

# Crowded Streets of India Are Fascinating to Medford Youth

(Editor's note: This is another in a series of letters written by Jeff Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams, Medford. Young Williams is on a trip around the world, which started as a hitch-hiking journey. Since travel is poor in many places, he has been riding trains and other transportation means. In the following letter, he describes some of India.)

By JEFF WILLIAMS  
Agra, India: Have just returned from a visit to the Taj Mahal. It really is everything and more than I expected. The intricate marble screen around the tombs is truly marvelous.

But just as fascinating are the crowded streets you must go through to get there. The fetid stench is terrific; they are overflowing with people and water buffalo. The shops seem to press closer and closer into the streets. Congestion is almost as bad as a super-market.

These small towns are where you really see the poverty of the nation. Children up to seven and eight run around stark naked, with skinny arms and legs, and pot-bellied. Razor backed hoes run the streets and the filth is really pitiful by western standards. Women go along the streets with baskets on pick up the cow dung to take home and burn for fuel.

I had a long talk with a young surgeon who is quite dedicated to his work, and he says it is almost impossible to even slow down the terrific spread of tuberculosis here.

Days in Lahore  
I spent three days in Lahore and had dinner one night with two interesting Englishmen, one of them an eminent journalist. Then I took the train to New Delhi, the capital, arriving the day after the great rain. Ten and a half inches in only 24 hours. And their yearly rainfall is only 24 inches. This place is really flooded.

I decided I needed a rest and food so I went to the YMCA, where I got a good bed and excellent food for \$1.75 a day. I've been here almost a week and my face is beginning to fill out some. Primarily, though, I stopped here to see about visas and I have made the rounds. Burma is too difficult to obtain they tell me. Thailand and Vietnam both say I don't need one if I don't stay longer than a week in each place. My train fare across all of

India, about a thousand miles so far amounts to about \$9. That is third class, which isn't the best, but it still gets me where I want to go.

Tomorrow I am going to spend a day in Benares, the Holy City on the Ganges, and from there will go to Calcutta. There I will take stock of my resources and see if I can afford to fly to Saigon as neither the hitching or the hiking are very good in India.

Guide Offers  
Calcutta: Leaving Agra, I took the train, third class, of course, to Benares. The minute I stepped off, I was approached by a European looking chap whom I learned later was an Anglo-Indian. He offered to guide me for 12 rupees, (\$2.50). I said no, too much, so we bargained. I'm getting pretty tough at a bargain these days. Finally he said he had nothing to do anyway, so he would do it for free.

Off we went in a rickshaw to the river Ganges. We wound our way among the priest stands down the famous stairs to the edge of the Holy River. Men and women alike were dunking themselves in the muddy water in order to get purified. Most of them seemed very old to me. We got into a rickety old boat and pushed down river. The Ganges was up and fast from the monsoon and the current gave us some fancy twists and twirls now and then.

High above the bank are picturesque temples, one topped with pure gold for holy worship by the Hindus. Beneath the gold topped temple were two large platforms, one above the other for cremation. They had just finished one cremation and close by was a woman wrapped in red and slung between two poles of green bamboo waiting her turn. The most sickening sight were the mangy, starving dogs prowling and digging among the ruins. Still hot and smoking.

We turned the boat and slowly worked out way back upstream against the heavy current. When we landed, my guide went first and we had to wind our way single file through and around the praying people and their priests. He finally turned off into a small alley, so narrow that in order to pass anyone, you had to turn sideways. Along both sides, sunk into the walls were shops for saris, fruits, brassware and food.

Suddenly to my left was a massive door of solid silver

carved with the most intricate designs. This is the entrance to the Golden Hindu Temple and only the Brahmins, highest of Hindu cast may enter. We came out at the end of a gloomy alley and climbed some back stairs to find ourselves on a roof top for a close view of the temple top sheeted in solid gold.

There is a story that the only man who tried to steal some gold from this temple turned blind immediately as he touched it. We returned past the beggars which are thick everywhere on the streets, dug our way through the crowds of people in time for me to catch the evening train to Calcutta. Of course I paid the guide, as both he and I suppose, instead of 12. He bowed and thanked me, and I knew I would, but only four went off apparently happy.

Well Believe It  
So here I am now in what is supposed to be the dirtiest city in the world and I can well believe it. Someone had told me to go to the Salvation Army as it was cheap, fairly clean and good food. Their main station was filled so they sent me to another one in the old section of town. There, they had one empty bed. The usual occupant was off on vacation, and they said it would be 12 cents a day.

One large room containing 80 beds. About half are Anglo-Indians. (Incidentally there is much racial prejudice between the Anglo-Indians and the Indians.) The rest of the occupants are British, either very old or complete derelicts.

The man in the bed next to me I am sure is a bit touched. Talks on and one about nothing in an almost incoherent mumble and tells me he has many inventions that he is sure will bring him in millions. (Pounds, I suppose). Also, he has written several books. ("Rather good, too, I should say.")

On the other side of me is an Anglo-Indian who seems morbidly interested in the plight of the Negro in the states and wants to know how the mallotots get along, and what about the Red Indians as he calls them.

