



## विचार बिन्दु

नम्रता और खुदा के खौफ से इज्जत और जिन्दगी मिलती है। -सुलेमान

# इन समस्याओं का समाधान सरकार ही कर सकती है!

## ज

ब भी कहीं जाए के लिए सड़क पर निकलता हूं ऐरेसोन हो जाता हूं घर से बाहर निकल कर कहीं भी जाना लगातार कष्टपूर्ण होता जा रहा है। लाता है मनुष्यों और वाहनों की बढ़ती भीड़ के आगे हमारी सड़कें बहुत छोटी पड़ने लगी हैं बड़े शहरों में यह समस्या अधिक विकल्प है, छोटे कस्तों और गांवों में अभी रिटिट इतनी विकल्प तो नहीं हूं है लेकिन उनका हाल भी यही होने वाला है। सड़कें वाहनों के बोझ तले दबो जा रही हैं। बाहर न केवल संख्या में, आकर में भी बढ़े होते जा रहे हैं। बाहर करने की वाहनों की सवाल सोचिए और दो परियोग से चार परियोग तक आने में लगा है हमारी सड़कों पर अब इन्हीं का कब्जा है और इसकी परिणति यह हूं है कि पैदल या साइकिल पर चलने वालों के लिए हमारी सड़कों पर कोई सुरक्षित जगह बची ही नहीं है। मैं तो यह सोच-सोचकर रिटिट होता है कि अगर यहां गति रही तो पांच साल बाहर हालात बेंदा होते हैं। एक कोर्सोंपर बचों की दूरी तक करने से थोड़ी-थोड़ी दूर आगे जाना बाहर हो गई है। अब आप समय से बहुत पहले घर से निकल कर भी आश्वस्त नहीं हो सकते कि टीक समय पर अपने गंभीर पर पहुंच ही जायें।

संकेत यही नहीं है। आपको जहां जाना है वहां पहुंच कर आपका दूसरा संघर्ष शुरू हो जाता है। आप पार्किंग हूंदे लगते हैं, और घर मिलती नहीं है। फलतार, बैंकों, और ऐसे तमाम जाहां के आसपास, जहां जड़ाबा लगाती होती है, हालात बहुत ही कष्टपूर्ण होते हैं। तभी जासै रासारोहे में शामिल होने के लिए जानवरों की आवाज बहात थाए जाने के बाकी विवाह साइकिल के लिए कोई जाह बचों की नहीं है। अभी उसीं में थोड़ी-थोड़ी दूर के बाद जग के बाप-आप साप-पारिंग की जाग मिलना नाप्रमिक होता है, और आपकी सारी ऊर्जा तो यह तात्पार करने में ही खो जाती है कि बाहर कहां खड़ा करें। इससे भी बड़ा संकेत तब पैदा होता है जब आप समारोह में उपस्थित होकर लौटने को होते हैं और पाते हैं कि आपके बाहन के आगे किसी ने आपा वाहन इस कुशलता से लगा दिया है कि आप बाहर निकल हो नहीं सकते तब भी रहें। तभी जासै रासारोहे में थोड़ी-थोड़ी दूर के बाद जग के बाप-आप साप-पारिंग की जाग आपको देखती है और आपकी जाह बचों की बात सोचने का मारा होता है जिससे आप कुछ दूर पहले गुज़रे थे। उसे जहां जाना मिली, उससे आपा वाहन फसा दिया।

शहरों में पारिंग के साथ एक और संकेत जुड़ा रहता है। आपको यह पता ही नहीं चलता कि कहां पारिंग करना अनुमति है और कहां निषिद्ध है। आप तोर पर तो इस आपावधि की कोई स्पष्ट सूचना अवित नहीं होती है, और आप होती है तो आप लंबे समय तक उसकी अनदेखी को देखकर बहुत बाहर आपावधि को लेते हैं। अब सूचना दुर्घात होगी। तभी जासै रासारोहे में शामिल होने के लिए जानवरों की आवाज बहात थाए जाने के बाकी विवाह साइकिल के लिए कोई जाह बचों की नहीं होती है। तभी जासै रासारोहे में थोड़ी-थोड़ी दूर के बाद जग के बाप-आप साप-पारिंग की जाग आपको देखती है और आपकी जाह बचों की बात सोचने का मारा होता है जिससे आप कुछ दूर पहले गुज़रे थे। उसे जहां जाना मिली, उससे आपा वाहन फसा दिया।

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## #REMEDY

## How To Stop Your Hiccups

"We believe that bloating of the stomach, caused by overeating, eating rapidly, or gulping down drinks, especially carbonated drinks, exacerbate the risk of getting hiccups," says Arlette Perry



Experts have some tips to help you get rid of hiccups! Medical experts say that hiccups are caused by repetitive contractions of the diaphragm or breathing muscle that sit just below the lungs and near the stomach, and it is followed by closure of the vocal cords. That gives hiccups their characteristic sound!

