



# COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

JOURNAL OF BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY INDIA



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# Beauty Without Cruelty

AN INTERNATIONAL EDUCATIONAL CHARITABLE TRUST

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RHINO

Illustration : Ms. Rita Braganza

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COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

## EDITORIAL

Every year thousands of cattle die due to drought and when rains are much sought after to provide relief, it is an irony that devastating floods caused by the fury of incessant rains sweep away countless animals in the jaws of death. Thus, we witness Scylla of drought on the one side and Charybdis of floods on the other, and the nation has to put its best foot forward to steer its ship clear of the two.


Four years of drought in a row in Rajasthan have left the ravages of blood and tears on vast expanses of parched lands. In hundreds of square miles one saw not a blade of grass. Cattle, which is the mainstay of millions of people in rural areas, wander in the wilderness in search of grass and water. Not finding any succour anywhere, they get so exhausted that they prostrate and succumb to a slow, excruciating death. An estimated fifteen per cent of the 16 lakh head of cattle in Jaisalmer district alone perished due to famine in last May and June. It is heart rending to hear that because the cows and buffaloes lost their strength to get up on their own, the peasants had no alternative but to abandon them to meet their cruel fate. It is reported that a cow had waded into a pond to drink water and as it had no strength to get up and move out, dogs killed it and feasted on it to satisfy their hunger.

Similar are the gruesome stories of colossal calamities and losses caused by the sally of snowballing floods. Though one of the important causes of floods is the denudation of the forests, no conscious national effort is made to stop deforestation. So far the floods have cocked a snook at those planning to devise scientific means to control them. Early in July this year in a taluka area in Sangli district, the sudden stormy rains which continued for about five hours resulted in a loss of about 17,000 cattle and nearly 15,000 sheep and goats.

These horrid tales of ignoring the need for protection to domestic animals or leaving them in the lurch send shock waves to all animal lovers. The lack of care for the cattle and abandoning them to cruel fate are on such a huge scale that it has tarred our country's sky with irredeemable black. There is a need to develop a sense of social understanding at all levels, not excluding the level of the animals.

**S. M. Masani**

This issue has been kindly sponsored by **BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY**  
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**COMPASSIONATE FRIEND**

## FROM MY DESK . . .

This year BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY has undertaken a Greeting Card Scheme. The cards carry illustrations of five different animals (rabbit, seal, elephant, karakul lamb and squirrel) that are victims of man's exploitation, for the sake of vanity. These 'Ahinsa' cards will spread the humane message of B. W. C. and help our organisation in its work of saving countless innocent creatures from unnecessary suffering and death.

Members will be very happy to know that 'Ahinsa Cosmetics', which has been recently formed in Poona, will make available in the near future soaps, shampoos, creams, lotions, etc. Care will be taken to ensure that the products come under Section I of our All-India List of Honour. The products will not only be as per our BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY specifications, but will also be of a high quality.

We have news from BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY (New York Branch) that "What Price Beauty?" made by our B.W.C. H.Q.s won a Certificate as one of the two best treating global issues in the Audubon International Film Festival, June 1981.

This same film was screened 61 times at the Tourist Lounge of the International Airport between 4th May and 21st June 1981. We are grateful to the Regional Tourist Office at Bombay for making it possible for approximately 4,054 persons to see it. Internationally BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY has further created an awareness of facts behind the luxury trade.

As before, at the annual meeting of the International Whaling Commission (July 1981) Japan and Russia felt no legal or moral obligation to accept a ban. The total number of whales of different species that can be legally killed next year has been reduced by only about 500. In spite of Japan's objections, the conference set a 'zero quota' on all sperm whaling in the Southern Hemisphere and the North Atlantic; but a decision on the North Pacific was deferred.

On 12th September 1981 BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY (India Branch) enters its eighth year. We look forward to the help and support of our Members and others in achieving our goal in the various projects we undertake.

**Diana Ratnagar**  
*Chairperson*

On account of unforeseen circumstances this issue of COMPASSIONATE FRIEND could not be brought out in time. We request Readers to excuse us for this delay.

## BIG RACKET IN RHINO HORN TENDERS

**Gauhati :** The Governor has stopped the sale of rhino horn — 37 kg. worth Rs. 25 lakhs — following serious allegations of malpractices in the acceptance of tenders.

The price offered by a Manipur businessman was Rs. 62,500 per kg. and the next bid was Rs. 43,000. The earlier auction fetched only Rs. 16,000 per kg. for the Assam forest department.

After the submission of tenders, there were allegations that the tenders were tampered with to favour some people. The government is said to have made some departure from the normal practice of the sale.

