

**two months in**  
**INDIA**

*by*

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**EMESCO**

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## In Bombay

**A**t the Eastleigh Airport in Nairobi on Tuesday morning, the 17th of February 1953, my luggage was weighed and to my surprise I was asked to pay shilling one hundred and eighty. The reason: my luggage was in excess by ten pounds. This was my first experience that extra charge is made for excess in weight of luggage. This was not all. I had yet to lay my luggage open for the Customs Officer who had to make sure that I did not carry something extraordinary. The last formality was through the Passport Officer who examined my passport, checked my health documents, smallpox and yellow fever certificates and all that. Although I felt relieved that I have completed this ordeal, I was not happy at the fact that I had lost a hundred and eighty shillings through my ignorance. This made me very sad.

I boarded the aircraft at 9 o'clock that morning and here I had another experience. This was typical for someone flying for the first time. When the plane took off I was absolutely in the dreamland. No I was not dying, but I felt my heart sinking and rising as the plane found its way into the sky. We flew over the dry parts of the Northern Province of Kenya and headed for Aden in Arabia. We then went via Karachi in Pakistan and touched the ground at the airport in Bombay in the small hours of the morning; it was 2:30 am.

Bombay is a very big city with a population of four million, about the population of the whole of Uganda in 1953, It is an island like Mombasa and it has good and clean roads and streets and within the city there are many railway stations which serve electric trains running to peripheral areas. There is a network of electric rail cars serving the city. Bombay streets are full of people, lorries and cars and buses have to struggle to penetrate their way through the crowded streets.

I was taken to the Taj Mahal Hotel where I was to stay for a few days. Within hours of my arrival precisely at 9 am I set off on a sight-seeing tour of the city. I did this in a car. I was taken to the Museum and afterwards visited Bombay Regional Assembly which was then sitting. I also visited a very large aquarium and saw different kinds of fish. From there I was taken to a children's sports ground- in fact a gymnasium. Every evening children gathered at this place and played as they wished before going to a cinema hall on the same ground.

The following morning I was taken to see the Aarey Milk Colony. I was informed that the Government had decided to