

The Monthly Newsmagazine for Women DECEMBER 1986

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SHE



**THE
CLEFT CLINIC**
A Ray of Hope

PTV AWARDS —
An Exclusive

**SPARKLING
WINTER IDEAS**
Fashions Comfort and Style

SHE

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The recently established Cleft and Palate Clinic at Civil Hospital emerges as a ray of hope, after years of suffering and agony, for the cleft patients.



Samina Ahmed — a versatile actress who has proved her talent by playing all kinds of characters in all kinds of age groups.

With the onset of winter, SHE brings you a woolly extravaganza to warm up the winter season ahead.



Stephanie of Monaco is young, beautiful and rich, and has often shocked the world in her search for happiness on her terms.

COVER

Wine red rubies and glittering diamonds, a combination with timeless appeal Jewellery from Hasan Javeri.

Photography by Ramzan Ali.



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BRIEFING

The Most Awful Misery

More and more is the plight of the rural women in Pakistan coming into the forefront of the minds of people who are concerned with the welfare of Pakistan. It is generally acknowledged that these women are considered by far the most oppressed community in the country. They constitute some 30 million in all, an enormous number of unhappy, miserable women who have no voice at all of their own, nor one important and organized enough, to raise on their behalf.

The problems are manifold. Social insecurity, through the practice of multiple marriages, and forced marriages usually while the bride is still only a child, wife beating which is common throughout the country is a major one. The health of the rural woman is equally a cause for concern, frequent pregnancies and child birth, absence of medical facilities, the high incidence of infant and maternal mortalities. The cultural and social milieu in which a woman resides is basically hostile to her, she has no access to education or to family planning, she is oppressed by the mother-in-law, deprived of her inheritance by her brothers.

Her working hours start at dawn and continue late into the nights, Cooking, cleaning, child and animal minding, fetching water, taking food to their menfolk, often assisting in the fields at times of harvest, paid at less rates than their men, but never receiving their earnings in their own hands.

It was with considerable pleasure therefore to note that the Federation of Business and Professional women had organized a seminar on the Problems of the Rural Women. It can only serve to focus attention on their plight, but there has to be much more done to alleviate it. Something has to be done, by government and policy makers as much as by the political parties and social organizations, to lessen the glaring gap between the status of urban and rural women.

Our 3rd anniversary number will now be appearing next month. In a very determined effort to bring out SHE at the beginning of each month-the brickbats we have rightfully received for being consistently late for the past few months, from all our wellwishers, be they our distributors and advertisers, or you own dear reader, have driven us to making a super human effort to literally bring out two numbers in one month! Any faults you may find in this one may therefore be excused on very good grounds hopefully!

Holidays, festivals, cultural activities, weddings galore. Once again our minds are attuned to the season's entertainment, splendid in its volume and variety. The fact that there will be 200 million people in Pakistan in another 30 years doesn't seem to dampen our spirits.

Happy Christmas to all our Christian readers and of course Happy Holidays too!

3rd Coming next month
Annual number

SHE

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NEWSMONTH

DESPATCHES, VIEWS, LIVE ISSUES, SCOOPS

ISSUES

Rural Women's sorry plight.

Women should stop acting like chickens, they should crack their shells and come out. It's high time they stopped acting like stuffed dolls displayed in show-cases. It's a dilemma of our women, especially rural women, that they are deprived of their inherited rights on the grounds of being protected.

What we need to do is to educate women. Educate them on their rights and duties and at the same time keep in view the problems faced by women. The Pakistan Federation of Business and Professional Women's Club organised the Asia and South Pacific Regional Seminar on Rural Women and Development in early December. Our rural women are depressed, dependent and deprived of their right. Despite constituting a major part of our population the women of our rural areas are treated like destitutes. Even the Minister of Education, Government of Sind, Mr. Akhtar Ali G. Kazi acknowledged the fact that the major brunt of our farming is borne by their women. Introduction of modern machines has rendered manual labour less important, in agriculture.

Practically speaking males are now going out of farming. He stressed the need for the establishment of Cottage Industries in our rural areas. It is time that business and professional women from urban areas should give a lead and determine guidelines for the rural women. Unless urban and rural women join hands we cannot look at the year 2000 with a hope for a better deal for women.

It's the misfortune of our rural women that they never see the golden days of 'youth'. From childhood they are pushed into womanhood. From the earliest years of their life they are looking after the brood of children their mothers keep producing and later they themselves become child producing machines. Can't a few moments of rest and solitude be lent to these poor subdued souls?

