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NOT FOR PUBLICATION

% American Mission
Bahawalpur House
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Institute of Current World Affairs
522 Fifth Ave.
New York 18, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Rogers:

Eight days, New York to New Delhi. The Dutch KLM line gets one here in three, but eight days is fast enough. At best, a plane trip direct to one's destination without stopovers is a series of quick impressions: geographical glimpses during day-time travel, and personal relationships built up during an hour or two while the plane refuels and suddenly broken as one's new acquaintances deplane at the capitals of the world enroute.

Our TWA Douglas Skymaster left New York, after thirty-six hours' weather delay, in mid-afternoon. From our altitude the general terrain of New England was familiar, but her different cities were almost unidentifiable. In only two hours we left the USA. At Gander, the wartime Air Transport terminal in Newfoundland, a motor was repaired, while we lounged in the officers service club or walked around the field and camp in the cool starry night. Then off, nine hours to Ireland, losing daylight as we moved eastwards. We awoke from our broken sleep with the sun high in the sky, shining down on the blue Atlantic through light fluffy clouds, and catching the little whitecaps with its gleams. Soon we were over the gently rolling fields of western Ireland, dotted with big hay cocks. Then we landed near the River Shannon, to spend an hour at lunch and in brief walks outside the terminal on the busy road, full of small bumpy carts. The scurrying people too seemed small and a trifle gnarled, but invigorated by the breezy, freshening air.

Paris lights in the evening were more scattered and indiduated than those of New York or Chicago. But at the airfield the electricity had failed altogether. Tired by the delay and the darkness of the waiting room, we passengers fussed among ourselves and tried unsuccessfully to discover the reason for the light failure. "A strike", one immediately suggested disgustedly. "The coal shortage", said another. No Frenchman could tell us, except one morose individual who elucidated dolefully, "Poor France. Poor France", and did nothing to remedy matters. His countrymen, however, were actively busy: mechanics, attendants, officials, guards, security police, gendarmes, baggage handlers, girl clerks, all working or looking on under an improvised floodlight. Finally we were away into the night, the twinkling lights of French villages shining up at us until we reached Geneva, where more colorful green and sodium vapor lights

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were brightly reflected in the lake waters. A short stay, then back to Lyons, on down the Rhone valley, as we tried to sleep.

Just at dawn we approached the western Italian shore. To the East the Apennines were silhouetted in ragged humps against the reddening sky. Below lay the mudflats of the Tiber delta, then coastal fields, apparently cultivated but looking as grey and barren as mudflats from the air. Rome itself was another mudflat, a paler layer of mud and adobe sprawled out across a base of mud and earth - an ancient, dull, and unattractive sight in the dim morning light. A brief stop, then across the rough mountains of the peninsula, the broken coastline, the blue Adriatic, the islands and mountains of Greece, to Athens. The airfield there comes directly out of the water and is smothered, almost, by mountains on the further side. And so to Egypt, with only a glance outside because the eyes were becoming tired from the bright glare of sun on water and treeless land. Dark glasses help, but to the unaccustomed air passenger too much looking out brings too much stomach and head uneasiness.

Most of us were new passengers. A varied lot, but roughly classifiable into two groups: Americans of European origin returning to Europe for their first visits home after the war; and Americans newly aware of the world because of wartime experiences. At supper in Gander I joined four representatives from the former group. Louis Lusano, a friendly California restaurant owner, set the spirit of the group when he said, "Travel is so educational. You meet such interesting people". Louis was of Spanish origin, but he was rejoining his family in Brussels after an absence of nearly thirty years. Next to him, nodding his agreement, sat a German Swiss, sloppy in dress and manner, but full of ideas, theories, and willingness to set them forth. This man was a very successful bakery owner, making his twelfth return to Europe. "Time is an illusion", he told me when learning that I was going to India, thus describing his working knowledge of Hindu philosophy and the Einstein theory, which he said he'd read about in various places. Two Italians completed our table, one making a small business tour around Italy, the other a market-gardener from New Jersey, heading for a month with his Sicilian parents. This group of "petty bourgeoisie" may be typical of a considerable proportion of world travellers. They were all agreed with Louis' statement, "If more people could get around and see other peoples, there would be no wars".

Two more sophisticated, classy men of European origin were also with us, but the European group was completed by two Greeks who spoke practically no English, and a charming, gentle Swiss lady returning to pay her last visit to her aged father. In today's travels you will meet your village fruit-store owner, your neighbor a carpenter, your garage proprietor. The world's pathways aren't confined to the so-called educated, and I suspect the exchange among countries of the less knowledgeable folk may promote understanding as helpfully as the lecture tours of intellectuals. A cheerful hope for one world, at any rate.

