LETTERS FROM INDIA TO AMERICA
1916-51

Martha Payne Alter

Edited by Ellen and Bob Alter
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PREFACE

Martha Payne Alter, with her husband, David Emmet Alter, were UPNA (United Presbyterian Church of North America) missionaries in India/Pakistan from 1916-50. The letters in this volume are part of Martha's personal correspondence, written weekly to her parents in Mansfield, Ohio, who shared them with her sister and family in Boston, Massachusetts.

Martha and Emmet served as missionaries for 34 years, first in India and later in Pakistan, following the partition of India in 1947.

In addition to being a homemaker, hostess, and the mother of four sons, Martha was, at various times, manager of a girls' school, manager of a leprosy hospital, a teacher, and supervisor of women students (at Gordon College, Rawalpindi).

Because of Emmet’s failing health they retired from overseas service in 1950, settling in Kansas, where Emmet died in July, 1952. For the next two years Martha served as stated supply of the United Presbyterian Church at Pretty Prairie, Kansas, where Emmet had been pastor; and then as housemother of the women's dormitory at Sterling College, Sterling, Kansas.

Following a long visit to India and Pakistan in 1963 - three sons and their families were now living and working in India - Martha settled at Westminster Gardens, Duarte, California, where, until her death on October 13, 1978, she was an active member of the retirement community (notably, as Historian of the Gardens and hostess par excellence), and of the Arcadia Presbyterian Church.

In editing Martha's letters, I have tried to concentrate on significant impressions and experiences that highlight India and its society and the mission community of that period, as well as the global setting, and through this - Martha's evolving personality.

In most cases I have used current, accepted capitalizations and spellings, though I have retained some of Martha's idiosyncrasies and her use of such short forms as "thru," "tho," "thot," and "brot," for period flavor.

Usually, I have separated my own comments, explanations and summaries from the letters with the use of asterisks. In some cases, within the body of the material, I have used brackets for explanations. Ellipses indicate deletions of repetitive descriptions, routine comments and explanations, etc.

The first chapter deals with Martha's early family and school life and the years just prior to her departure for India, in which I have tried to give a picture of her background and upbringing, and her developing personality.

Some of the early letters have been treated topically, but generally the order is chronological.

We have divided the letters into four parts, to correspond to Martha and Emmet's four terms of service, as follows:

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MARTHA PAYNE ALTER

Missionary Career, Dates and Locations

October-November 1916 - Enroute to India
December 1916-April 1917 - Sialkot, Punjab (Language Study)
April-September 1917 - Landour, Mussoorie, U.P. (Language School)
September 11-30 1917 - Mussoorie-Simla Trek
October-December 1917 - Sialkot/Jhelum, Punjab (Evangelistic work, including village camping)
January-June 1918 - Jhelum
July-December 1918 - Landour (Language School)
1919/20/21/April 22 - Jhelum
April-June, 1922 - Enroute USA
July 1922-November 1924 - USA on furlough
December 1924-January 1925 - Enroute India
January-November 1925 - Jhelum
November 1925/26/27/28/29 - Abbotabad, Northwest Frontier Province (Evangelistic work)
1930/31 - Abbotabad/Mussoorie
1932/33 - Woodstock School, Mussoorie
Sept '33-Aug '35 - USA on furlough
1935-39 - Gordon College, Rawalpindi, Punjab
1940-43 - Woodstock School, Mussoorie
April '44 - October '46 - USA on furlough
November, 1946 - December, 1950 - Gordon College, Rawalpindi
December, 1950 - Sailed from Karachi for early retirement
MARSHA ALTER'S FAMILY CONNECTIONS

INDIA-BASED FAMILIES

Note: Names in bold type are those Martha uses in her letters.
INTRODUCING MARTHA

Mary Martha Payne was born on May 18, 1890, to Jennie Hall Payne and James E. Payne, in Mansfield, Ohio. In a brief, informal sketch of her life (written in her retirement years at the request of one of her grandsons), she reveals her strong family ties; her curiosity and her enjoyment of life and other people; her love of education and meticulousness in detail; and her sensible practicality and independent spirit:

"My sister, Evangeline, who was twenty-one months old at the time of my birth, gave me a warm welcome and we were close playmates until adolescence, when the age gap made a difference, as it always does. Our house was built before my arrival. Grandma Hall had a lot between her home and the alley, which she gave to my parents. On this they built a very compact and convenient home of seven rooms, a hall and a bath. This, mother, a meticulous housekeeper, kept immaculate and in order. If anything was not to be in use for several months, it was wrapped, labeled and put on a shelf in the hall closet upstairs. This trait in mother never interfered with our play but did demand that we put our toys in their places when we were not playing with them. My earliest memories are of the big swing between our house and grandmother's and the beautiful flower and vegetable garden my grandmother planted and cared for. Mother was no gardener but father always planted flowers along our front porch and kept a beautiful rose rambler well pruned and watered at the end of the porch...

"My paternal grandfather...[Ed.-injured while serving with the Union forces in the Civil War], returned home a sick man and died of T.B. when my father was eleven years old. He left his widow, two daughters and a son. Being the only male in the family, my father dropped out of school and went to work at a grocery store to help his mother support the family. His mother was a seamstress, and his sisters worked at the suspender factory. These were lean and difficult years. My father...was so hurt by the experience that he never wanted his daughters to work outside of the home as his sisters had done. He clerked in the store after his apprenticeship as errand boy. Then he decided to learn a trade and went to the Baxter Shop factory where he became a molder...He was interested in local politics; so every evening after bathing and dressing and eating his supper, he would go to Massey's cigar store, an American version of the English Pub, and visit for an hour or so with other staunch Democrats, to get the local news - political and social. He liked a good cigar and according to him Massey's was the only place a good one was rolled. Years later, when he would visit my sister and her husband in Boston he always took several boxes of these cigars with him, and when the last one had been smoked he took the train back to Mansfield. His interest in politics led to election for two terms as Sheriff of Richland County. After these four years he went into the cement business for himself, and a number of streets in Mansfield still have his name imprinted on them. Though a drop-out from school he never stopped learning as long as life continued. He was a man of strong character, great convictions, and deep devotion for his family.

"...Our home life was simple but very warm. Mother was not a club woman, neither was she absent from the home except for business matters and shopping. The one exception was the Women's Missionary Society and Ladies' Aid at the United Presbyterian Church of which she and father were members. We attended the Sunday School and church service morning and evening. When we grew old enough we were active in the Young People's program though I rebelled when some senior members of the church took over this group and did most of the talking...Mother was very hospitable and welcomed all our friends into the home at any time. They still remember her for
her warmth and kindness. I loved to entertain even as a child and mother was always ready to help
us plan a party or a picnic...

"Long before I was of school age, I longed to enter. My cousin went to a private kindergarten and
how I envied him. I was invited to go one day and still remember with longing the small paper
handicrafts they made and how I wished I could make them. The day finally came. . . I can still
remember the excitement in my heart that morning as mother combed my hair and prepared me for
the great event. I have continued to love school all through the years and would go now if I could.
Hence I find it difficult to understand a grandchild who does not like it...

"We lived in an area that was strongly in favor of abolition of slavery and often mother would tell
us what her parents had recounted to her of the underground railway and the many ways in which
people had helped the runaway slaves, sending them on to Canada where they could not be reached
by their owners. There were a few negroes in our town and all through my school years there was a
negro boy in my class. He played with the other boys and as far as I can remember there was no
discrimination against any negro in the school. My parents were friendly to the black folks. In
mother's graduation class from high school there was a girl, Sadie Pleasant, who was a gifted
musician and who went on to Oberlin College for further training. When she came home and started
giving piano lessons mother asked her to teach my sister and me. . . There was no color barrier in our
hearts. The first wedding I ever attended was at the negro church where Henry, the hostler of our
neighbor across the alley, was married. I still have that picture clearly etched upon my mind - the
beautiful clothes, the bride in white with a long veil, and the church packed with well-groomed
folks. My eyes almost popped out when I saw the tables laden with artistically decorated cakes and
sweets of many different kinds. Henry's sister, Amelia, was the cook for the same neighbor and when
their granddaughter visited them in the summers, Amelia would often make us a tasty morning
snack...

What may be Martha's first letter to her parents - perhaps from camp, when she was 9 years old,
shows her budding personality:

** **

June 19, 1899

Dear Mama I am [having] a good time. I got the letter yesterday. I heard that [there] was to [be] a
Lawn Fate [sic] Friday evening. Where is it to be. I was glad to know that Emmett [her cousin] had
such good success in selling tickets. I hope the people that have it will have good success. I hope
Emmett is having a good time today at Cedar Point. Edith and I am at Garnhart this afternoon. Mrs.
Morehed and Anise and Evangeline are at Cresline today. We are going home Saturday morning.
We will be there at eleven o'clock sun time. How is papa. Give my love to all. Your daughter
Martha Payne

** **

In her autobiography, Martha also confesses her impatience when events and situations block or
delay her ambitions:

"I had many of the frustrations and problems of the average teenager. A quick temper haunted
me. I aspired for so much that I could not attain that I felt confused and frustrated. But my one big
ambition was to go on to college and my parents joined me in that and made it possible. The choice
was Westminster College in New Wilmington, Pa. It was a college related to the United Presbyterian Church..."

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Two letters written from Westminster College just after Martha's arrival there provide piquant glimpses of the young college girl, as well as of the colloquialisms of Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania language of that period [1908]:

***

Thursday eve

Dear Father,

It is almost bed time and I have very little to write. I am sure in love with this place and everyone here. I am sending you a registration certificate saying that I have paid. Be sure and save this certificate. I hope this will be my last business letter for awhile. I should have my light out now for it is after time. By that do not infer that I have been over-studying for the girls have been all around tonight having a good time for work does not begin in earnest till to-morrow...

Dear Mother,

...You cannot imagine how lonesome I felt when I got off at the junction. The special train from Pitsburg [sic] was waiting to bring us up to New Wilmington. A freshman boy helped me around which made it easier...

The dormitory certainly looked pretty that night! You know it is situated on the hill and a winding path leads up to it. [Ed.- "Hillside," where I lived as a Sophomore in 1945] All along this walk and on the porch were strung Japanese lanterns. The dormitory is certainly a grand place and the dining is swell. On the one side is a most beautiful fireplace. Reaches almost to the ceiling and that is very high. There are twelve tables of eight places each in the dining hall. They always look so nice - always having a vase of flowers. Davida Finney's room is right beside mine...[Ed.- Davida was a lifelong friend, who became a well-known missionary in Egypt.] Yesterday afternoon the Y.W.C.A. girls had a reception for all the new girls in the porch of the Hillside. I wrote to father but he can get all the news from this letter. I had to ask him for more money but I hope it is the last time for ages. Please write me a long letter. Have no time to read this over. Loads of love, Martha

Got a postal from E.

***

And, in her autobiographical sketch, Martha notes:

"My college years were full of activity and responsibility. I was editor of the Holcad, a monthly college paper, president of the Y.W.C.A., also president of the Student Volunteers, won the Oratorical Competition in my junior year, and was valedictorian of the Class of 1912. Though I gave much time to academic studies, I found many ways of socializing and taking an active part in class affairs. I was no social butterfly nor did I receive much attention from the other sex. These were years of decision making and it was then that I chose the course that my life was to follow through all the succeeding years. I had many opportunities in that church-related college, of hearing and learning of the Bible and its teachings of Christ in a deeper way than I had experienced it as a child in a Christian
home. Then I knew that I must decide what was to be my course through the years...I volunteered for foreign service and have always been thankful for that decision. I have found it very true that God never leaves one alone. ...Whenever one door has been closed another and better one has been opened. This is the experience of many years, and my life has been rich and full of the things no money can buy."

From September, 1912 to May, 1913, Martha taught at the "home mission" school in Frenchburg, Ky. She spent the 1913-14 school year at home in Mansfield. In 1914-15 she attended Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. From January, 1915 to June, 1916, Martha was again teaching at Frenchburg. In these years her lengthy letters home - Martha never wrote short letters - reveal her continuing commitment to education; her consuming interest in all aspects of her pupils' and their parents' lives; her lively enjoyment of social gatherings, parties and food (especially, the chocolates that her father would send her); the delight in her parents' gift to the Frenchburg school of a "victrola" - with Harry Lauder records; the developing romance with her "friend" Emmet, a college classmate, teaching in neighboring Stanton, and his frequent visits -often by horseback, though, on one memorable occasion, by walking 12 miles from a "nearby" RR station, which necessitated sleeping out overnight at Thanksgiving time. One could write at least a slim volume from the Frenchburg letters, which picture Martha's spirited curiosity and interest in everything about the culture and community she encountered in the mountains of Kentucky. Certainly this began to prepare her well for her later encounter with India.

A letter to Martha's mother from Mrs. Weidler, the wife of the president of the Frenchburg School, attests to Martha's fitness for such an endeavor:

Feb. 21 - 17

My dear Mrs. Payne:

...Oh, how I miss your daughter. You do not know how much I admire her. I always did admire people who thought for themselves, and she was so dear, and so strong, no weakling, but determined to do something for the world. I know she will be a factor for good in the foreign field... 

With love, Josephine Weidler

On June 27, 1916, Martha was married to David Emmet Alter, who had just graduated from the Pittsburgh Xenia Seminary in May of that year. Emmet was the son of "home" missionaries, who had served on the Warm Springs Indian Reservation in Oregon. In the early days of their engagement they had applied for missionary service in India under the United Presbyterian Church of North America Board of Foreign Missions, and on October 5, 1916, they sailed "with the party for India" from Vancouver on the Canadian Pacific R.M.S. "Empress of Russia," headed toward Madras.

Again, Martha's detailed accounts of shipboard life and their trips ashore - at Nagasaki, Kobe, Yokohama, Shanghai, Manila, Canton, Hong Kong (from where they boarded a French steamer), Haiphong, Hanoi, Saigon, Singapore, Colombo, and Madras - would fill another volume. Her avid curiosity - and, in some cases, rather strong prejudices - in regard to the people and conditions in these places is often evident: She notices the "sad, hopeless looks" of Chinese workers on the dock and boat, in contrast to "our happy Negroes." She comments that "Japanese children are cunning, but not so much as American ones." In Hong Kong she is greatly frustrated by the delays and "red tape" involved in getting tickets for the French steamer (the Magellan, via Indo-China to Colombo), and in the matter of exchanging money. The filth, beggars, and unsanitary conditions in Canton trouble
her though she does see a "bright side" in the Canton Christian College. Singapore is "the worst place for beggars and thieves" -and "You cannot hurry these Orientals."

Her quick wit, her keen observation, and, often, her sense of the ridiculous shine in passages like this: "It is very interesting to watch the different types of people as they come and go in the lounging room or on the deck. I spoke before of the many missionaries representing many different organizations. [In addition:] A count and countess of almost villainous appearance usually cast a shadow over the group as they pass; some very attractive little Filipino young men and young women dance very gracefully every evening while we eat dinner and are usually much in evidence in the lounging room. One of these Filipinos has an American wife while with the others a young white girl is usually associated; a soldier in Emmet's cabin has created a good deal of comment by his continual association with a very bold Jewess whose husband is also on board; a second Phoebe Wise [Ed.- A character made famous by Louis Bromfield in his book, Pleasant Valley, about Mansfield, Ohio.] is here in the form of a large woman, who on account of her many-colored regalia, has been dubbed the 'Countess of Cucumber.' Miss Martin is continually being kept out of her stateroom because the two women with her are entertaining their $500 dog. A supercilious Eastern [U.S.A.] woman was objecting to women's suffrage to a gentleman last night on the grounds that women would only vote the same as their husbands, and "Besides," she said, "You know I have a great deal of respect for men and their judgement." As she was sitting near enough for me to hear her foolish chattering and flattery, I moved my seat. . ." [Ed.-In 1948, when I sailed to India on a freighter (the "Flying Arrow" of the Isbrandtsen Line), I found the 12-passenger component carried an equal number of interesting personalities.]

Finally, to make a long voyage, and a very long story short, Martha and Emmet reached Madras in the fourth week of November, 1916. After several days' delay, they began their journey "up country."
ARRIVAL IN SIALKOT
The Mission Compound

Settled in Sialkot, Punjab, where they were to begin language study and their orientation to their missionary and Indian colleagues, Martha begins her weekly letters home, to her parents in Ohio and her sister and family in Boston.

From December, 1916 to April, 1917, these letters average twelve handwritten pages each. Martha writes to her parents, "I do not want to burden you with long epistles, but there is so much to tell about that I want to give you as good an idea of our life here as possible." This she proceeds to do, with accounts of the life, work and "traditions" of a mission station; reflections on events and issues of that period in India and around the world; comments - not without prejudice - on Indian - and British India -society; notings of the details of domestic life, including her introduction to household servants; concern for the situation and education - or lack of it - of the women she comes in contact with; the acceptance - resigned though often humourous - of the styles of travel in India; and regular complaints of the vagaries of the international mail system.

When Martha deplores the state of "these dirty Indian trains," one of her senior missionary colleagues, Mr. Campbell (with whom the Alters were living in Sialkot), expresses surprise, and then admits that yes, he did have such feelings when he first experienced the trains. He goes on to advise her to "jot down these impressions now"... as he is certain "I will not notice them so much later." She obviously follows Mr. Campbell's advice, as she begins her correspondence:

***

Sialkot, December 2, 1916
Dearest Father, Mother & Evangeline,

At last we have reached our destination and are located for a short time, at least. We arrived about three o'clock Thursday afternoon but our trunks and other baggage have not arrived. Hence we are laboring with difficulty to keep warm. We do hope it comes to-day. At present I am sitting in the doorway of our little study room where the sun is shining on me and keeping me comfortable. Within, the temperature is very chilly. We are glad that all our baggage is coming by excess so that we shall soon have our own little wood stove in this study room.

I hardly know just where to begin on our journey. I believe my latest letter closed with an account of Sabbath in Madras. Monday morning we were up early to start for a little ride around the city and make a few necessary purchases... Then Emmet and I hunted up a bank and cashed all the travellers checks that were left as we knew a port was the best place to do that. We also went to one of the English stores and bought a large canvas bag for our bedding. That is almost a necessity in India where we have to carry our bedding every place. We also bought a few canned goods for our lunches on the train up country. We tried to find some postcards but fear India is lacking them. I guess we should have bought several hundred in Japan to supply us for a few months, at least. On our journey from Madras Gordon Strong, the Stewarts, and Emmet and I had the same compartment. Each car is usually divided into about three compartments which have no connection with each other and which have doors opening on each side. It is very convenient when travelling in a party but would hardly be so pleasant when alone. Because of the Mohammedan women who must not appear with uncovered faces in public, they have to have compartments for women only. All the way up we rode
second class, as most Americans do. At the stations we bought hot water with which we made tea or cocoa as we chose. Of course we always went into the dining car once a day.

We had to change at Manmad, near Bombay, Tuesday night and there met Dr. Gordon and Dr. McConnellee. They brought with them quite a few letters from different missionaries welcoming us to India. The next afternoon their wives invited all the group of us into one compartment for tea. The compartment was just a little crowded but that condition only added to the fun.

That same night, Wednesday, we passed thru Agra and were only sorry we couldn't stop and see the Taj Mahal. There from our car we bought twelve little clay figures representing the different occupations of India - men dressed as the natives of the Punjab.

...At Lahore Mr. Mercer and Mr. Nesbitt met us. At Gujranwala, the Scotts, McConnelles, and Miss Bennett left us. There was a large crowd of missionaries there to meet us but we had very few minutes with them. The Hollidays and we had to change cars at Wazirabad and reached here about three o'clock, Thursday. Dr. White, Miss Marie Martin, Rev. & Mrs. Laing, and Rev. Campbell were at the station to welcome us. We rode out here in little two-wheeled carriages and just as we reached the edge of the city, a native band started to play and a long row of men and boys were there to greet Dr. and Mrs. Holliday who were here in the Christian Training Institute their latest term out. From there on out to this compound, we met more and more boys. Every now and then we had to stop while they shot off some fireworks in celebration. From the gate of the compound up to our house here, they had strung gay paper flags on each side of the road. They ended the performance with a grand blow off of the noisiest fireworks they could find. The band did its best to charm us but was far from successful, since it consisted of little but wind.

Mrs. Campbell was at the door to greet us with her little baby who is only three weeks old. I told her I was very glad the baby is a girl. Her name is Helen Jeannette - the same as Emmet's niece.

We are living here in the largest house in the mission. It was built by an English official who sold it at a very low price to the Scotch mission, [Ed.-This is a common mistake made by Americans. The correct term is "Scots." Later Martha gets it right.] who in turn sold it with all the surrounding ground of the compound to Dr. Stewart for fifteen hundred dollars. We have a large bedroom, bathroom, and study room on the left wing of the house. You will be glad to know our eating hours. We have what they call early breakfast at seven-thirty in our bedrooms. At eleven-thirty we have big breakfast; at four o'clock, tea; and at seven-thirty, dinner. For early breakfast we have just toast and tea. For large breakfast we have cereal, meat, potatoes, gravy, sometimes cakes, bread, spread of some kind, and fruit. At tea we always have cakes with the tea, and at dinner thus far we have been served with soup, meat, potatoes, gravy, two other vegetables, bread, butter, spread, and dessert. Our board is to cost us each about thirteen dollars a month. Then we pay for our servant and for our own wood.

Our munshi, teacher, is to arrive Monday and then our real work will begin...

Our beds are furnished and also the carpets but we have to buy a wardrobe. We selected one yesterday that seemed fairly good for $5.00. Then we bought a stand for $1.60.

The garden in front of the house is beautiful with chrysanthemums, roses, geraniums, nasturtiums and other flowers, beside orange, lemon, guava, mango and other fruit trees.

The natives up here wear heavy clothing [Ed.-in the cold Punjab winter] and often even wrap blankets around them. The houses are all made of mud and have flat roofs. You have often heard, no doubt, that they make their fuel out of dung and form it into cakes which they plaster on the sides of their homes to dry. That is a very familiar sight here.

Monday

...Our munshi came this morning and so we are beginning in earnest. We sat out in the sun and tried to watch his lips and listen to his voice so that we could repeat the words after him. Some attempts were rather weak, I fear, but we shall get there some time. Rev. Campbell expects to be with
us a couple hours every day to see that our munshi does his work properly. He said this noon that
from what he observed this morning, the lessons Dr. Cummings gave us in New Wilmington this
summer have given us a good foundation. He had Dr. Cummings oversee his munshi the same as he
is doing for us.

Emmet expects to take a picture of the house and of the servants before he develops any of his
plates. The whole house is of bricks and cement and because of white ants (termites) the doors are the
only framework. For that same reason we have to have these separate wardrobes. Over the cement
floors they usually put cheap matting and then carpet. The dust is so thick that tan is about the only
serviceable shade for a carpet tho some do use other colors. The walls are either tinted or
whitewashed. Very few of the houses have a second story. This one does not but they usually go up
on the roof to sleep when the hot weather begins. The only windows are a few up near the roof. They
are very small and are opened by long ropes. You see everything is built for the heat.

Tuesday

...Mrs. Campbell and I have just been out for a drive in their carriage while Rev. Campbell and
Emmet are over to the Scotch mission playing tennis. All the missionaries in Sialkot meet at one of the
compounds every Tuesday for tea and tennis.

...Here in the house we have five servants, none of whom will do the work of another. Munktus
the faithful old sweeper who fills the lamps and brings them to us in the evening, makes the fires,
sweeps the rooms, and does other odd jobs. Campbells and we each have a table servant who washes
dishes, dusts, runs errands and waits on table. The cook does little except kitchen service. Then the
"sayce" or horse-man is the fifth. The gardener belongs rather to the school.

Last night we had a very interesting experience. The boarding master of the school invited Dr.
and Mrs. Holliday and Emmet and me over to his home for dinner. He lives in the servants quarters
which consist of a long brick building divided into sections whose verandas and courtyards are
separated by a high brick wall. Imamdin, the boarding master, with his wife and six children lives in
three rooms, or rather sleeps there, for they spend most of the time in the open. Whenever the Indians
invite the missionaries to a meal they borrow silver and china from the servants of the latter. Thus,
Campbells' things were used on the table which was set for the four of us on the veranda. They also
had two large bunches of chrysanthemums on the table which was not large to begin with. It and the
chairs and table were also borrowed from here, I understand. The men always do the serving so
Imamdin waited upon us. We had curry and rice and potatoes and meat all cooked together. I
can't cared much for curry but I took a big helping last night to please them. With that they served
the native bread which is made of whole wheat flour and water and baked on the coals. The wife was
busy baking it while he served. She mixed it up in a bowl first and then took out a piece about the size
of a biscuit. This she threw back and forth from hand to hand for many times until it was very thin
and about eight inches in diameter. This she put on a plate over the coals until it began to smoke and
then put it in the ashes to finish baking. When baked it was put in a cloth to keep warm. We got up
from the table to watch her make one. They always hold this bread in their left hands and break off a
piece at a time to dip into the large dish. [Ed.-This is not according to strict Hindu/Indian custom -
though seen among some Indian Christians - as the left hand is often used for "unclean" practices.] It
thus serves as a spoon and also as a food. You know they all eat out of the same dish. The second
course consisted of a pudding, a "sweetmeat" as they would term it. It was made of wheat flour very
much sweetened and was well filled with raisins and pieces of cocoanut. On the top was a large piece
of tin foil [Ed.-actually, beaten silver], silver work as they call it. You see that is their way of
decorating a dish where we might use greens. The pudding itself was very good, but as is customary
here, they gave each far more than we could eat. Of course none of the family ate until after we did
We stayed awhile and Mrs. Holliday visited with them and Imamdin asked for a word of prayer before we left. Of course Emmet and I didn't understand what they were saying except as Mrs. Holliday explained. In the afternoon we had learned how to say, "The dinner is very good," so we made use of our knowledge. In Roman letters it is spelt thus, "Khana bahut achcha hai." Emmet went over and took their picture while they were at breakfast this morning. If it is good you will get copies. They were delighted that he did it. Then he pleased them still more by eating a little breakfast with them. All the natives usually eat just two meals a day - one in the morning; the other late in the afternoon.

Tomorrow afternoon Emmet and I are to visit Mabel Stewart in camp. She is very near the city and will send her carriage after us. Did I tell you that we are to be in Jhelum for Xmas? Mabel and her mother and brother [Ed.-Harris Stewart] will be there. Also Dr. and Mrs. Scott and Louise besides all the regular persons of the compound.

**Wednesday night**

...Please never worry about us, for we are just as safe here as we ever are at home - even more so, for there are very few automobiles and no streetcars in Sialkot. You could make good use of your automobile here, Evangeline, because the roads are very good. But I'd hate to have you pass me. The dust is frightfully deep...

Heaps and heaps of love to each one, Martha

***

In addition to "tea and tennis" every Tuesday, the tradition of missionary entertaining was well-established.

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Dec. 12, 1916...we were invited to Miss Martin's for dinner Wed. evening. She has charge of the Girls' Boarding School here which is about three miles from our place. We drove over in Campbell's carriage which is by far the most comfortable one we have been in here. They have an excellent horse, too, and are very kind to let us use their outfit together with the "human hitching post" as Louise terms the horseman...Rev. and Mrs. Laing, the three Martin sisters, Miss Olive Laing (who is in the school with Miss Martin) and Emmet and I made up the party...We both were glad for that opportunity of getting better acquainted with the other missionaries in Sialkot.

...Thursday evening...shortly after tea, we were called out to meet Rev. J.G. Campbell, Miss Roama Beatty, and Miss Whitely who had driven up on business from Pasrur in Mr. Campbell's Ford. Just as they were leaving Rev. and Mrs. McConnelee, Ethel McC. and Mrs. Scott drove up in McC's Ford...Mr. McConnelee took Emmet, Mr. Campbell, Mrs. Scott and me over to see the Laings and Martins and then back thru the English quarters. It was a delightful ride, for the roads here are very smooth. The Ford you can buy in America for $360 costs between $900 and $1000 out here on account of the freight. Those who are in district work find it a great comfort and help, too. Of course this party staid here for dinner and until about nine o'clock, when they started back to Gujranwala. I think I told you once before what a good cook Mrs. Campbell has. That evening the guests came unexpectedly about five o'clock. She just gave him a few more things out of the pantry and you should have seen what a fine dinner he cooked and how nicely he served it. She is certainly very fortunate...Yesterday afternoon at the city church we had a farewell reception for Dr. White as she is leaving her work here and going to America in January. She started the city hospital here over twenty-seven years ago and has built it up to the place where it is too big for her physical strength.
When she returns from her furlough, she is to take up work in the White Memorial Hospital at Pasrur. Of course she is very much broken up over leaving, for she is so much attached to her work. She is very much fatigued so that most of the missionaries think she will never be able to return.

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Christmas, 1916 was spent with friends and colleagues at Jhelum, a neighbouring mission station.

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Dec. 24/25/26/ 1916, Christmas Evening - This does seem very little like Christmas, without snow, holly, sleigh bells, beautifully decorated stores or other pretty things that accompany Christmas at home. But all the people here have been very kind to us in remembering us at this season and our day has been crowded with eating. Perhaps you would like to know what our presents are; so here is a list. Shoe buttoner with crushed turquoise handle from Martha Strong; little frame of the same material from Dr. Simpson; two little pearl salt spoons from Dora Whitley; six little drawn work doilies from Mabel Stewart, another one from Lois Buchanan; a lace doily from Mrs. Stewart; a pair of fancy shoe trees from Louise Scott; an Urdu psalter and lunch cloth from Rev. & Mrs. E.E. Campbell; lace for yoke and sleeves of night dress from Miss Marie Martin (lace made by girls in her school) and ten Christmas cards. . . I guess they usually give to the new missionaries because it is their first Christmas in India. . . I tried to order a medical book of India for Emmet but the Lahore store did not have it in stock and it was too late to order it from Bombay. Since Emmet likes nuts so well I bought him a nutcracker, large brass bowl for the cracked nuts and a small one for the kernels. Brass is quite cheap here, tho not so much so as before the war. . . Emmet had said yesterday morning that he was disappointed not to have my present ready then but hoped to be able to give me it now. As soon as we came up to the house this afternoon he got on Mr. Campbell's bicycle and went down to the English quarters. You can imagine my surprise when he came back an hour later with a splendid bicycle for me. We had been talking some about it but I never dreamed of his getting it for me now. The roads here are so nice and smooth that a bicycle is very convenient . . .

I spoke to you a few minutes ago about having our day full of eating and shall proceed to give you our schedule and menus. At nine o'clock we had breakfast here at the women's house . . . At one o'clock Dr. Simpson invited the whole party of us at her home for a light lunch, so she termed it. Her table was beautifully arranged with a large platter of oranges in the center on a doily embroidered in gold and brown, dark yellow and brown chrysanthemums at each end of the table, salad in the half of an orange skin at each place, and plates of candy and cake at each end of the table. You can see how well the color scheme was carried out. From the following menu I shall let you judge whether the term light was appropriately applied: Soup; fish and potato chips; roast chicken, dressing, peas, mashed potatoes, gravy, pickles, salad; oranges, fruit cake, two kinds of macaroons, chocolates, and little lemon drops. We didn't get up from the table until 2:30. After that for about an hour we played games with the native Christians whom Dr. Simpson had invited for the afternoon. We had to leave in time to attend four o'clock tea at the women's house. . . At seven o'clock Mrs. Stewart had all of us at her home for dinner . . . Now do you really think we had enough for one day?

Tuesday, Dec.26, 1916 . . . When we came back (to Sialkot) and went out to dinner we discovered that Campbell's had saved their Christmas dinner until our return so again we partook of a big Christmas dinner. I'm dwelling upon our meals more than usual in this letter because I want you to realize that we are not exactly starving from lack of nourishment. However Mrs. Campbell suggested that I should tell you that we don't eat that much every day lest you might think our
salaries were too high. -But above all the good things we received today, the best was your good letter of Nov. 12 saying that you had received our letter which was mailed at Japan.

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In the midst of what may seem like endless occasions of entertaining and special events, the daily round of domestic life goes on.

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Feb. 11, 1917. You can see by this paper that part of our boxes, at least, are unpacked, for such paper is an unknown quantity in India. Everything came thru in splendid condition. Not one article was broken and nothing damaged in the least...The whole amount of customs was seventeen dollars and the freight up from Karachi nine dollars.

Feb. 18, 1917. Emmet has been making himself a desk out of some of the crating wood and it really looks very nice. One really has to have something that will close up in order to keep out the dust.

Feb. 11, 1917. You would laugh to see me going around with my bunch of keys but it is very much smaller than the one Mrs. C. carries. You simply must keep everything locked up. Mrs. Holliday wrote in and asked us to get her a milk bucket for camp and even that has to have a hasp on for a padlock. We could not buy one; so had to have one made. When it at last came, it had the Standard Oil labels on the tin as everything else that is tin has...

Jan. 9, 1917. I have come to the place now that I get real pleasure out of my bicycle. At first I was almost afraid of it and was quite sore, too, from riding it but all that has gone. The animals and people here are equally bad on getting in one's way. Sabbath a stubborn old mule walked directly in front of me so that there was nothing for me to do but stop my wheel.

Jan. 21, 1917. Yesterday afternoon Emmet and I excused the "munshi" and took a rather long bicycle ride. First we went to the Post Office where we each opened a saving account. The system is so arranged here that you can draw out money at any time by sending the necessary withdrawal blank and account book with one of the servants. Everything is arranged for the convenience of foreign residents and so that we can send our servants...[Ed.-This practice still continues for anyone who sends a servant or representative.]

At the river we got a close view of the washermen at work. On both sides of the water were men dipping the clothes into the muddy stream and then slapping them again and again on boards projecting from the bank. In the same river were many men and boys besides buffaloes and cows bathing and drinking. On the ground and bushes the washed garments were drying. One wonders how they ever get our clothes as clean as they do. Our man comes every Monday with our clean laundry and takes back our soiled. We bought a large sheet in which he carries the clothes and on which he irons them. Usually he carries them on his head. We pay him two dollars a month for the two of us. Perhaps we shall have to pay more when we keep house since we shall be using linen, etc. then...

Emmet went up into the bazaar in search of a good snapshot for a picture and had a very unique experience. He noticed an Indian boy walking beside him for a few minutes and at length the fellow got up courage...to ask Emmet in English if he was from America. Learning that Emmet came from the U.S. he picked up courage enough to inquire if he knew anyone in California and then in Berkeley. When E. assured him that his mother and family were living in Berkeley, the Indian asked if he would try to help him. Seven years ago his oldest brother went to Japan and from there to Berkeley where he entered the electrical department of the university. The last word from him came
three years ago and in spite of all letters to him and to the university they have been unable to get any trace of him. Emmet took his name and promised to write to his brother about him. [Ed.-Later, in her July 8, 1917 letter, Martha reports: "Emmet's mother found that the young Indian boy had failed to pass the entrance examinations to California University and no one knows where he went afterwards. We are very sorry we couldn't find him."]

Jan. 9, 1917. The people here seem to dress rather inconsistently. For instance, these cold days you will often see men bundled up around their heads and shoulders with shirts, blankets, etc., while their legs are bare and their feet are covered in part by their moccasins which turn up at the toes. The better dressed men wear baggy trousers which are not quite as large as those worn by women...

I spoke of the sewing man... They have one employed here all the time to make clothes and mend for the boys in the school. These days he squats on a piece of matting out in the sunlight and has his little hand sewing machine there in front of him. His wages are sixteen cents a day. His son usually brings his lunch to him about two o'clock in the afternoon. After he finishes eating he usually hangs the earthen jar, in which it is brought, on a limb of a tree. It was too cunning to see a squirrel get in and have a regular feast the other day.

Jan. 14, 1917. Every time I go into these supposedly English stores here, I want to laugh. They are selling glassware, lace, dress goods, etc. which I'm sure must have been in vogue when my grandparents were courting. In the midst of all these relics of antiquity you may or may not find an article which you admired with longing eyes as a child. This, the latest style of these parts, will of necessity be your choice. Now how is one to keep in style in such a place?... Mr. Hannum... had a suit made the latest style in India and thought it would do for his street attire [in the U.S.]. - It was during the time of the Spanish American war. - When he reached Philadelphia his friend, who met him at the station by agreement, directed him to the back door of his office, where Mr. H. was to go the next day, "Because," he said, "your suit - well - it looks a little foreign and foreigners are suspected these days."...

Most of these dressmakers out here make the arm holes too small, the shoulders too narrow, and the skirts too narrow but the garments pass censor here in India tho they wouldn't look the best at home. I pay $1.00 for the making of each dress and that price is more than they charged before the war.

Dec. 16, 1916. They say you can buy some very nice cloth in the native bazaars but it is like pulling teeth to secure it. The merchants are never concerned if they don't make a sale and they love to bargain. If you are not willing to do that they don't care much for your trade... Everything looks so mixed up that you would like to get in and straighten the wares out a little, but I suppose there may be an order about them that the Indians understand.
SIALKOT AND ITS NEIGHBORS
The Work

Sialkot was where the UPNA [United Presbyterian Church, North America] began its work in India, and had developed into a center for mission activity, which Martha describes in several letters, along with comments on various cultural idiosyncrasies.

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Mar. 4, 1917. . . Sialkot has a population of sixty thousand, but on entering it, by rail - you imagine it is nothing more than a village, for there are no factories or other signs of a city. The people are crowded into the main part of the city more densely than in our American cities because they live in back of their shops. There are a few three and four-storied buildings on the main streets where some of the wealthier Indians live upstairs. All their windows in such buildings are of stained glass and their small verandas are latticed so as to keep the public from seeing the women within. The last of this month Mabel S. will be in from camp and then I hope to visit some of these homes with her as she will be in city work.

Dec. 9, 1916. . . I've just realized that I've never told you about our hip to Mabel's camp. Rev. & Mrs. McKelvey, Miss Beatty and she make up the party for this district. She sent in her driver and we were out there about one-thirty in the afternoon. Miss Beatty had gone to Pasrur to examine schools and Louise had come the night before. Hence we four were alone for a jolly good time together. The single women and the married missionaries never live together [Ed.-in the same house]. The camp they had consisted of about ten tents - one each for McKelvey's home, for his study, the two ladies, the Bible woman, the cook for each group, the servants, and the buggies. The tents always have to have two thicknesses of canvas with an air space between on account of the sun. Mabel's was very hot during the day but was cold enough for a good fire in the evening. Tho roughly furnished as in all camps, yet it was very comfortable. They live this way during the winter, camping in different places and visiting the nearby villages. All year round native workers visit these same villages every week and teach the Christians there. Then when the party goes out in the winter it questions the people before the native workers concerning what has been taught. That afternoon we visited two villages in both of which the people seemed rather indifferent. . . The women were burdened with brass and iron jewelry and one poor woman was wearing a large charm about her neck because she was married and had no children. One old woman insisted, when questioned, that she couldn't hear a word, tho strangely she always understood the question. They were all of the sweeper class and have been kept in ignorance for so long that one wonders how they learn even as much as they do. The younger girls give promise if only they can have a chance.

. . . In the second village we saw a typical courtyard scene. Before one door was sitting an old woman seeding cotton with a little hand-turned device that reminded us of a clothes wringer. Near the middle of the court was a small hole in the ground into which one woman poured her meal and proceeded to grind the same with a wooden mallet. When that task was finished she sifted out the chaff by placing the grain on a bamboo framework shaped like our dust pans and shaking that upside down so that the chaff would fall between the pieces of bamboo. At another doorway a woman was kneading the native bread and shaping it for baking. Close by us was a very old man lying on a cot and coughing as tho he might have tuberculosis. During the course of our stay a young
Dec. 31, 1916. I have spoken several times of our Christian Training Institute, or C.T.I. to be brief, but have never told you very much about it. Of course our house is entirely separate but the school building, dormitories, and servants' quarters are all around us on the compound. The boarding pupils number about two hundred and with perhaps two exceptions are either Christian children or orphans. The day pupils are chiefly from Mohammedan families. The dormitories would probably appear as very crude structures to you as they did to me. They are just long narrow brick buildings resembling barns near racing grounds, only they are made of brick and have long verandas in front. About twelve boys sleep in one big room and each has half of a cupboard where he keeps all his clothing, which really isn't very much, and where he also keeps his plate or rather soup dish. They just eat twice a day. They all squat down in rows on the veranda where several of their own number pass the pulse [lentils], consisting of different grains boiled together, which they serve on the plates. Then the native bread [chapattis], which I described before, is passed and according to the size of the boy he receives one and a half, two, or two and a half loaves or cakes. With this he dips up the pulse and thus eats them together. When the meal is over each boy washes his own plate and puts it away in his cupboard for the next meal. Now wouldn't housekeeping in America be a delight if that's all the work that was involved with meals?

Jan. 28, 1917. This morning Emmet preached at the Wesleyan Chapel where some of the soldiers attend. The morning service is compulsory with soldiers. Most of them go to the big English church. We are going over there sometime as they say the church is very pretty.

Jan. 7, 1917. Indians have a custom here of never eating in the presence of anyone without asking him to join you. The other day, while we were studying under the tree, the sewing man broke right into the midst of our talking by asking our teacher to join him. Of course he thanked him and refused. The Hindus would not ask us to eat with them, tho, because they think we would defile their food by our presence. The different castes object to eating with each other, too. The headmaster of our school here and some other members of the faculty want to introduce the individual communion set here, but a couple object to it because they think it will just encourage that class division which we are trying to destroy.

Today we had a rather unique service down in the city church. A native from southern India, Tamil David by name, is here holding evangelistic services. He spoke in English and had a Punjabi here interpret it into Hindustani. He usually spoke about two sentences and then the interpreter gave them to the people. It seemed good to hear a sermon in English. He is to be here for several days and will hold meetings here in the school as well as in the city.

Mar. 12, 1917. Saturday night we were invited to the home of the headmaster of our city high school for dinner in honor of his wedding which occurred last Wednesday. He is the most polished Indian we have met and yet he has come from the very lowest caste. I just wish you could see his intelligent face and his ease and grace of manner. Both he and his wife speak English very well. He is the one who interpreted the evangelist from southern India who spoke in English. His wife was a teacher in our girls' school here where Miss Martin is in charge. We Americans and a few Indians sat at tables and the rest were squatted in native fashion on the floor. They showed their good judgment by serving the usual native dinner of potatoes, meat & curry stew with rice and chapatties, the Indian bread. The second course was just one kind of sweets. I understand that they entertained all the girls in the boarding school one day and all the boys in the high school another, as well as the faculty. Sat. night they had all the Christian teachers and their families from this school.

Mar. 18, 1917. Friday morning I visited the mission girls' boarding school where there are about two hundred pupils. They just cover the eight grades and normal work. The girls wear a uniform
costume of blue striped bloomers, pink shirts, and pink headscarfs. They are chiefly from the
sweeper class but some of them give promise of being capable women, while others have very little
character in their faces. . . The school work seems so different from what we have at home that I
hardly recognize the work. Classes recite outdoors all the year, except in the most severe summer
heat.

Jan. 7, 1917. Northern India offers a very striking contrast to China in the position of women. We
have men dressmakers, washermen, salesmen, servants, etc. About the only place you see a woman
except in her home is out in the field or else on the street gathering up dung for fuel and beside the
house patting it into cakes and plastering it on the walls to dry. Of course these are the very lowest
class women.

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The neighboring mission stations of Jhelum, Gujranwala, Pasrur, and Rawalpindi provided
contacts with other mission colleagues and their work, and introduced Martha and Emmet to the
ways of Indian travel.

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Dec. 24, 1916. We came up here to Jhelum yesterday . . . I do wish you could see how these Indians
travel. They will buy railway tickets when they hardly have enough to eat. They say the daily sales at
Sialkot amount to over $1300, and most of these are third class tickets which amount to fifty cents or a
dollar per. At every station there is a mad rush into third class compartments. Their arms are not
quite so burdened with baggage as are ours because they don't have as many possessions. But every
one has a roll of bedding. It is a literal case of taking up one's bed and walking with it. This morning
we saw a man carrying one of the rope beds on his head. That is the kind of bed we all use here. It
consists of four low wooden posts with woven ropes as springs. They are really very comfortable . . .

Friday morning Dr. White gave a double wedding to two of her nurses who married men from
our seminary at Gujranwala. The seats for the guests were arranged around the four walls or rather
sides of the courtyard of the hospital, at one end of which the ceremony was performed. The brides
wore white American style dresses and shoes with very pretty blue silk scarfs over their heads. The
men wore the white native trousers with light coats. A native pastor performed the ceremony and
Dr. McConnelee offered prayer. I wanted to shake the brides, for they held their heads down all the
time, turned their backs to their husbands at lunch time and absolutely refused to eat any
refreshments. They say it is the custom among the Hindus and Mohammedans for the women to
weep loudly at their marriage. No one can wonder at that when he thinks how dark the world is
before them. Dr. White is said to have spent about eighteen dollars on the wedding but I wonder how
she ever got off with that little . . . Dr. White is always doing something like that for other people.
These two girls were orphans who had no one besides the doctor to care for them.

Feb. 5, 1917. . . . You would laugh I'm sure to see us start off on such a trip [to Jhelum]. As I
mentioned before we sleep on rope beds just about the size of single cots at home. Friday night when
we started, we each just rolled up our mattresses and bedding just as it was in a cloth and then when
we got in the train we rolled it out on the bench and were all ready to sleep. When the train started in
the morning I awoke and wondered how we ever managed to ride clear from Colombo here in such
jerky, noisy trains, but I soon went to sleep and forgot all about the confusion. There is so much more
noise at every station than at home, for the vendors are up all night and calling out their wares at your
window with all their might. The small compartments are very nice when you have enough of your
own party to fill them, but it is very inconvenient when the two of us are put in with Eurasians or
Talking of Eurasians, I think they are one of the most pathetic sights here in India. As their name suggests they are a mixture of European and Indian blood and really have no land they can call their own save India, where the better class of natives look down upon them and Europeans likewise distrust them. Their position is much the same as that of mulattoes in America. They dress like Europeans but usually in very poor and old-fashioned garbs. Many of them have not turned out well but one can hardly wonder at it when you think of the attitude of everyone toward them.

Feb. 11, 1917. I intended to tell you more about our visit at Gujranwala. The Seminary of our mission is there and Dr. Scott and Dr. McConnelee are the missionaries who are on its faculty. They have now twenty-three [men] enrolled and over half of them are married and live on the compound with their families where the single ones also live. On the same large compound is the Industrial School under Mr. Crow. There the boys weave cloth, make shoes, beautiful furniture, and clothes. We shall order a few things from there next fall as they make the best furniture we can buy any place.

Mr. and Mrs. Mercer who are in district work there, three women missionaries, and Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell who have the city high school, all live there in Gujranwala, which is becoming the center of our mission and whither they are thinking of transferring the convention and annual meeting from Sialkot. With the exception of the Maxwells, all our workers in Gujranwala live on the same large compound. That is a great advantage over us here in Sialkot for we are two miles from the hospital and over three miles from the Laings and Miss Martin. I'm afraid we would seldom see each other if it were not for these weekly teas.

Mar. 12, 1917. Emmet is going to Gujranwala tonight. Mr. Mercer wrote asking him to go down this week and visit the district schools with him and take some pictures of them to send home. Since Mr. Mercer has a Ford, this ought to make a very pleasant trip for Emmet. They asked me to come along and visit Mrs. Mercer, but since I've been there once and there would be nothing special there for me to do, I've decided to stay here. I'm not overly fond of traveling on these Indian trains when they are so crowded and the days are so warm. This heat brings out the odors. (Am enclosing a few orange blossoms from our garden. They are filling the whole place with their fragrance.) However, I haven't felt the heat yet as much as I have at home some times, for you know this isn't the hottest season by any means [Ed.-early March] and I haven't been out at noon, either.

Mar. 18, 1917. Emmet came home from Gujranwala yesterday and is very enthusiastic about getting a Ford for us next year. Mr. Mercer, with whom he spent these past few days, has one and by it is able to accomplish fifty percent more than a district worker without one. For instance, he travelled about thirty-five miles a day and gave Bible examinations in four villages. They never started out until eight o'clock in the morning and were always back in time for dinner. In a native buggy you cannot cover thirty-five miles a day, much less visit four schools and examine them in one day. Of course these villages are not on the railway line. Unless the embargo is removed, we should try to get one out here, tho the price may be even higher with no new ones being imported.

We have received an invitation to go to Rawalpindi Wednesday as the prize giving day at the College is Thursday and on the same day there is to be a big tea as a farewell for Dr. and Mrs. Porter who sail this spring for America. Mrs. Heinrich has invited us to be with them. They just came out last year. Mr. H. was in Westminster our freshman year and was in seminary with Emmet two years.

Mar. 25, 1917. Wednesday night we went to Rawalpindi as I told you in the latest letter we were intending to do. The train was so crowded that we couldn't get in either a first or second class compartment but had to take an Intermediate which is just higher than third. It was frightfully dusty but we settled down and were just getting into a sound sleep when about one o'clock an English couple came in. Instead of settling down at once they stood at the door of the compartment and watched the noisy crowd outside for an hour and a half (the train waited in the one station that long).
I think the train was rougher than any one I have ever been on so that the night could hardly be termed restful...

The college tea was quite a success even tho it started to rain just before the guests arrived and they had to remove everything from the garden to the house. All the missionaries of Pindi and many English people were there. After tea we went over to the college building where the yearly prizes were presented. This corresponds to our commencement at home. The pupils receiving the highest grade in each subject in each of the four years are given prizes which usually consist of books. All the college work is done in English so that this was one meeting we could understand...The most interesting member in the graduating class is Mrs. P. who is the wife of one of the college professors. She was teaching in our girls school in Pindi when she decided she didn't have a high enough education for the work assigned her. She was given permission to enter our college, which up to that time had had only men, and now is completing her course with the highest record in her class. She is going to teach in the girls school for a year without salary, in recognition of what the mission has done for her in diminishing fees and granting of scholarships. She is a fine looking woman and is a real pioneer in educational lines in India...Friday morning we went out for a drive and have decided that Pindi is a beautiful place. It is much higher than Sialkot and seems to be almost surrounded by foot-hills and mountains. The drives there are very pretty because the English quarter is large....We were glad to get to meet the Porters before they sail for America. They hope to get a house in Wooster, Ohio, so that you people may meet them. Dr. Porter is president of Gordon College...

Jan. 21, 1917. I mentioned above that no girls are in our high school here. With the exception of the primary schools in the villages, the girls and boys are never in the same schools. Our only high school for girls is the one at Pathankot. It is very hard to persuade many of the parents to let their girls attend school, for they have been deprived of educational advantages for so many centuries. The reasons they give sound very much like the objections to woman suffrage by some people at home; namely, women would neglect their homes, the books of the country would corrupt the minds of the women, and many women do not desire it themselves. It will take many, many years to overcome this ignorance and superstition, but it will be accomplished in the end. The educational system here is very much like the old system at home. The pupils are limited to a very few books, and the examinations are so severe that they don't have time to read any other texts on the subject much less to do any general reading. A man's salary depends on the number of examinations he has passed without any consideration of his natural ability. I should think teaching under such conditions would be very monotonous.

Apr. 22, 1917. Last week at Pasrur we saw the potters at their wheels making earthen pots and vessels. They placed a large clump of moist clay in the center of a big flat wheel which they then set in motion by a stick. All the little designs they put on while the wheel was in motion but of course after they had shaped the vessel. Then it was put out in the sun to dry before baking in the furnace.

Apr. 1, 1917. As we planned, we went to Jammu [Ed.-native princely state] yesterday but we were a little disappointed because we didn't get to see and do all the things we had hoped. The rajah there has elephants for all state occasions and usually gives them to foreign guests when they request it. It so happened that the Prime Minister [of the state], whose duty it is to give out the elephants, died Sabbath. The Scotch missionaries there say the din and confusion at the cremating ceremonies was frightful. Then yesterday they had special feasting at the temples, and tho we received an order for the elephants, yet when we sent to the barns for them, they were all out with the officials. We were very anxious for an elephant ride. Then I knew I would have something very interesting to write to the babies [Ed.-her nieces] about. However we had a good day. Mabel Stewart went with us. We took our servant, for tho there is a cook at the rest house, one prefers to have his own if possible. The rest house there is a large building erected and maintained by the government. We paid sixteen cents
apiece for the use of one room and dining room for eight hours. Of course an extra tip was necessary for a couple servants there. We took our provisions with us, carrying them in one of our large Kentucky baskets. Of course we had to have our own water jug, too. As soon as we arrived at the rest house we ordered a tonga or carriage to visit the palaces. When we were about halfway up the hill (Jammu is in the foothills), the horse, like many another Indian one, balked and in spite of the driver's numerous lashes, etc., the beast refused to go one step further but insisted on backing down. There was nothing to do but get out and wait along the road side until the driver drove down into the city and got us another tonga. The old palaces were not very interesting because we were not allowed to go in and also because they were just in the square with the other government buildings. The new palace is farther out and is on the edge of a tableland, overlooking the deep valley below and the hills and mountains beyond. That view was well worth the trip after these months on the plains. This palace was commenced twenty-six years ago and was dropped at the death of the old rajah. Four years ago it was given over to an English architect who took us into some of the rooms. The work, electrical appliances, bathroom apparatus, etc. are all beautiful. We looked with envious eyes on many things, such as bathtubs, enameled sinks, wood floors, wallpaper, electric lights, which we have in our own homes in America. They have a beautiful tile swimming pool in a separate stone building. They have an underground passage lined with white tile. This is for the servants and leads out to the edge of the cliff, where they can retreat for their smokes, etc. instead of using the palace grounds, which by the way are beautifully green with grass and trees and are full of the most artistic little flower beds. When they are ready to occupy it, they will have a magnificent garden all around them. We marveled that they were able to use so much wood in their houses, but I understand that the white ants are not very numerous there. In Kashmir proper (Jammu is just on the border) they have many wooden houses.

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Along with the myriad number of new impressions, Martha also finds time to comment on various political and economic issues, especially as related to World War I.

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Dec. 26, 1916. I suppose you have read in the paper that our steamer the 'Magellan' [on which they had travelled from Hong Kong to India], was torpedoed in the Mediterranean last week. It hadn't reached Marseilles after leaving us at Colombo. I told you before about the large number of soldiers on it and according to the paper many more soldiers were added, after we left. When we got on at Hong Kong I protested that civilians ought not ride on such a vessel because it was painted like a war vessel and had at least one large gun. Of course the waters thru which we passed were very safe. I don't see how they got all those soldiers and coolies off because they had very few life boats. It isn't very kind to malign the ship as she lies in the sea, but really all of us are glad she is getting clean for once. Before we left her the odors were so dreadful from the second and third class compartments that we couldn't go near the ends of the ship where these were located. It had one redeeming feature and that was that (being a French vessel) it gave us such rare opportunities of seeing Indo China.

Dec. 31, 1916. Mr. Campbell's Literary Digest for Nov. 18 came this week and we have been devouring it since it is full of election returns, as you know. It seems to me it is a triumph for woman suffrage since the women's votes in the West, especially in California, decided the issue. I'm glad to see the small states come to the front and refuse to think just as Wall Street does, tho I'm not sure I like such marked territorial lines. The election also proves, it seems to me, that the people do not want war. I do not mean to infer that Hughes would have brought us into war, but they are pleased with
Wilson's moral courage. I don't envy Miss Jeanette Rankin her position in the legislature, but some woman must be the first to enter and I'm glad she is going in this year. I'm sorry but not surprised that suffrage lost in West Virginia. Isn't this one of the very few times that Ohio went Democratic? We seem so very far away from all news and yet we are just as much interested as we ever were.

Prices here are rising at tremendous strides even as you say they are at home. I had to smile when I read in the Digest that it was a pity those new dimes didn't come along in the good old days when a dime would buy ten cent's worth of anything. School books have been increased in price 50 percent and all interior postage rates will be doubled tomorrow, but that will just bring them up to U.S. rates. All canned goods are much higher but the native vegetables are just the same as they were. Fuel is one of the most expensive items here. I don't know whether it has reached you or not, but an embargo has been placed on automobiles here in India in order to save gasoline. I don't think that will affect Emmet and me since we wouldn't be able to buy one as long as the war lasts, if ever, at the rate out here...

Jan. 9, 1917. Evidently you were much the gainer on the election, daddy. I am glad to hear that a dry man won out and hope many more will win in the years to come. Surely it won't be many years until the whole U.S.A. will be dry...

Jan. 28, 1917. We shall be glad to hear how Boston voted on the liquor question...

Feb. 5, 1917. We are wondering how much of the news we are getting concerning America these days is correct. I do hope it does not mean that our country is entering the war but I do wish this awful conflict would soon end and there would once more be peace on the earth...

Feb. 11, 1917. We have been carefully reading the papers every day for all news of America in these critical times. We are so anxious that she too may not be swept into this dreadful conflict. We are glad "Teddy" is not at the helm...

Feb. 18, 1917. The authorities have forbidden any woman taking passage on a steamer bound to go thru the Mediterranean. A lady doctor of the Scotch Mission here in Sialkot has been having all her clothes made to sail next month to marry a British captain in France and go on to England for a few weeks and then return to India within three months. I'm sorry she must give up all her plans but I have said all along that I thot it a very foolish errand. If he lives, she can marry him at the end of the war. If he dies, how much advantage will it be to her to have gone all that distance just to get his name attached to hers?...

Feb. 24, 1917. Miss McConkie...an Irish nurse working under our mission, was on a ship which was sunk when just two days out from Colombo. She was going home around the Cape of Africa since that seemed safer than around thru the Mediterranean. Since the boat went down just about a week ago, there hasn't been time to receive a letter from her telling how the boat was sunk. The papers didn't mention it for several days and when they did it came by cable from London without any mention as to where it was sunk or how. The last telegram from Miss McC. stated that she was in Madurai, southern India, and staying with a missionary there while getting clothes made. Of course she lost everything, but can be thankful she escaped with her life. Everyone going that way must purchase life preservers before sailing. When she was here several weeks ago for dinner she was telling us about the ones she had bought, tho she wasn't expecting to use them so soon. Going thru the danger zone by the Med. and English Channel, she expected to have to have them with her every minute. In those waters, too, they have to sit by their assigned lifeboats all the time. Being a nurse she may try to go again if she chooses, but only nurses and doctors among the women are allowed to sail that way. Personally I think I'd stay here... All our letters have the censor stamp on them but have not been opened. Have any of ours to you been opened? The censorship of the press is so strict that there is absolutely no way we could get information. The home papers, too, are censored so that often there are a couple pages out of the Literary Digest...
Mar. 11, 1917. We read the daily papers with much interest these days but should love to see what is in our own American dailies. We are glad to learn that unlimited debate in the senate has been curtailed by the special session of the senate, for our congressmen have been wasting too much time for many a year in mere talking. We sincerely hope this war will end soon, tho we know it can hardly be until after this summer, and we do hope, too, that the U.S.A. goes no further than armed neutrality...

Mar. 8, 1917. We are all sorry that America feels she must enter the war, because we know what it is going to mean in loss of life and of dear ones of thousands of Americans, to say nothing of money. Yet I'm sure I don't realize what it is all going to mean for I've never lived thru a war...Going back to the subject of high cost of living - we here can get vegetables, fruit, meat, and flour, the essentials, very reasonably. Vinegar, all extracts, sugar, baking powder, etc. are very expensive. We will not feel it so much as you, probably. They are stopping many imports so that we will probably not be able to get some things we have been used to, if the war continues...

Mar. 18, 1917. We were interested in reading of the revolution in Russia. Tho we have been expecting such an upheaval, we had not thought it would be before the close of the war. Of course we haven't heard all the news concerning conditions there, for even all Russia has not known conditions in Petrograd. War brings many things with it, some results of which may be good, as surely more liberty in Russia would be. But the whole success of the movement rests upon the securing of a capable leader...Word has come today that your letters will be here tomorrow and consequently I shall hold this over since some of the Scotch missionaries who are to sail on this week's mail steamer have told us that it will be several days late leaving. The schedule of sailings now is not published, but as soon as a mail steamer lands in Bombay all the papers announce the coming of foreign mail. There are few people in America I suppose who keep as close track of steamers as we do here...

Mar. 25, 1917. It's getting harder to know what to write every week as the mails fail to come. No American mail came on the steamer this past week. In figuring up we have decided that the mail was about ready to leave New York when the recent trouble with Germany broke out. From newspaper reports sailings from home were delayed for some days then. Consequently the mails missed connection in England. We are sincerely hoping that you have not had to wait so long for our letters, for naturally you are more concerned since you do not know conditions here. Really we are very, very safe here and are keeping real well so that there is no reason to worry even thou you fail to hear on scheduled time, if there is such a thing now...

Apr. 22, 1917. No letters from you for two weeks, now. As time passes we are growing more and more anxious for war news directly from America. What we receive here is very brief tho it is rather significant that much more space is given now in the newspapers to U.S. news than formerly. The editor of the 'Civil and Military Gazette' has always been very bitter in his criticism of President Wilson. He took his last shot at him just before war was formally declared and since then has lauded the President in most complimentary terms much to the amusement of us Americans.

I cannot feel that there is much to fear from the great body of Germans in America, for people who have sacrificed so much to go to a new land and who have been so successful there, are not going to be traitors to the new country even tho they may not have too much love for Great Britain. There will, of course, be a few leaders on the other side who will try to stir up the ignorant, non-English speaking element from southern Europe, chiefly Austria-Hungary if war with that country follows. In that case the responsibility rests with the individual communities to keep these foreigners informed of the truth and not allow them to be misled. After being here these five months I can easily see how uneducated people in a strange land could be easily led astray concerning the motives and policies of the foreign government under which they are living. Ignorance fosters suspicion as well as superstition - [which pronouncement serves Martha well as a motto in the days and years ahead.]
CULTURE SHOCK

Beginning with their arrival in Madras and the train journey up country, India is a strange and fascinating - and sometimes irritating - place. Martha's strong feelings in regard to dirt, ignorance, and what she perceives as laziness are evident. When one considers where Martha came from: the American Midwest of the early 20th century - with a mother who was a meticulous housekeeper and was teased by her family for doing fall as well as spring housecleaning, it is perhaps not surprising that Martha finds the dirt in India offensive.

Also, one must remember that these are first impressions, and the first Indians Martha meets - in the Christian community especially - are from very poor, humble and uneducated backgrounds. She has not yet begun to experience the variations in Indian society or make contact with many educated, more sophisticated Indian families. Later, she does, and she also begins to differentiate between personal cleanliness and cleanliness within many Indian homes, as opposed to dirt in the bazaars and other public places, which many people find trying.

In addition, the common perceptions in American Midwest culture of that period that "cleanliness is next to Godliness," and the Protestant work ethic that deemed hard work and industry good, while "laziness" was bad, were certainly part of Martha's upbringing.

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Dec. 2, 1916. [In Madras] we hired rickshas and went first to several Hindu temples. The Indians are a much more religious people than are the Japanese or Chinese, and are therefore exceedingly careful of their services and temples. Lest we should defile their sacred edifices by our shadows, we were refused all admittance. They did condescend, however, to let us take a picture of one of the most artistic temples. It had a very high slanting roof richly carved in figures of men and animals. Usually there were several sacred men nearby. They always paint themselves with ashes and fill their long matted hair with mud. Their horrible appearance only adds to their charm in the eyes of the natives who often are seen bowing before them. [Ed.-In these early letters, Martha freely uses the term "native," which, in our day, has negative connotations. However, it is interesting that usually she uses the term to mean "native to this place" and not in a derogatory sense.]

Dec. 9, 1916. The villages consist of long rows of mud houses built one against another, surrounded by walled courtyards. In these we met the people who brought out beds for us to sit on. The cattle were in the same yard with us but they were no more offensive than were the dirty people. One of the most annoying features of it was the noise of a little child eating sugarcane. That is an offensive habit prevalent thru all this region - offensive tho not harmful. Close to us was a small idol made of nothing but broken bricks, dirt, reeds, and dung, having a conical shape and a height of about three feet. The sight of that was enough to tell us the superstition and ignorance of the dwellers.

Mar. 12, 1917. Last Wednesday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Campbell entertained the faculty of the C.T.I. at tea. Our munshi (language teacher) was also invited and when I gave him the invitation he said, "You know Memsahtiba I couldn't go because I'm a Hindu and can't drink tea with you." After being assured that the Hindus would have a special table, he thanked me for the invitation and said he would come. The Mohammedans and Christians ate together in the drawing room but the Campbells had to order entirely different things for the few Hindus and have them sent over to the house of one of the Hindus here on the compound where they were prepared by Hindus. It's really
very disgusting when you see how dirty these same Hindus are and how ignorant too. We personally wouldn't care to eat what they had touched because of the filth about them, but they think us unclean because we are not of their caste.

[However, Martha had previously commented], Jan. 7, 1917, You may think of the Indians as very dirty people but the better Hindus, at least, are not so, for their religion calls for certain baths every day. There are many very convenient spigots along the streets here where we often see men bathing. I don't know how the women manage, for they aren't allowed out on the streets.] . . . You should see and hear these Indians drink tea. They load it with sugar and milk: in fact they cook those articles in it in their own homes. Then they drink cup after cup expressing their appreciation of it by the amount of noise they make.

Mar. 18, 1916. The girls at the Mission School are for the most part shiftless and very careless about themselves. They are given clean bedding in the fall and I wish you could see the filthy condition of it now. One thing that makes the dirt cling all the more to the clothes is that everyone here oils her hair as soon as it is washed. In the regular weekly schedule of most of the boarding schools here they have a day and hour set for "head-hunting," a favorite pastime among all classes, since every variety of creeper thrives in India.

Jan. 7, 1916. We often see Mohammedan women with their long white robes covering them from head to feet with little screened openings for their eyes. These robes are usually very dusty and dirty due in part to their length as they almost sweep up the dust, but also due to the fact that it used to be considered a sign that a woman was very immoral if her robe was very clean. Since Christianity has come in and brought cleanliness with it, that idea is gradually dying out.

Feb. 11, 1917. Mrs. Campbell has taken our sweeper's wife as nurse girl, or 'aia' as they call her here, and you should see how proud that woman is of her little white baby. The poor soul is very stupid and has never been able to learn to read and write, but can look after the baby and keep her out of dangers. The only trouble is that she insists on taking Jeanette up most any time without any regard for the child's desire for sleep. She is really too anxious but I suppose the novelty will soon wear off.

Mar. 4, 1917. We had to laugh at Paul's remark [her brother-in-law] about servants. They are very convenient at times but we never sit down to a meal without wiping our plates and silver with our napkins before eating. As I said before they have no comprehension of cleanliness in our sense of the word.

Jan. 9, 1917. We always are supposed to furnish our house servants with coats so that they won't wear their dirty blankets around the house in the winter and also that they may have clean clothes around the kitchen and dining room.

Dec. 16, 1916. Indian shops are not nearly as pretty as those in Japan because they have neither the artistic sense nor the industry of the Japanese. . . [However, later Martha comments: "The mark 'Made in Japan' is coming to be a synonym for 'inferior quality' as all their products are cheaply made."]

Jan. 28, 1917. There is a street here in Sialkot called Bakery Road and every time I pass it I picture a good bakery at home with all those delicious cakes, pies, doughnuts, etc. They have plenty of edible things here in the bazaars but we wouldn't think of buying them because of all the filth around them. There is a rather large shop on one of the corners with all kinds of native candies but they have no protection whatsoever from the flies, insects, and creeping things . . .

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The attendant peculiarities of climate, insects and other creatures also come in for their share of comment - not all negative.

* * *

Jan. 7, 1917. You know this country is all very dry and dusty except in the severe rainy season of the summer so that the only way they can hope to raise anything is by irrigation. If our compound didn't have a well we couldn't have a garden at all. I'm sure you have often seen pictures of these old ox-driven wells. Emmet has taken a snap of one with his camera but hasn't developed it yet. The water is brought up in small earthen jars fastened to a chain which rotates around a large wheel which is kept in motion by a cog wheel which in turn is propelled by a large wheel which is turned by the oxen or buffaloes, blinded during the work. The water is caught in a trough whence it flows down a drain and out into the irrigating ditches.

Dec. 16, 1916. . . . it gets chilly here at night but not cold enough to kill off the flies. They all seek the sunny rooms and especially ones with a fire in and we are dreadfully annoyed with them.

Dec. 31, 1916. For Aunt Bessie's [mother's sister] benefit I might add that mice and rats are very numerous and tho we have killed about ten in our little trap, the number seems to have diminished unperceptibly if at all. The other evening while Emmet was reading in our little sitting-room one crawled upon his arm.

Jan. 14, 1917. It is now evening and the [winter] rains are here. It does sound good to hear the shower on the roofs and even the thunder gave a rather pleasing sensation because it's the first we have heard since we left America and it's one of the few things out here that speak a language we can understand.

Last Friday was what is known among the Hindus as New Day. It corresponds in some respects to the harvest feast of the Jews. It is the time when all the fruits and grains have been gathered and fresh seeds have been sown. On that day the winter rains usually begin. . . . From early morning until late at night the little girls gather in groups around every passerby - pulling his coat, surrounding him with an impregnable barricade, and singing to him for a gift. A very small coin will suffice a large party and will change their song from one of begging to one of praising the giver by calling him many titles of royalty and wishing for him many rich blessings. If a father has had a baby boy born in his family during the past year, he must give sugar and corn to all who come to his home and ask for it. If he has been so unfortunate as to have a daughter born to him, no gift is given. That is also the day when the grandmothers burn old discarded spinning wheels in fulfillment of a vow to the gods for a grandson. It is supposed to be a symbol of relief from all worldly burdens which this child will take from her when he grows to manhood. At night they gather in groups around the fire into which they cast grains of corn to secure the gods' aid for the coming crop, and also butter to purify the air. I am told that often these performances degenerate to debauchery before the night is over. Early the next morning before the dawn appears, they are supposed to bathe and pray. Then later in the day they must give food to the poor and money to the Brahman or priests. Our munshi, being a Hindu, told us much about this feast but said he doesn't believe in all these superstitions and objects to giving money to the priests who are rich and squander their money on liquor and other luxuries. He ended by saying, 'I think Hinduism must have been a good religion once but now it is nothing. I do not believe in it but my father makes me perform these rites.'

Jan. 28, 1917. Since the rains we have been able to get a magnificent view of the Himalaya mountains from here [Sialkot]. They are covered with snow for a great distance from the summit. We can see the long ranges as far as our eyes will let us.

Jan. 29, 1917. . . . Our roses are blooming beautifully now and the pansies are out too. The nights are cold but the sun is quite warm at noon. It is certainly a most peculiar climate.
Feb. 20, 1917. We are sleeping out on the veranda now all the time and enjoy it much more than in the house. Our summer clothes are out to stay and I must get busy and clean my blue silk so that I can wear it.

Mar. 1, 1917. The mosquitoes are frightful around here. Emmet's face is one mess of bites and my arms are as bad. We are having our own beds made now and must get the nets made this week, too. We really ought to be sleeping under them now. Sand flies are very bad, too., now. They say it gets too hot for them in June, but we'll probably be having them then on the hills.

Mar. 8, 1917. Easter is almost over with us and is just dawning with you. The yellow daffodils are replaced here by the most magnificent sweetpeas, red lilies, poppies, geraniums, and surpassing all the roses. . . This past week our munshi went to the city and purchased the mosquito netting for us and in two evenings they were ready for use. Now we can sleep in peace.

Mar. 18, 1917. At present I am sitting in the drawing room waiting for the guests to gather for tea. We have almost given up hopes of anyone coming, for we have just had a slight dust storm and now it is raining. I underscored the word `slight' because it is the term applied by the other people but it seemed very strong to us. I had just dusted our room so that everything would be in order, when a great cloud of dust blew in every door and every smallest crack. We literally ate dust for a few minutes.

What "saved" Martha was her overriding curiosity and interest in every detail, and her keen eye was quick to record the idiosyncrasies of life in India.

Jan. 14, 1917. The Indians are just as fond of delving in law as the Kentuckians and they gather around the court house as a center in the same way that they do in Frenchburg. There are just two prominent points of difference: here they squat on the ground instead of leaning on the fence; and they gather in small groups about their common pipes instead of standing at convenient angles to spit.

The pipe is ever in evidence. Our servants walk to the house carrying the awkward instrument in their hands; men smoke while riding; almost every shop has one for its customers and also its owner. You may think it strange that I mention their smoking as they ride and walk, but do not fancy it is any convenient article to be stowed away in one's pocket. It has a large earthen jar filled with water thru which the smoke passes from one long perpendicular tube, whose top is capped by a pot of charcoal fire burning the tobacco, to another long tube with the smoker's mouth at the upper end. Our servants usually share theirs with one another so that they all do not have to bring theirs every day. All our servants excepting the sweeper live out in neighboring villages.

Mar. 18, 1917. Emmet was called from breakfast this morning to kill two dogs which have been molesting our compound considerably. His rifle did good work, for both of them died quickly. It is much better to kill these half-starved beasts than to let them not only annoy us but also rob some of these poor people of their food.

Jan. 14, 1917. [Earlier, Martha had reported], Our munshi also complains of the dogs molesting him if he goes home after dark. But not a single one of them [Hindus] would kill any of these half-starved creatures. Ralph Stewart tells of a Hindu who refused to kill a frog for dissecting purposes in the zoology laboratory. A few days later he produced a dead one which he had brought to that state by putting it alive into a small box and letting it starve for food and air. He was loud in his protestations that he had not killed it; he had just let it die.
Feb. 16, 1917. Yesterday afternoon we had some very interesting times with two peddlars who came just after we had finished our noon meal. They thot me a most curious sort of being because I wouldn't bargain with them. I told them that I didn't see anything I wanted and of course wouldn't buy what I didn't care for. But "Make a bargain! Make a bargain!" came from both of them again and again. They have a curious custom here of selling articles cheap early in the morning "for luck." These men pleaded that this was the first time they had opened their bundles in Sialkot and it was really necessary for them to sell something. At last Mrs. C. bought four doilies for about one third the price they asked. Since her purchase was just from the one man, the other became even more vociferous in his mixture of broken English and Urdu. I really didn't want anything but noticed one silver chain with crushed turquoise at the end which was daintier than any other. I asked him the price of that. He said $1.50 in home money. Since Mrs. C. had said that 50 cents would be about right for one of them. I told him I'd give that much for that chain or for another that I liked. Of course they both laughed at that idea and finally he said he'd sell it to me for luck at $1.25. When I again stated my price, he held consultation with the other man and finally came out with $1.00. Then one of them pointed to my keys and remarked about what a rich woman I was. But I told him I just kept the keys in order to save what few things I did have and that I didn't have money to buy what I didn't want. After another consultation, one jumped up and said I could have it for two rupees or about 66 cents. "No," I said, "I don't want it." "How much you give for it?" "One and a half rupees." (or about 50 cents, the price I first named). "Not give more?" "No." "Then take it for that," and he fairly thrust it into my hands, for he was so anxious to make the sale. If I had really cared for the chain, I should never have been able to get it for that price. All this conversation was very good-natured, both parties laughing and smiling all the time. When I handed the money to him, he tapped it on the floor several times, saying, "Luck, luck."

Apr. 22, 1917. Father, when you come out here you will probably be exceedingly amused at the barbers who come to the house and let you hold a little hand mirror and boss the job, which, by the way, is not always very satisfactory. I was very much surprised at the speed with which the (railway) station barber shaves a man. He does it any place on the platform where the man can find a suitcase or box to sit on. What's the use of paying out a lot of money for barber's chairs and other equipment when it can be done so simply?

Language study was not new to Martha, after four years of Latin and three of Greek by the time she graduated from college. She approached the learning of Urdu and Punjabi with her usual lively interest and perseverance - albeit a few misgivings along the way.

Dec. 31, 1916. We always attend the services at the C.T.I. chapel on Sabbath morning when Rev. Campbell usually preaches. We take note paper and pencil with us and write down all the Urdu words we understand and then inquire about the new ones from Mr. Campbell when we come home. Thus we usually add a few to our vocabulary every Sabbath. Every week we notice how many more words we are able to catch than before and now we are beginning to get whole clauses. It is really very fascinating, tho slow. We seem to be living so much apart from the people around us since we cannot understand their language. Just this afternoon I heard two men talking for a long time with Mr. Campbell but never dreamed what they were talking about until later, when I learned that one of them was trying to buy back his wife whom he had sold to a Mohammedan a short time ago for $25 and who was transferred by the M. to a Hindu. Such a tragedy and yet I was absolutely
ignorant of every word! Christmas afternoon as we were sitting at tea in the ladies’ house, several little children of the compound sat down on the veranda just outside the door. You can imagine my surprise and horror when I was told that the little girl eleven years old was the wife of their sweeper. I don’t know how many of the little girls I see are thus married.

**Jan. 3, 1917.** We are to go to Landour, a hill station, the first of May to study at a language school all summer. We just received word yesterday from a Miss Weston saying that we can have room and board with her. She and two sisters run a very good boarding house there and the Campbells think we are very fortunate to have such a good location for the summer. You see we shall not be here for the severe hot weather at all.

**Jan. 14, 1917.** In studying the language we come upon so many Arabic and Persian words which were brought in by the Aryans [This is incorrect; it should be "Islamic invasions."] centuries ago. The Urdu or Hindustani is the written language of this section and is spoken by the educated people while the Punjabi, which we shall begin to study next year, is the language of the illiterate and villagers. We usually have something funny happen every day in our language study. Yesterday I made the munshi turn his face in shame for my stupidity, I suppose, when I said in Urdu that the Hindus worship in mosques, the regular worshipping place of the Mohammedans. Of course he thinks he is much superior to any Mohammedan. You get very much disgusted with man’s pride after visiting a few foreign countries. In every town and city in America, I suppose, there are people who toss up their heads at their neighbors and of course think they are much superior to all foreigners. The same thing is true right here. Among these dirty Indians there is an overabundance of personal and racial pride. Our munshi made a most frightful face today when we said in Urdu that people in America eat the meat of cows. What barbarous heathens must live in America to eat the meat of that sacred animal! That is what they think. Likewise we think people very queer who eat rats and horses, even tho we don’t apply the term heathen to them. And so it goes the world round. Any novelty is queer and strange, and we think it funny if anyone doesn’t know everything we know.

[Martha’s common sense is taking hold.]

**Jan. 28, 1917.** Our language work is going rather slowly. We read from 12 to 15 verses in John a day now and have to be able to write and tell the story besides reading it from the characters. We have finished Chapter 4 and are now on Chapter 9. We have just commenced this past week to take so much and find it no easy task. We always read from right to left in this so that what seems to be the back of the book is really the beginning. Since the British occupation of India, they have written Urdu in Roman characters, too, so that that same verse in Roman is as follows, “Phir usne jate men ek shahs ko dekha, jo janam ka andha tha.” The native of course much prefers his native character but for us the Roman is much more simple tho the sounds are often very much different from those given for the same letter in English. There are so many little shades of difference which are hardly audible to our untrained ears. For instance, the other day I went to ask our servant for water, to wash my head (hair)- bal (sound like ‘a’ in arm) and instead said bal (‘a’ like in cat) which means ox. Naturally he was amused.

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Because of the time lag in receiving letters as well as the delays occasioned by the war, Martha writes:

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Feb. 11, 1917. Before I forget it I must give you our address for the summer. It will be: Rosebank, Landour, Mussooree, United Provinces, India. We shall go there the last of April, and return here to Sialkot the first of October. Of course all mail sent here to Sialkot will be forwarded to us...

Apr. 22, 1917. We can hardly realize that our next letter will be headed: 'Landour.' We shall remain there as long as we have been here and shall then return for examination and annual meeting [of the Mission]. Your methods are becoming mine, mother, for I've been gathering up things for our trip all this past week. It will be almost impossible to write back for anything we have left since every box and trunk will be locked and stored in the store room. This house is used entirely, with the exception of one room in which Campbell's furniture is stored, for the Convention in September so that we cannot leave our things where they are. In preparation for the trip we have had my leather handbag and Emmet's leather suitcase covered with khaki. Such covers are the style here since they protect the cases from the dust.

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Although Martha remarks that "anything from home looks exceptionally good to us" and - in response to her father's teasing about the frequency of the Mission Compound "pink teas" (as he calls them) - says she is "thankful for any opportunity to be with more than three or four white people" among "this host of Indians," there is little stated reference to actual homesickness. Nevertheless, her constant concern for the arrival of the mail steamers with letters and news from America attest to her continuing strong links with her home country, and the close bond with her family. Witness this birthday letter to her mother:

Mar. 20, 1917. Tho it may seem early to be writing you a birthday letter yet it is better that this should reach you two weeks early than one week late. . . We surely do wish we could be with you on your birthday, to bake a cake and have a general celebration, but since we can't we'll just try to tell you how much we love you and how much we owe you. That is really utterly impossible to tell for all that I am I owe to you and father, and all the noble sacrifices you have made for me. Of course I don't expect to stop now but hope I can repay you in some small way by really doing some things worthwhile. There is so much good to be done in the world that I'd like to have a part in it and in that way express my appreciation of all your love and goodness. It is hard to have us so far away now, but we thoroughly intend having some years again in America with you dear people. We just love you with all our hearts and want to express it in every way we can, but those ways seem few in number as we are this far away. However every little thing we may do for someone else is the fruit of your and father's love for us and sacrifice for us. May your birthday be a very happy one and may it be followed by many, many more still happier. With heaps of love from us both - Martha

And so, uphill to Rosebank...
When I began editing my mother-in-law's letters, I knew that many of our experiences in India had been similar, but I had not realized how closely her life had paralleled my own: She was born and brought up in Mansfield, Ohio; I in a small town in Western Pennsylvania. She had attended Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa.; so had I. After a period of teaching school and shortly after her marriage, she sailed to India; I taught for a year in Pennsylvania, and then also sailed for India, where I was married two weeks after my arrival. In India there were many comparable situations, though often in differing locations. Martha spent her first five months on the plains of the Punjab, while my first years in India were in the mountain setting of Landour, on the first range of the Himalayas. Martha, however, also spent time in Landour, and as I read her first letter from there, I am struck and bemused by how little has changed in the more than forty years that separates our times "in the hills."

* * *

"Rosebank"
Landour
April 29, '17

My dearest Father, Mother, & Evangeline,

Here we are in our bay window looking out at one high hill upon another out to the snow caps of the Himalayas. We are in a cottage built for three couples and board at the main building down about eighty steps below. We have the middle room with the bay window facing the north so that we really have the best view of all. We are at an elevation of seven thousand feet above sea level where the atmosphere is very cool and bracing after the heat of the Panjab. All the houses up here are situated on the hill sides and are joined together by numerous winding paths and lanes. These hills with their abundant growth of shrubs and trees are a great relief from the sandy plains of the Panjab.

Of course I was never any place for a long time where I could get such a magnificent view. The snow caps are most tempting but are so many miles away that we shall never get to them this year.

Now I know you'd like to hear about our trip up here - from Sialkot to Dehra Dun... From Dehra Dun we took the automobile to Rajpore, a little station at the base of the hills seven miles from Dehradun... There our baggage was weighed and loaded on the backs of coolies who were paid according to the number of pounds they would carry. It is most horrible to see them overload themselves for the sake of a few extra cents. The boys hired horses for themselves and we three girls got "dandies," similar to sedan chairs. Each "dandie" had six coolies who took turns four at a time carrying us seven miles to the top of the hill. Of course the path wound around and around and back and forth, but even then there were some very steep places that I marveled they could keep going so steadily. They only stopped three times in all that distance. We landed here just in time for lunch at two o'clock. Of course our baggage coolies were slower, for they had to carry more alone. About five o'clock the rain came down in torrents and heavy hail with it... All this time it was quite cool and we didn't have any steamer rug or blanket or anything else to bundle up in...

Here at Rosebank there are four young couples boarding now and at least one more is coming this week. All of us are going to the language school which is to be held in the Presbyterian church, about a twenty minutes' walk from here. All these other couples belong to the Presbyterian Mission...
With all the young people that are going to be up here, we ought to have a delightful time. There are no native houses around here at all so that except for the coolies and servants, one could almost forget he is in India.

The hill houses are much more like home houses than those on the plains because they have slanting roofs, large windows, small rooms, and quite a little wood work. This afternoon Emmet and I went over to call on Mrs. Nesbitt after tea. Mrs. Nesbitt is up here most of the year as the children go to school at a Presbyterian school for missionaries' children [Woodstock]. Nesbitts have a very cozy little home all built of wood with many, many windows.

I do hope we hear of the mail that got into Bombay last night. The latest mail from you is Feb. 19...

With much, much love,
Martha

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As I read this letter, sitting at my desk in Landour, I find myself composing a companion piece of my own:

"Oakville"
Landour
December 2, 1995

Dear Reader,

Here I am in my bay window, looking out eastward to range upon range of "blue Tehri hills," as the Woodstock song goes. The snow caps of the higher Himalayas are just around the corner and can be seen from the path that leads to Faery Glen on the north slope of the Oakville and Mt. Hermon forests.

Although on my first journey to "the hills" I travelled by bus from "Rajpore" to Mussoorie (and then by "dandie" to Landour), and all the hill houses had electric lights and running water; the stalwart United Presbyterian forebears had made sure each of their bathrooms had a flush system; and now Mrs. Nesbitt would be hard put to recognize her "cozy little home," Rosebank still stands, a 10-minute walk from Oakville, and I pass it nearly every day, making my round (as did Martha and Emmet) on the three "chakkars" atop the Landour hillside. On my way home I walk, on the north side, past the "Presbyterian church" (later named Kellogg Memorial) and the Language School (where the principal is now Shri Chitranjan Dutt rather than Dr. Cummings).

I also pass "Fairview" (now the Hotel Devdar Woods), where Martha later ran a boarding house for single ladies of her United Presbyterian mission, and where my husband, Bob, remembers standing on the steep outside steps, "crying his head off," as he watches his mother go off in a "dandie" to some Landour hillside meeting...

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Along with four other young missionary couples, Martha and Emmet moved into Miss Weston's boarding house, Rosebank, in Landour, Mussoorie, a city on the first range of the Himalayas, ready to begin a summer of language study. Life "on the hills" continued to provide new views and experiences:
May 13, 1917. Yesterday was our holiday and eight of us from Rosebank planned a picnic. Miss Weston gave us breakfast at eight o'clock and we were off as soon as possible after that. We had one coolie to carry all our provisions as well as two little charcoal stoves or pots and the charcoal. All this we packed into a conical shaped basket which was fastened to his back by a strap over each shoulder and under the arm. You remember that in the Punjab almost everything was carried on the head or in shallow baskets hung from a pole over the shoulder. Here on the hills everything is borne on the back because of the difficulty of balancing in some places. We had another coolie to carry our steamer rugs and raincoats. As we planned a long tramp we took one dandy and the accompanying four coolies. The four of us girls took turns riding. Coming home each of us girls took a dandy up the hill from Mussooree to Landour. But I mustn't get ahead of my story.

We walked down thru Mussooree, taking the longest route which brought us along what is known as "Camel's Back" because the mountain is so long and has a hump on its back like the animal after which it is named. The coolies rather objected to the long way around but we wanted to get as many different views of the mountains and plains as possible. Dr. Kinoyer is a botanist and found many interesting specimens along the way. The ones that gave us the greatest joy, tho, were the common clover and grass - absolutely unknown on the plains. We see great numbers of oaks, mulberries, poplars, pines, willows and other home trees. The moss hangs in regular festoons from the gnarled oaks and other trees while all the rocks are covered with lichens and moss. In many places our path (or properly termed, road) was shaded on both sides by trees and bushes like rural lanes at home. The hills are magnificent in scenery and vegetation and thus stand out in marked contrast with the monotonous and dreary plains of the Punjab.

About a quarter after twelve o'clock we reached what used to be the botanical gardens and made our preparations for dinner. Very foolishly none of us thot to bring matches but our coolies came to our rescue and lit the fire with flint. Everyone of them has a tiny bag with his flint, a little very fine dried grass which ignites quickly, and a cigarette. You see the regular Indian pipe is almost too clumsy to handle while they carry a dandy; and the cigarette very naturally takes its place. They always smoke the cigarette thru the hand instead of placing it in the mouth and they take turns at the one when they are given a chance to rest. At last our two fires were burning well and Emmet fried the eggs over one while the coffee was cooking over the other. I don't know that anything ever tasted better than those onion and fried egg sandwiches. We also had meat, pickles, and nuts. Then we rested and had tea and cakes just before starting home. The clouds grew rather threatening but only a few drops fell on us so that we could really say it was almost a perfect day.

Mussoorie is the aristocratic government station so that we almost shocked some of those gayly dressed men and women as we came along their fashionable thoroughfare in our tramping outfits. Tho we were a little tired when we came home, for we had walked nine miles and had descended over a thousand feet and back up again, yet we felt well repaid for our effort and are now laying plans for another long jaunt in two weeks...

You were right, father, when you spoke of the highest mountain in the world being over twenty-nine thousand feet high. Mt. Everest is much farther south than we are so that we cannot see it. The highest in view from here is a little over twenty-three thousand. It hardly seems possible we are in the foothills of the Himalayas. The snows have been hidden from our view for several days, but when they come in view after these rains they will be more distinct than ever. We shall send you some pictures later. You don't know how many times a day we say we wish you could share these hills with us. There are many features of the plains you wouldn't like, but I'm sure you would love these hills.

May 20, 1917. To niece, Martha Wien. If you were out here, I could show you lots of monkeys. Some are small and some are larger than you are. They leap from tree to tree here and have "pecks" of
fun on the side of our hill. Sometimes they come around here in droves of forty and fifty. Then if we
don't have our doors shut, they will come in and knock things down in our room and tear up our
books and paper. Of course they just do that for fun, but we don't enjoy it very much. . . Monkeys cry
just like human beings when they are hurt or feel badly about something. One time a monkey was
doing so much damage in several houses that one man shot him. This man said he never would do
such a thing again for all the other monkeys gathered around and wept and wept.

**June 10, 1917.** Just a year ago today I left Kentucky. I suppose you are probably thinking of this,
too, today. Some of these smaller hills make me think of Frenchburg but of course these here are
much grander and reach on for sixty miles to the snows. No doubt you are having strawberries these
days. There are a few wild ones around here but they are so tasteless that they are not worth going
after.

I think I have told you of the moss and lichens growing all over the trees. Now the ferns are
coming out on the moss and they tell us that during the rainy season (that is to begin the last of this
month - I don't know what they call the weather we have been having) the branches of the trees are
literally covered with ferns. Wild roses are covering the hillsides here. The only varieties we have
seen are white and yellow and they climb up the tall rhododendrons and other trees as well as
growing in bushes by themselves. The primroses grow all over the hillsides like blues or violets at
home and are even prettier in some ways for they are of so many different shades of lavender, pink
and blue,-all shades often being found in the same little cluster. . .

Yesterday seven of us went out about seven miles to Top Tiba which is the highest peak for many
miles around. From here to the base of the hill the road was comparatively level winding around
several intervening ridges. Many peaks jutted up from the valley below like church spires. The climb
up the peak itself was a hard one so that we all decided to stop and have lunch on a small knoll about
two thirds way up to the summit. The coolies were as pleased as any of us with this decision. . .

After lunch we all rested on the rocks while Emmet went on to the summit. This was one day that
a truthful weather prophet would have been very convenient, for we took raincoats, umbrellas and
oilcloth sheets with us and it never rained a drop, tho the clouds were below, above, and around us at
different times. It is extremely interesting to watch the clouds seemingly climb the hills. When they
come along a valley to the hill they appear to ascend the mountain side. Sometimes they come past us
very swiftly like smoke and other times so slowly that their motion is scarcely visible. As I have
remarked before, their ever-changing effects are magnificent especially when a little sunlight peaks
thru here and there to light up a little patch of garden, a thatched hut, or a hilltop. . .

I've just been looking at my primroses and find that in their faded condition they look very little
like the real flower. These two sprays, tho, will give you an idea of how the plant grows. It requires
very thin soil, often growing on the large rocks by the roadside. We found a most beautiful bunch
about two feet long hanging like a vine from a projecting rock but usually they grow in small clusters
like violets. Perhaps I shall paint a little spray for you sometime so that you can have a better idea of
the flower itself.

**June 17, 1917.** I never thought of it before but of course you think of dust being associated with the
roads only. The fact is we really don't have what you call a **lawn**, for there is no grass (on the plains
primarily, and not much in the hills). Then - too, all the soil is very sandy and the air seems full of
sand at times.

**Aug. 25, 1917.** . . . they claim the snakes here on the hills are not poisonous. If there are any wild
animals around here I don't know of them. They are all back in the jungles. All we have here are
monkeys.
The opportunities for hikes - or "tramps" as Martha calls them - were attractive, especially for Emmet, who soon began to feel "very restless" when the monsoon rain kept them indoors.

* * *

May 27, 1917. Yesterday morning seven of the married men started off for a long hike at six-thirty. The night before we spread the sandwiches with butter and in the morning filled them with eggs and meat. Each carried a canteen of water and started off to go down to the river and then up the first ridge to the north. It was after eight-thirty last night when they arrived [home] all weary and tired. They might not have minded it so much if they hadn't been without water the last three hours. They reached the ridge tho and rested there only about fifteen minutes. In some villages the Indians treated them very kindly but when one Indian found they were lost, he wouldn't tell them the way until they paid him. Since it was after dinner when they arrived Miss Weston sent up some dinner for the four from here to our room. All they seemed to want was some liquid. The soup helped supply that need. Then I heated some water in our tea kettle over a little spirit lamp we bought for twenty-five cents. It is the most convenient little thing. It has just a little bowl for the spirits and three little stands on which to rest the pan. I made fudge over it the other day and it worked beautifully. The boys' muscles are pretty sore today but otherwise they are alright [sic].

June 3, 1917. Yesterday Dr. and Mrs. Kinoyer and Emmet and I went out for a long tramp. We had to go down past Woodstock College on to the stream to a washerman's village. All the women there wear full skirts twelve and fifteen yards wide and very tight bodices. From there we wound our way on up and up to the next hill. As it was very foggy so that we couldn't look down into the valley at all we took the wrong path which led us much farther up than we would have needed to have gone. Finally after a terrific rain we sat down on some rocks and were just about ready to unpack our lunch, eat, and start our return journey when the cloud lifted from the valley and there just below us about five hundred feet lay the village we were seeking. Tho there was no regular path, yet the hill was not too steep for us to descend easily. Of course it took longer to get there than it appeared.

These villages are most interesting with their stone houses and thatched roofs. We found great abundance of gravel, Father, much more than you would use for some time to come, for there were whole hills of it. . . Since the cloud was below us all the way going, we didn't see much of the valley, but coming back we had most delightful views. We passed thatched cowsheds, goats herding while their shepherdesses rested on the rocks; cattle grazing while their herdsmen slept; threshing floors where the grain had just been trampled out by the oxen; monkeys and baboons [probably the grey langur] watching us from high rocks and hiding as we approached; bush upon bush of yellow raspberries of which we partook freely; and several beautiful little falls with the water falling over moss and fern-clad rocks. What should one care about being a little tired after such a glorious day as that? . . . Some people might think us very gay when they hear of us going on so many tramps and picnics but all good reasonable people won't begrudge us what pleasures we have.

July 1, 1917. I was at the dentist's again today and hope Friday will be the last time I need go. Emmet always walks down with me and reads while I go thru the agony of the drilling machine. I'd rather be able to jump on a streetcar and go down but the exercise does us good. Coming home we got caught in a heavy rain so that we had to change every article of clothing as soon as we came back in spite of our raincoats and umbrellas. Our shoes are so wet that it will take several fires in our grate to dry them out. Have I told you how everything gathers mildew here - suitcases, trunks, canes, books, clothes etc.? Wherever there is a spot on a dress you may be sure the mildew will come. I'm afraid I'm not as prompt at wiping it off as you would be, mother. I marvel that our washermen are able to get our clothes back to us so regularly.
July 8, 1917. How I should like to clean out this room, but it is no use to think of it while the rains last. Mildew is on everything. Emmet just now picked up a notebook he hadn't used for two days and it was nicely coated with mould. Today has been one of the worst days we have had. Emmet doesn't know just what he will do if he can't get out for exercise.

July 29, 1917. I just realized the other day that for a letter or two, at least, I haven't mentioned the weather. Now I wouldn't have you think that the rains have stopped, for they are present just as much as they ever were. The only change is that rain has become so much a part of us that we forget to speak of it. We were just speaking at the table this noon of the good health everyone enjoys up here on the hills in spite of the dampness. One seldom hears of a person having a cold or in any way being affected. The mildew on everything, tho, is most distracting. I have been trying to dry out our clothes. You would laugh to see the queer way in which we do it. We use a large basket effect over a charcoal stove. We spread our clothes out over this conical-shaped basket and then have to watch them very closely lest they burn.

Aug. 5, 1917. This morning the sun is shining very brightly and the snows are in full view. They certainly are magnificent. It is so refreshing to see them after days of cloud and mist. Yesterday after breakfast Emmet and I walked down to the bazaar. We took our "munshi" along so that we would have more chance for Urdu conversation. I never noticed the odors in the bazaar so much before. The streets were wet from the heavy rains and then the sun came out and probably made the odors more offensive. The street is very narrow and on each side is an open sewer. This is bridged over by a plank at each shop. We usually stand just outside whenever we want to buy anything so that we get all the benefits of the sewer. I suppose you wonder why we don't go in. In the first place everything is in such disorder that there wouldn't be room for us, and in the second place, the odors are apt to be much worse in there than outside. [Ed.- In later years this changed and Mussoorie became one of the cleanest bazars, comparatively speaking.]

Aug. 19, 1917. The rain is still with us. Thursday we didn't have a drop, tho, and fortunately that was the day Emmet and two other young men had planned to go down to the river. They seemed to have had a splendid tramp, tho it had been so long since Emmet had been out that he was a little stiff the next day. At the river they baked fish and corn. I believe I haven't mentioned that we have had corn on the ear twice. My but it did taste good! even tho it isn't as sweet as the American corn!

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Customs and experiences encountered "on the hills" - either different from or similar to those in Sialkot - attract comment:

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May 20, 1917. Did I ever describe the kind of irons we have out here? Emmet and I forgot to bring ours up here so that we had to buy a charcoal one the other day. The smokestack which is necessary to draw the fire. There is a little opening in the back for the same purpose. They do very well tho I prefer our home irons for delicate work.

June 10, 1917. I suppose you grow weary of hearing of the coolies time and again but they are so much in evidence that one cannot help thinking of them often. Whenever they are not busy they lie down on the stony paths, cover their faces with a dirty cloth and sleep in peace. From walking barefoot on these rough roads the soles of their feet have become so calloused that they are almost like leather. ... As you may well imagine there are no wells up here on the hill so that all the water we use has to be carried clear from the river [or springs] up here by coolies. They all bear it in goat skins hung over their backs which are very much bent over when the skins are full. As one Englishwoman
suggested, if Americans had this land they would be pumping the water up but the English are not
very keen on such conveniences. There is the coolie side of the question to be considered, too, for the
most of them are so extremely ignorant that they could not do any work which would require mental
effort. The average wage for an ordinary coolie is sixteen cents a day, but when they are hired for a
trip of a couple days they receive from twenty to twenty-four cents a day since it costs them more to
buy their food prepared in a village than to cook it in their own homes. Those who carried our trunk,
suitcases, and boxes up here from Rajpore were paid by the load and naturally received more than
the ordinary coolie does here.

**June 17, 1917.** You said you thought you would be cheated if you were in my place buying. It is
almost a fact that we are cheated every time we make a purchase. They have one price for natives and
one for foreigners. Then they have the 'lying price' and the 'right price.' They themselves call the first
price they give you the 'lying price'...

**July 8, 1917.** I don't think I ever told you about the little Indian baby girl Mrs. Steinthal found
several months ago and is caring for now. Mrs. S. is the lady from Denmark who gave me the stamps
for you, Evangeline. She is located near Calcutta. One day a servant came rushing in, saying he heard
crying at a spot along the roadside and thought a child had been buried alive. A Christian doctor went
at all speed on his bicycle, turned over the small stones and clods of earth that had been thrown on top
of the child, and found the poor creature somewhat bruised and almost dead. Mrs. S. wrote last week
after she went back to Calcutta that the poor baby was very, very thin because the Indian woman in
whose charge it had been left didn't seem to know how to take care of it. Miss Stuard, who has one
meal a day with us, has a little Indian baby girl who was just left out on the roadside. I mention these
cases to you, because I know that Emmet and I are absolutely ignorant of such crimes that are going
on around us. Dr. Griswold was talking today of the prevalence of infanticide against girls, and
selling and stealing of wives in the Punjab. We lived in the midst of this all winter but knew very little
of it. The Indian people themselves know it. Statistics show that there are two million more men than
women in the Punjab. These statistics alone, when compared with those of other countries, prove
that some means is employed in getting rid of girls. This preponderance of men leads to selling and
stealing wives, for every man must be married. Wife beating is very, very prevalent. I have seen the
bruises on the faces often but I have never been near when it was going on.

**July 22, 1917.** There are several bakeries here that send their men around to the house every
day. They carry the cakes and candy in tin boxes on their heads. They have been taught Western
ways of making these little cakes, so that they taste fairly good. It is very much like buying baker's
things at home.

**Aug. 12, 1917.** If we take our trip to Simla, I must get some tea towels or jharans, as they are called
out here. We need so many of them in this country, for dust cloths are classed under the same general
names, and one likes to have a large supply so that the servants won't use dirty ones. I shall never
give my good linen ones to a servant, but I can't use them myself on this trip because I left them in
Sialkot.

**Aug. 22, 1917.** I heard something the other day that will interest you. They say that up here they
have to use less... sugar in cakes on account of the altitude. Isn't that peculiar?

**Aug. 27, 1917.** You asked for the price of a haircut and shave. On the plains they charge 8 cents for
a haircut and 12 cents up here... You would marvel at the speed with which they do it.

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The main reason for Martha and Emmet's being in Mussoorie was to continue language study at
the Landour Language School for missionaries. They also used their time to learn more of the history
and culture of India, and Martha cautions her sister,

"Do not discourage the babies in observing everything, for that's the way they learn. If they only keep up this habit when they grow older, it will be well...and...if you send Martha to school this fall as planned, ...(I) sincerely hope...that she can begin studying a foreign language at once..."

* * *

July 1, 1917. We were just mentioning several words at the dinner table today that come from India and I wondered if I told you them. One is 'khaki' which means 'dirt color.' Another is 'bungalow' which means a house in general. Another is 'jungle' which hasn't lost its meaning in being transferred to the English. Dr. Griswold of the Presbyterian mission is here now and will be with us until September. We both are very much pleased with his kind genial face and manner coupled, with his keen intellect. He has a large collection of Indian coins which date back to the time of Christ. He has promised to show them to us some evening.

Emmet and I have started to study the history of India together. Since we don't have any special textbook, we are using our encyclopedia, which is as good an authority as we could get. We probably shall not complete our course for some time but we want to know as much as we can of the country in which we are living. Emmet and I have almost quit going to the language school, for we think we make much better progress working with our 'munshi' here in our room. We read with him about four hours and a half a day and study about an hour by ourselves. Perhaps those don't seem like very long working hours, but if we attempt to put in more than that our brains refuse to work. It is not like studying at college where we have a variety of subjects but it is one subject for so many hours every day. We do hope we shall learn to use the language among the people. At present we find it very hard to finish the verb in the sentences. It comes last and usually presents some difficulty we cannot solve readily. We should not complain tho, of the Urdu verb, for it is much easier than the verb of many languages. If Martha and Janet were here they would be talking it much more glibly than we are. Children learn new languages much more readily than older people.

July 15, 1917. Emmet and I have just been reading about some of the great Indian epic poems and their similarity in many respects to the Greek epics, tho the latter are superior. A study of Indian mythology compared with Greek and Roman would surely be interesting. We were just noticing the Indian account of the flood which represents 'Manu' as being directed by a fish to build an ark in preparation for the coming deluge. When the rain and flood comes, the fish guides the ark to a mountain in the North where they remain until the waters subside. Manu is supposed to have taken seeds and animals by pairs into the ark. Isn't it interesting that all races have traditions of a flood?

I think I have written to you about Dr. Griswold of the Presbyterian mission who is staying here at Rosebank. Every day we appreciate him more, for he is an excellent conversationalist. We are continually picking up new bits of knowledge from him. This morning he preached on I Kings 17,18. I had never really thot of the points of similarity between the Old Testament prophets and the 'sadhus' or religious men of the Hindus. They both spent much time in the wilderness, dressed very simply, dared to appear before kings and princes, and their curses and prophecies were very highly reverenced by the common people. India is full of these sadhus, today, whom the majority of persons regard with much awe and superstition. Many of them are professional beggars, while others are supported by votive offerings just as ministers are supported by the congregations. The great difference between the O.T. prophets and sadhus lies in the difference of moral standards. Different customs here are continually throwing light on Biblical history.

July 15, 1917. Yesterday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Harner and Emmet and I went to the bazar. We had a few errands to do for Saturday, but our chief reasons for going were to get the exercise and also
to try to use a little Urdu with the shopkeepers. We stopped at almost every shop inquiring the price, etc. Coming home we had a little coolie who found as much pleasure in talking to us as we did in talking to him.

**Sept. 2, 1917.** We have been working extra hard this past month on the language for we are hoping to take our first year examination next Saturday. It seems like very slow work, for we really can understand very little and talk less. However when we contrast what we can do now with what we could do when we came up here to the hills, even we realize that we are making progress even if it is slow. One feels so disgusted when he tries to tell a servant something and the servant doesn't catch one word of it. Of course there are times when a servant doesn't want to hear. We don't have very much chance to use the language with the Indians themselves here, because there are none around us excepting servants. When we get back to the Punjab we shall have all the opportunity we want and maybe more. The only way to learn the language is to talk it and so the best thing for us will be to get out into the work this fall. We are certainly very thankful for this year for study.

**Sept. 9, 1917.** If you...had had your ears down close to the ground Friday you might have heard our shout for joy that we had finished our examinations. We didn't do as well as we should have liked but we are glad they are over. All of it was oral excepting a little dictation work by the 'munshi'. I didn't seem to be able to get into the spirit of the conversation part of it at all, but we really can't learn to talk much until we are thrust out among the Indian people. There is no necessity for us to talk it now because we get all we need and want without it. It will come only by years of work. I had an average of a little over 92.

**May 13, 1917.** I have often spoken to you people of our group here and suppose you would be interested in hearing where they all come from. Mr. and Mrs. Harner, who live in the room to our right, are both from Ohio - Hiram College - and he was in Union Seminary, New York, last year...Mr. Wiser is from Philadelphia but took his university work in Chicago...Mrs. Wiser is from Chicago and has her degree also from Chicago University. She was in Y.W.C.A. work last year and just came out this winter and was married out here. Dr. and Mrs. Kinoyer are both from Kansas but he got his PhD from Chicago U. Mrs. Kinoyer was working for two years in the Christian College at Canton (China) that we visited. Mrs. Manry is from Cambridge, Mass. and was attending Radcliffe when she was married two years ago. Her father is in the observatory at Harvard. Mr. Manry is from South Carolina, but was educated in Harvard, from which University, he has his PhD. Miss Fish is from near Harrisburg and has her certificate from the Presbyterian Deaconess Home in Baltimore. [Ed.- All these were PCUSA missionaries.] Mr. Brockway...is a missionary of the Congregational church of England. The three Misses Weston are daughters of a Scotch missionary who came out in 1834. The oldest one of the three remembers the Mutiny of '57 very distinctly. You see we have quite a cosmopolitan party here and we honestly believe that there is no place in Landour nor Mussoorie where they have such jolly times together.

**May 20, 1917.** First of all I must tell you of my birthday, as I am sure you will be glad to hear how Emmet and all the others made it a very, very happy day for me. As I have told you before, a 'little breakfast' of toast and tea is brought to our room every morning at six o'clock. Friday morning as usual, Emmet was up before that but I slept until after it was in on the table. When I got up to eat, there was a silver plated toast tray and a pound tin box of Imperial chocolates, the best I have tasted in India. They are large...so that I can get two or three bites out of one and thus it really pays to take off the tin foil. The chocolate is very rich. The toast tray is like the ones they used on the steamer. It has six upright divisions into which the pieces of toast are placed. Those divisions together with the handle come off so that I can use the main tray for candies if I choose.

We had our munshi for two hours and went to school according to our regular schedule. After the classes were over Emmet told me that Mrs. Nesbitt wanted us to come down to their house at that
time. Miss Jongeward, who came Wed., had her birthday on the seventeenth; so Mrs. Nesbitt, Miss Cowden and the others had us all to Mrs. Nesbitt's for a lap lunch of sandwiches, coffee, plum shortcake and whipped cream (she tried to get strawberries but couldn't), little wafers, and a regular birthday cake for the two of us. It was of three layers and had a fancy pink and white frosting. Wasn't that dear of them. Since their house is rather small, we went up to Redburn, our large mission house on the same compound, and played bean-bag and several other games for exercise. . . . After dinner all the people here at Rosebank came up to surprise me. Our room is large so that we had ample room to play many old-fashioned games. The bunch gave me a very pretty embroidered tray cloth. We played until ten o'clock when we were all ready to hurry to bed. Now don't you think I had a glorious birthday? Emmet was so anxious to make it just as pleasant as he could, since he knew how you people always celebrated on such occasions and you weren't here to do it.

But the best part of my birthday is yet to come. In that way, you see, I shall be able to celebrate for a longer period of time. I'm expecting your birthday letters this week and the packages in a couple weeks . . .

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One of the delights of Landour living for the gregarious Martha was the opportunity to meet new people from other mission groups, as well as those from the English community, including British soldiers. Varied social and other occasions abound, and Martha says, "I'm sure . . . that we do better language work when we get more out-of-door and social life sandwiched in with it."
May 27, 1917. Tuesday evening Woodstock College had an informal 'at home' and tea. The college is much farther down on the other side of this hill than the school so that it was not an easy walk. After tea one of the teachers showed us the dormitory and classroom. It's a Presbyterian institution for foreign and Eurasian girls, the latter predominating. They have a beautiful location on the top of a small knoll surrounded by pines.

Wednesday evening the Misses Weston entertained at tea and of course we all were invited. Mrs. Manry and I were a little late because we were making fudge for the picnic on Thursday. After tea we played babington [sic], a game at which I am not very skillful.

. . . The Indian servants like to decorate the dining table most elaborately, if we consent. An American usually dubs this style of decorating as too 'gingerbready' and prefers to arrange it herself. The Misses Weston, however, evidently think the Indian style quite artistic, for every evening at dinner the table is burdened with trimmings. In the middle is a large vase with five separate vases, a pattern quite in vogue among the English, I believe, as well as among Eurasians and Indians. This vase rests upon a pink or yellow piece of silk arranged in fancy shapes and bordered with ferns or flowers. At each end of the table there is usually a small vase of flowers. The use of such a piece of silk is very popular among the Indians.

The English always have their drawing rooms laden down with useless nicknacks. The drawing room here is a regular junk shop in appearance, having little trinkets in every corner and pictures crowded closely on every wall. These latter are always on a slant after the servants have dusted them so that it makes one almost dizzy to look at them. Of course I do not say this as anything against the Westons but only to show the difference in taste . . .

May 27, 1917. The next morning [Thursday] we were up bright and early to make sandwiches for the picnic. I told you in my latest letter that since that was Empire day we all had a holiday. We Rosebank people each invited one guest and entertained at lunch and tea on the picnic. Emmet invited Gordon Strong and I invited Louise Scott. [UP missionaries] We had three coolies take down our food, charcoal stoves, etc. We went out some little distance on the path here near Rosebank and then descended a little path which took us down the most beautiful hillside I have seen here. The flowers and ferns were in their abundance but the path was extremely rough. . . . We found a very pretty little spot half-way down the hill where we halted and prepared our lunch. We had made some meat sandwiches and then had sliced onions and fried eggs for the rest.

Emmet fried just seventy-two eggs but those sandwiches did taste good! . . . In the midst of the noon lunch the rain began to pour. We all grabbed our raincoats and umbrellas. Some protected the sandwiches, another fellow held the umbrella over Emmet as he fried the eggs, and we rushed to cover up the things for tea. The fire in the one stove was so slow that we didn't get our coffee until late but it tasted very good then. After lunch was finished some of us walked on down the hill but as it kept on raining we decided we couldn't eat tea in the woods and so accepted an invitation from one of our guests to come to their home and serve tea on the veranda. . . . On the whole, we had a glorious time, but we were very tired that night and the next day.

May 20, 1917. Evangeline asked a question I'm sure you are all interested in. Hence I shall attempt to answer it in this letter. It was concerning illegitimacy of Eurasians, a class of people you have heard me mention several times as ones who really have no country save India where they are despised by native and European alike. It would be rather hard to say what proportion of them are
illegitimate, tho surely many of them are. If a European marries here the 'bans' for his marriage must be issued publicly for three times before the event. Naturally few Europeans would care to have their marriage to a native thus announced, tho it is often done in the case of a marriage between a Eurasian and Englishman. Such a wedding occurs only among the common soldiers or inferior civil or military authorities, and almost certainly bars the man from higher positions except perchance over native troops. Under such conditions it may often happen that a European will live with a native tho not legally married. Life in India is so depressing for ones who have no real interest in the people that they often gradually lose much of their former moral sense.

A soldier's life in these countries is so barren in many ways, for unless he is married he has no home and often no relatives near here. While he is on duty, it isn't so bad, but his hours off are very trying. I have said many a time that I certainly would not want to be the wife of a civil or military officer here in an Oriental country. They have positively nothing to do. For a young single fellow out here it is very hard, for his men companions are very limited of necessity and his lady friends even fewer. He is fortunate if he has one house to which he can go and really feel at home and have an informal chat. Life takes on a different aspect before many months and often he goes from carelessness to real transgression. Such fellows need our sincere sympathy but the children of their transgression need it even more. Much is being done these days in the way of Christian club houses for British soldiers where they can go for games, reading, and tea.

June 10, 1917. This week we are having a C.E. convention here for missionaries and this morning we were delightfully surprised by an address from Dr. Zwemer from Egypt. . . All other speeches faded into insignificance when compared to his. He makes one long to know everything possible about one's work, for Dr. Zwemer is himself an example of the man who concentrates his whole life on his work and by that concentration succeeds. - The convention closes with a picnic tomorrow . . .

I meant to say concerning Dr. Zwemer that he expects to sail from Colombo for China the twentieth of the month, and will stay in that country for six months to work among the Mohammedans there. You know he works in our mission in Egypt at Cairo on the Nile Mission Press but is supported by the Southern Presbyterian Church. He went from Arabia to this work on the condition that he could have four months a year free for work outside of Egypt. This year by special consent he is getting six months.

June 17, 1917. As I told you in my latest letter, we had our C.E. picnic on Thursday, with a crowd of over two hundred people there. It was very much like a Sabbath school picnic with the exception of the presence of 'dandie' coolies, a few Indian nurses, and several servants. The coolies usually gather around the cook house and have a good friendly chat and smoke their cigarettes. I'm not conceited enough to think they talk much about us even tho they do think our customs are 'the limit.'

Friday we dissipated again by going to see 'Macbeth' at the moving picture house in Mussoorie. It is one of the Griffith films made in California and is quite superior to the ordinary film. Herbert Tren acts the part splendidly. If ever you have a chance to see this, do so by all means, for the scenery, costumes, and acting are all good. . . . The atmosphere of clouds and mists around the witches was most appropriate. Just as we came out from the play the mist and clouds about us were lit up so by the setting sun and were hanging over the hills so mystically that we all felt as if we ought to rush on to the cave of the witches.

Our crowd here at Rosebank will be very much broken up after the first one leaves on Monday. Gradually the party is changing so that by the first of July only a few of the present number will be here. For this reason and also because it was the Kinoyers' and Manrys' wedding anniversary, we had a dinner party here last night. Each member of the Rosebank group invited one person, making a total number of forty at the dinner. . . After dinner the people in the other house gave a stunt as a forfeit for losing in the babington tournament. [She later learns the correct spelling.] Some time ago
in the cottage sent down a challenge from the 'garret owls' to the 'cellar rats' for a babington tournament and we won every game. In the stunt they represented the trial of Mr. Owl for the murder of Mr. Rat and the witnesses were all dressed to represent a bird or animal. It was really very clever and afforded considerable amusement. Then we played such games as 'cross questions and silly answers,' poison, three kingdoms, picture show (guessing who a person is by his shadow behind a sheet) etc. until 10:45 when all the guests departed. Everyone seemed quite enthusiastic over the good time they had.

July 3, 1917. I can hardly think of you people having summer weather because your latest letters were written the last of April. Hence I am still thinking of you in spring weather instead of the Fourth of July. No doubt you will be having an unusually patriotic celebration at home this year. Tomorrow at four-thirty o'clock at the church all the Americans in Landour are having a tea and social time together. Perhaps our forefathers of the 'Boston tea party' would be a little shocked at our celebrating with such a beverage. Since living here in British territory I have come to appreciate more than ever what a sad blow that was to the Britisher, who can hardly live without his tea. How they must have begrudged the ocean all those pounds!

July 8, 1917. Yesterday afternoon Emmet and I assisted at a tea given for about 120 of the soldiers at the gymnasium. Most of the troops are leaving this week and others are coming up out of the heat. They try to give all soldiers a couple months in the hills during the hot season. At our table there was one very nice looking young fellow who came here just ten days ago from Mesopotamia. He was in the army that took Baghdad this Spring. After the tea there was a musical programme of twelve numbers which the soldiers seemed to enjoy and appreciate as much, if not more, than the tea itself. Everyone who has been here says the soldiers this year are of a much better class than those who were here before. Most of them are young volunteers. One of the soldiers sang a song about Tennessee and the darkies, and we all wondered what sort of a mental picture it presented to his mind. As an encore, he sang a song about 'walyati' (Urdu for 'foreign') and all the soldiers joined in on the chorus which spoke of 'walyati' as being the soldier's 'home sweet home' and ended by 'When the war is over/ All aboard for Dover/ And for home sweet home.'

Emmet had considerable difficulty in convincing one rough old soldier that Cuba isn't an American colony. The fellow went so far as to say that we appoint the governor and collect all the customs and revenues. Of course we do oversee the collection of the latter because European countries were threatening to do that if Cuba didn't pay her debts to them. But the perverted idea this fellow had only goes to prove how very little one country understands the government of another country. We both enjoyed being at the tea. Friday night we and Gordon Strong had dinner with Louise Scott and her mother. We were so thankful they didn't have a regulation dinner with all the courses, etc. It seemed so much more like home. The thing which appealed to us most was the waffles and gravy. We ate and ate until we couldn't eat any more. Then instead of serving pudding, which we have every night, they gave us very rich cocoa with candy and nuts. They tried to give us, you see, what we don't get here.

July 15, 1917. . . . There will be very few of us left here until August when some of our missionaries are coming up. Dr. Gordon came Friday with the McKelveys. Mr. McK. has been having typhoid fever on the plains and they brought him up here as soon as the fever broke. Did I tell you that Mr. and Mrs. Mercer and their little girl, who were to have gone into Kashmir with the Campbells, had scarlet fever in May and had to go in by themselves. Not long after they got settled in Kashmir, Mr. Mercer had an attack of cholera but a doctor, who was in the same house with them, checked it in eight hours. Since then, they tell us, Mrs. Mercer has been a nervous wreck and they are trying to find a house in Murree (hill station near Rawalpindi) so that they can come out of Kashmir.

Dr. Forman, who has been teaching in the language school ever since we came up here, leaves
tomorrow. He, two sisters, and a brother are members of the Presbyterian Mission. All the first year language students had a little surprise on him yesterday after his class. We had just a little lunch and many 'stunts,' some in Urdu and some in English. We people from Rosebank each pretended we were some person or animal of which we read in the first reader and the other people in the room had to guess who we were by what we told them in Urdu. It certainly was highclass(?) Urdu we spoke, but it was good practice and great fun.

Dr. Menthorne, a woman doctor who is here at Rosebank now, is teaching in one of the three women's medical colleges of India. Dr. Brown, the president of the college [in Ludhiana], is often called to attend the wives of rajas or native princes and rulers. For such cases she receives $100 a day besides her railroad fare and surgical fees. Of course she has many ways of using the money in the institution, and the royalty respect her all the more for charging so much. One little old queen went to the hospital for treatment and for forty-eight hours after the operation she insisted on having a doctor, in addition to the regular nurses, sit beside her every minute. For this extra and absolutely unnecessary service she paid $70 a day. When she was able, a dentist from Lahore went to the hospital and made her a set of false teeth. The marvel of this was that this Mohammedan woman who had lived in her long robe would allow an American man to take a wax impression for her teeth. They are usually so careful about letting a white man see them. This is due, I suppose, to their knowledge of the fact that our customs are entirely different from theirs.

I noticed in the June number of the L.H.C. [Ladies Home Companion?] pictures of knit helmets, socks, gloves, wrist protectors, etc., like we have seen out here for the army. We can't realize that you see soldiers on the streets so much. Here the men in 'khaki' are in evidence everywhere.

July 22, 1917. Thursday evening we had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Ferger. He was out here as a short-term teacher in Gordon College the same time Ralph Stewart was here before. He is now working under the Presbyterian Board at Lahore. He has some beautiful pictures he has taken and some very good enlargements, too. Of course he and Emmet talked pictures most of the time.

Yesterday the Gordons and we gave the shower we told you about. [This is for Jeannette Hopkins, who is to be married to Charles Stewart, who is coming from Cyprus to join the mission in India.] . . . We are very glad we had this tea yesterday afternoon because we are invited to the homes of the other missionaries often but have very little opportunity of having them with us. . . Miss Hopkins received some very pretty little shower gifts. She does not know when Mr. Stewart [Charles] will arrive in the country but she expects to be married about Aug. 2 if he arrives within the next two weeks. . . It is certainly indefinite.

Wednesday evening - Monday morning Miss Hopkins received a cablegram from Mr. Stewart saying that he had sailed from Port Said, July 19. That means he may get up here about Thursday of next week and be married Friday or Saturday. At the same time the 'cable' was delivered, Miss H. received a package from home with a silk wedding dress which her mother and sister had made for her. She had just started a wedding dress, but of course has put that aside. . . Isn't it lovely these things came just at this time?

July 29, 1917. We notice by the U.P. [the United Presbyterian church paper] that we are to get a new doctor in our mission this year and you may be sure we are very, very glad for such good news. Dr. Greg Martin and Charles Stewart are the only new men we are to have.

Miss Hopkins received a telegram from Mr. Stewart yesterday saying that he is in Bombay. He will probably reach here Friday, unless detained unusually long over his passports, permission to enter India, etc. As yet they have no minister to marry them, tho the date has been set for Tuesday, Aug. 7. No minister can perform a marriage ceremony here without a license, to acquire which takes an almost endless amount of 'red tape.' Several of our ministers have licenses for the Panjab tho many prefer not to have one since that saves them from marrying the Indian people and allows the
poor Indian pastors the chance of getting any small fee that may be paid. None of our people have a license for the United Provinces - where Landour is - and as yet no one has been found who has such a license and can come. They could go to the English Church and be married, but they want a parlor wedding. I hope I can tell you next week that they are finally married.

Aug. 1, 1917. Did you ever read 'More Tramps Abroad' by Mark Twain? We just started to read it last night after dinner. One ought to keep a book that makes him laugh on hands all the time. It's good for one's disposition.

Aug. 5, 1917. I heard yesterday that the Porters are in Wooster by this time. I hope you and father can meet them sometime this year. Mrs. Porter is of English parentage but has spent practically all her life in India. Dr. Porter is quite short and active. He is an old Westminster graduate...

Mr. Stewart has arrived safely in Bombay but there was some little mistake in his permission to enter India and so he is held up in Bombay. The correspondence shows that permission had been received from the London office but the permission sheet itself doesn't state that. The letters and correspondence have been sent to the officials in India and the authorities will probably have to cable to Cyprus and go thru a lot more red tape before he can come up here. Hence the wedding continues to be postponed indefinitely. At last they have found a minister to perform the ceremony and he will be here on into September sometime.

Aug. 12, 1917. You will be glad to hear that Miss Hopkins received a telegram Friday evening saying Mr. Stewart will leave Bombay Monday and probably reach here Wed. afternoon. They have one of the Presbyterian ministers of this province engaged to marry them and all the 'red tape' of the government has been gone thru, so they can get married now when they please...

Aug. 19, 1917. We have another new one at our table, a Miss Owen, a self-supporting missionary in the Presbyterian mission. She has the means to go and come as she pleases and has never experienced any real discipline, evidently. She adds her little bit of spice to the conversation. The other night she came home with a little puppy she had found in Mussoorie. The expression on Miss Weston's face when she saw that puppy brought to the table was rich! Miss Owen kept talking about the poor hungry darling until finally the servants brought it some milk. Then Miss Weston was concerned about the dish and was generally much distressed. Everyone joked Miss Owen about how she'd have to walk the floor with that puppy all night, and someone offered her a little spirit lamp to heat the milk, etc. The next day she advertised and the owner came for the dog much to Miss Weston's relief.

Aug. 22, 1917. We feel very much relieved now since at last Mr. Stewart and Miss Hopkins are married. He finally reached here last Thursday and the wedding was yesterday afternoon at three o'clock. They had the drawing room at Redburn very prettily decorated in ferns and flowers (mostly ferns since the rains have spoilt most of the flowers). Louise Scott and Harris Stewart (Mabel's brother) attended the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart got away without any rice or other showering missiles. They stayed all night at a hotel in Mussoorie and came back to Redburn to pack today. They intended to walk to Simla but the rains have kept up so steadily that I think they have almost given up the trip.

Even after Mr. Stewart came last week we were not sure it could be Tuesday because no word had come as to whether the 'banns' had been published in Dehra Dun. You see a great deal of this trouble with the authorities came from the fact that it was a house wedding, which in the eyes of the British government is a civil marriage. Thus the wedding 'banns' had to be published at the civil magistrate's office in Dehra Dun. At last word came on Saturday that they had really been posted. In England one has to pay $25 for permission to be married in a home...

You know the English people think they are the only ones who really speak English correctly and they make a good deal of sport out of the way we Americans speak. We on the other hand have
many a hearty laugh at their expense on this very same ground. Miss Lawrence tells of one English minister she heard announce his text as 'The authur and hancor of our ope.' This really sounds much more amusing than it looks. Our slang is a source of great curiosity to them but they have expressions just as bad if not worse.

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Concern about the war and attendant worldwide issues is a constant thread through these letters, and one finds mention of Edison's "invention to control torpedoes by wireless" and reference to the price of olives and onions in the same letter. And always, there were the uncertainties of the international mails:

* * *

May 13, 1917. I am getting very, very curious to receive my birthday packages, for I know they contain some beautiful things, but I'm not going to count on getting them for a couple weeks lest I should be disappointed. We've been talking over the expenses of sending parcels out here, and both agree that it would be much better not to do it except when you have a chance to send with a missionary and then only a small package that she can pack in a box or trunk. The reason we say that is because of the great expense. We are both so sorry you had to pay so much on these packages.

... The reason you had to send your gifts by first class is because the U.S. has no foreign parcel post, due in part I suppose to the import and export duties...

May 20, 1917. We were interested in your statements of food prices, father. Surely you must find living very expensive. You had better convert your back yard into a potatoe patch. What is the real cause of this? The middle-man? We sincerely hope some regulations will be made speedily. How we should love to send you several bushels of potatoes. They sell at about $1.00 per bu. here in the hills. [Potatoes are still one of the major crops in Mussoorie.]

The words of our song, 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' were in the Calcutta paper last week. Mr. Brockway showed them to us and of course we Americans at once sang it thru.

June 17, 1917. It is now two weeks since we heard from you so that we are growing very anxious for word, tho the newspapers have given us no report of the mail steamer's arrival. You never are real certain as to when yours will come, but we always know it won't come to us until the arrival of the steamer has been reported in the papers. Many steamers carry mail in and out of the U.S.A. but all mail from the West to India comes on the P.& O. line by way of Europe and the Suez Canal.

July 1, 1917. I'm sure you will be interested in all the excitement about the foreign mail this week. I told you in the preceding letter about our great misfortune in having two weeks' mail lost just out of Bombay. That news came Wednesday. Thursday morning's paper stated that sixteen mail bags had been picked up in the water and the mail from them would be delivered as soon as it was dried. These bags had been on the deck... Friday's paper stated that eleven more bags had been found but of all the twenty-seven bags not one was for Bombay. They were for Burma, Ceylon and Mesopotamia and were ready to be transferred to other ships as soon as they reached the harbor. It also stated that the Bombay mail hadn't been brought up from the hold before the boat sank. That means, of course, that our mail is still in the water. The steamer is evidently not very far down because the mast is clearly visible a little below the surface. The businessmen as well as P.O. officials are contemplating hiring divers to go after the mail. Perhaps they have done it before this and we may get the mail this week... If I don't get any mail from the water I shall probably have to wait two more weeks, which seems like a long, long time... To finish this discussion of mail, the paper gave as official statement today that the old schedule of mail every week would be followed after this. The fact of the matter is that they
send the ships when they can but they avoid following a regular schedule on account of the submarines...

June 17, 1917. Prices certainly are rising at home. Shoes at $7.00 a pair seems awfully high but no doubt they are unusually high priced for the time and besides are probably better value than we used to have in our $4.00 ones... It is hard for us to think of sugar, flour, potatoes, etc. at such high prices. Sugar here is 8 cents a lb., vinegar 20 cents a quart... Vegetables and meat, tho, remain very reasonable.

July 1, 1917. We have just been reading of the landing of U.S. regulars in France. As yet we have seen no official statement of numbers. Emmet's brother Joe has volunteered for an ambulance corps made up entirely of boys from the University of California, to be ready for service by the middle of this month. 'Wade' [E.'s elder brother] passed the examination and has been commissioned second lieutenant in the artillery which will probably be stationed on the Californian coast. - You all have said little of the war excitement at home and I infer this silence is due to a sort of hesitancy to mention it to us here in India. Anything that is published at home will come thru safely, tho of course they guard the mails rather carefully. We like to get each slightest glimpse of conditions at home.

I've just been reading in the Literary Digest of the seven states that have granted woman suffrage for presidential elections since we left. You failed to tell me when the Ohio legislature passed the bill. You had better get busy in Mass., Evangeline. It is interesting to read the discussions concerning government regulation of food prices, but we should like to know what is actually being done.

July 8, 1917. I announced at dinner table this evening that foreign postage from America would be 8 cents after the new law goes into effect. We are all feeling sorry for you people who are always so prompt about writing every week, and Mrs. Gordon said at once that they would have to send their boys more money. Very few people will cut down much on their mail, I suppose, so that fairly large revenues ought to be gained from the change... It is hard to realize that it takes practically four months to receive an answer to a letter.

July 22, 1917. Olives are about forty cents for the smallest bottle out here. Hence we don't have them... We can get all the onions we can hold in two hands for half a cent.

July 29, 1917. We see that the liquor question is being seriously discussed for more than one reason these days. When a magazine like the Literary Digest gives as much space to the question as it did in the number for May 26, then we may be sure it is a nationwide issue.

I think I mentioned Dr. Menthorn, the woman physician, to you before. The other night she somewhat surprised us by telling us that Hoover, the man at the head of the U.S. food commission, is her cousin and that he and his sister and brother were brought up by her father from the time he was twelve years old. Hence she knows him very, very well. It is very hard for an Englishman to comprehend that boys and girls literally work their way thru college in America. Dr. M. enjoys telling them that this Hoover did that very thing at Leland Stanford. He entered college just at the time of the panic of 1893 when her father lost all he had and couldn't help the boy at all. Hoover paid Dr. M.'s expenses at medical college for three years. She says he has mining interests on almost every continent and that when the war broke out his business was so damaged that he had to look around for other temporary employment, not so much for his financial support as for some outlet for his energy; and since he saw need of relief in Belgium, he went there.

Wednesday night after dinner, the Danish girl, Miss Graverson, gave us a little talk on Denmark, telling something of their customs. She speaks English unusually well for one who has lived among English-speaking people for only nine months. I think I told you she expects to marry an Englishman in the air-service on the northwestern frontier of India... Yesterday Miss Weston had a tea to which she invited all Miss G.'s friends and afterwards had a surprise 'shower' for her... She said afterwards that she had never been so surprised in her life. The 'shower' seems to be a custom peculiarly
American, so that it, too, was very new to her. I don't think I need add that she was very much pleased.

A Scotch minister was at our table for lunch the other day and gave us fresh reports from his home since he just came back to India in May. He says conditions at home (England & Scotland) are dreadful and so distressing that he hates to talk about it. What must it be like in France, Belgium, and even in Germany? There seems to be so little here that we can do to help relieve those who are suffering in other lands. As long as there is plenty of food here, we can do more to help the Indians by buying the food and living in our usual manner than by any other way. Several people I have heard of think they ought to limit their use of sugar as those in England and Scotland do. That seems a mistake to me, for the sugarcane is raised here and the sugar refined here, so that our limiting our use of it would only take employment and money away from the Indians and make them dissatisfied. As it is, the bazaar men are feeling quite keenly the effects of the war, as people do not buy as many little oriental trinkets as they used to buy.

The newspapers here report that the Germans in America have put poisonous germs on 'sticking plaster' and that U.S. citizens have been warned not to use it. Is that true?

Aug. 5, 1917. I should like to have seen Ruth Law in her biplane. We read of her record trip from Chicago to New York. I don't think I ever saw a flying machine of any kind and they are used so much these days. There are some way up on the northwestern frontier of India, but we don't go up that far. We all think that after the war they will be used much more extensively for peaceful services. Those who have studied the matter claim that it will be possible to go from here to London in two and a half days. Wouldn't that shorten the distance to America, tho? Many are talking about taking the rail trip across the continent, going up thru Persia, etc. after the war is over, for it won't take long to complete the railroad. Of course persons who are seasick most of the time on the water are the ones that talk most about this.

We were interested hearing of the flags for the church and Sabbath School. We have been reading of the flags on the city churches at home. We never have associated the flag much with the church but I think it would be better if we did. We always sing the British national anthem at the end of all church services in English. That statement should be modified a little because we only do it at the close of the parade service in the morning, the service the soldiers are required to attend. Yesterday all the churches had services because it was the third anniversary of Britain's entering into this war. We had six ten-minute speeches on different phases of the war. We enjoyed this meeting very much just because we seldom have such a meeting here in India. It is only at long intervals that one hears a lecture here in India, especially since the war because lecturers don't come out from Europe and America now. At the close of the service yesterday we sang 'America' as well as 'God save the King.' This we usually do except at the regular parade services. We in America can comprehend very, very little of the suffering all over Europe and I sincerely hope we shall never have to endure as much as they have. Emmet got word this week that his brother Joe would probably be sent to Allentown, Pa. for a month's drill the last of June, and then to France...

Aug. 19, 1917. . . . We have been reading of the training camps which ought to be in operation soon, and have been wondering where the Mansfield boys will go. I am glad they are planning for the recreational side of their camps. It seems to me that it will be well to keep them in America for training as far as possible, for I believe their camps there will be better protected from liquor and other temptations than on the continent.

I told you last week about Mr. Parks, the Y.M.C.A. secretary who has just come from German East Africa. He said that all the time he was there he saw only a couple pack animals and no cattle at all, because the tsetse flies are so thick that they kill off all the animals. He says he has been bitten by them but has felt no injurious effect. This of course necessitates the employment of thousands upon
thousands of coolies. He was telling, too, of the many races represented in the British army there: Indians, English, Dutch Boers from South Africa, natives from Bechuanaland, Rhodesia, and British East Africa, and Australians. He says the German army there consists chiefly of the negroes with German officers, and that the uniforms of the two armies are quite similar. He says also that there is much fever and death. He himself had to leave because of fever.

Aug. 22, 1917. No more word about mails has come but we are living in hope every day. I just thought yesterday that we have every reason to be thankful that we hear as often as we do, for Mr. Stewart has heard from his parents, who are in Syria, just once in the past two years. As far as he knows, they don't know he has left Cyprus. It is almost impossible to get any word whatever of Syria these days...

Aug. 25, 1917. . . . This afternoon I was talking to Mrs. Schyler of the Presbyterian mission and she said she received a letter from her mother about two weeks ago for the first time in a year and a half. Mrs. S.'s mother, like Mr. Stewart's people, is in Syria. The father died two years ago but the mother cannot leave. In this year and a half a cablegram came thru by way of the Presbyterian Mission Board in New York saying 'All well.' Dr. Griswold says he knows of one man who succeeded in leaving Syria last Spring by going on the train to Constantinople, then thru the Balkan states, Austria, Germany, Holland and thence by steamer to America. Wouldn't that be a dangerous trip these days? I shouldn't care to take it. The Schylers want us to stop a day with them at Jalandar, their station, when we go back to Sialkot as we pass right thru Jalandar. . . . Thus far we in India know nothing of food scarcity and with conditions as they are we shall probably feel it less than most all the other countries of the world. . . . The poor Indian people have had many a severe famine when the rest of the world was throwing away almost enough to feed them. The reclaiming of much of the land by canals has had much to do with staying the hand of famine in this country . . .

Sept. 2, 1917. . . . We got three magazines this week and I am planning to devour a lot of them this week. We are interested in the commercial value of the flying machine. In one of the Literary Digests that came this week it tells of the plans for all rebuilding of cities in France and says that one thing which must be in every city is an airship station where the machines can land. The same thing will have to be done in the U.S.A. within the next few years and probably is being provided for in all coast towns now. It is only a matter of a few years after the war is over until mail will be brought that way here from England and the continent. A few more years after that it will be carried that way from America to the continent. Then we won't have to wait for six or eight weeks for a letter.

Emmet doesn't write to his people every week. Consequently if one or two weeks' mails are delayed long it makes an extra long wait for his mother. I should say here, too, that his mother doesn't write to him every week, either.

Sept. 9, 1917. I said I would tell you something of what Mr. Robinson has been telling us concerning aviation. I'm sure he has that it hard to talk to such stupid creatures as all the rest of us are on the subject of flying, but he has answered every question with all the grace possible. One of the most interesting things about the terms used in the aircraft is that many of them have been taken over from modern slang expressions; for instance, the central guiding pole is called the 'joy stick' from the expression 'a joy ride.' Mr. R. was in the regular army in India some years ago and had completed his service and taken one year's medical training in Edinburgh before the war broke out. Then he was summoned and went to France in the artillery and later entered the air service. In that service a man is always an observer before he becomes a pilot and so it was as an observer that he worked in France. The observer, he says, is always strapped to a heavy iron cable so that he can lean down low to take pictures and observe without any danger of falling out. The observer usually sits down at the feet of the pilot and, because of the loud noise of the engine, the two can never hear each other speak. Consequently all communication between the two while they are in the air must be by notes. The
observer does all the gun firing as well as observing. Of course a very valuable part of his work is taking notes of what is seen on the enemy's territory. These notes are usually taken in a series of characters known only to the writer. When he sees an enemy machine approaching he has to put his paper away securely in his pocket, not only to save it but also to keep it from flying into the propellor or some other delicate part of the machine and causing havoc.

Mr. Robinson tells of one day's very thrilling experience. The clouds had been so heavy and so low for six or seven days that they hadn't been able to fly, and the land forces were getting exceedingly anxious to know what the Germans were doing because they suspected they were moving their forces to a certain station in the North. This morning there was just a little clear space and his pilot decided to try it. They had just gotten up when the clouds covered over even that little spot and they were lost. He says flying in the clouds is very dangerous because the pilot has nothing to guide him to keep his machine running true, and as soon as it turns too much to one side or other he loses control of the engine. That day they managed to get some valuable information from the enemy lines and to return behind their own trenches just five minutes before their oil would have given out. They had over a hundred shot holes in their machine when they landed...

Emmet and I have just come from the morning service. Mr. and Mrs. Chattergy [sic] - he is headmaster of our high school in Gujranwala - are up here for their summer vacation. They are both highly educated and speak English beautifully. They always come to our English services. He dresses altogether in European attire. Most of the Indian men who wear European suits keep their Indian turbans but he doesn't. The women always keep their colored scarfs and certainly they look much prettier than our hats would on the Indian women. Mrs. C. had on a black velvet waist and a white silk sari. A sari is a long cloth wound around the legs for a skirt, and then brought up over the head for a scarf. She really looked very pretty...

(Later in Sept.'17) ... I didn't make everything clear about our summer in the hills. Each married couple in the mission gets a summer allowance of $100. On the plains we have no house rent but on the hills we do. For instance, the little cottage in which Scotts lived cost $100 for the season. Considering that we hadn't kept house here before and the expense of servants and higher price of food in the hills, we decided that it would be as cheap, if not cheaper, to board than to keep house. We are very thankful we did, for we met so many more people than we would otherwise. I mean we knew them intimately.

Aug. 5, 1917. ... Emmet and I have been thinking of taking a walking trip from here to Simla - the summer capital of India - for our vacation. If we do this we shall leave about the eleventh of September and stay in Simla for about ten days before going down to Sialkot the third or fourth of October. On this trip we should stay at nights at the government rest houses. None of the marches are long and it would be a good vacation. It would cost not more than ten dollars more to do this than to stay here, for our board wouldn't be expensive there, tho our coolies would cost quite a little sum. We haven't completed our plans at all and may not be able to do this. There is a good wide road all the way and many people have taken the trip. It would give us a better firsthand knowledge of the hills, too. We are supposed to take a couple weeks off then and we'd rather do it that way than stay here.
SIMLA TREK

Before leaving Landour Martha continues to write of their planned walking trip to Simla.

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Sept. 2, 1917. . .This trip that we are taking to Simla is one that many, many people take. Four others are starting from here this Tuesday and are taking a longer route than we, so that they will reach Simla the same day as we do tho we don't leave until a week from tomorrow . . .

Sept. 4, 1917. . .Our trunks, suitcases, etc. that are going back to Sialkot were taken down by the coolies this noon . . .

Sept. 9, 1917. . .I hope you people aren't worrying about our trip. I told Emmet I was afraid you would because you wouldn't understand that the road we are going is one of the best government roads and we shall be staying every night in one of the government rest houses. There is absolutely nothing to fear. One night this week we shall be with Mr. and Mrs. Rice of Lahore. They went out this last Tuesday for a five days' tramp and are coming back this next week and are planning to be at one of the bungalows with us overnight. Then the last night before we enter Simla, Miss Dennison of the Y.W.C.A. of Lahore and Miss Green of the Methodist Mission will be at the same bungalow with us and we four shall walk into Simla together. They left Tuesday but are taking a longer route than we and so will get in just the same time . . .

On this trip we shall take two suitcases, our bedding, a large canvas bag with extra bedding, towels, tea towels, dustcloths, etc. - and a large basket of provisions. For this we have engaged three coolies. Of course you want to know what we are taking for food. At five of the bungalows there are cooks and there we expect to get a dish of curry and rice for dinner. At the other bungalows we must provide everything. We are taking two small alcohol lamps or stoves and several bottles of alcohol to use for anything we prepare. We are taking six small cans of Heinz baked beans, a bottle of Heinz pickles, two cans of soup, five small cans of potted meat for sandwiches, six half-pound cans of butter, three cans of milk, a box of cocoa, tea, sugar, can of jam, bread, a small fruit cake, crackers, pound of bacon, two dozen eggs, a few potatoes, onions, and apples. On the way we hope to get some corn, potatoes, and eggs but we dare not count too much on it. We may be able to get milk at some of the bungalows - especially the ones where there are cooks. We are taking a little flour, too, so that if we run out of bread we can make pancakes . . .Yesterday I made two batches of fudge - one with nuts and the other without, and put them away in small tin boxes. In another tin box we have the kernels of about two hundred English walnuts and in another a good supply of salted peanuts . . .

We are taking enamel plates, tin pans for cooking, a frying pan, a milk bucket, lantern, candles, teakettle, teapot, cups and saucers, spoons, knives, forks, paper napkins, small lunch cloths, and an old oil tin for carrying water, since at some of the bungalows our coolies will have to carry our water. We may find that we have taken some unnecessary things and not taken some that we want. However we have talked it over with several who have taken this trip and have tried to follow their advice. I know you wouldn't think a trip like this very delightful but we think it will be just the change and recreation we need. [Aside from the canned foods, Martha's list of provisions and equipment for this "march," sounds very like those for our family hikes a generation later.]

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This was a 13-day trip, with 12 days of walking, northwest from Mussoorie through the mountains, covering a total distance of 150 miles. Spelling of place names, distances and altitude changes are taken from a Survey of India map. (In some cases, Martha's spellings differ.) The first day, Monday, September 10, they walked from Landour through Mussoorie to Sainji, a total of 12 miles, dropping from 7,000 to 3,880 ft., a descent of 3,120 ft. The second day, Tuesday, September 11, they trekked the 7 miles from Sainji to Lakhwar, descending from 3,880 to 2,050 at the Jamna River (-1,830); then climbing to 3,610 (+1,560). That evening Martha begins her letters at Lakhwar.

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Sept. 11, 1917, Lakwar. During our tramping trip from Landour to Simla I'm going to write to you all together and shall try to write every day if possible.

...Yesterday we left Landour about twelve o'clock with four coolies carrying our bedding, suitcases, food in basket, large oil tin to carry water at bungalows where there is no cook, and lantern. We had about a twelve-mile march from Landour to Sainji. Most of this march was downhill tho there was a rather hard climb at the end. We passed Kempty Falls which reminded us of the Seven Falls, Colorado, tho we think the latter the prettier. At one farm house we bought four ears of corn for our supper. The Sainji bungalow is a P.W.D. (Public Works Department) bungalow and has no cook. It reminded us of a home house with its gabled roof, tiny rooms, and small porch. As soon as we arrived we ordered a quart of milk and a kettle of boiling water for dinner. Our coolies didn't arrive till dark and later they told us that one of the coolies had deserted them at Mussoorie and they had to hunt in the bazaar to find another one. Even tho it was late we had a supper fit for a king, as father would say. We had potatoes fried with bacon, corn, cocoa, and fudge. The keeper of the bungalow brought us milk in a brown jug and measured it out into our milk bucket and we boiled it over our spirits (wood alcohol) fire.

Since we had a march of only six miles today we didn't start very early. Just below the Sainji bungalow we came to a little house where they had a regular cream separator. It seems that all the cattlemen around sell their cream at that place and the cream is taken on to a dairy a few miles beyond to be made into butter. Today's march took us down three-and-a-half miles to the Jamna River and then up two-and-a-half miles to Lakwar. Going down so far we found tropical vegetation - lemons, bananas, bamboo. The river itself is spanned by a good suspension bridge at a place where there are high rocks on each side. We had climbed up along side of it a little this way, had eaten our lunch, and were starting on when we looked down to see a form much like the Egyptian mummies, bound in orange-colored cloth. We knew at once that they had brought this dead body to burn it and throw the ashes into the Jamna R., which, with the Ganges, is considered sacred by the Hindus. Of course we waited to see as much as we could. They built the pyre of wood gathered from the hillside and placed on a rock as near the water as possible. After it was all ready they loosed the corpse from the stick upon which it had been carried and placed it on the pyre. Then they worked at the fire until it was burning well. There were about twenty men present but no women as they are not allowed to attend the funerals. A man who passed by said they would cast the body into the river when it was half burnt. This was our first experience of seeing what we had read of so often.

This bungalow is very cozy and looks down upon the Jamna. Since there is a cook here, we had him prepare us chicken curry & rice for dinner. That with Heinz pickles, tea, & bread was quite enough for dinner.

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Day 3, Wednesday the 12th, they hiked from Lakhwar to Chorani, 11.5 miles, a climb from 3,610 to 7,150 (+3,450). The next day, the 13th, saw them on their way from Chorani to Chakrata, 9 miles, a mostly level walk,
from 7,150 to 6,950, a descent of only 200 ft. Martha writes from Chakrata.

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**Sept. 13, 1917, Chakrata.** I should have written to you last night but our coolies never arrived until 8:30 last night and then we had to get supper and unroll our bedding, etc. But I must begin where I left off two days ago. Lakwar was a beautiful bungalow as it was just above the river and just across from a landslide where the colors in the rocks reminded us a little of the colors at the Grand Canyon. Nothing that we have seen can begin to compare with the Grand Canyon in magnificence and grandeur. We left Lakwar about 7:30 the next morning, for we had a twelve-mile march, the first six of which were uphill. The road took us thru the village of Lakwar where we stopped and looked at the temple - an old frame building with three verandas clear around - one above the other. On the railing were crude carvings of men, women, birds, animals, and circles to represent the sun. A peasant woman and her two nieces with large bundles of grass on their heads passed us. I noticed that the larger girl had eight coins - 4 anna pieces=8 cents - on a chain around her neck and I asked the woman if that was a sign that the girl is married. I put the question in a number of different ways and every time received an affirmative answer. She said that the girl is ten and her husband eleven and that they both live with her now but will go to live by themselves this year. I shall ask in all the villages I can and try to find out if this is a sign of marriage but I have very little knowledge of Urdu with which to make my investigation. Most of the women and older girls here in the hills wear these coins as they did in Bible times.

Our path uphill yesterday wound in and out among the little ravines and passed many little falls. Every place there is water the farmers have planted rice. At all the falls these rice fields rise one above another often to the top of the hill. At one place they had been built up by stone walls so that they made a very pretty picture.

The climb was long and hard. I said I never knew the world is so high but even then we would have had to have gone for a few more days at the pace we were going before we could have reached the elevation of Mt. Everest. There was a little climbing in the second six miles but it wasn't bad. We reached Chauranipani about 3:30 and had the cook make us some tea. Every day we carry a lunch in one of the huge pockets in Emmet's new khaki suit. We finished this lunch with our tea. Toward evening it got so cold that we had a fire built. Then we waited and waited until at last the coolies came. Of course it was dark at 8:30 and the coolies' bare legs and feet were covered with leeches. The poor fellows don't have any blood to spare and these leeches had taken so much of it that they were from five to ten times their normal size. Today we were literally assailed by these pests which I think are worse than lizards, spiders, worms or any creeping thing excepting snakes.

Today's march was a very easy one and we reached here at 1:30. About twelve o'clock the rain began to pour and we were unfortunate enough to be on the side of the hill where we got it all. Consequently we were both soaked to the skin. Mr. and Mrs. Rice got here last night and waited here over today. As soon as we arrived they dressed us in their clothes and ordered a fire in the grate. Our clothes are drying now but with poor fire I'm afraid they won't be dry by morning. The coolies are due to arrive by five o'clock; then we can put on our own clothes.

Early Friday morning - The coolies arrival stopt [sic] my writing yesterday. We managed to get everything dry and are ready to start again. I think I shall mail this letter here even tho it is short, since this is the best place for mailing before Simla.

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On Friday, the 14th, they moved from Chakrata to Mundali, a total of 19 miles. This was done in two stages, first to Deoban, a distance of 7 miles and a climb from 6,960 to 9,200 (+2,250); then on to Mundali, 12 miles, from 9,200 to 8,400, a drop of 800 ft. On the 15th they moved from Mundali to Kathyan, 7 miles, dropping from 8,400 to 6,900 (-1,500). On Sunday, the 16th, they spent "Sabbath day" at the Kathyan forest resthouse. Monday, the 17th, they go on to Tiuni, on the Tons River, a 12-mile descent from 6,900 to 2,900, a steep drop of 4,000 ft. Martha begins her letter of the 16th at Kathyan and continues on the 17th at Tiuni. She starts with a description of the Kathiyan forest bungalow and their arrival there on the 15th.

* * *

Sept. 16, 1917, Kathiyan Forest Bungalow. I wish you could see the splendid pine wood fire we have here in this huge fireplace. The danger is that we may fall asleep since it is so cozy and warm. These forest bungalows are the best we have found yet. As is suggested by the name, they have been erected by the Forest Department for the use of faculty and students of the Forestry Schools. The main bungalows, in which we stay, are for the faculty and there are dormitories for the students. Since these people come out only two or three times a year and then only for three or four days at a time, the bungalows are free to other travelers on application. They have a large dining room with this immense fireplace and two bedrooms with bath. The watchman does the work of a sweeper and the guard is the real overseer of the place. Last evening we came in a little later than usual and asked the guard to go back to meet our coolies at the junction of the roads, for we knew the coolies would never find this bungalow set way back here on the path. There are signs up in English but what good do they do these poor coolies who can't even read Urdu? Before going for our coolies the guard brought in two of the woodsmen, started a blazing fire here in the grate, drew up two comfortable chairs for us, and then rushed off for our men. What better hospitality could one desire? And these are Indians who are giving it. The English know how to demand and get good service from a servant, and they have taught these men how to do. The bungalow itself is very clean, much more so than the Dak Bungalows are (Post bungalows).

[Martha now reverts to her sequential account of their trip.]

In my letter that I mailed from Chakrata Friday morning, I told you that we had a long hard march ahead of us. Emmet and I arrived in the evening and at once fell in love with the service we got there from the watchman and guard. Mandali (the name of that bungalow) was the first forest bungalow we had been in. We found it just as clean as we have found this one. We pay nothing for the use of the bungalow but pay 8 cents a day for the sweeper's work and 4 cents for 80 lbs. of wood. We asked for a fire there and soon had a good one. We knew that the coolies wouldn't get in until late tho they were willing to make the long march for 32 cents instead of 16 cents - the regular day's wage. Hence Emmet had put an extra supply of food in his pockets. When the guard came in and found us eating, he seemed agreeably surprised and said that most of the 'Sahib log' - Europeans or Americans - come in late and are much distressed until their coolies arrive with the food. The fact is, the Britisher uses his servants more than the American does and will not carry anything for himself if it is possible to have a coolie carry it.

When it was getting late and the coolies didn't arrive, the guard got very much concerned about us and took down the red wool curtains for bed clothing for us. We pulled our beds up near the fireplace and were very warm all night. We woke up in the morning to realize that our coolies hadn't yet arrived. We had tried to send two of the lumbermen after them the night before, but they were afraid to go without a lantern and our lantern was with the coolies. Now that it was daylight and the coolies could enquire the way, there was nothing for us to do but wait their arrival. We knew they had plenty of matches to build a fire at night and oilcloth to cover them so that we didn't fear for their safety. We still had a can of baked beans, some brown bread, and two apples. We ate them for our
breakfast and sat around the fireplace until we got restless. Then we started up the short path calling for the coolies. We finally decided to go back and see if we could buy any food, for it was then about eleven o'clock and we were getting hungry.

Near each of these forest bungalows is a long frame building where thirty or forty woodsmen live. One man keeps a little shop and cooks for all of them. We secured potatoes, rice, salt, tea, sugar and a cooking pan from him. In spite of anything we could say, he absolutely refused to take a cent for them. When we left him to go to the bungalow he said, 'If you want anything else, please tell me.' We had put some potatoes in the ashes to roast and had started to cook our rice, when the first of the coolies arrived. I think he was afraid we were going to scold him, for he at once began to tell us that they lost their way when night came on and that they had to stay out in the woods all night. He also said they hadn't anything to eat since the morning before and for that reason they couldn't walk fast. We certainly thought they would cook something before starting in the morning. Soon they all arrived and went off to the lumbermen's shed to cook their food. Emmet and I then fried some eggs which, with baked potatoes, tasted mighty good. I mustn't fail to mention our tea, for we both are acquiring the tea habit very rapidly - especially I. A cup of hot tea certainly does taste good to us after a day's march.

The march we had planned for Saturday the 22nd was only six miles and, since it was almost imperative to make it if we are to reach Simla Saturday, we told the coolies to be ready for the trip as soon as they had a good dinner. We started off about three o'clock and made the first half of the march very quickly because it was downhill thru a woods. Coming up was harder and of course the coolies were tired. We don't like to stay with the coolies because they go so much more slowly than we, but we thought our going with them that day would help. Just before we reached the top of the hill we got tired of our bargain, and went on to Kathiyan and sent the guard back for the coolies as I told you before.

It is now Monday night. Last evening I had to stop and help get supper. I underscored the word help for Emmet does a big share of the cooking. As long as he is willing I don't intend to object. We didn't get up until late yesterday morning and then ate a very hearty breakfast of Quaker Oats and fried bread. I thought of father and Paul while we were eating it because I remember how well they like it. We laughed at ourselves yesterday and said we were just like children with a new toy, for almost all we did was cook. For supper we had fried chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy, Heinz pickles, and apple sauce. Tell Aunt Bessie that was the first real fried chicken we had had since we were at their home. We never got mashed potatoes, thick gravy or apple sauce at Rosebank. Hence we thought we had a regular feast last night. We did all our cooking yesterday in the big fireplace and now I marvel more than ever how our ancestors ever kept their pans so clean and shining.

Yesterday afternoon we went out for a little walk and as we knew it was about to rain, we took an umbrella and raincoats. The watchman saw us going and later as we were returning to the bungalow in pouring rain, whom should we meet but this watchman bringing his umbrella and saying he had feared we would be all wet. We couldn't have asked for a more delightful place to spend Sabbath.

This morning the watchman came with us because there is no one here to do the sweeper's work. The march here to Tiuni was almost all downhill and some of the time it rained so hard that we walked in puddles and streams. But as soon as we got here the watchman built us a big fire and we were soon dry. This bungalow is on the banks of the Pobar River which is quite full now because of the rains. The bungalow, tho not as nice as Kathiyan, is quite cozy.

As soon as he heard we were here, the guard came around to speak to us. Then one of the forestmen, who has had some education in forestry, came to 'pay his respects to the Sahib' as he put it in broken English. We tried to buy some corn but the farmer positively refused to take any money for it. Then a man from whom we bought a quart of milk brought us forty of the largest English walnuts.
have ever seen, and wouldn't take a cent for them. There are comparatively few white people who come this way. Hence the people are unusually kind when one or two chance along. We couldn't ask for more cordial hospitality than we have received here in the foothills of the Himalayas.

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The final five days of their trek - or "march" as Martha often calls it - began on Tuesday, the 18th, from Tiuni to Arakot, up the Pabar River, for 9 miles, from 2,900 to 4,000 ft. (+1,100). On the 19th they proceeded to Deorha (Jubbal), leaving the Pabar River at Saura, 8 miles above Arakot, and from there 6 miles west to Deorha, a total of 14 miles, and a climb from 4,000 to 6,205 (+2,205). On the 20th they hiked from Deorha to Kot Khai, a stiff 14-mile climb (altitudes not shown) to the ridge and then down into the upper end of the Giri River valley, an overall drop from 6,205 to 5,270 (-935). Friday, the 21st, took them from Kot Khai to Sainj, along the Giri River, a 15-mile descent from 5,270 to 4,400 (-870). The final day of walking was a 20-mile stretch from Sainj to Simla via Fagu - 8 miles by horse from Sainj to Fagu, up from 4,400 to 8,200 (+3,800), and then by foot and rickshaw from Fagu to Simla, 12 miles, dropping from 8,200 to 7,234 (-966). Martha's final letter, written from Simla on September 23, covers these five days.

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Sabbath, Sept. 23, 1917, 'Fern Hollow,' Simla. As you see, we are safely landed in Simla. I wanted to write to you every evening this past week, but sometimes the coolies were late and other times we had to prepare our lunch, etc. for the next day since we had to leave early in the morning. Now I shall try to take up the story where I left it last Monday night and give you just as full an account as possible.

Tuesday morning we left Tiuni for Arakot which was nine miles up the Pabar River. We enjoyed watching the river decrease in width and volume but not in speed. In places the valley was wide and the river rather shallow; again it was a narrow gorge and the river bed was rocky so that often the water flowed over a falls of five or six feet or in rapids which I shouldn't care to have to meet. We had to cross a little side stream that day that was too deep to walk over with our shoes on. An Indian man offered to carry me over on his back but I preferred to let Emmet do that. Before the week was over, as you shall see, I didn't hesitate to let an Indian help me. In some places the road was very muddy, especially where the cattle had tramped it. We passed three or four gypsy camps. These people tramp over the country stealing cattle where they can and selling it farther on. At the first camp an old woman came out to beg saying her son was very sick. The ridiculous part of it was that we had seen this sick boy rush down to the road and wrap himself up in a blanket in preparation for our coming. Before we reached the bungalow it began to rain and consequently made wallung rather difficult. The guard at this forest bungalow was a rather stupid sort of creature but did all that was needed. We had perhaps been a little spoiled at the other bungalows by the very good servants.

The next morning we wanted to start early but as usual the coolies were late getting their breakfast. You know I never had an oversupply of patience and surely it's far from enough here in the Orient. Every day we had the same siege of waiting on the coolies morning and evening. However we could not have made the trip at all without them and they really were very faithful.

Wednesday we followed the same river for nine miles farther up making a steady climb. From there on we were told that the road was level but by experience we found that it was a much stiffer climb than the other part of this march. Some of the road was very rocky but we preferred that to mud. I didn't have any trouble with my feet blistering, but the left foot, especially, pained considerably when it got wet.

Shortly after we started on the second part of our march, we saw far off on the hillside the village
where we were to stop, but the way seemed endless, especially after it began to rain. This village, Deora, is the capital of the native state of Jubbah [Ed.-Jubbal] and I just had some little fears about going into the place after I saw so many men out looking at us and about a half dozen around the door when the watchman unlocked it.

The bungalow is the guest house which the Rajah has built for his friends and is furnished with upholstered furniture, pictures of rajahs and kings and queens, large wall mirrors, etc. Here at least we knew we could live in a little style whether our coolies came or not. Emmet had slipped my slippers and a dry pair of stockings into his pocket that morning so that I could rest my feet. He always carried my sweater so that when we arrived at the bungalows I could be warm and comfortable until the coolies arrived. We ordered a fire and were soon at ease. A servant came in saying he could bring us some tea if we wanted it. Then the watchman brought us in four delicious apples from the rajah's garden and at once his coarse featured face began to change in my opinion.

We had brought an extra large lunch with us because we knew the coolies would probably be late. Soon the tea was brought in a brass jug. Somehow or other it didn't look very good to me but Emmet drank two jugs of it and pronounced it delicious.

We had ordered a half dozen eggs - 40 cents a doz. there because it is a strong Hindu center and very few - only the lowest class - Hindus keep chickens - and the servant seemed very much disappointed that he could only find four. He said he wanted nothing for the tea. Later a cook came in hurriedly, saying that his master sent him to say he could cook Indian food and for us to just say what we wanted. We didn't know just who this master was until a little later he came in with our coolies. He proved to be a Mohammedan professor in the Chief's College, Lahore, an institution for rajahs only. This professor was staying downstairs in the same bungalow with us as a guest of the Hindu Rajah who had attended Chief's College. He ordered his servants to prepare our bed, boil water for us, etc. while he sat down by the fire to have a visit with us.

He has taught Urdu to several of the missionaries at Lahore and understands English well but refused to talk it. Consequently we had to use our meagre knowledge of Urdu. We told him we had been in the country only ten months and should be glad if he would tell us when we made mistakes, since he has taught English-speaking people. In all we enjoyed the conversation very much and got some real practical suggestions from it. Before he left he insisted on having his servants get our baths for us in the morning, send us our little breakfast, and prepare us a big breakfast. Hence you can see we lived in style for a few hours at the expense of our Mohammedan friend.

For our little breakfast the servant borrowed our dishes and sent it up on a Japanese tray. We had real Huntley and Palmer biscuits, Evangeline. He said the night before he knew we would like them because they were foreign-made. His cook prepared chicken curry, rice, chappaties - Indian bread - and sweeted rice for our breakfast. All but this last dish was delicious. He put in some perfume which spoiled the sweeted rice [Ed.- probably rosewater]. After breakfast he took us over to meet the rajah who speaks English beautifully. His office is in a separate building and is fitted up with Persian rugs, deer heads that the rajah has shot in hunting, Indian tables, western chairs and desk and a Corona typewriter. I tell you these details so that you may see how the East and West are being blended together. The rajah wore a Western suit and had on no turban.

At the professor's suggestion he gave us two horses to ride up the hill of four miles. Had I seen the road before I think I should have said it was impossible for horses to climb those rocks. These were really ponies and were so well-shod and so sure-footed that they climbed up huge rocks. I trembled a little at first but soon realized that the ponies knew that road much better than I did. Of course a groom was sent with each pony to bring him back. It took us about two hours and a half to get up that way but would have taken us four or five by foot. From there we descended on the other side of the ridge for about eight miles to Kotkai. This time we followed a stream from its source for
two days and certainly found it interesting to see it grow with all the little streams and falls we passed. It grew so rapidly that we had to let an Indian carry us across that evening. Of course we could have taken off our shoes and stockings and waded but the Indians always want to carry us across and I yield this time.

The bungalow at Kotkai is called a Deputy Commissioner's - civil officer - Bungalow and we really should have written ahead for permission to stay there. However the watchman very kindly let us in and built us a good fire. The bungalow was beautifully clean and very well-furnished and the servants were so efficient that we were very comfortable there. The trip the previous day had been such a hard one that we began to feel sorry for [the coolies] and hired an extra coolie to help them from Deora to Kotkai and show them the way. The joke was on us, for he only carried the lantern and after he got to Kotkai he didn't know where the bungalow was and had to inquire just as our coolies could have done.

Friday we planned to go from Kotkai to Phagu - a distance of 18 miles with the last six miles up. The coolies were late as usual starting and in spite of all our efforts the previous night and that morning, we couldn't get an extra coolie. Hence we told the men to get an extra coolie along the way if they could.

The first part of that day's march was over a splendid road and mostly thru pine forests. However there were several bad landslides where the mud was very deep. In one or two of them we could go down below them or up above, but there were several that we had to wade right thru. We had heard that the bridge had been broken along that road and I hadn't looked forward to crossing the river with very much pleasure. The bridge was broken about nine miles out of Kotkai and coolies were stationed there to take us across. Two of them by each stretching out an arm - one on the left, the other, the right - made a seat for us and then we put our arms around their necks. I let Emmet go first and then I submitted to the ordeal. The water was up to the armpits of the coolies so that we got wet to the knees. It was quite safe, for the coolies knew the best path across; but I don't want the experience again very soon. After that walking was a little hard until our shoes and my skirt got dry. We had heard that a rajah lived along that road and would probably give us horses to climb the hill at the end of the day's march. When we came to his house we went in to inquire but he had gone away hunting.

The more we saw of these rajahs and their estates the more they reminded us of what we have read of the feudal lords of the Middle Ages. This rajah's house was very large and had several stories, the lower of which was used for a stable, the wives and their attendants - a Hindu rajah has two or more wives according to his wealth. His office was in a smaller building. There were several little shops there and many servants' houses. While making our inquiries a prisoner came by. He had a heavy iron ring around each ankle. From each ring was a heavy iron chain and these two chains met a little above the knee where they were attached to one chain which the prisoner held in his hand. Of course we were disappointed not to get our horses but we decided to go on to Saing, which was a village at the foot of the hill.

We reached there about three o'clock and saw that this same rajah had another house there and two rather large stables. When we saw the ponies, we at once asked for them but the servants said they couldn't give them without an order from the rajah. They also said we couldn't possibly reach Phagu until eight o'clock at the very earliest and that would mean midnight or probably morning for the coolies. As there was a bungalow there we decided to follow the advice of the men and send back a letter to the rajah asking for the ponies for the next morning. The watchman wasn't there but he had left his keys with a shopkeeper who did everything possible to make us comfortable. The coolies were delighted to find us there. A stray village dog insisted on disturbing our sleep that night by coming into our room in spite of all the barriers we put up at the doors. In the morning the coolies
actually got around when we told them to and we started up on the ponies. It was a long, hard climb and we certainly were thankful we had waited, even tho it did make us later reaching Simla.

We reached Phagu about twelve o'clock and as soon as we had eaten our lunch started on our last march. The road in is beautiful and so smooth that we made good speed. The air, too, was so bracing in comparison to what we had had near the river. Out about six miles I got a 'rickshaw' and about three miles from there we met the two Lahore ladies we should have met in Phagu the night before. We were glad to have company for everyone else we met was dressed in stylish afternoon garb. The Viceroy and his wife came driving along with their mounted guard in front and behind. Evidently he had heard we were coming!?!- We had written to Miss Martin and she said she thought we might be able to get a room with Mr. and Mrs. Goold. He is Y.M.C.A. Sec. here. We went there first and tho they couldn't take us, they served us to a most delicious tea and Mr. Goold came down here to Fern Hollow with us. It was mighty good to get all your good mail on our arrival. . Our coolies never arrived until noon today. Mrs. Holliday sent us some bedding and Mrs. Williamson here at Fern Hollow gave us some more so that we were plenty warm last night.

Emmet is in bed and I am getting cold and you are getting tired; so shall say good night. Please take good care of yourselves.

* * *

Enroute to Sialkot, Martha and Emmet go by train, via Amritsar, to Gurdaspur, from where she writes of their experiences in Simla.

* * *

Sept. 30, 1917, Gurdaspur. I suppose you are wondering what we are doing here at Gurdaspur. The Sialkot convention is meeting now at Sialkot and we can't return until Tuesday. Hence we decided to make a little visit here with Miss Dickson. We shall leave here Tuesday, reaching Sialkot that night at midnight. We are sorry Dr. and Mrs. Gordon, Miss Anderson, and the other missionaries here are at the Convention but still we are getting to see a little of their work here.

Now I must go back and give you a history of the week, for tho I haven't written every day, we have never seen anything new or interesting without wishing you all were with us to see, too. We had a very pleasant place to stay in Simla. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson and their son, who reports the debates in the Legislative Council, live there during the months the Viceroy and his officers are there. Mr. W. is retired from the service and some years he and his wife stay there thru the winter. They were very, very kind to us, making us feel very much at home.

Monday morning we started out after breakfast in spite of the rain. Mr. and Mrs. Holliday were staying near the Mall - the chief street of any European section is called the Mall - and we stayed with them until after the worst of the rain was over. Then we did a few errands, such as mailing your letter, and went to the best cafe for tea. It does one good to go to a place like that once in awhile. The tray, tea set, and all were of silver and Emmet was delighted with the rich whipped cream. You know I don't take cream or sugar in tea or coffee. We had muffins, raisin bread, and delicious little sweet cakes. Everything was so abundant that it could well serve for lunch and tea for us. The room wasn't so prettily decorated as Filene's but still it made me think of the times we had lunch together there, Evangeline,

There is a large bookstore in Simla where we spent quite a little time and purchased Kipling's Kim. We want to read it together now in the land of its setting. - The native shops in Simla are rich in Persian rugs, Kashmir shawls and embroidery, beautiful papiermache boxes, jewels and chains. I want to take some of the boxes home, for their decorations will give you the best idea of an Indian's

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sense of beauty. . . We bought a very pretty folding tea table in Simla. There is one bazaar full of these woodcarvers and furniture makers. The table is all of shisham - a very pretty hard wood - and has a border of carving on the top.

Tuesday the Hollidays, Miss Jane Martin and we took our lunch out to Prospect Point, one of the highest points from which we could get a splendid view of Simla and the Viceregal Lodge. . . Everyone has been so kind and good to us. Perhaps there is more of a kindred spirit among white people out here where all are strangers in a foreign land, but it certainly does feel good to the stranger to be so treated.

I mentioned before that young Mr. Williamson is a reporter in the Viceroy's Legislative Council. He was able to get us tickets to the closing meeting of the session on Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock. This council is composed of about sixty members - 7 members of the executive council, an English representative from every province, English rep. from commercial interests, a Mohammedan and Hindu rep. from every province, and some rep. appointed by the Viceroy and his staff. This body can make only such laws as are first approved by the Viceroy and staff. After a law is passed it may be annulled by the India Minister in England. You may be sure we were very thankful to have an opportunity of attending this meeting, especially since the Viceroy himself spoke and since he referred to several rather sensational events that occurred in this past session. Have you people read of Mrs. Besant, an English woman who has allied herself to the revolutionary movement here in India and has had quite a following of Indian men? There was considerable sensation among the Indians last May when she and two Indian leaders were arrested. A little over a week ago order came from Montague, the India Minister in England, to release the three. This has aroused bitter criticism from the English press in India. The Viceroy in his speech said that he had received direct communication from Mrs. Besant that she would comply with the government and hoped her keen intellect would be used for the best interests of the nation. The incidents of her life have been rather sad and in the opinion of many she is mentally unbalanced. The council session is held in the Viceregal Lodge - the house of the Viceroy - so that we got a nearer view of it. The government spends six months in Delhi and six in Simla.

Since Simla is the summer capital it is running over with high military officials - commander in chief, colonels, majors, captains, and lieutenants. The latter are so numerous that you almost stumble over them at every corner. No troops are stationed there but the officers go there for their vacations.

Thursday noon we left for the plains. Because Simla is the capital they have built a railroad clear up around those foothills to the city itself. There are just 102 tunnels from Simla to Kalka, the station on the plains. The road has a very narrow gauge and small coaches. You can imagine that it winds most of the way so that some get quite sick on it. At times we could see three tunnels just ahead of us; often the engine would be entering a tunnel while the back coach was just coming out of another and the train wasn't long either. Several times we could look down and see the track in three or four lines below us; at times it was so directly below our track that we wondered how the train could ever turn around to get there. It was night before we got down but even then we could easily tell the difference in temperature and were glad for the fan in the coach. Friday morning we found the sun very hot but in the house we are quite comfortable. These days one is all right as long as he doesn't have to work out in the sun... ** **

Thus ends their first mountain interval, as they return to the plains of the Punjab.
Martha and Emmet returned to Sialkot in early October of 1917 "to find the house in great disorder after the Convention," which, she explains, "corresponds to conferences at home and includes both the missionaries and the native Christians."

After some days of getting settled, housecleaning (which involved a new coat of whitewash on the walls and new woven grass matting for the floors) and combating the mosquitoes, flies, ants, lizards and mice, Martha anticipates the Annual Meeting of the mission, at which time they will learn where their "permanent location" is to be. She is frustrated by not being able to do as much concentrated work on the language as she would like during this period, and remarks, "If our work in later years is to be a success, I feel certain that we must spend the most of our time this year and next on the language. Some people are content with a poor use of the language, but I can never be. The only way the Indian can judge our knowledge is thru the Urdu and our work with them will be greatly hampered if this medium of expression is poorly used by us."

The Annual Meeting began in the third week of October. This was the one big gathering of the Mission, which everyone looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure. Housing arrangements included tents on the compound and use of the dormitories at the schools, as well as the bungalow. Martha writes that the "meals are very reasonable and very good," and that breakfast costs 14 cents!

Martha then describes their "new location" in Jhelum, and their preparations for their first winter of camping in the villages.

Oct. 28, 1917, Sialkot. At last we are located by the Mission in Jhelum where we spent last Christmas. At present Harris Stewart (Mabel's brother), Miss Gordon, and Miss Logan are located there. This next Spring Harris and Miss Logan go home on furlough. Harris's mother lives with him now but she is going home with him. We shall live in the house they now occupy and shall probably buy a number of pieces of furniture from them. Harris wants to leave a number of his things in our care until his return. The plan of the mission now seems to be that Harris is to go back to Jhelum when he returns. That will mean that we shall be transferred again in two years.

This is one of the two trans-Jhelum stations; i.e., stations north of the Jhelum River. Dr. W.T. Anderson of Rawalpindi is in the other. These are in strong Mohammedan centers. Our district is 80 miles from east to west and about 55 miles in the other direction. Outside of the Christian workers in the employ of the mission, there are no Christians in the whole district. There are practically no Hindus in that territory so that our whole time will be spent among Mohammedans. It will be a splendid opportunity to study the Moslem problem. We shall spend from four to five months of the winter in camp and the rest of the time in city work. In Jhelum city we have a high school for boys and a primary school for girls in addition to the church and hospital. We are sorry Dr. Simpson is home now but hope she will be back next year. Having this winter with Harris will be a great help to Emmet in getting on to the work. However it is a tremendous problem when we consider the very little use of the language we have. Emmet can use Urdu with the men but the majority of women can understand nothing but Panjabi, which we haven't started to study yet. We can do very little at first but can learn as others have done. I don't think we are so abnormally stupid that we need to think it an impossible job when others have done the same thing. When we go to Jhelum, I shall tell you all about our new home.
The mission decided yesterday that the second-year people must go to Landour to study for a couple months in the summer. That means we cannot go to Kashmir. If the language school there [Landour] were a real success, I should not object so much, but in my opinion it is far from a success.

We shall begin packing as soon as we can this week, tho we cannot get to it for another day or two. I'm having it very easy in one way. Miss Gordon and Miss Logan are doing all the buying, etc. for our winter, as we are planning to board together during the camping season.

We think everything ought to be ready to load into the car - wagon as the English call it - by Wednesday. We are just taking a whole freight car for our things as one is much smaller here than in America and we prefer not to have them all transferred at Wazirabad. We are borrowing a tent for the winter from the Pasrur district since there will be plenty in Jhelum next year. The tent is here and tomorrow we are going to have a man make holes for our stovepipe and bind them with leather. That is about all we have to do on the tent. We have bought folding chairs, wash stand, and table, and a 'duri,' that is, an Indian rug of dark blue. I should have preferred a tan one but we couldn't find one that color and we didn't have time to get one made. These dark ones show every speck of dust on them. We are getting two camel boxes from Pasrur - they are boxes with drawers that pack easily on a camel. Jhelum is a very sandy district and all our moving will be on camels. I mean moving of furniture. For awhile, at least, the three women of us will use the horse and buggy that the girls have there and Harris and Emmet will go on their bicycles.

Emmet and I both have been getting some new clothes for camp. He has ordered some wool underwear and is having three suits of pajamas made of cotton flannel. We bought this cloth in the bazaar the other day and a 'darzi' is coming tomorrow to make them here at the house. We are having wool mattresses made too. It isn't quite as easy a matter as going to the store and buying one but it's cheaper. In all they will cost about $4.50 a piece. Of course they are not nearly as thick as our mattresses in America. There are just eight pounds of wool in each mattress. It is quite a series of work to get them made. In the first place, the darzi bought the ticking in the bazaar and made up the covers. Then one of the servants bought the wool which is black, white, grey, and several other shades mixed in. Then the sweater and water carrier washed it by tramping it in the bath tub. They boiled a sort of soap nut, which they claim is very good for wool, and used that lather instead of soap. Then they spread out the wool on beds in the sun for several days to dry. Yesterday morning a man came to card the wool. He worked almost all morning to finish up the drying process. Then he carded it in one of the extra bathrooms and put it in the ticking. Emmet is getting a khaki suit, pants, and some shirts made for camp and I am getting a khaki dress and extra skirt. We ought to be fixed then for the winter. The nights and mornings now are cold but the noonday sun is hot.

Nov. 11, 1917, Jhelum. You see from the heading of this letter that we are at last located for two years at least. We sent our car of goods off Thursday morning and came up ourselves yesterday. As the car was here Emmet got it loaded and all our things here by five o'clock last evening. Tho we aren't all unpacked, we can be very comfortable until tomorrow. I doubt if we unpack many things, as they would only be in Mrs. Stewart's way this winter. One leg on Emmet's bed and three panes of glass in the bookcase are all the things that were broken. I failed to mention the 'serahi' - earthen vessel for drinking water - but we have never gone any place yet without breaking one. They only cost about four cents; so there is little harm done.

The house here is quite small when compared with Barah Patthar [Sialkot], but fairly large beside some others in the mission.

You know Miss Martin is going home on furlough in the Spring and I hope she will visit you people in Mansfield. Even tho she is rather quiet at first, you will learn to like her very much. She is one of the best of the older missionaries but because of her quiet manner isn't appreciated so much at home. She has been very kind to us here and said the other night that she would like to go to
Mansfield as she knew you would enjoy seeing someone who has been with us so recently.

...This afternoon Emmet is to preach at our Church and the Headmaster of the High School will translate. They only asked him yesterday when he was in the midst of unloading the car and he has had very little time to prepare... It will be harder than usual for him because he has never spoken thru an interpreter. Someday I hope he will be able to preach in Urdu so that he won't need an interpreter. Unless they get a preacher here, Emmet will probably have to begin preaching regularly in the Spring. That will be after some practical experience, tho, in the villages.

The most of my time today was spent looking over the prunes and loganberries we brought out last year. Worms had gotten into them, but by washing them and drying them in the oven we are having very little loss. I am sorting over the berries and shall put them in the oven tomorrow. This fruit will be very good to have out in camp this winter.

We began boarding over with Miss Gordon and Miss Logan today. Since we are going to club with them, they were rather anxious for us to begin at once. I'm sure they think we are tremendous eaters. You know two single ladies keeping house together often lose their appetites. That is one thing the rust, mildew, moths, and white ants can't destroy for me. Emmet hasn't lost his, either.

I wish I could give you an adequate description of the weather here. At night we have on our heavy winter bedding and in the morning we get up shivering. It takes a lot of courage to crawl out into the cold. When the sun gets higher it is so warm that summer clothes feel comfortable in the sun but indoors we need our sweaters and even warmer covering if we sit down much... We shall not get started to camp until next week. I'm not sure just how I shall like it but it will be a novel experience, at least. It will give the best of opportunities to see the people as they really are in their village life...

Thursday there was a fete for Indian women in Dr. Simpson's compound in the interest of the Red Cross work. For the sake of the 'parda' women - those who live 'behind the curtain' - we had to enclose the compound with canvass and policeman were stationed all around to guard it. The women in all their gay colors made the grounds look very festive. Many of them were Mohammedan women who wore their long white dirty robes until they got within the curtains. Then they took them off and in many instances they wore beautiful silks and velvets and the most elaborate jewelry I have seen. One woman had on a huge thumb ring with a mirror as a set. That could hardly be called a common custom but among the wealthy class it is often worn. About one hundred dollars were donated that day. The Deputy Commissioner's wife opened the meeting and received the gifts.

...Emmet is making a folding desk for camp just the size of one of our camel boxes. It will be very nice but will keep him hurrying to finish it by tomorrow night... I mentioned the camel box - a box hung on one side of the camel. We shall have one with three drawers for bedding, towells, clothes, etc. and this desk which will hold all our books and a few other things... We are trying to get a thru coach from here to Chakwal and hope to get on it tomorrow night...

Nov. 25, 1917. Sabbath, In Camp. We came out here Wednesday and are camping in the grounds of the government bungalow. Our train was just two hours late leaving Sialkot but it made up time so that we were only about thirty minutes late arriving that night. If you had seen our forty-seven bundles piled into our compartment in addition to the large boxes that went into the van, you would have taken us for wild creatures I am sure. We had everything from a small stovepipe and teakettle to the ever-present tin trunk and bedding bag. After a year in India I even was shocked. Many of the things belonged to the dining arrangements and I did think Miss Logan could have arranged better but maybe she couldn't. Usually people start out from the house on camels and so don't have to take everything on the train but our tents were left out here last spring because they wanted to start here this year and go farther west than they have been before...

The tent gets very warm by noon but again in the evening we need a fire. We have the sheet iron
air-tight wood stove that we brot out from U.S. . . . The water is so hard here that I knew we would need something for our hands and I took our old home remedy - glycerine and lemon juice. Since we didn't have lemons we used limes from our garden. I didn't know the proportions but the lotion is doing good work.

Our munshi got a telegram the night before we left Jhelum, saying his guardian was very sick and that he should go to Sialkot at once. There wasn't much for us to do but let him go, tho such telegrams have come to munshis so often that we are inclined to doubt this one. He promised to come here to Chakwal but no word has come from him yet. For the last two mornings one of the babus - Christian workers in our camp - has been reading with us but it will be more satisfactory when we have a regular munshi of our own.

Now of course you want to know something of our work. As I suggested above we spend the mornings studying and go out visiting in the town in the afternoon. Chakwal has a population of about eight thousand. The women have two meals a day to prepare - one in the morning and one in the late afternoon. We try to go out immediately after our 11:30 breakfast so that we can visit with the women when they are not busy. Miss Logan and I, of course, go out together and she does practically all the talking. Once or twice in an afternoon I attempt to say something but I can only talk in poor Urdu and these women know nothing but Panjabi, so that they can get little or nothing of what I attempt to say. In another week I'll try to use a little Panjabi on them. The first day we went in the Hindu quarters where they speak the rankest of Panjabi. As there is only one Christian in Chakwal, we have no regular Christian homes to visit. At the courtyard door there is always a big chain used for locking and this we knock on the door in lieu of a bell. Then we call in to inquire is anyone at home. Usually they are very friendly simply out of curiosity. One of their first questions is whether we are married and the second one to Miss Logan is always, 'Why aren't you married?' To me they always ask how many children I have and then always look so sad when I say I haven't any. If they had none they would be wearing all sorts of charms to bring one. Poor women! They have little or nothing to interest them. Whenever a man is home and tells us we are welcome, he always adds: 'But why do you talk to these women? They are very ignorant and can't understand anything!' In many cases it is quite true. Yesterday we went into a wealthy Mohammedan home where the women hooted at our having books and would certainly not have allowed us to stay there had we opened them. They seemed to fear we would cast a spell on them if we would open our books. You know they often tie up little portions of the Bible in an amulet in order to appease the evil eye. [Ed.-Does she mean the Koran?] The old women are more or less the dictators among the women of the household and they are by far the hardest to reach for they are very bigoted. While we were there, the old woman took her prayer rug and began her evening prayers to dispel the "charm" we were trying to work. In another courtyard we found two women at their prayers and they went faithfully on, tho they kept their eyes open and gave every appearance of being more interested in us than in their formal prayers.