We boast of one of the highest birth rates ever amongst the developing countries — thanks mainly to our rural women. We are also the bearers of one of the highest infant and maternal mortality rates which account for about 4 lakh infants and 24,000

to 30,000 mothers annually. With these high maternal mortality rates we are shaping the pyramid of population in a way that we are loosing women at their prime years. An age at which they are most beneficial to the development of society. Many of our infants fail to reach their fruitful years of youth, so essential for a developing nation. In spite of such alarming figures we are spending a meagre 3 to 4% of our national development budget on health.

Literacy figures for our rural women are about 6 percent, one of the lowest in the world — what a shame! "Nai Roshni" schemes do provide us with a ray of hope. The Education Minister said, that 25% of Sind's budget is being spent on education. At the same time adult literacy and other cultural activities must play a vital role.

Lack of economic opportunities, despite working all day long and bearing the brunt of repeated pregnancies, makes our rural women old at 40 years. Whereas in the west, it is said, life begins after that age. Even the statistics put forth by

the government need to be reviewed as they show the labour as 2.1% for women as against 50% for men in a survey done in 1981.

Mrs. Salima Ahmed, President of the club, gave a brief history of the Association and in her speech, made the important suggestion that women labour should be considered as a technical factor and a target for their training should be fixed. For this Agriculture and Home Economics schools should be set up in major rural areas over and above normal general education schools.

In her message on the occasion Mrs. Tunlikki Junsela, President International Federation OPBPW has said, that our international theme is that "we are building a better world". We as women have talent and potential among our members. Towards the year 2000 a process is going on where the status of man and women in the family-life culture and politics is being reconsidered and changed. Our aim should be to activate women to encourage them to participate on all levels and sectors of the society.

Masroor Alam

COMPANY

Karachi

If you fail, I fail-the Aga Khan.

The Graduation ceremonies of American universities and colleges have always had a special interest particularly for those of us who have had an English or Pakistani college education, where nothing like this takes place. So it was with a considerable degree of anticipation

that one attended the graduation of the class of '86 of the nurses at the Aga Khan University presided over by the Aga Khan himself.

What was fantastic, and somehow one has come to expect this of any function organized by the Aga

Khan's community, was the slick efficiency, the punctuality, the attractive and disciplined arrangements, the numbers of uniformed volunteers helping park the car, showing one to a seat, assisting with the tea. Pity that this discipline doesn't seem to affect the majority in the country!

The ceremonies started with an address by the Director,

School of Nursing, Winifred Warkentin, who spoke of the 54 members of the class who were graduating that day, 47 of their own students and 7 from the Armed Forces, who had started their training three years ago. The majority of the students came from Karachi, but several also from Sind, Punjab and the Northern areas. She added

I took up tap-dancing and fancied myself as a
small Fred Astaire.

Look Back Gently

BY ALYS FAIZ



When my grand-daughter decides to ask questions about how it was when I was young — what did you do? Then I really begin digging up the past to find something for her. She was most intrigued recently to find that at one time I played the piano quite well. She curled up. You never told me. Many things I haven't told you. Do tell.

Well, once upon a long time ago, every week, on a Monday evening a long-legged schoolgirl, in reefer coat and velour hat, music-case in hand, full of music scores, would make her way to her teacher's house. The small house was on a corner. It had a blue door, I remember. One knock and the door is opened, always by a girl of my age. She would push out her tongue at me, as far as it would go, in a manner of greeting. We were friends you see. I could never answer back in the same way. Her mother always stood behind her. I would give her a gentle shove as I passed into the hall. Good evening Ma'am. Come in dear. I would pass into the small sitting-room, take off my coat and bat, open my music case, and sit on the high music-stool. Yes, dear, scales first. My fingers would run up and down the keyboard. Did you practice this week, dear? Yes Ma'am. Loud pedal, dear — not quite so loud.

I was bored by it all — I wanted to learn to play hot jazz, not scales, minutes and the like. At exactly five o'clock when the tiny clock chimed out the hour, her husband would push the door open, gently, cup of tea and biscuits in hand. Play on, dear, while I have my tea. The scene never changed, neither did the script. So she sipped and swallowed while I struggled on. And my poor father paid all of twelve

shillings and sixpence a week for it — a large amount in those far-off days. In the garden the daughter would play around, pausing now and again to poke out her tongue. But I did learn to play gavottes and things rather well.

When the hour was up — Hurry up, dear, before it gets dark, don't talk to anyone on the way. Goodnight Ma'am. Sometimes my brother would be sent to meet me, and we would race madly home, swinging the music-case between us. Trilling the scales as we ran. Over for another week. My mother had a lovely voice and I would accompany her when guests came, on our upright piano — "Softly Awakes my Heart" or "Annie Laurie". The piano was always locked when not in use, and a brother might well hide the key when practice-time came — they hated the sound of the scales as much as I hated playing them.

