heated.

**Method for sauce:** Put water and sugar into a saucepan, dissolve sugar gradually on slow heat then boil the syrup to ½ thread consistency. Beat egg yolks in a basin till creamy. Cool the syrup and pour over the beaten egg yolks.

(Continued on Page 13)

## THE BEAUTY CLINIC

**I**T was a very normal evening; my wife was talking.

"We had a long discussion this afternoon," she warbled, "and we have come up with a real beauty. Bet you can never guess what."

"Tell me," I said wearily, "the suspense is killing me."

She looked a bit askance, and then delivered the blow, "We are going to put up a beauty clinic. Mrs. Gupta is a qualified beautician, she has all the aids and...."

I held up my hand. "Come again," I said, "I didn't get the gist of it the first time."

"A beauty clinic," she repeated, "for all the ladies."

I put the newspaper down. "Very commendable!" I said, "there are a number of 'ladies' sadly lacking in this commodity. You'd be doing them a favour."

"Are you referring to any of my friends?", she demanded icily.

"No," I said, "of course not. I was only thinking of Elizabeth Taylor."

And so it came to pass that Mrs. Gupta and three other young women abetted by my wife invaded our residence and installed their little shop.

"Why our house?" I objected, "as it is, it isn't duplex." "It is bigger than Mrs. Gupta's" she explained patiently, "and besides, her in-laws are coming over to stay with her." To clinch the argument, she added, "and she hasn't got a cook."

"What has the cook got to do with it?"

She brushed my question aside and said, "We have two empty rooms and with all the children away, it would have been down

right mean not to have volunteered."

"Did you volunteer?"

"Yes, I did. And if you are going to be unreasonable about that, all I can say is....."

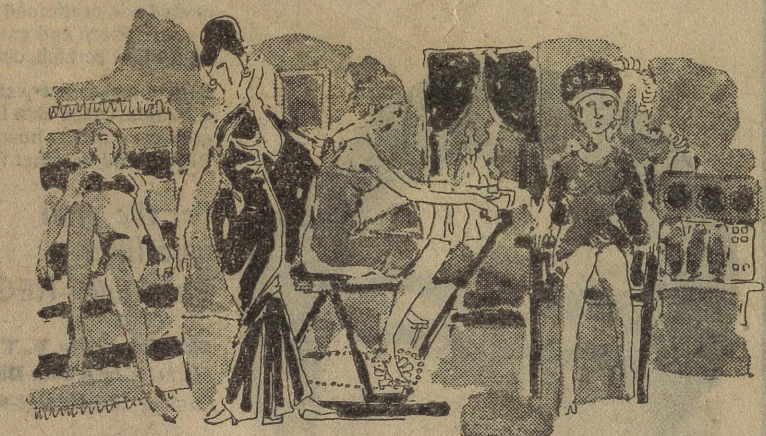
But the door bell interferred. And the beauty technicians entered armed with a truck load of 'beauty' gadgets and other paraphernalia. This was duly shifted

call for the wonders of their face.

"Very nice, very nice," I murmured, "but it must have been rather expensive."

"We expect to recover our initial investment within five months," Mrs. Gupta reassured me, "and then we expect a clear profit of Rs. 2,000 every month." I did my best not to look dubious.

"Oh, I see," I said profoundly. "How many ladies do you ex-



into our house and for the next three days they toiled with unwavering industry.

Just before the opening, I was graciously allowed a private tour of the operating theatre. The five enterprising ladies enlightened me on the various machines, implements and cosmetics that would strive to accomplish what Nature had overlooked.

Five chairs stood in front of five mirrors and a shelf groaned under the surgical equipment. Alexander Pope could have taken a few useful pointers for Belinda's famous toilet. I looked around. So this is where they repair their smiles, awaken every grace, and

pect to join your classes?" "Between 30 and 35. Now if you'll come with me I'll show you some of our prize acquisitions."

I followed her into the next room. Five iron board structures were lined against the walls. I was informed that these would be used for massage. A bicycle without wheels and an oscillating rubber belt occupied two corners, while a couple of other similar contraptions were scattered around the floor.

"I am very impressed," I confessed with relative truth. "But how long is this course supposed to last? I mean, when do they graduate so you can wind up the show?"

# FOR THE FAMILY

## Round-up by Busybee

**T**HE other day, I went to a restaurant for a cup of tea and an umbrella.

I sat near the entrance where customers kept their umbrellas in a pink plastic bucket (umbrellas being drippy things and not allowed inside the restaurant).

I ordered a cup of tea (price 25 paise) and watched the umbrellas in the bucket with the eyes of a connoisseur (that is a French word for people who drink wine). Outside, it was raining, a hundred cats and a thousand dogs.

Almost immediately I came to realise that I had picked a good restaurant. The tea was not all that good, but there was a fairly re-

(one with a broken handle), a latest model of a button umbrella which half the customers in the restaurant seemed to be in a mood to borrow, four black umbrellas (two new and two carried forward from last year or the year before), a multi-coloured umbrella.

Above the bucket was a notice which said: "The restaurant is not responsible for any loss or exchange of umbrellas. Please keep your eyes on your property."

The tea had by this time gone cold so I gulped it down and ordered another cup (price 25 paise). Shopping for an umbrella is an expensive business.

There were fresh additions to the



presentative collection of umbrellas.

