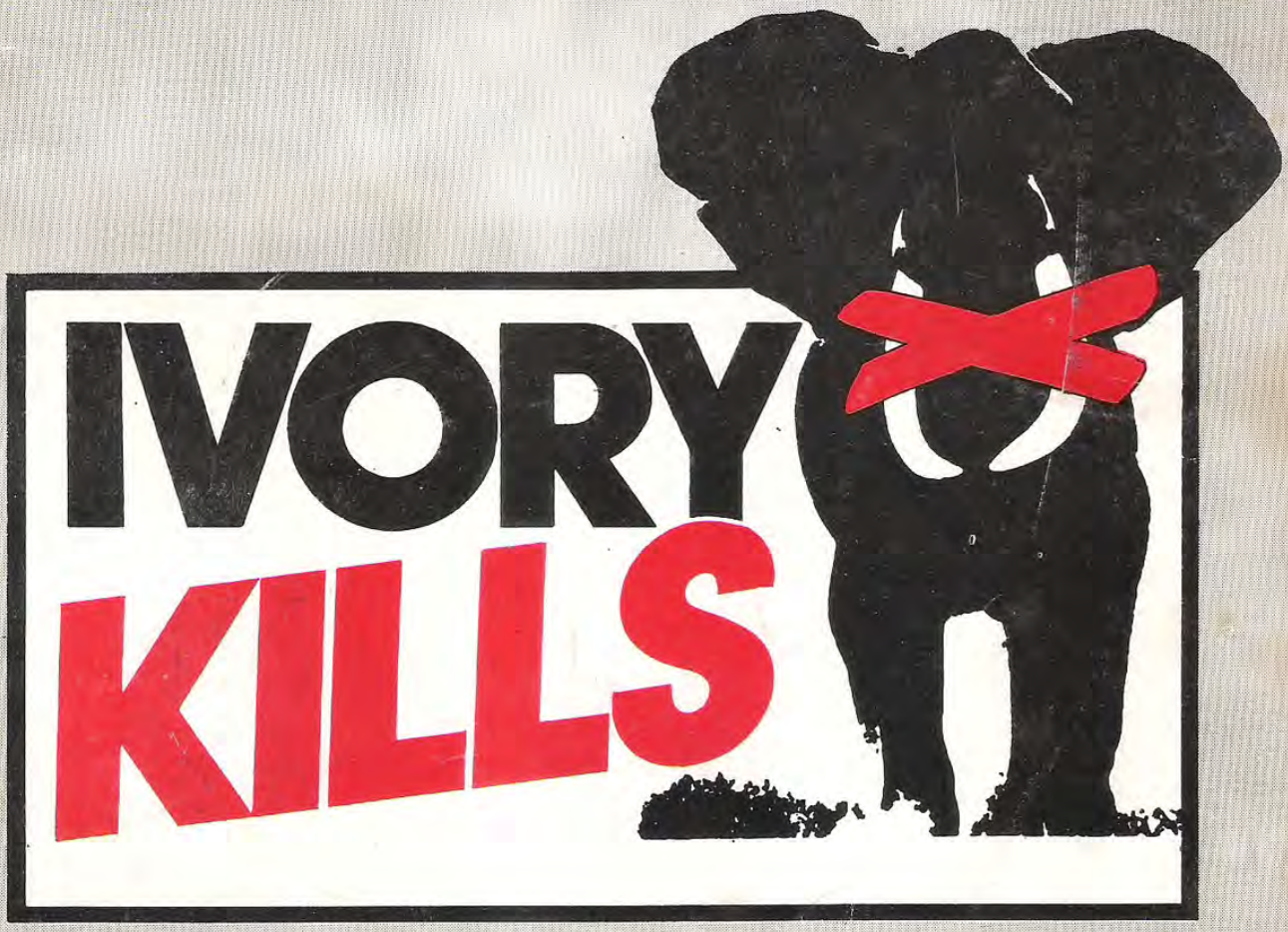
COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

JOURNAL OF BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY INDIA



October 1989 — March 1990

Vol. X111 No. 4 Vol. X1V No. 1

Beauty Without Cruelty

INTERNATIONAL

AN INTERNATIONAL EDUCATIONAL CHARITABLE TRUST FOR ANIMAL RIGHTS

International Jt. Presidents
Ms. Virginia McKenna
Mr. Bill Travers

INDIAN BRANCH
President
Mr. Akbarali H. Jetha
Vice President
Ms. Nalini Z. Metha
Chairperson
Ms. Diana Ratnagar
Hon. Secretary
Ms. Pilu Dady
Hon. Treasurer
Mr. D. R. Ratnagar

Committee Members
Mr. C. D. Beaman
Dr. M. M. Bhamgara
Mr. Dinesh Bhansali
Mr. Dady C. Dady
Mr. V. H. Dalmia
Mr. Noshir K. Irani
Mr. Ramesh K. Jhaveri
Mr. Harshavadan Mangaldas
Ms. Mehr Mehta
Ms. Nergish K. Plumber
Ms. Crystal Rogers
Ms. Jyoti P. Shah
Mr. Kirit Sheth
Mr. Pallav Sheth
Mr. Frank Simoes

Magazine edited by
Ms. Diana Ratnagar

Beauty Without Cruelty
is a way of life 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.

Bombay Centre
Ms. Sheela Dandekar (Director)
P. Box No. 3681, Girgaon,
Bombay 400 004
Tel. (022) 8119125/8229235
(for messages only)

Delhi Centre
Dr. D.B. Jain (Director)
"Shakahar", 1 Darya Ganj,
New Delhi 110 002. Tel. (011) 3273537

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.

Contents

Last chance for the Elephants	1
Mourning the Dead	2
Legacy for Beauty Without Cruelty	3
George died with the courage of a Lion	4
Are we going to save the Rhino?	6
A Sport	8
They bear it	9
In the News	10
Cause for concern for the Camel	12
Rape of the Musk Deer	14
Meatless Days and World Peace	16
Seeing Red	17
Miracle at Monkey Mia	18

Sponsored by
VADILAL ENTERPRISES LIMITED

Last Chance for the Elephants

Elephants Win at C.I.T.E.S.

International trade in ivory was banned by the 103 member nations of the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species of Wild Fauna and Flora (C.I.T.E.S.) when the delegates meeting at Lausanne, Switzerland in October 1989 voted to upgrade the African elephant to Appendix I (endangered) status.

The 76 to 11 vote was a blow to the ivory dealers whose ingenuity was sorely taxed as they maneuvered to unload huge stockpiles of poached ivory before January 18, 1990, the date on which the C.I.T.E.S. decision became effective and after which any attempted ivory sales across national borders became violations of international law.

Life defiled. The embryo of an elephant whose mother was killed for her teeth.

