

INDIA IS LAND OF VEXING PROBLEMS

(Continued from page 4)

Average westerner, yet the Hindus are only too eager to point out that in Europe and America millions of creatures are sacrificed every month to the great god, belly. The Hindu, however, never commits the sin of eating beef. The cow is too sacred. They, in their sacredness, must never be killed even if they can hardly stand on their four straggly legs because of the ravages of tuberculosis. They must die a natural death. They wander about the streets and in the mud houses of the natives eating their food and molesting the populace. Even in the British section cows are everywhere, and woe to him who beats such a sacred creature.

On our return from the temple while we were plodding through the narrow alley ways to the tramway that would take us back to our kind, we noticed women come out of their dirty hovels and scoop up in their hands some fresh dung of the sacred cow and disappear again indoors, evidently to knead some fuel for the morning meal. All over India may be seen on stone walls convenient sized cakes of cow dung slapped on the stone to dry with the outlines of hands prominently imprinted on each one, sacred stuff.

Benares, the Holy City

We left Calcutta Monday night for Benares, the holy city for the Hindus. There we hired a guide who professed to be a Brahman, the highest caste Hindu. To us he acted for all the world like a child, with a limited intelligence at that. In the first place, he had a desperate quarrel with a Mohammedan as to his right to be our guide. It was very annoying to us.

"The Mohammedan is a liar," he told us, "and is not worth a damn."

We afterwards found out that his opinion was not limited to this one man, but that all Mohammedans were liars and all of them were not worth damns. He did not give us his frank opinion as to the Christians, however. As a guide he was efficient.

We were taken in a boat on the Ganges and from there we could see the many temples and bathing ghats on the river's edge. Bathing was taking their morning baths in the sacred waters. Along the terraces which lead down to the water's edge were holy men, some extremely holy with only a gee-string to attach them to the things worldly. Others were not quite so holy and consequently they wore robes and their faces were hideously decorated with the ashes of human bodies. These apparently are the official "money getters" of the holy men, for as we secured permission to take one's picture, he insisted it should be a rupee, and not eight annas for this privilege. As a matter of fact, we should not have taken his ugly face if we had known it would cost anything.

We visited the monkey temple where not only do monkeys abound but also dogs, constantly threatening with growls at each other and at the entrants to the "sacred portals." One dog was literally being eaten alive by some parasite or disease which was rotting his baggy carcass as he lay about on the filthy floor—a place hardly fit for a United States dog. Yet it is a sin to kill the miserable creature. To take life outside of sacrifice is the basest of Hindu wickedness. Evidently dogs are not fit for service.

Indecency of Worship

We visited the cow temple where stalls are maintained for the sacred creatures. Then we wended our way through the narrow alley to a Siva temple. Every time a cow would come toward us we were required to climb in a door step while her sacred highness passed by. When the male of the specie came we volunteered out of deference for his nature.

We could not enter the Siva temple. We looked through the doorway, however, at Hindu women worshipping the phallic symbol, and decking it with flowers. In all the temples are seen these symbols carved in stone. They are the Hindu physical replica of the high idealism of life. The child-like Hindu guide explained

all this to us in a matter of fact manner, apparently as incapable of appreciating anything but the base materialism of it all as is a westerner whose sense of decency is insulted. Yet this man was of the highest caste.

We were taken to the temple where women are not allowed to enter. There a holy man explained to us the significance of the fine carvings in wood which to us in ourselves were the height of obscenity.

That was the end of our holy temple chase in the holy city of Benares. We tried to appreciate the artful carvings in wood and stone, but it was too much like eating a turkey dinner in a chicken house. It was not relished. We endeavored to see the Eastern point of view, but essentially we are Westerners and that could not be altered.

Beautiful Bazaars

We visited the bazaars at Benares. It is noted for its brass work, and truly it is beautiful. Then the brocade is the finest in the world. We were taken up a rickety little stair to a balcony shop above an alley-like street where the beauty of the work amazed us. We could hardly resist buying more than we could afford.

"This is the art of India," the proprietor told us. When he discovered that we were American he gave us a card of a certain Fifth avenue firm to whom, from his mealy little shop, he exported his brocade.

We left Benares the evening of the day we arrived. Our next stop was Agra, the city of the Moguls. The Moguls were the historic Mohammedan conquerors of India. They have left many land marks of the splendor of their empire. The Taj Mahal Agra fort, and the many vestiges of Mogul dominance at Delhi shall forever cast glory on Mohammedan rule in India.

Saw the Taj Mahal

Unrivaled as a monument in all the world is the celebrated Taj Mahal. Forty years did workmen struggle to build it. For many years before that did artists work with a clear vision in their minds. A monument unsurpassed was created. In it lies the sarcophagus of the beloved wife of Achbar, the emperor.

Its faced marble, its inlaid jade and precious gems, made into the shape of the iris and locket, its delicate carvings in marble, and above all its reverberating hollowness, as though one inside were hidden in the bowels of the earth—all this makes it a mystery even to the modern world of architecture. It is truly one of the seven wonders of the world.

It stands by a lovely river, a memorial of the past. Its white surface is a symbol of love. It looks as though it were carved out of solid marble.

Debate at Nagpur

Our debate at Nagpur was very interesting. Two of our opponents were Indian students in the University of Nagpur. The third however, was a Ceylonese professor of philosophy, educated at Oxford and trained in Western way of thinking. We discussed Democracy and he attacked its very principle. He was extremely clever. However we at least made an attempt to answer his issues but he absolutely ignored ours. We appealed to the "Mr. President Sir," on a philosophical basis. We maintained that everything must be determined by an absolute standard or a relative standard and that the failure or success of Democracy must be determined in like manner. Yet Democracy has not completely broken down. Furthermore it is relatively the best of governments. Our stand was not questioned.

