

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

JOURNAL OF BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY INDIA

FURS

WOULD MADAME
LIKE TO TAKE THE
REST OF THE ANIMALS?



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Beauty Without Cruelty

INTERNATIONAL

AN INTERNATIONAL EDUCATIONAL CHARITABLE TRUST FOR ANIMAL RIGHTS



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Magazine edited by

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which causes no creature

of land, sea or air,

terror torture or death.

AFFILIATED ORGANISATIONS



INDIA BRANCH

4 Prince of Wales' Drive, P.B. 1518, Wanowrie,

Poona 411 040

Tel. (0212) 664321 Grams: "AHINSA".

Bangalore Centre

Mr. Sudershan Kumar (Director)

D-10, 4th Floor, Sakaljee Market,

Avenue Road, Bangalore 560 002.

Tel. (0812) 238864, 573339.

Bombay Centre

Ms. Sheela Dandekar (Director)

5 Mint Road, Opp. G.P.O.

Bombay 400 001. Tel. (022) 297118.

Delhi Centre

Dr. D. B. Jain (Director)

"Shakhar", 1 Darya Ganj,

New Delhi 110 002. Tel. (011) 273537.

Madras Centre

Mr. S. Chinny Krishna (Director)

221 Mowbrays Road, Alwarpet,

Madras 600 018. Tel. (044) 431399

Surat Centre

Ms. Vishakhaben S. Kantawala (Director)

8/1644 Gopipura Police Gate,

Surat 395 001. Tel. (0261) 36240.

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Wearing Fur Is A Moral Issue

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INTERNATIONAL



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Open Letter

Dear Sir/Madam,

The wearing of fur is being widely and openly criticised in all parts of the civilised world. It is now a moral issue.

In a moral question such as this, fact and fiction tend to become confused. That is why we wish to provide, in brief, the real story so that you can make your own choice, as a well-informed consumer.

Do you realise that over 100 million animals are killed annually - not for food, but for their fur? Half of this enormous number - otters, wolves, foxes, lynx and beavers are caught in traps, to die a lingering and agonising death.

The other 50 million, mainly mink and foxes, suffer no less but in a different way. They are reared in cages, so inhumane as to cause endless months of frustration and trauma before they are killed.

These are the simple facts; it is now time to act and bring this unnecessary suffering to an end.

Oppose the setting up of fur farms in India. Just because the illicit fur trade is "flourishing despite a ban", does not justify innocent animals being specially bred and kept in confinement, only to be killed for their furs. Fur farms are in fact anti-conservation measures and should not be encouraged by the Ministry of Environment & Forests.

Join us in declaring that the wearing of fur is morally wrong.

Diana Ratnagar

Diana Ratnagar
Chairperson



Luxury Clothing used on expeditions to the North Pole has proven amply that there are comfortable, cheaper and warmer alternatives to fur garments. Fur is both unnecessary and expensive, and it is not the natural product one might think. Strong chemicals are used in the processing of the skins or pelts and the fur is often dyed. The excreta which piles up beneath cages in fur farms, is a serious source of environmental pollution, which producer countries in Scandinavia should have cause to regret.

Traps: The steel-jawed leghold trap has been described as a "diabolical instrument of torture" Its springloaded jaws are designed to grip the unsuspecting animal by the leg. The animal is not killed outright, but dies slowly after hours, perhaps days of agony. Of course traps are non-selective and half the number of animals caught are so-called 'trash animals', including birds, cats, dogs and even endangered species.

Cages: Is it morally right to confine species in conditions totally alien to their natural requirements, to produce what is unquestionably a luxury commodity? The answer must surely be : No.

Mink are extremely agile animals who enjoy running, climbing, swimming, playing and active exploration. Their natural habitats are forests and marshland areas in the vicinity of lakes and streams. Moreover mink are solitary and territorial animals, being intolerant of other mink within their locality. Only during the mating period, and when kits are being weaned do they live in family groups. Foxes are also solitary and territorial animals and although being less agile and more shy than mink, freedom of movement is an essential element of their behaviour pattern. Caged in such abnormal conditions is it any wonder that fox and mink develop abnormal patterns of behavior? Stereotypical movements, antagonistic actions and cannibalism are all induced by cruel imprisonment in cages. A tragic life ended after only seven months by electrocution, gassing, neck breaking, injection or strangulation.

The Myth: First and foremost, fur farms are profit making ventures and not some altru-

istic device on the part of breeders, to conserve the species for posterity. Moreover, man has not stopped killing the wild populations of mink, fox, sable and other fur bearing animals in countries where fur farms of these species exist.

