

tish club outside the town where we had tea and a swim in the Gulf of Arabia. Two ships collided in the harbour while we were there so that provided a little excitement. Of course, all this was very fascinating and there were queer sights and sounds and people everywhere we went but, if I attempted to describe anything in detail, you'll never get this so I'll just skim over it.

On the 22nd of January, we arrived at Karachi, Pakistan and for the first time tied up at a pier so we could wander ashore any time we liked without having to hire a launch. That same day the "City of Bristol" arrived with Jean Brazeau on board and tied up next to the "Chester". We were supposed to be in Karachi for six days but there was a dock strike so we were there for two weeks. I spent the time with Jean or the Americans or some of the officers visiting back and forth on the two ships and also the "City of Stafford", wandering around Karachi or going to the movies or to the Canadian High Commission where Jean knew some of the staff, to the Aga Khan's weighing ceremony, to the races. Once or twice we rented bicycles and rode around and twice we rented a sailboat complete with crew and went deep-sea fishing. I caught a small "whale". At least it looked like one to me.

The "Bristol" left Karachi four days ahead of the "Chester" but Jean waited in Bombay until I arrived. I was there for one day and enjoyed it very much. It's a lovely city full of life and very modern. From there, we were a day and a night on the train coming over 900 miles to Delhi. We had a double compartment in an air-conditioned car so were quite comfortable. We had collected the portable frig in Bombay and it was stocked with roast chicken, fresh vegetables and fruit, salads, cheese and crackers, candy and drinks, so we didn't have to eat the Indian food.

The whole staff was at the station to meet us in Delhi and we went to a cocktail party to meet everybody. I was amazed that there were so many Canadians there. We checked into a luxurious hotel and had one day's grace to get unpacked and organized and then we finally had to quit holidaying and go back to work. And I do mean work. It was really tough to settle down to pounding a typewriter after such a long vacation. The office is very nice but very crowded with a large Indian staff. The office station wagon with a uniformed Indian chauffeur called for us every morning to take us to work, home at noon for lunch and again at

five o'clock. Four of the girls lived at the Ambassador Hotel and another four at Man Singh Road. They all invited us to their different establishments for tea and to spend the evening and the Australian girls were also very friendly. One weekend we went to Old Delhi which is full of fascinating bazaars and the ruins of ancient temples and forts and castles. We saw one man leading a full-grown bear by a string, snake-charmers, trained monkeys, sacred cows, and carts drawn by oxen and water buffalo and camels. One night we had a slight earthquake. In the evenings, we seemed to be going to one cocktail party after another so I had a great time modelling all my new clothes.

The Prime Minister arrived on the 21st of February and we drove in a great cavalcade of limousines to Palam Airport where we rubbed elbows with Prime Minister Nehru and his daughter, Mrs. Gandhi, ambassadors and generals and air marshals and high Indian Government officials. The 16 members of the R.C.A.F. crew stayed at the Ambassador Hotel for the week so we lost no time getting acquainted with them and the reporters from the Toronto Star. We averaged three parties a night all that week and were exhausted by the time they left but nobody was complaining.

During the daytime we seemed to be following Mr. St.-Laurent around - to Gandhi's tomb for a wreath-laying ceremony where we all had to remove our shoes before entering; to the Holy Family hospital where his daughter Mrs. O'Donnell, planted a tree; to a reception at the High Commissioner's residence where we were introduced officially and met large numbers of the Canadian community who had come from all over India for the occasion; to Delhi University where Mr. St.-Laurent was given an honorary degree and where we sat behind Mrs. Pandit and finally back to the airport to see them off and then witnessed the famous accidental meeting between Mr. Nehru and the Prime Minister of Pakistan on the day the U.S. arms aid to Pakistan was announced.

That week-end I moved to Man Singh Road where I have a hutment containing a bed-room, living room and bathroom. We eat in the main building.

Since then, it's has been one round of parties and receptions after another but I'll save all that for another letter. Between the heat (it's 95 in the shade today) and all the social life, I'm just about worn to a frazzle but getting fat in spite of it. As you have probably gathered I'm enjoying life in New Delhi and glad I came.