



COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

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The cow provides the milk. The unweaned calf, often just a few days old, provides the rennet. Rennet is processed deep in the fourth stomach of the calf. Just a dash of rennet in the curdling of milk makes fine cheese. Not any better than cheese made with microbial rennet...it's really a matter of taste.

For the calf, of course, it's a matter of life. More cheese?

Foxy, aren't you?

Set a fox to catch a fox. Or, better still, farm them. That way colour mutations can be cross-bred to order—silver, silver-grey, streaked-brown...

Mated in early spring, the cubs come with the summer. And go bang into wire-floored mini cages

240 x 120 x 120 cm in size. Fortunately they don't have much growing to do. They are killed in their first winter.

That way they have no need of their fur coats.

Run rare-bit run!

This is how they get into the soup. Slow and steady, they drag up seashores. But they lose the race. Swift as hares, catchers turn them turtle. They are roped, hoisted aboard, stacked in trucks on their sides like frozen ham. With this small difference—they're headed for the fresh food market!

Vendors, in fact, make bloody sure that you know you're buying fresh. They hack your pound of flesh off a...er...live turtle. And, happily for business, the turtle stays alive, though not kicking, until every tasty tidbit is sold down the river. Or processed into suntan oil.

Catch-as-cat-can!

Racoons are black-masked masqueraders with Alice bands on their tails. And a human love of dunking food in water before



Bye, bye butterfly!

Powder blues, utterly butterfly yellows. And so easy to net, with a soft swoop. Then, to, quite literally pin down. A little dip in soft lacquer while still alive—and you can clasp them to your summer dress, sure they won't fly away!

Why should that give you butterflies. They're only little flutter-bys.

Baa-baa black sheep!



Satin black, but no black sheep. In fact, quite the family pride. A pity the karakul's kiss curls, prized for caps and coats, straighten out within hours of its birth.

You've got to catch 'em young. A rusty cut-throat stops it at first bleat.

Nothing to bleat about. What are lambs for if not for fleecing?

Mooo Booooo!

slurping it up, without so much as an "Excuse Me!"

Among other things, racoons make the cutest Davy Crockett caps. They fight like cats when cornered. But, quiet as a mouse, the leg-hold trap springs without a growl of warning...

...pelt-hunters wouldn't want the fur to fly!

"Haven't seen you in a coon's age!" once meant 'in a long time'. But coon's ages are no longer what they used to be. Those whom the fur-traders love die young!

See you later, alligator?

At the end of a bang and not a whimper. More often it's lampooned with a meat hook. Out of water, it dies like

a fish, but at a slow ebb. The underbelly is the only strip of use. The waste is recycled as feed for brother crocodiles. They might hold back at first sight of the return of the native. But they soon snap out of it.

See you later alligator? Not on your life, o crocodile!

If you wish to support life against purposeless death; the life that celebrates bird and flower, the fish in the stream, the lamb in the pasture, life made articulate in a child's first words, come join the crusade of Beauty Without Cruelty. If you want to know more about what you can do personally, to choose between animal and humane alternatives, write to us at the address below. Applications for membership and contributions may also be sent to:

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Cover

CAT

Illustration : Ms. Rita Braganza

AFFILIATED ORGANISATIONS



COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

EDITORIAL

Man's attitude to his surroundings is often determined by his own life experience. Those who are hardened in the school of adversity hardly have the ability to discriminate between what is favourable and unfavourable for the animals. Neglected by the parents and segregated from the fellowship and companionship of comrades, they have never tasted love and kindness, which exude inspirational values. Bereft of decent treatment in their humdrum existence, they are incapable of extending it to others. These are the people who are bemused at the thought of treating animals gently, because they fail to figure out the precise meaning of the terms such as love and kindness, which they themselves have never experienced. But apart from this slighted class of people, it is a sad commentary on the conduct of our society that even those who have enjoyed life to their heart's content indulge in deleterious activities, subjecting animals to harassment and suffering. Luckily, the practice of wilful infliction of pain on animals is curtailed to some extent by the awareness of humanitarian ideals and by the consequent legislation. Owing to the activities of Societies for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, legislative bodies have passed various acts to make the perpetrators of cruelty liable to prosecution and fine. Times have also the past has become intolerable to public opinion now.

We often fail to realise how closely our lives are linked with agonising deaths of animals, because our activities lacking in moral ethos are ensconced under the showy facade of occasional financial

help we render in response to appeals for "fund raising" for welfare of animals. Many of our transgressions are covered under the power of the purse. This happens at times unknowingly and unwittingly. It is an example of overtly showing our support for a good cause and covertly undoing it by an unimaginative approach. Stories of wanton cruelty, in no way apocryphal, thus proliferate. One sees mass exploitation of animals in factory farms, on the streets, in the wild forests and even in the research laboratory.

