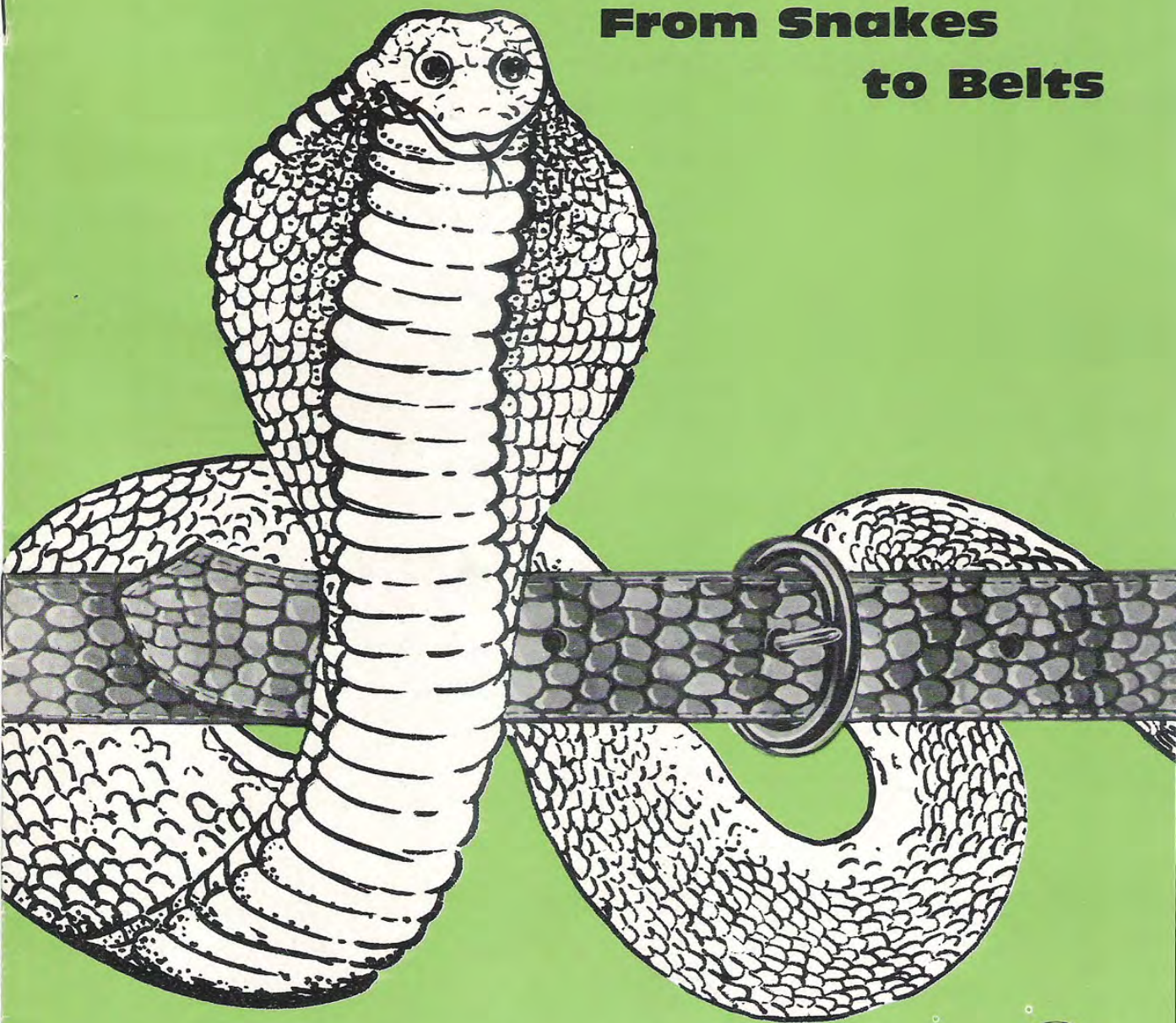




COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

JOURNAL OF BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY INDIA

**From Snakes
to Belts**



Can't we have Beauty Without Cruelty



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Beauty Without Cruelty

AN INTERNATIONAL EDUCATIONAL CHARITABLE TRUST FOR ANIMAL WELFARE.



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Magazine edited by
Ms. Diana Ratnagar

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Beauty Without Cruelty

is a way of life
which causes no creature
of land, sea or air,
terror, torture or death.

AFFILIATED ORGANISATIONS



INFORMATION & ACTION

Mr. S.M. Masani, due to failing health, has declined to continue as Editor of "Compassionate Friend". He has been our Editor since 1977 and we are sure to miss his thought provoking Editorials.

