

**November 8, 1955 Edmonton**

**Yesterday was my last day in the children's library for some time. My replacement is coming from Seattle but will not take over until next Monday - I hope she enjoys my children as much as I have. When I return in six months, will I be a different person, for today I began to fulfill my dream of traveling around the world?**



**Alberta Legislature Edmonton 1954**

**We were due to leave from the Municipal Airport at 6:45 a.m. but were delayed by engine trouble. Doris Perring invited my parents and us to have breakfast at her home. Afterwards we shopped until noon.**



**We finally said our goodbyes and took off about 12:30.**



**OUR FLIGHT TAKING OFF [TAKEN BY MY FATHER]**

**It was my first flight. The day was beautifully clear and Alberta was suddenly transformed into a flat land marked into squares with the mountains just bordering the west. It seemed only about fifteen minutes before we were over Calgary.**

**Just before we reached the foothills the stewardess served lunch, the most tender roast beef I have ever eaten. I kept trying to eat and look down too but the clouds moved in and covered the peaks with a thick layer, broken only occasionally to reveal a solitary landscape feature.**

**After lunch the stewardess came to talk to us. She asked to see our ticket – the first round-the-world air ticket she had ever seen.**

We saw few mountains and a few valleys and lakes. The farther west we travelled, the larger the lakes seemed to be. Some, from our 18000 foot vantage spot, appeared to snake between the mountains for miles and miles. By the time we reached Vancouver the peaks cut through the cloud layer, but then we dove and saw nothing until the ocean shore came to meet us, as we landed on Sea Island.

We went straight to Aunt Isabel's house. Krish went to bed and slept all afternoon while I visited and caught up on family news. After dinner we spent the evening visiting and looking at family snapshots.

Wednesday, November 9<sup>th</sup>. Vancouver

It rained hard all day. Aunt Isabel took me to a meeting of the Loyal Circle of the W.A. I think all the ladies were over sixty but they made me feel very welcome and invited me to pour the tea for them. Krish spent the afternoon doing business errands and Cousin Eleanor packed for her trip to the Caribbean.

Thursday, the 10<sup>th</sup>. Vancouver

There was lovely sunshine but a strong wind. Aunt Isabel and Uncle Doke took me to the zoo, up to Prospect Point and around part of Vancouver. They showed me Pauline Johnson's monument and B.C.'s beautiful University which is right beside the sea. We also visited Spanish Banks where the Spanish sailors used to land. Uncle Doke loved to watch the monkeys in the zoo.

November 11<sup>th</sup>. San Francisco

Rose at four a.m. to catch the six o'clock flight. We boarded on time but the engines wouldn't start so we were late taking off. It was snowing lightly as we approached Seattle. For a long time it seemed as if we were not able to land – it was very bumpy and we circled downwards several times before we made it. We changed planes and left for Portland, landing there about an hour later. In Portland it was snowing heavily and we had to have our wings de-iced before taking off again. The snow continued for quite a distance down the coast – sometimes we were over the ocean and sometimes over heavily wooded areas.

When we finally flew over San Francisco Bay we could see the Golden Gate Bridge and Alcatraz. We nearly got off in Oakland but the stewardess stopped us just in time. The people walking around in the San Francisco airport wore an amazing variety of costumes from a wedding dress &

tuxedo, to shorts, bathing suits, very casual, very formal wear and everything in between.

Our hotel is on a hillside. Our room seems rather shabby but the whole city seems down at the heels. We are three stories up and facing away from the street but, just across the alley and also three stories up, is a garden complete with palm trees, grass and flowering shrubs.

We went for a long walk up and down the narrow streets, ate and found the emporium before going to bed.

Saturday the 12<sup>th</sup>.

We had breakfast in a run-down joint called Singh's Café. It must be a poorer area of San Francisco. Shopped all day until our feet were perished. The prices are high here when you add on all the taxes. Found some pretty plaid underwear and bought some cigarettes for gifts or whatever. We met a nice, very friendly Indian importer. He's probably only about the fourth Indian I've ever met.

In the evening we went to a bar - a first for both of us. We didn't know what to order so we settled for martinis. Perhaps martini's are for elegant people, I didn't like mine that much.

Sunday the 13<sup>th</sup>

Got up early and packed. We took a city bus tour to the Presidio [which means encampment] to see the Golden Gate Bridge. This is where Krishan first entered North America by sailing under it. However it was raining hard so that we could only make out the approach to the bridge.

Boarded the plane for Hawaii. The trip took nine hours and we gained two in time so that we are now three hours ahead of Edmonton. On the plane we were given little cardboard moveable clocks which help one determine the time in any place in the world,

We couldn't see much of the ocean for the clouds kept getting in the way but when there were breaks the sea looked grey with white caps eddying across it. When the sun broke through the water turned a pretty blue-green with white caps. But nowhere, as long as I looked, could I see a boat, any sign of life or any shallows in the restless Pacific. When the sun set the clouds turned golden with deep mauve shadows and the propeller noses shone like burnished gold.

The airport in Honolulu was different from any I had ever seen. It was open with only two walls and a roof but it was crowded with people. All those on the plane who were met were garlanded with fragrant leis made of carnations and orchids and a flower I didn't recognize [frangipani]. Most of the women wore flowers in their hair and very few were occidental. There



were children everywhere and their costumes were as varied as those of the adults. Everyone seemed to be very happy. The narrow road from the airport to Honolulu was lined with little stalls with dozens of leis hung up for sale. The temperature at our arrival at 9:30 was 75 degrees. [Later I learned that Edmonton was covered in snow].

We reached our hotel about 10:30 p.m. It is called Pua Lei Lani which translates into wreath of heavenly flowers. It is on a street lined with hibiscus and palm trees, a block from Waikiki Beach. Our room is enchanting, the furniture is lacquered black and embedded with mother of pearl pieces and sea shells. The bed is tucked in an alcove and you could draw a curtain to hide it if you wished.

We had a shower and went for a walk towards Honolulu. The night air smelled of a kind of tropical green fragrance and the sky was full of stars. The Waikiki Beach area is nice but unpleasantly fragrant with the pervasive odour of stale fried food ... the shops are full of lovely expensive things for the tourists to buy – goods from all over the world, especially sportswear and oriental items.

Monday November 14<sup>th</sup>. Oahu



HONOLULU

I was very sleepy this morning and was tired all day. It is warm and damp here of course. The streets are lined with palms and all have coconuts growing on them. We went to Honolulu for breakfast. We had poached eggs and fresh guava juice floats. We bought Krish a suit and bathing trunks and flat slip on sandals for me. We came back to the hotel with apple bananas, a

quart of fresh guava juice which cost only thirty cents, fresh frozen coconut milk and papaya passion fruit juice. The little cans of guava juice which cost twenty-nine cents at home are three for a quarter here and you can buy three large cans of guava juice for a dollar, it is as cheap as pineapple juice. I wonder who gets all the money. Krish bought two papayas and ate one immediately.

We ate at the *Melting Pot*. We started with a fruit cocktail of Hawaiian fruits, then mahi mahi fish, passion-fruit juice and guava sherbet. It was the best meal we've had so far.

Tuesday November 15<sup>th</sup>.



We have rented a car from Pete's U-Drive and Rental Service today so we drove around the Island, going through Pearl City and past Pearl Harbour. Foreigners are not permitted to go to Pearl Harbour where there is a monument in remembrance of the Japanese attack in 1941. Apparently you can still see the sunken ships. We passed rocky and sandy beaches and saw many handsome children. We returned via the mountain pass called the Pali. In places the foliage meets overhead and the sun shines through in shafts of light. I have never seen any place as beautiful as this Island or any place that has such a nice friendly feeling in the air.

In the evening we went to visit the Watumuls. They are an older couple but ethnically like us. He was originally from India and she from Seattle. He founded a chain of very successful shops in Honolulu. Now they both do volunteer work for the U.N. supporting world wide family planning initiatives. They just returned yesterday from meetings in Japan.

Watumuls live in a beautiful home high above Honolulu. On a deck that looks west, they have a telescope mounted that looks toward the sea. They have white wall to wall carpeting that is inches thick. Their children are grown and have started families of their own.

After returning we went for a walk on the beach before going to bed.

Wednesday, November 16<sup>th</sup>. Honolulu

We went for a swim in the sea before breakfast this morning. Then we moved to the Beach Park Hotel. It is right on Waikiki Beach with a magnificent view of the sea – blue, turquoise, green and always changing. The wind has gone down a bit and the bright sun has dried up all the traces of last night's and this morning's rain. I think that here the wind blows all the time.



I went to the Waikiki Biltmore to see a hula show. It was very pretty. There were two girls in grass skirts dancing, then *The Poster Girl of Hawaii* danced in a sarong, and a Samoan girl did a knife dance. Too bad Krish missed it.

The shops here have beautiful articles in them. There are sportswear and sundresses for women and colourful Aloha shirts for men. The curios are mostly from the orient.

Lazed on the beach in the sun all afternoon.



In the evening we went to *Don the Beachcomber* for dinner. It is a fantastic place with streams, low lights and candle lamps and was designed to look like a Samoan grass shack. I had my first filet mignon. It was good and should have been at the price. For drinks we had Missionary's Downfalls. We didn't know what to order so the waiter suggested them. They were good but I think maybe he thought we were missionaries. The drinks had little mint flowerettes in the centers. The floor show was very interesting. It featured a hula girl in a sarong, a hip wriggler from Samoa who danced to drums and a male Samoan who performed a flaming sword dance. There was also singing of Island music. The evening cost more than fifteen dollars but it was fun!



**Thursday, November 17<sup>th</sup>.**

**I finally mailed all my letters. The clerk in the hotel tells me that the Island has scorpions and centipedes but nothing poisonous. The nasties live on the windward side of the Island and tend to hide under rocks in dark, damp places.**

**Today I spent the whole day on the beach sunning myself. This is really living! On week days Waikiki is totally deserted but I did meet one chap of Portuguese descent. He could swim like a fish and offered to teach me. He was tall and very dark skinned and his hair was beginning to gray above the ears. He told me that he had never been off Oahu but he knows that there is no place in the world as lovely as Hawaii – and perhaps he's right.**



**WAIKIKI BEACH 1955**

**Although I declined the swimming lessons, he took me out along a sandbar until we were beyond the sea wall so that I could watch beautifully coloured fishes weaving lazily through the water.**

**Krishan has rented a convertible from Taylor's U-Drive for five dollars a day plus ten cents a mile.**

**Friday, November 18<sup>th</sup>. Waikiki**

**Spent another morning sunning myself on the beach. Met a cute lonesome marine who wanted to get acquainted. He seemed very young, maybe about eighteen and very homesick for New Jersey. He's on his way to Korea. Just as he thought he was getting somewhere with me, Krish came back so we could go for a drive. The poor marine looked so disappointed.**

**We drove to Koko Head to see a phenomenon of the sea, a spout of water caused by waves forcing sea water upwards through a narrow hole in the rocks. Apparently there is a very high spout on one of the other islands. Koko Head is bleak in its loveliness – black rocks, white surf and the constant roar of the waves. The sea is very green and looks cold although of course it is not.**



**There is no swimming on this side of the island and people rarely come here.**





**WINDWARD SIDE OF OAHU**



**Saturday, Nov. 19<sup>th</sup>.**

**Went to the zoo. We had lots of fun watching the monkeys and Krishan was really fascinated by the baboons. The Honolulu zoo is small. It has a pair of cougars or leopards but no other cats and Krish was disappointed because there were no snakes. There was a very sad looking buffalo [bison] from the North American plains. His coat was all patchy and dull. We think that perhaps it is much too warm for him here.**

**Afterwards we went to the aquarium which was in a very beautiful building containing some fantastic underwater collections. The fish of the South Seas must be the most colourful of their kind – golden shades of yellow, blues, blue greens, stripes and some strangely marked. There were moray and electric eels, mounds of coral with living sea creatures and a big outdoor tank of enormous turtles as well as three sea lions.**

**Sunday, Nov. 20**

**In the morning we left home early to drive north along the Island shore. Krishan bought me three orchid and frangipani leis from an old woman who had a stall beside the highway. He presented the garlands to me in almost the traditional manner.**

**We stopped at the Dole plantation and were taken on a tour of the pineapple fields. Our guide picked a pineapple and cut pieces for us to try. The pineapple flavour was so different from any I had experienced. It tasted more like strawberries – delicious! We continued our drive past sandy beaches. In addition to palm trees there were cactus and many many other kinds of vegetation. At the north point the road became impassable and we**

had to turn back. I believe the American Navy has a military installation in the North corner. Crossing the center of Oahu we drove up the windy side and saw lots of surf. We stopped at the Mormon Temple, the walk up to it was bordered with brilliant red poinsettias.



**MORMON TEMPLE**

The wind was very strong and blows most of the time on this coast. We took pictures and movies and drove back across the Pali. Local drivers became quite irritated with us as we drove slowly to enjoy the scenery while they were in a hurry to get to their destinations.





**YACHTS IN HONOLULU HARBOUR**



**BANNANAS**

**Krishan noticed wild guavas growing along the roadside. These were a yellow variety with pink flesh and lots of seeds. We had to stop many times while he picked and enjoyed them – the first he'd seen since leaving India.**

In the evening we went to the Luau at the Queen's Surf Hotel on Waikiki Beach. The luau is a re-enactment of a traditional Hawaiian feast. We were greeted at the door by two Hawaiian girls in grass skirts and had our pictures taken with them. Afterwards we were greeted by another Hawaiian girl and her brother. They garlanded us with paper leis in the proper traditional manner, that is the girl kissed Krishan and the boy kissed me. Poor Krish, I don't think he enjoys being kissed by a strange woman – at least not one of his own choosing.

After the greetings we were taken to the imu to watch the pigs being dug up. The meat is cooked by being stuffed with hot lava rocks and placed in a pit where it is covered with more lava rocks. The rocks are wrapped in leaves and decorated with bananas and yams and then the pits are covered in earth and left for three hours after which the pit is opened with the contents cooked perfectly.

An ancient Hawaiian unearthing ceremony followed with chants and responses and sprinkling with sea salt.



Along with pork, yams and bananas, we had lomi lomi, raw salmon rubbed with onions and tomatoes, chicken luau which was very good, poi, butterfish wrapped in ti leaves, rum punch, pineapple sticks, coconut pudding and Kona coffee. I enjoyed it very much but I'm not sure Krish did. It was not spicy enough for him.

**The floor show was okay. It included hula dancers, some mediocre singing and some very lively Samoan dancing.**



**Very few of the tourists are our age. We have been told that the average age of visitors to Hawaii is over forty including army, navy and air force personnel.**

**Monday, Nov. 21**

**Krish worked and I relaxed on the beach. The day was cloudier than usual and there were a fair number of scattered showers so the beach was quite empty.**



**Tuesday, Nov. 22**

**Flew to the Big Island, Hawaii, via Hawaiian Airlines.**



**OUR PILOT**



**ANTHURIUMS**

**We almost missed the flight because the traffic was so heavy. Krishan drank two cups of coffee en-route. The Islands are very pretty from the air. Maui seems to have some spectacular mountain valleys which I would love to explore sometime. Just before we landed at Hilo the stewardess gave each of us some baby purple orchids.**



**In Hilo we met the Arqueros at the airport. They were very interested in joining the credit card project. Mrs. Arqueros took us sightseeing around Hilo to view the coffee plantations, bird of paradise flower gardens and the Rainbow Falls.**

**She then introduced us to some of the business people of Hilo. We toured some flower shops and I was presented with two orchid corsages and an orchid lei. I have never had so many orchids in my entire life ... in fact I have never, before Oahu, had an orchid. I arranged to ship some to my mother in Camrose.**

**Krishan also was given an orchid for his buttonhole.**

**I visited the Hilo Public Library in the afternoon .... It must be the most beautiful one in the world, a lava stone building with a lot of windows. In front are a couple of historic stones, one a long volcanic lava slab. It is said that King Kamehamaha was able to lift the long slab and that anyone who can lift it will become the ruler of all the Islands.**

**I took a picture of Krishan trying.**



**Miss Grey, the Children's Librarian, gave me all sorts of new ideas ---- her reading program was based on Paddle To The Sea and she limits the children to ten books per summer. Then she gives them a list of ten more titles to try. These are along the same lines but a little more difficult.**





**HILO PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**We drove to Volcano House in Hawaii National Park in the late afternoon --- it was quite an interesting drive. Heavier foliage than in Oahu. The clouds were very low and it was raining a good deal of the time.**

**The hotel sits right on the rim of the Kilauea Crater. At some times in its history the crater has been filled, almost to the rim with lava.**

**After dinner at Crater House we began to look through the books there. There was one on Hawaiian peoples and others on the geography of the Islands. We were drawn into a group that included a guide who sang Hawaiian songs making them sound like classical music. His tour group included a middle-aged spinster named Mary Pollock and an Irish couple from Portland. There also was a Dr. & Mrs. Devereaux from Honolulu. The discussion ranged over everything, politics, medicine, ethnicity and why Hawaii wanted statehood. It was a wonderful evening.**

**Wednesday, November 23<sup>rd</sup>.**

**In the morning we got up and toured the Crater Rim Road. The clouds were low, the mountains were invisible and the crater was filled with fine mist. We saw the Kilauea Crater and peered down Thurston's Lava Tube and would have walked up it and back except that we had no means of lighting our way. This tube was formed by hot lava, the edges of which cooled while the liquid center poured through leaving a hollow rock tube. We saw the most active**

crater where Pele is supposed to live, however, the crater is very dead now which means that Pele is temporarily not at home.

On the way back around the crater we saw little holes in the ground with hot of steam pouring from them as well as acres and acres of desolated waste where the lava has wandered and hardened. We also saw long hollow lava tubes going straight down into the earth, some of them for many feet. These were caused by hot lava burning out the centers of trees while moisture in the trees caused an outside shell of lava to form. At the Park Museum we saw movies of the Island's volcanoes in action. We shared the theatre with a busload of US servicemen and their wives and children. The men were on R & R leave from the war in Korea.

After lunch we left Volcano House and drove towards the Kona Coast. We saw all sorts of guavas growing along the road but they were small and not very good to eat.

We walked about three quarters of a mile in from the road to see footprints army. The legend has it that the King threw rocks down Pele's crater. She became angry and the volcano became active causing the whole army to be killed by steam. Only a pig escaped. The human bodies were found in such perfect condition that at first they were thought to be sleeping.

The footprints left in the lava by the army were housed in a stone shelter and each print was covered with a glass box. On the way back Krishan found some other ones in the lava just off the trail. I put my bare foot in one and the size exactly matched my foot.

We drove along the coast, rounded the south point, picked guavas and saw the Monkey Pod tree that Mark Twain had planted.

The road crossed lava flows dating from years between 1800 and 1952. There was an RC church which had been surrounded and buried by a 1926 lava flow so that only the steeple remained pointing up from the black rocky plain.

We stopped to look at a black sand beach .... not the famous one ... that one is on the other side of the Island. Krishan bought me a pair of shell earrings from a kiosk.

Hotels in Kona are very expensive. We stayed at the Kona Palms ... quite luxurious and with a pool but over 12.00 dollars a night. Our room was made to look like a traditional thatched roof cottage.

Thursday, November 24<sup>th</sup>, Kona.

First thing in the morning I took a picture of Krishan in the pool.







**Then we went for a walk around Kona. We visited the graves of the early missionaries who were in the churchyard of the first mission church in Hawaii. We also wandered around the grounds of Hulihe'e Palace, built English style by Hawaiian nobility 1840 – 1848. Was feeling sickish in the afternoon ... the air was hot and muggy and the trade winds didn't blow.**

**Boarded the plane for Maui at 3:30. The stewardess served ice cold guava juice. There were clouds on the mountains but very dimly I could see a deep narrow valley. We were on Maui only for about 20 minutes. I'd love to go back.**

Landed in Oahu. Reached Honolulu airport about five. Repacked our luggage and ate Thanksgiving Dinner in the airline café – turkey naturally.

In the waiting room we met Pam, aged 2, and Karen, five months, along with their mother, Judy Glick, all of whom were on their way to Japan to meet ``daddy`` who is in the US Navy. Very cute kids!

The Siamese business man we met at Volcano house was also waiting for the flight. The plane was delayed but we finally took off about 11:30 p.m. I woke up at eight a.m. Honolulu time and it was very dark so I went back to sleep. We landed on Wake Island just as dawn was breaking in the eastern sky and walked across a white coral sand beach to a long low building for breakfast. It was 6:00 a.m. Wake Island time.



WAKE ISLAND

Saturday, Nov. 26<sup>th</sup>.

Wake Island is an atoll that was heavily involved in the action during the war. Taking off over the island we saw a pocket harbour which still had sunken ships and debris from the conflict.

Sunrise was very beautiful from the plane. The clouds were spangled pink across a turquoise and white sky and we flew through half a hundred rainbows.

We've lost a day crossing the time line in the Pacific. We had awakened at 8:00, had breakfast at six, three and a half hours later were served dinner at 9:30, then lunch at 12:00 before landing at 11:30 a.m., all on the same day.

Tokyo has a very new and beautiful airport with a Buddhist shrine on top. Going through the immigration line I was carrying blonde curly headed Karen because her mother was struggling with her luggage and two-year-old Pam. We were interviewed by the Immigration Officer first, Judy was just behind us. The Officer spoke little or no English ....he looked at me, at our passports, then at Krishan, then at the blonde baby. He turned and called another Officer ...we were so tired from flying all night that I had forgotten I there could be an issue from my carrying the child. Suddenly I realized what his problem was so I turned and gave Karen back to her mom. Immediately there were smiles all around and we continued to the luggage retrieval.

We proceeded to our hotel by cab at a cost of 800 yen which was about \$2.20 in our money. The taxis come in several varieties according to size and make. It is 70 yen for a small Japanese made taxi and 120 yen for a large foreign make. The drivers go very fast and honk their horns incessantly – but so do all the other drivers, busses, bicycles, etc.

The travel bureau thought we would be cold in a Japanese style hotel so we booked into the Fairmont. It is a very western looking hotel with nothing in it to suggest that it is anywhere near the Orient except the Japanese writing on the baggage tags.

We crawled into bed at 2:30 p.m. Tokyo time [6:30 Honolulu time] and slept through until six a.m.

Sunday, November 27<sup>th</sup>. Tokyo

We have probably never before had had breakfast so early on a Sunday. We were bathed and in the dining room by 7:30 a.m. The dining room is just like everything else in the hotel, the antithesis of anything Japanese, except, of course, the waiters. The service is amazing: staff members pull out one's chair, rush to light guest's cigarettes and to open doors. Despite all that, no tips are expected in this hotel.

After breakfast we went for a walk to the famous Ginza. There were a number of little stalls but also some large department stores that compare favourably with Eatons or Woodwards. On the way we walked through some more typical looking districts. Not many people speak English and it is fun trying to get directions. Krishan thinks Japanese girls are very pretty and I think the children must be the most beautiful in the world.

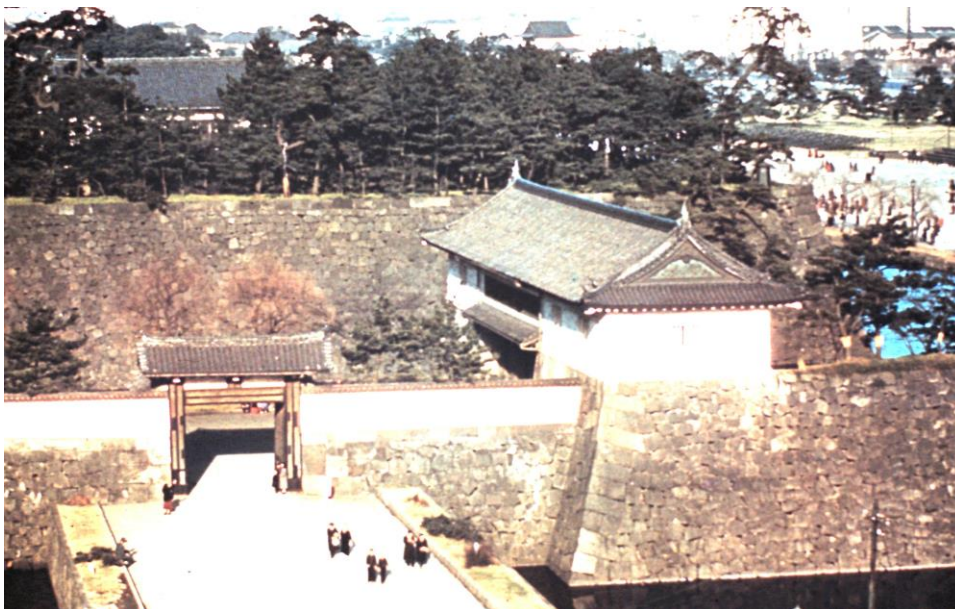


**Some of Tokyo looks very shabby but other areas have high walls and attractive roof tops that suggest elegant homes and gardens.**



**Tokyo Bridge**

**We wanted to eat some Japanese food but the menus for western dishes are printed in English and the ones that list Japanese dishes are printed in Japanese so we ordered curry and rice twice. On the streets we saw cyclists delivering bowls of hot noodles and the noodles looked delicious**



**THE EMPEROR'S PALACE**

**Returned to the hotel about six p.m. and went to bed.**

The hallways are very noisy at night as GI's bring their Japanese girl friends here to party the night away. The girls wear cheong sams rather than kimonos.

Monday, November 28<sup>th</sup>

We woke up at six a.m., 12 hours later.

Went up to the Ginza on another exploratory trip, riding on local buses. The fare was 10 yen, each or about 3 1/3 cents. The Ginza is Tokyo's 5<sup>th</sup> Ave. with several large Department stores and millions of small booth like stores, stalls and restaurants. Along the edge of the sidewalk are dozens of shoe shiners [both men and women] some shoe repairers and on the curbs, people selling raffle or sweepstake tickets. On the sidewalk of a very central street, outside a laundry, I saw two women washing clothes and a mother sitting on the curb breastfeeding her baby.