However, before we go any further, let me explain. There was no question of stealing an umbrella, only borrowing one for the rainy season. Everybody does it and, as far as I know, it is not a cognisable offence.

Last year, I borrowed 14 umbrellas and all the 14 were in their turn borrowed from me.

But to come back to the present, going in an anti-clockwise direction, I observed the following umbrellas in the plastic bucket:

Three very ordinary umbrellas that no connoisseur would consider worth borrowing, a pagoda that I would feel embarrassed to be seen with, again two ordinary umbrellas

bucket. Another button umbrella, as good as the first one, and a nice sober black umbrella with a wooden handle, not too old and not too new, that I set my heart on.

So I paid 50 paise for my tea, picked up the umbrella and walked out singing in the rain. It was raining a thousand cats and a million dogs.

So I opened the umbrella and found that there were a dozen holes in it, large and small, the colour kept coming off the cloth in large black streaks and the wooden handle was actually plastic that looked like wood.

You will agree that 50 paise was too much for this umbrella. Also, you just cannot trust anybody these days.

**"THE TALE OF FOUR DURWESH"** edited by Katharine Smith Diehl, (Oxford & I.B.H. Publishing Co., Calcutta, 1970, Rs. 12.00.)

**T**HIS is an Urdu version by Mir Amman of the original in Persian. It was translated into English by L. F. Smith in 1845 and Katharine Diehl has tried to touch up his translation.

The tale itself is involved and rambling, with one story leading to another in the style of typical Eastern romances (which were narrated rather than written down). A king, who has everything but a son, meets four fakirs, listens to the life story of each, and tells them his own. He honours the fakirs and keeps them in his palace as his advisers; and with their blessings a son is born to him. They, too, get their hearts' desire.

The editor has scrupulously preserved the flavour of the tale by retaining many quaint-sounding phrases and words, and also the extensive footnotes made by L. F. Smith. To these, she has add-

ed a few of her own where necessary.

The story somehow lacks relevance for the modern reader, as it deals with unreal people, who have no depth, and do not develop as characters. It is a charming enough, though unsubtle story, if one's taste is inclined to this particular brand of escapist literature. Yet, even with its children simplicity, it is not a story for young children; the motivations of the characters seem directed towards pleasures which belong quite definitely to the adult world.

**"CHUHA RAJA", "THE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE DEVIL", "THE BRAVE LITTLE BEAR"** (Published by Ratna-bharati, Ico House, Sir P. M. Road, Bombay-1, Rs. 1.25 each).

**T**HE reasonably priced little books, meant for the age group 5 to 8, are beautifully illustrated and produced. The first three, which belong to the Folk Tales Series, have full-colour illustrations which will induce children to read them.

## Books for Children

All the three stories will appeal to children as they are about animals and their adventures, set in familiar Indian surroundings. They are light and charming and one gratefully notes that there are no morals attached. However, the language while correct, is frequently abrupt. This restraint is unnecessary as children do not tire of repetition and often demand it while being told stories.

The short sentences could be an advantage for young readers, for whom English is not the mother-tongue. But sometimes they become staccato and unnatural sounding. It would have been preferable if the language was more colloquial, less in the style of a textbook.

ANITA JOSEPH



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## RECIPES



(Concluded from Page 12)

Now cook this mixture in a double boiler till it is thick, add the creamed butter and dissolved cocoa powder. Remove from the double boiler and whisk well till it cools. Leave aside.

Cut the sponge in three layers. First place a layer on a plate. Pour some sauce over it. Place another layer and pour some more sauce over it. Now place the last layer and pour the remainder of the sauce over it.

Sprinkle the grated chocolate. Roughly pound the walnuts and stick them around the sides, and chill for a couple of hours.

This cake can be served as a pudding as well as a tea-time sweet.

### LEMON MERINGUE PIE

**INGREDIENTS:** For Short-Crust pastry:—4 heaped tbsps of plain flour (4 oz.), 1/2 cup margarine (3 oz.), a pinch of salt.

**Lemon filling:**—Juice of 1 large lemon; 1 heaped tbsps of cornflour powder (1/2 oz.), one teaspoon butter, 4 tablespoons castor sugar, 1 egg yolk, and finely-grated lemon rind (optional).

**Meringue:**—1 egg white, 4 tbsps castor sugar, short-crust.

**Method:** (for pastry): Rub fat and salt into flour with your fingertips till it resembles breadcrumbs. Add a little water and make a firm dough. Roll out to line a 7 inch pie tin. Trim edges. Put pastry for about 20 mins in the refrigerator. After that, bake in the oven (425 degrees) for about 25 minutes. After the first 15 minutes remove the paper and weight.

**Filling:**—Strain lemon juice and add 1 cup of water. Blend cornflour with a little of this liquid. Bring remaining liquid to boil and pour over the blended cornflour. Return to the fire and simmer gently till thick, stirring all the time. Remove from heat add lemon rind, butter, sugar and mix till blended. Cool a little and mix in egg yolk.

**Meringue:** Beat egg whites stiff. Add sugar and again beat till it stands in peaks.

Lastly pour the lemon mixture in the pastry case. Spread meringue gently over it and bake in a medium oven about 325 degrees for about 25 to 40 minutes or till the meringue is crisp and pale golden.

V.G.