I have taken on the Editorship. And, to start with, I request readers to give their comments and suggestions on this issue as early as possible, so that forthcoming numbers can be improved. I also invite articles and photographs for publication.

Beauty Without Cruelty is fast gaining ground and becoming a force to be reckoned with. Our stand counts. Our supporters and sympathisers are on the increase. One of the main reasons for this support has been our new film "Beauty Without Cruelty", now available on video.

On seeing the film, Mr. R. Venkataraman, Vice President of India wrote: "The film "Beauty Without Cruelty" is very educative. It reveals the cruelty buried behind the lustrous garments and other wear. In a country like India, wedded to ahinsa, surely there is no need to perpetrate such cruelty. The film may help rekindle our ancient culture."

On 26th July 1985 we had an opportunity of screening our film at the Convention of Editors of Small & Medium Newspapers in New Delhi. A write-up on our organisation along with leaflets and photographs were distributed to the delegates. It resulted in some worthwhile publicity in regional languages.

During the past few months, film-cum-talk programmes on **BWC** have been given by Ms. Nalini Z. Mehta, Vice President **BWC** (India) Branch) in Madras, Bangalore, Mysore and Bombay. The response has been most encouraging, especially as a considerable number of persons took vows not to use certain animal products.

We are happy to inform members that the prize for enrolling the highest number of Life Members of **BWC** (India Branch)

during the 10th Anniversary Year has been awarded to Mr. L. Nemichand of Madras. **BWC** has decided to award a similar prize every year.

We are pleased to announce the establishment of a new Centre: the **BWC** Delhi Centre will be the fifth Sub-Branch of our movement in India. The Centre is under the Directorship of Mr. Madan Lal Sharma.

We have received a reply from the Minister of State Environment & Forest to our letter of 6th July 1985 stating that the State Government of Karnataka has been advised not to make over stocks of seized skins to LIDKAR for manufacture and marketing of snake skin articles. Whilst this is good news, a reply is still awaited to the other points raised in our Memorandum on Trade in Reptile Skins submitted to the Ministry later on 29th July 1985. (See page 2.)

We are greatly distressed to know that the Bharat Leather Corporation exclusively displayed snake skin goods at the International Leather Fair held in Paris from 7th to 10th September 1985. **Beauty Without Cruelty** feels the Government should certainly not be responsible in creating a further demand for snake skin items abroad.

We were delighted to know that "Debbie", the baboon has been saved. (See "Compassionate Friend" April-June 1985). Baboons at the University of Western Ontario will no longer suffer the agonies of chronic restraint. In the first case of its kind in Canada, a researcher and a veterinarian at a major research facility were charged by "Lifeforce" with cruelty to animals. This trial should alert all researchers that suffering and torture followed by death inflicted on laboratory animals will not be tolerated by organisations working for the rights of animals.

Diana Ratnagar
Chairperson

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

This issue has been kindly sponsored by



New Delhi
29th July, 1985

MEMORANDUM TRADE IN REPTILE SKINS

To

The Secretary to the Government of India
in the Ministry of Environment & Forests
Department of Forests & Wildlife
NEW DELHI

We, the educational animal welfare organisation, **BeautyWithoutCruelty**, begs to submit as under:

1. The Government is confiscating illegal snake skins frequently.
2. The Central Government has over the years supplied seized skin stocks to the Bharat Leather Corporation, thus legalising them.
3. In the same way, the Karnataka State Government has recently issued a licence to the Karnataka Leather Industries Corporation (LIDKAR) for manufacture and sale of snake skin and lizard skin items from those skins which have been confiscated by their State Wildlife authorities.
4. It is therefore possible that the other State Governments will also consider finding similar outlets for processing and marketing confiscated snake skin and other wildlife products.
5. Licences have been issued to people for catching snakes and for manufacturing and sale of snake skins with a view to minimize the trade.
However, so far due to various reasons the number of snakes killed has increased instead of lessening.
6. Many snake skins and finished goods made from them are readily available in abundance, e.g. in Bombay on the footpaths near the Gateway of India.
7. On one hand the export of snake skin items is banned, but on the other hand the tourists easily purchase as many items as they want and take them out of India unnoticed in their personal baggage. This in itself becomes an export.
8. Once the snake skin items are widely and legally sold there will be lesser possibility of differentiating between the legal and illegal items available. Moreover, it is possible that the demand would increase resulting in freshly poached skins entering tanneries as "confiscated skins" and the country finding additional species of reptiles becoming endangered.
9. In view of this, we strongly recommend an immediate and total ban on manufacture and sale of snake skins and snake skin goods. We feel it is essential in tackling the problem of illegal trade caused by killing of more and more snakes which adversely affect the ecological balance.