Join Us: Together we can stop the suffering of fur bearing animals. History shows it can be done. In Switzerland sales of fur coats went down by 75% after a consumer information campaign. In the Netherlands sales dropped by more than 90%! In other countries the same trend is developing. It shows that animals can be saved.

Animal protection organisations have joined forces now in a worldwide campaign. You can help: firstly by being a responsible consumer who will never buy fur; secondly by telling other people about the facts that you now know; finally, by supporting **Beauty Without Cruelty's** current campaign to stop the establishment of fur farms in India.



Cannibalism caused by confinement in cramped wire cages.

Bernhard Wagner

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

From Beauty Without Cruelty, Printed in India, July-December 88

On one of my journeys to Bombay I happened to find myself sitting next to Dr. T.N. Khoshoo, who was Secretary, Ministry of Environment and Forest. We got on, as they say, like a house on fire: forests and environment were his business and my life's passion. So reading his statement about breeding animals to be slaughtered for their fur caused me considerable anguish. His argument is that there is a lot of illicit killing of furry wild animals in Arunachal, Assam, Bengal and Kashmir. And if rabbits, foxes, minks, jackals, civet cats and Karakul lambs were propagated in farms, they would ensure our 30,000 artisans engaged in the fur trade a livelihood, and poaching for wild-life would stop.

I wonder if Khoshoo has ever seen an animal being skinned alive. One exposure would knock all the economic arguments out of his thinking. The thing to do is not to breed animals in order to kill them, but create public opinion against the use of animal furs, as well as against the killing of crocodiles and snakes to make handbags. We must switch over to synthetics and fabrics which are moth-proof, water-repellant, as warm or warmer and considerably cheaper than animal skins. The switchover could absorb all the artisans and avoid criminal cruelty to animals. Do you know how many animals are murdered to provide one vain and foolish woman with a fur coat? For a Chinchilla coat 60-100 Chinchillas; for a leopard or tiger skin coat between three to ten leopards or tigers.

The movement against slaughter of animals has caught on in the West. Princess Diana of England has publicly denounced the use of animal fur and never wears them.

Stop this Slaughter

Khushwant Singh



Farm-raised fox. W.S.P.A./Peter Senteur.

Many European models refuse to display them. Said Luisa McCarty, a leading fashion model, "I wouldn't wear my dog's coat, so why should I wear a fox's?" Amongst supporters of the movement is film star Brigitte Bardot. In a handwritten note to "**Beauty Without Cruelty**" she said: "Bravo for all that you do. I am with you with all my heart and all my soul. The women who wear furs have a cemetery on their backs."

Next time you see a man wearing a lamb-skin cap (Jinnah style) or a lady show off her crocodile skin wallet, tell them they are guilty of a heinous crime - the slaughter of dumb, helpless animals.

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On an informant's tip off, the wildlife authorities wanted to trap a furrier operating out of an innocuous little shop located behind Bombay's old five-star hotel. I had volunteered to act as a prosperous Indian on holiday from USA, and was given an enormous wad of marked currency notes, and a free hand to purchase a tiger skin or garment made from any of the prohibited catskins.

With another wildlife enthusiast, pretending to be my Bombay-based cousin. "showing me around Bombay," I entered this shop and fingered the brass and wood carvings, while I told my "cousin", in a feigned American accent, how "my wife in the USA" wanted a tiger skin fur coat, like the one Gina Lollobrigida wore, made of 10 tigers.

We saw nothing of the kind displayed, pretended to leave the premises, when the shopkeeper stopped us and offered to show some special merchandise, if we would please step back into the shop.

Through the grubby outer room that had stacks of chappals, brassware, Kashmir bowls and such, he took us back, opening a tiny door. He took us down a dark stairway into a large air-conditioned basement room, that dazzled our eyes with opulence. Mirrored walls reflected bright lighting that showed off plush carpets, glass and marble, polished showcases, and in this large underground room were rows upon rows of fur coats, on hangers that lined all the walls of this large room.

"This one," said the shopkeeper in fluent English, "is made of fox fur ... 42 foxes had to be used to make this masterpiece," he boasted. I asked if I would be stopped by customs on my way out of India with such merchandise, "No", he assured, "we have legal, declared stock", and showed a stack of old skins. He picked up one from the "stock" and it was so old that the fur came

Trade Secrets

Arun Bhatia

off in his hand. He shrugged, and smiled and said he could always prove he had legally declared stocks. Obviously, that lot would never leave his premises, but in case of trouble, he would claim that what was sold to me was from such legal stock. All the while, freshly acquired new material would come and go to adorn fair, wealthy maidens.