## But why do we get hiccups?

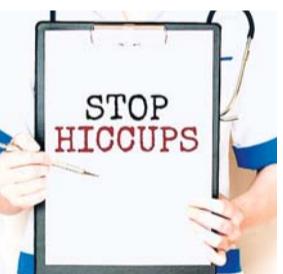
"We believe that bloating of the stomach, caused by overeating, eating rapidly, or gulping down drinks, especially carbonated drinks, exacerbate the risk of getting hiccups," says Arlette Perry, a professor in the Kinesiology and Sport Sciences department at the University of Miami, School of Education and Human Development.

"Even getting suddenly excited or scared can cause one to suddenly have hiccups," she says.

Fortunately, most hiccups last a short time—no more than one to five minutes. However, there are historical accounts of people who have had the condition for weeks and even years. The Guinness World Records confirmed that an Iowa man, by the name of Charles Osborne, hiccupped for 68 years.

Hiccups are mostly harmless, but if the condition persists, doctors recommend seeing a medical professional. There is a myriad of remedies for halting hiccups. The National Health Service, a publicly funded health service in England, shares these recommendations:

- Breathe into a paper bag (but do not put it over your head).
  - Pull your knees up to your chest and lean forward.
  - Sip ice-cold water.
  - Swallow some granulated sugar.
  - Bite on a lemon or taste vinegar.
  - Hold your breath for a short time.
- Robynne Redmon, associate professor at the Phillip and



Patricia Frost School of Music, teaches classical singing and voice.

"There is no way to prevent hiccups because it is some nerve that triggers your diaphragm to spasm," she says.

But she does believe that there is a method to help in getting rid of them.

"Honestly, if you look at all the remedies I try to stop hiccups they all have to do with disturbing the breathing pattern," she says. "You are drinking water upside down, not really because it helps you but because you are focusing on something else, and you are also bending over. So, this causes a disruption of your breathing pattern."

"That is also true of the advice to hold your breath or holding your breath and swallowing 10 times," she says. "These measures help you to focus on different muscle groups and stop the spasms," she says.

In her many years as a professional singer, Redmon does not recall any performer developing hiccups, or even coughing during a performance.

"Somehow, something about the activity of singing, where we close our glottis (vocal cords) and compress the breath, must help," she says. "I have never heard anyone hiccupping or coughing while they are singing."



But Lala's father was hell-bent upon showing him to the doctor. Taking advantage of this divide in the family, the *Kathodiyas* offered thirty rupees for handing over Lala to them, then and there. How could the father accept this shocking demand? But the *Kathodiyas* kept on persuading them by increasing the amount of offer. Their constant persuasion, the offer of money and the liquor had softened Lala's family, yet, the father, with tears in his eyes, declined this offer. Now, the determined *Kathodiyas* raised the offer to rupees fifty. It was a fortune in those days for these poor tribals. The offer was so tempting that Lala's brothers and uncles, not only extended their open consent but also succeeded in convincing the father. And that is 'how Lala got sold for fifty rupees.'

## Cannibals In The Forest



**Sunayan Sharma**  
IFS (Retd). Ex-field director of project tiger, Sariska & Keoladeo national park, Bharatpur

**D**aiya-Ambassa, located on the Rajasthani-Gujarat border was an important forest *naka* (headquarters) of a forester of the *Kherwara* range, falling under the Udaipur division. Here, a seasonal river acts as the inter-state border. The *naka* was functional in a non-masonry building, located on one side of the *Daiya* village. The entire area was inhabited by *adivasis* (tribals). The forest, all around, was full of dense growth of *teak* and *mahua* trees. Interstate timber smuggling was a huge challenge for our staff, especially owing to heavy demand by rich *Gujaratis* of *Idar* and adjoining towns.

