

against these enemies cannot be won in five years or in ten years. But they intend to go on fighting, and they are confident of ultimate victory.

My conviction is that, just because there are enough people like this in India, the odds against India are not so great as they seem. My conviction is that India can succeed because the hearts of the people of India are brave. And the kind of success India can achieve will not be merely material. "The secret of happiness is freedom, and the secret of freedom is a brave heart." Since India's heart is brave, it can crown its political freedom with economic and social freedom, and the freedoms it gains can bring happiness.

My conviction of India's ultimate success is bolstered every day I travel through India. I sense that things in India are moving - here fast, there slowly, there almost imperceptibly. But they are moving..

I have not been here long, but I have been here long enough to see the face of India changing. I have seen how what was jungle has become a modern industrial town, how land that was brown has become green, how valleys have become lakes, and above all, I have seen in some community projects the beginnings of a social and economic revolution in village life and in peasant agriculture.

x x x

The time has come for me to say, through you, my farewell to Delhi. There are many things I shall remember Delhi by.

I shall remember the colours in the sky which come with the dust storms in June. I shall remember calling on the Secretary-General in the External Affairs Ministry in the middle of one of the worst dust storms I have ever seen. I said to him, "It looks like the last day of judgment". He said, "How strange to describe the known by the unknown".

I shall remember the heat of June. Two years ago, two Canadian destroyers paid a good will visit to India. I travelled on one of them from Cochin to Bombay. One morning I was taken on a tour of the ship. The young officer who was showing me around tried to dissuade me from going down to the engine room. He said it would be too uncomfortably hot. I insisted. It was hot - very hot. I felt as if I was standing in front of an open furnace door. I pretended, however, not to mind, and I said to the officer, "What is the temperature?". He replied "118". Remembering my responsibility as a resident of Delhi, I commented coolly, "Oh, yes; I thought it must be about that. That's the temperature we get every day in Delhi in June."