

UP AND DOWN
ASIA

George N. Patterson

FABER AND FABER

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PREFACE

I wrote this book in a whimsical mood of diversion. When *Tibetan Journey* was published I was assailed by friends and critics for not writing a 'proper' missionary book, and it became a subject for great controversy. When *God's Fool* was published I was attacked by friends and critics for prostituting an alleged writing talent in animadversions on religion, politics and life. When it was known that my third book would again be controversial friends asked me why I could not just write something 'nice' and 'interesting', while some others warned me that my future fellowship with certain Christian groups was in jeopardy and only awaiting the publication of my third book to bring me to judgement.

Here is a book, then, in which I am—I hope!—"nice" and "interesting" and "non-controversial"; although considering that some were able to find "obscenity" in *Tibetan Journey* and "conceit" in *God's Fool*, I suppose there will be those who will find material for controversy even here. I walk up and down Asia as I discourse on the episodes within, and for convenience' sake I group the episodes under grammatical solecisms. The idea of the solecism I carry into the episodes themselves as a reason for selecting them rather than others in a very full life, inasmuch as each contains a 'circumstantial solecism', or incongruity, or entertaining breach in the syntax of my life.

It only remains for me to acknowledge the tolerance of my friends, the long-suffering of my wife, the

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patience of my family, and the enterprise of my publishers, before I turn my pen once more to subjects of a more serious character.

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I. VEHICLES I HAVE RIDDEN ON

The Flood, the 'Plane and the Nightgown

The road from Kalimpong, plunging and curving its way through the Teesta Valley to the plains, takes in some of the finest scenery to be found anywhere in the whole Himalayan mountain range. With the eternally snow-crowned 27,000-foot Kanchenjunga as an unparalleled backdrop, the ever-changing greens of forests and fields and precipitous glimpses of the sweeping River Teesta far below produce a scenic intoxication which even the drab uniformity of the plains of Bengal stretching to the horizon on the south cannot obliterate. Long after the journey has become only one of many, a sudden glimpse of dried-up grass in a busy city street will evoke with startling clarity the memory of a giant Teesta butterfly's dip across the sun-streaked tree-lined road from Kalimpong to the plains.

Just before the road leaves the valley, to lose itself in the anonymity of just another tar-macadamed surface leading to nowhere, it turns to the left over the Coronation Bridge spanning the lower reaches of the River Teesta and, after some twisting round sharp mountain corners, it straightens itself out into a long stretch of heat-hazed shimmering blue tar between miles and miles of dark green tea bushes. This is the Dooars, the world-famous tea-growing area stretching from Darjeeling to

Vehicles I Have Ridden On

Jorhat along the southern border of Bhutan. And as the car taking me to one of those tea-plantations passed between the aromatic bushes and through busy roadside markets jammed with gesticulating, colourfully dressed Indians, away to the north I could see the snow mountains of Sikkim, Bhutan and Tibet above the foothills of the lower Himalayas.

That was why this area became such a death trap to so many thousands of people and cattle only a few weeks before. Rain, rain and more rain on the high plateaux of Tibet had suddenly unleashed itself without warning through the narrow valleys leading into India in a devastating flood which destroyed everything in its path over thousands of miles of country. The tarred road on which we were driving would suddenly dip and disappear under several hundred yards of river-silt, or we would have to cross a river over a temporary causeway where the previous bridge had been swept away without trace.

Zoë, wife of a tea-planter, Benjy Llewelyn, whose guest I was to be while I looked around the devastated countryside, pointed out the remains of one bridge. 'On June 17th one main pile of that bridge gave way, on the 19th the second one went, on the 22nd three spans on the west side disappeared, and look at it now!' Eighteen remaining spans had silted up four feet or more, the river had turned into a new course, and miles of surrounding countryside, a few weeks before flourishing with tea plantations and crops, was inundated in the new river bed.

We drove over a long stretch of shallow river, the Landrover whining and slipping in the heavy silt, and finally arrived at what had been Tondoo Tea Estate, the home of the Llewelyns, or what had been their home before the flood. Only a few yards away from the house the river, although quiet now, ate steadily and menacingly into the hastily constructed bund, and even as we

The Flood, the 'Plane and the Nightgown

watched several yards of earth caved into the swirling waters and silently disappeared.

Tondoo Tea Estate had been situated between two rivers flowing out of the foothills, the Jaldacca and the Diana. In the unprecedented rains these had been increased by other smaller rivers breaking their banks, and roaring across the country had finally cut off and destroyed Tondoo. Day after day through June into July it had rained without a break, and by the 25th of July the level of the river outside the Llewelyns' bungalow had risen to within two feet of the veranda. By 9 a.m. on the 28th it was level with the surface of the bank and only a mesh of rapidly woven bamboo revetment was keeping it from breaking through and carrying away the bungalow. About half of the main 'Lines', or houses of native labour, had become uninhabitable and hundreds of people had to be housed in the tea factory and main buildings about one hundred yards away. The main river protection works had been wiped out and a large breach had appeared on one of the earth bunds which had been quickly thrown together to turn the direction of the river away from the housing area. By this time the Jaldacca river bed had grown to about three times its former width and the main volume of its water was now directed at the heart of the estate, about one mile north of the bungalow. Just below the bungalow wired stone 'sausages'—hundreds of stones encased in long rolls of wire mesh—which had successfully withstood the floods of the past twenty years had been swept away, and by August 22nd a wide sweeping bay of half-a-mile across had been cut away.

Towards the evening of August 22nd the sky looked even more threatening and it could be seen that rain was still falling in the hills to the north. By 9.30 p.m. the river had suddenly risen four feet, almost as though a wall of water had come down, and was pouring into the main lines area and through the tea garden along a front of

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more than half a mile. The plantation elephant was tied up only one hundred yards away but by the time the mahout and a couple of helpers reached her it was only with the greatest difficulty that they could unshackle her in the rapidly rising water.

The night was completely black and filled with terror. The ones who had first run at the sight of approaching water mostly reached the factory, but the others who had delayed for some reason were cut off by the swirling, roaring flood. Some were swept away as they ran, others managed to clamber on to the thatched top of their houses, which were in turn undermined by the waters and slowly carried into midstream of the main river.

Benjy immediately ordered the elephant into rescue operations, first bringing in those nearest the factory and then sweeping out further into the chaotic night. Throughout the whole of the night the mahout and elephant struggled, with only the feeble light of a storm lantern, bringing in clusters of people rescued from drifting houses, or from branches of trees, or plucked from the river itself, often with as many as fifteen on its back at one time.

When daylight came the main lines had disappeared, and in their place was a tremendous river with waves not less than ten feet high raging past. The south part of the plantation had been virtually obliterated, and with the bungalow and factory area was completely under water. The north part of the plantation was still intact, but the flood water was licking round the houses which were still standing there.

Heavy rain continued throughout the night of the 24th, and on the morning of the 25th the main current of the Jaldacca roared past the bungalow less than 200 feet away, and the entire countryside was under water except for the top half of some bushes on the north side of the plantation. The beginning of a new stream had broken

The Flood, the 'Plane and the Nightgown

through above the bungalow, and many who had been marooned on branches of trees and roofs of houses could be seen drifting past to certain death.

By noon on the 26th it was possible to get the elephant on to rescue operations again, and slowly the numbers of rescued from the raging waters of the flood increased as the elephant and mahout swung further and further into the surrounding waters, until at last the elephant could do no more and had its first food and rest since the flood began. With the mahout the elephant had been responsible for saving the lives of between 100 and 150 people; 106 had disappeared and were finally presumed dead. Three hundred and fifty houses had vanished completely, the remainder were uninhabitable. The Indian staff quarters, offices, godowns and hospital, were all silted up to a depth of three feet or more; the floors of all these buildings were now well below the level of the surrounding land, and streams from the main river were still coming through in several places.

Benjy decided to have a look at the damage from the air before he compiled his report, and he asked me if I would like to join him. He had a small two-seater plane. As I buckled myself in the seat behind him he pointed to the floor at my feet and shouted to be careful as there was no floor-board and I would have to balance myself on the metal crosspiece or I might land in the Jaldacca from 3,000 feet! My hollow laughter in reply was lost in the roar of the engine as Benjy lifted the nose of the plane sharply off the dangerously truncated runway, and I just missed dragging my feet in the Jaldacca.

We criss-crossed the skies at various levels and the earth beneath us was an awesome sight. Water poured from the valleys in the Himalayas like the opened sluice-gates of some gigantic dam and covered thousands of square miles of north Bengal and Assam with a network of rivers and lakes like a vast collection of ditches and puddles. Tea plantations and fields had been buried under

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sand, and hundreds of miles of jungles silted from ground to upper branches now looked like ordinary plantation tea bushes. Uncrossable rivers appeared as trickles through gigantic yellow silt-beds. The gods (Psalm 82) had been angry, and in a fit of pique had turned the taps of heaven on the greatest watershed on earth to mock puny man with a display of their temperamental power.

Benjy made a perfect landing on his postage-stamp, river-soaked runway, and I removed my feet from their precarious support with a deep sigh of relief.

‘Well, isn’t that a staggering sight?’ said Benjy, as he opened the cockpit door.

‘It certainly is,’ I agreed. ‘It’s bad enough seeing it through the cockpit window, but it’s a thousand times worse seeing it through the non-existent cockpit floor.’

‘Oh, it’s all right once you get used to it,’ replied Benjy. ‘I just haven’t bothered to fix it for I am hoping to buy a new four-seater ’plane and it isn’t worth while spending time on this one. I keep the essentials in good flying order and just leave the rest.’

I thought of the expanse of water and jungle which I had seen through the open floor of the ’plane between my feet and swallowed. ‘Outside of the engine just where do you draw the line between what you consider essential and non-essential if a floor on the plane isn’t?’ I asked.

‘Well,’ said Benjy seriously, ‘take the fabric, for instance’—and he pointed to a neat repair on the body of the plane, and then to another, and another—‘when it gets torn I usually repair it right away before it can get worse and land me in trouble.’

‘You would have to keep a fairly good supply of stuff, then,’ I said, ‘considering the rough handling your plane gets in these parts, and being so far away from Calcutta?’

Benjy laughed. ‘You’d have to ask Zoë about the supply of that repair stuff—it’s one of her nightgowns.’

Vehicles I Have Ridden On

A Bus in Singapore

Perhaps if we hadn't seen the bus stationary at the terminus in Singapore we would never have tried to get on at any other stop—or maybe 'stage' would be a better word to use, for certainly the bus never stopped again during the whole of the time we were in it. It slowed down, yes, to let shouting passengers off and equally vociferous would-be passengers on, but 'stop' in the sense of 'Halt at Major Road Ahead' as we know it in Britain, emphatically no.

We had come off the ship and were very obviously transient tourists interested in 'doing the city'. Well, we did it. Never was so much seen by so few in so limited a time, or, conversely, never was so little seen by so many in so long a time. The bus gradually filled up. By British standards I should have thought it was full before we left the terminus, for every seat was occupied and several people were standing in the passage between the seats, but apparently the normal was inapplicable to Singapore transport. As I said, the bus gradually filled up. People jammed into seats between the knees of the seated passengers; from single file in the passage they increased to three deep, holding on to straps, the backs of seats or each other. When anyone wanted to get off he or she first of all shouted to indicate that he or she was on his or her way, then proceeding to give evidence of the fact by pushing, elbowing and grunting their way through the mass. In the milling, shouting confusion the conductor took fares, shouting, pushing, elbowing and grunting just that little bit more to establish his authority. He even managed to pull the string from time to time which rang a bell in the driver's cabin, but I was unable to discover whether one, two and three meant, respectively, go, stop and full up, as its counterpart did in

Vehicles I Have Ridden On

England. The system seemed to bear no relation to the movements of the bus or to the requirements of the passengers.

With our minds fascinated by the incidents inside the bus it was difficult to tear them away to look at the ordinary life going on outside. However, an impression of riotous colour and exotic fecundity succeeded in impressing itself on a grey Northern imagination. Cloth and silk, board and neon signs, with strings of washing, made a triumphal arch for our progress through the streets. Shops opening on to the pavement, without windows or doors, displayed an intoxicating variety of goods. Vegetables and fruits spilled from containers in prolific profusion on to the roadway. Innumerable people crammed the sidewalks and a large proportion of the road, and children, children, children were everywhere.

How the bus managed to avoid them, or they the bus, it is impossible to say. There were screams, but no wails; there were falls, but no corpses.

Our Western inhibitions prevented us from indulging in the usual shout to indicate that we were on our way to the exit, but inhibitions had to be discarded as far as pushing, elbowing and grunting were concerned. By the time we arrived at the rear of the bus, we were a considerable distance past the point where we would have liked to get off and we were in time to see a young fellow rashly assume that the bus was going to slow down sufficiently for him to get off safely. He was wrong. He rolled for some distance, head over heels, picked himself up dusting his clothes, and disappeared into the crowds.

I refuse to believe this shocked the conductor or the driver into caution. I prefer to think that the conductor used a subtle code of his own when he pulled the string to let us off, for the bus braked to the slowest crawl of the journey so far, to allow us time to get clear, and then as several shouting people surged forward to get on in

A Rickshaw in Shanghai

our places it jumped forward again as of old to be lost in the clamouring crowds.

A Rickshaw in Shanghai

Shanghai in 1947 had to be seen to be believed. The rest of the world might have finished fighting the Germans or Italians or Japanese and be taking a well-earned breathing space before being caught up in further military adventures, but not the Chinese. Conveniently forgetting for the moment the millenniums of civil strife that had convulsed the country, it is sufficient for our purpose here to note that they had been fighting Communists before the League of Nations did not intervene in Spain, had been fighting the Japanese before Britain plucked the rose from the nettle at Munich, and now when every other nation was uniting in establishing peace in our time they were back at the old practice of fighting Communists once more.

The exodus to West China caused by the Japanese invasion began in reverse once they were defeated and then the outbreak of Communist fighting in North China added its formidable quota of refugees, so that the population of Shanghai leapt from three or four million to seven million in two years, and continued to climb steadily. The Japanese had been generous with their own and other countries' foreign concessions and industrial plants, and turned all these over to the 'rightful owners' who, of course, agreed to work under Japanese supervision. When the Nationalist Government returned to the Eastern Provinces the 'loyal' officials took over these enterprises from the 'traitorous' officials. Then the various foreign owners moved back to resume their

Vehicles I Have Ridden On

businesses, and the U.S.A., through official and private agencies, began to pour in large quantities of transport and supplies. Shanghai in 1947 proceeded to live up to the name it had given to the dictionaries—and more.

On the Bund, the main business quarter of the city, it was almost impossible to move. Lorries, barrows, buses, trams, taxis, cars, pedicabs, rickshaws and bicycles, ploughed through the crowds with terrifying speed and profusion. Horns hooted, coolies shouted, klaxons blared, bells clanged in a cacophony that rasped the nerves on hearing it for the first time, but changed to a nostalgic symphony when recollected in tranquillity. A variegated offering to Juggernaut on the altar of civilization.

I was as helpless as a straw in a millrace in this volume of machinery and humanity. Men poured from the Customs Building, the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank and other business houses to call for cars, taxis, pedicabs and rickshaws in an irresistible tide. Rickshaws stood two deep at the kerbside, and the rickshaw-pullers descended on the possible passenger with a combined ferocity of argument that was both terrifying and stupefying as they cajoled patronage and haggled prices at the same time.

I took a deep breath as I thought of the million dollars in my brief-case, and with what I hoped looked like studied calm moved towards a rickshaw. The tide of the Rickshaw-Pullers Guild engulfed me. Imperiously (as I thought), I said to the rickshaw-puller—who was now fighting furiously to get between the shafts of the rickshaw I had boarded—in the only Chinese I knew, 'Pu yao. Kwai kwai. Kwang Ming Lu.' ('Don't want. Quickly. Street of Radiant Light.') The rickshaw-puller looked at me blankly, then spoke to the others, obviously asking them what I was talking about. There was a bewildering wave of conversation as they all began asking me questions and then explained to the rickshaw-puller what they thought my silence meant.

A Rickshaw in Shanghai

Again I said distinctly (as I thought) 'Kwang Ming Lu,' and after another few minutes of discussion with the others my rickshaw-puller moved off. I heaved a sigh of relief as we pulled away from the front of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank. Although the million dollars in my brief-case did not have the same value as a million of the dollars being provided by General Marshall to Europe, nevertheless at 12,400 to the pound sterling it represented a sum worth about £90 to me and a satisfactory old age pension for a coolie.

It was probably this thought that held my aesthetic sense in low gear. I did not appreciate as I ought to have done the priceless brocades and silks in the shops we passed; the Cadillacs, Buicks, Dodges with their exotic Chinese female occupants only occasioned my interest when they seemed likely to roll over my rickshaw; the tinkle of the rickshaw-puller's bell as he trotted through the crowds and traffic would at other times have sounded picturesque, but now the monotonous tintinnabulation only seemed tinnily insignificant.

That the streets were unfamiliar did not trouble me at first, for I had only been a few days in Shanghai and apart from the three or four major thoroughfares all the streets looked alike to me. But gradually it seemed that somehow the shops were different, the traffic was thinner, and the people were fewer than they ought to have been, as I remembered. The rickshaw-puller trotted on, his bell knocking monotonously against the rickshaw shafts to clear a way. The streets became lanes where only other rickshaws could pass, and even pedicabs had difficulty in getting through, and the shops had only a few customers.

My studied calm was becoming a bit unstudied. I thought I had better do something before we reached the inevitable cul-de-sac and I got to know at first hand the dictionary meaning of 'shanghai'.

'Hey,' I shouted to the rickshaw-puller. He paid no

Vehicles I Have Ridden On

attention to me and only one or two pedestrians glanced round. This is it, I thought; he has seen me leaving the bank and knows I have money in my brief-case and is taking me to where he can hand me over to his pals who have agreed in their discussion outside the bank to go ahead to a fixed rendezvous.

'Hey,' I shouted again, and leaned forward in the rickshaw so that I could touch his shoulder. He looked round.

'Kwang Ming Lu,' I said accusingly (as I thought) hoping that he'd understand from my tone of voice that I knew what he was up to and that I knew where I was.

'Huh?' he said inquiringly. A crowd began to gather. 'Kwang Ming Lu,' I said firmly (as I thought).

'Ai-ya! Kwang Ming Lu,' he said surprised.

'Kwang Ming Lu,' he repeated for the benefit of the crowd.

'Kwang Ming Lu,' they echoed.

He picked up the shafts again, the bell rattled as he cleared a way to more familiar streets, and I began to feel like a million dollars again.

A Gharry in Calcutta

It's not so much the heat, they will tell you in Calcutta, it's the humidity. As an opening gambit in Calcutta conversation this is positively the *ne plus ultra*, as Bertie Wooster would say if Jeeves were at hand. And there is no doubt that it is not the heat, it's the humidity.

Calcutta, low-lying, at the mouth of the River Hoogly, begins to heat up in February. In March only the irredeemable jute-wallahs' wives would think of drinking tea at eleven in Firpos on Chowringhee ('Iced

A Gharry in Calcutta

coffee in Trinca's in Park Street, my dear, is the thing; and of course, beer in Prince's on Sunday.') In April the wives of the few remaining bearers of the white man's burden show their emancipation—incongruous figures in halters and briefs—in the New Market. In May the *ne plus ultra* mentioned above is the dominant seventh in the music of tinkling glasses or cups in any social gathering in Calcutta.

So you will see that it was not really the heat, it was the humidity that took me finally from beneath the fans in a friend's house out to the open air. I had had my fourth shower and change for that day but was already sticky and uncomfortable through singlet and shirt. Any more and the perspiration would be showing through the light tropical suit convention bade me wear.

I walked up Theatre Road to the Maidan, that virgin green expanse in the grasp of the municipal monster that is Calcutta. There whatever breeze was available had sufficient space to move and make itself felt. But it was only for ten minutes; after that it either ceased to be effective or left to pursue its vagrant way to some other part of the Maidan.

An open hackney carriage with a gaunt-ribbed horse slowed down beside me as I walked.

'Gharry, sahib?' the man on the box inquired.

I shook my head, although it was too dark for the driver to see me. The quiet of the Maidan, with the muted roar of Chrowinghee traffic in the distance, gave an illusion of coolness that I did not wish to have disturbed.

'Gharry, sahib?' the driver asked again and I was about to impatiently tell him to pass on when the thought struck me that the coolness I sought might be found in the open carriage.

'Ah-chha,' ('All right') I said, and climbed up the steps and sat down on the ancient horse-hair seat.

The driver called to the horse and shook the rein in a

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flat slap against its flank and we jolted into movement. It was pleasant to lie back, without the effort and perspiration of walking, and enjoy the occasional breath of air that passed over the open carriage. I had been too optimistic that the movement of the horse would be fast enough to create a breeze, but the clip-clop of its hooves on the tarmac, the squeak of wheels and rattle of harness were soothing, and above the darkness of the Maidan the stars twinkled.

‘Kahan jana hai, sahib? (‘Where are you going?’) the driver asked suddenly.

I only knew a few Hindi phrases.

‘Hindi nahin ati,’ (‘I don’t understand Hindi’) I replied, and made a circular movement with my hand to indicate that I just wanted him to drive around for a while.

‘You go to Maidan?’ he asked in English after a short silence.

Considering that we were on the Maidan, and had been since he picked me up, this question seemed a bit superfluous, but I was in no position to argue, so I replied amiably enough, ‘I go Maidan’. It seemed to satisfy him, for he contented himself with another grunt and slap of the reins at his horse.

‘You want girl, sahib?’ was the next remark from the huddle in front of me; this time in a remarkably understanding tone. He obviously knew his job.

‘No, no thank you,’ I replied pleasantly to the blot in the darkness, ‘no want girl.’

‘Me know nice girl, sahib; Ingliz girl,’ he dangled the thought temptingly in the night.

‘No, thank you,’ I said, more firmly this time, wondering if his knowledge of English was limited to the strictly commercial.

He enlightened me. ‘Telephone girl, sahib, white girl.’ He anticipated my refusal in some uncanny way.

‘Brown girl? Chinese? Very cheap.’

A Train to Madras

His voice took on a new urgency as he found out the obvious reason for my refusal.

'Very cheap, sahib. Only ten rupees,' his voice lifted expressively.

'No thank you.'

'Five rupees? Nice girl, sahib. Ingliz girl. Telephone girl——'

He had obviously reached the end of his English vocabulary.

'No, no thank you,' I interrupted. 'You go Maidan,' and I again waved my hand in a circle.

'Ah-chha, sahib,' he replied cheerfully, and he gave the horse another slap on the hind quarters with the reins.

Neither the heat, nor the humidity, seemed to enter into his calculations as to what was to be expected in Calcutta.

A Train to Madras

One good thing at least the British left behind in India, and that was the railway. The only reasonable stretch of railway in post-war China was between Shanghai and Nanking, and Hankow to Hong-Kong, and Britain had managed to leave this behind too as some sort of memorial to the benefits of imperialism. I was told on one occasion by a high Chinese official, who was in a position to know, that although Britain had only been able to give an infinitesimal amount of aid after the war compared to the millions of America, yet it had been so given and administered that the railway—the purpose for which the aid was given—was built on time and without financial loss;

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while the only monument to American aid was a million empty Klim tins.

Be that as it may, the railway transport in India is well in advance of railway transport in China, and is, undoubtedly, a good thing. There are times when it is late and there are times when it is early, and no doubt a great deal of vituperation is expended when either is the case—although I think it is only fair to point out that it is mostly Westerners who indulge in this futile and ageing activity—but there is no other Asian country that runs so large an undertaking so well. Consider that the two main stations in Calcutta, Sealdah and Howrah, serving the whole of India, averaging in addition to long distance trains, 222 suburban trains and 106 respectively in both directions daily, yet maintain on an average taken in 10 to 18 days over a busy period as much as 87 per cent punctuality in the case of the former and 77 per cent in the case of the latter. The target set for both stations is a modest 90 per cent, for years of experience and study of running trains in India have convinced them that it is impossible to attain to 100 per cent efficiency. Reasons for this are given as floods, natural calamities and ‘unforeseeable’ mechanical failures. Added to, and even including, the above there is the problem of keeping water tanks replenished during droughts when the surrounding peasant population, who have no need of trains but have great need of water, tend to help themselves, with disastrous consequences to train schedules. Then there is the delightful season of marriage ceremonies when the stars agree that unions would be fruitful, but the happy conjunction of constellations is not reflected in the train timings at railway junctions, which marriage parties upset in their exuberant control of the trains in which they are travelling. Gradual corrosion of mechanical parts, particularly in the boilers, due to the extreme salinity of the water is usually only found out hundreds of miles from the nearest depot. A signalman

A Train to Madras

will go off duty before his replacement arrives, and if he in turn happens to be late or ill, the few hours that it takes to find another replacement is sufficient to cause chaos. And the sealing off of the alarm chain in all but the women's compartments has had little or no effect in a country where the chain is pulled to let a passenger—usually non-paying—alight, or to call the guard to settle an argument, or to permit some child to urinate at the side of the tracks. 77 per cent, 87 per cent or 90 per cent are figures of awesome efficiency when we consider such obstacles to progress.

I have on several occasions travelled on the railway to various parts of India, and all the journeys have been memorable in some way. But the occasion that comes as I write was a recent trip I made from Calcutta to Madras.