The Animals Film, recently screened with the British and American collaboration, is one of the major films on Animal Liberation. The film depicts the growing international movement committed to the ideals of protection of animals from exploitation. It provokes our attitude towards the rights of animals to co-exist with the humans. The film mounts a major assault on the scientific research establishment, which allows the use of animals in bio-medical research. It also covers the range from the casual maltreatment of household pets to the systematic abuse of animals in factory farming and research.



S.M. MASANI

This issue has been kindly sponsored by

HARSHAVADAN MANGALDAS FOUNDATION

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

FROM MY DESK ...

With this **Beauty Without Cruelty** magazine, "Compassionate Friend" completes six years and "Satvanukampa" goes into its third year of publication. We are proud to state that both the magazines have been well received and are in good demand. We hope to improve our future issues. We would therefore like to invite Readers to take an active interest in the contents and send us articles, letters, news items etc. as often as possible.

We have recently received some good news from **Beauty Without Cruelty** (New York Branch): "The American International Fur Fair 1983 has been called off. Kenneth Wagner's Committee based its decision on the general slack in world economy and 'lack of support from American manufacturers'. But the American Fur Industry study showed that since 1971 fur Dollar gains have doubled inflation. The cost of living index rose 124.5% since 1971; retail fur sales were \$293.3 million in 1971 and \$1027 million in 1981. An increase of 251%. Still the fur opposition is growing, and if kept up, furs will finally go the way of junk foods. 'Fur Age Weekly' described the anti-trapping movement as having 'grown into a full sized monster in the last decade ... the upswing in the anti-trapping, anti-hunting movement becomes very evident'."

Some more encouraging information: the Socialist Government in Greece has called a halt to the euthanasia killing of stray dogs. The Agriculture Ministry is examining a proposal that strays should not be killed but should instead be sterilised and then looked after in special

camps until their natural death. Can we in India not do the same on a large scale in various cities?

From this month **Beauty Without Cruelty** is screening slides in several cinema houses, mainly in Bombay. We hope this will create an awareness of our organisation and we are looking forward to a considerable number of inquiries.

Do you support



Life—or Death?

Man's 'best' friend.
Now it's our turn to
show we care.

Write to

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DIANA RATNAGAR
Chairperson

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

MUTE LOVE

PANKAJA IYENGAR

My neighbour had a two-year-old Alsatian dog, Raja. Though he belonged to a ferocious breed, I had always found him to be a lovable animal. His limpid eyes poured forth affection to one and all. Raja was more an amusement to his master than a guard of the large house.

One day, Raja's owner bought a small lamb. I could see that Raja was thrilled at the thought of sharing his ever-abounding love with this little lamb. Day after day, he would go to the backyard where the lamb was tied up and give this dumb creature company - silent company, of course, to an observer. At first the lamb used to shy away from the unorthodox company. But, as the weeks grew on the tender lamb, it realised that Raja was a friend, not a foe.

Often I used to hear the owner (standing in front of his house) call Raja in his "commanding" voice, while I was in my backyard doing my chores. I would observe Raja break his tete-a-tete with the lamb and hurry along to answer his "Master's" call. The lamb, appearing lost, would then look longingly after Raja, its small eyes seeming to say, "Come back soon, Raja. You're the only friend I have in this place." As if understanding the silent plea, Raja would promptly scamper back after amusing his "Master" for a short while - till his "Master" found other things to occupy his time. The only way, perhaps, that Raja expressed his affection towards the lamb was by licking the lamb at times all over the face and neck, and the lamb never objected to that at any time. In fact, I used to see the lamb reciprocate this by rubbing its body against Raja's soft fur.

Formerly, Raja used to have his afternoon nap in his kennel. But after the lamb came along, Raja shifted his place to the square of grass meant for the lamb in the backyard. The lamb did not mind the presence of Raja and at times, even lay down next to her new found friend. Such was their mute love - love that could never be expressed in words.

When, through the next six months, I observed the two of them lying beside one another on the grass in the backyard, I used to wonder at their unique understanding. If only man could be that understanding.. I thought.

Perhaps it was my extra sensitive mind that interpreted the scene I witnessed one Friday afternoon? I watched the two dumb friends on the bed of grass for half an hour. The two of them gazed at one another and then the lamb slowly turned its head away, as if saying plaintively, "You love me now, Raja, but tomorrow, if I am not here, you will not bother. You will not miss me. If I become some man's dinner, are you ever going to shed a tear for me?" Raja, in response, licked the eyes of the lamb, as if to say, "How can you say such a thing! I love you. I shall definitely miss you. You can be assured that the day you are taken away from me, I shall come after you, and look for you, for I cannot live without you!"

