

#APPRECIATION

Voice of the Voiceless



Tusharka Singh of Team Arbit receiving the Certificate of Appreciation from Animal Rights Activist, Mariam Abuhaideri.

In a recent Press Meet organized by the Pink City based group Jaipur for Animals Network, Rashtradoot's efforts in being the Voice of the Voiceless were lauded. A Certificate of Appreciation was also presented to Rashtradoot by Animal Rights Activist, Mariam Abuhaideri. On behalf of the publication, the certificate was received by Tusharka Singh of Team Arbit.

Marshall McLuhan, a Canadian philosopher, rightly said that people don't actually read newspapers. They step into them every morning like a hot bath. And this is why it is imperative that the headlines and the story angle in matters of animals are reported fairly

and without prejudice so that we can build a more empathetic India. Man-animal conflict is as much the problem of the media as it is for animal lovers. Rashtradoot has been a friend of the animals and is setting an example for its peers", said Mariam Abuhaideri on the occasion. It is worth noting that Jaipur for Animals Network is a group of individual activists, NGOs, feeders, caregivers etc. that works for improving the condition of animals in the state of Rajasthan. In the past, Arbit has done several extensive features on such animal rights activists, NGOs, volunteer groups etc. and will continue to make earnest efforts in being the Voice of the Voiceless.

#HEALTH

Consequences Of Teenage Alcohol

Teenagers who misuse alcohol may struggle more with drinking problems in their 20s and 30s, be in poorer health, and feel less satisfied with their lives, according to a new study with twins.

The researchers defined adolescent alcohol misuse based on responses about frequency of drunkenness, frequency of alcohol use, and alcohol problems at ages 16, 17, and 18.5. The early midlife outcomes they measured include life satisfaction, physical symptoms, and self-rated health at age 34.

Using data from questionnaires of 2,733 pairs of twins born in Finland in the late 1970s, the findings remained consistent even after controlling for genetic and environmental factors that twin siblings share.

"Even though we observed these effects, they were somewhat modest, suggesting adolescent alcohol misuse is not the only driver of later poor physical health and life dissatisfaction," Salvatore says.

While previous studies of adolescent alcohol misuse often looked at health outcomes in young adulthood, shortly after teens are surveyed, researchers in this study examined health outcomes across multiple decades into early midlife.

"This study is unique in that it seeks to understand whether poor physical health consequences continue beyond your 20s," Salvatore says. "Our findings imply that drinking in adolescence and the consequences that follow are seen decades later across multiple developmental stages."

both misuse alcohol in adolescence and experience poorer physical health and well-being later on in early midlife," says coauthor Jessica Salvatore, an associate professor and director of the Genes, Environment and Neurodevelopment in Addictions Program at Rutgers Robert Wood Johnson Medical School.

"This is because the twin design allows us to compare exposures and outcomes over time within the same family," she says. "Using the twin design, we found that adolescent alcohol misuse directly influences later-life substance use and mental-health related outcomes, this study found adolescent drinking may indirectly influence long-term physical health and life satisfaction rather than influencing it directly."

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With one hand inserted into the shoe it was lifted into the air and given a very meticulous dusting. Not just the top, the edge, the sole and even the under-surface were cleared of mud and any other sticky substance. The polish tin was opened and checked for dryness. If needed a few drops of glycerine were added to bring it into the right consistency. One end of the hair brush was used to pick some of the polish which was then transferred to the tip of the shoe and moved around the whole upper of the shoe.

In search of the Cobbler and others



Dr Goutam Sen
CTVS Surgeon
Traveller
Story teller

#NATTY-N-SMART

There was a time in my younger days when I was considered a dapper person. People would remark on my ensemble and commend my colour combination and choice of the material. It was easier to show off in the winters. The suit with its good quality material along with a selection of colourful silk ties would catch the eye easily. What was more astounding was that I was amongst the top dressers in the staff of SMS hospital at a fairly early age. I can still name a few- Dr P K Sethi, Dr PD Mathur, Dr Kailash Rai and Dr K N Sharma were some in the list of elegant dressers that came to my mind in a flash. I am not sure but it seems that surgeons were the natty dressers!

I think the one thing that made the real difference among these well-dressed people was the kind of foot wear they wore. According to good old inimitable Jeeves, the illustrious butler of the Blanding Castle, it was the shoe that maketh the man. Besides being highly polished it was the quality of the leather that really stood out. Dr K C Jain, our teacher of anatomy, was the person to copy. His black shoes easily beat any other person hollow. We often wondered how he managed to do so. It was really an example of spit and polish. It must have been an effort which took a good half hour every day I have watched some of the retired servicemen who

lived as guards at our residence polishing their shoes. Their main armamentarium was a big tin of black polish (Either Cherry Blossom or Kiwi), a tube of polishing cream, a big brush with soft hair, a big white soft cotton cloth and a small cup full of water. With one hand inserted into the shoe it was lifted into the air and given a very meticulous dusting. Not just the top, the edge, the sole and even the undersurface were cleared of mud and any other sticky substance. The polish tin was opened and checked for dryness. If needed a few drops of glycerine were added to bring it into the right consistency. One end of the hair brush was used to pick some of the polish which was then transferred to the tip of the shoe and moved around the whole upper of the shoe.