Commercial dramas such as this are even today enacted, in Singapore, in East Africa and elsewhere, and very often, the traders are Indian. One such scenario would be with two Masai hunters entering a "curio shop" in an East African city. Two Masais, carrying some magnificent leopard skins, still dripping blood, would be eyed by the trader behind the counter. Without a word, he would lead the hunters into a backroom and raise the lid of a large box containing stacks of leopard skins, neatly folded.

The Masais would thus be given to understand that there is plenty of stock, that the new skins being offered are nothing special, and they would get just a pittance for the sale. The shopkeeper would hand over some paper currency but would speak at that stage. He knows policemen who are looking for poachers. The Masais would understand that, too. If they try to sell the skins elsewhere, they would have to answer to the police.

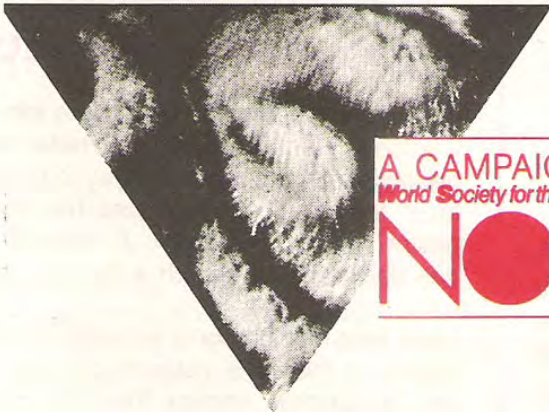
Sometimes the poachers are arrested. Somehow one never hears of traders or shopkeepers caught thus. The poachers' skins are confiscated, the offender is put in prison and the skins in an official godown. Endless enquiry and volumes of paper work follow. In the meantime, often as not, the skins disappear from the official godown.

The affluent and fashionable ladies that show off those fur coats, caps or purses don't know all this. They don't want to know.

COURTESY : DECCAN HERALD

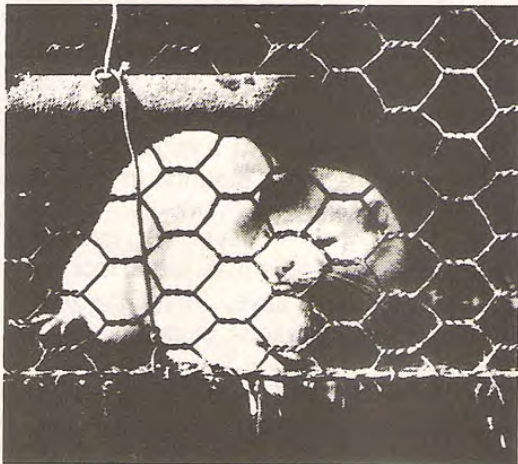

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

From Beauty Without Cruelty. Printed in India, July-December 88



A CAMPAIGN BY WSPA
World Society for the Protection of Animals

NO FUR



One day everyone will realize it: no wild animal that is adapted to a free-ranging life in a wide territory can be bred in captivity in other than cruel conditions. From that day on nobody will wear a fur coat.

THE DREAM OF FREEDOM IS OVER

He runs and runs. Over a meadow, through the bushes, high up into a tree. With an elegant movement he dives into the water, paddling into the depths. A bite in the ear startles him. He hisses and bites back. His cell-companion bares its teeth. The unspeakable stench of the droppings of a hundred thousand other minks sticks in his nose. The excursion was once more only a dream. As during the two hundred and forty nights since his birth. Two hundred and forty days of a "life" behind the wire netting of a narrow cage. In one of fifty thousand cages standing in long rows. Two hundred and forty monotonous, stinking days, filled with disgust, aggression and pain. Eating, drinking, defecating. Ever on guard against attack from fellow-prisoners. Ever driven by inner forces compelling him to move about within a minute space. Up and down, back and forth. Up and down, back and forth. Up and down, back and forth. To the point of exhaustion. A short sleep. Dreams of unfettered freedom.

But now the monotony is broken. Yesterday there was no food. Nor today. The crying and squealing around him becomes louder, more intense. Suddenly he is seized by a human fist in a thick glove. He squeals. His nose is brutally forced into a hole. Hot gases stifle him. His senses swim. Human fists press his head backwards. There is a crack in the neck.

The death of an animal.

A fur-bearing animal. Wearing fur is a question of conscience.

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

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Kiwis almost Fur Free

"In a country with only 3 million inhabitants, it is possible to get films and talks into all of the schools", said Lucille Heather, director of BWC New Zealand established in the early 70s. "Last year, a smart fur shop opened in a big hotel in Auckland. This year, the shop is in the hands of receivers. New Zealanders seem to be the only people who don't like fur. (They all saw the film 'What Price Beauty' when they were children.)"

