

Holiday in India

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In the blackness that is four-thirty AM I crawled from under my mosquito net and joined the others in packing my luggage aboard the giant GI trucks. All the way to the Karachi City Station we roused the countryside with our songs but quieted as we came into the glare of the station lights and once more felt the oppressiveness of India's poverty. Who can picture effectively the misery and filth, the meanness and degradation of such a scene? Human beings sleep in groups of three and four on the betel nut-spital stained cement floor, oblivious to their voluminous rags and to the mangy dogs which edge in closely for warmth. Servants sleepily guard the newspaper-wrapped boxes, the baskets and bags which are the luggage of the middle classes. Overladen, rickety, two-wheeled ox-carts crotch through the mass of waiting gharries with their sad-eyed horses. Peoples are everywhere, in dhotis, in jodhpurs, in baggy Mohammedan salvars; too many people, unaware of the dignity of being human beings, greedy, grasping, striving for even water and air; brown skinned people, never in couples, always in groups of four, seven or twelve, with countless children. These people, more than anything else, are India and their very presence in such numbers oppressively reduces one more effectively than vast mountains or a starry sky.

A dozen coolies gathered upon their heads our vast pile of luggage and we trailed them down the length of the platform to our car. A few annas here, a few there and we were safely installed for the trip. Just before we left one of my three Karachi Air Base clerks, Mr. Bargaat Singh, came over to my window and bade me farewell. I briefly pictured the Quartermaster Sales Store back at the base and breathed a prayer that all would be well when I returned. Then we were under way! Past the high walled gardens surrounding the high-ceilinged stone and stucco houses of the rich and by the hovels of the poor we sped. Soon the city was behind and we rode into the Sind Desert, already bright with glare from the morning sun.

The train stopped at practically every station for five to fifteen minutes. A thick volume could be and probably has been written about the railway stations of India but this is no place for more than a cursory comment. A few large Banyan trees flank most of the brick or stone stations and between these and the tracks is a paved platform, level with the floor of the coaches. Before the wheels cease turning there is a horde of beggars, usually children or superannuated men and women, crying frantically, "Boksheesh, Sahib, boksheesh!" Did one hope to sleep for a few hours? C'est impossible! Always there is the same pitiful cry from naked or blind or crippled children and gaarled and wrinkled old crones; always we tossed something but no matter how abundant the gifts, the cry invariably increased as the train got in motion. Suddenly a hand shot through the window and grabbed the sun glasses off the face of a fellow traveller. He started up and shouted but it was too late! India has no moral law against thievery. How much India needs Christ!

With "C" and "E" type rations, augmented by beer and fruit juices which were kept ice cold in open containers which were filled with ice at various stations, we passed the day. I unrolled my sleeping bag on the top berth and dozed between stops but by this time the dust and sand from the desert had soiled everything while the cinders from the engine had seeped in to add further filth. There was a steady stream to and from the laboratories for a sponge bath did enable one to feel refreshed for an hour or so. I shuddered when I thought of the Indians sitting packed in the third class carriages; they had no water for drinking, much less bathing.

We reached Lahore, capital of the Punjab about Sunday noon; I had visited Lahore before, had seen its famous Mall and the magnificent cathedral of our church which is built on the site of the tomb of an ancient Mohammedan princess. The city is packed with more than 600,000 Indians and only a mere handful of Europeans. The railway station is almost unbearable; no train pulls in or out without the presence of at least ten thousand people! There is always a struggle, a very physical one, too, for a 1st, 2nd or 3rd class seat on any train out of Lahore. Our vote was unanimous that never before had we seen so many flies. Up and down the platforms go the hawkers with their Indian sweets, freshly wilted fruits, apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, mangoes, bananas and strange oriental specimens. Besides, there are endless hawkers of chappatis, honey balls, potato cakes, truffles and other cooked items. So the flies swarmed, the temperature touched 110 degrees in the shade and filth was triumphant!

From Lahore we headed into the foothills, climbing up and up; many of us were getting our first view of the mountains of India. By midafternoon it was as though we were in another world as we sped through dark tunnels and out over high tressels. The Himalayas loomed much higher in the distance but even there the land was so rough as to be almost unillable. Just before dusk we reached the terminus of the railway line, another of India's large and dirty cities, Rawal Pindi; there we dismounted and engaged coolies to load our baggage onto several English lorries which were waiting to drive us to Barakao Rest Camp in the cool green hills fourteen miles beyond the city. The dust was thick and darkness closed in rapidly but soon the lorries stopped and we climbed out to discover a group of stone barracks with built-in beds on which we unrolled our sleeping bags and relaxed for a few minutes. Then supper was ready: cold sliced roast beef, sliced tomatoes, cheese, sliced onions, buttered buns, beans and hot tea, with halved peaches for dessert. After a delightfully refreshing shower we "hit the sack", hardly turning over when it began to rain during the night and all those sleeping on the metal beds outside had to dash in and look for empty bunks. Eddie and I did take off a half hour right after supper, though, to greet three of our colleagues who were returning to Karachi and to let them give us their opinions of the "best things to do". Sgt. Archie Adams (West Va.), I/Sgt. Raleigh ("Pappy") Yates (Wash.) and Sgt. Gerald Tremaine (N.J.) were most enthusiastic about Kashmir and insisted that we plan to include it on our itinerary. In fact, Pappy even further persuaded us with the loan of Rs.100 to each of us lest we run short. That convinced us.

By 0730 hours we were packed into new lorries and headed for the hills; an hour later we were gazing down into green valleys hundreds of feet below. And still we climbed upward until we were forced to stop for the motors to cool and the boys to accustom themselves to the increasingly rarified atmosphere. We noticed the clouds above us clinging to the mountain sides but after we resumed the journey we soon found ourselves amid the clouds which hovered round us as a mist. Undeterred, we rode on and presently rode out into the sunshine above the clouds into a little Indian town most appropriately named, "Sunnybank". There we transferred to GI weapons carriers from Khanspur and began another climb; this time we found the road only a narrow trail which clung to the side of cliffs and steep hills, oftentimes having been blasted from solid rock. Our drivers were reputedly well-trained Indians but the narrow one-way roads were so insecure looking that we had no confidence until much later when we saw how effectively the barrier system kept all traffic moving in one direction and our drivers had clearly displayed their genuine skill.

Then we reached Khanspur and the camp headquarters where we stopped to register and pay Rs.6/9 for bearer service and laundry during our stay. In barracks No.20 we found our two bearers (for 14 men): Mohammed Hussein, a stoop-shouldered old fellow with a bushy dyed-red beard and twinkling eyes, and his handsome 18 yr. old nephew, Mohammed Efriam, a sturdy lad with broad shoulders, good features, unruly black hair and gleaming white teeth. We were herded off to lunch where a delicious meal was served, complete from soup through candy - with plenty of fresh milk. In the mess hall tables were set for six; there were clean white tablecloths, plenty of silver and glass and even ornamental flowers; it seemed that dozens of servants were in attendance for there was always a waiter standing there to supply one's every wish.