I had arranged to visit South India to collect some material for a book on which I was working but somehow the Travel Agency got matters mixed up and forgot to make first-class reservations—or rather, to be more correct in our democratic age, second-class reservations, as first-class had been abolished. To complicate matters further my wife, who was a surgeon, had decided to take an eleven year old Anglo-Indian girl called Louise, who had been crippled by polio, to a famous hospital in South India for major surgery to enable her to have more use of her legs. When we arrived in Calcutta to join the train for Madras we found, as I said, first-class abolished, second-class reservations for us not made, and now all filled up beyond hope. That left only air-conditioned compartments (no class) and third-class, the former for the plutocrat and the latter for the proletariat. There was no sleeping berth accommodation provided in third-class and the journey to Madras occupied the best part of two days and one night in the train, so with the help of a friend we tried to gate-crash the domain of the privileged. But, alas! we were destined to know more of plutonism

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than plutology, for all air-conditioned reservations had been taken up several days before, and we returned to the arms of the proletariat comforted to recall that in ancient Rome the *proletarius* was a citizen of the sixth-class, and that at this rate of progress in another two thousand years the proletariat should have a hope of travelling air-conditioned.

To make sure of getting the three seats on one side of the compartment which I had been able to reserve we arrived on the platform forty-five minutes before the train was scheduled to leave. The train came into a platform ten minutes before its scheduled departure time when the platform was a solid, fighting mass of people, proletarian, of course. They conducted matters in a much more civilized manner in the air-conditioned and second-classes by trying to bribe the railway officials instead of fighting each other.

I was fortunate in that the train stopped with the carriage door opposite me, but even at that I was bruised, torn and breathless before establishing myself and our baggage on the seat 'reserved' for our use. I had been given the tip by a friend, old in the ways of Indian travel, that it was a recognized custom if one got into the compartment first and spread one's sleeping-roll on the luggage rack above the seat in third-class, the luggage rack automatically became the occupant's possession for the remainder of the journey. I don't know if that is to be found in the Railway Statute Book, but having desperately hurled my wife's and my own sleeping-roll on to the luggage rack above, and fought equally desperately to get cases and bags on to our three 'reserved' seats, while my wife and Louise still struggled through the mass of heaving, shouting bodies, the 'gains' were conceded to me without further dispute.

It was one long carriage of one compartment, divided into several rows of hard seats each holding three passengers. A notice displayed prominently read 'TWENTY

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PASSENGERS ONLY. NO STANDING ALLOWED'. The seats rapidly filled up, and so did the space beside them that passed for a corridor. When the Ticket Inspector arrived and began to put the notice into effect the shouting rose to bedlam. Some insisted that they had arrived first but had been unfortunate in not finding a seat, some insisted that they paid the fare and it was up to the railway authorities to find them a seat, some inveighed against the system that permitted others to reserve seats because they had an extra rupee, some insisted that they weren't *standing*, they were *sitting* on their baggage and so the notice didn't apply to them. Gradually they moved away, still protesting loudly before the steady authority and monotonous repetitions of the Ticket Inspector, until only one man remained, who, travelling on a voucher as a railway official, seemed to have some privileges or 'pull' with the Ticket Collector which the others did not have.

As the train pulled out, only ten minutes behind schedule, it had miraculously managed to accommodate the shouting, gesticulating crowd in spite of the notices and Ticket Inspector, and for the next hour everyone was engrossed in moving, manipulating and stacking suitcases, boxes, and sleeping-rolls to provide the maximum of space. Now that everyone was on the train recriminations were forgotten and every passenger, north and south, brown and white, second and third (I don't know what was happening in air-conditioned) cheerfully helped the others to find space, seats and a measure of comfort for the long journey ahead. I had the luggage rack for the night, and the three reserved seats would allow my wife and Louise to sleep head to foot on the seat beneath. All was for the best in this best of all possible worlds.

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A Sports Car to the Punjab

It was a good car, a 1938 Riley, 1½ litre, open sports. It had belonged to a friend, had only been used in Calcutta, and so it was very likely to be in good condition. Best of all, it was available for use right away, and we wanted to leave the following morning for the Punjab in North India. 'We' consisted of my wife, Vik, a long-time American friend who was coming with us to do a series of pictures on life in India, and myself. My knowledge of cars was limited to driving and the usual running repairs, my wife had only recently passed her driving test, but Vik was the dream companion of the touring motorist. He had not only studied motor engineering but aero-engineering as well, and back in the States had flown a private plane; allied to this he had a wide experience of engine breakdowns in China and India, and, most valued of all, an equable, humorous temperament that was admirably suited to withstand the peculiar mechanical vicissitudes only met with in the mysterious East. Vik's approval, then, of the suggestion that we do the 3,000 mile trip by car was very necessary, and as it would provide him with more opportunities for photographs he enthusiastically agreed. His only misgiving lay in the haste in deciding to take the car without a suitable opportunity of giving it a good try-out. However, it had been in the garage for several days being overhauled, it had run well in the test we had given it, and so the deal was closed.

We left the centre of Calcutta shortly after lunch, the canvas hood drawn up to protect us from the blinding glare and heat of the sun. Eleven miles, and thirty-five minutes later, Vik, from the rear seat suddenly said, 'Hold it! I smell burning'. I swung the car to the side of the road, stopped, and we jumped out. Thin trails of

A Sports Car to the Punjab

smoke were appearing from beneath the piled luggage in the boot of the car. Hurriedly we unslashed the rope holding it together, threw the cases and sleeping-rolls all over the road, and found that the copper cable from the battery had shorted against the petrol tank and set the seat padding on fire. In the repair kit, of course, there was no insulating tape. We wrapped the cable with some rags, re-tied the luggage, and proceeded on our way—thoughtfully.

Two hours later it happened again, only this time flames were already eating up the seat padding before we got the last of the luggage off! However, we were near a village and after a mile-and-a-half walk I was able to talk a truck-driver into selling me a couple of rolls of insulating tape. The two rolls were necessary, for the battery was located in the back of the car and the cable ran all the way under the car, against the metal chassis, to the engine. We taped it all and went on.

An hour later, driving at about sixty miles per hour through the dark to reach the nearest town our rear off-side tyre burst. Fortunately it was the Grand Trunk Road, there was no traffic, there was plenty of space, and there was Vik. We had managed in six hours to come 80 miles of our 3,000 mile journey. It made us ponder.

But the next day the car ran beautifully, and we reached the Dehri-on-Sone River Ferry ahead of schedule, with time to spare for a leisurely evening and early bed to catch the first ferry in the morning. In Benares we stayed the night with Alex and Olive Smyth, missionary friends, and made arrangements to spend a few days with them on our return journey. It was in Benares that we noticed the rear door of the luggage boot was beginning to sag under the weight of our luggage and it was in Allahabad a few hours later that we had to stop for repairs or, rather, redesigning of the car and redistribution of the luggage. The lid of the luggage boot had to be removed, and Vik gave instructions to a squad of car-

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penters as to how the wooden crossbeam and metal straps were to be made and fitted. The result still prevented us keeping all the luggage in the rear, and a good percentage of it was now in the 'spare' back seat, and balanced precariously behind the head of whoever was sitting there as we took turns in driving.

On a lovely stretch of road, watched contemptuously and superciliously by a camel and its rider, the engine cut out and we were left with the knowledge that we had a loose connection shorting somewhere, and a broken generator. After an hour or two, Vik managed to get the car to run again and we limped into Cawnpore. Here we had the petrol tank refilled for the next lap and discovered after it was full that there was a bad leak in the bottom left hand corner—the most difficult to reach. We put the car into a garage for repairs, walked round Cawnpore, had supper and then collected the 'repaired' tank and car at 10 p.m. It still leaked. We bought a four-gallon tin and length of rubber tubing to act as a spare tank, and trying to make up time decided to drive through the night to Agra. Forty miles outside Cawnpore, nothing in sight, the lights dim from the broken generator, there was a bumping sound from underneath and we discovered the 'repaired' petrol tank lying on the road, with all the supports broken. We pulled into the side of the road, wrapped ourselves in what clothes we could find, and went to sleep. It was only when we wakened in the morning that we found signs that hordes of monkeys had been clambering all over the car during the night.

Vik with understandable silence and awesome restraint went to work under the car, and two hours later we rolled forward on our way to Delhi. Delhi only saw us for a few hours for we arrived late at night and left before dawn, and by 2 p.m. we were in Ludhiana in the Punjab, where we were to remain for several days while my wife recovered from a major operation in the Christian Medical College there.

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Returning from Amritsar the generator broke down again and we had it repaired in a tiny workshop which announced itself boldly as providing 'PERFECT REPAIRS IN ALL WORKS'. We had to return the generator three times before it would function.

One hour and 72 miles outside Ludhiana on our return journey to the south, we found that the generator was not working again, and the engine was beginning to miss badly. My wife served tea and read while Vik and I toiled in the midday sun. Two hours later an annoying squeak in the front off-side wheel forced itself on our attention and we discovered that it had heated up, had seized, and was immovably locked to the metal of the hub. We jacked the car as high as it would go, and then tried to prise the wheel free, with the 'help' of scores of willing villagers. One of them, claiming to be an 'engineer', in trying to drive the wheel off with a hammer knocked a large section of metal from the brake drum. We spent the night at a nearby Mission Hospital, and crawled at 15 m.p.h. for the next 60 miles into Delhi.

While we 'did' Delhi we put the car into the best garage which we could find with strict orders for a complete overhaul, particularly the wheel and generator, and for the remainder of our stay in the capital of India we used taxicabs, tongas and pedicabs.

Agra is 140 miles from Delhi and before we reached there an ominous knock from the engine made itself heard—and, of course, the generator wasn't working. While Vik took photographs of the Taj Mahal we left the car in a garage to have the No. 1 con-rod remetalled and the generator fixed. 'Guaranteed first-class job, sahib.' Seven miles outside Agra the generator stopped working and we stopped at Fatehpur for the night while the battery was being recharged.

In Benares we walked round most of the temples and bazaar to nurse the car for the remainder of the journey. Thirty miles outside Benares a bullock-cart had collapsed

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in the middle of the Grand Trunk Road and I gave a blast of the horn as we approached, to clear the on-lookers with their bullocks and donkeys out of the way. They stood back and I accelerated to pass. There was a jolt and I looked in the mirror to see what had happened. One of the donkeys must have moved forward as I passed for the projecting metal arm of the hood of our car had got caught in its load and pulled it head over heels in the dust at the side of the road. Vik had been sleeping with his head against the metal arm, and it took a little while for him to settle again. He needn't have bothered. Eleven miles later, travelling at a steady 60 m.p.h., the offside front wheel took off, bounced for a bit beside the lurching car, cleared the heads of three peasant women, shot 40 feet in the air to clear the trees at the side of the road, and in a diminishing series of gigantic bumps, careered across the fields. I still don't know how I kept the car on its three remaining wheels until it stopped, but when I grabbed my cine-camera to take a film of the rapidly disappearing wheel I found that I could not focus the camera because of the shaking of my hands. We retrieved the wheel, walked for several miles in the blazing noon-day sun searching for the hub-cap which had come off, and never found it. Vik finally managed to thumb a lift from a solitary private car going to Benares, and my wife and I settled down to the inevitable tea and books. Mosquitoes swarmed in clouds so we put up a mosquito net over the car, and finally, as the sun disappeared, my wife stretched out on the rear seat and I unrolled my sleeping-roll and bedded down at the roadside in the shadow of the car. It was nearly midnight when we were wakened by the clip-clop of a horse's hooves approaching, then stopping beside the car. Vik had returned. He had searched Benares with the help of Alex Smyth, miraculously found a Riley hub-cap in a scrap heap, got a bus to the nearest village about ten miles away, then hired a horse and cart to bring him the

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rest of the way to the car. We continued to sleep beside the car for the remainder of the night.

Sixty-five miles later a knock in the engine developed into a clatter and another bearing had seized up. We managed to persuade a truck driver to tow us for 50 miles to a roadside dak bungalow, empty of officials at the moment, 285 miles from Calcutta, and 25 miles from the nearest town. There was not even a village in the vicinity, and only two small food vendors at the cross roads. We stripped the engine completely to the last nut, somehow managing with the aid of passing peasants to lift the engine right out. We found that Nos. 1 and 4 con-rods had seized up and decided that Vik should again thumb a lift to the nearest town and from there take a train to Calcutta where they could be remetalled properly. He was away for three days. On the morning of the fourth day there was a blast of the horn and a car turned into the drive before the bungalow, and out jumped Vik—followed by three Calcutta friends, Bruce Page, Derek Morant and Margaret Edwards, and my Tibetan servant, Loshay. They were indeed all that could be asked of a rescue party, for in addition to sympathy (mostly raucous) and offers of help (mostly vocal) they had brought hampers of food and drink. We had been living on tea and eggs for several days.

They left, and Vik and I settled down to three days of scraping the white metal down to a smooth fit with pen-knives, followed by two days of reassembling the engine parts. Twelve days after our breakdown we left for Bodh Gaya, the place of Buddhist pilgrimage, and Calcutta. We drove all night in spells of two hours each at the wheel, for the generator was still not working and if the engine stopped there was not sufficient power in the battery to start it up again.

We put the car into the garage in Calcutta for checking and repair of the generator, and then left on the last lap of our trip, the 300 miles to Kalimpong. We missed the

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ferry and were held up for a day at a place where we could get no food. On the other side of the ferry the generator stopped working again, and driving across a river bed the exhaust pipes tore away. On a sandy stretch of road just being built, clouds of sand rose up and choked the carburettor, and with a splutter the car stopped in the street of a small village.

We had had enough. We pushed the car into an empty shed belonging to a helpful merchant, and arranged to get a lift in two lorries leaving for Siliguri, where there was a taxi service to Kalimpong, 40 miles further on. The lorries could only take two in each, so Loshay and Vik went in one, while my wife and I went in the other with our luggage. Twenty miles later the lorry broke down, and in the dark my wife and I had to transfer to another passing lorry, only this time riding on top of a high load in the back and not in the cabin. On the night of the third day after leaving Calcutta we arrived in Siliguri, 282 miles away, too late to find a taxi to Kalimpong. We had a meal in the railway restaurant, and booked a retiring room for the night. There was no sign of Vik and Loshay.

At 5.30 the next morning we were awakened by a loud knocking at the door. It was Vik and Loshay. The lorry they had travelled on had turned out to be one operated by smugglers and they had been chased by police. After crashing the police barriers between Bihar and Bengal Provinces the lorry driver had turned across the open fields, switched out his lights and he and his companions had held Vik and Loshay there throughout the night while the police searched everywhere for them, and then turned them loose when they slipped away at dawn.

The 40 miles from Siliguri to Kalimpong was accomplished without a breakdown and in a contemplative silence.

II. PEOPLE I HAVE TALKED WITH

The Chinese Artist and the Painting

Kuling is one of the beauty spots of China. Situated in Central China, only a few days up-river journey from Shanghai and Nanking, and a few days down-river from Hankow, it was the seat of Chinese Nationalist Government during the hot summer months.

The road to Kuling wound from the flat country surrounding the port of Kiukiang, home of China's famous pottery, and shot up suddenly into the mountains in which Kuling nestled 3,500 feet up. Trucks and buses could only run as far as the foot of the mountain and then everyone had to dismount. The proud and energetic walked the rest of the way, others were carried on the shoulders of coolies, in a *hua-gan*, a light bamboo contraption like a simple form of sedan-chair.

The 'town' of Kuling was only one street, with lanes branching off and tapering away into dead-ends, and the shopping centre confined to the main street. The houses of the government officials, business men and missionaries who flocked to this resort were scattered over the forested mountain-side around Kuling and connected by a maze of tree-lined avenues.

While I was in Kuling I went down with an illness and during a long convalescence I was looked after by an elderly lady missionary, a Miss Dunphy, from Ireland. It

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would take a Maurice Walsh to describe that motherly, kindly, drily humorous 'breath o' ould Oireland'. I knew it would be an insult if I were to offer payment for her care of me, but I wanted to express my appreciation in some way, and as I wandered over the mountain-side during my convalescence I thought over what I could give to her as a suitable present.

I began to get the glimmerings of an idea when I stopped to watch a Chinese artist at work one day. I was walking along a path above a noisy stream when I noticed him in a hollow beneath me. He could not hear me for the sound of the water and I sat above and to the side of him while I watched him paint steadily. It was a traditional western-style landscape in water-colours, although the light wash and delicate brushwork gave it an Oriental emphasis, and I sat engrossed with his very evident skill for some time. From time to time he stood back and let his eyes move over the surrounding scenery, and during one of those relaxing spells he saw me. He showed no sign of surprise, and inclined his head in a courteous Chinese bow.

When he began to pack away his brushes and easel I walked forward to meet him. He smiled and bowed again.

'Kwei hsin, hsien hsen?' (What is your honourable name, sir?) he inquired politely.

'Hsin, Pai,' (My name is Pai), I replied in my stammering Chinese.

'Ming-tze shih shen-mo?' (What is your 'Christian' name?) he asked.

'Ming-tze, Teh Seng,' (My Christian name is Teh Seng—[Pai Teh Seng—Patterson]) I answered.

He launched into a spate of Chinese, the only part of which I understood was a compliment to my command of the Chinese language. I shook my head. 'Do not be so polite. I do not speak Chinese very well,' I said slowly. 'Do you speak English?'

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'I speak little English,' he replied haltingly, after thinking for a few moments.

We exchanged a few more stammered comments, helping each other out in Chinese and English, laughing when we came to an *impasse* and beginning all over again. As we walked slowly back to Kuling we tried valiantly to exchange ideas of art, but we were more successful in our gestures than in our vocabulary and so we did not get very far.

'You come to my house,' he suggested. 'See many paintings.'

'Hsieh hsieh ni,' (thank you) I replied, taking it as a general invitation to be accepted later.

'Now?' he insisted.

'Hao,' I agreed and we both laughed at the onomatopoeic play on the words.

When we entered the one-storied house and I was shown into a large sitting-room the glimmerings of the idea that I had had earlier crystallized into certainty; I would buy a painting for Miss Dunphy. The room was stacked with paintings—on the wall, against the wall, on the floor, on chairs, and on the table. There were oils, water-colours, pastels, charcoal and Chinese ink. Even to my untutored eye the work exhibited in the room was very good. Both the Eastern and Western approaches to art had been used by the artist and there was about an equal amount of the self-contained symbolism of the former with the representational of the latter, the usually accepted distinction between the two theories of art, even when the latter was stylized or distorted. The Chinese theory was that visual information is not part of art's intention, whereas European theories, particularly those of the Renaissance, were that every part of the canvas should convey some visual information. The European paints fruit so well that the birds will pick it; the Chinese paints a dragon without eyes so that it will not fly away.

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All this was conveyed to me by a friend of the artist who had come into the room and who spoke fluent English. He was a reporter for one of China's leading English language newspapers. I took the opportunity of his being there to ask if I might purchase one of the paintings, and when this was interpreted to the artist he nodded his head in smiling agreement.

'I would like this one,' I said, at last, pointing to a landscape painted from the avenue in front of Miss Dunphy's house, which I thought she would prefer to some of the cubist still-lives.

There was a fractional hesitation when this was conveyed to the artist, then after some talk the artist left the room and the reporter said to me, 'This painting belongs to Mr. Wang's sister, who is also an artist. But he thinks she will give it to you. He has gone to fetch her.'

We chatted for a little while about the situation in China, and the reporter asked me how I came to know the artist. When I told him that I didn't really know him, that I had only met him a couple of hours before, he said in startled tones, 'You don't really know him! You don't know, then, that he is the editor of China's leading art journal, and his sister is one of China's leading artists?'

I looked at him in horrified silence, and he must have misinterpreted this as disbelief for he rose and went over to a cupboard, returning with an expensive looking magazine, and showed the name of my artist friend as editor. He then flipped over a few pages, and there was an article and a series of reproductions of his sister's work, one of the originals of which was in the room in which I sat.

The reporter saw that my silence was shock, for he smiled and asked how long I had been in China. Only about six months, I told him.

'Then you will not be offended if I offer you some advice?' he asked, looking towards the door. I shook my

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head, and he went on. 'When Mr. Wang returns with his sister, and if she gives you the painting, do not offer payment. It is the Chinese custom to offer a friend a gift and you will insult her if you insist on paying for it. Do you understand?'

'Yes, I understand,' I replied, 'but however can I show my appreciation?'

'Wait for some time, then you can offer her a gift. But remember you must wait for some time so that it will not appear you are offering the gift only in return for the gift she has given you.'

The door opened and the artist came in with his sister. She was the loveliest Chinese woman I had seen in the time I had spent in China. Like her brother she knew only a little English, but through the reporter she said that she was now taking lessons in French and English for she hoped to go to Paris for further studies in the near future. She was honoured that I liked her painting and would like to give it to me. I thanked her as well as I could and arranged to call on them again.

When I gave the painting to Miss Dunphy I told her that it would always remind her of her home in Kuling when she returned to Ireland on her retirement.

'Retirement?' she said sharply, 'who spoke of retirement? I have no intention of leaving China for a long time yet.'

She was seventy-two, and the Communists had occupied the whole of North China and had reached the banks of the mighty River Yangtze in their conquest of the South.

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The American Psychologist and Dreams

‘Thus spake Vivekananda,’ a deep voice rang out from behind me in the hotel lounge, the remark obviously addressed to me and the quotation I had just made.

‘You are wrong, friend,’ I said, turning round slowly. ‘Thus spake Jesus Christ.’

Several of us had gathered in the lounge of the Himalayan Hotel and had been indulging in one of the many arguments that arise when people of wide interests, far travels, and strong opinions, meet. The Himalayan Hotel was famous for the variety of people it attracted and the discussions that were to be heard in its lounge, but as I looked round I thought that surely never in its colourful history had it known such an unusual guest and such a unique entry into the circle of discussion.

At first I thought he was an Indian. He was standing just inside the shadow of the curtained doorway, where he had stopped either to listen to the argument, or through reluctance to intrude, and his face looked dark in the shadow. He was wearing a loose white shirt, Indian-style, and as he walked forward to meet the group following on his interjection it could be seen that he was also wearing the white *dhoti* or loose ‘trousers’ of the Indian. His hair and beard were long and black and thick, his skin a deep brown. But as he entered into the discussion smoothly, showing that he must have been listening for some time, his accent was obviously American.

The penetrating contribution that he made to the following discussion, coupled with his engaging lack of self-consciousness and outlandish appearance, intrigued me, and as we chatted together later I asked him if he were staying in the hotel and how long he expected to

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be in Kalimpong, for I wanted to see more of him. He replied that he had booked in at the hotel but he had really expected to meet a friend in Kalimpong who had not turned up. As to how long he would remain, he didn't know, he would hang on as long as it might profit him in his studies. Academically, he was collecting material for a thesis for his Ph.D. on 'The Jung Concept of the Analytical Psychologist and the Hindu Guru,' but primarily he was searching for satisfaction for his own deep inner hunger. He thought he had the key to what he wanted in Jung's theory of dream symbolism, and so in addition to his studies for his thesis he was also working on a comparison of dream symbols inherent in all religions. He had been to Swami Vivekananda Ashram, and the Hindu University at Benares. He had just spent three months travelling with a Hindu Swami as Guru, walking with him, eating with him, sleeping with him, night and day. He had just left his Hindu Guru and was now in Kalimpong to learn something more of Buddhism at first hand.

I took a sudden decision. 'Have you any particular reason for wanting to stay in the hotel?' I asked him.

'No,' he replied, 'I just came here because I knew of no other place in Kalimpong.'

'Well,' I suggested, 'how about coming along to my place and putting up there as long as you are in Kalimpong? I can give you a room with a view and we can talk to our heart's content.'

'Sounds good to me,' he answered, 'just let me grab my haversack and we'll go. My name is Bill Swartley by the way.'

That began one of the most memorable two weeks I have known. For eleven days we shut ourselves away while we discussed the possible significance of dream symbology. He contended that there were processes within the unconscious of a different order from the conscious processes, such as ideas which acted as a selective

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agency and functioned as a barrier to prevent repressed impulses, memories and ideas from coming into consciousness. The purpose in dream symbolism was to attempt interpretation mainly by dream analysis through a diagnostic-free-association test to explain various features in a person's dreams. In theory, the dream form and content was first of all distinguished, and then interpretation consisted mainly in explaining the form which the content had been given. With training and discipline he hoped to be able to record the form and content of all his dreams and gradually through increased confidence in interpretation accomplish integration and wholeness.

I got out a Bible and turning to the book of Daniel showed Nebuchadnezzar's difficulties with the Freuds and Jungs of his day. Quite a considerable difference lay in the fact that he made his Chaldeans and astrologers and magicians answerable with their lives for their theories. This tended to a measure of caution and honesty so that when he asked them for the interpretation of a dream, the form and content of which he had forgotten, so that no analysis through diagnostic-free-association was possible, they protested that 'there is not a man on earth that can show the king's matter', and that it was a 'rare thing that the king requireth and there is none other that can show the king except the gods whose dwelling is not with flesh'. The king felt that this was obvious, and as they were being highly paid for a job in which they claimed to be fully *au courant* with dreams, symbols and the mysterious unknown which supposedly gave them their esoteric knowledge of interpretation, he was not too happy about being given the obvious, and so he declared them expendable. It was left to Daniel to show the king the significance of dreams and to prove his point in a manner which the king—and so-called wise men—understood. 'Art thou able to make known unto me the dream which I have seen, and the interpretation thereof?' Nebuchadnezzar asked Daniel. And Daniel answered,

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‘The secret which the king hath demanded cannot the wise men shew unto the king, but there is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets and maketh known to the king what should come to pass hereafter; but as for me, this secret is not revealed to me for any wisdom that I have more than any living, but that thou mightest know the thoughts of thy heart.’

