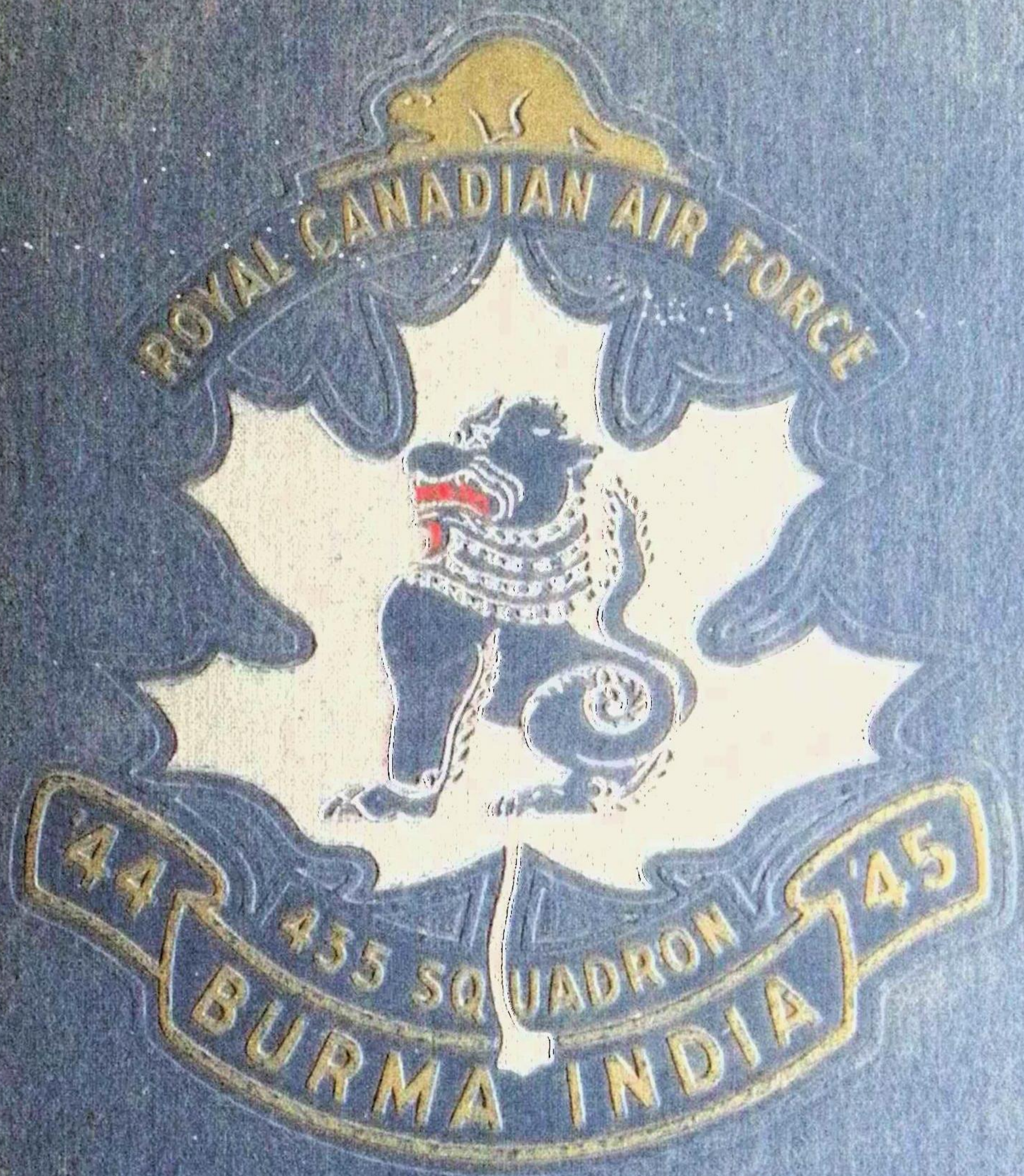
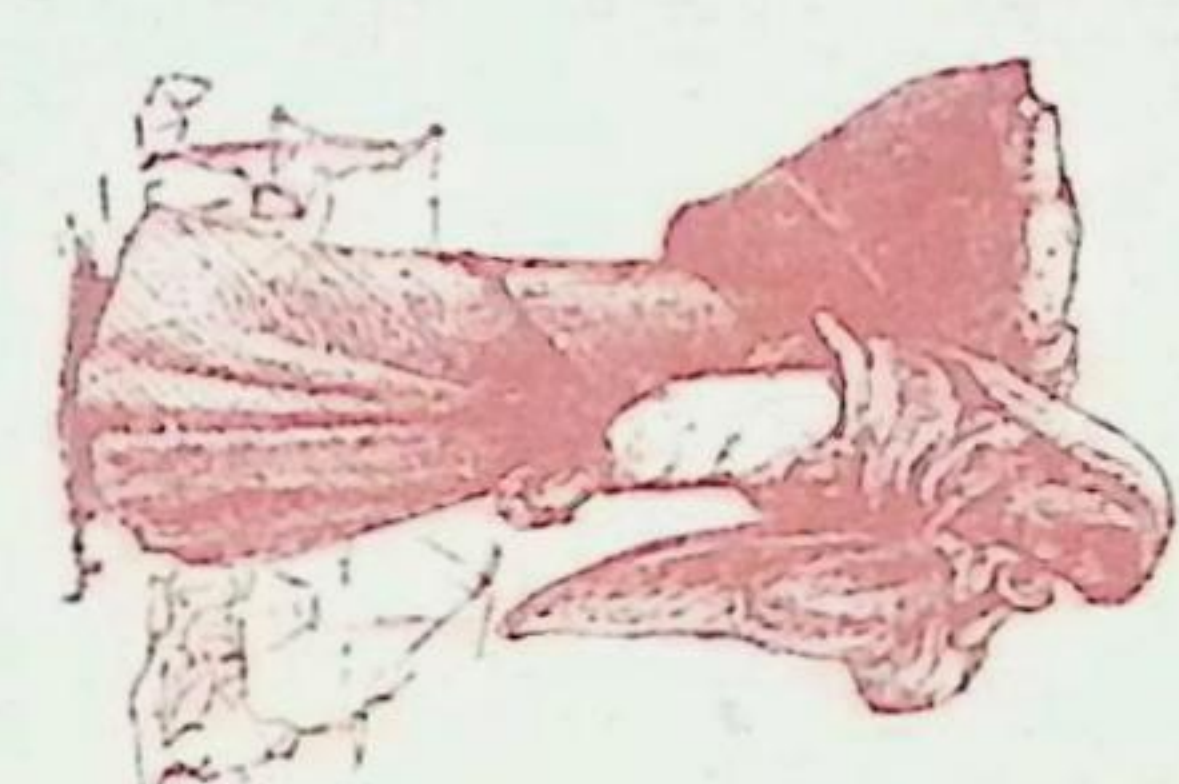
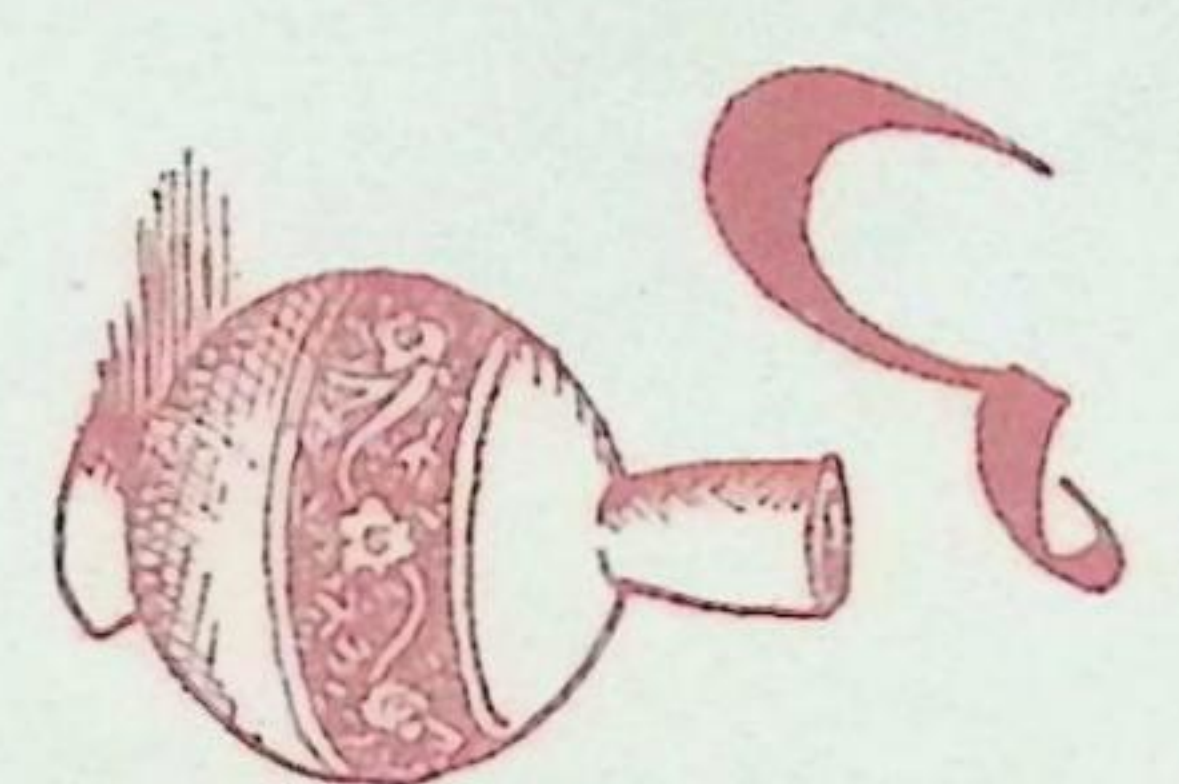


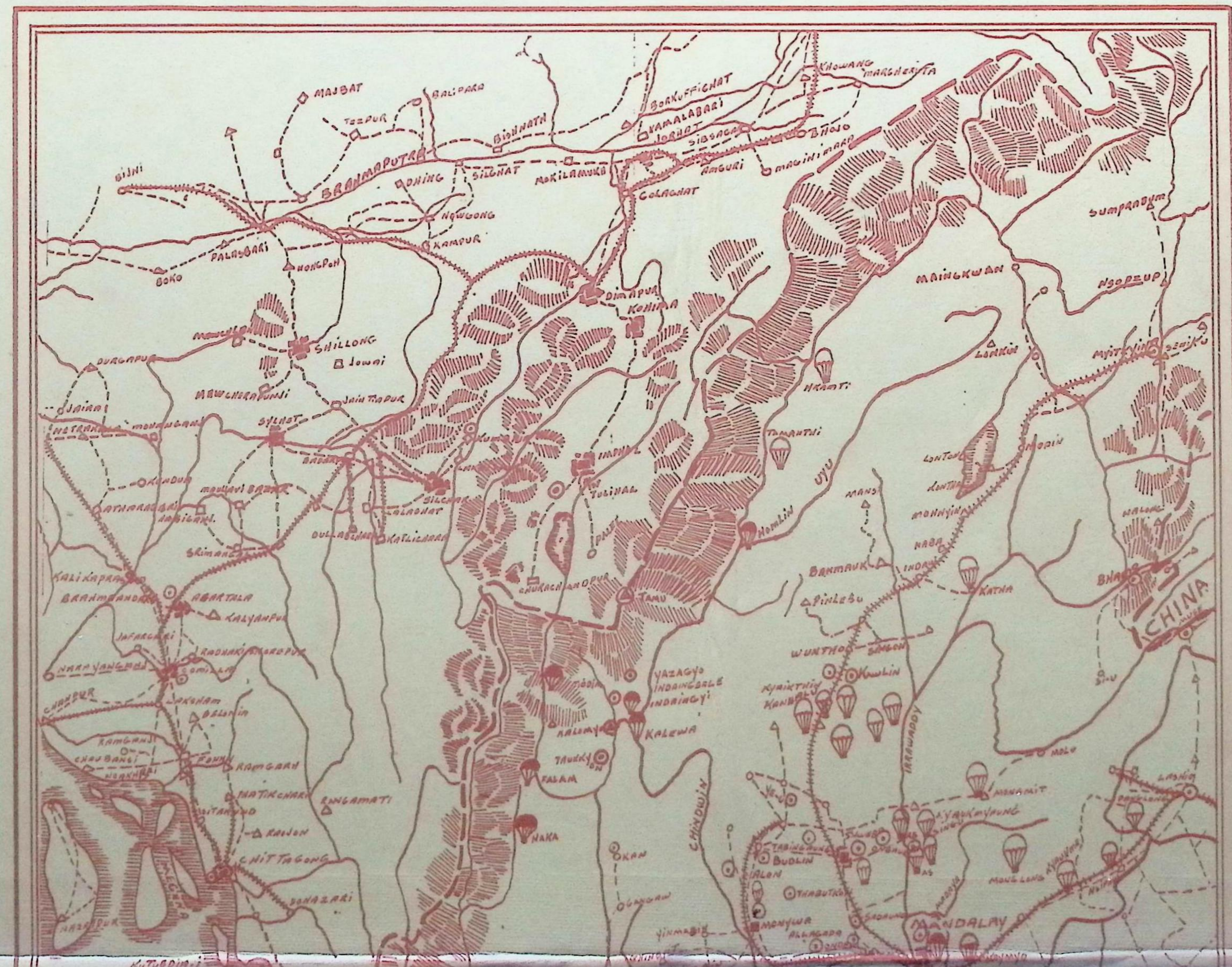


*Chinthe*



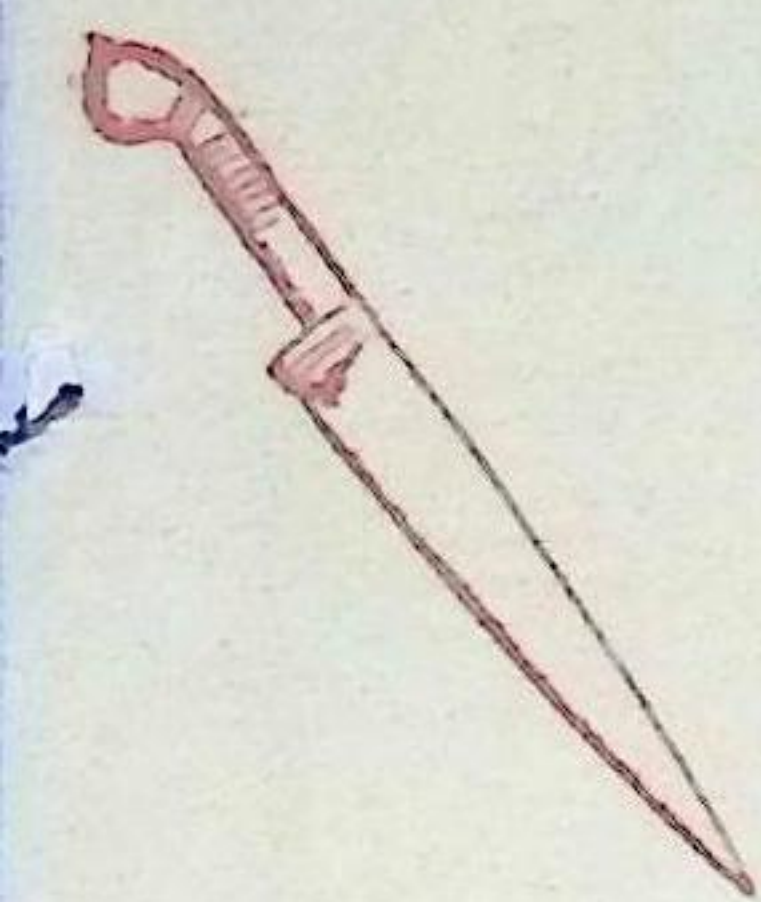
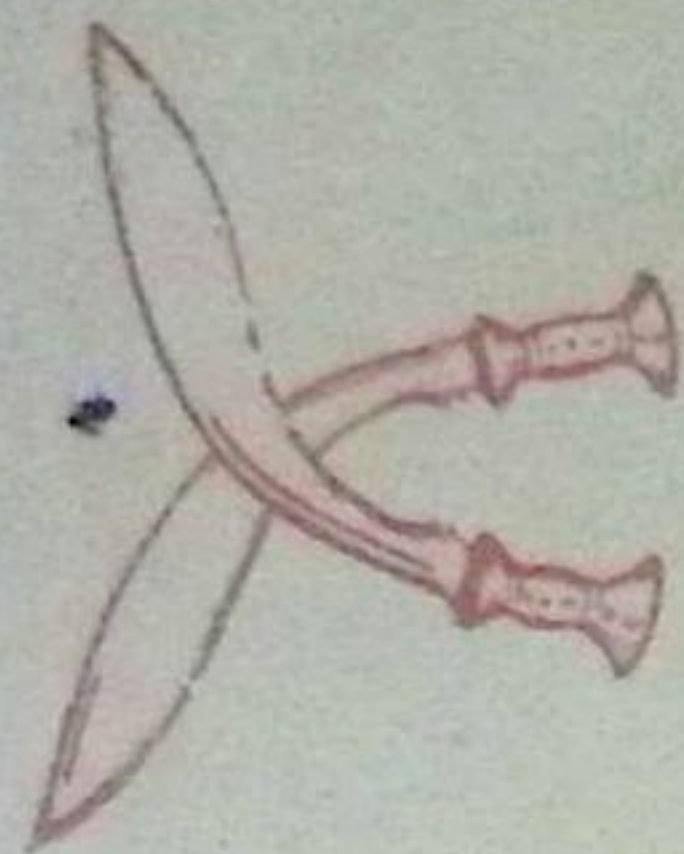
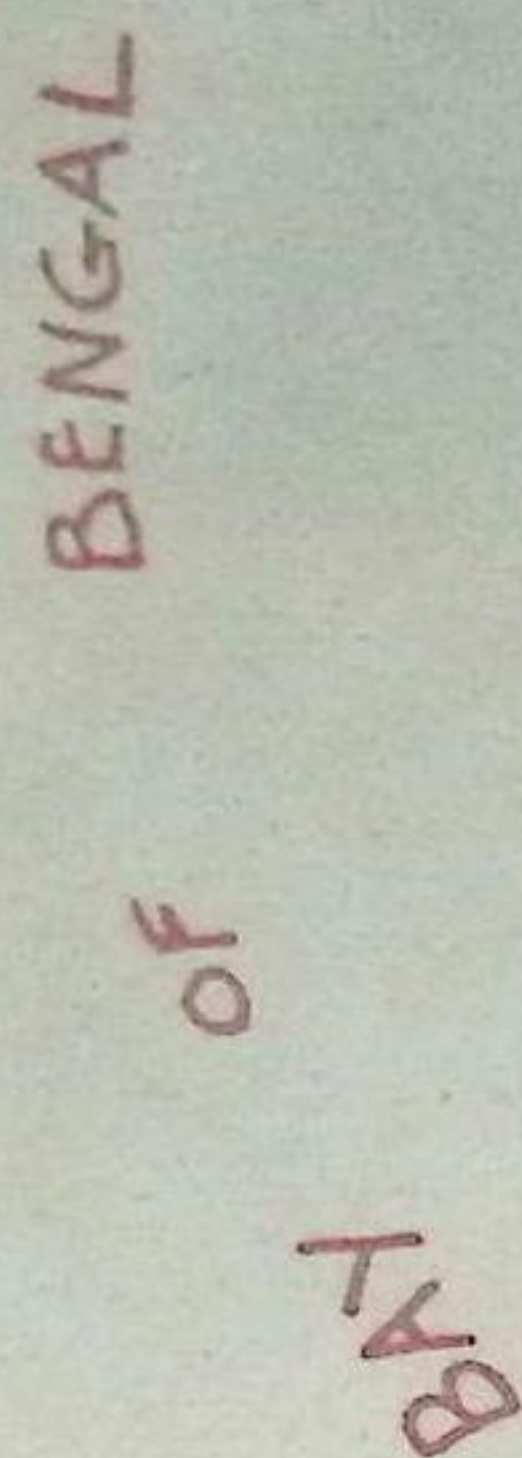
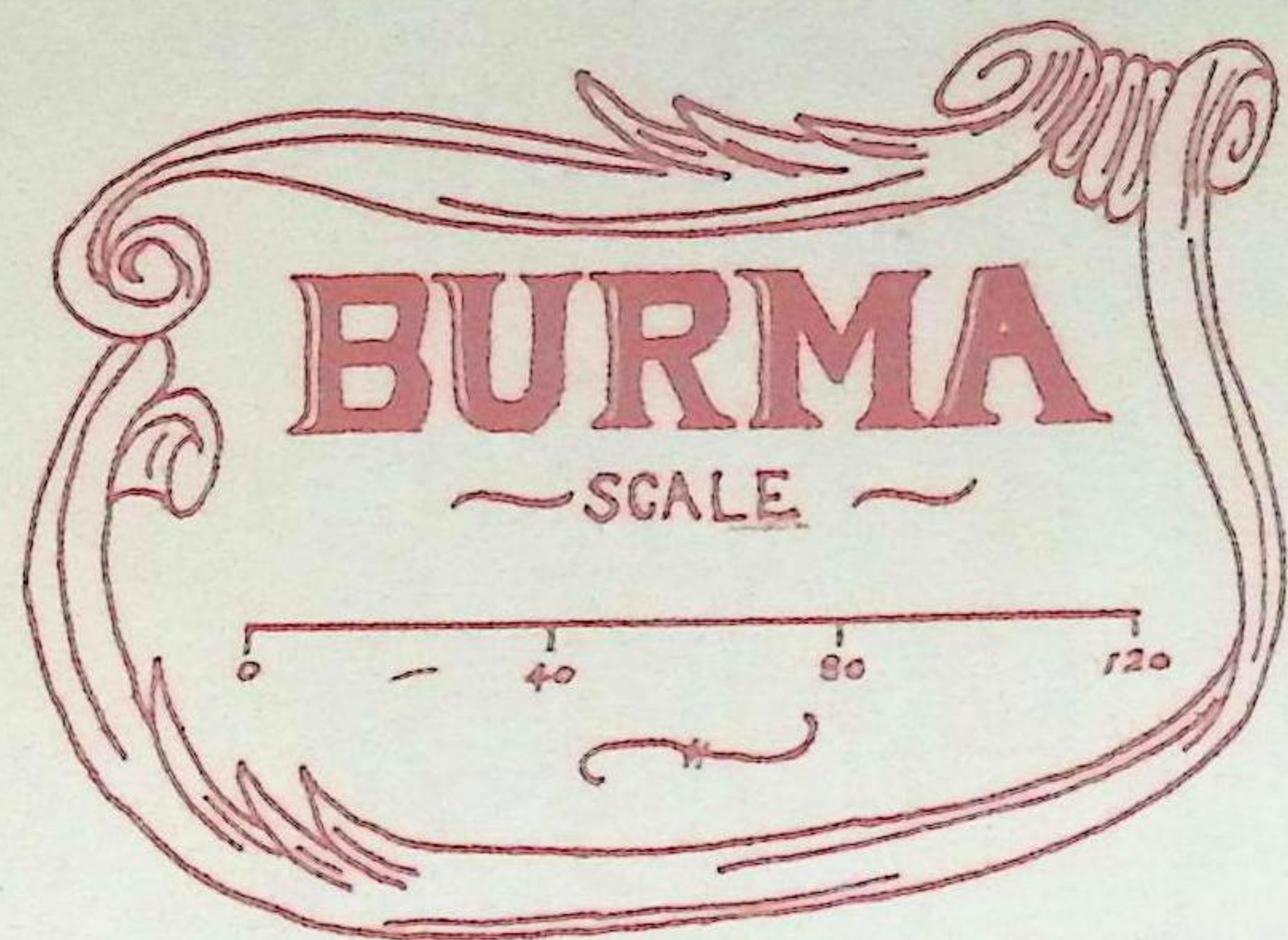
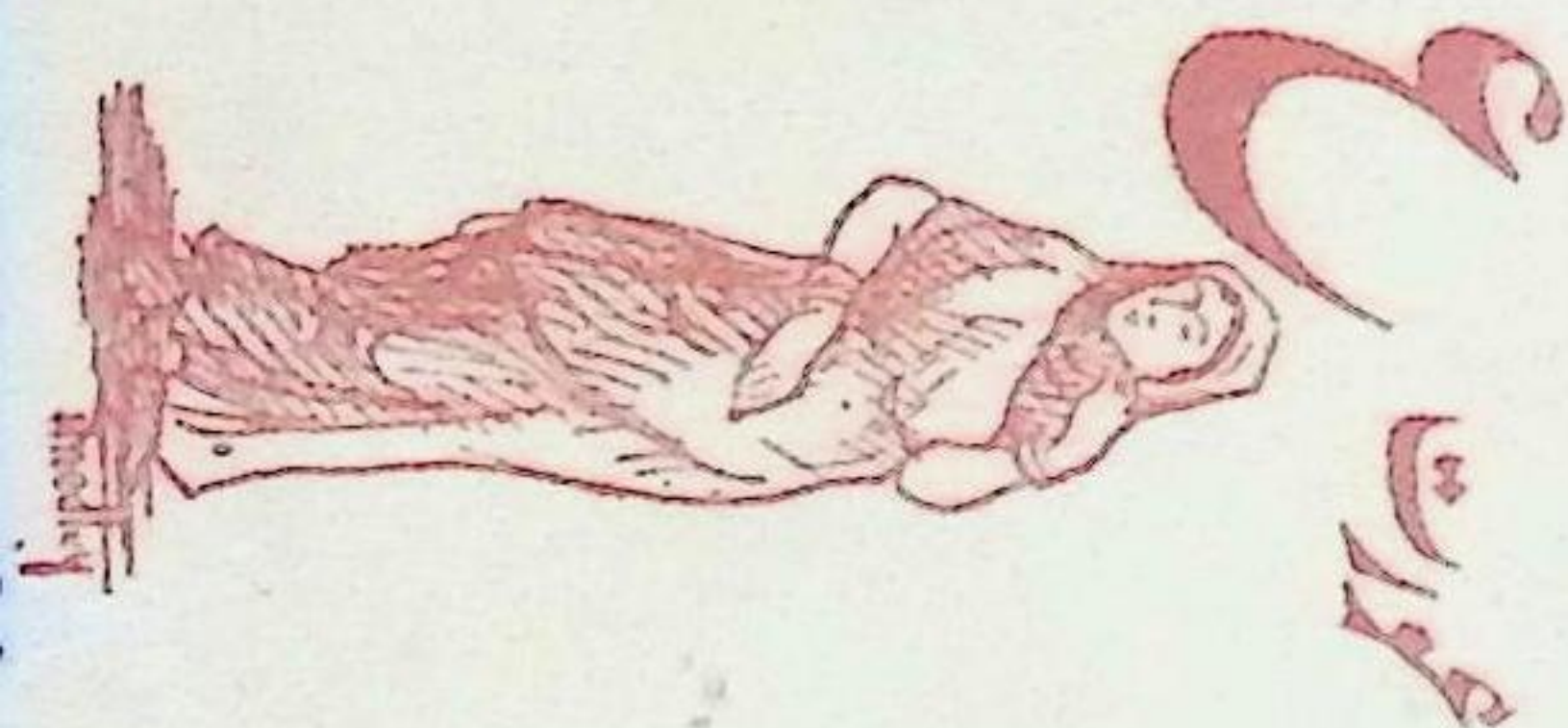
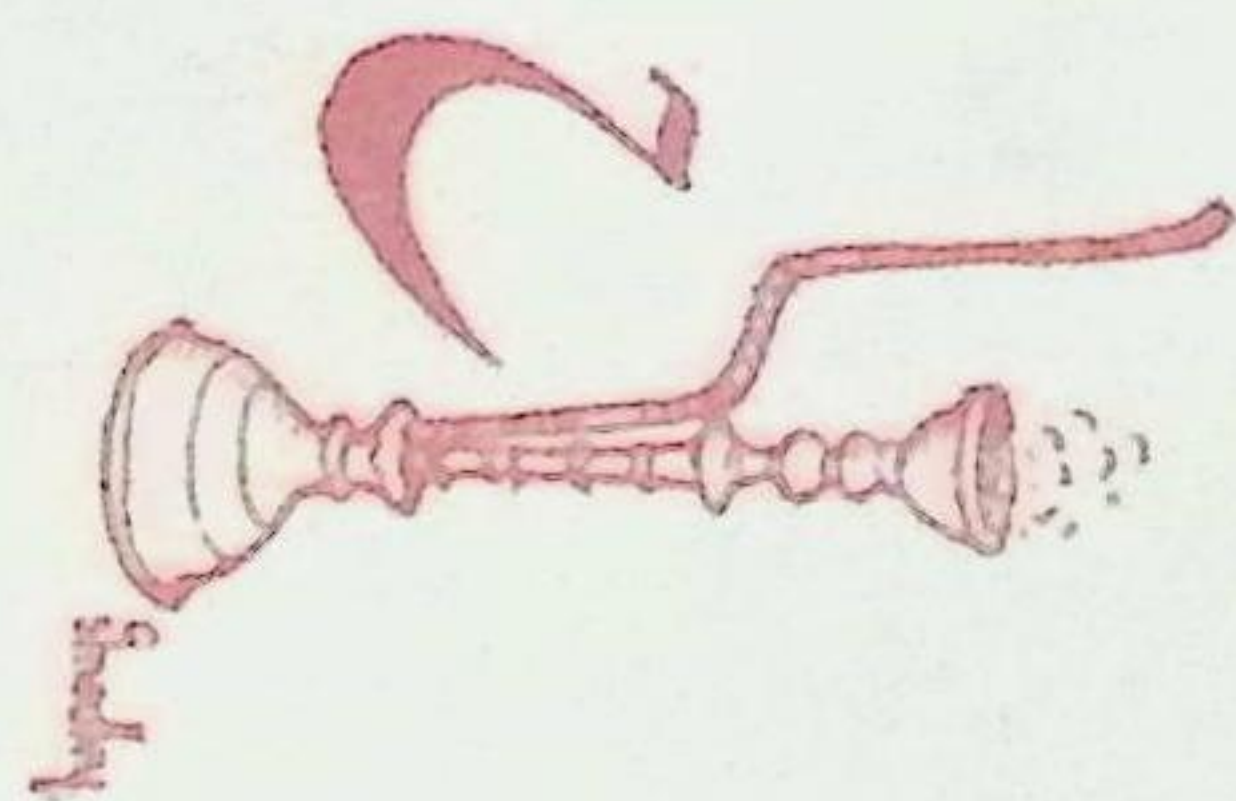
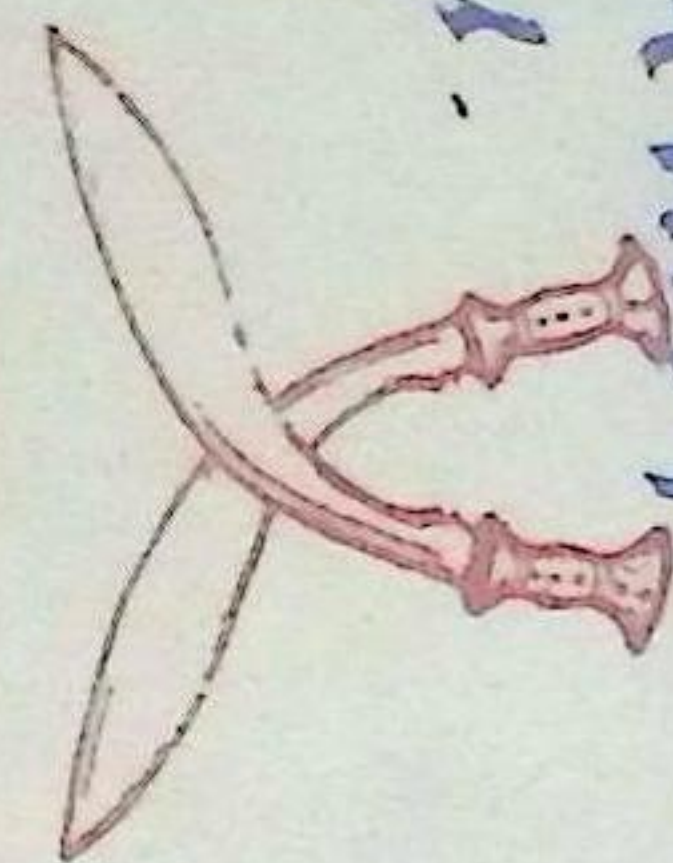


Handwritten text in a script, likely Urdu or Persian, enclosed in a decorative border.





A red ink illustration of a dragon-like creature with large wings and a long tail, facing right. The creature has a long neck, a small head, and a body covered in scales. It is standing on four legs and has a long, thin tail. The wings are large and spread out. The illustration is done in a simple, stylized manner.





# DEDICATION

Like a pyramid whose summit bathes in the first rays of the rising sun your dreams were splendid.

Inspired with a youthful confidence in yourself and in the goodness of life, secure in the affection of a friendly father and doting mother, basking perhaps in the love of a young wife and proud of your own reflection in a child's changing features or, maybe, still under the charming spell of the "one and only," your optimism was sure of the promises of life; the world lay at your feet.

† † †

## YOU WERE YOUNG

Suddenly, like the walls of Jericho, your dreams crumbled, shattered by the mighty blasts of the trumpets of war.

A new creed—the faith in a master race—rose at the time in two different places to oppose the Cross.

Not in the meekness and apparent helplessness of the Apostles did it set out to conquer the world. Fire and death, fear and torture were its weapons.

It swept across Europe. It swept from North to South along the Eastern edge of Asia. Wave after terrifying wave over-ran peace-loving countries until it was seen that the whole world would soon be submerged.

† † †

And you thought of Canada, your Country, that Land of Promise where you would build your castles and whose beauty and wealth extend from ocean to ocean.

And you said: "We must build dykes; we must stop this raging fury long before it reaches our Shores! I will not forsake my cherished hopes! I will preserve my Dreams or perish in the attempt!"

† † †

You have perished; but, Oh! Not in vain! Through your sacrifice an ideal was maintained, a cause was saved, freedom is still a reality, the dreams of your brothers and sisters, perhaps of the child who will not know you, are still possible.

We who have returned and who knew you—we are grateful.

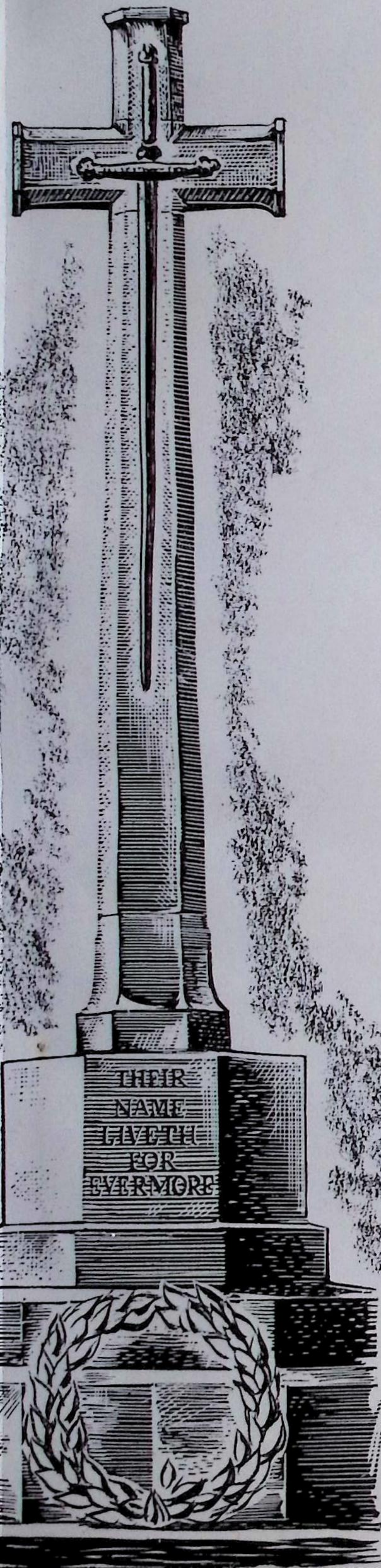
† † †

Yes, we knew you well. You were our brother.

To us you were Dunc and Ken, Tom and Couls and Gordie.

You shared with us the monotony of our rations. You slept beside us after reading for the fifth time the loving letter just received from home.

Brothers in life and the service of a Cause, we could also have been brothers in Death. We have returned once more "determined to deliver" not the lethal instruments of war, but the living message written with your blood: "*The youth of Canada must have its chance. We have paid with our lives that their dreams might not be in vain!*"









# Chinthe

The animal figure on the cover of this Pictorial is a mythical beast, part dog and part lion, whose responsibility it is to guard the Pagodas of Burma from desecration by evil spirits.



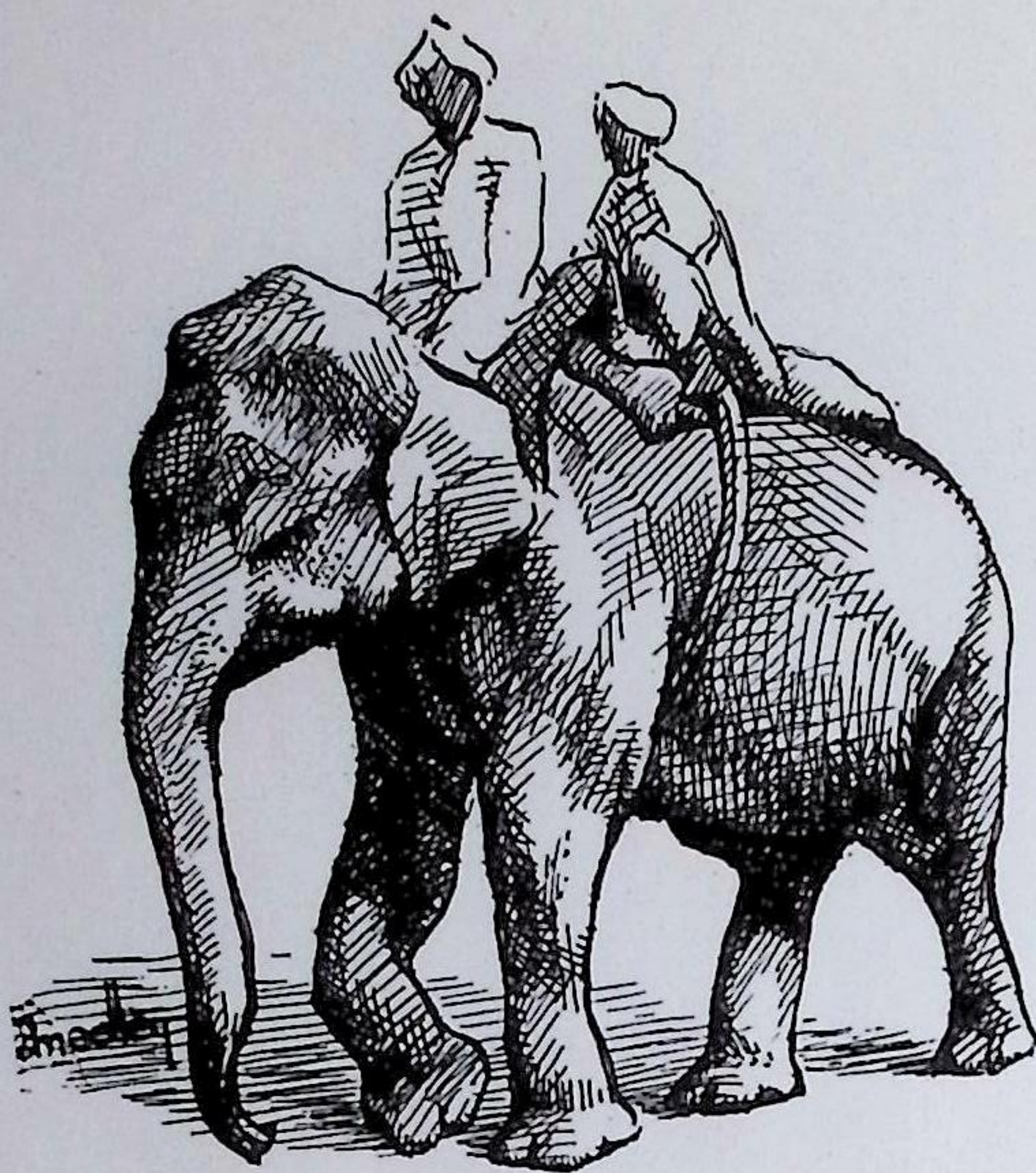


*First Operational Dakota Flown on Operations in Burma by a Canadian Squadron.*

# *Canadians Over Burma*

This historic photograph records the first operational flight over Burma by a Canadian transport aircraft, in December of 1944. Steaming jungles and soft white clouds are characteristic of the winter months.





## Foreword . . .

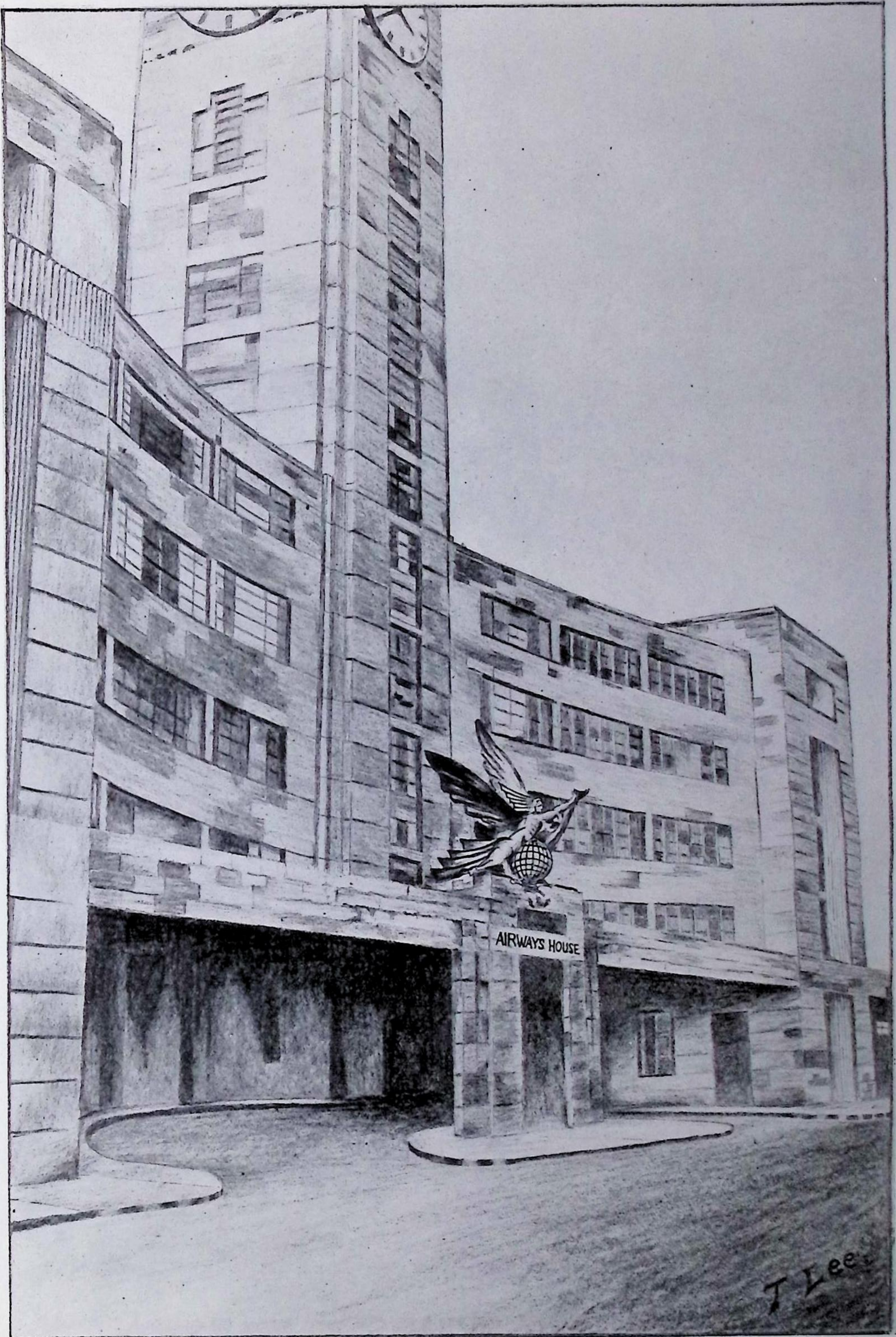
A strange civilization became suddenly revealed to a group of Canadians with the R.C.A.F. in the East. No person could hope to understand the psychology, the religions, or the customs of such vast populations in less than a lifetime of study. The combined experience of several hundred people whose travels have carried them into widely dispersed areas of India, Burma and China, promised to more nearly achieve such an ambitious programme.

This volume is the result of their efforts. Contributions of articles, photographs and sketches were accumulated, checked for authenticity, and recorded as a souvenir for those who served against the Japanese in South East Asia, as well as an attempt to bring a better understanding between the East and West.

The entire work has been accomplished largely by amateurs, and though every effort has been taken to avoid technical errors, there are, undoubtedly, some mistakes. If so, we crave your indulgence.

W. C. LAW,  
*Editor.*





*Airways House in London, England; the Threshold of Our Eastern Adventure*





*Gibraltar From the Spanish Mainland*

## *Believe it or Not*

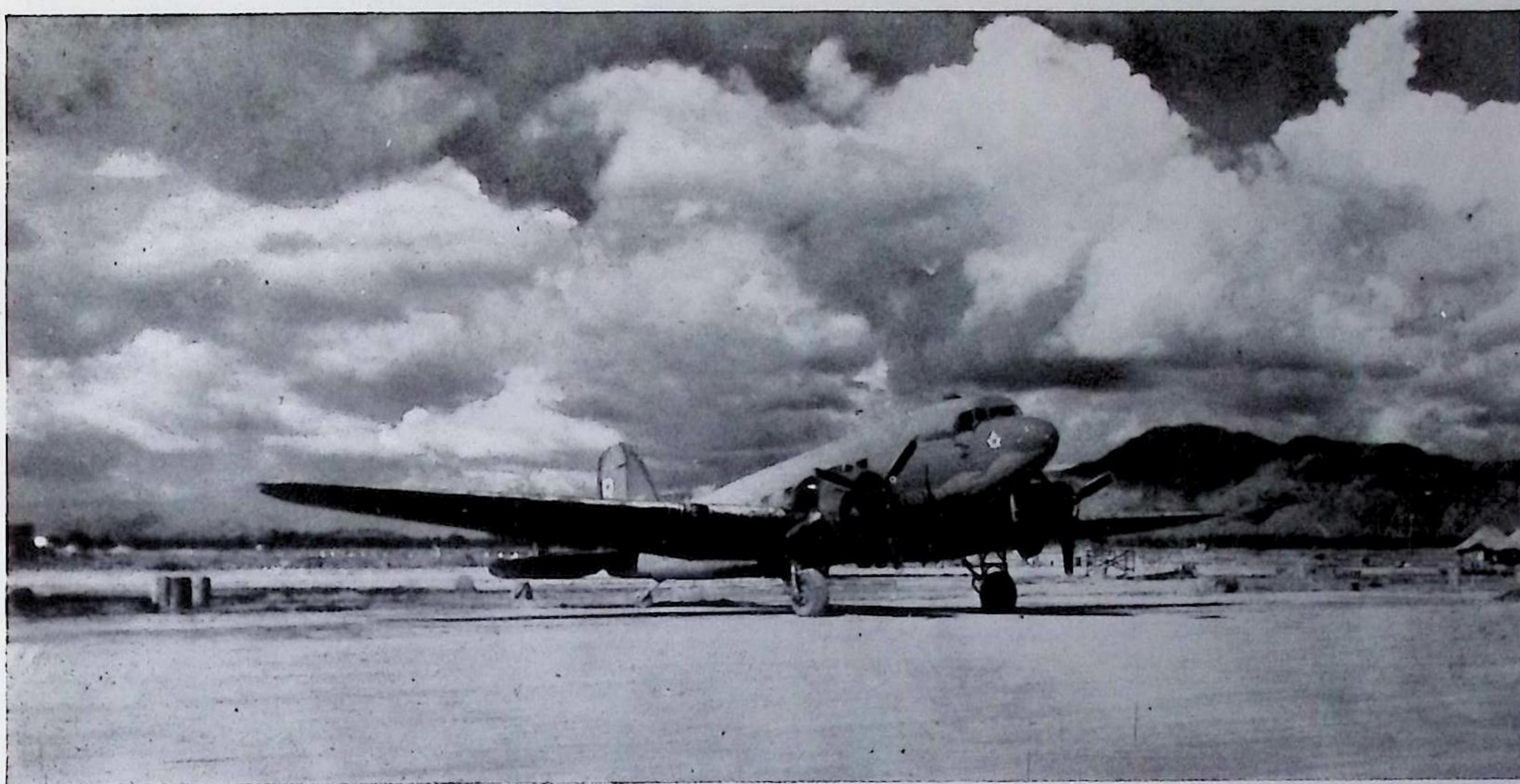
If Bob Ripley had been able to dig into the files of the R.C.A.F. movements in August, 1944, he would have uncovered the story of the year for his syndicated column, "Believe It Or Not." In the account of the transfer by air of the personnel of 435 Squadron from England to India was all the newness and achievement to make a story almost unbelievable.

For the majority, the actual start of the journey was Airways House in London, the doors of whose portals lead to the four corners of the earth. When the aircrew checked through here in August, VI was buzzing its hymn of hate over the metropolis. Often the frail, bespectacled woman in charge of registering passengers would stop her work and calmly say: "I hear one coming. Please step over behind that wall." A few moments later the walls would reverberate with the dull roar of the explosion. This excitement soon gave place to the actual movement to the railway station. Some bade farewell to Waterloo, others Paddington, Euston or King's Cross, as they pulled out for the airfields from which they were to leave the cold, damp atmosphere of England for the hot,

damp atmosphere of India. None realized how they would miss the chill fog on the Embankment.

Through August and September, the men of 435 rolled into various airports along the south coast. From Newquay, Pershore, Swindon and Lynham, the aircraft took off for the south. The greatest part of the burden was carried by the Dakota. Some cursed at the cramped quarters of the Liberator and the Sunderland, while others revelled in the civilian luxury of the British Overseas Airways' York. The lucky ones in the York tell how they would casually stroll back to the kitchenette and help themselves to some fried chicken, fruit and lemonade, all of which was replenished at each stop. Those who travelled in this elegant manner flew across the Bay of Biscay, for the air over France at the end of August was not yet safe for transport aircraft. The heat rising from the runways of the North African field, which was their first stop, made them realize that the "blues" they were wearing would have to be put away for a long time. They immediately donned the "Sad Sack" khaki clothes with which





*Dakota Transport of 435 Squadron, Tulihal, Waiting for Load of Vital War Supplies from Mules to Munitions; Food to Beer*

they had been issued in England. All, wherever they first stopped — Rabat, French Morocco; Elmas, Sardinia; Naples, Italy, or El Adem, near the famous battleground of Tobruk—felt the hot blast of the Mediterranean air on their cheeks and marvelled at the startling blue of the sky and the sea.

The stopping places on the way varied with the type of aircraft. The full list of the fields visited by men of the squadron, includes, besides those mentioned already, Castel Benito, Tripoli; Gibraltar; Cairo, Egypt; Malta; Lydda, Palestine; Shibah, Iraq; Basra, Iraq; Bagdad, Iraq; Habbanya, Iraq; Jiwani, Beluchistan; Bahrein Island.

On the much-bombed Island of Malta, some slipped into the capital city, Vellella, and enjoyed a few beers and the first steak, outside of horsemeat, they had seen since leaving Canada. It was the first taste of the full and varied meals to come, after the slimming rations of the United Kingdom. The men were yet to discover the

methods the East uses on individuals to keep their waist-lines down.

At Castel Benito, formerly the prized possession of Mussolini, the shattered hangar doors gave evidence of the recent struggles. When the luscious African moon rose, many of the passengers were longing for other companions besides their squadron mates.

Cairo, for many, gave the first signs of the difference between East and West. The beggars and bootblacks swarmed upon the green-looking Canadians and the pickpockets were not far behind. The boys, in their droopy, sack-like bush shirts, were more of a novelty to the Egyptians than were the Egyptians to the boys. At Canada House one of the hostesses almost had a fit of laughing hysterics the first time she caught sight of one of the new arrivals.

On the credit side for Cairo were the Pyramids, the bazaars and the far-famed Shepherd's Hotel. Those who were not fortunate enough to stay at





*Sunderland Aircraft Which Carried a Select Number of Canadians, While the Greater Number Travelled by Dakota and York*

the American Payne Field, had a rough night of insects and sand at the R.A.F. personnel camp, which was not a pleasant memory to bring away from the Nile city.

But, like it or not, the trip south and east continued, the temperature rising as the planes flew on. Some were fortunate enough to get a stop-over at Lydda, Palestine, and were able to tour the city of Tel-Aviv, which they described as one of the most up-to-date they had ever seen. The modernity of the architecture made a striking contrast with the conception of the Middle East they had formed up to that time.

Stepping out of the aircraft at Bagdad, Iraq, was like stepping in front of the mouth of a blast-furnace. At Basra, in the same country, the humidity almost floored the newcomers. Those who stayed overnight at this stop slept in a luxurious hotel, which provided air-conditioning in every room. That was the joy of travelling by British Airlines.

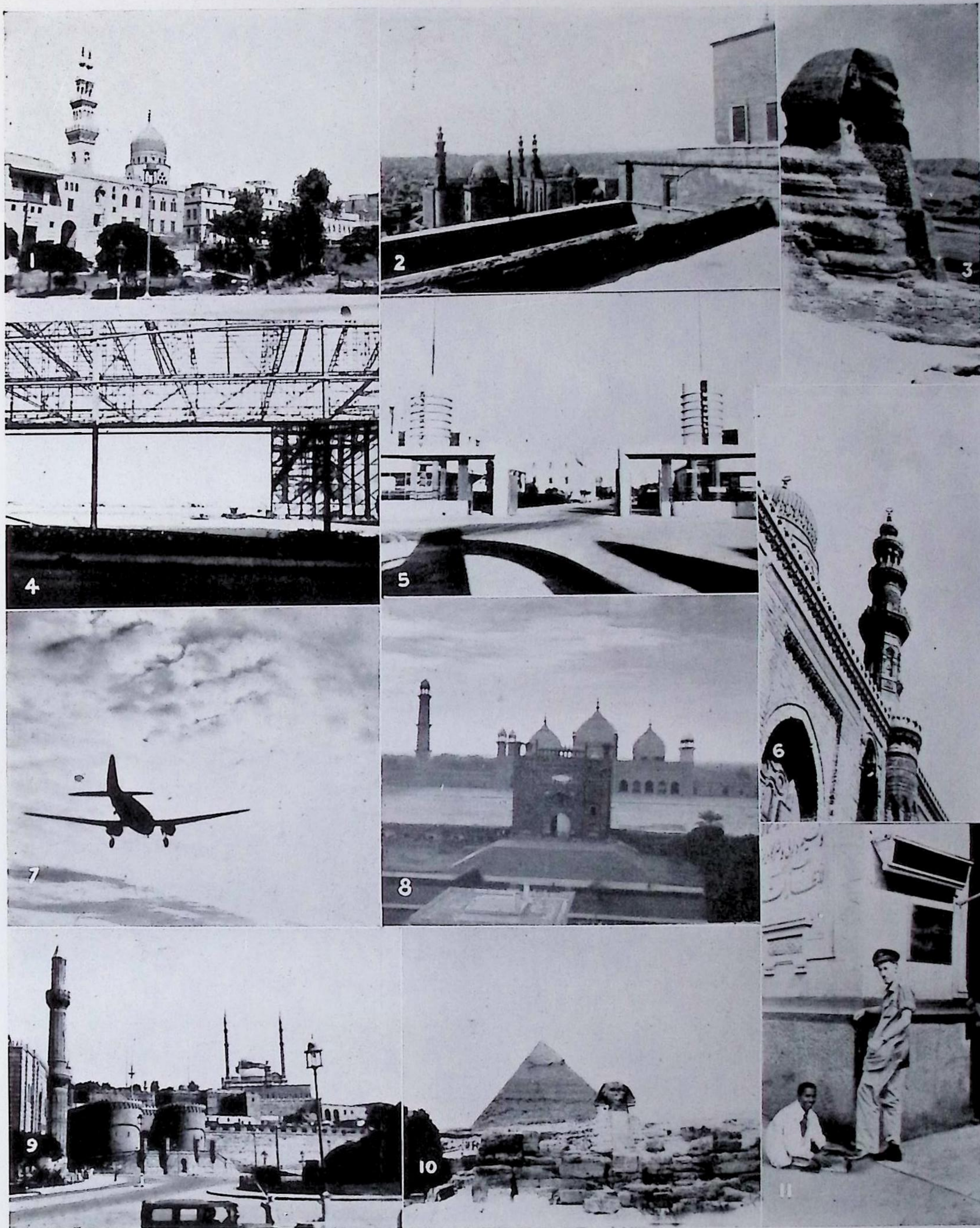
At Shibah in Iraq, at Bahrien, the Pearl Island, and at Jiwani, Beluchistan, the men felt a touch

of pity for the personnel who were stationed in those desolate posts. They did not foresee that they, too, would soon be far removed from civilization.

