

You say, that you are reminded of my existence every day , because you read and hear the word "India" so often. Well, I am sure that we here are more often-in fact constantly- reminded of America here in India. Since the last few years America has become a living reality with us.

First of all there are the great number of American G.I.'s in every ~~big town~~ place. I can only speak of Lucknow and Mussoorie, where the Americans are not stationed like in Delhi or Karachi which are said to have become really American towns-but where the American soldiers only come on leave.- They are everywhere here with their nice open faces, their friendly grin, their jokes and funny remarks, their excellent outfit. Walking along the "Mall" as the Main Street is invariably called in an Indian town, whistling happily when they ride their bicycles, drinking "Iced coffee" in the Indian Coffee House or in the Hotel Lounge, chewing gums always, handling their expensive cameras and generally ~~speaking~~ spending their money in the most generous way.

They are the delight of all Kulis, Tongadriveres, shopkeepers, waiters, washermen etc. and the despair of all middleclass people who have to count their money and who find it hard to manage nowadays with prices having gone up for almost everything and salaries having remained more or less the same as previously. Every day you can hear new stories about ~~these~~ these Americans", how they spoil the kulis and drive up the prices.

A Tongadriver takes four of them from their hotel to the Mall-for which distance none of us would pay more than 8 As. (half a Rupee). The G.I.'s politely ask what the fare is. The tonga-driver, not accustomed to being asked at all, takes great courage and boldly asks for a whole Rupee. Whereupon -misunderstanding him each of the American fellows pulls out of his pocket one Rupee and gives it to the astonished tongadriver. So that he gets 4 Rupees for a distance for which he never got more than half a Rupee before. At one time it was difficult to get a rikshah at all in Lucknow Whenever you hailed one, it was "booked". The truth, however, was that the Rikshahkulis were looking out for their beloved "Amreekans" as they called them, whom it was so much more worth while to transport, than any ordinary citizen. In fairness to the Indian class of rikshahcoolies and tongadriveres, it must however be pointed out that the Americans are not only valued on account of their readiness to spend money, but are loved and appreciated ~~by the~~ ~~poor~~ ~~classes~~ ~~also~~ also for their kind and natural ~~ness~~ ^{ness} with the poor classes in India.

Except for my mother who in spite of 6 years stay in India