## SPORT

# Formation not yet fully understood

**T**HIRTEEN years after Brazil won the Jules Rimet Cup for the first time with the four-two-four formation and made it the most widely accepted system, we in India have still to reveal a full understanding of it.

This half knowledge of the system is most evident in the deep defence. The four backs are invariably strung out in a straight line. Such a deployment is most vulnerable to an attack.

First a pass which beats any one of the four backs, beats them all. There is no cover for the man who is beaten. Then again a quick wall-pass puts a forward clear of the defence and brings him face to face with the goalkeeper. The weakness here, too, is lack of cover.

Cover or depth in defence is vital. No matter what formation the defence adopts, this principle has to be observed. If one analyses the sweeper or libero as he is called in Europe, it will be clear that this system is but an emphasis on this first principle. The sweeper moves behind his four backs to provide cover wherever a threat of the opposition breaking through is present.

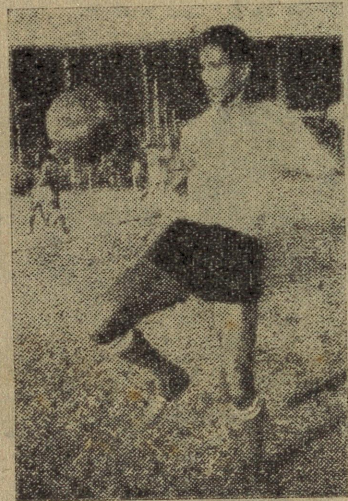
The four-back system does not do away with the art of pivoting. When an attack develops on one flank the defence on the other flank moves away from the men they are to mark and move behind their colleagues who will be bearing the immediate impact of the attack. This way they would be in position to baulk any opponent who had eluded their colleague. When the point of attack is switched, the defensive functions also change, with the defender or defenders nearest the attack coming to grips with the rivals and the others lying in wait. In the case of a probe down the middle, the wing back should be able to provide cover and also the centre-back further away of the two will be a little behind.

It is a sad commentary on our football that not one of the 19 teams that took part in the National Football Championship at Madras in April-May—floods forced Tripura to return after starting out and Bihar did not come at all—were fully conversant with the intricacies of the

system. Even Bengal, with internationals manning the deep defence showed up in poor light.

Left-back Nirmal Sengupta was unsteady against fast wingers and not exactly confident when he came into the middle to provide cover against movements from the opposite flank. Skipper Chandeswar Prasad played to par, being sure in the air and robust and firm in tackles. He was rarely caught upfield or out of position, except when Railways' sprightly inside forwards Shaikat Ali and Prakash Biswas tapped the ball past him as he came for a tackle in the final. Kalyan Saha was the weakest of the four Bengal backs.

Bengal should have been aware of the unreliability of Saha. Goa had hinted at it in the second leg semi-final. The champions' failure to depute a player to protect the area around and behind him was incomprehensible. Sudhir Karmakar,



ARUN GHOSH... reached peak form.

who in the last two seasons had shown he carries an old head on his young shoulders, had his first poor tactical match. And that nearly spelt the doom of Bengal.

Railways' veteran outside-left Janakiram lured Karmakar away from where he had served Bengal best. The international, who was the first choice as a defender in the list of ten coaches in the Asian Games last December, had always been there

inside the penalty area to meet any ball or forward who had got past his colleagues. But in the first half of the final, he allowed himself to be led up the garden path.

Had any other team been faced with this problem they may have had difficulty in solving it. But Bengal had the resources to counter this. They had in right-half Bhabhani Roy a full-back who had donned India's colours. One would have expected Roy to be deployed to take on Janakiram and let Karmakar plug the gaps in the defence. For, Roy's moving away to the touchline would, at most, have left a gap in midfield, a strategically less important area than the space behind the deep defence. Even this space in midfield, to a large extent, would have been covered by the indefatigable Habib.

But Bengal never got wise to the Railways' ploy. It was only their rivals' inexplicable substitution of Janakiram by Tapan Das, a stocky winger who likes to come headlong into the deep defence instead of tempting his rival away, that eased the pressure on the Bengal defence and also let Karmakar retrieve some of his prestige.

Most of the other deep defences were exposed by less complex strategy. None of them had to contend with a winger playing deep and trying to unhinge the door to the goal. Their difficulties arose from one of their men being unable to contain his man.

Thus when Johal, who came in as substitute for Chakra Bahadur at left-back, was beaten repeatedly on the wing, the Services skipper and left stopper, Hothi, moved more and more to help his colleague out. But in doing so, he upset the alignment of his defence and Bengal sought to make the most of it in their quarter-final.

Bengal did likewise against Goa in the replayed second leg semi-final when they gained the upper hand by exploiting the lack of coordination between Socorro Coutinho and Chathunni on the left flank of the defence.

More unparadigmatic was the positioning of the two centre-backs in most teams. Even when an attack approached them near the penalty area, they did not play in tandem. Thus a pass between them was taken in his stride by a forward breaking either from behind them or between them. They were also

beaten, as is but to be expected, by the quick one-two pass. Even an experienced team like Mysore lacked this positional sense.

The Railways were far better in their positioning with Mazumdar and Habib Khan, who came in as substitute when the former was injured, and Shankar Sarkar, the wing backs, moving into the middle to bolster their colleagues, and Arun Gosh, after a slow start settling down to recall his halcyon days of the early sixties, and tall, long-legged Gunapandian patrolling the middle efficiently.