COURTESY : COMPASSION (S.A.)



Baby red fox. W.S.P.A./Ardea/Eric Dragesco.

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

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Fur Free Zone

If the wearer of a mink stole walks into Unity Church in Huntington, N.Y., an usher will tap her on the shoulder and ask her to leave the fur in the car. That's because the church's pastor, the Rev. Carolyn J. Michael Riley has declared her church a fur-free zone.

More than one person's shoulder has been tapped in the three years since Riley made her declaration. And for the most part, the pastor reports, the church's 100 or so members have been accepting of the new decree. A handful of members have voiced objection, however, and a few have chosen to leave the church. But Riley, a vegetarian for five years and a vegan for two additional years, remains staunch in her position.

"I really do believe that everyone [in the church] is able that much more to feel the spirit," she says, "because there are no longer vibrations of death".

Riley learned about the plight of animals from her daughter, who had become sympathetic toward animal rights. Persuaded that animals should not be killed for food or clothing, Riley and her family had a clean-up party of sorts. "When we had this conversion in our own lives, everything made of fur or leather just went".

Viewing 'We Are All Noah', a 28 minute film exploring the ethical teachings of Judaism and Christianity, further affirmed Riley in her vegan lifestyle and prompted her to declare her church a fur-free zone. She encourages her church's members to follow her lead and helps them along by distributing animal rights books and pamphlets, as well as information on cruelty-free cosmetics and household products.

"I want to help raise the consciousness of the suffering going on in the animal kingdom", she says.

COURTESY : VEGETARIAN TIMES

Fur flies over £ 40 mink coats for dolls

Janet Midwinter

Mini mink coats for dolls have outraged animal rights campaigners.

The £40 garments, which were advertised in a major American Christmas catalogue as the perfect evening wear for the famous Barbie doll, have now been withdrawn.

Gil Michaels, Los Angeles publisher of the *Animals Voice* magazine, said: 'Go ahead tell your spoiled, rotten kid that Daddy dropped £40 so a soft, warm, breathing animal would be killed and now her plastic doll can be dressed up.

'Someone had better warn Barbie about that coat - its last owner died in it'.

Barbie doll makers Mattel said they had no knowledge of the coat's existence, because it had not been licensed by them.

Mr Michaels hired expensive PR consultants to secure time on American TV, to campaign against the coat.

He was so successful that after two days the mail order firm - one of the United States' biggest - said they would not include the item in another catalogue.

'We weren't satisfied, and said we wanted them to withdraw it. A few days ago, they finally agreed.'

COURTESY : THE MAIL

A She in Wolf's Clothing

Bunny D'Souza

I upbraided a fink for wearing mink
That was specially bred on a farm
She laughed and said that skin is in
So tell me what's the harm?

My friend wears fur that makes her purr
Like a sleek and well fed cat
I bought this coat to also gloat
Is something wrong with that?

An elephant tusk or a deer's musk
Should rightly belong to the vain
But are wasted on the dumb — by gum
Whilst we human beings stay plain

She further felt that a tiger's pelt
Made a woman look well bred
And why curse about a pig skin purse
When the pig is already dead?

If people squeal about a seal
And an itchy bitsy chinchilla
Or get vex over a slain ibex
She considered it most peculiar

Where diners got full on a Karakul
And then threw away its fur
Or someone had a jinx about wearing lynx
Only these things bothered her

I said I thought if nature meant
For us to have fur coats
We'd all be clothed right from birth
Like ewes and lambs and goats

If nature's gift to animals I added
Is an enviable protective hide
Is it so hard to realise
There's a heart that beats inside?

I was an utter fool she swore
A beast is there for the kill
Then you'd better be prepared I warned
You may just fit the bill

For to kill at will is a deed most foul
Be it man or bird or beast
And if you think that I am wrong
You are lower than the least.


COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

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UK Government Abandons Fur Labelling Proposals

'CRUELTY'
LABELLING

BORN
8th FEBRUARY 1988

DIED
PREMATURELY
17th JUNE 1988.

HERE LIE
40,000,000
ANIMALS
WHO
MIGHT HAVE
LIVED

Leghold Trap Slams Shut Again After Government Withdrawal

On February 8th of this year, the day that the Fur Labelling proposals were announced, Kathy Arnold, a Trustee of **Beauty Without Cruelty** International, wrote in her journal:

Monday February 8th

"..... a MOST ORIGINAL SCHEME FOR LABELLING FUR COATS. IT SEEMS TO BE A RESPONSE TO URGINGS FROM BOTH PUBLIC AND PARLIAMENT - A PRIVATE CRUSADE, TOO, FOR ALAN CLARK.

