

Apartment-hunting In New York

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apartment by now, when the news was announced of the Newspaper Strike! It seemed to go on so long that people took to reading paperback books on the subway and the trains instead of the daily paper

Just as our luck would have it one agency showed us apartments in areas which even newcomers could tell was not the one we should take and the other agency dealt with the kind of apartments the rents of which would have caused us to become insolvent!

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BY now we had consumed five-hundred rupees worth of sandwiches, living in a hotel just off Fifth Avenue which had facilities for cooking breakfast in a kitchenette too small for at least one Pakistani housewife's circumference!

Some days we calculated five rupees to a dollar; then we met a friend who was sending money home on Bonus rate and a dollar saved would be over seven rupees at home for some people, and then we met a friend who had spent so much on the fare from Pakistan to America and with exchange enough only to equal the tips alone in New York well, he counted a dollar equal to over eight rupees; of course I know better—one dollar is equal to one rupee for all purposes specially when you want to prove to your husband how many beautiful things you shopped for only twenty dollars. Imagine one sandwich for five rupees when at home I could eat Cafe Shiraz's fried leg of lamb along with spicy curds and pickles and 'roti' and tip included for that much.

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TO forget about our apartment hunting and to remedy the sandwich eating, we called up the Pakistani people for whom we had carried parcels all the way from home across the Atlantic. And when these people came to pick up their stuff, they said the least they could do for us was to have us over for dinner. We feasted the whole week at three different people's places and, Boy, the President's Banquet couldn't have tasted better! The next week we enjoyed the food at the Pakistani snack bar and restaurant at the World's Fair, Farouk's Tikkas have my allegiance to my dying days.

To go back to the apartment hunting, we were glad we found one in Midtown Manhattan though with the bare minimum amount of space. We didn't go near the shy Pakistanis, we didn't go near the card fans, we didn't become part of the Pak. residential area. Anyway, who wants a large home in New

York? I have a large plot in PECHS here.

Who wants to live next door to Pakistanis in a few months I'll have an all-Pakistani neighborhood at home. Who wants to play cards when the very air of Manhattan is exciting, when walking on Fifth Avenue is like being part of a moving glossy fashion parade, or at Christmas time a Fifth Avenue bedecked and bejewelled like an Oriental Bride, or when you can breathe the air of Broadway and peep into the Times Square shops where they say there are bargain sales because the stores are crossing down (the same bargain sale must have been or since George Washington's time) or walk on Park Avenue—some of the richer than rich, Park wide variety of T.V. shows of twinkling lights, or watch the Avenue with its Christmas gown when the first snow of the season makes a mess of the city outside?

Apartment - hunting In New York

By MRS. HABEEB

HAVING arrived in New York, the first thing to do was to start apartment hunting. And how does one go about it? Well I suppose either you leave it to a renting agency or go about it yourself. Our bet was we were told was the classified columns of the "New York Times".

The shy and the lonely Pakistanis told us to live near someone we already knew, as they said, it was not easy to make friends in a fast and busy city like New York. Others told us it did not matter where we lived; they could always include us in their bridge quorum or well come us to their dinner parties.

One opinion was that we should avoid getting stuck with too many Pakistanis. It would be more interesting to know the American people well—their views, their habits, culture and customs.

STILL others said: "Take our advice. Don't take a two-

bed-roomed apartment, don't take a single inch of space more than your bare requirements. "Move out of Manhattan, it's no place to live in with children, imagine breathing all that impure air!" "Don't go out of Manhattan, as it is you are here for only eight months more. You don't want to spend half of that time commuting," said one. And Manhattan was expensive, said others.

"Honey, it doesn't seem like a place worth living in, does it, this New York?" ... Honey groaned due perhaps to my comment on his aching feet—I don't know which.

After days of pouring over the columns of Apartment for Rent, then poring over the Manhattan map and walking from address to address we had to admit that we had walked more in two weeks in New York than we had in the last twenty years of our lives and had still not found an apartment, we were quarreling, that is, my husband and I, that an agency might have changed something but would have surely found us an

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