Stop Press - January 17, 1990

Britain, in a shocking reversal of policy, announced today that it is filing a reservation to allow the 85 million pounds worth of ivory stockpiled in Hong Kong to be sold on the world market for the next six months. At the C.I.T.E.S. meeting, Britain voted for the ban on ivory trade and even introduced a resolution calling for, the immediate implementation of the ivory ban because, as the British representative stated : "the crisis facing the African elephant means we can not wait for 90 days". But now, Prime Minister Thatcher has decided that it should wait another six months, thus rewarding Hong Kong ivory syndicates that the ban should put out of business. They will now have opportunity to launder more poached ivory through Hong Kong.

Six other countries have also filed reservation to the 76-11 C.I.T.E.S. vote. They are: South Africa, China, Zimbabwe, Botswana, Malawi and Zambia.

The fight to save the elephants from the ivory trade must be redoubled to prevent the development of new routes for smuggling ivory. After a short respite in poaching from October of 1989 to January 18, 1990, elephants are again in mortal danger.

Courtsey : The Animal Welfare Institute Quarterly

Ivory Boycott

Beauty Without Cruelty has submitted a representation to the Ministry of Environment & Forests to destroy all confiscated stocks of ivory.

Readers are requested to boycott all ivory items.

Mourning the Dead

They stayed at the site overnight and encircled the dead calf, trumpeting, squealing and wailing.

Tears rolled down the eyes of the mother elephant and her breasts lactated heavily because the injured calf could not feed on them for nearly two days.

A herd of about 25 elephants recently assembled in front of the range office of the Simplipal Project Tiger at upper Barakamara to mourn the death of a two-year-old male calf.

The herd, in two groups, was grazing in a grassland here near the Barakamara-Tinadhia road when a tiger tried to whisk away the calf.

The calf died of head injuries caused by the predator. Mr. S G Ochi, project manager of the stateowned Simplipal Forest Development told a visiting UNI correspondent that the incident occurred about three km from the range office.

Immediately after the incident, a group of elephants assisted the injured calf to the artificial salt-lick in front of the range office, assuming the proximity to human habitation would keep the tiger at bay.

Project Tiger tracker Devananda Nayak, who kept a watch over the movement of the herd, said the group took nearly six hours to cover the three-km road from the spot of the attack to the salt-lick. The injured calf was intermittently rested on the way.

The mother elephant on arrival at the salt-lick, picked up a clump of dried grass, and winnowed it close to the wound of the injured calf to drive away the flies.

Around mid-day, when the sun became unbearable, the herd dispersed to the shade under the trees, about 100 metres from the range office.

The calf's mother, meanwhile, went to a water source close by.

The range office staff taking advantage of the temporary absence of the herd, hurried to the injured calf, gave an antisceptic wash and applied 'neosporin' on its wounds.

Just as they completed this job, the mother returned and gave chase. The staff hastened back to the range office campus. The mother was then seen spraying water from her trunk on the injured calf.

The baby elephant despite its mother's efforts and attempts of the range office staff, succumbed to its injuries shortly after noon the following day.

The elephants then started giving 'trumpet-signals', and shortly after the entire herd assembled in front of the range office in a demonstration of grief.

The next day, the herd disappeared into the wilderness, and the range office staff dug a pit and burried the calf.

The entire herd revisited the pithead for two successive nights,and thumped the loose soil on the outer surface of the pit with the help of their pugs.

Courtesy : Maharashtra Herald

Legacy for Beauty Without Cruelty

Our Beauty Without Cruelty (India Branch) Life Member, Mr. Hiren Gupta of Dehra Dun passed away on 25th December, 1986. News reached our office only on 23rd January, 1990. Although late, we extend our heartfelt sympathies to his widow, Ms. Malasri Gupta.

The late Mr. Hiren Gupta has willed his house in Dehra Dun to BWC. with a life time interest to his wife to live in it if she so chooses.

In the Will made by the late Mr. Hiren Gupta, his great love for animals has been expressed in his own words as follows :

"The acitivities of BWC are an eye-opener for those who encourage curel fur-trade and cosmetics, etc. that are tested on animals before marketing and also those who purchase articles made of reptiles-hides and other wildlife-products and thereby increase demand of products obtained by trapping and killing inhabitants of our forests, and also food-items like cheese, farm-eggs, hot-dogs of South Korean type, etc. etc.

"I am greatly impressed by the noble and commendable but difficult work devotedly undertaken by BWC. We cannot afford to kill or torture animals just for vanity, fancy or comfort.

"One of the main purposes of my life has been to inculcate feeling of love for animals and the importance of environmental preservation, in the minds of people to achieve harmonious ecology.

"If fur-trade etc. continues, a day will come when majority of the fur bearing species will become extinct. In my lifetime, precisely since 1960, in India and abroad, I have tried my level best to propagate against it and also advocate vegetarianism since 1972, fostering the respect for the animals as all lives too have a crucial role to play. The ideals of BWC. in their attempts to prevent unnecessary, unwarranted and uncalled for slaughter of animals for vanity clearly matches with my life-time ideals and task that remains unfulfilled so far and I feel it still needs to be furthered incessantly with sustained efforts to attain the objects sought to be achieved, BWC. is furthering devotedly the work that I like most and, therefore, out of pure love for such activities and for promotion of "Dharma" as are carried on by BWC., I have bequeathed my above properties to BWC. in order to facilitate and help BWC by mustering whatever help I can render for such a cause."

The late Mr. Hiren Gupta was a dedicated animal lover and believed in a way of life which causes no creature of land, sea or air, any terror, torture or death — the BWC. motto. Ms. Malasri Gupta is also an ardent animal lover.

B.W.C.'s need for Legacies.

The only way of ensuring that B.W.C.'s work is maintained and success achieved is by increasing the charity's income. Therefore legacies and other bequests are vital.

George Died with the Courage of a Lion

Brian Tetley

George Adamson, the lion man, died fighting like a lion. The world famous conservationist was gunned down by wildlife poachers in a Kenyan game reserve as he raced through a thornbush wilderness to rescue his driver and a young German girl who were under attack.

The killing of Adamson came nine years after the murder of his wife Joy, writer of the best-seller BORN FREE, and who was killed by one of her house staff.

George Adamson was murdered at high noon. He rushed from his home, Lion Camp in the Kora National Reserve, after hearing shots and set off in his battered Land Rover. Mohamed Maru, 37, who had worked for Adamson for eight years, was travelling in the Land Rover with him. He said "George was typing a letter in his room when he heard the first shots. He told me to get his old .303 rifle and some bullets and two other men. Then he picked up his pistol and tucked it into his belt and we drove off. We came around a bend and saw the gang. I shouted to George to stop but he just drove straight on. I jumped out of the vehicle and rolled into the bush. They riddled George with bullets. He just wouldn't stop. He didn't even have time to get out his pistol. He was a brave man. He knew no fear. He was a lion himself and he died with the courage of a lion."