"Next stop, Karachi," was heard by all members of the squadron, and it was here that they were introduced to the ways of the mysterious East, not excluding its mysterious ailments. Many became acclimatized at Mauripur, but it was a hard struggle and most did not succeed for several months, if at all. But this was not the end of the road. There was still Chaklala, with the neighboring attractions of Rawalpindi; and Gujrat, with no attractions at all except the nightly movie. Some had a look at Allahabad and others marvelled at the beauties of New Delhi. The end of the road was reached on the 19th of December, 1944, when the squadron's own aircraft swooped into the Imphal Valley, and the men settled down to thoughts of how interesting the road back would be.

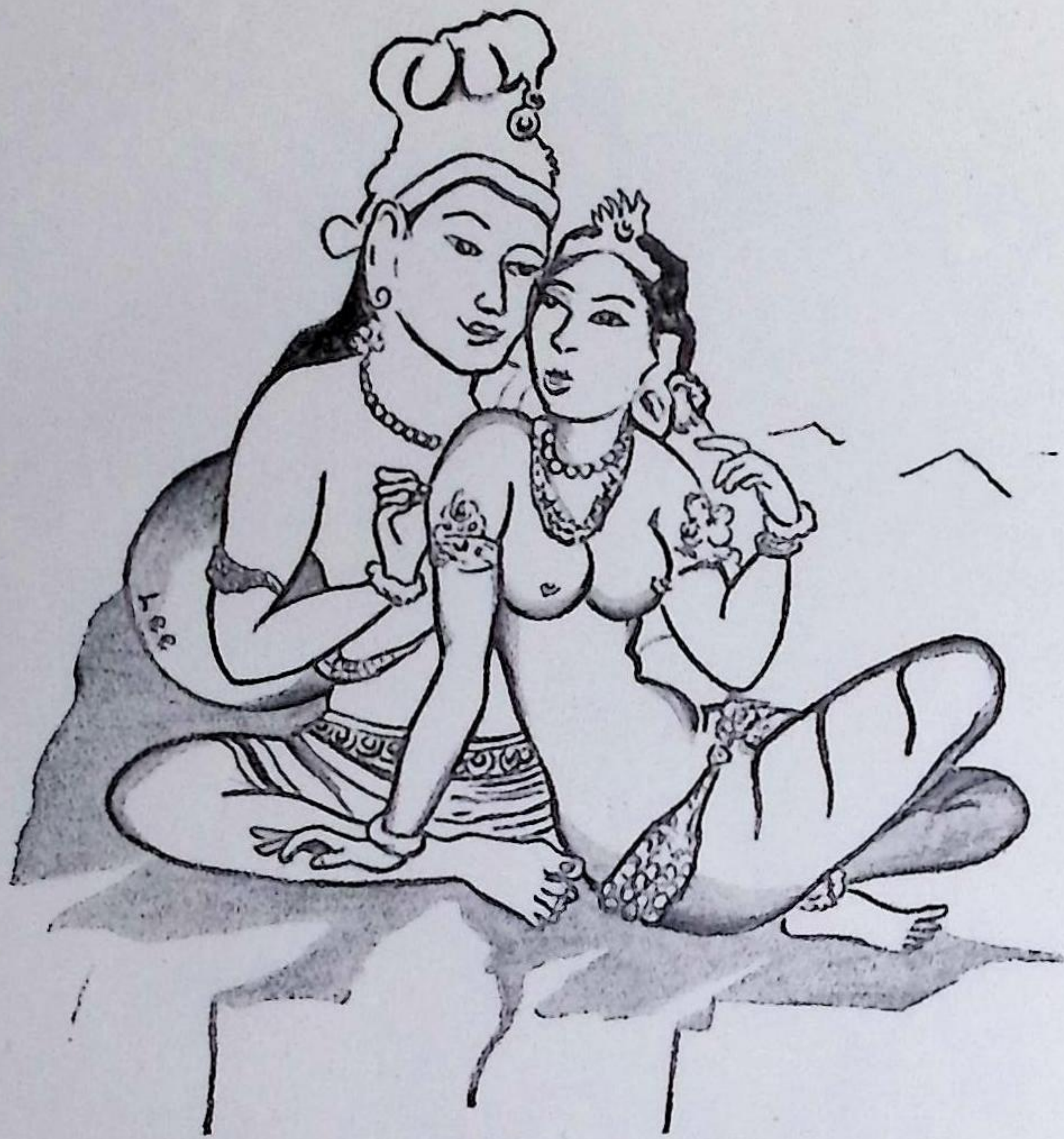
N. ALSTEDTER.





1. Modern buildings in Egypt. 2. Mosques of Cairo. 3. The Sphinx, near Cairo. 4. Hangar at Castel Benito, near Tripoli, after British bombing. 5. Elmos airport in Sardinia, Italy. 6. A view of the "Great Mosque" in Cairo. 7. Dakota airborne for India carrying Canadians. 8. A mosque on outskirts of Cairo. 9. A familiar sight in Cairo. 10. The Great Pyramid with Sphinx in foreground. 11. Shoeshine, note sad sack uniform.



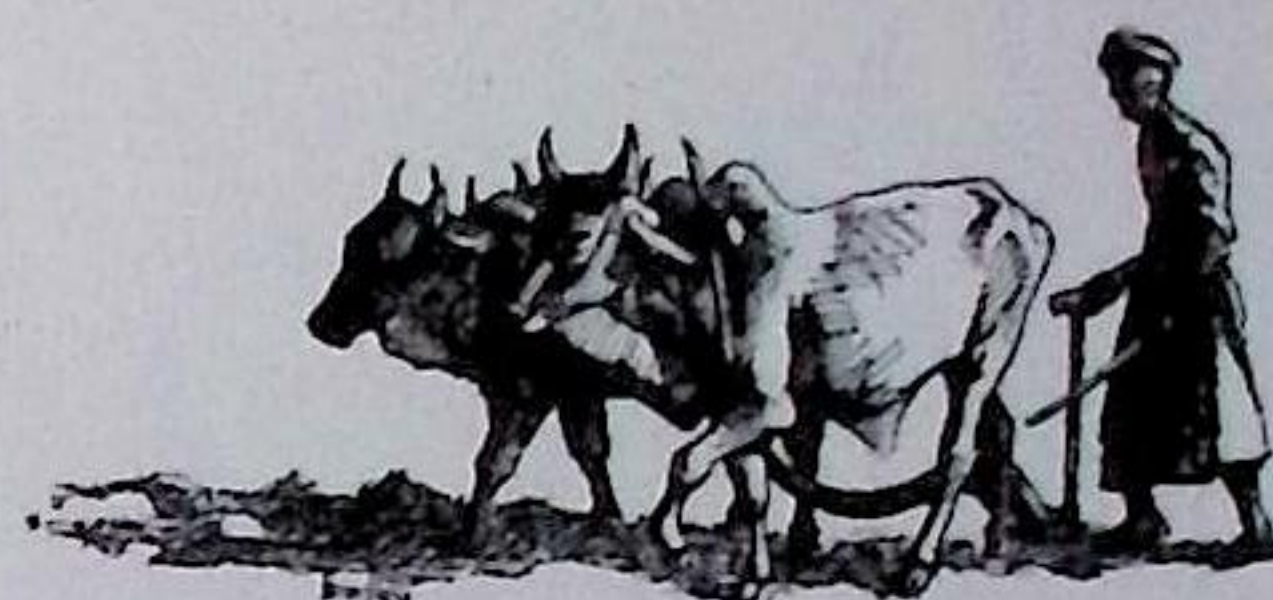


# Our Travels in India, Burma and China...

LOVE SCENE.—Taken from a painting 1500 years old this simple scene conveys a respect, a tenderness and affection seldom revealed. Lightly he touches her arm with his fingertips; gently his cheek is pressed close to her own. With mutual love and understanding their two souls are as one. Through the centuries their love lives on.



# Northern India



To Canadians, "Northern India" means the Northwest Frontier provinces and the Punjab. Though the inhabitants of the N.W.F. provinces are mostly Moslems, in the Punjab we found many Hindus. The latter province is also the home of the handsome, proud and fearless Sikhs. Indeed, all the peoples of Northern India are proud and independent. This accounts for the fact that over half of the huge Indian Army, which has done so well in many theatres during this war, is made up of warriors from the north. The history of these frontier provinces is the story of fierce resistance to the invader. The relatively light complexions and European features found here testify to the often overpowering nature of these invading forces. Conquering races settled down and added their warlike characteristics to those of the local peoples.

During the period from 510 B.C. to 1857 A.D. India, at different times, played the unwilling host to the armies of Greece, Macedonia and Persia.

Even the barbarous Huns descended upon her. Early recorded history tells of Alexander of Macedonia's invading hordes who, in 326 B.C., using the famous phalanx grouping, swept through the Khyber Pass, crossed the Indus at Atok and seized the prosperous city of Taxila. There, 20 miles from Rawalpindi, Alexander established a huge fort. Recently this fort was converted into a museum. Even at that time, Taxila possessed a famous university.

At Taxila, the Macedonian conqueror found an easy task. The ruler of the district, whose modern name would be Quisling, welcomed Alexander, placed at his disposal 5,000 soldiers and gave him a gift of \$5,000,000 to spare his city. Alexander took the gift—and what more he wanted.

The invader advanced south to the banks of the Jhelum River, where he met the forces of Parus, an Indian prince, whose many elephants, protected by metal headplates, were to have been used against his enemy.

A master of strategy, Alexander crossed the monsoon-swollen Jhelum at night and, by a flanking movement, routed the Indians. The stampeding elephants trampled many of their own troops and victory was complete.

There was now but one obstacle between Alexander and the conquest of all India. This was the province of Bihar, to the south. But his men had had enough of combat and wished to return



*The Canucks Take Over a Camel Train in Gujrat, Punjab*

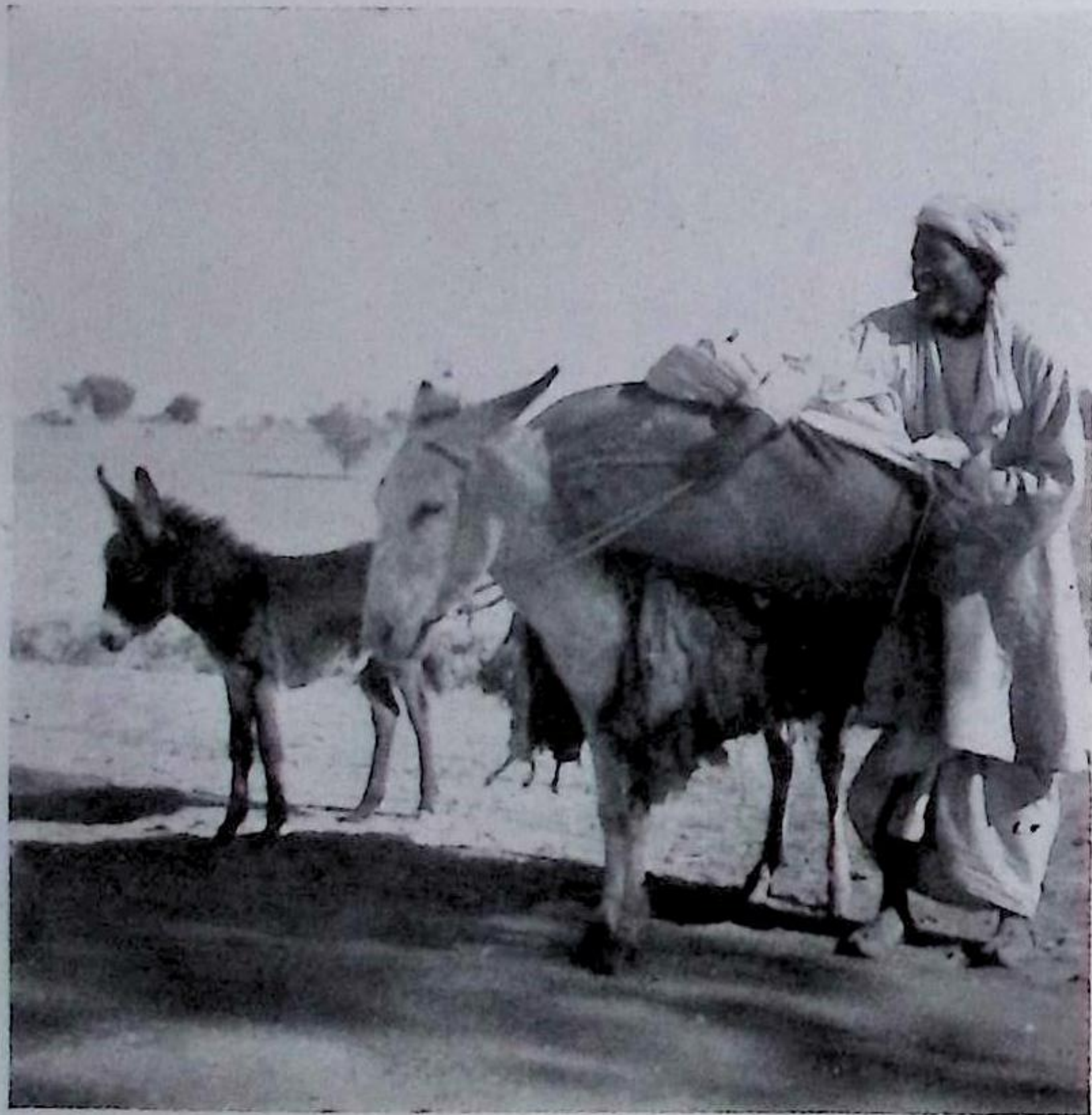




*PATTY-CAKE ANNIE — Indian women collect cow manure; plaster it on the walls to dry. It is collected and used as fuel.*

home, where they could enjoy their booty in peace. Reluctantly, Alexander withdrew. Though, while passing through Multan, the great leader himself was severely wounded, the triumphant army returned home intact.

The next invasion of interest was that of the Persians. These zealous followers of Islam were out to spread their religion by fire and sword. In 712 they took Multan and Delhi and year after year thereafter they spread the Moslem faith throughout India. Ghengis Khan, Tamerlane, Akbar and Shalejan were successive monarchs of this new regime. The latter built the Taj Mahal in memory of his favorite wife, Arjumand. This superb building took 20,000 men 18 years in its building. It is interesting to note that the Brahmins of Kashmir were the only body in the north to successfully spurn the Moslem faith. For this they are honored as the Brahmin of Brahmins, the highest caste of all Hinduism. Pandit Nehru, one-time president



*Young Donkey Learns the Ropes*



*Water Carriers*

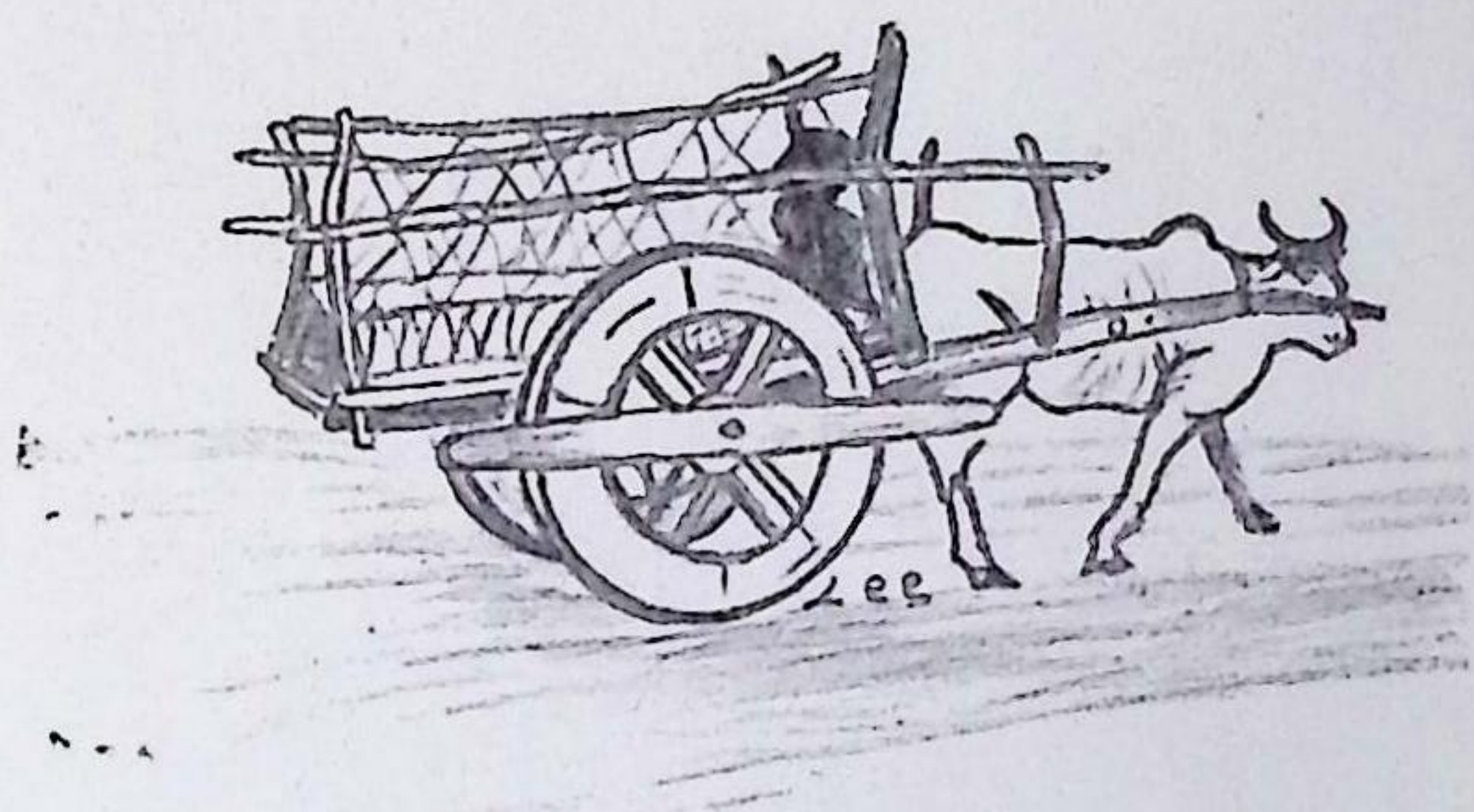
of the Indian National Congress, and close associate of Mahatma Ghandi, is one of these.

In writing, however sketchily, of Northern India, one cannot afford to neglect mention of the Pathans. Anyone who has associated with the Pathans among officers of the Indian Army has learned to appreciate these high spirited men. Quick to anger, they are also quick to forget, and once you have won his friendship you feel that only to a Pathan is the true meaning of friendship understood.

The home of the Pathans is a sort of No-Man's Land between India and Afghanistan. The strange stories of raiding and murder that emanate from this lawless district are such as to put the hillbillies of Kentucky and Arkansas to shame. The British-owned India-Afghanistan Road passes through this area. On it you are safe, but to step off is to invite a rain of bullets. Village fights village, and at harvest times there is an amazing spurt of activity. The first to store his grain within the village stockade has the opportunity of good hunting among his slower neighbors.





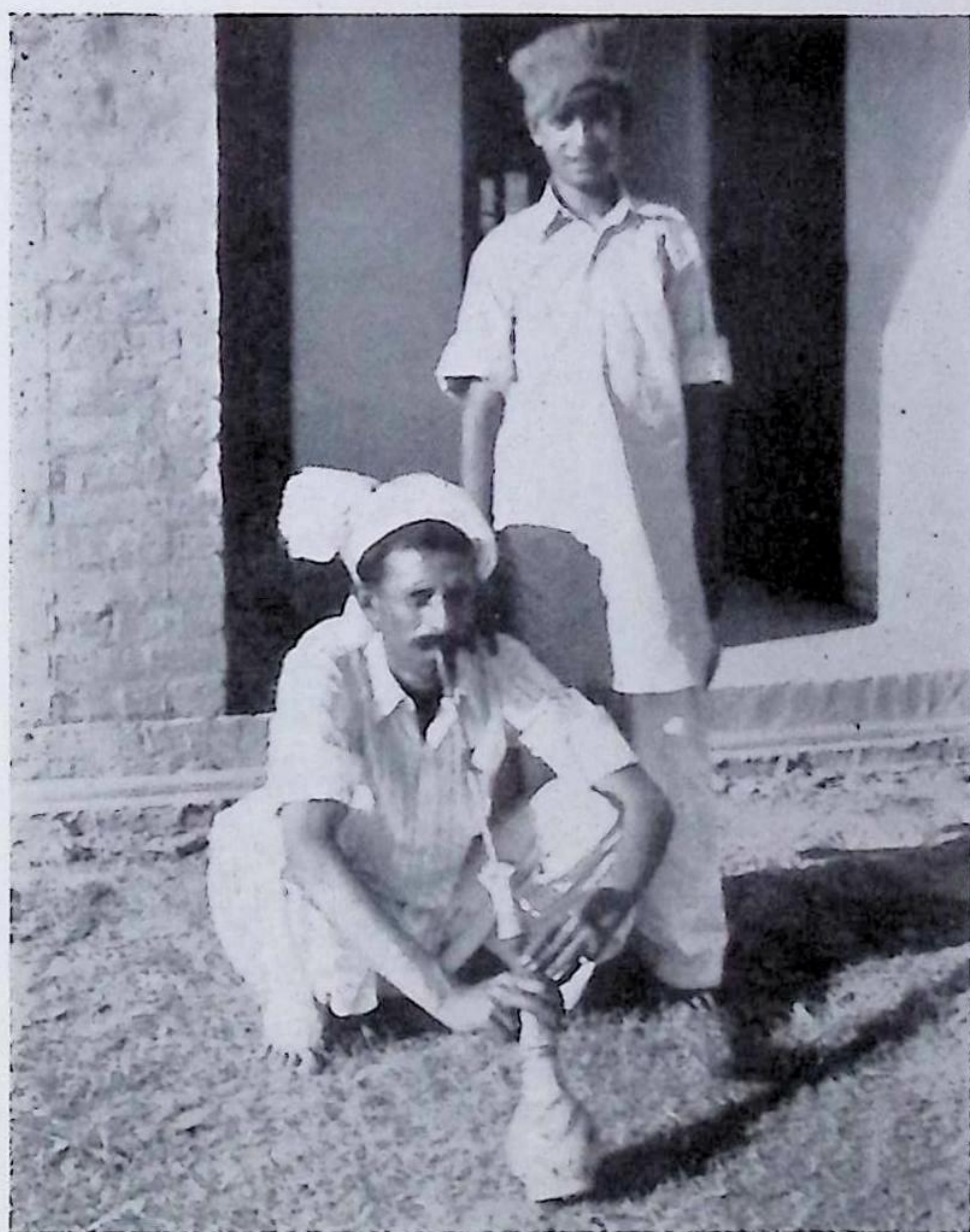


Apart from the fiery peoples who inhabit it, Northern India's beautiful rugged scenery and crisp winter climate attracts tourists and travellers from the world over. Kashmir is famous for its rugs and needlework. Its apples are surpassed in quality only by those produced in Canada, and to go there is to find at last the sportsman's paradise.

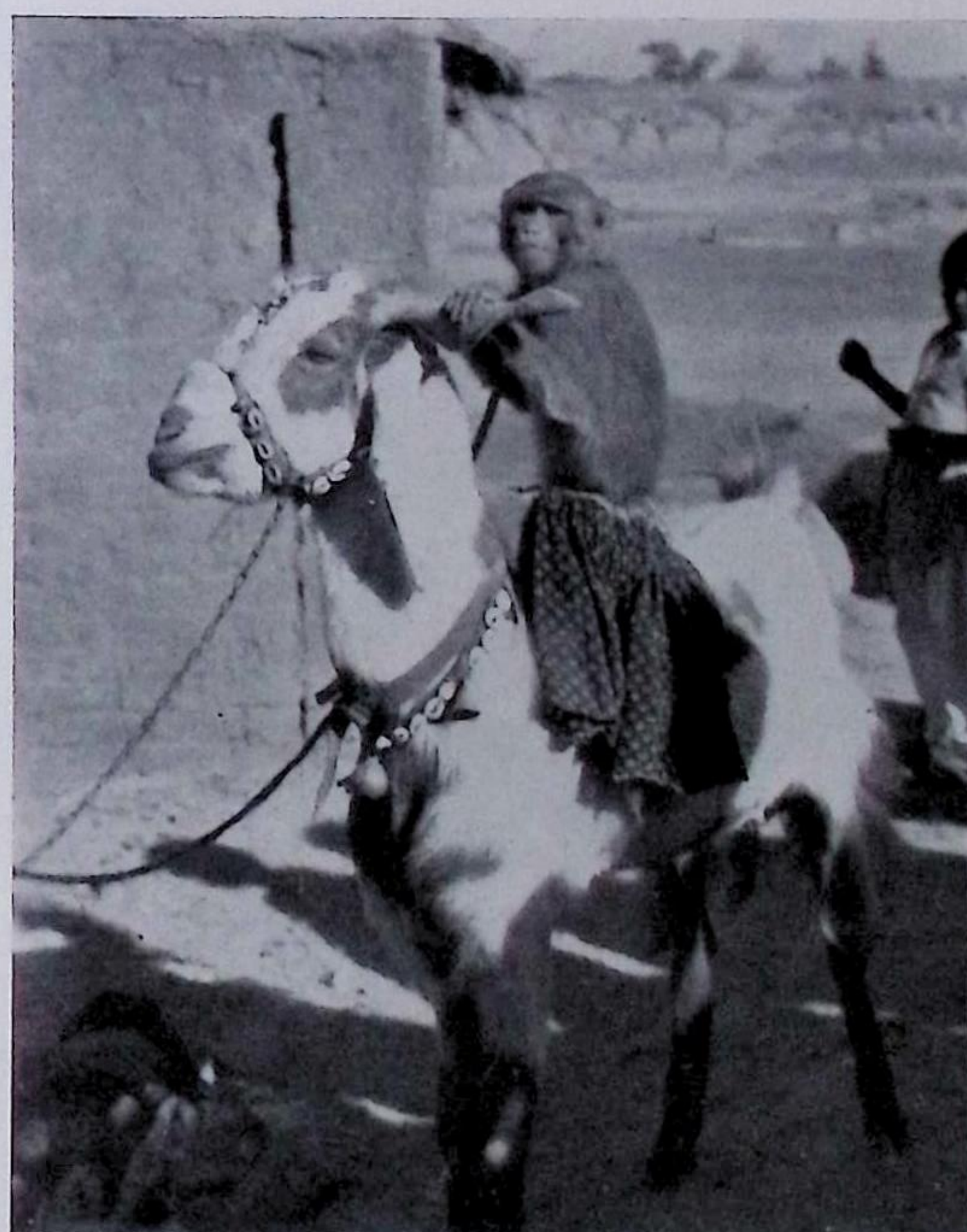
DON SWEENEY.



*Irrigation Wells Powered by Ox or Camel Are General Throughout Punjab*

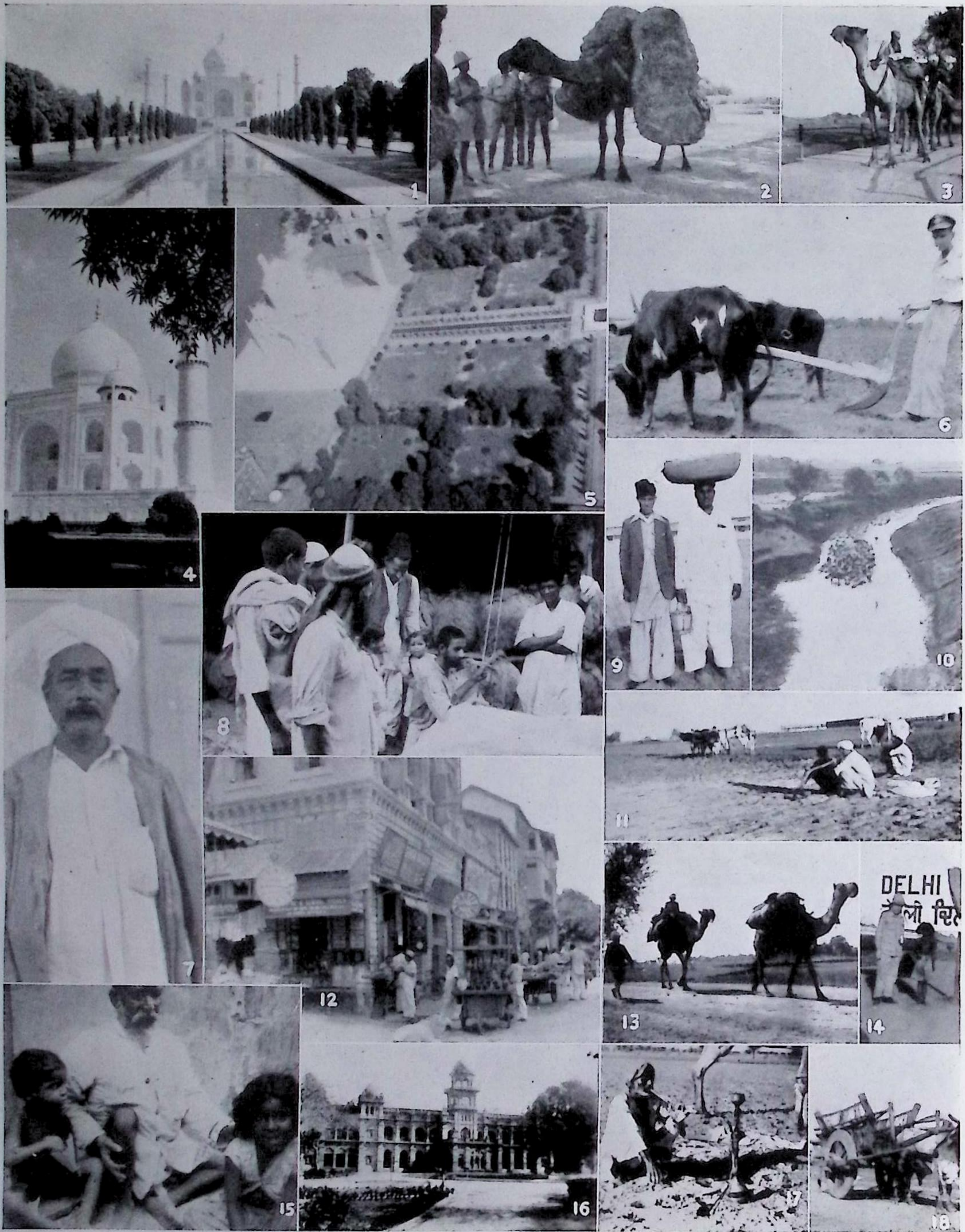


*A Bearer Enjoys His Hookah Pipe—Gujrat, Punjab*



*Monkey Business*





1. Taj Mahal, near Agra. 2. Camel carrying corn to Gujrat. 3. Camel train. 4. Side view of the Taj. 5. Aerial view of Taj. 6. Plowing a corn field. 7. Hindu bicycle merchant. 8. Bazaar, near Poona. 9. Fruit vendor with solution of potassium permanganate, in which fruit is dropped to kill germs. 10. Water buffalo wallow in shallow river to avoid heat. 11. Family takes turns smoking and plowing. 12. European shopping centre, Bombay. 13. Camel train. 14. Delhi station. 15. Beggar and his children. 16. Punjab University. 17. Rest. 18. Ox-cart.







## Khyber Pass

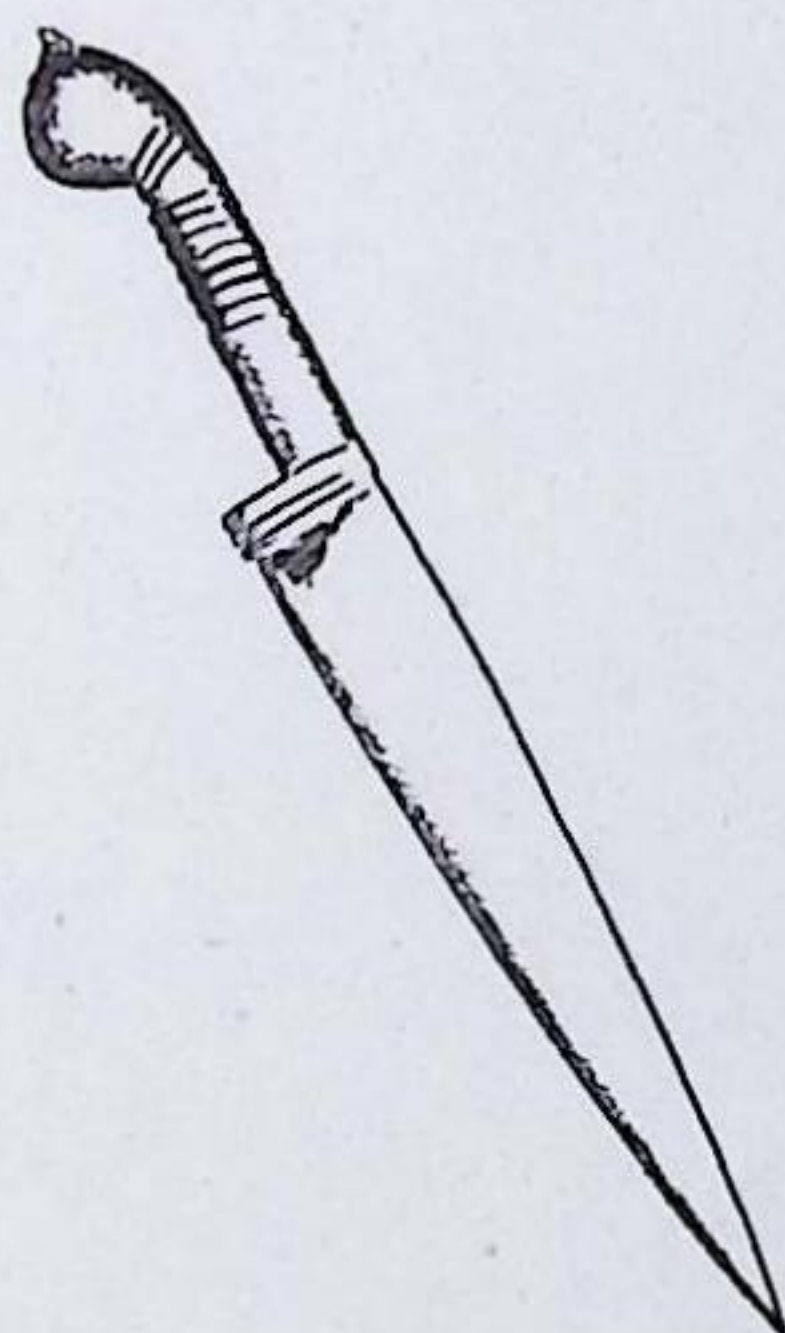
*The Khyber Pass*

Throughout centuries, the Khyber Pass has been the true Gateway of the East. The culture of the Orient was carried by the richly-laden caravans moving westward to new markets, while returning caravans brought western culture and western produce to the Far East. The great empires of the west sent their armies through the Khyber to seek rich spoils of war beyond. It is little wonder that so many Canadians made the pilgrimage northward in order to visit the passage which has contributed so much to the world.

A visit to the Khyber is possible only by truck or car, from the ancient city of Peshwar in the Northwest Provinces. The highway, originally

built by Alexander the Great, passes ruins of forts, the stories of which help make the history of India's triumphs and humiliations. The most outstanding of the ancient fortresses was built for the Sikh rulers by an Italian mercenary, in the nineteenth century.

From the Peshwar plain great masses of rock, some igneous, some stratified, rise suddenly, and the pass winds among bleak and jagged mountains. The ancient caravan route lies at the very bottom of the pass, while the modern highway winds up a somewhat steeper gradient at a higher level. At even a higher level the frontier railway, a miracle of modern engineering, passes through the moun-

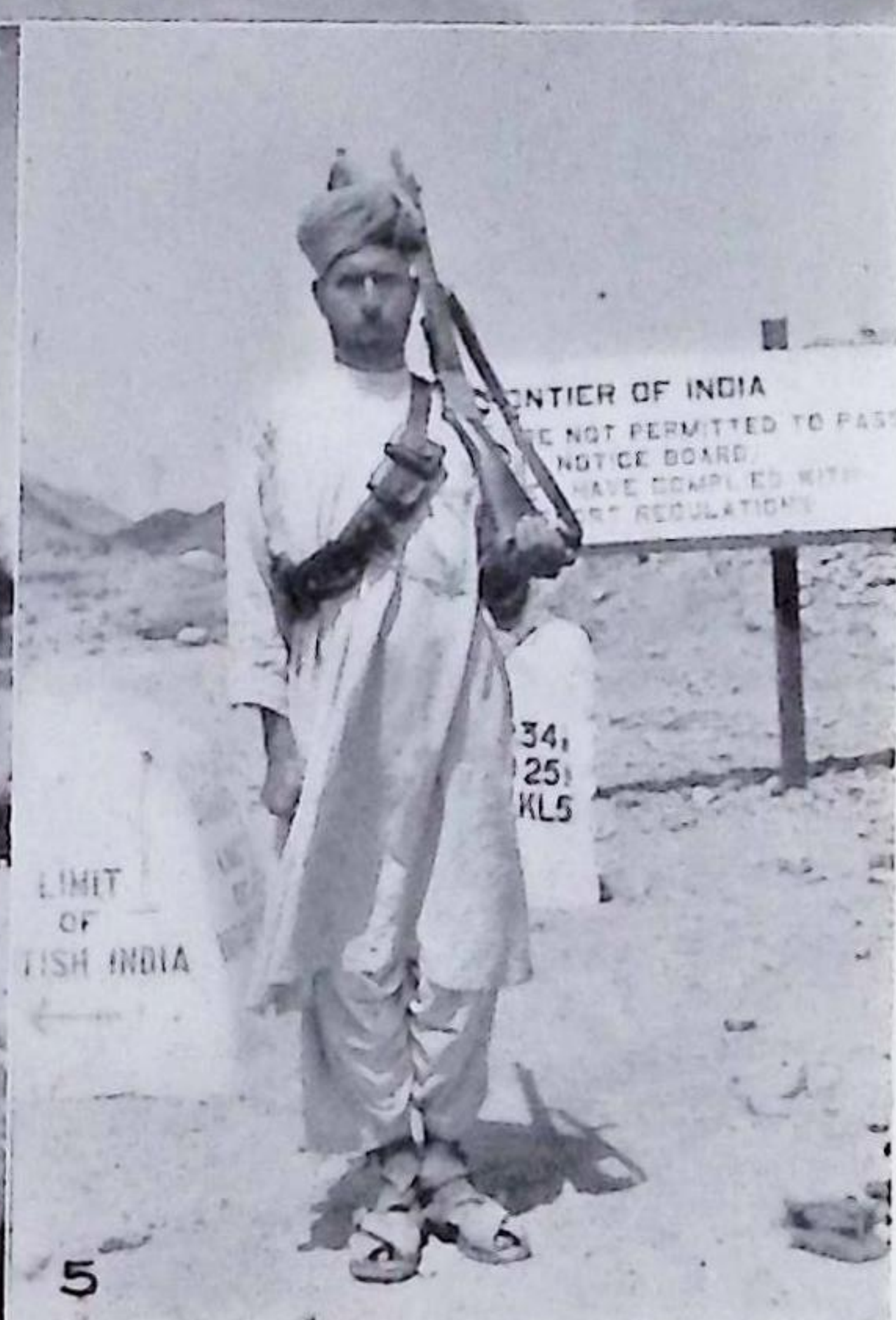
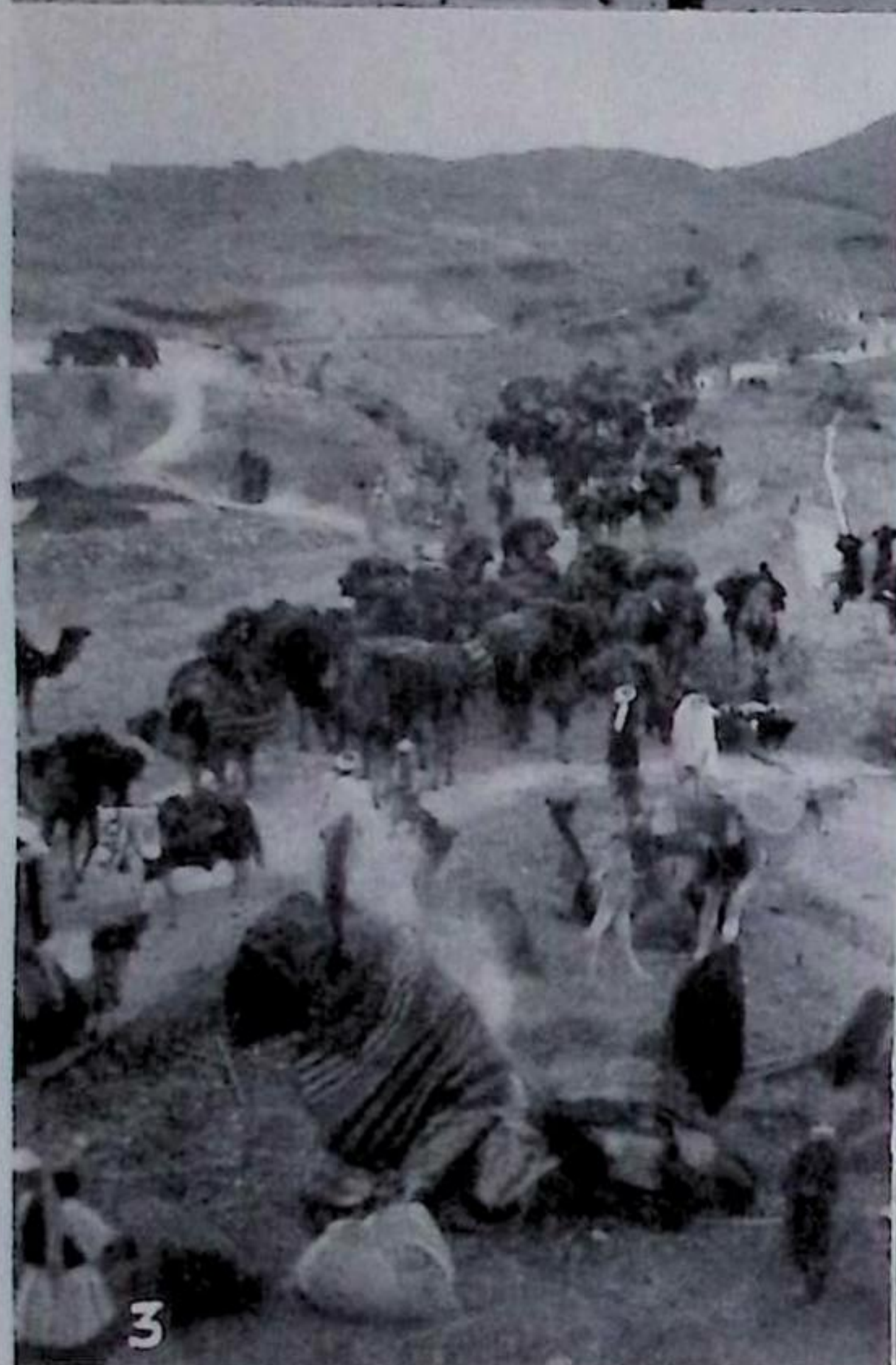


*Pathan Knife*



*Pathan Recruits Guard the Khyber Pass—Gateway to Northern India*





1. A village in the Khyber. 2. Pathan girls. 3. A camel train in the ancient Gateway to the East. 4. Road built by Alexander the Great during his drive into India from the Khyber to the recently excavated city of Taxila in Northern Punjab. 5. Frontier guard.

tains rather than follow the tortuous valley, whose curves make such a feat impractical.

The 33-mile-long pass is dotted with small, walled structures which resemble fortifications, but which, on inquiry, prove to be Pathan villages. The Pathans, a very primitive and war-like people, live in a rocky and arid territory where cultivated fields are rarely seen, even in the valleys. Animals are scarce. Water is almost non-existent, and the people must carry their supplies from government pumping stations, located at intervals along the Pass.

From a hillock, a few miles short of the Afghan border, one may have an excellent view of the Pass. On either side, jagged cliffs rise to thousands

of feet. At the very peak of one of the rock structures are the black ruins of a fortress built thousands of years before by the Buddhist rulers of India. In the foreground, looking north, is the Afghan plain and the snow-capped Hindu Kush Mountains rise in the distance.

What would be the history of the world if this miracle had not been given to man? What centuries would have been necessary to exchange the knowledge of East and West if the towering mountains denied passage to early adventurers? Through this cleft the streams of cultures of an infinite variety mingled and its history is a rich chapter in the development of modern civilization.

DAVE MARTIN.





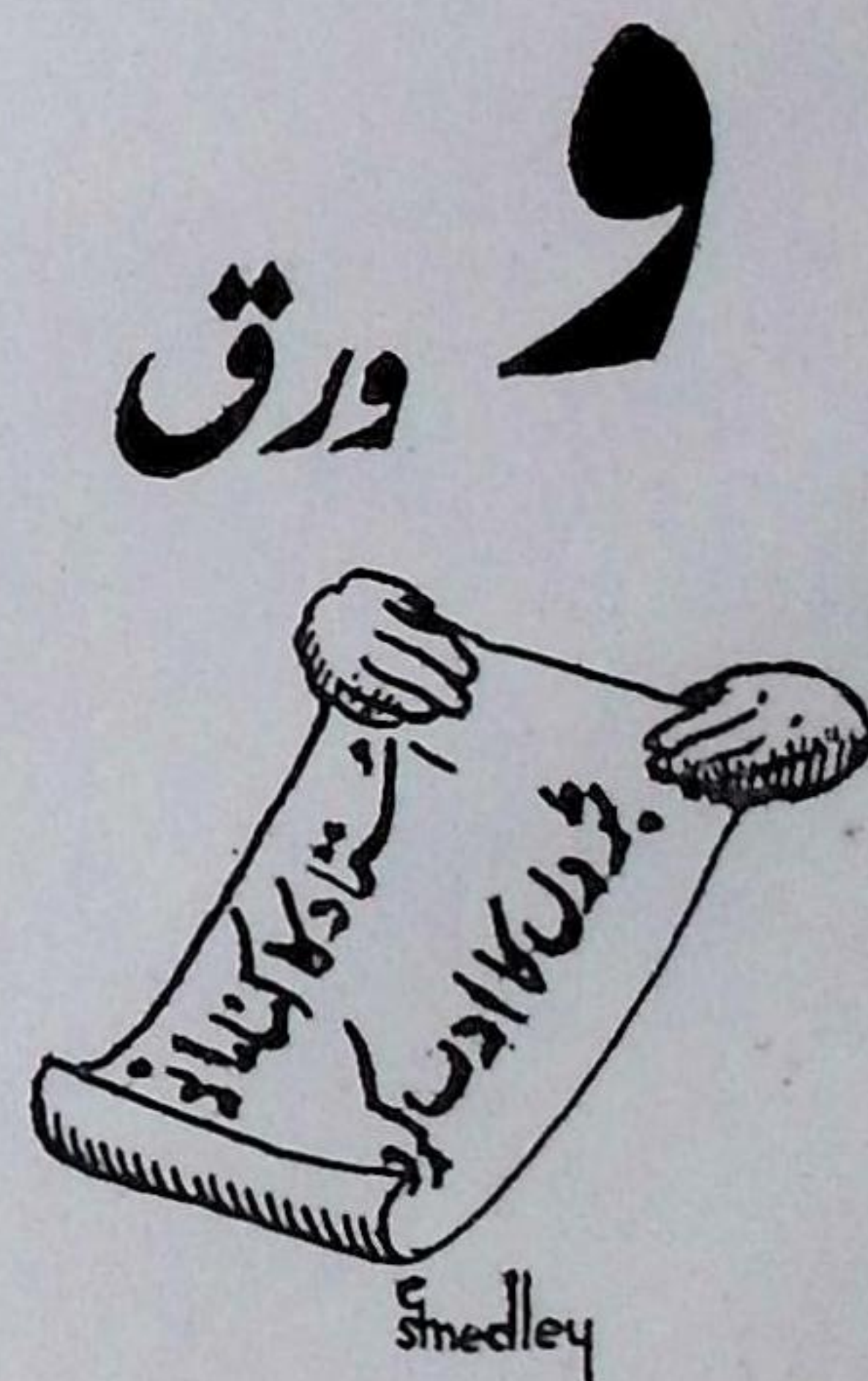
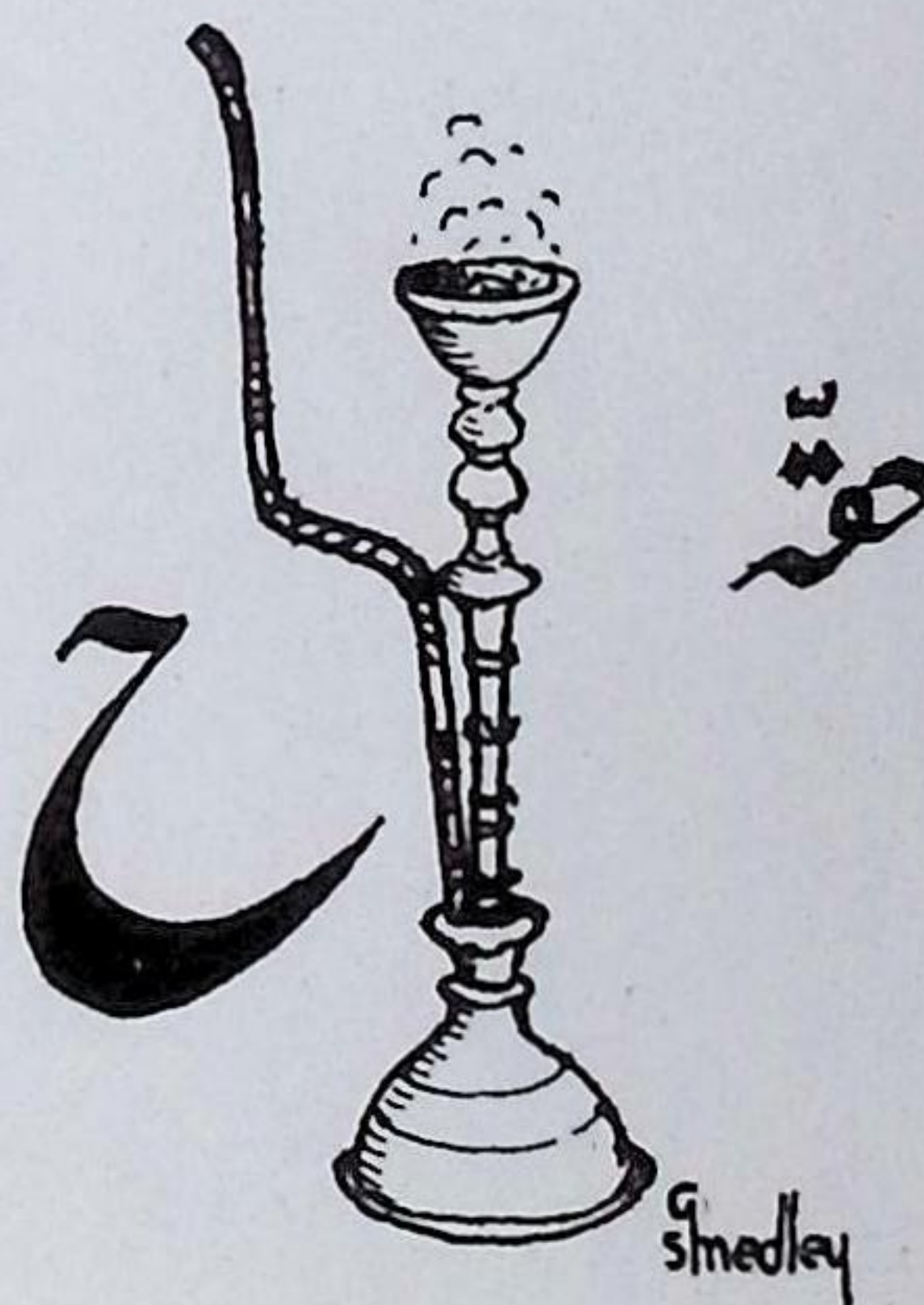
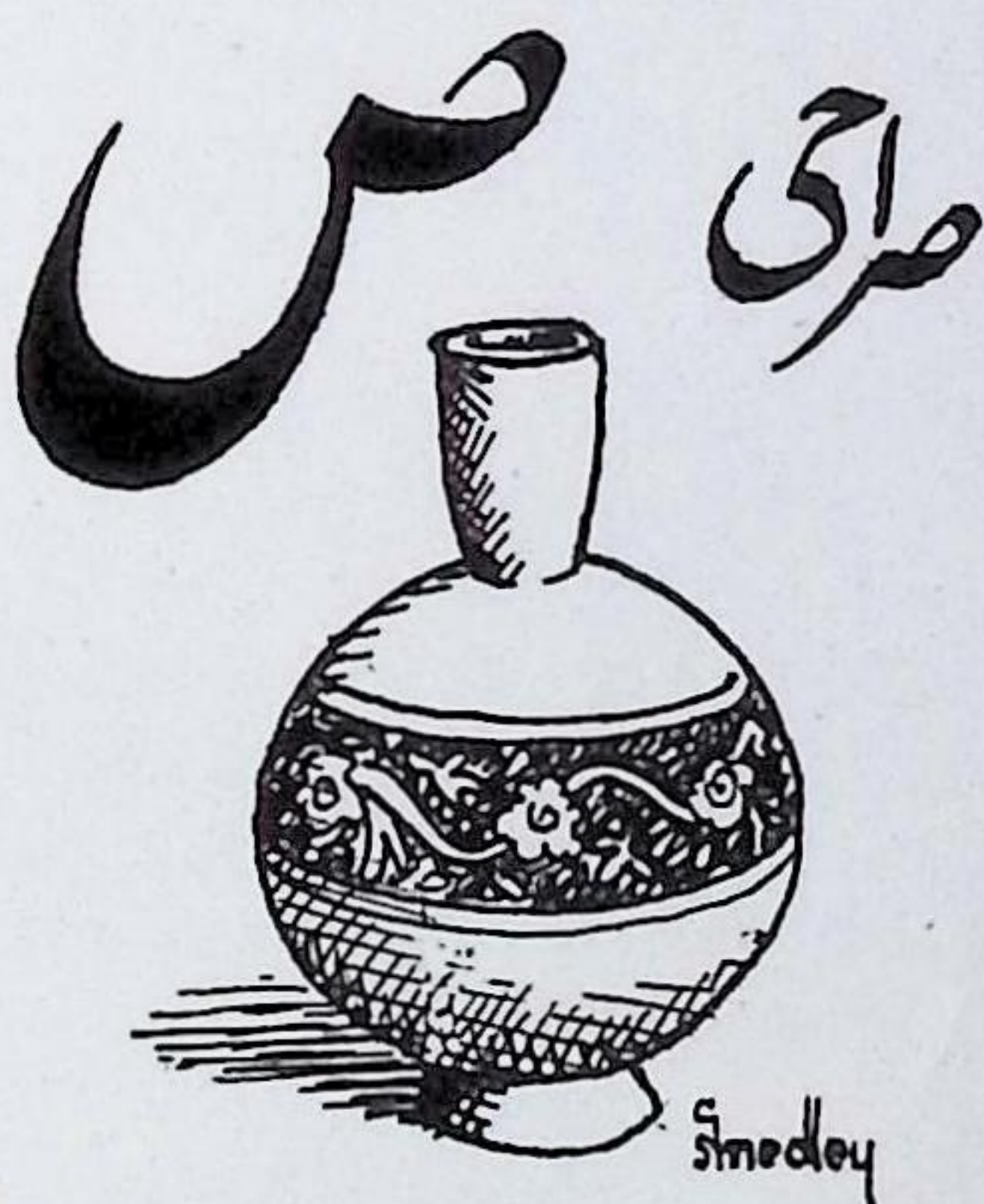
## Model Schools

*A Model School in Punjab. Showing the Blackboard, Charts Used to Teach Characters In Urdu—The Staff of Masters and Some Students as They Sit to Hear Lectures*

The Punjabis lead India in the promotion of educational facilities for the common people. Government subsidized model schools enable even the very poor to send their sons to receive instruction at a small fee. All lessons are in Urdu, the national language of India, and English is taught only as a subject, with reading, writing and arithmetic.