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Aside from a State Department courier and two government officials going to Cairo to attend a technical conference of the Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization, the group of younger American travellers contained more romance and adventure. A young Canadian wife with her five months old baby, and supply of bottles, journeyed to Athens to join her husband, a consular official. Proving that America is spreading out, a California girl was coming out to be married to a Signal Corps Major stationed at Asmara, Eritrea, one of the world's key telecommunications hubs. But the best human interest story on the plane was that of a Chief Investigator in the Internal Revenue Bureau, a middle-aged man flying to Athens to marry his fiancée, who has been a Major with the United States Public Health Service in Greece for over a year. His travelling companion was a captain (male) in the Public Health Service returning to Greece after Stateside leave. This captain has travelled extensively throughout the country of Greece, doing anti-tuberculosis work. About the political situation he could not offer us much encouragement. The monarchist government has been labelling as Communist any group or village that is anti-royalist. Government military activities have driven many true Greek liberals into the Communist camp in the last few months, thus making more bitter and strained the critical and deteriorating situation in Greece.

But Hugh Allen Day and myself were India-bound, so we couldn't devote much attention to Greece. Day is a man of twenty-seven, who will work for Paramount International Films for two years or so in their Bombay office. The approach to India of a theater manager and movie seller will be slightly different from mine, I imagine, and it will be instructive to compare notes with him six months hence.

In Cairo I crawled through the consulate processes of visas and travel priorities in two days. The telegram from India authorizing my entry visa had just arrived that morning, greatly surprising the much-overworked official in the visa section of the British Consulate-General. The Iraqi Legation almost proved more stubborn: for only a transit visa it would be necessary to wire Baghdad, I was politely assured. Four or five days' delay, perhaps. And then my occupation came to my rescue, to my amazement. I was a student, so I could go ahead. Had I been a businessman, or in the military, reference to Baghdad would have been essential. My mission was judged more harmless, so I departed the legation with my passport visaed, leaving two Polish Army officers simmering with rage at the delay they were facing in making their return to India via Iraq. Their business in India I couldn't state.

In a ten-year old British Overseas Airway flying boat of the Sunderland class, we rose from the Nile early in the day and soon left its green delta to cross the desert and Suez, skirt the Med-

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iterranean's smooth curving coastline, and pass over Gaza and the scablike mountains of eastern Palestine to land on the Dead Sea, 1292 feet below sea level, 104 degrees Fahrenheit. Two very young Catholic priests left us there, to spend six years in a Jerusalem monastery. Next we left two RAF officers at Lake Habbaniyeh in Iraq, fifty-five miles southwest of Baghdad. Here the left inboard engine refused to start, so during repairs we spent the night at the huge RAF airfield four miles away. This field was constructed, I was told, under the terms of the 1932 Anglo-Iraqi treaty. It served as a refueling stop for bombers and transports during the war, and RAF and Iraqi pilots have been trained there by RAF instructors. A most attractive permanent camp has been built out of the desert - a charming oasis with shady roads, rose gardens, box hedges, trellised archways - all presumably accomplished with the diverted waters of the nearby Euphrates and the labors of Iraqi coolies in the hot sun.

Next morning we rose over the dark plain between the Tigris and Euphrates, where date palms abound, and alfalfa is grown for donkeys in Iraq and along the Persian Gulf. At Basra we landed on the Shatt-al-Arab, the confluence of the two historic streams. Long quays all along the river reminded us of the recent heavy activity of this port. Across the river is a bridge, posted "5 mile speed limit", in English and Persian, and, in Russian, "Not over 8 kilometers". Two years ago Russian truck drivers were present here, as well as American and British, though the main terminal point was across the head of the Gulf in Iran. Now the occupying soldiers are British and Indian troops, scattered around Basra in camps containing a few hundred soldiers each.

That oil is the cause of the Powers' interest in the Middle East is not hard to imagine. All the activity in the region seems to be connected with oil. Seven Americans were with us in stages of our flight from Cairo to Bahrein Island. Some were geo-physicists, surveying the deserts of Arabia and Iraq spotting the vast deposits which they claim only await exploitation; others were construction engineers, building refineries, by-product plants, or fields and pipelines. The six Egyptian passengers with us to Bahrein were also brought there by oil. They were schoolteachers; whether employed by the oil company or by the British Protectorate I don't know, but obviously oil had produced laborers who are a market for education. A mere two days in transit through the area served to emphasize the predominance of oil - and young Americans making a quick and comfortable fortune.

But India was my objective, and Karachi was soon passed as I flew on to New Delhi on Indian National Airways. Met at the airport by Phil Talbot, who established me in his room, I've been busy since. But that will await the next letter.

Sincerely yours,

Richard Morse