I contended that Freud and Jung were in much the same position as the Chaldeans and wise men in Nebuchadnezzar’s day, and that until they established some sort of evidence that they were authorized by a Higher Authority who would give a divine *imprimatur* to their symbols and their interpretations, it would behove them to restrain their speculation and confine themselves to the obvious.

Eleven days, from morning till night, we spent in a glorious exchange, and on the twelfth day we decided that the time had come to speak of other things. My neighbour was a young Austrian anthropologist, Dr. René Von Nebesky-Wojkowitz, with a considerable reputation in demonology, and I called him in and suggested that we have a tea-party to which we could invite a few of the friends we thought might be interested in further discussions.

Bill decided he would have a hair-cut, and returned in all solemnity with his long, shoulder-length hair trimmed to the same spade shape as his beard, a pair of spectacles suspended on the back of his head as well as on the front, and an Indian Congress (forage-shape) cap perched on top with a flower fore and aft. It certainly provided a diversion as the guests arrived and were introduced.

Ray Williams, granddaughter of Mr. MacDonald of the Himalayan Hotel, with Major Vasu of Indian Military Intelligence; Prince Latthakin of Burma, married to the daughter of the last of the Burmese Kings, King Thibaw, an ardent Bhuddist; Mrs. Mitter, a Bengali lady, well-known in Kalimpong, and a very motherly

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friend to René and me; the son of the Prime Minister of Bhutan and his wife, Jigme and Tess Dorje; Jigme's two sisters, Kumaris Tashi and Kesang, the latter soon to be Maharani, or Queen, of Bhutan; Jigme Tering, high Tibetan official with his wife Mary; Kapshopa, the secretary of the Dalai Lama's mother, and his wife, Sodenla; George Tsarong, son of Tibet's elder statesman, Tsarong Shape, and Yangchen his wife; Michael Lovett, young business man from Calcutta, and his wife; Betty Tering, also of Tsarong's family.

We had tea in the garden, the guests scattered around the lawn on cushions, helping themselves to food in between bouts of argument on Buddhism, Hinduism, Lamaism and, of course, always back to dream symbolism. It was too good to last. René and Bill persuaded some of the Tibetan ladies to do a Tibetan dance, conversation became general but still animated. It was only after everyone had gone that we discovered there was no sugar laid out and that the large cake made specially for the occasion had never been cut.

The Princess and the Angels

Princess Irene, wife of H.R.H. Prince Peter of Greece and Denmark, a woman of wide interests and ability, liked nothing better than a lively debate on any subject, and her home in Kalimpong became the centre for controversies, after the fashion of the former Parisian *salons*, where conversation ranged from 'the significance of psychic phenomena in the life of a Tibetan nun-murderer of twelve people' to 'the influence of religion in modern Russia'. She was equally at home in both and many intermediate subjects, for she had been

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a student of Freud's and was a Russian by birth. French, Russian, Italian, German, Danish, Greek, English, Chinese, and Tibetan were only some of the languages used in these discussions in her home, after China had attacked Tibet and high Tibetan officials fled to Kalimpong from Lhasa, and ambassadors, diplomats, officials, scholars, reporters and tourists made Kalimpong the most popular rendezvous in India, and—to many interested parties—the world.

It was at one of her *conversaciones* that someone mentioned the notices which had been put up around Kalimpong announcing a meeting to be held in Kalimpong Town Hall when a world-renowned speaker would address the gathering on a theme to include The Misconceptions of the World's Statesmen, the Cross of Christendom, the Events leading up to Armageddon, and other subjects of importance. The point that infuriated Princess Irene, though, was that he intended to debunk the orthodox Christian beliefs concerning the Trinity.

'Patla,' she said emphatically to me across the table, 'we will go to this meeting and you will defend the Christian doctrine.'

'Who, me?' I spluttered, 'why pick on me?'

'Because you're a man of God,' she said, firmly and unanswerably, 'and defender of Christianity in Kalimpong.'

I protested the futility of arguing with one of his theological persuasion, for as far as I could gather from the content of his addresses he was a spokesman for one of the heretical sects of Christendom, the Jehovah's Witnesses. I had come across them in various parts of the world and never yet had discussed anything to profit. In argument with them I was reminded of the famous dictum:

To argue in order to win is sophistry:

To argue in order to increase knowledge is wisdom.

I had never known one to come into the latter category.

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I ought to have realized from what I knew of Princess Irene that although the subject was dropped it was by no means considered closed, but I gave it no further thought. I still wasn't suspicious when a few days later Princess Irene invited me to tea and asked me to bring a Bible, for I was accustomed to unusual requests from her, and also she intimated that there would be a discussion on the two 'love books' of Christianity and Hinduism, the Song of Solomon and the Kama Sutra, or 'Aphorisms of Love'. There were several guests representing Christian, Hindus, Buddhists and agnostics. The discussions covered sources as diverse as St. Antony and Marquis de Sade, Oscar Wilde and William Blake, Dr. Kinsey and the Chinese bridal book, Freud and the Apostle Paul.

We were only in the middle of the argument when Princess Irene said, 'All right! It is time to go.' It was only when she added, 'We must get to the Town Hall before he begins his address,' that it dawned on me we were going to hear Jehovah's Witness after all.

'You had better take your Bible, Patla,' she addressed me serenely, 'you will need it to argue with this heretic.'

'I'm not going to argue in public with any Jehovah's Witness,' I protested mutinously, 'I have told you already that it is no use.'

'Well, if you don't, *I* will,' she retorted vigorously, 'and you can be ashamed that you refused to defend the faith, and that a woman, and a Greek Orthodox at that, has to be a martyr for the sake of the Trinity.'

But when it came to the point she outwitted me again. Jehovah's Witness had just sat down after his hour-long address to a packed Town Hall when Her Highness said, 'My friend, Mr. Patterson, has some questions to ask.'

The speaker indicated that he would be only too pleased to deal with any questions that were put to him, and after taking a deep breath, I capitulated.

'Mr. Speaker,' I said, 'I have three objections to your

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interpretation of the Bible and the events you have listed in your address; one, theologically; two, chronologically; and three, eschatologically. I would like to deal first of all with what you have said regarding the fall of Lucifer and the angels and their union with the daughters of men in Genesis chapter six. . . .’

‘Patla,’ said Princess Irene some time later, ‘I think it is time we went home. You have done very well. You have spent two hours discussing the sex of angels. The rest of the heresy will have to wait until some other time.’

The Indian Communists and Conversion

With the Chinese ‘Liberation’ Army occupying Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, the Tibetan officials who had fled to Kalimpong on hearing the news of the Chinese invasion accepted the *fait accompli* with Oriental equanimity and began preparations for their return. The Dalai Lama had fled to the Indian, or more properly, the Sikkim, border, about sixty miles from Kalimpong and it was rumoured that he, too, had resigned himself to accepting the fact of the Chinese conquest and non-intervention of the United Nations on Tibet’s behalf, and expected to return to the Potala. The Chinese Government sent a diplomatic delegation under the leadership of one, Chang Chung Win, to Tibet, via Calcutta, Kalimpong and Sikkim, to act in an ‘advisory’ capacity to the Tibetan Government.

The even tenor of Communist intrigue had been somewhat upset with the appearance in Calcutta of the Dalai Lama’s eldest brother, Taktser Rimpoche, who had been an important figure in Chinese calculations to take

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over Tibet, and whose presence in Calcutta after a dramatic escape from Tibet was embarrassing to the Chinese, to put it at its mildest. It was an even greater upset and embarrassment when a few days later Chang Chung Win and his 'advisory' delegation heard that Taktser Rimpoche had again outwitted them and was safely in America. So much being in the balance—e.g., did Taktser's flight to America mean that the Dalai Lama was also intending seeking sanctuary in India or the West? Did American sanctuary for Taktser Rimpoche mean that America was going to take up the question of Tibet in the United Nations? and a host of other related problems—he didn't dare leave Kalimpong, and a stream of cables, telephone calls and messengers passed between Kalimpong, Calcutta, Delhi and Peking.

As I had been very friendly with Taktser Rimpoche throughout his stay in Kalimpong and Calcutta, right up to the moment of his departure, the Chinese were intensely interested in what I knew and what further part I was likely to play. And it may have been this that lay behind the Indian Communists' willingness to accept my invitation to tea at my house. They were not advertised as leading Indian Communists, of course, nor even as delegates, advisory or otherwise, but were simply harmless summer visitors to a popular hill-station, but I knew who they were and that they had been having talks with Chang Chung Win and his advisory delegation, and they knew that I knew. This mutual knowledge made matters less complicated than they might have been and so there was very little preamble necessary as we settled down to tea and talk.

Two of them, one youngish and one middle-aged, were the spokesmen for the party. The younger one did most of the talking, while the middle-aged one supplied most of the thoughtful contributions. We met at my house on several occasions over the next few days and progressed steadily from discussions on social changes in

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China and Tibet, to social changes necessary in India and the world at large. They were perfectly frank about part of their purpose—to make me a Communist.

‘It will be easier for us to convert you to Communism, than for you to convert us to Christianity,’ the young one stated flatly. ‘Your sympathies are with the poor and oppressed, you have no illusions about the practices of politicians in a democracy, and you have read as much Communist literature as we have.’

‘And that is where your whole appeal falls through,’ I pointed out. ‘For while I have read Marx as well as Christ, and chosen Christ, you have only read Marx, and without reading Christ have rejected Him. That is indicative of the whole Communist approach, to take only that which suits their theory and contemptuously dismiss the rest. In less congenial circumstances than obtained in India you would deal with me as your Chinese colleagues have done with my friend—throw me into prison and try to brain-wash me into “conversion”.’

They protested against the extremity of this step, although maintaining that such guards had to be set in order that ‘freedom’ might not be abused, and so finally arrived at the ‘conversion’ experiences of the contributors to the book *The God that Failed* and of Douglas Hyde, in *I Believed*.

‘Is there only one choice, then?’ the younger man said, ‘between Communism and Catholicism? What will happen when some of those who have been Communists and become Catholics find no satisfactory answer there either? They cannot return to the Party, for the Party will not receive them. If there is nothing else they can only put a knife to their throats.’

The middle-aged one interrupted. ‘Maybe the Party is the loser in not being prepared to take them back again, for their experience probably would make them more mature. But that by the way, I only wanted to say that if I were in a situation like that, before I put a knife

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to my throat I would take another look at a Christian group I know who aren't Communists or Catholics. Mark you, I consider them hopeless idealists, but they live simply, help the poor, have no ministers or organization, view the Bible as we do the Manifesto and have prayer meetings and discussion groups where everybody is considered equal and free to take part!

I looked at him closely to see if he was pulling my leg, or trying to draw me, but he was obviously sincere and addressing his remarks to his younger companion as much as to me. The young one looked sceptical.

'Who are these folks?' he inquired.

'People known as Plymouth Brethren,' the middle-aged one replied. 'I was brought up amongst them and although I left them when I reached intellectual maturity, I remember the way they used to live. They have no social programme, of course, and no interest in politics, but before I cut my throat through disappointment with Communism and Catholicism I would have another look at that group's beliefs.'

'Very good,' I congratulated him. 'How did you find out about my Plymouth Brethren background?'

He looked at me in puzzled fashion, for a few moments, then he smiled. 'I never knew you were Plymouth Brethren, but, of course, it is the only thing you could be. Here we have been wondering for several days where you stood in politics or religion and I should have known all the time. Well we know now.'

He rose, and held out his hand. 'If ever I should change my mind,' he said quietly, 'I'll let you know.'

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Madame X and Father Morse

Madame X was most assuredly a *femme fatale*. At least I had been assured that she was twenty years before, and the years having dealt with her very kindly she was still a *femme* considerably *fatale*. She managed to cloak her arrival and subsequent movements in Kalimpong with an air of mystery and Kalimpong having already an international reputation for intrigue, welcomed her with open arms. With stories of her influential contacts in Delhi, and rumours of her significant contacts in Kalimpong, added to her physical attractions and formidable intellectual endowments she encircled the world of Kalimpong as one of its brightest constellations.

I enjoyed being in her company, for her sophistication was not of the artificial kind of a *soignée* appearance, linked to a store of clichés taken from subjects that People are Talking About, according to Vogue. I watched her sweetly destroy the aplomb of a bombastic Indian Major on the subject of security, his own province. I listened in admiration as she piled fact upon fact in an argument with a high Government official to prove Government waste of money in a scheme for prefabricated houses until he was overwhelmed in the flood of figures. And with it all she lost none of her charm.

When she asked me to show her some of the sights of Kalimpong who was I to refuse, and why should I want to?

I took her to the Tibetan Monastery with its maroon-robed Lamas, butter lamps, dimly-lit idols, and prayer-wheels. We stood on the edge of the dramatic 3,000 feet drop to the Teesta Valley, facing the mighty snow-crowned Kanchenjunga, where the bodies of the Buddhist believers were cremated. We visited the home of a

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Tibetan artist and she watched him paint a *thanka*, a Tibetan religious scroll. We walked through the notorious 10th-mile in Kalimpong, as famous in its way as the 'Casbah' in Algiers, and chatted to the Tibetan muleteers and Chinese merchants, until we arrived at the beggars' quarters on the far side of the town.

Here the pilgrims and unfortunates from Tibet were congregated in a single community, packed into a long corrugated iron-roofed building. The lame, the sick, the halt, the blind, the hungry, the fatherless and the homeless could always be found here. It was the 'parish' of Father Morse.

Father Morse was a Cowley Father and not a Roman Catholic one, an American by birth who had come to Kalimpong from China. He had taken the vows of celibacy, charity and poverty, and when he was in China a contributor to the *New Yorker* had dubbed him in an article 'The Happy Beggar'. He was a gentle-eyed, silver-haired, flowing-bearded, soft-voiced Christian; a pianist of considerable ability, with an obviously cultured background to which he never referred. He lived in a bare room in the beggars' quarters and gave away food and medicine to every needy soul he met, keeping nothing for himself. Only a few foreigners could visit the 10th-mile at night; Father Morse could live there in safety.

I took Madame X to meet him. He was in his bare little room—a chair, a table, a camp cot, a blanket and a crucifix—sorting out some medicines which had just been gifted to him, and he invited us with patriarchal kindness and dignity to sit on the camp cot; the chair wasn't too safe but out of long practice he knew how to sit on it without danger. We talked for a little and then he insisted on giving us some tea. It would have to be Chinese tea and served in medicine glasses, he said, for he had only one cup, but he could not let our visit pass without some small token of hospitality. He was helped

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by a brawny Tibetan who washed the glasses, dried them and put them on the table while Father Morse got out the Tibetan tea, and kept up a flow of information about his beloved work.

'Is that your servant,' asked Madame X, indicating the Tibetan who was now standing back looking curiously at the foreign woman.

'No, he is a Tibetan from the beggars' quarters,' replied Father Morse, 'I have been treating him and he is very grateful and comes in to help me.'

'Do many Tibetans have no eyebrows like him?' she said.

'Oh no,' replied Father Morse, 'he is a leper; at least'—he corrected himself—'he was, but I think he is not infectious now.'

Madame X was silent and preoccupied on our return journey to the Himalayan Hotel.

Prince of the Mongols and an Asian Trek

This is Prince Minwang of Mongolia,' Dr. Chang said,' a very good friend. I would like you to help him.'

Doctor Carsun Chang was a well-known and widely respected Chinese statesman. Chairman of the Democratic League, and China's representative to the United Nations in 1946, he had been the architect of China's Constitution, and go-between during the momentous talks with General Marshall, Chou En Lai and Chiang Kai Shek in the post-war years in China. An inflexible opponent of the Kuomintang Party and aims of Communism, and although a close friend of Chou En Lai and one of the few Chinese high officials with a clean political his-

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tory, he refused all Communist invitations to join the Party or remain in China under Communism, and he voluntarily exiled himself. After a short stay in Hong-Kong and Macao to settle family problems he left for a visit to India to lecture on Political Science in the leading Universities there. We met in the house of a mutual friend and in the four months in which we shared the same roof we became close friends and kept up the contact after our paths separated.

I looked with interest at the person Dr. Chang had introduced as Prince Minwang of Mongolia and saw a small, thin, tanned and inscrutable man in a western style suit.

'If I can do anything I shall be only too glad to help,' I said. 'What would you like me to do?'

Minwang, it appeared, was a prince of the great Mongol tribe of Torgut, a 'Tsagar Yasse', 'White Bones' noble of the first-class, descendant of Genghiz Khan, the thirteenth-century 'Scourge of God', conqueror of Asia and ruler of the world from the Arctic Sea to Singapore, from what is now Germany to China, from Siberia to India, Arabia and Egypt in Africa. Prince Minwang's ancestors had been established by Genghiz Khan at that time in the Fifth Khannate among the western Mongols of the West Gobi.

History had taken a savage toll of the Mongols from the time of Genghiz and Kublai Khan. In the middle of the eighteenth century the Manchus killed 600,000 Oret Mongols in Inner Mongolia, and this was only the beginning of the Chinese pogrom to exterminate the 'Warrior Race'. Having destroyed the Mongol south wing they then proceeded to intrigue amongst the other Khannates, taking over Sinkiang from the weakened Fifth Khannate, and finally the remaining Four Khannates which today is Red Outer Mongolia.

In the meantime the Torguts who escaped the earlier massacre by the Chinese moved across Central Asia into

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Europe. Having conquered the Urals in Russia a famous Torgut chief had sworn obedience to the Czar of the Russias by licking the knife's edge, and placing it to his throat; in return he had been made cavalry commander and put in charge of the attack against the Turkish Empire in Constantinople. Under him the Torguts fought and defeated the Ottoman Empire with its African, Arabian and Middle Eastern confederations of Muslim nations, and held, alone, the entire front allowing Russia to put down the feudal chiefs in the interior and so lay the foundations for modern Russia.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century half a million Torguts, hearing that 'Bloody' Catherine, as the Mongols called Catherine the Great, was plotting to destroy them, planned to leave Russia. Catherine sent her Cossack armies against them and 300,000 men, women and children were massacred in the fighting trek across Asia to Sinkiang. Only 50,000 survived that trek and settled down in the west Gobi, Sinkiang and Tsinghai Province.

Prince Minwang and his family were remarkable remnants of that remarkable people. He and his brother and sister had been educated in Moscow, Paris and Peking, and could speak Russian, French, German, English and Chinese as well as several Central Asian dialects. His sister, Princess Mme. Bréal, was married to the French Consul in Peking. He himself had been a Vice-President of the Council in Sinkiang, and a Representative to the National Legislative Yuan of the Chinese Nationalist Government, and a member of the Commission for Mongolian and Tibetan Affairs.

When the Chinese Communists turned towards Sinkiang in 1950 and Russia began moving troops from Mongolia to safeguard her interests in the area, the Torguts once again gathered to defend themselves against the hated Slavs and the advancing Chinese Communists. It was a losing battle, and again they were caught up in a

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tragic trek. From the Gobi Desert through Sinkiang into Tibet. Across the vast unexplored wastes of Tibet they fought, divided and deployed, their numbers steadily depleted as that savage country took ruthless toll of lives in cold, exhaustion and starvation. When Prince Min-wang finally arrived in Kalimpong there were only 23 survivors with him, and they were destitute. He would require help to get from Kalimpong to Formosa, where he was sure of a welcome and a position from which he could carry on the fight. Would I help him to get there?

There wasn't much I could do—letters to influential friends I had met in Kalimpong, letters to the Red Cross, letters to the International Refugee Fund—but it was enough to let him, his two wives, his son, and three others travel third-class to Calcutta, and as deck passengers on a Chinese ship from there to Formosa.

As I joined him and his family in a last meal in the tiny, two-roomed lean-to they occupied in Kalimpong I thought the descendant of Genghiz might be small in size and reduced in circumstances, but the fighting spirit of the Great Khan was being maintained to the end.

'Wee Forfar' and 'the Testimony'

Life on board a ship is a curious thing; it is an almost depersonalized existence. From the time when land fades, cabin trunks are unpacked, and the preliminary inspection tour of the decks accomplished, the ship becomes to all intents and purposes a new world in which the human beings on board have to adjust themselves to a completely new set of circumstances—with, as I have said, curious results. The enforced proximity in such narrow confines generates pressures on human re-

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relationships and interests which produce behaviour patterns that provide a unique field of study for sociologists. The main outlines emerge clearly whether one travels first-class, or tourist, or no-class; naturally the field is more restricted in first-class, and more comprehensive and detailed—as well as more engrossing!—in either tourist or no-class.

Both males and females are shorn of the every-day trappings of civilization; the male has no office, no paper, no garden, no radio, no car, and no neighbours, to provide him with the material sinews of life; the female has no house, no telephone, no tea-room, no shops, no meals, no children and no friends, to provide her with the pillars of her existence. The morning after the departure the day before, then, finds them facing a Brave New World.

A few pioneers may be seen before breakfast, but activity in the real sense of the term does not begin until after breakfast, when husbands in knife-edged grey flannels, open-necked shirts, and knotted silk scarves, with wives in coloured shorts and even more colourful tops (heavier but still uniformly accepted dress is used in colder climes), silently pace out the measured mile round the deck, followed at irregular intervals by others of the new community, whose sensible shirts and flannels, and skirts and jumpers, indicate that they are most likely missionaries. The younger element are already pestering the Deck Steward to provide quoits and rings for deck games, while the more reflective and aged dispose themselves in deck-chairs around the rails with books, binoculars, and blankets. Apart from changes of dress or location of deck chairs, human enterprise remains suspended until the bar opens for pre-prandial drinks.

A section of the community restricts itself completely to this one extra-curricular activity throughout the voyage. The rest of the community, however, divides itself into two distinct patterns of behaviour as their con-

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tribution to this Brave New World. The Chief Purser is the titular leader of one group, with elected (democratic?) members from the community acting as his assistants, and named variously Games Secretary, Entertainments Secretary, and so on. They are responsible for the cultural welfare of the community in providing coerced or cajoled participation in deck games, competitions, tom-bola, ship's sweepstake, dancing and fancy dress. The other prominent section of the community contributing to the Brave New World apparently has no official representative in the ship's company (the Captain's Sunday morning contribution cannot be taken seriously as 'official'?)—and so they take upon themselves the responsibility for the religious welfare of the community. Again members are elected (fundamentalists only) to direct activities and a Children's-Meeting Secretary, Sing-song Secretary, and Meetings—Gospel—Bible study—Talks—Secretary are appointed. With one or two exceptions the two groups rarely come into social contact and never coalesce; a few parents will attend the Children's meetings with children, a few brave spirits will join in the Sunday evening sing-song, a few will join in the fancy dress (harmless for children), and a few young missionaries may take part in the games 'to show the world that a Christian can be every bit as good in these things as the worlding' (although this is usually frowned on by the majority); but apart from this feeble flicker the earnest, well-meant efforts of the second group fail to bridge the gap between them and their temporary fellow-occupants of a Brave New World. Sometimes a human catalyst emerges, though, and the voyage becomes suddenly unpredictable and interesting. George White was such.

We were travelling by ship to India when we met him, and he became 'Wee Forfar' for the rest of the voyage, and ever afterwards. As his name indicates he was from Forfar, in Scotland, was small in size, and he was 'in jute, in Calcutta'. 'We' were four—my brother going to

'Wee Forfar' and 'the Testimony'

India for a holiday after a serious illness, my brother-in-law, a doctor, going to relieve an over-worked missionary surgeon to permit him to take a year's holiday, my wife and myself. We were not 'missionaries' in the sense that we belonged to a missionary society, we were simply Christians who felt that as such we should 'love God, and our neighbours as ourselves'; in carrying this out we sometimes travelled abroad and we sometimes stayed at home. In the Brave New World of ship-board life we managed to avoid being organized into tombola, deck competitions, ship's sweepstakes, dancing and fancy dress after some good-natured controversy; we also managed to avoid being organized into singsongs, gospel and prayer meetings although this controversy tended to be acrimonious at times with accusations of 'lack of unity, fellowship, and testimony' liberally besprinkling the discussion. Moving on the lunatic fringe where both groups touched we met 'Wee Forfar' heading in the opposite direction. Tombola, sweepstakes, dancing, games and fancy dress were all grist in the jute-mill of his life, but so were children's meetings, singsongs, gospel and prayer meetings. Over twenty years of travelling to and from, and working in, the East had sharpened his sense of humour and increased his good-natured acceptance of all social and theological idiosyncrasies. He was a 'natural'.