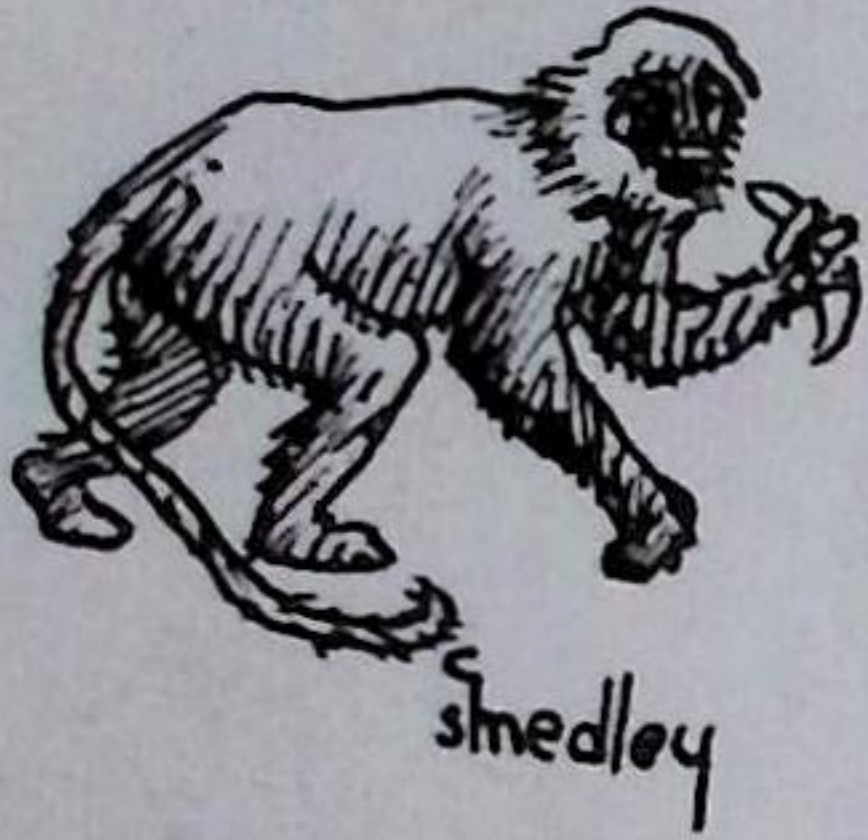
These model schools are mainly located in the northern hills where some Canadians were privileged to visit a school under the supervision of Mohammed Lal, who is every inch the headmaster and an excellent host.

Teaching is mainly a labour of love in India. Thirty rupees per month, the equivalent of \$10, is considered an excellent wage for a headmaster. However, the only reward asked by these kindly pedagogues is the enlightenment of their charges. The lack of equipment is striking. White boards and charcoal are used as slates. The students sit cross-legged on the floor, as many as thirty in a room which would comfortably accommodate not more than eight, if seated at desks. A blackboard and chalk are used by the teacher, but most lessons are taught from charts. Geography is a special prob-





لنگور



shmedley

ظروف



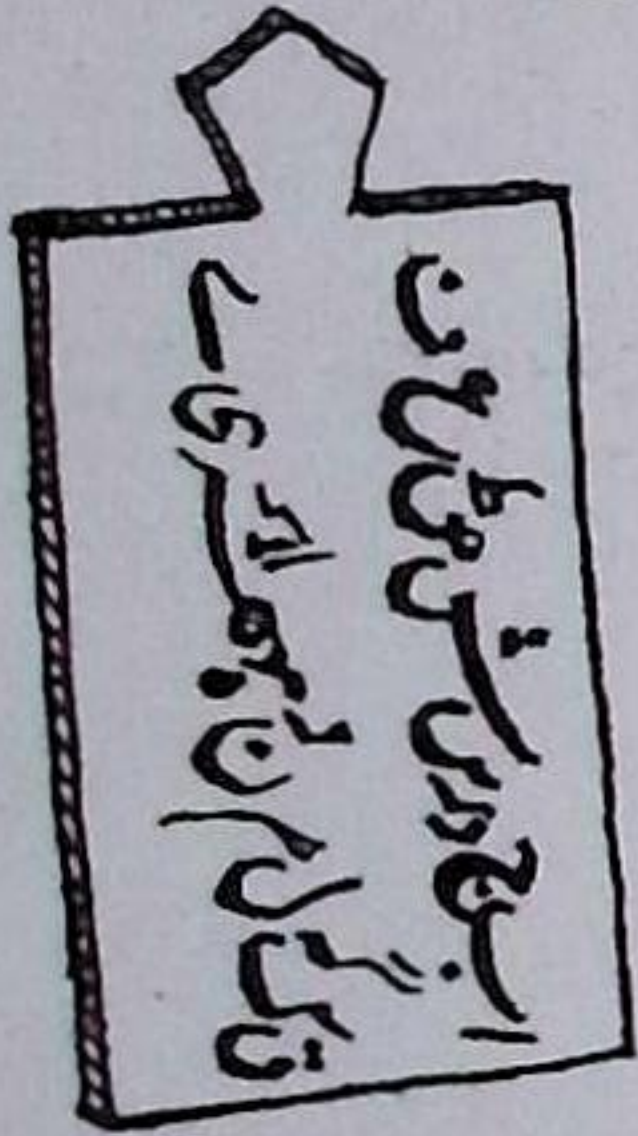
shmedley

ضعیف



shmedley

تنہا



shmedley

lem; maps are drawn by the masters on the outside walls under a protective verandah, and lectures are held in the open air. Urdu has advantages when one considers that one character can communicate so intricate a word as "Mississippi."

In addition to the more practical subjects, special emphasis is placed on Oriental thought and practice. National leaders, poets and advocates of independence are familiar to the older students, for their works and pictures are in every classroom. The history of the United States and Russia, as well as England and India, are taught. The religious laws of every faith in India are a part of the general instruction.

The model schools were instituted by the Government of the Punjab in an attempt to interest and enlighten the people. The attempt will, as it expands, surely have a great influence on the future of India.

CEC. LAW.

عورت



shmedley

طوطا



shmedley

چمکاڑ



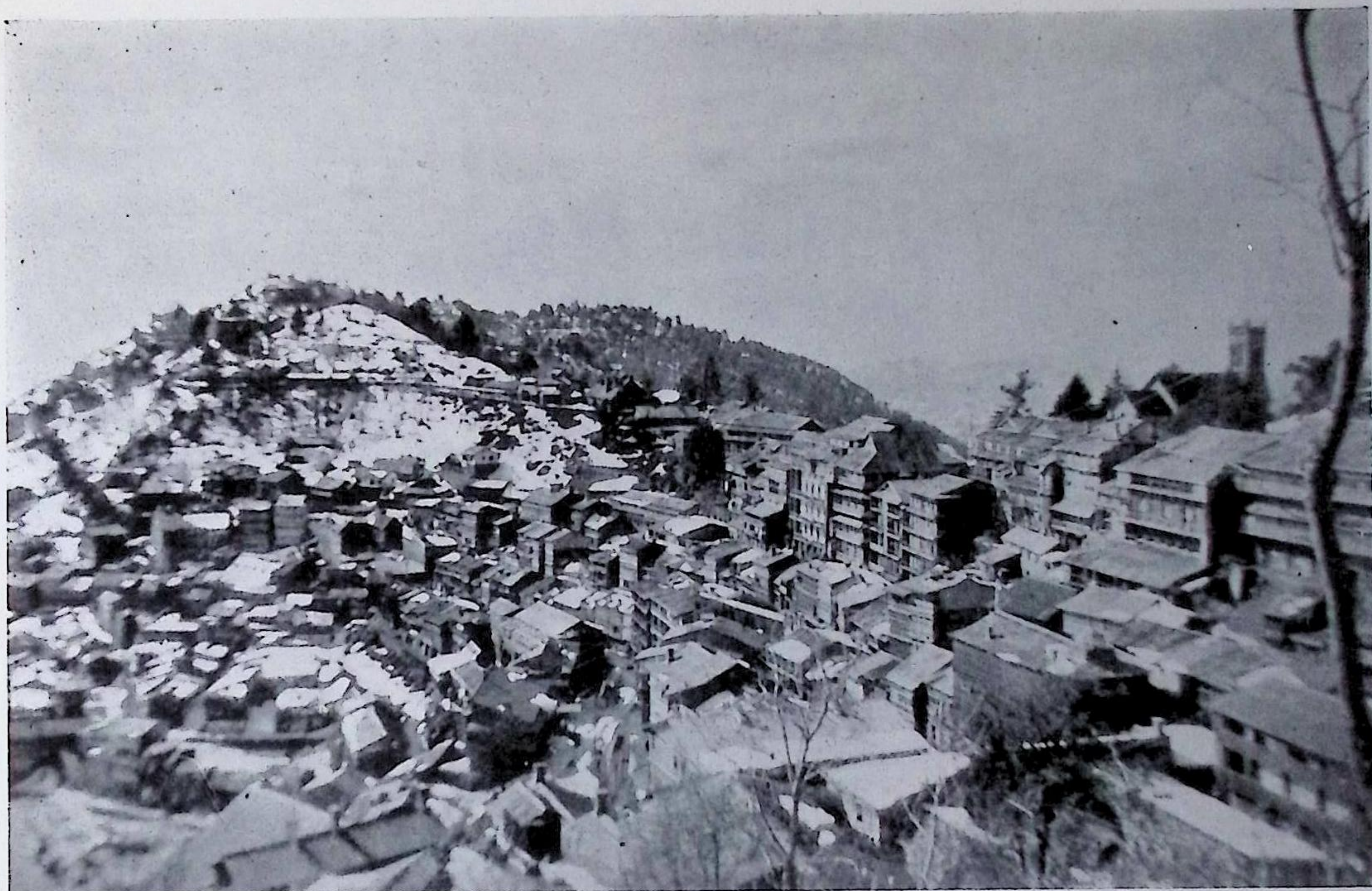
shmedley

چمکاڑ



shmedley





*Murree—A Mountain Resort in Northern Punjab, Near Kashmir*

## *Murree . . . Summer Refuge*

Even the tiniest village has some claim to fame, or attempts through some past achievement or distinction to gain immortality. As Stratford-on-Avon claims the distinction of having been the birthplace of Shakespeare, Murree claims to have entertained the Great Alexander during his Indian campaign. No better resort could have been chosen, if this legend is true. The quiet dignity

of the towering Himalaya foothills; the moderate climate, and the invigorating pine odours that permeate the air all tend to make Murree a place we, as visitors, will never forget.

The snow-capped mountains, green valleys and terraced hillsides open the portals of a new world. A world in which sweating coolies, lumbering strings of camels, and sure-footed donkey trains traverse treacherous mountain paths carrying timber, atta (flour), rice and cloth to regions so isolated that wheeled vehicles are unknown; where the villagers stand in awe at the sight of aircraft passing overhead, which they look on as great, roaring birds.

The shops, with their stocks of native handiwork, and the arts and crafts of Kashmir, will long be remembered by us. The Persian rug displays brought home to us the close proximity of Northern Punjab to this famous and historic land.

CEC. LAW.

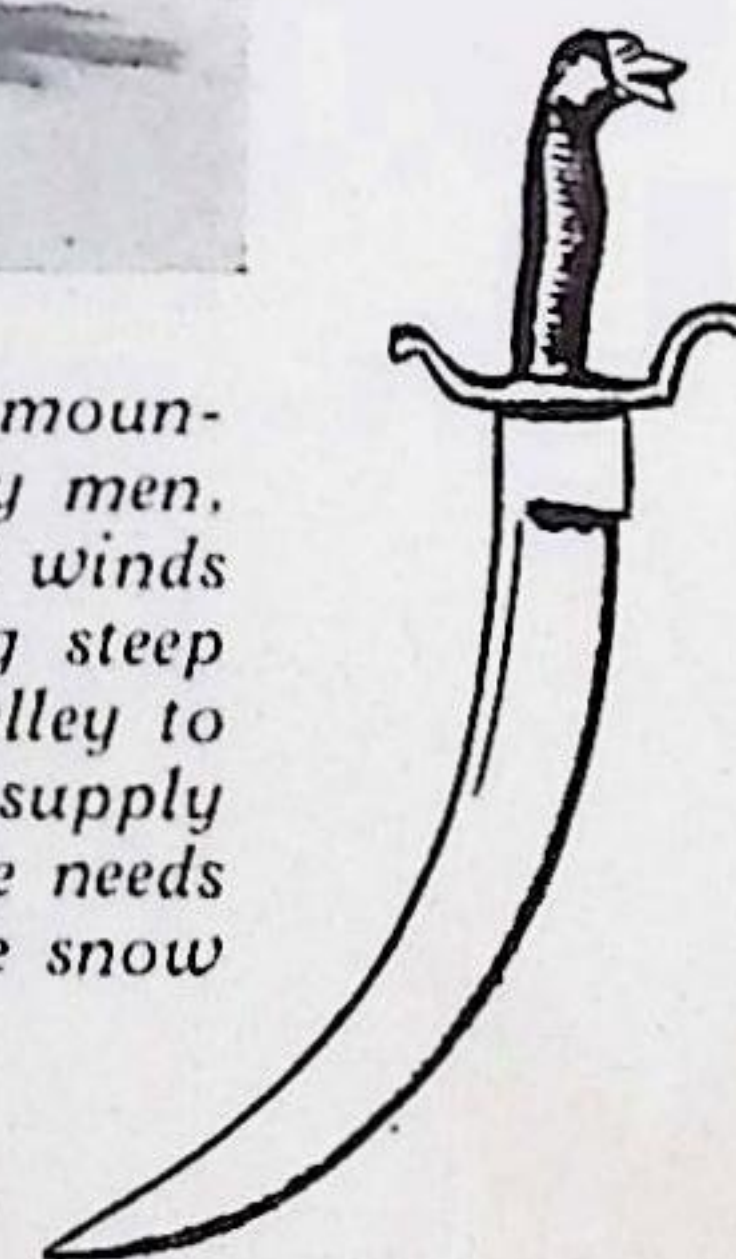


*Terraced Hillsides in Northern Punjab Grow Crops from Tropical to Temperate as They Increase in Altitude*





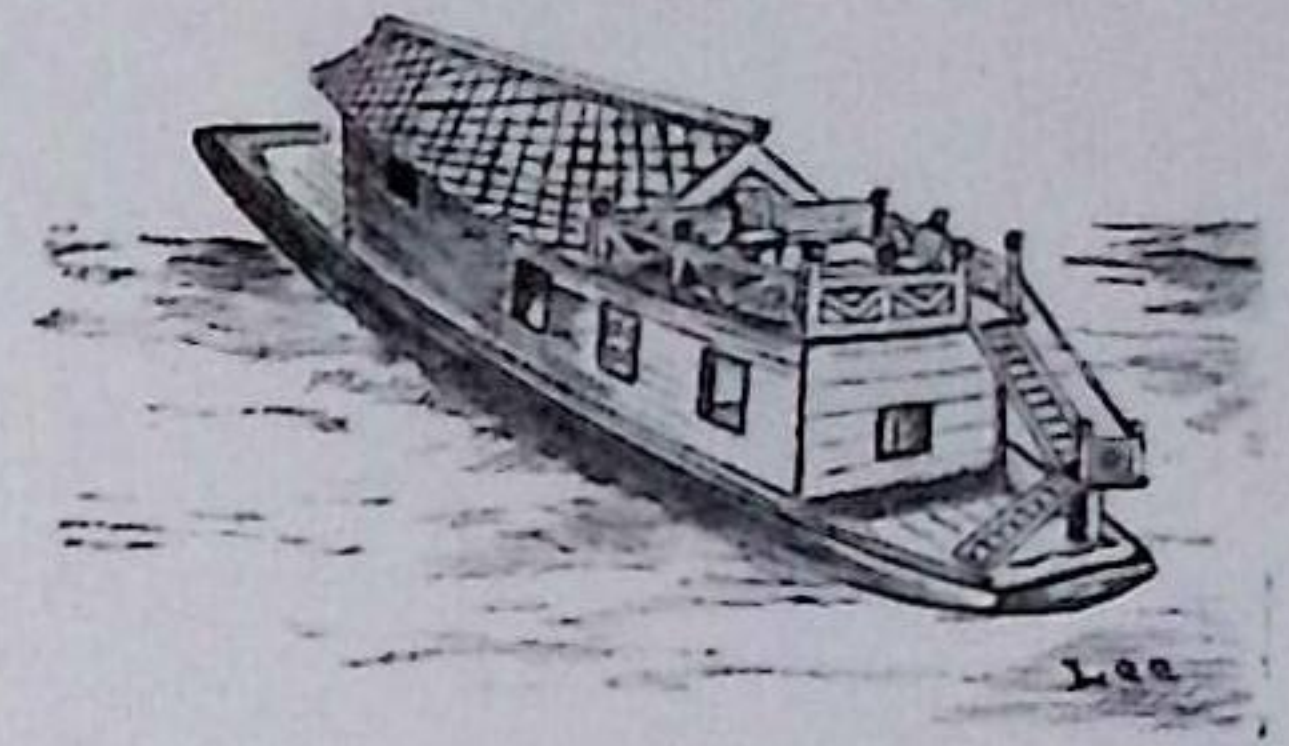
1. Mountains and forest at Murree, Punjab. 2. Water carriers (bhestie wallahs) carry goatskins full of water up the mountainside to spray streets and supply the domestic needs of those who cannot afford waterworks. 3. Coolies, or donkey men, carry heavy burdens over tortuous mountain paths for a few pennies a day. 4. A roadside barber. 5. The Murree Road winds from a few hundred feet above sea-level at Rawalpindi to 7,500 feet above sea-level at Murree. 6. Coolie climbing steep street with wooden case weighing well over 200 pounds. 7. Donkeys are used to convey clay for pottery from the valley to Murree. 8. A holy man lives the life of a hermit, high in the Himalaya foothills, near Murree, relying on pilgrims to supply his needs. 9. Water is pumped from the valley far below Murree, by ox-driven pumps, from level to level, to supply the needs of the summer colony. 10. A Canadian makes friends of young Punjab children. 11. Winter scene in Murree, where snow falls due to the altitude, in spite of tropical valleys below.







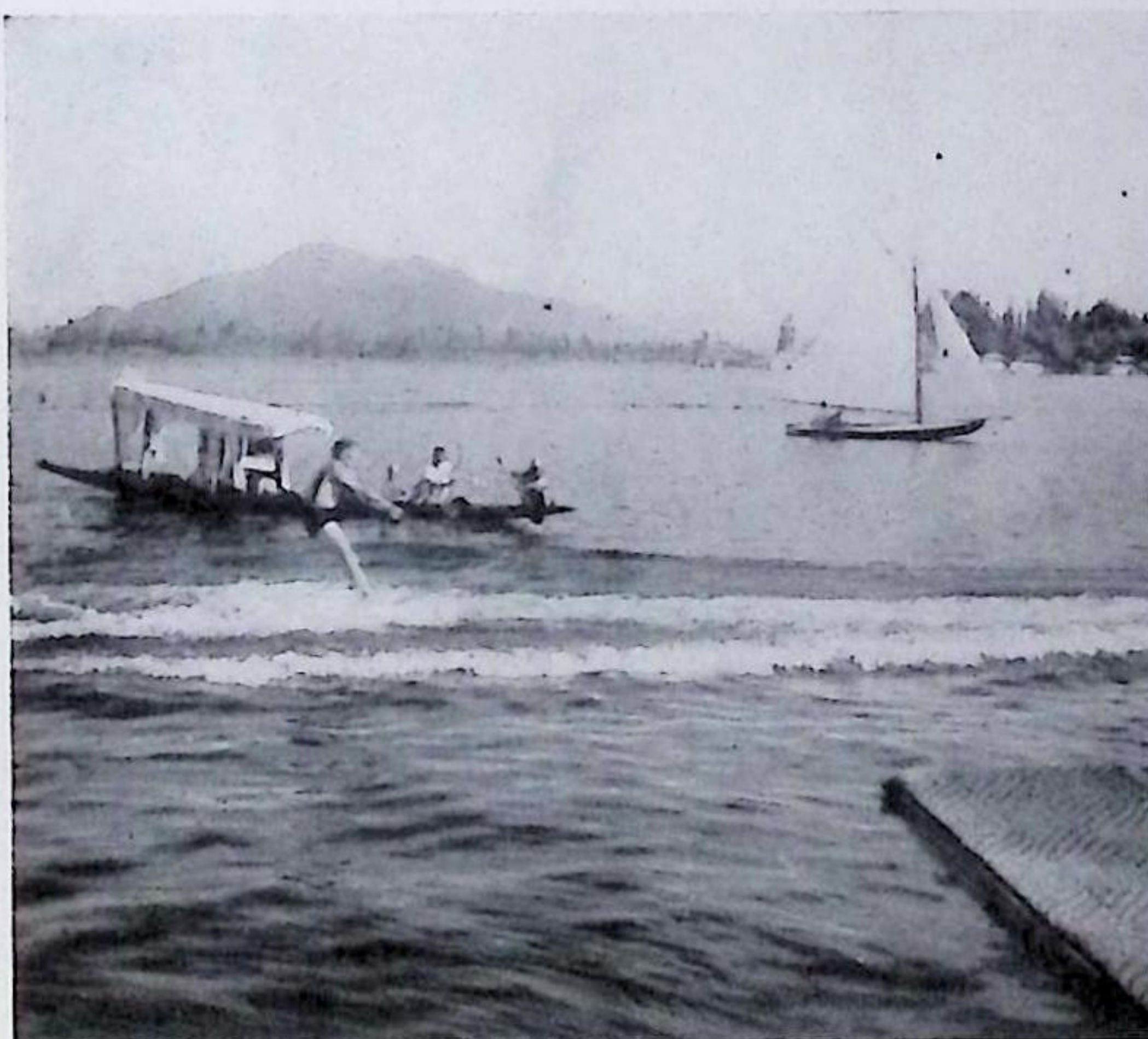
*The Shikari Is the Taxi of Srinagar*



# *Kashmir ... the Beautiful*

The Vale of Kashmir, a jewel of green forests, sparkling mountain lakes, and beautiful flowers, in a setting of rugged snow-capped mountains, is one of the most paradisaical spots on earth. The Himalayas and Hindu Kush Mountains lend rugged contrast to delicate beauty. In the midst of such grandeur the traveller is not surprised to find the artistic accomplishments of the people are so great. Fine hand-woven woollens and silks; intricate designs embroidered with thread dyed in native dyes; wood carvings in native walnut; intricate designs in filigree silver, are only a few of the arts that have become developed.

Srinagar, the Venice of the East and capital of Kashmir, is a favorite vacation centre throughout India. Hundreds of houseboats, complete with kitchen, bedroom, living room and canopied deck, all furnished, provide accommodation. The Shikari, which is a small boat propelled by coolies using circular paddles, is the private coach of the vacationist. In it he can reach the entertainment centres, shopping district or Shalimar Gardens; go on a picnic down beautiful Dal Lake or explore the many small rivers which carry you to new worlds of beauty.

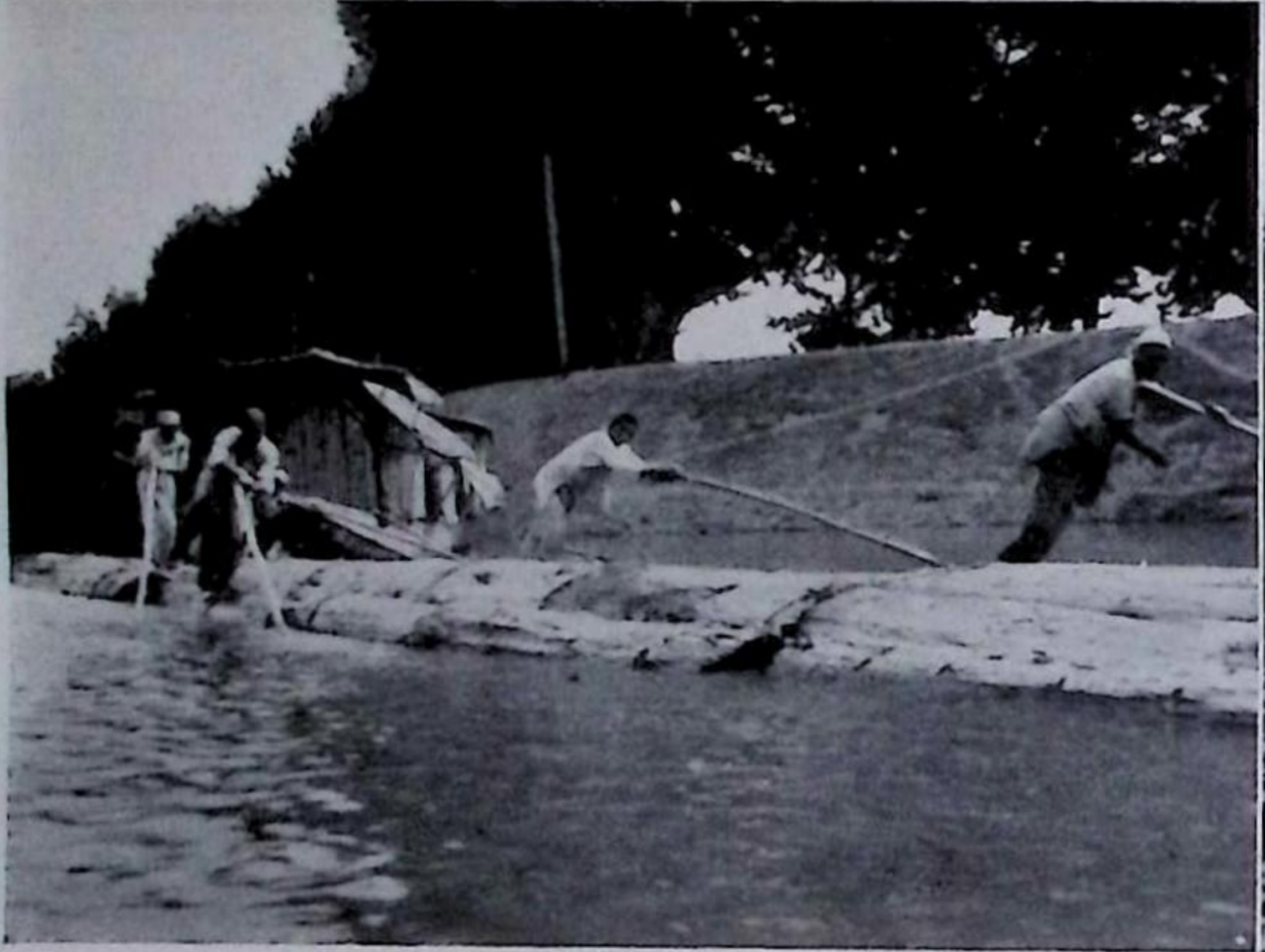


*Surf Board Riding at Srinagar, Kashmir*



*Swimmin' at Srinagar*



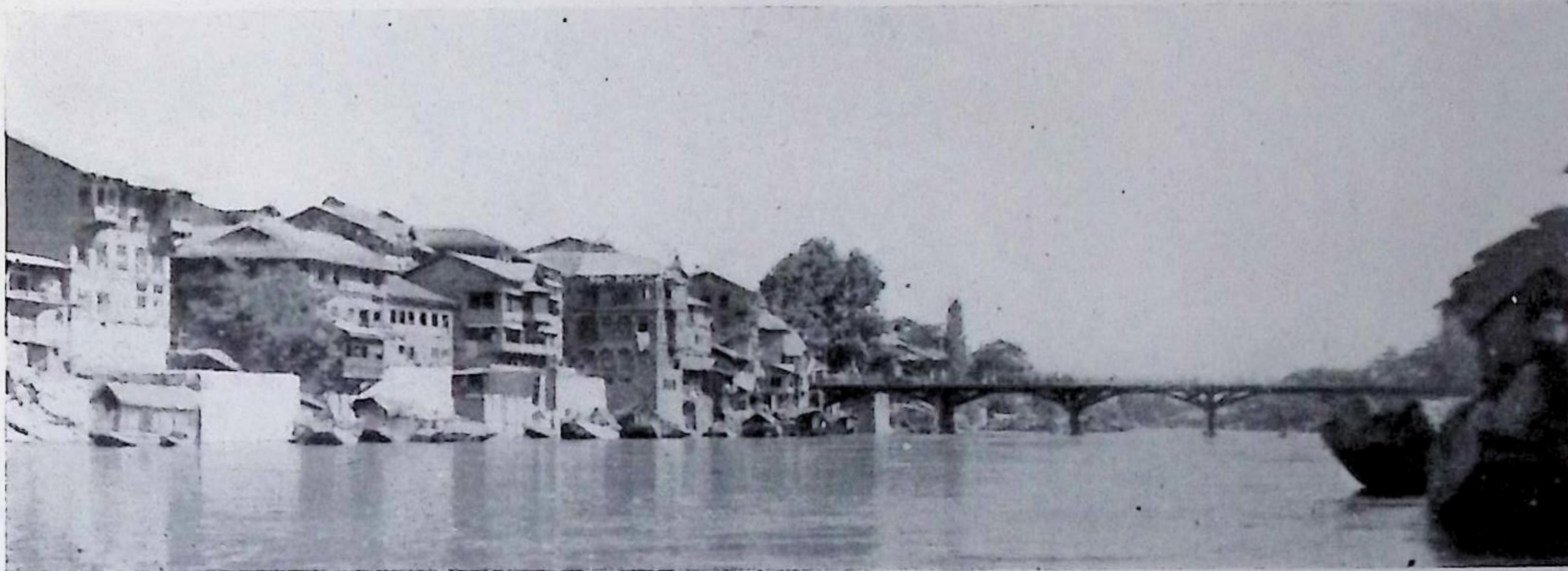


1. Shakari passing through the watery streets of Srinagar. 2. A wonderland of lily pads, sunshine and invigorating mountain air. 3. Logging on the Jhelum River, in Kashmir. 4. Houseboat reserved for Canadians on leave by the Canadian Legion.



SRINAGAR—Summer Retreat in Kashmir, Between the Towering Himalaya and Hindu Kush Mountain Ranges





*Third Bridge, Srinagar—Venice of the East*



*Roadside Minstrel of Kashmir*



*Vendors Visit the Houseboats in Srinagar, Selling Every Conceivable Need, from Cigarettes and Candy to Pet Monkeys*



*Inside a Kashmiri Houseboat on Lake Dal, Srinagar*

The Maharajah of Kashmir is in complete charge of his State, which he rules justly, respecting the rights of all men. Exports are rigidly controlled so that famine is unknown. During the war Kashmir, as a gesture of goodwill, rationed those commodities required by the Allies which the people could do without. Even in the great Allied cause the Maharajah's people came first.

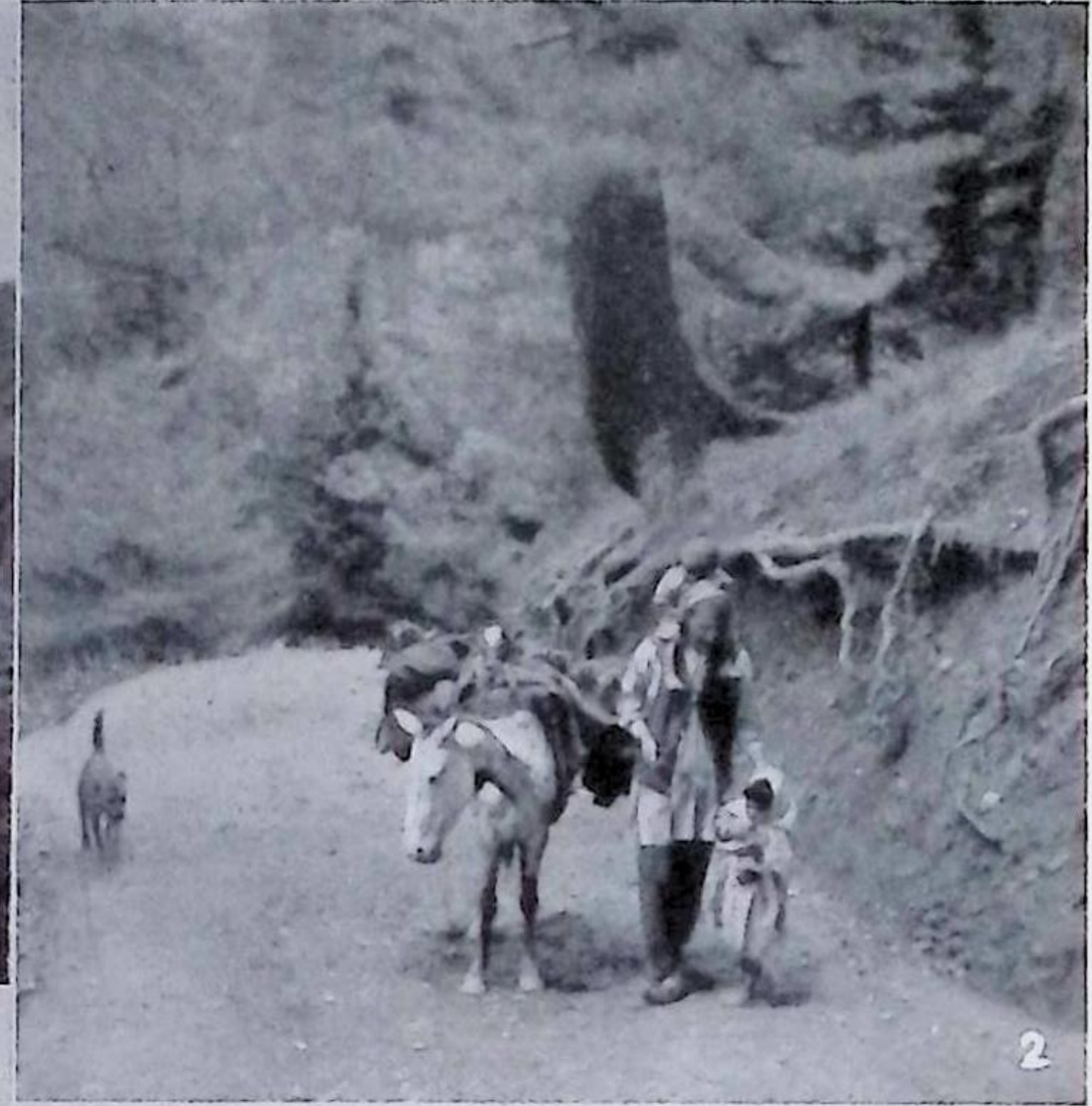
Reflection brings memories of the bridle path to Gulmarg, rugged mountain scenery, gardens founded by the beauty-loving Moguls, sturdy mountain people in whom Nature has instilled such appreciation that their hands are turned to the art of reproducing her glories. We hope these pictures carry a part of the enchantment Kashmir held for those who have felt her spell.

CEC. LAW.





# On the Road to Gulmarg ...



1. Jhelum River in the foothills of the Himalayas. 2. Donkeys, camels and coolies carry the freight in the north over next to impassible trails, once they leave the Punjab-Kashmir highway. 3. Another view showing pine trees, an indication of the climate one may expect at 7,000 feet in a tropical country. 4. Snowcapped mountains peek through clouds on the road to Gulmarg. 5. Reminiscent of our Canadian Rockies. 6. Heavy traffic.





# Shalimar Gardens

The Shalimar Gardens of Kashmir have gained world-wide acclaim as the most beautiful of the Mogul contributions to horticulture. Indian love lyrics have added to these laurels until the nations of the world hold the word "Shalimar" synonymous with beauty and fragrance.

Magnificent Chenar trees and fruit trees, beautiful roses and flowering shrubs, beds of annuals that excel the varieties known to us in delicate

shape and colour are arranged on the four sloping terraces leading down to Dal Lake.

The fountains of Shalimar, arranged as they are, around a pavilion of black marble, cast a magic spell. The ever-changing colour as the sun's light is shattered into its brilliant components will always remain a lasting impression of this famous Mecca of nature lovers.

CEC. LAW.



1. The gates to world famous Shalimar Gardens. 2. View of the fountains from the black marble terrace. 3. The gardens fall to the lake in three great terraces, each of which has a miniature waterfall. 4. Bank of colourful blossoms and flowering trees still bear witness to the ancient Moguls' love of beauty. 5. Dal Lake, beyond the lower terrace. 6. These waterfalls are man-made and not provided by Nature. 7. The beautiful marble pavilion at the gardens' heart.



# People of India . . .



PEOPLE OF INDIA AS AN ARTIST SEES THEM

No artist can resist the temptation to try to record the faces of the peoples of the Orient. Each nation has definite characteristics in feature, in speech and in dress. Corporal Tom Lee has given you an accurate impression of the people as he

found them. Almost every section of this book bears witness to his ability of expression, and his constant search for subjects capable of conveying a true appreciation of the East.

THE EDITOR.



SIKH POLICEMAN—The Sikhs are splendid physical types whose religion is a reformist Hindu creed. They make excellent soldiers and police. They resemble the physical type of tall, fair-skinned Aryans of 2000 B.C. who, after invading India, set up caste barriers between themselves and the dark Aborigines.

"BEHIND THE VEIL" OF A MOSLEM WOMAN—Purdah has been abandoned by the Moslems of India, except for a few in the Northwest Provinces.



YOUNG MOSLEM GIRL—Female children of the East develop very early and at fourteen they usually wed; often are mothers.

SIKH OF JAT EXTRACTION—The Jats are peasants and fighters of Sikh faith, from the Punjab, who are thought to be descended from invading tribes migrating from Central Asia, about the time of Christ.



GURKHA SOLDIER—The Gurkha soldiers are the pride of the Indian Army. They are from the hills of Nepal and make a profession of army life, due to the unproductiveness of their native haunts.





GURKHA SOLDIER HOLDING A VICEROY'S COMMISSION IN THE 14TH ARMY—The Gurkhas are unsurpassed for stealth and cunning in jungle warfare, and hold the highest honours that a grateful nation can bestow.

A HILLMAN OF NEPAL—The Nepalese people, though largely employed as professional soldiers, carry on farming of a sort under the shadow of Mount Everest, high in the Himalayas. They are known as Gurkhas in the Indian Army.



SIVA TEMPLE PRIEST—Though the Hindu people recognize more than one god, each of their temples is dedicated to a special god, and tribute is paid only to him, in his particular temple. Siva is one of the principal gods of Hinduism.

SANTAL TRIBESMAN OF BENGAL—These people are very few, but their religion is colourful, and their villages are popular among curiosity-seekers. Santal people are sun-worshippers with many customs resembling those of the ancient American Incas.



NAUTCH GIRLS OR BALLET DANCERS of India provide entertainment on formal occasions. These girls are very accomplished; they read, write, sing and play as well as dance.

AN INDIAN BEAUTY—The Hindu women are very shy and reserved. It is very seldom that a woman of high caste is seen at all by Europeans. Moslem women are equally shy, and the visitor is lucky, indeed, if he catches a quick glimpse of an Indian maid.



A TELUGU PEASANT—In Southern India the peasants constitute the most numerous caste, and challenge the supremacy of the Brahmins which, in the north, is unquestioned.

KASHMIRI TINSMITH—The tradesmen of Kashmir have made an art of their work. Due to the Brahman influence an occupation is carried on in a family, from father to son. The young people are apprenticed at a very early age, and reach a very high standard, early. The perfection of their work is a measure of their devotion to the gods.



TYPICAL RAJPUT PEASANT—The Rajput caste are mainly located in the north and west of India, and have furnished many of the feudal chieftains and dynasties of Rajputana and Central India.



BHIL TRIBESMAN—An aboriginal of the Central India hills. These people are Australoid in appearance, and still use the bow and arrow. There are indications of Brahman influence in speech, as well as religion. Only in the remote, heavily forested areas are the ancient Bhil rites practiced.



DOGRA OR HILL TRIBESMAN FROM KASHMIR—These Brahmans, in spite of their priestly caste, are excellent fighters and rank with the Sikhs, Rajputs and Gurkhas as soldiers.

SHAN TRIBESMAN—The people of the Shan states, in Burma, are light complected, and possess both Burmese and Chinese characteristics. They are excellent agriculturists, and the Shan Hills on the Chinese border are dotted with well-planned farms.



HEADMAN OF A POOR VILLAGE IN UPPER BURMA—The village headman in Burma has great influence over his people. He settles disputes, carries on negotiations with government officials for his people, and is the centre of social activity for the village. To be accepted by the headman is to be accepted by his people.

TAUNGTHU GIRL OF THE KARENS—The Karens are a tribe of people in Burma who are spread throughout the Shan States and central plains.



KACHIN MAN—The Kachins are a hill tribe of Northern Burma who became famous for their guerrilla activity in the Battle for Burma. Though primitive and warlike, these people hold a high respect for the white man.

BURMAN—The Burmans are the predominant people of Burma. They populate the central and southern plains. Buddhist in faith, they hesitate to offend either god or spirit, in spite of the fact that neither is accepted in their religion.



KAREN-NJ GIRL—The Red Karens are found in three small mountain states dominated by Nattaung Mountain. They are politically independent of Burma, but rely on Britain for security.

KANG GIRL OF THE SHAN STATES IN BURMA—Local tribes in the Shan States each have characteristic dress and customs, though facial characteristics are sufficiently standard to enable the visitor to classify them, after a few months.

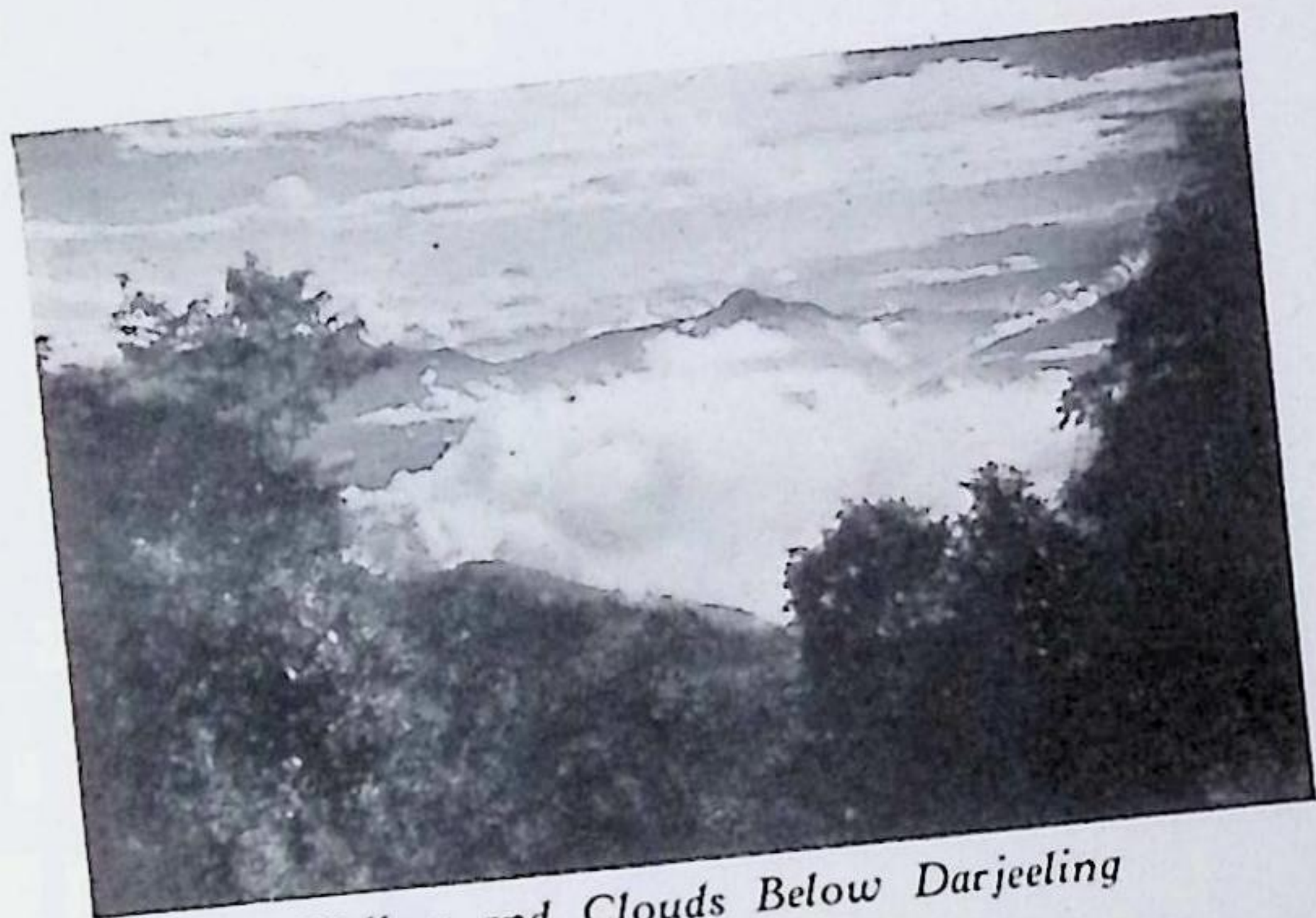






DARJEELING, at 8,000 Feet, Is a Refuge from Tropic Heat—Mount Kinchenjunga, in the Background, Is the Second Highest Mountain in the World.

# Darjeeling . . . Land of Tea



Valleys and Clouds Below Darjeeling



Tibetan Mother and Child Visit Darjeeling from Their Distant Home

"Taxi, Sahib! Taxi?"

"Ne! Jao!"

"Taxi very fine, Sahib. Me stop for you see beautiful mountains, waterfalls, tea plantations. Me travel fast—train, seven hours; me, two hours half."

The argument against train travel was decisive. Though we were holiday-bound, with weeks on our hands, the little Gurkha knew Western psychology. He knew we would be impatient to discover for ourselves the wonders of the Himalayas; to write home our impressions of the two highest mountains in the world — Mount Everest and Kinchenjunga.

Our way wound treacherously from the Plains of Assam to Darjeeling, 8,000 feet above. Towering white clouds drifted over rugged peaks and green valleys. Tea plantations spread their furry pile as high as 8,000 feet from the floor of the valleys below. When ice and snow appeared on the peaks we could best indulge in the fantasy that these plantations were a rug drawn high for warmth.





*MOUNT EVEREST—Taken from Sandakpoo, 50 Miles from Darjeeling*

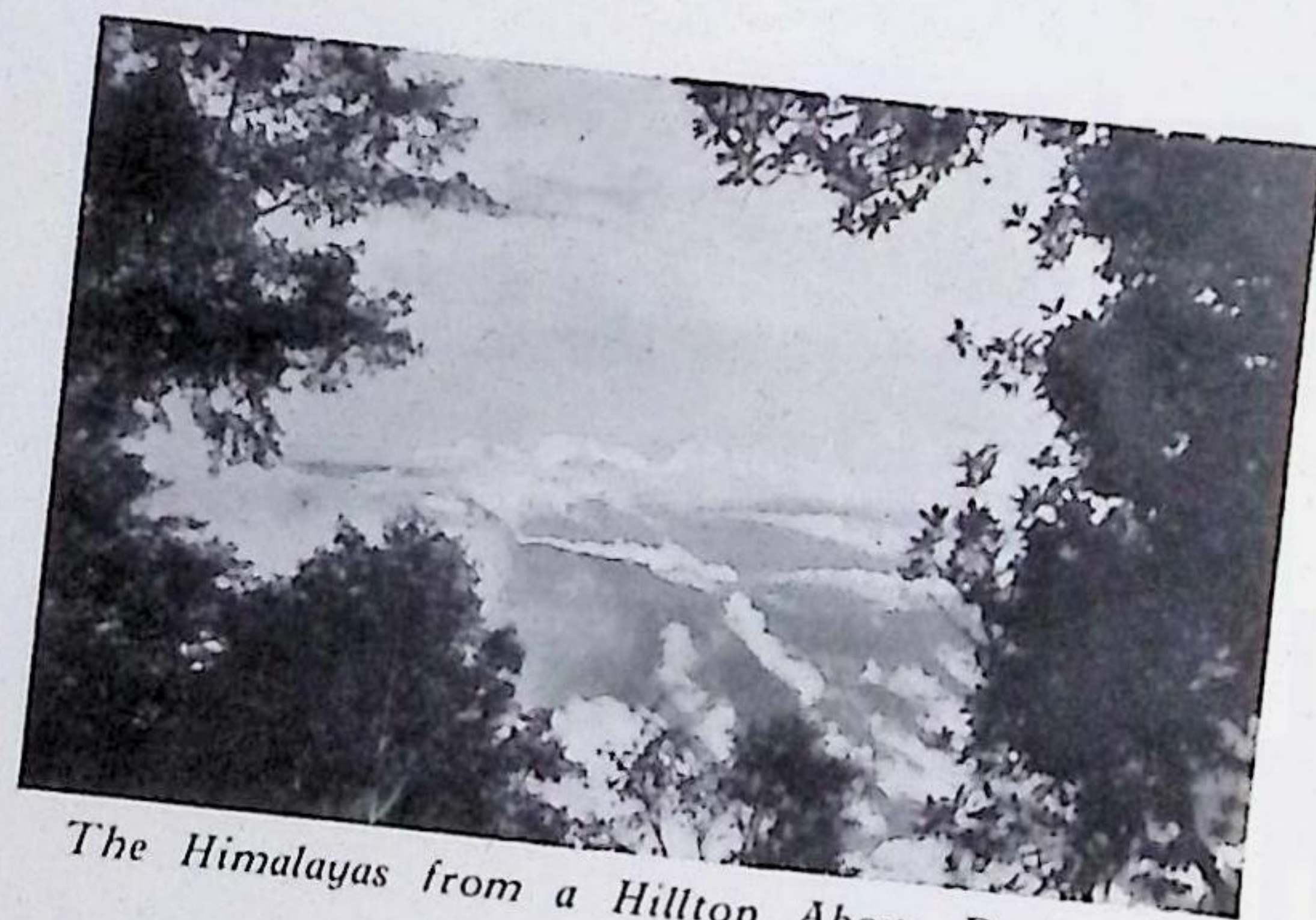
## *and Mighty Mountains*

After a year in India we felt the temperature change to be very sharp, indeed. We tried to imagine we were home in the Canadian Rockies. The roadways were full of happy people; their Mongolian features and smiling faces contrasted in the imagination with the stoic countenance of American Indians.

A railway with a gauge of only 20 inches follows the highway throughout, skirting the cliff's edge and offering views unsurpassed in grandeur. A narrow ledge, with towering cliffs above, and a sheer drop of thousands of feet below add excitement and a spirit of adventure.

Dozens of waterfalls tumble and boil through tortuous chasms far down to the dense jungle. Suddenly the grade lessens and the hillside is terraced into steps, laden with rich gardens of tea, rice or vegetables.

Darjeeling, at last! A city of hotels, clubs, gardens and smiling, happy people. Tibetans and Nepalese form the larger portion of the population. They are light-complected, and like those we met on the highway, obviously of Mongolian stock. In wartime the summer population is predom-



*The Himalayas from a Hilltop Above Darjeeling*



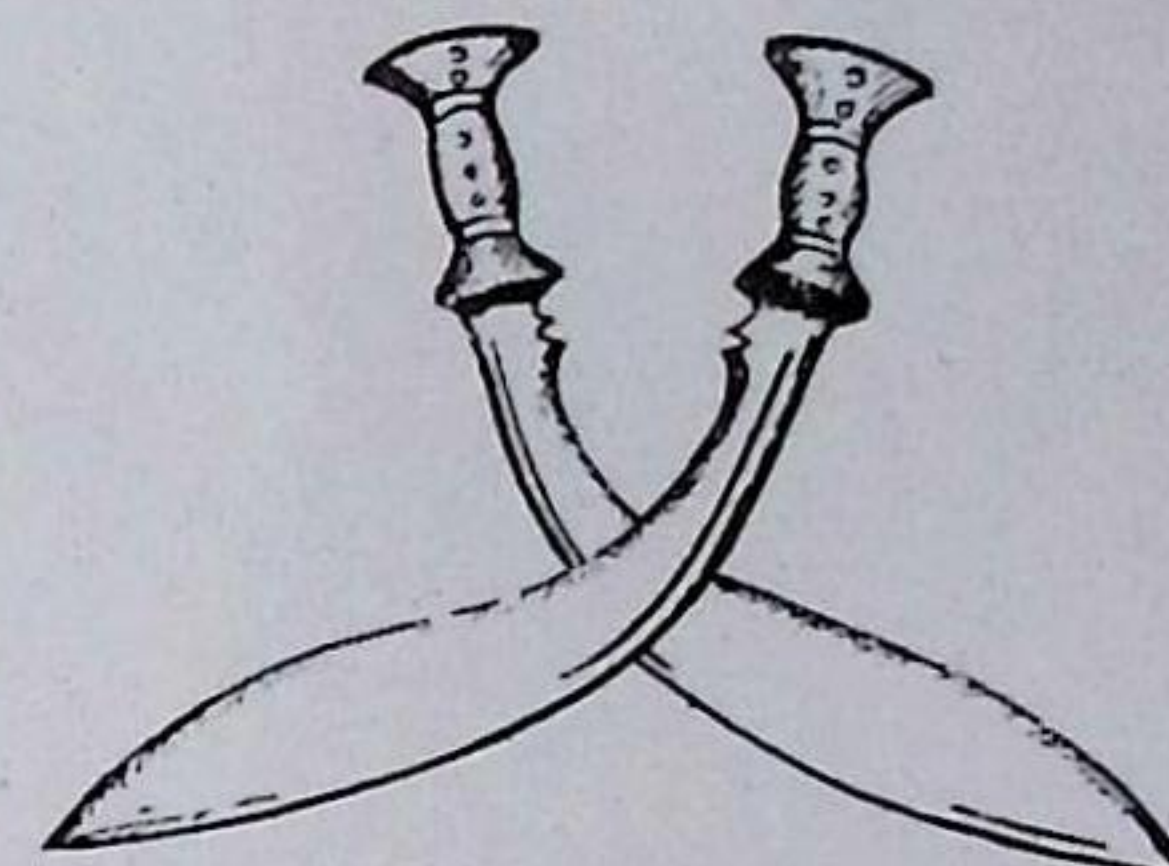
*Nepalese Mother Carries Her Son to Market*







*A Roadside Hindu Shrine on the Road to Darjeeling*



ately military, though hundreds of English and Indian visitors are met on every hand.

