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# EX-'FASTEST MAN' A SPEEDY U. S. AIDE

## Jesse Owens, Sent to India on Goodwill Mission, Gets the Quickest Results.

By A. M. ROSENTHAL

Special to The New York Times.

NEW DELHI, India, Oct. 4—

There is something pleasant happening to United States public relations in New Delhi these days. Jesse Owens is in town.

The man sports writers used to call the world's fastest human says he is fat and forty now. He is neither. He is lean and forty-two. But as far as plain, old-fashioned goodwill propaganda goes, sending him here may turn out to have been a small inspiration.

Indians are interested in the problems of underprivileged children. For years Mr. Owens' life has been devoted to 2,500 youngsters in a club in Chicago's South Side. He would much rather talk about them than talk about the track.

Of course not everybody in India knows who Jesse Owens is. Last night an Indian news agency put out an information bulletin saying Jesse Owens was arriving at Palam airport. Political correspondents gathered in a Government office were puzzling it out. "Must be that United Nations medal fellow," said one, and his colleagues agreed.

Jesse Owens and Sir Owen

But sports writers knew the difference between Jesse Owens of Ohio State and Chicago and Sir Owen Dixon, Chief Justice of Australia, who was United Nations mediator between India



Jesse Owens

and Pakistan in their dispute over Kashmir. The sports writers were present in force to welcome Mr. Owens. So were track stars of the Indian-armed forces, and Mr. Owens asked each of them his best time. It took the man, who once did 100 meters (a little more than 109 yards) in 10.2 seconds, 35 minutes to make the 150 yards between the plane and the customs shed.

The sports pages, which in the last few months have been full of the doings of the visiting Russian hockey and soccer teams, this morning were full of Mr. Owens. Visiting Senators do not get more than an inch or two in the New Delhi papers, but Mr. Owens was interviewed at the airfield, in the lounge and, when his car had a flat tire, at the side of the road.

Mr. Owens is visiting India and other countries in the Far East under the sponsorship of the United States Government. The idea is to make friends for the United States. Today it was a toss-up whether he would make more friends among the social workers than among the track fans.

Speaking to Indian sports writers today, Mr. Owens spent most of his time talking about the problems of children—"the best people in the world." There

are thousands of youngsters in every Indian city who have no home but the streets.

NIT 10/7/55

# ATOMIC AGE FAIR SHAPED BY HAND

## India Finding Ancient and Modern Ways in Building Vast Trade Exhibition

By A. M. ROSENTHAL

Special to The New York Times

NEW DELHI, India, Sept. 24

On a sun-blistered fairground in New Delhi the atomic age is dependent on ancient ways, and is doing quite nicely.

Women laborers from Rajasthan, dressed in billowing red skirts, carry sixty-pound loads of brick on their heads to a rickety-looking scaffolding. The basket is passed hand to hand up a human conveyor system.

A few feet away, an ironworker hammers a piece of bracing on a hand anvil. Nearby is a paniwallah, a man who carries a water-filled goatskin slung across his back and squirts water through a nozzle to wet down the cement.

In the background, Indian and United States construction men study the blueprints of the sleek, modern building going up on the fairground at Mathura Road. Twenty countries have taken space at the Indian Industries Fair, one of the largest to be held in Asia. The United States exhibition will be the biggest—about two and a half acres.

### Trade Gains the Goal

The idea of the fair is to promote trade, but with the United States and British pavilions close by those of the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia and Communist China, no one misses the political point. Beginning Oct. 29, when the fair is to open, the

United States will show Indian visitors what nuclear energy can do for man and what industry already has done for Americans. There will be a full-size—thirty feet high, wide and deep—model of a nuclear furnace, a graphite reactor like the one at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory. There will be India's first television theatre and buildings where United States manufacturers will show their newest and best.

# Primitive Methods Help Build



A woman laborer keeps her child near by as she loads cement into basket at site for U. S. exhibit at New Delhi

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There will be a full-size—thirty feet high, wide and deep—model of a nuclear furnace, a graphite reactor like the one at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory. There will be India's first television theatre and buildings where United States manufacturers will show their newest and best.

The planning, Indian and American, is the most modern, and the Indian builders have put their best equipment on the job. But the bulk of the work of building a pavilion to demonstrate the industrial present and the atomic future is being done by hand by hundreds of laborers whose families have been working at the trade for centuries.

### Sun Drives Them Out

Most of the workers come from Rajasthan, the land of India's warrior princes. For three or four months a year, during the winter season, they work the land. When the sun of the spring burns out the soil and drives the peasants from the land, they turn into construction

workers. They travel to the big cities, especially to New Delhi, which is in the middle of a building boom.

At the United States building site about 200 workers are on the payroll every day. Entire families work and live on the building grounds. A woman who carries cement or bricks on her head all day gets about 2 rupees a day, which is 42 cents. If her husband is a skilled bricklayer, he will earn a little more than twice as much.