In these wealthy Mohammedan houses we saw many beautifully carved doors and painted walls. Three or four families usually live around one courtyard, all doors opening onto that. I can't think of any better way to describe the doors than by comparing them with large cathedral doorways with rows upon rows of carving around the door itself. The carving, as in the case of the paintings, is usually in designs of flowers and vases. The paints are of more brilliant and yet softer tones than ours and are in solid shades of red, green, blue, orange, black and white. Like the Egyptians of old and many Eastern races, they seem to know nothing of shading in painting. I have never seen them at the work but I judge it is stenciled. Every rich family has one room for exhibit only something like the old-fashioned parlor, only this room is probably used even less than that was. The walls are literally covered with rows of spoons, plates, fans, enamel dishes, cream ladles, tea-strainers, brass pans,
glass balls, shelves of cups and saucers, little lamps, aluminum cooking pans, teapots, etc. Lanterns and fancy lamps are hung from the ceiling. Fancy string beds with brilliantly painted posts and silk covers are arranged along the wall. On one wall we saw three English advertising cards, one of which was upside down. These rooms are usually kept securely locked by a huge lock with a key as large if not larger than the one from the Bastille.

In our visits we have seen the women at various kinds of work. As you know, Friday is the holy day for the Mohammedans and the women get their religious exercise, it seems, by cleaning their heads. That day we visited one house where two rows of three women each were busy hunting. When one lively little creature was found it was given to the owner who carefully performed the murder stunt. We were sitting so near that we were hardly at ease and the general filth of the place was nauseating. After the hunt, the heads are oiled, the tiny braids prepared and the head is in order for another week. Several of the women we found spinning on just such wheels as were shown in one of the pictures I sent you from Landour. In one place I got to watch the weaving for five or six minutes. In a couple instances the women were sewing. For thread the one woman used thin yam and after wetting it several times in her mouth she twisted it and was ready for work. Yesterday we arrived at one wealthy home just when they were beginning to prepare the evening meal. A little earthen fireplace was placed in the middle of the court and two long sticks of wood were so placed that one end would burn and the woman would keep pushing up the wood as it would burn up. On the fire was an earthen vessel - in which she was cooking meat and onions well-seasoned with salt, red pepper, and curry. These spices were in a little three-bowled earthen dish she brought from an almira [cupboard] in the wall. It seemed very simple just to pour out the dirty water from the meat on the floor and let what would run out the drain. These courts with their fireplaces, shelves and rows of water pots look very much like pictures from Palestine. I am more anxious than ever to go there to see the similarity in the two places.

In many of these wealthier homes the women wear extremely elaborate gold hair-trimmings in addition to all the other gold jewelry. They also pride themselves in the fancy way in which they dress their hair and the large amount of oil they use. Every woman has several toe rings on each foot. In one house we found a sick baby and two holy women had been called in to discover the cause of the illness. They burnt a piece of alum and brought it back to the mother and pointed out two dirty spots as being two evil eyes on the child. We tried to find out what they would do to take away the evil eyes but they wouldn't tell us…

We are having the two Christian workers of our tent and the one Christian here in Chakwal, in for dinner with us this evening. Of course we shall have a native dinner, for they wouldn't enjoy ours.

Dec. 9, 1917, Chakwal. I have been trying to keep an account of all the people we meet in these villages that have relatives at the front. For the five days we were visiting homes this week we met ten different people who spoke of their loved ones in the army - seven were mothers with sons in the war - one had two and another three, two were wives with husbands at the front, and one was a little boy whose father was killed in Mesopotamia…Mothers often ask if we can't tell them about their sons who have been wounded or taken prisoners. In one village of about 2,000 inhabitants the men said that four hundred had died in the plague some few years ago and that now five hundred had gone to the war. All around the country seems drained of young men and only enough have been left to keep up the farming.

Wednesday night we were invited to the home of a wealthy Sikh who is a descendant of one of the chiefs of the Panjab. He brought out a book telling all about his family and showing that he is the oldest son of an oldest son of an oldest son. A great distinction in India you know! In the afternoon he sent over dinner for our servants, Christian workers, and munshis - eleven in all. At the appointed hour a servant appeared to escort us, and halfway there another one met us with a lantern. Quite
oriental you see! A table was set for the four of us in the 'baithak' - a room on the street where the man's friends gather to... gossip. In lieu of a tablecloth a clean sheet was spread and at each corner of the table was a stiff bouquet of yellow flowers, dwarfed chrysanthemums. At one end of the table was a picture of King George V, Queen Mary, and the royal family in a silver frame with the British coat of arms at the top and two elephants at the bottom. Our chairs were all draped with red wool pieces embroidered in silk. After we had eaten and Emmet and Mr. Stewart had been sent out, and the door closed securely behind them, the wife and children were allowed to come in for a few minutes. As there was an extra chair we urged the wife to sit on it but he immediately spoke up and said he didn't permit her to sit on a chair. Of course he had been sitting on one all evening. She was only in a few minutes when he ordered her to say salaam and go back to her part of the house. You know I wouldn't be quite happy in such an atmosphere. The wife wore a beautiful dark blue velvet shirt and trousers, and a light blue silk scarf over her head. The two daughters were also dressed in silk and velvet and had beautiful gold jewelry. Of course they were dressed for the occasion but it was all in very good taste. This man showed us a certificate of honor and a gun that had been presented to him on the last of October by the government for valuable services rendered in recruiting soldiers for the army.

Friday another wealthy man sent us our breakfast [actually, lunch]. The Indians are very free to tell a giver if the present doesn't please. You can imagine our chagrin when our cook told the servants that the roast was very good but he would prefer a chicken for us. Evidently it wasn't enough that six servants should come with trays full of provisions for the servants and us. We reproved the cook severely and are glad the chicken hasn't appeared. People at home are dreadfully shocked at the number of servants we have but these wealthy natives think we have a miserably small number. These who entertained us this week could well afford to do so, but we should prefer that they do not make it a habit. We don't want people to feel constrained to entertain us.

We have met women this week who had never seen a white woman before. In one place the girls ran into the house and locked the door. We couldn't account for it in any other way than that they thought we were men. Our hats might lead them to think that. At another house the women came to look at us out of curiosity but wouldn't listen to Miss Logan. She told them she had come to bring them very good news but one of them said: 'How do we know whether it is good or bad?' And really how could they know? The idea of women going about like this is absolutely foreign to their whole social system. One woman said, 'Why do you go walking and roaming around like this?' and used the terms applied to a dog prowling around the house. Another old woman, when she learned that our parents are in America said, 'What great calamity has forced you to go so far from your home to earn your bread?' They always ask why we wear these solar hats, why Miss Logan wears glasses and gloves, and why we have so little jewelry. One old woman decided Miss L. wouldn't be allowed to wear it because she isn't married, but she couldn't figure out any reason why I didn't have more.

...Most of the villages out from here are solid Mohammedan centers with a very small proportion of educated people. This week we have not met more than ten women or girls who can read, and the majority of those were Hindus here in Tabaganj. The government has done untold good in establishing schools throughout all India but the task is hardly well-started. Among the women, especially, it is very slow work, for it is difficult to get women teachers to come out in such places as this, since a woman who works outside the home is looked down upon by the people and if they are not well-protected, may come to grief...

We have been waiting now for an hour to have our Sabbath School but the servants are still eating their breakfast. It is just a case of not being able to hurry the East. This waiting... is an awful trial to me and I am not sure I shall ever get used to it. We hope to move next Tuesday but if the camels don't appear it will be Wednesday. If we move Tuesday, we probably can't leave here until two or
three o'clock, for all these servants will take their own good time. I wish they could see Ringling's Circus tents pitched and taken down in one day! These people would probably call the others mad men and go on leisurely as before... Miss Logan and Mr. Stewart are getting their sailings for going home and are having their passports, etc. fixed up. They will sail from Calcutta in March. It makes me wish I were ready for that time. Miss Logan has been out three terms now and isn't nearly as anxious to go home as I am. Of course she knows the language and can really do something out here but there seems to be very little we can do at present. Continually grinding at the language and not seeming to get anywhere isn't very encouraging...

Dec. 17, 1917, Murid. . . .Evidently two weeks' mails are lost but three more are due. . . .I know I shouldn't complain to you . . . but five weeks are frightfully long especially way out in the wilds where you don't have any other people to talk with but just the four that have been together ever since -- Oh! Joy - three letters from you all and one from Evangeline have just come!! . . .Stop of several hours = You see I have had a most delightful time reading your letters of Oct. 15, 21, and 28 and now all the world looks much brighter.

. . .We were so glad to know that Dr. Porter was with you, for I'm sure you must have enjoyed him very much. I was quite amused at your asking him all about snakes, Daddy. I know there are snakes in India, Daddy, but I've never met any and don't exactly covet their friendship. Dr. Porter is very fond of his family and very proud of them as you have learned. I am not surprised that the children long for India since they have been kept here so much of their lives that they are not like American children and would be ill-at-ease among them . . .

. . .Emmet and Mr. Stewart got us three wild ducks for dinner one night last week and Emmet shot five pigeons Sat. These have served especially well since we haven't been able to buy any meat for the past week.

We are delighted to hear of the splendid business Uncle Homer is doing. Wasn't that nice of Mr. Bell to have his sign put up in that cafeteria? It shows they appreciated Uncle Homer's worth. I hope this success continues . . .

. . .I wanted to pat you [Evangeline] on your back for saying what you did about sending tobacco to the soldiers. Barracks are not the pleasantest places anywhere but in a foreign land they are much worse and especially on the western front in winter. If a man likes tobacco, he will get far more out of the little you can send than out of many another thing you would prefer yourself. The home make would taste so much better than what they might buy in France. . . . Mr. Robinson [Ed.-of the British "flying corps" in India, who married a Danish missionary known to Martha - and who was killed only 3 months later on a flight mission] went thru trench experiences the first year of the war and he very thoroughly favored the giving of whiskey as a ration because he said there were days at a stretch, then when the men in the trenches could not get anything hot and whiskey was the only thing that would warm them up even for a little time. Mr. R. himself did not drink at all but he had deep sympathy for the man who did. It is hard for us to see the need of whiskey in any place save as a medicine but perhaps in that place it may serve as that. I know the English are not nearly as strong in their opposition to strong drink as we Americans are and we certainly don't want our young men to acquire the habit over there. . . . We just read in the paper yesterday that the House of Representatives adopted the resolution to abolish the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors during the war. We are anxious now to hear what the Senate does. The C.& M. Gazette in an editorial said this came as a great surprise. You see that editor doesn't know how strong the agitation in America has been. It would be a surprise if England would take such a step. If this resolution is adopted, it will be up to our government to guard the soldiers in Europe. The Canadians have been very much displeased with the way it was given their men in England after they had been so carefully guarded at home.

Dec. 23'17 Sabbath, Chakwal. . . .We have decided to rent a little suite of rooms at a house called
Buena Vista, in Landour. We shall have a bedroom, dining room, pantry, bathroom, and enclosed verandah. The rent will be a little over $100 for the season but it has the advantage of privacy. There are few houses up there so arranged that you can keep house alone and if we keep house at all, we want to do that, for we probably won’t be alone until then. We shall go up there sometime in June. I can tell you later when to start our letters there and how to address them.

... No doubt Christmas in America is not so festive this year and your stores are not so gay. Nevertheless I should be very glad to run into one and see all the pretty things. There is not one least suggestion of Christmas here; there is no person in this town to celebrate it save we four and one Indian Christian. We are going to decorate our tents tomorrow and give everything a Christmas appearance so far as we can...

(Christmas afternoon-Tuesday) Emmet and I were up early this morning and walked over to the bungalow garden to open the package from the Wiens...

Dec. 26, 1917. (Wednesday) As you can see I had to stop before I really got started yesterday but I shall try to finish this letter this morning. Saturday and Monday Miss Logan and I made candy and cakes for the event. We made fondant, fudge, marshmallows, and stuffed dates. Monday I made our white cake receipt but the cook almost ruined it in the baking. My fruit cake had been burnt in the baking at Sialkot and so I had to trim it well and frost it. Everything went off well, tho and we were able to begin decorating immediately after tea. The men brought in branches and palm leaves to cover the poles and hang around the edge of the tent. I had cut out red bells from paper and we hung those around the wall with the greens. The tents really looked very pretty considering the little we had to work with.

Mrs. Stewart, Miss Gordon, and Mabel came on the evening train so that we had a rather late dinner that night. Miss Gordon and Mabel have been sharing this tent with me, Mrs. Stewart is with Miss Logan, and Emmet went into Mr. Stewart's tent. At breakfast yesterday noon we distributed the presents. Alladitta - the only Christian in Chakwal, was invited for tea and brought us a big tray of the best Indian candies. I wish we could give you some to taste, tho I am not sure you would eat many of the pieces. After tea we went out for a walk and then came back and made our final preparations for dinner. I had cut out of green paper a holly wreath and had pasted on it little red berries. This we used for the centerpiece. At each end of the table we had a little red box with candies and dates. These boxes I had made from red paper and tho they weren't very substantial, they served very well. For place cards I made little pencil sketches of camp life. I am enclosing ours. The one is of our tent and the other shows our table servant washing dishes outside the tent. They are rather crude sketches but suggestive of our life. Don't be too shocked at the nearness of the boy's feet to the dishes! For dinner we had soup, chicken, potatoes, cauliflower, turnips, gravy, fruit salad, plum pudding, candy, and dates. We had eaten so much all day that we could well have done with less.

A tonga - buggy with two wheels - has just passed and with a little imagination we can believe that we hear sleigh bells. For snows we can just step out and look at the Himalayas miles away. I wonder if you had a white Christmas. It is Christmas night with you now and I am wondering if you received our little remembrances. We are counting a lot on our second Christmas that will come in January when the party arrives with your box for us. We have heard nothing from them but have no doubt they have reached Hong Kong and maybe have left there before this.

Dec. 30, 1917, Chakwal. Thursday afternoon we went out to a village four miles from here. Everywhere it is the same story. Mothers come asking for news from their sons in the army and wives come eager to hear of their husbands. One poor woman said that every man relative of hers had gone and that her little baby who could hardly talk was praying that the war would cease and bring the men back. This district has given more than any other in India. When they complain that their men have gone we always ask if they didn't go willing. 'Yes' they answer, 'but what are we to...
do. We are hungry. This soil is very poor and wages in the army are high enough to induce a man who is hard-pressed for food and clothing for himself and family. Two widows stopped us on the road the other day and said, 'This is a beautiful reign. May the British government continue.' Then they told us how they were protected under the British and how they wouldn't be under their own people. You may read of the agitation for Home Rule in India. There are a crowd of young students who want it. They are mostly Hindus. The women do not want it. They know they would not be so well-protected as they are now. One woman's reason for praising the British government may seem very amusing to you but it is quite significant. She said, 'Just think! A woman can travel from Pindito Calcutta with her finest jewelry on and never be molested!' The Mohammedan men are not as eager for Home Rule because they are in the minority in all India and would be given very little chance in a government by the Hindus. The Mohammedans have been the ones to volunteer for the army while the Hindus sit comfortably in their homes. This young party that is crying for Home Rule has contributed very few men to the British forces. [This is not completely accurate and reflects Martha's pro-Muslim bias.] I see by the letter that they sent to President Wilson that they promise one million men if they receive the promise of Home Rule. There is much doubt in our minds if they ever send them. Mr. Montague [India Secretary in London] is here listening to petitions from all classes, some of whom are very strong in their appeals against complete Home Rule.

Mrs. Besant's story is a sad one. [Annie Besant, the well-known English theosophist of this period.] Her only child died some years ago. Before his death she vowed devotion to God if he should live but a complete turning from God if he should die. Some years after his death she and her husband were separated because of her theistic and free-love beliefs. She adopted a little Indian baby and set him up as an incarnation of Christ. He is now a young man steeped in vice. She has several very ardent followers among the Hindus and their residence in Calcutta has quite an unenviable reputation. Many people believe her insane. Whether that be true or not, she is not following the wisest course in the opinion of the majority. At the All India Congress, composed chiefly of Hindu students and thus quite deceiving in its name, they are demanding Home Rule by 1923 or 1928 at the latest. It is the opinion of many that Mr. Montague would have followed a much wiser policy if he had remained in England instead of coming here and giving so much prominence to the different reform movements.

...You will be very sorry to hear the sad news I have to tell you. About three weeks ago Mrs. Holliday went to Sialkot to consult Dr. J. concerning a lump that had suddenly come on her breast. Two days later they went to Ludiana where she was operated on for cancer. The operation showed that it was a form of quick cancer and that there must have been cancer somewhere else in her body. They discovered another one in the other breast and decided to operate again this last Friday. She recovered from the first operation very well and was so brave all the time. Dr. J. went to Ludiana Thursday and so far as we know the operation was performed Friday. The only word we had was the telegram that came yesterday morning, saying that she had gone and that the funeral would be in Sialkot yesterday evening. Mrs. Holliday was one of the most capable workers out here and was always very active and full of energy. She seemed to understand young people so well. Poor Dr. Holliday will be so lonely here. He and Mr. McArthur, another widower, are both located in Sargodah. All the missionaries try to go to such a funeral but we got the telegram too late for the morning train. Mrs. Holliday was my favorite among the older women.

...All of us in this camp are keeping real well. Mr. Stewart says he has never been so well in camp and this out-of-door life is always the most healthful. He isn't as strong as we are. We have been using bran in the bread all winter...I take my first lessons in bread-baking this week.
Martha's first letter of 1918 gives a vivid picture of the role of "housekeeper" in camp.

Jan. 5, 1918. I have donned my apron and have at last assumed the role of housekeeper. I shall try to tell you what duties that name implies so that you may know something of our home life here. Emmet and I moved into the large tent which Miss Logan formerly occupied. This is better because it allows more room for dining table, food box, dishes, etc. We have one camel box with bags of flour, rice, cereals, nuts, beans, and other articles of food in the bottom and drawers for smaller things and tea towels at the top. In my tin trunk I have bags of fruit and a big bag of bran. My tablecloths and napkins I keep in a drawer in our other camel box. The food box is always locked except when I open it for one of the servants or myself. The dishes, silver, butter, milk, meat and such other articles as we are using every day are kept in a screened cupboard with three shelves. This entirely folds up on moving day when we put a few dishes and food for tea and dinner in our lunch basket. Our work in camp would be much more difficult without this cupboard to protect our food from the dogs and cats that prowl around at night.

Tho I do very little cooking, there is considerable overseeing to be done. The first thing in the morning is to see that the bearer has the trays fixed properly for Miss Logan and Mr. Stewart and our table for us. As soon as this 'little breakfast' is finished I call in the cook and let him get the food out of the box for breakfast and give any instructions about buying that I want to. At breakfast time I always call the bearer if he isn't here promptly to set the table so that we can have breakfast by 11:30. After breakfast I call the cook again and give orders for dinner. Then we go out to the village to meet the women. When we return at 4:30 or 5 the table is set and water ready for tea. To be careful of the butter, which is getting low, I get it out myself, and I also cut the bread and pour the milk. We try to get milk enough to make a little butter at least every other day and so it is best for me to take off the cream. Any little fancy extra things that I want to make myself, I shall probably make after tea, as I do not like to break into my study hours in the morning. This afternoon I made mayonnaise and fudge, besides transferring all the different fruits, grains and flour from Miss Logan's bags into mine (18 in all). At dinner time all I have to do is see that the table is set properly. There are a few little things I neglected to mention. Every morning I give the cook one towel - half-yard square - for the pans and the bearer three towels for dishes. That seems like a lot but if we want our dishes clean we have to give that many, since these servants don't seem to know how to keep their towels clean. I have six dozen towels and think they will last alright as long as I can get washings done regularly. Then all the water has to be boiled and strained and I have that to oversee. The oil for the lamps is kept in a tin in our bathroom but there has been no way to lock it and it is marvelous how that oil disappears. Emmet plans to fix a lock on the wooden box in which it is carried. On baking days I will have to give up more of my mornings, but Miss Logan so kindly left me a good supply of bread that I shall not have to bake until the last of the week. We move again Monday and Wed. so that it is well to have a good supply of bread on hand.

Our cook is a faithful old servant who has been with our missionaries in Jhelum for many years. Housekeeping with him is a very easy matter for he plans the meals mostly himself and is a good buyer. Our bearer is a boy about seventeen who has been with the other members of our camp for
about five years. He has had splendid training so that our dishes are always clean. He is very particular and, in case of emergency, has washed out his tea towels himself rather than not have three clean ones a day. He is very much of a boy but is so cheerful and willing about his work that he is a real comfort. When I bake or make candy or do any other special thing, he does what a young daughter would do for her mother at home - beats eggs, greases the pans, etc. He is so interested in everything that I think I'll let him do a few more things than Miss Logan has been letting him do...

Now I think I have told you most of the duties that have fallen to me except the bookkeeping. As you know we divide the cost equally. I have a separate account for the cook, sweeper, and hostler in addition to the salary of the bearer. The sweeper looks after the oil and so has that account to settle with me, and the hostler sees to buying the food for the horse and anything else necessary for her. The Indian custom for generations has been for the servant to get a certain commission on everything he buys for his master. Hence we know that they always charge us more than they actually paid. Nevertheless they buy it much cheaper than we could and with much less trouble. I don't intend to lie awake at nights worrying about the few cents someone may have cheated me out of. I don't know that it is exactly right to call this commission cheating, for it is always understood and I am told that a cook when inquiring of other servants concerning a job always finds out what the commission amounts to before accepting or rather applying for a position.

The scenery in this district is magnificent. At almost every camp the snows have been in view but this (Dhak Thaliyan) excels all the others in the stretch of snowcaps in view. The evening tints of pink and lavender on them and on the hills this side of them are beautiful. . . We are at the foot of quite a steep hill - small mountain - and this week we shall pass thru the hills and down to the Jhelum River at Pind Dadan Khan. They tell us that the next two marches will be the most beautiful of all. Sialkot District is so level and sandy that it is monotonous. Here our view is ever-changing. The long-haired goats are grazing all around here. . . But the best thing of all is the magnificent view of the snows. If I only could send you a picture in colors, I should be delighted, tho I'm afraid you would think the coloring too brilliant. I never could believe the tints were so gorgeous and yet so delicate.

Did I tell you that Miss White [apparently, one of the missionaries from a nearby station.] brought her victrola out here - Chakwal - with her last week. It was a rare treat for us out here in the jungle - to hear Louise Homer, Harry Lauder, Caruso, and some splendid band pieces and chimes. We played all her records over twice and would have played them oftener, if she had only staid longer. She had "Whispering Hope," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Stars and Stripes" and several others you have at home. Her victrola is exactly like yours so that I could just shut my eyes and imagine I was back in our parlor at home.

. . .This is very mild weather and yet we feel the cold quite severely. How much does it cost to heat your house, father, a month? Last month it cost us $5.00 to heat our small tent. Wood is very expensive.

Jan. 13, 1918, Pind Dadan Khan. Last Sabbath evening we walked out to the ruins of a village that was deserted about seven years ago. Three men had been murdered and about all the other men of the village were either hanged or imprisoned for the crime. Of course the women couldn't live there alone so they were taken to a neighboring village.

I hardly know whether the meaning of this last sentence is clear to you. No Indian woman is safe in her house alone at night. Either her husband or some male relation of his must be there to protect her. That is hard for you in America to realize but it is true, nevertheless. . . A very sad case has developed here in P.D.K. and came to a tragical crisis yesterday. A young Christian girl was educated in the Ludhiana Medical College and when she finished her course about six years ago our Mission wanted her for the hospital in Sialkot, but she preferred to come to the government hospital here because they offered her a little higher salary. Our people very strongly advised against her
coming here alone especially after her mother refused to come with her. Two years ago our Mission again offered her a position, and the protection of a Mission compound, but again she refused. Last year when the camp was here, they heard very bad rumors concerning the girl's moral life, but tho she came to this camp often she never expressed a desire for help or change. This year when we came we heard still worse reports but, tho we wrote to her to come over to see us Friday evening, she refused. We intended to go to call on her ourselves Thursday evening but Mr. and Mrs. Banerje [sic] - a Christian couple in government employment here - came to call on us and so detained us. Friday evening a young man came to Mr. Stewart's tent and said he wanted to become a Christian. He said he had been taught by this girl, Miss Patterson - name taken from some missionary - and that he liked the Christian teaching. The young fellow had such a stupid expression about the eyes that Mr. Stewart thot he must either have fever or have taken opium. Hence he suggested that the fellow go home and come back the next day if he should be feeling better. Before he left he said that he had been sent away from the boarding school there because he had said he was a Christian. One doesn't like to be suspicious of everyone but out here it is usually wise to have some proof of a statement in addition to the statement itself.

Yesterday we were away from early morning until after dark. When we arrived Mr. and Mrs. Banerje met us to tell us that this young man had gone to Miss Patterson's house about nine o'clock the night before and had complained of being sick. She gave him a bed and let him stay there all night. About four o'clock in the morning she noticed he was not breathing right and sent for the hospital doctor. By the time he arrived the fellow was dead and the doctor said he had died from an overdose of opium. Of course the fact that he was found alone with her, in her house, is very bad for her but the Mohammedans and Hindus are now trying to draw up papers charging her with his murder. These very men who have been partners with her in sin will be most quick to condemn her and all of them will be only too glad to see this misfortune come upon her because she professes Christianity. We are quite anxious to do anything we can for her if she will only live a respectable life.

... The drive here was glorious. On the way we stopped at a village built on the hillside over which a man was thrown about two years ago. For two marches there we passed thru the worst section in Jhelum district. It keeps the government busy trying all the murder cases and meting out justice to the guilty. ... While we were eating a long-haired white goat climbed up into a tree nearby and had his tea, too, while we watched every minute to see him fall, for he seemed to be standing on nothing. But he had no notion of falling and when he was satisfied he came down out of that tree with as much ease and grace as a person might be able to use in coming down a low step.

The rest of the journey was mostly downhill and thru little gorges. On one side a coal mine was in view, and on the other side we looked down upon one of the largest salt mines in the world. These are at Khewra, only four miles from here and Emmet and I plan to go to see them some day this week. All the houses there are of red mud and together form a triangle on the hillside. All thru these hills there is a strata of red sand and beneath that the rock salt is mined. We use this salt altogether for cooking and some for the table. ... We had a tray of fruit and vegetables sent to us the day after we arrived. Then another man sent us such a large basket of vegetables that we couldn't get it thru the door of the tent. It was a round flat basket.

Jan. 19, 1918. You remember, Daddy, you often accused me of having the wanderlust. Now I may be guilty, but honestly I'd give a good deal to have a roof over my head for two weeks in succession. Of course one's tent seems quite like home in that it always looks much the same inside tho the surroundings may be very different. But one grows weary of packing and unpacking continually. You know I always enjoyed picnics. Now I have more than enough opportunities to pack lunch baskets. But on the whole this life isn't so bad as one might expect and surely is much better than that of the soldiers...
I said tonight that I feared I hadn't continued my tale of the camels quite as fully as I might, for we have never made a move without some annoying experience with these men and their beasts. Thursday one of the men with his two camels came back and begged to be released from service because his beasts have the itch. I had no right to call him a man, for he is merely a boy who has no doubt been imposed on by the older men. There didn't seem to be much else to do than let him go for his camels aren't fit for much service. We received two more thru the tahsildar (local land and revenue officer) and were congratulating ourselves all day on the mildness of this camel driver. He never made one complaint about the trip and in every way behaved so admirably that we were almost convinced he belonged to another tribe from the ordinary camel men. However he has proved himself a worthy member of their clan, for as soon as the darkness came on, he escaped with his camels. Several of our servants went out to find them but weren't successful. We may be able to get others here tho we cannot count too much on it. It is always well to count your blessings. Following this advice, we are consoling ourselves that we have lost two camels rather than one automobile wheel. About two weeks before Christmas one of the wheels to Mr. Clements' Ford got broken. He sent it to Lahore with a servant but it was lost on the railway somewhere between Pasrur and Lahore and up to the present time it has not been found. Mrs. Clements and the baby ride around camp on a donkey and Mr. Clements walks. Besides the inconvenience we have lost nothing in the camels but they have lost considerable financially.

Thursday Emmet and I had a little lark all of our own in the nature of a visit to the salt mines at Khewra I mentioned them in my latest letter, I believe. It was a damp, rainy day but what does one know about the atmosphere when he is down in the bowels of the earth? I was a little surprised at the neatness of the mouth of the cave and at the regular trolley system of transferring the salt. I think I must have had a very confused idea of a mine. Five men went as our guides - each bearing a little mustard oil lamp. The two camp munshis and our bearer accompanied us.

Shortly after we got into the darkness of the mine spectral figures moved along in the darkness gradually becoming more defined in outline as they approached and disclosing themselves to be women carrying large baskets of salt on their heads and a little oil torch in one hand. As we advanced farther into the mine we observed that the walls of the tunnels were solid rock salt. Then we noticed that we were walking on a sand of salt and suddenly we realized that everything about us was salt. Even the air was full of it. We were taken down to see a little lake in the midst of the cave; then to a garden of salt with stalactites and stalagmites of salt; from there we went to a place where fifty-five feet below us was a lake forty-five feet deep while the roof of the mine was out of sight in the darkness above.

The rock salt is of a salmon tint; and in one place they set fire to a torch whose light we could see thru a wall of this salt six and a half feet thick. Some of our experts on indirect lighting might profit by studying the soft pink tints of light that came thru that wall. We walked down steps into a little room where one man with his little lamp beside him was hammering out the salt for two-and-a-half cents a cubic foot. Before we could get near him the pathway was almost completely blocked by a long pole projecting out from the one wall. Hanging from this in a little improvised hammock of dirty cloth was a little tiny baby, the son of the miner. The mother was working in another part of the mine carrying [salt] and may have been one of those same shadowy figures that passed us in the darkness. In an atmosphere thick with the fumes of burning mustard oil and the salt particles stirred up by his father, that little baby is striving for an existence.

Passing on thru a labyrinth of tunnels we came to a little stairway of salt. Going down but a few steps we were able to look over the railing into the darkness where over a hundred feet below us were seven or eight men, each digging in his own little space by the light of his one small torch. The regular strokes of the picks and the songs of the laborers as they toiled came up to us from a world
much, much farther from us than a hundred feet and from a darkness of intellect and of mental vision
much more dense and impenetrable than the darkness of that physical space. From generation to
generation they toil on with the salt mine as their home, the center of all their ambitions, the scene of
all their joys, and the source of all their sorrows.

I came out of that mine with a heart heavy for those women who, bearing their cooking vessels
on their heads, were going out to cook their evening meal. As their clothes brushed ours I longed to
be able to touch their hearts as easily and to understand their souls.

Jan. 26, 1918. We are glad you received the letters telling of our trip to Simla... I know you would
have been troubled had you seen those coolies carry me across the river. It wasn't the most pleasant
experience of my life, but the coolies knew their business. It is a beautiful country and full of very
kind and interesting people. It is a trip I am very thankful we took, tho I didn't have the enthusiasm
for it before we took it that Emmet did.

Did I tell you about visiting a brass worker's shop last week? There were many of them in Pind
Dadan Khan. The Hindus use brass for cooking and water carrying, because their laws of
purification allow them to scour a brass vessel that has been defiled by us Christians or some low
caste. If a clay vessel were so defiled it would have to be broken.

These brass workers make a clay mold consisting of two layers the shape of the jar desired, with
wax between. This is baked and the wax melts and flows out thru a hole allowed for it. Then molten
brass is poured in and takes the shape of the cavity left by the wax. The clay is then broken off and all
sediment is filed off with a very heavy file and designs worked on the pot. Some of them are left
perfectly plain. These brass articles are sold by weight. I wonder how the women are able to carry as
many as three of these full of water on their heads at once. You may be sure we seldom

Feb. 3, 1918. This past week we moved twice - Tuesday and Friday. Moving days are usually
quite hard, for there is so much packing and the planning for the meals is harder. .

Yesterday we visited a rajah's home. He owns this village and almost all the others within a
radius of ten miles. We certainly wouldn't choose such a location for a palace, for it is surrounded on
four sides by these mud houses of their tenants. We were taken into a very unprepossessing room on
the first floor. Miss Logan had been there before and was anxious that I should see the more elaborate
rooms upstairs. Hence she asked the daughter if they wouldn't show me them. The poor woman
seemed dreadfully embarrassed but at length asked to be excused because they were in mourning
for one of her sisters-in-law. She said that for one year they wouldn't use those rooms. She was
dressed in very cheap, coarse cloth and said she would wear such clothes and no jewelry for the year.
We had been there only a few minutes when several loud taps on the outer gate sent all the women
fluttering to the four corners of the house like so many chickens. We wondered what dreadful
calamity had befallen them that the most of them should run into the other rooms and shut the doors.
But the two who remained near us told us that the Rajah Sahib had come home and they ran out into
the court to meet him. We didn't know just how to explain it all, but we suppose that these two are his
own daughters and that the other women are either daughters-in-law or servants.

We visited several homes of the tenants yesterday and one old Mohammedan woman told us the
wildest tale. She said that when Christ was on earth, a young couple came to him and asked that he
pray that they might have children. Tho he was beloved of God, yet his prayers availed nothing.
Then they asked an old fakir who had fasted for twenty years, and his prayers brought them a child.
Not long after that God asked Christ to get him someone's nose. He went to everyone but no one was
willing to make the sacrifice. Finally he came to this same fakir and he at once said God could have
his nose and some flesh from his arm, from his leg, and from any other part of his body. They put the
nose and the pieces of flesh in a cup and gave them to God. There the story ends. Can you conceive of
an imagination that could frame such a tale and a mind that could believe it? I'm sure I couldn't tell
what the moral is supposed to be unless it is that fasting avails much. In their minds a man isn't holy
or even religious unless he is an ascetic. Hence, the common mortal who has to work for his bread
can't know anything of God, but the ash-smeared beggar by the road side is in close communication
with the Divine...

At Jalapur, where we were from Tuesday to Friday, there is a holy Peer family - a Mohammedan
holy man. One of the daughters was so holy that she couldn't go with her husband when he was
transferred to another town. He of course married another wife and seems to be thriving without this
holy woman. The people all bring rich offerings to these Peers and go thru the acts of worship before
them. The old Peer died last year and his three wives each have magnificent separate homes. His
eldest son is the chief Peer now and the brothers are sub-peers. The whole scheme is most
advantageous to the man who wants to sit in ease and luxury at the expense of the poor peasants
around him. They sent us our dinner Thursday night and had all our servants over at their house for
dinner. That is the most friendly spirit they have ever shown and tho we didn't enjoy eating what the
poor people had sacrificed to give to the Peers, yet we thot it well to cultivate the friendship of such
influential persons.

When we were driving in here on Friday we saw a beautiful wild peacock with its long tail
feathers and purple neck. The jackals howl around the tent at night and tho they keep at a respectable
distance, they certainly pierce the air with their shrieks. We are now near the Jhelum River and the
reeds are full of wild ducks at night...

Feb. 9, 1918, Sangoi. . . Is paper expensive with you? . . . It is quite expensive here. The Indians
seldom wrap anything in paper. They always use a cloth because it is more easily secured and can be
used hundreds of times. If they ever use paper, it is sheets from old books like in China and Japan...

Last Wednesday we had tea early and went over to see the big dam in the Jhelum River and the
canal which is cut off from it. That one canal has redeemed thousands of acres of dry barren land. We
walked across the river - I mean below the dam and over the bridge - and hired a boat back coming
home above the dam. There is a very small English settlement over there and they have beautiful
gardens.

Friday we had a rather hard move here, because we had to drive over so much sand. In some
places it was blown up into dunes six or seven feet high. The Jhelum River and all its tributaries have
deposited great layers of sand and in the dry weather their beds -that is, the beds of the tributaries-
are nothing but wide stretches of sand. We usually have to walk in such places because our little
horse can't pull the buggy thru them. An automobile would see very hard service in this district.

Feb. 16, 1918. (Our Third Christmas) No little child ever waited for Santa Clause with more eager
expectation than I waited all day for my parcel from home. And no child ever was half so pleased
with all he brot as I was. He didn't come across the snows behind his reindeer but he came on a slowly
moving camel across the heavy sands from Jhelum to Sangoi . . . We had a real Christmas cake and in
every way our day has been as much like Christmas as possible . . . This Mother Goose book is just a
splendid one and we are only sorry there is no little one to use it and not even one expected. We hope
that some day there may be a little James Payne or Jane who will enjoy all the little rhymes and learn
them to tell to their grandparents. I told Emmet we might renew our youth by reading it.

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In early March of 1918, Martha and Emmet moved from camp back to Jhelum, where Martha immediately 'took over the housekeeping,' presumably to free the Stewarts to make preparations for their departure on furlough in early April. Martha empathizes with the difficulty of their leave-taking:

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"The Stewarts leaving was rather a strain on us because such times are never easy. It was very hard for Mrs. Stewart [Harris' and Mabel's mother] to leave because she has been here in the work for thirty-seven years and does not expect to return. She and Mabel were very brave but for the past week there has been that conscious atmosphere of intense agony of separation that only those that have gone thru it can understand. To this day I cannot mention those last days at home [in Mansfield] to anyone. I may be a coward but I don't want to be around people that are separating like that again for a long time."

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With her usual love of careful detail, Martha describes a typical day in her new home:

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"I try to study every morning some and do a little sewing. The noon is always spent in sleep and the evenings after tea in reading. I am reading some books on Indian history that have been recommended for new missionaries. We ought to do more of such reading than we do. Then I read some in our home magazines every evening. Such is the round of my day... Today I had some apricot jam made. We can get very nice apricots in the bazaar and they make delicious jam. I am thinking of drying some, too, as we liked the ones we bought this winter very much. I have never dried anything in this sun but I see no reason why they would not be alright and I know others have done it. I shall be glad to have plenty of jam on hand for the winter... Did I ever tell you that we melt down candles for our paraffin as that is the only way we can buy it here..."

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She is intrigued by the cook's requirements for shopping:

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"Our cook is quite good and very particular... He asked me yesterday for a sheet. Now what do you suppose he wanted that for? To carry things from the bazaar. Every separate article or different kind of vegetable they tie in a corner or separate place. They much prefer that to a basket... nothing is wrapped up - not even the meat, and I don't blame him for not wanting to put the meat right along with the potatoes or anything else that happens to be needed. Cloths are used for wrapping everything. Even the smallest child starting to school must have a cloth to wrap her books..."

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In the course of the reading suggested for new missionaries, interesting information about the Jhelum area is noted:
"The Panjab is so closely connected with all the invasions which make up the known history of India that we find our own section here'abounding in historic legend. There has long been a dispute as to the exact location of the city which Alexander the Great founded on the banks of the Jhelum, then called the Hydaspes. Any de-scriptions he has left of the river at that point are of little value because the Jhelum is continually changing its course, wiping out whole villages in some sections, washing up an island here and washing away another one a few miles down. Some historians claim that the city was here at Jhelum on the mound on which our bungalow is built. There is quite a large low hill here on which all the railroad houses are built. All the rest of the land is quite level and for this reason some believe this must be the remains of some former city. When the ground was dug for the railway some years ago, many Greek coins and relics were found. Probably after the war is past and money can be turned to such work, excavators may dig on this very mound and give us some light on the subject."

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The idiosyncrasies of British social etiquette are puzzling, sometimes confusing, and amusing.

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"In most cities out here there are three places where Europeans live - Civil Lines, Military Lines or Cantonements and Railway Lines. Now if you are so unfortunate as to belong to the Railway Lines, you are really very low down in the scale of society and you must never even dream of being allowed to call on anyone in the other two lines. If you are in one of the other lines you may call in either of them providing you do not call on a superior first. If you attend church it is well to sit back a respectable distance until you learn just where you belong. A general has the seat farthest front and going on back they take their order as to rank. Ministers are ranked as captains so that if Emmet were invited to a military dinner he would be given a captain's seat.

"Here in Jhelum we are nearer the Railway Lines than any of the others but since we aren't in that work we really ought to call on some of the officials. The Deputy Commissioner in the Civil Lines and the Major in the Cantonments are exceptions, in that you are always supposed to call on them first even if they have come after you. I think I told you before that the custom is for the latest arrival to do the first calling. Instead of your going to welcome a newcomer she must come to call on you and thereby let you know she is willing to have your friendship. Then you must invite her to tea but by all means never make the mistake of asking her before she calls! Oh! this is really just the primary department of formal British etiquette out here. I haven't advanced very far, for I haven't had much occasion to be with them, since we are out in the district during the winter social season. Then, too, you know we're very odd people for, strange to relate, we never indulge in wines or in whisky and soda!

"... I hope you will not misconstrue my above remarks by supposing that [I am] in any way unfriendly to the English. Tho their customs seem very strange to us, ours are just as much so to them. Theirs is far from an easy life out here and far be it from me to wish to deprive them of any small pleasure they may find in their customs."

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Evidences of the effects of the war are frequently mentioned; e.g., the threat of a 'famine of coal oil (kerosene)' and the need to ration themselves to one lamp in the evenings; the shortage of tea in Jhelum (imported Liptons, no less) and the practice of ordering 'Indian tea' in large quantities from
Calcutta - it turns out to be the famous Darjeeling tea; the high price of flour, which is particularly hard on poor people; and the fluctuating exchange rate which reduces their monthly salary by almost 20%. However, Martha emphasizes, 'This little bit of money is nothing in comparison with what other people are enduring these days.' The parents of a colleague are a case in point:

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"Charles Stewart...seldom hears from his father and mother in Syria. About a month ago he received a letter from his mother saying that in November his father was taken away by Turkish troops who claimed they were taking him into Asia Minor. He first had to go by horseback for five days over a very dangerous country and the mother telegraphed she could get no answer back concerning him even at that town. The fear is that he was just taken out and murdered. Now Mrs. Stewart, her sixteen-year-old son, and one lady are all the white people left in the town along the coast. Of course Charles is very anxious about his mother. They weren't allowed to leave Turkey after the war broke out so that all these years have been anxious ones. No reason was given for taking Mr. Stewart away."

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In response to her parents' concern for her safety, Martha writes:

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"There is no use denying in these days that there is danger everywhere, and no doubt more in a subject country such as India. We are inclined to doubt the imminency of the danger. In a war council recently held at Delhi much stress was laid on Germany's free route to India. I think they thought this would stimulate recruiting. The route mentioned is not short and it's thru a wild country so that the Germans would have to have a force large enough to hold all the territory crossed, in addition to making the attack on India. I doubt if she can spare that many from the Western Front. Of course if she is successful then she could easily come this way, tho she would find hard work at the end of the line.

"There is always the question, too, of the loyalty of the Indians. I believe Germany is counting on them surrendering to her. It is true these people know very little of what a German invasion would really mean and since they want Home Rule, Germany might hold out that bait. I do not believe their loyalty can be counted on, tho they have enjoyed a more just rule from Great Britain than they ever did before. This is hard for them to see when they want things in their own hands. The uneducated masses know very little of what is going on tho they believe all sorts of wild tales. Mr. Fazl Ilahi, our headmaster in the school, was telling Emmet yesterday that the report was all around Jhelum that Paris was captured and the Allies were losing everything. People who cannot read the papers are prone to believe such reports. I wish I could say that there is no danger here, but one simply must face the facts as they are. Again let me say that we think the danger is not imminent, tho it may be without our knowing it. The government seems to have a very strong hand these days. If I were a boy, I should probably be in the army and you would have that to worry about. If we were home now, I am sure Emmet would be in it. We all have to carry heavier burdens these days and ours really has been very light, you know. This all doesn't sound very comforting but I don't know what else to write. I have just read this over to Emmet and he thinks it too dark a picture, for he feels quite certain that there is no danger for several years. After the war there will be needed some of the best statesmanship England has ever used to handle the Indian problem."

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In the midst of such serious matters, Martha is also quick to record items of historical or cultural interest.

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"Last evening Mrs. Ralph Stewart went with me to the Scotch church [in Rawalpindi, where Martha was visiting]. It is a very pretty building with imported colored glass windows and a well-toned pipe organ. The pastor, Rev. McFerson, ...wears his kilt and army coat with two tan clerical straps hanging down from the shoulders instead of a robe. ...The church was fairly well-attended - probably three hundred - a half of whom were soldiers. Ever since the mutiny in 1857 the 'Tommies' in India have to attend church completely armed. Rawalpindi has always had the largest cantonment of any city in India..."

"Here in India there has been a scarcity of silver but the dear old U.S.A. sent us a lot and they are coining thousands of rupees a day now. The Indians became frightened over the shortage and many of the wealthy Hindu shopkeepers have stored away the silver they had and some even have melted it down tho there is a heavy penalty for that. The peasants won't take the paper money and for a little while it was very hard for the town people to get flour because the farmers wouldn't give the grain without silver exchange. ...In the smaller towns all the shopkeepers charge exchange on the notes and they do here, too, if they get the chance. It is nothing but robbery, pure and simple, but the uneducated people do not always understand that and consequently are easily cheated. I noticed in the paper the other day that a similar condition exists in Egypt, Japan, and other parts of the East."

"Every English soldier carries his cane and has to do so when he is off duty. They say it is to keep them from putting their hands in their pockets. These soldiers smoke cigarettes much more than our boys. We never see a cigar. Perhaps it is harder to get them out here...I'm sure our boys who smoke will want their home tobacco as all European make is much stronger. You ought to be able to sympathize with them, daddy, for you always like to take Mansfield cigars to Boston."

"Did I tell you about the camel ride I had the last day we were out in camp? To carry a lot of the little extra things there are large crates - one to be hung on each side of the camel. Miss Gordon and I each got in one of these and rode a short distance on our largest camel. It was fairly comfortable and preferable to walking extremely long distances. Wealthy Indians think this a very sumptuous manner of touring the country. It does give one sort of a feeling of riding on the sea, and it is wise to look out for your head when the beast sits down, for the first minute you are thrown far forward and the next you are hurled backward and have the sensation of going into a bottomless pit."

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Domestic life is complicated by rising costs and shortages because of the war. Good flour is hard to get, and Martha is delighted to find 'Carbolic soap,' which she prefers and which is four times as cheap as Pears (the common English brand). She is amused to find that the fat from fat-tailed sheep is a suitable substitute for lard, which, of course, is not available in their largely Muslim area. Tea, fortunately, remains reasonable in price.

In mid-March Emmet has his tonsils removed in Lahore. One tonsil is badly infected, and the doctor thinks this may be the source of his rheumatism. Later - in June - Martha describes a 'new' treatment that the doctors in Lahore are trying for Emmet's rheumatism, in which a specimen of his nasal secretions will be made into a vaccine to be administered once a week for a month. The doctors
claim this has been quite successful in helping some cases.

The spring and early summer of 1918 was Martha’s first hot season in the Punjab. The weather and related topics are frequently commented on.

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Apr. 21, 1918. . . .At five o’clock this evening the thermometer registers 85 in our bedroom. During this past week each succeeding day has been hotter than the previous so that we are beginning to have a very wilted feeling. I’m hoping it will not increase at the same rate this next week. The nights are very warm, too, so that a sheet seems like a great encumbrance. The spring has been comparatively cool and certainly we ought not to complain when this sun means so much blessing to the plague-infested villages. [Ed.-She had previously written of the disturbing news that ‘in one small village nineteen died in one day’ and ‘yesterday a sick rat was found in one of our servant’s quarters.’] Mrs. Fazl Ilahi, the Indian woman doctor in charge of our hospital, came over and inoculated all our servants and the . . . babies on the compound.

. . .The days are continuing to get warmer. Yesterday afternoon in our bedroom the temperature was 92 and on the verandah in the shade 98. Of course you have it just as hot at times but this is only the last of April. I’m really not worth very much in the middle of the day. Yesterday I slept for three hours. . . .I never could work so well in the heat but Emmet seems to thrive on it.

May 9, 1918. . . .Yesterday. . . .we ordered our pankahs put up at once and this morning the servants were working some at them again. Do you know what a pankah is? When I tell you that it is the one thing that makes the plains bearable in the summer, will you guess aright? You have your electric fans while we have these great big things that stretch clear across the room and are pulled by a coolie sitting out on the veranda. . . .It consists of a long beam with a cloth fan attached by hooks the full length of the beam. This fan is made up of four full ruffles of muslin with a heavy piece of rope matting in the center to give it weight. This is hung down so low that we cannot stand underneath. When you consider that it runs almost the full length of the room in the middle, you appreciate the difficulties we have in walking around. But the difficulties are insignificant when compared with the comforts received. The pankah is suspended from the ceiling by ropes.

. . .We didn’t have as much comfort out of them today as we hope to have tomorrow when our regular coolie for that work is to come. We shall pay him $2.75 a month to pull the pankahs from ten o’clock in the morning until after dinner at night. Of course he will not have to pull it every minute as there will probably be some little time between tea and dinner that we shall not want it. But we do want it for breakfast [i.e., lunch] and from that time on until after tea. It is too hot to sleep in the afternoons with any comfort without a pankah. . . .

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On Martha’s 28th birthday, May 18, the heat, “104 in shade on the front verandah this afternoon at four o’clock,” is somewhat mitigated by her pleased surprise at Emmet’s gift, “a new Singer Sewing Machine.” By the end of May, “the Indians are complaining now, saying that it is very hot for May. This afternoon there is a strong hot wind.”

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June 2, 1918. Last night we slept upon the roof for the first. I like it up there because it is so private. We can get much better air up there. The English chaplain was here last evening to say good-bye as he leaves for the hills tomorrow. I was amused at him. He just came out this winter and

85
this heat is almost too much for him. He said, "You know one just can't be devotional in this heat. One is rather a little less than human these days." I told him I believed we were kindred spirits. My theory has always been that one should live where he can be most efficient but I'm not following my theory these days. One of the hardest things I find is to keep from doing too much. There is so much I should like to do but I can't. It makes me as restless and ill-natured as if I were recovering from a severe illness. There is nothing more trying for me than not to be able to do the work I plan. But such is life in India...

June 9, 1918. I can hardly picture you people out-of-doors these days, as we must stay in from nine o'clock in the morning until six in the evening. The house has gotten heated thru now and is warmer than outside in the morning and evening. Last night when we went to bed on the roof the breeze was delightful, but when we woke up this morning it was very close and we felt so sticky and uncomfortable. We eat our early breakfast out in the open before the sun gets up...In the evenings we stay out until after dark and then go in for dinner anywhere from half-past-eight to nine o'clock. As soon as dinner is over we go to bed as there is really nothing one can do. I am getting more accustomed to the heat now and hence am able to accomplish much more than I was at first.

...Several nights this week we have had dust storms just at dinner time. While they are on, they are most unpleasant, for even tho we close every door and window, the dust gets in some way. But after the storm is over the air is so much purer and cooler.

June 16, 1918. Our servants, as you know, are all Mohammedans and are keeping the month of fasting now. It is a queer sort of a fast! They get up about three o'clock in the morning and cook their breakfast so that they can eat it before the sun gets up. Then they usually go back to sleep and lie around on their beds all day. They are not supposed to eat or drink anything from sunrise to sunset. Naturally they are worth very little as far as work is concerned, since the heat is so intense that it makes them very thirsty.

Jhelum was a rather provincial, "backwater" town and, in addition to the heat, the gregarious Martha must have found the isolation trying. She comments on the fact that they have few English-speaking associates in the Indian community, other than Mr. and Mrs. Fazl Ilahi, the headmaster of the school and the woman doctor at the hospital, who became lifelong friends. An occasional tea party with the Deputy Commissioner, the chaplain and other British officials would sometimes break the monotony. Separation of families, with children at boarding school in the hills - often with mothers there as well - is troubling to contemplate, though Martha has yet to experience this.

Even the anticipated visit of mission colleagues from a nearby station causes irritation to the practical Martha, when a car breakdown upsets their schedule:

"The Campbells and Clements from Pasrur wired that they would be here Wednesday for breakfast on their way to Kashmir. We waited on them until twelve and then ate. They never appeared until eight o'clock that night, and then Mr. Clements had been left out along the road with the trailer. This they had made for the baggage but it broke down about four miles out from here and they had to get an oxcart to bring it in. Before that two brand new tires just out from America went bad to such an extent that they couldn't possibly be mended. They had just been put on new that morning! They weren't willing to acknowledge it, but most of us thot it was due to the heat. Very few people are so foolish as to drive their cars at noon these days but the Pasrur people do all the wild
things imaginable and suffer for it afterwards. You have no idea how much heat comes up from the ground these days!

...These foolish Pasrur people stayed out on the road all day, not once going into a bungalow for shade and rest. That night they sent a letter down to Lahore with one of our servants and he was to return on the Bombay Mail train the next afternoon with three tires and some other things. After the train was due a telegram came asking what size tires he wanted! They sent an 'urgent' wire and the servant finally came the next morning at 5:30. The automobile and trailer were in the repair shop all day Thursday. We all think they had too heavy a load for the Ford and are wondering how far they have gone on their journey. Excuse me! Mrs. Campbell has three children ages five, three and six months and Mrs. Clements has a boy almost two years old. The children were really very good but I think there are advantages in not having an automobile...

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In addition, Emmet's rheumatism increases in severity during this period, and he "has been troubled with it quite a bit the last two weeks. His knees and ankles are very badly swollen and he walks like quite an old man. It seems very strange that it should be so severe in this dry heat." Language examinations - Panjabi for Martha and Urdu for Emmet - were scheduled for May 7 and 8, after which they had hoped to "leave for the hills by the first of June." However, plans changed, as it became impossible for Emmet to leave before the first of July; and it wasn't until the third week of July that they reached 'Buena Vista,' the cottage they had rented in Landour.
10

OF TYPHOID, INFLUENZA AND THE ARMISTICE

July-December, 1918

July 7, 1918, Jhelum. ... Mother Alter writes as tho Margaret may come out as a short-term nurse and if so, she will come with her. She doesn't say definitely that she will come this year but Emmet thinks it quite possible. ... Emmet and I felt like saying with Evangeline that the war causes a lot of inconvenience. Last Sabbath a very pleasant English officer came to see if any of our Mission houses are vacant. Two new regiments are to be located here and there are no vacant houses in the cantonments. These regiments are to be located very near our house and Miss Gordon's and tho Dr. Simpson's house is vacant it is too far for them. Friday evening an official communication for the mission and a private letter to Emmet came from Major Elliot, asking that in the name of patriotism we three be asked to move to Dr. Simpson's house and these two houses be rented to officers. The troops are to be sent here in two or three weeks and that would necessitate our moving as soon as the financial meeting in Gujranwala is over.

We have done very little in helping the causes of the war and tho it would cause us considerable inconvenience and would take away all opportunity of our living alone, yet I personally am quite willing to do it. The Mission work would suffer very much by it, as it is impossible in India to allow any man to live in the same house with single ladies, and this would necessarily happen if I should ever go to the hills early. Even more serious is the question of the women's work. Many Indian men would necessarily be coming to the house to see Emmet and then the women couldn't come at all to see our ladies. Miss Gordon will give up her house and the question of our house will have to be settled this week at the Mission meeting. If we were in the cantonments they could take our houses by force but I hardly think they can do that here. We do not want to be obstinate about it and are only too glad to do what we can for the cause, but of course the mission work has to be considered.

July 12, 1918, Gujranwala. We are now in Gujranwala attending the financial meeting of the mission. ... The exchange problem has mixed things up considerably. We are paid $100 per month and have always been sent 300 rupees each month and since the exchange was always anywhere from 306 to 315 rupees to the hundred dollars, we were given the rest of the exchange in a lump sum when the year's accounts were closed. Exchange now is down to 278 rupees so that we all have money to return. The Board recommended to General Assembly that we be given an extra war allowance of $100 a year but whether the Assembly granted it or not I cannot say. However we are not nearly as hard-pressed as many people at home and we should do our bit out here as well as you at home. The war ought to make us all more thrifty as well as making us more cosmopolitan ...

Miss Gordon is going to move this next week and our house has been refused for the present. If they write again insisting on our house, then Emmet may have to come down from the hills. I sincerely hope he doesn't have to, for he needs the rest and the extra time for language study ...

It is a little later in the day now and we have just finished tea. We had some delicious mango ice-cream and my but it did taste good! Even tho it is hot, tea seems to be just the thing we need to put new life into us after our day's sleep ... We get very lazy and shiftless in the heat. I'm glad you people aren't in it and if you ever come out, we shall go to the hills before the intense heat begins. Kashmir will be our resort that summer as we hope it will be next year.

I'm anxious to get to the hills and get some concentrated language study in. I'd like to get some work ready for camp next winter and know we shall be able to study many more hours on the hills than we have been able to do here. I have made very little progress this summer and at this rate shall never learn to talk either Urdu or Panjabi. Louise Scott and others who were born in this country
have the accent and rhythm of the language as none of the rest of us ever dare hope to have it. Mr. [Harris] Stewart is by far the best in the mission with the possible exception of Dr. Gordon.

I think I'll ask you to send me a real thin summer corset another year. Not an expensive one. I haven't been wearing any at all these weeks because I had only real heavy ones. I really don't look as slouchy as you may think but I'm sure I should look a little neater with a corset. I just told the girls this afternoon that I was sure you would be shocked, mother.

I hope you are not worrying about us, for we are really quite safe and feel the strain of the war much less than you do. India has been spared much suffering in this war and she has given loyally to the cause. I marvel that the mothers and wives are so brave when they are so ignorant and can get so little real information. One wonders how many generations it will take to make an educated India.

I wonder how politics are running at home, daddy. I believe this is the year of the congressional election. I do wish congress would forget little petty political differences in these critical times. I am sure they are doing it more than before but from what I read they need a still more unselfish spirit.

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Then, at the end of July, Martha and Emmet were again on their way to Landour, for further language study and to escape the heat of the plains.

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July 21, 1918, Buona Vista, Landour. At last we are up on the hills and what a relief it is to be away from the heat. I am sure you must have grown very weary of my continual references to the weather. When it forces itself upon one as it does, she can hardly refrain from mentioning it. Last year on the hills we were forever talking of the rains but now there is another source of complaint and you dear friends will begin to think we are never satisfied. This year it is the lack of rain of which everyone is complaining. The summer rains should have broken by the middle of June and now it is past the middle of July and they have not broken yet. The poor Indians are crying out for rain, for unless it comes famine threatens them. The drought is making the plains much more unbearable these days. All of our older missionaries say that this has been one of the severest summers they have known and yet Emmet and I came thru it well and strong. [Except, of course, for Emmet's rheumatism and tonsil operation.]

It may be some little source of comfort to you to know that everyone here on first seeing me said, 'Why! how well you look! I thot you would be faded out by the heat but you aren't a bit.' Emmet is thinner and they all remark about that but I never change. Since coming up, tho, we have each had a slight touch of grippe which is going the rounds up here; and we have spent most of our time sleeping. I wonder that more people aren't sick when they first come up, for the change is quite severe. Yesterday Dr. Moore gave us both osteopathic treatments as our muscles were quite sore from the grippe. I rather enjoyed the treatment tho it was slightly rough.

Last Sabbath in Gujranwala we had a heavy dust storm which cleared the atmosphere and made our trip much more comfortable than it would otherwise have been. I wish you could see one of these dust storms coming. It looks just like a big wall of dust reaching as far as you can see. We all rush to the doors and windows to close them as soon as possible but after it is passed the house looks as tho it had been exposed the whole time to the mercy of the elements. You can't sit any place or touch your hand to anything without getting covered with dust. By teatime last Sabbath the air had cleared so much and the wind had subsided to such an extent that we decided to have tea on the more protected side of the verandah. But even there the change was so severe that I got a slight attack of indigestion as a result of my bowels getting cooled off too suddenly. I went in and kept company with a hot water
bottle for an hour or so and was quite myself again, tho I dressed warmer before I ventured out...

I found the trip much easier this year than last. The mob of shouting Indians at every station is what used to annoy me but I have learned that they are very innocent creatures trying to get a seat in a much crowded train. Coming up the hill in the dandy the panting and complaining coolies didn't annoy me as much as they did last year; for I had seen them do the same thing before without serious injury. There are many unpleasant things about travelling out here but they all come to an end and might as well be borne patiently since they leave no ill effects.

We have a very cozy little suite of rooms here. . . It is very well-furnished for a hill house, and we feel quite at home. I have learned to associate home in India with no special place but just where we and a few of our possessions are at any time. Tho I may become very much attached to a bungalow on the plains, it will be wiser not to let myself grow too fond of it, since the camp and hills will claim almost more of my time. . . I'm glad we are keeping house, tho for the two months it will be a little more expensive than boarding would have been, for we had to bring up extra things and had the cook's railway fare. As it is, we can have our meals when we choose and can have what we choose. Few houses on the hills are built so that one family can live alone but we much prefer this. Of course when a married woman with her children is up for the whole summer it is often nicer to be with some other woman who has to be up all the time, too. However several of the Christian mission ladies have separate suites in this house. I think it is always more satisfactory to be alone, but it is not always possible out here... Emmet's rheumatism is a little better. How is yours, Daddy?...

July 29, 1918. . . Mother Alter wrote that she expected to be with you the early part of June. She doesn't seem to have been at all well this Spring. . . Emmet seems to be feeling better and thinks his rheumatism is going away...

Aug. 4, 1918. This letter must be of a very personal nature but since I believe you are interested in the smallest details of our lives, I am sure you will be eager to read every word. We had hoped that Emmet was better [from the 'grippe'] but evidently he overtaxed his strength and is back now farther than he was. The doctor thinks it is a severe attack of the influenza which is raging all over India. If he had gone to bed when the neuralgia first attacked him two weeks ago, he might have been well by this time, but we didn't realize what it was. I had a slight attack of it and was in bed several days but have been up and dressed since Thursday. Then Emmet's temperature was up to 103 but today it is 102 and yesterday it was 101. It will take him a long time to get over this after the fever once breaks. He has lost many pounds and is quite thin. This may have been working on him when he came up, for you remember I wrote that he was thin and pale, but he looks seventy-five percent worse now. Last Sabbath morning he went to church and in his black suit he looked like a ghost. I don't know what he would look like now. Of course, his fever hasn't been real high and he isn't seriously ill, but we shall have to spend the latter part of our vacation getting him back to his normal strength. Language study must be cast to the winds until he is better. It is certainly fortunate that he didn't get sick on the plains as the heat there only aggravates every smallest drop of poison in the system. And yet it is too bad his vacation must go this way... Of course Emmet is on liquid diet and I was on it too for awhile but now I am beginning to eat but you know it is hard to know what to have for just one person. If he were able to eat, I should try to make more appetizing dishes and as soon as he is able to eat I most certainly shall try it...

I have been reading to Emmet whenever he wants me to. He had started Quo Vadis... and so we are just finishing that but as you know that isn't a good one for light reading. I am going to try to get something by Mark Twain tomorrow, as it will be more cheerful. If I cannot get a copy here, I can send to Calcutta for it. He needs something light and amusing, for fever tends to make one gloomy enough with[out] the horrible arena scenes from Quo Vadis... . . . The doctors thot that that maybe his trouble is partly due to the vaccine he has been taking for rheumatism... Shemasdin just came from
the bazaar with a nice chicken that Mr. and Mrs. Pickin sent up... Emmet immediately asked where it came from. He seemed so pleased that he is going to have a variety from the beef. From now on I shall try to vary it tho beef and chicken seems all that there is.

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Following this August 4th letter, there is a gap in Martha's correspondence. The 'grippe' that Martha wrote about earlier, was followed by influenza - which was ravaging India as well as other countries that year, and then both Martha and Emmet succumbed to typhoid, one of the dreaded diseases of the time. Finally, on September 1, Emmet is able to write, though his style as well as the content of the letter attest to his continuing weakness from his illnesses. He continues to write encouraging letters on September 8 and 15.

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**Sept.1, 1918. [Letter from Emmet]** Dearest Folks: Please excuse my writing with pen but I am still a little too unsteady to sit to the typewriter very long at a time and I probably [will] not make this to in any way equal the length of one of Martha's good letters - but I'll try and give you the news that you will want to know.

Probably you have blamed any delay in letters on the mails and I've been glad you could. It's probably been about 4 weeks since Martha wrote to you last - at that time I suppose she mentioned my being down with some fever. Well, anyway, since that time we've both been thru a round of Typhoid. To tell the latest news first which you will be most anxious to get, Martha seems now pretty well past the danger point, tho it will mean weeks before normal again - it takes so long to get strong again after typhoid ...

On July 31st fever struck me and I went to bed with 103. The doctor was again called but didn't know what kind of fever it could be for no ache or sore spot in my whole body could be found. Fever of about this height lasted with me for exactly one week, then dropped suddenly to almost normal. Meanwhile Martha had been feeling very well when on my 6th day suddenly she went to bed with a fever of 103. Her stomach and bowels seemed badly upset and she retained but little nourishment. The doctor came often (Dr. Taylor of the Reformed Pres. Ch. - practically one of ourselves, and considered a very capable doctor) and tried his best to relieve her stomach but had a hard time of it. One of the ladies of the Mission acted as nurse for her nearly all the time she staid here [Buona Vista].

At the close of one week with her here when her fever had not lowered and she still vomited a good deal we sent her over to the St. Mary's Cottage Hospital - the best I think in Mussorie. It is English -that is Episcopal - not Catholic. The building is new - tho the institution is old. It's all European service - nurses and doctors. There she has gotten and is getting the very best of care. She got sick on Tuesday Aug. 6th and went to the hospital on the next Tuesday, 13th, so she's been over there nearly three weeks by now. At first - in fact till the end of the third week of her sickness, the reports that we got were not very encouraging. She was a pretty sick girlie - the doctor said really it had been a rather dangerous case - complicated by the stomach and bowel troubles and a rather weak and uncertain pulse. But the last three or four days she has been steadily improving in every way. Is really able to take an interest in things about her and to have a real appetite. If she has no setbacks ... they say [she will] probably stay there for from three to four weeks more. Some one of our people has been going over the 2-1/2 or 3 miles every day to see her... It's been awfully hard to not be able to go over myself - but in another week at least - if I'm good - I hope to be able to take a dandy and go over - how good it will be to see her again.
To finish up my case - as I said my high fever suddenly broke on Wed. 7th - but ran on as a low fever a little up - and a little down for at least 12 days... I started on three to four quarts of milk a day and on the whole was getting a good deal of my strength back, even while in bed with this tantalizing slight fever. During that one week... I... lost 20 to 25 lbs. That's what Typhoid does. At last however my fever began to drop... Now I am getting my strength. Sitting up a good deal now and eating some solid food and really feeling very good. My attack I suppose is about the lightest that's on record... I've told you pretty fully of how it's all been because I knew how you'd want to know. Martha seems really now out of danger and by the time this reaches you will likely be up and as well as ever. I plan now to stay up here till Annual Meeting which is about the middle of Oct. - We will both take good care of ourselves.

After you have read this please send it on to Mother... I don't feel able to rewrite a full account these days - and this can do for all. Much, much love to everybody and thanks to God for restoration. Emmet

Sept. 8, 1918. [Letter from Emmet]... I've been getting a great deal stronger. Instead of sitting around in my bathrobe only... I am able to dress like a normal man and to walk out and around the house pretty freely... Day by day... the solid food increases... little by little, and I'm really beginning to feel somewhat like myself.

What you will be more interested tho to hear - for the first time yesterday I got off this compound by taking a dandy and going over to the hospital to see the dearest girlie in India - or anywhere else for that [matter]. The round trip was about five or six miles but in the dandy carried by four good coolies it was almost like sitting in a rocking chair, and it was good to get out in the air and see people again. And the trip did not tire me nor harm me in any way so far as I can see - for really I feel better today than I have before.

I found the girlie in a very neat nice little hospital with good care. I had intended to send some word of my entrance but they took me immediately in and the first the girlie knew I was there at all was when she saw me at the door. She stared for a few seconds but it wasn't long till her hands went out to me. Darling little girlie she's wide awake again and oh! but she was glad to see me and I to see her. She is very thin and weak yet of course but really not as bad in many ways as I had thought possible. There is still a low fever that hangs on - just about 100 - and this is quite common with typhoid cases - and until that is gone they can't give her any solid food. She is getting well enough to be hungry for something else than liquid and to be a little impatient at lying abed so long. These are encouraging signs compared to what she was a couple of weeks ago. I stayed with her for about half an hour and will be able to get over about twice a week if the weather permits - I hope... She asked about you folks and I told her that all were well and a little of the news of the letters - this seemed to satisfy her. No other home mail has come since I wrote last. ... I weighed myself yesterday and was only 143... and am now probably 10 to 15 lbs better than three weeks ago. My regular weight is between 155 & 165 so you see what even a light attack of T. can do. [Emmet]

Sep. 15, 1918 Buona Vista, Landour. [Letter from Emmet] Everything going well now. I got over to see the girlie twice this last week - Wed. and yesterday and - hope to get over at least three times this coming week, and everyday that I don't get over someone else does so that she never misses a day without someone to see her. She is really improving very much. I was surprised at how much brighter and better color and better in general she looked Wed. than the Sat. before and still better yesterday... She is able to read letters herself now so I took her your letter of June 16th last Wed. and she was so glad to get this word from you... I am walking out a little now - expect to walk to church today - it is not far but has quite a climb coming home - I am back on almost a regular diet again and feel almost normal except that I can't stand very much either physical or mental exercise... the weather for the next month or so will be about the best of the year. The rains are quitting now.
Everything will be green and beautiful and the air will be crisp and clear. They will not let Martha out of the hospital till she is really well so it will be some time yet to wait for her but we ought to get a week or so together to enjoy Landour at its best. . .Hope Daddy's rheumatism is leaving him alone. The vaccine treatment [referred to in Chapter 7] - tho I got only 3/4 of it taken before the fever - cleared me up the best I've been for years. If I get to take a full treatment - I think it will all go. - I hope and pray so for surely it is bad company. [Emmet]

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At last, on September 21, Martha herself is able to send a message.

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Sep. 21, 1918, St. Mary's Cottage Hospital. Emmet is going to take down a little message from me and really it is very convenient to have someone else to do your writing for you. I hope you are not worrying a lot about me for by the time you get this I shall be quite myself again, although I may not have all my strength back. I am now out on the verandah of the hospital enjoying the good September breezes. They carry my bed out about eleven o'clock and take it in again about four. Am so glad to be out again and see the rocks and trees.

I've been having a little change of diet these days. You know how much I like milk - [This is ironic!] - and it was milk, milk, milk for so many weeks but now I get soup, custard, cocoa, and they promised me an egg this afternoon. And Mrs. Nesbit has promised me home bread as soon as I can eat it. I have had five days now of normal temperature and can have the bread in five days more. I talk about nothing but food and I lie here and plan all the good things I'm going to have to eat, and think of all the good things you used to make. You have no idea how hungry one is when getting over Typhoid. I think I can sympathize with people who are hungry after this. . .I'm sorry you are losing in weight, Daddy, and hope it doesn't mean that you are not well.

Sep. 22, 1918. [Emmet again]. . .I'm getting over to the hospital every other day now - and someone else goes on intermediate days. The last two trips I walked over and back and felt good after it. I'm not quite back to weight and strength but am really feeling about well again.

I suppose you have heard of Mother's and Wade's smash upon the 4th of July. They certainly were fortunate. No letters from anybody have gotten thru from the first half of June - so I guess they've gone down. Your letters from June 16th to July 7th all arrived. Mother's July 9th and Aug. 3rd arrived. There is no forecasting what date a letter may be - they are too irregular. With much love to you all, Emmet.

P.S. Just to show you that our servants are not pure bad and to show another side than what you must often hear: our cook has been fairly begging to get to go over to see Martha - just to pay his 'Salaams' as he says. Even before I was able to go over while M. was very sick he was so anxious to go over, and every day when the report would come up about her he would come in to ask how she was. Yesterday I went over about noon instead of the evening, and I had told him in giving some orders about meals, etc. and he thot for awhile and then asked if he couldn't go along with me so that he could see her for just a minute. It meant a long extra walk for him. I finally agreed that he could go over with me yesterday and he was just as happy as a child. While I've been sick he has been doing just anything and everything that was needed. Tho these servants are rather provoking at times and a few are not good, yet as a rule these Mission servants are mighty loyal-hearted and when the test comes they show it. . .D.E.A.
Martha's own, regular letters begin on September 28, and attest to the resiliency of spirit, sense of humor, and common sense that helped see her through this long illness.

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**Sept. 28, 1918. Dearest Father, Mother & Evangeline - I'm stealing one on the nurses, for I didn't ask them if I might write to you but I know it won't hurt me. I'm sitting up in bed with a bed-rest and am getting along very fast considering how long I have been sick. It will be eight weeks next Tuesday since my fever rose. Now I have been normal for thirteen days and am getting much more food. This morning the doctor said I can have anything but meat...**

As Emmet has told you, I was sick at home a week before I was brot here. The doli in which they carried me and which served as an ambulance consisted of the main part of a bed made up and a big waterproof canopy. This was supported by long bamboo poles on the shoulders of coolies...I can still remember how frightened our cook looked when he saw the doli. It is hard for the Indians to understand everything about our doctors and hospitals and he was very much concerned about us both...I remember when they put the doli down at the door and I remember the nurse's voices but the rest of the first three weeks in the hospital is lost to me save one thing. Like a far-off dream I remember that I longed to live. I thot I simply couldn't leave Emmet alone here in India and that I simply must live to go home to you. These thoughts must have been with me when I was at my worst and I am confident they helped pull me thru. There have been several typhoid fever cases here this summer but mine has been the most serious because of the hemorrhages. The nurses tell me that I must have a very strong constitution to have come thru what I did. For a time my temperature was very slow coming down and so they decided that the reason it didn't come to normal was that I was too weak to fight off the fever. Sure enough! Just as soon as they began giving me food my temperature began to go down and since then I have been making unusually rapid progress...

Emmet has no doubt told you that Jeannette Hopkins Stewart was delegated to be the daily visitor until I was able to see different people. During the week when I was very low she staid here five nights and Mrs. Campbell one...I shall probably not leave here until the latter part of October. Emmet will stay up in the hills until I am able to go to the plains. That means that neither of us will be at our Annual Meeting as it begins October 16...

This hospital is a small one which is backed by the tradespeople and is for those who receive a salary of 500 rupees a month or less. We get 300. Those who cannot afford to pay are taken in free. The highest rates are four rupees ($1.40 at present rates) a day. That is certainly very reasonable but when our whole bill is looked at it seems pretty large...This includes doctor's services and everything except medicines. We have a lady doctor living here and Major Walker, the Civil Surgeon, is the doctor in charge. He lives very near and is most attentive. We have three staff nurses, three probationers, and a head nurse. The nurses have given me the best of care and I have only words of praise for them. You know in a typhoid case that much more depends on the nurses than upon the doctor. They say I said some very silly things when I was unconscious but I was not wildly delirious as some people get. When anyone came to see me, they say I recognized her and called her by name. They said to tell my people that I drank a whole bottle of brandy and every time I took it I complained and said, 'I don't like wine.'

Emmet sent me over such beautiful flowers and has been bringing them every week since from the florist. I have persuaded him now to save his money for fruit and such things for me, since I am out on the veranda a good part of the time and can't enjoy the flowers. It is so good that he can come every other day now. He seems strong and is looking much better. He tires more from mental than from physical work. That is true of all typhoid cases and we simply must not study for a long time.
You may be sure I am going to be good and lazy for a long time. We aren't going to camp until after Xmas if then... Your good letters have been so comforting and next week I hope to answer them but I thought you might like to get details from me concerning myself first. We have told you everything and you will see from my account that I am getting along splendidly and you have no reason to worry but every reason to give thanks... Bushels of love for each one, Martha

Sept. 30, 1918 St. Mary's Hospital. ... Emmet went to a little surprise party on Evelyn McKelvey. She is thirteen years old. Before I came here the poor child went to bed with hip-joint disease and will probably be in bed for some time. She had it when she was two years old and the doctor warned her parents then that there would be danger at this time of life. Of course she wanted to do everything the other girls did in school and she ran and played too much. This is her birthday and the other people of our mission up here are taking a picnic lunch. Emmet will enjoy it even tho he is the only man.

The news of the war has been so encouraging these days that it makes us hopeful that the end may come by Spring. How glorious it will be when this cruel carnage is over!

So many of our people have gone back to the plains that I cannot expect many visitors now but I can read and write these days and there are others in the ward who are convalescing and come to my bed and chat. You know I simply could not get along without talking.

(Wed. evening) Just think! I sat up in a chair from five o'clock to six this evening. Emmet was over then and we had such a cozy time in front of the fireplace. The nurses really lifted me into and out of the chair, of course my legs gave way under me. Tomorrow I am to try to take a step...[Ed.-I remember well the story of my father, as a young boy, recovering from typhoid, when he tried to get up from the sofa - where his mother had laid him - to get another sugar cookie from the table. When his legs collapsed under him, he lay there and cried, thinking he would never walk again!]

I have been combing my hair for several days but this may be the last, for we have decided that it must come off. I know you will feel badly when you hear it, but it is coming out by the handfuls and the new won't come in well if I leave this on. In Jhelum we don't go out to teas and dinners so that it won't matter much and I want to have nice hair in the years to come. It's taking a lot of courage but I'm going to do it and you must not worry about it, for it will look so much nicer when I go home. Now will be my chance to wear the beautiful caps Mrs. Sullivan gave me. One of the ladies here will make me a lined warm pongee cap to wear in the cold, for it is getting quite cool here. My hair hasn't been cut yet and the head nurse wants me to wait until I leave the hospital because the breeze here is so strong that she is afraid I shall take cold.

Our cook has taken such good care of Emmet that E.'s opinion of him has gone up considerably. We used to get provoked at Shemasdin because he thought he was above doing little things that we should never hesitate doing. But he seems to have forgotten all about that since we've been ill.

Last evening I sat up again in the chair and I walked from the fireplace to the bed with the aid of three nurses. However even taking the steps and having my feet on the floor was a good deal. Today I hope to be able to walk without leaning so much on others. The head nurse told me last night that the hospital will close the twentieth of this month for the winter. Hence, I know I shall leave in two weeks...

Oct. 6, 1918. ... Last evening I walked to the fireplace and back with one nurse and without my knees giving way at all. Wasn't that fine? I was delighted. Soon I shall be able to walk alone, I hope. I am getting meat now much to my joy. I feel satisfied with my meals now for the first time. It is no joke to be hungry.

Oct. 9, 1918 ... There has been much discussion about when I shall leave the hospital and now we are hoping it may be Saturday. That is much earlier than I had hoped to go but... since we are going to board with Mrs. Chambers [at Redburn, the U.P. Mission property], they think I am able to go.
Emmet is as pleased as a little child because I am to be home for his birthday on Tuesday...

Thursday morning - I am planning to dress for the first time this afternoon and surprise Emmet. I had him send over that beautiful silk dress Evangeline sent me for my birthday as it is so easy to put on and looks so stylish and pretty. I’ve worn each of my new dresses once...

Emmet may go down to Sialkot for the business parts of Annual Meeting since I am getting out this early. I hate to see him go but I think it the very best thing for him to be there. He will probably leave on Friday of next week. Then I shall sleep in the room with Mrs. Chambers and she will take all care of me. I’m so glad we are going there for I shall have no more to do there than I have here and Emmet can do everything the nurses do. The only danger is he may spoil me more than ever, for he is so delighted to have me back again. Emmet will come back up after me...

I am sitting out on the verandah with my feet in the sun. From here I can see down the road to Dehra Dun and across to Hill after Hill. The day is delightful and I only wish I could go out and roam over some of those hills. I walk considerably more now but do not dare go alone, for my knees give way. They are much stronger than they were, tho, and I can keep myself from sitting down with such a thud now. I can get out of bed by myself but I can’t get up from a chair alone, for when my knees are once bent, they are most difficult to straighten with the whole weight of my body on them. We are planning to send you a cablegram to tell you I am out of the hospital. We are a little undecided about when to send it, for we prefer that it should get there about the time of the first letter telling of my illness. We shall allow between seven and eight weeks for that. When we left America, we were told that the code our Mission used to use was not allowed since the war started. If that ruling is still in force we shall send the cablegram directly to Mansfield; otherwise we shall send it thru the Board because we can send you a longer message by the code. I hope the cablegram will relieve your minds concerning me...

Oct. 14, 1918. We came over to Redburn today and we had a royal reception. It’s so good to be home again. Emmet and I can celebrate his birthday better tomorrow.

Oct. 19, 1918, 'Redburn'. In last week’s letter I just added a note that I had come over here on Monday. Emmet went over after me and I enjoyed the ride over here so much. It was so good to see the flowers and ferns along the paths. It was a royal reception I got! The Nesbit children were on the verandah watching for me and came running quite a distance down the road. Mrs. Nesbit and the Chambers were waiting for me here at the house. I hardly knew how to sit at a table except that I was to eat plentifully of all the good things set before me. And how I did eat! and am still eating! Everything is so much more appetizing here than it could ever be in an institution. There I was afraid of eating more than I should, while here Emmet and Mrs. Chambers urge me to eat. I am eating now at least three times as much as I did at the hospital. It is marvelous how much I have gained even since Monday. My face is fuller and I am much stronger. I couldn’t walk alone and now I walk all around the house by myself. Today I dressed for the first. Of course my clothes literally hang on me but it is good to be dressed again. . . .Tuesday, you know, was Emmet’s birthday. The Chambers, Nesbits and McKelveys had a surprise tea for him here on this big verandah. I wish you could have seen how the tables were loaded! -Homemade buns, peanut butter sandwiches, fruit salad, apple pie, spice cake, two kinds of candy, and tea. The children had lemonade. It was my first tea of the season and I attended it in a kimona! But I was glad to be able to walk even with Emmet’s help. Evelyn McKelvey was brought up, too, as her plaster cast has dried and she has crutches...

Thursday noon Emmet got a dandy for me and we went around the three hills here in Landour. It was lovely to be out again. The snows were magnificent, clearer than I have ever seen them. . . .That same afternoon the dreadful deed was done - my hair was cut. Emmet called the barber and after his hair was cut he borrowed the clippers and cut mine in the house. It is clipped close to the head and I massage my head and rub oil into it every morning. . . .My braids are very nice, tho much thinner than
before, and I am going to use one of them as soon as my hair is long enough to put up at all... I noticed in yesterday's paper that the mails of Sept. 5 reached London on Monday. As that is the mail with Emmet's first letter concerning my illness, next week or rather this week will be just the time to send the cablegram to you dear people... It seems that all Landour hill was praying for me when I was so ill. At all the boarding houses where they have evening worship and even in the language school they had a season of prayer for me every day, and until I turned for the better our own mission people had no teas or social gatherings...

Oct. 27, 1918. ... My hair is coming in nicely. We can tell this by the old bald spots. I rub cocoanut oil on the scalp every day and wear a heavy cap underneath my silk ones... Emmet is still away but he will be back Friday, I hope. He seems to have enjoyed the Annual Meeting even tho many of our people were sick with influenza. I wonder if you have been having an epidemic here. It has been raging dreadfully in India. In Jhelum there are about ten deaths a day. In the school in Sialkot 80 boys and most of the teachers were down at one time. We have had at least one death in each of our schools. In one of the Christian church schools one hundred have died. It doesn't seem to be fatal, only when it settles on the lungs. It is the same that Emmet and I think we had when we first came up here. It has taken away few Europeans because they go to bed and take care of themselves when they get sick...

Nov. 4, 1918. ... The influenza is raging these days. I do hope some remedy is found for it. It seems to be all over the world from what the papers say. Some of our stations have practically no well servants. When Emmet came Saturday, he had great difficulty in getting a coolie to carry his baggage... They say three-fourths of the girls in the Presbyterian school in Dehra Dun (our railway station) are down with influenza... People are dying on the roads even. Two coolies died between here and Dehra and Emmet says he heard of at least one man dying on the street in Jhelum. There we have a population of only ten thousand and between 20 and 25 are dying every day and about fifteen in the cantonments every day... A few 'Tommies' and some officers have died in the cities but the Indians are the ones who are going in such great numbers. Some of our people who have been in India for a long time say it is a worse pestilence than the plague has ever been...

Nov. 11, 1918. ... I have learned that the world will go on just as well if I don't work. However I'm longing to be of some service to someone soon, for I've had others waiting on me for so long... The other day I tried on my corsets which were far too big even with the laces drawn up as tight as could be. Since I am straight up and down without corsets I don't see any need of them yet... Wasn't it a blessing that no little one was expected in our home this fall? I couldn't have pulled thru at all, then... Every evening before dinner we four (including Mr. and Mrs. Chambers) sit around our grate fire while Emmet reads to us out of Gulliver's Travels. Some of the Nesbitt children are often up to listen, too. It is a great book to read with children, for they help you to enjoy it so much... Isn't the war news encouraging? Turkey's surrender and the disruption of Austria-Hungary make the end seem very near. We are anxious to hear the result of Friday's conference between General Foch and the envoys from Germany. How many are anxiously waiting for that news! Turkey's surrender will have a good effect upon the Mohammedans here.

Nov. 17, 1918, Sialkot. Here I am, as you see, considerably nearer Jhelum... We are staying here with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart are living here at Barah Patthar, too, now. Mr. Stewart is assisting Mr. Campbell in the city high school and the boarding school out here. We have quite a jolly bunch here. Mrs. Stewart, otherwise Jeanette, is expecting a little one in April. I hope I can do something for her, for she was so dear to me when I was in bed...

Yesterday I went over to see Dr. Jongewaard. She thinks I am getting along remarkably well. I weigh now 112 lbs. I must have gone down to between 80 and 90 lbs., for I am much heavier and still am 30 lbs. less than I was before I got sick. Just as we thot, Dr. J. advises that we not go to camp before
the first of January and not then unless I am back to a fairly normal weight. I can get around quite well now, but my power of endurance is very low. That is usually true of a typhoid patient for a long time; hence I need not let that worry me. Mr. Campbell says it was over a year and a half before he could do his normal amount of mental work. But when at last I am entirely recovered, I shall probably be stronger than ever before.

The weather down here is ideal. I am so glad I can sit out on the verandah and take walks without wearing all the heavy clothes I own.

Well, this is no day to be spending all my time telling you about such an insignificant person as I. How we have longed to be in dear old U.S.A. this week and be celebrating the good news of the Armistice with you. We shall read with much interest the conditions which are actually existing among the German people. It's a tragic end to the Kaiser's reign and great ambition. The people are being heard and let us hope their revolution may be less bloody and more efficacious than the Russian. The terms of the armistice are surely very humiliating to the Germans.

We got the news Tuesday morning (Nov. 12) in Landour. Today thanksgiving services are being held in all the churches. We attended the English church this morning and the service was very impressive, especially with the soldiers there in uniform. The band played very well. Tomorrow we are going to a little celebration at the Wesleyan chapel at four o'clock in the afternoon. We understand that there is to be a special day for celebration thru-out the British Empire.

**Nov. 24, 1918, Sialkot.** You see we are still here in Sialkot tho we had planned otherwise. It is alright to plan but best not to expect the fulfillment. Emmet developed a severe cold Monday and that night had a rather high fever. It was just a real case of influenza and he was in bed all the time until yesterday. He looks pale and thin and seems rather weak yet, but we are so thankful he is getting over it so well.

Monday we attended a victory celebration at the Scotch [sic] chapel. We had tea and out-of-door games until dark and then went into the church for a thanksgiving service. . .

Mr. Stewart hasn't heard concerning his father and mother yet but he is trying to get cable communications with them and with his brother in France. We can look for marvelous changes in the Turkish Empire within the next two decades. I was reading an article in the National Geographic Magazine on the wonderful possibilities within that territory - mineral, agricultural, commercial, and intellectual. The same geographical conditions exist that were there when the great Babylonian and Assyrian kingdoms flourished. The Turkish government has been the great blockading wall. I was surprised that there are only about 7,000,000 Turks and most of them live in Asia Minor. Mr. Stewart says that the only Turks to be seen in Syria are the officers. The Holy Land will be a much safer and more delightful place for us to visit in a few years.

. . . We were rather surprised at the low total of casualties published this past week. For the British Army it puts the total number of men killed during the war at approximately 650,000. Up to Nov. 15 the number who died this fall in the Panjab from influenza was 250,000 or from five to ten percent. That is for the Panjab alone and the epidemic raged all over India and many other parts of the world so that it must have killed more than the four years of war. But the number of blind, deaf, and crippled from the war far exceeds that . . .

**Dec. 1, 1918, Jhelum.** Home at last! We came here Tuesday and have been busy ever since trying to get settled and have almost accomplished it. . . I tell Emmet that this sickness has been a blessing in disguise because it has renewed my youth. I feel more like I did fifteen years ago. You will be glad to hear that. I probably wouldn't feel so good if all my friends hadn't relieved me of every responsibility until I was quite strong again. No wonder many a poor person doesn't recover properly from such an illness. If I had been dependent on myself alone, I should probably have felt that I had to get to work much earlier. It is marvelous how much I have gained since coming down to the plains. . .
Dec. 7, 1918. . . Now I have just received your letter of Oct. 13th telling of Evangeline's illness and mother's going there. All letters telling of the pestilence (influenza) are missing but from this I infer that Mass. was struck first, it probably having come thru the port as here in India it first struck Bombay and Madras. It has been most deadly in its effects here and from this letter I know it has been as bad there. How anxious you must have been about Evangeline. Now I am concerned about you all lest you all have been ill and no one to take care of you... Here they didn't seem to find any remedy, save staying in bed and living on milk alone. Then milk became so scarce, because there was no one to care for the cattle, that only the wealthier could afford it. Then another thing that made it difficult for the natives was they they never will stay in bed when they are sick. That seems to be one of the greatest essentials to recovery from the 'Flu.'... Here there is no difficulty about caskets among the Indians because they simply wrap the body in a cloth. Your account of conditions is most pathetic. How helpless one feels in the midst of such a plague. You spoke of Evangeline's heart. It had the same effect here. Often it developed into pneumonia and the patient died in a couple days.

...Emmet received a letter from his mother saying that Wade [Emmet's elder brother] has been commissioned a major and is to be located in Washington, D.C. She also says that she herself will go East in the Spring and I suppose she will make you a little visit in Mansfield...

Dec. 15, 1918. . . The Gazette... reports a message from New York stating that the deaths of influenza in the U.S.A. number 350,000 for civilians and 20,000 from the cantonments. The number is startling and makes us wonder about all our dear ones...

In my last letter I forgot to tell you about the little thanksgiving service and social the Indian church here had for us. It was a very kind thought of theirs and we did appreciate it...

...Tho I haven't begun studying with the munshi yet I am reading a little Urdu every day. Yesterday one of our Bible women came over to help me at my request. Being a convert from Hinduism she understands the beliefs and superstitions of those people very well. I have been reading the Hindu books recommended for new missionaries and wanted to talk over some of the points with her. The great mass of women we meet are uneducated and much that I have read treats of the educated classes. Then, too, I wanted to know how to express some of these things in Urdu and Panjabi. She is coming back tomorrow and perhaps several times this week...

I think I may have told you that Major Elliott's wife is due to arrive here in January and they will use our house just as it is while we are in camp. It probably seems a strange arrangement to you, but out here we must try to help one another out as much as we can. The military people are shifted from place to place so often that they have really less of a home than we have.

I suppose President Wilson is in France now. The paper reports considerable objection in the U.S. to his going. I am wondering if it is true or only a London interpretation. It is marvelous how much space is given in the papers to his visit and the plans for his reception. A whole page was given to his address to Congress. This war will eventually make us all less provincial. It is quite a step for a President to leave the country while in office. But the trip to Europe is only a short one and the new mode of travel will make it still shorter. This week an aeroplane arrived in Karachi from Cairo. The same machine flew from London to Cairo a few months ago so that it has made the whole trip from London to India. Plans are being made to establish an air service from London to India - the whole journey to take four days. Of course they are just planning for the landing grounds now and for some time it will be more experimental than otherwise but eventually we shall have an established mail and passenger service.

After the war is over and peace finally signed, there ought to be many more steamers than formerly and sea travel ought to become more reasonable. All this ought to help draw the nations into a closer bond of friendship. I sincerely hope some definite step may be made this winter towards a League of Nations. The leaders in most of the countries seem to heartily endorse such a plan but we
all know there will be many little problems in arranging and carrying out such a scheme. We ought not let such difficulties stand in the way of the experiment; neither should we be discouraged if it does not meet up with the ideal at once. ...Traveling must be much more expensive - especially the Pullman car. There are many advantages in travel in America but we have one big advantage, namely a place to sleep is included in our regular tickets providing the compartment isn't too crowded. We have never had this latter experience tho some have. ...we shall be alone for Xmas. I have just ordered a plum pudding and some mince tarts from a Christian man who has come here from southern India. The Deputy Commissioner recommends his work very highly and I have wanted to give him an order for something.

Dec. 22, 1918. ...I was so glad to hear from you again but naturally troubled concerning Evangeline's condition. What you tell me concerning her heart throws a new light on the question of an operation. I wish you, Evangeline, had the chance to take life easy that I have here. Two little girls add considerably to your responsibilities and you do not have the servants to wait on you. ...This week Miss Jamieson was here from Sangla Hill to examine the girls in the school in Bible. She insists on Miss Gordon's going there for Xmas ...Had we known, we should have probably gone to Pindi. As it is, the Indians will be glad we stayed and it is probably better for us, too, since we are going to camp so soon. It will be a quiet Christmas. Emmet wants to go hunting with Mr. Fazl Ilahi some day this week ...
Mohammedans. This was a high-caste Hindu making such a request from a descendant of the despised Megs.

Christmas day we had a service at the church. Otherwise Emmet and I had a quiet Christmas at home by ourselves. It is the kind of a Christmas I much prefer because it is the way we used to have it at home. . .

Much space is being given to President Wilson's visit in Europe. They all seem to be delighted with his personality and speak of him in the terms of highest praise. The only ones objecting to his visit seem to be his enemies in the U.S.A. If the Kings of Italy, England, Belgium, and Spain are visiting France why should not he do so? But there is still a greater reason for his going and that lies in the moral influence of the man himself and the ideals for which he and the Americans have been fighting. He is looked to as the leading figure in these peace preliminary conferences and will be able to exert a balancing influence among the Powers of Europe. The task before them is tremendous and will need all the intellectual and moral power available. . .With heaps of love for each one of you. Emmet sends love.
POLITICAL UNREST AND PERSONAL EXPECTATIONS
January-June, 1919

From January through March, 1919, Martha's letters are full of domestic and personal details, and reflect an optimism in improved conditions brought about by the ending of the War. This euphoria no doubt enhances Martha's natural American chauvinism.

Jan. 5, 1919. ...The mails are getting back to the old order before the war. The Bombay Mail train for the Panjab is run up special as soon as the mail bags are ready and every other train gives place to it. The landing of the steamer is announced several days ahead of time and a wire is sent as soon as the train starts. Hence we know just about when to expect your mail. Steamers are landing every week and will leave every week from now on. They are not sailing as fast as in pre-war times because of the shortage of coal. By Spring, tho, we can look for your letters within four weeks after they are written. Won't it be glorious! Even now conditions are so much better than they have ever been since our arrival that we are most happy over them...

We are glad to know that Evangeline was able to go into Boston to see the parade Nov. 12. It must have been a very imposing sight and I'm glad the children, too, could see it. But it takes a small place like Mansfield to get up the real enthusiasm. We had never just stopped to think of the difference in time, but it makes your celebration all the more spectacular when you got up in the night and went to Central Park to celebrate, daddy. ...Everything was so tame out here and we knew there would be plenty of noise and excitement in the U.S.A. In the same way the English were wishing they were in London...

I hope the U.S.A. gives President Wilson some sort of a reception when he lands there, for he has certainly been royally received in Europe. Major Elliott was commenting on it the other day and said he wished England had such a man today, one who practiced the high moral standards which he advocated. He says he is sorry to say it, but he knows of no man in British government today who personally represents such high moral ideals as does President Wilson. The nations are recognizing in him a pure manhood coupled with keen intellect and noble statesmanship. We have hoped for a keener moral sense as an outcome of the war but the testimony of every Englishman is to the contrary so far as the Continent and British Isles are concerned. We have heard so much to the contrary that we are doubly anxious for our boys to return at the earliest possible moment. It is also claimed on good authority that the percentage of illegitimate births here in India has greatly increased since the beginning of the war...

I wish you could see our new bookcase. ...This one is made out of shisham - a hard wood - and is quite plain. An Indian living in a village nearby made it from a log with the crudest sort of tools. It is marvelous how well these carpenters do their work when they have so little to work with. The case tho plain is very pretty and we are both very well pleased with it. Now we want a library table...

Jan. 12, 1919, In Camp. Here we are out in camp at last. It took us all week to get here, it seemed,
for we didn't arrive until Friday. One thing after another delayed our starting. I know it is hard for you people to understand the slowness with which we work here in the East. ... Nevertheless it is very trying on the dispositions of Westerners who have always worked fast ...

We are only four miles from Jhelum and shall not go far from there all this season. Emmet goes to the villages with the babus but I stay at the tent. We have five servants besides the 'munshi.' I believe I spoke of getting a buggy from Mr. McKelvey. It arrived at Jhelum in such a dilapidated condition that we have decided not to buy it. Mr. McK. advises us not to since he thinks we should never be satisfied with it. ... We are using Miss Gordon's horse and buggy and groom. Camp life is in many ways quite simple, for we have few things to use or get out of order. The cook made a 'Hunter's Beef' which is very good for moving days. It is like the corned beef only has more spices and is baked instead of boiled. This is his first experience in camp and he had misgivings about it but is apparently quite well pleased with the way things are going. If your servants are not happy they can add much to the burden of camp life. They never seem to know how to complete a job unless they are kept at it. We grow weary of telling them what to do.

Sabbath Evening - Our camp is four miles up the river from Jhelum. Emmet and I have just returned from a long walk in the direction of the main body of the river. ... The stream bed is very wide with several large islands and many smaller ones. We walked across till next to the last island. This would be impossible in the rainy season but now there is very little water in these branch streams. Some of it is full of large stones worn very smooth. These have probably been washed down from Kashmir. Some of the land on the islands is cultivated tho it is very sandy. There were two rather large villages on the largest island we crossed. The snows are beautiful from here especially in the pink tints of the sunset. I should like to try painting them but hardly think I should make much of a success of it. It will not hurt to try, tho ...

Emmet and I are both working at the language these days. It is more interesting this year since we can use it a little. But it is a big task and one feels so helpless trying to talk with these people when his vocabulary is so small ...

Jan. 18, 1919. ... I was quite tickled to have you say you did not like his [Emmet's] whiskers, daddy. I always joke him about them and I sent him over word that I didn't want him to appear at the hospital with them. Of course he only had them when he was sick. His mother was very much pleased with that picture because it makes him look more like his father ... You should see my thick head of black hair. I fear I shall never be able to wear those braids again ...

Emmet is out hunting for a little while now. He got three pigeons the first of the week and yesterday got two doves. While he was out the other day he shot a wildcat, thinking it was a rabbit. The thing was about twice the size of an ordinary cat and was curled up in a small bundle waiting for the birds to light near him ... Emmet and I are having a very cozy time in camp this year. I have it much easier than I had it last year because I do not go to the villages. In these non-Christian districts it is not wise for a woman to go to the villages alone. I try to study some with the munshi every day but I do not overdo it at all ...

... The Gurdaspur Home is very much crowded this winter by widows and orphans of the influenza epidemic. Everywhere our people go they are offered motherless or fatherless babies. Famine prices continue and we wonder when we shall have to begin relief work. The rains failing us again this winter means that both crops of this year are lost. Last night we had a rather heavy rain but it is almost too late to do much good.

Am enclosing a clipping about the first aviator to come directly from England to India.

Jan. 25, 1919. ... There have been a great many women at the tent today. Dr. Simpson has camped out this way and they bring all the sick and afflicted. One longs to be able to do something for them but you know how little I know of medicine. I often wish I had studied it, especially since the
people are so eager for help. But alas! I tell them to go to our dispensary in Kala or to the hospital in Jhelum, but I wish I could help them right here. It is a splendid avenue of approach. No word has come yet about the missionary party on the sea. We are growing more and more anxious to hear from them. Sailing is very crowded these days since so many British are going home, and perhaps our people will have to stay a long time in Hong Kong.

The real National Prohibition has come sooner than many have expected. Surely there are many happy homes in America. Contrast this advanced movement in America with the licensed vice in Russia! Conditions there seem to grow from worse to worse. We are anxious to know what has been the effect in Germany of the death of Liebnecht and Rosa Luxemberg.

Feb. 2, 1919. You will be surprised to hear that we are again in Jhelum. The long hoped-for rain has at last arrived. It commenced Monday night and kept up such a tremendous pour that we were finally driven out of our camp. We could manage as long as we had dry ground within our tent but when it got soaked we had to hitch up and come in here with Miss Gordon. The first part of the trip was a very hard pull for the horses for the mud was very deep and there was no good road. All we could bring in was a little bedding and a few clothes as we didn't dare put too much of a load on the horse.

Tuesday evening. Yesterday at four o'clock we attended a tea given by the Deputy Commissioner and his wife in honor of the 'Rt Revd the Lord Bishop of Lahore'. So it was stated in the invitation. It tickles me the way they attach all these titles. He seems like a very friendly man but doesn't impress us as being a real leader as we had expected. The Commissioner is a rather eccentric, flighty fellow in many ways but evidently has some ability or he would not be in that position. Mrs. Barton, his wife, is very efficient both as a hostess and as a worker in war charities and other similar activities. She is helping a great deal in supplying the hospital with different lines of equipment which the Red Cross have had prepared for the war and are now ready to give to those in need. Our hospital is coming in for a good share. They also gave $100 to help bear the extra expenses at the time of the influenza.

At their tea there were more English people - officers and their wives - than I knew were in Jhelum. The general said that not even a fourth of the officers were there even then. The styles were numerous and varied. A few people were rather interesting looking but with the most of them we should have very little in common. We came away very well satisfied to stay by ourselves, tho there were a few among them whom we might like very much. The English never introduce and that of course seems strange to us. Most of these people would probably not stand very high socially in England and therefore they are quite happy to be here and are the ones who are strongest in their opposition to reforms in India, for they would be the losers. After the tea and conversations, etc. coffee was served just before leaving. I must not forget to add the wines, too.

I think I told you before that Major Elliott and his wife are going to use our house this month.

Feb. 8, 1919. We came out to camp again on Thursday. In some ways I prefer this life and in others I should rather be in the house. It looks as tho our camping season is destined to be very short this year. It seems strange to us. Most of these people would probably not stand very high socially in England and therefore they are quite happy to be here and are the ones who are strongest in their opposition to reforms in India, for they would be the losers. After the tea and conversations, etc. coffee was served just before leaving. I must not forget to add the wines, too.

I think I told you before that Major Elliott and his wife are going to use our house this month.

Most all the Indian Christians went over to the station to meet her, too. Of course we are all very happy to have her with us. She is a very active person, rather restless unless there is something moving all the time. We were rather amused at her cook but it is very characteristic of a good Indian servant. At his request he was made watchman of the house when she left with the understanding that he would again be cook on her return. That morning he looked just as usual except that you could see he was quite happy that she was coming back. We noticed that he wasn't at the station and when we got back there he was at the gate with clean white...
pants, servant's coat, and turban, with his beard trimmed and freshly dyed. He certainly was a transformed man and from that moment on ceased to be a watchman. It was interesting to notice how he had remembered every little detail about the work - even to taking a glass of water to her room after dinner...

Feb. 23, 1919. ... From Tuesday until yesterday our camp was in Langarpur, where most of our servants live. They gave us another dinner this year. There we learned that our cook is engaged to marry the daughter of Miss Gordon's cook. She is a nice girl and I am glad Shemasdin is getting married. Now is my chance to learn something of their marriage customs.

Yesterday we came from Langarpur here (?) and had a very nice move tho a rather hard one on account of the long stretch of sand. I had my first experience with quicksand and I hope I shall never have another. It's quite different from what I had thought it was. For instance, it seems to be just in spots. The horse got her front feet across all right but immediately her back legs began to go down and she sank up to her tail. The hostler, a man from a nearby village, and Emmet got her unhitched and helped her struggle out. You see they were all standing around her and yet were not in the quicksand. Mabel was the first one to get out of the buggy and this man from the village carried her on his shoulders. He had gone across first and though he knew the way but just as he got to the bank he began to sink. Mabel made one leap over his head into the mud and was safe. Then he easily worked himself out for it wasn't very deep there. Miss Gordon and I walked over with him going ahead to feel every step for us. They all tugged at the buggy and got it out alright. One pestilence follows another here. Influenza was succeeded by smallpox; now plague is taking its toll, and cholera is raging in Bombay and Calcutta.

Mar. 2, 1919, Jhelum ('back home') ... Mr. Charles Stewart has heard from his people. His father, when freed by the British, was taken to Constantinople and from there to Beirut by steamer. He wrote to Charles from Beirut before he had gotten up to the town where Mrs. Stewart and the son were. Mrs. S. also wrote before he had arrived. They have suffered many privations and she said the last year had been one nightmare. Food had become very scarce and they hadn't been able to get money, it seems...

Some of the Egyptian party have been delayed and four of them have come up to our mission to visit. They had to wait a month in Hong Kong and have now been in India a whole month...

Emmet got a letter from his mother saying that Joe is back in the University and that Wade had taken up his work in Kansas University. Joe is engaged to a dandy girl that we met when we were there.

Mar. 9, 1919. My dearest Father, Mother, Evangeline, Paul and babies - Now I'm wondering how to begin and however to thank you for this box of lovely, lovely things. Yesterday noon as I was in our dressing room, I saw a man pass the window carrying a big box with a nice red bordered label on it. There was nothing more needed to tell me what that was and I rushed at that box as if I had lost my senses. Emmet was just as tickled about it as I was and what a time we did have opening it and examining its contents! [Ed.-Then follow seven-and-one-half pages, minutely detailing each item and her delight and thanks for each one.] ... But I am afraid you people are robbing yourselves by sending us so much...

I just heard from Mrs. J.G. Campbell that I can go into Kashmir in their automobile with them about the middle of May. I hate to go so early but Emmet insists on it this year since I was so sick last fall and I think it probably will be the wiser plan. How I wish I could stay in my own home for even four months in succession...

Mar. 16, 1919. ... We are delighted that Mr. [Harris] Stewart was with you for a couple of days. He is a fine young man and a splendid worker out here even tho he is not very strong. He was out here as a short term teacher in the College when he had typhoid and he went back to teaching too
soon. I have taken life very, very easy thanks to all the friends who made it possible...

Yesterday I got myself into a new job. E.'s summer underwear is in threads, almost. I cut a pattern off the old ones and intended calling in a dersie. But it got warm too soon and yesterday morning I decided that the only thing for me to do was to make him a suit for today. It really turned out very well and E. is delighted. I shall try to make several more suits this week.

Mar. 25, 1919. . .I told you before that five of our Egyptian missionaries have been delayed in India and have been up here in the Panjab visiting. Saturday morning Dr. Pollock came from Pindi. He has been on the way from California five months already and has no certain word yet concerning sailings. . .We enjoyed Dr. Pollock's visit very much. He is quite an interesting talker and very cordial. . .Mrs. Pollock died three years ago and I am sure it is hard for him to return to Egypt without her...

You would enjoy hearing of his [Emmet's] hunting last week, daddy. He doesn't have a good gun but Mr. Fazl Ilahi does and in two days they got fifteen ducks. You understand, of course, that they didn't spend all their time hunting, for they were out with six other men to hold Evangelistic services in Chakwal. There are three Hindu boys of high school age out there who are ready to become Christians. Then a Mohammedan from there was baptized here in Jhelum this winter. He was very glad to go back home to bear witness. Tho his father is a malvi (Mohammedan teacher) yet they received him back in their home and allowed him to live with and eat with them while he was there. I told you last year of our one Christian there. He closed his tailor shop while the men were there and was so happy to have them. It certainly is lonely for him out there. Emmet felt so encouraged when he came home, for the Christian man seemed so much more interested in the work than he had ever been before.

Mar. 30, 1919, Sialkot. . .You ask about my hair and I have been intending to write to you for several weeks about it. It is a little darker and a little coarser than before and, best of all, wavy. Every time I meet someone who hasn't seen me for a long time, she always says, 'Oh! how beautiful your hair is!' It is two and a half inches long and stands up all around just as if I had long hair combed pompedore -excuse spelling...I really feel repaid for cutting it off. Emmet is going to take a picture of me for you people to see how I look. Of course I don't wear a cap any more, for I am too proud of my hair...

Now I must tell you why I am here in Sialkot for I am sure you are thinking me a great gadder. We were all very much saddened by Jeanette and Charles Stewart's sorrow. The baby came last Sabbath morning two weeks early and died in birth. It was a perfectly formed little boy and there seems to have been no reason for the death except that the cord must have gotten around the head and the circulation was cut off before the child could get his breath. Jeanette is so brave and is always smiling and cheerful when I go in but I know how much it is hurting her. Charles is more emotional and just broke down and sobbed and sobbed when he found that there was no hope. Jeanette is getting along splendidly because she does not let herself worry. The nurse...could only stay until Friday...Hence Emmet - he is here attending Synod - wrote asking if I could come and take care of Jeanette. . .There is very little to do for Jeanette excepting bathe her and see to her meals. . .I am so glad I can be with her since she was so good to me. Charles stays with her at night. Emmet was staying out at Barah Patthar but he came down here to the hospital to be with me. He will go back to Jhelum tomorrow night but I don't know when I shall go...This hospital has been like a hotel these days (with missionaries coming and going) but all are leaving tomorrow...At such a time everyone pays his board. There is a regular price set by the mission; hence there is no big burden on anyone. . .

You spoke of that book by Sundar Singh. He is a peculiar character and there are many here who cannot believe as he does...Emmet keeps very well these days. Dr. Simpson is giving him some medicine which helps his rheumatism considerably as long as he is taking it.
Apr. 6, 1919, Sialkot. . .I forgot to tell you that when we were in Pindi I got a good solar hat. It is
nice to have a respectable looking one to wear in the late afternoons. This is lined with green silk
crape and the top is covered with sand-colored braid and trimmed in green velvet. I am sure it will
look nice with my new dress. . .

Just now I received a letter from Emmet and he says that the meeting planned for Jhelum cannot
be held on account of the plague in the city. This was a ten day conference for Bible women and in the
afternoon they were to visit the homes in the city. Hence we do not think it wise to bring them to a
place where they would be exposed to plague. . .

Apr. 13, 1919. . .Last evening we all drove out to have dinner at Sham-as-Din's wedding. Friday
night and yesterday morning, he fed all the people of the adjoining villages in addition to all the
relatives. Last night and this morning the bride's father, Miss Gordon's cook, fed the relatives and
special invited guests. Today the ceremony is to be read and that is the end of the celebration.
This is Jhelum now. I shouldn't mention this at all but I suppose you will be seeing big headlines in
your papers about the unrest in India. It started with the opposition to the Rawlat Bill which has just
been passed by the Legislative Council and is aimed against the agitators. A week ago Sabbath there
was what they called 'A Passive Resistance Demonstration' when all the business was closed thru
out India. It really didn't amount to much. Last week, however, some trouble occurred in Amritsar
and Lahore and now the military is ready for any emergency. Hence you need not worry about us.

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Since in her April letters Martha makes a number of references to "the unrest in India," this may
be a good time to give some background of the situation and events in India in the spring of 1919:

In 1914, the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, announced that the Government of India had entered the war in
support of Great Britain. There was strong backing, at the time, among Indians for Britain's war effort, and
India's contributions were extensive. By 1918, more than a million Indian troops had been shipped overseas.
In addition, India supplied large quantities of military stores, including five million tons of wheat. All expenses
incurred were paid for by the Government of India, out of Indian taxes and Indian resources.

Indian leaders, including members of the Indian National Congress, gave their approval to India's entry
into the war on the assumption that Britain would make political concessions, in exchange, at the end of the war
- at the very least Dominion Status, if not outright freedom. There were evidences that this would happen in the
way Britain responded. Indian soldiers were recognized as heroes. For the first time, Indians were
commissioned as officers in the Indian army. The Indian Civil Service was opened up to Indians. The Montagu-
Chelmsford (Viceroy) Report of 1918, following an extensive visit to India by Edwin Montagu (India's
Secretary of State in London), culminated in the Government of India Act of 1919, which increased the number
of Indian members on the Viceroy's Executive Council and introduced a bicameral system of Government,
which provided for the election by Indians of 100 out of 140 members in a new Legislative Council, and 40 out of
60 members in a Council of State.

Despite the good will and good intentions, things went wrong at the end of the war, resulting in the riots
and disturbances of 1919, which Martha refers to in her letters. One factor was the hasty extension of wartime
emergency measures, passed in 1915, for another three years after the war, under what was called the Rawlat
Act of 1919, passed by the Supreme Legislative Council of India. This was rammed through the Council despite
the unanimous opposition of all Indian members to its repressive measures. There were other factors involved,
too - an economic depression that took place immediately after the war; the influenza epidemic of 1918, that took
a far heavier toll in the lives of Indians than the war itself; Indian soldiers who had been treated with respect and
as heroes in the war, and had "seen the world" in their travels, returned to be nonentities, living out their lives
as "natives" (second class citizens), among relatively ignorant neighbors in dreary Indian villages; British
Civil Servants returned to their posts, often ousting Indians who had served in their absence; and, Indian Muslims, unhappy over the demise of the Ottoman Caliphate in Istanbul following the defeat of the Ottoman Empire in the Middle East. Muslim leaders, who had never been enthusiastic supporters of the war effort, and who were further disillusioned by a disastrous defeat inflicted on Indian troops in Mesopotamia, started the Khilafat movement at the end of the war. They called on all Muslims to join in a "hijrah" (flight) from India into Afghanistan. They also called on the Mir of Afghanistan to start a holy war against the British. (Martha refers later to both of these events in her letters.)

Since the Punjab had supplied over 50% of the troops sent overseas, with only 7% of India's population, it wasn't surprising that it became the flash point for the discontent and violence that shook India in the spring of 1919. The Punjab had borne a disproportionate share of India's heavy casualties. Discontent among Punjabi Sikhs was further inflamed by stories of a shipload of Sikh immigrants who had gone to settle in Canada and were refused admission. There were stories of how miserably they were treated and insulted when they were held in detention, and how they were finally sent back to India. Though this had happened six years before, in 1913, the stories were cited as examples of British perfidy that came to a head in the Rowlatt Act.

As result, Gandhi's call for disobedience to this Act received its strongest support in the Punjab. Gandhi was arrested on his way to mass rallies in Lahore, the provincial capital, and the nearby city of Amritsar, the headquarters of the Sikh community. On April 10, 1919, two prominent Punjabi leaders, Kichloo and Satyapal, were arrested in Amritsar and deported from that district. Followers then tried to march on the District Magistrate's bungalow to protest that decision, but were stopped by British troops who opened fire and killed several. Enraged mobs then rioted through Amritsar, burning British banks, murdering several Britons and attacking two British women. (This may be what Martha is referring to in her April 13th letter, when she says, "Last week...some trouble occurred in Amritsar and Lahore...")

General R.E.H. Dyer was sent from Jullandar with a contingent of Gurkha soldiers to restore order. On April 13, over 10,000 protesters gathered in Jallianwala Bagh, an enclosed park, to protest a ban against assemblies. The Bagh had only one entrance and no other way of escape. General Dyer stationed fifty of his soldiers at that opening and ordered them to open fire on the protesters. They kept up their fire for ten to fifteen minutes, until their ammunition ran out. 1,650 rounds of ammunition were said to have been fired into the crowd. Official records reported over 400 civilians killed and 1200 wounded. Many died or were wounded as a result of the stampede that ensued when the soldiers opened fire and the crowd found there was no way to escape. The dead and wounded were left where they were without any kind of medical help. Soon after, as word spread, riots broke out in other cities all over the Punjab and the entire province was placed under martial law. It was the worst violence that India had experienced since the mutiny, or India's first war of independence, in 1857.

The Jallianwala Bagh massacre was a turning point in Indian politics. It turned millions of moderate Indians "from patient and loyal support of the British raj into nationalists who would never again place trust in British 'fair play'." The Nehru family were a prime example of this. Both Motilal Nehru and his son, Jawaharlal, had been educated in England, Jawaharlal having attended Harrow. Both were as Anglicized as any Indian could be. But a year later when Gandhi launched his first nationwide Satyagraha (civil disobedience) campaign as India's revolutionary response, they burned their Western clothes and joined the Indian Nationalist Movement. (Much of the above information comes from The New Encyclopedia Britannica, 1997, Vol. 21, pp 103-15)

An ironic postscript to this massacre is recorded in Jawaharlal Nehru's Autobiography, when he describes the following encounter:

"Towards the end of that year (1919) I travelled from Amritsar to Delhi by the night train. The compartment I entered was almost full and all the berths, except one upper one, were occupied by sleeping passengers. I took the vacant upper berth. In the morning I discovered that all my fellow passengers were
military officers. They conversed with each other in loud voices which I could not help overhearing. One of them was holding forth in an aggressive and triumphant tone and soon I discovered that he was Dyer, the hero of Jallianwala Bagh, and he was describing his Amritsar experiences. He pointed out how he had the whole town at his mercy and had felt like reducing the rebellious city to a heap of ashes, but he took pity on it and refrained. He was evidently coming back from Lahore after giving his evidence before the Hunter Committee of Inquiry. I was greatly shocked to hear this conversation and to observe his callous manner. He descended at Delhi station in pyjamas with bright pink stripes and a dressing gown."

It is surprising that Martha makes no reference to the Jallianwala Bagh incident - by name - in her letters, though she describes other incidents she heard of in detail, and she does mention "Amritsar, where the first and worst uprising in the Panjab occurred" (April 27th letter). In all probability, news of the Jallianwala Bagh massacre was suppressed at that time and whatever she may have heard later would have been colored by the opinions of her British friends and neighbors. What is also surprising is that we have never come across any reference to the bombing in Gujranwala by British planes from Lahore, which she refers to later.

In the December 7, 2003 edition of The Hindu, one of India's leading dailies, a review was published of a recent book, Reporting the Raj, by Chandrika Kaul. Following are several excerpts:

"Shortly after the Jallianwala Bagh massacre, Horniman, the English editor of the Bombay Chronicle, was deported for publishing what George Lloyd, the Governor of Bombay called "very inflammatory articles." Samples of his writing had been sent to London, causing alarm. They seemed to undermine the British Government's efforts at rigorous censorship thus far. The deportation underscored how crucial news management had become by then for the Raj...

Covering the period from 1880 to 1922, this volume is the work of...trawling existing research and newspaper archives to come up with a fascinating picture of how those who ruled India from distant shores worried about coverage, spin and news mediation...

[One] case study concerns Fleet Street, the government, and the Jallianwala Bagh massacre. Before its occurrence there was already restlessness about the delayed and censored information from India; after the event, particularly from the officials in India, and when it continued, Montagu himself [Secretary of State, Home Office, London] became critical of it. Fleet Street attacked it, and also attacked the fact that Montagu himself had received no account of General Dyer's action...

This would seem to substantiate our supposition that suppression of news concerning Jallianwala Bagh accounts for Martha's not mentioning it in her letters.

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Apr. 20, 1919. ...I certainly do not envy you, Daddy, spending so much time and money in the dentist's chair but mother says your appearance will be very much improved. Hence I suppose you feel amply repaid. You would cut quite a figure out here for the Indians think gold in the teeth is a mark of beauty and a sign of wealth. ...I plan to take the machine into Kashmir and do quite a little sewing this summer, but not for myself. For the past month I have been debating whether to tell you or not. The only reason I shot of waiting until later is because you worry so, mother. Now I am sure you have guessed my meaning. The little one is not expected until October and I had shot of letting you hear in September. But again I shot it wasn't hardly fair to deprive you of the pleasure of anticipation. I know you both will be very, very happy and I trust you, daddy, to give me a report as to mother's behavior. If you worry this time, mother dear, I shall never feel free to tell you again. So please be careful. I need hardly tell you that Emmet and I are both very happy, for we think we have
waited quite long enough. Of course you know that a baby boy will be called James Payne Alter but the girl's name has not yet been decided upon.

...The only thing I plan to make before going to Kashmir is a down quilt I am going to make from duck feathers Emmet has gotten while hunting...

All seems very quiet here. I hope you are not worrying about the little uprising here in the Panjab. Martial law has been declared in Lahore and Amritsar and the army seems to have gotten things under control everywhere. Jhelum and Rawalpindi have been the quietest places in our whole mission according to reports. As far as we know no mission property has been destroyed and no missionaries hurt in the slightest. The government has been very considerate of the missionaries everywhere and apparently has the whole affair under good control now.

Apr. 27, 1919. The mail train is due tonight but I think I had better write to you now. The mail train with foreign mail is a peculiar looking thing with an engine and one or two mail coaches, nothing more. It has the right of way and every other train must give place to it.

You know from previous accounts of our life here that it is anything but sedentary. We actually live in suitcases and tho I have protested against this wandering life ever since I embarked upon it, I have come to the wise conclusion that to continue to rebel against it is like kicking against a high cliff. Consequently I have decided to resign myself to my fate and from henceforth prepare my toilet articles, clothes, etc. for the traveler's life. Now you are wondering what new occasion has called forth this discourse. Simply this, that I have just received word that the people with whom I am going to Kashmir will be here Tuesday and we must leave here early Wednesday morning! It is neither their choice nor mine but circumstances have forced it upon us and we must submit. There is only one consolation and that is that I have hopes of remaining in one place for at least two months in succession—longer than any time since I was in the hospital.

You are wondering what is the cause of our sudden change of plan. It can all be laid at the feet of these mischievous Indians. I think I told you that there was more trouble south of the Jhelum River than on this side. Two weeks ago our Gujranwala missionaries were asked by the British authorities to go to Sialkot as there were no troops there to defend them should a mob arise. They hesitated to leave the seminary and Boys Industrial Home but the Indian Christians came in and begged them to go. They left Sabbath night at 12:45 in motors. At eleven they heard a factory whistle and wondered if it could be the signal for the rioters and later learned that it was. They went to Sialkot where our missionaries there and those from Pasrur and Zafarwal together with those from Guj were stationed in the barracks for about ten days. Last Tuesday after martial law had been well established in Guj, three of the men went back in motors to inquire about conditions. The authorities absolutely refuse to allow the ladies to return there this summer. Hence, Mrs. McC. and others who are going to Kashmir think it best to go at once since they have no home and the barracks are quite warm these days. The Campbells from Pasrur also decided to go now. Hence, there will be two motorcars going in together.

The rioters in Guj burnt the station to the ground and also the English church. While they were in the midst of their devilry an aeroplane from Lahore passed over. Being unable to do much itself it went back and bort three more and bombed the mob, killing seventy some and wounding many more. This put a sudden end to their plans which originally included the destruction of all our mission property. One of the airmen came on up here with the news, for Jhelum and Pindi, as all telegraph and railway communications had been out near Gujranwala. Then it was that pickets were stationed here in Jhelum and the ladies were ordered over here, since their house is right up against the city. There was not so much agitation up here because it originated with the Hindus who are a bare ten per cent of our population. Martial Law has been declared in four or five districts of the Panjab and much stricter laws and regulations applied to the whole Panjab. One fortunate thing out
here is that no firearms are in the hands of the Indians.

All our ladies in Gurdaspur were sent to the nearest hill station by the British authorities. They are near Amritsar where the first and worst uprising in the Panjab occurred. Those (all missionaries) from Sangla Hill and Khanga Dagran were taken to Lyallpur where about one hundred Europeans and Americans were located in the Deputy Commissioner's bungalow which was well guarded by the men. Troops were soon sent there and now there is martial law in that district. We have all been very well protected these days and have many reasons for Thanksgiving. The British authorities have certainly been very considerate of us all. All seems quiet in the Panjab now.

I certainly do hate to go away now and leave Emmet for so long. He will not come into Kashmir for three months and you know from experience what that separation means. He will board with the ladies, as he doesn't like to keep house himself and I am going to take our cook in with me.

May 4, 1919. . . .The other night I had a dream which quite expressed the sub-conscious state of my mind. I dreamt I was back in Mansfield and going up and down Mulberry Street. I could see no Indians. Then I went to other parts of the town and found only white people. They lived in nice comfortable houses and the streets were all clean and lined with big shading trees. I marvelled that there could be such a place where there were no Indians and where all was quiet! Suddenly it dawned upon me that was where I was born, had lived, as a child, and had gone to school. I thot how fortunate I had been to have been born and have lived in such an ideal place! . . .

The disturbances here seem to have settled down considerably the Martial Law will be continued in certain parts of the Panjab all summer. We believe that much of it is the result of outside propaganda. It is astounding what wild tales the ignorant people were led to believe about the Rawlat Bill, which, as you may suppose, was just used as a pretext. The authorities thruout the Panjab are to be commended for their quick action and strict handling of the problem. Quite a few of the leaders are being deported for life or for shorter periods and there have been some death sentences . . .

May 11, 1919. . . .Your letters of March 23rd and 30th came this morning. Also the four war songs, 'The Long, Long Trail,' 'Over There,' 'Keep the Home Fires Burning,' and 'Then You'll Know You're Home.' I am so glad to have them and want to try them on the organ at once . . .

Plans here continue to change and be changed. Mrs. McConnelee went thru here Tuesday evening and we went over to the station to see her. All the Gujranwala people were taken to Guj, early that morning on a special armored train which waited on the side lines for them - a bodyguard went with them and staid at the houses all the time - until two o'clock in the afternoon and then brought them back up to Wazirabad on their way to Pindi. They had from seven o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon to pack for the hills. Besides that the ladies had to get their house ready to be occupied by officers. Poor old Dr. Scott was heartbroken because he had to leave with the ladies, but he is quite old and feeble and really could do nothing to help himself if trouble should arise. The other men must leave by the first of June if not earlier.

Our stations in Lyallpur, Khanga Dhogran, and Sangla Hill are entirely closed. The men too have gone to the hills. The reason the British refuse to let them stay is that they don't want to keep any more English soldiers than necessary on the plains during the heat, and every missionary would increase the number of 'Tommies' needed to protect them. When Mrs. McC. went thru here, she suggested that I go to Pindi yesterday and leave with them for Kashmir tomorrow. Emmet and I decided that would be best and sent word to her Wednesday morning to that effect. Thursday evening I got a letter from her saying that everyone there was advising us to delay our trip in for a week or ten days to see how matters develop on the frontier.

It seems to be one thing after another these days. The young Amir of Afghanistan has stirred up his troops and is making an attack on the Khyber Pass and trying to stir up the border tribes. British
troops are being concentrated up there. Major Elliott and four of his officers went with troops the other evening. A squad of motorcycles with machine guns went thru Thursday and they say there are many troops going thru every day. This young Amir doesn't know what he is knocking up against. His father was murdered about two months ago and this man is suspected of the crime. He has told his people wild tales about the uprising here in the Panjab and promises them free fields and rich bazaars if they will only come down and take them. The stupidity and ignorance of some people is beyond belief...

**May 18, 1919, Rawalpindi.** (Martha's birthday) . . . We feel real proud of ourselves because this is the third day that we have had the same plans for hill going...there were a couple of places open in Murree and Mrs. McC. urged me to come on up here and help decide. Emmet thot that the best solution and so I came that afternoon. . .The next day we heard that the Afghans were asking for peace...finally Friday evening we decided to go into Kashmir. . .We are all of us better satisfied to go in there. Murree is very crowded and the place we had engaged wouldn't have been suitable for baby's arrival anyway. Kashmir is so beautiful that I am very glad to go... We received word yesterday that sort of knocked the pep out of us for awhile. The value of the rupee has gone up again and our salaries are only 5/6 of what they were two years ago or a total loss of two months' income. I am sure the home Church will try to make this right for us but it must be very discouraging for them. . .Sugar has risen considerably since this trouble here but in Lahore where they have martial law the prices are regulated by the authorities and are much lower than they were before. The shopkeepers here are as greedy as greedy can be and rob the poor people most frightfully...

**May 24, 1919, Kashmir.** From the heading you can see that we are in Kashmir territory even tho we may not have reached our destination. At present we are sitting by the road while Mr. Strong is fixing a tire. I say I must be the Jonah of this crowd because it is always the tire beside me that goes down. The mail motor trucks have come along and stopped to help. That seems rather unusual because the Indians aren't as polite about stopping as people are at home. Here another motor has just stopped so that we have plenty of help...

The scenery here is magnificent. We are surrounded by snowcapped hills and the fields on either side of the road are full of wild red poppies, yellow mustard and lavendar and white iris. The road for thirty miles this side of Srinagar is lined on both sides with beautiful old tall poplars...The road for almost a hundred miles wound around the hills, following the Jhelum River. The river flows very rapidly down the gorge, and carries many a log down to Jhelum where they load them on the train. Last night we staid at a bungalow high up over the river and watched the snow falling on a nearby hill. The pines all about us were so fragrant. It was so cold this morning that I put on this pretty jersey cloth dress and it has been so comfortable...

Sabbath - Late last evening we got into a houseboat. The four women of us are in it. Mr. Strong has a thatched-walled one just beside ours and we have a cook boat and a little row boat. These boats are quite well-furnished and have dishes and silver enough for the five of us. If Emmet were here now I think we should certainly take a boat for a month just for the experience...I know Emmet would thoroughly enjoy a month of this life and it would be such a change from his work and also from the tent life in the winter. All along the trip I have been wishing for you dear people and for him. We are very thankful that it is possible for us to get out of the heat, but it is far from easy to leave our homes and loved ones for so long...We sent our baggage last Tuesday and it ought to get here by this Tuesday. It comes on little two-wheeled carts drawn by one horse. I think I have always forgotten to tell you that the distance from Rawalpindi here is about 190 miles. That seems a short distance, but it takes a long time because the road is over the foothills...

The Afghan war still goes on. The railroad in the Panjab has been taken over by the government
and there are only two trains a day each way from Lahore to Pindi. All booking to and from intermediate stations has been stopped. That is rather hard on the Indians who love to ride on the trains but it is the very best thing for a number of them. Of course we can get permits and so travel wherever we please, but the trains are very crowded and often very late. There is a great lot of military traffic. If the war continues we shall probably have difficulty getting sugar and such articles as are brought into the towns by rail. However we can do without such things for a time if necessary.

June 1, 1919. I am wondering how the Labor problem is coming in America. I do hope it can be adjusted without bloodshed. The Bolsheviks would be delighted if they could stir up the U.S.A. They are certainly led on by a powerful evil spirit. We have positive proof that they have been at the bottom of this Afghan trouble. There are many German and Russian Bolsheviks in Afghanistan and some have been captured coming into India. I do hope a satisfactory peace settlement will soon be made in Europe so that the old civil order may again be established - or rather a new order we hope and a better one.

I am afraid you are going to suffer, Daddy, if this Labor problem still continues unsolved. I am keeping very well and feel so energetic here where it is cooler. The climate here is very much like that at home. We came out here to Nasim Bagh Tuesday morning. All day Monday we spent searching for tents and furniture. These Kashmiris are the biggest thieves and liars ever. [Ed.-This is a common statement in other parts of India!] They are far worse than any description I have ever seen of them. Finally I rented a tent 8' x 8' and it really is very cozy. I bought some roughly made wicker furniture out here - two small tables, one lounging chair and small straight chair to use at the sewing machine. It was cheaper to buy them than to rent them. Tho my tent isn't large it is quite alright for me and has a large verandah projection in the front. I made one bottle of cherry jam the other day but think that will be my last, for sugar is 14 cents a pound! The cherries and strawberries are delicious.

Nasim Bagh is about five miles from Srinagar, the summer capital of Kashmir. We come out here all the way on the water in little rowboats, or rather, paddle boats. The paddles are heart-shaped. The boat has a canopy over the center where we sit and is quite artistic looking. The ride out here is beautifully picturesque with the water lined on both sides with rank foliage. It is very interesting to see how the people build up new gardens along the water’s edge. They first put down small trees in shallow water and then bank the moss and seaweed and soil around the trees. After these are firmly secured they begin piling in the earth and driving out the water. The garden where we are encamped is along Dal Lake. It is so pretty to see the many fishing boats out on the water in the early morning and late evening. This garden is full of big chinar trees which afford such abundant shade. The leaf is very much like the maple leaf only larger, I believe.

June 8, 1919, Nasim Bagh. Our garden here is being filled up for awhile at least. There are a few officers’ wives and their children and some missionaries. Some live in houseboats and have tents, too, where they can come up in the shade in the daytime. We eat all our meals out under the trees and spend only such time as we have to in our tents. I must get busy and do something for baby, or he’ll arrive in a home quite unprepared for him. I shall try to make quite enough clothes for him but don’t want to have an oversupply, for it would be too much work to pack and unpack that. Monday evening we went across the lake to one of the Maharajah’s gardens. The grass there was just as soft as velvet and the flowers were magnificent. We want to go over there someday for tea.

I think I told you in my last letter that Mrs. Scott is quite ill. They took her up to Landour and have very little hope of her recovery. I feel so sorry for Louise and Dr. Scott. Mrs. Scott is only in her sixties but seems more like one of eighty, for she has been so frail. The excitement of the riots, etc. is showing now on her.

The Afghan war continues and there seems to be rather heavy fighting up here. The heat is very
intense, making life almost unbearable for British troops. We feel so sorry for the hundreds of territorials who were detained from home-going by the riots. Many of them are married men who have not been with their families for over four years. Some of them were even on the steamers in Bombay ready to sail while others were enroute for Bombay. There is no hope of their getting home now until large reinforcements come from England. We understand they are sending out many troops. There are numerous rumors of the Amir's suing for peace but all of his communications which have been published thus far have been so arrogant that surely he has not meant them to be considered seriously. I sincerely hope the British will not cease until they have entirely crushed every Bolshevik supporter over there. The peace outlook in Europe these days is very dark isn't it? If only conditions could be settled there, the whole world would more readily settle down to peaceful occupations...

This week our cook has been giving me considerable annoyance because he says he cannot do all the cooking, setting the table, etc. for four people It is entirely too much for one man, so he says. Then he turns around and asks us to hire either another servant or give him higher wages. This latter is what he is seeking for. These people out here think we are made of gold and cannot comprehend that we are suffering any loss when we only get ten months' salary instead of twelve. I am sure we should hear some wild cries from them if any such fate should befall them. I certainly don't want this fellow to be spoiled this summer, for in the fall we shall have more people around if we have baby at home and we simply cannot pay him more. He always had a 'babyish' disposition. I am sorry he is acting up this way when Mrs. McC. is managing the household...

June 14, 1919. My dearest Martha [niece, Martha Wien] - I am hoping you will receive this on your birthday... In a tent near mine are two little children - Annabelle and Billy boy - just the ages you and Janet were when I saw you last. They have a bed made of wicker with two berths like you had on the boat last summer; do you remember? Annabelle sleeps up in 'the attic' as Janet expressed it. She has such a cunning bed for her doll. It is just like the ones they use to carry babies in. It too is made of wicker and has a long pole at the top. Each end of the pole rests on a man's shoulder as they carry the baby. Annabelle and Billy boy have great fun carrying the doll's bed this way.

Here is a picture of a little Kashmiri girl for you. She is sitting at the end of a small boat and has a paddle in her hands. They use these paddles instead of oars like you use in America. Do you see how many braids this girl has? Then if you will look close you will see that she has braided yarn at the end of her own braids. I should think it would be very heavy wouldn't you? She will wear it this way until she is married and then she will wear just one braid. Her dress is very much like the one-piece nightgowns we wear, only the sleeves are longer and there is always a tuck in the skirt...

June 22, 1919. ...what a beautiful ride [by boat] we have from here to Srinagar... We pass so many little boats with women sitting out on the very end gathering a special seaweed for cow feed. I always marvel that they don't fall right over in the water, together with the little babies who are ever squatting between their legs. We pass several villages on our way and always hasten past them with the greatest possible speed. If you were to see these artistic little spots, you might at first think you would like to linger for a more intimate acquaintance but your olfactory nerves would rebel. The houses are usually two-storied frame structures with the lower portion enclosed with stone and mortar and the upper exposed on all sides to the elements. This attic seems to be the storehouse for wood, straw, rice, etc. for the winter. The thatched roofs with their growth of grass or iris are extremely picturesque.

When we reached the gate of the canal in Srinagar we took a tonga to make some calls as boat riding is very slow when one has very much to do. Our most interesting call was at Dr. Neve's. He has just returned from Europe where he has been in the medical service at the front. This was the first gas mask I have ever seen. He has many other trophies from the siege at Lille where he was in active
service. We didn't make as many calls as we had planned but then met over half of the missionaries there and some from Lahore. Missionary work in here must be very discouraging for after many years of service there have been no converts...

We are so grieved to hear of the bombing and strikes in America. We had hoped you might be spared but we can hardly be surprised at the news when the whole world is in such a state of disorder...I thoroughly expect war to be resumed... This is a delightful place to be, tho of course there is one still more desirable. Can you guess where? Not Jhelum these days tho I should love to be with Emmet. The temperature in the Panjab has been running about ten degrees above normal all along and has been almost unbearable. I do feel sorry for those who must be in it. The mean temperature has been 102 and over for day after day. The monsoons have broken in Bombay and it is to be hoped they will soon bring relief to the Panjab.

**June 28, 1919.**...This is our first anniversary apart but I suppose there may be several more to follow since I shall probably be on the hills every year at this time while Emmet is on the plains...Emmet certainly has been good to me...I can't see how any husband could be better. You need never have any fear for me so long as he is with me. We don't have a home in the sense that you have but wherever the two of us are there is home for us... Emmet is so attached to his home that I want to make it even more attractive to him. He had been without a home for so many years that he appreciates one all the more. I often say that this would be a most unpleasant land to live in if we didn't have each other's love...

I'm so glad you are joining the D.A.R., mother. I believe they take up some special study program every winter and you will enjoy that...

This week we have been drying apricots. I have 800. They are delicious big ones and will be splendid for camp this winter. We have also dried a few string beans. We tried some as an experiment and they were so good that we each decided we wanted some for this winter. Drying is by far the best thing for us to do here because we can do it in the sun and take it out to the plains much more cheaply than we can take out canned goods, to say nothing of the expense of sugar...

This week the financial meeting of the mission will meet in Gujranwala. I do wish it would get cooler so that the work would not be so hard on them all. Emmet says he is standing the heat very well but many are suffering from prickly heat. It is the hottest season they have had since 1894. The Mohammedans have been keeping the fast and a number of them have died from the combination of the fast and heat. Emmet writes that the servants there have given up the fast...
DOMESTICITY PREDOMINATES
July-December, 1919

July 5, 1919. ...The peace news reached us Monday. It was really a very quiet celebration we had and I suppose it was that way all over the world. We are solemnly rejoicing that peace has come but we realize there are big problems ahead. The Afghan armistice has been signed and the peace conference is soon to meet in Rawalpindi. My only fear is that the Afghans have not been beaten sufficiently. ... Yesterday all the Americans here celebrated the fourth of July by going across the lake for a picnic supper. ... We had regular fourth-of-July weather without the rains and a real American supper.

Emmet has at least three more weeks of that heat. I do feel sorry for him, tho I know he seems to stand it better than some do. The danger is that he will overestimate his strength. His health this summer has been much better than last because Dr. Simpson has been giving him medicine that has relieved his rheumatism a great deal. I do hate to be away from him so long but there seems to be no other way. ... Emmet will be the last of the bunch to arrive. He is coming on his bicycle from Murree.

July 12, 1919. ... Isn't it glorious to think that Ohio is dry? And by this time the whole U.S.A. is that way. We are far ahead of most of the nations morally and yet that may not be saying much. From all accounts in the papers I suppose the liquor interests are striving hard to evade the law now. I'm glad to hear the House has voted for Woman Suffrage, and am curious to see what the Senate does...

July 19, 1919. ... Yesterday while I was writing a letter. ... I had quite an exciting experience. I was sitting in a big wicker chair under the tree in front of my tent when I glanced down and saw a six-foot snake crawling up on my lap. Fortunately there are only water snakes here and they can do no harm. You may be sure, tho, that I yelled. The men came and killed it, much to our relief. They tell me I am the Jonah of this party for I seem to have all the thrilling experiences...

I have finished three little dresses. ... now if it proves to be a James Payne he may not want so much fancy work on his little frocks. The girl's name has not yet been fully decided on but will be shortly after Emmet gets here...

July 26, 1919. ... The rains have broken on the plains. This gives the people assurance of good crops and will tend to make them more content...

These Kashmiris are a very stupid lot. They say that their mentality is much inferior to that of a Panjabi and their vocabulary is so limited that the missionaries have had to coin many new words to express spiritual truths. The missionary work here has thus far been very unfruitful. Some people have thought this due to the method as practically all the work has been institutional which has proven rather unproductive in all parts of India. [Ed.- Martha probably means "unproductive" in the sense of not producing conversions.] It has been very discouraging to the college workers to see so many of their former students named in the lists to be deported, imprisoned, or executed for participation in the recent riots. ... The direct evangelistic work such as we are in has thus far been the most successful agency in the missionary work in the Panjab. The institutions, however, have their place along with the other...

Cholera has been very bad here - the first epidemic for about six years. We use every precaution against it and it seems to be dying out. It is hard to see so much lovely fresh fruit and not be able to eat it raw...

Aug. 3, 1919. [After Emmet's arrival, by bicycle]. ... Emmet and I have at last decided upon a girl's name for the wee one. Since our side of the family is to have a monopoly on the boy's name, I thought his side should have the larger portion of the other name. Since Jennie and Jeanette are practically the
same name, she will be named after both grandmothers. There seemed to be no other name in the families to go well with Jeanette and so I suggested that we give Emmet's mother's maiden name and call the child Jeanette Copley Alter. Emmet was very much pleased but hesitated lest he should be taking too much for his people. I'm sure you people will be satisfied with this name. I told Dr. Simpson that the only objection I have to her profession is that she cannot tell us whether this little one will be a boy or girl...I am sending you a page of the C. & M. [Civil & Military Gazette] as I thot some of the minor details of this first meeting of the Peace Conference would be of interest to you - such as the Afghan delegates' being an hour late, the guards being drawn off by cigarettes, etc. The most absurd thing in the reply of Afghanistan is their reference to Great Britain's need of Afghanistan being greater than that of the Afghans' for G.B. They little realize the power of G.B. or of any Western nation. Little result is expected from this conference and the consensus of opinion is that it will only delay the more active hostilities until the cool weather when the British troops can march into their territory. The 'Tommies' cannot stand the strain of a campaign in the summer heat and it was doubtless with this knowledge in mind that the Afghans opened war in the late Spring. They are a treacherous people and the seriousness of this campaign does not seem to have impressed the minds of the home government even yet.

...We are wondering what it is like to see Mansfield without saloons. Are the soda fountains having much more trade? I notice that the moving pictures are supposed to profit considerably by the closing of the saloons. But the homes will see the great change. The magazines tell of the many improvements being made in homes of former drunkards...

Emmet's face is thin but he seems to be in very good health and sends his love to you all.

Aug. 10, 1919. ...Everything seems quiet in the Panjab now, they say. I am not so certain about the wisdom of the British govn. in lessening all the sentences imposed by the martial law. The Indians will regard it as weakness rather than kindness. However we do not expect any more trouble in the near future. The report last night was that peace had been signed with Afghanistan but we are slow to believe it. And even if it has been signed a large force will have to be kept on the frontier, for neither she nor any of the border tribes are to be trusted.

We are quite troubled to read about the race riots in Chicago and have thus far heard no explanation given as to their cause. The negro problem in America is growing larger day by day but there is unrest everywhere in the world so that we need not be surprised to hear of uprisings in most unexpected places...

Emmet went out swimming yesterday. As the lake is so full of seaweed and moss, they can only go swimming out some distance from the shore and always have to go in a boat...

We think we shall probably come back here next year so that we can go up to some of the higher hills when Emmet comes in... Kashmir has very little rain in comparison with the hills and will be a better place for baby...

Aug. 17, 1919. ...Last night we weighed our dried fruit and how much do you suppose we have? About 53-1/2 lbs. in all... Thanks for the list of school teachers you sent...I notice a number of married women's names in the list. Are they widows or are their husbands in the army? It is quite an innovation to hire married women in Mansfield...[This was still the case in Pennsylvania when my divorced mother was hired to teach in 1936.]

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A letter to "the Members of the United Presbyterian Church, Mansfield, O." follows. This was written on the occasion of the church's Centennial and gives further interesting insights into...
Martha's attitudes toward Islam - or "Mohammedanism," as she calls it - as contrasted with Christianity:

Aug. 22, 1919, Nasim Bagh, Kashmir. Dear Friends:- It was the early dawn a few days ago when
the procession of worshippers began their weary march to the sacred well. Hour after hour they
passed our tent, each with a water jar on his head and many of them carrying their sandals to relieve
their bruised feet. Hundreds upon hundreds, yes thousands, continued the pilgrimage on thru the
heat of the noonday sun filling the air with dust as they ground the road under their tread. Their
voices broke upon the quiet of the garden with their petty wranglings, village gossip, and weird
chants - one dare not call them songs - in praise of Mohammed. Cholera was raging in the valley and
Allah must be appeased. Someone had sinned - no, not all of them but some unknown person had
committed the transgression which had brot on this curse that was reaping its hundreds of deaths
every day. Hence they were making their pilgrimage each to pour a jar of water into the sacred well
with the belief that when it should be filled the cholera would cease. No sanitary precautions were
taken to check the pestilence. Uncooked fruit and vegetables washed in the contaminated waters of
the Jhelum were washed with the usual careless indifference - `Allah knows whether I shall live or
die. Let his will be done' was on the lips of all these fatalists. The Christian hospitals in the city were
empty tho the doctors were offering medicine and treatment. Why should the people turn to another
prophet when they had angered their own? So it is when any of the numerous plagues sweep the
land. The Christian hospitals tho open to the masses are helpless before such ignorance and
superstition. But why should I say Christian hospitals. Every hospital in this land has been
established by either one of the missionary societies or the Christian power that rules.

As I have been thinking of your celebrating the centennial of our little church in Mansfield, I
have been realizing that my attitude towards the church today is different from what it was three
years ago when I left you. Then I tho I knew something of the privileges of church fellowship but
now that I am in a land where such privileges are unknown, I realize how little I actually
comprehended of the riches that are ours thru the church Christ established. Men may mock at
religion in America but there is not a day passes in which they do not breathe the free pure
atmosphere of Christianity. They may deny Christ but they cannot walk the streets of Mansfield
without touching the hem of his garment...

[In what follows Martha articulates a common, chauvinistic "missionary theology" of that day.]

When you see a gentleman tip his hat to a lady, recognize in that the reverence for womanhood
that is known only in Christian lands. As you pass a doctor's office know that all the knowledge that
is his is only a part of the enlightenment that has come thru the church. As you hear the church bells
in the early Sabbath morning remember that they usher in a day of rest and peace unknown in these
non-Christian lands where the seven days are all alike filled with the strain of toil. As you gather at
the family altar or in the church for worship and sweet fellowship with the Father, forget not the
thousands that are groping in the darkness. When you see a dear one laid to rest think of these
hopeless ones who at such a time beat their breasts and wail for many days of mourning.

When your little daughter runs off to school in the morning carefree and unguarded, offer your
prayers of thanks that she is not in India where she would be unsafe outside your walled courtyard
and where with a few exceptions she would be allowed to grow up uneducated save for the
superstitions handed down from generation to generation. .You wives and mothers, praise him
who has given you the undivided love of your husband, the respect of your children, and the peace
of a home that is founded on love. And you husbands and fathers render your thanks also to him for a
home whose essence is purity and for a wife who is able to share with you all the mental and spiritual
problems of life. .While you are giving thanks for the sweet fellowship you enjoy with the Father...
.will you not also think upon these hourly blessings that are the fruit of the Church tho so often
unassociated with it? And will you not double your prayers for us who are trying to bring the Church of Christ with all its attendant privileges to this dark land of India. .Sincerely yours, Martha Payne Alter

* * *

Aug. 24, 1919. . .Daddy, . . .I think it a very good thing that your union men refuse to work more than nine hours a day and demand their Saturday afternoons. Then I know you will be kept within certain bounds...

Emmet helps a lot with the fruit when he is here but I want him to have as much of a real vacation as possible. Yesterday morning he went into Srinagar and Ralph S. and he climbed a hill in there from which one can get a very good view of the Jhelum River with all its many curves. He had breakfast with the Stewarts and then he and Ralph took a bicycle trip clear around this Dal Lake...

* * *

In August, 1919 Martha sends an article for a U.S.A. church paper (probably The United Presbyterian), which she may have been asked to contribute:

As we receive word of the numbers of new missionaries who are coming out we rejoice that our proportion of the 407 is gradually being supplied. But we are very sober as we contemplate what it all means - first of all to those who are leaving home to enter upon life's work and secondly to our church here in the Panjab. You have no doubt heard missionaries speak of Christian Districts and no doubt you have pictured them as well-ordered communities with devout Christians and a very few non-Christians. Would that it were so. But our Christians are many of them less than a generation old and they stumble and fall miserably. They need so much guidance and help thru all the difficulties of daily living - such help as only consecrated Indians can give. And it is just for the education and training of such leaders among our Indians that we need our new missionaries. In these days of awakening, our Christians in India must be ready to take a larger share in the Church work as well as in the political life...

The non-Christian districts on the Frontier such as Jhelum and Rawalpindi are crying out for help. Political agitation among the Mohammedans has been carried on with vigor this past spring and summer and may mean increased difficulties for Christian work. As you well know, the excuse for such agitation is the removal of the Khilafat from Constantinople. But few Indian Mohammedans have any love for the Turk or any desire to see the Khilafat in his hands. The real cause finds its seat in the general unrest thru-out the world and the few radicals here in India who are bitterly contending against the British Empire. There is much unrest among the border tribes and now the special road by which we came to Kashmir has been closed because of the uprising among the tribes at one of the stations. . .The agitation has created a state of unrest that may hinder evangelical work for a few years. At the same time the spirit of awakening is raising questions in the minds of all Mohammedans who will not cease their search until these problems have been solved. The spirit of inquiry precedes the age of light and so we have reasons to rejoice and to pray that the Truth may be found.

The border tribes are not easy of approach and are exceedingly bigoted. As they fight in ambush; so they are treacherous in all their dealings. Even such a devoted servant of theirs as Dr. Starr, who gave himself so freely to relieve their suffering, was not safe from their wrath. Others have fallen victims of their cunning and many more may have to follow before the door is open. Some believe that Afghanistan is more easy of approach but thus far no evidence to that effect has been seen and
the border tribes must be reached before we can have access to Afghanistan. We are all eager to go out in this direction but we do not know just how the door is to be opened. These are days of waiting for guidance. Tho the present political disturbances may seem to be retarding the cause of Christ, who can say that they may not be used of our Father to open the heretofore sealed gates of Afghanistan." [This final paragraph is particularly interesting in light of recent, turn of the century happenings in, and attitudes toward, Afghanistan.]

Aug. 31, 1919. [Kashmire] This is our last day here. . .This has been a rather busy week for us. Emmet took a bicycle trip to Sonamarg. [He] was able to go on his wheel all but about the last few miles which are very steep. He was delighted with the scenery up there and is more eager than ever to spend next summer’s vacation there. It is 9,000 ft. high and the camping ground is in a pine grove at the foot of the glaciers. . .Tomorrow morning early we leave here in Dr. White’s houseboat and go as far as Baramulla on the Jhelum River. That will save more than a day’s tonga ride. We plan to leave there Thursday morning and spend Sabbath at Kohala, a bungalow just at the foot of the long Murree hill. With the Sabbath day’s rest the horses ought to be in good condition for that trip which is the hardest of all . . .

Sept. 9, 1919. . .You can see by the heading of this letter that the greater part of the journey from Kashmir is over and for that we are thankful. We were on the way eight days, arriving here last evening about six o’clock. From Monday morning until Thursday morning we were on the houseboat, part of the time on the canals and part on the Jhelum River. As we were coming downstream all the way, the boatmen had very little work save guiding the ship. This part of the trip was very quiet and restful. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday we rode in two-wheeled buggies a distance of about thirty-five miles each day. We stopped at a bungalow every noon for lunch and a good rest and spent every night in a bungalow. As we had our own cook along, Emmet and I had prepared a good big lunch basket and had a regular picnic of it all the way. Sabbath we spent at Kohalla, the bungalow at the foot of the long stiff climb up here to Murree. We were glad for the day of rest. Yesterday we had a drive of thirty miles - twenty-six of them at a slow walk uphill. We were twelve hours on the way including the hour and a half that we stopped for lunch. We certainly were happy to get here. The air is so bracing and fresh and the fragrance of the pines is delightful. In fact we found the air so much cooler that I caught a little cold. Now we shall stay here for a week and get well rested before going on down to the plains. I had rather dreaded this trip but in all it was really very, very pleasant and we had lovely weather the whole time. . .If there is such a thing as pre-natal influence this young child ought to be a regular globe-trotter, for of the nine months I have spent only two in our house in Jhelum and baby is to be born away from home. Five months of the time I have been in a tent.

. . .Eleanore Holliday is to be married to a Rev. Lewellyn of the Presbyterian Mission tomorrow. She promises to be a very good missionary and so we hate to lose her from our forces.

Sept. 14, 1919. . .Early tomorrow morning I leave in Mr. Stewart’s Ford; Emmet goes on his bicycle and the cook and baggage on a tonga. We plan to stay in Pindi with the Merriams until the night train. I ought to get there in a couple of hours. They say the heat is not so severe now and the nights are very comfortable.

This week I have gone out twice. Since all the walks are up and downhill, I have to go in a dandy. . .the greatest treat of the week was a quarter of a pound of chocolates that taste more like American chocolates than any I have tasted since the last box you sent me in the U.S.A. . . .

Sept. 21, 1919, Sialkot. . .[On the trip home from Murree] we left Pindi at 11:30 p.m. . . . The trains are so crowded these days that we feared we might not have very good accommodations. . . Tho we had second class tickets the platform inspector put us into a first class compartment, where
we each had a berth and were very comfortable until we reached Jhelum at six o'clock in the morning. You can judge something of the slowness of our trains when I tell you that in all that time we rode only about ninety miles. . . When I got home Tuesday morning I was greatly surprised to find my birthday present in the form of a beautiful library table of shesham, a dark hard wood - the best for furniture in India. After I went to Kashmir the carpenter brought a big log and worked right on our compound. Emmet gave him a picture of what he wanted and then kept overseeing the work all the time. There is enough wood left for a couple of chairs and a section of a bookcase. As I tell Emmet this big library table makes our house seem so much more like a home. The table has two shelves at each end for magazines and a drawer at each side. It is quite massive but well-proportioned and fits nicely into our large room. [This is the table in the living room of Woodstock Cottage, which we enjoyed when we lived there at Woodstock School [1968-78]. No doubt Martha and Emmet moved it to Woodstock when Emmet was principal there in 1940-43.] . . . The exchange is on a rampage and no one can predict what it may do. Our year's salary is now equal to two-thirds of what it was two years ago or in other words $800 per year . . . When we came out here three years ago we received 306 rupees for $100. Today we get a little less than 200 rupees to the $100 and the paper today says the value of the rupee will rise even more. . . Of course it affects all the mission work as well. . . and unless the loss is met some of the work will have to be shut down at once. Now please do not think I am telling you this to worry you, for I am not and we are not allowing ourselves to worry over it either, but the subject will no doubt be brought up in the churches and I wanted you to be able to tell others just what the condition is, for they will expect you to know . . .

Dr. Jongewaard is to have my case. That seemed the better plan since I was coming here [Sialkot]. She made an examination and thinks everything in fine condition. She too prophesies a girl so I suppose we might as well begin using the feminine pronoun. Emmet thinks she will be called Jennie more than Jeanette . . .

Sept. 30, 1919, Sialkot. Here it is the last day of September and tomorrow ushers in the month for which we have been looking for so long. Now every day drags on as I am eagerly waiting for the great day when baby will come to us. Saturday I fixed her bed and now everything is in readiness for her. I am going down to the hospital as there will be so many people around here and so much confusion as they gather for Annual Meeting. Mrs. J.G. Campbell expected her baby Sabbath but it hasn't arrived yet. It will be very interesting with two little babies there at once. Emmet expects to come here Friday or Saturday. We both want him here when baby comes . . . Dr. Porter is very much excited these days that Mrs. Porter and the eldest daughter will be here this fall. Haladia is coming out under the Presbyterian Board to teach in their girls' school in Lahore.

We have been reading about the strikes in America and are hoping they are not affecting you people much . . . It seems to me people are demanding wages outside the bounds of all reason. However I know the expenses at home have soared proportionately high. It took fourteen years after the Civil War for wholesale prices to get down near to what they were before. Hence we need not be discouraged if economic conditions are not readjusted at once.

Oct. 5, 1919. . . A little baby girl came to the Campbell family Thursday. She just weighs 5-3/4 lbs and is quite a dear little tot. They were very much pleased with a daughter as they only have one girl and two boys. Mrs. C. is getting along very nicely and hopes to be able to come out here by the time Annual Meeting begins . . .

Oct. 13, 1919. . . Today the language exams were given out at Barah Patthar. Of course I did not expect to be able to give any at this time, but when I couldn't have baby on time I decided to do what I could. Emmet urged me to go on even tho I haven't studied for a couple of months. We have both finished our third year's work on time . . . Most everyone is very discouraging to me [about the language course]. There has [been] no woman who has come out here married who has finished the
five-year course... But some few do encourage me and some others begin to think I may do it since I
have caught up. If we keep well, I certainly intend to finish it... Last week on Thursday the
Campbell children came in to see their new little sister [Ed.-Joan, now Joan Campbell Browne, later a
PC(USA) missionary in India, along with her husband, the Rev. Francis Browne.] It was a real treat
to see them make a fuss over her. Betty, who is exactly Martha’s age, rocked the baby just like a little
old lady and cuddled her and talked to her so cunningly. We asked Betty if she would be willing to
give us the baby in place of a new motor but nothing we could say would induce her to give up her
wee sister... Laurie and Earnest are just as pleased as Betty...

Oct. 16, 1919. [Emmet writes:] Yesterday evening I sent the cable. Hope it gets thru O.K. Just
two words - 'Boy, Fourteenth.' That would be a lot for you folks tho I'm sure. The baby was born 12
noon on the 14th - missed my birthday by less than 12 hours. But I guess we'll celebrate together
anyway. The name as you know is James Payne Alter - and we're mighty proud of him and his name.
How I wish you could see him and Martha too. Martha had only felt first pains when she got up in the
morning. She'll tell you more about it in detail later. For awhile it was pretty close work - I was in
helping all the time - but both she and baby have come thru in very good shape. Baby weighed
slightly under 7 lbs. and as closely as we could measure is 19-1/2 inches. Everybody that sees Jimmie
says they never saw a baby of that age that looked more like its dad -except we haven't found its
triangular mouth. He has a good head of hair - darker eyes than mine - a jaw that especially reminds
people of me. He has no defects in any way and is a good baby. Come over and see for yourselves if
you don't believe it! ... I'm sticking in a proof (will fade) of a picture I got of him 3 hours old, lying on
the nurse's lap... Love to all from us three.

Oct. 19, 1919. [Martha continues:] How we wish you could see our dear baby boy! So many
times during the day I think of the great joy you all would have in seeing him and cuddling him up
close. Since that privilege is not to be yours, we shall try to keep you as well informed as possible
about the precious one and send you pictures frequently. ... To say that he looks like his daddy is to
sum up his appearance...

Emmet is very busy these days but he always gets in a good time with baby in the mornings
before going out to Barah Patthar. It would do your souls good to see how pleased he is with baby. It
is just a joy to watch him, as he holds the little one and talks to him. If ever there was a proud and
happy father, Emmet is that one. Of course I'm not saying anything about the mother tho her joy this
week has been too deep for utterance... It must have been very hard on Emmet to be present all the
time but he wanted to be there especially when he could help, and I wanted him to be there providing
it wasn't too severe a strain on him. It was so good to wake up from the chloroform and have Emmet
right there. ... Dr. Porter has taken a great interest in this child. After I came down to the hospital, he
kept asking E. every day about me. Tuesday they knew out at Barah Patthar that I was sick. When
they hadn't heard any news by tea time, Dr. Porter came down on his bicycle and of course was
delighted he could take the word back.

Oct. 21, 1919. Here I closed up my letter yesterday without ever mentioning those fine rubber
drawers! Everyone speaks of how useful those drawers will be and how impossible it is to get
anything like that out here. Then the rubber is so unusually fine and soft. I like them better than the
ones Evangeline used to get because the rubber is separate from the cloth covering...

The other day Emmet came in rather hurt because some people had objected to his calling baby
Jimmie. Mabel Stewart had stood up for him but most of the others had objected and he was afraid
maybe I wouldn't like it either. But I said he could call him whatever he wanted to. Just the next day
your letters came and you, Daddy, spoke of 'Jimmie.' That decided the question once and for all...

Oct. 26, 1919. Here I am sitting up in a chair and feeling quite spry. I have been getting along
beautifully and Dr. J. says I can go home Friday [Ed.-Oct. 31 - 18 days in hospital!] if I continue getting
on so well. I haven't put on my dress yet but expect to do so tomorrow. I am trying to give him a good supply of milk by drinking plenty of milk and malted milk in addition to having good rich cream with my porridge and my pudding. You know milk and I are not very good friends but if it will only agree with me, I shall not object, for I do want to be able to nurse baby all the time.

The Scotch [sic] nurse we had was fairly good. The first few days when baby cried so much she kept saying that she never heard a baby cry so much, that he was the limit, etc. We were, however, fortunate in having one as good, for many of these nurses out here are very poor and none can compare with an American-trained one. Dr. J. and Emmet were here always at nights. Mr. McKelvey brought Dr. J. down in his motor every night and so he stayed here too. He stays here quite a little during the months Mrs. McK. is on the hills [with the children, who are attending Woodstock School]. He is a very accommodating man and seems never to consult his own interests or desires.

Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland who came out last year are to be located with us until May when they go to the hills for four months' language work. They will live in our house and board with us. ... I don't like to give up the privacy of our home but here in India we all must take our turns at it. Others have given up for us and now it is our turn.

You will be glad to know that we received a cablegram from the Board last week saying that they would stabilize the exchange at Rs. 300 on the $100. That relieves us greatly.

Nov. 9, 1919. (Back home in Jhelum) ... We were interested in the children's [her nieces] going to school. I can remember well the day I started. I do hope it will not be too much for either one of them. Martha will be very much disappointed if she cannot keep with her class but health is the important thing. It is a great pity she has had such a long hard sick spell.

You people would laugh heartily at the advice I am continually receiving from the Indians. One old woman was in the other day and nearly drove me mad. The only thing that saved me was my sense of humor. Then it is really a wonder one has any decency or modesty left after a few years in this country. It is just shocking to hear the way your servants and the women members of the compound discuss all your private matters so far as they know them or imagine they do. This old woman told me one or two things about myself that she had learned from our watchman. ... Their little world is very, very small and so it is no wonder they find queer things to talk about. Among them it is a great disgrace not to have children. ... Now that this disgrace has been removed, we must submit to being the chief topic of conversation for a little while, at least ...

Nov. 16, 1919. ... Now you can't imagine what our latest purchase is - A Ford. We either had to get a horse and buggy or a Ford for camp. ... With the Ford we four can ride together and at the same time carry more things right with us, which counts a lot with baby. In addition we can make many more stops at villages because we shall not have to spend so much time on the road. The College Springs congregation practically promised us a Ford and so we went ahead and borrowed the money from the Mission for this. ... Emmet went to Lahore in answer to an advertisement for the sale of a couple secondhand Fords. Yesterday he ... arrived with this one. It is a 1917 model and seems to be in good condition. Emmet is greatly delighted as he didn't want to have to get a horse and buggy. ... This machine ought to do us splendid service for the rest of this term. Then we plan to sell it and get a new one to begin the next term with. The usage a motor gets in district is fairly rough but it is wonderful what these Fords will stand. All of our missionaries who have them think them invaluable as they greatly increase the efficiency of the district work. The mission recognizes that to such an extent that it pays all running expenses over the sum that it would cost to keep a horse...

Nov. 24, 1919. ... Today we are having all the Christians over for a party - a 'khushi' they call it meaning a time to be happy. We have never had them and want to do so before going to camp. Emmet is planning to have them all out for a short ride in the motor. I think he is undertaking a good
deal but I know they will appreciate the ride more than anything else, and the motor is really not ours but belongs to the work...

Did I tell you about our new Civil Surgeon here? He was a missionary from New Zealand but entered the civil service during the war. She is from Edinburgh. They are both so very friendly and have four fine boys under nine. They are coming here to tea tomorrow. We called there last Wed. and find that he has a 1917 model Ford, too. Of course he and Emmet had to compare cars at once. We are very fortunate to have such a good surgeon here. He is more the type of an American man and reminds me a little of you, Daddy.

Tuesday Night - Yesterday's 'khushi' seemed to be quite a success. We gave them several different kinds of candy, cakes, and fruit and each a bottle of soda water. They think this soda water is delicious but we drink it only when we have to. Mr. Fazl Ilahi ordered all the candy. We were very grateful to him for this because we don't know the names of the different kinds they like and neither do we know who are the best candy makers in the bazaar. The candies certainly were good. But the thing the people liked best of all was the motor ride Emmet gave them. He took them out in groups around a small circuit. It made me think of a fair or carnival at home only in this case they did not have to buy any tickets. They were just as delighted as little children. One poor sweeper widow was so excited and pleased that she kept on saying after getting out of the Ford - *A very good Sahib, very good Sahib.* It was the first motor ride for almost all the 100 or more that were here and probably the only chance most of them would have. The tea this afternoon was a success. The Robertson [civil surgeon] boys are real boys but they know their place. They had their tea separately out on the verandah...

**Nov. 30, 1919.** I suppose you are wondering why we are still in Jhelum. It's the same old story. The camel men went back on us. They had promised to come but got higher pay from the captain of police and failed to make (an) appearance here...

We are ordering a baby buggy from Montgomery Wards this week. I tell Emmet it may get here by the time Jimmie is walking but maybe it won't be quite that slow...

**Dec. 16, 1919.** You will wonder why you have missed one week hearing from me. When I last wrote we were waiting for camels to take us to camp. They finally came Wed. night and we sent them off with the baggage Thursday to Sohawa, twenty-eight miles away and planned to follow ourselves on Sat. I had been feeling very tired for several days and Thurs. felt so miserable that I decided to take my temperature. It wasn't very high but after packing the final things, I went to bed. The next day the fever was up. I had a double infection of malaria and my temperature rose to 104 twice daily for four days. After ten days of fever I feel pretty weak. Emmet went out Saturday. He and the ladies moved yesterday and will go on to Chakwal where we shall meet them on the twenty-third. You may joke all you please about baby's nationality but the papers are now being made out for his registration with the U.S.A. consul at Karachi. Baby is beginning to coo so nicely to himself in his crib. He sure is a good baby and has done wonderfully well all these days I have been sick...

**Dec. 20, 1919.** The Home Rule Bill seems to be about to be passed. It is not all the Indians have asked for but as much as they can handle if not more. The problem of mixed races and religions is one that we in America know little about and one that makes home rule in India a rather gloomy outlook. We wish the question of Turkey would soon be settled. There is considerable agitation here to stir up the Mohammedans to sympathize with Turkey and demand that Constantinople be left in her hands. Britain seems to be afraid of the situation and it is little wonder when you consider the unrest in Egypt and the Afghan trouble here. But it would be better to get the Turkey question settled soon. It makes one weary to read Mohammedan pleas for Constantinople on the grounds that it is a Mohammedan city and that the great mosque there should be under the protection of the Mohammedans [Ed.-See Chapter 9, p. 222], just as if it had never been a Christian city and that very
mosque had never been a Christian cathedral. Britain has had to pay dearly for her part with Turkey in the Crimean War and if she yields now she will have another big debt of lives to pay in the years to come...

Dec. 26, 1919. Where shall I begin and when I have once started how shall I ever stop? These are the questions that puzzle me when I attempt to answer this wonderful Xmas box! As Mrs. Sutherland is still in bed with influenza, we were unable to go to Chakwal; so Emmet came here yesterday morning. I waited for him to open the box and was just beginning to bathe baby when he arrived... Of course when we receive gifts from you dear ones I don't like to mention price, but really don't you think you spend too much on us? I know that everything has more than doubled in price and I feel very, very guilty in taking so much from you when I know you don't have any more than you can comfortably use yourselves. Please don't lavish your money on us. I know you love to give but you are really too generous for your own good... Heaps of love from us three, Martha.
In Camp. This station is on a little branch line worse than the one to New Wilmington, and the train Wed. night which was due at 8:30 never arrived until 11:30. We waited dinner all that time and then only Mr. Strong, whom we had invited for New Year's, came. It sort of left me in the lurch [sic] for the next day [as the cook had not arrived], for there is only one train a day, but I managed with the help of the chaukidars (watchmen). It is ever so hard to cook on these charcoal fires and you may be sure I didn't attempt to make anything fancy. The next day when the cook was here we tried to feed Mr. Strong a little better and made a lemon pie for dinner. Of course it wasn't confectionary like yours, mother, but it was good. I find that it isn't such hard work after all to make pies and think we shall probably have them once a week since we have this lovely pan from home.

Within the past two or three days baby has developed the habit of sucking two fingers of his left hand and putting his right hand over his mouth as if he were ashamed of himself as well he should be. Now we are kept busy keeping his hand away from him and sometimes he cries vociferously because the fingers are not available. But the most of the time he just looks up and smiles when you take the fingers away as if he knew he shouldn't do it and really didn't mind our taking them out. He sure is a dear little fellow and smiles so pleasantly... Well, we have come over the crest of the hill and are starting down on the other side. Do you realize to what I refer? Half our term has passed and three years from now we shall be packing bag and baggage in preparation for the great home voyage. We have daydreams much the same as yours, mother. If possible, we shall book sailings for Boston and we want you all to be at the wharf—providing, of course, that you won't be ashamed of your "seedy" kin from India... I do hope I accomplish more in the next three years than I have in the past.

I... have begun studying with the munshi. We are so glad to have a Christian munshi this year... I am going to try to get [Emmet Price] shoes here in Chakwal, because this is a famous shoemaking town.

The Ford is doing splendid work. Today there was such a deep washout in the road that they got out and pushed it up. You would surely open your eyes if you could see the roads it travels. Of course it uses up gasoline but it goes right along like the little old Ford is famous for doing. Today they visited a village that missionaries have never visited before and received a very cordial reception. Many of the men had never seen an auto before and they asked Emmet the queerest questions—if the machine went by itself—if he could make it go fast or slow—how he could make it go etc. etc. I'm wondering if you are in Boston helping to care for the dear children while their mother is in the hospital. [Ed.-Evangeline is expecting her third child.] The missionaries do that for one another out here since the grandparents are not present.

Jan. 13, 1920, Chakwal. I hope you noticed the Esq. on that draft last week, Daddy. The English think a man is pretty low down if he can't have an Esq. at the end of his name. ... Baby will be three months old tomorrow. I had intended baking a cake and having three candles on it but there is bread baking tomorrow and every available pan will be in use for that. I think we shall fall back on the delicious fruit cake Mabel made. She cooked it in her fireless cooker and it surely is good... I have told you how much richer the buffalo milk is than cow's. Off of 2-1/2 qts. milk standing for 48 hrs. we get enough cream for six for tea. We whip it and use it that way instead of making butter. It is very, very good, mother, and if you could only taste it I believe you would be converted. [Grandma Payne was notorious in her aversion to butter.]... We had [baby] vaccinated Saturday. They aren't satisfied
with one spot out here but they put three on his fat little arm. The upper one seems to be taking and he is just a bit fussy today.

Jan. 18, 1920, Chakwal. Yesterday afternoon Mabel and I went to the bazaar and bought cloth for baby's short dresses. There are many more cloth shops here than in Jhelum and the materials are cheaper. You seemed surprised at the number of long dresses I had for him. Counting dresses and slips he has sixteen and it seems like none too many. You see we often don't get our clothes back from the dhobi for eight or ten days and in camp we often go without a washing for two or three weeks. I expect to have at least that many short ones for him. In the hills the dhobis make the rain their excuse many times for keeping the clothes a couple of weeks. . . . You should be here for hunting, daddy. In this past week Emmet has killed 10 ducks and 7 pigeons. We have had so much duck that we fear we shall all be waddling around and quacking too. Emmet loves to go hunting and this is a very good place for it. I think wild duck very good meat but I tell Emmet he had better let us have a rest for a few days. It is great we can get the wild meat here since we can't get any meat but mutton here. . . . We have been reading of the number of arrests that have been made in America and sincerely hope you can rid yourselves of all the Red element.

Jan. 24, 1920, Chakwal. Because of the way I carried baby, his feet were both drawn crooked and at first it seemed as tho it would be necessary to operate. The bones, however, did not seem affected [sic] and they began immediately to massage his feet with the hope that they would straighten out and they have. They did not tell me this until I began bathing baby. It must have been a shock to Emmet, for it was that we might have to go home, but he never let me know of it by look or word. I hesitated to tell you even after all was cleared up lest you would worry about Evangeline. . . . Isn't this picture of Aunt Bessie splendid? She looks as if she could speak to us. She certainly looks well in the picture. How has she really been the past year? Her hair looks so pretty. She has on a silk dress I see. What color is it? I must write to her at once.

Tuesday - I just got a pamphlet from Mrs. R.R. Stewart on Infant Care published by the Children's Bureau at Washington. In it reference is made to several other pamphlets [from the Public Health and other Services] I should like to have. Hence I am enclosing this slip of paper with the list of pamphlets and addressing. I'm sure you will be willing to get these for me, mother. If you send them book-post the postage will not amount to so much. Please use my money for postage, etc.

[The list includes the following titles, among others:]
- Summer care of infants
- Mutton and its value in the diet
- Beans, peas, and other legumes as food
- Okra: Its culture and uses
- House ants
- The true clothes moths
- A homemade flytrap for 20 ants
- Some facts about malaria
- Contagious diseases: Their prevention and control in children's institutions
- Whooping cough: Its nature and prevention
- Disinfectants: Their use and application in the prevention of communicable diseases
- A cheap and efficient sterilizer (For this one you may have to pay something. Don't get it if it is too expensive, for its suggestions may not be of use here in India.)

Jan. 31, 1920, Chakwal. Wasn't it too bad that Martha [her niece] was so sick? I do feel so sorry for the poor child and pray that she may get real strong. . . Father, you ought to be here to go hunting with Emmet. Thus far in the season he has killed 40 ducks, 18 pigeons, and a flamingo. Don't you
think that a record? I have enough feathers now for a down quilt for myself. Did you ever see [a flamingo] in a museum? It is something like a crane but has a shorter and broader hooked bill. Its feathers are mostly white with a few pink ones. I'm sending you a couple wee ones as samples. They say the feathers sell high for milinary [sic] purposes and I am sure they could be made up beautifully. We have saved quite a few of them which we shall send on later. We have sent the wings to be cured. They would be swell on a picture hat if they are well cured. By the way, is there any way that you can find out how much hair is selling for these days? I shall not need my braids and it is really a nuisance to have them lying around. If they match Evangeline's hair she can have one or two if she wants. What she doesn't want can be sold. I think I shall enquire here in India, too. The fewer things we have around the better, and since hair is usually in demand I might as well sell it. The flesh of this flamingo was a cross between chicken and duck and in appearance on the plate before carving, it looked more like a small turkey than anything I have seen in India. The creature from foot to bill was over four feet.

Feb. 7, 1920, Pind Dadan Khan. This has been a strenuous week tho we have come thru it very well. We left Chakwal Monday as we had planned and spent that night in a bungalow about twelve miles this side of there. That part of our trip took us over some of the steepest downgrade that we have had but on the whole the road wasn't bad for Jhelum District. [The next morning] the wind was beginning to blow and by the time day broke rain was upon us and we were doomed to spend the day there. Fortunately we had all our supplies with us so that we were well cared for even tho we could secure nothing but poor milk there. The bungalow is a small one for civil officers when on tour and by rights we shouldn't have been there without permission, but we were mighty grateful for the shelter, for we ourselves were protected and all our baggage was safe on the big verandah. We didn't know how long we might be detained, for winter rains here are uncertain but the next morning the sky was clearer and we gave orders for the camels to start early so that we could reach Khewra, sixteen miles beyond, by evening. But the camels had gone about four miles away to feed and it was twelve o'clock before they got off. We waited a couple hours to let the roads dry off more and then started ourselves, taking one of the Christian workers and the cook with us. We had been on the road less than twenty minutes and were beginning to climb a long hill when Emmet noticed the engine wasn't pulling right and stopped to fix it. Then our troubles began and our motto henceforth will be "Never stop the Ford. Let it stop itself." He felt sure it was a short circuit but after working three hours he had to stop and take us to a place of shelter. [Ironically, in a Feb. 3 letter, Emmet had just written: "The Ford has never yet held us up. - No accidents - over 600 miles before I had to take off tyre for first puncture."] We left the cook with the machine. It was a cold night for him as he had no blanket and the wind was frightfully sharp. The next night when we set the table I thot the tablecloth looked unusually mussed and learned later that the cook had used it in place of a blanket. The poor fellow was welcome to all the heat he could get from it. A lantern helped out a bit in the heat, too. We ourselves started out to walk 5-1/2 miles to the next bungalow. We were a rather beaten-looking party, tho we were really very cheerful over our plight. The cook had prepared two ducks and had roasted some potatoes. These he was carrying in a pan and we took that with us besides a large loaf of bread, a cup of butter, and a tin of jelly. These were all tied up in tea cloths just like you see foreigners recently arrived in America carrying all their belongings in large rags. The next time you are tempted to laugh at them just think of this member of your family traveling along the roads of India in that very fashion! For baby I carried a down quilt and an extra blanket. These with what he had around kept him very warm thruout the night. Emmet carried baby all the way. Fourteen pounds and two ounces is no light weight, especially after cranking the machine as much as he had that day. We went to the bungalow which is high up on a hill overlooking the town. It is a beautiful location and a very large building, as it is used a great deal by officers at the time of the big Hindu and
Mohammedan festivals in the Spring. We chose one of the smallest rooms with a fireplace because it would not be so difficult to heat. By nine o'clock we had a fire and were eating our dinner. Soon we settled down for the night, the four of us in big armchairs around the fire, for we had no bedding. [Mabel Stewart and Miss Gordon are camping with them.] Emmet kept the fire going all night so that we were quite comfortable and had more sleep than you might think. Baby occupied the bed... The next morning the watchman got us tea, milk, and sugar so that with the bread left over we had a good breakfast and Emmet walked back to the motor. We learned later that he didn't stop to eat at all later in the day, so he needed all he had before starting. We had one duck left for [lunch], and with native bread and vegetables the three of us were well supplied. We had promised to wait until two o'clock for Emmet. When that hour came and he hadn't yet arrived we started for Khewra ourselves. The police officer got us two horses and two coolies, one to carry baby. The two ladies rode and I walked. It was a trip of about ten miles over the big salt range. When we had gone almost halfway I stopped to feed baby and was just getting up to start on when we heard the horn of the motor. To say we were glad is to put it very mildly. We jumped in and were down to Khewra in half an hour or less. Later the cook told me that Emmet never stopped working from the time he got to the motor until he reached Khewra... It was a hard day for him and he felt so badly that we had to be inconvenienced so. We really got along very well. Baby stood the trip fine but he's been more restless since. Of course our servants that were ahead were afraid we had met with a very bad accident. They hunted for us a long time the first night and the next day the munshi started on the bicycle until he met the Christian worker who had been with us... Rain and hail added to our difficulties that day but we finally got here and settled in our tents. I haven't begun to tell you all the little things that seemed to combine against us. The things looked dark at first, in every instance they turned out alright in the end. Khewra is where we visited the salt mines two years ago... [The account of this adventure is particularly appealing to me, as it so closely parallels car trips our own family made, especially one in January of 1977, in our Indian Ambassador car, from Delhi to Northeast India, during which time we experienced 11 major breakdowns. The stamina for hard work and the ingenuity for creative solutions displayed by my husband and sons were obviously inherited from Grandfather Emmet.]

Feb. 16, 1920, Pind Dadan Khan. ... Isn't it a shame that there is so much smallpox in the U.S.A. this year. There seems to be a lot out here, too, but they never quarantine here and when you go to a village you never know when you will get into the very midst of it. They never think of protecting themselves from the disease because if fate has decreed that you are to get smallpox, of what benefit would any preventive measures be. As a Panjabi proverb puts it, "No one can contend with fate."

Here in Pind Dadan Khan we have had several very earnest men inquirers, one of whom says he is going to follow our camp to Jhelum where he wants to be baptized whenever we think him ready. He is a Pir, a holy man among the Mohammedans, who is supported by his followers. This means of income will of necessity be cut off when he accepts Christ, but these same followers ought to be greatly moved by his decision. If he proves faithful we hope to send him back here to work among his own people. He is a middle-aged man over six feet tall and was at one time in the bodyguard of Lord Curzon. From what he says he has been seeking for the Light for a number of years. Throughout the district this year we have found many earnest inquirers and with few exceptions the receptions in the villages have been most cordial. With the Ford we have been able to reach a number of villages that were before inaccessible.

Did I tell you that we were invited to a Rajah's home last week for tea? They served it in English fashion and it really was very good. The women could not come out to look at the motor but viewed it from the roof...
at the village. In the cities the wealthy women are kept at home very closely and this sets a standard for all the others. The village women work in the fields and consequently are much freer to roam about as they choose. Most of these who come to us are poor but many of them seem very quick mentally considering their degenerate state. There is one poor widow who has been very attentive to all that I have said and says she really believes. Her husband left her in a typical Mohammedan way by giving a sheet of paper saying he was divorcing her. She lives alone and seems to be very poor. There are some very cunning little children who have come to see baby. They have learnt his name Yaqub in Urdu - and are very much interested in all his habits. He is their friend as well as ours, for he always has a smile for any one of them that will talk to him. The one prevailing question is "What does he eat?" They all think that we do not nurse our babies. Hence they are very much surprised to know that I really do. From the oldest to the youngest they have all asked me about it. We are so sorry the women - Miss Logan and Mabel S. - are not out here [Mabel and Miss Gordon have left, and Miss Logan is on furlough, I believe.], for they would have such splendid opportunities of talking to these poor villagers. I do the best I can, but my knowledge of Panjabi is very limited. Tho I have worked when I could, yet my long sickness and my four months in the hills this last summer, have hindered me. The one consolation I have is that I can hear and talk better than I could a year ago. I want to keep on talking to them whenever the opportunity presents itself, for it is only as we talk that we finally learn to talk well.

We have a little magic lantern this year and they are showing the pictures in one of the villages tonight. The pictures are very crude in our eyes, but these people seem to appreciate them and get the message.

We had hoped to move from here tomorrow but the gasoline has not come. It has been very scarce this winter and we have to send to Lahore or Pindi for all we need.

Thursday evening Emmet shot a "kunj" - a wild crane weighing about ten pounds. The legs and wings were dry and tough but the rest of the meat tasted much like turkey. Saturday evening Mr. Sutherland shot a wild goose. Its meat was the best we have had yet. It was so rich and tender and juicy. There are not many ducks around here...[The Sutherlands have finished their language exams and joined Martha and Emmet in camp.]

Mar. 1, 1920, In Camp. We have been having some real experiences of patient waiting. In the first place the gasoline did not come until Friday when we hurried to move on as quickly as possible. We had just come about three miles when a tire blew out.

...[Then] in coming down a very steep hill one of the rear axles broke. Luckily we were not hurt but since Emmet didn't have the tools to open it, tho he had a new axle, we had to send word back to our camels to hurry on as we would have to pitch camp... The next morning Emmet walked six miles to an engineering college where he got two Indians to come back with him and bring tools. They worked until late that evening and began again early this morning.

Tuesday - Sangoi - We arrived here in good time this afternoon to find two good letters from you dear people with the good news about Paul Adams Wien [Evangeline's and Paul's new son]. Isn't that the greatest news ever! I told baby about his new cousin and I'm sure he understood, for he smiled so sweetly...

Mar. 9, 1920, Jhelum. We must get down to good hard work now on the language as the exams are to be held here in Jhelum the last of April and we are not nearly ready for them. I do want to get off several subjects if I can since I shall not have a munshi in the hills this summer... We just got word last week that Mother Alter has made baby a Junior Life Member of the W.G.M.S. [Women's General Missionary Society].

Mar. 16, 1920, Jhelum. I do wish you [Evangeline] could have one of my helpers there, namely the sweeper. He washes baby's diapers every day for seventy-five cents a month!...
I believe I haven't told you people about this sweeper. To me it is a pathetic case. He was once a Christian worker down in one of the Christian districts among his own caste - the sweeper. But he's not very bright, to say the least, and couldn't hold the position. He went with an independent missionary across the Jhelum but why he left there we have never been able to learn. When we came home in September he and his family were here on our compound but since we allow only servants to live here, they went into the city and rented a house for a rupee a month. It was a miserable place and both of them tried to work in the city and get along some way but they simply couldn't make ends meet, and after the baby was born in November they came begging for work. As there are no sweepers in this district it is impossible to employ one of his caste as a Christian worker because the other non-Christian castes will not respect him. The only servant we needed was a sweeper and we needed him badly. He didn't want to take the work but he couldn't see his family starve, so he came to us and is doing very satisfactory work. He seems more reconciled now since he sees for himself that he couldn't do the other work here.