As I turned my eyes away from this intimate scene, I felt a shudder run through me. An awful premonition engulfed me and I prayed aloud, "O God! Let them not be separated."

The next afternoon, I hurried to my backyard to assure myself that the

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

premonition was not going to become a reality. I heaved a sigh of relief when I saw the two dumb creatures engrossed in an eloquent transfer of feeling as they happily and contentedly looked into each other's eyes. Those eyes told me nothing but I knew by some untold sixth sense that the gazer himself/herself enveloped in affection. Just then the "Master" whistled, and a reluctant Raja made his way rather unhappily towards the front of the house.

On a Sunday morning, I was too busy with my visitors to peep into my neighbour's backyard. Late afternoon, after my callers had left, I went eagerly to the backyard to find only Raja sniffing at the square of grass. My heart gave a jerk. What had happened to the lamb? Had it been sold? No, perhaps it had gone for its first shearing? Raja was behaving strangely. He kept sniffing the ground continuously and going in circles around the grass like a mad dog.

He seems to be agitated. Raja then raced towards the kitchen on the other side of the house. He began to whine, making soft mournful sounds. After sometime as if resigning himself, Raja went to lay down on the grass. But I could detect two wet trails from the corners of his eyes. So preoccupied was Raja that he did not hear his "Master's" call. So the "Master" himself strode into the vicinity and hauled him up rather roughly by the collar. "Come on, lazybones. Learn some new tricks today and I'll give you a treat!"

That night I felt somewhat uneasy as I walked past my neighbour's house towards my own. I heard the servant calling Raja for his dinner. It was unusual to hear anyone call Raja at that time of the night because no animal (even man)

likes to miss his dinner! I could, by the faint moonlight, see the servant place Raja's food in a big bowl inside the kennel. But Raja was not to be seen anywhere.

On Monday morning before sunrise, my first impulse, after a sleepless night, was to run to my backyard to see Raja and the lamb.

I cannot adequately express the sight I saw. Raja was there on the grass - and beside him lay the food that the "Master" had ordered the servant to serve Raja - a big chunk of mutton-joint. The latter was untouched.

But certainly, the heart of Raja was touched to cold stillness on seeing the mortal remains of his beloved companion. Perhaps if Raja had had the power to express his sorrow as man has, he would have had a shoulder to weep on - mine. Raja, being the mute Alsatian he was, could not bear the intense sorrow of separation and neither was he able to express it. The scene I witnessed on Friday afternoon flashed at my mind. Yes, true to his promise, Raja had gone in search of the lamb to the other world.

As I walked back to my house, unchecked tears pricked at my eyes and an involuntary prayer rose to my lips. "O God," I besought, "at least let them live in your world, never to part!"

Courtesy : INDIAN DOG WORLD



"My name? I'm not sure. Yesterday it was 'good boy' and today it's 'bad dog.'"

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WHEN THE CAT WAS DIVINE

JOHN MONTGOMERY

The cat family can be traced back about 40 million years. The domestic cat as we know it is a close relative of the African wild cat (*Felis Libya*) which is still common in Africa and parts of South West Asia and which interbreeds freely with the modern domestic cat. The markings of the African wild cat are similar to those British tabbies.

Cats are found in various species throughout the world, except in the Australian region, Madagascar and the oceanic islands. They did not arrive in South America until almost a million years ago. The United States has seven species of natural cat, including the lynx, jaguar, ocelot, margay, and the jaguarondi.

The domestic cat is said to have been first reported in Egypt in about 2,500 B.C., and an effigy at Beni Hassan, discovered about two centuries later, revealed that it was known by the name of Mait, the feminine form of Mau, a word supposed to have been derived from the sound of mewing.

Whenever an Egyptian temple was dedicated to the sun, an image or symbol of a cat was prominently placed inside. Ancient and modern legends agree the Egyptians believed that a divine spirit rested inside the effigy. Not only cats were mummified when they died, but also mice – presumably to provide food for the cats in the after-life.

The ancient Chinese believed they could tell the time by gazing into a cat's eyes. But the Chinese did not tame and domesticate the cat until about A.D. 300, when they called it Mao Or Miu.

No one really knows when tame cats were first introduced to Britain, but it is likely that Phoenician traders brought them on their sailing boats when they visited Cornwall to trade and barter for the tin which was mined there.

