

#J'ADORE

Winter Wedding Attire

You have to be warm to survive an Indian winter wedding, but how do you still look fabulous?



Sharara-Sharara

This winter wedding, say a big YES to shararas. They are really comfortable and not so revealing, which will help you to keep yourself cosy.

Anarkali Disco Chali



If there's one thing that will never go out of fashion, it is Anarkali suits. They look very elegant and gorgeous.

An Embroidered Kaftan



The floor-length Kaftans are gaining momentum in the fashion world. They can be paired with plain Anarkali or a maxi dress.

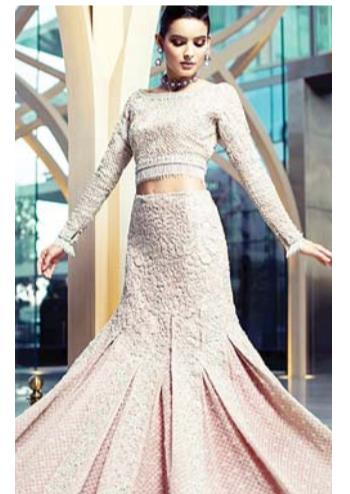
Phulkari



If you want to look different from everyone in the wedding hall, you must try Phulari outfits. They can redesign your entire look, and the variety of colours will add a sprinkle of vibrancy to your persona.

-Shruti Kothari

Traditional Lehengas



Lehenga is a must to add in your trousseau. Don't forget full sleeved blouses to keep yourself safe from the cold weather.

Saree Saga



An Indian wedding without a saree is a no-no. Experiment with blouses and drape your saree with long capes.

Do It Western Style



Glam up your cocktail party with floor length gowns. You can drape a cape with an Indo-western outfit too.

-Shruti Kothari

It is only when the young generations learn to appreciate nature that they will do what needs to be done to protect and preserve it. I spent my entire school and college time in the 1960's and 70's, in the forests of the Sahyadri Hill Range in what is today called the Kaval Tiger Reserve. I would go off to the farm of Mr. Venkat Rama Reddy on the bank of the Kadam River and spend my entire summer and winter holidays with him. No electricity, no telephone, no running water. Wake and sleep with the sun. I walked uncounted miles of animal tracks with my friend Shivaiya, Uncle Rama's Gond tracker, fished, bathed and swam in the Kadam and Dotti Vagu Rivers and sat at innumerable waterholes, watching animals and birds come to drink water in the summer where water is very scarce. As most of these rivers dry up in the summer, you can walk long distances on the river bed, where though the soft sand underfoot makes the going a little strenuous it saves you from the thorn bushes on the bank.



Mirza Yawar Baig
Naturalist and wild life conservationist

Only The Young Generation Can Conserve Nature

#NATURE

One of our big challenges in wildlife conservation is to stop poaching and habitat degradation which leads to animal-human conflict which always has only one ending destruction of the animal. The backbone of the conservation team in a Reserve Forest or a National Park is the Forest Guard. This individual lives inside the forest, many in the Core Areas in highly substandard conditions, is paid a pittance and is expected to be self-motivated enough to walk miles of boundary tracks to ensure that no illegal activity is happening. He is unarmed, except with a stick and walks as he has no vehicle. In many places where he is required to go there are no roads for him to use any vehicle, even if he had one. He lives away from his family who he sees perhaps once a week.

I am given to understand that the average age of the Forest Guard is 50 years and that young people are unwilling to take this job because of its hardship and deprivation. All these forests are starved of funds due to corruption and many a time even sanctioned funds are not released by State Governments. Be that as it may and no matter how unglamorous the job of the Forest Guard is, it is the most critical link in the chain that protects our wildlife and forests. It is critical that State Governments take note of the plight of these people and enhance their salaries and living conditions and do what it takes to ensure that they can do their jobs comfortably and effectively.

I firmly believe that the key to wildlife and forest conservation is the wholehearted support of local people. That can't happen when they don't know the forest, don't know how to conduct themselves



respectfully and safely in it and so live in fear of forests and wildlife instead of loving and enjoying them. That is also why we see the completely despicable and deplorable behavior of people from all kinds of devices, shouting and behaving in ways that can leave one in doubt that the humans didn't descend from monkeys. If they had, they would behave like monkeys, with respect and sensitivity to others who share the forest with them. This would have changed his mind if he had visited Dhikala in Corbett National Park. But how do you get local people involved and interested in forests and wildlife conservation?

What I believe will help hugely in more ways than one is to involve our High School and College youth in wildlife conservation. It is only when the young generations learn to appreciate nature that they will do what needs to be done to protect and preserve it. I spent my entire school and college time in the 1960's and 70's, in the forests of the Sahyadri Hill Range in what is today called the Kaval Tiger Reserve. I would go off to the farm of Mr. Venkat Rama Reddy on the bank of the Kadam River and

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If you walk up in the Kadam streambed and turn right to go up the Dotti Vagu, you would come to some deep pools in a very shaded spot. The water there does not move for long time during the summer. It is amazing how, as I write this today more than 45 years later, I can literally see in my mind the cooing of the turtle doves, bark of the Chital sentry when she sees something alarming. You hear the breeze in the dry leaves on the forest floor as they play chase with each other, the light, and shade. I can still smell the forest on a sultry hot afternoon and then the fresh smell of the earth in the morning, still wet with dewfall in the night. Memory is a powerful thing indeed. We didn't have cameras then, but we lived these beautiful times and the memory will stay with me for as long as I live. After that, who cares?

I recall vividly as if it were yesterday, one time when I was sitting in a blind that had been cut into the middle of an acacia thorn bush, about 30 feet up the bank of the Dotti Vagu. Very cramped space, a log to sit on and a small space opened in the front of the bush to stick the barrel of the gun through

As I keep sitting very still, even controlling my breathing, knowing that above all else it is movement that attracts attention and becomes visible, I suddenly see a pair of jackals materialize in front of me. The bitch is more cautious and is lagging behind. The dog is ahead.

After a while I realize that the jackals are a mixed blessing. Their presence will allay the fears of other animals heading to the water, as it is an indication that all is well. But at the same time, it will keep the smaller game, the Chinkara, the Chowsingha, and the Black-naped Hare away from the water hole. I want to make them leave but without alarming them so much that they warn everyone else of my presence. I gently clear my throat. It is as if an electric shock goes through their bodies. One minute

they are carefree playmates. The next instant they go rigid for a split second and then like a flash, they are gone, each in a different direction to confuse the pursuer. I settle once again into the ritual of watching life happen. This enforced inactivity and silence, the attendant breeding of stillness, then the flow of thoughts in the mind, while trying to keep aware of the surroundings, is an incredibly powerful exercise for introspection. And waiting for and watching animals on a watering hole is the best way to do it.

Camping and Walking

I have not seen any initiative in our schools and colleges to encourage youth to spend time in the forests, not zipping around in Gypsies but actually camping and walking.

They have the joy of waking up and watching the dawn breaking at the edge of a lake, waiting for the flights of duck and in season, geese to start coming over the horizon. I recall the incredibly beautiful magic of these flights, in V-formation come from one side before the rising sun, 'disappear' into it and then reappear on the other side as if they came out of the sun itself. As you watch the flight, you can hear the sound of water in the early morning feeding frenzy. They have no idea of the joy of listening to Cheetah alarm calls, asking a question and Sambar answering it. That is when you understand the meaning of the term, 'Silence speaks louder than words'. Because if a Sambar doesn't confirm the Cheetah's sighting, I for one, would put it down to the Cheetah's natural skittish nature of taking alarm at every shadow. I think this is the key to conservation, get the key to the conservation, get the joy involved.

As the sunlight strengthens, the bird calls start. Invariably it is the Jungle Fowl rooster who calls first; his call that ends in a question. If you look for him, you will find him on any small rock or dry tree branch rising out of the wet morning forest floor, that catches the first rays of the rising sun. A little later the Peafowl can out their very loud and raucous bugles. The Langur sentinel alerts the jungle to the fact that he is awake and watching.

Even if I had a video camera, it could never capture the entire atmosphere, the excitement, the challenge of sitting silent and like a true stump, my outline broken by the bush I am sitting inside.

The memory of those jackals is still so vivid in my mind that even today, 45 years later, I can see them playing in and around the water hole. Nothing lives that long in the wild. That pair of jackals is long gone. But I will remember them and that day, all my life.

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Development Activities

I suggest that the government starts a program like the NCC (National Cadet Corps) which currently seems to be suffering from the problem of having been defined in a way that makes it almost impossible for the average city dweller who thinks that his eggs and milk come from the supermarket, to comprehend, much less relate to it on a personal way.

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