But I really wanted to be a ballet dancer, but at the ballet school, one look at my long legs and my height made it clear to us that I would never be a ballerina. So — I took up tap-dancing and fancied myself as a small Fred Astaire. Patent shoes with tips on the toes. And soon I had everyone doing it along with me between lessons, tapping round the kitchen. But I never made a solo. I was always way down along the line, no special parts.

One year we had top hats and walking-sticks, and tapped out the old songs my grandmother used to sing and the audience joined in clap, clap, clap to our tap, tap, tap.

So since I would never make a solo I turned to Greek dancing and our teacher was a tall, gorgeous creature who taught us the elements of Greek movement. One year we gave an elaborate display in Hyde Park in our scanty dresses and bare feet with braids in our hair, and in the front row sat two famous people — Dr. M.D. Taseer, gazing at his wife-to-be and Mahmud Ali Kasuri, his friend.

By that time I had left scales and taps far behind. It was time for trekking in Germany, gay evenings, renting a flat. The last time I danced was in Artek in a Pioneer Camp by the Black Sea — I had accompanied a small group of Pakistani children. A brave young man asked me to dance with him at an evening party. My, you dance well for your age I do and I did, I thought, and fled back over the years to misty-eyed calf-love. But the bottom had fallen out of my world when the young man spoke.

Anyway, my grand-daughter has it in her, in her bones and soft flesh. But when dance has been banned it means small private classes, how and when is best known to those who devise it all. But she looks gorgeous as she struggles with her Bharat Natyam, lotus fingers, bells a-ringing, skirts swirling. She'll never make fame, fate is against her here, and that saddens the heart.

What did you DO? This and much more. We could pick and choose, sing, dance, trek, swim, skate but, darling, I love more your bells a-ringing and skirts swirling!



Dr. Shaista Sheikh, Asst. Professor, Plastic Surgery Dept. Civil Hospital Karachi.

A NEW HOPE FOR THE

In a society such as ours, the mental and psychological anguish of a physically disfigured and deformed person is unquestionable. Where physical agony and pain accompany the social and psychological pressures of physical impairment, the situation is worsened.

Such is the life of a child born with a facial cleft. Unpleasant to look at, physically deformed and socially rejected, these children constitute a considerable number of the Third World population, including a large percentage in Pakistan.

For years now, due to lack of information and research available, proper attention and treatment has not been given to the cleft cases, thereby obstructing the path of rehabilitation of such individuals.

Unfortunately, the parents of these children often show a negative approach towards the problem. Shocked and

grieved at their birth, the parents either mistreat or ignore the child completely, or placidly accept him as *Allah Ki Dain* and nothing constructive is done about the child's treatment.

However in occasional cases when medical aid is sought, a vast majority of parents fall prey to the ruthless wiles of unscrupulous doctors and quacks (who are an unpleasant and yet real part of our society) who perform incorrect operations whereby marring the entire life of the child.

Finally after years of suffering and pain, a ray of hope emerges for the cleft patient. The recently established Cleft Lip and Palate Clinic at the Civil Hospital, which was set up through the strenuous efforts of Dr. Shaista Sheikh is a welcome move in this direction.

Charming and gentle, Dr. Shaista Sheikh is the Assistant Professor of the Plastic Surgery Department at Dow Medical College. Although associated with plastic surgery (especially cosmetic surgery) for several years, Dr. Shaista's interest in the cleft cases was awakened during her stay in England where she had worked in a cleft clinic.

A vast majority of parents fall prey to the ruthless wiles of unscrupulous doctors and quacks.

Dr. Shaista says, "on my return to Pakistan, I realised that no facility existed for the cleft cases in our country. As this particular treatment takes years to complete and has to be backed by a thorough follow-up system, a lot of work was needed in this field. Thousands of such cases exist in Pakistan but due to lack of attention and systematic treatment, the life of the majority of such patients remains spoilt.

"I therefore decided to work on this project and finally with the help of Professor Durrani, Head of the Plastic Surgery Department, Civil Hospital, we set up this clinic in April '86 on a small scale".

What is a cleft lip and palate, and how does it affect the patient?

Left: Before Surgery.
Below: After the first operation, the lip is partly repaired. But the process of treatment has to continue with subsequent surgeries.



The recently established Cleft and Palate Clinic at the Civil Hospital, Karachi, is a result of the strenuous efforts of a young and dedicated lady, Dr. Shaista Sheikh.