During the Middle Ages in Europe the cat had a very unfortunate time. His previous history as a divine creature and the fact that he was by superstition mixed up with both good and evil spirits, made him an animal to be regarded with fear and dread. He became the victim of appalling sacrifices and cruelty, and was connected with Black Magic and witchcraft. Witches were believed to turn themselves into cats, and many innocent women were burned to death with their pets, having 'confessed' under torture. Black cats were picked out for persecution as being familiar of the Devil. It was only with the growth of rational thinking that the cat became a fireside pet. In France cats were publicly burned as sacrifices until the practice was forbidden by Louis XIII.

The first cat show was not held in Britain until 1871, when the Crystal Palace was hired and several hundred cats were put on show. From then onwards it became a popular annual event. With Queen Victoria's patronage of the R.S.P.C.A. and the interest shown to all animals by Queen Alexandra, the beautiful Princess from Denmark, people began to think more about animal welfare, and cat and dog breeders began experimenting in producing different breeds and varieties, concentrating on beauty, dignity and perfection of character. Today the cat is at last respected and admired, if not actually worshipped, as it was in Egyptian times.

Courtesy : THE WORLD OF CATS

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CAT - A - LOGUE

CATNAP

"A nap my friend," wrote George Bernard Shaw, "is a brief period of sleep which overtakes superannuated persons when they endeavour to entertain unwelcome visitors or to listen to scientific lectures." Mr. Shaw knew a great deal, but cats know better.

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

It was that mad Cheshire Cat who immortalized the feline grin. The Cheshire Cat was not the only cat to cultivate enigmatic expressions. When a cat pulls a face who can honestly tell whether it is an expression of gaiety or woe?

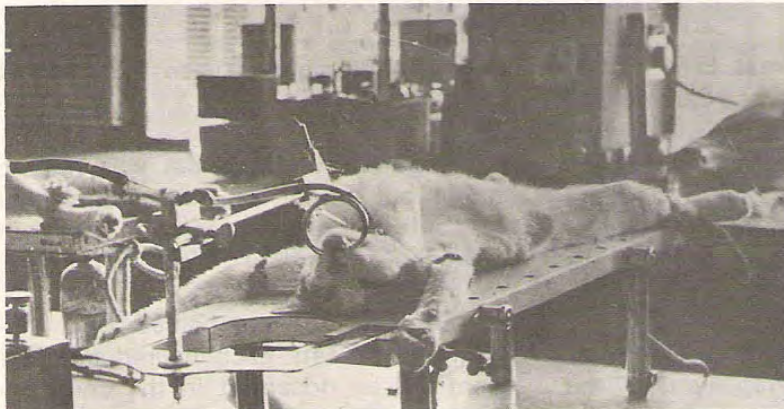
CURIOSITY

Curiosity is said to have killed the cat, but did it? It isn't always curiosity, it is often sheer intelligence.

PUSSY CATS

Is it mere coincidence that gorgeous girls are not only known as ladies, dames, broads, birds, dolls, bunnies - and even women - but are, in this often tough, money-grabbing, commercial and too often unattractive world, known also by the soft, provocative and delightful expression - pussy cats.

CAT IN HELL



Cat undergoing vivisection in one of India's leading research institutions.

NO TIGER IN THE TANK

Civet cats and the scent bottle ... At first glance, there would appear to be no connection between the two. But for the fact that civet has for thousands of years been highly valued as a fixative in the making of internationally famous perfumes. The majority of civet is obtained from Ethiopia. It is scraped from a pouch located near the genital organ - this is an extremely disturbing process and the conditions in which the animals are kept are not conducive to either physical or mental health. The wild creature is imprisoned in too small a cage throughout its productive years for this purpose. It is right that we should be shocked and shamed by the horrible barbarity of this age-old industry, for many of us have perpetrated it - albeit unwittingly. It is also right that we should now assert our power to put an end to it. There is one sure way of stopping this, and other commercialised cruelties in the luxury trades. **BUY ONLY THOSE PRODUCTS WHICH ARE FREE OF ANIMAL INGREDIENTS** and recommended by **Beauty Without Cruelty**.

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THE CANCELLED HOLIDAY

GWEN COLEMAN

My daughter Naomi has a cat Sporrán, so named because she has a perfect black sporrán on her white undercoat.

Recently Naomi went away for two weeks' holiday, and I was also away for a week – our next door neighbour kindly offered to care for Sporrán, and we went away happily with this arrangement, as they are good friends. Alas! when I returned I found Sporrán thin, refusing to eat or come into the house, and terribly frightened and our neighbour very distressed. When I tried to pick Sporrán up she bit and scratched, so unlike her and she is so very gentle. She appeared to have a sore mouth, so I took her at once to the vet who said that she had an infection of the throat, so he gave her an injection to calm her, and told me to return on the Monday – this was Saturday. On Sunday Naomi returned, and as soon as she

entered the house Sporrán was a different animal, jumped on her lap, and refused to leave her, ate her food and stayed with us as usual.

