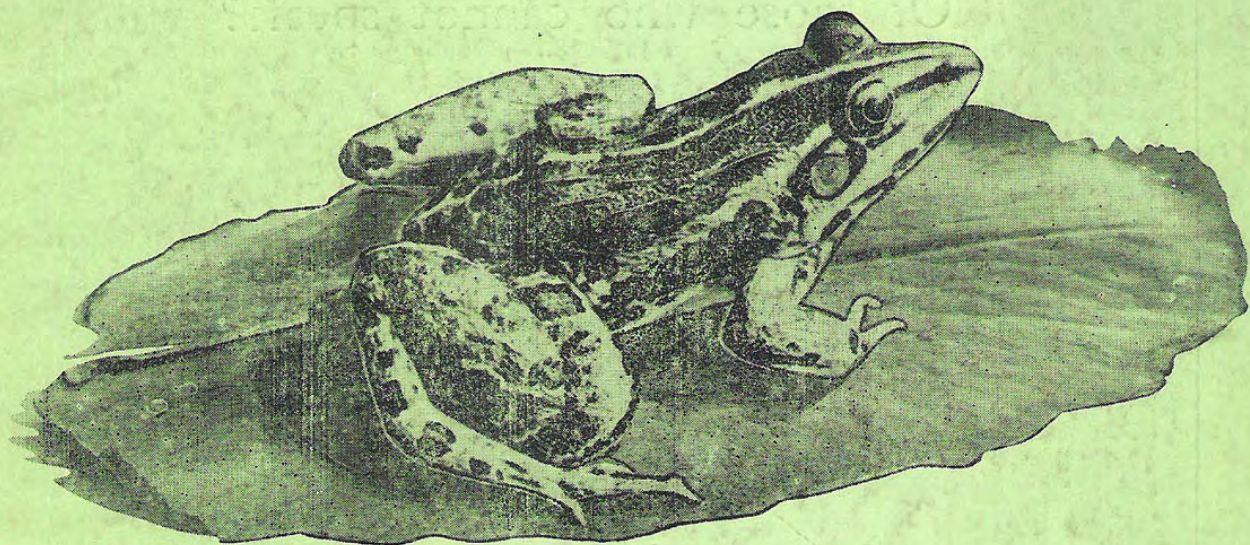




# COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

JOURNAL OF BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY INDIA



Vol. II No. 3

July 1978

**BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY**  
AN INTERNATIONAL EDUCATIONAL CHARITABLE TRUST

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**Cover**

**Rana tigrina**

*Courtesy : Romulus Whitaker*

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# EDITORIAL

Disdaining ill treatment of animals, Leo Tolstoy thought that man crushed his lofty feelings of sympathy and mercy for living creatures and did violence to himself by inflicting injury on quiet, tame species, especially when they came, poor things, trusting us. We unnecessarily deprive ourselves of our innate spiritual capacity by becoming cruel.

"Compassion In World Farming", a public trust in the U. K., has bitterly complained that it has become very common for rabbits and pigs to be reared in battery cages. To counter the exploitation of these innocent animals, C.I.W.F. has recently launched a National Petition for the abolition of the Battery Cage in the U. K. and is campaigning for establishing minimum statutory standards of welfare for all farm animals.

The policy of C.I.W.F. as regards ritual slaughter is that only slaughter by the most humane method is acceptable. There are many instances in which present-day slaughter methods fail to measure up, including faulty electrical stunning of pigs and sheep, which may paralyse the animal without rendering it insensible to pain. This specific issue of ritual slaughter requires to be considered only on the principles of animal welfare and not from any antagonism to any religious susceptibilities. This predicates ritual throat-cutting only after the animal has been rendered insensible to pain by pre-stunning. In all European countries the law requires that the animal be stunned (rendered unconscious), prior to slaughter. In the U. K., the law takes cognizance even of cruelty to minor creatures. The British Airways were fined £976 in March '78 for causing suffering to 4500 chicks, while they were being transported in a van.

The atrocity committed on pigs is vividly described by Mr. Alfred Shaw in his article, "Inside a Slaughter House". He writes: "Fifteen or twenty pigs are crammed into a small enclosure. They perceive the loud cries of their perishing comrades beyond, they see the blood all about, and so they howl piteously and climb over each other in a hopeless endeavour to escape the terror of death. Their screams are scaracely distinguishable from human cries of anguish. They whimper and plead, but none is there to pity them or intervene... The executioner seizes a pig, gouges a large hole in the throat vein; the blood streams over his clothes and equipment. The pig, screaming horribly, is hoisted upside down, the life-blood gushing out. Finally, it is thrown, **STILL ALIVE**, into a huge tank of boiling water, to clean the body and begin the de-hairing."

All this nefarious activity circulates in spite of various legislative enactments against cruelty. The obvious remedy seems to be to curb the perversity by arousing public conscience.. **BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY** is practising this. In conformity with its principles, this Society is against the use of articles made from pigskin - commodities avidly patronised by a section of the well-to-do.

**S. M. Masani**

(This issue is kindly sponsored by M/s. Decom Marketing Ltd.,)

## FROM MY DESK ...

It was most encouraging to meet so many dedicated Branch Leaders and Members of BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY at its International Annual General Meeting held in May at Blackpool. Each individual present received a complimentary copy of "Compassionate Friend". Our "Ahinsa" products too were on display.

I also had the opportunity of attending a Council Meeting in London when Lady Dowding and the Council Members appreciated the work of our India Branch.

Members will be happy to know that we have received orders from England and Singapore for the export of our "Ahinsa" Neem toilet soap. There is a likelihood of our exporting them to Australia also.

We congratulate B. W. C. South Africa Branch for being instrumental in stopping the Seal culling on Seal Island in False Bay. This is the first time ever that an entire sealing operation has been cancelled - thus saving the lives of approximately 5,000 seals. We very much appreciated the announcement that coloured dye would be thrown on the seals at the time of the hunting, thereby making the pelts valueless. This must have gone a long way in helping their victory.

The World Federation for the Protection of Animals has recently carried out a Young People's Survey. In reply to the question, "What do you think when you see a woman walking around in a fur coat?" a fifteen year old writes: "I look at her as the murderer of the animals whose furs she wears.... It's a dirty shame - worldwide." This and the closing down of most furriers in U. K. makes one realise the awareness our movement has created. Particularly in England wearing furs is now generally thought of as degrading.

BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY is fast becoming a way of life for thoughtful people throughout the world. In this context it is heartening to hear that a thirteen year old boy in Finland will shortly be starting a Branch of B. W. C. in his country.

**Diana Ratnagar**  
*Chairman*

# THE PRICE OF HAPPINESS

by Crystal Rogers

Kishen danced along the road from his home to the High Street, full of excitement at the thought of what he was going to buy. His uncle who had been staying at the house for a few days had given him two rupees, and it was a long time since Kishen had had so much money to spend just on himself. As he approached the shops he turned over in his mind what he intended to buy - a box of marbles perhaps, bigger and better than those owned by his friend Prem who lived just across the road. Or, there was the jack-knife with four blades which he had seen in the window of the stationer's shop at the corner, the price of which had been reduced from four rupees to one rupee and fifty paise.

Just at the corner, old Habib Ali, the bird seller, sat snoozing in the shade of an acacia tree. A few yards away from him on the ground were four or five small cages - all empty, except for the smallest in which a solitary green parrot sat panting in the hot morning sun. The cage was devoid of food or water and there was not one inch of shade into which the bird could screw his burning body. His tongue was hot and dry and his body ached from the numerous twists and turns he had made in his frantic endeavours to escape. In doing so he had broken a number of his tail feathers, and it was for this reason that he had still remained unsold when all his companions had finally found purchasers.

It now seemed a lifetime since only three days before when he had been flying happily through the forest, calling cheerfully to his companions and without a trouble in the world. Since then his life had been a nightmare, first trapped in a cruel net from which he had struggled in vain to escape and later packed into a basket with other terrified, screaming parrots until, arriving at their destination, they were all pushed into tiny cages in which there was scarcely room for them to turn round.

Lying with glazed eyes at the bottom of the cage, the parrot had remained motionless for so long that an onlooker might have taken him for dead. Suddenly, however, the enquiring nose of a hungry pye-dog awoke the bird to further terror. With terrified screams he beat his wings frantically against the bars, just as Kishen, the two rupees still clutched in his hand, came skipping round the corner.

It did not take more than a shout from the boy to send the dog running off. Bending down Kishen noticed the bird's bleeding wings, look of utter misery and dejection.

"Why do you keep your bird in such a small cage?" he enquired.

Habib Ali, having woken up, was now all smiles in preparation of serving a customer.

"Cages very good, strong! Good quality!" replied Habib Ali, amazed that anyone should worry about anything so unimportant as the size of the cages. "You buy parrot? Make good talker," he added ingratiatingly.

"How much?" asked Kishen, fingering his two rupees and thinking what fun it would be to have a parrot of his own.

"Three rupees parrot - two rupees cage," answered the bird vendor hopefully, wondering how much a boy of Kishen's age was likely to have.

Kishen turned away with a sigh. It was too bad. He would love to have a parrot, and especially this one which looked do desperately unhappy.

"Wait, wait!" Habib Ali was following him now, the cage with the parrot in it held ingratiatingly in front of him. "See - today I sell cheap, this my last bird. You take it - one rupee parrot, one rupee cage."

For half a second Kishen wavered. A vision of marbles and jack-knife flashed before his eyes, and was as quickly banished.

"All right," he said, and hurriedly held out the two rupees before he could change his mind.

Half an hour later he was showing his purchase to his mother. "I know the cage is too small," he told her, "but I shall save up all my pocket money and buy him a big one."

His mother looked at him doubtfully. "But, Kishen," she said, "this is a wild bird. It was probably caught only a few days ago. Do you really want to keep a wild bird like this as a prisoner?"

"He will get tame, won't he" the boy said anxiously. "Do you mean it would be cruel to keep him?"

At that moment a few green parrots flew overhead, calling to each other as they went. The parrot in front of them beat desperately on the bars of his cage and called back.

Kishen did not need his mother's answer. Slowly and reluctantly he opened the door of the cage. In a flash of green feathers the bird was out, flying to join his companions and screaming joyfully as he flew.

Kishen's mother smiled and suddenly Kishen found that he was smiling too.

"I am glad he has gone!" he said. "It must be awful in a cage. It is a pity about uncle's two rupees, though."

"I shouldn't be surprised," said his mother slowly, "if those two rupees have given more happiness than any other two rupees you have spent in your life."

And thinking it over afterwards, Kishen realised that this was true.

# PRAYER OF THE ANIMALS

O Man, our elder brother, climbing the same stairway, we are all of us but tiny specks in the great cosmos - nor is the great often much greater than the small.

Ascent is always difficult and slow; do not blunt us with cruelty and incessant toil so that we can never raise our weary eyes to the stars.

May the feeling of kinship and common origin bring you to realize that we, too, can feel hunger and thirst, pain and suffering, heartache and loss, even as you can.

Grant that we may enjoy, as you do, the innumerable delights of the physical world - the air, the sun, the cooling streams, the meadows and the groves.

Give us, we pray you, the conditions in which the different organs of our bodies may function in health. May we reap in old age the reward of meekness and of the humble spirit of service which we have shown.

Especially may we be spared, so far as possible, the agony of separation from those to whom we have grown accustomed, and if we have become worn out or diseased, grant us as speedy and painless a passing as you would desire for yourself and your own loved ones.

May the hearts of those who have lordship over us be tempered with mercy, for we shall not fail to give in return our gratitude, fidelity and love.

May they realize that we take up and share their heavy burden, and that we gladly play our part, if they give us good food, suitable equipment and conditions of service - adequate shelter and rest so that we may return to our task each day with renewed vigour. May they talk to us sometimes, and give us their companionship, realizing that to share their lives we have for the most part to forego the society of our own kind - thus delivering us from the suffering due to loneliness and lack of fellowship.

May they encourage us to develop our faculties to the full, and have the necessary patience to guide and direct us so that we may climb ever higher and higher upon the ladder of evolution after the manner they desire for themselves.

Hear this, our Silent Prayer, which ascends to you, O Brother Man, from the shadow of the slaughterhouse, from the cruel-mouthed trap, from the impenetrable laboratory, and the blackness of the mines - from everywhere all over the world where we share with you this arduous existence - and then may the blessed thanks of countless multitudes of creatures, great and small, of earth, sea and sky, wait upon you in your sleep and hover round you in that hour when you are placing YOUR foot upon a new threshold and stepping into the unknown future.

These things we ask in the name of Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love of Justice and of Righteousness.

**Anonymous**

# MONKEY WISDOM

Two monkeys sat in a coconut tree  
Discussing things as they're said to be.  
Said one to the other : Now listen you,  
There's a certain rumour that can't be true.  
That man descended from our noble race -  
The very idea! It's a dire disgrace.  
No monkey ever deserted his wife,  
Starved his baby and ruined her life.  
And you've never known a mother monk  
To leave her baby with others to bunk,  
Or pass them on from one to another  
'Til they hardly know who is their mother.  
And another thing. You will never see  
A monk build a fence around a coconut tree  
And let the coconuts go to waste,  
Forbidding all other monks to taste.  
Why if I put a fence around this tree  
Starvation would force you to steal from me.  
Here's another thing a monk won't do,  
Go out at night and get on a stew,  
Or use a gun or club or knife  
To take some other monkey's life.  
Yes, man descended, the ornery cuss,  
But brother, he didn't descend from us!

*Courtesy : Compassion*



# FROGS' LEGS

by A. B. Singh

*Advisory Director (India), I. S. P. A.*

Living partly in water and partly on land, frogs have inhabited the earth for more than a hundred million years. Today they have joined the swelling ranks of nature's creatures to be threatened by man, as over recent years the export of frozen frogs' legs to the West has risen steadily. Last year 3,019 tonnes of legs earned for India Rs. 7.3 crores of foreign exchange. It sounds good, but the price we pay for that foreign exchange is much higher than we imagine.

A frog – a large adult can weigh up to a kilo – eats the equivalent of its own weight in insects every day. It is one of nature's most efficient controllers of the insect pests which threaten our crops. Also, few of us realise that the front portion of the frog, which goes to waste after the legs have been severed, constitutes between half and two-thirds of the total weight of its body. This means that in order to have a thousand kilos of legs, it is necessary to kill between two to three thousand kilo weight of frogs. This regular and enormous culling of the frog population causes us to resort more and more to artificial pesticides as a means of protecting our crops. Apart from costing money, this leads to pollution.

The frogs are captured by local farmers in the rural areas of Maharashtra, Madhya Pradesh and Andhra Pradesh. Being nocturnal creatures they are mainly caught at night with the aid of kerosene lamps which dazzle them and prevent them from hopping away. The most active period of the year for collecting is during their breeding season when they can be found easily, croaking noisily for their mates. With the idea of preserving the species, the Government had banned the export of frogs during this period, which is from mid-June to mid-October. However there was no ban on gathering these creatures and keeping them in captivity until the season has ended, and then exporting them!

The frogs are collected in gunny sacks and sent in trucks to export centres for processing. Main export centres are at Bombay, Madras, Cochin and Calcutta. On arrival the frogs are transferred into nets. Those which are too small to be of use, escape through the holes of the nets and can be seen hopping sadly about the yards and in the streets outside the factory, miles away from their natural habitat, until they are run over by vehicles. Those which are dead or injured from suffocation or mishandling during the long journey are also discarded.

Inside the processing factory these helpless creatures are tipped into tubs of water containing a brine solution. This is meant to destroy bacteria. They are then taken out, one by one, and cut.....

The cut is made with a blunt knife – why it is never sharpened one doesn't know – so that it becomes more of a tugging process. The cut is made at the waist leaving the upper part of the body with the brain, heart and lungs intact – organs essential to life. The legs are sent for cleaning and packing whilst the front half,

which is still alive, is thrown into a large bin where it may have to wait several hours before death releases its suffering. These dismembered creatures, which can be seen moving in a slow agonising mass, are eventually dumped into the sea as a means of disposal.

One may have little sympathy for the frog as a species. It is not on the whole beautiful and we do not have the same emotional tie as with some of our other loved and familiar animal friends – nevertheless a friend it is. It protects our crops for us without causing any harmful side effects, quietly and efficiently doing its work to preserve the balance of nature. But foolishly we go out and catch him, transport him miles away under terrible conditions, and then subject him to a long and agonising death. Why? Because of man's callous love of luxury.

Frogs' legs are not a necessity. They are sold in expensive restaurants in western countries as exotic delicacies. Some gourmets are known to eat as many as three dozen pairs at a single sitting. The legs are exported from India to France, Belgium, Switzerland, Canada and U. S. A.

However that isn't the whole story. The processing factory near Karjat in Maharashtra State, finds a further use for the little creatures. It skins them first and sends the skins down to Madras for tanning. There the pieces of leather are made up into items such as small purses, watchstraps, links, buttons, etc. This use of the skin is a further incentive for frogs to be destroyed, and therefore should be discouraged by all thoughtful people who should refuse to buy or use articles made from frog skins.

A recent ban on the export of frogs' legs from India (the ban includes monkeys and dyed finches), was the result of a joint approach to the Prime Minister, by Beauty Without Cruelty and the Animal Welfare Board of India during the IIIrd National Conference of Animal Welfare held in Delhi in November '77. Whilst this ban may please humanitarians, it naturally upsets the exporters who are busy making desperate appeals for it to be lifted. They plead that too much money is at stake and that the ban will cause widespread unemployment. These powerful commercial enterprises do not depend entirely on frogs' legs, as most of them are exporters of general marine products. It is the small farmer who will not be earning his two rupees for his night's work. However this loss will be more than compensated by the frogs remaining in the paddy fields and feeding on the pests, thus saving the expense of pesticides.

