

Williams Arrives in India When Monsoon Season Brings Cool Air

(Editor's note: This is another in the series of articles by Jeff Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Williams, Medford, describing some of the highlights of his trip around the world. Williams is scheduled to return to the United States later this month.)

By JEFF WILLIAMS
New Delhi, India, late July: I arrived in India just after the coming of the monsoon season, which brings cooling rains after the summer's death dealing heat. In Benares, the people were dying faster than they could be cremated.

In the vicinity of the railroad station is one of extraordinary confusion. The streets are unpaved and full of mudholes. Pressing in from either side of the street are innumerable tiny shops constructed of flimsy wood and sheets of tin, and roosting about everywhere are grunting hogs.

At the station, I shouldered my way into a third class coach with the rest of the usual mob and off we went for Agra, site of the famed Taj Mahal.

Curio Shops
There are the usual curio shops and such before the entrance of the Taj Mahal. The beautiful tomb is surrounded by a high wall of dull red brick and the entrance is through a huge and elaborately decorated gateway nearly 100 feet high. When I peered around this dull and gloomy entrance, the gardens, the reflecting pool, and the soul filling loveliness of the Taj Mahal spread glistening before me as if fresh from the master's brush.

I strolled down the white marble steps and along the reflecting pool, lush gardens spreading away on either side and fully 100 yards down to the base of the tomb. Before entering, I had to remove my shoes. The white marble square was so blinding in the sunlight that I proceeded directly inside.

It was cool and restful and the air was delicately tinged by burning incense. The main chamber is lighted by a single lamp of exquisite design suspended from the ceiling. Surrounding the two marble caskets is a most remarkable lace wall, hand-carved from

solid marble and inlaid with red and black marble to form exquisite designs. The caskets of the Shah and his favorite queen and the enclosing walls are thus inlaid, also. The actual bodies of the two repose in a candle-lit chamber beneath the main room.

Lounges In Garden
I lounged in the gardens for awhile before going back to the train station. I chatted with an interesting man from Bombay who invited me to his house, but unfortunately I am not going there. My train for Benares was almost on time and so off I went for the Holy City on the River Ganges in a monsoon downpour that inundated the tracks in 20 minutes.

Benares, India: While eating the usual beef curry and rice in a Benares restaurant, I was approached by an Anglo-Indian guide who declared he would show me the city for 12 rupees, about \$3. I kept refusing until he said he would do it free. We set off for the Ganges, holy river of India. As we neared the river, the street got more and more cluttered with people, shops, goats and pigs.

As we began to descend the steps to the river we had to wend our way through a dozen or more rickety priest's tents. The priests sit under their umbrellas and give spiritual guidance and blessings to the recent bathers fresh from the purifying waters.

We reached the water's edge and I could see a number of old people and a few children splashing about and submerging themselves in the swirling, muddy water.

The river was quite high due to the monsoon, but not particularly rough. On the boat ride, we paused opposite the Hindu cremation platforms, then drew nearer for a closer look. One cremation was just finished and another was being prepared. The woman must have been very poor for it was a very simple arrangement. She was wrapped from head to foot in a red sari and slung between two green bamboo poles, stretcher style.

As they were building her pyre higher, a horribly mangled dog jumped down from the next platform and began picking his way among the old embers, looking for any

remains, I suppose. He wasn't skinny, either.

Glad to Be Away
The oarsman was now straining to return upstream, and I was glad to be away. The boatman wanted five rupees, but my guide bullied him down to three for me.

At the top of the stairs, we turned into an alley so narrow that two people had to turn sideways to pass. After a few minutes of winding our way along this shadowy alley we arrived at the Bhuddist's Golden Temple. It was small as temples go, but very richly ornamented. The entrance was through a doorway of solid silver and the onion-shaped temple dome was covered solidly with sheet gold.

A legend says that the only men who ever tried to steal this gold turned blind instantaneously upon touching it.

Gets Quick Look

I snatched a quick look through a small window of the inside, but was not able to see much, except some people kneeling before a square hole in the floor through which rose a thin spiral of smoke.

We pressed on again, still in the alleys, but now and then they opened into small squares where groups set selling fruit, trinkets and dry paint. We finally emerged on the main street. I paid the guide four rupees, as he darn well knew I would, and took a tonga to the train station. I boarded the train that evening and arrived in Calcutta the next morning.



Edith Green Believes Oregon Should Study Brussels Ideas

By A. ROBERT SMITH
Mail Tribune Washington Correspondent

Washington - The planners of Oregon's Centennial celebration and International Trade Fair would do well to adopt some of the popular and very practical means employed at the Brussels' World Fair for taking the weariness out of a fair-going.

That's the recommendation of Congresswoman Edith Green (D-Ore.), just back from a visit to the big fair at Brussels and a smaller one at Zurich.