DISFIGURED

AFSHAN SIDDIQUI

"Clefts of the face are one of the commonest congenital anomalies. They impose great physical and mental handicap on the sufferer. At birth the patient is faced with a struggle for survival, because of feeding problems, respiration and various other disabilities from associated congenital anomalies. As the child grows and begins to utter his first words he is immediately set apart as "different". Very often he is also retarded, not so much from inherent causes, but because of psychological inhibition. Palate clefts lead to middle ear infections and the child may even develop deafness at an early age and of such severity that speech development may be hindered simply from lack of hearing. Besides in many cases severe chest infections occur.

Further problems in the way of irregular development of teeth (due to the malformation of alveolar arches) and the upper jaw and development of the nose not only create severe physical handicaps but are also the source of major psychological trauma which leads to self-imposed isolation and lack of full development of the personality".

The theories of solar and lunar eclipse, jinn and saya are widely acclaimed and believed.

What are the main causes of the facial cleft?

"So far no specific cause or reason is known. Although a number of times it is hereditary, with the chances of occurrence increasing if there are previously reported cases in the family. But at times this problem suddenly comes, where there has not been a history of similar cases before. However maternal illness and malnutrition, in particular vitamin deficiencies, during the first trimester of pregnancy, have been implicated in the causation of facial clefts besides hereditary reasons and use of teratogenic drugs. Intermarriages between close relations can also be attributed as one of the vital causes for this defect.

Besides, in our country many superstitions and myths exist, for example the concept of solar eclipse and lunar eclipse, *jinn* and *saya* have not been disproven and therefore such theories are widely acclaimed and believed. Surprisingly such beliefs are not only popular among the ill-informed lower classes, rather a vast majority of the educated, middle and upper class, also falls prey to it.

Is the defect curable? And what is the method of treatment?

"Yes, thankfully this condition is correctable. The milder cases of cleft can be brought to normal, while the severe cases after thorough systematic treatment can be brought to near normal. One main objective is to lessen the pain and the agony of the victims, and to make them look presentable so that they can go to schools and colleges, get regular jobs and settle down in life.

The treatment has to start from the day of birth and continues until the age of twenty-four. But this is where the problem lies. We usually receive patients who are well advanced in years and come at a stage when not much can be done for them.

Often a couple who has borne such a child is too involved in their own psychological trauma and social pressure to think constructively about the physical treatment of the child. And by the time they are awakened from their lethargy it is already too late.



Right: A cleft does not only create problems with the cosmetic appearance but also results in much physical pain and agony.

December's

TALK

A RAISE FOR THE ARTISTE

PTV has recently announced a fee raise for its artistes. This is welcome news indeed as the artist's equity had been hankering for a raise for quite some time. It was felt that for the work involved, PTV's payments hardly covered

expenses. Surraiya Shahab, the well known news caster once said that her daily news payments did not cover the cost of two suits of clothes!! Uzma Gillani was once heard to remark that her petrol bill for attending rehearsals and

recordings was more than her cheque. Farooq Qaiser, some years ago, was shooting a film in Lahore, in which he wanted to have a shot with the lion in the 300. Despite constant provocations the lion just would not emerge from

the inner cage. Farooq humourously remarked, "I think he knows the amount I'm being paid, for this whole programme and he (the lion) just doesn't think it's worth it"! The list of complaints is endless but there are also

Star-Studded



It was a glittering affair with a huge audience in the Liaquat Gymnasium and an even bigger one in front of the TV sets, all over the country. The general verdict was, "well, it was better than the ones of previous years. In parts it was even good". What made it better than the five other award ceremonies that has preceded it? After all the faces were the same, the celebrities haven't changed, the general presentation was very similar to the others, the compres

Moeen Akhtar and Ghazala Qureishi are now a hit on stage. So what were the factors that made this grand eleven lakh PTV presentation successful? Firstly the actual production. Eight cameras were used to cover this show. Splitting the screen into 4 parts. Showing the three nominees and the envelope being opened made that moment thrilling specially if you happened to be involved in the nomination. The rest of the show went pretty smoothly any slickly.

The huge, glittering set was exposed well too. After the production, comes the choice of guests who presented the awards. Bringing them on in twos and husband and wife teams was a neat idea. The viewer got the best of both bargains, he saw TV personalities plus film and stage celebrities presenting the awards. An improvement on inviting beaurocrats, Civil Servants and other prominent people to present the awards, who are not known. Outside their own circle.