When I took her back to the vet I told him that the cat had evidently pined. I have known dogs behave like this, but not a cat. He said it was not common, but not unknown. I said surely she would not develop a sore throat through fretting, and he replied, "No, but it made her susceptible to anything injurious she might contact."

She is now her old happy fat and contented self, and Naomi still more devoted to her.

Will readers smile when I tell them that we have cancelled our week's holiday? How could one ignore such devotion?

Courtesy: THE ARK

ON CATS

ANDREW COTTON

Pope Gregory the Great (540 – 604) installed his favourite cat as a Cardinal.

On the evening that Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay, died in 1838, a cat was seen to leave Government House by the front door and to walk Sir Robert's normal route.

Winston Churchill often took his cat to Cabinet meetings. Napoleon on the other hand, would break out in a cold

sweat at the sight of even the smallest kitten.

Dick Whittington's cat was not an animal but a boat. He made his fortune with a fleet of catboats carrying coal from Newcastle to London.

Several U.S. companies offer life insurance for cats. Each insured animal is identified by noseprint in the company files.

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IT ISN'T TRUE ...

...that cats are mainly for old ladies. They make ideal pets for young people and they can be left happily at home because they are extraordinarily self-sufficient.

... to think that cats attach themselves to places and houses rather than people. They usually claim one master or mistress, especially the owner of the hand that feeds and strokes them, and even when they are kittens they soon get to know who own them – or the person who they own.

... that it is cruel to 'doctor' or 'neuter' cats. It is usually kinder. A neutered tom cat is disinclined to fight, is cleaner, does not smell, and will not increase the population of unwanted kittens. Promiscuous breeding can cause great misery. The only certain way of preventing continuous litters year after year is for the female to be spayed.

... that cats see in the dark. But this old belief is very nearly true! They can see in poor light and their sharp eyes respond to the smallest glimmer or beam.

... that cats hate water. There are many instances of cats who really like swimming, even in the sea.

THE TWO FAITHFUL "CHOWKIDARS"

PILU DADY

This is a true story. It happened just recently in England.

A friend adopted two wild cats and they used to always be waiting for her in the porch of the house she had a flat in. One day when she came home they were not in the porch, but at the gate. They literally stood on her feet and she just could not get to the front door. The lady kept telling them they could not have their supper till she got in. Suddenly the door opened and a wild looking young man dashed out. Assuming that he had something to do with the upstairs flat, she went in. She noticed that the upstairs flat had its door open, so went up to see if it was all right and found it had been ransacked. The lady phoned the police and after coming and inspecting the place they said: "Thank goodness you didn't go in" and they showed her the iron bar the man had brought with him to attack anyone entering the house. Thus the love, intelligence and insight of two little cats saved their owner a serious injury.

FUR FLIES AS CATS ARE SNATCHED

Animal-loving militants have snatched six cats from a research establishment in U.K. in a dramatic 'rescue' – and say they may strike again.

The clandestine animal lovers say

"We see the raid as success. We want to draw public attention to the fact that animals are used in an unnecessary and revolting way to test household items and cosmetics, and for unnecessary psychological research".

Animals abused at this establishment include cats, monkeys, calves, rats and rabbits.

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THE ART OF BULLFIGHTING

Translation by the late SENOR FRANCESCO FORGAS

Extracts from Chapter XII, on the 'estocade de muerte' (slaughtering with the sword), or what aficionados call 'the moment of truth'.

"There is much more on the subject and on other gory phases of the 'fight', but these few truths on the 'moment of truth' from "The Art of Bullfighting" by the matador, Francesco Montes, should warn visitors to Spain what they may expect to see if their curiosity induces them to go to a bullfight.

"Every year visitors to Spain have had their holiday ruined by what they saw in the Plaza de Toros (bull ring)."

"One of the sword thrust which kills quickly means getting in between the shoulder blades almost perpendicularly, the sword thus passed through the lungs causing blood to flow through the mouth and death follows quickly.

"But it may happen that the sword entering, at this point merely cuts the sinews (or the nerves) which control the bull's forelegs, in which case he falls instantly, but not mortally wounded. As he is not able to rise, the only thing to be done is for the 'puntillero' (dagger man) to give him a coup de grace.

It often happens that after having received several sword thrusts, the bull although mortally wounded is still able to stand and it is seen that death will be slow. If the sword has been left planted in the bull, the matador must decide whether it is better to take it out again to give another thrust or to leave it in hoping that by causing the bull to make certain movements the sword will penetrate

deeper and cut into vitally important organs. In this case he will cause the bull to move his head to one side or the other, according to the position of the sword. If he decides to withdraw it he can either throw a cape over the bull and extricate it with a pull, or cause the bull to move his head repeatedly to the other side in which case the sword will work itself out with copious bleeding. Now another thrust can be made or it may be only necessary to show the bull the cape with quick passes alternately left and right which will cause him to lose much blood and he will soon fall down and die. Sometimes his fall can be hastened by causing him to turn in small circles.