Goa, Tamilnadu, Assam and Kerala also had competent men in this line. Skipper Alcantro Barreto was a bit slow, but he played behind Chathunni and covered the middle well for Goa. George Ambrose made it tough for the Bengal attack in the semi-finals. Tamil Nadu's Vincent was the most consistent right-back when it came to overlapping and Dhananjayan was steady.

Assam looked brittle against Jammu and Kashmir when they employed the three-back system. But when they brought in Salil Morak and switched to four-two-four, they were the most entertaining team in the competition. Morak made Anil Roy look very secure, a far different player than when he played as centre-back against Kashmir.

Kerala, who were inspired by the fine goalkeeping of Victor Manjilla in the early stages against Bengal, put up a stout defence thanks to stoppers Jose and Joy Ulahanan and right-half Jaffar and went down only by a brilliant goal in the last minute by Bhowmick. Orissa's Deba Singh and Uttar Pradesh's Nishit Chatterjee were other deep defenders to impress with their interceptions and movement with the ball.

One of the most graceful players in possession was Mohan Singh. The Railways' right-half was head and shoulders above the other midfield men in the competition. However, he went to pieces when the tide turned against his side as was evident in the second leg semi-final against Tamil Nadu and against Bengal in the second half of the final. His colleague, Sankar Banerjee, was more consistent, though not much was seen of his shooting. Bhabhani Roy shaped well for Bengal, but Pintu Choudhary moved in jerks.

The best midfield pair were Assam's Chandramohan Gonju and skipper Toshen Borah. More versatile, they fell back to assist their deep defence and also moved upfield to combine with a very mobile attack, in which Sumraj Gurung and Anil Borthakur stood out. Assam gave Mysore a harrowing time before losing 2-3.

Goa's George Rosemond was energetic and the mainspring of



GEORGE AMBROSE... robust.

their attacks. Tamilnadu's Bashit was slow but plied his forwards with good passes. His service was best appreciated by skipper Arumainayagam, the most consistent winger in the tournament. The diminutive, former international provided his colleagues with five or six good openings in each match, besides scoring vital goals.

But like Arumainayagam, there were only one or two good forwards in most teams, Williams, of Goa and Sankaran Kutty of Services being other examples.

Bengal had the best attack on paper with Subash Bhowmick, Sukalyan Ghosh Dastidar, Mohammed Habib, Kannan, Bimal Lahiri and Pronob Gangully. Strangely, they rarely moved as a unit, though their second-half display against the Services was the finest exhibition of forward play. Habib did not spare himself in his search for the ball or an opening. Kannan though still not one to risk injury just above his right heel, was not at his best. Ghosh Dastidar was rather subdued, though he got some thundering goals.

The Railways attack looked more thrustful when Shaikat Ali and Biswas were played in the inside positions. Both were quick to release the ball. Biswas's long pass into the middle on the half turn that let Tapan Das score the first goal against Andhra was one of the swiftest strikes at goal seen in first class football. These youngsters with Khasi Nandy gave Bengal the jitters in the first half. Lack of support thereafter checked their march.

K. Bhaskaran

## Disciplined batting needed on tour

**B**EWARE of Snow! It may rain. We always have the wettest summers. The cold will be unbearable. These are some of our countrymen's strange exhortations to the Indian team preparing for the tour of England.

The Jeremiahs have already written off India's chances. They are convinced that the success over the West Indies was one of those queer things notorious to cricket. They see nothing but disaster for Wadekar and his men.

It will be far more prudent to wait and see. No one expected India to return home with the rubber from the West Indies. There is no reason why India should not give a good account of themselves in England as well.

Even as I write this, Pakistan have hammered the England attack to the tune of 608 for seven declared in the first Test. Few could have visualised such a performance from a side that had been humbled earlier by Cambridge of all teams.

So I say to the prophets of doom! Don't write off our players

even before they have boarded the Jumbo.

True, India's record in England is dismal. We are yet to win a Test there. But then there was little to inspire our team on the eve of the West Indies tour either.

The greatest asset to the present lot is the boost to their morale from their Caribbean conquest. They should now be able to take on England with quiet confidence. At the same time, England will have to treat our side with a degree of respect. In other words, the approach of the rivals will have altered considerably from the past and much to India's favour.

A lot will depend on our batsmen's form. Rather, their ability to stand up to pace. It is here that we have had the most reassuring news from the West Indies. Though only two batsmen were really successful in terms of runs, almost all of them squarely faced the thunderbolts of Holder, Dowd and the rest.

I am well aware that Snow (down with back trouble), Ward, Lever and others are a much more formidable lot. They will also be enjoying more favourable conditions for pace and swing than what obtained in the Carib. But then

the experience of the West Indies tour will undoubtedly enable our batsmen to be better equipped for the sterner tests ahead.

The composition of the side shows six batsmen who can open the innings at a pinch: Mankad, Gavaskar, Jayantilal Engineer, Abid Ali and Abbas Ali Baig. I am not sure whether this is the selectors' idea of countering the menace from pace. Numerically at least we seem to have enough men for the job.

The significant point is that our three star run-getters, Wadekar, Sardesai and Viswanath, are outside the list of six from whom the opening pair will be chosen. We can thus really prop up the middle that was so vulnerable on the West Indies, with a little imagination while planning the batting order.

