

October 14, 1945
India

Dear Bob,

Upon return to my very beautiful home, that gorgeous
trampled looking affair, I found your most interesting
missive lying upon my humble sack. After riding
on the Indian railways for a good part of my furlough
you can understand why the base looked so good
to me. Patani, Rosey (I think you met him once in
Deensboro) and I toured a good deal of this
section of Northern India. Before starting to review
the highlights of a few of the escapades of my furlough,
let me refer back to your excellent letter.

Perhaps, I may get the chance to read your
detailed account of events that occurred on
your visit to the Northern Provinces. True the
outlook for our rapid return to the states is
not very promising but perhaps the future
will give us a chance to meet again on
American soil. The two of us always did
carry on some swell discussions so you can
imagine the possibilities for more exciting
and colorful "gabfests" we can have in the
future. Where do you expect to attend school?
I'm thinking seriously of the idea myself but
one can't be sure of his immediate future
in our position. It's food for thought, but
nothing else, for the present.

In just 8 more days I will celebrate

(saying untrappily) my year overseas. Fanny, how the time did fly, up until V-J day anyway. We all have adopted a false hope of a rapid return. In reality the outlook is very dark. Had I seen a father (legitimate or not) it would have speeded my return immensely. Alas! such is the way of life.

Our first stop on our furlough was Rampur State. Knowing the British resident from a previous meeting we were put in a palace as state guests. Playing the part of a play boy was interesting. I rode horses twice daily, drank gin and ~~and~~ soda's, rested and took pictures of all the strange things that go to make up a "Rajah's" state. Our next stop was a hill station called "MURSOOREE". Here we lounged and dined with many of the European guests in one of the big hotels. There were dances every night and nice girls besides. Some people I met took me mountain climbing and ~~canoeing~~. It was swell getting a "whiff" of fresh mountain air,

The next stop was Delhi. Here we were a bit disappointed. Instead of finding a replica of Washington D.C., we saw just the same sort of average Indian city with the exception of a few modern buildings.

We did hear quite a bit about the Coffee House, the three of us were cited official Delhi commands after having a cup of java in that glorious establishment. Here again we visited the historical ruins and sites. From all this traveling we did draw up a conclusion, that is this. No matter where in India you go - the bazaar section with all its poverty will exist, Secondly no matter how rich an individual is here he cannot enjoy the common luxuries of the average American. Lastly India will always be India. Only one that has lived here can know what that means.

Today, they snatched me for B duty. Personally, it isn't too good when it's Sunday. Everybody is pretty uncooperative, even the first cylinder. I'll live through it just the same. There is one consolation in pulling this job, I've my own radio here. After writing I'll just settle back and listen to some sweet music. I'm not working too hard even week days. It's a matter of sweating it out. Send my best to your sister who probably is enjoying herself at Greensboro right now. Here's signing off - write soon - love

Your pal,
Trigger