This apart from the fact that snakes are skinned alive. The head of the snake is either nailed to a tree or crushed after which the skin is peeled off whilst the reptile writhers in agony.

10. We also recommend that confiscated skins should be destroyed as putting them back into the market encourages the public to buy such items.

We, the **BeautyWithoutCruelty**, shall be much obliged if favourable action is taken on this Memorandum at the earliest. If the Government shall require more information or our presence we shall gladly co-operate with the authorities.

Submitted.

Yours faithfully,

Sd/-
Managing Trustee & Chairperson **BeautyWithoutCruelty**

Sd/-
Vice President

**COMPASSIONATE FRIEND**



MY DEER FRIEND

WILLIAM J. MARTIN

When one of the rangers came up to me and said, "We have a fawn in the car that some kids picked up near the picnic area. They thought she was hurt, but she seems O.K. Come on up to my place after you're off duty and take a look at her."

I made my customary rounds in the patrol car, anxious to get to my friend's house so I could find out the whole story on Twiggy.

Two boys thought Twiggy was hurt. It rained and some heavy hail fell that afternoon, so when the boys found Twiggy stretched out on the ground, they picked her up. Not knowing that a fawn naturally does this as a form of protection, the boys did what they thought was best for her; they brought her to the rangers. Now it was our responsibility to decide what was best for Twiggy.

The instant I saw Twiggy standing there so sadly in the middle of the room, I knew that we faced a difficult decision. Her thin legs, appearing much like flimsy tree twigs, barely seemed to support her tiny, frail body. (That's why we named her Twiggy. No offense to the Broadway star of the same name; at that time, we'd never heard of another Twiggy.) Her eyes were glazed with a distant look, but she seemed uninjured.

"I think we ought to find the boys and have them help us take her back to where they found her," one ranger offered.

"She looks too weak to put her back out there tonight. I'm afraid she is in some sort of shock," commented another.

"Let's look for her mother in the morning. Then maybe we can get the two of them back together," a third ranger suggested.

"It sounds good to me," I said. "If nothing else works, we can always try to raise her ourselves." But even as I suggested this, we all knew that was the last thing that

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," I yelled as I jumped at Twiggy from my hiding place behind the Rabbitbrush. Twiggy darted away, kicking her hind legs high into the air, as if she enjoyed our game of "Mountain Lion." She ran away, full-speed, for 100 yards. Then she turned, headed back to me, ready for me to leap at her again so that we could repeat our game.

I invented this game to prepare Twiggy, a mule deer fawn, for her eventual return to the wild.

When I first met Twiggy while I worked as a Seasonal Ranger-Naturalist for the National Park Service, little did I realize that I would share much of my summer learning from this delightful creature. Nor did I comprehend how difficult it would be to allow my deer friend, Twiggy, to return to the wild — the wild where she belonged.

I had just finished my evening campfire program on a dreary, damp evening

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

we wanted. We all agreed that Twiggy would be better off as a total wild animal if that alternative existed.

After more discussion, we developed a plan: we'd try to reunite Twiggy with her mother. If that failed, we would try to raise Twiggy the best we could.

Twiggy's mother was not found. Now a hard task faced us — trying to find a diet that agreed with her.

We checked with some local veterinarians, hoping to find a milk formula that allowed Twiggy to thrive. After about a week, she adjusted to what we were feeding her — an indication, I think, of her determination to live. (I'm sure that our formula didn't taste anything like deer's milk.)

As Twiggy grew stronger, she seemed to enjoy romping in the fenced area where we confined her for protection. On cold, rainy evenings Twiggy spent the nights with me in my trailer-home. During those nights, she stood at the edge of my bed, looking up at me with those pleading eyes, bleating the most mournful cry; she wanted to get into bed with me. I must confess, there were nights that Twiggy slept at my side, snuggled close so that we shared body heat.

After one night that Twiggy spent with me, we prepared for our morning walk. This walk started like all our others with Twiggy following me, running ahead, and then returning to me at top-speed.

Suddenly, we heard a snorting sound; it came from a doe that lived in the picnic area near my home. She had a fawn in the area, so to her it must have appeared that Twiggy was her offspring. The doe set up a terrible ruckus, pawing the ground, snorting loudly, and shaking her head menacingly at me.

Twiggy instinctively stretched out on the ground, head down, silent — so silent that I could barely see her breathe. The doe continued her bluffing actions, while Twiggy maintained her position on the ground, appearing to me to be almost asleep. After a few minutes of these antics, the doe gave up and trotted off,

disappearing among the cottonwood trees.

Twiggy got up, came to me, smelled my feet, and then went about her business just as if nothing had happened.