This revelation reminded me of the incidence of *Deogarh* range, when in 1974, once, I had a night halt at an *adivasi*'s hut, where he not only arranged food and other requisites but also guarded the government money, throughout the night, totally selflessly. This utter honesty and faithfulness of the *adivasis* did not match their proclaimed criminal background, pertaining to involvement in timber smuggling, and was puzzling me.

On enquiry, the forester told me that one *adivasi* of this village had eloped with a married lady, belonging to some other *adivasi* village. Her husband and his family members want the lady back along with compensation. But the person, in possession, was not ready to return her.

Reading my mind, *Bohra*, the trader, shared that basically these *jungle* inhabitants are not agrarians and therefore, neither they have enough agricultural lands nor have learned proper farming. Since times immemorial, they have been surviving on *jungle* fruits, herbs, honey, wild animals etc. In the name of trade, they were involved in gathering and selling of minor forest produce only. It is only the ever-growing demand for 'timber of the fast developing townships of the modern times' that has lured these poor *adivasis* to fell their forests. Yet, *adivasis* go for it only as a last resort and that too, especially, during famine years.

Villagers backing this *adivasi* were busy in protecting his family lest they are attacked by the aggrieved husband and his supporters. The forester also told me that like *Deogarh* area, elopement of a married lady with any other male of her choice is not uncommon among tribes in this belt also. And compensation payment norms to the person, in possession, was not ready to return her as he brought the lady with her consent and the lady too was not interested in going back to the desolate husband. This has developed huge tension between these two families. The villagers were also divided in two groups. Now, the matter is being sorted out by community representatives.

The Forster took me to the building, which was the only shop in the area. Surprisingly, it was quite a huge one, owned by a Gujarati-Muslim, belonging to the *Bohra* community. One could buy anything here, right from a nylon ribbon to shoes, umbrella, strings, grains, vegetables, biscuits etc. In a nutshell, it was fully equipped to cater to the needs of the tribals of *Daiya* as well as several other adjoining villages and hamlets.

The shop owner welcomed us with delight and offered tasty *masala tea*. It was interesting to

see that this manufacturing kept on going. Since, it was a tough job, a particular community of people, mainly the *tribals* of *Mewar*, were initiated into this work.

They had to live almost 8-9 months in the dense forests of the *Bohra* hills with minimal livelihood resources. Centuries of continued hard work and nomadic lifestyle had made this *katha manufacturing* community people, not only tough but also earned them specialization in this work, which made them richer, as compared to other tribals of this region. Also, over a period of time, this section of *adivasis* earned a different identity by being called, '*Kathodiyas*', denoting their profession. Also, they had to pay a heavy price for this lifestyle. They lost their permanent settlements, owing to living away from their homes for most part of the year.

Their agony further deepened after 1980s, with introduction of the Forest Conservation Act, putting ban on large-scale forest fellings, resulting into their 'unemployment' and 'homelessness'. Their misery continued till 1990s, when the forest department of the state of Udaipur, under the command of Ghulam Abbas, the famous forest contractor of *Jhadol*, in those days. They were engaged on *katha* manufacturing task by Ghulam Abbas, the famous forest contractor of those times, belonging to Udaipur. The contractor had taken the forests of *Phalasia* and *Ambassa* blocks on lease from the forest department of the state of Udaipur, prior to 1949. Like many other princely states of Rajasthan, this important princely state of Udaipur continued its rule in the *Mewar* region, with capital at *Udaipur*. In those times, *katha* manufacturing from *khair* (*Acacia catechu*) trees was a source of good revenue for the state and since Udaipur region was full of these *khair* trees, therefore throughout the year except the monsoon period,

I shared my worry with the forester in-charge of this area. He assured me that the dispute shall be resolved soon now, as Bohraji, the influential shopkeeper, is already making his efforts. And forester Khan proved right as Bohraji succeeded in bringing both the parties to agreement.