The street signs look very interesting but of course we cannot read the Japanese characters. Some stores fly balloons from their roofs with big Japanese letters on the tails, kite fashion. Some children on the Ginza beg. Their only English words are "Give me some money". They carry a pathetic note on a scrap of paper which explains that they are orphans. They never approach local people, only the foreigners.

No is "ee yeh". Yes – hi – do ba ja.

Taxis in Tokyo drive faster and more recklessly than anything I have ever seen – their agility is fantastic. Cars and taxis honk incessantly and pedestrians never have the right of way – in fact it is a dangerous adventure to cross any road not surrounded by traffic lights.



**TOKYO**

**Mandarin oranges are on sale everywhere and they cost as much as in Edmonton. They are, however, much larger and sweeter.**

**We found the Canadian Embassy. There were letters there for Krish from his father. In the register were Camrose entries by missionaries Andrea Stelfox and the Vinges. Krishan made an appointment to see the Trade Commissioner.**

**Krishan hired a row boat so we could go rowing on the moat around the Emperor's palace. We took turns rowing but some onlookers seemed shocked when I took the oars.**





Afterwards we had lunch in a small café. A young couple about our ages were sitting at the next table. While Krishan and I struggled to master the art of eating with chopsticks they were struggling with equal difficulty to handle knives and forks.

**Tuesday, November 29<sup>th</sup>**

Krishan went out to see the trade commissioner while I stayed at the hotel to wash shirts and stuff. It is a most unusual hotel. The only Japanese aspect it has is the ethnicity of the staff. There is no Japanese food or dishes or pictures or atmosphere that reflect the country it is located in. On the other hand it has a swimming pool and our room overlooks a Japanese style garden. It is fall and the trees have changed colour like September in Alberta. Some leaves have fallen and one gets an occasional whiff of leaves burning and crisp autumn air. It is beautiful like home.

At the Embassy Krishan was turned over to a Japanese gentleman who has served in the trade department for over 30 years, Mr. Nishimura. He's rather eccentric, due to retire soon, and the Government, in recognition of his services, has just given him an all expenses paid tour through Canada. He likes us and is very helpful. Mr. Nishimura lived in Canada before the war but was deported in 1942 with others of Japanese origin.

He sent us to a sporting goods manufacturer somewhere in the depths of the city. We were taken there by taxi up wide, narrow and curving streets. Tokyo is an ancient city that has grown to meet various needs in various

centuries and addresses are not well marked. Even the locals get puzzled. But without Japanese you could get quite stranded.

We looked at the samples in the retail outlet and we then we were taken upstairs to the business offices and then to the third floor where the business man lived. His home had the low ceilings and the sliding paneled walls that I had expected of Japanese architecture. We had to take off our shoes but were given slippers. In the part of the home we were in he had a western style chesterfield and office height table. I think the room we were in was used mostly for business reception but it had family photographs, a radio, a phonograph, one or two nice bowls and a very large ash tray.

In a few minutes the wife appeared, bowed, served green tea all around, bowed and disappeared as silently. We were invited to dinner. We thought that it would be there in that house. One of the two business men spoke a little English but not too well. He asked us if we would prefer American or Japanese food. We answered enthusiastically, "Japanese". Then while we waited for a cab the men giggled and asked if we would like to see geisha girls. We said just a simple meal would be fine.

I don't know where we went, down peculiar winding streets and finally down what seemed a back alley to a dead end street. We disembarked and were met at the door by a kimono clad waitress who bowed and welcomed us in Japanese. We removed our shoes, put on slippers and were led over a bridged stream to our dining room. At a geisha dinner the guest of honour always sits with his back to the only decoration in the room, a picture and flowers in a vase.

Kimono clad women brought us cushions to sit on, pots of charcoal to keep us warm and finally, green tea and biscuits.

The first course was a small raw egg floating on a dish of sauce. We didn't have any idea of how to tackle this so we waited for our hosts to start so we could see how. But this was Japan and the host cannot pick up his chopsticks and eat until the guest does. So they waited for us. Finally Krishan figured it out and asked. In India, also, the guest must take the first bite. It was explained that one takes chopsticks and stirs the egg into the sauce and then picks up the cup and drinks the savoury.

After the savoury there was soup and then an endless succession of dishes all washed down with small cups of Sake.

Geishas wear very colourful kimonos. One of ours had her hair done in the old style and looked just like a doll. Krishan and I were rather stunned by all of this, not knowing what was appropriate to do or when.

A Geisha sat beside each of us and did everything for us, helping us to everything we wanted, sometimes even before we knew what it was that we wanted. The Sake cups were refilled constantly. We were also served orange crush. Cups and glasses were never allowed to be empty.

Japanese food is arranged for the eye. Before the night was over I began to think more for the eye than the stomach. Many dishes had raw fish which was difficult to eat politely. Each time we thought we'd finished, another assortment of dishes appeared, all different, the food harmonizing with the plates and bowls. Japanese seem to eat their food in much larger chunks than we are accustomed to and I am very awkward with chopsticks. They brought us forks and spoons but it seemed better to try to use the chopsticks.

The Geishas played music for us, sang songs, danced and chattered away in Japanese. Because we were from North America they sang their one English song for us, "You Are My Sunshine". Krish mentioned to me that it was too bad we didn't bring our camera with us and within ten minutes two professional photographers appeared so we were careful about what we said after that.



Krishan had to go to the bathroom so he embarrassedly asked our host where it was. The Geisha took him to the bathroom, went right in with him and undid his zipper for him. She then solemnly stood behind him and waited for him to get on with it. Poor Krish!

We were pretty overwhelmed by the time the night was over. This Geisha restaurant has no name and is rarely visited by foreigners. It has a lovely view overlooking the river, in fact it is right on the river. If only one could speak Japanese! When we left they all bowed and then bowed again. It was the first night in Tokyo that we did not go to bed by six-thirty.

Wednesday, November 30<sup>th</sup>

Mr. Nishimura took us to visit some firms. We bought him lunch at a restaurant of his choosing. He ordered all the dishes, very good food, but it turned out to be Chinese. The custard soup was fantastic. Then we spent the afternoon visiting more firms. We didn't see anything uniquely Japanese but I guess that is not what the business needs. At night we offered to buy Mr. Yoshimura dinner. We had already offered to take him and his wife to the Kabuki Theatre. He picked a very expensive Japanese style restaurant, private room, kimono clad waitresses, sake, the works. The food was much better, the atmosphere more relaxed and we knew enough to admire all the dishes and decorative food arrangements. Mr. Yoshimura told us a lot about Japanese customs. When we left we were each given a Japanese tea cup but the bill almost broke us, it was about \$25.00.

I think the Japanese drink green tea all the time. Every meal starts and ends with tea. Now I also am drinking quantities of green tea. Coffee is very expensive and the tea is gratis like water.





**Thursday, December 1<sup>st</sup>**

**We spent the morning at the Embassy. In the afternoon we went to Goshō, a manufacturer of rayon, embroideries, novelties, etc. We met one of their managers there who offered to take us to his factory in Yokohama. He arranged for us to go back to our hotel with a young man [the English of both was limited]. The three of us took the train to Yokohama. The young man works one day in Yokohama alternating with one day of university in Tokyo. His Uncle owns the factory.**

**Yokohama seems to have narrower streets than Tokyo ... almost like a network of back alleys. The factory offices were in the Uncle's house. The Uncle was a kindly, round-faced man who smiled all the time. We bought a kimono for me and pajamas, bandanas and housecoats for family gifts.**

**My kimono is black silk and heavily embroidered with gold thread. On the back is an embroidered dragon intertwined with a tiger, shoulder to hem. Krishan told the Uncle he wanted that one because his wife was a dragon. Uncle smiled and said "My wife dragon too".**

**The Uncle wants to take us to Hakone on Sunday. I think we all go, the Aunt as well, to perhaps teach us the tea ceremony. The nephew, however, didn't have enough English to get it all across. They are the salt of the earth, these people.**

**Friday, December 2<sup>nd</sup>.**

**Our Yokohama friends delivered our purchases this morning. We saw exporters all day. The Hakone trip is still set tentatively for Sunday. We should stay in Japan about ten more days. I haven't been feeling too well but it will pass, I'm having too good a time to be sick. I washed shirts again. We met a camera agent. He is half Swiss & half Japanese. His wife is Hawaiian Japanese and they have children.**

**Krishan says the Japanese telephone system is at least fifteen years ahead of the Canadian system.**

**Saturday December 3<sup>rd</sup>**

**Representatives of a Japanese firm took us to lunch, this time in a hotel that specializes in sukiyaki and caters to foreigners. There was a hole under the table where people not used to sitting on their legs could put their feet. Sukiyaki is made right on the table in a cast iron pan set on a little electric brazier. All the ingredients are brought in on platters and the waitress makes it right on the table. We were each given a bowl into which a raw egg had been broken. One beats up the egg with chopsticks and the sukiyaki is put in the raw egg to cool. I didn't know [from my own attempt] that sukiyaki could be so good. Lots of Sake was served. Krish became worried that he was drinking too much alcohol, so asked for an orange drink. He was served fiery orange brandy.**

**All afternoon we saw more business men. Just before six we went to look at an array of gift items. However they were cheaply made and high priced.**

**Sunday, December 4<sup>th</sup>**

**We caught the train to Yokohama and arrived there about 8:10 a.m. Mr. Sakai met us on the platform and took us to his Uncle's car, a little Volkswagen. We drove out of the city and into the Japanese countryside. It was very pretty with clusters of houses and small fields of rice or vegetables wherever a flat space could be found or on hillsides and in little valleys. The houses are very quaint but all seem to be an unpainted grey. Here and there we saw a temple, usually surrounded by trees and a high wall. Each had a Tori gate. The temples have cute corrugated tile rooves turned up at the edges.**



**Our first stop was the Kamakura museum and shrine. It is set in a huge garden full of trees and walks. Near the entrance a stream wanders by and over it are three bridges, the middle one is very steep and you have to be agile and run to make it over the top. Directly behind the steep bridge is an enormous red lacquered Tori gate.**



**TORI GATE**

**Mr. Sakai's uncle's chauffeur took pictures of us. Japanese children ran up and down the bridge in their wooden clogs. I can't imagine how they managed it.**

**Then we drove to the other side of town to view the Great Kamakura Buddha, 42 feet, six inches high. It is made of bronze and was cast in 1252. It was originally enclosed in a building that was damaged in 1369 and finally carried away by a tidal wave in 1495. Ever since it has been out in the open. The face is very beautiful, it has a look of peaceful repose, the half- closed eyes suggest passionless calm.**





**Kamakura Buddha**

**Our next stop was Enoshima, a small paradise of an Island connected to the mainland by a foot bridge. We walked over the bridge passing many men and women selling fresh clams. In the doorway of each restaurant and cafe stood the proprietor of the establishment saying “Dozo, Dozo” which meant “please do come in”.**



**A long bridge connects Enoshima Island to to the Mainland**

**We had lunch at a hotel near Enoshima. We had curried meat on rice and Japanese beer with nuts.**

After lunch we headed for Hakone. The road became very narrow and wandering and almost vertical. Mountains in Japan are very rounded and close together. We passed a few isolated towns and a number of hot springs, some of the steam vents almost touched the edge of the road but the wind was quite cold.



Steam vents along the road



Mount Fuji



We drove right up to the top of a mountain to look at the view. It was beautiful but some of the mountains were obscured by clouds. Our next stop was at a place called "Big Hell Mountain" where the steam escapes all the time. We should have had an impressive view of Fuji san but the clouds again defeated us. We completed our drive to Lake Ashi [called Hakone by foreigners]. The name means lake of the rocks. We stopped at the Hakone shrine to the Lake spirit to pay our respects. The Lake Spirit is supposedly guarded by a nine-headed dragon.



Lake Hakone

Dinner was to be at the Hotel Green Gardens. First, though, Krishan and Mr. Sakai, his Uncle, and the chauffeur went for a soak in the hot springs. I declined. I was afraid that I would wind up nude in a pool full of nude males. Then we were taken for a sukiyaki dinner, again made on the table in front of us, of course, with plenty of sake. They were afraid we might not like the Japanese wine so they ordered for us some sort of brandy liquor made from oranges. It was a very bitter, and finally I asked Krishan to finish mine.

We learned the meaning of "dozo".

We were driven part way to Yokohama and caught a train for Tokyo. Arrived home fairly late.

**Monday, December 5<sup>th</sup>.**

**Krishan saw business men all day. At night we went to Nair's Restaurant, the only Indian one in Tokyo. We had Indian food but Krishan said it wasn't too good. I enjoyed everything but the halwa which was definitely inferior to Previn's. [a friend in Edmonton].**

**Bathrooms in large department stores here are for both genders. In these large public bathrooms one must walk past men using the urinals to get to the toilet cubicle at the end of the room. It is a little unnerving for a girl from the prairies of Alberta.**

**Men are always served before women although sometimes foreign women are served before foreign men. The same waitress will serve a foreign woman before her husband and a Japanese woman after her husband.**

**Tuesday, December 6<sup>th</sup>**

**Krishan again met with business people all day. Now we have met a business man who is half Swiss and another who is half East Indian, both with Japanese mothers.**

**In the evening we went with Mr. Nashimura and his Okasan to see the Kabuki. He was able to find us an English Program so it was fairly easy for us to follow the drama. There were four productions, the first, a hopeless love affair between a geisha and a young nobleman who ran away to the mountains to live together. The primitive type of life they were living made them long for the lives they had known and left behind. A second story was taken from history and told of the escape of a famous General. The third was presented by child actors, a tale of two sworn enemies, each in disguise, carrying a child between two cities. The last told of a middle-aged man who fell in love with a young girl. They committed suicide together. All the costumes were brightly coloured and it was all very interesting. Afterwards we went to the Station with the Nishimuras and bought our tickets for Osaka. We found an English speaking clerk who bent over backwards to help us.**





**The Kabuki Theatre**

**Krish thought we should be able to fly out from the South of Japan but couldn't manage to arrange it.**

**Wednesday, December 7<sup>th</sup>.**

**Up early to entrain for Nagoya. The third class cars are a bit uncomfortable but not bad. And second class was two and a half times as much. We caught the two o'clock train and were in Nagoya by four. Once there we discovered that we did not have Kazuko's address. [Kazuko was a child who was being supported by the Anglican Church in Camrose, We had been asked to visit her and take her a gift]. Krishan went to the J.T.B. [Japan Tourist Board] and they said "Well, there is a Canadian Bishop named Powles but we don't know what church. They gave us a phone number.**

**We telephoned as soon as we got to our hotel. I asked Bishop Powles what church and he replied that he had no church. So I said, well, what denomination are you and the response was "Nippon Ko Sai Kai." I then tried to explain that I was looking for Anglican, at which point he had his wife speak to me. She took the receiver and said "Moshi moshi". "Do you speak English" I queried. After that we got everything straightened out. Nippon Ko Sai Kai is the Catholic Church of Japan but it is the Church of England.**

**We had dinner at our hotel in our room. It turned out not to be Japanese style after all. We slept on a bed. The other furniture was low and Japanese style and there was oodles and oodles of service.**

**Mrs. Powles came for us at seven-thirty. We took a taxi to the kindergarten to meet Miss Hawkins whose home was there on the grounds. We were**

introduced to Miss Hawkins, Bishop Powles and Miss Mary Harris from Hamilton, Ontario, and finally to little Kazuko San whom we'd come to visit, along with her mother, brother and sister. It was explained that the support Kazuko was getting from the Anglican Church in Camrose was crucial to helping the family get back to a stable financial position. Kazuko's father had been seriously ill but because of the help from Canada he had received medical treatment and would soon be able to return to supporting his family.



**L – R [back row] Mrs. Powles, Ardis, Mary Harris, Miss Hawkins  
Middle: Bishop Powles, Kazuko's Mom; Front, Kazuko and her brother and sister.**



**Kazuko [right] with her family**

Kazuko was shy at first but she liked the doll dishes we brought. Everyone was fascinated by our pictures including those of our niece, baby Amy. We took pictures and were offered a choice of “kohee” or “o-cha” or chocolate. Then Kazuko was taken home to bed by her family.

We went home to our foreign style/Japanese style hotel.

Thursday, December 8<sup>th</sup>.

Got up, had breakfast and packed. By that time it was almost noon. I went out to the kindergarten by bus and found Kazuko’s school. I met a Miss Bandero who was Japanese but who had spent some time in Canada – and, of course, all the others. Kazuko San seemed pleased to meet me, she gave me shy little smiles while she was supposed to be listening to a story.





**Kazuko at her kindergarten Class**

**The older children printed angel's wings for the Christmas concert while the younger ones worked on free form drawing. I took the children outside and took pictures. When it was over, the whole class stood up and said goodbye to me.**

**Mary Harris took me to Miss Hawkins house for "kohee" and presented me with a picture that Kazuko San's mother had left for me. Miss Hawkins also gave me a package of Gifu serviettes and a furo shiki to tie everything in. She was very sweet.**

**Krishan came back for me at four and we caught the six-forty train to Osaka. While we were waiting for the train I had a long chat with a young, very homesick, pilot from Virginia.**

**Again we had lots of fun in our third class carriage although the train was quite dirty by the time we arrived in Osaka. I loved the way the vendors sang their wares each time we stopped at a station. We entertained the couple sitting with us by showing them pictures of niece Amy. Baby pictures are a universal language. Looking at the people around us we discovered that we didn't see "Japanese faces" anymore but people with features that reminded us of various Canadian acquaintances**

**At the station Krishan purchased our "limited express", third class tickets back to Tokyo and arranged for our hotel. In no time two diminutive slender ladies arrived to carry our luggage. It seemed all wrong but they would not hear of any help from us.**



Finally we have booked a truly Japanese style hotel with a flower arrangement and tatami [sleeping] mats on the floor. You remove your shoes when you enter the hotel and your slippers when you enter your room.

In this hotel no-one spoke a word of English, language wise we were on our own.

Once in our room we were brought tea and cake and a bath was prepared for us. When we returned from the bath the tatami were spread out on the floor with quilts. The beds were really quite comfortable. More “o-cha” was brought as we prepared to sleep.

Thursday, December 9<sup>th</sup>

We awoke snuggled up on our tatami beds and tea was brought as soon as it was thought that we were awake. Krishan had a bath and then breakfast was brought to our room. We were served persimmons [my first], eggs, hot milk and toast.

We contacted the Gosho Company and then went to see them. After that we stopped at the Osaka Chamber of Commerce, and then a visiting Chinese Trade Exhibition. While we were there we ate what we thought was the Japanese version of a hamburger, steamed crust and filling of seasoned chopped meat and onion [some years later I learned that I had eaten my first steamed bun, a Chinese delicacy]. It was very good.

We went looking for a café for lunch but the one we chose had a Japanese menu and even the prices were in Japanese numerals. Finally we ordered something noodly that other people seemed to be enjoying. We were able to identify octopus, onion, egg, noodles. Heaven only knows what else was there but it was delicious. The price was only 80 yen and it was very filling. After the meal we bought some sweets and oranges and Krishan had his hair cut. We came back to the hotel, had a bath, and after a cup of green tea, went to bed.

Saturday, December 10.

- Osaka to Kyoto

We again slept very well on the Japanese style beds in our little room. Krishan woke up very early and lit the gas so it wasn't too cold when we got up. In one corner of the room there is a slight rise and in the alcove is a picture of a bamboo plant and a vase of flowers.

We tried to order breakfast in English but when we could not communicate with the young woman that way we took out the J.T.B. book and tried

Japanese. The conversation went something like this: egg – tanego? Tanego ah eggeh hai. Fruit – kudamo? Kudamo – ah fruiteh hai. Toast was toasto. We knew that tea was “o-cha” and coffee was “kohea”. Cold water was mizu and water was ohiya. Bath was furo as in my furo shiki to wrap parcels in.

Midori o-cha [green tea] is the kind that is beaten so it is frothy. Last night I had ordered green tea and asked for “midori o-cha” so she would not bring me black tea which is a lot more expensive. She seemed to be confused so to be sure I wrote down “midori” thinking that it was my pronunciation. She still seemed confused but chattered away to me in Japanese. We finally thanked her and said goodnight. I had no sooner finished my tea than she reappeared with a bowl of the frothy kind and some Japanese sweets. “Midori o-cha” she said triumphantly. I said no thank you and she took it away but Krishan said she looked very disappointed.

Krishan left to interview some business men while I packed and wrote letters.

We caught the train to Kyoto and arrived there about four o'clock. There wasn't much time before dark so we set out to see as much as possible. We arrived at a temple but they were just closing the gates for the day. Then we checked out the shopping center on our way to the Memorial Garden. The garden had a lot of steps and those lovely red [torii] gates that I am so fond of. There were many pine trees and shrines, however, it was getting too dark for pictures. We also tried to visit the Kyoto Pagoda but it was very dark by the time we found it.



**We then took the train to Nara figuring that we would have more sleep than if we stayed at Kyoto.**

**Nara Hotel is very Japanese looking on the outside and very Victorian on the inside. It has high ceilings, dark wood and wall paper. Quite a change from the light wood interior of our Japanese one in Osaka. There were twin beds and much too much furniture for the room size. Dinner was chicken cutlets served in our room after which we went to bed.**

**Sunday, December 11<sup>th</sup>**

**Nara**

**The morning was beautiful, misty with the sun shining through. We were barely up and dressed before our rickshaws appeared at the hotel door. The Nara hotel is on a sort of hill overlooking the town and through the mist we could see all the cute curled up tiled rooves.**

**My rickshaw puller appeared be blind in one eye and it was amazing to me that these slight looking men could pull such heavy loads with apparent ease. Both men were seemingly elderly and frail and I felt as if I should be pulling them. Strange but riding in a rickshaw was something I always wanted to do ... I thought it would be romantic, but the reality is that it is demeaning. I would not like to repeat the experience ever again.**



**We rode down the hill and past a little lake which perfectly reflected the image of the hotel. In the distance we could see the five storied pagoda where a Buddhist monk committed suicide yesterday.**



**DEER PARK ENTRANCE**

**The next stop was the Deer Park where we bought cookies to feed the deer. Krishan tried to take pictures of me while I fed the deer but one of them kept bumping me from behind and it was most uncomfortable. These are sacred deer so I didn't dare try to shoo him away in case the act might offend the monks. Every spring the deer are de-horned in a special ceremony and the horns are made into gift articles and sold to tourists.**





**COOKIES PLEASE**



After the Deer Park we stopped at a Shinto Shrine where there are one thousand hanging lanterns and three thousand stone lanterns. There are three trees there, one cherry, one wisteria, and two others that have grown up twined around each other as if from one root. The wisteria trees at the Shrine were hundreds of years old.

**In another park there was a great bronze bell which was cast in 1752 A.D.**



**BRONZE BELL CIRCA 1752**

**The bell is in a park with tennis courts and baseball diamonds where teenagers, two girl's teams and two boy's teams were playing baseball.**

**Then we went on to a great wooden structure which houses the Nara Black Daibutsu or Buddha. He was taller than the one at Kamakura but not so handsome. The temple was quite dark inside so the statue seemed smaller than he really was. Also in the temple were two smaller gilt Buddhas and some fierce wooden ones in the corners.**



**This temple is said to be the oldest wooden structure in the world.**



**TEMPLE OF THE BLACK BUDDHA**



**BLACK BUDDHA OF NARA**



**GARDEN**

We were then taken to the railway station to take the train to Osaka. We arrived at the smaller train station and had to race across town to the larger one to catch the Express to Tokyo.

The trip coming back was much like the trip down, sudden hills, some with Buddhas sitting on them, little farms, gates, clusters of graves and smoky cities. After Nagoya there is a great delta, a plain where there is a farming area as far as the eye can see, all carved up into tiny holdings. We saw tea farms and orange groves and also persimmon trees with fruit. Then as we turned towards the hills we saw little farms carved out of the hillsides. By the time we reached Hakone it was too dark to see Fuji San.

We arrived in Tokyo at eight thirty and went straight to the hotel to get straightened around.

Monday, December 12<sup>th</sup>

Tokyo

All morning I busied myself with washing clothes, writing letters and packing. Then I practised my Japanese numbers:

Ichi ni san shi go  
1 2 3 4 5



Roku shichi hachi ku ju  
6 7 8 9 10

Ju ichi ju ni ju san ju shi  
11 12 13 14 etc.

About dinner time a young woman came from the Canadian Embassy to deliver a letter that had come from Krishan's father. She lived at the Fairmont, just across the hall from us. She introduced me to some other Canadian stenos who lived here. Krish had gone down to the Ginza so I had dinner with them in the Coffee shop. I had salad and toast for a cost of 100 yen. After dinner I resumed our packing until Sakai and his fiancé arrived. She is a very beautiful girl and was wearing a beautiful kimono with pink blossoms and a tree pattern on it.



They brought us a beautiful lacquered photo album with a picture of Mount Fuji on the cover. When you open it it plays a tune called "China Night". She also brought a poem for us and a kimono tie for me. We saw them off on the train about 9:30 p.m.

**Tuesday December 13**

We were up between 5:30 and 6:00 a.m. to catch our Canadian Pacific Flight to Hong Kong. Our baggage is about 24 pounds overweight now, but they let it thru. We hadn't thought about it but the word "Canadian" looked mighty nice on the side of the aircraft. There were only 11 passengers, first and tourist classes combined so after take-off we were pretty well able to choose our seats.

The weather was a bit cloudy when we took off but we had a lovely view of Fuji as we flew down the coastline of Japan. It is an amazing mountain, perfect in shape and the whole island seems to come to a climax in it. We passed over the Okinawan Islands just before lunch and about one o'clock we saw Formosa in the distance.