“Mother”

“Twiggy,” I said, “you act just as if I'm your mother.” Twiggy looked up at me with those large, brown eyes that melted my insides, and then she ran in circles around me, tossing her head in play. To me, this incident confirmed what an awesome responsibility I had; Twiggy really seemed to think of me as “Mother.”

As those summer days rushed by, the bond between Twiggy and me became stronger. Soon my duty with the National Park Service would end, and I would be forced to leave Twiggy behind. I spent every minute I could garner with Twiggy, preparing her for the day when I would be gone.

I wanted Twiggy to have the opportunity to try a variety of wild foods, so I took her far afield. One thing I discovered was that Twiggy hadn't read the books about the main foods of mule deer; she seemed to enjoy eating many plants that were listed low on the food preference tables found in the books.

One day when Twiggy was browsing on a plant that wasn't supposed to be something she liked, I put a book up close to her face and said, “Twiggy, you aren't supposed to like this food. You can read it right here.” She promptly tried to eat the page from the book! She always seemed to do things to make my life interesting.

Twiggy's penned home and my trailer-home were several miles apart. This meant that I often had to transport her by car, much to the consternation of some of the park visitors. Several times when visitors saw me drive away with Twiggy standing in the passenger's seat, they reported that someone was stealing a fawn. They were doing exactly what they should do, so they were told the story of Twiggy. This and other incidents

gave the visitors something special to remember and talk about.

One afternoon I received a radio call: "Can you get up here? Twiggy has jumped out of her pen. She's got the traffic backed up. The entrance station is a mess."

Twiggy was romping around in the grassland, amusing the visitors. They were stopping their cars, trying to get pictures of her as she leaped and ran in circles.

I drove to the entrance station, stopped the patrol car, got out, and headed toward Twiggy. Imagine the dismay of the visitors when they saw this fawn come running to a ranger who gave this strange call, "Yooooooooooooooooo." (I had taught Twiggy this call to get her to come to me.)

She trotted behind me to the car. I opened the car door and Twiggy jumped inside. I drove off, leaving the onlookers shaking their heads in disbelief. The other rangers had plenty to explain.

My duty-days were about over. Twiggy was doing well, running free full-time. We still took our walks and played Mountain Lion, but these times were now a bit sad for me. I already felt an emptiness deep inside as the dreaded departure day neared. In just a few days, I would leave this charming, lovable deer behind.

At the end of August, I said a tearful goodbye to Twiggy. I bent down and put my arms around her neck, drawing her face next to mine. I felt her warm breath and soft muzzle against my ear. Hot tears streamed down my face. She licked those salty tears away, almost as if she were trying to lick away my sadness. I gave her a final hug, forced myself to get into the car, and I drove away.

A Sad Day

I did not want to look back; I just wanted this painful moment to end. But I did look back, and there was Twiggy standing along the road watching me drive off. Her small body seemed so fragile against the backdrop of the towering, rugged mountains. Fresh tears welled, blurring my vision of the twisting road ahead.

I fought back the tears for the entire six-hour drive home. Indeed — this was a sad day.

I called park-workers several times to check on Twiggy, always being assured that she was doing fine. In October, I could stand it no longer, so I drove the 290 miles to pay Twiggy a visit.

During the entire trip, I kept wondering if Twiggy would remember me. My heart was leaping in my chest and my mouth was cotton as I pulled up to the entrance station. I just opened my car door when I spotted Twiggy. I sat in the car, calling to her. "Twiggy, do you want to play Mountain Lion?"

She hesitated. I thought she didn't remember me. But then she came towards me — slowly. She came faster — right up to me. She sniffed my outstretched hand. Up came her front legs as she tried to jump into my lap, but she was now too big to fit. Her front legs remained in my lap. Twiggy stretched her neck upwards, nuzzled me softly, and then licked my face. Twiggy remembered me!

We spent a glorious day together, doing the things that we'd done during the summer. But Twiggy was different now; she'd lost her spots and was much more independent. Park-workers told me that they saw her less and less. When my visit came to an end, I felt more confident of her ability to fend for herself, but a gnawing question still ate at me. Was this to be our final goodbye?

In late November, I received the words that I dreaded — Twiggy had disappeared. I mourned because I'd lost a friend — a close friend.

But as the years passed, I realized that Twiggy had returned to where she belonged, and I did not really lose her. My memory of her remains vivid, bringing me much joy. I remember the softness of her brown eyes and the warmth of her breath. I can see her leaping, running, and frolicking in the tall grass. Most of all, I remember the joy she exuded from every body pore as we played our favorite game — Mountain Lion.

Courtesy : FRONTIER

THE BARE FACTS

Bombay: May 22 — June 6, 1985

The details on the passport were precise and truthful enough:

Passport No.: BEAR 0001

Name: MUNNA

Permanent address: Bas-Badanpura, Billochi Muhalla, Opp. Idgah, Jaipur.