When we came in from camp Emmet talked to him and told him that he should feel free to go but he decided to stay. We have secured a scholarship for his older boy. This ought to help them considerably and the hope is that the children can rise above this work as the parents have not been able to do...

Mar. 23, 1920, Jhelum. ...Saturday morning your good letters of Feb. 8 came...You surely had heavy snows there. I wonder if it was so intensely cold there. This was an exceptionally cold winter here. At Mandara, a railway station between here and Pindi, it snowed a bit one night and the guard on the railway made a snowball and took it down towards Lahore. At every station he had a crowd of curious people around him and with the exception of Europeans there was hardly a person who knew what it was...

Apr. 6, 1920, Jhelum. ...Today I put away all our winter clothes and I'm sure thankful I don't have to do it more than once a year. Here you see I'm following after these Eastern sisters of mine in being frightfully lazy. I simply don't want to spoil baby's chances for good food and since malaria has got a hold on me, I just let things slide when I think there is a chance of its return. I'd rather be healthy than industrious and I'm sure you would rather I'd be...

Today was another day set for a "hartal" [strike] all over India. There have been several set by the radicals but none of them have been a success...

Apr. 14, 1920, Jhelum. ...I am so eager to know how you all are and especially about Martha and her operation...

You should see the lovely down quilt I have from the feathers Emmet got me this winter - it is 6-1/2 ft. by 5 ft. and has such a pretty sateen cover in the Jhelum River pattern - in what you call the Persian [paisley] pattern - in pinks and greens. The darzi made and quilted it very nicely.

Apr. 22, 1920, Jhelum. ...Our house has been the headquarters of the examining committee for the last two days. Emmet and I both took exams in the First Persian Reader and fourth year Panjabi. This evening the Educational Conference of the mission meets here. We expect to have a family of ten then. We are seven now. Since my exams are off I feel very free...

Apr. 28, 1920, Jhelum. ...Our Educational Conference closed Saturday afternoon. Emmet was tired but got rested over Sabbath. The three new girls left for the hills today and Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland leave tomorrow. I shall be going in about two weeks. I do hate to leave home but I'm thankful to have such shelter from the heat. It is so hard not to be able to stay home at least three months in succession. But we have many blessings too numerous to count.

The New World Movement is being urged out here as well as at home. Many of the Indian people are taking to it with great enthusiasm. One of the darkest features of it is that while all this campaign work is going on, the exchange is still keeping low and the Board is accumulating a
tremendous debt. Many of the missions out here are closing down stations; for instance the Presbyterian, Scotch Presbyterian, C.M.S. [Church Missionary Society-Anglican]. In the Presbyterian mission they are decreasing the number of Indian workers and giving them larger salaries. Surely the salaries of all our workers ought to be increased but I do not like to see any of the work closed. Nevertheless the boards are considering it very seriously. Our poor Indian workers hardly get enough to live on, for famine prices are soaring. The Christians here are learning to give liberally out of their meager store and we are confident that the New World Movement will be a great impetus to them. Up here in a non-Christian center we don't get into the swing of it so much...

Emmet is as wild over the baby as ever. It will be so hard for him when we go to the hills.

I hope you are all well. How is Martha Jr.? Hope she is still improving.

May 3, 1920, Jhelum. . . .The heat is on in earnest and there was such a hot wave this afternoon that when we stood in front of an open door we were reminded of the hot furnace doors. We have had a delightful spring and must not complain now, for it is time for the hot season. Our daily schedule is so different from yours that I that you might be interested in it. We rise between five-thirty and six and have little breakfast at about 6:30. I bathe baby as soon afterwards as possible and put his bed out on the verandah for the early morning hours. After giving the cook the orders for the day, I see that the house is in order, sew, study or do odd jobs until big breakfast at eleven. After baby's noon feed at twelve I am dreadfully sleepy and tho I resolve that I won't lie down long, yet I usually don't waken until three and am sort of useless until tea at four. Tea seems to be an essential to waken us from the summer torpor. I neglected to mention that we bring baby in from the verandah at about 9:30 and at the same time close up all the doors and windows. These we do not open again until 6:30 or 7 in the evening when we usually go over to Miss Logan's for tennis. After that we take a little walk and come in for dinner about 8:30 or 9:00. Our beds are out on the driveway now but a little later on they will be on the roof. Last night was the first warm night. As long as the nights are comfortable we can stand the heat alright. Much as I dislike leaving home to go to the hills, I shouldn't object exchanging a cool breeze for these hot ones.

. . . [Jimmie is] a good dear baby. Sabbath evening he and Mr. and Mrs. Fazl Ilahi's baby were baptized. We felt that the people of the church would appreciate it very much if we should have the native pastor baptize our baby. We were glad there was another baby to be baptized at the same time.

May 12, 1920, Jhelum. . . .You ask about the price of gasoline. We pay $3.00 for a 5-gallon drum now but in the fall we paid $3.50 and this week people are giving double that price. You see it is almost prohibitive except for directly missionary work, tho for convenience sake we had planned to take it [the Ford] to the hills as the railway fare with the price of a hired motor up the hill would be about Rs. 10 less . . .

We are so glad to hear that Martha seems better, for we have been so anxious about her. Baby Paul must be a dear and by this time must be taking so much notice of everyone. How the girls must enjoy him!!

May 16, 1920, Jhelum. . . .The Moslem agitation in India has no reason for existence save the desire to harass Britain. In fact it is much more a Hindu agitation under the guise of Moslem disapproval of the Turkish Treaty. The Mohammedans of India would cry out in horror if they that there was the least possibility of their being brought under Turkish rule or under that of their Moslem neighbors in Afghanistan. . . .There are rumors of another Afghan war this year; probably the next couple of weeks will be the decisive ones.

May 26, 1920, Jhelum. . . .Our Bible School seems to be getting along very nicely. We have classes in the morning, a preaching service at 5 p.m. and a prayer meeting at night. Padri Labhul Mull from the Seminary and Padri Wazera Chand, the only minister here who is a college graduate, were here over Sabbath to represent the New World Movement and it surely did us good to see how well
they handled it. Up here in a Mohammedan district we have had very little contact with the leading Christians of our church. We are so grateful for this opportunity we have had of hearing two of our best ministers. They brought us splendid messages and stirred us up with a desire to serve more completely. These two men stayed with us and we surely did enjoy their company...

I never realized there could be so much difference between a baby boy's voice and a baby girl's until the Campbell's went thru here last week. Little Joan, who was born 12 days before James weighs about 2-1/2 lbs less but she has just had cow's milk and was a wee thing when born. She has the daintiest, finest little voice and her laugh is just as dainty, but you should hear "Jimmie"!...
In early June Martha and Emmet drive in their Ford from Jhelum into the Kashmir valley.

* * *

June 6, 1920, Nasim Bagh, Kashmir. ...We left home Tuesday morning after early breakfast and were in Pindi for lunch at twelve - a distance of seventy miles with an elevation of a thousand feet. That doesn't seem fast riding to one accustomed to a Buick but it beats the camel! [which mode of transport Martha has amply described in her "In Camp" letters]. ...We came around thru the Pass at Abbottabad and met the road on the other side of the Murree Hill. The ride from Pindi to Abbottabad was mostly thru a beautiful green valley with such rank vegetation and clover fields reminding us of good old Ohio...

There are so many people in here that tents have been rather difficult to get. Since we couldn't get any satisfaction about it, we brought one of our small camp tents for ourselves and one still smaller for the cook. On top of these we had three tin trunks, 3 bedding rolls, 1 large suitcase, 1 four-gallon tin of coal oil, cooking pans, bread pans, milk buckets, water jar, tea kettle, hat bag, besides extra petrol, lubricating oil, and spare tires. The old Ford won't know how to act when it goes back with just Emmet in it. ...[Apparently Emmet has to return to Jhelum and will rejoin Martha, for his vacation, later.]

We had a bed made for baby that will be very useful. It is a wicker affair with a removable pole under the top by which two coolies can carry it. We had it made large enough to serve as a playpen in the daytime. He was in it this evening for the first and seems to think it great.

June 9, 1920, Nasim Bagh. If it were not for the friends here and the mail they receive, I should feel entirely lost for I haven't had but one letter since Emmet left and that wasn't from him. Thru others I have heard that he is home but where his letters are I do not know. If I don't hear tomorrow, I'm going to wire him Monday. Just where the trouble lies I cannot say, but I know he is writing. It is lonesome without any word at all...

I went to the dentist's Thursday and am going back tomorrow. She is an Eurasian - a sister of the man who did my work in Landour three years ago. She is a graduate of the Isabella Thoburn School, Lucknow and studied dental surgery under her brother who was educated in America. It bespeaks a good deal of courage for a girl to be a pioneer in that profession out here in India and I hear that she has been quite successful...

We just received word last night of the action of General Assembly in regard to our salaries. It comes as a great relief, for I must say it wasn't pleasant to have to count every penny several times before you spend it. But the greatest cause for rejoicing is the increase for our native workers. ...It's been a tremendously hard pull for all of them and they are to be commended for staying on in this work when they could have gotten more under the government.

Sabbath - I got a letter from Emmet this noon. It was mailed Monday. Being a registered letter it took longer but by this time I ought to have Tuesday's and Wednesday's letters. He is mighty lonesome down there without us...

June 12, 1920, Nasim Bagh. ...In all our reading about the New World Movement at home it seems as tho the greatest stress is being laid on the financial drive. Essential as money is, there has never been one soul saved by it. Perhaps more attention is being given to the monetary phase of it because it touches men more forcibly and because it is more tangible. Then we know that the
forces may be at work underneath... Out here we are praying for more earnest native leaders in the church. We are hardly ready for too many more missionaries until we have the Indian workers to help and until we have the money to open new stations...

Mrs. [J.G.-Mabel] Campbell is having another return of the sprue. She is really quite weak and we fear for her unless she gets a complete rest. We are all trying to help with her children so that she can stay in bed, and keep on a strictly milk and strawberry diet. If she doesn't pick up this summer she must go home, if it isn't too late. I should never stay in India with that disease... According to Webster, sprue is "a chronic tropical disease characterized by anemia, gastrointestinal disorders, sore throat, etc." The diet Martha mentions is interesting!

July 13, 1920, Nasim Bagh. ... Am glad to hear of the Frenchburg teachers. I think my letters to them must have been lost and theirs to me, for I haven't heard from any of them for three years... My dental work is still going on. Wed. morning I am to take chloroform and have four teeth extracted - two very bad abscessed ones and two wisdom teeth. The one of these is not clear and so will have to be cut out and the other is very crooked. Hence the chloroform. One of the doctors at the mission hospital will give it; so I am sure of good treatment...

It is only about four weeks now until Emmet will be here with me. We hope to have a real good vacation this August - our first since three years, for the last two years I have been incapacitated...

I got forty pounds of cherries today to dry Monday. It will be most of a day's job but I shall be very glad to have them. I want to get still more, for the dried fruit is such a blessing in camp. We have a cherry seeder here in the garden which everybody uses. It saves hours of work...

July 10, 1920, Nasim Bagh. ... My 35-1/4 quarts of cherries are finished. Today I put out 1200 apricots. These are not nearly as nice as the ones we got last year, for a hail storm destroyed many of the blossoms...

Baby is crawling very well now but does still better when his dresses are off. Am going to make several pairs of warm bloomers so that he can creep without taking cold when we go up higher in August. Suppose he'll not wear dresses long after he once gets into bloomers...

I am anxious to hear how Emmet Price is getting along. He is a young fellow for a nervous breakdown but he has never been strong. He would have been much better off if he had gotten married and had a home of his own...

July 17, 1920, Nasim Bagh. ... We have been very anxious the last couple of days for little Joan Campbell, the baby about James' age. She has been sick for a month now but just Friday night she began to have fever and it is keeping up high - over 104 all the time. Mrs. C. has almost given up. She is having a return of the sprue today. It is no wonder when she has the great burden. Mr. C. started here last Wed. but got fever in Jhelum. The latest word said he hoped to leave there this morning...

July 26, 1920, Nasim Bagh. ... This afternoon as I was watching over Joan Campbell I was thankful I could do it while others were helping you out. We are all so dependent on others, aren't we?

Emmet Price's case is surely very pathetic... Anyone in his condition should have professional care and if they do not provide it Aunt Bessie and Uncle Homer will both be in the grave before Emmet. Sentiment must give way to judgment in such a case and if they really desire that Emmet shall get well, they must know that they themselves are not able to handle the case. The fact that it is melancholia makes me feel quite sure that he can be cured... Emmet's life has in many ways been a sad one and since coming out here I have so often thot that he hasn't had a fair chance to develop. I shall never cease to be grateful to you, father and mother, for not hindering me in my life plans. You have sacrificed much, but thru that sacrifice have you not received a rich blessing - yes many blessings? We are far away and yet we may be actually closer together in spirit than many who live under the same roof for years...
Joan Campbell seems to be getting better but she has had a very hard struggle. Mr. C. came Wed. Just yesterday he received word of his mother's death.

Our baby thinks himself quite rich these days for Mr. Campbell brought the long-looked-for baby buggy. It is a very nice-looking collapsible one and has such splendid springs. He is so happy with it and every time I start out with him in it he begins to hum. He must be like Janet in being so friendly to everyone and so generous with his smiles. I hope he keeps this dear sweet disposition all thru life.

Aug. 2, 1920, Nasim Bagh. ...Today was Lowrie Campbell's birthday and since his mother was too busy with the sick baby to do anything herself, Mrs. Ayers and I had a birthday party for him. I baked a chocolate cake but thought sugar too high to ice it. The children seemed to have a good time.

This morning they took little Joan C. to the hospital in Srinagar. It is wonderful how she has held out all these weeks. She doesn't seem any better at all. They really don't know what is at the bottom of all the trouble.

Our baby continues to thrive... He has been taking several steps every day. I don't urge him in this, for he is pretty heavy and I don't want him to bend his legs or his ankles... Mrs. Sutherland wrote from Landour that he must have captivated all the hearts in Nasim Bagh for every letter from here had been telling what a dear sweet baby Jimmy Alter is...

Aug. 9, 1920, Nasim Bagh. At last Emmet arrived last Thursday evening. It was a long week of waiting for my part and of working on his part. Coming down the hill from Murree on a steady downgrade for twenty-five miles one of his hind axles broke and when he discovered the brake was not working he ran into the side of the hill to his left to save them from going clear down over the other side. Perhaps I'm not making this very clear. The road is on the side of a mountain - one side rising up far above and the other going down to the Jhelum River hundreds of feet below. He came out really very well, for no one was hurt and the front of the car was not nearly as badly damaged as one would expect. It took two days to get the repairs from Rawalpindi so that they were not ready to begin on it until Monday morning. In the meantime it had rained so hard that when all the repairs were finished the coil box was so damp it would not work. That night they staid out in an Indian house with plenty of undesirable company [Ed. - bedbugs] in their beds. You can imagine their plight but they came thru O.K. By they I mean Emmet, Mr. J.H. Stewart, and an English mechanic from the army. It was a hard experience but we are all thankful no one was injured. The girls [Ed. - single women missionaries travelling with Emmet - perhaps Mabel Stewart and Miss Gordon] seem to have been real sports, and according to their report Emmet was quite the gallant gentleman. His cool head saved the day. He very calmly told them to hold tight and before they knew anything was the matter, it was all over. You may be sure at least one person in the garden was mighty thankful when they arrived...

Tomorrow morning early we are going into Srinagar to climb one of the peaks from which we can get a splendid view of the Jhelum valley. Then in the afternoon we are going to take a drive around this lake. Thursday we plan to leave for Pahlgam, one of the higher stations and we'll be there for almost three weeks. I said today that it would be well if I had to move every week so that I would keep things in order. And the less we have, the better. I've decided to put all my money into conveniences for traveling and let the house and other things go. We are on the move so much of the time that it does [not] pay to lay up many valuables...

Aug. 21, 1920, Pahlgam. ...Mr. Campbell let us have the use of his trailer which we attached to Mr. Ayers' Ford. ["Ayers" is an unfamiliar name in Martha's circle - perhaps another missionary family or friends they have made in Kashmir?] All excess baggage was piled high on it - tents, chairs, bathtubs, commodes, trunks, baskets, boxes, tables, etc., and on top of all the two babies' beds. At Bawan we found a very comfortable bungalow high up on a hill commanding a magnificent view.
of the Lidar [or "Lidder"] Valley and the surrounding hills. We staid there over Sabbath, going out from there to Martand, famous for an old Hindu temple built in 550 A.D.; and on to Achabal for the day Saturday. We wheeled the baby buggies there and back - fourteen miles in all and now Emmet thinks himself an expert at the job. At Achabal there are a number of famous springs which are supposed to have their source from a river which is lost on the other side of the hill. Here there is a well-known trout farm. I was surprised to find the fish so small at six months. At three years they are considered mature and are then kept for breeding purposes or sent out into the rivers for fishing purposes.

Monday morning we were up bright and early for the trip here. But our plans were somewhat spoiled, for just as we left Bawan Mr. Ayers while turning a sharp corner drove too fast and broke the connections between trailer and Ford. The trailer is just a two-wheeled affair and I wish you could have seen it turn over backwards, making a miserable wreck of Jimmy's bed and bathtub, but doing little damage to anything else. We secured a blacksmith to repair the break and were off that afternoon. The road from there on was very rough so that Mr. Ayers was thankful when we reached Ashmakaual and pitched our tents under a huge walnut tree. That night we set bread and baked the next morning while the coolies were loaded - 38 of them in all. Mrs. Ayers and I each had a pony which the men deigned to mount once or twice for very short rides. Our lunch problem all through the journey was a simple one, for the Ayerses have an "steam cooker" - an Indian invention. It is a combination of the fireless and lunch carrier. It consists of two outer galvanized iron cylinder cases, the lower one for charcoal or a spirits lamp, and the other an air case in which sits a copper cylinder into which is poured a little water and then the case of aluminum pans corresponding to the lunch carrier. Emmet and I plan to get one the first time we are near a shop where they are purchaseable for they are most convenient for nomads like ourselves...

The trip here to Pahlgam was a distance of 12 miles up a very easy grade following up the Lidar River all the way. Our camp here is in a beautiful pine grove high above the river. Wood is lying around in such abundance that we have a huge bonfire every night. To be so rich in any one thing is quite a novel and not altogether unpleasant experience...

How we wish you all could be here with us in this beautiful spot. The scenery is wild and grand with the mountains all about us - the nearer ones covered with pines, the higher ones lined with glaciers. It is wonderful to be so close to the rocks and hills which speak continually of His glory...

**Sept. 5, 1920, Pahlgam. (Sabbath)** While in Pahlgam a very famous Hindu pilgrimage went thru to Amarnath Cave about thirty miles higher up. There were in all about four thousand persons - two thousand pilgrims and an equal number of merchants, servants and coolies. For one day they camped just near us and we took our breakfast up the river beyond them, passing thru the midst of their camp. The wealthier pilgrims traveled on horseback or in dandies, had commodious tents, and a retinue of servants. The poorer ones came on foot and slept in tents made of blankets thrown over two poles or in a few cases merely a long towel. The merchants brot all the necessities of life and a goodly number of luxuries - bread, curry, rice, candy, nuts, raisins, etc. The chief medical official accompanied them with a large dispensary. This feature has been added not before it was needed for hundreds have died every year from the cold and exposure. Many of them come from the heat of the Panjab and it's no mild heat in August, and travel up to the snows without proper clothing and shelter. The "sadhus" - holy men - are the chief object of veneration and adoration to the Hindu, of curiosity and usually disgust to us. There are four stone houses on the camping ground which have been erected for the naked sadhus. They have disfigured themselves so with oil, ashes, and filth that they resemble the animal much more than man. Among them are many well-educated men and earnest seekers after truth. Emmet and Ralph Stewart went to see them the night they arrived and found some of them very cordial. Lest you misunderstand, I should add that they stay in these
houses only at night. We saw them all as we passed thru the camp. In the midst of the camp was a special canopy under which are two silver canes presided over by a special sadhu who gave every worshipper who came a drink of Ganges water. You may believe they brot it from the Ganges if you choose but not I. When the camp moved the next morning, these two canes were carried on ahead to lead the way as the Ark went before the Israelites. Coming down from Pahlgam on Monday we saw everywhere preparations being made to receive these same pilgrims who were to be returning that way the next day...Have much to write but must stop as we leave for Jhelum tomorrow morning...
Sept. 12, 1920, Jhelum. We are back home again for a few days and it is good to be here again even tho everything is in a state of disorder. Three motors arrived here Thursday night - Mr. J.G. Campbell with Dr. White in her new car, Dr. and Mrs. McConnelee and Ethel, and we three. Before leaving Kashmir I bought one of these steam cookers like Mrs. Ayers' only larger and so our dinner was all ready when we arrived. The rest left us Friday morning and since then I have been unpacking and repacking for we go to Sialkot tomorrow for two weeks [for the Sialkot Convention]. I don't have to go but since Emmet must be there I don't see any reason for not going. I'm making all preparations to leave tomorrow afternoon. As I told you before, I am making plans to get everything convenient for traveling and forget all about a house. Living in trunks can be made more simple than we have made it I am sure. Hence I'm going to put forth my efforts in that direction...

I must tell you about the C.M.S. (Church Missionary Society-English) school in Srinagar under Mr. Tindal Biscoe, a very original and successful educator. Missionary work in Kashmir has been conducted in the face of bitter opposition and with as yet few visible results so far as converts are concerned. But Mr. Biscoe has opened up the door in a marvelous way and by degrees is tearing down many of the long-standing customs. Above the door of his study is this motto "Honesty is the best policy - but not in Kashmir." He believes in appealing to the eye as well as to the ear and so every classroom is lined with pictures and charts. Using Kashmir as an illustration he remarked that if a blind man were to come to Kashmir and get his ideas of the land from the Kashmiris alone, he wouldn't know one truth about the country because they are all liars. Hence he urges the boys to use their eyes. As he says, he is training for life and his every effort is exerted to make men of his boys. Every teacher as well as every pupil must go in the river every day and no boy is there long who does not learn to swim. Honorable mention is made of all who swim long distances and save life. There are many, many deaths every year in Kashmir from drowning, for tho the majority of the people live near the water few of them can swim. No money prizes are ever given at this school, for Mr. Biscoe believes the prize detracts from the merit of the deed. At noon every day the whole school assembles in the playground for prayers followed by drills. At this hour the school band plays while every class does a special drill. In spite of the opposition from the government, the school has more boys than it can handle, for Mr. Biscoe appeals to the boys' love of activity. The Kashmiris are exceedingly filthy but after years of labor, this school shows us how splendid a Kashmiri can look when clean. Just outside the kindergarten door was a wee lad washing his garments. [How this must have confirmed Martha's philosophy that "cleanliness is next to godliness"!] There is a Christian doctor on the staff who teaches all the physiology classes in addition to caring for the sick. The walls of his office are lined with charts and whenever a boy is sick he is shown just where the trouble is and the probable cause. The whole plan of the school is to develop the boys into men of knowledge and of service. Mr. Biscoe's wonderful personality has much to do with the success of the school.

I think I have spoken before of the Mission Hospital in Srinagar with a splendid staff of foreign doctors and nurses. It is now a large plant covering the whole of a hill which was formerly nothing but a mass of huge rocks. After years of struggle to get some territory, the Maharajah finally allowed them to have this rocky old place, thinking that it never could be used for anything. But the Westerner is not going to be downed by the conservative Easterner, and so today there is no more
commanding site in Srinagar than the mission hospital. The children would be interested to know that there is seldom a day in the year when there is not some patient there who has been mauled by a bear. Sometimes they are brought a four or five days' journey and usually the worst wounds are on the face. Bear attacks are usually made against persons attempting to protect their corn fields from the beasts. The Bible teaching in both school and hospital, together with the loving service and Christian living, will in the end destroy the opposition and open the way for many to take their stand for Truth...

**Sept. 21, 1920, Sialkot.** Emmet and I came here a week ago, I was out to Barah Patthar for a few days but since the real work of the Convention has commenced, baby and I have been down here at the hospital. There is such a mob of Europeans and Indians, old and young, that it would be exceedingly difficult for baby to get any rest at all. I'd rather enjoy being with the crowd but I'm more eager for James to keep well. You should see how he is growing and developing. He weighed 19-1/2 lbs. last week and walks so much these days around the bed and chairs. He still wears his broad smile and surely does look funny with just one tooth...

Emmet is in charge of the tents for the convention and let me tell you it is no small task to have them all pitched. We have procured some tents from the army - fifty - and besides that use a goodly number of mission tents...

**Sept. 27, 1920, Sialkot.** Tonight's meeting will close the Convention... The Urdu services have been splendid but surely I don't need to tell you that I do not get as much out of them as I do out of the English ones. However, it is a little consolation to know that each year finds our ears a little more attuned to the Urdu tongue. Sometime in the dim future I may be able to twist my tongue more fluently in the foreign speech. The East demands patience in more than one way.

The enrollment for the whole Convention is over 1500. The meals are very well-arranged on the cafeteria style and are part European and part Indian. I have been there for breakfasts ["lunch"] and have enjoyed the curries. I think it a well-managed affair. We sit on the floor beside long low tables.

The meetings seem to have been very effective and most of the speakers had real live messages clothed in such simple language that the simplest villager could grasp the truth. You know we have so many poor ignorant creatures who are real Christians insofar as they can see the Light. Then we have some very well-educated Christians who are just as consecrated and who are proving very successful leaders...

Miss Belle Hamilton is to be married this winter to an English clergyman. All the single girls are saying "Excuse me from the Englishman!" He is here at the Convention and really isn't so bad after all. He is a much more romantic lover than the Scotchman, McKenzie. Give me the American every time!!

...Do you still clean your house in the fall as well as in the spring, Mother? I hope not, for I think it is a tremendous strain on your system. Your house is always so clean anyway that I don't see any use in tearing it all up. I never was very neat around the house and after 6-1/2 yrs. in India I'm afraid you'll think me a hopeless case...

**Oct. 6, 1920, Jhelum.** We came home a week ago today... Sutherlands were on the same train coming from the hills. Saturday, Mr. Maxwell and Dr. Greg Martin came up for over Sabbath. Early Monday morning Emmet took them in the Ford to visit several towns up North as they are looking for a site for the hospital...

[Presumably, Taxila Hospital, which later became well-known, especially for eye surgery.]

**Oct. 12, 1920, Sialkot.** We came back here on Thursday as we had planned [for the Mission's Annual Meeting], and had a lovely trip in the motor excepting the time on the ferry. About halfway between here and Jhelum is a river which has no bridge save the railway one. Once a day they run a ferry across and it was on that we spent 3-1/2 hours! It was scorching hot for it was just the middle of
the day and we aren't having cool weather yet, tho the nights are very comfortable.

We are living in a tent just beside the dining tent so that it is convenient for us working on the committee. Emmet is in charge of the tents and now that they are pitched he helps in the dining tent, serving the meals or rather taking up the tickets as the servants come for the orders. I am in charge of the milk, drinking water, and salads. I have to see the milk measured when it comes, watch it being boiled and put it away. Then I have to have all the water jars filled and see that all the covers are on after every meal. We do not have salads every evening and when we do have them I usually have some other help. My job is really a very light one but now that more people have come, I shall have to give more time to the milk boiling and we shall be getting about 30 quarts a day. Then I have charge of one of the tables and serve the tea there at early breakfast and tea. Everything is sold by tickets.

I have a woman helping me with baby these days. She comes about seven in the morning and takes the baby out while I am working in the big tent or eating. He looks so much like Emmet that we know Mother Alter would love to have him in her arms just for old time's sake.

I took four exams yesterday. That finishes the fourth year and I have just one more year of the course to get off. I hope I can do it and know I can if we keep well. I enjoy studying it so much and only wish I could talk better. It is so hard to keep the two languages - Urdu and Panjabi - separate.

Oct. 26, 1920, Sialkot. Thursday night we had our social evening as a reception to our new members. Twenty-one have come out from home during the past year. We like them all very much. Needless to say we have been admiring all their pretty clothes. Yesterday Miss Strong and Mr. McKenzie were married at the little Scotch chapel near here and had the reception in the C.T.I. bungalow. Mr. McKenzie wore his kilts and looked handsome. It seemed strange that the bridegroom's dress should attract more attention than the bride's, tho she looked very, very pretty.

Do you remember Bob Cummings? - one of the boys at our wedding. He and his wife are here and I like her very much. Dr. Greg Martin and his wife and baby live here at the C.T.I., too. Dr. Greg Martin is to be in the new Frontier Hospital. It is splendid to have a surgeon on the field. The Frontier Hospital will probably not be built for several years, because it takes so long to purchase land and then get the building underway. Dr. Martin, however, is to tour some in that district in preparation for the future work.

Nov. 4, 1920, Jhelum. We came home last Friday and since then have been trying to get settled only to go out to camp in two weeks. I've been clearing out boxes, drawers, cupboards, etc., and now am ready to get at the mending. When on the move so much it is almost impossible to keep one's clothes in order. I have a "dersie" on the verandah now making some new rompers for baby.

It was nice you could entertain the D.A.R., mother, and the lunch you served sounded mighty good. Do you have a yearly program? What are you studying this year? Do you still attend the W.C.T.U. or has that disappeared [because of Prohibition]?.

Nov. 10'20, Jhelum. There is much agitation in India along the line of non-cooperation with the government. It has been attacking the colleges lately. Most of the colleges are religious - Hindu, Mohammedan, Sikh, Christian - but receive very liberal grants from the government and are connected with the government universities from which alone diplomas are granted. The radical leaders are trying to stir up the students in different colleges to demand that those institutions be separated from the Gov. universities and refuse all Gov. grants. The most trouble has been in the Mohammedan College at Aligarh, and tho it seemed as tho the trouble would spread, it received very little support and seems to be dying out. The first elections under the new Reform Act are to be held in September and tho the radicals want the people to refuse to participate, there are enough candidates to fill all the available positions in all Asia. Tho they are urging the Hindu and Mohammedans to get together and tho they seem at times to be more friendly, yet you can see the old dividing line every time the least question comes up...
Nov. 16, 1920, Jhelum. ...This afternoon we were over to the Municipal Gardens for tea and tennis with the District Judge and his wife. They had several couples in - the Deputy Commissioner and his wife, and the new chaplain and his wife. The D.C. is not much over thirty and must have a high standing at home to be offered such a position at this age here. Both of them are cultured and very sociable but he, poor fellow, is a physical wreck from drink and goes home next month for good. He is in such a condition that the government is providing a doctor to accompany them home, and he, having the choice, chose Dr. Robertson who was here last year. He is to accompany the D.C. home. This solves the Robertson's problem. They were trying to get home but hardly could afford it. The Mission won't pay their way, for they haven't been serving the Mission for the past four or five years, and the Gov. doesn't pay the way of any such officers on leave. One does feel so sorry for a young fellow who has lost himself so completely...

Nov. 22, 20. Chakwal. Here we are out in camp at last...When we reached Mandara, the last town on the main road and were about ready to settle in the bungalow for the night, we were informed that the Deputy Commissioner and his party had reserved the whole place... We didn't dare attempt the road from here, for night was approaching and the road was too bad for anything but a fair day's travel. As a last resort we sought the police station in the hopes that the inspector's room would be free but that wasn't to be had without much red tape, if that way, so we headed for Rawalpindi, twenty miles beyond on the Grand Trunk Road [Ed.-usually considered to run from Calcutta to Peshawar] and got there about 7:30. According to a most convenient custom in the Mission we went in to Dr. Anderson's house and made ourselves quite at home. He had gone to camp on Tuesday and his watchman took a good look at us before he opened the door. Otherwise there was no question about our staying there. The next noon we were back on the road again (and were here by 5:30). And such a road!! Thirty-seven miles of the roughest sort of country road - over fields, across rocky river beds, up very rocky hills and over roads that seemed to be...plowed fields that had frozen solid after the plowing. We've been sore all over ever since. Even Jimmy objected and he's usually very good-natured about a ride of any sort...

Our camp is very comfortable with a fire in the tent morning and evening. The middle of the day is hot while the nights are very, very cold. It is really quite a shock to the system to have such extremes in 24 hrs., but with the fire we manage well...

Nov. 29, 1920, In Camp. ...Gandhi and other radicals are keeping up a bitter agitation of non-cooperation aiming chiefly at the colleges now, in the endeavor to draw the students away from institutions partially or wholly supported by the Government or in any way connected with it. They are starting a National University but one is in doubt as to what sort of a teaching force they can find. If these same radicals, or rather men like them, had been in the U.S.A. they would have been in forced confinement long ago. Just what the end will be is hard to predict, but there is division among the parties and only a very small number in India are really in favor of the campaign. Britain is giving Home Rule to India as fast as, if not faster than, she is ready for it. The first elections under the new Home Rule Act will be held tomorrow. There are about six different days for these elections, for who ever heard of having an election take place on the same day thruout a big country? I'm sure myself I don't see how they could manage it in such a backward country as this. I am going to try to secure a ballot to send you. Beside each candidate's name is a dot or a certain number of dots so that the illiterate may be able to vote. Don't you think it would complicate matters for the candidate to have to inform all his constituents how many dots stand for him? The radicals I mentioned are boycotting these elections, too. These are days of change the world over and we must expect it here as well as everywhere else.

The summer rains here were a failure and as yet there have been no winter rains. The ground is barren, the fields are one vast stretch of clay, the ponds are drying and the people are crying out that
they are hungry. If sufficient rain comes by the middle of next month, the winter crops will be assured and the situation will be saved. Otherwise we can expect a severe famine here in the Panjab. But it will not be as in China, for the Gov. will take hold of the situation by bringing food from other areas and distributing it as best they can. Even then the conditions will be very serious. We must hope for the best but any view from our tent is not reassuring.

Dec. 6, 1920, Chakwal. . . I've been intending to ask you for some time if you could gather up some Sabbath School cards for us. I'm hoping to have a class of uneducated women this spring and I'd like to have the cards for them. I thought of giving them each a card every time they are present. I suppose it will be a weekly class, for most of them couldn't come oftener. Then if your aid society or rather missionary society cared to make little needle books or cases for them, they would be very acceptable. Now I don't mean elaborate silk affairs, but little ones made out of any scraps of outing flannel. Then, please, put in no more than three or four coarse needles. The small-eyed needles they cannot use for most of our women have poor eyesight. Besides these are all women from the sweeper caste and use very coarse material for their clothing and so need the coarser needles.

We haven't had our rain yet, but it has been a little cloudy and we are hopeful. They have only the leaves off the trees for the cattle and if rain doesn't soon come there won't be many of them.

Dec. 14, 1920, In Camp. . . Emmet has the wild idea that when we are home he'd like to get his new Ford and use it there and then bring it out here. He'd like to take the trip West in it and you two along with us. [Ed.-One of my husband's vivid memories that he often recounts are trips in the family car across the U.S.A. and back; on at least one of these Grandma Payne accompanied them.]

. . . The other day a clerk from the court came to ask me about an English word. This is what he said, "When a man knocks a woman on the head with a pickaxe and she falls over trembling like a chicken with its head off, what is the proper English expression for her condition?" I told him it was hard for me to say, for we didn't have need for such a term in English, but I fear he missed the point.

Dec. 21, 1920, Chakwal. . . This evening we drove out to look at some land as a probably site for mission bungalows. The Mission has approved opening a station here and not before it is needed. It is a splendid center for work, as there are roads out in all directions to rather large villages. Jhelum District is far too big for this small force [of missionaries]. It is rather disheartening to realize that there are many, many villages that we fail to reach every year simply because we don't have the time.

Last night we gave a Christmas dinner to all our camp and the Christians ate with us here in the tent. We had it so early because one of our babus (native evangelists) was leaving today. We served pilau (rice cooked with meat and seasoned highly with spices and ghi - clarified butter) and meat curry for the first course and sweet pilao (rice seasoned with ghi, sugar, raisins and coconut) for the second course. I wish you could have seen our sweeper eat! It was once the poor fellow got all he could eat. He ate off of a large round tray which was filled up heaping four times with the first course and once with the second. We all thought he would be sick today but he survived. His face was just beaming all the time and I think the cook who served him tried to see how much the poor creature could eat.

Emmet and I have a great secret that we had intended to keep from you for another month or so but I told him it was too good to keep longer. Now you have no doubt guessed that we are expecting Jimmie's little playmate. It's a long time off but we are so delighted that we want you to know. . . I'm sure you are glad Jimmie is to have a little brother or sister so near his age. It is lovely for it to be so in any land but especially so out here where a little child sees no other white children for months excepting his own brothers and sisters. We are so happy over the wee one's coming for our own sake and for Jimmie's. Mrs. E.E. Campbell and I had decided to go to Kashmir this summer but she has changed her plans for my sake and we have engaged a suite of rooms in Landour, where I can have the services of one of our own mission doctors in July.
Dec. 27, 1920, In Camp. Just where shall I begin? I'm quite puzzled to know how to start to thank you for this wonderful box of Xmas gifts.

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Then follows nine pages of description and thanks for these gifts, and details of the events of Xmas Day, concluding with:

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"...If I had time to tell you all about the family where we were invited to tea it would be very interesting but I cannot write it all. The wife is a Christian, the daughter of one of the first converts in our mission, and one who has been in America and Europe. But she went astray and for a long time led a very questionable life. Then she married this wealthy influential Sikh and seems to be leading a very clean life now. She is known everywhere as a Christian, sends her children to Christian boarding schools, and is eager that they should all be Christians. He is very liberal-minded and tolerant. His people at first refused to eat with him but it is quite different now. At the tea the other day, his young nephew, who at first absolutely refused to have anything to do with this Christian woman, ate with all of us and even went and had the teapot filled when she asked him to. He is a young Sikh cavalry officer and after three years of service in France and two in Jerusalem his attitude toward many things has been changed. This family - Mr. and Mrs. Mahboobsingh, live about twelve miles from here but occasionally come to Chakwal for a month or so as he is an honorary magistrate here. They served us to the most delicious Indian candies and salt bits that I ever tasted. They were all served on silver from Kashmir and had thin leaves of pure silver on the top. These are eaten as well as the sweets and are considered a real luxury. We really had a very pleasant time and were so glad we could be with her on Xmas, for it has been years since she has been with Christians on this day...

Dec. 28, 1920, In Camp. ...No doubt you have had my last week's letter ere this and know of our expectations for July...If a boy comes we shall call him David Emmet Alter, Jr. I have practically nothing to get for this baby and no doubt he or she will be wearing Jimmie's things for years to come...

...A year ago the exchange for $100 was Rs. 215. The old stabilized exchange was Rs. 315; so the board at home came to our rescue and gave us a stabilized exchange of Rs. 300 on our salaries. Today the exchange has reached the unheard of sum of Rs. 420...
Jan. 5, 1921, In Camp, Chakwal. A Happy New Year to you all!

... We are camped in the compound of a government bungalow. The other night or morning about four o'clock we were aroused by the most weird mourning. The son of the watchman of the bungalow had died and they kept up this hideous mourning until 7:30 when they took the body away for burial. They would beat their breasts accompanied by rhythmic cries of Alas! Alas! until they were fairly exhausted. Then after a few minutes respite they would begin to mourn and wail as I had never heard before and hope I shall never hear again. They were away a few days but are back again and spend the most of the day in mourning. For twenty days their friends will continue to come to mourn with them. It shows the hopelessness of their faith in comparison with our assurance in Christ.

You remember I spoke last week of a Hindu who came in just when we began to open our Xmas parcels and asked so many questions that we postponed our Xmas until he should depart. He had been here the week before when that Christian woman and her Sikh husband were here for tea and she said he just came to see whether her husband would eat with us... Well, he has invited us to tea this afternoon and is borrowing our oven to bake a cake. I do wish he would give us some of the good Indian sweets instead of trying to make our things!...

The other day the doctor from the hospital came to call on Emmet and when asked how many children he has, he replied "Three children and two girls." Out in one of the Sikh homes we saw a thin little girl baby feeding at her mother's breast. When her fat brother about 2-1/2 yrs. came up and whined, the mother put down this wee baby and let that big boy take her milk. The wife of the watchman here asked me about our family and when she heard that I had no brothers she shook her head until I thought it would come off, and accompanied every shake with an "Alas!" When I was talking to this same woman's husband about the son who had died and, asking about his family, spoke of girls, he replied, "There are none. One thing to be thankful for." So it is from day to day that we see and hear their disapproval of girls.

Jan. 11, 1921, Talagang - In Camp. ... We have had quite an interesting move out here. Perhaps you remember that three years ago we came out to a place 87 miles from Jhelum, where no missionary had been for thirty years and of what a slow, dreary trip we had over the sands thru a fine drizzle all the way. It is at this same place, Talagang, that we are now camped. The trip the first day was delightful tho the road wasn't the smoothest in the world. ... The next day we got along beautifully until we came to the "kass" - a place reminding one of a miniature Grand Canyon, only the walls are usually clay rather than stone. As we went down into it the road was frightfully steep and very, very rocky... We were down in the sand only a few minutes when the car began to sound queer and then stopped. The low gear had broken and had caught some way so that we couldn't crank the machine or throw it into neutral. Emmet was hopeful that if we could get up any speed, it would fall into high and go alright, but there was nothing but sand ahead. So we summoned our servants who were just a little ahead of us and with the help of some other men who came along they pushed it to where the camels were. There we decided to send our men ahead to pitch camp and get men from the village, two miles ahead, to push the car in. We three girls, one of the native preachers, and baby started to walk. We pushed baby where we could and where the sand was too deep the four of us carried buggy and all. It was dark before we reached the village, and as our tents weren't pitched yet, we lay down under the open sky and had a good rest while baby slept... We stayed at that
camp until yesterday morning when we came here - an eight-mile trip and half of it deep sand. As we couldn't get any animals to haul the car we hired men to bring the car all the way.

Jan. 15, 1921, In Camp. Emmet just got word yesterday that his brother Joe is to be married first of June. . . We are so sorry to hear that Emmet P. was getting worse rather than better and that Aunt Bessie and Uncle Homer had not agreed to let him go away. I fear his staying there has only made him worse in addition to wearing out his parents. . . Evangeline, would you be able to send a pattern of the nightgown with feet? I want to make Jimmie new ones before going to the hills. . .

Jan. 29, 1921, In Camp - Choa. . . We have traveled about forty-nine miles since we wrote to you last. You may think four days for such a short trip is slow-moving but when you consider that we must carry all our possessions on camels that move about two miles an hour, you can understand why we do not make the trip in less time. We always carry the lunch basket with us and enough bedding for baby so that we are well-cared for even tho the camels do not get in until late.

Camels like their drivers are very undependable creatures. Sometimes they dance around in a most undignified manner, upsetting all their loads and incidentally breaking some of our beds, chairs, tables and other numerous articles. Again they march majestically, hardly shaking the loads at all. The camel drivers we engaged in Talagang promised "on their faith" (the most solemn oath for a Mohammedan, tho the followers of the prophet have little regard for any oath they give) that they would come here with us. But after we reached Chakwal, the second day they ran away without their pay and we had to get other camels. . .

Monday evening - This afternoon we had tea in the garden [of the bungalow, near where they are camping] and it sure was a real garden party with all the trees and flowers about us and the birds singing overhead. I planned this as a little surprise for the others and had lettuce sandwiches, peanut butter sandwiches, brown bread, and cake with seafoam icing. Everyone seemed to enjoy the party so much that I think we shall have our tea out there every afternoon.

This evening the girls [Probably Mabel Stewart, Miss Gordon and Miss Logan] saw twelve peafowls and six peacocks go to roost in two tall pine trees here in the garden. It is so interesting to watch them go up slowly from one limb to another until they find a roosting spot at the very top. . .

Feb. 7, 1921, In Camp. . . Last Thursday we moved here, Pind Dadan Khan, near the salt mines. . . The trip down over the Salt Range was rougher by far than last year and it's really a wonder we got here whole from the way we were shaken around. Except for a headache that night I didn't notice any effects at all. It sure was a hard road for the driver, but Emmet never seems to notice any strain. . . Just after dark our servants and camels came and as the sky was threatening they hastened to put up the tents to keep the ground dry. However we staid in the bungalow until noon the next day. During the night we had a good heavy shower and all day it continued to threaten until teatime when the real storm came. It hailed as I think I have never seen it before, until the whole ground was white with it. As soon as it subsided, we gathered up several big pans of it and made delicious vanilla ice cream with chocolate dope for dinner! No doubt it is the first ever made in this town. Until noon the following day there were little piles of ice in shady places. It was cold but the people were so rejoiced for all the rain that followed that they didn't object to a little inconvenience. This rain will bring fodder for the cattle but the winter crops are lost. With food for the cattle, tho, conditions will not be so bad. It is difficult for us to comprehend the poverty of some of these people. . .

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At this point (Feb. 9, 1921), a letter from Jeannette Copley Alter, Emmet's mother, to Jennie Payne, Martha's mother, is included. Jeannette Alter was widowed early and became the travelling field secretary for the Women's General Missionary Society of the UPNA. She writes of Emmet's
brother, Joe's plans to be married and for further study in Berkeley, Calif.; and of hearing the wellknown agricultural missionary, Sam Higginbottom, from India, speak. She concludes with an expression of how much she is looking forward to Emmet and Martha's first furlough: "We must plan together just what we will do when the children come home. We have secured a little bungalow at Mt. Hermon, in the Santa Cruz Mountains - about eighty miles south of Oakland, where they have a splendid summer course of Bible and Mission study. It may be a good place for them to rest, and if you can come out too we can be together a great deal. There are three bedrooms and we could put the men folks in the basement if crowded. I believe I shall have to shed tears when I see them. I find the tears starting just at the thought of their coming. Don't you just ache to have them here again?"

Feb. 14, 1921, In Camp. . . .Indian affairs are rather disturbing. Gandhi in his non-cooperation is following a suicidal policy. The school system here is far from what is desirable and inferior to our own but much superior to anything they ever had before. Furthermore, the new reforms just now being inaugurated give the educational department over to the Indians entirely. Gandhi is furthering a boycott of all government-aided schools, and in some places he has established "National Schools" independent of government aid. In most cases, however, the students are leaving school for a year to actively engage in this non-cooperation campaign. He is destroying the very foundations of society by corrupting the youth. He professes to be leading a national movement but he is actually leading the nation to ruin by calling the people to abandon everything Western. His pleas to the women to return to the spinning wheel are quite futile. The wealthy Hindu merchants will think long and hard before they abandon Western commerce. He is even urging the medical students to strike and give their attention to the study of old Hindu medicinal herbs, etc. ! He is even narrower in his vision than some of our American politicians who think that in this day and age any nation can live to herself. The present Viceroy [Chelmsford? -See Chapter 9, p. ] is a weakling and our hopes now are placed on the new one, Lord Reading, who comes in April. At present things are drifting downward and no one envies Lord Reading his task. We just trust he may be a strong man at this critical hour. No one can help sympathizing with the national ambitions of any people but when the masses are being led astray by a wild visionary, it is time to come to their aid...

Feb. 21, 1921. . .I'm thankful there are only two more moves until we reach Jhelum, for I don't think I could stand many more moving days. They are far from easy on anyone...

We started out about 1:30 yesterday afternoon for an eleven-mile march or rather ride. After numerous small sand beds, steep hills, rocky roads that many of our friends at home would call impassable, we came to a break in the road that we had some little difficulty in passing... In going down and starting up the other side the wheels slipped in the sand and, knocking against a projection on the other side, bent the front radius rods. If you have driven much in the sand you know how difficult it is to control the wheels, especially in deep sand. The question from there on was which road to take, so before repairing the car Emmet went out to reconnoitre... Three years ago we followed the river bed around the hill but last year the main body of water was up against the hill and we had to go up over the hill where we built a great part of the road. This year the river is almost dry and everyone advised going that way, and Emmet, after looking it over, thought it would be best. By the time he had built a fire and played the blacksmith act it was dark and we
all decided it would be better not to try such an uncertain trip at night. Our servants were with us then and had prepared tea. So after we had enjoyed a little moonlight picnic we left two men with the motor and the rest of us started to walk here three and a half miles. Emmet wheeled the baby buggy over rocks and thru sand until I'm sure his arms must have ached dreadfully. We reached the bungalow about 9:30 and were certainly glad for a good night's rest after a strenuous day. The walk in the moonlight had really been delightful and we often spoke of how much it reminded us of summer nights at Home.

This morning Emmet went out and we looked for his return about noon, but about 12:30 he came in for breakfast, saying that they had gotten the motor only a short distance, for every few yards the wheels sunk deep into the sand...They were taking out many more men and oxen if they could get them. I fear this must be mailed before he returns so that it will go out on this mail. Such is life in Jhelum District!!...We hope to get to Jhelum Tuesday but there are two hard trips ahead.

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In her first letter after their return to Jhelum, Martha comments on her father's approaching birthday: "It hardly seems possible that you are soon to pass your sixtieth birthday. If you were a native of this land you would be wearing a red beard and your hair, too, would be dyed a brilliant red. You would be walking around like a feeble old man, and would be telling everyone that you are very old, and would no doubt be living off your children. Instead of that you are as spry and young as you were at half this age, and you are continually bestowing bountiful gifts upon your children, while they do nothing for you. Such is the contrast of the East and the West!!"

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March 16, 1921, Jhelum. Your letters of Feb. 6 came yesterday and we were so glad to hear from you again but so sorry to hear that Martha is in such a serious condition. We had hoped that she was much better. Now we do hope that the specialist will be able to help her. [Ed.-I believe niece Martha's "serious condition" was kidney trouble.]...Little Paul must have had a hard attack of chicken pox...it's a shame [he] was losing so much when he had been so fat and strong. Babies seem to lose and gain so quickly. Yesterday we were invited over to the English Chaplain's for tea. They have a little boy 13-1/2 mo. and he and Jimmy had a great time...This chaplain seems very nice people tho it would shock many Americans to see him and his wife smoking their cigarettes after tea...Tomorrow night we are having Mr. and Mrs. Fazl Ilahi and Mrs. Ponsonbee in for dinner. Mrs. P. is the wife of one of our Christian professors in Gordon College and is assistant School Inspectress of all this division. She is here now holding examinations and inspecting the girls' schools.

When Emmet was in Pindi last week he had two teeth drawn and neuritis set in as a result of the shock. Dr. S. has been giving him some rather strong medicine to deaden the pain. This comes at a rather hard time, as exams will be held next week and Emmet is working hard to get ready for them..

Mar. 22, 1921, Jhelum...Tomorrow we go to Sialkot for exams. I'm going more to see people than to give exams tho I do expect to give one in Gurmuki - written Panjabi used by the Sikhs. It is a new character and reminds me of making out a puzzle, for I know most of the words and recognize them in the Persian character. The Gurmuki is read from left to right while the Persian is just the opposite...After this [exam] is given I have just three more to give but I make no prophecies as to when they will be given, tho I hope it may be next fall. You will notice I use the term "give an exam," when at home we always say take. Out here we have borrowed the Urdu idiom.

Yesterday we had a "jalsa" (party picnic or whatever you care to call it) of all the Christians, to wind up the financial campaign of the New World Movement. Our church was asked to give Rs.
3,000 in excess of what they are giving and it looks as tho we shall be about Rs. 1,000 ahead of the mark. These sums may not seem big to you but they have a different appearance to these people, who earn from Rs. 20 to 30 a month. Of course, there are some in our church who get more but the majority do not. When we were serving the candies at the last, the poor ignorant sweepers stirred up some trouble because they were not asked to help serve. The poor creatures have been downtrodden for so many generations that they are over-sensitive and think because we didn’t ask them to help pass the candies that we are unwilling to eat anything they have touched. From a hygienic point I'm not craving to touch the things they have handled. But hygiene is a new thing to them, while caste is the matter uppermost in their minds. It is ever so hard to get a faint glimpse of their mental state, tho I believe some of these men and women are real Christians. Your wedding anniversary will soon be here. I was trying to think the other day what year you were married - was it '86? I hope you have a very happy anniversary.

Mar. 28, 1921, At Home Jhelum. We sure were sorry to hear that our dear little Paul had been so sick. It was fortunate that you were there, mother. We are anxious for later word. Certainly E. & P. have had more than their share of sickness for the past two years. We have been in splendid health save for that one severe sickness. Health is a great blessing and one that we often neglect to appreciate until it is taken away...

At Sialkot I made arrangements with Dr. Jongewaard to have charge of my case this summer. She will come up near the middle of July and bring one of her Indian nurses. If baby should come a few days early she (?) would be your twin, Evangeline, save for the difference of 34 years. There are three mission babies expected in July - Greg Martin’s, Mitchell's and our own...

Emmet went to Synod today at Gujranwala. I hated to see him go, for he wasn't at all well. Sat. when we came home we had lunch at the Wazirabad station and the meat was tainted. Emmet ate more than I did and as a result he didn't eat anything else until this morning. Last night neuralgia started up again so that he is feeling rather bum...

Before I forget it I want to give you my hill address. I may go up early in May so you can begin sending by the new address at once. It is - "Mt. George," Landour, Mussoorie, U.P. . . . I shall have an ayah [nursenmaid] when I get to the hills and I sure shall be glad, for [Jimmie’s] getting awfully heavy to lift - at least he seems heavier to me.

Apr. 5, 1921, Jhelum. I have just finished a letter to Paul and Evangeline. At such a time as this words seem so superficial. The word of baby Paul's death came yesterday and we have found it exceedingly hard to realize that he has gone. Tho we knew he was so sick, yet we could not believe he would be taken. It was so good of you, daddy, to send the word on to us so promptly. Your letters postmarked Feb.28th, March 1 & 2 came all in the same mail. How hard it must have been to see the dear baby suffer so. When you knew he couldn't get well, his death must have been a comfort since you knew that he was free from pain. How dreadfully agonizing the whole experience must have been for you all. You were all worn out from your days and nights of nursing but you could have borne the physical strain so much easier had he been spared. We know that it is all well even tho we cannot understand. It is so comforting to know that our loving Father cares for us and does all things well. Every time I look at our darling Jimmy, my heart goes out to E. & P. in their loneliness. Baby Paul's death is a great loss to Jimmy for we had counted so much on their friendship in the years to come. Martha and Janet must miss him very, very much. He surely must have been a darling baby. If he had lived after the attack of meningitis he would probably have been afflicted all his life. There are living sorrows harder to bear than death, tho that seems almost beyond endurance. It is hard to write now when our few words of sympathy will reach you over two months after the baby has gone. That is one of the trials of separation, that we cannot be with you at the very time of your grief.

Apr. 12, 1921, Jhelum. . . . I have decided to go to the hills a little earlier than I had planned...
I'm going in two weeks, getting to Landour on the 29th of this month. That seems very early but will be best all around as Jimmy's teeth are bothering him and this heat only aggravates him.

...It is good to hear that Evangeline has such kind friends, who have helped her so much in times of sickness. Her home will be a lonely one without little Paul but we are so thankful that Martha and Janet have been spared in their severe sicknesses. We are so anxious for later word concerning Martha.

...Only a small portion of the total amount needed for the Ford has come and we have no assurance that more is on the way. ...The Ford seemed to be a real necessity in attempting to cover this district of 4,000 sq. mi. During our camping season this winter, the speedometer registered over 600 miles. It is seldom that we take a pleasure ride, for the price of gasoline is almost prohibitive and certainly we never should have purchased the car for anything else than mission work. Our plan is to sell this one when we go home and put the money towards a new one when we return.

With this week's mail came the three good patterns from you, mother. ...The kimona pattern is a beauty. I tried to get some material here on the plains but couldn't; so hope to get some at one of the Jap [sic] shops in Landour.

Apr. 18, 1921, Jhelum. ...Which do you prefer, dust or smoke? We have a good combination in this room just now. A thick dust storm came up very quickly and filled the house before we had time to get baby's bed in and close the door. Then the sweeper didn't clean the lamp right and the chimney broke so that before I knew it the room was full of smoke. It is suffocatingly hot in here but we dare not open the door and there is no use of thinking of bed until the storm subsides. If it would only bring rain we shouldn't object to all this heat but you would be still more weary of it were you here.

...Yesterday Emmet had the privilege of baptizing a young Sikh - the first convert he has baptized. Down where they have the mass movement among the lower classes, they baptize hundreds in a year, but up here it is quite different. This young fellow is from one of the influential Sikh families here in Jhelum. He has gone away now and the plan is for him to get a position as munshi in Landour for the summer. In that way he will be away from his old associates and the temptations won't be so strong. We cannot realize how hard it is for them to take the open stand for Christ.

The Sikhs have been considerably stirred up here in the Panjab of late and are raising an army of their own. This will react on the Hindus and Mohammedans who greatly fear the Sikhs. There is anything but unity among the Indians themselves. Our hope lies in this, for if they should really unite the foreigner would stand little chance and the great masses of the people still less.

May 3, 1921, Landour. You are probably wondering why you did not hear from me last week. Our days were busy with packing but that would not have hindered me had Jimmie not gotten sick. Tuesday he had a very high fever but by Wednesday morning he was normal and that afternoon we went to Lahore. It wasn't a very favorable time to start on the long trip with him, for the thermometer was 102 in the shade but it didn't seem wise to stay down in the heat any longer. Thursday night we staid in the station and the next day at 2 p.m. we left Lahore. Emmet did everything to make us comfortable in the compartment before the train pulled out...there were just five of us including Jimmie. He had a very good night but the next day was hard on him, for we had almost a five hour's ride up the hill in the dandy...He had what might be called a slight attack of dysentery. He has been much more like himself the last two days and plays quite a bit tho his disposition is anything but angelic.

...We have a very comfortable suite of rooms here. Mrs. [E.E.] Campbell will not be up [from Sialkot] until the last of this month; so Jimmie and I have it all to ourselves. I brought my cook and his wife. She is helping me a little bit until I get an ayah. I had one engaged but she is down with tuberculosis! Another one came Sat. and helped me a lot in getting the house straightened. Jimmie
was too sick to go to any stranger. But this woman's husband won't let her work; so I'm still searching. I don't need her as much now as I will later but Jimmie, tho under 23 lbs., seems heavy to me these days.

...We are planning not to send you a cablegram about baby but if in answer to this letter you urge us to do it we shall. We thought it unnecessary as you will not be so anxious as you were with the first one.

...Yesterday Jimmie had his first ride in a "khandi" - a basket hung on the back of a coolie. He was quite frightened when he first got in but he was delighted as soon as the coolie started off...

May 17, 1921, Landour. ...India is threatened with a severe famine and my heart goes out to the poor people. All the rains for the past year have been a failure and prices are soaring tremendously. I get thoroughly disgusted with myself every time I complain inwardly, or otherwise, about our own expenses, for I know the pinch on us is nothing to be compared with that on these poor people. We are praying that this summer's rains may be a success and that they may come very soon to relieve the people on the plains. The heat is dreadful for this time of year.

...I've joined a literary club that meets every Friday. It was originally a Presbyterian affair but this year they are taking in a few others.

...Emmet sent me a gas lantern for my birthday. It is larger than the ordinary lantern, has two mantles and gives an excellent light. It burns coal-oil and ought to be very practical.

...Our Jimmie is getting to be quite fond of his ayah, much to my satisfaction. He is keeping so well these days and so happy, too. He's learning to talk more in Urdu than in English but I'm not at all troubled about that, for I know he'll get the English.

May 24, 1921, Landour. ...Our houses are sure nothing to brag about and especially these hill ones. This place is alive with fleas! ...But we learn not to take much notice of such things. I shouldn't mind the material things if only I could have Emmet with me more.

...We call the new baby "Junior" since that will fit whether a boy or girl.

...This ayah is a great help and I wonder how I could ever get along without her now. She does so much for me as well as for baby. It is such a relief not to have to lift him so much. This ayah is the most willing servant I have ever had and does so many extra things without being asked. She seems to see things that will make it easier for me.

...This Friday I am on the program at the [literary] club. I'm finding the reading for it ever so fascinating. The subject is the condition of the poor in India. It is hard for us to know just where the line of poor begins since the majority of the people live on a much lower plane than do the poor in America.

At the meeting of the Panjab W.C.T.U. [Women's Christian Temperance Union] in Pindi a few weeks ago they put me in as Juvenile Secretary for the Panjab. It's somewhat of a joke on me, for I never belonged to the W.C.T.U. and don't know one thing about it. However there are some people up here who do and I'm hoping to get some information from them...This is the first time they have had a juvenile sec. in the Panjab. I couldn't go to this meeting in Pindi but I'll make it a point to attend all meetings after this so that I don't get such work thrust upon me.

June 1, 1921, Landour. ...Mrs. Campbell and Helen [This is Mrs. E.E. Campbell from Sialkot, not Mrs. J.G. Campbell (Mabel) from Pasrur.] came Saturday so that Jimmie and I have company...Mrs. C. and I plan to take turns every two weeks in keeping house. In that way it won't be much work for either one. I've never tried this way and am curious to see how it turns out.

...The past week was an exciting one and one fraught with many dangers, tho we all came through safely. For some time past we have noticed forest fires on nearby hills, but they have always been at safe distances. Just about a week ago they came nearer and by Thursday night it looked as if the whole hill were doomed. While I was sleeping peacefully, Miss Martin and some others were out
until 2 a.m. The fire started in the valley below peak No. 3 and by Thursday night was sweeping up five or six ravines, making as many streams of raging flame. The flames began to leap across the path and Miss Martin and her party were forced to retreat. About eight Presbyterian families had to leave their homes for the night - some slept in the guard house [in the military cantonment], some on the verandah of the English [Anglican] church, and some in our church. Gurkha soldiers [renowned for their loyalty and support of the British army] were summoned that evening from Dehra Doon, the railway station for Landour. Toward morning about three hundred of them arrived and because of the scarcity of water they brot up water on mules from Dehra - fifteen miles away. This water was stored away to be used if any of the houses or barracks should catch on fire. The trees were all so dry that they couldn't resist the fire long and the ground was covered with dry leaves and grass which were quickly ignited and spread the fire so rapidly. They fought the fire with long green branches and by back-firing. All along the path they started fires below the fence to burn all the leaves and undergrowth which really spread the big fire. By burning off these in little patches they were able to control it and so kept the big fire from spreading up to the houses. I'm not sure that I have made this very clear, but perhaps your imaginations can supply something. Sabbath the danger was passed and the Gurkha soldiers went back to the plains. Since then the rains have come and we feel quite secure from fire. Sabbath at the church we had a special service of praise for deliverance, for there had been hours when it looked as tho all the property on the hill was lost.

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The winter of 1998-99, many years later in our own time, was extremely mild in Landour, with no rain and little snow. We are told that from mid-February till early May there was no rain at all, and severe forest fires - much as Martha describes them above - burned on the hillside. Again, shortage of water was a problem, and local teams fought the blazes in the same way that Martha relates, though water was brought by trucks rather than mules.

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June 9, 1921, Landour. . . .My ayah . . .has been quite seriously ill and they even had the report out Monday that she was dead. These people do such terribly absurd things. Her old husband seems to think a lot of her but he was so troubled and so sure she was going to die that he had the burial cloth ready just beside her (they do not bury in caskets for they cannot afford them), and had about twelve men waiting outside ready to carry her to the graveyard. Now wouldn't that be an inspiration to a sick person to get well!! The other day Dr. Brown took the case in his hands and the poor old woman is better tho she won't be able to work for several weeks. I'm trying to get someone else but haven't succeeded yet.

June 13, 1921, Landour. . . .[Jimmy] and Helen [the E.E. Campbells' little daughter] are great friends. Every morning he wants to go in to waken Helen. Then he quite frequently goes up to her and caresses her most affectionately. She is very fond of him, too.

We are sorry to hear that Emmet Price is growing weaker all the time. It must be extremely hard to see a dear one in that condition and be helpless to do anything. [Emmet Price is Martha's cousin, the son of Aunt Bessie and Uncle Homer. Aunt Bessie was Grandma Jennie Payne's sister. Emmet has apparently suffered a nervous breakdown, perhaps complicated by physical illness of some kind.]

June 20, 1921, Landour. How time does go! I just realized that Evangeline's birthday [July 11] will be here before I can possibly get a letter to her. But let it come as fast as it will, for the sooner it gets
here the sooner another birthday [the baby's] will arrive. You know how anxious one gets to have the last month pass quickly, for by that time appearance, feelings, and all wish to be relieved.

...We finally have an ayah and I feel like a new creature. She isn't as good as the old woman I had. . .[but] Jimmy has made up with her very quickly and I hope that we can keep her thruout the summer.

...Last Friday Mrs. Stewart [a mission colleague—probably wife of R.R. Stewart, with whom they travelled up country in November, 1916] and I entertained the Literary Club...The subject last week was social work among laborers, and tenants and landlords. These subjects are really very interesting and we are so glad we belong to the club. [I suspect this is the same club that continued into the 1970's, called then the "Reading Club," of which I was a member during the late '50s, '60s, and '70's.]

June, 26, 1921, Landour. ...I celebrated our anniversary this morning by washing flannels etc. for the coming one. The sun was out so bright and pretty when I started but the mists have gathered since, so that I shall have to build a fire in the grate in order to dry out the things. I have everything in readiness for drying baby's diapers, etc. I purchased a large, open basket. Underneath this we put a pot of hot charcoal and over it hang the wet clothes. They dry out quite quickly but someone has to keep watching all the time lest they get burned.

...Your list of prices, daddy, was very interesting. With us butter is 50 cents, sugar 13 cents, and lard not on the market. Perhaps I should modify that because we can buy canned lard for about 75 cents or $1.00 a lb. but we don't indulge.

...The monsoons haven't broken in the Panjab yet and the heat is almost beyond endurance.

This past week Emmet has been in Sialkot auditing books. Today he goes to Gujranwala to meet with the auditing committee, and Wed. the Financial Meeting of the mission begins.

...Just got another letter from Emmet. He gave two examinations while at Sialkot and now just has one more to give at Annual Meeting. I'm so glad for him because it will be such a relief to have the exams off and he has worked hard.
July 5, 1921, Landour. How splendidly the mails are coming thru. On July 3 I received an answer to my letter written May 3. Don’t you think that great? I am sure you enjoyed Jeanette H. Stewart’s visit. I am sorry to hear that she and her husband are going to be separated again. We couples are separated so much here in India that I hope Emmet and I will not have to be apart much when we are Home. Jeanette is a lovely girl and everyone would like her. It was dear of you to have my old friends down.

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This friendship with Jeanette Stewart and her husband, Charles, continued for a lifetime. When the Stewarts and Martha were retired in the same Presbyterian retirement home in Southern California, Martha was already a widow and Charles was an invalid requiring much care for a long, strenuous period. I remember my mother-in-law telling us that when Charles died, Jeanette came to her first. Jeanette’s words were, “Well - I made it!”

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... Yesterday we had a fourth of July picnic at Redburn and I decided that would be my last public appearance until after baby arrives. We really had a lovely time at the picnic but I was almost too tired to enjoy it. There were fifty-one of us [UPNA missionaries] there. We had so much [food] left over but I’m glad there was no shortage. We shall probably have another such gathering in August when our husbands are all here.

July 9, 1921, Landour. [As July moves on and the monsoon rains increase, Martha describes a typical Landour scene for young mothers and mothers-to-be.] ... Just at present I am sitting in the bedroom with Jimmie, Helen, ayah and the cook’s wife. It is raining hard outside and we have a fire here in the fireplace drying out the room and a few clothes, incidentally. If I get a grand mixture in this letter, you will understand and excuse, won’t you?

It seems as tho I can hardly think or talk anything but baby. The time is so near now that each day I wonder if the dear one could come that day. It is hard on Emmet to be down on the plains while I am here. Of course it would be lovely to have him here but I think our plan the best and, if all is well, I’m going to go back to Jhelum with him early in September. He will find these days longer than I shall, for he will be expecting a telegram any time.

... The real rains have not yet broken on the plains and the people are suffering most severely. Emmet says the temperature in the house stays about 100 all the time even tho all the windows and doors are shut and the house is darkened as much as possible. ... If the heavy rains would only begin, then there would be relief. It is not merely a matter of physical inconvenience but a question of a most severe famine for the whole land.

I think I told you that my ayah has four children, one hardly a year old, and yet she leaves them to come to care for my one. It makes me quite ashamed of myself. Just last night I learned that her little boy four years old has never walked. When Dr. Jongewaard comes up I’m going to have her see what can be done for him. There is so much suffering and sorrow all around.

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And then, in a July 14th letter, a neighbor writes the long-awaited news.

Buona Vista, Landour, July 14 - 21

My dear Mrs. Paine,

Hearty congratulations on the arrival of a new grandson named Emmet Jr. . . He seemed a fine strong baby and looks like Jimmie.

Lovingly, Carrie M. Brown

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July 19, 1921, Landour. [Five days later Martha writes her first letter about Junior's birth.]

...Baby came just on time - the morning of the 14th, and came so quickly that we hardly had time to get ready for him. . .He's a fine little fellow - seven pounds - and perfectly developed in every way so that he starts out with a better chance than Jimmie had. Except for the coloring he is the very image of his father and everyone on seeing him exclaims, "Oh! you're Jimmie's brother alright!" In coloring he resembles our side of the house - thick black hair, dark eyes, and dark complexion.

...Shortly after baby came we realized that things were not moving right, but it took so long to get other sterile packages, boiled water in abundance, instruments sterilized, etc. that it was 11:30 before they put me clear under the ether and took everything away...The last time they had just the same difficulty with the after-birth...Dr. Jongewaard wondered if other members of the family had had the same difficulty but I said I didn't think so but I would ask.

...We think it so nice for them both to be boys when they are so near of an age. They will be such good companions in the years to come. Of course we want girls, too.

July 26, 1921, Landour. . .The great event now is Emmet's coming. He is due here Thursday and you can well imagine how excited I am. He is just as excited, too, from his letters.

...Junior has been such a dear little baby. He was circumcised Sat. and never fussed a bit from it. He's had a much easier time than Jimmie had. [I believe this refers to Jimmie's ankles being somewhat bent at birth, but which straightened out normally later. However, at the time it was a cause of concern.] His first week he gained six ounces. The great show when anyone comes is to show how Jimmie loves his little brother. He loves him so tenderly and then says "Bas" and walks away - "Bas" is a very expressive Urdu word meaning - "That's enough" or some such English expression.

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By the end of July Emmet has arrived, and the family enjoys sitting by the fireplace with "Junior in his daddy's arms." August seems to pass rather slowly, with "night feeds," "incessant rains" - which make it difficult to get out - and the advent of numerous annoying insects, including fleas, bedbugs and lice, which Martha calls "greybacks." In addition, the E.E. Campbells from Sialkot are sharing the Alters' cook and housekeeping arrangements, and this makes for uncertainty as to how soon Martha can return to Jhelum with Emmet, which she is obviously eager to do.

In late August a meeting of "our missionaries" is held to discuss an interesting and important subject.

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Aug 24, 1921, Landour. . .Last Saturday we had a meeting at Redburn of all our missionaries up here to discuss the question of a school for missionaries' children. It was a long, drawnout session with lively discussion. It is a question which should be decided at once. If we had started an American school fifteen years or more ago, we should have a splendid one now. The school here at
Woodstock is not what we want. [Ed.-This was still during Woodstock’s "English" period.] Our plan is to have an American school with American teachers, American curriculum, and American matron in charge of the dormitory. No doubt other missions will join us because there has been considerable agitation on this point, but someone must take the lead.

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It is interesting to note that in January, 1922 such a school began to develop, with the appointment of Rev. A.E. Parker, an American Presbyterian missionary, as principal. Quickly an American curriculum and American teachers were introduced in the Primary School, and American courses soon followed in the high school, alongside the "English" curriculum.

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Aug 31, 1921, Landour... I forgot to mention Jhelum's flood in my last letter. Two weeks ago the river began to rise one morning and by noon all the shops were closed and all activities centered in rescuing people near the river, or rather in removing them and their possessions before it should be too late. The river continued to rise and by evening all the mud houses (those not built of kiln-dried bricks) had fallen in the city and in many of the streets boats were plying back and forth. In the hospital compound the water was three feet deep but the plinths of the buildings were so high that no permanent damage was done inside. In Mr. Fazl Ilahi’s house the furniture wasn't all rescued before it was considerably dampened. The house in which one of our teachers was living fell after he had taken his family over to the church. The church building has been considerably damaged by the heavy rains. Our house is some distance from the river and high enough to escape the worst of the flood, tho they write that the water was over a foot deep in the back of our compound.

...Now that the rains have come, assuring us of abundant crops this fall, cholera is raging in the land. The Bible teacher in our Jhelum school died of it last Sabbath. He was sick just six hours. He leaves two little boys whose mother died two years ago. He was married a second time just about a year ago. Cholera seems to be bad in all parts of the country. There is always some calamity oppressing the land.

Yesterday we went out for a celebration - the only one we hope to have this year [in Landour]. The four of us went down to the bazaar and from there took a rickshaw ride to Mussoorie and on out about four miles around the hill; then back by Stiffles - the best tea parlor in Mussoorie - where we had a most delicious tea. We didn't get home until late but we all feel so much better for having gone. Jimmy did enjoy the ride so much and Junior was just as good as good could be.

...We've been having several meetings of all our missionaries up here to discuss certain important questions. Each time we have had a lunch at noon which gave a little time for a social gathering. Today we met for a couple hours conference on the question of the relation of the Indian church to the mission. We all agree that the time has come when more power should be given to the Indian church but what and how are the questions.

***

September finds them home in Jhelum, with unseasonably hot weather and resulting prickly heat; a different crop of "creatures" to deal with (mosquitoes, sandflies, white ants and rats); preparations underway for the Sialkot Convention (where Emmet is "tent man" again); followed by Annual Meeting in October, when a number of UPNA people "from home" are expected to arrive, including their colleague, Harris Stewart. Martha notes that Emmet suffered severely from his
rheumatism in Landour because of the damp weather, and she says that in future summers "Kashmir is the place for us" so that he can have a real vacation and rest. Although in the dry heat of the Punjab Emmet's rheumatism seems to improve, a number of health problems begin to emerge, starting in October.

* * *

_**Oct. 19, 1921, Sialkot, Annual Meeting.**_ . . . When Emmet came back from Convention, he was feeling miserable, and finally a week ago Sabbath he went to bed with fever and his temperature didn't drop until Tuesday morning. We had planned to leave Jhelum Monday [for Annual Meeting - and, of course, for the medical help, since the mission doctors will be there], but didn't get away until Wednesday morning early. We drove down here in the Ford and all the time I trembled lest Emmet should give out. After we got here he went to bed and as far as the doctors were able to diagnose his case, he was poisoned by the medicine he has been taking so steadily for his rheumatism. [Ed.: She does not say what this medicine is.] He was nauseated all the time and wasn't able to keep anything on his stomach. We were living in a tent near the dining tent and it was so noisy that finally on Saturday we decided to get him a quieter place. Dr. J.G. Martin's moved out of the bungalow into a tent and gave their room to Emmet. I stayed out in the tent with the children so that Emmet could have as quiet a room as possible. Sabbath afternoon a big storm came up and flooded the whole compound. All the tents got wet but ours being in the lowest place was a veritable lake. The ayah and Jimmy and I sat on beds and helplessly watched the water flow in. The ground was rough and in the lower spots the water was ten inches deep in our tent. Men and boys came and carried out the beds and all the rest of our belongings and we came into the room with Emmet. I hated to disturb him but by that time he was on the mend and by Monday he was up. He has a very bad color, tho it is better than it was. I am sorry he has had to miss so many of the meetings but there has been a lot of sickness this year. Jimmy had fever last evening and his stomach and bowels were all upset but he seems alright today. The ayah says the "evil eye" was upon him. She says that because other people were all talking about what a good little eater Jimmy is and were praising him, the evil eye came upon him. She insisted that we shouldn't take Jimmy to eat with the other little children any more. Then while Jimmy was sleeping last evening, she came and with a few peppers in her hand moved it up and down in the full length of Jimmy's body. I asked later what she did with the peppers and she said she had burnt them and that Jimmy would be alright in the morning. I protested against such treatment but no doubt his splendid recovery has convinced her more than ever that her old superstitions are correct!

_**Oct. 25, 1921, Sialkot.**_ Will you pardon this elaborately scalloped paper? While Emmet was sick the white ants [termites] got into his typewriter case and this is the result. The case is not beyond repair but will always carry the marks and all the paper and envelopes have been damaged as you see this sheet is.

. . . Emmet is feeling better but his rheumatism is still giving him serious trouble. Dr. J. G. Martin is going to take out his tonsils in a couple of weeks; that is, as soon as he gets his new instruments unpacked. You remember E. had his tonsils removed but it was done by an Englishman in the English style - just pulling them out without the roots. They have grown in again and the one is very badly abscessed. The hope is that when they are gone the source of the rheumatism may be removed. We do hope some relief may come. Emmet is too young a fellow to be crippled up.

We are to remain in Jhelum and Mr. Stewart is to open a new station at Abbotabad - a hill station north of Rawalpindi. . . It will be a delightful place climatically as it is a partial summer retreat and hence not so unbearably hot as the plains. Mr. Stewart is still keeping closely to a diet of milk, dates,
raisins and nuts [following his attack of typhoid].

Nov. 14, 1921, Jhelum. . . [Jimmy] almost disgraced us for life in church yesterday. He was restless all the time. Then he suddenly hit upon the psalter and started to sing at the top of his voice while the preacher was spilling forth a long-winded discourse. I must confess Jimmy's singing sounded much better to me, but of course we had to give way to the preacher.

...Emmet was so happy last week to have two more Sikhs to baptize. You remember one was baptized last Spring. Now these two have come out. They seem so happy in their faith. A Mohammedan from Sanghoi is also ready for baptism. You understand that this has not been the usual thing up this way but we are praying that it may be but the beginning of a big harvest.

I'm feeling much better now but am exceedingly lazy. I take ten grains of quinine every day but hope I can stop that before long. There has been so much fever [malaria] among our people this fall. Some people have it every other day or every third day but it always stays upon me for several days and then gradually disappears. We have been very free from malaria, I am thankful to say. Some people have so much of it. Jimmy has kept very free from it, too.

Nov 22, 1921, Jhelum. . .You will be wanting to know about Emmet's operation. He came thru O.K. but is still feeling pretty sore, for you know it takes longer for a grown person than for a child. He was operated upon in the hospital and then taken over to Dr. Simpson's house before he came out of the ether. I took baby over and was there all day except for an hour in the afternoon when I came over here to see how Jimmy was getting along. We had intended having Emmet brot over home on a bed that evening but he didn't stop bleeding for so long that we decided to leave him there. I came home again in the evening and got Mabel to sleep over here with Jimmy . . .Emmet had a fairly good night and we came home the next morning in a tonga. I failed to say that Dr. Greg [i.e., "J.G."] performed the operation and left that afternoon . . .I'm glad this is over and hope it will eventually put an end to his rheumatism.

The Prince of Wales [Edward - later Duke of Windsor] arrived in Bombay last Thursday. Perhaps you are not as interested in his visit as we are. All over India the natives closed their shops as a sign of their disapproval of his coming. Jhelum was closed as tight as the rest. In Bombay the day of his arrival there was much rioting. It continued for the next two days and the number of killed is 36, in addition to many wounded. The "non-violent non-cooperators" under Gandhi's leadership are lamenting the affair and claiming to very much disapprove of it. In the end the Hindus and Mohammedans were lined up against the Parsis and Christians. It started as a decidedly anti-foreign demonstration but ended in fighting amongst themselves. The months that the Prince is here will mean much close watching and guarding by the British, but this affair in Bombay may help to soothe matters in that the Gandhiiites may be taken in hand before it is too late. India is seething but if the government would step in and quiet some of these agitators, all would be well. It remains to be seen what will be done. [Bob and I speculate that much of Martha's anti-Gandhi and pro-British stance may be explained by her lack of contact with educated Indians involved in the Nationalist movement, and also lack of close ties with other missionaries in cities like Lahore, who, themselves, were sympathetic to the movement. Also, the Punjab was really quite removed from this aspect of political life, and Jhelum and the surrounding stations must have been quite provincial in outlook.]

You ask about duty on parcels. We have always had to pay duty, about 7% of the value stated on the parcel. But since more Indians have been elected to the Legislative bodies they have changed their rates and a duty of 20% is charged on everything but bare necessities. This is just another manifestation of the anti-foreign spirit in India.

...Emmet has been feeling much worse the last two days. A wound often hurts more when it is healing. He is having so much neuralgia and rheumatism that the combination isn't very pleasant. Jimmy had fever yesterday and has this morning. I suppose it is malaria for quinine brings it down
for the time. He had a very restless night but seems better this morning. - We are invited to Dr. Simpson's this evening for Thanksgiving dinner. I'll represent the family.

Dec. 6, 1921, Jhelum. . . A week ago yesterday all the trans-Jhelum [river] missionaries had a conference with Mr. Taylor and Mr. MacMillan [from the UPNA Board in USA] in Pindi. . . Emmet waited until Wed. to bring Mr. MacMillan back here. . . Mr. Taylor and Mr. Stewart came Thursday afternoon and immediately following tea we had a reception for the Indian people to meet them here at our house. . . The next day was used in conference. . . That night we had dinner for everyone [missionaries] here at our house - 16 of us.

. . Saturday morning Emmet, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Stewart, and two Indian evangelists went out to Sanghoni . . . to visit the mission school. . . Mr. Taylor was very much pleased to visit the village and eat a meal with the Indian Christians. The school was prepared for their visit and had a program preceding the dinner. Then they went to another village and preached. This was also a new experience for Mr. Taylor and he was delighted with it. . . Mr. Taylor is out for information; Mr. MacMillan, to visit the missionaries.

. . Emmet has been suffering a good deal with rheumatism the past few days. The doctor said he might not feel any result from the operation for six months. It does seem a shame for a young fellow to have to be limping around. If this operation is not effectual, he will go to a sanitorium as soon as we go home. It is so hard for him to keep going all the time when the rheumatism is bothering him.

Dec. 14, 1921, Jhelum. . . Emmet has been feeling pretty wretched but is better today and went out to a village to preach this afternoon. He limps quite a bit and can't walk any distance.

. . Last week at Sialkot a faction of the Indian Christians asked to have a conference with Mr. Taylor and Mr. MacMillan and with any missionaries who would care to come. Non-cooperation has very decidedly affected some of the missions down South but up our way we have been comparatively free. However we have realized of late that the anti-foreign spirit was creeping in among a portion of our people. The Thursday meeting, however, was far beyond anything we had expected. Their one desire seemed to be to get hold of all the foreign money and handle it for themselves. They were disappointed in their conference because the missionaries did not get up and argue with them, but the missionaries didn't have a copy of the program until they entered the hall, and did not think that was the place to argue. At the close of the meeting Mr. MacMillan told them in very strong terms what he thot of them. He gave them the viewpoint of a business man at Home. They really seemed very much subdued, since their conference failed to accomplish their end. It is probably well that the storm spent itself, for the atmosphere may be clearer and allow the Indians and missionaries to consult and devise some plan whereby the [Indian] church may have more power. Our people have never had much authority or responsibility because so few of them are yet capable enough. We are sorry they spoke as they did to these representatives from home but we realize that this outbreak is only a sign of an awakening for which we all rejoice.

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Emmet's general health has been greatly affected by his various illnesses, and Martha's Christmas letter speaks of concerns and possible changes in their situation in the coming months.

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Dec. 25, 1921, Jhelum. This is Xmas morning with you and I'm wishing you all a very merry, merry Xmas. We wonder if you all are together or just how you are spending the day. We have had a quiet day and expect to open our Xmas box tomorrow!! Won't we have a great time! But before
opening it and writing about it I wanted to write to you about another matter which is very much on
our hearts these days. Emmet, as you know, has been miserable for the past seven or eight months
and the past few weeks has been growing worse. We have for some time been considering the
question of going Home this Spring on account of his health. [The normal period of a mission term of
service at that time was seven years.] Dr. Greg Martin says he is in no condition to travel at present
but he hopes he will be much better in a couple of months and that if he isn't 100% better by April he
will insist on his taking his furlough at once. We feel that it will be better to begin at once to try to get
sailings and have written him to that effect. We are waiting for his answer now about it, before
getting the Mission's consent to go. In the meantime we have started correspondence with a number
of steamship companies so that we may know what will be available. Emmet has been in bed most of
the time since Thursday. His heart is affected now - either by the rheumatism or by a general run-
down condition so that he will have to stay in bed until it is stronger. I believe that it [his heart] is
acting much like Evangeline's did three years ago. We are not alarmed for we know that our Father is
watching over us all and everything will be done perfectly by Him, but we are much in prayer that
Emmet may soon be restored to health and strength. Much of the joy of our Home-going will be
taken away by his weakened condition. He is still able to eat heartily and in many ways feels fairly
good, but is far from well.

... Our Xmas was a very happy tho quiet one. Emmet's sickness was the only thing to mar it, but
he has been cheerful all day and took a lot of pleasure out of looking at the presents.

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Several days later - in the same letter - Martha continues:

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Wednesday Evening - . . . Dr. Greg Martin thinks Emmet will be entirely recovered by April and
that it will not be necessary for us to go home this Spring. He has treated a number of similar cases
and they have usually recovered in three months. He feels certain that it is the rheumatism which has
affected E.'s heart and that the only cure is rest. E. is not allowed to lift himself at all, but we lift him
and brace him so that he can sit up to eat. In many ways E. feels good and he finds it hard to be quiet.
However he is a very good patient as he is willing to do anything to get well. I felt much better after
Dr. M. came and told us just what to do and when we could expect improvement. It will be a tiresome
time for E. no doubt but he is trying to vary his reading enough to take away some of the monotony. It
looks as tho we may not go home this year. I'd love to see you all but I don't want to have to go on
account of sickness. We shall await results. [Although Martha does not use the term "rheumatic
fever" - and we wonder when that designation came into use - it would seem that Emmet's
rheumatism and heart problems may have been caused by such an infection.]

The last page of this letter details a delightful list of the gifts received by each family member
from their mission colleagues, including a pink and white blanket "with bunnies on it" for Junior; a
mouth organ (!) for Jimmy; Dicken's Xmas Stories for Emmet; and black silk stockings for Martha.

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The year 1922 begins with Emmet still in bed and carefully following the doctor's regimen of
rest.

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Jan. 4, 1922, Jhelum. . . I am sitting in Emmet's room while I write this. The doctor wrote a letter to the Mission asking that Emmet be relieved from all work this winter and saying that if he keeps perfectly quiet "it is probable that he will be about by Spring." "Acute rheumatic myocarditis" is what he terms E.'s trouble. Now don't you think that name in itself is enough to put a fellow in bed. If E. keeps perfectly quiet his heart will probably not be permanently hurt. So he's trying to obey orders and he's really very patient - more so than I would be under the circumstances.

... Plague is very bad here now. In one of our Christian families four girls died in nine days. They go so fast with plague. . . Poor India!! When it doesn't rain in the winter there is famine; when it does rain plague rages.

. . . Our pastor's wife is lying at death's door. She has had tuberculosis of the bowels for a long time. Tuberculosis is so prevalent here even tho the people live out-of-doors so much of the time. One thing that encourages it is that in the cold weather they sleep in the house with all doors and windows shut up tight. Then the people are undernourished and have very little resistance.

Tomorrow the children and I are invited to a children's Christmas party at the General's, and if I can make arrangements for Emmet we shall try to go. Jimmy is so shy on such occasions but still I know he'll enjoy it. They say to take baby, too, so I shall. I know very few of the people and feel rather timid about it myself but I need to get away. They say there are about 27 European children in Jhelum but I know very little of them or of their doings.

Jan. 10, 1922, Jhelum. . . Emmet remains in bed and is very patient in it all. Yesterday his pulse was more nearly normal than it has been. The doctor says it must be normal for two weeks before Emmet dare lift himself even.

. . . Mr. [Harris] Stewart has been located here for the winter months and until next Annual Meeting in case we should go home. Mable [his sister] sails the first of April.

. . . The new hospital . . . is at Taxila - twenty miles north of Pindi on the Grand Trunk Road. [Taxila is the location of the later famous Buddhist archeological finds.]

Jan. 16, 1922, Jhelum. . . Emmet remains much the same. We thought his heart was improving but yesterday it acted up again. His condition isn't critical so long as he stays quiet.

. . . I have always forgotten to tell you about the Christmas party at the General's. It was really a lovely affair and I am so glad I went. There were about twenty-five European children and their parents present. The children sat at one big table and several small ones in the dining room. . . After tea we went into another room where an immense tree was lighted and decorated like a real American Xmas tree. It was more like a real home affair than anything I ever attended in India. There were many presents on the tree each bearing the name of some child there. Junior got a net stocking full of all sorts of little toys. . . Jimmy got a box of eight tin American Indians and also three wooden models of these Indians here. As soon as he got them he held them close and called for daddy, and I really never got to see them until we got back here and he ran into his daddy's room and showed them. He's a lot of comfort to Emmet these days, for he goes in so often and plays with him.

Jan. 25, 1922, Jhelum. . . Emmet is now reading a guide to Europe while I sit beside him and write to you. We have had no word yet as to our plans but Emmet might as well plan our trip whenever we go as he doesn't have many duties calling him. This past week his rheumatism has been troubling him more and he has been far from comfortable. Still he is cheerful even if he has been in bed almost five weeks and has no prospects of getting up soon.

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After weeks of waiting, plans for a Spring furlough are definite.

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Feb. 1, 1922, Jhelum. At last the decree is ordered that we shall go home this Spring. People ask me if I'm excited and I answer that I don't yet realize what it all means and perhaps I shall not realize it until we are on our way. Dr. Martin came in his motor Sabbath and when he saw that Emmet had not made the progress he had hoped, he wrote a letter ordering him home. We are still hoping that Emmet will gain more rapidly in the next two months and be able to enjoy the journey. Dr. Martin says the sounds of the heartbeats are better but that Emmet's case is more protracted than he had thought it would be. He wants us to come up to Taxila [Dr. Martin's station] this month. As there is no house built yet, [This is a new mission hospital and station.] Dr. Martin will come down for Emmet the last of next week probably. He thinks the change will do him good and I feel sure it will, too. Then when we come back we shall begin packing. Emmet is still in bed all the time.

As I wrote you last week, we are taking sailings from here to Venice on the "Triveri" of the Lloyd Triestino line and shall sail near the first of May. Our tickets are to London via Venice. Our plan for the trip is subject to change according to Emmet's condition. If he is able we want to stop enroute from Venice to London to see a number of interesting places in northern Italy, Switzerland, and France, and if possible also visit a few places in England and Scotland. That would get us home the latter part of June or early July. If Emmet is well we want to visit with Evangeline's for a little while before going to Ohio whether we land in New York or Boston.

* * *

During the month of February, Emmet's health begins to improve. Although he has been "seven weeks in bed," he is not "discouraged or morbid" and obviously keeps mentally active.

* * *

Feb. 8, 1922, Jhelum. Emmet is talking with Mr. Fazl Ilahi now about the problem of giving the church out here more power. Many missions have taken Indians into the Mission membership but we are quite opposed to that as we believe the Church should be the permanent body and not the Mission. Hence, we wish to transfer work to the [Indian] church as soon as she is ready to handle it. The radicals in the church seem to want membership in the mission but it is just a little hard to know what they really do want for they are not coming out in the open as we should like them to do. It is just one phase of the unrest throughout the country. Everything is comparatively quiet here in Jhelum and there have been very few disturbances throughout the land, tho there is a strong undercurrent of agitation.

* * *

Then, Emmet is able to "sit up more," and after the trip to Taxila, Martha reports significant progress.

* * *

Feb. 22, 1922, Taxila. We came up here to Taxila today. Dr. Martin left here at four o'clock this morning and was in Jhelum at 8 o'clock, and we were here by one. Emmet stood the trip well and the babies were both so good all the way. We are very comfortable in our tent and are hoping Emmet will gain and be walking around before we leave.

Mar. 1, 1922, Taxila. Emmet is getting around more and more. He put on his suit Saturday for the first and since then has been walking every day. His heart seems better, tho not altogether healed, and he looks very well. He weighs 168 lbs. - only once in his life has he weighed that much. Emmet's
color is so good and he looks much better than he has for months. But the rheumatism is as bad as
ever. Unless that heals he must manage to get treatment as soon as we get home... Monday night we
took a little walk together for the first time for over ten weeks.

* * *

By her March 8th letter, Martha reports that Emmet is able to drive, though a servant must go
along to crank the Ford - which Emmet has been forbidden to do.

By March 15, Emmet is well except for the rheumatism in his knees and ankles which continues
to plague him. (Martha also notes she now weighs 148 lbs. - more than she has ever weighed!)

Along with the domestic matters of arranging the sale of the Ford; Emmet's settling of family
quarrels among the servants; and Martha's losing her household keys - which complicates packing
up, she manages a detailed account of the Prince of Wales' visit to Taxila, and other political matters.

* * *

Mar. 8, 1922, Taxila. . . [On the] subject of the Prince. - Every European is feeling sorry for the
poor fellow. Ever since he landed in Bombay he has been in the midst of non-cooperators and all
sorts of unrest. Every officer in India will give a sigh of relief when he sails from Karachi next week,
and if the Prince himself doesn't have a nervous breakdown it won't be from any lack of disturbance
on the part of some of these Indians. He travels in an armored train with big headlights like you have
at home (we have just wee things here), is well-guarded all the time, and yet everyone trembles lest
some plot may be laid against him. In every city which he has visited, all the leading non-cooperators
have been arrested before his arrival in order to prevent any large opposing gatherings. The past
week they have been making wholesale arrests in Rawalpindi. They say the Prince himself is so
nervous that the other day when someone threw a letter into his apartment, he was alarmed,
thinking it was a bomb. In some places he has daringly ridden thru the crowds trying in this way to
win their admiration. Tomorrow he is expected here to see the ancient ruins and such preparations
as Sir John and Lady Marshall have had to make to entertain him in royal style. Sir J.M. is at the head
of the Archeological Dept. of all India, Burma, and Ceylon and he and Lady Marshall were invited to
all the big celebrations in Delhi for him [the Prince]. - This afternoon we drove over to see two of
the famous Taxila ruins - The first one was an old Buddha [sic] Stupa situated high up on a hill and dating
back to 500 B.C. It is wonderful how well-preserved are many of the walls and Buddhist images. Then
we came back to an old town of about 300 B.C. Here only low walls are preserved and a part of the
boundary wall twenty feet thick. Both of these places Alexander visited and conquered. I was glad to
see these old towns that have been excavated, for I had never seen anything of the kind before.

Mar. 15, 1922, Jhelum. . . [When the Prince] visited Taxila . . we drove to the station and had a
splendid view of the Prince's train and of the young man himself as he drove by in the motor car. He
tipped his hat very graciously and gave us a broad smile... We had up a welcome banner in front of
the hospital and all of us and the workmen were out to cheer him as he rode past in the motor on his
way to Rawalpindi that afternoon. We almost missed seeing him for he threw away all formality and
rode in the front seat with the driver... From all I've heard the Prince has been a mighty daring fellow
out here in the midst of all this unrest. - Gandhi, the great leader, has finally been arrested. Most of his
big followers were arrested first. There has been little trouble from his arrest but one never knows
just what to expect... Montagu's resignation (India Secretary in London) was not altogether
unexpected and is welcomed by most Europeans in India.

* * *

In her April 4 letter, Martha's lifelong antipathy to beards and mustaches is apparent.
Apr. 4, 1922, Jhelum. ...These pictures were taken up at Taxila. Isn't Emmet a fright? One thing to his credit is that he took that beard off as soon as he could after he got up and after these pictures were taken. These were taken the first day he put on his suit.

...Emmet hasn't been so well for the past few days but is better now. Sat. night and all day Sabbath every joint in his body ached frightfully. When it started he said that surely a storm was coming tho at that time the sky was clear. Inside of five hours the storm was here but the air didn't really clear until we had another heavy storm last night. He's being lazy today even tho he feels better, as he still isn't up to what he should be.

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Soon they are on their way from Jhelum by train, now five in number, as Teddie Anderson, the 13-year-old son of colleagues, who "needs to get home to school," joins their party. Their first stop is in Delhi, where they enjoy sightseeing at the Red Fort and the Kutab Minar. Then on to Agra, where they are "in awe" of the Taj Mahal, and note that the "spoilers of the past" have helped themselves to the inlaid gems in the monument, and they are as much put off by the "begging guides of the present." After a very hot journey, they reach Bombay on April 28, ready to sail at 3 p.m. on April 29, via Karachi and Aden - bound for Venice.

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May 9, 1922, In the Red Sea. One loses all sense of time and space on shipboard and so it happened that this morning...it came upon me very unexpectedly that this is your birthday, mother. You will think that I have neglected you horribly since I haven't even mentioned it in a letter...[but] I haven't written to you since coming on board because I knew that no letter mailed this side of Venice would reach you earlier than one mailed there and also because our hands have been rather full with these two little tots. We can't let them out of our sight here and you can imagine what vigilant watching it takes. Jimmy is very shy and ship life was extremely difficult for him the first few days. He kept asking to go back home. Now he is more adjusted and calls our cabin "home" tho he still talks of our home in Jhelum, of ayah and of the other servants. It is well for you to be warned beforehand that Jimmy will probably be slow making up with you and for the first few days with you will be more irritable than usual. Junior is known as the boy with the smile and is the most popular child on the steamer... He is creeping everywhere now and pulls himself up on his feet.

***

With her usual keen interest, Martha describes some of the passengers - human and animal - on their ship.

***

The passengers on the whole are very agreeable and not the real fast set. We have a number of wealthy Parsis from Bombay and it is a pleasure to see the husbands and their wives real companions. We have at our table a young Parsi who is traveling in Europe and America this summer. There is also at our table a Swiss who has been out here [in India] for twenty years without a furlough and without even going to the hills!! We have many nationalities represented - England, Portugal, France, Italy, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, Greece, India, China, and America. -One of the finest elderly couples on the steamer came from New York. I think them superior to all the other passengers. There is much drinking and gambling as is usual on these steamers. We have just three pets on board - a little black and white dog, a two-months old panther, and a Polly. The Polly [parrot]
is Jimmy's favorite tho he likes to watch the others at a distance... We left Bombay on Sat. 29th...and reached Karachi Monday morning. It's a dry, barren, sandy place - just what one would expect at the end of that great Sind desert. We sailed from there at about two o'clock next morning and Emmet waited up to see the last of India.

...This last Sabbath afternoon we spent a couple of hours at Aden. It was a sight to see the little boats of peddlers hurrying up to us as soon as we cast anchor. [Ed.-] experienced the same delighted amazement to witness such a scene when my ship anchored at Port Said in 1948.] I didn't buy any ostrich feathers tho I was tempted to do so. It was hard to buy and bargain with the men down in their little boats while we were up on deck.

May 19, 1922, Venice... We arrived yesterday afternoon and had a long hard time getting off the ship. The customs officers examined the baggage on the steamer and then the hotel men made a monopoly of the steamer. After a long time we finally forced ourselves and baggage into a gondola and then it was but a few minutes until we were in our room at the hotel.

We are at the Luna and have very comfortable rooms and good meals. We found your good letters here and were delighted with them.

...Most unexpected pleasures come to us. Last Saturday we were in Cairo! We left the steamer in Suez Friday afternoon, got to Cairo that night, staid with our missionaries until six o'clock the next evening, and rejoined our steamer at midnight that night. We only thot of doing it at 10 o'clock in the morning and were off at two in the afternoon. About thirty-five passengers went as the steamer offered any who cared to go the privilege and they purposely waited for our train. We had a great time...

We're glad to hear of the Ford, Daddy. Emmet will be glad for a chance to drive one again. His rheumatism still bothers him a lot in his knees and ankles and he has so many headaches.

We were out for a gondola ride on the Grand Canal this morning. Last evening we were over at St. Mark's twice. We are in a hotel just off St. Mark's place.

***

By May 28 they are in Switzerland -

***

May 28, 1922, Interlaken, Switzerland. ...We are having a delightful trip. Left Venice Tuesday and were in Milan that night. The next day we came to Luzerne. The scenery was all that one could have expected even in beautiful Switzerland. It was a magnificent trip - part by rail and part by steamer across Luzerne Lake. Friday we came on here to Interlaken. That rail trip, too, was very picturesque. We are staying at a very comfortable boarding-house and have been taking it easy these two days. Emmet's rheumatism bothers him more some days than others and all of us were needing a little rest. Tomorrow we are taking a day trip up to one of the higher points that gives a magnificent view of Jungfrau. We have a very good view of this snow-covered mountain from the little verandah in front of our room.

...Junior is getting badly spoiled. He doesn't want us out of his sight. And how he can scream!!! Do be prepared.

***

From Switzerland they proceed to Paris and then to London. On July 1, Martha writes "On Board the Cunard R.M.S. 'Laconia'" about the delay in moving on to Boston.

***
July 1, 1922, Liverpool. . . I do hope you haven't worried concerning us. It isn't everyone who can have an extra ten days on the sea for nothing; but I should gladly have given that privilege to someone else. You can imagine our keen disappointment when we awoke two weeks ago to find our steamer heading for Liverpool. To be only five days from Boston and have to turn back was more than discouraging. From that day to this we have read every leisure moment so that time would not lag. The "Samaria" was perfectly seawayorthy but with one propeller broken the captain refused to go out. We returned slowly and got on board this steamer a week ago Thursday. The weather has been against us part of the time and even now there is such a heavy fog that the fog horn has been blowing since eleven o'clock last night.

. . . Jimmy continues to talk more and more of you both. Every wish that is not supplied at the present moment he immediately asks if he can have it when he gets to your house. [Ed.- Earlier on board ship, Martha has related an amusing incident when Jimmy asks for a cup of cocoa, but she says the cup is too big, and that "when he would get to Grandma's house, she would give him a nice little cup of cocoa." ] The other day I told him of the box of chocolates you were sending to us to Boston, and later in the day when I asked him whom he was going to see in America he quickly answered "Box of Chocolates." He is as fond of them as is his mother.

* * *

On July 4 a letter to Mansfield from Evangeline Wien tells of Martha and family's arrival in Boston:

Dearest Mother and Father -

Well the people came finally and we are so pleased - We don't know when we are here or somewhere else. I lost my head some time ago and just run around like a chicken with its head off.

Martha looks fine - is quite heavy - you will scarcely know her. Probably two months of traveling accounts for that. Emmet looks well, Junior is a dear sweet little baby, as good as ever he can be. But Jimmie - well wait until you see Jimmie! He was a trifle shy at first but let Paul carry him the first thing and is very enthusiastic over his Uncle Paul. Our children are wild over the babies and carry Junior around - which they must not do.

We are at the beach now - came down last night. It was so hot we could scarcely stand it in Boston . . . [Emmet's mother, his sister, Margaret, and Emmet] came down on the train last night.

* * *

On the same day, July 4, Martha writes from "the beach." Apparently, Emmet is in reasonably good health except for his rheumatism, as they will soon be on their way to Mansfield.

* * *

July 4, 1922, Cape Cod . . . We came out here to the beach last evening. Mother [Alter] and Margaret [Emmet's sister] are out here for the day. They go to Northfield tomorrow. We are planning now to leave here a week from Sat. - 15th -, spend a couple days with Joe in New York, stop a day in Philadelphia [presumably to visit their UPNA Mission Board offices] and maybe in Pittsburgh, and then on to Mansfield. We ought to be with you by the 20th or 21st.

It is so good to be back but I am still a little dazed and don't realize that I am here at all.

It will be so good to get home to you both.

Heaps of love from us all - Martha

* * *

Thus endeth 5-1/2 years in India, and furlough begins.
Martha's parents, Jennie & James Payne, the recipients of these letters

James E. Payne, Sheriff of Richland County, Ohio
Circa 1901-1904
Emmet's father, Joseph Alter
Civil War veteran & ordained minister

Emmet's mother, Jeannette Copley Alter
Traveling secretary of the WGMS, UP Church
Baby Martha

Martha & her older sister, Evangeline

Baby Martha

Martha as Valedictorian
Westminster College, 1912
Martha as new bride, June, 1916
Emmet – the groom

Studying Urdu with munshi in winter camp

Martha as young mother with Jimmie, 1920
Snow views from Rosebank, Landour, 1917

By dandy from Rajpur to Landour, 1917

Picnic outing, Mussoorie, 1917
Home from hospital after typhoid, 1918

Emmet recovering from typhoid, 1918

Martha loses hair, following typhoid, 1918
Camels carrying winter camping equipment

Darzi working on verandah

Winter Camp, Jhelum District

The famous Ford, loaded for camp

Plate 7
Buffaloes hauling lumber, Jhelum
Cutting boards for making furniture

Abbotabad, from hill above
One of four Abbotabad houses occupied by Alters, 1925-31

Sunnyview bus stand, Mussoorie
Circa 1932
### PART TWO

**Second Term – Life on the Frontier and in the Himalayas**

Lawrence, Kansas – Abbotabad – Kashmir – Mussoorie

1922-1933

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INTRODUCTION
1922 - 1933

Martha and Emmet, with Jimmy (2-1/2) and “Junior” (David-9 mos.) sail from Bombay in late April, 1922, to begin their first furlough.

Arriving in Boston in early July, they spend time there and in Mansfield, Ohio, with Martha's family members and Emmet's mother and sister Margaret, who are visiting, before proceeding to Lawrence, Kansas, where Emmet is to study at the University for the academic year, 1922-23. Emmet's older brother Wade (Dinsmore) and family are also in Lawrence, and Emmet's Uncle John is in Topeka. During this time in Lawrence, their third son, Joseph Dinsmore Alter, is born.

In the summer of 1923, they drive and camp across country, arriving in San Francisco in September, where Emmet has a pastorate in a church there for the remainder of their furlough. During this period and until they return to India in the fall of 1924, Emmet has continuing discomfort from his rheumatism, in spite of various treatments, as well as repeated bouts of fever and ill health.

Unfortunately, there are many gaps in the letters during this period. We speculate that some letters may have been lost in passing them back and forth between Mansfield and Boston, as was the family custom. Also, in addition to Martha and Emmet's travel movements, which may explain irregular correspondence, it was an upsetting time in the Boston household, with Martha's niece, young Martha's critical illness. In addition, although nothing is mentioned in any of the letters until after the fact, Martha's father's death in October, 1924 (when they are in New Wilmington, Pennsylvania) must have caused much upheaval. Although there are no letters referring to Grandpa Payne's illness, Bob remembers something mentioned about "dropsy" a symptom, according to his mother, of kidney failure.

By December they are enroute by sea back to India, via Liverpool and Port Said, arriving in Bombay January 9, 1925, where they prepare to take the train "upcountry."

The letters in this section are heavily weighted with family matters and issues. We have chosen to retain this strong family emphasis for various reasons:

These are the early, developing years of Martha and Emmet's four sons, and are of great interest to our immediate and extended families.

These were years of great grief and trauma in the Boston (Wien) family, with the critical illness and deaths of their oldest child, Martha, and youngest, Paul.

This is the time, just following Martha's father's death, when Martha has to respond from a distance to her mother's grief, loneliness, and frustration over living alone and what pattern of lifestyle to adopt next.

Much has been included about Martha's Aunt Bessie (Grandma Payne's sister), her husband Homer, and their son Emmet (Price). Arguably, this material could have been omitted. However, because of the close relationship between Grandma Payne and Aunt Bessie, and Grandma Payne's frustrations over Aunt Bessie's situation, plus Aunt Bessie's obvious dependence on Grandma Payne (and Martha's own concern for Aunt Bessie and her family), it seemed well to include these references.

Martha's responses to all of the above factors give important insights into her personality and character. In addition, her relationships with her neighbors and friends in Abbotabad, in Kashmir, and in Landour reveal Martha's natural curiosity, and gregarious, sociable nature, as well as her practical, sensible side.
We have also included considerable references to people and events which give important information, historically speaking, about the following:

The make-up and the social life of the British military and civil personnel in Abbotabad, who became Martha and Emmet's neighbors and friends;

The missionaries with whom Martha (and to a lesser extent Emmet) vacationed in Kashmir, and later (from a variety of denominations and societies) in Landour;

Names and events related to UPNA (United Presbyterian, North America) Mission history of this period;

The developing community of Woodstock School and the Landour hillside from the mid-1920s to early 1930s, as Woodstock evolved from an English/Anglo-Indian/Indian boarding school for girls, to a boarding school with an American curriculum (as well as British Senior Cambridge) and a coeducational student body, predominantly made up of North American missionary children. The development of the Landour hillside kept pace with Woodstock during this same period, with a rapidly emerging plethora of social organizations and activities involving vacationing parents and other visiting missionaries. The Woodstock History refers to this period as the beginning of "Modern Woodstock." It was certainly the heyday of the missionary.
Martha and family arrive in Boston in early July of 1922, on the Cunard liner, R M S Lagonia, from London. They spend time with her sister, Evangeline, Paul, and family before proceeding to Mansfield, Ohio to join Grandma and Grandpa Payne. Mother Alter and Margaret were apparently in Boston when they arrive. She also refers to a possible visit with Joe and Marjorie in New York on their way to Mansfield.

July 5, 1922, Belmont, Mass. I just scratched a note to you in a hurry yesterday before Paul went into Boston. Mother Alter and Margaret went in with him and went on to Northfield today. We are stopping in New York to see Joe and Marjorie. I shall see later but I may not stop in Philadelphia with Emmet. I'm rather anxious to get settled with the children. Emmet is thinking, too, of going direct to Mansfield with me and then back to Pittsburgh. [The visit to Pittsburgh may coincide with a visit there by Mother Alter and Margaret to meet relatives.] Martha and Janet seem to be very happy with our children and Jimmy and Junior think they are wonderful. I'm so anxious for you to see our children; you both will be delighted with them as all these people are. Mother Alter seems pleased with them. She is going to Monmouth and may stop the day with us in Mansfield. We shall all go that far together.

After their visit with Grandma and Grandpa Payne in Mansfield they then proceed to Lawrence, Kansas, where they are to spend the first part of their furlough, while Emmet studies at the University. Emmet's brother, "Uncle Wade" (Dinsmore) and family are also in Lawrence, and Emmet's Uncle John is in Topeka. There is little reference to their living arrangements in Lawrence other than the following, written on December 12th. Presumably they are living in a rented house with limited space.

Dec. 12, 1922, Lawrence. Last night was the coldest we have had here - 10 degrees above zero. Our bedroom is in a north room and is almost impossible to heat. The living room is to the south and is very comfortable. We may change around in the spring though the living room is a little small for two beds.

In the same December 12th letter, Martha Senior refers to niece Martha's being "so miserable." Obviously her illness has not improved. As usual, in her Christmas letter, Martha thanks her parents in detail for each individual gift; e.g, "You must want your daughter to be a real sport, mother, when you buy her such swell silk bloomers."

Jan. 1, 1923, Lawrence. You will enjoy hearing him [Jimmy] talk now, for of course he has developed even in the past two months. The other day he said "Helen's [Wade and Ada's daughter] grandma old grandma. Grandma Payne's a young grandma. Mama's getting old!" He writes so many letters to grandma and grandpa and always says he is telling you to come here and stay all the time. Junior is trying to talk and actually does get out a few articulate sounds now and then. When he has finished with one plate of anything he lifts up the plate and says "Give baby," repeating it many times until his wants are supplied.

We go to the Presbyterian Church here as there is no U.P. church. The primary department is very well-organized and Jimmy seems to enjoy it a lot. I've taken both of them but Junior causes too
much disturbance and I think Jimmy is well enough acquainted now to stay in class without our being there.

Jan. 8, 1923, Lawrence. So you have heard from Kansas City over the radio. That is fine. There are two broadcasting stations there and they say the "Star" is the best. Kansas University lectures over that twice a week and Wade has talked several times. If I know in time the next time he talks I'll let you know so that you can hear him. The Star broadcasts at 7:00 p.m. this time, which would be 8:00 p.m. your time I believe.

I'm glad you have decided not to worry about me. [Martha is to have another baby, Joseph Dinsmore Alter.] Please keep this resolution. You ask about our plans. I have engaged the same doctor that Ada had. He has a small private hospital not far from here. His charges are very reasonable and I plan to go there. Ada and her mother have offered to take the children up there. Emmet will go there too and look after the children at night. I have very little to do in preparation as I have almost everything needed.

Mother Alter is coming the last of this week. Aunt Jenny (Aunt Mary Thaw's sister) is going West and was going to stop, too, but has decided to go straight on.

It would seem that about this time Grandma and Grandpa Payne make an extended trip to Boston to help with young Martha's illness.

Jan. 11, 1923, Lawrence. Would you consider electrical treatments [for Martha] such as Emmet had? Your doctor would probably not approve them but you could undertake them independently. They are painless and harmless and thus would do no injury if no good. They're not as expensive as some other things but I need not speak of that since you would do anything to cure her. Emmet feels much better and thinks the treatments helped him considerably. They're supposed to be good for all diseases. They are a special kind of electrical treatment, and if you wish to consider them we can find out whether there is one of their doctors in Boston and who he is.

Yes I am very glad this wee one is coming. Personally I think it an economy to have children close together. I couldn't get out much this winter anyway and I might as well put in my time and strength this way now. Then, it is easier to take care of the baby when you are in the habit. If I should wait, it would be harder to get down to the close routine of a baby's life again. I'm feeling fine and don't do an over amount of work.

Tell her [Martha] Jimmy eats as much macaroni as ever and would never think of leaving any for Laddie [the dog] any more than he did last summer.

I forgot what Emmet told me to tell you two weeks ago. All the money is paid on the Overland [automobile] and Emmet has the note back from Hiring. I thought that might relieve your minds.

Mother Alter comes tomorrow noon. I don't know how long she will stay but Emmet wants her to make a real visit of it. Emmet preached in Topeka last Sabbath. He stayed with Uncle John's and they asked for you people.

Jan. 14, 1923, Lawrence. This morning Mother Alter stayed with Junior while Emmet, Jimmy, and I went to Sunday School. I think Jimmy is well enough acquainted with the teacher now that no one need stay in the class with him again. They have an exceptionally well-organized, equipped, and staffed primary department here and I want Jimmy to get the full benefit of it. Tonight Mother Alter stayed and Emmet and I went to church.

Tomorrow I'm to talk at the mothers' meeting of the church on child life in India. There is much
to say - so much that I hardly know how best to arrange it. I haven't had much talking to do out here and of course will not have from now on.

Jimmy is still as fond of animal crackers as ever. The other day when his daddy brought him some he said granddaddy used to bring them to him lots of times. Last night Wade brought him some and you should have seen him for glee. He and Junior are gradually learning to play together and when both are in the mood they have some great old loving matches.

Jan. 22, 1923, Lawrence. Mother Alter is still here. She is staying up at Wade's but is here today making us some bread. Yesterday we were up to Wade's for dinner and all afternoon. Jimmy loves to play with Helen and she plays very nicely with him. They were out in the yard all the time.

It is now night and Mother Alter has just left. She made us a big baking of delicious bread and some of her good donuts. I like them so much and they are not too rich for Jimmy to eat.

Examinations are on at the University now. Emmet has one tomorrow and two Thursday. He is enjoying the study immensely.

We are so sorry Martha is miserable most of the time. I know Evangeline has had a long, hard siege of it but she has certainly been faithful. It is nice you can read to Martha when she doesn't feel well. It makes me realize that she is developing rapidly when I hear of her reading "Little Women."

Feb. 4, 1923, Lawrence. The other day I told in his [Jimmy's] presence of Janet's love for dolls and her crying because he got that doll from Aunt Bessie. He listened most attentively and this morning he looked up from his play and said, "Mama, I'm going to ask Santa Claus to bring Janet a doll." Later he wondered if Santa would go on the choo-choo train to Boston and give Janet a doll.

Mother Alter thought Jimmy had grown so much that you people would scarcely know him by summer. He is certainly shooting up and has developed so much in word expression since we came here. Junior is developing rapidly, too, and isn't as much trouble as he was last fall. He will have passed the hardest days before we return to Mansfield. Please do not worry about me. I am in splendid condition and Emmet is so thoughtful and helpful. He does the dishes every noon so that I can go to bed with the children, and he always puts the babies to bed in the evening and tends to them if they call out in the night. I'm so glad you, Daddy, have been able to take Martha out on the sled so much. Evangeline has needed you both this winter and we are so glad you could be there to help her.

Feb. 16, 1923, Lawrence. I suppose you are back in Mansfield now and find numerous things about the house to keep you busy. But you had a good visit and still have very pleasant memories of it. You both had better take a rest before you begin heavy work, for a visit isn't always a rest.

In February, 1923, they learn of Emmet Price's "accident"; he has slipped on the ice and is in hospital with a broken bone. Martha hopes Emmet will "not get disappointed and so aggravate his old trouble." According to Martha's observations, Aunt Bessie's family seem to be accident-prone and sickness-prone.

From mid-February to late August, 1923, there is a gap in Martha's letters - no doubt, in part, due to the busyness preceding and following Joe's birth in mid-April. However, it may be that some letters were lost in sharing between Mansfield and Boston. It must have been an anxious time for the Wiens with young Martha's illness. No clear diagnosis is ever stated, but, from what Bob remembers, it may have been a kidney problem.

After their year in Lawrence, where Emmet - as Bob remembers - completed a Master's in Education, they move to San Francisco, where Emmet was Stated Supply at Stewart Memorial
U.P. Church. Their route took them west across Kansas to Colorado, up past Greeley, Colorado into Wyoming, then northwest into Yellowstone Park and from there across southern Idaho into western Washington, down along the Columbia River valley into northern Oregon, and from there south to San Francisco.

While in Lawrence they had bought an Overland car, presumably second-hand. They could hardly have afforded a new one. This was 1923, and it is amazing that the family set out in a car of that vintage to drive to San Francisco, along gravel-topped and occasionally paved roads, camping at camp sites along the way, with three children - Jimmy, just under four, Dave, two, and Joe, four months. It was a young family and their age must have stood them well. Martha was 33, Emmet 32. Emmet's health, however, breaks down as soon as they reach San Francisco.

We don't have a date for their departure from Lawrence, but they were entering Yellowstone Park on August 27th. Assuming they had been on the road a week, they would have left Lawrence on about August 20th, and reached the Bay Area, Piedmont, where Grandma Alter and her sister Auntie Wade lived, on or about September 13. They moved to their new home in San Francisco on September 16.

What makes the account confusing is that, apart from four dated post cards written along the way, Martha's account of the trip is partly in the form of several undated letters, written but not posted along the way, and partly descriptions she includes in a final cover letter written on September 15, after they reach Piedmont, California. Unfortunately there are no dates to explain the sequence of events. What follows is an attempt to sort these out in some kind of chronological order.

*A river crossing on the way to Greeley, Colorado, described in September 15th letter*

I believe I forgot to tell you all about the river which Jimmy always reminds us must be crossed before we get back to Mansfield. He has frequently called our attention to this fact with the question "How are we going to cross it to get back to Mansfield?" It wasn't really quite so bad as his fear might indicate. It was a sandy river bed over which was a cement pavement for a ford, which made easy crossing in clear weather, but we landed up on it when the river was up. Two trucks were stuck when we landed and only a couple of feet of a touring car were visible. It had sunk in quicksand three days before. We started across but missed the pavement and had to be hauled out. Jimmy was so frightened and how he did shout when the horses pulled us out. The water came up to the floor of the car. Most of our things were wet but nothing of importance was damaged. We were fortunate in getting a woman across the street from Mrs. Biggs to wash and iron everything. You were correct in supposing that this happened the morning before we got to Greeley.

*In or near Greeley they meet and stay with people who, presumably, are old friends from Mansfield.*

The home in Greeley belongs to Mrs. Foster. Miss McKnight hasn't been able to get much sewing for the past year and more and has been financially pressed I think. She has the most decided whine in her voice that I have ever heard but her sense of humor is very keen. Mrs. Foster works all the time. She had nothing for this winter and was getting concerned about it. Mr. Briggs is a fine man with little eccentricities that make his character all his own. Mrs. Briggs looks just like her picture and they are, and all were, so glad we came and showed us the very best of times.

Howard Shawhill lived 7 mi. north of the main road but, though it was 6:00 when we got to Dorrance, we decided to go on out to his place. It was a revelation to us to drive past vast wheat fields without seeing one person and not more than two houses. He of course was very much
surprised but what a reception they did give us! Everyone of them seem so delighted that someone from Mansfield hunted them up.

Postcard from Lander, Wyoming, August 24th, 1923

Today we drove only 125 mi., but all of it was through a wild desert country, parts of which required slow driving, not because there was anything dangerous, but because it was rough and sandy. Lander is a very pretty little town, the only pretty place we've seen in Wyoming. It surely must be a poor state, but they are finding oil in some of these wild deserts and that ought to bring some wealth to the state. All is well. They say the road beyond is beautiful.

Sabbath night, Ranch Wyoming (From September 15th letter)

We are now just 40 mi. this side of Yellowstone. We came here last evening and thought it a pretty, quiet place to spend Sabbath. Last Sabbath we were in western Kansas where trees are at a premium, and we had to drive all day in search of shade and finally camped in a treeless camping ground. From Friday noon until Monday noon we saw hardly a tree.

Now that I have let the cat out of the bag I'll go ahead and explain. We decided to camp instead of going to hotels but we didn't dare tell you, mother, because we knew you would be horrified. It has really been heaps of fun and we would feel out of place out here if we weren't camping. Every night there have been as many as 20 or more camping parties, some of them well-dressed and having excellent accommodations and others the reverse. In western Kansas the camping grounds were nothing but bare fields. A week ago last night 22 cars were camped on a flat ground about the size of Wylers'. In Colorado the camping facilities are better. At Fort Collins we found the best of all. There the camping ground is in a grove with nice brick stoves, free wood, light, water and a community house in one corner where there was a grocery and where, for a small sum, we could have the use of gas stoves, electric irons, electric washer, and bath. Camping is the rage in the West and every smallest town has a camping ground. We scarcely meet a car that hasn't a tent. We have as fine an outfit as any I've seen. Emmet's mother gave him some towards it, but what we save on hotel bills would more than pay for it. We have a splendid tent supported by the double bed and having a 5 ft. dressing room to the front, and a flap of five feet that can be fastened onto the roof of the car. The children sleep on the car and baby is in his basket on the table in the dressing room.

We have a very compact folding steel table and a two-burner gasoline stove and stand that fold up like a small suitcase, an enameled set of dishes that fit compactly into one small bucket, a canvas 3 gal. water bag with a faucet, a folding washstand, a folding chair and folding stool. We got all these things in Kansas City. I should have knickers but I'm just too fat for them.

Postcard from Yellowstone, August 27th, 1923

We came here this noon. We spent yesterday in a quiet little spot outside the park about 40 mi. The drive this morning was beautiful. We drove past Jackson Lake and in at the southern gate. Lake Yellowstone reminds us of Swiss lakes though it is not so grand. Hope you are keeping well. The children are fine. Will send some more cards later.

Near American Falls, Idaho (From September 15th letter)

One day in Idaho a cowboy hailed us for a ride. He had lost a horse and two mules the night
before, and was sure they had gone back to the ranch at American Falls where we were going. As we rode on he told us he was employed by one of Swift's [the company Uncle Paul works for] big sheep companies. He told how this company had driven out all the private sheep owners and how American Falls had gone down. There had been three banks there but not one now. On beyond there we saw ranch after ranch deserted.

Postcard from Kimberley, Idaho, August 30th, 1923

We came here this evening and found such a pretty grassy camping ground that we decided to stop here instead of going on to Twin Falls where we had first planned. Last night we were in Idaho Falls. There they have a new camping ground in an apple orchard. Junior often looks up while we are riding and asks where grandma and granddaddy are. Am so anxious for word from you to know about you each one, especially Uncle Homer.

Postcard from Boise, Idaho, August 31, 1923

We think we know now why pioneers always praised California. After going through hundreds of miles of sagebrush and sand, no wonder they thought it a garden spot. And no wonder they didn't drive back through all this wasteland! But we have a big advantage over them, for we have a good gravel or paved road all the way. In the valley of the Snake River all is green but just above is sagebrush and sand - nothing more. They say we have several hundred miles more through just such country.

The Dalles, Oregon, September 5

I'm sorry I haven't written more often but I was out of cards and I expected to write Sabbath or Monday night. I sure was glad for your letters and cards here but am anxious to hear further about Uncle Homer and Virginia.

Now I will tell you where we have been camping and you can follow it on the map. After Boise we came to Baker, Oregon. We hoped to stay there over Sabbath but it was too sunny. We came on to a place in the mountains between Le Grande and Pendleton. We camped in a private pine woods. Just across from it was a tablet dedicated this past July by Harding in memory of the pioneers who saved Oregon for the U.S. The reason it was erected there was because all immigrants had to camp there, as it was the only spring for 25 mi. each way. We got there Sabbath noon and stayed there until yesterday morning. Had such a nice rest there Monday.

We have had a lovely visit here with Emmet's cousin. She has such a pretty home and two nice children. We start this morning with hopes of getting to San Francisco Saturday. Have paved roads the rest of the way through Oregon.

Start of September 15th, 1923 letter from Piedmont, California

You will think we have quite forgotten you but such is not the case. We got here Saturday night about 8:00 o'clock. Yesterday was Admissions Day, a holiday, and so we didn't go over to San Francisco. Today Emmet and Auntie Wade went over there. Tomorrow he will take the children and me home.

After their arrival in San Francisco, Martha urges her parents to come there for Christmas.
"Auntie Wade" and Emmet's sister, Margaret, and Mother Alter are there. In these letters Martha refers to her weight gain frequently, and that she has become "heavy."

Tuesday night, no date, San Francisco. This is surely a very tardy letter, but before I finish narrating the events of the past week you may understand the reason. Emmet's cold continued last week and that, with medicines, weakened him considerably. Thursday morning he phoned his mother to come over and help out. She was over for that day and night. The doctor was out that noon and put a stop to all medicine and told him to rest and eat. For two days he didn't get dressed at all and by Sabbath evening was feeling much better. Friday night he helped Mrs. Lippert to entertain her Sunday School class here. It wasn't very much extra for me and I think she and the girls enjoyed it. ... Sabbath Emmet showed his pictures at Mother Alter's church and spent the night at his mother's. Yesterday morning he brought Brainard Jaimison and Auntie Wade over here. After dinner we all went for a ride out to Golden Gate Park, the Ocean Drive, the Presidio, Fort Scott, and Twin Peaks, the highest point in this city, where one can get an excellent view of the city, ocean, bay, and Oakland and Berkeley and Piedmont across the bay. This gave Mr. Jaimison a good idea of this city.

Last evening Dr. Simpson, our Jhelum doctor, dropped down upon us. We had a good visit with her last night and this morning. ... Emmet has a boil inside his nose now so that he was feeling too miserable to talk today. It broke this noon and he seems to feel better tonight. He went to the doctor's this evening and had an intravenous injection. He will have two more of those and then have a complete rest from medicine to await results.

Now why was there any talk of your going to Boston this year? Don't you know that if you should go any place this year it would be to San Francisco? Plenty of room and plenty to eat and all the good warm air you want - I mean San Francisco never gets really hot though the climate is always mild - so they say. Remember you must not go east this year but west.

Joe has quite a varied diet now. He gets cereal, one vegetable - carrots or spinach, fruit juice and Klim every day, in addition to what I give him. He looks and is much better.

There is another gap of missing letters, over two months, from late-September to December 10, 1923. This makes a total of eight months of missing letters during 1923. Even at that it is surprising how much material the remaining four months of letters contain.

Dec. 10, 1923, San Francisco. But now I must tell you about ourselves. After Emmet's last injection, a week ago today, he had a severe chill followed by a fever. He was in bed all week but came down yesterday afternoon in his bathrobe and today is still lounging on the couch. Though stronger he will have to be careful of himself. He had a high temperature for several days and the doctor was very attentive and also insistent upon his being very careful. You can well imagine that my time was more than full. Mother Alter was taking care of Margaret every day and couldn't come to help; finally on Saturday, I got a woman to clean and wash for me. I hadn't done the babies' wash for two days; for after I knew I could get her I thought it wise to let her save me all possible.

To add to my work last week, I had promised some time ago to give the address at our Thank Offering service last night, and I had that to prepare for. Miss Brown was home with Margaret, yesterday; so Mother Alter came over right after church in the morning and was here until this morning. She was very much pleased with our service and came home immediately to tell Emmet what a "wonderfully fine talk" I gave!! I had to laugh when she told me that he just told her that he knew it would be that and that was why he had insisted on my doing it. He really did urge me to take it, because he confessed last night he wanted people here to know me.
Dec. 15, 1923, San Francisco. We are amused to hear people talk of it being cold now. Of course they aren't prepared for real cold weather and very few of the houses have furnaces. We have a large house with no heat except for the kitchen and the front room.

Jimmy often talks of you all and says we are going back there next summer on our way to India. Of course we'll be there if we return to India. The beach is still quite vivid in his memory. I was surprised this morning when he reminded me that Laddie bites the heads off the clothespins. I had entirely forgotten it and it hadn't been mentioned for over a year anyway. He and David keep things lively around here and from the way Joe is developing we may expect him to join them soon.

We are all so relieved over Martha's improved condition. But no doubt no one is any happier than she. I'm so glad Evangeline is getting out this winter. You all seem to be going a lot and I'm sure it's doing you all good.

Swift and Co. do practically no business out here. Everything is Armour's and they surely have a big trade. All good pork comes from the east. California hams are not considered good, and pork is very high. And it is just as well for it is too rich for most people. Living seems to be much the same as elsewhere - some things cheaper, some higher. We're hoping turkeys will be cheaper for Christmas, as they were for Thanksgiving. It was the first time for years that they had been under 50¢ per pound and usually much over. At 28¢ they were cheaper than round steak.

Dec. 15, 1923, San Francisco, 2nd letter. Emmet is better and expects to take the services tomorrow though he is still quite weak and hasn't been out yet. His mother was over Wednesday and I went to the city that afternoon. Business hasn't been very good out here this winter. There hasn't been enough rain and so everyone is holding back lest the crops fail.

Ada's family arrived in Berkeley today. I suppose they will be over sometime this coming week. Ada's mother, you know, is with her son in Berkeley this winter... Margaret was out for a few minutes Wednesday. She has her vacation this week and next. Probably she will get over [to visit us] the latter part of the week.

Dec. 26, 1923, San Francisco. It was the night before Christmas that we, Emmet and I, unpacked our boxes and exclaimed over each separate thing, but it was the next day after dinner, when I showed all our gifts to the guests, that the chorus of exclamations arose. Everyone - Auntie Wade, Aunt Jenny, Ada, Mother Alter - all of them marveled at your exquisite work, mother, at the beautiful embroidered aprons, far too beautiful for an apron, the dainty toast cover, the fine stitches and soft coloring of the towels, the delicate shades and tiny stitches of the "Teddy bear" suits, and the design and coloring of the pretty percale apron. When and how did you do it all?

Miss Brown and Margaret were over in the morning before we were out of bed so that they could share the tree with the children and as they said, "You can never realize how much these Mama dolls mean to little tots until you see just such a sight as we saw yesterday morning." Jimmy had remembered one that Mary Henning had so that he wasn't so much surprised at its vocal expression, but Junior, once discovering the powers, kept the poor thing in continual motion most of the day, and even Joe when he saw and heard it for the first time laughed with glee.

Eleven of us sat down to the Christmas table. Ada's mother would have been the 12th but she couldn't come. The table looked very pretty with my long tablecloth that you laundered, mother, and a large Irish crocheted doily from Mrs. Fazl Ilahi in the center of it. This doily is like the one I brought home only even larger. Our menu was simple but Mother Alter cooked it all. She seemed to want to so I didn't interfere. Aunt Jenny, at 86, crossed the bay to come and seemed none the worse for the trip. We had a large tree elaborately decorated because the Sunday School insisted we should take theirs. It had just enough electric lights to set it off and the children sure are delighted with it.
We had the room darkened, all but the tree, when the guests entered.

Today we have settled down to ordinary living. Emmet is much stronger. Jimmy was sick Friday and Saturday but except for a cold is ok now.

Jan. 5, 1924, San Francisco. Our family are all better now but we've been taking life rather easy this week. Mother Alter was here New Year's Day, otherwise we have been alone and have gone nowhere. Colds have almost entirely disappeared. It has been exceptionally cold here this week; so we have lived in the kitchen with the exception of sleeping. Today was warmer and the weather forecast is more favorable, though the rainy season is on and we must expect cooler weather through these months. The paper says a severe cold wave has swept the East. I wonder how you all are faring. It is good you have plenty of coal in the cellar.

Someday soon I'll send you a copy of the paper that Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. has recently started here. It seems to be a clean paper and thus far has been. You will see that it is cheap enough for the poorest. Success to all such efforts; all other papers out here are the rankest yellow journalism.

Jan. 10, 1924, San Francisco. Last night we were at a supper at the First United Presbyterian church. I sat beside Doctor Sawhill, the moderator, and when I mentioned Mansfield he asked my maiden name. At once he wanted to know if it was my father that rode with him to the convocation at Pittsburgh. He is making a tour of the whole church in the interests of the WGMS. I suppose he will be in Mansfield sometime this winter.

No doubt you are having a glorious time together.[The Paynes appear to be visiting Boston again.] Emmet and I have talked so much about the new radio set for we think it just grand. You get so much pleasure out of it.

There is another long break in the letters, nearly two months, from January 10 to April 4, 1924

April 10, 1924, San Francisco. [A special letter to Martha's father on his birthday.) Do not be alarmed; this check for $50 is not a birthday gift though I wish it could be. However it is another payment on the debt, leaving $125 yet due you. We hope to have that all cleared up next month though I do not know how early in the month. A check for $75 from Aunt Mary came yesterday. We thought of sending it all on to you but since we were running very close this month, we decided to send just $50. You and mother will be pleased to hear, I know, that Aunt Mary has just sent word that we are on her list for $300 yearly, to be paid in quarterly payments of $75. You need not circulate this information, please, but I knew you would be pleased to hear it.

April is a lovely month for a birthday especially out here where all the flowers are blooming. You could celebrate with all the flowers you could wish. In another week our rose bushes will be loaded and you could have a rose for every year. As it is, you can think of our flowers while your trees are just beginning to bud. We shall be thinking of you and wishing we could help make the day happy for you as you have so often done for us. May you have a very, very happy birthday with many, many more to follow.

Your namesake has his hair cut with a part on the side. "Like the big boys" he says. It is very becoming though it makes him look much older.

April 21, 1924, San Francisco. Miss Brown and Margaret came over Saturday evening and staid until after dinner Sabbath. Margaret's vacation is next week and she is coming over here Saturday to stay until Thursday.
In all my letters to you I failed to mention Mr. Seeds who has accepted a call to this church and who will be here by June 8th. In February Emmet insisted that the session begin correspondence, with a view to securing a pastor to come when we should leave. They hesitated at first but at his insistence did so and just about 10 days ago received his acceptance. He is a man just graduated from Seminary though he is over 40. Since he is from the North of Ireland, he ought to be acceptable to our Irish and Scottish friends. His letter last week was reassuring in that he gave the assurance that he expects to bring a bride with him. Emmet did not wish to leave without someone to follow soon and he has been working and praying to that end. We can go east at the board’s suggestion without feeling that we have left these people stranded. They are planning to do some repairs on the parsonage.

Easter is celebrated more here than any other place I ever was. It’s not only the regular Easter bunnies, etc. for children but every Sunday School has a special program for the children.

Our children got a number of Easter candies. I didn’t color any eggs, for they don’t like hard boiled eggs and what is the use of wasting money on them if they won’t be eaten?

May 3, 1924, San Francisco. Emmet made reservations yesterday on the Western Pacific, leaving here the morning of the 20th and arriving in Chicago the following Saturday morning at 7:20. We were arranging to go on the Southern Pacific in order to get tourist Pullman, but when Aunt Jenny heard of it she insisted that we go standard on the Western Pacific which gives much the better view. She offered to pay the difference and just yesterday morning Auntie Wade phoned over that Aunt Jenny was giving enough for us to go ahead and order a drawing room. Auntie Wade and Margaret, too, have been insisting that we should have a drawing room. So you can think of us riding in style!! There is nothing like being rich poor folks.

Yesterday Emmet got a letter from Mr. Seeds, saying that he would take our furniture. That will make leaving much easier.

May 19, 1924, San Francisco. Margaret and Miss Brown just left and though it is late I must write, for I haven't written for over a week. Surely you know we have been busy. Every moment has been full. When I tell you that I started ironing at 10:30 one night, you will realize it a little more, probably.

Friday night we were invited to Mrs. Vail's for dinner. It was a regular family affair and we enjoyed every moment of it and were only too sorry when the phone rang and a neighbor rang up and said there was a couple down here waiting for Emmet. When we came we found 60 people in the church all ready for a jolly time. It was a complete surprise in every way and a real success. Everyone seems so happy over the number present and the spirit manifest. As a farewell gift they presented me with a beautiful leather handbag and Emmet a leather folder with a $5 bill.

There is another break in letters, three months, from May 19 to August 22. They are now in New Wilmington, Pa. where they are living in a “mission” house that has upstairs and downstairs apartments. They talk of driving to various places. As they traveled by train from California, one wonders what happened to the Overland car they drove to California and what they would be driving in Western Pennsylvania.

Aug. 22, 1924, New Wilmington. Now before I go any further I must mention the most important thing and one I have been intending to mention for a long time. We want you people to come here over Labor Day. The Inays leave next week; so we’ll be downstairs. In addition to that you will be able to give us more time. The children are always talking about your coming and so are we all. Come as soon as you can and stay as long as you can. I’ll try to think if there is anything among our possessions that we want you to bring.
Monday night we had a picnic for the new missionaries. They were still here for their language work under Dr. Cummings. We had a splendid time... Tuesday morning Mother Alter left. We took her to New Castle and on our way home came round by a small lake where Mary and Nan Lang and Margaret Coley are spending two weeks... Yesterday we drove to Beaver. Emmet is getting a new suit made... Dr. Merrill, the lady doctor from California, has been here all through the conference and has been with us quite a bit. [This appears to be at the time of the New Wilmington Missionary Conference.] She and Dr. Jongerwaard are to spend three months in London studying tropical diseases.

Aug. 28, 1924, New Wilmington. We were indeed sorry to hear today that you are not coming for over Labor Day, but we realize that this is your busy season, Daddy, and so we shall let you off this time with the hope that you may yet be able to come before we leave. We are sorry that you, Daddy, will not get a little rest that we had planned for you, for we are much afraid that you are working far too hard. You were doing just that thing before we left and we surmise you have done more of it since we left. You haven't written often because you have been too tired. You know we are anxious about you and do wish you could see your way clear to stop this hard work. Do take care of yourself. You are far more important than any amount of work. Now please be careful.

The boys are full of life and disappointed you are not coming. Joe walks much more than he did and is exceedingly proud of himself. Jimmy and David will miss "Bob" Inay when he leaves. Dave has been especially chummy with him.

We expect to go downstairs Friday afternoon after the Inays leave. It will be good to be down there for I can keep my eyes on the children in the yard a little better.

You asked once about Emmet's "three months". He expects to go back to New York in early October for another examination. He is much encouraged about his condition. His swelling hasn't come down permanently but he doesn't have such severe attacks of swelling and they are less frequent. Of course we cannot expect the trouble to disappear quickly even though the source has been removed. [There is no explanation as to the nature of his treatment or the "source" that had been removed. This would be another in a series of "trial treatments" (something Bob remembers hearing about, later) for his chronic and often severe rheumatism, a condition that he suffered from for the rest of his life.]

This was the last letter before one written from Liverpool, England, on December 17; another gap of nearly four months. Among the letters, however, is a bill dated October 17, 1924, for Martha's father's funeral in Mansfield, Ohio. Payment in the amount of $416 was acknowledged on December 6, 1924. I remember mother telling me later that he developed what she called "dropsy" symptoms and that he died of kidney failure. From the bill and the inscription on his grave we know he died in October, 1924. This must have been a very difficult time for mother. From her later "autobiography" we know she was very fond of her father and admired him greatly.

Dec. 17, 1924, Antrim Hotel, Liverpool, England. Monday was a very wet, foggy day and we didn't attempt to do much. That afternoon Emmet went over to see John MacGeagh at his house of business, only a five-minute walk from here. We invited him and his wife over for high tea (supper) last evening. We fed the boys early and put them to bed so that we could have the evening with them to ourselves. Perhaps you are interested in knowing what we call "high tea." We were ourselves, and we have found it very good each evening. Last night we had steak, French-fried potatoes, toast, bread, butter, jam, plum tart, and tea.
Late this afternoon we went over to see the Cathedral but it was dark and foggy so that we could see little. It is quite massive and stands on a high hill. I have read about it and believe it is to be one of the very finest on the isles. It is not yet finished though they have been working on it for 20 years.

Separate letter to Evangeline. We've been going to one of the big stores near here for lunch. The restaurant is on the seventh floor and they have a special cafe for the children. Around the walls are paintings (frescoes) representing the House That Jack Built. Jimmy knows the story by heart now and it's fun to hear Jimmy try to say it. The lights are covered with lanterns to represent the House and even the windows are painted. A boy dressed as a black cat runs around to amuse the children and dances to the music of the orchestra. Joe likes the cat at a distance but screams frightfully when it comes near. The service in the cafe is quite satisfactory and prices are very reasonable. Labor is cheap and many of the little extra frills are left off. On the streets we see very fine people dressed as richly as any in America.

I took all the boys to have their hair cut in the same store. They have all different kinds of animals - elephants, zebras, tigers, buffaloes, horses, in a circle facing a goldfish pond. The children were delighted. Here again we noticed the difference in the price of labor - 18 cents for a hair cut. Everywhere we see signs of economy such as is seldom practiced in America these days. Of course there are over a million unemployed and every day we have passed an unemployment bureau with dozens of men and women lined up on each side.

Dec. 26, 1924, City of London, City Line, near Malta, to be mailed from Port Said. This is one of the smallest steamers we have ever been on but it is well-equipped and the service is excellent. There are only 30 first-class passengers including eight little ones. We are a party of our own as all the rest are English and all smoke and drink and gamble. One would think that such a sport-loving people as the English would enjoy a game of cards just for the sheer pleasure of winning but not so here. They never play without putting up money. They drink rather freely but only two have been actually drunk and they have been ostracized for the deed. On the whole they have been quite decent and we have grown to like some of them very much... The children eat at a separate table and have an excellent menu. Much thought is given to their food and in every way [they] are well cared for.

Today was the big day for everyone but especially for the children. In the boys' stockings we had put a few 10 cent things which they found the first thing in the morning. They were as delighted as if the toys had cost many dollars. After their breakfast we gave them the trains and Joe a little Tinker Toy on wheels that Lenora had given him. You must know how pleased they were and how they played with the toys all day. After their supper at 5:00 they [the passengers] had their tree and Santa Claus with toys and candy. Each mother gave one thing for each of her children for the tree and some passengers contributed so that each child got a bottle of candy, a tin box of candy, a bag of nuts, a balloon, and a "cracker." They were all delighted you may be sure. I forgot to tell you that as they have their dinner at noon a turkey was roasted especially for them and carved at their table.

Christmas we sent you a message with the hope that you might get it the following morning. Emmet went up to the ship's wireless office and watched him get it to London. Thence it was sent by cable to New York and then by telegraph to you. It's really wonderful, isn't it? Though we sent but one word "greetings" yet just that much would assure you that all was well with us and that we were thinking of you very especially at this time. We know it has not been an easy time for you but we believe you have enough love and thoughts for others to forget yourself in an attempt to make them happy. After all, that is the only way we can pass through such sorrow as yours and many have passed through courageously and have grown wonderfully thereby. It is not easy, but we are not
meant to always tread the easy ways and I believe you are going to come through it all beautifully. That is just the way father would wish you to meet it and conquer. You have years of service yet ahead of you; years that will be full of joy because you have buried your own sorrow in love and service for others, and by others I do not necessarily mean just our immediate family but anyone who may cross your path and be in need of even a friendly chat or a word of comfort.

Jan. 6, 1925, City of London, India Ocean. Letter to Evangeline. Unfortunately we didn't get in [to Port Said] until 7:30 P M and left at midnight. We couldn't leave the children; so we and two others (each with a tiny baby) were the only passengers who didn't go ashore. The deck fairly swarmed with vendors but we purchased very little. I did buy a library table cover of tapestry for ourselves and quite unexpectedly purchased a chain of pearl beads (artificial of course but very heavy and quite pretty) for myself.

The canal was quite interesting, in some places quite narrow, and [then] again wide enough for several steamers to pass. The Bitter Lakes were really very pretty. In the Red Sea we had only one excessively hot day and since then it has been warm with a delightful breeze all the time. It took almost 24 hours (part of that time was spent on waiting for steamers to pass from the other direction) to go through the canal and cost the ship 1800 pounds! A heavy toll isn't it?

At Port Said a theatrical party joined us. The proprietor and his wife are really very quiet and respectable but some of the chorus girls are far from tame. They gave a good vaudeville show last night. New Year's Eve was the fancy dress ball. Emmet went as an American Indian. He used one of the Indian blankets and I made a feather headdress out of very heavy paper, coloring the feathers with crayons. I made a scalp lock out of a stocking and fastened separate feathers into it. Emmet made a tomahawk out of a heavy box. He was really quite good. I went as a Chinese woman, borrowing a Chinese coat from one of the passengers. Many staid up until the wee hours of the morning and several had to be carried to bed. Drinking and gambling continue at the same old pace. They simply throw the money around but I am almost certain that there are very few people of means on board.

Our steamer does not go to Karachi but gives us passage on a small coast-wise boat sailing Saturday morning. As we arrive in Bombay Friday in time for the train, and the other way would mean a hotel in Bombay, another in Karachi, and still another in Lahore, we have decided to take the train up [from Bombay].

Jan. 8, 1925, City of London, near Bombay. We are due in Bombay tomorrow morning after breakfast. We should like to get a 12:30 train out but one can never tell how long it will take to go through customs and we have a little necessary shopping. We must get our sun hats before starting up country. The mail boat gets in tomorrow and we hope to have one of the letters from you waiting for us at Jhelum. We ought to have mail from the mission at Bombay. We haven't heard yet where we are to go but we have to go to Jhelum for our possessions in any event.

They arrive in Bombay on January 9, 1925, and prepare to take the train up country.
Jhelum, Jan. 4, 1925. At last our journey ended on Monday the 12th at noon. Quite a number of the Indian people were at the station to meet us, in addition to Miss White and Mr. Milne who came in from camp to meet us. . . The other single lady, Miss Brown, has just announced her engagement to Harris Stewart, Mabel's brother. You know he is 40 years and more and everyone seems to be joking him to the limit.

Our location is Jhelum and the house is not yet settled . . . We are just getting along temporarily until some definite action is taken by the mission. We have found the things we left here in remarkably good condition . . . One sheet and one pillow slip were riddled with white ants but that was practically all the damage. We thought that exceptionally good.

Today I unpacked all my pans and pots and dishes and began keeping house. But I am far from settled. The boys seem very happy and are getting rested. The main journey was hard on them.

I am so sleepy tonight that I must stop and go to bed. I'll try to write better next week.

Jhelum, Jan. 21, 1925. The week has passed quickly with very little to show for it. Our house location is still unsettled and so we continue to live in trunks for the most part. We shall not know just where we shall live until after the Executive meeting on the seventh of February. In the meantime there is plenty to keep us busy.

Mr. Mercer, our new general secretary, was with us over Monday night and gave us quite a bit of mission news, though we realize that it will take us some time to get caught up.

You will be interested in learning that Jeanette Hopkins Stewart has a baby boy, James Hopkins, born last Saturday. You know she has had so many disappointments and we are so glad for her now . . .

We have been expecting Joe and Marjorie and baby this week. They were not able to come sooner because Mr. Sutherland, in the camp with them, has been sick in the hospital and they have to stay on in the camp work. He is ready to go back but has been detained by the rains from getting out to camp. We expect them surely before the Sabbath.

Our three boys are very much pleased with their big yard - more so than their mother. I wonder how anyone ever keeps children clean in India. These boys are covered with dust and lime all the time and sometimes they add mud to that. For these irrigating ditches throughout the yard are a great temptation. We've been having cold, damp days and it's so hard to keep the children warm enough. But the sun was out bright today and it was really a beautiful day.

The other day I gave the boys Paul's blocks for the first time and I wish you could have seen how delighted they were. They keep the boys happy on rainy days which is a big item. Jimmy has read twenty pages in his primer and does enjoy it so much. Dave counts up to 10 now and is so proud of his accomplishment that he wants to perform for everyone. He continues to be irrepressible as ever. Joe talks no more than he did but he calls his mother more than ever. It could take time for him to get acquainted . . .

Jimmy often talks about Martha and Janet being asleep while they are playing in the morning. He has impressed David with the fact so that he too talks about it. I got out your and father's and Uncle Homer's pictures the other day and the boys were delighted. Then Jimmy talked about the time granddaddy sat out in that play tent of theirs in the backyard last summer.

Do please take care of yourselves and don't overwork. When you get tired, stop. Don't do as
father did - go on until you can't go any longer. I wish he could have given up and yet we know how restless he would have been without his work.

Jhelum, February 4, 1925. During the sessions of the two committees last week we had a number of guests and then the camping party came in. Dr. Jongewaard arrived in Lahore this morning and her sister met her there. They are in Gujranwala now and we are expecting them here tomorrow or Friday. Miss Brown is here, too, as she could not go out to camp alone. She and Mr. Stewart plan to be married the last of April here in the Jhelum church.

The congregation here is working in fine shape. Last month it took in 60 new members and before that they themselves only numbered 103. They are all working for the best interests of the church and so there is no friction...

Our freight has not yet arrived though we have had word that it is soon to land in Karachi. But since we have no assigned place to unpack it, we are in no hurry. Our fate as to housing is to be decided tomorrow or Friday.

The boys all had their hair cut yesterday and look much improved. I have a fairly good ayah now, though Joe isn't wholly reconciled to her. The other boys like her and it won't take long to be as fond of her as all children are of their ayahs...

...When the carpenter was here he copied the blocks Paul gave the boys, as Marjory wanted a set for Ward. They are satisfactory but not as smooth or even as ours. We had him make new strongboxes for the color cubes and a large sandbox for the children. It was just finished yesterday and certainly is excellent. The boys are delighted. It stands on 6 in. feet and is made with handles so that the men can carry it any place we want it. We had it made large enough so that the three boys can use it at the same time.

Jhelum, Feb. 11, 1925. We were happy to know that Emmett (Price) had been asked to be night clerk. It would make him feel so much better to have them recognize that he is able to hold that position.

At last we have started to unpack and get settled. Yesterday we had the rooms cleaned and a new matting put down. We are staying in our old house and Mr. Milne is to have one large room and a small verandah room. Today I have been trying to make order out of chaos but things are still pretty much of a jumble. Emmett has his old large office room; so is using one end of it as his bedroom. We got a new chest of drawers and a new hanging wardrobe for him. I should rather say new secondhand, for that is what they are.

Joe is gaining rapidly and has great times playing with his brothers. He tries to say a number of words, too, and in every way is getting to be a real boy. They all seem to like their new home but they are puzzled because they cannot understand these Indians. Every once in awhile they (other boys) use some new Indian word; so I suppose it will not be long until they will understand more than we do.

I haven't gone any place since we came, as it is hard to leave the children since they cannot understand the Indian people. I did go to church one Sabbath but I took Jim and Dave with me. It was all very interesting to them because it was so curious. They often talk about you all and so often David says he wants to go back to Mansfield. Every once in awhile they began singing one of those songs the girls sang.

Jhelum, Feb. 18, 1925. The children and I are alone now as Emmett has gone to Rawalpindi on some committee work. Two of the McKelvey children are here visiting Dr. Jongewaard and I had them over to spend today with us. They are older than our boys but the younger one played very
nicely with them. Dr. J. came over to tea with us. The boys are delighted because she has invited us over there for tomorrow.

I've been trying to teach Jimmy a little every morning. As soon as I get the kindergarten things unpacked and in order I shall give David something to do at the same time.

I have made considerable progress in our unpacking and our housecleaning. I'm having all the doors, screens, windows, etc. cleaned with linseed oil and coal oil and they are much improved... I'm so glad we have those 10¢ curtain rods for they just fit and will make the room look so much neater...

Most of our freight is on its way up country and the Montgomery Ward order, which missed the first freighter, was sent in January; so we ought to have everything before I go to the hills. It is great fun to unpack boxes which were packed three years ago, especially when you find a number of things that you had forgotten were in your possession. I found a few things, though, which proved my relationship to you, Mother, for they were mere keepsakes that had no sentiment or other value to them. I think I told you before that our things were in excellent condition with the exception of two or three things. One was the skinned dog with which our boys insist on playing in spite of the fact that the moths have devoured every particle of its warm, soft wool. Emmet has made one end of his study into a bedroom and has his own chest of drawers and hanging almira. He wanted to take one of the boys in there but I don't think it's satisfactory as they might be wanting to sleep when he would have someone else in there.

**Jhelum, February 26, 1925.** We have some of our freight and hope to have the rest soon. I am not going to unpack the dishes now as Mr. Milne has his in our cupboard and there is no room in mine. I shall be very happy when they are unpacked, though.

We are getting a new bookcase today and certainly need it as our books are all here and most of them are stacked up on the floor. The grand mess and confusion will soon be over and then we can settle down to work. It has taken so long to get anything done, it seems, but after we have gotten established we can rest in the hope that we shall probably stay here the rest of our time.

Louise Scott hasn't been at all well and last week she added to her troubles by falling over in a faint in the bathroom and spilling boiling water all over herself. She has looked terrible. I couldn't get over how badly she looked when she came to the station in Gujranwala to see us as we passed through. They are to sail in April.

The Fazl Ilahi family have been as good to us as ever. By the way, Evangeline, she was very much pleased with that knitting bag. She knits a lot and had no nice bags; so your suggestion was just the thing. They were pleased with all their things.

**Jhelum, March 5, 1925.** We were so pleased with all your messages this week but sorry to hear that Mrs. Heiner is alone now. We can't be sorry that Mr. Heiner was taken when he was, as lingering with cancer would have been terrible. The poor man had been so miserable for so long that death must have been welcome. Mrs. Heiner has much less than you, mother, and the road for her will be harder.

I have been having company for dinner the past two nights and will have again tonight. The past two nights we have been having Indian friends but tonight it will be missionaries.

All our freight is here and the boys are delighted to have their tricycle, the kiddicar, and wagon. Joe climbs into the wagon every chance he gets and sits there as proud as anyone could be. He doesn't know how to use the kiddicar yet but is learning. The ayah I have for the children is a fairly satisfactory Christian and Joe is learning to like her very much. At first he screamed when she came near.
I have a cook who makes lovely bread. He really is a second man or table servant but he is the one I shall take to the hills and leave the other one here for Emmet.

David just now came and said to ask Aunt Bessie to have a balloon for him when he gets back to America. He is always talking about going back.

**Jhelum, March 11, 1925.** Emmet was away over Sabbath but came back Monday. Mr. Milne who was here in Jhelum has been transferred to Sangla Hill. He is gone down there now to get some information about the work there from Mr. Picken, who leaves this month for America. Mr. Milne will return to close his accounts here and pack up his furniture.

The boys are having great times these days but David still asks when we are going back to America, and Jimmy regrets that he didn't have the girls teach him how to make snowballs. Frequently he notices the time of day and suggests what you people are doing and the other day was quite pleased to think that you are asleep, too, when he is asleep in the afternoon.

When Mr. Milne moves we are going to move our bedroom over to the other side where he is now. It joins Emmet's study and leaves the guest room on the other side. Adjoining that bedroom is a small verandah room which we are going to fix up as a sort of nursery.

**Jhelum, March 18, 1925.** This week presbytery has been meeting here and we have had four or five extra all the time. Some leave tonight and some tomorrow. I have enjoyed having them but it hasn't meant much extra to me as I have plenty of help. The children have been eating all their meals at the little table. They have little stools to sit on and I have made heavy tablecloths with tape at each corner to fasten these cloths down.

From what you write, mother, you have kept in fairly good condition. I am glad you went to Dr. Brown and got some tablets. Hope they helped you to sleep better.

Now please don't overdo this spring. When it comes to housecleaning don't try to do too much. You aren't able to do the real heavy work yourself and besides your house hasn't been used enough since we left to be very dirty.

We had our first dust storm this evening and if you want to see dust just come and look at us now. We have been bothered so much this spring with big black ants. I had some of those little rosebud candleholders in my trunk and the ants had eaten all but two when I discovered them. You know they are made of sugar. The children speak of you all so often.

**Jhelum, March 25, 1925.** It is getting hot these days but not much worse than your hottest summer days. The Educational Board of the mission met here yesterday and today, so I had six extra men at the table. Some of them slept in Emmet's study and some in a tent. Mr. Milne boards with us all the time; so we are a big family.

No American mail came this week and we have been lost without it. David continues to ask to go back to Mansfield. He hasn't forgotten any of you. Joe is growing tall but hasn't lost in weight, rather he has gained a lot since coming here.

I did not see the U.P. with the announcement of Harris Stewart's engagement. You knew before this that he is to marry Miss Brown of Jhelum. They are to be married on April 24th at 1 P.M. in our little church here, and a lunch and reception will follow at Dr. Jongeward's house where Miss Brown lives now. We shall all be busy those days. We are to have a shower at our house a week from tomorrow night and have asked others of the mission who can to share in it.

Jimmy is reading half an hour every morning. I spent quite a lot of that time on phonograms, for they are very important both for reading and spelling. Some days he is very much interested in them.
and is trying to make out new words.

Emmet will go to Sialkot Saturday to attend a Synod meeting. He and Mr. Milne will be gone most of the week.

I seem to be just rambling on in this letter. The fact of the matter is that there is very little to write about. Each day is much the same as the preceding one as we go very few places.

Jhelum, April 2, 1925. We were glad for your letter, mother, but sorry to hear that Martha was sick. She has been doing such excellent work in school that she will be very much discouraged to have to miss. You surely had a severe winter. Hope you are more comfortable by this time. We are quite warm but not really uncomfortable.

You should see Joe these days and hear him laugh. He just loves to look at pictures in the book and laughs at them each time in turn. He says quite a few words and seldom has wet panties. He even gets up at night himself and comes and wakes me to put him on the pot. Isn't that good for such a little tot?

Jhelum, April 8, 1925. One month from tomorrow we'll be celebrating another birthday. I am sending you this check for something you really want. $10 are for you and the two I am sending for you to get a plant for father's grave. (M.P.A.'s father died in October, 1924) A plant stays nice longer than cut flowers. Have you made inquiries concerning a marker? I should like to contribute something towards it, but it may be too soon to put one up as the ground may not be settled enough. Have you asked again about endowing the lot?

Since the winter was very cold, it is good you did not have roomers. I hope you may be able to get some this spring even though your first ones may not be all that you desire. You will feel more content if you have people with you and are getting a little out of the house. I am sure Aunt Bessie is very happy to have you with her so much but we do wish she were feeling better. She really ought to consult a physician more but I know it is hard to convince her of that. Father might be here today had he been willing to go to a doctor in the year before he died. I am glad Emmet [Price] is keeping so well and that Uncle Homer is holding his own.

Tell Uncle Homer that Jimmy understands the Indians fairly well and talks quite a bit. Joe is picking up the two languages, English and Urdu, equally, but Dave doesn't assert himself to say anything more than necessary.

We are sorry to learn that little Martha has been so sick. We had hoped that she would soon be up again but evidently she was in bed a month or more. We do hope for better word next week. It is good Evangeline can get a city nurse.

Now I hope you are keeping well. Do not worry if everything doesn't go just as you like. It doesn't do that way for anyone. Just be cheerful for the sake of the living even though you miss him who has gone. That is what father would wish I know. Many happy returns of the day! (MPA knows this letter will probably reach there on her mother's birthday, May 9th.)

Jhelum, April 16, 1925. We were indeed very sorry to hear that Martha was still in bed. You would doubtless feel easier, mother, to be there and help Evangeline in whatever way you could. The only trouble is that Evangeline will not let one help much. But if you could stay in the room with Martha while Evangeline did other things, it would be a great boon. I do hope the rest of you are keeping well. Is Janet in good condition this year?

Our boys are standing the heat quite well, though Joe has cut four teeth in the past few days. I am always so drowsy in hot weather that I am worth very little. The hotter the weather the more mischief Dave seems to get into. Jimmy talks more than ever. He is at the place now where he
exposes all family secrets to everyone. We had one of our Indian pastors and his wife and daughter here for tea Monday and he told them everything we were going to have to eat before we served. He usually tells Mr. Milne all our plans (so far as he knows them).

Emmet went to Rawalpindi last week and brought home an Overland. It is the latest model and had only been driven about 500 miles. I thought it was just out of the shop for it looked that way. Of course people with a Chandler would hardly consider such an insignificant thing as an Overland! But you should have heard the excitement of our three sons when they saw their daddy drive up! They certainly are delighted. They don't have any street cars here, Evangeline, so that may account for their joy over an automobile. Of course we have to have an auto for our work, and then we needed one for going in and out of Kashmir as there is no train service there.

For Joe's birthday I am going to have Mrs. Fazl Ilahi and her children over for tea Saturday. I plan to make some cookies, cutting them with the animal cutters I have. I'll bake a small cake, too, and have some sandwiches. The children will be pleased. I told Jimmy not to tell about it being Joe's birthday party, but the minute he saw Mrs. Fazl Ilahi last night he told her all about it even to the menu.

Jhelum, April 22, 1925. We were glad for your letter, Mother, and for the word that Martha was able to sit up a little. She would be happy to have you there to read to her, etc. It would do Evangeline good, too. I hope you will not feel that you must rush away again soon, though of course you are anxious to be doing something at home. As I told Emmet, I am not there to help you or consult with you, so that I do not feel in the position to give much advice. However I should like to repeat what I have often said; that is, do not do anything rash. When you have finally decided upon a course of action, act upon the decision and try never to spend any time regretting it. Make the best of the situation as it stands and don't be concerned about what might have happened or what you might have done differently. None of us can make the decision for you; it is yours to make. But after it is made, have faith that it has been the right course and be happy wherever you are. Others we have known did not exert themselves along this line, and they were discontented all the rest of their lives. (Obviously MPA's mother is considering whether to continue to make her home in Mansfield or make a move possibly to the Wiens in Boston.)

It is getting unbearably hot these days. It sure is uncomfortable and all our dispositions suffer. If you think it gets hot there, just come on out here for awhile and you will think differently. Our Mohammedan servants are keeping the fast these days, too, and so are doubly hard to deal with. . . We have had ice-cream twice lately. Ice is only 2 cents a pound now; so we can have ice-cream more often. I have to be responsible for the making of the ice-cream for the wedding, Friday. The children are fond of it as ever.

All the wedding clothes have come from America. Harris just got his Monday.

We do hope Martha is much better by the time this letter reaches you and that the rest of you have kept well. I'll try to write Martha a letter next week. Do take care of yourself.

Jhelum, April 29, 1925. It was indeed good to hear from you and to know that Martha was better even though unable to be on her feet much. Certainly everyone has been lovely to her in sending so many flowers, letters, book, etc. I do hope that she is much, much better by this time.

We have about decided to leave for Kashmir the 19th or 20th of May, which leaves three weeks to get things together. We plan to send some freight in the last of next week. This year we have so much more to take in than we shall have another year, as we plan to store some things in there. We are getting a new tent for ourselves. It is much cheaper to purchase one's own than to pay rent. I shall have many household things in there as freight is high.
The wedding is over and it seems to have been a success. Forty-two sat down to lunch. We served creamed chicken, scalloped potatoes, buns and sandwiches, vegetable salad, ice-cream, cake, candy, and coffee. Mrs. Matthews and I helped serve the plates in the pantry. I made the ice-cream, Mrs. White the bread and buns, Mrs. McConnelee the cakes, and the girls at the doctor's house oversaw the other things. We expect Harris and Olive (the bride and groom) the last of this week. They have gone out to a canal bungalow about 30 miles from here. It is a very pretty bungalow and at the head of the canal.

My two-burner oven (kerosene) from Montgomery Ward's is a great comfort. Now that it is hot, we bake just as many loaves as we can get in at once six at a time as bread dries out too fast if we make more. I can make cookies so fast with it, too, as I have some plain tin bake sheets made just to fit. The children are delighted with the animal cookies. I must make a lot before we start into Kashmir as they are nice on the way.

Jhelum, May 6, 1925. You will have long since heard what great sorrow has come to us here in Dr. Willie's (Jongewaard) going. We were all over their Saturday for tea and had such a happy time together. Willie was always joking and that day she was at it as usual.

Sabbath afternoon when the girls got up from their naps, Willie said she wasn't well and then went downstairs and consulted her books on cholera. She even poured tea for everyone but soon had to go back upstairs. Shortly after she began to suffer violently and soon Mrs. Fazl Ilahi and the nurses were at work. A little after 5:00 they called us out of church. We certainly were glad for our automobile that day. Emmet went for a doctor in the cantonment but he wasn't there. Then he went to Dr. Lall (a splendid Christian doctor in the Civil Hospital) but he was in the operating room on an emergency case and that meant more delay. When he arrived at seven she was almost gone, but he began on the saline injections and at 10:30 we were much more hopeful. Emmet took his car and staid right there ready to help in any way. At 11:30 Willy began to sink and we rushed for Dr. Lall again. Her brother, Dr. Bert Jongewaard in Taxila, arrived at 12:30 and Willie passed away at 12:45. We do not know why she took it any more than any others in the house. For everything there was thoroughly cooked and Willie had not been attending any cholera cases. Dr. Lall feels that if she had called him when she saw the first symptoms there would have been hope, but she was too far gone when he arrived.

The funeral was held at the house Monday afternoon about 4:00. They got a motor ambulance from the cantonment for the hearse so that the whole was a motor procession—a new and strange thing for India. Emmet sent messages to all the other stations early Monday morning, and 25 from the near stations arrived in time for the funeral. Dr. Anderson had the service. Harriet received this morning a cablegram from her father and mother in answer to the one sent from here Monday evening—about 36 hours only. Wasn't that quick work? It was a great comfort to her. I hope you haven't been worrying about us. We are taking every precaution and after all sudden death comes to many in America as well as here.

We were so glad for your letter this week. Hope Martha is continuing to improve. The strain has been hard on Evangeline, I know. They will all be glad to get down to the beach.

Jhelum, May 12, 1925. Uncle Joe (I had better always refer to him thus) came down on Friday and he and Emmet went to Gujranwala Saturday to attend an evangelistic conference. We are quite undecided about Hill plans as there is cholera in Kashmir. I have written in to inquire about the condition, as we hear so many rumors and don't know what to believe.

The Fazl Ilahi children were over last evening to play. They do so like to, and I should have them more often.
Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, May 25, 1925. You will wonder what has become of me since I didn't write last week. Foreign mail leaves Thursday and so has to be written Wednesday night. As we left Thursday morning early I simply didn't get my letter off. I had planned on writing it Wednesday night and would have been free to do so but so many people came in that I couldn't get to it. We were in Rawalpindi part of the day and spent our first night in Taxila. The next day we had lunch with Miss Morrison in Abbotabad. Friday night we stopped at one of the bungalows and the next day got here at noon. Miss Peterson of our mission gave us lunch and dinner that day. I've been on the bum with a cold; so have done little unpacking. Feel much better this morning and hope to get to work tomorrow.

This is a lovely place for children and there are four or five other boys here for our children to play with. They think it is great.

Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, June 1, 1925. We are very well settled now. We have a nice new big tent and are getting all our own furniture which we shall store every winter. Rents are very high, so that the rent on furniture would buy the same furniture in six months, and the rent on the tent would buy the same in less than three years. Hence, it is much more economical to own one's own, especially as the storage of everything for the year amounts to only about $4. We plan to come up here for the next four or five summers; so are trying to get fitted out properly.

Emmet left us Friday morning. He reached Abbotabad that evening at 5:00 and spent the night with Miss Morrison. The next morning he went on to Campbellpur, where he is staying with Joe this week to help in the summer Bible school there. He had a good trip out. The drive is really very beautiful but a hard one because of the many sharp curves. Traffic is very light this year; so the trip was much easier.

The boys think we have come to a very wonderful place here in Nasim Bagh. There are a number of other children near their ages and they are having glorious times together. It is such a great grove for them to run and play in and one of the best features of it to them is that there are so many cows and sheep allowed to pasture here every day. Jimmy was lugging a lamb around here for several days.

Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, July 13, 1925. From your letter last week we were hoping Martha would be up soon. Evidently she had another relapse. We are anxious for word from you though we can hardly expect a letter concerning the end until next week.

The housework would keep you more than busy for a long time after your return. I'm wondering if Martha's going will in any way affect your plans.

Tomorrow is Dave's birthday. We shall have a cake and candles and then go for a boat ride after tea. I am sorry that all the children have gone to the higher hills so that we cannot have a party for Dave. This will be the first ride for Jim since he has been sick and it will please them all. They have been so interested in the birds and today we got such a nice bird book on the birds of India. They have learned a lot about birds this summer. This is a great place for nature study but I should know more myself to be able to teach them.

Jimmy took his first step alone today. Of course he wants to do more than he ought to but I hope I can keep him from overdoing. He has a tremendous appetite and seems to be gaining every day. He has been more patient than I would have expected for one of his temperament. [He has obviously had a serious illness, probably typhoid, as per letter, dated July 15, 1928.]

Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, July 20, 1925. We were so glad to hear from you last week and both thought it so good that you were able to go back to Waverley and set the house in order before returning to the beach. It was all very providential. From what you wrote I take it that Martha did
not have a long severe spell before going. We know how very, very lonely the Weins must be and yet from the tone of Evangeline's letter I know she was reconciled to her going rather than that she should have to remain an invalid. I am anxious for your next letters even though they must bring us sad news. We are both so thankful that you sent the cablegram.

There is some talk of transferring us to Abbottabad this fall. This is a new station in the low hills. If we should be sent there, I wouldn't have to leave much earlier than Emmet in the summer. There are many reasons why I should like to go there and there are other reasons why I should like to stay in Jhelum. We shall just wait and see what develops. We stopped in Abbotabad with Miss Morrison on our way here. She has a beautiful place to live and we should probably be in the same house with her. However, many changes may be made before then.

**Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, July 27, 1925.** Your long-looked-for letter came this week. Evangeline's friends have been so good to her in all this sickness they have had and I am glad they continue to be so. As you said, it was very kind of mere acquaintances at the beach to be so considerate and thoughtful. We felt sure that the end came rather quickly and certainly you couldn't have wished her back after all that suffering. I am so thankful that you and Paul got there Friday evening. You can be so thankful that everything was done for her recovery, and through the years nothing has been spared to make her life a happy one. The flowers must have been beautiful! Thanks for writing us so much in detail for we do want to know all.

The fruit is now on and we have been drying blue plums-2000 of them. I want to get some greengage ones, too. We are talking of going up to the higher hills next week and, if so, this is our last chance to dry fruit. We may go up to the same place the Downses and Doddses went a month ago. It is 10,000 ft. elevation and a very beautiful place they say. We met three of them in Srinagar the other day. They had come down for supplies. We went in to do a number of errands and took Jimmy to see the doctor and nurses. They all think he has gained splendidly. He was so very, very thin when I brought him home that everyone was shocked, but he has picked up beautifully. He still walks a little stiff but gets around any way. The doctors advise taking him higher as it is quite warm here. In fact I think we all shall gain by the change.

Emmet has commenced the final copy of the Hand Book material. He hopes to have that and some other work finished by the first of next week and then we can strike out for a real vacation.

**Tras Nag, Kashmir, August 16, 1925.** (Letter addressed to Janet Wein) Ever since we contemplated this trip I planned to write you a letter telling all the details. We hadn't intended going higher than Nasim Bagh this summer but as there were no others there all the month of July, Uncle Emmet thought we wouldn't have much of a vacation in August there all by ourselves. So we started out to find some friends who had come to Nil Nag and later up here.

All our tents, beds, chairs, etc. etc. were loaded on small horses at Nasim Bagh. It took 10 horses and one coolie that first day. One of them was a stubborn little beast and threw off two small cupboards a couple of times until they finally exchanged loads with another horse. We went in our motor to Srinagar and did some necessary shopping and then 12 mi. further where we camped for the night. The Downses told us the road was beyond description but we found it no more than many roads in Jhelum district. We camped in a grove by a mountain stream and the boys were delighted with all the rocks. We walked over to a flour mill nearby, and the boys for the first time saw them grinding wheat by water power. David still talks about the big millstone.

The next morning we started out to climb the hills. We got four extra coolies the next morning to carry the bed in which Dave and Joe sleep and in which Joe was riding. It was built of wicker. A pole is used only when the bed is carried. Two man (one at each end) have the pole resting on their
shoulders, but since it is quite heavy there must always be two extra men to spell the others off. Joe seemed to enjoy it immensely, though at first he wanted a horse like the other boys. Dave rode in front of his Daddy and Jim in front of the cook. They thought it was the treat of their lives and Dave talked incessantly all the way. The road wound up and over one hill after another. We had several mountain streams to cross and usually had to dismount there as the bank down was very, very steep. We were about halfway up to Nil Nag when a real mountain rain broke loose and in spite of umbrellas and raincoats we were soon soaking wet. Just then we came to another stream and the coolies urged us to cross, quickly, as the stream would soon be too high to ford. The children and servants and I hastened but Emmet tarried to help cover baggage and protect it from the rain. As a consequence, he and all the baggage ponies were held up over half an hour before they could find a place to cross.

The road on the other side was a steep ascent of wet slippery clay that took seemingly ages to climb the rest of the way. Though wet, it wasn't too bad and the sun soon came out and we were thoroughly dry before we reached camp. We had heard that our friends had been robbed, and had returned to Nil Nag. When we got there we found that only the Downses had come down because the altitude was too much for her. We were undecided about whether to camp there or come on up here but finally camped there as it was too late to move further that day.

Nil Nag is just at the edge of the pine at an altitude of 7,500 ft, and though it gives a splendid view of the valley, it wasn't far enough back to suit us. We had reached there on Thursday the sixth, and on Saturday Emmet and I came up here on horseback to see whether we wanted to move on up. Mrs. Downs kept the three children for us; wasn't that good of her?

The whole ride up here was through pine forests. We rode for 10 mi. - sometimes on very narrow paths and never on what one would call a road. Some of it was quite wet from recent rains but most of it was delightful. Tras Nag is a very large stream coming right up out of the ground at an altitude of 9,800 ft. This stream has its source from a spring much higher up and about 3 mi. up beyond here, where it goes into the ground and comes out again here at Tras Nag. Both Uncle Emmet and I thought it just the place for us. Mr. and Mrs. Dodds and their children and Mrs. Ferger and her baby (all of the Presbyterian mission) were just eating lunch as we arrived; so we opened our lunch basket and ate together. After Emmet and Mr. Dodds had walked all around the place they urged that I stay here over Sabbath and they go back and bring up the children and the camp on Monday. It seemed a very lazy thing for me to do, but they would hear of nothing else; so I stayed and had a great old rest. They didn't get horses until almost noon Monday and so didn't arrive here until nearly 6:00 o'clock.

Our camp faces this lovely mountain stream and the boys have great times playing in the rocks and sand. Bob and Joe Dodds are near the ages of Jim and Dave and the four of them have a glorious time together. Since Baby Joe has no ayah, he plays much more with his brothers and seems much older. We shall be here for about 10 days more. Emmet and Mr. Dodds have climbed above the tree line twice. I should probably go up some day this week. This is the first time any white people have ever camped here.

I know you must be having a lonely summer without Martha, but I also know that your mother and father will try to be as companionable as possible. Yours has been a great loss in Martha's going, but you will always be thankful that you were privileged to have her for even these few years. She was a dear, good girl and we cannot understand why she had to suffer so much and be taken from us when so young. Will you please send this letter for Grandma and Aunt Bessie?

Tras Nag, Kashmir, August 22, 1925. I sure am ashamed that it has been so long since I wrote to you but you no doubt received Janet's letter last week and know that all is well with us. I had intended writing to you as soon as I had finished her letter but the coolie came for our mail and there
was no time left. The nearest post office is 17 mi. down the mountain and we have a coolie who brings and takes the mail every other day. The bears are numerous down at Nil Nag these days (or rather nights) since the corn is ripe, and so he cannot wait long lest the darkness come before he reaches the village.

I told in Janet's letter about our trip up here and something of our camping grounds. We plan to go down next Tuesday as our supplies are getting low. Our purchases up here are limited to sheep and milk. The latter is excellent buffalo milk and very reasonable-4¢ a quart. We get 5 qt. of milk a day and that keeps us supplied with butter too. Last week the three camps of us bought a sheep and this week another, and today we are sending for more. Thursday the servant brought back a dead one, but when my cook saw it, he refused it because he said it was a sick animal. A general conference followed and when we looked at the liver we agreed with him and sent the carcass downstream in a hurry. I have plenty of flour, sugar, and apples, but potatoes, rice, eggs, and breakfast foods are minus. I just told the cook to make noodles for supper but he has now returned to show me that the last egg is bad. We are hoping the coolie with the mail will bring us eggs this afternoon, as we ordered them through him Thursday. We can have apple dumplings for supper and you know how filling they are. As long as we have plenty of flour and sugar and milk we can get along fairly well you know. The servants all take it as a huge joke for they, too, are running short of supplies. My cook makes excellent bread and we all do enjoy it. You remember the economy cooker I told you about. We steam brown bread in it frequently and today I tried a chocolate cake. It tastes delicious but broke when I took it out of the pan. I forgot to mention that we still have beans, which are a good substitute for potatoes, and a few delicious English walnuts-the largest I have ever seen.

Emmet has thoroughly enjoyed it up here as he has had so many splendid hiking trips. Yesterday Mrs. Dodds and I went with our husbands. We walked up to an elevation of about 11,500 ft., whence in front of us we got a magnificent view of the whole valley of Kashmir, and behind a view of the glaciers. We built our fire for lunch up above the timberline where juniper bushes furnish the only fuel. Just below us was a dead birch wood forest. It raises the question as to what was the temperature up there years ago that such trees could grow up there. It was very cold up there yesterday and we shouldn't have been surprised at all had it snowed. The only people living up here are cattlemen who have brought their herds up here to graze for the summer. Today Emmet and Mr. and Mrs. Dodds have gone up to a cluster of lakes at an altitude of about 13,500 feet. They say the view from there is magnificent but I didn't care to try the climb.

Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, August 31, 1925. You see we are back in Nasim Bagh again. We planned to leave Tras Nag early last Tuesday morning but the ponies never arrived until after 12:00 o'clock, and it was 2:30 ere we left. From there on we had one ill fortune after another, in that the whole trip took us a day longer than we had expected. The pony men were very hard to deal with and tied the loads on so loosely that they were thrown off many times. Our first night we got in after dark, but the others were a little ahead of us and had supper all ready. We sure were eager for a rest. The next morning I took the boys down to the lake to get washed for breakfast and Jim and I fell in and were drenched from head to foot so that we had to change everything! That day wouldn't have been so bad if the servants hadn't stopped the ponies and pitched camp just 4 mi. before they should have done so. We were low on supplies as I told you, but though there were many village shops there didn't seem to be any nourishing food available—no rice, potatoes, sugar. However we got to Srinagar OK the next morning and replenished the larder. The children were delighted to get back here though they had been so happy at Tras Nag.

On our way out here at the edge of Srinagar whom should we meet but the Fazl Ilahis. They had just arrived in Srinagar from Abbottabad. We had received a card from them that morning asking us
to wire. But it was too late to reach them before they had planned on leaving. They brought their houseboat out here next day and we have been trying to show them around ever since. Saturday we took them to Gandabal where the Indus river flows into the Jhelum and had tea there.[Obviously a mistake in geography. The Jhelum doesn't flow into the Indus until west of Jhelum on the plains.] It poured while we were coming home, and we all got drenched, but soon were dry after the sun came out. They were here last night for a goose dinner.

This morning early Emmet took Mrs. Dodds, Mrs. Ferger, Bob Dodds and Mr. and Mrs. Fazl Ilahi up to Gulmarg (the society hill station of Kashmir), and on up higher to a place where we think of camping next summer. Their main reason for going was to hunt for such a place and I didn't care to take the trip.

Mrs. Fazl Ilahi's sister is here with them and I had her spend the day with me. I let my cook have the day off to go to Srinagar; so I had to be cook. In the middle of the afternoon Mr. Milne with his sister and husband (Dr. and Mrs. Wilmuth of Abyssinia) arrived. I invited them for dinner tonight and proceeded to make salad, made a steam pudding, cut the goose off the bones and creamed it, borrowed some potatoes from my neighbors and had mashed potatoes. Dinner was ready when the cook returned at seven. I forgot to mention that I had Joe Dodds here all day. I fed the children early and tucked them away before Emmet returned. We really had a very nice dinner and visit together. We plan to leave this coming Thursday for Jhelum, getting there on Saturday. It sure will be good to get settled for a few weeks; though, barring Jimmy's illness, we have had a very pleasant summer. You should see how well he runs and plays. The other boys are fine, too. Now I must get into bed as it is very late, but this letter must be mailed early tomorrow to get the Foreign Mail train.

Jhelum, September 8, 1925. You can see we are back home again. We left Nasim Bagh early Thursday morning. . . We came out by a new route just completed last summer. The old road follows the Jhelum [River] first and has only one hard climb and that isn't very bad. This new road comes out by Jammu, the winter capital of Kashmir, and cuts across the mountains by two passes making two very hard climbs, both zigzagging up the mountain for 4,000 ft. and then repeating the process down on the other side. These hard ascents and the exceedingly sharp curves make the road a more difficult one. There are many beautiful places in it, though, and it is well worth taking once, though we shall probably not use that road regularly. We got home Saturday noon for lunch and as we sent word on ahead Sham-ud-din had a good hot meal ready.

The first two days here were extremely hot, but a couple of dust storms have cleared the air and lowered the temperature. The pankha (big fan) is still indispensable during the day.

Jhelum, September 16, 1925. We have found it fairly hot down here but with the pankha going we managed to exist. The children and the rest of us take several baths a day and don't seem to suffer from the heat. It rained last night and this morning so that it is much more comfortable.

Sialkot, October 21, 1925. We were certainly pleased with your good letter, Mother, and glad to hear that you have such nice roomers in the front room. They are the class you will be glad to have and I think you were very wise to let them cook. You have little cooking to do for yourself and can arrange that at a different hour from theirs. Of course no roomer will do everything as you like it, but there is nothing you could undertake that wouldn't have its disappointments and unpleasant features. I hope you may have another roomer or two to encourage you, for it would be very unwise for you to sell the house now. In a year or two someone will make you a good offer. That corner will be more in demand after the K of P's get their building started. Please don't ever tell any real-estate agent that he can sell the house for what he can get out of it. That house should not go at a rush. It
would be better economy to borrow, if necessary, than to force a sale at this time.

From the heading of this letter you see we are at Annual Meeting in Sialkot. We came down the
day before Annual Meeting commenced. Jimmy's birthday party was a great success. . . . We gave
him a Bible as that is all he has wanted ever since Bob Dodds received one on his birthday. We live in
a tent here and have early breakfast and tea there. My cook gets those ready for us and looks after the
children when I am in meetings. My table servant serves in the big dining room. Locations are up
tomorrow morning and it looks as though we shall go to Abbotabad but I cannot say definitely until
it passes the Mission.

**Jhelum, October 28, 1925.** As you see from the heading of this paper we are back from
Sialkot. The Annual Meeting was an exceptionally good one with an excellent spirit all the way
through. Emmet preached the last Sabbath morning on "the love of Christ constraineth us" and I
never heard him do so well. It was a subject that had been much on his heart and which he had
developed well.

The children met half an hour every morning and evening and on the last Sabbath afternoon had
a special program. Jimmy spoke a short piece and did quite well. Dave spoke a Bible verse but had
to be helped. After the offering was taken, Dave in his loudest voice proclaimed to everyone how
much he had given. It was really their Thanksgiving service. The afternoon before they had a party
and each child got a present from America. I wasn't overly pleased that Jimmy's was a knife. Dave
got some ABC cubes and a ball; and Joe, some marbles and a ball.

As we had thought, we are to go to Abbotabad and we hope to leave here in two weeks.
Hereafter our address will be: America Mission, Abbotabad., N W F P (Northwest Frontier
Provinces), India.

Abbotabad is a semi-hill station and in the winter gets very cold - usually some snow. We have a
very good supply of bedding so that we need not fear the cold. I am hoping that I won't have to go
higher in the summer much earlier than Emmet does. The mission owns no property there. We are
to live in the same house with Miss Morrison and she will board with us. It is considered the most
healthful station in the mission and the house that Miss Morrison is in is beautifully situated and has
a much larger yard than we have here. When we were there in May the flowers were magnificent.