TODAY 'THE TELEGRAPH' HAS A FRONT-PAGE ARTICLE HEADED 'CRUELTY LABELS FOR FUR COATS', PLUS A PICTURE OF A MARTEN CONTORTED IN A TRAP - DYING IN AGONY' IT SAYS..... A MODEST VICTORY, A TENTATIVE JOY"

Friday June 17th

On this, the eve of Mrs. Thatcher's visit to the Canadian Economic Summit, 'The Telegraph' again has a headline on the front page about fur. It is shorter, terser, and there is no picture. It says "'Cruelty" Labels on Fur are Scrapped'. I have made no entry in my journal; my sorrow is marked only by a blank space.

We ask the Ministry of Trade for further details and learn that a question will be asked in Parliament on Monday. They do, however, confirm the withdrawal, but say that no official announcement had yet been made.

Monday June 20th

The situation remains bleak. Mr. Alan Clark has cited 'Legal Difficulties' in response to the tabled question about the withdrawal. So in place of jubilant tidings, we issued a sombre Press Release, an epitaph to a scheme conceived with justifiable pride and buried stealthily, shamefully, without ceremony. We offer the deepest sympathy to Alan Clark for his courageous stand; we mourn for the animals whose agony will continue unabated.

Beauty Without Cruelty's INVOLVEMENT IN FUR LABELLING

Beauty Without Cruelty was one of only four Animal Welfare Organisations officially consulted, out of a list of a sixty-eight designated consultees.

We had, for some time, been urging the Department of Trade to work towards a ban on all fur taken from the wild; although the eventual action was less than we asked for, it was, nevertheless, a most innovative and courageous measure and we gave it our unqualified support.

The essence of the measure, expressed in a letter accompanying the Proposals, was 'to enable the public to give effect to its views on fur trapping, through exercising choice in the market place on the basis of better information. The Order decreed that fur goods from the following animals would bear a label stating 'Includes Fur', from Animals Commonly Caught in Leghold Traps.'

Bobcat	Cross Fox
Coyote	Grey Fox
Lynx	Red Fox
Wolf	White Fox


COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

Sudden death here is just a two-minute phone call away. In the time it takes to book a cab, you can arrange to kill some of the world's rarest and most beautiful animals.

Antelope, deer, sheep, even African lions and other big cats, are being reared in their hundreds on Texas ranches in the name of so-called sport.

British tourists are among those keeping business booming. In many cases, any romantic notions of the "thrill of the chase" can be quickly forgotten. The selected animal is kept in a pen, into which the heavily armed hunter is admitted. Death is as inevitable as it is bloody.

Such events are known here as "canned hunts". What makes it even more unspeakable, is that some of the animals slaughtered for trophies are laughably tame, coming from circuses, zoos and private owners.

Field sport magazines carry pages of ads for ranches specialising in rare species, that are high on hunters' wanted lists. I phoned several, and in each case was read out a list as matter-of-factly as a waitress tells you the day's specials in a restaurant.

"Yes sir... we have ibex, axis deer ... many other exotics." the woman who answered the phone at the Turkey Spring ranch at Mason, Texas, assured me. "What exactly were you looking for?"

She saw no problem in putting us on the trail of African lion.

One rancher who keeps African lions on his spread is Joe Burkett, who runs 400 acres near Fredericksburg. When we arrived on

You can pat the lions. They sit and purr, and then you shoot them. They call it HUNTING!

Collin Wills

the outskirts of his property, we saw a male and two female lions behind a 10ft. metal fence, of the type normally seen surrounding tennis courts.

We found Mr Burkett doing some work around the perimeter. He said that these lions were his breeding stock, but that he was willing to allow lions "surplus to requirements" to be hunted.

"It'd cost you 9500 dollars (£6000) to hunt one," he said. "That would include having it mounted as a trophy".

He agreed that Texas was bursting with exotic animals for hunting. "We got just about everything here except elephants. We haven't figured a way of keeping them in yet."

Mr Burkett denied that canned hunts were unfair. "It's more dangerous to hunt lion here." he maintained. "In Africa a lion will run from you ... these won't."

He was certainly right about that. When he reappeared later that morning driving a bulldozer, the lions ambled down to the fence to greet him, for all the world like a group of pet dogs. Strangers have been able to walk right up to the fence and pet some of the lions.

Lynn Cuny, executive director of Wildlife Rescue, a San Antonio based animal rights organisation, was amazed when she paid a visit to the ranch in secret, to check the animals' condition.


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Target — a mountain lion safe now in Lynn's sanctuary

"One of the lionesses came up to the fence to meet me and was actually purring. She was rubbing herself up and down the wire and having a great time."