Now Everett Wohnsiedler, my travelling companion, an ex-employee of the Bankers Trust Company, New York City, is a "Red Cross Commando" from 'way back, being a member of the Soldiers' Committee at Karachi's gigantic R.C.A. Camelcade ARC Club just as I am on the Soldiers' Committee at the Wheel ARC Club at Karachi Air Base, so we lost no time in finding Khanspur's famous Valley ARC Club and gaining the goodwill of the directress, Marjorie Clough, ARC, who was temporarily holding forth alone there since her colleague was hospitalized. Ev sat down at the piano and immediately won the acclaim of all present while I talked over with Marjorie the prospects for High Tea at dear Lady Cunningham's tomorrow and the trip to Srinagar on Thursday. The afternoon flew by and presently we were being served dinner: soup, roast beef, potatoes, spinach, peas, fresh bread, butter, milk, coffee and apple pie. That evening at the Valley Club there was a meeting of all interested in the trip to Kashmir and Marjorie corroborated all that Archie, Pappy and Jerry had told us. Sgt. George Goldfind, weather expert from Karachi Air Base, and I made an impromptu climb to a height above the camp with an Indian guide. The moon was bright, lighting the neighboring mountain tops and even piercing the gloom of the deep valleys, thousands of feet below us.

The reality of a breakfast which included all the fresh milk and fried eggs one wanted was enough to get us all up in the mornings. Afterwards Mohammed Efriam

prepared me a hot bath in a large tin tub and that was followed by a cold shower. Ev, Sgt. John Bryant and I then hiked down to the Post Exchange to purchase gum, beer, camera film, talcum powder, fruit juices, cigarettes and candy. Down at the Valley Club some of the boys from the 181st General Hospital Band, Malir, got out their instruments and involved Everett in a jam session. And so, the morning passed in music. After lunch I indulged in the luxury of a shave and facial massage from the camp's Indian barber; total cost: 8 Annas (15¢). At 3 PM some 20 of us were ready to depart from headquarters for Nathia Gali; we picked up Mrs. Broomfield, wife of the English colonel, O.C., and passing through Ghora Daka and Dhunga Gali, we finally reached the clubhouse at Nathia Gali some 90 minutes later. Mrs. Shelley-Smith, wife of the Inspector General of the Northwest Frontier Provinces, seemed to be the guiding spirit of the party which was splendidly planned. I was presently involved in extended conversation with beautiful Cynthia (Praymouth), wife of Maj. Cheeseman and mother of Kenneth (4) and Penelope (2). Cynthia presented me to Mariam (Khansahib), wife of Maj. Juswinth-Singh (absent in Quetta); she was striking in an Indian mulberry-design-on-navy sari. Since she is the daughter of Dr. Khansahib, Prime Minister of the Northwest Frontier Provinces (Peshawar, capital) and her mother is an aristocratic English lady, Mariam had been reared largely in England and possessed great poise and savoir faire. Mrs. Khansahib was almost regal in a great tweed tailored suit with matching hat and wore dark glasses even while she smoked.

The Governor, Lord Cunningham, and our hostess, Lady Cunningham, appeared with British General Hatton, fresh from New Delhi by plane for conferences. Immediately, both tea and coffee were served with an elaborate array of canapes, cakes, rolls, sandwiches, candies, biscuits, breads, especially welcome fresh salads (which we are seldom allowed to eat in India) and other tasteful concoctions sufficient to feed twice as many as the 35 British people and 20 Americans there. Cynthia and Mariam kept me well fed but there were many other charming ladies who continually and cordially invited us to "try one of these; they're wonderful!" It was soon evident why Lord and Lady Cunningham are so popular for I saw an American Private propelling them out into the bright sunlight along with General Hatton and Marjorie for a snapshot. Presently I was chatting with two charming ladies who turned out to be doctors, missionary doctors at that; they help staff a mission hospital at Tonk, one of the last outposts of civilization above Peshawar in the famous Khyber Pass region (only about 200 miles from here.) There were many other interesting people, all high in Indian government or military positions, but time was short and we had to bid them adieu before 7 PM in order to complete the perilous journey back before darkness came.

The next morning we got up talking about the delightful party of yesterday and planned a return trip for the day. But the day was lovely and other GIs with like intentions of getting out on the mountain trails had hired all the horses. We bribed a ghorawala to hold four horses for us when they were brought back at lunchtime. So, shortly after lunch we got under way. Our Indian guide led us onto a trail which was reputedly a shortcut to Dhunga Gali; it proved to be an extremely treacherous ledge-path owned by the Murree Water Trust but within an hour ~~we emerged onto the highway (sic!) at Dhunga Gali where we watered the horses.~~ I have not previously commented on these Indian horses but a true picture is evident when I say that one of the horses took one drink of water at the trough and fell over - dead! The surprised GI rider was even more stunned (he was not one of our party) when his Indian guide remarked that he (the soldier) would be held responsible for the horse's death and was required by law to make complete restitution to the owner. I heard later that Headquarters settled the case out of court for Rs. 600 (about \$180).

Everett, John and I reached Dale House just as Cynthia and her house guest, English Nurse Elizabeth Bleech, were getting the three babies to sleep so all five of us repaired to the community clubhouse. There Everett and I kept the piano going while John inveigled the chaukidar into building a cheerful fire in the large open fireplace. The music soon brought over the Inspector General of the H.W.F.P. Police, his wife, son and daughter, and a few minutes later, a charming lady whom we all called "Red" (for obvious reasons) with her son, "Jim", the handsomest little blonde fellow of two I have ever seen, and daughter, Mary (complete with pigtails.) We had met them all at the party so everyone got right down to business with several rounds of Scotch, a bottle of brandy from the Isle of Cyprus in the Mediterranean Sea and a bottle of brandy from South Africa. It began to

rain but the party continued quite gay. At tea time word came from Dale House that Mrs. Dale had invited us for tea. From the road we descended a series of irregular stone steps onto a velvety expanse of lawn under giant fir trees. Everywhere was a riot of color; the lavender blossoms of the tall mallows (member of the hollyhock family so dear to English gardeners' hearts) was terribly vital against the greenery of the mountains above and there were also the multicolored nasturtiums, red and orange cannas, pink and purple delphinium, white shastas, roses of every variety and hue, giant pansies and perhaps best of all, huge clumps of crimson, yellow or bronze dahlias. When I met Mrs. Dale, Cynthia's mother, it seemed so right to compliment her for such a lovely garden. She was pleased, I know, but graciously passed on much praise to her faithful malis (gardeners.)