Our work resumed the next day. In the evening, while disbursing wages of last fortnight to the labourers, I saw a tribal labourer named *Lala*. He was to say the least, so healthy as never seen before. He

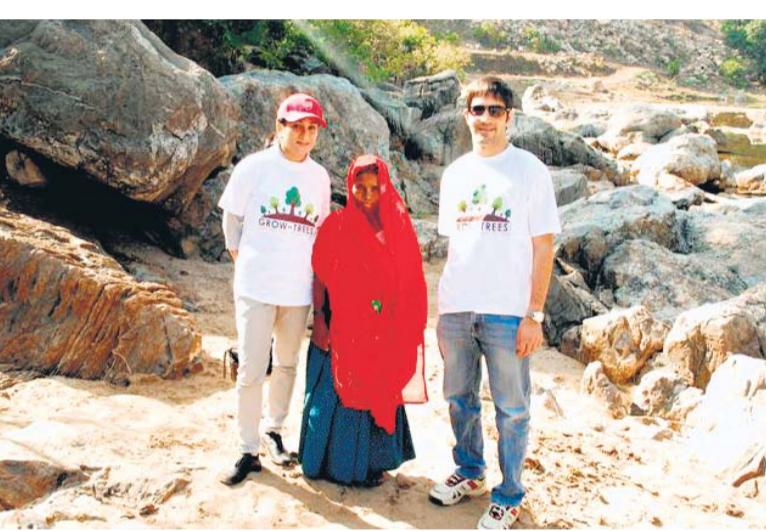
Some of them had even adapted to 'cannibalism.' Perchance, this

## Freethinkers Day

Exploring ideas with open minds, embracing the art of independent thought and challenging norms, paving the way for unique perspectives. Freethinkers Day falls on the birthday of Thomas Paine, a prominent thinker, whose work and publications, promoting a philosophy of Enlightenment, heavily influenced the course of the American and French revolutions. Although he was English-born, Paine was a courageous man whose life and work were an inspiration for those who wanted to find their independence (particularly, from his native land of England). Particularly, his efforts promoted the rejection of abstract authority that embodied power and self-promotion over reason.



## #GORY STORY



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undulating ground and then got up to pick running. But hardly had he covered some distance, when one of the *Kathodiyas* spotted him. At once, all of them started chasing him. It was almost impossible for seriously ill *Lala* to escape from those blood hounds but impossible things also happen in this world, though ones with white Perkins. God had held *Lala*'s hand and he succeeded in dodging these 'deadly cannibals.'

*Lala* was so afraid of being caught, he could not go back to his home or to any of his relatives. So, taking advantage of the forests and shady trees, shrubs cover through a circuitous route, he fled to *Idar* state.

He received treatment there from a tribal, having specialization in medicinal herbs. With a pseudonym, he managed to settle on a hill, in the midst of a forest. Initially, he was not allowed to socialize with the tribals of that area but gradually, he was accepted

group, here, at the plateau was full of *cannibals*.

Seeing *Lala* in this condition, their bizarre instinct of 'human cannibalism' started surfacing. In a brief meeting among themselves, secretly, they decided to end their long-cherished desire. Now as a well-thought strategy, they offered *Lala* alcohol to *Lala*'s family members, which they accepted, gladly. This spirituous liquor is prepared locally in this entire tribal belt by fermenting and distilling the vitamin and mineral, especially calcium rich flowers of *mahuwa* (*Madhuca indica*) trees, commonly found in this belt. This alcoholic drink, popularly known as *mauhili*, is so popular among the tribals that they devour it like tea or coffee, consumed by us in urban areas.

Shortly, over few rounds of the *mauhili*, the *Kathodiyas* succeeded in developing friendship with *Lala*'s

tribes, here, at the plateau was full of *cannibals*.

*Lala* was so seriously ill, must have died in some hideout in the *jungle*. So, for many days, the entire family tried hard to recover his body but failing in the attempt, ultimately, had to sit silent believing that he might have fallen victim to some wild animals.

After few days of returning to Ambassa, *Lala* again married a young girl and was leading a happy life. His extraordinary health and endurance were his great assets as compared to fellow tribals. He was making enough money from collection and selling of minor forest produce to *Bohraji* of *Daiya* and *tendu* leaves (*Diospyros melanoxylon*) to the forest contractor. With the advent of the closure work in the Ambassa block, the forester had also engaged *Lala* as 'first choice' for his extra ordinary ability.

*Lala*'s thrilling story was good in itself, giving goose bumps to anybody. Today, even after 40 years, while writing this story, *Lala*'s horrific life is flashing past my head as fresh as narrated by him, that evening at the *Daiya* naka.