The secretariat of the forest department in the complex at Dispur is the appellate authority to check any irregularity and objections raised by the buyers or others. But this time, the forest secretariat called back all tenders from the divisional forest office at Gauhati and some top officials were alleged to have taken a biased stand on the choice of tenders.

### **Memo to PM**

Some of the prospective buyers submitted a memorandum to the Prime Minister — about the corruptions that have crept into the sale of rhino horn. There were serious allegations against some of the government officials. Later the horn sale became a public issue in the press and platforms. Buyers also met the Governor, and complained of dubious deals.

Rhino horn is now costlier than gold. Its aphrodisiac reputation has raised its demand in the Middle-East and Far-East.

Although the government has banned its export there has been extensive smuggling of this commodity through the Assam-Bangladesh border, the Indo-Burma border and through Bhutan and Nepal.

The smuggling is done by misusing the transit passes issued to those who buy some quantity of the horn from the government. One single transit pass is used several times by a gang of poachers and smugglers while the quantity brought from the government stays put.

Rhino horn cut into the size of ring stones are in great demand. The ring is considered a stimulant for those who have lost vitality. Rhino horn powder is used for certain types of medicines, too. There is no scientific backing for the traditional belief in the horn's powers.

*Courtesy : Current*

### **19 ONE-HORN RHINOS LOST**

The famous Kaziranga National Park, home of the one horned (Great Indian) rhinoceros in Assam, lost 19 of its prized denizens during the current year, according to Mr. G. G. Baveja, adviser to the Governor. Nine of them died in the recent floods and 10 others died of a particular disease.

Mr. Baveja told newsmen yesterday that the state at present had a population of 1,300 one-horned rhinoceros in its one National Park and seven wild life sanctuaries.

Among other animals, it had at present were 300 tigers, 1,500 elephants and 1,000 white buffaloes, he said

Assam which is known as a paradise of wild life, had also some of the rarest animals and birds like pigmy hog and white winged wood duck, he said.

The adviser added that "Wild Life Conservation Week" would be observed throughout the state from October 1 with various programmes, including public meetings and processions of animals from the state zoo.

# THE HOOD

by Crystal Rogers

It happened in a little village in England. It was Sunday, and I had been taken to the morning service by my friends with whom I was staying. The scene was typical of thousands of village churches anywhere in England. The local villagers and country people had come to worship, the children in their best Sunday clothes were pink-cheeked and wholesome, and the choir-boys sang lustily to the organ played by the local school teacher. I remembered a little nostalgically, some of the village churches where I had attended the morning service in the past. One or two happy memories of childhood floated back to me. It was all very peaceful and soothing.

And then, presently, the parson climbed into the pulpit to give his sermon. He was a middle aged, pleasant faced man, but I had scarcely noticed him before, so busy had I been drinking in the atmosphere of the little church, and calling back memories of the past.

He began to speak and I settled down to listen, and as I did so I realised that he was wearing round his shoulders a hood – a beautiful ermine hood which proclaimed his degree. I could not count the number of skins in it, but there were perhaps thirty or forty of them. My attention was no longer upon the sermon. My mind travelled to somewhere to the Northern hemisphere where all those terrified little animals had died in agony.....

The trapping of ermine is one of the most cruel trades in the whole world. The skins are very valuable, for are they not worn not only by ministers but by royalty and the nobility? It is therefore essential

that the fur must not be damaged in any way. The trapper has found a successful – a diabolical – way of getting round this difficulty. A substance containing a smell and taste which attracts the ermine is put out in a locality where the little animal is found. It is winter with snow on the ground when his coat will be at its best. The ermine, hungry and attracted by the smell, comes and licks the substance – and immediately his tongue sticks to it. He pulls and struggles in vain, but he cannot free his tongue..... . Sometimes, it is said, in his terror and agony he pulls his tongue out from the roots, to die later from loss of blood. But the majority continue to struggle in vain, while as night comes on and the temperature drops, they eventually freeze to death in the snow, and the little frozen bodies are collected later by a satisfied trapper.

In my imagination I saw the whole scene in front of me. The terror, the agony, the freezing cold.....

And then suddenly I came back to the scene around of me, and became aware that the priest was still speaking.

“What is needed in the world today” he was saying, “is more love and kindness.” And he meant it. Not for a minute did I doubt his sincerity. It was just that like many others, he was not in the know.

Again I looked at the skins of those small, helpless creatures – God’s creatures – who had died in terror and agony for no fault of their own. Yes, certainly more love and kindness is needed. As important, is thoughtfulness and sensitivity on the part of all of us who unthinkingly use these non-essential luxuries which have brought terror, torture and death to the innocent.