Name of Mother and full address:
Not known.

Name of Father: Not known.

Reason for visit: To dance for the French people eating street food from India, at Trocadero Place and on Quai Debilly during the Festival of India in Paris, summer of 1985.

Munna, and his mahout, Mohammed Munshi were sent to Paris by The Taj Group of Hotels.

Indian Express: July 13, 1985

Police said they were hunting for a trained Indian bear kidnapped from his cage at the side of the River Seine by an animal rights group.

It said in a hand-out to news organisations: "The Victor Hugo Group has liberated Munna to try to give him back a bear's dignity." The group claimed he had his teeth pulled, a hole pierced in his snout for a ring and chain, and that he was being kept in direct sunshine and without water.

The kidnapped bear was delivered to a home in France which specialises in wild animals.

The Times of India: August 4, 1985

It is difficult to understand why the little bear was sent in the first place. Is it our desire to depict India as a land of snake charmers, dancing bears and performing monkeys?

No matter what Munna's master, Mohammed Munshi might say, about the show not being an act of cruelty, the fact remains that to keep a wild animal perpetually in a cage or on the end of a chain and to force it to perform for a few francs, is cruelty. From the time they are captured, cruelty is involved at every stage.

Munna is a Himalayan bear, although he now lives in Jaipur. He was probably brought as a very small cub, taken away from his mother who in all likelihood was killed. When one year old, a hole would have been drilled through the nose and a ring attached.

A bear's nose is very sensitive and is used to control the animal. Just after the bear has completed a year, it is the general practice to pull out all its teeth. I have seen several of these creatures in Delhi, toothless, dejected, plodding miserably after their masters, led by a rope through the ring in the nose. When they return home, they are generally tied to a stake with a rope too short to allow them to stand. Instead of living in the cool, high altitudes where they were born, they spend their lives in hot, dusty cities, surrounded by curious or jeering crowds and fed on nothing more than chappatties.

Are we still maintaining the fiction that no cruelty is involved and that sending Munna ("the cuddly little bear", as the media gushingly said) was a good thing?

They never retire: these performing animals often dance and work until they die.

Indian Express: September 8, 1985

Munna has come home. But in sharp contrast to the fanfare with which he set out to entertain Parisians, Munna was brought back in a hush-hush manner on August 2, and taken home to the Rambagh Palace in Jaipur.

Before emplaning for home, Munna was kept hidden in an enclosure at the airport. To add to his agony, the flight was delayed by six hours due to a bomb scare.

The cuddly little bear's trip abroad was a tale of heartbreak. What is more saddening, after his ordeal abroad, Munna has been made to slink away to his retreat as virtually a symbol of national disgrace for no fault of his or his trainer.

It is understood that the Munna episode has done "considerable damage" to the Festival and it was a "terrible mistake" to have even sent him to Paris to charm the French by dancing in front of the 20 foodstalls run by his sponsors, the Taj Group of Hotels.


COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

Translated extracts from French newspapers:

"If Munna could speak, he would describe all his suffering. But is it necessary for him to talk? One reads in his beautiful eyes all the distress in the world."



Photo : Tony Frank-Sygma

"At my approach, the Indian trainer wishes me to admire him, he pulls on the cord which makes the animal raise his head... Horror! The cord passes through a hole made in the skin between the eyes and the snout and emerges fifteen centimetres lower down through the right nostril. My heart cries. I make signs with my arms, no, no. But the man with the buffant trousers is determined to show me and, smiling, he passes his hand in the animal's jaws. Poor bluffer! In this mouth, all empty, there are no teeth. They have been pulled out.

An unforgettable spectacle. The Middle Ages, in France, in 1985. Since I saw that I haven't slept."

"During the short time that the animal was in the control of the animal liberation group it was kept at a small private-owned game park and the restraining rope was removed from its nose. The animal was not at this park long enough for it to have time to adjust to its new freedom from exploitation and, although initially it may have missed its owner (simply because the owner was the only companion it knew and had known all its life) a certain insecurity in unfamiliar surroundings would have been natural. I cannot but believe that, in the long run, the animal would have been very much happier roaming freely in an enclosure released from the pain of the restraining rope through its nose, than it will even be living as a slave, forced to "dance" in the heat of the mid-day sun for a succession of uncaring audiences."

Beauty Without Cruelty (India Branch) was the very first organisation to object to a performing bear being sent to France. We immediately got in touch with the World Society for the Protection of Animals and wrote to Paris based animal welfare movements pointing out the exploitation and requesting them to protest about it.