"Sahib!" "Sahib!" "Char, Sahib." It's morning! Six o'clock! No time for tea this morning. The clouds have cleared and Kinchenjunga, proud and majestic, looms high on the horizon, with her lesser sisters-in-waiting on either side. The second highest mountain in the world! Shutters are clicking on every side, but still there is a

sense of rush. We have before us a 50-mile ride to a point of vantage, where we can view Mount Everest best.

There are no words to describe the emotion every person feels when first Mount Everest's jewelled peaks appear. The trail suddenly turns; around the base of a green hill Everest is revealed. No word is spoken, no photographs are taken until the spell has run its course.

Our first view of Everest was our last. The mists began to form as morning advanced and, like a shy Nepalese maiden who becomes conscious of an admiring glance, Everest soon hid itself behind a veil of cloud. We turned away homeward, a little sad; a sense of loss in our hearts of a revelation of beauty suddenly taken from us. But our day was far from complete and soon anticipation replaced our reflective mood.



*Nepalese Mother and Ever-Hungry Babe*



*Darjeeling Station—Railhead of One of the World's Highest Railroads*





*Roadside Hindu Shrine*



*Bazaar Scene in Darjeeling*

Our next stop was a Llamasary far up in the hills. Horses were necessary for this part of the expedition and before the seven miles were completed many of us were doubtful whether any adventure could make up for the discomfort of a journey through such forgotten country. But we were rewarded with the privilege of witnessing the cerebation of a rite which, though sad by Western standards, denotes in the East the turning of the Great Wheel, and

the passing of a life, with the merits it had acquired in this existence, on to another state, a step nearer to the Buddhist Nirvana, or Great Rest. Llamas with long horns and drums accompanied the funeral chair, carried by sons of the man whose restless spirit was off on another journey. The chair, with its burden, is placed upon the funeral pyre, with much blowing of horns and beating of drums; the fire is kindled, and we leave to seek new experiences in this strange and beautiful land.

Tennis, dancing, roller-skating and cinemas made the war seem unreal and far away. Riding and an occasional visit to the race track provided healthy exercise, and excellent entertainment. Our leave passed quickly and soon it was time to return to duty.

Our last glimpse of the shy mountains, our last view of the beautiful tea gardens, will always be with us. We left Darjeeling with regret, but thrilled by the sights we had seen, and with a keen sense of pleasure that our vacation had been so well spent.



*Bastasia Loop, Where Narrow Gauge Railway Climbs Over 7000 feet to Darjeeling, Near Mount Everest, in 30 Miles*

CEC. LAW.







Left—The Marble Palace,  
Burrah Bazaar, Calcutta



Right—A Coolie Rests, Beyond  
the Palace Gates

## The Bengalese... Princes, Beggars

For most of us our first acquaintance with the Bengalese was in Calcutta and this impression was not favourable. The heat leaves one with little disposition to be patient with the swarms of coolies and beggars that are found at every populous centre and along every important transport route. These poor people, their faculties deadened from early childhood by malnutrition, disease and ignorance, know little else than that they must have food.

Unfortunately the better class Bengali is conservative and shy. Always polite and anxious to save others' feelings, he has memories of many discourtesies shown him by unappreciative foreigners.

We in the service seldom become acquainted with these gentle people for, fearful of offending (through ignorance of national customs), we hesitate to break the ice. Those who did take the initiative enjoyed a gracious hospitality unsurpassed anywhere in the world.

The true Bengali is found in the more isolated villages—the homes of nearly two-thirds of the population of Bengal. Here the women carry the abundant agricultural products poised gracefully on their heads, and the labourer is more healthy and independent. Though his means are very limited (the average income per family of five, in



Freight Is Carried on These Two-Wheeled Vehicles, Which Are  
Balanced, and Pushed and Pulled, by Coolies



A Snake Charmer Holds a Deadly Cobra Entranced  
While Sahibs Marvel—and Pay Backsheesh





*Cereal Stall Near the Gates to the Marble Palace*



*Interior view of the Marble Palace, Calcutta. This is the town house of a Maharajah and is built of marble, and furnished with art treasures beyond price.*

## *Merchants, Fakirs, Farmers*

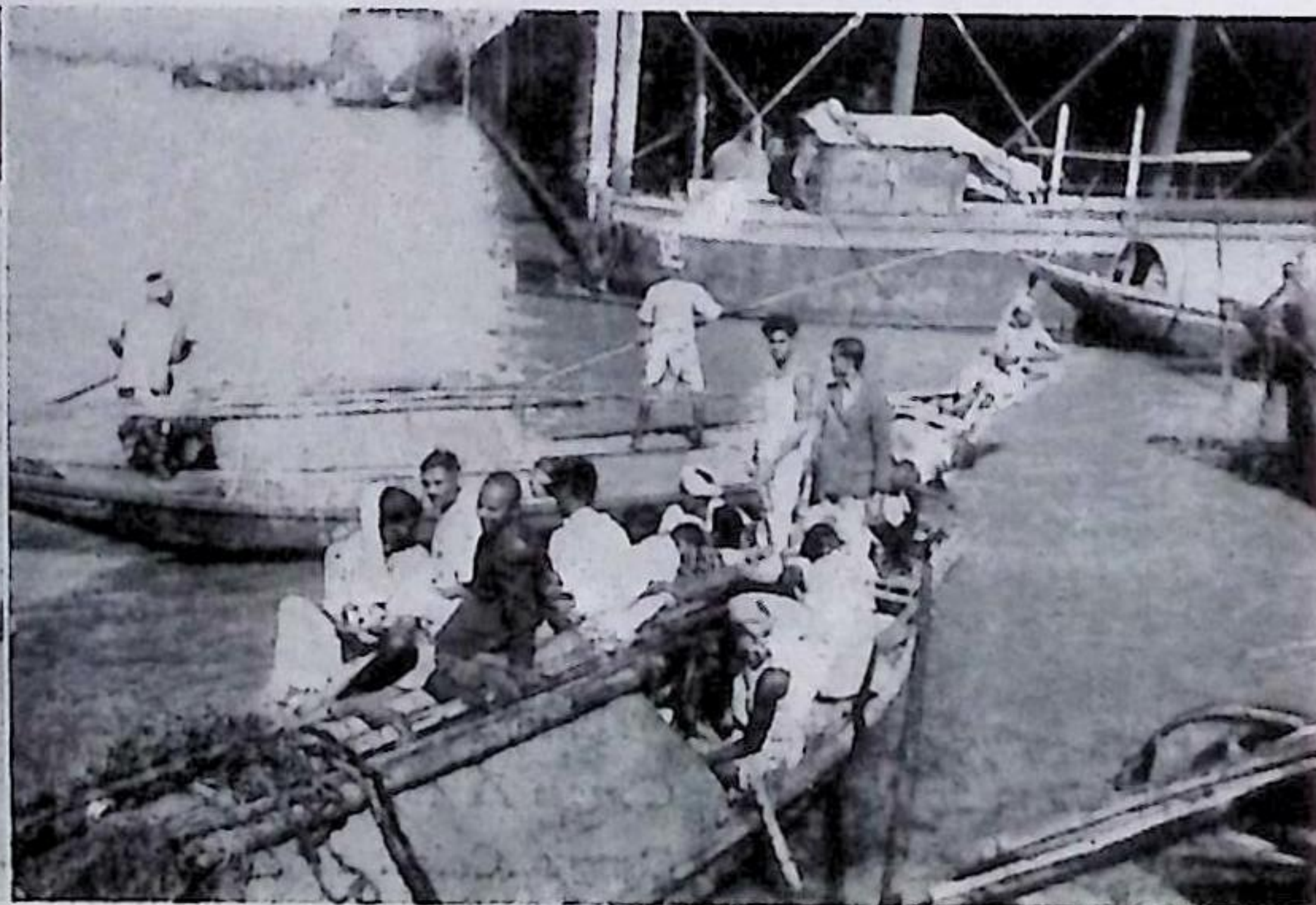
all India, is \$100 a year), his needs are small and, in case of emergency, he can turn to the headman.

The headman is chosen for his position by the leading families of the village and often has a prosperous business in the nearest city. On him the welfare of the whole village depends. All tenants and sub-tenants come to his house for the solution of their simplest problems and settlement of their pettiest quarrels. If he is progressive he engages in a constant struggle against ignorance and superstition. The building of a hospital is delayed by the protests of the tradition-bound owner of the neighboring plot; the pay of the

village school teacher, though meagre, has to be met out of his own pocket; a projected path invariably must cross the water-covered paddy of some unco-operative villager. In spite of difficulties improvements are gradually taking place. The headman of one community of villages, with a total population of 30,000 people, tells you, with quiet pride, that not one of these died of starvation during the recent famine which ravaged Bengal. In one village, thousands of people were fed daily in the yard of the headman, and cows which died through shortage of fodder, were replaced by him once the new crop was available.



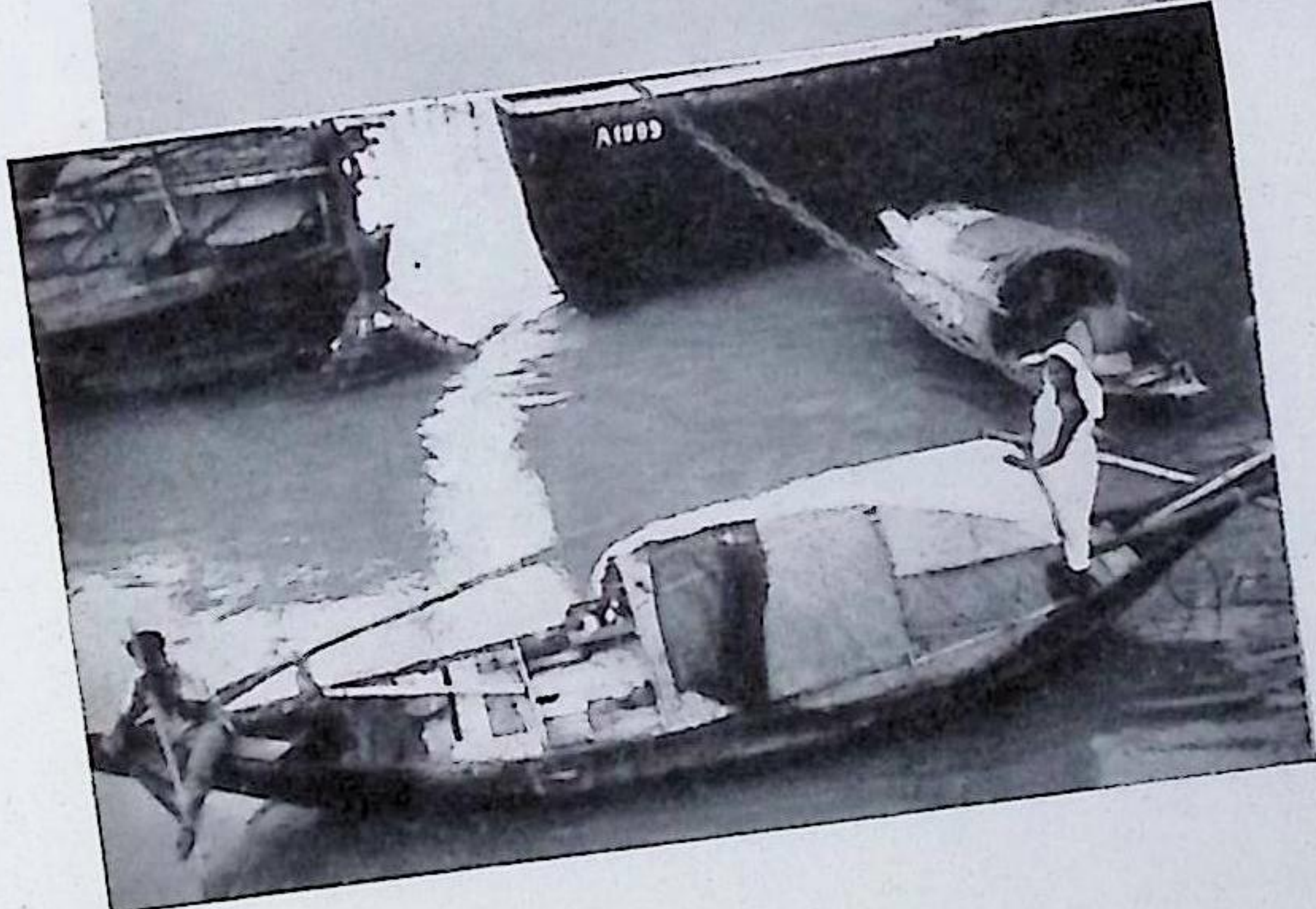
*Hindu faithful bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges to cleanse them of sin. The Ganges divides at its delta into thousands of these small rivers.*



*Sampans on the Hoogly, Another Branch of the Ganges*







*Dhobie Wallah, Calcutta—Street laundries cater to service personnel. Many shirts and trousers are washed in a small basin before water is changed. Soap is only used under supervision.*

*Calcutta Dealer in Brassware Demonstrating His Goods*

*Fishing by Net in the Ganges River, Calcutta*

*Sampan on the Ganges, Calcutta*

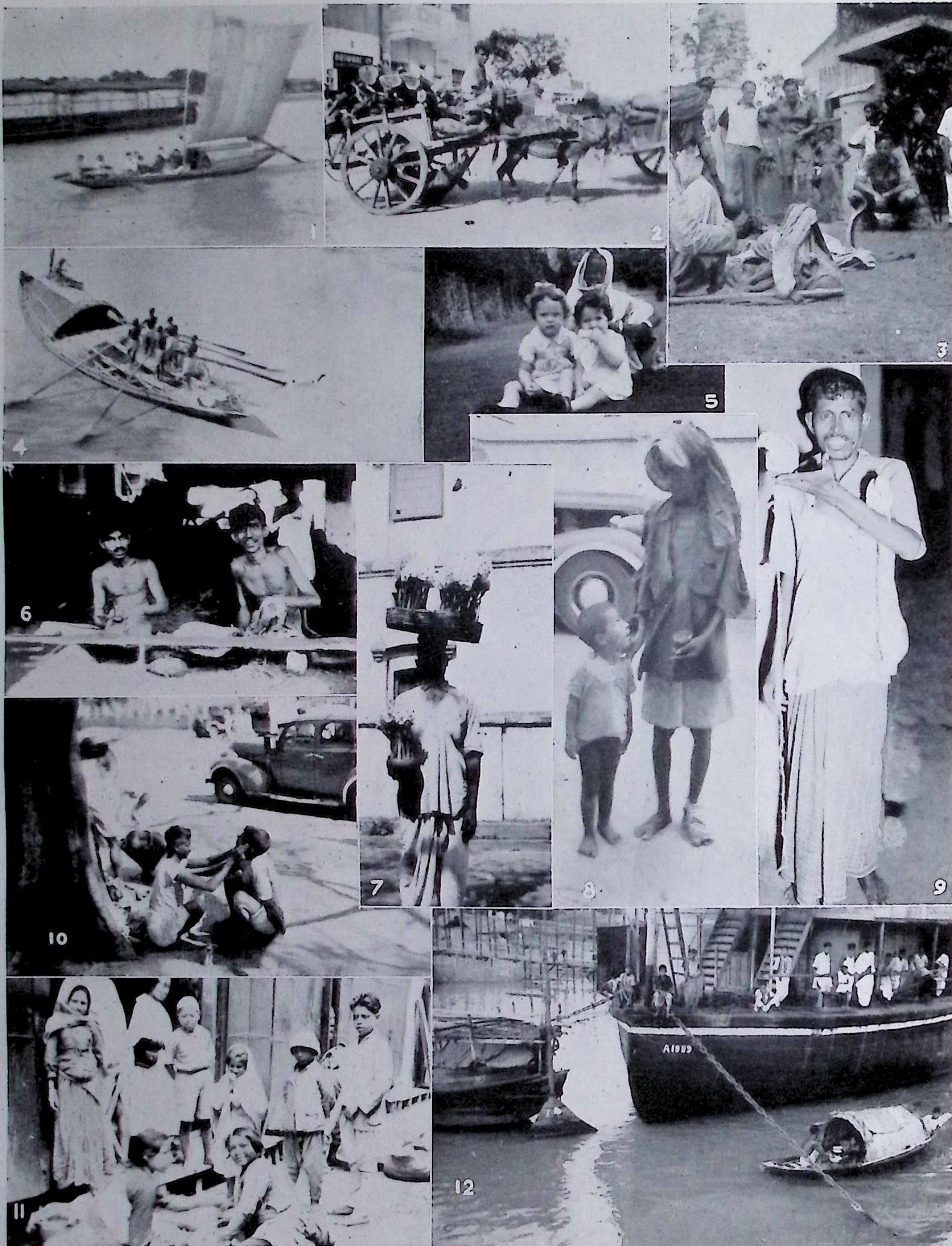
To be a guest at a pukka Bengali dinner is an experience not to be missed. Your host is probably the headman of his village and will show you around and answer your questions. On arriving at the station your party will find that their host has invited many of his Bengali friends to help him ensure that his guests will receive every consideration. Doctors, lawyers and engineers will be among these.

The first thing on reaching the headman's home is to take some refreshment. Dinner is eaten in the open air. The canopy overhead may be of the Congress colours. The children, once they have overcome their shyness, will delight in teaching you Bengali words for colours and other objects. Probably your host has insisted that your first dinner with him must be European style. Some of the Bengalis have difficulty in manipulating the unaccustomed knives and forks. They make a joke of it and you are encouraged to try to eat with your fingers and so, in your turn, laugh at your awkwardness. You will be invited again and will be wise to insist that the next dinner be a truly Bengali repast. This time your host will wear Bengali national dress. Their wives each will have insisted on the privilege of preparing at least one of the many dishes. You take off your shoes and sit crosslegged as you eat from the palm leaf placed on the mat before you. Your hosts themselves bring in the food. The Indians are masters of the culinary art and the food is excellent. You are told that Bengali etiquette demands that you ask for a second serving of at least one dish. You eat an immense quantity. Afterwards you are given nuts and spices done up in a betel leaf which is secured by means of a clove. You are told that this will aid digestion and the gurgling noises in your stomach confirms this advice.

Indians rank among the world's intellectual elite and Calcutta is undisputedly the leading centre of learning for all India. Tagore, internationally admired poet and winner of the Nobel Prize, was a Bengali. At the University of Calcutta are many learned scholars and educationists. These men are painfully conscious of the miseries of their people and are struggling with inadequate funds to improve conditions. In a poverty-stricken country of 60,000,000 people, of which at least 90 per cent. are illiterate, progress must be slow; but we wish these gentlemen success in their endeavours, and hope that in the not too distant future the Bengali masses will enjoy a happier life.

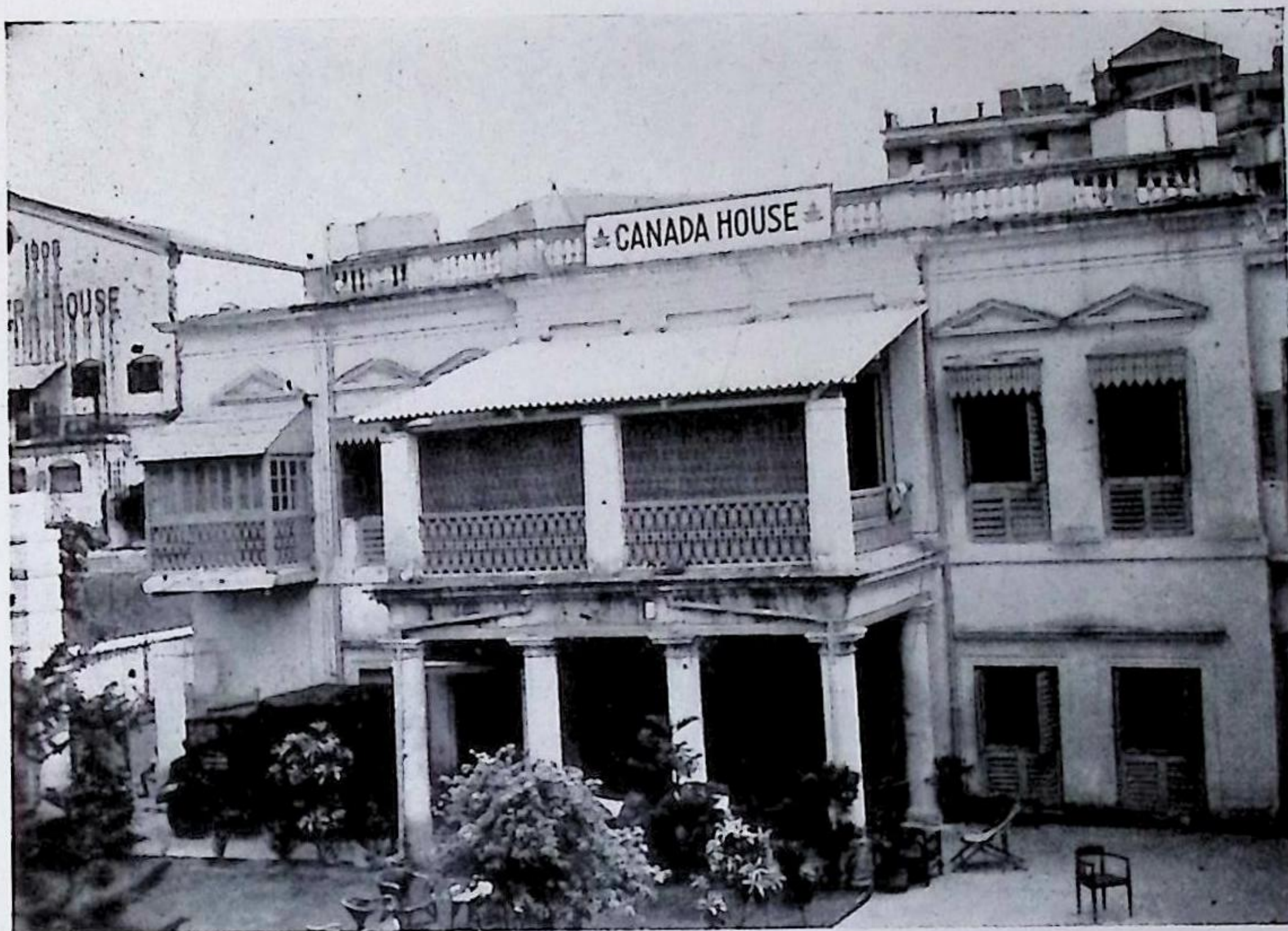
HAROLD WORTMAN.





1. Sampan and barge pass in the Ganges. 2. Wood vendor carries mango wood to the burning ghats at Kali Temple. 3. Snake charmers perform in Calcutta streets. 4. Sampans are propelled swiftly by sweating coolies. 5. An Indian aya or nurse with her European charges. 6. Market stall. 7. Flower wallah or vendor. 8. Beggar teaching his small sons to follow his profession. 9. Bird wallahs sell everything from canaries to parrots and love birds on every street. 10. Street dentist in Calcutta. 11. Hindu mother and family. 12. Sampan and river boat, Calcutta.





CANADA HOUSE—Calcutta



## *Leave in Calcutta . . . Sights . . .*



*Street Minstrels in Calcutta  
Hindu Women in Festive Garb, Calcutta*

The mighty "monsoon" had spared us. Our plane broke through the heaving mass of clouds and we gazed eagerly down on the sprawling heart of Bengal. From our battle stations we had come many miles by air to spend a leave in Calcutta, the big city of India.

As we settled to a landing the rising temperature brought on a heavy perspiration which dampened our clothes and sent our spirits into a decline. From the plane, if we were lucky, we stepped into a waiting transport and were whisked to the centre of the city.

The road passed through the outer limits of Calcutta and into a throbbing community of millions. Yet the change from fields to buildings passed almost unnoticed. We had been in India a year and did not expect scenery en route. The architecture of the buildings was not so noticeable as the staring faces of humanity. To a newcomer the sights and smells were completely disturbing. On all sides patient men and their animals were slowly fighting a desperate struggle for existence; life sweating, squirming and groveling in the filth and squalor of its environment.





*Street Beggar  
Calcutta*



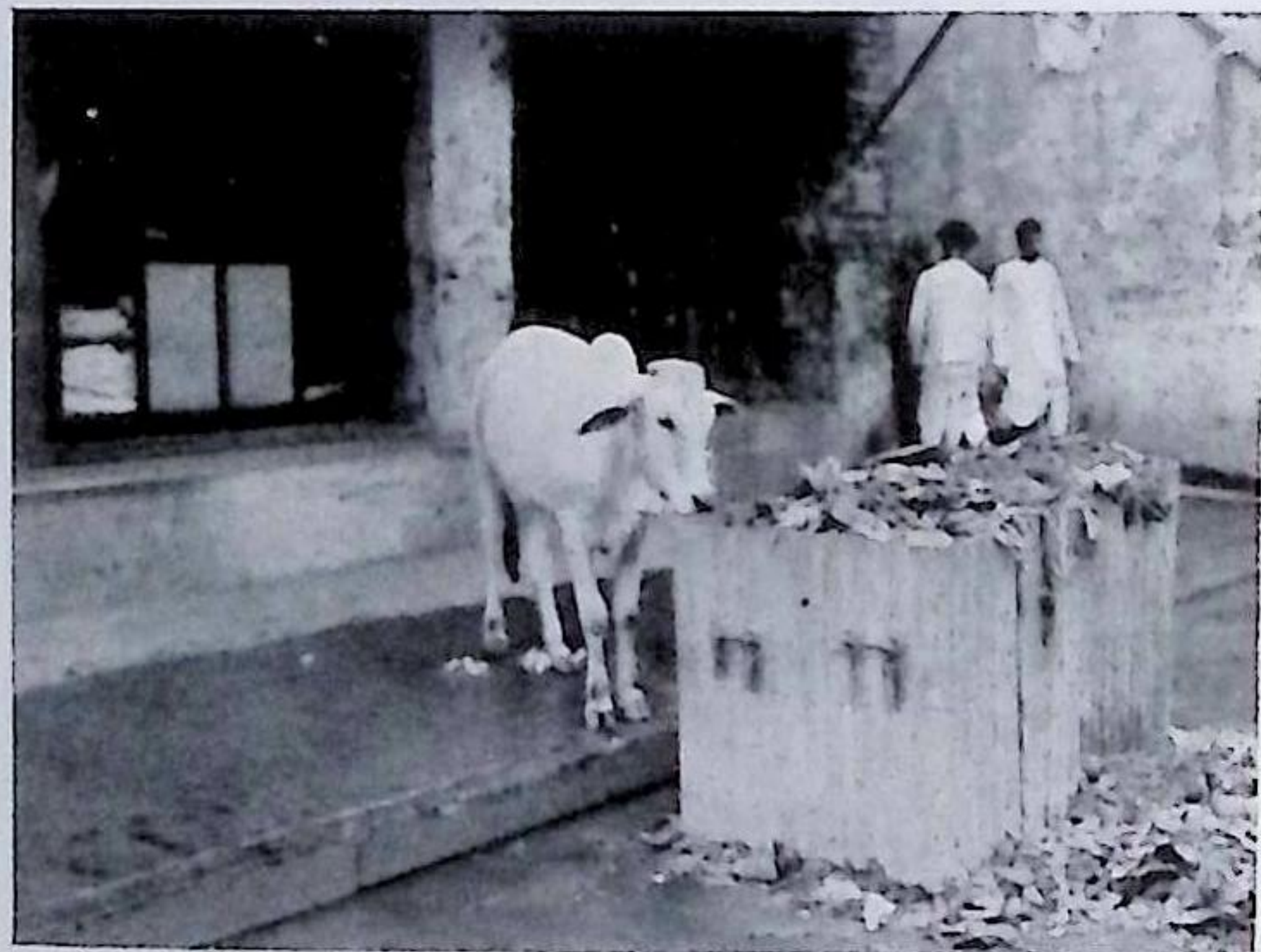
*Canadians Admire the Intricate Designs in Coloured Glass Adorning  
Entrance to Jain Temple*

## *Sounds and Smells . . .*

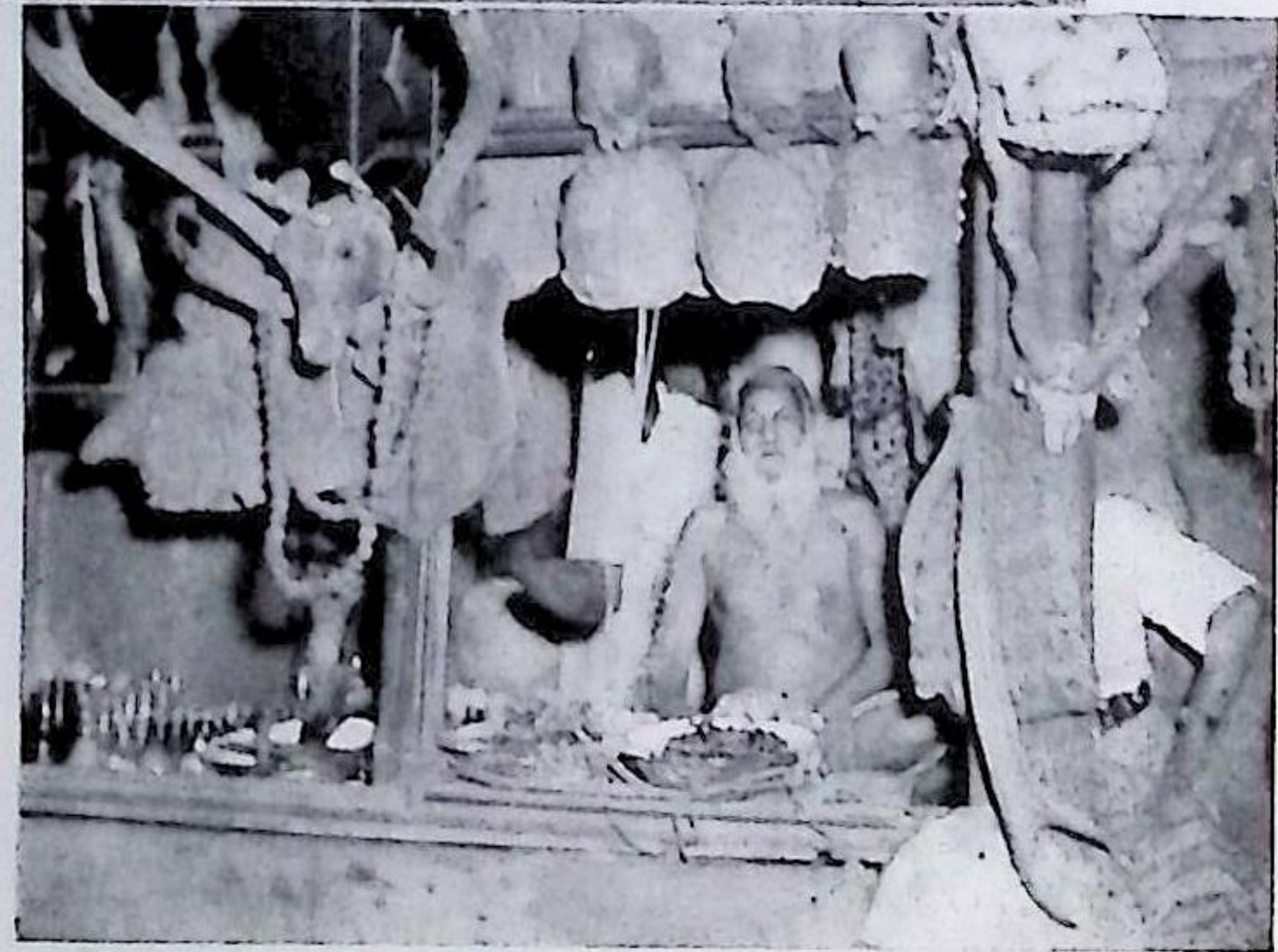
A small boy stood washing his thin, naked body under the tap of a public fountain. People scuffled by. A man was sleeping in the gutter, unnoticed and obviously undisturbed by the din surrounding him. Emaciated people looked on while the fat flies gorged themselves on the native foods openly displayed in the bazaars. The countless stores appeared to have been set down after a long journey on the wings of a tornado. In front, the merchants sat or sprawled as if hurt by the thought of doing anything physical. The assorted merchandise appeared in scattered array. Nothing seemed organized.

In the meagre shade of shops and on the roadway, resting or wandering, were the holy cattle of India. Past them plodded the hard-working buffalo, pulling their heavy loads with apparent ease. Theirs were the patient faces of long discouragement and grim determination. The drivers prodded and pushed, clucked and yelled in futile attempts to speed up the methodical footwork of their beasts.

An old hag chewed on her gums and spit betel nut juice contentedly onto the street. A motley crew of well-tanned men struggled to hoist a dying



*Familiar  
Street Scene,  
Calcutta*



*Charm healer shown in his stall, surrounded by charms capable of curing all the ills that befall mankind. Human skulls, necklaces of human vertebrae, tortoise shells, skulls and horns of animals, as well as many other charms are offered, with an incantation—for a price.*







1. Hoorah Bridge, Calcutta, spans the Ganges. 2. Hoorah Bridge from Dharmatolla Mosque. 3. Street scene in China Bazaar, Calcutta. 4. Fruit vendor on Chowringhee. 5. Dalhousie Square, Calcutta. 6. Sidewalk merchant. 7. Victoria Memorial.

cow onto the bamboo rack of a tottering cart. Small, straight-backed women walked along gracefully with great loads resting easily on their heads. An old man lay dying beside a tumble-down store. His large, suffering eyes were glassy and we were disturbed by his disinterested gaze.

Our transport snailed through the traffic. The unseen dust collected on our moist faces and hands. We felt grimy and uncomfortable. Soon tall, fine-looking buildings appeared and we realized we were in "down-town" Calcutta.

The sign, "Canada House," loomed up at last and we dragged our way to the desk to book a bed. We were lucky to get one as Canada House, being the home of Canadians on leave in Calcutta, is very popular. Men came here from their outposts to eat, sleep and make merry. On all sides we heard the good-natured Canadian drawl and it was music to our ears. Here we found our kind of food, our kind of talk; this was our home away from home. We liked it and we were grateful to the Canadian Legion for their fine effort.

A bath and a shave, a cool beer and a meal raised our spirits to normal once more. In our pockets were many rupees and the time had come to "blow the roll."

With the coming of morning we were anxious to see the sights. At the Grand Hotel on Chowringhee Street we engaged a Mohammedan guide and a

taxi, driven by a great bearded Sikh. After struggling through the traffic we stopped at a quiet, out-of-the-way spot and, stepping through an archway, found ourselves in the famous Jain Temple. Two well-fed caretakers appeared from nowhere and took over. It is a custom to remove your shoes before entering Jain Temple, so we dubiously removed our footwear and mounted the steps into what is probably the most beautiful temple in the world. Some would liken it to a madman's library, built out of all the glass that had been broken from Cairo to Kunming in the last two hundred years. The magnificent workmanship impressed and dumbfounded us.

From the main temple we moved outside, retrieved our shoes and were hustled into a small building below, where a pair of fast-talking locals tried to unload a few ancient relics in exchange for a few modern rupees. We didn't play ball and consequently we aroused the gods.

Outdoors the holy pool, where men dip their bodies for purification, stagnated in the sun. It appeared to be playing host to quite an assortment of insects and plant life but our guide insisted the water was holy, so we had no alternative but to take his word for it. We felt better in the taxi.

Our next stop was the burning ghats. Here we saw deceased human bodies being burned to ashes by thirty-rupee loads of wood. Later the ashes are cast upon the holy waters of the Ganges. It





1. Services swimming pool, Calcutta. 2. Ferris wheel at Calcutta Fun Fair. All rides are manually operated by coolies. 3. Beggar with trained bear and dancing monkeys on the streets of Calcutta. 4. Buying a "Burma Star" from street vendor. 5. "Just to show that I've been to the Botanical Gardens, Calcutta." 6. Brother and sister are cautious of the pale sahibs who invade China Bazaar with "photo boxes." 7. A pagoda brought to Calcutta as a trophy of war from Burma in the 19th century. 8. Interior view of a banyan tree, showing aerial roots growing down to the ground, forming new trunks. 9. The famous banyan tree in the Calcutta Botanical Gardens which covers over an acre of ground and whose original trunk was said to be seventy-five feet in diameter.

was not a pleasant sight, but the officiating priests seemed quite delighted with their task and even more pleased that the white warriors were willing to part with a few rupees in exchange for a brief mumbo-jumbo.

When sufficient knowledge of Hindu death rites had been assimilated, we were again rushing through the teeming, smelling metropolis. The Black Hole of Calcutta Memorial, the Muslim temple, masses of fine buildings and buildings that impressed us otherwise all came under our gaping eyes. By this time many hours had passed and each of us was ready to call the show off until another day. But our energetic guide pressed us on to see the Zoo. One foot dragging after the other we never missed a cage or pen in the entire animal display—nor did any of the caretakers miss the opportunity of wheedling the spare annas and rupees from our dwindling resources.

At last it was over and we arrived back at the Grand Hotel never having cared less whether we lived or died. The pay-off for the guide and taxi lessened our finances, but with the usual consolation we mutually declared: "It was worth it."

The week slipped around. The Calcutta swimming pools were a great attraction. The swim-

ming was excellent and in the large pools we evaded the humid heat for many pleasant hours.

Picture shows, bazaar bartering, eating, charpois time and beating the breeze soon brought the week to its last threads.

Other men were drifting in and our turn had come to drift back to our units for another go at it. We had blown the roll. The clipping had been regular and complete, but not unique. The rupees had been plucked from our hands in grinning glee by the never-satisfied mercenaries of the city. High prices, ignorance of the ways of this strange place and the will to pleasure left us looking for a well-heeled pal who could (and would) lend the national coin.

It wasn't a leave such as we would have spent back home, but it was, definitely, a good leave. The change put our minds and bodies at rest. Both responded to the challenge of the months that followed, until once more we drew the good ticket and went forth with bulging pocket-books to a new, strange spot in which to spend our money.

GLEN LINEHAM.





# Manipur... it's People



*Manipuri Folk Dance*



*Manipuri Family Group—Note the hookah, or bubble-pipe, used by the head of the family. These are characteristic of Manipur.*



*Proud Manipuri Father Bathes Son*

The little province of Manipur, nestled as it is among towering mountains between India and Burma, has, until very recent years, successfully escaped the influence of the outside world. The people are unspoiled, happy and industrious. Due to their Caucasian Mongoloid descent they are light complexioned, with heavy lips and broad foreheads. Manipuri dancing girls are world renowned for their beauty and poise.

The famous Naga head hunters live in the more remote hill districts of Manipur. These people rendered invaluable assistance to the Allies during the siege of Imphal and subsequent drive southeast. The contrast between the Manipuri and the Naga is very striking, as is shown in the accompanying photographs.

The Nagas live in large hill-top villages, often surrounded by stockades to guard against attack, while the peaceful Manipuri cultivates the floor of the valley and lives in small, undefended villages. The homes of the Manipuris are of bamboo and grass, known as "bashas," whereas the Naga prefers to build his home of wood and mud. Both use the earth as their floor.

Cleanliness is carried to extremes in Manipuri villages, where the earthen floors and the area between the homes in each village is washed with



*Manipuri Women on Their Way to Worship at the Temple of the Monkey God*





1. Rice-husking in Manipur. 2. Sawmill in Imphal, Manipur. Saws are coolie-operated. 3. Grinding rice to flour. 4. Washing clothes in the Imphal River. Dhobie wallah is the name given to those who solicit and do laundering. 5. Gay and primitive patterns are woven into the yardage turned out on the hand-operated looms of every village. 6. Women fishing in the Imphal River. 7. Manipuri women gather at village well.

water. This works very well outside, for the sun bakes the earth into a hard, smooth surface. Inside the huts are damp beneath the bamboo netting. The inhabitants bathe many times daily and their clothes are always spotless.

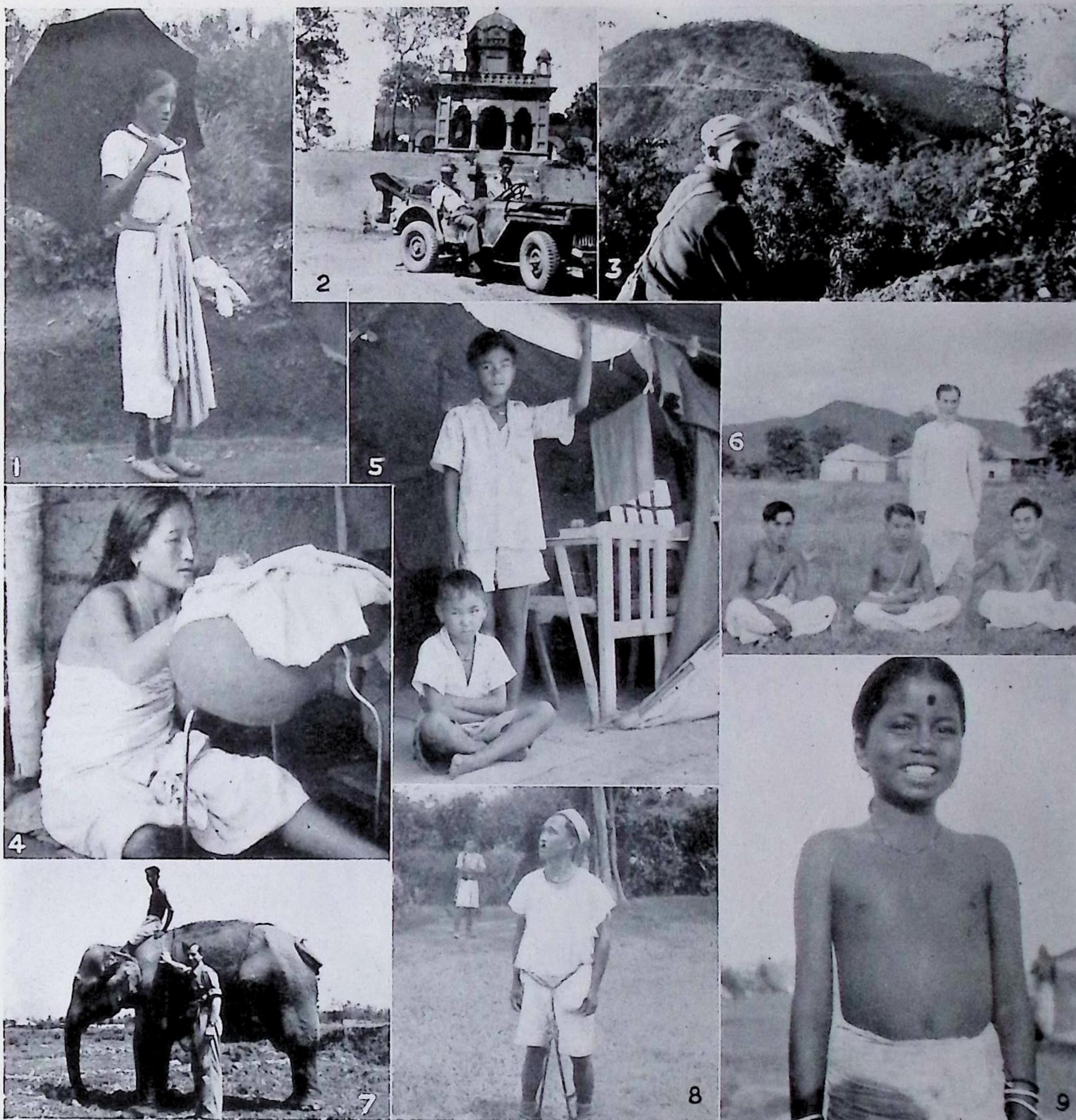
The Naga is a hunter and prefers to live on game, if he can. The Manipuri has more exquisite tastes and cultivates rice more extensively. Vegetables of many kinds are found in every Manipuri village beneath towering cocoanut palms and

shorter papua trees, in which chickens roost. The villages are compact, indeed; a half acre could provide several families with all but rice.

Manipuri art is confined almost completely to dancing and home weaving. Both of these have been very highly developed. The intricate designs found on the looms of the villages are probably not what we would choose to wear, but we thought them beautiful.







1. Manipuri woman. 2. Festival Palace. Though largely in ruins, this palace is still used as a residence for the Maharajah during one of the many religious festivals. 3. Scene in the Chin Hills. 4. Embroidery—Manipuri style. 5. Children of a village schoolmaster visit our camp. 6. Manipuri youths. 7. Village pet—he earns his keep. 8. Manipuri prisoner in leg irons. 9. Manipuri maiden.

The administration is through a state Durbar, the president of which is appointed by the Governor of Assam, who represents the King of England, and whose decisions and counsel are passed to the people through His Highness the Maharajah of Manipur, who is responsible for appointing the other members of the Durbar.

Hinduism is the prevalent faith, though definite indications of Buddhist influence are apparent

among the Manipuri people. The Naga tribes are a combination of nature and spirit worshippers.

The beauty of the valley and the charm of the people will no doubt make Imphal a Mecca for air tourists at some future time. Maintenance of the military highway or establishment of a railroad seem very unlikely; so our beautiful valley will revert to its ancient state if air communication does not reveal these wonders to the ever-curious world traveller.

CEC. LAW.







1. Village Headman and his wife. 2. Hunting in the Chin Hills, near Manipur. 3. Manipuri maidens. 4. Manipuri mother and child. 5. Manipuri beauties. 6. Footbridge over the Imphul River. 7. Prisoner, with leg irons, breaking rock for roads. 8. Just what are the Sahibs doing? 9. Chico. 10. Village beast of burden near Tulihal, Manipur. 11. Familiar sight in Imphal. 12. A mother, who vends fish in a bazaar, takes time out.





# Marketing in Manipur . . .



*Typical Market Scene of Burrah Bazaar, Near Imphal*



*A Bazaar in Rain—Business as Usual—For It Is Monsoon Season*

The markets of the East are fascinating to most Western people. Every known type of merchandise is bought and sold, with the inevitable bickering over price which has made them famous. The merchant asks double, often triple the price he expects, while the buyer offers half or less than half the price he is ready to pay. The purchase of a simple commodity often requires an hour's work. Manipur is unique in that there are no great, or even moderately great, merchants. Most of the selling is done by peasant women in

their spare time. These women set up a tiny booth, built of bamboo and rushes, and from these booths they sell their small stocks, of half a dozen packets of cigarettes, three or four pineapples, a few dozen bananas, some betel nut and some mangos, etc. Some of the women have permanent booths in the "burrah bazaars," or big markets, near Imphal. The majority of them merely set up along the road outside their patch of land or at some cross-roads.

DAVE MARTIN.



*Belle of Burrah Bazaar, Imphal*



*Manipuri Market Scene*



*Business as Usual—Rain or Shine*





*Ceremony By Which Sgt. Simms Became a Life Member of a Naga Tribe of Headhunters*

## *The Blonde Headhunter...*

When Sgt. George Sims visited the Naga village in the mountains east of the Imphal valley in April, 1945, he intended merely to defuse a bomb and be on his way. But the tables were turned on him when he was "fused" into the native life with an honourary membership in the tribe.

The job of bomb disposal work was turned over to the Armament Section of 435 Squadron when the British Army Disposal Squad moved out of the valley. Sgt. Thomson, a guide and interpreter of the British Army, worked with the squadron crew on their various jobs in the mountains.

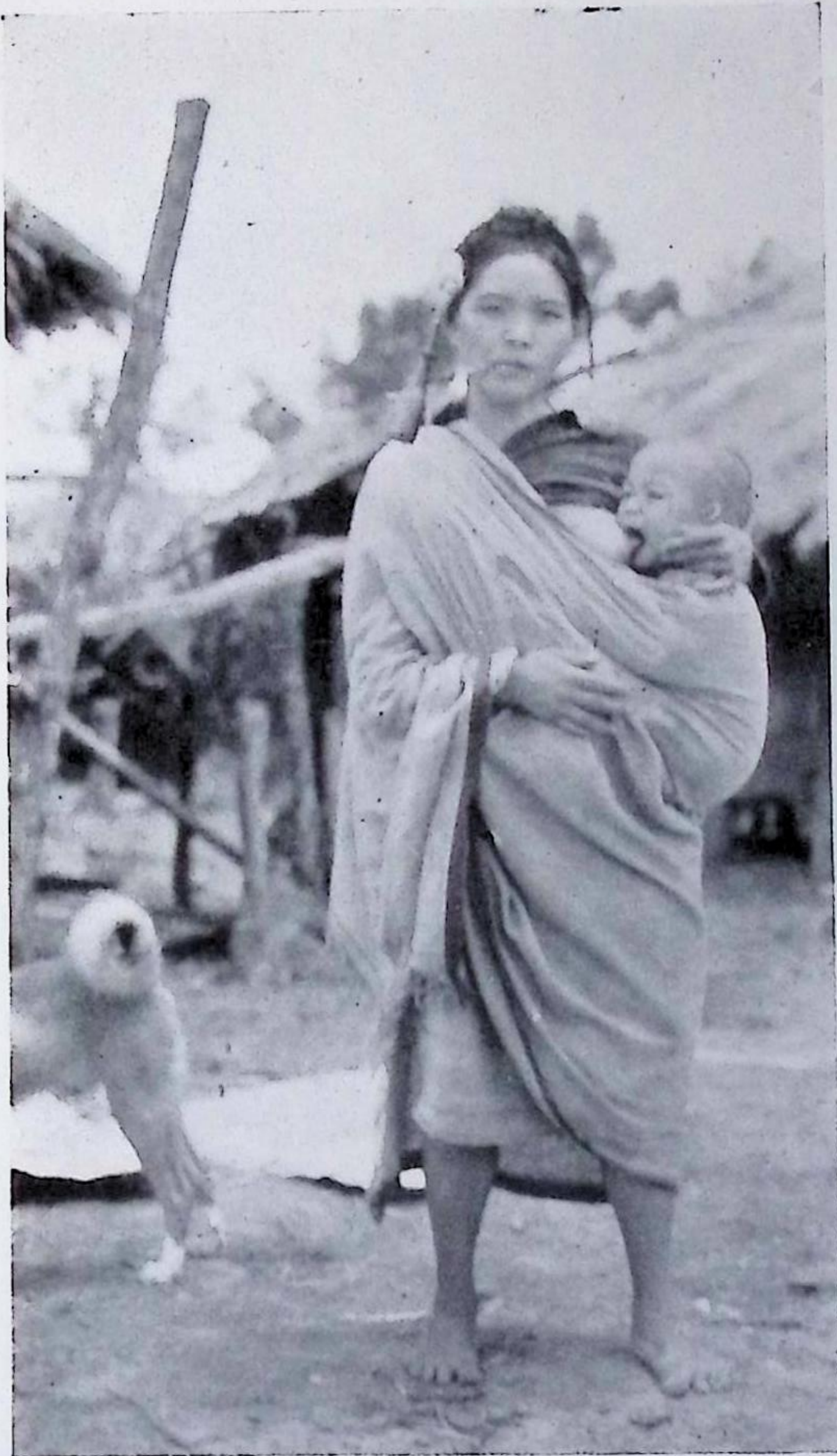
The bomb which eventually led Sgt. Sims into his honoured position was reported by the chief of the village of Thinghat, a group of straw and bamboo bashas perched on top of one of Assam's smaller mountains. The party, which also included Flt Sgt. Rynard and Cpl. Adair, set off for the village in a jeep and were soon climbing tracks which had never before been used by motor transport. They were forced to hoof the last three miles up to the village when the track narrowed down to a foot in width.

"We came upon the entrance to the village very suddenly, as the country was heavily treed," said Sgt. Sims. "The entrance was marked by two totem poles, surmounted by weather-beaten buffalo skulls, each with a large feathered head-dress, very similar to the kind worn by Canadian Indian chiefs. The totem poles resembled those found on the British Columbia coast although they were not as large. At the base were many skulls, monkey and probably human," he said.

The entire village had turned out to greet the visitors, dogs and pigs included. The men wore loin cloths and were decorated with nose rings, brass wire wound round their legs, and necklaces of human jaw-bones. Some of the men carried spears and others primitive bows and arrows.

The interpreter soon informed the chief of their mission and the armament squad was led down a long series of goat trails where they finally came upon a 500-lb. bomb which was quickly defused. The natives, with signs of great pleasure, buried the missile. On the long climb back to the village, Sgt. Thomson reassured the Canadians that the Nagas had given up head-hunting several years previously.





*Wife of a Naga Headman*

When the group arrived back at the village they found all the inhabitants gathered before the chief's hut. Five bone stools had been placed on the verandah and Sgt. Sims was motioned to the central place of honour. Two wives of the chief brought out a native drink which was later identified as zhu (beer made of rice) and the gathering drank each other's health out of bamboo mugs and tin cans.

The dark-skinned, raven-haired chief and villagers took a special interest in the bloneness of Sgt. Sims. They were particularly attracted by the hirsute growth on his chest.

"The natives all laughed and talked and soon some of them were examining my chest growth very closely," said Sgt. Sims. "Through Sgt. Thomson I learned that the chief considered me a very powerful and famous sahib and hoped that I would stay in his village for some time. The way it looked, some of the girls seemed to have the same idea," he said.

The chief was informed through the interpreter that this was impossible and he replied that Sgt. Sims was free to come back to the village at any time and enjoy all the privileges of native life. The gathering shouted approval and drank another toast with zhu.

Looking back on the trip, Sgt. Sims said: "I still think that had I visited Thinghat some years ago the chief would now be displaying his war drum with a good hirsute growth attached."

SANDY ALSTEDTER.



