

IV. cont.

We knew that the democratic countries would have to pay highly for the hospitality they enjoyed this summer 1936 in Berlin.

I remember how I was standing in the Kantstrasse watching the grand spectacle of all the teams marching in a long procession to the Stadion. Over the road stretched huge banners fastened on both sides on high poles. On the red material were written in brilliant white letters the words: "Fuhrer, Du befehle, wir gehorchen." All the young men of all the various countries marched gaily with music and banners under those fateful words.

I felt quite sick when I saw this and there and then I decided that my child should not be born in Germany, but that I would return in time to India. From the moment I had arrived in Europe I felt homesick for India. - Most people experience this after having stayed for some time in India. One finds life in Europe cramped and narrow and difficult. With me it was even more the case, though of course I was happy to see my parents again and those friends who had not yet left Germany, and enjoyed seeing the old places again (and go shopping at Wertheim"!).

I reached India six weeks before Dita was due to be born and it was like coming home. - I realised how completely out of place I had felt in Germany and how near to my heart India had become. How different it was, this ~~home~~ coming to India from my first arrival two years ago. The same things which then had been so new and strange and sometimes frightening, now were familiar and seemed to welcome me. And when we reached our own place - we were then living in Patiala, a state in the Punjab - I felt an overwhelming joy.

There was Nihal Singh, our Sikh driver-beaming all over his face (He combined the skill of a modern mechanic with the appearance of an early Christian saint.) There stood the good old Dodge-car, which we had bought second hand, when Kashy got the Patiala-job, which included a great deal of traveling. It was an old-fashioned but unfiring car and it had so much room that 6 people could ride comfortably in it and another three could squeeze in when necessary. We travelled the thirty five miles from ~~Amber~~ ^{Amber} to Patiala in comfort. There were the bad roads and the herds of cattle, the old temples the dust, the glaring sun, and in the distance dim and misty the hills.

And when we arrived at our place there were the cook and the "bearer" and the sweeper and the shortlegged mull (गुग्गु (gardener) all grinning and salaaming. There was the huge garden