It is the trusting tameness of many animals slaughtered in canned hunts that disturbs Lynn most.

"Many of the big cats are virtual house pets. Would you shoot your pet dog?"

Amazing as it may seem, canned hunting is totally within Texas state law. Because the African lion is not considered a game animal, it has the same status as a rabbit.

When government officials found the beheaded corpses of two lions on federal property near a reservoir recently, the only charge they could invoke was basically the same as depositing litter. As most ranches promise "no kill, no pay" the chances of an animal getting away are negligible.

"They want people's money", said taxidermist Roland Nester from San Antonio. "So they are going to make sure they get their trophy if they possibly can." Mr Nester has been asked to mount such diverse animals as ostriches and anteaters.

He says that Texas has become the world mecca for hunting rare animals because of its free and easy laws.

"It's green bucks here," he says. "Not red tape."

COURTESY : SUNDAY MIRROR


COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

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A few years ago, Madhya Pradesh used to abound with wild life. So when we were posted to the outskirts of Jabalpur, I looked forward to shooting with a camera. Seeing rabbit and hare enter the kitchen garden for a nibble, soon became commonplace. The slimy green snakes gliding in the stagnant water near the paddy patch, elicited continuous admiration.

We made sure our return trips from town were at night, because the car headlights invariably caught a doe, very often with her young. They would stand motionless, too paralysed to move, under the fierce glare of the brightness. Then with a proprietary air, and accustomed maturity, the doe would nuzzle her kid to get a move on.

One day, our usually cheerful Mali, sat bleary eyed and disconsolate, under the tamarind tree. He explained that his elder brother, just nine miles away in the neighboring village, had been severely mauled by a tiger, and was at death's door. A very genuine fear began to spread, as more and more cases were reported. The man-eating tiger was becoming bolder, and it became clear that the prowling and forays were not restricted to the darkness of night.

The tiger was blamed for breaking down doors, and carrying away children. The M.P. government advertised for a crack shikari, and waited for a volunteer. A few villagers, who had either been attacked and miraculously saved, or those who had been witness to the beasts rage, gave incoherent and contradictory statements about the tiger's viciousness and size.

Ingenious Solution

Gemma M D'Cunha

One point that seemed to tally from various accounts was that the man-eater was a tigress, yet in the fertile period. On at least three occasions, a couple of her cubs had been spotted not far from the scene of attack. Also, there were usually three sets of pug marks on the ground, two sets being visibly very diminutive, around the place of kill.

It was indeed fortunate that the forest conservator at the time, was so heavily involved in the preservation of wild life. He had an experiment up his sleeve. An electrically energised dummy of a fisherman, was left near a secluded water hole. The dummy had a battery attached to it. No sooner the animal came in contact with the dummy, it would receive an electric shock.

To prevent the shock from being fatal, the fuse would blow off, thereby cutting off electricity. It was hoped that the tigress would be too scared after this shock, to venture near human prey again. The experiment was to be repeated at regular intervals. It was also to act as a deterrent to the cubs, because there was the potential danger that her cubs too, would take the relatively easy path of hunting and stalking human beings, rather than going in for the game in the jungle.

As days and months wore on, it was fantastic the way the number of incidents of assault dwindled, until there was not a case to report. A wonderful feeling of relief came over me. I dreaded hearing that the magnificent beast had been destroyed. An endangered species was more than amply aided, by saving the life of one tigress. Hurrah!

COURTESY : MAHARASHTRA HERALD

It was the second day of the month of April 1988, and the day was a Saturday. To Shri Aayiidaan Ram (aged 60), Shri Naina and Shri Gordhan, all of the agricultural Jat community, living in their dhaanies in village Urasar of the Dhori Manna Panchayat Samiti in district Barmer located in the south-western region of Rajasthan, this was just a usual day in their modest lives. These dhaanies cannot be called farmhouses for that would give the impression of those being rich residences, but these are huts, perhaps with thatched roofs, by the side of their fields, to enable them to live there while safeguarding their crops and tending their cattle. Aayiidaan Ram and others there heard a gun fire, which was not a usual occurrence, and they rushed in the direction from which the sound had come. They found that a group of poachers had unloaded their weapon against an antelope, the Indian Gazelle, or a chinkara in their own language. These gazelles are on the list of endangered species according to the Preservation of Wildlife Act, 1972, but fortunately in certain pockets in western Rajasthan, these animals abound, and unless a vigil had been kept by the local communities, they would have been extinct there too as elsewhere. The poachers finding that they were being chased took to their heels, and the saviours viz. Aayiidaan Ram and others took charge of the bleeding antelope which lay there.