Adamson, a former game warden lived in retirement in the reserve, 150 miles from Nairobi. He was constantly on his guard for poachers, who have been responsible for the wholesale slaughter of elephants in Kenya for ivory trade. Six years ago he told an interviewer that he had heard of a plot by Somali poachers to murder him, in the hope that with him gone, authorities would be under little pressure to police the reserve.

A close associate said "I think that George always was aware that there was a risk and that he was treading on somebody's toes".

With his beard and flowing grey hair, Adamson had the look of a lion about him. Despite his age, and the fact that he was suffering so severely with asthma that he kept an oxygen cylinder by his bed, yet he steadfastly refused to leave his home.

The letter he was writing was still in the typewriter. It was to a friend by an old man looking back on greater times. In it Adamson said "All goes well apart from the ever growing pile of letters and muddled accounts. Now most of my days are spent thumping the typewriter instead of tracking down lions".

Richard Leakey, Kenya's Director of National Parks and Wildlife Conservation paid tribute to the man who spent his life teaching orphan lion cubs how to hunt and live free in the bush. "George Adamson" he said, "wasn't a man to back off in a fight. He had incredible determination. Throughout his life he gave unstinting service to conservation and wildlife management. Whatever his age, he wasn't going to let a gang of armed poachers deter him. He had been fighting these people all his life and would fight them to the end".

Adamson was game warden of Kenya's northern frontier district in 1944 when he married Joy, an Austrian-born artist. She had moved to the game reserve to work with leopards. In 1956, her husband took home three motherless lion cubs. One, which they named Elsa, became the central character of her book BORN FREE, which was later filmed with Adamson serving as technical director and the parts of him and Joy were played by Bill Travers and his wife, Virginia McKenna.

BORN FREE and its sequels, LIVING FREE and FOREVER FREE, both also written by Joy, described the couple's unique and controversial practice of taking lions born in captivity and teaching them to survive on their own before freeing them.

The lion man was burried at his beloved camp beside his brother Terence. This was one of his last wishes.

Virginia McKenna said that on the night before Adamson was killed "an extraordinary thing happened. Fifteen lions went quietly into his camp".

There are those who would say the lions had arrived to say goodbye to the man who loved them so well.

Courtesy : Daily Mail

A Tribute to George Adamson

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

A Martyr in the Cause of Wildlife

George Adamson, a white born in India, migrated to Kenya in 1924 at the age of 18, allured by the enormous chances of hunting in the wilds of East Africa. However in 1938, he gave up hunting to join the Wildlife Department of Kenya and became one of the greatest wildlife conservationists and a writer on wildlife. In Adamson's care, dozens of orphaned young lions lived, whom he nourished and returned to the wild. It was a unique experiment, the success of which can be gauged by the fact that he lived safely with sixteen of them at his "Kampi ya Simba" (Lion Camp). George's wife Joy wrote her best selling books like BORN FREE and LIVING FREE, which recounted their adventures in raising orphaned lions and releasing them.

George wrote that all lions "have been designed and perfected by nature to kill". George was killed in end-August 1989 by a species deadlier than the lion, namely the greedy man impelled by his lust to acquire more and more wealth.

Kenya's main source of foreign exchange is the foreign tourists who come to Kenya from all over the world to see the wildlife in its natural habitat — the lions elephants, rhinoceres and others. If lions are killed for their "trophies", elephants for ivory and rhinoceres for their horns, then why would the tourists come? In the last ten years i.e. from 1979 to 1989, the number of pachyderms in Kenya has come down from 65,000 to a mere 17,000 i.e. a fall by 74%! With the rigid control on destruction of wildlife by the Government of Kenya by their para military rangers, the poachers have taken to arms in order to carry on their nefarious pursuits.

Source material by kind courtesy of Time International

Are We Going to Save the Rhino?

Susan Taylor

A rhino skull with horn.

The wild life parks of NE India are a sanctuary for some of the world's most rare and exotic plants and animals, among them the great one-horned rhino which still struggles to exist in the face of extinction. In the past twenty years the world's rhino population has dropped from 150,000 to a horifying 4,000; the result of intensive poaching, climatic changes and human encroachment of their natural habitat.

The situation has reached desperate proportions. The Asian species number only one third of the total rhino population and of these, the one-horned great Indian, Javan and Sumantran, only the great Indian has any chance of survival. The Sumantran had been poached to a mere 15 by 1985, while the Javan number a pitiful 50. The vast majority of the remaining one-horned Indian rhinos are now in wild-life sanctuaries in Assam, but even here they are at risk from poachers.

The rhino is a large, short-sighted and solitary animal, making it an easy target. It's horns are highly prized and easily smuggled; for the rhino this is a lethal combination. Despite international efforts to end the illegal trade, demand remains high and a 2 kg horn can sell for anything up to £ 50,000 on the black market.

The main markets are the Middle East, where horns are used to make ceremonial daggers, and the Far East, where in powdered form the horn is used in traditional medicines as an aphrodisiac and a cure for depression. There is no medical evidence to support any of these claims despite extensive research! The vast sums involved in the trade make it worth the risk at both ends of the market for poachers, middle-men and dealers, to defy international protection laws and continue their slaughter of one of the world's rarest animals.

In the Kaziranga National Park, which provides sanctuary for an estimated 1,400 great Indian rhinos, animals are lost every year to poachers. In 1985 alone 43 rhinos were killed, with a total 350 deaths in Assam between 1981-1989. Poachers from Nagaland, Manipur and Tripura now work as part of an international syndicate, which provides a network through which horns can be smuggled, via Burma, to the lucrative markets of the Far East. The sanctuary is surrounded by protective boundaries and patrolled 24 hours a day, but the number of park police remains inadequate, guard posts are 8 miles apart and there is only one guard for every ten rhinos which have no fixed trail. Determined poachers crossing the boarder at night, armed with high-powered rifles, can still succeed in tracking and killing their victims before park officials can intervene.

In the monsoon season, when 70-80% of Kaziranga becomes flooded, the rhinos are even more at risk. Communications between the guards are very poor and stranded animals are easily killed. During this season animals also fall victim to the floods which were responsible for the deaths of 38 rhinos in 1988 alone. Raised earthern platforms have been built as places of refuge for the animals, but with the death toll continuing more stringent efforts are needed. These include greater Government investment to finance the widening and elevation of roads which can act as a temporary refuge for animals, along with further elevation of existing raised platforms. Environmental damage in the surrounding area, which is largely responsible for the devasting effects of the floods in recent years, must also be tackled and an integrated forest policy adopted. For the animals to survive in these sanctuaries, the ecological balance within them must be maintained.

In the tiger reserve of Manas, illegal cultivation of the buffer zone has led to similar environmental destruction as the forest area is increasingly disturbed. More immediately, the l00 rhinos in the park are facing an even greater threat as a result of political problems in the region. Bodo extremists. demanding a separate Bodoland, have terrorised the area with the result that patrol guards have left their posts and exposed the animals to poachers without even minimal protection. When the rhino population is already so vulnerable such limited protection is unacceptable. The Assam Government must find a political solution to the Bodo problem which will prevent further unnecessary deaths of the rhino.

