



Dear W:

Imagine looking out of your window and seeing a green parrot on a wire! or a Magenta turbaned Hindu moving majestically across a wide field.

We are riding in luxury across the great plains of India. Darkened glass in our windows, to break the glare, three electric fans in each compartment, wicker chairs and table, our beds made up like couches in the daytime, and O, supreme luxury to Americans, a bath attached! Our "No. 1" and "No. 2" boys burst in upon us at every station to dust us off and give us tea—the early morning variety at six a.m. we cry out against it but it comes next morning just the same. To these Hindus evidently "Orders is orders."

I've heard of people traveling independently in India having to undergo terrible hardships — sleeping on beds like boards and finally taking to the floor in preference. Raymond and Whitcomb certainly does us better than that. We traveled in our special cars attached to the "Twentieth Century" of India and feel like Maharajahs.

A tree covered with flame colored blossoms just flashed by us. They call it "flame of the forest."

O, but India seems to me a sad country! Now as the dusk comes across this great flat, half-desert waste there is certainly a deep sadness brooding over it. Not a living thing for miles and then perhaps a very small boy or girl tending a herd of water buffalo. The towns we pass through are terribly sordid. Last night in the middle of the night I woke up and realized that the train had stopped. I sat up and looked out of the window. There on the station platform — for we were in a station — sat perhaps a hundred silent figures grouped around brightly burning campfires. There was a dead silence, the leaping flames lit up those gaunt brown faces and great

eyes under their too heavy turbans. They did not seem to be doing anything or waiting for anything, least of all us. They seemed like ghosts, keeping vigil beside heatless fires.

I cannot get the picture out of my mind, it seemed to be a symbol, symbol of India, sitting waiting patiently for her destiny. Now in broad daylight it occurs to me that they were probably people going on pilgrimage and were waiting for their train. But in what other country would they wait so strangely?

This morning very early we visited Fatehpur-Sikri, a beautiful deserted city on a hill-top. Mosques, with carving like white lace, palaces, harems, it seems, like the Alhambra in Spain, less like reality than a dream. But it was really built by the great Mogul Emperor Akbar, the one who later built the Taj Mahal.

I must leave you now and go and have dinner. We are locked in our compartment between stations and are marched like convicts to the dining car, and at the next stop marched home again! There are no corridors in these trains. This bizarre travelling is great fun!

**"DISILLUSIONED INDIA"**

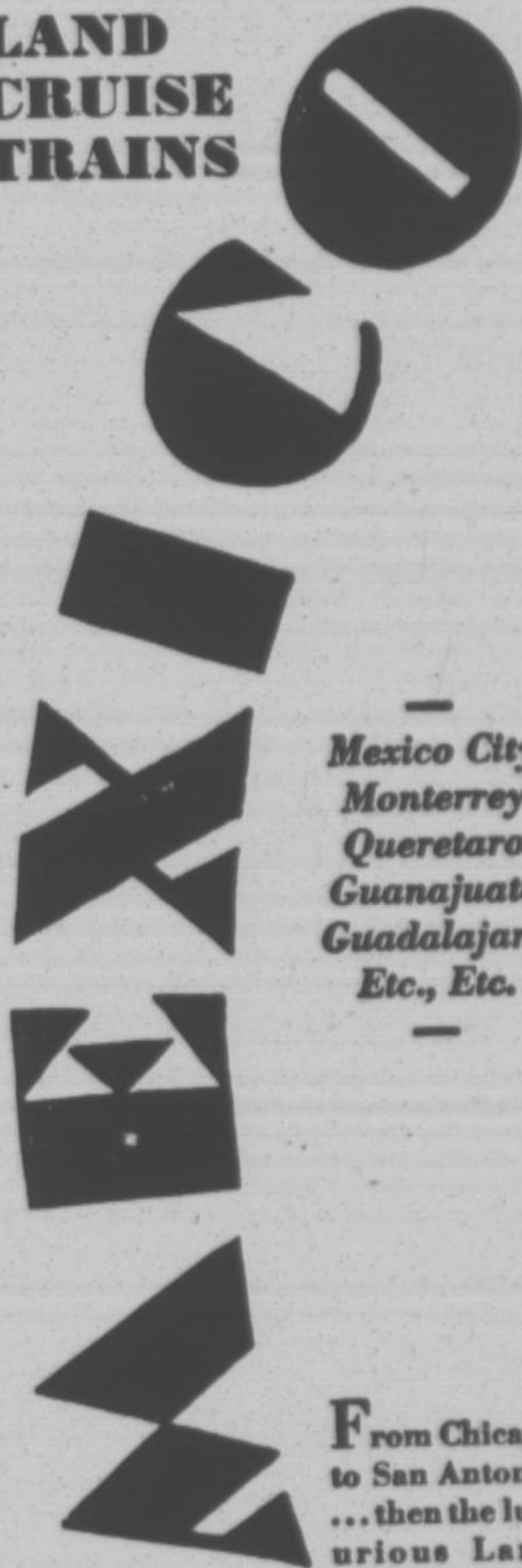
By Dhan Gopal Mukerji.  
E. P. Dutton & Co.