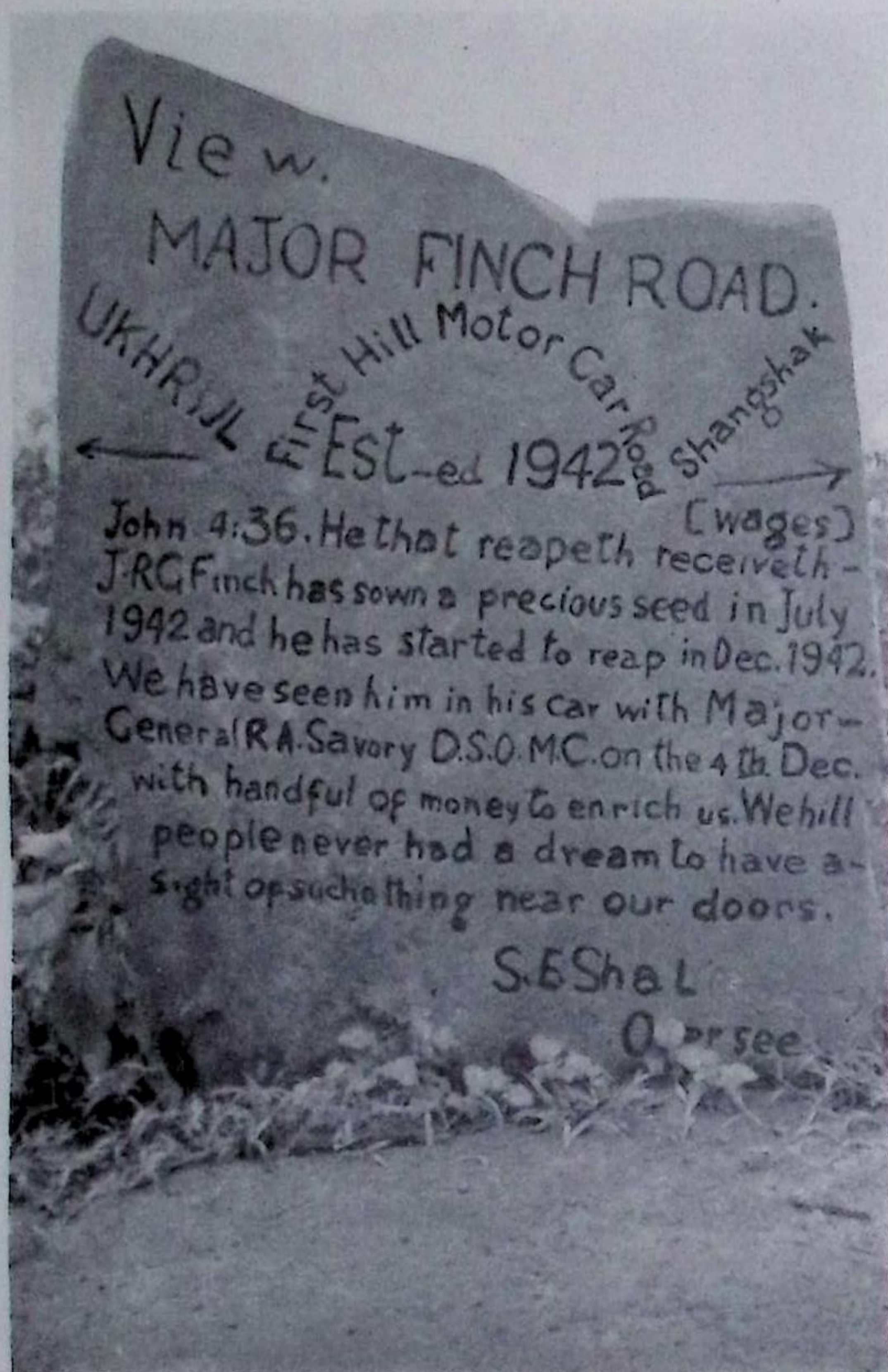
*Naga Headhunters Brew a Potent Beverage from Rice by Primitive Methods*



*Naga Village Where Sgt. Simms Became a Life Member of the Tribe*



# The Road to Ukhrul . . .



*Inscription commemorating the opening of Ukhrul Road*

Ukhrul is the largest Naga village in the Imphal area. It lies at a height of 7,500 feet, approximately 55 miles northeast of Imphal, along a road which is still little more than a cow-path through the mountains. The road was surveyed for the first time by Major J. R. C. Finch in July, 1942. Improvements were made laboriously with Naga labour and no machinery. By the end of the year it was possible to get two-ton trucks over it. Though the purpose of the road was to strengthen communications with the garrisons at Ukhrul and other hill points, no one seriously believed that the Japs would attempt an invasion along this route. Perhaps that was why the Japs did decide to use it for one of the prongs of their drive on Imphal. How they ever managed to move an army over it is something that defies understanding. The road climbs and winds along sheer mountainsides, rarely wider than the wheels of a two-ton vehicle. Where the grade is steepest the road has been stepped up with logs laid corduroy fashion, or else paved with large, unbroken boulders. Towards the end of August, 1945, stretches of the road were grown over with 8-ft. elephant grass. It was so thick that at points it was necessary to walk ahead, beating a way through the grass and peering for traces of the road. At another place half the road-bed had dropped away.

The Japs paid heavily for their drive on Imphal via Ukhrul. In every gully and on every hillside there are wrecked and burned-out Jap vehicles.

DAVE MARTIN.

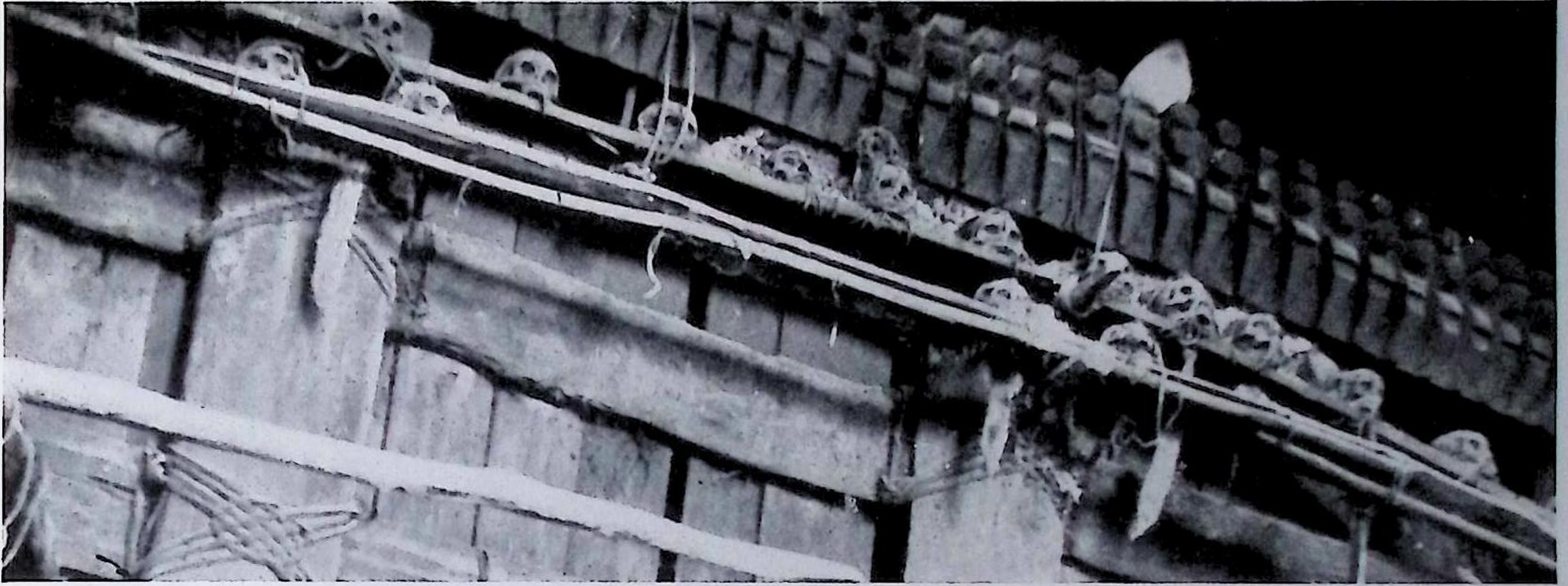


*The Japanese had a rough time on the Ukhrul Road—it is littered with light vehicles of all kinds*



*Ukhrul Road over which a surprise force of Japanese passed to besiege Imphal*





*Interior View of a Naga Headhunter's Lodge*

## *Ukhrul ... land of Headhunters*

Ukhrul is populated by the Tunkhil Nagas, one of the largest of the Naga tribes. The village is divided into two sections—one Christian, the other non-Christian. The Christian Nagas were converted as a result of the perseverance of a group of American Baptist missionaries who came out to the Naga hills about the beginning of this century. For 15 years they laboured—teaching, giving medical aid, encouraging crafts and tending to the welfare of the natives without getting a single convert. Then came the first convert and after him came many more.

The non-Christian Nagas adhere to a primitive Animist religion which has good spirits and bad spirits, spirits of the forest, of the river, of the heavens, etc. They shave their heads down either side and dress the centre back coxcomb style, much like the ancient Canadian Iroquois. In childhood they have the lobes of their ears pierced and the openings are continually enlarged until in their mature years they can accommodate a three-inch silver ring in the distended appendage. In the summer time they frequently dress in no more than a loin cloth, but when it becomes colder they wrap



*Manipuri Women Off to Market—They Seldom Walk in Groups or Pairs, But String Out in a Single, Endless File*



*A Chief's Lodge in the land of the Head-Hunting Nagas near Ukhrul*







**NAGA TRIBESMEN**—1. Dead tree trunks are erected in front of the host's domicile by guests in order to show appreciation. The more tree trunks, and the larger the tree trunks, the greater is the social status of the host. 2. Manipuri wife of the British sub-district officer to the Naga country. 3. Naga children. 4. The village blacksmith, whose specialty is spears, has his entire wall covered with buffalo skulls. 5. Naga men. 6. Naga smoking hookah pipe. 7. Naga caravan bringing supplies to their mountain home from Imphal valley. 8. The village school where children are taught Naga, Manipuri and English. Some win scholarships and become administrators. 9. Nagas cultivating rice in the foothills. 10. The old fort, which houses the Ukhrul garrison, largely composed of Gurkhas.

themselves, Indian style, in richly-coloured cotton blankets, which they weave themselves. They grow rice on terraces cut into the mountainside, and they keep cattle. For some reason, perhaps they have never made the discovery, they do not milk their cows or drink milk.

In the old days the Nagas were head-hunters. The greater the number of skulls adorning one's walls, the more distinguished one's social position. It is said that as late as their last war with the Kukkis, which took place about the turn of the century, the Nagas still collected heads. Nowadays, however, skulls are beginning to pass out of vogue and only a few of the old-timers, e.g., the village headmen, still boast collections. Today, if a man wishes to assert his social superiority he does it in a much more innocuous manner. He calls together his neighbors, promises them a feast in return for their labours, then leads them down into

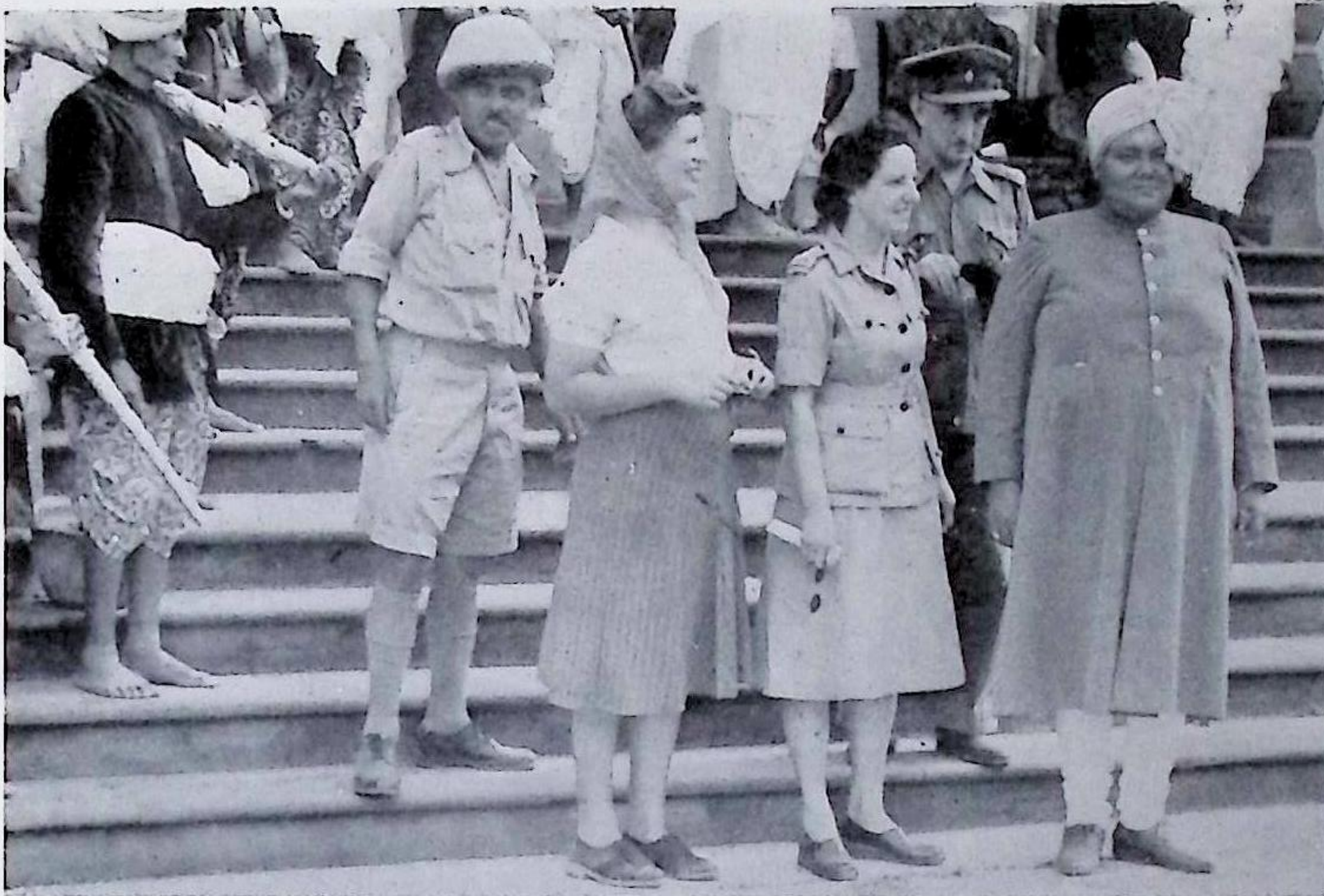
the valley. He takes them to the biggest uprooted tree he can find and, working all together, they lug it up to the top of his hill and plant it in front of his house. The more dead tree trunks in front of one's house and the bigger they are, the stronger is the claim for admission into the "400." Some houses have so many tree trunks planted in front of them that it is almost impossible to get inside.

The Naga villages are governed by councils of elders who decide all disputes and matters of policy by democratic discussion and vote. If any discussion ends in a deadlock the problem is taken to the British sub-district officer for his arbitration.

The Nagas pay taxes of three rupees per family per year. In return for this they have free schooling, free medical attention, and the services of the sub-district officer.

DAVE MARTIN.

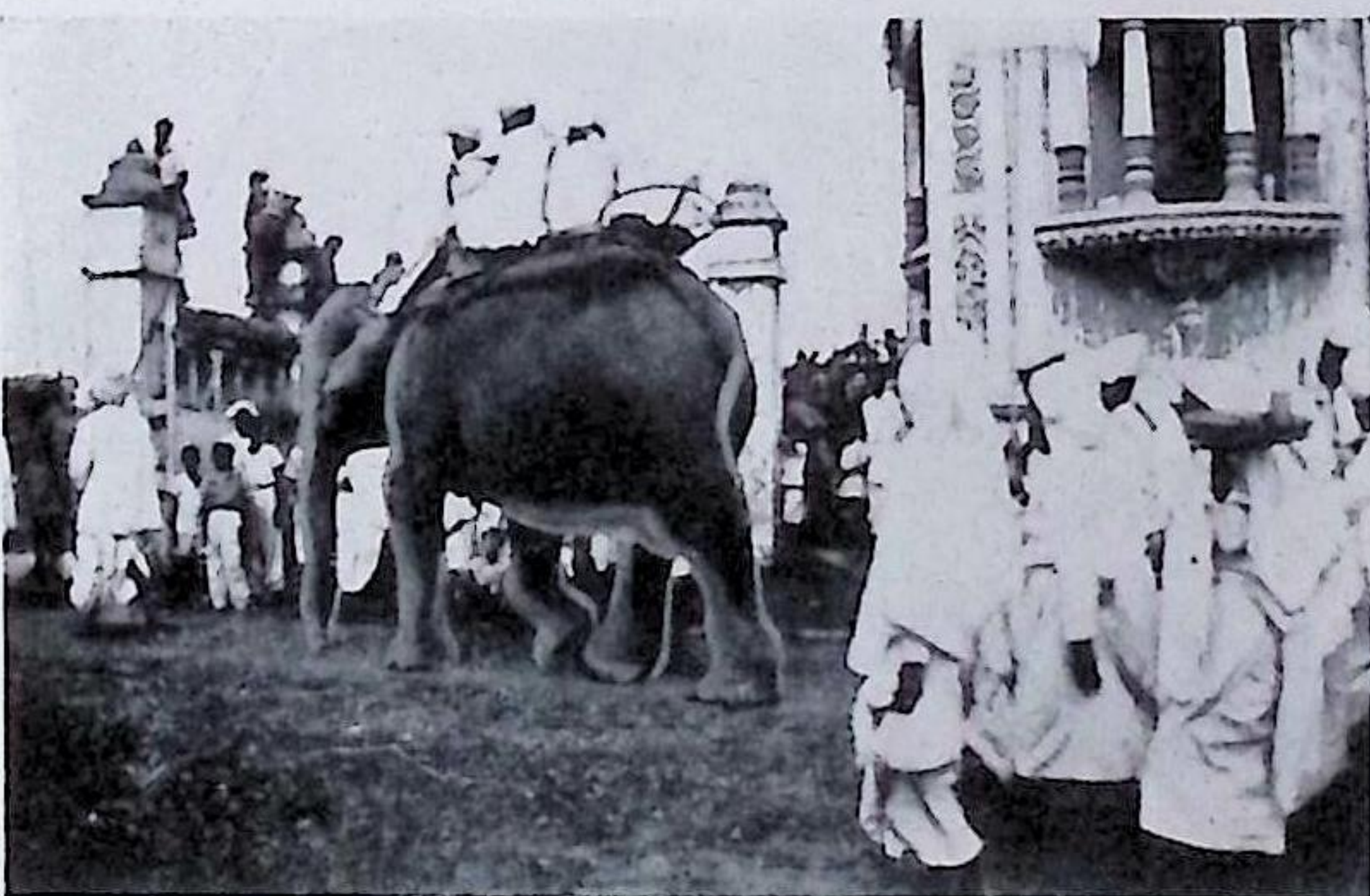




*The Maharajah receives British Army Nurses, stationed in Imphal*



*Attendants to His Highness Bodh Chandra Singh, Maharajah of Manipur.*



*The Royal Elephant of the Maharajah of Manipur, decked out in all his finery, appears on festive occasions, to lead colourful parades.*

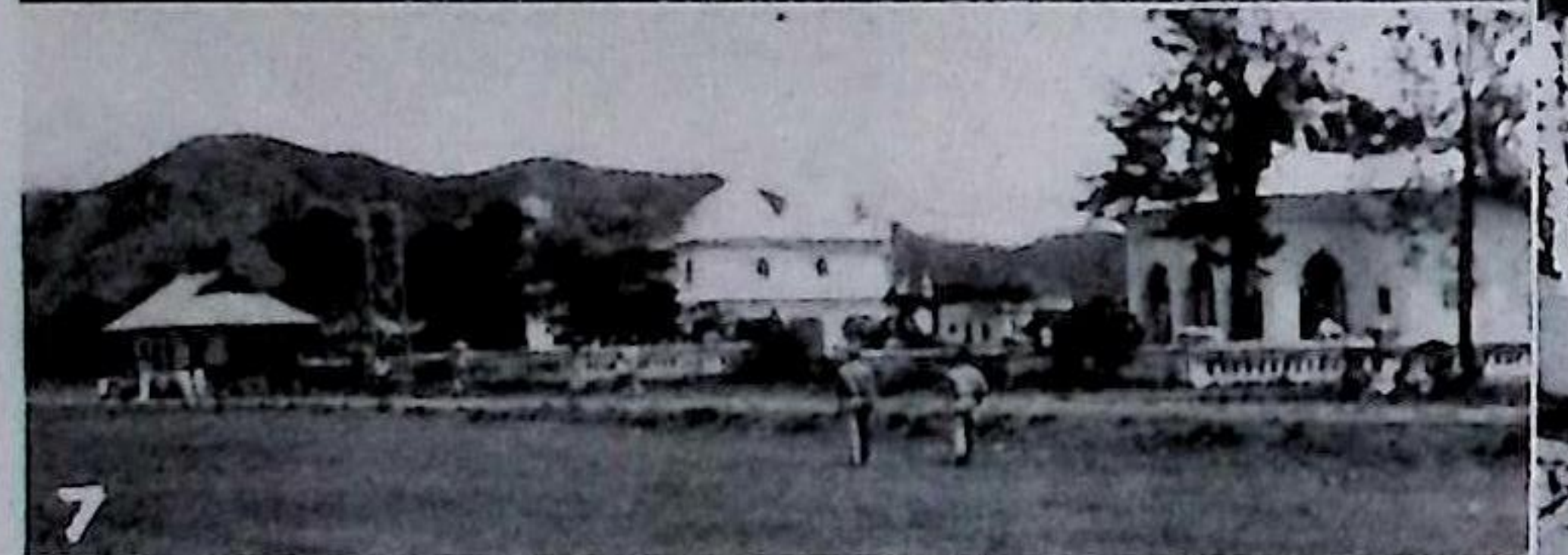
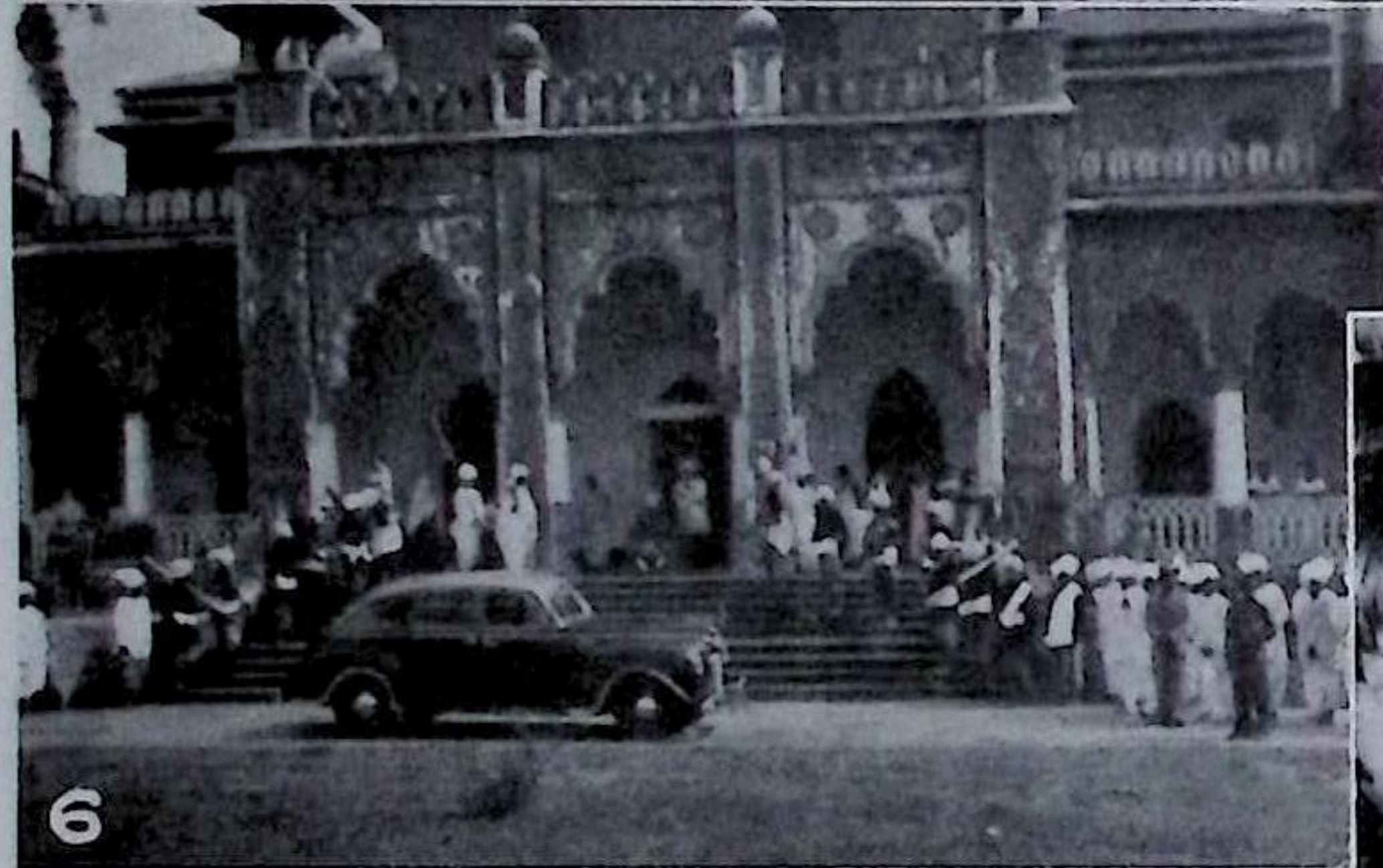
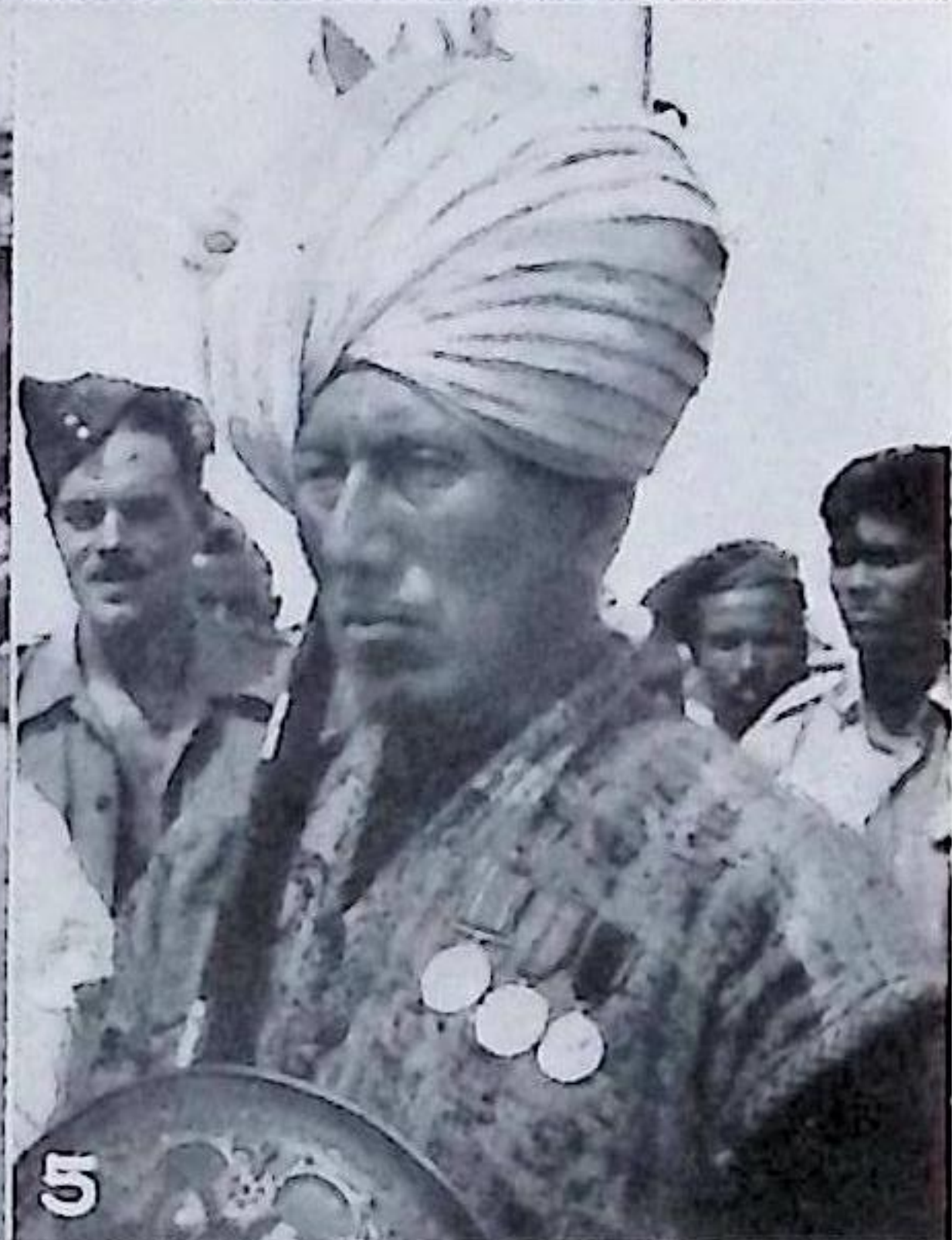
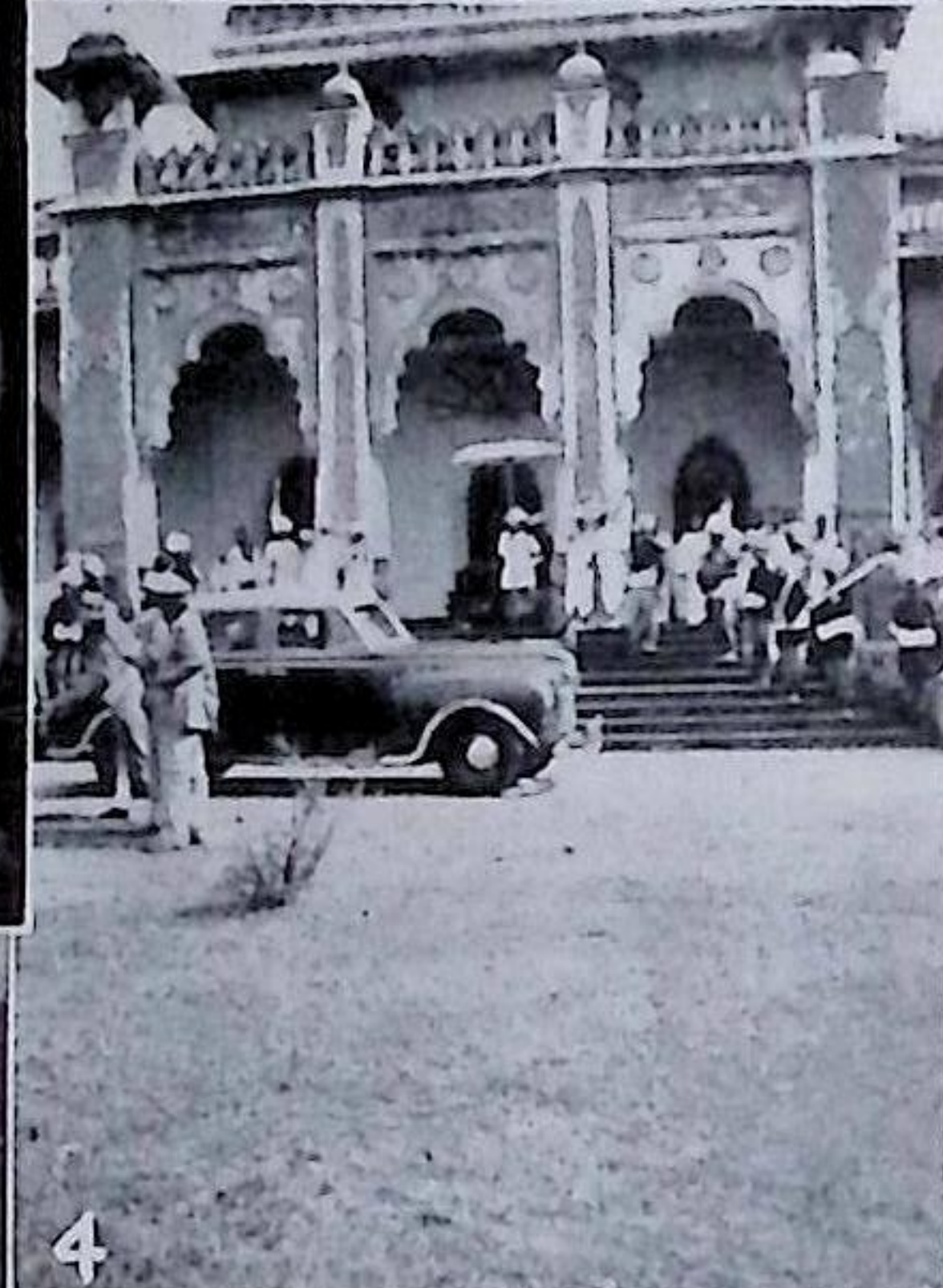
## *The Maharajah of Manipur*

His Highness Bodh Chandra Singh, who succeeded his father to the throne of Manipur in 1941, continues to display all the pomp and ceremony of a royal calling, though his power is rigidly controlled by the Durbar, or council and a president, who, in turn, work in close harmony with the British Commissioner for the province.

Festivities form a large part of life in Oriental countries. Manipur is no exception. Parades, led by the royal elephant, followed by a guard in the uniform of the state, are familiar to all who find their way to this isolated mountain retreat. The greatest of all festivities, rivalling even the coronation of the Maharajah in February, was the V-E Day Celebration. Three full days of pageantry; of horse races and polo; of wrestling, swimming and feats of skill. Each evening displays of fire-works proclaimed to the world how happy the people were that other nations, whose territory had been occupied, were now sharing the peace and prosperity that had come to their valley when the Nipponese had been driven far beyond the point where they might be considered a threat. During these festivities, His Highness followed the proceedings closely from his royal chair. Attendants were close to hand, ready to obey his command. An attendant with embroidered sun-shade; an attendant carrying the royal sword; the bearer of the mace, and the royal guard. At the Maharajah's right sat his three wives. Royal entertainment, with royal personages.

CEC. LAW.





1. Temple singers. When men go to sing in Manipuri temples they don tremendous white turbans. 2. One of the Maharajah's guards — a veteran of World War I. 3. Manipuri festival dance. 4. The guard await His Highness Bodh Chandra Singh, Maharajah of Manipur. 5. Bearer of the Mace to Bodh Chandra Singh. 6. Palace steps, showing the automobile of Bodh Chandra Singh. 7. His Highness' private temple in the palace grounds. 8. Races are a favourite pastime of His Highness. 9. Manipuri virgins at the V-E Day festival. Virgins wear their hair in bangs as shown in the photograph.







*Rice Planting in Manipur*

## *Rice... Lifeblood of the Orient*



*Transplanting the tender rice shoots requires great skill and speed. These women display both, making regular, even rows with no guide whatsoever.*

A sense of excitement filled our peaceful valley. The happy voices of the Manipuri people carried up the hillside on the still morning air, filled us with wonder. The sun touching the water in the paddy field was shattered and reflected in piercing arrows of light by the flooded rice paddies below. As if by magic, yokes of oxen appeared, drawing crude wooden ploughs through the half-liquid soil, churning it into a thick ooze, while the farmers urged the peaceful beasts to greater effort. Wives, sisters and mothers called encouragement to their men; sons and daughters caught the carnival spirit and tried vainly to outdo their elders.





*Manipuri Rice Planters*

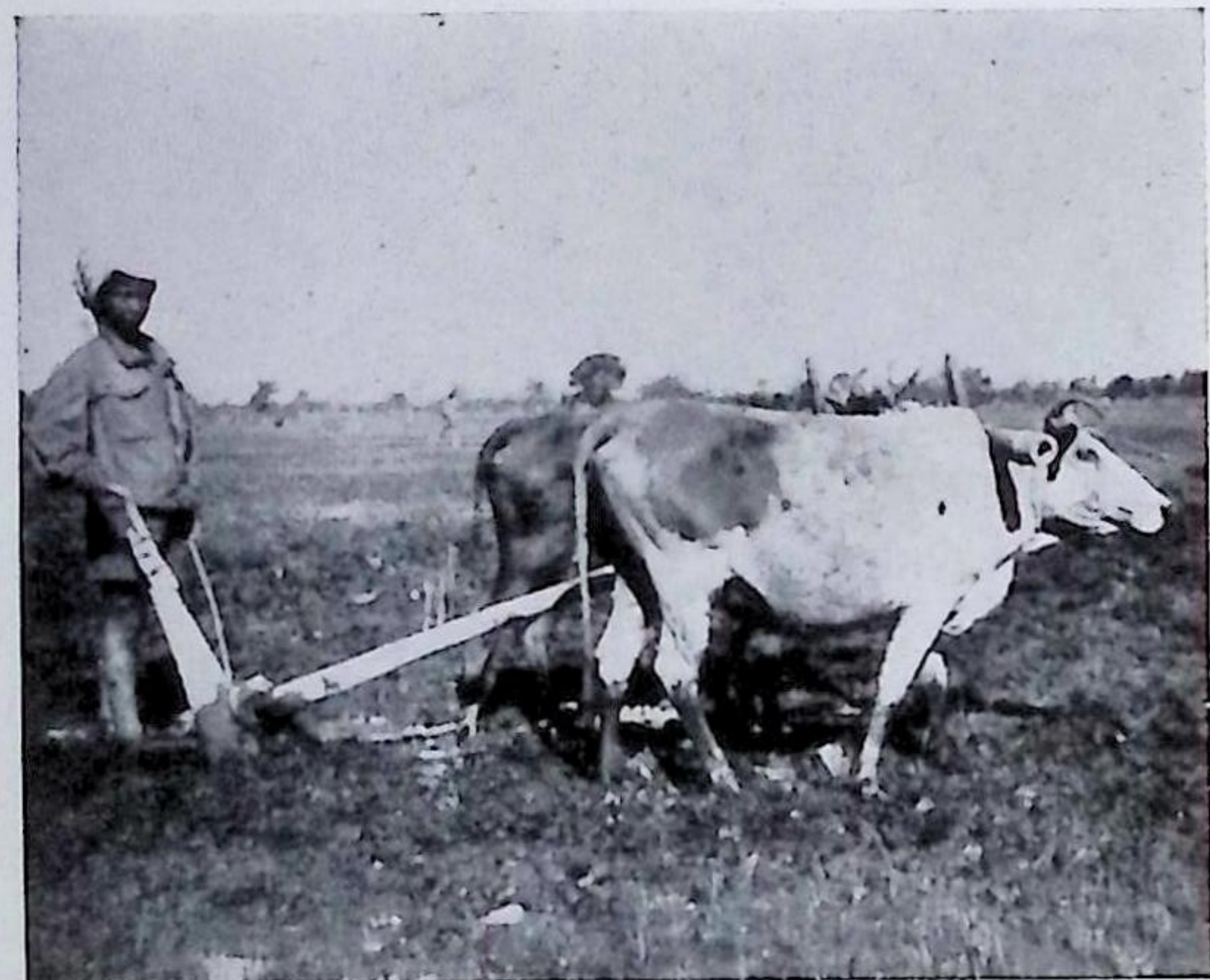
The valley had awakened. Mother Nature was ready to receive the seed which would be returned manyfold at harvest time.

In June, when the people of the West begin planning an escape from the monsoons to some favoured mountain resort, the Manipuri begins work on the land. This work is carried on relentlessly until the rains stop and the sun once more reigns supreme, in November.

When the soil has been ploughed it is smoothed by means of a flat, ox-drawn board, on which a coolie rides. The prepared paddy is then sown by women who cast the seed with a sweeping motion of the arm, in the fashion of a housewife feeding chickens. The rich, muddy soil receives the kernels, life stirs and a plant is formed.

The tender shoots grow rapidly in the alternate warm sunlight and heavy showers. When the plants are twelve inches in height they are transplanted to freshly prepared beds, and placed in evenly spaced rows by the women, who chatter happily as they work. Possibly a better knowledge of the Manipuri language might betray choice morsels of gossip—we will never know.

Although the rice paddies are rimmed with a wall of dirt to conserve water, this method sometimes results in one paddy being flooded while another lacks moisture. Then, too, the irrigation



*Ploughing Is Usually Stirring Up the Ooze in Manipur*



*Busy Women in a Rice Paddy*





*Transplanting Rice in Manipur*



*Rice ready for transplanting into a new paddy field*

As the jagged mountain peaks cut into the rays of the sun, forming an angry, red splash on the western rim of our valley, the peasants stream slowly to their village to rest. The thatched roofs of bashas peek through the fruitful palms and tangled vines that hide their homes. Soon a tiny fire will appear through the foliage; a frugal meal of rice and papua, or, if the farmer is rich, perhaps curried chicken with chappaties will be under way.

KEN ELLIOTT.

ditches often run a mile from the farmer's paddy. These difficulties are overcome by the use of a basket-weave scoop, resembling an oversize lacrosse stick. Thousands of gallons of water pass over acres and acres of paddy fields by the combined efforts of property owners.

Months of toil and friendly co-operation result in fields of ripe, glittering rice, swaying in the breeze; a promise of plenty during the dry months to come.

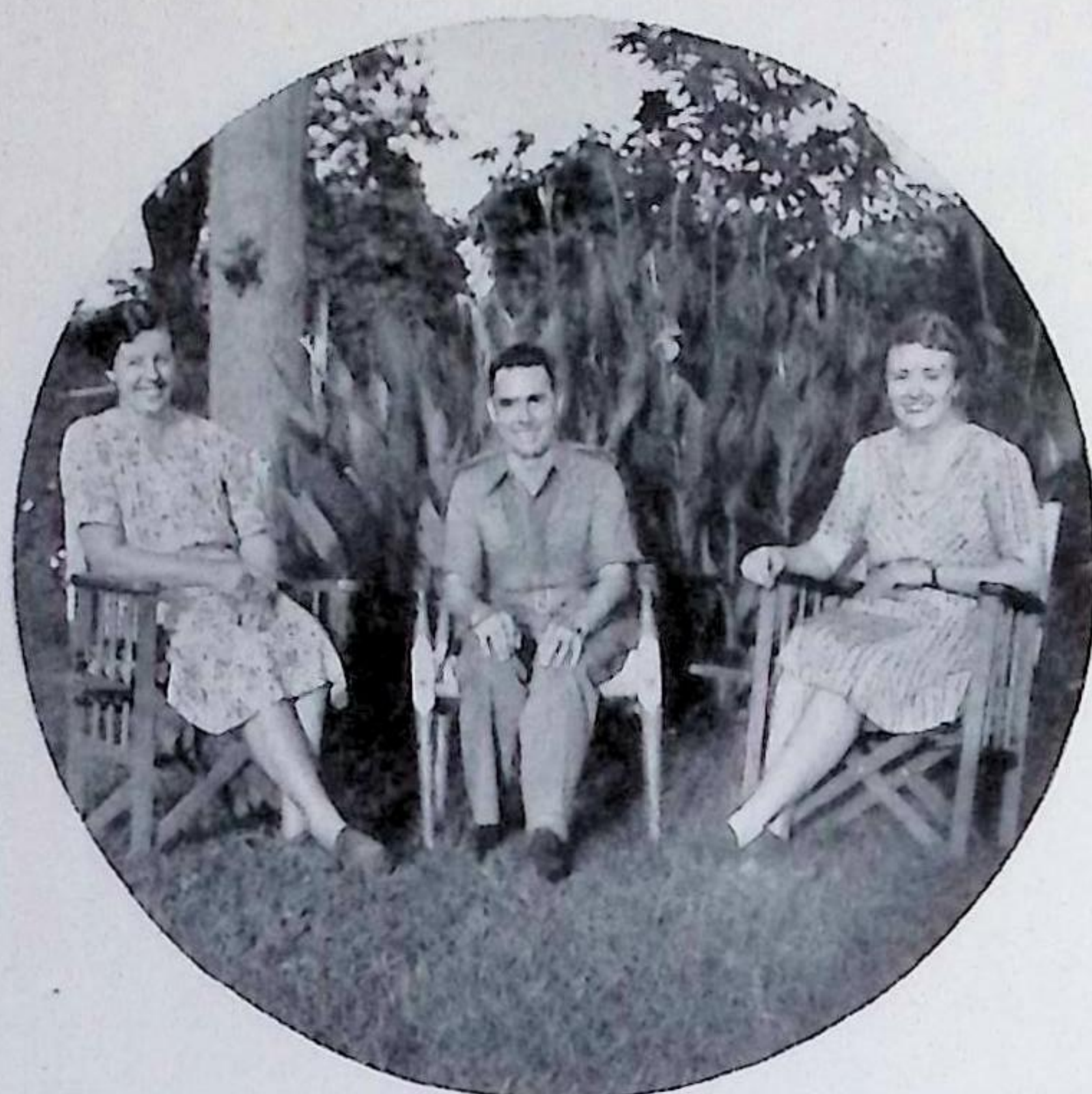


*Ploughs are light and easily carried from field to field by the farmer*



These cheerful pictures will remind the members of the Chinthe Squadron of the happy, home-like atmosphere created by the Corletts at their home in Imphal. Their hospitality was unbounded and their table always crowded. As a refuge from service life the value of such a haven cannot be over-estimated. While the Corletts and Miss Smith took their Mission seriously—the Reverend and Mrs. Corlett came to India as missionaries 16 years ago—they did not allow this seriousness to weigh down their spirits. The gracious, cheerful manners of their hostesses and the hearty laugh of Mr. Corlett will not soon be forgotten by those who enjoyed this refreshing atmosphere.

Illustrative of the contribution made by these generous friends of servicemen is the fact that the Reverend Corlett remained constantly at his post



*Left to right—Miss Marjorie C. Smith, Rev. Walter A. Corlett, Mrs. Violet M. Corlett*

## *The Corletts... in God's service*

throughout the seige of Imphal. Mrs. Corlett, too, though she was evacuated with all other British women, very much against her will, returned at the earliest moment that permission could be gained.

The Reverend Corlett and Mrs. Corlett and Miss Smith carry with them the sincere appreciation and very best wishes of the entire Chinthe Squadron.

HAROLD WORTMAN.



*The Y.M.C.A., under Mr. Corlett's care during the war*



*The Corletts' Mission at Imphal played host to scores of Canadians on duty in Manipur.—Seated, left to right, are Miss Smith, Mr. Corlett, Mrs. Corlett, with a few of the fellows who dropped in for Sunday dinner*



# People of the Indian Peninsula



Parsee Priest



Parsee



Gujarati



Maratha

The primary races in India have been multiplied through the centuries by the blending of peoples and regional influences into many sub-races, which are now more distinct than the original divisions. Among the more important of these are the Gujaratis, Marathas and Parsees.

Gujarati, spoken by over ten millions of people, is the common tongue along the coast of the Arabian Sea as far south as Daman. The literature of this people dates back to the fifteenth century, A.D.

Marathi is spoken by twenty-one millions of people, and is a principal language of the Central Provinces, the Northern Deccan plateau, and Berar, as well as a good part of Hyderabad. The Marathi is classed with the Gurkha and Sikh for superb morale and aggressiveness on the battlefield.

The Parsees were the most colourful people with which Canadians came in contact during their sojourn in the East. Although they are a very small minority they control the major industry of the nation, including the Tata Steel Works, and, as a result, are very powerful.

The Parsees are followers of the teachings of Zoroaster, who lived thousands of years before Christ, in Persia. These teachings were singularly pure in concept and ideal, revolving about the theme of conflict in the universe between good and evil, light and darkness.

The Parsees worship a Supreme Lord of Wisdom whom they believe to head a hierarchy of heavenly intelligence composed of seven great spirits. Fire is the chief of these spirits and it is to fire that most prayers are addressed. Fire, the Parsee symbol of Divine Life, is kept burning in the temples at all times. These fires are tended by the priests. Parsees carry a fragrant fire through their home at dusk each evening, to purify and sanctify the air.

Both fire and earth must be kept pure. Thus cremation or burial of the dead are both thought to be sacrilegious. Those from whom life has passed are placed on the Towers of Silence, and are devoured by vultures. The blood is taken by a drain through charcoal filters and the bones are dropped into a limed pit.

After death the souls of the righteous pass safely over the "Bridge of the Judge," and meet beautiful maidens, the embodiment of their good thoughts, words, and deeds; while those whose lives have been evil plunge from the Bridge of the Judge into a valley of fire where their sins are purged.

Many other races, speaking scores of tongues, inhabit this great peninsula. It is not our intention to discuss, or attempt to discuss, all of them. Because of their interesting background and customs so strange to us, we thought these few should be mentioned.

CEC. LAW.



## CONSTRUCTION AND ROADWORK NEAR POONA

Construction and roadwork are carried on by the most primitive methods. Even simple mechanical devices like wheelbarrows and pulleys are rarely employed. It is difficult to say whether this is so because of sheer inertia, or whether it is so simply because it is cheaper to have ten women trundling gravel and concrete in small pans on their heads than it would be to invest in one wheelbarrow.



ROAD BUILDING NEAR POONA.—1. Women carrying crushed rock and tar. 2. Men placing the crushed rock in roadway mopped with tar. 3. Coolie women sweeping the completed roadway. 4. Construction is done by men, while women supply materials. 5. Coolie woman ready to scatter crushed rock over tarred road surface. 6. Coolie women pose for cameraman.



## CONSTRUCTION WORKERS' VILLAGE—POONA

When a construction job or road work has to be done at more than walking distance from town, it is customary to pitch a work village near the site of the project. The "houses" are tiny raffia tents, approximately 4 feet high by 8 feet long by 6 feet wide. Frequently such tiny hovels will accommodate families of five or six or even more.



ROADWORKERS.—1. Children in a transient road camp near Poona. 2. Coy sisters. 3. Village scene. Temporary quarters of matting are easily folded and carried to new camp site. 4. Animals and people live together. 5. Family circle.





1. Whither bound, little man? 2. Snake charmer. 3. Hindu mother takes her children to market. 4. Chief bearer in an Indian mess, Poona. 5. Scene in a Bombay bazaar. 6. Sailboat in Bombay Harbour. 7. Chicos beg annas from the sahibs in the Calcutta-Bombay train. 8. Coolies. 9. Ox-team ploughing near Bombay. 10. Hindu girls buying colourful cloth for saris. 11. Greengrocer wallah. 12. Breaking rock to build highways. 13. Blind beggar girl and brother who guides her on begging expeditions. 14. Street scene peculiar to any Hindu city. 15. Native of Poona. 16. Bombay merchant.





# Burma... land of temples

"The'bet-nja-lak me' "—"I shall do it the day after tomorrow!" is not an uncommon attitude in any country, but it remained for the Burmese to make of it a way of life and raise it to the status of a national motto.

Generous? Yes, according to their own standards. Public services such as hospitals, libraries, etc., receive but meagre support, while any amount of land is freely given for the building of pagodas and monasteries. The Pongyis or Buddhist priests are never wanting. You may have seen of an early morning, these priests, clad in bright yellow robes, shaved heads bare in the sun, a begging bowl in an outstretched hand and eyes modestly downcast before their female benefactors. No request is made; no thanks are given; but the bowl is always filled.

Buddhism plays an important part in the life of the Burmese. Indeed this faith is so deeply ingrained that it has become the main factor of the Burmese nationality.

A summary of Buddhist doctrine is given elsewhere in this book, but this doctrine is seldom found unadulterated in Burma. So many tribes of varying degrees of civilization necessarily preserved in their rituals the worship of their old gods and the placating of spirits or devils. A case in point is the burial rites of a civil servant or anyone in authority. The deceased is officially released from his former duties and a sign bars his exit from the grave bluntly stating that he must remain where he is, that his services are no longer wanted.



