

Hospitality Is For The Birds?

GUESS what happened to a friend who did not take advice from others. The friend, let's say, was just a friend, but what was more important was the advice. "Don't take an apartment with a spare bedroom or a large bedroom, or with a children's bedroom."

What kind of crummy advice is this, you might think. "Why not take a decent sized apartment in New York?" "Oh, well, you know a large apartment attracts visitors, like women to a Sale." No kidding, who has the time to exchange visits here, you may think like a friend did.

The friend, let's say a Mrs. Khan, rented a large apartment here and wrote home to Ammi who couldn't resist mentioning, by the way, to that show-off Mrs. Khan No. 2 next door, how well her son-in-law was doing in America. Mrs. Khan 2 met a friend at cocktails and mentioned it to another friend, who

promptly asked for the address of Mrs. Khan of New York as she herself was going to America shortly.

Letter From Mother

IN New York Mrs. Khan received a letter from her mother that Mrs. Khan 2's neighbour Suraiya was going to arrive in New York and if she could help her shop at the right places, etc. Mrs. Khan, carrying

By
Mrs. Habeeb

a heavy bag of groceries, thought yearningly of home when she could have told Khansama what to cook, ordered the bearer to polish the doorknobs and table legs, told aya to see to the baby and asked Mr. Khan to send the car and take the visitor to A.P.W.A. Kashmir Emporium, etc.

After weeks Mrs. Khan in New York received a long-distance

Collect Call from somewhere in the United States. It was Suraiya. She said that they had come to the States for the treatment of their ten-month old baby, the surgery was successful and now they were passing through New York on their way home and if Mrs. Khan could accommodate her, the husband and the baby for a night or two.

"Of course, Suraiya, you are welcome to come and live with us, but I hope you will be comfortable,—you see I don't have a maid to help me." Suraiya was the daughter of an ex-roving ambassador and may be the present ambassador's guest en route in Washington D.C.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Khan, we don't mind. We'd love to stay with you," and with no more ado it was decided.

Call From Airport

IN preparation for her guests Mrs. Khan waxed her floors, polished her furniture, cooked two day's menu and went to dress, for in an hour her visitors were to arrive, when she received a call from the Kennedy Airport asking if they could be picked up from the airport as they refused to accept

the directions for coming on their own.

Mrs. Khan had little time so she allowed herself the luxury of a taxi and paid about eight dollars, without realising that she was the hostess from there on, so she would have to pay the cab fare on the way home, too.

Mrs. Khan's visitors stayed for five days... and if Mrs. Khan couldn't stand the sight of the hurricane-swept look of the guest bedroom she would have had to do something about it herself. As it was, the beds were not made for the period of Suraiya's stay. The baby was sick and soiled Suraiya's sari on the way home from the Airport—that sari lay in the same condition on the bathroom floor for three days perfuming the apartment until Suraiya's husband washed it somewhat and put it away.

The next day Suraiya's husband had to wash a diaper which had, you know, what babies do. He must have spilt some of it around as there was now "perfume" in the apartment till Mrs. Khan couldn't bear it any longer and cleaned it herself. Suraiya watched in fascination when Mrs.

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Hospitality

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Khan made parathas and prepared the kormas (she never knew how someone cooked) Mrs. Khan also watched fascinated at the trick of wearing false eyelashes and wearing makeup which looked as if Nature herself had put it there.

Laundry

SURAIYA seemed to put on very little except makeup... she wore nothing except baby-doll shortie pyjamas all the time she was home—even when Mr. Khan, thirteen-year old master Khan and Miss Khan 11, were home.

One day when Suraiya did some laundry she dried it by stringing it across the living room. She disposed of the disposable diapers by giving them to the children to dispose of and when the children objected she threw them out of the sixteenth floor apartment window, till the doorman complained.

Last, but not the least, Mr. and Mrs. Khan had to buy tickets for the Theatre of the best show in town and at the last minute these tickets cost a fortune to the hosts.

The last I heard of the Khans they were spending another fortune shifting into a smaller apartment, and, believe me, this is not an exaggerated commercial to promote the renting of radio apartments—every word true.