Now when there is such tremendous interesting India, my friend, Dhan Gopal Mukerji, has done us a great service in doing what we should like to have done. But what no American could do. He has made a cross-section of the opinion of the various people on the burning question of the proper status for India. He talked to salt law breakers, to beggars, to young revolutionists, to holy men, to members of the cultured classes, to the President of the Indian Council. The result is a collection of informal interviews of great interest to every one of us.

Mr. Mukerji took his title "Disillusioned India," not from any disillusionment India feels with herself, for there is none, but from her feeling that England broke faith with her. After the War, if India had done her part, it was the Indian's understanding that they would be given Dominion Status. They did their part but did not have the reward. That is why her most influential men, even Ghandi himself, refused to go to London to the present Round Table Conference. "What is

the use of more words?" they ask. "What we must have is action now." Mr. Mukerji's own thought seems to be centered on the hope that the revolution, if revolution must come, will be a non-violent one, for he feels that then India will have given to the world, a new method of gaining political freedom without war. That will, he feels, be equal to the spiritual contributions which India has already made.

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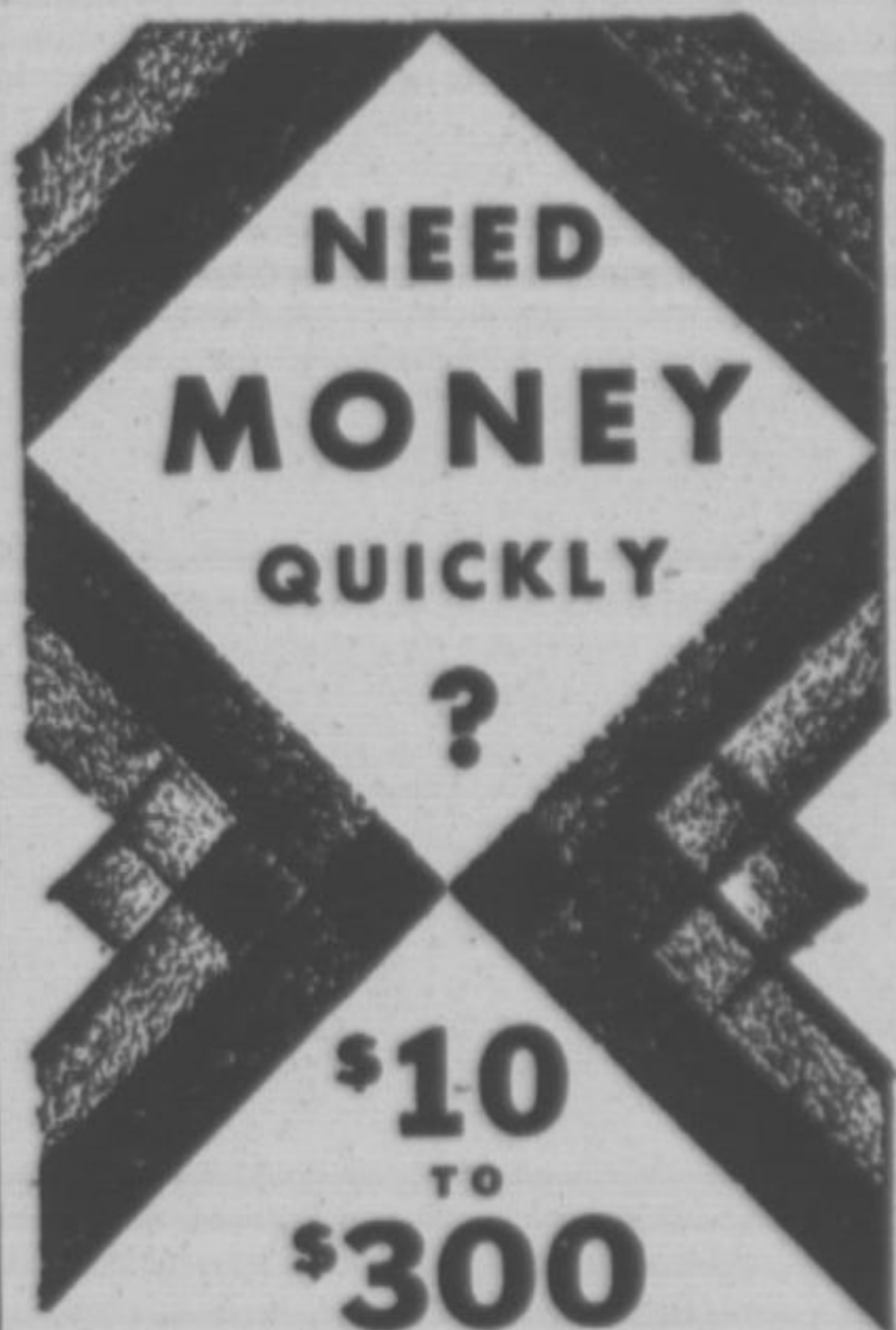
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