If the rhino is to survive extinction, government bodies on both a state and national level must fulfil their responsibility to ensure that India's rare animals within these sanctuaries are indeed protected. National parks must be provided with adequate funds and resources so that they can combat poaching effectively. This means a substantial increase in the number of guards, the introduction of up-dated communication equipment and the use of modern weaponary.

The centrally sponsored scheme which has been formulated to protect the rhino and its habitat in Assam, includes provision for maintenance of additional protection staff, the purchase of elephants, vehicles and equipment, along with plans for road construction and surveylance of the surrounding habitat. Such a scheme is clearly a welcomed step forward. The government must now maintain sufficient monitoring of the scheme to ensure effective utilization of the funds and make provision for additional monies to be made available where necessary.

Legislation against poachers and anyone found in possession of horns (or any other illegal bounty) should not only be strict, but implemented; quick and severe punishments in the form of fines and imprisonment are needed to punish offenders and provide a healthy example to others. Increased man-power to track smugglers is also necessary. Recent cases have indicated that rhino horn is also being transported through Varanasi and Bombay; this smuggling must be stopped.

On an international level, India must pressure other governments to not only adopt, but implement strict regulations which will end the illegal trade in rhino horns. In particular, countries which continue to provide a market for rhino horns must be forced to take a strict line against offenders, while continuing their efforts to encourage the use of alternative products and so put an end to demand.

Without strong and immediate measures, implemented on a world scale, the needless slaughter of the rhino will continue. We must ensure that the rhino survives.

"A Sport"

On Sunday, 21st January 1990 the Hindi evening news telecast showed greyhound racing as a "sport" of Punjab. Shocked viewers complained to Beauty Without Cruelty A letter of protest was immediately sent to the Director General, Doordarshan, New Delhi.

Some BWC members may recall that in January 1988 the major national newspapers carried graphic photographs of greyhound coursing in Phagwara, Punjab. The four gory photographs obtained by the United News of India were responsible for letters to the Government from thousands of outraged readers. People strongly objected to the three-day event in which about 175 specially trained greyhounds participated in pairs - chasing, catching and tearing apart over 250 hare.

The issue was investigated in detail by the Union Government and mainly due to public demand the Government passed a law prohibiting the use of live hare for greyhound coursing in Punjab. This was done under the Wildlife (Protection) Act.

Technically, this should have meant the end of the so-called barbaric "sport" because greyhound coursing means the grusome act of dogs killing innocent rabbits. But, minus publicity, the so-called "sport" has been continuing during winter in Punjab (and possibly adjoining States) and the Government and Police have not been able to stop it. Clubs which promote the "sport" have powerful and influencial members and to them it seems to be a status symbol!

Think of the terrified innocent creatures torn apart as against the sadistic pleasure and possible monetary gain for the organisers and spectators. Added to which it is unlawful under both the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' Act and the Wildlife (Protection) Act. Write a letter to the President of India, Rashtrapati, Bhawan, New Delhi. Request that Government take urgent steps to once and for all put an end to greyhound coursing and racing in all parts of India.

Some may say : "Why bother about rabbits and dogs when men get killed in Punjab daily?" Let us remember, both human and animal lives are precious and more often than not, cruelty towards animals is the first step towards murder among men.

They bear it

In the summer of 1985, the Taj Group of Hotels and the Government of India made a grave mistake by sending Munna, a performing bear and his "mahout" to Paris to dance for the French people eating street food from India at the Festival of India.

The French were so disgusted at the spectacle that animal activitists kidnapped the performing bear in order to liberate him and give him back a bear's dignity. The group publicised the fact that 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 without water.

In sharp contrast to the fanfare with which Munna had set out to entertain the people of France, he was brought back home to India in a hush-hush manner and taken to the Rambagh Palace Hotel of Jaipur where he still performs for tourists.

The episode did considerable damage to the Festival and India's international image, particularly as the French newspapers critised and described in great detail the cruelty and suffering involved for the poor performing bear.

Himalayan bears live in thickly wooded areas below the snowline. The further they decend the more dangerous it becomes for them as they are shot on the excuse of ruining crops. Their thick black skins are converted into valuable rugs; and if the shot bear happens to be a mother, her cub is captured.

The little bear's real agony starts when a hole is crudely bored through his nose with some sharp instrument while he is tightly held captive and unable to move. A rope is then thrust through the hole, holding him a prisoner for the rest of his life. His training is based on fear. And, steps are taken in the form of removing all his teeth and claws to ensure that he does not attack and harm any one. But, by bringing the bear down to the hot plains, he is subjected to the worst possible form of cruelty. It is constant hell fire for him to endure the heat, moreso when dancing in the hot sun.

Beauty Without Cruelty has been campaigning for a ban on animals made to perform or fight in the streets. In response a little relief was granted by the Ministry of Environment & Forests who in 1988 sent a circular to all the Chief Wildlife Wardens stating that wild animals in the possession of "madaris" must be licensed and well looked after. If not, they should be confiscated. The animals in question are mainly bears, monkeys, snakes and mongoose. Whilst this move was a tiny step forward in the right direction, Beauty Without Cruelty hoped it wouldn't be long before the Government would ensure that no creature (wild or domesticated, animal or bird) would be made to perform tricks.

It was therefore with joy that Beauty Without Cruelty members read in the newspapers in January this year that the Union Minister of State for Environment & Forests, Ms. Maneka Gandhi, had suggested that a sanctuary be set up for confiscated bears used for street shows.

Statesman Calcutta Feb. 4, 1990

To cap it all

New Delhi, Feb. 3 — Mr. V.P. Singh has switched over from sheepskin caps to artificial fur caps following the outcry against the killing of Karakul sheep for making the headgear, says PTI.

The Prime Minister in a letter to the chairperson of "Beauty Without Cruelty", Ms Diana Ratnagar, said that the Minister of state for Environment and Programme Implementation, Mrs. Maneka Gandhi, had presented him with three caps made of artificial fur and he has been using those since he got them.

"Sometimes things are done without awareness of the background. I have always stood for the voiceless. Therefore my decision to switch to an artificial fur cap as soon as I was informed of the cruelty involved", he said.

The slaughter of Karakul sheep was recently banned in India and the remaining of the flock orginally imported from the Soviet Union has been handed over to "Beauty Without Cruelty"— an international educational charitable trust for animal rights.