This article does not pretend to be a thorough study of the Burmese people. Our aim does not exceed the mere recording of some of the most striking features we observed in their everyday life. Thus we were greatly interested in their food, though we could never be induced to share their fare. Rice, of course, is the basis of their diet, but it is supplemented with the flesh of divers animals, varying with the different tribes. The

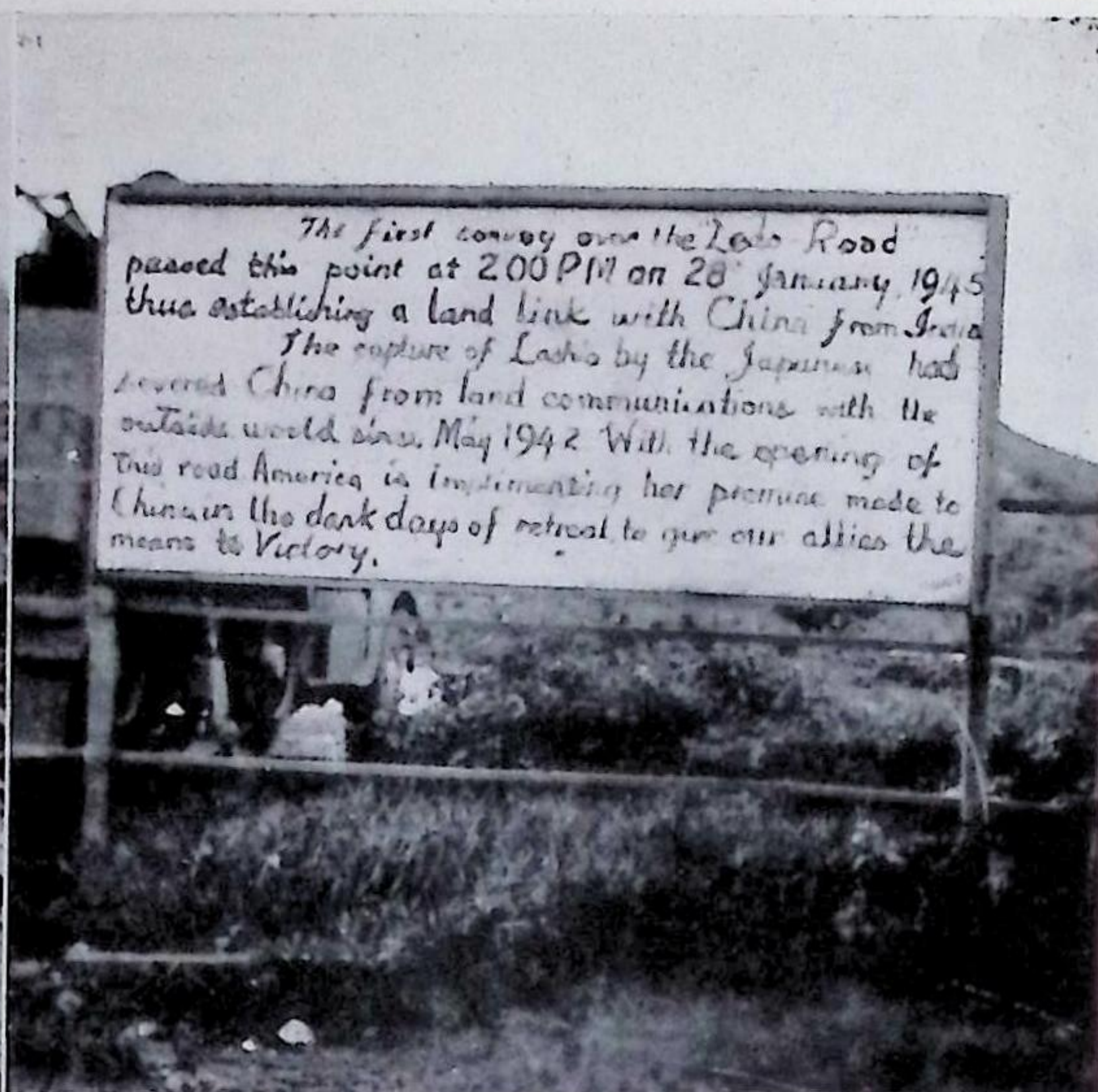


*Figures Before a War-Torn Burmese Pagoda*



*Ancient Gateway to the Dead City of Pagan, in Burma*





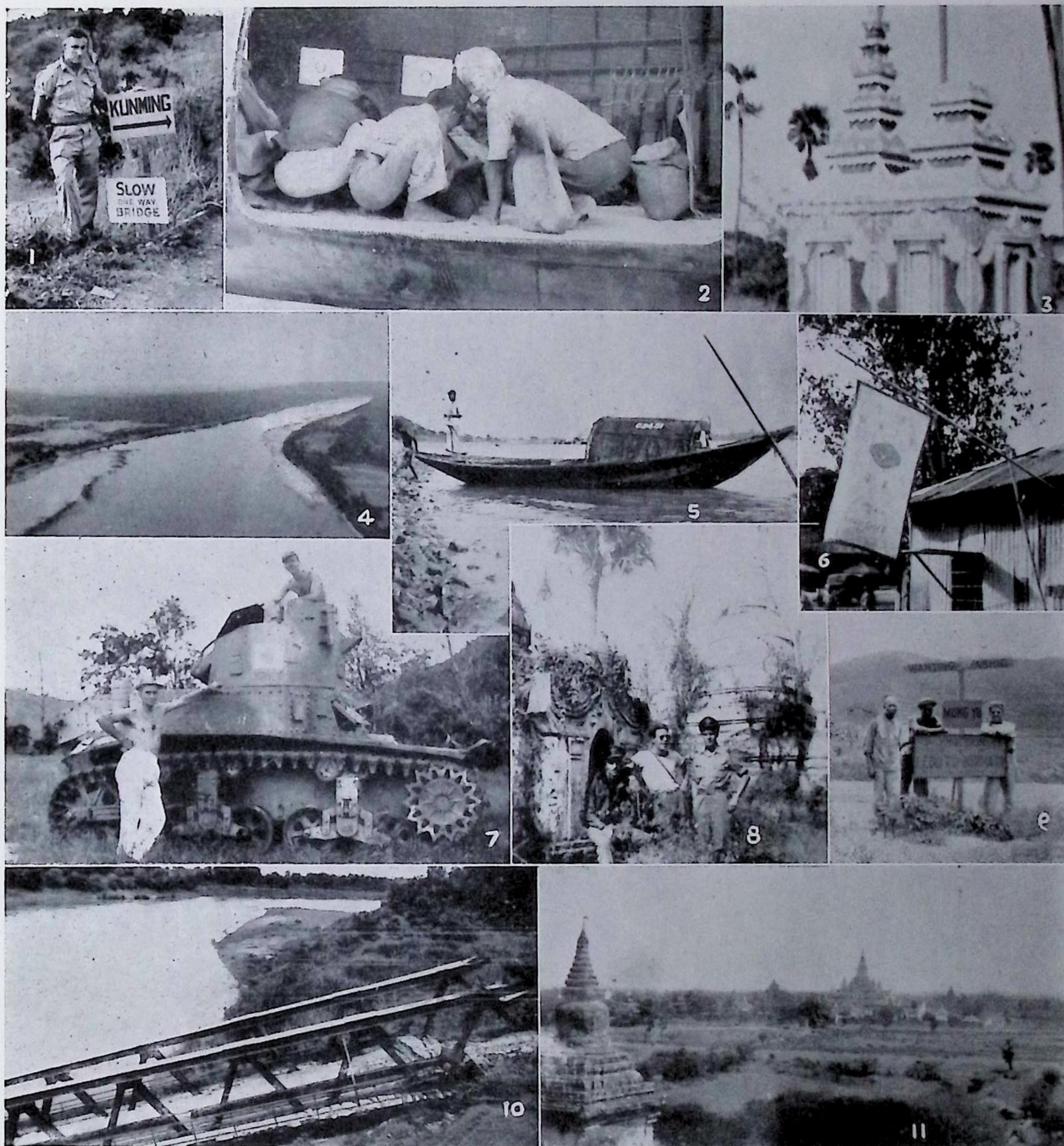
1. Kuthodow Pagoda, in Mandalay, has 730 temples, each of which bears a plaque with teachings from the words of Buddha.  
2. Historical landmark on the Burma-China border. 3. The cost of war in Burma. 4. Lifeline to Burma and China.



true Burman feasts on all of the large jungle beasts including the elephant. In fact, the pachyderm's hide, after prolonged steeping in salt, is a special tidbit when served with limes. The hill tribes bring less discernment to the supply of their proteins. Frogs, snakes, field rats, cats, the pupae of various beetles, bees, grubs, almost any living thing is meat to them except dogs and

vultures, the scavengers of every village. On the other hand, a favorite dish of the Chin people is boiled dog. The animal is first stuffed with "Kankhnyiu," a gelatinous sweet rice concoction and when served resembles a sort of canine haggis. Sounds good enough to me, all but the dog part of it! But then the "fatted-calf" of the Karens is really a cat.

CEC. LAW.



**BURMA SECTION.**—1. Sign-post on the Burma Road, near Lashio. 2. Hungry Burmese and Chinese coolies gather every grain of rice spilled on the floor of the aircraft carrying emergency food to villages destitute after Japanese plundering. 3. Although it is uncommon for Burmese, who are largely Buddhist, to commemorate their dead, occasionally monuments such as this are found. 4. The Chindwin River, a familiar landmark. 5. Sampan on the Irrawaddy River, near Mandalay. 6. Burmese dentist advertises. 7. Japanese tank abandoned during the Son of Heaven's "strategic retreat." 8. Ancient pagodas, long in disuse, at Alon, Burma. 9. Junction of the Ledo and Burma Roads. 10. Results of war. 11. Pagan, showing Ananda Pagoda, the largest in the world.



# Tamu in the Kabul Valley

The road from Imphal to Tamu in Burma was one of the engineering wonders of the war. By driving a road across the Chin Mountains to Tamu, and then across North Burma to Lashio, the Allies were able to tie up with the portion of the Burma Road that was still in their possession. Had it not been for this and for the tremendous expansion of Transport Command, it is doubtful whether China could have held out.

The road is cut out of a sheer mountainside with a slope that sometimes falls away at 60 or 70 degrees. Giant stakes have been driven into the

lower slope to hold the road in place; in some places there are enormous concrete bulwarks. Despite all this, it is necessary to keep a road gang, operating from several stations, constantly at work repairing, removing landslides, and rebuilding where the road bed has fallen away. It is probable that the Tamu Road will be kept up after the war to serve as an overland link between India and Burma. The village of Tamu was destroyed by the retreating Japs and it is only recently that the people have come back and rebuilt it.

DAVE MARTIN.



TAMU—1. Highway maintenance camp in the mountains between Imphal and Tamu. 2. Tamu village headman's wife and child. 3. Pagodas in Tamu are of wood. The British drive into Burma left them largely in ruins. 4. Mountains west of Tamu. 5. Interior of ruined pagoda. 6. Beyond the mother and child is a typical stilted home of Tamu village. 7. The Tamu Road.



# The Kachin Guerrillas ...

We broke through the overcast at 2,000 feet and there, dead below us, was Namsang—a grass strip marked out by white flags. As we circled for our approach, a score of natives who had been working on the strip, dropped their implements, picked up rifles and posted themselves strategically. Friends—or enemies? The Japs were supposed to be 50 miles away, but to the untutored eye of the Westerner one Mongoloid people looks very much like another. We touched down softly, rolled to the far end, strapped on our revolvers, and went to meet the natives who carried rifles.

We were greeted by the Indian engineer in charge of the strip. Joe was his name. Joe had been captured by the Japs at the time of the invasion and had been compelled to work for them for over three years. Now he had been given the job of keeping Namsang in shape for heavy aircraft, working with very little more than native labour. When he was first posted to Namsang he found three broken down steam-rollers that had been abandoned by the Japs. From parts taken from all three he was able to construct one workable machine, and with the aid of this he had been able to keep the grass strip serviceable, despite the monsoons.

The Kachin guerrillas, who had been in action until only a few weeks previously, unloaded our cargo of salt (there is no salt in the Shan States) and carted it over to a storage shed some 100 yards away. This done, they returned to their work on the strip.

The Kachins are a very poor and very primitive people, loyal to the British because they are inclined to regard them as their protectors against the Burmese majority. They played a very prominent



*Kachin Guard—Ever on Alert*

role in the guerrilla fighting against the Japs. These people tattoo their bodies from ankles to thighs in weird patterns which, unfortunately, are not recorded by ordinary film. Many strange tales are told of them—the strangest being that they can anoint their bodies with a substance which makes them bullet-proof. I'm not inclined to believe this, but Joe and one or two British officers swore it was so.

DAVE MARTIN.

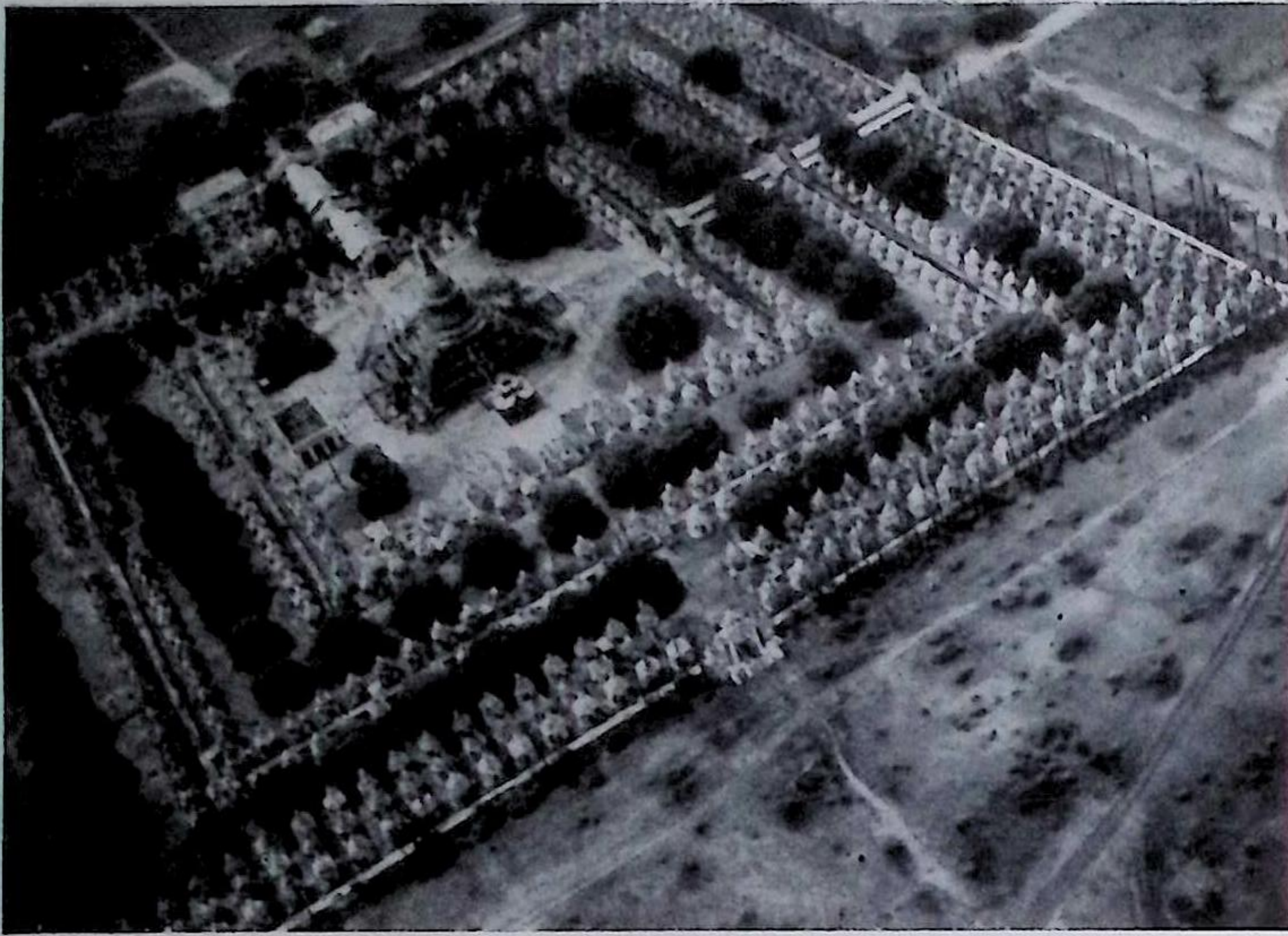


*Kachins' Primitive Transport Facilities*



*Kachins Unloading Rice at a Forward Strip*





*Kuthadaw Pagoda, With It's 730 Shrines, Outside the Walls of Mandalay City*

## *Kipling's Mandalay is Gone*

Mandalay, as Rudyard Kipling knew it, no longer exists. Fire and bombs have destroyed the old city, with its slums. Yet Mandalay is beautiful, perhaps more beautiful than the Mandalay Kipling knew. Kuthadaw Pagoda with its 730 shrines shows no sign of the fierce battle that raged beyond its walls. The tourist may still wander through acres of white monuments to the Lord Buddha, each with its marble slab on which are written his sacred words. The devotion of King Mindon of Burma, who built this temple in the nineteenth century is comparable only to that of King Anawrahta who caused Pagan, the city of temples, to be built in the eleventh century.

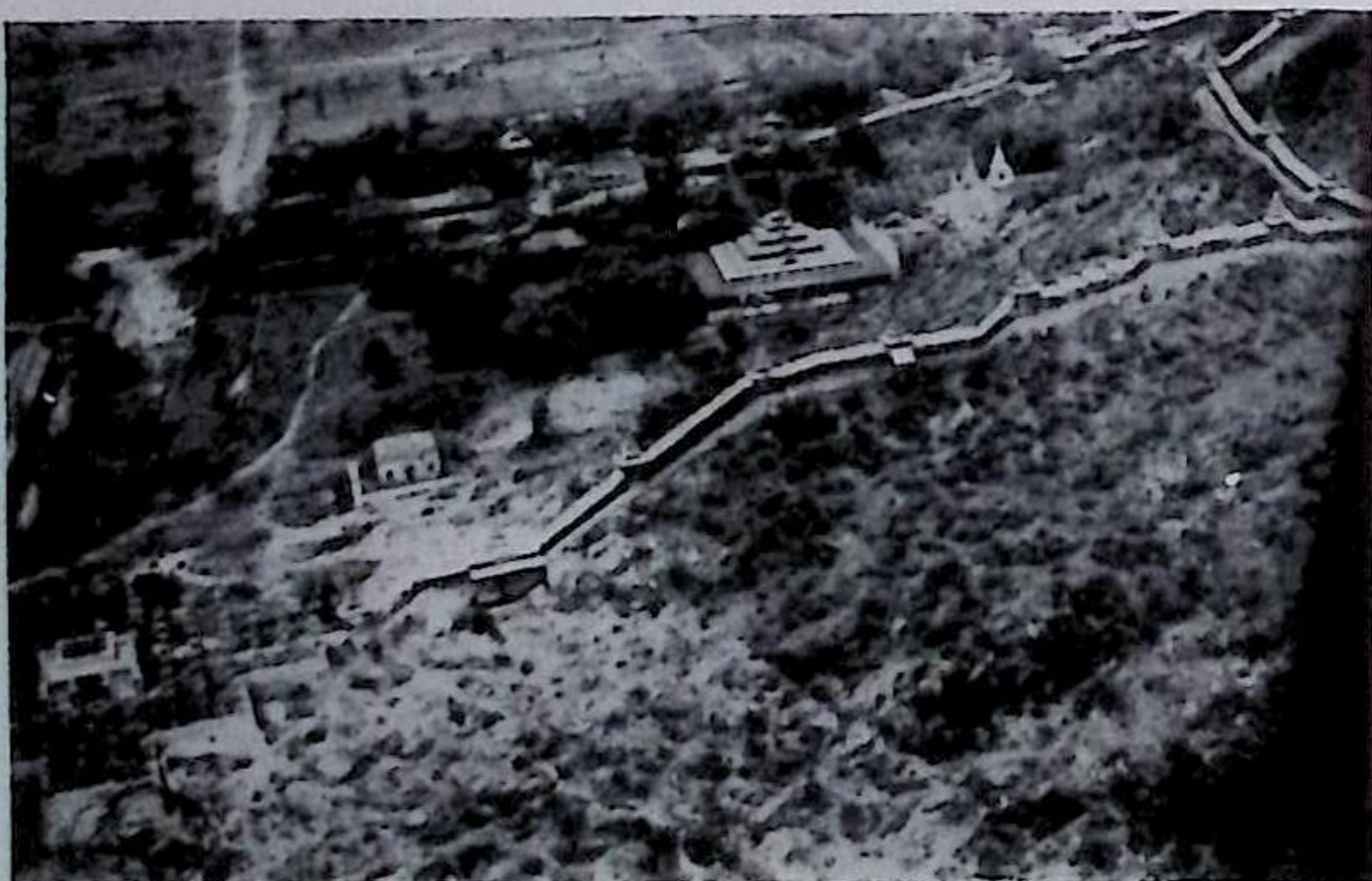
Mandalay is the chief town of upper Burma, and former capital city. The city is a mile square, surrounded by a wide moat, a crenelated brick wall 26 feet high and an inner earthen parapet.

The royal palaces stand at the city's centre. They are constructed of teak wood, enclosed by stone walls and are surrounded by a teak wood stockade. The rich wood carvings in the palace are famous and the palace's chief claim to distinction.

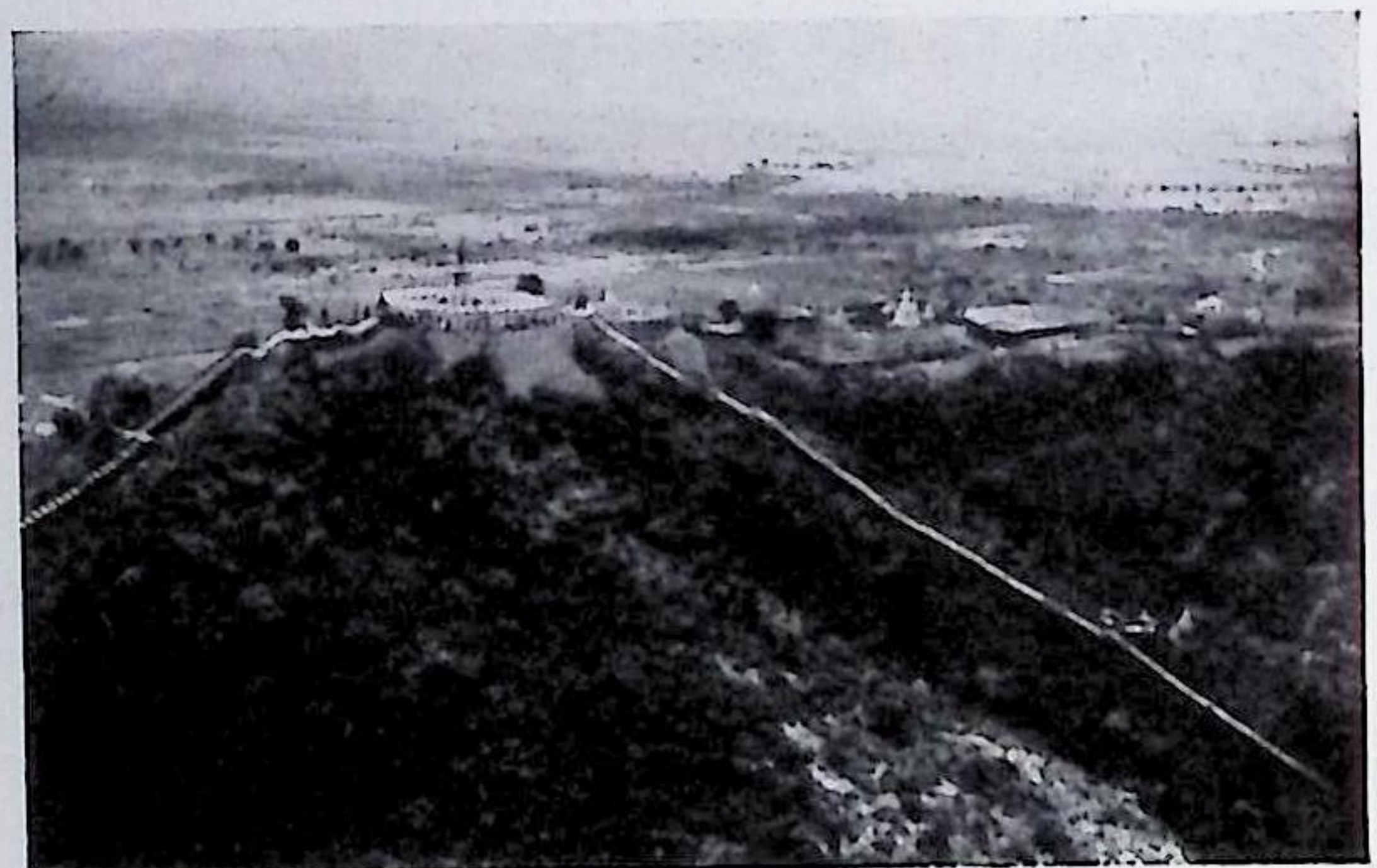
The Arakan Pagoda in Mandalay is remembered for its 12-ft. brazen image of Buddha—the object of veneration to thousands of pilgrims.

The entire countryside, without the walls, is clothed in monasteries, but to us the "Sacred Hill," beside which Canadian transport planes dropped supplies during the siege of Mandalay, will be best remembered—a hill of holy shrines, studded with Japanese mortars and artillery, a rose with thorns.

CEC. LAW.



*The Covered Passage Leading to the Crest of Sacred Hill Accommodates Thousands of Pilgrims Who Come for Meditation, Each Year—Mandalay, Burma*



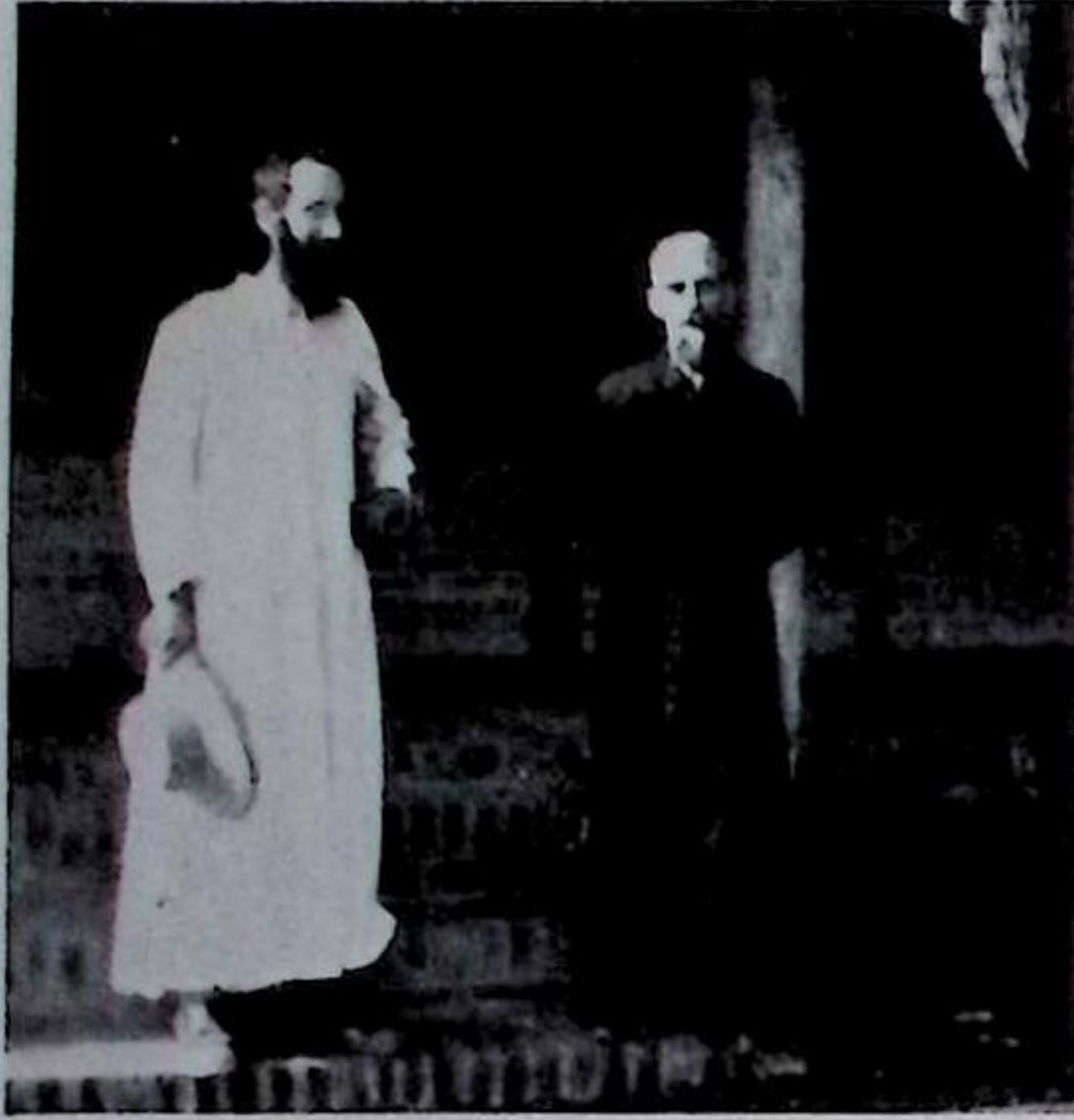
*The Sacred Hill, Mandalay, With Its Beautiful Pagodas*





MANDALAY—1. Eastern suburbs of Mandalay. 2. Giant Chinthee. 3. Bonesetter gives a lecture on anatomy. 4. An entrance to the walled city of Mandalay. 5. Japanese souvenirs. 6. Street scene, Mandalay, while fighting raged a few blocks away. 7. Mandalay landing strip. 8. Cenotaph erected to commemorate Japanese dead before fall of Mandalay. 9. Mandalay street. 10. Japanese cemetery.





*Missionary Fathers Who Remained With Their Charges During Japanese Occupation*



*Main Hospital Building at the Leper Asylum*



*Mother Superior and Mission Chaplain With British Soldier After Liberation*

## *Leper Asylum... Mandalay*

The "Rape of Nanking" was in everyone's mind and still the Japanese invader of Burma was rolling ever closer. Refugees were frantically flown to India. As the pilot of the last aircraft looked back he could see the white-clad sisters and priests waving goodbye. He saluted the faith and courage of these people who worked tirelessly day and night to help in the escape of others and then chose to remain with their unfortunate patients through the horrors of Jap occupation.

It is difficult to fully realize what this sacrifice meant. Leprosy is a loathsome disease. To have to see, smell and touch the flesh that slowly decays

has earned for these sisters and priests "the undying gratitude of hundreds," as a prominent English resident of Burma remarked. Add to that the uncertainties of life in a conquered land and you have some idea of their sacrifice.

Primarily the scarcity of food presented the greatest difficulty. The Japanese allowed a ration of only a handful of rice a day. Their fear of the disease kept them from molesting the sisters. The colony eventually became the asylum of hope for 1,500 Burmese refugees. The problem of feeding them was almost insurmountable but no one was turned away. As the Japanese fear of the disease became less, brutality increased, culminating in the death of two priests and the torture of another for thirty days.

After three years the sisters and priests enjoyed the luxury of bread and margarine. Other food stuffs followed in appreciable quantity. Parcels were sent by the boys of the squadron in every possible manner, including parachute drops, when the plight of these people was reported.

This example of courage through faith will always mean more to us than the battle honours of heroes won by split-second judgment in the madness of a moment. Every one of us carries a greater respect than previously for the missionaries and their work.

R. L. RODGERS.



*A Sister Treats Lepers in the Leper Colony at Mandalay*





ANANDA TEMPLE—Pagan

## *The Ancient City of Pagan*

Situated at a bend of the Irrawaddy, across from Myitche, the deserted city of Pagan with its 16 square miles of pagodas is truly one of the wonders of the world. Great though it is, its story is even more impressive.

In the 11th century A.D. a decadent form of Buddhism penetrated to Central Burma, probably from Tibet. The priests of this degenerate faith

were called Ari and indulged in superstitious and immoral rites. A monk, Shin Arakan, became the chief religious adviser to Anawrahta, the King of Pagan, and influenced him strongly. Anawrahta sent a "request" to Thaton, a great centre of Buddhism, for copies of the Buddhist Scriptures. Insultingly refused, the forces of Pagan attacked Thaton, sacked it and carried off the Sacred Books.



Loaded with thirty sets of Scriptures and many sacred relics, a mighty procession of 32 white elephants returned in triumph to Pagan. The Scriptures were housed in the Ti-pitaka-taik (library) which may still be seen there. Anawrahta decided to adopt the pure Buddhism of Thaton as the state religion. Henceforth he was a Burmese Asoka, and set in motion a remarkable era of religious reform and temple building.

Such was the power of Pagan that its king could demand that an original tooth of the Great Buddha be sent to him from far-off Ceylon. It is amusing to find that Ceylon's king circumvented the unwelcome order by proclaiming the tooth's miraculous power to reproduce itself in exact likeness. It was to receive this copy that the King of Pagan waded out in the waters of the Irrawaddy.

Anawrahta's successor continued a policy of religious patronage and temple building. In turn, his son, Kyansittha (1084-1112) was a great restorer and builder of temples. It was he who built the lovely Ananda pagoda, and in its western aisle can be seen two life-size figures of himself and his minister, Shin Arakan, kneeling at the feet of a gigantic image of the Buddha. To Shin Arakan chiefly we owe the establishment in Burma of the pure form of Hinayana Buddhism. Here also was preserved for the world the much-persecuted Theravada Buddhism—one of the purest faiths man has ever known. In Pagan the stricken found refuge. The sincerity of its rulers is revealed in the fact that not one of them has a tomb. All of their magnificence went to glorify their religion.

In 1287 the kingdom broke up, the result of weakening kings and a Chinese invasion.

But let us consider the visible remains of past glory. Here in the shimmering heat of a blazing sun and clear blue sky are structures equalling the contemporary Norman cathedrals of Europe in their architectural strength and beauty. Several hundreds of these are in various stages of dusty, crumbling ruin, their dark vaults, tortuous passageways and narrow stairways wrapped in death-like silence, but for the rustling and scurrying of lizards and snakes. A reptilian odor pervades the ruins throughout. Half-buried in piles of brick and rubble, the rigid Buddhas seem to look down through the gloom with faintly sardonic smiles.

Outside, scattered over the wind-eroded sand, are countless fragments of ancient pottery vessels, still bearing their incised designs — particularly in the area within the city walls.



*Thatpyinnyu Pagoda*

Although themselves in a state of ruin, the massive walls appear to have been about 25 feet high, with a deep moat outside. They form two sides of a triangular enclosure; the remainder is bounded by the Irrawaddy. A great entrance is still preserved.

Yet in the midst of ruin we find huge pagodas and temples in an almost perfect state of preservation. Of these the Ananda is the largest in Burma. Like hundreds of others, it lies outside the city walls. Pure, dazzling white, rising tier upon tier above all else, it seems to soar endlessly into the heavenly vault, carrying the observer with it as do the Gothic fluted columns in Europe. It is interesting to note that even this lovely pagoda retains much of the basic and characteristic pyramid form. Thus the distance from a corner to the tip of the spire is about the same as that of the base.

Its grace and beauty are achieved by broken lines, lights and shadows, and a delicate spire. Within the building is a large corridor, running parallel to the exterior walls. A vaulted entrance opens upon it from each side of the building, crosses it, and exposes the gigantic Buddhas which face the four directions. The images are remarkably alike—graceful, delicate, beautiful, with lights and shadows playing over their gilt forms and flowing robes. Above each is a vertical shaft leading to the open sky. Part of the light thus strikes behind the figures, giving them striking prominence in a building so vast. Minor differences occur in the four, such as the attitude of the hands and arms; it is said that a workman was assigned to each and that they were kept from all contact with each other until their great work was finished.

In passing it is well to note the nearby Shin Binthalyaung Image, also of the 11th century, safely housed in a long, low, barrel-vaulted structure. Fully 75 feet long, the figure is peacefully reclining under a painted vault of graceful floral and peacock designs. Over its face there still plays the faintest shadow of a smile, suggesting a superior wisdom and knowledge above and beyond the realm of man.

TOM LEE.



*Buddhist Priest*





SHWE DAGON PAGODA—Rangoon (Aerial View)

## Shwe Dagon Pagoda, Rangoon

It stood out against the darkening sky in the late spring of 1942, as the straggling Tommy trudged northward, casting an occasional glance over his shoulder at Rangoon. Under the monsoon clouds of June, 1945, it gleamed like a dull beacon to the British parachutists, tankmen and marines who were closing in on the city. This landmark of

the vanquished and of the victor is the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, survivor of the battles of Burma since prehistoric times.

This dazzling, cone-shaped edifice, standing higher than St. Paul's of London, is the centre of the religious life of Burma and houses, according to legend, the relics of the Guatama Buddha.



The temple, constructed of solid brick stupa, is covered entirely with gold leaf, renewed each generation by public subscription. Successive rulers of Burma have enlarged and beautified the structure. Queen Shinsawbu terraced the hill from which it dominates the city and was the first to use gold leaf to enhance its beauty. King Hsinbyus set diamonds and rubies in the spire and raised the temple to its present height of 368 feet. In 1871 King Mindon presented a new spire, coated with

gold and studded with jewels, at a cost of 62,000 pounds sterling.

The ceremonials of worship take place on the spacious platform which surrounds the base of the temple. At festival times the platform is thronged with Burmese worshippers, their silk longyis of blue, pink and crimson vying for colourful effect with the paper and bamboo animals which form part of the ceremonies. Their smiling faces belie the Buddhist tenet that "all is suffering."

SANDY ALTSTEDTER.

## Volcanic Craters in Burma

Long before atomic bombs were known to the world at large, Canadians flying over Burma wondered at the five giant craters that straddle the Chindwin River, resembling the expected result of a stick of super-bombs. Any number of questions and searching through libraries revealed only the fact that these were extinct volcanic craters, a result of a fissure in the earth's crust.

Flying low over a crater near Alon, we were impressed by the emerald green lake whose waters appear to be at the same level as those of the Chindwin River, suggesting possible underground drainage.

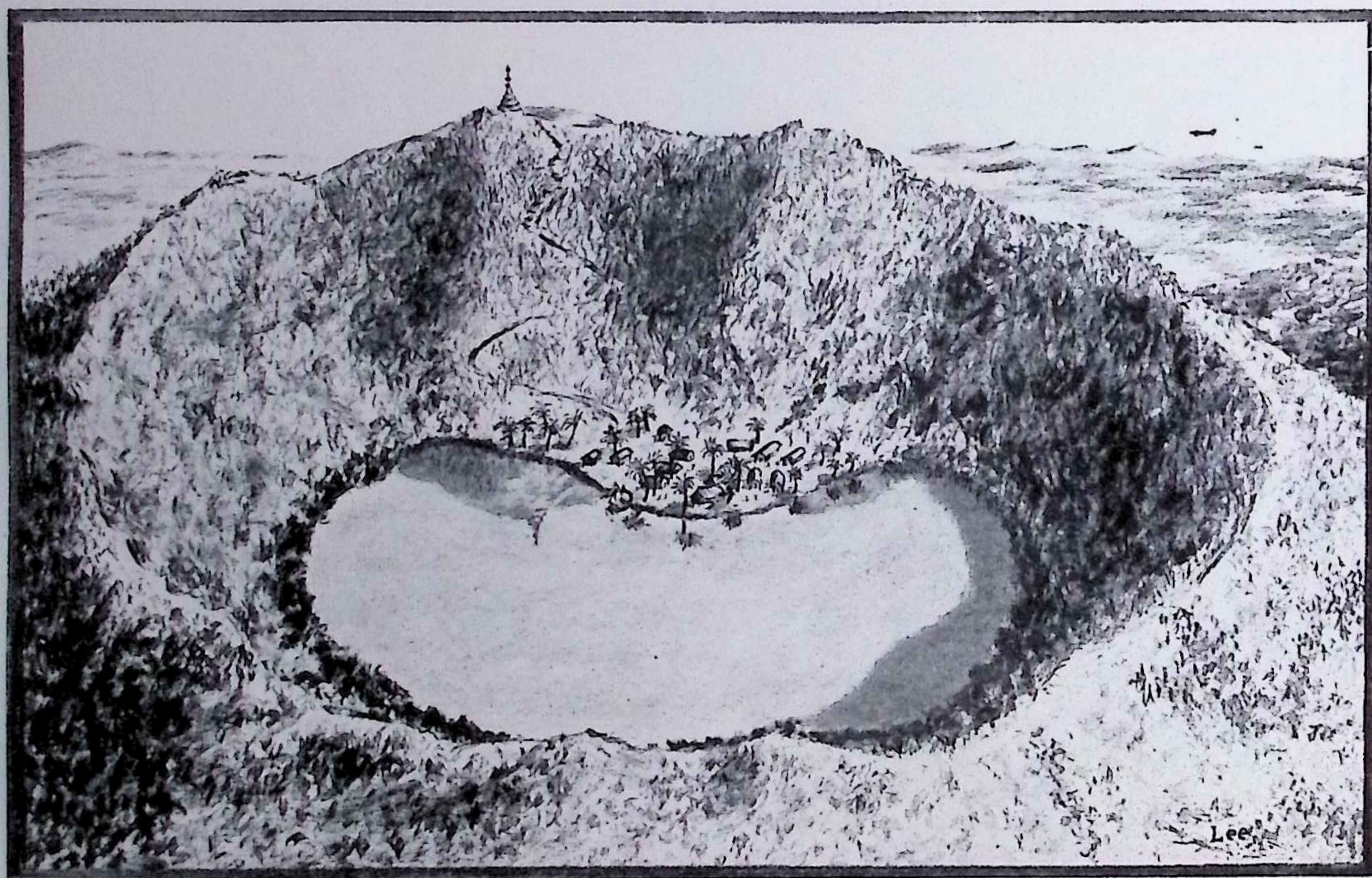
The inside walls of the crater were clothed with a dense growth of brush, not more than 15 feet high, while the lake's edge had palm trees hanging

over the brim, as if they were attempting to avoid too close association with the straggling growth above.

Circling, we found that centuries ago a landslide had plunged down the steep crater, spilled out into the lake, and left a level, delta-like projection, on which a village had been built. A winding, treacherous trail led from the village to the rim of the volcano, and hence down the outer surface.

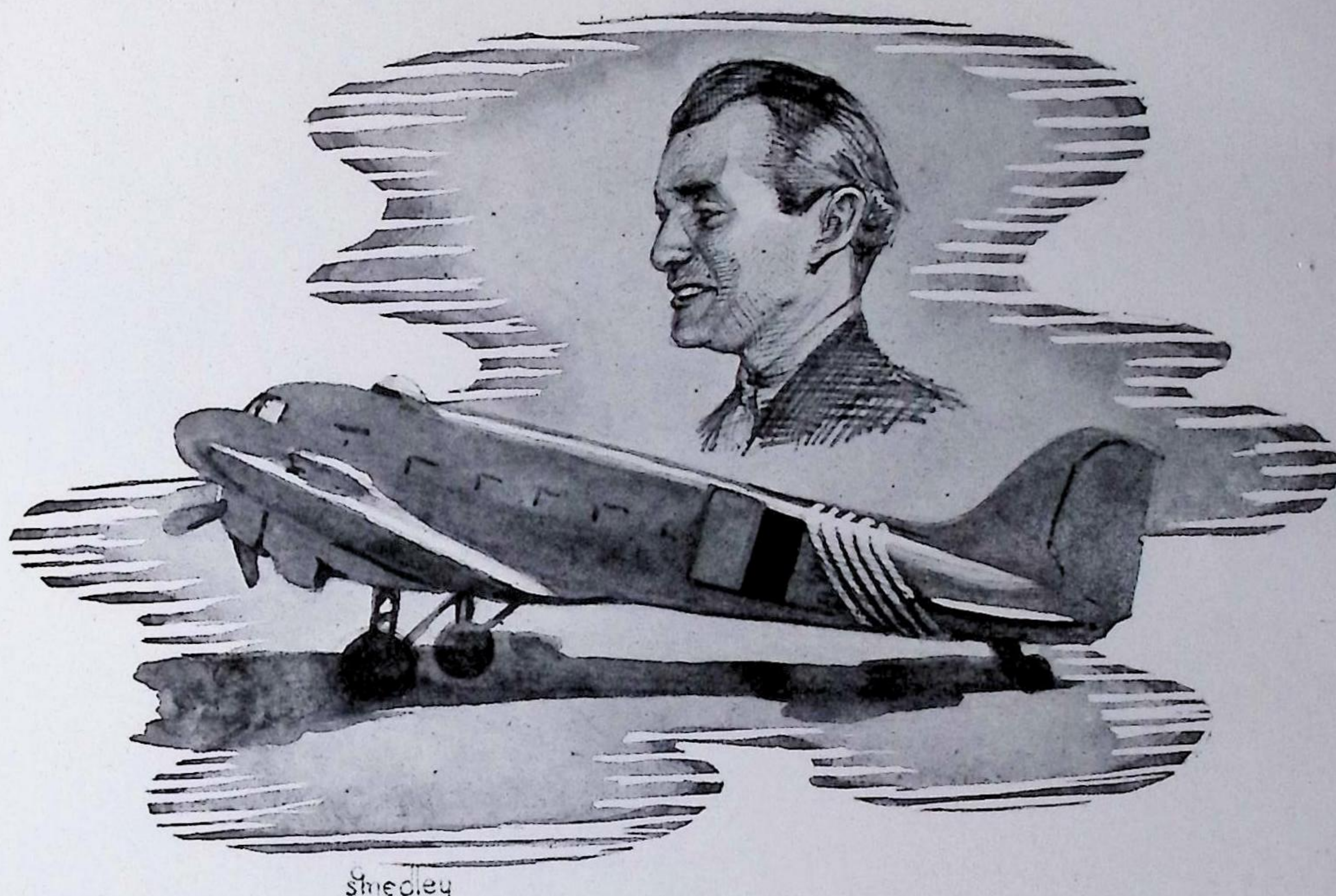
Isolated by the towering walls of the crater, we could not help speculating on the conditions of life in such a haven from world strife. Perhaps this crater provides a modern Shangri-La.

CEC. LAW.



Crater Village Near Alon, Burma—A Long Extinct Volcano Gives Refuge to a Few from the Strife and Turmoil of War Beyond Its Brim





## Comic Strip Hero in Burma

"Terry and the Pirates" has for years fired the imagination of American and Canadian youth. Flip Corkin became a special favourite when we found that the exigencies of war were to bring us into the Burma campaign, scene of Flip's more recent adventures. Though we considered him to be a mythical personality, our knowledge of activities in that Far Eastern theatre soon gave us reason to believe that the cartoonist who created our hero must either have friends in the War Office or an

intelligence organization that the Son of Heaven would gladly give both of his exalted eye-teeth to control.

Our activities in Burma included operations with American squadrons, one of which carried distinctive markings. We found the commanding officer to be Colonel Philip D. Cochrane, "Flip" to his friends; Flip Corkin to us! Needless to say we were credulous, but the intelligence did clear up a mystery which had been a subject for speculation among our fellows for a long time. The thrill of discovery was somewhat tempered, however, when we found that Burma and the Dragon Lady were fictitious.

Colonel Cochrane's record has won him a score of decorations, the most recent of which is the Distinguished Service Medal. No child need ever doubt the authenticity or valour of his comic strip hero, Flip Corkin. The scenery used in "Terry and the Pirates" is authentic and is drawn from personal experience in Burma, where the cartoonist met "Flip Corkin."

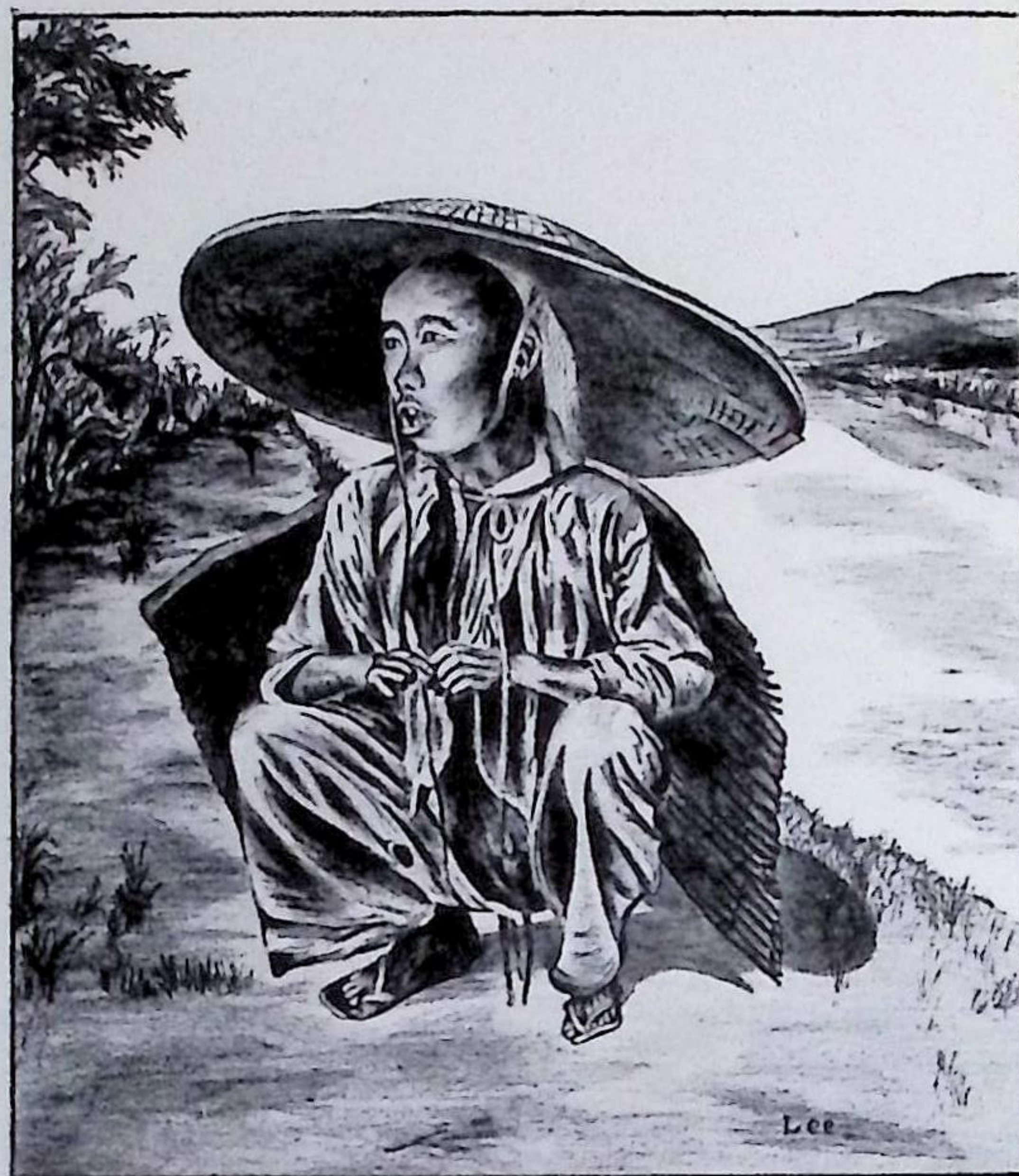
CEC. LAW.





Since the time of Marco Polo, China has been the embodiment of mystery and adventure to young and old. Few can truthfully say that they have never wished to visit this land of dragons at some period during their lifetime. We were granted this privilege.

Mu-Se, though on the Burma-China border, has few people who resemble those native to the neighboring Shan States of Burma. Language, customs, dress, even the habits of eating, abruptly change, as the imaginary line of political influence is crossed. Tea houses and gaming houses are the more flourishing of the village shops; though there are stalls which sell canned goods, eggs and cereals,



# China...

## land of Patience and Poverty

and other shops which sell items much favoured by Canadians as souvenirs, such as chopsticks.

The dragon game attracted scores of people, who placed bets in currency ranging from the Chinese yuan, or the Chinese dollar, to Burmese liberation money and Indian rupees. The play is carried out similar to crown and anchor, using dice, in place of a wheel. The characters on the cubes, however, are dragons, tigers, fish, elephants, scorpions and snakes. Each character pays definite odds, and bets

are paid in whatever currency the player sees fit to wager.

The people live a carefree and happy existence, seemingly untroubled by future security or past horrors. The children climbing trees, making kites or swings, smiling and calling to one another, might easily have spent their early years in the safety of a central Canadian village. We were impressed by a people capable of adapting themselves so quickly to their environment.

CEC. LAW.



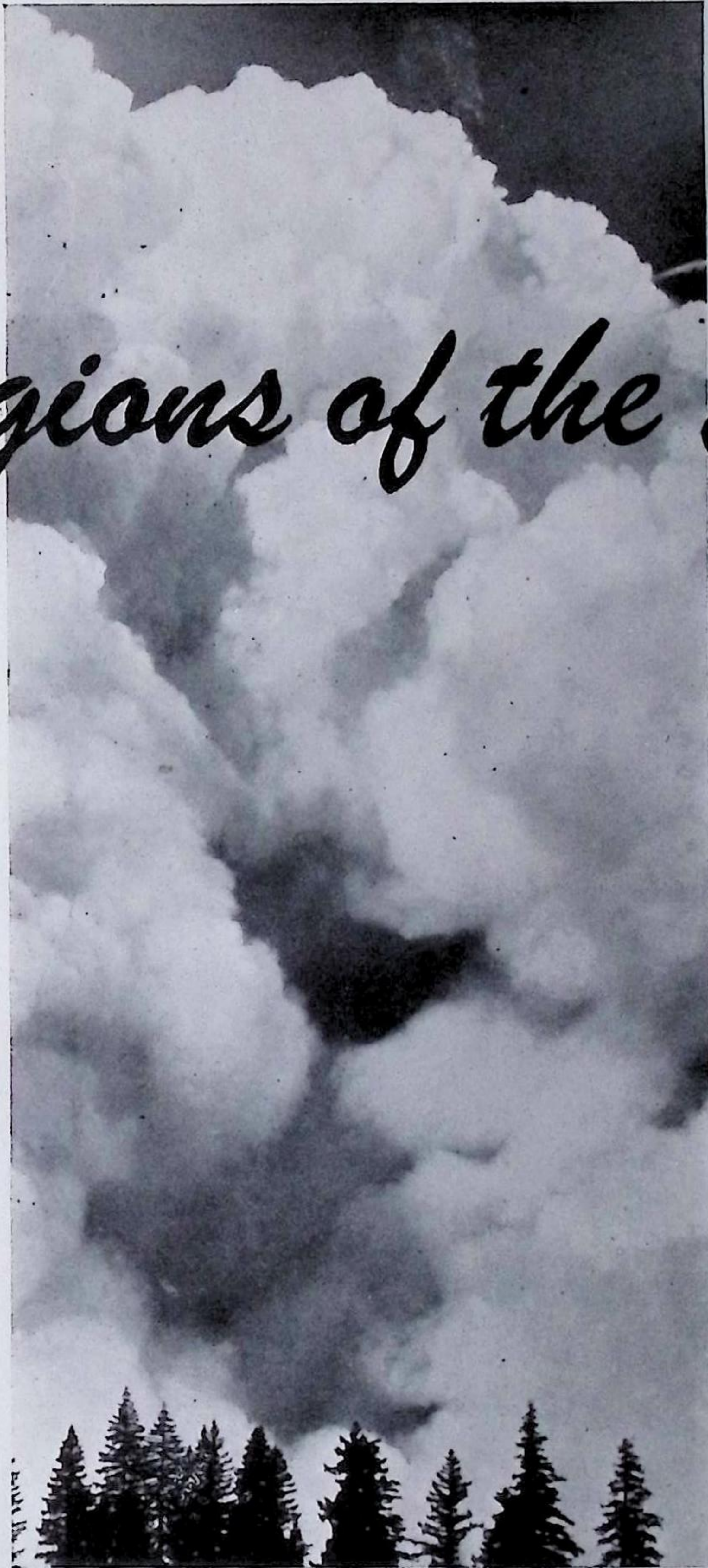
Peasant Girl—South China



Mu-Se Woman

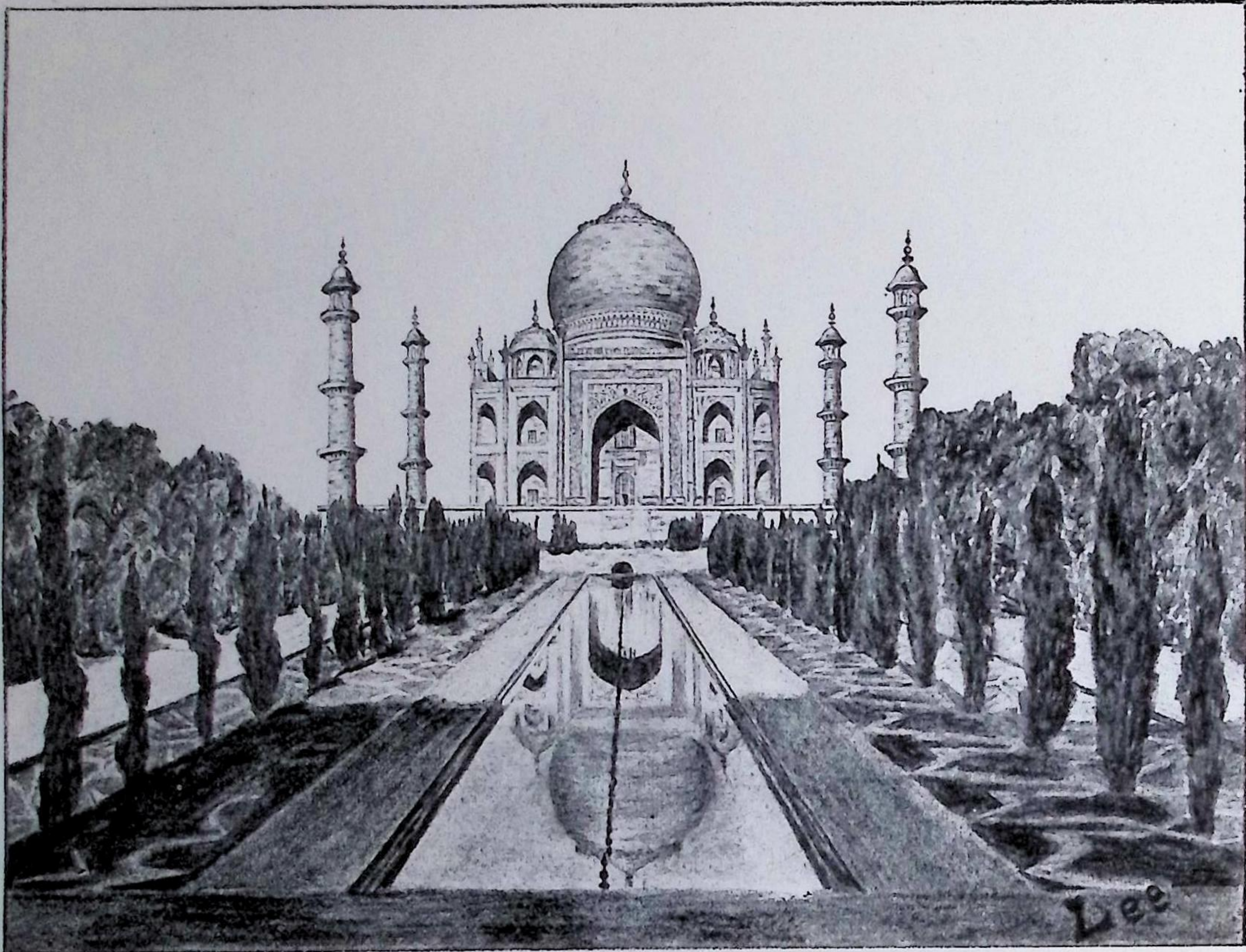


# *Religions of the East*



The people of the East are far more conscious of religion and practice it far more faithfully than those of the Western world. Hours are spent each day with their god or gods. Rules of faith dictate every phase of their daily lives; the work they do; the food they eat; the clothes they wear; the lessons they learn. Even political thought is greatly influenced by superstition and the rules of caste.