Then there is a huge man who must have been well educated at one time. He tells me he had had an executive job in England when he was sent out to India 25 years ago. He evidently has gone steadily downhill and now drinks so much that he can't get work.

Last night he offered to show me some back alley life.

## Grange News...

**Phoenix Grange**  
Phoenix Grange will meet Tuesday, Aug. 26 at 8 p.m. The serving committee will be Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bolz, Mr. and Mrs. Athel Dudley and Mrs. Enid Caster. Gertrude Lewin, Publicity Chairman.

**Eagle Point Grange**  
The Eagle Point Grange met Aug. 5 with Master Cliff Moore presiding. The Eagle Point degree team, with Roscoe Roberts as master, conferred the third and fourth degrees on 13 members. They were from Sams Valley. Enterprise, Butte Falls and Lake Creek Granges.

Commissioner Ralph James reported all roads in good condition, and Roberts gave a short report on insurance. Following the meeting, watermelon was served by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Chamberlain and Gertrude Stanley.

As this is the busy season for farmers, fruit and 4-H workers, the attendance was small at the Aug. 13 meeting of the Eagle Point Grange.

Overseer Myers acted as master. C. C. Hoover reported that stock prices were dropping. Ten thousand lambs were wanted by a California buyer.

Mabel Wertz gave a short report on the 85th Congress. Out of 25,000 bills and resolutions, only 1,200 had been acted on. Ray Hubbell gave a report on weeds and their control during the lecture program. He told of the damage to cattle from eating certain weeds.

Mrs. C. C. Hoover announced the HEC will meet Aug. 27 at Mrs. Thomas Vestal's. Refreshments of cake and ice cream were served by Mr. and Mrs. Otis Hill and Mr. and Mrs. Harry DeVore. Gertrude Stanley announced on Sept. 5 and 6 the 4-H G. E. Stitches were sponsoring the Walt Disney movie "The Living Desert" at the Eagle Point Grange hall.

As I was most interested I went along with him. The night was very hot and humid and to add to the confusion was a celebration of an ancient Moslem war. Throats were singing and dancing. The only light was from that of an occasional man roasting corn. My friend rode right into the mass with me at his heels while he pushed and shoved every now and then knocking someone spinning. We turned off the alley and pushed through a door into a narrow hallway which stopped before an intricately screened door. Through this we could see a Chinese family eating. An old man shuffled over and my friend said "two eights." Soon he returned, opened a round window in the screen door and handed us each a tumbler full of clear liquid. I took one small swallow and spit it out quick-like. Smelled and tasted like turpentine, but it was supposed to be gin, I guess. I handed the rest to my friend and he tossed off his, mine and another one. By the time we got out the door and half-way down the alley it hit him. I had quite a time holding him up and leading us both back through the dark streets to our beds. I said "Good night," and I suppose he was trying to say "Cheerio," but all he got out was "Cheese" before he was snoring. He had told me he got a small allowance from England and I guess that is what he spends it on, poor guy.

Yesterday I met a company man who travels extensively through India. He took me on a tour of the markets. He imports cheap electrical appliances and sells them here for tremendous profit. Then he sends carved wood and ivories back to be sold in the states and England. He suggested that I go in business with him. We stopped to watch a snake charmer. He had a small altar, three human skulls, a monkey skull and a middle sized boa constrictor. But no cobra, so I was disappointed.

I am writing this at a small table in the embassy and the rain is coming down about an inch an hour. Must get back to my community bedroom. You should hear the variety of snores every night, but the food is good and so far all I have found is fleas. Bananas are so cheap I eat a dozen a day.

## Petty Larceny Charge Arrests Made by Police

Robert Lee Parnell, 18, of route 2, box 198A, Central Point, and a 17-year-old youth, also from Central Point, have been arrested on a charge of petty larceny in connection with thefts of hubcaps, city police reported. A third youth was questioned and released, police said.

According to the report, two hubcaps were taken Thursday night from a Jeep on East Main st. between Bartlett st. and Central ave. and an attempt was made to take one from a vehicle on the lot of Hamlin's Used Cars, 908 North Riverside ave.

## 4-H Club News

**Thimble Thumbs**  
The Thimble Thumbs 4-H Sewing club met Saturday at the home of Michelle Ely on Stewart ave. for a coffee hour to entertain their mothers.

The girls served and gave a style show, wearing the latest styles in chemises and sacks.

Marilou Garner, county 4-H economics agent, was a guest.

## Two Top Judges In Rabbit Show

Jo Ann Wood of Evans Valley, Daryl Zapell and Lucile Lowry of Talent were the top individuals in the rabbit judging contest recently completed at the county fairgrounds in Medford.

As the best three contestants in the county they are entitled to represent Jackson county at the state fair in the 4-H rabbit judging contest.

In addition, Lucile and Daryl will be joined by Linda Sommers of Talent to receive the county medals as the top rabbit judging team. Alternates in the rabbit judging contest are as follows: Randy Bradshaw, Medford; Mary Lou Van de Kamp, Medford;

Tony Glidden, Medford; Linda Sommer, Talent; John Ensizer, Rogue River; Joyce Josephson, Central Point, and Marvel Lichtenstein, Rogue River.