Meals on CPAL are much better than those served on Pan Am and they even brought mid-morning coffee for me and fruit juice for Krishan. After lunch the stewardess brought us a tray of fruit to select from. Krishan had an apple and an orange and I had a lovely big bunch of grapes.

The pilot captain of the Empress of Tokyo was an Indian from Vancouver and it wasn't long before he and Krishan became friends. He let us come into the cockpit and look out to see where we were flying. The other pilot was from Winnipeg.

We flew up a channel and landed at Kowloon airport about 20 minutes ahead of schedule. The view while landing was just out of this world, Victoria is scattered up and down a mountain and there are tall apartment blocks on top. The mountain on the Island of Hong Kong is about 15,000 feet high. As you come in to land you glide low over schools and apartment blocks. We flew so low over the buildings that you could virtually count the buttons on the shirts of schoolchildren playing in schoolyards. All landings and take offs take place during the day as it is too dangerous at night. The airfield was very small and we had to reverse our propellers while landing. It was simply breathtaking.

The airport shuttle took us to the Mandarin hotel and Krishan left me in the very luxurious lobby with our luggage while he went to find a room. Accommodation was tight so we moved into an 8<sup>th</sup> grade hotel for the night. The room was very dirty and had a window past which the fire escape wound upwards. There was no lock on the window so presumably the room was accessible from the alley via the fire escape. The beds had bottom sheets but no top sheets or pillow covers

Before we went to bed we went for a walk. People were eating in front of stalls, right on the street and there was garbage floating in gutters along the side the road. On the way in we had crossed a bridge under which a wide, open sewer flowed. The smell is horrible, rotting fish and garbage.

A lot of the shops seem to have Indian proprietors. Krishan bought aerated water for us to drink.

**Wednesday, December 14<sup>th</sup>.**

**Moved to the Miramar Hotel, still in Kowloon. Our room has a bath and is a big improvement over last night but wouldn't rate too highly in Canada. The water is turned off except for a few hours during the late afternoon and evening. Rents are very high here but made to measure clothing is not because labour is very cheap. One bargains for almost everything, few goods have prices marked on them.**

**We took rickshaws to the ferry and crossed to Victoria. The city is much cleaner than Kowloon and the bay is beautiful, full of boats including sampans, cargo ships, passenger ships, motor launches and of course the ferries which provide non-stop service between the two cities.**

**We went first to Thos. Cook and then to some consulates to get our Burmese and Thailand visas. The Thai personnel were not very cooperative.**

**We phoned the Y to contact my friend and High School English teacher Helen Sorhus but were told that she had left Hong Kong a few days before. Later she told my mother that a couple of days before we arrived she had received a phone call. The caller said, "Helen do you have your passport with you?" She replied, "yes". She was then instructed to go to the airport and catch the next plane that left. In 1955 we did not know that she was still in the secret service.**

**Thursday, December 15<sup>th</sup>**

**We again crossed to Victoria on the ferry and went to the Canadian Trade Consul and to the two consulates to pick up our visas. We did a little shopping and Krishan bought me an umbrella that opens up automatically. At lunch time we ate at Wisemans and then took the cable car to the peak. The view overlooking the harbour was beautiful and we could see down the other side of the peak as well.**



**We returned down the peak to meet with the C. Trade Commissioner who took us to meet with another exporter. After stopping for a cold drink we went to tour the Hong Kong Trade Fair.**

**In the evening, back at the hotel, we decided to have a Chinese dinner. Sadly, better Chinese food can be had at the Seven Seas in Edmonton than the Miramar in Kowloon. It was quite disappointing.**

**Friday, December 16<sup>th</sup>**

**In the morning we were taken to the Princess for breakfast by a Mr. Chandrai. Krishan signed up his business for the Credit Card initiative. He invited us to his home for dinner in the evening. We came back to the hotel for lunch and all of a sudden I began to feel very odd and shaky and by the middle of lunch I had to leave and go back to our room and lie down.**

**Later I got the washing done, wrote to mother and started to pack. We were 24 pounds overweight in Tokyo so have quite a redistribution problem.**

**Krishan visited an Indian firm called Mohan and has purchased a beautiful green and white sari for me. Mr. Mohan is going to take us sightseeing.**

**The Indian dinner with Chandrai was at his home and was an interesting affair. The food was very good and there were many courses. However, Krishan has decided that Chandrai is not very trustworthy and certainly even I can see that he is not a very convincing liar.**



Saturday, December 17<sup>th</sup>, 1955

Mr. Mohan took us for a drive around Hong Kong. Our first stop was the Tiger Balm gardens which were built by a man who made a fortune selling an unguent called Tiger Balm up and down the China coast. Tiger Balm is a sort of cure all, pain killer and muscle soother. The garden is the most amazing place – like something out of Alice in Wonderland. It has caves and grottos and statues of every animal one can imagine in all sorts of poses. There are flowers and even a swimming pool and the whole complex is scattered up and down a mountainside which is dominated by a high white pagoda. The caretaker lives in a fairytale house of oriental design. The doorways are perfect circles with gold lattice work on the doors.

Next we drove to Repulse Bay, past the magnificent homes of individuals who have become wealthy in Hong Kong trade and ended up in Aberdeen where thousands of sampans are moored. The people who own these fishing boats live on them, they are home as well as livelihood.

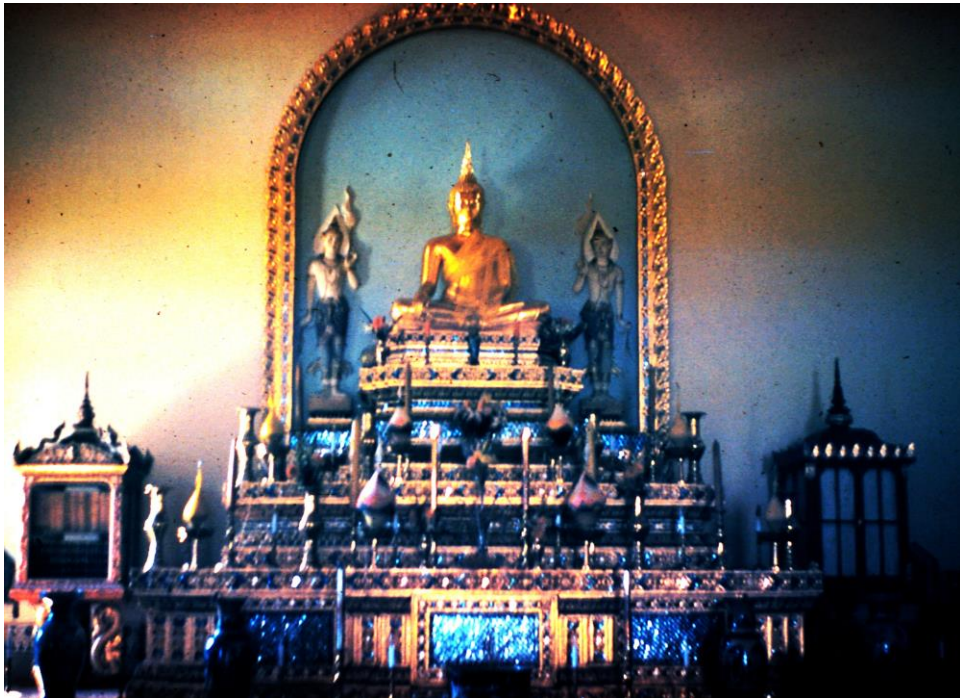
We drove to where we could see across the border into China and then returned to Hong Kong to pick up our purchases before racing to catch a plane to Siam.

This time we flew Air Cathay. The plane had the aura of British war time austerity about it but the food was good. When we passed over Indo China we were warned not to point our cameras out of the windows because of the war below. Looking down all one could see was endless green jungle.

The Bangkok airport was one small room with windows looking out on rice paddies. A gentleman with bleached white hair and faded blue eyes served ice cold orange juice to the disembarking passengers. It is supposed to be the cool season here but the heat is very intense. Driving into Bangkok we drove through green rice paddies past a small white pagoda and then through more rice fields into the city.



**WHITE PAGODA**



**ALTAR IN THE WHITE PAGODA**

**We registered at the Princess hotel, an attractive hotel with a glass door and a glassed in main floor garden. I saw a little green lizard climbing up the wall while Krishan registered.**

Our room had no windows so you could not see the light of day. The air conditioning kept it very cold in contrast to the heat outside. The shower had only cold water to bathe in.

We had dinner and went for a walk. The streets were wooden planks with the sewers running directly under them. One had to step carefully. On street corners were small bars and restaurants, each with popular American songs blaring from loudspeakers inside. I had been hoping for exotic Siamese rhythms.



Sunday, December 18<sup>th</sup>.

We went out sightseeing in the late afternoon and saw the reclining Buddha of Wat Poh. It is encased in a temple surrounded by a wall.





**Wat Poh**

**There are gates on each side and each gate is guarded by gigantic [probably mythological] figures.**



**Gate At Wat Poh**





**A young man wanted help practicing his English**



**And a young Monk had his English book with him and asked us to help him pronounce words.**

**We went to the King's palace but were not allowed to enter to see the emerald Buddha because a relative of the King had died and the Royal family were in mourning.**

**We did see the Temple of the Dawn silhouetted by a very enchanting sunset.**

**Monday, Dec. 19<sup>th</sup>, 1955.**

**Our first objective was to find the Pratib Company from which we have been buying Nieloware jewellery. This jewellery is made from silver and gunmetal. First a block is made with the design cut into it, similar to the type used in printing newspapers. Molten silver is poured into the cuts and when it is hard it is removed from the blocks. The black enamel is a combination of metals which are first made molten and then dropped around the design so the silver figure rises above the black surface.**

**The Pratib Company sent us a car with a company executive, Padma Pastmastana to take us sightseeing. We still could not see the Emerald Buddha because the king's grandmother had died but he was able to take us inside the Palace gates and show us the downtown part of the city. Among the buildings he pointed out was a white pagoda which was very new and beautiful. Near there we saw the Premier who had gone to the White Pagoda to pray after returning from Rangoon. There were soldiers stationed every few feet along the road to protect him.**



**Downtown Bangkok**

**In the evening he took us to his home for dinner. We met Padma's pretty wife and very sweet children. They had a lovely house with maybe a half acre of grounds and trees surrounding it.**





**Mr. Padma's Family**

**Tuesday, Dec. 20<sup>th</sup>, 1955.**

**At eight a.m. we went to the Pratib offices to pick up some jewellery and some souvenir bronzeware. There was so much early morning traffic that we almost missed our plane. They did, however, take time to charge us ten dollars in overweight charges.**

**The flight to Rangoon took an hour and forty minutes. The stewardess served us coffee and sandwiches because we had missed our breakfast.**

**Our first impression of Rangoon was that it was a beautiful place. The air was full of a piney fragrance and the sun was warm instead of hot like Bangkok. Our hotel was called the Railway Hotel and appeared to be quite old. Our room seemed to belong to another era. It had a very high ceiling and very tall windows draped in red velvet. Although the floor wasn't too clean and there was a large, cage [rat trap] in one corner, it had an air of Victorian luxury. The beds were very clean and had screen tents that tucked under the mattresses, I guess to protect against mosquitoes. In the evening we drove around the city in a trishaw, there are no rickshaws here, and looked at the people and the items for sale in the bazaars. Many of the bazaar wallahs are Indian. The food seems mostly Indian or Chinese, heavy in spices. We ate dinner in the high ceilinged dining room in the hotel. The furniture was old fashioned with heavy wood tables and chairs. I had pigeon cooked Chinese style and it was very delicious although they served canned pork and beans on the side.**

**Wednesday, December 21<sup>st</sup>, 1955.**

**We hired a sort of a stagecoach or maybe Victorian 19th century horse drawn cab to take us around Rangoon. Krishan says it is called a phyton [pronounced "fitten"]. We visited round temples with gold clad sides and spires and other monuments, one of which was a huge reclining Buddha outdoors under the palm trees. The temperature was very hot although perhaps not as hot as Bangkok.**



**OUR RANGOON TAXI CAB**





**Outdoor Reclining Buddha**



**Schwe Dagon Pagoda**



**RECLINING BUDDHA**



**Structures Near Schwe Dagon**

Thursday, December 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1955.

Rose at three thirty a.m. to catch the four thirty B.O.A.C. bus to the airport. We waited until five thirty and then made our own way. All we were served on the flight was tea and biscuits. We landed at Dacca about ten thirty and were given more tea and sawdust tasting Pakistani biscuits. However our baggage made it onto the flight without overweight charges for we had replaced the broken bag with a BOAC one in Rangoon.

From Dacca the land looked very flat as we flew across two arms of the Ganges towards Calcutta. It seemed very, very wide, this river that in some ways is the soul of India.

We landed in Calcutta about eleven or eleven thirty, after flying over the flat lands of the delta. The day was warm and bright. We had little trouble with customs after all our negative anticipation but did have to pay duty on a radio and sign a log saying that we would take it with us when we left the country. At that time we should get the duty back.

We were met by a crowd of Pitaji's friends who greeted us with marigold garlands. They included the Chandras and their daughter Nalani with whom we are staying] Krishan's Aunt, his cousin Kanad and a younger business man.

Krishan wanted to take a picture of all of us in front of the airport but the authorities refused permission. We were taken to Chandra's home, it was a flat, three stories up in one of the better central housing areas of Calcutta. We were served fruits, drinks and sweets and later lunch. After lunch we each had a good bath, sort of, -- hot water seems as scarce here as in Bangkok and Rangoon. The tub in the bathroom was already filled so I got in it and washed. I did notice that it seemed dusty on the bottom. [Later I learned that it was probably the family's bath water for the day. [To bathe, one is supposed to take a scoop and pour water all over oneself. then soap, and then rinse].

After lunch the Chandras took us to visit the botanical gardens. We saw the famous giant banyan tree and other trees and lotus flowers. Krishan finally got the fresh coconut milk he had been craving. We used straws to drink straight out of green coconuts. We saw some large lotus plants with lovely flowers in colours of pink and yellow.

We were then taken to an Indian movie called Jhanak Jhanar Payal Bajay. It was quite interesting and very easy to follow. There was lots of dancing and parts of the story were quite trite but fascinating.

Then we had dinner. After we got home cousin Kanad was waiting so Krishan greeted him and they had a long talk. More people kept dropping in to say hello so it was quite late when we got to bed.

Friday, Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup>

In the morning, my first morning in India, I awoke to the sound a flute lilting from somewhere. When I finished dressing I went into the main room where the family was gathered. Krishan was still shaving. He had adapted a light bulb and some wires so that his electric shaver could operate on the 220 current. By siphoning some of the power off into the light bulb the voltage reaching the shaver was the same as at home.

Mr. Chandra was very puzzled by the noise and asked me if Krishan was communicating with people back in Canada. I guess electric razors are not all that common here.

The Chandras had very sweetly arranged for a man from a restaurant to come to the flat to make coffee for me as they didn't drink it and didn't know how to make it. I think the person from the restaurant also taught this skill to one of the servants.

Just as I was starting to lift my cup a lizard on the ceiling made a grab for a bug and lost its footing. It fell on my saucer and being badly frightened made a wild leap and somehow landed on my lap. I jumped up screaming and everyone laughed. It was only the second gecko I had ever seen in my life, the first one was on the wall of the Princess Hotel in Bangkok. When I got over the shock, I laughed too. Poor little thing! They are really quite cute and when they breathe a coloured bubble bulges on their throats.

Krishan's aunt came around in the morning shortly after breakfast. Before she arrived we went up on the roof and Nalani performed a dance for me while Krishan filmed it.

Mr. Chandra had been one of Pitaji's students and was very devoted to him. Right in front of me he had a chat with Krishan about the prospects of sending his son to Canada to study. "Only", he said, "I would not want him to do what you did" [marry a Canadian] .





**NALANI**

**We've decided to go to Dehra Dun for Christmas, thank heavens! Auntiji and Kanad accompanied us to the airlines office. Once the itinerary was settled and we had the tickets we went to a coffee house for coffee. There we met an Uncle.**

**We had lunch with a young couple that we had met the night before and afterwards they took us to the zoo. We saw lots of animals including some pretty ferocious tigers and I rode an elephant while Krishan filmed my adventure. Later we learned that this couple were hoping for a marriage between a sister and Krishan's brother Girish.**

**We returned to the house in time to have tea with cousin Kanad and his wife and Auntiji. Our next stop was the New Market. Afterwards we met the Chaudhrys at the Punjabi Club and were entertained over a not very tasty but well meant dinner. There was a floor show featuring a very pretty girl dancing. Her long skirts twirled revealing ankle-length pantaloons underneath. We had to hurry back to the flat to see Kanad. Krishan visited with him and I went to bed.**

**Saturday, December 24<sup>th</sup>, 1955.**

**After breakfast we organized our suitcases for the flight to Delhi. I put on my blue sari since it was just about the only item of clean clothing I had with me. Mrs. Chaudhry gave me a lavender coloured sari. Last night she had given me earrings which we accepted after much argument. However, we**

shall get her a chiffon sari in France. Apparently, this year, chiffon is high fashion for saris.

Krishan returned just as the packing was completed so we had a quick lunch and set out for the airport. We left in two cars, Mr. Chaudhry was driving the second with some of our luggage. The traffic was very heavy and it was slow going so we almost missed our plane. We had to race across the field to embark but by the time Mr. Choudhry, who was behind us, arrived they refused to load our plaid bag and we had to take off without it.

We landed in Delhi about 5:30 p.m., just as a very red sun was setting. From the cabin the land seemed very flat between Calcutta and Delhi although some of the view was obscured by light clouds. I hadn't realized that India was such a huge country. In the airport building monkeys swung among the rafters. By the time we got outside it was dark. Krishan found a taxi to take us to the home of a friend of Pitaji's. This friend was Shri Gopal Singh, a High Court Judge and his address was Aik Hailey Road or 1 Hailey Road. Our host was a tall, middle aged, very handsome Sikh. While Krishan discussed our suitcase with him I sat in the outside waiting room. The servants came and tried to get Christmas carols on the radio for me. Two of them were very shy little boys.

We sent a telegram to Choudhrys to not send our bag with a servant and then left for the railway station. Krishan left me with the luggage in the station Ladies Waiting Room. I was immediately befriended by an elderly lady and was an object of great interest or curiosity on the part of all the other women in the room. One of the maids wished me a merry Christmas in Hindi but it was more a hope for a gift of rupees in return. Unfortunately I had no Indian money.

We boarded the train in time for the 10 p.m. departure and found ourselves sharing a compartment with an elderly English lady who was travelling to Dehra Dun to visit her husband's grave. She had left India at the time of partition and this was the first time she had returned. We had a first class berth with two upper and two lower beds. The English lady took one of the lower beds and Krishan and I took the upper ones. I slept most of the night but Krishan was very restless.

Sunday, December 25<sup>th</sup>, 1955

We were up about six so as to be dressed and ready when the train pulled into Dehra Dun. We were met right on the train by Krishan's brothers Girish and Avinash. Avinash came into our car first and greeted us with clasped hands. The men found a taxi to take us to Rajpur where Pitaji came out first and then Beeji and while they were greeting Krishan, sister Nivedita came

out and took me into the house. We were presented with roses and garlands of marigolds were placed around our necks.

This house in Rajpur is on a large tract of land with trees and mountains behind and is walled in on the front and sides. From the big iron gate a wide driveway led to the front door bordered with newly planted nasturtiums. The house was white and looked very compact from the gate but had a surprising number of rooms including a detached kitchen at the back. The front yard had tall poinsettias in full bloom along the perimeter and on one side purple bougainvillea was blooming.



The Rajpur House From the Rear

Krishan's mother is a sweet, tiny woman, probably not five feet tall. His father is also short. Girish is quite tall, maybe five feet 10 or so and is very handsome in his officer's uniform. The Army Cantonment was just down road and was pointed out to us as we passed it.

The family had arranged to have a cedar tree cut down for a Christmas tree and had bought bright decorations, candles and chocolates. The Christmas tree was set up out of doors and Nivedita and I put the decorations on the branches.



**Sister Nivedita      Christmas Morning in Rajpur**

After the tree was decorated I was given a whole lot of gifts, saris, scarves, soap, bath salts, a jar of bindi powder and even three salwar chemises, one gold in colour, one pink and one blue velvet with silver embroidery. All fit perfectly. There were seven saris in all, the seventh came from sister Rohitash and was boxed. One of the saris was a red and gold tissue wedding sari. Sister Sneha had made a matching blouse for it. The blouse also fit perfectly, yet all she had to go on were snapshots that Krishan had sent. One sari was white with pastel coloured flowers embroidered around the bottom and on the pella. This one had been made by refugee women who did the work to earn money for food, shelter and possibly surviving children. I was also given bangles and Indian sweets. Pitaji gave me a gold necklace with gemstones set in it that he had had made for me. Apparently it was the first one he had ever had designed.

One of the saris was my gift from the marriage of Bhiraji and Brij. Since he has sent Brij back to her parents the sari must be returned along with the dowry.

Beeji gave me a gold sari brooch which she had been saving for Krishan's bride for the last twenty years. It and the bath salts had been brought from Lyalpur when the family had to flee their home during partition.



The family had even found out where there was an Anglican Church in Dehra Dun and Avinash took Krishan and I to the five o'clock Christmas Evensong service. I wore my new white sari and felt very elegant like a bride. The congregation at the service consisted of only my apostate self, Krishan and Avinash. Perhaps the Anglicans are too closely associated with the English to have much popularity. Also there had been a morning service. I had to wonder what the minister would have done if we had not come, preached to an empty church or gone home?

When we returned home a fire had been lit in the fireplace and we had tea. Dinner was a curry with some meat and lots of vegetables and served with chappatis. The chapattis are made one at a time and hurried into the dining room by a servant. I noticed that Pitaji was careful not to eat any of the meat but seemed to enjoy the vegetables and the liquid. Beeji would not eat with us. She had her meal when we were finished.

We had been given a lovely bed room with French doors leading to the front garden. The doors have blue curtains and rectangular room is very long.

We each have a narrow string bed [charpoy] which we pushed close together. String beds have a woven rope spring. When it starts to sag you tighten it with the rope ends. On top of this spring a brightly colored mat called a duri is placed instead of a mattress. Our duris, quilts and sheets were all handwoven and selected by Beeji. She has given us towels to use and take home which she herself wove from cotton grown on the farm. We shocked the family by sleeping together in only one of the beds

Opposite the French doors is a single door which leads to the bathroom. Another door leads from the bathroom to the outside behind the house. Inside the bathroom is a wooden platform on which you stand to bathe and a commode chair. A servant comes in the back door and checks the commode from time to time, emptying it when needed. One has to ask one of the servants for hot water when one wants to have a bath, "garam pani lau" which means bring hot water. The water is then heated for you in the kitchen. To bathe, you take a dipper and slosh the water all over your body and then soap and then splash the water all over yourself again to rinse. For hair washing you simply pour the water over your head. The water runs down on the floor and to the outside along a channel that goes through the wall.

**Monday, December 26<sup>th</sup>, 1955.**

**When we woke we were tired, I guess from the travel and all the excitement. Breakfast was eggs and toast and fruit. Beeji had bought the eggs and carried them home in her own hands even though her religious beliefs suggest that she should not touch them. Until now she had not touched an egg since she became a vegetarian.**

**Beeji seems quite happy as long as I dress up. Nivedita and I have become very good friends already, many of our ideas are similar and her English is perfect. She is staying with Beeji and Pitaji until her child is born. I think she is about six months along.**

**Much of today we sat outside in the sunshine and talked. While we were chatting, Nivedita had a woman come in to give her a massage, she started with Nivi's back and actually put her weight on it causing Nivedita to get shooting pains. She went to bed and stayed there for the rest of the day.**



**Nivedita Bhenji**

**Another member of the household is Girish's little dog, Koncha. He's very sweet and fun to play with. Girish can't keep him in the Camp with him so he stays here with us. He's kept on a leash a lot because he needs to be protected from wild animals like panthers and from the ravens who love to tease animals and steal their food. At night he is locked indoors.**

**Tuesday, December 27<sup>th</sup>.**

**We took Nivedita to see her Doctor. The pains were diagnosed as neuritis and she was told to take care of herself.**

**Girish is having a party tomorrow night to introduce us to his fellow officers. In the evening we persuaded Avinash to write the invitations so Nivedita and I could keep talking.**

**Wednesday, Dec. 28<sup>th</sup>**

**The day was a bit cloudy and cool so I didn't wash my hair. We see very little of Girish because he is usually in the Cantonment and has to sleep there. Sometimes at night the men go out for night observation.**

**In the afternoon I started washing Krishan's shirts but two young women and their mother came to call so I had to go out and visit with them. When they left we had to rush to get ready for the party. It was a quiet affair as there were no women except me but Krishan entertained the officers with his American gadgets. Dinner got very late so there was no time to play games.**

**Thursday, December 29<sup>th</sup>.**

**We have decided to go to Saharanpur tomorrow to meet Rohitash Bhenji and Paulji, Krishan's eldest sister and her husband. Paulji is a Sub Judge for the District of Saharanpur. They were on their honeymoon in India's famous hill station, Simla at the time of partition so they missed a lot of the horror.**

**In the morning I washed my hair and we spent the day relaxing. I finished my washing, repacked our clothing and went for a walk with Avinash.**

**In the evening we set off the fire crackers that Bhenji had sent us and thoroughly frightened poor little Koncha.**

**Friday, December 30<sup>th</sup>.**

**We packed most of the morning. The taxi was late coming for us but we piled in and Pitaji rode with us as far as Dehra Dun. Avinash accompanied us as he will return to his college after visiting Bhenji in Saharanpur.**

The taxi's brake broke on the trip and while it was getting fixed I saw a wild monkey. While we were waiting for repairs a crowd of Muslims gathered around the car all eager to see what was going on. One of the children had hazel-blue eyes.