Indoors we found the place a veritable menagerie. Grandmother was soon coaxing the parrot to talk for us but he didn't relish the competition which came from three cages filled with canaries which sang lustily. Two huge water spaniels came bounding in and out came the news that there were no less than four pedigreed cats around. Kenneth appeared with an adorable little Tibetan doggie which sp toylike appeared that we were certain he must be on rollers. But Cynthia explained that she had purchased him from some Tibetans who had come down out of the Himalaya Mountains into Dulu Valley (above Simla) where they had visited. The tiny pup was named "Dolma" which is Tibetan for "happiness".

Every English tea is a child's delight grown up. Tea is just an excuse for an endless succession of cakes, cookies, breads, jellies, jams, toast, honey, candies and nuts. But the best part is the good fellowship. Mr. Dale, introduced to us as "Jerry", came in and proved to be a great fellow despite his high position in Indian politics; he and Mrs. Dale had accepted another invitation before they knew of our coming so we insisted that they not remain at home on our account. I was anxious for Cynthia and Betty to join us in calling on Governor and Lady Cunningham at Government House but we decided to postpone that pleasure for another day for it was growing late and mountain roads are doubly perilous in the twilight and dark.

Back at Khanspur we reached the Valley Club too late to get in on the final arrangements for the Kashmir trip so I had to undertake to locate S/Sgt. Bill Beytagh and pay him the assessment for Everett and myself. Imagine my surprise in finding that he was Bill Beytagh, sometimes of the Citizens & Southern National Bank, Savannah, Georgia! We had met before at one of those memorable George Washington's Birthday Parties which the bank gives annually at Savannah for its many employees all over the states of South Carolina and Georgia. He hastily announced that he knew some of my distant cousins, members of the Homer Peoples family, long associated with Peoples Hardware Company in Savannah. Furthermore, he is a communicant of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Savannah, where another cousin, Rev. Nathaniel Peoples (now Fr. David Stephen of the Community of the Good Shepherd, Good Shepherd Island, Bluffton, South Carolina) was rector for several years. But we had to postpone our pleasant reminiscences for the hour was late and I was beginning to feel the effects of that long horseback ride.

The chaukidar awakened us promptly at 6 AM and we had our baggage put aboard the pickup truck and caught another ride down to headquarters where a light breakfast was served. Once more we said special prayers as we braved the terrifying road into Sunnybank. There we boarded two blue and yellow busses of the Punjab Transport Company and began a ride only slightly better. From an elevation of 9000' we dropped down to 4000' so rapidly that it was necessary for us to stop in order to clear our ears of that "ringing noise". At Kohalla we passed through the Kashmir customs and crossed over the Jhelum River, one of the branches of the River Indus which rises high in the Himalayas and flows across the Sind Desert to the Arabian Sea at Karachi, some 1500 miles away. The entire trip is exciting for the road, twisting around through the mountains like a snake, is only slightly wider than the width of one car. The traffic is two-way. Picture the scene thusly: there one is packed with sixteen other Americans into an Indian bus with an Indian driver; on one side the land rises up perpendicularly, often actually overhanging the road, on the other side there is a perpendicular drop varying from a few hundred to a few thousand feet. The bus lurches on around a thousand blind curves; the driver has one hand on the wheel, the other on the horn, the old fashioned variety with a rubber bulb to squeeze - it goes, "Bla-a-ap! Bla-a-ap!" Suddenly there is a grinding of brakes and a cloud of dust as we swerve out over eternity to avoid a collision with an oncoming vehicle. Both vehicles stop, inches apart. Instantly both drivers launch a barrage of Hindustani at each other; a translation of what they say is

unprintable. Finally we calm our driver; he gets the bus in reverse; then we crawl forward and inch by the other vehicle. The same thing happens again and again; there is a near-accident in passing every vehicle of any kind - accidents are numerous.

We reached the Vale of Kashmir about 4 PM and the road became level, lined with giant poplar trees, with broad fertile fields stretching to the very foot of the mountain chain which encircled the valley. The last thirty miles were indeed pleasant as we sped along the nicely paved roads and enjoyed the prosperous scenes. The air became warm and smooth; it was obvious that life in Kashmir was good and the people happy. Soon we were in Srinagar on the Bund, the principal shopping street. Back of Lloyd's Bank we found the American Red Cross Houseboat, anchored on the Jhelum Canal, and with the assistance of Lottie May Drexler, ARC, we found ample accommodations for our stay. Everett and I joined Bill Beytagh, Pfc. James Syverson and Sgt. William Cody in taking the "New Taj", one of the finest of the houseboats on Dahl Lake. Our bus took us down Hotel Road to the Savoy Hotel where we hired Shakiras to take us over to our new home. A shakira is a long and narrow boat, about 30 feet long, which comes to a sharp point at each end which rides about a foot above the water. At its center the boat is approximately four feet wide and is fitted with an inner spring lounge about 5 feet long; the lounge also has a spring backrest and the whole thing is protected from sun and rain by a brightly upholstered canopy from which brilliantly coloured curtains and draperies hang gracefully on all four sides. The overall effect is extremely gaudy despite the high utilitarian value. Three paddlers sit at the rear of the boat and sing as they propel the craft among the lotus filled waterways of the Dahl Lake.

The New Taj was a dreamboat. From the shakiras we ascended the front steps onto a canopied front porch from which sliding French doors opened into the living room, at least 18' x 25'. The floor was covered with heavy Persian rugs and the other furnishings were equally elaborate. There were two large sofas with glass-topped teakwood coffee tables before them, four lounge chairs, a fine milk-coloured-glass-topped table with a pair of antique Chinese vases, each 30" high (valued at Rs. 3000 each) and a handsome walnut writing desk, complete with chair and lamp. A portiered doorway led into the dining room which featured mullioned windows on two sides, a gigantic sideboard which covered the far wall, a well-stocked corner cabinet-bar and a highly polished oval dining room table with matching Queen Anne chairs. Then there were three large bedrooms, each with two single beds, heavy draperies, lush carpets and a private bath. It was our dream home for five days. Abdul Rahman, our butler and general manager, almost anticipated my wishes for in no time a steaming bath was drawn for me. I blush to add that I even indulged in the luxury of having one of our nine servants (all on 24 hr duty) wash my back for me.