## Southern Oregon Asks Bids on Various Jobs

Bids will be received Thursday at Southern Oregon college, Ashland, for various items of concrete construction, according to Donald E. Lewis, business manager.

Work includes construction of curbs, gutters, drain boxes, drain lines, sidewalks and asphalt paving on the campus, he said.

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# JERRY SPIELBUSCH

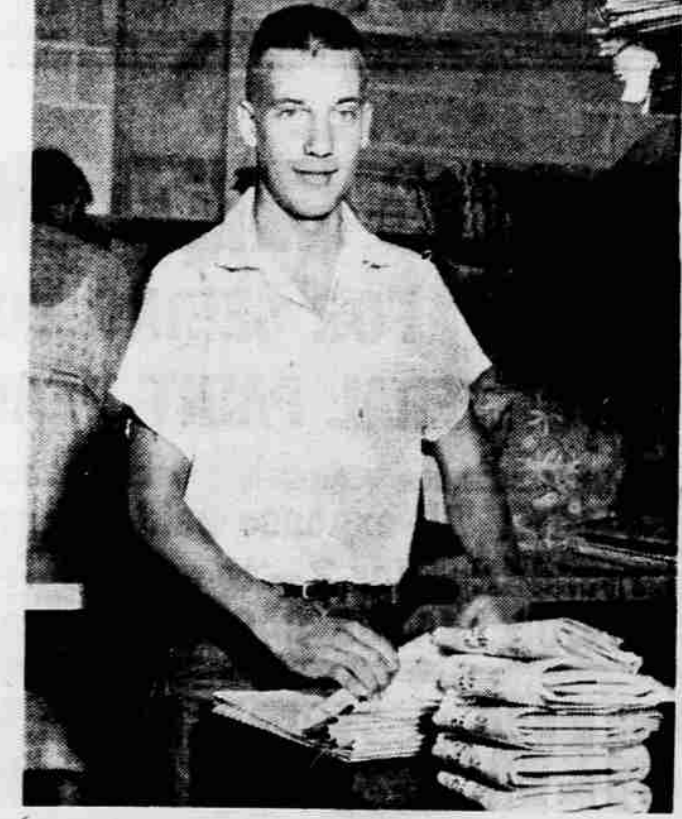
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## OUTSTANDING MAIL TRIBUNE CARRIER

*for the Month of July*

### SUPERIOR SERVICE IS THIS YOUNG MAN'S KEY TO SUCCESS

Fifteen-year-old Jerry Spielbusch has been delivering the Mail Tribune in West Medford for the past three years, and by giving superior service to his 125 customers has won for himself a warm spot in their hearts "Jerry's delivery service is the best," writes his customers. "My paper is always placed where it is easily seen and if the weather is bad my paper is always in a dry spot. He is always courteous and thoughtful." Whenever a Mail Tribune subscriber is kind enough to send in a vote for his carrier it is certain that he is doing an excellent job with his route. The Mail Tribune subscribers comments are always appreciated because it is through them that we can better determine how our carriers are progressing.



Jerry is the oldest of seven boys and four girls, four of whom are twins. He is the oldest in the family and has always had some responsibility towards the younger members. He is a great help at home and helps his mother with many of the household chores. He baby sits on occasion and has become an excellent cook. According to his mother, Jerry is very dependable and his cakes and cookies are "out of this world" and are more superior to any that she can bake.

Jerry will be a Sophomore at St. Mary's High school and is a better than average student. His favorite subjects are science and mathematics. Upon his graduation he hopes to qualify for the Air Force Academy and become an Army career flyer.

Jerry is industrious and works at anything to pick up extra money. Many of his paper customers have him mow their lawns during the summer and during the fruit season he, with his mother and father, who works a night shift, spend their mornings picking fruit. The extra money which the family picks up this way helps with the many expenses that a large family must meet.

For recreation, Jerry hunts and fishes with his dad and being mechanically inclined, likes to tinker with small motors, particularly with his motor scooter which is always in perfect condition. He likes to read and his tastes vary from the serious to books on sports, hunting and fishing.

To Jerry, his Mail Tribune route has afforded him the means of obtaining many things he might not otherwise have. The training he has received by managing his route will never be forgotten and it will benefit him in all he does in the years to come.

### Honorable Mention:

The following boys have also won a pat on the back for their excellence and outstanding performance in delivering the Mail Tribune during the month of July:

- |                  |                       |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| Roy Atkins       | Medford Route 7       |
| Gene Lantz       | Medford Route 15      |
| Stanley Drysdale | Medford Route 16      |
| Jerry Burns      | Ashland Route 1       |
| Bill Lawrence    | Ashland Route 5       |
| Peter Kreisman   | Ashland Route 6       |
| Sam Howell       | Talent Route 1        |
| James Thompkins  | Talent Route 2        |
| Earl Van Hoy     | Central Point Route 2 |
| Larin Clouse     | Jacksonville Route 5  |
| Robert Holman    | Yreka Route 1         |

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