## REASONABLE INSTINCT

by Judy Van der Veer

In a certain neighbourhood a stray dog kept appearing. She was so shy that no one could get near her, only close enough to observe that she looked hungry. People began putting out food and water, but she wouldn't approach the handout until the human went into a house. Then she ate ravenously and vanished. About four of the neighbours kept the dog fed, but no one could make her acquaintance. Obviously she had reasons to have a poor opinion of human beings.

This remote-control situation went on for many days, people trying to make friends, the dog not trusting. One morning a woman opened her door and found a small puppy, perhaps three or four weeks old, on her doormat. Of course she took the little thing in, gave it warm milk, and decided to keep it. Strangely, the neighbourhood talk that day was about four people, each of whom found a doorstep puppy and kept it. The dog they had fed was never seen again. Had she been testing the neighbourhood's capacity for caring?

It wasn't difficult for me to believe this story because I had a similar experience with a cat who moved into our barn. I fed her when I fed the other animals. Soon there were three kittens in a nest of hay. Their mother had become accustomed to me and was a good affectionate tabby, and after the kittens were old enough to stagger around and try to play they were friendly, too.

So far as I know the mother cat never wandered far from the barn, which is quite a distance from the house. But one day I saw her coming across the meadow bet-

ween house and barn; she was carrying something. It was one of her kittens and of course it knew what to do to help its mother. It tucked up its back legs to keep them from dragging. The cat deposited the kitten on our back porch and returned to the barn. Soon she brought kitten No. 2 and then the third. After having discarded the responsibility of motherhood she went away. I was delighted with the kittens, and the people who had foundling puppies were delighted with their rewards. I don't know why the cat selected my barn in the first place, but some instinct seemed to have led her correctly.

I knew a dog named Duke, a Labrador retriever, and Duke was such an animal lover that in some mysterious way deer and rabbits and squirrels knew that he would never harm them. When Duke and his master went walking, the little wild rabbits hopped along with them. Every day Duke's owner took scraps of lettuce and carrots to a certain place in the bush and left them for the wildlife, so of course the rabbits were glad to hop along with the man and his dog. But that doesn't explain their lack of fear of Duke's kindly attitude.

One day they came across a doe and fawn. Duke looked at them and the doe looked at him. Then she took her fawn a few steps away, settled it down behind a bush, and approached Duke. Duke stepped slowly toward her. They walked to within a foot of each other, stood, and stared in a friendly fashion. The doe went back to her fawn and Duke resumed his walk with his rabbit friends.

It fascinates me when animals of different kinds become friends, especially the combination of tame and wild. I knew

a cat who adopted and raised a baby rabbit, but that could be attributed to strong maternal instincts because her own kitten had died. I knew a dog who had a coyote friend, and they played together like two dogs or two coyotes. The untamed coyote would wait in a clearing in the hills for the dog to come out and play.

I am acquainted with a cow who wants to be a deer and refuses to mingle with the other cattle. She goes off in the

bush with a small herd of deer and is the first to start running when she sees a human out looking for her.

Instinct is a great gift that creatures have and, though some people believe that animals are incapable of reasoning, we have watched, many times, what appeared to be the results of reason. At any rate, I have arrived at the reasonable conclusion that we humans have a lot to learn.

*Courtesy: The Christian Science Monitor*

## NEWS FLASH

BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY IS COMBINING WITH THE AMERICAN FUND FOR ALTERNATIVES TO ANIMAL RESEARCH (AFAAR) TO GIVE \$ 176,000 FOR RESEARCH TO DEVELOP A NON-ANIMAL REPLACEMENT FOR THE CRUEL DRAIZE EYE TEST. In this test, new chemicals to be used in cosmetics, household and industrial products are instilled into rabbits' eyes, so that the degree of damage (and possible danger to the human eye) can be observed and recorded. Some substances are left in for three days and cause severe blistering and destruction.

For development of the humane, non-animal test, the chief investigator will be Joseph Leighton, M. D. of the Medical College of Pennsylvania and Hospital in Philadelphia. He expects to be finished in three years and will not use a live animal at any stage of the work.

Major contributors besides AFAAR and BWC are the American A-V Society, The Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding Fund for Humane Research, the Animal Welfare Foundation of Canada, and the Muriel Lowrie Memorial Fund, besides some large gifts from individuals.

## HUNDREDS OF BEARS KILLED FOR 'WEDDING'

GENEVA (UPI) Six hundred Canadian brown bears were slaughtered so the Royal Horse Guards would have new hats to wear at the wedding of Britain's Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer, the Swiss League for Animal Rights charged yesterday.

