



# A West Texas House Wife Circles The Globe

By Mrs. Leola Christie Barnes  
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(Editor's note: This week we have had to divide Mrs. Barnes' article describing her visit in India into two parts. The first part is published this week and

the second part will be published next week.)  
**AN EXCITING VISIT TO INDIA — PART I**  
It took all the courage I could muster to say goodbye to our beloved children in Rangoon:

Terry and Beth Sanders and son, Christie (Their older son, Terry III was in a boarding school at Kodiacanal, India). They stood at the gate waving as I boarded the big comet-jet at 11:45 p. m. for New Delhi, India. I was barely seated when I saw a tall Indian hostess, in a blue, silk sari, edged in gold ribbon, walking barefoot down the aisle. She was telling everyone in her native language to fasten their seat belts and as she passed me, I could not help glancing at her

large, weather-roughened feet, conspicuous beneath the beautiful silk garment she was wearing. Obviously she was totally unaware of anything unusual about her appearance as she padded back and forth through the aisle tendering her services to all who needed her attention. As far as I could tell, I was the only foreigner on the plane, and as such, I was left entirely to my own thoughts, and they were not too jubilant. As we flew above the stormy mass of boiling clouds, I could see through the window, a sky above, clear and starry, but the air currents below kept bumping our plane from side to side, and we were continually warned to keep our seat-belts fastened.

As we approached this heterogeneous land, where I had never been before, there were many things to wonder about, but paramount in my mind was a persistent anxiety concerning the strange man who was to meet me at the airport, twelve miles out from the city, at 1:35 a. m. Would he be the right one or an imposter?

The Boeing Jet 717 landed in a rain and thunderstorm and a very dark night. Weighted down with a coat, a fur, an overstuffed overseas bag, and a heavy leather purse full of passports and visas, I found myself at the end of the line waiting to go through customs. As we entered the airport, I had noticed a big burly man with black bushy hair staring curiously at me; and as I made my way through customs, I kept wondering if that could be the man to meet me. I hoped not; but by the time my papers were all filled out, and a porter had picked up my bags, I saw this strange looking man coming toward me. He walked up in front of me and asked: "Meezes Bonnes?" "Yes," I replied, and we stood for a few seconds staring at each other. He picked up my two bags. "Are you from the Imperial Hotel?" I asked apprehensively. "Empereel Hotel," and he continued walking toward the exit. Uneasily, I followed my suitcases and the stranger out into the dark stormy night to a waiting car, where another dark stranger waited at the wheel. After what seemed like an interminable ride, and in spite of my misgivings, we entered the outskirts of a city, which I earnestly hoped was New Delhi.

The driver stopped in front of a strangely facaded large building, "Hotel?" I asked. Without a word, the bushy haired man opened the door of the car, and began taking my bags out. Suddenly, a large man in a fantastically styled uniform and wearing a bright red turban with a pleated wing standing up on the side, opened the door and bowed us to enter. The night cyber gave us an unwelcome look and indicated a book in which to register. I told him I had reservations. He appeared doubtful, but he searched through several books, and glancing at me occasionally with an expression that plainly said: "I am going to prove you are lying." At last he found a name that seemed to puzzle him. "You Meezes Barennes?" he asked incredulously, and upon an affirmative nod from me, he re-

luctantly summoned a porter. This dark complexioned man, wearing a gaudily colored uniform, picked up my bags and motioned for me to follow. He opened the door to a cold, large, high-ceilinged room and there in a large cold bed I lay the remainder of the night, thinking of the luscious West Texas sunshine, and longing for daylight to come.

However after a breakfast of English rolls and hot tea, in my room the next morning, I felt as good as new, and phoned the Travel Agency that I wished to be taken to the Lebanese Legation in order to obtain a visa to Lebanon. Soon there appeared a black plymouth car with one of the strangest men I had ever seen, driving it. He was obviously a young man, but he wore long thick coal black beard and long hair done up under a green turban bound tightly around his head; a curved dagger at his side and a tight-fitting red coat over baggy trousers. With some difficulty, I finally made him understand that I wished to be driven to the Lebanese Legation. After I obtained my visa, I expected to go back to the hotel, but to my astonishment, he drove into a residential section of the city and stopped before a strange looking home, and got out of the car and went inside.

A dark-skinned woman came out on the porch and stared at me curiously. She walked back into the house and the man came out carrying a roll of bedding. He put the bedding in the car trunk, and without a word climbed in and started the motor. I was mystified. "Your wife?" I asked, indicating the woman who had returned to the porch and was staring curiously at me again as we drove away. "Seester," he managed to answer and that was all. "He is probably going on a hunting or fishing trip overnight, after he leaves me at the hotel," I said to myself, but to my consternation I noticed we were soon leaving the town and entering the country. Alarmed, I asked: "Where are we going?" My terrified tones penetrated and he replied: "Agra." Astounded, I sank down in my seat with relief. So, I rode alone practically all day, with this silent utterly strange man, who had never had a razor on his face nor scissors on his hair, and which I learned later was a Sikh. The highway we travelled proved to be an Arabian Nights story book — Indian men, in dirty white dhoties; some of them with ragged hand-pieced quilts draped over their shoulders for protection from the cold. Others were lying under trees or sitting

in groups along the roadway, and mixed in between were men riding donkeys; driving goats; caravans of travelers on camels; now and then, a Maharajah perched high on the back of a huge bedecked elephant with an ornate saddle sparkling with jewels and a fancy-shaped bridle with an ornate head-piece, also brilliantly adorned. Suddenly we would come upon a group of riders on water buffaloes or a swineherd driving a gluttonous bunch of hogs by prodding them with sharp-pointed sticks. Our ride was a continuous zig-zagging from one side to the other; and when we entered a village there would be an almost impenetrable mass of people, and it was only by a perpetual blast of the car horn, that we were able to make our way through these solid throngs.