They brought him to their dhaani and started rendering it first-aid. While Aayiidaan and another made themselves busy at this task, the rest proceeded to the police station to report that an offence under the said Act had been committed.

Martyrdom, but of a Different Class

*Air Commodore R.S. Bishnoi,
A.V.S.M.(Retd.)*

While the poachers in their first impulse had run away from the scene, they thought that the injured chinkara would constitute the most damaging piece of evidence against them. Hence they returned. At the time Shri Aayiidaan but for his one companion was alone, as the others had not come back from the police station. The poachers challenged the valiant Aayiidaan Ram so as to enable them to take away their booty which he resisted. They shot at him killing him on the spot. The chinkara too did not survive the injuries inflicted upon him earlier.

A meeting was organised by the All India Jeeva Raksha Sabha at the site of the martyrdom on May 1, 1988 to pay homage to the deceased, to express solidarity with the bereaved family and to convey their deep anguish at this unwarranted loss of human life. The Jeeva Raksha Bishnoi Sabha and the Bishnoi Samaj Seva Samiti of Sonri (a village in district Barmer) contributed a sum of rupees eleven hundred and one thousand respectively towards the welfare of the family of the deceased. The Sabha has also promised to have a statue of the martyr installed at the hallowed spot. The Jat Trust Barmer gave another rupees one thousand for the welfare of Shri Aayiidaan's family.

Will this total sum of rupees three thousand and one hundred be enough to serve the needs of a family who has lost their breadwinner? Obviously no. This then brings us to the important question as to what is the Government's duty in such cases. Saving the endangered species is the aim of the Preservation of Wildlife Act 1972. It is also conceded that no Government can afford to post a police-man or a forest-guard with each and every herd of animals, to save them fro


COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

From Beauty Without Cruelty, Printed in India, July-December 88

poachers. Evidently this duty falls on dedicated citizens, who due to their love for animals, or due to their conviction in 'live and let live' go to risk their lives in performing this lawful act. What should the state do in return to acknowledge their debt to the martyr and to alleviate the sufferings of the bereaved family? The answer is simple. The family should be granted a pension and an eligible member of the family offered a job in the forest or the wildlife department. The concept is not at all new. Pension is given to the freedom fighters, and a dependent member of the deceased's family of a government servant dying in harness, is offered a government job.

Through the medium of these columns, here is an appeal to the Government of Rajasthan to make a beginning from this case and also take a policy-decision in the matter. Other State Governments would also do well to take policy-decisions in this matter, as that would set as a sub-conscious promoter of the cause of Wildlife in their respective States. There is also a request to the forest Wildlife institutions like the Forest Research Institute and Wildlife Institute of India, the conscience keepers of the nation in such matters, to add their weight in impressing upon the Government to take this timely decision.

COURTESY : CHEETAL

Goodwill

Jamie A. Smith

Christmas is with us once again,
The season of goodwill to men.

Pity it is, to say the least
It includes neither bird nor beast!

Pristine Savagery

The monsoon in Goa is not a time to brood indoors. It is a time to jump into wells and watch 'Sangodds' to celebrate the feast of St. John, St. Peter and St. Paul. And at Terekol it is a time to wear tiger-skin and catch a squealing pigling with your bare teeth.

The queerest part of the celebrations comes when men in tiger-skin catch a pigling, let loose among them, with their bare teeth. For the feast of Saint Peter and Paul, youngsters in this fierce disguise and coir masks, torment the tender porcine fugitive as they attempt to tear it apart with their teeth, while onlookers jump, dance and scream as a part of the weird, primitive ritual. Its early origins have been lost to the present generation, but the compulsive celebration of this near cannibalistic ritual has been retained faithfully.

EXTRACTS
FROM THE
EDITORIAL
FEATURE
MONSOON
MAGIC WITH
PHOTOS

COURTESY:
GOA TODAY

Pristine savagery: boys in tiger-skin tear into a pigling at Terekol.



COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

From Beauty Without Cruelty, Printed in India, July-December 88

Young 'Tigers' biting into a live pigling at the festival of Sao Pedro in Terekol.



It had been reported that during certain religious celebrations in Goa, children were made to bite pigs to death. Therefore, to obtain first hand evidence, on behalf of **Beauty Without Cruelty** (India Branch), I made a trip to Terekol on 24th June.

Due to fading sunlight the photographs I took did not turn out clear.

The festival of "Sajaon" is celebrated annually around the break of monsoon in Goa, in honour of St. John's baptism. I attended the festival celebration at Terekol, a tiny village of about two dozen houses clustered around a church, at the foot of Fort Terekol.