**Jhelum, November 12, 1925.** Just a brief note to tell you we are off. Our suitcases, bedding rolls,
etc. are all here on the veranda, ready to be loaded on the car. We shipped our baggage yesterday
and Mr. Merriam was up auditing Emmet's books; so it was a busy day. We are stopping in
Rawalpindi for a day and will spend Sabbath in Campbellpur with [brother] Joe. Emmet is on the
committee to organize a congregation there this coming Sabbath. We should get to Abbotabad
Monday.

**Abbotabad, November 17, 1925.** You see from the heading of this letter that we have reached
our new home. We arrived here yesterday and most of the baggage came today and the rest will be
up in the morning. We are nine miles above the railway but have an excellent motor road. Two
trucks (not big ones like you have) brought most of our heavy goods today, and the lighter weight
things were put on oxcarts which may not travel on the road in the daytime. The same road
regulations prevail here as exist on the road to Kashmir. The motors and horse carriages travel by
day and the oxcarts by night. Some of our things were a little damaged but on the whole they have
come through fairly well.

Had you received my other letters you would have known that Margaret was threatened with
tuberculosis. I wrote you concerning it. We have been getting very encouraging word from her.
Over half her time in bed is past now and she may be able to get up sooner than the doctor had hoped, though I do hope she will not rush around too soon.

The boys often talk of you all, but now their greatest thoughts are of Santa. You should hear and see Dave sing his song about Santa's coming. His eyes fairly dance. We can have a real Christmas tree here and can get holly and mistletoe. It will be a great day for them.

**Abbotabad, NWFP, November 24, 1925.** Our boys are hoping we shall have it [snow] this year, too, but it never lasts long here. We're not prepared to weather the cold as you are. I'm trying to get a small airtight wood stove put up in my dressing room, which we hope to use as a living room for ourselves. The man promised to set it up Saturday but it is Tuesday now and still isn't finished. I don't see how I can settle down to school with Jimmy until I have a fire in that room. We have a fire every morning and evening in the dining room, but since we share the house I prefer to have a private place with the children.

I am very sorry indeed that Uncle Homer is feeling so miserable. Is he doctoring all the time? It is good Emmet keeps so well with his work. Does Aunt Bessie doctor any?

We have been trying to get a little acquainted with the Christian community here. There are only about 40 or 50 adults and most of them are sweepers. There was a wedding Saturday and we were invited. They loaded plates down with native candies and it was marvelous the capacity some people had. They had evidently done without their noon meal so that they could indulge to the full.

Yesterday the church had a little reception for us and served the same candies again. We took Jim and Dave, as the affair was on the grass and it was the first time they had ever tasted any Indian sweets. A couple of them they like very much.

We have only had missionaries here for three years. The CMS were supposed to have this field but never really worked it, and then asked us to take it over.

**Abbotabad, December 1, 1925.** Today I went into the bazaar and bought a few things. It's a very quaint little bazaar but has more variety in some things than Jhelum has. I bought peanuts to make peanut butter. We all like it but cannot buy it. I'll put them in the fireless to roast all night and then grind them with the finest knife in the meat grinder. Last week I made 8 lbs. of fruit cake. It isn't so very expensive out here, for raisins and eggs are cheap. I have all we shall need this winter.

I do hope Uncle Homer and Aunt Bessie are feeling better. You seem to be getting along more cheerily now that you have people in the house to look after. You need someone to take care of as you have spent most of your life caring for others. I am always happy when I know you are having congenial company and are able to keep your home.

**Abbotabad, December 7, 1925.** Just a year ago today we sailed from Boston. It has been a year of so much going and coming - so much packing and unpacking - that it seems as though it should be longer than a year. It has been a long year with you all, I know, because of so much sickness and sorrow.

The children often talk about you and want to go back. The other day Jimmy said "I'm tired of dirty old India. I want to go back to America where things are clean."

Am so glad your roomers are so agreeable. . . How are you coming out financially? Of course your heavy expenses are in the winter so that, if you can just keep going these months, you may be thankful. I don't mean to be inquisitive but I am anxious that you should have everything you need, and I'm also eager that you may be able to keep your home. Please frankly tell me how you stand. I am sure Aunt Bessie is more than happy to have you near all the time. I suppose you go there almost every day.

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Yesterday we went down to Havalian - 22 mi. down into the valley - to hold a service at the mission home of two independent English missionaries. They live very close to the people and work very hard but it seems to me that their work - isolated as it is without much system or plan - doesn't count for as much as it would were it better directed.

I've just been looking over a magazine and find "bobbed" hair more in evidence than ever. What do people do who have long hair like myself?

I am so sorry that Aunt Bessie and Uncle Homer are so miserable. Emmet seems to be making out fine. How is he physically? I'm so glad you can be near them.

Abbotabad, December 30, 1925. I had just mailed your letter this morning when your two wonderful parcels came. They arrived in Karachi on December 21st but it took time for them to go through customs and up here, stopping at Jhelum first. Emmet had gone to Mansehra - about 16 mi. from here - yesterday and so we waited until he returned this afternoon to open the parcels. We had taken down the Christmas tree decorations and Jimmy was just decorating the bedroom with paper chains, etc., when the parcels came. They had to be put on the mantle in the bedroom and everything was in readiness for our second Christmas. When Emmet came they ushered him into the bedroom for his surprise. Such excitement as there was over the boxes and their contents... Emmet's box was the last to be opened and before that the children offered him their pencils as they thought he wasn't going to get anything!

I suppose you are doing some sewing for Aunt Bessie this winter as you always do. I am so very, very sorry they are so miserable. I hope Aunt Bessie is taking medicine and following the doctor's instructions. Emmet seems to be quite fit from what you write.
Abbotabad, January 11, 1926. Last Saturday we had some English guests, Mrs. Mayer and her daughter (Mr. Mayer was a CMS missionary years ago and Miss Mayer is now teaching English children here) and Major and Mrs. Smith of the Public-Works Department. I served peanut butter sandwiches, steamed brown bread, fruit cake and candy. The first two were altogether new to them and they wanted the receipts at once. My fruit cake was a great success this year. Last week the same Mrs. Smith sent us two pheasants that had been shot by one of Mr. Smith's clerks.

Tomorrow we are invited to tea to the home of a very lonely woman. She is a Eurasian who married a wealthy Mohammedan about 10 years ago. This last year he married a beautiful young wife but they say this wife doesn't really mind. He gave her the house she is in and gives her Rs. 200 per month. She has eight dogs which seem to take up her time and devotion. There are only two houses she ever visits here and ours is one of them. She has a sister living here but is angry with her and even denies she is a sister. She is a queer, queer mortal but not the only queer one on the earth.

Tell Aunt Bessie we have a house and yard almost equal to Phoebe Wise [of Louis Bromfield fame] and an occupant of not quite Phoebe's mentality. The English woman is a cripple whose sister died last year. Though she cannot walk, she insists on living alone. Her house and yard are just filled with old junk that ought to be burned and it is needless to say that the place is frightfully dirty. She is 55 and is simple enough to imagine that a very young officer here, who tries to be kind to her, is in love with her. To have her talk of him would be exceedingly amusing if it were not so pathetic.

Abbotabad, January 26, 1926. I am sorry indeed that Aunt Bessie's are all so miserable. Surely they need you and I know you help them all you can. But in case of sickness, no one can help the disease but a doctor and often he can't. What is Aunt Bessie's real trouble, do you know?

The children are all fine. We hope to go to conference at Pindi for over Sabbath but are waiting to hear about sickness there. It is reported that they are having a lot. There is much smallpox this winter. Emmet, Dave, and I were vaccinated the other day. Jim and Joe had it take last year, so didn't have to have it done again.

I have just heard of an old German piano for sale and think we can get it by next fall. It is a very good make, especially made for India where the climate is very hard on instruments. Here we are in our home so much that it will be great to have a piano. I'm hoping it may help the children to be able to carry a tune better. Of course, all they get is here at home and I want to give them all I can.

Emmet tries to go out to the villages a couple times a week. Today he went down to Haripur, about 20 mi. away. Last week he was gone over two nights. I am very glad we do not have to go to camp, for life is certainly much easier in a house. The children always enjoy camp life.

Abbotabad, February 2, 1926. We had a very nice time in Pindi. We stopped with R. R. Stewarts, and our boys thought they had a great time with their two girls. The prayer conference lasted from Saturday afternoon until Monday noon. The meetings were quite good and we enjoyed seeing the other missionaries. Our nearest station is Taxila, 55 mi. away; so we don't see others often.

As to doctors, mother, you need not worry, for there are several English military doctors here in Abbottabad. They say an English civil surgeon is to be located here in March. If so, he will live directly across the street from us.

Abbotabad, February 9th, 1926. Emmet had to go to Campbellpur for Sabbath to conduct
Communion and the installation of elders. From there he left early Monday morning for Etah, a town in the United Provinces about 650 mi. from here. He and Bob Foster went to see the poultry and agricultural exhibit given under the Presbyterian mission. He hopes to get home Saturday but may not return until next week. I urged him to see all he could while there. He went by European third class and the round-trip ticket was only $10. If you could go that cheap in America you might go more, don't you think?

Mrs. Patterson was here over Sabbath. She and her husband are English people employed by a mission and live at Mansehra -16 mi. from here on the Kashmir road. He was formerly a private in the Army here and she first came out under the Central Asia mission, a faith mission. Neither has much education but both are very earnest and live very close to the people and do a real evangelistic work. I think she enjoyed being in here.

I have had several changes in servants. . . Just before going to Pindi I got an old man who at one time was a mess cook in the cantonment. He cooks plain food quite well and makes all sorts of fancy pastries, etc., much to the delight of the children. The difficulty with him will be to keep the accounts down low enough.

Abbotabad, February 23, 1926. I wonder if you couldn't begin sending me some cheap socks for the children. One or two socks in a letter. Those at 20¢ a pair at Woolworth's wear better than what I paid more for out here. A couple of pairs of brown for each of the boys and later a couple pairs of white for Joe and Jim each. In another month I will be sending you some money for some other things, and then you can send the remaining socks with them.

I've sent to a firm in Calcutta for sandals for each of the boys. They are English-made and with crepe rubber soles. These soles are very popular among the English now. Besides being very comfortable, they wear unusually well. Do you have such a thing in America?

Abbotabad, March 22, 1926. You ask about servants, mother. I've really had a most interesting time with them since coming here. Since annual meeting we have had 13 different men serving us at different times and in different capacities - three different cooks, five table servants, three watchmen, and two sweepers. As soon as one leaves, the yard seems to swarm with applicants who appear with mushroom suddeness. My Jhelum cook got sick and wouldn't stay away from home another minute; our table servant left on false pretenses and sent a poor ignorant woodsman who was worth worse than nothing. Had I the gift, I could write a whole book on his absurdities—not the least of them being discovered when I suddenly came upon him brushing the crumbs from the tablecloth with a floor brush! What he may have done in my absence is beyond my imagination to conceive, but I am thankful he is far from here now. About three weeks ago I took on a toothless old man who was servant to an officer in France. His recommendations were all good and doubtless he was a fair servant in his day, but that day has long since passed. As you can imagine, his toothless state made his conversation almost impossible and yet he insisted on talking upon every occasion, making me ask him again and again what he was trying to say. Then his deafness made it necessary for me to repeat every order several times. Needless to say I sent him off as soon as possible. Now I have a middle-aged man as silent as the other one was talkative. A week's trial has been fairly satisfactory but I make no prophecies as to the future. Experience has taught me to trust these people only when in my presence, and to make no prophecies as to the future since they are a very uncertain quantity. I've taken all these numerous changes in our household as a matter of course, have been amused, insofar as possible, at their mistakes, and so have not suffered from them, but if anyone thinks servants are unalloyed blessing let them try a few of these numerous men and learn for themselves.

You have asked several times about the English people here. Most of them belong to the army.
We are in the Civil Lines just adjoining the cantonment. An English police officer and his wife live next to us on one side and two English forest officers on the other. Across the street is the home of the civil surgeon — now a Hindu, but next month an Englishman is to arrive — an excellent doctor they say. Just below his bungalow lives the Deputy Commissioner (highest civil law officer in the District), above the civil surgeon here are Mr. and Mrs. Slocum, Pentecostal missionaries who do not observe the comity of missions, and with them lives Miss Ella Jamieson who was the nurse in our hospital in Sialkot and resigned from our mission last Annual Meeting.

A letter from Margaret Alter this week says that her temperature is practically normal now and she hopes to be up ere long. I only hope she doesn’t go to work too soon.

Our boys were so disappointed that there was no snow here this winter.

Abbottabad, March 31, 1926. I was so glad to get your letter this week, but sorry that Emmett [Price] is not well. Hope he will soon respond to the treatment and be much better. It is a hard strain on Aunt Bessie and Uncle Homer who are not strong enough for it.

We’ve got a bit of very good news for you but we’ve been saving it up so you wouldn’t have so long to wait. Early in July we expect another little Alter here. I hope you will be as happy as we are; though I know your tendency is to worry. Please do not worry, for everything here is OK and we know how delighted we all here shall be with a dear little one. We shall send you a cablegram with the good news and ask you to pass it on. We still have the name Jeannette Copley for the girl, but haven’t decided upon the boy’s name but shall do so soon. Though the boys do not know of the big event, yet they are divided as to what they want. Dave frequently ask for a baby brother and Jim always for a sister. It would be lovely to have a girl but I’m not sure life would be very easy for her with three older brothers to tease her. We shall be very happy with either a boy or a girl.

Now what I want is a rubber reducing corset to put on as soon as I get up. Reed’s had them two years ago. Get what is considered very good and I’ll try to get back to some decent size. I also want two brassieres that open down the front for nursing, and the socks I mentioned before for the children. Now I’m not sure that $10.86 will cover everything. Will you please send the itemized bill and I’ll send what is over. I have practically everything for the baby—in fact far too much for one baby; so please do not send anything.

Emmet went to Rawalpindi Saturday for Synod meeting. You know Joe lives there now as he has taken over Mr. Downs’ work in the college.

There has just dawned upon me something you might get for the baby and send me the bill — a little net cap, especially made to hold back a baby’s ears if they are inclined to stick out, as our boys ears have always done. If you can’t get one in Mansfield, I am sure Evangeline can get one in Boston.

Abbottabad, April 6, 1926. Mr. Mercer, our general secretary, was here from Saturday until last night. Yesterday they went to Mansehra and Quaffar, a town of 10,000 at the head of the famous valley in this district. You can find it on the map of the last quarterly letter. Mr. Mercer enjoyed it very much, as it was his first visit beyond Abbottabad in this district.

Today I received some bath towels that I had ordered from one of the Cawnpore mills.. Evangeline had to pay entirely too much duty on Janet’s scarf. I hate to tell what I pay for things but I really should have stated it in the letter. Sending in an envelope I dare not declare the goods out here because they will not send dutiable goods by first-class mail. It seems so much safer to send a little thing like that in a registered letter rather than in a parcel. Mother Alter says she is so much encouraged over Margaret’s condition. Margaret is now sitting up and going to the dining room for one meal a day.
Abbotabad, April 12, 1926. Whenever I think of Smootzler's restaurant it is always in connection with Limburger cheese and ice cream. I may have perverted taste but there is no cheese equal to Limburger in my opinion.

Dave was so excited over all Jim's new books that he thinks he wants to study hard so that he can get some. He wiggles so much that I'm not sure he could stay still long enough to accomplish much. But he has glorious times playing and has such a winsome smile that no one can resist it. Joe says such cute things. Today he began to cry when he fell and I said "big boys never cry." As quick as a wink he replied, "I baby now."

Would you please slip a pair of black shoestrings (loose shoes) in a letter. What we get here are very, very poor. . . I had a pair of shoes made here in the bazaar and thus far they are very satisfactory. If they continue so, I shall have others made here instead of sending home for them. It will be cheaper and more convenient. I like to get everything I can here.

Abbotabad, April 19, 1926. I must tell you all about Joe's great birthday, in which his two big brothers have been even more interested than he has. Saturday night it started to rain and has been at it ever since; so all day today it has been pouring outside, but the children have had a really wonderful time indoors and on the veranda. After worship this morning, Joe was given his wonderful doll and if you could only have seen him dance up and down with it you would have been more than delighted. He has kept it close all day and both this afternoon and tonight he has taken it to bed with him.

Emmet told Joe that on the back of your card you had written "Baby Joe" and he said "I no 'Baby Joe', I boy." Emmet also showed him how the boy on your card grew so fast that his pants didn't fit at all. Then Joe said, "I grow big, then I no fit my panties."

We had written to the committee asking that we might be allowed to rent another house, as we were really very crowded, and felt it would be impossible here with another one coming in the family. But Miss Morrison decided to move over to her school; so we have the house here to ourselves now. It is great to have a house all our own - the first time since we have come out. The compound here is lovely, too. Miss Morrison is an individualist and very hard to be with (you will please not repeat this) and everyone in the mission knows it. Before Emmet's second letter to the Committee saying she had moved reached them, they had all voted in favor of our getting another house.

They won't put a single lady to live with her anymore. Of course she doesn't sense all this and really thinks she's quite an important personage. However, there has been no open break with her and will not be, but life is heaps easier since she has gone.

I also got a note from Aunt Mary Thaw's secretary. I'd written Aunt Mary a very brief note in February, enquiring for her health and thanking her again for sending us "The Living Age" for this year. I had little hope of her ever hearing of the letter, as they have not been reading her any mail except from her own children, but she must have been better, for this was read to her, and the secretary said she was sitting up in her chair for a couple of hours each day. From what Mother Alter writes, they do not expect her to live much longer.

Abbotabad, May 4, 1926. You would love to see our compound now, for it is one mass of color. I never was good on rough estimates; so after I wrote last week I counted our rosebushes and found they numbered just 150. You can imagine how they look now that they all are in bloom. They have every color and shade and about 15 of them are of the finest varieties and would bring $2 or $3 a dozen at home. We also have in bloom nasturtiums, geraniums, sweet williams, bachelor buttons, larkspur, poppies, snapdragons, pansies, daisies and any number of little wild flowers all over the
place. This is the lovely time of the year here. Abbottabad, Peshawar, and Srinagar are supposed to be the most famous places for roses in all of the northern part of India. There are many wild roses and some compounds are hedged by rosebushes. It seems a pity that more of our friends cannot see this beautiful place now. An independent missionary from Ludhiana was in Abbotabad on Sabbath and had dinner with us that night. She marveled at the beauty of the place and thought our house looked more like an American home than any she had seen for a long time. I think the wallpaper helps that impression and though it is badly stained it didn't show by the dim lamplight that night.

Emmet finally got home Saturday afternoon and we all sure were glad to see him. He will have to be in Campbellpur over this next Sabbath but we trust that will be the last for a month or so at least. They hope to begin work on the church building next week and in overseeing that he will be kept fairly busy. The pastor of the little church here was far from satisfactory and finally after being caught in a number of crooked deals, he was forced to leave. We hope we can soon get a real good pastor, but in the meantime all that work falls on Emmet. The chickens have been a great boon to all three of them [the boys]. We now have 76 little ones. By next year we ought to get a lot of eggs. Now Emmet sells most of them to others for setting purposes, though once in awhile we have them. Soon they will stop setting hens and and we shall use them ourselves.

**Abbottabad, May 10, 1926.** Today brought a big foreign mail - two good letters from you with four pair of socks, the parcel from Evangeline, and the letter and money from Eula Shryock. It certainly was very good of her to send it and we shall use it to the very best advantage. There are two different things we have in mind; so I will wait until next week to write to her, so that we may have this week to decide definitely which one to use her money for. As the work here is so new, there is a very small mission budget and such specials as this help greatly in opening up work in the larger centers, where as yet there has been no regular work.

You should have heard the excitement of the boys over the scissors which they had been promised and were on the way. The minute they heard the postman they wanted to know if that was from Aunt Evangeline. Joe got hold of a pair which proved rather expensive! I was giving the clothes to the laundry man when Joe appeared with his red knit sweater cut clear across the front in zigzags of unredeemable dimensions!!

We both are so very, very sorry that Emmet Price is so miserable and do hope the treatment may help him. I do wish Aunt Bessie and Uncle Homer were in better shape.

**Abbottabad, May 17, 1926.** First of all I want to write in answer to your letter which came today, telling of Emmet's going to Toledo. We were indeed very, very sorry to note that he had gotten so much worse, but we both think the right course was taken. No home is prepared to take the best care of such a patient, and it is far too hard on the others to try to care for such a one at home. Aunt Bessie and Uncle Homer are both in too wretched health for such an undertaking, even were it possible. I feel certain that strangers may be able to influence him more than they were, and in that way he may respond to their treatments better. Sanitariums drain one's purse without giving permanent results. So long as he is in this condition he must be where he can get the best care and I do hope Aunt Bessie and Uncle Homer will not grow impatient at his being away. I feel certain that he will be well cared for and all of them will keep better when they know he is getting the best treatment.

You write of your own sorrows and worries but what would you think if you were in Aunt Bessie's place? In many ways you have been greatly shielded. If father had died when we were little and you would have had to go out and work to support us as many have had to do, would that not have been worse? Evangeline has had much more sorrow in her home than you ever had. I know it is lonely for you now and it is not easy to have things as you would like, but if you look at things
squarely you will realize that life has had many more blessings for you than for many people. Often we dwell upon our own difficulties so long that we see them in their wrong proportions. Then it is time to look at others and get a better perspective.

My summer plans have been somewhat changed. As I wrote, I had planned to stay here, but Emmet got word that he would have to be away on Finance Committee work from the third week in June until the time baby is due or later. He didn't want to leave me alone at that time and I didn't fancy the possibility of having a baby with only Indian help and him away. So I wrote to a CMS doctor in Kashmir who is not so very far from Nasim Bagh and she sent a very warm reply, offering to take me in her home and give me the services of one of her nurses at a very reasonable rate. I didn't want to go to the hospital in Srinagar, for it would mean that I would have to camp in a garden in the city where it is much warmer and much less desirable in every way. Marjorie and some of the others will take care of the boys while I am in the hospital.

I think you may be prepared to hear of a fourth son in our family as in Helen Shaw's. His name is to be Robert Copley Alter. Robert is for "Bob" Michel and Copley is used because it is a family name and because it is so euphonious. We expect to go to Kashmir about the middle of June and shall be there until about the 10th of September. So please send mail to Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, India for that time.

Abbotabad, May 24, 1926. Another good letter from you today. I am so glad you went to Toledo with Aunt Bessie. It would make it much easier for her. From what you write surely Emmet will have the best care there, and they can feel that they are paying for him and giving him the best that can be given. The rates are very reasonable in comparison with any sanitarium. I suppose Aunt Bessie and Uncle Homer have thought everything out carefully, but I was just hoping they had made a will, naming a guardian for Emmet if anything should happen to them before he is well again. They would much prefer naming one than having it set by the court, in case anything should take them first. Certainly mental trouble is terrible but they have much comfort in the knowledge that he has always been a good boy. It would be even worse to have a criminal son.

You asked, mother, about something for your society to do for us here. I wonder if they would care to furnish Christmas gifts for our Christian children who have been started for them this year: 4 girls and 12 boys. Three of the older boys would probably appreciate a knife each. For the others - mouth organs, horns, or anything else of Woolworth varieties - not expensive toys please. They seem to get very little out of pictures so that picture books are not very useful. If they prefer to send a couple dollars instead of the toys, we can get some things here in the bazaar for them. As for our Christian community, anything warm for the winter weather is most welcome, such as socks, sweaters, warm baby clothes or little baby blankets - colored preferred.

Abbotabad, June 1, 1926. I hope you were able to get something in the way of the reducing corset, as I want to put one on as soon as possible after I get up. The ordinary corset doesn't help one reduce much.

I am sorry indeed that you were discouraged about your roomers and the house. I should feel very sorry indeed to hear of you selling for I doubt if you will ever be happy anywhere else, especially in someone else's home.

I realize that roomers wear on your nerves, for of course they don't do everything as you would have it done, but would not the same condition exist were you to live with someone else? Aunt Bessie certainly needs you near her these days. What is your plan if you sell? I know Evangeline's doors are open but do you honestly think you would be happy there? Are roomers scarce everywhere or are you too particular? If the latter is the case, would you be willing to sacrifice some of your finikiness
for the sake of keeping your home? These are just questions that come to me. If you should have a very good offer, would your interest on investment bring enough for you to rent a three-room flat and furnish it with your very best furniture? I do so hate to see you give up your independent way of living, but I know that after all it is your own life you are living and you must make your own decision. Emmet says above all not to sell on the spur of the moment as his mother did. Do not sell, please.

Emmet is busy overseeing the work on the church building these days. There are also many inquirers coming to his study and for this we are very thankful.

Abbotabad, June 9, 1926. Our cook makes cookies that seem to satisfy the children but not their parents. However, he's a very willing servant and makes some very delicious things, though cookies and cakes are not his specialty. He made 25 cups of plum jelly one day last week and it is delicious. I wanted some to put away as there is to be a prayer conference here the middle of September and we shall have to board all the missionaries that come. It is just for the trans-Jhelum church; so there will not be too big a crowd.

We are glad Emmet recognized his mother last time she went to Toledo but we must not expect too rapid a recovery. They mustn't be discouraged if it takes much longer than they expected. I do hope Aunt Bessie will go out with you and get away from the hotel more. I am sure it will help her nerves. Uncle Homer ought to get out every evening, too.

Abbotabad, June 13, 1926. I wrote a letter to Evangeline this morning and spoke of the heat coming on here. We shall be glad indeed to get up higher this week, though the heat here is nothing like as severe as it is on the plains. This past week a young man from here went to Lahore to enter Forman college, but he found the heat too much. He had never experienced the Punjab heat before and said he thought he would die before he got away. He is going down to Pindi this week and enter Gordon College. Even though it is hot there it isn't as hot as Lahore by a good deal. This boy is the son of a wealthy Mohammedan here and is a recent convert to Christianity. The father is much distressed over it, but so far has only threatened to cast the boy out. He has always been a very kind, indulgent father and when word came that his son had passed the matriculation exams, he forgot all about his anger over religious matters, and was willing to send the boy to any college he wanted to attend. Of course, no one knows what the father may do if the boy stands firm in his faith at college.

There are so many earnest inquirers these days that Emmet's dafter is full much of the time. Just yesterday Mr. Patterson brought in one from the Kagan valley. He will stay here on the compound with Atta Khan, a convert from this section who had been in Pindi since 1922, but has now come up here to work. He is an influential Pathan, a hill man, and seems to have the real spirit of Christ.

The work on the church is coming on well, though they are held up for a few days because the lumber they want has not come in. We want most of the work to be finished before August when Emmet takes his vacation. Last Friday night we had three Indian guests here for dinner. They live in Haripur where the husband has government service. They're well-educated Christians and are very nice company to have in the home.

Next door to us an Indian forest officer lives who has just recently married a Christian girl from Amritsar. He guards her very jealously from any Christians, and has an old aunt living with them. This old woman always appears at the door and usually gives no admittance to anyone. This Christian woman from Haripur had known the bride in boarding school at Amritsar; so went to call on her, but the old woman said she had gone with her husband that morning. It was a very open lie; for we called the servants and found out that she was right there in the house at the time. The girl's father made the marriage of arrangement, and surely doesn't have much Christianity left to have
given his daughter over that way.

Abbotabad, June 19, 1926. It's been wonderfully comfortable here this month, and we've been able to get such a variety of vegetables and fruit. No doubt you would be interested in knowing just what - peas, beans, beets, pumpkin, tomatoes, cucumbers, onions and several Indian vegetables. Of the fruits we are getting plums, apricots, peaches, and cantaloupes. When one can get a variety of fresh foods, one can keep up an excellent appetite even in the warm weather. This evening I was over to Mrs. Mayer's for tea and then later Alice, the older daughter here, and I went to call on a very wealthy Indian woman. She is from Afghanistan originally, was married at 9 and immediately sent to Queen Mary's College in Lahore by her husband. He had her taken out of purdah and they live much in European fashion. He is a captain in the Army. They are expecting their first baby in the fall, though she is now about 33 or 4.

Have you given the house into the hands of a real-estate agent yet? Don't put much into repairs, as you can't afford to put enough to make any appreciable difference in the sale price.

Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, June 28, 1926. Here I am sitting out in our dining net that I just got put up today. I had a good framework made for it that ought to last as long as we shall need it, which is four or five years more. The mosquitos and flies are so bad that I am enjoying peace tonight for the first. Of course we sleep under nets. The children have been having such a glorious time with the other children.

Emmet left Abbottabad last Thursday for the Auditing Committee work and is in Pindi now with Joe. He has all the trans-Jhelum books to audit, and then has to attend the committee meeting at Gujranwala.

We got such a very good letter from Margaret this week. She seems so much better than she was and expects to go to work in August. She seems quite delighted over the prospects of Jeannette Copley or Robert Copley.

Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, July 5, 1926. As you can see, my month for baby has arrived and I plan to go to the hospital Wednesday, the seventh. Here's hoping I don't have to wait long. Two weeks ago I told Jim and Dave the secret and do wish you could have seen the joy on their faces. Dave said, "Mama!, when baby comes I'll just look at him all the time!" So little satisfies them that I didn't have to explain anything to them. If they ask Marjorie she is to tell them to ask me when I come home. They have kept their secret beautifully and every once in a while we talk about it among ourselves, so that now they know what hospital I'm going to and that they are to eat with Marjorie, etc. etc.

You never would know your dear baby Joe. He is short and fat with very decided pugilistic tendencies. Just since coming here, he has discovered that girls don't like to be teased and so he persistently teases every little girl in the garden. He isn't afraid of anyone, apparently, and it keeps me busy trying to keep his spirits within reasonable bounds.

Emmet is in Gujranwala for the auditing work. It is very hot there now but he seems to be keeping quite fit.

Zenana Hospital, Rainawari, Kashmir, July 12, 1926. Long ere this letter arrives you will have heard of our fourth boy Robert. Won't this be a lively family, tho? Jim still had his heart set on a sister but now he is very much delighted with this dear brother. When the word reached Nasim, Jim took an announcement card around to all the tents and everyone speaks of how darling and delighted he looked. Marjorie brought the boys over that afternoon and I wish you could have seen their dear faces every one of them beaming with joy and wonder. As I told Emmet, in the few days I had been
here I had forgotten how very well and handsome the boys do look. You would love to see them, I know.

Now I must go back a bit. A week ago tonight I had false alarms and came over here in a motor about eleven o'clock. But nothing happened and I had to wait until Friday night to get busy. I told Dr. Smythe at 10:30 that we should probably be busy soon and at eleven things were really happening. Baby was born at 1:10 a.m. and we should have had a very good night's rest but the placenta didn't come (the same as when Dave was born) and so she had to give me chloroform and get it. Otherwise, everything was O.K. The baby is quite fair and looks like Jim did only he is fatter. We sent this telegram to Emmet: "Arrived one o'clock tenth. Mother says I'm just like you. Robert." He certainly does look like Emmet. He got a welcome telegram from his daddy that night. He has had trouble passing urine but I hope that will clear up soon.

I'm enclosing one of our announcement cards. We took the picture of the boys the week before we came in here. It is so good of them. The books for the boys have come and Dave will have his Wed. I know he will be delighted. A little girl in the garden has her birthday on the same day and is having a party. Dave is to have a cake, too. Several other little things are planned, so he will have a big day without his parents. I sure have missed the boys and shall be so happy to get back to them again.

I hope you all are well. I'll answer your letter next week.

Rainawari, Shrinagar, July 17, 1926. It is Saturday and Bob is a week-old today. It has been a hard week for him but he has pulled through OK, and we have much to be thankful for. He didn't urinate for over three days, and went into a stupor which the doctor thought might be a state of uremic coma. Wednesday he was a little better and that night at about 11:00 came clear out of his drowsiness and turned night into day. I didn't mind being kept awake since he was so much better and sucked his milk properly for the first time. Before that we had to use the breast pump and feed him with a spoon. He is doing splendidly now. Yesterday he was circumcised and now we ought to be through with the worst. His hair is almost auburn, so tell Paul the red-haired baby has arrived. His eyes are very dark blue but his complexion is very fair.

Dave thinks he's a very fortunate boy for he's had a really wonderful birthday this year. You know I gave him a party several weeks ago. Then this Wednesday a little girl in the garden, whose birthday is the same as Dave's, had a party and Dave had a cake at it, too. If you could only see his face beam at such times!! Dave got a napkin ring and a handkerchief at the party in the morning. I sent him over a small toy houseboat which pleased him immensely, but the best of all was the book and pen he found in the bed in the morning. He brought the book all carefully wrapped to show me the other morning. It sure is a beauty and he is so pleased. And how he enjoyed the cards from you and Aunt Bessie. He sent them over for me to look at Thursday and if you could have seen all the little finger marks on them you would have realized how many little hands had fingered them, and how many admiring eyes had looked at them. It seems a pity for you to spend your money on the children and yet I know you get a lot of pleasure from it, and they think of you as some good fairy ever remembering them.

I have been sitting up a lot every day and today I am to get up in an easy chair. Mr. Stuntz (Methodist missionary) is to come after me in his motor Tuesday morning. The boys are so excited and are counting the days until baby and I come home. The other day Emmet wrote to the boys on his typewriter and Jim read it to his brothers. Among other things, Emmet said, "Wasn't Mama good to give us a baby?" And Dave broke in and said, "Daddy didn't know we boys were praying for one." Jim went back to the garden last week and told everyone that baby didn't come until 1:00 but Mama was still awake. Joe thinks he has one on Ward now since he has a baby, too. You should see how gentle and sweet he is with baby - not at all like the rough Joe that fights with everybody else.
This house is set back from the road and the hospital is to the front near the gate. You would be interested in the cosmopolitan group who have been here this week. Dr. Smythe, herself, lived in Florida as a child but since then has been in England. One of the trained nurses here is from a fine Indian Christian family who have been in the employ of the Kashmir government for three generations. Another nurse is a wealthy Eurasian girl who gives voluntary service here. The compounder is a woman of pure Irish blood whose life has been full of romance and tragedy. As a small girl she did excellent work in school and was awarded scholarships for advanced study, but her father, an uneducated drunkard, wanted money from her; so let her out as a servant. She worked for numerous people, one of whom finally took her to Australia. There she met an Afghan camel driver with whom she became too intimate. They wanted to marry but the Australian government does not allow such interracial marriages and she was deported to England. He managed to steal his passage on the same boat as a stowaway. She says they were married in England, but she has no marriage lines, as they call a wedding certificate. A child was born to them there; then she came out with him and went clear up to Kabul, where she lived with him for 12 years in purdah (Mohammedan seclusion) and in all that time never saw a white face. No one can realize all that she suffered as the wife of a Mohammedan Pathan. She had eight children (no doctor's care, only the filthy native midwives). The last little boy, four years old, is the only living one. The child was about two years old when she was discovered by the British resident in Kabul, who urged her to leave there for the sake of the child's health, as he was ill at the time. The husband agreed and took her to Peshawar to Mrs. Starr, a missionary whose husband was the doctor in Peshawar who was murdered in 1917. She [Mrs. Starr] continued her work and in 1922 went into the very heart of the border land to rescue a young English girl, Miss Ellis, who had been stolen away by the Pathans. Mrs. Starr has since married a Major Underhill. She brought this woman in here, where she was taught the compounder's work. You know the English put great stress on a wedding ring, and since Mrs. Woolsey (that is really her maiden name) had none, Mrs. Underhill bought one in order to quiet all questions.

I need hardly tell you that Mrs. Woolsey is very coarse in manner, and what seems so amazing to us is that she doesn't hesitate to tell of her marriage to the Pathan, a thing of which we should be very much ashamed. This week the Eurasian nurse, Miss Phillips, has just returned from a trek of six weeks into Leh, the capital of Lesser Tibet. Her companion on this trip was Miss Rudd, an Irish woman in charge of an orphanage in Ireland, and spending eight months of a holiday out here. She is most interesting company. With them a Moravian missionary's wife brought down her seven year-old daughter to send her home with Miss Rudd. These Moravians are in work up near Leh and had 11 days on horseback to get down here. They get just $65 a month and have four children!! Imagine my surprise the other day when I heard her say to someone in the hall, "Now I want you to meet this Ladaki boy. He is the one we support." Support?? What on? I don't see how they keep starvation from the door. Miss Ashby, a volunteer English missionary who is in Haripur (our district), is here as a patient. A Swiss girl, bound for Tibet as a missionary, is here getting some practical experience with Dr. Smythe. Now don't you think this a cosmopolitan group? I haven't lacked for company.

Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, July 27, 1926. You see I am back in the garden again with the family, and how good it was to get with the boys again! They sure were glad to see me, too, though they had been well cared for in my absence. I came Tuesday morning as we had planned and began housekeeping again Wednesday morning. I have very good help and have let them do everything. I never felt so strong so soon after a baby's coming as I've felt this time. As I wrote before, Dr. Smythe has a patient sit up the second day if there are no stitches. I got on my feet the eighth day, but for four or five days
previous I had been changing baby and doing a number of things for myself. I really feel quite strong, though I'm doing nothing.

Marjorie and Joe went to the higher hills Friday morning. They were anxious to get up as it has been quite warm here.

The best bit of news, though, is that Emmet got here Saturday evening, and what a reception the boys did give him! He is going to spend this week finishing his work on the Handbook, and next week his real vacation will begin. By that time I'll feel like taking a few boat trips and will probably have several all-day picnics. Emmet may go up higher for a week or 10 days the latter part of August. I don't want to make the move this year, but I think it would be good for Emmet to get a few days of hiking.

Bob is doing splendidly now and the boys are devoted as ever. Emmet agrees that he looks very much as Jim did, though he is fatter. It is so good to have Emmet here to help.

Do you remember our croquet set in New Wilmington? Emmet brought that in and we got it out this evening for the first time. Jim and Dave are learning to play and Joe had great fun knocking a ball all around the camp. We have such a lovely high open lawn all around us. We have a little rowboat by the month and every day the children go down and sit in the boat and fish. Today Jim caught seven tiny fish. We always have a servant with them down there, as we don't like the children to be alone near the lake.

I am glad, too, that Emmett Price seems to be improving so much. I do hope Uncle Homer's fears concerning the selling of the DeSoto are ungrounded. I should hate to see him lose his present position, though I am certain something else would be found for him.

There doesn't seem to be much news to write, only that we are all quite well and happy to be a united family again with wee Bob as one of us.

Nasim Bagh, August 2, 1926. We have just returned from a picnic across the lake. About 35 of us went over for supper and came back in time to get the sunset glow reflected in the lake. The children certainly enjoy such a trip and so do we all. Bob went in his basket bed and never cried once. Indeed, I could hardly wake him at his feeding time. The grass over at the gardens is so green and soft and the boys just love to run on it in their bare feet. You know this is one of the old Moghul gardens that rises terrace upon terrace above the lake. We all took what we wanted for our supper and then ate together. Several of the people had musical instruments, and after supper we sat around and sang until time to come home. I took an easy folding chair along and was a lady of leisure. We all enjoyed it immensely.

Emmet is getting off his handbook material in this mail; so we plan on a number of such trips during our vacation.

Nasim Bagh, August 9, 1926. We were so glad for your good letter last week. It certainly is encouraging to know how well Emmet was getting. Just what treatment did they give him? He has had very good care evidently. Aunt Bessie would be so pleased to have such a good visit with him. There are only four camps left here in the garden. It has been quite hot and everyone has gone up higher, but I didn't want to move this summer. It is really better for Emmet up higher and I am going early next summer. Down here around the lake it is damp, and he has had more rheumatism than anytime since our return to India. I thought I told you once that I haven't had the slightest touch of asthma since we moved to Abbotabad. Emmet and I both have been very well there. Please do not worry about asthma anymore.

Baby is getting along splendidly. He is quite a good baby, too; better than Joe was as he doesn't have as much colic as Joe had.
Emmet will take a trip of a week or 10 days up higher. He may go with Joe on a hike to one of the glaciers above Pahalgam where Joe is now camped. He may leave this coming Saturday. I want him to get up higher for a little while, where it is more bracing than here.

**Nasim Bagh, August 16, 1926.** Last Thursday the Gordons and we drove into Srinagar for a few hours and visited the silk factory and the technical institute. You know silk cultivation is one of the largest industries in Kashmir. This factory is a government enterprise and employs over 5000 in the factory itself and thousands of villagers who raise the silkworms in their own homes. Many of them were sitting around in the yard that day, waiting to be paid for the cocoons they had brought in; these cocoons are first taken to a large furnace room where they are dried gradually on large racks. Then they are taken to a long sorting room where about 100 women sort them and remove the outer coarse floss. Then they are stored in one of the three big store houses whence they are taken to the spinning mills. There are three of these where hundreds of men are busy putting the cocoons into scalding water and then drawing out the inner and finer silk by means of a small wire, and then attaching it to the spinning wheels, all of which are run by modern machinery. This inner silk thread is yellow in color and usually about 350 yds long. The outer silk is white or a very light tan and is much coarser. It is of this silk that my new dress is made. It is called Kashi silk or waste silk. Emmet had a suit made of it and finds it very cool and comfortable. This factory, however, does not weave silk - only makes and sells the thread. There is a mill in Srinagar, however, where very good silk is made.

The technical institute is a government school where different arts and trades are taught - such as pottery, basketweaving, carpentry, architecture, woodcarving, painting, embroidery, clay modeling, etc. It is a very beautiful building and all the work was very interesting.

Tomorrow Emmet is driving the Gordons to Pahalgam. They're going to stay in a tent hotel for a couple of weeks, and Emmet and Joe are going for a trek of five or six days to one of the glaciers. I am glad Emmet is getting this trip, which will give him a complete change and the kind of hiking he thoroughly enjoys.

Bob is gaining every day and getting so fat and nice. He is quite a good little fellow and seems to be noticing things now.

We plan to leave here the first of September so we have just two weeks left. We have had a good summer, though not so bracing a one as if we had gone higher.

**Nasim Bagh, August 23, 1926.** We have just come from a picnic supper across the lake. Mrs. Jongewaard and I took the children over, and came back in time to see the moon rise on the lake. It comes up behind high hills over on the other side and makes a very beautiful picture. We decided rather quickly to go because we figured that the moon would rise too late tomorrow night for us to do this. The babies are easy enough to care for on such a trip, but the six older children are something of a problem. Joe fell in the water over at the gardens, and had to be wrapped up in my sweater while his suit was dried at the fire. Those old Moghul Gardens are magnificent. The grass is very thick and soft - such as you would be proud of in America, but the very best part of it is that there is no "Keep off the Grass" signs.

**Nasim Bagh, August 30, 1926.** Emmet and Joe had six days out - most of them up by the glaciers. He came back very much sunburnted but very enthusiastic over the whole trip. He had some great stories to tell the children.

Baby Robert is gaining steadily and is going to be a very pretty little baby I think. They always are pretty when filled out more, and he is filling out so well.
Abbotabad, September 7, 1926. Last week we were so happy to get two long letters from you but were so sorry to hear about Aunt Bessie. I do wish it might be possible for her to be willing to leave Emmet until the treatments are finished. He would doubtless be much better if he could have six months of them. Aunt Bessie has always been very nervous and the strain of Emmet's illness would only aggravate that. I do hope she may get relief, otherwise Emmet should not come home to her.

It is too bad to disappoint our friends with a fourth boy, but really we are not disappointed at all. If this had been a girl it would have been hard not to spoil her, with three older brothers. The four will have jolly times all through their school days. Girls of course are lovely, but having all four boys is economical and simplifies many problems.

We spent the night at a very pretty bungalow about 50 mi. this side of Srinagar on the banks of the Jhelum River. The next day we got home in time for tea. It has rained hard every day since and has been very comfortable. September is really a very pleasant month here.

The baby is gaining every day and smiles so sweetly now when we go to him. The other boys continue to adore him. Frequently during the day Joe goes to him and says, "Ah sweetheart, sweet little Robert!"

Jimmy is quite a little help these days; he often dresses or undresses Joe, and he and Dave both dress themselves. They both run lots of little errands and save me many steps.

We are expecting a lot of company this week and next, but after that things will be quite quiet until Annual Meeting, and part of the time Emmet will be in Sialkot at the Convention.

Abbotabad, September 14, 1926. Last week was a rather busy one. We were alone for dinner just one night, Wednesday. Thursday night we had Mr. and Mrs. Fazl Ilahi (they are here on their vacation), Miss Monney (Mrs. Fazl Ilahi's sister who is a doctor in the Civil Hospital here) and Mrs. Samuel, the widow of a prominent Indian in the Pindi church, and herself a Bible woman in Rawalpindi, here for dinner.

This week the conference is on, but there seemed fairly good rates from a hotel near the church, so only Joe is staying here. We are rather far from the church, especially to walk back-and-forth for three meetings a day. The church looks very nice since the work is finished. You know it was just a high walled building with a small balcony, and was an old racquet court. The floor is of pine; [a] little room is an enlargement of the balcony and will be curtained off in the winter for a warmer place to worship. The ceiling of it has been sealed with very pretty pine too. The doors for these rooms downstairs had to be cut through the one-and-a-half foot wall of stone and cement, and it was more of a job than they had calculated. The walls seem to have been built for all time. The doors and the wall made a decided improvement in the exterior appearance of the building, as they broke through that solid masonry. Sometime we want a new entrance as the old stairs are very steep. Miss Morrison got a gift from home for pulpit furniture, and she had that made and ready. The whole building was just put in order yesterday, in time for the conference.

Abbotabad, September 26, 1926. I went over to meet the civil surgeon's wife one afternoon. When they came last spring I wasn't entertaining, you know. The custom is for the new arrival to drop her card in your box; then you drop yours in hers, and if you wish to make her acquaintance you are to invite her and her husband to tea. I wasn't able to do that last Spring, so I went over to meet her. She came over yesterday morning to see baby and seems very friendly. Last evening I called on Mrs. Smith, who entertained us to tea last spring. Her husband is in the P W D (public works department); for all civil officials this is considered a rather lonely place, for there are few of them and the army people here are more exclusive than in any other small station in India, so they say. Most of them, too, are quite young and Mrs. Smith's children are both grown. We have several nice
couples here in the Civil Lines now, and though I can't go as they do, yet I want to be friendly with them. It is refreshing to meet others occasionally.

Wednesday the missionary meeting met here and tomorrow the children are to come to organize a junior society. As Miss Morrison was not here, I had her Sunday School class this afternoon. Joe thinks he is a big boy because he goes to church now, too.

Every time one boy does anything the others have to do the very same thing. What will it be like when Bob joins them? He weighed just 12 lbs. yesterday. He has gained steadily every week.

Before we left Kashmir, Jean Stewart (Jim's age and daughter of R. R. Stewarts who came out the year we did) had fever and swollen glands. She grew steadily worse and seems to be having a case exactly like Martha Wiens. The fever and swelling are gone but the heart and kidneys are affected. She had convulsions all last Saturday and one would hardly expect her to live long. My heart aches for anyone in that condition, for I know how much suffering it has caused in the Wien home. Health is a great, great asset and sometimes I think we don't appreciate it as we should. I know we don't or we'd take better care of it.

**Abbotabad, October 5, 1926.** I am sorry you are having difficulty renting your rooms, but you know best and do whatever seems wisest to you. From your letter I inferred that you thought we might want to live there when we go home, and so you might try to keep the house until then. Much as Mansfield has meant to me, I should not consider it advisable to live there now, especially in that crowded district with four stirring boys. Emmet hopes to do some studying and of course we shall be wherever he is; so please do not count on our being there with you. However, we shall be very happy to have you with us wherever we may be. You know Evangeline and I both will make you very welcome in our homes and so will Paul and Emmet. Eventually you will want to sell but whether now is the time is a matter which only you can settle. I wouldn't advise your making a two-apartment house of it. You would really have an easier time, if you sold your house and lived with Evangeline, providing you made up your mind not to regret it all your life like Grandma Payne did. That will be a matter of mental control more than anything else.

**Sialkot, October 10, 1926.** I am sitting in mission meeting trying to get a bit of the discussion while I write; so if I get this all mixed up please do pardon me.

We have a very large tent near the meeting building, and I have servants to look after the tent and the children while I attend part of the meeting. We all eat together but the children eat lunch and dinner separately. They have such wonderful times together and sometimes the noise in the dining [area] is maddening. . . Ernest Campbell had a birthday yesterday and again the children had cake and candy. They have meetings every morning and evening and how they do enjoy them. Miss Hill has the meeting. Jim just devours every paper and card given him.

Emmet was elected clerk of the mission; so his days are well occupied. We may have to stay over a few days next week to edit the minutes.

We are going to move into another house next month, as Miss Morrison wants the house we are in for women's work. We hope to get a house nearby. It isn't as nice a one but will fix up very well, and has some advantages over the one we are in. We haven't heard definitely yet whether we can get it but we hope to.

**Rawalpindi, October 27, 1926.** We came up here yesterday morning to attend Presbytery meeting, and shall leave here tomorrow morning for Abbottabad. Then tomorrow night or Friday morning Emmet leaves for Gujranwala to edit the annual meeting's minutes and send them off to the printer. As this is his first year as clerk, it will probably take him a week to finish the work. The
recording secretary, Olive Laing, and he do it together, and Mr. Laing, who has just been clerk, is going to help them if they need any suggestions, as they no doubt will. Hence, they are doing the work in Mr. Laing's station, Gujranwala.

Joe's have to move into a small house and give this one to R.R. Stewarts who have been living in Porter's house. Dr. and Mrs. Porter both seem quite well and happy to be back. Then in April Joe's are to move to Taxila, where Joe is to be superintendent and evangelist. They have moved so many times this term. Dr. Greg Martin insists on a superintendent and evangelist for the hospital, and as Gordon College has more men than any other institution, they said the man would have to come from here.

There is a great financial crisis in the church at home, as you know, and unless more funds come out, we shall have to begin to retrench in January. Abbotabad is down as the first station to be closed as it is the most recently opened; so we may be transferred. We should hate to see that station closed, as the work has opened up so well, but at the same time it would be very poor policy to go in debt for any of the work. I should much prefer to see the Indian church take more responsibility for its own people, and let us work in these frontier stations.

I'm going to tell you something that may comfort you since you're my mother and are always eager that your children keep up as it were. A number of our missionaries spoke to me at annual [meeting] and since, saying that everyone there marveled that I always was so neatly dressed and my hair in perfect order, and that I looked so well and blooming in spite of having four boys, who were always so well dressed. Now I don't agree with them in all their remarks, but it did seem to be generally considered that I wasn't letting myself run down at the heels, and for that I am sure you are thankful. I always tell people that I am not nearly as neat as my mother.

**Abbotabad, November 2, 1926.** How good that Emmett is feeling so much better and that Aunt Bessie and Uncle Homer are more themselves again. I know they are very, very happy that Emmett has gotten along so well.

Emmet brought us home Thursday afternoon and left the next morning for Gujranwala to edit the minutes of the mission meeting. I hated to see him go for he was very tired and had fever and a cold the day we came home. He may be home again tomorrow or Thursday.

The Deputy Commissioner's wife was here the other day and asked me over to tea tomorrow. She has a darling boy a year-and-a-half old. She seems very nice.

Mrs. Smith was in to call this evening. I like her very much. There are more in the Civil Lines this year and all are very cordial. The civil surgeon's wife has gone to Kashmir to be confined. It is good to have a few such friends in the station even though I seldom see them. The Deputy Commissioner's wife marvels at how I manage with four boys and no wonder she marvels because she has an English nurse for her one small boy. All my neighbors have English nurses.

**Abbotabad, November 9, 1926.** Jim is reading his lesson from Pinocchio, a long Italian fairy story - very humorous. It has a lot of long words, but now he reads many of them very well; whereas, when he began he was quite disgusted with them. In spite of that, though, he never wants to stop, for the story is so funny.

We haven't moved yet but do hope to by next week. We found a house a long distance from here that we hope to arrange for satisfactorily. It belongs to a wealthy judge in Peshawar and he will not let an Indian rent it. The back rooms need to be whitewashed and a few other things we had to write to him about. We hope to get a satisfactory answer and begin work on it the end of the week. The two front rooms are very clean and nice and have wallpaper on them. The house is quite commodious and I hope we can get it. I do want to get settled for winter.
Abbotabad, November 16, 1926. This is all the paper Emmet has and I am strapped, too, so please excuse us. We are in the midst of moving. Two loads of furniture went over this afternoon and some odds and ends will go tomorrow, and by tea time we hope to be over there. Most of today was spent in waiting for other people. You know how disquieting that is. Yesterday and today we have found very trying because we have tried to hurry the East and it just can't be done. Here's hoping for better success tomorrow.

Abbotabad, November 23, 1926. At last we are moved and almost settled. We moved into this house before the whitewashing and general repairs were completed, so that for a few days we were in a state of confusion. Even this morning we unpacked some boxes; so you can see how long it has taken us. All the windows are not washed yet and no curtains are up in the drawing room or dining room. In the other rooms I have curtains put up on the curtain rods I bought in Woolworth's. Do you remember?

This house seems to be nothing but windows and doors, and the men think they never will get all the windows washed, and I'm of the same opinion. One difficulty about work at this season of the year is that they work such a few hours a day. The poor creatures don't have much vitality and get little pay; so no wonder they don't accomplish much in one day. I, myself, get little done except the daily routine. I do wish I could work faster but it seems that much of our time out here is consumed in waiting for others.

We like our new house very much, as it is large and roomy and I have a nursery and schoolroom combined. In this I have put up a stove and here we eat our early breakfast by the fire, and I bathe baby later in here. At nights we have a fire in the dining room. When the rains come we shall have to have a fire in at least one room all day, as it is very cold and damp then.

All our floors are fairly good cement and so are cold but I am thankful to have real cement floors, instead of the poor things I always had before. I was just thinking, Mmother, that you would have a difficult time indeed trying to keep all these doors closed as you do at home.

We have a new pastor here now and think he will be very satisfactory. He is the son of our pastor in Jhelum and just graduated from Seminary last spring. He is very earnest and straightforward. It is a hard place but he seems willing to try it. This man is a college fellow and will be able to demand the respect of non-Christians as well as Christians. The man we had to send away last spring was far from that, in addition to being dishonest.

Last week Bob got a parcel from Aunt Margaret with two of the cutest little military brushes and a comb set in silver with his name engraved on each [later given to Andy]. They are really very, very classy and make me feel really aristocratic every time I look at them.

Abbotabad, November 30, 1926. For the past week I have been reading proofs with Emmet of the annual meeting minutes. This has taken all my evenings and you know I have few spare moments during the day.

Abbotabad, December 6, 1926. The children's Christmas party at the club will be the Tuesday before Christmas. Though we don't belong to the club we are invited and we gave a contribution towards expenses. The children did so enjoy it last year - we all did in fact.

The other day was Miss Rundell's birthday. She is the poor invalid whose place looks as if it belonged to Phoebe Wise. They had a special birthday cake with candles... The new chaplain, Rev. Carden, was the only other guest. We were very glad to meet him as he is just new. He called today and seems very friendly. He is starting a children's service next Sabbath afternoon at 3:30 and I think I'll send Jim and Dave. When I told them, Jim said 'Oh! I don't want to go. I'm American and they're
English." I should be so glad to have them in something of this kind. Mr. Carden's wife comes out in February and she will have this service with the children. He says she is an expert with children. We have invited the Heinrichs for Christmas but are not sure if they are coming. Joe's wanted to be home for Christmas and may come here for New Year's.

**Abbotabad, December 14, 1926.** Yes, we should probably be very glad to use some of your furniture when we go home, as I wrote to you some time ago about it. I should probably stay with the children for a few years and shall be keeping house for that long anyway. However, you should not run short for a number of years now just to save your things for me. I know you want to keep your home as long as possible and I want you to do so, and if by the time we go home, you think it necessary to sell, we shall be glad to use them. On the other hand if, before that time, you deem it wise to sell, do not save the furniture just for us. I should like you to enquire storage charges then, though, and let us know.

I wish you would enquire about the cost of a marker for Father's grave. Don't you think one of the size of Grandma Hall's would be nice? I know you don't have any cash to put into it now, but I'd like to know how much it would cost, to see how soon I might be able to get the money for you. I should not ask Evangeline about it, for they have had their own little graves to attend to; so please don't send this letter on to her.

Dave has been having periodical attacks of fever and since they've responded very readily to quinine I presume they are attacks of malaria. We're beginning a course of quinine to be given him every day for a month, with the hope that we may get it out of the system for good. We have been very fortunate indeed in having very little malaria.

Major and Mrs. Smith came over for a long call yesterday evening. She is sending me holly for Christmas as one of Mr. Smith's sub officers always sends them much more than they can use.

Today one of the Christians gave a tea in honor of the birth of a daughter, his first child. Jim and Emmet and I went. They always serve such frightfully sweet tea I simply cannot drink it. Of course they serve native cakes and candies, most of which I can eat. There were a good number of people out to the tea and I suppose the parents got a lot of real joy out of giving it.

We are now making our Christmas plans. We ordered a tree today and expect to have all of the Christians here for tea on Christmas day. We shall give a toy to every child and a special gift to those who have attended school regularly. I have not heard from Mrs. Hutcheson's Sunday School class, but hope they are sending me money, for it will help a great deal. Miss Rutherford of San Francisco sent us $90 to add to our Christmas cheer, as she put it. Half of it we are using for our own boys and the other half for this Christmas party for the Christians, but that will not cover it entirely.

Two of your "Printed Matter" packages came yesterday. [containing small items like socks, etc.] They come as quickly as letters and without duty but I'm a little afraid to have you do it that way again because it is really a criminal offense, you know, and if you should be caught you might be fined heavily. It certainly does save postage, doesn't it?

We want to give our Christians as nice a Christmas as possible, for as you know it is their one big day of the year. I should hate to have a lovely Christmas for ourselves and the boys and not give them a good one.

Joe's are coming up December 29th to stay over [New Year's]. The Martins from Taxila are coming up to spend a day — possibly the 28th.

**Abbotabad, December 21, 1926.** We were so happy for your letter yesterday and hope you get your radio set up and enjoy it.

Thursday afternoon at 2:30 came an invitation from an Indian police official to tea at 3:00! That is
quite the Indian way. They get everything ready and then ask their guests. He had been here the
week before, and we had mentioned [that] today we might be able to go and he said he would send
us word later. We had thought he would give us an hour's notice at least. He was an officer in one of
the villages Emmet visited last spring. His wife is in strict "Parda," seclusion, but both of them
profess to dislike the custom very much but are unable to break away from it because of their
relatives. She is very pretty - quite fair - and was beautifully dressed. Both are Pathans and quite
refined. They have a darling baby girl - so fat and healthy - a decided contrast to many an Indian
baby. They served a very good English tea. They are to come and have tea here - he with Emmet in
the drawing room and she in my school room, which can be made real purda. She is so anxious to see
our boys. Over there the men ate in the front room, and of course Emmet could not even peek into
the courtyard.

Saturday Jim and Dave went to the English service for children and came back quite
enthusiastic. Dave and Jim each have white shirts and oh! how proud they are!

The third of the parcels sent as printed matter has arrived. Emmet says they are so well tied that
he doesn't think any post office official would ever open them to see if they were printed matter or
not.

Major and Mrs. Smith are giving the boys their Christmas tree and holly and mistletoe. It is to be
here tomorrow night or the following morning. You know he is of the public-works department (P
W D), and his men up in the mountains always send him lots of holly and mistletoe, so she asked
these men to get a tree this year for us. Trees here are more expensive than at home but are very nice.
.. Isn't it kind of the Smiths to give us the tree and the berries? The club Christmas party has been
postponed until the 27th, because all of the toys they had ordered from England were burned at sea,
and they had to order a new supply from a house in Bombay. At this party every European in the
station is invited. We gave toward it as we didn't feel free to go again unless we could contribute
towards the expenses, especially as we are not members of the club.

**Abbotabad, December 28, 1926.** The wonderful day is over and how can we thank you for all
your wonderful gifts!.. We were rushed from early morning until late at night. In the afternoon 84
Indian Christians were here for tea, but all that I shall write later... Today we were prepared for Dr.
and Mrs. Martin, their three little girls, Miss Laing, Miss Warlock, and Miss Martin (Dr. Martin's
sister), when a telegram came at 10:00 saying they could not come. The chickens, pies and
everything were ready; so I sent a note over to Mrs. Mayer and daughter to see if they would come
over and help us eat chicken, as they had known we were preparing for the Taxila bunch. Just when I
had received an affirmative answer from them, another wire from Taxila came, saying they would be
here for tea. Between the time Mayers left and Martins arrived I had just time enough to dress Joe
and feed baby. It was a wild day but after all a good one. Tomorrow Joe and Marjorie and the
children come to stay after New Year's. My "thank-you " letters will be late arriving but you know
the reason.

Our English friends were very nice. The Civil Surgeon's wife sent a basket of oranges and a fruit
cake. The Smiths, in addition to the tree, holly, and mistletoe, sent a fruit cake and a very large basket
of fruit. Mrs. F. Dean (from whom we bought a piano) sent a large fruit cake; so we had three fruit
cakes. I'm sharing with some of the Indian Christians.
Abbotabad, January 4, 1927. About 10:30 [Christmas day?] we called in our servants and had worship with them before giving them their Christmas money. Most of them are Mohammedans and Emmet spent that time explaining to them what we commemorate on our "big day", as they call Christmas.

Then we had our noon lunch and Miss Morrison was here for that. Before we had finished people began coming for the "jalsa" - party. They were slow gathering, as they usually are, but 84 in all came. First we had our service of prayer and praise with a brief Bible study. Immediately following these Emmet distributed the gifts. To everyone who had kept his pledge to the support of the church this past year we gave a framed certificate. The pictures for these we got from a scripture text calendar which had been sent out last year. Below the picture the munshi wrote out the certificate in Urdu. It made a very pretty picture and the people were delighted. There were only 10 in all, including Miss Morrison and ourselves. It is our hope that the certificates will be reminders not only to the owners but to others as well, of their obligations to the church. It may seem a strange sort of recognition, but these people are very simple, and childish methods are often most effective. Then each of the eight school children received a special gift - the girls, "chadars" (scarves) and the boys, waists [shirts]. Each child recited a Bible verse upon receiving his gift, and this pleased the parents immensely. Then all the other children came forward to receive little inexpensive toys and all the babies got wool stockings, which came in Evangeline's box.

As these last things were being distributed, I started serving tea. We passed little cakes, native candies, and salted danna (grain) and very sweet tea. We had plenty for all, though not the over abundance that we had last year. This whole affair Emmet and I gave ourselves. It was something of an undertaking, but well worth it and we couldn't have enjoyed our own Christmas if we hadn't shared with others. Most of them stayed to play games, and I brought the women and children in to see the tree and Baby Bob. By that time it was 3:00 - an hour past his feeding time - but he was lying in his buggy on the back verandah as happy as could be! He is such a good baby and how delighted the women were to see him!

It was almost 4:00 when they all left. The rest of the evening Emmet spent with the boys and their toys, while I tried to gather up things and straighten the house a bit. We all had dinner together at 6:00. Chicken and steamed-pudding (your recipe) were the specialties, but I hadn't done a thing to them myself. After the boys were in bed, Emmet and I had a quiet evening together. It was a busy day but a very happy one. The party was one of the most successful ones I've ever attended in India, and we have every reason to be thankful for it.

Abbotabad, January 12, 1927. Joe thinks he must have school these days, but I find two pupils quite enough for the present. Dave seems to enjoy it very much and is doing well. I have him the first thing in the morning, while Jim does his arithmetic, spelling, and writing. While Bob gets his bath and feed, they both have recess and after that Jim comes in for reading, or arithmetic, and other work that he cannot do himself.

I was at the Civil Surgeon's to tea Monday. She had four ladies in. I like her so much. This was once cigarettes were not served but I know she smokes, for all these English ladies, excepting Mrs. Mayer and Mrs. Smith, are heavy smokers, and tea must always be followed by cigarettes.

We had 8 in. of snow last week and such a glorious time as the boys did have. They made snowmen and played snowball and had the time of their lives.
Abbotabad, February 1, 1927. Bob is getting vegetable juice now and is quite fine. He drinks from his little cup four times a day; so Mother Alter ought to be satisfied that the present she sent is useful and being used. Bob dislikes being fed by a spoon and drinks very well from his cup.

We have been having rain for the past three days. This month is supposed to be a very wet one; so we can expect it. This winter has been much colder than last, but we have kept very well even though you would think it a very cold house. We have plenty of fresh air which is good for all of us you know.

Abbotabad, February 7, 1927. Letter to "The Missionary Society of the U.P. Church, Mansfield, Ohio, USA." - It was indeed a large box of very lovely things you sent out to our people here, and we do appreciate it very much. Mother had labeled every piece so that I now know just what each one sent and I had hoped to write to you each one separately, but it seems at present to be almost impossible to do that, so I'm writing to you collectively, but ask that you may consider it as meant for you each one individually, too.

The box came, as you may know, about the middle of January, and I have decided to give out gifts to the people just as I see the need and save the rest of the things until next Christmas. The pieces of cloth are also very pretty and of such fine material that I'm sure the women will be delighted. Then, too, the fact that they come from you will mean all the more to them. The little baby blankets and petticoats, too, will help a lot. This winter we had 8 in. of snow in one night. The next day we went over to see some of our sweater Christians and wondered how they ever manage to keep warm in such weather. The children were very scantily clad and were shivering all the time... it was about the only Christmas most of them had.

It is a great encouragement to us to know that our friends at home are remembering us in their thoughts and prayers. There is so much to be done everywhere that I'm sure no one should be idle in any part of the world, and in every line of work there are difficult problems to be solved. Ours are a little different from yours, but all are a part of one big work.

One of the big questions that we are up against is what means of livelihood can be provided for inquirers and new converts. In the Civil Engineering department a young man has just been transferred here from Peshawar. Some six months ago he, then a Mohammedan, was sent to a station along the Khyber Pass road. When there, a fellow officer, a Christian, began teaching him about Christ, and when the authorities found it out they had both the men transferred, each to a different place. But the inquirer continued to seek and learn and two months ago was baptized. Since then he has influenced a Sikh fellow worker to study the Bible; teaching him has led to his transfer again and also the transfer of the Sikh. The upper officials are afraid of a fanatical outbreak among their men if Christianity is taught, for the Mohammedans up this way believe in defending their faith by the sword. It remains to be seen how long this man will remain here. He expects to bring his wife and family here tomorrow. She is still a Mohammedan and observes strict parda, but is willing to study the Bible, and though her relatives are urging her to leave her husband, she refuses to do so. This man is more fortunate than those who are not in the employ of the government. If he were employed by any individual non-Christians, he would have lost his position upon becoming a follower of Christ, and if he had been in business by himself he would have been boycotted at once. Please remember such ones in prayer.

Abbotabad, February 8, 1927. I am sorry you find it difficult to find roomers when expenses run high, and yet it does not pay to sell now... Of course it wouldn't pay to rent one of your rooms for such a low price of $3 a week. It looks as though 1927 may not be quite as prosperous as 1926, yet not a bad year in business.
Abbotabad, February 15, 1927. I fear you overestimate this house of ours, though it is really very nice. We certainly are fortunate in having so much ground for the children. Here in India land is not so expensive as in Egypt, so we have that big advantage over the Egyptian missionaries. The servants' houses, though numerous, are not much in use. They only have a tin roof with no board ceiling beneath and are altogether too cold for the winter weather, so our servants won't live in them. [Presumably they rent other housing.] Some of them have the owners' goods stored in them and some of them Emmet uses for his chickens. As for furniture for our house, of course we have quite a bit of our own and a little belongs to the owner. Most of it you wouldn't have in your house as a gift, but some is quite decent. I do wish you could see our home and just how we live, but I am sure you would never like to stay here long.

I do hope you get a roomer for the back room, for I should like you to keep your home as long as possible. . . Whenever you do sell, I hope you can invest safely with someone you know and trust. Please don't listen to any "get-rich-quick" scheme of investment. Such things usually go up in smoke.

Jim has developed so much. He comes to my armpits. He reads so much to himself and has an amazing fund of knowledge. He has just finished learning Longfellow's "The Children's Hour" and "The Village Blacksmith," and I have told them of my visit to his home, etc.

Abbotabad, February 28, 1927. Jim and Dave are both doing so well in the school work, and Joe scribbles on a paper for an hour or so every day and calls it "school". He is left-handed and we are urging him to use his right. He does use his right hand at the table all the time, and if we insist on his using it when writing he may learn to do so, though I shall not push it too much.

Major Smith did us a good turn last week by getting us coal from the military depot. It is sold to all army people and is less than half the price of the bazaar coal which we have been buying. We cannot buy it, but he bought a ton and sold it to us as he is not limited to any amount. We were over there to tea two weeks ago and he showed us pictures he took in China in 1900. He was then with the railway and was in charge of building the railway to Peking. He showed us a picture of the tracks built through the old wall. It sure must have been work to have torn down even that much of that wall. He was there during the Boxer Rebellion and they had just finished the tracks when the mob tore them all up and they had all the work to do over again. You see he is not very young but is still in full active service, though he is not well.

This past Sabbath our new pastor was ordained and installed.

Some of our Indian girls were over for tea and I played and sang for them! Imagine! They are not critical and it pleases them heaps.

Wednesday I went to see a Mohammedan woman whose husband has just become a Christian. She was very friendly, but her husband's being baptized has been a great blow to her and I'm not at all sure that she will stay with him. You know that is really a great disgrace, to have one of your people become an infidel, which becoming a Christian really means to Mohammedans.

This afternoon Jim and Dave and I had tea with Mrs. Carden, the Chaplain's wife, and her son Bill, who is Dave's age. He and Dave make a mischievous pair. The boys were so delighted to go and were both well-behaved. Jim was a perfect little gentleman, never once forgetting to say please or thank you. Dave's memory didn't work quite so well but he was very good anyway and I was very much pleased with them both. Mrs. Carden is lovely and is so deeply interested in children. In the children's service now she takes the smaller ones. She left a boy of nine at home in school. You know the English leave their children home very young, and think it's strange we keep ours out here so long.
Abbotabad, March 1, 1927. A letter from Mabel Stewart told of the burning of the administration building at Westminster [College, New Wilmington, P A]. It is indeed a heavy loss, but I hope it will mean larger and better equipment for the future.

Mrs. Mercer taught primary department at home for a long time, and I had her hear Dave read and she thinks he is making very unusual progress and I do, too. Dorothy [a visitor] has gone to Landour [Woodstock School] for two years and can't begin to do what Jim does, though she is eight. Of course they need companionship, but at this early age with the three of them so close together they are not losing anything by studying with me.

Emmet has gone out for two days [to the villages]. He usually goes the early part of the week. Our new pastor generally goes with him. He has real zeal for the work, and ability, too.

Bob has been gaining so well and has such rosy cheeks now that he is altogether on the cow's milk. He is the picture of health and is so very, very good.

We use glycercine and lemon juice every night. If I neglect it for a couple of nights the boy's hands and knees get very rough. Our water here is quite hard.

Abbotabad, March 8, 1927. Last week Emmet and Mr. Patterson and our new pastor went to visit a Khan - a big leading Mohammedan - beyond Mansehra. It is remarkable the number of Mohammedan homes that are open to us now, in comparison to the few that were thus open just a short time ago. The whole Moslem world seems to be equally free of access. Of course this does not mean that they have accepted Christianity, but it does mean that they are thinking and willing to hear and learn of Christ.

Mr. Patterson was in here the latter part of the week for special bazaar preaching. He has had a very hard, rough life in many ways. As a very young man he enlisted in one of the Scotch regiments for the Boer War. He saw three years of service in South Africa, and all that time was never under a roof for one night. He was in many battles, in many forced marches, was often ravenously hungry, but was never sick or wounded. He has very harrowing tales to relate and does it well, so that we all enjoy hearing them. After his Army service, he joined up with the Central Asia Mission, but was not paid well and even for months at a time received no salary, so that he was very hard-pressed and for a while just went from village to village preaching, and depended on the hospitality of the villagers, though he never asked for food and sometimes was hungry. After his marriage, they worked for a little while in Srinagar and then in Lesser Tibet for over a year.

During the war Mr. Patterson was in Mesopotamia in YMCA work. It was after he returned from there that he and Mrs. Patterson came back here (where they had both been before their marriage), and asked our mission to take over the work and employ them if they so cared to do. Mrs. Patterson was a nurse in the Central Asia mission and is a very strong character. They have bought a little property in Mansehra and live semi-native fashion. They have raised and educated several Indian boys and are very kind to the people. One of the boys studies in Higginbottom's Agricultural College and is now a teacher in one of the Presbyterian schools. Another one is hoping to go to medical school this fall. They have had others who have not been faithful. In all they have given a very devoted service here.

I am trying to get my family supplied with shoes for the summer. The ones this cobbler here made for them this winter have worn so well that I am having him make for them for the summer. Jim has oxfords and sandals, which would do him for a time at least, but I am getting a pair each for Dave and Joe. I'm also getting myself a pair of brown oxfords. This man certainly knows his trade well.

The Mohammedans' fast is on now, and the servants aren't in the happiest of moods. One wonders if they really don't eat a bite or drink a drop all through the day. We never see them do it.
and at the end of the day they are ill enough looking to assure it is little they have had if anything.

Abbotabad, March 15, 1927. Jim was very happy with one bit of mail he got last week. Before Christmas he wrote a story "My Summer in Kashmir," about a 150 words, and sent it in to the "The Junior Home Magazine," one the Juniors in America send to our boys, and just last week he heard that it had been accepted and would be published. For that he gets six months subscription to the magazine.

Abbotabad, March 22, 1927. Emmet came home Friday evening but left again this morning. Last week he was at Presbytery in Shanghai (out from Jhelum). Today he was in Pindi for a meeting on the committee for the Abbotabad conference. Tomorrow he must go on to Gujranwala to help audit the Synod's books. The prayer conference before Synod began Saturday.

Yesterday Mrs. Mayer had Emmet and me to tea and also a Colonel and Mrs. Yates. The latter is very much interested in chickens (fowls as the English and Bostonians call them); so she and Emmet spent their time on that subject, while I discussed gardening with her husband.

Tomorrow I am having six or seven Indian Christian women in for tea. I thought it would be easier to have such a group when Emmet is away. I've also asked Miss Morrison. Several times some of them have come to call just at tea time, and so have eaten with us. But otherwise I haven't had them here for a long time, and they do seem to like to come.

Mrs. Fazl Ilahi's sister, Miss Monney (who is here in the Civil Hospital) has two of the Fazl Ilahi children here with her, and I have invited them, too.

Abbotabad, March 30, 1927. Emmet is still away. Last week I seemed to be on the go more than usual. I was over to Miss Morrison's Monday for tea and another day she and I had tea with an Armenian couple who have just moved here. They were just married in Bombay. She is quite young and has a lot of pretty silk evening dresses, but where will she wear them here? There is no society for her here at all. She speaks English very well, but he speaks French and Urdu in addition to Armenian. He is employed by a French firm to buy, cut down and ship walnut trees to France.

I had a darzie three days last week. As he didn't come this week, I sent for him yesterday and they said one of his relatives had just died. When he didn't come again this morning, I sent again and the bearer came back saying there had been a big family fight last night, and the darzie's father and brother-in-law had been killed and two other relatives are in the hospital. It remains to be seen when the darzie will appear again.

Abbotabad, April 5, 1927. I'm sending you Dave's arithmetic and writing for today. You see he stopped to draw a picture. He draws all the time. This one drawing is his own makeup of "The Children of Good Children Street", one of Eugene Field's poems. In writing, as yet, he tells me what he wants to write, I write it and he copies. I really ought to give lessons to Dave in drawing and painting, for he seems to have the talent.

I promised to tell you of a young engineer by the name of Mohammed Ramzan. He is from a village not far from here, and was taught to be a Maulvi, so that all his relatives and acquaintances address him as Maulvi. While in Pindi some months ago he heard the bazaar preaching, became interested and went regularly to hear. Then he bought a New Testament and went to Peshawar, where he hunted up the missionary and began to study regularly with him. He had some money with him, but after about four months his money was getting low; so he asked Mr. Wigeam if there was not some place where he could get employment and at the same time continue his studying. A place was secured at the CMS hospital in Bannu. He had not been there long when he came back here.
to get his wife. She seemed very happy to go with him, though she's very young and has always been in "parda."

As soon as the Mohammedans in Bannu learned of his intentions to become a Christian, they wrote for the wife's people to come and take the girl. They went, took the case to court and made the girl swear that she did not want to be with him. They really forced him to come with them, and while on the train took all his money, clothes, and bedding. As they were leaving Bannu, Miss Matthews, the Doctor who came to Raniwari last summer while I was in bed with Bob, gave him her card with our name on it; in fact, they sewed it in the lining of his coat, and she wrote to us at once about him. We received a letter one Sabbath morning, and that afternoon Emmet spoke to some of our Christian men about it. They had heard that there was a great deal of excitement at Havalian (the end of the Railway) over a man who wanted to become a Christian, and they had heard that when they arrived here there was much shouting and noise about him. That was all they knew and all we heard until the following Friday, when he came here with Dr. Matthew's card. Then he told us that he had been in jail until the preceding day. His imprisonment was for safety, as the officials feared that the Mohammedans might murder him, as they were very much wrought up over the case, and as they were keeping the fast they were apt to do most anything rash. (They acknowledge that they get almost crazy at that time.) Though he was out of jail, the Mohammedans were watching his every move, and were having a Maulvi sit with him for hours every day to try to persuade him back to his old faith.

His case was set for the 21st of March. Then it was postponed until today. In the meantime, he has had to wait around here and the Mohammedans have shadowed his every move. Today the court ordered that his wife should be given over to his people to keep in their home. (The poor woman has little right of her own you know.) He has appealed for the right to take his wife whereever he chooses, and also for her people to give bail that they will not disturb them again. The appeal was to be heard on the 21st of this month. All this time the fellow has no work and no means of support, though the wife's people returned a few of his things and he has now gone out to his own home. He has been very brave through it all, and still seems very firm in his faith.

It will be impossible for him to stay here or return to Bannu, but a doctor in another CMS hospital in Quetta offered him a position there equal to the one he had in Bannu, and he is very anxious to go. He is eager for baptism, and even the head police official here says it would not have been safe for him anywhere in the NWFP. I do hope the case will not be postponed again as it would be so much better for him to get to Quetta.

Sabbath night we were at the Chaplain's for "supper". You see all the English dress in "full dress" for dinner every night except Sabbath night, when they call dinner "a supper"; so they invited us when we wouldn't have to appear in clothes we don't have. Their service was excellent - lovely linen and silver - beautiful silver candlesticks - a six-course dinner with coffee in the drawing room, etc.! Both Mr. and Mrs. Carden are very nice and have been very cordial to us. Oh, I almost forgot the whiskey and cigarettes that went along with the dinner. Mrs. Carden refused both out of courtesy to us but he indulged.

Next week the presbyterial meets here. I very much fear the president is not coming, and since I'm vice-president the work will fall on me.

Abbotabad, April 19, 1927. I owe you many apologies for not having written you last week, but when you have finished reading this you will better understand the reasons why.

A week ago Friday I had invited six guests in for tea - Mr. and Mrs. Carden (the Chaplain and his wife), Mrs. Mayer and her daughter, Mr. Jelf, the young officer who gave the children's party not long ago, and Dr. Matthews, the lady doctor from Bannu. They were to come at 4:30 and at 3:00 in
She served tea out in the garden, never which first thrilled and it was daughter, nearly 20, became say it myself. Of course we used the candles you sent and Joe blew them out. My time has gone. Instead of a prize to the winner I gave prizes to all.

In the garden. We were cookies and animal sandwiches, brown bread and butter, two kinds of cake — everything homemade. The mothers who were here — four of them — exclaimed over all the decorations, etc. for all are new to them since they are American. After tea we played games and had races. Then I outlined them in black — bunnies, peeps, etc.. It really was a very successful party if I do say it myself. Of course we used the candles you sent and Joe blew them out. Now you can see where my time has gone.

Abbotabad, April 26, 1927. Thursday the General's wife had a children's tea party and egg hunt in the garden. We were the only ones aside from the officers' wives and children who were there. She served tea out in the garden, and the General helped serve, though he was the only man present. After the egg hunt they had a slight-of-hand performer entertain us in the garden. It was the boys' first experience, as he used a black wand and the General called it "black magic;" the boys were thrilled and it was heaps of fun to hear them telling their father all about it. It was a very lovely party, which they will probably never forget. General and Mrs. Whitehead were delightful, and one would never guess from their manner that they had been through a critical 24 hours. The day before, their daughter, nearly 20, became ill. All doctors here were consulted and at night they wired to Pindi for
At 4:00 in the morning on the morning of the party, those doctors and nurses arrived from Pindi. The girl has appendicitis but they advise waiting to operate. That afternoon she was resting easier, but it was mighty brave of them to go on.

Last evening I went over to see Mrs. Fakher-ud-din for a few minutes. She has been sick with pneumonia for a long time, but is up and around now. Her husband came up when she was very sick to try to get her to will him her property. She still seems to care for him, but I don't see how she can.

Tomorrow morning Mr. Church of the British and Foreign Bible Society is coming to spend several days, and Mrs. Patterson from Mansehra is coming to stay until Thursday. Then I think we shall not have any more company for some time to come.

I am so sorry to hear that the DeSoto [is this a hotel?] is in other hands. I do hope Uncle Homer doesn't move from there, though I am sure he will get something good if it is necessary to change.

**Abbotabad, May 3, 1927.** I think I told you that Mr. Church of the Bible Society was here last week. He spent two days with us and was a very pleasant guest to entertain. Just for fun I counted up the number of meals we served to guests last month and they numbered 169... Even though I have help, it takes constant vigilance on my part. This month we shall have a few guests but nothing like last month.

This week is Polo week here and different regiments are serving tea yesterday, tomorrow, and Friday, and the civil officials are serving Saturday, on the Polo grounds, which are just across the road from us. We went over yesterday and enjoyed it immensely. Colonel and Mrs. Yates, the commander of the Gurkhas who were entertaining, have been very friendly to us and urged us to come. We should probably go again Saturday if not before. These teas are most elaborate - all kinds of sandwiches, scones, rich cakes big and small, and most expensive English chocolates. Then later while we were watching the Polo, they served iced coffee and ice cream and wafers, and all the time they kept passing the candies. Mrs. Yates came around and dropped some chocolates in my bag for the boys. Polo is probably very interesting for the players but not so interesting to watch. A native prince is here with a team, and, as he has the finest ponies, he runs a good chance of winning. He is very, very fleshy, so that his pony can hardly trot when he is mounted, but he hasn't got quite wit enough to know what an absurd picture he makes or how he keeps back his team. He is on a very meager allowance as he is incapable of handling money, though he is a prince.

The boys are busy these days. The weather has been lovely thus far and we just hope it continues, though I should be taking the boys to Kashmir about the middle of next month.

**Abbotabad, May 9, 1927.** I am enclosing Jim's astronomy test paper. In connection with geography he has a little very elementary astronomy and geology. We've been learning how to tell directions without a compass. At noon we marked the shadow of a stick which is supposed to run almost North and South at noon, depending upon the time of the year. Then tonight we compared it with the North Star pointing from the dipper. Everything like that is so full of interest to a child, and in the home we can relate all school work with actual life better than we can do so if the children are in school.

Do take good care of your health, for it is most important. Emmet - my Emmet - hasn't regained his strength since his fever, and he is bothered a good deal with rheumatism these days. Changeable weather is always hard on him.

**Abbotabad, May 16, 1927.** It may be that my asthma will never return. Here's hoping not, for it does take a lot of one's pep, which I'll need in full force with four stirring boys.

Jim and Dave were out three times last week. On Tuesday they went to a little tea party at one of
The hotels. On Thursday Miss Morrison took them out to a very wealthy home in a village near here. They have a trained European teacher as governess for their two boys, who are the ages of Jim and Dave. They have had 11 children and only these two are left. Their new house, which is still not completed, is very elaborate - marble floors, stairway, etc. The boys think they know the meaning of palace now. In their nursery were five large cupboards filled with the richest of toys. It was more like a toy shop than nursery. The boys came home quite disgusted with the few things we have.

Friday the 6th Gurkhas were having sports, and the Colonel's wife (Mrs. Yates) asked me to bring the boys over to see them. Of course they served an elaborate tea. The sports were really very amusing, especially the "mule wrestling" and the "mule race."

Did I tell you that we are going into Kashmir on the 31st of this month? Emmet has to go away for auditing work early in June, so it seems better to go in there with the boys than stay out here alone.

We are expecting word of Joe's new baby [this must be cousin Alice] any day. Marjorie has been expecting it daily since April 22nd.

We have a young Kashmiri inquirer who has been suffering a lot from his relatives. They stole him and took him off to Pindi once. He walked back to Taxila and Joe gave him a rupee to get back here. Last Wednesday he disappeared again, and nothing was heard of him until Sabbath, when Emmet got a letter from a missionary in Lahore, saying this boy had gone there for help. His relatives had taken him away by force again and had beaten him up a lot. He seems to be determined to become a Christian.

**Abbotabad, May 24, 1927.** Now I must answer your letter which came yesterday. I felt sure you were getting very low, financially. Of course we can't advise you. You will have to decide for yourself. But why keep yourself pinched? You have kept your home for two and a half years... Now that you have tried it and find you can't do it, when you sell you won't keep regretting you have sold.

Try to see the bright and cheery side of life. There is much sorrow everywhere. We can all see it, but it takes a big character to see beautiful and lovely things beyond the sorrow. Sell your house and cast away these financial worries. But remember, always, that your state is infinitely better than that of millions and millions of people on the earth today. There are trials much harder to bear than financial ones. We want you to be happy and live a full, complete life, and we want you to make your decision and not regret it.

This past week has been a fairly busy one. On Friday, the Martins from Taxila passed through on their way to Kashmir and had lunch with us. Saturday, the governess from that wealthy Hindu home brought the two boys to tea. Yesterday, Jeannette Hopkins Stewart and her husband and two little children came.

Thursday morning big Joe will bring up Ward and Margaret Jean. Marjorie is still waiting, and it is getting very hot down there; so we wrote and offered to take Ward, Margaret Jean, and their ayah into Kashmir with us next Tuesday, and keep them until Marjorie gets in. We told them to send the children in any time. I am afraid it will get too hot for Marjorie if she doesn’t hurry.

Now I must stop and get to bed. I hope you are keeping real well. I know you will decide all right about selling, and so we leave it all to you.

**Abbotabad, May 30, 1927.** It is now 9:15, and we must be up by five in the morning as we should like to start to Kashmir by 6:30. Hence, this may be a hurried note, but I do want to write and let you know that all is well.

Joe brought Ward and Margaret Jean up Thursday morning as planned. They have been very happy and contented here, and the old ayah is quite pleased and almost surprised at how happy they have been.
Their bearer left early this morning with all of our baggage and most of theirs, and was to be at the camp early this evening. Mrs. Dodds was having our tent put up for us, and if all goes well we should be there by six or seven tomorrow evening.

No letter from you this week but I may get two next week. I must stop now and pack my lunch basket and close up my suitcase before I get to bed. Have a roast chicken and a big pan of macaroni and tomatoes ready for lunch.

_Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, June 6, 1927._ We came in last Tuesday, leaving home at 7:30 A M and getting here a little before 6. We stopped about 11:00 for lunch and again at 4. We shouldn't have stopped the second time had it not been for the two babies, who had to have their milk. We had a very lovely trip and the children were very good. We sure had a carload - my cook and Marjory's ayah, in addition to six children and Emmet and me. Bob sat on my lap, each servant had a child, one boy sat between them, and two on the lunch basket between the seats. Everyone seemed comfortable and happy, and fortunately we had no tire or engine trouble.

Marjorie's one man servant had come in with the baggage the day before, and he had supper all ready for us. We didn't like our camp set up, as there were too many tents all around us; so we moved over to the furthest end of the garden the next day. It is very pleasant here, for we have so much room for the children to play, but there are so many flies here, probably due to the fact that we are near the village. There are more camps here than have ever been here before in one season.

There are so many nice children for the boys to play with, and since we have such a large group here the children all gather here to play. We started school this morning, each mother taking some of the classes. They are not equally advanced as to grades, but we are going to try a week of it this way and see how it works. In the evening Mrs. R. R. Stewart has them all together for nature study and for games. It certainly will be a delightful summer for the children if we can go on up higher together.

Friday Emmet took a party in the motor to Pahalgam, and he went on up to Aru, 7 mi. away, to hunt for a camping place. He found a big maidan with several pines groves, where he thinks we shall have a very fine camp. I shall go up sometime in July.

Emmet left this morning. He will just be in Abbotabad a day and then will go on down to Sialkot for Auditing Committee work.

We've had such lovely strawberries and cherries. I made a lot of strawberry jam and sent a couple bottles out with Emmet.

Emmet tried some more pictures of the boys before he left, and if they are OK you'll have some. Bob is so sweet and dear. We got a playpen today, and he is so happy because he can stand up in it holding onto the railing. it is a great relief to me to have it, because I know Bob is fairly safe when he is inside that.

Marjorie is still waiting for the baby. I hope it doesn't get any hotter down there for her, or it will be difficult for her to gain strength.

_Nasim Bagh, June 12, 1927._ I am taking Jim and Dave in the subjects they don't get with the others. Everyone recognizes Jim as a very advanced child. The responsibility is all the heavier. He, according to Miss Francis Martin, a trained teacher from Columbia University, has the mentality of a 10 or 11-year-old child. I do wish I knew more how to guide him. I am very pleased, though, to know that I have been following some of the best approved methods... Thus far Jim doesn't seem to be conceited about it; in fact he never seems to be concerned about the fact that he is so much ahead of the others his age and older, and I hope he never will give it a thought. Joe is timid and won't stay in his Sunday School class without me. He will soon get over that I am sure.

I am ordering raincoats, rubber hats and overshoes from Calcutta for the boys. I hate to spend so
much at one time, but really they need them in Abbottabad in the winter, as well as in the higher hills in the summer.

**Nasim Bagh, June 20, 1927.** Marjorie’s baby came Tuesday - Alice Louise. For Margaret Jean’s sake it is fortunate this is a little girl, for they will be so companionable, and Marjorie was on the way to spoiling Margaret Jean beautifully... Having four boys, I realize none of them are saints. Our Joe is a rascal and very difficult to manage but everyone adores him and thinks him the cutest child in the garden. I tell them they wouldn’t admire his cuteness so much if they had him to discipline.  

This afternoon the school children are to have a play - Peter Pan - here in the garden. Jim is Peter Pan and Dave is Tootles.[?] They are over practicing for it now. I am so glad they can do something like that here.  

Joe is chaining beads. I got some of the big ones these Indians use on their horses, donkeys, and oxen! They make excellent kindergarten beads.

**Aru, Pahalgam, Kashmir, July 10, 1927.** This is Bob’s birthday, but instead of a cake we lit a candle on a doughnut. The other boys got the pleasure out of it, for Bob himself took no notice of it.

I am so sorry to have missed another week's mail. When you have finished this letter you will understand. I shall have to go back to a week ago Friday, the first of July. That morning I sent Marjory’s tent, furniture, and servants on a lorry to Pahalgam. Ward and Margaret Jean and the ayah stayed with me. That same night at 9:00 Emmet arrived with Joe, Marjorie and the baby. Then the next afternoon, Saturday, they came on up to Pahalgam in a hired car. All week I had been packing and laying in supplies, for there still was some packing to be done Saturday evening and still more early Monday morning before leaving. All our baggage was loaded on a lorry and we came on ahead in our own auto.

We did a couple of errands in Shrinagar, and then came on to Islamabad and had lunch with Dr. Smythe, who is working in the Zenana Mission hospital there now. You remember she is the doctor who cared for me when Bob was born, only she was in Raniwari at that time. She was so surprised to see Bob so big and thought he looked like a two-year old. So many think he looks older than he is. I think it is partly due to his abundance of hair, and also he has very distinct features not baby ones.

After lunch we came on to Pahalgam and visited with Marjorie until time to come on, but the lorry never got in until 5:00; so we had to stay there all night.

The next morning Emmet and Joe got the ponies loaded early, and after breakfast we were off on ponies ourselves. The boys were delighted and Jim and Dave road as if they had ridden every day for several years. Joe was a bit timid at first, but was soon as free as anyone on his pony. Bob was carried up by coolies in his "doolie" bed. We had a trip of about 8 mi. over a very good hill road, with magnificent mountain scenery all the way.

Mrs. Dodds and Mrs. Ferger had come the week before; so received us with open arms and loaded tables. It was a hard day for Emmet, because he had to get to Sialkot the next night. He and Joe left early the next morning, Wednesday, and we got a telegram saying they had reached Sialkot at 10:00 that night, having been held up by a washout. They drove over 200 mi. over very winding mountain roads which crossed the high passes. I hated to have Emmet come on up Tuesday morning, because I knew what a strain it would be on him, but he was determined to get me settled up here, as he thought I had too much of a strain this summer to make this move myself.

**Aru, Pahalgam, Kashmir, July 17, 1927.** I'm sorry in many ways that you are finding it necessary to sell, but when you have tried out this way and have found that you cannot keep up, then it is better to sell. Wherever you are, enter into everything possible and have as full a life as you can. As
Evangeline says, you will be free to do this with them.

We've had quite a busy week. Three adults and five children came up to Aru to help celebrate Dave's and Alice Dodd's birthday - the 13th and 14th. These were all Presbyterians, but in addition on the 13th Dr. Greg Martin and family, his sister Frances, and his sister Gertrude and husband and baby [John Wallace and Jack] all came up. They were only here a few hours.

Jim and Dave are with Bob and Joe Dodds most of the time. They all have school in the morning, but their afternoons are full of play and long hikes over the hills. They're counting on a lot of hikes now that Mr. Dodds has come.

Thursday night came but no Mr. Dodds. Then Friday morning early he came. He had gotten to the river below us at 8:30 the night before, but the bridge had been washed out by the cloudburst, and there he had to stay all night within view of his camp. We could have seen him had it been day. It sure was a tantalizing experience.

Aru, Pahalgam, Kashmir, July 29, 1927. Marjorie, and her children, moved up here a week ago Wednesday and is camped very near me. We have very beautiful camping sites, with magnificent views of snows and high peaks, with a verdant valley below in the foreground.

It rained for five days straight and you may be sure we longed for a glimpse of old Sol. I dried the baby's clothes by putting a charcoal fire underneath a folding iron table and hung clothes all around it. This, naturally, gets rather tiresome in the course of days. We have been so thankful for sunshine these past three days.

I am now sitting by a bonfire. The nights are cold, but the sun, when it condescends to shine, is quite warm. During all this rain I've been so thankful for the raincoats and overshoes.

Emmet expects to get here next Tuesday or Wednesday. Then we hope to have a very happy month together.

Bob has cut his first tooth and is trying to cut some more, which makes him very cross part of the time. He walks all around his pen so fast that I shouldn't be surprised to see him walking alone soon.

The latest fad with the boys is mushroom hunting. They go up several times a day. Yesterday we had mushrooms and creamed chicken and tonight we had mushroom curry. Dave doesn't like mushrooms to eat, but he loves to gather them and Joe is about the same. The Dodds boys go out with them.

We can get eggs and chickens here but all other supplies have to be brought up from Pahalgam or Srinagar. Emmet is to bring a lot of vegetables and fruit up from Srinagar. He will bring sugar, tea, etc., too. He will store his automobile in Pahalgam while here. We seem to use a lot of sugar. I brought up 40 lbs. and it is all gone in a little over three weeks. Of course my cook uses a lot for himself I am sure. Living here is cheaper than at home but we don't have as big a variety.

Aru, Pahalgam, Kashmir, August 6, 1927. I am trying to write by the campfire light, as Emmet went off with the servants in search of a bear which they claim is prowling around the camp. We killed a sheep tonight and cook hung it high up in a pine tree, with the remark that it would be safe unless the bear should come around. Emmet is back now, without having gotten a glimpse of the bear, and he is laughing heartily at the increased fire. Knowing that bears run from fire, I added wood upon wood, lighting up the camp beautifully. No one can ever say that I don't know how to build a campfire.

We had planned to make a three-day trip to the Kolahoi glacier, but the Dodds came back this week with such terrifying tales of the dangers of the road that we've given it up. Emmet and Joe are going off by themselves for a few days.

You would have laughed to have heard the boy's questions about pigs the other day - how pig
they are, etc., [and how] in this pigoted Mohammedan country pigs are banned. Dave says he wants a pet pig when he gets to America. Just where shall we keep it? We were reading about packing houses the other day, so I took time to tell about Paul's work. Jim said, "My uncle Paul's got a big job!"

Aru, Pahalgam, Kashmir, August 14, 1927. Emmet and I are sitting in the veranda of our tent, in front of a big open fireplace. This Emmet made last week out of stones and mud. It is a great success and is so much better for him than sitting out in the open in front of a bonfire. It keeps the tent beautifully warm and dry when it rains, too. We all have them in our tents this year, and certainly will never be without them again.

Friday Emmet, Jim, Dave, Uncle Joe, Mr. and Mrs. Dodds and their two boys went for a long hike. Emmet and Uncle Joe came home early, as they knew Dr. Stewart was coming up, but the rest never got back until 7:30. I was sure the boys would be tired, but they came home bright and cheerful and not one would complain or say he was tired, even though they had walked nine hours. We had invited the Dodds here for dinner that night. The next day when I was alone with Dave, he said "My, mama, but I was tired last night from that walk." "Yes" I said, "but you were very brave and you wouldn't say you were tired at all." "No" he said, "I don't like to tell people when I'm tired and don't feel good. But I was so tired I almost cried, but I'm glad I didn't." He's really the bravest of the bunch, and even with very severe hurts (and he's had his share) he seldom cries. But if his little heart is wounded the tears just won't stay back. It was a very long hike for a 6-year-old, and when I heard which way they were coming home, sent a coolie to carry Dave but he would have none of it. Had I been able to get a horse, he would probably have ridden, for he loves a horse.

The Executive Committee of the Punjab Presbyterian mission met here, and there were 27 of us in all that sat down to lunch together.

Emmet has taken the boys fishing several times this week. Dave doesn't care much for it yet, but Jim loves it. He has caught four more; so is proud of having caught seven snow trout this summer. Our license doesn't permit us to catch the larger ones, and if we do and they aren't dead we are to throw them back in the water. Yesterday Emmet caught a beautiful spotted trout, but it had swallowed the hook so that Emmett had to kill it to get the hook out. It was beautiful and the meat delicious. We were so interested in the comments on Coolidge's fishing and his use of the worm for bait. We are provincial and plebeian enough to use the worm, and poor enough, too, I should add, because a license for catching big trout costs $50. The small trout are very good eating, and of course the boys are always proud to eat the fish Jim and Daddy have caught.

This next week Emmet and Uncle Joe, Dr. Stewart and Mr. Dickason are going out for five days, and hope to climb Kolahoi which is the highest peak around here. They are counting a lot on this trip.

We are very much pleased with our camping grounds here, and are planning on storing our camp here if we can find a suitable room. It will certainly save work next year.

I told you last week about getting apples for jelly. We made up the jelly this week and it is delicious. I have 18 lbs. put away in tins and shall put away at least three more pounds, in addition to some we are using now. I have never tasted better jelly. I don't know what color crab apple jelly is but was surprised that ours is a deep red. The boys are so pleased with it because they gathered the apples.

Srinagar, Kashmir, August 29, 1927. You remember I told you that Emmet and Joe and Ralph Stewart and Mr. Dickason were going off for a five-day hike. They left early Tuesday morning and got back Saturday evening in time for tea. The other two came in first and had been in only a few minutes when they told us Emmet and Joe had both fallen and both got some cuts. On Friday the two
had gone up together above the glacier and were attempting to climb Kolahoi peak, which is nothing but sheer rocks. Joe fell first, cut a bad gash in his left hand and another in his right leg, besides bruising himself pretty badly all over. Emmet fell later, head first, and cut a straight line down the middle of his forehead. He'll have a mark there the rest of his life. Both bled very badly, but Joe's kept bleeding for about 24 hours. They were a gory sight when they came in, even though they had been cleaned up a lot. It was 9:00 Friday night before they got back to their camp and Ralph and Mr. Dickason were very much frightened at the sight of them. They walked home 12 mi. the next day; so you can see they weren't very badly hurt, though they were weak from loss of blood and Joe was fairly sore all over. It just happened that a native veterinary surgeon and two other Indian Christian young men had come up to meet Dr. Stewart, and the surgeon took off the bandages, cleaned the wounds and then re-wrapped them. The next day he came up with medicine and bandages and staid two days to dress the wounds. Dr. Brown also came up from Pahalgam, and got there just in time to dress Emmet's cut. As we were so far away from a doctor, he advised us to come down to Srinagar.

We wanted to store our camping outfit in Aru; so did so and came on down here and took a houseboat. We left up there Thursday and spent the night in Pahalgam with Louise Scott and Mrs. Logan.

We are in a nice, large houseboat, and the boys are delighted; all except Bob, who wants to be out on the grass. The other three run and play a lot and are having a real experience of it. We eat dinner every night on the roof and that adds romance to it. We had promised them such an experience some year, and they were delighted to be getting it. We had Joe and family over for dinner last night, and are having the Martins.

Both Emmet and Joe are getting along fine, and probably could have stayed up higher all right, but we didn't want to run any chances of infection. We leave here Thursday, the first, for Abbottabad.

**Abbottabad, September 6, 1927.** We came home Thursday, getting here at about 8:15 that night. I was never happier to get home. We had a good summer but one tires of being away so long. The boys seem happy to be back, too. I often wish you could hear Joe talk and see his funny gestures. Everyone thinks him the cutest in the bunch. He's always saying something to bring down the house. One day he was sitting in a hammock when a lady came along and asked if she might sit beside him. "Oh no," he said, "this hammock won't hold two big people." When Emmet was off on his hike, Joe was chattering away down at Mrs. Dodds, and was telling her that his daddy would give him a big kiss when he'd come home. "And what will you do with the kiss? Give it to me?" "No, you come on up when my daddy comes home, and he'll give you a kiss." Joe is short for his age and his every movement is cute. In addition, he talks all the time, and has an amazing accent all his own.

Bob objected to moving around. For a couple of days, he screamed when anyone came near or when we put him in his crib, which he loved so dearly when we went away. However, yesterday and today he has settled down to be his own happy self.

**Abbottabad, September 20, 1927.** I am so very, very sorry you had to wait for mail from me. I wasn't sick a day this summer, and had I been Emmet probably would have written to you. I only missed one week and that was the time we moved up to Aru. Please do not worry if you do not hear. In Aru it was rather difficult to be sure our mail got through the day we sent it, but I can see no reason for having to wait four weeks.

I am glad Paul was better, but since this stone was still there would an operation be necessary? I am eager to hear how he is.
Our Abbotabad conference commenced last Wednesday morning. You know it is a conference of all Christians on the frontier. In addition to independent missionaries, there were representatives from the Danish mission, Church Missionary Society, and Central Asia Mission. The stations represented were Kohat, Dehra Ishmail Khan, Peshawar, Quetta, Bannu, Hoti Mardan, and Haripur. It was an inspiration to have so many Christians together in our church, and it was also a great witness to our non-Christians round about. I suppose 130 was about the largest attendance we had at any meeting... An Indian professor from Lahore said it was the most helpful conference he had attended. There were 23 direct converts from Mohammedans present.

Abbotabad. September 27, 1927. Your good letter of August 28th came yesterday morning. I was naturally much surprised to hear of Aunt Bessie's moving in with you, for you had written nothing of the selling of the De Soto [job], before. But I am most happy that you still had your house for them to come into. As far as I can see it, you're helping each other by this arrangement and what are we here for if it is not to help one another? I am sorry that Uncle Homer couldn't keep the DeSoto but I am trusting and praying that he may get something that wouldn't be so confining. He worked so hard while there and far more than he ever should have. I am sure they are glad to be in with you, for that seems more like home to them than any other place does.

Letter to Evangeline: Same date. I'm so sorry Uncle Homer has lost the DeSoto, but maybe he will get something that won't be quite so confining. How glad I am that mother still had her home for them. Maybe she can leave this winter and go to you for awhile, now that they are there to look after the house.

From mother's letters Aunt Bessie has been so blue and sad. With this change she may cheer up a bit. Mother said Aunt Bessie thought of it as just going home. She has had such a very sad life, hasn't she? I wish these years might be brighter, but the shadow seems to be getting deeper.

Dave would rather draw and paint than do anything else.

Abbotabad, October 4, 1927. Sabbath night we had Mr. Jelff in for supper. He is the young officer who had the big children's party last spring (he is having another tomorrow and the boys are quite excited). We had him come Sabbath night and called it "supper" so he wouldn't come in full dress. He is a fine Christian young man and evidently comes from a very good home. He belongs to the artillery. When they practice on the hills just beyond us, the police have to give orders that every native leave a certain zone for the hours of practice, and then they have to make the rounds just before practice begins. Just last spring they found a woman bound to a wall. He says it happens with some woman almost every time. The men tire of their wives and take this means of getting rid of them, because the government pays Rs.400 for anyone killed during practice. With that sum a man can easily buy another wife!

Sialkot (Annual Meeting), October 13, 1927. We drove down Monday, having left home at 8:30, and were here a little after 7. We lunched on the road; shopped for a few minutes in Pindi, and had tea at the railway station in Jhelum. The middle of the day was quite warm. We have noticed the difference in temperature a great deal, and appreciate our Abbotabad climate more than ever.

Bob is much better. After the swelling began to go down, we discovered a molar he has. He has only three other teeth.

Sialkot (Annual Meeting), October 20, 1927. As Emmet is clerk and has to edit and then print the minutes of this meeting, we are going to Gujranwala early Monday morning. Miss Graham is his assistant, and the two will do the editing there and send it to the Methodist Publishing House in
Lucknow to be printed. We shall stay at Harris Stewart's. I shall be glad for a week in Gujranwala, as I haven't been there for nine years, and the institutions there have expanded a lot.

Last night we had a conference on the "cut". All work must be cut 15%. We think it next to impossible; yet doubtless we should be thankful it isn't more. So many missions have had bigger cuts long before this.

The children have meetings every day. Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Cummings have them at the House and the boys are delighted. Joe enters into it this year as he never did before. He has always been shy about attending meetings. He's so cute and the children consider him such, so that they laugh every time he does anything. Naturally that isn't very good for him.

Bob is much better. He has cut two molars and is cutting another front tooth. He is gaining back his flesh and color and is so very happy these days.

Jim had his birthday party last week, but was disappointed there were so few children - only 11.

We shall be glad to get back home and settle in for the winter. I love to have things in order and running on schedule, and then I can get something accomplished.

Gujranwala, October 26, 1927. You spoke of wanting to get a position to be able to buy your few personal necessities. I hardly know what to advise... What would you think of doing? Your line has always been needlework, but I should hardly think your eyes will stand for that now. How are you financially off now? Do you not have any cash left? I shouldn't be surprised if you didn't have, but I'm just wanting to know if there is any way I can help you. As far as a position is concerned, I have no prejudice against it. The only thing to be concerned about are your health and your happiness. I just hope you will find what suits you best. I don't want you to be in need of anything. I wish we were near so that you could come to us for awhile. We should so love to have you, and the change would do you good...

We came over here Monday. Emmet wanted to edit the minutes here, and we came along for a visit with Olive and Harris. The boys have been playing with the Whitfield children. Their father is in charge of the mission garage and workshop here, and the boys have lots of fun watching the work.

Gujranwala, November 2, 1927. As you see from the heading of this letter, we are still in Gujranwala. The motor has been keeping us back. If we had only known they were going to keep it so long, the children and I would have gone home by train last week. Emmet gave it over to the mission garage to have a few little things done, and they promised to have it ready last week. They have always been slow, but this is the first time I've come up against it hard. I have enjoyed my visit, but there is a lot of work going undone in Abbotabad.

It is probably getting cold now with you. This has been one of the hottest falls we have ever had. There has been no rain and the crops are threatened. This is not true of Abbotabad region. It was quite cool there before we left and will be really cold when we get there Friday night.

Abbotabad, November 8, 1927. We are so very, very happy that you are going to Evangeline's this winter, and I sincerely hope you will not postpone your going long. I am sure it will do you worlds of good, and I believe you will regain some of your flesh.

We are so interested in the house they [the Wiens] are renting. They will enjoy a small place, and I'm sure it will require much less work... One of the best things about their change is that it brings them nearer to Janet's school. I always thought she had too far to go to school. I'm not sure that I was ever at Belmont Center. I can't remember it at any rate. I always like to be centrally located, so her place would suit me.

We got back Saturday afternoon. We left Gujranwala at noon Friday and spent the night in
Taxila with Joe and Marjorie. The boys wanted to stay longer, but we are to go there for New Year's. We may have Dave's tonsils out then, as Dr. Martin thinks they ought to come out. Jim and Joe don't need it.

We had Bob's hair cut like a big boy's yesterday and his resemblance to Jim is more marked than ever. His head is just the shape of Jim's. Bob has three molars and only four teeth in front. He has gained back all he lost when sick and is so rosy and well, but he doesn't walk alone yet.

We play dominoes every evening as soon as it gets dark, and Jim and Dave always come out ahead. I never beat; so it's always a contest between the two and they're beginning to learn how to watch their moves and make their points. Joe is always present to watch and usually puts my dominoes in position. It is good for the boys to learn how to win and also how to take defeat gracefully.

Abbotabad, November 15, 1927. Last week I had Miss Monney (the Indian woman doctor at the Civil Hospital and Mrs. Fazl Ilahi's sister) over to tea on Friday. She is a very sensible, reliable woman, the best Christian woman we have here. She is very busy with her medical work; so it isn't often that I get a good visit with her.

Saturday Bill Carden, the Chaplain's son, was over to play with the boys. You should hear him talk! His precocious remarks coupled with his decided English accent, are decidedly rich.

This afternoon Miss Martin, the English governess out at the rich Hindu home, was in to tea. She brought the Hindu boys to play with our children, and our boys are to go there tomorrow. The grandfather of the boys died two weeks ago and they are having a most gruesome "mourning," and she (Miss Martin) finds it very depressing to be in the midst of their wailing and breast beating.

The parsonage for our Indian church ought to be finished soon. The work had to be retarded some by Emmet's absence. The pastor was to have been married last month, but the girl has been ill for a long time; so we don't know what his plans will be.

Abbotabad, November 22, 1927. We do hope you did not postpone your Boston visit too long mother. You might as well go and have a good, long visit. I hope you and Evangeline get out a lot. Go window shopping as I always do. It's lots of fun and much more simple than trying to get something for yourself, for there is always so much concern as to whether it will fit, or look well, and, last of all, whether you can afford it. However, if I were wealthy, I'd buy ready-to-wear clothes rather than bother with a darzie, though I'll confess they are very useful.

We are invited to a big wedding on the 20th of December. The daughter of the former colonel commandant here is to marry a tea planter from Ceylon. You remember when they gave the Easter party this last spring, this daughter was very ill. Colonel Whitehead has retired and went home in August to take up work there... The English always have a day wedding and a church one. This invitation is for the church at 2:00 p.m. and afterwards at the bungalow. All the Europeans of the station (except sergeants, etc.) are invited.

One of our Christian families is moving to Haripur. We hate to see them go, for we have so few Christians here. The support of the pastor is a big item when there are so few who can pay. The parsonage is unfinished. We're following the example of the Catholics and ceasing work until more funds are in hand to complete it. There isn't a great deal needed yet. But we have emptied our own purses; so will wait. Only the floors and whitewashing the walls yet remain to be done, and since the pastor is not to be married this winter he can continue to live in the basement of the church as he is now doing.

How you will enjoy being with Janet! Dave's face is all aglow these days with thoughts of Christmas and Santa Claus and dreams of drums and guns! I'm thinking of getting out my doll as
they all love dolls (except Jim who is too big). A Christmas catalog from a house in Calcutta came tonight, and such excitement.

Abbotabad, November 29, 1927. Bill Carden, the chaplain's son, is coming over twice a week to make Christmas cards and boxes. The boys work before tea and play afterwards. Mrs. Carden came over for tea yesterday. She has invited Jim and Dave to go with Bill for a picnic Saturday. Tomorrow they have Cub's meeting at her house.

Last Thursday I visited one of the wealthiest Mohammedan homes in the city. It is a two-story house with about 14 rooms, not including a small room on the roof. The courtyard is quite bright and airy. The drawing room was upstairs and was very well-furnished in European style. Here they served tea, and then took me to see some of their rooms, which were well-furnished, too, in a semi-European style. The kitchen was remarkably clean. Only the very wealthy have a dining room. This is well covered with rugs and has two large strips of white cloth covering the length of the room on each side of a strip about 6 ft. wide, which is left to serve as the table. The diners sit on the strips of white cloth, one of which runs along the far wall, against which are cushions for each person. There was a low sideboard and small cupboards in the room. The women do most of their own cooking as they don't like the servant's dishes. In the house live an old man, his son and wife and five children and his two unmarried daughters. Other relatives were in to meet me - all of them very friendly and very refined and well educated for Mohammedan women. It might be of interest to Evangeline to know that this is the home of the man from whom I bought her Algerian prayer mat, which she has hanging on the wall. The women promised that they will come and have tea with me some day, but it will be very unusual if they do, for parda women seldom will come except to some big "parda party".

Abbotabad, December 6, 1927. Three years ago today we sailed from Boston. Evangeline will remember well the day. The older boys seem to remember it, too, though the one vivid memory of that visit is the coasting down the hill and across the street. How many times they speak of it.

I have not read "Mother India" but am hoping soon to get Mrs. Carden's copy. Everyone is talking about it. The high class Indians object to the open exposure of India's dark under chambers, but all physicians vouch for its authenticity. I've heard many things since I came here that show up this darker side. Miss Monney, the woman doctor here and Mrs. Fazl Ilahi's sister, has told me much. The book is really very depressing they say, but also is the sordid life of the masses in India. And it will be well to have our people at home read this.

The past week is gone rather quickly. Last Thursday I took Mrs. Carden over to meet Mrs. F. Dean, the woman from whom we bought a piano. The poor lonely creature is spending all her money these days on her Victrola and records. She has 150 good records and has ordered 55 more from America. She lives alone and seldom has company. Perhaps I shouldn't say alone, for she has eight dogs and five small puppies!

What a very swell hat Aunt Bessie has sent! I'm not sure that the poor missionary's wife ought to sport anything quite so grand, but since it is very becoming and I like it so very, very much I'm going to wear it even if everyone may question where I got anything so classy.

The club has a fairly good library, and some time ago Colonel Steele asked if we wished to pay for the library privileges by paying a small sum each month. Last week I went over to get several books and Colonel Steele asked if we wished to pay for the library privileges or for all the privileges of the club, as Miss Morrison does. Of course I asked the dues, and, when told that it would be only five rupees a month for both of us for all the privileges, I should have been a very cheap person indeed if I had said no. Of course it is a big concession to us, but we could not refuse such a generous
offer. We should probably not go to the club often but we should enjoy attending some of the lectures and concerts, and I hope Emmet can get in a little tennis once a week.

I told Emmet how I wish you could have seen the boys getting ready for "Cub's" last week. They scrubbed their nails and cleaned them so carefully, and were very particular about their shoes and hair, etc. I know it would please you!

How I continue to wish you could hear Joe talk. Whenever he goes with me, he insists on helping me cross the open ditches by crossing first and taking my hand, and when we climb a hill he must pull me up! It is difficult indeed to keep him from talking every minute. The other day at dinner he looked up and said, "Mama, you're a nice old girl!" Emmet hasn't gotten over that yet.

Your parcel sent with Florence Jones came Saturday afternoon and Emmet and I opened it that night. Everything is lovely and surely we shall have a wonderful Christmas. I plan to give a handkerchief to every woman and a Bible picture to every man. Every baby will get something warm and the older children will get the toys.

Mrs. Carden brought over an American bride to meet me. She is a St. Louis girl married to a young officer here. Her mother will be here for Christmas. She seemed to be so pleased to see American magazines on the table. She takes a few different ones, so we are going to exchange.

Abbotabad, December 13, 1927. You asked about the "bran pie". The one at Mr Jelff's party was made in an iron bathtub. The presents were hidden away in the dry bran, which almost filled the tub. On top of this was put a thin layer of mud, which was whitewashed to look like icing. This mud was cut by Mr. Jelff's sword - much to the delight of the children, and after the dried mud had been removed the children all put their hands in and felt around until they got something to pull out. The element of surprise added a lot to the pleasure of it.

Saturday Mrs. Carden and Mrs. D'oyly-Hughes (the American) took Jim, Dave, and Bill for a long hike up a nearby hill. They had a wonderful time, building a fire and frying sausages and potatoes. Then on their way home they stopped at Mrs. D'oyly-Hughes's home and had tea. It was a big day. This Saturday I shall take them out for tea. It is good for them to get out for long hikes.

Yesterday I had tea with Mrs. D'oyly-Hughes. She is quite young but seemingly very nice. Her mother is to arrive this coming Sabbath. It seems she (Mrs. D-H) was very lonesome when she first came here. And no wonder she was, for life in a cantonment is so different from the life in America. She was spending the winter in Europe with her mother when she met this young officer. He followed her to America and they were married shortly after. She says her girl friends thought it was very romantic, but most of the glare [glow] of the romance disappeared after she had been in this new and bewildering environment for a few days. The ladies in the cantonment have nothing but society continually. It is an unnatural unwholesome life.

Saturday we had Communion at our church and were pleased with the number present. It is very, very hard for these poor people to get away from their work even long enough for a service. The most of the women work all day except from 12 to 3 p.m. Then they must look after the children, cook the food, etc. etc. Many of us wouldn't do half as well as they do, if we were in their places.

We are all fine. Bob is walking all the time now and seems to be developing fast. He is quite large for his age.

Abbotabad, December 20, 1927. The big wedding is over. It was at 2:00 at the church, and exactly at that hour the wedding march commenced. It was played much faster than at home and the bride gave the impression of racing down the aisle, while the two little pages carrying her train could hardly keep pace. The groom was surprisingly young but apparently not the least fussied by anything. The ceremony was much longer than ours, and must have seemed far too long to the bride.
and groom. Though the groom is a tea planter and so not in the Army, yet out of courtesy to the bride's father, the couple passed out under a long arch of swords. The bride is really very pretty at any time, but looked even more so in her bridal veil. After being greeted at the house by Mrs. Whitehead and meeting the bride and groom in there, we went around to see all the gifts, some of which were very lovely indeed - mostly silver. Then the children had a peep at the wedding cake - three tiers with many fancy flowers, figures, etc. It came all the way from Lucknow! The children had their tea in the nursery, while the rest of us were served in the dining room and drawing room. The bride and groom got the usual shower of rose petals and confetti as they entered the motor, on the rear of which were several old shoes and appropriate decorations. It was a very pretty wedding, with about 150 guests, but I prefer a more simple one for myself!

The American mother arrived yesterday. You remember I told you Mrs. Doyly-Hughe's mother was due to arrive. She seems very friendly, and I asked her to come to our Indian jalsa on Monday, as I knew she would be interested in seeing it. She is staying for about a year.

Yesterday evening, Mrs. Keene, the new commanding officer's wife, invited us to the club for tea. She had five couples there, around one of the fireplaces, and we got a chance to meet several whom we had not known. Then she and I went out to watch the dancing for a few minutes, and really I felt quite a wee bit out of place among all the gay frocks and light stepping. Some people here think the Keenes are very peculiar socially and no doubt they are even more decided in that opinion than ever, since she escorted a poor missionary's wife around the club so pompously last evening!

Miss Morrison had a special fund for the church, from America; so now the windows are all being repaired and a big new stairway is being made at the front. I only wish this money could have been used to finish up the parsonage, which seems to me more necessary; but Miss Morrison had different ideas, and since the money was hers it had to be spent that way. I do wish we could get the parsonage finished. If the people pay up, we may be able to finish it in January.

You would love to hear the boys talking of Christmas. Joe wakes up every morning counting the days. He thinks he has scored one on Jim and Dave, because he and Bob are invited to a Christmas tree party at the Civil Surgeon's next Monday, and the big boys aren't invited. He is counting the days until then, too. I shall be glad when the Christmas rush is over, but I am so thankful our boys have a few children to be with. They really have an usual advantage for missionary children, and we ought to take advantage of that. It helps keep me up, too.

Now must stop and get to bed. The papers here have been full of the details of the Amir of Afghanistan going to Europe. A great step indeed.

**Abbotabad, December 27, 1917.** What a very lovely Christmas you sent us - far too lovely!

We gave the boys a couple toys and a big seesaw. This we bought secondhand from a family who are going to England. We gave the boys the magnets that were in the box for the Indians, and I never saw them more delighted over any toy. Jim spent hours with it, and kept saying "Oh, I'm so happy. I never knew I'd get a magnet!" Miss Morrison gave Joe a little table and chair she got secondhand, and Bob a little white rocking goose (rocker with goose forming each side and arm) that had been given to her to give away. Joe carries the table and chair wherever he goes, and on the table is always the box of blocks from Evangeline. How he loves them. We are a very rich family indeed. On Friday, the Smiths sent over a lot of holly and mistletoe and a bag of fruit and nuts, and on Sabbath, they sent a huge basket of fruit and nuts for the boys... The civil surgeon's wife sent us some fruit and a big six-pound fancy fruit cake, which had been given to them but which she said was too big for their family. Mrs. F. Deen gave us a fruit cake, too. We sent fresh eggs and homemade candy to these people and to several others. Bill Carden gave the boys Milne's new book, "And Now We Are Six," and Mrs. Carden is getting them some Cub things.
The Indian party yesterday was a great success. I'll write to the Missionary Society and to Mrs. H's class soon. 85 were present. We had a very good service and then presented the gifts. We then served tea and they all seemed to appreciate it immensely. It is good to have them here and its means a lot to them. Their lives are so very, very barren. A number of them live in one group, and most of the mothers go out to work. There are 20 some children under 6 that are left there practically alone every day. I'd like to start a nursery school for them, if I could find the right Indian woman. I can do very little for them myself but she could do untold good.

This has been a busy week, with something outside the home every day excepting Wednesday of last week. I really make myself go more than I care to but feel I must do it for the sake of the boys. Thursday, we took our tea out to the Pattersons, and took them a bit of Christmas, too. Bill Carden went along. Friday was the big day at the club. The children had a glorious time playing all sorts of games... Santa looked just like a real Santa, so Joe says. Poor Joe doesn't know the word "sister" it seems, for today he spoke of Margaret as Daddy's girl "broder".

As soon as the Indians left yesterday, I rushed around and got Joe and Bob and myself ready to go to Mrs. McKenzie's (civil surgeon's wife's) party. She had about 12 little tots there and had a small present on the tree for each one Joe, a book, and Bob, a dog, of which he is terribly frightened - she also sent a fairly fancy box of Huntley and Palmer biscuits to the big boys!

Today I had Miss Morrison and our Indian pastor over to a 1:00 dinner - it was really our Christmas dinner. Tomorrow Emmet is going up the mountain with Mrs. Mayer, Mr. Rice (a missionary en route to Persia) and Mrs. Whitehead. I am going over to have tea with Mrs. F. Deen to taste her Christmas cake, as I didn't go last year. We go down to Taxila Saturday afternoon.

This is a lengthy, rambling letter but will give you some idea of our doings.

Letter to Evangeline. Same place and date. I'm so eager to read "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." I have read several book reviews of it, and am more than happy to get a chance at the book itself. Emmet and I both will enjoy it, as well as his Stories of African Explorations which are always teeming with interest, and this looks unusually good. We do so appreciate books.

I'm so glad mother is to be with you this winter. I think it will do her worlds of good. As you talk over her future plans, remember that whatever you people decide upon will meet with my hearty approval. All I want is that mother may be happy, and she doesn't seem to have been satisfied wholly these past three years. Of course we know that no situation comes up to the ideal wherever we are - there are unpleasant things to be overcome and risen above, but I want her to be where she can best overcome such things, and live a happy life of service.
Abbotabad, January 16, 1928. Thursday we had several guests for tea. The American mother, Mrs. Chase, and her daughter; Mrs. Whitehead; and Mrs. Keene - the wife of the colonel commandant. I like Mrs. Chase very much. She is from St. Louis and is keenly interested in everything and doesn't hesitate to ask questions. Her daughter is a very beautiful girl of only 21. She had one year at Radcliffe. Two Vassar graduates - tourists- from near Boston are coming to visit her this spring. Mrs. Whitehead, the former commandant's wife, is leaving for home. She goes first to Colombo to visit her daughter (who was just married last month) and then to the Riviera for a month with her parents. Her little boy, David, came and had tea with our boys. When she was leaving, she asked if our boys would like to buy David's Fairy cycle (small bicycle). They have been wanting one for a long time and I promised them that when they had a chance to buy a second-hand one with their own money they could have it. She asked only rupees 15- for it, and the boys had that much and we jumped at the chance. It came Friday afternoon and has been in almost constant use every waking hour since. Jim and Dave were riding it within half an hour after it arrived. Joe's legs will have to grow a few inches before he can make much progress on it. I am so glad for them to have this opportunity of learning to ride.

The boys needed places to put their toys; so I bought three small store boxes, Emmet put in shelves, and the boys have given them each two coats of paint. I have an old pair of coveralls and they took turns at the work. Even Joe painted his own. It was heaps of fun. I'm going to make curtains for them as there are no doors.

Mrs. Smith sent Jim two guinea fowls Saturday and Jim is greatly pleased. As soon as he got them, he suggested that he should write the note of thanks, and of course I was pleased that he had thought of it. Mrs. Keene sent over oranges for marmalade. Emmet says this is a convenient dumping ground and we should put up a sign to that effect at the gate! I say it makes a nice way of salving their consciences as it probably gives them a sense of satisfaction and joy to be able to give someone something; at the same time I gratefully receive since these things all come from friends.

Abbotabad, January 24, 1928. Dave keeps saying he wants to go home to America to see grandma. Evidently "grandma" is a synonym for America to at least one member of our family. The other day I was very much disgusted with the way the cook had cooked or failed to cook the peas. Jim tried to excuse him and said, "He doesn't know how you like them. He's never been to America." Joe piped up at once and said, "Yes, he's not a grandma." So to Joe, America means "Grandma".

Jim's eyes are being tested for glasses. Dr. Martin, in Taxila, suggested we have it done as he thought they were strained. Fortunately there is quite a good eye specialist here in the Army and he seemed quite glad to do it. Of course military doctors are under no obligation to serve any outside the army, but most of them are willing to help when they can. This happens to be an Indian trained in England. He is quite European in manner and seems to be thorough.

Abbotabad, January 31, 1928. You have met so many nice people at Evangeline's, and have been to so many lovely entertainments, etc. that I should think you would want to make your home there always. If I were you, I'd sell out at once and go to Evangeline's. Here I am giving advice, again. Emmet says I give you too much advice and says I ought to be careful how I write, and I suppose I ought, but it just seems as though you could have so much more pleasure out of life there than in Mansfield.
When father died I urged you to keep your house until you were certain you wanted to sell, but I feel now that you've reached that place and so advise selling. But enough of that. The boys are out working to get their first star in Cubs, and one of the things is to skip rope 30 times in succession. They had never done it and really thought it next to impossible, but last week they caught on to it and Saturday Jim went up to 40 some times.

Letter to Evangeline, same date. Jim's eyes proved to be OK, and the doctor said he thought the redness was due to use and dust. He still can't use his eyes to the full and he finds it hard not to be able to read.

Abbotabad, February 7, 1928. Emmet's name for our house - "dumping ground" seems to be holding true. An acquaintance in the Army who is going home for the summer gave the boys a donkey and a trap Saturday. We may find it somewhat of a burden but at present the boys are wild about it. It will be a great experience for Jim and Dave to learn how to feed it, comb it, and harness it. Joe and Bob will get the rides as it really is very tiny. It will be lovely for the little ones in the warmer weather.

Emmet went to Gujranwala a week ago yesterday (Monday), and will not be back until Thursday. He was down with the committee editing the triennial report. As he is editor in chief, he will have some finishing work here at home before sending the manuscript on to the board.

Abbotabad, February 14, 1928. Isn't television a wonderful thing? One of these times we may be able to "look in" on you and converse every evening, too. How much more satisfying than a mere pen!

We've been showing the boys some pictures of the airships being built for transatlantic service, and they and their Daddy think they'd like to go home that way, but their poor old slow mother prefers the ocean liner!

Does Paul still enjoy his radio and does he have a loudspeaker? They are broadcasting... [page 5 and the final page seem to be missing].

Abbotabad, February 20, 1928. We were so glad for your letter this week but you didn't tell us if you have gained in weight, etc.

You speak in this letter of selling as soon as possible; I felt sure you would want to, since it is almost impossible to make ends meet, and also since you are having such a wonderful time at Evangeline's.

As for our furlough plans, it is very difficult to say where we shall be. If possible, I should like to be near Evangeline, for it would be nice for us all to be together, so that when you get tired of the noise at our house you can go over to Evangeline's quiet retreat. If I should stay home with the boys, it will be so much nicer for me to be near Evangeline. Though I'm not sure we could find cheap enough living around there - rents, food, etc. are so high, though that is true of most places.

Last week we had three glorious sunny days after 25 of rain and clouds. Saturday the three older boys and Emmet and I took tea up on a high peak overlooking the city, and giving a splendid view down the valley towards the Punjab, and in the other direction to the grand range of snowcapped mountains beyond Mansehra. It is the most glorious view we've ever had of the snows. This Wednesday, if it is nice, I shall take our boys and Bill Carden out on the hills back of us for a picnic tea.

I've been having some aching teeth, but last week one of them gave me three miserable evenings. A new Colonel doctor has just come here and they say he has a mania for work. Dentistry is his sideline and he does it after regular military hours. Now can't you call that luck for us? He's really doing unheard of things here. The old fellow that was here before was only a figurehead, and never
did an operation or anything he could get out of. This man was here only a few days when he
operated on a sergeant's wife from an encampment near here. The operating room was in a terrible
condition and this man has had it all done over. Thirty-five panes of glass were out!!.

I believe I told you we have to move this spring, as the owner wants to have his house for the
summer. We have finally gotten a house we've been wanting for a long time. It is very near our
church, near the bazaar, and not far from the English church. It's on the main road from the plains to
Mansehbra, but above the road so that we shall get very little of the dust. We hope to move about the
20th of next month, just about the time you get this letter.

**Abbotabad, March 6, 1928.** The children have just gone to bed, and they are tired, too, for we
went down to Taxila today to see Joe and Marjorie off. They left at noon. We got there for a 10:30
lunch and stayed until after tea. They've got a long, hard journey ahead of them with three little
ones. They are staying for a week or so in Tokyo with an old school friend. I sent with them a piece
of pongee for a dress for Aunt Bessie.

They are rather uncertain as to plans, but will probably stay at home until Joe gets his PhD in
chemistry. The mission recommends that he study pathology and come back to Taxila, but the board
at home objected to an American pathologist; so the mission couldn't insist on their point.

I wish I had the gift of pen to write up the story of today. Mrs. F. Deen is mad on gramophones
and has bought records upon records this year. Ever since she heard that Dr. Martin has an
orthophonic, she wanted to hear it but she won't ride on a train lest she get some disease. She was
here the other week and said she wanted to send some lunch to Marjorie, when Emmet would go
down by train to see them off. Suddenly the thought came to me that we might drive down and take
her along, and I made this suggestion at once. I wish you could've seen her face. It well repaid me.
Immediately she began to plan lunch and all the things she would take. I wrote to Mrs. Martin and
she insisted we shouldn't bring anything, but Mrs. F. Deen still insisted, so we let it go at that. Today
her basket was full - chicken curry, pilao (rice and meat cooked together), curry puffs, elephant ears
(Afghan pastry) and cake and pumpkin pie for us, and for Joe and Marjorie a fruit cake, shortbread,
and curry puffs and elephant ears!

Several times she has asked if I were taking baby and I couldn't understand why, and so didn't
give a definite answer. Then Saturday I got a great shock when a note came from her, reading like
this: "Are you taking Shama? (the servant who takes Bob out in his buggy, etc. He was a sweeper but
hadn't done that work for two years.) If so, I'm very sorry to say that I am too fussy to ride in a car
with one of his caste, and so cannot go. You will pardon my saying this." I was both disgusted and
amused, but I wrote in answer that if I should take Bob I wouldn't take Shama, for there wouldn't be
room. She wrote a most grateful answer and all seemed well. But Sabbath morning a card came
from Mrs. Martin, asking if her ayah, Rakki, could come down in the car with us. Then the whole
thing had to be gone through again. Rakki is a Christian but from the sweeper caste. When I asked
Mrs. F. Deen, she said she was very sorry but she couldn't; so would stay at home. And, much as she
was longing for the trip, she would rather stay at home than ride in a car with one of our poor
Christian women. Since we had planned the trip for Mrs. F. Deen, we let Rakki go by train. This
morning she, Mrs. F. Deen, was out on the road waiting for us. She had gotten up at 4:00, had bought
an alarm clock just for this one morning. "Oh," she said "I had to awaken the servants early, for it
takes a long time to heat four canisters of water and I can't bathe in less, and I never go out in the
morning without my bath." Needless to say I didn't bathe all my family before we left, but didn't tell
her so. After we had started she said, "This is the first time I've been out of Abbotabad since 1920!"
The Martins were very kind to her, and let her play the victrola the whole day. She was enraptured!
It was a great day for her and for us, too.
Sabbath was one of the wildest days I've ever seen. It had been blowing all night, and when we woke up in the morning there was a decided yellow cast in the sky and the whole day through we never got any sight of the sun. It literally rained mud, for all this yellow was a blanket of sand. The wind blew in fierce gusts throughout the day, blowing off tin roofs, tearing up trees, blowing over fences and gates and causing considerable damage. It lifted our see-saw right up and took it as far as the hedge. In the evening the winds subsided and the sand commenced to descend, and it's been coming down ever since. Today the form of the sun was visible through it, but we haven't had sunshine yet. Naturally the house is a mess.

Taxila, March 13, 1928. We came down here Friday evening. Emmet had to come to Pindi Saturday for Presbytery, and we decided to come Friday and have Dave's tonsils removed Saturday morning. Dave was quite thrilled over the idea, and went to sleep with the chloroform telling the story of Monarch the Big Bear by ET Seaton. His tonsils were quite large and deeply imbedded. He also had his adenoids removed. He's been a model patient and has made a splendid recovery, though he still eats little.

Emmet got back this evening and we shall go home tomorrow noon. Then we move a week from today. I shall sure be glad to get settled. Our house at present is filthy, as we haven't gotten into the corners, etc. since the dust settled down on us.

A governess in Abbotabad is going to have a class in musical drills every Saturday morning at the club, and our boys are to belong. I'm so glad they will have this chance, as they aren't musical or particularly graceful, though they can hold their own well with any of the English children. In fact they seem to have made a good name for themselves - Jim being very far advanced for his years.

Abbotabad, March 19, 1928. We are in the midst of moving. Our new house was vacated Thursday, and we started cleaning and whitewashing walls Friday morning. Almost half of our furniture was moved over today, and we hope to be all over there by tea time tomorrow. You would have laughed if you saw the little cart that has been hauling all our things by slow degrees to get things there. A boy about 14 years old runs the thing and our servants and coolies handle the furniture. Moving here is so different from what it is in America. Though I really don't know which is easier, I do know this is slower; but I like to move slowly so it ought to suit me. We're having an easy day of it tomorrow. Mrs. F. Deen is sending us pilao and curry for lunch; Jim and Dave go to Mrs. Carden's at noon Tuesday until Wednesday; and Emmet and I go to Miss Moore's for supper. Now what do you think of that, "sponging off" your friend's?

We were very happy Sabbath over the baptism of two brothers - Mohammedans from Mansehra way. The younger one came in some time ago for study, and has been having an hour's study every day with Emmet. The elder brother came in to get his younger one; commenced by arguing a lot, but soon gave that up and finally asked Emmet to pray that he might have the courage to make his stand for Christ. It came out that he had been wanting to do this for almost six months back, but was afraid. He was really a preacher of the Ahmadiya society (a sect of Mohammedans) and was being supported by them. About a month ago he wrote and told them not to send any more money, as he couldn't preach their message. While we were in Taxila, he came out openly in Mansehra and preached Christ in the bazaar. He had studied the Bible for years, chiefly to be able to refute it, but had become convinced of its truth. He and his brother are both seemingly very, very happy over their baptism.

I've sent to Calcutta for corsets. I'm going to try real low busted ones this time, to see if they look any better.
Abbotabad, March 27, 1928. We are still cleaning, etc. Labor is cheap - too cheap. I hired a coolie today to help move furniture, clean drawers, clean up in general - and for all this labor I paid him eight annas - 16¢. It's absurd and still he went off quite content, and until there is more demand for labor there will be little change. How very, very little there is in life for them! Of course their labor is of an inferior quality, but what else is to be expected? I'm sure I'd give poorer were I in their places... The verandah is immense and the yard very large. One of its biggest assets, though, is its accessibility. It is so centrally located that it only takes me a few minutes to get most any place I care to go.

I was at the Civil Surgeon's for tea yesterday and the Deputy Commissioner's wife was there. She was praising the boys again, and ended by saying "You know everyone at the station is raving about them!" She has one darling little boy and, from what she says, is very anxious for more. Hence her interest in our boys, though she has quite exaggerated the case, for there are many English in our station here who either know nothing of our existence, or consider us quite too queer to notice. But for the few friends we have I am most grateful.

Abbotabad, April 2, 1928. From your letter we infer that in spite of all the efforts of the Wein family you continue to lose in weight! Are you following the diet prescribed by the doctor and have you thrown aside all your worries? After all, I don't see what you have to worry about. Evangeline and Paul are doing everything in the world for you.

Emmet got home from Synod Saturday afternoon. The Synod have decided to take over and run at their own expense one of the Christian districts. We're all very happy over this forward step of the native church.

My new cook is quite satisfactory. He makes much better pie than I could ever make, and my old cook never could learn to make a rich crust. This fellow is young and keen to learn. Last night Miss Moore was over to supper, and he took a lot of pride in fixing up the table and in his own appearance, too.

I took Miss Moore to a service at the English church last evening. Mr. Carden chants the whole service, with the exception of his few remarks from the pulpit. These are usually quite good.

Our Indian pastor is engaged to a girl in Lahore whose people are rather influential Christians! The girl has been ill for months but is better now, but he is so love-sick that he goes down there far more than he ought to, leaving his work here. He's been away for four weeks now, without any explanation, even missing Presbytery and Synod. His father doesn't know anything about him and feels very badly. I do hope he's hunting another place. He might pick up and do better in a place where there is a larger congregation of more influential men. Most of our people are sweepers and there doesn't seem to be any incentive to work, though they are the most needy. Miss Moore is very good to the Indian people and will be a great help I am sure.

Do please follow the doctor's instructions and get fat and strong. I'm sorry I can't give you some of my surplus flesh.

Abbotabad, April 11, 1928. This morning we went over to the parade grounds to see the Commander in Chief review the troops. He is very painstaking in his review so it took a long time. Then followed the parade past him on horseback by the Staff. We had seats right beside him so got a splendid view.

Occasionally I get a new realization of the length of time we have been out here. The other day I got down my big trunk and, in getting out summer clothes, came across two pair of shoes Jim had when he came out, and naturally enough they fit Joe perfectly. It's hard for you to realize, I know. Joe's birthday [fifth] is next week and he is so keen on a party. I had thought it impossible, especially as next week is the big polo week here, and everyone will be so busy.
Emmet was in Kohat over Sabbath on the commission to install a pastor there. It is a walled city on the frontier, and when they went out for a walk Sabbath evening by the wall a soldier followed them all the way.

Bob is gaining a lot in weight these days. He comes to worship every morning and sits very quietly as long as the big boys are quiet, but the minute they begin to move he begins to imitate them.

Abbotabad, April 16, 1928. Yesterday a Mohammedan family - father, mother, and three children - were baptized. He is a darzie - tailor - who had a place in one of the cloth shops and had two apprentices with him, but as soon as it was known that he was going to become a Christian, the shopkeeper turned him out and the two apprentices left him. We are giving him a little work now, and are trying to help him find work, for his old patrons won't come to him now. We think that if we can help tide him over now, his trade will gradually come back.

Bob seems to be gaining all the time but lately he's taken a leap. He weighs 29 1/2 pounds and is full of mischief. I must get the heights of the different boys, for I know you'd like to know how big they are. Joe seems to have grown the most in the past six months. Jim is heavy and big all over. Dave and Joe are thin.

Abbotabad, May 1, 1928. We've just killed a centipede 5 in. long. I heard something last night but didn't pay much attention to it, but tonight I called Emmet and we found the thing back of the bookcase and killed it with some prongs. I do hate these creeping things.

Last Friday I had some of the Indian Christian women in for tea. They always enjoy coming but they are a bit difficult to entertain. However, the piano helps out a lot.

Our Indian pastor has gone to get married. If he had asked any of us, we would've advised against it, for the girl has been sick for over a year-and-a-half, and as far as we can find out has TB. However this is their own affair I suppose.

Abbotabad, May 8, 1928. Sabbath morning we had such a splendid young officer call. He is very much interested in missions and came to our Indian service that afternoon. He was very much impressed with Jim, because he sat beside him and found the psalms so quickly and the place in the Bible, etc

Abbotabad, May 15, 1928. We are so happy that the liver extract did so much good and hope you are keeping it up. Please take care of yourself. I hate to think of you going back home, lest you neglect your health. . . You didn't say what you were doing about the house, but I hope you have put it up for sale.

It's been a very quiet week and I've been glad of it. Saturday our Indian pastor came back with his bride. To us it seems almost a tragedy. She's been sick for a year-and-a-half and is threatened with TB. They seem very hopeful that marriage will cure all her ills, but there are others who think quite to the contrary. He himself isn't very strong. But you know it isn't easy to keep a man from marrying when he sets his heart upon it.

This Thursday we are to have a young man from America come to visit us for a few days. He is out looking over things, with a view to taking up missionary work independently. Emmet has met him and likes him very much.

Abbotabad, May 21, 1928. Last Thursday a Mr. Fullerton came to visit us. He is from New York, and is here in India studying the mission work and church with a view to possibly taking up work independently.
We both like him very, very much. He's a man of wide experience and a deep spiritual life. He has fever today and we fear it may be sandfly fever, which is most uncomfortable as it makes one ache all over. He is bemoaning the fact that he is making more work for us, but I don't mind that if he only gets along OK.

Mr. Fullerton was to have had lunch with the Cardens this noon to meet the Bishop of Lahore. As soon as the Cardens knew Fullerton was an Episcopalian, they asked him over to meet the Bishop. We, Emmet and I, were invited over to meet him at 6:00 this evening. I must say he's not much to look at and he's no preacher (we heard him last evening), but he's quite pleasant to meet. Mrs. Carden had said he wanted to meet us and we wondered why, but as soon as he met us, he began asking about the boys and the work, chiefly the boys. It seems the Cardens had given him very glowing accounts about Jim and Dave, and he wanted to hear more about them. The Cardens seem to appreciate having our boys for Bill to play with and, as we told the Bishop, the Cardens have been a great boon to us. They go to the hills Thursday, and Bill is to spend Wednesday with us - to come at 6 in the morning, so the boys say.

**Abbotabad, May 30, 1928.** Mr. Fullerton sat up on Saturday for the first time. He is much better - quite well in fact.

The police captain and his wife invited us over to tea. They seem like very nice, quiet people.

Last night we took over supper to Mansehra and asked Mr. and Mrs. Patterson to be our guests. We ate on the veranda of the Dak Bungalow, which gives one of the finest views I have ever seen... We waited until the sun went down to eat, and drove back by moonlight. That whole drive is magnificent mountain scenery.

Emmet and Mr. Fullerton leave tomorrow for a week's trek up the Khagan Valley in our district. Mr. Patterson and two Indian boys are going along. I went to the bazaar this morning to shop for them, as they have to take almost everything with them in the way of food supplies.

**Abbotabad, June 5, 1928.** Emmet and Mr. Fullerton left Thursday noon to be gone until this coming Friday or Saturday. I'm so anxious to hear all about their trip up the Khagan Valley - a very famous region. They aren't going all of the way up to the pass as they haven't time. One of the Indian boys with them comes from up this valley, and he was so anxious to go back to his home for a brief visit, even though he knew it might mean trouble.

I've been reading "Revolt in the Desert" by Lawrence and then telling the story to the boys. They are so thrilled that they are continually asking for more stories about him.

**Abbotabad, June 12, 1928. Letter to Evangeline.** Mr. Fullerton has been here almost a month and is leaving tomorrow morning. He's really been a very nice guest - quite considerate and easily pleased. He finds the small living creatures of India are far too fond of his fresh American blood. Flies, bedbugs, lice, mosquitos and sandflies have made life rather miserable for him. In the Khagan trip with Emmet and Mr. Patterson, he seems to have attracted all the living things and left the other two in peace.

I'm sorry mother has had to work so hard since she went home, but I really don't see what we can do more than we have. I wish she had taken your advice and put the house in the hands of a real-estate agent before she went home, but I suppose we must be content to let her work out her own problems. It would be so much different if only she were strong. I don't see how she and Aunt Bessie can be in the same house long. I do think mother has erred in the past for thinking too much of her own family and not enough of outside people and interests. It's a lesson well worth our learning, and you seem to have learned it thoroughly. I'm in danger of failing in the same way as mother...
because I'm with the children continuously. I was just thinking today that I better reform.

**Abbotabad, June 13, 1928.** Yesterday the boys made daliya - cracked wheat - which we use for a breakfast food. I helped them clean and sort it. Then we washed it thoroughly and Jim ground it all himself in Emmet's little grist mill. Jim is a very hard worker and a conscientious one, too. I only wish I had more ways of employing him. Just now he is cleaning some corn to make a little cornmeal as an experiment.

We shall leave for Kashmir as soon as Emmet returns from auditing work, but when that will be no one can say... We always come out the first of September; so this year we shall not be away long, but there is no reason for leaving here early. Last week we had a few very hot days, but rain came Friday and it has been lovely ever since.

School work usually goes on without interruption but we are to have a vacation while in Kashmir. One usually does what she likes best and neglects other things. So I teach and neglect sewing, etc..

**Abbotabad, June 26, 1928.** I wonder if you are thinking of 12 years ago? In some ways they have been very short ones, but much has happened in those years - both of sorrow and of joy. I was so glad for your letter but sorry you were losing in weight. If only you would sell, go to Evangeline, and get your mind on others outside of the family... There is such a rich, abundant life for you to live, if you will only accept it.

Emmet will be away for a week or so longer. I'd hoped we might have our anniversary together this year but it just couldn't be. I'll have to tell the boys all about our wedding tomorrow.

Sabbath we had the most severe earthquake I have ever felt. Everyone rushed out of the house, though it really lasted not more than two seconds. I know of nothing that makes one feel as helpless as an earthquake does.

**Abbotabad, July 4, 1928.** You'll pardon a brief note I'm sure. We are packing today and are hoping to have everything ready to leave here at 6:00 tomorrow morning. The house looks in a great state of confusion just at present, but we'll hope to have it looking better by tonight.

Emmet got home Saturday night so that he had a little more time to get caught up with things here. Unfortunately he got a wire late Monday night to go to Pindi Tuesday morning to sign some legal papers for the mission. He didn't get back until after eight last night, and then we had dinner with Miss Moore. Her sister just got back from her trip up the nearby hills.

Emmet will return here next week and come on up for his vacation the first of August.

**Srinagar, Houseboat 364, "Dream Days," July 15, 1928.** You will wonder why we are here, and thereby hangs a tale. We left Abbottabad a week ago Thursday and reached Aru Friday evening. Jim had had a little loose bowels before we left home but seemed to be all healed up. As soon as he reached Aru, he and the Dodds boys went off to another camp, and came back with soaking wet feet. The next morning he had dysentery proper and has been in bed ever since. We did everything we knew to do there, but as he didn't get better we finally brought him down here Thursday. Mrs. Dodds and Mrs. Ferger are keeping the other three children! Isn't that good of them?

Emmet had planned to leave last Tuesday, but waited over to see how Jim would get along. He left our cook to help look after the children. Jim was carried down in baby's wicker bed. I rode, and Emmet walked beside Jim. Seven miles of that took almost three hours. Then we got the auto in Pahalgam and made up Jim's bed in the back seat. We had a very comfortable ride of 60 mi. down hill and along the river, and Jim slept before we got here. We hunted up a small houseboat and were in it
by 8:30 that night. Every houseboat has a regular supply of servants - cook, bearer, water carrier, and sweeper, all of whom except the last named are usually of one family and live in the cook boat. That boat has matting for roof and sides, and has a little front room in which our cooking is done in a very primitive style, and in which the pantry supplies are kept. In the rear all the family eat and sleep - women and children with a man. As they sleep and eat on the floor, furniture is a negligible item and there is ample room for a large family. We are paying them a flat rate for the boat and our meals. At first we were down the canal near the river, and close also to Munshi Bagh where some of our people live. But it was sunny and hot there, so yesterday we moved over to a delightfully shady spot near Mrs. Miller.

Jimmy enjoyed all the excitement of moving the boat down the canal past innumerable other boats, big and small, and through the Dhal Darwaza. This is the gate through which the water from the lake flows into the canal and on down to the river. When the water is high, as it was yesterday, the current is very strong and it takes extra men to push and pull together to get a big boat through. We had nine extra men to help us there, and they all sang a little theme to help them push and pull together. Our move was a matter of a couple of hours, and you can well imagine it was the simplest bit of moving we've ever done. Life on the water is very fascinating in its quiet, restful way and I do not wonder the Kashmiris love it so.

Dr. Vosper, the mission doctor who cared for Jim three years ago when he had typhoid, is treating him now. He gives an injection of emmetine every day. Jim is really much better, but the doctor thinks he will give him one more injection as a preventive. I hope to be able to take him back to Aru in a few days or a week, at least. Emmet is going back to Abbottabad tomorrow morning, and will return the first of August for his vacation. There are motors and lorries going to Pahalgam every day, so that I shall have no difficulty getting back.

We've had rather a busy time here since coming down, in spite of Jim's illness. There are so many people here whom we know... I went with Emmet to see them. Mrs. Keene, who is the wife of the colonel who was commander in Abbotabad for three months last year, had previously invited Mrs. Mayer and Ruth out for tea that day; so we took them out and they seemed to enjoy the auto ride so much. We had a good visit with our people and then called on Mrs. Keene before leaving. Along with us we had taken Mr. Matheson, who had stopped to visit the Haripur ladies while we went on to the other camp. He is an Australian to whom a lot of romance is attached these days. He was a missionary of the Central Asia mission for inland, and when the order came to vacate because of trouble in China, he and an American missionary and a German scientist started across Tibet. They left there May 28, 1927, and Mr. Matheson arrived here just a month ago. It took them nine and a half months to cross Tibet. Twice they were held up for weeks and their lives were threatened, and once they had soldiers about their camp for two months. The report came last fall that they had been killed, and two memorial services have been held in Australia for Mr. Matheson. His feet were frozen towards the end of the journey, so he was held up in Leh, and [then] came down here with some missionaries from there.

Mr. Matheson is very fond of children, and came over to see Jim as soon as he heard he was here and has been here frequently, telling Jim numerous stories of his trip, putting on his Tibetan costume, and telling him many details of Tibetan dress and life and showing many of his pictures.

Jim is having the easiest time of anyone I ever saw who is really sick. He has neither fever nor pain and spends considerable time fishing out his window. He loves to fish though he has little success. You asked what a lorry is. It is a small autobus with adjustable seats, so that it can be used for either luggage or passengers. Emmet said that I should be sure to explain that it has none of the luxuries of an American bus. Nevertheless, it isn't bad travelling.
**Aru, Kashmir, July 22, 1928.** Jim and I got back here to Aru yesterday afternoon. My, but we were excited. Dave didn't say much but until we went to bed last night he couldn't say a word without choking. Joe has clung to me every minute since I arrived. Wee Bob looked at me with wide eyes, then gave a couple of sobs and rushed at me. They had a very wonderful time with Mrs. Dodds and Mrs. Fergers. Such an elaborate birthday dinner as Mrs. Fergers and Mrs. Dodds gave him[Dave or Bob?] It was indeed far more than he would have gotten had I been here.

Jim and I left Srinagar about 8 o'clock yesterday morning. A nurse from the CMS hospital and Ruth Mayer were with us as far as Pahalgam. . . I brought Jim in a dandy - a sort-of-chair carried by four coolies, and I rode horseback as usual.

**Aru, Kashmir, July 29, 1928.** Everyone speaks of a business depression, which is usual in a presidential election year. I suppose you have heard that the returning missionaries of the foreign board are being detained for financial reasons. It means four men for India. Much as I hate to see them detained, I do feel that the board must not go in debt further.

We are trying to study wild flowers this year. Mrs. Fergers knows more than the rest of us; so we fall back on her. I have the Dodds boys and mine in a painting class every day - painting a flower each day and studying its shape, etc. as we paint. They seem to love to do it. David is by far the best at drawing, but Jim seems to do better every day. Little Joe is rather wee for it, but doesn't do half bad and surely does enjoy it.

**Aru, Kashmir, August 5, 1928.** Emmet got here Tuesday night. . . We have had a lovely week since he came. We've taken tea out twice and yesterday went out for the whole day with the Dodds and Fergers. We climbed 3,000 ft. to an elevation of 11,000 ft. and had a wonderful view in all directions. We took ponies for the smaller children so that they could make the climb with us. We avoided the rocks and chose a lovely, grassy slope where the wild flowers were in profusion. As I think I wrote before, the children are studying flowers this year, and are painting one or two each day. These we are going to preserve in an album.

You may be interested in our lunches that we take with us on these occasions. Yesterday we had fried chicken, creamed potatoes, slaw, and sandwiches for lunch. We made the last stretch of the climb after lunch, and came down to the lunch site for tea, which consisted of sandwiches, little cakes and fudge. We got home about 6:30. I gave the boys hot baths at once and let them eat supper in bed. They felt fine this morning and were ready for another tramp.

Miss Moore's rent has been raised; so she has to give up her house. As she can't find another house this time of the year, she is coming into our house until Annual Meeting. She will move in this month before we get back.

We are going for a four or five days' trek next week to Kolahoi glacier, and will leave Bob with Mrs. Dodds. He is a very cheerful little fellow and is talking more and more.

**Aru, Kashmir, August 12, 1928.** Monday night we had the Dodds and Fergers for an Indian curry dinner. We had ice-cream and chocolate cake for dessert. We got the ice very near here and made the ice cream in a milk bucket set in a bread mixer. We made over a gallon the other night.

**Aru, Kashmir, August 19, 1928.** We have been so interested in the election news - I do wish I were home to vote for Hoover. I should be greatly ashamed for my country if Al Smith should be elected.

We are thinking of leaving our camp outfit up here again, as we know of no place we should like to camp in next year as nice as this. It really is a magnificent big, open grassy hillside with abundance
of room for any number of campers. We had hoped to take the children to the Kolahoi glacier this year, but Joe's illness has hindered that. We'll hope to go there next year. This week we may go up to a nearby glacier and a lake, just spending one night. Florence Jones said she would come up and stay with Joe and Bob. I wouldn't dare take Joe up into the cold, and Bob couldn't make it as horses can go only part of the way.

We have big eaters in our family - especially Jim and Bob. Bob eats just as much as Jim did at his age and keeps asking for "More".

Aru, Kashmir, August 26, 1928. Yes, I am very much interested in Hoover and wish I could be home to vote for him. Thanks for the clippings about Curtis. They are very interesting.

We got several good letters from College Springs [supporting church, Iowa] this week. One is from a lady who writes often. She is crippled with rheumatism so that she has to use crutches. To sweep and do some of the other housework, she has to use a stool on wheels. Her children are married and she and her husband live alone on the farm. She writes such cheerful letters and has wonderful courage. They have just sent a "special" for a new convert.

Thursday was the day we had planned for our trek out for two days. Joe and Bob were to stay with Mrs. Dodds, but Wednesday I got a heavy bronchial cold - so had to remain behind. Emmet took Jim and Dave. Mrs. Ferger, Mr. Dodds and the three Presbyterian ladies made up the party. They had a glorious time and all want to go back next year. They went up to 12,000 ft. elevation, and camped by the side of a lake in a horseshoe-shaped ravine, with perpendicular peaks and snow beds and glaciers enclosing it. This is a place Emmet went to two years ago and was anxious for me to see. They stayed until noon of the following day, and came back in a drenching rain. In fact, they walked down in this pouring rain for four hours, and all of the way Jim carried a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers, blue poppies among them. Wasn't that dear of him?

Abbotabad, September 4, 1928. We got back Friday evening at 7, and are so thankful we came through when we did. The road or path from Aru to Pahalgam was very muddy and slippery, as it had been raining for some eight days with just two breaks... We had just arrived [in Pahalgam] when it commenced to rain hard again, and they said the road was bad ahead - no motor had come up that day but three had gone down. We decided to push on, but after we had gone a mile I would have been glad to take shelter in a cowshed, had there been one. I never skidded so in my life, and part of the time it was in mud almost to the hubs. Fortunately we kept right on, not sticking as the others had done. When we finally reached Srinagar and were safely settled in a houseboat, I wrote back to Mrs. Dodds that I felt like shouting like the darkies in the testimony meeting. We had such a nice, comfortable night in the boat.

As soon as we reached the houseboat, I fed the children, while Emmet unrolled the bedding. Then each boy had hot cocoa and quinine. Later Emmet and I had a quiet supper and tea.

The next morning it was raining, and the water in the canal had risen, but we came right on and though it rained most of the hundred and sixty miles no one suffered, unless it was Emmet, who felt the eye strain of driving in the rain. It was sure good to get back, and you can imagine my surprise to find all the front room floors cemented. This was a surprise for me from Emmet.

That night it poured and it kept it up all the next day, and all we have heard since is floods. The news from Pahalgam is bad. No motors can get up as the road is simply flooded. To make conditions worse, there are hundreds of Hindu pilgrims stranded there. They go up every year to a famous cave at an elevation of 14,000 ft., in four stages beyond Pahalgam. These last stages they make absolutely naked, and last week it snowed on them up at the cave. Some have died and 500 are reported as in critical condition. Saturday morning all lorries (motor buses) in Srinagar were
commandeered to take food and bedding up to Pahalgam for these pilgrims, but the lorries couldn't get up, and as many coolies as could be found far and near were forced to carry their luggage up. The heavy rain continued throughout the hills and by Saturday evening all Srinagar was in flood. Those who were coming out found a bridge broken about halfway and had to return to Srinagar. The road into Kashmir will be closed for several days yet. Wires from there say that every hill station is badly flooded and transportation blocked. Do you wonder that we were rejoicing at having barely escaped all this?

But the floods haven't been confined to Kashmir. The Jhelum River came down in flood and flooded all over Jhelum city. Mrs. Fazl Ilahi was here for her holiday and has been called home to care for deluged furniture, etc. Others from Jhelum are here and are returning at once. They intended to go tonight, but word has just come that the railway has been washed out in one place so that passengers have to walk a little distance from one train to another, and it seems better to make such a journey by daylight. On the motor road about 30 mi. from here, towards Pindi, there is a long paved Irish bridge. Saturday, an officer enroute to Kashmir for holiday was crossing this and was about three-quarters across when his motor suddenly stopped. He and his orderly couldn't push it out; so they called to some coolies to come and assist them but just then the coolies began calling frantically to them and pointing up the river. He looked and ran, for there was a 6-ft. wall of water coming down. His motor was carried a little distance downstream, and the only bit of luggage that had been rescued by yesterday was his gun. When Mr. Patterson came by them yesterday, the car was still buried upside down in the sand bed of the stream, and coolies were trying to tie ropes to it. It's not a cheerful vacation for the poor officer, is it?

Abbotabad, September 11, 1928. Mrs. Heinrich and Jack, who is 6, came up Saturday, and will be here until after our conference. They found Pindi altogether too hot. The boys are delighted to have Jack.

Yesterday about 50 Indians were here for tea. We served on the veranda and could have served almost 50 more there, as the verandah is immense! We do so enjoy it. The Indian Christians like such a "jalsa" and seemed so pleased. Some of them stayed to sing around the piano and did not leave until 8:30. I must get a number of songbooks of one kind so that we can enjoy such sings more. Many of the people here yesterday were up from the plains for their holidays, and are going home this week. You know Abbottabad is a summer resort for many Indians. They prefer it to the higher, colder hills.

Abbotabad, September 19, 1928. I think I told you that on Monday of last week we had a big tea for our Indian Christians. Then Wednesday evening at 7:00, Mrs. Martin and her four children, Gwyneth Porter and a Presbyterian missionary stopped for the night on their way from Kashmir... We were a big household, but had all of the beds out on the two big verandas.

Friday, three of the Danish missionaries - nurses - came to get ready for the conference. Saturday Mr. Heinrich and a CMS lady arrived. The Heinrichs are in Emmet's study and Mrs. Elwin is in a tent. We had a family of 13 over Sabbath, but the others all went out to the Conference dining tent for the tea Monday, and have been there ever since. The tent is here in our yard and the whole arrangement is very satisfactory. I've been attending some of the meetings, but find listening to Urdu very strenuous. This afternoon I slept for two hours. It's the first day I felt like resting, but a whole morning of Urdu service was too much. I was more tired than I've been for weeks.

Abbotabad, September 25, 1928. Yesterday I went to a most interesting entertainment at a Sikh girls' school. The school is sponsored by a wealthy lady who devotes practically all her time to it,
though she does no teaching. They have 150 girls enrolled. It was a joy to see these, from the smallest
to the eldest, taking part in all the drills and races. Some of the older girls are really very charming.
But what interested me more than anything else was the women. No less than 50 women were
present - most of them wealthy. I do wish you could have seen them. They could teach our
American girls no small amount in the use of the lipstick, paint, and powder. I've never seen it done
more profusely or with a more finished art. Their colorful silk saris and Punjabi costumes were
really gorgeous, and they wore them with the grace and dignity of the "elite." Mrs.Fakhr-u-deen
introduced me to her husband's second wife - a beauty indeed but a hard, proud face. It seems so
strange to me that Mrs. F. u-Deen should be so anxious that her husband's boy should see
everything. So I braced up courage and asked who was the mother. Immediately she called her over
and introduced her. Imagine!! All the women were full of interest to me and most of them very
cordial, but by far the most interesting was Mrs. Permanand herself. In quite good taste, she wore a
simple cotton Panjabi costume. She has traveled around the world with her husband and is well-
educated. Having no children of her own, she adopted a little girl, now a beautiful child of 12. Mrs. P
[the sponsor?] has a real vision of the needs of the girls and a real desire to meet them.

I'm reading a book I think both you and Evangeline would like. I'm sure others would enjoy it.
"Daughters of India" by Margaret Wilson. She was in our mission but resigned the year we first came
out. She is now married and lives in London. In this book she pictures missionary life in India in a
very charming yet realistic way. The setting is really Gujranwala, the senior missionary, Miss
McCullough; the House, the ladies house there in Gujranwala, and the incidents all have taken place
among our missionaries. Hence, it has a special interest to us. Try to get it from the library.

Abbotabad, October 2, 1928. You must had been very busy all through the month of August.
I'm glad your cleaning was finished and I do hope you were not too tired. I'm glad Aunt Bessie's
were happy and comfortable. I shall be interested to hear what you do about selling. I'm sure this is
far from a good time to sell, and yet I know you are tired of being "house-poor" as you said. Indeed, I
think you have done very well to keep your home for four years, and since you have found it so
difficult I'm sure you won't regret selling.

Taxila, October 8, 1928. We came down here Friday, according to our previous plan. The doctor
thought Jim should be built up more and have some examinations before his operation. Joe,
however had his tonsils removed Saturday morning, and came through splendidly. He went under
the ether so nicely, telling the story of the honest woodman. . . The doctor has found no trace of the
dysentery in Jim and finds him fit otherwise. He has gained so much, even since we came this time,
that Dr. Martin told me tonight that he'll take Jim's tonsils out Wednesday if I'll stay. I planned to go
home that day, but to have the tonsils out now would save so much that I think I'll do it, even though
Emmet has gone to Sialkot.

The boys have had a very lovely time here. The Downs girls are staying at Martins while their
parents are at Annual Meeting. Hence, there are five girls here and there's nothing Dave likes better
than a lot of children to play with. He's the vain little sociable chap who likes company and more
company.

Emmet has repeatedly told me to tell you that you have at last one red-haired grandson - Robert.
. . He really has hair a shade of red, but I pretend to Emmet that I can't see it at all. Everyone remarks
about Bob's size and behavior. He appears so much older than he is.

Abbotabad, October 16, 1928. I'm surprised that the Mansfield paper had any notice of the
floods in Srinagar. Did I write you that 55 bodies had been found later at the cave where thousands
of pilgrims had gone beyond Pahalgam? Part of Srinagar was destroyed by fire three weeks ago; so the poor Kashmiris are having more than their share of tragedies this year. And then [on top of] it all, not one word of sympathy has come from their ruler, who is in Europe this summer.

I am indeed interested in Evangeline's dieting. Will you please ask her to send me a list of her diet. Also, has it good medical authority behind it, and does it satisfy or does it make one hungry all the time? Emmet always objects to my dieting because he fears the family will suffer from my irritability. I'm frightfully heavy and by all means should reduce. But I'm too lazy.

I have thought of you often the past week, as I know you have been thinking of four years ago [father's death]. You have indeed done well to keep the home so long, and I'm sure if father were here he'd prefer to have you sell, rather than try to keep going.

**Abbotabad, October 23, 1928.** How busy you must've been with all your cleaning in preparation for the real-estate agents.

I haven't had a letter from Emmet since Friday. He is exceedingly busy as secretary [for Annual Meeting] and is on the job late at night as well as all day. He will spend this week in Gujranwala, getting the minutes ready for the press.

**Abbotabad, October 30, 1928.** I was over to Cardens Sabbath night for supper. I've been wanting an opportunity to talk with her about school for the boys, and was glad to get it that night. She thinks, with me, that I can't give Jim enough work here and have school with the two others. Also, she agrees with me that the strain of teaching three is too heavy. I have definitely decided to go to Landour next year, and I am to have a brand new house which will be built this winter. I am quite thrilled, for I haven't lived in a new house since I was two. Is that right?

I have another chapter to add to Mrs. F. Deen's story. She is now taking the other wife's seven-month baby to raise. I do know not how much pressure was put on her, but she always told me she would never have a baby. The second wife is really very beautiful, and just the other day I saw her learning to drive her motor. She is living here and he seems to be here, too. Such a life!

**Abbotabad, November 7, 1928.** We were so happy to get your letter Sabbath, and surprised and delighted to know that you had sold the house for $8,000 cash. Of course there is always considerable sentiment toward a house which has been one's home for so many years, but I must confess to a great sense of relief.

Your money properly invested ought to bring you enough to live comfortably at Evangeline's, after giving her something each month, which I know you will want to do so that you may really feel at home. I hope she will see this and agree to it. I hope you have consulted Paul about investing your money. Please do not trust strangers, and when your money is well invested, leave it alone. Also, please do not spend all your money (income) on your children and grandchildren. Get the nice things you want for yourself and be comfortable. It will be so lovely for you to have your own furniture in your room.

I am so glad you're getting the marker for Daddy's grave, and that you are having the lot endowed. You can go away feeling certain that all will be well-cared for in your absence.

**Abbotabad, November 13, 1928.** Friday Mrs. Carden and I took the boys for a picnic lunch on one of the highest nearby hills. That same afternoon we were all invited out to tea with the governess of those very wealthy Hindu boys near here. They are building a regular palace. It is much more elaborate than it was a year ago, and much more work has been done. I do not see how the women will ever live in it, though, or, living there, how they will ever keep it clean.
Abbotabad, November 20, 1928. We have had a rather uneventful week. The big event and sad one, too, was Bill's going. He and Mrs. Carden left at 8:30 Sabbath morning and we went over to see them off. The boys fixed up an envelope a day for Bill; each envelope had a story and something to do in it. Many of the things they cut from their magazines. It was heaps of fun and I think Bill will enjoy them on the voyage. Mrs. Carden has been such a real friend that I shall miss her very much. The boys are lost without Bill. I must get them down to making Christmas presents. That will help occupy their time.

I have started a group of Girl Guides - the same as Girl Scouts. These are girls in the Hindu school of which I wrote some few weeks ago, I think. I shall enjoy it very much and it will keep me in touch with the non-Christian community.

I shall try to remember to enclose the front page of our newspaper showing Hoover's election. We are rejoicing that he had such a landslide. According to this paper, the Massachusetts Catholics held that state for Smith.

Abbotabad, November 27, 1928. I'm sure I do not know just what to write. Since your cablegram came this morning I have thought continuously of you all. Uncle Homer's going is a great shock, even though I've known of his serious heart trouble for the past five years. Even knowing this, we somehow weren't prepared. He, of course, is well and happy, and free from the suffering, but it is for Aunt Bessie and Emmet that we are greatly concerned.

I'm wondering if you had gone to Boston and came back. I hope you hadn't gone, so that you could be with them during any illness that Uncle Homer may have had. I do hope he didn't suffer much. I would so like to have been there to help in any way I could. I know the strain was a heavy one on you all. But friends are always very kind and helpful. I am sure you will write in detail about everything.

The cablegram arrived here in Abbotabad at 9:10 A M. What time did you send it? The mark on it said November 26th-6:40 P M. In that case, allowing for differences in time, it was only three and a half hours enroute. Please tell us when you sent it and when you receive ours in reply. Hereafter, if you have to send a message while we are here in Abbotabad - just Alter, Abbotabad, India would be enough, as this is a very small station.

I can hardly picture you all without Uncle Homer. Aunt Bessie will be so very, very lonely, and her burden will be doubly hard with Emmet not being well. Uncle Homer was always so very kind and helpful, and so wonderfully good to Emmet. How they will miss him!!

My Emmet has always been partial to him and regrets that neither of us could be there to help at this time.

Abbotabad, December 4, 1928. Thanksgiving Day day we had roast chicken and the other things that go to make up a good dinner. The children decorated the dining room with autumn leaves, and made place cards the shape of turkeys. It was a big day for them.

Miss Moore's furniture from Pathankot came up today. She is moving into a house not far from where she was before. She will be here a couple more days. Her sister hopes to leave Thursday. She seems to be much stronger in spite of rain and noisy boys. We shall be a smaller number when they are gone. The school has been on our compound, too, and our boys have enjoyed playing with the children during their recess.

We just got the word of the death of Mrs. E. E. Campbell. You remember they were so kind to us in their home our first year here. She hadn't been well for several years, but they didn't seem to be able to find the cause. Then they went on furlough last spring and she had an operation in October for a tumor in the stomach. She wasn't strong enough to rally. Mr. Campbell's brother in Cleveland died last spring, just after they got home.

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Abbotabad, December 11, 1928. Two lovely Christmas parcels came from Evangeline this week, and from them I learned your new address. I must confess to a feeling of bewilderment when I realized that I had no address for either of you. Now I feel relieved.

My book on diet looks most interesting, but I shall wait until after Christmas to apply it. I wonder if I'll have the willpower to do as Evangeline has done.

Yesterday we all (Bob included, though not Emmet) were invited to a tea party. There were about 15 children there. Jim and Dave were the oldest, as they are the oldest white children in the station now. Whenever the English give a children's party, they do it well of course. These cantonment people spend money lavishly. It was a most elaborate tea, and at the end had a fish pond with a toy for each child. At first Bob was quite shy, for this was his first party, but gradually he made up with the other children and entered in with the others in all the little songs and games. Of course he wants to play everything with the older boys at home, but was a little doubtful about what he might do among strangers. He is a dear little fellow and very active.

Abbotabad, December 31, 1928. Your letter telling of Uncle Homer's death has just come. Of course it was a great shock, but wasn't it lovely he didn't have to suffer at all. He would be glad to go that way. I'm glad Emmet was taking it so well. Everyone was indeed kind, but people always are at such a time. I am so thankful you were near enough to get to Aunt Bessie so quickly.
Abbotabad, January 9, 1929. Last Thursday afternoon was the Christmas party at the club. It was as lovely as ever and all the children looked adorable. Our boys looked stunning in their new sweaters from Auntie Wade. You would have been proud of them I know. Bob was shy at first but soon made up with everyone. Dave took him up to Santa to get his present - a drum, of which he is very proud.

Abbotabad, January 13, 1929. I’m trying to get mending well done up this month. Then, next month, I must get dishtowels, etc. ready for the hills. I must get them hemmed and washed, to be ready for work there. I must also get table napkins. I need cotton ones. My linen ones are all being used entirely too much, but with a family the size of ours one needs a lot of changes. I think I’ll work little initials on my napkins so as to mark them. I get little sewing done, but perhaps I will be able to do more when the boys are in school.

[The elder sister of Miss C. Robertson, an independent missionary, is visiting] and I wish you could hear her explode. She thinks the servants perfectly terrible and doesn’t see how we ever endure it. She over exaggerates [but] . . . to come to the East and live here for any length of time is often as severe a shock to the mental and spiritual man as a major operation is to the body.

Abbotabad, January 22, 1929. The new houses in Landour will not be ready for this year; so Mrs. Martin of Taxila and I are each to have a half of Fairview, which is quite a large house and divides nicely, I believe. To one side of it is a cottage where the four new ladies are to live, but they will board with me. I shall be glad to have them, as I like company and, while not in it to make money, still a larger number of people can always live cheaper than one or two, and I shall be glad to save anything I can, as going to Landour is much more expensive than going to Kashmir. However, the main reason for our offering to take the girls is that I do enjoy company.

I suppose you have heard of the big cut we are having to make. Word has just been received that there will be another 10% cut on general work, making a total of 35%. Also, 20 men missionaries are to resign from the four fields, making India’s share about eight. Also, our salary has been virtually cut by 10% - not that the church supporting us is giving less, but that the Board has been paying us for some years at the rate of Rs.300 per $100, but now they are going to pay us at the the current rate of exchange which is Rs. 270 per $100. When we first came out it was Rs.306. Then it began to drop and at one time we got just Rs.210. Again it rose to Rs.360. Then the Board stabilized the exchange at Rs.300. When we came out this last time it was about Rs.280, so that ever since then they have been paying us actually more than they received from the supporting churches, which balances the amount they gained when the exchange was over Rs.300. Now I don't want you to think we are suffering, for we're not. Of course we will have to manage on less, but there is always a way provided if we do our part.

You'll be surprised to hear that I've had a most wonderful holiday. Emmet had to go to Hoti Mardan, near Peshawar, for a meeting of the Abbotabad Conference Committee, and the Danish missionaries there invited me. I should have thought it out of the question, but Emmet made all the arrangements for "parking" the children, so there was nothing for me to do but go. Jim and Bob stayed with Miss White (Miss Moore was away) and we left Dave and Joe with the Martins in Taxila. We left here Wednesday morning, had church in Taxila, and were in Hoti Mardan by six that evening. It was a beautiful drive and took us over the famous Attack bridge, which crosses the Indus, and is a very strategic point in times of border warfare and is always guarded.
These Danish women have a beautiful mission hospital, very well-equipped and beautifully clean. I've never seen anything in India to compare with it in cleanliness. I'm sure you would approve of it, and that is saying a good deal you know. Then they have a school in the city in which one of the women worked. There is also another woman in charge of the zenana work in the city. They are a very fine bunch of women and I did so enjoy seeing their work.

**Abbotabad, January 29, 1929.** We are snow-bound and find it a bit confining to say the least. We have a fire in the dining room, where the four boys and I spend the day. At present they all have colds in varying degrees, so that I can't let them out in the snow. Emmet has a fire in his study, and he had Bob in there playing this morning, while I taught the other three. We have stoves in these two rooms and manage to keep them comfortable, but the rest of the house is freezing cold. Most of this month, though, has been quite comfortable, and we surely shouldn't complain. The poor Indians, when possible, hibernate during the snow, but of course many of them have to work and very few are sufficiently clothed.

Word has just come from the Foreign Board giving the names of the missionaries to be kept at home, including that of Joe Alter. I won't be surprised if he would apply to some other Board.

A meeting of the mission is called for the 15th of February to plan retrenchment, and the proposal is to close the men's work here, since this was the last station to be opened and we do not own the property here. Of course we think it would be a great mistake, but we are trying to keep the personal element out of it, for naturally we want to stay here. Since the work is opening up so well here it would seem a great pity to close it.

**Abbotabad, February 5, 1929.** I believe I wrote last week that we were snow-bound. Two feet of snow fell and the thermometer went down to 10 degrees on the veranda. It was bitterly cold, even for us. but what must it have been for these poor Indians, who are so poorly fed and clothed. The children and I spent the days in the dining room and the boys went to bed in the afternoons while I had it swept. They all have colds so I couldn't let them out to play in the snow. It was a pity they couldn't enjoy it. There was ice on the water in the bathroom at noon. The Gurkha soldiers shoveled off most of the roads in the cantonment the first two days. After that, for exercise, they ran in troops every morning all around the station. Some of the English were out sledding and skiing so you see we have real winter sports even in hot India.

I wonder if you have read any more about Afghanistan? The government of India ordered the evacuation of all British subjects; so that work began a week ago. The weather has been most uncomfortable; whereas flying from Peshawer to Kabul is very dangerous at any time. One airplane was lost for three days, but was at last sighted from the air on Thursday. As yet they haven't been able to get in touch with the two men. They evidently were forced to land in the territory of a tribe who were warring against the former king. These tribes are of such an uncertain character that one can never foretell what they will do, and it's very hard to get any communication with them in their mountain fastness.

We had a very severe earthquake Friday night at about 11:00. Emmet was in his study and I was in the dining room. We met in the children's room and stood there helpless, while the floor shook beneath us, every window and door rattled, and the beams creaked and groaned above us. When it was over I found myself trembling all over. I do hope I shall never witness a worse one. It, together with the weather, seems to be the chief topic of conversation in Abbotabad.

The special meeting of the mission to act on the financial situation and make necessary readjustments is called to meet in Gujranwala, March 5th. Emmet is so eager to stay here and I do hope it may be possible. I shall be taking the boys to Landour the week after this meeting.
Abbotabad. February 12, 1929. Mother Alter wrote that Emmet's brother Joe had gone West for Christmas, and was down with flu and pleurisy. It would be just at that time that he would get word that he was among the nine men to be kept at home from the mission in India. It would be a bad combination.

Abbotabad, February 18, 1929. We were so pleased with your letter today, but so sorry about your trouble with Aunt Bessie. I am quite sure you couldn't live together. I'm afraid none of us find it easy to live with others after we have had our own home for so many years. But I realize that Aunt Bessie is doubly difficult because she has lived so much to herself, and so seldom opens her doors to others. . . After all, there are so many very splendid people in the world, and so many far superior to us, that it is the worst of folly to cut ourselves off from them.

Joe and Jim are down with chicken pox, and have much more severe cases than Dave had. They have fever and many spots. Jim thinks he can hardly stand the itching much longer, and he probably won't have to as he must be at the worst stage. If Bob is going to get it, I hope he does so soon, as we are due to go to Landour in three weeks, just the period of a quarantine for chicken pox. I am thankful to have the boys through this one contagious disease before they go to school.

Today Miss Ashby's aunt, Dr. Brown of Ludhiana, was our guest for lunch. There were nine of us who sat down to lunch, but since she is by far the most famous member of the group, I mention her in particular. She is at the head of the Ludhiana Medical College - a pioneer institution for women's medical work - and has been there for years, with great success, not only as an executive but as a surgeon. She is famous over the country, and pays the penalty of fame by being always in demand - seldom having a moment to herself. She came here just for the day, getting here at twelve, yet didn't refuse to go and see three Indian women three miles out, who had sent in asking her to come see three patients. She is now making a tour up this way to see all her old pupils; so came here to see Ms. Mooney and her work. She's a very quiet, unassuming person, who doesn't, at first glance, give any impression of her strength of character.

Abbotabad, February 26, 1929. We were so sorry to hear that Paul had another attack of gall stones. Miss Ashby at Haripur has them, and keeps from severe attacks by taking olive oil twice a day. It's remarkable how well she keeps, but she grows very weary of the oil. I do wish Paul could get something that would help him.

One of the Woodstock teachers, Miss Templeton, who represents our mission on the staff, was to have come for a visit today, but wired she would be here tomorrow. The boys are quite eager to meet her, and they're looking forward to her visit as a very delightful break in their monotonous quarantine.

Today we drove out to see the governess at Nawa Shahr, and, as the boys were away, she urged us to bring our boys in and have tea with her. It's a wonderfully beautiful house for this part of the world, but exceedingly lonely for a European woman.

After coming back I went to the bazaar for a few minutes, and as I walked there I wondered if I ever could make you people realize the sordidness of the heart of India - such filth, poverty, ignorance as you've never seen. I try to pass it up without noticing it too much, for I'm really very helpless when it comes to elevating India's millions. The government has accomplished much. The missionaries and Indian Christians more, but there's infinitely more to be done. However, if each one does his bit, who can tell what the next hundred years may bring? What I marvel at is that people like the Mayers can stay out here for years and years, and yet keep their English standards. The sordidness of the very atmosphere is depressing and disintegrating, tearing down every moral standard, unless one is continually fighting to the limit of one's strength.
I have been packing some trunks and boxes to send by freight, and hope to get them off by tomorrow or Thursday. ... I do wish there were a good school nearer, for Landour is over 500 miles away, and it's hard for Emmet to be separated from the children for so many months.

**Abbotabad, March 5, 1929.** Saturday we took lunch up on a hill overlooking Abbotabad. Miss Moore and Ruth Mayer went with us. We took bacon and eggs and Jim and his dad did the frying. From that point we got a magnificent view, of not only Abbotabad and its adjacent environs, but also of a very long range of snow-covered mountains. For Bob we had borrowed the donkey [that had been] ours and a saddle. He was quite too elated to condescend even a small glance at us, and did seem to enjoy his ride up so much. But when we started home he cried. ... We decided to let him walk a bit, and I was just adjusting his sweater when I discovered the cause of his discomfort. He was simply covered with chicken pox. ... Bob had one very restless night and day but was much better today. Now they have all had chickenpox and that chapter of children diseases is closed for our family.

Saturday morning, very unexpectedly, Mrs. Patterson and Dan (a little Indian boy they are raising) and Muzaffar arrived and had breakfast with us. Muzaffar has been a chauffeur for the Italian minister in Kabul, and was just brought out on the 24th of February. He had some very hard experiences. I believe I wrote you of his being arrested with two others for praying in one of the other men's rooms. Bacha-e-Sagoo had issued a decree that everyone should pray according to the Mohammedan law. Of these three, one was shot. After five days the Italian minister got Muzaffar out. For a month before they left Kabul, Muzaffar was caring for 23 Indians on the legation compound. He says Indians are more despised in Kabul than any other people. The Italian minister supplied them with wood, as he had fortunately stored away a lot for winter use. While Muzaffar was in prison his rooms were shattered by a cannon; so he thinks prison at that moment was even better than rooms at the Italian legation. He had his things stolen, and often, when on the street, Indians had to give up garments they were wearing, as robbers were running loose. One day Muzaffar had to give up his coat. The personal loss to all who came out was heavy, as they could bring only 15 lbs. of luggage a piece. The Italian minister had 8 motors. They had rupees 8000 in cash, all of which they had to leave behind, as it was in silver. Perhaps you read that Sir Francis Humphrey, the British representative who has been such a prominent figure in Kabul, was the last to leave, and carried under his arm the British flag which had been waving above the legation for seven years. Over 600 were rescued by airplane without a single casualty.

All this isn't of much interest to you all there, but we, who are less than 300 mi. from Kabul, were vitally interested. No one knows what the next few months in there may mean. All eyes are watching Russia, and it is significant that her legation and that of Persia are staying in Kabul.

Emmet left for Gujranwala yesterday. The mission meeting begins tomorrow, and before the end of the week we ought to know what is to become of us, whether we can stay in Abbotabad or be moved elsewhere. I've lived in four different houses in four years; so I suppose it's time for a change now.

**Abbotabad, March 13, 1929.** It seemed best to wait until Bob is out of quarantine before leaving for Landour. You know there are no quarantine laws in India; so that one is exposed to all sorts of diseases on the train, or anywhere else for that matter. However, I have always protested against it; so to be consistent I must keep my own children in quarantine and not expose others through him. We hope to leave here next Thursday, the 21st, reaching Landour Saturday. It's a long, slow trip but we have to make it. You know it's over 500 mi. there, and the last seven have to be made by pony. The boys will be one week late to school, but we can be thankful it won't be more.

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This is the Mohammedan's feast day after the month of fasting. I always let the cook make curry dinner for himself and us, and today it was better than ever before. Just now Mrs. F. Deen has sent in an Indian pudding for supper today. Our boys are very fond of Indian food.

You'll be glad to hear that the mission is not closing the work here, nor is it asking us to leave this house. We are greatly relieved. Emmet had to stop in Pindi for Presbytery meeting; so won't be back until tomorrow.

**Abbotabad, March 19, 1929.** I'm writing this before clearing out my desk. We leave day-after-tomorrow at noon. Miss Moore will give us an early lunch, and Emmet is driving us to Pindi. The cook is taking some extra luggage on the train in the morning. We sent two boxes and three small trunks by freight a few weeks ago. We leave Pindi, traveling European third, by a slow train Thursday evening, and reach Saharanpur at 4:15 the next afternoon. From there we take seats in a bus for Rajpur - a three-hour ride - where we spend the night. The next morning, early, we hope to start up the hill on ponies. That's a ride of 7 mi. of rather steep climbing, and the first part very barren and hot. Hence I wish to get over it during the early morning, though it will probably be fairly late before we can start, as it always takes a long time to load the coolies, etc.