In one village we encountered a wedding party walking along in all the groom's wedding finery. He, with his attendants, led the procession — his long lace veil held up by one of his groomsmen. He carried a huge bouquet of flowers and his filmy lace gown would be the envy of many American brides. The bride and her attendants made up the rear, as they walked along, with heavily veiled faces and in an obviously subservient manner.

There was nothing said all day about a bite to eat, and the first thing I did upon reaching the hotel where I had reservations, in Agra, was to order a late dinner, and the second was to go to bed. The room was cold and the cover weighted me down until I lay there all night like a cold stone.

(Continued Next Week)

Mrs. Julia McGonigall is now living in Fort Worth, where she has employment.

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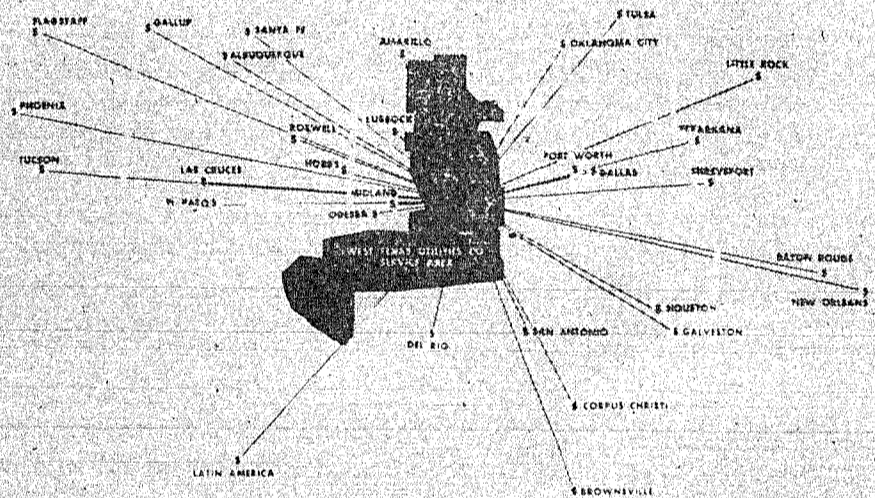
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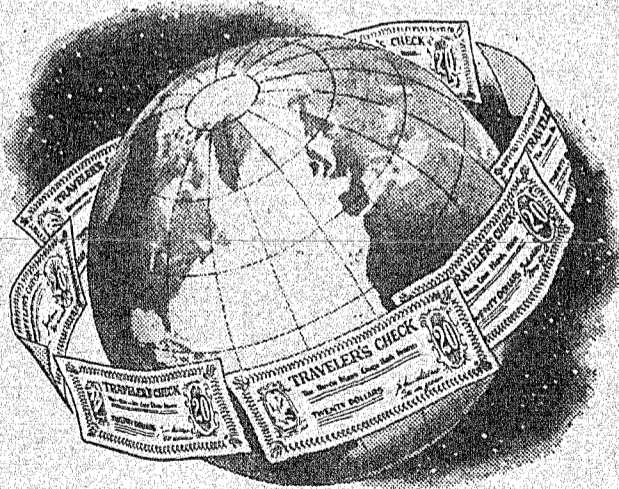
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**Trickham News**

By Mrs. J. E. York  
 Telephone 2-3250

Rev. James Bridges, Presbyterian Pastor from Denton, brought the message Sunday morning at the Trickham Church. He and his wife along with Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Whitely were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bond Featherston.

Visitors on Wednesday of last week with Mrs. Beula Kingston were Mrs. Jane McCrary and Mrs. Callie Overby of Santa Anna.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Stearns and son of Fort Worth spent the weekend at their place here, on Sunday they visited with Mr. and Mrs. Johnny James and family. Other visitors in the James home were Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Bowden of Brownwood and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene James and family.

Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Lovelady of Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Sprout Todd of Glen Cove, Mr. and Mrs. Roger George of Brady, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Todd, observing his birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Horton and children of Houston, spent the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Mulroy.

Mrs. Neta Williamson of Brownwood spent Saturday with Mrs. Lura Williamson.

SEE  
**IPTA**  
 At Junior Carnival

**Rancho**  
 Downtown Theatre  
 Coleman, Texas

**HALLOWEEN  
 MIDNIGHT SHOW**

OCT. 31 — 10:30 P. M.  
 "HORRORS OF THE  
 BLACK MUSEUM"

**Cole-Anna**  
 Drive-In Theatre

THURSDAY — FRIDAY  
 AND SATURDAY

OCTOBER 26-27-28  
 STEVE REEVES in  
 "Thief of Baghdad"

PLUS  
 ERNIE KOVACS in  
 "5 Golden Hours"

SUNDAY and MONDAY  
 OCTOBER 29-30  
 MAURICE CHEVALIER in  
 "FANNY"

TUESDAY — WEDNESDAY  
 AND THURSDAY

OCT. 31 — NOV. 1-2  
 THE THREE STOOGES in  
 "Snow White And  
 The Three Stooges"

**OAK**  
 Drive-In Theatre

THURSDAY — FRIDAY  
 AND SATURDAY

OCTOBER 26-27-28  
 GARY COOPER in  
 "The Naked Edge"

PLUS  
 STEVE REEVES in  
 "The White Warrior"

SUNDAY — MONDAY  
 AND TUESDAY

OCTOBER 29-30-31  
 JERRY LEWIS in  
 "The Ladies Man"

PLUS  
 JAMES CRAIG in  
 "The Man  
 From Texas"

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