Rohitash Bhenji was quite upset at our being so late as it was quite dark when we arrived. To welcome us she had candles lit all along the roofline of her house, the outline of the porch and the outside window sills, just like Divali. It was beautiful.

Then the fire crackers were set off.



**ROHITASH BHENJI'S WELCOME**

**Saturday, December 31<sup>st</sup>.**

Krishan rose early to catch the train to Dehli. I put on a salwar chemise and spent most of the day just talking with Bhenji and Paulji. In the afternoon we went for a long walk of maybe two or three miles. In the countryside here wheat, gram, sugar cane and vegetables are grown. Paulji explained that gram is a lentil and he picked some and broke open the casings so I could see what it looks like. They assured me that at this time of year there were no snakes or scorpions, both are hibernating. Much as I enjoyed the day it was a little lonely without Krishan and Avinash.



**Sunday, January 1, 1956.**

**Krishan came back early in the morning and climbed into bed with me. We got up quite late for brunch with Bheni and Paulji.**

**In the afternoon we went to a very corny Indian movie based on the Arabian Nights.**



**PAULJI AND DOG LASSIE**

**Paulji's brothers are here. Prit Paul and Pauli. Prit Paul is still quite a child but the middle one, like Girish, is quite grown up and he is a baptized Sikh with beard, turban and bangle.**



**L – R BACK ROW- PAULI and AVINASH  
Front – PRIT PAUL, KRISHAN and PAULJI**

**Pauli left sometime during the night.**

**Monday, January 2<sup>nd</sup>.**

**Early in the morning we saw Avinash off on the train, then later, Prit Paul. I'll miss Avinash.**

**Wednesday, January 4<sup>th</sup>, 1956**

**Bhenji and Paulji rent half of a house for 37 and a half rupees a month or about \$12.50. As a Sub Judge, Paulji's salary amounts to about 80 rupees a month. In their half house is a large living room and a large bedroom with a smaller room used as a temple. The bathroom was quite large with three commodes, a sink, a washstand, a bathtub and a stool with a pot of water on it. Besides these there was a clothes rack for the towels and the room still looked quite empty. The drains worked but there was no running water from the taps. The house was square and had a veranda on each side. It was surrounded by a large yard with an orchard, garden, lawn and even an Evangeline style well. Where the sun shone there were thousands of flies, some of which found ways to sneak indoors and spoil the meals. The kitchen was a small smoky area off the veranda and the cooking was done over a fire on the floor. Beside it was a small partially screened pantry. The food which Bhenji cooks herself is made on a small electric plate by the dining room. She's a fabulous cook!**



**Paulji and Bhenji have a large black dog named Lassie who is brave enough to try to use her feet put out fire crackers. The house is troubled by rats which are caught in wire traps and freed on the other side of town.**



**PAULJI AND LASSIE**

**Thursday, January 5<sup>th</sup>.**

**We returned to Rajpur from Saharanpur on January 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup>. Pitaji had come the day we left so we saw him off on the train and then caught a bus to Dehra Dun. It took about five hours to travel the approximately 50 miles but sometimes it seemed as if we were roaring along at incredible speeds. Bus fares are very cheap, it cost us about 40 cents each for the trip.**

**The family seem greatly worried about Krishan's lack of exercise, the rings under his eyes and also because we eat much less than they do. We and Nivedita have eggs and toast for breakfast every morning. For lunch we might have gram, dhal or peas and potatoes or carrots. All the food is flavoured with fresh ginger and cooked with little or no ghee. For dinner we have much the same. We have gobi [cauliflower] quite often. Many of the**

dishes contain onions. For drink I have coffee or cocoa. Nivedita drinks cocoa or Bovril. All the family drink milk [hot] but they drink a lot of water too. There are parathas or chappatis with every meal. These are made while we are eating. Because there is no heat in the house the food cools quickly.

Friday, January 6<sup>th</sup>.

Krishan and I walked up the Mussoorie road until we came to a viewpoint with a spectacular view of the valley. We took Koncha with us. He's a very cute little dog, full of energy, and he strained on his leash trying to get ahead until it practically choked him.

Saturday, January 7<sup>th</sup>.

After breakfast Krishan and Girish and I set off to visit Sat Sri Das or the temple of the weeping cliff. I wore my gold Punjabi suit and veil [dopurta]. We crossed the fallow wheat field which was just across the road from our gate. It was maybe about two square blocks in size. At the end of the wheat field we went through a fence and found a wide path going left towards the mountains. If you follow this trail you can reach the source of the Ganges in about twenty miles. The distance to the temple was about six miles and on the way you go about a thousand feet down a really steep incline, so steep that it is barely navigable.



VILLAGE ENROUTE GIRISH IN BACKGROUND

Koncha was really happy to come with us and bounced along on the end of his leash. Girish said very little, perhaps he's shy because of me, anyway he



just strode on in front of us holding Koncha's leash. He's certainly in better physical condition than either Krishan or I.

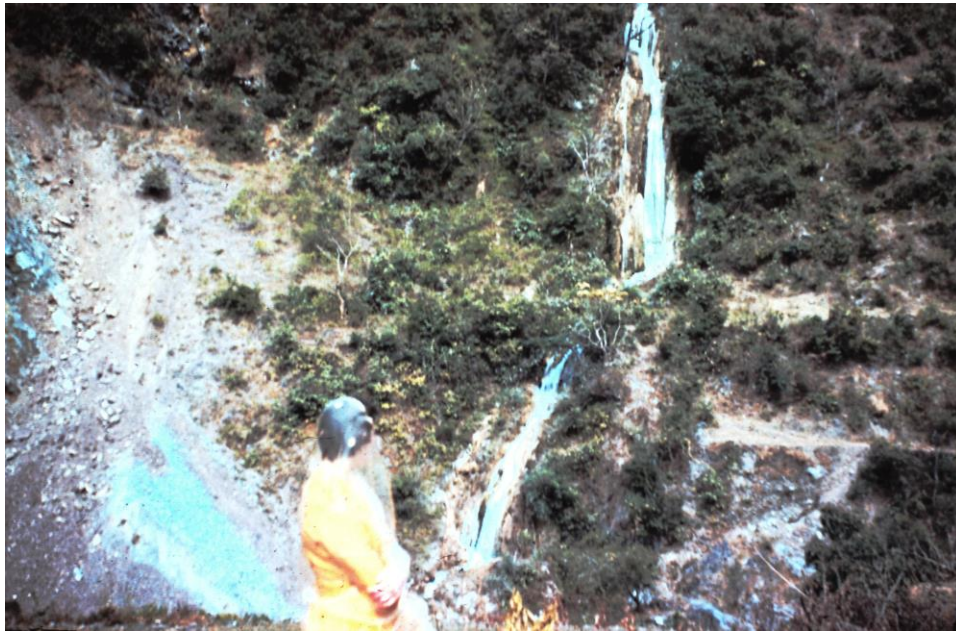


**Lunch and wading break**



The temple itself was a small weathered white stone square building with three arched doorways and a dome. There was a small natural stone Shiva

Lingam in the center of a fourth doorway. On the cliff side were stairs leading to a small cave where there was another natural stone of the same shape [Shiva Lingam]. Nearby was a lovely waterfall, a creek and a cold sulphur spring where pilgrims bathe. The bridge across the stream had been washed out so we had to jump from rock to rock to get to the temple. A servant held Koncha's leash while we investigated the temple. All the time we were gone he howled miserably and even tried to escape and cross the rushing stream.



We sat in the sun on the rocks and ate oranges and nuts. The trail had been much travelled by cows and we had passed several small homes and two or three small villages. Some of the women were very pretty but these villagers and farmers were obviously very poor and living like English peasants in the middle-ages. The villages had blacksmiths who worked on forges with volleys of sparks. Some of the people lived in grass huts. Many of the men obviously never shaved or cut their hair.

When we returned we drank glasses of cold lemon squash. Krishan was not feeling well and ate no lunch. We called off our proposed visit to the movies and bazaar and Krishan went to bed for the rest of the day.



**Sunday, January 8<sup>th</sup>, 1956.**

**Paulji and Bhenji arrived in the early afternoon. Embarrassingly I wasn't dressed yet as Krishan woke up feeling feverish and sick and I was taking care of him and waiting for the servant to bring the hot water for my bath. In the mornings, until I had bathed and dressed, I always wore the black kimono with the gold embroidered tiger and dragon that Krishan bought for me in Japan. It created quite a sensation and Krishan would tease me and say I was a tiger.**

**Bhenji brought me cashews because she remembered how much I liked them.**



**GIRISH AND AVINASH AND THE KIMONA**

**The chairs and table were always set up under the trees a little ways from the French doors into our bedroom.**

**I sat there and knit while the sisters and brothers played cards and laughed a lot. Beeji fed Krishan some of her special herbal tea.**



**WITH BEEJI AND GIRISH**

**Monday, January 9<sup>th</sup>.**

**Krishan is still feverish so spent much of the day caring for him. In the afternoon Bhenji and I took Koncha for a short walk. My knitting is progressing.**

**Tuesday, January 10<sup>th</sup>.**

**Krishan is still ill and is resentful of all the advice from his four women quack doctors. He's tired of being in bed and too ill to get up.**

**Wednesday, January 11<sup>th</sup>.**

**Krishan is still in the same state although possibly a little better. His temperature at 3:00 p.m. was 99 and at 6:00 p.m., 99.1. His cough is still bad.**

**Thursday, January 12<sup>th</sup>.**

**Krishan is still in bed with cough and fever and still as rebellious as ever. His temperature seems more normal. In the early afternoon he got up and we went to Dehra Dun to shop but went back to bed as soon as we returned home.**



**Friday, January 13<sup>th</sup>.**

**Krishan woke up feeling much better. In the afternoon Krishan, Nived and I went to Dehra Dun to buy fruit. We also picked up candies and cakes at Indiana and looked through the stalls for things for Nivedita's baby. She became tired so we came back.**

**Saturday, January 14<sup>th</sup>.**

**Bhenji has to go home today to be with Paulji on his day off. We rose late as usual and after lunch we persuaded Beeji to dress up in my green sari and then we all went into town. After we had seen Bhenji off we took Beeji to see an American movie, "The Country Girl" with Bing Crosby. I think she found parts of it a bit shocking. After the movie we returned to Rajpur and just rested and talked until dinner.**

**Sunday, January 15<sup>th</sup>.**

**Krishan and I walked up the road to the School for blind girls. It is just a few doors away. We wanted to find out about local church services for future reference. The school turned out to be interdenominational. They have their services at 8:00 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. every Sunday. The United Church down the road Dehra Dun way has a service at 5:00 p.m. and the Anglican ones are at 8:00 a.m., 10:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m.**

**The school is managed by two nice English ladies, one is a red head, Miss Minden. They have a slide projector and are going to show us our slides on Tuesday or Thursday. They also have an 8mm movie projector so we can show our volcano movie from Hawaii.**



**CHILDREN AT THE SCHOOL FOR BLIND GIRLS**

Girish had come home early to spend some time with us, however, after a few games of cards he went back to camp.

**Monday, January 16<sup>th</sup>.**

In the afternoon Krishan and I went to the bazaar to buy more fruit. He bought huge quantities of bananas, guavas, chicos, etc. I had no idea that he missed fresh fruit so much. We also bought a ball for Koncha. At five-thirty we met Girish at the Rajpur bus. He went to find a taxi to meet Sneha's train when it arrived. We recognized her at once by her blonde hair. She is a very sweet, shy girl, much more reserved than Bhenji or Nived.

She brought me a very pretty pink sari with silver embroidery and a blouse piece, presents from Prem. By custom, she cannot give me anything but under some circumstances, her husband can. The male side of a family may give gifts to the female side but not vice versa, in fact Beeji or Pitaji would not even accept a glass of water in Sneha's home without paying her handsomely for it.

After dinner, we all went to bed. Lunch is normally served in mid-afternoon and dinner is late, eight o'clock or later.

So now we have met everyone in the family except Bhiraji and Nived and Sneha's husbands.

**Tuesday, January 17<sup>th</sup>.**

**We awoke earlier than usual but Sneha had been up for two hours waiting for us. Her visit was an important occasion, not just because of us but because it was her first visit home after her marriage.**

**After breakfast Krishan and I went up to the school for blind girls but the two memsahibs were out so we went to the post-office – only to find it closed.**

**We had lunch and then repeated the itinerary with Sneha. This time Miss Midner was at home and she invited us in. We have arranged the picture showing date for Thursday. We then sent Prem a telegram and mailed Dr. Brown's letter. After Krishan took a few more pictures, and then we women walked down to the survey camp and back to the house. I worked on my knitting and wrote letters until dinner.**

**Thursday, January 19<sup>th</sup>.**

**Sneha, Krishan and I shopped in the Dehra Dun bazaar. In the late afternoon we took the family to the School for Blind Girls to look at our slides and movies. We were late in starting because Beeji and Pitaji had gone to Dehra Dun to see a Sikh parade and Nivedita had trouble finding the sari she wanted to wear.**

**The school was founded by an English woman, a Miss Sharp, whose sister was a doctor in India. About seventy five years ago, probably influenced by her sister's experiences, Miss Sharp established the first such one in North India. In the beginning she would take the girls to a Hill Station in the summer to avoid the heat of the plains but later began to look for a location that was cooler in the summer to avoid the move. She found the current site in Rajpur but the day after she arrived she came down with cholera and died within a few hours. Her sister took over the school and managed it until she began to feel that due to declining years she could no longer carry the burden. A Women's Christian Bible Organization took on the task and promised to keep it staffed in perpetuity. The last member of the original staff retired only six months ago.**

**The girls are taught literacy skills and skills enabling them to be self supporting in their adult lives. I have an idea that most of them are either orphans or come from very indigent families. Because of their disability and lack of dowry it is unlikely that any of them would ever marry so it is very important to become self supporting. One of the skills they are taught is knitting and the pupils produce beautiful sweaters and woollies knit with complex stitch combinations.**

We were delighted to be able to see the pictures we had taken up until Dehra Dun. The movie of me standing on a rock and getting doused by a Hawaiian wave made everyone laugh. We came back to the house about 7:00 p.m.

Friday, January 20th.

Today is Gurupurab Day, the birthday of Guru Govind Singh. Around noon Krishan went to the temple with Pitaji. Beeji had gone earlier and was in her prayer room playing her harmonium and singing hymns. I spent the afternoon sitting in the courtyard with Nivedita and Sneha. Later I walked to the flour mill with Krishan, Beeji and Pitaji. Koncha came with us of course and had a wonderful time racing up and down the hills. The mill is in a stone building and uses water power to move the grinding stones. After the water has run through the mill it is used for irrigation. We saw a lot of a nettle-like plant called "scorpion plant". If you are stung by it you may become unconscious for up to six hours. Coming back down the hill we watched the sky fill with a gorgeous purple and pink sunset.

Saturday, January 21<sup>st</sup>.

In the afternoon Krishan, I and Koncha climbed the mountain behind the house. There are actually two mountains which come together. The one closest to Mussoorie has hundreds of monkeys living on it but the other one has no monkeys because there are families of panthers that lurk there. On the very top of the panther mountain is a small Hindu temple occupied by a Hindu priest. He told us that he had renounced his family when he was sixteen and decided to remain celibate for life. For many years he travelled all over India and then, two years ago, found that this temple had nobody to care for it so he decided to stay. When he becomes hungry he goes down to Rajpur and people feed him. He said that the panthers on the hill don't bother him but they are very fond of small dogs and could resort to great cunning to steal one. To help keep Koncha safe he walked down to the highway with us and we returned the rest of the way through Rajpur.

In the evening we were invited to have dinner in Girish's Officer's Mess.

Sunday, January 22<sup>nd</sup>.

We sat around and visited all morning. In the afternoon I packed Krishan's things so they would be ready for his trip to Amritsar in the evening. He should arrive about nine a.m. tomorrow morning, a distance of about 300 miles. I had to see him off at the gate as there was no return bus from Dehra Dun.



**Monday, January 22<sup>nd</sup>.**

**I got up at nine and experimented with my Polson's coffee. After breakfast I tidied up our bedroom and then spent the morning sitting in the courtyard with Beeji and Sneh and tried to make some headway with my knitting. After lunch the three of us went to the bazaar and shopped until after five.**

**Wednesday, January 25<sup>th</sup>.**

**Nivedita woke me up at nine a.m. looking for someone to accompany her to the doctor. I wore my navy dress because Beeji asked me to wear Canadian clothes today.**

**The doctor was surprised to see us as she thought Nived would come only on Saturdays. However, she examined her.**

**Before lunch Beeji gave me the blouses that she had asked Bhenji to have tailored for me. They included the one for the sari that had been given to me for Bhiraji and Brij's wedding. I had asked that that one not be made since Bhiraji had repudiated the wedding. I thought that the sari and blouse piece should be returned to Brij.**

**Anyway it is nice to have some blouses. I've been wearing the tops of my knitted suits under my saris, rather welcome in a way since the days are chilly. Today I wore the blouse that goes with the Turkish sari.**

**After lunch I walked to the Rajpur post office and mailed letters. Nived and Sneh had gone to Dehra Dun to pay a duty call to one of Prem's relatives.**

**The other day I had noticed a mouse in our bedroom trying to get into our plaid suitcase. It came in under our bed through a hole in the concrete floor. Today the mason came to fill the hole with concrete. He put a rock over the wet concrete and we hope the concrete will dry before he chews another hole through it.**

**In response to the Hindi portion of Krishan's letter, Pitaji left in the evening for Amritsar. He took Brij's sari and blouse with him so he could return them to her. I guess Krish will tell me the whole truth about Bhiraji's marriage when he comes back. Girish went to the station to see Pitaji off.**

**The power was off all day but finally came back on about five p.m.**

**Thursday, January 26<sup>th</sup>. Republic Day in India.**

**Girish took us to the Survey Camp Headquarters to see the Sports Day Activities. It was quite interesting, high jump, candle race, domestic race, pillow fight, and fancy dress competition. The most outstanding was the man who came dressed and acting like a beggar. It was very realistic.**

**Friday, January 27<sup>th</sup>.**

**Girish took Sneh and I to see a movie of Krushchev and Bulganin's tour of India. It was in colour and most interesting as it showed scenes from all over India as well as folk dances, handicrafts, cultural presentations, industries and new developments. A very beautiful young blonde woman did much of the narration. She was fluent in Russian, English and Hindi and apparently was the daughter of an Indian Privy Council Judge and his English wife. Girish sat behind me and translated as well as explaining much of what I was seeing.**

**When we arrived home, Krishan's boyhood friend, Ram Prakash was waiting there to visit with us.**

**The concrete was dry so we removed the stone from under the bed.**

**Saturday, January 28<sup>th</sup>, 1956.**

**Ram Prakash and I went to the train station to meet Krishan but he did not arrive. At noon Sneh took a taxi to Saharanpur. We sat around the house and moped all afternoon. Krishan finally arrived late at night, tired after travelling all day to get here.**

**The mouse has chewed through the concrete and is again enjoying our bedroom.**

**Sunday, January 29<sup>th</sup>.**

**Got up late as Krishan was very tired. Spent most of the day talking and playing cards.**

**Girish arranged to have the mouse hole reblocked, this time with concrete mixed with broken glass. The stone is back.**

**Monday, January 30<sup>th</sup>.**

**Krishan, Sneh, Ram Prakash and I went to Mussoorie. We walked to downtown Rajpur and on the way we saw a monkey and her child picking up scraps on the village street. We climbed a hill to look at a monument to some man and then walked back to the village to catch the bus. Mussoorie is one of India's famous Hill Stations where people go to escape the summer heat. The road up the mountain is very narrow and full of switchbacks. The town, itself is a bit like Hong Kong with buildings perched on almost vertical cliffs. On clear days, if you go higher than the town you can get glimpses of the Himalayas. On the Dehra Dun side there are incredible views of valleys and the plains stretching to the horizon. We had a lunch of kabobs and cheese sandwiches at a hotel called Harkmans. After lunch we walked up to see**



**On the way to Mussoorie**

**Hamer's Store because the Manager would like to arrange a marriage between his daughter and Girish. He turned out to be a very affable man. After he had tea with us he walked down to the bus stop with us and saw us onto the bus. By the time we reached home Ram Prakash was ill from the lurching of the bus.**

**Tuesday, Jan 31<sup>st</sup>.**

**Ram Prakash returned to Delhi.**

**Krishan and I took the bus to Dehra Dun to shop for fruit and when we returned Hamers were already there to take us to their home for tea. Their house is very nice by Indian standards, I guess. The family seemed very**

pleasant but the food was very sugary. The daughter has a sweet face but seemed very young, actually she is eighteen but physically immature. After tea and talk she drove Krish and Girish and I home in one car while her father followed in another. I gather that it is quite unusual for Indian women to drive.

Wednesday, February 1<sup>st</sup>.

It was a quiet day. Sneh's brother-in-law sent a letter saying that he was not coming.

The mouse has chewed through the glass laced concrete so the rock stays.

Thursday, February 2<sup>nd</sup>.

In the morning before I was dressed, a Finnish Pentecostal Missionary we had met a few weeks ago came calling with her English friend.

While they were still here another couple, Mr. and Mrs. Nargaya came to call. These were the parents of a prospective bride for Girish. He was an engineer and she was a social worker. They were very well travelled people, they had been to China, Russia, the U.S., England, Europe, Japan and other countries, very interesting people to talk to. We served them tea and fruit, after which the Pentecostals left. The Nargayas left a little later.

Friday, February 3<sup>rd</sup>.

We woke up late again. I made breakfast for Krish and before long it was lunch time. We spent the afternoon sleeping and the evening playing cards. I turned the heel of the sock I'm knitting for Bhiraji.

Saturday, February 4<sup>th</sup>.

Our pictures came back. Girish, Sneh. Krish and I went to Dehra Dun to see a Hindi movie. It was a very dramatic film about a father who sacrifices himself so his son can be well educated. The son gets drunk once, breaking his father's heart. The father tries to kill himself and the son also attempts suicide. Krishan doesn't translate with the facility Girish has but it was still easy to follow.

Sunday, February 5<sup>th</sup>.

In the afternoon Krishan and I went to a service at the United Church of North India. The Moderator was there and he gave the sermon. There was a woman in the congregation who had leprosy but both ministers shook



hands with her as well as with the rest of the congregation. After church we went to Kwality for ice cream and samosas.

**Monday, February 6<sup>th</sup>.**

Krishan and I got up early to catch the bus for Saharanpur. We left about 7:35 and arrived around ten. Bhenji was ill in bed and there was packing confusion all around. Paulji is being transferred to a town called Hamirpur. I helped pack the dishes. Then we took a few pictures and returned by the Express bus to Dehra Dun. We were home in time for dinner.

**Tuesday, February 7<sup>th</sup>.**

We got up late. I sorted out clothes for the dhobi. He is the washer-man and takes the clothes away to his house for washing and pressing. He comes a couple of times a week. Krishan says that he whacks them on stones in a river but they always come back looking beautifully clean. His iron is a flat iron that is heated on a stove.

In the late afternoon a man came to interview us about a possible girl for Girish. It is apparently my job as eldest daughter-in-law to be a part of the selection process. Looking at the sisters and brothers it does seem that arranged marriages work out very well. In North America we fall in love and get married. In India you marry a very carefully chosen spouse and then you fall in love.

The girls are scrutinized to the nth degree, they must have domestic skills because they will run a household, they need to have done well in school because ours is an educated family, they must have a talent such as playing an instrument or dancing and they must play some sports. School records are examined back to kindergarten and the reports should indicate that the girl is even tempered and amiable. The only criterion Girish has added is that the girl should be almost as tall as he is.

We walked up to the School for Blind Girls and invited the Memsahibs to come to tea on Thursday.

At dinner we had a bridge lesson.

After we went to bed we heard a moaning sound which was probably leopard. We could also hear jackals.

**Wednesday, February 8<sup>th</sup>.**

**Krishan was up early to take Beeji and Sneh to the Dehra Dun-Saharanpur bus. I slept longer before getting up and making my breakfast.**

**Later Krishan returned with pastries and baskets and baskets of fruit. It was very quiet around the house with Beeji and Sneh both gone.**

**Girish dropped in in the late afternoon but left to go to Saharanpur for the evening. I developed a headache and went to bed before dinner. We slept in the room adjoining Niveditas so she would not be lonely.**

**Thursday, February the 9<sup>th</sup>.**

**We got up late as usual. Beeji and Sneh returned home just after lunch. Krishan and I had a nap and were barely up before the guests arrived for tea. The group included Miss Midner, Miss Pigott, Miss Burch and Captain and Mrs. Melville [who turned out to be English]. Krishan chatted with them while I got things on the table. Sneh was feeling sick and decided not to join us and Nivedita stayed in her room because she had a headache. It was rather fortuitous because we had only six teacups and some demitasses and almost everyone drank tea.**

**After tea we showed them our pictures and in the following conversation we heard some more leopard stories.**

**They left about seven thirty.**

**Friday, February 10<sup>th</sup>.**

**Late in the afternoon Krishan and I went to Dehra Dun to pay a duty call on Girish's C.O. or O.C. He lives in a very nice house on the old Survey Road but we had a difficult time trying to locate it as the road winds around and around. Major Anand was a very friendly, genial sort of man. His wife spoke no English but understood a little and they had a very cute little daughter who was about five. They have an older son who is studying for his Cambridge but Girish told us later that the son's eyes had been damaged by a foolish doctor and he is having vision problems. Their house had beautiful gleaming marble floors. Major Anand told me that when his mother lived there she had once seen a tiger come right up to the kitchen door.**

**Coming home, the bus was so crowded that I had to sit in the women's section while Krish had to sit in the men's. I talked to a British woman, Mrs. Oomah Prasad. She has an Indian husband and lives at Love Center. Initially she and her husband were very wealthy but they lost all their money**

when the Indian government abolished the landowner system. She seems to know a lot of people hereabout and has invited us to come and visit her. She has been living in India about twenty five years.