For the lunch I'm having a piece of salt beef cooked. This, at least, is one special piece that you in America can't have. You probably remember that all the cattle out here have a hump on the back between the shoulders. This often has enough fat to make a very delicious stew, and the one I have for tomorrow promises to be such a one.

"Fairview", Landour, Mussoorie, U.P., March 26, 1929. I took them [the boys] all down to the school yesterday. They're very much excited over all their experiences, but Jim has hardly had enough to get excited over [due to an upset stomach]. Joe cried when I left him but he soon got over that. I wish we lived nearer the school. We're very far above it. I have Joe carried home, and would like to have the others helped in some way but don't know how. I hope I can have a house near the school next year, but of course those houses are very much in demand. I'll tell you more about their school when they get well started.

**Landour, Mussoorie, April 2, 1929.** A week of school is past and the boys are divided in their opinions. Jim is in the fifth standard or sixth grade and seems to be able to do the work OK, but the schedule is all so new and puzzling. This is to be little wondered at when you remember that he had never seen the inside of a schoolroom before, and for years hasn't been in a building as large as the new administration building. He has so many different teachers, and goes from room to room and building to building for his various classes, so that it is indeed bewildering. He has started music and thinks he'll like it. Dave is in the third grade but thinks it's too easy. He may be a bit advanced for that but I am sure he couldn't do fourth grade work, and I certainly do not want him to have "homework." Joe is in the first grade and isn't doing as hard work as I know he can do, but I will wait and see how things develop. He's so much of a mother's boy that he isn't fond of school as yet. I am quite sure that we did the right thing in entering the boys in the school this year, even though it means so much separation for the family.

I had two boarders up for the Easter holidays - Joan Campbell, Jim's age, and her 11-year old brother, Ernest. Joan is a dear and was so helpful around the house. Ernest is a real live wire and into mischief all the time. He had been here only a few minutes when he exclaimed, "Gee, I bet all the boys at the dorm are envying me." Several times he exclaimed, "Gee, this is just like home!" Both of them did seem to enjoy it so much.

I've made a new kind of jam or, rather, jelly. It's made from the petals of the rhododendron
flowers. The bushes are beautifully red with blossoms now. The jelly is a lovely red shade and tastes much like raspberry jelly.

My boarding guests will arrive on the 20th. That gives me ample time to get well-settled and in good running order.

Our house is almost at the top of the hill and has a magnificent view of the hills and snows. We always have tea out in front, as there is where we get the best view and that is the time the boys are all home. They leave here at 8:30 in the morning. I send a man down with lunch at 12:30, and he carries Joe up in a basket on his back. Dave gets home about three and Jim a little after four. Dave is to start private drawing lessons tomorrow.

**Landour, Mussoorie, April 8, 1929.** I think you would enjoy it here for awhile. There are so many peddlers coming every day... Almost everything is brought by "wallas" as we call them - bread, milk, meat, eggs, jam, cake, etc. There are several jam makers here and their men are around every day. They sell jam, jelly, chutney, tomato sauce and guava cheese. This last is really very good and we all are fond of it. The funniest thing to me is that they all call Fairview a hotel, and always claim to be offering me hotel prices. There is a cottage, which the MacArthurs will occupy, and in times past all the residents of it and this big house have eaten together. Hence the name "hotel".

Jim is much more satisfied with the school now and Joe is so delighted that he wishes there were no Saturdays or Sabbath. Dave is taking longer to get adjusted, but I hope he'll be all right in a week or two.

I bought a lovely pair of corsets in Mussoorie last week, and feel more respectable, whether or not I look more so.

I sent you a letter by air last week; i.e., air to London. Do please tell the date you receive it. It is the first regular airmail from Karachi to London and I'm eager to see how much time it saves.

**Landour, Mussoorie, April 17, 1929.** Aunt Bessie's notes are pathetic. I'm sure she is finding it very hard. It is at times such as this that one wishes for money to give her a home. Of course Emmet must be a great trial on her nerves. Maybe she has stayed at home too much of her life. I personally think so. I do pray that the way may be made clear to her.

My boarding guests came yesterday, and are hoping to get well-settled before their language school begins. Two of them are from Philadelphia, one from Minnesota, and one from Kansas. Miss Brown, the largest of the bunch, is by far the most striking and accomplished, but it remains to be seen whether she will wear as well.

I think I wrote you of varnishing furniture. The dining room is very dark; so I got bright blue curtains and edged them with figured blue and pink cloth... The effect is really very good and everyone who has seen the room in years past says the mission should give me a prize for transforming the room. I'm really very much pleased. I want to make a shade for the electric lights. Did I tell you we have electricity? It is a joy.

**Landour, Mussoorie, April 24, 1929.** My boarding guests seem very nice and appreciate being here, I think. I enjoy having them very much. The children like them and they, in turn, are very nice with the children. Joe is very much concerned because they aren't married! Joe is a very model boy in school, it seems. At least he has that reputation, and he speaks with the greatest disgust of anyone who doesn't do just what the teacher says. If you knew Joe, you'd marvel at this, for he's the greatest little mischief and chatterbox!

I hope to put Jim and Dave in boarding in October, but I'm very thankful we didn't put them in this Spring when they were so new. Yesterday, I asked Jim when they would get their grades, and he
turned and said, "What are grades?" It made me realize how very little he knew about school.

Yesterday Mrs. Crow, Mrs. Colvin and I went down to see some new houses the Methodists are building, and we came home confident that ours are going to be much nicer. Crows hope to get in one this summer, and the other will be finished for us next summer if we want it. It is down near most of our mission houses. Fairview is higher up and has a much finer view of the snows.

**Landour, Mussoorie, May 2, 1929.** I wonder if you realize how much relieved I am to know that you are with Evangeline. It helps so much to know that you aren't overdoing, and that you are having such a happy time - that the burden of the house has been cast off.

I'm so blessed with the four girls who are with us. They are so jolly and full of fun that it will make me young again. Miss Brown, the very gifted one, is an accomplished musician, and plays so much that it gives the house a very cheery atmosphere. She has a very beautiful touch. I think I wrote you that we are renting a piano for the season.

Because of language study the girls have different hours from the boys, and I prefer it that way. Perhaps you'd be interested in the hours we have; so here's our schedule.

- 7:00 a.m.  boys' breakfast
- 7:45  trays, chothi hazri (tea and toast).
- 9:30  breakfast for the girls.
- 11:30  Bob's breakfast [which means "lunch"]
- 12:00  lunch sent to the boys
- 1:30 p.m.  Joe comes home and has cocoa, etc.
- 2:15  lunch for girls
- 4:30  tea for everyone
- 6:30  boys' supper
- 8:00  girls' dinner.

I eat with the girls except for early breakfast. Saturday and Sabbath the girls have no choti [tea and toast], and the boys eat breakfast and lunch with the girls - a great treat for the boys I think.

Yesterday I went to the first meeting of the Community Center. This building was just built this last year and fills a big place in the school life here. Tomorrow the Reading Club meets there at 10:00 a.m.. I'm glad for all such opportunities. I have good servants so that I can leave the house and know that my guests will be well served in my absence. I wouldn't have the girls unless I could have such an arrangement.

Emmet was driving home from Pindi last week, when his bearings burnt out just a mile from our hospital in Taxila. When he got there, he went to bed with fever and still had it when he wrote Monday. It was certainly providential that he was near Taxila, for, though I do hate to have him sick, yet I'm so thankful he's in Dr. Martin's home where he's getting the very best care. I hope for good word today.

**Landour, Mussoorie. May 9, 1929.** I think I told you we have electricity, but every once in awhile it fails us; so we like to be supplied with candles.

Emmet seems ok now. He had three teeth drawn - all badly eaten at the roots.

**Landour, Mussoorie, May 16, 1929.** Our English services here on Sabbath are such a treat. Mr. Gray, of the New Zealand mission, has charge and is a very good preacher. He always has the children's sermon in the morning (the dormitory children attend en masse).

Yesterday we were all invited down to Parker's for tea. Mr. Parker is principal of the school, and their home is at one end of the boys' hostel.
Landour, Mussoorie, May 23, 1929. I had a very lovely birthday. Jim had secretly told the girls about it, but I thought they didn’t know and he urged me not to tell them. I told the boys they could order a birthday cake for me; so the cook made two, and my plan had been to have the cake brought in at tea as the boys wanted to celebrate in some way. But at tea all our missionaries here and Mrs. Dodds arrived. The girls had invited them and made all the arrangements. They had even made another cake. So I had candles on three cakes. I sure am getting old to need so many candles… Dave gave me a box of candy and Jim is making me a coat hanger - painting it, etc.

I’ve just been buying charcoal this morning. You know all our cooking is done with that. The men bring it around in baskets on their backs. I’m buying about 50 maunds, which ought to do me for four months. A maund is about 80 lbs.

Landour, Mussoorie, May 29, 1929. You know Dave is taking private drawing lessons. I have not had an opportunity of meeting his teacher because she comes over just certain days from Mussoorie, but he must be getting along well, because she has been showing his work to other classes, and calls the attention of Jim’s class to the fact that a boy of seven was doing better than ones of 11 and 12. I do think Dave has ability, and it’s the one thing he will do by the hour. He’s not overly industrious along any other line. Bob is beginning to have books and stories. He’s at such a cunning age now. And talks so very much.

Landour, June 13, 1929. Monday evening I went down to the Parent Teachers Association, which meets monthly at the school. Tea is served at 4:15 and the program begins at 5. This time it was a lecture on "Developing a Sense of Responsibility in the Child." The lecture was really very poor, but the discussion that followed was enlightening. I was on the committee to serve this time.

Landour, June 20, 1929. Emmet has been here and gone. He came Saturday and left Wednesday. It certainly wasn’t a long visit but much, much better than none. It had been 12 weeks since we had seen him and will be about six more until he returns for his long vacation. He will be in Gujranwala now for about 10 days, auditing books

Monday we had tea with the Grays. They are New Zealand missionaries, and he is having the services here this summer. He certainly gives us splendid messages. One of the big advantages of Landour is the privilege of meeting people of so many different churches, different localities in India, and different nationalities. That afternoon there were just seven of us, but there was one from Scotland, one from Ireland, one from Australia, one from New Zealand, and three from America.

That night Mrs. Dodds had invited all the adults of our household to a beefsteak roast. There were about 25 of us there and we roasted steaks on long forks over an open fire. It certainly was delicious. The setting was lovely—a beautiful moon—light shining through the pines, with a far view of the valley with its millions of electric lights in the nearby towns.

Between that tea and dinner we had a rather hectic time. We came home from tea to find that Dave had fallen on a stone and cut a deep gash in his leg. The girls were dressing it, but we thought it should be sewed; so I ran down to the Civil Surgeon, who lives straight down the side of the hill from us. He told us to take Dave over to the military hospital, which is quite near, and he sewed the cut. Dave was quite elated that he had an experience the other boys haven’t had.

Landour, June 26, 1929. This is the time when most of the down country missionaries have their vacation, though the Punjab heat comes later and consequently our people have their vacation later.

The Methodists have a number of missionaries here. In fact, they have more children in Woodstock than any other mission. They used to have a school in another hill station but a few years
ago they joined in with the other missions in Woodstock, which formerly was a Presbyterian school. The Methodists have bought a big tract of land near the same level as the school but around back of it.

I just now heard that a servant of mine, who had fever a month ago and disappeared rather suddenly, did so because he had smallpox! He was with the children when the fever was on! It is well I didn't know of it until after all danger of contagion was passed.

Landour, July 4, 1929. It is the fourth and as usual it is raining. We've planned for a picnic at the Community Center, and are having all the boarders from the school. It will probably clear off before noon but if it doesn't I'm not sure just how we will manage the lunch.

Landour, July 10, 1929. As you see, this is Bob's birthday and such a day!! I had a few little tots in and Bob enjoyed every minute of the time. He was thrilled with every present. You would've enjoyed watching his face and hearing his laugh, as he jumped up and down with delight at each separate thing. And how he enjoyed the book!! You are altogether too generous. It was such a dear one. Many thanks!!

Our PTA meeting was Monday, and Doctor Forman spoke on sunshine and health. He was really very good. At our club last Friday, the subject was sex education and we had the most lively and illuminating discussion.

Tonight I went out with Jim to hunt beetles. It's all the craze now. He was so pleased that he caught two large ones!! He plans on giving Dave one for a birthday gift.

Landour, July 17, 1929. I had some guests in for lunch today. One of them was Mrs. Caldwell, the housemother for the boys at the hostel... Our boys will be with her when they are in boarding in October. She also has the Cubs and so our boys are with her in that. The other guests I had were Mrs. J G Campbell and Mrs. Picken of our mission, Mrs. Dodds, and Mrs. Riddle of the New Zealand mission. These are all mothers of boys who will be with Mrs. Caldwell.

Do you remember Agnes Ballantyne, who was teaching school near Mansfield and visited the Elliots? You know she has been out here several years, but now has TB of the intestines, and is being sent home as soon as it is cool enough to travel.

The children here are crazy about hunting beetles. Jim has nine, seven different kinds, and I've persuaded him to let me chloroform them and preserve them. Some are very large.

You would enjoy Bob immensely. He is saying everything and asking so many questions. "Why?" is his chief interrogative. The girls have so much fun with him. He searches every magazine for pictures of "motor cars". He certainly is a darling fellow and a joy to us all. He's much thinner than any of the others ever were at his age and quite tall.

Landour, July 25, 1929. You asked about Aunt Mary's will. Emmet got a letter this week from the executors of her will, saying that she had left $10,000 for the children of Jeannette C Alter, to be divided equally. That means we get $2,500 which will help a lot in educating the boys. It is to be paid in three yearly payments. Since we haven't much, we must be careful how we invest that little.

Landour, August 1, 1929. Last Friday night I had four of the teachers in for dinner. One of them was Dave's art teacher, whom I hadn't met. She thinks Dave has real talent and seems pleased with his work.

Landour, August 15, 1929. Emmet came the Saturday before and somehow every minute was taken. We were out for dinner twice and had dinner guests one night; I was out for lunch five days
and had guests for lunch the other day; had tea out three times and guests one day for tea. Now don't you call that a wild week? This one has been better.

Yesterday the At Home at the Community Center (we have one every Wednesday) was very interesting. The speeches, given at a luncheon in New York on India's political future, were read and discussed. The originals were given by Mrs. Naidu, C. F. Andrews, and Lord Ratcliff, and were most lively.

It has been raining steadily for days, and poor Emmet feels the dampness in all his joints. I wish he could take his vacation where the weather is more favorable than here.

Emmet and I are going down to visit the school this morning in the rain. The boys are so keen for him to come.

Landour, August 21, 1929. I do feel so sorry for Aunt Bessie, and wish she could be satisfied to put Emmet in an institution. I can't agree to your going there to help take care of him. You can remember well how you felt when you left there; so please keep that in mind when you are tempted to think that you can go back and help.

We have had rain, rain, rain for days, but this morning the sun is bright; so I've put out all bedding and all clothes. It is so good to have the sun again.

Last Saturday evening we had Jim's class of boys up for a steak roast. Counting our family and the two Sunday School teachers, there were 27 of us. Usually we build a big bonfire and fry the steak on long forks over that, but since it was raining we used small charcoal pots under the portico. The Sunday School teachers are two young Englishmen...I should've said that we had sliced raw onions to put in the buns with the steak, also pickles which we had made.

Landour, August 29, 1929. In writing the date on this letter I realized anew how fast the summer is going. Emmet will leave by the evening train from Saharanpur, so he will have to leave here by noon on Monday. We do hate to see him go. I'm not sure how long I shall stay. I've decided not to go to Annual Meeting, but stay here until the end of October, and probably until the close of school, which will be early in December. The girls will be with me until the seventh or eighth of October...I've had an active and happy summer. Everyone wonders at my energy, but you know I always was happiest when busiest.

Last night Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Pickens were here for dinner. With difficulty we can get 11 at our table. I always follow Evangeline's suggestion--have candles to make the dinner seem better than it is.

I seem to be going backwards in my account. Saturday we had a mission steak roast at Redburn, a house where a number of our missionaries live. Though it had rained during the day, it cleared and was beautiful for the bonfire. Everyone enjoyed it so much, especially the children.

Last Friday was an open meeting at the club, with tea preceding. It was a review of several new books on progressive education, and was given by Mrs. Harper, who is a shark on that subject. Though I can't agree with it all, yet I thoroughly enjoyed the book reviews.

Landour, September 4, 1929. Emmet left Monday, and since we couldn't bring ourselves to leaving the boys in boarding, I am going to stay up until the end of school, which is early in December. Jim is delighted but Dave is disgusted not to get in boarding.

Emmet will have considerable difficulty getting home, as the floods have been much worse than last year, and many bridges have been washed out on our road. No motor can travel on the road from the railway station to Abbotabad; so he would have to walk those 9 miles. At one place they are taking people across a wide river on a cable. All mail to Abbotabad is going far around through the
hills by coolies. It would take seven or eight days to get a letter, I fear, but of course repair work will begin as soon as the waters subside. The city of Jhelum is in ruins. There has, fortunately been little loss of life, though much of property. Kashmir is cut off again.

We have sold our camp outfit to Lady Ewing. Her husband was principal of Forman College for years, and was knighted by the king of England some few years before his death. She is out here with Mrs. Lucas, her daughter, whose husband is now principal of Forman College, Lahore. It is Jane Lucas who is to be at Northfield with Louise Campbell. We are so relieved to have the outfit sold.

**Landour, September 12, 1929.** We live in the open so much out here that when we go home I hope we can live some place where we all can be in the open most of the time.

Bob is so dear these days. He and Kenneth MacArthur play so well together. Bob talks such a lot. I haven't given him as much attention as I should, but I'm hoping to be able to read to him more this fall.

**Landour, September 19, 1929.** The Abbotabad Conference is now on and I know how rushed Emmet is. He suffered a good deal from his rheumatism up here, but has felt much better since he's been back home.

**Cottage Hospital, Mussoorie, September 25, 1929.** Here I am where I was 11 years ago but for a different reason. I was awkward enough to fall and break my leg!! Isn't that distressing? But since it might have been much worse, we have a lot to be thankful for. I was just walking down the path to Redburn, a path I have walked dozens of times this summer, even in the dark, without harm. I must have fainted for they say my shrieks were like a wild cat's. The Redburn people soon realized it was a human being, and by the time they were halfway to me Mrs. Martin recognized my voice. They got me on a bed as soon as possible and took me to the military hospital where Dave's leg was sewed up. Major Bailey set my leg after giving me chloroform. It's a double fracture above the ankle of the left leg. Fortunately the skin isn't broken, though there are some bruises. I was brought over here, with the hope that an X-ray could be used at once, but the only one in the city is out of order; so as soon as the swelling goes down and they can put the leg in a plaster cast, they will send me to Dehra Dun for X-ray. You know that is the end of the railway line. It's about 14 mi. from here, seven of which will have to be done on a bed or in a dandy. Emmet is coming in a few days and then we'll make our plans. It certainly did knock the bottom out of everything, to realize that my leg was broken and that it meant weeks in bed, etc. The girls are taking care of the children, and I'm trying not to worry though I haven't gotten used to the new order of things. Everyone has been so kind and thoughtful. It's wonderful how lovely all are!!

**Cottage Hospital, Mussoorie, October 2, 1929.** I am sure you and Evangeline are anxious to know how I am progressing. The plaster cast was put on this morning and the leg certainly feels more comfortable. I rather dreaded it but it really didn't hurt at all. Now Emmet wants to take me back to Fairview tomorrow, and they say I may go; so he'll probably be over in the morning for me. I'll have to be carried on the same dooli again.

Emmet finally got here last night. He waited down in Rajpur to meet Mrs. Martin coming down. She took Joe and Bob with her to Taxila, to keep them until I am able to go home. Isn't that lovely of her? Everyone is so very good.

Our plans are a little indefinite as yet, though we may put Jim and Dave in boarding next week. Mrs. Dodds is buying all necessary things for me. She's doing the shopping today. I feel like such a helpless mortal.
I am able to knit and sew. Finished a sweater for Dave and have commenced one for Bob. It's really easier to knit than sew while I'm on my back, especially as I don't have to ask for anything when I once have the wool and needles in my hands.

Sialkot, October 11, 1929. I'm sure you are glad to see by the heading of this letter that I'm out of the hospital even though I still am laid up. I went home last Friday, to have a couple of days with Jim and Dave and oversee the packing. Sabbath I had one stream of visitors.

Monday morning early we sent our luggage coolies off. Then sent the boys' things to the hostel. Jim and Dave seemed anxious for the experience. I'm enclosing the two letters that came last night. Mr. Fleming is in charge of the boys Jim's age, and had told me before that he would give the boys special attention, since it is all so new for them.

We went to Mrs. Ross's for late breakfast--10:30--and then on down the hill. The four girls traveled with us you know. I was carried in a dandy. My legs were well propped up, and I was really quite comfortable for the 8 mi. to Rajpur. There they transferred me into a motor, by taking out the seat, putting me on it, and lifting the whole thing in again. At Dehra Dun I was put on the train in the same way. Emmet and I had reserved a coupe for ourselves. The girls came in and lunched with us as soon as we pulled out of Dehra. The next morning we had to change at Lahore. They lifted me out of the train on the cushion of the train, carried me in a chair to the next train and again used the cushion of the train. At Gujranwala they did the same thing and then carried me on a bench to a tonga. Emmet had left his motor at Gujranwala. We had lunch and tea there with the McConneelies and then drove over here before dark. The motor ride was lovely. Though I had so many changes, still my leg didn't hurt a particle. They're trying to get a wheelchair, so that I can be taken to the meetings [annual meeting]; so you see it really isn't so monotonous after all to have your leg broken.

Good word comes from Joe and Bob. Joe wrote, "Bob is very happy here and so am I." Mrs. Martin will give them the best of care. I feel lost without the boys, but I couldn't be of much use to them even here; so they are much better off where they are. By the time you get this I shall be on crutches and at Abbotabad.

Sialkot, October 16, 1929. I know you're anxious for every letter, to know the progress I am making. Last Friday Dr. Brown cut my plaster cast, and since then just the cast splints had been left on, and these removed every day, to wash the leg and massage it. Miss Lincoln, a nurse, who once lived in Jhelum when we were there, does this for me. Today Dr. Martin came from Taxila and I was glad to have him look at the leg. He advised leaving the splints on in the daytime, and gave orders for strengthening the ankle by certain special massages. When we get to Taxila in about two weeks, he will be measuring the leg, etc. and decide just when I can get up on the crutches. We couldn't get a wheelchair, so they got a very comfortable armchair from Mr. Crow here and Emmet put boards underneath for an extension. Three men carry me on this into the meeting!! The chair isn't light and I'm frightfully heavy, so I feel sorry for the men.

My cook is here to serve me. He brings all my meals to me, and for early breakfast Emmet eats with me. Last night, being Emmet's birthday, the girls who were with us this summer had a birthday cake for him, and they had me carried over to the dining room for dinner. Much as I enjoyed it, I don't think I'll attempt it again, for it is too far for the men to carry me. The meeting hall is very close to our tent, so that isn't too much for the men.

We've been getting good word from the boys. . . They all are getting such good care--much better than I could give them in my crippled state, though I must confess I'll be glad when I get them all together again. I don't think I could have parted from them, had physical conditions not made it imperative.
Gujranwala, October 23, 1929. Letter to Evangeline. Have you written to Louise Campbell at Northfield? Perhaps you expect to see a timid, poorly-dressed, prim little girl. If so, you will be greatly surprised. She is tall, well-dressed, self-possessed, and very jolly. In this week's letter she said Northfield is very, very tame in comparison to Woodstock! . . . She draws very well and when she left here was planning to take up architecture.

We came here Monday and will probably be here until the first . . . We continue to get good word from the boys. Mr. and Mrs. Parker came down to represent the work and needs of Woodstock at our Annual Meeting, and Mrs. Parker was telling about how happy the boys are and how well they fit in. I asked that they have a birthday cake for Jim at the Cubs meeting last Friday. Another boy had a birthday then, so Mrs. Parker told of the party they had planned. She herself had made all the syrup for the lemonade the morning before she came down. She said Mrs. Caldwell was as excited as the boys about this party. They give so much personal attention to the boys. I have been made a member of the Woodstock Board in place of Mrs. Colvin, who goes home this spring.

Gujranwala, October 31, 1929. We are still in Guj. and as Emmet's work has been slower than we expected we can't leave before Monday. I'm so anxious to see Joe and Bob that this delay makes the days seem doubly long. Miss Brown and Miss Shereda, who were with us this summer, went to Taxila Monday for medical examinations. Miss Brown wrote, "I wonder if I shall ever see any face in such ecstasy as was on Bob's when he got his first glimpse of us. It seemed as though he would fairly burst for sheer joy."

I'm still hoping to get on crutches next week, but it will doubtless be another month before I'll be able to put any weight on this foot, and then only a little. However, I can be thankful it was no more, and it will be good to get home and have the children, even though I can't do much for them. Joe will be a great help and Bob will be happy to wait on me, too. I can read to them all the stories they want . . . I can hop from chair to chair with someone supporting on each side. I am able to pull myself up into the seat of the motor; so I manage fairly well with a sufficient number of attendants.

Taxila, November 6, 1929. We drove up here yesterday. We didn't get in until 8:00 at night as we had three blowouts on the way. Some tires Emmet got this last summer were either old or very poor material, and have given a lot of trouble.

Joe and Bob were awake, and you should have seen Bob's eyes and heard him laugh when he saw us. He certainly was delighted and so was Joe. Joe has been packing for the past week, always getting ready for us. The boys looked so well and have had a wonderful time. They will miss the Martin children when they go. We are staying here until tomorrow morning, so that Emmet can go in to Pindi this evening to hear Dr. Stanley Jones.

We had a very good visit with Dr. Scott and Louise in Gujranwala, but I was eager to come on up to the children. I've been away from them altogether too long to suit me.

I'm still getting good word from Jim and Dave. We shall be a very happy family when they get home in another month.

Abbotabad, November 13, 1929. We got home last Thursday. It was good to get back but is very quiet without Jim and Dave. They will get home on December 7th. Mrs. Downs will bring them as far as Rawalpindi, and Emmet will meet them there. Joe wants to go along to meet them. He is counting the days and so are we all.

I walk with the aid of two crutches and a faithful husband at my side. I put a little weight on my lame leg, and am making progress every day, but do not know how long it will be until I shall be independent. One inconvenience in these houses is that there is a high (5 or 6 in. in some cases) door
sill at every door—inside and out. Naturally they are more difficult crossing than ordinary level walking. Mrs. Mayer sent over a large wicker chair with a foot rest. It is light in weight and can be put any place I want it.

My chrysanthemums are magnificent now. Our verandah is lined with pots of big tall ones any greenhouse in America would be proud of. Our driveway is bordered with lovely big clusters.

Joe and Bob are so happy and play together beautifully. I think it has done Joe good to be the big brother for awhile. He certainly is kind to Bob and knows just how to make him happy. I was telling him the other day how good he is, and he said "Does grandma know I am a good boy?"

**Abbotabad, November 19, 1929.** It's a long time yet until we go home... The matter of expense must be one of the determining factors in the choice of a place to live. Education and health are perhaps the biggest factors. We should like to have plans fairly well made before sailing, for one can't aimlessly wander with four boys. My asthma hasn't bothered me for two years, but of course I can't foresee what it may do when we get back to America again, and I can't keep house and do all the work connected with four boys in a climate where I am bothered with asthma.

I am walking on crutches yet, but want to get on a cane this week... I can walk around the house without having Emmet beside me every minute—a great relief to him, though he's been wonderfully good.

I'll try to find Dave's letter that came yesterday, telling about the swarms of locusts there. Quite a number came through here the other day, but not nearly as many as there.

I read to Joe every evening, but Bob doesn't listen for many minutes at a time. He's a real boy and so full of fun. I simply can't fatten him up. He's tall and thin—much taller than Joe was at his age.

**Abbotabad, November 26, 1929.** I was so glad for two letters from you last week. You said Aunt Bessie was going to see Miss Frost the following Sabbath and then would try to decide about the winter. I do hope she found something satisfactory... It's a year ago since Uncle Homer went.

As my letters go first to Landour, they are very slow getting here. I ought to get your letter in answer to mine about my broken leg. Nine weeks ago yesterday it happened! I'm walking with two canes now. I suppose I'll have to use a cane for some time now. I'm sure glad to be able to get about, even at a slow pace.

Yesterday we had the Bamfords here for tea. Mr. Bamford was the last CMS missionary here 26 years ago. They have a house but it is in the cantonment and the officers have refused to give it up all these years. At last their daughter, who was a nurse, wrote to the Commander-in-Chief about it, and he ordered it to be vacated at once. This daughter came and got everything ready for them in July, and the parents arrived in August. This daughter had an airplane trip to England offered her by a friend, and of course the thrill appealed to her. Very unfortunately she was on the Air-mail [flight] that was lost off the coast of Italy a month ago. You no doubt saw a notice of it in the papers. The parents are very brave. Their other daughter, who has been teaching in Africa, arrived here last Monday on her father's 80th birthday. He has been a very active man, and even last winter he was a chaplain in Switzerland, and was climbing the snow-covered mountains when the break came. He has had a stroke so he can't help himself much. He can be taken places in the car and can walk with someone on each side. His speech is quite indistinct—in fact most of the time—but he seems to enjoy meeting people, seeing pictures, etc. They say his mind is quite clear, but I think he lives chiefly in the past and no doubt he doesn't sense his condition, which is a blessing. The daughter, of course, is quite broken over the sister's death and her father's condition. She is trying to get some teaching work near here, so as to be able to be near her parents. I like them very much.
Abbotabad, December 4, 1929. Jim and Dave are due in Pindi Friday evening at 6:30. Mrs. Downs is bringing them, the Heinrich children, Betty Martin, and their own daughter that far. Emmet will meet them, and, in fact, we all may drive down that far Friday and come back Saturday morning. You can imagine how excited we are!! I can walk without a cane now though I usually use one. My limp is fairly bad yet, but I think it is due chiefly to the torn ligaments in the ankle and will clear up gradually.

Abbotabad, December 10, 1929. Of course the very most important event of the past week was Jim's and Dave's return. We drove down to Pindi Friday afternoon and stayed with R. R. Stewarts. The train was due at 6:30 P.M., but didn't arrive until 8:30. Joe was so excited and, of course, had to stay up until the train came in. The boys didn't know I would be at the station and, of course, were greatly surprised and delighted. They both have such good color and Dave has gained in weight. They really enjoyed their days at the hostel, and Jim is even now getting lonesome for the other boys. At the "prize giving" Dave got the prize in drawing for the third, fourth and fifth and sixth grades, as doing the best for his age. My but he was pleased!! Of course we're going to give him lessons again next year, as he is so keen on it and does so well.

The boys went to Sunday School at the English church and enjoyed making new acquaintances. Only a few of the old ones are here. The cantonment population is continually on the move. Yesterday morning they went over to the D. C.'s (the Deputy Commissioner, chief civil officer) home to play with a little boy, Simon. Mrs. Rowe (the D. C.'s wife) sent back suits of wool underwear for Bob. It is worn a bit but will help Bob out a lot this winter. This afternoon the Indian boys from Nawa Shahar and their English governess were to have come to tea, but it rained hard so I suppose the boy's parents wouldn't let them come. Mrs. Courtenay, the governess, is leaving this week and a man from Bombay is coming as tutor.

Among the inquirers is one who wants to learn table service; so I am trying to teach him and he doesn't do as bad as some I've had. Our Mohammedan cook is a bit disgruntled because the boy is an inquirer, and just what the result will be I cannot say. I've always wanted a good Christian cook, but somehow never managed to get one. Most Mohammedan servants, though true to their faith, don't interfere in our work, but I don't like the attitude of my cook these days.

Abbotabad, December 18, 1929. Sabbath the D.C.'s had their baby christened and we were invited to the church and to tea afterwards at the house. The service was very pretty, taken from the revised prayer-book, which as you know hasn't been adopted yet. The tea was most elaborate--the cakes and candies from a Swiss caterer in Pindi were the richest of the rich. Joe was one of the five boys invited to have tea with Simon, the four-year-old boy. They had a little table in the center of the drawing room. On it was the christening cake from Scotland. Colonel Rowe's sister had just brought it out. It had dear little bluebirds on it. The other christening cake had a baby's crib, baby stork, etc. We enjoyed being there, as all the ones invited were ones who have been friendly to us, and so we found it a very congenial group. Mrs. Rowe, too, sent home cakes and candies for the boys!!

It is getting very cold, and I woke up this morning wondering if I'll be able to keep the girls warm enough. We are used to it but they aren't. I'll have more fires when they are here. Miss Moore had a Christmas tree given her for the school, and she will pass it on to us, which will add a lot to the house decorations. I'm doing little besides getting ready for Christmas you see.

Taxila, December 31, 1929. Now I must tell you about our Christmas in Abbotabad. The five girls came Tuesday and are quite in love with Abbotabad. If you could only see the place you would love it, too, I know. On Christmas day we had a most beautiful snowstorm--the first time it has
snowed on Christmas since we've been there. We were sorry because it spoiled the party for our
Indian Christians, but the girls were delighted to have a snowstorm so much like home. They and
the boys had great fun with snowballs the rest of the time they were there.

I wrote to you before about the Bamfords. He died rather suddenly the Friday before Christmas
and was buried Sabbath. Mrs. Mayer had told us that Mrs. B. was intending to sell at once; so we
went to inquire about it. She showed us all around and stated her price; so we wired to Dr. Porter, the
chairman of the committee, and he and Miss Laurence came up Friday evening and left Saturday
afternoon, and they were very favorably impressed and are trying to push the purchase at once. The
Women's Board have the money but the Men's Board doesn't. The proposition is that the Women's
Board buy half of the land and the present bungalow, and the Men's Board buy the other half of the
site to build a new house. Whether that will be in our day remains to be seen, but it will certainly be
fine when we can have property of our own in Abbotabad.

Dr. Porter and the other girls stayed until Monday morning at 8:00. That same morning at 10:30
we started down here. All of the 1890 [the year Martha was born] bunch were invited to Martins for
lunch, and all family were included--there were 13 adults and 18 children. We did have such a good
time. As Emmet had to go on to Gujranwala for committee work, he urged me to stay down here
with the children until he returns on Saturday.
Abbotabad, January 6, 1930. It is good of you to write as you did about our remaining over another year. I fear I did not write very clearly, for Evangeline misunderstood me. I meant that, even if we go home in '32, we cannot bring Dave and Jim back here to India at the end of our furlough. As far as we can see now I shall probably not return with Emmet at that time, but stay in America for a few years with the children. Of course it is hard to say this far ahead what we shall do.

I've started teaching the boys again. I'm having to review French from the beginning, to be able to help Jim in that. I must keep close to the teaching now for a few weeks.

Abbotabad, January 14, 1930. I've been living a very quiet life this week. Emmet was out in district for three days. Since then it has been raining steadily, and so we are all shut up in our room most of the time; i.e., the boys and I. I've been reading to Dave and Joe some these days and they've been busy with many things. The girls gave them a Meccano set and at this Jim or Joe is busy most of the time. Dave doesn't care so much for it. In the evenings a couple of us play checkers or some other game until time for Jim and Dave to go to bed. We let them stay up later than Joe and Bob. Jim reads as much as ever but Dave seldom reads to himself. He's working some on spelling these days. Joe thinks he wants to read some; so he's to begin tomorrow. I'm not urging them to study during the vacation.

Mrs. Bamford and her daughter will leave next Wednesday, and Miss Moore will move into the house at least by the first of February. I do feel so sorry for Mrs. B, for they have been unsettled for five years and were here only a few months. The daughter who went down with the Air Mail had done so much in the summer to make their home lovely - had given so much time and thought and money. They have some very nice things - all big ones she is selling, but a few of their nicest thing she is taking to her son, who is a medical colonel in the Army near Calcutta. They no doubt had considerable private income. This house [which has been bought by the U.P. Mission] had been given them by his mother. It is hoped that eventually a house will be built on the same lot by the Men's Board, but there is no money available at present. The garden is very pretty and the Bamfords have given it much care since they came in the summer.

Abbotabad, January 21, 1930. Mrs. Bamford gave us some canvas and wool, and Jim is making a rug. He is thoroughly enjoying it. He always likes to be busy and to be making something pretty and useful. He and Joe are keen on the Meccano. Joe really does very well at it. Dave doesn't stick to anything but a drawing. He likes to try different things but he doesn't keep at them as Jim and Joe do. He isn't nearly as tense as they are and doesn't talk as much. He seems to enjoy a joke more and is in many ways much braver.

Mrs. Bamford leaves tomorrow morning. She has sold most of her things. A few are still unsold and we shall try to sell them for her. She sent us over a lot of things that we can use either now or later.

I am glad Janet heard from Louise Campbell. Her brother Lowrie, who is 15, is coming here tomorrow for a wee visit. He's such a nice boy and we are ever so keen to have him. They all go home in the spring of '31. The second boy is in Jim's class in school, and the youngest child - Joan - you remember - was born in the same hospital as Jim, just 10 days before. I know you all will like Louise if you ever get a chance to know her.
Abbotabad, January 28, 1930. Lowrie Campbell was here with us until Monday morning. He's a splendid lad and was ever so nice with our boys. Mrs. Bamford gave us a table billiard set, and he and Emmet and Jim and Dave had great fun with it. I am glad Emmet plays once in awhile with the boys at night, for he has only eight months a year with them. Tonight, Mr. Patterson is here and the four of them are playing here in this room. If I get all mixed up in this letter you will understand the reason.

Miss Moore moved yesterday and today into her new home. We shall probably move the end of February into the house she is leaving because the rent is considerably cheaper. That will be the fifth house we have been in during the five years we have been out here.

The other house is quite nice and in several ways will be much more comfortable than the present one. We could move at once, only we have just given 30 days' notice, which is required by the law. However, I'm glad we shall be all moved and settled before we leave for Landour. We hope to leave here March 13th; so, please note the change of address back to Fairview, Landour, Mussoorie, U.P., India. Time flies and I seem to get little accomplished.

Yesterday we got the whole series of The Children's Own Readers from Jesse McKay. They certainly are splendid and Joe is thrilled. He read from one of them this morning, and I was surprised at how much he remembers, for we haven't been having lessons for a long time. He is going to read some every day and Dave is going to brush up in spelling.

The boys all are fine. The other day Joe said, "I want to see grandma. I don't remember what she looks like." It's little wonder he doesn't.

My leg is steadily improving. I try to get out for a walk every day. Mrs. Mayer was quite surprised to see me arrive there the other day.

Abbotabad, February 5, 1930. The picture of the [Weins'] house is lovely. How we should love to step in the door, but I don't know that you would be so happy to have this whole regiment of boys come down on top of you. Now that Janet is a young lady, I realize that Evangeline's house is always clean and orderly and peaceful. You'll find ours quite different when you come to live with us, so enjoy your blessings while you have them. I don't expect the boys to be like grown people.

Abbotabad, February 11, 1930. We are in the midst of moving! I said to Emmet tonight that I never moved with such little concern for my worldly goods, but much moving makes one grow indifferent. The Hindu servant who came from the hills with Joe and Bob is really very satisfactory, and I'm letting him stay at the other house and put all furniture in place as it arrives. We went over with him yesterday and showed him the different rooms and told him what we want in each. Today he was there from noon on, and when we went over at 5:00 we found the dining room curtains up, though the furniture isn't moved yet!

Abbotabad, February 25, 1930. Last Saturday evening a congregational meeting was called to formally call a pastor, and as Dr. Porter was call moderator, he and Mrs. Porter were coming up to visit us. We were having Communion the next day and he was to conduct that service, too. We expected them at 4:30 and at 5:15 a wire came saying, "Motor accident. Injuries not serious." Naturally we were very much disappointed not to have the meeting to call a pastor, but we were also very much concerned not to know definitely about the Porters. Today letters came, saying that they had turned a corner too suddenly and turned over in a ditch. Dr. Porter has the most bruises but none of them serious. Both Dr. and Mrs. Porter, though, are quite shaken nervously and are in bed. Dr. Porter has been very nervous, and this accident will not improve his condition.

The other day Emmet met an old Afghan who insisted on sending us dinner Wednesday night.
It was the most delicious dinner of Afghan pilau (rice and chicken cooked with plenty of ghi), three different kinds of curry, bread, nuts, and cakes. It was very rich and I'm sure you couldn't have eaten it, but we, everyone, enjoyed it to the full. Yesterday Mrs. F. Deen took me to visit the ladies of the household - two sisters of this retired Capt. The one sister is the widow of Shah Ali Khan, who was Amir of Afghanistan about 35 years ago. She's a great character and I did enjoy visiting with her. She was much interested in Joe, who had gone along with me, and wanted to know his name. When we told her Yusuf (the Indian pronunciation) she immediately called him Yusuf Khan (the title of honor given to rich landowners in this part of the country). She seemed very pleased that we had come, and with difficulty was persuaded to let us go.

This evening I went over to see Mrs. Perma Nand, the Hindu lady who runs the school where I attempted to have Girl Guides last year. She's really a very remarkable person - a real pioneer here on the frontier, giving her money, time, and strength to educate girls. She does it almost single-handed, as there is no other educated Indian woman of her age here. She works against inertia, ignorance, apathy, and often active opposition. One must admire her greatly even though she works against our mission school. She really is underhanded, but one must remember her training and environment.

Abbottabad, March 5, 1930. Our guests, Miss Lewis and Miss Price, came Saturday afternoon and left Tuesday morning. Miss Lewis has a sister, a doctor, in the Presbyterian mission at Ambala, and Miss Price is the one who knows Auntie Wade. Her parents have a cottage just across the road from her at Mount Hermon. I do wish you could have heard them exclaim over the children. They say they have never seen boys look better, even in America. The rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes were commented upon again and again. They think Abbottabad looks very much like some hilly parts of California, and, like us, they think it's so different from any place else they have seen in India.

Sabbath and Monday were celebrated as the end of Ramzan feast, which follows the month of fasting for the Mohammedans. Mrs. F. Deen sent us a most delicious pudding for dinner for Sabbath night. That morning we went over to the Municipal Gardens to watch as the Mohammedans say the special prayer that breaks the month's fast. There is no mosque here big enough for the crowd at that time. As the girls remark, how very queer it looked to see that crowd of men worshipping without a single woman present.

Sabbath afternoon the Afghan who sent us dinner last week came to call, and when he learned that these girls were just out from America, he insisted on sending us lunch the next day. A young Afghan boy of 16 years was along, and he asked to take us to see his mother Monday morning. He came around for us. I know you would have enjoyed seeing those women in their most brilliant silks and with their faces painted and powdered most beautifully. They seemed delighted to see us and they served us to nuts and sweets. We took all the boys along and they were greatly pleased to see everything. The lunch that noon was most delicious. Two big trays of Pilau (rice cooked with ghi and meat)--in one was hidden a chicken and in the other a leg of mutton. To eat with these were three dishes of different curries and native Peshawar bread.

Your letter made me realize how very hard it is for you to understand conditions here, no matter how much I write. You wondered how I had bedding enough for all the Christmas guests. Everyone carries his own bedding here. In the cold weather I haven't even one extra blanket.

Abbottabad, March 9, 1930. [Emmet] will drive us down to Pindi, Thursday. Mrs. Stewart and I are taking 11 children to Landour. We leave Pindi at 6 in the morning and arrive in Dehra Dun at 8:30 A M Saturday. We should get up the hill about 2:00 or 3:00.

Yesterday we took our tea to Mansehra. Emmet and Mr. Patterson preached in the bazaar and
we visited with Mrs. Patterson. The boys had been so anxious to go and yesterday was a glorious
day. The snow views were magnificent, while in the foreground the green wheat [and mustard]
fields blossoming added color and freshness to the picture. I never take this drive except I wish you
all were along with us.

Tomorrow is rather full of odds and ends. There are several Indian homes I want to visit before
leaving. I wish I could get out among the people more, and I think I may be able to do so next year.
The boys are growing fast but even so they must not be left alone much.

I wish you could see how busy the boys have been with the coping saws. They do so enjoy such
work. They all use them and are keeping out of mischief at the same time. The saws came through in
excellent condition and the book around them is so nice.

Fairview, Landour, March 18, 1930. You see we are back in the hills again and the boys are in
school. They are quite pleased with it all, too. Jim is starting French under Miss Templeton. He got
95 in that theory exam he took last fall. The questions were sent out from London and the papers
went back there to be corrected. Dave seems quite pleased with his class and work and so does Joe.

Mrs. Stewart and I had 10 children. Mildred Martin was to have been our 11th but was ill and
couldn’t go. We had a very large third class compartment and they reserved it for "school children".
Before we reached Dehra Dun there were five other children and two adults in. You probably do not
know or realize many of the details of the trip that seem so clear to us. In the first place we get
concessions for school children traveling in a party of four or more. Third class to begin with is very
cheap, and when you divide that in half for concessions and in half again for a child’s ticket you have
the enormous sum of Rs.1-8-0. Can you believe that we paid only that much to get each child over
400 mi.? It seems incredible. We paid Rs.3-10-0, however, to get us up the last 7 mi. I tell you this
because I know it would interest you all. We had our lunch with us but bought a curry supper Friday
night. At Lahore a lot of children got on and several coaches were put on for them. We were
two hours late getting to Dehra Dun and there was so much congestion that we were slower getting
uphill than we were last year.

I had quite a surprise this evening when Mr. Parker came around to ask about Mrs. Courtenay.
You remember she was the governess of those two wealthy Hindu boys near Abbotabad. She had
come to Mussoorie in December, and just last Thursday the school employed her as housemother for
the little boys... She referred them to me, and rather insisted that they wait until I come before
employing her as there wasn’t time to write, but they took her on faith and seemed quite
pleased.

The boys talk much of you people and are getting awfully keen to get to America. Even Bob talks
about "Out here" and "Over in America."

Fairview, Landour, March 25, 1930. Today I began buying charcoal for the season. The men
bring it in from the villages on their backs in big baskets. Perhaps you have a picture of it. Then we
have to weigh it. I figure that I shall have to buy between 75 and 100 maunds. A maund is 84 lbs. I
want to buy all now as it is cheaper before the rains begin.

I see I missed this side of the paper. Dave came in the other day with an honor certificate from
the Royal Drawing Society, London, for the drawing exam that he took last fall. He was greatly
pleased, but Jim seemed just as much so over it. Dave does love to draw and paint.

Fairview, Landour, April 2, 1930. My isolation ward is full. Bob went to bed Friday [with
measles] and Jim and Dave Saturday. They all are a sight today and of course feel wretched.
However, the worst will be over in another 24 hours unless complications set in. They have been
quite patient. Jim, as usual, is more of a fussier and Dave is quiet. Bob gives me more trouble at night.
Fairview, Landour, April 15, 1930. Saturday we did a lot of work. Before breakfast we lit sulfur in the room the boys had been using [when quarantined for measles]. The dhobi (washerman) came and washed all the blankets and bedspreads. We finished varnishing all the chairs for this house and the cottage. The watchman strung the beds with newar that had been washed. You know our beds are just four posts held together by four long pieces of wood and a woven covering of string or newar. Newar is a heavy woven strip about 3 or 4 in. wide. Then we moved back into our own rooms after we were able to open up the fumigated room.

Our first [reading club] meeting is next week. The club meets at the Community Center, and as that is down the hill quite a little distance I fear I'll have to take a dandy for the first month or two. We have a very simply furnished Community Center, with a small library. It fills a big need though it is small and unpretentious.

We were talking about the electricity the other day and I asked Dave if he knew what Uncle Paul does. Then I tried to explain a bit and they were all thrilled. Won't they have a lot to learn and see when they get to America? I tried to explain about your Frigidaire, but they couldn't see how it could make things cold instead of hot. The telephone is another thing they are curious about. They heard a radio at school last year. Just last week in Lahore they picked up a wireless telephone message being carried on from London to Sydney, Australia. Soon there will be no privacy left in the world. Jim is crazy about airplanes at present.

Fairview, Landour, April 22, 1930. Poor Dave had a very serious accident on Thursday and is still in the military hospital here on the hill near us. The boys were playing so happily together, and Jim threw an iron bar at a target on the stone wall. It bounced back and hit Dave above the right eye. We rushed him to the hospital to have it sewed, but found that the bar had gone through the bone into the brain. The marvelous thing was that Dave wasn't unconscious a second. They operated almost immediately and found his condition worse than they had expected. He has come through remarkably well and had a normal temperature this morning. They are keeping him flat on his back in a dark room, and he's so very cheerful and never complains. After they take the stitches out he can be brought home, but will have to stay in bed for some time and can't run and play with the boys for three months. Of course he doesn't know that, and as far as I know he doesn't yet know that the bone is broken. We don't tell him anything to excite him. The surgeon is really very much pleased with his progress thus far. It has been a severe shock to us all, and I do feel so sorry for Jim because he feels so terrible about it, though it was all an accident. I wired to Emmet twice but haven't had a wire since Saturday. It is hard on him being so far away.

The hospital has a staff of two orderlies, two nurses, two assistant surgeons and one surgeon. For the first few days, Dave and another little boy were the only patients in there. They never leave Dave alone a minute and are so very kind and thoughtful. I'm so thankful they can keep Dave here at the military hospital.

Fairview, Landour, April 29, 1930. I know your first thought is of David. He's got along wonderfully well considering the very serious nature of the accident. The doctor says he may come home this Friday, but must stay in bed another week or so, and then cannot run and play with the other children for three months. It will be hard on Dave, who is a regular monkey climbing everywhere. Ms. McGee, who was his teacher last year, sent him a lot of plasticine, and today was the first time he was allowed to play with it. When I went over this evening, he was lying there waiting for me and pulled out from under the covers an elephant very well done. He may not look like Emmet, but he's very much like him in disposition. Today Jim said to him, "It was all my fault that you got hurt." "No," Dave said, "We were all to blame. We were playing together and didn't
realize what could happen." As far as I know, Dave doesn't know yet that the bone was broken. He'll have to know soon, probably, so that he'll realize why he must be quiet.

As far as I know, Dave doesn't know yet that the bone was broken. He'll have to know soon, probably, so that he'll realize why he must be quiet.

I'm feeling fine. My leg is much better [broken last year]. I find the rough paths up here harder to navigate than the cement floors in the house.

Fairview, Landour, May 4, 1930. We are so glad to have Dave home again and he surely was delighted to come. He's still as good and patient as ever. The Major in a note the other day said, "He is a very brave little boy." The day Dave came home I told him the bone had been broken, because I thought he should know why he must be quiet. He seemed very much surprised and had apparently never guessed it.

I do wish you could know the boys. They're developing so fast. Joe is very keen and very responsible. Bob looks and seems so much older than he is. Jim is as responsible and intelligent as ever. He's carrying heavy work for one of his age, but he's made up the three weeks he lost in everything but French, and Miss Templeton is giving him extra work in that.

I wonder how much you hear of the political situation here. Undoubtedly there has been a tremendous lot of propaganda, but I fear reports in American papers may be exaggerated. Gandhi was arrested last evening, but before arresting him all other prominent leaders were arrested. No doubt India will get at least dominion status very soon, but if this present propaganda continues there will be much unnecessary bloodshed. The great masses are not ready for self-government, and there's really no unity between Hindus and Mohammedans.

Fairview, Landour, May 13, 1930. The doctor came Saturday and I saw Dave's scar. It isn't nearly as conspicuous as I thought it would be with nine stitches. Dave is so keen to have a pompadour like his father's. All winter he greased his hair every night and put on a nightcap. His hair really looks much better that way, but I had feared the scar might make it impossible but now I don't think so. Dave has his bed carried out on the veranda every day now and is still very cheerful. The doctor says he may sit on a chair Friday but not walk. I'm so glad the doctor is making him go very slowly, for if Dave were allowed up he'd be entirely too active. I sent to Mussoorie today for a train and tracks for him. It's the first our boys have had since the ones we brought out with us, and what a thrill it's given him!! Dave has ordered the cook to make me a very special birthday cake. He even drew a picture of it, but of course I didn't see the picture.

The political situation in India seems to have quieted down considerably in the past week, though I confess things looked rather black for a time. Wade, you know, is in London, where they get the official news by cable at once. Sabbath, Emmet got an airmail letter from him, offering to send us money to get out of India at once if we just cable him in London. It was so like Wade, for we haven't heard from him for months, and this letter was the briefest of the brief, but he's very generous and can be counted on to help if ever need should arise.

Emmet is coming up the end of the month and the boys are counting the days. It will be a lot of help to have him.

Fairview, Landour, May 20, 1930. Dave is so very happy. His bandage is off and he is allowed to walk. Yesterday I took him for a ride in a dandy and today I took him to Redburn in a dandy. He is so happy to be out... He's not allowed to walk much yet, but it's such a joy to be able to get around at all. I shall take him out every bright day.

As for Aunt Bessie, there doesn't seem to be much any of us can do. If she were more amenable to
advice, it would be better; but after all each one must have her own life and make her own decisions. You could not help her were you in Ohio, so it really profits nothing to worry about her. I know that is easier said than done.

Oh! I forgot to tell about my birthday. David had ordered a cake--two in fact; one a false one with icing over a tin pan, and the other a real one with my name on it. The false one was brought out first and how the children did enjoy my efforts to cut it. Mrs. Stewart had taken her girls and Jim and Joe for a walk and stopped on her way back for tea. Mrs. Martin and her girls had walked up to give birthday greetings, and the Dodds family had come up not knowing it was my birthday; so you see there was a big crowd. Mrs. Dodds just came up Thursday from the plains. I was certainly glad to see her. Dave had also ordered me a present. He had seen a very handy hammer, tack puller, etc. at the hospital, and he saw the same thing advertised in a catalog of one of the shops in Mussoorie; so he had Mrs. Martin get it for him to give me. Wasn't that sweet of him? And wasn't it a real boy's gift?

Fairview, Landour, May 27, 1930. Last Saturday I took the boys for a picnic. We went through Mussoorie so that I could do a little shopping, and had our lunch at the public gardens. Of course Dave rode all the way. Jim walked and the rest of us rode in a rickshaw. We had a delightful day--fried bacon and eggs for lunch, and I loafed around the rest of the time while the three boys played with other children and Dave watched. It is hard for him not to be in the midst of it, but he's quite patient.

Friday, to the club I wore the dress Florence Stone sent and the scarf Jim made. I had so many compliments on it. The program was very good--the psychology group had it--a book review of "Of the Modern Mind" by Menninger, and a review of McDougal and of one other. The last was really a dialogue--well done. Our attendances are larger this year--60 present at the morning meeting. Last year we had considered 40 a big attendance.

The Annual Woodstock Sale is this coming Saturday. I am no more enthusiastic for it than I ever was for such a sale. However, I am most enthusiastic about the school and would do anything I could to help it. Most of the proceeds of the year's Sale will be used to equip the chemistry lab. The science department has been poor in comparison to the others, but we're trying to raise its standard. Most of the things at the Sale have been donated by friends in America. Our U.P. stall is "notions." They say they have over 200 little children's dresses at the clothes store. I may be able to get Jim a blouse or two as they have some boys' blouses. They have a big grocery department--things for this have been ordered wholesale. Last year they didn't have enough groceries; so this year they have much more. They serve lunch and it's just like an old-fashioned country fair and department store combined. How the children look forward to it!! How they love the crackerjack! They are even having ice cream cones--ordered 2500 from America. They get ice from the mountains. I'll tell you more about it again.

Emmet is due this Friday and we're getting ever so anxious. The boys are so keen to have him during their vacation, which is next week. They want him to take them out camping for a few days. I hope he does. The Woodstock Board meets all day Monday, so he'll have to stay home with Dave [Martha is a member.] that day, but he could go Tuesday if he cares to.

Fairview, Landour, June 4, 1930. It is hard to know what we shall do when we go to America. I hope you'll be willing to go to California with us, if it's just for a visit. We are eager to have you with us wherever we are. In many ways California appeals very strongly both from a financial point of view and from a health point, too. However, nothing is decided... Auntie Wade has a suite for us in the cottage at Mount Hermon but that would do for summer only as there is no school there. However, it would be lovely to be able to go there in the summers. As far as we see it now, we hope to
get a house in Ventnor, New Jersey or in New Hampshire for a month or so when we first arrive, with the hope that Evangeline and Janet and Paul can spend most of the month with us there before we start West. Then we want you to go with us from there. However, there's two years yet in which to plan [I].

No doubt Aunt Bessie wants you in Mansfield, but from your previous experiences it would seem that you can be of little help to her. I do feel sorry for her, but doubt if any of us can help her as long as she holds the opinions she does at present. Of course you must do as you think best, but in my opinion you would be unwise to go back to Mansfield this year.

Monday we had our Woodstock Board meeting all day. You would be interested in the numbers I believe. Thus far total enrollment of the School is 305, of whom 233 are American. A good proportion, don't you think?

Jim was enrolled as a Scout last Friday and Monday early went off to the Scout camp. This is vacation week and all the schools in Mussoorie, and Scouts from all of them, are in camp at the public gardens, where we went for a picnic a week ago. Yesterday Emmet went out for the sports and is staying over today to take a long hike with them all. Jim is so pleased to have him along.

Emmet got here Saturday noon. We went down to the Sale about 1:00 and took Dave along in the dandy. He did enjoy it so much. The ice-cream cones were very popular, but the children didn't know, as we did, that the ice cream was not nearly as good as in America.

Emmet is taking most of his vacation now and plans to come back the end of September.

**Fairview, Landour, June 12, 1930.** Eight weeks ago today Dave got hurt. I saw the Major this morning and he says he may go to school Monday. He will be carried back and forth and may not go to the playground. He's been restless at home and I think he will be much better off in school a few hours a day. Most of the scabs are off except the big one on the wound.

Saturday Emmet and I went to the grand opera, while Mrs. Martin came up and stayed with the children. Monday evening I went to Faust with some of our missionaries. Of course it wasn't the Metropolitan Company, but it was quite good and some of the voices were excellent. We went to the peanut gallery at Rs. 1 per ticket, though there's really no gallery. It was given in the Palladium ballroom of the biggest hotel in Mussoorie.

He [Emmet] is here at a much nicer time of the year as it is warm and sunny. In August the rains are on and they make his rheumatism worse.

Politically, India seems a bit quieter, but one does not know what effect the report of the Simon Commission may have. It comes out on the 24th of this month, and all colleges and universities are being closed on the 20th for the summer vacation, in order to scatter the students and so avoid student riots. England has her hands full here for awhile. The British are not always wise in their methods, but on the whole they are shrewd statesmen and will handle the situation as well as anyone could. Here in Landour we are quite safe, and Abbottabad is a quiet place though it is on the frontier.

**Fairview, Landour, June 17, 1930.** Emmet went down today and we sure do miss him. He will be in Gujranwala for a couple of weeks at the auditing work. He still plans on coming up the end of September.

Last Friday was the first open meeting of the club. It was in the hands of the National Affairs group. It was a good meeting, but such a disturbed one that no one could get as much out of it as they could have under more favorable circumstances. In the first place, the meeting had barely commenced when word came that one of the boys in Jim's class had been badly hurt falling down a steep cliff. Three times during the meeting word concerning Kenneth [Saum] was brought in. Then a heavy thunderstorm came up and people were anxious to get home and were concerned for their
own children, especially after Kenneth's accident. This boy is still unconscious and there is little hope. His skull is fractured in four places. He is such a fine lad and Jim has always been fond of him. Miss Brown, who is staying with us, is of this same mission (Disciples), and since she is a trained nurse, she is on night duty for him at the hospital in Mussoorie. [Ken Saum does survive and was still living in 2005.]

Monday Dave started to school again. He is carried both ways and is not allowed on the playground. Of course he's a hero in the boys' eyes. This morning when Emmet took their picture, he insisted that his hair be combed so as to show the scar. He's quite happy to be back in school and, fortunately, he has a wonderfully kind teacher.

**Fairview, Landour, June 26, 1930.** The beetle season is on. The boys get up early in the morning and go out late in the evening hunting beetles. One can't quite understand the craze but they get a great thrill out of it.

**Fairview, Landour, July 3, 1930.** Monday night the Presbyterian North India Mission, (the one of which Mr. Dodds is president) had their mission dinner at the Community Center. They have their annual meeting here in Landour at this time. The Social Committee of the Community Center furnished the dinner at Rs.2/- per plate. I helped serve and did the decorating.

Tonight Mr. and Mrs. Ferger and John are coming to supper and will show us moving pictures afterwards. I've invited all our mission people up to see the pictures.

The Presbyterians (North India Mission) Tuesday voted to turn everything over to the Synod and cease to exist as a mission. It's a very radical move, as it means turning all foreign funds over to the Indian organization. I certainly approve of building up the church rather than the mission, but am not sure but what a more gradual transfer would involve fewer dangers.

**Fairview, Landour, July 8, 1930.** Dave seems quite strong and is enjoying school again. Jim is still hunting beetles! Such a collection!! He had them all out on his bed this morning.

Thanks very much for Bob's handkerchiefs. They are lovely and I know he'll be delighted. I'm not planning any birthday parties this year, but of course there will be a cake with the usual trimmings.

Last Tuesday night Mr. Ferger showed his moving pictures in our drawing room. All our missionaries and children were up to see them. The pictures are lovely. He has a few films that he has bought, but most of them are ones he has taken himself of India and Kashmir. They will be splendid for him to show in America.

Saturday I took the boys to the dentist. This Thursday morning I have an appointment for myself. I fear I shall have to have some extracted. However, if it has to be done, the sooner the better.

**Fairview, Landour, July 16, 1930.** I am knitting Jim a heavy sweater now and plan to knit a heavy one for each of the boys this winter. I am knitting these two wools together and they make a very pretty mixture.

This week Mrs. Parker (of the school) and I are reviewing a book on the Indian constitution [at the Reading Club]. I'm learning a lot but ought to know much more before Friday.

Last Sabbath evening we had the two new [United Presbyterian] men teachers at the School up for tea and dinner. One of them is Theodore Millen from Monmouth. The Grahams know him. They just came a week ago Sabbath and really seem to enjoy being here with us.

Dave and Bob were both thrilled with their handkerchiefs. Bob loved the pictures and Dave was delighted because his were all blue.
Fairview, Landour, July 24, 1930. We are busy doing nothing, it seems. However, the boys think they have too much to do since mid-year exams are on. Dave didn't want to take his but his teacher insisted, as it would show what he knows. Joe was far ahead of all the others in his class in arithmetic but behind in reading. I hope I can help him catch up in reading this winter, as he is eager to be able to read by himself.

Saturday we were all invited out for tea and Joe was invited out for the whole day. Monday was PTA at 4:15. Today I went to Mussoorie and came back to a friend for lunch and on around to Downses' for tea. Bob went in his basket but I walked. It really was a long walk and I don't think I'll do it again for awhile.

Today I am going down to Mrs. Clements' for lunch. I'm always glad to be invited out so that I can take my knitting. I don't like to knit alone but do enjoy it when I can sit and talk to someone. If I could only read while I knit like some people can. Then I could accomplish a lot of knitting and reading both.

Fairview, Landour, July 31, 1930. I just finished painting some place cards for tonight's dinner. The Campbells have a niece from China who is here for a few days, and I'm having some of the teachers here to meet her.

I got some blocks made for Bob last week and he's been having a wonderful time with them. His big brothers have been enjoying them, too. He has some in Abbotabad but none here.

Dave did quite well in his exams considering that he was absent 11 out of the 17 weeks.

Bob was so eager to send you something this morning. He wanted to send you blocks. He was rather surprised to know that you live in America. I wonder what he thinks of you, don't you? He's developing so fast these days.

Fairview, Landour, August 7, 1930. Thursday is visiting day at school and I just came up from there. Dave seems to be catching up and Joe's teacher is most enthusiastic about him. He has caught up and he's the best in the class in arithmetic... I have strict orders from Jim not to go near one of his classes, so I'm keeping away.

I had never gone through the domestic science rooms. This department is new this year, and Miss Harrington is just out from America. She has everything so well arranged and the equipment is so complete. They have sewing machines, etc. in the sewing room, and eight oil stoves and individual cupboards, etc. in the kitchen. The seventh, eighth, ninth, and 10th standards are to serve lunch to all the adults, at a music festival to be given September 1st. I'm quite enthusiastic over the domestic science department.

Fairview, Landour, August 14, 1930. I took him [Dave] to the doctor Saturday and had his head X-rayed, as I felt I would be better satisfied if I knew exactly how it had healed. Dr. Butcher is very well satisfied with it and certainly Dave seems well and strong again.

Fairview, Landour, August 20, 1930. Emmet was out along the border this past week and says everything is quiet that way. At Peshawar, however, things have gotten worse and Martial Law has been declared. A regular campaign with the Border Tribes has been feared, and it may take place this fall and winter. Let's hope not as it will mean so much bloodshed and is so cruel. However, one doesn't know how else to deal with these tribes. They seem to love war.

Fairview, Landour, August 28, 1930. Everyone writes of how hot it has been. We are so sorry to hear of the drought and failure of crops in America and of the unemployment. Poor Hoover. Our
people always blame the president for all their woes. How unreasonable!!

Monday night we had a party for some of the munshis (language teachers). We were about 24 in all and had quite a jolly time. Some of the CMS language students went in with us on it.

Yesterday we had the last social tea of this season at the Community Center, and I was on to serve or, rather, was chairman of the group. They’re trying to work up a hospital for Landour; so they decided to have a rally meeting for that, and threw the tea and meeting open to everyone. We must have served tea to at least 130.

Emmet hopes to get up again in four weeks. We sure will be glad to have him. We shall have the whole house to ourselves and ought to have a lovely vacation.

**Fairview, Landour, September 8, 1930.** Last Thursday morning Mrs. Campbell and I had some guests in for a coffee party. It's the simplest way to entertain and most mothers prefer to come in the morning when the children are in school. We took chairs and tables out under the big cedar tree here in front of the house. The rains have broken and the snows have been in view all week. We have a magnificent view from here, and some of our guests hadn't seen the snows all summer. They live down near the school.

Emmet hopes to be here the 25th of this month and leave October 13th. I hope it is lovely weather when he is here. I've just been out to see the snows. It is 10:30 and they are magnificent in the moonlight. I do wish you could see them.

**Fairview, Landour, September 18, 1930.** Yesterday Bob and I were away all day. We were invited for "coffee" in the morning; for lunch at 1:30; for tea at the Doddses', and then went to the drill exhibit at the school. The boys came up to Doddses' for tea, as Doddses live close to the school.

**Fairview, Landour, September 22, 1930.** I've been going a lot these days. Now that the rains have broken so many people are having "coffee" parties and luncheons. It's certainly lovely to be invited as so many of the ladies here are most delightful. I think I told you last year that there are so many splendid Methodist ladies here.

Dave is quite delighted this evening, as he has just learned that he won first prize for third, fourth, and fifth grades in a "Safety First" poster contest. The prize itself - Rs.3/- - isn't so much as the encouragement it gives him.

I am enclosing a copy of a letter Dave is sending to the juniors at College Springs. A number of them have written to him since his accident. The Raja that he speaks of is a boy 12 years old--son of the Rajah of Nabha (a native state), who is now in exile in southern India. The mother was in Woodstock years ago and for the past two years has been trying to get her children into the school. As the young Rajah is really a ward of the Viceroy until he is of age, Mr. Parker wouldn't take him in without the Viceroy's consent. At last this spring the mother went to Simla and got a personal interview with the Viceroy and brought back his consent. There is a Princes College in Lahore where this boy would naturally go, but the mother is too modern in her ideas for that. She maintains that if the boy is to be a ruler he must know people, and he can't know them without associating with them. She also says the influence in the other college is not good, but she knows the fine moral influence of Woodstock. They are Sikhs. The boy is back in his English but evidently has a keen mind. He has a liveried servant and one Gurkha guard with him. Of course the soldier has to stay outside the classroom.

Emmet comes this Thursday and you may be sure we are excited. It's been 15 weeks since he left. The boys are counting on doing lots of things with him.
Fairview, Landour, October 2, 1930. As I added in my letter last week, Emmet came a day earlier than we expected him. The boys have been so happy to have him. Saturday we all walked out to a bungalow 14 mi. out among the hills and stayed until Monday. Of course the boys liked a hike of that kind and it was nice to be right out in the country. The boys enjoyed the bacon and eggs more than anything else in the menu. Having a Mohammedan cook, we don't have bacon in our home at all. We had more than enough food, but I never like to run low out in a place like that. Bob rode in his basket on the back of a coolie and the rest of us walked.

I plan to go down to our Annual Meeting with Emmet on the 13th, and come back about the 30th. It's very lovely here now and one hates to leave, though I shall be very glad to attend Annual Meeting.

All our mission people have left. The last three went down this morning. We took breakfast down to them so that they could put everything away. We took Quaker oats, potato chips, salmon croquettes, bananas, coffee and all the necessary accompaniments. They seemed to appreciate it very much.

Tuesday night we had Mrs. Dodds and Mrs. Ferger and their children up for a steak roast, as an Aru reunion. You know we camped together in Aru for two years.

Fairview, Landour, October 9, 1930. This has been a very rushed week, as we've had guests in for dinner every night and have been invited some place for lunch or tea every day. Monday night we had Mr. and Mrs. Parker up and had such a nice visit with them. Tuesday night we had Mrs. Wylie and her son Edward. Now if you'll go back far enough in your memory, you'll remember that the first summer we were out here a Danish missionary was stopping at Rose Bank where we were and was married in August to an airman. The following November her husband was killed in a flying accident. She went to Denmark in the spring, where Edward was born early in the summer. She came back as a missionary in 1925, and married an American missionary by the name of Wylie. Wylie has been wonderfully kind to Edward and has legally adopted him. Edward has been in boarding all year until this September when she came up.

Tomorrow, Friday, Emmet is going to take the boys out to some caves at Kempty Falls to stay all night. Monday morning the three boys go into boarding and Bob and I go down to Annual Meeting with Emmet. I shall return about the 29th. School closed here December 4th and we'll get home the sixth.

Sialkot, October 15, 1930. We left Landour Monday noon and arrived here last evening. Emmet had left his car in Gujranwala, so we stopped there and drove across. As soon as we got there, I asked for hot water. After bathing Bob and changing his clothes, I washed my hair and bathed before lunch. It sure was good to be cleaned up again.

We had quite a busy week before coming down. I believe I told you that we were having the young men teachers up for dinner Thursday night. Friday afternoon Emmet met the boys at school after their lunch, and took them out to camp at Kempty Falls --about 7 mi.--a long, hard stretch down. They slept out in the open and came back the next afternoon. Jim said it was lots of fun to unpack the tiffin basket because they didn't know what to expect.

Sabbath afternoon Jim was at a military funeral. Two boys' (in his patrol,) father died after a long illness. He was a doctor and a captain. The patrol had to go in uniform. The band music was most impressive. The cemetery is on the same ridge with us and partly in view from our compound, so that we could watch the procession.

Bob has enjoyed every minute of the trip here, and is having such a good time with the other little children.
We are still uncertain [about furlough plans], but I shall probably stay in America for a time. That is one reason I have been trying to find out about comparative costs of living in various parts of the USA.

**Sialkot, October 22, 1930.** I hope you won't be too disappointed at the request we have sent to the Board to delay our furlough until 1933. The reason is simply a family one. If we go in 1932 we cannot bring Jim and Dave back. But we can keep them out here another year without any harm, and by so doing can keep the family together a year longer.

**On Train, Tuesday night, October 28, 1930.** Bob and I are on our way back to Landour, and I'll attempt to write you to night so I'm not sure you'll be able to read it. I know that after I get back I'll hardly have time to write before the Foreign Mail leaves Tuesday.

Now that the children are older and we are all well, I'm going to try to do with less help. If one man would only do more work, it would simplify matters considerably and be much cheaper. As the boys go older more is needed for them and they, in turn, should do more for themselves. It is hard out here to get them to take the responsibility they should. Jim is very responsible and Joe is, too, for his age, but Dave is very "happy-go-lucky." He is so daring and reckless that it is good for your worries to be 10,000 mi. away.

**Fairview, Landour, November 5, 1930.** Letter to Evangeline, to be forwarded to "Mother", I hope you can read this. My ink is gone and I don't want to buy more as we are going down next Monday. Thereby hangs a tale.

When I got up here a week ago, Joe had a frightful cough. Jim had a cold and fever for several days. It was so frightfully cold at Fairview that the next day after I came up I moved down to one of the Redburn houses, where we get more sun and less wind. As Jim had fever, I had him moved in a dandy and right into bed again. Joe's cough seemed to be getting worse; so yesterday morning I called the doctor and he said that [he] feared that it was whooping cough. As they won't let any of the boys go to school, I might as well go down to the plains, and the doctor says the change will probably do Joe good. The other two boys are coughing some, and I shall in many ways be relieved if they get it. Bob will no doubt yield, too. I should be so relieved to go down to the plains, rather than stay up here to care for whooping boys alone. I wired Emmet and he said he'd be there with the editing work Monday, and so I'm meeting him in Gujranwala Tuesday morning and we'll go to Abbotabad together. Mr. Parker, principal of the school, doesn't want to acknowledge that it's whooping cough, though there have been three other cases and one teacher is suspected of having it. After last night I haven't any doubt in my own mind. The only criticism I have of the school is that they have no older person sleep in the dormitory with the little boys, or in the veranda near them. Had an older person heard him as I did the first night I was back, I'm sure they would have sent him to the school hospital. He had been going there mornings and noons for cough medicine. Had they put him in the hospital, I could have kept the other boys in school at least until they should have developed whooping cough. Now I have to teach them this winter, and they'll have to take exams when they come up this next Spring. The great climax for the year!! But as Jim says, we can come up next spring free of children's diseases. They haven't had the mumps, though.

I plan to move everything possible back to Fairview on Saturday and send the rest back early Monday morning. At such times I wish I could stay in one home for this whole year through.

I got a good letter from mother this week. She sent several snaps and I thought them very good of her. Dave recognized mother at once. I wasn't surprised that Jim did, but David was only three-and-a-half years when we left. Joe is a very thoughtful lad and very methodical. For two years he
has said he is going to be a doctor and all his thoughts seem to run that way. When he got his hand
cut last week he said, "I like to get hurt so that I can learn how to doctor them!"

Abbotabad, November 17, 1930. We left Landour Monday morning the 10th. We had a good
trip down the hill. Joe and Bob rode in a dandy 2 mi. down to the motor, and the rest of us walked.
The ride down--17 mi. of zigzag down the mountain--is very pretty, but not so picturesque as the one
from the train up here to Abbotabad. This one is not so steep but leads up through a very narrow
gorge. At Dehra Dun we got a small third-class compartment and were very comfortable. Mr. and
Mrs. Dodds met us at the station in Saharanpur where they live.

The next morning Emmet met us at the Gujranwala station and took Jim and Dave with him to
ride home in the car. They got here that night about 8:00. We were on a very slow passenger train,
but chose it because we didn't have to change until we got to Taxila, where we get the branch line up
here. We got there at 11:30 P M and Dr. and Mrs. Martin were at the station. Though my train
wouldn't leave until 5:30 the next morning, it was standing on the track and I was allowed to get in
and spend the night. While Dr. Martin had all my luggage transferred, she took us into the waiting
room and served us hot cocoa. Then she gave us hot milk in a thermos for the morning. They stayed
until I had the boys in bed. It certainly made my transfer a very easy one. Emmet was at the station
to meet us at 7:30 and we were here about 8:15. It sure was good to get home.

Joe whooped and vomited before we pulled out of Taxila, and had five spasms of whooping the
first night we were home. He has whooped and vomited every night since. The others are coughing
some but no whooping yet. The civil surgeon has given them all prescriptions. He thought it was
too late for the serum inoculations to do them any good, but from what others have said, I think it
would at least make their cases lighter.

Just this morning before I left for Annual Meeting I got a Tibetan teapot that you might like. It
reminds one of a Russian samovar (or however you spell that). I got it from an old Tibetan who sells
stone bowls and wooden ones with silver linings, like they drink tea out of in Tibet. I think this
teapot would be very ornamental in your home. It is tin inside and the people use it, but I hesitate to
make tea in it, hence got it for an ornament.

This is lovely weather here now and if the other boys have to have whooping cough, I hope they
get it before it is too cold. They are in quite fit condition except for their coughs.

Abbotabad, November 25, 1930. This past week I've been trying to get more settled, but I haven't
gotten things into the shape I'd like to have them. Bob is coughing worse and throws up, but I've
only heard him give a whoop once. Jim has whooped a couple of times but doesn't cough as much as
Bob. He also has thrown up. Dave coughs some and I hope it's real whooping cough he has, though
he hasn't whooped yet. But Joe has passed the worst I think. He still whoops two or three times each
night. We hope to be through with it by New Year's but can't say for sure. I hope they do get through
with it before our worst weather comes. If they're out of quarantine, Joe and Marjorie and the
children will come up for a few days after they arrive. They sail from New York tomorrow, November 26th.

Do you know whether Jean Gibson Eakin ever received the piece of waxwork I sent her? Will you
please find out. It wasn't much, but if she didn't get it I'd like to send her something else. It was sent
in a registered letter. Just after I mailed that there was a big mail robbery in Karachi of registered,
insured mail. Of course the robbers were after money, but much else was destroyed. Please let me
know about this.

Do you think you could get me a pair of strong corsets? I can only get corselets out here and they
are not strong enough to hold me in. Reed's did have my size but the last ones you sent were a little
large; so please send one size smaller and don't forget to send the bill.
Abbotabad, December 2, 1930. Jim is here beside me making a case of oilcloth for Dave for Christmas. It is to hold paper, pencils, crayons, etc. He has made Bob a jumping bear. Now he is puzzled about what to make the rest of us. Dave is making pen wipers for the older ones of us, and has made a sort of a doll house out of a box for Bob. Everything is being done in anticipation of Christmas. Even Bob was making paper chains today for it. We'll hardly be out of quarantine then, but having so many boys in the family they'll have a big day by themselves.

Thursday was Thanksgiving so we had Miss Moore over for chicken dinner. The boys put on their good wool suits, and we all tried to dress up and pretend we were going out in society in spite of quarantine.

I'm trying this year to put on enough warm things underneath that I won't have to wear a coat in the house so much of the time, for a coat is awkward and heavy. You know cement floors are cold and our rooms are so large we can't heat them properly with a fireplace. I wear wool stockings and this year I have bought those short golf socks to wear when it gets real cold.

We are not sure if Dave has whooping cough, but there's no question about the others. I've never succeeded in fattening Bob up and now he's thinner than ever. He's very tall and angular. He loses more of his meals than the others boys do, but we'll do our best to fatten him after this is over.

Abbotabad, December 9, 1930. Emmet went out to camp this morning for 10 days. It's glorious weather for camping now.

Yes, Jim did take music this year but he didn't make much progress. Emmet, however, was surprised to hear him play as well as he did when we returned. He is preaching every day now. I'm giving Dave and Joe lessons now and they are very enthusiastic. May their zeal continue!! Joe has a better sense of rhythm and time than Jim and Dave, though Dave is very quick at taking up the piano lessons. We're having school regularly now, though of course we'll have vacation for the Xmas holidays.

Abbotabad, December 16, 1930. We hear little of trouble throughout the country except what we read. Things aren't nearly as bad as they were in the spring, though down around Calcutta they seem almost as bad as ever. One naturally sympathizes with the aspirations of Indians for a greater measure of self-government, but tremble for the common people when it comes. They simply cannot agree among themselves. They so often refer to the American Revolution, but they forget that we were a people united by race, faith, and purpose. Until there is a unity among them they will not get far.

Emmet had to come in today for a few hours in the interests of the church property. The Motor Co. beside us has been encroaching on our property for several years. We're trying to get it settled and get permission to put up a fence around the church grounds. There is almost always trouble about land here unless it is walled or fenced in.

I wrapped up some presents last night for the Indian people. I must do more tomorrow night. There are so many to whom one would love to give. This year some of the gifts from Mansfield I am giving separately to the educated Christians. There is such a big gap between these and the poor sweeper people. For the latter, a nursery school in their midst would be a real boon. The poor women go out to work all day and leave little tots to take care of themselves as they can.

Emmet's niece Helen is a junior in college - Kansas State University, where Wade is teaching. Wade hopes to go back to England for another year's study in '33. Helen is staying at her sorority house, and her mother is studying in the graduate school. They sold their house; so I don't know where Wade and Ada are living.
Abbotabad, December 23, 1930. We've had another quiet week. Jim says we're getting stale and I guess we are. The doctor said I could take them down to the bazaar to see the shops if they would be careful not to get near other children. There is a lot of whooping cough among the Indians but not among the English. However I have tried not to let our children give it to any others. The boys were quite thrilled to visit the shops, which have so very little in comparison to what you see in America. Yet I wonder if after all it isn't better. There is so much to tempt people in America - so much that isn't essential and that contributes little or nothing to happiness.

We started giving Bob "Scott's emulsion of cod liver oil" yesterday. He has lost more than the others. Jim and Dave are coughing more than they ever have. I think I wrote that they hadn't coughed much before.

We are thinking of you all so much these days and hope all is well. There is so much unemployment, and there have been so many bank failures that I'm sure it will not be a very merry Christmas for great numbers in America and, in fact, in all the world. The best of Christmas wishes.

Abbotabad, December 28, 1930. Yesterday was the party at the Club, and since our boys couldn't go they [the club] sent over their toys, cakes for tea, and crackers. You know the English are great for these fancy paper crackers with surprises in them. As they sent a full box, the boys took them down to Taxila to share with the Martin children. Jim and Dave each got a lovely big book of stories; Joe got a mosaic to make all sorts of pictures; and Bob got a lovely red scooter. This and a lot of small fancy cakes and one large Christmas cake with fancy icing - a row of beautiful flowers on the top with vines all around. Now don't you think that was very generous of them? There are so many kind, generous people everywhere.

We certainly had a lovely Christmas. It was strange not to be able to have any guests but we had a lovely quiet time together. We had a lovely tree and the boys decorated it themselves. I had taught the boys how to make several kinds of candies. We had a chicken dinner at 6:00. Emmet had a crokinole (or however you spell it) board made for the boys, and he taught them to play that right after dinner. They were delighted with it. I took out post office savings accounts for each of them. In two years they ought to be able to save a little at least. You will see that Miss Lamont gave Bob a doll. He was simply speechless with delight. He calls him John Robert - the latter name because he himself is father, so he says.

Abbotabad, December 28, 1930. To the ladies of the Women's Missionary Society of the U.P. church, Mansfield, Ohio. Your parcels of lovely gifts reached me in Sialkot at the time of our Annual Meeting, and had not sickness and other unavoidable things hindered, I should certainly have acknowledged receipt of it earlier. Let me say in the beginning though, that as we opened the gifts and as we gave them out, we were ever conscious of the financial depression among you all, and of the fact that many in America are experiencing very poor Christmases indeed. However, it was with a very humble spirit that we receive these gifts for a land where many children have little or nothing in the way of Christmas cheer. Now I shall try to tell you what we did with the different articles, and if by chance I should omit anything, please do not think it was not used, but attribute the omission to my poor memory.

The population is a fluctuating one, as this is a semi-hill station frequented in the summer by many Indians from all parts of the border. In the summer there are always more than 50 pupils in the school but at present there are only 32. I should have said that there were only that many last week, as the school has closed for long holiday and will not open until after the middle of February. All schools here have their long vacation in the winter because it is so cold and wet for the children to come out, and they cannot afford to have fires big enough to heat their buildings. You know the
houses are built to keep out the summer heat, rather than to keep one warm in winter.

We have here a Christian carpenter with his wife and family. He was one of the famine orphans brought from down country some 30 years ago, and got his training from the BIH in Gujranwala. They are a very nice family, and as they live in our compound their boys play with ours every day. We feel that this contact with good Indian boys will help our boys understand India better than anything else could.
Abbotabad, January 17, 1931. Letter to Evangeline. What a very wonderful Christmas you sent us!!

Dave loves the Mysto-Magic set, but he never can keep a secret; so after he has shown a new trick once or twice, he has to explain it to everyone. He’s really very funny. He even had to teach one of them to Bob. He certainly has gotten a lot of pleasure out of it. Bob is delighted with his color cubes. He has recently begun to make your acquaintance in earnest. Almost every day for a week he would point to your picture and say “Who is that?” When I would tell him he would always ask “My Aunt Evangeline?” So when your color cubes came he claimed them at once as coming from “My Aunt Evangeline.”

Our whooping cough belongs to the past. We have been fortunate in having mild cases and very pleasant weather. It is the mildest winter we have ever had.

I wonder how you all are. I hope it has not been too cold. The unemployment must be very distressing indeed. We see so many unemployed hungry people here, but we don’t associate those conditions with people we know in America. It must be heartbreaking. Yet there is really nothing you can do. I do hope business picks up soon. Every time I go to the bazaar it hurts me to see the number of coolies standing around wanting to carry my parcels - however small and few. For 2¢ they’ll bring them home, and if I think it is foolish to have some small thing carried some poor coolie misses a meal. This evening Jim and Joe were with me and wanted to carry the things, which they really should do. No less than six coolies asked to carry them, and one even walked almost to the house with us in the hope that the boys would tire. All this for 2¢. And yet what am I to do? I can’t feed all the hungry people of Abbotabad, much less of India.

This coming Thursday we all hope to go out to camp for a week. It will be a nice change for the boys. We are going out to a large village where an inquirer lives. He is very anxious to have me visit with his wife and help her get over her fear of missionaries and Europeans. She has never talked to one so probably thinks us very queer. After seeing me she may be even more convinced in her views, though I sincerely hope not. I have never been out there and am quite keen to go.

Abbotabad, January 19, 1931. We are out of quarantine and happy indeed to be so. If it doesn’t rain we all are going out to the district for a week on Thursday. We’re going to stop in the P.W.D. bungalow there. The P.W.D. (public works department) is really a civil engineering department of the government. It has charge of roads, bridges, water supply, etc. Major Smith was in charge of that department here. I am very anxious to go to Balakot as I have never seen it. An inquirer lives there who is eager for me to visit with his wife.

I am so glad you and Aunt Bessie are having such a fine visit. I know she enjoys having you very, very much. I’m amused at her having the California fever. Maybe she’ll go if we do. How is Emmet this winter? I often think that he might be able to do something if he could get into an entirely new environment, though it’s been a long time since he’s been able to work.

Abbotabad, January 24, 1931. I am not writing to Aunt Bessie today, though, for it is now 10:45. We eat at 11:30. Then all the boys have to be bathed (they do it themselves yet I have to be sure it’s done right) before 2:00, and all of us ready by that time to go to an Indian house for tea. We’ll be there until 3:30 or 4:00, and Foreign Mail closes at 4:00. So you see I can’t write more than this one letter, and in it I can’t hope to do justice to this wonderful Christmas you sent, to say nothing of the lovely gifts from Evangeline.
Balakot, January 26, 1931. We didn't get out here until today, Monday, on account of the rain last week. We came out by Mansehra, and on out on the paved road towards Kashmir to within 12 mi. from here where we turn onto a mud road - a narrow winding road along the river. This village's name, Balakot, means "high village." It is set up on a hill. The bungalow where we stay is below the village, and all around the village and us snowcapped mountains tower. You all would love the place. The boys were so eager to come and I hope it will be a real good holiday for them.

Emmet is having Bible classes in the morning and camp meetings in the afternoon. I'm hoping to get into the village several times at least. There is an inquirer's wife here that I am anxious to meet.

This is an interesting hill country, and the people are quite different from those in Abbottabad. Even our cook, a staunch Mohammedan, is a little afraid of this country and our cook is seldom afraid of anything. There really isn't anything to be afraid of here. It is now the time of the Mohammedans' fast, and this evening at about six it was difficult to get anything or anyone, as that was the time when they were allowed to eat.

Abbotabad. February 1, 1931. I came in alone yesterday, as I have to go to Taxila tomorrow noon and Emmet was afraid that if I waited until tomorrow morning I wouldn't get to Havalian in time to get the train. Can you imagine my coming in and leaving the boys out there? They were having such a grand time, and Emmet and our cook are looking after them OK. The boys went fishing several times and Jim and Dave caught a fish big enough for a meal for us.

There is a small leper asylum there that we went over to see. It is under the government, but there is no resident physician and the poverty and filth is most distressing. The lepers get their home and four annas (8¢) a day for food and clothing. There are a number of untainted children there who should be taken away and given a fair chance. We came away from there very much distressed.

There is a government school for girls in Balakot. There are 42 Mohammedan girls enrolled and are two teachers. The headmistress was taught by her father, who was teacher in a boys' school 4 mi. away. He was a progressive Mohammedan, indeed, who in that back country thought his daughter worthy of education. She has been teaching there for 10 years and is married to a man in Balakot. Such women are helping reconstruct India. She seems so pleased I came. I'm going to send her some magazines that she can let the children use the pictures for scrapbooks. All schools in the NWFP are under the supervision of an inspector, Miss Littlewood. All honor to a woman with her vision and zeal, who will go alone for supervision into these far, lonely places! It's no easy job, and all this year she had to have an armed escort, but she's never missed a place.

The Taxila, Campbellpur and Abbotabad ladies have to edit the reports for the Women's Board this year. Hence, I'm going to Taxila for two days.

We are all well and happy to be so. The civil surgeon insisted on fumigating the house after the whooping cough, so we let him do it while we were in Balakot. The watchman was here to open and close the house for them.

Abbotabad, February 11, 1931. We all are fine and the boys are having a good time - trying to enjoy their vacation. School opens March 16th. If you can, send a letter or card to Jim at Woodstock Hostel, Landour, Mussoorie, U.P..

I'll have to go up about April 20th. I shall have our two new girls, and their language school begins April 25th, so begin my mail to Fairview towards the end of March.

Abbotabad, February 18, 1931. I am sending out Eid cards, which may be of interest to you all. You know Eid is a feast after the Mohammedans' month of fast. Eid will be this Friday and now they are sending cards just as we do at Christmas. In fact they have copied our custom. This card
resembles in outline and design an Indian rupee bill. You will notice the poem is copied in part from some Christmas one. "Eid Mubarak" above it means "Blessed Eid to you", and the word "mubarak" is what they use with us at Christmas. During the fast, those who keep it strictly are hard put to it to keep up the whole day. I think our cook has kept it better this year than sometimes, and so his disposition hasn't been the best. You know our cook does not eat our food, but on his feast day, this Eid, I always have curry and pilao and have him cook enough for himself, too. We have curry almost every other day as the family is very fond of it.

It is snowing this morning and the boys are delighted you may be sure. I have promised to let them out in it this noon, but I didn't want them to go out in it when it was snowing hard as they really don't have the clothes.

Abbotabad, February 24, 1931. We had snow again last week and the boys rolled up five or six big balls into a shaded spot near the house, so as to have plenty for ice-cream for a little while. I finally invested in a 2-qt. freezer, and we're having ice cream every night as long as the ice lasts. The whole family is very fond of it, and in Landour ice is too expensive to have it. As we have snow every winter here, we'll just go into the ice-cream business whenever snow comes our way. I get 5 qt. of milk a day. When we don't make ice-cream we use it up in other puddings, soups, cocoa, etc. As milk is cheap here, it pays to get plenty of it for everyone.

I must busy myself this week with the boys' clothes, etc. [for boarding school] The dhobi (washerman) came today to press their suits and my dresses. He brings this big charcoal iron, which is heavy enough to press heavy pants, etc. quickly and well. My little iron takes much, much longer. In the hills we have an electric iron and I enjoy pressing with it. Tomorrow I am to take the boys to tea with one of the officers' wives. She paints beautifully, and I want Dave to see some of her work.

Abbotabad, March 4, 1931. We are fairly well packed and hope to leave early tomorrow morning. I have a dentist appointment in Pindi en route. We are leaving the boys' trunks in Pindi. They will get on the train in Gujranwala on Friday, the 13th. Mrs. Downs is taking all the children from up this way.

Monday we were at Mrs. Mayer's for tea. She had some other guests - one who sings beautifully. We enjoyed the music immensely.

We have just heard of two deaths of friends in Landour. Perhaps I told you of Mr. Cornuelle who has been in charge of the Language School. Last week Philip Stuntz, a boy a little older than Jim, was drowned near Lahore.

Zafarwal March 11, 1931. [Uncle Joe's and Aunt Marjorie's station.] We came down here Friday. We started from home Thursday morning. After we were all packed, we sat down to breakfast and noticed that Joe's face was broken out. Bob had been that way 10 days before, and we had never decided just what had been the matter with him. We decided to go on down to Taxila, as Joe had no fever, and ask Dr. Martin about it. He pronounced it German Measles, but advised our coming on as it is a very simple thing. We spent the night in Jhelum with Dr. Simpson and did enjoy it so much. The next morning Dave's face was broken out and Saturday Jim and his father both had developed it. Jim had fever Sabbath but is all right again, and Emmet's mouth and throat have been sore but are better. Now we are waiting for a telegram from Dr. Martin, telling whether or not we may send the children to school Friday, according to our previous plan. Such is life!

We found that the people [Joe and Marjorie] here quite well and happy. They live outside the village and it's just like the country. The boys are delighted with it. They have quite a few pets - lamb, deer, dog, pigeons, and a very big compound and garden. It's just an ideal place for boys who
like to be out-of-doors as ours do. They have so many fruit and shade trees and consequently many many birds.

Mother Alter is talking of coming out next September. She may come with a party and spend two months in India, or she may come and go home with us. She is free now and can use some of Aunt Mary's money for this trip.

Abbotabad, March 16, 1931. We got home Saturday night about 8:30. By "we" I mean Emmet, Bob, and I. We took the boys to the train in Gujranwala Friday afternoon. Mrs. Downs and her party of girls were all in a nice big compartment. The boys had groused a lot about having to travel with the girls, and the girls had done just as much complaining about our three boys. Aren't children funny? Jim sent us a letter from Lahore, and this morning one came from Mrs. Downs, saying they had reached Landour OK. She said Jim had been so helpful. I'll enclose her card if I find it.

We spent Friday night with Louise [Scott] and her father. Dr. Gayland Fisher came that evening as a member of the Layman's Commission. We were pleased to meet him and talk with him. We asked about the educational institutions at home and were able to get some inside information. He seemed very much interested in our work up here and asked many questions about it.

When we went to Zaffarwal we said we wanted the boys to see some weavers at work, as there are many out there. We didn't expect, however, weaver's of silk as we did 5 mi. away. There was a whole village of weavers. This silk they get from Japan, and they dye it and thread it on spools for the shuttle themselves. The men do the dyeing, the women the winding of those spools, and the men again do the weaving. They have very simple handmade looms and sit in holes in the mud floors to do it.

Abbotabad, March 24, 1931. We were so glad to get your two letters today. It made me feel nearer to you all to know that you were back with Evangeline. We are happy indeed that you found all three looking so well. I hope they thought the same of you.

You asked about magazines. We take the Literary Digest, Geographic, Christian Herald, and the Reader's Digest, besides our church papers. Kathleen and Virginia send the Reader's Digest. They started it last year. We, too, like it very much. We do not know who sends the Christian Herald. Aunt Kit sent it one year some time ago and I've wondered if she is sending it again. The College Springs people send the American Boy. Jim is thrilled with it.

Woodstock Hostel, March 22, 1931. Letter from Jim to his mother and father.

Today was Mr. Fleming's birthday, so we got some extra things to eat [Martha's parenthesis (notice a boy's appetite!!)] Today a new boy named Arthur Sims was having a fight with Billy Calwell and threw an iron coat hanger at him. But the coat hanger, missing Billy, hit Dave above the ear and made a lot of blood come out. Bola (our old hill servant) has found work with the Mackenzies and I hope he likes it.

Dear Bob, Thank you for thinking of me. I hope you are feeling well. With love, Jim.

Woodstock School, March 24, 1931. Letter from Mr. Parker to Martha. Dave had a little accident on Sunday afternoon. One boy threw a coat hanger, and the hook cut into his head just behind his ear. It is just a tiny cut and did not injure the skull at all. Mr. Parsons put on some mercurochrome and did not think anything more of it. He saw the nurse and she seemed to think he was all right. The next day, yesterday, he complained of it hurting him. He was in school and ate a good dinner at 4 that afternoon. Because he was not feeling as well as he should, Mrs. Courtenay took his temperature and found that he had a degree of temperature, and sent him to the school hospital.

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This morning he still has some temperature and the cut was inflamed. Dr. Butcher saw him and while he thinks there is no danger, he said he would like to have him right near him at the Cottage Hospital, where he could see him more often during the day. So we are sending him in a dandy to the Cottage Hospital. He is feeling all right but has a degree of temperature and says the place hurts him. Dr. Butcher said that you should not worry, but because of his difficulty last year, he was taking every precaution and would watch him for a day or so. If you do not receive a wire from us by the time you receive this, you know he is getting along all right and probably back in school. If, however, his fever should continue and go up, we will certainly send you a wire. Dr. Butcher said very definitely he did not anticipate any difficulty at all and if it were not for David’s condition last year, we would not move him to the hospital at all. The cut is so tiny and shallow one wonders that it should hurt him at all. It is red on the outside. It did not hurt the skull. Sincerely, A. E. Parker.

Woodstock School, March 25, 1931. Letter from Mr. Parker to Martha. I have just run up to Cottage Hospital - this is about 2:00 p.m. - and they say Dave is getting on very nicely. He had no temperature today and the cut is looking healthier although it still has a little pus in it. They’re very favorably impressed with his condition. Yours sincerely.

Woodstock School, March 27, 1931. Letter from Mr. Parker to Martha. David seems to be quite all right and we are expecting him back from the Cottage Hospital this evening. We trust he will soon be back in class. Sincerely.

P.S. If they do not send him this evening, they will in the morning. A. E. P.

Abbottabad, March 31, 1931. Do you remember in my letter to the Women’s Missionary Society in Mansfield this year, I wrote of the Mrs. James who is a nurse in one of the Gurkha regiments and has two sons in Rawalpindi high-school? It is Easter vacation now and the boys are home. The elder one came with his mother this noon. The boys have always been very kind and helpful to their mother, and they seem very eager to go on with their education. The elder one wants to be an engineer and the younger a doctor. I’ve been writing about getting them a scholarship to help with their education. In the Kings’ New Year honors this year, Mrs. James received a second-class Kaiser-E-Hind in recognition of helpful medical work among the Gurkha women. The pity of it is that such an honor brings no financial aid to one so worthy. She gets Rs. 40 a month which isn’t a very exorbitant sum for three people, to say nothing of educating two. However, they have just the spirit to accomplish the seemingly impossible. If they get the scholarships, the mother will be able to see them through. She’s the cheerful, courageous type that one would go a long way to meet.

Yesterday I was over to see a poor Christian woman who is most miserable. She had several operations for glands and now has a very large swelling under the right arm. She is to have her fifth child in two months and I doubt if either will pull through. She can eat very little, and, after all, how much of the best food can they afford for a family of that size on Rs.20 per month?! I’ve ordered a quart of milk a day for her. And that may help a bit, but in the end what she needs is scientific care, yet she refuses to go to the hospital, as she has the very prevalent fear of such an institution.

Abbottabad, April 6, 1931. Mrs. Downs’ father and mother, who are here visiting, are coming tomorrow and I asked the Mayers over for supper; so I must write tonight in order to get this off this week. Dr. and Mrs. Martin and their two younger children were up over Sabbath. You may be sure Bob was thrilled to have children here. We were so pleased to have them, for it’s been a long time since they have been here, though they live so near.

I have about decided to go up to Landour next week, as Emmet has to leave on the 11th and won’t
be back before I have to leave on the 20th. If I go up and take the boys out before the 15th, I'll save half a month's board. The board is cheap, but, still, the five of us at home can probably live on what the board for three is. I really wanted to leave the boys in until the first of May, but it is probably all working out for the best.

**Abbotabad, April 9, 1931.** Ask Paul if knows a Cornell man by the name of Ritz Rice, who is salesman for power equipment of General Electric in Boston? He is a brother of Mrs. Downs in Pindi, and his father and mother came up here Tuesday and left this morning. They're spending a year with the Downses. Barring Kashmir, they consider Abbotabad the most beautiful place they have seen in India. As I've told you often, it really is very, very beautiful, and the drive from the station 9 mi. away and then on 16 mi. to Mansehra is gorgeous. They love our house and say it reminds them of a Swiss Chalet. Doesn't that sound classy? The thing I dislike about it all is that the boys have their vacation in the cold, disagreeable weather and miss all this beauty, because it is, of course, prettier when the leaves are out, the flowers blooming, and the grain ripening. The roads are now lined with wild blue and white iris.

I'm enclosing a letter from Jim. The dear lad is so careful of everything, money included, that his loss must have hurt him very much indeed. I had a letter from Mrs. Courtenay, who is in charge of Joe's dormitory. She spoke of how Joe is able to do everything for himself. Then she said, "You would be so pleased to see how unspoiled and appreciative Joe is always." She sees the other boys but has no personal contact with them. She spoke of how Jim is growing up and how clean and pink he always looks. He still has a beautiful complexion but doesn't seem to know it. Dave missed practically two weeks of school. I do feel sorry for the lad and hope he doesn't have any more shocks.

I've changed my plans and I'm going to Landour Tuesday, and the boys will come out of boarding that day. Bob is so excited and I know the boys will be when they hear. We're leaving here Saturday and spending Sabbath in Taxila. I will go on the midnight train with Emmet. He will get off in the morning at Lahore, and I will go on to Saharanpur and spend the night with Mrs. Dodds. Tuesday morning she and Bob and I will take seats in a bus for Mussoorie. It will be nice to have company so much of the way.

The letter continued April 14th, from Landour. Just got in this afternoon. Dave's head is still being dressed twice a day but is much better, and he seems to be feeling fine. The boys are so happy to see me, though from all they say you can tell that they really enjoyed being in boarding. Bob is so delighted to be with his big brothers again.

**Fairview, Landour, April 21, 1931.** It seems more than one week since we came up, for I have been doing a lot of straightening up. When I went down last fall, I left everything in confusion, so that it has taken me longer to get settled than it would otherwise have done.

The two new ladies are due to arrive Thursday morning. Their room is practically ready. Our side of the house is all finished and I am glad.

Bob started to kindergarten last Thursday, and how I wish you could have seen the smile on his face the whole time. He is thrilled with it all. Yesterday afternoon when he woke up from his sleep, he said, "My, but I love school! Did you love school when you were a little girl?" The school is only two and a half hours, but he is away from the house for two and a half hours. He is carried both ways; still he is tired enough for a good sleep every afternoon.

Joe had two boys out from hostel for lunch and tea Saturday, and a couple of others for tea to celebrate his birthday. I was pleased because he asked boys that seldom get invited out. Joe is still as methodical and responsible as ever and seems so happy with all his schoolwork. Jim is much more
pleased with his work this year than last. I fear he's really in the first year of high school. He is taking algebra, biology, French, English, Bible, manual training, and music. He really doesn't like music and will probably never make anything of it, but with this training ought to have a better appreciation of it. Dave seems much more developed than last year and more keen on settling down to his home-work if he has any. On the whole the year promises to be a good one.

Fairview, Landour, April 28, 1931. The new ladies came last Thursday and are very nice indeed. They are both from the West. They are cultured, refined girls whom one enjoys meeting. I also have a Mennonite girl living here for two months. The cottage is unoccupied yet and I doubt if it will be. That will make it nicer for us, as it will be quieter and less crowded, but it is a loss financially to the mission.

Today was rather full. Charcoal men came this morning, and I was hardly there with them when I had to go down to see Mr. Parker on some school business and Community Center work. I was only home from there a couple of hours when I had to go down to the Community Center for a board meeting. All these would be simple walks if they weren't straight up and down. An escalator would be just the thing.

The year we go home - 1933 - Evangeline and Paul will celebrate their silver wedding anniversary. Would you care to go in with us and get them a silver tea set from Kashmir?

Fairview, Landour, May 5, 1931. Saturday, we took our picnic lunch out. We had fried bacon and eggs and other things to go with it. Mrs. Dodds and her children and all of us. It is nice to get out that way on Saturday. The Dodds came home with us for tea. When we got here two other ladies were here - Mennonites. I knew they might come one day last week but had given them up. They will be here for May and June. They seem to like it very much here. As I have often written, we have a very pretty place and a quiet one.

Mrs. Dodds and I are making a study of flowers this summer. She knows much more about them than I do, so she is teaching me and I am painting one of each for both of us. If I keep it up all summer, we'll have quite a collection. [We have these paintings.]

Fairview, Landour, May 10, 1931. You spoke of Jim looking so big in the pictures. He does seem to be growing a lot these days. You would laugh to hear him talk about being too fat! He still has a big appetite. In fact they all do. The Scouts have regulation hats this year and Jim looks splendid in his uniform. I want Emmet to take his picture in it when he is here.

Yesterday I took them to the dentist. Dave had three fillings and three extractions and Joe had two fillings. Then they went into the roller skating rink with some other school children and two teachers as chaperones. They came home very weary. They think they would like a pair of roller skates from you for Christmas. Would it not be possible to get one pair that could be adjusted for any one of the three older boys? Evangeline would know about this. If they had one such pair they all three could learn to skate.

Bob is still very enthusiastic about school. They all are so pleased with school this year that it makes the days go quickly.

Fairview, Landour, May 21, 1931. Monday I had to be down at the school at the PTA meeting until about 7:00. When I came home the boys and the ladies were all lined up on the veranda and sang Happy Birthday. They had quite a nice party for me, and of course the boys were delighted to have a part in it.

There has been so much flu here all spring. We have been fortunate to have escaped thus far, and
I do hope we can continue to do so. The senior class were to give "Quality Street" by Barry this Saturday, but they had to postpone it indefinitely as three of the cast are down with flu.

The men of the mission were called to Gujranwala, Tuesday, to decide the adjustment of the 20% cut for the coming year. It seems that some schools or districts will have to be cut out. I am anxious to hear just what action was taken.

How I wish you could know the boys. They are so full of life and interest! They are interested in gardening as never before - have planted beans, corn, peanuts, and potatoes as experiments. They have very little ground for gardening. Jim got a number of geranium cuttings from Mrs. Martin and is putting them out himself and is very faithful at watering everything. They beg us not to live in a city in America.

**Fairview, Landour, May 27, 1931.** As Mrs. Graham says, New Wilmington is a delightful place for boys, but if I still have asthma it is no place for me.

Today was the annual business meeting of the Community Center, and I had to have my accounts ready and a budget ready for next year. I'm glad that it is over. The auditing will be done another week or so. Mr. Parker is assistant treasurer, as it is always well to have someone who is here most of the year. He is really a very remarkable man, as he is able to do so many things, all equally well. He does them so calmly and quietly, too.

Last night and today I've been printing some posters for the Sale. I have a few more to do but must stop that work before Friday. Then Mr. Maxwell [UP Mission Board representative] is coming as our guest for a week. We wanted him to be here especially for the Woodstock Board meeting, Monday. The representatives from our mission are to have a meeting here at our house Friday night after dinner.

You remember Bob Cummings, don't you? Tell Mrs. Graham that he is at the head of the language school here this year and I see him often. He has the adult Bible class at Sunday School and is a very good teacher.

Saturday the ladies living with us were away; so I asked Mrs. Dodds and family up for lunch and tea here. We had such a good visit. How we shall miss them next year!!!

**Fairview, Landour, June 3, 1931.** Last Saturday was the Sale day. The Indian food is very popular but not very profitable to the Sale. However we cleared Rs.31-9-0 this year, whereas, we had never had any profit. This was chiefly due to the curry puffs - 80 lbs. of which were sent as a donation by the Maharani whose children are in school here. The whole Sale has cleared over rupees 7000.

Monday the three boys went to camp. Bob Dodds came up Saturday night. I got up at 3:00 to get them their breakfast. They left at 3:30. They are camping at Kempty Falls, and the road down is very sunny; so the Scouts preferred to go early before sunrise. The other two boys left at 7:00 but they were up and dressed at 5:15. Hence they and I got little sleep. You would have laughed to see them start off with their packs on their backs. They will get home this afternoon, and Jim Friday - then at 8:30 Monday morning Bob went down to Martins to spend the day, and at 9:30 Mr. Maxwell and I started down to the school for the Annual Meeting of the Board Directors. It didn't close until 6:30 that evening. It was 7:30 before I got up to a steak roast at Redburn, where Bob was.

The board meeting was very satisfactory. Certainly the school has grown in every way during these past 10 years. Mr. Parker is going on furlough this coming spring or summer and wanted a permanent man put in his place, but the Board was unanimous in its action that he should remain principal and that an officiating man should serve during his absence. I was made a member of a committee of five to select and appoint an officiating principal. Mr. Parker would like someone from our mission, since we haven't our quota of teachers here, but since we are having such a heavy cut
and since we haven't had a new man sent out for five-and-a-half years, it seems doubtful that we can
spare a man. We are, however, communicating with our Board on the matter.

Last night we had a steak roast here. The girls living here had wanted to invite some of their
friends. It was a gloriously clear day and we could see the snows until dark. Then we went around
to the front of the house and watched the moon rise up over the mountains. It certainly was a
delightful evening for such a party in one of the grandest settings one could ever have. We do have a
lovely place here.

Fairview, Landour, June 10, 1931. This week we are having our Annual Landour [Missionary]
Conference at the Community Center. I hope to go down for the day tomorrow.

Jim came home from camp Friday with blistered shoulders. His skin is so very sensitive, like his
father's. He was disappointed not to get more time in the water, but he couldn't go in after being so
badly sunburnt. Dave and Joe came home Wednesday. Dave was all bruised from being run over by
a cart - the only boy hurt in the whole camp!! Fortunately it wasn't serious. Saturday they had to go
to practice for a Scout and Cub show which is coming off on the 15th. Mrs. Dodds and I had planned
to take them to the 5:30 picture show, but when they had to practice we decided to go at 9:30. We
took supper over and met the boys in Mussoorie. It was the first talkie our boys had ever seen or
heard (whichever you say). It was Harold Lloyd in Feet First. I still can't work up any enthusiasm for
a movie, but the boys were very eager to go. I said it was sure a strenuous holiday week - beginning
at 2:30 Monday morning and ending at 12:30 Saturday night.

This week I've had to make a giraffe costume for Dave and Joe. Mr. Millen made the wooden
head and neck. I had to cover them and make the body. The boys are thrilled with it.

Emmet's mother has given up coming out this year, since we are not going home until 1933.

Fairview, Landour, June 17, 1931. Monday evening was such a time when I wish you could have
shared with me the thrill I had in realizing I had three boys in the Scout and Cub's show at Stiffies - a
stylish restaurant where these children put on a regular cabaret, in the ballroom while we mothers
sat around and drank tea and reveled in the antics of our sons. The assembling of all the Scouts and
Cubs of Mussoorie there, singing in unison and then saluting the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes
was most impressive. Mr. Stevens, the Scout Commissioner for this district, is a man near 60 years
but most young in spirit. It's a great inspiration to see American, English, Anglo-Indian, and Indian
boys working and playing together and even greater an inspiration to realize that as they, under two
flags, salute to the two, they are doing more to eradicate race prejudice than any number of words
can do. Our boys are greatly privileged I think.

Last week there was a conference at the Community Center for three days. Joe chose to be sick
just at that time; so I didn't get to hear as much as I had hoped. The report of some of the mass
movement survey was very good.

Fairview, Landour, June 24, 1931. Mrs. Downs and her daughter Celestia are here with us this
week. Mrs. Downs came up last Friday to stay 10 days with Celestia, who is in boarding. The plan
was that she was to stay with Mrs. Martin but the Martin children had German measles; so we have
the Downes here. Celestia is a lovely girl of 14 and we were delighted to have them with us.

Tomorrow morning Mrs. Martin and I are having a coffee party. It is partly a celebration of our
wedding anniversaries, as Mrs. Downs was married 15 years ago on the 26th, and we on the 27th. I
hoped maybe Emmet could be up by Saturday but it just doesn't seem as though he can. He'll be up
by the middle of next week though, I hope.

Today I went to Mussoorie to shop and bought myself a felt hat. You would like it because it is in
tans and brown. I think it is a beautiful felt and is broad enough brimmed to be becoming to me. . .
The hat I bought in a French shop far over in Mussoorie.

**Fairview, Landour, July 2, 1931.** We just had Dr. and Mrs. Titus to lunch. He was in the same fraternity as Dwight Leland at Ohio Wesleyan. They both remembered Dwight's wife in Lakeside. Dr. Titus has specialized in Mohammedanism, and he and Emmet had a good visit together. Emmet is so delighted that Dr. Titus will serve as chairman at the Abbottabad conference in September.

Emmet came up Saturday as a surprise to me. He sent word to Jim so that we wouldn't plan any all-day outing, but Jim was very careful not to tell anyone. Word had been sent through Mrs. Picken, so, through her others knew Emmet had to leave a few hours before his committee work was finished, but he was eager to be here for our 15th wedding anniversary.

The children gave us a glass fruit bowl, and Mrs. Martin and her two girls gave us a water pitcher and six glasses - green glass. Mrs. Martin was up for dinner.

This last Tuesday night the Presbyterian mission, which is holding its annual meeting here now, had its big dinner at the Community Center, and I went down to help serve. I painted the place cards and fixed up favors all day Monday, and helped down there all of Tuesday afternoon and until 12:30 that night. Emmet came down after the boys were asleep.

This afternoon we are taking the boys to see Tom Sawyer. We shall meet them down at the bazaar. They are delighted to go. It is blowing up a storm now but we're hopeful it will blow over. I'm afraid Joe is caught in it now, for his class is out early and he is to meet us at Mrs. Mackenzie's.

**Fairview, Landour, July 9, 1931.** We were so pleased with your good letters this week and the most delightful box of birthday gifts. The children will be delighted with everything. I'm giving Bob one box of gummed colored strips on Friday. I know he will love to work with them. He wants to take his birthday cake down to his class at school.

We had a picnic of our missionaries here on the evening of the fourth. Emmet and Mr. Picken had brought fireworks from the plains. The children were thrilled. It's by far the biggest fourth of July they have had in India.

I'm having khaki clothes made for the boys. I say I ought to get a big reduction on all the khaki cloth I buy. It's very serviceable and practical and our boys want nothing else for daily use. They don't need much else for entering boarding except raincoats, several suits of warm underwear and shoes.

**Fairview, Landour, July 13, 1931.** Tomorrow night two of the men teachers, Mr. Parsons and Mr. Millen, are coming up to dinner. The boys are eager to have them.

Today Emmet and I went down to see Mrs. Chatterjee, a very dear Indian friend. Her husband was headmaster of our mission school in Gujranwala for years. She lives about 2,000 ft. below us, which means about 3 mi. winding down and the same back up, which is really the hardest of course. Mrs. Chatterjee is a lovely character and it was a real privilege to have the day with her.

Saturday the seniors put on "Quality Street." It was very well done. The children didn't like it as well as Tarkington's "Seventeen," but we can see how they couldn't understand "Quality Street" as well as the other. I said one didn't have to wait until 17 to grouch at everyone and everything. Jim's at that stage now. He's really very amusing at times but he can't see it that way. It's really a comfort the four of them don't pass through that stage at one time. However, Jim goes by streaks and at times is remarkably kind and thoughtful. He continues to give no trouble about his schoolwork. He is so thrilled that two peeps have hatched out, in spite of the fact that the hen got off the nest last week and was accidently locked up in the wood storeroom overnight. They had put three duck eggs under the old hen and she's still sitting on them.
Fairview, Landour, July 30, 1931. A week ago Monday I had represented the parents at a roundtable conference of the PTA. My paper wasn't very long, but it took a lot of time and work discussing things with parents and then again with Mr. Parker for ten days before the event. I wanted to make every suggestion constructive and succeeded in doing so. I've had a lot of compliments on it; so since it satisfied the constituency, I am pleased. If I do say it myself, the teachers hadn't their side worked up as well.

A week ago Wednesday night, Mrs. Parker and I gave a dinner party down at the hostel. We served 20 at little tables and enjoyed the evening as much as the guests did if not more. Perhaps you would be interested in the menu - fruit cocktail - salmon croquettes and asparagus tips with salad dressing - creamed chicken patties, rolls, jelly salad, scalloped potatoes, peas; mock mince pie with whipped cream-nuts, candy, coffee.

Last night Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Martin, and I had all the teachers up for a similar dinner at Martins. We have so enjoyed Emmet's visit and are surely sorry he has to go tomorrow. The boys are regretting it very much, especially Jim.

Mrs. Dodds was in Princeton when on furlough and she says it is the most expensive place. She also says that practically everyone of the professional people send their children to private schools, which we could never afford. They sent Bob, who was only a kindergartner, to such a school, paying $75 for a year. I have no doubt that Princeton would be a delightful place to live, and certainly I should be very happy to have our boys go to Princeton, but I doubt if we could afford it.

Fairview, Landour, August 5, 1931. Emmet left Friday. It is needless to say we miss him very, very much. Jim seems to miss him more than he ever did before. I got a cold the day before he left and had a slight attack of flu; so went to bed when he left and stayed there all day. I've just about gotten rid of it now and feel much, much better.

Yesterday afternoon we had a party for the munshis [Language School teachers] here and had quite a jolly time. The boys enjoyed it very much and entered into the games very nicely.

All last week we were out every day for something. Emmet is amused at the way I can go, but I tell him I used to do that when in high school and I'm just renewing my youth. However, I tell him I think you can beat me even at your age.

I've been wanting to write to you for several weeks about a possible change in our plans, though I hesitated to do it before it should be more of a settled fact. Though it isn't certain yet, still I believe it is near enough so to tell you. Emmet wrote to his mother about it two weeks ago but I hesitated then. I wrote you about being put on the committee to choose and appoint a principal to act in Mr. Parker's place during his furlough. Mr. Parker called me to his office in April, to see what I would think of our mission giving a man and his wife for this work. I said we had been so short of men that it looked as though we might have some detained in America this year because of the cut, so that it hardly looked as though we could give a man. However, I mentioned one or two who I thought could do the work.

At the time of the Woodstock Board meeting, Mr. Maxwell and I were asked to correspond with the Foreign Board and find out if they would agree to such an appointment. We are supposed to have three teachers in Woodstock, but this year we have only one. A man and his wife would fill our quota. We wrote and asked the Board to cable a reply. I've also sent in a statement to our Mission Executive Committee and asked them to state their opinion regarding it. On July 4th we received an answer from the Executive Committee, saying they would consider it if a man were chosen from among the five returning this fall or the two going home in 1933. That evening we had our mission picnic, and several said at once that we should be the ones. It came to us as a thunderbolt and we didn't consider it seriously at all. The following Tuesday I had to see Mr. Parker about several other matters, and told him about the Executive Committee action. He had been so insistent at the board
meeting, on having someone take over permanently, that he discussed at length those returning this fall. Then he asked who would be going home in '33. When he heard our names, his face lit up as though he had struck an idea. The following Saturday he told us that they were quite convinced that we were the ones who should take his place. I suggested that I resign from the committee, but he said he didn't think it would be necessary, as most of the work would have to be by correspondence. The following Wednesday, however, at the insistence of our own missionaries, I wrote again to him about resigning from the committee in order to have things open for discussion, but he sent a note back again, insisting that it wasn't necessary, and enclosing a copy of a letter he sent the Monday before to the other members of the committee, telling them of our [U.P.] Executive Committee action, and asking them to ask our mission for us. The next day a cable came from the Foreign Board, saying they would approve the appointment of a man to take Mr. Parker's place.

The formal action of the Woodstock committee has not been completed yet, but Mr. Blickenstaff, chairman of the committee and president of the board, wrote Mr. Parker that he considered it settled. They haven't presented their formal request to our mission yet, but if it is presented it no doubt will go through. It will delay our home going for about six months. We didn't consider it at all first, but finally decided to take no action one way or another and let it work out. It will be a big job for both of us, and will take Emmet away from work he has loved so much, but we have given seven-and-a-half years to this other work, so that any time we should give to Woodstock would all be over the regular term of service. It isn't settled yet and we continue to be open-minded on it. You would have been pleased to have heard of the things said in connection with our being suggested for the place. It will be well not to talk much about it until it is settled.

Fairview, Landour, August 12, 1931. I thought I was going to have a rather quiet week, but things crowded up again. Yesterday I was invited out to one of the Presbyterian ladies for lunch, and the girls and I gave a tea here at 4. We had a very cosmopolitan group - Scotch [sic], New Zealanders, English, Indian, Danish and American. We really had a great time and everyone seemed to enjoy it very much. Today I went to the tea at the Community Center, and had a meeting of the M'A Executive Committee afterwards. Tomorrow I'm having lunch with one of the Methodist ladies and tea with a Presbyterian. I mention denominations so that you can see we do not keep just to ourselves. Friday morning is Club, and in the afternoon there is a senior music recital. Jim is to play in that; so of course I must go.

As yet, next week is free except for Tuesday. I'm to spend the day down with Mrs. Parker. Saturday, as I was going to the Sale, I met the postman and he handed me a letter from Mr. Blickenstaff, chairman of the committee to choose a principal for Woodstock, and he said committee had unanimously voted to ask our mission to release us for the place. That much is over. Sabbath I got a letter from Miss Milligan of the Foreign Board, saying the Board is really quite pleased with the idea of appointing a man and his wife to Woodstock. The Board is going to have to reduce the number of missionaries and by putting a man and his wife at Woodstock, it will save their salaries from the general budget, as they have to furnish salaries for three teachers at Woodstock. Mr. Millen is one and a man and his wife would be the other two. Mrs. Parker wants me to come down to talk over possible plans, etc.. They live at one end of the hostel and she manages all the food for the boys. She is really a very capable person and it will not be easy to follow her - whoever goes in. Our mission will probably not take action until our Annual Meeting in October, but is it more than likely that they will let us come here. Mr. Parker is waiting action of the Presbyterian board, to know whether he will leave in April or July. We shall just wait now for our Mission action.

Fairview, Landour, August 19, 1931. At the Parent Teachers' meeting on Monday, Mr. Parker announced that the Woodstock Board had chosen us, and that our Foreign Board approved of
sending a man, and that he trusted our mission would release us for this work. Tuesday, yesterday, I spent the day with Mrs. Parker looking over things in general.

Today our mission entertained at tea at the Community Center. We have teas there every Wednesday for members. We really had a very good time today. There was a little 20-minute play and then a funny stunt.

Emmet is back in Abbotabad and seems to be finding things in good condition. He has been gone almost three weeks.

Fairview, Landour, August 23, 1931. We have had a busy week as usual. Thursday morning Mrs. Martin and I had some friends in for coffee here at Fairview. It was a dark rainy morning, but with a fire and lots of flowers the room was bright and cheery.

Friday was club in the morning and a play at the school at 4:30 p.m.. Saturday we had a steak roast at Redburn. Today, Monday, I was at Ross's for tea. This morning I spent mending. Tomorrow morning is our regular weekly mission prayer meeting here at Fairview. Mrs. Chatterjee, the Indian friend whom Emmet and I visited one day, is coming and all our missionaries are bringing a hot dish for lunch. There will be 26 in all. This will give Mrs. Chatterjee a chance to visit with all the people. Wednesday morning Mrs. Martin and I are having another coffee party. This time at her house. That afternoon the club play will be given at the Community Center.

I am glad you spoke of the financial depression in Boston. I have often wondered if it was affecting things there as it is in the West. We have had letters from friends there, telling of the extremely hard times. Of course all home magazines are full of it, though one wouldn't know it from the advertisements.

Fairview, Landour, September 1, 1931. Emmet writes that every thing is going nicely there. You wrote of his not mentioning the things I was doing up here. It was an oversight, no doubt, and he is so taken up with the work there in Abbotabad.

Last week was a busy one. Thursday morning I was at a "coffee" party, that afternoon to tea, and that night I had all our single ladies here in Landour to dinner. Friday I was to a hospital meeting in the morning and to the drill exhibit at the school in the evening. Saturday I attended the Language School Board meeting from 10 A.M. to 3:30 P.M. Then I hurried home and bathed the children and myself and was at the Community Center for the Parker's reception at 5 o'clock. It was a very delightful affair. They gave Mr. Parker a steamer rug and Mrs. Parker a white embroidered coat from Kashmir. Then we hurried over to a steak roast at Redburn. So you see it was a busy day. Yesterday I was down to Parker's to tea with all the leaders of the junior church. This year we have had junior church instead of Sunday School. Mrs. Parker has had a big part in that, and wanted me to be present when they were discussing plans for next year.

Fairview, Landour, September 9, 1931. Bob's class and the first grade are entertaining the mothers from 10 to 11:30 - demonstration of the work of the year. Bob is quite excited over it. Miss Peterson is going down with me. She didn't care to take such a long hike [8-day hike by other single ladies], and really couldn't do it as she's been having dysentery. It looks as though nothing will stand in the way of our coming to Woodstock next year. I can tell you definitely later. We are giving up Fairview. People were here today to look at it, with a view to renting.

Fairview Landour, September 23, 1931. I went to Mussoorie today - my last trip I hope. Now I must get busy at sewing and packing. The three older boys go into boarding a week from tomorrow and Bob and I go down the next day. I want to leave things well-packed, as we are giving up this
house. If we shouldn’t come to Woodstock, we’ll get something near the school and to ourselves, I hope. However, it is very probable that we shall come to Woodstock.

The Abbotabad conference was last week and was very good. Emmet had his hands more than full, with entertaining and being responsible for the program.

The boys are fine and happy. Next Monday and Tuesday are holidays. Jim is to go to the Scout camp Friday evening and return Monday evening. He always comes home very tired and dirty.

Fairview, Landour, September 30, 1931. The boys are going in boarding tomorrow morning and Bob and I leave the next morning. You can imagine the state of the house. Almost everything is ready to send down for them - clothes marked and packed, lists made out, etc., etc. My things are fairly well packed, too, though all dishes, etc. must be put away. I have a big job ahead but can make it OK.

The Dodds family were here for dinner tonight - probably the last we’ll be together unless they come up in the spring before they sail. Yesterday we were all down there for lunch. Mrs. Dodds goes to the plains tomorrow.

Marjorie and their youngest child were bitten by a mad dog last week. It was one of their own pups. They’ve gone to Kasauli for treatment.

Sabbath night I parked out the three boys (Jim was at a Scout camp) and spent the night at Parker’s, so that I could be there early Monday morning to see orders given, accounts taken, laundry received and given out, etc. etc. The boys seem to have had a grand time. It poured and poured, so that the Scouts had to camp in an empty house near here. They had a splendid camp in spite of the rain.

Gurdaspur, Punjab, October 6, 1931. I left Landour Friday morning according to schedule. It poured all the way down to the motor, but the rest of the journey was very pleasant. Mrs. Picken, Mrs. Ross and baby, Mrs. Mackenzie and the two little boys, and Bob and I came down in the same compartment. Bob and I got off at Amritsar early in the morning, and came up to Gurdaspur to visit Jane Lamont. I had planned to go to Pathankot and Dhariwal. Last night Bob developed dysentery, and I’ve decided to take him to our doctors in Sialkot tomorrow.

It will be good to have him where the doctors can care for him. Dysentery is nothing to parley with.

I had good letters from all the boys this week. They’re always eager to go into boarding. Though they are very, very lively lads, they are still good boys and don’t get into trouble. They are very, very dear boys.

Bob seems brighter tonight and will no doubt be well in a few days.

Sialkot, Punjab, October 15, 1931. Bob and I came over Wednesday and ran down to the hospital bungalow, and Dr. Reed got on his case at once. She found the amoeba and got to work at once. He’s been taking medicine for a week and is practically well. I’m so glad that I brought him as soon as the trouble started. He’s having a glorious time with the other children. We came out here to the Annual Meeting grounds yesterday morning.

We have been getting good word from the boys. Jim is very enthusiastic over the Scouts. He has also learned to swim, much to his delight. I hope the other boys learn. If we are there all next year, they will have every opportunity to, as the swimming tank is in the very same building in which we shall be living.

Emmet drove down Saturday. He has had a bad cold and fever and his rheumatism started up extra hard.
We're living in a tent and Bob is delighted. There are so many children here. Joe and Marjorie and the children came yesterday and are camped beside us. The tent is hot in the middle of the day, but very comfortable the rest of the time.

Sialkot, Punjab, October 22, 1931. It looks as though there is no question about our going to Landour, as it has been passed to release us for that work. It is still uncertain when we shall go, but it is hoped that we should go in March [of '32]. I believe we shall enjoy the work very much, and it is grand to think that we shall be a united family for several years.

Gujranwala, Punjab, October 29, 1931. In writing about Aunt Bessie's plans for the winter, you didn't say where they expect to stay in California. Are they going to stay with friends first and then find a place or what? All our missionaries who have been in California think it is much cheaper living there than in the east... The trip itself ought to do both Aunt Bessie and Emmet good.

Tomorrow morning I'm going to Lahore to spend the night with Mrs. Carden. Bob is staying here with Emmet. I'm taking a suitcase of my best clothes.

We continue to have good word from the boys, though Jim is the only regular correspondent. It will not be long - just five weeks- until they will be home. Emmet is going up for a week before School closes and will bring the boys down.

I shall be glad to get home and back to work again. There are many things to be done. However, I suppose I ought to be thankful for a rest.

Pathankot, Punjab, November 4, 1931. You see I'm still visiting. Emmet had to go to Presbytery meeting in Chakwal and to another meeting in Lahore; so insisted that I come here and see the school, dispensary, etc. Miss Peterson, one of the girls with me this summer, was coming over in a bus, so Bob and I came along. We stopped for a few minutes in Dhariwal to say hello to Jeanette Stewart, and then stopped to unload some things at Gurdaspur for the Colvins. I should've said that Miss Peterson moved what little furniture she has and her trunks, etc., on this bus, and as Colvins hadn't been able get their plants and a few other things in their freight car, we brought them over. Miss Peterson is to be here in the girls' school with Miss Ramsey and Miss Graham. Pathankot is higher than some stations, and the school is up on a hill above the city in a beautiful location. On clear days we have beautiful views of the snows.

Bob and I shall be here until Friday afternoon. Then we are going to Dhariwal to stay over Sabbath with Jeanette Hopkins Stewart and family. Mr. Stewart is in charge of the mission school in connection with the woolen mills there. A great many Christians are employed in the mills, and the mill owners provide a house for Stewarts and a part of the expenses of the school. I should be glad to see the mills, as I have heard so much about them and I expect to buy some things, too.

Last Friday afternoon I went to Lahore, 40 mi. from Gujranwala, to stay until Saturday with Mrs. Carden. You remember he was chaplain in Abbotabad, and is now Archdeacon of Lahore. They live in a lovely house in the shadow of the Cathedral, with very pretty gardens all around them. The Cathedral is one of the prettiest in the Orient and has a splendid pipe organ. They have a very busy life but in many ways a very sheltered one. It was so good to be with them again and hear of Bill in England. Of course they are English through and through, with dinner at 8:30 and formal dress. I wore a very old pink chiffon handed down, but it was an evening dress just the same.

Gujranwala, Punjab, November 10, 1931. We were to have left here early this morning so as to reach Abbotabad by tonight, but the bearings in the car burned out yesterday morning and the car is still over at the workshops. We hope to get off this afternoon, but can't get home until tomorrow morning.
I was amused at your remarks about Bob. He certainly is thin. He doesn't eat potatoes like Jim did but he drinks lots of milk. We're going to try to fatten him up, but we never have been successful along that line with him. We're going to give him plenty of cod liver oil when once we get home.

Mr. Parker hopes that he will be leaving on furlough early in April. In that case, we should go to Landour a little before the middle of March when the School opens. Mr. Parker is from Ohio - graduated from Ohio State and then went to Hartford Seminary, where he met Mrs. Parker. She was a United Presbyterian from Whittier, California. They expect to do graduate work at Chicago University when in America. We hope to get to America late in 1933 or the spring of ’34. We want to make as much as possible of our trip home, and if possible spend a couple of months in France. Jim will have four years of French and Dave will have had one. It will be beneficial to all of us to stay there and study for a couple of months. It would be very unwise really to fail to use this opportunity.

Yes, Joe looks like his Grandma Alter. He really has a very sweet smile and so has Jim. Dave is thin, though not so much so as Bob. Joe is a very good build. He and Jim are the best eaters in the family. Dave prefers cake, candy, etc., so usually eats just one serve of substantials, but Jim and Joe take second helpings, while Bob, with difficulty, eats one small helping. Emmet and I are as good eaters as ever.

_Abbotabad, November 17, 1931._ We are anxious to know if Aunt Bessie goes to California... We may settle out there ourselves as I am not eager to try the severe winter with my asthma.

We came through nicely on Wednesday. Thursday I spent trying to unpack, etc. Friday noon we got a telegram from Dr. Gordon in Pindi, saying they were driving up that afternoon to spend the night. Dr. and Mrs. Gordon, Miss Morrison, Miss Hewitt and Miss Collins - a cousin of Mrs. Gordon’s visiting them for a few days on her tour around the world, came up. You can imagine I wasn’t very well settled in, but we all worked and Emmet drove me to the shops for supplies, and we were all in order and tea was ready when they drove up at 4:00. I asked Miss Moore and Miss Beatty over for dinner with us. These guests stayed until after lunch the next day. My former cook is gone to Marjorie. I can hardly take him to Woodstock, as there is a good cook there who is used to the work, and so I told him he could go this fall if he got a good service. The boy I have is really only a table servant, but he did very well that night.

It is lovely here now - gorgeous autumn shades and chrysanthemums in abundance.

_Abbotabad, November 23, 1931._ Bob is actually beginning to gain. I told him he’ll have to hurry and get fat, or you’ll be sending that box of food from America! When I read him that part of your letter, he said, "What kind of food will she send?" I replied "Potatoes and bread". These are the fattening foods that he doesn’t like. He drinks lots of milk and eat fruits and vegetables in abundance, but he doesn’t care for starches. He is very tall for his age and so even looks thinner than he would otherwise... When Bob was ready to go for a ride this evening, he had on Joe’s coat and cap and a shirt with collar and tie. He went to the mirror and, smiling all over, said: "Now I look like a big boy!" Every morning he comes to my bed and tells me how many days are left until the boys come home. We have good word from the boys. They seem happy but are anxious for Emmet to go up. He will leave here Friday morning, getting to Landour about noon on Saturday. They will reach here the following Saturday morning, December 5th.

Today I was down calling on some of the poor Christians in the sweepers' quarters. Such squalor, filth beyond description, one wonders how to help them. The municipality employs them and gives them living quarters scarcely fit for cattle. The most distressing feature from our point of view is that they don’t notice the dirt. From their point of view, this indifference no doubt contributes to contentment. Such contentment is degenerating, but how are we to help? It still
remains an unsolved problem. There are some dear little children there but their dirty faces, hair, clothes - yes everything!

This week I want to get out to visit a number of friends among the Indian people. I've been helping Emmet read proof on the Annual Meeting minutes and send off an article for the India special of the Women's M M [missionary magazine] this morning.

Abbotabad, November 29, 1931. Letter to Evangeline. I've decided that I must learn to use the typewriter efficiently, so I'm going to ask you and mother to let me practice on you. If there are many errors, I am sure you will overlook them and get my meaning somehow.

I understand how you and Mother felt about Emmet not mentioning our Landour affairs in his letter. The fact is that he was 600 mi. away from us, and, though I may have mentioned events to him, they didn't leave the impression on him they would have on a woman. He used to joke me considerably about doing so much in Landour, but when he found that my participation in all the activities on the hillside was one of the determining factors in choosing us for Woodstock, it took a new light. He never quite sensed the situation until he was up in Landour this summer. Since then he has told everyone that we were chosen because of me. That is not entirely true, because if Emmet had not had the ability in accounts and several other things, we would not have been chosen. He evidently spoke of me in this connection when he wrote to his mother, for she has written of my part in Woodstock several times. So you see he hasn't really been as selfish as you were led to think. No one is perfect and Emmet has his faults, but he is very, very kind in the home, and that is one of the biggest things one could desire in a husband.

Emmet left here Friday morning and should have reached Landour Saturday noon. I know how happy the boys must have been to see him. He is rooming with one of the men teachers in the hostel; so the boys would see him a lot these days. They will leave there Thursday and reach Taxila late Friday night. They can get right on the train and spend the night there, as the train does not leave there until about 7:00 the next morning. Bob and I will go down in a motor to the station to meet them. I think I have told you that the station is 9 mi. away.

I'm glad you told me what you did about the financial condition in America. We knew things were worse than ever and thought you must be feeling it, but you had never mentioned it. I suppose there are very few who have not been hit. It is bad enough for young people who are starting out in life, but they can usually start over again. For people in advanced years to lose the savings of a lifetime is stark tragedy. I have hardly dared face what it would mean for Aunt Bessie if the loan in which she has her money should go under. I am sorry that mother is not getting as much as she did, but we should be thankful if she does not lose any. So many small savings have been earned by very hard labor, just as hers has been, and it seems terribly pathetic to see it all go in a financial break like this. Please keep me informed as to conditions, and if mother should need help we can manage some way to give it to her. We're not doing for her now as you and Paul are doing, but when we are in America we hope to be able to do more.

Abbotabad, December 7, 1931. We are a united family again and we are sure happy to be so. You should have seen the boys when they first got home, but you would have enjoyed hearing them more. Perhaps you remember how girls used to talk about the food at boarding school. I've discovered that boys today can talk just as much. One of the unique features of it all is that I am to be responsible for this very bunch of boys next year as far as their food is concerned. Now I know how they will talk about what I shall furnish them. However I tell the boys that they should not expect too much for the little money they pay. They really do get very good, wholesome food.

Bob was so excited to see his brothers that he jumped up and down.
We are sorry indeed that you are not receiving as much as you did from the bank. Everyone seems to be hit. We shall be very thankful if you do not lose any. So many have lost heavily. The people who support us in College Springs have been hard hit, and some have lost their farms and others have had to mortgage theirs heavily.

**Abbotabad, December 16, 1931.** We were so glad for two letters from you this week, November 8th and 15. The first told about bank failures. We are indeed sorry for so many who have lost. We're certainly glad your money was not affected and hope Aunt Bessie gets her $40. We don't want you people to lose. Of course we dare not be so selfish as to consider no one but our own immediate family in this financial depression. Our hearts ache for all who are suffering, for it is indeed a very hard time for most all of them.

We are so very, very happy to hear of Aunt Bessie's plans. How very lovely for them to be able to take the trip by motor. I am so very thankful, as in every way the trip would be so much more pleasant. To go with someone would keep them from thinking that they had left everyone and everything behind. What age a man is Mr. Kaiser? They will be tired by the time they reach California, but they would be tired after a long train trip, and by motor they will see so much more.

Four of our Woodstock teachers - American girls - came here last evening and will stay until tomorrow noon. But as one of our servants had to go off to a funeral, I have had more to do myself in preparation. I baked pumpkin pie and everyone seemed to enjoy it. They were very tired and hungry, as they had ridden all the way from Srinagar. They came down from Landour when the boys did, and went into Kashmir for a week.

Joe and Marjorie and family are coming the day after Christmas for 10 days.

**Abbotabad, December 22, 1931.** We have at last invested in a Victrola - not a large one but a small orthophonic, as we felt the need for one. We have just bought a couple of new records and the boys are listening as we try them out. The boys enjoy playing the records themselves, and the three older ones are allowed to play it whenever they wish to.

We have been very much interested in foreign exchange ever since England went off the gold standard. Before then we were getting Rs. 276 to the $100. A few days after the gold standard was dropped, our mission treasurer cashed a draft from the Foreign Board and made on it Rs.11,000, more than he would have made on the same check the week before. Exchange kept rising till over Rs.350, so when we heard from Bob Gibson that we hadn't invested the last $500 from Aunt Mary's, we had the check cashed here and got Rs.364 per $100. That was three weeks ago but last week it went to Rs.405, and on a check from Mother Alter for the work we got at the rate of Rs. 399. It's all a matter of speculation, but if exchange goes down to normal; i.e., Rs.300, we will have made quite a good percentage, though not as good as we might have. The papers out here tell of a number of Massachusetts banks failing. I wonder how it is affecting you all. We do hope things will brighten up for you people at home, though the whole world seems to be affected.

**Abbotabad, December 27, 1931.** We got each boy one present that he was especially anxious to receive - Jim, a daisy gun, Dave a Kodak, and Joe a train and tracks with a tunnel, station, etc., and Bob a shovel, rake, and hoe. They all seemed delighted. Dave has taken his first roll of film and is so eager to get it developed to see how it is.

The Christmas party was a great success. It takes the greater part of the day but is well worth it.

Christmas was a very exciting day in Abbotabad - in fact it was so in all the North West Frontier Province. On Tuesday an airplane came and dropped a proclamation which was read that afternoon at a big durbar in the municipal gardens, telling of the reforms to be put into effect at once. This
province is to become one of the same standing with the Punjab, with a governor and an elected council. This is one of the results of the Roundtable Conference. On Thursday another airplane came and dropped another document, declaring different revolutionary bodies as unlawful, and setting up certain military courts in specified areas. Abdul Gaffar, known as the Frontier Gandhi, has been stirring up this section for several years. His followers are known as Red Shirts and are dangerously near to Bolshevik in tendencies. This new law went into effect at midnight on Christmas eve. Ruffa, the largest town in this district, about 30 mi. from here, is their center here in this district. The 6th Gurkha regiment went out Christmas morning at 4:00 with the general, the Deputy Commissioner, and police officials. They were notified in the afternoon, the officers I mean, but were not allowed to tell even their wives until after all servants had left the house. There was a dance on that night and these officers were required to go so as to avoid any suspicion. The troops were told at 9:00, and the motor contractor was told to have 40 buses ready at 3:00 a.m. He didn't dare tell the drivers but had to go around and call them at two o'clock and they did not know where they were going until they got there. Each officer had his civil magistrate, and as soon as they arrived they arrested the men, had their trials right there, and sentenced them anywhere from two months' to two years' imprisonment. I haven't heard yet how many were arrested.

The troops stayed out until last evening. It was a wise move on the part of the officials to make this move on Christmas Day, because it is the one big holiday for Englishmen, and the Indians would never suspect such a thing on that day. The Frontier Gandhi has been deported they say. I quite sympathize with India's desire for self-government. It is natural that they should want it and a few of them are ready for it. On the other hand, if you could sense the bitter feeling between Mohammedans and Hindus, and see how it breaks out over the most trivial occasion, you would realize how very, very difficult a problem it is. As I said before, one of the most insidious things about the Red Shirt movement is this Bolshevik coloring. Two years ago it was claimed that eight Russian-trained Indians were working up Bolshevism in this territory. They were arrested at that time. I think it would be very dangerous to give India self-government now. To give it to her gradually is the only solution as we see it. Gandhi is a man of high ideals, of fair dreams for his own people, but he is beyond them and cannot carry them with him.

Letter to Evangeline, same date. Today Emmet's Christmas present to me came. It is a silver tea set from Kashmir and it is beautiful. It is sterling silver and all handmade and hand-carved. You would think it lovely, I know. Every panel is beautifully carved in very fine work - not deep carving. It certainly is rich looking and not at all what you would expect to find in our house.
Abbotabad, January 5, 1932. Joe's [Emmet's brother and family] left yesterday morning, and took Bob with them and left Ward here. Bob and the two little girls play so nicely together - Bob is between the two in ages. Emmet has to go to Gujranwala the middle of February and will take Ward down then and bring Bob back. I think it would be very nice for Bob to be with the little girls.

Yesterday we received a letter from Mr. Parker, saying that they're planning definitely on sailing April 3rd, and asking us to arrive March 15th. You can begin addressing your letters from the middle of February to The Hostel, Woodstock School, Mussoorie, U.P.

We are not moving our furniture as we shall use the Parker's. We plan on putting it in the empty house in Taxila. I should like to sell the piano but, if not, may leave it with the Mayers.

Abbotabad, January 12, 1932. We were so pleased to receive your letter and to know that you were back safe in Boston. I really think you're renewing your youth, traveling around so independently in the buses, stopping in New York at 2:30 a.m., and arriving in Boston unannounced. I don't think anyone need worry about your getting prematurely old. You'll probably be able to lead us a merry chase when we slow mortals get to America.

Mrs. Parker always has beautiful flowers, but since I have never had any great success with them, that is the one phase of the Woodstock proposition that I approach with fear and trembling. This is a wonderful land for all lovers of flowers, for they flourish with very little work indeed.

We were so glad to hear news of Aunt Bessie. I was sure she would like the change, and I shouldn't be surprised if she would remain there permanently. I hope life is opening up with brighter prospects for her, so please send me her address [in California].

Marjorie writes that Bob is very happy down there and Ward surely is happy here.

Yesterday I went over to Mrs. Malloy to watch some Gurkha women knitting. Her husband is Colonel Malloy of the fifth Gurkha regiment, and is retiring next month. Some of the officers here have organized the soldiers' wives into a knitting society. The women get very good pay for the work, and though the organization was started just last summer, they're doing a very large business, getting many orders from Pindi and Peshawar. Their work is really beautiful.

We had hoped to go to Hoti Mardan this week, to attend a meeting of the Abbotabad Conference Committee, and then on to Peshawar for a day and up the Khyber Pass but the road is closed to Europeans all this month, and the Civil Magistrate in Hoti Mardan wired that the meeting could not be held there now. We're very anxious to get the trip this winter, as we do not expect to come up this way next year.

Abbotabad, January 20, 1932. We just got word this noon of the death of Maurice Anderson. He was a senior in college when you were in New Wilmington. Mrs. Graham will remember him well. They were under the Reformed Church in Roorkee, near Landour. I suppose he had the flu, but do not know. His father has been so ill for so long, and yet this young man has gone first.

The Bishop of Lahore died Saturday. Maybe you remember my writing years ago of his being here with the Cardens. As Archdeacon, Mr. Carden has been very closely associated with him in Lahore. As soon as I heard of his death, I wrote Mrs. Carden and received an answer today. His wife died years ago, and during his illness Mrs. Carden was with him almost all the time for 10 days until the end.

Abbotabad, January 26, 1932. The boys seem to be having a good time these days. Joe bought a baby lamb, which has afforded considerable amusement. Jim set a hen almost three weeks ago; so
little peeps are expected in a couple of days. He and Dave bought a pair of bunnies, and a week ago three little baby bunnies appeared. How the boys have enjoyed watching them develop. The boys also have a pair of pigeons.

Dr. Anderson died last Thursday and was buried in Sialkot on Friday. Many of the missionaries were there but we thought it too far to go, especially as it meant a cold night journey. Helen, Mrs. Duff, had a baby boy born the day Maurice died, and does not know yet of either his death or her father's. Aural Foster, the other daughter, was in bed with a temperature of 104 degrees the day of her father's funeral. The sister-in-law was in Sialkot, but unable to be out; so Mrs. Anderson, herself, was the only one of the family, save Bob Foster, able to attend the funeral. We haven't heard details, but understand that Maurice's death was by a motor accident. All this will be of interest to the Grahams, and the Nesbits, too, if they have not heard otherwise.

Everything seems to be quiet up our way politically. The government is determined that the different communities of the Roundtable Conference may be free to work out reform schemes without the interference of agitators. Here's hoping they succeed. Gandhi certainly lost out in every way by not trying to bring about peace at the Roundtable Conference between Hindus and Mohammedans. It is difficult for anyone in America to understand how very antagonistic the two groups are.

We are eager to know more about Aunt Bessie and how she likes California. She has gone to the prettiest part I believe. Please send me her address.

**Abbotabad, February 2, 1932.** Mrs. Patterson from Mansehra was here last night. She is certainly a very consecrated person and tireless in her work. I have known her for so many years that I feel as though you ought to know her. She brought in some baskets that I have been trying to get. They are made by the women in their homes, of the fresh wheat stocks, and some of them are very pretty. I shall take several to America.

The rain has commenced and it pours every day. I'm glad to have sewing to do on such days. The boys get tired of playing inside but usually there is time for them to get out each day. The father rabbit broke its leg and the boys took it to the veterinary surgeon today. He may put the leg in a cast tomorrow. If it doesn't heal quickly it will have to be killed.

They write that Bob is very happy. He and the little girls have great times together. We should be glad to have him home again.

**Letter to Evangeline, same date.** We did enjoy Janet's letter so much. She has a busy life, doesn't she? I'm glad she likes Radcliffe so much. Does she do any public reading these days? Has she taken anything along that line in Radcliffe? I should think it would be well to keep up as a sideline, at least.

Joe Alter is the only one who has a radio, and he hasn't been able to get KDKA all winter. He says the messages are sent too late, as he can't get such long distances after the sun is well up. He did get Pittsburgh several times early in the morning last spring. The radio in Lahore hasn't succeeded in getting any of those messages either.

**Abbotabad, February 9, 1932.** I was delighted yesterday to receive two good letters from you. Like you, I am very sorry that Aunt Bessie made the extra trip to Ohio and then back to California, but I hardly see how you or anyone else can help her now. You went and did what you could to help her, and now whatever she does is for her to decide and abide by the consequences. To worry about her and Emmet is only consuming your energy and strength, without helping her or anyone else. You know she has always determined to act as she saw fit, and we must just allow her to do it without fretting ourselves. No one can live her life for her. She knows how much money she has and no doubt it is for her to use as she chooses.
This does not mean that we shall not always be interested in hearing where Aunt Bessie is, etc., but it simply means that I think she must lead her own life.

When I said Landour is higher than Abbotabad, I mean that Landour is 7,500 ft. [actually, 6,500 to 7,000 ft] above sea level and Abbotabad is 4,200 ft.

Emmet and the boys left yesterday morning. Uncle Joe was to meet him near Sialkot and take the boys to Zaffarwal. Emmet went on to Gujranwala and will bring Joe and Bob back the end of the week. The house is painfully quiet. I am sorting boxes, books etc., which is easier to do when the boys are not here.

Letter to Evangeline, same date. Today I packed the skates. The boys have so enjoyed them, and will get even more pleasure out of them in Landour where we have big veranda spaces for them.

I am sorting and packing these days, and find that I have an enormous amount of junk. I stopped in the midst of sorting one trunk today, for I thought I could do better when fresh tomorrow morning. We have to sort things to be stored away until after we return from furlough; others to be taken to Landour either to use there or take to America. A move now and then keeps one from hoarding too much.

Abbotabad, February 23, 1932. We commenced to pack yesterday as we should like to get our heavy boxes and trunks off by freight this Friday or Saturday. Our house is somewhat of a mess just now, but in another day or two will be in better order. Mr. Maxwell is to come here and is going to use our furniture. That will save moving it, as we had thought we should have to send it to Taxila.

Jim and Dave seem to be getting on nicely. Dave rode the bicycle out to camp and staid two days with his Uncle Joe. Jim is wearing out or growing out of all his clothes. His neck is getting like his father's, and I was very glad to see that 14 size shirt from you. Every shirt I have made this year is going to have a large enough collar or I'll not take it!

Today, to go to tea, Bob put on the Christmas suit with the brown pants and striped blouse. My, but he did think it pretty! It fits him beautifully - none too long at all. I have lengthened all the suits he had made in the summer. It is difficult to keep pace with these growing boys. Jim now wants light blouses for school, as boys in his class wear them more since they are in high school. As most of his khaki shirts are done for, I'm replacing them with light ones. Jim and Joe each want coats for school, rather than sweaters, and I had a nice one made for each. Dave is the dresser and dude of the family usually. Jim has never made any requests concerning clothes until now. Dave wants a suit with long pants!

Abbotabad, February 29, 1932. I certainly was glad for your good letter today. The forum in Old South Meeting House must be very interesting and awakening. Miss Lee, being of the Labor Party, would naturally be very sympathetic to Gandhi. He is, indeed, an unusual man, an idealist who lacks the practical statesmanship necessary to lead his people in self-government, which he demands of Britain. Indians - i.e., the political agitators of the Congress movement - were very much disappointed in his evasive manner at the Roundtable Conference, and his utter failure there to be a spokesman for his people. He seems to need the atmosphere of India to bring out his "sainthood." I'm inclined to think he plays considerably to the gallery these days, but few would fail to do so after attaining so much popularity.

Mr. Maxwell came Saturday. We were in the midst of packing and closing up boxes that noon when the telegram came, but we managed to get his room ready and the rest of the house in fairly decent order - boxes included - before he arrived. The freight finally got off today. It's a long tedious job trying to pack, or, rather, send off boxes here. Every nail is driven in with deliberation!

Don't imagine, please, that the difference in exchange is making any difference in our salaries.
We're glad that all the advantage is on the side of the Foreign Board, who have been very hard pressed for funds. We continue to receive the same number of rupees per month as before. I believe the Foreign Board is using what they make on exchange to help wipe out the debt.

I have no special news from the boys-Jim and Dave. They seem to be having a good time. Joe is to bring them in to Sialkot next Tuesday, and leave them with Mrs. Crow until we stop for them in the afternoon on our way to Gujranwala. Joe and Bob are having good times together.

**Gujranwala, En Route to Landour, March 9, 1932.** Now you want to hear of our last days in Abbotabad. Wednesday I had a very impromptu tea party. Mrs. Mayer had two new records of the choir at the Cathedral in Sydney, where Mrs. Mayer's grandson sings, and she wanted to try them on our Victrola. So I told them to come and have a cup of tea. Miss Beatty was over, and I told her to come on over that afternoon. Then at 12 Mr. Fazl Ilahi (who was with us in Jhelum) appeared, saying that he and his wife had come up to her sister's that day chiefly to see us, so I invited them to tea. Then just before tea Mrs. F. Deen dropped in, so with ourselves and Mr. Maxwell we had a good party.

Friday night we had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob, an Indian Christian family who just recently moved to Abbotabad. They're really fine people. Mrs. Jacob is very progressive, a pioneer, who has a strong Christian character. He is more quiet but of equally strong character.

Saturday afternoon was the party at the church, both for the missionaries coming and those going. They gave us a framed address of appreciation - like they give everyone! Emmet received a pagree [turban], Miss Moore and I each a printed spread, and each of the boys a brass cup. They served a very nice tea and in every way gave us a good "sendoff." That night we had a dinner party at our house. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson were in for overnight, and Miss Moore and her sister got back that afternoon. We let Joe and Bob stay up for it. Miss Beatty and I gave the dinner together. She did ask us there, but her cook was sick; so we had it at our house though the curtains were down, etc. Monday morning we were up early to pack dishes, pans, etc. There was a lot to be done that day, so that we didn't leave for Taxila until 3:00... We spent Monday night at Taxila, and left early Tuesday morning, having a few minutes in Pindi. We got to Sialkot in time for tea with Mrs. Crow. Marjorie brought them [Jim and Dave] in and left them there. They both look fine and so big. Dear old Jim's voice is changing and it does sound so queer. Jim is developing rapidly as most children do out here. I do not know whether that is the case in all warm climates. We got here last evening and are going on tomorrow morning. As usual we are staying with Dr. Scott and Louise. Dr. Scott has been unusually well this winter. He is going to Taxila next month to have cataracts removed. It sure is brave for a man of his age, but he is very keen to have his sight restored.

The two weeks before leaving Abbotabad, Emmet was especially busy having a wire fence put up around the church compound. It certainly looked nice when we left and is a great improvement to the property. Out here all property is in danger of encroachment if it isn't properly fenced.

Mrs. F. Deen gave us such a big lunch for the journey, fruit, cake, candy, nut bread, curry puffs, etc. The poor woman is exceedingly generous and seems to get her greatest pleasure in life from giving.

Tomorrow night we shall spend in Ludhiana at a dak bungalow and the next night at Saharanpur with the Doddses.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, March 15, 1932.** You see by the heading that we have arrived. We spent Friday night in Saharanpur with the Doddses. They have a house engaged in Northfield, Mass. and expect to go there in September to spend the winter. Now you people simply must meet... Mrs. Dodds is one of the most hospitable persons I have ever met, and will welcome you all with open
arms. I'm confident Evangeline will like her immensely. You will like them both so much. The Grahams will want to meet them too. Mrs. Dodds is one of the best friends I have ever had and I do want you to meet. I shall write later about it.

We arrived here Saturday afternoon. I went direct to Fairview to send our things from there down here, and got here about 4:00. The Parkers moved into one of the Presbyterian houses that day. Mrs. Parker had everything so well arranged here that it was very simple. The three men teachers and Mrs. Courtenay were here; so we have had a full house ever since. We have 10 at our own table, and by tomorrow evening shall have 90 boys in the hostel. The cooking is all done in one kitchen, and Mrs. Parker has menus and amounts of everything written down for several years; so I can refer to her records. I shall tell you more about it later when I get into it more. I feel very inexperienced at present.

I've been up to see the new auditorium. It really is beautiful and will fill a much needed place. We shall use it for the first time Thursday when school opens. The curtain is a rich brown velvet with gold braid - these are the school colors. The auditorium seats over 500, so that it will be big enough to seat our audiences comfortably.

I am to have a class in Old Testament scripture twice a week. It will take much brushing up on my part, and will do me heaps of good even if it shouldn't be so helpful to the children.

The boarders arrived today and our boys were delighted to see them. Bob is having the time of his life as it is all so new and interesting to him. He is pleased that he is going to learn to read this year.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, March 23, 1932. I had to go to Mussoorie to do some purchasing today. I really don't like to go shopping. Very few of the shops are open yet; so I shall have to go again in two weeks or so.

Mrs. Parker and I are to go over to the Maharani [Rajmata of Nabha] tomorrow. I believe I wrote you about her two years ago. She is taking the eldest son to England in another month. I'm rather relieved that she is not to be here this year.

We are beginning to get settled. Our freight came Saturday and now everything is unpacked, curtains hung, etc. I must get some shades for the lights in the drawing room and a few cheap cushions also.

We had the 9th and 10th standard boys from the hostel in for games last Saturday night, and are going to have the eighth standard boys (Jim's class) in this coming Saturday. Then we are having all the staff in for a lap supper Sabbath, Easter night at 8:00. There will be 35 here. Next week I must begin having some guests in for tea. That is really the easiest time for us to entertain.

The Parkers sail next week and there is still much to talk over with them. I'm trying to get the dining room running OK, but have to keep on duty longer than I shall have to later on.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, March 30, 1932. Our staff supper went off very nicely. There were 34 here and 11 absent. Several were sick, several off for the week, and two had to stay with the boarders.

Monday the Indian church had a farewell for the Parkers and reception for us. We have a congregation of over 100, composed of servants and their families. This congregation supports an evangelist who works in the villages round about. The have a nice small church which seems to me more appropriate for a congregation of this economic status than are many of our Indian churches. Tuesday the Parker family were here for tea. They have three daughters. They had to come down to close up some boxes, etc. . . . They leave tomorrow about 12:30. We are having Chapel at 11:45, instead of the regular hour the first thing in the morning, and Parkers will leave directly from there. We have notified all people on the hillside and expect a big crowd.

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Mr. Parker has a sister - Mrs. Ruhl - in Mansfield. Her husband was patrol [parole?] officer for the reformatory, and is now working for the penitentiary. Parkers will be in Mansfield in June, and I'm writing to try to get our church people to get in touch with them.

We had Jim's class of boys, eighth standard, in for games Saturday night and served pie. You should have seen them relish it.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 6, 1932.** The Parkers left Thursday noon. They are going from Basra to Damascus and by motor across Europe, and hope to reach New York about the first of June. They both were tired, but especially Mr. Parker - at least he appeared more so than she did.

We have 81 boys now. Mrs. Parker had worked out amounts of things very nicely and had them all written up. I'm going to copy them into my loose-leaf receipt book, for they would be useful for church suppers etc... My first real shock as to amounts came when I mixed the first chocolate pudding and put in 1 1/2 pounds of corn starch. We have one big kitchen where all the food for the hostel and for ourselves is cooked. I go out at seven in the morning and give out the supplies for the day before 8 o'clock breakfast. I have a large pantry and on my table scales where everything is brought in and weighed. I have a diet chart for each month where I write down the amounts of everything weighed out each day, just at the time it is weighed. The children have a big breakfast - cereal with potatoes and meat; or eggs and rice; or curry and rice. We have just the very same breakfast out of the same pots. For lunch we send up sandwiches and crackers, and any boy who wishes it may have tea. They don't come down here as it is too far. Emmet also has his lunch sent up - a hot one though. The men teachers eat lunch with the teachers up there. At 4:00 the boys have dinner - soup, meat, potatoes, vegetables, pudding. Then at 7 they have supper - bread, butter, jam, or crackers (Indian hard tack) and hot milk. I failed to say that each have a cup of hot milk at seven in the morning. We have tea at 4:30 and dinner at 8, but our boys follow the school boys' schedule. Mrs. Courtenay and I have lunch here at 12. Mrs. Parker had everything so well worked out that it is easy to carry on.

The cook goes to the bazaar three times a week for vegetables and fruit. Now I have told you much of our program. Monday morning the dhobi comes, bringing clean clothes and taking dirty.

I have a scripture class at 9 three mornings in the week.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 19, 1932.** As you see, I am writing to you on Joe's birthday. We had the boys of his class in for a party on Saturday afternoon. The boarders, especially, appreciated being invited into our side of the building. Joe was thrilled to have a party, though I really did very little towards it.

You needn't be troubled about having to take a taxi up the hill. Emmet says to tell you that I'm much younger and yet get carried up to school every time I go, which is three or four times a week. It is a very steep, winding path up, and Dr. Martin insists that I shouldn't climb much as it irritates the breathing and brings on the asthma. I might try it more often but when I go up to my 9 o'clock class I always have to rush, as our breakfast is at 8:00. So now don't be troubled that you have to take a taxi.

The school enrollment to date is 327, not including the students in the Teacher Training Department.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 26, 1932.** We've had a fairly quiet week as they go here, but many people are coming up now for their holiday, and we shall have two heavy months ahead. Next week I have an invitation out for every day except Tuesday, when we are having guests in for tea. I shall have to begin entertaining in earnest, as we have many responsibilities along that line.

This Friday Bob Dodds is coming up to visit Jim for the weekend. Jim has invited all this class in for a steak roast Saturday night. Dodds sail on May 9th.
Our Reading Club begins this Friday. The programs are usually very good. The Community Center opens a week from tomorrow. Our junior church will begin May 8th, and Mr. Gray, who serves as pastor of the church for three months (both adult and junior church), begins work May 15th. Until then Emmet is responsible for getting the pulpit filled each week. Mr. Parker had a large addition to the Sunday School room built this year, and it certainly is a great improvement. He also put in sanitary toilets and a drinking fountain. The language school for new missionaries is held in the church and will open this Saturday. Bob Cummings is at the head of it.

Tomorrow I must go to Mussoorie on a number of errands. I found a darzi to make a silk dress that was given me by a wealthy Hindu merchant, who spends most of his time in Japan where he carries on a large export trade. He put his ten-year-old-boy here in school this year, and after he went down he sent Mrs. Courtenay and me each a silk piece in gratitude, so he said, of our cordial hospitality.

Mrs. Courtenay and I have the boys from 5th standard down for a meeting every Sabbath afternoon. We all meet together to sing, and then Mrs. Courtenay takes the smallest ones for stories, and I am reading Ben Hur to the older ones. The boys from sixth standard up have C E every Sabbath afternoon.

This past Sabbath the Scouts and Cubs and Girl Guides attended a parade service in Christ Church, Mussoorie. All the schools in Mussoorie sent Scouts, Cubs, and Guides to this service. British troops were also there. Dave is Senior Sixer in Cubs, and you should have seen how proudly he marched at the head of the column, carrying the totem pole. On either side of him were the flag bearers - one with the Union Jack and one with the Stars and Stripes. They say it was a very impressive service. Joe was more thrilled with the band than with anything else.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 9, 1932. As to Aunt Bessie, I do not see how you can possibly go to California. You haven't the physical strength, to say nothing of the money. We do want you to save your strength. Aunt Bessie has made her choice and must abide by it. You simply can't use up your strength that way.

Last week was a very, very crowded one for us... Thursday I was up until midnight working on Community Center accounts. Then I was too sleepy to write. The next morning Bob and I left here before 7:00 for the doctor's office, where he had his tonsils and adenoids removed. They were very, very large and septic; so we are hopeful that when he has entirely recovered from the operation, he will begin to gain in weight. We brought him back to the school hospital, where he stayed until Saturday. He still holds his head to one side and doesn't care to move vigorously, but he feels better everyday.

Jim thinks you should be enlightened about your eldest grandson. He is a sophomore in high school, is taller than his mother, is wearing some shirts of his father's that have shrunk, and now has for his Sabbath shoes a pair that Emmett bought in Mansfield in 1924 but which were always just a bit tight for Emmet. Now can you get an idea of the boy you last saw as a five-year-old? All the boys in his class have long pants except him, and his next suit is to be long. I think I told you that his voice is changing. It is quite deep now. He is developing into a man faster than one would desire, but he doesn't seem to be having much difficulty. He isn't working so very hard in school, but we are not pushing him as we know much of his energy is being consumed in growing.

Bob is much better than he was and holds his head straight now. He is going back to school Monday. One of the children who had her tonsils out when Bob did had a very bad hemorrhage Sabbath night. I think she exercised too vigorously from what I hear.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 18, 1932. [Martha's 42nd birthday] We had a concert given by our Community Center people in our new school auditorium this evening at 5:00, and it was excellent.
The hall is beautiful and the stage large enough to allow for splendid plays, and the lighting, too, is very good. The school orchestra gave the first and last numbers and would be a credit to any institution. How I wish you all could have heard them. Then we had two vocal solos, two violin pieces, a piano piece, and a little play, which was exceptionally effective in its costumes and setting. In all it was a great success.

We had a busy day on my birthday and did nothing special. Joe has an infection on his face by his ear; so is staying in the school hospital for a few days. Bob's tonsils are entirely healed and he is feeling fine. He has a sore on his leg and has to go to the doctor's for ultraviolet ray treatment three times this week.

We are having 12 guests in for a tea today and the same number in next Monday.

We've just heard that our salaries are to be cut, beginning with next month. It only seems fair that we should be cut, since almost everyone is and there will be a way to manage, I am sure. We can just figure it out the best way possible and then carry on.

The boys are using their roller skates so much these days and what fun they have with them.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 24, 1932. We were so pleased to receive your two letters this week, but sorry that Aunt Bessie was returning to Mansfield, for I fear she will never be content anywhere again and will run through all she has before she dies. However, I still see no solution or any way by which any of us can help her.

This week, on top of all the numerous duties, dear Joe had to go and fall over a 20 ft. wall and break his right thigh. It was a Sabbath evening about 6:30 when Joe climbed up this wall right at our verandah, to look at the baby canary that had just hatched, and foolishly he only took hold of the cage, which swung out with him and he had to let go and fall all that distance. It is marvelous that he wasn't hurt more. Emmet had gone for a long walk after the evening service and wasn't here. We put Joe in a cloth dandy, and I went with him over to Dr. Butcher in Mussoorie, where the X-ray was taken. It's a bad break and means a long time in bed. We brought him back to our little Landour Community Hospital. Even though it takes me 30 minutes to get there in a dandy, it is much closer than the Mussoorie hospital. He has his leg hung in a frame with a pulley and weight at both ends. He's wonderfully plucky and brave and refuses to say that it hurts. Many friends come and go there, so that he hasn't had any opportunity to be lonely. I try to go over every day, but today was full with class, Sale Committee, Community Center, etc., from 6:45 a.m. until 7:30 P.M. I had my treasurer's books for Community Center audited today, and hope to pass them on to the new treasurer tomorrow morning. That will be one thing less. Then after the Sale Saturday and Woodstock Board meeting Monday, we'll have a little let up.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 30, 1932. We may leave India in September of next year. Parkers are not certain, but think they will be returning next August.

Yesterday morning at about 5:00 three Parsee (Bombay) girls ran away from school. They were found later on in the day at Dehra Dun and were brought back. We don't know all that was back of it, but it was an anxious time. They didn't take any clothes or bedding, so they couldn't have hoped to go far.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, June 2, 1932. I am sure you are wondering about Joe. He is still as plucky as ever and never complains. He always has a smile and, now that he is getting acquainted at the hospital, he jokes with everyone else a lot, and is proving to be a great favorite. Everyone marvels at his cheerfulness. He now has 7 lbs. at each end of the extension. The leg to date measured just one-half inch shorter than the other; so the doctors are very much encouraged that it will come in place all
right. It is a long siege he has ahead of him, but if he continues to be as a cheery as he has been, all will
be well.

Bob has a tremendous appetite since his tonsils were removed. Maybe someday he'll be plump
like the rest.

Jim went out to Scout camp at 4:00 Monday morning. There are 22 in the camp and all their food
goes out from here. Every night I pack a khandy (basket for the back of coolie) which is taken at 4:00
in the morning. I packed the last one for them tonight, as they return Friday morning.

Tuesday morning Mr. Parsons took 12 of the older boys out for a five-day hike. I just had to pack
for them one morning, as they were getting things enroute. That morning we baked 14 lbs. of beans-
some for Scouts, some for Mr. Parsons, and some for the rest of us here.

Tomorrow morning the Cubs go to stay till Saturday. There will be 26 of them and I supply all
their food, too. Dave goes with them. Then Mrs. Courtenay is taking the rest of the boys - little tots
all - to the Municipal gardens in Mussoorie for the day tomorrow. They will leave at 7:00. Their
lunch is all ready. Bob is going with them. When they all leave, the kitchen is to be thoroughly
cleaned, whitewashed, etc.; so there is a big day ahead.

Last Saturday was Sale Day. We had really a very good sale. The proceeds were less than we
expected they would be, but everyone seemed to enjoy the day just as much. I sent Joe ice-cream in
the morning and then had two quarts made in our own freezer in the afternoon, and sent it over for
the staff and patients. It is a very small Community Hospital you know.

Monday was the Annual Board Meeting. We were there from ten to five, and then had a very
impressive dedicatory service of Parker Hall. The nameplate is very pretty and we are quite pleased
with it all. Immediately following this service, I rushed down here and packed the khandy for the
Scouts and then went up to dinner at 8:00 with the Ahrenses of the Presbyterian mission. There were
4 couples of us, and we were hilarious enough for school children.

The Board Meeting was very, very good. Yesterday we had four couples in for 8:00 dinner.
Today I tried to do some monthly accounts in the midst of other things. Then I went to the
Community Center at 4:00 and on over to see Joe. This is vacation week, but it's no vacation for any
of the staff here in the hostel. By Friday we'll be able to relax a bit.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, June 8, 1932. You asked once about our home-going plans. I think I
answered this before your letter arrived but will mention it again. The Parkers hope to return by
August 1933. In that case we should sail in September, probably, and aim to get settled in the USA
for the boys to enter school in February. This is all dependent upon Parkers' return at that time.

Joe continues to be as bright and cheerful as ever. He has won his way into the hearts of
everyone. He now has 10 lbs. on each pulley and the leg is almost as long as the other. He is very
fond of chocolates and is always beaming all over when I take him any. He gets very good food at the
hospital and excellent care. The house doctor and the nurse were here with others last night for
dinner. They are all splendid.

Jim, Dave, and Bob are fine and Joe is on the mend. Emmet and I took a half day off last Friday
and went for a long rickshaw ride, for tea to a fashionable place in Mussoorie, and then to the
pictures. We got back just in time for dinner with one of the Presbyterian families.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 16, 1932. From what everyone writes, the financial condition at
home must be very critical indeed.

I have asthma at times. It really isn't a nervous disease, but a disease of certain nerves. I don't
think people generally consider me a nervous person.

We had another busy week. Friday night we were invited to the Savoy Hotel (one of the two
classy ones in Mussoorie) as dinner guests of a very wealthy Parsee family from Bombay. They have a son here in school staying here in the hostel, and they came up for 10 days. The dinner was one of the swellest I have had for a long time - 10 courses served in style! The people are very charming and we were glad for an opportunity of meeting them. Tuesday we had lunch with Dr. and Mrs. Titus (he was in Delaware with Dwight Cary), and last night we had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Grey. He is the pastor of our church here for three months each summer. Today we have dinner guests here, and tomorrow night we are to go over to the College building for dinner.

Joe is still keeping cheerful and jolly. I go practically every day to see him. This week there is a conference at the L.C.C., Landour Community Center, and I'm trying to go regularly to that each afternoon.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 22, 1932. Saturday the school put on "A Midsummer Night's Dream", with extra Shakespearean songs. Jim had a very minor part, yet I was happy for him to have the training and experience. It was really a very excellent performance.

Dave has developed wonderfully this year. We don't know to what exactly to attribute it - whether it is just a natural physical growth with accompanying mental and social growth, or to the fact that we are here and he feels more confidence because of that, or to his having been made the head of the Cub troop. Whatever it may be, the fact remains that Dave has taken responsibility remarkably well, has worked harder in school, stands at the head of his class in school citizenship, and enters into everything with enthusiasm and zeal. He has learned to swim, dive, and float, and incidentally cut his chin on the edge of the swimming tank the other day and had to have a stitch taken. Such is life in a family of boys! See what you were saved!!

Joe is still the same bright, cheery boy. Now he is playing checkers with everyone and I am unable to beat him! They plan to take the weights off next week and he may have to stay in hospital for another two or three weeks. I don't want to rush him home, for I want him to have the best care. I try to go over every day, which takes between three and four hours out of every day. Morning and afternoon engagements in addition to that make my days more than full, and I fear I neglect some of my own house duties.

Tuesday evening we had all the leaders of the Junior Church here for tea and discussion. There were about 25 present and we had a most interesting discussion.

Last night we had Dr. and Mrs. Titus [Woodstock parents] and Mr. and Mrs. Bevan Jones here for dinner. They are both prominent in work among Mohammedans.

Monday night we were invited to a supper party at one of the Presbyterians'. They all have been wonderfully cordial to us, and now their annual meeting is being held here and they have sent us a special invitation to attend whenever possible, and have sent us an agenda of the business and have asked Emmet to give the report of the school to them. This is the North India Presbyterian mission - Mr. Parker's mission.

We just got word that we are to have another big cut in our mission work beginning with this month. This leaves us with just one-third of the work we had five years ago. I don't know just where the ax will fall, but I'm sure that if we meet the cut in the right spirit it could be a good thing both for mission and church. Conditions at home must be very bad indeed.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, June 30, 1932. We have had another busy week. Saturday the Presbyterians invited us to attend their annual meeting, and Emmet to give the report of the school. I was there for lunch but didn't stay long. We went to an Indian wedding that evening at 5:30.

Monday night, our wedding anniversary, we had a supper party with 38 in all. We had most Methodist and Presbyterian missionaries here that night and had a very jolly time.
You spoke once about my always writing about boys. You see we have boys only in this building. The little girls stay at the old school building and the large girls at the college building. You could get a lot of help on understanding things here from Mrs. Nesbitt and Janet.

Joe has his weights off and his leg in splints. These are removed every day for massaging. Jim went over to the hospital this morning for a couple of days, and is in bed just beside Joe. He has a very small infection in one toe, but this tiny thing has caused a very large swelling in the gland in the groin, and the doctor wanted him there for treatment for a couple of days.

Every day I have one or two social engagements. These, together with visiting Joe daily, teaching a scripture class, and catering to 50 hostel boys and nine of our own family, keep me fairly busy. Letter writing is being sorely neglected but I cannot help it now.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 7, 1932. You will be glad to hear that Joe came home yesterday. He has to stay in bed for another 10 days, and then will get up on crutches for a few weeks. Needless to say, he was thrilled to get home and enjoyed being out. The rains have commenced, and he was delighted to see how green everything is in comparison with what it was when he went to hospital. There he was in a small ward where it was too noisy for him to study much; so he will have to work now to make up for lost time. Joe came home yesterday, and today I stayed at home all day—the first time for over eight weeks.

Tomorrow we are to have lunch with Dr. Stanley Jones. He is up for 10 days and then is going to China for six months.

Saturday the senior class put on the play "The Cat and the Canary". They really did very well indeed. We were sorry Joe couldn't go to see it. [Editor: I directed the same play later with the class of 1950.]

We have a real epidemic of chickenpox here now. The school hospital got too full; so we brought the eight boys down here and have them segregated in one dormitory. Mr. Parsons, one of the staff, came down with it Monday and he is sure a sight. It is always harder on an older person.

Monday, the fourth, we had a great time at Redburn all day. We had planned to have ice-cream for noon, but no ice came up from Dehra Dun until four o'clock. They made the ice cream then and sent some over to Joe.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 14, 1932. Today I took Joe out with me twice. He can ride in a cloth dandy with his leg lying out in it. He enjoys getting out. The doctor says he can get on crutches as soon as we get them made for him. He must use them for six weeks, he says. Joe will probably start back to school soon, as he can be carried there and back and around in the school, if necessary.

We have our mission prayer meeting every Tuesday. And yesterday we met here at 11:00. I invited them all to stay for lunch and tea, and then go up with us to the orchestra concert at the school. We had 15 at lunch but only six stayed for tea. The concert was splendid. How we wish one of our boys were musical enough to play in such an orchestra.

Monday we went out to tea with one of the Canadian missionary families. They have such a nice house with a beautiful location. [Oakville]

Saturday the girls of the domestic arts group entertained fourteen of the staff members to a most delicious lunch—cooked all by themselves. They served fruit cocktail, tomato soup, creamed chicken patties, peas and carrots, jelly salad, pickles, biscuits and butter, chocolate pie, coffee and nuts. Doesn't that sound good?

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 20, 1932. Joe started back to school Monday. He is carried to school in a dandy, and then the coolie carries him into his chair. Emmet goes every noon to take him to the
toilet, and one of the servants takes his lunch up. All boys have lunch up at the school as it is too far to come down here. Their lunch is sent from here, though.

Dave had his birthday party Saturday. He invited all his class for a steak roast from 5 to 8. They did seem to have a royal good time and you should have seen them eat. Fortunately it didn't even sprinkle until we were just through toasting marshmallows. Dave's teacher gave him a pair of little silver cuff links, and now Dave insists that he must have a shirt fixed so he can wear them. Dave and Joe are the stamp enthusiasts this year. I gave Dave a fountain pen for his birthday yesterday, and the first thing he did was to write to Janet. Dave is the sociable one and a favorite almost everywhere. Fortunately it hasn't spoiled him one bit. Jim is not so sociable. He's really timid, so that it is more difficult for him. Joe is a good mixer, too. Perhaps it's more difficult for Jim because he started school later.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 28, 1932. Saturday night we had dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Rockey. He had just returned from the Methodist Conference in America. Dr. Bisbee is just back, too, and had dinner with us last week. Both are trying to interpret the depression to those of us who have not been in America for a long time. One of the privileges of living and working here is the number of people we meet from all over India. Thursday we had a few guests in for tea. One couple was from Hyderabad, one from Central India, one from Assam, and the fourth from the North West Frontier Province.

There's considerable dysentery here now and some of the boys in the hostel have it. Some are in the hospital, and five have a special table where they get special food. I think some of them, at least, got chilled. Flies, too, can carry the germs, and we have no screens except on the kitchen and the food cupboard. The worst time for the flies will soon be over, I hope. This is examination week. Joe is doing quite well considering that he has missed eight weeks of school. He is so happy to be back with the other children. He uses his crutches quite a bit here at home, though of course he can't make the stairs.

I'm trying to go to the bazaar once a week, just to see what fruits and vegetables are in. They have been rather scarce of late, but in another two weeks we shall have tomatoes, corn, beans, etc. Apples and peaches are coming in, too. I can give very little variety to the school boys because they pay so little for their board.

We're having a week of heavy rains, which is hard on my flowers. Mrs. Parker was a very successful gardener, but I know little it seems.

So many of our friends here are hearing of fathers, brothers, cousins and other relatives at home who are out of employment. Several that I know of are sending part of their salary home for these unemployed relatives. It makes us realize how very serious conditions are.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 3, 1932. All three of the boys spend every spare moment these days on stamps. They certainly are enthusiastic, and they are saving all spare Indian ones and other foreign ones to take to America with them. They will gladly receive any American ones you get on letters, even if they are duplicates, as they can trade them with Indian boys. This week we have been taking things rather quietly. Last Friday was a holiday in school, and the boys went to see the "Big Trail" and were very much impressed.

It rained all day Saturday until about 4:00. Then Bob, Joe and I went for a walk - Joe being carried in his dandy. He uses his crutches now at school. This last Sabbath he went to church for the first time since his accident.

Monday is always a full morning, at least for me, as I teach the first hour and then come back to take and give laundry, both for our own family and for the boys' dining room and kitchen. This
week I didn’t go to any place in the afternoons; so had opportunity to straighten up the house a bit.

Yesterday I had luncheon with Mrs. Read, a sister of Bishop Badley of the Methodist Church. Her husband died over a year ago, and she came out here with her only child - a boy of 15 - to spend a year or so. She is a very charming person. Her son seems to be thoroughly enjoying school here.

Last night we had dinner at the Martins. Bob Cummings and his wife were there.

Today we were at the Community Center for tea. Every Wednesday there is a tea and social hour there. We all think it means much in uniting all the different mission groups on the hillside. We can all get so much from one another that we should welcome every such opportunity for fellowship. Our Reading Club meets every Friday this year as usual.

Tomorrow I’m having six friends in for lunch - among them Lady Ewing - one is the wife of a YMCA Secretary in Lahore; another principal of Kinnaird College, Lahore; another a wife of a Methodist missionary; another the wife of the Wesleyan chaplain in Meerut, and the last the mother of a Methodist missionary. We are to have waffles and chicken and peach pie. Doesn’t that sound like America?

I get little time to read, but I’m hoping to get time this winter when there are no other people up here. At nights I usually have to study for my Scripture Class. It is a course on Old Testament history, with special emphasis on the prophets, and since I have not taught for so long and there is no text but the Bible, it takes a lot of preparation on my part. Mr. Parker left some very helpful books for me to use.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 5, 1932. We’ve had another busy week. Last Saturday was the 85th birthday of Dr. Lucas of the Presbyterian mission, and his son and wife had a big tea party for him that afternoon. The college girls gave "The School for Scandal" at 4:30. We got back down for that in time for most of it, and as soon as it was over we went back up the hill to Redburn for a mission steak roast. The children always enjoy a steak roast.

Mrs. Courtenay, who has been here as housemother for the little boys, left last week. She was doing the minimum, and neglected her work to such an extent that it seemed best to ask her to leave.

Yesterday morning I went to a wedding over in Mussoorie. One of the widowers of the Presbyterian mission married an SPG (English) girl at the English church. She was a very good friend of Miss Hewitt, who lived with us last year and who was maid of honor at the wedding. They were married in Mussoorie, because the bride’s parents were married in that same church and her grandfather was padre there. The reception was over here in Landour.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 12, 1932. We have had a very busy week of work and social things. The second sale was Saturday. Joe was so thrilled that he was able to go. Now I’m so glad he could enjoy this one. It was from 2 to 5:00 p.m. We had movies for the children in Parker Hall. We have for the school a small movie camera and projector and rent rolls of film from a company in Bombay.

A man - a grandfather of two of the Sikh boys in boarding - gave us some money for a treat for the boys, and so we are making ice-cream for them today. We’ve had a grand mixup, as the servants got the ice this morning instead of this afternoon and all the milk had just been boiled, so that we have spent the morning cooling milk, etc. I’m writing in the pantry, hence the grease on the other paper. A man has just come with corn. We get corn now and all the children do enjoy it so much. We also get peaches, beans and tomatoes from the villages around about. The tomatoes are small and too juicy for salad, but are all right to cook, and we still like them with macaroni.

Tuesday night we had some guests for dinner and tomorrow night we shall have some more. The real rush this season is almost over. You ask about Mrs. Parker. She entertained more than I do.
The Girl Guides are giving a show this Saturday. The little tots had a drill demonstration with songs and games this noon. They're always so cunning. Bob enjoys his school.

Most of our mission men are up now; that is, ones who go to Landour. We are to have a conference, or, rather, discussion next Wednesday, on the question of the cut in the work - as to how it is to be met, etc.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 17, 1932. Yesterday we had a "hot dish" lunch at Redburn of all our missionaries here, and then had a conference on the "Cut", trying to think of ways to make big reductions in our appropriations. It is hard to do but I do believe it may be all for the best. Everyone has lived on an inflated basis, and it will be well for us all to get down to more normal standards.

Last night we had dinner with one of the Methodist families - Pace by name. They're very fine people and we hope to visit their school near Delhi this winter.

School work goes on much as usual. Our own four boys have been splendid this year and have done nothing to make our position difficult. You will like the boys, I know. Jim has grown 2 in. in the past three and a half months and Dave has grown one-and-a-half inches.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 31, 1932. Last Saturday night Jim's class had a party here. The boys dressed as girls and the girls as boys. Jim really looked very well. They seemed to have a glorious time and served ice-cream. We - Emmet, the other boys, and I - stayed upstairs, as five members of the staff were there and we thought that enough.

Joe is walking with a cane now and sure is happy to get around. He is still being carried back and forth from school and will have to be carried for some time still.

We are having seven more boarders, tomorrow. By the first of October we shall be full again. Tomorrow's number will make us 63.