In any case, even if there is a monetary loss to the country, do we have the right to destroy this innocent reptile indiscriminately and in such a cruel way? Whether it is right or wrong to kill for food is another issue. There is no denying however that frogs' legs are an unnecessary luxury and that the existence of frogs in our fields is essential for the health of our crops. Most important, if we want India to be truly respected for the principles of compassion and humane-ness, it is about time we gave a lead to the world in this direction.

## NEWSPICKS

*The Times of India, April 11, 1978*

### **Rs. 9-lakh Snakeskin haul from Sea**

Seven packages of snakeskin, totally valued at Rs. 9 lakhs were retrieved by customs officers on Saturday from the sea off Mazagaon Bunder.

The packages had been dumped into the sea by some smugglers from a craft which sank while it was proceeding towards the Persian Gulf.

They contained 14,000 pieces of snakeskin of various shapes and sizes.

There is already a ban on the export of skins of animals. Snakeskin is in demand and fetches a high profit in Europe and America. This is the biggest seizure of snakeskin the customs have ever made. The haul is also a pointer to the fact that smugglers are now trafficking in the trade of animals.

The customs have tightened the vigil on the sea coast as a result.

*Hindustan Times, June 20 1978*

### **Tiger, leopard skin seized in Calcutta**

The police in a dramatic swoop today seized two tiger, two leopard and two python skins from a shop in the New Market here yesterday.

A British couple who had set the stage for the raid preferred to stay in the background, but were present on the spot and photographed the dramatic scene. Mr. David M. Whiting, Executive Director of "Beauty Without Cruelty" an organisation engaged in the protection of wildlife, and his wife had come to India to locate the centres of illicit trade in skins and kasturi, and had visited Kalimpong in the eastern region. Kalimpong was long known abroad as a big outlet for white Tibetan leopard skins and Tibetan Kasturi, but this traffic almost stopped after the Chinese takeover.

Acting on the tip that Calcutta, with its proximity to the Sundarbans and to the tiger habitat in the sub-Himalayan foothills, was an active base for wildlife skin export, the Whitings came to Calcutta some days ago. Unconfirmed reports suggest that during the last six months nine tigers had been killed in the Sundarban region, inside and outside the tiger project area.

The Whittings started going round the numerous leather and hide dealers' establishments in the city and finally, three days ago, landed at two shops in the New Market area where they could strike a deal for the skins. A 9 ft. 1 inch long tiger skin was offered for Rs. 12,000 and another 8 ft. long, for Rs. 8,600. Python skins sold at Rs. 22 per foot length and crocodile hide at Rs. 35 per inch. Leopard skins were offered at Rs. 5,000 each.

After the deal was finalised, the Whittings went to the Forest Department to tip off the wild life officials, who in their turn alerted the CID. A sizable force of policemen in plain clothes took positions inside the New Market corridors on Sunday, and as the dealers unrolled the skins for the foreign buyers, they were nabbed.



## FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS

(IF THEY'RE ALLOWED TO)

Of all vanities, the use of plumage for adornment is the most pathetic... and pitiless. Although official protection has lessened exploitation, this century has already seen the slaughter of whole species - white egrets, birds of paradise, parrots, gulls, scarlet tangers... As long as plumage is accepted for decorative purposes, the traffic in wild bird feathers will continue.

BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY is most grateful to the Prime Minister of India, Mr. Morarji Desai for recently banning the export of 'painted' finches.

## PONDER AWHILE

Kindness to animals is the highest religion.

- Lord Krishna

All creatures desire self-preservation, hence no creature should be slaughtered.

- Lord Mahavir

Thou shalt not kill. Be ye therefore merciful as your Father is merciful.

- Lord Jesus

All creatures of the world live, suffer and die as we do.

- St. Francis of Assisi

God considers kindness to animals the best religion.

-- Zoroaster

Be kind to all creatures.

- Holy Kuran

My stomach is not a graveyard for dead animals.

- Bernard Shaw

As your life is dear to you, so life is dear to every living creature on earth.

- Puranas

Don't mingle thy pleasures or joy, with sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

- William Wordsworth

As long as we do not exercise kindness to all living creatures, we cannot ask for world peace.

- Albert Schweitzer

*Compiled by : Balabhai Vadilal Kapadia*