Mankad and Gavaskar settled down as our opening pair in the West Indies and did a good job of it. But with Engineer available we can perhaps improvise a bit.

As the man most accustomed to the pace and conditions in England, Engineer can well be made to open the innings with Gavaskar. It is also a position which Engineer relishes most. I have always believed that Mankad can score many more runs lower down

and I say this again without wishing to cast any aspersions on the keenness and enthusiasm with which he handles his present role.

My idea of the Test line-up will be something along these lines: Gavaskar, Engineer, Wadekar, Sardesai, Viswanath, Mankad, Solkar, Abid Ali and three spinners. Much, of course, will depend upon form and other factors like fitness but this line-up has a reasonable chance of delivering the goods.

The most important thing, however, will be the manner in which our batsmen address themselves to their task. They will do well to scrupulously observe some of the basic dos and don'ts for English conditions.

The most glaring weakness among our batsmen is their penchant for the cut. It may have brought them many runs at home in England it will be suicidal. The players therefore will do well to guard against this temptation. It is in matters like this that the manager and captain should exercise some discipline. (The night curfew and other trivialities can be left to the second official.

So often have we seen our bats-

men casting their wickets away through one rash stroke. Such indiscretions are unparadigmatic in international cricket.

During the tour of Australia, in 67-68, a number of wickets were thus gifted away. When asked, on his return, whether any steps were taken to curb the batsmen, Pataudi's cryptic reply was: "The steps were taken". On the last West Indies tour a batsman was said to have been advised not to cut against Noreiga. He retorted: "Don't worry. I've handled Venkat and Prasanna".

It is essentially a question of mind over matter. There is no validity at all in the argument that some of our batsmen are natural strokemakers and simply cannot restrain themselves. The point is that the best of 'em have to dig in and bide their time because fewer bad balls are bowled in Test matches. Hence it is that temperament and concentration are vital requisites for those aspiring to make big scores. Gavaskar and Sardesai have profited considerably this way. One hopes the example will not be lost.

Sunder Rajan

June 13, 1971

## 'Avoidable tragedies'

**T**HE monsoon, like the weather in general, has acquired a bad name because of its wilful ways. But, however erratic its behaviour, it requires no prophet in Bombay to predict "our civic floods." Not to speak of the inevitable collapse of a score of buildings.

What are the thoughts of the man in the street as he surveys the havoc caused by just one spell of heavy weather — roads turned into rivulets, open areas into lakes, people wading through waist-deep water, caved-in houses, stalled vehicles and trains? Well may he wonder why he had prayed and hoped for bounteous rains during the not-so-merry month of May...

Are we ready for the monsoon? "Not very," sums up the answer, if past experience and present indications are reliable guides. Curiously, quite a few people I questioned expressed total resignation. Their attitude was: "Well, what can you do about these city floods and other calamities?" and again: *Jasa hota tasach ahi ani tasach rahil* ("As it was before, so it is now and so it shall be"). The comment in Marathi was made, perhaps half in jest, by fruit and vegetable dealer Narayan Sapre, 54, who asked me in turn rhetorically, "What can you

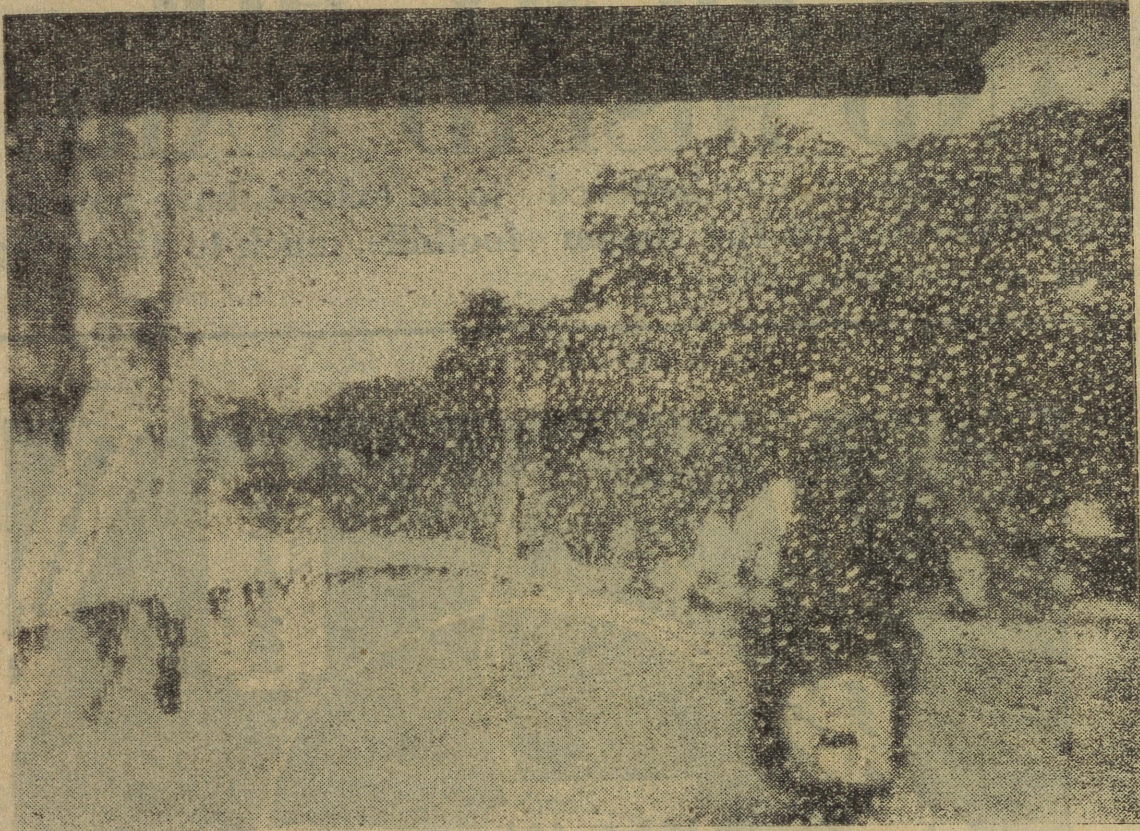
do about nature?" But he blamed the floods partly on faulty planning in the city and agreed that something could be done to mitigate these afflictions.