The Methodist Mission have had a big cut and, in fact, almost everyone has had it.

Since we haven't a matron for little boys, I have quite a lot of extra jobs and keep my time more than full. We thought we had a matron, but cannot get that one; so will have to keep on trying. I don't mind the extra work as long as we all keep well.

Bob has gained 5 lbs. since he had his tonsils out and he certainly looks better. Here's hoping he continues to gain. He does enjoy school so much, and continues to say that this is the nicest place he has ever lived, and it is little wonder that he thinks so when you consider how many little boys are right in the same building with him.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, September 1, 1932. Every week seems to be more and more crowded with duties. That is naturally to be expected toward the end of the year. Last week we had two days' holiday. This was the regular autumn holiday. The scouts went out to camp again and I had their supplies to send three days in succession. On Tuesday the Cubs went up for a picnic, and that morning after packing all their lunch, we cleaned out the kitchen and had it whitewashed. Now it will have to do until the end of the year. All the boys who were left had a picnic lunch that day.

Friday we had a mission steak roast at Redburn in the evening. It was the last of the mission events for the year. That day we were busy with numerous odd jobs incident to sending our little boys over to a house nearby from the first of October, as we are to be too crowded here. The hostel was built for 60 but we are able to crowd in 80. That is absolutely the limit for the dining room.

Saturday it poured and poured in torrents. Our own four boys were playing here in the drawing room, when suddenly Joe fell about a foot and broke his right arm! It was probably done in an effort to save his leg. It is only a green stick fracture and will mend quickly, but he and his father had a long trip to Dr. Butcher's in the rain, rain, rain.
That same day the Scouts returned from camp. As it commenced to rain before 6 in the morning and they had no shelter, they were simply drenched and very cold by the time they arrived. They had to climb over 4,000 ft. and came a long distance, so that the first ones only got here at 12:30 and the last 3:30. We gave them hot baths, a good big hot meal, then quinine and put them to bed to get warm, and were thankful to say no one was ill from the effects of exposure. We had about 30 wet blankets and all the boys' wet clothing here over Sabbath, but the sun came out and brightened and cheered us Monday, in addition to drying all bedding.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, September 7, 1932. Letter to Evangeline. I was glad to receive your note included in mother's, and shall certainly comply with your wish concerning Christmas. After all that day shouldn't mean just material gifts. Our happiness shouldn't depend upon mundane things, neither should our love for one another. I'm sure we shall spend little on Christmas this year. For our own family, our money is to be saved for a trip to Delhi, Agra, Gwalior, etc. in January. We're especially anxious for the boys to see these places before going to America.

We are very happy in our work here. As far as I'm concerned I'm not overworking though I find enough work to keep me out of mischief - most of it is supervision of servants, who do their best, though it is often poorly done simply in ignorance. Imagine yourself cooking day after day without even tasting the food or even knowing what it should taste like! There's so much in our lives that is foreign to them and really never understood that it is little wonder that they at times fail to give satisfactory service. The marvel is that they do so well! I try to taste all the food before it goes to the table, but sometimes it's too late to remedy an error.

We enjoy work with the children. They are a lively, active bunch, but not mean, and they're very clean in speech. We're very fortunate in having such opportunities for our children in India.

I don't know whether you have been reading anything about the Cosmic Ray expeditions. Two of the fathers of children in school here have been off on the expedition here in the Himalayas, and returned. They're going to talk to the school children and show their moving pictures of the expedition, as soon as the films come back from Bombay.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, September 14, 1932. The music examiner is here this week, and there is always great excitement and nervous tension all the time he gives the exams. He comes from England and examines many schools in Africa, India, Australia and New Zealand.

If I get stamps all mixed up in this letter, please pardon the error. Jim and Joe are talking stamps, stamps, stamps! All three of our boys have the craze, and almost all of the boys are collecting stamps. It's a very wholesome pastime.

Tomorrow our family of boys will be 74 in number. The school takes pupils in to the boarding department on the 1st and 15th of each month. We're having some more beds made as we do not have enough. These are all made of iron and today we had four of them painted. We must have them all ready by the first of the month. We have so many boys registered for the boarding department that we are putting the small boys in one of the nearby houses, and two of the staff - lady members - are to be in charge of them and they are to board up at the small girls' department. All boys and girls eat lunch up there, though I send it for the boys from here.

I seem to get very little done but go and go, aside from the absolute necessities of the job. I painted two scenes early in the season before Joe broke his leg, but haven't had one moment to do anything like that since... I do try to read a book now and then and have read about 12 since coming here, but my preparation for a scripture class requires considerable time. I've enjoyed that work very, very much and have certainly learned a lot myself. At club I belong to the modern literature group and get in touch with a lot of new books that way. Magazines have been neglected more or less, and letter writing, too, but one simply must choose.

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Woodstock, Mussoorie, September 29, 1932. The other day I had quite a thrill. A letter from Mrs. Harper, who has just returned from America, enclosed a card from an old schoolboy in Frenchburg. He conducted them through the International Building [League of Nations?] in Geneva, and when he heard that they were coming to India, he asked her if she knew me and if so, if she would please give me his card and asked to be especially remembered. He was in my high school class, and the last I heard of him was that he was taking a postgraduate course in international law at Harvard. He is now on the American staff at Geneva and, if he is still there next year, we hope to see him.

The Maharani of Nabha and her son are back from England. Pertab, the young Maharaja who is in Dave's class, came to call and had tea last Wednesday. He is just Jim's age and is very nice looking. He is backward in his schoolwork, but has developed much more ease of manner during his trip abroad. Our boys were quite delighted to see him again.

Her Highness, the Maharani, and her companion were here for tea Monday and just seemed to enjoy visiting. She told about their audience with the King and Queen, and how the King showed Pertab the jewels which his grandfather had presented to the king. Her highness is very charming and vivacious, but has few interests and is difficult to talk to for any length of time. We were there for lunch yesterday - all Indian food but European service of the finest.

This week we sent 20 of our smallest boys here in the hostel to Firclump, a large house nearby, where there will be nearly 40 little boys for the rest of the year. Miss Blickenstaff, our new matron, is splendid.

Mr. Parsons, one of our staff, has phlebitis, and yesterday they had to operate on his leg. He will be laid up for several weeks.

Joe is getting on OK, carrying his arm in a sling and limping along. He still keeps cheerful. The rest of us are fine.

The party of returning [UPNA-Punjab] missionaries is due next week. Emmet is going to Annual Meeting, but I prefer to stay here as there is work here for me and no special business there for me.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, October 13, 1932. The weather now is glorious and it makes one want to be out all the time. The children are beginning to count the days until school is out, and are singing their song about "going down to the station and back to civilization." And the joke is that you would consider this civilization, rather than the jungle most of them return to.

This time of the year there are usually very few men up here, but there were eight last week; so they endeavor to get together as many times as possible. I suppose it sounds queer to you to hear of so many social affairs, but most of the people are here for only a short time and come from stations where they seldom see other Americans for long stretches of the year.

Bob felt so badly that all the little boys went over to the other house to live; so we let him go over there from Friday to Monday. For a week before he wanted to pack a trunk and roll up his bister. Such excitement!! When he returned Monday he was just as happy to get home, though he may want to go again before the year closes.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, October 19, 1932. The Maharani of Nabha asked Dave and Jim to go with her two boys to Dehra Dun (our railway terminus) for the weekend. They've just 11 houses down there! The boys were delighted, you may be sure. Mrs. Williams, the Maharani's companion, Sain Datta (an Indian Christian graduate of Woodstock who is in their employ now), a Mr. Johnston (an American who has an English wife and runs the printing press there, and helped oversee the repairs on the Maharani's house), and the Maharani's brother went with them. It was the first time
Pertab, the young Maharaja, had ever been away from his mother overnight. Incidentally, Pertab is just three weeks older than Jim. One of his young brothers went along, and the other three children stayed here with their mother. Mrs. Williams is anxious for Pertab to have more recreation with boys this year, as he will soon have to go to England for executive training, etc. They may keep him here for several years, but cannot say definitely, as everything depends on developments. The boys had a grand time and were taken all over Dehra Dun to see the sights. They also were out shooting - they can't shoot but had the fun of seeing someone else do it. They were much impressed with the way the servants bowed to Pertab, and also with the rich food they had - sausages every morning. Then they asked me where all this money came from, and when I said from the taxes of the state, Dave said, "Yes, some poor person has to pay for everything they get". I explained more about taxes in all countries, but was glad they realize that everything costs someone something.

I was interested in your clipping about Gandhi. I notice the Literary Digest has a false impression of Gandhi. It may be a little hard to explain to people in another country, but he was contending for equality for the depressed classes. He opposes separate electorate for them, but agrees to reserved seats in the legislatures. In other words, he wants all elected on the Hindu ballot, though he is willing that a certain number of candidates on that ballot must be from the depressed classes. He agitates for allowing all Hindu temples to be open to the depressed classes, and in some instances this is being done. I just noticed in today's paper that a temple in Ceylon has just been opened to them. Gandhi's fast was certainly spectacular, and really accomplished something I believe.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, October 20, 1932. Emmet got home yesterday and brought your very wonderful parcel. I didn't open up all the individual packages, but from the shape I can tell you have been as generous as ever with your four grandsons. . . They are quite prepared for Christmas without toys, as they are getting large stamp books and the trip.

Our cook came down with mumps, Friday. Now another servant in the school and two of the pupils have it; so we are in for an epidemic. At least it looks that way. We have no room to segregate the sick and every place is filled up with well people. Mr. Parsons is still in the Cottage Hospital with his leg. He has been there for almost a month and was sick here before that.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, November 2, 1932. My head cook has returned today after being off with mumps for 11 days. We have three children down with mumps but the rest are well. I suppose we must expect an epidemic sooner or later, but we can take care of it when it comes.

There are very few people here now. A number of the parents will be up for commencement, December 6th. It is really very quiet here now and the children are hard at work. Every morning we hear them call out the number of days till they go home.

My Scripture class is now reviewing and making an outline of the Old Testament history. We have all enjoyed the course and I've learned a lot whether anyone else has or not.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, November 10, 1932. Today Emmet and I went over to see Vincent Hill School, which is under the Seventh Day Adventists. There are 12 boarding schools for Europeans, more than in any other station in India. Vincent Hill is about a third as large as Woodstock. They require every child to work at least one hour a day and the majority work more than that. Practically all the work is done by the pupils. We have never attempted that here and would have a regular revolution to accomplish it, I think. Their children take longer to go through school if they have several hours to work a day but it offers help to many who would otherwise not get through. I like the general home atmosphere of the school and the personal interest in the pupils shown by the staff.
The school is at the far end of Mussoorie, and it took us two hours to come home in a rickshaw. We got home at 7:30 and I went right to bed as I was very tired. While over there we made some mention of the election, and they at once said one of their staff had a radio and if they got any word they'd phone us. At 9:00 they telephoned the returns as they got them from Bombay. Thus, within 12 hours after the voting had ceased, we knew the results. We consider that very good indeed. I've always admired Hoover very much; so I'm disappointed that he was not reelected. Out here we are not close enough to judge, but as to the liquor question, it would seem that both parties were compromising. Such a landslide as this election seems to be is no doubt due to the depression and a desire for a definite change. Whether not that change will be for the better remains to be seen.

We are now planning to make our trip to Delhi, Agra, Gwalior, etc. immediately after Christmas, leaving here on the 26th or 27th. Emmet has to have an operation for hernia, and we plan to shorten our trip a bit and go directly to Taxila for the operation. Dr. Martin is a very good surgeon, and we want to get this over as soon as possible. Emmet has been suspecting this for some time, but was uncertain of it until he went to Annual Meeting and had his physical examination.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, November 17, 1932. Last Saturday was Sports Day, when the different classes competed with each other for the shields, and the pupil in each class who won the most points for his class received a silver W pin. The sports began at 9:30 and ended at 3:30. I gave out prizes then. We hold the sports on a big game field about a mile from here [Taylor's flat/Survey Field]. We took lunch over for everyone - 4 sandwiches, two crackers, hardboiled egg, cake, and cocoa for each. It's really a most delightful day. The two upper classes always have some special costume for the girls and boys. All the children are in the most playful mood and are continually giving their class yells, songs, etc. The children showed a very fine sporting spirit all the way through.

Yesterday I spent a long time in the bazaar trying to find some new ideas on things to eat, etc. The vegetables are getting more scarce and fruit is expensive.

The marshmallows I made last week were a success; so I'm going to make some more. We entertain the senior class December 2nd and the staff two days later; so I'm going to make a lot of candy that week. We have 18 in the graduating class. Commencement is December 6th.

Last night Emmet shot another civet cat and this skin is for Joe. Each of the three older boys now have skins that are being mounted for them in Roorkee. Won't they be nice for their rooms in America?

Woodstock, Mussoorie, November 23, 1932. Thanksgiving is tomorrow, and all the families on the hillside will have dinner together at the Community Center. Different ones are making different things. The cook and I made 8 pumpkin pies this evening. We shall have roast chicken and dressing, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, corn salad, pie, candy, and coffee. All the Americans on the staff are invited, too. All the staff members are making candy tonight in the domestic science room.

The most exciting event of the week is the return of the two cat skins that were sent to Roorkee a long time ago. Dave's is a wildcat with yellow stripes. It is lined and finished with its mouth open. It is hanging on the wall here in our drawing room. Jim's is a grey civet cat, 5 ft. long from tip of nose to end of tail. It is mounted just like Dave's and at present is on the back of the couch. Joe has a civet cat skin in Roorkee now. We're hoping to get more. The boys are very thrilled with them.

Last Saturday our hostel boys of 8th, 9th, and 10th standards were "At home" to the girls of those standards. They had a very good time and counted it a big event, as the girls had never been entertained here before.

I just read an interesting book on India - a short one but a very up-to-date one, called "A Letter from India" by Edward Thompson. It deals with events of the first three months of this year. Things
are comparatively quiet here and all eyes are turned toward the third Round Table Conference now meeting in London. The communal award has stirred up a lot of discussion but though different parties have tried to offer different alternatives to this award, they're never agreed to by the other party. When the country is divided by very radical religious beliefs, it is hard to unite it in any way.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, November 30, 1932.** I am sitting close up to the log fire trying to get warm tonight. In the daytime the sun is so warm that one doesn't want a wool dress when walking in it, though as soon as one gets in the shade, she is cold. Our wonderfully beautiful weather continues, and we do hope there will be no change until after the children leave next Thursday, the eighth.

Thanksgiving Day was lovely. We had an impressive short service in chapel. Then some of us went up to the Community Center to get things in order there... It was really a very good dinner and we all sat at one long table - 62 of us and over half of them children.

Friday, November 25th, was celebrated according to custom, as school Christmas. The evening before, just after we got home from the play, the little boys from Firclump came over and serenaded us with Christmas carols... The next morning the children, as many as care to, exchanged Christmas cards or small gifts among themselves. In the auditorium we had a Christmas program of about an hour, the finest thing of which was the last piece played by the orchestra. That night some of the older boys decorated up the dining room, and we served a little extra and gave candy and nuts. They all seem to appreciate this little extra bit.

Yesterday we went over to tea with Colonel and Mrs. Dicks. He is tutor to Pertab, the young Maharaja of Nabha in Dave's class. The Government allow Pertab to come to Woodstock, but insist that he must have a tutor, besides, and of course the tutor must be one of the best available.

I have just ordered some tea cloths from the prison in Nabha. Just within the past two years the government has started industries in this jail. The cloths are only cotton, but the thread is all handspun and the cloth handwoven; so that will add interest.

Tomorrow morning I'm going to get my box from the Mansfield church and try to pick out things to give to the servants to take home to their families back in the mountains.

My cook has a baby boy born last night. The first, so very remarkable. I must go through some old trunks and find things to give the baby.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, December 14, 1932.** I'm sure you understand why I didn't write last week. We were in such a round of extra events and duties that there was simply no time for letter writing. Saturday, the third, was a big basketball game between the high school girls and the students in the training school. The high school won this time, the first for many years. That morning Dr. Wellons arrived from Lucknow. He is principal of the Methodist Christian College there, and preached the Baccalaureate sermon Sabbath morning. He gave an excellent message on the values of life.

The Friday night, December 2nd, we had the senior class-18 pupils here for dinner. They are a splendid group of young people and we enjoyed having them so much. Then Sabbath night the staff were here for supper with a song service following.

Monday noon Mr. Blickenstaff, president of the Board, came to stay with us. His son David was in the graduating class and he, himself, was chosen to give the address at Commencement. Dr. Wellons left that same afternoon. That evening at 4:30 was the prizegiving for the teacher training college, and the address there was given by Mr. King, Epworth League and Educational Secretary of the Methodist Mission. It was an excellent appeal for them to live full lives and be willing to do the hard things.

Tuesday afternoon was the Commencement program in Parker Hall at 4:30... None of the
schools out here have graduation exercises such as we have at home; this was quite new to Colonel Dicks and, as he had expressed it to several people, he was impressed with the smoothness and dignity of the whole program. The class marched in at the beginning and out again at the close of the program to beautiful orchestral music. Margaret Forman was Valedictorian; David Blickenstaff, our star violinist, played a beautiful selection; and his father gave an excellent message on the Christian values of life.

Wednesday there was no school and everyone was busy closing up the heavy trunks, which were weighed and sent down that day... That afternoon was the prizegiving for the school in Parker Hall. Prizes are given for the highest class records, highest scripture grades, special credit in music and art, and for the best all-around scholar in the senior class and the best all-around senior boy in the hostel. The athletic "W" and medals were also given. Emmet and I sat on a platform just in front of the stage and he announced the prizes and I handed them to the pupils as they came forward. Dave received a junior art prize... Immediately following prizegiving, we went to the playground where we gathered around an immense bonfire. The children save up all old notebooks and papers to burn at this fire. We sang songs and chatted there until dinner was ready at seven. Three hundred and seventy-five sat down to dinner.

The next morning, Thursday the eighth, we were up before 6. The first group of children left us at 8:00, and all the bedding rolls, etc. had to go off on the backs of coolies before that. Mr. Millen left at 5:00 that morning. He walked down to Dehra Dun, and bought the tickets and weighed and booked the luggage as much as possible before the children arrived by motor later in the day. Mr. Parsons weighed bedding rolls at the school and then hurried by motor to Dehra Dun to help Mr. Millen. Mr. Fleming and Miss Blickenstaff left by the first party. Emmet left about 7:30 for Sunny View, the motor terminus where the coolies deliver the luggage to be loaded on the lorries. Emmet had to oversee all sorting, etc. there. He got back that evening after the last party left on motors at 4:30, and Mr. Millen and Mr. Parsons came the next day. I saw to getting the different groups of boys off on time, and then spent the rest of the day counting dishes, knives and fork, etc., putting away mattresses and doing other numerous jobs. I needn't say that we were all fairly well tired out. I should add that the examinations didn't close until Tuesday noon and all grades had to be finished and on cards by Wednesday morning; so you know many of the teachers didn't go to bed until 2:00 or 3:00 every morning for the previous week.

Since school closed I have been cleaning house, cupboards, and drawers, etc., and tried to clean up generally before we go down. Emmet has had to spend this week in invigilating (overseeing) the Cambridge examinations sent out from England. These exams give one entrance to any college out here. We have eight pupils taking them. Our school and Wynberg are taking them together, with the exams at Wynberg - about an hour's walk from here. Exams run from 9:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m., with of course short intermissions. It is a hard week for the pupils and Emmet somewhat begrudges the time, partly because we're going down to the plains so soon after Christmas. However, he thinks the experience a good one and he'll just double up on work next week.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, December 19, 1932. First of all I must offer an apology for opening your Christmas parcels before December 25th. We plan to leave here early on the morning of the 27th, and if we should wait until Saturday or Sabbath to open the parcels, we should have no time to write before leaving, and very little if any for the next three weeks. I do intend to write to you regularly but that is all the correspondence I can hope to do on this trip. Hence we decided to open our parcels tonight.

We were all excited in anticipation of all the lovely gifts and hardly know where to begin... Bob grabbed onto the soap dog immediately. It is such a cunning little thing and Bob adores it.
The boys were delighted with everything you sent. Dave and Joe wanted to wear the knickers right away, but I have persuaded them to wait until next summer as the knickers are large enough to do so... Bob is thrilled with his suit and I do wish you could see him in it. It fits just right and is so stylish and pretty. And what a joy the whistle is!! He looks lovely in that shade of green as he is very fair.

The Maharani has asked us all over to tea and a Christmas tree this Saturday afternoon, and she has asked Emmet and me to dinner Christmas night at 8:00. She is very good company and I enjoy being with her.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, December 26, 1932.** We had a very lovely time at the Maharani's Saturday. She served a delicious tea. Then we went to the Christmas tree where each received a gift. Jim and Dave each got a fountain pen and an Eversharp pencil set, Joe a book and Christmas stocking, Bob - table tennis (this was really for all of the boys) and a Christmas stocking; Emmet, a fountain pen desk set; and I, a Benares silk scarf with a gold border. Weren't we fortunate? Christmas night we had dinner there. Mr. and Mrs. Dicks, the Maharani, her brother, her companion, and we sat down together. It was a very delicious dinner - six courses and everything of the best. I wore the lovely coat Evangeline sent last year. I had it lined this fall but even then it wasn't warm; so I put a sweater on underneath and it didn't show at all. Now I must explain as to the cold. It began to snow Saturday morning and was bitterly cold. We went over to the Maharani's Saturday in a snowstorm. Yesterday, Christmas, was a beautiful sunny day. We had the Indian Christian service here in our drawing room where there was a fire. They are a loyal, faithful group. They did so appreciate all the gifts our Mansfield friends sent them.
Gwalior, U.P., January 4, 1933. We had a very lovely time thus far. We spent our first day at Ghaziabad -10 mi. out of Delhi - with Mr. and Mrs. Pace of the Methodist Mission. They have a very fine school there. Then we had two days in Delhi with Miss Fannie Martin of the W.C.T.U. Headquarters. It's a beautiful building and Miss Martin is a fine hostess. The boys were delighted with the Fort, Qutab Minar, New Delhi, etc. On Saturday we went to Agra and on to Fatehpur Sikri where we spent Sabbath. That is an old city built by Akbar and deserted after only 16 years. Our boys liked the ruins there better than any other place. Monday afternoon we came back to Agra and went through the Fort and then over to see the Taj by sunset and moonlight (only the first quarter). Tuesday morning we went out to the Taj again and then here [Gwalior]. The Allisons here have treated us royally. This is a native state and we went all through the Fort this morning on an elephant! Such a thrill as we all had!!

Moradabad, U.P., January 16, 1933. Letter to her Mother and Evangeline. From there [Gwalior] we went to Jhansi on the morning of Thursday the fifth and stayed until the next day at noon. We were visiting the Hezleps of the Presbyterian mission, and went out to visit the Old Fort and Palace of the native state of Orcha. On Friday noon we started for Cawnpore, but 18 mi. out from there one of the hubs broke and we had to be hauled in. We left the car in Cawnpore for repairs and went by train to Allahabad Saturday afternoon. There we stayed at the mission farm which Mr. Higginbottom has built up so efficiently. On Sabbath we had lunch with the Rices, Principal of Ewing Christian College, also under the Presbyterian Board. On Monday we went all around the farm and over to the leper asylum, where there are over 400 lepers. We saw some very, very pathetic cases. That afternoon we drove around the city and down to the point where the Jumna flows into the Ganges. Here a very large Hindu fair is held every year. Monday night we went by train to Benaras. We got in there at 8:00 in the morning and left at 2 in the afternoon, and even then found time hanging heavy. The river trip past the bathing ghats was much what I had expected, though not so colorful. The widows, sitting on their rafts and looking off into space with seemingly complete resignation, were a most pathetic picture. We went up into some of the temples through filthy, filthy streets and the temples themselves were very dirty.

From Benares we came back to Cawnpore Tuesday night and stayed there until Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Mattison is in charge of all the welfare work for the mills. Cawnpore has about 12 big mills and the settlements for which Mr. Mattison is responsible number about 8000. We visited two of the settlements and saw their schools, hospitals, clinics, etc. Then we went through the big leather factory and saw all the processes in shoemaking. It happened that Jim and Dave each had on shoes made in that factory; so that added interest.

As we left Cawnpore we visited some old historical spots. I forgot to say that Mrs. Mattison is housekeeper for the small girls and for most of the staff at Woodstock. They have a son who graduated from Woodstock a year ago and is now in Wooster.

From Cawnpore we went to Lucknow where we stayed with Bollingers, one of the staff in the college (Methodist). Their whole plant is beautiful - well-equipped and well managed. Tuesday all day we spent in sightseeing. There is a large zoo there and the boys were thrilled.

Lucknow is a beautiful city and the Methodists are doing a great work there. Friday we drove from Lucknow to Bareilly - 150 mi.. We had passed so many oxcarts every day that we decided to count them on this trip. They numbered just 1350 when I last counted as we entered. At Bareilly is
where the Methodists started their work in this part of India in 1859. They have there a Seminary, a
"Baby Fold" orphanage, large girls' school, boys' school, and hospital. They have splendid buildings
and a good group of workers. Saturday, yesterday morning, we came here [Moradabad] to be with
Dr. and Mrs. Titus. You remember he was in Ohio Wesleyan with Dwight Cary. Here their mission
has a large boys' high school, boys' primary school, and girls school. This morning we went out to
the Salvation Army settlement. Here the criminal tribes are kept and employed in farming and
weaving. It is the largest settlement (1400) in India. Now we are off to see the brass workers and I'm
going to get something for your room in our home.

I should add that it is customary among missionaries to pay for board when visiting one another
and this we have done throughout his trip. We pay for food but could never pay for the generous
hospitality.

Separate letter to mother. We just returned from the brass shops. I bought a small brass lamp for
your room. We bought some brass trays and two brass-topped tables.

**Taxila, Punjab, January 24, 1933.** We got in here Friday evening according to schedule. We had
one night in Moga with Dr. and Mrs. Harper and their boys. They're just back from America. They
are famous for their educational work in this very progressive teachers' training college in Moga.
Mrs. Harper is unusually keen and a real inspiration to be near. It will be good to have her in
Landour again this summer.

The next night, Thursday, we spent with Dr. Scott and Louise. Both are well and now that they
have a young man attendant to Dr. Scott, the strain is not so heavy for Louise. This man, William, is a
Christian who was trained as a nurse at Taxila. He helps Dr. Scott dress, takes him for walks, reads
Urdu to him and cares for him in almost every way.

Emmet had his operation yesterday. Dr. Martin prefers to give a spinal anesthetic but it
wouldn't work on Emmet. He didn't want to give him ether as the rooms aren't heated well and
there is danger of pneumonia after ether. This he wanted to avoid, since there is considerable flu
around now. Hence he gave Emmet a local, which of course is more painful. However he came
through very nicely and rested fairly well last night. If all goes well, we hope to get back to Landour
by the end of the month of February.

Mrs. Graham spoke of hearing Dr. Hocking speak on the report of the Layman's Commission.
We have not had a chance to read the whole report but have read all the articles that went to the press.
I can write more fully concerning it when I have read the book. Some of their suggestions are just
what the missions have been working on for the past 10 or 15 years. I'm sure they will have many
helpful criticisms to make and we should profit by them. As to the personnel of the missionaries, I
doubt if there are many places in America where we could live in such a community of progressive,
active, intelligent people as we have in Landour. I believe they compare well with any similar group
in America. However, if they are looking for men of the intellect of Hocking's, they will not find
many. I understand Dr. Hocking in his philosophical studies has been working on synthetic
religion. I thought Mrs. Harper put it very well when she said, "such a synthetic religion might work
well enough in his own study, but I doubt if he would find it very practical if he would live here for a
couple of years." I'm sure we should welcome any criticism that will help us do our work better. We
never met any of these people as we were too far north for their visits. Some who met them felt that
they came with preconceived ideas and really did not work on facts.

**Letter to Evangeline.** I was so pleased for the good letter you wrote me before Christmas. It was
my intention to write to you so that you would get it by Christmas, but those were such very
crowded weeks. Now I'm going to try to catch up on my correspondence while we are here, as I shall
be very busy when we return to Landour before school opens on March 16th.
We are not sure when we shall arrive in the USA or just what our plans will be. Emmet would enjoy studying at Harvard and I should certainly like to be near you, but I dread a winter there. As far as climate goes, I should much prefer Southern California. Emmet is going to begin correspondence about his studies this next month. Mrs. Dodds writes most enthusiastically about Mount Hermon [in Northfield, Mass.]; she expects to have two boys there and thinks we would find it just the place for Jim. We shall go home quite open-minded as to the future. I know mother would prefer to have us stay in the East. I think living in the West is considerably cheaper from all that I hear.

We had a most delightful trip - the chance of a lifetime with us, as we probably will never have a holiday in the winter again.

**Taxila, Punjab, February 1, 1933.** Bob Cummings has had a nervous breakdown. It isn't a complete mental break, but many of us feel that it will be unless he gets away from the Pentecostal atmosphere. No one can live forever on religious experiences. We have to have a deeper foundation than that. This break is what many of us have feared for him ever since he went into the Pentecostal movement.

We have been wanting a matron for the hostel and just this week have engaged a lady from San Francisco. She was out here visiting and decided to stay out for several years if she could get work in the hills. This morning, we had an application from a master in Germany - a PhD - who wants to come out, and also an application from a teacher in Honolulu. We get applications from so many places.

Emmet is getting on splendidly, so well that it is all the more difficult for him to lie patiently. However Dr. Martin says he must be in bed for three weeks at the least.

**Taxila, Punjab, February 8, 1933.** Every report from America seems to indicate a hard winter with many unemployed. It must be difficult for every individual and every organization, business or religious. It calls for courage, industry, and faith to adjust oneself to new conditions. For a number of years America was living on a false economic standard, and we have all had a hard fall in getting down again. Certainly business will pick up enough to assure a better standard than at present.

A letter from our Foreign Board says our salaries are to be cut another 15% beginning with May. That will make a cut of 25 percent of what the salary was a year ago. This does not seem unreasonable and is not unexpected when one realizes conditions in America. We can just adjust living and all phases of it according to what we have. It also seems that the number of missionaries will have to be reduced by about 22%; i.e., a total of that number in all our fields. Such a reduction may very definitely affect us, as we go to America this year and they may not send us back at the regular time. This would naturally be a great disappointment to us in many ways, but if it does so happen we can trust that some satisfactory position may be secured in America. This is not easy, especially for a man who has been in the mission field for most of 17 years; still we can spend the few months the Board gives us of furlough in getting brushed up, as it were. We will not be able to get a position bringing a large salary, but if it is enough to keep us and help us in educating the boys that will be sufficient. Our plans for our trip home have not been completed and will be affected in some measure by our future work. We should know before leaving India whether or not we shall be returning at the regular time.

I believe I told you about Dr. and Mrs. Tscherbakoff, the Russian doctor here. He and his wife are very, very nice well-educated and cultured people. Sabbath he got a White Russian (not Bolshevike) paper from Paris with an article by Dr. Tscherbakoff himself on the condition of things in
Chinese Turkestan. This was written by him because he heard that the Bolsheviks had appealed to Britain to oppose Japanese aggressions in Manchuria, and he says the Bolsheviks are doing absolutely the same thing in Chinese Turkestan. His wife is very anxious lest the Bolsheviks hunt out her husband and kill him... Their great fear is for their own parents back in Russia. Meal tickets or rather food tickets are refused to relatives of those who have fled or who have opposed the Bolsheviks, and she fears lest they are starving.

Emmet is getting on nicely and is sitting up with a backrest. He hopes to be up next week.

**Taxila, Punjab, February 15, 1933.** Emmet is walking now. We hope to leave here next Tuesday, the 21st. It will be good to get back and begin preparations for the opening of school.

The committee of our mission appointed to consider the additional 25% came here yesterday evening. They are Mr. Clements, Mr. Merriam, and Dr. Harris Stewart. They’re considering closing all high-schools, and cutting this hospital and the CTI in Sialkot and cutting every district. We all will have to adjust ourselves to a new standard. Some good will eventually come out of it all, I’m sure. Many non-essentials will go and we will get a new sense of values.

Martins have a radio and we get the news every night from Bombay and some excellent music from Russia and Germany. The Martin children have the flu, and we were just mentioning this morning how widespread it is, as we have heard of it in America and England, and even over the radio we hear coughing from Russia and Germany. It’s good germs don’t travel by radio, isn’t it?

We have been reading a number of books on India. I was especially anxious to have facts - political, social, and economic as well as religious, at hand before leaving for America. I’ve just finished a book entitled "India in the Dark Wood" by Nicol McNicol, at one time President of the Indian National Christian Council. It gives some facts that are ignored in the layman’s inquiry and are well worth considering.

Our boys have enjoyed being here very, very much. They bought some pigeons in Moradabad and have given them boxes on the roof. Jim’s pair have two eggs laid and the mother is sitting on them very faithfully. Jim was heartbroken yesterday morning when the male was missing. An hour later it was found on the roof of the Martin’s house. It has a hole in his back but was still alive. They took it to the veterinary surgeon and are caring for it the best they can. We did not know what attacked it but think it was a mongoose.

**Taxila, Punjab, February 21, 1933.** We are leaving here in three hours. Most of our packing is finished, but we haven’t rolled up our bedding rolls yet and there are some pieces that must be tucked away somewhere.

Last night Dr. and Mrs. Martin, Gwyneth Porter and Emmet and I had dinner with the Tscherbakoffs. Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Fazl Ilahi (who used to be in Jhelum with us) came from Pindi about five o’clock, and so they stayed for dinner and left on the ten o’clock train. The Tscherbakoffs are very fine people and work hard at both the language and at the hospital work. At present he goes into Pindi twice a week to make physical examinations of all the Mission High School boys, over 400. He is especially interested in the tests for malaria as that is what he did in Turkestan. He has at last received his registration as a doctor here in India. His diploma and other medical credentials are about all he brought with him.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, March 2, 1933.** We had a good trip here-spent about six hours in Lahore with the Wilsons of Forman College. They took us around to see Bob Cumming’s wife. Bob is no better. The doctor says he must go to America but the question is how to get him there. I don’t know what they plan for this summer, as Bob is hardly fit to travel now and he can’t stay in Lahore in the heat.
Mr. Parsons and Mr. Millen left yesterday for 10 days and we shall be alone for a week. Miss Wright and Mr. Fleming will be here on the ninth and the rest of our staff at the hostel return on the 11th. Marjorie, Joe's wife, has to have a tumor in the uterus removed, and we are taking Ward in with us. He comes on the 11th. The two girls go to Mrs. Charles Stewart (Jeanette Hopkins). They all come to Landour on the 11th.

I'm going to try to work up several different types of talks on India - one dealing almost exclusively on the mission work, one on women, and one on the general economic, social and political situation. I'll see what I can do this spring and summer in working up my material.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, March 8, 1933. We were pleased to get your letter this week. All our papers are full of the money situation in America - the moratorium, etc. All the market quotations in the paper are interesting, too, as everything American is just marked "closed." Evidently everyone got panicky last week before Roosevelt's inauguration. I'm wondering how many days the moratorium will last. Everyone is anxious to see how exchange will be affected when the market is open again. American businessmen have always been known for real business acumen, but they seem to have met more than they could handle in this crisis. We mortals often have to have a big tumble to make us realize how very weak and limited we are.

Our clan is beginning to gather. Eight of the staff are here and eight more are expected tomorrow. Mr. Fleming came tonight and our new matron is due tomorrow afternoon. The coolies are coming back for the season. They came in last evening, each with a small bedding roll wrapped in gunnysack, a little charcoal stove for cooking, an iron for baking his unleavened bread on, and an odd tool or two, on his back - the total of worldly necessities for the summer. If we could limit our luggage to that extent, we would be fortunate indeed. Some of our servants are back and all the rest are coming Friday.

Mr. Fleming has been hunting and gave us a lot of wild boar. We're going to try to make ham! Won't we be classy! That is about all I dare say, for we had some roasted tonight and I do not like it. It is just too wild to suit me. He also brought us some peacock. I wish I could pass some of it on in this letter, just so you people could taste it.

We are talking some of taking our old Overland to Basrah and driving from there to Palestine, etc. Kings are going to drive through Persia, but it is almost 2,000 mi. of uncertain road and Persia doesn't appeal enough to us to use up that much energy and time. However, the whole trip is very uncertain as yet.

Woodstock, Mussoorie. March 15, 1933. Our big family of 90 boys arrive today. Six came yesterday as sort of a prelude and all the rest today, except one party of people from Bombay who were driving across from Saharanpur in a bus and haven't gotten through yet. I fear they have had to stay in Dehra Dun as they're not allowed to drive up the hill after dark. It has been a busy day but a happy one and the boys all seem glad to be back.

Miss Wright, our new matron, came last week and is a very charming person, with a cultural refinement superior to most matrons we have had. She has special charge of the little boys and I'm sure she will be very nice with them.

We have been trying for some months to get a baker for the school, and while we were in Taxila got a Christian baker [Charles] from Rawalpindi. He came up two weeks ago and oversaw the building of the brick oven. The first baking came out yesterday and was a great success. We use 90 lb. loaves a day here now and about 7 lbs. of biscuits (thin wafers unsweetened). We're hoping to have cleaner and better bread for the children.
Woodstock, Mussoorie, March 23, 1933. We have watched the paper concerning exchange with considerable interest and were relieved to see that exchange is staying up so high after the Bank crisis in America. It will no doubt remain that way as long as America stays on the gold standard and England on the silver. Dr. Martin has been quite elated. He got over his radio President Roosevelt's inaugural address relayed from Holland.

We had a very severe hailstorm Sabbath, which left the ground white. It was soon the consistency of snow and all the boys had a marvelous time snowballing!

Yesterday a Mrs. Lubbers was here for lunch. She is a Quaker, and her husband has been sent out by the Quaker Service Committee to do medical research and preventive medical service in Tagore's village at Shantiniketan. I was interested in getting everything I could from her about Tagore.

Our hostel boys seem to be well settled in. You can imagine how much of a job it is to get all their things unpacked and put away in dressers, etc. The older boys do all their own unpacking, etc., but even so it is some task getting them in. Miss Wright is proving very satisfactory and will no doubt keep the dormitory in better order than it has been kept. She is about 60 years old and very keen on everything.

The weather here is glorious now and there are many things I want to do. It is hard to stay in the house when the air without is so refreshing. We live in the open so much that I should find a New England winter rather severe, I fear. I prefer the big out-of-doors. I always wish you people could see how very beautiful it is here.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, March 28, 1933. Today I went up to tea with one of the ladies of the Canadian mission. They have one of the loveliest places on the Hill [Oakville] as it is on the promontory commanding a view of both the plains in one direction and the far hills and snows in another.

I am trying to read everything I can on India - every story, every article, etc. There is so much to be known outside and beyond our own experience that I can't hope to really be a walking encyclopedia on India, but I can hope to have a general knowledge of some things. I'm concentrating my reading, as it were. I am also reading all I can on Palestine. At present I am reading "The Historical Geography of the Holy Land" by George Adams Smith. It is excellent and will give a much better background to our trip than anything I have read before. I have a fine class in scripture this year and enjoy it as much as ever.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 5, 1933. Our days seem to be as full as ever. We still have 89 boys in boarding and with our family of 11, we feed just 100 here. I have all my old servants back so that it is very simple, comparatively. Everything is systematized and runs with very little confusion. My heaviest day is Monday when I have the laundry to take in and give out.

Last Friday Dr. and Mrs. Butcher were over for tea. He is the school doctor. He was educated in India but since has studied in England and the Continent. They've just returned from spending the winter in London.

We are still having church in Parker Hall, our school auditorium. Emmet will be relieved when more men get up here; as it is heavy to have to preach regularly in addition to schoolwork, from which he seems never to be free.

Marjorie comes up tomorrow. Joe is coming up with her and will stay until the first of the week. Ward and his sisters are very much excited.

You would enjoy it here now, as the air is so refreshing and the skies so blue. The early spring shades are gorgeous.
This letter from Bob is incomplete. He wanted to know if you would play a game with him, but I think he considered the sentence too long.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 12, 1933. Saturday the play "Abraham Lincoln" was on at one of the "Talkies" and we reserved the 2:30 performance for Woodstock children and parents. About 300 went.

Joe and Marjorie came up Thursday; so we invited them all here for supper Saturday night.

Sabbath we had a good choir at church and a small orchestra, school advanced pupils, which was splendid. Our Hindustani service for the servants is at 4:30. Emmet always goes and I usually do.

Yesterday and today we have been having rain again and it is very cold and unpleasant, especially in schoolrooms that can't be heated.

Today I had some guests in for lunch. There were nine of us hugging the open fireplace... This evening was a PTA Executive meeting and choir practice. Meetings, etc. are beginning and we shall have a full season on us soon.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 19, 1933. This is Joe's birthday. As he had a party last year, he couldn't have one this; he doesn't care much for cake, so I gave him a large chocolate bar, which he shared with his brothers.

Dave has been having a round of malaria this week. He has it just about once a year or so. I let him go to school yesterday, but the fever came up again last night; so I'm keeping him home for a time.

The high school boys played hockey against one of the regiments here this evening and won, much to their joy and delight.

Dave was asked to join the photography club and is quite delighted. He is having to do his own developing and printing. He took some very good pictures of the school last week. Dave is more quiet than Jim and has a very winsome way and is liked by almost everyone.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 24, 1933. We were glad for all your letters this week and glad to have you express your selves frankly about the situation in America. From all letters, magazine articles, etc. we have been kept informed as to conditions, but it is naturally difficult for us here to understand conditions there, especially when we found so much wealth and seemingly reckless expenditure in America when we arrived there 11 years ago. Then almost all our acquaintances had far more than we did, and we lived on a sum which even you, Evangeline, considered unbelievable. When our friends in California discussed clothes and food, we kept discreetly silent. For the past seven years we have supported the family of six on $175 (this includes children's allowance) a month and pay a large sum out of this each month on our life insurance policies. Fortunately the last payment on one of these will be made this October.

Our funds are all budgeted and we have tried to keep within the budget, though we had to use some of Aunt Mary's money as hospital bills have been high this past term. We seldom talk finances, as we know what we have to live on and try to keep within it and relegate money to the background. A cablegram from our Foreign Board last week asked our mission to choose between another cut of about 30% on all our salaries or the recall of eight missionaries. Knowing of the drastic cuts in salaries in America, we thought this only fair and replied that we would choose to take the cut - I mean Emmet and I gave this reply. The vote of the whole mission hasn't been taken yet.

I know the people who have had much in America have little or nothing left; that homes, farms, businesses, bonds, etc. have all gone, that families have been wrecked; that lives have been taken in
moments of insane despair. Knowing all this I'm not going to America ignorant, but I still know that it is exceedingly difficult for us to realize conditions until I see them. I am not pessimistic but believe that in a few years business will be back to a more normal condition, though the financial status of six years ago cannot be called "normal". I am not a technocrat because I have lived long enough in India to realize how crippled financially a country is which is dependent upon hand labor. Neither am I a revolutionist. I believe India will become a strong nation by constitutional methods without the wastage of life and money involved in a revolution. So much for my attitude toward present conditions.

Now concerning our going home this year. If the board wishes to withdraw a number of missionaries, they will want us to get to America and off their support as soon as possible. Under such conditions we feel that we cannot press the Board to let us remain in India. If, on the other hand, they will keep us on at the reduced salary, it will be all to their advantage for us to go home this year and get back before five men leave for furlough in 1935 when they are due to go. So many going in one year will leave the mission very short of men. With these things in mind, we have felt that there was no choice but for us to go this year. We are still open-minded and if things should work out for us to remain here we are willing, but we are concerned that we should not ask the Board to allow us to remain.

From something Evangeline wrote I take it that you, mother, asked if Mrs. Graham could not speak to the Board about us. Please, mother, never do that. We wish no one to intercede for us. We shall serve to the best of our capacity whenever and wherever we are, and shall let our service and our lives speak for themselves. We're not begging charity from anyone; nor do we wish anyone to stoop to it for us.

I've tried to express our position plainly in this letter, because I think my failure to go into details in the past has led to misunderstandings. We are trying to meet the present financial crisis intelligently and with faith that is not dependent upon time, circumstances, or experience, but upon a divine person who has never failed though he has often taught and helped us to meet conditions in unexpected ways.

We continue to plan a good trip to America. It will not cost very much more than the direct route and will be of great value to us all. We must not become panicky and refuse what is at our very door to take.

P.S. I failed to say that when the Parkers return the end of July, there is no position here at Woodstock for us.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 4, 1933. We're beginning to make plans for our Sale which will be May 27th. We'll not have so many things to sell nor so much money to spend, but we plan to make a real, good, jolly day for everyone.

We're having more rain and it is cold again. My flowers are just beginning to come out. We have plenty of greenery but not much of other color yet. This makes us think much of our first year in Landour when it rained almost every day for five months.

Yesterday we had our first tea at the Community Center. There were about 100 present. Our post-graduating class put on the program. We have eight in that class and all but one are sailing in July to enter college in September. They are a very fine group, we think. Many of the mothers came up last week and now we have only 57 boys in the hostel. Mrs. Martin came up and I've seen her several times and am going up there this afternoon to a Sale committee meeting. She is chairman of the Sale this year.

Bob Cummings has had a mental relapse and they urged his wife to come down. I do not know what help they thought she would be, for she wasn't allowed to see him for several months before he
went to this sanitarium.

Bob had flu last week and a couple of the servants were ill with it but all are well again. There's been so much flu this year.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 11, 1933. We thought of you a lot on Tuesday and talked of your birthday, too, though we didn't get a letter written. We had cake for tea and said we were celebrating here - wish you could have shared it with us. That morning our mission ladies had their prayer meeting here. They came early and we spent part of the day sewing for the Sale. That night we had four couples in for supper. So you see it was a busy day.

Yesterday at the Community Center the Irish Presbyterian missionaries entertained and they certainly did it well. They have four young men and one lady, just new recruits this year. They've all been so generous in helping any way they can. They all help in Junior Church. We opened Junior Church this past Sabbath; Mrs. Parker started this two years ago. Last year one of the teachers assumed the responsibility for it, but she didn't want to continue with it this year; so I've taken it until Mrs. Parker returns. The different classes take turns in conducting worship service, and the sermon is preached by a minister. The service is at 9:45 and the senior church service is at 11:00 a.m. [in Parker Hall] I shall be glad to visit such a Junior Church in America to see how they are conducted there. At the same [time] as a Junior Church there is an adult Bible class and the primary department has Sunday School. The Junior Church includes children from third standard through high school. During the senior service there is a nursery Sunday School for children from three to five years of age. Then at 2:30 there is a Hindustani [service] in the church. [Kellogg Church] Our church for all Christian employees of the school is here in our own little church at 4:30 p.m.; There is a service at 5:00 in the big church but we never go up for that.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 18, 1933. Here it is my birthday and I can hardly realize school has commenced. The Sale is a week from Saturday and everyone seems busy preparing. We do not expect to make much financially but we're aiming to have a real good, jolly time for everyone. It's a big day when the whole community unites to make a great success.

Yesterday we had such a good recital by the older music pupils, ending with two beautiful numbers by the orchestra. It is said that we have the finest school orchestra in India. It is a real treat to have them. I feel confident that many a small college in America doesn't have as good an orchestra.

Mrs. Gibbs, the housekeeper at the college, is coming over to have lunch with Miss Wright and me today. Mrs. Gibbs is a widow of about 60, an Anglo Indian. She's quite jolly and fills a big place here, though she's not as efficient in some ways as we could wish. However, no one is perfect.

We have only 47 boys in the hostel now. Many of the parents are up. The rains have abated for a few days and it's getting very hot on the plains; hence, people are coming for their holiday.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 24, 1933. We've been having a busy week. It always is exceptionally busy at this time when plans for the Sale and Board meeting are being made. Monday at our PTA meeting Dr. Manry spoke of his visit to Russia in 1931. It is his wife whose father was in Harvard, you remember. Their four children are in school here.

Tuesday our U.P. missionaries had their regular weekly prayer meeting and then spent the rest of the day pricing things for the Sale... Today was the annual business meeting of the Community Center. Tomorrow I must go to the bazaar to do a little shopping. I would much rather stay at home but I must do this tomorrow.

Miss Jones, the senior member of our staff, has been ill for a couple of months and we've only
been over to see her once. We must get over some time next week. She is much better but is still in a convalescent home in Mussoorie.

Next week is holiday for the children but not much holiday for us. There are three groups of campers going out and I have to send all their food; so you know what that means. Monday is Board meeting all day. Tuesday evening our missionaries are having a steak roast together. It's the easiest and cheapest sort of a picnic. Wednesday the few boys not on camps are to go for a picnic and we're having the kitchen whitewashed. It is scrubbed twice a week but you wouldn't pass it as a clean kitchen, I'm sure. Everything points to a good Sale day.

Jim has homer pigeons. Mr. Millen went out hunting overnight and took two of them with him. One came back this morning with Mr. Millen's note. As the other didn't return by 2:00, Jim walked out with the one pigeon 5 mi., looking for the other, and sent this one back. Both pigeons were here when he got back. Jim is a good walker and likes to be out in the open.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, June 7, 1933. Our plans seem to be working out. Though the Parkers will arrive at the end of July, we do not plan leaving here before the first of September. We shall take some house here on the hillside for the month of August.

It begins to look as though we shall be able to motor by way of Quetta through Persia to Baghdad, Damascus, and Jerusalem. After visiting Palestine we may take the motor on a steamer from Beirut to Athens and then motor in Europe. The roads in Turkey at that time are bad, and Turkey makes travel difficult for foreigners by all its red tape. Persia is bidding for tourists but not Turkey.

Last week during the holidays all the children seemed to have a good time. The Cubs went out Monday morning and they took Bob along as a special concession. They expected to return Wednesday, but a heavy storm came up Tuesday afternoon and blew their tents down and soaked everything so that they had to come home. They walked 5 mi. in heavy rain without umbrellas; so you can imagine how drenched they were. They got in at 7:30 p.m. and went right to bed after hot baths and a hot supper. They were up early next morning and off to an all-day picnic. One of the fathers along with the Cubs shot a wild pig early Tuesday morning and they had a barbecue that noon. You can imagine all the excitement. They took the two young homing pigeons with them, and the first one came back Monday evening with a letter telling of their arrival. The second one lost its letter or picked it off.

The Scouts went out Tuesday morning and stayed until Friday. Wednesday morning Mr. Parsons took eight of the older boys, Jim among them, for a hike and they came back Saturday. All reported a good time.

We were to have gone to the Savoy for dinner Wednesday night with our Parsee friends, but it stormed so hard we couldn't get out of the house. The Parsees were all over to tea with us Thursday and then we went for lunch with them Saturday. They had the six Parsee children over in the hotel all week, and the money they managed to spend in the few hours we were with them was appalling!! At least it keeps money in circulation and gives employment to many.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, June 15, 1933. We are having our Annual Conference this week. I'll enclose a program. Yesterday's discussion was lively to say the least. The Indian representatives who spoke in the afternoon are educated men, who voiced the opinion of the educated majority. The opinions are well worth getting, though I can't agree with all they say. My criticism of their judgment is that they failed to realize that the large uneducated majority are not represented by their opinions.

We are sunning our Persian rugs every day and hope to get them packed this Saturday. We
want to put them away dry in our tin, lined boxes as it will be six or seven months before we open them. The rains will soon be on and then everything is damp and mildewed. We had a few friends in last night and shall have a few more tomorrow night, before packing rugs and tables, etc.

Monday night a very fine Dutch singer gave an excellent recital of folk songs all from different nationalities, and then devoted the last half of the program to classical German music. He is giving a recital to the school children tomorrow afternoon at 4:30. His wife is his accompanist. They're coming down tomorrow night for supper after the program. They've been studying Indian poetry and music with Tagore.

Last Saturday we were at a reception and tea given for the same musicians. Then we went over to a Scout and Cub rally at the soldiers' furlough home in Mussoorie. It was really a very impressive ceremony around the campfire.

The head guide leader of the province has been here for 10 days. I had her over for lunch last week and was at a tea in her honor Monday. I like her very much.

**Landour, Mussoorie, June 22, 1933.** We have been greatly amused by two remarks in Evangeline's letters. The first one was Janet's abhorrence of the word "wholesome." I can imagine her distaste for many of our words, as our vocabulary is both of another generation and another environment. However, if we all can be mutually tolerant (I imagine she may use words that may jar on us) perhaps we can get along!! The other reference is Evangeline's saying that she hears Janet say many times a day that each one should be free to live his own life. She is evidently related to the rest of the young people I know, for they all are sold to that idea and her cousin Jim especially. I must confess to being a party to the same belief; so in that, at least, she isn't so much ahead of her old Aunt.

Everything seems to be working out satisfactorily for our trip home. We have had two good letters from Baghdad and Hillah which speak very encouragingly of the trip. When the Parkers return and Mr. Parsons' bride arrives the first of August, we should move to some house on the hillside and not start on our motor trip until the first of September. We have many things to do before that date, as all Parkers furniture is to be moved up to their house [the new Woodstock Cottage] and new furniture bought for the part of the house which we are occupying [at the Hostel].

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, June 29, 1933.** Last night we were guests at the Annual Meeting dinner of the North India Presbyterian mission. This is the mission to which Parkers, Doddses, and many of our friends belong. They always have their annual business meeting here in Landour, and their dinner this year was served in the school. Mrs. Mattison, the housekeeper in the building, did the catering and certainly served a delicious dinner - 85 were present. They toasted three couples of us - Dr. and Mrs. Veldte who retire from their mission this year. Dr. Veldte has been general secretary of the three Presbyterian missions in India and it is his position that Leroy Dodds is to take when he returns this fall. Then a Rev. and Mrs. Gray were toasted. Reverend Gray has been pastor of our church here for three months each summer for five years. He goes on furlough next spring. Then they toasted us. They had a song for each couple, too. They have been most cordial and helpful to us while we have been here and we do appreciate it.

The Methodists who have children in school here form what they call their Woodstock Council. They had their yearly meeting last week and sent us a most beautiful letter, quoting the resolution passed by their Council, in appreciation of our service in Woodstock. They have been most loyal to us.

This is the season when Landour is most crowded and when the social whirl is at its height. We were out for dinner five nights last week and the same number this week. After this week we shall probably be out only a couple of times in a month or two.
Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 5, 1933. As we have it planned it here, we shall leave Landour Thursday, August 24th and sail from Karachi for Basra on the 27th. We should be in Baghdad for the fourth and fifth of September. You can send your next letter to Mr. Donald Munro at the YMCA, Baghdad. We should be in Palestine by the middle of the month. As we plan it now, we shall go north from Baghdad to Nineveh and then go across to Aleppo and from there down to Damascus and on into Palestine. Later I shall write you, giving all the stops. We shall stay in Jerusalem and Palestine for a couple of weeks and then sail from Beirut, taking an inexpensive Mediterranean cruise if possible. From there we go north in Italy through Rome and on into France. For the mail to Palestine, please address it to Miss Mary C. Campbell at the WCTU headquarters in Jerusalem.

Landour, July 20, 1933. This past Monday the PTA sprang a big surprise on us. At the opening of the meeting, they called on Mr. Ross Wilson of Forman College, Lahore to come to the platform. As he is a very fine tenor singer, Emmet and I both supposed he was going to sing a solo, but as soon as he began to speak he called for us to come to the platform. He spoke very beautifully of our work here, and presented us with an envelope containing Rs.95/- for a special side trip on our way home, or anything we wish to buy for ourselves. It was such a complete surprise that it certainly overwhelmed us and I was simply speechless.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 27, 1933. This is the day the Parkers are arriving. We expected them at the motor terminus at about 10:00, but their train was late and they missed the 8:30 gate. There is only one-way traffic up the hill; so they have to wait until the 11:15 gate. We shall go down to meet them as soon as I finish this letter. I am writing in Emmet's office with a strange pen!

We have been busy moving Parkers' furniture and getting our house fixed. Now I hope to get the freight packed and sent off next week. Mr. Parsons was married Monday and we expect him and his wife Monday. They will live in a little cottage and eat with us until we leave the hostel.

The boys are getting quite excited about leaving here. Bob was singing this morning, "Four weeks from today we leave! Four weeks from today!"

Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 3, 1933. The Parkers arrived OK on Thursday and all look and seem very well. I turned over my Scripture Class to her this week, as it is the beginning of the semester. Emmet is still carrying on the office work this week, but is turning that over to Mr. Parker next week. Then we will finish packing our freight.

The Parsons have not arrived, as she took very ill with acute dysentery last Thursday and is in a Salvation Army Hospital in Moradabad. She really hadn't been well since they were in Italy, where they all got poisoned a little in a hotel in Venice. Several were sick in Venice and she was very seasick in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean. Her illness may delay our sailing for a week or two. They hope to get up here within a week and she will hardly be able to begin work a week or so after that. The boats to Basra go every week; so it is not difficult for us to change our plans, though our boys are getting very restless to be off.

You'll be interested in the differences in all our boys. Jim has never cared for girls or parties, while Dave is the popular young man, always going to parties, talking about his girl, keeping his hair slicked, etc. Joe, though full of fun with his sense of humor, is usually very serious and is always coming out with some serious remark regarding his future life and work. If he carries out his purposes he'll really make something of himself even though he is frightfully slow. He is growing to look much more like Jim though he has a dark complexion. Everyone says Dave looks like his Grandfather Payne. The other three are Alters. Bob is the light, carefree, dreaming lad - spoiled perhaps a bit - but having fun all day long. He doesn't work in school as I should like to see him do, but perhaps he'll settle down to work some day.
Saturday afternoon the Hindustani church had a reception for the Parkers and us and presented us with two beautiful brass bowls, which will be lovely for plants at home. Tuesday morning the student government had the Parkers and us sit on the platform and had very nice speeches of farewell and welcome. Then they overwhelmed us with exquisite papier-mâché high vases and a low bowl to match in a rose and blue and gold. [I have this bowl still!] I know all will like them very much. It absolutely overpowered me. They are such a delightful bunch of children - full of fun and mischief but without malice or guile. We shall hate to leave them.

If our former plans carry we shall sail from Beirut on October 6th, arriving in Naples, October 13th. Please address us there in care of the American Express.

P.S. Your letter has just come saying that Evangeline has asthma. My heart aches for her because I know how very uncomfortable it is.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 10, 1933. Mrs. Parsons is still very ill and they think now that it is typhoid. I do not know just what plans can be made to run the dining room here, but we must leave by the early part of September or wait until the end of the school year in December. We offered to stay, but Mr. Parker is not willing for us to stay out any longer, as he thinks nine years quite too long. We should find it difficult to stay, as the whole family are excited about going, though Bob and Joe are a bit under the weather. Joe is sick this week with a sore throat and fever and Bob has been having several boils in his ear. Joe has been in the school hospital for several days but is coming home tomorrow. Jim has about decided that the line he should follow is math and science. In the mid-year exams he got three As and two B+s. He always gets an A in math - it is geometry now - and in physics he got the highest grade in both the junior and senior classes, and he's the youngest of them all. He is really very modest about it and I'm glad. I do think, though, that he should follow the line he seems to have the ability for and I hope he will. Dave's social life absorbs his time!!! I suppose I'm hardly fair in saying that, as he really does study, but he is much more sociable than Jim.

Monday afternoon the PTA gave a reception for the Parkers and us. It was a really very nice affair. Mr. Gray spoke in regard to us and then Emmet and I spoke briefly. I'll enclose a copy of my few remarks. Then Mr. J. G. Campbell spoke words of welcome to the Parkers. You remember meeting him in Mansfield. He is really a big clown and kept the whole audience in an uproar. There was also a song with a comic verse to each of us. The whole program was very good and we did appreciate it.

The staff dinner for the Parkers and us will be Friday night at 8:00. That will end our farewells until we finally say goodbye on the 31st. I can hardly realize that three weeks from tomorrow we leave for America. There is much to be done in the interim.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 16, 1933. Now our plans aren't all clear but we expect to stay a few days in Boston and then start West. First we should like to have a day in Philadelphia to see the Board. Then, if agreeable, we should like to stop in Mifflintown two or three days, and then to Mansfield. Of course we expect you to go with us. We shall not be able to stay long in Mansfield as we go on out to the coast, as the second semester opens there the first of January. Now, as we want you to go West with us, please take good care of yourself and don't get sick. Have your luggage packed when we arrive. Now why should I tell you of that when you always are so forehanded.

Measles has broken out in the school and I'm very thankful our boys have all had them. If it were mumps, we might be held up.

Mrs. Parsons seems to have passed the crisis last week, as her temperature is coming down gradually. They may appear before we leave.

I do hope all are well and that Evangeline has had no more attacks of asthma. I had a light one this afternoon. If I take aspirin soon enough when I feel it coming on, I can cheat it.
Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 30, 1933. It is now midnight and we leave tomorrow noon. Almost everything is packed, but I'm sure we shall find many things yet to be done in the morning. Since I wrote last Dave fell and cut his leg badly. Counting big and little stitches he had 25. He won't be allowed to walk until next week! Then Jim jumped down just about two feet onto the path and landed on the sharp point of a stone, which went right through the sole of his shoe and into his foot, so that he was laid up for several days. We hope to land all well and hearty.

Mrs. Parker has very high blood pressure and had to go to bed last week, and the doctor says she must stay there until the blood pressure comes down to 170. Mrs. Titus volunteered to come here to the hostel to run the dining room and arrived today. You could imagine what I've been doing, as I've carried this housekeeping for a family of 70 right through to the end. Mrs. Titus had invited the Parsons there (Moradabad) for a weekend after the wedding, and it was there that Mrs. Parsons took ill. Mrs. Titus has been there ever since, though she had only gone to the plains for two weeks. She will be splendid to have here and it would be a great relief to leave things in her hands.

Chapel will be at 1:00 tomorrow and we shall leave immediately afterwards. Bob's class had a party for him and each child gave him a little gift - a story or puzzle from a magazine or some such thing for each day for over a month. He was thrilled. Now I must get to bed.

On the "Varsoroa", B.I.S.N., September 4, 1933. I am going to begin this letter now and finish it by the time we get to Baghdad. We had a good trip to Karachi, in that rain and a strong wind favored us in the Sind desert. We were filthy by the time we reached Karachi, but hot baths where ready. We stopped at the YWCA there. After eating at 10 we drove out in a "Victoria" to get our visas for Iraq, and then went on to the beach to give the boys their first glimpse of the Arabian Sea. We couldn't drive down to the water; so as Dave was still on his crutches he couldn't get there, but the others went down and waded. After tea we went to the gardens and zoo.

Sabbath morning, the third, we were at the boat at 8:30. Emmet, Jim and Dave are traveling as deck passengers; so they had to be at the quarantine camp by that time. They sleep out on deck not far from our second-class cabin. As there are very few passengers, there seem to be practically no restrictions, and Emmet and the boys come and go to our cabin very freely. They have European food served in our Second Class dining room after we have eaten. By this arrangement they save just Rs.100/- per day. Bob and Joe only wish they could travel the same way and they spent practically the whole day on deck. We all have our sea legs now. Jim is the poorest traveler of the bunch - gets sick on the train as well as boat. He says the only thing for him is to travel either by foot or "Victoria"!

All other deck passengers either have their own food or buy it from a Hindustani caterer on the boat. There are a number of Jews, second-class, who also have their own food. Most of the second-class have their own.

Damascus-September 17th. You must wonder why all this delay. While in Iraq and on the boat it was so frightfully hot that I simply did the minimum. We landed at Basra on Thursday the seventh and went on up to Ur, getting there late Friday morning, as the wind was blowing sand on the tracks and the driver had to go slowly. There was such a strong hot wind blowing the sand so much that we could see only a short distance from us, and the only thing we could do was to close ourselves up in the rest house all day and sleep. Fortunately there were electric fans. We were all so tired, chiefly from heat, that we were glad for the rest. The next morning we were up at 5:00 and went out to see the ruins before the train left at 8. We'll tell you of them when we see you. We were grateful that that morning was clear and the wind had died down in the night. The ride from Ur to Hilla was from 8:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. and was the worst experience of all. It was through practically nothing but desert. We drank water incessantly, ate watermelon, bought lemonade and did everything we could to keep cool, but to no avail. With all our drinking - water, water, water, my lips were so parched and my
tongue so dry when we arrived at Hillah I actually talked thick. Miss Strong, a missionary there, was
at the station to meet us and took us to her home, which was a real haven of rest. She had ice-cream
all ready and lots of hot tea and drinking water. After tea we felt like new people and got cleaned up
for dinner. We slept on the roof and had the best sleep. The next day we spent with the Edwards
family, who also live in Hillah, and have a lovely new home. The boys had such a good time with
their children. They served us ice-cream twice, much to the joy of the Alter family.

The next morning Mr. Edwards went with us at 6:00 to Babylon and we saw the ruins there at the
best time of day. We came back for an 8 o'clock breakfast and found ice-cream again. Then Mr.
Edwards went in the car with us, first to Karbala, the Mohammedans' shrine, and then to Baghdad.
It made a drive of about 130 mi. We stopped a few hours in Karbala and had coffee in a wealthy
Sheikh's house. We arrived in Baghdad at 4:30, hot and tired. That day the temperature was 110
degrees and the next two days, 112 degrees. I just wilt when the temperatures get that high. We
went sightseeing in the morning and late evening and staid in the house the rest of the time.

We left Baghdad to cross the desert Thursday morning. We left there about 6:00, stopped at
Ramadi for customs and arrived at the Rutba Wells at 5:30. There were two airplanes there when we
arrived and we soon learned that the body of the dead King Faisal was on one of them. Six of his
ministers spent the night in the little hotel there, and they took the body on to Baghdad early the next
morning. We had planned to leave at 8:30 p.m., but two of the motors of our convoy were not in to
the Wells until 11:00 p.m. and we had to wait for them. We and our luggage were in a six-passenger
Nash and we had a good driver and no motor trouble all the way. We drove all night and were in
Damascus by 7:30 in the morning. We were tired and sleepy, but the trip was really not nearly as
exhausting as the train ride from Ur to Hillah.

Tabga [??], September 19th - supposed to be the place of Bethsaida. We came here yesterday.
There is nothing here but a German hospice under German Catholics. It is located on terraces above
the Sea of Galilee, and there is a lovely sandy beach just four minutes walk from the hospice. Behind
this beach is a large eucalyptus grove with a lovely clear pond fed by a large spring. Emmet and I are
sitting here in the grove writing, while the boys are playing in the water. Dave can't go in. His wound is healing nicely but we must run no
chances with that. I think I will let him go in once just to have the experience. We can see Tiberius
from where we sit and we hope to go over there in a boat.

Yesterday as we motored from Damascus we came around the base of Mount Hermon and
visited one of the sources of the Jordan, several large springs near a cave. We can tell you more of all
this when we see you.

Damascus was beautiful after the desert, and as we drove in on the wide streets with grass and
flowers on both sides, the boys exclaimed, "This must be like an American city!" The hotel had an
elevator and the boys wanted to ride on it all the time. It also had hot water radiators in the room; so
the boys know what they are. It was a really excellent hotel. The manager is a Syrian Christian, a
graduate of the American University, Beirut, and a friend of Mr. Munro of the YMCA in Baghdad.
He is a prosperous looking man and certainly manages the hotel well. The food was excellent and so
abundant. The table waiters were Egyptian and reminded us of Negro porters in America. They
were very pleased with the boys and did a lot for them.

According to our present [plan], we shall reach America about the first of December, but plans
do sometimes change. We shall let you know definitely when we reach Europe. We're all getting
excited at the prospect.

YMCA, Jerusalem, October 1, 1933. I shall try to take up the trend of our journey from where I
left off before. We stayed in Tabga on the Sea of Galilee four days and the boys had a great time

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swimming several times a day. One morning we went by motor boat around the whole circuit of the sea and so have a much better idea of all the surrounding country. It got very hot before we left. From there we drove up over the hills to Nazareth where we spent the night in the guest house of a French hospital. We went with a guide in the evening, and at the Church of Annunciation a Franciscan brother from New Jersey showed us around, and he was by far the most intelligent person that we have talked to for some days. He gave his whole evening to showing us around and telling us a lot of the history of the place, etc.

The next morning, Saturday, we drove down to Jerusalem - I suppose I should say up when altitude is considered. The ride first brought us through the valley of Esdraelon, a most fertile valley where there are now a number of Jewish settlements. To our left was Mount Tabor and farther on Mount Gilboa. Later we passed Shechem, Mount Ebal, Mount Gerazim, Jacob's Well, Samaria, Bethel, and many other historical spots. The topography of the country has not changed, but Jerusalem with a church on almost every spot and crosses and images, and stones to be kissed, etc. etc. is more than a disappointment.

The YMCA here is a marvelous building, the gift of a Mr. Janvir of New Jersey. As you probably know it formally opened this past Easter. It is said to be the finest YMCA in the world and I can well believe it. We - Emmet and I - have a double room and each of the boys has a single room. The dining room is in the basement and has all the modern equipment. Jerusalem always suffers from a lack of water, but the YMCA has so many storage cisterns that it is always well cared for. A tub bath is always charged extra but showers are numerous and free. The swimming tank is a beauty and the water is being filtered all the time. Our boys joined the boys' department as guest members. This entitles them to games and magazines every day and gym and swimming three times a week. Dave is able to go swimming now and we arranged our sightseeing so that they didn't have to miss any of these times. There are 200 boys from 7 to 16 in the boys' department and over 1300 in the men's.

We spent three days with a guide sightseeing all the important spots. One afternoon we drove to Jericho and the Dead Sea and the boys and their father went swimming after sunset. It was lovely.

Tomorrow we're going to Jaffa and Tel Aviv and are going to stop at one of the Jewish settlements. Gasoline is very cheap here and motor travel is comparatively cheap. We should go to Haifa Wednesday and Beirut Thursday. We sail from Beirut next Saturday, and arrive at Brindisi about the 14th or 15th. We stop en route at Cyprus, Rhodes, Istanbul, and Athens. We're not certain yet when we shall reach America. We were looking up sailings yesterday and find a Cunard leaves Liverpool November 11th. We may take this. Exchange is very much against us in France and Italy; so we may not stay long in either place.

Very shortly after arriving at the YMCA, they [the boys] found the soda fountain just off the lobby. Having no recollection of an ice-cream soda, they all had to indulge.

We wish we could share with you all the most delicious grapes. The vines are burdened with the big bunches and we have them every day. The figs, too, are ripe but Bob is the only one of our family who likes them.

Naples, October 16, 1933. Now I shall write briefly of our trip thus far. We left Jerusalem on Wednesday, the fourth, and spent that night at Haifa in a German hospice high up on Mount Carmel, with a magnificent view of the city and harbor. The next morning we went to the beach where the boys had a great time swimming and jumping the breakers, etc.. That afternoon we drove to Beirut and stayed in a hotel right on the sea. The next day we went to the mission and that afternoon drove up into the Lebanons to see Mrs. D. Forman's father and mother. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh are retired Presbyterian missionaries. Both are in their 80s and how delighted they were to see us! They live with another married daughter, who was so very, very hospitable and insisted that we stay for tea.
and supper. They're lovely people and we did so enjoy being with them.

The next morning we went out to the American University and late that afternoon we boarded the "Vienna" of the Italian line. We traveled second economic or, in plain language, third class. To one who has traveled first on the same line, it left much to be desired, but still it wasn't bad. Sunday we got off at Cyprus for three hours; Monday we had the same length of time in Rhodes; Tuesday afternoon we pulled into Istanbul and stayed there until Thursday at 10; now, Friday, we had five hours in Athens; and Saturday we landed in Brindisi at noon. We got a train at 2:00 and arrived in Naples at midnight. We came to a pension recommended by the Campbells but the depression has put the woman almost out of business and she hasn't as nice rooms and gives poor service. We leave tomorrow noon for Rome. Here we have seen the museum, aquarium, and Pompeii and Vesuvius. It is all so wonderful. I really can't quite realize that we have seen so much.

Europe is very expensive and we've about decided to limit ourselves to Italy, and take the Dollar Line from Genoa on the 24th, one week from tomorrow. This would get us to Boston on November 10th. I'll not mail this letter until I am certain of plans. This letter would give you enough time and we wouldn't cable. We'll send Mother Alter a letter, too. This boat, President Polk, stops two days in New York before getting to Boston, so we'll get a peek at America there. It will hurry our trip in Italy but it seems the best. I'm sorry not to get to England but we cannot do everything. Another reason for going now is that the schools in California open in January - the first week for the second semester - and it would be easier for the boys to enter at the opening. If we drive across it will take time. We'll get a car large enough for us all. If you think it too hard, you can take the train from any point en route, but we shall not be traveling at night and we shall be stopping at a number of places, resting; so I think you will find it quite all right.

Istanbul was the first place we saw green hillsides and how we did thrill. All Saturday afternoon Jim kept talking about this fertile soil, the orchids, vineyards and gardens - all so green and lovely.

Please just count that we are coming on the President Polk on Dollar Lines, arriving November 10, unless you hear otherwise. We're now in Vatican Museum and I'm mailing this here to give Vatican stamps.
PART THREE

Third Term – Missionary Educators

Gordon College, Woodstock School, World War II
Berkeley, California – Rawalpindi – Mussoorie

1933-1944

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INTRODUCTION
1933 - 1944

There is another long gap in Martha’s letters, from October 16, 1933 to April 27, 1935. Again, the reason is Martha’s mother’s living with the family while they are on furlough in America, in this case in Berkeley, California.

Bob remembers their arrival in Boston by ship in late October or early November, 1933, and of staying with Aunt Evangeline, Uncle Paul and Grandma Payne in their home on Fletcher Rd., in Belmont. His father, Emmet, bought a second-hand, seven-passenger Studebaker touring car for the unbelievable price of $125.00. It was at the height of the Depression and no one wanted a car of that size.

The family, all six of them, plus Grandma making seven, drove across country in that car to Berkeley, California, where Emmet enrolled in an Ed.D. program at the University of California, Berkeley. They must have followed the “southern” route across country, for Bob remembers having lunch at a restaurant in a dusty little town somewhere in the panhandle of Texas, and of discovering there what they all referred to as Grandma’s “finickiness.” When she saw a woman combing her hair at one of the tables, Grandma refused to eat. She couldn’t stand the thought of eating at a place where someone would do such a thing.

Life in Berkeley, as Bob remembers it, was pleasant and exciting. They lived in a rented house on Prince St., close to the University. Emmet’s sister, Margaret, was a nurse at the University infirmary, and was a frequent visitor. Grandma Alter, who lived with her sister Auntie Wade (somewhere in the Berkeley Hills – as Bob remembers), was also prominent in their life. Part of the summer was spent with Grandma Alter and Auntie Wade at Auntie Wade’s summer cottage at Mr. Hermon, a church-related summer resort in the hills above Santa Cruz.

The boys all attended public schools, Jim at the Berkeley High School and Joe and Bob at the Lincoln Elementary School. Bob has no memory of the school Dave attended. Presumably it was a middle school or junior high in the same area. He has memories of walking, even skating, to school; of playing on the street with other children in the block; of long, exploratory walks up into the University campus and into the hills above.

The family attended the First United Presbyterian Church on College Avenue, just across the line into Oakland. Martha and Emmet established close ties with members of that church, as did Grandma. In later letters to her mother, Martha frequently refers to people and families they had gotten to know together during the time she was there.

These were still Depression years, and Bob remembers how families, including their own, would leave cans of food in a food cupboard in the church, so that others who were running short could help themselves. Initials like NRA, CCC, and WPA were bandied about in adult conversations that Bob overheard, not always with much approval. Roosevelt was not a favorite among the people his parents associated with!

Trips to San Francisco were made by ferry. Both the Golden Gate and the Bay Bridges were under construction, and work on these was fun to watch from the ferries that carried them back and forth across the bay.

It was a time, too, when Emmet underwent various experimental treatments for his chronic rheumatism, none with much success. Bob remembers milk injections being given to his father to induce a fever, in the hope, presumably, of stimulating a sluggish immune system. Gold, somehow, had a place in these treatments. The memory that it was actually gold overshadowed any memories Bob had as to how it was used.

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In the portions of letters included from 1935-37, there are many references to Aunt Bessie and her son Emmett. Some elaboration here may be helpful.

Aunt Bessie was Grandma Payne's younger sister. She married Homer Price, and they had a son, Emmett (sometimes - though not always - distinguished from Emmet Alter by the double “t” in the spelling). Aunt Bessie's story throws considerable light on the personalities and characters of both Grandma Payne and her daughter Martha, and how each responds to Aunt Bessie's various problems.

Aunt Bessie's experiences also provide a fascinating story, which one might be tempted to title "Family Skeletons" or "The Saga of Aunt Bessie." Hence, we have included much detail.

From the letters we never really learn much about Uncle Homer. Martha always mentions him when writing to Aunt Bessie, and shows concern when he is ill, but even what work he does is not clear. There are several references to “the Desoto”, but whether this is a hotel or a car plant or company, we do not know. Obviously, he does not present the strong, vivid image that we get from Martha's writing to and about her father. Uncle Homer remains a shadowy figure.

Aunt Bessie does not appear as a strong person, physically or mentally. There is frequent mention of illness. Emmett has never married, appears to have had little education or training, and has trouble getting and keeping a job. Both of them suffer from “nervous” troubles - which seem to increase after Uncle Homer's death.

Grandma Payne obviously is greatly concerned and worried about Aunt Bessie and her family, and shares these concerns with Martha. She seems to be a worrier by personality, and apparently feels if only she can return to Ohio (from Belmont, Mass.) and "help" Aunt Bessie, she can straighten things out!

Practical Martha spends many pages “lecturing” her mother on the futility of Grandma Payne's thinking she can accomplish anything by returning to Ohio - and reminding her of the fact that she could never live happily with Aunt Bessie in the past, and should stay put in Belmont, where “Paul and Evangeline have given you a wonderful home.” At the same time Martha assures her mother that she must make her own decisions in these matters, while Martha makes her own point of view eminently clear!

Although it is entirely speculation on our part, one gets the feeling that Aunt Bessie is missing some stabilizing force in her life, which perhaps even the shadowy Uncle Homer provided. And, one wonders whether Grandpa Payne's presence at this time would have somewhat ameliorated Grandma's worrying. Further, it would have been very interesting to have Grandma Payne's letters to Martha, as these might have filled in some of the “gaps” in Martha's letters about this situation.

Sometime before April, 1935 (possibly in 1934, when there are no letters, as Grandma Payne has been living with Martha and Emmet, during that furlough year in Berkeley) Aunt Bessie remarries. Her second husband is Walter Koch, about whom we learn little, other than intimations that Grandma Payne and several of her Mansfield friends have negative feelings about him, suspecting him of being responsible for Aunt Bessie's worsening health, and possibly even using up her money - of which there is very little.

In August, 1935, Martha visits Mansfield to learn more of the situation and find out from the bank just what Aunt Bessie's financial state is. She discovers that Aunt Bessie had withdrawn all her money from the bank before her marriage to Walter, so her lack of funds does not appear to be his doing. Martha describes Aunt Bessie at this time as being under severe strain, and writes of the plan for her to be taken to a sanatorium in Toledo for treatment. There is also mention of an “organic condition” which may be part of the problem. In a later letter the possibility of arteriosclerosis of the brain is mentioned, and a doctor has told Martha that one of the symptoms of this disease is the inability to handle financial matters.
At any rate, everything sounds rather desperate, and it appears that the marriage is under great strain, with Aunt Bessie sometimes being with Walter and at other times separated from him. Martha keeps hoping for some kind of pension from the state of Ohio for Aunt Bessie, which would certainly be needed, given, in addition, Emmett's uncertain pattern of employment. Fortunately, at the time of this crisis, Emmett is working in La Porte (Ohio?), so is not involved with this stressful situation.

By October, 1937 it appears that Aunt Bessie is living in Wooster, Ohio, and later that month Martha writes that the "divorce proceedings are over."

An interesting and pathetic footnote is that later, in the 1960s, John Wallace, our missionary colleague retired from India and living in Wooster, wrote to ask Bob if he knew a Mrs. Bessie Price, who was in a destitute condition. (At some point Emmett had gotten a job as a night clerk in a hotel in Wooster, but John Wallace does not mention Emmett.)

Several years after our own retirement to Wooster, we found Emmett's grave in the family plot in Mansfield, but not Aunt Bessie's. We assumed that if Emmett died before his mother, she was probably buried in Wooster – given John Wallace's query in the '60s, and since there was likely no local family member to arrange for her burial in Mansfield. Later, we found the record of her death in the Register of Deaths for Wayne County – Wooster, Ohio.
Berkeley, California, April 27, 1935. This week has been somewhat crowded with some unexpected things but it has been a good one. In the first place, when Emmet went to the University on Wednesday, they told him that exam dates had been changed and that he would have one on Friday morning and the final on his thesis on this coming Monday morning. Both of these he had expected near the middle of May. Even though it has meant a rush this week, after it will mean an easier time before leaving. He will not get his degree until this thesis is in, but they are allowing him to send that in later.

Thursday Mrs. Brown's group invited me to go with them to a country home near Mount Diablo. It was a beautiful place and we all had lunch on the screened verandah. The trees and shrubs were magnificent. That night Auntie Wade was at the First Church Oakland for the annual Mount Herman dinner. Emmet was to have gone but his change in exams forbade that; so Margaret and I drove over to get her. She is staying until Monday. She says to be sure to tell you that she misses you very much. We all do that, but of course you know that.

Friday morning I went over to Mrs. Jones again. That afternoon Mrs. Wharton and her daughter Mrs. Williams had a formal tea in my honor... You may remember that Mrs. Wharton went to the First Church and Mrs. Williams to St. John's; so each was equally represented. Mrs. Borton has some very beautiful old silver which added to the occasion. The grand surprise to me was the shower of lovely gifts. Mrs. Williams insisted it was too embarrassing to me to open them there, and as we went to Lawheads' for dinner that night and I did not get home until 6:15, I did not open the parcels until eleven o'clock that night. I cannot begin to tell you everything that was there but they were so many and so lovely that I am still dazed. To mention a few - two colored lunch cloths and napkins, pillow cases, bath towels, guest towels, Dutch luncheon set of plate doilies, Japanese luncheon set, cake pans, pot holders, dish cloths, night gowns, silk stockings, silk pajamas, and other things too numerous to mention; Mrs. Page very kindly expressed it as "just a little expression of their appreciation of my enthusiastic sharing of myself and my experiences with them."

Berkeley, May 7, 1935. I had hoped your letter yesterday morning would tell when you were going on to Boston but, since it didn't, I'm going to send this by Air Mail anyway to Boston.

Emmet passed his finals Monday, and a term exam Tuesday, so we celebrated by taking Crowes on that beautiful ride around San Francisco, across the bay, etc.

That night the young Women's Missionary Society and my SS class had their meeting here. I showed them my India things and spoke informally. They gave me a very, very nice fitted traveling case. You can imagine how surprised I was, for somehow I had never thought of them thinking very much about us, though the class has seemed to like their discussion hours.

That night (Saturday) we had about 30 friends up at Mrs. Brown's to see Emmet's pictures - people from St. John's and our church.

Last night we had the neighbors in to see our pictures and they seem to appreciate it very, very much... Monday (the older people) all asked to be remembered to you.

I think I told you that we are sending our freight from here direct to India. What is in Mansfield we shall send with some others who are sailing from New York, if we ourselves drive most of the way as we talked of doing.

The children are fine. I should have gotten cards for them to send you for your birthday. Janet sent Joe the cutest one ever and the boys all were thrilled. Tell her so for us. When was she graduated?
Berkeley, May 8, 1935. The 12th of May will soon be here and I shall wear a red, red rose for you. We'll be thinking of you and trusting all is well with you. Mothers Day had its birth in a beautiful thought of someone and continues to bring beautiful and loving thoughts to millions; like many others I wish it were not so commercialized.

I am to give the address on India at the WGMS. It will be on Tuesday afternoon.

We have written to Jim to meet us at La Porte about the 10th or 11th of June (date to be fixed later) and go to Kentucky with us. We aim to have the teachers' home there for six or seven days and it will be nice to have the time together as a family. We have secured an apartment at Ventnor, New Jersey from July 2nd to July 29th.

Berkeley, May 14, 1935. The junior C. E. had a "weenie roast" at the Joneses Saturday evening in honor of Joe and Bob. Dave and Jim were invited. Tonight Dave's C. E. had a party at Roller Land for him. Saturday Joe's S. S. class is having a party and a little girl in Bob's class in school, Carolyn Kuppe, is having a party for Bob. Mrs. Kuppe is a member of St. John's and she is so anxious for Bob's schoolmates to have this party. She thinks it will interest them all much more in India. He is thrilled.

The reception at the church is this Friday night. Quite a number of U.P's from the city are coming over. St. John's friends are coming too. I believe I rather dread such occasions.

Berkeley, May 20, 1935. Letter to Evangeline. It is very late and we hope to get off early tomorrow morning; so can write little. Wade is going to Pasadena to lecture at the new planetarium this summer. We are to meet him in Ogden. He will stop off between trains Monday morning, June 3rd. Tell Mother to address a letter to Lawrence, Kansas, in care of Mrs. W. Dinsmore Alter, University Heights.

Bandon, Ore. P.C., May 22, 1935. We got off from Berkeley at nine o'clock yesterday morning. Everyone was so very good to us. I'll write a letter telling you later. They were all so wonderful that it made us feel very humble indeed. Last night we were in a camp in the redwoods and tonight we are looking out the ocean.

Everett, Washington, May 26, 1935. You will understand why you are not getting long letters from me, I am sure. I'll try to tell you a few things that happened before we left and the rest I leave to your imagination. No, I am not sure that it is safe as your imagining usually runs along unpleasant lines as far as your daughters are concerned, and you would picture most difficult situations in place of the pleasant ones there actually were.

Friday night's reception was a lovely affair. Mrs. Farrell said she never saw so many people at our church for such an affair. They gave us money for a good radio - 10 tube shortwave of the RCA. I hope we can get America by it, though we shall just have to wait and see. It was lovely of them.

Sabbath was a busy day. I spoke at the primary department. They had a special program for me and gave Bob and me each lovely albums for our trip, with a picture of the primary department in each as the starter. Emmet spoke in the senior department and we both had our classes for the last time. Emmet preached and the whole service was a very beautiful one.

I forgot to mention a little surprise we gave the church the night of the reception. You know how crowded their Sunday School quarters are and how they have been trying to plan for an enlargement. Plans are beginning to develop; so we gave a check for $50 to start a building fund. Bob brought up the envelope and gave it to Mr. S when Emmet called him. It was, of course, a big surprise, for they had been giving all their thoughts for that evening to us. They seem very much moved and very grateful.
Our trip up the coast was beautiful. We couldn't get up to Warm Springs as the passes were closed. We got to Portland Thursday night. Friday we went out to the Dalles to see Margaret's (name uncertain) sister Esther. Our boys were so thrilled with the big yard, trees, fishing in the creek, and with Esther's two boys (15 years and 11 years old) that they and Esther's boys plead with us to let them stay there. We didn't even have a change of clothes for them but Esther thought they could lend enough for today; so we left them. We go back there tomorrow and start east Tuesday a.m.

Yellowstone Park PC, June 4, 1935. Thus far we have had a fine trip. The roads have been bad in some places as the season is late. Don't worry if you do not hear from us often as it is hard to write when traveling.

Lawrence, Kansas, June 5, 1935. We came through Cheyenne and across Nebraska to Nebraska City and down to avoid floods.

I thought I should send this by airmail lest you should be worried about the floods. We were a day behind them at Cheyenne and in Nebraska, but yesterday came across the bridge at Topeka when crowds were lining the banks of the Kansas River and heavy patrol was everywhere. It is still rising this morning and they expect the crest to reach here in an hour. The river is roaring here and they are ready to move people at any time.

We met Wade at Cheyenne and had a half day with him.

Ada and Helen [Wade's wife and daughter] are fine. Helen is working in Topeka but was home last night. She is engaged to a very nice young man.

Ezel, Ky., June 15, 1935. Jim is fine and all the family are rejoicing to be together again. Jim seems to see a lot of change in his brothers.

You are anxious to know about Aunt Bessie. She is of course nervous but she has been that way many years. The severe strain under which she has lived for so long has been extremely hard on her nervous system, which was not strong to begin with. The release from a part of that strain, which she must have felt when she married, has brought a natural reaction. Then, too, the adjustments she has had to make have no doubt been a strain on her. There is nothing that I can see that any of us can do for her now. I do suggest, though, that you not refer to her nervousness when you write, as such references only make her more conscious of her condition. Walter [Aunt Bessie's second husband] refers to it too much. I think her condition is not to be wondered at. I marvel that she has come through the years as well as she has, considering the physical weakness she has had since childhood. She has usually kept her own counsel and I believe she continues to do so. She was advised not to marry but she was as determined in this as she has been in other things in years past. Her disposition has not changed. Whether she will be able to recover now or whether she will have a serious illness remains an open question. Even so, I do not see how we can help at the present, save by our prayers and by writing cheerful letters, giving news that will interest her and Emmet, and not referring to her nervous condition. We tried to cheer her up much as possible. I am certain that you should not be with her now, as your presence might only aggravate the condition. I'm sure you and Evangeline can realize the need of tact at this time.

Monday we are to go to Stanton and Tuesday to Berea for overnight. Tuesday morning we are stopping in Frenchburg for a couple of hours... Frenchburg School is so much larger than when I was there. The grounds are very pretty. We drove past them the other night as we came here. Ezel is not nearly as pretty as Frenchburg in my opinion, though the children are having a glorious time here.

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I am thinking of staying in Berea until Thursday and going from there direct to Grove City. Emmet and the boys are coming back here to stay until Monday when they start north. I shall meet them the following Wednesday. You can write to me at the W.G.M.S (Grove City). We shall be in Ventnor, N.J. July 2nd.

P.S. We had a picnic with the Maxwell family today down by a beautiful fall with a very objectionable name, "Broke Leg Falls." The children had swimming suits on most of the time.

Much as you regret Aunt Bessie's condition, do try not to worry about it. Remember that you couldn't help were you there. It is a sickness that needs more wisdom than most of us have and above all it needs cheerful, loving understanding.

_Grove City, Pa., June 23._ We went to Stanton Monday and Emmet was so pleased to find so many of his former pupils, and see how well most of them were doing.

Tuesday we stopped in Frenchburg in the morning and I saw quite a number of my pupils. We had lunch in Mount Sterling at a restaurant owned by one of Emmet's old pupils. We had heard of this the day before. They recognized each other at once... Mother Alter took the train for Pittsburgh at Lexington and we went on to Berea, getting there just before 6. The Wiedlers look much the same only older. [Her principal at Frenchburg when Martha taught there.] They just gave their time to us and showed us everything there was to be seen. They took us to Boon tavern for dinner. It is a beautiful hotel owned by the college and it employs college students only. Of course there are several supervisors and managers who oversee the student work. The Wiedlers have an apartment in one of the dormitories and we stayed there. We sat up late hearing of the school, etc.. The next morning we drove all over the farm and visited the dairy, cow barns, pastures, carpenter shop, power plant, bakery, etc.

Emmet and the boys went back [to Ezel, Ky.] Wednesday afternoon and stayed until Thursday noon. I came by bus, changing at Cincinnati and Columbus, and getting into Pittsburgh in the morning. Mother Alter met me at the station... I have a very nice place to stay - just back of the church. [apparently in Grove City for a meeting of the W.G.M.S.]

_Ventnor, NJ, July 3, 1935._ Letter to Evangeline. We got here Tuesday at 4:30, and Mother Alter arrived the next morning at 9:15.

We shall be here until the 29th, but I would suggest you come either next weekend and stay over, or the middle of the next week. I don't know that this is clear, but I suggested the weekend, thinking Paul might be able to make it that way. Now set your own time and come, only COME. We have a beautiful place and want you to share it. Bring your swimming suits.

_Ventnor, NJ, July 9, 1935._ (Letter 1) We are indeed sorry that none of the family can visit us at this time. It is lovely of Evangeline to send me such a cordial invitation to come there, but at present I must stay on the job here... Mother Alter leaves Friday a.m.. Emmet hopes to get down to work on his thesis and there are numerous things that need to be done.

I'm not sure if I can gather up the threads of our travels after this long, though necessary, delay. The morning after the W G M S, I drove over to Butler with Mrs. Dodds and got to see Bob and Joe [Dodds] again. They sure are fine boys and we still hope to have them with us sometime this summer... Last Saturday Emmet and the boys drove up [from Kentucky] to Butler to meet me. We had a good day at cousin Joe's. You would like Joe and Verna. The next day, Thursday, we went to Ingram and had lunch with the whole Martin family at the home of Anne's aunt. She is a lovely person and you can imagine how delighted we were to see the Martins. The children all seemed to enjoy seeing each other again, too. From Ingram we went out to Mrs. Hormell's country home and
had the night and next morning with Mrs. Hormell and Flora. How the children enjoy the country! They had two big cherry trees weighted with ripe cherries and we ate and ate. The Hormell's planned to stay in Pennsylvania this winter and are making extensive repairs on their house. It is such a nice place.

I am sure Isabella and Bessie have written in detail about our visit there. [Reedsville, Pa.] They spared nothing to make our visit a wonderful one. I have nowhere seen such beautiful farmland as right in that valley. The boys were in their element on the farm. James was so very, very kind and did so much for them. He even let them all try the milking, a real treat for the boys. They think he is just great.

Monday night we were with Frances Brown in Philadelphia. The next morning Frances went with us to the Board Rooms and then up to the tower of the city building, and we got a good view of the city. We went to the Automat for lunch and had so much fun getting dishes out of the drawers, etc.!

We have a very pretty place here and the boys go in bathing every day. Mother Alter and I are going to Atlantic City this morning; so I must stop. Shall write more soon.

**Ventnor, NJ, July 9, 1935.** (Letter 2) Your letter came this afternoon after I sent mine to you. As I wrote, I simply cannot come to Boston now; hence I am returning the check... We do not know what we shall be doing during the month of August. After plans are better developed, I can tell better what I can do.

Thanks so much for the money for the birthdays. I know they will be delighted. Bob is excited over tomorrow.

We have a very nice apartment, beautifully furnished. We have four large rooms besides a bath, kitchen and a breakfast nook. We have six single beds and one double one "in-a-door-beds" that are hidden in the walls all day. There is a shower with dressing rooms in the basement. The lawn and shrubbery are beautiful. The children have a nice playground and sandpile. There is a tennis court for adults. Jim and another boy his age are allowed to play on it. There is also an indoor game room with ping-pong etc., and a lovely reading room in one of the other buildings. This reading room is for all the guests here in the various houses. We are just 1 1/2 blocks from the boardwalk and beach. You can imagine what the boys do. They have walked to Atlantic City on the boardwalk several times - about three and a half miles. Mrs. Heinrich and family are not far from us. Eunice Jones and her mother [Mrs. Stanley Jones] are here, too.

You did not say what Walter wrote about. I had a letter from Aunt Bessie. I do hope she gets better. She is far from well and if she doesn't improve a sanitarium will be necessary. She has had such a terrific strain for so many years. I do feel sorry for her but know of nothing we can do at present.

**Ventnor, NJ, July 19, 1935.** I have delayed writing because I have hoped each day to be able to write something definite concerning our plans, but each day has failed to produce the definite information until yesterday, and especially last evening when Emmet returned from Philadelphia. Two things have led us to believe that we should not go ahead with our original plan of driving through Europe, Syria, Palestine, etc. In the first place, it seemed as though it would be just too hard a trip for me, and in the second, with war brewing in Ethiopia and many troop ships going through the Suez, the Arabs and all those tribes in there might rise up any time and make traveling through the Near East unwise - if not dangerous. That eventuality, even though only problematic, must be considered.

When we began to look for sailings here we found a freighter line, which would have been
satisfactory and very reasonable, but it has sailings on July 30 only, and none either, in September or October. Our heavy baggage is still in San Francisco, and must be gotten out some way; so we decided to try for some sailings by the Pacific, so that we could take our baggage on the boat with us, and so come out on the travelling allowance. The Dollar Liner - President Johnston - sails August 16th, and has Tourist class accommodations, which are much more reasonable than first. We tried for this, but Tourist is all booked up. They also own the American Mail line, and offered us Tourist class on the President Grant, sailing from Seattle August 17th as far as Hong Kong or Manila, and first-class on President Johnston from there to Bombay. That would be cheaper than regular sailings from here, and they would take our baggage on the President Johnston from San Francisco to Bombay, instead of having it sent to Seattle for the President Grant. All this seems to work out within the traveling allowance, and we have decided to go ahead with it. Emmet will go down to the SS office this morning and make definite arrangements.

Ventnor, NJ, July 24, 1935. I had quite a good trip down [from a brief visit to Belmont] - slept well most of the night and most of this morning, too! Saw another accident, or rather the results of that, this morning. The family seem to have gotten on splendidly while I was away, though they thought they had a little more variety for supper than they have been having. The chocolates are making a big hit. I am keeping them in the refrigerator where they keep so fresh and nice. Many, many thanks.

He [Emmet] and the boys were delighted to hear of your private bathroom and of the new one on the third floor. Jim immediately commented on the expense and labor involved. I told them how Paul was doing most of the carpentry work on the third floor.

Our trip is not entirely planned, but I shall let you know as soon as possible. We sail on the President Grant, the American Mail line, from Seattle, August 17th - arriving in Manila 7 A M, September 9th. We sail from there on the President Johnson, Dollar Liner, September 16th. Dr. Dunlop, of the Philippines, is here and we spoke to him this evening about Mary and Will. He seems to know them quite well.

Ventnor, NJ, July 27, 1935. Emmet and I talked over the question of going to Mansfield and decided we should go. We may not be able to help in any way but we shall see the doctor, and Aunt Bessie and Walter, and will try to write you an exact account, though it is easier to tell in person than to write. If we should drive by without stopping we should probably always feel that we had been quitters. I've written Mrs. Shane, and you can address us there, We hope to get there next Wednesday evening, July 31st, and leave there Friday morning, August 2nd. The night of August 5th we hope to spend with Pickens... in Des Moines, Iowa. We shall be in Yellowstone to August 12th...We expect to get to Seattle August 15th...We shall try to send you cards, regularly.

The family had their third shot for typhoid this afternoon and Bob is in bed with fever. None of the others seem to be affected.

We had a most encouraging letter from Mr. Porter, the new headmaster at Mount Hermon. You know Jim had applied for a working job for this coming year, since he really only needs four hours credit to graduate, though he plans to take eight. A working job pays all expenses except books and clothing. Mr. Porter wrote of the pleasure it gave him to encourage a boy of Jim's character and scholastic attainments, and he felt sure Jim could be a working student and still be ready for any first-class college or university. He was, therefore, recommending Jim to the work department as a working student, and if there should be a shortage in the hours that Jim would be able to work, they would meet that with a scholarship, so that we could be assured that, as far as we could see now, we would have no financial responsibility for his tuition and board. He asked that Jim come to see him,
personally, as soon as he returned to Mount Hermon. Of course it is great to think that Jim wanted
do this, and it will mean a lot to him to know that he is doing it, to say nothing of the relief financially
it is to us. But by far the biggest thing was the very splendid commendation he gave Jim, both as to
behavior and scholarship.

Mansfield, OH, August 2, 1935. Letter to Mother & Evangeline. I went in the "loan" bank
yesterday morning and first asked Mr. Briston about Aunt Bessie's money. I think he hesitated a bit
at first, but he said all her money had been drawn out by the time she was married. She had not
drawn any large sum at any time, but had kept drawing out for the years past. Of her money, Walter
got little except, perhaps, some clothing and her diamond. The fact that her money was gone would
indicate her mental state and would aggravate it. She never consulted any of us but carried this
financial worry alone. Marrying Walter was the last card she had to play.

Many friends here were much concerned and were determined that nothing should be done
until we should come. As many as ten people interceded with the judge to delay action, and to
defend Aunt Bessie, as they thought Walter was trying to get rid of her. They, of course, did not
know that we knew conditions. Dr. Wynberger gave us half an hour yesterday and told us all he
knew. Fred Procter drove to Lexington at 9:30 Monday night to see the deputy judge as the judge
was not here. He and Dr. Parker are convinced that Aunt Bessie needs treatment. The judge and the
two doctors met in the doctor's office rather than in the courthouse, Tuesday morning. Judge
Anderson has been a gentleman through and through and everyone speaks very highly of him. He
refused to send Aunt Bessie to Toledo until she had been under observation for two weeks and away
from Walter. He and his deputy both doubt Walter. According to the judge's orders, Walter took
her to this private sanitarium, Wednesday. People had hoped that they would wait until we arrived.
Walter told us, yesterday, that she refused to wait. I asked the doctor about it and he said that in the
interview Tuesday morning it was suggested that they wait until after we came and that Aunt Bessie
set her lips firm and said "Martha has nothing to do with this." They closed up their apartment and
put their goods in storage. Mrs. Harris has been there many times and packed most of their things
for them. She said she would write you. I did not see her as she was not home when I called
yesterday afternoon. I talked to her over the phone this morning and thanked her for all that she had
done.

We talked with Walter for over half an hour yesterday and we checked on his stories and found
that at least he is telling the same stories. I told him that we were very sorry that he went to
Millersburg and talked as he did about Aunt Bessie. It took him off his guard and he sputtered a lot.
We questioned him about money and so far his stories agree with anything else we have found out.
Many times I urged him not to talk to others and to leave Emmett alone. When we left the last thing
we said was that Emmett was not to be called from La Porte for any reason whatsoever.

We went to the judge's office. He was not there but we talked to the deputy Fred had seen. We
told him that we believe that Aunt Bessie needs treatment and care and that we wanted anything
done that will help her. Dr. Wynberger thinks Toledo is excellent and if she goes there Walter is to
pay $5 a week. We also told the judge that Emmet should not be called from La Porte for this case and
we explained Emmet's history and condition. We also said we questioned Walter's position towards
Aunt Bessie, but that each had deceived the other. That was the way he had sized up the situation,
too, and that was why he decided that Aunt Bessie must be under observation, away from Walter.
You can write the doctor at the sanitarium.

We gave yesterday to seeing about Aunt Bessie. I saw Ora Stark a few moments. You know Ora
is like she always was. She despises Walter and has talked too much, so I tried to quiet her but I am
not sure I succeeded.
The Ward girls were here in the afternoon and think Aunt Bessie will be much better off in the sanatorium and think you should never come to care for her. They know you're not able and they agree that Evangeline should never have that burden. All agree on these two points.

I looked over these things in the attic yesterday morning and took the shaving kit of father's for Jim, and the Flinch deck. I simply cannot take anything big. We're having the dishes, records, Victrola shipped to New York, to go with the people sailing from there. I think you should authorize Minnie Shane to give these things [in the attic] to some society to give as they can.

Des Moines, Iowa, August 7, 1935. When I wrote from Mansfield, I failed to mention the loan business to which I attended. You already have received the cards I signed. Emmet and I both thought they were what you wanted. I hope so, as there will be considerable delay if they have to be sent to me again.

I've been wondering if you do not want to ask someone in Mansfield to keep in touch with the doctor and let you know how things are going. You'll want to know how Aunt Bessie is and where she is. I think it would be best to do that. Fred Procter would do it or Minnie Shane. Perhaps there is someone else you would prefer to ask. She [Aunt Bessie] is to be at Glen Rest until August 14th.

I have wondered, too, if I told you how much the doctor favors Toledo. He says he much prefers it to the private institution. He says the patients get excellent care and he knows of splendid recoveries.

Post Card (Wyoming?), August 8, 1935. We are having a good trip, though yesterday was hot - 108% in the shade. Today we drive through the Black Hills. Glad for your letters.

Seattle, Washington, August 15, 1935. Through South Dakota and Wyoming it was frightfully hot. Yesterday coming across the mountains here in Washington it was very, very cold. So, we have had a variety of temperatures, but no rain until we drove in here yesterday afternoon. Seattle is famous for its frequent rains and heavy fog.

Jim has come through with us. It cost very little to bring him in the car and gave us a couple more weeks together. Mother Alter is coming up tonight and wants Jim to go back with her for a few days before he starts East. He will let you know when he gets to Mount Hermon.

We stopped at cabins along the way and in almost every case found them comfortable. Here we are well fixed. Jim and Dave are at the YMCA with all the privileges of membership. They take Joe and Bob in swimming as their guests. The four of us have a suite in a hotel just beside the YMCA. We have two rooms and a kitchenette. We're getting our own breakfasts, at least. We hadn't hoped to get anything so nice and so central at such reasonable prices. We are just across from the library and three blocks from the SS office.

We decided yesterday that people in Washington are unusually thoughtful and generous, going the second mile as it were. We had breakfast at Sunnyside - a small town in eastern Washington. Before we had finished they came around and told us not to hurry off as they had ordered more buckwheat cakes for us. The proprietor came to see if there wasn't something else we'd like, and said he knew the boys needed a big breakfast when traveling far! It really was a very nice place and food very good. We couldn't quite understand all the generosity but quite gladly accepted. Emmet thought maybe his AA blue book had some influence, as it is a restaurant recommended by the AA. Then a little farther the gas station operator washed and polished all our windows and worked so hard we wondered if he was going to let us go on at all. Here everything has been made so comfortable. We found merchants, clerks, etc., in Atlantic City very curt, and wondered if it was just local or was a contrast with the West where we have found everyone so very kind.
President Grant, August 17, 1935. After posting your letter, I discovered that I had not mentioned these beautiful, beautiful beads. Why did you send them? They were given to you and they always look so lovely on you. I feel so very, very guilty taking them. I shall try to take good care of them, though I can't be as careful as you are. I wish I had left some of my beads for you, but I never thought of it when in Boston. I am so sorry. The box you sent is wonderful.

Now we are almost in Victoria and this must be mailed. Take good care of yourself and the Wien family. I'll write to Janet sometime enroute.

President Grant, August 17, 1935. (Letter 1, to Evangeline) I was much amused when reading your letter. You know mother's memory is kind and forgets all unpleasant things. If you had heard her exclaim over all you do, and have and are, you would realize that somehow or other she manages to keep a rather good opinion of her daughters in spite of all we can do or say. Just remember that the half has not been told, and that half is full of errors, inefficiency and pure laziness.

The boys seem quite pleased with the boat. We really have very nice staterooms. Emmet is in with Dave and Joe in a very large cabin, and I am in a smaller one to the front with Bob.

President Grant, August 17, 1935. (Letter 2, to Mother) Mother Alter came to Seattle on Thursday night. She and Jim came on the boat with us this morning and saw us off. She is paying the extra on Jim's ticket and having him go to Chicago by train [via Oakland]. . . He will leave there Tuesday night, and I'm not sure just when he will get to Mount Hermon.

President Grant, August 28th, 1935. Letter to Mother, Evangeline, Paul, and Janet. This has been a very calm and uneventful voyage. For a few days it was bitterly cold and we found it difficult to sit on the deck, even wrapped up in a steamer rug, as all our winter clothes are in the freight. We are now skirting down the coast of Japan and today is warm. All the officers came out in white uniforms this morning and we realize we are back to summer again - a summer which will last until we reach Bombay, October 3rd.

There are 60 some tourist passengers, all but 10 of whom are missionaries. There are only 18 first-class passengers. Every one seemed weary and lazy when we first got on but seem to be taking on new life these last few days. Last week we had a hard times party. Everyone dressed up and gave the semblance of gaiety, but the reality was lacking. Tonight is the captain's dinner - it will be "soup and fish" and we will all try to look and behave our best. As there is practically no drinking on this boat there won't be the midnight - yes early morning, revelry that usually accompanies such events. The bar is making little, but they probably anticipate larger profits on the next voyage.

This boat has been chartered for the next voyage for Vice-President Garner, Cabinet members, senators, etc., who are coming to inaugurate the independence government for the Philippine Islands. The irony of fate is that a retiring man like Garner should have to head such a party! We can picture Huey Long indulging in the dinner dances each evening!! My heart goes out to the Captain! I wonder if he'll take them up for a lifeboat drill as he has us, and make them wear their life belts. The discipline on this boat is excellent, and all the officers, stewards, bellboys very courteous and eager to serve. Laying all jokes aside, the crew and staff here are delighted with the prospects of the next voyage, and are counting much on it. They're putting on extra stewards and extra bellboys, etc.. They will give their best service and I'm sure it will be genuinely appreciated. I hope they have as calm a voyage as we have had.

We have just come up from a tour of the boat conducted by one of the officers. We went down to the engine room. They are only running three boilers now as we're ahead of schedule and have to slow down. They're burning 600 bls of oil a day now. At full speed they burnt 1,100 bls. They took on 1,000 tons of fresh water at Seattle and have 500 tons left now.

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We expect to get into Yokohama Thursday evening. We shall spend the evening visiting shops and seeing the town on foot. Friday we hope to get a trip to Tokyo. Saturday evening we have a few hours in Kobe. Next Thursday we shall have a day in Shanghai. The following Friday a day in Hong Kong and then the following Monday we arrive in Manila. They filled the swimming tank Tuesday for the first. The boys think it grand. The only difficulty is to get them out.

Bob eats early with the children and is quite independent on board. Each boy has found friends his own age and managed to keep busy and happy.

President Grant, September 2, 1935. Letter to Janet Wien. If you were on board you would find many amusements to keep you busy. At present the boys are up at the swimming pool. Is is quite small but affords amusement for many. There are certain hours for different groups and it seems to be in use most of the time. And, the boys play shuffleboard, deck tennis, deck golf, etc.

We had a very small passenger list as far as Yokohama, but now are filled up. Most of the ones who got on in Japan are returning to Shanghai after a vacation in Japan. The exchange in Japan is in our favor, so more people than usual have gone there this summer. Some young people, going to school in Shanghai, are traveling third class. Their cabins are farther back in the boat and they have little deck space, but they eat in our dining room and have exactly the same food we do. The voyage from Yokohama to Shanghai cost just $10. Isn't that cheap?

At Yokohama we took a taxi to Tokyo. The boys were thrilled with the mad way our driver dodged in and out through the congested traffic. We had to tell him several times that we really did want to get back to the boat unharmed. We marveled at the number of bicycles on the main highways and the reckless way in which they went between and in front of cars. On almost all of these bicycles they have little two-wheeled delivery wagons attached to the rear. We visited a large Buddhist temple, a Shinto shrine, a beautiful garden, past the Imperial Palace, drove through the residential district, and out to a big park as well as the main business section. We went to a big department store - air conditioned. It seemed clean and more spacious than such stores in America.

Bob wanted to go to the toy department. He bought a little model V Eight Ford!...We much preferred our visit to the shopping district in Kobe. We got in there Saturday afternoon and immediately went over to the most famous shopping street there. It was narrow, had no sidewalks, and all the shops had fronts right on the street. In these ways it reminded us of India, though the filth and smells were lacking.

We had a calm voyage until we got just eight hours out of Yokohama, when we struck the edge of a typhoon which killed 18 people in Kobe. We sat up on deck all day and watched the waves pile high and fast. The wind was blowing at 85 mi. an hour. It was a marvelous sight.

President Johnson, September 28, 1935. This boat is not nearly as nice as the Grant. It is old and dirty and the tourist class is very crowded. However, we have all kept well and now are only five days out of Bombay.

We were in Singapore for two and a half days. Sabbath morning we got in early; so went to the Methodist Church for a 9:30 service. Miss Harvey, one of the missionaries whom we had never met, took us out for dinner after church.

The chief exports of Singapore are rubber and tin. The last time our ship was here [Prs. Johnson] they loaded a big consignment of tin for New York and put it in the bottom of the hold. By the time they reached Italy, Mussolini had bought the tin from the New York dealers and they had to unload the hold to get it out. Of course Mussolini paid for the extra labor. The New York dealers made over $100,000, and Mussolini made ammunition. We loaded a lot of rubber and tin this time. We visited a rubber plantation and a rubber factory. The sap of the rubber tree looks like milk and flows only in
the morning. It is gathered each day at about ten o'clock. The process in the factory seems very simple. The rubber is put through seven or eight presses until it comes out in sheets that are baled and shipped. The different grades are sorted before going in the presses.

At Penang we took a beautiful drive of 50 mi. around the island. The beach is beautiful and there are some lovely homes along it. We drove through many, many rubber plantations and as many cocoanut groves. The houses were built upon stilts and have matting sides and thatched roofs. Near Penang city we passed a number of duck and chicken farms. We went into a snake temple. There were about 50 grass snakes around the images. These all were uncaged. Outside there were four big pythons in cages. One was a beautiful blue in shade.

I am so anxious to hear from you and to know about Aunt Bessie. I do not think the doctor would have written as he did about Aunt Bessie unless he had actually found that to be her condition from examination, tests, etc. What he mentioned was an organic condition for which no one is responsible. If she is sick, she certainly needs care and I hope she is getting it. We should be so glad when we can get regular mail again.

Bombay, October 4, 1935. We got in here yesterday and are staying until tomorrow with Mr. and Mrs. Blickenstaff of the Brethren Mission. He was chairman of the Woodstock Board and we have known them both very well.

We hope to get away from here tomorrow morning, as the drive up country will take us several days - about a week I think.

Emmet finally got the car out here at about 4:00. We are hoping to start north tomorrow morning. We will take the boys to Woodstock. It will take about six days going that way before we reach Sialkot. Our annual meeting opens there on the 10th. We shall be a day or two late.

P.C. to Wiens from R. W. Caldwell, U.P. Mission Board, Philadelphia, October 5, 1935. We have received a cablegram today advising the safe arrival of your sister and her family at Bombay on October 3rd.

We are glad to send you this word and trust you will be hearing from her soon.

Sialkot, Punjab, October 15, 1935. Your letters have been such a treat! We're so pleased that you folks and the Grahams drove out to see Jim on Labor Day. I know how much he would appreciate it. He does like to be with his relatives, though he says little at that time. How nice he could come to Belmont for the weekend. He would enjoy every minute. I'm glad he had the trip to Hartford with Charles Thompson. He wrote of the visits with you folks and how he enjoyed them. Please thank Evangeline, Paul, and Janet for all they did for Jim. I'll write Evangeline later.

Now, as to Aunt Bessie. I asked the missionary doctor from China as to what effect arterial changes had or might have on the mind, not telling him who the person was of whom I was speaking. He said that it hindered the flow of blood to the brain and caused softening of the brain. I asked him what were some of the symptoms and one of the first ones he considered was a lack of financial sense - a spending of all one had without any concern for the future. Certainly Aunt Bessie has done that. The very fact that she is so happy in Toledo is an indication of a mental change in her. Whatever you may think of Walter, he is not responsible for her mental state. This was coming on long before their marriage. He is legally her husband, and as such, her things are his. You now have more than you can well use; so why be concerned about them? I should advise you not to write any more letters to people in Mansfield about her or Walter or her things.

Mrs. Hutcheson wrote very sanely to you. Edith H. has a big heart which guides her thinking more than her mind does. The more you write the more talk it creates. I thought the letter from the
hospital was very encouraging. As long as she is happy and still devoted to Walter, let her be so. When you write to Toledo you get definite information concerning Aunt Bessie and that is what you want.

I'm sorry Evangeline has been having hives all this time. I do wish some remedy could be found. I take aspirin for my asthma and almost always get relief. I haven't been having it nearly so much.

We didn't write last week because we were driving up country all week and the day the mail should have been sent we were in Landour. We went up Thursday morning. They postponed chapel until we got there. That noon we lunched with Parkers. For tea we went to the Hostel where we lived. That night was a staff party; so we stayed over until 4:45 the next morning! We had little sleep but we had a good visit and got the three boys settled in. They seemed happy to get back. The drive up from Bombay was hot and dusty. We got here Saturday morning. Our permanent address is still uncertain.

27 Murree Rd., Rawalpindi, Cantt., Punjab. We are located here to have the district work of Jhelum and Pindi districts. In the spring I am to take over the Leper Asylum from Mr. Downs who goes on furlough. I think I shall like it but I'll let you know as to that when I get there, or rather when I begin. The work of the Asylum is near here.

We are sharing a house with Dr. and Mrs. Chambers this winter. It will be crowded for both families, but they have been very kind in sharing. We have a big compound with lots of trees. Rawalpindi is a great place for bicycling; so the boys will be happy over that as they are to have bicycles. I think they will enjoy their winters here better than they would be in any other station. We live in the cantonment, have electricity, running water and sanitary toilets. We are really very well located. The house is large so that when the Chambers move to Downs' house in the spring (Downses go home on furlough) we shall have an abundance of room.

Next day: our freight came yesterday.

All the boys seem happy, though Bob was homesick the first few days, but in yesterday's mail both Joe and Bob said Bob was very happy with the other children. He's a sociable fellow and I knew that as soon as he got acquainted he would enjoy every minute.

Jhelum, October 30, 1935. We - Emmet and I - came down to Jhelum yesterday and shall go back to Pindi tomorrow. Mr. Gordon and Mr. Fazl Ilahi came along, as they all wanted to see about making arrangements for the retirement of the pastor here.

Yesterday afternoon we had tea with the Andrews. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews are old friends in the church here from the days that we were here. He was clerk in the Deputy Commissioner's office and retired a few years ago when his son Eric took his place. Eric is married to a very charming Christian girl, whose father was secretary to the Maharaja of Kapurthala, and whose mother was school inspectoress for the state for 23 years. I met this wife yesterday for the first time and am delighted with her. They have a dear little baby of only four months. Eric's wife said she had made some friends here but there are no other well-educated Christians here and it is very lonely for her. Eric's sister is headmistress of the Government Girls High School here; so their family do have one another, though there is little social life outside.

Monday I went with Mrs. Downs to the ladies Purdah Club. It met at the home of a Brahmin woman doctor. She has just built an upstairs apartment to her house and made the downstairs into a small hospital for women and children. Her apartment was beautiful and she served a most elaborate tea, with all sorts of sandwiches and cakes besides Indian pastries and sweets, all of them made in her own kitchen, as she is a Brahmin and would eat nothing made by anyone but a Brahmin. She has a Brahmin cook, and a Brahmin helper, besides a Brahmin woman servant. This doctor has
been in Pindi quite a few years and seems to have a good practice. At this tea I met an old friend. You remember my telling about the Hindu woman in Abbottabad who has been a pioneer in education for girls there. She is the one who gave me that very beautiful bedspread embroidered in yellow. She has no children but has raised a brother's daughter, Sita. Sita's mother was English and died when the child was a baby. The last one to arrive at this tea was this beautiful Sita, dressed in a lemon colored silk sari with a twelve-inch border of solid silver embroidery. She was a picture never to be forgotten. We both recognized each other after six or seven years of separation. She is married to a young lawyer here and has a four-month old baby boy. I promised to go and see her baby next week before we go to Abbotabad. I'm sure her aunt, Mrs. Permanand, will be pleased when I tell her I have seen the baby. This Purdah Club is a rather exclusive one of the wealthier class. There is another one in the city that is more democratic. I should join one of them but shall make a little more inquiry about each before deciding which one to join. I think it quite essential that we should have these contacts with the most progressive women of the city, and I want to join the one that I can serve best and that can help me most at the same time.

I was so glad for your letter this week. I shall want to know what you hear later of Emmet and Aunt Bessie. So far as I see, you could do nothing if you went to Mansfield and I don't know how you could be of any help to Emmet. I hope he stayed in La Porte. I don't know if I told you that Walter told me that Emmett was earning his board and room and $5 a week. Walter was earning his board and room and $10 a week.

We had our furniture that was in Taxila brought down to Pindi Saturday. Monday we put on a carpenter to fix it up and polish it, etc. When we go back tomorrow evening we hope to get a few things put in place. We have just partially unpacked three boxes. The radio Emmet set up Monday without an aerial and even that way we got an opera from Holland that night. When we get it all set up and adjusted, we'll try hard to get America.

Monday night the missionaries in Pindi had a station dinner for us. There are fourteen in Pindi, but Mrs. D. R. Gordon has been ill for almost three years and couldn't come. The Gordons live in the house next, back of ours, and I go over to see her for a few minutes every day.

The boys in Woodstock seem to be getting along all right. I just sent their bathrobes to them as they will need them for study at night, since they have no fire. There will be nine children in Pindi this winter when they come down from Woodstock. I'm sure they will like Pindi.

Rawalpindi, November 6, 1935. We're still trying to get our furniture fixed. The workmen are slow and did nothing while we were in Jhelum. One man has been away two days since he was arrested in a gambling den the other night. Three men were at work today and everything is finished but our dining room and library tables. We are valsparing them.

Our radio is a grand success as far as getting Europe is concerned and now that it is all adjusted well we hope to get America. We get marvelous concert music from many places on the continent every night and the news from England every night at ten. Isn't it wonderful? Sabbath night we heard the vesper service from the City Temple, London. Dr. Norwood spoke and every word was as clear as if we had been in the church with him. The organ music was beautiful, and the choir selection, too. Dr. and Mrs. Chambers are enjoying it so much. It has been years since they have heard such music. The sound tones on this radio are excellent. I just stopped and called Miss Morrison over to hear the orchestra. It was from London and was substituted in place of the royal wedding, the broadcast of which has been cancelled. This music was just about the best we have heard yet, and Miss Morrison says it was the clearest tone radio she has ever heard.

I hope to have a letter to answer next week. We go to Abbotabad this Saturday for a Sunday School rally and for Presbytery meeting. It will be good to get back there again.
Abbotabad, Nov. 13, 1935. Emmet and I came up here Saturday to attend a Sunday School conference and Presbytery. It is good to be back again and meet old friends.

Mrs. Fakhridin sent us over one of her favorite curry lunches. The people of the church welcomed us with songs and garlands of marigolds. I called on several this morning and hope to make many more calls before we leave here Saturday.

The boys are due to arrive in Pindi the sixth of December. They should enjoy the winter in Pindi. We have a big compound with lots of big trees. The boys are to have bicycles, Aunt Margaret's Christmas gift for them, and Pindi is a great space for bicycles.

Jim's letter says that they prefer to have the working students go away for their vacations - in fact they do not give them work at that time. No doubt you have asked him for part of the Christmas vacation... Jim is willing to help whenever told what to do. He seems to like his work this year. We're glad he made the senior class football team.

Rawalpindi, November 27, 1935. I wish I were near to help in any way I could in your concern about Aunt Bessie. When we were in Mansfield there seemed little one could do except gather information and I'm not sure there is anything one could do now. Not until Walter turned Aunt Bessie over to the state would she entertain the thought of his being untrue. Everyone who crossed his path was to blame but never Walter. I'm not convinced that the authorities were ready to dismiss her at the time of your last letter. She must know that her money is all gone and how does she expect to manage? I do not know how much of an old people's pension is given in Ohio but, if she gets well, she should be able to draw on that. Emmet is making barely enough to keep himself and should not be asked to carry any more. We're all anxious that he should be left where he is. I hope you have written again to the doctor in Toledo to find out definitely if they consider her well and are ready to dismiss her. As long as she can write, she will want you to come and get her out. We are all anxious to do what is best for her. One thing has been accomplished by her going to Toledo, and that is that she has had her eyes opened to Walter's real nature. The question still remains - Is she a sick woman? If she is, then she should remain where she is regardless of her entreaties. We do not let a sick child get out of bed just because he pleads to do so. If she is well, then we must get together on some plan whereby she can live. An old age pension is not a charity thing in the old sense of the word. We in America have been very slow to adopt some of these practical social measures. We want to be kept informed to share in this responsibility. Insofar as possible, we want the facts of the case, but they're not always obtainable.

Emmet and I were out in Chakwal this past weekend. Miss Anderson is doing a wonderful piece of work and keeps remarkably well. She is doing what a younger woman could not do, in that she is living without other Europeans in the heart of the Mohammadan city. She has a well-staffed clinic and a splendid brick house that accommodates her dispensary, her staff, and herself.

Rawalpindi, December 4, 1935. We were so glad for your letter this week. I think you did just the right thing in writing to find out about the possibilities for Aunt Bessie. You have good counselors in Evangeline and the Grahams. I realize Paul's position, though I know his advice would always be good. Again let me say how sorry I am that I am so far away that I cannot be of help.

Emmet was down to Jhelum over Sabbath. I've been sorting over things and trying to get everything in order for the arrival of the boys this coming Friday. They are due about 5:00 o'clock.

Just now we are listening to the broadcast of the football game between Germany and England. You can imagine the general confusion in my brain and need not be surprised if it is reflected in this letter.

I went to the Purdah Club, Monday, and enjoyed it very much. I have decided to join this one in
the cantonment as I should like to know these women and feel that each could contribute to the other.

We received word that your Victrola and the dishes that Aunt Bessie gave us are on the way up country. It will be good to see them. Do tell Aunt Bessie about them. I shall write to her after they get here.

I have taken a class of unlettered women in Sunday School and find that the Urdu words are gradually coming back, though slowly. It is good for me to have such a class. They are much like little children and must be taught much like them. I shall use a picture each week, as it will help a little in getting the lessons across.

Our Thanksgiving dinner last week was quite a success. The tables looked very pretty and everyone seemed to have had a good time.

**Rawalpindi, December 19, 1935.** Emmet returned from camp yesterday. Presbytery meets here for a special meeting today. Emmet thought they had a very good camp this time. He will go out again after the new year.

The boys are having a grand time here in Pindi. They do enjoy their bicycles very much. Last Friday Dave wrote invitations to all the missionary children to come to a taffy pull. They came at 3:00, and after they had pulled taffy they had tea in the yard and then played deck tennis and badminton. They had a great time. Our boys go over to the College every day as the other children all live over there.

We're making some plans for Christmas, but are not going to celebrate very extensively. The church is to have a dinner at noon and we missionaries are having a dinner together that night. We're not giving the children much as there have been many things to get, and we counted the side trips on the way out as part of our Christmas - in fact all of it.

**Rawalpindi, December 26, 1935.** The freight from Mansfield came this week. The Victrola and all the records came through fine and we are enjoying them now. I think I shall take them to the hills for the summer as we have no radio there.

Bob just received an envelope of letters from his class in Le Ciente. He insisted that they wanted letters so I wrote them from Manila, telling them of our trip thus far. They seem very, very pleased and have written such nice answers.

Yesterday, the Indian church had a dinner on the Gordons' compound. There were over 600 there. In the afternoon we went over to Jim Cummingses for tea and tennis. The boys are having a good opportunity here to learn to play tennis. We got a badminton set for ourselves as we have a court here, but we have to go over to the college to play tennis. Of course the boys like to go over there as they have their bicycles.

We had the Chambers in for lunch the day before Christmas. Their daughter, Eleanor, is here from Lahore. We had goose, and you should have seen Bob enjoy it. All the boys did, but Bob especially.

We have a good letter from Jim. We're so glad he is going to the Yale-Princeton game. It would be a great experience. We are glad that he got his new overcoat, as he needed one badly. If he is with you people for Christmas we shall be glad to hear about it.

We're going to Zafarwal next Tuesday for a few days. The boys are keen to go.

**Rawalpindi, December 29, 1935.** Friday the Chambers and we had some Indian and missionary guests to tea. We played badminton and the boys played some with us. Last night we had Mr. and Mrs. Downs and their daughter, who is Joe's age, over to dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Fazl Ilahi gave us a goose for Christmas and so we asked these three to help us eat it. You remember the Fazl Ilahis from
Jhelum days. He is principal of the mission school here in Pindi and we see them quite frequently. Yesterday afternoon Miss Cathcart had the children all over to her house for a taffy pull. Mrs. Graham remembers her from Monmouth days. Tomorrow Jackie Downs is having the children to her home to tea and badminton.

Tonight Gwyneth Porter came in from Taxila with Dr. and Mrs. Flower to hear the Christmas carols at the English church. The Flowers went to the chaplain's for dinner and Gwyneth came here. As we didn't know she was coming, we had had our dinner and we had to scrape up something for her, so she did not fare too well, though she seemed quite satisfied, and we had coffee together. She enjoyed the music on the radio so much, too. She misses the Martins very much but she still is very happy in her work.

I am writing tonight as I think it better to mail this letter before going to Zafarwal. We leave here Tuesday morning and return Saturday. Dave wants to drive some of the way and Emmet is going to let him. He is a rather steady driver though not as cautious as Jim. However I think he has the making of a good driver. The boys are getting so much pleasure out of their bicycles. I have been trying the one Eleanor Chambers is renting and hope to get used to one, as I shall have to have some way of getting out to the Leprosarium and a bicycle is by far the cheapest. I should begin going out there sometime in January.
Rawalpindi, January 8, 1936. As it is very cold and we are all around one fire, I shall write by pen instead of annoying others with the noise of my typewriter, though I’m sure you find this much more difficult to read.

We had a good trip to Zafarwal. The last day it rained and we had some slippery mud to drive through coming home before getting on the paved road. They had very heavy rain here. Our cook went up to his home in the hills above Abbotabad for his wife and child and was to have been back Friday night. As it was, he didn’t get back until after we did Saturday night, as the snow was very deep and a heavy snowstorm overtook them as they walked down. There were eight of them who came from their village and they walked together to cut a path in the snow.

Mrs. Ward [Marjorie Alter’s mother] seemed to enjoy our visit. She certainly is a great talker, but she is very kind and in all her talking I didn’t hear her say anything mean or unkind about anyone. She seems to like India. She has a young spirit like you and enjoys all the new experiences very much - even to some of the unpleasant ones. She thinks India very, very dirty and says the only way she can enjoy her meals is to keep out of the kitchen!

Joe decided to stay down there with Ward and we brought Margaret Jean home with us. She and Bob play so nicely together. They sleep out in the same tent. She is renting a bicycle while she is here. I have rented one for a month and will buy it if I find I can manage it. I’m riding around the compound until I get steadier on it. The children certainly encourage me enough that I ought to learn if that has anything to do with it.

I’m sure I am unable to advise concerning Aunt Bessie. Evangeline and I both would like nothing better for her than to see her comfortably settled in a few rooms, but we doubt very much if you are physically able to care for her. .. Evangeline, Paul, and the Grahams will give excellent advice I am sure. Emmet Price should be free to live his own life now, though that freedom has been bought at a heavy price. Even though we realize that Aunt Bessie's present condition has been brought on largely by her own willfulness, yet we would like to see her comfortable and happy if that state can be secured without too heavy a drain on you. She still shows a very decided lack of financial sense when she thinks all will be well if only you will come and care for her. If she faced the situation clearly, she would know that all the burden would fall on you, as she hasn't a penny to contribute. It is true she may be able to get some pension. She certainly needs it if anyone does. Since I'm so far away, I feel that I am quite unfit to give advice, for by the time this letter reaches you, the whole face of the situation may have changed. You were certainly not strong enough for a heavy responsibility and work when I saw you last. I know the strain is very heavy on Evangeline, and I do wish I were able to help.

Rawalpindi, January 15, 1936. We were very glad to get your letter with the doctor's answer to Evangeline's letter concerning Aunt Bessie. We think it a very understanding and sympathetic letter. Evidently he takes a personal interest in his patients and tries to help solve the difficult problems concerning them. From what he writes, Aunt Bessie's condition is not as good as she thinks it is. She has been emotionally unstable for many years and age has not improved her condition. No matter what she may write, always refer to the doctors for definite information. I am so glad that Evangeline wrote to him as she did. I do hope the hospital authorities did not have too much trouble with her after she received word of your not going. Now we do hope she is not urging Emmet to come to her. He should have definite information concerning her. Do bring yourself to a
definite decision concerning her condition and try not to be continually wondering if you should go
to her. If she needs constant watching you are not the one to care for her. As long as you keep
yourself in a state of indecision you are nervously upset and keep others that way. Do not let the
different letters that come from Mansfield keep you wavering in your decision. Nothing is harder on
Evangeline and others around you than that constant indecision. I know that Evangeline's and
Graham's are giving you the very best advice.

We have very little to write. Emmet went to camp again today. Tonight Miss Morrison took Dr.
and Mrs. Chambers and me to see "The Barretts of Wimple Street". You see plays are late reaching
us. This certainly is excellent and we all enjoyed it. Dave saw it in Berkeley so did not want to go.

Yesterday the younger children of the station were here for tea. Friday I asked the Stewart
girls to come. Last night Bob and Margaret were invited to the Downs' for a slumber party and tonight
they were at the Cummings' for one. Both families have both boys and girls.

Rawalpindi, January 22, 1936. You can imagine that out here there is much discussion and much
public mourning over the death of King George V. We have heard the address of Sir Stanley Baldwin
in the Privy Council, the proclamation of the new King in London today, the viceroy of India's
message of sympathy, a message of sympathy from Rome and one from Germany. Yesterday all the
empire broadcasts were cancelled. Every hour the bells of St. Paul's Cathedral were tolled for five
minutes, just preceding the chimes and the striking of Big Ben. Immediately a few announcements
concerning the King's death were made and with the exception of the News Hour nothing else was
broadcasted. Today all programs have been altered and wherever there is music it is beautiful,
dignified classical music.

Kipling's death has been very prominent in papers and on the radio this week. He seems to
belong to India and though many Indians object to him on political grounds, India is undoubtedly in
debt to him for his interpretation of her to the West. He understands the subtleties and the mystic
phases of Indian life as few Westerners do. Though he was denied certain honors in life, he lies in
poets' corner in Westminster Abbey.

We're wondering just what form the suitable mourning [for the King] among civilians will take
out here. We have asked the commissioner and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. McNab, to have dinner with
the Chambers and us this Friday night. He is the highest civil official here. I suppose they will be in
solid black save for the shirt and collar. Her mother is visiting from Scotland. She lives in a castle
(her father's family's) on the Isle of Skye. We all like her very much. She will be here too.

Margaret Jean has a cold; so we are keeping her in bed for a couple of days. Emmet is out in camp
at Gujarkhan - about 30 mi. from here. He is very pleased with the large audiences. About 300
attended the first meeting and between seven and eight hundred the second, when pictures are
shown. A great many have been coming during the day for personal interviews.

Rawalpindi, January 29, 1936. We heard the funeral service of the King last evening very clearly.
The voices of the Archbishops were very clear and the music beautiful. We thought there was a very
definite note of victory in it all. It was a real worship service, looking forward to the resurrection and
triumph over death. A number of Indians were in to hear it.

We're listening to the memorial service from St. Paul's for Lawrence of Arabia. They are
unveiling a bust of him in the crypt. We're getting America very clearly these mornings, but not after
9:00. When the days are longer and warmer we hope to get more from there.

It certainly was good of Emmet Price to send so much for Christmas. It makes me feel very guilty
that we did not send him anything, but we sent to no one but to Jim this year. I'm so very glad that
Emmet [Price] is doing so nicely, and though he has little, yet there are comparatively few who have
more when you consider that he has only clothes and personal effects to provide for himself. It is not much but he will probably make out and we are so glad that he is so well.

Joe returned Saturday. He seemed to have enjoyed his visit. Dave went to Lahore Monday to visit David Wilson whose father is a professor in Forman college. He is to bring David Wilson back with him. Mrs. Wilson is a very dear friend of mine and we are very fond of David. Margaret went to Sialkot today with Miss Hill. Marjorie will meet her there.

Rawalpindi, February 5, 1936. Dave went to Lahore to visit a friend and is now visiting the Clements boys in Lyallpur. Mrs. Graham knows them. I hope the boys will come back up with Dave.

Wendell Duff, Helen Anderson's husband, died after an operation last week. Mrs. Graham knows them both.

The weeks of vacation are passing and the boys seem to be enjoying it. Joe has been working on his stamps and reading much of the time. Bob is reading to himself more than he ever did.

I took over the work of the Leper Asylum the first of the month. It is in a very good condition. Mr. Downs has gone to Calcutta to meet one of the leading men in the Mission to Lepers, in the interest of a home for untainted children. We have enough land to build one and give the children a good playground. The Director of Public Health of the Punjab gave us a visit of inspection Monday and seemed very pleased with the institution. If we get permission to build a home for the children, we're asking the government for a building grant and that has to come through this Director of Public Health. Hence, we are greatly pleased with his report.

Rawalpindi, February 12, 1936. We went out to Mrs. Finley's funeral service in Taxila. Dr. Gordon took Dr. Chambers, Miss Morrison, and myself in his car. Mrs. Chambers has not been well and did not go. We left here at 12:00. A car of people came from Gujranwala, one from Sialkot, and from Campbellpur, and one from Lyallpur. After the service in Taxila, her body was brought in here and laid to rest beside Mrs. Gordon. Dr. Finley is still in bed, and they are bringing him to the Military hospital tomorrow. The Walker Gordons are coming in to be with Dr. Gordon and help him go over all Mrs. Gordon's things. In that way they can go to see Dr. Finley every day, and at the same time help Dr. Gordon.

Dave is still away but we hope he will come this Saturday and bring two boys with him. Glen Clements came with his parents today for the funeral and is staying until his brother comes with Dave and they both can go home together.

Emmet went to Sanghoi to camp Monday. That is 80 mi. from here and is one of the places we used to camp every winter the first term we worked here. I do hope your cold is much better. There's been so much flu here this year. The weather is much warmer, though we are still wearing winter clothes

Rawalpindi, February 19, 1936. Bob hasn't been well since Christmas. He had several attacks of indigestion and was losing in weight, but the doctor didn't seem to be able to locate the trouble until I took him over in Dr. Gordon's car Friday noon. Otherwise she had not seen him in pain, but this time the minute she touched his side she was pretty certain she would have to operate. As soon as she made the blood count she set the operation for just an hour later. I came home to make a few preparations and then went back. Joe and Dr. and Mrs. Chambers stayed with me during the operation. When we thought it was time for them to bring him out they called me and said they found a very serious condition with pus, and that to remove it or to leave it in was equally dangerous and they left the responsibility with me. It seemed difficult for a nonprofessional person to decide in
a matter of that kind, but knowing my own case and also how miserable he had been for some weeks, I said to remove it. He was in the operating room over three hours and the doctor said it was one of the worst cases she had ever seen. The intestines were all gathered up together by adhesions over the appendix and pus was in the appendix itself.

He has been getting along well but is still very ill. He feels quite sorry for himself at times. He is like you in his dislike for medicines. We're very fortunate in having this Catholic hospital here. There are eight nursing sisters from all parts of Europe and America. The doctor is from San Francisco. She is a Cornell graduate and took some work in California. She is out here for just three years. She certainly is a clever surgeon and gets heaps more practice here that she would in most parts of America. So many of the English go to her as well as the Indian people. Bob has a very nice room. There are six rooms in the European section and they have a sister for them day and night. There are Indian nurses in training who help some, but the main work for Bob is in the hands of a German sister from Berlin in the daytime. I have never met the night nurse but Bob says she is very nice.

This morning he has his own smile again for the first. The doctor is very pleased with his progress. She insisted that I send for Emmet and when he arrived Saturday afternoon he was all bent over with sciatica. He has practically never had that but he has a good dose of it now and still is bent over. I hope it does not hold on too long.

Dave finally arrived home Sabbath morning at 4:00 with two other boys. He knew nothing about Bob's operation or his father's condition or about Mrs. Finley's death, and he about decided it was like the record "There ain't no news." The boys stayed until this morning. They took care of themselves and seemed to have had a good time.

Dave is using his wood-burning outfit quite a lot these days. He is making teapot stands for Christmas. He is making Indian designs.

Letter from Joe to Grandma Payne. On Friday we took Bob over to the hospital and the doctor said he needed his appendix out, so within an hour and a half of the time we took him there the operation began. It lasted three hours, much to the surprise of everybody. It took a long time because there was a lot of pus and adhesions around the appendix. It took a long time for the doctor to even get to the appendix - three hours. He is a little better today. Dad was out in camp when all this happened so we had to send for him, the doctor said to. When he got here he couldn't stand straight because of a nerve that went the length of the leg was swollen. Bob will be in the hospital a long time and won't be able to go to school for a long time. Except for Bob we are all getting along nicely. Love Joe

Rawalpindi, February 26, 1936. Bob is getting along nicely though he is still not allowed to have guests of others outside of the family. He is getting more accustomed to staying in the hospital but he still longs to get home. He also continues to make faces just like you make every time he takes any medicine. It is raining hard this morning, but I must go over to read to him as he gets so much out of it and gets tired of doing nothing. He has to sit up all the time but yesterday they propped the pillows up in a more comfortable way. He is getting more food and seems hungry.

Dave and Joe are reading a lot these days and seem to be enjoying their holiday, which will only be three more weeks. I expected to stay down on the plains until the first of July, but now I think I shall have to go up earlier with Bob, as I shall not be able to put him in boarding until next fall. He will not be able to attend classes for a long time. The first thing will be to build him up.

Emmet is still bent over with sciatica. He is having to give up going to camp this Friday as he had planned. We hope he gets relief soon.
There does not seem to be much news. My days are fairly well taken up with visiting Bob. I don't get much else accomplished, but if I can keep him happy and get him well on the way to recovery, that is the most important thing I can do.

Rawalpindi, March 3, 1936. Letter to Evangeline. Bob is getting along nicely but has some little time yet to remain in hospital. He is feeling much better and so is more contented. Emmet's sciatica is better but not entirely gone. The rest of us are fine.

I wish I could help you and mother in some way in your problem about Aunt Bessie. I agree with you that mother is not at all strong enough to go and take care of Aunt Bessie. Even when Aunt Bessie was well, mother said she could never live with her as she was too nervous. Now that the doctors definitely say that Aunt Bessie requires constant watching, it will be still more difficult than before. Mother is not able to keep house for herself, much less take care of Aunt Bessie. Still since she insists on going, I do not see what you can do but let her go and find out for herself. That seems a rather drastic measure in view of mother's physical condition. I suppose what aggravates mother's problem is that she still has the old and false view that mental trouble is a disgrace to the family. Thinking this, she feels bound to get Aunt Bessie away from Toledo and prove to people that she is all right. If they take the room Mrs. Harris offers them so reasonably, they will have no outlay to begin with and, when Mother finds it is impossible to continue, she can put Aunt Bessie in hospital and return to you. The financial problem is no small one and Mother can hardly hope to venture on this plan without spending several hundred dollars at the least. We know that Aunt Bessie went through all she had and she will encourage Mother to do the same. These things you know and I've tried to explain to mother, but it is doubtful if she yet realizes the task ahead of her. Aunt Bessie's lack of money sense was a definite part of her disease but we have no assurance that that is healed. In truth, the very fact that she shows no concern about finances of their housekeeping seems to me a clear indication of mental disorder. Now I know that all that I have written does not in the least help you, but at least you know that I understand the immensity of your problem, and only regret I cannot actually help.

Rawalpindi, March 11, 1936. Bob is getting along very nicely. He sat in a wheelchair today for the first time and was very proud of himself. He is quite cheerful and takes it all philosophically. He will not get home this week but we hope he will early next week.

The boys go to school next Tuesday morning. I am trying to get their clothes in order but there seem to be many distractions. I have a darzie on the veranda making underwear and doing all the mending. It will probably take him three or four days but he will get it done and I'm not sure I would.

Presbytery is meeting in Taxila this week. We had the Presbyterial here on our compound last week. There were not many here and it was well so, as it was very cold and uncomfortable.

The Downses left for America last Friday and Miss Morrison leaves the end of this week. Miss Moore come to take over her work but Miss Moore is almost an invalid with a very bad heart. She will, however, be able to direct the work of the Bible women.

Rawalpindi, March 18, 1936. I suppose that you are in Mansfield now. I shall continue to send your letters to Belmont and Evangeline can read them and send them on. I hope you have found Aunt Bessie as well as you thought you would and that the two of you are having a good visit. Remember that you're not as young as you once were, and do not try to do too much work.

Bob is still in hospital. We do not know how many more days he will have to remain there, but he had hoped to be home by this time and so was a little weary of everything today. He no doubt misses his brothers, especially Joe, who has been very devoted. Last week I was very busy getting
the clothes in order for the boys and so I only went over to see Bob once a day. Now I am going to try
to go twice a day, as he enjoys having me read to him even though he reads to himself a lot.

The Chambers moved yesterday and now I’m in the midst of settling in the whole house.
Tonight I have a proper bedroom for the first and I know I’ll enjoy the luxury of it. My cook is a fine
servant and does practically all the work of moving, even to hanging the curtains in my absence. He
put all the kitchen, pantry, and dining room things in order today. This morning I had to go over the
month’s accounts for the Leper Asylum with the clerk, and that took out time from the moving.
Tomorrow the Inspector of Hospitals for the Punjab will pay his annual inspection visit to the Leper
Asylum at 3:30 and I must be there. In the morning I shall move my clothes and give my cook
instructions for work that he can do in my absence.

Miss Morrison left Sabbath night. She has failed greatly in every way. Her going was one of the
saddest I have ever known. In fact it was tragic, in that after she had spent 40 years in the country
there was no one sorry to see her go. On the other hand her going brought great relief to most of us.
You need not tell this to others except Mrs. Graham. She let down all her standards and ideals as the
years passed. It ought to be a lesson to those of us who have witnessed it.

I am so sorry that Janet was ill and do hope she was gaining in strength. Bob is taking cod liver
oil but not in capsules. He is taking it very bravely. He is also taking another tonic. He surely needs
building up. I hope the rest of you keep well. Jim wrote of the epidemic of flu at the school, and in
the same mail a letter from Miss Farrell told of how bad it was in Oakland.

Just heard over the radio of the severe floods in Pittsburgh.

Rawalpindi, March 25, 1936. We have read so much about the floods and heard so much over
the radio that we are wondering if any of you were affected in any way. As you were not expecting to
go to Ohio until the end of March, we are relieved on that score. There has evidently been great
suffering.

Bob is still in hospital. He was quite discouraged when he woke up yesterday morning with a
fever. He is better this morning but his temperature was still up - a little below 100, whereas
yesterday it was 101. The doctor was not sure of the cause, though she was watching it carefully. On
Monday she had to use the silver nitrate to burn off the proud flesh rather deep down in the wound
and it hurt terribly. She thought perhaps the treatment had been a severe shock to him and brought
up the fever, though she could not say definitely. She has had to use the silver nitrate four or five
times but never had to go so deep down before. If the fever goes down she may let him come home
and go back every other day for dressings. We do not want him to come until the doctor thinks he is
ready, for we do not want any complications.

Emmet got home from Landour Saturday and said the boys seem happy and well. We got a
letter from Joe which we are sending to Jim but we have not heard from Dave. He evidently takes
after the Alters, and Jim and Joe after you. Jim is so faithful to write every week.

I do not believe I told you that the Pickens were here for Dr. Finley’s funeral. This said Kathryn
got a job as secretary at our big church in Des Moines. They said it made coming so much easier for
them as they did not want to leave her without anything to do. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pickens look so
well. James, too, seems to be getting on nicely at Monmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart were here today. She is going to spend next week with me while our
husbands are at Synod.

Bob thinks Janet lucky to get her medicine in capsules.

Rawalpindi, April 2, 1936. We met Will and Mary [Grahams’ daughter and her husband] at the
station at 3:30, and they seem to be glad to be here, where it is cooler and the air more bracing...
they had cleaned up and disposed of some of the dust and dirt that they had collected on the train, we had tea and then went over to see Bob, and drove around a bit. Dinner went off all right in spite of the time limit. The next morning we started to Peshawar and the Khyber Pass. Ever since Emmet drove through the river out of the last camp, the gas has not been feeding right. We had taken the car up twice for repairs, and it worked satisfactorily on short trips near the city, but as soon as we got going at a good speed that morning it began acting up. We came back and hired a car. It balked on us and we had to drive more slowly than we chose, but we got there, and the driver was careful and steady. We all were thrilled with the city bazaars that we visited that evening. We stopped at a Dak Bungalow (rest house), and Mary and Will had that little experience. They have been stopping at expensive hotels where, in spite of higher prices, service and food are not up to what one gets in the West. They were surprised to find a public rest house so comfortable. The next morning we started at 6:30 for the Khyber. It was a glorious ride up over the wild rocky passes... seeing the fortifications at certain strategic points and passing occasionally armed border tribesmen... We came on to Taxila and made a hasty visit to some of the ruins there. Mary had never seen anything like the ruins of Alexander’s city there. We got home about 6:30, and drove right over to see Bob. For dinner that night we had the Cummingses and one of the professors from the college. We found the car repaired at last... The next morning we went over to the hospital and brought Bob home. He was not informed of this until that morning, as he had had so many disappointments about coming home. He has to go back every other day for dressings, but he is able to walk around and at this moment he is picking flowers for the house... Sabbath night we had Mr. and Mrs. Fazl Ilahi and Dr. Tyler here for supper. We wanted Mary and Will to meet some of our Indian friends... Tuesday morning they stopped and at noon Mary and I were invited to one of the Indian ladies’ homes for an Indian lunch... That night we had dinner at Mrs. Cummings’ with people that Mary and Will had met on the boat... They and the Babcocks left yesterday morning early for Kashmir.

Rawalpindi, April 9, 1936. Mary and Will came back from Kashmir Sunday night and left Monday night. We did so enjoy them. They are both so keen and alert and such interesting talkers that you will be delighted to meet them. I hope they will stop to see you in Mansfield if you are not in Boston when they are there. They will certainly do so. They're going to see Jim if at all possible. They do not expect to reach the USA until September. They both seemed delighted with Pindi and our friends here and of course we were pleased with them.

Emmet went out to a Hindu fair for this week. He will probably be here next Tuesday. Mr. John Stewart and a number of Indian men are with him.

Bob is getting along nicely though he still goes for dressings. He has gained 2 lbs. and looks much better. Joe and Dave seem fine. He will be glad to hear from you when he can.

I shall probably get a lot of Mansfield news now that you are there. I owe everyone a letter but now that Bob is better I hope to be able to write more.

Rawalpindi, April 15, 1936. Emmet came home yesterday and it is good to have him here. Bob is still making a good recovery and we hope he will not have to visit the hospital many more times. His color is fine now but he does not put on weight like the doctor would like him to. However we know how difficult it has always been to fatten him. He has enjoyed the train you gave him so very much these days.

We have had so much rain in the spring that the weather has been unusually cool and only now is beginning to warm up. Our flowers have been gorgeous but now that the heat is beginning to come on they will probably dry up soon. It has been lovely to have them this long.

Word is good from Joe and Dave though Dave has had a blistered toe that has given him some
trouble. Joe has taken up scouting and is very much interested in the C.E. You know he has so much 
physical energy that it is good for him to have many outside interests. He now weighs 150 lbs. and is 
less than an inch shorter than Dave. Dave has not the physical energy of Joe. Dave and Bob are more 
alike.

This afternoon we had our Missionary meeting and a number of women walked over two miles 
in the heat to attend. They seem to take a real interest and do better than many with bigger 
opportunities. The leader was a woman from out in one of the military centers five miles away. She 
came in by train but hoped to get a tonga back.

Miss Moore has been put here in Miss Morrison's place. She is not very strong but she does a lot 
in the home, meeting the people and arranging to get the children in schools and directing the work 
of the Bible women. She is stronger now than when she came to Pindi so that speaks well for our 
station.

Rawalpindi, April 22, 1936. We were so pleased with your letter this week and I tried to pass on 
some of the news of the floods to the boys in the hills, as I am sure they will be interested. We were 
not sure of the date of Jim's vacation and were wondering at that time where he was. We were so 
glad to get the word from you that he is all right. I do hope Evangeline was not too worn out with his 
coming, especially with Janet having fever. You did not say what the trouble was and we have been 
wondering if she had flu. I do hope it did not last long, whatever it was. Jim does so enjoy going to 
Belmont, but I do not want him to be a burden to Evangeline. I never want her to even think of 
sending anything out here to us. If she gives a home to Jim during some of his vacations, she is doing 
more for us than we shall ever be able to repay

Bob is running around and playing like a real well boy. The Gordon children were in today from 
Taxila and he had a wonderful time. He may go up to visit them in another week. Their father is still 
in Lahore, taking treatments to try and build him up for the trip home. The doctors here do not seem 
to know just what is the matter with him but he has not been well for a year or more. They sail on the 
21st of May. Just last Saturday Dr. Gordon decided to go home with them. We had all thought he 
should do so as he is not at all well, and Walker in his condition would worry about his father and the 
father would worry about the son. They have certainly had their share of trouble this winter.

I should think you would prefer not being in Mansfield at the time of Walter's case. There's 
nothing you could do and it would be far from pleasant to be in the midst of the talk. Aunt Bessie is 
much better off to be rid of him and she should never see him. I hope there will be no occasion for 
you to see him either. In as far as possible avoid talking to anyone about him. Bury the past.

This Saturday we are going to Chakwal to have Sabbath there, and Monday we are going on to 
Jhelum for a few days. Bob is quite delighted to be going away. I have to go to Lahore for a meeting 
of the Punjab branch of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association - always referred to as the B E 
L R A. We have applied to them for a grant towards a home for the untainted children of our asylum. 
This matter is coming before this meeting so I must be there. This organization is headed by the chief 
medical officers of the province and the secretary is the Commissioner of Public Health. I shall go 
down to Lahore from Jhelum Monday night and get back Tuesday. We should probably come home 
Thursday. Emmet is taking over Dr. Gordon's work and his accounts, at least temporarily, and he 
will do that shortly after we return. Dr. Gordon has had the city evangelistic work in his hands.

I have been getting my winter things put away and have cleaned some of my dresses with 
gasoline. I cleaned Emmet's ties and a few things around the house. Now all our clothes are put 
away and just a few blankets remain to be attended to. You would be both surprised and pleased to 
see in what good order they have been put away!

Dave and Joe seem to be well. Bob is delighted with your letter. He was sure that you would feel
badly about his operation. We are eager for your next letter telling more about Jim’s visit. You always give the details we enjoy hearing.

**Rawalpindi, April 29, 1936.** Thanks so much for your letter giving more details about Jim’s visit. He did have such a good time! You all were so good to him. It was nice he had school friends there. I hope he enjoyed his visit to New York.

We have been interested in all the details about the flood. Certainly many, many people suffered greatly.

We went to Chakwal Saturday morning as we had planned. There we stayed in the house of the Indian pastor. He gave us the front room on the road as our cook was along, and so we had our own food arrangements. Saturday night Miss Anderson had us over with her for dinner. She has such a nice Indian house and such a very good staff in the dispensary. The Christian community there is growing. At the communion service Sabbath, there were five adult baptisms and five children’s.

Monday morning we drove out to a weaver’s village where they make the old-fashioned counterpanes. It was so interesting to see them weaving. We bought a counterpane and several oblong table covers of the same quality material. We think them quite pretty and of course we like them especially because they come directly from the weaver in one of our villages. From this village we came on to Jhelum and were here by noon. At five that afternoon I took the train to go to Lahore, where I stayed with the Lucases.

The committee meeting lasted only a little over two hours. I got Rs.30,000 for our home for healthy children. We hope to get more from the Mission to Lepers though we are not sure. There is a lot of correspondence yet to be done before we can begin any work. The Mission to Lepers have offered us Rs. 10,000 to run the home this year in a rented house. We do not have many untainted children, but we must separate them from their parents if we are to hope to save them from leprosy.

We are eagerly awaiting your report concerning Aunt Bessie. Am glad Emmet’s letter was more encouraging. There is no news concerning Dave and Joe. Their weekly letters are no doubt waiting for us in Pindi.

It will soon be the first of May and our hot weather is beginning in earnest. Fortunately we do not have as long a hot season in Pindi as they have in Lahore and further south.

I hope you will forward Evangeline’s letters while you are in Ohio. In that way we shall get the Belmont news, too. When this reaches there, it will be almost time for Jim’s Commencement. I’m hoping that the Wiens may be able to go to Mount Hermon that day.

We are all keeping well now. Bob may not gain so much weight when it is warmer but still we hope to keep him well.

**Rawalpindi, May 3, 1936.** We were so pleased to receive your letter and to know that you had reached Mansfield safely. Now we shall anxiously await later news.

I do not see how you can hope to get anything out of Walter Koch, for I doubt if he has anything. The sooner you are rid of any associations with him, the better. I do hope everything is settled out of court.

The heat is come upon us and Bob thinks it very hot here. We’re going to Landour in two weeks, and it will be better for him as he cannot gain down here. However, he has done very well and we are most thankful.

Dave and Joe seem very happy up at school - Joe a little more than Dave, I believe though Dave does not write enough for us to know much about him.

We just got word this week that Jim is valedictorian. It does seem too bad that none of our friends or relatives will be able to attend and hear him. If the program is like the one last year Jim will
be the only speaker from his class. However, we quite understand why no one can be there and I'm sure he does too. Things sometimes turn out that way and we must make the best of it. I am insisting that he send us a copy of his address. We're very happy that he has received this recognition that he so faithfully earned. Sometimes people earn what they never receive. It would give him new encouragement for further work. Do you know when the College Board exams are? Jim has not told that. We're wondering when we will hear about the scholarship. There are probably many trying for it, and he may not get it but it is certainly worth the effort.

**Rawalpindi, May 7, 1936.** We got the swellest pictures of Jim this week. Did you see them? They are his commencement pictures, and it just seems as though he could speak to us out of the pictures. I think he looks a little older, and no doubt every few months for some time will see a change in him. We're sorry that no one of the relatives or friends will be able to attend his commencement. I had feared Janet's commencement would be near that time but had hoped it would not be on the exact day. However such things cannot be helped. Jim has not written when the College Board exams are but I believe they are after commencement. I do not know when the work will begin that he hopes to get in connection with the Northfield conferences. I hope he will send us the dates soon.

**Rawalpindi, May 20, 1936.** We were glad to hear that you had a good trip to Toledo and that Aunt Bessie was enjoying the meals you were preparing for her. Since she has such an appetite you may cook enough to keep you going. When you lived alone you did not like to cook for just one person. We want you to keep well. Help Aunt Bessie to forget the past and both of you keep your minds and conversation on pleasant things.

This past week has been rather uneventful. On my birthday we had the Commissioner and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Nizam-ud-Deen, Dr. Tyler, and Dr. and Mrs. Chambers for dinner. Mary and Will were entertained by these people and, as I told them, I was rather anxious to have them before going to the hills. My big problem was having the tomato juice, salad, water, etc., cold enough. I bought plenty of ice and piled it around everything and we managed to have everything nearly as it should be, I think. We had pineapple ice cream which seemed to make a hit.

We had a dust storm yesterday that cleared the air a bit, and as there was rain after it we have been a little cooler. We have no reason to complain though, as we have electricity and it makes the summers much more bearable. When we have electric lights instead of lamps and electric fans instead of hand drawn ones, the temperature seems at least 10 degrees lower.

Bob is running everywhere and is quite strong. He will probably gain more when he gets to the hills. Dave and Joe had quite good reports for the first six weeks. They seem happy.

Emmet has not had so much trouble with his rheumatism lately, for which we are thankful.

**Rawalpindi, May 27, 1936.** Letter to Evangeline. I had wanted to get a letter off to Janet before commencement but simply did not get to it. We know these are very busy days with her and now I fear she may have started to Europe before this reaches her. We are all so happy that she is taking this trip this summer, and do hope she keeps well and gets as much pleasure out of the ocean trip as we always do. If she is like her father, she will be thrilled with every part of it. I remember how he always liked the water. I think she will like a one cabin class boat much better than the other. I'm sure you have been very busy getting her clothes in order. The samples of silk Mother sent are beautiful and will be so attractive as well as serviceable for this trip. Now we only wish she were coming on around the world, giving us a long visit. Mary and Will liked it here and I think she would.

We have wondered if Janet has anything in view for this winter. We do hope she finds what she
likes though she may have to take something that does not appeal in every way. It will be a stepping stone to something more congenial. We're anxious for any word of her and her plans. Do let us know the itinerary of her trip. You'll have a quiet time this summer and I suppose you will wonder how to manage without a house full of people. Do take it easy for a change and enjoy your home and garden instead of working so hard. I'm sure Paul would agree with this.

What has Janet thought of the course she took this year? One of our Woodstock girls, now in Wooster, is thinking of going to Rochester to that school there after she graduates from Wooster.

I am not writing to mother this week as I wanted to write you, and Bob and I are off to Landour tonight. We shall be thinking of Janet and Jim on the eighth. I wonder what time Janet's commencement is.

Janet and Jim are getting acquainted, though Jim is so much younger. Jim did have such a good time at your house this spring. Was the boy who is salutatorian in Jim's class the same one who invited Jim to his home for dinner? No one wrote the name of the boy. It certainly was sportsmanlike of his mother to call you up. They must be very nice people. Had you ever met her?

I hope to come back down for June if all is well up in Landour. Bob has not gained for a month but we can hardly expect him to gain in the heat. I think he has done well not to lose. He will probably pick up quickly in the hills.

Landour, June 3, 1936. Bob and I got up here Friday morning. Joe and Dave seem fine. Dave's face has grown longer and he has a sharp, pointed chin. His face looks thin, but otherwise he seems heavy enough. Joe is almost as tall as Dave and most people think they look a lot alike. I can't see it so much but I don't think we do notice resemblances within the family so much. The boys are having vacation this week and come up here, where I am staying, every day. Mrs. Whitfield asked us to stay with her.

Bob has decided the question of my staying here or going to the plains. The day before we came up here Bob took his temperature (just for something to do it seemed) and discovered it to be 99.5 degrees. We thought it was the heat, or some little temporary thing, but I took it from then on and found it up to that point every day. I couldn't take him to the hospital Saturday, and Monday was a board meeting, so Marjorie took him that afternoon at the regular hour. The doctor found his heart dilated and put him to bed at once and he is still there. He is far from pleased to have to spend anymore time in hospital. Today the doctor said I could take him home as soon as I get settled in a house, but he has to stay flat on his back. She will come once a week to see how he is progressing. He may rally quickly and not have to be down long. He had an excessive amount of energy, which was evidently due to this heart condition. The doctor thinks he may have had it for a couple of weeks before we discovered it. She says it is an aftermath of his operation and of the pus in his system, and is not due to any change in altitude, etc. It will be difficult to keep him quiet for so long but we will do our best. I'm wiring tomorrow for Emmet to send the cook up.

I should've sent my address to you before this. Redburn Lodge, Landour, Mussoorie, U.P.

I was so glad for the letter from you that Emmet forwarded. We wanted to hear more about Aunt Bessie and how she is. Tell her that I unpacked the barrel of dishes today and not one thing was cracked even! They are beautiful dishes and we do thank her so much for them.

Landour, June 10, 1936. We were so glad to get your letter this week and glad to know that Aunt Bessie was getting on so nicely. Is she stronger than she was in La Porte? I was very glad to hear of Emmet, too. You did not say for how long he was to be in Mansfield. Was he going back to La Porte? I hope so, if he was able, as it is so much better for him to be working, though I agree with you that he needed a vacation. He should take some time off each year. Everyone should have a holiday.
I found a suite of rooms [South Hill] for Bob and me and settled in here Saturday and brought Bob from the hospital that day. He is trying to follow the doctor's orders but you know it is hard for so active a lad to be quiet. If he has not improved by the end of this month, I shall have consultation with one of the Mussoorie doctors. I know that if this is a rheumatic heart condition, it will be slow. You remember that is what Emmet had our last winter in Jhelum. He is in a glass verandah overlooking the valley and can watch the ever-changing cloud effects. This house leaves much to be desired, but still it is a place to keep Bob.

Dave and Joe were over Sabbath, and Joe has been over two afternoons this week. Joe is still a great home boy. Sabbath we all talked a lot about you all in America. I think Dave and Joe look more alike than ever. They both are going to have long faces like the Alters.

There is very little news. I don't go any place these days. I read a lot to Bob and he reads quite a lot to himself. That helps keep him quiet.

Landour, June 17, 1936. We were so glad to get your letter this week. You didn't say much about Aunt Bessie and Emmet. Did he stay at the same place you did? I suppose he was able to get a room there.

I hope this trip to Millersburg will prove to some advantage to you and Aunt Bessie. The court may be able to force something out of Walter Koch, but I have my doubts about any regular payments from him. I do hope Emmet Price is not giving up his work at La Porte. All this money you have will not last long if you draw regularly on it as Aunt Bessie did on hers. She had more than you did to begin with. However, I'm too far away to advise and you will have to work it out as best you can. When finally you have things so arranged that you decide to go back to Boston, go back prepared to stay and be satisfied - not restless as you were all this past winter. I am sure your restlessness was hard on both you and Evangeline.

Jim's letter was full of interesting news this week. He told of the fine trip his English professor took him and four others on down to Yale, May 17th. They left in the morning to see "The Taming of the Shrew" put on by the dramatic club. At Yale, he signed up for his classes next year; so he must have good hopes of the scholarship. We were pleased with his subjects. They went around the campus and saw several of the different colleges, the wonderful gymnasium, and the athletic field, where they saw the track meet between Yale and Princeton, and a baseball game between Cornell and Yale, too. Two old Hermonites distinguished themselves on the field. I thought it very splendid of this professor (he may be a Yale man) to take these boys, who are looking forward to attending Yale, down for the day.

I do not know when the College Board exams are, but Jim is no doubt fairly busy these days with them. He expects to have work at Northfield or Mt. Hermon this summer. I hope he will take a real vacation before college opens.

Bob has had more fever this past week. He has a real case of rheumatic fever and the doctor says he is in for a siege and a convalescence of months if not longer. Since his fever has come up, he has no appetite and it is very hard to get him to eat anything. As he had not regained all he lost in his operation, he needs to be put on flesh instead of taking it off. He still loves to be read to so I read to him for hours every day. Naturally I do not attempt to go anyplace, as he needs me all the time. In the evenings I take a walk after he gets off to sleep. We shall be in this house until July 1st. Then we go up to the house I have rented on our mission property. It is lovely and quiet here for him.

Dave and Joe come over every Saturday and Sabbath and sometimes during the week. They will probably be glad when they can be home with us, though they are happy in boarding. Joe is still as devoted to Bob as he ever was and of course Bob is to him.

Emmet seems to be getting along all right in Pindi. It has been very hot there but he keeps well.
Landour, June 25, 1936. Bob has not had such high fever this week. When the doctor came Friday, she thought his heart showed definite signs of a little improvement. He has been quite cheerful. One cannot say how long he will have to stay in bed. We are moving up to Redburn next week. Then Dave and Joe will be with us. They came over after school, yesterday, to get something to eat. They seem to get enough down at the Hostel but they like to come home for things that seem to taste better. They're always here Saturday and Sabbath. We try to have the food they like especially on those days. Dave has ordered macaroni for this Saturday. You probably remember how the boys eat that. The other Sabbath we had baked beans, but we could not put bacon in them because our cook is Mohammedan. We used fat beef, and they were fairly good. The boys thought them grand. It made me think of the beans in California.

The monsoon is here and we have heavy rain every day. How delighted the boys are to hear the rain on the tin roofs. Do you remember how they longed for that sound when we first went to America. Bob says he can sleep much better when the rain is beating on the tin roof. It seems like a lullaby to him. I prefer a more musical tune. The oaks are covered with moss and ferns now and it seems very much like home here, though the house we are in now is not very nice.

Redburn Lodge, Landour, July 1, 1936. We moved up here today and Dave and Joe came out of boarding; so we have had a busy day. Bob enjoyed the ride up in the dandy. It has probably been a heavy day on him because of all the excitement but he has enjoyed it. Dave and Joe are quite delighted to be home. Dave has taken part of the veranda and is working it into a room for himself. We have put an extension wire out there so that he thinks he is all fixed up.

Last night I went up to Mrs. Ferger's for dinner. The Doddses were there. It is the first time I have seen them for over four years. She is quite thin and very gray. It was so good to visit them again.

There isn't much news regarding any of us. Dave is out beetle hunting for a little while tonight. This is the beetle season and the boys have to see how many they can get. He was late getting home tonight, for he plays on the second team in basketball. He seems to like it very much. Joe isn't old enough to be on any of the high school teams, but says he wants to try for them next year. The boys are both doing good work at school.

Bob seems to be much the same. His doctor has been away for two weeks and the one who came last week couldn't say so much about his condition as the regular doctor would have been able to say. His temperature usually goes up to 99.5 each day now but no higher, and it comes down to normal or a little below every evening. He sleeps well at night for which I am thankful.

Mumps are going around the hillside; so we may have them here as none of these three have had them. Jim had them on one side when he was very small.

Landour, July 8, 1936. Letter to Evangeline. Jim's letter this week says that you and Paul and Janet went out to his commencement on Monday, the eighth. He told of how very pleased he was that you were there. It meant a tremendous lot to him for you to go and it means as much to us. It was good of all of you to go. When was Janet's commencement? It was to be on the same day. Was it in the evening? It was a very full day for you, and we all do very much appreciate your taking your time and money to go out to Jim's commencement.

Bob has a suspicious-looking throat this afternoon and we think he is probably getting mumps. They are quite prevalent here on the hillside but Dave and Joe haven't come down yet. I sent over for the doctor this evening but she couldn't come then, but will be here in the morning. She has been away on a two-weeks leave, so hasn't seen Bob for over two weeks. I am eager for her to examine his heart and tell us what she thinks of the improvement he has made - if there is any.
We have at last opened a temporary home for the untainted children at the Leper Home. There have been many obstacles to overcome and there are more ahead, but we are very grateful that we have been able to get even these six children. Two Mohammedan families have refused thus far to give their children as they are afraid the children will become Christians. To them that is something worse than having a leper! This temporary home was opened formally Monday evening. We hope to build the permanent one this winter, but of course red tape holds one up a long time. We have received the money from the BELRA, but have yet to get from the Mission to Lepers.

Dave and Joe are kept busy with school work. Dave plays on the B basketball team and was on the B hockey team during the hockey season. He is now helping in the manual training room several evenings a week. Joe is not far enough along to enter the sports but next year he plans to try for them. He is doing very well in his class work and seems to know how to apply himself.

I read to Bob by the hour. He has always enjoyed a good story and will be quiet with my reading. We have read so many books that he will have a very liberal education along certain lines. Today we started Ben Hur and the only difficulty was that he didn't want me to stop when it was time for him to go to sleep tonight. Last week I read to him "The Child's History of the World," and he was fascinated every minute. We were reading an adventure story of an experience on an ice pan; so I read him Grenfell's "Adrift on an Ice Pan," and he wanted it over again right away. It is a marvelous story of a man's courage and determination to fight for life.

Landour, July 15, 1936. Today I had lunch with the Doddses. He has been called to the office in New York to take Robert E. Speers' place as a correspondent with the India and Persia missions. It is a recognition of LeRoy's splendid service and ability. They are sorry to leave India but are most happy they are to see the boys again soon. I am sure Bob and Joe are rejoicing over the news. Mrs. Jim Cummings stayed with Bob while I went.

Saturday, Dr. Robinson arranged for a heart specialist to see Bob. He agrees with her that it is rheumatic fever and endocarditis. As she suspected, the tag ends of his tonsils are infected. He is to have them removed this Friday morning, but we have not told him yet, as he is so afraid of everything. He is very fretful and nervous which, they say, goes with this disease. I decided we needed Emmet as much now as any time, so sent for him and he is coming tomorrow morning. The specialists said chloroform or ether would not hurt his heart condition. He has ordered several medicines to be given after the operation, one of them injections for anemia. He says he can tell nothing as to the length of time he will be the ill, except that it will be a long time. We just hope that by removing these tag ends of the tonsils, we shall remove the source of the trouble.

We have been reading in the papers of the very severe heatwave you have been having and of the numbers of deaths from it. The poor farmers of the West have suffered so hard for several years.

The comics you sent have been very, very much enjoyed by each of the boys. Thanks so much for them. Bob devours them, and has many a good laugh over them.

Landour, July 22, 1936. It is good Emmet Price has been able to get a few days off at the Southern [a hotel?]. I hope it will prove an opening for something permanent. You seem to be keeping well. You ought to follow Aunt Bessie's example and eat heartily. If you don't, I fear you will be sick again. Emmet got here last Thursday morning and Bob had his tonsils out Friday a.m. He came through very easily, and they let him come home that night. He lost the usual amount of blood, and was very pale for several days but is coming on all right now. He had his first injection for anemia to day... He continues to have your phobia towards all medicines. We are trying to keep him quieter than ever to see if it will hasten his recovery. Emmet is unsure when he will go down. He may go back to the plains for August and come up in September, and then Bob and I will go down with him shortly after the middle of September. We shall just see how things work out.
Mr. and Mrs. Dodds and Mrs. Ferger were here for supper last night. It was good to have another visit with them. Monday night Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Parker had the Dodds and us for dinner. The Kenneth Parker's are the ones who were on the boat with us all the way from Seattle. They are in the Presbyterian mission.

**Landour, July 30, 1936.** There is little news these days. Bob is about as he was, though the doctor said Monday that she thought his heart seemed to be settling down a bit. It will just take a long time, and we must be patient. He bought himself a small meccano set yesterday (we ordered it from Mussoorie) and is having lots of fun with it, but we have to watch that he does not get too tired. He should not work long at anything as he gets too tired and that raises his temperature and pulse. Emmet and I have gone out to dinner several times and that naturally breaks the monotony. The amateur dramatic club is giving several small plays tonight and we are going. Emmet and I take turns reading to Bob and so I'm not on as heavy a strain as I was before he came up.

**Landour, August 5, 1936.** Dave and Joe were measured and weighed today. Dave is 5 ft. 7 1/2 in and weighs 145 lbs.. Joe is 5 ft. 6 3/4 inches and weighs 150 lbs.! They both are busy and happy with their schoolwork. Bob manages to keep happy although this is his 10th week in bed. The doctor thinks there is definite improvement in the size and condition of his heart, though he still runs a temperature, and his pulse is fast and unsteady. We shall take him down to the plains about the middle of September, I think.

Mr. Fleming was married in April, and he and his wife are coming back to the school in March of 1937.

Margaret Alter and Miss Brown drove as far as New Orleans, and turned back because of the heat. The southern route is a very hot one for the summer. They had expected to go East and possibly see Jim. Miss Brown had not been very well this past spring and she may have felt the heat more on that account.

We have had 18 in. excess rain this summer. The United Provinces have had very heavy floods along the Ganges and its tributaries. Here in Mussoorie it is unusually damp. That is not good for Emmet's rheumatism, and he has been having more than ordinary.

Our mission group had a steak roast last Saturday evening. Bob and I had our steak roasted on our own stove. David and Vinton Clements are having a steak roast party this coming Saturday night at the Clements'. We are not having guests at our home this summer, as the house is small and the excitement isn't good for Bob. We did have the Dodds, but that was very special.

All of us, aside from Bob and Emmet (his rheumatism is bothering him), are fine. The boys are always interested in all news from you all.

**Landour, August 12, 1936.** The doctor said today that she thought Bob's heart had settled down quite a bit. It will take quite awhile yet for it to get adjusted, and then he will have to be kept quiet even after he is allowed up a little. Of course we are happy he seems to be getting better, even though there is a long time ahead of him. He will have to stay in bed as long as there is any temperature, as that is an indication that there is still trouble. He certainly looks better and isn't so nervous. He had his last injection today and he feels like celebrating.

We got an airmail letter Saturday from Jim saying he has received a Yale scholarship. I am so glad for him, for he's worked hard and was very anxious to get it. We couldn't afford to send him there, otherwise. It is splendid such opportunities are open to boys who can make the grade but not the expense. If I had money I think that is one way I should like to use it - in scholarships for boys and girls who are really keen and eager to study.
Joe is governor of his class and is taking a great deal of interest in it. He is still devoted to Bob. He often tells him a story - one he makes up - that seems to be very much to Bob's liking. Dave is assisting Mr. Taylor in the manual training lab, and also plays on one of the basketball teams; so his evenings are always full.

We have all been watching the situation in Spain. It certainly looks ominous. India is really very peaceful these days, though there are undercurrents of communism among a few of the Congress group. The biggest thing in India these days is the awakening of the outcastes and their determination to break away from the shackles of Hinduism. They definitely say they will accept some other faith by the time of their next annual meeting. They're not really seeking a faith so much as a social recognition, but undoubtedly it will mean the beginning of the breakup of Hinduism and its pernicious caste system. With but a few exceptions, the only ones who have been free from the bondage of the outcaste state are those who have become Christians.

I am so glad that Aunt Bessie is able to help with the work as she is. She has no doubt gained in physical strength under your care. How about yourself? What do you weigh? Remember we expect you to take care of yourself and have the food you need. I hope Emmet gets something before long.

Landour, August 19, 1936. Bob seems to be improving. The doctor was here again today and thinks the dilation of the heart is less. She thinks he will pick up more after the rains are over. Some days his temperature doesn't go above 99, and on others it goes to nearly 100. You see it is not a high temperature at all, but it is enough to indicate trouble. His pulse varies, too, but these conditions will continue until the heart has adjusted. Until then he just must stay in bed.

I don't try to do very much aside from keeping Bob happy. Emmet and I take turns going places. This afternoon I went to the Community Center for their social hour. I went to a very good concert at the school last week. The orchestra is certainly fine.

Landour, August 27, 1936. I am sitting in the hospital beside Bob. His temperature started up on Thursday and, as it simply wouldn't come down, we brought him here Monday. It is another flare-up of the same trouble. We are indeed sorry that it has returned, but we are thankful that he can have such excellent care here in the hospital.

Your letters concerning Aunt Bessie's decision came these past two weeks. Because it will have been eight weeks when this reaches, I do not wish to comment much on it or raise any more discussion about it. Only let me say that it is up to you to quit worrying about her. You have done all you can. Let her care for herself in the future. Evangeline and Paul have given you a wonderful home, and it is up to you to consider them and their happiness. If you continually worry and fret about Aunt Bessie or about anyone, for that matter, it is bound to be hard on them. They should be your first consideration now. Set your mind to this and definitely set your will to quit worrying.

There has been a conference at the Community Center this week, but I haven't gone. Emmet went for a little while one morning.

Landour, September 3, 1936. Emmet Price may find it harder to get something now that he is in Wooster. It is too bad he didn't stay where he was and just take a week off to see his mother.

I wonder what fancy work you are doing now. I have started to knit a scarf. I haven't had much time for such things because I read so much to Bob. His temperature and pulse have settled at last and he is much happier. The heart dilation since this severe attack has not improved much and he has to be kept very quiet. We hope to get him home perhaps in another week. The doctor says he cannot be moved to the plains before the first of October. Emmet simply must get back; so he is leaving on the 14th and the boys will go into boarding on the 15th. Then the house will be very quiet for Bob for the rest of the month.
We have been having such a lot of rain. Saturday night it rained 11.6 in. Dave was at a party at Parkers' and came home at 11:00. You should have seen him! He had on white pants and had to crawl over a pile of stones and mud that was blocking the road in one place... In the whole season we have had over 90 in. of rain, and 35 in. of that have been excess! There have been many bad landslides and a big rock crashed into the Community Center, making quite a hole in the kitchen. Fortunately no one was hurt.

Landour, September 7, 1936. You will be glad to know that Bob's temperature and pulse are both much better now. His heart dilation is diminishing, too. Emmet plans to go back to Pindi next Monday, as he just must get back. Dave and Joe will go into boarding on Thursday, and Bob will come home from the hospital then. The house will be quiet and we hope he will improve enough to be able to be taken down to Pindi by the end of this month.

Monday, Mr. Edwards from Hillah, Iraq, had lunch with us. You may remember that we were with them on our way to America. He has just brought his eldest boy here to Woodstock. It seems a long way, but it is the best for them.

Dr. J. G. Campbell was inquiring about you, too, the other day. Their son, Lowrie, (you remember him in Wooster?) has just gone to Cairo for a three-year teaching job in the American University.

Landour, September 16, 1936. We were so pleased to get your letter and Evangeline's. I was glad Evangeline wrote about the cases of rheumatic fever she saw at the Children's Mission. There are very good reasons why those children could not be properly cared for in their homes. Probably most of them live in crowded apartments or houses where other children are around. Our house this summer is small and we have found it very difficult to keep it quiet as it should be for Bob. He came home from the hospital Monday. Tuesday (yesterday) Emmet left and Dave and Joe went into boarding. Bob isn't allowed to do anything with his hands for awhile. He did try cutting out a cut-out picture yesterday and it brought up his temperature; so he has to be still for a while longer. Of course he hasn't tried sitting up. He is keeping quite cheerful now in spite of inactivity.

I am glad you had such a good time in Pennsylvania. It was nice that James and Isabella came and took you and Bess to that picnic. That is beautiful country around there.

I hope you have heard from Jim before this. He was working very long hours and found it hard even to write to us. He planned to take a vacation this month and I sincerely hope he is doing so.

Dave and Joe seemed happy enough to go into boarding. Most of the boys are in now and they have lots of fun with the other boys. Emmet was glad to get back to the plains. The excessive rain this year has been hard on all his joints. He didn't want to go without Bob and me, yet we both felt he should, as he has been away for so long. Bob and I shall probably leave here on the 25th; though the doctor doesn't want Bob to know the date lest he get too excited. I'm gradually packing and getting ready.

Landour, September 23, 1936. Dave and Joe got into boarding just in time to be hit by some food poisoning. There were 55 boys in bed in the Hostel and 13 in the school hospital. They had extra nurses night and day and some of the mothers went in to help. Fortunately all are well now. The attack was so sudden and so many boys came down at once, that the anxiety was very severe for those responsible. Joe was in bed at the Hostel and Dave in the hospital. Both were up here this evening and seem quite fit again.

Bob is gaining in strength and we hope to go to Pindi on Friday, getting there Saturday afternoon. I've engaged a small compartment for two and think I can keep him quiet and well that way. We're hoping he will pick up after we get him to the plains.
Rawalpindi, October 1, 1936. It is almost time for this letter to be mailed but I shall write briefly to let you know that we are back in Pindi all well. Of course Bob is still in bed but we had a very comfortable trip. We were alone in our compartment from Dehra Dun to Lahore and both of us slept well. At Dehra the Doddses came down to see us off. They sail for Iraq and Persia next week, and she is going on to America from Beirut. He has to come back here for a meeting in January, and then goes to America by the Pacific.

In Lahore Mrs. Lucas met us and insisted that we go home with her for a couple of hours instead of waiting at the station. It was so much nicer for both of us, and as she had her car there Bob could lie down in the back seat. Of course he had to lie down all the way. You may remember it was the daughter of Mrs. Lucas that committed suicide in Wooster just before we got there. We think Mrs. Lucas is a very remarkable character. We had breakfast with them and they brought us back to the station just in time for the train. We had a small compartment to ourselves there and got home on time and with Bob happy but tired. He was able to look out of the train window most of the time so enjoyed the trip.

Next week I hope to have my house in order and be able to write more. I have worked at cleaning out drawers and unpacking at nights as Bob needs me most of the day.

Rawalpindi, October 8, 1936. Letter to Evangeline and Paul. Emmet and I both want to express to you our deep appreciation of what you did for Jim in signing that bond. We did not know it was to be done and I suppose we were too far away to have done it ourselves when it was due. It was certainly splendid of you, Paul, to do it and we trust Jim will prove worthy of the confidence you have put in him. We, of course, would feel responsible for that thousand if there should ever be need, but Jim has always shown himself worthy of any trust we have put in him, and has always measured up a little higher with each new confidence we have placed in him. I do not say this in any way of boasting but it is a very great comfort to us when we are so far separated from him. We do sincerely thank you for this very generous act upon your part and for all the many other things you do for him.

We are glad mother is back with you and sincerely hope she will be happy to stay there where she is so beautifully cared for.

Bob is much the same. The doctors do not give us any hope that he will be out of bed for weeks. They say in America they are kept in bed from six months to a year. I shall just not mention the fact of his being in bed again, but you may be sure that when he is allowed up, we shall not let such a time of rejoicing and thanksgiving go unmentioned.

Rawalpindi, October 14, 1936. Jim has written of the good time he had while in Belmont and also of the grand visit he had with his friend in his home near Buffalo. I have just written to the boy's mother, thanking her for all they did for Jim. I think Jim must take after his father and his mother in his fondness for getting around and seeing places. I can well remember my longing for such experiences at his age, and if I had been a boy and had had a little more energy and determination, I should have seen much more. However, I have not suffered much along that line in my life! I can well understand his temperament, though I hardly favor hitchhiking. He worked hard for his money this summer and was not keen on spending it. We are so glad he had a good holiday before starting to college. We are eager now to hear all about his experiences. He has been so faithful about writing.

Emmet went to Sialkot, yesterday, to attend the Annual Meeting. He will be gone about two weeks. He took our cook as they wanted him as buyer and baker. I have a second man who does fairly well and is eager to learn.
We have finally gotten wooden blocks to raise Bob's bed so that he can look right out of the window and watch the traffic. It is easier to care for his needs, too. He is on a good spring bed and is very comfortable. Today we got an adjustable table made for him. We had an old one in Landour, which did not belong to us and which was not nearly as good as this one. Bob is quite pleased.

Joe and Dave are well and happy. Joe went to Scout Camp last week and Dave went to the Cub Camp as Mr. Taylor's assistant. Both report a grand time.

**Rawalpindi, October 21, 1936.** Emmet is still away at Annual Meeting. Bob has gained in weight and has a very good color. He eats heartily and certainly all these things ought to be to his decided advantage. He had a breaking out that proved to be shingles. We are doctoring them several times a day and they seem to be drying up nicely. They are nothing serious but they are annoying. He has been playing with his electric train and how he does enjoy it. We have it on a large table beside his bed. I'm always near if he needs help to adjust things on the far side of the table. I just finished reading him one of Cooper's books and he enjoyed it very much. We have been reading a number of things about the American Indians and both of us have learned a lot. He enjoys the stories in the American Boy. We have a lot of books to read to him this winter, and many that he can read to himself.

