

The Maharajah is known as Bubbles

People were so good to me in India.

One friend of mine who lives far away in Calcutta flew all the way to New Delhi to show me some of the country he loves so much. He took me to the Delhi Zoo, where for the first time I saw lions, black panthers, bengal tigers and pure white tiger cooling himself in his own personal pond.

The most amazing animals were the huge hippotomuses. I hadn't realized they are as big as elephants, nor had I realized how much green fodder they eat at a time.

Another day my Calcutta friend took me to the nearby town of Feredabad where we toured a china factory. I watched as they crushed two kinds of rock to make the clay, then saw how they removed the water and squeezed it till it was the right consistency to shape into dishes. I watched the making of plates, saucers, cups, bowls, tea pots and vases, then saw them hand dip the piece for coloring, apply the floral decals and finally hand paint the gold trim around the edges. Later they took me to an exhibition and sale of this most famous Hitkari Pottery where I watched hordes of people scrambling to buy some of the beautiful pieces.

Another first for me while in India was to be invited to watch a polo match between India and Pakistan. Having never before seen this sport, I was surprised at how many times the riders have to change horses so as to always have a fresh mount. They were all beautifully groomed and their syces or grooms so very proud of their charges. Even watching the parade as they rode away

Indo Canadian

Joan Mayo



HAND PAINTING . . . Crowds flock to the markets to buy cups and other dishes, which are made and then hand painted at the shop.

back to the barracks was a joy. The Pakistan team which won the event that day was touring India and planned to stop next in the pink city of Jaipur.

The Maharajah of Jaipur who was there in Delhi that Saturday is well known among polo fans. His nickname is Bubbles and I found it amusing to be introduced to him as Bubbles and to hear everyone ad-

dress him as Bubbles as he moved from one to the other greeting his many friends.

Recently on the TV. program *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*, I learned why he was given that name. It seems a holy man once came to the gates of his ancestors palace begging food and drink. Angry at being turned away empty handed, he cursed the family and

for several generations only girls were born to that royal family. When finally a boy was born, everyone celebrated with bubbly champagne and someone laughingly nicknamed the baby Bubbles. And as I heard that day, all his friends and acquaintances call him Bubbles.

The pope paid an official visit to India while I was there and the workers went to a lot of trouble stringing garlands of flowers on specially placed supports over the highway all along his route. People began lining the route near where I lived, even before breakfast. As there was a Catholic school for girls nearby, all the girls and nuns clutching small Indian flags were eagerly waiting his arrival. Seeing I had a camera, one of the nuns invited me to stand up front with them if I would give her a copy of the picture she hoped I would get when the pope stepped down to meet the girls. Unfortunately the threat of terrorism is so great in India that the official cars just whizzed past and all we saw was a blur of faces. I made some new friends though, standing there on the road side for two hours, so it was well worth it.

Even though I was anxious to get home and see my family, I was not looking forward to the long lonely flight home nor the lay-over in Japan for 24 hours. I arrived at the hotel in Narita, Japan, just in time

for supper and as I walked into the restaurant all alone, I saw a middle aged Indian couple smiling up at me. I recognized them as having been on the same plane as me and instantly knew I would no longer be lonely. They were a Moslem couple who lived in Old Delhi. He was an artist travelling to Hawaii at the invitation of the University of Hawaii, to put on an art show there and to give lectures.

The three of us spent the day in Japan touring the neat, clean city of Narita, visiting an ancient as well as a modern temple, and a beautiful Japanese garden. Then enjoyed a lesson in Japanese history at a museum and a little window shopping.

After exchanging addresses, we said our goodbyes and I boarded my plane for the last leg of my most unforgettable journey.

Malahat Legion honors Luckovich

Members of Branch 134, Royal Canadian Legion Malahat will gather Saturday at 3 p.m. to honor Bert Luckovich, a long time member.

Luckovich is to receive a plaque from the members in appreciation for his many years of outstanding service.

Although in poor health, Luckovich will attend the short ceremony at the Malahat legion hall.