By the time I had dressed, Abdul was serving cocktails in the living room. Besides the New Taj was anchored a smaller replica, called, "Honeymoon Hotel" and therein were two of our friends: T/Sgt. Ned Barefoot (a real American Indian) and T/S Edward Hather so it was decided that they should join us for meals and whenever they liked. Abdul announced dinner, a masterpiece of culinary art prepared by our Sikh cook, Jasoo; dinner began with a delicious Persian soup and ended with an oriental rhubarb dessert. Coffee was being served in the living room just as Mr. and Mrs. Mitra, managers of the Elite Hotel and a group of houseboats on Dahl lake which included ours, came in. Mr. Vishnu Mitra is a Hindu and a chemical manufacturer of Lahore, Punjab, while his blonde wife is an Anglo-Indian and a Christian. They had made reservations for us at Sam's Club on Hotel Road so we went over in time for the 11:15 PM floor show. Scotch was Rs. 51 (\$15) per bottle with set-ups, so I contented myself with watching the show while the others made merry. There was a Chinese juggler, a blonde English dancing girl, Dmitri (a Russian who doubled as Master of Ceremonies and a dancing partner for the blonde) and a hefty Russian singer who stamped her feet and snapped her fingers as she sang. Her entertainment value was so poor that we talked and laughed easily during her performance, a common enough custom in American night clubs. However, she was deeply incensed for during the next musical interlude she stalked over to our party, looked straight at Bill Cody and hissed, "Silence, while I sing!" Bill's consternation and the melodramatic nature of the episode was too much for us; we burst into laughter and the poor girl retired haughtily. Later, however, we gained her toleration by applauding generously and demanding that she sing the only Russian song we knew, "Dark Eyes".

We all slept late Friday morning but after a delightful breakfast of coffee, fried eggs, toast, marmalade and shoestring potatoes, we were ready for adventure.

Mr. Shamrock, a dealer in Kashmiri wood carving, paper mache work and embroidery, had sent his shakira to conduct us to his showrooms so we decided to brave the old city with him. Through the floating gardens we were lazily paddled until we were aware of being surrounded by the ancient buildings of the native quarter. The canals became narrower and congested; our boats edged by other boats which were heavily laden with fresh fruits and vegetables: onions by the bag, cabbages, squash, cucumbers, egg plants, melons, lettuce, pears, apples, plums, grapes and many things unknown to me. The water became dirty and filled with refuse which had been poured from the overhanging buildings. Like London's waterfront section of pulp fiction, the very atmosphere seemed a bit evil and foreboding. Many of the boats, especially the heavier and cruder ones, were propelled by women. I never did become accustomed to their peculiar ear ornaments; a silver ring about one inch in diameter pierced the ear lobe and on this were hung some forty or fifty rings around two inches in diameter. The women never turned their heads rapidly for the combined weight of the two oversized baubles must have pained them dreadfully.

We completely lost all sense of time and direction in that maze of tangled waterways but finally our guide turned in towards the bank and we were able to step onto a paved platform. From there we followed him down a narrow alley which twisted and turned without rhyme or reason between moss-covered old brick and timbered buildings. It was beginning to look like a wild goose chase and I was frankly, just a bit apprehensive but suddenly we turned into an open doorway and climbed two flights of winding brick stairs in almost complete darkness, emerging into a large third-floor showroom. The place was dimly lighted but I could see at a glance that it was filled with gaudily carved chairs, tables, desks and other items of furniture. The prices of the walnut, mahogany and teakwood pieces were not unduly high but the general quality of the workmanship was inferior to that of American precision-made articles and I was fairly certain that transportation costs to the USA (whenever such shipping space was available) would be high, so we bought nothing. The Kashmiri woodcarvers are justly famous, however, for their designs are intricate and interesting and their execution of them is highly praiseworthy. The paper mache work, too, was nicely done and not inexpensive. However, Mr. Mitra had advised me that the synthetic colors now being used by the industry were not satisfactory. In the past colors were made from stone dyes which were made unavailable because of the war.

It was a disappointment in not finding anything to purchase on the morning's shopping tour for we also looked at some embroidery and at some Persian rugs before we returned to our shakiras. A half hour later we were back in the Dahl Lake and Abdul was greeting us with the good news that lunch was ready. After we had completed same Bill suggested a trip down to the Red Cross Boat so we had Abdul pack a bottle of gin, ice, glasses, ginger ale, etc. and we moved down to the Dahl Gate with both shakiras abreast. Our arrival seemed to be the signal for the water gates' being closed and we waited while the water level was reduced some eight feet. Then the giant gates into the Jhelum Canal were opened and we floated on around to the Bund, Srinagar's main street. We passed the Maharaja's huge three-storey houseboat which was painted white and trimmed with a brilliant red. At the Red Cross Boat we debarked and took a lengthy walk around the Bund to Hotel Road, stopping to look at jewels, furs, souvenirs, embroidery, paper mache and woodwork. In one fine establishment which opened on the Polo Grounds was a splendid collection of Chinese treasures but prices were entirely too high. I was most impressed by the antique carved jade and cornelian items and by some framed fragments of ancient Chinese wallpaper which the dealer claimed were 2000 yrs old. Bill completed his business with the bus company, the final arrangements about being met and collected for the return trip to Sunnybank, while Everett entertained at the piano on the ARC Boat for those having tea.

Over our after dinner coffee I completed my plans with Abdul to climb Takht-i-Suleiman, the magnificent mountain which rises sharply behind Hotel Row and towers over 1000 feet above us. Its smaller sister peak, some two miles away across the Dahl Lake, rises only 750' and is crowned with the ancient fortress which guarded the city in olden times. Takht-i-Suleiman bears atop its summit a small circular Hindu temple containing the odious Shankrachaira idol. Bill, Ed, Ned, Jim and Will were just leaving for the dance at Nedous' Hotel when Mr. and Mrs. Mitra came in with several of their six children. However, they insisted that the boys not delay their departure and Everett and I sat and chatted with them about our day's activities until the children became restless and had to be taken back to their beds.

Abdul awoke me before 7 AM on Saturday and we hiked down to the point at the end of Hotel Road before we turned and began the ascent. By the time we reached the first station I was quite winded and wanted to rest but Abdul insisted that we proceed so, after a short pause, we struggled up onto the second station, another 100' above the 200' elevation of the first. There I stretched out full length for a rest and refused to budge. Abdul was, I do believe, frankly scornful for he volunteered the information that "sahib was smacking too much". When I assured him that I never smoked he probably concluded that Americans are physically frightfully decadent. A portion

of chocolate bar enabled me to reach the third station, a knoll some 500 feet above the lake. Here we debated the question of continuing the struggle or turning back; the road ahead was steeper and I was extremely doubtful of my ability to complete the climb. Abdul thought we should continue. The angle of ascent increased sharply and presently I found myself using both hands and feet to pull and push myself upward through rocks and weeds. It became impossible to stop for rest for there was no place to support one; my breathing became harder and harder; my throat and mouth were parched but we had brought no water.

Then I climbed onto a rocky ledge, scarcely two feet wide, and stretched myself thereon; rest was imperative. But it was too late. The over-exertion, the thirst, the increasingly rarified air, all conspired to produce within me an overwhelming nausea. We had eaten no breakfast so there was nothing to regorge, but I lay there and retched in agony; I thought of my only friends in Kashmir, asleep 850 feet below me, but they were not there to comfort me. Abdul, kind and meek as he was, could do nothing but stand by solicitously. Suddenly, the nausea passed completely and a new strength came to me, I know not whence, lest it came from my ever-present Companion. I urged Abdul ahead and kept right at his heels until we clambered onto the small plateau on the summit.