The Times of India Bombay Feb. 5, 1990

Editorial

Caring for Karakul

It must be ressuring to many when they read recently that even if the Prime Minister, Mr. V.P. SIngh appears to have changed caps, the headgear he sports now is not the karakul fur cap, which angers animal-lovers, but an "artificial" one. It was the organisation "Beauty Without Cruelty," based in Pune, which made the synthetic non-violent fur cap. We owe this little nugget of information to the new Union environment minister, Mrs. Maneka Gandhi, who disclosed it in a newspaper interview. The karakul lambs, found in Kashmir, are often slaughtered for their fleece, which with its ebony-like sheen, adorns fur caps. And animal lovers, including Mrs. Maneka Gandhi, are exercised over man's cruelty to innocent lambs for his own crowning glory. This might seem like a feather in the cap for the Pune organisation which has turned cap-makers by appointment to the head of government. It is to be seen however, whether the cap fits and whether the head sporting it lies easy or uneasy. We had heard of non-violent footwear in the old days, in more recent times, we had also seen the previous head of government don a rich array of caps. The environment minister also revealed that buying of animal fur had been banned under the Wildlife Protection Act in India — but the government was "stymied" because certain laws did not apply to Jammu and Kashmir. The result was that karakul lambs continued to be slaughtered and their fur sold in Kashmir. Mrs. Maneka Gandhi is known for her abiding respect for animal rights, and it is no bee in her bonnet that the slaughter of the innocents be stopped. We agree with her that Jammu and Kashmir should fall in line with the rest of India. But the climate in that state, at the moment, is hardly conducive to peace on earth and goodwill towards all creatures. To cap it all even the Pakistani foreign minister feels it is within his purview to offer comment on the internal affairs of another country. It seems that after a long, diplomatic career of keeping other people's affairs under his hat, Mr. Yakub Ali Khan should still be talking through the same karakul hat about them.

सत्यमेव जयते

PRIME MINISTER

New Delhi
January 31, 1990

Dear Ms. Ratnagar,

I was given the artificial fur cap by Smt. Maneka Gandhi and as you can see I have been wearing it since the day I got it. Sometimes things are done without the awareness of the background. I have always stood for those who are voiceless. Therefore, my decision to switch to an artificial fur cap as soon as I was informed of the cruelty involved.

I thank you again.

Best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

[Vishwanath Pratap Singh]

Ms. Diana Ratnagar
4, Prince of Wales Drive
Wanowrie
Poona-411 040

Cause for Concern for the Camel

Angela Burke

The camel, that most mysterious of animals, which can survive in the desert for 2-3 weeks without water and cover a distance of 80-100 km per day, has been used and exploited by man for centuries. In desert economics, such as Rajasthan and Gujarat, camels play a vital role; they are used for the transport of both men and baggage, in agriculture for ploughing, water carrying and threshing, as part of the defence and civil law programme and for the by-products of meat, milk, hide and hair. In recent years, instead of advancement to more humane treatment, the plight of the camel has rapidly deteriorated as the exploitation increases on all sides.

The horror stories of the camels brought from their native climate of northern deserts, to their certain death in the humid and polluted conditions of Juhu beach, Bombay, were well recorded in the national press. An outcry of public sympathy demanded an end to such profit-seeking ventures, where the camels paid the price with their lives. But what is the situtation now? Any trip to Juhu beach, or Panchgani or even Goa, reveals the gory reality. Camels continue to be bought and transported in increasing numbers to these beaches, often made to walk the whole distance, where they will spend the remainder of their short lives making 'joy rides' for the tourists who flock to experience this unusual delight. For the camel the 'joy ride' consists of being dragged by a rope, attached through a hole in its nose (the skin ripped and maggot infested), along the stretches of sand, with often more than one person per ride. The camels are repeatedly forced to adopt an unnatural sitting position while the visitor mounts, before raising themselves up, with an enormous and agonising strain on their legs. In the space of a few weeks the owner will have recouperated initial costs and be on the way to a healthy profit, the camel is on its way to rapid deterioration that ends only at the grave.

Overworked, in climate to which they are unsuited, the camels are let loose in the evenings to wander the wastelands area ajoining the beach, where they drink stagnant water, find what food they can among

the swampy vegetation and contract diseases (anthrax, pneumonia and surra are all common). A camel brought to Juhu in November is unlikely to survive more than six months. It will gradually be starved and worked to death by an owner who will refuse to call a vet to treat the inevitable disease and infection, knowing fully well that the animal will not survive the monsoons, and that far more profit can be made by simply buying another animal for next years season. Those which do survive until the monsoons will invariably be abandoned to an agonising death of gradual starvation. The camel owners are then free to buy new stocks and the cycle begins again.

So why has this barbaric profiteering in the name of tourism been allowed to continue? In Bombay the Municipal Corporation and the Police have both shunned responsibility and quibble among themselves as to who's jurisdiction the camels come under. The problem lies with the law. Camel-running is unlicensed and under the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Act (1960) is a non-cognisable offence. Court action against oontwallahs (camel runners) is rarely taken, the actual owners of the camels remain illusive and the courts are unlikely to impose anything other than a minimal fine in the face of persistant arguments stressing the need to make a 'living'. What is needed is a strong line taken by the states concerned, backed up by effective legislation. The import of camels to Maharashtra and Goa should be stopped, camel-running made illegal and hefty penalties be imposed for law-breakers. The fact that a camel brought from Rajasthan to the climate of Maharashtra will die within a year, should be enough evidence to secure legal protection for these animals which continue to be exploited and killed by profiteers.

It is not only in these unfamiliar climes on the beach of Maharashtra, however, that camels suffer at the hands of man for so-called 'entertainment'. At the annual camel fair held in Pushkar, Rajasthan, in October-November, thousands of animals are bought and sold, and huge crowds gather to watch the numerous races and competitions put on for their amusement. How many of them stop to consider what this means for the camel? An example of the sort of 'entertainment' provided is as follows: the camels are loaded with the maximum number of adults they can hold — which can be as many as nine — and, as if this were not cruel enough, are then made to race! It is outrageous that the Rajasthan Government has ignored numerous complaints and done nothing to end this barbaric 'sport'. If the animals are not protected under the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Act (1960)', this legislation must be extended to ensure that they are.

The Central Governement is currently working on its own unique form of exploitation of these desert creatures, under the auspices of the 'National Research Centre on Camels' (NRCC), Bikaner, where experiments are taking place on camels. These include experiments designed to reduce the calving age of a camel from 6 - 4 years, and increase the natural reproduction rate from 1 calf every 2 years to 2 calves every 3 years. If similar experiments were carried out on humans it would be considered barbaric; to subject animals to such experiments is merely called 'science'.

Human experimentation with animals and interference with natural laws cannot be justified and should not be tolerated. These futile experiments should be stopped and

Government funding withdrawn. But why is a Government research centre devoting so much time and money to increasing the potential number of camels by such methods, when their efforts could be more usefully directed in areas such as disease control and education for more humane treatment of camels? In the NRCC report produced in July 1984 the reasons are clearly stated. The investigations are designed to 'Evolve a methodology for economic utilization of camel by-products, namely milk, meat, hide and hair'.