"Munna du Taj" is now back on the streets of Shekhawat (Rajasthan). Mohammed Munshi is currently camping in the compound of a relative's dilapidated house where he has tethered Munna and pitched four small tents for his family. We sincerely hope Munna will not be made to perform again, especially for tourists at the Rambagh Palace Hotel in Jaipur.

Beauty Without Cruelty wants the Government of India to put a ban on bears, monkeys, dogs, snakes, mongooses, cocks and others made to perform or fight in streets. If YOU care about this kind of appalling abuse, please write to: The Minister of Agriculture, Krishi Bhavan, New Delhi 110 001. (Remember to send a copy to BWC)

SISTER HILARY

One of the things which gets me rather annoyed from time to time is that when St. Francis' name is mentioned, many people's reaction is "Oh, he's the one that loved animals", as though he made people second best. There are those people who "prefer" their animals, perhaps in many cases because they are basically selfish; they can "possess" their animals, who don't make the kinds of demands on them that people might do. But St. Francis was not like that. To him the whole of God's creation shared in redemption, a belief which is quite clearly shown in the Bible.

Where does this leave man? I believe with a responsibility. A responsibility not to use or exploit animals (or any of creation) for his own satisfaction; not to make animals into substitutes for human beings. Of course we can love our animals — but to love means to use one's will for their good, and means putting their needs before what you want from them.

And, I believe, this applies not just to our pets, but to the whole animal and vegetable world. Just as we as individuals can't exist without our dependence on others, so we as humanity can't exist in isolation from the rest of creation.

I'd like to quote two or three paragraphs from Gerald Durrell's book, which I think make the point far better than I can do.

"It is well to remember that when we exterminate a species, we endanger or destroy with it a host of satellite creatures that depend upon it for their existence. When you chop down a tree, you are destroying the equivalent of a vast and teeming city, because there are so many different forms of creature that live upon it. What we are doing can have far-reaching effects; effects which may rebound upon mankind in an unpleasant way.

We have no moral right to exterminate a species which has taken millions of years

to evolve and which has as much right on this planet as we have. In fact, has more right to be here, since it has not tried to step outside its allocated place in nature and is, in most cases, of benefit to its environment in consequence. This cannot be said of so-called civilised mankind, however sanguine your view of your own species.

.. "If one must adopt the arrogant attitude that a thing should only exist if it is of use to man then the reply to 'What use are they?' (animals in danger of extinction), is simply that, as yet, we have not the remotest idea of what is and what is not of benefit to mankind"

Animals show God's glory by being themselves. Man shows God's glory by being what he is — but, being what he is "in the image of God" means being responsible to God for his mastery over the rest of creation, and it is in the right use of that mastery that the glory of God will be shown.

Courtesy : THE ARK

ST FRANCIS, PATRON OF THE ENVIRONMENT

In 1980 Pope John Paul declared St. Francis the Patron of the Environment. Of course everybody knows St. Francis loved animals, birds and flowers, so perhaps nobody was really surprised at what the Pope did. Yet it may turn out to be one of the most significant gestures of this century. If we take it seriously and act on it, we will be helping to build a future that is worth building and at the same time honouring God the Father of us all.

Be praised, my Lord, for our sister Mother Earth who keeps us and feeds us and brings forth fruits of many kinds with coloured flowers and plants as well.

From the Canticle of Brother Sun
by St. Francis of Assisi.

IS IT REALLY NECESSARY?

CHRIS LARTER

When I first visited Australia in 1981, investigating horse and sheep exports and transportation, I could not fail to hear about the dreadful atrocities inflicted on kangaroos in the outback every night. At first I thought it quite impossible that man was capable of doing such terrible things to animals, especially to one ironically used as its country's emblem on Government notepaper and envelopes but the further I travelled, the more I realised that it was absolutely true.

One day when calling at a pet-shop at Woollongong near Brisbane to ask from where its horsemeat came, I noticed that it said "Roo and buffalo meat" in the window too! After being told all about the horses, I asked about the kangaroos, expecting to be told to mind my own business. Surprisingly the owners told me quite openly that they regularly went out into the bush about 800 miles away and shot kangaroos on legal Government kills. I asked where they were skinned and dressed and was told "over the road" "I'll take you across now and show you if you like — wanna come?" said one man. I was amazed, and agreed to go.

The building "over the road" was clean and whitewashed on the outside and said "Ice Blocks" on the wall in large pale blue letters! We entered high wire gates and walked towards a door. In the yard at the far end was a trolley piled high with smelly kangaroo skins. Inside were seven men wearing blood-stained pinafores and equally blood-stained wellington boots, skinning dead kangaroos and chopping up the meat. There was the most appalling stench which almost nauseated me. "How long have these been dead?" I asked. "Two days." "What have you done with their heads?" "Ah we left them out in the bush for the crows to pick out."