Another plus point. The skits were passable, again an improvement on other years. Saleem Nasir as the neutral Umpire, the hockey skit plus, punch lines from Dildar Bhatti, Anwar Maqsood, Haseena Moin, Asif Raza Mir and Shanaz Sheikh were tolerable. One would have liked to have seen other PTV personalities on stage such as Mehtab Rashidi, Salima and Shoaib Hashimi, Saba Parvez, Khurshid Shahid, Latif, Usman and Sameena



incidents of good will and non-profit motivation. Irfan Khoosat is one artiste, who is famous for accepting any role, regardless of the length or payment. Nazir Hussain is another. Artistes like them, feel they owe a lot to PTV and are aware that the mini-screen has been very instrumental in projecting them. For them, just to appear is enough, the payment is an extra

bonus. However it is still a very nice feeling to be on the screen and get paid for it too. The recent pay rise has increased the drama artiste's fee per minute by Rs. 10, which means if you have a main role in a 50 minute play, you earn Rs. 1500. For Naheed Akhtar, Mehnaz, Tahira Syed and other singer of that calibre the jump is also of Rs. 10 per minute.



For comperes and interviewers a Rs. 5 raise and for news casters, it's an increase of Rs. 25 per day and the list goes on. Considering the rise in

prices in general these "extras" to PTV artistes were long over due. But then considering what is presented on TV, one wonders if it's worth it?



6th PTV awards

Peerzada to name a few but PTV probably has reasons for not inviting them.

Moeen Akhtar is a plus point in general. This young man is a born mimic and stage performer. His improvisations are quite amazing as is his timing. He does at times tend to get cheeky, but all in all, he is always a good choice. On the other hand, Ghazala Qureishi is stiff, formal and quite detached. She had learnt her script well but one slip and the inevitable ah-ah began. Here Mehtaab Channa would have covered well or Marina Khan with her cheerful manner. Again, Ghazala's selection must have good PTV reasons behind it.

There were the usual slip ups like seating the nominees at a distance and they took a while to climb up on stage. Also the computerized names didn't show up too well, spelling mistakes etc. The Gymnasium being so huge was almost a next to impossible task to light up. Some award winners like Bushra Ansari, Iqbal Ansari were



hardly shown at all as they received their award. Tahira Syed made a rather unfair remark regarding her husband. Ghazala mugged up her lines. The closing "Ham Eik Hain" by the two comperes didn't coordinate. Many nominees and some winners didn't turn up. Certain nominations were prejudiced and certain programmes ignored like "Rhim Jhim" (music) was nominated for its singer and composer and not for its production. Peshawar seemed to have been given more importance this time etc. etc.

But inspite of all this and other faux pas it was a watchable show.

The stars who went as guests were more than satisfied with their "looking after" in Islamabad. A crowd of 7000 people behaved responsibly and with decorum. Yes, indeed, a good show PTV: Congratulations Shoaib Mansoor, a quiet, young man who managed it all from writing, to arranging, to production. He certainly now deserves to be transferred back to Karachi, his home city!

Photo Classifieds

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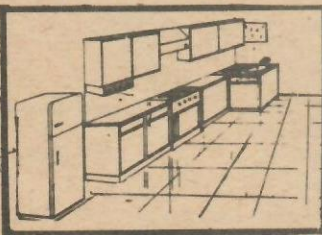
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• BAR-BQ کا اسٹیک انتظام
نوٹ :- ہمیں ڈیزبر 10/10 ڈسکاؤنٹ
برقہ ڈسکاؤنٹ اور دیگر تفریبات پر کھانا ایک
اور ہال چارجسز مفت
انتظامیہ دی انویسٹرز (رجسٹرڈ)

ڈسٹری بیوٹرز
۳۱۷۸۷۷
سوک سینٹر گراؤنڈ فلور، گلشن اقبال، کراچی

موٹاپا
اب لا علاج نہیں
اس سے پریشانی نہ ہوں

! خصوصیات :-
• نفع دہاں کی
• نہ بھوکے نہ پیئے
• نہ سخت قسم کی ورزش
• نہ دوائیں
اور
• یقینی نتائج
• وزن نہ بڑھنے کی ضمانت
• سلائگ کے ساتھ ساتھ باڈی فٹنس اور صحت بھی
• بڑھانے کیلئے پورے جسم کی صحت
• نہ بھوکے نہ پیئے نہ بھرت
• ویٹا، ہارمون اور ویسٹ کم کیجئے!

ڈی ہ بلاک
پتی ایڈوانس کلینک فیکٹری ایڈوانس کراچی
فون: ۴۷۰۹۶۵، ۴۷۰۸۰۶

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