Having subjected camels to their cruel 'research' techniques, the NRCC obviously envisages extensive farming of these poor creatures — and no doubt also the healthy profits that can be gained. Under such a system, the females will become 'production units' for calves and milk, before joining their male counterparts on someone's dinner table, or perhaps as a carpet, leather bag or container! Camel products are already appearing in the shops in increasing numbers, and ivory goods being replaced by camel-bone products!

In encouraging such markets, the Government seems to have missed a vital point. The objection to ivory is not merely about preserving the elephant from extinction, it is about the belief that it is fundamentally wrong to kill any animal for products which are not needed. To replace the death and extinction of one animal with the balant exploitation of another is not progress! If the Government wishes to make profits in the manufacturing line, it should look to the humane, non-animal, alternatives which are available for all these products and devote its efforts to encouraging vegetarianism, which is a more moral, healthy and economic source of protein than meat, instead of wasting national funds at the NRCC for their barbaric and needless exploitation of camels.

Rape of the Musk Deer

Jennifer Sawyer

The shy, timid Musk deer, a worldwide symbol of peace and gentleness is currently being mercilessly hunted to extinction for its musk. The reason is profit and the target is human vanity. However, not satisfied with pushing the Musk deer to extinction by mass slaughter, captive breeding programs have now been set up to produce the highly prized musk. This in effect means mass torture for the highly strung deer; the substitution of one evil for another.

The Himilayan Musk deer is a small primitive cervid. It lives at cool altitudes between 2,200 - 4,300 meters above sea level, on the slopes of scrub forest in the mountain states of Central and SE Asia. It is especially sensitive to its environment and to human presence. A unique animal, with similarities to both deer and antelope, it is highly regarded for the distinct odour of musk the male secrets during rutting season. Fetching anywhere from 3 - 5 times its weight in gold musk is a highly prized commodity. It is for this reason the deer has been mercilessly hunted, hounded, shot and killed, regardless of age and sex, to near extinction.

Concern for the extinction of the Musk deer led to the establishment of sanctuaries and captive breeding programs, like those at Kufri in Himachal Pradesh. The extraction of musk from the male deer on these farms has shown where the true loyalties of the Indian Government lie — not in preserving a species on the verge of extinction, but in balant profiteering at whatever the cost.

CCRAS (Central Council for Research in Ayurveda and Siddha) described the details of one method of extracting musk from the male deer. The night before the operation the deer is deprived of food and

only given water. The next day it is drugged, before exploring the genital organs to find the 'musk pod'. When located a sterile canula is pushed into the area. The hardened musk granules stick to the canula and then it is removed. When allowed to recover the animal was noted to be in an 'abnormal' state of confusion and excitement. This is an understatement for an animal that has just been drugged and raped!

Another method used is to 'milk' the deer of its musk while it is still in liquid form. To do this the deer is physically held down. Terrified and panic stricken it fights to free itself while its genitals are explored and pulpated, exposing the milk white liquid musk. This very delicate and sensitive area is then subjected to the painful and indecent scrapings of a knife!

Now, the Times of India (1987) quotes: "A team success collected musk without trauma". The mutilation and degredation of this timid, sensitive animal IS a major trauma, occurring from one rutting season to the next. It should not be praised, but stopped. There are over 80 different alternatives to musk on the market plant and other non-animal sources. With these alternatives available, the guilt for the slaughter and rape of the Musk deer lies, not only with those who commit the crime, but with those who continue to buy the product.

The main markets are the perfume industry of France and the male aphrodisiac industry of Japan, with products spread throughout the world. That musk from the deer should be used in aphrodisiacs is totally unnecessary and founded on false beliefs which are out of balance with nature. Each animal in nature produces its own individual smell distinct to its own species, which with certain species is quite strong. Does the man using such a product really believe a smell designed specifically to attract a female Musk deer will attract a woman? Indeed, a very naive attitude.

Musk is also used for its medicinal properties in certain branches of medicine, when there are many more effective alternatives available. It is far preferable to use a product which has not involved cruelty to animals.

The idea then of these captive breeding farms seems not to be concern for the Musk deer, but concern for maintaining profit at whatever the cost. Real concern should be shown by an enforced ban on the commercial exploitation of musk and the use of over 80 different plant and non-animal alternatives instead.

Terrified baby Musk deer at CCRAS's Research Centre.

Meatless Days and World Peace

Dada J.P. Vaswani of the Sadhu Vaswani Mission said : "Meat eating and world peace appear to be poles apart. Actually the two are inter-linked. So long as animals and birds are slain to provide food for men, so long we will not see peace on the face of this earth. If man kills animal for food, he will not hessitate in killing a fellow man whom he considers as his enemy. The root cause of world wars is irreverance for life. Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace, said that we will not have peace until we educate our people to grow in reverence for life, reverence for all life. Until we grow in reverence for all life, we will not be able to abolish wars. It is only through a shared reverence for all life that the dream of world peace can be turned into a realisable goal."

On 17th November a Peace March was organised by the Sadhu Vaswani Mission, not only in Poona their headquarters, but at a few other cities as well. The Poona one was flagged off by Mata Sutra Devi of the Sri Ramakrishna Mission in Brazil. The Peace Torch was received by Dada J.P. Vaswani at the Mission Campus where an elaborate function was organised for over 8,000 persons, mainly students. The Mayor was presented with a memorandum requesting closure of slaughter houses on 25th November, the 110th Birth Anniversary of Sadhu T.L. Vaswani, a Saint of Compassion and Love. In fact, the Government of Maharashtra has declared 25th Novemebr as a Meatless Day.

The campaign for the 25th November to be a Meatless Day is an international one and increasing response is received from different parts of the world, particularly from the Sindhi community. People pledge abstinence from all food of violence (fish, flesh, fowl etc.) on the day. Some take pledges of abstinence for particular days of the week, whereas some are known to have pledged to be vegetarian for life.

The motivation behind the movement today is Dada J.P. Vaswani, one of the greatest religious exponents of reverence for life. In his speech delivered after the Peace March, he so impressively stated that all life was one — man, animal and bird. He reminded people that Sadhu Vaswani used to say that animals and birds were no different to men and should be considered as our younger brothers and sisters.

Meatless Days are backed by closure of slaughter houses in various cities. It can be easily done the other way round: closure of slaughter houses on particular days can be backed by Meatless Days. The Jain community was the first to get the slaughter houses closed by the Government on Mahaveer Jayanti. Nevertheless, no Meatless Days are observed publically. If dedicated vegetarians were to contact their religious heads and each community demand that slaughter houses be kept closed on their feast days, together with the observance of Meatless Days, many thousands of more animals would be saved from the butchers' knives. No doubt, a day earlier, some more animals may be killed, but no extra are ever killed a day later, thereby saving the lives of at least 80% of the number of animals which would have been slaughtered had the abattoir been working. Today vegetarianism is found to be fast immerging in most communities and in India the non-vegetarians do not mind eating healthy vegetarian food because as it is they may be consuming non-vegetarian items once in a way only. But, the Meatless Day makes them aware of the fact and it can generate people willingly joining the vegetarian fold.