The bearskins were used to provide new hats, or busbies, for the Royal Horse Guards, the League said in a protest letter sent to Charles' father, Prince Philip, who is also President of the World Wildlife Fund.

"The wasteful slaughter of 600 Canadian brown bears to refurbish the Royal Guards' hats for the wedding parade is scandalous," the League message said.

"This killing of bears in the name of vanity and profiteering does nothing to enhance the prestige of the Royal House of England nor of the Canadian Government," it said. The message was also sent to the British and Canadian ambassadors in Berne.

*Courtesy: Bangkok Post*



# SILKWORMS THAT DIED FOR DI

by John Street

Five hundred million people in fifty countries will watch the BBC's live television coverage of Britain's royal wedding on July 29. No fewer than eighty-one TV networks are taking it.

Most of the women in that enormous audience will be looking closely at the bride's gown and veil, just as they would at any little wedding anywhere in the world.

Lady Diana Spencer is following a 44-year-old royal tradition in having her gown made from silk produced at Britain's only silkworm farm.

To make the dress thousands of silkworms have had to die. Each silkworm spent three days spinning a cocoon containing between two and three miles of silk - and was then baked inside it.

From each cocoon about 1,090 yards of the finest silk was reeled: seven cocoons reeled together made a single 20-22 denier thread.

Working flat-out for weeks, Lullingstone Silk Farm's chief reeler, Mrs. Vera Pitman, finished the job in April.

Then the hard hanks of raw silk were sent away for processing and delivery to Mayfair dressmakers Elizabeth and David Emanuel, who are making the gown.

"We offered the silk to Lady Diana when we heard about the wedding," said Mrs. Maggie Rixon, a farm official. "We had produced an extra-large crop of cocoons last year in readiness for any royal engagement."

She declined to reveal how many cocoons were used and how much silk was produced. "That would give an indication of the type of dress," she said. But Mrs. Rixon admitted that silk had been taken from "thousands" of cocoons.

Silk from the farm was used for Queen Elizabeth's ivory duchess satin wedding dress and for her coronation robes, for the wedding dresses of Princess Margaret and Princess Anne, and for Prince Charles' cloak at his investiture as Prince of Wales.

King George VI and his Queen Elizabeth had their coronation robes made from it and it has also been used for layettes for royal babies.

It is produced by the larvae - caterpillars - of the silkworm. Four weeks after hatching from an egg, they emit it as a liquid which hardens on contact with air. They spin a cocoon and settle inside it. By then they have changed in colour from black to white and are between 2½ and three inches long.

"Cocoons are 'stifled' — baked — because if the moth emerged it would make a hole in the cocoon and we would not be able to get a continuous thread," said Mrs. Rixon. Before reeling, the cocoons are boiled to remove gum from the silk.

Silkworms are voracious eaters of dried mulberry leaves: larvae from an ounce of eggs will eat a ton during their four-week life. To feed last year's extra-large crop parties from the farm scoured the countryside around to bring back up to 20 sacks of leaf a day.

Courtesy : Mid-Day

# DOG DAYS

by Frank Simoes

There is a misconception among my friends that I own a dog, a white mongrel bitch who answers to the name of Snowy. Nothing could be further from the truth. Snowy owns me.

All my life I have been owned by dogs of various pedigrees and persuasions. The first dog to have me, albeit with reservation, was a bull terrier named Pop. He took me under his paw at an impressionable age, and became friend, guide and mentor while I explored the enthralling landscapes of Dogdom. He was patient with my deficiencies: I would never learn to follow a scent, gnaw at a bone or terrify a cow; but a really intelligent dog could make something out of me. I was given a loose rein, with a nip here and a growl there to keep me in line whenever I was inclined to stray.

As I grew up, I was passed from dog to dog, so to say. There was Freda, a highly strung Daschund of impeccable pedigree, given to violent histrionics when thwarted or denied; Freda educated me on the ways of aristocracy. Rauf, a huge mongrel who liked to pretend he was a wolf, led me to believe that all uniforms were essentially fascist: he attacked postmen and policemen on sight. Alfredo was the most notorious of the lot, a prodigious lover who sired progeny all about the neighbourhood. It was an article of faith with him that love transcends all.

I am now - as any dog who's known me will happily tell you - lovely to have about the house. I have even managed to pick up a few tricks. If a ball is put at my feet I throw it willingly and as often as

called for. I will, on command, stroke backs and tickle stomachs. When asked, I supply a biscuit instantly. I am a very good man to take for a walk and I understand the value of lamp posts.