One of the most popular features of the Brussels fair, she said, are push-push carts—a kind of mechanized rickshaw used to provide transportation for fair-goers around the vast grounds.

"It's like a love seat with a driver in the rear," explained Mrs. Green. The drivers were all young people, probably students. There was no real push-push involved, unless the motor failed, and the fare was based on a time basis—so much a half hour.

Chair Lift Available
In addition to push-push carts, the Brussels fair has a chair lift to carry sightseers above the grounds for a bird's-eye view of the great exhibition. The Europeans are wild about chair-lifts, but Mrs. Green confessed to not being a good flier in one in Switzerland that shot up thousands

of feet in minutes. The Zurich fair had a chair lift of this sort that took fair-goers for a high-balling joy ride to an elevated point where they could look down—'way down—at the fair.

The other popular feature at Brussels designed to take much of the fatigue out of going to the fair for many parents was a giant nursery for child care while father and mother toured the grounds.

Built by the manufacturer of a beverage for children, the nursery was manned by a staff of nurses and doctors, Mrs. Green said.

"It was not only a baby-sitting service," she added, "but the child got a complete physical checkup as well."

She said one child was in an isolation ward when she visited the nursery because the doctors had discovered an ailment unknown to the parents, who were out seeing the fair.

A menu is prepared for each child when the parents bring him in, his clothes are changed and washed while he is in the nursery.

"Anyone who has tried to struggle through a long day walking around a fairgrounds with infants would welcome such a service at the Oregon Centennial," the lady lawmaker said.

Pond for Soaking Feet
The United States provided, quite unintentionally, another service for foot-sore visitors to the Brussels fair. Mrs. Green said she realized this only after hearing Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt speak to representatives of all the nations

with exhibits at the fair.

"We aren't just a country of gadgets," she heard Mrs. Roosevelt tell the group, "but we have a heart. Look at the pond (centerpiece of the U.S. exhibit), it is being used by visitors to soak their feet."

Mrs. Green spoke to the same group and invited them all to the Oregon Centennial.

The U. S. pavilion was the "most beautiful building of all" at Brussels, Mrs. Green thought, but "the modern art in it was just atrocious. There was one painting that was just plain grey panel called 'Rain.'" She shook her head in disgust.

Asked if it looked anything like Oregon rain, she said, "No. It would have had to have some yellow strokes in it to represent the sunshine that goes with Oregon rain."

Robeson To Make Home in Britain

Blackpool, Eng.—UPI—American Negro singer Paul Robeson said Sunday night he plans to live in England and go back to the United States only as a visitor.

Robeson, as well-known for his leftist politics as his singing, made his surprise announcement to a concert audience of 1,500 here.

"From now on, I am going to make the British Isles the center of my cultural activities," he said. "I have decided to live in London. I will still travel the world, and, whenever I go back to America it will be for a short stay—an overnight stop, so to speak."

Grange News...

Lake Creek Grange
Members of the Lake Creek Grange thank all the Grange members in Jackson county who contributed M.J.B. coffee bands towards obtaining the coffee-maker.

During the recent meeting of the Grange Howard and Jane Blair were voted membership in the Grange. The Blairs have purchased the Ernest Burrell property on McCallister rd.

Sympathy is extended fellow member Gerald Hansen and his family on the death of his father, William Hansen. Ernest Burrell's brother and wife are visiting from New Mexico. It was decided to have a square dance party Saturday to honor them.

Sickness was reported in the Bob Gilkey and Carl Ribblet homes. Birthdays honored at the last meeting included those of Claus Charley, Ira Woolfolk and Nora Bradshaw, home economics chairman.

The next Grange meeting will be held on Oct. 10, at 8:30 p.m.



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HOLDING THREE BOTTLES, David Voss, 19, kisses wife Linda Sue, 16, after she gave birth to identical boy triplets at Redlands, Calif., hospital. Tots were born six weeks prematurely. All are reported in good health.

Quotes From the News

By UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL
Washington—Robert F. Kennedy, chief counsel of the Senate Rackets committee, in urging court removal of James R. Hoffa as Teamsters Union president:
"This is a very critical situation... because this group that controls the Teamsters is so corrupt from the top."

Lexington, Ky.—Gov. Theodore McKeldin of Maryland, in expressing willingness to propose a school integration resolution at the southern governors' conference:
"I think it would be good for the South for us to recognize that the Constitution and the Supreme court's interpretation is the law of the land."

Blackpool, England—Singer Paul Robeson, in announcing he plans to live in England:
"I still will travel the world, and whenever I go back to America it will be for a short stay—an overnight stop, so to speak."

Boston—Mrs. Gladys Heffernan, after being hit by a bat flung by "old friend" Ted Williams:
"I'm all right and it wasn't Ted's fault. It was just an accident."

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