Not all the audience, however, discovered this logical flaw, for we lost the decision, 136 to 116. Those in favor of the resolution passed out one door and those opposed passed out another.

Met Mahatma Gandhi

At Madras we had the privilege of meeting Mahatma Gandhi. However, since it was his day of silence, we could not converse with him. We also attended the 49th annual Indian congress which I working for swaraj, or independence from Britain.

Thirty-five hundred delegates were seated under an immense, batched roof. They squatted on the matted ground to hear long speeches concerning the freedom of their people. Loud speakers were distributed abundantly about the temporary auditorium.

We left Madras for Colombo

Coylon, with a varied opinion of this great country of over three million people. I have made an attempt to enumerate these candid opinions in this letter. I have endeavored to refrain from hear-say or from repeating what I have read. It is exactly what I have seen. I respect the opinion of certain observers into social affairs that there lies in the Hindu religion a wealth of spiritual idealism. They are keener observers than I in my observation. However, I confess that I fail to see anything worthy of Western consideration.

"Mother India"

Then, too, not all has been written by those who praise this philosophy. Many keen observers present India as a cesspool of religious mockery. Miss Katherine Mayo, an American, has written such a book, and called it "Mother India." It has caused an uproar among the people of India. The students at Nagpur continually quizzed us about this book, and asked why the American government did not suppress it. There was an intense fire of animosity in their eyes, as in India the book is associated with the whole American nation.

Another question they curiously brought up is that of the American negro. They cited figure after figure that indicated conclusively that every negro in America was abused and that every American made it a habit to lynch two or three negroes every year. Evidently they feel akin to the dark races the world over and are ever ready to defend them.

AVERY THOMPSON.

(Mr. Thompson is one of the world debaters circling the globe and contesting with teams in various countries. The other members of the team are Jack Hempstead of Aurora and Benoit McCroskey of Salem. Mr. Thompson's home is in Salem. They are all Marion county boys. They represent the University of Oregon. Mr. Thompson writes the above on the steamship Hakozaki Maru, between Colombo and Port Said, dated Jan. 3. The present address of the debaters is New York, care Thos. Cook and Son. Mr. Thompson says in a note to rather lengthy article on India.

However, this article does not begin to cover the subject. Furthermore, it is composed of nothing but connections and personal observations. The letter was mailed at Port Said, at the entrance of the Suez canal.—Ed.)

IDAHO YOUTH SEEKS DOGSLED DERBY CUP

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to safety. One at a time the dogs got up the bank, and then they all strained to land the driver, who was submerged in the water, clinging to his sled.

Harry Knight, who ranks with the older Ike Mills as a Canadian favorite in the Banff-to-Calgary derby, is a hero in western Canada, not only as a dog-racer but as a rodeo performer. Two summers ago he entered the Calgary Stampede and won every prize, after walking afoot to Calgary from his distant home. Then he took up dog racing, and has come to the front in the foremost Canadian sports of both seasons.

Cordingly's team made the distance in 1927 in between eight and nine hours, over a path laid out circuitously across ice-filled streams and over the foothills which stretch eastward from Banff.

The dogs which make up the teams are half wolf and half Siberian hound, bred for endurance in western Canada. Dogs from eastern Canada will not do, for they are unaccustomed to the dryness of the high altitude.

An effort was made last year by Arthur Beauvais, Quebec musher, to train wolves for derby racing, and he brought up a team from cubdom. But when they were half-grown, at 10 months, they showed all the fierceness of their savage ancestors, and hope of racing them in a derby had to be abandoned.

The dogs are trained not only to run on rough and hill trails, but to cross creeks and streams filled with frozen or floating ice. Across floes the lead dog hops from one piece of ice to another, the rest following and the driver getting across as best he may.

THE McMUNN BOOK RECEIVES PRAISE

(Continued from page 4)

number of years to land you safely and surely back in that lost Oregon farm childhood that still sleeps uneasily in your blood and can never, never quite forget. Such a modest genius is Ella McMunn!

Her first book, "Down on the Farm," in 1924, slipped quietly onto the tables in the bookstores and slipped quietly away into the hands of enough readers to exhaust the edition—and she let it go at that.

Now four years have gone and comes "Seven Miles Out," even more quietly published, and circu-

lated chiefly among the friends and admirers of Ella McMunn in Salem.

And she says: "I have not attempted to solve any of the great problems of the world, and I am ashamed to confess that my purpose in publishing this book is to receive some of the praise and compliments necessary to feed the soul of a writer."

An additional reason, she admits, is that she would like "to claw together enough money to build a log house with a dirt floor and a sod roof that would be pretty and green in the early spring."

"This house," she adds, of her present abode, "is a nice house, but it sags somewhat in the mid-

dle, so that the clock will not run at all . . ."

And then, throughout all the book there is no imprint showing the price, nor where it may be obtained. But it is strongly to be suspected that Patton's bookstore in Salem might be able to give some information. The edition has not yet made its appearance in Portland bookstores. Or may be the editor of the Salem Statesman, who guided and fostered the first publication, might be able to tell where the book is to be found.

At any rate, it is much too nice a book to be confined only to the group of readers in Salem and, as before said, if anyone remembers an Oregon farm childhood—the book is for him.

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Advertisement for Pomeroy & Keene featuring an illustration of a golfer and the text 'There Are No "Eighty" Golfers With Bad Eyes' and 'Pomeroy & Keene Jewelers and Optometrists—Salem, Oregon'.

Advertisement for The Man's Shop featuring a clock illustration and the text 'set the alarm at seven—be ready at NINE WEDNESDAY The MAN'S SHOP 416 State Street'.