"When the bull appears to be dying but remains standing, the matador must try to make sure that he is not capable of defending himself; he will then proceed to kill by 'descabello', that is, cutting the spinal cord just behind the horns with a special sword. For this the bull must sink his head, if necessary, a prick with the sword on the muzzle or the forehead will make him do so. When the matador kills by 'descabello' it is advisable to have two men ready with their capes, for if the blow fails, the stab might cause the bull to hurt the matador..."

NOTE: Practising the 'moment of truth' (slaughtering with a sword) in abattoirs is an important part of every matador's training. The captive cattle endure repeated sword thrusts and take a long time to die while matadors perfect what Hemingway called a 'virile art form'."

Courtesy: "THE ARK"

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

BRAVE BULL BELADOR

Brave bull Belador was spared from the matador's sword recently – by public demand. The crowd of 22,000 in Madrid's Monumental ring were so impressed with Belador's bravery they demanded a reprieve and got it. The half-ton bull showed such courage in charging the picador, as lances and barbed darts were plunged into his bleeding back, that long before the kill was due the crowd were waving white handkerchiefs and chanting for Belador to be spared. The President of fight, the Condesa of Barcelona, mother of King Juan Carlos, granted the reprieve, the first granted at the ring. Vets fought to prevent infection of his wounds, on recovery of which Belador goes to stud.

COLOBUS MONKEY COAT



Monkey Fur Coat on sale in Japan Courtesy: I.P.P.L.

LOVE ON A CHAIN

I wish someone would tell me
what it is that I've done
wrong
Why do I have to stay
chained up
And left alone so long?
They seemed so glad to
have me
When I came here as a pup
There were so many things
we'd do
While I was growing up,
The Master said he'd train
me
As a companion and a friend.
The Mistress said she'd
never fear
To be alone again.
The Children said they'd
feed me
And brush me every day.
They'd play with me and
Walk me
If I would only stay
But now the Master hasn't
time
The Mistress says I shed
She doesn't want me in the
house
Not even to be fed.
The Children never walk me
They always say "not now"
I wish that I could please them
Won't someone tell me how?
All I had you see was love
I wish they would explain
Why they said they wanted
mine
And then left it on a
chain?

ANON

Courtesy : AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATION
FOR HUMANE RESEARCH NEWSLETTER

HAPHAZARD SLAUGHTER OF KANGAROOS

3,313,000 Kangaroos were legally slaughtered in Australia during 1982. Of these 1.5 million were from Queensland alone. (Queensland is the largest exporter of kangaroo furs where "open season" on kangaroos is 365 days a year.)

Approximately 65,000 kangaroos were killed LEGALLY every week of the year in Australia. Wildlife experts agree that as many kangaroos are destroyed ILLEGALLY as LEGALLY. The illegal and commercial killing does not only concern Australia, but other countries as well due to the export of Kangaroo products such as fur, skin and meat.

Many shooters merely wound the kangaroo leaving it to lie in misery through the night. This allows them to make the kill on their return making the meat still fresh.

The dispatch of joeys by slashing their throats is horrifying. It is not uncommon for shooters to kill them by smashing their skulls.

The killing of a female kangaroo results in the death of four kangaroos; the doe, the joey alongside, the joey in her pouch and the dormant embryo. Almost every young doe shot is carrying a joey in her pouch. This is usually destroyed. If the joey, independent of pouch but dependent on the doe escapes, it has only a 50/50 chance of survival.

In 1980, one of the few scientists who studied some kangaroo population, stated that kangaroos were on the decline. Hence the Kangaroo's future is certainly threatened, having sadly become the victim of haphazard slaughter.

A PLEA FOR COMPASSION

When are people going to understand that compassion for animals is not in conflict with or an alternative to compassion for children? When some weeks ago, there was an outcry about dogs in South Asia being painfully trussed and muzzled before brutal slaughter, all I seemed to hear from people was: "Never mind the dogs, what about all the poor, ill-treated and deprived children in the world?" Such comparisons are meaningless. Compassion and love do not have to be shared out. They are limitless, and can extend to all sensitive beings who are in fear, pain and distress. That means young & old, male & female and humans & animals. The question of reserving

compassion for selected groups should not arise.

Courtesy: WOMAN'S OWN

DO YOU KNOW?