I hope you are able to help Evangeline these days she is not well. But please do not worry about her, or Bob, or anyone else. When you worry it is hard on Evangeline. Try to be cheerful. As a family we have not nearly as much trouble as many people. We have so many reasons to be thankful and happy.

Bob says to tell you that he thinks the cards lovely and has so enjoyed looking at them and reading them.

**Woodstock School, Mussoorie, October 21, 1936.** Letter from Joe to his parents.

Dear folks, We planned our pavilion for Sports Day. I got the idea so Art Thiessen and I made the plans and presented them to the class. They voted to go for it. So we are starting work on it. Art and I will direct the making. Here is a rough drawing of it. [There is then a drawing of an old shoe, 10 ft. long and six-and-a-half-feet tall. The pavilion is obviously from the Mother Goose rhyme, "there was an old woman who lived in a shoe."] It will be made out of bamboo and some other wood. It will have a covering of black cloth. There will be a window and the door. It will hold three persons, easily. We will carry it over to the flats on the morning of the 14th of November. Miss Frances will be the old mother. Others will dress up. I am the cheerleader of the boys.

I will get my first A+ in my report card this six weeks. It is in French. I think I'm doing just as well in the other subjects as before.

Love Joe, P.S. I hope Bob is better and the rest of you. I got your letter yesterday. I am the best in so many things in my class. I don't know what to go in for.

**Rawalpindi, October 29, 1936.** Our first letter from Yale came this week. He [Jim] seemed to be pleased with everything. He's had such a good trip in Washington and learned and saw so much. His whole holiday was such a nice one that he ought to be ready for hard work again.

Emmet came home Monday night and we sure were glad to see him. Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart were here for that night, having come up in the car with Emmet.

I have had a cold all week and decided to stay in bed today and try to break it. You know it always goes down to my bronchial tubes and is annoying for several days. The doctor has given me something that has stopped the wheezing. I asked her by note this morning if she could give me
Bob is taken out on our nice big front veranda every morning, he enjoys that for a change. He is resourceful and is always thinking of things to do when he is able to do them. He always has more pep than he really should use.

**Rawalpindi, November 4, 1936.** Dr. Tyler, who operated on Bob and who has been attending him this fall, left yesterday for America. She expects to land in New York December 29th. She now hopes to go on up to Boston for a few days and I gave her your address and told her to call up Evangeline and find out how to get out there. If her present plans carry, they may get to get out there. If she calls up, you will know who it is. You will like her very much and she sure is a splendid doctor and surgeon. She expects to practice either in Berkeley or Oakland.

We just got word over the radio of Roosevelt's victory. I do not think I would've voted for him had I been there as I cannot follow him in all his moves. Now we shall see what he does. The seamens' strike sounds bad.

Monday night I went to Lahore to attend another meeting of the BELRA. I got a very unexpected grant of Rs. 450/- to install an electric pump that had been lying in its box for six months, as we did not have funds to install it. The government have just granted Rs. 4,000 towards the home for untainted children. That, with the Rs. 3000 from the BELRA, assures the building of the home this winter.

Bob seems to be gaining in weight all the time and he looks so very much better. His temperature, too, is better on the whole.

**Rawalpindi, November 12, 1936.** Presbytery has been meeting here this weekend. John Stewart and his wife and Harris Stewart have been here for several days. It is a little harder on Bob to have others around but he has been cheerful and tried not to be excited.

Miss Moore came back yesterday. She is not at all well but gets around and does quite a lot in spite of her health. The Chamberses were to sail the last of this month, but their daughter had an appendix operation and is not getting along too well, so they are trying to postpone their sailings for a couple of weeks.

Joe and Dave seem well and are now counting the days until they come home. Next year will not be too easy for them, as Bob is not allowed to go that high and so he and I shall have to go to Kashmir for the summer. That means that Dave and Joe will be in boarding all year. Emmet will come to Kashmir for his holidays. If Dave and Joe keep well we shall not go up to see them at all. I object to all these family separations but what is one to do? Bob is quite cheerful and is always anxious for every word in your letters. We hope Evangeline is better and is able to get the treatment she needs.

**Rawalpindi, November 18, 1936.** Bob had a sudden rise of temperature and pulse Monday and the doctor insisted that we take him to the hospital at once. He was back down to his usual temperature by Tuesday evening but the doctor wants to keep him in for a few more days. It is evidently not his rheumatic fever stirring up trouble, and we think it may have been malaria. Whatever it was, we do not want it repeated, for it is not good for him to have high fever with that heart condition. He is very happy over there. The nurses are all surprised at how much he has grown since we left there in the spring. He is getting much broader in the chest and hips and as his face fills out he looks more than ever like Jim. He certainly looks much better than he did.

Today I entertained the ladies' club. There were just 15 of us but we had a good time. They certainly were a noisy bunch as they all like to talk at once. I could understand them much better if they were to talk one at a time. My cook made unusually good cakes and I was proud of him.
tea some played badminton and others played games in the house.

I am going to get out our stoves tomorrow and get them cleaned, ready to put up. That means that winter is with us but it is a winter like in California and not like in the East. Emmet has been much better since coming to the plains; the rain in the hills was so very excessive this year. That is always hard on a person with rheumatism.

We have good word from the boys. Dave and Joe each came out first in his class on Sports Day and that gives him a silver "W" pin. Of course they are pleased. Dave is art editor of the school monthly for next year. They will be down two weeks from Friday and seem very eager to get here.

Rawalpindi, November 25, 1936. I am enclosing a little doily that Bob made for you. He wove the little squares on a little thing Louise Scott gave him and he sewed them together himself. Hence the stitches are not according to your style but he had a lot of pleasure out of making it.

Rawalpindi, December 2, 1936. Thanks for the Burgess stories and the post card of the Empire State building. I am reading David Copperfield to Bob now. He certainly does love this story and enters into it so fully. He devours the Books of Knowledge these days.

Rawalpindi, December 8, 1936. The boys arrived tired, dirty, and hungry Friday evening at five. They both looked thin but are picking up quickly. Joe has slept most of the time since coming down. Dave hasn't been so sleepy and has found plenty to occupy his time. He has been doing quite a bit of work in linoleum block prints for the school paper and is making some Christmas cards now. He brought down a lot of materials to work with this winter.

Saturday, Emmet had to go to Jhelum, but Dave and Joe went with me to a very lovely Indian tea in honor of a bride and groom who were married in Lahore. The groom is the son of Prof. Ponsonby who was in Gordon College for many years and is now retired. The bride is the daughter of a judge who used to be in Jhelum district when we were there. Dave and Joe are old enough to enter into such social events and thoroughly enjoy them.

Christmas is almost here and all I have done is make some fruit cakes for it. In reality I didn't do that, for the cook did the work. I suppose that at the last minute I shall try to rush around madly and do little or nothing. Perhaps you wonder why I get so little accomplished when I have help in the kitchen and dining room, but Bob takes most of the time each day. I don't do as much for him as I would like; but still, most of my time is spent with him. This past week he has been having severe rheumatic pains in his back that have affected the nerves of his stomach, so that he has been quite uncomfortable. We have kept him well dosed with aspirin, and are giving him something to help him sleep at night, so that he has been able to come through without too much suffering. Fortunately it does not seem to have affected his heart, though he has tossed around far too much in his restlessness and suffering. He seems to be over the worst of it.

Am sending you two editorials about the king. It all appeared in the papers here this week for the first. Thought Mrs. Graham would be interested, too.

Rawalpindi, December 16, 1936. Bob is better again, though he had a very uncomfortable round of it for ten days. He still doesn't have his appetite back, but on the whole seems to be on the mend again. He is cheerful and free from suffering.

I do hope the specialist is able to find the cause of Evangeline's hives. She and I are related on that score. The quickest remedy for mild attacks of asthma I have found is ten or fifteen grains of aspirin.

This week Bob got a copy of the Oakland Tribune from Miss West. It was the special number.
about the Bay Bridge. You can imagine the celebration they had when it was opened in November. I'd like to drive across, wouldn't you?

Joe and Dave are taking life easy. Joe has seen so tired but is getting over that. Dave has had a bad knee; so has to keep off it as much as possible. The bicycle is easier for him than walking. They're both taking lessons on the coronet. Dave does better than Joe, but both are trying, and I hope they can learn so that they can play in the band at school.

You may well imagine what the great excitement out here has been this past week. We expected news of the King [Edward VIII] every night and finally got Baldwin's speech to the Commons only a few minutes after it was given in London. He has shown himself a real statesman, but it must have been a great strain on him. Everyone knows that Edward's life has been a very dissipated one. I always sympathized with him as a young man in the regulated life he had to live, without any, or seemingly any, freedom of choice. I did think he would gain by experience, but not so. The crisis was only the climax of the previous years. It is a great tragedy that he just couldn't measure up. The British press are almost unanimous in their condemnation of his social activities, and a group of friends who sought their own pleasure rather than his good. All the English, with whom we have talked, have really felt very badly that he should have failed them so. They are all full of praise for Baldwin. They may well be proud to belong to a nation who insisted on certain moral standards from their king and refuse to retain him when he objected. He has been honest in it all and and we must give him credit for that. We pity him as we are certain he would not find happiness where he is seeking it. The British public opinion, which forced his abdication, ought to have a very salutary effect on the royal family. Certainly the Queen Mother never approved of his life; though his brothers are no saints I understand. If he had remained king the general opinion is that the court life would have brought irreparable shame to the crown. We often think of the Englishman's religion as only a formality, but the church has shown strength and vitality in this crisis.

I've done nothing for Christmas except look around a little. Dave wants a black pullover sweater to wear with white pants. As I can't find such an article, I think I'll buy the wool and make it. We shall try to get something good for each one from you.

Rawalpindi, December 23, 1936. My days are full with Bob and other duties around the house, and at night after dinner (dinner is usually at 7:30) we play games with Dave and Joe for quite awhile, as we want to have that time with them this winter, since we are not going to be with them this summer. Hence, letters are usually begun at ten o'clock at night and are not very inspired.

We need you here to stir up some Christmas spirit. We do not seem to be able to get much. Emmet has had very severe rheumatism for the past ten days and has had heavy chills in the day and a little rise in temperature every night. He has kept going most of the time when he should have been in bed; so today he went to bed and I have sent for the doctor, as it is getting on his nerves. Joe had fever one day this week but is all right again. Consequently we have not been able to think much of Christmas. However, I have been shopping and Dave has been making some things and we shall decorate tomorrow. I shall let you know in my next letter what we gave the boys from you. We bought ourselves a very pretty silver frame for Jim's picture, as that was the one thing we wanted.

Rawalpindi, December 30, 1936. I know you want to know about our Christmas. Bob's room looked very pretty. We had two small arbovita trees in large tins. One of them we decorated for Bob's room and the other for our living room. Gwenyth Porter gave us a strip of Dennison's Santa poster and that added color. Then we had mistletoe and holly brought down from the hills by our cook's uncle the day before. In addition we had a chain of paper Santas, and trees that our boys had made years before in Abbotabad. Bob was showered with gifts of all kinds. Seeing them all he said,
"Now I know you can have a nice Christmas even in bed." And everyone was so thoughtful. The most attractive parcel was from Miss Graham (who was with us for a day in Berkeley; you remember her) and Lois Buchanan. They sent about ten different interesting things - each wrapped beautifully in fancy paper with ribbons and cards just like you would do it. Christmas Eve the Cummingses and Stewarts came and serenaded us with Christmas carols. Christmas morning we got our gifts in his room. Dave and Joe went around to deliver a few gifts to Indian friends before church that morning. They went to the service and then to the dinner served to about 700 in the College Hall. They helped serve and thought it great fun. I forgot to say that it poured here all day and so the dinner had to be over at the college. Emmet was in bed most of the day, but sat up in Bob's room to eat dinner with him that night. The station dinner was at Cummingses. Mrs. Chambers stayed home with Elinor. Miss Moore wasn't able to go and Emmet was here, so we missed some of our regular members.

Now for your Christmas to us. To Joe we gave a bathrobe; i.e., I bought a beautiful blanket and shall have it made up this next week. I made one for Dave last year and it was most satisfactory. For Dave I bought the wool for a sweater and have started making it this week. To Bob I gave money, as there are certain things he wants that he is not allowed to have now, and he thought he'd like money to buy them when he can have them. I told you before that we bought a very pretty silver frame for Jim's picture from your money for ourselves. Now, don't you think that a grand Christmas for us? We do thank-you many, many times for all of it.
Rawalpindi, January 7, 1937. Dave and Joe are busy making things and playing tennis every morning with the Stewart girls. In the afternoon they go for their lessons on the coronet, and later over to the college to play games with the college boys. Dave is making a rug and Joe a pup tent.

Bob keeps happy most of the time and has not had any reverses for some time. Dave gave him his erector set and he has had great fun with that.

Rawalpindi, January 13, 1937. We have just had a great tragedy in our midst and have not recovered from the thing yet, nor shall we for some time, though we were not the ones to suffer most by any means. Since Dr. Martin left Taxila we have had a young English doctor [Dr. Flower] on loan to us by the CMS (Church Missionary Society). He worked under Dr. Findley until Dr. Findley's death. He is a young man who has been married two or three years. His wife has been very depressed for weeks or months and he has been much concerned, though none of us knew it. They were very secretive and aloof and so we never got to know them as we should have liked. That was probably one reason that she broke. Last Thursday afternoon she hanged herself in the empty house at Taxila. He missed her for only a few minutes, but too late to restore her. He was beside himself, of course, but insisted at that time that the Indians should not be told. (They were told the next morning.) Miss Warlock and Miss Porter would not agree to his driving into Pindi alone to report to officials. Taxila is about twenty miles from here. As Dr. Flower did not want an Indian to go with him, Miss Warlock came in with him and Miss Porter stayed alone in the empty house with that dead body for three hours. It was criminal, to say the least, and yet one cannot blame him in that condition. Miss Porter is not too strong to begin with and we all feel for her, though she has been very splendid. The CMS Secretary in Lahore wired, immediately that he heard of it, to Kashmir, transferring a doctor from there to Taxila and he arrived Saturday afternoon. That was quick action and very splendid of them. Dr. Flower has been given a special furlough to go to England at once. Now, four [persons] who were in Taxila a year ago are dead. Certainly we need a doctor from America to take over the whole responsibility. This young CMS doctor will do well, but we must have one who plans to be with us for years and will build up the institution.

The evening after Mrs. Flower died, Dr. Taylor of the Scotch mission drove in to the Taxila hospital grounds. His coming was providential and he stayed until Monday. After the funeral Friday noon here in Pindi, Miss Warlock, Miss Porter, and Dr. Taylor had lunch with us. As he has had much experience in India (over 40 years) we consulted him about Bob. All the doctors we have had have been fairly new to India, and we have been wanting to consult someone with long experience, especially about the summer holidays. Dr. Taylor agrees with all the other doctors about Bob's condition and says, like them, that it will be a long, slow recovery. He thinks Kashmir will be the place for him this summer. He says what the others have already said, that he should not go to the altitude of Landour for many years, if ever. That probably means that I shall have to take him back to the USA when he is ready to go to school. We do not have to plan for that at once, since Bob has a long convalescence ahead of him.

Last Friday and Saturday were the Rawalpindi District Olympics. Dave and Joe entered the juniors and each won a first prize, receiving a very pretty silver loving cup. Wasn't that fine? They were quite delighted.

We are having a farewell dinner for the Chamberses Friday night. Dave has made the cutest little tugboats for place cards. These are all to be connected with tinsel ribbons to a big boat in the center.
Papers and radio reports give information of the big strike in the USA. The labor situation seems to be bad indeed.

Prices in the bazaar have gone up rapidly this past week. The reason given is that Germany is starting a war in Europe! Things didn’t, and don’t, look good it is true, but you can see that profiteering goes on even in the bazaars of India.

**Rawalpindi, January 20, 1937.** The John Stewarts have moved to Taxila to camp for a time. They drove in yesterday for some necessary things and invited Dave and Joe to go out there for two days. The boys rode out on their bicycles in the evening and are coming back tomorrow evening. They want to take a trip to Lahore and Lyallpur on their bicycles.

We are in the midst of epoch-making elections here. The new constitution is to go into effect in April, and they are now voting for legislators and other officers. They began voting on the 19th of January, and will finish on the second of February. The results will not be published until the 20th of February. What do you think of that for speed? If the constitution goes into effect peaceably, it will be a big victory for British policy in India.

The doctor thinks Bob shows signs of improving. He is quite cheerful most of the time and we hope he will continue so, as that makes it easier for all concerned.

Friday night Dave made the placecards in the form of little tug boats. They took a lot of work, as they were made to a pattern he made himself, and each one had five separate parts. They were made of different colored paper, and each tug was fastened to a large Chinese junk that Dave bought in Hong Kong. They were fastened by long tinsel ribbons at the far end of which was attached a piece of paper asking a question about an ocean voyage. Each person pulled in his tug in order to answer the question. We also had on the table a number of paper boats that Bob had made from a book of patterns that he received for Christmas. We had two tall candles by the big junk and smaller candles down the length of the table. We put Gordons' table and our own together and seated 18 people. We had invited the Taxila people and the teacher here in Pindi. We had a delicious dinner. On such occasions we share expenses.

**Rawalpindi, January 24, 1937.** Our week has been a busy one and yet little seems to have been accomplished. The boys had a very good time out in Taxila with the Stewarts. It is now proposed to make Taxila their headquarters until next fall. If no doctors are sent out, the hospital is to be closed.

Dave and Joe are planning to take a bicycle trip down Lahore way. They will probably leave this Thursday.

Friday, Miss McConnell from Abbotabad was here for the day. She has been away for a little holiday, as her school continues throughout the summer months and she does not get a vacation then.

We are just listening to the news in Urdu from Delhi and hearing a report of the terrible floods in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. It does seem that science should soon be able to regulate floods a little better.

The boys are still taking lessons on the coronet. They are doing much better than they did.

Bob is as cheerful as ever. The doctor thinks his heart is a little better. I do hope it continues so. He still runs a temperature every day. He has a keen active mind and is seldom idle a minute.

Emmett's rheumatism has been much worse this winter. He is simply not able to go out for district work and the doctors say he must not go. He has always gone ahead in spite of pain, but this year he has suffered too much and simply cannot take it.

I am sending you a clipping about the elections. It has been a great event.
Rawalpindi, February 2, 1937. Letter to Evangeline. How we have appreciated mother's and Jim's letters this week telling all about the wonderful Christmas you all had. We do thank you from the bottom of our hearts for all you did for Jim. He had just the very kind of holiday that we felt he needed...I am so glad Jim went with Mother several places. It is so like her to be ready to go anyplace. She can tire me out very quickly on the shopping and sightseeing. There are many places around Boston that Jim has not seen and some that he has seen bear seeing again, especially since he is older. His letters sound more mature.

We manage to go along in much the same routine from week to week. This last week we had a little variation. Dave and Joe started on a bicycle trip. Thursday afternoon they went to Jhelum - about 70 mi. from here. It is all up and down and some of that very steep. It started to rain when they were about halfway and they took a bus for the last ten miles. They arrived at Miss Hartig's at eight o'clock soaking wet. She had a good fire and after dinner they went to bed and hung their clothes by the fire to dry. In the morning the sun was bright and clear and they went to Gujranwala for lunch and on to Sheikapura for that night. Joe stayed there with a Mohammedan classmate whose father is Deputy Commissioner there. After spending the night there with them, Dave went on the next morning to Lyallpur - 80 mi. away - to visit the Clements boys. He got in that afternoon about 3:30. Today a wire from Joe says that he and the Mohammedan boy were to arrive here on the morning train. We thought that boy would hardly attempt cycling up here. Joe said that if they came by train they would either come third class, or the other fellow would pay his way! We expect Dave and the Clements boys up by Thursday and then the five boys are going to the Khyber Pass. We're very pleased with the way both Dave and Joe have developed this past year.

Emmet has been quite miserable this year. He has been in bed only those few days at Christmas time, but his rheumatism is in all his joints and at times he gets around with great difficulty. We hope he will be better when the warm weather comes. I do not write much about it to Jim, for I do not want him to be over concerned. He works hard enough as it is. Emmet is certainly not able for district work. He never complains but you can tell from the expression on his face that he is suffering much of the time. By taking 60 grains of aspirin a day he keeps up and around. Bob is still in bed and still runs a temperature. He is cheerful and his mind is busy every minute. No one can tell how long he will have to stay in bed, but if he finally gets well we should be most thankful.

Rawalpindi, February 9, 1937. The package of beautiful colored papers came yesterday. They are lovely and we shall keep them for special occasions. The Christmas cards have all been put away for next year and the valentines are going to be used in a few days. The boys are delighted with the comics. Bob was quite thrilled to see a book of comics like he had seen in America!

Dr. Gordon has written asking us to dispose of all his things. Mrs. Cummings and I were going over the books the other day. Among them we found the sample and order book for his father's book, "Our India Mission." In the list of orders we found father's signature. I remembered you had said that you bought it from a Dr. Gordon who was then a student. I knew you would be interested in this.

Yes, we think Jim's letters showed that he is maturing more and more. When he was a younger lad - 10 or 11- he took a lot of interest in everything in the home and was quite appreciative of handmade things. I remember how very much impressed he was with the first quilt the College Springs people sent - with the hundreds and hundreds of stitches they had put in it! During the restless years of change he didn't seem to notice these things, but now again he is.

Dave's sweater is finished and I have started one for Joe.

Did I tell you that Dave gave Bob his erector set? Bob is getting so much pleasure out of it.
Rawalpindi, February 17, 1937. Emmet received word this week that his thesis has been signed by all the members of his committee and that his name was being presented for a degree to be given in May. I am so glad for him, as it was not an easy thing for him to do. He has now been appointed bursar of Gordon College, in addition to having nominal charge of the districts and having their books. As he was physically not able to go to camp and had been advised by doctors not to go, he asked the mission, giving medical certificates from two doctors, to relieve him of touring, and give him more desk work, if that were possible. Dr. Chambers, who has just gone to America, was bursar of the college. This is much better for Emmet in every way.

The doctor, in talking today about Bob, said she thought he would not be up before September. It would be longer than that if he should have another heart attack. However he has been getting along very well this winter and we are hopeful that he will have no reverses. Our plans for the next year are very uncertain.

A number of the Indian Christians here have formed a Badminton Club and play here on our courts. They play almost every day and plan to serve tea once a week. It may not last long, but I should like to see it continue. It was started by Indians themselves.

Rawalpindi, February 24, 1937. We have so enjoyed Janet's letters. She must have had sore muscles after that first bicycle ride, though she says little about it. She saw some of the unfrequented places and therefore some of the most interesting. I still think the very best part of the trip was seeing Paul's cousin and visiting them. To get into a home is a real privilege. And how she pleased them!

Last week Emmet and the boys went to Abbotabad for two days. The boys enjoyed seeing all their old friends.

Saturday, shortly after they returned, two boys rode in on bicycles from Lahore. Perhaps you remember the Wilson girl and the Ahrens girls and their brother at Wooster. One of these boys is a Wilson and the other is an Ahrens. They came to visit Dave and are having a grand time in spite of rain. Monday was a Mohammedan holiday and all the missionaries here were invited out to Taxila to celebrate Miss Gordon's birthday. She is leaving for the USA in two weeks, and is retiring; so we wanted to have something special for her. Dave and Joe and their guests went on their bicycles. As the Cummingses did not go, there were just eight others; so all went in our car. Miss Trimble stayed with Bob, and let me go. Wasn't that nice of her? We had a grand time.

Last night we had the Stewart girls and Miss Cathcart and Miss Trimble over for dinner. Tonight the four boys are invited to the Stewarts'.

The boys go back to school in three weeks. The holiday is a little too long in this country where there is no work for boys. Joe's tent is finished and is very well done. He is waterproofing it now. Dave has not finished his rug yet and I am not sure he will be able to do so before going. It is a lot of work. He always likes to have some handwork of some kind. Bob is busy most of the time with something. He makes a lot of things with his hands. He is very cheerful these days. We should be glad when spring comes and he can be out on the veranda again.

Rawalpindi, March 3, 1937. Tell Janet there are two brothers here from Trenton, New Jersey, who were traveling around the world as cheaply as possible. One is a graduate of Lehigh and the other of the University of Pennsylvania. They bicycled through Europe this summer and twice came upon a group of California boys, I suppose these are the same she met up with who were stopping at hospices and living cheap. These two brothers got stuck in Afghanistan longer than they had planned, and had little to eat part of that time. They find India harder to rough it in than Europe!

You will surely be surprised and amused when you hear that the doctor said today that Bob should cut down on his diet. He's too fat! That does seem hard to believe, doesn't it? I think I told you
last week that he doesn't expect him up before the end of August, if then. This picture of Bob was taken on one of our rope beds that we put outside of his room. Dave's camera does not have a lens fast enough to take a picture in the room.

The badminton club seems to be doing very well. Dave and Joe play with them almost every day.

I don't get out to the Leper Asylum as often as I should. I plan, definitely, to give it up next autumn, as our plans after that are very uncertain, and I simply can't give the time that I should to it.

Miss Anderson came in from Chakwal, Monday. She plans to go to the USA next month. She keeps wonderfully active and her mind is very keen even though she is 80. She will be here with Miss Moore most of the time until she sails.

Rawalpindi, March 10, 1937. Jim's letter this week says he received the additional scholarship. That would be a great encouragement to him. He did very well indeed and seems happy in his work. We do not want him to overdo.

Dave and Joe will be leaving in a week, and there are many little things that I must do for them before that. Dave is getting a new dark blue suit. He ought to look well in that. He must get another pair of shoes made. Joe got a pair made this week and they looked very nice and seem to fit him well.

Rawalpindi, March 17, 1937. The boys left yesterday at noon. Mrs. Cummings went with them. There were 10 in all and they had a compartment to themselves. They had quite a lunch with them. Dave insisted on pumpkin pie. We made two big ones and I hope Dave kept the lunch basket right side up until the pies were eaten. Another thing they insisted on was a salt hump. That is something you can't have in America. It is the hump of the cow pickled, and then boiled for hours. It is the best substitute for ham that I know of. The hump is fat and very tender. The American Indians considered the hump of the bison, and the tongue, the choice pieces. They also had fried chicken, potato chips, bread and butter, jam, nuts, raisins, candy, cookies and fruit. They would have four meals on the train, counting tea yesterday afternoon.

We are very pleased with the development of the boys this past year. Did I tell you how very well they get along together? They do everything together and never scrap. Joe is as talkative as ever and is always joking with someone. Consequently he is very popular. He is a real leader and has ambitions for himself. Dave is much more quiet and so is not the mixer that Joe is. He is always liked by those who know him, but he cannot be as popular as Joe. Dave finished his rug and it is very pretty.

I am trying to get the house cleaning done. This is a lovely time of year. The flowers are profuse and the air is delightful.

I am knitting a sleeveless sweater for Bob now. I shall begin Emmet's sweater before many weeks. I shall not be in a hurry about finishing that as the hot weather is coming, but I wanted it finished by the time he comes to Kashmir. I knit fairly fast, but I do not like to sit down and knit, unless I have someone to talk to. I'll always keep my knitting where I can pick it up when someone comes to see Bob.

Rawalpindi, March 22, 1937. I had a letter today from Dr. Smythe in Kashmir. She does not want us to go to Nasim Bagh to camp as she considers it too damp, but she has suggested a cottage, with a small garden and lawn, that is only a five-minute walk from her house. You may remember that she is the doctor that ushered Bob into the world.

Bob has a little spinning wheel and enjoys making thread, though none of it is very substantial. He is playing with the train so much these days, and seems to think it never went so well. He never
tires of showing it to friends and they do not seem to tire of looking at it. There were four Indian children in to see him Saturday, and they were delighted with it. He does look so much better, and is so happy all the time.

Bob got such an interesting book from the Hammond household for an Easter present! It is about 144 famous places in the world. Bob's general knowledge is far above his age and he knows about so many of these places. He is just as eager to find out all about the others.

Rawalpindi, March 31, 1937. Emmet went to Jhelum Friday, and on to Sialkot for Synod on Monday. He drove down, as he wanted to be able to get across to Sialkot as soon as possible. You no doubt remember hearing him talk about Dr. Hart, the professor in California State who was so good to Emmet. Well, he is going to Australia for an exchange professorship for a year. He has written that he would be arriving in Bombay about the 18th of this month and would be coming as far as Delhi, and would have only about 10 days in India before sailing from Calcutta. We had thought that we would get some word from him last week, but as no word came we decided that he had just not been able to accept our invitation to come up here. Yesterday noon a wire came, saying that he was arriving today at 3:00, and would like to see some of Kashmir country. I immediately wired Emmet and asked what he was doing. Emmet had the Bible hours at Synod, and I knew it to be difficult to get away.

I decided that I had better be ready to receive the gentleman, though I had never met him. I did not fancy sitting down to dinner alone with him and thought he would like it better if we would have some friends in; so I arranged a dinner for eight. My cook had taken his wife home Monday, and as he would not be back, Miss Cathcart let me have her cook and she was one of the guests. As no answer came from Emmet by noon, today, I sent him a wire with answer prepaid. At 2:00, the wire came saying that he was meeting Hart at Wazirabad, and that they would go into Kashmir tomorrow by way of Jammu. They would then come back out of Kashmir this route and probably get here Saturday night. As dinner was well on the way, we decided to go ahead and have the dinner and a good time even though Dr. Hart was not here. While we were eating dinner, the reply to my second wire came reading, "Hart and wife here. Going to Kashmir Thursday noon." I knew that the Harts had no children, and thought she would surely be with him, but in all his correspondence with Emmet he had never mentioned her. She is a famous political speaker in the Bay region, I remember. Her name often appeared in the papers. I sure would have been surprised had I gone to the train to meet him and found her there, too. I had a small room fixed up nicely for him, but there was no room for her. I shall make other arrangements before they arrive. I can imagine how surprised Emmet was when he found her on the train. No doubt they had planned for Hart to room in with some of the men at the Synod and had to rearrange plans. It has all been rather funny. I do hope all goes well on the trip into Kashmir, for Emmet has been so anxious to do something for Dr. Hart.

Rawalpindi, April 7, 1937. You will be greatly surprised to know that I have been to Kashmir since last I wrote to you. I shall have to go back in my story to where I left it off last week, later. Emmet met Dr. and Mrs. Hart at Wazirabad and took them over to Sialkot with the intention of taking them to Kashmir by the Jammu route and bring them out by way of Pindi. At Sialkot they stayed at the hospital. It's really very fine that they got in that part of the trip, as there they met most of the men missionaries, and many of our finest Indian Christians. Then that night they attended a big dinner of the Medical Association of Sialkot and met many men and women who could converse with them in English. The next morning, however, they learned that the road was closed; so, they came on up here. They had wired but the telegram was so worded that I thought they were coming the next day. You can imagine my surprise when they drove in after we had had tea. They were very easy to
entertain; so I did not mind, and I soon had tea for them. I think I wrote last week that my cook was not here; so, I wrote over for Mrs. Cummings' cook, and invited her and Miss Cathcart to dinner. We had a real good dinner and everything went well. Mrs. Cummings helped get up a lunch for the trip and insisted that I go along to Kashmir. As Emmet and the Harts also insisted, I finally agreed, and Mrs. Cummings came over and stayed with Bob. Wasn't that lovely of her?

We were off the next morning at 6:30. We went by way of Abbottabad, and they were delighted with the glorious views all along the way. They were so thrilled with everything. They were like Mary and Will, in that they were not too sophisticated to exclaim over the thrills they were getting. It was a clear day and the snow views were magnificent. We got to Srinagar at about six and got a nice houseboat. It was so much fun being with them, and seeing them enjoy this experience, for it really is lots of fun in a houseboat. The next day it rained part of the time, but we were able to get out in the rain and made the most of our time, seeing almost everything in the valley worth seeing, and having a boat ride down the river. We came out on Sabbath, and though it was cloudy and we had rain part of the time, still it was a grand trip. One of the things that impressed the Harts so much was the way the farmers cultivate every little available land all up and down the mountainsides. It is such a definite indication of poverty of the land. They think this part of India so much superior to farther south. There were several slides along the road coming out, but we were not delayed long. You can imagine how delighted Bob was to see us, though they all report that he was very, very good all the time and he himself said he tried to be. I've brought him a miniature houseboat, cook boat, and shikara. He was thrilled and has had so much fun with them.

The Harts left Monday noon for Benaras and Calcutta, where they sail in two days. It was stimulating to have them here. Now we hope some other friends from America come next year. The Harts were very surprised to see what excellent work the missions are doing. I think I told you last week that they have never before been interested in mission work.

Rawalpindi, April 14, 1937. Bob is having such fun with the train these days. Today he showed it to a number of people who came to the Indian club. Miss Cathcart invited him to tea today. The way she does it is to bring everything over for their party and she has it in his room with him alone. She did it once before and brought so much more variety than he ever has and it seems like a tea party to him. His parents are not included, and so he gets a change from us. I think it's a lovely idea.

Rawalpindi, April 21, 1937. An airmail letter from Margaret this week tells of the death of Miss Brown. Margaret will be lost. She had a stroke, and then an emergency appendectomy. We had heard that from Mother Alter last week. I wonder what Margaret will do for her vacation this year. Everything has been shared with Miss Brown, and she will be bewildered for some time no doubt. I must write to her.

I have definite word that we are to have the house in Kashmir. I still do not know how to address mail to it; so will have to wait a week or so before telling you the summer address. We plan to leave here on the 13th of May and spend the first night at Abbottabad. Bob is getting very eager to go, and I am not surprised that he wants a change in scenery. He continues to be very happy and to keep busy most of the time.

There seems to be very little news out here. The fighting on the border continues and there is a big probability of the campaign lasting through the summer. The Punjab has suffered from several severe storms this spring, with heavy losses to crops.

We have just had word from the Board that a doctor is coming for Taxila this autumn. We are all rejoicing over that. A letter from Dr. Chambers says that Eleanor is much better though not entirely well.
Rawalpindi, April 29, 1937. I just asked Bob what message he had for you. He said to tell you that he is getting fat and is stronger than he was. He also said that he wants to see you and hopes you will be with us in America. He also sends a request for some cutout books from Woolworth's, or some such store. He wonders if you can get such cutout books of airplanes, motors, trains, ships, and such like. He would like a couple for his birthday. He does like to cut out and make things. He has made a motor and an airplane on his own design out of some of the heavy paper you sent. I got him two books in Lahore, but he would like some American designs as the books are all English.

Monday night I went to Lahore and came back Tuesday night. I went for the leprosy meeting, which only took two hours. The rest of the time I spent with Mrs. Nizam-ud-Din. You remember, she is the friend who moved to Lahore. They met me at the station in the morning and gave the day to me.

Our mali (gardener) got a telegram from his wife Monday, saying their second daughter would be married on the second of May, and urging him to come at once. They are from down country beyond Lucknow. I can't see how it pays for them to come clear up here, hundreds of miles, to get a salary of Rs. 18/- per month (about $7 according to present exchange). I called the mali and asked the age of the daughter. "Five," he replied. I'm sure she couldn't be more than that, for she was a wee thing when here a year ago. I reminded him that there is a law against marrying a girl under 14, but he said they all (his particular caste) do it and that the law never gets them. We told him that he was probably going into a heavy debt and couldn't afford the marriage and that we couldn't approve of it. If he went, we said he could stay down there. It really seemed like just the opportunity we had been waiting for, to dispense with the services of a very poor mali, whom we were loath to dismiss because he had a wife and children. The money, Rs.18/-, was evidently too central to his and his family's existence, for he has decided not to go. Of course the girl will be married.

We had a nasty case at the Leper Asylum. A leper had a niece [outside the asylum] who was left an orphan. She was just seven and he decided to sell her to a man and get some money. Dr. McAuley heard of it and said it couldn't be done. The leper left the Asylum to carry out his purposes, and witnesses told how the child cried and screamed with fear as the purchaser took her away. Now the leper, receiving Rs.150/-, wants to return to the asylum.

My address from the middle of May will be:
Bakkal House
Rainawari, Srinagar, Kashmir, India

Rawalpindi, May 2, 1937. There is much talk here of the coronation and many climbing souls are eagerly awaiting the Coronation Honors List. All children in the schools are supposed to get a treat of candies, and in most of the large cities big dinners are being served to the poor. All these treats, or most of them, are being given by wealthy men trying to win favor from the government. One Mohammedan here is giving a dinner to the lepers and wants me to write to the Deputy Commissioner and ask him to come out to the asylum at that time. As the Deputy Commissioner has agreed to visit all the schools that are giving treats to the children, I can ask him to come to the asylum in the same capacity. This Mohammedan is seeking something for himself, but at the same time the poor lepers will not object to a good dinner. The poor of India are terribly oppressed by the bribery so prevalent among their petty officials. It will get worse and worse as the Indians get more and more power. The Englishman may have his faults, but he is not bought. I've been trying, since last November, to get permission from the municipal committee to build the home for the healthy children at the asylum. If I had padded their purses well, I doubtless would have had permission long before this.

Tomorrow Mr. Miller, the secretary of the Mission to Lepers in India, and his wife are coming
here. They will leave for Kashmir on Thursday. We are all ready for them and, since they have worked with lepers for many years, we are hoping they will be able to give us many helpful suggestions for the work here.

Bob is happy and busy. I just finished reading "Kim" to him and he did so like it. He thinks Kipling a marvelous storyteller.

**Rawalpindi, May 12, 1937.** This is the big day in the British Empire and we are celebrating here. There have been elaborate preparations and the love of pageantry is as strong in the Orient as it is in England. In all large cities an effort is made to make everyone so happy that he will not forget this day in all his life. In many places thousands of poor are being fed and the school children given candy. Here in Pindi the Deputy Commissioner sent around word that he would visit all the schools where candy would be distributed. He had a busy morning from nine until twelve. We had a grand celebration at the leper asylum. I think I told you last week that a wealthy Mohammedan of the city was sending a pilao dinner to them. Incidentally, he is wanting something from the Deputy Commissioner, but our lepers might as well profit thereby. He had a tremendous big dinner prepared - seven huge cooking vessels like they use for wedding feasts out here. The Hindus would not eat from the Mohammedan except sweets and fruit, so he gave each Hindu a big bag of ladoos (a native sweet) in place of the dinner. Out of 145 lepers, only twelve are Hindu. The asylum was well decorated with flags and a gate of welcome. Police were stationed all along the road and a band played while the Deputy Commissioner, followed by nine other cars filled with officials of every department, drove in. The D.C. was able to stay only a very few minutes, but his being there for only one minute would mean a lot to the people. He just came here a month ago, so we were glad for this opportunity of meeting him. After he left I gave out the bed sheets, one for each patient. These also were gifts from the same man. At one end he had stamped on, in both English and Urdu, "Long live the King", and then had his own name. After the sheets were given the food was distributed. All the pilao (a rice dish with meat) was put out on sheets on two beds and a man dished it out with a plate and gave to each man as he brought his dish forward. Then each one went to his own house to eat. A few lepers from the city were fed, too. They will not soon forget the day. At our high school and college they had big celebrations, too. The city and cantonment are lit up beautifully tonight. We took Bob out to see the decorations and lights at dusk. They are to have fireworks at ten tonight.

This afternoon friends were in to hear the coronation program on the radio. They brought their tea. Tonight six of us had dinner together and the others now are listening to the broadcasting of the electrical recording. I shall go on in, too, when this is finished. We should hear the King's message at 12:30 tonight.

**Bakkal House, Rainawari, Srinagar, Kashmir, May 17, 1937.** You see we have arrived. We left Thursday morning and spent the rest of that day in Abbottabad. We saw a number of old friends. The next day we came through and arrived here about 4:00. Bob sat in the backseat propped up with pillows and with his feet over the dickey seat in front of him. He stood the trip very well and so enjoyed all the beautiful scenery.

Our house is very comfortable, and Bob says it already seems like home. Emmet is going down Wednesday. He is waiting to celebrate my birthday with me. Bob has ordered a cake, and we shall try to make it a real gala day. We shall have tea out in the garden as we did today. We are ordering a long wicker chair, like a steamer chair, for Bob, so that it will be easier for the servants to move him about. He is so very heavy now in comparison to what he was a year ago.

Dr. Smythe was here this afternoon and is going to watch Bob closely to see how much exercise
he can stand. The murmurs seems to have almost disappeared, but the dilation is still very large. She thinks Bob is very nervous and jerky, but you know he has always been that way. She says that goes with the disease. I am to try teaching him arithmetic, spelling, and writing every day and see if it is a strain on him. I shall start out with very little.

Rainawari, Kashmir. May 24, 1937. He [Emmet] went back on Wednesday, leaving here at seven and arriving in Pindi a little before five in the evening. It is only 200 miles, but one cannot make speed on a road with so many curves.

Dr Smythe has lent us a stretcher on wheels, and we take Bob about for a ride every evening. It gets him out, and gives him new things to think about and, at the same time, gets me out for a walk, too. We are exploring all the roads around. We get magnificent views of the snows only a block from here. All of the the children of the street rush out to follow Bob. They are just friendly, but Bob has found that the more he smiles at them, the more their numbers increase. Hence he tries to ignore them. This afternoon we walked down a new street to the canal and found it much farther than we had expected. By the time we reached the water about 25 children were accompanying us! I was surprised that Bob wasn't more disturbed than he was by the mob. I have a Kashmiri servant - a sweeper - who pushes the cart. This man was my sweeper years ago in Naseem Bagh when he was but a boy. He is proving a very helpful servant.

Saturday we went out to Naseem Bagh for tea with Miss Lindquist, one of our nurses from Sialkot. We took Bob to the canal on his cart and there the cook lifted him on to the little boat. We were most comfortable in that and Bob was thrilled! The scenery along the canal is beautiful, and we both enjoyed it very much. It took us an hour to go. Miss Lindquist is living in a houseboat; so Bob got to see inside of a houseboat. So far he doesn't seem to have suffered any ill effects of the ride. We came back in the late evening when the shadows were long.

Jean Stewart came in with us and has been having a fine time. She has gone on several trips with young friends.

Today we got strawberries for jam. We have cleaned them and put sugar on them for the night. We shall cook them in the morning. We are making this jam chiefly to take down with us to Pindi. I brought in some empty jars and glasses.

Rainawari, Kashmir, May 30, 1937. I am sitting out in the garden. Bob is drawing a picture of our house. In our big garden we have several terraces and two knolls that give a lovely view of the house. Bob has been carried in his reclining chair to one of these. Though we are in the midst of the village, yet we are in the country as far as our own house and garden are concerned. It is difficult to give you an adequate conception of it all but I am attempting to do some watercolors this summer, and they would give you some idea of little sections of it, but even then you will not be able to see the whole. I think I told you last week that everyone exclaims about its beauty as he enters the gate. It comes as such a surprise to find anything so beautiful behind mud walls. We have grass - lovely soft grass - and so much of it! Flowers are in profusion - poppies of many colors and big double rose ones, iris, peonies, stock, phlox, foxglove, pansies, verbenas, hollyhocks, daisies, snapdragons, larkspur, roses of all kinds and colors. Many of these will soon be past their prime. Then the dahlias will be blooming and the zinnias will not be far behind.

We shall soon have figs off our own tree by the kitchen. Almonds, peaches, apricots and plums in their season, and if we should stay until the end of September we should have pomegranates from the tree near the knoll. There are grape vines on the arbor and roses and honeysuckle on the house and trellis.

Our house is of brick and stone. It reminds us much of American houses, with its stairway and
There are four rooms downstairs - dining room, sitting room, Bob's bedroom, and my bedroom. The upstairs has very little furniture, so if we should want to use it, we should have to rent some furniture.

Though we are not near any of our friends, except Dr. Smythe, we have had quite a few callers and several in for tea. We are on the road from Srinagar to Nasim Bagh, and close to the canal between the two, and so friends can stop on their way to and from the city.

Dave, with three other boys, and the father of one, arrived tonight. The Girl Guides came in, too, from Woodstock. There are 24 in their party, including staff members. The 29 of them came in two buses from Pindi. The boys were with Emmet last night. They got concessions for school children on the train and got in from Pindi for $1.50 apiece. The trip really will cost them very little, and they should have a grand time. Joe decided not to come, as he was anxious to go to Scout camp. I think another reason may have been that none of his classmates were coming. Joe is ambitious, and wants to get ahead in scouting, too.

A year ago tomorrow Bob went to bed. He insists we must have a cake tomorrow with one candle on it, and so we shall have. He has been wonderfully cheerful this winter and spring. Of course he is better than he was, but even so it is fine that he can keep so cheerful.

Rainawari, Kashmir, June 7, 1937. Last week I added a postscript telling that Dave with three other boys and the father of one of them arrived Monday night. The Girl Guides with their chaperones number 25. They stayed in houseboats, sleeping on the floor and crowding into two boats. Our whole upstairs was free for the boys. There are three rooms and two baths. Jim will know that is not quite as luxurious as it sounds. I rented three folding beds and we got along without too much furniture. Our cook thought the five guests here probably ate as much as the 25 girls at the house boats. He served well and they seem pleased. Of course they paid for their food.

Every day was full for the boys. They went to all the gardens, to the regatta put on by the mission school here every Tuesday throughout the season, to the school itself, which is a unique institution and was one of the big spots on their trip, to many of the shops, and for a ride to the city on the river, and one whole day they gave to the trip to Gulmarg and on up to 12,000 ft. to the snow at Killenmarg. Gulmarg is the fashionable place and Killenmarg is the place for winter sports. The girls went on this trip but most of them did not go above Gulmarg. Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt and Marston and Peggy went too. They chartered two buses. The Moffatts are in a houseboat at Naseem. Marston sails for Seattle the early part of next month. He has a scholarship like Jim's, at Harvard. The boys thought this trip to Killenmarg was great.

At Nageen Bagh, which is on Dal Lake between here and Naseem but a little off to one side, there is very fine swimming. There is also a motor boat which takes one surf riding on a board in its rear. That was the great sport for the boys and girls, who got there once - Saturday afternoon.

Friday I received a notice from the school the hostel was in quarantine for chicken pox and asking if our boys had had it. That same mail brought a letter from Marjorie, saying that the notice from the school said that the quarantine would last until the 13th, and that the boys who were on the hillside could stay out. If they came back they would have to remain in quarantine. The vacation was from May 29th to June 10th. Joe had been invited to Marjorie's for a few days but was to return to the hostel, Tuesday, the day the notice of quarantine came round. I think I told you last week that he had not come here because he was so very anxious to go to Scout camp. He is anxious to get on in scouting, and since he is a patrol leader he felt responsible. Marjorie wrote that Ward was going to the plains to see his father and wanted Joe to go along, but Joe was undecided what to do, whether to stay in Landour or come here. Saturday morning I was sitting out in the garden when a voice from the gate called "Mother," and there stood Joe. When he heard Scout camp was called off as the hostel
was in quarantine, he felt he had been cheated out of something, and was like a man without a country. He came as far as Sialkot with Mr. Foster and Ward. His bus was late in Jammu, or he would have been here Friday night. He stayed out two nights, sleeping in the bus rather than paying the price of a room in the bungalow. He carried no lunch and ate just what he could get along the way. That is not always safe, but he seems all right thus far. It is also like Joe. He was here for the swimming party Saturday, and got a couple of surf rides. Yesterday, Sabbath, the boys all went to see the fountains playing in the old Moghul Gardens, Shalimar and Nishat, and then went to Naseem for a service at 5:00. Marjorie advanced the money for Joe to come.

This morning the big party left in two buses for Lahore. They're going out by the way Joe came in. They will spend the night along the way and hope to be able to do it in the open to save money. The boys are in the bus with the older girls. I need hardly tell you that they had some jolly times ragging each other. You can imagine the fun they have on the trip. At Lahore the girls go to Lucases and the boys to the Wilsons. Douglas Moody and his father, David Wilson and Evans Wyatt were the boys at our house.

Joe is going to stay till the end of the week even though he will miss three days of school. It is his opportunity to see Kashmir. Today we took our lunch across the lake to Shalimar. It took two hours to go and is such a pretty ride. We lay around under the trees and had a good rest. We took Bob's big wicker chair and carried him around in it. He, too, lay on the grass and seemed to enjoy it so much. About four o'clock we started home. It looked cloudy, and before we got out of the canal and onto the lake a big wind storm suddenly rose and we hurried back into the canal and up against the bank. Before we reached safety, Bob's big chair was blown off the boat into the water. It was later rescued and no damage done. While our two men were holding on to the boat so that it would not drift out into the stream, three large chinar trees across the canal and up a little farther were pulled out by their roots by the wind. Fortunately no one was injured, but two boats carrying wood were sunk and the canal was blocked. Men at once began chopping the branches off the trees and tried to make a passage through the canal. It was really all very exciting, and the wind did not last longer than 30 minutes. We went back up to see the wreckage after the wind subsided. You may be sure the two boys thought that was a great sight.

I need hardly tell you that Bob has been delighted to see the boys. There are no children for him here and it is lonely and tiresome to have no young companions. Joe will not see everything that the others did but he will have a good time. We shall do all we can for him. Some of the other boys had planned and talked about staying on until the end of this week. I think Joe is a little disappointed that they had changed their minds, as he had hoped to go out with them. They were doing their whole trip, including food, for Rs.15/- and their money was running out! The temperature in Lahore, Saturday, as reported in today's paper, was 116.9 degrees. Here's hoping there has been a dust storm and rain to bring the thermometer down before today.

**Rainawari, Kashmir, June 15, 1937.** Joe left Saturday morning. He seemed to have had a good time though he could not do all the things the others did. We went out in the shikara with him a number of times. One day we spent the most of the day on the river going down below the city and back up. Both of the boys enjoyed that very much. We stopped at a number of big shops along the river, and Joe and I got out and left Bob in the boat with the cook. We ate our lunch on the river and had a big day of it. Joe liked the carved woodwork so much and so did Dave. Joe went back by way of Pindi, and was going to have a day with his father.

I'm not sure that Bob is not exercising too much, but he is doing it by the doctor's orders. We are to go over there for tea in her garden this afternoon. Bob will ride on the cart and we shall see the doctor again. She has never had a case of rheumatic fever out here and I think she was doubtful if
that was it when she first saw him, but she has all the records of the other doctors, and now can see
how his temperature and pulse are running after a month up here. I doubt if there is much a heart
specialist could do for him more than these doctors are doing. I know of cases that had been in bed
for two years and have almost entirely recovered any weakness of the heart. That recovery is slow
and means usually a number of years of careful living and constant care of a doctor. We had thought
that by this fall we would know what we should do this next year, but I'm not sure that we shall. The
altitude here may be against him. His average temperature and pulse for the past four weeks has
been higher than before we came, though it is not up to 100 in temperature.

Rainawari, Kashmir, June 21, 1937. We are always glad to hear what you all are doing. I suppose
summer weather is with you now. We are having warm days. For the past week our temperature
has been over 90 every day. The nights are not bad, though Bob does not rest so well. No one does on
hot nights. We have nothing to complain of though, for it has been very hot on the plains-116 in
Pindi. Fortunately Dave and Joe both escaped very severe weather on the plains. It was only a little
over a hundred when they were traveling. They both got back to school well and happy.

Emmet writes that he is better this summer than last. He never minds the heat like some people.
He does not know when he will come in. He may come and then go back for awhile, and then come
and stay until he takes us out.

Dr. Bramsen of Sialkot is to be with us Thursday night. She is the only doctor we have now in the
mission and she is from Denmark.

Bob is happy in spite of the heat. His pulse and temperature have been better. They just go by
spurts, and sometimes they will come down and stay down. We went for a boat ride last evening
after sunset, and came back in the moonlight. It was lovely.

Today we were eating apricots and I thought of you. These are luscious, big ones like we have in
California. And I remember that you were very fond of them. The strawberries and cherries have
been very good. How the boys did enjoy the strawberry jam. I'm going to make some cherry jam
tomorrow. I'm hoping they would get a little cheaper so that I can make some more to take to the
plains. I have a little strawberry jam left for the plains. I shall make some apricot and peach, too.

Rainawari, Kashmir, June 29, 1937. You will be delighted to know that Bob has taken his first
step. Dr. Bramsen, the Danish doctor in Sialkot, was going up to Pahalgam for her holiday and I
asked her to stop here overnight and consult about Bob. She was here Thursday night. She and
Doctor Smythe both agree that Bob's heart is small enough for him to begin walking. This morning
he took his first step. We shall watch his pulse and temperature and shall hope that they will not be
affected by the exercise. If they are, he will go back to bed. He is studying every day and should
catch up in time to go to school in another six weeks or so. We shall just wait to see developments.

We seem to do very little, and there is little to write about. The heat has not abated and it has
been more comfortable to keep oneself in the house during the day. The other evening Bob and I
went for a boat ride and ate our supper in the boat. The evening has been the only time we have been
able to go out to enjoy the ride. Today it is cloudy and we continue to hope for rain.

Bob sends lots of love to you all. He is very fond of fruit juices and I made some bottles of cherry
juice to put in water. I told him he ought to be where he could share it with his Uncle Paul. It would
just suit Paul, too, because we cannot get it ice cold.

Rainawari, Kashmir, July 6, 1937. Bob is still walking and doesn't seem to suffer much from it.
The doctor hopes to come to see him today. We want her to examine the heart again. We keep his
pulse and temperature regularly.
Emmet's book "Mann of the Border" was to be out by the end of June. Perhaps Dr. Graham has seen some notice of it in the church papers. I'm sorry we're not there to send you a copy. You can get it from the Foreign Board, I know. He wrote it five or six years ago. It is a story of a missionary doctor on the frontier of India.

The best news of all was almost left out. Emmet came in Saturday night. He was held up six and one-half hours by a landslide. We're sure glad to have him. We are trying to keep Bob at school work, but he has had such a long vacation that it is hard to settle down to work.

Woodstock, July 6, 1937. Letter from Dave to Grandma. School is just sort of a routine nowadays. The rains have started so we keep sort of mildewy these days. The only things of much interest are the sports. Joe and I were sort of partner goalies on the hockey team. We're both entered for basketball, which just started about a week ago.

I suppose you have heard about Bob and his improvement. That is quite amazing. I am sorry, but I can't think of much to write about for all we do is go to school.

Rainawari, Kashmir, July 13, 1937. I was sure you would be pleased with Jim's work for the summer. It will be much easier on him, and should serve as a real holiday. We're hoping we shall receive a letter today foreworded from Pindi, as we have not heard from him since he arrived at Greenwich. We are naturally eager to know more about his home and family. He ought to be able to do well with the boys, having brothers of his own. In such a position he is assured of a good room with fine surroundings and good food.

Saturday was Bob's birthday and we went out to Naseem Bagh, where we used to camp, and took our lunch and tea. Mr. and Mrs. Dykstra, from Muscat in Arabia, were with us. They came Friday and stayed until yesterday morning when they went into a houseboat. Bob was thrilled to be able to walk around the garden. Several of the Kashmiris who used to serve us came around and asked about the boys. They saw Dave and Joe when they were here.

Your very lovely book came yesterday; so it was not as late as you thought it might be. Bob has worked some on it and enjoys it so much. I hope he will write next week. He is not keen on writing. Jim and Joe are the letter writers in the family and Jim does so enjoy getting letters. They all do for that matter. Bob was delighted with this card from you, and so was Dave. Dave sent his on to Bob and sent Bob a rupee for his birthday. We're getting each of the boys some small thing from Kashmir that they can always have in their rooms.

Dave and Joe seem to be getting along all right. Dave was in a play the other week and feels relieved it is over. They had quite a party for the cast afterwards. Dave and Joe are both playing basketball these days.

Bob seems to be getting around without too much strain. He still runs a little temperature and his pulse is very unsteady - I mean varies a great deal and is always high, but the size of his heart is so much improved that the doctors think he can be on his feet without any harm.

Rainawari, Kashmir, July 20, 1937. Thanks for sending Jim's letter. He did not tell us about Mr. Holt's hobby and I am sure Dave and Joe will be interested in that. We had such a good letter from him yesterday, written on the train near Niagara. He probably wrote that he was taking the boys first to their grandmother's. Mrs. Holt was following the next week. He isn't hitchhiking, anyway, for the first time this summer! He was evidently traveling in state. He has always traveled, so would know how to do it.

Warnocks are coming here today. They are going on up to Pahalgam where it is cooler and more bracing. Bob is still on his feet, and the doctor says his heart has not gotten any larger from the
exercise. He seems to have some rheumatism in his joints. Some days he limps very decidedly and he complains of pain. Other days he seems to walk fairly straight, though he is still weak on his legs.

Rainawari, Kashmir, July 26, 1937. We had another good letter from Jim this week. I do not know what he has told you. Mrs. Holt’s father was president of the Shredded Wheat company, and evidently made his pile there. The day after they arrived, the grandmother had a mob of cousins there for lunch, ranging from six years of age to 20. The oldest was a sophomore at Dartmouth, who took Jim out a couple of nights the following week. The home is on the St. Lawrence and set high on an immense yard. Jim said he was kept busy, but everything was so interesting. He will enjoy the summer very much.

This past week we had six missahibs spend the night with us on their way to the higher hills. Tomorrow, Dr. Campbell, his son Lowrie and Mr. Merriam will be here from Pahalgam. They will stay until Friday. You must remember Lowrie at Wooster. He was a fine big fellow who took the boys under his wing. He is teaching in Assuit, Egypt, and is out here for the summer with his father. Mrs. Campbell and two of the children are in Wooster, you know. She is the one Mrs. Shane wrote so much about. I’m so anxious to see Lowrie. I was always fond of him.

Bob seems to be getting on nicely. We hope to go to Pahalgam for a few days in August. We shall return to Pindi in the middle of September; so please stop sending letters here if you have not already done so.

The rains have broken here and we are all glad for the cooler weather and the freshness they bring to the garden. Our grass was drying in spots.

Rainawari, Kashmir, August 2, 1937. Yes, we have plenty of mosquitoes, but fortunately they are not malarial up here in the valley of Kashmir, as they are in the Punjab and other parts of India. They do not bother us much except in the evenings. Bob uses a net, but Emmet and I do not.

We had another good letter from Jim today. They had quite a big celebration on the fourth. He very seldom has mentioned food in any letter, but today he said the meals had been so delicious that he was overeating. The Dartmouth boy invited him to a party. There were 12 couples of them. They had a buffet supper, games, and then went to the Country Club to dance.

Last week Lowrie Campbell, his father, and Mr. Merriam were with us several days. They took me to Gulmarg with them, Wednesday. I had never been there. We had lunch with the Nessbits. Miss Lamont and Miss Ramsay were there, too. They’re spending the summer, or rather their holidays, there. They have a very pretty, rustic house and a magnificent view of all this valley. It is one of the finest locations I have ever seen. . . Gulmarg is the fashionable hill station of Kashmir, the favorite of the English. They have a very fine golf course.

A Dr. and Mrs. Harvie of the New Zealand mission are here with us for a few days. Vida Graham came down from Pahalgam today to do some shopping. The five of us went to the matinee of "Elephant Boy." It was very good. One marvels at the photography of those elephant scenes. Bob is delighted with it all, but was quick to see where it differed from the story.

Tomorrow night Miss Trimble and Miss Murdoch will be here with us. Miss Trimble goes to Gulmarg to be at Nesbitts and Miss Murdoch goes to Pahalgam.

Emmet went to Pindi Saturday a.m., and hopes to be back on the tenth. That afternoon I had invited Mr. John Samuel (our Indian doctor in Taxila) and his bride to tea and expected the Harvies. Just as we were ready to put the tables out in the garden, three men from Lahore arrived. Dr. Lucas, Mr. Stuntz (His daughter went to Northfield with Jim. She is in Smith.) and Mr. Hume (a classmate at Yale of Will Babcock). Of course we were delighted to have them to tea, but only sorry Emmet was not here. They had taken a long trek (about 250 mi.) to the base of Nanga Parbat and were just ready to start back to Lahore.
Bob is getting along splendidly, and we are very much encouraged. We must have some pictures taken of him after Emmet gets back. He is so big and so full of life.

Rainawari, Kashmir, August 9, 1937. Emmet was due back from Pindi this evening, but a wire this afternoon said he would be back tomorrow by way of Jammu. There has been a strike of all motor and bus drivers over the Pindi-Kashmir road because they are not allowed to carry as much luggage as the buses on the other roads into Kashmir. With all hope that the strike would be over by this time, Emmet did not take our car back as it was much cheaper just to take his seat in a bus. If he had his own car, he would be able to come right through. Coming by Jammu, he has to go to Sialkot, and really make two sides of a triangle. I suppose he is coming by bus all the way. Otherwise he can hardly get through tomorrow.

We had such a lot of company last week, and Bob did enjoy them all so much. The John Stewarts were out at Nasim Bagh for several days. They were in here for tea Thursday, and Friday we were out there. She was not at all well and they wanted to move up to Pahalgam the next day. It had been their plan to load everything on the bus that evening, except a small tent, and spend the night in it and then take it on their car the next morning. I've persuaded them to load everything on the bus that evening, and then come in to us for the night, where they could get a good rest. They readily agreed, and she came back in the boat with us, and he drove in after their baggage was loaded. We were glad to have them, and it certainly was easier for them.

Today, Mr. Patterson from Mansehra, and the young man with them, came in just at lunch time and stayed until after tea. Bob enjoyed visiting with them. You may remember our telling that he was always full of stories for the boys.

Bob seems to be getting along quite well. He has gained in general strength steadily. He is very happy that he has lost in weight, too. The exercise has been enough to take off some. He still runs a little temperature, and his pulse is not normal at all, but he is much better. He is full of fun and pep, though he naturally tires easily.

Rainawari, Kashmir, August 17, 1937. Emmet got back to us Wednesday and we went to Pahalgam on Thursday and returned yesterday-Monday. We boarded with six of our missahibs. The only ones of the group you know are Louise Scott and Vida Graham. We had a lovely camp high on the hill amidst the pines. Bob rode horseback all the time and such fun as he did have. He did not want to come back here at all. He also enjoyed being with the missahibs. He gets tired of his parents all the time. He stood the altitude very well and seems to be gaining all the time. He certainly does not look as if he had ever been ill.

Friday most of the missionaries of our mission in Pahalgam had a picnic at our camp. The next afternoon we rode horses over to the Maxwells' camp to help them celebrate his birthday and their wedding anniversary. It was a beautiful ride, over 3 mi. through the pine forests. That noon I had gone over to have lunch with Mrs. John Stewart. He was off on a hike up to a cave that is sacred to the Hindus. They had a very pretty view of the river from their camp there.

Mrs. Graham seemed to think you were fine. She did so enjoy going out to the Wiens. She said that Aunt Kit had told you that Walter Koch gets $50 a month from the property in Millersburg. She also said that Aunt Bessie writes very cheerful letters. You may be sure she is happier with him than she was with you, much as you did for her. They will get along better with all relatives at a good distance. Certainly no one could wish for a lovelier home than you have. Keep plenty of handwork going and you will find plenty to keep you busy. You have always enjoyed sewing and embroidery. When you get Janet's work finished, see if Jim needs anything... However, I know you are happier when busy and making things for others.
Rainawari, Kashmir, August 24, 1937. This past week two Presbyterian friends of ours came down from Pahalgam to shop. One was Miss Ferger, sister-in-law of Mrs. Ferger, who used to camp near us at Aru. The other was Mrs. Velte, an old lady, the widow of the former secretary of the Presbyterian mission of India. She has one son who is a professor at Forman College but is now on furlough. Last night, while we were at dinner, a very garbled message from Dr. Smythe came, saying there was some baggage over there and asked us to send for it. It proved to be Miss Ferger's; but still we couldn't understand it until she arrived about half an hour later, saying Mrs. Velte had taken suddenly ill with bronchitis, and they had brought her down to the hospital. Miss Ferger will stay with us and go back and forth to the hospital. They brought Mrs. Velte at once; so we hope she will not be ill long. She is a very amusing character, and a strong one, and I'm sure she hates being in hospital!

Vivian Trimble came down from Gulmarg yesterday and will stay with us until Friday. We have had a number of guests this summer. I counted roughly last night and found there are at least 28 different people who have spent one night or more with us this summer. I think I told you before that these guests always pay their actual expenses so that I am not out of pocket, and I have a good cook.

The boys have another girl cousin - Ida Jeannette - named for two grandmothers - born August 17th. The boys had ordered boys - at least twins, if not triplets! You see they have only one boy cousin living, and now five girl cousins.

Bob seems to be getting on very well. We have to watch ourselves and keep remembering that he isn't well yet, for he is the picture of health.

Last Friday morning, Emmet went off with Mr. Patterson of Mansehra to see a man who was baptized in Abbotabad some years ago. He lives about 80 mi. from here, back in the hills. Emmet got back Saturday evening and thinks the trip worthwhile. Muzambal was, of course, delighted to see him. The whole family, who have been very opposed to his being a Christian, are much more tolerant now, and really seemed glad to see that Emmet and Mr. Patterson had come.

Rainawari, Kashmir, August 30, 1937. Bob was so interested in what you wrote about his getting out of bed. He is so large and gets around so well. We are going to have an X-ray picture of his heart taken. We hope to have a thorough examination made this fall at Annual Meeting time, and then we shall know what our plans for the next year will be.

Emmet was glad you were pleased with his letter. I have never read it, and I think I had better read it. It might make me puffed up. Have you seen a copy of his book? "Mann of the Border" is the title. I wish I had one to send you. We got our copy last week. You can get one from the boardrooms, or from Pittsburgh.

This past week we have gone on several picnics at the gardens on the lakes. Miss Ferger leaves tomorrow. Miss Trimble left Saturday, and Miss Roma Beattie came and left this morning. Saturday night we had the six girls who took us in in Pahalgam for dinner. They were in a houseboat for a few days and left for the plains this morning. We had a goose dinner and it proved very good. There were 11 of us in all and we wondered at first how we would seat them all in our small dining room, but it was very simple and everyone seemed to enjoy it.

Wednesday we're going to Gulmarg and shall return Friday. We shall be with the Nesbitts. They have a very pretty hut up there.

This morning Miss Ferger, Bob, and I went to the native city to make a few purchases. The nicest thing I bought was a Kashmiri samovar. It is an old brass one, and has very pretty carving on it. It is not large, but is very artistic, I think. I got that to take the place of the Tibetan teapot we gave Evangeline. They are different, yet both are interesting.
Dave and Joe have both written about their new cousin. They saw her before she was a week old, and are quite delighted with her even though she is not a boy. The boys seem all right but thin. They always get thin in boarding.

Rainawari, Kashmir, September 5, 1937. This has been a busy week but a good one. Tuesday we were invited over to a houseboat to see the school regatta. The wind was rising when we left here and when we arrived there it was high and the lake was covered with white caps. There naturally was no regatta, but the boys had lots of fun taking their boats into the white caps and then letting the wind bring them back. Since we had seen the regatta before, Bob thought it was a real treat to see the storm. The houseboat was securely moored to land, so that we had an excellent place to see it.

Miss Ferger left Tuesday morning, and Wednesday morning we went up to Gulmarg. We took three friends along just for the day. They enjoyed the car ride. The Nessbits have a very pretty house high up overlooking the Kashmir valley. We took our car as far as we could go, and then rode horseback for three-and-a-half miles. Bob loves to ride and since he is not allowed to walk at that altitude he was on a horse every time we stepped out of the yard. They call a house in Gulmarg, a hut. I suppose they are given that name because they are unfinished wooden buildings, but they are far from our idea of a hut.

The first day we were there it poured all evening as snow fell on the nearby hills, so that it turned very cold. We almost did not have enough bedding. They have lovely big fireplaces and plenty of good dry wood, so that we were very cozy. The next day was clear but cold. In the morning we went out for a walk and in the afternoon went about two miles to tea to Miss Davidson, who is a volunteer missionary in Kohat. She is renting a hut that has been used by the English for many years, and the flowers are gorgeous - such magnificent dahlias and big white daisies. The next morning, before we started downhill, we went to a Scotch (sic) doctor whom we know and had him examine Bob. We had seen him and given him the history of the case. Our reason for having him examine him was that we wanted a doctor to go over him at that altitude and get his heart's reaction to it, thinking, of course, of the question of Bob's going to Landour. We had been very much encouraged by what we were able to observe at Pahalgam, but there was no doctor there, and we felt that if he could use his stethoscope and get a professional examination of the heart, it would be much better. After examining Bob he talked to Emmet and me alone, and gave us no encouragement that we could take Bob to live in Landour's altitude and climate. We hope to get a heart specialist's opinion, if one is available in Lahore. He and Dr. Bramson both want us to do that, and we shall be much more satisfied if we do. Then if Bob cannot live in Landour, I shall have to take the boys to the USA, but I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we had the best medical aid possible before taking such a step.

We got home Friday, and have done little since. Tomorrow I must begin to pack, as we leave here Thursday morning, and there is much work to be done before then.

Dave and Joe seem delighted with their new cousin, even though she is a girl. Their descriptions have been amusing. Dave wrote "the new cousin seems to be a fairly decent kid. I haven't seen her when she is awake." And Joe wrote "Aunt Marjorie says Ida Jeannette is a real Alter. She has a pointed chin like Bob had when he was born, and a crooked mouth when she cries, like Dad's. She eats two-and-one-half ounces when she should eat only one. She has big ears and big feet." I think Dave misses his home more than Joe does. At least he mentions it indirectly more to us.

Rawalpindi, September 15, 1937. I am sending you a letter from Joe and will tell a little of what the boys are doing. Both Dave and Joe are in the band, and they enjoy it so much. Dave is very busy as art editor of the school paper. He is also in three different plays and has rather big parts in all, so
that he is kept very busy. He is practicing hard on the basketball team. They are to go to Lahore and probably come here early in October, and Dave is very anxious to be one making the tour.

We had a good trip out of Kashmir. We spent the night at Abbotabad and had a good visit with friends there. The next day we stopped at Taxila for lunch, as the girls had sent word to Abbotabad to urge us to stop. The Stewarts came the same day from Kashmir, and we all had lunch in Taxila together. We got home here about two in the afternoon, and have been working steadily ever since, trying to get settled. The walls had all been whitewashed before we came, but there was much cleaning to be done, in addition to unpacking. We hope to get some curtains up tomorrow; I still have some drawers and shelves to clean, boxes and trunks to go over, and partly unpack. I hope to be able to settle down to teaching Bob next week. There have been many interruptions, as there was much to attend to at the Leper Asylum, too.

Tomorrow a darzi is coming to make shirts and pants for Bob. He has few clothes and has to get refitted in everything. We went to the bazaar last evening and purchased the materials. I have shrunk some, and shall shrink more tonight and tomorrow. We bought him shoes, Monday. The ones he has were too small and he needed more support than the slippers we gave him. He has been having rheumatism in his toes, and his feet have consequently been swollen. That seems better today.

I am sending you a picture of Bob taken in one of the old Moghul Gardens on the Dal Lake. You will see that he is somewhat larger than when you saw him last. He's quite happy to be back here. It is not easy to keep him as quiet as he should stay, but when I'm through with all the settling of the house I shall be able to give him more time. The doctor in Abbotabad was not able to take a picture of the heart, but he did use the X-ray on it, and we could see very clearly where the right side is swollen some yet. He said practically the same thing that Dr. Kerr did in Gulmarg, only his opinion was that Bob should not go to school for another year. We still hope to get a heart specialist.

Rawalpindi, September 22, 1937. Yes, he [Jim] is maturing. I can hardly realize that he will be 18 this coming month. If I saw him, I should probably realize it more. He evidently had a very fine summer, and had contact with very splendid people. Again today, he has spoken so enthusiastically of Mrs. Holt, and also of Mrs. Lowrie, Mrs. Holt's sister, at whose home they visited in Washington, Conn. They evidently have considerable of this world's medium of exchange, for they have just five domestic attendants. They kept up the tradition of the family in being very democratic and friendly.

I'm sure you have had a very hot summer. All reports seem to verify that statement. . . Your houses are not built to withstand such heat. Neither was the one in Rainawari. Here we are still having temperatures in the '90s, but the house is large and Bob and I sleep out on the veranda where it is very comfortable. You cannot get out of doors to sleep like we can. Emmet does not go out, even in the hottest weather, as he thinks it makes his rheumatism worse. Your rooms are often very hot at night. You would find our house much more comfortable than yours in the heat, but you would freeze in them in the winter. It is colder here than in Berkeley, and the rooms are so large that we just cannot heat them right. We are so pleased to find Pindi so comfortable in September.

I must get down to teaching Bob. The Leper Asylum has taken a lot of my time since I came down. I hope to get all the books straightened out and vouchers in all within next week. I have a clerk for part-time, who kept them during the summer, but unfortunately he is not careful of details and has to be checked on every smallest item. That is, no doubt, why he is clerk for us on this small salary. He is not efficient enough to hold a better job.

Today we had an English Methodist chaplain here for tea, and took him out to the Leper Asylum later. He is to have charge of a new asylum being built in the United Provinces. Tomorrow, Bob is to have tea with Miss Cathcart - this time in her home. She has been very good to him.
Bob and I visited the hospital the other day, and had his doctor go over him again after four months. She saw a decided improvement in him, but again stresses the necessity of keeping him very quiet and giving him the best of care for many years. She strongly advises us not to take him to Landour. She thinks he would be just as well off if he should stay here this year, and then I take him next year. This may be what we shall decide to do. She thinks he will be better able to enter into school in another year.

Woodstock, September 22, 1937. Letter from Dave to his parents. We had a class party on Saturday and had quite a lot of fun. Mr. Townsend was the only teacher along which made that much better. After the party ended I went to see Helen Supplee who has gone to the hospital for appendix. She is a new dame this year.

You probably heard about the boys that were going to Gangotri not getting the permit this summer. Well, they plan to take the trip right after school is out this winter, and I was wondering if I couldn't go with them. It is a fairly long trip, but I probably could never get a chance to go again, so I would like to go if I could get your permission. Mr. Taylor is taking the guys, and he said that I may go if I get permission. How about it?

Rawalpindi, September 30, 1937. The Woodstock basketball team arrived last evening at 5:00. There were two full teams and one extra. Dave was one of them, and you may be sure we were delighted to see him, even though he had to leave again at 5:00 this morning. He is frightfully thin. He seems nothing but bones. His face has lengthened out so much and, being very thin, he hardly looks like the round-faced boy of a few years ago. I'm so thankful that in spite of being thin he seems very well and happy. The Woodstock boys were beaten 28 to 13. However, they put up a good game in spite of having travelled for 24 hours just before. Another thing that was disturbing to them was they had been taught the American way of playing, and the boys here played the Indian way, which allows for much more bodily contact than the American way. The Gordon College boys are very good players and, of course, are older. This is fine practice for our boys to play against such a team. You may be sure we were right there watching the game.

All the boys went over to the college right from the train, so as to play as early as possible. After the game we brought six, including Dave and the coach, over here for dinner and the night. We put six boys on the back verandah and they had a regular dormitory. For dinner we gave them roast chicken, mashed potatoes, vegetables, tomato salad, ice cream with strawberry or chocolate sauce as they chose, and candy. Of course we always have soup to begin with. Somehow, the cooks do not think they are serving a dinner without soup. The boys were thrilled to get chicken and ice cream. These they practically never get in boarding. These were not like the chickens we got in California. Neither did we pay as much for them.

As they were leaving on the 5:20 train this morning, we packed a lunch of sandwiches and hardboiled eggs and fruit for their breakfast. They will have lunch in Sialkot where they play two games this evening. Tomorrow they play in Lahore, and on Saturday in Dehra Dun. That evening they go up to Landour. We got our boys to the train on time but the Cummingses' alarm clock did not go off and those six missed by a few minutes. Emmet had taken our boys in the car, so he piled the other boys into it and started off down the Grand Trunk Road to try to catch the train. He is not back yet. We think he would probably have to go as far as Mandra - 30 mi. He is just back and glad to have gotten the boys to the train.

I think I wrote that Dave's class had to write plays, and then they chose Dave's to present at student government. He never told us what it was. The boys here were speaking of it in very high terms. So I asked what it was about. It was Old King Cole, written in rhyme. He represented him as
having lost his bowl and his pie, and his fiddlers had struck for purple beards. (You know the Mohammedans dye their beards purple.) The King's jester has a big part in the merriment over the King's difficulties, and a counselor is finally summoned, and after much fun and maneuvering, all ends well. It is evidently rather cleverly done. We asked Dave to send us a copy and hope he does.

Joe is off to Scout camp. They went last evening and stayed until Saturday. He wrote very enthusiastically about it. Ward will be on the camp, too. They always have a few days' holiday during this season.

Now for a brief personal note. We were so surprised to learn that you had gone to Wooster. I'm glad you found Aunt Bessie so well and glad to see that Emmet had work. The exercise would be good for him and he certainly will be happier to have something to do, even though the pay is little. We shall be glad for further word.

Dave seems to be quite willing to stay out and finish his high school work here in India if the doctors think Bob will be better off not to be in school this year. This past summer Dave thought he would like to go to America, especially if I were to go with Bob. In many ways I think he will be better satisfied to finish here. If we do this, the boys and I may go to America next winter after school is out.

Rawalpindi, October 14, 1937. It is unusually cold here for this time of the year. We had a severe storm Saturday and many people are down with colds and fever. Bob came down Sabbath and since his fever went up to 103, and stayed there, I called the doctor Monday morning. She had been having malaria, and did not feel that she could make an outside call. She was looking after the patients in the hospital, though, and urged me to bring him there. She did not want to prescribe any medicine until she had seen his heart. As you know, any fever affects the heart, and since his is not strong to begin with, we were anxious to check the fever as soon as possible. I took him over to the hospital Monday noon and his fever has come down nicely and we hope to bring him home this morning. He does hate to go to hospital.

I'm glad Mr. Taylor was sending you a copy of Emmet's book. He has put the printing through with the company but we have never had a letter from him. Mother Alter did all the correspondence with him, as she had the manuscript. Emmet had hoped to hear directly from him, but since he did not, I urged him to write, and he finally did.

My cook has been sick, and has tried to go on with his work even with fever. He is a very hard worker and an excellent helper in every way. We finally put him to bed. He insists on getting up today to bake some brown bread and cheese biscuits for tomorrow. You may remember it's Emmet's birthday. It is the only time we have been able to celebrate that day at home, as Annual Meeting is always at this time. This week we postponed it one week so that the delegates from the Women's Board would be here. I have invited all the missionaries here and from Taxila in for tea. I'm letting the cook do this much, and then if his fever rises again I shall send him out to the hospital for a week. I have no doubt it is malaria, and I'm putting the quinine down fast, but it seems very stubborn. He has no fever today. They say there are hundreds down with it in the city.

Emmet is going to Sialkot [for Annual Meeting], Monday. Since Bob has been ill I am not going so soon. I may go the last of next week. I shall just watch developments. Bob is anxious to go. Kenneth MacArthur, who is just his age, will be there. He does need boy friends, though he cannot enter into games with them.

Today is Jim's birthday. I suppose his day will be a very busy one, as all of them are.

Rawalpindi, October 18, 1937. We were glad to hear from you and to know that you are getting along nicely in Wooster. I hope you are able to get Aunt Bessie's matter settled to satisfaction, and that she does not go back to Walter again, as she did last year. She should be able to get a pension
from the state if Walter does not give her what she needs. What is she living on at present? They
would probably not give her a pension as long as you are there, as they would think you could care
for her. That should not last long. You had less from father than she did from Uncle Homer, but you
have been in a fine home with Evangeline and Paul... A pension could be provided for her if you
were to go back to Boston, no doubt. I am glad Emmet has something to do even if it does not bring
him much cash.

Bob came home Thursday and is getting along nicely. I hope to take him to Sialkot Thursday.
Emmet went today, as he is on the entertainment committee. I should be there, too, but cannot.

We had a big tea for Emmet on his birthday and had the Taxila people in for it. The Bergsma
children were here and Bob is delighted to meet some American children again.

**Sialkot, October 28, 1937.** I was so glad to get your letter this week. It is good the divorce
proceedings are over, but it will be very hard indeed if Aunt Bessie gets nothing from Walter. You
didn't say how much Emmet gets, but it is probably very little. Aunt Bessie should try for a pension
from the state. So many people are getting it.

Bob and I came down here last Thursday. He is so delighted to have Kenneth MacArthur (a boy
his age) here to play with. Of course Bob is restricted in his activities, but still there is so much he can
do.

Bob is quite thrilled with his baby cousin. She is a dear little tot - quite fair, as all their children
are. Grandma Ward is most devoted now!

The word from Dave and Joe is good. They had an interschool athletic meet - the first of the kind
they have had in Mussoorie. Woodstock came off with all the cups. Joe was in five things - got three
seconds and two thirds. He was captain of his division; so had to go up to receive the cup. Dave and
Joe both seemed pleased over that. Dave wasn't able to enter anything because of his knee. I was
sorry, as I know he must have been disappointed.

Dave has made very good this year in his art and in his schoolwork, too. So has Joe, for that
matter, but we are especially pleased that Dave has developed so much. He is by far the hardest
worker in his class, and all speak so highly of him. We were just a little afraid that Dave might be
overshadowed by Jim and Joe. Joe is such a keen, vigorous lad, with the gift of "gab," and with no
hesitation about pushing ahead. Dave is so much more quiet, and very sensitive. He needs more
encouragement than Joe does.

**Rawalpindi, November 3, 1937.** Thanks for sending the letters from Evangeline. We are always
so glad to hear what they are doing. You wrote a very little yourself. I fear you were tired, or things
were not going as you had hoped. You had been in Mansfield over a month. I wonder how long you
will stay there. You see, I used the word Mansfield instead of Wooster, though you know what I
mean. I wondered if you were looking for rooms for Aunt Bessie in Mansfield when you were over
there. At least you did not take your warm clothes to Ohio, so you would not be able to stay there
much longer.

Bob did so enjoy Annual Meeting. He seldom ate at the table with us as he enjoyed being with
other people for a change. We drove home on Monday, and got in in good time. Both my servants
are still in the hospital, but I have a good cook in the kitchen and all is going fairly well.

I was out to the Leper Asylum today. Seven of the eight children in the home are down with
fever, and three of them have broken out with measles. Evidently they all have it. It means work
now, but is probably best that they all have it at once and get over with it.

It is late and I must get to bed. We love you all. I hope Emmet Price was able to keep the work
with the Ford people.
Rawalpindi, November 16, 1937. Sabbath we had a unique experience in the evening service. We did not stage it for the commissioners [Women's Board], but they both were at church at the time. Just as the pastor started to preach, I thought the woman behind me was shaking the bench, and was about to ask her not to, when I heard her say "earthquake." Just then a harder rock came, and most of the congregation rose and left the church. Some said they heard a roaring with it. When we got out on the street, we found everyone there squatting, and the horse carriages stopped. Everyone had come out of the nearby buildings. About 10 houses in the city were badly damaged, and one man was killed. He was in an old mud house that fell on him. The paper says that the shock was felt all over this part of India, and was recorded on the seismograph in Brussels. It is thought the center of it was probably in Afghanistan. We were quite near enough to suit most of us. Mr. Downs, who is in bed with heart trouble, was much worse for some hours, and others who are ill were affected. It is natural for the fright of the shock to affect sick people.

Bob is having school with me every morning. It is hard to settle down after two years of not studying, but he is sticking to it, and should be able to go on with his class when he gets back to school again. It will be hard for him to stick to it when his brothers are here, but we will find some work for them to do while he is at this.

Rawalpindi, November 19, 1937. I know that cases in the court take a long time, and you know that better now than ever before. I hope you have found that you were able to be of some help to Aunt Bessie, otherwise you will feel that your trip to Ohio was an unnecessary expense. I'm sorry that Emmett is not able to get a position that pays more, and yet we hardly dare hope that he can since he was without employment for so long. It is well he does not have a wife and family to support. His mother needs all he can get for her. She had enough to carry on for more years than this had she known how to economize, or been willing to let others advise her wisely. I do hope some arrangement can be made for her.

I went to Lahore for the day, yesterday, for a leprosy meeting. I went out to Model Town to see Mrs. Nizam-ud-Din. I thought of you as I rode in the bus each way. It was not the luxurious kind you have in America, but it got me there and back at only 5¢ each way - a distance of 7 mi. from where I was staying.

I have two remarks of Bob's to record that will be of interest to you. The other day while we were sitting at the table he suddenly remarked, "I wish Grandma were here to fix the buttonholes." That's just a slam on his mother's neglect, as well as an indication of the care his Grandma gave him when he was in America. Then the other day, he mentioned something that he needed, and I suggested he write to Santa Claus. "I'll write to Grandma," he said. He knows you very well.

Rawalpindi, November 25, 1937. Today is Thanksgiving. Jim Brown and Miss Liggett are to be married today in Gujranwala. We are not going. Those who are staying here are having Thanksgiving together at noon so that the children and the Bergsma children from Taxila can all be with us.

We went out to Taxila Saturday, as Emmet had to go to audit the accounts before Mr. Stewart leaves. Our second servant, who has had trouble with his finger, finally had to have the finger taken off. He is getting along all right now, and will probably get back next week. He was feeling very sorry for himself when we saw him Saturday.

Rawalpindi, December 8, 1937. You have missed one week's letter because I was foolish enough to get the flu. Bob came down with it one day, and I the next. We had a hospital without the full staff! We're sure glad to be up again.
Dave and Joe came home Friday. Dave had planned a hike with about 12 other boys and three of the teachers, but it was given up at the last minute because of the diphtheria among the hill people through whose country they were going. We hadn't expected Dave, but sure were glad to see him. He is not quite as thin as he was when we saw him the last of September. They're both putting on weight now, you may be sure. As I was still in bed when the boys came, you may be sure the house was a grand mess. It is a little better now, but there is still much to do.

We are wondering if you will be back in Boston by Christmas. I am so glad Emmet is able to work. It is too bad he does not get more of a salary, but having been out of employment so long, he would naturally not be able to command a very big salary. From what you write, Aunt Bessie seems well and I am glad. Can she not get anything from the state? So many seem to get pensions these days. She is as needy as many of them I am sure. As long as you are with her they may think you are able to support her, but we know that your money will not last long if you have to draw on the principle very frequently.

There is little news to write. Bob is delighted to have his brothers home. They're going to teach him this winter. It will be a great boon to me and to him, too, as I'm sure they will be able to get more out of him, as he has not been with them as much as he has been with me.

Rawalpindi, December 14, 1937. I have been wondering if you quite understood Evangeline's meaning in her letter about the money in the loan. Her concern, and mine, is lest you spend your principal and then have nothing for your own needs. If you should have a long illness, neither Evangeline nor I would have the money to pay the doctor or nurses... All we ever ask is that you save what you have so that you can be adequately and comfortably cared for in case of illness. Evangeline says, if the loan money is put in our names and all correspondence is with Evangeline, then no undue pressure can be put on you for it.

I'm still wondering about a pension for Aunt Bessie. Have you consulted Wayne Hart about this? An old age pension is given to many people. Surely she could get it.

You'd be surprised to see how big these boys are. Joe is immense. He weighs 3 lbs. more than Dave, but is three-quarters of an inch shorter. Today our pastor, a widower, is being married in Gujar Khan, 30 mi. away, and the boys are delighted to be going. Our car is to bring the bride and groom back. That also adds to the zest for the boys.

Tomorrow Miss Porter has invited all the children from Pindi, together with those from Campbellpur and Taxila, to a party for the day. Dave and Joe will ride out on their bicycles. The others will go and come by train. They will have a grand time, I know.

Saturday the commissioner and his wife have invited us to a drama being staged out at the Taxila ruins, entitled, Taxila in 37 A.D. I believe it is based on a legend that St. Thomas was there in that year. I can tell you more about it after the drama is finished.

Joe is teaching Bob these days. It is a grand relief to me, and they seem to hit it up all right.

Christmas plans are in the making. I don't know just what day the boys will decorate. They like to do it and it makes it much easier for me. The Christmas cakes were made two weeks ago. If Joe and his family come, there are two birthdays to celebrate - Margaret Jean's on Christmas Day and Ward's the next day.

The boys all asked for you and are interested in every word from you. Bob would like to have you read to him, I'm sure. However, we tell them he must read more for himself. We had some books sent down from Woodstock that he can read to himself. He had read everything we had and the other missionaries had that belonged to his age.

Rawalpindi, December 22, 1937. We were so sorry to hear of Emmet's fall and his broken arm. We all wish we could help in some way. It has been years since he had such an accident. He has
always needed calcium in his system. You would all be so sorry for him.

I am glad Aunt Bessie is to get $25 a month. That, of course, will not keep the two of them, but if Emmet could get something to help.

The drama at Taxila last week was a great success. The boys were so enthusiastic about it that they want to get a copy and put it on at Woodstock. Mr. King, the Commissioner, wrote it. Of course the setting was ideal, and the costumes gorgeous. Every detail was perfect. A lovely tea was served afterwards.

Dave is busy printing stationery. He got some orders for Christmas. I told him he could do mine after the Christmas rush; so you'll see it later. Now he is busy making the place cards and nut boxes for the Christmas dinner. He is a hard worker. In all his subjects (totaled together) for this past year he got an average of a B+, and Joe an average of A. They both excelled in science and math. Dave got the highest grade in the physics exam. It was one of the practical exams from America, and he always excels in them because of his math. He was 20 points ahead of anyone in the geometry exam. Dave and Mrs. Cummings have written a play for the children to give for Christmas night.

Joe and Marjorie and family are due tomorrow evening. Mrs. Ward is to room at Miss Moore's, but board with us. The children are quite delighted to have company for Christmas. They have praised up Pindi so much to Mrs. Ward that they are very anxious to show her what a swell place it is. Ward and Alice haven't been here for years.

Bob is enjoying his brothers, but he is so much younger in every way now than they are. Joe seems almost as old as Dave. Bob needs playmates of his own age. The sooner he gets with them, the better it will be for him. Dave is anxious to finish high school here next December, so Bob and I may wait till then to go to the USA. We shall see later.

Rawalpindi, December 30, 1937. We were so sorry to hear that Emmet Price was having so much trouble with his arm. His bones have always been weak, but he has never had a stiff arm or leg. Of course, if it was broken right at the elbow, stiffness would be inevitable. I am wondering if you left the following week as you said you would. If Aunt Bessie had turned against you, there was nothing you could do for her. They would be much more apt to get aid for Emmet if you were not there. If he is unable to work, he may be able to get help from the county. Aunt Bessie should not hesitate to take that. Many people do, and physical unfitness for work is no disgrace in itself. There are no relations who can support her and Emmet. There is no reason why they should not receive help as well as others. If Emmet gets help, and Aunt Bessie has alimony, they may be able to pull through. When you know if Emmet is receiving, please let me know how much.

We were glad for Evangeline's letter telling about Jim's visit. I agree with her that he is working too hard, and I have written him several letters to that effect just recently. I think he will let up a bit now. He is so anxious to meet as much of his expenses as possible. He wrote that the boys would soon be coming on to college and they might not have the chance of a scholarship, and he'd like us to be able to save up for them; so he was trying to earn all his room rent, too.

Our Christmas seemed to be a grand success. Joe and family arrived Thursday evening and are staying until the third. The children are having a grand time! Most of them have gone to Chakwal with Emmet this morning. They will be back this evening. Miss Cathcart is having a party for the children tomorrow afternoon. Tomorrow night there is to be a watch party at our house for all the missionary children. Saturday at 11 is the big military parade, and that afternoon the Fazl Ilahis have invited us all to tea. The big church dinner in our yard Christmas Day went off splendidly, with the exception of three men who came drunk. They got into a fight and your two grandsons - Dave and Joe -stepped in and separated them and marched one fellow off home (he lived nearby). Dave and Joe are both very strong and the fellows didn't have much chance with them. You may think that
was a little rough experience for the boys, but when they saw drunk men I'm glad they knew what to do with them. It is well for them to know what drink does to a man.

The boys all have a very wholesome attitude towards Christmas. They do not think so much of what they get as what they are doing with and for others. It was a big day for them. The dinner at night was a great success. We had goose, which everyone thought delicious. We had ice cream for dessert as the children all prefer that.
Rawalpindi, January 5, 1938. We are indeed sorry to hear about all the trouble Emmet Price was having with his elbow. You did just the right thing to stay with Bessie while Emmet was in the hospital. From your letter the week before, I thought Aunt Bessie had turned against you and that you couldn't stay. Evidently it was only a thing of the moment, and surely she needed you when Emmet was in the hospital. I am eager for more word. Surely while he is disabled he can get some help from the state. I often wonder if proper treatment had been given him when he was a child, if this bone weakness could have been healed.

Joe and family left by bus [for Zafarwal] Monday morning. They have outgrown their car; so travel by bus. They seem to have had a grand time and you may be sure the boys did, too, as they do so enjoy having company. The other children so enjoy being in the city. They all rented bicycles and had great fun. You would have said it was just like Joe if you had seen him coming home with a folding baby carriage. Marjorie wanted to rent one; so Joe went up to the shop and chose one and brought it home. The boys are really very helpful. Bob has developed a lot during his illness and is very thoughtful. The boys are all growing up. You would wonder where your little grandsons had gone if you were to meet them now.

Rawalpindi, January 5, 1938. Letter to Evangeline. I intended writing you last week but failed. Because mother worries so much I have purposely not told her everything. When I tried to get up after flu, an infection in the kidney sent me to the hospital, and I was there for three weeks, including Christmas and New Year's. Since Joe's family didn't get here last year, and they're going to America in the spring, we decided to have them up any way. The children had a much happier holiday that way, and as I was in hospital it didn't disturb me to have a house full of people. They left Monday morning and I came home at noon after the house had been put in order. I'm to stay in bed for a few more days and then shall begin getting up gradually. I really wasn't very sick; only the doctor was determined to get rid of the trouble and kept me in the hospital long enough to do so. She wants me to take it easy for a while longer and you know I can do that better than anything else. You can imagine there are many things to be done since I haven't been up since the boys came home.

Five weeks in bed means much mending undone. Miss Moore did a little, and would have done more if the boys had given it to her. Mrs. Ward, too, but it is hard to get the boys at things like that.

I try not to let mother know of this, because I know how she worries, and she has had so much to worry her about Aunt Bessie and Emmet's broken elbow. If you want to tell her when this gets there, and all this sickness is over, all right. But you know conditions there better than I do, and I don't want to upset mother.

Rawalpindi, January 13, 1938. We were glad to hear from your letter this week that Emmet had his operation and that the worst was over. I'm sure he had excellent care, and you and Aunt Bessie could rest assured that the best was being done for him.

We have been watching with keen interest the plans of the Imperial Airways to carry all first-class mail to England by air. We suppose that will include all our American letters as they go by way of England. It will save between seven and ten days and will run four times a week. Doesn't that seem marvelous? They plan now to begin February 23rd, so it may not be long until the speed of all our letters will be greatly increased.

Jim's letter this week says the Martins had invited him there for Christmas and as that was on his
way to Oxford, he had decided to accept instead of going to Belmont. It was lovely of Evangeline to ask him again this year, but since he was going to so close to Martins it was his opportunity to visit them. Did he tell you that he received another $105 in scholarship, and the promise of this same next year, if his grades keep up? He was so anxious to not draw on us for his room rent, and this edition makes that possible.

We were interested in what he wrote of the conference. The students met in 11 separate groups most of the time, and he went as a representative of the group, the Student and the World Community. We are pleased that he is able to use his childhood background and experience this way. He paid his own fare, but Dwight Hall paid for him for his expenses at the conference.

Two friends of Dave bicycled up here on Thursday. They will stay until Monday when Dave and Joe will bicycle with them to Lahore, stopping Monday night in Jhelum. There is a big exhibition of Indian industries in Lahore, and the boys are anxious to see that.

Last night we had all the missionary children in for supper. The two older Whitfield children and Mrs. Cummings' niece are here visiting, so that our total number including Emmet and me was 15. The 10 older children stayed late playing rook and seem to have a grand time. You know how our boys have always liked having company at our house.

The Olympic Sports [district] are on now - yesterday and today. As Dave is 16 he has to go in for the senior group, and so has no chance really. Joe hopes to get one or two things out of it, though they don't have some of the events that he is best in.

Bob is having a grand time this winter, even though he is not able to do everything the others do. Joe has been teaching him some and he does seem to be getting on, but you know he never did like to study too well. He needs the competition of a school.

Rawalpindi, January 19, 1938. I think I wrote to you that two boys were here visiting Dave. They had quite a run of social events, dinner here with all the mission children Wednesday night; at Stewarts' Friday night; and at Downses' this Saturday night. Saturday afternoon they were out for tea and badminton, too. Thursday and Friday were the Olympic Sports. Dave had no chance in the senior division, but Joe won a cup [first place] in shot put and second place in pole vault. The intramural sports at the college were held Saturday, from one to four, and the boys all went there, too. They always enjoy watching the games and sports.

Monday morning, at 6:30, the four boys were off on their bicycles. They reached Gujranwala, 130 mi. from here, at 6:30 P.M. I had a card from Joe, saying that they had arrived in Lahore the next noon and all was OK. Joe hopes to bring a classmate home with him - Homer Stuntz, whose sister Margaret is in Smith. Joe is visiting the Stuntzes.

There seems to be little news to write. Bob is busy spinning tops these days. The Indian tops are very fascinating and he has learned how to spin them well. He is studying every day, though I am sure he will make more rapid progress when he gets to school and has to compete with others.

It seems very quiet here without the boys. They were so eager to take the trip, and we knew it would mean a lot to them, though we should love to have them home, as we have them for so short a time during the year.

Rawalpindi, January 26, 1938. We were so pleased to get your letter telling of Jim's visit [in Wooster, Oh]. Of course we always want to know everything about him and you wrote in full... He wrote as soon as he got to Oxford and told how good you and Aunt Bessie were to him, and how much you had been doing for Aunt Bessie and Emmet. He was having a fine holiday, and I am glad for him.

We are sorry Emmet was having such a long siege. It was so good he could be home for
Christmas with you and Aunt Bessie, and I'm so glad Jim was there even for a few minutes, or rather hours. We shall be eager for later word concerning his arm. It is good that he is able to draw something from the state. Every little bit helps.

Jim would be so pleased to see the Campbells. It was good of you to call them up and get Jim in touch with them. He is always happy to be in the Martin home. They were our nearest mission neighbors out here and Jim was often in their home as a little fellow.

We are expecting Joe back tomorrow. It has been very lonesome here without him and Dave. They should be home in another week or 10 days. Time goes by so quickly and they will returning to Landour before we realize it.

Emmet went to Jhelum over Sabbath, and Chakwal over Monday, returning home late that night. They are building a parsonage and a reading room in Chakwal. As soon as the funds are in hand, the church will be built adjoining them. Miss Emma Dean Anderson is very anxious to have this completed while she is living.

Did I tell you that I am now the shortest member of our family? Bob is so delighted that he is taller than his mother. He still weighs less than I, but all the others weigh more than I. I'll soon be the smallest in the family, in weight as well as height, if Bob keeps on.

Rawalpindi, February 2, 1938. I am glad you had such a nice visit with Mabel Campbell. Don't worry about my looking thinner in that picture. I am thinner, but you know I was too heavy by far.

Joe returned last Thursday. He seemed to have had a grand time but was glad to be home again. His friends are coming up next week. They have had a good vacation. Dave returns either the last of this week or early next.

I am also reading "On Journey" by Ida Scudder - an emeritus professor of English at Wellesley. I am delighted with her viewpoint on many things. I am reading the Autobiography of Jawaharlal Nehru, too. It should be interesting to most any readers, but especially to us in India. I think he tries to be very fair. He is a very keen, intelligent thinker; though I do not agree with everything he says.

Bob is flying kites these days with Tom Cummings. They are together every afternoon, three days here and three at Tom's. Tom will be gone in a month and Bob will be very lonesome.

Last Saturday was Convocation Day at the college. It is the same as Commencement in America. Emmet wore his hood and mortarboard for the first.

Saturday night Emmet and Joe and I were invited to the Downses for dinner. Jackie (for Jacqueline) is Joe's age; so they have lots of fun together. She comes over every morning for tennis with him. There are quite a few high school girls in our mission now but no boys except ours.

Rawalpindi, February 8, 1938. Dave returned last evening and we were surely glad to see him. He was gone 23 days and thinks he had a grand time. They even went up to Landour and waded around in the snow. He looks fine; so the trip must have agreed with him. I shall ask when he comes in this evening how many miles he rode on his bicycle. Mr. Theodore Taylor and Mr. Ginn from Landour . . . are staying with us and Joe has just been in his element taking them around. This morning the four (Dave and Joe and the two teachers) played tennis a couple of hours and again this afternoon they were playing. The men are going to Peshawar tomorrow and will be back home in 10 days or so.

Bob is making good progress in his schoolwork these days. I hope he can begin sixth grade work at the time school opens. Then he will be up with his class. Though in writing and several other things he is a little behind, he will catch up with them in time. He certainly isn't overworking. He hasn't had a great deal of interest in it, and I am sure he would take more interest, if he had the competition of the class. However we shall do our best as it is. I am conceited enough to think he will get some things better at home than he would in school!
Rawalpindi, February 13, 1938. Emmet is to go to Gujranwala tomorrow to audit Mr. Merriam's books before Dr. Chambers takes them over. He will be gone until Thursday or Friday.

At present I have a darzi on the verandah each day, trying to get your grandsons clothes made - pajamas, underwear, pants, shirts, etc.. Bob has outgrown so many things. I have had to have a false cuff put on the white pants we had made last September.

The boys did so enjoy the comics you sent from Wooster. Dave was away when they came, but he has read them all since his return. I said I would ask him how many miles often he rode on his bicycle. On the main road it was 770 mi.. This of course does not include the riding he did in all the cities he visited. Only twice did they take a bus, once the day he came home, because a very strong wind was against him. The other time was the day he got something in his eye, and they were detained at the hospital at Ambala. That evening they took a bus to Ludhiana to make up time. A very amusing incident occurred in that connection. It might have proved more than amusing. Before they got to the hospital an Indian asked Dave if something "had fallen" in his eye, and said he might be able to get it out. He then opened up the eye and proceeded to lick it with his tongue! He said that was the remedy they employed. If any germs were transmitted, they were evidently washed away by the doctor and nurses. Dave said real relief only came when a nurse in the hospital had dropped liquid paraffin in his eye, as it had a very soothing effect on the irritated part. It was all well long before he arrived home.

[February 14th.] Jackie Downs has a girlfriend visiting her and our two boys are with them much of the time. Today it has poured constantly and the boys have been over there playing Monopoly and Rook.

Mr. Taylor and Mr. Ginn left Thursday for Peshawar and the Khyber. Fortunately it was sunny then. They would like to go to Kashmir this week. I hope it clears for them, as it would be folly to attempt to go unless it is bright and sunny.

Rawalpindi, February 23, 1938. Is there anything you would like me to bring from India? I shall have to take Bob to the USA for school sometime within the year, and if there is anything you want (within the limits of my purse) let me know. What would be of most use to you?

Dave and Joe are beginning to tire of vacation. They always do, because there is not enough activity for them. They play tennis and badminton every day, and ride around a lot, but they need more group activities, and at least some directed. Bob does more than he should at times, but he does so enjoy being out in the open. Spring is coming and we are all glad. Today was bright and sunny and showed a decided rise in temperature.

The new Air Mail service is working, but our mail is not included. We're watching it with interest, even though we are not to benefit by it. No doubt the USA will enter into it before long.

Rawalpindi, February 27, 1938. Tomorrow is a holiday at the college; so we are going to drive out to Taxila. Miss Porter expects her father to arrive in Karachi about the fifth. He came on a freighter. He and two ladies were the only passengers, and they stopped at just two ports - Port Said and Aden. It must have been a dull voyage. Freighters often give very comfortable accommodations and excellent service, but I should prefer more company, even though it might be uncongenial. It would at least add spice to have more people promenading the deck.

This is Thursday evening. We were all invited to our pastor's for dinner tonight, and you should have seen Bob eat! We all ate enough, but he was the limit.

Yesterday was a holiday at the college; so we all went to Taxila for the day. Bob's blood was not good all through his illness and even last October they put him on an iron tonic for a time. Yesterday his hemoglobin was 94, which is very good. We all were high and certainly are a well-looking bunch.
Rawalpindi, March 7, 1938. I hope you are not worrying about me. I seem quite well again. I did not get a wool dress made as I have been going out only about 10 days now, and it is beginning to warm up. I shall not need one until next year. I did get my coat fixed and it looks very good.

I was laid up for about three months. I was not in bed all the time, but was not allowed to go out in the cold, and was up about four or five hours a day. I had all my meals in my room where there was a fire. In the evenings we lit a fire in the drawing room, and I went out there to eat with the family. When we were alone they often ate in my room. I did not go to the dining room until it began to be warm about 10 days ago. Then after we had sat down we realized that this was the first time our whole family had sat down around the dining table for two years. I should not say the whole family, but you know I mean the five of us here. I'm glad to be so well now, and since the warm weather is coming I hope to be able to live a normal life again.

Dave and Joe will leave us next Tuesday. Their clothes are in order except for some undershirts that I must buy. The darzi has been making them shirts, drawers, pants - things that we would buy readymade in America. The shirts are not a great success, as he never gets the collars as well shaped as the factories in America do, but they pass here.

Joe has been teaching our cook to ride a bicycle. We plan to let him use one all the time. This afternoon he gave us an Indian tea, and he had promised Joe to do so when he was able to go to the bazaar on the bicycle. It will be a great saving of time for all of us.

Both Dave and Joe have played a lot of tennis this winter and are now playing fairly good games. Jackie Downs is a good player, and plays with them almost every day. They usually play either tennis or badminton with the club that meets here in the evenings. With Jackie they play in the mornings. It will be good if they can play a good game of tennis when they go to college.

Bob is over at the Downses' today. Their little boy is only six, but Bob likes to play with him, and he is delighted every time Bob goes over.

Rawalpindi, March 16, 1938. Dave and Joe left yesterday at 11:00. The Cummings family left on the same train. You can imagine there was a crowd there at the station. We are a very quiet household now. The house seems empty. Bob felt very lonely when they left. This morning he settled down to school and did very well. I hope to be able to make real progress with him now. He has a very keen mind and retentive memory, but he has never learned to concentrate as he should.

We had a Swedish lady and her son stopping here last week. The son is only 20, and very much a boy in many ways, but his understanding of the world of politics was rather comprehensive for one of his years. We were interested in his and his mother's attitude to Hitler. To them he is the embodiment of an ideal and the savior of the German people. No doubt he has given new courage to the Germans, and brought them out of the deep depression, but it would take much persuasion and good argument, in addition to convincing facts, to make me regard him as they do. Saturday evening they got the German broadcast and interpreted it for us. It was the announcement of the march of German troops into Austria. We could hear the repeated cheering, the singing and the band music, but as Hitler himself was detained because of the crowd we did not hear when he arrived. The Swedish people think Hitler has saved Europe from Russia for at least another two years. They claim that the great majority of Austrians are Nazis.

Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich were visiting in Pindi last weekend. We had them and the Downses in for lunch on Friday. Mr. Downs is getting around now and hopes to begin teaching very soon. I hope he can, for it is very hard to be unable to carry on one's work for so long. His wife has been wonderful in keeping so very cheerful all through his illness.

Dr. Porter arrived here Monday afternoon and he and Gwynaeth had tea here at our house with Mr. and Mrs. Cummings. They had wanted to have a visit before the Cummingses left, and they
thought it would be quieter here than over at the college, where everyone would want to see Dr. Porter. He seems much the same as when he left.

Rawalpindi, March 23, 1938. You mentioned Dr. Gordon. When he left India his mind was not good and all of us agree that he is not himself. His father had softening of the brain for some time and no doubt the same thing is working with him. We are all sorry for his daughter-in-law [widow of Walker Gordon] who needs every cent she can get. He has money, but we know he took some of it before he was married this time, and by law this wife will probably get everything, unless he can be persuaded to give some to the children before he dies. To educate four children is no light task.

We were interested in the German friend of Janet's. She would enjoy that contact. I know she likes to keep up her German. Jim seems to enjoy German so much more than French. He just got word that the boy in Germany with whom he corresponded had died.

The situation in Europe grows blacker and blacker. The war between Fascism and Communism seems inevitable.

We have had a good letter from Joe saying that everything is swell up there and all are getting along fine. We shall be glad for more word. Dave has not written, but that is like him. He will get in the swing of it and be regular, again I hope. They had a good trip up and everything seems to be settling satisfactorily.

Bob is studying these days and making good progress. He has certainly gained physically this year.

Rawalpindi, March 31, 1938. Ruth Mayer from Abbotabad is visiting me now. She came Monday and will leave tomorrow. She is on her way to England for the first time for 23 years. Most of the years have been spent caring for her mother. We are so pleased she can go, and hope she finds something satisfactory there. She will see so many changes, and if she does not like it at first it will be small wonder.

You probably read that the Paul Millers returned this winter. Mrs. Miller came up Tuesday to visit me while our husbands are at Synod. It is grand to see her again and we are having a wonderful visit. She stays until tomorrow night. Miss Lincoln is here helping Miss Moore pack, and she is boarding with us. Thus, you see we are having a housefull and having good visits. Bob enjoys having company, but his school suffers.

The comics are much in demand. I hope to send them up to the boys next month when the Bergsmas go. I never did enjoy them, but you know the boys never missed a word.

Rawalpindi, April 6, 1938. When I wrote you last week we had a number of guests. They have gone and Miss Peterson has been staying with Miss Moore. Yesterday afternoon we all (except Miss Moore) drove out to Taxila for tea and dinner. Gwynaeth wanted us all to come some time for her father. The Sutherlands from Campbellpur and Miss McConnell from Abbotabad came, too, so that all the missionaries in this section were present. I know Dr. Porter enjoyed it, and all of us had a grand time. Everyone was in a jolly mood. Miss McConnell came home with us to have a couple days with Miss Moore. Bob enjoys having company so much and so do we.

The other week we had such a very fine guest, Mr. Krishnaswami, the new Secretary for the Bible Society in Lahore. He is a convert from Brahmanism and his home is in Madura. He knows some of our best friends in South India. His wife was educated in America. We were sorry that she was not with him. He is very modest and at first does not make such a good impression, but the more we talked with him the more we liked him. He had the Bible study at Presbyterial and really made the Presbyterial.
We have good word from Jim. He was to go to Cape Cod to help work with four other boys on
the house of one of the professors, for the spring holidays. He would have a good time with the other
fellows, and it was to be all out-of-doors work, so that it ought to be a good change.

Emmet returned Saturday evening from Synod. We were glad he got home before the stormy
weather we have been having this week. He always feels the storm coming in.

We plan to stay here until the boys come for their 10 days of holiday the last of May, and then go
into Kashmir. It will give the family a holiday together.

Rawalpindi, April 13, 1938. Dr. Porter was in this afternoon, and I asked him a question I had
been wanting to ask him ever since I heard from you that Jim was at a party in Wooster Christmas
Eve, at the home of Mrs. Ellis. As I had thought, that is the daughter of Mrs. Lee in Berkeley. You
remember she had a married daughter in Persia, and from what Dr. Porter says, she talks much like
her mother. You would love to have met her. The minute I read that name I thought of her.

This week we have given more time to helping Miss Moore get her things packed. She is leaving
for Jhelum on Saturday. She thinks, and we agree, that she can be quieter there until the time to go to
Bombay to sail. It is hard for her to go, but it is the best thing we think. If she were willing to go to a
hospital here, it would be different, but still she could not stay down in one of the mission hospitals
during the heat, and she cannot stand the altitude. Hence, there is really nothing for her to do but go
to the States. She has two sisters in Pittsburgh.

Monday night we invited the Boyds for dinner. They're the people who rent the house the
Gordons lived in. He is an officer in the army. They have a religious discussion group at their house
once a week, and this time we were invited to stay for dinner to meet General Frost, a retired Army
officer who was come out to head up the Central Asia mission. He is quite a character.

Dave and Joe are busy at the year's work. Dave is governor of his class. It hardly seems possible
that he is a senior. He writes brief letters, but Joe writes long ones and tells everything. Dave loves to
get letters, though, and we think he will write more later. He works hard. Joe does, too. They're
very different, and perhaps that is why they hit it up so well.

Rawalpindi, April 20, 1938. Last Saturday morning at nine o'clock Mrs. Downs took Miss Moore
to Jhelum in the car. She was glad to get away and seemed to stand the ride very well. Most of my
time for the past two weeks was spent in trying to help her pack up things that I would have thrown
in the fire. I laughingly told her that she was worse than you at saving everything. However, she
was very pleased with everything we did, and we are glad she could go away feeling that she had
cleared up things well. There is some work there for me to do, but I hope to have it finished by
Saturday, and the house swept and cleaned. Her furniture will be sold or otherwise disposed of
gradually.

Two hours after Miss Moore left, Emmet and Bob and I went to Kohat to spend Easter with Miss
Davidson, an independent Scottish missionary. It was a delightful drive over a road we had never
taveled before. Coming back Monday, we came by way of Peshawar over tribal territory. The road
wound up for seven miles over the side of a rocky, barren mountain pass, and then into a very fertile
valley belonging to some border tribes. There, every man was armed and every village had a sentry
tower manned all the time. From every village a trench led to the road, so that a man who was being
wanted in a feud could crawl along and get to the road for safety. If anyone is killed on the road, the
village from which the murderer comes has to pay a heavy fine to the British government. Hence, if a
man gets to the road, he is fairly safe as long as he stays there. Bob thought that a very exciting part of
the trip. He was so pleased with Miss Davidson's big Afghan dog and her two Siamese cats. Miss
Davidson lives in a large native house on a hill in the city and overlooking a large part of the city. The
structure of the house on the side of the hill reminded me of houses in Berkeley. She has done real pioneer work. It is a great disappointment to her to be misunderstood by the very people whom she came to serve, but if they could understand her desire to serve them, there would be no need for her being there. It seems at times that everything she does is interpreted in the wrong way. She has been there alone for two years, and is going to Scotland for the summer to try to get a better perspective of things, just because the pressure has been so heavy. She has plenty of this world's coinage; so can go when the tension gets too much for her. However, she does not pamper herself and is much more courageous than many missionaries I know.

I am enclosing a copy of Joe's letter. It speaks for itself. He said he had a cold from exposure, but no doubt that has cleared up now. He was so anxious to go on this trip. He will probably be content to stay located for a time now. We're planning to go into Kashmir together when Dave and Joe come down for their vacation the first of June. We hope they can have two weeks. Emmet will take part of his vacation then, too. Address me at Naseem Bagh, Srinagar, Kashmir. We're to be in camp this summer on the old camping grounds.

Referring to Joe's letter: Joe was one of eight scouts from Woodstock who went to Hardwar, about 50 mi. away, to do traffic duty at the big Hindu mela which occurs every 12 years. It is estimated that about 800,000 pilgrims camp there. The big day was Wednesday and by Friday (Good Friday), the day Joe mentions most, there were 80,000 leaving the station on 45 trains. The exit, of necessity, continued for some days. The paper says that an area of over four square miles was enveloped by the fire. The loss to the shopkeepers alone is said to be rupees 5,000,000. I shall quote from Joe's letter which came in yesterday.

I got back from Hardwar Saturday afternoon. You'll probably have read in the papers something about it. You probably read about the accident, the fire, and the rioting on Friday. Well, we were in the middle of it all. Mr. Townsend went down Thursday night and on Friday we were working at the station trying to control the crowds wanting to go away, when we were called to the scene of the accident about 200 ft. away. We went at once and saw it. The train had backed into the station too far and knocked a fence over and also ran over some people. We saw people in halves and in quarters. There were about seven killed and twenty wounded. We got beds and stretchers and took them to the hospital as soon as possible. We didn't have time to get sick over such a scene. We worked quite a time with them and then had lunch.

After lunch we were walking in the bazaar when we saw a fire across the river. We went over the bridge as fast as we could and ran right into the fire, which was traveling fast. We saw we couldn't stop it just there, so we rushed back to a fairly broad street and started tearing down tents and huts. It seemed such a pity to tear them down but that was the thing to do. The fire didn't cross the street and I saw there wasn't much danger just there; so climbed up a tower and took five pictures of people fighting the fire. The tower was made of steel and was hot itself.

Later, I met up with Mr. Townsend and with him went around the place, doing what we could. The smoke was terrible. Finally there was a misunderstanding between the people and the police, and that started fighting. Mr. Townsend and I got caught in the middle of the beginning of the fight and thought our lives were not worth much there. They were throwing big stones and the police were charging up and down on their horses. If either of us had been hit on the head by a stone it would have been good-bye. As it was I got hit on the leg and because of that I didn't walk up yesterday and save money as I had planned. It still hurts some, but not too bad. Homer Stuntz got mixed up in it, too, and Mr. Ginn was hit on the arm with a stick by a policeman, but he is all right. We were really in danger of our lives for awhile, but got through without much harm. Several of the people were injured, if not killed, and finally the police took
to guns and the people couldn't do a thing. I don't know if they really shot or not. That day we shall always remember and I think I shall write it all up and send you a copy. There's so much to tell I cannot say it all.

That was quite an experience for a 15 year-old boy. We gave our consent to his going but are of the opinion now that it was not exactly a safe venture. We're very thankful he came through safely as did all boys. No doubt this experience will have a marked influence on his life. He used to say that he was going to be a doctor, but later decided against it because the sight of blood bothered him. Now that he has experienced this sight and realizes that a surgeon thinks not of the blood but of the relief that he gives, he may decide on surgery.

Rawalpindi, April 27, 1938. This next week we are moving over to the Cummingses' house. We cannot rent that house on the campus to others but we can rent this one, and a man is ready to come in as soon as we leave. It will be nicer for Emmet to be on the campus and the rest of us will probably enjoy it as long as we are there. The house is not as nice as this one, and the air over there is not as cool as here. However, we're glad to make the move and that the mission have the rent from this house. We could not move as long as Miss Moore was here, as she was alone and really needed us here. Hereafter, address us in care of Gordon College, Rawalpindi City.

Rawalpindi, May 11, 1938. We are so pleased with all the news of your good letter. I know it must be a great relief to Aunt Bessie that Emmet has work. It would take him around more and no doubt cost something to get started, but it would help much just in the mental attitude of all concerned.

I hope you are not worrying about our plans, though I do know your predisposition to worry. Things are still unsettled and we are still exploring all possibilities. You mention New Wilmington. The last time we lived there I did not lie down for the last five weeks, and as far as I know it is still in what is known as the asthma belt. Therefore it is ruled out for me. Doctors still advise that Bob live in a more even temperature all the year. Furthermore, he definitely has rheumatism in some of his joints, and if there is any climate in all the USA that would be better than another for him, we should use that. If possible, I should like to protect him from a health history like his father's. That does not mean that Dave could not go to New Wilmington, since it is not necessary that I should live where he is attending college. In many ways it would be better for him to go to the dormitory for boys and enter right into the life of the college. He would become adjusted to America and college life more easily that way. However, I do not think Westminster has good accommodations for boys. I think freshmen should be in a dormitory and under better regulations than they can be in small houses such as they have at Westminster. Also, at Westminster there are few opportunities for a boy to work and Dave is anxious to do something to help with expenses. We do not know what Westminster has to offer definitely, as we have not written to them. Monmouth has written saying that, if I should not be living there, it would be possible for Dave to live in a new dormitory where the expenses are kept down by the boys helping in the work. Wooster gives more scholarships than our colleges, and offers work. I agree that, if Dave goes to a church college, it should be better if he would go to one of ours. At the same time we must consider the money at hand and the salary of his parents.

It is now getting really hot and we have gone onto a summer schedule. One feature of it you would enjoy and that is that we have ice-cream every night. We have soup and ice-cream for supper every day, varying the kind to soup and of ice-cream. We eat it out on the lawn anywhere from 8:30 to 9:00. We have a big light up at the edge of the veranda. It gives plenty of light, and yet is far enough away to attract insects away from us. We get up at 5:30 in the morning and have the house
closed at 7:30. We eat breakfast on the back verandah at 6:30. Lunch we have in our darkened dining room, and shall soon have a fan going at that time. Then we have curry and coffee. Bob gets soda water in place of coffee. We drink the coffee to help us stay awake for part of the afternoon. Tea we have in the drawing room under the big fan. We go on the lawn at about 7:30 in the evening. In the mornings Emmet is at the college and Bob and I have school. Each morning, too, I have gone out to call on some of the people who live near here. We do not go out in the afternoons between lunch and tea, and at night Emmet sleeps in the house because of his rheumatism. Bob and I sleep out on the lawn. Last night was the worst yet, and the mosquitoes got into Bob's net and I killed just 10 in it this morning. You may know he did not sleep very well. The mosquitoes are very bad now. This morning we were all inoculated for cholera, as it has broken out in the city and is everywhere in the Punjab.

Did I tell you about the German doctor we have at the college? His grandmother was a Jewess; so when he had finished his medical course, he was told that he would not be allowed to practice in Germany. He landed in England with less than $5 and was helped by several organizations there. Finally, an English officer from Pindi employed him as a tutor for his little boys and brought them out here last fall. He is into tutoring a number of pupils this winter, but naturally would like to practice. The college employed him at $20 a month and board and lodging. He is doing research work at the military hospital, but gets no pay for that. He is doing some fine work among the students and giving them such medical care as they never had before. He examined Bob yesterday and thinks we should have him under special observation all the time in America, so as to have him gradually work up to more exercise as he is able. He calls Bob still a sick boy, and any boy with a heart like that should be handled with gloves. He thinks he is not doing too much now, but is sure he will benefit by going to a clinic in America and having a thorough examination, and then being under observation constantly.

Rawalpindi, May 18, 1938. Letter to Mrs. Doane, The Houses of Fellowship, Ventnor, N.J. Three years ago this summer we partook of your hospitality in the Houses of Fellowship in Ventnor. Now that I am compelled to return to the USA because of the health of our youngest son, I write to request that, if possible, we be allowed to have a suite in the Houses of Fellowship from January, 1939, to the end of the school year.

Our son has been ill with rheumatic fever for two years and, though he is much better, he is not allowed to live at the altitude of Woodstock School, the school for American children. Hence, I must take him to America for his education. Until he is thoroughly examined at a good heart clinic, we shall not know how to direct his activities nor what climate would be best suited for him. Since Ventnor is near both Philadelphia and New York, we think it would be an ideal place to spend our first months in America, during which time we hope to be able to decide on a permanent location, a decision which is difficult to make at present, and at this distance. Since the Houses of Fellowship are so splendidly furnished, they are a great help in just such a situation as this, and we hope it may be possible for you to let us have an apartment.

Three of our sons will be with me and I should like, if possible, to have my mother visit me for at least part of the time. She makes her home with my sister, and naturally would like to be with us after our return.

Rawalpindi, May 18, 1938. Letter to Mrs. Livingston W. Cleaveland, New Haven, CT. Mrs. Paul A. Miller has given me your address as corresponding secretary for the International Medical Missionary Society. She speaks very highly of the ideal situation of Mountain Rest and of a splendid holiday she enjoyed there. As I am compelled to take the children to America this winter because of
the heart condition of our youngest son, I'm writing to ask for accommodation for myself and three sons at Mountain Rest for the summer of 1939. Mrs. Miller says that often children of teenage are able to secure employment there. I am confident that our son, David, who will be 18 then, would be much happier if he could secure work. I should like our oldest son, who is now a sophomore in Yale, to be with us part of the time at least, but I'm not free at present to make any request for him, as I do not know his plans, and he always tries to earn enough in the summer to help some towards his college expenses. It would be ideal if he, too, could secure a position at Mountain Rest, but I do not know what positions are available. Will you kindly let me know concerning this and register two of our boys as applicants for positions for the summer of 1939.

Rawalpindi, May 18, 1938. Bob is taking much interest in the Indian church these days, since he has something to do. In the mornings he takes his turn with the other boys at pulling the fan - the ceiling cloth ones pulled by a rope. In the evenings he helps Mrs. Downs care for the little children out in the compound during the service. He is very good with the children. All the Indian children are very fond of him.

We were interested in all you wrote about the young man from Germany. [Janet's friend?] The European is much more courteous and gracious in his manners and attentions to the young ladies than the American. However, I should be slow to become too intimate with anyone in Hitler's favor. It is fraught with too many dangerous possibilities. The simple American lad may not give all the little nice attentions, but he is not full of intrigue like many Europeans. I do not know this young man, but I have seen so many suave politicians who eventually dared to do the almost unbelievable, that I am wary of them all. No doubt these young men are sent over to learn American ways and to create a more friendly relationship between the two nations. It may be all right now, but Hitler's past inspires no confidence.

Dave and Joe are writing all about their trip down. They are so eager for it. I hope everything works out nicely. We had a storm last Friday night that cooled the atmosphere some. It is warming up again. Our lowest temperature at night is about 10 degrees higher than Landour's highest temperature in midday. The highest thus far has been 107. We had a picnic the other night and found it very comfortable out away from the city. There is a park here which is more like a wild open space than what you think of as a park. But this is higher than the city and gets the air at night. Next week we are going out again.

Rawalpindi, May 25, 1938. You were glad to go to the Cape I'm sure. You always enjoy a ride even though it is cool. It was refreshing even to read about the cool climate. The coldest temperature for the past two weeks was 105, and our hottest was 111. These are day temperatures. The night temperatures have been as low as 80. You may be sure that, in spite of all our precautions, our houses are beginning to warm up - around 90 in the daytime. They cool off very little at night. However, we give thanks for electric fans which make life bearable. June is usually our hottest month, and then the temperature goes to 117 and 118. This year May is hotter than usual. July and August are very unpleasant months because of the humidity. Thus far our nights have not been bad, especially when we sleep out on the grass.

Things in Europe have looked bad this week. One keeps wondering who will set fire to the whole mess over there. I also wonder how the USA will manage. From what we read the business condition in America is anything but good. There are so many out of employment and businessmen seem very depressed. I marvel that Roosevelt does not get more knocks. Every other president has been blamed for everything whether or not he has been responsible. Now we have a man that many of us think is responsible, but from the papers we read he does not get as much criticism as others have.
This is a busy week for Dave and Joe. The [Woodstok] sale is on Saturday. Dave's class makes and sells the ice-cream, and Dave and the other boys are responsible for the decoration of the stall, etc.. Then Dave is making some stationary - printing scenes on Nepalese paper. I have ordered some. Joe's class in cooking has a stall. Joe plays in the band which is always in evidence at the Sale, and his class put on the play, which is given four times during the day. Joe has the leading boy's part in that. So, you see, they will be busy until 4:00, when they start down the hill for the bus to Saharanpur, where they get the train at 9:00. The next day's trip will be a hot one, but we have advised them how to lower the temperature in the compartment with ice, and how to keep themselves as cool as possible. We are hoping for a storm before that so as to lower the temperature. We should have a grand holiday together.

Bob is so excited that the boys are coming. He went to Murree last Saturday with the Downses. It is the first hill station from here and is cooler. He thought he had a grand time. He is weary of the heat.

Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, June 6, 1938. The boys and all of us have been having a grand time. Mrs. Downs, Jackie (her daughter) and Edith Coapeman are camped beside us. The two boys and the two girls go swimming together every day. Bob and Wallie Downs join them in the boating and horseback riding. The six of them have gone horseback riding for an hour every morning. Today all but Wallie and I went to Pahalgam in our car and then were riding on to Aru, where we camped several years. The boys were very eager to see it again. I didn't go because I had a cold, and though I was much better I didn't want to run the chance of getting worse again. It is much colder up there and a horseback ride of fourteen miles, seven there and seven back, didn't seem like the wisest thing for me.

I shall send you a picture of our camp and the boys on horseback next week. We have two tents and a small umbrella tent, which Bob uses. When Dave and Joe and Emmet leave Wednesday morning, I shall return one tent and part of the furniture to the agency from which we rent. Jackie and Edith are going with them, and Dave thinks he'd like to spend his life in Kashmir! It is very beautiful this time of year.

There are a number of people from Woodstock - 7 teachers and 14 pupils - scattered around here in the valley. All are in houseboats except our camp here.

Wednesday afternoon we took our tea over to Nishat, one of the beautiful Moghul Gardens. Thursday afternoon we all took our tea over to the Whitfields' houseboat, which is on Nagin Lake where the boys love to swim. Friday we drove into the city before noon and took a "shikara" down the river through the city. We had a picnic lunch on the boat as we drifted down. It is a most interesting ride and the boys took a number of pictures. We stopped at several shops, but bought nothing. We came back up the river and went to tea at a houseboat moored at a small garden in the city. As we were driving into the City that morning we saw that "Snow White" was on, so drove around and got reservations for the 6:30 show. Have you seen it? Jim wrote about it. It really is a marvelous piece of art. The conception of the whole thing, with all the birds and beasts and brownies, is full of fantasy and imagination applied to whims and fancies of human nature. The boys were thrilled with it, and have talked of it so much ever since. Dave was naturally interested in the art production, though he always enjoys a joke wherever seen or heard.

Several evenings the children have gone out for rides on the lake after dark. Saturday night they didn't get out till after ten; so they stayed until twelve. The life here is so different from Landour that it makes a real holiday for them. Bob and I shall miss them all very, very much, but we are thankful they could be here for even this length of time.
Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, June 10, 1938. Letter to W. B. Anderson, U.P. Board of Foreign Missions, Philadelphia. Some time ago Emmet wrote you about the possibility of my returning to the USA this coming winter. Though Bob's heart condition is very much improved, all the doctors advise against taking him to Landour. Hence, I must take him to the USA for school.

The question of where we shall settle is still an open one. Many of the doctors here think that probably he would be better in a mild climate where he would not have to adjust to extreme temperatures. However, they urge me to take him to a specialist for a thorough examination and follow a specialist's [advice] as to climate, activities, etc. With this in view, I have written to Mrs. Doane, asking for an apartment at the Houses of Fellowship for this winter. After consulting a specialist, I can make plans for a home in the States until Emmet's furlough.

I'm writing for sailings in December and hope to arrive in New York in January. There are three heart clinics in the East of which I know. One is at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, where they have a special department for children with rheumatic fever, which is the disease Bob has had. In New York there are 2 - Irvington House and New York's Cardiac Vocational Service. You may know of others. I thought it would probably be much more satisfactory if your office corresponded with these clinics, or other specialists, to ascertain which would be the best and what the expenses involved would be. I should prefer to take Bob at once upon landing to one of them, so that we can get him under observation at the earliest possible date. We are most thankful for the care he has had here in India, but he has not been examined by a specialist since he first took ill in Landour. All the doctors who have treated him here insist that he must go to a heart specialist before he enters school and before he increases his activities much. They are very hopeful that by the time he is fully grown he will be able to live a normal life, but to do so he must be under the observation and care of a heart specialist during these intervening years, so as to avoid any over-strain and, at the same time, gradually increase the range of activities. I should appreciate it very much if you could arrange for this correspondence from your office, and arrange for this specialist's examination upon our arrival.

We very much appreciate the sympathetic understanding the Foreign Board have always given to our family problems. This separation in our family is not what we had planned, nor what we should ever choose, but when it is the only door open, we enter in faith that the Lord has something for us even better than we had planned. We know the truth of those words in Romans 8:20, and we go forth in faith.

Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, June 13, 1938. The folks had a wonderful day at Pahalgam and Aru. They were very tired and thirsty on their return, but plenty of water, tea, and cocoa, in addition to a big dinner and a good night's sleep, set them up again and they were riding, swimming, and boating all the next morning. In the afternoon we took a big boat for the nine of us and went to the school regatta. We didn't get home until nearly nine, and they were all off for Pindi by seven the next morning. Emmet took the two girls and two boys out in our car by way of Abbotabad. They got home at 6:00. The next afternoon at 2:00 he put them on the train. They had half of a big compartment through to Saharanpur, where they got off the next morning at 4:00 and took the bus for Landour. I got a telegram saying they arrived safely in Landour at 10:00 a.m.. They had a marvelous vacation and one long to be remembered.

Fortunately, it rained the day they returned to Pindi, so that the temperatures were down and traveling much more comfortable. The monsoon has broken and we are having rain and more rain. The lake looks cold and bleak. Bob and I are both wrapped in blankets.

Mary G. Babcock sent a very nice copy of "The Cloister and the Hearth," and Bob is reading it with so much pleasure. He is very fond of historical novels. We have brought a number of Scott's up with us.
We are making cherry jam today. The cook says he hasn't anything to do now that Dave and Joe have gone. He bought cherries before Bob and I were up this morning and has seeded them. This ought to keep him busy for a time - 20 quarts! The boys were so thrilled with the strawberries and each took a quart of strawberry jam for his dorm of boys. Emmet took some for himself, too, but there is still some here. Emmet is very fond of cherries, and will even eat a good-sized piece of cherry pie. You remember he doesn't care for pie. I found this winter that the dessert that Indians liked best is a square of cake with jam and whipped cream on the top. It is a very easy dessert to make when we have a good jam from Kashmir.

All the Indians on the plains are glad that the rains have broken, as the heat was very severe. By August the plains are very steamy and Emmet considers that the most trying time of the year. He will probably come in at the latter part of July.

Do you remember how the boys loved to hear the patter of rain on the roof? Bob thinks it is so cozy to sit inside the tent and listen to the rain on the roof! I told him I can be cozy without the rain!

Nasim Bagh, June 13, 1938. Letter to the Principal, Mount Hermon School, Massachusetts. Ever since our son, James, had his two years at Mount Hermon, that school has been the goal of our other three boys, though it has seemed an impossible dream. Now that I must return to the States this December because of the protracted illness of our youngest son and the resultant heart condition, I am wondering what would be the possibility of getting our second son, David, into Mount Hermon for the second semester of this coming school year.

David will finish high school in Woodstock School early in December, 1938, and will sail with me shortly after that. He has always dreamed of going to Mount Hermon, but we did not see our way clear to leave him there when we came out three years ago. His credits would enable him to enter Wooster and other colleges of similar standing. As he does not want to enter college in the middle of the year, I should like him to make the best possible use of the months intervening between his graduation at Woodstock and the opening of college in the following September. I do not know that he would be able to go up for the College Board examinations in June, 1939, but the class drill and the daily work at Mount Hermon would all help him in preparation for any college he should enter. It would be splendid, too, for him to have the extra drill in English that you give in Mount Hermon. He is a hard worker and stands well in his classes. Kindly let me know if he could enter and on what terms and what time the second semester opens.

Our third son, Joe, will have two more years of high school. He is seriously considering staying out in India with his father and finishing at Woodstock. This is an excellent school, but there are certain disadvantages to entering college from a foreign school. If he should go to America with me, I should like nothing better than to send him to Mount Hermon, if we could manage it financially. Would there be any scholarships open to him if he should prove worthy? He, too, is a hard worker and has an A average in his classwork. Please also let me know if he could enter in January, 1939, or September of the same year.

Camp O-at-ka, Maine, June 14, 1938. Letter from Jim to Grandma Payne. Dear Grandma,

Sorry not to have written you before, but the past few weeks have been exceptionally busy.

The address probably takes you by surprise. Just at present I am at a conference of the Student Christian Movement of New England. Yesterday we drove along Pleasant Street on our way up here, but had no time to stop. I'm leaving here Friday morning for Philadelphia, where we have a two-weeks training for Student Peace Service, with which I'm going to work this summer. After the initial training, we spend six weeks in some area to which we are assigned.
**Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, June 20, 1938.** Bob is studying his spelling while I write to you. I manage
to get most of my letter written during his school hours, but if one must be typewritten, then I must
wait for some other time.

The Heinrichs came in on Friday and brought a number of mouth organs. Bob purchased one,
and soon was playing "My Old Kentucky Home" and other similar tunes. He is thrilled to be able to
do it.

The Porters and Dr. Hunsberger and Miss Artman came Thursday. We had a very heavy storm
Friday night. The wind blew a tree over a houseboat and split it in two. Fortunately no one was hurt.
Another tree fell on a woman and killed her. It poured all that night and seemed more like Landour
than anywhere else.

India is full of pariah dogs and Nasim Bagh seems to have more than its share. We got after the
authorities and finally they poisoned five the other day. Then that night one would have thought the
poisoned ones had risen up, from the howling and barking around the garden. Jackals have
commenced to add their music to the night serenade. It is well I am a good sleeper. However there
must be some fly in the ointment, and surely, aside from the dogs, this is an ideal camping spot.

You ask about my condition. I still take some medicine and still am lazy and do no more than
necessity requires, and sometimes not that much.

We haven't gone out painting yet. Gwynaeth Porter wants to go out with us this evening. I hope
the atmosphere clears some before then. The evening lighting is usually the best.

I shall enclose a few more pictures that will show a little more of Kashmir. It is a marvelously
beautiful country, but the people are so hard to deal with. They are so deceitful and lazy. Life is hard
for them, though, even in this beautiful land. 95% are Mohammedan peasants, who are very much
downtrodden by the few Hindus who are in power. The Maharaja spends vast sums for his personal
pleasure, but scarcely a cent to help the economic condition of his people. If a blight comes among
the fruit, it must just take its course as he is unwilling to spend anything to check it. It is the same
with everything. He has built himself a huge palace on the lake but it is very ugly. It really looks like
horse stables on three sides of a quadrangle. He has even been talking of clearing the lake of the
floating gardens so that he could run his motor boat about on it. Yet these are the gardens on which
most vegetables are raised for the summer market and from which the peasants earn a little cash.

**Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, June 27, 1938.** Last Saturday was Gwynaeth Porter's birthday. Ten of us
took a picnic tea and supper over to the gardens. It was a beautiful evening and the ride on the water
was delightful. We made the birthday cake in three tiers according to Bob's directions, and it was
really very good.

Today is our wedding anniversary but nothing very special occurred. There is a big strike on
among motor and bus drivers on the Pindi-Srinagar road. Mr. Downs was to have come in Saturday
with an army officer, who at the last moment had his leave cancelled, as there was more trouble on
the frontier and his regiment received orders to be ready to go to the front at a 24-hour notice. Mrs.
Downs left this morning at 4:30 to go for him. He has kept going fairly well, but has to be very careful
and the heat was not too good for him. College closed Friday and he should leave the heat at once if
possible. Wallace, age 6, is staying with us. Bob and he brought his little tent over beside ours this
morning.

Bob is having a wonderful summer. He loves the boating so much and, though there are no boys
his age, he manages to have a good time with older people, who are all good to him. He is a dear lad
and everyone likes him.

**Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, July 4, 1938.** I'm afraid I gave you an exaggerated opinion of Bob's
condition. He is not a very, very sick boy still, but a sick boy. His heart is still enlarged and I expect to
have a specialist's examination and X-ray pictures taken, etc. when we arrive in the USA. I wanted you to know that he is not well and our location and plans will depend upon what the specialist says. I do not feel that I can now make any definite decision. He has been having a round of boils this summer, his ninth now. The one under his right arm was so deep that Dr. Hunsberger, who is camping here now, took him to the Rainawari hospital Saturday morning to have it lanced before we went on a picnic. She is giving him medicine which she hopes will clear that condition.

We have quite a nice party here in the garden. A civil surgeon from Sialkot and his wife are very friendly and join us on all our picnics. They had six of us in for dinner the other night. Bob enjoys older company, probably because he has none of his age. We had Dr. Hunsberger and Miss Artman in the next night to help us eat goose. They are so nice and tender these days and not too large. I do not like to have too much goose to eat up a second or third day, as it is so rich.

Saturday three cars took 15 of us out to the Sind River about 10 mi. from here. We took our lunch and tea. Some of us stayed where we were lunching and painted and others went for a long walk. It was a delightful day and we all voted it a great success.

We have not planned definitely what we should do on Bob's birthday. He wants a camera and we have promised him one; so someday this week we shall go into Srinagar and make the purchase. He will enjoy picking out.

Jim writes with interest of his work for the summer in the emergency peace camp. It will give him more of a scope than his work last summer did, and will not be so confining. He will have a month holiday for which I am a most thankful.

**Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, July 11, 1938.** Bob had a wonderful birthday. We gave him a Brownie camera, which he has wanted for a long time. Several gave him films; some, money, and Dr. Hunsberger, Grenfell's autobiography. Saturday night we had a corn roast here in the garden and Khan Zaman made a beautiful three-tiered cake for the birthday cake. It looked so pretty with the 12 candles lit, and everyone pronounced it a grand success. In the morning (Sabbath) we, Bob and I, went out on the lake for a beautiful ride. In the afternoon, before service, Dr. Hunsberger took us in her car around the lake to see the fountains playing in both of the big Moghul Gardens. Nishat is far more beautiful, with the fountains, as its terraces are steep and waterfalls are swifter, with six of them in view at a time from the lower terrace. We have service here in the garden every Sabbath afternoon.

Today we all went in Dr. Hunsberger's car over to another lake which is known as the Bird's Sanctuary. We rode in a boat and out among the reeds and lilies and saw many birds and nests. In several places the eggs were right in clear sight on a leaf, quite unprotected except for the color which so matched the leaf as to make them quite invisible except when very near. It was one of the prettiest trips I have ever taken on the boat in here. There were a great variety of water birds, and could we have stayed until sunset we should probably have seen more.

Tomorrow we are all going in Dr. Hunsberger's car to Pahalgam. The Porters went there to camp last week. We are stopping at the springs and fish hatchery for lunch and shall have tea in Pahalgam. Bob is paying his expenses for the trip out of some of the money he got for his birthday. When we go on trips like this we all share in the expense of the car.

**Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, July 19, 1938.** A letter from Dave says that Mrs. Stuntz invited him for tea on his birthday. Margaret, the daughter in Smith, has the same birthday as Dave, and 12 years ago, when I was in hospital with Bob, they had a joint birthday party here in Nasim Bagh. I thought it so nice of her to remember Dave. I must write her. Their second daughter is in Dave's class and will be
entering Smith a year from this fall. She is very brilliant and is an exceptionally fine girl. I always liked Margaret, too.

Last week we went to Pahalgam for a day. The next day Dr. Hunsberger and Miss Artman went for a two-week trek in the higher hills. On Dave's birthday eight of us had supper in a boat on the lake and watched the moon come up. Tomorrow we are to have a supper picnic at Bakkal House. The McConnelles are there this summer. They are delighted with the place and are hoping they can have it next summer.

Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, July 25, 1938. By this time you have no doubt left for Ohio, as the Wiens are sailing [to Germany], Wednesday. I hope everything has worked out splendidly for them. I know Evangeline did not want to get more things than she absolutely needed for the trip. It will be a grand rest and recreation for all of them. I should be so interested in all they write about the trip, and I hope you will not worry about them. They will enjoy every minute of it and will have so many pleasant things to think of for the years to come.

Jim wrote that the conference in Maine was very fine. From there he went to a training center near Philadelphia for two weeks, and then was sent to some Center for this summer's work. No, he does not make much this summer, but he is well cared for the coming year. His scholarship now covers both tuition and room rent - $600. He is to work in the college library for his board, and he heads up the student transfer agency for this year, from which he gets $250 cash. We think with him that he should be free to choose his own activities this summer. He stood very well scholastically.

Dave wrote of what a wonderful birthday he had. That morning the class gave him a cake and he cut it in over 20 pieces for his English class. Then, that evening he had supper (not tea) at the Stuntzes. After a big supper they brought on a cake that he was sure was a foot across and 9 in. high! He said that was one of the few times he has been really full since he went up to Landour. Two days later the class had a supper party and had another cake for him! He is always very appreciative. Joe's last letter was full of parties they are having. This week they have mid-year exams; so they are probably hard at their studies. Dave has been working very hard at the Annual. He was up all night one night last week, finishing up drawings, etc..

Bob is busy much of the time. Occasionally he gets very lonesome for playmates of his own age, but most of the time he is very happy.

Last Saturday morning we had a cloudburst here. Fortunately we were on high ground, but some camps were flooded out. We went with Mrs. Downs to Srinagar in the car at 9:00 in the morning. When we returned at 10:45, she couldn't drive her car to her tent. Everything was flooded. Today we took everything out of our tents to get them all dried out.

Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, August 2, 1938. Jim's letter this week was very enthusiastic about his summer work. He said he was getting a splendid course in both economics and international affairs. He sent a list of the faculty at the training camp, and seemed to think them very good. On Friday, one of the faculty was on the air and Jim was chosen as one of the two stooges to answer questions. He seemed to have enjoyed the experience.

In Joe's letter yesterday, he said that he and another boy made ice-cream the Saturday before and sold it at the hostel. He seemed satisfied with his profits and the next Saturday they were willing to sell it to the girls as well as to the boys. I think I told you that some of his class of boys took cooking this year and there is where they learned to make ice-cream. Before exams last week they served a delicious dinner to 20 invited guests. I tell him he can help me when we get to the USA!

We are expecting Emmet this evening. It will be good to have him here.

Bob is still having a grand time. Yesterday an Indian gentleman, the principle of a CMS College
in Peshawar, invited him to go with his children for a picnic. They went to the fisheries about 15 mi. around the lake from here and reported a great time.

Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, August 8, 1938. Emmet came Tuesday and seems quite fit. We are having a good holiday. He goes to the back of the garden to study in the morning, as it is very difficult to get even a few uninterrupted minutes here in front of the lake.

This evening about eighteen of us are going across the lake to one of the gardens for supper. We shall all go in a large boat. Now that it is moonlight again we shall have a number of night picnics.

We have taken tentative sailings on the Italian line on December 10th. We shall change boats in Italy and arrive in New York about January 4th. We have asked for an apartment at Ventnor for the school year. We shall not know definitely about that until October, but have hopes that we may get it. If so, after we have settled in, we want you to come to us. We hope Evangeline will come along with you for a visit with us. These are tentative plans and subject to change.

Again, we have been thinking of the Wien family. Every day for them is full to overflowing. I am sure. We shall be so interested in all they report.

Joe and Dave write that they are having a good time. The last day of exams, Joe's cooking class made donuts from 9:30 in the morning till late in the afternoon, selling them to "exam-weary teachers and pupils." Barring an hour and a half for an exam, Joe worked at it steadily, even missing lunch he said. You may be sure he was near enough to the donuts to need no lunch. He thoroughly enjoys such stunts. He likes to be where there is a lot of work and excitement.

Gulmarg, Kashmir, August 15, 1938. Dr. and Mrs. Chambers, Miss Cathcart, and Miss Milligan came down from Gulmarg last Wednesday for a visit in Nasim Bagh, and we brought them up on Saturday and are staying until tomorrow morning, Tuesday. It is beautiful here and I always loved the pines. It is quite a bit colder than in Nasim. We had them and the Davies and the Troyers in for dinner Friday night. The little place cards I decided to make at 5:30. Hence, they were very, very sketchy indeed. We had dinner out on the grass, with plenty of electric lights until the moon came up and they were no longer needed.

I am not sure if I mentioned in last week's letter the tragedy in Landour. We had seen notice of it in the paper. The Pedersens' house was destroyed by a landslide and Mrs. Pedersen, of the Presbyterian mission, killed. When we read this we had no idea that Dave had so prominent a part in the rescue work. He was at Stuntzes, attending a meeting of their Annual staff, when at 10:45 a terrible rumbling and crashing was heard and the lights went out. They were stunned for a few minutes and then decided to go up to the road and see what had happened. They soon found the wreck around the first bend in the road. They called for Mr. Stuntz and went to help the servants who were injured. The four-year-old lad (an adopted boy-[Leon Pedersen]) was caught in a corner where the ceiling had fallen in such a way so as to protect him. They pulled out plywood and brought him out safe. A woman staying there was soon brought out. She had several external injuries but could walk out. They could hear Mrs. Pedersen call for help, but it was over an hour before they reached her, and by that time she was dead. Different groups dug in different places. Mr. Stuntz and Dave found her when they pulled off the last board of a cupboard that had fallen on her. This cupboard had been covered by the wall of the house and a thick layer of landslide. She had a broken neck and internal injuries, so that her life could not have been saved had they been able to reach her sooner. Dave said he had never worked so hard in his life. He wrote fully of it, and so did Joe, each telling some different things. It was a harrowing experience but Dave came through it well as we would expect him to. Joe seemed very proud of what Dave had done.
Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, August 23, 1938. We were so pleased to hear that you had arrived safely in Wooster and that Aunt Bessie and Emmet are both well. You will have a good visit with them. You did not say how long you would be there.

You had quite a visit in Pennsylvania. I know you always enjoy yourself there. They're very good to you. I am sure little James must be quite a boy by now. Is he going to school yet?

I'm so glad Jim sent a telegram to the Wiens when they sailed. I figure that they will be arriving in Boston tomorrow. I have heard that third class on the Queen Mary is very good indeed. They certainly make time. We had a card from them yesterday and were so pleased to know that they had had a good voyage. They all are good sailors. We shall be eagerly expecting fuller reports on their trip.

I think I told you we are sailing on the 10th of December on the Italian line. The Taylors will be on the same boat with us as far as Egypt. Dave is very eager for us to attend his Commencement. We now plan to go up for it and stay until time to go to Bombay. The Commencement is November 30th. Emmet will stay with us in Landour and go as far as Delhi with us. Theo Taylor and his wife and baby will be there and will leave Landour at the same time. I'm not sure of the day we arrive in America but it is about the fourth of January. I shall give the time and the name of the boat later. Now please tell us if there is anything you wish us to bring you. We are packing our big boxes before Annual Meeting so that we can send them on by freight. However, if you tell us something you want, we can easily get it when you write.

Nasim Bagh, Kashmir, September 11, 1938. I missed writing last week because I had tonsillitis. Wasn't it stupid of me to get sick at the end of a good holiday? We had planned to go to Pindi this last Tuesday, but had to postpone to this coming Wednesday, the 13th. We are almost packed up and should be able to leave here by 7:00 Tuesday morning.

Emmet insisted that I have a fur coat. He thought I couldn't travel the Atlantic this winter without it. I have bought the cheapest good-wearing one - Himalyan cat. It is gray and is quite pretty I think. I got it 3/4 length. I'm so sensitive to the cold that Emmet insisted I get it. It cost about $1 more than the one bought in Boston five years ago - so it can hardly be called an extravagant purchase.

Rawalpindi, September 18, 1938. Everyone here comments on how Bob has grown this summer. His voice is changing and I know his brothers will be amused at that. His school has been sadly neglected and will be, I am afraid.

Dave's Commencement is on November 29th. He and Joe are very anxious that we come up for it. Many of the parents do go. The present plan is to leave here on the 25th, so as to be there for all the Commencement activities, and stay there until time to leave for Bombay. Dorothy Miller is letting us use her apartment and is leaving dishes, etc. out for us. She is always very generous. We are doing this to save car fare, and I can see to Dave's and Joe's clothes there as well as here. They are always in a mess when the boys return after a year in boarding. Hence they will need repairing before we sail. I told you, I think, that we will sail the 10th of December. You can send a letter for that week to the American Express, Bombay. We are doing all our business through them. This seems a long way off but it will not be so long after your answer to this is back to us. Hence, I am telling you in plenty of time.

Rawalpindi, September 25, 1938. Letter to Evangeline. It was so good of you to send me a letter back on the Queen Mary, telling of your safe voyage and expected arrival on the next day. Mother's letters this week quoted from your letter after you reached home. We know you are busy getting clothes cleaned, etc.
Your trip must've been wonderful, and from the sound of news from Europe you got it in just the nick of time. Mother quotes from your letter telling of seeing Paul's old home and his cousins, too. How wonderful that you could go there. I hope Paul had his camera along. Paul always said his mother loved flowers so much. It would have been a disappointment if he had not found a lovely garden right there. I have heard of the tile stoves but have never seen one. I picture the houses as quite artistic and rather quaint. It was just wonderful for you all that you could have Paul's cousin take you around. It was a real personally conducted tour. From mother's letter I could not tell just what the name of Paul's mother's town was, but understood that it was near Dresden. I hope you were able to take home some small thing from that town. I imagine the country there was beautiful. Was that where his aunt lived? I mean the one who has died since the war. I notice you were very close to the Sudeten border.

The news from Europe is most distressing. I wonder how much you heard of conditions in Germany. Paul would be able to understand people and so might be able to pick up something about the attitude of the people in general. Dr. Hamburger says that the Germans are a great home-loving people, and are rallying around Hitler there because they believe he is saving their homes and families. I think most of us will agree that the Versailles Treaty was a tremendous blunder, and that the Sudeten Germans have every reason to want to go back to their own German-speaking community, but why should the whole world be involved in a war over that. Surely it can be settled peaceably if all so desired. In my opinion Hitler is of an unsound mind, to say the kindest thing. He isn't even German. I should like to know if you got anything on the political situation when you were there. If war should break out all over Europe we might change our course and go by the Pacific, avoiding China and Japan.

We are now much concerned about the terrible hurricane you have had in the New England states. We're naturally wondering where Jim was at the time. He was to be in Pine Hill on Long Island until the 18th. From the radio reports the hurricane was on either the 19th or 20th. Was there ever such a hurricane in the history of New England? We take it that most of the loss of life was on Long Island, though the report may not be true. We wonder how about your house at the Cape. We're so eager for word, though we know we cannot hear for so long. I hope Paul and Janet were not out in it, or you either, for that matter, but you were more apt to stay at home if weather did not look favorable, but they would have to go to work.

Our family is rapidly growing up and I am the runt. Bob's voice is changing and the people here tell me it is like Dave's. I know Dave and Joe will be amused when they first hear him this winter. Janet would think she had her hands full if she had all four of these big boys around her at once. Of course Bob is still quite young in many ways, but he's probably older in ways because of his illness and lack of companions of his own age. He is really quite good about it, though, and seldom ever complains, though he is looking forward to school in America. That will probably be a hard adjustment, but he has had to make a number of adjustments, and that helps. Dave and Joe are very different temperaments, but get along grand together.

Rawalpindi, October 2, 1938. Your letter in answer to this should go to Redburn, Landour, Mussoorie U.P. and perhaps the next one could go there, though I should say send it to Bombay in care of the American Express. You can reach me in care of the American Express in Venice about December 21st, Florence about Christmas, and Genoa about the 27th, whence we sail about the 28th on the Conte de Savoia, arriving in New York on the fourth of January. That latter date we are not certain of. You can look it up in the steamship news in the paper. I give you this information now, since the answer to this must go to Landour.

Last week the basketball teams went from Woodstock to Lucknow. They won five out of six
games. Dave was among them and thought he had a wonderful time. Joe’s class went on a field trip to the Forestry Department at Dehra Dun, which is one of the finest in the world they say. He and two other boys walked down the night before and stayed with a missionary who seems to be the guardian of one of the boys. The others came down in a bus the next day, and they all went on the field trip together. After the others left, seven of the boys walked up the hill again, getting to Woodstock at ten o’clock. He thought he had a grand time, too.

I had a few guests in for dinner last week and am having a few more this Wednesday. Bob has sold the train to Mrs. Downs, but is to buy another when he gets to America. I brought out a lot of Woolworth’s green glass dishes which looked very well here. Mrs. Chambers is buying them, as Emmet has enough others and does not want too much around, as he would not be entertaining much. We’re also selling our Books of Knowledge to the girls’ school in Pathankot. I am having them resewed and renovated and they looked very nice.

Gujarawala, October 11, 1938. We came down here Saturday as Emmet had to audit the General Treasurer’s books. We are staying with Dr. and Mrs. Chambers. Miss Milligan is here also. Your letter came yesterday. We figured you would be starting East about the time of the hurricane in the New England states. If you stopped in Pennsylvania you would miss it. We were glad to learn from Jim’s letter that he was going back to New Haven the Saturday before.

We are rather disgusted with the Italian steamship line, as they have gone back on so many of their statements made when we were inquiring about sailings. When we finally wrote to make them secure, they changed their proposals. They said that if we bought through tickets to America, they would pay our train fares across Italy, transfer our luggage from steamer to steamer free, and would pay our hotel bills for three days. These were determining factors in our decision to go by the Italian line, as they reduced our travelling expenses. All these they now say they have ceased doing. We are writing today about one of the American Export steamers which is due to sail from Alexandria on the 29th, and land in New York about January 20th or 21st. It stops in Boston on January 19th. (We would go on to New York but would be able to get a glimpse of you all.) This would allow us a week in Egypt which would be very fine we think. We shall just have to wait for further word before we decide, but it sounds good to us. It makes us two weeks later, but the boys would have plenty of time for the second semester, even so, and would see much more. From Alexandria we go to Athens, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Marseilles, and then the southern route across the Atlantic.

[Thursday a.m.] Now we have come over to Sialkot. The meetings [Annual Meeting] began this afternoon. We are housed in a tent and are very comfortable, though it is hot in the middle of the afternoon. Bob is having school with me every morning. He is working on compound interest and seems to like it very much. Hence he is doing well; or should I turn it around and say that he likes it because he is doing it well?

The Taylors [Theo Taylor, son of the Dr. Taylors, and his wife] are coming down from Landour this noon. We are going to the station to meet them. Then we hope to have some direct word from Joe and Dave.

Sialkot, October 19 (?)1938. This week I received a letter from Mrs. Doane concerning an apartment at Ventnor. When she wrote, there was no first floor apartment large enough for our family in view for January, 1939. She said that there might be something by that time, and if I had nothing else, to phone her when I arrived in New York. I’m sending her a letter this week, saying that I would take a second-floor apartment, if no first one was available, and asking her to write me at your address. If we get on the American Export line, you could let me know in Boston, what the
word is. If you get a letter from her for me, you open it and see what the news is. If she does not have anything for us, please do not let it worry you.

Dr. Taylor has preached two excellent sermons. Bob thinks the Sabbath morning one the best he has ever heard. You see children like illustrations and he uses them very aptly. Dr. and Mrs. Taylor will start their tour of the mission immediately after Annual Meeting. I think I told you that we are sailing from Bombay on the same boat with them.

Dave and Joe are very eager for us to come to Landour. The class voted for Emmet to give the Commencement address on November 29th. He has asked suggestions from his sons as to what he is to do and not do! However, they haven’t been very specific. We sent some cookies to them the other day. Today are the interschool Olympics and both Dave and Joe are entering. Dave broke the school record in pole vault the other day, but I don’t know what he will do today. He competes with much older boys.

Sialkot, October 26, 1938. We were relieved to know that you did not start East until after the great hurricane was over, and that you stopped at Mifflintown for a week so that much of the cleaning up was done before you went through New England. However, hundreds of trees could not be cleaned in that time and if you went through Providence you must have seen some of the wreckage and destruction. Jim’s letter this week contains some clippings about it that give many details we have not heard over the radio. We must have gotten word only an hour or so after it happened. How small the world seems at such times! We’re wondering how the Wiens’ house at the beach fared. I noted that they went down there just the week before. Since their house is in the cove, it would not get the high tidal waves that struck the open coast.

You will be interested know that I’ve had my tonsils taken out Monday morning. The doctors all said I’d have to have them out some time; so I decided now was the time. I could get it done much cheaper here by our mission doctor and I have hopes that by having them out I may not be so sensitive to cold on the trip to America. Miss Laing, who is assistant secretary of the mission (Emmet is secretary) lives here at the hospital. Emmet and Bob came down here and Emmet and Miss Laing are editing the minutes while I get over the worst of this. I had the operation under a local anesthetic and it wasn’t as bad as it might be, though I confess I’m glad it is in the past. Now that I have had my glasses changed, my teeth filled and cleaned and my tonsils out I ought to be a fairly well-repaired individual. We hope to drive back to Pindi Friday. Then I shall have just four weeks there. I’m getting up today for my meals. I’ve had liquid diet thus far.

Dr. and Mrs. Taylor are to be in Pindi next week from Monday evening until Thursday morning. He is to go to the International Missionary Conference in Madras in December; so will not be in the boat with us. Mrs. Taylor will probably go as far as Egypt with the young couple and wait there for Dr. Taylor. Theo and his wife and baby are trying to get the same boat as we are from Alexandria to New York. It will be fine to have traveling companions all the way.

Rawalpindi. November 2, 1938. Letter to Evangeline. Our plans seem to be working out so that we shall have the time in Egypt and arrive in Boston about the 17th of January and in New York about the 19th. Now it is not my intention that you should spend a day we are there cooking. I do not know where we shall dock, but I see no reason why we all cannot have lunch and dinner on the steamer. I shall so arrange. You know from past experience that you will need passes to get on the dock. I am sure trams or buses come near there and so please do not try to drive down there. Since we are not disembarking there, we shall have no luggage. From the timetable, I take it that we spend one night in Boston. In that case Paul and Janet can be with us in the evening. Get passes for everyone. Grahams included. This is all presupposing that you do not have one of your big
snowstorms at that time. It would then be unpleasant for you all to be out at night. We are traveling on the Exeter of the American Export lines. Can you inquire there as to time of docking, etc?

I preface all that follows in this paragraph with the assurance that I am feeling much better now than I did a few months ago. My throat is still a little sore from the operation, but it is healing nicely and I shall soon not notice it at all. My kidney has not hurt for some time and the doctor thinks the removal of the infected tonsils will help that condition. However, since the left kidney is very low, the mission doctors advise that I go to a clinic and probably have a belt made to support it. Since Bob has to go to a clinic, too, Emmet thinks we should go together and that we should go to the Lahey clinic in Boston, since it is as good as any in the country and is near you. It will probably not take more than a couple of days. I should like you to make inquiry as to prices, etc. Since there is a special heart clinic for rheumatic fever cases at the Massachusetts General, would it not be well to inquire there, too? I thought that if you could inquire there, it would simplify things when I come. Bob will need a general checking over, X-rays, etc. - so the doctors here think.

Last June I was so miserable that I did not see how I could go to America and keep house for five people and enter into the community and school life as I should, with Joe and Dave especially. Also, since I was going to Ventnor for just this winter, I knew it would be difficult for the boys to make friends or feel established in so short a time. Furthermore, Joe has been very slow to decide to go to America. He is doing good work and is very happy in his class and does not want to leave. We left it to him chiefly, though I was anxious that he go since I felt the two last years in high school in America would mean much more to him. After Emmet came back to Pindi with the boys in June, I wrote to Dr. Porter at Mount Hermon to see if he would take Dave in there the middle of the year. Dave needs the drill in English that they give there and also, if they let him wait on table, he will get training that will help him work through college. But more than that, it will get him quickly into the atmosphere of American young people and prepare him for college. I told Dr. Porter that Joe was coming on in school but was not decided about going to America. He wrote back a most splendid letter, saying that because of Jim's record he was anxious to help his brothers, and that he would take the boys in the middle of the year though they did not usually do that, and that he would be able to help us out financially with some scholarship. How much that will be we do not know but we feel that is just the thing for Dave and Joe. We wrote to Jim and have just heard from him. He is very pleased that the boys are going there. It will mean much to them to be near together.

Now I know you are wondering where the Lahey Clinic is coming in. Our plan is to go to Ventnor and get settled and get the boys outfitted and then when they go to Mount Hermon, Bob and I shall come on to Boston and go through the clinic. If you let me help in expenses, I shall be glad to be out with you all those few days, but I do insist on paying towards the expenses. Mother could return to Ventnor with us and you come then or later. Will this be convenient with you? Perhaps the Grahams know something of the clinic from their contact with the Fosters. I understand that a patient's income is considered when the bill is made. I hope so.

I am not writing to mother this week as this letter will assure her that all is well. There is little to write about. The books for the Leper Asylum are being audited today and then I hand over to Mrs. Downs.

Rawalpindi, November 9, 1938. We are happy to know that the Weins' house at the Cape was not harmed by the hurricane. All reports are full of tragedies of every kind. We are so thankful you all were safe.

Bob has been in bed since Sabbath with a bad throat. He is better, but the doctor says he must stay in bed several days longer. Hence, you see, I have not had much time to write letters.

Dave and Joe are getting very, very anxious for us to come up there. They write of it all the time.
We listened to the election reports over the radio this evening. The reaction against Roosevelt and the New Deal seems to have come in some sections, at least. We shall be glad for more definite word or, rather, a more detailed account of it in the American papers. I am feeling fine again.

Rawalpindi, November 13, 1938. Just last night we received definite word about our sailings. We now have ourselves on the SS Exeter of the American Export lines, leaving Alexandria, December 27th.

We hope to visit Cairo, Assiut, Luxor, Tanta, and Alexandria. It will give us a good bird's-eye view of the country and also of the mission work there.

Mr. and Mrs. Christy are visiting us over this weekend. Tomorrow afternoon we are driving them to Taxila.

Bob is better and is up now. We hope to keep the family well from now on. This is a lovely time in Pindi. The weather is ideal and the chrysanthemums are gorgeous.

Emmet is very busy these days. Presbytery took two days last week, but he managed to see to sending our freight Friday. It should be in Bombay in plenty of time.

We drove to Taxila yesterday and had tea and lunch. We took Bob to the museum and a tour of the ruins. He was there when very small, but not since.

Rawalpindi, November 21, 1938. We were indeed sorry to hear of your accident but, with you, most thankful that it was not worse! The shock of such a fall is very severe. You can be so thankful, too, that you have such a lovely home and such kind people to care for you. I know Evangeline would do everything in the best possible way. I am only sorry I was not there to help. I know you would need to be careful for some time, but I hope that by now you are recovered. You were very, very good to write when you were not at all strong. We did have to laugh when you noticed that the doctor came before shaving! You would see things like that, even though most miserable.

We have been invited to a number of farewell parties. They are all given in the best of spirits, but I find them hard, since my going means so long a separation. However, they must be gone through and we are given extra strength to meet such emergencies.

I have never known Dave and Joe to be so anxious for us to come up to them. Every letter mentions it. Joe has been having trouble with one of the muscles of his left thigh and has been in hospital for two weeks. Part of the time he has been able to attend classes from the hospital, which is nearer the school proper than the hostel. He always makes the best of things and claims he's having a swell time in the hospital.

We shall leave here in four days. They will be busy but things are in fairly good shape and we should be able to leave without too much confusion.

I shall write you regularly on the way and hope to hear from you at several places.

Aboard Italian Liner [Lloyd Triestino Lines] En route Egypt, December 14, 1938. I was delighted to receive your good letters in Bombay and to know that you had partially recovered from your fall and were able to look after Jim when he was there. In Bombay we met Dr. Latourette of Yale Divinity School and was so pleased to meet someone who knew Jim. He seemed to know all about the work Jim was doing at Yale.

Please excuse this scribble. We are near the propeller, which makes the deck throb and the boat is rocking, too. Hence, I really have an excuse for poor writing.

We have beautiful first-class cabins at second-class fare. The boat is magnificent and the service excellent. The second class on this boat is better than first class on the Italian steamship we travelled
on sixteen years ago. You can imagine how the boys are enjoying it all! They, Dave and Joe, were very tired and are catching up on sleep.

We hope to go to Cairo Saturday morning if the boat arrives at Port Said in time. We are to have Christmas in Tanta at Brainard Jamison's. Our time in Egypt will be filled and it is good the boys are getting a rest now.

Emmet came as far as Delhi with us. Dr. and Mrs. Mills J. Taylor met us all at Delhi and came to Bombay to see the young folks off [Theo Taylors, Woodstock staff]. We stopped with the Moffatts in Bombay. They asked for you. They, too, came to the SS to see us off. Dr. Dodds arrived just two days before from Iraq, and came down to the SS to wish us a "Bon Voyage." It was nice to see him again.

The Italian service caters to English-speaking people. The menus are all in both Italian and English, as is also the daily newspaper. Quite a few of the stewards speak a little English and try hard to learn more... This letter we are mailing on the steamer. It will go to Italy and be sent on to America.
1939 is another blank year insofar as Martha's letters are concerned. The reason is the same, Martha's mother living with her (or, in this case, living part of the time in close proximity to her) during that year that Martha was in America.

On their arrival in early January, 1939, Martha and the boys Dave, Joe and Bob, move into an apartment at the Houses of Fellowship in Ventnor, N.J. Shortly after, Dave and Joe proceed to Mount Hermon School in Northfield, Massachusetts, while Martha and Bob visit the Wiens and Grandma Payne in Belmont. While there, Bob, apparently, was examined by heart specialists at the Lahey clinic in Boston or at least that is what earlier letters indicate had been arranged. Bob has no memory of this, though he remembers being told later that the doctors had decided he could go back to India, and that he could attend Woodstock despite the altitude.

Grandma Payne must have returned with them to Ventnor, where she lived with them for the next five or six months. Bob started school in Ventnor after being out of school for three years; i.e., from the end of November, 1935 to early February, 1939. Though he could hold his own in arithmetic and general knowledge, writing and spelling were a disaster. He had forgotten how to write. He couldn't even remember how to form some of the letters. He was in a panic the first time his teacher asked him to write something on the blackboard. He couldn't do it. Obviously, his teachers were understanding and sympathetic. Martha must have explained the situation to them. He was placed in 7th grade, but was later moved up to 8th grade, in order to be with his own age group.

During the summer, Martha and Bob, and presumably Grandma Payne, moved to Mountain Rest, a summer resort for missionaries and church workers in the Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts. They were joined there by Dave and Joe and, for part of the summer, by Jim, who had just finished his junior year at Yale. At the end of the summer Joe returned to Mount Hermon, Dave entered the College of Wooster, Ohio, and Jim started his senior year at Yale. Martha and Bob moved to a missionary furlough home in Auburndale, near Boston, as plans developed for their return to India. Bob remembers eating in a common dining room with other families living in the same building. He also remembers frequent trips by train to visit Grandma and the Wiens in Belmont, and into Boston for shopping.

Sometime during the year word comes of Emmet's appointment as Principal at Woodstock, and the decision was made for Martha and Bob to return to India. They sail from New York on an Italian Liner in late November. Though war had already been declared in other parts of Europe, Italy was still neutral and it was safe to travel in an Italian ship.

The only letters we have from Martha in 1939, were those written from Mussoorie in December. Her first letter, dated December 19, reports their arrival in Bombay on December 5, 1939.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, December 19, 1939. Letter to Mother and Wien Family. Since they told me in Bombay that there would be no mail out until December 23rd, I have been rather lazy about writing. I know that mail goes very irregularly but I shall try to write every week, and you may get the letters in bunches. I mailed you one letter in Bombay, and it may be along with this.

We reached Bombay on the fifth as the schedule in Italy said. Mr. Blickenstaff met us and was a great help. To our surprise Dr. and Mrs. Chambers and the missionaries from Ethiopia were on the dock, as they were sailing on our boat by way of the Pacific. We left Bombay that night and arrived in
Dehra Dun on the morning of Thursday, the seventh. We were very disappointed that, since the school party for Burma and Singapore had to leave on the fifth, and the Parkers were going with them, school closed early and all the school parties left on the fifth. That meant that we missed the Parkers and all the children. The Cambridge exams, which are taken by some of the children, began on the fourth, and as Emmet was superintending them he was not able to come to Dehra to meet us. He did get off a few minutes and came down to the end of the motor line. The school, where the exams are held, was near the motor station. We came back up by way of the school and had a little visit before he had to go back into the exam.

Emmet had moved up here just at Thanksgiving time and had some of our furniture arranged in the house and the dishes unpacked, etc. We are still unpacking, as Emmet had to go to the exams every day until last Thursday and I took a cold coming up country and just stayed lazy until I got over it. Today we are unpacking the last of the books and there are only two more boxes of things to be opened. Since we bought curtains and some furniture from the Parkers, we have appeared much more settled than we have actually been. We have had some of the teachers boarding with us part of the time, and Mr. McCullouch will be here until the New Year.

Bob has hired a horse for this winter and has a great time going over the hills. He is also having lots of fun with his electric train. He has a large room and can fix it up as he likes. After Christmas, Miss Frances, one of our teachers whose home is here, will tutor him. She is an excellent teacher and since she has the class that Bob would have been in this year, she will be able to get him ready for the next grade.

Please pardon this letter. I have had no time to practice on the typewriter lately and make so many mistakes. I plan to practice every day when we finally get settled. I'm glad school is out so that we have time to get really established here. The work in the office had piled up for Emmet, but he is catching up on that. He has some building and repair work to oversee all winter. We do not plan to go away unless to Dehra Dun for a few days.

The German Jews who had been interned are practically all out and in their respective fields of work. Everything is very quiet here. We get the news on the radio every night and of course get the paper every day. Landour, at this time of the year, is exceptionally quiet. There are very few people in Mussoorie.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, December 25, 1939. While we are listening to the radio I will write with my pen rather than the typewriter. Last evening we got carols from London and Berlin. How absurd that most people are singing the carols of "Peace and Goodwill" while war continues between them and other nations. We know that the great numbers of people are longing for a lasting peace, and so it is probably most fitting that they should be singing the same carols. We also heard them from Delhi and Bombay, and now we are listening to them being played on the chimes in London.

Today we had a big celebration at the church - a worship service followed by songs and verses by children, a Christmas tree with gifts, and tea. They all seem very happy. All the servants get Christmas afternoon off and we had a simple supper to ourselves.

All morning different tradesmen, contractors, and friends of the school came to say "Salaam" and wish us a Merry Christmas.

Miss Murch, an English missionary who has taken nine Indian orphans in her home, invited us up there to tea, yesterday. Her children, all but one of whom are under 7, gave a little play of the birth of Christ and did wonderfully well. We stayed there for it and the Christmas tree and gifts. Then Miss Murch and Mrs. Caldwell, one of the school matrons who is staying with Miss Murch, and Sheila, Miss Murch's oldest child, who is 14, came here for dinner. We served duck for the main course and it was very good indeed.
Last Thursday Bob rode down in the valley for holly, and Friday he went with the cook for a tree for the church and for us. He came back and had our tree all decorated and lit when three of our teachers, who were off on a long hike and had just returned the day before, came for dinner. That night we had pheasant which had been shot by one of the Indian men here. It was very mild, we thought, for a wild bird.

Thursday night Mr. McCullough went hunting and killed a porcupine. It was much larger than I had expected and must have weighed at least 30 lbs. It looks much like a pig, except for the quills, and seems to be related to it. The Indians had told them it was very good eating; so as soon as he sent it up in the morning they began work, and we had a regular butcher shop right here. We divided it among 11 families. Ours we used in curry and found it very good.

Did I tell you that the last two letters I wrote to Emmet from Auburndale arrived after I did? Otherwise we have had few letters from America since we landed. Today Mr. McCullough received one mailed in America the day before we sailed. We must just count on it taking a long time.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, December 31, 1939. Letter to Mother, Evangeline, Paul, and Janet. [Emmet] has just been telling me some of his experiences with Mr. and Mrs. Fabish in Pindi. You may remember that they are the Jewish couple who lived with him last April and May. He gave them the one bedroom downstairs as it was getting hot when they arrived. They made some remark about it then, but he said he had his bed in another room. Sometime later he was showing them the house and they discovered his bed on the upstairs verandah room, which is hot. They were just overwhelmed that anyone would make such a sacrifice for them. They had been used to just the opposite treatment. He said Mrs. F. talked about it to others for weeks afterward. They have a house in the cantonment now.

Frequently I think of something I have forgotten to tell you people that I knew would interest you. On the second boat, many of the English women wore cotton housecoats for dinner. They always wore bright colored ones which really looked very pretty. They were like the ones you thought were not good enough for me, Evangeline. We were rather amused at first but decided it was not a bad idea.

It is now New Year's Day and we are celebrating by taking down our tree and cleaning the drawing room, so we can put down our own rugs. We can get only one of the big rugs in there, with several small ones. The other big one we shall put in the dining room after the winter is over. The only stove we have up is in the dining room, and it has a habit of smoking some, so that it is best to wait to put down the rug until the stove is taken down. We are having a very warm, dry winter but rain is needed very badly. Our house gets the sun most of the day, and is protected from the wind. We took a walk up to the top of the hill yesterday, and found it much colder there. Bob rides his horse on such occasions. It ran away last evening after we came home, and has not come back yet this morning. I hope nothing has happened to it. It belongs to one of the dhobis and stays down at his place.

You know I was not sure of the current here, but fortunately it is AC so that Bob can use his train. He has a lot of fun with that. He bought some new tools and made himself a little table to use with the typewriter.
Woodstock, Mussoorie, January 7, 1940. At last mail has come through and we received two letters from you.

From what you wrote, I take it that you were going to Wooster this winter. Though I do not know whether you planned to go before Christmas, probably not. I am sure you will be able to help her some with her sewing and buying.

Dave had written that he went to see Aunt Bessie and she had written that she had invited him to dinner the next Sabbath. I am glad they had a good visit. He is busy studying. I know, for we just got his mid-semester report and he has done excellent work. We felt sure he would, but it is good to get that report.

The past week I had all our old things brought down from Redburn where we left them three years ago. I was quite thrilled to find some things I had forgotten I owned - an electric hot plate! a carved wood three-tier cake stand (very nice for tea service), 5 aluminum pans of various sizes, etc., etc.. Now I have everything together in fairly good order.

We got a letter from Joe this week but none yet from Dave or Jim. Joe had gone down to Yale the week before and thought he had a great time. He was unsure about Christmas, though said he would have to decide soon. He planned to be in Belmont Christmas Day, at least. However, that has long since passed. I hope he wrote to Evangeline in plenty of time.

Bob started lessons Tuesday and is working hard. Miss Frances is an excellent teacher.

You should see Bob doctoring the people! One of the coolies working at the school dropped a heavy stone on his foot, cutting it rather badly. Bob gave him first-aid by washing it thoroughly, putting antiseptic on it, and bandaging it well. Then he urged the coolie to go over to the Civil Hospital and get a doctor to see it. He did and is getting on fine and is back at work. Every Indian that gets a cut around here now comes to Bob for aid.

We have been bothered with a number of stray cats around here; so Bob made a trap and has caught three. One of them, especially, has been a great nuisance, killing a lot of chickens, in addition to doing other damage.

Things in India seem very quiet. We don't hear nearly as much about the war as you do, chiefly I suppose because we are not with others to talk about it. We get the British news every night and the paper every day, but since the paper is published in Delhi, the news in it is a couple of days old.

The Finns are putting up a grand fight and we hope they can hold out.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, January 14, 1940. Mr. Keene of our staff is returning to America and is taking another member of our staff with him. They are to be married on the 23rd. He is leaving suddenly because he objects to the promise made of every non-British missionary in India not to do anything against or in the diminution of the present form of government. We have never felt that any such promise has in any way interfered with the work we are here to do... He was a good teacher, but since he feels as he does, it is well that he is going. We have others in view for their places, though when Mr. Parker left he thought he had every class and subject provided.

Just yesterday we received Jim's letter written the day after we sailed. Thus, you see how irregular our mail is. We know the boys write and the letters will eventually get through.

The building on the new central kitchen is going on well and we think it will all be finished in good time for school. Emmet's correspondence is heavy this time of year, especially since the secretary is away for two months.
Bob is studying faithfully these days and thinks he is catching up on a number of things. Miss Francis, who is tutoring him, is an excellent teacher and since she taught the class he is to join, she knows what is required. He and I are going down someplace for a week or so in February, and then come back to get set for the opening of school. Miss Francis's home is here; so she is available.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, January 21, 1940. Thanks for enclosing a letter from Joe and the card from Dave. Joe always has to say something to "rag" one, such as telling you not to fall downstairs... Dave does seem to like Wooster very much and we are naturally pleased that he does.

After our house is whitewashed in February (you know we whitewash walls every year), I am going to Valspar the dining room table, and then I won't have to think about the effect of heat on it. This past week I have been having a lot of pleasure sorting over old pictures and films of the boys. We are going to make an album for each boy. How about the Wien family? Have they any recent shots of themselves? We need them for the books and also a picture of their house.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, January 28, 1940. Letter to Mother, Evangeline, Paul and Janet. This week brought us another good letter from mother and one from Evangeline, with a very pretty Chinese Christmas card. This mail was all marked as having been passed by censor at Calcutta. It was mail of December 12th. We're glad to know that you had received word from the Board that we had landed in Bombay. You had received our letters from Genoa, too.

You, mother, will be sorry to hear the news we got Friday morning. Miss Whitaker died suddenly on the train and the funeral was that evening in Indore, where she was spending the winter. She was an excellent teacher and a very loyal friend. She was here when I came and I was looking forward to working with her again this year. This is the fourth change in staff this winter and by far the heaviest loss of all. She was supervisor of her department in addition to her teaching work, a position difficult to fill, especially as other teachers in the department are new. We have written to ask if Miss Stoner, now Mrs. Shull, would be willing to come to help in the emergency, until permanent arrangements can be made. She was the supervisor in that department until her marriage.

The Viceroy in his speech the other day set dominion status as the aim of India as soon as possible after the war. Gandhi is to have a conference with him in February, as he and his followers believe that India, for the immediate future at least, wants her independence within the Commonwealth of nations. We hear much less of war than we did in America, though we read the papers and get the broadcast from England as well as India.

We are eager for Christmas letters and to hear all the news. Joe wrote that he was going to New York, and then to New Hampshire to visit a friend before going to you folks. I know he will enjoy his visit there. He always writes news and details. He got high honors on his last report and is doing so well I feel he will be happy at Mount Hermon.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, February 2, 1940. This week we received your letters of December 5th. These evidently came by the Atlantic and the others by the Pacific.

Yesterday, Miss McGee, one of our oldest teachers, came up for the weekend. We should not have asked her to come, but when she volunteered to come, we were glad to have her to consult about the staff changes, etc. Two men are coming out from America and one American lady from Persia. She has taught in China and India, and has wanted to come here for some time, but there was not an opening for her line until now. Emmet has written to several who have been here before, to see if any of them could come to take Miss Whitaker's place.

The work on the new kitchen is coming along nicely. We are getting all the aluminum containers
for the steam tables made in Calcutta. Our two electric refrigerators are coming from there, too. We have never had any before and we'll feel quite set up with these. The steam tables are being made here in the bazaar. They will not be quite so elegant looking as those made in U.S.A., but will serve the purpose very well.

Bob and I have been in the picture framing business this week. I got out all the old gilt frames of various sizes and Bob regilded them... Yesterday I framed seven pictures. I had a number of small postcard size, and in these I have framed some of the madonnas which I bought in Genoa. The group of two or three in each of the two guest bedrooms will look nice. In the larger frames I put back the same pictures. Some of the dark wooden frames I am going to varnish over again, as they all need freshening up after many years in this dusty country.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, February 10, 1940. Letter to Aunt Bessie. I believe you are to have your seventieth birthday in a few days. Mother is no doubt with you at this time. She was anxious to go and I'm sure you will have a good visit. I hope she stays as long as you want her to, as she enjoys visiting with you. She likes to sew and mend for you, too. She did so much for us when we were in America. No doubt Dave will have some mending for her to do.

We have been having snow for the last week. Tuesday it snowed 8 in. The snow was still piled in drifts around the house when snow came again last night. It is a very beautiful picture, which I prefer to view through the window. This will delay the building work some, but we still should have it finished before school opens on March 14th.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, February 10, 1940. Your letter mailed the 28th of December came the fourth of February. That was unusually good time. Joe's, sent a few days before, came almost a week later. The censors are, no doubt, responsible for some delay. What a grand time Joe and Jim had with you folks at Christmas. I was glad you gave us the details about the Christmas stockings, the party at Peggy's, the Christmas dinner, the mending and cleaning for Joe, etc.

As I told in Aunt Bessie's letter, we are having real winter weather. It is more snow than Bob has ever had and he is enjoying it immensely. This next Friday we are going to Dehra Dun and Emmet hopes to go down for the weekend with us. We are to be paying guests at the home of one of the Presbyterian missionaries there. As you probably know, Dehra is our railway station and is about 22 mi. by car. We shall go down on the mail bus. I shall have Emmet's sweater finished, all pictures framed, and some small tables varnished before going. I'm going to valspar the dining room table when I return. We should get back just a few days before some of the teachers begin coming.

We have an unusually large number of applications this year from children of officers, and we want to take them if we can. These children would normally be in England at this age, but because of the war are detained in India. We shall have about six refugee Jewish children.

I hope you keep well and are able to help Aunt Bessie while you're there. Stay as long as you can. I also hope you can see a few of your Mansfield friends before you return East. Do not try to do too much. Slow down your pace to suit your age.

Woodstock School, February 21, 1940. We went down to Dehra Dun according to plans of which I wrote, and had a lovely time. Everyone was so kind and it was good to have a visit with the friends there. We went Friday and returned Monday. Bob has stayed on for at least another week. There are no boys there, but Ewings have a little girl of four who has made up with Bob, and he has been lovely about playing with her. They also have two dogs, a cat, turkeys, pigeons, and rabbits. The Wiers have two daughters younger than Bob, but they can ride their bicycles together and have good times. I was so glad they asked him to stay.
It was my original intention to stay down there, but I knew I should come back with Emmet. When he was up here in September he went down into the valley with Mr. Parker to look over the property and got several leech bites. All of them healed but the one just below his varicose vein on his left leg. He had one (leech bite) near there when we were here before and it took two years to heal, but it never grew very large. This one grew quite large and has turned into a varicose ulcer. There has been no doctor here, but we have kept in touch with Dr. Dunbar in Dehra Dun, and she has told us how to treat it. When we were there she dressed it twice a day and has given other medicines for it. It seems to be improving very much, but we know those things are slow. Emmet has been taking a dandy up to school every day, and has had his lunch sent up. For the past two weeks he has been using crutches just to save his leg, in the hope that it will heal more quickly.