'Ye see, it's like this,' he said in the lounge one night, over his second glass of whisky. 'Ah kin understand that if Christ wis on board this ship He widnae play housey-housey, or ha'e a go in the sweepstake, or pit on a fancy dress fur the dancin', an' Ah ken fine ye'd find Him among the bairns in the Sunday School, an' maybe some o' the meetin's; but o' yin thing Ah'm sure an' that is He wouldnae sing some o' the hymns thae folk sing, or listen tae some o' the things they say in their sermons and prayers; an' above a' He widnae cut himsel' off frae mixing wi' ither folks—even if they are a' publicans, prosti-

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tutes and sinners. An' yet the missionaries keep saying they canna dae this and they canna dae that, an' they dinnae agree wi' this or that because o' their *testimony*. Whit is this "testimony" business? Ah've been comin' and gaun' on board ships fur mair than twenty years, have been prayed fur and led to the Lord times withoot number, Ah've even "made a profession" when Ah've been cornered, or been a wee bit fu'; but Ah've never richt understood whit thae young missionaries are getting at when they talk o' the "testimony". Noo, ye're kin' o' like missionaries in some ways in that ye ken your Bibles and dinnae tak' pairt in some o' the mair stupid things that go on, but ye're no' like missionaries in that ye dinnae mind talkin' to me ower a gless, fur instance, an' ither things, without worryin' about a "bad testimony". Kin ye explain it tae me?

We explained how the term 'testimony' was part of the jargon of a certain section of Christians, mostly found amongst evangelicals. The nearest definition as far as the Bible was concerned would probably be 'a witness to a manner of life based on Christian principles to one's non-Christian neighbours,' but that this interpretation was narrowed down by the afore-mentioned section of Christians to denote a non-identification with the world (or non-Christians) in some of their activities, such as going to the cinema (although religious and missionary movies and lantern lectures were not, by many of them, included in this category) dancing (but party games with each other might be permissible), sports (yet these were encouraged at Sunday School and Bible Class outings). It was a very confused mental attitude which everyone interpreted to suit their own particular group interest or taste. Perhaps it was for that reason that Christ in his infinite wisdom had stated clearly and explicitly, 'I receive *not* testimony from man' because man could not be trusted to define what was or was not testimony to the glory of God.

'Wee Forfar' and 'the Testimony'

'Eh, whit's that again?' Wee Forfar interrupted. 'That bit about Christ "receiving not testimony".'

I repeated it. 'Kin ye gie me chapter and verse for that?' he inquired shrewdly.

My brother took out a pocket Bible and turned up John, chapter 5, verse 34, and handed it to 'Wee Forfar'. He read it over aloud and sat thinking for a little while. 'Dae ye min' if Ah haud on tae your Bible for a day or twa', he said to my brother, and then receiving permission he went on, 'it's a lang time since Ah read it for masel'. Then abruptly he changed the subject, 'D'ye play the piano as weel as the piano accordion, Bill?' he continued to my brother.

'A little,' Bill replied.

'Kin ye dae ony better than that?' and Wee Forfar nodded to where someone was pounding out popular songs in a consistently monotonous performance of 'bass-tenths'.

Bill grinned. 'That wouldn't be too difficult, would it,' he said.

'We'll hae some Scots songs, yin or twa hymns, an' then Ah'll hae anither gless and off tae bed. Here, Mac,' Wee Forfar addressed the passenger-pianist who was obviously settled at the piano for the night, 'ye've had a guid innings wi' that stuff. It's the mind o' the company that we ha'e a change. Right ye are, Bill, gi'e it big licks. Guid freens, guid talk, guid songs and guid whisky—whit mair could ony man ask?'

When we took our places in the parade around the deck the next morning, we saw Wee Forfar deep in conversation with one earnest young woman missionary, and the wind carried his words to us.

'Ah, bit ye see that'll no dae fur an answer, for Christ says, "I receive *not* testimony from man".'

III. DILEMMAS I HAVE BEEN IN

Arrested for Spying in Chungking

The political situation in China was deteriorating daily. Chiang Kai Shek's Nationalist Government was tottering on what little pedestal it had left after a period in office characterized by unprecedented corruption. Three times the exchange value of the Chinese dollar had passed into infinity and now the children played with 10,000 dollar notes in the street. Banks closed down, and merchants shut their shops, only a few carrying on trade in silver dollars or by weighing out silver ingots and gold dust. Postal, telephone and telegraphic communications were in a chaotic state as armies, parts of armies, deserters, brigands and rioting police, swept backwards and forwards throughout the country, completely out of control as the Communists advanced south, east and west.

I was in the west, on the border of Tibet, with my friend Geoff Bull, preparing a caravan to take us right into Tibet. We had yaks and horses and mules, we had saddles and boxes and tents, we had a considerable quantity of Scripture portions in Tibetan, but we still had to obtain a medium of exchange to use as barter while travelling in Tibet. In the towns in Tibet Tibetan currency could be used, and even Chinese silver dollars which carried their value in weight, but in the vast

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hinterland of mountains, plateaux, and valleys, barter was the accepted practice and the appropriate *quid pro quo* had to be produced in exchange for the necessities required. Cloths, silks and brocades were the answer we had been given to this problem, but to get them we would have to leave Kangting on the Tibetan border and travel down country to Chengtu and Chungking, a journey of seven or eight days by foot, bus and plane.

An absolute minimum of eight days there and back meant we would have to be away from Kangting at least sixteen days, and with Communist armies rampaging across the country, and Nationalist Governors and Generals falling over each other in their haste to surrender, sixteen days was a long time and a big risk to take.

Even Kangting, remote in the mountains, six days of formidable trail travel from the nearest Chinese city, was not free from the political influence sweeping the country, and in addition to the defections of police and officials to Communism there were strong rumours that the Tibetans were about to take over the town from the Chinese. There was such a scare about being identified with the Kuomintang Government, or Chiang Kai Shek régime, now that the Communists were in the ascendant, that all government activity was suspended and no officials would do any work.

This created a difficulty when we called at the police headquarters to have our Alien Registration Form stamped for permission to travel. No one was prepared to do it on behalf of a Government that was discredited and defeated. They might have been persuaded to do it had we been leaving Kangting and China, via Hong-Kong, for ever; but when we told them that we expected to return in about three weeks' time they were obviously reluctant. Could we not postpone our visit down country until some later date? they suggested, for then the roads would be safer and conditions more settled; as it was, to travel now was an extremely dangerous under-

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taking for there were at least two thousand bandits and armed deserters in the mountains between Kangting and Chengtu. We had to go, we insisted, for we must obtain supplies to use as barter when we entered Tibet. The risks on the road we were prepared to take, if the honourable police chief would stamp our Registration Form allowing us to return.

He tried a new suggestion. We were well-known in Kangting and to him personally, so it was not necessary for us to have our Registration Forms signed. He would inform the police at the gate of the city to allow us to go and to re-enter on our return, and that would be sufficient. To our query as to whether that would be sufficient for officials down country he insisted that the stamp was for place of residence only.

We arrived in Chengtu safely and made our purchases of cloths, silks and brocades, going on quickly by plane to Chungking for the remainder of the supplies we wanted. When the plane touched down on the sand-bar in the middle of the river, which is the official airfield in Chungking, a policeman came up and politely asked if he could see our passports. We handed them over for the usual check, and then he asked to see our Alien Registration Forms. The suspicion that had been with us from the time we left Kangting began to grow, and when the policeman asked us, still very politely, if we would accompany him to the headquarters in the city, it burgeoned into certainty.

We were left waiting for more than an hour in a bare room with only two seats and a table as furnishings while khaki-uniformed and black-uniformed police passed in and out of an inner office. Finally the policeman who had escorted us from the airfield came for us, polite as ever, and conducted us into the inner office. He even volunteered the information that the chief inside was a grand-nephew of Chiang Kai Shek, and, by implication, someone to be properly respected and feared.

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We were given no occasion to exercise either respect or fear. He looked quite young, although in the case of Orientals youthful appearance is nearly always deceptive, and he did not look up as we entered. He worked away at his desk, giving a string of commands to subordinates, while we were left standing at the door. After a while he looked at our police escort, snapped something at him and nodded his head in the direction of two chairs at the far side of the room without looking at us. Finally, he got around to our passports, and a report from our police escort.

'You are British?' he inquired in good English, looking at us for the first time.

'Yes,' we replied.

'Then why is it your passport has your birthplace as Scotland,' he addressed me.

I didn't quite know how to answer this, and I hesitated while I turned over in my mind what he was getting at. I had anticipated trouble over the Alien Registration Form but not in regard to our passports.

'Scotland does not come under the United Kingdom,' he stated flatly, and, obviously taking my silence for guilt, he went on, 'so you are both spies.'

I had been away from Scotland for two years so had not heard how the affairs of the Scottish Nationalists were progressing but I hardly thought that anything so catastrophic in her relations with the Government in Westminster could have occurred without hearing of some repercussions in Asia.

'Is this a recent occurrence?' I asked tentatively.

'Scotland has never come under the United Kingdom,' he stated, 'and that is why I know your passport is a fake.'

That was the beginning to a long interrogation in which we were continuously asked, or rather told, to confess that we were spies. He refused to believe what the chief of police in Kangting had told us, and there was no way in which we could prove our statement. When

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thousands of foreigners were fleeing from China he was frankly suspicious about our intention to return to Kangting and then proceed to Tibet. He remained adamant that Scotland did not come under the United Kingdom.

We had arrived in the morning and it was now late afternoon, and it looked as if we were to be held indefinitely. No one knew we were in Chungking, and in the chaotic state of national affairs if we were put in prison, no one could do anything for us. I asked several times that the Chief of Police contact some missionary friends in the city to guarantee our *bona fides* but he refused to listen. We were spies, we were dangerous, we would be held until he was satisfied. He would not even check with the British Consul in Chungking as to whether Scotland was still in the United Kingdom.

I was amazed. I shrugged off Geoff's pleas for restraint. I took a deep breath, 'Look,' I said to the smart-Alec upstart, whose opinion of himself, his grand-uncle and the Westminster Government was much too high in the circumstances, 'if you are not going to do anything, I am going to pick up that phone and get into touch with the British Consul or the British Ambassador. You have no authority to hold us *incommunicado* even if the regulations regarding the Alien Registration Form have been violated. What are you going to do?'

'Will you pay a fine if I fine you?' he said cunningly. This was the point to which all the day's interrogation had been planned to reach. It was a neat manoeuvre in official blackmail. There was no way out without suffering interminable delays.

'Yes,' I submitted reluctantly; and as he smiled, I added, 'if you will give me an official receipt and stamp on the Alien Registration Form'. We couldn't afford the risk of more delays by officials playing fast and loose with Scotland's history.

He thought it over, then obviously decided that it

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was very unlikely that we would return to Chungking or that the Government of his grand-uncle would return to power to find him out, and agreed.

The police escort, polite to the end, bowed us out.

The Tibetan Chieftain and the French Girl

‘She is surpassingly beautiful,’ said Kora Lama enthusiastically. ‘She has yellow hair and a good body.’

Kora Lama, as his name implied, had been a lama, or priest, but his predilection for women, guns, horses and gambling had been too strong. He had now joined Topgyay, chief of all the Khambas, the most famous fighting tribesmen in Tibet, as the leader of his own armed tribe to take part in the revolution being planned; he was not interested in whether it was against the Tibetan Government or the Chinese Government so long as there was some excitement and he was in the centre.

The three of us—Topgyay, Kora Lama and me—were drinking butter tea in the reception room of Topgyay’s house in Kangting. We had been discussing the critical situation in the town following on the collapse of the Nationalist Government in China and the rapid advance of the Communists, and Topgyay had mildly asked about the arrival of some new foreigners in the town, when Kora Lama expressed himself in the manner recorded above.

Topgyay looked at me. ‘Do you know who they are? Is she one of your country?’ I shook my head. ‘I do not know. This is the first I have heard.’

Topgyay clapped his hands and a servant appeared. It was Nyima Tsering, one of the captains in Topgyay’s

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army, deadly marksman and hunter, but getting old now and retained more as a trusted personal servant than a soldier. 'Two foreigners, a man and a woman, have arrived in Kangting recently,' Topgyay said to him, 'find out who they are, where they come from and what is their business here at this time.' Nyima Tsering put out his tongue and sucked in his breath loudly in respectful recognition that he understood and would obey, and withdrew.

About an hour later he returned with his report. They were Fa-Kuo (Chinese for 'French'), and the man was a doctor who had been sent for to operate on one of the nuns in the French Catholic Hospital in Kangting, who was very ill. He came from a hospital in Chungking. The woman was his wife's sister who was visiting China and who had accompanied her sister's husband to Kangting just to see the country. They had been robbed of all their possessions between Chengtu and Kangting except for what they had been wearing at the time and that was why the woman was in a man's trousers and pullover and Tibetan boots.

'Is she good-looking?' Topgyay asked non-committally. 'She is surpassingly beautiful, and she has a good body,' Nyima Tsering replied unsmilingly. Topgyay dismissed him with a nod.

Kora Lama looked at me with a wicked smile and then at Topgyay. 'Eh-neh?' (Well?) he asked cryptically. Topgyay looked thoughtful.

'Is France a Great Power in the world?' he asked me after a little while.

'Well—' I sought for the proper words in my limited Tibetan vocabulary to explain where France stood in the sphere of international power politics.

Topgyay broke into my difficulty, 'Does France have ambassadors in China like Britain and America?'

That I could answer. 'Yes,' I said. 'An Ambassador in Nanking, and consuls in Peking and Chungking and other places. Why?'

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But whatever thoughts he might have had he was determined to keep them to himself, and he and Kora Lama launched into a discussion on the different conceptions of beauty in the East and West. The West liked prominent noses and breasts, the East liked flat noses and took little erotic significance from breasts, and so on.

A few days later I arranged a party at our house and amongst other guests I invited Topgyay and Kora Lama. Without saying anything to them I also invited the French girl and her brother-in-law. The brother-in-law had dysentery and could not come, but the French girl was delighted, particularly when I told her that most of the guests, including some foreigners, would be wearing Tibetan dress, and suggested that I borrow a Tibetan outfit for her from a Tibetan friend of mine. I kept her in a side room until everyone had arrived and then brought her in to introduce her to the assembled company. Topgyay's and Kora Lama's faces were a study! However, they recovered quickly and by the time I reached them in the introductions they were well under control.

Topgyay's nephew, Sonam Dorje, spoke fluent English and he acted as interpreter between the French girl and the Tibetan guests, who were soon engrossed in free and easy conversation with her. As the evening advanced and she restricted herself almost completely to the company of Topgyay and Kora Lama, I began to feel a bit uneasy. They were the wildest spirits in a wild frontier and she was obviously captivated.

'You did not tell me that this gentleman is the leader of all the people in this country and that if I wanted to see Tibet he could help me,' she said to me, starry-eyed, 'and that this other gentleman has many men with guns to guard a caravan.'

I looked at Topgyay and Kora Lama, who stared back blank-faced, but with smiles deep in their eyes. 'The young woman,' said Topgyay in Tibetan, 'said she would

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like to see Tibet when she was here and so I have offered her horses and soldiers if she wants to take a caravan into the mountains.' I replied smoothly that that was very kind of him, and told the French girl that he was indeed able to do all he said he could. And there the matter dropped for the night.

The next day, however, Topgyay sent for me about the middle of the morning and when I arrived at his house I found him and Kora Lama in extremely good humour about something. I wasn't long in finding out what it was.

'We have decided that it is about time you had a woman,' Topgyay announced without preamble, 'and you will never have another opportunity like this for getting a foreign woman. Your religion permits you to marry, you have refused my offer of a Tibetan woman, and now this French girl has come.' I was about to interrupt, but he held up his hand. 'Wait! It is very easy to arrange, she is not married, she is twenty-one, her brother is ill and cannot travel, so I have arranged for her to travel with my wife and me in a hunting trip into Kham, taking you with us as interpreter. After a day or two my wife will become ill, we will return to Kangting, but we will insist that you carry on. Afterwards—' he shrugged his shoulders expressively—'you can marry.'

Kora Lama's eyes, slanting upwards from his great nose, gleamed wickedly. He obviously approved of the match. I grinned at the incorrigible pair. 'Well, it was very nicely planned,' I informed them, 'but I am sorry to tell you it has all been wasted. The French girl and her brother-in-law received a wireless message from the French Ambassador late last night urging them to return to Chungking immediately, as the Communists were approaching the city, and they left for Luting early this morning.'

Topgyay looked at me closely and must have decided I was telling the truth, for he clapped his hands impatiently.

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When Nyima Tsering appeared he shot out a string of orders and Nyima Tsering sucked in his breath as they registered. He left the room quickly and a few minutes later his voice could be heard in the courtyard barking commands.

Topgyay lay back on his carpeted dais and smiled. 'I have altered my arrangements. I have told Nyima Tsering to take what men are available and cut across the mountains to head off the French girl's party before they reach Luting. Nyima Tsering and his men will then attack the party as if they were ordinary bandits, and the French girl and her brother-in-law will not suspect anything for they have already been robbed on that road on the way into Kangting. Only, this time my men will take the French girl with them and leave the brother-in-law, and she will be taken to a place in Kham that only you will know. I have told Nyima Tsering to hold her there until you come for her and then he will be given further orders. You will have to rescue her for you are the only one who will know where she is, and you are the only one who can go there, and even if you do not want to go the French Ambassador will send a message asking for information. You will be a hero, and she will have to marry you, even if it is only to save face.'

Nyima Tsering had seventeen men and horses ready to go before I finally managed to persuade Topgyay that successful marriages weren't made that way, and as he reluctantly ordered Nyima Tsering to unsaddle the horses I thought of the French girl on her way to France and civilization and wondered if she would ever know of her narrow escape and a *Mariage de convenance*.

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The Hunt, the Carcase, and the Heart

Most of our goods had already gone by yak and mule caravans into Tibet and Topgyay, chief of the Khambas, was only waiting in Kangting to watch the last events in the Communist take-over in China. Before they turned towards him he intended being well away from Kangting in the mountains of Tibet with his family, his army and his supplies. In the meantime he could afford to take the risk of waiting in Kangting where his spies could easily reach him with reports of happenings in China. Kangting was in his control, although he made no overt move to take over Government offices and administration, and it was only a matter of making a quick decision and we could be well on our way beyond the reach of the Communists.

But Topgyay and the Khamba chiefs were not by nature made for patience and armchair politics. They had been successful in those things only because they had learned to restrain their natural impulses for the sake of the stake they had set themselves, but the blood in their veins continually demanded action. That was why Kora Lama and the others jumped with alacrity at Topgyay's suggestion that we should go on a hunt. Kangting was six days away from the nearest city in China, Chengtu, and the road between the two was down in over a hundred places, but if we only went a few days into the mountains surrounding Kangting we could be easily reached by relays of fast-riding messengers.

In addition to Topgyay, Kora Lama and the Tibetans, there were three foreigners, Vik, an American friend, Geoff and myself. Servants and soldiers there were in plenty, with fast horses and mules for riding and carrying loads. Bear, deer, antelope and blue mountain goat, were to be the target of the hunt, only taking snow

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leopard, lynx or other animals if they came across our sights.

We were divided up into groups of three by Topgyay—a chief, or guest like ourselves, a hunter to help stalk the game, and a servant to carry whatever was shot, all carrying guns. In order that we might not shoot each other, each group of three branched off up several valleys covering a wide area.

Topgyay had given me Nyima Tsering, and I had my own Tibetan servant, Loshay. Nyima Tsering was sixty-two, and completely toothless, but with an unequalled reputation as a hunter and marksman; it was said that he had killed over two thousand animals and over two hundred men. The gun that he used was a B.S.A. rifle from the First World War, and the barrel was bell-mouthed with use and the stock worn shapeless with carrying; he refused Topgyay's offers of new and more modern guns and said that the old B.S.A. had been with him for many years and would serve him to the end now.

In spite of Nyima Tsering's age I had great difficulty in keeping up with him and Loshay. They were Tibetans born and bred at altitudes of over 15,000 feet, and my lungs sobbed and my limbs ached as I tried to keep pace with the others at 16—17—18,000 feet. It was no use. Nyima Tsering gradually pulled ahead of me and he was a good 1,500 feet above me when through a haze of sweat I saw him hold up his hand. He had sighted something.

I drove myself on, heart pumping madly, and caught up on Loshay hiding behind a huge rock; Nyima Tsering had disappeared. Loshay signalled to me to keep quiet, and then pointed across the shoulder of the mountain to where it dipped before rising abruptly to a snow-capped peak. I could see nothing at all for a few minutes, but gradually my laboured breathing eased and the haze left my eyes, and I picked out a movement below the summit. I prodded Loshay and drew in my lips in a caricature of

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Nyima Tsering's toothless gums. He pointed across the ridge at an angle of ninety degrees where the scrub gave way to a boulder-strewn slope, and I caught sight of Nyima Tsering slipping rapidly from boulder to boulder. He stopped, then waved, and Loshay moved away on the opposite side with the obvious intention of driving the animals in front of our guns.

For a time there was silence and then a gunshot from Loshay's direction startled the herd of blue mountain goat into a mad rush for the shoulder. I brought my gun to my shoulder to line up the sights for a shot and then discovered that my hands were trembling so much from the exertion of trying to keep up with Nyima Tsering that I couldn't hold the gun still. Each time I lined up an animal in the gun-sight it wobbled so much I couldn't have hit an elephant at fifty yards let alone a goat at five hundred. Nyima Tsering was obviously holding his fire to let me get a shot, but I had to give in and I waved to try and catch his attention. Most of the goats had already disappeared over the crest of the mountain, but one stood on a ledge of rock, head in the air as it tried to catch the scent. It was all of a thousand yards from Nyima Tsering, and when his rifle cracked I reckoned it was a forlorn hope. The animal disappearing seemed to confirm this, and I was shocked into speechless admiration later when we came on the body of the goat—shot through the head. It was swiftly disembowelled and Loshay shouldered the carcass while I carried Loshay's gun.

They set a slower pace at my request, but even with the carcass, Nyima Tsering and Loshay set a difficult pace. A few hours later we saw a flash in the valley below, and pinpointed a deer hidden among the scrub. Nyima Tsering nodded to me, and this time my hand was sufficiently steady to try a shot. The deer leapt into the air, and Nyima Tsering's gun roared in my ear, and then again. The deer lay still. When we reached it there were

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two bullet holes in the body, one in the heart, but no one discussed who had missed. There didn't seem to be much point in the question. When the deer was disembowelled Loshay shouldered it, Nyima Tsering the blue goat, and I carried three rifles. And thus we returned to camp.

We had almost reached there when Loshay, who was in the lead stopped and signalled us to silence. He put down the deer's carcase quietly and slipped away behind some boulders. A few minutes later there was a clatter and a shout, and as we raced after him we found him kneeling over the body of a young deer, his sword dripping blood. He had stunned it with a stone thrown from about twenty yards and finished it off with his sword!

We staggered into camp carrying one carcase and one rifle each. None of the others had been successful and we were received with loud acclaim. A huge fire was built, servants skilfully skinned the carcasses and then laid them in front of Topgyay. Topgyay signalled to me and said that it was a Tibetan custom that the one who killed the animal should have first claim to its heart; the warm blood squeezed from the heart of a freshly killed animal was supposed to imbue the person with desirable qualities and I had first claim to this. It was in vain that I protested I hadn't killed the animals, that Nyima Tsering and Loshay had been responsible; he insisted that I had the honour.

I asked if I could have the heart fried, with eggs, instead of raw. If he thought this an unusual break with custom he gave no sign, and agreed. Then he himself took some of the warm blood from the heart and drank it, followed by the others in their turn.

Dilemmas I Have Been In

The Prince, the Colonels, and the Lady

It has been said by those who have studied the subject that Tibet has an incidence of syphilis as high as 90 per cent. My own experience supported this figure and where there might be fewer cases per section of population these were soon wiped out and the proportion raised by a 100 per cent incidence in other localities. Two major factors in the lives of the people accounted for this; one, the nomadic character of the lives they led, where the majority of the people either grazed flocks of yaks, horses, mules, goats and sheep wherever they could find pasture, or travelled from China to India, Mongolia or Burma in quest of Central Asian trade; and two, the promiscuity in sexual relations that was practised by every class.

The impression has got around that Tibet is an almost completely polyandrous country, where every woman has two, three or more husbands. This is just not the case. Certainly a large proportion of the aristocratic families indulged in this practice, their reason being primarily to safeguard their inheritances, and again in some communities where there was only a small proportion of women to men and necessity enforced the practice, but there was no ground for claiming it as a national custom. The same applied to polygamy, and if a man had two or more wives, the reason was more likely to be found in the preponderance of women in a community which was denuded of men who had gone into the priesthood, rather than a practice inherited by custom. But the generalization of national promiscuity in all classes could be made with safety.

When I arrived in Markham Gartok in south-east Tibet I was the guest of the Prince of Derge, the Commander-in-Chief of the Tibetan Army in that area. I had

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with me the usual gifts for one's host in a country that refused payment for hospitality, in this case rolls of Chinese brocade and silk and other minor gifts likely to be appreciated in those remote parts. In addition I had brought with me, on Topgyay's advice, a large quantity of syphilis injections for the soldiers in the Prince's army.

A day or two after my arrival I informed the Prince that I had these injections and that I would be only too happy to give them to any sufferers in his army. At first he demurred on the grounds that it was far too much trouble, that very many of his soldiers had the disease, and that I was his guest and he couldn't have me working while I was with him. I suggested that he give orders for only some of the sufferers to come along and I could spend an hour or two each day on the job, and at that it would not deprive me of too much of my host's company, and so everyone would be happy. He agreed to this, called a captain, and gave orders for the sufferers to be lined up in the courtyard outside. The captain returned to announce that there were only thirty-eight sufferers and that he had given orders for them to report in the courtyard. The captain and his fellow officers were obviously going to make sure that there was sufficient medicine left over for them to get injections for I could have had thirty-eight patients from the first section of the left-hand side of the narrowest street in any village without any trouble. However, to ease his mind I told him that I had plenty of medicine, and that it would all be given *publicly*. The Tibetans had no reluctance in declaring that they had syphilis, for to them it was simply an unfortunate accident, and not a moral breach or social disease.

