

From the other side

Reprints from Soviet News and Views, from the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa.

Soviet teacher adopts Afghan child

Shakufa was the only survivor of a rebel raid on a Pashto village near Kandaghar in Afghanistan. She was five years old then. Her parents and all the villagers were gunned down by the rebels,

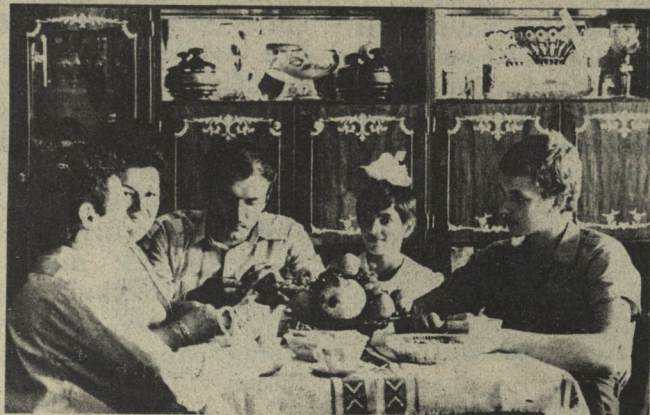
and the houses set on fire. The Soviet soldiers who forced the rebels back, took Shakufa to Kabul's orphanage. An eyewitness of the murders, the girl was in deep shock.

It was in that orphanage that a Soviet teacher of Russian in a Kabul industrial training centre, Zoya Shendrik,

saw the girl's arrival. The girl's story was exactly like her own: Zoya Shendrik had by a miracle escaped death during World War II. The Soviet woman decided to adopt the Afghan child. On completion of the formalities, she obtained a memorandum from the Foreign Ministry of the Democratic Republic of Afghanistan, and took Shakufa from the orphanage in the winter of 1985. Soon they left

for Tashkent, where the Shendriks now reside.

Zoya Shendrik has three sons; the two elder have families of their own, while the youngest, Pavel, is a senior student. The Shendriks warmly welcomed Shakufa in their home. Full of vim and vigour, she is now a member of a second grade



Shakufa, second from right, at dinner with the family.

Abroad thoughts from home

by Kaberi Dasgupta

In our March 12 issue, the column Abroad Thoughts from home somehow got mangled during our typesetting process. The result was an entire page was missing. So here we present the COMPLETE article, with deep apologies to Kaberi.

Where was I last March? (Not buried under textbooks, at any rate.) Ah, yes - my family and I were touring South India.

Touring: The word concocts an image of the cool, unruffled traveller, seated comfortably in an air-conditioned bus, being gently guided from trap to trap. But where is the novelty in that? Adventurers that we were, we decided to chart our own course toward the southern tip of India. Thus on 9 March 1985, we drove into the Brindavan Gardens.

These gardens, es-

tablished as a resort for a ruler of the former kingdom of Mysore, rival anything that the "Love Boat" ever offered in terms of romantic settings. Colour greets the eye at every glance: tiers of bouganvillas, marigolds, lilies ... all in the spectacular shades found only in the tropics, surrounded by lush grass. The stone paths that weave around the flower beds are bordered by fountains. The atmosphere can only be spoiled by the knowledge that the price of this extravagance was exploitation. (Of course, there is nothing unusual about that.) However, we remember the Brindavan Gardens for other reasons....

There were two hotels within the grounds of the gardens. One was a palatial structure that towered above all. The other, hidden behind the bushes, was a nondescript tourist lodge. My sisters

and I indicated which of the two we preferred, but we were overruled. (Money is a great source of power.) We were soon unpacking at the lodge.

My mother and I were deserted in the room as the rest of the family was too impatient to wait for us. While I replaced the hotel's sheets with our own, mom began to explore the cupboards and closets. I had decided long ago that all doors in the vicinity of the equator should remain closed, given the abundant flora and fauna of the region. My hypothesis was confirmed when I heard a cry from the bathroom.

"Look at what's in this closet!"

"Why?" I asked, being a prudent person.

"Come here!" insisted my mother.

The closet contained several hundred individuals, all of the cockroach family.

"What should we do?" asked mom.

"Leave," was my immediate response.

We finally decided (after having bolted the closet door) that we would rally our courage, and tolerate the situation for one night. After I promised not to horrify my sisters by telling them of our discovery, we went to see the dancing fountains.

The dancing fountains are the nighttime attraction of Brindavan Gardens. A bridge, across the river that divides the gardens, leads to the north side. Music drifts in the air, and the fountains, whose waters are coloured by light, rise and fall, in rows and layers, in synchrony with the melodies.

After the show, we had dinner at the larger hotel (small recompense), and then returned to our room. A mattress had been laid out on the floor for my parents as there was only one bed. Tired by the

day's travelling, we all decided to go to sleep.

I awoke in the middle of the night, hearing my parents conversing in excited whispers.

"Don't worry; I killed it," said dad.

"What about the others?" demanded mom.

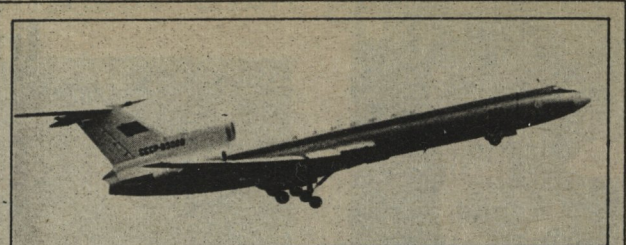
"I think you squashed them."

Mom immediately jumped up, madly rubbing and scratching herself, and turned on the lights.

"Oh, those things that you crushed were just the flowers that you were wearing," chuckled dad.

Apparently our neighbors, finding their quarters in the closet uncomfortable, had decided to join mom and dad, much to the latter's consternation.

"I'm not going to sleep with those things all over the place," declared my mother.



The ever popular TU-154.

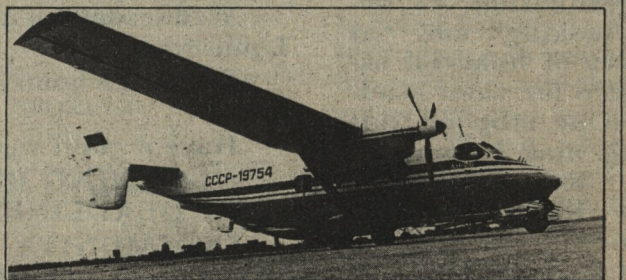
5,200 AIRCRAFT EXPORTED

The export of Soviet aircraft and land-based technology has grown by forty per cent over the past five years. To date, a total of 5,200 civilian aircraft have been sold by the Soviet Union to 55 countries.

The world market shows a steady demand for Antonov (AN) planes. A total of 1,300 AN planes have been sold to 42 European, African, Asian and Latin American countries. The AN planes are efficient and safe and can operate on unpaved runways, a feature particularly valued by foreign customers.

According to Vasily Studenikin, General Director of the USSR Aviaexport Foreign Trade Association, there is also a high demand for all IL Models, TU-134s and TU-154s. The Soviet Yak-40, a medium range passenger plane, has been exported to 17 countries.

Aviaexport also trains ground and flight crews.



The AN-28 for domestic routes.

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