Five years after this evening i.e. in 1982, luck had again brought me back to these forests. This time, it was an assignment with more responsibility on my shoulders as Assistant Conservator of forests, Udaipur division, under which the *Kherwara* range falls. This time during my visits to this range, I noticed no big change except bit more depletion of the forests, especially in *Daiya-Ambassa* area, owing to faster development of the bordering prosperous towns of the Gujarat state. The forester, too, had been replaced by a new one. Equipped with an experience of working for nine years in this tribal belt, I had become better versed with this world of original forest inhabitants. This helped me immensely, in motivating them, to reduce forest exploitation. This time, within the three-years of tenure here, I could see encouraging results.

Every time, I visited this *naka*, I noticed no big change except bit more depletion of the forests, especially in *Daiya-Ambassa* area, owing to faster development of the bordering prosperous towns of the Gujarat state. The forester, too, had been replaced by a new one. Equipped with an experience of working for nine years in this tribal belt, I had become better versed with this world of original forest inhabitants. This helped me immensely, in motivating them, to reduce forest exploitation. This time, within the three-years of tenure here, I could see encouraging results.

In this entire period of exile, he never forgot his native place nor the horrifying incident. Also, he never shared his secret with anybody, not even his wife. He survived only on hard labour which rewarded him with an extremely good health and he never fell sick, even for a day, after that *Kathodiyas* chase.

Patricia Frost School of Music, teaches classical singing and voice.

in that society. Thanks to his hard labour and generosity shown to accept that *Lala* could not be cured and is likely to die, even before reaching the doctor at *Idar*.

The logic seemed reasonable to the majority of the tired family, already worried about the expenses to be borne for *Lala*'s treatment.

But *Lala*'s father was hell-bent upon showing him to the doctor. Taking advantage of this divide in the family, the *Kathodiyas* offered thirty rupees for handing over *Lala* to them, then and there.

How could the father accept this shocking demand? But the *Kathodiyas* kept on persuading him by increasing the amount of offer. Their constant persuasion, the offer of money and the liquor had softened *Lala*'s family.

Finally, the *Kathodiyas* claimed that *Lala* would be cured if he was given a special medicine, which was available only in *Daiya*. They offered to take *Lala* to *Daiya* and cure him there.

That day, a group of these *Kathodiyas*, perchance, had met the bed-ridden *Lala* and his family people on the hill plateau, while in transit to another *katha* manufacturing site in the forest of *Ambassa* block.

In a short while, *Lala* was seriously ill and his family people had very little hope of his survival. The *Kathodiyas* also made out that they were quite poor people and were worried about expenses to be incurred on *Lala*'s treatment in the township of *Idar*. As described earlier, the never-ending forest fire had not only made the *Kathodiyas* exceptionally tough but also shaped them to adapt to strange ways for their survival.

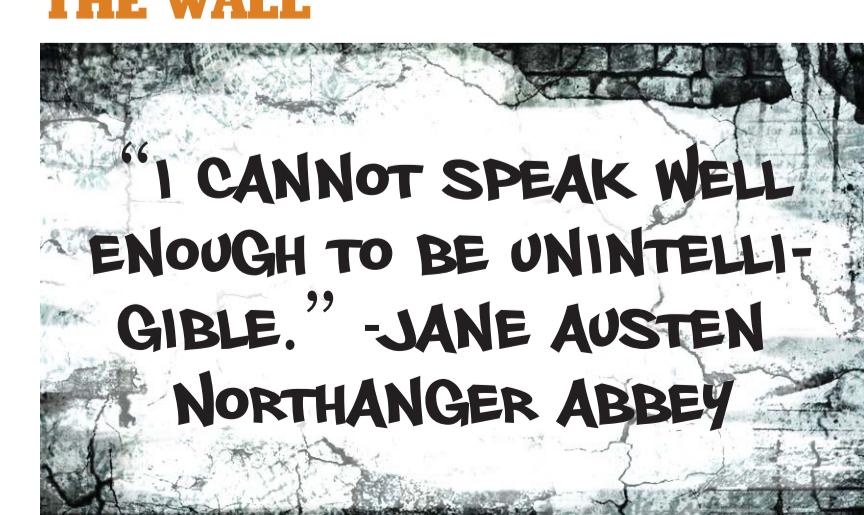
For a moment, his senses got paralyzed but shortly, his survival instinct got him back to life. Both the parties agreed to have one more round of drink to celebrate the finalisation of the deal. May be, the father wanted to bid farewell to his dear son this way only. *Lala* had only these few moments to save his life and the unforeseen powers helped him. Silently, he slipped from the cot and started crawling on the

forest floor to catch the *mauhili* leaves.

Some of them had even adapted to 'cannibalism.' Perchance, this



## THE WALL



"I CANNOT SPEAK WELL ENOUGH TO BE UNINTELLIGIBLE." -JANE AUSTEN  
NORTHANGER ABBEY

## BABY BLUES



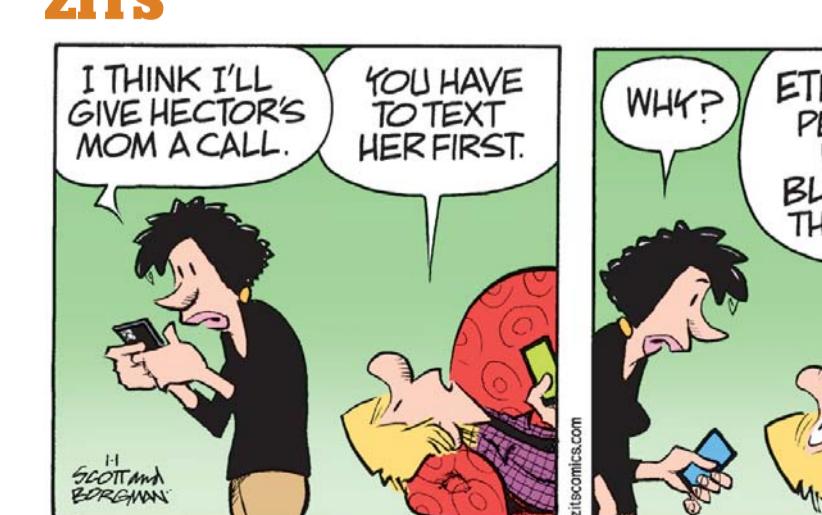
HAVE YOU FINISHED MY BOOK YET?  
I'M READING IT SLOWLY.  
NO RUSH. TAKE YOUR TIME.  
IT'S WRITTEN FOR NINE-YEAR-  
OLDS. LET ME KNOW IF YOU  
NEED HELP WITH THE BIG WORDS.

## By Rick Kirkman &amp; Jerry Scott

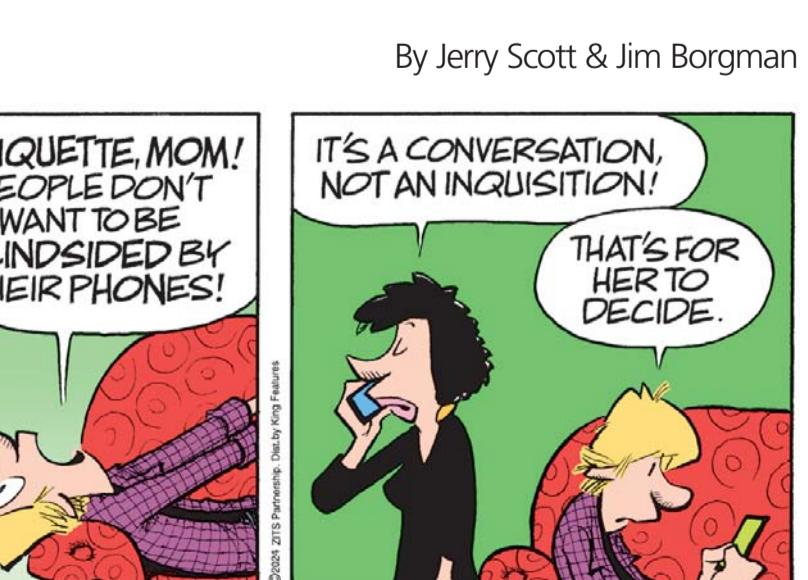


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PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK MCKEEAN

## ZITS



I THINK I'LL GIVE HECTOR'S MOM A CALL.  
YOU HAVE TO TEXT HER FIRST.  
WHY?  
ETIQUETTE, MOM! PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO BE BLINDSIDED BY THEIR PHONES!  
THAT'S FOR HER TO DECIDE.



IT'S A CONVERSATION, NOT AN INQUISITION!  
THAT'S FOR HER TO DECIDE.