Three Hundred Thousand Lives

Have you received an envelope or parcel with red sealing wax or what is commonly called lac? Have you ever wondered how this lac is derived and why it is called lac? A lac is a hundred thousand. Lac is also the name of an insect, thousands of which are killed for the Indian lac industry. Sealing wax is not the only product.

The Indian lac industry has been in existence since time immemorial. The lac insect was considered to have medicinal uses and it was utilised for dyeing and colouring purposes. Today our country is responsible for 50% of the world production. Most of the finished shellac is exported. The Shellac Export Promotion Council is busy finding still newer uses for lac. They recently co-sponsored a study in America with The United States Shellac Importers' Association on the basis of which the Food & Drugs Administration of the U.S.A. has proposed that shellac and shellac wax be generally recognised as safe, with special limitations, for use as direct human food ingredients.

For those of us who are strict vegetarians, it means one more ingredient to watch out for and avoid. Shellac can be used apart from sealing wax in the manufacture of gramophone records, electrical goods as insulation, adhesives, pastes, gasket cements, rubber compounds, printing inks, paints, varnishes, polishes (for wood and floors), jewellery, coating of mirrors, fireworks, crayons, optical frames, dental plates, greese-proof paper, coating of urea, cosmetics, leather dressing, hat stiffening, metal foil, pharmaceuticals, preservation of certain fruits like mangoes & bananas as also eggs, nuts and dry fruits, confectionery (chololates) & coffee beans' glazing and food colouring. The red dye extracted from the resin is very similar to cochineal, also a dye extracted from an insect related to lac.

To produce just 1 kilogram of lac resin 3,00,000 lac insects die. It is unimaginably high, but none the less true. To give an idea; there are 4 stages in the life cycle

Seeing Red

Diana Ratnagar

of the lac insect — egg, larva, pupa and adult. The female lays upto 100 eggs. The eggs hatch into larvae and settle upon the branches of particular host trees. They pierce the bark and suck up the sap juices which gets converted into a sticky resin around them. While in this state the larva becomes a pupa and then an adult. After completion of the life cycle and just about the time when the next generation begin to emerge the resin encrusted branches are harvested and the encrustrations scraped off, dried and processed to form the lac of commerce called shellac. Fresh lac cultivation is initiated from the brood lac (containing living insects) which are tied to newly sprouted twigs.

Although there may be available non-animal origin alternatives to lacquers of particular types and several products as mentioned above can be produced without utilising lac, there is no man-made alternative to lac which can be widely used as its replacement. So what do we do? Stop or curtail the use of sealing wax and certainly not purchase or use handicraft items obviously made from shellac.

A Hundred and Forty Thousand Lives

Do you know what Carminic acid or Carmine is? It is the Cochineal mentioned in the article alongside — an animal ingredient used in foods, medicines, cosmetics etc. as a colouring.

Cochineal, the intense red dye, famous as a food colouring all over the world, is produced from black or silver-grey insects which eat cactus. Compared to the flat and dull red colours obtained from the Indian lac and Egyptian kemes insects, the cochineal insects, originally from Mexico, produce a dazzling red. There was a time when the powdered insects, mainly used to dye cloth, were more valuable than gold. No wonder Spain secretly guarded the origin and method of cochineal production for over 300 years. However, cochineal farms or ranches later started in North Africa,

Mediterranean, Caribbean and the Canary Islands which in 1875 alone produced more than six million pounds of cochineal. But, in 1880 the industry crashed. That was when the first synthetic dye was discovered. A few years earlier, light-sable hues had already gained popularity. Cochineal could not match the varieties available, plus was more expensive.

Nevertheless, cochineal insects are still raised in many countries. Special care is needed as after more than 1000 years of domestication, they can no longer survive cold, wet weather. (Just like the silk moth which can barely spread its wings or fly if allowed to immerge from its cocoon; or the chicken of the poultry unit which is unable to walk.)

The cochineal insects are no bigger than matchstick heads. They surround themselves in a white, waxy powder. After mating, the males die of starvation as they do not have any mouth parts. The flat and wingless females never move once they have attached themselves to the cactus pads on which they feed. They live off the cactus juices for about three months, when they are carefully pulled off and immersed in hot water and dried in the sun. The red pigment derived from the bodies of these six-legged creatures in large quantities is up to 10 per cent of the insects' body weights. Can you imagine that it takes 1,40,000 cochineal insects, ground into a fine powder (much the same as spices are ground with stone in India) to make just one kilogram of cochineal?

As there is a fast immerging trend to do away with synthetic colourings, it is hoped that this will not mean that cochineal will be more widely used as a "natural" food colouring instead. As it is, cochineal is used in certain ice creams, jellies, yogurts, soft drinks, tomato products, chewing gums etc. It tints pills and cough syrups. The dye is also found in some medicinal tracers, photography, artists' paints and microscopy stains. Iran uses it in Persian rugs and some cosmetic companies still add it to their lipsticks and blushers.

Miracle at Monkey Mia

Paul Raffaele

Dawn breaks over Monkey Mia, a small beach on Australia's extreme west shore. Low waves foam over my bare legs as I stand watching the brightening horizon. A dozen other people are keeping vigil with me, drawn here from all over the world by strange tales of wild dolphins who, we have heard, choose this place to frolic with humans in shallows.

Suddenly someone shouts : "There! Over there!" About a hundred metres out at sea, five dorsal fins simultaneously break the surface. Then the dark shapes elegantly arch over, revealing long, beaked faces. The wild dolphins!

Within seconds, speeding like torpedoes, they shoot right up to the water's edge. Fearlessly, they swim past each of us in turn, rolling sideways to see us better with their dark eyes. I reach out a tentative hand towards a large male. He pauses as I touch his strongly muscled flank and responds by gently nudging me backwards. Then he rolls on to his back, exposing his pale belly, inviting me to scratch. I oblige, and he replies with a staccato burst of whistles and squeaks.

Stunning Experience. I am enthralled. So is the quiet artist from Japan, who squeals with delight as a dolphin nuzzles her hand. An elderly woman from England, knee-deep in the warm water, runs her hand along a young dolphin's back, her eyes shining with excitement, "How wonderful!" she cires. We are all spellbound, hardly believing what we see.

For a while longer the dolphins whirl between us. Then, with a flourish of their tails, they are off to deeper water. I wade back to the beach to sit quietly on the sand, strangely moved. Everyone is stunned by the intensity of the experience.

Elsewhere in the world there have been isolated cases of single wild dolphins venturing into shallow water and briefly befriending people. But at Monkey Mia a

small group comes in every day. "There's nowhere else like this," says Rachel Smolker, an American zoologist who has been coming for six years to research dolphin behaviour. "It's the best place to observe dolphins close-up in the wild."