The view was magnificent! To the north were the snow-capped ranges of the Himalayas in Tibet, China's great land of mystery, land of eternal snow, ice and glaciers. To the east was the Dal Lake with a group of giant mountains rising above its far shore; on that shore are the famous Nishat Gardens, the Nishat Bagh and the Shalimar Bagh. At the southern end of the lake lies a green valley where the Maharaja has laid out his Italian-villa-like palace with its drives and private gardens. The palatial quarters of his officers of the guard and the long red barracks of the soldiers of the Kashmiri State Army are arranged nicely, stretching southward around Takht-i-Suleiman to the broad parade grounds which border the Jhelum Canal. Across that Canal is the European Section of the city with the Polo Grounds, Nedous' Hotel and its 18 hole golf course as the outstanding features when viewed from such a height. The Dal Lake extends all along the eastern course of the mountain, too, the popular houseboats being anchored in a lengthy row along a narrow bank with parallel Hotel Road about 200 feet off shore. Beyond are the floating gardens and still further, the old city, the native portion of Srinagar, guarded at its northern extremity by the fort, massive and foreboding but now anachronistic and outmoded by modern means of warfare.

Then I turned towards the temple. Abdul hastily reminded me to remove my shoes before I ascended the forty steps of the stone stairway which led to the circular platform on which the temple itself stood. There were quite a few Hindus around outside the temple, despite its relative inaccessibility, but I walked boldly up the additional ten steps to the door of the temple before Abdul called me to stop and a Hindu priest in a "tattle-tale gray" dhoti barred my way. Indeed, the latter finally produced a giant register and Abdul prompted me to sign it and donate a Rupee or so, which I did. Then I boldly peered around the fellow into the dim interior where several Hindu men and women were crouched around a circular wrought-iron fence while they burned incense, mumbled prayers and extended flowers and gaudily dressed dolls towards the idol in the center. The shankrachaira was about four feet high of dark green stone, surmounted with a two foot bronze head, the odious and despicable phallic idol of the east, the symbol of fertility.

All the way down the mountain I felt depressed and unclean, in need of a bath within and without. We passed a Hindu priest who was ascending the mountain with two pilgrims and I gave him the conventional greeting. Imagine my indignation when he replied emphatically, "Hurry home!" But I controlled myself and was glad for when we reached the bottom of the mountain - we came down the southern descent, having ascended the mount from from its northern end - there was a charming little ivy-covered church of red brick and stained glass windows, topped by a cross, the symbol of God's great love for men in giving His only son to die for us. When I realized that the chapel was a part of the Church Mission Society's Kashmir Hospital, I could rejoice for there I knew men and women were using their healing talents to comfort the poor and sick of India. The Hospital is supported by the Church Mission Society of the Church of England, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, a small grant from the Maharaja and voluntary offerings.

The boys were getting dressed and breakfast was ready when we arrived back at the New Taj. There was much talk of the previous night's activities after I had given an account of my morning's jaunt. Then it dawned on someone that Dr. Jazz had invited us to witness the 11 AM rehearsal of the floor show at the Savoy Hotel. It sounded like great fun so we all trooped over to meet the cast, dance and sing with them while the orchestra rehearsed. Then Everett took over the piano and we danced and sang, mimicing various personalities, for hours. Someone suggested

photographs and immediately the cameras were put into action. The bar was open and the boys longed to remain but I finally herded them back to the boat for a 2 PM lunch.

We were lingering over our coffee when Abdul appeared in the front doorway and announced dramatically, "Sahibs, the richest man in all Kashmir!" We half stumbled to our feet, some coughing and spluttering involuntarily when their coffee half-drowned them. Surely, I thought, this cannot be the Maharaja himself calling on us! Indeed, it was not the Maharaja for it seems that His Royal Highness is excelled in wealth by the mere owner of a chain of factories and stores which produce and distribute fine embroideries, shawls, coats, dresses, rugs and hangings. Mr. Shaw himself, of Shaw Brothers, Srinagar and several other Indian cities, had come to show us his fabulous goods. In truth, they were fine. For the first time in India we saw table cloths, jackets, spreads, housecoats and even gowns which were truly luxurious and fit for discriminating tastes. But, Mr. Shaw was the show! Being largely of French and Persian extraction and slightly effeminate besides, he kept us in gales of laughter. As he would gingerly unfold a garment with the care of a loving mother awakening her sleeping infant, he would spring up, throw it across his shoulder and whirl around so that the lavish colors were fully displayed in a burst of glamour. Then he would grasp a fine table cloth or spread and gasp,

"Oh Mahsters, it is so exquisite I cannot stand it! My own dear father created this lovely design, The Persian Rose!"

Then the cloth would billow dramatically over the room and settle gracefully to the floor in a blaze of color. His servants stood in the doorway and as each piece was properly admired by us, Mr. Shaw would clap his hands, a signal that another item was to be tossed to him for revelation. His prices were in accord with the high quality of his goods, usually Rs. 150 to Rs. 900 (\$45 to \$300) for each item, so we bought nothing. Mr. Shaw was undaunted; he loved each article and seemed not a bit anxious to make a sale; his joy was in displaying the excellence of his wares. Again we would writhe in ecstasy as he first peeped at some article, exclaiming,

"Oh Sahibs, this is the Shalimar Garden (or the Taj Mahal or the Shah Johan) pattern which I created myself! It took two men over two years to make this spread. Ooh, it is so lovely, Mahsters!"

We tried to maintain decency and decorum for the Mitras were there but Mr. Shaw's technique was too good. The boys were rolling on the floor in laughter. Already Bill Beytagh was practising a mimicry of the event and I could see that it would go over big at any party.

After dinner we embarked in our shakiras for the Savoy Hotel where we secured floorside tables and prepared to enjoy the first show of the evening. Dr. Jazz, an American negro pianist, reputedly from Los Angeles (also, reputedly "wanted" in Los Angeles or vicinity), was the Master of Ceremonies from his piano, a beat-up, tinney old upright. The show consisted of five girls who did songs and solo dances in characteristic costumes. Nanette did a ballet in billowing skirts and a sunbonnet to the strain of "The Blue Danube"; Andrea sang, "A Little on the Lonely Side"; Edna did a rumba and later played a brilliant (but boring) number on a set of bells. But the real star of the show was an Indian magician, Gogia Pascha, who held the audience with his personality and banal tricks. Everett was selected to be his stooge and cooperated excellently; Gogia performed quite a batch of tricks using the magic words, "Golly, golly, coon!" Then his act ended in a burst of laughter as he pulled a dainty brassiere (which I had actually seen him insert) from Everett's shirt. There was more music from Dr. Jazz and supposedly a song or two from Irene. However, that young lady was feeling her "temperament as an artiste (she pronounced it "artes't") and refused to sing. Dr. Jazz had offended her when he ordered her off the stage during the morning rehearsal while another girl was practising her songs. The climax came towards the end when Teresa, a shapely blonde, was engaged in an energetic dance in a costume which consisted mostly of red ribbon strategically wrapped. As she shuffled backwards to reach the center of the stage to end her dance in a spectacular whirl and crash of cymbals, she tripped on her own high-heeled pumps and crashed flat on her back onto the paved floor directly before our table. Never in my life have I seen a more surprised expression than hers as she looked up at us, as much as to say, "Well, how did that happen?" We held our breaths, trying to see the gravity of the situation, but just as two negatives make a positive, her demonstration of the law of gravity made for levity. Simultaneously, we screamed uproarously as the dancing girl climbed atop her high heels, shook her ribbons and fled.