I was right about the officers. Several of them approached me, singly, and casually suggested that as they had sufficient money I should give them not one but several injections, and also leave them with some extra supplies for the future. I was very firm on this point, for

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wandering Chinese medicine men and Chinese 'doctors' in the border towns did a roaring trade in this swindle by selling bottles of distilled water instead of the drug, and also by charging astronomical prices for 'special' injections. I was handling the difficult situation pretty well when the two Colonels appeared on the scene—at different times, of course.

I took a great fancy to one of them who had a raffish, swashbuckling air that appealed to me; he looked a rogue, and a dangerous rogue at that, but he was endowed with the irresistible charm that sometimes accompanies these types. The other I shied away from; small, slightly built, smiling, always smoothly polite in company, there was something exceedingly vicious about him that repelled, but as he was the Prince's cousin he was a dangerous man to have for an enemy and could cause endless trouble. Both, in their own inimitable ways, requested 'special' injections and also some phials for future use.

It was an awkward situation. If I agreed to give them special consideration, it would mean breaking my own rule and make living with myself and God difficult; also, it would get around in the fantastic news grapevine that existed in Tibet as these sort of things inevitably seemed to do. If I did not agree, then I would make two very dangerous enemies, in a position to do me considerable harm in one way or another. I finally decided to try out a course of action which might solve the problem. I had been using two drugs, neoarsphenamine and maphenchlorsine, and the latter I had found to be particularly powerful, so much so that I was in the habit of only giving half doses in mass injections such as I had been doing with the Prince's army. The full dose usually gave the sufferer excruciating pain for several hours and I considered it better for the sake of the prestige of foreign medicine—and my own safety!—as well as for the sake of the sufferers to limit the dose. However, with the

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Colonels—in separate interviews—I suggested that I give them an initial dose, the same process as everyone else, and then we would consider later whether I should give more; I then gave them the full dose. They never brought up the subject again or returned for more.

When we had left Markham Gartok behind, and said good-bye to the Prince, officials and military escort who had accompanied us part of the way, Loshay, my servant, left the muleteers and soldiers in our caravan and brought his horse up beside mine. He chatted about some matters relating to the caravan, the trail, and the next stopping place, and then said, casually—‘That was a good idea to give that Colonel a big injection, and put him to bed.’

I had ceased to wonder about his sources of information, so contented myself with saying, ‘Yes, we might have got into some trouble there.’

‘Yes,’ he replied, grinning, ‘more trouble than you know. I was sleeping with one of his women, and if he hadn’t been in bed he might have found out.’

When I had recovered from my shock and had said a few things to him I finished up by commenting bitterly, ‘Why you had to get involved with that one particular woman, I don’t know. Weren’t there any others?’

‘Well, it was like this,’ said Loshay, with Oriental irrelevance, ‘she was called Dru-chu-ray-dun (67) because that was the amount of men she had been with.’

‘What age was she?’ I inquired, with what must have been to him Occidental irrelevance.

‘Seventeen,’ he replied. I retreated into silence and thought, and Loshay kicked his horse into a trot to gain the others.

‘She will now be called Dru-chu-ray-jay (68),’ he said, grinning, as he rode away.

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The Dalai Lama's Brother and the Communists

The first intimation which I had that it was any other than a normal visit was when he gave orders to the half dozen Tibetans who accompanied him to mount guard in different parts of the garden. My surprise increased when he asked me to draw the curtains, for my house was in a secluded part of the mountainside with no neighbours overlooking it, and no passers-by, and this seemed an excess of caution. However, what he had to say justified the precautions.

He was the Dalai Lama's eldest brother, Taktser Rimpoche, at thirty, a year younger than myself, and fleeing for his life from the Chinese Communists. He had been a high incarnation, too, like his brother, in the largest monastery in East Tibet when the Chinese Communists marched into Tibet to 'liberate' it, and he was captured in the early stages of that advance. He was taken to China and, after a period of indoctrination, told that if he did not co-operate with the Chinese in their plans for Tibet he would be quietly liquidated and no one would ever know what had happened to him; if, however, he would collaborate with them they had plans for him that would give him power and wealth as well as life. The plans were, that he should accompany a Chinese diplomatic delegation which would leave shortly to precede the Chinese Army, at that time a month's journey away from Lhasa, to negotiate peace terms with the Tibetan Government, and once in Lhasa he would act as the delegation's spokesman, and China's representative, to persuade his brother and the Tibetan Government to submit to China; if he were successful in this, the Chinese would later on depose the Dalai Lama and make him President of Tibet.

The Dalai Lama's Brother and the Communists

He had to agree to this proposal in order to keep his life, but while still some days away from Lhasa he sent one of his servants secretly to warn his brother and the Tibetan Government of what was to happen. The leaders of the Government were loathe to accept what they heard from the servant, and it was only when Taktser Rimpoche arrived with the Chinese delegation and gave all the details personally that he was believed. The Dalai Lama, and leading ministers and officials of the Government, left Lhasa immediately and fled to the Indian border.

The Chinese were then aware that Taktser Rimpoche must have divulged their plans and they immediately ordered his liquidation before he could communicate further with the outside world. He had fled with his brother to the Indian border, and then gone on to cross the border and join his mother and sister in Kalimpong, on the Indian side of the border. Kalimpong was a wild border town, seething with intrigue at that time, and so even there he was not safe from Chinese Communists and their agents who were living in the town. He never went out, never accepted invitations, and could trust no one—not even the high officials of the Tibetan Government, some of whom were in Kalimpong. Every move that he made was watched and he knew that if he attempted to leave Kalimpong, or approach any foreigners openly, the Chinese would act without compunction and have him killed. I was the only one who could help him for I was known to be friendly with Tibetans, was friendly with his sister and her husband in Kalimpong, and at the same time I had official friends in Britain and America. Would I help him to escape from Kalimpong and India and get him away to America where he would be safe from the Chinese? In return I could have anything I wanted.

It was a difficult decision to make. I did not mind the risks involved for myself—in fact, the thought of pitting

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myself against the Communists appealed to me immensely—but my friend, Geoff Bull, had been captured by the Chinese and was in a Communist prison in China. If I took on this job and were successful—and there was no doubt in my mind that I would be—then the Chinese Communists would not only transfer their attentions from Taktser Rimpoche to me but to Geoff as well. I told Taktser Rimpoche the problem, and said that I would like to pray about it before giving him my answer, and I would tell him my decision in the morning; as for reward or payment, I wanted nothing. God had sent me to Tibet and whatever He wanted me to do I was only too happy to do; Tibet and Tibetans I loved and I would do anything to help them.

Early next morning I went to his home with my decision. I would go to Calcutta right away, dressed as I was and without baggage so that no one in the bazaar would suspect anything, and when I had everything arranged I would send a coded telegram to a mutual friend. He was only then to come to Calcutta, and we would handle the situation as it arose from there.

Just over a week later I sent the telegram and he arrived in Calcutta quietly, accompanied by one trusted servant. The Indian Government had guaranteed sanctuary to Tibetans who wanted to come to India, and were helpful and obliging in getting formalities through quickly and quietly. The American Embassy, Consulate and air line officials, cut through red tape in fixing arrangements for him to get away and get into America quickly. But even with all the speed, the Communists were hot on our trail. When we moved out of our hotel for any reason, we were followed by two or more people who steadily trailed us. We stopped taxis suddenly and changed quickly into others, we went in one door and out of another quickly in some of the big shops, but they held tight to our heels.

Then they struck. The Chinese Ambassador came

The Dalai Lama's Brother and the Communists

from Delhi, ostensibly to meet the new Chinese diplomatic 'advisory' delegation led by Chang Chung Win on its way through Calcutta to Lhasa to take over in Tibet, and accompanied by leading Tibetan officials, one of them Taktser Rimpoche's brother-in-law. There were one or two formal invitations to Taktser Rimpoche to meet the Chinese Ambassador at the Chinese Consulate, and then, when he refused, they sent a curt ultimatum through his brother-in-law to say that if he did not come to the Consulate the Ambassador would appear at the hotel. When we saw that a meeting of some sort could not be avoided we arranged for Taktser Rimpoche to go to the Consulate with his brother-in-law but to guard against any intrigue there fixed a time limit when he was to telephone me from a call box outside the Consulate; if he did not telephone then it was to be taken that he was being held against his will and some action taken.

He telephoned on time. The Chinese Ambassador had extracted assurances from Taktser Rimpoche that he would leave India immediately; if he agreed to do this the Chinese would forgive him for his past crimes in betraying their plans and he could go to China for rest and medical treatment. Taktser Rimpoche—who had insisted on an interpreter so that the interview could be dragged out and understanding made more difficult—finally agreed, apparently reluctantly, and the Ambassador, Chang Chung Win, leader of the 'advisory' delegation and the Tibetan officials became expansive. The situation had been saved in time, they could send back a successful report to Peking, and the 'liberation' of Tibet accomplished without further trouble.

What Taktser Rimpoche did not tell them, however, was that while he intended leaving India immediately as he had promised, it was not to Tibet or China that he was going, but to America. Five hours later, incognito, in plain shirts, ties and tropical suits, Taktser Rimpoche

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and his trusted servant boarded a Pan-American aircraft on their way to the United States.

The Chinese Ambassador was back in New Delhi, the Chinese 'advisory' delegation, led by Chang Chung Win, was in Kalimpong on its way to Lhasa, when the shattering news broke in the world's press that the Dalai Lama's brother had arrived in New York.

A Night with a Berserk Tibetan

As I approached the house I became conscious that there was no one at home. Not a light was to be seen anywhere. The thick dust underfoot muffled the sound of my footsteps, and the night was soundless except for the cadenced moan of the icy Tibetan wind as it left the Himalayas for the warmer south. I groped my way through the darkness to the servants' quarters at the rear of the house.

'Loshay!' I yelled, and the flat echoes made me look suddenly and instinctively over my shoulder. Somewhere in the darkened distance a dog began to bark, and then from quite close at hand a chorus of jackals released their nerve-jangling cacophony. I waited, almost muscle-bound, until the wind cleared the air, silently apostrophizing my Tibetan servant. We were more companions than master and servant, blood brothers by Tibetan custom, so our household arrangements were fairly free and easy. Tibetans never went by the clock, and I was just as likely to turn up two hours late for a meal as half an hour early; sometimes I did not turn up at all but just stayed the night wherever I might be visiting.

In the ordinary course of events it was an excellent arrangement and suited us both admirably, for it meant

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that I was free to come and go as I pleased, and stay any length of time, without having to bother about arrangements being upset at home. But of late things had changed somewhat. The Chinese Communists had swept through Tibet and were now only sixty miles away, beyond a few valleys and one steep pass. Already the peace of the valleys was being disturbed by ugly rumours of fifth-columnists among the local population. As a foreigner, a friend of many high Tibetan officials, and a known anti-Communist I was a marked man.

Already there had been one attempt on my life, and that only a few nights previously. From the time that the first rumours began to get around that the Communists were interested in my removal Loshay had taken it on himself to act as my bodyguard. I had refused to carry any weapon, or have an escort, and challenged the Communists through some members whom I knew to do their worst. No follower of Jesus Christ ought to be afraid of any amount of followers of Karl Marx. Loshay was not so much appalled as disgusted. Here was an opportunity for killing off a few people without the risk of being put in prison, and I was turning it down. When I remained adamant on the point he finally gave in, but warned me that he intended to follow me when I went out and if anyone acted suspiciously towards me he would jump in and beat them up without asking for my permission.

I had to leave it at that, for he was a Khamba Tibetan, famous throughout Central Asia for their fighting abilities, and spoiling for a fight on the slightest pretext. He had good grounds for being annoyed and disturbed. I had been returning to the house only a few nights previously when he had stepped out from behind some bushes and exasperatedly pointed out how easily he could have finished me on the spot had he been a Communist and so-minded. He then went on to tell me that he had heard low voices outside the garden wall and

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thinking that they might belong to thieves he moved silently up behind them to deal with them. It was only then that he discovered they were not ordinary house thieves but murderers planning to kill me on my return. There were three of them, and they arranged that one of them would go to the top of the trail and when he heard me returning he would give a call, and let the others know. They in turn would lie in wait in the dark bushes beside the trail until I appeared, and then the three of them would jump out and do away with me. Loshay had slipped away at this point to meet me before I reached the trail leading to the house to warn me of what was happening. In the meantime he had laid his own plans. These were that I should carry on as if I had not known anything, but when the intending murderers jumped out on me he would then jump out unexpectedly on them, and between the two of us we were much more than a match for any three Communists! I had no better alternative to offer, so I agreed. I walked down this same path, in the same darkness, with the same prickle in my scalp, but whether they had been seen, or whether they had seen Loshay talking to me and decided that he was too much for them to handle, I was never to know for nothing happened as I passed between the bushes and entered the house.

Since then Loshay, who was never cut out to be a strategist, had decided to carry the battle and only two days ago he had gone into the town, provoked a fight with one of the three he thought he recognized and who was suspected of being a Communist, and smashed his face to pulp in a brawl. Although no word regarding Communism had been said it was a tacit declaration of war in any language.

It was this knowledge and the memory of other events that caused my scalp to tingle in the darkness of that wind- and jackal-haunted night. Loshay's not being there might have a perfectly simple explanation; on the other

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hand—? It was quite late now, almost ten o'clock, so I assumed that I would have to break into my own house and get my own supper.

I had just finished and was getting ready for bed when I heard footsteps outside. It was Loshay, and I opened the door and followed him into the room without saying a word. He smelled a little of 'Chang' (Tibetan beer) but did not appear to be drunk; although there was something peculiar about him which I could not place.

'Well,' I inquired, 'what is it this time?'

'What do you mean?' he asked rudely, and surprisingly.

I bridled at his tone. 'I mean what I said. You went off without permission. You went off with the keys of the house and the food cupboard. I have had to make my own supper. What have you got to say?'

'The same as I've said before,' he snarled; and turning his back on me he hurled the torch which he had in his hand against the far wall, smashing it to smithereens. Throwing the door open he crashed it shut behind him, and it swung back limply on a broken hinge.

I had had to deal with him before when he had got out of hand for some reason but I had never seen him in such a condition as this. Whatever the explanation he was not going to get away with acting in this way and I flung myself furiously after him, reaching him as he entered his room. I caught him by the shoulder and spun him back against the wall.

'What do you think you're doing, you drunken sot,' I got out—and then stopped.

He was looking at me out of bloodshot eyes, his teeth showing through tightly-drawn lips, but he was not seeing me. Yet somewhere behind those unseeing eyes a shred of consciousness must have been tapped for while his body bent to attack he held himself in a crouch as he met my furious gaze.

I still thought him drugged or drunk. 'Get to your

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room, and I'll deal with you in the morning,' I said grimly, and catching him by the shoulder I thrust him through the doorway into his room with a confidence I was far from feeling.

I was getting into bed when I heard the first of a series of thuds and crashes, and thinking that he was venting some of his drunken anger on doors or chairs I hurled myself through the house to his room. I threw open the door—and stood appalled at the sight. He was in the centre of the room with his long Tibetan sword in his hand and his room was a splintered chaos. Even as I stood there he raised the gleaming blade high above his head and with a smooth movement of his powerful shoulders he brought it down to split a small cabinet cleanly into two halves.

I shouted to him from the door, but he paid no attention. Looking round the room for something else to destroy his eye fastened on a flower vase and the hissing blade swept it into a thousand fragments on the floor.

'Loshay!' I called to him softly. 'What is wrong?' I was beginning to wonder whether he had gone mad, for only madness could explain such blind, berserk fury. He had been drunk before, he had fought before, but I had never seen him like this.

In reply he walked across to a small table and bringing his sword down again in a gleaming arc he split his cigarette case and divided the table into two in the process. He looked round for something else to destroy. The only sound in the silence was his laboured breathing and the continuous grind of his teeth, which was savage enough to break them in his mouth. I had to stop him—but how? I had known him to defeat four armed Tibetans single-handed, when he was sober, just for the fun of the battle. Now he was berserk, and I was alone. There was only one thing to be done. I did it. With a short prayer I moved towards him steadily, my hand held out in a neutral gesture, so that he could interpret it as placatory,

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appealing, helpful, or request for his sword as he liked. He gazed at me with that same blank, unseeing stare.

‘Are you ill, or in trouble, Loshay?’ I asked gently, trying not to upset him, and I put my hand on his sword arm. He did not move. I took the sword away from his clenched hand, easing back his stiff fingers slowly, and he made no attempt to stop me. I threw it behind me, and then led him towards the bed. ‘If you’re in trouble tell me and then I can help you,’ I went on quietly, ‘but all this nonsense will not help you.’

I bent down slowly and untied his laces, pulling off his boots. He made no protest, not even when I swung his legs up and laid him out on top of his blankets. But the steady grinding of his teeth never stopped.

‘I want a glass of water,’ he said abruptly. I looked at him anxiously, and glanced towards the sword near at hand on the floor, but he made no attempt to rise so I risked leaving him to fetch a glass of water. When I returned he was sitting on the edge of the bed again, ripping his shirt and singlet into shreds in concentrated savagery. He had no sword, though, so I threw him back on to the bed roughly and ordered him to stop all this nonsense immediately. He held out his hand for the glass of water and downed it at one gulp.

‘I want more,’ he growled.

I felt myself getting mad at him again, but there was so obviously something wrong with him that I merely swallowed and said threateningly, ‘You lie there while I fetch it or I’ll give you the hammering of your life’. He was still lying down when I returned, but he had torn the pillow to ribbons with his teeth.

I began to talk to him quietly and reasonably, reminding him of all that we had been through together, that we were rather brothers than master and servant, and that he must tell me what was wrong so that I would be able to help him.

He lay quietly for a while, giving no indication that he

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had heard me at all, and then started to speak in short staccato sentences. 'I was returning from the town. . . . I felt someone following me. . . . In the darkness someone threw a large stone at me. . . . It was meant to kill me. . . . It hit me on the leg. . . . I thought it was broken, but did not stop. . . . I did not want them to know I was hurt. . . . They threw more stones, and some hit and some missed. . . . I still walked on for I wanted them to come out of the dark where I could see them. . . . They did. . . . There were about eight of them that I could count, and they were all over me. . . .' He stopped for a while, his teeth grinding again and I thought he was going to go berserk again, but he cried out suddenly and bitterly, 'I had no sword. . . . I had no weapon. . . . I was a fool. . . . But I had my hands and feet. . . . I went mad I think. . . . I bit many of them and spat out flesh. . . . I smashed faces and bodies and never felt pain until they ran away. . . . Two were lying on the road and I picked them up and beat them with my feet and hands. . . . I must have killed them. . . . I do not know. . . . I do not care. . . . They tried to kill me and I will kill them all . . . but I had no sword, I was a fool, I had no sword. . . .

He struggled to get up, but I held him down, rolling him in the folds of the blankets so that he could not use his immense strength, until he quietened again, and then I talked to him, quietly and insistently, trying to pierce that outer wall of lust to kill. I don't know how long it took, but at last I succeeded.

'Go to bed,' he said wearily. 'I will be all right now.' A tear lay in the corner of his eye, and he turned his head away, covering his eyes with his arm. Although he had been outnumbered eight to one, had had no weapon, and had received no serious wounds, yet the wound to his self-respect had nearly driven him mad.

I looked down at him as he lay on the bed. We were almost the same age. We had lived, and fought, and almost died together many times, yet we moved in

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different worlds. Picking up the sword, I put out the light and tip-toed quietly from the room and went to bed.

The Dalai Lama's Mother and Her Message to the World

Tibet is a country unique for its hold on the imagination of the peoples of the world, and one of its greatest mysteries is the office and succession of the Dalai Lama, the High Priest of Tibetan Buddhism. The religion of Tibet is Buddhism, but a Buddhism modified to suit the Tibetan needs and character. Before Buddhism was introduced into Tibet, sometime after the seventh century, it was a country noted for its warlike people. They had overrun large parts of Turkestan and India, and even of China, where they had defeated the Chinese and exacted heavy tribute from the Chinese Emperor, including the marriage of his daughter to a Tibetan king. It was through the influence of this Chinese princess and a co-wife, also a princess, of Nepal, both ardent Buddhists, that Buddhism entered Tibet. From being one of the chief military powers of Asia, Tibet gradually deteriorated into a nation robbed of vitality through the ramifications of the subsequent parasitical priesthood which developed and fastened on the vitals of the country.

The form of Buddhism which was introduced into Tibet became mixed up with the earlier black practices of shamanistic Bönism, and gradually became a cloak for the worst forms of oppressive demon-worship by which the poor Tibetan was put in constant fear of his life from the attacks of thousands of malignant devils both in this life and in the world to come, and then forced them to

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make never ending payments to the 'lamas', or priests, to avert these calamities. The lamas multiplied rapidly and soon usurped authority in matters of state, and finally gained full control, overthrowing the king and assuming the kingship from among themselves. The 'priest-king' structure in Tibet, as in other lands, proved a retrograde movement, and the lamas ruled the country entirely in their own interests, keeping the 'laity' in ignorance and abject servitude, until the former virile Tibetans became the most priest-ridden people in the world, with fully a third of the nation's manhood being absorbed into the parasitic structure.

One of the chief beliefs of Tibetan Buddhism, as with other Buddhists, and Hindus, is the belief in the transmigration of souls of men and animals in rebirth after rebirth in what is known as 'The Wheel of Life', or, more accurately, 'The Cycle of Transmigratory Existence'. The louse which the nomad woman takes from her husband's waist-length hair and places so carefully on the ground so that it might not be harmed is a soul on its way to enlightenment—perhaps a high official who abused his office in a previous existence, but a soul nevertheless—and thus must be given its opportunity of attaining Buddhahood. After living many lives in conformity with the principles of Buddhism the soul will be delivered from the cycle and enter into the state of 'Nirvana' or, as the Tibetans call it, 'Passed Beyond Sorrow'.

About the middle of the fourteenth century a great reformer called Tsong-ka-pa, or 'The Man from the Land of Onions', was born. He revived the religion in a purer form, introducing laws of discipline, insisting on the celibacy of priesthood, and forbidding the consumption of alcoholic liquor, and tried to restrict the proliferation of lesser gods and devils in the Tibetan religion and the worship the magic-loving people gave to them. His followers became known as 'Ge-luk-pas', or 'Those on the Way to Virtue', wearers of 'yellow hats' to

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distinguish them from the 'red hats' of previous sects, and for the last 300 years the most powerful sect in Tibet. The Dalai Lama is the head of this sect.

The line of Dalai Lamas had a humble beginning. A herdsman in the highlands of Western Tibet had his cattle enclosure attacked by robbers on the very night his third son was born. The mother hid Lotus Thunderbolt, as the son was called, in a pile of stones and fled with the others. When they returned the next day the baby was still alive, and a crow was guarding him. This was taken to mean that he was destined for great things, and when his father died while he was still a child and he compiled a religious book for the remission of his father's sins it became even more evident that he was a more than ordinary child. Later on he visited Tsong-kapa and because of his great scholarship and restless driving power for reform he became known as 'The Perfecter of the Priesthood'. He founded two of the chief monasteries in Tibet and one of them, 'Dre-Pung' is the largest monastery in the world; the other, 'Tashi-Lhunpo' has since become the residence of the Panchen Lama, who is as great a spiritual power as the Dalai Lama but much smaller in the secular realm.

Some time after the death of 'The Perfecter of the Priesthood' the first indication of a new process became evident, when priests began to claim that the spirit of 'The Perfecter of the Priesthood' had passed into another priest, who it was claimed, therefore, had a right to succession. The idea appealed to the Tibetans, who were used to the process of transmigration anyway, and the new suggestion that it was possible for someone to waive his right to Buddhahood in order to return and help others still struggling on the upward path gained support and was soon established.

Under the third high priest the title of 'Dalai Lama' was introduced for the first time. He had been the means of converting Mongolia to Buddhism and received from

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them the Mongolian title of 'Dalai Lama' or 'All-embracing Lama' and this became one of his, and his predecessors', titles, although Tibetans preferred other titles of their own.

The fifth in the line of Dalai Lamas was a remarkable personality, and although of high spiritual status he chafed at the limitations of his secular power. He therefore persuaded a powerful Mongol chief to espouse his cause and the Mongol invaded Tibet, defeated the king of Tsang and gave the sovereignty of all Tibet to the young fifth Dalai Lama in 1641. He now used his unique position to crush all power and to establish himself as a sovereign, able to help or punish his subjects not only in this life but in the life to come. He was a priest, an incarnation of the god Chen-re-zi, and a secular ruler; a priest, a god and a king. And every Dalai Lama since 'the great fifth' has striven to ensure for himself the same recognition.

The Dalai Lama being celibate there is no issue and therefore no succession and his successor is not a matter for selection. The rebirth of his soul has to be accompanied by supernatural signs so that his claim is established beyond question. It is believed that the spirit of the 'dead' Dalai Lama, a year or two after his passing, enters into some woman's womb and in due course he reappears on the earthly scene. As Tibet is twenty times the size of England, and a Dalai Lama might be reincarnated anywhere within its borders, or even in Mongolia as well, it is by no means an easy matter.

Sometimes the departing Dalai Lama will give some indication as to how or where he will be reborn, but usually it is left to the oracle-priests in one of their 'spirit-possession' to find out in which part of the country the search is most likely to be successful. Then, to eliminate the possibility of imposture certain marks on the body are often indicated and the young boy claimant must also identify the property of his predecessors,

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such as his hand bell, his rosary, his small drum and dorje, religious emblems, his cup, handkerchief, and other articles which his predecessor was in the habit of using.

The new Dalai Lamas are most often found amongst the poorest peasant class. When this happens the Dalai Lama's family is promoted to the aristocracy and given lands and wealth commensurate with the new status of their son and brother.

The Dalai Lama's mother whom I met in Kalimpong had been a peasant, but like her family had somehow managed to acquire a quite remarkable poise and *savoir-faire* to sustain her new dignity in the many unexpected contacts with the West in Kalimpong. Tall and strong-boned, she had the proud carriage of the Eastern Tibetan, with the quick smile and warm hospitality which makes them such wonderful friends.

It was because of this that I suggested to Annie Perry of the Himalayan Hotel that she take the two American sociologists to meet the Dalai Lama's mother. They were on their way to a World Congress for Women and were stopping over at various countries on the way to find out something about conditions existing amongst women in those places; one of them studying cultural aspects and the other, the social. Annie Perry had introduced them to me and asked if I would give them what information I could on the condition of women in Tibet. I found the ladies deeply interested and informed, and without the brashness so often associated with their type. It was because of the good impression which they made upon me that I made the suggestion to Annie about taking them to meet the Dalai Lama's mother.

Annie agreed that it would be a very good idea, the two American ladies would interest the Dalai Lama's mother, and she certainly would interest them and be in a position to give them all the information they required—but she had not met the Dalai Lama's mother up to

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that time. I said that if she would go with them to act as interpreter I would give her a letter of introduction to the Dalai Lama's mother to clear away this difficulty. Annie was just the right person for this as she was the granddaughter of a marriage between a Scotsman and a Tibetan woman, a close friend of all the high Tibetan families who came to Kalimpong, and one who knew how to conduct such an interview to perfection.

The two American ladies were thrilled, of course, and went off to the bazaar with Annie to buy a silk Tibetan scarf to present to the Dalai Lama's mother according to the accepted Tibetan fashion.

I was standing on the veranda of the hotel talking to two of the guests when they returned from the visit. They all began talking before they were even out of the car.

'A wonderful woman.'

'A remarkable personality.'

'Thank you for making the meeting possible.'

'Do you know, she returned me the scarf when I presented it to her, so I have a wonderful memento of the visit to take back to America with me.'

'And, best of all, she has given us a wonderful message to deliver to the Congress as her message to the women of the world——'

There was a reverberating crash behind me. A French woman, claiming to be a scholar in Tibetan and one of the many such who poured into Kalimpong at that time, had been 'studying' at a table set up on the veranda. We were not particularly friendly, for I had refused to take her pretensions seriously, and she usually chose to ignore my existence by pointedly leaving the company when I entered and refusing to address any remarks to me, so I had paid little attention to her pose of a scholar at work on the veranda. The crash corrected that oversight on my part.

The table was on its side, the pile of Tibetan books

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scattered all over the veranda, her 'notes' still drifting in a breeze as, in an almost incoherent mixture of French and English, she screamed at us her message to the world—something about American dollars being able to buy privileges that should be the reward of the true and dedicated scholar.

IV. HOUSES I HAVE BEEN TO

A Night with a Chinese Woodcutter

During World War II some units of the Allied Forces working on the Lido Road in Burma moved as far north as Kangting and Jyekundo looking for horses and mules to help in the construction of the road. Like the earlier legions of Rome they left other roads to mark their passing, but by no stretch of the imagination could they be termed 'Watling Streets'. They were about ten feet wide, boulder-strewn and only just 'jeepable'. However, they were roads, and in a country where only single file tracks criss-crossed each each other into infinity they were the forerunners of a new era.

General Liu Wen Huie, Governor of Sikang, was amongst one of the first to recognize this, as he was one of the first to recognize so many other things. That was why he had risen to be a General and a Governor, a fully-paid-up member of the Nationalist Party and at the same time a full-blown war-lord of the old pre-Party days. With most of his revenue coming from forced opium growing in the province, a practice officially frowned upon by the Nationalist Party, one of the first possibilities of the new era which the new roads would introduce would be that he would be found out, and more important still, winkled out of his mountain

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retreat in Kangting. When the Allied Forces withdrew from Sikang Province he kept the generators which supplied Kangting with electricity to remind him of their visit, and allowed the roads they had built to fall into disrepair, helped at a hundred or so places with judicious landslides to discourage their—or the Nationalist Party's soldiers—return. Instead of one day to cover a distance of 120 miles in jeepable comfort, the journey from Ya-an to Kangting took six days of exhausting walking and climbing, with only a few opium dens as 'inns' and a 10,000 feet pass thrown in.

Added to the General's notorious carelessness to look after the roads in this remote Province in West China, he was also careless about the welfare of travellers, payment for police, payment for his soldiers, and payments for peasants who grew the opium and then had it 'confiscated' by the General's soldiers as being an 'illegal' crop. Sikang, you will gather, was a very poor Province—apart from the General—and also a very dangerous one in which to travel.

Living in Kangting, capital of Sikang Province, during the last months of Chiang Kai Shek's Nationalist régime, was a difficult business. The banks refused, after several successful armed raids on caravans bringing in money to them, to do any more business, and closed; merchants, with no banks and no police protection, refused to trade, and closed; and so everything came to a standstill.

Geoff and I had to have supplies, so we decided to take our horses, with an extra bag of peas as fodder, in order to make better time on the roads and also give us a better opportunity of outstripping any pursuers. We would also take our Tibetan servant, Loshay, to look after the horses in Ya-an while we went on to Chengtu and Chungking to buy our supplies.

We made good speed on the first day, although we were nearly all lost in a roaring river after sundown. In pressing on to get as far as possible we were still travelling

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after dark, and it was almost eight o'clock when we led the horses on to the rickety bridge that led into the small village of Luting. The bridge was only a string of four iron chains, with cross slats of splintered, old, rotten wood, about sixty feet above a foaming, roaring river. I went first, leading my horse, and after the bridge began to settle from its first wild swinging, Geoff followed leading his horse, then Loshay bringing up the rear with his. We had not gone ten yards when there was a wild splintering and Geoff's horse dropped through the wooden slats, only kept from going into the river by the iron chain under its belly, while the rest of the bridge and animals rocked with its struggles. We managed after a nightmare effort to get it back on its feet and everything over safely.

The morning brought fresh strength and a new determination to cut down time again, in spite of the dangers and difficulties of the night before. We passed through Kan Hai Tze, the regular stopping place near the summit of the 10,000 feet pass by mid-afternoon and after a quick meal indicated, amid protests, that we were going to try to make the next stage.

Snow had begun to fall as we crossed the pass, and it lay thick everywhere obscuring the outlines of the trail. To make matters worse, a heavy mist was blotting out landmarks, and shutting down visibility to the horse's tail ahead. The old 'army road' wound away across the mountain in a wide bend, but it was almost unknown, for the load-carrying coolies who brought supplies into Kangting had made a trail straight up the mountainside to avoid the long road round, and after some hesitation we decided to lead the horses down this trail to see if we could get out of the snow and cloud more quickly rather than risk the long roundabout 'road' in almost total blindness.

For the first few hundred yards everything went all right, the Tibetan ponies picking their way sure-footedly

A Night with a Chinese Woodcutter

down the stony gully that was the trail. Then a turn in the trail brought us into a more exposed part, where deep snow had drifted, and finally to where the snow and water had frozen across the trail in a steep descent of alternating 'steps' and smooth patches. The further down we went the more difficult it became to keep our feet, and several times the sliding horses almost carried us away over the edge, or injured us with their falling weight. We were still ahead of the cloud but the snow was whispering down more thickly and, worse than the mist, darkness was beginning to fall.

It was impossible to go further, and when we turned back to return to the top of the trail we found that it was just as impossible to return. The horses could not keep their feet on the slippery slopes, and after each attempt the ice grew more smooth and more impossible to walk on, and we were isolated on a narrow trail between eight and nine thousand feet up on the mountain. As a last resort we stripped the horses of their saddles, Tibetan saddle-blankets and saddle rugs, and scattered the blankets and rugs on the trail, carefully lifting the horses' hooves on to them and then moving ahead to spread them out once more. It was successful, but it was pitch black when we arrived back at the top of the pass, and into the snow and cloud once more.

We decided to trust our horses' sense of direction and headed them into the mist, nose to tail, down the old 'army road'. It was a hair-raising journey, for they stumbled oftener the more tired they became, while we sat hunched up on the saddles, reins on the horses' necks, unable to guide them or anticipate the stumble.

We had almost passed the place when Loshay gave a shout, and pointed off the trail. In a gash in the mountain, between two large rocks, a woodcutter had stretched some large branches and then interlaced them with some smaller branches to make a miserable hut. Three stones formed the fireplace and a few twigs burned under a

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dirty pot, and that was all in the 'house'. It was the light from the twigs that Loshay had seen, and which suggested the same thought to us all—a place in which to spend the night. We daren't take the risk of travelling any further in the dark, for apart from the dangers of the horses stumbling on the trail, there were far more to be feared dangers of the bandits in the mountains. Even the woodcutter's hut was no refuge from them but it would supply some kind of shelter until dawn, and we could always see if he left the hut for any length of time on a suspicious errand.

Nothing that we said, or did, could make him or the woman who was supposedly his wife, understand. Chinese, Tibetan, and gestures, were of no avail and it was only when Loshay had untied our sleeping-rolls from the saddles and spread them out on the floor beside the fire and made grotesque gestures to indicate sleep—aided by the sight of some money in his hand—that the man grasped the idea and agreed. We had no food, and the woodcutter had no food other than the meagre mush in the pot, so when we had tied up the horses to the branches supporting the house, the only place for hobbling them available, we slipped into our sleeping-rolls fully clothed and, jammed together beside the dying fire, we slept.

When we came to leave in the morning we found that the horses, during the night, had eaten one whole side of the 'house'.

The Bhutanese Delilah and the Beard

Kalimpong, not nearly so well known in tourist brochures as Darjeeling, her older sister, is nevertheless much more beautiful and interesting. The

The Bhutanese Delilah and the Beard

beginning and end of all the Central Asian trade routes, she has welcomed travellers from Tibet, Mongolia, Russia and China. Only a few miles beyond the town the borders of Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan, can be seen, and the bazaar is a riot of colour as all those Central Asian races mix freely with Indians from the plains and foreigners from the West. Passed by in favour of Darjeeling during the heyday of the British raj in India, Kalimpong is now enjoying the rightful share of attentions to which her unique attractions entitle her.

The most colourful visitors to the Kalimpong bazaar are the Tibetans and Bhutanese. Both of them are of the same racial extraction, speak a similar language, have a similar religion and are much the same in build, appearance and character. Bhutan itself, or 'Drugyul' the 'Land of the Dragons', was originally supposed to have been a small Hindu kingdom which was conquered by the Tibetans in their 'ferocious barbarian' days of conquest. They remained, and were added to by other Tibetans until the aboriginal tribes were pushed into the background and the more virile Tibetans imposed their religion, language and culture on the country.

While recognizing the Dalai Lama the Bhutanese developed a re-incarnation of their own of a different sect from the Dalai Lama, the Dugpa sect, who became known as the 'Dharma Raja' as opposed to the lay ruler, the 'Deb Raja'. There was continual friction between the two offices and a continual struggle for power, which ceased in the early 1900's when no re-incarnation for a Dharma Raja was forthcoming.

The relations of Bhutan with the world outside its immediate borders was stormy, and there were raids on British protectorates and interests in India until finally Britain sent a punitive force which defeated the Bhutanese and drew up a treaty with them, in which Britain agreed to pay a subsidy for parts of Bhutan land annexed, and also agreed to look after her foreign relations. When the

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British withdrew from India the new Government of India took over Britain's role as protector and undertook to represent Bhutan's interest in international affairs. Bhutan's 300-mile-long border with Tibet gave it an importance beyond its half-a-million inhabitants when the Chinese Communists advanced into Tibet, and began taking an interest in the other countries between her and India.

After the Bhutanese agreement with Britain and in recognition for services rendered, two families in Bhutan were given 'royal' status, and handled the affairs of Bhutan between them, and in 1951 the new royal houses of Bhutan looked like being united for the first time when Jigme Wangchuk, son of Raja Ugyen, ruler of Bhutan, became engaged to Kumari Kesang, daughter of Raja Dorje, the Bhutanese Prime Minister.

The Palace of the Bhutanese Prime Minister in Kalimpong, 'Bhutan House', as it is known locally, is a large, spacious, western-style house, set in beautiful gardens on the outskirts of Kalimpong, and is a centre for intense social activity. Not only was Raja Dorje a well-known and well-loved figure in Kalimpong, but his cultured and attractive family of three sons and two daughters had a wide circle of acquaintances from many parts of the world, and in a Bhutan House gathering it was not unusual to hear several languages being spoken around the table. The thirteenth Dalai Lama fleeing from Chinese invaders of Tibet in 1910 stayed in Bhutan House during his visit to Kalimpong and his throne and chapel are still cherished possessions.

While I was friendly with Raja Dorje and his wife Rani Chuni, it was with their son Jigme and his wife Tess-la, that I developed a particularly close friendship, and through whom I was most often in Bhutan House. During one of our discussions I made the reckless promise that if I was proved wrong in some matter I would allow Kesang, Jigme's sister, to shave off my beard—a feature of my appearance which provided a continual

The Bhutanese Delilah and the Beard

source of controversy and amusement. I had suggested Kesang to cover myself in the possibility of being wrong for she was the quietest and shyest member of the family and I thought it would be fairly certain that she would not take on the job, particularly in front of Tibetan and Western guests.

I was wrong—on both counts—as our American friends say. Jigme was right, and Kesang, laughing, agreed to do the shaving. Servants were sent for hot water, shaving soap, towels and Jigme's safety razor. The wives and daughters of the Tibetan officials present were excited and the Westerners jubilant at the prospect of seeing what I looked like without a beard. Kesang dipped the shaving brush into the bowl of hot water held by a servant and began soaping me, she and the others enjoying themselves hugely, as the lather foamed up my nose and into my ears.

'Right, Kesang,' said Jigme, 'the razor now.'

Kesang began to look embarrassed, and I heaved a sigh of relief. I had read her character aright after all. I smiled at her through the soap. She looked at Jigme and Tess-la who were urging her on, then at the others, and picked up the razor. I tilted my head to the side as she came towards me—then she laughed and put the razor back into the bowl.

'Here, give it to me,' cried Tess-la, 'and I'll do it.'

'No,' I said, 'it was to be Kesang; if she won't do it, then no one does it.'

Jigme tried to insist that at least he had a right to do it since he won the argument, but while he argued some of the Tibetan ladies came forward and bowing to him each presented him with a Tibetan ceremonial scarf and requested him to permit me to keep my beard as they liked me that way!

Jigme was stymied. It was a Tibetan and Bhutanese custom when a favour was desired, and he submitted with good grace.

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‘All right,’ he grinned, ‘I’ll let you hide behind the skirts of the ladies. I suppose you will want to wash your face now?’

Conversation with a Chinese Hostess

Mr. Chang was a young Chinese, son of a former Governor of Honan Province in China, who had escaped before the Communists took over in China and found his way to Kalimpong. He was an ardent Buddhist scholar, and in pursuit of his studies he had several years before travelled to West China and on into Tibet where he remained under a well-known Tibetan lama scholar in a monastery there. During his travels he had spent some time in various places which I had also visited and we were acquainted with several people known to both—our Tibetan language teachers, particularly, who were close friends and colleagues. We became good friends in Kalimpong and spent quite a bit of time in each other’s company.

Mr. Chang’s wife was a lovely Chinese girl, daughter of one of the leading Ministers in Chiang Kai Shek’s Government, but she knew no Tibetan and only a little English, which she was studying during their stay in Kalimpong.

They hoped to get to America and while waiting for the necessary documents Mr. Chang used the opportunity of being in Kalimpong to extend his knowledge of Buddhism through his contacts with the Tibetans who were flocking into Kalimpong at that time. In the course of his studies he set himself the Buddhist discipline of retreat for contemplation and he took a small house near the Tibetan monastery on the outskirts of Kalimpong, and

Conversation with a Chinese Hostess

for three months retired into solitude, seeing no one, not even his wife.

I saw very little of her during this period, too, for I had been rushed into hospital with acute thrombophlebitis and kept there, immobilized, for a month. Afterwards I was allowed to leave hospital on condition that I remained, still completely immobilized, in bed, with a private nurse in attendance and my Tibetan servant to look after me. The doctors were afraid that the blood clot might break away with movement and kill me in a matter of hours. They warned me that I would never ride or climb again, never return to Tibet, and that I would have to be very careful with myself for the remainder of my life. I had spent two months in bed before I was able to find what was God's purpose in this disastrous illness, and then when I realized that it was because He wanted me to remain in Kalimpong and not to return to Tibet as I had been so determined on doing at that time I decided that God would have no further need of the illness to discipline me to obey Him and I should have no further need to remain in bed. I got up then and carried on as actively as I had done in the past. By the time I had found a house in Kalimpong in which to stay, now that I was committed to remaining there, three months had passed and Mr. Chang had emerged from solitary retirement, and he and his wife had issued invitations to a party at their house.

More than twenty guests had gathered for the magnificent Chinese meal of innumerable courses. Dr. Carsun Chang, late Chairman of the Democratic League in China and noted statesman and scholar, Prince Peter and Princess Irene of Greece and Denmark, Dr. George Roericke, a well-known Russian Central Asian Scholar, Kesang and Tashi Dorji, the Kumaris of Bhutan, Mr. and Mrs. Liu, former First Secretary of the Chinese Embassy in Lhasa, and various other European and Tibetan notables were there. The conversation around the large

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table rose and fell in a babel of tongues of different nations. I had been placed on the left of my Chinese hostess, between her and a high Tibetan official who spoke no English, so that I would be able to interpret between them.

It was very difficult, for her knowledge of English was scanty and my knowledge of Chinese scantier, and as the interest in the various subjects represented at the table increased so the difficulties—and the din—multiplied. After a particularly valiant attempt I had made to describe something to the Chinese hostess had failed, I leaned across the table and asked her husband in the Tibetan dialect we both knew how to describe it adequately to his wife in Chinese. While the rest of the guests lapsed into silence he explained to his wife and she nodded understanding. Then turning to me—still in the conversational hiatus—she said slowly:

‘Mr. Patterson, you-are-very-good. You-speak-Chinese-with-Sikang-accent. You-speak-Tibetan-with-Kham-accent. You-speak-English-with-Scottish-accent. You-are-very-good-speaker.’

Violence in Tagore’s Santiniketan

Rabindranath Tagore was the Indian who, with Ghandi and Tilak, did most to win independence for India. But where Gandhi was a politician of genius, Rabindranath Tagore was a poet, a philosopher, a painter and a writer; the ‘Shakespeare of Bengal’ as his fellow-countrymen called him.

When I looked for a home in Kalimpong I was taken to Mrs. Pratima Tagore, Rabindranath’s daughter-in-law, and introduced to her. The Poet had loved Kalim-

Violence in Tagore's Santiniketan

pong and arranged to have a house built there for his use, but he had died before it was completed. His son and daughter-in-law had finished the building but only came to Kalimpong for a few months in the year, and they wanted some one to rent it who would look after its treasures and lovely gardens. It was the beginning of a most rewarding friendship. Mrs. Tagore, quiet, stately, herself a gifted artist and writer in Bengali, looked after me like a mother when she was in residence and through her and her close friend, Mrs. Mitter, I came to know and love many aspects of Indian life and character.

But 'Chitrabhanu', as the house in Kalimpong was called, was only the mountain retreat of the Tagores, and their home was in Santiniketan, near Calcutta. Here the Poet's father, while meditating under a mango tree one day, had been so impressed by the stillness and beauty of the spot that he had bought the land and built a small temple—or, to be more accurate, a 'prayer room', for he was of a Hindu sect which did not approve of idols—and a house. Rabindranath, or Gurudev as he was more popularly known, later decided that this was just the spot for a 'natural' university and the original house became one of the University buildings as the idea grew, and another new house was built for the family. Gurudev himself, as a boy, had never had any 'formal' education, and even when sent to England for further studies spent no more than three months at the University. His own hunger for knowledge and great intellectual capacity carried him from one subject to another, and it was a life-long belief of his that youth should never be driven along the beaten track of learning until moulded into degree-holding respectability. With this ideal before him he set himself to develop Santiniketan as a 'natural' University where learning could be pursued in lovely surroundings, in outside classes under the trees, without the accepted standards of conventional academic success. At first only a poet's dream, its growing popularity and

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success finally forced the Government into recognizing it as an accredited University. Santiniketan was a place where knowledge could be gathered, assimilated and synthetized naturally in natural surroundings. A place where students could get away from institutions which were really no more than education factories turning out masses of people with pieces of paper. His chief purpose was to provide a place where all those who believed in one God and the mind of man could get together, and by searching after truth and knowledge, and collecting their findings, bridge the gap between East and West. The Poet's own name, Rabindranath, had led him to write. 'I went to England but I did not become a barrister. I received no shock calculated to shatter the framework of my life—rather East and West met in friendship in my own person. Thus it has been given me to realize in my own life the meaning of my name.' (*Rabi* means 'the sun', which does not distinguish between East and West.)

When I finally visited Santiniketan there were students and visiting scholars from fourteen different nations there, and India's Prime Minister was the Chancellor. The opportunity to visit the University had arisen through an invitation from Prince Peter of Greece to travel with him by car from Calcutta to Kalimpong. The route to Kalimpong running close to Santiniketan I suggested a visit to the University and Dr. and Mrs. Tagore immediately agreed and asked if Prince Peter would deliver a lecture during the time we were there.

'Uttarayan', the Tagore residence in Santiniketan, was a remarkable building. The Poet had designed it himself and it conformed to no known architectural type. Broad at the base, flat roofed, the rooms were all square and even the columns supporting the veranda were square. A unique feature of the building was that not one horizontal or vertical line was parallel with any other. The harsh effect of the whole was modified and softened in

Violence in Tagore's Santiniketan

the well-set palms and heavily-flowered front. On all sides gaps in the hedges showed tantalizing glimpses of colour indicating gardens beyond. Inside, the house breathed the spirit of the Poet still. Rooms and furniture were designed by the Poet, his paintings hung from the walls, photographs and pictures covering his whole life-time were displayed in all the rooms, and gifts from admirers in all countries were in many cabinets—ivory inlaid casks, scrolls, a thirteenth-century Chinese vase, a Japanese samurai sword. Some of his original jottings on paper were still to be seen:

*'Emancipation from the bondage of
the soil
is no freedom for the tree.'*

*'God honoured me with his fight
when I was rebellious:
he ignored me when I was
languid.'*

Prince Peter addressed a full gathering of staff and students and announced as his subject 'Aggression, Its Historical, Psychological and Cultural Aspects'. No subject could be more calculated to provoke a response in India—but the reaction was quite different to what we anticipated. Prince Peter spoke for about forty-five minutes contrasting the so-called 'aggression' of the West with the so-called 'non-violence' of India (he would not say 'the East' for he maintained that the history of the East, except for India, was definitely 'aggressive' and 'violent'), and not always favourably. When he had finished he threw open the remainder of the time for questions and discussion.

Almost immediately a Professor was on his feet challenging Prince Peter's contention that Freud had maintained aggression was an instinct, that aggression is a concomitant to frustration, and that the Indians' attitude

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of passivity arose from the love of self-sacrifice, and that Prince Peter's allegation of 'masochism' in this context was viewed differently by Indians, as, for example, on a birthday of a member of the family that this day of most privilege should be a day of most sacrifice, and therefore, one of fasting.

Prince Peter gave the quotation from the book by Freud and went on to point out further the anomaly of the Indian stand on 'non-violence' when they indulged so widely in the goddess 'Kali'-worship which is 'violence'-advocating. Another speaker maintained that the Kali-worship had strayed from the original symbolism, which was that the dynamic emanated from the static.

Then the students sprang into verbal action. The speaker's (i.e. Prince Peter) knowledge of history in India was biased by the last 150 years of history, oppression by the imperialistic British and the British and Western interpretation of Indian history so that the whole world believed the British imperialist propaganda. In actual fact, India was no different from other people and only the geographical borders of India, surrounded as she was by mountains, kept her from attacking neighbouring countries when she was starving in one of her periodic famines.

This passionate defence of India's essentially violent character from young India, particularly the youth of Santiniketan and its principles, who usually condemned the aggressive West outright, was surprising to put it at its mildest. Prince Peter asked, 'What is the history of India? And why did those same geographical barriers not serve to keep other nations out of India?'

More students clamoured to be heard; the people whom Prince Peter had said starved passively in famines were the same people who could courageously fight in the riots and slay many people. How could he maintain that India was 'non-violent' out of necessity as no one could expect a person who was bound hand and foot, as

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Indians had been by the imperialistic British, to be other than 'non-violent'.

Prince Peter asked if a naturally courageous, violent or aggressive man would have allowed himself to be bound hand and foot?

Someone quoted a Gandhi statement to Louis Fischer to support the contention that India was violent like everybody else; 'I find myself in the midst of exaggeration and falsity. I am unable to discover the truth. Truth and non-violence by which I swear and which have sustained me for sixty years seem to fail to show the attributes I have ascribed to them. I see no light through the impenetrable darkness. I find that my theories of non-violence do not answer in the matter of Hindu-Moslem relations. I have come here to discover a new technique.' In the light of this statement how could any westerner perpetuate the myth of Gandhian non-violence? And what about the Rajputs? Prince Peter had apparently overlooked them in his studies of Indian history for their whole history was one of aggression.

When some of the hubbub had died down Prince Peter amiably pointed out that he was an anthropologist and that it was accepted by all anthropologists that the Rajputs were NOT Indians, but descendants of the Huns who invaded India and maintained their own way of living. As for the speaker who quoted Gandhi in support of violence, he said humorously that it might be a useful quotation to take to New Delhi for it was reported in the papers that a Conference of renowned world figures was meeting there at that very time to study 'The Application of Gandhian Methods of Non-Violence to Solve World Problems', and Lord John Boyd Orr had been quoted by one of the newspapers as saying, that he 'was coming to India to learn spiritual lessons to solve the present problems and war fears'. Perhaps they should have come to Santiniketan?

Professor Tan, Chinese head of the Sino-Indian

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faculty, thanked the speaker and closed the discussion, pointing out in his closing remarks an interesting gap between the thinking of the East and West. He said that a major difference between the two lay in the Western attitude toward the individual as being above the group, but in the East it was considered that the group was above the individual, that the family is above the person, the village above the family, the country above the village, humanity—or the world—above the country, and God above humanity. This was bound to give rise to conflict. However, in the Chinese mind at least, Love was greater than aggression, for it could be seen in the everyday lives of people, that where there was conflict as, for example, between husband and wife, it could be overcome by love.

Bringing in the New Year with the Khambas

Among its many other attractions, Kalimpong is noted for its seven New Year festivals—all of them official holidays. There is the Western New Year in January celebrated by all the local foreigners resident in and around Kalimpong. Then in February the large community of Chinese hold their New Year festivities to the accompaniment of crackling fire-crackers. Shortly afterwards the Tibetans in brilliantly coloured clothes and caparisoned horses ride out to the high mountain point, Rinkingpong, overlooking the town of Kalimpong and the Teesta Valley, to propitiate the gods at the start of their New Year. The Marwaris, an Indian merchant community known as the Jews of India, follow in April, and are succeeded two months later by the Nepalis, the most populous inhabitants of Kalimpong and district.

Bringing in the New Year with the Khambas

These are followed by the Moslems, a close, well-knit community with trading connections in Lhasa and North-West China: and, last of all, the Lepchas, the original inhabitants of the area but gradually dying out before the advance of the more virile Nepalis. As they are all friendly and hospitable people who delight to have you join them in their houses and in their celebrations life can be rather hectic in observing even the ordinary courtesies in Kalimpong.

Of all the celebrations the Tibetan New Year is perhaps the most colourful. The 10th-mile in Kalimpong, the 'casbah' quarter of Tibetans and Chinese, usually obscured throughout the day by a haze of dust thrown up by the feet of thousands of mules and absorbed in the intense activity of hundreds of brawny, sweating, grinning Tibetan muleteers loading their caravans, comes alive in a different way as Tibetans, newly-washed and oiled, with coloured gowns and shirts of silks and brocades leave their mules in the caravanserais and devote themselves to uninhibited enjoyment. To use the term 'paint the town red' would be a misnomer and even an understatement, for this is a usual process with the Tibetans at any time who feel that it is due to them after several months in the bleak wastes of Central Asia. New Year is something more and something different, a special occasion to be celebrated in a special way.

I had been invited with several other foreigners to attend a Tibetan New Year celebration in the Himalayan Hotel at the invitation of George Tsarong and his wife, son of Tibet's famous elder statesman. It was a very polished civilized affair and might have been any western party if one could have forgotten the dress and the surroundings. Another celebration by another official was to be held the next night and as it would probably take the same form I decided to accept instead an invitation from some Khamba friends of mine to come to their celebration to be held in the 10th-mile quarter.

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The 10th-mile got its name from the custom of counting the milestones from the Anderson Bridge, spanning the Teesta River, and the beginning of the road leading up to Kalimpong. Being scattered over the mountainside Kalimpong was a sprawling community and the milestones at the side of the road served to divide it into more or less recognizable districts. The 10th-mile district was on the other side of Kalimpong, on the road leading out to Sikkim, Bhutan and Tibet, where Tibetan caravanserais proliferated beside Tibetan and Chinese shops. A fascinating place to be in during the day, it was a quarter from which all foreigners were discouraged from approaching at night. Brawls, murders, poisonings, brothels, opium-dens, wine-shops, gambling, robberies, and gangs all carried on a thriving trade.

An exception was made in the case of Prince Peter and myself, for we were known to the local officials and police as having been to Tibet, speaking Tibetan, and having many friends amongst Tibetans of all classes, but even at that my Tibetan servant, Loshay, was never happy when he knew that I had been in the 10th-mile at night, unarmed, and without him as an escort. It was to the 10th-mile, then, that I agreed to go and join my Khamba friends in their celebrations.

When I told Prince Peter that I would not be attending the celebrations in the hotel because I was going to another in the 10-mile he was immediately interested and asked if I could get an invitation for him to join them as well. He had never been to a Kham New Year celebration and it promised to be far more exciting than the one in the hotel. Dr. René von Nebesky-Wojkowitz, a noted Austrian anthropologist, and a good friend, also pleaded with me to get him an invitation. I thought there would be no difficulty for the Tibetans, particularly the Khambas, are infinitely hospitable, and it was as I supposed. They were a bit dubious about a 'Gyel-Sey', a 'king's son', joining them, but when I assured them that he

Bringing in the New Year with the Khambas

would not expect any different treatment from myself and that he also spoke Tibetan they were vastly amused at the idea and agreed.

About four o'clock in the afternoon I was passing through the 10th-mile when I was asked into the house where the celebration was to take place, or, to be more correct, I was called to the door of the house, for it was impossible to proceed any further.

The landlord of the caravanserai very shamefacedly confessed to me what had happened. He and the other Khambas, traders and muleteers, who were going to celebrate had been brewing the 'chang' (beer) and 'arak' (brandy) that would be used at night, and, of course, had been sampling it to see that it was the right strength. Somehow or other they had kept on drinking and then got into a fight. This was the result. 'This' was a shambles of broken furniture, scattered millet from the beer, torn clothing, smashed crockery and glass, and even the wooden walls of the house splintered and smashed! It was not even habitable, let alone fit for a celebration at night. We would have to postpone the celebration for a day or two, said the landlord, until they could get the mess cleared up and more 'chang' and 'arak' brewed. Would I please inform 'Gyel-Sey'?

Instead of discouraging Prince Peter and René, it made them all the more anxious to attend when everything was fixed up. True to his promise, three days later the landlord sent word that they were now ready and Gyel-Sey, his friend and myself could come that night. The house had not only been renovated, it had been rebuilt. New wooden walls, new wooden partitions, new pictures from illustrated magazines on the walls, new cloth on the apertures for windows, and new supplies of 'chang' and 'arak' for the celebration.

I had warned Prince Peter that he would be expected to drink with them, drink for drink, but that he would be given the option of taking either 'chang' or butter tea,

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but not both, whatever he started with he would be expected to carry on with through the night. He opted for the 'chang' saying that when he was in the Danish Guards he had had to accustom himself to quaffing vast quantities of beer and he thought he would be able to stand the pace. René didn't look too happy but also opted for 'chang'. I chose butter tea, groaning inwardly at the thought of what my digestion would be like before the night was finished.

It started off quietly enough with a 'communal' chang barrel with several bamboo 'straws' in it being passed round for everybody to have a drink. A man sang, and it was passed round again; then two men sang, addressing verses to each other, and it was passed round again; then a woman sang, and it was passed round again. Food, biscuits, sweetmeats and sweets followed at odd intervals, with the 'chang' circling continuously between each course or item on the programme.

Then there was a diversion. There were loud shouts from outside, and pulling back the cloth 'window' we saw by the light of torches what appeared at first to be a procession but turned out to be the dancers of the famous 'Lion Dance', with the grinning mask of the lion and other lesser masks of the Tibetan New Year tableaux. At their head was the feared 'chöd-je' or oracle-priest, and we had to make way for him as he came into the room and was given the place of honour by the bowing, breath-sucking Tibetans, their swashbuckling abandon forgotten for the moment. The 'chöd-je' was young, in his middle thirties, and a very good-looking Tibetan, smiling and talking pleasantly to us as the dance was performed in front of us. But in his spirit possessions as oracle-priest, or medium, the handsome face was contorted into grotesque shape as the demon took over, rivulets of sweat pouring into his eyes and down his rigid, blood-suffused and blotched face with foam-flecked lips, while the Tibetan worshippers crowded

Bringing in the New Year with the Khambas

close to him for spirit answers to their questions and to receive a ribbon of foam-flecked or sweat-stained silk as a protection from the deities possessing the oracle-priest. It was this fear and awe that accounted for the respect being paid to him now.

When the dance was finished and a collection had been made, the dancers and the 'chöde-je' passed on to other parts of the town, and the Khambas resumed their celebrations. The tempo of drinking quickened, the songs became more raucous, the dancers more abandoned. Singers and dancers would solemnly come up to Prince Peter to shake his hand several times so that they could say they had shaken hands with a 'Gyel-Sey'. He was a real 'Gyel-Sey', they repeated with drunken fervour, one who joined them and spoke their language and did not beat them.

The night advanced into a roaring orgy. A young Tibetan woman sprawled beside Prince Peter, ran her hand down her silk gown and drunkenly asked Prince Peter something he could not understand. 'What is she saying?' he leaned over and asked me, 'I don't understand this Kham dialect. I think she's asking something about her clothes.'

I asked her what she had said and she looked blearily at me and replied, 'I asked the Rajah Sahib if he liked my body.' I told Prince Peter and left him to deal with the reply. I had enough to handle with another young woman who was insisting that we leave the others now and go to her place. René was in no better circumstances.

Early in the morning the celebrations passed their peak and dropped rapidly into a maudlin drunken stupor. It was time to go. Prince Peter had driven down to the 10th-mile in his enclosed van, which he used for transporting luggage in his travels in Asia, and the three of us lifted about twenty of the drunken revellers, now completely blotto, and pitched them into the back of the van. Driving slowly through the deserted streets of the

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10th-mile we delivered each one to his or her caravan-serai, as far as we were able to find out where they belonged in their state of stupor. The last one we helped out on to the side of the road, for he would not answer our question as to where he wanted to be dropped off, and the last we saw of him, still teetering on his feet, he was muttering in drunken admiration, 'You're a wonderful Gyel-Sey, a wonderful Gyel-Sey'.

Reporter's Education in the Himalayan Hotel

The news that the Chinese 'Liberation' Army had advanced into Tibet in October 1950, brought reporters representing newspapers from all over the world to Kalimpong. Accommodation was limited in Kalimpong at any time and with Tibetan officials and nobles pouring in from Tibet, and Europeans of every type flocking to see and meet those formerly unapproachable people from the remote Land of Eternal Snow, it became wellnigh impossible to find a room anywhere.

The only hotel in Kalimpong worth the name was the Himalayan Hotel, established by David MacDonald, son of a Scots-Tibetan marriage and former Trade Agent in Tibet, who had stepped aside at an honourable eighty years of age and handed over the administration to his daughter, Mrs. Perry, or Annie-la, as she was known to everyone. Annie-la *was* the Himalayan Hotel; the one could not be considered without the other. She was the personality who breathed its own unique and fascinating attraction to everyone who ever stepped inside, sending writers into raptures, and drawing others back again and again from every part of the globe. The hotel was more than a place to pass the night, or to spend a holiday, it

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was more like the 'inns' of an earlier century in Britain where the traveller was made to feel at home by the landlord and received into the family living in the inn at that time. All of the MacDonald family, except for those who had gone to England, lived in or around the hotel, cheerfully vacating their rooms on many occasions to help some stranded or unexpected visitor, and some or all of them meeting in the hotel lounge every evening. 'Daddy', as Mr. MacDonald was known, Vicky-la and Vera-la, two of his daughters, and Annie-la were always there mixing with guests, spanning the gap between West and East with their knowledge of local affairs and Tibetan nobility, and all the time with their natural, unaffected kindness multiplying friends and legends. But Annie-la, smoking, be-trousered, shrewd, courteous, friendly, deep, dependable, Annie-la was the Himalayan Hotel.

It was only natural that every reporter should want to get into the Himalayan Hotel, but other people had already booked in, and Annie-la had her Tibetan friends to consider—and in any case there were between twenty and thirty reporters clamouring for consideration. Annie-la did her best, putting some of them into tents hastily erected on a rear lawn, and some of them into outhouses, but the rest had to find sleeping accommodation where they could; she would provide food for them at meal-times but had no more beds and no more room. It was a fantastic time—and experience. James Burke, chief correspondent for *Time-Life* in India wrote of Kalimpong, the people and events, as 'zany', but Kalimpong had never known anything zanier than the reporters themselves, peddling their news to their wide-eyed public throughout the world.

One reporter reeled at the sight of two well-known woman in Kalimpong discussing in all seriousness events from their previous existence several centuries before, and ending up in a quarrel because one claimed the other

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had been a male in one of her earlier lives. But the bazaar rocked with the news of the reporter from one famous American newspaper who went up to a taxi-driver and asked him how much he wanted to take him to Lhasa!

Then there was the Reuter correspondent who sat in his room, with a map and ruler and a pencil, and calculated the Chinese Army advance across Tibet at sixteen miles per day and sent out his despatches accordingly until he had them in Lhasa, and his final report read 'All Quiet in the Land of the Lamas' when, in actual fact, they had never even moved out of Chamdo, a month's difficult caravan journey from Lhasa, in East Tibet. When he brought me his report and asked my opinion on it I warned him that it was completely false, and he was misleading the world with such piffle, and he retorted that *I* was to blame for I knew Tibetan, I was aware of what was happening, and if I chose not to say anything I was morally at fault for the wrong reports being circulated!

To get past the barriers of language difficulties, reporters bribed bi-lingual Nepalis in the bazaar who in turn bribed Tibetan muleteers for information. When news of this ready source of money got around amongst the Tibetans they were only too willing to give 'information' about conditions in Tibet—with drastic results to the world's knowledge of Tibetan affairs. One reporter from a well-known illustrated magazine while scrounging round the Tibetan quarter for news was bitten by a Tibetan dog in the place beloved by cartoonists and thereby added to the legends associated with reporters in Kalimpong and detracted some more from their local reputations.

But it was in the Himalayan Hotel that these men and women—with ink in their veins and *nil desperandum* as their motto—received their *coup de grâce*, ironically and satisfyingly at the hands of a Tibetan. The hotel lounge

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was packed with a crowd of guests from the East and West for a formal dinner at which many leading Tibetan officials were present with their wives and daughters. Silks, brocades, diamonds, turquoise, gold, silver, pearls, evening gowns, brilliant colours, and a babel of tongues—in all, a reporters' *nirvana* on the Tibetan border.

One reporter from a well-known newspaper, who had only recently arrived but had managed to write a lengthy report of many words and few facts on the remote land, ignorant people, uninformed aristocracy, feudal politicians, pitiable army, antiquated weapons, contemplative priesthood, and primitive culture, just as it he had been there and like a good reporter was giving his public the information at first hand, was sitting near me as I talked to the Tibetan Prime Minister on one side and the lovely Tess-la, daughter of Tsarong Shape, Tibet's elder statesman, on the other. The Prime Minister did not speak English but Tess-la spoke it flawlessly, although on this occasion she was using Tibetan in our conversation together.

The reporter, slightly drunk already in the true tradition of being the tough, hard-bitten purveyors of news at any cost, leaned over and interrupted; 'You speak this language?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'a little.'

'Will you ask the old fellow some questions about Tibet for me?' he went on, and then as I shook my head, he urged, 'I'll make it worth your while.'

'This isn't a press conference,' I said to him finally, in exasperation. 'This is supposed to be a social occasion—or don't you fellows know what it is to be social?'

'Oh, sure,' he replied, placatingly. 'It's just that we don't often get an opportunity to talk with the big noises of Tibet through an English interpreter. Do you think this Tibetan woman would sing or dance and give us some idea of how the Tibetans do that sort of thing—you know, something that would do for a feature article?'

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'I'll ask her,' I said, so that he wouldn't know that she had understood everything that he had been saying, and without a smile I asked Tess-la his request all over again in Tibetan.

She replied in Tibetan that if there was an opportunity for singing and dancing later she would be happy to oblige. I interpreted this to the reporter and he sat back happily, probably thinking over the draft of his article for the next day's papers.

When Annie-la finally called on Tess-la to sing, instead of sitting back on the carpeted couch in Tibetan fashion she walked over to where the gramophone was kept and went through the records. There was a puzzled silence and the reporters were openly bewildered. When Tess-la had wound up the gramophone and put on the record, she turned round and sang—'Buttons and Bows'! And in flawless English.

The reporter who had been sitting next to us earlier in the evening looked bemused. Tess-la wasn't finished with him yet. When some of the others had asked for dancing Annie-la spoke to Tess-la for a while then led her over to our reporter friend to introduce her as a partner. Then Annie-la went back to the gramophone, picked out a record, and Tess-la led the now whipped reporter on to the floor to dance—'The Laughing Samba'.

Anthropology in a Calcutta Brothel

One of the 'musts' for a visitor or a foreign resident in Calcutta is a Chinese meal in the Nanking Restaurant. Situated in the heart of Chinatown in Calcutta, one of the attractions of eating at the Nanking is that the visitor gets a wonderfully exciting

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stimulus out of passing through lanes and mysterious alleys where their imagination can have full play to titillate them into a proper frame of mind to enjoy the mysterious excitement of a Chinese meal.

But after one or two visits there I was disappointed in the quality and variety of the dishes offered. I found the Nanking to be too like many other Chinese restaurants catering to foreign or, more particularly, western, tastes, where the dishes were modified to suit what the Chinese proprietor thought would be the westerner's requirements; and so H.P. Sauce and Tomato Ketchup was put on the table instead of the Chinese 'chang-yu' and 'ha-chiao', subtle flavours were left out and replaced by the more orthodox western 'gravies'. And that was the difference between the popular Nanking Restaurant and the one I finally discovered, for the latter had no western clientele and catered solely for Chinese and Tibetan customers.

When Prince Peter suggested that we have a Chinese meal before returning to Kalimpong, I suggested to him in turn that we go to the place I had found and not to the Nanking. I warned him that it did not cater for foreigners and that he would find it very much different to the clean, hygienic Nanking, but that if he wanted to taste real Chinese food in real Chinese surroundings, then this was the place. He agreed readily, being always interested in new people and places, and taking our car as far as it would go into the narrow lanes of Chinatown we walked the rest of the way.

The ordering of food was a bit difficult for I had never had much knowledge of Chinese and had forgotten most of that since leaving China, but a Chinese was found who could speak Tibetan, for the Tibetan customers, and after that we managed all right. We could not have the Peking duck which was the specialty of this restaurant, for twenty-four hours' notice was required for this dish, but we had a fairly wide selection for a

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modest meal, which was all that we wanted on that occasion, and left the restaurant about 10 p.m.

It was still early by Calcutta night-life standards and after a look down one of the mysterious alleys leading into the depths of Chinatown, Prince Peter suggested that we take a look round the district. A part of Calcutta that was little known to the foreigner, the swarming activity of thousands of Chinese, living their Chinese lives in India, fascinated us and we turned away from lanes that would lead us out to the bright lights and 'civilization' into the maze of dark alleys lit only by kerosene lamps shining from the open doors of rows of squalid houses.

The alleys became narrower and narrower as we progressed until we could have touched the walls of the houses fronting the alleys on either side. Houses? If a house is simply a 'dwelling-place' then to say 'houses' is correct, but that was about all they were. Each door opened into a small, ill-lit, filthy box, about nine feet by nine feet, in which the only article of furniture was a bed, or rather, a bunk, covered by a grimy blanket. If the bed and the door did not provide sufficient invitation to enter the women sitting on the doorsteps with their faces freshly washed and overlaid with layers of powder and paint, the cheap clothes and cheaper jewellery, made their meaning plain, by unintelligible words and unmistakable gestures. We were also followed by a growing crowd of pimps advocating the merits of their respective women and brothels. The sight of so many Chinese prostitutes brought to our minds the widely held contention in Calcutta that there were no Bengali prostitutes, only Chinese, Tibetan, South Indian and Anglo-Indian, and what might be the significance of this social phenomenon.

A shouting, screaming crowd of people in a street fight ahead of us stopped the discussion, and we decided to turn up another alley before we could be involved in

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the dispute. As we hesitated at the entrance one of our whispering escorts said, 'This way, sahib,' and we turned down a lane to our left after him, which was hardly a lane at all but only a narrow space between heaps of rubble and refuse thrown out of the houses and small shops on either side. Several small fires were burning outside the doors of the houses, and food was being prepared on them, or 'puja' (worship) being offered, it being the time of the Hindu Saraswati festival. I stopped to watch the activity at one fire, the leaping red and yellow flames lighting up the absorbed faces of worshippers in the surrounding blackness and making a weirdly beautiful scene, and when I turned to speak to Prince Peter he had gone.

Again one of Calcutta's ever-present pimps came forward with a suggestion, 'This way, sahib', and I hesitantly moved forward into a blacker patch in the surrounding darkness which turned out to be the entrance to a house. Prince Peter was inside all right, talking pidgin English to an unkempt character who was enthusiastically peddling his wares.

'Oh, there you are,' said Prince Peter as I entered, 'I'm just asking this pimp here if he has any Bengali girls amongst his harem. That would help to settle the argument as to whether there are any Bengali prostitutes or not. He says he has but he hasn't produced any yet. Bengali girl,' he said, turning to the pimp. 'no South India, no Chinese, no Tibetan, no Anglo-Indian, no nice white girl. Bengali.'

'Ah-cha, sahib,' said the pimp, and went out. A few minutes later, he returned with half a dozen girls. 'This one sahib (and he led forward a surly, fat girl, very dark) she from South India, very good. This one (pointing to an Anglo-Indian) skin not black, skin white, very good. This one Bengali, sahib, she very good, know many tricks. All clean, sahib, all clean girls. If no want them I have more, sahib, you see?'

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And without waiting for a reply he dived outside and returned with more, all looking much the same with painted faces, bold looks and giggles, and differing only in the deeper or lighter pigmentation of the skin and shapes of their bodies.

Most of the pimp's remarks were addressed to Prince Peter, his original customer, who was thoroughly enjoying himself, so that there was no need for me to say anything. In the meantime I had a look around. It was a miserable place, the same box-like room devoid of any comfort; two beds with grimy sheets and dirty blankets on each side of the room; the only decoration on the walls a cheap Chinese calendar, a few newspaper cuttings, and an advertisement about a circus. I turned back to look again at the girls whose lives were lived within such an environment.

They were lined up in a straggly line around the wall in front of Prince Peter, and the pimp was becoming insistent that he choose one quickly. Prince Peter held out for the Bengali and the pimp told the others to go.

'Fifty rupees, sahib,' he said briskly holding out his hand. 'But what do you want with the money?' asked Prince Peter, 'it has nothing to do with you. I'll deal with the girls myself.'

But the pimp would not budge. 'My girls,' he said. 'You give me money. I pay them.' Finally Prince Peter agreed on ten rupees and he pocketed the money and left.

'One for you, sahib?' he asked me on his way out.

'No thank you,' I declined. 'One will serve the purpose admirably.' He looked a bit blank at this, glancing in puzzled fashion from me to Prince Peter and then at the girl; finally, he must have decided that he had received all the trade he was likely to get and that we were only two mad foreigners, for he left without any further argument.

The girl was still standing where the others had left her and Prince Peter called her over.

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'You know English?' he asked her.

She shook her head, giggled and then looked at us in growing puzzlement as we continued to sit on the edge of the bed in conversation with each other. 'You—no—want?' she asked slowly.

'I no want,' replied Prince Peter, taking out his wallet and handing her two rupees. 'Just put it down to an interest in anthropological research.'

V. SITUATIONS I HAVE BEEN EMBARRASSED BY

The Tibetan Chieftain and the Gospel Hall

Kangting was a wide-open, roaring border town at the eastern end of the Central Asian trade route. The pleasure-starved travellers from the mountain wastes of Central Asia who came into Kangting wanted as much excitement as they could pour into their stay in the town, and the residents of Kangting saw that they were satisfied. It was said that Kangting was worse than Shanghai, and it was not difficult to believe. Opium was grown widely throughout Sikang, the Province of which Kangting was the capital, and almost every house had some of the brown paste and long-stemmed pipes. The houses that were not brothels were gambling dens or wine-shops, and many places were all of them in one. The trigger-sensitive Tibetans were involved daily in drunken brawls and murders. It was a remote border town and the sky was the limit in anything.

In addition to its naturally explosive character the growing threat of approaching Communism undermined authority, and officials of every kind stepped up their bribery and graft to cash in on the perquisites of their office before they were thrown out of power. The Governor of the Province only paid a few of his soldiers

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and these he used as escorts to take his private hoard of gold and silver and jewels to a safe hide-out down country; the remainder of the army and police had no pay and were left to starve with the peasantry.

The Tibetans, about ten thousand of them in and around the immediate vicinity of Kangting, for a long time maltreated by the Chinese officials and army were eager for revolt and made constant requests to Topgyay Pangdatshang, the chief of the Khambas, to take this opportunity to overthrow the hated Chinese rule and establish Tibetan authority once more in Kangting and Kham. They raided the jails to release Tibetan prisoners, and attacked Chinese armed patrols to show the Chinese that they had sufficient power to take over when they wished.

In the midst of it all the Christian missionaries went quietly about their tasks. Right in the centre of the town was the China Inland Mission Station, a calm oasis in the unruly surroundings. Sheltering under the shadow of the mountain the high walls of the compound enclosed the mission house and, fronting on to the street, the Fu-yin-tang, or gospel-preaching hall. Here every night in the week Tibetan services were held by one of the China Inland Mission missionaries, assisted by one or more of the younger missionaries in the town.

George Kraft, the C.I.M.'s missionary to Tibetans, was a towering figure even amongst the tall Tibetans. Six feet, two inches in height and 210 pounds in weight he had often out-pitched the mighty Khambas in their own feats of weight lifting. For this, and his command of the language, as well as other reasons, he was a very popular figure with them and they would willingly come into the hall for an hour each night to hear his preaching. On the other hand, there were other things to entertain them, such as the young missionaries learning to speak the Kham dialect of Tibetan and certain to provide lots of amusement in their faltering attempts; or the young

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female missionaries with the peculiar things which they wore over their breasts, an endless source of speculation and amusement. I was one of those broken in to the Tibetan language in this setting and company.

Before the meeting began it was the practice for everyone to go out in to the streets in front of the hall, and young male missionaries would invite the Tibetan men into the hall, and the young female missionaries the Tibetan women. Then, while the hall was filling with the interested Tibetans, someone would play the organ and hymns would be sung with Tibetan words to well-known western tunes. Before George preached each night one of the new young missionaries would have to give a ten-minute 'sermonette' in Tibetan to help him use the language he had learned throughout the day.

The night I was to preach I had been particularly successful in getting Tibetans to come in from the streets into the hall, mostly in one large group. I had seen this group approach, one well-dressed Tibetan ahead of the others—obviously a well-to-do trader and his muleteers, I thought—and I asked them in what I reckoned was 'polite' Tibetan if they would come into the hall to hear the 'Jesus-doctrine' being preached. The trader looked a bit surprised at the invitation but he turned in and the others followed behind him, helping to rapidly fill the hall.

I was to speak that night and I had chosen as the subject for my 'sermonette' the story of the prodigal son. While there were the usual grins from the Tibetans, and the usual helpful suggestions when I was stuck for a word, I did not feel too badly about my effort and thought that I was beginning to get out of the rut after all.

It was only when the meeting was over and the audience had left that old Mrs. Cunningham, senior missionary on the Tibetan border, told me that I had been telling the Tibetans that the prodigal son had been a great tea-drinker and because he had wanted to drink

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tea and his father had not wanted him to drink tea he had left his father's house and travelled to a far country where he could drink as much tea as he wished. There he became a drunkard through too much tea-drinking and after he had spent all the money that his father had given him on tea he decided to return to his father and ask him to forgive him. This, and quite a bit more along the same line. Apparently I had confused the word 'chang' (beer) with the word 'cha' (tea) in my mind and my simple talk on the prodigal's defection was reduced to a farce.

But I still had not heard the worst. It appeared that the man I had invited into the hall, thinking he was a well-to-do Tibetan trader, was in actual fact Topgyay Pandatshang, the chief of all the Khambas in Eastern Tibet, and the 'muleteers' were his bodyguard. No wonder they had laughed.

Teaching Tibetans to Swim

Erh Dao Chao, on the trail to the north out of Kangting, was not even a village, only a cluster of huts which had gradually accumulated as the hot sulphur springs became more popular with the wealthier elements in Kangting. A wooden building had been put up over the several bubbling sulphur springs, with wooden partitions dividing the pools, and then a concrete building added next to it to act as an 'hotel'. There was no staff in the 'hotel', though, and each visitor to the 'spa' was expected to bring his or her own retinue.

Geoff and I were guests of Topgyay when we went there for the first time. In the midst of plans and rumours and riots Topgyay calmly held a three-day party at Erh Dao Chao to which had been invited all the top Tibetan

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and Chinese officials at that time in Kangting. He took over the springs, the 'hotel' and all the outlying buildings for the use of his guests and squads of servants. Officials, traders, servants, muleteers and soldiers streamed out of Kangting on horses with luxurious saddle rugs and gold and silver ornamented saddlery. Two yaks and four pigs had been slain for the first meal, and there were many more in a corral behind the 'hotel'. Topgyay had set himself out in his own inimitable way to show the Chinese that he had the real power and influence in Kangting to use as and when he wished, but that so long as they were friendly he was friendly too.

Shooting competitions, singing of folk-songs from all the parts of Tibet and China represented in the company; 'country' dancing by men and women from all over Tibet; weight lifting competitions between celebrated strong men lifting huge stones; mahjong for those who wanted to gamble for unlimited stakes; disputes theological and philosophical; opium, hashish and morphia—and underneath it all the quiet talking in corners and rooms, the sifting of motives, the testing of loyalties, for the struggle ahead.

On the second day of the party Topgyay with several others, Tibetans and Chinese, went for a walk outside Erh Dao Chao. This in itself was unusual, for the Tibetan will never walk when he can ride and often takes his horse even when visiting a friend in a nearby house. But other surprises were yet in store. We had only walked about half a mile when we came to a large pool in the shadow of the mountainside.

'Could you swim in that?' Topgyay asked me interestedly.

'If you mean, is it deep enough? Yes'. I replied. 'But I wouldn't like to—too cold.'

'It's not cold,' Topgyay protested. 'The sun is very warm. It is much colder inside Tibet.'

'It is still too cold,' I maintained. 'It's much better

Teaching Tibetans to Swim

learning to swim in the hot springs,' I added with a grin, more as a conversational gambit than because I really thought he was seriously contemplating learning to swim in the mountain pool. I was wrong.

'Can you swim?' Topgyay addressed his sixteen year old son, Jigme.

'No,' Jigme replied.

'Have you learned to swim in school in India or Nanking?' he asked his nephew, Sonam Dorje.

'No, sir,' replied Sonam.

'Can you swim?' he asked Kora Lama, the shootin', fightin', gamblin' ex-priest leader of a wild tribe of Khambas.

'Me?' asked Kora Lama incredulously, and gave a great shout of laughter.

'Can you swim?' Topgyay went on, addressing himself to a tall good-looking Tibetan trader, called Lo-gundun.

'Like a dog,' he replied deprecatingly. Topgyay looked puzzled, and Lo-gin-dun explained he had learned to thrash his legs and arms in the water like a dog in India and it had kept him afloat.

'Then, if you can do it, we can all do it,' Topgyay said, determinedly. 'It is not good that Tibetans should not know how to swim. The foreigners will teach us.' And he began to unloose the sash of his gown.

The others looked at him with dismay, incredulity, bewilderment, trepidation, according to how they each received the announcement, but there could be no question of argument. He was their host, he was their leader, he had spoken, and he was already stripping himself.

Erh Dao Chao was about nine thousand feet up in the mountains. It was true, as Topgyay had said, that the sun was warm, but at that height while the sun was warm enough to make anything more than light clothing unpleasant as soon as one moved into the shade of moun-

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tains, trees or houses, it was cold enough for furs. Underneath rocks and in the gashes in the mountainside, where the sun could not reach, ice and snow gleamed and remained unmelted. What the pool would be like, fed by ice-cold mountain streams, was past imagining.

We stripped. Bulky Tibetan gowns were ungirded, Chinese gowns were unbuttoned, western jackets and trousers were discarded, until we all stood in our underpants only, a somewhat motley spectacle. Geoff was the first in, after a deep breath and a running dive. I followed more circumspectly, testing the water with a foot and a shudder before taking the plunge. The others followed according to temperament: Topgyay walked in without the flicker of an eyelid to indicate whether he thought it cold or hot; Jigme and Sonam with youthful rushes; Kora Lama, with a wild Khamba yell and a knee-up jump; Lo-gun-dun, with a calm stroll, somehow managed to look dignified; the Chinese, with martyr-like stoic submission.

It was not too bad, after the initial shock, if one kept moving, but Topgyay had said that all must learn to swim, and so Geoff and I had to stand still in the icy water showing the others how to move their hands and legs to keep afloat. After a few attempts both Jigme and Sonam got the hang of it and went off on their own to join Lo-gun-dun. Topgyay and Kora Lama nearly gave us heart failure. They listened intently to the instructions, then launched themselves into the deepest parts of the pool with wild splashes and reckless disregard for their safety. Their servants stood at the edge of the pool, nearly petrified with the conviction that they were certain to drown, and we even forgot to feel the cold as we watched them. Topgyay, I knew, suffered from a weak heart anyway, and all this exertion in water which felt like syrup at this high altitude was enough to kill him, quite apart from the risks of drowning which he was running every time he plunged out of his depth.

Teaching Tibetans to Swim

Kora Lama showed how easily this might happen. He was splashing about in the deep part of the pool, legs and arms flailing in what is known as 'the dog's paddle', when somehow he got out of the rhythm and into difficulties. While the other Tibetans roared with laughter at his antics, his face contorted with strain and he gradually sank further into the water, until the only part of him that remained above the water was his great beak of a nose. It was extraordinarily funny but he was obviously in danger and we were making towards him when we saw that Lo-gun-dun, tall and calm, was nearest him and that he was going to his aid. And then the Tibetans gave a great roar of laughter as Lo-gun-dun reached over his hand and pushed Kora Lama's head under the water.

He was just about finished when we finally got him out on to the bank, and I applied some artificial respiration. The others had thought it a great ploy and were still doubled up at the thought of Kora Lama's great nose sticking out of the water, and Lo-gun-dun's unhurried and thoughtful contribution to the proceedings, when Kora Lama spluttered back into life again. His first action was to grin ruefully at the others' enjoyment at his expense, and then he stood up and stretched himself, bending forward several times to clear his head and his lungs.

When he finally straightened himself, and assured the others that he was all right, he looked to the far side of the pool, and then he suddenly stiffened and pointed. A party of women, either from amongst the guests or from the many people who come out to Erh Dao Chao to see the guests, had come round the corner of the mountain-side and were in full view. We had all had underpants on when we entered the pool but the drag of the water on them had made them a nuisance so we had discarded them and were completely in the nude.

It was the near-dead Kora Lama who recovered from the shock first of all. He dealt with the situation in his

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own inimitable way. With a wild yell he bounded towards the women, and after one startled glance at the naked figure leaping towards them they turned and ran shrieking down the trail.

The City and the Sword

The plane circled in the darkness above the twinkling red, yellow and white lights of the Calcutta airfield.

Behind me were three years of silence and peaceful remoteness in the mountains of Tibet. Behind me was that fantastic two months' journey over the unexplored wastes of South-East Tibet. Behind me was the knowledge I had learned of God and Satan in the most solitary place on the earth. Behind me was the jungle with its silently moving head hunters and trumpeting elephants. Behind me were the writhing, tingling torment and racking spasms of air sickness as the plane bucketed its way through an electric storm over Assam. Beneath me was the city of Calcutta and the first civilization I had known for a long, long time. Loshay, my Tibetan servant, had his already flat Mongolian nose flattened even more against the windows as he gazed in stupefied wonder at the miles of lights and darkness in his first flight in a plane and his first visit to a city outside Tibet.

It was too late that night to see any more than could be seen from the airline 'bus between the airfield and the city. The darkness of the countryside lit only by flickering oil lamps in the few huts and roadside shops which we passed, gradually gave way to the brilliantly electrically lit city. Buses, rickshaws, trams, bullock-carts, horse-drawn carriages and hooting taxis jammed the main

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thoroughfares into the city, and hurrying, jostling crowds of people thronged the pavements. It was bewildering and slightly intoxicating after the solitude of the past years. Loshay sat silent in speechless amazement as we turned and plunged with the joyous abandon and reckless disregard for life and property peculiar to the Sikh taxi-driver into the maelstrom of city-centre traffic. He had seen electric lights in Kangting but he had never seen the flickering neon artistry or the eye-torturing blaze of the lights of a great city.

It was too hot for him in the 100 degrees heat of Calcutta during the day and he remained indoors in the shade under the circling fan, trying to get some air into his tortured, high-altitude lungs. But after a late evening storm had swept the city, cooling the air considerably, he agreed to go out for a walk and a look at the shops. He still wore his high-necked white Tibetan blouse, with the maroon Tibetan gown off the shoulder and with the sleeves wrapped round his waist. From the coloured sash, girding his gown, hung the ever-ready short sword from which no Tibetan ever liked to be parted. Even in crowded, cosmopolitan Calcutta he was a striking figure as we walked around.

The lights were what impressed him most of all. The thousand-bulb brilliance of the Metro Cinema entrance held him entranced, and the thousands of people jammed shoulder to shoulder on the pavement broke against his powerful figure standing in their path and then reformed into a solid mass again when they had passed him. He wasn't overwhelmed or frightened or stunned or any of the things one might expect of a Tibetan nomad flung into the chaos of a modern city, he was as engrossed as a child in the toy department of a huge store when each object was new and exciting and absorbed every interest in its turn.

We wandered along Chowringhee, main thoroughfare and shopping centre in Calcutta. Like Princes Street,

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Edinburgh, it had shops only on one side of the street but whereas Princes Street dipped into flower gardens and then swept upwards to the Castle-crowned summit above, Chowringhee stretched away into an open maidan, or park.

We walked slowly along the shopping side, closed at this time of night but still ablaze with lights to attract the attention of the thousands of evening strollers. Loshay stopped at every one and looked at every article on display.

We were looking at the display in a jeweller's shop and Loshay had turned to ask me something when I saw him stiffen and his hand reach for his sword in an instinctive and familiar gesture. I looked at him blankly, it was so unexpected and unnecessary in the present circumstances, and then a voice murmured in my ear.

'Hello, sahib.'

I looked round in surprise for I knew of no one in Calcutta who would address me like that. An overdressed young woman, oriental-looking with her slant eyes heavily kohl-ed, but probably Eurasian, was standing at my shoulder ostensibly looking at the jewellers' window, but with eyebrows tilted invitingly at me. This was what Loshay had seen and he was reacting in the only way he knew to defend his master's honour at being accosted by a prostitute in a public place.

'Oh, hello,' I said hastily, turning to walk away, 'eh, no, thank you.'

But that wasn't enough for Loshay. His hand still on the hilt of his sword, he stepped forward, and I moved back to stop him; but it was only to bring him close to the girl when he snorted in incomprehensible Tibetan that she was to pass on—and quick.

The whole incident had only taken a few minutes but already scores of Indians were crowding round, grinning at our—or rather, my, discomfiture, for Loshay was unembarrassed at the situation. When the prostitute had

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stepped backwards fearfully into the crowd and disappeared quickly. Loshay then shifted his gaze to those nearest him. His hand still on the sword he moved forward in front of me and the grinning faces hastily withdrew to a safe distance as we passed through to continue our stroll.

Eve and the Apple

Amongst all the visitors to Kalimpong, and there were many colourful personalities, none was so colourful or explosive as Eve. Blonde, young, unescorted, lovely and with a superb figure, her greatest attraction for the males of Kalimpong and district probably lay in her cynical disregard for them. Coming to India during the war, she had stayed on afterwards and was at that time doing some free-lance journalism—or so she said. She was in Kalimpong for a rest, and looking for material for stories and articles. She herself provided plenty.

Young tea planters, starved of even mediocre material for conquest, for a time forgot their pose as pipe smoking proconsuls of the Empire and crowded into the lounge of the Himalayan Hotel in extended (and French) leaves for the opportunity of walking Eve to the bazaar (protection from the natives) or through the notorious 10th-mile (no white woman should be seen alone there, you know). One Indian official offered to leave his wife (his second) and take a place in Kalimpong to set up house with Eve. Another official found her so suspicious a character that he had to give several interviews (in his car) to try to find out who and what she was. Eve, with tantalizing *déshabillé* and disillusion accepted all offers,

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skilfully evaded the *tenacem propositivirum* of the hunting male, and cynically announced to the amused and interested, if shocked, audience the various times it had taken for the different escorts to make evident their real intentions. Although this discomfited the escorts it did not seem to discourage them or others in making fresh approaches.

I fell under her spell as much as the others, and no doubt in other circumstances might have added to the list of swooning swains, but we were destined to be star-crossed. She was a cynic, an atheist, a self-confessed sinner who frankly admitted her liking for sin, while I was an idealist with a mission, a Christian, a sinner confessedly attracted to sin but seeking to have dominion over it by the power of God. There was an attraction of opposites in this, of course, but I think a great deal of her interest in me was in the possibilities of 'copy' which I provided, from several standpoints, and I think we can let it go at that.

In any case I saw a lot of Eve, in the house and hotel, as well as in the bazaar and 10th-mile, and found her interesting company. She asked me frankly on one occasion, when she had called to see me about tea-time and we were alone in the house, if I had ever any thoughts about seducing her, and I told her equally frankly that I had not; that, incredible as it might be to her, I was more interested in her soul than in her body. We had two hours of discussion then, when she laid aside her mask, and from that day, when we were alone together she dropped the pose of disillusioned woman of the world and was natural. The town hummed, of course, with remarks of the possibilities that the situation afforded.

I was sitting on the Himalyan Hotel veranda one day talking to Annie Perry, Prince Peter of Greece, and some guests while I waited for a taxi to take me to the Homes on the other side of the mountain, when Eve

Eve and the Apple

arrived from the bazaar trailing her usual clouds of glory, one on each side.

'I called to see you today,' she said, as she came forward, 'but you were out.'

'I am sorry,' I replied, 'but I was visiting a Tibetan friend and came right on here from his house. Was there anything you wanted to see me about, or was it just a visit?'

'I wanted to see you to deliver a personal invitation to a party in the hotel tonight,' she returned. 'Annie is having a party and I want you for my partner.'

'I am sorry, again,' I said, 'but I'm afraid I'll have to refuse the honour. I'm on my way to the Homes now, and am only waiting for a taxi.'

'Cancel it,' she said promptly, 'if the driver is awkward, I'll pay. I want you for my partner tonight—and I shall not mind the price,' she added with exaggerated melodrama.

I shook my head. 'No, sorry to refuse a fair maiden in apparent distress, but I have a subsequent engagement, as Oscar Wilde would say, and you have a plenitude of partners,' nodding to the males at the rail of the veranda.

She made a contemptuous sound. 'What's on at the Homes anyway that is so attractive?' She returned to the attack. 'Do I know her? Show her to me and I'll tear her eyes out.'

I grinned. 'I'm going to see a film—and here is the taxi now.'

'A film!' she cried. 'What film can be so important that you *must* see it?'

'A religious film,' I replied, walking towards the taxi, 'called *God of Creation*.'

'Ye gods and little fishes!' she appealed to Annie-la, Prince Peter and the other members of the audience in the background. 'I ask you? I offer him myself and he chooses a *religious* film!'

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The taxi-driver put the car into gear so I had to lift my voice to be heard above the din. 'But then I always prefer God to a woman!'

If she had a reply I did not hear it. Next day the story was all over the town in various versions, and Eve complained that I had ruined her reputation as a fast woman for ever.

It was on the Sunday night before she left that she got her own back. I had agreed to have dinner with her in the hotel, and she let it be known that it was in the nature of a celebration and she would give me a memento of her regard. The hotel lounge was packed with guests when she came in, overpoweringly beautiful as always—'dressed up like a tart' was her dry comment to the murmurs of admiration from the guests, male and female; 'for you' she added sweetly to me. Then, as she sat down beside me, in the silence following on her entrance, she said, 'There's something I want to give you so that you will always remember me.'

The other guests made no attempt to hide their curiosity as it was obviously her intention that they should see and hear. Would it be a ring?

She opened her handbag and pulled out—an apple. There was a baffled murmur from the guests, as I took it from Eve, looked at her and said, 'Touché!—but the Bible does not say that it was an apple.'

I bit it, and handed it back to her. 'You win.'

Annie Perry's voice broke in. 'I know! Eve and the apple in the Garden of Eden.'

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A Surgeon, a Doctor, and Me

Molly McCabe was the wife of Dr. Graham's Homes' Estate Manager, George McCabe, and we had been at the same school together in Scotland, although not, as she was always quick to point out, in the same year. Molly had been a typist in her Civil Service days so when she offered to type the manuscript for my first book I accepted with alacrity. As I expected to return home soon George suggested that I give up my house in town and live with them until I was ready to leave, and this would make the job of working on the manuscript much easier too. So I moved once more into the Homes.

When events forced me to postpone my visit for the time being I asked George and Molly if they minded me being around a bit longer than we had anticipated. They certainly did not mind, Molly said, but I might be pushed about a little for she had three friends coming to stay with her for six-weeks' holiday, three young unattached female missionaries, she added, one a surgeon, one a pharmacist, and one a nurse, and if I didn't find one of *them* suitable for a wife then I was beyond hope.

I was out when her three friends arrived, and they had all begun supper when I finally got back. When I entered the dining-room Molly announced dramatically, 'Ladies, Patterson of Tibet.'

With her whimsical sense of humour she knew that this would start me off on the wrong foot with any young missionary ladies, especially with the reputation I had managed to acquire through my 'unorthodox' ideas on missionary work and young missionary ladies in particular. The reception, just off-frigid and no more, that I was accorded indicated that if I wasn't the *bête*

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noire of the other visitors present I certainly couldn't be recognized as the type to be a girl's best friend.

'I'm pleased to have you meet me,' I said, as I pulled my chair into the table next to the surgeon. She was young, she was quiet, and she was distant. So were the others but they were in a different category for I had gathered that they were good friends of someone who didn't like me too well, and so the frigid reception was all in the nature of things. The surgeon was Margaret Ingram of Lhudiana Christian Medical College, and she was remarkably young for a surgeon, remarkably quiet for a woman missionary, and remarkably distant for someone who had not previously met me, whom I had not annoyed and who, as far as I knew, was not a friend of a friend of a friend who had been. George and Molly were obviously enjoying themselves, and so I entered into the spirit of the thing with them.

I was very busy and only saw the guests at an occasional meal-time, and gradually the atmosphere thawed sufficiently to permit some guarded conversation. I stuck grimly to platitudes for George and Molly's sake, carefully avoiding comments which might be construed as controversial and so tend to further freezing. It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened if we had never got on to the subject of demon-possession. It had flowed into the conversation naturally, and after a few formal comments would have flowed out again, and we would have risen from the table and gone about our separate affairs until we returned for another meal and other innocuous subjects and comments, but for the fact that Miss Ingram ceased to be quiet and distant and began asking penetrating questions. We were still sitting talking when the others moved off after lunch and still sitting talking when they returned for tea.

It led on to other subjects and other discussions and other times. My interest in the surgeon who was young, and had been quiet and distant, grew and when I saw

A Surgeon, a Doctor, and Me

her having difficulty with a horse one day when she was going out riding I offered to teach her to ride. We moved from a trot through a canter to a gallop in the lessons, until I thought she would be able to join some Tibetan friends who were riding out to a picnic spot several miles away.

It was beginning to be noticed that we were spending so much time together and the inevitable rumours began to spread.

When we were still sitting talking one night after the others had gone upstairs to bed Molly asked the pharmacist, 'Do you think there can be anything between these two?'

'Get on with you,' scoffed the friend, 'Margaret Ingram is too sane and sober and level-headed to have anything to do with an adventurer like that.'

But on the last week of their stay it happened, and we discovered that we were in love. Kalimpong rocked at the news, and the reverberations spread throughout India where we had both been known. Then came the time when I had to go through the ordeal of meeting my fiancée's colleagues in Ludhiana.

I arrived in the early hours of the morning at the deserted station, only Meg on the platform, and we drove through empty just-lightening streets to the Medical College. I had a cup of tea, and then a bath and change, and we went through to breakfast.

The staff in Lhudiana ate together and some of them were already at the tables when we went in. Meg introduced me to those already there and I sat down next to Doctor Dorothy Vaux, the charming Vice-Principal of the College.

'Have you come straight through from Kalimpong?' she asked.

'No, I flew to Calcutta and caught the express train from there,' I replied. 'It's not such a long journey that way.'

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'It's bad enough from Calcutta,' she said. 'And isn't it an awful time to arrive?'

I agreed, and we ate in silence. After a little while, she turned to me and said very solemnly, 'Mr. Patterson, do you realize you are marrying a very clever surgeon?'

I sought for an answer, and found none. I felt exactly as I had felt that day in the Rector's study when he said to me, 'Patterson, this report is disgraceful; you are down in Latin, French and maths. Don't you realize if you put your mind to it you could be at the top of the class in those subjects but if you don't put your mind to it you have no future ahead of you?'

The silence seemed to drag on interminably. There was no answer. A solecism had been too much for me on both occasions.

