

" F Shroddhan under
Cross Road, Mahagan L.P.
Bombay Sept 1, 1942

My dear friend,

You will be surprised to
hear from me & from this place. But
I have been here for nearly three
months. My long hotelkeeper Palianadin
was drawn to an end by a friend
who wanted me here to assist him
in a certain work. Of course,
the ultimate for him is a new
job. The old one is still on me,
like the old man of the Sea. Mr.
C. S. R. tells P. D. Swami that he
has written to me to come over to
Calcutta to talk things over. It is
a lie, I do not care of what shade
of black.

Some day when I reach
you I will tell you about it

I know all of you have been thinking of me as a somewhat cursed (I cursed as well) ass. But the fact is that I wanted to be finished with this democratising association.

But purity is even more democratising. And I am trying hard to think out a way of welcoming ~~to~~ the door to Calcutta is not yet bolted, though it is not exactly ajar. But I would so much like that all these months of work should not be wasted.

Well, this talk is pointless. The occasion for writing this is mentioned according to Venkateswaram (he is not quite sure) here is

there is some opening in the Allahabad
University, which I could try for, or
rather where I could be tried.

I need not say more.

Please write to me, if only to
say Venkateswaram is coming
or that the opening is not
wide and for one of my girls.

But I have slimmed, dropped
about 15 lbs. And intend all
one to try C. S. R.

Are you happy in your
new place? And the wife & children,
where they are? If there is nothing
doing anywhere here, I am
thinking of dumping myself
on you for a longish stay.

With kindest regards

Yours
P. K. S. ^{or yours}