Brushing

The real professionals often spit on the surface before a vigorous brushing. A dull sheen was thus formed on the cover. It was allowed to set and the shoe was kept aside for a few minutes. Then began the real muscular brushing which lasted until a satisfactory sheen was achieved. This was just the beginning. The upper surface was given a vigorous rub with the white cotton cloth until the shine reached a mirror like condition. It was a minimum of five minutes before the shoe was inspected. In most shoes this is when the inspection was done to see if any spots were dull. A reapplication of polish was done on the dull areas. The toe and the heels were given special attention. This kind of an appearance was possible only in smooth leather shoes. If one went for the brogues it was the toe



After many years of picking and choosing I finally found the ideal leather slipper. Since I preferred to wear socks in winter throughout the day I needed a slipper into which I could slip my forefoot in without any impediment. My final choice was a black cross strap leather chappals made by Hush Puppies.

segment that needed the shine. The rest never reached the full polished state because of the perforations.

In my case I found it very tedious to wear laced shoes in my later life when we kept taking them off to enter the operation theatre. I switched to unlaced 'pump' shoes (Without the silk bow) and sandals. They too required a good polish. Finally good shoes were always either made to measure by an expert cobbler or a high quality shoe company. I remember how my father and uncles used to go to a special Chinese cobbler in Kolkata for their shoes. The other shopping stop was the Balujas in Connaught Place in Delhi.

When we were kids and there were more than half a dozen of us in the joint family who required black shoes for school. My eldest uncle bought a whole calf skin once and called the cobbler. We were



at all. Finally I ordered what I wanted online and it was delivered five days later. It was a perfect fit and came into use from day one. About six weeks later I found my utter dismay that one of the straps had come loose and would need re-stitching. I had a favourite old cobbler who sat on one street corner near Janta store. He was getting feeble and his shop was opened erratically. After two failed attempts I thought it was time to look for another. I had spotted another cobbler on the corner between Prithviraj marg and the road to the Amroodun Ka Bagh earlier. I went to him. His good old box was there with a big padlock but the man was missing. The milk dairy man in the adjoining space said that the cobbler had not been seen for quite some time. He did suggest that there was another one at the other end of the road. There too it was the box with a padlock and no cobbler. By now I was getting desperate. It seems that the pandemic had decimated our road side cobblers. I was just getting ready to go to one of the big shoe shops when I was finally directed to one in the Bagaria Bhawan market area by Nalini. This cobbler hunt made me



Frankenstein Friday



In a little competition to see who could write the most epic horror story, Mary Shelley, her husband, Percy, and other creative friends such as the famous poet, Lord Byron, created some gory stories. And Mary Shelley's story about Frankenstein's monster was the most captivating. First published anonymously in 1818, it wasn't until the second edition in 1823 that Mary Shelley's name appeared on this gothic work of fiction. Some people also consider Frankenstein to be one of the earliest examples of science fiction.



realise a disturbing fact. In my childhood days if anything needed to be done there was always a roadside vendor or even one mounted on a cycle to do the jobs required.

A Rare Sight

Before the stainless steel and plastic era we used to use 'petal'(Brass) utensils for cooking. The inner lining needed periodic 'kala' (coating with tin alloy the surface of brass utensil). The person used to come home in about six month intervals and he was handed over about half a dozen utensils to 'Kala'. A charcoal fire was lit and a bellow was used to heat the utensil and then the tin alloy was rubbed in with a powder to make it glow. It was a fascinating sight. Nowadays I find them only in Tripolia bazaar in front of the utensil shops. They are a disappearing breed.

The other person who made regular visits to our home was the grinder with his grinding wheel and whetstone. All the knives and sharp instruments like scissors and garden shears were given to him. I watched him hold the sharp blade at a specific angle to sharpen. Sparks would fly as the metal was rubbed against the rotating stone wheel. I used to find at least one near the open area outside Chandpole gate. Nowadays this chap too is a rare sight. With the era of ceramic knives the sharpeners of knives are less in demand. They too are a disappearing breed. I am sure each of us has memories of the key makers in the Champa where we took our locks for new keys. Only one or two are seen now.