SHARKS provide sharkskin leather. Some MARINE FUNGI make strong antibiotics, and many SEA ANIMALS & PLANTS have provided anti-viral drugs. Fish glue is obtained substantially from the GRUNT (Ghol) and THREADFIN (Dara) FISHES. Also, FISH OILS are very important to the paint industry.


COMPASSIONATE FRIEND



PIG'S PLIGHT Pig subjected to the torture of getting its hair yanked out... for hog hair wall brushes. (Hair brushes, shaving brushes and artist brushes are also made from hog hair.)

ARMY DOCTORS TRAIN ON WOUNDED PIGS

MAJ-GEN EDWARD FURSDON

Pigs are being anaesthetised, then subjected to gunshot, grenade and other wounds of varying severity, to be used as live hospital training casualties in a big military exercise in northern Sweden.

A diminutive blond lieutenant colonel woman doctor who commands the 200-bed 6-theatre field surgical hospital, explained the philosophy behind wounding pigs. Swedish surgeons, apart from those few with the United Nations' hospital in Lebanon, get no experience of dealing with gunshot wounds or other weapon casualties, she said.

For the past 10 years, wounded pigs have been the means of providing

Swedish Army and reservist surgeons with this essential, realistic training for war. The pigs get full preoperative treatment, including being appropriately shaved and anaesthetised. Afterwards they go through normal postoperative procedures, but with no essential difference: they are killed before regaining consciousness and are then incinerated.

Pinned on a tent wall I spotted a drawing of a pig's trotter entitled "Pig Power", a tribute, perhaps to some 35 pigs which have given their all in Exercise Norrsken, in the service of their country's serious preparation for war.

Original from "THE TELEGRAPH"
Courtesy: "PRESERVE"

LIVE AND LET LIVE

ELIZABETH JANE HOWARD

Gardeners are a horribly savage tribe. It is odd: you might think that people seriously interested in helping things to grow would be possessed of an all-round human kindness to all forms of life, but it is just not so. Many serious gardeners would get no marks for either kindness or concern; on the whole, they are a murderous and a narrow-minded lot.

The trouble is that a garden is an artificial creation upon which nature invariably impinges. If your garden is full of sweet scented flowers, the bees will follow. Ecologically speaking, bees are okay; everybody knows that they do a useful job cross-pollinating and therefore fertilising. Earthworms also have their uses, so although they don't get the poetical write-up that has been accorded to bees they are tolerated, and some people are even quite kind to them. (I once spent a frightful morning collecting hundreds of worms off a main road and carrying them to the verge. This was kind because I was pregnant at the time and didn't at all feel like picking them up.)

But where other creatures are concerned, dislike, cruelty and plain murder break out. Greenfly, leather-jackets, snails, slugs, blackfly, mice and moles are systematically poisoned or trapped. Gardeners wage perpetual war, although they never win, over all of these.

Country gardens are often beset by rabbits. Birds of almost any kind are regarded with deep suspicion, although comparatively few of them do actual damage. Foxes are reputed to be on the increase, and I have no doubt that people

will think of good reasons why they shouldn't be in a garden – although personally I was enchanted when one came, on a summer evening, and sat like an heraldic dog on my lawn.

Then there is the uneasy band of life, wild and domestic, that people know they can't actually kill: cats, for instance, who are experts at making holes in your seed beds and at scoring the bark of young trees, and dogs, who romp through flower beds like bulls in china shops, causing imprecations and hoses to be turned on them full blast.

In some parts of the country, deer and sheep appear in gardens with varying degrees of unpopularity. Cattle and horses may innocently stray into what looks to them merely like fresh and delectable pasture and get as bad a time as the gardener dare give them.

It is a black picture and, I think, far blacker than it needs to be. It all starts from the premise that a garden must be separate from the surrounding ecology, and this is backed up by the large range of insecticides and poisons that a gardener is encouraged to use. The less you use these poisons, the more you are giving balanced ecology a chance.

Some of the preparations on the market don't only kill what you want them to kill: they kill across the board. It is a fact, for instance, that there are approximately 25,000 spiders (of various species) per square mile, and if there were not we should be very much – even dangerously – worse off.

Birds need for food a great many insects that we regard as pests. And not

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND 

NEWSPICKS

only birds eat insects. If you keep a toad in your green house, he will more than earn his keep. Hedgehogs are also extremely useful. Moles eat slugs – among other things – and thrushes eat snails. Poisoning some creatures simply means that you are depriving others of a living.

There are preventive measures that you can take – like planting garlic under your rose bushes, for instance. Aphids do not like sap that is impregnated with garlic. Moles have to eat some thing like three times their weight every twentyfour hours: given so arduous a life, you should not begrudge them the odd molehill on your lawn. There is not much you can do about rabbits except wire them out – either of the whole garden, if you are painstaking enough and it is not too large, or just of your tender plants and shrubs.