THE TAJ MAHAL AT AGRA

## *Monument to a Woman...*

It was during the magnificent reign of Shahjehan (born 1591, died 1666), one of those periods in which the aesthetic and creative desires of a people are centred on great architectural works, that the Taj Mahal was built. It was produced by the skills of the finest architects, craftsmen and artists of many countries: India, Persia, Arabia and all of Central Asia. For the white splendor of the Moguls the peasants paid in sweat, taxes and famine. But in Delhi, Shahjehan sat on the Peacock Throne, the most splendid in all the world.

Three years after his accession, Shahjehan's dearly loved wife, Arjumand, died in giving birth to her fourteenth child at Burhanpur, while they were on an expedition to suppress disorder in the Deccan. Her body was brought to Agra and laid in the garden by the Jumna where the Taj Mahal now stands. For a week the Emperor transacted no business, and for two years the court mourned the "Crown of the Palace."

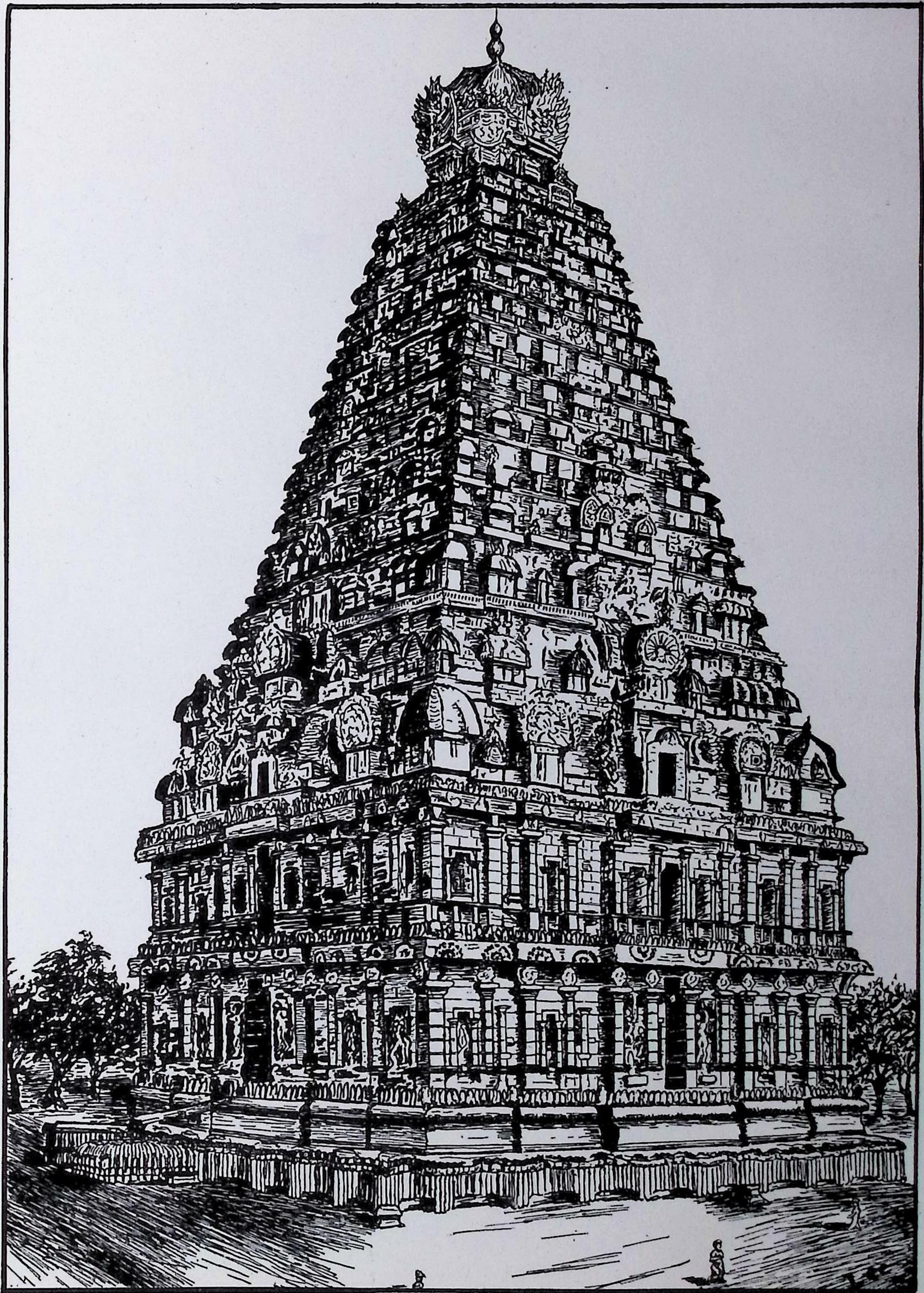
Her tomb was begun in 1632, and took eighteen years in building, the magnificent gateway to the garden being finished two years earlier, in 1648. Twenty thousand men were employed in building the Taj Mahal, and the cost ran into many millions of dollars.

To those of us who feel that the Taj Mahal is the supreme statement made by man of the mysteries of love and death, and we are many of all classes, creeds and races, description is impossible. It is a thing apart, beyond words, comparable to nothing else made by human hands.

Extraordinary it is to have to record that an English viceroy, one moreover with a deep desire to serve India well, thought of breaking up the Taj Mahal and selling it by auction, and was only dissuaded from doing so when he discovered that its marble would fetch a very small sum.

TOM LEE.





SHIVA HINDU TEMPLE (South)—At Tanjore—900 Years Old



# Hinduism, Chief Faith of India



*The Shrine to the Kali God, Near Kali Temple—The Dome Is of Gold and Only a Brahmin May Enter*



*Kali Temple, Calcutta*

A definition of time and space is difficult to understand but logical. A faith which runs the gamut from high ethical practices, to superstitious rites among ignorant villagers is extremely baffling. In its pure form Hinduism is more like a philosophy of life than a religion.

The early gods were those of Nature such as fire and sun, to whom simple sacrifices were made. A few centuries B.C. the ritual books known as Brahmanas, which are concerned with ceremonies and sacrifices and the blessings these bring, and Upanishads which teach the futility of sacrifice



*The Hindu Faithful Bathe in the Ganges at the Foot of Kali Temple*

and the need for knowledge appeared. Four castes were in existence at this time; the Brahmins or priests, the Kshatriyas or warriors; the Vaisyas or tradesmen, and the Sudras or serfs.

The followers of Brahmanas glorified the Brahmins, held elaborate ceremonies, and began increasing the number of gods, causing the two sects to drift rapidly apart.

The Upanishads group developed a theology known as Karma, the equivalent of "What a man sows, that also shall he reap." Transmigration of souls was also accepted by this school, who included Maya, the belief that all is illusion; there is no reality in the universe. The elimination of desire is the ultimate goal; eliminate desire and the eternal circle of transmigration is ended in peace.

Organization is completely lacking in the Hindu creed. The main sects are the Saivites and Vaishnavites who worship Siva and Vishnu. Beyond these are countless sects, each with their own deities, usually female.

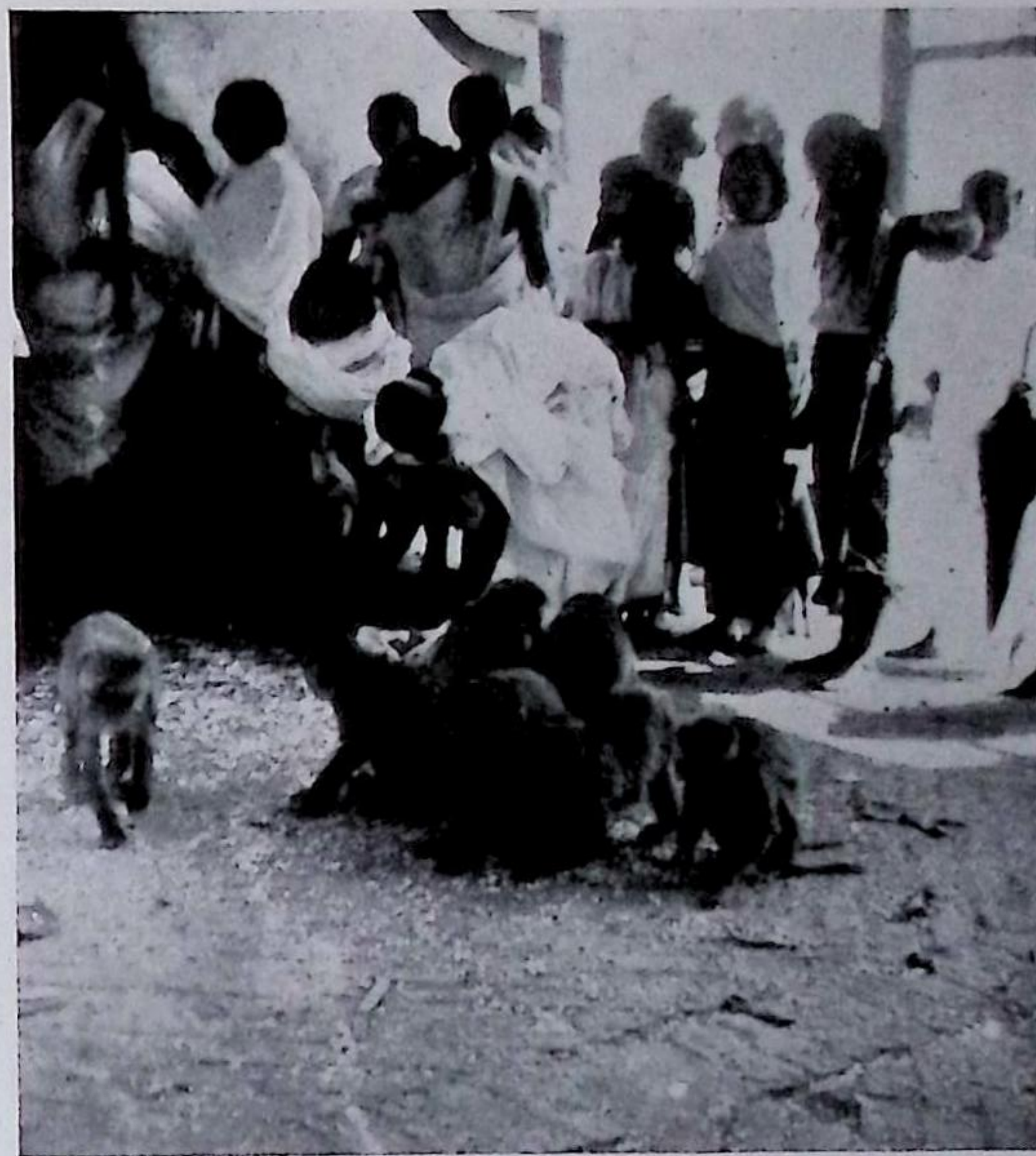
The common villager is more concerned with the minor godlings such as famine, cholera, kindness and terror. The shrine may be a crude idol, a rock,







*The Monkey God meets a mortal in a famous Indian Painting which our artist copied in half-tones for this book.*



*Women Bearing Gifts to the Monkey God—After being blessed by the priest the food is scattered for the monkeys. That which remains is carried to ill or unfortunate friends, and is said to bring good fortune when eaten.*

a stone or a piece of wood, under a tree or in some high place.

There is a modern missionary movement within Hinduism which combines the three principal gods,

Vishnu, Siva, and Brahma in three manifestations of one supreme spirit, who lives in sanctity and charity, rejecting the caste system completely.

CEC. LAW.

## Caste Marks

When worn by women, the mark on the forehead is not strictly a caste mark. When worn by men it is more often a sign of the god which the man worships. Brahmins, the highest caste, who worship Vishnu, have a white V or U in the centre of the forehead with a third vermilion line down the centre. The central line is said to mean that woman comes between man and God. The Brahmin worshippers of Siva have three horizontal lines on the forehead.

These signs are renewed at temple worship and are made from a paste compounded of white ashes, of cow-dung, sandalwood paste and vermilion with, at times, other ingredients.

Women wear a vermilion spot on their forehead as a sign of honour, not caste. Widows cannot wear the red spot, though married women may indicate honour by a red streak down the central parting of the hair.

CEC. LAW.

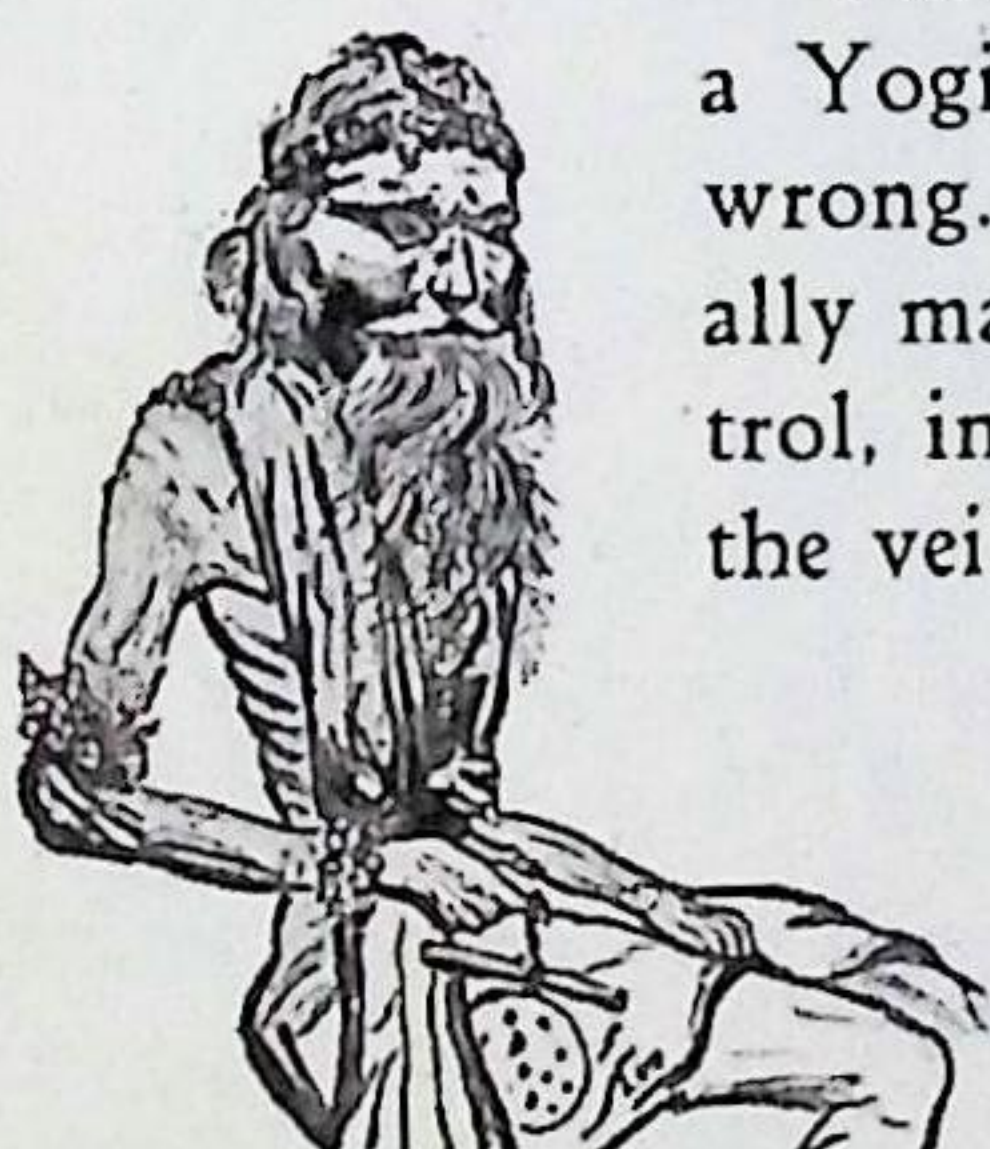
## Yoga

Throughout America and Europe we consider a Yogi a magician. This conception is entirely wrong. These men, through painful practice finally master the Yogic postures and breathing control, in order that they might banish Pranayama, the veil which hides illumination. The senses are

under full control and the mind is ready for Dharana or Concentration, only after Pranayama is removed.

The Yogi is striving toward safe passage to the Supreme World of Vishnu, the Preserver, one of the principal gods of the Hindus.

CEC. LAW.







*Relatives and Friends Surround the Pyre of a Prominent Government Official—Women Folk May Be Seen Separate, in Background*



*The Eldest Son Carries Out the Ceremony and Finally Sets the Blaze Which Consumes the Mortal Remains of His Father, at Kali Ghat*

## *Hindu Funeral Rites . . .*

Most Hindu sects burn their dead. The very rich are burned with sandalwood, which gives a pleasant odour, much favoured by the gods. Less fortunate people, and by far the majority, must be offered with mango wood. The cost of cremation is Rs 10-8 as. if mango is used.

A priest officiates at the ceremony, assisted by the eldest son of the deceased, or in his absence the next in line. The body is placed on a pyre of sandal or mango wood, after which it is bathed in the sacred waters of the Ganges. The body is an-

nointed with ghi, a common cooking fat (vegetable), before it is covered by wood. The mouth is cleaned by thrusting burning reeds into it before the pyre is ignited. The men of the family gather around the pyre, while the women folk are by themselves and to one side.

The cremation requires some six hours for an adult; after which time only a portion of the abdomen, the umbilicus, remains. This is placed in mud from the banks of the Ganges, and is cast upon the sacred waters.

CEC. LAW.



*The Body of the Dead Hindu Is Cleansed by the Waters of the Ganges Before Consummation by Fire.*



*On a Pyre of Fragrant Mango Wood a Hindu Is Offered to His Gods*







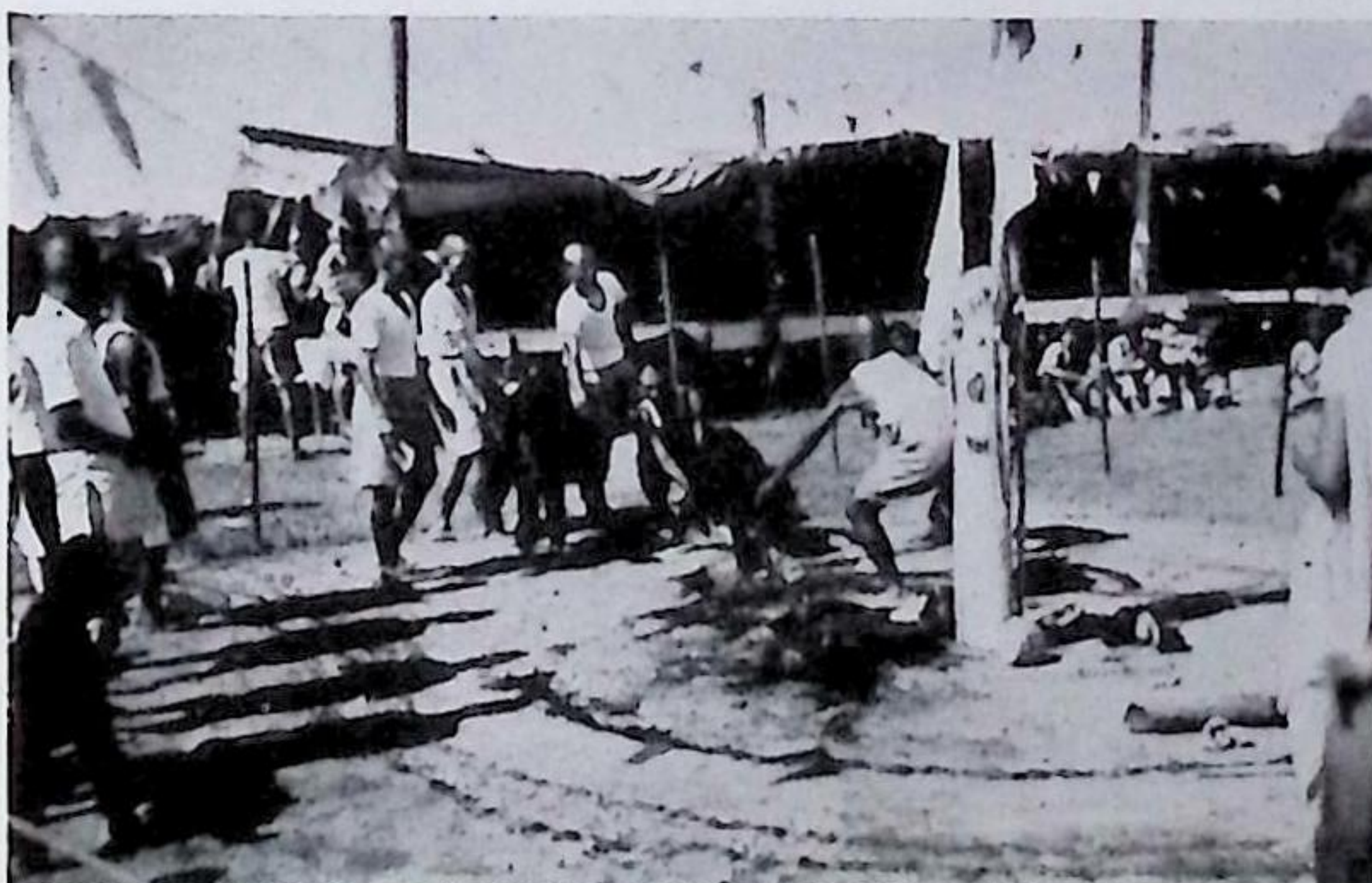
*Goats Are Beheaded as a Warming-Up Exercise Before the Main Event*



*The Bullock Is Brought Before the Sacrificial Post*



*The Body of the Ox After Decapitation—Note the Successful Celebrant Who Has Gained Manhood With Distinction*



*A Ring of Blood Is Formed Around the Sacrificial Post by Dragging the Beheaded Beast by the Tail*

# *The Dussera or Gurkha Festival*

The Festival or Dussera lasts for three days. On the last day the beheading ceremonies take place. Gurkhas are very hospitable and guests are served with cigarettes and fruit. Gurkhas dressed as women perform a native dance to open the ceremony. The first act is the slicing of a melon with a khukri, followed by the beheading of several goats. The big event of the day is the decapitation of a full-grown bullock. For this a special khukri is used, which is about three feet long and is wielded by one of the best men of the battalion. It is considered quite an honour and he spends three days fasting and praying in preparation for it. The whole festival revolves around the importance of only one stroke being required to behead the beast. If this is fulfilled, good fortune and success in battle will favour the battalion for the ensuing year. Otherwise, it is a bad omen. After the head has fallen, while blood is still flowing, the carcass is drawn around the sacrificial post, describing a circle of blood.

Rice is then mixed with the blood to form a paste. The paste is spread in a layer over the forehead of each Gurkha as he steps within the sacred circle. The sign of rice and blood on the forehead is an indication that the omen is good; that both the man and the land will be fertile.

JOE MANLEY.



*Gurkha Dancers Celebrate a Successful Beheading Ritual for Seven Days*





#### BIRLA TEMPLE

1. One of the larger temples, among acres of temples, shrines, and gardens, where Hindu, Sikh and Buddhist are welcome. 2. The gardens of Birla Temple. 3. A Hindu shrine. 4. Close-up of a marble elephant. 5. Another shrine, showing detail of sculpture. 6. Hindu temple where a "Reformist" Hinduism combines Christian and Buddhist principles into a new faith. 7. Temple grounds.

## Birla Temple...

Though dedicated to Hindu, Sikh, Buddhist and Jain alike, the teachings in this temple are chiefly a reformist Hindu creed. Buddhist and Christian influence combine to form a very different philosophy from that which we had come to expect. They teach God is one. He who is known as Vishnu, the Preserver, is Rudra, the Destroyer; he who is known as Rudra, the Destroyer, is Brahma, the Creator; one entity func-

tioning as three gods, so that the people might understand the changing moods of the Supreme Being.

The soul is imperishable. You are not born, and neither do you die. Though the body is slain, the soul lives on. The theory of Karma, or action, and Nirvana, or salvation, are directly a result of Buddhist influence. Their actions must be such that they win merit through rebirth, until Nirvana or the Great Salvation is reached.

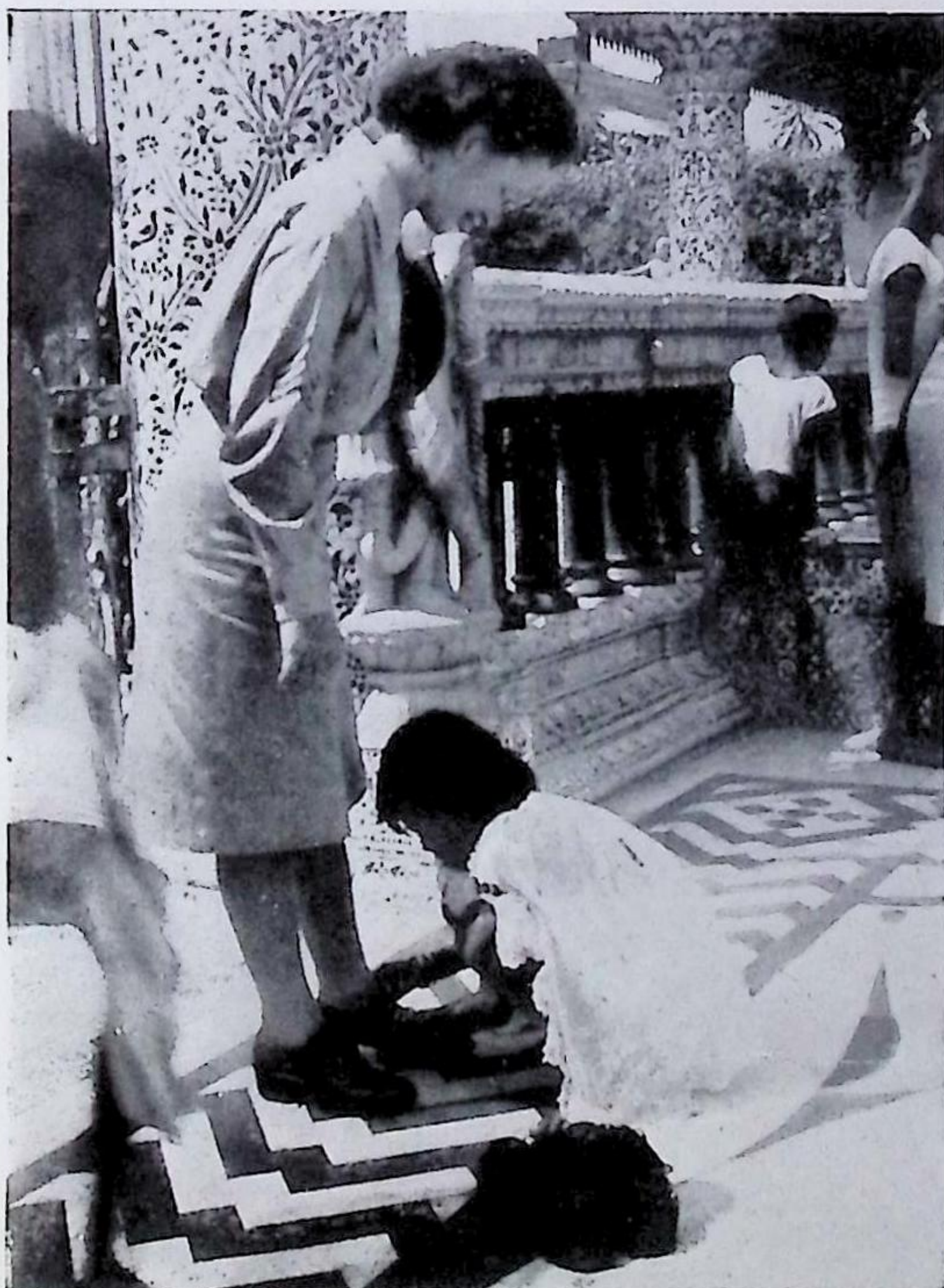
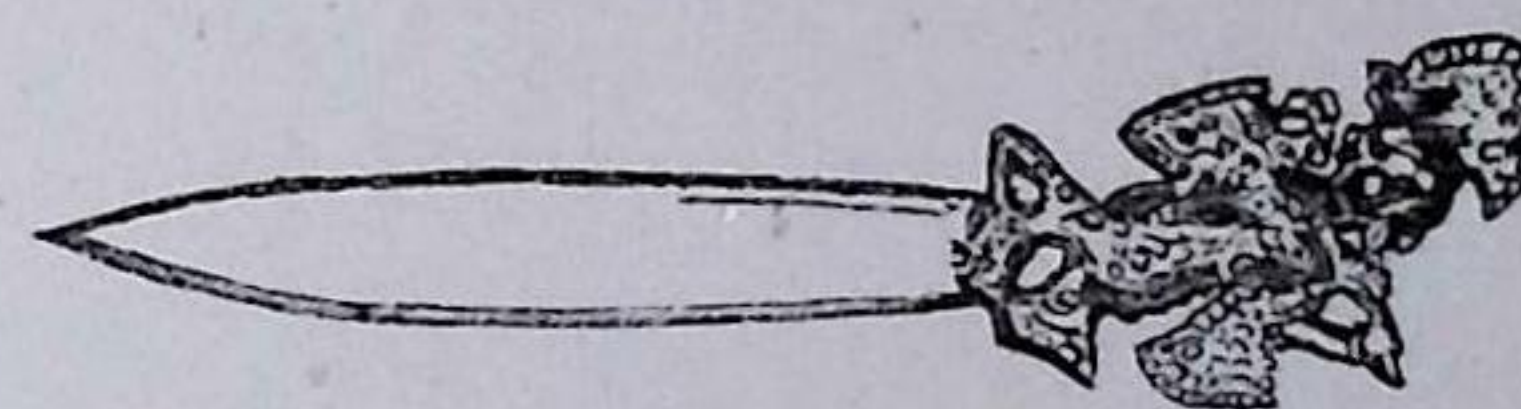
CEC. LAW.





JAIN TEMPLE, Calcutta—The Temple Grounds Are Like a Page from "Arabian Nights"

## Jainism . . .



Memsahib Retrieves Shoes After Visit Within Jain Temple

Founded by Mahavir before the time of Buddha—about 600 B.C.—Jainism represents a reformation in Hinduism, though a friendly relationship exists between Jain and Brahmin.

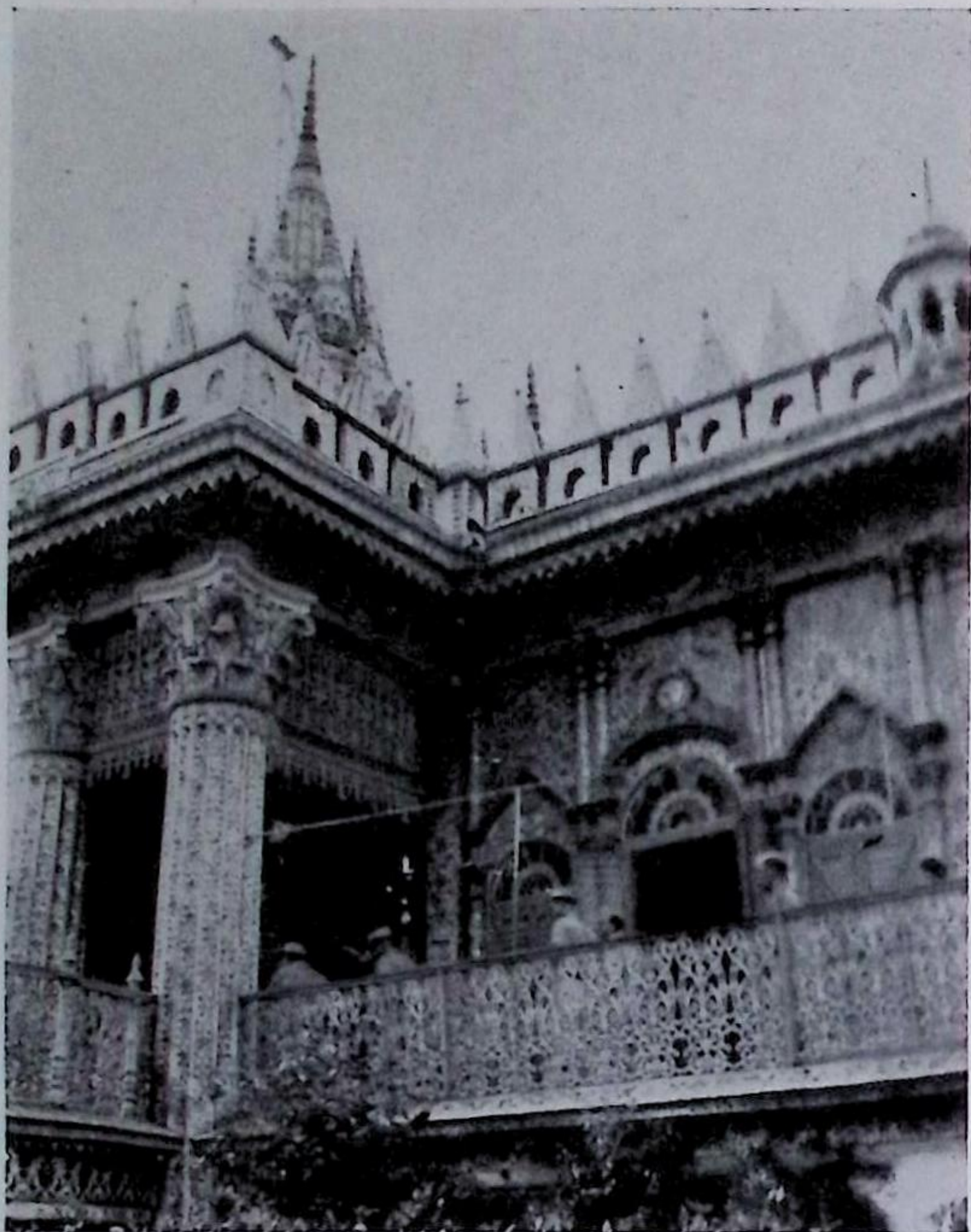
The Jains worship 24 deified mortals, the first of which is Mahavir, the founder. Each temple is dedicated to one of these gods—the accompanying photographs are of the temple to Shri Shetalnathji, in Calcutta. His image occupies a central altar, heavily barred and guarded, for in the forehead of the idol an immense jewel, said to be priceless, signifies the depth of the people's devotion.

The basic principle of Jainism may be briefly included in the maxim: "Regard for life is the highest virtue." The ultimate goal of the Jain is Nirvana and the gods are known as the "liberated ones." They believe in the sanctity of animal life; renunciation of lying which proceeds from anger, greed, fear or mirth; refusal to take things not given; chastity, and renunciation of worldly attachments.

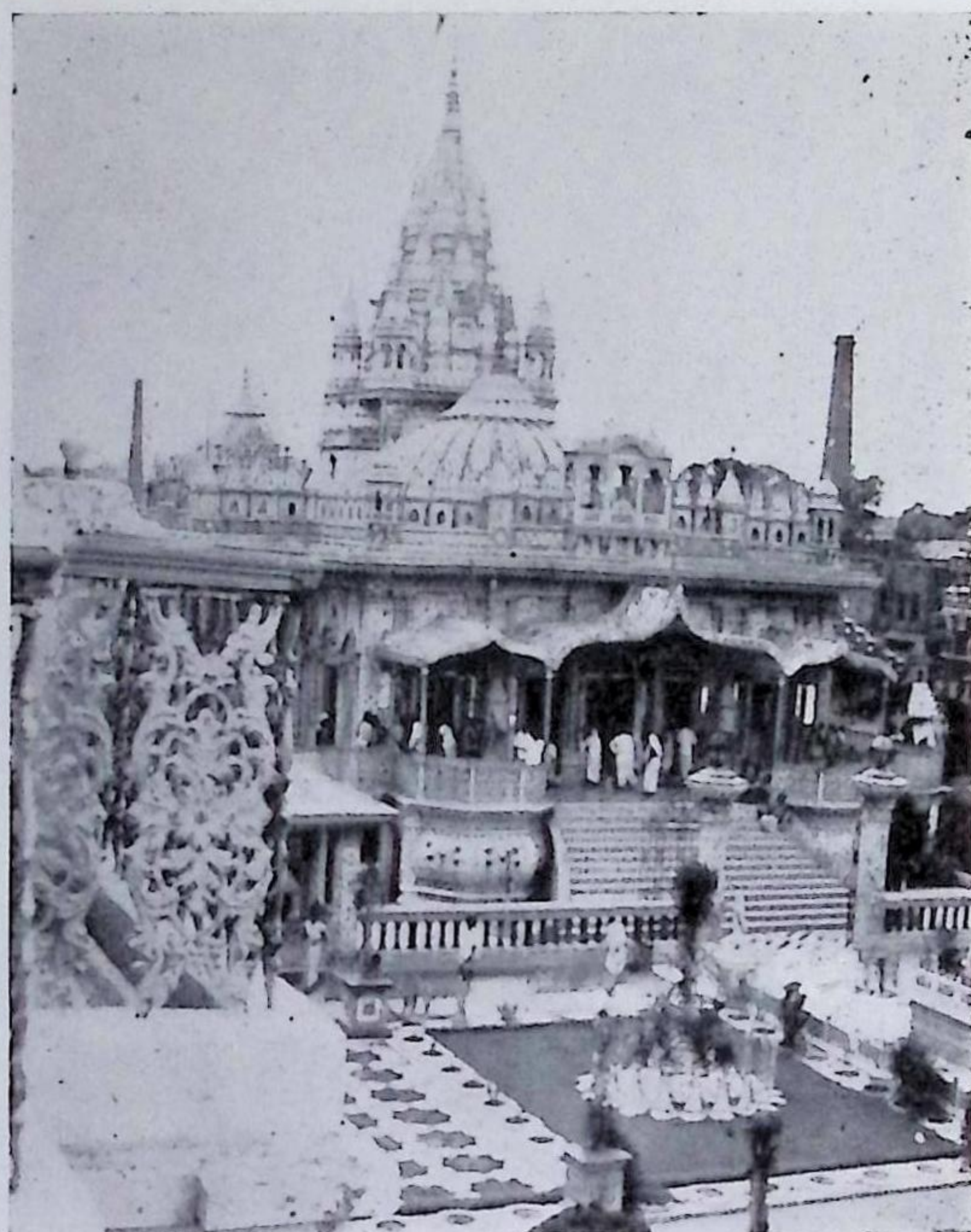
There are two main sects of Jains, the Diganbaras, who wear no clothes and offer their bodies as food for insects, and the Svetambaras, who dress. These are mainly merchants and bankers.

CEC. LAW.





*Closeup of Temple from Pathway*



*Jain Temple from the Entrance to the Gardens*



*Interior of Temple, Showing Designs in Silver and Semi-Precious Jewels*



*Interior of Temple, Showing a Section of Marble Floor and Wall Designs*



*Home of the Priests in Grounds of Jain Temple, Showing Beautiful Grounds and Statuary*

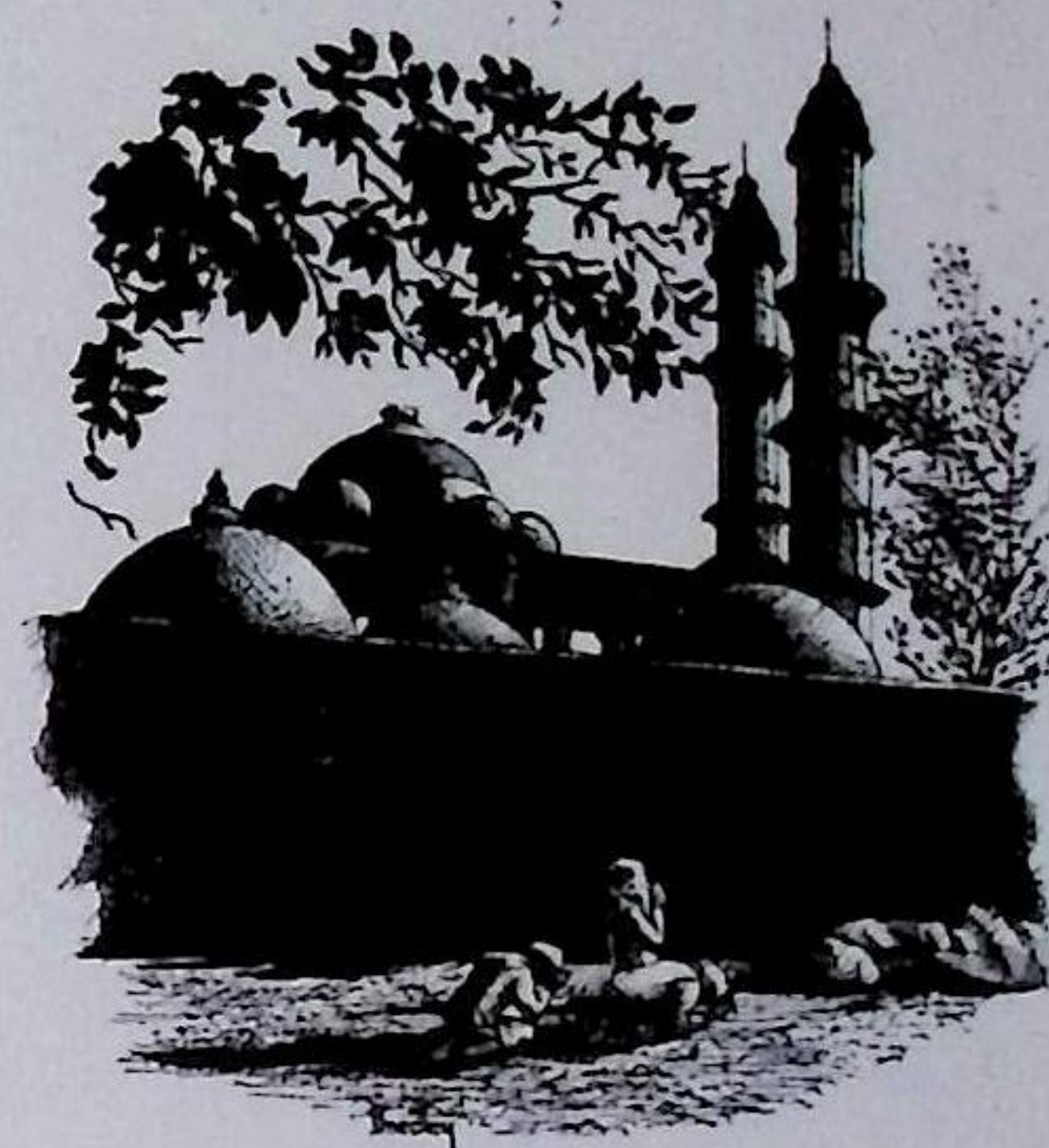


*The Jain Museum, in Which Relics of Indian Art Are Stored, Dating Back Scores of Years*

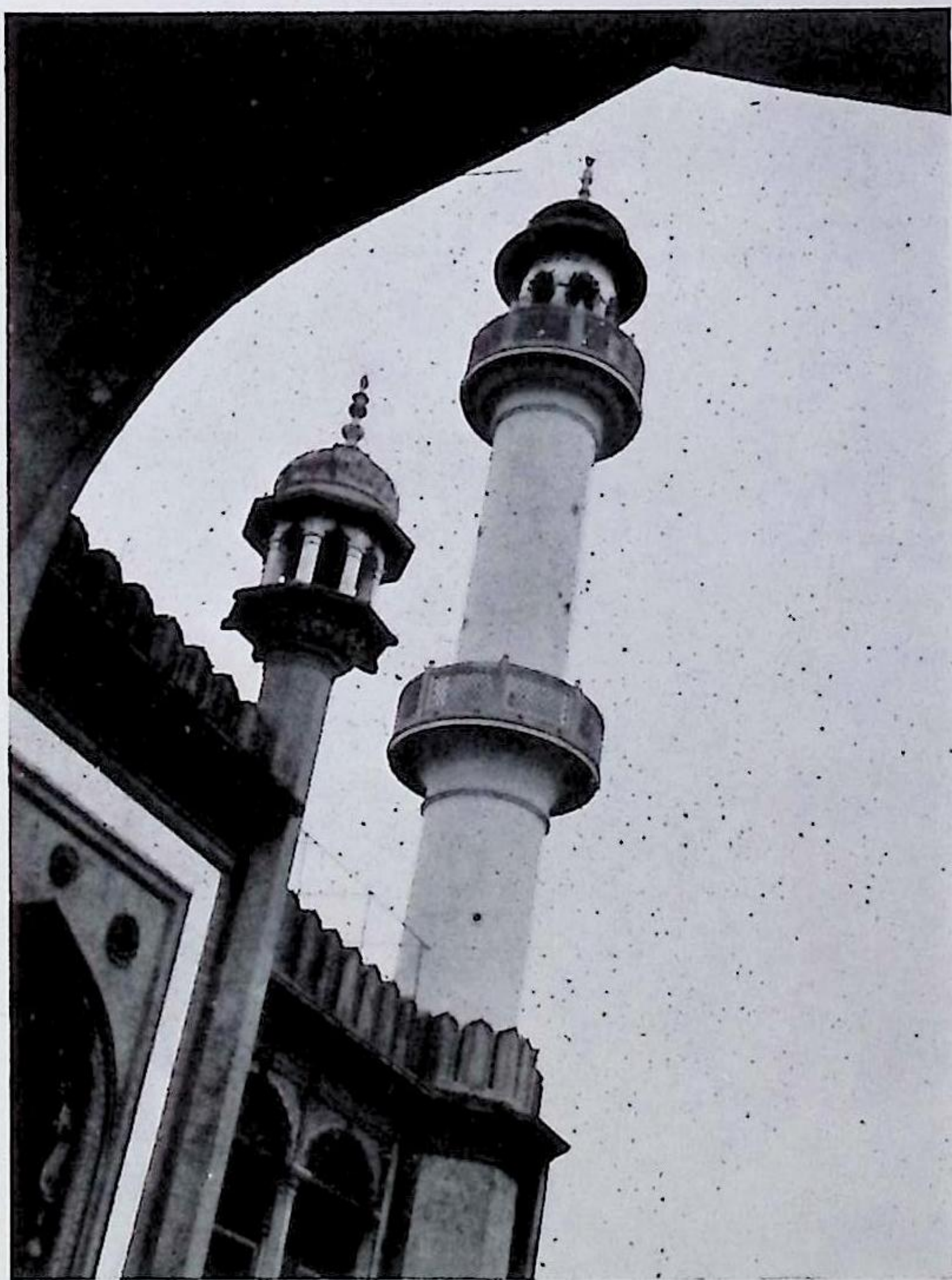




*Looking Northward Over Calcutta from a Minaret of the Dharam Tolla Mosque  
in China Bazaar*



## *Ninety Million Moslems...*



*View of Minaret Taken Two Storeys Above Ground Level  
from an Arched Window of Dharam Tolla Mosque  
China Bazaar, Calcutta*

There are 90,000,000 Moslems in India. These are mainly confined to the northwest provinces of Punjab and Kashmir.

Mohammed was born in Mecca in 570 A.D. At the age of forty he was visited by the Angel Gabriel who commanded him to teach "Islam," the word of God, and dictated the "Koran." "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God."

A Mohammedan must pray at dawn, noon, afternoon, at sunset and at nightfall. He must give alms, keep the fast or Ramsan for one month each year, and make the "Haj," or pilgrimage to Mecca during his lifetime. He believes in resurrection, in heaven and in hell. Marriage is polygamous, according to the ability of the husband to support his wives, and divorce is permitted by the husband repeating three times the phrase "Thou art divorced," after receiving permission from his mullah, or spiritual head.

Mohammedans acknowledge no color barriers and are very democratic.



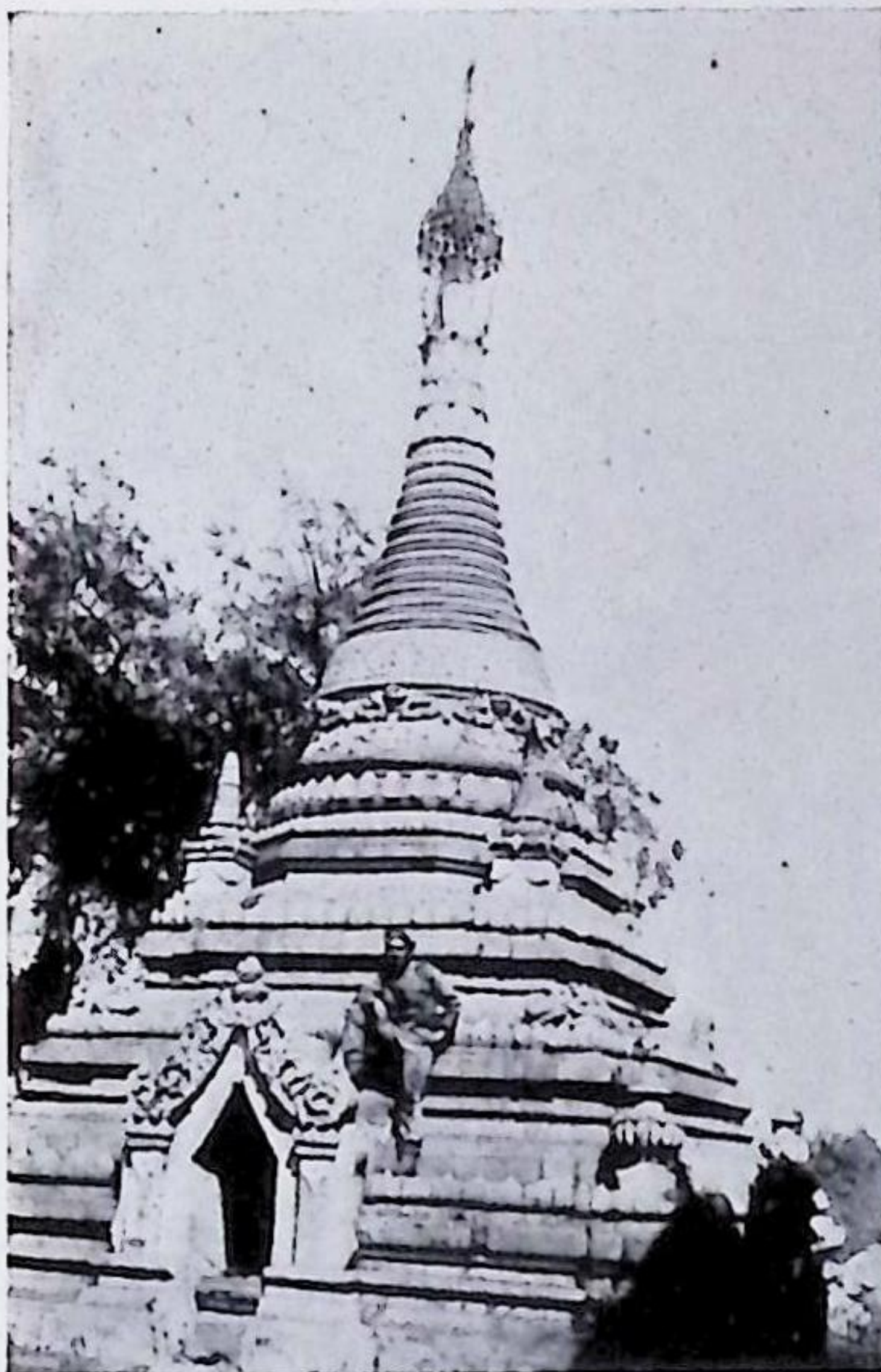


THE LORD BUDDHA

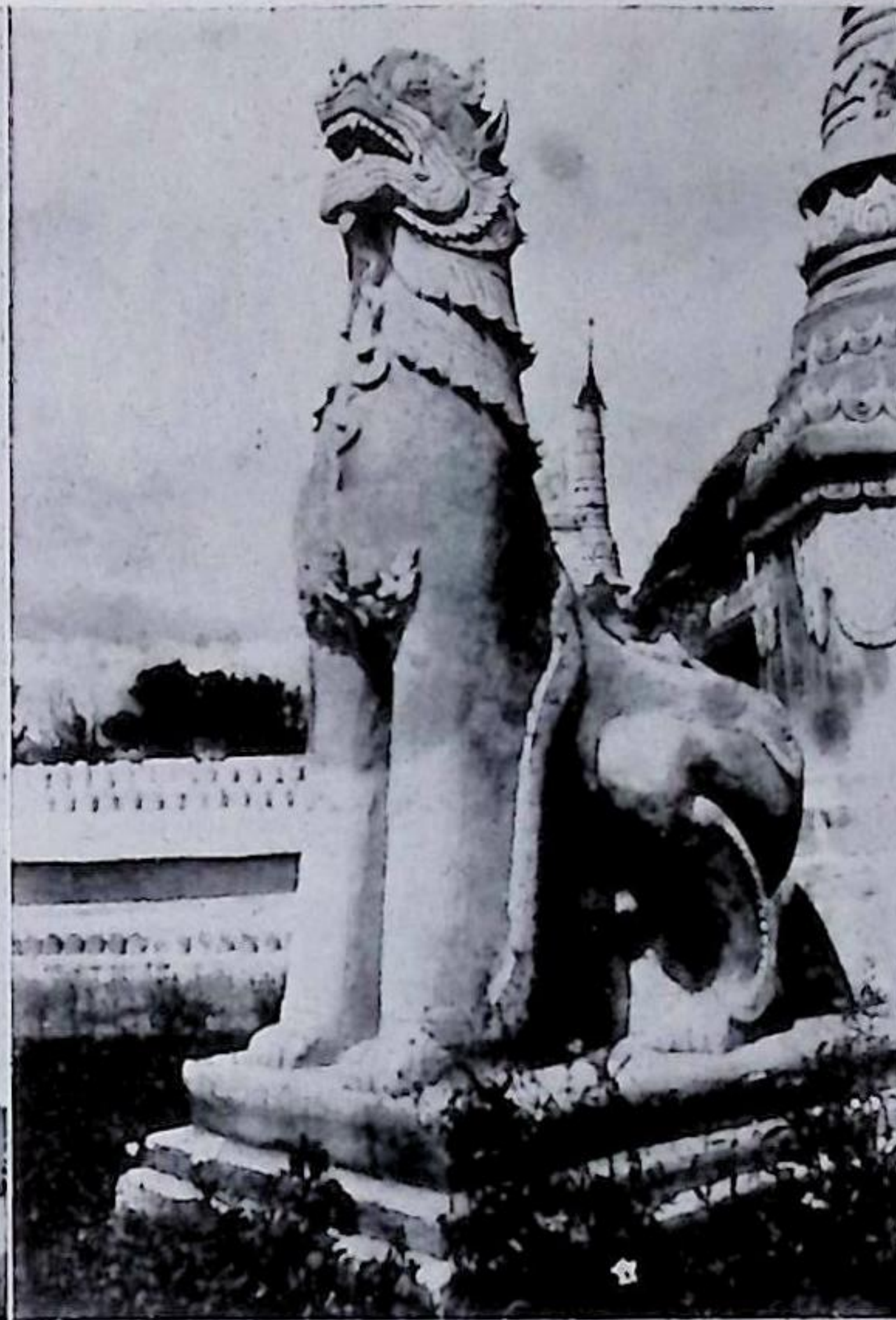
*In the Temple of the Tooth, Ceylon, Where an Original Tooth of the Buddha Is Said to Rest*

*Buddhism . . .*





*Burmese Pagoda, Near Alon, on the Banks of the Mighty Chindwin River*



*A Chinthe Guards Pagoda from Evil Spirits—This Mythical Beast is Part Dog and Part Lion. Alon, Burma*



*Burmese Pagodas Differ in Architecture According to the District in Which They Are Found. This Type is Typical of the Northern Tamu District*

Do you remember that letter you wrote home after your first flight over Burma? You had not even landed, perhaps, but as the country unfolded before your eyes you had been impressed not so much by the majesty of the forest-mantled mountains as by the innumerable pagodas which stood out from every village, however small or glistened in the sunlight in so many seemingly inaccessible spots of the jungle. Your letter expressed but poorly your amazement and your wonder.

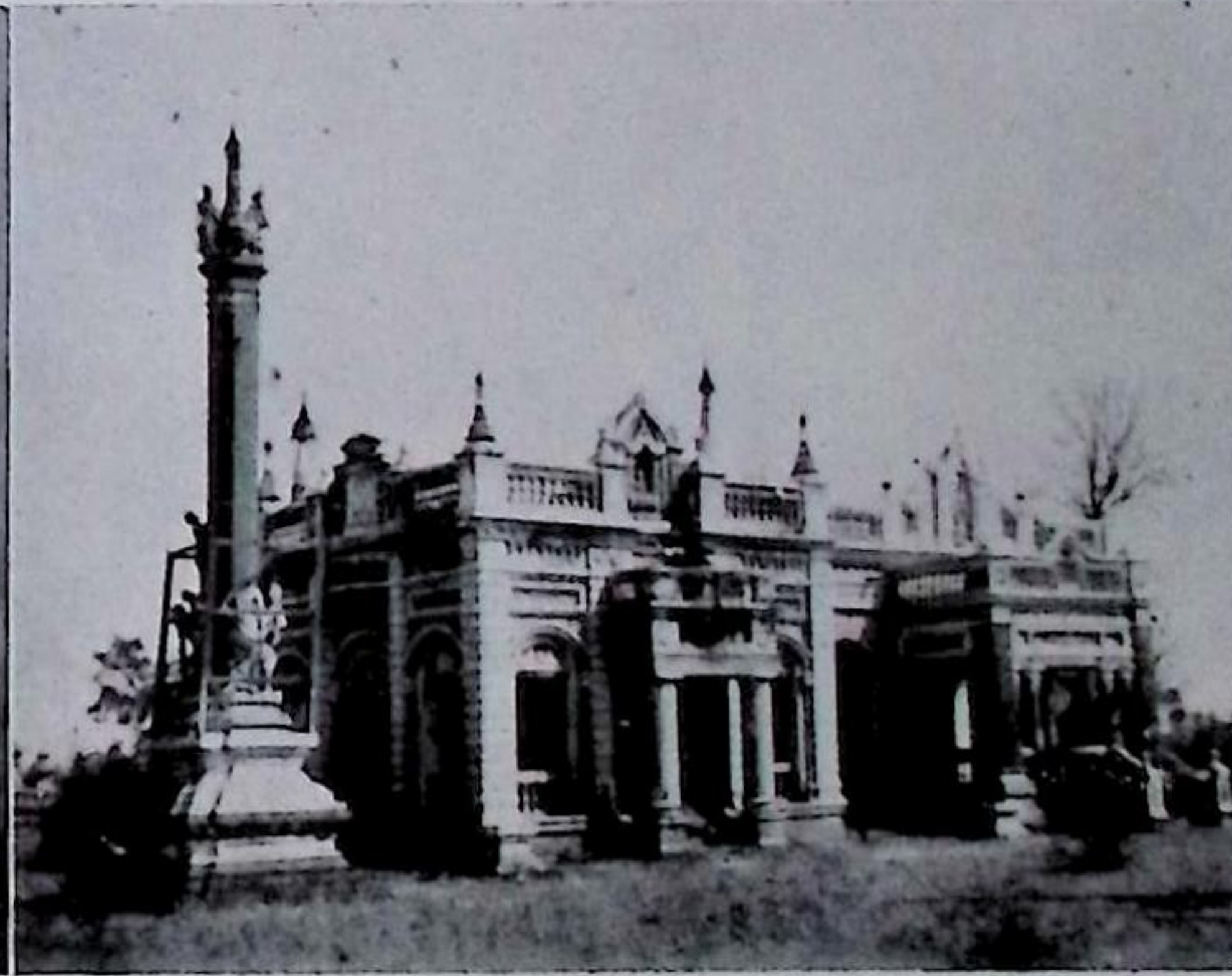
Later, you landed in a strip hastily cleared out of the jungle and while the supplies were unloaded you made your way towards a nearby shrine, already deeply moved by the quietness and dignity of your surroundings. Greeted with the soft, pleas-

ant tinkle of the many strings of glass suspended above the temple and stirred into an ever-varying harmony by the light breeze, you entered. Facing you on an altar decorated with fresh, fragrant roses sat the Buddha in repose.

Humble it was, compared to larger pagodas you visited later, such as the spacious temple of Mandalay with its colossal Buddha, brought from the Arakan three centuries ago and covered through the years with pure gold leaves many inches thick. But whether large or small, it is to these quiet shrines that followers of the Buddhist faith come for inspiration. They come to meditate on the "Four Noble Truths" discovered by Buddha, the "Enlightened One."



*Abandoned Pagodas Near Alon, Burma*



*A Temple in Mongwa, Burma, Built by a Reformation Group of Buddhists, Led by a Pongyi of the Present Century*



Gautama was the son of a prince in the land. Appalled by the misery of the ignorant, poverty-stricken masses, he repaired to Buddhagaya (hence the new name by which he is better known), forsaking wealth and all worldly ambitions, and bent on discovering a release from their suffering. Sitting for many days under a Bo tree in deep meditation, he was finally rewarded with understanding.

Not that he found a way to erase poverty and misery and suffering from the surface of the earth, but simply an understanding of the conditions of human existence and deduced from it a philosophy of life. At the basis of his teachings are found the "Four Noble Truths": the existence of suffering; the origin of suffering which emanates from unfulfilled desires; the eradication of all desires as a cure for unhappiness and, lastly, the means of crushing desire in the soul. This is done by following the eight-fold path of righteousness; right belief; right aim; right speech; right action; right livelihood; right effort; right mindfulness, and right contemplation. Thus is selfishness destroyed and desire completely extinguished. It is the Nirvana, the "Great Peace," the perfect bliss resulting from the cessation of lust, ill-will, unreasoning stupidity, suffering and the wearisome recurring cycle of life.

Indeed, such a state of perpetual happiness cannot be attained in the span of human existence. All animals are but different incarnations of the same life, appearing in a superior or inferior order according to the merit or demerit of the subject in a previous life; now going backward to a lower class of animal, now forward towards the final



dignity of manhood and the hopes for Nirvana. The legend has it that Gautama lived through 550 lives before reaching this high state. The human form of existence is determined by the five "Khandas" or grouped elements, namely: body, feeling, perception, mental activity and consciousness. In operation these groups constitute life; their dispersion spells death and the regression to a lower order of life or the eternal sinking into the Nirvana.

These dogmas of Buddhism call for a corresponding code of morality. It is set forth in the "Five Great Commands," not unlike our Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt not kill any living thing; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not commit



*Buddhas in Meditation, Ceylon*



*Burmese Buddha, Near Mongywa*



*Burmese Buddha, Near Lashio*



*The Buddha in Temple at Alon, Burma*





*Tibetan Llamas, During Festival of the Year's Birth, at Monastery Near Darjeeling*



*Devil Dancers During a Ritual, Near Darjeeling, on the Nepalese Border*

any sexual crime; thou shalt not speak untruthfully; thou shalt not drink any intoxicating liquors.

Noncommittal on the existence of a Supreme Being, Buddhism has no place for prayer. Meditation is everything. The faithful reviews his actions in the presence of Lord Buddha and some atonement is made for those which caused injury, suffering or any kind of unhappiness to others by the continual repetition of the "Three Gems": I go for refuge to Buddha; I go for refuge to Dhamma (love); I go for refuge to Sangha (the brotherhood of monks). The positive form of meditation is not without beauty. It consists in the four "Brahmaviras"; Myhitta (universal joy and happiness); Karuna (universal compassion); Mudita (universal love and good-will); and Upekkha (indifference to ups and downs in life).

Gautama, despite his many errors, ranks among the great philosophers of the human race. Great credit must be given him for having evolved a lofty

system of life at a time of primitivism and barbarianism. That hundreds of millions of people have adhered to his teachings is sufficient testimony to his personality. His adepts do not live up to his doctrine. Any well provided stranger who makes bold to visit the hill tribes unescorted takes his life in his hands and the Burmese as a whole are notorious for their habit of stealing. The penury of the necessities of life witnessed by the 14th Army when they entered Shwebo, Ye-U, Rangoon and other places was due less to the depredations of the Japanese than to the wholesale plunder and concealing perpetrated by the Burmese themselves. But Buddha may not be condemned on that score alone, no more than Christianity can be said to have failed because men in their selfishness and materialism choose to ignore the teachings of Christ.

CEC. LAW.



*Tibetan Llama*

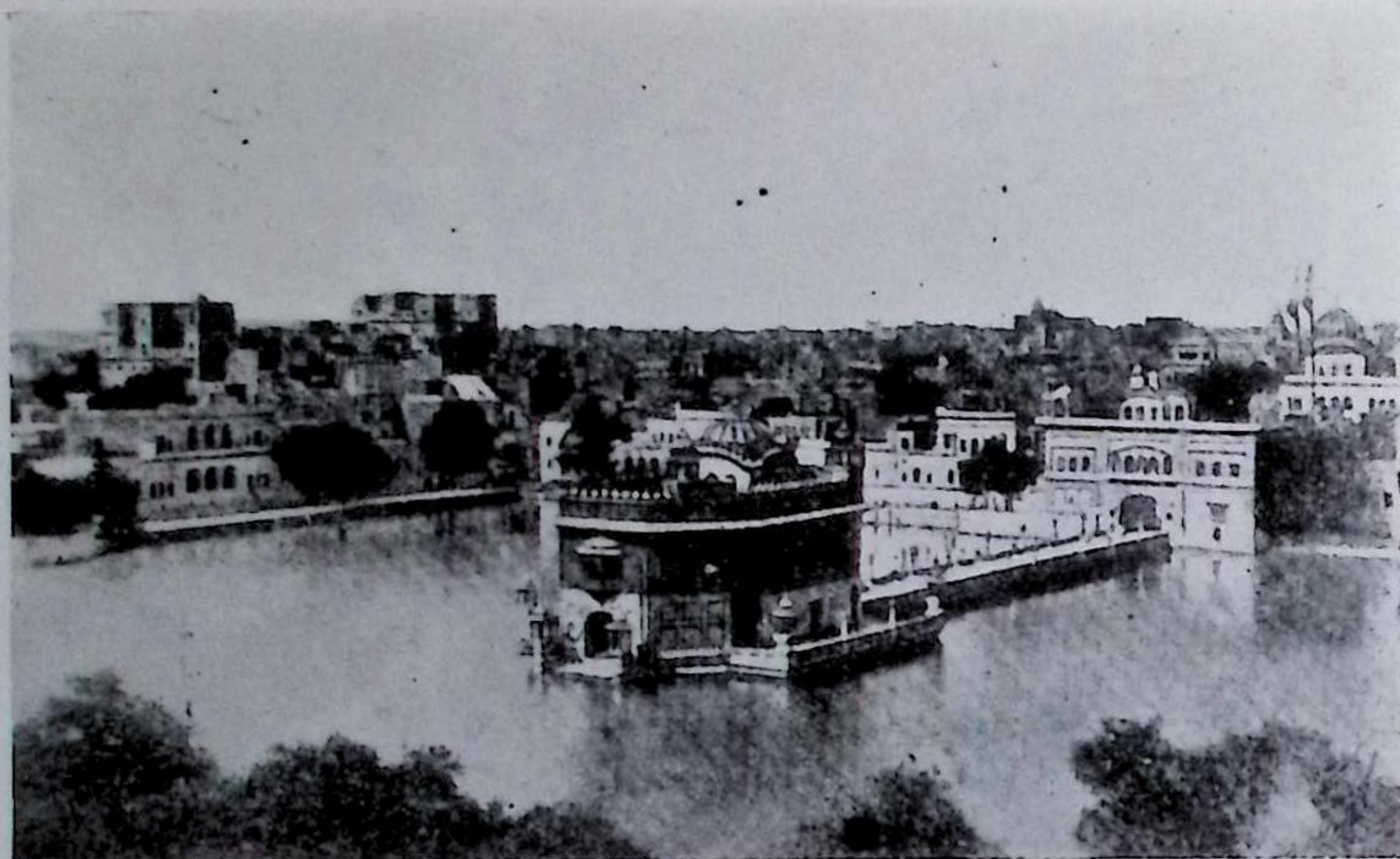


*Buddhist Priest, Ceylon*



*Tibetan Llamas*





*The Golden Temple at Amritsar—Cradle of the Sikh Faith*



*Sikh Policeman*

## *The Warrior Sikhs...*

Kabir was born at the end of the fifteenth century. A Mohammedan by birth, he became dissatisfied with the bigotry of Islam and became a Hindu. Unable to accept idolatry or polytheism, he founded a religious community known as Sikh, a disciple or learner. Nanek, a disciple of Kabir, is known as the Luther of the East, because of his reformed version of the old faith.

The reformation aimed at abolition of the caste system, as well as abolition of superstition and idolatry, while retaining the idea that God is all, and in all. Creation is Maya, or illusion.

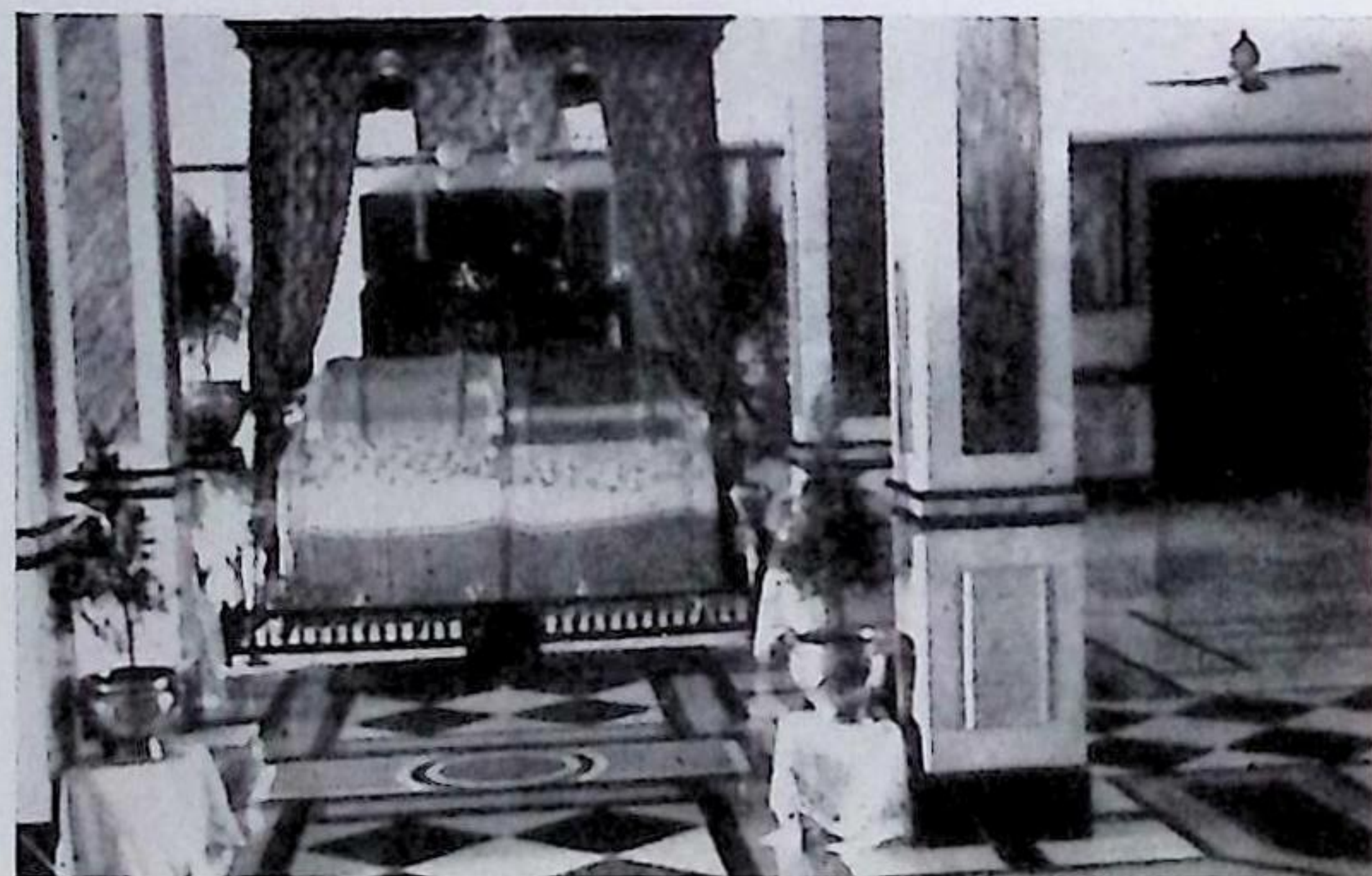
There were eleven Gurus, or teachers of the Sikhs, the last one, Govind Singh, dying in 1708. Religious persecution drove the peaceful religious community into a warlike race.

It was at this time that the Sikhs first ceased to cut their hair or shave their faces. Constantly on the move to evade their persecutors they found little time to look after their personal cleanliness. To avoid the unkempt appearance caused by infrequent shaves and hair trims, it was declared the divine will that Sikhs must wear long hair and flowing beards. The hair was knotted at the top and a comb, ready for immediate use, was carried in the knot. It was at this time, too, that their leader, later known as Govind Singh, gave permission by divine authority for Sikhs to bear arms.

The word Singh, meaning lion-hearted, was added to the name of every Sikh. Today one need never worry lest he forget the name of a Sikh acquaintance. It is inevitably Mr. Singh. The Sikhs are very courageous and have never been known to turn their backs in battle. So powerful did the nation become that they were undisputed rulers of the entire northwest until displaced by the British in 1848.

Amritsar in Punjab is their centre of worship and communal life. The Kholsa or brotherhood was formed, and the Granth or Sikh Bible was compiled there. Unlike the Hindus, Sikhs are highly organized and have no conflicting philosophy.

CEC. LAW.



*Interior of Sikh Shrine—Sikhs Kneel Before Altar Shown in Photograph, on Entering or Before Leaving the Temple*





# Oriental Dancing

The Supreme Trinity—the Hindu gods Brahma, Siva and Vishnu—taught the art of speaking through gesture and posture. A group of dancers and musicians was formed — the Apsaras or "Dancers of Heaven"; the Kinnaras or "Celestial Singers," and the Gandharbbas or "Heavenly Musicians."

Through jealousy, the King of Gods, Indra, caused the Lord Vishnu, whom he feared might displace him, to be visited by Kamadeva, the God of Love, and the Heavenly Dancers, hoping to disturb the Lord Vishnu.

Vishnu thought to cure the girls of their vanity and caused an imaginary portrait of a damsel of incomparable beauty to form. He then breathed life into the portrait and it stepped from the frame—Urvashi, the Dancer of Heaven.

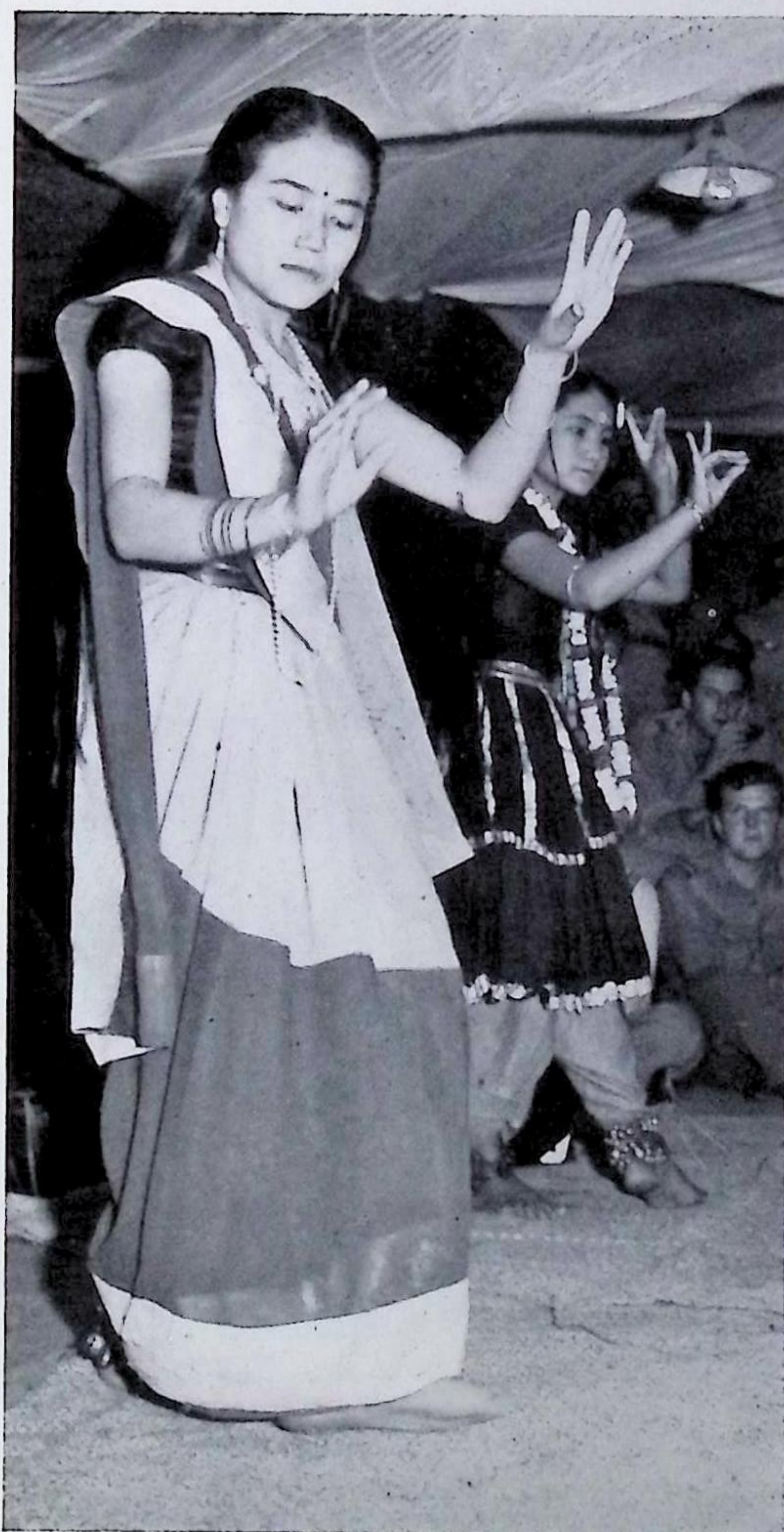
For hundreds of years a religious rite, the dance has, in recent times, become a means of interpreting thoughts other than those of a heavenly origin.

The Wedding Dance, the Dance of Love, the Beggar's Dance and the Dance of the Hunter have appeared. They add much colour to native Indian life from the visitor's point of view.

The following reminiscence is typical of the thoughts Western people experience when they witness the graceful gestures of fingers, hands and body during an Indian dance.

"Age had withered him. His skin hung in brown, leathery folds, but a hundred years of life in Imphal had not destroyed his faculties or his appreciation of life. He smoked his hooka as he listened to the strains of haunting Far Eastern music, and murmured "Yumma pa re," when Gumulla took up the tune with her deep, sad voice."

"The scene was the large clay-floored porch of the home of Pishok and Gumulla. The dancing girls were entertaining their friends and each in turn became the centre of attraction. In the background were their many relatives, men and women, boys and girls. The very old man was one of



*Gumulla, a Manipuri Dancer, Entertains Canadians in the Mess*





*Manipuri Dancers, Gumulla and Pishok, Entertain the Chinthe Squadron at Tulihal*



*Gumulla in a Dance Depicting "The Hunter"*



*Gumulla and Pishok in the Manipuri Wedding Dance*

these and sat among them. One man beat small drums with fingers and palms, now loudly, now softly, and a woman struck the cymbals in delicate rhythm while the girls danced and sang with the poise and finesse of accomplished performers."

"Pishok was the more accomplished, the star performer. She sang sad songs of romance and tragedy and, now and then, swung into an intricate interpretive dance. Her beautiful hands with their long expressive fingers; her graceful swaying body; her small feet, belled and bare; her whole being was a living expression of the theme of her song. Gumulla, cross-legged before a low organ, accompanied her with nimble fingers; sang as the dance flowed smoothly; was silent as it increased in intensity."

"In this strange country of happy, simple people, the national dances of all India have been brought to an astonishing state of perfection. Reminiscences of Imphal Valley with its shadowed green mountains and expanse of paddy fields, its ancient polo grounds and smelly bazaars, inevitably include thoughts of pleasant evenings in this strange Oriental atmosphere with the rhythmic beat of drums, the sweet sound of flutes and the graceful movement of Manipuri dancing girls."

Western reaction to the dances which tell, in pageant, the stories of the gods, is given by one of three Canadians who were privileged to attend "The Play of Radna and Krishna."





THE DANCE—1. Hunting Dance. 2. The Wedding Dance 3. The fawn is trapped—emotional peak in the Hunting Dance. 4. Manipuri dancers entertain at the Officers' Mess of the Chinthe Squadron. 5. Musicians beat a strange rhythm while dancers perform.

"We watched the spectacle through the long hours—the play Radna and Krishna, colourful, beautiful, sad and dramatic. The dancers—all girls between the ages of four and twelve, who had been trained from infancy, never faltered. They sang in perfect harmony with sweet, clear voices, as they danced. From barely perceptible movement the dance gathered momentum, the voices reached a crescendo; the sad music increased its tempo. Swiftly the dancers moved in and out with beautiful grace, intense fervour in every expression, ever closer to the amazing Krishna, darting in and retreating elusively. Krishna stood on a beautiful dais in a colourful robe and crowned with a head-dress of peacock plumes. An elaborate canopy top was suspended a few feet above his head."

"For hours he stood motionless, and then slowly he moved out and began the dance, with wonderful skill and agility, a truly magnificent sight—a boy

of six, increasing his tempo slowly until he was moving faster and faster in perfect rhythm, now in, now out, never missing a beat."

"We looked about and saw the hundreds of brown faces beaming with ecstasy, from a sea of white robes. Yes, we were three Canadians in all the multitude and we squatted until our legs ached, and then we moved off along the row of vendors, and talked and joked and bargained with the happy nupis; and we returned to the dance."

"Krishna was back on the dais—the dance was a frantic mass of whirling colour, and then the climax was reached—the canopy dropped over Krishna's head. And Krishna began to dance again."

"The hours of night had slipped away—and still the dance went on! We reluctantly departed."

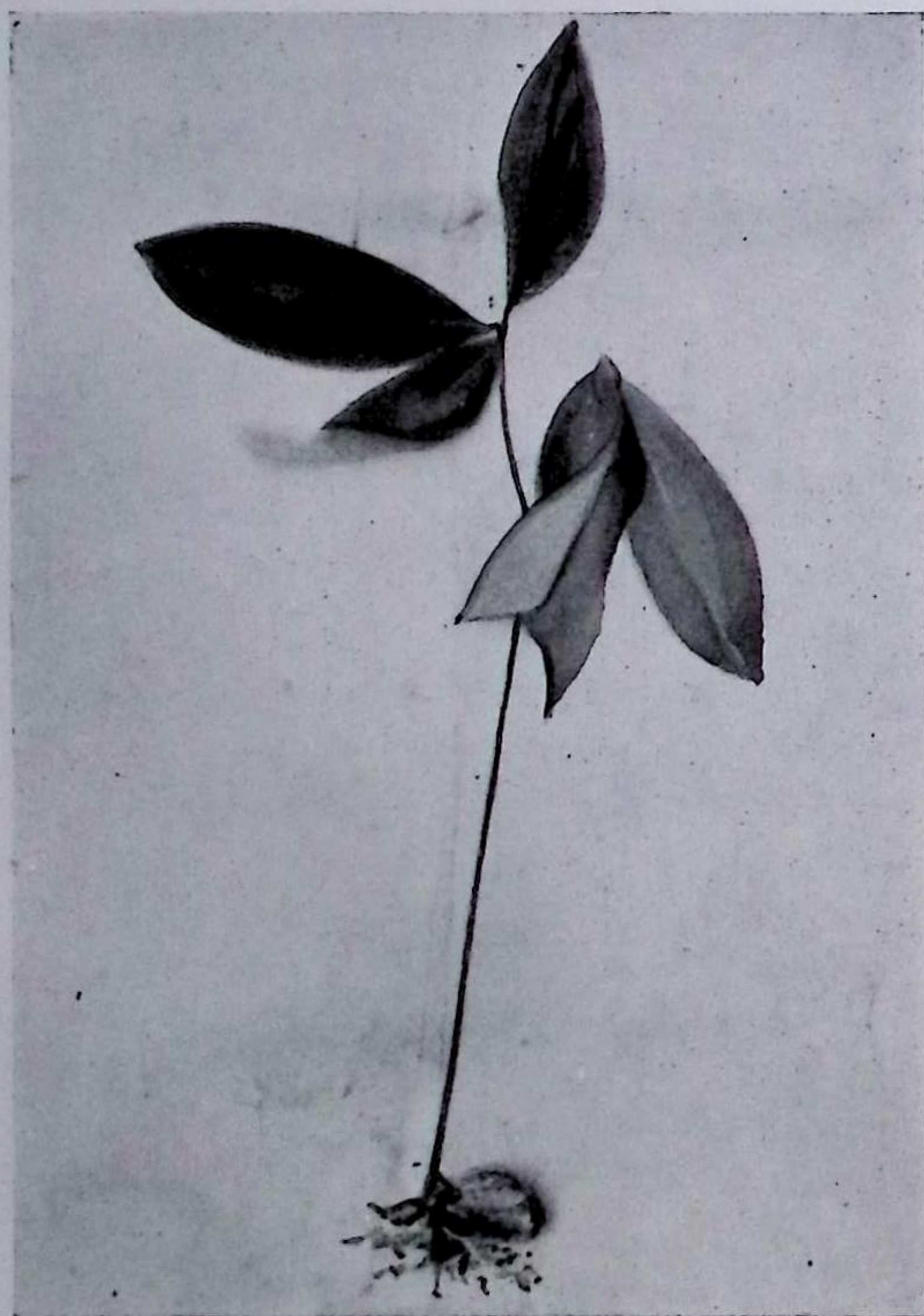
JOHNNY DALE.



# The Story of Rubber...



*A Rubber Tree Being Tapped in Ceylon*



*Rubber Plant Seedling*

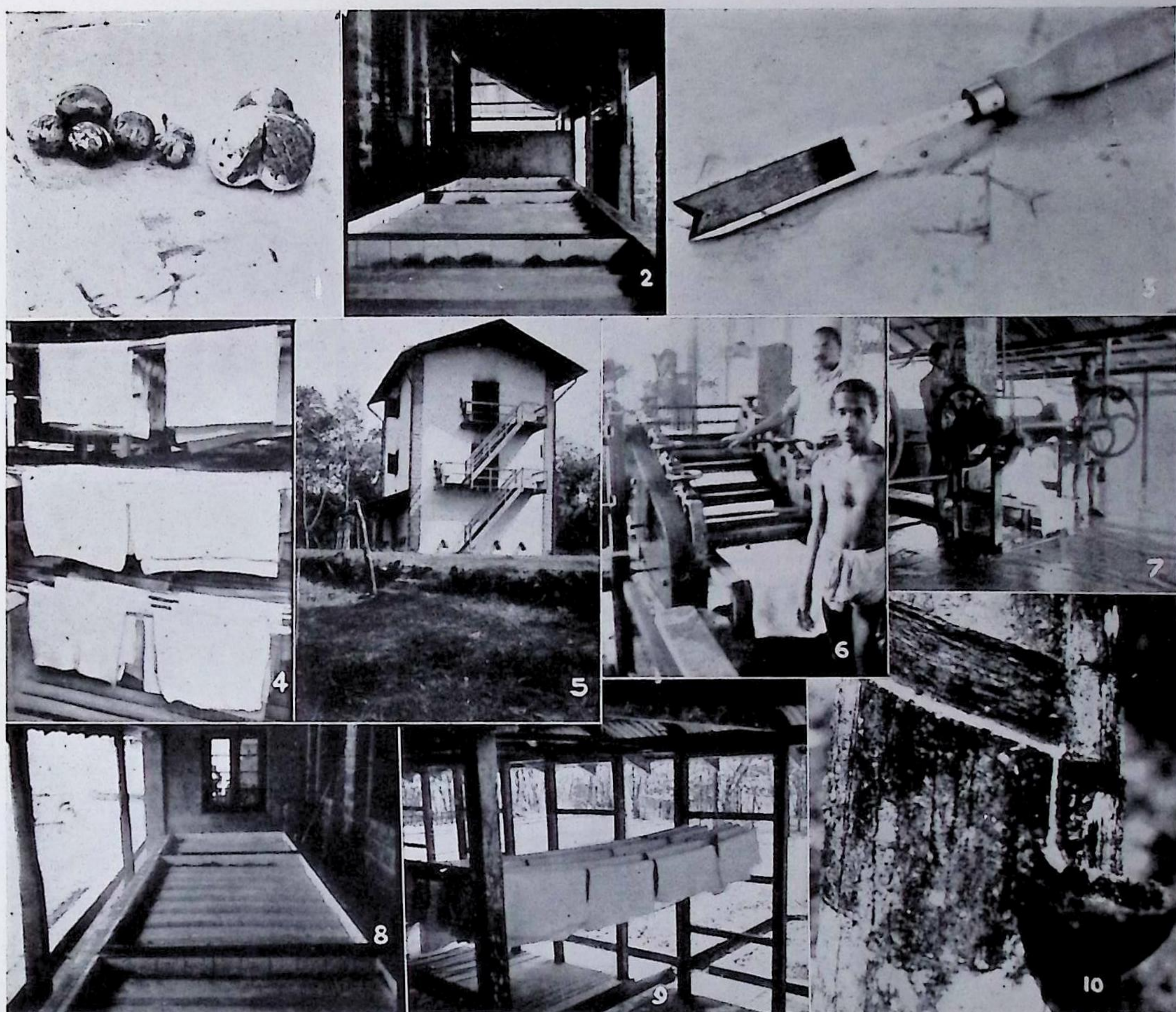
While on a visit to a rubber plantation in Ceylon, some of the squadron personnel obtained the illustrative photographs shown. These photos follow the story of rubber from the time it comes from the tree in the form of latex until it becomes the rubber products which we all know so well.

Anyone who has been to a modern plant where raw materials are transformed step by step until they become the finished product, has had his imagination stimulated by this magical transformation. The resulting product is very unlike the original. The secret of the hardening of rubber has been known ever since a native of the Amazon Valley accidentally discovered it as he boiled the sap of the rubber tree over a smoky fire. Yet the story of the processing of rubber rivals those resulting from more recent discoveries in its power to fire the imagination.

The rubber tree grows to an immense size during the 30 or 40 years of its productiveness. From the tiny acorn springs the mighty oak and from a tiny seed, not unlike an acorn, springs the sturdy rubber tree. On a modern plantation the seeds germinate in numerous sand covered beds. When they are six to eight inches high the seedlings are transferred to the nursery. They remain here until about two inches in diameter and then are "budded" onto an old root. After a period of four to six years, by which time its diameter has reached about six inches, the young tree goes into production. It is tapped on either side to a depth of a quarter of an inch, on a downward angle, from left to right. Care must be taken, for improper tapping forms scars which make further tapping at that point impossible. To collect the sap, which runs for about four hours, a metal spigot is driven into the tree and a half cocoanut shell is suspended from it.

Steel tanks are used to carry the latex to the factory, where it is placed in large, glass-lined bulking tanks and mixed with water in definite proportion. The resulting solution is placed in





*THE ROMANCE OF RUBBER.*—1. Rubber seeds. 2. Curdling vats where latex is processed. 3. Knife used to tap the rubber tree. 4. Latex rubber being smoke cured. 5. Smoke-house in which rubber is cured. 6. Rolling machines where thick strips are reduced by pressure and become many times their original length. 7. Rubber is cut to proper length after rolling. 8. Latex vats. 9. Sheets of rubber drying before smoke treatment. 10. Latex flowing from tapped rubber tree.

coagulation tanks where skimming removes all impurities and acetic acid is added to cause coagulation. Aluminum dividing partitions are now inserted into the trays to divide the rubber into strips five feet long, one inch wide and two inches thick. Steel rollers with water playing on them to keep the rubber from sticking, press the rubber strips to twice their former width. In Ceylon these rollers are hand driven.

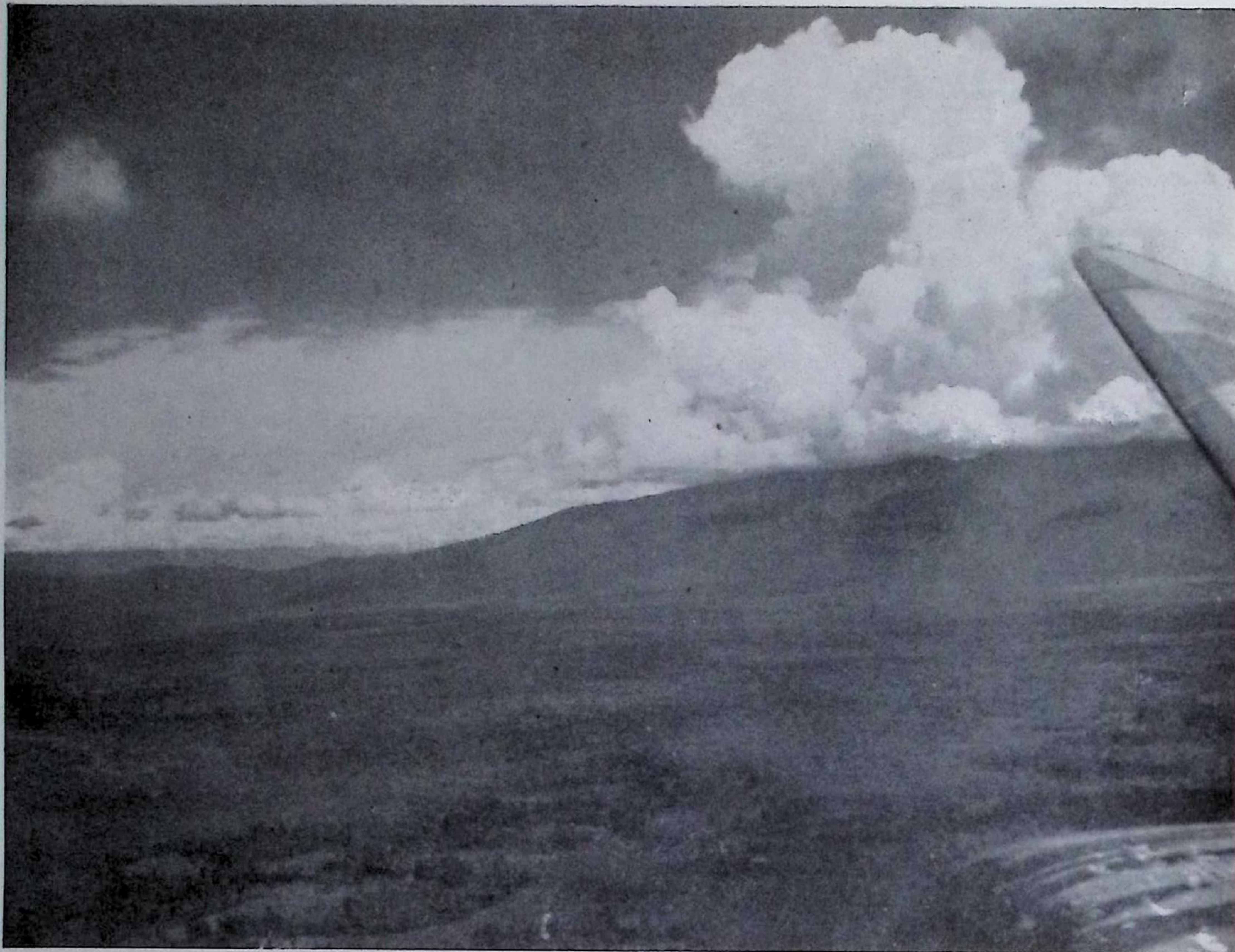
In the next and final process a series of four rollers reduce the thickness of the rubber strips to one quarter inch. At the same time the factory name is imbedded in the finished product. Before being hung in an open shed to dry, the strips are placed in a sterilization bath to prevent mould-

ing. When dry the sheets are placed in a smoke house, usually three storeys in height, for curing. The first storey is entirely taken up by a fire box four feet square. Green wood is used for fuel. Wooden poles over which the sheets are hung, crowd the upper storeys. To prevent sticking or marking during this curing process, these poles must be frequently turned.

Our experience during this war has emphasized the value of the rubber in the modern world and in spite of the marvellous results of synthetic research, the value and importance of this natural product will continue to be high.

CEC. LAW.





*Monsoon Clouds Beginning to Form Over the Chin Hills*



## *Monsoon Clouds*

During the monsoon season, from June until October in most parts of India and Burma, beautiful white clouds reach from the hilltops to 20,000 feet and beyond. Sometimes scattered, sometimes in mighty ranks like a heavenly regiment bent on vengeance, these clouds, with their lightning and thunder flashing and roaring a challenge to the very ends of the earth, always bring a deluge of rain such as people of the West seldom see. Adventurers in the skies of the East learn a great respect for even the most innocent of these fleecy wanderers and consider them more deadly than the enemy.

CEC. LAW.





*Milestone on the Road Home*

## *The Journey Home...*



*Southeastern Arabia—Land of Sand and Rock  
Sans Water, Plants or Life*



*Natives of Port Sudan, on the Red Sea, Refuel a  
Canadian "Dak"*

The play had run its course. Tragedy, comedy and adventure each claimed interest and attention in turn. Early in September, 1945, the curtain rang down. Five hundred hearts beat a little faster. 435 Squadron was to fly to England—a long step in the journey home! Heat, insects, reptiles and poor food were forgotten, and visions of beautiful country lanes, a cool climate and English people rose before our excited minds. Most of us left Indian and Burmese friends, while everyone left friends in the R.A.F. and 14th Army.

Karachi was our last sight of India. As our plane circled to height above Karachi the soil which had nourished us for a year gradually disappeared, to most of us forever, in a veil of cloud.

Masirah Island on the coast of Arabia was our first refuelling stop. The monsoon cloud which clothed the sea during the first hours of our journey had been left behind a full hour before our arrival. The desolate sand wastes of Arabia spread as far as the eye could see. The dry nullahs, where roaring torrents once carved their mark in the land, gave a wrinkled and withered appearance to the hot leafless plain. Spirits were high, regardless. We were on our way to Blighty.

Masirah Island was as desolate as the neighboring mainland. Nothing grows, and the heat strikes you as you leave the cool interior of the plane, like the opening of a blast furnace door. Masirah, a waterless desert island — with 20,000 quarts of Canadian beer, and only a small detachment to drink it! Even desert islands can be attractive.



Having refuelled men and motors, we were off to Aden, the end of our first day's journey. The flat sand wastes gave place to rugged, barren plateaux, cut with vicious canyons hundreds of feet deep, and treacherous cliffs rose to 6,000 feet at the water's edge. Gradually irrigated areas, towns and villages made their welcome appearance. Soon Aden, the Crater City, cut the horizon, and we had covered 1,528 nautical miles in a single day.

Aden, like most of the world's great seaports, is a melting pot of nations. Surely no other port is so colourful. The camel trains converge like spokes in a wheel from three directions to trade desert produce for cloth, ammunition and metal utensils, etc.

The seaport is a great sprawling village, interspersed with warehouses or godowns as they are known in the East. The real Aden is in the crater of a large volcano. The city is ancient and beautiful, with an abundant supply of water, stored in tanks so designed that every bit of precipitation falling within the crater's rim is saved, far below the surface of the rock, in cool caverns. According to local legend this great engineering feat was accomplished by order of the Queen of Sheba and has stood for over 4,000 years.

Wadi Halfa in Anglo-Egyptian Sudan was our next scheduled refuelling stop, but some had the opportunity of seeing Port Sudan, famous during the Ethiopian campaign, due to shortage of fuel.

The trip to Wadi Halfa was indeed colourful. As the sun rose above the horizon the Red Sea, with its beautiful rocky islands, gradually took form 10,000 feet below. Occasionally freighters or passenger ships became visible, cutting the dark blue water in foamy furrows. From Port Sudan inland the desert and mountain ranges blend to form a most desolate panorama. An occasional patch of green is so novel that all hands are called to witness some indication of life in so barren a land.

The Nile river appeared, suddenly, far ahead. Gradually the few green acres, and finally the airport and the buildings of Wadi Halfa became visible. Actually great stretches of the river bank are under cultivation, and as the aircraft circles Wadi Halfa the visitor can appreciate how productive the desert can be when it is watered.



*Wadi Halfa, on the Nile, in Anglo-Egyptian Sudan*

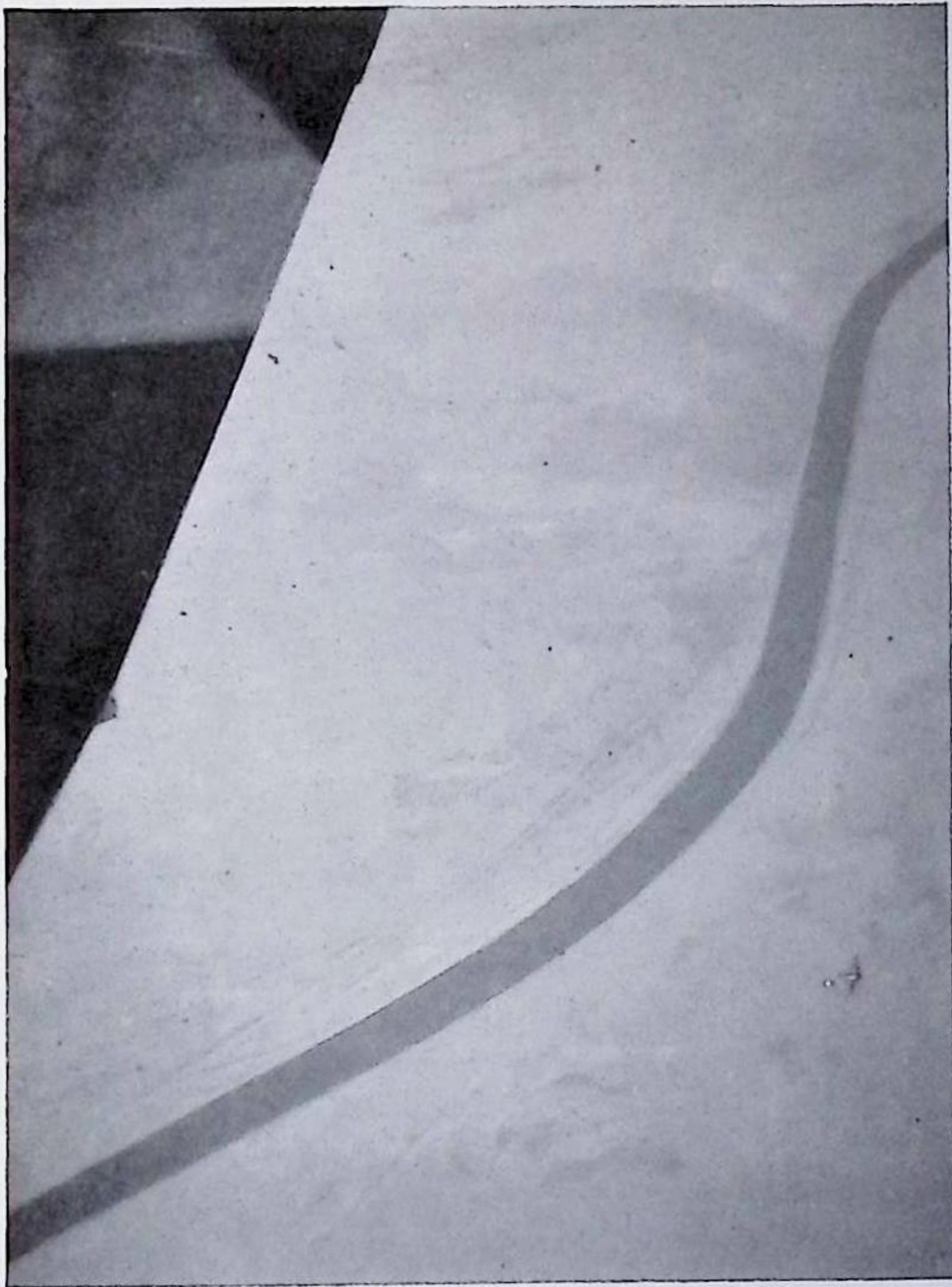


*A City in Palestine*



*Palestine Countryside*

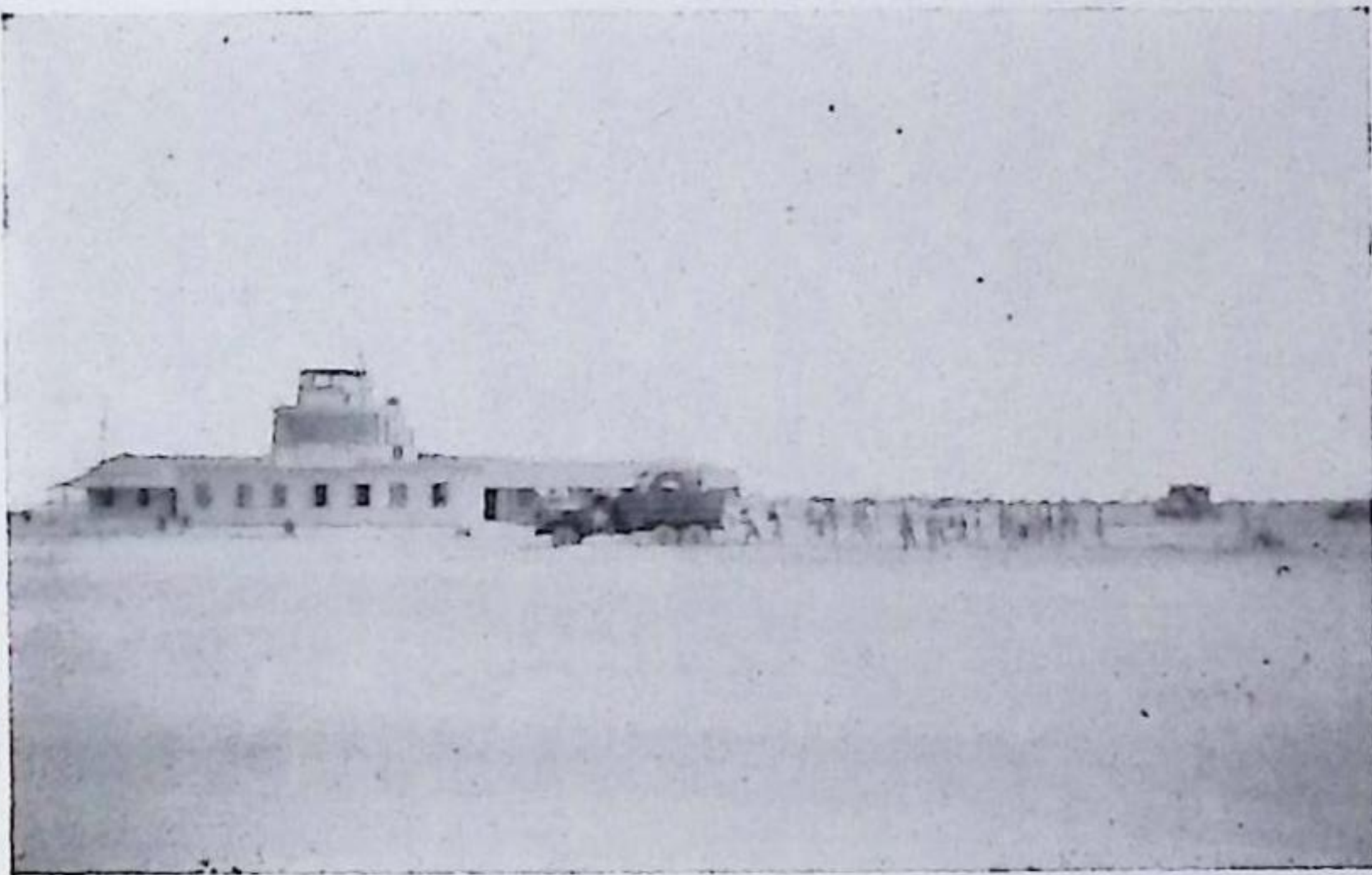




*Suez Canal from 10,000 Feet*



*Early Morning Street Scene in Catania, Sicily*



*El Adem Airport, Near Tobruk*



*Mount Etna, Sicily*

After a lunch of fruits and a cool drink we found our aircraft had been serviced and set course for Lydda, in Palestine—only a few miles from Jerusalem. The Nile was lost to sight for a time in the trackless desert — then we followed its course, crossed it, and found ourselves over the northern tip of the mountain range we had crossed earlier in the day; then over the Gulf of Suez at the Red Sea's tip. The mountains of the Holy Land appeared rugged and unproductive — almost inhospitable. Altering course slightly, most aircraft passed over Jerusalem and Jericho before setting down at Lydda. Some of the more fortunate actually visited Jerusalem, while most had a quick look at Tel Aviv, the most modern city in the world, for we remained in Lydda overnight.

The following morning found us skirting the north shore of the Mediterranean—Alexandria, El Adem near Tobruk, Benghazi, and thence across the blue Mediterranean to Catania in Sicily. A few saw Malta—some continued from Malta to Elmos in Sardinia, but for the greater number