Snowy came into my life quite by chance. One witching, moonbright night on Anjuna Beach in Goa, temporarily dogless, I was approached by an English hippie, a forlorn waif of a girl with a white puppy in her arms. She had found the dog on the beach, abandoned, bruised and bloody and would we please give it a home? Snowy opened a wary eye, recognised me at once, grinned in the sloppy manner of a puppy who's on to a good thing and laid a small tentative paw in the palm of my hand. The rest, as they say, is history.

Snowy's lineage was a mystery. At the age of two, she raced like a greyhound across the hallowed lawns of the Willingdon, teaching me to jog. This was clearly no mean Goan beast, but an animal of superior, if not noble pedigree. A retired Colonel followed her progress keenly, and offered a military opinion, "Nice whippet you have there." And whippet she became until one fateful morning at the vet's when she got into an argument with a French poodle over the seating arrangement. The vet said to me. "You want to watch that Rampur hound of yours. Dangerous breed." A Rampur hound owned me! And I will never forget the dark moment when Snowy, on nipping a neighbour's servant, was referred to scathingly as "...that damned mongrel." I crawled, hurt beyond words, into the study for the day and only emerged when Snowy coaxed me out with the latest issue of Time.

There are happier memories: the suppression of the Dog from Dallas comes cheerfully to mind. His American owners showed scant respect for the conventions we all took as read, and allowed the dog to roam the neighbourhood alone. A burly caucasian beast, with no manners, he raised a contemptuous leg at the Gulmohr in our garden and sneered each time he saw Snowy until, one splendid evening, in the glorious spirit of her Rampur forbears, Snowy engaged the Dog from Dallas in bloody battle. The gardeners stopped working to look on. Neighbours appeared as if by magic. This was no mere dog fight. The national honour was at stake. No quarter was asked for; none given. A rousing cheer broke out: Snowy had drawn first blood: the Dog from Dallas had a bloody ear. Within minutes, spirit broken, he charged headlong down the road, Snowy in hot pursuit.

That evening the doorbell rang. I opened it and swallowed. Retribution loomed over me in the shape of a huge, crew-cut prime American male, from the deep south yet. He did not look friendly. "You-all gotta hound dawg?" "That's right," I said. "You're dawg beat up on my dawg, mister, beat up on him bad. I wanna..." At that moment Snowy stepped daintily into the drawing room. Her brown eyes were soft and gentle. She wagged her tail, wiggled her hips, crinkled her nose at the American and made small happy sounds. He stared in utter disbelief, then grinned sheepishly, "Aw, gee... sorry fella.

Have a good day."

Now that Snowy is in the family way, I am compiling a list of texts for puppies who wish to grow up to be wise dogs. "Cats and Other Nice Things to Eat" heads the list. "Fangs a Lot" tells of the fine art of intimidation, begins with "A Hint of a Suspicion of a Growl", proceeds to meatier stuff, "How to Raise Your Hackles Without Really Trying" and, when all else fails, encourages direct action, "When You Really Mean Business, Bite!". "Paw No More..." is an inspirational text on the life of luxury. The chapter on food, "I Have a Bone to Pick with You" is full of such gems as "Liv-er Little" and offers guidelines for other delicate manoeuvres designed to ensure that the inner dog is provided for with love, care and sustenance.

It will, by now, be clear to the keen reader that I am a dog's best friend. If, by chance, you happen to come upon a tall, slim, elegant (heel boy!), diffident, awkward, distraught figure, trotting at the end of a leash, being led by an elegant Rampur hound which may yet be a whippet but never a mongrel, take heed: you are looking at a man who will always be owned by a dog. He has been superbly trained. He responds with alacrity to the most subtle demands of the leash. He knows where all of the choicest smells lie.

He has not, thus far, been seen to raise his leg at a lamp post, but one never knows.

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"A certain rich lady called Sue  
Wore a leopard-skin coat in a queue:  
Better dressed than the rest, she was sure:  
'Till she got turned away at the door."

## PRAYERS FROM THE ARK

### PRAYER OF THE MOUSE

I am so little and grey, dear God,  
how can You keep me in mind ?  
Always spied upon,  
always chased.  
Nobody ever gives me anything,  
and I nibble meagerly at life.  
Why do they reproach me with being a mouse ?  
Who made me but You ?  
I only ask to stay hidden.  
Give me my hunger's pittance.....

Amen

### PRAYER OF THE OX

Dear God, give me time.  
Men are always so driven !  
Make them understand that I can never hurry.  
Give me time to eat.  
Give me time to plod.  
Give me time to sleep.  
Give me time to think.

Amen

*Copyright : " Prayers From the Ark "*