

They were fascinated more, I think from the novelty of the camera than from the snake charmer and his acting cobra.

*Karachi, India*

6-10-8-44. Street scene at APO 883, taken purposefully for the record of a camel lying in the street. My first Indian city upon arrival. It is contrasted from the main street or (Market Street of San Francisco) by being much narrower in width and lacking the noisy and surging masses of people that inhabit the main thoroughfare. There is as much difference between these two parts of town as there is between the rural country side and a hustling business district in America. These cities are colorful, perhaps not in the same sense as we would adjudge our own cities, particularly at night with our neon signs etc but colorful in regard to variety and contrast. The main street is spacious and is flanked by alleyways and this particular type of avenue illustrated in the picture. The architecture is miscellaneous with well stocked stores standing amid a jumble of small shops, pavement vendors and hawkers. Nothing remains as modernistic and fine as any of our own stores. If one were to take all the second hand stores of Salt Lake City and put them in one city block you would have an excellent picture of these cities-plus filth and dirt! Thronging the streets are a few Indians in Western attire and countless others wearing dhoties and loose flowing pyjamas with every style of headgear imaginable. The dominant costume is the dhoti and sari both of which look like their wearers got up out of bed without removing their nightgowns. It seems so ridiculous to see grown men with such clothes. I suppose the custom of inserting the shirt in the pants as we do is a more recent custom acquired. Half naked coolies and fakirs, beggars, street urchins and plain loafers all form part of the colorful spectacle. Cars thread their way with blasting horns, their brakes shrieking now and then in their attempt to avert hitting a sacred cow or one of the hundreds of people flowing back and