Saturday, February 11<sup>th</sup>.

We got up later than we should have and I made breakfast. Krishan took slides and movies of Sneh, Girish and me. For the occasion I wore my pink sari. After lunch the four of us went sightseeing in Dehra Dun. First we toured the military academy where Girish studied. It is a very clean beautiful area with spacious lawns, walks, drives, a polo field and very handsome red stone buildings. After we were shown through the Forest Research Institute, a handsome, modern building with attractive landscaped grounds.

Back in Dehra Dun we dropped into Colonel Brown's School for Indian Boys where Krishan had studied for a short time as a small child. He became homesick and insisted on going back to his mother. We were shown around by a staff member who assumed that we wanted to place our child there. He took great pains to point out how strict the school was with compulsory curriculum, games and studies but no freedom at all for the child. "We don't let our boys skip games just because they want to stay in and read", he said. He made a point of telling me that they had an English nurse and a well equipped hospital and telling Krishan about the achievements of their boys.



Colonel Brown's School for Indian Boys

The dorms didn't smell too nice, perhaps some children had wet their beds. It was very depressing. No child of mine will ever go to a boarding school and in particular not that one.

On the way back to Rajpur we stopped in at Kwality for samosas, ice cream and squash. By the time we got home my head was aching so I crawled into bed without dinner.

Sunday, February 12<sup>th</sup>.

Saw a movie, 'Desiree', with Nivedita.

Monday, February 13<sup>th</sup>.

We skipped breakfast this morning so we could be at the School for Blind Girls by fifteen minutes of ten. When we arrived we were served biscuits and coffee. We listened to the girls reading Braille. Some were just learning and others were very proficient. Miss Pigott gave us a tour of the school building. The quarters were clean and airy but not very fancy with whitewashed walls and cement floors. The girls range in age from five or six to very old women as those who have no homes to go to stay on and teach the young ones. Because of their blindness they have few or no prospects of marriage. We watched them as they did sums. They use a board with holes in it and metal pieces like type-slugs with a raised bar on the surface of the piece. Each hole in the board has eight sides. The way the raised portion of the metal piece fits in the holes denotes the numbers. Even numbers are parallel with the square sides of the board and odd numbers are slanted. An additional piece has two raised dots for nine and zero. There are pieces with +, and the division symbol and with these they can do quite complicated mathematical problems.

Miss Pigott set up her projector and showed us our movies. The one of Hawaii came out especially well, wave and all. We stayed to watch the girls for a time and took some pictures before walking home.

After lunch Sneh showed me how to make rasgoolas and gave me a lesson on making paneer [Indian cheese]. In the evening [about six-thirty] we went to call on the Rosses who are in the Survey. Mr. Ross, Sr. is in his seventies. His wife who was Indian had died in 1948 and they have a son and a daughter. Mr. Ross, Jr., actually the one in the Survey arrived home about fifteen minutes into the visit. The daughter, a beautiful woman, who must have been stunning twenty years ago, lives with her father and takes cares of him. I don't think she has any other occupation. They are very pleasant people and talked of earlier days in Dehra Dun when one sometimes saw tigers coming right up to the houses. We were served sherry and cashews. We have invited them for tea on Wednesday. On Thursday [the 16<sup>th</sup>] we are leaving for Delhi.



**Tuesday February 14th.**

**We got up about ten, just in time to receive a letter from [my sister] Jo. While I was still making breakfast, Wersha's mother and sister-in-law arrived to discuss a possible marriage between her and Girish. After they left, Nivi, Beeji, Pitaji, Krishan and I went into Dehra Dun, first to the family planning clinic and then to the shops. Krishan and I went to Qwality for ice cream and cake and then we bought knitting wool and fruit as well as pastry for the tea. We returned about five and I talked to Nivedita until dinner as well as knitting a bit.**

**Wednesday, February 15<sup>th</sup>.**

**When breakfast was over Krishan and I went to Rajpur to meet the American missionaries to see if they have a slide projector. They are Mr. and Mrs. Alter, daughter Martha [Marty] and sons John and Tommy [the little one]. They were very friendly people, ate lunch while we talked to them. They have a sort of Retreat for Christians on an almost nondenominational level. It's called the Bible Study and Christian Planning or something similar. We are going up to Mussoorie with the kids in March.**

**They didn't have a projector but said that the Dobsons had one.**

**We came home, washed up, tidied up the house and went to Dehra Dun.**

**Mr. Dobson was away but Mrs. Dobson was home and after a visit she loaned her projector to us.**

**The Rosses were arriving just as we descended from the bus so I changed quickly and arranged the food on plates while Krishan visited. We served tea and showed them our pictures and afterwards we learned a little more about Om Prashad and Rajpur.**

**Thursday, February 16<sup>th</sup>.**

**Decided not to leave until tomorrow. We went down to Dobson's and returned the projector but did not stay long as they were having a Board Meeting.**

**We played cards in the afternoon and packed after dinner.**

**Friday, February 17<sup>th</sup>.**

**On the way to Dehra Dun I visited with Mrs. Ross for a few minutes.**

**We caught the ten o'clock bus for Saharanpur and the one o'clock train to Ambala. While on the bus I finished socks I had been knitting for Bhiraji.**

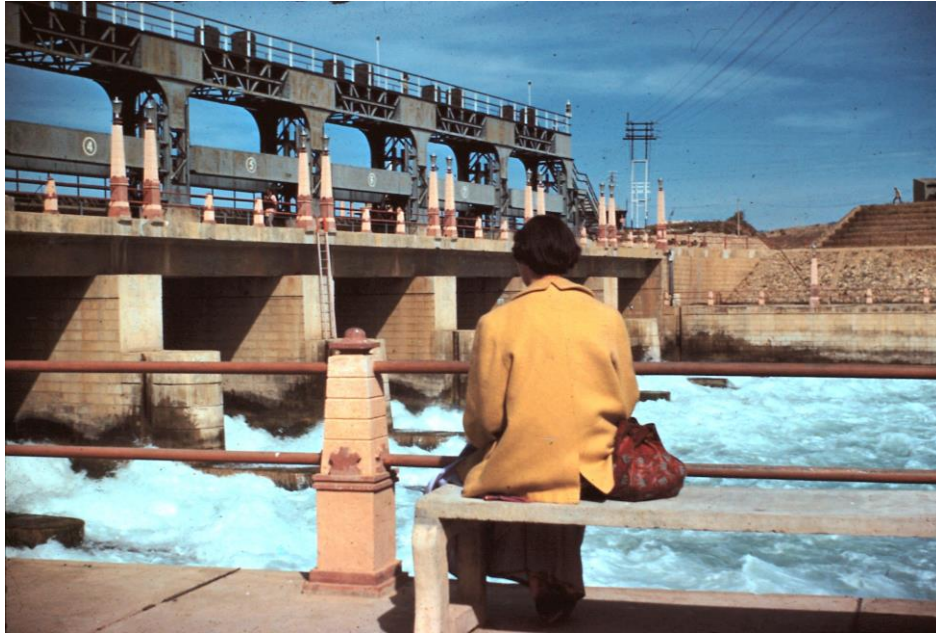
**From Ambala we took another train to Pupur, leaving about six and arriving at 9:30. Avinash and one of his professors along with a family relative were on the platform to meet us. They took us to the Irrigation Hostel where we were to stay. Our room was large and very clean and had a bath with running water and a flush toilet.**

**The superintendant of the hostel came to meet us but left when he saw that we were eating dinner. We had mutter panir, a choice of chicken or mutton, tomato soup, bread and chappatis and a lovely custard. After a short visit we went to bed.**

**Saturday, February 18<sup>th</sup>.**

**We were wakened in the morning by one of Avinash's instructors and shortly after, Avinash arrived. After breakfast we locked up and rushed, barely on time for the bus to Nangal. The bus was crowded with rugged looking tall turbaned Sikh farmers, each with a curved knife hanging from his waist. Although we managed to get seats, there were none reserved for ladies. I sat in the aisle seat and for the duration of the trip I dodged these swinging knives attached to the waists of the standing passengers. The way took us through miles of very rugged country with hills topped by gurdwaras and through some exceedingly picturesque towns. We were following a canal that had water that was 18 feet deep and capable of carrying a depth of twenty-six feet. It was very new with cement banks topped by several varieties of newly planted flowering trees. The plantings had been designed so that some would always be blooming at every time of the year. There was a mile of one colour followed by a mile of another colour, red, blue, etc.**

**Nangal has a lovely new dam. The engineer in charge was a friend of Girish and took great pleasure in giving us a tour. There is a tunnel under the dam and in the control buildings, a comfortable open sitting room for the staff. The grounds are landscaped and planted with flowers including sweet peas, marigolds and fifty varieties of roses.**



**Nangal Dam**

**Girish's friend took us to his home for a huge lunch of pilau, tomato and onion salad, mutton, mutter paneer, a potato dish and chappatis with fruit for desert.**

**He then arranged a permit for us and took us up to Bhakra. The security is very tight because of fears that Pakistan will attempt to sabotage it before it is completed since water flowing to Pakistan will be diverted. The construction for this huge dam is still underway but it is expected that it will be the highest gravity dam in the world. A fifteen mile long conveyer belt brings stones from a quarry.**

**A number of American consulting engineers are involved in the project. Our tour was followed by a tour of engineers from The India Convention.**

**When we returned to Nangal we found that we had missed the bus so our host drove us to the next town downstream and showed us another dam complete with turbines and power plant. He took us also to Anand Pur Sahib, a Sikh shrine where two Sikhs were martyred by being bricked into the walls. We took movies and pictures and were able to catch a bus to Roper at 6:30. Our talk to the boys at the college had been postponed to eight so we had time to wash and dress. The hostel Superintendent's wife and daughter and Assistant came to meet and accompany us. Our presentation included showing the boys pictures of our trip so far.**



**Anand Pur Sahib**

**Afterwards we returned to the Irrigation Hostel where we were served a dinner of mutter paneer, peas and carrots, gobi, tomato and onion salad, aloo mutter and for desert a milk and nut pudding followed by cardamoms.**

**Sunday, February 19<sup>th</sup>.**

**We were up at eight and ready to go boating on the lake with Avinash and Pitaji, a cousin, an Instructor and the Boating Instructor. The boat belongs to the College and is cared for by a chokra who is paid 35 rupees a month to do nothing but sit by the boat all day. If the boat is wanted, he unties it and when the boaters return he ties it up again.**

**After our row on the lake we returned to our room to pack and hurried to catch the bus to Chandigarh. Chandigarh was built after Partition to take the place of the old Punjabi capital, Lahore, which remained on the Pakistani side of the border. A French architect, Le Corbusier, designed the new city and it is quite modern and spectacular. Most of it is still under construction.**

**When we arrived at the Chandigarh bus depot we were met by the son of one of Pitaji's friends from Lyalpur. He and his wife drove us through the wide streets to look at the emerging city. At times he drove fifty miles an hour down the nearly deserted streets. It was the first time we'd travelled at that speed since leaving Japan. Our host's wife was wearing a dress [called a frock here] and I of course was wearing a sari. Krishan took movies from the car as we went along.**





**They took us to their home for dinner. We had sag, mutter paneer, raita, gobi and alu mutter. They served the largest olives I have ever seen. We had samien for desert.**

**Our host belongs to a different religion [Rhadasoami or Rhada Swami?] which has a “Master” who was there for dinner and who also was an English Instructor and Department Head at the University. He had spent about two years in America. Also present were his wife [also an English Instructor at the University] and a single lady from Bombay who has a Masters degree in Engineering and math. All are members of the same religion.**

**After dinner we caught a bus for Ambala, Saharanpur and home.**

**Monday, February 20.**

**During the night while we were sleeping we heard a loud knocking at the door but did not get up. When we came out to breakfast we learned that Bhiraji had arrived in the early hours of the morning. We went out to the patio behind the house and found Birahji drying his newly washed very long hair. He had combed it over his face so looked quite strange. Normally one never sees a Sikh with his hair down, it is always tied up under a little cap and the head is covered with a turban. Beards are always carefully groomed and some Sikhs wear nets on their beards at night to keep them tidy. I guess we surprised him.**



**Bhiraji is very charming. He talked a lot about his college days and how he played Juliet in a presentation of Romeo and Juliet. He was the first young Indian male to be admitted to La Martiniere Boys College in Lucknow which had been established for the sons of the British Raj.**

**We spent part of the day organizing for our forthcoming trip.**

**Tuesday, February 21.**

**Beeji and Pitaji were expecting guests for tea this afternoon so we spent most of the afternoon preparing. They had been long time neighbors from Lyalpur and their son had been Krishan's classmate in school.**

**Wednesday, February 22.**

**We caught the local bus and went shopping in Dehra Dun and spent the evening packing. Versha's mother arrived to visit Beeji and the Sood sisters dropped in as well. Girish's friends [fellow officers] arrived later for tea. Bhiraji and I had a long chat while I packed.**

**Thursday, February 23.**

**Sneh, Krishan and I caught the bus to Dehli. I made tomato and cheese sandwiches for the trip. The bus was at least as comfortable as the Nangal bus but Sneh suffers from motion sickness and was not able to eat anything and felt quite rocky. The trip was six hours long, part of it following the historic Grand Trunk Road.**

**Ram Prakash, Krishan's old school friend, met us on arrival. We took the luggage and headed to the railway station so Ram Prakash could book a**

seat for Sneha on the Madras [now Chennai] train. Then, still at the train station we washed and tidied up as we were due to meet a Hyderabad family whose daughter Inda was being considered for Girish.

While I was waiting in the station for Krishan, a pigeon let go some droppings which fell on my back without my being aware of it. There was a dreadful mess on the back of my blouse which Krishan noticed just as we were about to enter Constitution House. We had to quickly rearrange my sari to hide it.

The girl is nineteen and in the process of getting her B.A. She also sings, dances, paints, embroiders, cooks, knits and has all manner of other talents. She is even a ping pong champion. However, she was not very pretty.

While we were having tea, Sneha's headache became worse and she asked to lie down. Later she became even more sick. She absolutely refused to stay so we took her to the station and put her on the train. Just as it was pulling out Ram Prakash remembered that he still had her ticket so he jumped into the closest carriage, rode to New Delhi Station, gave her the ticket and then came back.

We took a taxi to Hans Kumar's where we were to stay. We had dinner with him and then went to bed.

Friday, February 24,

We had arranged to meet Ram Prakash at the Pan Am Office in the Imperial Hotel, however we lost our way and were late. We discovered that we will have to pay about two hundred dollars extra on our plane ticket. From there we went to the passport office as Krishan needs more pages in his passport for European Visas. We encountered a very officious public servant who wants to get rid of his old British India passport and replace it with a Republic of India one.

To recover from the shock we went to Qwality for lunch. We had delicious sag, chicken with sherry and cold coffee with ice cream which Krishan loves.

After lunch Ram Prakash and I went back to Hans Kumar's to get my dry cleaning and take it to Snow White. They, apparently are the best dry cleaner in India for dry cleaning fine silks and polishing gold borders. Krishan had the keys to our two suitcases so we had to make two trips.

It is very hot here and the sun is very bright even though technically it is only spring.

Our next task was to visit the daughter of a Simla Engineer. She teaches economics at Dehli University. She's better looking than Inda and has a good figure but she's not really pretty. Her Aunt and Uncle are well travelled and have been to China. They told us that the Chinese people like their government and have never been better off. They say the Chinese feel their government is there for the welfare of the people.

After the interview we went to Ram Prakash's home to meet his wife and children. They served us an excellent dinner of rice pilau, mutter paneer, gobi, gajrela mutter, pickle, samien and milk pudding.

**Saturday, February 25**

We returned to the passport office and persuaded them not to cancel Krishan's passport but to affix more pages.

Then we went to a restaurant, however, it was not too clean so we just had rasgullas and then went back to Qwality and tried some other kinds of chicken which turned out to be not as good as yesterday.

After lunch we shopped a bit and returned to Kumars by about 2:30, just in time to accompany them to their children's school sports day. Krishan took a movie of their daughter in a race where children ran with pots on their heads.

After the sports they drove us to Oakla, a picnic resort where we had tea and then drove back to Delhi on the Grand Trunk Road. In the distance we saw the Kutub Minar. We also saw some walls and ruins of the seven Delhis under the full moon.

We stopped for dinner at Moti Mahal's Restaurant, famous for its tandoori chicken. It was very delicious

**Sunday, February 26.**

Ram Prakash along with his wife and children arrived fairly early this morning and we caught the bus to the Red Fort in Old Delhi. It is a magnificent place with very thick red sandstone walls. Shah Jehan lived here at one time. His apartments have marble baths and beautiful gardens. At one time there were many fountains and pools and the Shah himself sat on a peacock throne encrusted with gems and worth an immense fortune.



After we had seen the Fort, we stopped for a cold drink and then went to see Jamma Masjid, a huge red sandstone mosque above a very crowded bazaar in Old Delhi. A Muslim gentleman showed me some relics of the Prophet which were stored there – a hair from his beard, one of his sandals, his footprints in stone and the Koran copied in Arabic by his grandson and son-in-law.

Krishan got a headache from the sun so we hired a cycle rickshaw to take us back to Kumars after dinner at Moti Mahals.

**Monday, February 27.**

We thanked the Kumars for their splendid hospitality and prepared to move to Aik [One] Haley Road, the home of Pitaji's friend, Mr. Gopal Singh. We went to the Canadian High Commission to find out what they could do for us. There we met Mrs. Sen, a Canadian married to a Bengali and Mr. McGaughey for whom we had a message from a member of the Japanese Embassy. Mr. McGaughey invited us to his home for dinner on Wednesday. Mr. McGaughey said they liked the girls in the High Commission to marry Indian men as it saved secretarial turnover. There are apparently several such in the High Commission.

**Tuesday February 28<sup>th</sup>**

We borrowed some Canadian films and took them to Kumars. One was about prairie wheat farms, one entitled "The Mighty Peace" and one called "Song of the Mountains". They had been unable to find a slide or 8mm film projector so we were unable to show them our own pictures. We had dinner with Gopal Singh.

**Wednesday, February 29th**

Krish picked up our tickets from Pan Am. I met him at the Swiss Embassy at eleven and applied for Krishan's Swiss and Austrian visas. His Indian Nationality means that he is required to get quite a few more visas than I need. We were successful with the Austrian visa but the Swiss required his passport overnight so we could not continue. We did stop at the Italian Embassy to collect some literature. Then we shopped for sandals to wear to Wednesday night's dinner.

Looking at all these Embassies I felt very sad that Canada did not have a distinctive flag as all other countries do. The Union Jack is really the flag of Britain. It would be nice if you could look down Embassy Row and see a flag that uniquely represented your country.

In the afternoon we were able to finalize the Danish visa and then returned to the Canadian High Commission to return the films. We met the Canadian trade Commissioner, a Mr. Ford from Winnipeg and talked for some time. We returned to Hailey Road for tea and drank a lot of coffee before dressing for dinner. We took a taxi, arriving at McGaugheys only a little late and were not the last to arrive. There was a UN doctor there who was stationed in Kabul. He told us that the Russians had given the King the gift of an airplane. The Russians had trained a crew to fly it but when it made its maiden voyage it collapsed on the desert because the undercarriage had jammed. The journey had to be completed by camel. Others there included an English woman reporter and the Editor of the Hindustan Times. He, with his wife had travelled all over Europe. We met Mr. And Mrs. Coger Sen, another newspaper man and Susanne, a secretary who works at the High Commission and some others. The UN Doctor said "India is not exotic, you have to go to Kabul ...that is exotic". We were served lovely plain food and it was quite nice.

Thursday, March 1, 1956

We woke up feeling not so hot but set out again on our visa gathering tours. We discovered that neither of us required a visa to enter Germany and we were able to finalize Krishan's Norwegian entry as well as the Dutch and Swedish ones. The pages in his passport finally ran out so we had to stop. We went to Qwality with Ram Prakash, an Air India officer who hurt his hand and two of his friends. I had the cold coffee special and they also had samosas and cakes. I wasn't hungry. I put my furoshiki on my lap to protect my sari and forgot it when I stood up ....so my gift from Japan was lost.

Friday, March 2

We took Krishan's passport to the India Passport Office and submitted an application for more pages. In the evening we took a taxi to Old Delhi to look at handicrafts, carved sandalwood articles, horn cranes and peacocks and zuri handbags and belts. We met two gentlemen who were interested in bicycle bells and cycles. They invited us to dinner and took us to Qwality for dinner [we picked the place]. Neither enjoyed the dinner, one because of the food and the other because Qwality does not serve alcohol.

Saturday, March 3.

First thing in the morning we went to the Reserve Bank of India to get permission to cash mom's draft to dollar traveller's cheques. Then I came home while Krish went to pick up his passport. Sirdarji and I finally ate lunch without him. He finally returned about three-thirty, barely in time to dress for the tea. The passport office had, by mistake, cancelled all the valid

visas and we have to get them all over again. Krishan was furious and had had words with the Passport Officer who had become equally angry.

The welcoming tea is being given by Gopal Singh for Privy Council Lawyers. As he is not married he has asked me to be his hostess for the affair. Thankfully I'm not expected to do much except mix and talk to people. I wouldn't really know what else to do so I think he's just being very nice to me.

And the tea was a very pleasant if eye-opening affair. All of the Privy Council lawyers had been invited. The Privy Court was located in England and recently was repatriated to India. Quite a number of the lawyers had married English women and many of these wives thought they would live out their lives in England.

We arrived about four to look over the arrangements.

Some of the English wives came in saris and others in Western dress. I chatted with some of these English wives, a Mrs. Oorigan [like the cricket player] whose husband had been on the Privy Council. She is anything but happy about living here, she doesn't like anything about India. I also met the mother of the beautiful blonde interpreter whom I noticed in the Krushchev and Bulganin movie [that we saw in Dehra Dun]. She told me that her daughter is fluent in Russian, Hindi, English and other languages and is now travelling as a lady in waiting to the Queen of Iran.

I heard some wives say that they would go back to England to have their babies so they could have British passports as well as meeting some women who were really happy to be in India.

We talked to a Lyalpur classmate of Krishan's who married a German girl. They have invited us to tea on Thursday.

Sunday, March 4<sup>th</sup>.

Ram Prakash came early and Krishan again explained his passport difficulties. We dressed for our lunch with Dr. and Mrs. Schuri. He was the doctor whom we met in Canada. He was on a tour of Canadian Hospitals and while in Edmonton he had tried to locate someone of Indian origin and found us. He and Krishan had jointly cooked dinner when he visited us. The doctor and his wife have a beautiful home on very spacious grounds. They have two sons, one is married. After a visit and some cider we were served a huge lunch. Afterwards Dr. Schuri drove us around Delhi. We returned about three thirty and had our clothes pressed [in the warmth one gets wrinkled and wilted very quickly] and even though we hurried, we were late for our tea with Nagender Bahaguri and his family. I think their daughter

Indoo seems a bit too young and quiet for Girish. The family has a cousin who is married to an Englishman who is an officer in the Indian Navy and who recently represented India on a mission to Egypt. They quizzed me about Bhiraji's marital status which made me a bit uncomfortable.

We ate dinner alone as it was Sunday and Sirdarji was away.

Monday, March 5.

We hurried to the Canadian High Commission and met their Immigration Officer, Mr. MacMillan. He is of Scottish origin but grew up in the Crowsnest Pass at Beaver Mines. He was a Constable in the RCMP in [Doon John Green?]. He sent us to Air India International and they promised to get all our visas for us so we will be able to go to Calcutta as planned. After lunch Krishan and Ram Prakash went out while I stayed home and sorted out our things before taking a snooze.

We had a dinner date with Kumars ....the food was very hot. We then played cards.

Tuesday, March 6<sup>th</sup>.

In the morning Krishan and I and Ram Prakash went out. It is getting warmer every day. After lunch the two of them went to take care of some family business for Pitaji and I stayed home and napped and knit. Krishan was very late so I decided to go to Qwality myself to meet the Vidayasagers but I missed them by a few minutes and we never did find them. Before going home to dinner Krishan and I and Ram Prakash went shopping, mostly to look at merchandise but we bought some glass bangles. The bangle wallahs have an interesting sales technique. They put them on your wrist but are able to compress your hand far better than you are able, even using soap. Once on you have to buy them because you can't get them off without breaking them.

Wednesday, March 7<sup>th</sup>.

We left before breakfast to go to see the Kutub Minar. It has 379 steps and we climbed them all. The entire Koran is carved onto the sandstone exterior. Nearby in the center of a ruined temple is Ashoka's pillar, an iron pillar dating to the 3<sup>rd</sup> century B. C. Its composition is such that it has never rusted. The temples on the site are part Hindu, part Buddhist and part Muslim. The area is in a lonely area fairly far from Delhi, inhabited mostly by peacocks who greeted us with their unique cries.





**The Kutub Minar [It is now beside one of the runways of the Dehli airport]**

**After taking some pictures we caught the bus back to Delhi. On the way we stopped at a new apartment development to visit Krishan's maternal grandfather [Lalaji] and his step grandmother and their two shy sons, ages about seven and nine [Krishan's Uncles]. Lalaji is over ninety. Lalaji told us an amazing story about how he escaped from Pakistan after Partition. He had not thought that Partition would make a difference so he stayed on in his huge haveli. When he realized that the Pakistanis intended to kill him and take his wealth it was too late to find a safe route to the border. His Muslim chowkidar who had been with the family for most of Lalaji's life had a small house at the back of the haveli garden. He hid Krishan's grandfather there under his charpoy and whenever the soldiers or others came looking he simply sat on his bed and said he had no idea where his master had gone. It was the end of the year before he was able to find his way to India. He is furious with the British for leaving and causing him to live out his senior years in relative poverty.**

**Back in the city we went shopping at the Delhi Handicrafts Emporium for things we need to take home, a numdah, dolls for Ken Patridge's baby daughter, etc. When the shop closed for lunch, we also went to eat. Then we went back and completed our purchases. Krishan bought me a fragrant sandalwood fan and a lovely turquoise chip bracelet. We also bought some tablecloths.**

**We had an appointment to meet another girl for Girish. She was clever but she turned out to be quite unsuitable. We called on one of Krishan's Uncles. He works for the Indian Police in a forensic laboratory.**

Our next call was on Sneha's in-laws after which we checked in with Mr. Macmillan at the High Commission. It was he, not Mr. Lalh who wanted to see us. He gave us some friendly advice about how NOT to talk to the Indian passport officials. After scurrying to Air India International to sign papers for our visas we went home and packed. After tea we continued packing until time to leave and catch the 5 p.m. train to Moradabad. We arrived about ten p.m. and were met by a representative of one of the firms Krishan is considering. We were taken to the Manager's home and served a very spicy dinner, mostly of meat dishes accompanied by whisky. After a short walk we were glad to get to bed. It was after twelve.