After the first welcome showers, the full blast of foul weather. After the first joy and relief, the wet misery of at least three months, beginning June. Not that it requires much to disrupt life in this great city by the sea. A few showers are enough to test the drainage system and find it wanting, as someone once wryly remarked, and the famous low-lying areas get flooded at the slightest pretext. There have often been occasions in the past when civic officials were caught napping on a day of heavy rain.

When the monsoon goes on the rampage as many as 50,000 to

*TOP: Surrealistic art? No, a motorist's view of the rain through the windscreen of his car. In the foreground is a scooter, and to the left the outline of the Peddar Road overbridge, Bombay.*

*BELOW: The worst sufferers are people dwelling in houses in low-lying areas where rain water comes swirling into the rooms. The older woman in the picture keeps her feet dry by taking refuge on a bed.*



100,000 shanty-town dwellers of the estimated million or so in the city and suburbs may be driven from their hovels by the combined fury of wind, rain and flood. The plight of these hutment dwellers and of the "pavement dwellers", numbering about 90,000, can hardly be described. "In what way can we be ready for the monsoon, except perhaps get ready to run," was the pathetic reply of one of these hapless persons.

Last June, the Corporation issued a note on the "How and Why of Flooding" and the measures being taken against it. How far has India's premier civic body succeeded in its "fresh bid" to tackle a seemingly intractable problem? Not very much, the sceptics would say.

Let Mr. J. R. Patwardhan, 41, the affable deputy city engineer, speak for the municipality. He was asked whether the Corporation had got the co-operation it sought from the Maharashtra Housing Board and the Western Railway, one reason

## Bombay

for monsoon floods being, according to the note, "the indiscriminate filling in of low-lying areas" belonging to the two bodies in the Mahim-Bandra suburban area.

"There has been no co-operation from them so far, in spite of repeated requests," Mr. Patwardhan replied. So his department had to bear the full burden financially and otherwise of re-excavating water courses, maintaining peripheral channels, and so on. As far as the suburbs are concerned, work is in progress for converting the kacheha water courses into regular storm channels.

The drainage and allied works now being carried out in the city and suburbs are of "a permanent nature", involving an outlay of about Rs. 50 lakhs a year, which will continue for eight to 10 years. Mr. Patwardhan claims that many people, including city fathers, are of the view that even last year the flood nuisance in several parts of the city and suburbs was "appreciably less."

He has apparently no quarrel with the Central Railway suburban system on this score. But Mr. H. V. Samuel, the Chief PRO of the Central Railway, hasn't very much comfort to offer commuters. "When flooding and high tide coincide, only God Almighty can help us," he said.

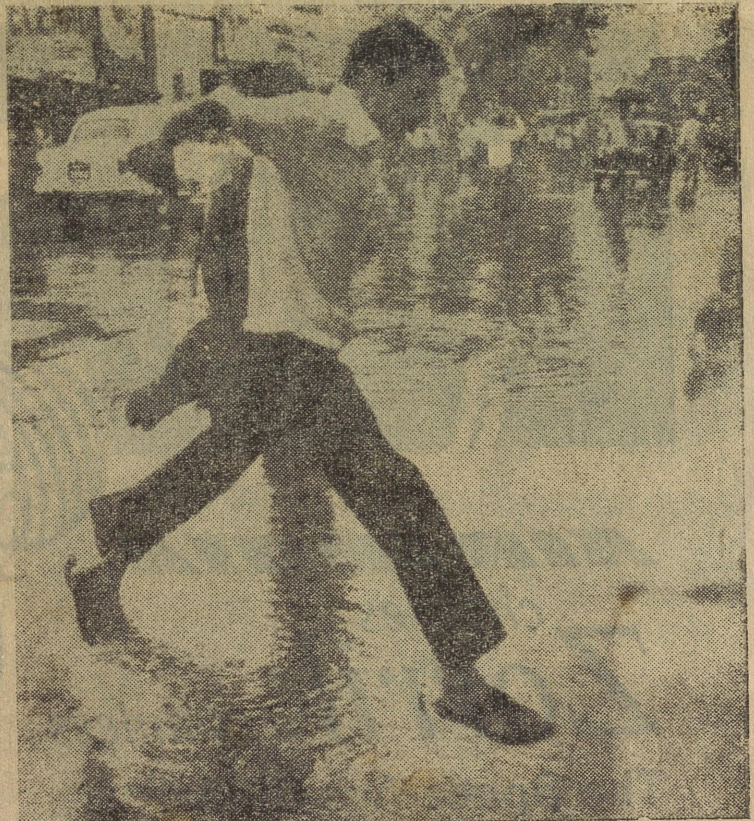
Acharya W. S. Balse, 42, a city journalist, gave the Western Railway a pat on the back for maintaining scheduled timings during the

monsoon "to the extent humanly possible." But there was no change for the better on the Harbour Branch, he said. He commutes from Vile Parle on both the suburban systems.