Sunday morning Abdul called Everett and myself at 7:30 AM for he had horses waiting. It was a beautiful morning to ride: the trees and shrubbery had that lush greenness which is characteristic of lakeshore vegetation, the air was fresh and clean and the sun was just beginning to peek brightly over the mountains. We rounded the northern tip of Takht-i-Suleiman and galloped up before the maharaja's palace. It was not nearly so elaborate as many American estates, being in what I should call the \$250,000 class. Its gardens and drives were painfully bare and unkempt, despite their proximity to the life-giving waters of the lake. However, we pushed on beyond the palace and presently were riding through delightfully green fields and woods; we rode as far as the outskirts of the little village of Shalimar, some four miles from our starting point. By 10 o'clock we were back in the New Taj and having breakfast with the other boys.

We hired an extra shakira for the day and packed ourselves in for the long journey to the gardens; Abdul was chief guide and general factotum for the expedition and Ronald and Willie Mitra were our guests. We rounded Takht-i-Suleiman again, passed the maharaja's palace and struck out across the lake to visit his lotus gardens and tea house. Beyond that we were paddled on for several miles and finally came up to the foot of the Nishat Gardens where a formal waterfall, some 20 feet high, empties the water from the Gardens' water display into the lake. Debarking onto wide stone steps we climbed through several formal gardens and terraces until we reached the central garden house, a large two-storey stone house which stands near the foot of the main gardens. Above this house at least eight gigantic terraces ascend, each a complete garden in itself with broad lawns, magnificent elms and innumerable beds of blooming flowers in riotous colors. Each terrace has its own distinctive water display, beginning with a cascade or fall from the terrace above and augmented by countless carved fountains (usually arranged in groups of five.)

Just as we reached the top terrace but one, who should appear but my acquaintance, the Hindu priest whom I had passed on my way down from the temple on Takht-i-Suleiman. Once again he began saying, "Hurry home", but now in a most pious manner with his hands pressed together on his chest as a child does when saying his prayers. It seemed incongruous somehow, so I consulted Abdul. He immediately came up with the answer; the old fellow was really saying "Hari home", which in Hindustani means "God is love". My contrition at having misjudged him was complete! Meanwhile, the other boys were taking photographs of him. Bill Beytagh stepped up beside him and assumed the same pious position. The resulting photograph must have been a joy for between his neatly pressed palms, Bill held a can of Pabst BEER.

Then came the real surprise. The old priest suddenly waved his arms aloft and reiterated, "Hari home". With one sweeping motion of his arms, off came his robe and skirt and he stood bare before a curious crowd which quickly gathered. Cameras were raised and shutters clicked rapidly. Of course, everyone had to extend "bhakshesh" before we could depart with his blessing.

Finally, we reached the highest terrace and could revel in the magnificent view which lay below us: the famous water course, the stately arbovitae, the lustrant elms, velvety lawns, formal gardens and walks. On each side of the main gardens were auxiliary gardens with fruit trees and grassy backs. The large garden house far below us seemed to have shrunk to the size of a doll house. Beyond it, the Dahl lake lay glittering in the sunlight and colorful, heavily laden shakiras were pulling in towards the Gardens' entrance. Most Americans reputedly consider the Nishat Gardens (Pleasure Gardens) the finest in Kashmir; real connoisseurs of gardening, however, prefer the less spectacular but larger and better designed Shalimar Bagh. ("Bagh", pronounced something like "bog", is the Hindustani word for "gardens".)

By then we were getting quite hungry. Abdul directed us to a cool spot beneath a giant elm and had large pillows placed on which we reclined. In the midst of the group was spread a colorful oriental cloth which was to be our picnic table; over this a white damask cloth was laid and china, napkins, silver, glasses, condiments, etc. were properly arranged. In perfect style and decorum, Abdul served us a full coursed dinner. A samovar had been brought along so we lingered over our demitasse while Abdul and the other servants had their lunch and packed the luggage. Thus we had our meal in oriental splendor, with ten servants at our beck and call, in the gardens of an ancient Moghul ruler, one of the descendants of Ghengis Khan.

From the Nishat Bagh we paddled up the canal which leads to the Shalimar Bagh (Abode of Love) but hundreds of shakiras and the larger Dhunga boats (about 45 feet long and carrying around 45 passengers) had blocked the way. We debarked and walked about a quarter of a mile under the handsome elms which lined the canal's banks up to the Gardens' entrance. The area outside the gates was packed with people of every race and color, all either entering or leaving the gardens. We strolled up four or five terraces, each being only two or three feet above the other while the Nishat's terraces are usually 10 to 15 feet above each other. The Shalimar's water

course is larger and more formal although none of its falls are more than six feet in height. One especially attractive feature was the effect created by massing flower blossoms in niches in the rock behind the falling water. Even there, designs were wrought with the various colors. At tea time Abdul laid out our cushions and cloths and presently we were reclining beside a water course at the left of the main garden house which stands in the center of the upper garden. Bill had discovered four American soldier friends and Mr. & Mrs. Mitra had arrived with their large entourage of children and servants. One of their daughters, called "Pidgie", promptly sat down in the water and her mother equally promptly removed from her all of her clothes and allowed her to run around completely bare. However, one of the gardeners came along and insisted that she get out of the water for the gardens' water course would be blocked in no time flat if people were allowed to get in the water. By the way, the fountains only play on Sundays, therefore, during the weekdays the water courses grow up with grass which is kept trimmed. On Sundays the water just flows over this grass and is never more than three or four inches deep, especially on the side courses. From the oriental garden house in the center of the top garden water courses radiate in all four directions from a shallow pool which completely surrounds the garden house, in which pool there are no less than 50 individual fountains. At the ends of the two side waterways are additional garden houses while sundry others are placed along the main course for division of the various gardens as well as for ornamentation. The flowers which overflowed the many formal beds were every conceivable color and hue; I could recognize many of the flowers known to us in the United States: roses, cannas, geraniums, delphiniums, zinnias, rosemary, phlox, dahlias, hollyhocks, altheas, nasturtiums, carnations, lillies and marigolds. Climbing on the walls and trellises were different varieties of roses, antignon (coral vine), grapes and bougainvillea. In both of the gardens there were apple, peach and pear trees. And so, we had our tea and cakes, fruits and sandwiches, a fine party in a garden that is reputedly the loveliest in the world.