If you feed birds, properly in winter and spring, they will do comparatively little damage. Jays are the worst, but you seldom get more than a pair. It is young vegetables that jays are really interested in, and nets will usually provide a satisfactory discouragement.

I have always been very glad when owls lived in any garden of mine. They are the night shift, so to speak, and do a lot of useful clearing up that one would otherwise have to do for oneself.

The point really is co-existence. I once had a young adder in a herbaceous border. "Why haven't you killed it?" people used to cry. There was no need. The adder was leading a perfectly respectable life. He did not very much like me weeding in his territory, but he put up with it and we met, off and on, for the best part of a year.

Courtesy : WOMAN'S JOURNAL

The Times of India, January 16th, 1983

CAT KILLER' HAULS BARDOT TO COURT

The French film star, Ms. Brigitte Bardot, appeared in court yesterday in response to a slander suit filed against her by a florist whom she had called a "cat killer".

After testimony from Ms. Bardot, a regional court judge in Draguignan, southern French city near Toulon took the case under consideration and said his verdict would be handed down at a later date.

"I regret nothing and if I had to do it over again, I'd do the same thing," the 48-year-old Ms. Bardot told a packed court. "I am not offering any apologies."

The suit against the actress, an avid animal protection activist was filed by Odette Giraud and seeks 15 cents in symbolic damages and 1,212 Dollars in legal costs.

"If Giraud had killed a child, no one would be angry at what I said to her" Ms. Bardot said, "I try to protect animals because they are delicate beings, who suffer anxiety and pain. I revolt against people who are evil and unjust to animals."

The Times of India, February, 6th, 1983

TURTLES KILLING BANNED

The Orissa Government has banned catching, killing and transporting of sea and other turtles. The violation would entail imprisonment between six months and six years, or a minimum fine of Rs.5,000/- or both.

NEWS FROM B.W.C. BOMBAY CENTRE

Director, SHEELA DANDEKAR

c/o Super Prints
Ruby Auto Engineering Compound
43, Queen's Road
Bombay 400 002

October & November 1982 were full of hectic activity : sale of *Ahinsa* Greeting Cards. Orders had piled up even before the actual cards were with us, which shows the excellent demand. But this put tremendous pressure on us as we had to work late into nights to sort out the requirements of each individual order. It is hoped that next year with greater co - operation from our Bombay Members the sale will increase. We now have a stock of blank cards which can be used for various occasions like invitations, get - well messages, thank - you notes. etc.

On 23rd October, 1982, a second meeting was called of our B.W.C. Volunteers for the Musical Nite. From the 40 invited, only 14 attended and some did not attend the meeting even after saying they would. A poor response reflects badly on all of us and has dampening effect on the morale of the few who are striving to make B.W.C grow inspite of various odds.

From 14th to 23rd January we had a Stall at the Winter Fair 1983 organised by the Parsi Gymkhana, Dadar. More than 40,000 people visited the Fair and this gave us an excellent opportunity to reach such a large number. 64 Annual & 2 Life Members were enrolled. The demand for *Ahinsa* Cheese was so over-whelming, we ran out of stock on the eighth day and many were disappointed. It was the first time that B.W.C. had taken a Stall for such a long period of 10 days and this was possible only because of the co -

operation and support given by a handful of volunteers : Mythily & Vsaant Lambu, Kamla Balachandran Zarine Arya, Zarine Davierwalla, Devendra Desai, Khushroo Jijina, Supriaya Khumbatta, Padma Mansukhani and B.M. Shah. We thank each of them and look forward to their continued help.

If more Members in Bombay come forward to help. I am sure we can do wonders for **Beauty Without Cruelty.**

APPU

PADAM PRASAD

The idea of a playful mascot, a baby elephant called Appu, was conceived by an artist, but it was never intended to be translated into a live mascot. A one-year baby elephant captured in the Arunachal jungles was handed over to Apollo Circus in Kanpur to be trained.

The Circus trainees cempelled the little jumbo to stand on one leg with the help of chains and pulleys, and if necessary beat the animal into submission. The process of training Appu outraged public opinion. Better senses finally prevailed, and the Asian Games Organising Committee concerned dropped the fantastic idea of a live mascot. What ultimately happened was that a floral Appu appeared and glided across the Nehru Stadium.

The Circus people were in despair as they had incurred heavy expenses in feeding and training Appu. They desperately approached the officials concerned to take delivery of Appu but they disowned all responsibility. The baby elephant, I fear now forms a part of the Circus menagerie.

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND