

Recent Travels and Observations in India and Egypt

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(Talk on the above subject given at the annual dinner of the California Avocado Association, Saturday evening, May 8, 1937, at Whittier California)

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: I find the assignment given me this evening a difficult one, for if I have any competence it lies in the horticultural field and in the part of that field that has particularly to do with the subtropical fruits. And yet, what I can report with respect to the subtropical fruit in which you are principally interested is very little indeed.

More than a year and a half ago, I received an invitation which was, I think, the most interesting and intriguing proposal ever put to me or likely to come my way. It was transmitted through the medium of the American Embassy in Paris and came from an Indian potentate, the Maharaja of the Indian State of Patiala. It was an invitation to accept a commission to undertake a horticultural survey of his State, and I was asked to indicate terms and conditions, which I would require. This was indeed an intriguing proposition, particularly so because I had never heard of the State in question. The negotiations proceeded satisfactorily and a little more than a year ago I requested a leave of absence from the University to permit acceptance of the commission which was the outcome of these negotiations. On recommendation of the University Administration, the Board of Regents was kind enough to grant me a leave—without salary—for the period requested. And so, a few weeks less than a year ago, Mrs. Hodgson and I sailed from San Francisco for the Orient, en route to India.

At the time we left, there were also negotiations under way with the Ministry of Agriculture of the government of Egypt for a shorter and somewhat similar, though more restricted, study to be conducted in that country, which subsequently had a favorable culmination. My leave was devoted therefore to two jobs—one a general survey to determine the fruit-growing possibilities of the Indian State referred to, the other a technical survey of the new and rapidly growing citrus industry of Egypt.

AVOCADOS IN HAWAII, PHILIPPINES

To an audience composed of avocado growers, such as this, I would assume it to be both logical and proper for me to report on what I saw and learned about avocados on this trip and that I can do in about three minutes. Our first stop was at Honolulu and while there I seized the opportunity to see some of the larger avocado plantings on the Island of Oahu. While interesting, they did not impress me as being particularly outstanding, at least in comparison with many of our orchards. I was interested to learn

that Nabal, which we have planted to a considerable extent in recent years, is the most important variety, at least in acreage, now grown in the Hawaiian Islands.

We also stopped in the Philippine Islands and in and around Manila I saw a few avocado trees of the West Indian type. They didn't look very happy and nobody was enthusiastic about avocados there, though good work had been done by the agricultural experiment station and there are small quantities available on the markets.

We spent five months in India and I did not see a single avocado tree there. Moreover, I did not find anybody who had seen one, but I noted that avocado trees were listed for sale in the price lists of one or two of the larger nurseries on the east side—the Bengal side of India.

AVOCADOS IN EGYPT

As already indicated, we also stopped in Egypt and there I saw some fine avocado trees, which had been propagated from budwood of trees imported from Southern California. They had grown very well indeed and were bearing reasonably well. There is some interest in avocado culture in Egypt but it is not expected that the industry will develop rapidly or become important. I was much interested to learn that of the six Southern California varieties now in fruit on the experiment station farm, Fuerte is one of the best bearers. That was naturally a matter of special interest to me and I presume that it is due to the fact that the climatic conditions in Egypt are very favorable during the period of bloom of that variety. That is about all I can report on avocados. I did not eat an avocado from the time I left the United States until I got back.

Since you are interested in horticulture however—and particularly subtropical horticulture, which is closer to tropical horticulture than to temperate zone fruit culture—I assume you may be interested in some of the outstanding or distinctive fruits and commercial developments in fruit growing which I had the opportunity to see. I will, therefore, with your permission and indulgence, briefly mention the high-lights of my trip along those lines.

DESCRIBES TROPICAL FRUITS SEEN

I am sure no horticulturist could escape being strongly and favorably impressed with the pineapple industry of the Hawaiian Islands. In many respects it is the most extraordinary horticultural development of modern times and one of which Americans have much reason to be proud. With all our great horticultural achievements in California—and many of them are notable and highly creditable—certainly what has been done in creating the pineapple industry in the Hawaiian Islands is an outstanding illustration of the application of science and technology to horticulture.

In Japan I saw the most remarkable loquats that I have ever seen. They were altogether superior to any we grow here and they are surely worthy of our introduction and trial.

In China I had a slight opportunity to become acquainted with the litchi, which in its fresh state is a most excellent fruit, being vastly superior to the dried fruit which we sometimes get on the markets and in the Chinese stores. The fresh fruit is also far

superior to the canned product.

In the Philippine Islands the opportunity was presented to sample the Carabao mango and I have never tasted a mango of better texture or flavor. I was much impressed with what the British are doing in developing a commercial pineapple industry in Malaya, though it does not begin to compare with that of the Hawaiian Islands. I was also favorably impressed with their research work on the cultivation of rubber, which is the most important industry in Malaya.

There I also found some unusual fruits I had not seen before. One of the best is the rambutan, a fruit something like, and related to the litchi but more acid in flavor. I saw there also, for the first time, the famous mangosteen. I can now, therefore, from personal experience add my testimony to that of the other horticulturists who have reported the mangosteen to be the world's finest fruit. It is impossible to imagine anything finer in the way of flavor. There also, I saw the most extraordinary bunches of bananas one can imagine—bunches six or eight feet in length and extending from the top of the stalk to the ground. They are not of satisfactory commercial quality nor grown in quantity, but were certainly extraordinary insofar as size and length of bunch is concerned.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FRUIT

And in Malaya also I had the novel experience of becoming acquainted with the durian, a fruit well known in literature because of its extraordinary characteristics. I now can also add my testimony to that of others with respect to the unique quality of this peculiar fruit. It grows on large and tall trees and the fruit is round or elliptical in form and weighs up to two or three pounds. It is heavily armored with a thick woody shell which consists of short, blunt spines, the bases of which are fused to form a hull. It is a fruit which would certainly be a formidable weapon and a severe injury would almost certainly occur if one were to be struck by such a fruit falling from the tree. This fruit is most remarkable, however, because of its extraordinary odor—an odor which is altogether the most permeating, penetrating, distinctive and objectionable that I have ever experienced. One very soon learns to detect the presence of trees of this fruit or markets where it is being sold simply by the unpleasant odor sensed long before the trees are seen or the markets reached.

I bought some of the fruit and took it aboard ship for examination and sampling. While I tried very hard to think of horticultural terms that adequately portrayed its characteristics with respect to odor and flavor, I was not successful. After mature deliberation, therefore, I have to report that the most distinctive characteristics of the odor are a very strong blend of garlic and onion combined with that polecat odor we sometimes get in Southern California when driving late in the evening. The taste of the fruit is not so bad as the odor, however, and if one could get up enough courage to taste the fruit, which I finally succeeded in doing, one might even learn to like it. The flesh is very soft, of a consistency much like whipped cream, and the flavor resembles highly sweetened cream liberally seasoned with garlic. We kept the fruit in the cabin for perhaps two hours when the odor became so objectionable that we couldn't stand it any longer. We then hung it on a string outside the cabin window and it was only a short while before our

neighbors were complaining about some "terrible odor." The source was soon discovered and we were requested to get rid of this most objectionable fruit. Although the fruit was in our cabin not over two hours, the odor remained for at least two weeks afterward.

CEYLON'S ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS

Passing on to Ceylon, we had the opportunity to visit the famous Royal Botanic Garden at Peradeniya. This is a garden I had read much about and had long hoped to sometime have the opportunity to see. It is said to be one of the finest botanic gardens in the world and second only to that of Buitenzorg, in Java. I was not disappointed, for the Botanic Garden at Peradeniya is really a wonderful place. I would have liked nothing better than to pass at least a month there in study of the collections of interesting and unusual fruits. Some of the most extraordinary fruits may be seen there, such as the sixty-pound jack fruit suspended on the main trunk of a large tree at a height of fifteen feet. What a splash it would make if it ever dropped! The cannonball tree, so called, is similar but the fruits are smaller, round, and very hard and extend up the trunk for forty or fifty feet. There is also a magnificent collection of palms; in some genera they have more species than I have been able to find in any of the reference works. And then there is the finest collection of spice trees in existence. This magnificent garden is now more than a hundred years old and contains many fine specimens of trees of approximately that age. It is an altogether beautiful place with splendid collections of flowering trees and vines and also a fine orchid display. I can recommend this delightful place to any of you who may have the opportunity to be in that part of the world. I wouldn't have missed seeing it for a very great deal.

EGYPT'S CITRUS AND MANGOES

From Ceylon we went on to India and disembarked at Bombay. On our return trip we stopped in Egypt for a month where I enjoyed very much seeing and studying the modern and rapidly-growing citrus industry of Northern Egypt—a young industry which has developed in recent years and in which the methods learned from California are being utilized with results that promise, I think, a good deal for the future. Egypt probably has the largest modern mango acreage in existence. There are approximately 3,000 acres planted in orchard form, which are being given modern care and attention and are producing results decidedly promising.

These are the principal horticultural high-lights of the trip. I have learned from experience since our return, however, that our friends have found much more interesting than the horticultural features of the trip, some of the conditions of life and some of the experiences we enjoyed during our stay as guests in the Indian State of Patiala. I too, am inclined to believe that the life to which we were introduced there and in which we participated for a few months, comprises perhaps the most interesting and pleasurable part of our journey.

We arrived in Bombay in July in the monsoon period—the most trying season of the year in India. That is the season of the year when in India everybody who can afford it,

leaves the plains and goes to the mountains because of the intolerable heat. The temperature may not range so very high, indeed may not exceed ninety or one hundred degrees, but the humidity is nearly 100% and the effects of the sun's rays are most pronounced. Mrs. Hodgson did not think it was excessively hot in Bombay but she wondered what was the matter. It was, of course, the humid heat which was most oppressive. It was, in fact, worse than anything I have ever experienced in California. The stickiest weather of the Imperial and Coachella Valleys does not compare with that of the plains of India during the monsoon.

TO PATIALA, IN INDIA

At Bombay we took the Frontier Mail train, which goes to Peshawar at the mouth of the Khyber Pass, and traveled northward en route to our destination for about 1250 miles. One morning, very early, we reached the junction of the main line where we were to change trains and there we discovered that the Himalayan foothills were in the foreground. We transferred there to the narrow gauge line which leads to Simla, and proceeded by rail motor. This was nothing more nor less than a good-size automobile bus on wheels geared to the narrow gauge track. Our destination was only forty or fifty miles distant.

Up to that time we had been in British India. Inquiries in Bombay had not been reassuring as to what we might expect when beyond British jurisdiction. The American Consul had told us that we should bear in mind that the American Government would positively assume no responsibility for our welfare in Indian territory. Information from British sources had been similar—the government of India would guarantee nothing whatever in the Indian states. The rather ominous note conveyed in these statements I must say we had no reason at any time to believe or feel was justified in the slightest degree. Nevertheless, it was not particularly comforting or good preparation for our entry into an Indian state.

Shortly after we left the junction point referred to and thereafter until we reached our point of disembarkation, we were in the Indian state in question. The trip itself—winding about and through the rugged Himalayan foothills and ever climbing—was a delightful one and was reassuring, at least from the point of view of the climate. I had been a little apprehensive with regard to the Indian heat but it was evident that we were climbing up above it. Within a few miles we reached an elevation of about four thousand feet and shortly thereafter saw a little station with a sign which read "Kandaghat," the destination indicated on our railroad tickets. Then came the realization that we were in an Indian state—we were where both the American and British Governments had gently but firmly refused to assume any responsibility whatever for us—and we did not know what to expect. It was, therefore, with some feelings of wonderment, possibly flavored a little with apprehension as to just what the next five months held in store for us, that we descended from the train.

PATIALA'S COURTESIES BEGIN

We beheld awaiting us a handsome gentleman in European costume but wearing a

beautiful blue turban with a little piece of gold cloth on his forehead at the fold of the turban. He advanced and asked in perfect Oxonian English, "Is this Professor and Madam Hodgson? I am the Minister of Reception," he said, "and am happy to welcome you to Patiala State. Your baggage will be taken care of and I will now conduct you to your home for the summer months." This was indeed a pleasant introduction to the State and our apprehensions evaporated, never to return.

We walked to the front of the little station where our car and chauffeur awaited—the former a Chrysler-60, the latter a turbaned Hindu in native dress. He was Harichand, a devout Hindu who never failed to stop at all the sacred places—certain springs, temples, etc.—to perform his religious rites. He never advised us concerning the stops; he simply stopped, performed his devotions and then drove on. We came to think a great deal of Harichand, though he spoke not a word of English and of Hindustani we never learned much more than his name and a few words of direction. But he certainly knew what he could do with his car, and his faith in the mechanical features of that car was sublime. On many occasions our lives were in his hands but he always brought us back safely.

We climbed aboard with the Minister of Reception and started up a narrow one-way control road—an excellent dirt road winding around and up steep mountains and narrow valleys and flanked with a parapet wall which provided a feeling of security quite unwarranted by the nature of the wall itself. After we had proceeded a few miles, on rounding a point, the Minister of Reception directed our attention to a pearl-like object on the crest of a mountain in the distance and said, "There is your villa."

After some eighteen or twenty miles of constant climbing through beautiful forests, we swung into the driveway in front of a large and handsome villa and there we lived during the hot summer and fall months until we moved, in October, down to the capital city, Patiala, on the plains. As we drove up and stopped we observed, on both sides of the broad stone stairway, servants in various colorful uniforms. As we ascended they all salaamed deeply. We were conducted upstairs to the general reception parlor and then shown our suite of three rooms. It was gratifying indeed to observe that there were electric lights, running water, both hot and cold, and all modern sanitary conveniences. The bathtub was the largest that I have ever seen; indeed it was at least eight feet long and plenty large, even for me. The rooms were beautifully furnished and there was a fireplace, which gave us much enjoyment a few weeks later. The elevation was 7,000 feet and the villa was surrounded by a lovely garden and a magnificent forest of deodars, pines, oaks and other trees. The site occupied a commanding position and looked down across the deep valley of the Asni river with the snow-capped Himalayas in the distant background; immediately in the foreground at a distance of some twelve to fourteen miles, was Simla, the summer capital of British India. The prospects, scenic and otherwise, were altogether delightful.

HODGSONS ARE "HIS HIGHNESS" GUESTS

Shortly after our arrival, the Minister announced that the Director of Reception awaited our pleasure in the reception parlor. He introduced himself in excellent English and made a little speech about as follows: "You are the guests of His Highness, the

Maharajah of Patiala. As guests of His Highness, it is his instruction and our desire that your every want shall be satisfied. Manifestly, we do not know your needs or tastes, or what you may require. You will have to tell us; but please do not hesitate to give us full instructions concerning your needs and requirements." This sounded very nice indeed, but I supposed it was merely part of the Oriental courtesy one often reads about as accorded to all strangers, and did not take it very seriously. The full significance of these statements did not come to us until weeks later. But the fact of the matter is that they were meant literally— every word—and we had abundant opportunity during the five months that we were there to witness that fact. Our wants were anticipated in every possible way; we were received and treated with the greatest of respect and consideration; we did not experience an annoying, an embarrassing or an irritating moment during our entire stay in Patiala State. We have never seen or enjoyed the degree and kind of hospitality which was extended to us in this Indian state.

I was, of course, interested in the food that would be provided, which was naturally not only a matter of interest, but also of considerable importance. So when the Director of Reception asked "What kind of breakfast would you like?" I thought I would be diplomatic and find out what kinds they could provide. He replied, "We can supply you with either a Continental or English breakfast." I had never experienced a typical English breakfast—certainly not of choice—and so asked, "What does the English breakfast consist of?" Said he, "It starts with kippered herring, but what is the American breakfast like?" I replied, "How about some ham and eggs, buttered toast with marmalade, some fruit and coffee?" "That will be easy to provide," he said—and there was removed one of my principal anxieties, for I had worried somewhat about the kind of breakfast we would get. So we enjoyed a typical American breakfast every day of our entire stay. Luncheon was served shortly after our arrival and to our great pleasure it proved to be a typical French mid-day meal. That was gratifying indeed, because we are both fond of the French cuisine. We later learned that the chef who prepared our food was actually from Paris and we certainly enjoyed excellent meals.

ROYALTY ARRIVES—IN AN AUSTIN!

The Minister of Reception was as thoughtful, kind, and considerate as one could well be and provided appropriate advice and instructions so that we were able to anticipate all situations which arose and were thus prepared for them. We had never been presented to royalty, so we were naturally somewhat concerned as to how to conduct ourselves. We were soon to gain experience, for that evening we were advised that His Highness, the Yuvraj Sahib (Crown Prince), would take lunch with us the next day. That was a real thrill for Mrs. Hodgson and a matter of considerable interest to me. When word came that His Highness was approaching we stepped over to the window—the reception parlor was completely glassed in—and looked down on the driveway to see His Highness arrive. It was rather an incongruous sight which greeted us, for up drove a baby Austin and at the wheel was a very large man and, moreover, a magnificently handsome person. It was the Crown Prince. He drove the car up with a flourish, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, and when he stepped out of the car it was evident that he was much taller than I.

He mounted the stairs and came immediately to the reception parlor to greet us, which he did in beautiful English and with great cordiality and much charm. In fact, Mrs. Hodgson and I are in agreement that he is one of the most charming young men we have ever met. And while his age was only about twenty-four, he had the maturity of the average American of forty or more. He measures six feet four and one-half inches without shoes and with turban and royal plume requires a seven foot door. He was most gracious and entertaining and we enjoyed a pleasant conversation for an hour or so, after which luncheon was served.

Several interesting things occurred during luncheon—happenings to which we later became quite accustomed. We noticed that there stood behind His Highness, the Yuvraj Sahib (Crown Prince), a distinguished-looking and beautifully-costumed person and that every dish served to His Highness was inspected by this person and sprinkled from a small vial. We never succeeded in learning what it was or the exact significance of this procedure. When the dessert was served, which was a soft custard, I noticed on the top what appeared to be some gold-colored foil which I assumed was part of the wrapping from the original package—at least no other guess seemed reasonable, though every dish was exactly the same in appearance. His Highness spooned right through the foil, however, and ate the custard, foil and all, and so did we. We found out afterwards that it was actually pure gold foil and that it is regularly served to members of the royal family. Silver foil is used likewise but restricted to the ministers and other high officials.

INVITATIONS ARE COMMANDS

Just before His Highness departed after a most interesting and pleasant luncheon, he extended an invitation to a cricket match scheduled to begin the following morning at what is said to be the highest cricket field in the world, 7,400 feet. After he left, the Minister of Reception explained that an invitation from a member of the royal family is a command. I was profoundly thankful that I had not declined the invitation, which it had been on the tip of my tongue to do had the Minister not caught my attention before I acted. As the consequence of this invitation, during the first week of our stay we did little more than attend cricket matches.

His Highness is a famous cricket player, captain of the Patiala team and a member of the All India cricket team, naturally a great distinction and one which his father, the Maharaja, enjoyed for many years. Indeed, the members of the Royal Family are all accomplished sportsmen and cultured gentlemen, having been trained from infancy by English tutors and coaches. Moreover, they are all splendidly educated, either as the result of private tutors or attendance at English colleges or universities. We found them a charming, highly-cultured and refined and altogether delightful people.

It was pleasant to attend a cricket match, particularly since I had never seen a cricket game. I saw enough of the game, however, during the first week or ten days of our stay in Patiala, to enable me to even appreciate its fine points. It is, of course, a gentleman's game, played in white flannels on a green turf. There was a lovely pavilion at one end of the field and a purdah house near by, for the benefit of the women members of the royal household, who cannot be seen but nevertheless enjoy many activities. The game usually started about 10:00 and was called about 1:15 for luncheon in the pavilion. A full

course luncheon was served with European mineral waters and drinkables of various kinds; in fact one could have practically anything and everything one could desire. After luncheon play was resumed until about four o'clock, when the bell was sounded for tea. After tea and a short rest, play was again resumed until 5:30 or 6:00, when the game was called for the day and a round or two of hockey played before adjournment. After dinner billiards and cards—even American poker—ruled until midnight or thereabouts.

ROYAL CUSTOMS AND PROCEDURES

A cricket match always lasted several days, and we attended two matches in succession. While the time passed most pleasantly, after a couple of days of cricket I became apprehensive about getting to work. I had, of course, been engaged to conduct a horticultural survey and the time available was short and I knew from experience that there would be many preliminary arrangements to make before I could get down to real work. And as yet there had been no mention whatever of the work I had come to do. So I made inquiry of the Minister, who also held the portfolio for Agriculture—the holding of several portfolios seems to be rather common in the Indian states—and I discovered that an official Assisting Committee had been appointed by the Maharaja to aid me in the field work—a most imposing group and an arrangement which presented a somewhat embarrassing but nevertheless real problem for me to solve. This Committee was headed by the Crown Prince and included several ministers, at least two Directors and the Conservator of Forests. It required at least two cars for the party, and it was necessary that certain members ride in one car and that the others follow at a distance because of differences in caste and rank. Moreover, at least one aide-de-camp had always to accompany the Prince. I was given the high distinction of riding in the front seat with the Crown Prince and there was a vast amount of ceremony involved in getting anywhere and doing anything because, when the Crown Prince approached, everybody had to prostrate himself and go through a series of salaams. The Ministers salaamed first followed by everyone else in descending rank and at every stop it was repeated all over again. I soon realized that with this arrangement it would be impossible for me to make much progress; moreover, the Crown Prince could hardly be expected to devote his full time to me and my work. I concluded, therefore, that some different arrangement would have to be made. But how to bring it about was the question. Suffice it to say, I found that I couldn't do a thing until His Highness the Maharajah, had officially received us. In fact, my work could not officially begin until His Highness so directed at a personal interview. I had therefore to resort to a subterfuge and asked, merely as a matter of entertainment pending reception by His Highness, to be shown the whole country by automobile, which was immediately arranged. In that way I spent some three weeks in survey work before the official commencement of the mission.

NO WORK UNTIL—

After a couple of weeks had passed with no invitation on the part of the Maharajah I asked the Minister of Reception what was holding us up. He seemed to be embarrassed but he finally explained, as delicately as he could, that of course nobody ever

questioned the actions of His Highness and that it would be necessary to await his pleasure. "Why doesn't somebody get in touch with him and ask for his approval so we can get under way officially?" I asked. "Well," he said, "you wouldn't understand. In the first place, one cannot get in touch with him—it isn't done—His Highness indicates his pleasure." Said I, "Suppose he doesn't know I'm here?" "Oh, yes," he said, "he knew you were here within a half hour after you arrived." "But suppose he doesn't choose to ever see me?" "Well," he said, "that has happened with others." "There is then no way by which this matter can be called to his attention?" He seemed to be embarrassed and did not reply. Weeks later we learned from personal observation that while His Highness holds court three days a week and his Ministers, who are constantly in attendance, carry their portfolios with them and hope and pray for an opportunity to present their cases, no business is ever done unless His Highness inquires as to whether there are matters which require attention. If His Highness does not make specific inquiry the Ministers may carry in their portfolios for months, matters of urgent importance which cannot be acted on without His Highness' sanction.

THE MAHARAJAH

So it was clear that there was nothing to do except wait. Fortunately, there was plenty of survey work to occupy my time, though it was accomplished altogether by subterfuge. I am glad to be able to report, however, that finally—about a month after our arrival—His Highness did receive us. This was done at a lovely luncheon served in one of his newest gardens, where there had just been built a splendid new pavilion with modern luxurious furnishings and conveniences. There was a fine swimming pool in the center. It was a beautiful place indeed and we found His Highness an altogether charming and forceful character—not so tall as the Crown Prince, but a magnificent specimen of manhood. I learned later that his chest measurement is 52 inches. He proved to be a delightful and gracious host. After a couple of hours at luncheon, I learned that he was quite an amateur horticulturist, much interested in flowers and fruits. During the course of the conversation he asked me about a certain native plant, which from the description I was not able to identify. He immediately called an official and asked to have a specimen of the plant brought in. Within thirty minutes it was there having been brought in by messenger from a distance of seventeen miles. Fortunately for me, I was able to identify it.

AUTHORIZED TO CARRY OUT SURVEY

After another hour or two had passed and tea was served I began to be apprehensive because nothing had yet been said about the work I had come to do. The Minister had warned, "Unless His Highness talks about your mission and authorizes its commencement, you will have to continue to wait." At last, however, he turned to me and said, "Well, Professor, you are here as a visiting specialist to study our fruit-growing possibilities and we want to help you in every possible way. Please issue your instructions and make known your requirements and they will be attended to." I heaved an inward sigh of relief, thanked him for his gracious hospitality and for the opportunity to serve him and that fixed things up so I could officially go to work.

But time is fleeting and I must hasten on. Suffice it to say that our stay in the Hills Circle of Patiala State was most interesting and enjoyable and that I was able to get the necessary work done.

At the termination of our stay in the hills portion of the State, we took a 2500 mile automobile tour in one of His Highness' Chrysler cars, to the famous Kulu and Kashmir Valleys. The scenery was beautiful and the trip most interesting though there were several hair-raising experiences and we owe an eternal debt of gratitude to Harichand for getting us safely out of some difficult places. We learned how one lives in dark bungalows, and how one bathes in those galvanized tubs with which every English army officer is familiar in that part of the world—the kind that makes one wonder if it can be done but one finally learns how. The trip was thoroughly enjoyable though highly strenuous.

COURT LIFE—MOST COLORFUL

On our return to the plains we reported in Patiala City, the Capital of the State. We had expected to be housed in the old Baradori palace but while we were still a few miles distant from the City we were met by a messenger who conveyed His Highness' request that we be quartered in his own personal palace where guest suite number two had been assigned to us. This was a high honor indeed for it meant that we were to be attached to His Highness' court during the balance of our stay—about two and a half months. There, as members of the court, we participated in and enjoyed some of the most colorful and picturesque experiences of our lives. I thought we had seen some wonderful sights in French North Africa in the Arab fantasias, at the Beylical reception in Tunisia and at the receptions of the Resident Generals of Tunisia and Morocco. These were indeed spectacular, even gorgeous, but I can truthfully say that those were as nothing compared to the pomp and splendor of the spectacles that we witnessed in the court of His Highness, the Maharaja of Patiala.

SEVEN-ROOM GUEST SUITE!

Our modest guest suite consisted of seven rooms. There were more articles of equipment in the marble bathroom than I have ever seen in any two or three bathrooms. We had so many servants that we were at a loss to know what their duties might be. The surroundings and atmosphere of the palace were extraordinary—a combination of modernity and medievalism. Sentries, with fixed bayonets, patrolled the palace garden at all times. One couldn't get in without the password or except through the aide-de-camps' office. We saw His Highness' state jewels—more diamonds than I had thought existed in all the world—\$30,000,000.00 worth—and emeralds and pearls of equal value!

Time will not permit of going into further detail and these rambling remarks must be brought to an end. I am sure you will agree with me, however, when I say that we undoubtedly enjoyed extreme good fortune to be entertained as guests at the court of an Indian potentate. It is true that on many occasions I, at least, pinched myself to make certain that it wasn't all a dream.