Miss Eunice Martis, 21, an attractive advertising assistant, pleaded for more buses for short distance travellers: from their homes to suburban stations and from the terminal station to the place of work. She commutes from Bandra to Churchgate.

many monsoons before the Board is able to complete its unenviable job, if at all. But the rains aren't going to wait — as tenants, landlords, the municipality and other agencies wrangle endlessly regarding who should do what and when. With the first showers, roofs of dilapidated dwellings leak, decayed walls become sodden and one more building comes tumbling down, one more avoidable tragedy occurs.

The Fire Brigade and the Traffic Police are always in a state of



*ABOVE: A city worker leaps over a puddle in a street to keep his trouser-ends clear of the muddy water.*

On the Bombay Building Repairs and Reconstruction Board has fallen the gigantic task of reconditioning some 14,000 buildings in the city, in need of heavy or structural repairs. Of these, about 6,000 are in need of immediate repairs, while the resources position of the Board permits it to take up the reconditioning of not more than 1,200 to 1,500 structures a year.

Obviously, it is going to be many,

readiness and rise to the occasion in the emergencies created by the rains. The former saves scores of lives by rescuing people trapped under the debris of their homes, while the latter often have the tedious task of unsnarling and redirecting traffic marooned in a deluge.

Meanwhile, as the dark clouds gather in the sky, the humble folk of this proud city can only hope that they will not be as hounded and harassed as during previous monsoons. The portents are not particularly propitious, but the next few weeks will tell.