A procession consisting of children decked in flowers, teenager boys called "tigers" with painted bodies and other villagers who were drunk, splashing muddy water on each other, went round the village and ended to bathe on the banks of the river Terekol.

The highlight of the festival was most gruesome. A rope was tied around a pigling

Human Bites Animal

Amar A Heblekar

and it was teethered to a tree, left trembling and half dead with fright. It was then let loose for four "tigers" to kill.

The "tigers" went into action in a sickening manner by biting the live pigling. Although suprisingly no blood was visible, the pigling's eyes bulged out in pain and fright. This torture provided great entertainment for the villagers. Amidst sadistic laughter and hysterical screams, the suffering pigling was pushed on the road.

Ironically, none of the villagers knew the significance of the weird custom of teenagers biting the pigling to death. But, they said it was a tradition for "tigers" to bite a pigling and it had been happening for as long as they could remember.

Children are the future citizens of our country and it is our duty to teach them to respect all forms of life, more so in the name of religion. Furthermore, it is an established fact that cruelty to animals is the first step towards murder among our own kind. Let us therefore hope that the State Government of Goa will intervene and not permit such barbaric acts to take place next year onwards.

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

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How many of us cause suffering - and even death - to animals without even being aware of it? "Not I!" you may say. We probably all do, or have done without realising it.

If you discard a tin which has been opened by the usual type of tin opener - one which takes the top of the container out from within the rim, as opposed to some which take the top off around the outer edge of the rim - there is every chance that you have unwittingly set a trap.

Most people leave the flap attached to the can by an inch or so of metal. Some may be in the habit of tucking the flap inside before discarding it. That's fine from the safety point of view. The dustman will not cut himself on it then, as it will be unable to pierce the plastic bag in which it may have been placed for collection.

Not good for the potential victims though. We have just set our trap.

When an attempt to remove it is made, it is often found to be stuck fast - held there by the sharp edge of the lid. The more it pulls to get it off, the more it cuts in. The tin can will now be permanently attached to the bird, which can now stand to lose a foot or a leg - even worse, it's life, if the head is caught inside.

The remedy is simple. After tucking the flap inside of the container, press the sides together so that nothing can get into the trap.

Another trap involves a can with a different sort of opening. Most of us will be acquainted with the now familiar ring pull type of can.

When these empty containers are discarded carelessly, they are just waiting for an unsuspecting victim to explore the interior. Small mice, lizards, etc., can often get in because the outside will almost certainly be rough and

The Unintentional Trap

Gary Colbourne

the animal will be able to get a grip to force its way inside. When it comes to leaving, things become complicated. The inside of the can is smooth, and offers no grip for the creature's feet. Result : death by starvation.

Remedy - crush the can before disposal so that nothing can enter the hole. This is very easily done with most cans, by squeezing the sides together with your hands or by stepping on it. Also, make sure that the top is well flattened so that nothing can enter.

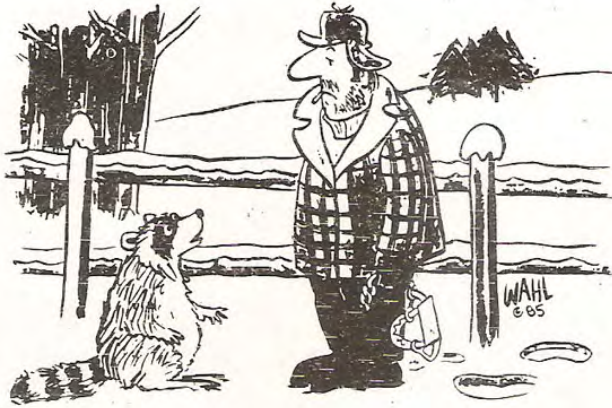
If you come across cans carelessly discarded by others, first check that there is nothing alive inside before flattening it as described. If there is someone in residence, it will probably need some help to get out. The thin aluminum walls of the can are easily cut to make a large enough opening - but be careful!

A third trap, are the moulded plastic rings which usually hold cans like those mentioned above together in packs of four. Gulls have been known to strangle themselves, on getting their heads caught in these. Break them up thoroughly before disposing of them - not forgetting the small hole in the centre.

Finally, plastic bags can be the death of creatures which may find their way in but can't get out again. This is common when bags find their way into streams and ponds. Many aquatic animals die this way.

Perhaps other readers have information about other unintentional traps.

COURTESY : ANIMAL VIGILANTS



Serious Humor

"ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS MY TWO FRONT FEET."



"HAND OVER YOUR WATCH, YOUR WALLET, AND MY MOTHER."

Some serious humor from Jan Wahl of the Humane Society of Huron Valley in Ann Arbor, Michigan.