Friday, March 9<sup>th</sup>.

Up about eight. After breakfast we watched the workers preparing brass. They scrape it with long tools until it is smooth and shiny. They mix their own color and heat lumps of it prior to drawing it out into long strips the thickness of macaroni. These strips are then cut into usable lengths and melted onto the heated brass over the engraved pattern. The grooves of the pattern are filled with color and the excess is removed. The brass articles are then ready for packing and shipping.

A second factory that we visited was called Metal Crafters. Their designs were very beautiful. The manager was a mechanical engineer who was educated in Switzerland.

We caught the noon train to Bareilly where we are to meet more possible brides for Girish. On arrival Krishan found a phone and while he was making arrangements I went to the ladies Waiting Room to change. Trains have cars reserved for women and each station has a ladies waiting room with sofas and chairs so that the genders are separated for their comfort, safety and privacy.

We met two girls. The young man in the context of arranging a marriage is always referred to as "The Boy" and the young woman as "The Girl". One of the girls was very nice. She served us tea, showed us her handiwork and chatted easily. To date she is my first choice. The other was already overweight and in seemingly very poor circumstances. They lived in a badly kept house in the bazaar.

We hired a tonga and rode through the quiet streets to the station. The light was nearly gone and the air was heavy with the scents of jasmine and radkhi rani blossoms.

On the station platform we met a one of Krishan's friend's who joined us for dinner in the vegetarian dining room. We finished just in time to look for fruit and catch our train. Krishan was lucky enough to talk a man out of his two person private compartment so we rode in comfort to Lucknow.

**Saturday, March 10<sup>th</sup>.**

We arrived in Lucknow about 5:30 a.m. and Krishan arranged for a retiring room in the station so we could catch up on our sleep. We took a tonga to the Burlington Hotel for breakfast. The Burlington is about fifty years old, extravagantly ornate in design with lots of scroll work and female figures. In the dining room there were two enormous Chinese vases.

They made us a nice breakfast with half-boiled eggs. Krishan took me back to the station and went to find his Aunt. While he was gone I washed his shirts. In about half an hour he was back with Prahlad who turned out to be not nearly as handsome as in his pictures.

We had tea at Auntiji's. There are four children besides Kanad, Prahlad, Muna, Mira and Kaka, a little boy. After tea we all went to the zoo and then back to Auntiji's for dinner and back to the station.

**Sunday, March 11<sup>th</sup>.**

We were supposed to leave our room by six but actually cleared out about 7:30. Krishan bought the tickets for Hamirpur and we went back to his Aunt's again. Krishan and Pralhad went together to consult a lawyer about their income tax problem. Then we got a taxi to go sightseeing. The first stop was the British Museum commemorating British defense during the siege of Lucknow in the 1857 War of Independence. The damaged buildings are still there, their walls pockmarked with bullet holes. We visited the Lucknow Museum of Animals, Birds, and the Costumes of the Indian Peoples.



**The Residency at Lucknow**

**Imam Bara was a lovely Muslim palace with a beautiful mosque. The grounds are surrounded by a high wall covered with domes and turrets. Facing the gate is a large building containing two tanks. The south one had a sandalwood roof and the other a silver room. The palace interior is a labyrinth of passages and rooms where one could easily become lost without a guide. In certain places you can whisper and your voice will be heard a long way down the corridor. The windows and balconies of the women's quarters were protected with marble screens so the women could view palace activity without being seen.**





**View from the Zenana [women's quarters]**



**Cousin Muna near LaMartiniere**

**We visited La Martiniere College where Bhiraji was the first Indian boy to be admitted. It is the school Kim was sent to in Kipling's book, Kim. The decor is very interesting, huge gargoyles hold up the chimneys and figures of labouring people decorate the roof. The front overlooks a small lake [pond]. Nearby was stone monument and many trees.**

We finished the afternoon by visiting family, another Auntiji [Krishan's great Aunt], who married for love. She is an elderly lady who has a children's park and a girl's school named for her. Afterwards we spent a little time with one of Krishan's cousins and then raced to catch the train to Hamirpur. Prahlad accompanied us and saw us off.

At the next station Krishan bought us soft drinks and ice. We both fell asleep and when I awoke I thought we had missed the station since I couldn't see anything but the station building. Getting down on the platform a little girl in a blue dress smiled at me so we gave her the rest of our cake. Hamirpur Station turned out to be Hamirpur Road. Hamirpur proper is seven miles from the Station. We hired an Ica, a sort of tonga with two high wheels and a flat platform. We laced our two metal trunks on behind and the bedroll went up front under the driver. One of us had to perch on each side. I waited while Krishan toured the station platform. It seems that icas always travel in groups of two or more since the area is troubled by dacoits. One of the bandits has a price of 60,000 rupees on his head. Last week he and his men raided a village near here and systematically looted it. A second danger is from tigers and leopards that inhabit the ravines and river banks.

It was a beautiful night when we started out, inky black but with the sky full of stars. India is right under the Milky Way and the stars are huge. In the other ica a man rode with a rifle on his lap to protect us from dacoits and tigers.

We reached Hamirpur about eight p.m. but still had to cross a rickety bridge. Everyone had to get down and walk across one at a time. Our driver led the horse across last. We remounted and were taken the rest of the way to Bhenji's new house.

We barely finished greeting each other when I had to rush outside, very sick to my stomach. It was probably caused by the hot sun, very irregular meals and the rocking motion of the ica. Bhenji gave Krishan dinner and we collapsed into bed.

Monday, March 12<sup>th</sup>.

We were up by about nine. I was feeling better but not that well. Krishan was proposing to go to Agra but later we received an a.p.c. from Pitaji saying that Krishan's Uncle was coming to see him.

At about eleven thirty, Bhenji, Krishan and I went to Paulji's court to sit in on the proceedings for a time. The court case concerned a man who claimed that two men had come to murder him with guns and lota. They fired at him but the bullet ricocheted back from the wall and hit one of the would-be murderers in the eye. The man with the eye injury was claiming damages.

We stayed for perhaps half an hour and then walked to the river bank and over to the house where Paulji and Bhenji plan to move. We carried umbrellas to protect us from the hot sun.

After lunch the dhobi came to take away all our laundry and to press all my saris.

Paulji arrived home from Court about five and we got ready to go boating. We finally left around six. The boat was a large flat bottomed craft which was steered by a boatman and simply drifted along with the current as the day faded and the stars came out. There were cushions and blankets to make us very comfortable. When we turned back, two men pulled us along beside the river bank. Just before we arrived we struck a sandbar. Krishan said it was a crocodile and everyone laughed because I believed him. It was lovely and cool on the river and during the whole trip I could hear drums in the distance like some African movie.

Tuesday, March 13<sup>th</sup>.

We slept late and had breakfast with Paulji about 9:30 after which we sat around and visited. I washed Krishan's shirts and my nightgown before going into Hamirpur to see the bazaar. Bhenji was wearing a salwar chemise, the chemise of which she had had tailored from a Western skirt.

The bazaar is held only on Tuesdays and Saturdays so it was very lively and all kinds of vegetables and goods were on sale. I seemed to be an object of great curiosity. A little boy started following me, staring so hard that he didn't notice a pothole before he stumbled into it. We bought small embroidered camel skin purses, ankle bangles and wrist bangles and then hurried home to have lunch ready by 2:30. After lunch we made up Krishan's bed and he napped while Bhenji and I talked. I sewed the cuffs back on my dress and started on the collar. Bhenji explained that the caste system was still very strict here. The woman who cooks cannot touch a dirty dish so someone else must wash them. The sweeper keeps her face covered as no man is allowed to see her.

At six we packed up a dinner and went boating again. There were four boatmen, the bearer and a little boy to wait on us in the boat. This time we floated first down towards the bridge as the sun was setting. The water glowed luminescent pink and orange. We saw huge cranes, small flying fish, vultures, bats and small water birds. Returning back upstream we were handed our dinner by the bearer and ate on the boat as we drifted. This time we had a short wave radio and listened to music and played cards as we watched the brilliant stars emerge in the darkening sky. It was a beautiful lazy evening.

**Wednesday, March 19<sup>th</sup>.**

We were up at 7:30. I didn't sleep too well because of two or three mosquitoes buzzing around. We took an ica to the bus depot to catch the Kanpur bus. While we were waiting we watched a potter on the street making little clay dishes for sweets or curd. Krishan made a movie of the potter forming dishes on his wheel.

The bus was delayed in Kanpur at a railway crossing. We waited and waited. Finally Krishan got out and made the gateman open the gate so we crossed while the train waited. We left Kanpur for Agra about 2:00 p.m. and arrived about five. As we were approaching the Fort we got our first look at the Taj Mahal across the river from the train window. It was, disappointingly, not that impressive.

On arrival at the Agra Station, Krish put me and the luggage in the Ladies Waiting Room and left to contact some of the people Pitaji had asked us to look up. He wasn't able to phone them so he hired a rickshaw and tried to find one of the houses. The gentleman we were looking for had a Masters Degree in Engineering from MIT in Boston but he had a very small house as if he was not very well off. He was the engineer for a group of cotton mills in the district.

We returned to the station and collected our luggage and checked into Laurie's Hotel. We had a room with a bath and three beds, all for about nine dollars. The bathroom had the cleanest tub I've seen in India and the first hot running water I've seen since Hong Kong. There was a beautiful swimming pool outside.

Dinner was a multicourse meal, soup, fish, meat, vegetables, desert, cauliflower and another desert which we were not served.

**Thursday, March 15<sup>th</sup>.**

For breakfast we were served porridge, eggs, potato and meat rolls, toast, jam and coffee.

Just as we finished our friend arrived with his brother's car and took us to see the Taj Mahal. Coming in from the front gate and seeing it in its lovely setting, arched gateway, red sandstone wall, gardens, flowers, reflecting pools with fountains and pink and purple bougainvillea, we were not disappointed. The sky was very clear and blue and the sun shone making the white marble glitter brilliantly. There are four marble causeways and free standing towers and gates, one in each direction. The Taj, itself is inlaid with brightly coloured stones and decorated with screens carved from



sheets of marble. Before we could enter, an attendant gave us cloth boots to put over our shoes to protect the white marble surfaces. The tomb of Shah Jehan's wife is in the centre, directly below the dome. Shah Jehan's tomb is beside hers.

He was building a matching black marble structure for his own last resting place, but his son imprisoned him in the red Fort at Agra and stopped the construction. He spent his last days looking from his prison window, across the fields towards his favorite wife's tomb.



We were no longer disappointed, the Taj is everything everyone has said or written in praise of it.

Our next stop was the Rhada Swami temple-tomb that we had heard about in Chandiargh when we learned about the sect. Still under construction, it is going to be exceedingly ornate, covered with a multitude of carvings but I don't think it will be particularly beautiful. Perhaps when they develop the gardens it will look quite elegant.

In the bazar we bought a peacock fan and an inlaid marble dish carved with stone from the Taj quarry.

Akbar's red sandstone tomb was on the outskirts of Agra but the edge of our appreciation for the structure had been diminished by the simple elegance of the Taj. Still it is really lovely in its own way. Akbar was a good King to both Muslims and Hindus. As at the Taj, there were very few visitors but at Akbar's tomb there were quite a few large monkeys.

We had to race to have lunch and catch our train. Lunch at Lauries was soup, fish, vegetables, cold meats, roast beef [the waiter wasn't going to serve this until I asked for it and he looked incredulous when I ate four slices

of cold roast beef] and desert as well as cheeses and crackers and coffee. I think this was probably a pukka meal for the British Colonial occupiers.

We made a mad dash for the train and secured a first class compartment to Delhi. On the way we passed Akbar's tomb. Ram Prakash met us in Delhi and we learned he had not contacted Mr. Tuppar of A.I.I. so we tried to find him, first at the Air India International offices where they didn't have his address and then at his home in the diplomatic enclave. It was dark and began to pour as we hunted. We finally found his house after many false starts, only to find that he wasn't home.

We rented a retiring room at the station since Gopal Singh had guests.

FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1956

Up early and after breakfast hurried back to Air India International. Mr. Thaper was there and he had managed to get the European visas for us, even without our signatures. Some embassies had even waived their fees and I was given back my passport.



BIRLA MANDIR

Having accomplished that, we went to see the Birla Temple. It is a fantastic, almost grotesque place. The grounds are covered with carvings of animals, sacred Hindu figures, fountains and walks. Some of the fountain spouts are carved cobra heads. There is a loudspeaker that broadcasts sacred music from the temple and another from the refreshment stand. Krishan wanted to include some Rajasthani women in the movie he was shooting but they were very shy and turned their faces away. He pretended he was filming me and when they turned to watch he was able to include them in the pictures.





Afterwards we toured Janter Manter, a garden of giant astronomy instruments which tell the time, the position of the earth and other data related to astronomy.



Janter Manter is located very close to the Imperial Hotel, one of Dehli's best.

We then caught the afternoon train to Jalandhar, arriving after dark. When we came into the house there were guests including Naginder Bahadur, Beeji's distant cousin. They spoke of an uncle of Krishan's who may or may not have murdered his first wife while on his honeymoon on Dal Lake in Kashmir. It was said that the bride he had agreed to had been switched at the wedding. When the ceremonies were over he discovered a disabled substitute. He was tried and his appeal went all the way up to the Privy Council in London before he was exonerated. He later married again, this time to a princess.

After they left we were served dinner and given a bed in a very open room on the roof of the house. During the hot weather, everyone sleeps on the rooftop as it is cooler.

The house had formerly belonged to Muslims who fled India at partition. It was given to Pitaji by the Indian government as partial compensation for the home our family had to abandon in Lyalpur, Pakistan. The Muslims renamed Lyalpur and it is now called Faisalabad.

Saturday, March 17<sup>th</sup>.

After breakfast we caught the noon bus to Amritsar. We went first to a government workshop to find a Mr. Claire who had had word of our arrival. He took us to his very lovely, nicely furnished home where his wife served us lunch. The dishes included sag, mutter paneer, raita, gobhi, a delicious chilled banana pudding and chilled santras [oranges] for desert.

Our second stop was to visit Krishan's Aunt [Beeji's younger sister] Savitri. Her marriage had been unhappy and her husband had married a second wife and moved to Bombay, leaving her and their son in a house in the family complex in Amritsar. Much of the furniture in the house was draped with sheets so I think she lived in only a small part of it. Other houses on the large property were or had been inhabited by her in-laws. There was a "tank" or swimming pool with raised grassy earthen sides. When the family was scattered after partition, Krishan had stayed here with his Aunt for a time until his father escaped from Pakistan.

During our visit, Krishan's cousin, Romesh came home. He had just been to Pakistan with his college soccer team and said that he thought it was now safe for Indians to cross the border. He had a collection of Pakistani coins which he showed us.

Auntiji gave me a blue mill woven sari, a great blessing, as all the ones I had with me needed pressing and or laundering. When Beeji saw it later, she was quite upset. She thought her sister should have given me an expensive zari sari but I found this one far more useful.

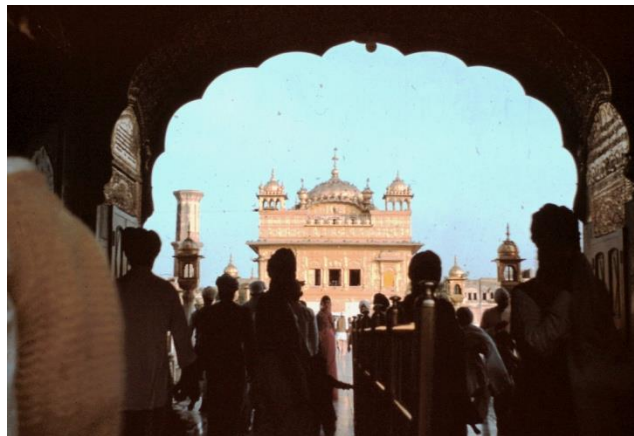
We then headed out for the Golden Temple, the most sacred site of the Sikhs. We travelled there by a tonga through streets that were so narrow that you had to virtually keep your hands in your lap to avoid scraping them on the buildings on either side. Because of the narrowness of the streets the odours tended to congregate and be somewhat overpowering in the heat. Finally the streets terminated in an arch in a high wall. Beyond the arch was a large enclosed area which contained the grounds, a lake and the temple.

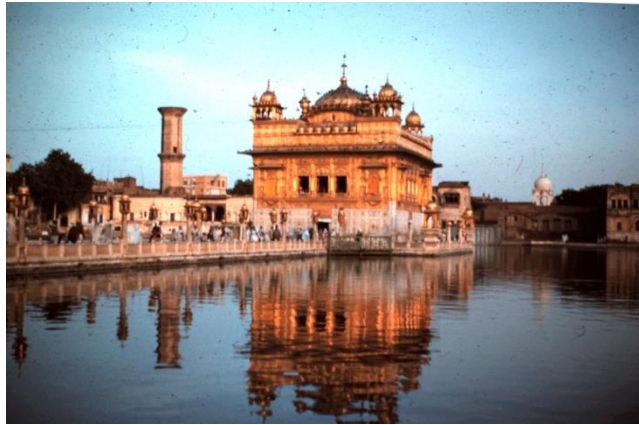
The Golden Temple was the site of a terrible massacre in 1919 when British General Dyer ordered his troops to shoot all the worshippers who had gathered to celebrate a festival. The Sikhs have never forgiven the British for the terrible event.



The Golden Temple of the Sikhs

The temple itself was not quite as beautiful as it is in pictures but it was like a lovely golden flower floating on a blue lake, anchored on one side by a causeway or bridge. To enter, I had to check my umbrella at the entrance to the bridge as no sharp or pointed objects are allowed in the temple. I also needed to cover my head with the palla of my sari ...a mark of respect. Krishan also had to cover his head with a handkerchief.





We called on a rug manufacturer/dealer Krishna Kapoor who insisted that we spend the night in his guest house so we could talk more in the morning. We agreed.

We returned to spend a little more time with Auntie Savitriji before calling on Bishop Wilkinson. Archbishop Barfoot of the Anglican Church in Canada had asked me to convey his greetings. I was rather appalled at the condescending manner with which the Bishop's servant dealt with us. However the Bishop was away in Kangra so we couldn't pass on Archbishop Barfoot's greetings.

Bhiraji accompanied us back to Krishna Kapoor where we had dinner and slept in their guest house.

Sunday, March 18<sup>th</sup>.

In the morning after breakfast Krishan had his business meeting. We were loaned Kapoor's car and went to meet Bhiraji's Customs Officers, then we returned to Kapoor's, collected our samples, and with Bhiraji caught the train to Jalandhar. Avinash was there when we arrived.



We took just enough time to wash and change and with Avinash caught a train to Hoshiarpur. The train had only third class and it was pretty dirty. At the station we were



met by two more of Karamchand Pyaralal's brothers who took us to their shop. We looked at all their brassware, were served tea and selected a number of things for gifts including a beautiful table for Beeji.

We rushed back to the station in a rickshaw and were barely in time to catch the last train to Jalandhar. For this trip there were 2<sup>nd</sup> class seats. Dinner was simple, toast and rice and bed was very welcome.



The Jalandhar House

Monday, March 19<sup>th</sup>.

We slept late and then set out to make a few social calls for Pitaji. However, we made contact with only one of them, a gentleman whose wife's brother had been to Canada, a delegate to an Aviation Conference and who had died there.

Krishan and Pitaji made more calls while I stayed back and organized our luggage. After lunch we took rickshaws out to the countryside where Pitaji had some lands and where he had drilled a tube well. There was a small village on the farm where the tenants lived. The village consisted of a number of houses surrounded by a low wall. Caraway or fennel grew wild all around the wall.

This farm had also belonged to a Muslim family who fled to Pakistan during partition thus Pitaji was awarded the land by the Indian Government also as partial compensation for the land he had to leave behind in Lyallpur.



Pitaji had organized a small table with a blue and white table cloth and chairs for the four of us. There was a lovely vase of flowers in the center. We had tea and carrots right there by the tube well while all the villagers crowded along their wall and watched us. We visited a distant relative of Beeji's in the village before returning to Jallandhar.

After dinner we had visitors but I'm not sure who they were.

Tuesday, March 20<sup>th</sup>.

Krishan and Pitaji left after breakfast to make some calls. When he returned, Krishan and I and the widow who lives in the attached house went to the handicraft center to select dolls for Ken Patrige's daughter [Camrose Canadian Editor] and some tablecloth patterns. Krishan made some calls while I went home to pack. However, when I arrived there were three ladies at the door. At first I wasn't sure whether they had come to visit the widow or me. Fortunately the widow's son was there to try to translate with his very few English words as I couldn't communicate at all. I offered them chai? ... "nai", "pani"? "nai". Finally I asked the boy if he thought the ladies would like to see some pictures. "Ah, no" he replied, "these ladies are very religious minded and won't have anything to do with pictures". I decided to take a chance as the silence was so awkward. I showed them the pictures we had taken of the family. They were delighted. The boy noted, "It gives them great pleasure to see pictures of Beeji". However, he was shocked at the slide of Girish and I sitting on a rock taken when the three of us hiked up the trail to a high mountain shrine. "That's a very lonely place to be with your brother-in-law", said he. Krishan and Pitaji came in and rescued me just as the pictures ran out.



Beeji

I slipped away to pack.

We caught an afternoon train to Ludhiana and went straight to the home of Pitaji's niece. She and her husband own a factory, the Greatway Hosieries, where sweaters and woollens are produced. We phoned Dr. Lakshmi Rao [my friend from the University of Toronto] at the Christian Medical College where she is the Dean. She said she was very busy as Convocation was approaching in the near future. She invited us to come for dinner. I had brought her a jar of instant coffee and some sponges, things she had missed since leaving Canada.

We made a quick trip to the bazaar to buy some jutees and then back to the house to change before our visit.

The college campus was interesting. We saw boys walking hand in hand with girls. It would be quite inappropriate outside of the grounds as normally women hold hands with women and men hold hands with men.

We had dinner, coffee and lots of talk and were taken back at 9:30 in the College's car.

Wednesday, March 21<sup>st</sup>.

We were up at six to catch a bus to Patiala to call on the family's Guru. I slept a lot of the way but even so, I saw a lot of tanks moving towards the border. We passed a beautiful red stone fort on the way. Arriving at Patiala we hired a tonga to take us directly to Sant Kartar Singh Ji's house. He seemed to be a very nice man.



Sant Kartar Singh Ji

We had lunch with the family. One grandson, who wore a pink turban, said he was shortly leaving for the United States to go to university. We took pictures and before we left, Sant Ji gave me a religious book and eleven silver rupees from King Edward and King George's reigns. They are rare and valuable as rupees are no longer made of silver.





Sant Ji's Family

When we left we took a bus to Ambala, a train to Saharanpur and a taxi the rest of the way to Rajpur, arriving about 10:30 at night.

Thursday, March 22<sup>nd</sup>.

We got up late as we were tired and had talked long into the night. After lunch we took our draft to the bank in Dehra Dun and found out it couldn't be cashed here. We then went to see Nivi and Dina at the cantonment and had tea with them. We played a game of billiards and then went back to the bazaar to do some shopping before catching the last bus to Rajpur.

After dinner we talked to Beeji until after midnight.

Friday, March 23<sup>rd</sup>.

I spent most of the morning writing letters about our sad financial plight, due to our inability to cash the bank draft. In the afternoon we took Beeji to a dentist in Dehra Dun and then went to visit Dina [Nivedita's husband] and Nivi at the hospital as the baby is due. After dinner we taught Girish how to play crib.

Saturday, March 24<sup>th</sup>.

After breakfast Krishan took the letters to the post office to register them while I wrote more. Avinash arrived. Beeji had a temperature again. In the afternoon we went to the hospital to see Nivedita. Still no sign of the baby!

Sunday, March 25<sup>th</sup>.

Bhenji arrived about noon. We were scarcely up but were writing more letters. Pitaji had not come yet but Bhiraji arrived earlier in the morning. After lunch we visited and later went to the evening service of the American Presbyterian Church and invited the Dobsons and Alters for tea the next day. Stopped at Kwality for ice cream.

Monday, March 26<sup>th</sup>.

Pitaji finally arrived so everyone except Sneha is here to welcome the baby. In the forenoon Bhenji and I packed up the wooden table mats for mailing. After lunch I tidied up the house for the tea while Krishan went into Dehra Dun for supplies. Beeji was still too ill to get up.

The Dobsons arrived as planned.



We showed them most of our slides and movies. Later we projected the Indian movies on the bedroom wall for Beeji.

Tuesday, March 27<sup>th</sup>.

Today is holi. It was important to have old clothes so Beeji loaned me an old sari, petticoat and blouse and I dressed in them. About ten all of Girish's fellow officers arrived from the camp to play holi, bringing their coloured powders with them ... red, green, yellow, and purple, and the minute we came to the door they started flinging the powders at us.



Bhenji didn't have any old clothes and was worried that her velvet salwar kameez would be spoiled. The melee continued with the boys [officers] throwing coloured water at each other. We took pictures and gave them fruits and eventually they left to go to their Senior Officer's house.







Krishan Girish and Avinash



Bhenji

Krishan and I were busy taking pictures of each other when we heard the sound of drums coming up the road. A huge group of villagers followed the drummers, each of them covered in dripping colors from the day's fun. They came into the yard and sprinkled colors on us. Krishan said they were probably high on bhang as he ran to get the movie camera. He then asked them to go back to the road so he could make a movie. The villagers obligingly danced and jumped up and down for our camera, quite happy to have it as part of their fun. As they danced away our servants went with them.





By this time Kancha had become a purple pooch ...he looked so cute!



Until late in the afternoon we could hear drums and people singing.

Beeji's teeth were still bothering her quite a bit. Bhenji and I tidied up the kitchen and then Krishan and Girish and Bhenji went to see Nivedita. Her pains had started in the morning and at 7:30 in the evening our sweet new little niece was born. She weighed seven and a half pounds.

Krishan returned at ten and made me eat a little and pack a few things so I could spend the night in the hospital bedroom with Niviji. In India a family member always stays in the hospital with anyone who is sick.

Poor Nivedita didn't sleep a bit all night. She had continuing small after-pains and some neuritis in her hip. I tried to get the doctor or the matron to come and help her but they seemed to think all was normal and wouldn't come and give her a sedative. They didn't give the baby anything either.

The baby was right there in the room with us, all tucked up in a pink bassinet. This is a wonderful idea, I wish North American hospitals let mothers keep their newborns with them.

My beautiful little niece cried only a little bit and settled right down. She has lots of dark hair and her Rajput heritage shows in the almond shape of her eyes.



Wednesday March 28<sup>th</sup>.

I had to get up at seven as they came and took my bed away. About nine thirty Dina rode up on his bike bringing me breakfast from the Army Mess. It included corn flakes, hot milk, bacon, eggs, toast and jam.

After breakfast Nivedita and I talked while I knit. Around noon Dina sent me home in the Mess car. Krishan was waiting for me and went into Dehra Dun in the car, taking Beeji with him. I went straight to bed and didn't wake up until they came back.

In the evening we started to pack as we may have to leave as early as Thursday or Friday.

Thursday, March 29<sup>th</sup>.

We spent most of the day packing. It was very difficult to part with some items but we cannot afford to pay extra charges for our baggage. In the late afternoon, Krishan went into Dehra Dun to get medication for Beeji and did not return until evening. However, she has now started her treatment. Girish bought a ball for Kancha and he loves to play with it, especially if someone plays with him. I overheard one of the servants playing with the dog using all my English phrases such as "good dog", "here Kancha", etc. His enunciation was perfect.

Friday, March 30<sup>th</sup>.

Today is Good Friday.

We awakened to receive a telegram from Air India International stating that we have no reservation on April 1. We sent them a special delivery letter hoping to rectify the problem.

After breakfast we walked up to the Sharp Memorial School for the Blind to thank the missionaries for their kindnesses and to say goodbye. We interrupted their lunch but showed them the picture of their pupils.



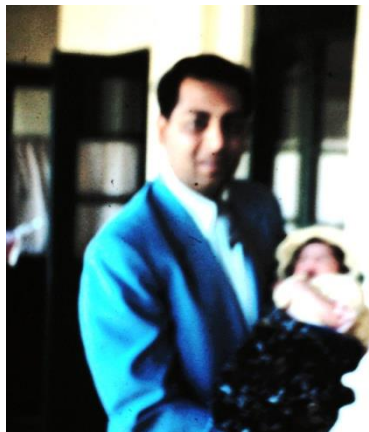
Afterwards we went to the post office to mail Krishan's letter. Krishan again took Beeji to see the dentist in Dehra Dun. The diagnosis is pyorrhea and she will have to have a set of false teeth.

In the afternoon we took more pictures and visited. I played half a game of crib with Girish in the evening, interrupted when his batman came to sew up all the parcels. Girish's fellow officer, Captain Kishore dropped in to say goodbye. Somehow Beeji and Pitaji had never believed Krishan when he told them that we had come only to visit. They were sure that we would live in India permanently and are quite upset that we are leaving.

Saturday, March 31<sup>st</sup>.

We spent the day finalizing our packing and realize that the weight of the suitcases is going to be a problem. Krishan took the parcels to the post office and mailed them.

We went to the Cantonment Hospital to say goodbye to Nivedita, Dina and our darling niece and took pictures.



We caught the evening train to Dehli, leaving Dehra Dun about 8:30. Bhenji was the only family member who came with us. We had a second class compartment but Bhenji had to ride in the ladies coach. We took the upper berths but kept waking up all night worrying about the luggage as the coach was full. At a stop around midnight two men banged on the door, were let in and slept on the floor. They locked the door again but at each stop people pounded on it wanting to enter. I'm amazed at how some women can sleep in their saris and get up looking so pressed and well groomed, their saris quite wrinkle free.

Sunday, April 1<sup>st</sup>.

Ram Prakash met us at the station in Dehli and informed us that we were leaving for Bombay on an 8:30 a.m. flight and for Cairo at 8:30 p.m. We rushed to the Air India International Office to find Thaper and retrieve our passports but neither he nor the manager turned up. We caught the Airline bus to the airport but could not find him there, either. Our names were not on the flight list and the plane left without us.

We went to Thaper's home and found that he'd cancelled the flight. He gave us our passports and we made a reservation on the night flight to Bombay and then spent the afternoon trying to sleep. We had dinner with Shri Gopal Singh [later to become Governor of Goa] before catching a ten o'clock bus to the airport. Our flight left at 11:30, touching down at Nagpur at two a.m. We disembarked for breakfast. I had toast, eggs and orange juice and Krishan had tomato sandwiches and juice. We thought we'd done well when Krish got permission for more sandwiches and juice, but then we were presented with the bill.

Monday, April 2<sup>nd</sup>,

We landed in Bombay at 5:30 and were in the airline office by seven-thirty. I fell asleep when-ever I sat down. At eight we contacted the Ramjais[?] whose address Sant Ji had given us and took our luggage to their home. After changing, pressing and cleaning up a bit we hurried back to Air India international and were able to arrange tickets to Beirut. However we were informed that we could not leave without income tax clearance as we'd been in the country more than 90 days. It took us two hours to get the clearances arranged, and still, every time I sat down, I fell asleep, sometimes quite deeply.

A gentleman from Chitalia Brothers met us at Air India so that once our tickets were in hand, he could identify us at the bank so we would be able to cash our draft. While I waited for the return of the passports, Krishan tried to contact a Mr. Joshi and then slipped out to buy some chocolate as we'd had nothing to eat since two a.m. except oranges and coconut water.



The representative from Chitalia Brothers escorted us to Grindleys Bank where we discovered that our Bank Draft was actually a Cross Draft which meant that it had to be deposited before the funds were withdrawn or by waiting for ten days. At first they thought they could deposit it into Chitalia`s account ...but that was not possible as Chitalia would then have to explain to the Indian Income Tax Department how they came into possession of American dollars. In the end, we had to go to Chitalia`s Offices and have Mr. Chitalia come to the bank to promise to guarantee the draft and finally it was cashed.

Also at the Chitalia Brothers' office, Krishan finally got hold of Mr. Joshi by telephone and made a date for dinner. Joshi's daughter will be the last one we interview for Girish.

Krishan still had to go to Thomas Cook and pay for the rest of the ticket. Because I kept falling asleep Krishan took me back to Ramjai`s[?] suite so I could nibble on chocolate and snooze. It was five when I lay down and about seven fifteen when I woke up and washed. While I was dressing, Krishan returned. Mr. Chitalia had very kindly taken him to Nak Impec and convinced them to repay their outstanding debt to us.

Mr. Joshi turned up almost immediately and took us to his apartment where we met his wife, two daughters and son. While we talked, they served cold drinks and sweets.

Mr. Joshi and a friend took us to Kwality for dinner. I had sea prawns and Krishan had fried fish. We finished about ten and had to rush to get our luggage and catch the Air India Airport bus. We missed the bus so Mr. Joshi's friend drove us to the airport. On the way we met a gathering of men blocking the street, all were carrying bricks or stones. As we came up to them, the men parted to let us through and then closed up the gap behind us. Their faces were impassive, neither angry nor happy. [I didn't think much of it at the time, India always has crowds. But when we returned to Edmonton, we found that my family had been reading about language riots in Bombay and had been frightened for our safety].

Our flight turned out to be Air India's inaugural flight to Beirut so we were given commemorative leather passport wallets and overnight cases and were served cold drinks while we waited to board. Bombay was very hot and humid and we were glad we were leaving.

Tuesday April 3<sup>rd</sup>.

We took off for Damascus and Beirut at half past twelve. Our seats had been double allocated and when we found them, they were occupied by a couple of Americans from the Walt Disney Corporation. They were very smooth. They jumped up and insisted we take the seats, Then when the stewardess couldn't seat them together, they insisted that they were entitled to sit together so she put them in first class. They knew exactly what they were doing.

We were exceedingly tired and glad to get settled. Because it was an inaugural flight we were served wine, hors d'ouvres and cashews and finally fell asleep.

When we woke, we were flying over the desert along the Suez Canal. The desert was flat and rolling with no sign of habitation and the rising sun was a huge orange ball like a harvest moon.

It was ten thirty Bombay time [seven-thirty local time] when we landed in Damascus. A crowd of people were outside the fence to watch us disembark. The women were beautiful with glowing pink cheeks and the men were handsome. We had cake and a cold drink in the airport and looked at handicrafts while our plane was being refuelled.

It was only forty five minutes more of flying time to Beirut. As we stepped down on to the tarmac a strong wind was blowing and I had a hard time keeping my Mexican skirt from flying up in my face.

Beirut airport was one of the newest we'd stopped at. It sits on a hill overlooking the blue Mediterranean Sea with a gorgeous view of trees and water.

The customs officials were very friendly but we had to remain in the airport until we had booked our flight to Cairo. Also, Krishan had borrowed a pen from a fellow passenger and we had to find him and return it. Finally we headed for the Bristol Hotel. We had a lovely room, beautifully furnished and with hot and cold water, a bathroom scale, a telephone by the bed and another in the bathroom and even a small refrigerator. The service was all in French.

We had a short nap and then set out on foot to see the town as it was too late for tours. Beirut is a beautiful, charming town. The people were very happy and friendly looking. We walked down along the sea and just as it was getting dark we found the American University. A very friendly professor showed us all the buildings before we returned to the hotel. What a lovely place it would be to go to University!

Wednesday, April 4<sup>th</sup>.

We had to be up at five and have breakfast in our room as our flight to Cairo left at eight-thirty on Middle Eastern Airlines. We were served buns and coffee en route and landed about eleven. The Cairo airport is right on the desert and as we circled, waiting for clearance to land we saw huge swaths of rolling hills and shifting sands.



The officials were very friendly here, too and we cleared the formalities by noon. The Customs Officer asked me to show him my jewelry so I pulled out my sandalwood box of earrings, etc. "No, No", he said, "the real stuff". "What do you mean"? I asked. "Your gold jewelry", he answered. All I had was the necklace Pitaji had given me for a wedding present and I was wearing it. He seemed disappointed.

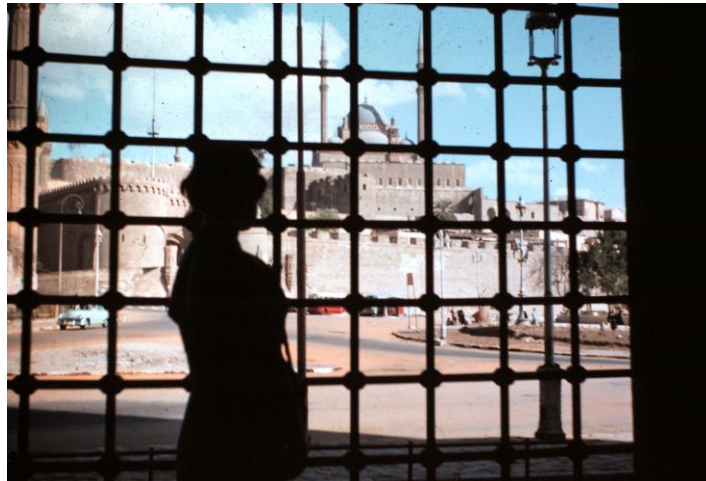
On the bus we met a dragomann who offered to take us on a tour. He wore a fez, a string of yellow prayer beads and long flowing robes. As soon as we were settled in the Guezireh Palace Hotel we met him out front and commenced the tour. He took us to two old mosques, one about 800 years old and the other about a hundred.

He then took us to what he called Ali Baba's castle [King Farouk's palace],



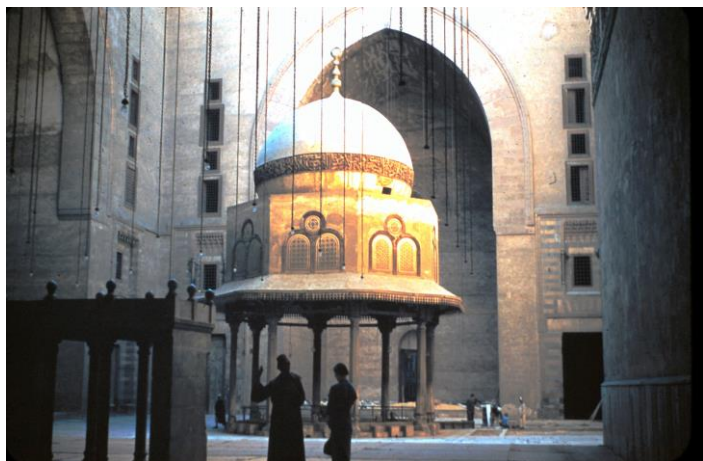
King Farouk's Palace

The citadel mosque [from where you can see the pyramids],



The Citadel Mosque







and to a lovely panoramic viewpoint.



[The blocks that were used to build the pyramids were excavated from this hilltop]

From there we went to the Khan Khalil [bazaar]. He took us to a shop where he said he had connections which probably means he gets a percentage of purchases when he brings tourists.

After the bazaar we came back to the hotel and arranged our tour for the next day before going to KLM to arrange for our flight to Istanbul. We hired a taxi and went shopping for fruit and dates. The taxi driver tried to cheat us in various

ways, he turned the meter off, insisted on buying the fruit for us so he could get a cut of the purchase price and then tried to short change us when we were paying the fare. Krishan argued with him and two supporters materialized out of the crowd.

Back at the hotel the elevator was filled with European looking guests who averted their eyes and did not respond when we said hello. Later we learned that these sour-faced men were Russians working on the Aswan Dam.





Ancient Queen Hatshepsut Effigy

Thursday, April, 5<sup>th</sup>.

We were up early to meet our guide. Unfortunately we did not see him nor he us until nearly 8:30 so we had a late start. The guide found us a taxi and we headed for Memphis. On the way the police stopped us for a routine check and it was discovered that our driver had no licence. One police officer climbed in with us and we were driven through Memphis to a small village where both our driver and guide were hustled away by the local police. We were left sitting in the taxi on a nearly deserted street at the edge of the town. We tried to ask several locals whether they spoke English ... but "yes" was the only English word they knew. Eventually the guide came back and hired a local rattletrap and we set off for Memphis. We saw a huge statue of Ramses the 2<sup>nd</sup> and a smaller statue of his head on a lion's body. We then drove to Saccara to see the step pyramid, said to be the oldest, an early version of the great ones at Giza.

Nearby were ruins of temples that had been uncovered during somewhat recent excavations. We were taken through a squarish flat roofed building which had been the burial site of a pharaoh, his wife and engineer. The walls were covered with carvings of the king surrounded by his people as they went about their daily tasks, The queen was smelling a lotus flower, there were fishermen, harvesters, dancing girls, vases and foods. We descended into the burial chamber which was deep under the building and saw a rectangular hole with a huge stone covering ....it was from here that the sarcophagus had been removed. All these buildings had been very recently been discovered under the drifting sands.





We took a movie of a camel caravan that just happened to be going by. And everywhere we were met by children who wanted baksheesh.



One little boy offered to climb a coconut palm and cut a coconut for us. He went halfway and came down. Fearing that we would leave without paying him.

This was my first experience with real desert, soft sifting sand and hot sun, quite beautiful.

We were driven to the Meena Palace hotel near Giza where we had a very expensive, but not extraordinarily good lunch. Meena Palace is where most foreign tourists stay and there were a few there. At Memphis we had had the site to ourselves. Beautiful violin music was played all during lunch.

After lunch our guide arranged for camels for us and we rode around the largest, [Cheops] Pyramid. The guide rode on a donkey. I was wearing my green knitted dress but it would have been much more comfortable in pants. At the Sphinx we got down and toured through a temple.



We had just forty five minutes to get back to the Cairo Museum. It was a magnificent building filled with all sorts of relics. In one room was the golden sarcophagus from King Tuthankaman's tomb in Luxor. All the artifacts from the tomb were on display, the three gold chambers, the jewelry, the statues, King Tut's golden slippers, and heads in his likeness carved from alabaster. There were many sarcophagi on display and numerous mummies. We were the only visitors in the museum, a small dark building.



Statue of Ramses the 2<sup>nd</sup> on a Cairo Street

By the time we returned to the hotel, Mr. Mahmood from Memphis bazaar was already waiting for us. He took us to his shop where we selected a camel saddle, poufs, purses and a leather suitcase. We took the suitcase with us but arranged to have most of the items shipped. [They never arrived in Canada as the Suez crisis erupted shortly after we left Egypt]. I had a severe headache so Mr Mahmood took me home and Krishan



completed the transactions. Mr. Mahmood was Egyptian but spoke English with a pronounced Scottish burr as his English teacher had been a Scot.

Friday, April 6<sup>th</sup>.

We caught the morning flight to Istanbul but saw very little on the way as it was cloudy most of the way. Turkey is a beautiful country of rolling plains with mountains in the distance. Istanbul, itself, is a very crowded city tumbling over the hills. At the KLM Office, the bus left with our fishing tackle, and two umbrellas. Also Krishan's umbrella had been broken so we had to get that straightened out.

We booked a hotel called the Karnak and organized our things in our room. The hotel looked a little like a set from a mystery story. The lobby was small and dark and the desk was manned by a swarthy man with a pronounced moustache. The narrow stairs were sandwiched between the wall and the small desk area. Krishan signed up for an afternoon tour and by one we were on our way to see the city. We crossed the Bosphorus on a bridge to the European side and made our first stop at San Sophia Mosque. It was built as a Greek Orthodox Church in about 600 AD, later became a mosque and is now a museum. It is a very beautiful structure of marble with gorgeous alabaster panels. There are large mosaic murals of Christian scenes, two lovely alabaster vases, and a marble panel in which the natural striations resemble two camels, as well as another in which the striations resemble the devil.



San Sofia





Tokapi Palace is situated on a promontory of land surrounded by sea on two sides, a breath taking location. Once a palace, it is now a museum which contains priceless collections of porcelain representing all countries from very ancient to about a hundred years ago. After looking at the porcelains, silver, ornate boxes and other artifacts, we walked across a courtyard to another part of the palace to see the tapestries.

Spring was just coming to Turkey and a cold wind blew from the sea with chilling breath. The huge trees showed just a hint of leaves to come.

The tapestry gallery included some Turkish monarchical costumes and old handwritten copies of the Koran, some of them 600 to 800 years old. The palace apartments were decorated with mosaics and paintings, frescoes and inlay in brilliant colours. The furniture was covered with fabric in equally brilliant fabrics and arranged on brightly coloured rugs. The monarchical living room had glass walls on three sides, each with a sea view across a bed of tulips. The armouries featured suits of armour and mail helmets and displays of bayonets and knives of all kinds. There were cases featuring weapons and shields from other countries including Japan. Other displays contained more modern weapons including pistols with beautifully inlaid handles. The shields and handles of the swords and sabres were decorated with lovely designs.

Istanbul has an amazing underground reservoir that was constructed more than 2000 years ago. It is held up by 1001 columns and the water is crystal clear. I think few people are aware of this incredible water source.

The Istanbul covered bazaar was extremely clean but the prices were very high so we did a lot of looking but no buying. Our tour guide was quite poor but pointed out things she would like us to purchase. "See this beautiful tapestry" she would say. Her hard sell was causing some amusement among the group. Finally she seemed to get lost and we all returned to our seats on the bus and waited for her. Among the tour participants

were three U.S. soldiers. One of them sold us two dollars worth of lira at a much better rate than the Turkish government one.

We had to return to the KLM office where they sent us out with one of their employees to replace Krishan's umbrella. We did a considerable amount of walking and a few taxi rides in the narrow streets before we located a comparable one. Some streets were stairways down hills.

Back in the hotel we realized that we had to give an accounting of all our funds prior to leaving the country. We couldn't rationalize the lira and dollars, especially as Krishan had accidentally over declared our U.S. funds by \$110.00. We tried to spend the excess by buying chocolate, cigarettes and a Time magazine.

Dinner in the hotel was a horrible. The soup was tasteless, the omelette was partly raw and the pilaf was greasy. Afterwards we packed a bit and went to bed as we had to be up early to catch our flight to Greece.

Saturday, April 7<sup>th</sup>.

Luckily the Turkish Customs officials didn't ask us to count our currency and the departure requirements were quite simple. In relief we boarded our B.E.A. flight. It was a Viscount with large oval windows so we saw spectacular scenery of the blue Adriatic Sea dotted with tiny islands plus some larger ones. We could see clusters of houses clinging to the shore along the sea. The couple opposite us were English, returning from a visit to the near East. In an hour and thirty-five minutes the Viscount touched down in Athens.

The Greek immigration authorities seemed very confused by our passports, but then Krishan didn't have a visa, which accounted for some of it. As in Lebanon, they confiscated his passport and gave him a receipt.

Our Hotel was called the King George, quite an upscale hotel in the center of the city. Our room was very nice but the beds were uncomfortable. The bathroom was very luxurious. We took a lovely long hot bath and washed off the East and Turkey before going to lunch. We were served soup and turkey and desert. There was lots and lots of turkey and it was nicely cooked. The dining room was quite grand with floor to ceiling mirrors and elaborate chandeliers.

There was an outdoor restaurant/wine bar in front of the hotel.



Outdoor garden bar and cafe

We signed up for an afternoon Cook's tour of Athens. They took us first to the open air theatre where the Greek Tragedies were first enacted more than two thousand years ago. There were many carvings of human faces and figures. A lot of them had been defaced by Muslims. Our guide had a way of pronouncing "Muslim" which made them sound like the scum of the earth.



Krishan had purchased a bag of beautiful pistachios and we left a trail of shells wherever we went.

When we drove to the Acropolis, it quite took my breath away. My first thought was, "It's real!" All those years of studying history did not prepare me for this vision of white temples on a hill, set against the intense blue sky.



The Acropolis

We walked through the Parthenon [448 – 437 B.C.], admiring the sculptures. Our guide pointed out some sculptures that were replicas as, according to him, the originals were stolen by the British and now reside in the British Museum in London.



When referring to the British he used the same scathing voice he'd used to refer to Muslims. He outlined Greek history and showed us the Temple of Wingless Victory. For



much of the time we were the only tourists visiting the Acropolis. However, as we were leaving a busload of U.S. Servicemen disembarked and spread out over the site.

We returned to the hotel by way of Hadrian's Arch [131 B.C.] and passed the Temple of Zeus, begun in 515 B.C. but not finished until the 2<sup>nd</sup> Century, A.D.



Temple of Zeus

After the tour I washed shirts, socks and my hair before we went to bed.

Sunday, April 8<sup>th</sup>.

We got up in time to catch the morning tour but had to skip breakfast. On the way to the Museum, we bought more pistachios. The Museum had a fine collection of statues, some by Phidreas, a famous sculptor. The collection included a magnificent bronze jockey that had been rescued from the sea. After the Museum we watched the changing of the guard in front of the parliament buildings before going on to some lovely Greek Orthodox Churches. We saw the smallest Cathedral in the world, dating to about 600 A.D. The current Cathedral is a huge building with lovely silver work and five marble thrones for the five Bishops. After the churches we went to the Royal Palace with its brilliantly uniformed Cretan Guards. We visited the Olympic Stadium and



Olympic Stadium in Athens

Again passed Hadrian`s Arch and the Temple of Zeus. We packed our suitcases and then had a glass of vermouth in the Garden Cafe across from the hotel before hurrying to the TWA Office.

After we had cleared the Customs Officials, police check, everything, we were told we could not leave because Krishan did not have a visa for Italy. We were asked to wait in the TWA office and were there until four. We were treated to a cup of Greek coffee [Turkish style, thick and sweet in a tiny cup] and then taken back to town. They refused to return Krishan`s passport and we couldn`t get an Italian visa without one. However, the TWA officer thought that the chief of police might let us have the passport.

We returned to the hotel, washed and found the subway to Piraeus to see if we could find the Italian Embassy. We didn`t find it but it was not for lack of trying. We tried a sailor`s restaurant for a snack but found the food too greasy ...everything soaked in olive oil. We had fish and pilaf and the cost was 70 cents.

Back in Athens we found another restaurant where we had soup, chicken and desert. I had a vermouth with mine. We ate to the sound of beautiful violin music. Then we returned to our new hotel, the Grande Bretagne.

Monday, April 9<sup>th</sup>.

At eight Krishan left for the airport to try to retrieve his passport from the Immigration Authorities. I slept a little longer before getting up to organize and pack everything. When he returned we had to take a taxi to the subway and travelled by it to Piraeus. We had been given the address of the Italian Embassy in a note written in Greek. In Piraeus we showed it to a cab driver who took us there in a minimum of time. To get the visa a passport picture of Krishan was required and we had forgotten to bring any so Krishan had to go looking for a place to have one taken. I sat on the front steps of the

Embassy, hoping that I could keep the office from closing for the day while he was gone. Across the road from the Embassy, was the shore of the Aegean, sparkling in the sunshine. Krishan, walking, had finally located a park where a lone photographer with a very old fashioned camera took and printed a passport photo for him. Visa in hand, we rushed back to the hotel, collected our luggage and took another taxi to the airport. This taxi driver had spent time in the U.S. receiving military training during the war.

