

(written at Delhi, August 10, 1947).

Dear Mr. Rogers:

Yesterday afternoon, after a last tea with the Formans and Halls, young missionary couples with whom I had spent the past four weeks, I left the cool, misty hilltop at Landour, came down the mountains by bus and overnight to Delhi by train. Reaching the plains, I realized the contrast between the Indian summer and the rainy season. The parched, brown fields which I had traversed on my trip up to Landour in mid-June had acquired a rich, damp appearance in the interval: their brick-hard surfaces had been softened by the rains, cut by plows, and were now about to sprout forth the first shoots of the kharif wheat crop. Ganga, as Mother Ganges will be called by an independent India (replacing incorrect romanized names with the exact phonetic equivalents of the Indian original), was now a broad, serene stream in place of the trickling river bed that I had crossed earlier. Stickiness reigned where dry heat had burned before. The brilliantly clear and glaring sky of June was now a pale blue, dappled with soft white clouds in the early sunrise, darkened with ponderous rainclouds at midday.

As the Muslim tonga driver in Delhi clucked at his horse and told me about the difficult time ahead for India now that the British were leaving and the Hindus were taking over, I felt that I had almost been away from India. The white and Christian Landour community had been, after all, somewhat remote and sheltered. Even the Sikh and Hindu refugees from the Punjab in Landour's neighbor, Mussooree, had been of the fairly well-to-do class. Now, in Delhi's crowded streets, the tonga driver pointed out two peasant refugee families. A score of homeless people, leading their wondering children behind a creaking cart, drawn by a tired black bullock, on which their possessions were piled high, wrapped in burlap sacks. I had seen too little of this India to realize what human displacements and sufferings this great political change was inevitably causing.

From my own point of view, nevertheless, my stay in Landour was not time wasted. Quite apart from the improvement in my health, which was considerable, I enjoyed the company of several young missionary families who had not forgotten how to laugh and have fun, but who were also equipped at any time for a stimulating discussion. If I have not written at length about my hosts and friends at Landour, it is because I was on vacation, not because my surroundings lacked interest. On the contrary. I hope and expect to visit several of these missionaries in the future at their places of work: a thoughtful young Britisher with the Friends' Service Unit, doing pioneer work in adult education in Delhi, and his wife who will open a nursery school this fall; an Illinois couple with the Disciples Mission encountering the discouraging rigidity of rural life in their evangelical and service work in the Central Provinces; and others. I was much impressed with a great many of this post-war generation of American and British missionaries, and appreciated the humility which they

combined with faith in their mission. Apparently war-hardened Britain and America are still capable of producing self-sacrificing men and women who will carry on the "non-violent" phase of the West's impact on the East. Although I myself am not a converting Christian, I think the presence of such persons will benefit both India and their homelands.

I want to thank you for your letters of July 3 and 23, with their repeated emphasis that I should take enough time to get back in good condition before renewing my studies. This encouragement to rest fully has been most welcome, and I have taken advantage of it so that I now feel much stronger and livelier. I'm feeling fit enough to take advantage of arrangements Phil Talbot has made for me for Independence Week. Tomorrow morning I will fly to Karachi to join him for the early days of the Pakistan Constituent Assembly and the Inaugural ceremonies of the new nation.

Although I have returned to a nearly normal diet, eliminating only fats, I intend to take the precaution of having a 'liver function test' when I reach Bombay shortly after Independence Week. The Landour Hospital was not equipped to give this, but Dr. Robinson recommended it as a guide to my future diet. It is a simple test, but requires several days' hospitalization to insure an accurately controlled diet.

When that is completed, and after I have discussed my program with Phil at some length, I should be able to describe my future study plans to you. With all that is happening in India, and with my health much improved, I'm really restless to get back to work.

Sincerely yours,

*Richard Morse*

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