The era of disposables has been responsible for the decline or even complete disappearance of these itinerant tradesmen. I miss them. They were skilled people who were fun to watch and I often learned tricks of the trade from them. Much later in life as a surgeon when I used to shave thin wedges of skin for grafting my cut throat razor needed frequent sharpening. I learnt how to do the rotary and side to side movement from the grinder. The leather stropping I picked up from the barber.

I miss them all. The skilled worker who came to our doors to do all these small jobs is a big part of my early memories.

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#EVENT

The Sun Was Eaten



Throughout history, eclipses have been seen as a disruption of the natural order, and many groups have believed them to be bad omens.

Without a scientific explanation, the darkening of the Sun (or Moon) during an eclipse would be a startling event, to say the least. Throughout history, eclipses have been seen as a disruption of the natural order, and many groups have believed them to be bad omens. Many ancient (and modern) peoples had spiritual explanations for solar and lunar eclipses to help them make sense of these seemingly inexplicable and random phe-

his associates Rahul Sharma and Priti Vaishnav informed all the people present at the venue about the importance of this eclipse and the right way to observe it. Shri Kallash Mishra ji, Curator of Science Park told that it was organized under Astro Night Tourism which will create awareness and knowledge about the eclipse and remove the superstition associated with it. But such enlightening opportunities were not available to our ancestors. Let's dive a little deep to know how our ancestors saw these eclipses.



Read on to learn some of these theories from around the world.

Chinese
In ancient China it was commonly held that solar eclipses occurred when a celestial dragon attacked and devoured the Sun. Chinese eclipse records are some of the oldest in the world and go back more than 4,000 years; at least one simply states "The Sun has been eaten."

To frighten away the dragon and

save the Sun, people would bang drums and make loud noises during an eclipse. Since the Sun always returned after this ruckus-making, it is easy to see how the tradition was perpetuated. Interestingly, it seems the ancient Chinese were not particularly bothered by lunar eclipses, and one text from about 90 BCE dismisses them as "a common matter."

Surprisingly, ancient Egyptians did not leave any explicit records detailing solar eclipses, though such an event would undoubtedly have been observed by these astronomy-savvy sun worshippers. Some scholars have suggested that perhaps eclipses were highly distressing and were deliberately left unrecorded so as to not "endow the event with a degree of permanence" or tempt the sun god Re (Ra). One Egyptologist has suggested that various references to an apparently metaphorical form of blindness align with historical eclipse dates and may be symbolic records of these events. Or perhaps papyrus records were simply lost to time.

Enthralling Affair
The enthusiasm of the residents of Jaipur was enthralling. Tourists like Ellen and Theo came from America to see the Sun Temple and were excited to see the eclipse. Not only this, some tourists also came from Italy and Turkey who enjoyed this magnificent view. Society President Govind Dadhich and

Some versions say that Rahu was actually able to steal a sip of the nectar but was beheaded before the elixir reached the rest of his body. His immortal head, in perpetual pursuit of the Sun, sometimes catches and swallows it, but the Sun quickly reappears, as Rahu has no throat.

Indian
Ancient Hindu mythology provides a rather graphic and disturbing explanation for solar eclipses. According to legend, a cunning demon named Rahu sought to drink the nectar of the gods and thus attain immortality. Disguised as a woman, Rahu attempted to attend a banquet of the gods and was discovered by Vishnu. As punishment, the demon was promptly beheaded, and it is his decapitated head flying across the sky that darkens the Sun during an eclipse.

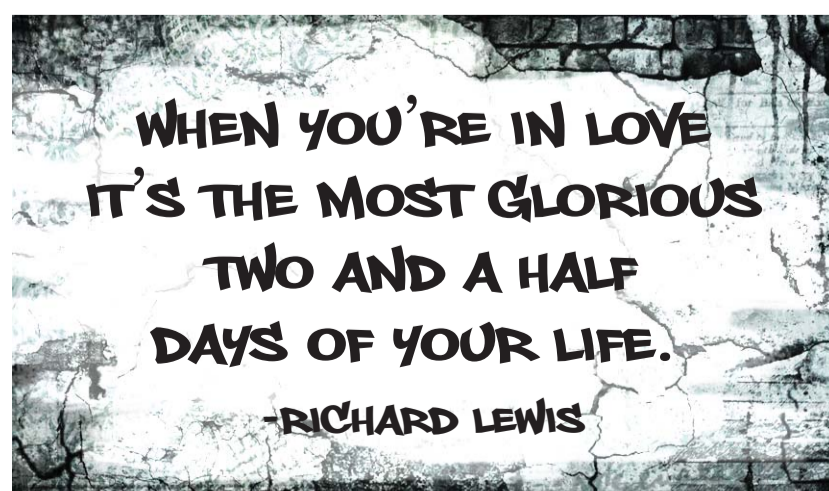
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-Shruti Kothari



THE WALL



BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman