

has remained as she was, all of us ,even the most human and fair-minded have become somewhat hard and indifferent. We would never think of conversing with Kulis, or of being interested in them as fellow human beings- as the American soldiers are.- This country with its enervating climate, its dangers and diseases and its hundred difficulties(I shall tell you in another letter about them) has made us look upon those unfortunate class of people as just another "nuisance". They are troublesome, they are cheeky, they are unreliable, they are the subject of endless complaining talks whenever two "mehsahibs" meet. We have lost the right perspective and do not see anymore that the various devices of the poor classes of trying to get a few Annas more out of us by pestering or cheating us, are only the natural reaction against a society which is based on the exploitation of the masses.

The American boys, however, who have not been long in India, who are not affected yet, who have remained what they were at home, simple, friendly, curious and generous-hearted lads not only never grudge the poor fellows a few Annas extra, but can often be found in conversation with tongadriivers, gardeners washermen etc. Though these people only know very few words of English and the American boys probably still less of Hindustani they seem to get along splendidly with each other.

Sometimes these friendships have strange consequences. Last week I went to Gawnpore to see my father and was told the following story: An English lady hired a Tonga to be driven to "Valerio". This is the fashionable Cafe in Gawnpore- though, I am sure to American eyes it must look rather shabby and dull). On arriving she got down from the tonga paid and dismissed the tongadriver and went in to have her tea. How astonished was she when she found that the tongadriver had followed her inside the Cafe. He approached her and asked whether he could have his tea sent outside or whether Memsahib wanted him to have it in the cafe. Outraged the lady called a waiter. "Do you know this man?", she asked. Gloomily the waiter replied: " Yes, Memsahib, not only do I know him, but I have had to serve him". Then it came out: the day before some American soldiers had asked three tongadriivers who had brought them to Valerio, into the Cafe and ordered tea and cake for them. They had insisted that they take it sitting down at a table like the other guests.

Now that I have told you this story, dear Anne, I feel that it is impossible for you to understand the enormity of this little incident. This is the difficulty of conveying