Locals credit Alice Watts, a trawler owner, with discovering the dolphins. One night in 1964 she was anchored off Monkey Mia with her husband in their boat Maybe. It was sweltering, and Alice lay awake listening to the splashing of a dolphin that kept swimming around the boat. Finally, she got up and took a yellow tail that had been caught for bait from the icebox and threw it into the water. "The dolphin swam to the side of the boat and took it," she says. A week or so later he came back again, bringing his mate and baby. Eventually, all three took fish from her hand.

Alice named the dolphin Charlie, and he became a mascot to the Monkey Mia fishing fleet. She insists that it was not food that attracted Charlie. "There is more than enough food in the bay, and dolphins are expert hunters," she says, "Often he would toss fish back into the boat as if to demonstrate that it was only a game."

When Alice and her husband went back to their base further down the coast, local fishermen adopted Charlie. Jim Poland was among the first to actually touch the dolphin. "He brushed against the side of our small boat," says Poland. "On impulse we reached out and pulled him on board, resting him on our knees. He seemed to enjoy the experience." Charlie began to wait for Poland's boat, meeting him two kilometres off shore and escorting him home to Monkey Mia. "He used to do flips and jumps above the water to entertain us."

Sadly, it was Charlie's friendliness that was his undoing. Poland found him dead on the beach one day, shot through the head. Probably by rifle-happy kids. But Charlie's family continued to frolic with the fishermen and gradually brought in other dolphins with them.

Over the next few years, word of the dolphins gradually began to filter out. Intrepid groups of people began to reach the beach from a rough, pot-holed 24-kilometre track that wound its way through blood-red sand dunes from Denham, a fishing village 850 kilometres north of Perth. Among the sightseers were Wilf and Hazel Mason, who were so enchanted by the dolphins that they decided to stay, setting up a caravan park that still provides the only accommodation at Monkey Mia.

Wilf, a kindly man with sea-blue eyes, gave many of the dolphins their names. "People can come here only for a short time," he says, " and want to identify the dolphins so they can understand them better. I gave them names to suit their character or looks."

Playful Antics. Later that day, standing knee-deep in the azure water, I watched three generations of dolphin females at play in the shallows. The grandmother, named Holey Fin, careened up and down the beach, pausing to nuzzle anyone who took her fancy. Her granddaughter, Nipper, remained near her mother, Nicky, who stayed five or six metres from shore.

As I watched Nipper's antics, the male, Snubnose, swam up and gently nudged my leg. Arching his body to lift his head completely out of water, he offered me a single strand of brown seaweed that he had collected somewhere offshore. I took it, carefully examined it, and then politely handed it back. This was obviously a favourite game. Clenching the strand between his teeth he swam off to offer it to another visitor."

Despite the temptation, Wilf has been careful not to teach the dolphins any tricks, recognizing that it would rob them of their unique attraction and scientific value as wild animals. I was glad of his concern when I saw Sickle Fin and Snubnose leap out of the water in perfect unison some 40 metres offshore. For a fleeting moment they hovered together in the air before dropping back into the bay. No trainer had coached them in the routine — it was instinctive.

Temper Tantrum. Rachel Smolker has often been astonished at the sophistication of dolphin behaviour. "We have learnt that they have a society more complex than even higher primates such as chimpanzees and gorillas," she says.

Each day, weather permitting, Rachel goes out in a boat to observe the dolphins and record their vocalizations with an underwater microphone. For echo location dolphins emit a variety of sounds from a larger bulbous structure at the base of their foreheads. Within it are specilized fats that focus on the sounds in front of the dolphin's head. One researcher concluded that a dolphin can produce a burst of sound so intense that it can stun a fish.

Rachel's tapes of dolphin "conversations" sound like a farmyard in uproar. Ducks honk, pigs grunt and oink, dogs bark, cows moo, gates slam and electric saws buzz — all noises produced by dolphins. She once taped Snubnose having what she believed was a temper tantrum, jealous that a visitor to Monkey Mia was giving more fish to another dolphin. The sound is like an enraged elephant trumpeting. "I've even witnessed dolphins in heated argument, head-to-head in the water, yelling in dolphin language to each other," she says. Only a few dolphins come to the beach regularly out of a core group of about sixty. "But even those that don't come are not frightened of people," commented Rachel. "They allow us to approach them in boats, even when we are ten kilometres out in the bay."

Canadian biology professor Paul Anderson is studying the area's dugongs, which are large whalelike tropical mammals. He thinks that both local dolphins and dugongs are unafraid of man because they have been able to roam the bay freely for thousands of years, since the aboriginal inhabitants did not have boats.

Sharon Gosper is one of six rangers who monitor the beach from dawn each morning to ensure that the dolphins are not annoyed or hurt. They were appointed in 1986 after the local council became worried by the influx of visitors. I noticed, though, that when people became too boisterous, the dolphins seemed well able to look after themselves. Sickle Fin, in particular, was quick to bump, push or splash an errant tourist. One woman who persisted in tugging his fin was punished with two sharp bites on the finger. Other unruly visitors were given hard thumps with his tail.

But the tidal wave of visitors — 200,000 are expected this season — concerns Rachel. Crooked Fin, a former, regular, now only makes occasional trips inshore, and at one stage she would not mix with anyone on the beach. "It would be tragic if overcrowding were to end this unique communication between dolphins and humans," says Rachel.

There is dismay, too, among some locals in near-by Denham. "Our way of life is under threat," says Dick Hoult, president of the local fishermen's association. "Many townspeople are unhappy at the numbers coming to Monkey Mia." Hoult discounts the possibility that any of them might be tempted to express their dislike forcibly. "None of us would ever harm a dolphin. We were brought up to believe that they bring good luck."

I thought of Hoult's words as I sat on the beach at dawn on my last day at Monkey Mia, waiting for a final encounter with the dolphins. Half an hour passed, then an hour. There was still no sign of them. Across the beach came an impatient honk from the 9.30 am bus to Denham. I picked up my bags. But as I walked to the waiting bus, a cry ran out: "They're back!" A single dolphin leapt three or four metres out of the water. To the right, six fins broke the surface and swept towards the beach. The bus driver sounded his horn again and again, summoning those of us booked for the morning run. With childish glee and ignoring the insistent blare, I walked fully clad into the water. Holey Fin swam up to me, and I reached down to stroke her gently along her side as she whistled and beeped. I watched as the bus departed and Monkey Mia's miracle unfolded once more.

Courtesy : Reader's Digest

Mid-Day
(8.2.'90)

BAIG'S EYEVIEW

Responding to chairperson of Beauty Without Cruelty, Diana Ratnagar's request, PM V.P. Singh has decided to wear the artificial fur caps sent by Maneka Gandhi instead of his Karakul sheep skin caps. Good! Now it will be 'Beauty Without Karakulty', wot!.

Sunday
(18–24·2·90)

Hindustan Times
(6.2.'90)

HERE AND NOW

Sudhir Tailang

..Oh... this is sheepskin! Go there and exchange it for an artificial fur cap before you go in!

The Afternoon
(7.2.'90)