There was blood and innards everywhere, and I hoped the skins would be well-cured or treated before going anywhere! Having seen them in that state I wondered

whether people who eventually bought them to adorn their houses or bought them as furry toy koalas or kangaroos or even purses, would be so keen if they had seen them in the initial stages! The man then told me he thought it was such a pity to waste their claws, and he had devised a way to make them into pretty brooches! Would I be interested in selling them in England?! Taken aback, I just said no, I wouldn't have the time!

I was assured that the 148 kangaroos I'd just seen were all shot dead with one bullet apiece, except for one which had needed two! Whether that was true or not, many kangaroos were and are shot in illegal kills and not all shots were and are accurate. Some shooters leave their victims to die slowly and in agony, having hit them in the leg, shoulder or chest. These suffer terribly until the skinners come. Some are disembowelled on the spot, as the picture shows. All this is done for vanity, greed and gain. Surely there are other ways of attaining beauty without cruelty?



COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

NEWS FROM OUR CENTRES

BANGALORE CENTRE

Over the past few months we have tried to create an awareness of the **BWC** cause by writing letters to various newspapers. We wrote with regard to the Karakul lambs, "Munna" the performing bear sent to France and snake skin items sold by LIDKAR.

"Chaturmas" is the best period for **Beauty Without Cruelty** to mobilise crowds in temples, enrol members and muster funds. Hence we invited Ms. Nalini Z. Mehta, Vice President, **BWC** India Branch, to visit Bangalore and give talks followed by the screening of our films. The response received was good. Special thanks are due to Mr. G.D. Bhansali, Hon. Treasurer, **BWC** Bangalore Centre, who helped organise these functions. A few lecture cum film shows were also arranged in Schools.

Nearly 100 Members have been enrolled since June 1985 and we hope to enrol more persons as members as now we will be having our own copy of the film "Beauty Without Cruelty".

On 27th August, 1985, we held a Members Get-together in Bangalore city. It was well attended by about 75 persons. Ms. Diana Ratnagar, Chairperson, **BWC** India Branch and Ms. Nalini Z. Mehta, Vice President, **BWC** India Branch, were present. All three films were screened. The expenses of this Get-together were generously donated by Mr. Amarchand Bhansali who is our Life Member.

Sudershan Kumar
Director

BOMBAY CENTRE

The recent Press publicity has resulted in many enquiries and some memberships.

On 27th July our old films were screened at Mulund to 600-700 people. On 3rd August we had another screening at Matunga. Some *Abinsa* products were sold and Members enrolled.


COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

The current major project is: Essay Competition for School Children, divided into two groups: 1st Group Stds. V, VI and VII and 2nd Group Stds. VIII, IX and X.

The subject of the essay is "The Place of Animals in Human Society" for the first group and "Does Man need to Exploit Animals" for the second group. The choice of language is: English, Gujarati, Hindi or Marathi.

102 Schools have been selected so as to cover reputed schools, vernacular medium schools and areas from Colaba to Mulund.

First, Second and Third Prizes will be given in each language separately for each group, thereby making a total of 24 prizes. Every winner will also be given one year's free membership to **BWC**. There will be Merit Certificates for "A" grade essays; and a Rotating Shield for the School with the maximum Merit Certificates.

The unique features of the competition are:

- (a) permission to display artistic talents
- (b) choice of language
- (c) no entry fee
- (d) a gift for every participant.

The closing date is 19th October, 1985.

Help is now needed for:

- (1) Finding sponsors for
 - (a) 8 First Prizes = Rs.1600/-
 - 8 Second Prizes = Rs. 800/-
 - 8 Third Prizes = Rs. 400/-
- Rs.2800/-
- (b) Free Gifts approx. Rs.1500/-
- (2) Finding people willing to correct the essays.

Members are requested to contact us at: 297118.

Sheela Dandekar
Director

DELHI CENTRE

A **Beauty Without Cruelty** office in the capital of India is essential. I am therefore pleased that the New Delhi Centre of **Beauty Without Cruelty** has been established in August 1985.

We have been promised a room by Mr. Anand of Citizen behind his Hotel, free of charge. We are grateful to him for his gesture. As soon as the repair work is over we will be opening our office.

Efforts are being made to try to get our new film "Beauty Without Cruelty" telecast over the national programme.

In addition to this, we plan to create an awareness of the **BWC** cause among people including Members of Parliament.

Madan Lal Sharma
Director

MADRAS CENTRE

A Stall was put up at the "Holi Mela" and at several other Jain functions. Special talks and film shows on **BWC** have also been arranged during "Chaturmas" at various Jain Centres in Madras city. The response has been very encouraging, both in terms of Life Members enrolled as well as by way of Donations.