It was indeed, a full day and we were quite exhausted but the trip back to the New Taj in the comfort of our shakiras refreshed us greatly. At 8 PM we were quite ready for the delicious roast goose dinner which Lasso had prepared for us. After our coffee, Everett and I got Mrs. Mitra to accompany us in a tonga down to the Bund where we intended to purchase a few things from Joyful Jacob. While Everett was busy haggling over the price of a string of fire opals and a cornelian bracelet which had caught his eye, I strolled around the shop with another clerk to get an idea of the prices being asked. Presently I began piling up a collection of brooches, pins, rings, rattles, bracelets, necklaces and other items which brought a gleam to Joyful Jacob's eye when he came around to bargain with me. But Mrs. Mitra came to my rescue and we began haggling in English, Urdu and Hindustani; maybe I threw in a few German, French and Greek words for emphasis, for eventually Joyful declared,

"You make me very sorrowful, Sahib".

Maybe he had received his unusual name from such utterances but anyhow, sorrowful he remained, for I got the collection at only Rs. 3 above my original offer and Rs. 47 below his first price. Later I had the stuff evaluated by a GI, a self-styled authority on Indian things, and he assured me that Mrs. Mitra and I had done exceptionally well with our purchasing. Indeed, we should have done well for old Joyful was truly a tough nut to crack.

Outside, our tonga had been waiting for two hours, but as the driver attempted to get the horse under way, the animal backed the tonga up to the curb and over a bicycle which lay there on the side of the street. Instantly there was an outcry and an Indian came dashing over to us. While he rattled off Hindustani (or was it Urdu?) Mrs. Mitra translated; he claimed we had broken five spokes on his wheel and he wanted Rs. 1/4 for each spoke. At first it seemed expedient to give him something and leave peacefully. But he kept on yelling indignantly and his exorbitant request for approximately \$2 for five bicycle spokes reminded me that we were dealing with the "ever-grasping Indian". A crowd swarmed around us and a filthy beggar poked me in the back to attract my attention to his pleas. Everett was getting as frightened as I and Mrs. Mitra seemed wholly indifferent to the whole affair. So I hopped out of the tonga, faced the bicyclemulla confidently and disclaimed any responsibility for the behavior of the horse, the tonga or the tongawalla. Furthermore, I threatened loudly to call the police (I really don't think I saw a policeman in all Kashmir although British Indian states swarm with red turbaned arms of the law!) unless he allowed us to proceed immediately. My bravado apparently surprised them for they withdrew and we dashed hurriedly out of the alley onto Hotel Road.

Monday morning Bill, Jim and Cody decided to take the horses for a ride and then climb Takht-i-Suleiman for some photographs. Everett and I went for a swim; our shakiras carried us to the row of boats in the Dahl Lake just in front

of the palace. There the water had been cleared of grasses and was suitable for diving and swimming. Some enterprising person had secured a motor boat and an aquaplane on which one could purchase a two-minute ride for a rupee (30¢). After an hour we tired of the exercise so Ramzana, our pet shakirawalla, offered to row us through some nearby lotus gardens. The sun was quite warm by then so we slipped off our suits, pushed back the curtains and enjoyed a sun bath while we glided lazily through the gardens. It was a lovely place with willows draping over the water and a background of characteristic poplars but the pink lotuses were blooming only in rare spots.

An interesting sight on the return trip was a patch of watermelons which were truly watermelons. The vines grew thickly on four foot beds which were separated by four foot canals filled with water. No rain was necessary there to insure a successful crop! Most other Kashmiri fields are likewise plentifully supplied with water, especially the many acres around in the Dahl lake which are given over to truck farming.

Jim met us at the door of the boat with the news that his horse had stumbled and fallen; Jim had been thrown and strained his right arm. Fortunately, Bill had carried him right down to the Red Cross Boat where Lottie has had called in a medical officer. The verdict was that it was essential to fly Jim down to the hospital at New Delhi and Bill should accompany him to handle his effects. From there they would fly back to Karachi, thus escaping the discomforts of the tiresome trip back by bus, truck and rail. I suggested that they both give the horse's owner a generous bonus for the accident and for a while speculations were rife as to how the remainder of us could sustain some minor injury which would insure a return trip by air. Fortunately, no drastic steps were taken.

Immediately after lunch I dressed and walked down to the Kashmir Church Mission Hospital which is built on the northern side of Rustum Caddi Hill, one of the southern foothills of Takht-i-Suleiman. Sister Evelyn Pennington, one of the three English nurses who serve the 180 bed hospital, greeted me cordially. She and Sister Grey had just finished their tea but both insisted that I have some before we set out on a tour of the establishment. We first visited the out-patient department, a large building about 50 yrs old, which also housed the well-equipped septic and antiseptic surgical theatres. The staff has arranged a sort of processing line system which enables them to serve several hundred persons each day in addition to the in-patients. Prayers and other devotions are held while the people await their turns to be examined. From there we began the trip through the wards, wards which are indeed unusual as far as we know hospital wards. For, although quiet prevails, there is a tremendous amount of activity caused by the fact that each patient's family accompanies him (or her) to the hospital and tends to all needs of non-medical nature, even to standing in line before the kitchen and getting food and milk thrice daily. Rice and two green (cooked) vegetables comprise the usual menu.

Nurse Pennington carried me through every ward for men and women, septic and antiseptic, much more than I thought I could take. We stopped to speak to at least 150 of the 175 patients although I could say little more than, "Salaam". Nurse explained the nature of practically every case. The diseases which seemed most common were those of the bones of the leg and arm, caused solely by malnutrition; in second place were the diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, caused by filth. In mid-winter, my guide pointed out, innumerable cases of "hangri-cancer" ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~seen~~ ^{seen} ~~regularly. Kashmiri people fill~~ ^{regularly. Kashmiri people fill} ~~their~~ ^{their} necks so that the fire-casket (known as a "hangri" by the natives) sits snugly against the waist. Naturally, the persistent irritation of inevitable burns (which are not allowed to heal properly) develops cancerous issues. The Kashmiri Mission Hospital has experimented thoroughly with these conditions and nowadays, practically never loses a patient from "hangri-cancer". An interesting fact is that the hospital uses brilliantly crimson blankets. Besides cheering up the otherwise fairly drab green-walled wards, the color identifies the blankets as hospital property, just in case the natives are tempted to steal them.