We had our luggage weighed, cleared customs and boarded our TWA flight with little time to spare. The trip to Rome was three hours and there was a one hour time change so we arrived about four-thirty. On the way I saw Capri and Vesuvius from the air.

Our hotel in Rome was called the Espereo. It was two stories high and the rooms looked down on a central courtyard. With dinner we had a bottle of Chianti. Dinner was soup, steak, salad, vegetables, crème caramel and fruit. Before going to bed we went for a walk in the area past some of the famous fountains.

Tuesday, April 10<sup>th</sup>.

We ate a continental breakfast in our hotel while we waited for our taxi to arrive. The tour we joined was very large and narrated in six languages. We were not permitted to take pictures on the tour. The itinerary included monuments, fountains, the Quirinal Palace where the President lives, Trevi Fountain, the Parthenon, and the Pantheon, an ancient large domed building where a number of famous Italian kings, cardinals and painters such as Raphael are buried. The builder was Marcus Agrippa, his name is encribed on the front of the building. We crossed the Tiber to the Vatican Museum. It contains many statues, a few of which are Greek. There were bronze busts, Egyptian granite, porcelain and alabaster statues, tapestries, old maps, dishes and relics of persecuted early Christians, these last were dug out of the catacombs. We visited the Sistine Chapel with its paintings on the ceiling including the famous one by Michelangelo. We saw many paintings but the areas were crowded with aspiring artists trying to create perfect replicas on their canvases.



We returned to our hotel for lunch. We each ate two large helpings of spaghetti along with meat, vegetables, fruit and a bottle of Frascati.

The afternoon took us to more of the ancient parts of the city beginning with the Palatine Hill, one of the seven famous hills on which Rome was built. On the top is the only bronze equestrian statue known to exist today. It was found on the bottom of the sea. The hilltop also contains a museum built on the site of a pagan temple, set in a square designed by Michelangelo.





We left the square and walked down the other side of the hill to the Roman Forum and the site where Caesar was murdered and where Mark Antony made his famous speech. Our bus took us through the St. Paul's Gates past a pyramid where Caius Cestrius is buried. He was a Consul of Rome who was extremely impressed by the Egyptian pyramids. We passed a graveyard where Keats and Shelley lie buried, the ruins of the palaces where the Caesars lived, the Tarpeian Rock where executions took place and two pagan temples. It is not known to whom these temples were dedicated.



The Church of St. Paul outside the Walls

The body of St. Paul was supposed to have been buried in this church after he was killed. The church is serviced by Benedictine Monks and you can on site purchase the spirits they distill. The church is quite lovely. It is supposed to be the most beautiful in Rome. It contains many columns and sunlight is filtered through alabaster windows. On display in a glass case is the body of a monk who died there about 30 years ago. His coffin is illuminated by the candles which encircle it.

Besides the wine, the monks were selling rosaries and ornaments for the Pope to bless. We were reminded that the Pope would be holding a public audience the next day. Outside we were met by men and boys selling postcards and guidebooks. Everywhere in Rome we were harassed by hawkers like these.

The Colosseum is where Christians met martyrdom. The outside is white marble but in the interior only the red brickwork remains. A feudal family had built a castle in the center and the foundations of that building still remain.

St. Peter is Chains is a fifth century Church where the chains that bound St. Peter are supposed to be encased in a casket and buried under the altar. It is famous for its magnificent Michelangelo statue of Moses.

On the way back to our hotel we stopped at the Pan American Office to book our flight to Milano. The flights were pretty heavily booked but we finally managed to reserve one for April 12<sup>th</sup> on the Italian Airline, LAI. We found a pleasant cafe near our hotel and had dinner of spaghetti and red wine.

Wednesday, April 11<sup>th</sup>.

Since we had no flight to catch we slept in. Then we returned to the airline offices to confirm our flight before looking for the train station to find out about trains to Tivoli. We had lunch in a small trattoria opposite the station. We had spaghetti with meat and a bottle of white wine that made both of us reel. After lunch we caught a bus to Tivoli but slept most of the 22 miles. It was a pity as the scenery was beautiful, hills, olive groves and plains.

Disembarking in the town we went for a walk and found an 11<sup>th</sup> century church which was being renovated because of bomb damage. There were some lovely old frescoes and a mosaic which was considerably older than the frescoes. A nice little Roman Catholic father took us under his wing and acted as a guide but communication was difficult as he knew only Italian and Latin.

Then we walked back through the narrow winding streets to the entrance of the Villa D' Este. We saw a man on the street making copper dishes which he sold as he worked.



The Villa is on a hillside into which beautiful walkways and fountains have been sculpted. While the villa itself was crumbling, the view from the top of the hill was breathtaking.









Outside the villa we bought a Tivoli costumed doll for Della and Ken Patrige's daughter and lunched on a crusty cheese sandwich and a bottle of Chianti. We also bought a pound of cheese, a bottle of Frascati and some chocolate and before catching the bus to Rome.

By the time we reached the city we found that it was too late to visit the catacombs so we ate our lunch and went to bed.

Thursday, April 12<sup>th</sup>.

We ate a continental breakfast at the hotel and then took a walk down to the war memorial.



War Memorial in Rome

We then went back to the hotel, assembled our luggage and called for a taxi to take us to LAI.

We were charged about 2.50 in excess baggage charges. The flight left Rome late but we landed in Milano about 1:30. The day was quite cloudy but we saw some lovely snow crowned mountains about half an hour before we touched down.

Our hotel room seems to be in some kind of private home or apartment block or something.

We tried but could not get reservations to Zurich so we returned to the hotel and then ate lunch at stand-up counter on a nearby street. We ate slices of pizza pie which had unpleasant tasting fish on it and a ham sandwich. Desert was whipped cream with a cookie and chocolate slab over wine soaked cake. We drank orange juice. After lunch we tried to find the Trade Fair [Fiera] and with some difficulty, finally found the right instructions. We first toured the fair on a bus and then strolled through some of the booths. There were displays of really neat tents and camping gear unlike any I've seen in North America. We stayed until the fair closed for the day,

Friday, April 13<sup>th</sup>.

We walked around the city looking for the LAI offices but took a wrong turn in the rain and walked completely around the cathedral. We finally discovered that there was no way we could fly to Zurich as all the airlines were booked completely for a week.

We found a restaurant where business people eat and there met a pretty Irish girl who translated the menu for us. We ordered spaghetti, meat and wine. We then went to the Swissair office and bought rail tickets to Zurich and Zermatt. Krishan returned to the Fiera and I stayed at the hotel and washed shirts in cold water and reorganized our luggage. Krishan came back quite late at night after the Fiera had closed. We found another restaurant, this one with television and ordered spaghetti, meat, cheese, fruit, and wine. Then, home to bed.

Saturday, April 14<sup>th</sup>.

Krishan returned to the Fiera while I packed. At noon we caught the train to Brig and Zermatt. It was raining when we left Milano so we got only glimpses of the lovely mountain scenery we were passing through. We passed many small railway stations that were still pockmarked with bullet holes from the war. Dinner on the train cost us a little more than five dollars.

The Swiss Officials fussed less with border crossing formalities than any country we'd entered so far.

We arrived in Zermatt about five thirty p.m. and it was raining again, however we stayed only long enough to acquire some cheese and some nylons.



Brig

Then we caught the train to Zermatt which travelled on a narrow gage cog rail road.



Trains to Zermatt

It was lovely being in the mountains and seeing the clouds and snow. We booked into the Hotel Bammat, a really cute Swiss Chalet type of building with dormer windows and shutters. Our room had three sets of double windows which looked out on the Matterhorn. The hotel had oodles and oodles of boiling hot water and everything was sooo clean. The beds were covered with down comforters. We ate dinner in a nearby hotel where they had dancing. A bunch of young Germans on holiday were having a very lively party there.

The hotel manager is also a guide and ski instructor. He is a brother to the Resident Guide at Chateau Lake Louise. It was his brother who loaned me his boots when I climbed Temple Mountain.

He told us that the year before, a couple of East Indian students on their way home from Britain to India, had stayed at his hotel. He told them of the difficulty of climbing the Matterhorn and outlined for them the kind of equipment and boots needed to attempt the summit.

Apparently, the next morning the two set out in their running shoes and climbed the mountain without difficulty [or equipment], arriving down safely.

Sunday, April 15<sup>th</sup>.

The sun was shining brightly at six, but not at seven-thirty. We bought cheese, bread and pastry and caught the little electric cable car which goes partly up the mountain. We were at 10,000 feet and the snow was very deep.



When the sun was out we could hardly see for the glare but the rest of the time we were wishing the clouds would move off so we could enjoy the view.





We went down a few thousand feet to the next station. There we had hot coffee and lemonade and got some partial views of the Matterhorn.



When we returned to the hotel we saw an American couple teaching their pre-school-age son to ski on a gentle slope.

We collected our things but could not find the hotel manager so I took the luggage to the train station and waited on the train for Krishan. Five minutes before departure time he arrived with the manager.

Back at Brig I boarded the train while Krish tried to find an open shop to buy bread and cheese. Everything was closed and he came back with only some hard candies. While it was still light we watched the Alps, the pleasant valleys and pretty little houses as we rumbled by. En route to Bern we went through the second largest train tunnel in the world, the Gothard tunnel. After arriving in the evening, we first found a hotel and then walked out to look for a place to eat. At a little distance we saw a small German restaurant that wasn't too expensive. I had soup and mineral water and krishan had spaghetti.

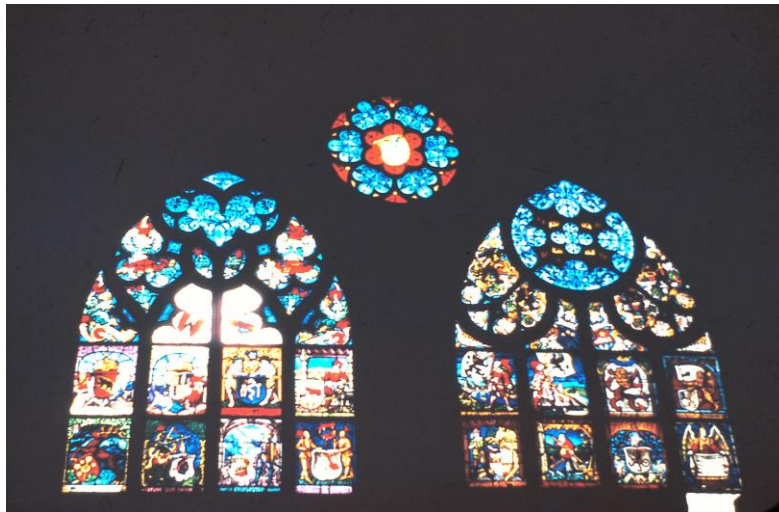
Monday, April 16<sup>th</sup>.

Rose early to have a look at Bern. It is a beautiful quaint old town. We saw the famous clock tower strike the hour twice.



Bern Clock Tower

We walked across a bridge to see the bear pits but because the sun was not shining, only the old bears came out.



Windows of Bern Cathedral

We climbed the tower of the Bern Cathedral, a gorgeous gothic structure, built about 500 years ago, to get a panoramic view of the city. It began to rain a little while we were up there so the clouds obscured the peaks of the Alps which partially encircle the city. The streets below were quite narrow. The center of the city is an island in the river connected to the outlying areas by rainbow arched bridges.



View from the Cathedral tower

We wanted very much to see the exhibits in the Alpine Museum but it was not going to open until after our train to Basel left.

We arrived in Basel in the late afternoon, found a hotel, the Sweizer Mustermesse Basel, and hurried off to see the fair. The doors were shut at 4:30 so we returned to our room, washed and went out in the rain to look for a restaurant. We found a French style eatery with pictures of gay Paris everywhere. The service was excellent but we had some language difficulties. The Swiss word for either soda or sundae seemed to be

coupe. There was an entree called Coupe Madame and some wit had penciled "mit" between the two words. We had some indifferent soup and mushroom omelettes.

Tuesday, April 17<sup>th</sup>.

We had a continental breakfast in the hotel and spent the entire day at the Trade Fair. To get there, we put up our umbrellas and rode there on a tram. On display were some lovely styles of clothing, kitchen gadgets, mechanical devices, etc. We had a quick lunch of mushroom pastry and broiled chicken, and just before we left we had wieners in a bun. The mustard was provided in a toothpaste-like tube.

We were unable to buy food on the way back to the hotel as all the stores were closed so we again went out for dinner. This time we found a German cafe and ordered weiner schnitzel which turned out to be plain old veal cutlet accompanied by two kinds of vegetables, soup, and mineral water. We thought we would take in a movie but the ones we found had started so we returned to our hotel for the night.

Wednesday, April 18<sup>th</sup>, Krishan's Birthday.

Krishan left early for the trade fair and I had breakfast in the hotel. After I ordered, a very large, rotund Roman Catholic priest entered the dining room. He looked at me, came over, and asked in French if he could sit with me. I said oui, and he sat down. For over an hour, while we ate, he talked, almost non-stop, liberally using hand gestures. Once in while he would pause and say "n'est-ce pas" and I would say either, "mais oui" or "n'est-ce pas", hoping it was an appropriate response, and he would continue talking. Eventually after an hour and a half, he rose, said goodbye and left, not knowing that I hadn't understood a word of what he said.

I went for a walk, hoping to find the cathedral, but instead wound up at a much newer church. On the way back I shopped in a two supermarket type stores. I bought bread, cheese and bananas for lunch. I tried to use my meagre knowledge of French, asking, "combien des ananas"? She understood me but I could not understand her response. I had to get her to write down the amount. Obviously my 3 years of prairie high school French have not prepared me to communicate en Francais.

About two-fifteen I returned to the hotel and organized our luggage. At three a member of the hotel staff came and said that I would either have to pay for another day or leave so I let them take our luggage out after throwing the wet socks into the laundry bag.

From three to five I sat in the office and waited for Krishan to return from the fair. We caught the next train to Lucerne, arriving after dark and checked into the Hotel Continental Lucerne. We had wine and soup in our hotel restaurant and went to bed.



Thursday, April 19<sup>th</sup>.

Up early to catch the eight o'clock train to Zurich, arriving about nine. I sat in the waiting room while Krishan arranged for the mailing of about eighteen pounds of our excess baggage. By the time he had managed that we had just time to hurry to the airport and board our Lufthansa flight to Frankfurt. We arrived in the early evening and Krishan parked me on the street where the airport bus left us. I watched our bags while he went looking for a hotel. He took a room at the Hotel Union on Munchener Street. Krishan was not feeling very well as the twin engine planes do not agree with him so he went to bed while I went to the PAA Offices, collected a letter from Mother and made our forward reservations. When I returned we had a greasy meal and went to bed.

Friday, April 20<sup>th</sup>.

When I woke in the morning my throat was sore, not a good time to catch a cold. Krishan took his suit to the dry cleaners while I returned to PAA to see about reservations, and to the Post Office for stamps and airmail forms. It took me a couple of hours of walking through the business district to find them. Back in the hotel I packed and when Krishan arrived we hurried to the Lufthansa Office. At the airport our flight was delayed for over an hour so it was dark during the flight. We were served a delicious meal en route and landed in Hamburg about ten p.m. We were settled in our room by eleven, had some mineral water and soda pop and went to bed.

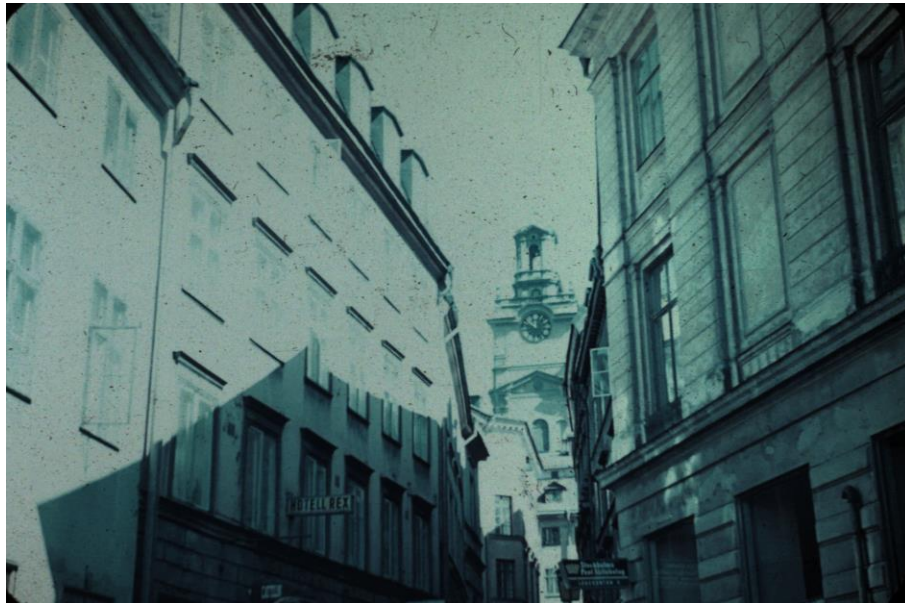
Saturday, April 21<sup>st</sup>.

We were up fairly early, phoned to confirm our reservations and began to pack. The breakfast was continental but the waitress took a long time serving it. I wrote some letters until Krishan returned. He was cross because I hadn't finished and time was short until our flight to Copenhagen. Checked into Hotel Wedina.

We made a tour of the city and harbour and saw the Little Mermaid of Hans Anderson fame

Sunday, April 22<sup>nd</sup>.

We flew to Stockholm and checked in at the Hotel Grande Esplanade. We toured the city and the Royal Palace.





Monday April 23<sup>rd</sup>.

In the morning we flew to Oslo. Fellow travellers had suggested that we stay at the Mission Hotel so we checked in at the Misjonhotelett. We phoned Chester Ronning, [Canadian Ambassador to Norway and Iceland] to give him my parent's greetings and he suggested that we visit him in his office the following morning. We then hopped on a local bus and stayed on it until it reached its turnaround point near the docks.

Returning to the hotel we got directions to the museums where the Kontiki raft and Nansen's polar exploration ship were housed and set off to see the museums. Alas, when we arrived we discovered that the museums would not open until the first of May. Krishan found an office where a museum official and explained that we had only that day to spend in Norway. He relented and opened the museums for us. We also saw a beautifully preserved Viking canoe that had been discovered buried in sand.





Kon Tikki Raft



Nansen's Ship



Tuesday April 24<sup>th</sup>.

The hotel had a breakfast buffet consisting of platters and dishes of all sorts of fish and herring, some with the glassy eyes still attached. We worked our way around the fish and had eggs and toast.

We had a nice visit with Mr. Ronning. We talked about Camrose and his children. He gave me Audrey's London phone number and asked me to be sure to call her. She is married and developing a reputation as a sculptress.

We boarded our flight to Heathrow as the sky clouded up for rain. Sitting across from us was a couple with a cute little boy. At first I thought the wife was very ill but it turned out that she was simply terrified of flying. Her husband encouraged her to drink alcohol but it didn't seem to help.

When we were over the English Channel the clouds suddenly parted and for a brief moment I saw the White Cliffs of Dover rising from the sea. The weather closed in again and it was very overcast when we landed.

North British Hotel, Edinburg

Wednesday, April 25<sup>th</sup>.

Emery's Hotel, Brighton

Thursday, April 26<sup>th</sup>.

Friday, April 27<sup>th</sup>. Shannon Airport, Rineanna

While we were waiting to board the flight in London we were sitting in the main part of the airport and trying to distribute the weight of our luggage a bit before checking in for the flight. Krishan's name was called and by a TWA employee. They asked him to accompany them to a scale where they weighed his luggage and assessed some overweight charges. They did not seem to recognize that he and I were a couple so they didn't weigh my cases.

When the flight arrived in Shannon we were asked to leave the flight. It seemed that Krishan could enter the USA from Canada but not from anywhere else without a visa. The airline put us up in at the airport hotel and gave us a chit for a steak dinner. We were required to go to Cork to see the American Consul there and get a US visa from him.

Saturday, April 28<sup>th</sup>.

Early next morning we rented a car and headed for Cork. The sun shone, the sky was blue and the ditches were filled with golden broom. A pair of elderly ladies flagged us down and requested a ride to the next village. They talked incessantly. By the time we arrived we virtually knew all their personal histories, all the village scandals from the last 50 or 60 years, the difficulties of having to learn Gaelic, etc., etc.

By evening we were on the last main segment of our trip after so many countries and circling the world. We took off from Shannon and headed west to Newfoundland where we disembarked at Gander while the plane refuelled before travelling on to Boston.

The airport in Gander was a one room Quonset hut with a bar in one corner.

PASSENGER MANIFEST TRANS WORLD AIRLINES, INC.		
OWNER OR OPERATOR		
AIRCRAFT No.	U.S.A. FLIGHT NO.	DATE
60110	966/27	April, 28th, 1966
POINT OF EMBARKATION	POINT OF DISEMBARKATION	VARIOUS SUBS. BELOW
SHANNON, IRELAND		
SURNAME AND INITIALS	FOR USE BY OWNER OR OPERATOR ONLY	FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY
PASSENGERS DESTINED TO BOSTON MASS. U.S.A.		
1		
2 CONWAY KATE		257
3 MULLIN PATRICK		
4 NEALY THERESA		
5 CASTLE CHRISTOPHER		
6 HANLON ELL EN. J.		
7 BRADY MARTIN D.		
8 FINNIGAN, Patrick		
9 KAMRA, Prady K		
10 KAMRA, Ardie D		
PASSENGERS DESTINED TO NEW YORK N.Y. U.S.A.		
11		
12 RYAN GEORGE W.		
13 COLEMAN GEORGE A.		
14 COLEMAN MARY H.		
15 ELLER GALVIN MARY D.		
16 RIGAN MARY K.		
17 DI MARINO LOUIS		
18 GALLAGHER SARAH		
19 O'DONNELL MARTIN H.		
20 O'DONNELL BRIGID T.		
21		
22		
23		
24		

In Boston we were met by mother's cousin, Fred Aseltine and taken to Aunt Grace's home in Boston. We met Aunt Grace and Dorothy. We visited with Bill and Mary Aseltine and stayed with them for two nights. Bill buys period homes in Boston and restores them to their pre 1850 splendour. Each room is furnished with the appropriate antiques, only the kitchens and bathrooms are modern. One exception, we were given

a guest room with twin beds. Each had a period quilt but also an electric blanket. What luxury! Bill and Mary live in the houses while they are being restored, then when they are finished Bill sells them and they start over with another. Bill plays the harp and his instrument dominates the living room. They have one little daughter, Melissa, who is about four years old and very shy.

Sunday, April 29<sup>th</sup>.

Visited with mother's cousins, Hammonds, Aseltines and Palmers

Monday, April 30<sup>th</sup>.

On our last night we stayed with George and Betty Hammond in their Bedford home on Old Bellerica Road. The older children were away but they have a darling little toddler named Elizabeth. George teaches Engineering at Tufts College.

Tuesday, May 1<sup>st</sup>.

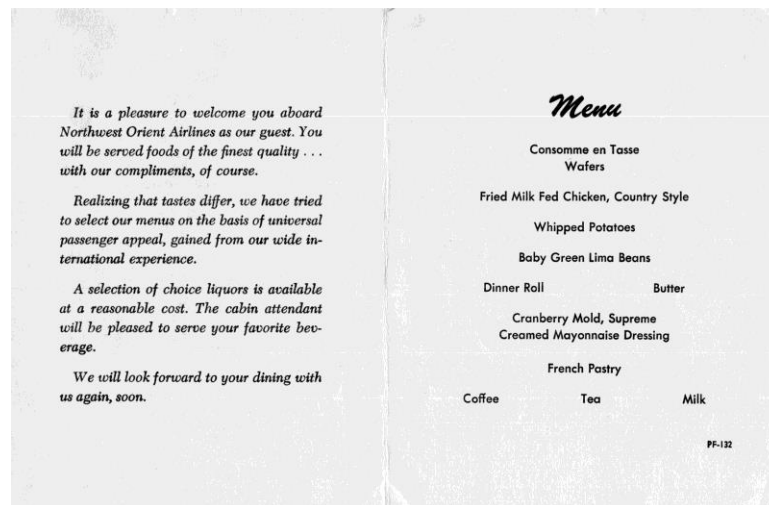
George and Betty Hammond and little Elizabeth took us back to Logan Airport to catch our ten a.m. flight. Our Northwest Orient flight is to refuel in New York, Chicago and St. Paul before we cross the border into Canada. In New York we flew fairly close to the Statue of Liberty while heading for Idlewylde airport.

From Chicago to St. Paul we flew on a Boeing Stratocruiser.



The Stratocruiser has bigger windows than most aircraft and two levels. A curved staircase leads from the passenger deck to a lounge and bar where drinks are sold.

The meal had a printed menu:



In St. Paul, we changed planes to a smaller aircraft. As we were about to take off, the door was opened again and Krishan was paged. We thought that the airline had noticed that our ticket required a surcharge, but the concern was the fishing tackle. We had had a denim case made for it and they thought we might be carrying a gun. Once it was realized that the case contained a fishing rod, it was returned to the luggage compartment and the flight took off.

Tuesday May 1<sup>st</sup>.

We landed at Edmonton Municipal airport late in the evening and were met by Mom, Dad, Doris and George Perring. They were behind the chain link fence and waved and shouted welcome as we walked towards the customs officials. In the airport, Mother handed Krishan 25 dollars [his share] from jewellery sales she had made to raise money for her WA. It was very much appreciated as we were totally out of funds. Doris graciously put us up while we hunted for a place to rent and we used the twenty-five dollars to rent a room and support ourselves until we received pay checks at the end of the month.