The District Governor of Lions Clubs International, District 324 A1, has announced that the "District Governor's Programme" for the year July 1985 to June 1986 will consist of two parts — "People Caring for People" and "People Caring for Animals". The second programme is under my chairmanship.

Over seventy film shows and talks were held from May to August 1985 in various Schools, Colleges, Clubs and for other groups of people.

Our Committee Member, Ms. Jyoti Bala-sundaram has been the guest speaker at about ten Lions Clubs so far and her talks have been very enthusiastically received by the audiences. In most of the meetings the film "Beauty Without Cruelty" was also screened.

On August 23rd, 24th and 25th, Ms. Nalini Z. Mehta, Vice President, and Ms. Diana Ratnagar, Chairperson **BWC** India Branch, visited Madras and Ms. Mehta gave several talks followed by the screening of our films. At some of these programmes several persons took vows never to use items like silk or ivory.

The South India Humanitarian League, Madras, have promised all their help to promote our common cause.

Our thanks are due to the C.P. Art Centre, where regular screenings of the film "Beauty Without Cruelty" take place and to the Blue Cross of India whose projector, screen and transport have been used by us for all the film shows.

Slides on **BWC** are being exhibited in seven movie theatres in Madras, thanks to the efforts of Mr. S. Seshadri, Manager of Pilot Theatre, Madras.

We are also happy that the Press have given extensive coverage to the film and the work of **BWC**.

The members of the Madras Centre would like to congratulate Mr. L. Nemi-chand, who has been awarded a special prize for enrolling the maximum number of Life Members during the 10th Anniversary Year of **BWC** (India Branch).

S. Chinny Krishna
Director

SURAT CENTRE

In accordance with our **Beauty Without Cruelty** objectives, this time more emphasis is being laid on creating an awareness among people in Surat. For this purpose we arranged a video show of our films "What Price Beauty?" and "Ivory Poachers" on three occasions — at the Rotaract Club of Udhna, Lions Club of Rander Adajan and Surat (West).

We received other invitations too. However, due to the political unrest we could not undertake them.

Usually the film screening is preceded by an introductory talk and followed by a question-answer session. Literature is given, *Ahimsa* products sold and Members enrolled.

During my visit to Indore, I arranged a video show of our films for the Press. The journalists were very pleased to know about our movement.

BWC Surat Centre has collected donations totaling Rs.5,000/- for various earmarked projects.

Pravinchandra M. Zaveri
Director

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

DEREK BEAMAN

I went to a child's birthday-party recently. It was a lavish affair with lots of goodies to eat, and the presents I saw must have cost, without exaggeration, over a thousand rupees.

Then there are adults' birthday parties. We must all know adults, of whom it is said, "It's so hard to know what to give them; they have everything" And yet we go to the birthday parties laden with gifts to add to their already plentiful supply of necessities and luxuries.

"Many Happy Returns of the Day" we say, and each year the celebrations come round and money is lavished on costly gifts and food.

I have a suggestion — and it would certainly give me extreme pleasure and satisfaction if my friends and relations would follow it on my birthday (and on other present-giving occasions): why not send a greetings card (preferably a **BWC** one!) with a note inside to say that, instead of a present, a donation has been sent to **Beauty Without Cruelty**. Naturally, most people love to receive presents; what better present is there than knowing that some innocent creature's life will

have been saved or suffering spared because of one's birthday or religious festival?

As you know, every paisa received by **BWC** goes to help saving the exploitation and death of animals for our vanity's sake. What a lovely present to know that this merciful work has been furthered on one's birthday or other festival! "Happy Birthday" will then have a real, deep meaning and the celebration will be satisfying and worth-while.

So, do look at your Birthday book (or wherever you keep a list of friends' and relatives' birthdays) and choose as many as possible to whom you can send Greetings Cards announcing that on their behalf you have sent donations to **BWC***; and of course, ask your friends and relations to do the same on your birthday.

Many Happy Returns of the Day many times over!

* Send the gifts to
Beauty Without Cruelty
P.B. 1518, Poona 411 040
or to the closest **BWC** Centre Office.

BUTTERFLY, FLY, FLY AWAY

Butterflies should be flying. Not encased in plastic. Converted by commercial minded persons into paperweights and pen stands. Or jewellery and other such frivolous items.

To trap, to dip living creatures, be they butterflies or scorpions, in soft hot lacquer, to mummify life brought to an abrupt end, is **UNNECESSARY**, is cruel, is thoughtless.

Be sure you never purchase such items.



COMPASSIONATE FRIEND