While the rice-earners work, the grandmother cooks the noontime meal over a small fire and the children—the little girls with the family riches in bangles on ankles and wrists—play.

By Oct. 29 the buildings at the seventy-three-acre fairground will be open for business. The men and women who built them will not wait around for television shows and reactor demonstrations. They will be on their way back to the villages of Rajasthan, about a hundred miles and several ages away.

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## CAPITAL OF INDIA A FLOOD REFUGE

Aged Villagers and Cattle  
Seek Safety in New Delhi  
—Men Fight the Rivers

By A. M. ROSENTHAL  
Special to The New York Times.

NEW DELHI, India, Oct. 8—  
India's capital became a place of  
refuge today for thousands of  
villagers fleeing heavy out-of-  
season floods.

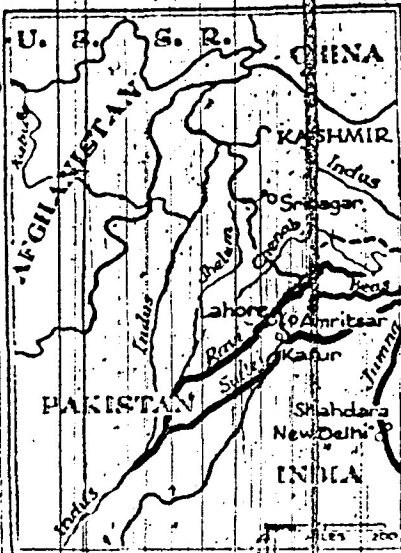
The brackish waters of the  
Jumna River, fed by unexpected  
rains from the Punjab north to  
the Himalayas, have risen three  
feet above the danger point.

About 35,000 acres of rice  
paddy land have been flooded to  
ruin in New Delhi's back coun-  
try. Forty villages have been  
evacuated so far and the main  
road leading to the capital is  
clogged with the homeless.

In the old part of town, peas-  
ant families are huddled together  
in parks. Most of the refugees  
are women and old folk because  
many of the men have decided  
to stay in the marooned villages,  
putting up mud dams and watch-  
ing them crumble.

For most village families, the  
first thought was for their cat-  
tle. Every peasant with a cow or  
water buffalo has driven his  
wealth to safety in the city. In  
old Delhi and New the streets  
were jammed with thousands of  
cattle. They grazed in parks and  
by roadside and ambled down  
streets that still bear the names  
of the British viceroys.

The Jumna has spilled into  
some of the streets of the capital  
itself. Yesterday evacuated cat-  
tle were grazing at the walls of  
the Red Fort, under the marble  
pavilion where Mogal Emperor  
Shah Jehan held audience 300  
years ago. Today the water was  
creeping up to the fort's walls  
and the cattle had moved on.



The New York Times Oct. 9, 1955  
**INDIA HIT BY FLOODS:**  
Heavy black lines designate  
rivers that caused damage.

Prime Minister Jawaharlal  
Nehru toured the flood area of  
New Delhi today and his offi-  
cials told him the worst might  
be over. The sun is shining in  
Delhi State and north in the  
Punjab and there is hope the  
waters will recede. But the dan-  
ger still remains of water con-  
trol works and canals breaking  
under pressure.

Around the capital the floods  
are not at the disaster stage.  
But in the Punjab and the State  
of Patiala and East Punjab  
States Union hundreds of thou-  
sands of acres have been flooded.

cities are cut off and waist deep in water and officials fear the heaviest financial loss in the history of that region.

At Shahdara, five miles north of New Delhi and one of the dan-

ger points in this area, a young police officer spread a map of his district out on the station house table and pointed to a dozen villages.

"These are the marooned villages," he said. "Some of the villagers have agreed to be evacuated; the others have told us to get along, they'll stay. Actually they are used to this kind of thing from the Jumna. Been going through it for generations."

The policeman was not being callous. As over India the Government is building dams to hold back the rivers, but flood is still a part of the year-in-year-out life of India.

This year, though, there was something more sharply cruel about the floods. The season for devastation from the waters should have been over. But the rains came again, after the time of the monsoon. The Jumna, the Beas, the Ravi and the Sutlej flooded.

Along the grand trunk road from Delhi to Calcutta, the Jumna is lapping at the sides of the highway and evacuated villagers go on with their lives. Some sit by the road—the new river bank—with rod and pin hoping that the Jumna will bring along some fish for supper. Village women hang out clothes on banks and their children play games in and out of heavy traffic. Sikh peasants sit in the sun waiting for their long hair to dry out from the morning bath.

Northward, in the Punjab, Amritsar, city of the Golden Temple of the Sikhs, is cut off from the rest of India and under a state of emergency. In the bazaars, where Sikhs make their ritual daggers and where thousands of tradesmen earn their living, the waters of the Ravi have mounted head high in miles of four-foot wide stalls.

Food is becoming scarce in Amritsar. Thousands of refugees of the 1947 partition riots who settled around the city again are homeless.