The Kashmir Mission Hospital is supported by the Church of England, the Episcopal Church of the United States, an annual grant of Rs. 14,000 from the State of Kashmir and voluntary offerings. The Leper Hospital which it founded and operated for years, has now been taken over by the State of Kashmir. Indeed, H.R.H. the Maharaja of Kashmir dedicated the cornerstones of the Kashmir State Hospital in 1940 and for a time the good people of the Church Mission Hospital thought that they might soon be able to move on to one of the many places where their work is so urgently needed. However, the Kashmir State Hospital has not yet been opened to receive a single patient!

The lovely little brick Chapel of St. Luke the Physician is the result of sixty years of prayer and teaching in the hospital; it is one of the two parishes in Srinagar. In Kashmir, as in many parts of India, the acceptance of Christianity by an Indian results in complete social ostracism and vitriolic persecution by his

family and friends. Both the Mohammedans and Hindus maintain energetic societies whose only duties are to reclaim individuals who have been lured away by the other or who have "fallen" into Christianity. The Government of India upholds the right of Hindu or Mohammedans to disinherit completely any son or daughter who accepts Christianity. Nevertheless, the intolerance and persecution are being mitigated through the years by the very nature and truths of Christianity. Kashmir now has a Christian population of more than 3,000 persons.

Back in the Residency of the Staff, I had the pleasure of meeting Rev. and Mrs. R. H. Cuthbert Hall, missionaries of the Church of Scotland (the Presbyterian Church in the USA) in Chanda, a village on the Grand Trunk Line from Delhi to Madras, only 70 miles south of Wardha, home of Mahatma Gandhi, in the Central Provinces. Mrs. Hall was the daughter of Dr. MacKenzie, the Resident Surgeon of the Hospital; both she and her husband were most cordial in extending to me an invitation to visit them in Chanda whenever I am able to do so.

By the time I reached the *New Taj* the other boys had finished dinner and were having coffee in the living room. However, Abdul had kept everything hot for me and all was properly served immediately. By 8 PM the Mitras had arrived with Mr. & Mrs. O. C. Bush, he being the well-known "Adrian", Beautician of Bombay and Srinagar, notwithstanding the fact that his college degree is in civil engineering. Mrs. Bush was well-nigh beautiful, indeed, a splendid advertisement of her husband's genius. We were all invited to the Elite Hotel, a most attractive little hotel on Gupkar Road, which the Mitras own and at which four of our friends were staying. After we arrived by tonga, Mr. Mitra insisted upon showing us the entire place from top to bottom. Drinks were brought by the butler and everyone was vastly amused by Bill's first attempt to make an act of Mr. Shaw's amazing sales technique. I assisted him by imitating Abdul's announcement and by throwing in items for him to display. Afterwards, there were several toasts and songs before we unanimously decided to repair to the Savoy Hotel for one last visit. We packed the four civilians off into the only tonga which we could find at that hour of the night and we soldiers decided to march. There were no less than 15 or 20 of us so we fell into columns of threes and marched without command along Hotel Road singing at the top of our voices. Windows popped open and heads were thrust out all along the way for we must have seemed like an invading army and the hour was very late. In fact, when we reached the Savoy I fell off and ran over the wall to my shakira. In time at all I was fast asleep while the others remained to close the Savoy and later repaired to Sam's with a group of English officers for a jam session with Everett at the piano.

After breakfast Tuesday we settled all our accounts in full and bade farewell to Abdul, our factotum, Lasso, the cook, Ramana, the shakirawalla and Mr. Mitra, our host. Our busses were waiting and the other lads were impatient to get under way. So, we slipped quietly through the city and back into the mountains. We had our lunch at the Dak Bungalow near the customs house and by 4:30 PM were back in Sunnybank. From there we practically flew back to Khanspur where we arrived in time for supper at 6 PM.

The next day several of the boys were off to Murree and I had visions of making another trip over to Nathia Gali. But the rains came down in such torrents that it was absolutely impossible to stray further than the Valley Club during the days and down to the cinema in the evenings. Saturday evening I promoted a bridge game at the Club but were hands were quite as uninteresting as my partners.

Sunday morning the rains ceased long enough for some forty of us to gather
Club where I played a prelude and the hymns for Morning Prayer. Rev. Howard E. Anderson of the American Presbyterian Mission, lately of Saharanpur, U.P., India and now at Moga, Punjab, India, conducted the service and preached an excellent sermon on the 23rd Psalm. Afterwards, we gathered around him to ask questions about his work and the future of Christianity in India. He was happy to tell us of the growth of the Church of Northern India; in fact, he seemed quite optimistic about its future, assuring us that the seeds which have been sown in India will bear much fruit some day. In that he cannot be wrong for we have the promise of God concerning "bread cast upon the waters". Mrs. Anderson was a charming lady from Charlotte, North Carolina; she gave me their Murree address as well as their Moga address and insisted that I come to visit with them whenever possible.

The rains came again Sunday afternoon and I was forced to abandon completely the idea of any sort of return trip to Nathia Gali. We spent our last hours at Khanspur packing our belongings and tipping the servants before catching the bus to Sunnybank. The trip seemed endless and unduly tiring for we were definitely weary of the cold damp climate and the breath-taking curves and precipices of the mountains. Everyone rejoiced as the road began to level out when we got within 20 miles of Rawal Pindi; it was with a sense of complete relaxation that we arrived at Barakao Rest Camp about mid-afternoon. Around dusk we greeted the lads who had just arrived from Karachi and passed on to them all the advice we thought they needed. Just then someone screamed that a King Cobra was invading one of the barracks but by the time Everett and I could reach the scene of the commotion, the snake had been killed and we got no view of him in action.

We had anticipated a hot and dirty trip from Rawal Pindi to Karachi but a pleasant surprise came in the form of a heavy shower that left the atmosphere refreshingly cool and clean. The truck ride into Rawal Pindi was made interesting by the manoeuvres of a contingent of Indian paratrooper who were making practice jumps from planes flying at low altitude. We boarded our train and sped through the foothills, stopping at little towns with names like Kalian Awan all along the way to Lahore. There our car was attached to the Karachi Mail and we dashed through the Punjab, India's richest province, a semi-desert land, quite level, splendidly irrigated by the life-giving waters of the River Indus.

The weather remained fine and we had a good night's rest. Arriving at Hyderabad shortly after noon on August 8th, we marvelled again at the giant fort which is the outstanding characteristic of the city. There too, was the spectacle of the River Indus' carrying so many billions of gallons of muchly needed water right on out to the sea. I recalled the Sukkur Barrage and the other schemes which enable the Indus to irrigate millions of acres of land but still there the remains the challenge and the potentiality of really great things in the future for the Punjab and Sind when the River's power is truly harnessed.

In the cool of the late afternoon we reached Landhi, Malir, then Karachi Air Base, Drigh Road Station and finally, our destination, the Karachi Cantonment Station. It is good to return to old familiar places where the spirit can relax while memory unrolls its tales from the past. How good it was to hear, only two nights later, the authentic news of the approaching end of the war and the prospect of peace.

The End.

Karachi Air Base
Karachi, Sind, India
August 1945