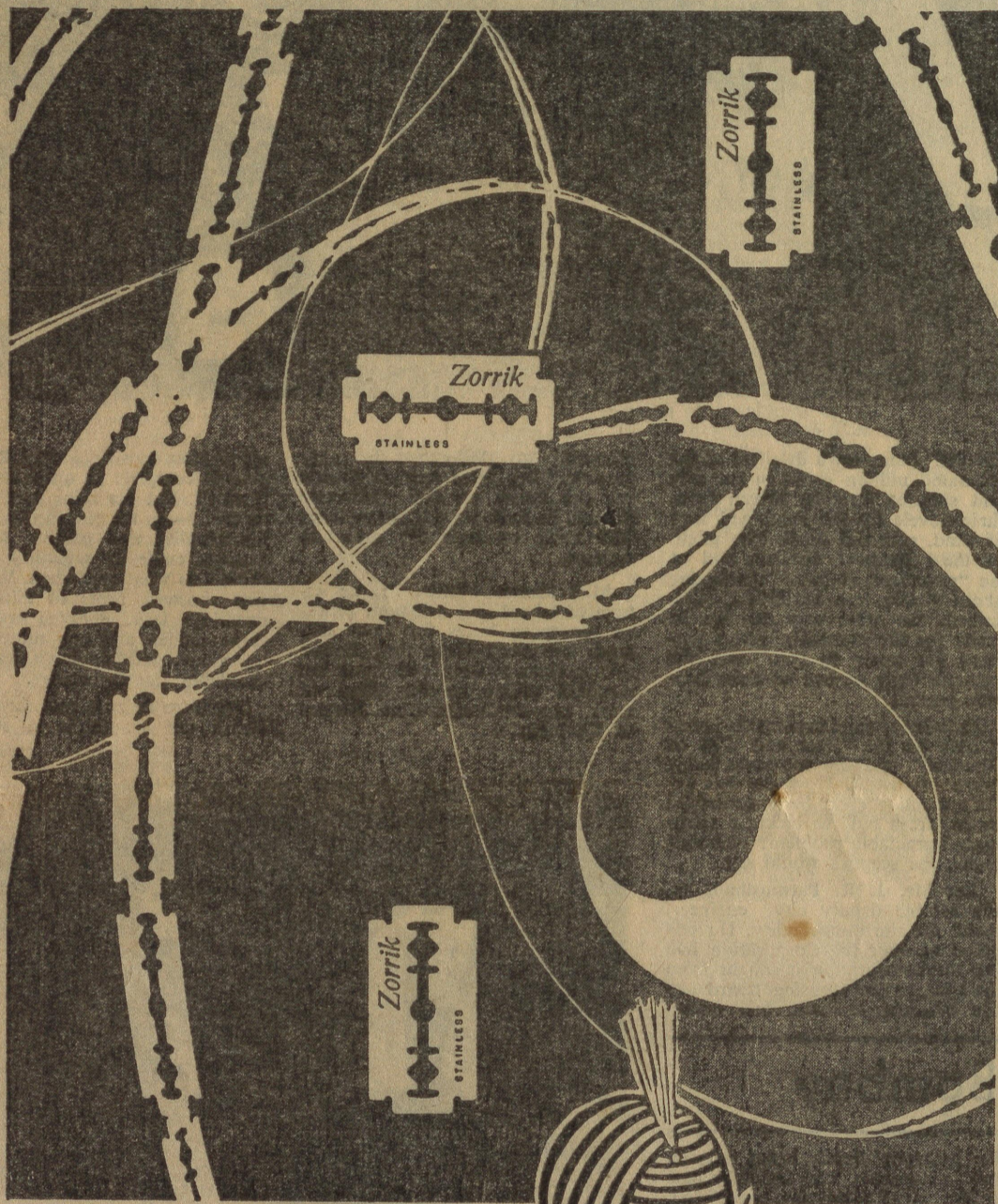
F. S. Pinto



# WILDLIFE

## THE PIGMY HOG AND HISPID HARE

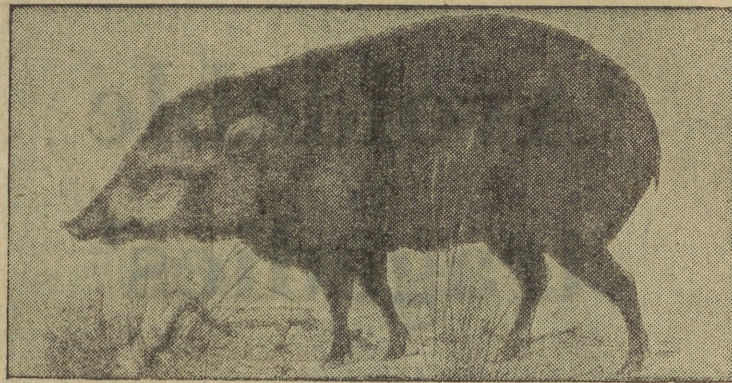
These animals, once believed to be extinct, have now been re-discovered in the Assam foothills, much to the delight of conservationists.



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the ultimate in shaving comfort.



ABOVE: The Pigmy Hog, a wild pig, is blackish brown in colour. It lives in herds of 5-20 animals, amidst Sal forests.

ONE of the most exciting events on the wildlife front in India has been the recent re-discovery of the Pigmy Hog (*Sus salvanius*) and the Hispid Hare (*Caprolaques hispidus*). Both these species were once common on the slopes of the Himalayas from Uttar Pradesh to Nepal, Sikkim, Bhutan and Assam.

The Pigmy Hog is a diminutive wild pig partial to Sal forests. The female possesses only 3 pairs of teats instead of 6 pairs found in other pigs. The height of the Pigmy Hog is not more than 12 inches, and the length from end to end only 26 inches. The adults are blackish brown and the young are marked with longitudinal rufous stripes with white under parts. They live in herds of 5 to 20 animals amidst the tall grass jungle, and are supposed to be mainly nocturnal.

As early as 1954 E. P. Gee, writing in the Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society, said that the pig seems to have disappeared from the scene. However, last month on the tea estates of Assam, these animals have been found again. According to Mr. Richard Craves, a large area of forest had burnt down near his estate, and he got news that the local tribals were

make recommendations for breeding these animals in a controlled environment. The Jersey Trust has a most enviable record in the breeding of rare and difficult species and according to all reports the Pigmy Hog will not be too difficult an animal to handle. At the moment 17 Pigmy Hogs have been caught in the Magaldai Sub-Division of Assam, and the sex ratio of 4 males to 13 females appears to be satisfactory from the point of view of propagation.

The capture and maintenance of rare animals is a matter which has to be handled with imagination and care. The Survival Service Commission of the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources, emphasizes that captures for purely commercial reasons are not justified and international zoos are warned against the acquisition of wild animals of an endangered species. However, in the case of an animal like the Pigmy Hog, the greatest threat to its survival arises



ABOVE: The Hispid Hare, once a common animal on the Himalayan slopes, was not to be found after 1954. Recently it has been spotted in Assam and perhaps some others of its species exist in the area.

from the destruction of habitat, and from all accounts the rate at which the forests of Assam are being intruded upon by man, and this together with the uncontrolled hunting by tribals justifies the attempt of World Wildlife, and the tea planters to organize a wildlife "bank" where these animals can be safely deposited. The pigs being prolific breeders, the investment may hopefully fetch a high return.

Unfortunately, only one specimen of the Hispid Hare has yet been found, but it is hoped that other members of the species exist in the same area.

The initiative of the planters of Assam in the cause of India's wildlife has to be greatly commended. It may be mentioned here that another group of planters at the other end of India on the initiative of the Kanan Devan Hill Produce Co. Ltd., has played a notable part in saving the Nilgiri Tar, also an endangered animal. India has no tradition of private wildlife sanctuaries though in the days of the Princely States, shikar and conservation often went hand in hand. It might be useful, if within the general environment of our mixed economy, the idea is carried forward in the field of conservation also!

on the point of killing a group of Pigmy Hog which had taken shelter in an unburnt area. He was successful in persuading the hunters not to kill the animals, but if possible to catch them alive for him. This was fortunately done, and there is now a good chance of these captive animals acting as a breeding herd.

The tea planters of the area have announced the formation of the Assam Valley Wildlife scheme with the backing the World Wildlife Fund and the Prime Minister of India. The Fauna Preservation Society of London which has always taken the keenest interest in India's wildlife deputed Mr. J. C. Mallinson, an associate of General Durrall from the Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust to fly out to Assam and to collect as much data as possible about these animals, and to co-relate the information already gathered by the tea planters.

They have also been asked to

Zafar Futehally

June 13, 1971