We are in the midst of washing windows and other household duties. They did the whitewashing in our absence; that is, what was left to be done - the dining room, kitchen, etc. It does not take many hours, and is a mess when it is in process. We washed curtains yesterday and are washing and drying the green ones today. These we use in place of blinds such as you have in America. We have to dye them every year as the sun fades them badly.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, February 27, 1940. Spring seems to be with us and you may be sure we are delighted. There are just two weeks until school opens and the building program is going on well. Yesterday, Emmet went to Dehra Dun to attend the board meeting of one of our other European schools in Mussoorie. Mrs. Wiser, who is chairman of the committee of our board on the new central kitchen, came up with him last night and seemed delighted with everything, thinking it much better than they had hoped possible on the plot of ground available. She went back to Dehra this morning and is going to take Bob home with her from there. She lives in Saharanpur which is about 40 mi. beyond. Bob is having a grand time and has no notion of coming home until he has to. There are children there and none here.

Our house is practically clean except for the new matting which has not yet arrived. We had to get new for all the rooms upstairs. I am going to rearrange my guest rooms when I put the new matting down. We have been varnishing stairs, window frames, etc., and painting the veranda furniture. This latter has to be done every year as it gets rather badly spoiled during the rains. The dining room table has been cleaned off and tomorrow we shall begin valsparing it. The teachers begin coming back this week, though most of them will not come until near the time. Most of the servants come from back in the hills about 60 or 70 mi., and are due on Tuesday. There is plenty of work waiting for them to do. They would just have a week in which to do it. The party from Calcutta has to come a day early, as we could not get reservations for them the regular day. That will make about 70 coming that day. About 300 will arrive the next day. Then the paths over the hillside will not be so very quiet as they are now.

I think [Dave] and Joe may both work at Mountain Rest this summer. Mrs. Cleveland is giving some cash to three different boys for work and wants Dave and Joe. They will get their board and room and $5 a week in cash. It is a grand place for them, and I shall be very happy if they go there. They might earn more cash somewhere else, but they would not have any more in the end, and certainly they could find no lovelier place to spend a holiday.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, March 3, 1940. This week the population of Landour has increased considerably. Wednesday one of the teachers returned and Thursday four came. Yesterday another one of the men came. The two men are boarding with us and all of them had their first meal here. This station was started many years ago - about a hundred years, and all the people came only for the season. There are a few shops that keep open now all winter for the few people who have chosen to
remain here. Most of the hundreds of coolies who work on the roads and carry loads up and down the hills all summer come from back in the hills. Most of the school servants also are from there. They have commenced to come in but the majority will come Tuesday and Wednesday. The time of the opening of the various schools is a signal for them all to come. Those who came yesterday came from a village 40 mi. back and walked it in the two days. Needless to say they have a real holiday out of the hike together.

Emmet thinks his leg is improving rapidly and he is using only one crutch now. It has never pained much and is only annoying, but must be saved in order to keep it from growing larger. It did grow considerably before he used the crutches.

Bob is still away but he told Mr. McCullouch on Wednesday at Saharanpur that he would probably return the first of the week. The boys down there had an old automobile that they were experimenting with and learning a lot at the same time.

Some of our missionaries are returning to America this spring and all of these are going by the Pacific. They have to get special permit from Washington to tranship in Italy.

We are wondering just how the war will develop now that spring is coming. Finland will not be able to hold out much longer against Russia's millions, even though they are not at all equal to the Finns in ability. Then where will Russia turn her forces? She is not apt to stop now that the war spirit has been stirred up.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, March 10, 1940.** Letter to Mother, Evangeline, Paul, and Janet. Three weeks ago I received your letter of January 15th, and last week yours of December 31st. If my letters are that erratic, I hope you will not be too much concerned. I write every week and trust the letter will eventually reach you.

As you notice from the date of the heading of this letter, we are near the opening day of school and everything is moving that way. Just yesterday the big food containers for carrying food to the different houses or dormitories arrived from Calcutta. They are beautifully made. I did not know that any firm in India put out such excellent work in aluminum. We are very pleased.

Half of the staff are here now and more are coming tomorrow. The servants are all back at work. This week they have been washing windows and doing cleaning up work in preparation for the return of the teachers and children. The Calcutta party, including the children from Singapore, Penang, Burma, Siam, and Assam, are due Tuesday. That includes Sam and John Rickard. You remember when we saw them last, Mother. Bob is naturally very anxious to see them. The children from Singapore left home over a week ago. They get to Calcutta today and leave there tonight.

This past week the two men boarded with us until Friday when their housekeeper arrived. Mrs. Rockey, of the Methodist Mission, is teaching for a half year until someone comes out to take Miss Whitaker’s place. She and her three boys came up Thursday and we had them here for lunch that day. It is always a help to get a hot meal from someone else’s kitchen the day one arrives up here.

The situation in Europe does not look too bright. One wonders just what will become of this treaty between Japan and Wang. Where will Chiang K.S. be if that goes through? He will probably hold out and establish an independent government if he can.

Bob came home Friday and evidently had a grand time. He has gotten his room in order and is about ready for school. I have ordered some khaki pants for him. They are surely practical for school wear.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, March 18, 1940.** School has finally started. There are 275 boarders now, aside from the staff of 40 some. The most of them came up Wednesday which, fortunately, was a
bright, sunny day. Dr. Bergsma brought the party from Pindi and stayed with us until Friday. Mrs. Brush of the Baptist mission, who brought the Calcutta parties Thursday, was with us until today. We are so thankful the children all got here without accident.

Last night we had the staff in for dinner. Those on duty could not come, of course. There were 37 present. We used all our silver and much of our linen. Ten were seated at the dining table, and the rest at small tables. We had small bowls of wild saxifrage on each table and I had made small place cards. We served soup, roast mutton, mint jelly, mashed potatoes, peas, pineapple salad, apple cake with cream, coffee, nuts, fudge and mints. The school furnished the meat, potatoes, peas, and mint jelly, and part of the cream. I used Evangeline's coffee spoons. The staff have after-dinner coffee cups which I borrowed. This dinner is a tradition of many years. After dinner we sang hymns and later Emmet lead in worship, giving a special message for the opening of the year. He, of course, spoke at the opening chapel, Thursday, and preached at the services yesterday morning.

Thursday afternoon I had four of the senior girls in for tea and today had four more. I hope to have them all in - boys as well as girls - within two weeks, so that I can get acquainted with them. This is Joe's old class you know, and I know some of them fairly well.

Emmet's leg is entirely healed and he is certainly thankful.

Woodstock, Mussorie, March 25, 1940. Thus far we have only received one letter from the Italian liner which arrived in Bombay the 20th. That was from Jim and said that he had definitely decided to stay on at Yale next year, taking the work as student secretary and going on in his graduate work. I know he is glad to know definitely what to plan for, and though he would have enjoyed the study out here, considering everything his decision is probably the best.

Easter was a cold but beautiful day. On Good Friday Dr. Leslie and his wife from Boston University were with us. They came up Thursday with Mrs. Titus of the Methodist Mission and spent the night with us. He preached at the service Friday morning. They were delighted with everything and said that in spite of all the descriptions they had heard, it was all more beautiful and grander than they had imagined. Fortunately, it was a very clear day and they got a magnificent view of the snows.

Bob is getting started in school and likes it very much. Naturally he likes to be with others of his age. He has his lunch at school with the other children and enjoys that. They seem pleased that he does, too. His class is over 50 but there are only 15 girls. That is harder on Bob, you may know. As far as I know he has not found anyone to whom he is especially attracted. The boys in that class are of all types and make a lively bunch.

This past week we made quite a lot of rhododendron jelly. We make it from the petals of the flowers. It is a beautiful shade of red and is tart enough to take the place of cranberry jelly on certain occasions. I wish I could give you a glass. We do not use much ourselves but need it for guests.

Woodstock, Mussorie, March 30, 1940. How delighted we were yesterday to receive your good letter of February 3rd. We were glad you had seen Dave and that he looked well, though thin. His face always gets thin and worn-looking when working hard in school. We had a good letter from him, too, yesterday in which he spoke of having seen you. I know he was relieved when his exams were over. Now they are all hard at work at the last lap of the year. We had a good letter from Joe, and also his report card which was excellent. Evidently his exams were over before Dave's, as there is no word from Dave yet.

My cook is putting up peas today. I have never done it; so am trusting him to do it. We borrowed a pressure cooker from the school. Am anxious to see how well they will keep. He did it for Mrs. Parker and says they were a great success. They will certainly be cheaper than any canned ones we can buy, and there is a long season when we cannot buy the fresh ones.
Last night some of the teachers came down to play games and we used the Chinese Checker 
boards you gave us. It wasn't a party, but we just let everyone know that the house was open to 
anyone who cared to play. There were about 18 of us.

Friday I had seven guests in for lunch. Some were mothers, who have brought their children 
here for the first time, and others were ones who have been coming here for a long time.

Bob has a grand time with the boys in school. You know he is very sociable. He has the Rikard 
boys here quite a lot.

The new kitchen seems to be working well and the new person in charge is a tremendous 
worker. She is willing to undertake tremendous tasks and makes the best of things. The children 
and staff are all pleased. The refrigerators have just arrived from Calcutta (1,300 mi.) and Emmet has 
wired for the man from there to come to install them. There's no one here who can do it. We shall feel 
very much set up when we have them.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 7, 1940. Just after writing to you I received your good letters of 
February 13 and 19. It does take a long time for mail - as much as two months and more - I know you 
write regularly and that the letters will come eventually.

I was glad the Campbells had taken you to church. I am very fond of both of them and am so 
grateful to them for all they have done for Dave. You will no doubt have a good visit with her 
sometime.

Yes, Dave's girlfriend is here. She is coming to lunch with us today - she and Jackie Downs - both 
seniors. Cleo is a fine girl. She has developed a real sense of responsibility and is a leader in her class. 
She has a fine bearing and should make good wherever she goes.

Bob seems to be keeping fine. He had his physical examination with the rest of his class the other 
day and both doctors said his heart sounded in perfect condition. Because of his health history, we 
do not let him do strenuous exercise at this altitude. He has been made scorekeeper for softball and 
baseball, so that he feels a part of the game. He plays goalie in hockey. That requires no running and 
no exercise at all really.

At last the sun is shining brightly and it is beginning to warm up. There has been a tendency to 
colds on the part of a good many and a number have been in the school hospital, though not as many 
as one might expect - just about 12 or 13 most of the time. I try to go up there once a day to see the 
children. Though I do not stay long, they seem to like it and the nurse appreciates it, too.

Mr. Fleming's wife is the doctor for the school... She's a good doctor and works hard. She has 
been making up the menus for the school. It is really an ideal situation that the doctor in charge of the 
health of the children makes out the menus for their meals.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 14, 1940. I am glad you like Aunt Bessie's place. They are 
evidently very comfortable. I am very glad for them. It certainly was nice of your friends to come in 
with that surprise on the evening of her birthday. You would all enjoy that.

Tomorrow the governor of the United Provinces is to be at Wynberg School, Mussoorie, and 
because Emmet is on the Wynberg Board, we are invited to the program and to have lunch with the 
governor. I'll tell you more about that next week

Things in Europe seem to have taken a much worse turn this past week. Germany's invasion of 
Denmark and Norway has changed the face of things for a time, at least. I do not see how Germany 
can afford to spread her forces over so wide an area. We get news in English from all the countries in 
Europe over the radio, so we know what each is saying and we try to sift out the facts as best we can.

The electrical equipment is all set up in the school kitchen and going in fine shape. We had ice-
cream from the refrigerator last night. It is much better than any I was able to make in America
because we have lots of cream from our milk and can use it in the ice-cream. Miss Parker, who is in charge of the kitchen, makes cottage cheese often and I'm able to get from her. She is very enthusiastic over her work and certainly keeps at it constantly.

There are quite a few people on the hillside now and more will be coming right along. The Language School begins this Saturday. Bob Cummings is in charge of that as usual. A number of their people are here now. Bob and his wife were at church yesterday. We're still having church in the school chapel and will continue to do so until the fifth of May, when junior church begins up at the church on the top of the hill.

The toys, etc., which Mrs. Dodds and I bought at Woolworth's just before I sailed, arrived last week. We are glad they are here in plenty of time for the Sale. We never planned to make much on these things, as duty is 50% and carriage is high. However, we get them out for the sake of the children and they are usually sold out in less than two hours.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 21, 1940. Today we had the Rickard boys and the two Wiser boys for lunch and tea. It was really a big dinner with two desserts. The latter was not intended, but was very much appreciated. I had the cook make a banana cream pie. Just as I came out of the church the woman in charge of the kitchen met me and wanted to know if I could use 12 large cubes of ice-cream, as she had to take them out in order to make enough for the teachers for tonight. I knew the boys could manage several desserts if they got them, and you may be sure they were pleased to get both of these. Bob visited the Wisers in Saharanpur this winter.

The affair of the governor on Tuesday was quite a success. We went all around the school and saw the drills and heard the children sing and then had lunch. The best caterers in Mussoorie put it on; so you may know it was good, but altogether too elaborate.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 29, 1940. This past week I've been making preparations for Junior Church, which will begin this coming Sabbath. I went up to the Language School Thursday to solicit helpers. Saturday we were invited to the Language School tea and met most of those who had signed up to help, and invited them down to supper tomorrow night to discuss plans. We shall be about 35 in all. Two of the staff help in this. Some of the helpers will work in the Sunday School, which includes the little tots through second grade or first standard out here. The next two classes have a Primary Church, and the rest are in the Junior Church. The workers for all three departments will be here.

Some of our teachers went to a skating rink party several weeks ago and one of them cracked her hip and is having to lie in a cast for a month. I have been over to see her several times and some of the others who are in the hospital. We're very fortunate in having this fine big hospital so near. It takes me about 20 minutes to walk, but the children walk it in much less time. This was built two years ago and though it is not all paid for, they were able to pay back a sizable sum last year and hope to do the same this year. It is a community project.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 7, 1940. Junior Church went off very nicely last Sunday. Lee Howard, a very good friend of Joe's, led the devotional service and did very well, indeed. It was a real inspiration to see how beautifuly the service was conducted by these high school children, and the quiet and reverence observed by all. There were over 250 in Junior Church in the main auditorium, 67 in the Primary Church, and 60 in the Sunday School for the little tots. There must have been over 300 at the adult service, which followed immediately.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 13, 1940. I had been teaching the fourth standard since Thursday. The staff had a roller skating party a month ago and one of the teachers fell and cracked a hip bone.
She had to be in a cast and the teacher who was substituting is one of the mothers up here, and when her husband came for his holiday, she felt she could not teach. They tried to get someone else, but no one seemed available; so I am doing it. I really enjoy it and the children are a joy to work with. However, there are always lots of things to be done. As you might suppose, I do not do any entertaining when I am teaching all day. One of the other teachers takes the children while I have my regular ninth standard scripture class.

Today was a regular monthly meeting of the PTA and Dr. Manry spoke on "When 15 and 50 disagree." He was very good, indeed.

The summer season is in full swing now and will be for at least four months. Of our own mission group only Mrs. Foster is up, and she came just Saturday. Three others are due on Wednesday.

The news from Europe grows worse and worse. It is what we had expected and yet hoped we were mistaken. The general opinion out here is that the change in the British cabinet was long overdue.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 20, 1940. At least the greater part of this letter must be a duplicated one. This is our busiest season, but we are not as rushed as we might be because we have tried to keep down the number of engagements. This afternoon the Sale Committee is to meet here at tea time. Tomorrow I'm going up to our mission prayer meeting at Mrs. Ross's and shall stay there for lunch. At 5:00 tomorrow afternoon the music staff gives their recital in Parker Hall. It is always very good. Wednesday is entirely taken. Thus our days go. I was able to give up teaching on Friday, and our regular teacher is back now and we hope she will stay well.

I am enclosing a program of the Community Center musical program put on last Friday. It was excellent. I shall mark the numbers from our staff so that you can see how much they contributed that day. We thought they were generous, considering their program was coming so soon afterwards and had been planned long before the other one.

There are several children in the class which I was teaching whose stories are very interesting and I think I shall tell you about them. Among the applications which were accepted during the winter was one of a girl whose father said he was Indian and the mother British, which we naturally took to mean English. When the father and mother arrived with the daughter, the mother and daughter were both pure French, and the girl could speak practically no English. This Indian is the stepfather and he gave the mother's nationality as British because she was married to a British subject. The girl is 12 years old and very attractive and unassuming. She has learned English remarkably quickly and the children of the class are always thrilled when she is able to give an answer. She is so shy about using English that I had to stand close to her at times to hear what she said. At first the children were not going to include her in the spelling and arithmetic contest, but when I gave her extra time to allow for translation, and she got the correct answer every time, the others fairly beamed. I must follow up the contacts and keep conversing with her so that she would do more of it. We're all trying to get her to talk and she understands much that we say and only needs plenty of encouragement. Last summer she and her mother came out with the stepfather for the first time, and she spent the whole summer in the heat of the plains in the village. She is so pleased to be here in school. We all thought she would be so lonesome, but she finds it is all so much lovelier than the village that she seems happy all the time, though she cannot enter into the conversations.

One of the boys in our class is the unfortunate child of a mixed marriage. The mother is English and came out to India about 12 years ago and was enamored of everything Indian, and identified herself completely with the Indian people. She soon married an Indian doctor who is much older than she is. She soon went back to England to have her baby. The parents refused to receive her and she had to accept charity until after the baby was born and she was able to work. In order to keep the
baby with her she took a position as cook in the home of an old friend. Later she got work in a school where she could keep the lad. Her parents disinherited her but when her mother died two years ago she left a little money for her. All this time her husband had never supported her or sent even a little bit. Her father pled with her to stay in England, but as soon as she could she took the money and came out to India. This husband was with her two weeks when she first came and now has come up here for a month. He was dedicated by his parents to the National cause and is a keen nationalist. Since coming up here he has told her that from now on he will support the boy but not her. He wants to take the child down to Benares to a Hindu school. The boy is a very sensitive type, not strong, and is as fair as any of us. No one would ever take him for the son of an Indian. We all feel that the boy could not stand the climate of the plains and to take him now from the mother, who has given these years to him, would be a tragedy. As you may imagine, she is a very visionary person, not at all practical, but very cultured and sensitive. She is not at all strong, having been in bed with TB twice, and if the child should be taken from her, I do not see how she could endure it long. We all feel so terribly sorry for her but find it difficult to know how to help. She realizes now that she should have taken the father's advice and stayed in England. She is not that all as Indian-minded as she was 12 years ago, as she has been disillusioned. Little David has been so happy in their very simple home here, as it was the first home he has known.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 27, 1940. We are wondering if you are still in Ohio and what your plans are. As the boats seem to be going around the Cape, we shall have to continue to wait for letters. If Italy enters the conflict, we shall not be able to get mail by her boats, though it does not seem that mail has been coming that way lately. It looks, today, as though Italy will soon be in the conflict.

Saturday we took a half day off. We had been invited to lunch at the home of a Mohammedan friend whose daughter is in school. Since she lives towards Mussoorie, we decided to go to the movie afterward. The play was "Goodbye Mr. Chips." I have read the book and liked it and felt sure we would like the play. It really has a very fine philosophy of life.

In school we have a number of different children who represent different phases of life out here. Among the new ones is the little daughter of the secretary of the new Nationalist educational movement. It seems strange that such ardent Congress and Nationalist people should send their children here. Mrs. Pandit, sister of Jawahar Lal Nehru, and herself a member of the cabinet of the United Provinces under the Congress Party, has her three daughters in school here. They are charming girls and quite brilliant. The Mohammedan lady, in whose home we had lunch Saturday, is the wife of a Commissioner. She was a pupil here some years ago and is very keen on having her daughter here. The daughter is quite musical and played the violin beautifully the other day at one of the school recitals.

Last Tuesday the music staff gave a recital. It is always free, but this year it was suggested that an offering be taken up for the Red Cross. It was done and about $40 was given.

Yesterday we invited four of the boys at the hostel out for lunch. Then at church we met three Indian friends from the plains and invited them down. They were here only for this week, and yesterday seemed the only time we could have them. I came on ahead and helped to reset the table for ten instead of seven. Fortunately we had enough for everyone.

Last week I wore one of my 49c hats to a party and one of the staff wanted to know why I did not buy out the entire stock and bring them out here to sell at the Sale! All imported things are going up in price and they tell me that they are very expensive. All my bargain-basement things look swell out here.
Woodstock, Mussoorie, June 4, 1940. I hope Aunt Bessie was able to get a roomer. It is not always easy to get the type one likes. I know it is very hard for them to manage unless they have a roomer, but it is awkward to have to go through another bedroom to get to the bathroom.

The war seems to grow worse and worse. It looks as though Italy is going in this week. If she does, the Pope has certainly lost his influence. He has tried to the best of his ability to keep her out of it. She will strike at northern Africa. Shipping in the Mediterranean will be cut off and our letters will have to go around the Cape. Do not worry if they are longer than ever reaching you. Be assured that if we were not all right, you would hear. I shall be writing every week as usual and eventually you will probably get all the letters.

Our big Sale was Saturday and seemed to be a great success. There was a big crowd as usual and everyone seemed to have a grand time. We did not make the large profits that are made some years, partly because money is more scarce and partly because of the heavy freight charge and duty on the things imported.

Yesterday was the annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the school. It was a good meeting and lasted all day. Today Emmet is trying to catch up with work in the office. This is a holiday week, and we hope to get away for some picnics and good times. I am also inviting some friends in for two different evenings.

We have a full house now. Mr. and Mrs. Merrill and their little son from Assam are here with us, and also Miss Lundquist of our own mission. She was in the hospital for 10 days and is staying here for two weeks before going back to Sialkot for work.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, June 11, 1940. This morning we got the news of Italy's declaration of war and naturally it is the chief topic of conversation. It is what we all have been expecting, and still it comes as a shock. We didn't get up to hear Roosevelt's speech, but some people did. Static was very bad at the time so that they couldn't get it all.

Our holidays are ended and now we are back at school again. The Government Inspector is due tomorrow.

The Annual Landour Conference is meeting for four days this week. This is sponsored by our Community Center and takes up missionary problems of various types. Today's discussion centered around cooperatives. One day is given to discussing medical work and its problems.

Our guests are still with us. Dr. Bergsma, who is living near us, comes every night to get the Empire News broadcast at 9:30. Tomorrow night we are attending a supper party of the ninth standard, given as a farewell to one of the boys who is sailing for America soon. This party is at 6:00. At 8:30 we are due at a formal staff party. It is not often that we have two in the same evening, but the staff party is to announce the engagement of one of our music teachers.

Miss Nyce received a cablegram last week, advising her of her mother's serious condition and asking her to come home. She plans to sail early next month. This leaves a vacancy in the staff that will have to be filled.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, June 23, 1940. I did not write last week simply because I was so busy that I found it difficult to do what I had to right here. June is the busiest month of the year here, as more people are up here then than at any other time. We have been out almost every evening this past week and shall be this coming one. My days, too, had been crowded. After this week we shall have more time.

Naturally everyone has had his mind on world events this past ten days, and this morning the word came definitely that France has accepted Germany's demands. This, naturally, calls for a tightening of things everywhere and the German refugees have been interned again. We have five
Jewish refugee boys in school. The parents of one from Czechoslovakia were here about ten days ago and were then the picture of abject distress. They are educated people who have suffered severely thus far, and when they were here he had lost his job and could find nothing. I have never talked to anyone before who seems so utterly beaten. Their internment will mean food and shelter. The government has given them the privilege of taking their children or not, and these people have decided to take their boy. Naturally, his education has been very much interrupted as they have fled from one country to another; but I do think they are wise to keep the boy with them. I do not know what the other parents will decide to do. We have one refugee woman teaching German here, and helping in the hospital. She will no doubt be taken today or soon. (She has been taken this P.M.)

The Merrills left yesterday. They were very nice guests to have and seem to have appreciated being with us. We are alone now for a few days. We should not be selfish with our home when we have two very nice guest rooms and others are without homes.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 4, 1940. Miss Nyce of our staff leaves for America tomorrow and I'm going to try to send this letter with her, as it would reach you much more quickly. The letters will have to pass censor and may be delayed, but we are going to try. I am also sending with her some photos of ourselves to be sent to you. The mounts out here are very scarce and very expensive; so we are sending these unmounted and I am imposing on your good nature enough to ask you to please get them framed for the boys.

We had a staff party here for Miss Nyce last night. She is leaving a year early because of the serious illness of her mother. Tomorrow and Saturday the dramatic class is presenting "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and I think it will be very good, and I'm going both days.

Miss Kate Hill is here with us for a few days. It is nice to have her as she is very good company.

The Choral Club presented Elijah last Saturday and Sunday. It was very well done. We have a new teacher who has a beautiful contralto voice and she had most of the solo work and did it wonderfully well. She is only 20, and certainly should go abroad for training if ever this world gets quiet again. At both of the performances the offering was taken for the European Missions which have been cut off from all support.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 8, 1940. Saturday the senior dramatic class presented "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and did it very well indeed. After the performance the parents gave them a very delicious dinner and we also were invited. I suppose I should have called it a lap supper, but it was a full dinner.

The mumps started in the school about two weeks ago and are just beginning to take in large numbers. Bob is in bed with them this morning. One side was swollen large and the other is beginning. He has a little fever-101-and feels rather miserable. In the class that was exposed first there are 17 cases this morning.

Miss Hill is still with us and seems to enjoy herself very much. Yesterday at tea we had a young couple from Persia. All the missionaries in educational work in Persia are having to leave, as the schools have been closed by the government. These people came by motor to the head of the railway, and then by rail. Most of their people are sailing from Bombay on the same boat with Miss Nyce. Dr. Dodds is still in Persia, but will be leaving in another week or two. Most of us think he might just as well have come out some months ago, as the government is just putting him off day by day to wear him out. He is trying to get some adequate payment for the buildings which the Government is taking, but probably when, if he does, he gets the agreement he will be limited to a very small sum which he will be able to take from the country. There are a few missionaries left there and I suppose the money could be applied to salaries.
Dave's letter this week told of his getting the job that he wanted in the kitchen for next year. That would give him his board. He was very anxious for this and of course this will help out considerably in the family budget. I hope he can take a course in art. He has sent us some very excellent drawings this year. Bob is taking drawing and likes it very much.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 22, 1940. Last Sabbath, Dave's birthday, was saddened by the death of one of the boys in the ninth standard. That corresponds to the junior year in high school. A few years ago he had a mastoid operation in America and apparently his head never healed properly. Three weeks ago he had another operation and seemed to be getting along nicely, until the day before his death, when he seemed more sleepy than normal. The next morning he went into a state of coma and was gone by the time we were eating breakfast. In the case of a death here Emmet has to serve as the undertaker, since there is none. The school carpenter makes the casket out of seasoned planks, which are always kept in stock, and covers it inside and out with cloth. Up at the top of the hill near the church there is a cemetery under the supervision of the Church of England chaplain. A portion of this is reserved for our community, and when a death occurs Emmet notifies the chaplain who, in turn, gives the order to the caretaker to have the grave dug. Mrs. White, John's mother, was here, but his father had gone down the Friday before. Though we waited until Monday at 11:00 for the funeral, Mr. White did not get up in time. The law forbids keeping the body longer, since there is no way of preserving the body. Mr. Sutherland of our mission is acting pastor of the church for the latter part of this season, and conducted the service, with Emmet assisting. The ninth standard boys were pall bearers, and by taking turns, were able to carry the casket from the church to the graveyard. The flowers were arranged and supplied by friends on the hillside and were very, very beautiful. Mrs. White was a Ballantyne of our mission before her marriage. The surgeons performed an autopsy and found an abscess on the brain, a thing which frequently occurs when the ear drains as long as his did. He had been finding schoolwork increasingly difficult and now we know the reason.

Bob got out of quarantine for mumps this morning, just in time for major exams. He had one week in which he was not well enough to study; so this past week he and I have been working to get ready for the exams. He will be glad when they are over, even as we all shall be.

We have been having extra hard rain the last few days. It poured as hard as I've ever known it to do the day I went down to meet our new teacher, who has come to take Miss Whitaker's place. She had been teaching in China and flew from Chungking to Rangoon in 10 hours. We were interested in the short time it took her to make that trip, as it gave us a new idea of the distance from here to China. One of our students plans to fly next week from Calcutta to Hong Kong to take a steamer from there to the States.

Last week one of our former students, whose parents are here, came from Beirut, crossing the desert to Baghdad, then by train to Basra and down the Persian Gulf by a steamer. She hopes to return to Beirut in October when school is supposed to open; but unless the war in the Mediterranean moves more rapidly than it has lately, I doubt if their school will open then. We tell her we can give her a position here if she stays.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 31, 1940. Since it has been three weeks since we have had a letter, it seems a bit difficult to know just what to write. We know you are having the same experience. Mr. Rockey of the Methodist Mission just arrived today from America and Sutherlands received a cablegram last night, saying that their daughter Grace had landed in New York; so we know that ships are sailing and getting through. Grace went around the Cape on the Dollar Line and it took 40 days. We are eager to hear if they were allowed to land at any place. I believe the only stop
contemplated was Cape Town, and we were not sure that they would allow passengers to land.

The rains are here in full force and we continue to get wet and then get dry again. Today I went to the Flower Show put on by the Garden Club. There were some very pretty displays of dahlias, gladioli, begonias, zinnias, and several kinds of lilies. The school children, or rather some of them, made miniature gardens of moss and ferns.

Tomorrow I'm having some ladies in for lunch and Friday we are having five couples in for dinner. We can seat twelve at our table and that makes just a nice number for an informal gathering. We prefer to have just a few at a time.

Last night we were invited to School for dinner. You may remember that there are three main divisions of the boarding department. The School is where the younger girls live and is nearest to us. Now that we have the central kitchen, all three houses where the staff live have one guest night a month. Each house invites one guest for each member of the staff living there. It makes a simple arrangement for the running of the kitchen and seems to work well.

The war news is very distressing. For so many years back people have been clamoring for security but what security is there? When you read the paper, you wonder where one can live today and have any sense of security. India and America seem to be about the quietest places.

Bob got through his exams better than I had dared to hope. He still is not where he would like to be, but it is encouraging that he is making marked improvement. He seems to like his classes.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 6, 1940. Letter to Evangeline, Paul, and Janet. We were delighted yesterday to receive mail of three weeks in May after waiting for four weeks without anything. In these letters, forwarded by Mother, you tell of your visit out to see Joe. He also tells of it and how pleased he was and of what a good time he had!

I was glad, too, to know that you were planning to go to Jim's Commencement. He would appreciate that very much, I know. I just hope nothing hindered you. We are anxious to hear how he is physically.

Tell Mrs. Graham that I got bifocal glasses yesterday. You may remember that they were much concerned because I did not get them last year. I find them a bit confusing at first, but hope to get used to them soon.

We have had a case of diphtheria in the school and are taking every precaution. Our doctor proved to be a carrier; so is now in quarantine. The incubation period for any more cases is almost past and we are very thankful. Most of our children have been immunized. When the doctor gets out of quarantine, we shall check out and see that everyone is.

Bob is glad to be over the mumps. He has to keep working to keep up with his class, but he is doing it. He led the worship service at Junior Church last Sabbath and did very well indeed. I think I have told you that Junior Church is in my hands. The Sunday School and the Primary Church, meeting at the same time, are also my responsibility as far as getting leaders for them.

Every Tuesday at 11:00 our mission (those up here) has a prayer meeting. We meet in different homes. Each one takes his sandwiches and the hostess serves a hot dish, dessert, and coffee. Today they met here. We are about 35 adults now that the men are here.

This coming Saturday afternoon we have our August Sale at the school. I am making 10 or 12 bottles of lemon syrup for the lemonade stall.

We are in the midst of the rains and everything gets mildewed, and the clothes are wet and the laundry is late, etc. However, there are compensations. The oaks are fringed with moss and ferns, and some of the sunsets are magnificent beyond description. When the clouds lift and the sun shines even for a few minutes the distance views are wonderfully clear.
Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 21, 1940. We were delighted to receive two good letters from you. Now we are waiting anxiously to hear of Jim's Commencement. We should get that word on the next mail. I'm sure Evangeline will write about it. I am so thrilled that she went and I know Jim was, too.

We are eager also to hear about Dave's trip East. It takes a long time to hear and we must just be patient.

Bob seems to be getting along nicely and is very happy here. He has many good friends and he is naturally a sociable boy. He misses his big brothers, though.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, September 2, 1940. Letter to Evangeline. You were so good to write so many details about [Jim's] Commencement. The Fay Campbells have been wonderfully good to Jim and it was lovely of them to entertain you and to have you all there for dinner Monday night. We just read, and reread, your letter telling of all the events. It was so nice Joe could be there, too. I'm only sorry Dave missed it. You and Joe would enjoy having each other at the reception, exercises, etc.. I'm glad you saw as many of the buildings as you did, and had a lunch at Trumbull. Isn't the architecture beautiful?

Jim has made an excellent scholastic record there, but I believe an even higher character record. He has worked tremendously hard. I wonder how he has ever carried it all, and yet I know there are others who do it. I think he will enjoy his work at Dwight Hall this year.

I hope Dave gets to Boston sometime this summer. He is more silent than Jim and Joe and in some ways needs more encouragement. I hope his motorcycle experience was just enough to discourage him trying it again. I personally dislike motorcycles very much. However, a boy learns best by experience, and I shall not say much to him about it.

Bob is now 5 ft. 11 in. and seems to be still growing. Evidently he is to be the tallest of the four.

The last events of the season (I mean the summer hill season) are taking place. Today is the last PTA meeting; last week the last Reading Club; and next week the last Community Center event. There are three more months of school and many things I want to do for the children. At present mumps are in full swing. There are 42 cases in the school hospital and many cases on the hillside. Only a couple of cases have had complications.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, September 15, 1940. Mr. Becker from Union Seminary is here visiting us now. He left America under appointment to a teaching position in Aleppo, Syria, but got as far as India and authorities will not let him go on to Syria because of the war conditions. He is looking for a teaching position here and may stay with us. He is a good friend of the man Jim is working with this summer and met Jim once at Union Seminary.

The rains seem to have passed away for the most part and it is beautiful out now. They have commenced working on a new dormitory for little boys. This should be completed by next March and should relieve congestion a great deal.

Last weekend we had 52 patients in hospital. Our own school nurse came down with mumps and on top of that she had an acute attack of rheumatic fever. She has a special nurse on for her now. We have fewer patients in now, though six new mumps cases came in today. It looks as though we shall have mumps until the end of school.

One of our senior girls, Vivian Ross of our mission, fell last week off of one of the narrow paths and down to the road below. She had a slight concussion, a fractured arm, and a number of cuts on the face requiring seven stitches. When she regained consciousness she complained of her abdomen. At first the doctors thought it was muscular but when it continued they finally decided to operate and see what the trouble was. They found the pancreas injured and secreting fluid into the
abdomen. There wasn't much they could do for her, but let nature work its own cure, if it would. She seems definitely better and the doctors are now hopeful of her recovery.

The world situation looks very bad indeed. The Germans and Italians seem to be planning to attack at the same time. What utter folly it all is, to say nothing of the brutality of the whole thing.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, September 29, 1940. We have just been having a four-day holiday that comes always at the end of September. Some of the children went off on camping trips, and the basketball team went to Lucknow where they entered into a tournament of a number of schools. Emmet and Bob went out one day for a hike, taking two of Bob's classmates.

Peggy Moffat just arrived from America, Friday. She looks much the same only she is older. You liked her so much. The Cummingsses and Lucases are due next month. We do not know when the Campbells are due to sail.

Vivian Ross, who had a serious fall three weeks ago, is still not out of danger. They operated again yesterday - just a small incision to allow for drainage from the lower abdomen. Her temperature stays up but she rallied very well from this operation and the doctors are hopeful that she will get well, even though she has a long way to go yet.

The rains are practically over now, though we did have a very heavy rain last night. Every day I try to get out some things to sun as dampness gets into everything. Tomorrow I hope to have all the books in the bookcases put out, as they also get damp and need airing while the cases get a good cleaning.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, October 9, 1940. This last Saturday the Cummingsses and Lucases returned from America. Mrs. Cummings is staying up with the Foster family to look after the children while their mother is in hospital. She, Mrs. Foster, had a baby girl Monday. Dorothy (Foster) had diphtheria six weeks ago and is still having to be very careful as her heart is weak.

We had an airmail letter written by Jim on the seventh of September from the hospital in Northampton. We are naturally very sorry that his trouble returned, but no doubt he will have to regulate his diet very carefully all his life. It is hard for a young man to have such a handicap [diabetes], but many have accomplished great things and lived very useful lives in spite of such handicaps, and we know Jim will rise above it insofar as is humanly possible.

Vivian Ross seems to be on the way to recovery and most of our other serious cases are better, so that we are very grateful. Bob has such a grand time with the other boys. He goes down to the hostel every evening. He has settled down to studying very well and, if he continues to improve, he should make a good student in a year or so. He is true to the Alter family and is up at the top of the class in algebra.

The weather is excellent now and makes everyone feel grand. I had a little return of my trouble [asthma] some weeks ago but am in the best of health now.

Emmet is very busy. The new hostel for little boys has been started and he has to oversee that as well as do all the other tasks, but he likes to be busy. He is going down to our Annual Meeting next week, but I'm staying home. Since I feel so splendid again I do not want to run any risk of getting an upset again right away.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, October 16, 1940. We saw in the paper yesterday that the American Export line will carry mail to America every two weeks. We are going to try addressing our letters through them to see how it works. If these go that way, they will be very early for Christmas; if not, no one can tell when they would get there.

It has been several weeks since we have received a letter from you; so we should be receiving one
ere long. The war news in the Balkans is not so good; however, if Russia should step in to stop Germany it might change the face of things some. Evidently, the Italians in Libya are waiting for the Germans to come down to the Mediterranean before making their attack on Egypt. This is a war in which it is difficult to make any prophecies. Germany has certainly been thwarted in their plans to take Britain.

We had the IXth Std. here Saturday night for a party. Emmet and I both teach that class and we had been planning to have them.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, October 24, 1940. We were very pleased to receive your letter of August 19th but sorry to learn that Aunt Bessie was having to move. One letter is missing, in which you probably told us the reason for their moving. It is difficult to find a place suitable within one's means. I hope you got something satisfactory.

I see by the U.P. that came this week that the Campbells are due to arrive in Bombay early in November. I shall probably not see them before next summer, if then. I'm especially anxious to see them and inquire about Dave.

Emmet is still at Annual Meeting, but will be back tomorrow or Saturday. Bob and I have had a quiet time trying to keep at work. Saturday, Olympic Games of the district where held. Our boys did well. They got three cups out of six - Senior, Junior, and Swimming. Six schools competed, though some of them were not well up. Our school sports will be next Friday. The next month is full of events, as is usually the case at the end of the year.

This is the time for fall cleaning, and I've been trying to get it done gradually, a room at a time. The weather has been excellent - so warm and pleasant for this time of the year. It is always good to be really dry again after the monsoons.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, October 31, 1940. Tomorrow is our annual Sports Day and the children are all keyed up for it. The sports begin at 9:00 and end about 3:30, with a lunch intermission from 12:00 to 1:30, when the classes are given time for their group stunts. Lunch is sent over [Taylor's Flat] for everyone and it's a great event.

Bob lacks just one-half inch of being 6 ft. He has kept very well and enjoys every phase of life here.

Last Saturday our senior class put on a play, "A Prince There Was." We invited the new principal from Wynberg - a school here in Mussoorie. He and his wife are very fine people. I was over to their school, you remember, several weeks ago. We had them for lunch, then took them around the various buildings. After that we had a few of the staff in for tea to meet them before going up to the play. They seemed to enjoy the day and we were very glad we could have them.

Today I had a few friends in for lunch. There were three missionaries, one Anglo Indian married to a dentist who got his degree from Harvard, one an English girl married to a domiciled European (one whose family has lived in this country for several generations) who has retired from the P.O. Department, and a third - a Boston girl married to an Indian.

Saturday night we are having 10 of the staff in for dinner. We can seat 12 at our table and by having 10 at a time we can have all the staff here for smaller and more informal groups.

Italy has just invaded Greece. One more independent nation gone, or at least attacked. Vandalism is on the march and where or when will it be checked? India continues to be one of the few peaceful places in the world.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, December 2, 1940. Mail has been very slow. Your last letter was written from Mansfield, September 15th. We are glad for the Air Mail letters from the boys as they
give us much later news. I know you are back in Belmont and hope all is well.

Commencement is over and most of the children have gone - all but five who are staying to take the Senior Cambridge examinations. The party for Burma, Siam, and the Malay States just left Saturday. As they were here for Thanksgiving, we had a school Thanksgiving dinner. Fifty-one of us sat down at the table. The high school girls made the place cards and the boys did the decorating. Several people gave stories, or read poems and the whole affair was very nice.

The whole Commencement program was very well carried out. We had all the 10th standard parents and the high school staff here for tea on Friday, the 22nd. Then the class put on "The Rivals" that evening. On Saturday the 23rd was Commencement at 5:00 p.m. It was a very impressive service. Mr. Blickenstaff of Bombay was the speaker. I may have forgotten to say that we had Mr. and Mrs. Blickenstaff and Mr. and Mrs. Pickens staying with us. That night the parents and class - 78 in all - had dinner together in a large dining room above the new kitchen. The ninth standard children decorated it very prettily, and it was all quite a festive affair, with toasts, etc.. After dinner they came here for the social hour, as our house was heated.

The Baccalaureate service was also very impressive. Mr. Stuntz of Lahore had that. Commencement had been put on Saturday, and prize giving on Monday, for the past two years for the Burma party, so that they could catch a boat on Friday. However, the ship company changed their sailing this year, so we are going back to our old timetable next year, regardless of any party. That will put Commencement on Tuesday, prize giving and farewell dinner on Wednesday, and going down day on Thursday.

This year, though, most of the children left Tuesday morning. Bob went to Zaffarwal. We haven't heard from him yet but we know he is probably having a very good time.

The Wardwells, who are joining the staff next year from the Presbyterian mission, were up over this past weekend. The hostel is going up in good shape. Emmet is busy this week and next supervising the Cambridge exams over at Wynberg School. He leaves early and returns late.

I don't know whether or not Bob will be home for Christmas. It will be a very quiet time for us if he is not here, but he may have a livelier time somewhere else. We shall be having some kind of a party for the Indian Christians here.

The Campbells have landed in Bombay, but he was ill and they are staying with the Moffats in Bombay. I do not know how soon he will be able to travel.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, December 15, 1940. We have had just one letter from Bob, but Marjorie has written, too. He seems to be having a grand time. They all have rented bicycles and he and the girls ride a great deal. They also play badminton and tennis, and I can imagine they loafed around a lot, too. Bob will stay there until after New Year's, and then go to Pindi for a little while. He has been invited to stop overnight with the ladies in Jhelum, especially to see our old cook, who is serving them. He will stay in Pindi until we are ready to take our holiday, when he will come down and meet us in Delhi. He has been invited to stop at Ujjain with one of his friends in the Canadian mission, while we come back up from Bombay, and stay there until the school party comes back in March. If he does that, he will have been gone all holiday! Of course we pay his board wherever he goes. That's a standing agreement among all missionaries and a very good one, we think.

We are running a regular dairy here. The school has several cows and during the school year all that milk goes to the school, but after that it comes here. Three quarts are sold and about 18 or 19 quarts we boil every day and let stand until the next day, when we take off the cream and make butter. The skimmed milk we give to the servants' families who are staying here for the winter - there are nine or ten families. We pay for our milk and cream and get free what butter we need (we use cream instead of butter at the table) for the cost of the fuel. The rest of the butter is eventually
made into ghi for the school. Ghi is the clarified butter which is so much better than anything else in
curry and other Indian dishes. It keeps nicely so can be used after school opens in March. The
servants send their children every morning for the milk which is as good as what you buy in bottles,
as we do not have a separator and so leaves some cream in the milk.

Vivian Ross was taken to Dehra over a week ago and was operated on Monday for an abscess on
the kidney and an obstruction of the intestines. She has had such a long siege in bed - since the 13th of
September! They gave her two blood transfusions and say she is able, now, to take a little
nourishment, so they are hopeful she may pick up.

There are about 20 people here in Landour, aside from the Indian community of about 90, who
will be celebrating Christmas. That does not include the 90 some coolies who are working on the
new hostel, since they are not Christian. We have our Christmas party for the Indians fairly well
planned, but I am not sure what we should do for the Europeans, who are quite a conglomeration -
Anglo Indians, American and English! However they are all international in spirit and mix well.

The Cambridge exams closed on Thursday, and the last of the staff left us on Friday. The other
people on the hillside are well scattered. Four of the Community Hospital staff are still here, but are
leaving Friday. We are having them here for dinner Tuesday night.

I'm glad Aunt Bessie and Emmet are well settled. You didn't say what their rent is. It seems to
me they have plenty of room and will not have the bother of that extra room, which was difficult to
rent.

All your letters, except one, have come through and that one should tell about your visit to
Dave's room. All he said was he hired a taxi and took you both up to see it and you seemed pleased. I
am anxious to get your description of it.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, December 27, 1940. For the first pages of this letter I shall send
duplicates to you all, as it will tell about our Christmas, which will be of interest to each of you. To
some of you, at least, I wrote last week of our getting a Christmas tree from the hillside and
decorating the house with holly, which is not exactly like what we have in America but is very pretty
and makes a good substitute. This year it had more berries than usual. We have the old stock of
ornaments that we have had since the children were small, and when the electrician of the school
wired the tree at the church, we asked him to wire ours with the same lights the next day. Having no
children in the home, we at least try to make a semblance of celebrating, and in so doing we share
some of the spirit with others.

Christmas Day was given up to the Indian Christians, and to the school servants and tradesmen,
all of whom come to say their salaams. This winter there are about 90 Christians staying over the
winter. This number, of course, includes the children, who number exactly 40. The school children
and others leave money for a Christmas party and with that gifts are purchased for all and tea and
sweets are served after the service at noon at the church. A few toys had been sent out to Dr. Fleming
and those she left for some of the children. For the others we bought little sleeveless sweaters which
cost about 12 or 15¢ apiece. They are remarkably good for the price, but you must remember they are
made in a land where labor is very cheap. For the men we bought scarves at 15¢ (long ones, but most
of them only cotton) and for the women, material for a blouse apiece. As all these people are very
poor, we try to get them useful things. I have told you the price so that you could see that, even
though a present was given to each one, not a great amount of money was expended. These gifts are
all wrapped in colored paper and hung on the tree. Two of the men of the church came and helped
me wrap them one afternoon.

At a church service, after the hymns and sermon, a number of the congregation recited Bible
verses about Christ, three different people sang solos, and one read an original poem. Some of the
Indians are very fond of writing poetry, but I am not versed enough in their language to appreciate it. A long-established custom, and one of which we do not entirely approve, though, since it is so oriental, we have not found a way of stopping without offence, is the custom of tradesmen, non-Christians, to bring around baskets of fruit and candy and cake. This they keep bringing all morning. Emmet and I always meet them and have a talk and present each one with a calendar with a good picture from the life of Christ and with a Bible verse for each day of the year. The nuts, and most of the cake, and half a dozen oranges and apples we keep. The rest we distribute among the Indian people. This also is a definitely oriental custom, and the tradesmen expect us to do this. However, the dividing of these among families and individuals takes three hours at least, so that I never sat down to any personal or home thought or work until 5:00. Do not think that I begrudged the time. Far from it. I was thankful that there was not a moment to think, for there was only one direction in which my thought would have gone, and it was best for those around me that my thoughts should not go that way too much. We had planned to let our cook off that evening and have just a very simple supper, but Miss Parker, who is in charge of the kitchen and is spending the winter in Landour, invited us to have dinner with her and we were glad to accept.

On Thursday we were invited to an Indian dinner and to tea at the home of one of our school children. The father is retired from the post office and they are making their home here permanently. It was a very nice cozy Christmas party. Yesterday we invited all the Europeans on Landour Hill to tea at our home. We had all the usual Christmas decorations and delicacies, including a cake, which had been given us, and was of special interest because it was made in the shape and coloring of a pineapple. It was not only attractive but proved most delicious. After tea we played several group games and then turned on the lights on the tree and sang Christmas carols for almost an hour. Just before they left we gave from the tree a small 10¢ store toy to each of the six children. The group was a very cosmopolitan one consisting of American, English, and Anglo Indians and represented a number of creeds - Catholic, Anglican and Protestant, with one Theosophist and one Christian Scientist. However, we were all united in celebrating the Christmas spirit, with the exception of the Theosophist who had been raised in a Christian home and no doubt was recalling memories of her childhood. For a few of them it was the only social function of this season. Some of them had never met before, though they do not live far apart, but there was no division in the group as they were gathered here.

Today we are having two Indian families in for tea - the school baker, Charles, and his family, and the Christian clerk, Saul [Sherring] and his family. That will end our social functions here. Tomorrow I'm going to a wedding at the Catholic Church at 9 in the morning, then to the reception, and after that Emmett is meeting me and we are going to lunch with Miss Thomas, who is on the staff of the college house. She lives in Mussoorie, but about 5 mi. from here. We are both looking forward to that as a real holiday.

Bob, as you know, is down in Zafarwal with Uncle Joe and family. He reports a grand time. I hardly expected even a note, but he actually sent both a note and a Christmas card. We have had one other letter from him. He and the girls are having great fun riding bicycles and playing tennis, etc. We think he would have enjoyed a few of the days here this week, but otherwise the vacation would have been very dull for him, and we are thankful that he is having such a happy winter.

Your two missing letters from September came last week and we were glad for every word. You told us so many interesting details about Dave's room. Thanks so much for the information.
Woodstock, Mussoorie, January 13, 1941. Letter to Mother, Evangeline, Paul, and Janet. On December 6th, two days after the decision in regard to Jim, we received the first airmail letter from him, telling of the stand he had taken and the possibility of just such a result as has come about. I purposely did not mention it in my letters, as I preferred to wait until we should hear the definite results. On Saturday a letter came from Mother Alter by air, telling of receiving a letter from Joe. At the same time a copy of Jim's first letter from Evangeline came through from Dwight Hall. Unfortunately, Joe's letter has not reached us so that we do not know of the length of the sentence, but from the address at the bottom of Jim's letter we know where he is. We are hoping that the word from Joe will come through in a few weeks, though he may not have sent his by air, since he knew Dwight Hall was doing so, and he probably thought they would give a fuller statement.

Now there are several things that I want to say in regard to it all, and the very first one is to express my sorrow that you folks have had so much trouble and sorrow over all this. I know it has been, and will be, hard on you all and I very much regret the pain and trouble it has caused you. I should so gladly have spared you all this if I could.

In the second place, I think we must all face the fact that Jim did what he felt was the only thing he could conscientiously do. We must respect his courage and conviction and give him now all the help we can. It is not an easy time for any of the young men in the world and each must make his decision. Jim has a strong faith and and we pray that he may be sustained at this time.

We have not been able to see the situation as he did. As we can see it, he had an opportunity of registering as a C.O., and had we been doing it, we should have done it that way. However, he had to make his own decision. We sent him an airmail letter in August, stating our position in regard to the Pacifist program. I think the majority of us believe that there should be some other way than war to settle the disputes between nations, but thus far it has not been worked out and the minds of men are not ready for it yet. It is definitely the ideal which Christ presents and those who argue for war from the Bible do not find their arguments in the New Testament. Even though we had been in America, I think Jim would have felt compelled to do what he did. Many, you among them, advised him against this action. He is not blaming anyone in any way; neither are we. We only wish he could have seen it differently for himself.

You must know that we are concerned for Jim's health. I think mother thought I was not much concerned because I did not write more about it. Before this other word came, I sent an airmail letter to Fay Campbell, to see if there was anything in any way that we could do to relieve him of strain, and bear in any way some of the burden of his recovery. I did not write much because all the ink in the world would not express my thoughts and anguish; neither would my writing at length about it to you folks each week have greatly helped the situation, for talking without purpose has little value. In this letter from Jim he says that he has made arrangements for the insulin and the diet. If you go to see him, I hope you will find out more about it and let me know. I know you, too, are anxious about his health and will do what you can.

I notice that Danbury [prison] is on the border close to New York State, so that it would be too far for you to go, at least often. I know Joe will try to go when he can, though that, too, will not be often. If you go, will you not let us bear the expense since we cannot go ourselves? It might take a little time to get your money from us but we should be only too willing to do that much. I am writing and telling Joe to draw on us for such expenses, since he cannot afford it on his allowance.
During the last war we suffered very little and thus far in this we have had a little share in the world suffering. We cannot possibly be expected to bear more than our share, but we must bear that with courage and with faith. Jim has lived on a heavy strain for the past few years and he may need just such a rest from that, though we could have wished that he might have had the change somewhere else. There are the daily tasks that we must perform and the many needy around us whom we must help. Perhaps we may be able to help suffering people more with this sorrow that one of our own dear ones must suffer. When we think of the millions in the world today in worse positions than he, we dare not complain. We must remember his life and character and give thanks for them.

All of this will be hard for Dave and Joe both and they are much in our thoughts and prayers. If we did not have a faith founded on Christ, we should be adrift now. As it is, we have every assurance that he will be with Jim to sustain him and lead him through to ultimate victory.

We are leaving on Friday and will be glad for the change. Bob is to meet us in Delhi. We have not written to him about Jim, as we thought it would be better to tell him in person. Our mail will be forwarded to us.

Again, let me tell you how very sorry I am that you have been having this burden to bear. If you continue to forward letters, we should bear the postage expense. There may also be other expenses that you have to meet in connection with Jim and his mail. If so, please let us care for that.

All the little frets and worries of life fade into insignificance in the face of bigger issues. May we all be strengthened and purified through such an experience as this.

Bombay, January 29, 1941. You see we are this far on our trip. Bob met us in Delhi, and as soon as he stepped off the train I realized that he had topped his father in height during the holidays. He is now the tallest in the family.

We had two days with the Badleys in Delhi and then came down to Nadiad, which is near Baroda. There we visited Dr and Mrs. Aldrich and their children. They are of the Methodist Mission and have quite a large hospital there. It was there that we received our mailing, including the pictures of Joe.

For three days we visited some friends out in the teak and bamboo jungles in the Western Ghats. It was lovely out there and so different from any other part of India we had visited. We drove 60 mi. from the train, and on the way a leopard went right in front of the car. There are tigers, leopards, panthers and deer in the jungle. Two of our teachers are coming down there to hunt in a few weeks.

We are stopping here for 10 days with the Blickenstaffs. I think I have mentioned him before. He is in the Inter Mission office in which Mr. Moffatt is. We are to have lunch, Sabbath, with the Moffatts. The Blickenstaffs are in a very modern apartment close to the sea. We hardly can realize that we are still in India, for it is so different from our part of the world.

On Ship from Bombay to Vengurla, February 5, 1941. As you see, we are on a ship going down the coast from Bombay about 200 mi. to Vengurla, a mission station of the Presbyterian church. The Consers have children in Woodstock and invited us to come down. We are on a 400-ton boat that will make seven stops in the 84-hour run. There are just four cabins, one of which Emmet and I are occupying. Bob is going "deck" but is having his meals with us. Meals are not included in the ticket and are ordered separately. There are two decks - lower and upper, and both are very crowded. The sea is smooth, the sun is bright, and all promises to be a delightful voyage.

In Bombay we have had a wonderful visit, going most of the time. We arrived Tuesday evening and spent Wednesday morning writing the letters we sent on the boat which sailed yesterday. Mail has to be posted four days ahead of time in order to get through censor. That afternoon [Wednesday]
we went to see "The Thief of Baghdad" and that night Mrs. Pickett and her son were over for dinner. Mr. Blickenstaff was in the missionary men's quartet which was broadcasting that night. The next day we had lunch with Eunice Jones Matthews and her husband - Stanley Jones's daughter. Her husband is a Methodist pastor in Bombay. That evening we had several calls from people who are sending children to Woodstock this year.

Friday we went out to Malad beach - about 25 mi. north - to have lunch with Mrs. McClenneghan and her family. Her husband is Salt Revenue Officer for Bombay Presidency. Two of their children are at Woodstock. They live in a lovely cottage right along the beach. Stephen Blickenstaff was also invited and he and Bob and the McClenneghan children had a grand time in the water before lunch. When we returned we went to tea at the home of a wealthy Parsee family, to meet former students of Woodstock who were in Woodstock when we were there before. They took us for a long drive over the city till about 8:00. Saturday morning one of these Parsee girls took us for a drive and then to the art exhibition, where one of the girls was exhibiting a sculpture of an Indian dancing girl. It is really very good. She took sculpturing in England and America and just returned in November. I think she has a real future ahead of her if she continues. For lunch Saturday, we went to the Comptons. Their children came out from England this summer and right on up to Woodstock. He is Traffic Superintendent of one of the big railways here. They are fine people and we were so glad to meet them in their home. That evening we went to a movie with the Blickenstaffs.

Sabbath, after church, we went home with the Moffats for lunch. They asked for you. Peggy is a charming girl. That evening we went to the Scotch Church - a beautiful building and a good service. Monday morning at 8, the Parsee friends called for us, including Mrs. Blickenstaff and Stephen, and took us in their private launch about a 40-minute ride out to an island in the harbor where they have the most beautiful estate, with a zoo, a large vegetable garden, mango and bamboo groves, poultry farm, flowers and shrubs in profusion, four houses, a lovely lawn, and a large pavilion where we had lunch. This estate has been left by their father in trust and every evening is open to the villagers from a fishermen's village a mile away. The vegetables and fruit, aside from what is taken to their family in the city each morning, is sold at cost to the fishermen, who would otherwise get little or no fresh vegetables or fruit. It really was a wonderful, wonderful trip.

That evening we had tea at the University Institute and heard an excellent report of the SCM Conference at Ceylon. From there we went on to Bishop Pickett's for dinner. They had invited other Landour and Woodstock folks in and had 22 in all, served at little tables. Mrs. Pickett is a very charming person. She was in Landour most of last summer and will be most of this summer. We had a very jolly time staying until almost midnight.

Yesterday, Tuesday, I went shopping with Mrs. Blickenstaff; Mrs. McClenneghan came for lunch, we packed and then went to tea at the home of one of our senior girls, who came out from England a year ago and was with us only the year. Her father is French and her mother Parsee. They have a most beautiful home on Malabar Hill close to the sea. It was built years ago by a Rajah and is really palatial. They have done it all over and rent out the two lower floors as flats.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, February 19, 1941. We have been home about a week and have been busy getting things in order, not only at the house but throughout the school.

Emmet has been very busy at the office and at the new hostel. The workmen assure us it will be complete by the opening of school, but it looks very doubtful now. However, I know a lot of work can be put through in three weeks. Mr. McCulloch and Mr. Bowers stayed until yesterday, when they went back to the plains for a little while. We have had to refuse over 200 children and still the applications come in. Being a mission institution we have to accept the missionary children and sometimes they are slow in writing in, and that crowds us in certain classes. We are having three
children come from Borneo. Just now the office is busy getting out letters for the concessions on the railway for the different school parties. The railway gives half-fare concessions to all school parties. It is no light job getting over 400 children lined up in parties, though of course it is done through correspondence with the parents. The form letter concerning that goes out the week after school closes in the autumn, as it takes a long time to get all the information collected.

Mr. Wardwell, who is joining the staff this year as the representative of the North India Presbyterian Mission, in place of Parkers, and who is to be in charge of the manual training, came up last night, bringing their piano and frigidaire. He is putting up a special kind of stove in the kitchen down at the new hostel. They will move up on the third of March.

This is a copy of a letter from Mr. Harwood of Burma, written to the "Indian Witness," telling about the arrival of the school party there, and their plans for going on. I thought you would be interested in reading it.

This is the 10th of December. One of the big excitement among us at this time of the year is the arrival of the school party from Woodstock. In fact there is a general movement of school parties from India, for a considerable number of boys and girls from Burma attend hill schools in India.

The current uncertainties in shipping add plenty of wonder and questions as the days draw near. Mrs. Harwood, in succession to Mrs. Riggs and Mrs. Wyatt, who previously fulfilled this function, has come to be recognized as general correspondent and manager of the school party. In the good old days we used to send over about eight boys and girls. Now, with the addition of those from Malaysia and Thailand, the party exceeds two dozen specimens of young America with another nationality or two to add variety. Airmails and telegrams shoot back and forth from Thailand and Malaysia and Mussoorie, all converging on Rangoon. Mr. Bell in Calcutta lends perspiration and persuasion in getting the ship to accept reservations, and the government officials there to expedite the visas. Red tape flourishes abundantly. Word comes that there won't be any ship for anywhere for goodness knows how long; and then suddenly it seems as though there will be two instead of one, and which will you have? And so it goes.

Well, we finally met the party on the morning of the sixth of December, the girls as cabin passengers and the boys and Messers. McCulloch and Bowers as deckers. A good time had been had by all. Rangoon, the Shan States, and the Chin Hills welcomed back their own. The Baptist guest house packed the young in until all the sleeping space on the floors was taken! Mrs. Harwood was all surrounded by men as she fared forth in taxis with the two teachers and Mr. Elder from Siam, visiting government officials - passport section, defense, commissioner of police. Let it be said right here that all the officials concerned were completely courteous and cooperative. They used the rules to help rather than to hinder the legitimate movement of the boys and girls to their destinations.

Those bound this time for points beyond Burma had three days in Rangoon, and departed on Sunday night for Moulmein with Mr. Elder and the two Woodstock men. At that port Mrs. Blaisdell was to meet the Malaysia-bound and take them to Penang on a coastal steamer. The Thailanders were to shove off overland by bus, then to shift to carts to carry themselves and the luggage across a stream to a remote jungle air field, where a plane hired for the day was to take the boys and girls, three at a time, for a less than an hour hop over a hill range to the railway station where another man is to meet them. Elder, Mac, Bowers, and Gaylord Knox then arranged to trek over the hills with a string of coolies to carry all the luggage and arrive four or five days later at the railway. It's a great process sending young America to school at Woodstock!
Woodstock, Mussoorie, February 28, 1941. Thanks very, very much for telling us so many details about your Christmas and Joe's visit. What would we do without your letters? Joe writes very regularly and gives many details but not nearly as many as you.

We were so glad Joe went to visit the Doddses. We had a letter last week from Mr. Dodds, saying that if ever we miss Joe just to know that they had taken him as their own. He said they enjoyed his visit so much. He also said that he had heard from several Yale sources that Jim's stand had stirred up more thought about Christianity on the campus than anything had done for years.

We were pleased that Joe had found Jim in better physical condition. We have been praying that this enforced rest might mean that for Jim. It was fine to know that Mr. Lovett [Yale Chaplain] had received special permission to visit him.

You should see my desk! You would like it, I know. It is just mine to use while we are in Woodstock, but I'm glad to have it even that long. In the old school dormitory I found three old pieces of furniture that I had redone this winter. All of them are the old-fashioned desks, with drawers beneath and bookcase above. I had been using a Chinese carved one that had been left here some years ago. It is a very pretty piece of furniture but not very practical. That I put in the guest room.

Our letters should be at the port of departure four or five days before the steamer sails, in order to pass the censor. For that reason we try to start them early. This is the best way we know of arranging it.

We sent each of the boys a check for $5 on October 10th. They may have gone down in the Atlantic. At least the actual money is not lost, but the boys didn't get it in time for Christmas and we had given it in plenty of time.

Do take care of yourself and don't work too hard. I know Evangeline is more than busy. She certainly makes a great success of her Red Cross work.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, March 8, 1941. Bob objects to my writing to you on this paper, lest it frighten you, but I say you would just object to its appearance. Behind it lies a story of last Monday night. At 3:00 [in the morning] Bob was wakened by the servant and rushed into our room saying, "Daddy, the office is on fire." We rushed to the window and saw the store room below the office all ablaze. It was a rather terrifying sight, and at first glance I could not see how we could save the wing of the big school building. The office was just a small room attached to the main building and but one story high, though behind it was a small office for the clerks and beneath that on the hillside was the carpenter shop. That is probably where the fire started by spontaneous combustion. The store room was below the office to the side towards our house. By the time Emmet got up there he tried at once to go in to rescue files, etc., but the smoke was so bad that the servant who was with him collapsed and Emmet had to rescue him. There were not many men to help, as most of those who work at the new building live in the bazaar. Mr. McCullough and Mr. Badley just came up that day and were a great help in directing the men. When we realized the office could not be saved, Emmet called the men to pour water on the glazed veranda of the main building. All the beams of the roof are charred and some of the doors were hurt, but the verandah room and the rest of the building was safe. By 6:00 we went into the dining room for coffee and had a prayer of thanksgiving that so much had been saved. The electric lights had been turned off so that there was little light to work by in the main building, where water had to be carried in all varieties of small containers since there was no hose - buckets, wash basins, pitchers, tin boxes, etc. There is supposed to be a fire department in Mussoorie but it is out of commission. We phoned for aid and six policemen came. With all our handicaps, there was really little confusion and Emmet was as calm as always. We don't regret the loss of the building as it was very old and inflammable, and Emmet has several times this winter said that he
would like to rebuild it this next winter. We do regret the loss of many valuable papers that can never be replaced. There were also a number of things stored in the godown that will be hard to replace now. However, we are very thankful that no one was hurt and that so much was saved. This paper was salvaged and trimmed. Hence its appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. Wardwell and their children have been with us since Tuesday. Naturally, the fire has added a lot to the work just before the opening of school. However, we go on and do the best we can to get ready for the children, who are due on Wednesday. The servants have come back and we hope to get down to work OK.

On the morning of the ninth, we received Fay Campbell's cablegram, telling of Jim's release and encouraging health report.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, March 25, 1941. Today brought two letters from Joe. We are hoping more will come tomorrow. His latest was February 14th, which is good in these wartimes.

School has started in full force and everyone is busy. The new hostel for little boys is still in the process of being made, though it is almost finished. There are 78 boys in that and 89 in the big hostel. Girl boarders are about equal in number.

We had the staff in for dinner as usual. Then, last Saturday the Parkers arrived and the Flemings had all the staff in for an after dinner party in their honor. They are staying with us and are packing their things for shipping. They will probably be here all week. We have had guests almost constantly since we returned the middle of February.

Bob seems fine. He had his regular physical examination yesterday and the doctor says he couldn't find any trace at all of any heart trouble. By the way, you will be interested in hearing who examined him. You remember a Dr. Hall and his wife (both doctors), who lived back of Mrs. Gordon in Ventnor? They were missionaries from Korea. Now all the missionary work there has been closed and this family and another of the Methodist Mission have been transferred here to India. It was Dr. Hall who examined Bob. They just arrived in India in January. We always have all the children examined at the beginning of the school year. Our own doctor is not able to do all in the first few weeks; so if there are missionary doctors on the hillside they usually help.

I hope you have had a good winter. There is a lot of flu around here now. Joe wrote that Jim had flu in February. We have quite a few children in the school hospital and three in the Community Hospital, where we send our more serious cases. It opens the day school opens and closes on the same day as the school.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 10, 1941. Boats go very irregularly but I try to send letters on every one of which I hear. I always know there will be mail from you even though it may be very late.

Last week we received an airmail letter from Jim after he had returned to Dwight Hall. He has always been so faithful about writing and we were so thrilled to get a letter direct from him again. We are glad he can work in Fay Campbell's garden every day. He needs the out of doors. We're naturally anxious to know where he is going to spend the summer, as we have been insisting that he spend it where he can get the necessary treatment, diet, and rest.

School seems to be going on nicely. There's always a large turnover of staff, but this year less than last year. This is the first year we have had a really qualified man for manual arts. Mr. Wardwell is splendid and is doing so well with the boys. He has been teaching them repair work on some of the things that are damaged by the fire - typewriters, pencil sharpeners, duplicators, etc., etc. A new pair of scales for the hospital was in the office. Bob has been working on that and just has painting to do now. They were able to be adjusted well. Some of the oil stoves in the home economics department needed repair, and one of the boys has been put on that. The boys ought to learn a lot of practical things.
The Red Cross work has started the season well. Mrs. Haskins, whose son is in the third grade, and whose husband is a police officer on the plains, is chairman of the Red Cross. She is a very capable and energetic person and should make quite a good thing of it. We have over 100 lbs. of wool to be knit and 1400 pieces to be sewn. That should keep this hillside fairly busy.

A week ago we had a staff party at the school, ostensibly to celebrate getting back into the staff drawing room (it had been under repair since the fire), but really to announce the engagement of staff members - Mr. McCulloch of our mission and Miss Cauthers, who teaches the first grade. They are both so fine that we are quite delighted. Mr. McCulloch thought last year that he wouldn’t stay out the five years, but go home at the end of this year. Now they are both planning to stay to complete his five years, and we are so delighted.

Tomorrow is Good Friday and the children are all delighted we are having a holiday after the service at 9:00 in the morning. I think they have plenty of free time, but they think they are very rushed.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 23, 1941. Today I had been at a Hospital Board meeting all day - I left here at 10:30 and returned at 6:00. The hospital has really come on very well indeed.

Kenneth MacArthur is staying with us for a month. He has had rheumatic fever off and on for four or five years. Last year his mother kept him out of school and took him into Kashmir. She brought him up for the first few weeks back, and now he is staying with us for a month while his mother is on the plains.

Yesterday, Mrs. Gould and daughter came to stay with us for a few days. They were coming up to their house, but their cook’s daughter was too ill for him to leave and Mrs. Gould had to come up out of the heat, but was not physically able to open up her own house. She had an appendectomy early in February and while on the operating table her heels were burnt to the bones by a hot water bottle! She walks with difficulty and should be on her feet as little as possible. She has been in bed most of the time since she came up.

Tomorrow I am having seven luncheon guests. Next week I should begin having some of the parents on the hillside for tea, but the first three days are taken up with other things.

Bob is playing baseball, hockey, and basketball. He seems fine. Emmet and I manage to keep busy enough to keep us out of mischief.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 14, 1941. I thought you all would be interested in the celebrations we have been having the past two days; hence this duplicated sheet. There are three couples in the Methodist Mission who were married in 1916 as we were. Last year we talked of celebrating together, but when we learned that they planned a big party after dinner at the Community Center, we decided that, for ones in our position, it would be exceedingly difficult to decide whom to invite and whom not to invite. Hence, we decided it would not be wise for us to enter into that. However, we invited the three couples to our house to dinner Monday night. The couples were Bishop and Mrs. Pickett, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. Dye. All these families are known to you boys as you know the children. We found that early this week was the only time that all four of the couples would be here, as the Hansons were returning to their home in the hills tomorrow. Bishop Robinson, Mrs. Pickett’s father, who performed their wedding ceremony, came up for the occasion and was also with us Monday night. The table was really very pretty. Ann Smith (her mother you know in Berkeley) came down and helped me decorate the table. After dinner we sat around the fireplace with just the glow of the fire to light the room and visited until almost 11:00. It was really a delightful evening.

Last night was the big party at the Community Center. There were about 125 people present, and some 30 sent their regrets. Had we been in on it there would have been some 60 or 70 more at the
least, and we could never handle that crowd. Bishop Pickett was master of ceremonies, and in his opening remarks he spoke of how they had tried to keep the occasion for the party a secret, but he understood the secret had leaked out. He said that in addition to the three who had issued the invitation, there was another couple who were celebrating their silver wedding anniversary this year - namely ourselves - and that they wished to make us the honor guests of the evening. That was certainly generous, wasn't it? Bishop Rockey then took the floor and gave us some humorous remarks and congratulations based on a play on our names. After each couple was addressed, Bishop Badley's daughter came forward with a beautifully wrapped gift for the "bride." These were later opened and revealed a lovely silver serving dish and a silver bon-bon dish of the same design as the Wiens' tea set. All of these were alike. This was a real surprise to us. After Bishop Rockey's remarks, Bishop Robinson spoke beautifully of the years that have passed and of those to come, congratulating us on our homes, our children, our faith and our service. At the close, Mr. Strickler of the Presbyterian Mission led in prayer, remembering very especially the children in America. All the children were guests of the evening, Bob included. I should add that only Mrs. Hanson was able to wear her wedding dress. She looked very pretty in it. Even though it is not even the month of our wedding we have received two other gifts, two silver salt dishes from Mr. and Mrs. Matthews and a sugar spoon and butter knife of the elephant pattern. Now that we have had a real big celebration, we can do some quiet things on the eventful day.

Did I tell you of Mrs. Parker's sudden death three weeks ago, of obstruction? She was ill only two and a half days. Mr. Parker will be so very lonely, as they both did everything together.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 28, 1941.** A week ago Mrs. Gordon Mattison arrived from Baghdad. Her husband is in the Legation there. He was a student here and his mother is one of the housekeepers at school, but she and her daughter-in-law had never met. Gordon was in Wooster when we visited there, mother, and after graduating there entered the consular service and was in Italy for a time. His wife graduated at Wooster two years ago. In fact she finished her course and they were married and left for Baghdad before Commencement. All the women were evacuated from Baghdad four weeks ago. She was in Habeniya when the bombing commenced. She has not heard from Gordon since they were forced to leave, and at present it is impossible to hear from there. She has been quite a good sport, fitting in to a new environment, etc. She is staying with us for the present, as there was no place at the school, and no place in any boarding house. Gordon has a sister in South India, who is coming up here in July, and she will probably go with her.

We have a couple from the Methodist Mission of Lahore staying with us for a few days until they can get into their house, which is rented. We fortunately have two guest rooms and could have them full all the time if we cared to; but it is nice to have the house to ourselves some of the time, and I like to keep the rooms free for emergencies. Landour is more crowded this year than ever. That is true of most of the hill stations because so many people who would go to England are staying over this summer. Our church is crowded at both the morning services so that one person compared it to the crowds at the Loop in Chicago!! - you can move only a few inches at a time.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, June 11, 1941.** The Woodstock Sale, held June 5th, was a great success, clearing more money than last year. There seemed to be a larger crowd than ever. Now a number of children are away on various holiday trips. Unfortunately, the monsoon has come early and we are having rain every day! Yesterday we went in a pouring rain to see "Gone With the Wind." We thought it fine even though it is a little long.

Bob and three other boys have gone to camp overnight by one of the rivers down in the valley. I fear they will have a wet time.
World conditions look anything but good. Mrs. Mattison is still with us, but may go to her husband's sister in another week or so. She has had two telegrams from Baghdad, saying all is well. She has tried to wire back but does not know if it reached Baghdad. Things seem to be much quieter there now.

Emmet is rebuilding the office and had hoped to get the roof on before this, but the rains have held up the work. The room in which he, his secretary, and the three clerks are working now is very crowded. I do hope he does not have to continue there many more weeks.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, June 24, 1941. Evangeline certainly did well to put in 100 hours in Red Cross sewing. You are coming right along too. I have done some knitting but am far from what you have done. I do the knitting when I am at Club or some meeting. I have little time when home as I seem to find more than enough there, since at this time in the year there are so many engagements. This week we shall be home only one night except when we have company for dinner. Though we have a fairly good cook, I make the candies and supervise a lot. Miss Guthrie, Mary's [Babcock] friend, is coming tomorrow for three days. I shall be at class and then at Hospital Board meeting all day until 3:30 when she arrives. We go at once to Club where she is to speak, and then have dinner guests here; so I am making candies this afternoon, after our return from our mission prayer meeting. I must get all home letters written before tomorrow morning if they are to go in the next boat. June is always a very busy month.

I wonder if you got to Joe's Commencement. He was rather anxious that you should. We are very pleased with his decision to go to Westminster. They give a very good premedical course and we believe that is just the atmosphere that Joe would like. You know he is very friendly and likes to be able to drop into a friend's home and meet people informally. He will like the young people there I think. The new dormitories give good accommodation to freshmen. When he visited there this spring, he found such a friendly atmosphere that he was pleased. Bob will probably go there, too, and they will probably have one year there together.

The war situation is anything but good, though the diversion into Russia may mean some changes in the outlook. It is always well to remember that this is not the first time in the history of the world that people have had to suffer this way. We are only bearing a small portion of the world's suffering. These conditions are certain to continue so long as there is sin and selfishness and greed in the world. Please do not worry about us. Your worrying only makes it harder for Evangeline and her family. We should be diverging from the truth if we should say that our separation from the boys at this time is not hard; but we have faith to believe that they are in our Heavenly Father's care and he will lead. What does our faith amount to, if in this hour of difficulty it does not sustain us? All of us must adjust our sense of values to the world conditions. Many things we have valued high fade away into insignificance in the face of present conditions. Man has concentrated most of his efforts in the past two generations to physical and mechanical development, so that he has neglected the spiritual, with what disastrous results! Is it not possible that this time is experiencing the birth pangs of a better order in the world? No one of us who profess to be Christians dare look to himself and his own family alone at such a time.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 11, 1941. We were very pleased to receive Jim's letter this week telling of Joe's Commencement, and saying that you had gone for the weekend and that Evangeline and Mrs. Graham had gone for the program on Monday. I know that Joe must have been very pleased that you all were there. I am anxious to get your letter telling all the details but I know that I must wait a few more weeks until they get here.

Gordon Mattison, whose wife was here in May from Baghdad, arrived Wednesday and is leaving Sabbath night. You can imagine his mother's joy as she had not seen him for 10 years. He has

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been telling us about his experiences during the month they were all interned in their own legation. One of the most interesting parts of it all was the way in which everyone rose to the occasion and did his part. They all cooperated in the work and recreation. If only we all could be persuaded to cooperate so well in ordinary life, it would be so much better for all of us. Gordon is staying with us, though he spends most of his time with his mother. Last night I invited ones who had been acquainted with him before, when he was a pupil here.

Today we invited all the parents of the older girls, who live at the College building when in the boarding department, to tea at the College building. It proved to be a very nice affair. At noon today I was serving at the Reading Club. We have taken turns serving and some of us who are up here all this season have to serve twice. Before that the morning was full with classes and a conference with the pastor for this half of this season. We have a pastor for half of May and all of June, and then another one for July and August. These are always men who were lent by their mission at the request of the church board. The pastor has both the Junior Church and the Senior, and since I'm in charge of the Junior Church and Sunday School I have to talk over plans with him.

I bought myself some black silk for a dinner dress. I may not like it very well, but I did not pay much for it. I needed a new one badly. We do not wear formals always but people like to do it as it adds to the festivity and somehow helps keep up the morale.

We all seem to be keeping quite fit. Bob does everything any other boy does and seems to have no ill effects from it.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 2, 1941. This first page is to be a duplicate since there are a number of things to write that will be of interest to all of you. In the beginning I should say that we have heard that we can send rather large post cards by air at a reasonable rate and we may try one a month, taking turns with the three boys and mother. If we do so, please let the others know by postcard that you have heard from us at such and such a date and that all is well. I think all our letters get through eventually, but it is very satisfying to get late word.

Do you remember when we came through Iraq and Persia eight years ago that we failed to meet a distant cousin of Daddy's [Emmet's] in Syria, because he had an emergency appendectomy? A week ago he and his wife and three children arrived here. Their eldest son, 16 years old, was sent home by way of the Cape and is going to Mount Hermon this coming year. They had made this arrangement last winter before they knew they would be evacuated from Syria. They left Syria in May and were in Jerusalem until early this month when they came across the desert and by boat down the Persian gulf. They were with us five days before going into the house provided for them by the Presbyterian Mission. He has been given work at Forman College, Lahore, for the duration of the war. They left home with a suitcase apiece and a typewriter. For them, as for thousands, yes hundreds of thousands, today it means beginning all over again. They just got word that on his way to Cairo their son had all his things, except the clothes on his back, stolen at the station. That would be hard on a boy starting out to school on his own. However, this is only one instance and they are infinitely better off than most of those who have to leave home. They have a place to go and friends here to help them. By friends I do not mean the ones whom they have known before, but ones who have the spirit of friendship and show it to all who come and go. On the same boat with them was a young man whose parents are missionaries in Syria, and who has been teaching in the American Community School in Beirut. After some wiring and some letters he has been taken on here as a member of the staff. We needed another man very badly and because of the draft it is almost impossible to get young men out from home. We count ourselves very fortunate to have them. Some other missionaries have been transferred to India and some have come on their way to America.
This week we have been very interested in hearing Mr. Bell of the Methodist Mission in Calcutta tell of the work he has just started in the prison camps here in India. [Italian prisoners of war brought from Ethiopia] He has now been taken over for full time by the YMCA as their national secretary for prison camps. He is a very versatile and clever man and it is most inspiring to hear how in three weeks he was able to start over 40 different creative activities among the prisoners. He is so enthusiastic over it that he inspires everyone to whom he talks. We should have more of this kind of thing in ordinary life and among the poor of our cities. He does not use costly materials but takes what they have around them and uses all the talent available. Why should we not do more of this in everyday life? We have become so dependent on machinery that we have failed to develop the talent in the individual. Just a few very clever and inventive people get the opportunity under the system. Let's hope there will be more opportunity in the future. Mr. Bell's eldest daughter is a senior at Radcliffe.

We have been thinking about our holiday during this winter and at present we are thinking of going to Assam and then down to Calcutta. We have never been in that direction. Though Assam is in British India it is quite different from many other parts.

My black evening dress was made by a more skilled tailor, and he has done very well indeed. Bob likes it and that counts, you know. I wore it one night last week and Bob was very pleased.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 18, 1941. We had our August Sale two weeks ago. Aside from socks for Bob, the only thing I bought was a Chinese doll for Janet.

Emmet has built two staff bedrooms above the new office. These are to be occupied by two teachers who now have rooms beside the school infirmary. These rooms, when vacated, are to be added to the infirmary, giving it much more room than before. From the sale proceeds we have voted to give over Rs. 1000 for the equipment of that. Also from the sale money we gave Rs.1000 for new office equipment, Rs. 1500 to the Red Cross, Rs. 500 to the school library, and Rs. 200 to the music department. About Rs. 500 was cleared at the ice-cream stall, but that goes to the annual, as the seniors and their parents always run that stall and the proceeds go to their annual.

When I mentioned the new staff rooms above the office I should mention the magnificent view they have - one out across the high hills and also down over the Dehra Doon Valley; the other chiefly just over the valley. These teachers who are moving have had little view at all from their old rooms; so are very delighted with the change.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, September 1, 1941. We were delighted today to receive your good letter of July 8th. There is one whole month of mail missing, including your letter about Joe's Commencement. We also received a letter from Joe written the same date as yours. There is the whole month gap in his letters, too, so that we know nothing of his trip or his arrival in California. This letter was written in his aunt's cabin and he seemed to be having a very good time. We had an airmail letter from Jim, dated the 28th of July, saying that Dave had come there and that Joe was due in two days. It would be fine for all the boys to be together for a little while.

I am going to try to write every week from now on. You'll get the letters some time even if late. At least we hope the mail service will continue. War conditions are none too bright, but the tension in the Pacific seems to be lessening, though the state of things when this reaches you would be hard to prophesy. Britain did the only thing possible in going into Persia. Our friends from Iraq told us how the Germans were penetrating every part of Iran. We are to have a half holiday on Wednesday as the second anniversary of the war, and will have an assembly just before dismissing school.

The Amateur Dramatic Club and some of the staff presented three one-act plays on Friday in aid of the Red Cross. A collection was taken of over Rs. 350. The Dramatic Club is an organization of the
Community Center, but the plays were given in Parker Hall. They were very well done. They were "A Villa For Sale," "An Old Lady's Home," "The Trysting Place."

Yesterday, Sabbath, we were up to Emmet's brother's for lunch. They live near the church so that it was convenient to stop there on the way. Joe went down to the plains today. Marjorie is staying until the middle of the month. On our way down from there we stopped at the hospital to see some of the children who are ill. Several of them had been very ill, but all are better.

Last week was a very busy one as there were a number of extra things on the program. The musical examiner was here. He is from Trinity College, London and the children get their certificates from there. He gave an excellent recital Monday night. He stayed here with us for two nights, and Tuesday night we invited a few guests in. Friday night we had a few others.

Bob is fine. He is kept busy and has not yet really caught up with all that he missed those three and a half years. His writing and spelling need much improvement.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, September 7, 1941. Today was the last day of this season for services at Kellogg Church at the top of the hill. We shall all go there for the wedding on the 25th. Mr. McCulloch is from near Cleveland and is a graduate of Monmouth College.

The young man from Syria to join our staff has been called back to Syria as they have decided to open the school there. We are inclined to think it an unwise move as things are not settled yet, but he was under a two-year contract and felt that he must go. We are very sorry to lose him as he was fitting in very well.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, September 19, 1941. An airmail from Jim dated August 27th brought the very good news of his engagement. It came as a great surprise since he had never mentioned her name before. In fact, he has never mentioned any girl, though we knew he must have some association with them! There is nothing that could please us more than that he is engaged to a splendid, Christian girl. From what he writes, Barry has the characteristics and achievements of an accomplished girl and gives promise of a gracious and cultured and practical womanhood. We are exceedingly happy as we believe this is just what Jim has needed. She will give him the social outlet he needs, - the relaxation and "fun" side of life. We hope his trip to Minneapolis was a good one. It would be lovely for him to visit in her home and become acquainted with other members of her family.

Jim said that Joe was going up to Cape Cod to visit you folks before going back to Pennsylvania. You would all enjoy hearing of his trip West. Also you would probably be full of questions about Barry just as we are.

Wasn't it grand that the three boys could be together for the month of August? We are so very happy over that. I know Dave would enjoy working there in Newark. It would be a new, though interesting experience.

The wedding preparations are coming on nicely and by a week from now it should be over. Then I can tell you more about it.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, September 27, 1941. I am going to make a duplicate of the first page in order to tell you all about the wedding and other things that are going on. I, unfortunately, got a cold on the Friday before the wedding and was in bed until Tuesday afternoon. Since it was more or less a community affair, everyone did his bit and I was not needed so much, except for the planning and general direction. Mrs. Harris Stewart of our mission was chairman of the committee for decorating the church and they certainly made it beautiful with cosmos, dahlias, bamboo, a white potato vine whose blossoms make one think of orange blossoms, and ferns. Mrs. Charles Stewart was in charge.
of arranging chairs, in order to seat the whole school and all the people on the hillside. Then, just the
day before, a case of diphtheria broke out in the primary department, and the little children were not
allowed to go. I really do not know how we could have seated them all, because the church was
crowded without them - about 175 of the little ones. Members of the staff helped down here at the
house with the decorating and setting of tables, etc.. Miss McGee gave the recipe for the wedding
cake and had it mixed at the school but baked and iced at a baker's in Landour. The boys will
remember Subana, the baker. He did a very good piece of work and the cake was beautiful - 3 tiers
with all the appropriate decorations. That was placed on the sideboard which is in clear view from
our front door.

The night before the wedding, Dr. Fleming had us over to her house for dinner as her husband
was one of the ushers. The bridal party consisted of the two men at the Hostel (aside from Mr.
McCulloch), Mr. Ginn, who was here for four years, and Mr. Fleming. Ann Smith was Maid of Honor
and the other three attendants were Miss Ternduff of our staff and two friends of the bride from her
mission. Little Bobby Fleming and Peggy Ewing where ring bearer and flower girl.

Emmet performed the ceremony and everyone thought it an exceptionally impressive one. Many
of the school children had never seen a wedding, and so many of the older ones remarked on
the beauty of it. We were so glad that they agreed to invite all the children, as we felt it a very real
contribution to them. Since the little children could not go to the church, the bride and groom came
down to them in Parker Hall after the wedding, and the pianist played the wedding march there. At
the church the staff furnished the music - Miss Iles the first violin, her sister the second violin, Miss
Davies the viola, and Miss Meany the cello. Miss Nailer was at the piano and Miss Bapty sang a solo.

Here at the house we had 98 guests to the wedding breakfast. The bridal table was in the dining
room just in front of the sideboard with the wedding cake. We had all white flowers and smilax on
the table and small vases of the same on all the small tables. Aside from the bridal table, we had 18
others in that room, 24 in the drawing room, 16 on the veranda and the rest out in front of the house
under a shamiana. One of the older girls had made the place cards for the bridal table and one of the
younger girls had made the ones for the other tables. They came down that morning and put the
place cards around. While I was in bed with that cold I arranged the seating, etc., so that it took no
time that morning. The home economics teacher made some of her prize chocolates, and we had also
on the table small colored mints that we had bought from the candy man here, and peanuts which the
cook had prepared.

You, mother, at least, will be interested in the menu. On the first plate we served jelly vegetable
salad, dinner roll, two slices of pickle (made here), creamed chicken in patties, and potato chips. The
second course we had ice-cream with chocolate sauce, a white cake and coffee. After that the
wedding cake was cut and passed. The top layer was saved for the bride and groom on their return,
and the rest divided and sent to the different hostels so that every child in boarding had a piece. Now
you may wonder about the preparing of all this. At the school the cooks made the patties, creamed
chicken, potato chips and ice cream. Mrs. Wardwell made the jelly salad in separate bowls. She
herself has a Frigidaire where she could set it. The rest of the things were prepared here. The only
thing that had to be cooked here that morning was the coffee. I had never made for that many
people, but I followed directions and it was delicious and clear as amber. As soon as we came down
from the church, different people had different tasks assigned them and were ready to serve as soon
as everyone arrived. The plates looked very pretty and everyone seemed to think everything was
very tasty. We had table servants from different houses, and everything went smoothly. They
insisted that I sit down and several of the staff directed serving. During the meal we had several
musical numbers from members of the music staff. The bride changed into her traveling suit here
and they went off from our house. She had a very pretty blue suit.
Woodstock, Mussoorie, October 4, 1941. Another week has passed with not much to its credit except a few odds and ends. We are closing up the Red Cross work for the season, as few are left on the hillside and this is a very busy season for the school. I have a part of a sweater and a scarf yet to do. I knit fairly quickly, but I never seem to get to it. However, I hope to get it finished.

I have been three hours getting this far on this letter and had been at my desk most of the time. It is the time of the month to pay bills, and everyone seems to have been here this morning—eggman, milkman, grocer, vegetable man, newspaperman (not "boy," as it is men who deliver the papers here), besides a number of notes which had to be answered. Now I've just had to stop to bring in some quilts which were out on the line as it suddenly began to rain! However, I think I can get this letter finished before too late in the day.

On Monday the staff of Ewing Christian College, Lahore [more likely Allahabad] came up to present two of Tagore's plays. They had been giving them in Delhi and Dehra Dun, so wrote to inquire if they could come here. They gave "Sacrifice" and "Post Office." No one but Tagore or one of his reputation and nationality would be allowed to write such a play as "Sacrifice," in which is a definite charge against the worship of "Kali" and a call to a higher devotion. Both these plays were very well presented and we were so glad they had written asking to come. Tuesday we went down to Oakgrove, a school for children of men in the railway department. This school is about 2,000 ft. below us and down where they have more level spaces. They have such beautiful gardens—so many, many beautiful dahlias and asters. The climate down there is quite a bit different from here as they are always much warmer and so can grow more things. However, they must put a lot of time and thought into their gardens to get the beautiful results they have.

I suppose it will be near Christmastime when you get this letter. We plan to be here until the end of December and then start on our trip through Assam. We shall be away all the month of January.

Bob is fine. He is not in our house much during daylight, as he is either at school or at hostel with the boys. They are practicing now for the Olympics and for Sports Day.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, October 28, 1941. We returned from Annual Meeting on Saturday. Bob seemed to get along nicely in our absence, but glad to see us return. We had a very good meeting and it was a happy occasion to see old friends, among them the Campbells. He is much better than he was and is very happy to be back in the work. Miss Flora Jamison has been very ill this year but is back to work now. She asked all about you as did the Campbells.

We came home to find an airmail letter from Dave and one from Jim. Monday we received another from Jim, dated October 6th. That was very good time for war conditions. We were so happy to hear that Dave liked his room and his work. He also told us a bit more about Barry. He likes her very much and thinks they make a fine couple. He has been with Cleo several times and thinks he will see her about once a month this year. Dave should make good in his math if he does not have too much else to do. We were so glad to get more details about his plans for the year. Some of our friends here know Miss Pendleton, and say she is a lovely person and has a real personal interest in the boys that are with her.

We were very pleased to get more word from Jim about the trip out to Barry's home, their kindnesses to him, the announcement of the engagement, their trip back East, and his plans. We agree with Barry's parents that, if they can manage it at all, they should get married next summer. If they both are going to study in the same place, it would be much better for them to be married, and Jim thinks it will be possible if he can get a student pastorate. I'm sure it would be much better for Jim to have a home of his own. Dave regrets that we would not be there for the wedding and of course we would be sorry, but it would be very unwise to postpone the wedding until we could get there. We shall hope to see at least one of our boys married. Whatever year we go home, we shall probably
be able to see one of them graduate.

We are thinking of staying out here until Bob graduates from here in December of 1943. It will be much better for him to complete his high-school work out here. Let us hope that by that time this terrible war will be over.

We are having a staff party tonight, at which the engagement of two other of our missionary staff members will be announced. They are two very fine people. The man is the representative of the Brethren mission [Church of the Brethren] and is an exceptionally fine teacher. He is to be head of the high school next year. Our present head is Mrs. Marley of this country. She is taking a year's leave and when she returns she wants to have lighter work.

We plan to stay here until after Christmas and leave for Assam about the 27th of December. One of the teachers will carry on correspondence during our absence. At present the church is being enlarged by changing the front and adding a balcony. Emmet has to go up there several times a week, but he is hoping to have most of that done before we leave.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, November 6, 1941. (Side note: Interest due Dec. 1st and March 1st. Thanks for the loan. Permission for holding these funds in America has been secured from the Reserve Bank of India, Delhi.)

We were delighted to receive your good letter of September 1st, telling about Joe's visit with you folks at the Cape and about all he told you about his trip West. I am so glad he had such a good time and I'm sure it did them all good to see one of our boys. Joe is always so friendly, and from what we have heard his Aunt Margaret found him very companionable, though we have not had a letter from her.

We are all so very sorry that Auntie Wade had that very serious accident. It will be very hard on her, and one wonders how much she will ever be able to get around again.

Tonight we are having the Annual Staff dinner and all of us are to have a special hair dress or head dress. I think the easiest thing for me would be to comb my hair like an Indian squaw.

Bob's class is having a supper party Saturday and we, Emmet and I, are invited. It is very interesting to watch the children. Last Saturday night was the Junior and Senior banquet and Emmet and I were invited. The young folks all looked so nice - the girls in their formals and the boys in their dark suits with bow ties.

This morning the hobby exhibit was on display. Some of the children have done very well. There are collections of stuffed birds, beetles, skulls, stamps, photographs, pictures of the war, insignia of the army, hand sewing, copperwork, ferns, flowers, and cocoanut work. We hope to have a larger exhibit next year.

Saturday one of the mothers came up and brought me a lot of roselle flowers from her garden. The petals make lovely jelly and jam that is a very good substitute for cranberry. The cook got busy at once and by the evening we had 22 glasses of jelly and 12 of jam. They should be cooked when fresh, as the pectin is more active then.

Today is the last music recital and is given by three seniors. It should be very good. In three weeks the children will all have gone down and we shall be a very quiet place. These three weeks are very, very busy ones and for a few days afterwards we shall be thankful for the quiet.

I had a letter from Mrs. Dodds yesterday, telling about all our boys being there for dinner one evening in early August. She is a grand friend and I'm always glad when the boys are in their home.

We're very pleased with all reports of Barbara. We want to write, but are waiting until we receive her letter which Jim says is on the way. Dave and Joe write very well of her and we're so glad for Jim, as he needs someone just like her.
Woodstock, Mussoorie, November 27, 1941. Yesterday the children all left with the exception of those for Burma and Malaya. The six for Thailand are flying home tomorrow from Calcutta. The sailing for twenty to Burma and Singapore is as soon as they can get a boat, but we are not sure whether that will be the fifth or the eleventh. In the meantime, we keep them here as accommodations are difficult and expensive in Calcutta. Seven of the group are staying in India and two are trekking with a group across the border through Assam.

Our graduation week and the week before were as full as usual. We had the 10th standard here for dinner on the 15th and the staff on the 16th. It is really simpler to have them two consecutive nights, as much of the preparation can hold over for the second night. We had 37 both nights. I have enough knives, forks, spoons and linen to serve that many and that makes it easier than if I had to borrow. They were both very pleasant evenings. Last Saturday we had 60 to tea - the parents of the 10th standard children and the high school staff. Two members of the staff poured tea and everything seemed to go smoothly.

After the tea on Saturday the seniors gave again, "Much Ado About Nothing." Many of the parents were not here when they gave it in September. On Sunday was the Baccalaureate service, at which Mr. Hanson of the Methodist Mission preached. Monday at 5:00 was the Commencement program. The music at both the services was lovely. This year the girls wore pastel shades which looked beautiful. The decorations were green and mauve chrysanthemums. Following the graduation all the seniors and their parents with six of the staff had a banquet in one of the dining rooms at the school. It was quite a gala affair. Dr. Hunsberger of our mission was here visiting the Cummingses and we invited her as a special guest. She was delighted with it all and very much impressed with all the events of the week and the type of young people we have here. On Tuesday we had the prize giving, followed by a bonfire and farewell dinner served to all the pupils and teachers, the three departments being in three different dining rooms. Each class makes its own place cards and does its own decorating. There are always games and songs to add to the festivities. After that all the adults and high school children go to Parker Hall, where they have stunts of various kinds. It makes a grand ending to the year and keeps up the spirit of the school, in addition to keeping them out of mischief.

As today was Thanksgiving, we had all the remaining staff and children to a Thanksgiving dinner up at the school this evening. There were 50 of us.

We had a good airmail letter from Jim, written the first of this month. It had also a letter from Barry. She writes such a lovely letter. I'm so very happy for Jim and hope you folks can meet her some time in the near future.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, December 19, 1941. (Written 12 days after Pearl Harbor on December 7. We can only assume that her letter telling of their initial reaction to that news was lost. We speculate that many more of Mother's letters were lost after Japan's entry into the war. Her reference to the SS President Grant's sailing some time after Christmas is surprising. Security with reference to that kind of information was obviously not yet in place.)

The President Grant is due in some time after Christmas; so I'm going to try to get letters off in time the next day or two. If mails get too scarce we may send a cable. In that case we should want all the boys informed and should like an answer telling of you folks and the boys.

The world situation is anything but bright. However, we do not want you to worry about us. The Japs were more treacherous than any of us had expected. It will take some time to undo some of the damage, but we do believe it will be done. It is difficult to know how to deal with that type of people. It does seem strange that they were able to do so much damage at Pearl Harbor. However, no one thought they would make such a move while negotiations were proceeding. We have heard
nothing from the children who went to Thailand and Burma. Those in Thailand may even now be in custody.

We still plan to take our trip to Assam and hope to leave here on the 26th. Mr. Fleming is going to carry on the correspondence during our absence. He and his family had gone to Bareilly and were due back today, but wired that they were delayed because of Bobby's illness. I do not know what that means, but hope it will not delay our starting, for we cannot leave until they return. Our plan was for all of us to have Christmas dinner in their home - each one sharing. There are four others of the staff up here. One of our Chinese boys is staying with the Flemings this winter. His father and mother are with his grandparents in Hong Kong!

We went down to visit the Superintendent of Police and his family in camp near Dehra Doon at a forest bungalow [Lachiwalla]. We went Thursday afternoon and returned today, Saturday. It was lovely down there - beautiful forests along the river. They have a daughter here in school.

Bob, Emmet, and I are all fine. Work on the church is progressing very nicely. It is going to look splendid and will increase our seating space by 150. Please do not worry about us. The whole world is in turmoil, but we have faith to believe in the ultimate victory of good. Even in one's own home, accidents can happen; so why worry about us just because we are far away?
Gauhati, Assam, January 12, 1942. We have been on our holiday for two weeks now and have enjoyed it so very, very much. We spent the first weekend in Lucknow with Dr. and Mrs. Titus. He was in Delaware with Dwight Corry. The next stop was in Darjeeling which, though a hill station, differed enough from Mussoorie to make it interesting. The hill people there have a much keener sense of humor than do the Punjabis and seem to be always laughing and joking with each other. We got up at 4:00 New Year's morning to climb Tiger Hill to see the sunrise on the snow. Fortunately Mount Everest was in view, though it had been hidden by clouds for the past 10 days. Emmet and I rode most of the way in a very small car—only small ones are allowed on that road. The boys walked with Jean Dewey, daughter of the principal of a Methodist school there. We stayed at a boarding house where they had no fires, though the temperature in the house was below 45 degrees! Emmet said it was worth it just to see Bob cold for once.

From Darjeeling we came on over to Assam and spent five days in Tura with the Merrills. They were with us for several weeks in June, 1940, and Mr. Merrill planned our trip through Assam. They live in the hills and the whole town is set on the side of a thickly wooded hill. Most of the Assamese houses are built entirely of bamboo and are set upon posts, the section below the houses being used for chickens, pigs, etc. The homes of the missionaries are much the same, only larger, and have wooden floors instead of woven bamboo. We have found that bamboo has dozens of uses of which we had never heard. We came on here to Gauhati last Friday and have received a most cordial welcome, though we knew none of the people before. All the missionaries here in Assam are American Baptists. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes (?) with whom we are staying are sending their eldest son, Joe, to Woodstock this year. All the missionaries have been very hospitable and we have been entertained at the hospital, the school, the girls' hostel, and the boys' hostel. They have Christian hostels for students attending the government college here. All the buildings in Assam are quite picturesque. The people are very friendly and jovial, quite different from the heavy, serious folks of the Punjab. Temperament is no doubt affected by surroundings. Assam is the garden spot of India, and when the necessities of life are so easily procured, life is easier and freer, with much more fun in it. In the Punjab life is hard and the struggle for the necessities never ceases.

We leave here tomorrow night to go to a tea plantation. That will be another new experience for us.

You are probably wondering about our school children from Malaya, Thailand, and Burma. Some of them have returned to India and are staying with missionary friends here until school opens. Others will probably come.

We do hope all is well with you and that we shall hear again before too long. Every letter that goes through means lives at risk, so we must be patient and trust God to care for each other. We had a cablegram from Jim Christmas morning from Minneapolis. That assured us that he was with Barry for Christmas, and since he said "all well" we know that includes everyone of the family. We're hoping he can be married next summer. If so, will you folks please send them the extra rug I left with you?

Woodstock, Mussoorie, February 5, 1942. Here we are back home again after a most delightful holiday. We found Assam a veritable garden spot, with vegetables in abundance, large paddy fields, orange groves, and tea estates. It lies in the valley of the Brahmaputra and the low-lying hills beyond. Water is abundant, hence the verdant fields and dense jungles. Life is much easier than in
the Punjab where water is scarce. But ease and comfort have never been conducive to virile manhood, and the Assamese of the valley are not noted for their strong characters.

Only the people of the valley are designated as Assamese. The hill people are all known by their tribal names, each tribe having its own peculiar customs and language. Among the Garos (Tura area), the matriarchal system prevails, giving property, inheritance, etc. to the mothers and daughters. People living within a few miles of each other cannot understand each other's language. They have lived much to themselves in the hills and have had few contacts with others. They had no written language and the missionaries have given considerable time and labor to writing it in Roman characters.

All the tribes are animists, and are bound down by many superstitions. Some of them have been headhunters, and only the fear of the British government keeps them from that practice now. The clothes vary with the tribes, though most of them wear a gay colored skirt, handspun and handwoven. Among the tribes on the northeast corner every man carries one or two bows and arrows and one or two knives. He wears a bamboo helmet made of several layers of bamboo, woven in different designs and strong enough to resist the arrows and knives of enemies. The arrows are usually poisoned. Emmet had a very amusing time trying to get pictures of one tribe, because they think that to have a picture taken is to have something taken from their spirit which cannot be replaced.

Among all the middle class of Assamese, weaving is a thriving home industry and every girl is expected to weave her complete trousseau. In the larger centers they have weaving institutes to teach dyeing, new designs, and methods of weaving. We brought home some towels, tablecloths, etc., to be sold on commission at our Sale. I also bought a luncheon set for Jim and Barry.

Of all the things we saw, you would probably be the most interested in the baskets. The different hill people have different designs of baskets in which they carry their goods These are all carried on the back and hung from the head. We brought home two large baskets. In Assam the houses are all of bamboo and set up on posts; the baskets are also set on legs. In one section they carved their plates, and these also have legs.

The two big industries of Assam are tea and orange growing. We visited for three days at the home of the manager of two estates. He has two children in Woodstock who were evacuated from England over a year ago. His home is like a big country estate and for those days we lived at ease and comfort. Mr. MacDonald is the son of a Scotch Presbyterian minister and has applied his Christianity right on the estates, where he has 4,000 acres, 1700 in tea, and employs 7000 coolies. To our minds the very best thing about the whole place was his kindly, fatherly interest in his coolies; the good homes and gardens he has provided them; the economic problems he solves for them; the excellent hospital and medical care; and the school he provides for their children. Near Shillong we visited an orange grove and bottling factory, where two brothers, former Woodstock students, and their father are raising oranges and bottling juices, under a joint stock company which they have organized among their own hill tribe.

The Baptist Mission has work in Assam and it was their people whom we visited at the different stations. Some of them have children in Woodstock and some are sending this year for the first. The church in Assam is very strong and active.

We are glad to be home and settled again for a new year of work. Under present circumstances the year will probably be a strenuous one, but we feel refreshed and rested for the task. The war situation is far from good, but we must keep our faith firm in Him and our hope clear. The call today is to do one's task, whatever it is, to the best of one's ability. Please do not worry about us if letters are long in reaching. Remember the lives that are risked that we may get any at all. I'm sure you keep in touch with the boys.
Woodstock, Mussoorie, February 14, 1942. Thanks for mentioning Barbara and what the Wiens and Grahams think of her. We are so glad everyone is so pleased. This is the first report we have had of Jim and Barry's visit there. Jim's letter has been lost evidently. It was lovely he could take her up there. We are very happy over the engagement and hope they can be married next summer, and find the type of work and field of service they want. We have had some lovely letters from Barry.

I do hope you are not worrying about us. We must all face the present world situation with courage and with faith that out of all this chaos there will be born a better new order. It is up to each of us to do our task with the best we have. For us here, the year will, of necessity, be heavy.

Last Saturday Mrs. Dickanson and Mrs. Crain from Rangoon arrived with their children. Mrs. Dickanson and four children were with us until Thursday, when they moved into their own suite not far away. Mrs. Crain and her children were with the Flemings and now have moved into another suite.

These are busy days in preparation for school. There are always so many little things to be done, as well as the larger things, and when other members of staff are not here, everything falls on Em'met. Mrs. Fleming and Bobby went to Lahore, Thursday. Mr. Fleming is still here getting the house cleaned, painted, etc. He is eating with us and hopes to go to Lahore early next week for ten days.

On our staff this year we shall have two missionaries from Burma and two from Malaya. These people are pleased to have work and we are glad to have them.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, February 27, 1942. (Airmail post card sent Via Durban, S.A.) I am going to try airmail again. We have been so pleased with all your letters. So glad all like Barry so much.

We are busy getting ready for the opening of school. A few of the staff have returned and two are boarding with us until they open the kitchen at the school. I am trying to do the final housecleaning and also get some sewing and mending done. I am overseeing some sewing that is being done for the school hospital. This evening I am going to the bazaar to buy some cloth and a few necessities.

Chiang Kai Shek's visit has been quite the headline news. He and his wife are some of the most outstanding people today. Their reconstructive program is one of the biggest things in modern history.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, March 13, 1942. Last week we received your airmail letter of December 16th. Since Jim's two written in January have come through more quickly, we think yours must have been sent when the Pacific route had been blocked, and another not opened up. Hence the length of time. I'm sending an airmail to Jim this week and next week shall try one to you folks.

We had an airmail from Jim, yesterday, written January 26th. He had just been to Boston and had been with you all. Barry sent such a lovely letter in it, too. Her letters are always permeated by the loveliest spirit. How we should like to know her! We must just be patient now, and look forward to seeing them in their own home when we return to America.

Bob is in his element now that all his friends are back. School opened yesterday, with about the same number of pupils that we had last year. We simply cannot take any more. You remember Rickards who brought us to the station at Atlantic City? They arrived Wednesday after walking across from Burma. They all look fine. Their youngest son enters Woodstock this year for the first. Sam graduated last November and hopes to sail for America soon. Donald Hoffard, whose mother stayed with us last November, also came across with them.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 7, 1942. Letter to Mother, Evangeline, Paul, and Janet. This letter should have been sent a week or two ago, but we have been so busy receiving the evacuees from Burma that I have not gotten down to letter writing. Just before school opened one of the officials
phoned from Dehra Dun and asked if I would head up a committee here in Landour to receive the evacuees who were to be located in Mullingar, a very large old school building at the head of the bazaar. Our work was to receive them, assign rooms, give out bedding and clothing, etc. For two weeks a contractor served their meals at the expense of the government. Then last week we went over and gave out the minimum of dishes, cooking pans, knives, forks, etc., etc. The government has been very good indeed to them. We have had a good committee - so willing to give time and strength. It took many, many hours but all worked well and were glad to do their part. These people whom we received there were mostly soldiers' wives and children, though there were a few very old people; most of them were able to bring out very little.

While receiving those at Mullingar, we had missionary wives and children in our own home until we could find a house for them. We always run a small real estate business, gratis, every year, but this year it has been much more than ordinary. The war has naturally added to Emmet's work, as it has added to everyone's.

Joe wrote that he hoped missionaries would not run away. I do not think they will. As we see it, there are only three conditions which would necessitate our leaving. If our presence should prove an added burden to the government under which we serve, then we might be forced to leave. If our hands should be so tied that we could not serve anyone here, then it would be time to go. Lastly, if our presence should prove an embarrassment to the Indians whom we serve, then we should not stay. This was the case in Korea where every national who had any contact with a foreigner was marked and discriminated against. When there is no purpose our presence can serve, then we should go. At the present time the school is going strong. The enrollment is about the same as last year, 475. There is much work to do and everyone is busy.

History is being made here in India these days, as you know. Sir S. Cripps has the confidence of the Indian people, and if he fails in his mission it will not be his fault. When there are within India so many different races and religious groups, it is difficult for them to form a united front. This is not easy for others to understand, especially for ones so far away as you are.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 26, 1942. Emmet's work is much heavier, but he keeps calm and with a keen sense of humor he manages to keep fine. We had the children from Assam in for supper the other evening and showed them the pictures Emmet took while there. They are very good, we think.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 4, 1942. As Mr. Rickard is going to Karachi early to get his things past the censors, he has offered to take letters and mail them in the States. Since he cannot return to Burma now and has no work here, he and the family are going to America. They were here for tea today. [Martha adds a note later: The boat was postponed; so I am sending this by ordinary post.]

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson are going on furlough and are taking a parcel of "shower" gifts to Jim and Barry. You remember they came to see us once at Belmont. They are going out to see you while they are around Boston. I have asked them to call you folks on the phone, so as to be able to set a time to meet you. They will be able to tell you so much more about us than we are able to write. They will have their last meal here with us. You can ask them questions and questions, and they will do their best to answer them.

We had church services in Kellogg Church yesterday for the first since the alterations have been made. The church looks very nice and with the balcony has much more room. It has been a lot of work for Emmet, but he should feel well repaid.

The number of the evacuees here has complicated the servant problem. Many have left their old positions for higher pay. My cook, whom I had only a year, walked out on me several weeks ago.
put the second man in as cook, but have to do many things myself. I really enjoy baking, etc., if I have the time, but my days are very full. I usually do such baking before my 9:00 class, as there is little time for such things after that. The war situation has added to the work of all of us.

A telegram has just come, saying sailings have been postponed; so this letter will have to wait.

There is little available room here. We are taking in several paying guests for a time at least. If I had a fully qualified cook I would be better off, but everyone understands the situation.

I hope you all are well and are not too disturbed by the world situation. We are all in excellent health.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 26, 1942. Your good letter of April 22nd reached us May 17th. Wasn't that good? We are so glad for every bit of word. I am sending you only a brief note, as the Rickards are leaving in an hour, and I just want you and the boys to know we are fine. The Hansons and a number of other people are going on this boat and I am hoping they will see you sometime in July. They can tell you how we are, and can give you all the news.

Tomorrow two of our staff are to be married and a reception for 150 is to be here at our house. Hence, you see, we have a few things to do. However, I take time out to write this.

We have had our house full of guests but two left yesterday for Bombay. They were lovely to have in the home, Rev. and Mrs. Buker of the Baptist mission in Burma. A great number of their people had evacuated up here. Perhaps you may have an opportunity of meeting some of these some time. Others are still coming through. A Mr. Anderson of the A. G. Mission arrived Sunday evening with three little Anglo-Burmese boys about seven or eight years of age. He had a school and tried to get these boys back home, but couldn't find their parents so brought them all the way. They had to carry their food, each boy carrying a load, and they walked 275 mi. of the distance. Mr. Anderson arrived with fever and went right into hospital, where his wife has been a patient for the last three weeks. Certainly he and the boys looked as though they had been through great trials. As I cannot write more before reaching the Rickards, will you please give the news to the boys. We are so eager to hear again.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, June 15, 1942. The last letter I wrote was one I sent with the Rickards. It seems a pity not to write more often, but it really has been rather difficult to get to writing, as the days have been very busy. I told you we were having another wedding on May 27th. [Joe and Dorothy Bowers.] It all went off very prettily and the reception here seemed to be quite a success. The next week was the Sale, which cleared Rs. 4,400 and was very well attended. With all of this you may be sure there is much work. Two days after the wedding, Dr. and Mrs. Campbell came up for 10 days with us. It was so good to have them and we enjoyed every minute of the time. They left a week ago and the same afternoon a Mrs. Warren and her son, who is in Bob's class, moved into their room. A Mrs. Price and her daughter are in the other guest room; so you see we are a full house. These people will be with us until the end of the month. Then we shall be alone again.

The board meeting was a week ago Saturday, and went very smoothly. Bishop Pickett moved a vote of thanks and appreciation for Emmet's services during these critical days, his calmness and courtesy at all times, and his splendid management of the school under difficult conditions. Emmet has been really wonderful. Our time will be up here next spring; i.e., the time first stated. The board voted to ask our mission for our return, and appointed a committee to choose an acting principal during our absence.

Mrs. Campbell asked especially for you. We think of you all so much. I hope Evangeline is keeping well and that she, at least, will be able to go to Jim's wedding. From all we hear Barry is a lovely, lovely girl. Our hearts go out to them both. I am sure Janet will enjoy her bicycle. I note
transportation must be very difficult for you all. You will not get to Boston often, though from what you wrote you had not been going often. We do enjoy your letters so very, very much. All the details are full of interest to us. I do hope you all keep well.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 14, 1942. We were so pleased to get your good letters of April 28th on July 12th. It is good of you to send us news of the boys and copy portions of their letters. We had a letter each from Dave and Joe but no pictures such as you received. I think Dave is so doubtful of our ever receiving his letters that he never sends pictures. We should love to see those murals. Also we should like a picture of Dave himself. I believe he sent to you folks and to California last winter. If he sent to us, it never got through.

We're hoping to hear of the safe arrival of the transport that left the end of May. Then you should have something from us, as the Hansons promised to get to see you.

Our rains have come as a welcome relief. We had the hottest June on record as far as Landour was concerned. Of course, it really isn't hot here when compared with the plains, where temperatures went to 123 degrees this summer.

The Red Cross work among the evacuees goes on. I am very pleased and relieved to have a committee organized among them to handle most of the routine work. The other day I went to Mussoorie and bought a sewing machine for them. It is to be let out at a very small cost. Many of them wanted to use one, but couldn't hire one at a price they could pay. They're getting a pair of shoes each for all the children, as these rains are hard on shoes.

Our home is free of guests now for a time. I enjoy having guests but it is ever so nice to be alone for awhile. I've been trying to clean house a bit, but it is rather difficult in the rains.

Am so pleased Evangeline was able to get gas so that you could drive down for the wedding!

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 19, 1942. I had waited to send this letter I wrote a few days ago until nearer time for a steamer to go. Then your wonderful airmail letter came yesterday. Wasn't that good time? How thrilled we were with every detail. You can picture us reading it together and treasuring every word. We were delighted that all of the Wein household and Mrs. Graham drove down for the wedding and that Dave and Joe were there and were two of the ushers. We were especially anxious that they go since we could not. I know how happy they would be to be there. We were all so glad to know that Ora and Le Roy Dodds were there. Thanks for telling us all about the lunch, the ceremony, the bride's gown, the wedding rings, the ushers, the Beach family, etc. I know you would appreciate all the deferences they paid to you and your age. How lovely of Jim and Barry to get corsages for the grandmothers. I'm so happy you were all there. From all we hear, Barry is very, very lovely and Dave and Joe are so delighted with their sister. We hope your pictures come out well and that we get copies of them. Our cablegram arrived at a very dramatic time, though we had expected it to get there a day or two earlier. We were so pleased to get their cable two days later. Now we think of them in their new home in Tennessee. I hope you folks continue to keep in touch with them. Am glad Paul didn't have a headache as he did 26 years ago. Evangeline and Janet would enjoy it all, I know. How we long to meet Barry and to see you all!

We rejoiced to hear that the transport arrived safely. Some 20 Woodstock children were on it and over a hundred of our friends.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 30, 1942. To say we were delighted to receive your most interesting letter concerning the wedding is putting it mildly indeed. It came through in 25 days. Wasn't that fine? Thanks so much for writing so fully about everything... Thanks for telling about the rings. It was lovely of Barry's aunt to have them made from heirlooms. Today an airmail from Jim and Barry
in Tennessee came. How pleased we were with all the news and with the snaps they sent! We look forward to snaps from you folks.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 20, 1942.** We hope you all are not worrying too much about us. As Joe says, worry doesn't do anyone any good. I do not see what other way was open to the government than to arrest the Congress leaders after their working committee voted to launch a campaign of civil disobedience, yet I do not approve of merely repressive measures, as they are usually destructive.

Indian independence is assured as soon as the war is over if not before, but I still see no way for a united India as she is today. However, we should not give up hope. I do not think this is the time for Britain to withdraw from India, for by the same door which she would leave Japan would enter. Unless India can unite, the picture is not bright for some years to come. The empire is gone, but a divided India cannot withstand pressure from without.

These are busy days and it is hard to believe that over half the school year is past. August is always a busy month with us, as the Panjab folks are up. We have a record rainfall this year, and even in our dry house everything smells musty! We have had about 135 in. of rain in the two months and the end is not yet. Here in the hills it was badly needed, as the past two years had had a very slight rainfall.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, November 28, 1942.** Since I have written so seldom this fall, I shall try to give you a rather lengthy account of all happenings of importance, and send this by air so that you can have it near Christmas. Such letters from the boys had been coming from America in less than a month. We are also sending one to Jim, as Dave expects to be with him and Barry for the holiday.

I believe the last letter, or rather message, I sent you was an air postcard early in October. During that month we had guests all the time. Miss Beattie of our mission, who had been in the hospital since May, came over to stay with us until she was able to go down to the plains. A Miss Brown of the Disciples Mission, who stayed with me once at Fairview, asked to come for 10 days, and she was very good company for all of us. Then Mrs. Miller, who has a son in school here, and whose husband is in the Tata Steel Works, was with us for a week. She is from Philadelphia. As I said before, if I had a good cook this year the company would have been more pleasant, and I certainly could have taken better care of them. However, they seem to enjoy staying with us.

I am sure your hearts have been heavy over Joe's decision. I do feel that there is a need for a few to protest at this time, but naturally I suffer because it is my son. These are very hard times for our young men and we must be broad-minded enough to allow for a difference of opinion. Joe has preferred this to taking any part in war, and now we must all help to keep up his courage and high ideals, even as we try to help keep up the morale of the troops. We know there are many joining in prayer that he may come through this experience strengthened in courage, faith, and eagerness for service in the Lord's Kingdom. At the present time he has brought upon himself national disapproval, but it is quite possible that the coming generation will acclaim him a hero.

The cablegram telling of Joe's sentence came just as the first guests were arriving for a tea party, but they never knew. I welcomed all activity that month, though I fear my thoughts were often very far away from the task at hand. I still do not talk about it much, for there is no reason why I should dwell on our sorrow when tragedy walks the whole earth.

Our graduation service went off very nicely and the school children went away in three parties on Wednesday. We have every reason to be thankful for the blessings of the past year. When it opened, things out this way looked black and many wondered how long we would be able to continue, though we ourselves did not have so much fear as to that. Though at times certain supplies
were difficult to get, and were much more expensive than ever before, we have had abundance of
everything. Our staff have been most loyal and have never suggested leaving, as happened in one
other American school. We have had the privilege of serving many evacuees, all of whom have well
repaid any effort on our part by their deep appreciation. A number of our children - about 40 - went
with their parents to America, but their places were immediately taken by others. This has meant an
added strain for our teachers, but they have all taken it in their stride. The strain of the war has
naturally been felt by the community - both parents and children - but the grace of God is always
sufficient to meet such needs. In all, we have been in a most sheltered spot and have been able to
carry on more normally than in most places on the earth.

We had the usual number of events in connection with the closing of school. We had the senior
class with us for dinner one night. They are the largest class we have had - 43 - though if all had
stayed they would have numbered about 10 more. Then we had the staff with us one night. On such
occasions the main part of the meal comes from the kitchen, and we prepare the salad, candy, nuts
and coffee, and of course all the arrangement of tables, decorations, flowers, etc. On Friday before
graduation we entertained the parents of the graduation class and the high school staff for tea. There
were about 80 here. On the night after graduation, the class and their parents and a few invited
guests of the staff have dinner together in one of the school dining rooms. This is an occasion for
much merriment, after dinner speeches, etc. The last afternoon is prize giving at 5:00, and following
that the whole school - day pupils included - have dinner at the school. The primary department eat
in one large room, the elementary in another, and the high school in the large dining room at the
main school.

This also is a time of good fun and fellowship, and following that we all go to the auditorium,
where the students and parents put on the program of music and stunts. The parents enjoy all these
festivities as much as anyone. The senior class put on three one-act plays the Saturday before, and
one was a Christmas play in which they, with the help of some of the staff, sang the Hallelujah
Chorus. The Baccalaureate Service was beautiful, and the sermon by Reverend Williams was a real
challenge to young people to think and make decisions for themselves.

For the last month and a half we have had some British soldiers - 22 to be exact - here on leave. We
invited American boys but did not succeed in getting any. Mr. Manry of the Presbyterian Mission,
who is now with the YMCA working with the troops, asked if we would take these boys who were
due leave. The Presbyterian mission had taken action, allowing their houses to be used for that
purpose, without rent, should the occasion arise. The boys stayed in the house [Tehri View] nearest
the school and we fed them from the school kitchen. In this way we could take them for just actual
cost, and as the British boys are not well paid according to our American standard, these men could
not have afforded to go to a boarding house. Twelve of the men were bandsmen and added a lot to
the community life. We allowed them to use school instruments and they played with the school
orchestra, and at the last chapel service the band played alone. We had extra functions at the
Community Center for them, and every Sunday they were invited to homes, usually by twos. Some
of those men had been in India for a couple of years and had not been in a home during that time.
They did so appreciate the fellowship and all the good times the community and school planned for
them. At the last chapel service, they presented the school with a silver loving cup, to be presented
each year to the class having the highest year's record in sports. They wrote many letters of
appreciation back to the people on the hillside, and a number of them spoke of the wonderful
community here, and of the church services, and especially of Emmet's prayer for them at the last
service.

Some of our staff are going to enter service for the troops for the winter and two are taking three
months' work with Miss Guthrie of the Y W C A. We have urged them all to take some holiday, so as
to come back refreshed for the new year's work.

Thanksgiving was the day following the departure of the students, but we decided to have a dinner and service and, including the British who joined us, there were 130. That is many more than we usually have after school is closed, and for the winter there would be quite a few. We plan to have a number of functions, as we must make all our own good times. Some who are staying are evacuees, others are wives and families of British officers who are serving abroad, and others belong to the staff. We expect to go to the Panjab for the month of January, if at all possible. Emmet must get away from the office and he never will as long as he is here.

We are hopeful that the war may not last more than another year, though no one can say. News from North Africa, Russia, and the Pacific has been much better lately and we pray that it may continue to be so. We still hope to be started for the USA in another year.

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In the above letter of November 28, 1942, Martha wrote to her mother and to her family, explaining the circumstances of Joe's arrest and imprisonment for having refused to sign up for the military draft. Many years later Joe wrote a more detailed account of what had happened, and why he did what he did, as part of a personal memoir which he sent to members of his Woodstock class. Though he wrote this in 1991, when he was 68, we felt it would be appropriate to record it here; along with an incident that took place shortly before his death in 1997, which relates both to his mother's letter and this account.

I left Woodstock in early Dec. 1938, after completing my sophomore year. I did not want to return to the U.S. Mother was coming back because brother Bob had had rheumatic fever, and brother Dave had just graduated and was to go to college. Dad was staying in India, and I pleaded with my mother to stay too. At that time we did not know that Dad was to be asked to be Principal of Woodstock. I finally gave in to my mother's pleadings and tears, and we left my Dad alone in India. Brother Jim had already been alone in the States since 1935.

In Jan. 1939, Dave and I both entered Mt. Hermon School in Massachusetts. We each did an extra half year of high school to even up the differences in the two school calendars. Maybe our parents thought we needed it, or maybe mother thought we would be too much to handle without the help of servants.

During the summer of 1939, I did some more pleading with my mother to go back to India with her and Bob, who had been declared well enough to return. They had a sailing in Nov. This time it looked like I had a chance but Hitler fouled it up. It should have been just as safe for me to sail over the sub-infested oceans as it was for them, but the fact that I only needed two more years of high school, and returning to the States would be an unknown danger, kept me away from the land I loved. I have often wondered what would have happened in terms of my C.O. position and experiences if I had returned to India in 1939. My mother probably wondered about it too because she was very shook-up by my decision, which she never really talked to me about.

Mt. Hermon School (for boys) never began to measure up to Woodstock, but I continued there for two years and graduated with enough honor to go on to Westminster College in New Wilmington, PA. My mother had graduated from there in 1912 as valedictorian, with my father a close second.

I must have been ten years old when I first read a book, while at Woodstock, written by a man who had been a conscientious objector to war during World War I. There were no provisions in the draft law at that time for C.O.s; so he ended up in an army prison. By the time
World War II came along, provisions were made for non-combatant C.O.s in the armed services and provisions for C.O.s in civilian public service camps and other alternative service areas. This was worked out between the government and the so-called Peace Churches. From the time I had read the book, the C.O. position seemed the logical one in keeping with the Christian teachings I was brought up with. I could not imagine Jesus taking part in war activities of any kind. I took the position of not registering for the draft, since it appeared to me to be the first step in cooperating with the war effort. There were some other former Woodstock students, actually many compared to other schools, who took one or another of the C.O. positions. This should not surprise anyone who knew Woodstock School in those days. A strong Christian background was the most common one.

Many former Woodstockites, friends and relatives, and the great majority of people in the warring countries, felt they had to, and even should, try to save the world for democracy. Maybe they did. War is not a simple or black-and-white question, particularly not World War II, with Hitler. Later wars which the U.S. got involved with were much more questionable. However, I thought it was important for me to follow my conscience and for people to take a stand against war. Human nature seems to dictate that there will always be wars, but I continue to be an optimist and feel that if more and more people refuse to participate in war, and more and more people work towards other alternatives to war, some day the world may have peace. If no one takes a stand against war and no one works for peace, we will certainly never have peace. The thinking and deep religious feelings of people are often more similar than it would appear from the positions they take in regard to war. One becomes a conscientious objector, another a military officer or diplomat, and they all feel they must make the best of the situation.

I was hitchhiking away from the Federal Correctional Institution in Danbury, CT, where I had visited my brother Jim (also a C.O.), when I was picked up by another person who had also been visiting. After we had talked awhile and he learned my name, he told me that the best pacifist talk he'd ever heard was by a Dinsmore Alter, in California. No other than my Uncle Dinsmore, who was a reservist in the Army and served as an active Colonel in World War II. My brother Dave had also joined the army.

I started at Westminster College in the fall of 1941 and by that winter had refused to register for the draft. I wrote a very religiously-oriented statement on the subject and sent it to the President, the U.S. Attorney General and to Major General Hershey, the director of the Selective Service System. I never received a written answer but in early June 1942, while I was sitting on the porch of the house where I was living, a car pulled up. Two U.S. marshals explained their purpose and took me about 60 miles to Allegheny County Jail in Pittsburgh. I stayed there about two weeks. Among other things, I was interrogated by two different FBI teams at different times, lasting several hours each. The questions were the same each time, as were the answers.

I had previously known A.J. Muste of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and wrote to him about my arrest. He in turn contacted an FOR member in Pittsburgh and she very kindly arranged my bail. I went to trial on September 28th, 1942 in Erie PA. No family members or friends were able to be with me at that time. I plead nolo contendre, which to me meant I was telling the court that I had done what I was being accused of but that I didn't consider it to be a criminal matter. I was sentenced to three years in prison at 19 years of age. A young, idealistic, naive and somewhat stubborn young man.

After several days at the Erie County Jail, I was transferred to the Allegheny County Jail again. These days one hears a lot of physical and sexual harassment of young men in prison. I was never bothered in that way, not even propositioned - at least not in a way I recognized. Nor did I observe any such behavior. I did hear of some homosexual behavior and I suspect there
was a lot that I did not hear about.

My next stop was Mill Point WV, a federal prison camp. We slept in large dormitories in double-decker beds close together. There were no walls or guard towers, nor even fences, but there were guards who were commonly called screws. Privacy was obviously at a minimum. A major activity was making little ones out of big ones. Sledgehammers broke up rocks which were used in making a road. Most of us didn't apply ourselves very enthusiastically, and I have often thought it would be fun to find a square foot of road that I could claim responsibility for.

There were quite a few conscientious objectors there, plus a lot of moonshiners. Every now and again one of them would walk away through the mountains. By the time they reached home in Kentucky, Tenn. or West Va., some federal agent was there waiting to bring them back and take them to more secure quarters.

On January 1st, 1943, we were taken out to the big ones in order to make more little ones. It was cold and we had to brush the snow off the big ones in ordered to see the right place to hit them with the sledgehammers. Besides, it should have been a holiday. I finally decided that I had had enough of Mill Point. I told the guards that I would not work anymore. They finally took me back to the camp office, where I sat around for quite awhile so they could decide what to do with me. After awhile, Larry Gara, now a history professor at Wilmington College, and Bob Gettier joined me in the work refusal. We were eventually taken to Marlington County Jail, about 14 mi. away. After a delay of several days, we were driven across West Virginia towards Ashland, KY. This required a one-night stop at the Huntington County jail, which was fairly new but full of good-sized roaches.

On to Ashland Federal Correctional Institution, where I became A K 2132 for the next 13 months. After medical exams, filling out papers, being strip-searched and showering, plus some other indignities, we were taken upstairs to a cell block. We were given some buckets and mops and told what to do with them. "I'm afraid we are not available", was Larry's very calm and, by this time humorous, response. So we were taken to solitary confinement. The prison term for this is the "hole". We were in adjacent cells but could not see each other. There was no furniture or furnishings except a toilet, and at night a blanket. Food was brought to us on a tray.

Very boring to say the least. At one point we rigged up checkerboards by pulling out threads from our pants and laying out the design of a checkerboard on the cement floor. Bits of toilet paper were used for checker pieces, and we called out our moves to each other; then we had to make our own moves as well as the other person's moves.

I don't remember the details of our move to more impressive quarters, but it did involve washing pots and pans in the huge kitchen. The cellblock was two stories high, with two rows of cells being back to back. There were clanging metal doors to each section and another one for each cell. Each cell contained a bed with bedding, a wash bowl and a toilet. There were variations of this in other cellblocks and also some dormitories. I always managed to stay in a private room. In those days, no TV, though radios were located in the rec. rooms.

The prison doctor, at one point, found out that I was planning to become a doctor. After the fact, this sounds like a very naive idea, considering that I was locked up in a federal prison and was a felon convicted of a felony. When I try to analyze what has happened to me during more than 68 years, I suspect being naive about a variety of things has probably helped me more than hindered me. If I had not been naive, I probably would not have applied to medical school and my whole life might have been different. As it is, I'm glad that I went into medicine and enjoyed the 8-10 different career experiences I had. And, getting back to the prison doctor, my wanting to go into medicine started me on medical experiences that I would not have been able to get until my clinical years in medical school, if not later.
I have lost track of exact dates, timings, etc., but after some months the director of the prison education programs and library pulled me aside. He said the prison doctor was getting unhappy with me, and that I would save myself some trouble if I worked for him [instead of the prison doctor]. I ran the library for awhile and then the prison doctor told me that I had been misled, he really did want me to work for him.

I have been writing this "slow as I am" while the last wave of American hostages have been released from Lebanon and while a great deal of attention has been given in the U.S. to the happenings of December 7th, 1941. The treatment of the hostages was so much worse than my incarceration it's like comparing the Hilton Hotel to some of our terrible inner cities situations. Those who were killed in the war suffered a much worse fate, as did their loved ones. Then there were those wounded, others taken prisoner, as well as those who went through hell just to survive and get home. In fact, at times I compared the buildings I was in, and the general physical set-up, with Mount Hermon School - so much brick, and people of only one sex, plus many rules and regulations.

The mental and emotional stress of being "locked up" was considerably worse than any physical discomfort or even bad food. After awhile the need to "get out" wore heavily on all of us. With a three-year sentence, I was eligible to be considered for parole in one year. I applied, waited to hear the verdict, and was denied. I applied to be considered again during the next visit of the parole board. I was working in the operating room at the time, and each time I heard the phone ring, I would think it was to notify me of parole. Telephone ringing still gets to me at times. Finally the phone did ring to notify me of my parole. Someone else answered it since I was scrubbed in surgery and, of course, I had to wait to hear the news.

The next day I was talking to the Deputy Warden and he, in a condescending way, asked me if there was anything he could do for me. I said yes, I always wanted to visit the prison farm, which was outside the main gate. Sure enough, there was a good-sized farm right next to the prison, with barn, cattle, fields, etc..

On February 4th, 1944 I was given new civilian clothes, a few dollars, and a train ticket. I ended up at Pleasant Hill, Tenn., where brother Jim had arranged a job for me with a small rural hospital. It was pleasant enough, but I had heard from friends that the Massachusetts General Hospital would give me better opportunities in medical work, so in about six months I transferred. There were many C.O.s there, some doing alternative work, such as with the malaria experiments, where these fellows were guinea pigs. Others of us were on parole and assigned to different jobs in the hospital. I went to the middle class part of Mass. General, mostly as a surgical orderly. I worked with numerous famous surgeons whose names I don't remember and who probably never got to know my name in the first place. This again added to my clinical experience, even though I was only an orderly.

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A poignant postscript to this letter occurred in 1997, during Joe's last illness, when he was in hospice care in Dayton, Ohio. On one of our visits there, Joe told us that his mother had never written to him or talked with him about his pacifist stance, his decision not to register for the draft, and his time in prison. Obviously, this was disturbing him. I (Ellen) couldn't believe that Mother Alter, who wrote letters so regularly and with such detail, would not have mentioned this important series of events somewhere.

At the time, I was still editing letters from the 1920s, so had not reached the crucial period of the early 1940s. However, from my experience with WWI letters, I felt certain that one explanation might
be the number of letters lost at sea during wartime and this proved to be true. I also discovered that there were very rigid restrictions as to how often a C.O. prisoner could receive letters and also who could write to him. For at least part of the time, Jim was the designated “contact person” quite understandably, as he and Barry were then in the USA, living in Tennessee. Jim could also make scheduled visits to Joe in prison. Hence, Mother Alter’s communication with Joe was largely via Jim.

My research into the letters of the early 1940s led me to Mother Alter’s letter of November 28, 1942, written to Grandma Payne and the Wien family. The central paragraph describes her feelings about Joe’s situation: “I am sure your hearts have been heavy over Joe’s decision. I do feel that there is a need for a few to protest at this time, but naturally I suffer because it is my son. These are very hard times for our young men and we must be broad-minded enough to allow for a difference of opinion. Joe has preferred this to taking any part in war, and now we must all help to keep up his courage and high ideals, even as we try to help keep up the morale of the troops. We know there are many joining in prayer that he may come through this experience strengthened in courage, faith, and eagerness for service in the Lord’s Kingdom. At the present time he has brought upon himself national disapproval, but it is quite possible that the coming generation will acclaim him a hero.”

We copied this letter and accompanying letters of that period, both from Mother Alter and from Jim, and took them to Joe. From what he and his wife Joyce said to us later, reading these words from his mother had a profound effect on Joe. As Joyce said to us more than once in the months following Joe’s death, “You’ll never know what that letter meant to Joe.”

The next paragraph in the same letter may help to explain why Joe says in his letter to his classmates that “my mother...never really talked to me about it”: “The cablegram telling of Joe’s sentence came just as the first guests were arriving for a tea party, but they never knew. I welcomed all activity that month, though I fear my thoughts were often very far away from the task at hand. I still do not talk about it much, for there is no reason why I should dwell on our sorrow when tragedy walks the whole earth.”

While, on the one hand, Mother Alter was a very practical, reasonable person, she also had a strongly emotional side to her nature, and she apparently sometimes preferred not to talk about things that affected her deeply.
Woodstock, Mussoorie, February 16, 1943. All hats off to you for getting to Dave's graduation! He should have sent you word as to the date but it is so like him not to do so. I do hope he keeps you people informed as to his address. I know he was very pleased to see you and I'm so thankful you had some good visits with him before he left. He would appreciate all that very much... At last your letter to Bob with the dollar arrived after four months of travel. This week he, Alice Alter (she came home with us) and Emmet went with the Flemings to the canal bungalow at Hardwar for hunting, etc. As we got home just last week I preferred to stay home.

We had a very good trip to the Punjab. The only flaw was that Bob had an attack of intestinal flu the day we arrived at Jhelum and we were delayed a week. We visited many old haunts, including Abbotabad and Mansehra. Emmet took moving pictures in all the places to use in America in describing our work as a mission. He has a very good picture of Mr. Patterson. We were interested in seeing improvements that had taken place in the last 25 years. There are now miles of paved highway where Emmet literally made roads to take the first motor car over them the year Jim was a baby. We visited the salt mines and found working conditions very much improved. Naturally the mines have grown with the years, though 25 years is a short time, since the mines have been in operation over 300 years. In Sargodah we visited Dr. Campbell. Mrs. Campbell was in Sialkot, helping take care of Dora Whitely who has been very ill.

I'm sure you must have been very cold in New England and am so sorry so many people had little fuel. There has always been such an abundance within my lifetime that it seems hard to realize how little there is now for public consumption. People in America very often keep their houses too warm, but this winter that was not the case. I hope your were warm enough in Ohio. Wool clothing would be much more expensive, too. We read in the magazine that you are allotted only half a pound of sugar a week. No wonder you ran short. I believe you are allowed to buy a certain amount of candy, which would help. I'm glad friends furnished you with more, as I think you need it to help keep you warm. I suppose the same amount is allowed all over the USA. We have been very fortunate here. Though prices have risen and sometimes it is a little hard to get some things for a few days, most of the time we have an abundance and have never been badly inconvenienced.

We're so glad Emmet has the hotel post and hope it continues. I know Aunt Bessie and he are both relieved. They are centrally located, too, and I think you enjoy being able to get out easily. I hope the winter has not been too severe.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, February 24, 1943. I am going to try again to write every week, as letters do seem to get through though they take such a long time. One of yours of November 8th came this week. I know it has been hard for you all to have Joe put away for this time. Naturally it could not be kept secret and it is just as well to have it published. I thought both accounts in the church papers were very fair. This is a difficult time in which to live but if we can overcome at such a time, the victory is all the greater. You have been grand to keep up your correspondence with Joe and I hope you continue to do so. It would be better to set one day each week as the day on which you will write to him, for I believe he is limited to the number he can receive each week, and there is no use waiting for letters from me, as you never can tell when it will arrive. Now that he has been moved we do not know where to address him and you can give him the news from us whenever you have any. I sent a letter last week in care of Jim. I shall send you an airmail postcard soon.

Emmet, Bob, and Alice went down to Hardwar to a canal bungalow with the Flemings a week
ago Monday. I went Thursday, and Emmet and I returned Saturday. It was a very large and wellfurnished bungalow with electricity and every convenience. There was good hunting and Mr. Fleming got a number of birds. The rest of the party returned last evening and brought us a peacock, which we shall have this evening. Mr. Fleming skinned it and gave it to Bob - that is the head and tail feathers. Bob has already put it on the wall in his room and it looks very nice. Both Dave and Joe have been to Hardwar so would be interested.

Two of the staff are back now. We are feeding them here until the school kitchen opens. One of them, Miss McGee, hopes to sail to America on the first boat available. We had hoped to have her go in time to be back by the time we are due to go next December, but we cannot regulate the sailings these days, and it hardly seems possible for us to go in December, unless the war is over.

We had a copy of the clipping in the Wooster paper, saying that Dave is in Camp Wallace, Texas in an anti-aircraft training center. I know he was eager to go but the novelty will wear away, and he and all the other boys in training will need all the encouragement we can give them. I wish I knew how to address him. He said he is sending us a picture of himself but it has not come. We do want one so much. Of course we keep hoping that he will never have to go to the front, but there is no reason why he should be saved that when so many millions have already faced it. Still it is grand to be able to hope!

Things are quite normal on the whole, though we do not look forward to feeding 400 people with high food prices and rationing. We have had enough wood cut from our own estate to last the school year, we hope. It is a consolation to have the fuel supply attended to. We also have paper, pencils, etc. for the year. The books from America have not come. They are always sent by Parcel Post and now each firm is limited to one parcel per person per month; so they are sending them to different members of the staff.

All India's attention is now turned towards Gandhi and his fast. We think he has been very foolish to start a fast at this time. At the same time we think the British government would be well advised to release him unconditionally. If he should later make trouble that could be dealt with, but to release him now would be a gain rather than a loss to the government.

The war news has been encouraging for some time. May it continue to be so! One marvels at what the Russians have been accomplishing.

I wonder if the boys wrote you that their Uncle Wade was in charge of the Transport Coolidge when it was sunk. They lost only one man, which is very good.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, February 28, 1943. The shortest month of the year is about to end. Since we have daylight savings, our evenings are much longer. Now that we do not get up in the dark, we like the change very much. Emmet has gotten back all the rolls of colored films he took last winter and they have turned out very well. This camel [picture on writing paper] makes me think of them for he has one very good picture of camels loaded with cotton. He took pictures of all the stations we visited (we missed only two) and we think them a very fine set to show in America. He has financed this by a special. He still hopes that we can sail this coming December, but if the war continues I doubt if we can. We keep hoping that the war news will continue to be good.

The family had a grand time in Hardwar. Emmet had father's gun with him but didn't get anything. This week Bob went with Mr. Fleming for two nights to a hilltop not far from here.

Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch of our staff spent the past month serving in a canteen for American troops. They have some very interesting stories to tell and recounted a number of them last night when they were here for dinner. Our American boys seem to have plenty of money to spend, and, though they get plenty of good food at the mess, they like patronizing the "Victory Room," as the canteen is called. They told of serving 2000 donuts, 50 pies, 300 little cakes, two cows in steaks and
hamburgers, 56 gal. of ice cream, etc. in one day. This goes on day after day. The canteen was started by two missionaries, who fried and sold donuts as fast as they could at the camp, with, of course, the permission of the commanding officers. It grew by tremendous leaps and bounds. The American troops spend lavishly in comparison to others because they get paid more. The Canadian soldier gets a larger pay than the British, but when on foreign service he gets in cash the same as the English soldiers of the same rank, and the balance is left in Canada for him. It seems to me that that would be a good way for the U.S.A. to do. They also tell stories of soldiers seeing little naked children (not uncommon) on the street and taking them to stores and getting them all outfitted. Others have taken an interest in some child or children and have taken up a collection and sent the child to school, and are arranging with authorities for the continuance of the education. They have great fun trying to make themselves understood, but their sense of humor holds out.

I'm wondering how long you will be staying in Ohio. You no doubt will be more comfortable as far as the cold is concerned. I know it must have been very difficult for the Wiens and others who use oil for heating.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, March 7, 1943.** Time draws near for the coming of the school children. We are grateful that Gandhi's fast is over and that he is gaining in strength. Had he died during the fast, India would have been disturbed and a minor result would have been the difficulty and danger of trouble for our school children. As it is, all is very quiet and satisfactory arrangements seem to have been made for everyone. Most of the children leave home tomorrow and they are naturally much in our thoughts. A number of the staff have returned. There were 54 in church this morning (not all staff by any means). This is the first winter we have had English services, as we have never had enough people before. The services have been well attended. The Hindustani services have always been held the year around.

As prices have risen with you, so they have with us. Yesterday I went to the bazaar and, among other things, bought myself four pair of American cotton stockings at Rs. 3-4-0 each or $1 a pair. As nothing has been imported from America for two years, these are from the same stock this man had two years ago when I paid rupees 1-8-0 a pair. I hope I have enough now to last me until the war is over. Many people go without stockings, but I do not like the looks of it for one of my size!

Talking of prices, the people in occupied China are the ones who are perhaps the hardest pressed economically, as the Chinese dollar is of so little value. We have had communications from the school for missionary children there, wondering if we could take their children next term, as it is becoming very difficult financially for them. This is not certain as yet but is a possibility. I met a lady from Burma yesterday, who greeted me with exclamations of the overwhelming victory of the American Air Force over the Japanese fleet in the Southern Pacific the other day. It was indeed most remarkable that every Japanese ship was sunk. However we need to do much more than that before Japan will make terms.

We are eager for more word from Dave. Perhaps an airmail will come through soon. I do not know how long the training takes. No doubt he got in that department of the army because of his mathematics. He is a fine, good lad and I hope he comes through just as fine. I know we can count on him. I hope you are hearing from Joe and writing to him. Help him keep up his spirits. Jim and Barry seem to be very happy in their work and life in the mountains. It is beautiful country.

The Wien family should be past the worst of the winter by now. I hope they have had oil enough to keep them from any freezing difficulties. I cannot imagine American homes being cold. They have often seemed much too warm to us.

**Woodstock, Mussoorie, March 28, 1943.** I am enclosing a letter from Mrs. Chaney which I thought you would like to read. I think I told you that the Burma Baptist mission is holding its
annual conference here in April and that Dr. and Mrs. Chaney are to stay with us. When we parted in
Ventnor, I had suggested they spend a holiday in Landour but I never thought of them spending it as
evacuees. I know they had not wanted to leave their home but pressure was put on them because the
authorities thought it would be impossible for Dr. Chaney to walk out. Later many were flown out,
but that was not thought of in the beginning.

[The letter from Mrs. C. E. Chaney that Martha refers to was written from Assam, dated March
19th 1943. From what Martha writes, the Chaney's must have been in Ventnor, N.J. in the spring of
1939, when Martha and Bob were there. Martha's mother would have met the Chaney's at that time.]

Dear Mrs. Alter, Your note has just come and I hasten to thank you for your very kind
hospitality. It seems almost too good to be true that we are to share your private home for a time
and I appreciate it more than I can say. Certainly we have been well taken care of since we made
that hasty exit from our home in Rangoon over a year ago.

I suppose you have heard that my husband, being the senior from our mission, was asked
to go ahead to help evacuate the women and children for our mission, at the Calcutta end of it. The
suddenness of it, however, was the tragic part for us. We had a cozy safe trench and had sat out
the Rangoon bombings with no thought of leaving. I had supplies, etc. to carry on. Invasion was
a very remote idea at the time and talked of in whispers "lest the servants hear." It did not seem
at all likely or possible. So when a committee of our mission waited upon my husband that
afternoon, and the field secretary added his urgings, and the American Consul, by phone, that
we should leave that very afternoon by an American ship about to sail to Calcutta, it was one of
the most incredible acts of our lives when we found ourselves going down the river at 5:00 p.m.
We got our clothes, and some bits of necessary bedding was sent to us, but all the treasures of the
years, all the things of any value like my lovely table linens, etc. were left behind and no one
knows what became of them. I simply walked out of our pretty home with everything as it was,
even the tea table set for 4:00 p.m.!!

I at least did not see my home destroyed and we had none of the hardship that most
evacuees suffered, so I must remember that things might have been much worse. This year here
has been most interesting—even thrilling, but not to be written about. There have been many
unexpected contacts with Burma and one of my griefs at leaving is that we must turn our backs
on Burma, with probably no hope that we shall ever see it again. Mr. Chaney reaches the retiring
age in June and we have not yet decided what we shall do after that. We both worked very hard
here and a rest won't hurt us. Mr. Chaney has carried a heavy schedule of preaching services, in
addition to the canteen work, but due to the changing conditions much of that has now "folded
up." The canteens will continue.

Again, let me thank you for the joy that is in store for us. I shall want to hear all about those
grand boys I met in Ventnor. I suppose some of them, at least, are in uniform. Signed: Elsie N.
Chaney

Martha's letter of March 28th, 1943, continued. Yesterday we took five couples from Bob's class
out for a picnic. There are many very beautiful spots around here where one can go for a day's picnic
and there are others which are farther out and make good centers for longer hikes. We're trying to
encourage the young people to do more hiking this year. The group yesterday seemed to enjoy it
very much. For lunch we took steak and roasted it there.

One of our Hindu servants died yesterday morning. For the past two years he had been having
epileptic fits. So his going was a release. In two hour's time after his death, we could see the smoke
coming up out of the burning ghat in the valley below the school. In several ways this custom seems
to be superior to our Western one, and much superior to the Chinese, where bodies are kept for many
days. One of the sweepers also lost his wife, yesterday, and the wife of another sweeper is dying.
Both of these women had very bad cases of hookworm, which had sapped their vitality so much that
they were not able to resist the flu, which has been prevalent here. Many of our children, staff, and
servants have been down with it.

Friday I went over to Mussoorie to do a little shopping. It is remarkable how much we can get in
India in comparison with what can be purchased in China, for instance. I just read a letter from
Chengtu, China, in which they said they had sold old copies of Life, which they had read and reread
and then mended, for 60 Chinese dollars each! The exchange is only six Chinese dollars to one U.S.
dollar. The missionaries in free China are selling furniture, etc., in order to buy food; for though the
exchange has been increased about three times, the deflation of currency has increased the cost of
living 62 times. For the Chinese it must be exceedingly difficult.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 4, 1943. Another glorious day. Spring is beautiful here - wild
orchids are blooming down in the valley. Yesterday Mr. Fleming took the Cubs out for a hike and
brought back some orchid plants. We have put them in crocks and hope they take.

We thought we had all our staff well arranged for this year, but in three different houses we have
been forced to make adjustments. Mrs. Amstutz, who sailed on this boat, had come as housemother
at the College and the girls were all delighted with her, but in a little over a week she left for America.
Mrs. Hackett, whose husband died in January, came to Ridgewood, but is sick in hospital . . . Then
one of the housemothers of the younger girls thinks she must leave to be with her mother, since the
father has just died. Mrs. Bell is helping out at the college until we can get a permanent housemother,
but we are writing everywhere for help. When the war is over, many of our American teachers will
have their furloughs overdue, and then is when we shall have difficulty filling places on the staff.

We just heard something concerning some of our American officers that made us proud and
grateful. When one ship was in port in Bombay, every house of ill fame was guarded and not one
soldier man was allowed to go in. The officer commanding made the remark to one of our
missionaries there, that the soldiers were out here to win the war, not to ruin their health. They need
a big recreational program for the soldiers so that they will not give themselves to drink, gambling
and women.

Note added on April 12th, 1943. I just discovered this unfinished letter in my tablet. I am so
sorry for I had thought I had sent it. I sent you an airmail postcard today and shall send an airmail
letter soon. We were so delighted to get yours last week. We are all fine. It has suddenly gotten
colder and I have on my heaviest dress. We talk and think of you all so often.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 11, 1943. Many thanks for your good airmail letter of March 2nd.
We were naturally delighted to hear about Dave's going to officer's candidating school or camp. We
still do not know exactly which department he is in. The first notice in a Wooster paper said
"antiaircraft" but this one said "air forces." Perhaps a letter soon will tell us. Jim wrote of getting a
picture of Dave, and Barry says he looks very swanky in his uniform and with a mustache! We do
hope he has sent us one. He said he was sending a picture last November but it hasn't come. That
does not necessarily mean that he did not send it. We're very eager for pictures. We are so glad Dave
got his degree before going to the army and that now through regular channels he is being
recommended for officer's training. This is what he wanted and I'm sure he is very happy.

We are all fine. School is going well. I am not working as hard as I did last year when the
evacuees were coming in. We are beginning to make plans for recreation for convalescent soldiers.
We have had a beautiful spring.
Woodstock, Mussoorie, April 15, 1943. Dr. and Mrs. Chaney arrived yesterday. She has aged more than he has during their strenuous time, though she is very full of energy. The train was five hours late! As everyone else, they wonder who ever chose this precipitous hillside as a summer residence, but also, as others, they exclaim at its beauty.

I have been reading a number of books on China - "Battle for Asia" by Edgar Snow; "Life of Chiang Kai-shek," by Haden; "Movement in Peking" by Lin Yieu Tang; "This is our China," by Madame Chiang Kai-shek; and "The Song Sisters." I should know something about China by the time I am through. A missionary's wife from the China Inland Mission is here with her three children this year. They flew out, with the intention of going on to America, but when they found it so difficult to get sailings he joined up in the intelligence department of the American army. She gave a Chinese tea the other day in honor of the birthday of one of the ladies and had everything Chinese. It was quite a lovely affair. I am just glad I do not have to use chopsticks all the time. Perhaps I could learn to use them in time. A new Chinese restaurant has opened not far from here. We were there one night but I still prefer Indian food to Chinese.

Letter continued on April 21st, 1943. I am so sorry for this delay. In the meantime my house has been full of guests. I have Dr. and Mrs. Chaney and Dr. and Mrs. Jury from Burma, and Mrs. Harris Stewart of our mission, who is here for just a week. Saturday I had the Baptist (Burma) Mission group here for tea. There were 40 of us. After tea we had several musical numbers by three of the staff who had been invited, and then Emmet showed his movies of Assam and Punjab. Sunday noon I had the Stewart children for lunch; so there were 12 of us. Then I have had one extra guest to dinner almost every night. Monday was PTA and yesterday and today are full of Hospital Board work. I will try to keep writing regularly by ordinary mail and occasionally send by air.

The war news seems better from the European side, but it will take a long time to get the Japs out of their positions.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, May 3, 1943. We have had a feast of good things in the form of letters from you. We received your seaborne letters of November 18th, December 4th, and 18, and your airmail letter of April 1st. All these give us added news of you and the Wein family... Your letter from Wooster just after Dave's graduation showed how late the date for graduation was. The young people have been deprived of some of the pleasures of graduation, but all young people today face a very different world from the one we faced when we graduated in 1912. This is a hard world for everyone and when the war is over are we all going to work as hard to establish justice and equality for all as we have worked to win the war? If not, then the war will have been fought in vain. Will the women who have served so bravely in all the various activities just sit back and do nothing to help establish the new order? Will we be satisfied to try to restore old conditions?

Dr. and Mrs. Chaney are going to stay with us for the month of May. She is going to give a reading of her poems at the Reading Club one week. She has just published a longer poem called "The Ivory Carver."

Tonight we are invited to the older girls' dormitory for dinner with the staff there. The staff have guest nights once a month. I try to have several of the staff in every week for dinner. I like to have them with one or two others not of the staff.

Bob is busy with his schoolwork. He is very anxious that we should go to America this winter, but Emmet is beginning to think he should stay at least to get the new year started, as that is the most difficult time of the year. Margaret Alter sailed in March, but got only as far as Durban, when their boat was commandeered. They have no idea how long the whole party will have to stay there. I should rather be stranded here than there, though it is a very beautiful place.
May 14, 1943, Jim's letter to Aunt Evangeline. I was able to have another very enjoyable visit with Joe last Saturday. As before, we were allowed only an hour together, but we were able to talk over a good many things during that time. He looks in as good health as ever and said that he has never had to go on a sick call since he has been interned. As some of you probably know, he has been given a new work assignment, this time in the Education department. On the whole it is very satisfactory. He has to keep records on the various classes - attendance, etc., and also does some of the sorting and preparation of materials. Often there is not much to do and he is able to read, either books of his own from home or from among the various books, newspapers, and periodicals that come to the institution. He feels that the work is as creative as possible under the circumstances. One other thing that he is trying to work out for personal benefit is a correspondence course in American history. This was in the offing, with permission granted by Westminster for credit, but the dean has left to go to the army, so that Joe doesn't know now just where he stands on it. Perhaps it will be worked out anyway.

I was able to have a brief talk with the Warden and a somewhat longer one with his assistant. The latter gave some hope that Joe might be paroled before his one-third time is up in September, but he cannot be at all sure. Selective Service does have the authority to propose parole to work of special importance if they wish to do so, but so far they have not been willing, except in one or two situations to parole men only to C.O. camps. This means that those men unable to take such parole must wait for regular parole procedure, which is in effect only after they have served a minimum of one-third of their time, or one year in Joe's case. Some of the officials, and those at Ashland among them, are hoping that Selective Service will come to see a more liberal point of view, and they are trying as much as possible to push cases like Joe's. Unfortunately there is no assurance that they will be at all successful. But we can hope that the men now imprisoned for sake of conscience will be given an opportunity to be of real service. Joe is more fortunate than many, for others have received the five-year maximum, and it looks fairly clear that he will be released, if not before September 7th, at least some time shortly after.

As some of you know, Dave has been sent now to an officer's training school at Camp Davis, North Carolina. We received a card from him, written on May 2nd. Part of it read "One week is over and only two to go. The first week was all physical, to see if you have the physical ability to be an officer. It wasn't too tough, but some of the men in their thirties found it that way. I'm one of the youngest here---I got a good letter from Joe the other day and will try to answer it soon. If you see him, give him my regards. I'll try to see him with you when I get my 10 days at the end of this. Well, take it easy." We wrote Dave to find out where Camp Davis is located, and if there is any chance of doing so, we will go down to visit him. It will certainly be good if he does come to visit even for a few days, and the visit together with Joe would be great.

Our work here is going to have some new aspects during the next two months. This weekend the student pastor at Vanderbilt will bring up a group of students to help with the church program and to share ideas and experiences informally. During June we plan to have a series of vacation church schools here, at Hensley Creek, and we hope with the Negro community in Gainsborough. Then in July we will be taking part in the summer young peoples' conference at Alpine, some 30 mi. east of here.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, June 6, 1943. These past days have been busy ones, as the annual Sale was held on Thursday and the board meeting on Saturday. Friday night we were alone for the first time since the middle of April. Tomorrow Emmet and I are going down to a canal bungalow in Hardwar for three days to get away from telephone, chits, etc. Bob went with Bishop Rockey and his boys to Almora and thence to Pindari Glacier. They will be home on the 14th, the last day of the
holidays. They will probably be very tired when they return, but it will be well worth the effort to have made this trip. The Sale seems to have been a great success in spite of hard times, of which everyone seems to be conscious. Yesterday at a board meeting they voted to raise the boarding fees by five rupees a month. We regret the necessity of this, as this is the third raise in a year, but even so the fees have not been raised in proportion to the rise in prices. We in India have been most fortunate and only in the past year have we been conscious of war prices. We have had plenty to eat and peace in which to live and work. The problem of supplies and prices has loomed large in the last month, but we have lacked nothing.

We got an airmail letter from Dave last week telling of his promotion and that he is going to another camp for officer's training. That means that he has worked very faithfully and has proven himself worthy of a higher position. I am so glad for the encouragement this must give him. He sent us two Kodak pictures. With the uniform and mustache he hardly looks like himself but still I think we could recognize him. We are so glad for these pictures but we still want a photograph. While we are at Hardwar we have instructed our servants left behind to clean the house.

I am starting to knit myself some mercerized short socks. Many people go without stockings, but I do not like to see a woman of my size do that. I knit the socks so that I can wear them with stockings that are badly worn in the feet. I have never been very successful with socks but I suppose one should keep on trying.

Emmet thinks he should be here to help the new man start the year of school in March. After that we shall sail whenever possible. Bob will be 18 in July following. We wish he could have gotten started in college before being called up but that hardly seems possible. Everyone is eager to know where the second front is to be opened. We hope they move soon, as every day of delay is gain to the enemy. One wonders how the Japs will ever be defeated, for they hold on so tenaciously and refuse to be taken prisoner. Their whole philosophy of life is so different from ours.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, July 21, 1943. We were delighted to receive your good letter of June 9th this last Saturday. We thought that probably the Tunisian campaign had delayed our mail and evidently it did, as we got two from Jim on the same day yours came. We were surprised that you had so cold a trip back to Pennsylvania, but most grateful to Besse for waiting for you. Emmett has work and he and his mother are faring better than they did. I hope he has been able to get himself the clothes he needed. I know prices of everything have gone up and it is not easy for one whose clothes have run down, as his must have done.

Last Friday and Saturday the senior class put on "Green Stockings." The house was packed both days. Bob was the leading man Friday. I should have said they had two entirely different casts for the two days. They all did very, very well and we were so pleased with their enunciation as well as acting. Saturday night the parents here gave a dinner for the whole class and their parents here at our home. Sixty sat down to dinner and we did not seem to be at all crowded. I got the folding iron chairs from the Community Center, as they do not take up much room. We put two card tables together to seat eight... Mrs. Cummings was in charge of the toasts, songs, and games. Everything went smoothly and many of the young folk pronounced it the best ever. All the games, songs, toasts, etc. centered around the play. The place cards were paper green stockings. The play is light comedy and just the thing for times such as this and for children of that age. They have their major exams this week. Three of the girls from the school in China have arrived in Calcutta and should be here the latter part of this week. Some of us will have to go shopping with them soon after they get here. They have sold most everything for two reasons. They can get very high prices in China and they can bring very little out with them in the planes. It has been costing them five American dollars per child per day. That is more than one missionary gets for his whole family. I hope the children do not
find it too difficult making this change. The principal and his wife are coming with them and will stay here this fall and perhaps this winter. I find my time more than occupied but it is well to be busy. I've been asked to serve on the Red Cross Committee for comfort to soldiers for all Mussoorie. I suppose it is to represent this part of Mussoorie, as we are off to one end, as it were. Really we are on another ridge. Our first meeting is to be this Friday. I do not like walking to Mussoorie many times but probably will not have to. Two days every month are taken up with hospital board executive.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 6, 1943. It is often difficult to take up the trend of writing when letters come so infrequently. However, we know that you are always interested in the little daily routine of the family. I hope you will always keep up your interest in people and their activities. It has helped you keep young.

Our half year has finished and we now begin the second half of the year. We had the school elections this week and Bob was elected president of the student body. His own class said at the beginning of the year that they were going to put him in for the last of the year. He has held rather a difficult position these years and has come through with flying colors. Never has he brought us any information from the students nor has he carried the news to them from our home. They have appreciated it as much as we have. He is a very likable lad and, hence, popular in a quiet way.

The second Sale of the year was held Saturday and was financially a better success than the one last year. I got an attack of flu the day before; so was in bed for it and most of the week. I couldn't go and hear Bob's campaign speech but they tell me it was very good. I am up again but am going slowly, as one does not have too much pep after a round of flu. One of our guests left this morning. I now have a guest room if it is needed in an emergency, but I do not plan to take any for any length of time.

The first two of the children from China arrived this week. They are two Chinese boys who are going to America for college. One is registered in MIT for a mining engineering course and the other's father is a graduate of Yale and he hopes to go there. They seem like very nice, responsible boys. Several others have arrived in Calcutta and should be here soon. We shall probably have to find homes for most of them for the winter. It may be that we shall keep some of them here, though we always think it better if they can get to the plains for the holidays.

The war news has been very encouraging of late. I hope the United Nations have not been too lenient with Italy and so have not let Germany get too much of a hold in northern Italy. The Russians have surprised everyone. Our great wish is, as is everyone's, that the struggle can be kept up at high speed until it is finished. Japan is another story and will take a long time, I fear. Their whole philosophy is so different. They all plan to die rather than surrender, which means many more lives lost on both sides.

Our plans for returning to America are much as they were, though we have gone so far as to send our names in as wanting sailing early in April. No one can tell now what will be available or what will be the condition of things the world over. We continue to hope that we can go as early as possible in April.

I hope you are having a good summer and that all is going well. I do hope the food rations are not too severe. We are faring very well, though prices have naturally risen. We consider that we have been most fortunate in living in so protected an area. Do tell Paul that the other day someone gave us a tin of Swift's premium bacon and it was the best thing we have tasted for years—Emmet says for 8. It is certainly packed beautifully.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, August 31, 1943. We are starting a canteen for soldiers up here on leave, whether sick leave or just holiday. It is to be up at the top of the hill, where many of them stay. The
committee has rented a suite of rooms and is soliciting cakes, etc. from people on the hillside. They will pay the actual cost and just charge the men cost price. It is a little difficult to get certain equipment now, but we think we can manage.

I think we have written you that we have entertained, as paying guests of the school, a number of non-Commissioned men and privates from the British army. We tried to get Americans, too, but very few responded. The appreciation expressed by the men has been well worth the effort. The most of them had not been in a home since they left England, nor talked to a woman since then. Many of them have families and are thrilled to see the children and compare them with what their children must be now. They love to show us the pictures of their families and talk about home. Many of them have a prejudiced view of Americans, and some actually admitted that they came here thinking they never could like Americans. One of the reasons for this attitude is that the American soldiers out here have so much more money than the British that it makes for jealousy. Another, and the biggest, reason is that they do not know each other. The most of the misunderstandings of the world are due to ignorance. Language is a peculiar thing, and words make different impressions on different people. The same word can have 10 or 20 different meanings to as many different people. Hence difficulties arise. Many of the British men have said when leaving that they are going back with the resolve of getting acquainted with some American soldiers and trying to become friends with them. The world needs much more of this international fellowship and good will.

News from the front seems good. Russia is making strides, and the unrest in Bulgaria, Denmark, Belgium, and France indicates an undercurrent of rebellion. It is up to the United Nations to do something to help now in Western Europe. Doubtless, the move will come soon. Germany did not understand human nature when she arrested King Christian.

Last year we received just nine copies of the Saturday Evening Post out of a whole year's subscription. This year we have received about the same number, but we hope it is not going to stop there. The Reader's Digest has come through better than any other magazine. The folks from China had not gotten any other magazine or newspaper for two years. The Reader's Digest came out in miniature film and was then enlarged by re-photographing and finally printed in the original size. The only communications they have are by way of India and a little by Russia.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, September 16, 1943. Thanks so much for sending a picture of Dave. With his mustache and uniform he looks much older but we can still see Dave; I am hoping that he will get a photograph taken soon as we do want one. He seems to be much more enthusiastic about his training than he ever was about college. We received a letter from him, dated August 9th, which is much more recent news than we had had from anyone else.

We were naturally delighted to hear about Jim and Barry and their expectations for February. Now that they have a good doctor down there they ought to have the best of care. I hope she is not trying to do too much else while carrying the baby. They wrote of the canning they are doing and that certainly should be a great help to them this coming winter. I know you will be very much interested in the arrival. You will be a great grandmother before we get there. They wrote of Dr. Beach taking the church in New Haven. That will be very nice for Jim and Barry when they go back there to study.

We have had a great disappointment this past week, as one who has been in the school office for over 20 years has been found taking funds. She is gone, but it is hard to understand how she could have been so deceitful. I suppose it has grown upon her. She acknowledged everything we had evidence for, but nothing else and she certainly could not have started so suddenly. Naturally, we wonder what we could have done differently that would have made it difficult, if not impossible, for such a thing to happen.
In our kitchen we have a wood range and also a charcoal stove. It has been very hard to get charcoal as the price soared, even though the government has fixed the price. For over a month I've used my wood stove though I have not wanted to, as it meant using up dry wood that I was saving for the winter. At last, yesterday, I got enough charcoal at control price to last me the rest of the year. In the winter we have to use the wood stove. I shall get some wet wood and put it away now to use with the dry wood left from last year.

No doubt you have been hearing about the famine in Bengal. The loss of the Burma crop, together with a typhoon last fall and insect pests that attack the rice crop, has greatly decreased the amount of rice available in that area. It is being sent from other parts but still there is not enough. Many of the deaths are hastened by disease, which gets the better of one in a weakened condition, due to lack of nourishment. The missionaries down that way are giving most of their time to this relief work and have most pathetic and tragic tales to tell.

Some few missionaries are getting out from America. One came by way of Portugal and was three months on the way. She had a most interesting voyage with little or no excitement. Two others have just arrived having come on an American freighter.

Some of the people from China are going sometime soon and I shall try to send something for the baby. We shall not be able to take much when we go, as we are limited to the amount of luggage we can take.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, November 11, 1943. We were delighted to receive your airmail letter of October 1st, and to know that you had at last received a letter from us. I wrote every two weeks this past summer but it is possible that all letters did not get through. We have much to be thankful for, as we get mail so frequently in comparison with many people. The mother of three children in school was talking to me this morning. She is Swiss and the last time she heard from her parents was in October of 1942. Many have not heard from loved ones for several years.

We were pleased to hear of Janet's visit home. I know how delighted she would be to see old friends. It cannot be long now until she is home to stay. Tell Paul that we have another tin of bacon. Unfortunately, Emmet cannot eat it, as he has sores in his mouth and the salt seems to bother them. Some of these sores have healed but others have gotten worse. The most angry one is on his tongue.

I know you want to know how Emmet is. He is still running a temperature every day. It is usually normal in the morning, but up again in the afternoon. The doctors thought that his temperature was due to pus in the pleura but when they tapped Monday they found no pus. Now they're waiting to see if it may not come down, as the blood count is much lower the past two days. If the temperature does not come down they are going to take him to the Mission Hospital in Bareilly, where they can get X-ray pictures of his chest. In spite of temperature he has gained in strength and we are hopeful that he will show other signs of recovery soon. He has been very patient, though I am sure it must be very hard for him to be in bed when there is so much work that he would like to be doing. His brother Joe came up Monday, and spends some time every day reading to him and so relieves me. These are very busy days and I'm glad to have more time for other things.

Yes, Mrs. Cummings is the one you met in America. Her husband is to preach the baccalaureate sermon at the graduation this year. Tom is in the class. Dr. Lucas, who was in Mountain Rest that summer, is giving the commencement address. Bob has play practice every night. They are giving "Tobias and the Angel." Bob is the angel in one of the casts. The class is so large that they have two casts. Tom Cummings is the other angel in the other cast. Bob and one of the other boys are electricians. It seems that the lighting effects in this play are very important. They're giving the play two days in succession. The day Bob does not act, he is responsible for the lights.

I know Evangeline must be very busy with her Red Cross work. I always marvel at all she gets
done, in addition to her own housework. We do hope this war will be over soon, as everyone works under a heavy strain and all will be in need of rest. I'm sure Emmet would not have been so ill had he not been so tired.

The famine condition in Bengal continues to command considerable attention in the news of the day. Just so it commands enough attention to remedy this situation! We have fared very well and though prices are high we have plenty. I often think of the ones who have not enough while we have to spare. There will probably always be these unevennesses in life, but we should try to iron them out as much as possible. The new Viceroy seems to have given his first attention to this situation, and certainly there was no more pressing need. Supplies seem to be coming in.

Emmet's brother, Wade, was in Bombay two weeks ago, and we very much regretted that he could not come up here. He met a friend of ours. Tonight two British Merchant Marines came, in and as they had been in Bombay for a month, we asked them some questions and got a little information which was of interest to us.

This Saturday night I am having the graduating class in for dinner. We do this every year, and I am only sorry that Emmet cannot be here when it is Bob's class. On Sabbath night, instead of having the faculty in for dinner as we used to do, I have asked them to come for after-dinner coffee. We always have an evening of hymns and music.

Bareilly, U.P., December 22, 1943. We had a good letter from Jim this week, giving news of everyone. Last week we had a good one from Dave; so we think we have fared well.

Emmet and I went over for his second X-ray picture this morning and it shows very good progress. The lung tissue is entirely healed and the thickening of the pleura is lessened. We joke Emmet about being in the same class with Churchill! From the papers, the influenza in England is very severe.

Emmet was discharged from hospital a week ago yesterday, and seems to be gaining in strength every day. He sits out in the sun most of the time and every evening we take a walk, increasing the distance each day so that now he walks quite a distance. Last evening we found a park not so far away and sat on a bench there a little while. It was quite a pretty little place.

We plan to go on to Dehra Doon next Monday night. I shall go on up on Wednesday for a night or two, to get some things from the office that Emmet needs to go over. The following week Bob and I shall go up to pack.

A week ago Saturday Bob and Hugh McMillan, one of his classmates, and the one who spent graduation week with us, went down to Calcutta and on to Jamshedpur to visit Tom Warren, whose father is in the steel mills there. He has a brother in Dartmouth. We have had two letters and a card, and from them we know he is having a grand time. Tom came in to Calcutta to be with the boys there and what a time they had! He will have a lot to tell you about it but it cannot be written. I knew he would enjoy being with the Warrens, for they are grand people and would know how to entertain. It is a real education for Bob to have this trip, and would have been very dull for him here for the whole month.

We are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Dye, who are of the Methodist Mission and have had five children in Woodstock. Only two are left in the home - a daughter is in England, a son in the Royal Engineers is a prisoner of war in Japan, and a daughter, who graduated here last year, has just entered Redlands College in California. Mr. and Mrs. Dye are English, but in the American Methodist Mission. Their daughter Ruth, who is 12, is quite sick with St. Vitus's Dance and now is in bed all the time. She had rheumatic fever and now this has developed. Mr. Dye is principal of the theological seminary here. The mission owns large property here and has a large girls' school, a boys' school, and the hospital and seminary. The hospital was the first hospital for women in all Asia, east of Palestine.

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For his Christmas present I am going to take Emmet for a ride in a Victoria - a four-wheeled carriage - which is much better than the ordinary two-wheeled tonga. It would give us a little idea of the town and cantonment and be a nice diversion. He is gaining so much in strength that he will soon be a well man.

I think I told you we hope to sail sometime in February. Now please do not worry about us. We shall take every precaution and will be in good hands. Also, please do not expect gifts, for we have none. If one can keep living and not get in debt these days, he is fortunate.

Letter from Jim, November 3rd, 1943. [This may be the letter Martha refers to above. The letter contains excerpts from letters to Jim from Dave and Joe] Barry and I are at Alpine this week. As you may remember from previous letters, Alpine is about 35 mi. east of New Bethel, and is a small community where the Presbyterians have a school, a church, a dispensary, a farm, and some 1,600 acres of forest - in other words, what is called a rural life center. We have been here before for conferences, so we know all the workers rather well. The purpose in coming this week was to rest, to read and to catch up on correspondence. And this is a grand place to do it. We have the entire upstairs of a large house and, mirable dictu, hot and cold running water, steam heat and a bathtub. It's not quite the same as being in the Waldorf-Astoria, but the difference is one of degree and not of kind. Here, fortified with plenty of writing paper, books, typewriter, food and a good bed, we have been holding out against all comers. The term is from Saturday to Saturday - and I believe we will go back to New Bethel all the more eager for work.

As usual there are letters from Joe and Dave. Dave writes; "Things are going along just about as usual. Almost the whole battalion is on furlough just now so that there isn't too much work. Since I had that 10 days back in August the Colonel didn't think that I needed one just yet. The outfit is slated to move over soon, but as usual I'm not going with them. They have decided to send me to school again, only this time it is only for six weeks and there isn't a commission at stake, so it won't be so bad. I can't say anything about what I'm going to study, for it is still classified as a confidential subject."

[Letter from Joe dated August 31, also quoted in Jim's letter.] "The educational director said he heard from you and said he had let you know you could send Nehru's Book, "Toward Freedom." Censorship here is not nearly so strict as in some institutions I've heard of, but it is much more than is necessary or right. Of course one of my letters they held up for over a week without explanation, and another you said they crossed something out with no explanation. The limitations I think should be against escape, dope, or riot and physical violence plots, which under our present system of government must be prevented. I see no reason why (censorship in its broad meaning is really broad) prisoners should not be allowed to write and to receive letters from anyone at any time; I see no reason why we should not be allowed to write what we please, with the above mentioned exceptions, because writing out falsehoods about the prison system will only reflect against us---also, we should be allowed all books, periodicals and papers we want---I have been elected to the inmate representative committee, and so hope to have an interesting time working in it. In many ways this new warden seems very promising."

[Again, from Jim's own letter.] I have been doing quite a bit of letter writing recently about Joe's parole application. We have heard nothing since he was denied the regular parole, so we're hoping that letters to the officials in Washington will speed a favorable decision on his application under executive order 8641, which is a special people parole for C.O.s. Corrine Shott and Mrs Turnbull have both written and we have gotten others to do so also. I have written to the President, the Attorney General, the Prison Bureau and the Federal Paroles Review Board,
and have asked Dr. Dodds and Dr. Porter to do the same. Grandma Payne and Grandma Alter have also written. These letters are repeats as we have written to these officials before, but public opinion is a big factor in official decisions and every letter adds a bit to the pile. I don't know what will happen, of course, but I have a feeling that Joe will receive parole within the next two or three months. As it is, he is well situated, with a good job, and perfectly content to stick it out for another 13 or 14 months. But all of us hope he can be out when you arrive.
Bombay, February 16, 1944. We were delighted to receive two letters from you recently - one of November 21st and one of December 26th. We came here on the third and are staying until [it is] possible to leave. No word yet of any possibility. I am sending this to you and a letter to Dave by Red Cross, though they do not seem to be getting through quickly that way. We are sending cards to all three of the boys, giving what little news I give you.

We were very, very pleased to receive Jim and Barry's letter last week, telling about Dave and Cleo's wedding. She is a fine girl and the only one Dave has had in his thoughts for six years! I think it much better for them to get married now than to have a long engagement. They will not be able to be together much but they should be very happy in the knowledge of each others' love, and what little time Dave has on furlough Dave can be with her. We hope they can be with us sometime this spring or summer.

Your own family is growing! We've had no word from Jim; so now must wait until we get across. Emmet is much better and should be entirely recovered by the time we see you.

Bob is anxious to get started in college. He goes around with Douglas Pickett. He went with him to Juhu Beach, Monday and has been nursing a severe case of sunburn ever since.

Rajmahal, Churchgate St., Bombay, February 29, 1944. Letter to Dave. I've written you one letter since we came here and shall try another. For some reason the letters I sent you in the fall about your father's illness did not seem to get through. I wrote to you more often than to Jim, hoping that you would get the word more quickly, but it was not so. If you get this, please pass on the news to Jim and Joe and Grandma. If you have not received many letters from me, know that before Christmas I wrote to you fairly often. I know it is possible they all arrived late, but I do not want you to think I was not writing to you.

Again let me tell you how very delighted we are that you and Cleo are married. Now we have one more person to get in touch with as soon as we arrive. We've always been very fond of Cleo and are most happy to have her one of our family. We love her as a daughter and hope we can be near to both of you when we are in America. I'm praying that you may not be sent overseas before we get there and that as soon as we get settled you and Cleo will come to us for a little holiday. We do love you dearly.

There's absolutely no word concerning sailings. We must just wait and be patient. It is delightful here and we are meeting many friends and having a real holiday. Daddy is gaining all the time and except for his rheumatism is fine again. He may have another X-ray taken when we get to the States.

Tell Grandma Payne that I still hope to celebrate her 80th birthday with her, though I have no visible evidence of being able to do so. Her birthday is the ninth of May and I do hope you and Cleo will remember her in some way. You no doubt remember how we celebrated Auntie Wade's 80th birthday.

I'm so happy that you are married that I can hardly wait till I see you and tell you in person. You and Cleo will be very happy I know. Now you really have a home, because wherever you and Cleo are together will be home to you.

USS Mount Vernon, April 10, 1944. Excerpts from letter written by N.E. Millar, Commander, U.S. Navy, Executive Officer, to all passengers. This ship is a commissioned ship of the United States Navy, commanded by a Captain in the regular Navy.
Our job is to transport troops and consequently our accommodations are governed by those considerations and by wartime requirements. We are not a common carrier and do not attempt to approximate standards found on a commercial vessel under peacetime conditions.

We do, however, make every effort to transport you comfortably and safely to your destination.

There are certain things you must do for yourselves and certain regulations you must follow without question.

We are operating under wartime conditions and run darkened at night. Shortly after sunset each night the ship is darkened and remains so until sunrise the next morning. No lights are permitted except in staterooms and no smoking is permitted on the weather decks. This rule will be rigidly enforced and your cooperation must be complete. The safety of the ship and its personnel cannot be hazarded by careless and thoughtless acts.

You must clean your own staterooms and make up your own bed.

You must be on time for your meals and must not linger in the messroom when the meal is completed.

You must keep clear of certain parts of the ship and remain on certain decks. The boat deck and sun deck aft are available for your use.

You must instruct your children to keep clear of the rail and not to fraternize with our ship's company.

You must help us enforce the 2100 " in room" regulation for minors and 2200 " in room" regulation for female passengers.

You must not expect any laundry service or room service. No meals will be served in staterooms unless the passenger is under care of the ship's medical officer.

Excerpt from a letter written by Martha Alter to the Cleveland Plain Dealer. No date.

Editor, Plain Dealer--Sir: In one of the January numbers of your paper you had a short article, telling about the first Blue Star to be sent from your paper to a foreign country. It was for the parents of David E. Alter, Jr., who was inducted into service just after his graduation from Wooster College.

That flag now hangs in our window. It is the only blue flag I have seen in India and our English friends always inquire about its meaning and we are happy and proud to explain to them. It looks out over the foothills of the Himalayan mountains and on to the fern clad oaks, cedars, and pines, to a garden of dahlias, gladioli, petunias and geraniums, to a winding path frequented twice daily by 300 American children going and coming from school - the same path David trod for eight years before he left for college.

Many of these same children have asked about the star. The older ones remember David and are very interested in hearing that he is in the coastal artillery, taking officer training under the Ack-Acks.

We have been in India for 27 years and until this year had seldom met any Americans excepting the missionaries with whom we have been associated either on the plains or in the hills. This year for the first time we have been able to welcome to our home as holiday guests men of the American forces. They have come from all parts of the States, and have represented several branches of the service.

To me it is of special interest that the Blue Star in our window has come from the Cleveland Plain Dealer. I was born and lived for many years in Mansfield, Ohio. Every Sunday morning I can remember the newsboy ringing our doorbell and handing us this same Cleveland Plain Dealer.
R.R. Station, Cincinnati, Ohio. May 29, 1944. Letter to Evangeline, Paul, Janet, Mother. This really cannot be a proper thank-you note, but our thanks for all you did for us continues and will continue to be felt all our lives. We simply don't know how we would ever have managed at all without you good folks and all you did for us.

We had a very busy day yesterday. Got to Pittsburgh and phoned Dr. Joe's in New Kensington, where Alice is. Mother Alter was there, too; so we went right out. We attended the Parnassus U.P. Church just across the street from Dr. Joe's. Dr. Pinkerton is pastor, and I told him I had been waiting many years to tell him how much a small girl enjoyed riding on the handlebars of his bicycle many years ago in Tero, Ohio. Do you remember he was supplying there one summer when he was a student in Seminary and we were visiting there?

Mother Alter has failed greatly. You have it all over her, mother, in physical strength and mental. Still, I think she is wonderful for 83 years.

New Bethel, Tennessee, June 1, 1944. Letter to Mother, Evangeline, Paul, and Janet. We had a good trip to Cincinnati. Twenty-eight years have made a great difference in the station there if in nothing else. It is really a beautiful, modern affair - quite luxurious. The trip on to Nashville was quiet and uneventful. Jim was at Nashville according to plan. We came by bus to Double Springs. Barry, Martha, and Joe were there at the bus station waiting for us. All look and seem very well... Joe had to go back yesterday, so Bob went with him for a couple of days. Joe hopes to get back Saturday.

Little Martha is a very good, happy baby and we are thoroughly enjoying her. Joe and Bob had a wonderful time with her. It is well we are leaving in a few days, or she would be spoiled.

Bob should be in New Wilmington by Monday and we are hoping he can make it. We're going on down to Florida and should be back by about the 16th. Will be writing you frequently.

Barry is everything you have told us and more. We are in love with her. Joe and Jim both seemed well and much the same as ever. They all ask about you folks. Jim and Barry were delighted to hear that Janet is to be in New Haven this winter. They look forward to some good times together.

Hobe Sound, Florida, June 11, 1944. Letter to Evangeline, Paul, Janet, and Mother. I have been very remiss in writing but we have been very busy and HOT. It is so humid here that the temperature seems much higher than the thermometer registers. Perspiration just hangs on one, so that we are wet all the time. In spite of that, we have had a wonderful and most satisfactory visit with Dave and Cleo.

We arrived here Tuesday afternoon and Cleo met us at Hobe Sound. We are leaving tomorrow morning and have seats reserved to New York, where we plan to have a visit with Emmet's brother Tuesday afternoon and evening. Wednesday we go to Philadelphia to see the Board, and that night we go to Pittsburgh and reach New Wilmington Thursday morning. I'm going to enclose Mrs. Chambers' letter, which will tell you about Bob's arrival there. He was to have taken all meals at the restaurant until our arrival, but Mrs. Chambers is very kindly letting him have breakfast with her. Evidently Bob has his room in our apartment.

Dave looks fine. He has done very well and made an "excellent " on the work done here and goes back to Camp Davis Tuesday. He had fulfilled all requirements for promotion some months ago but all promotions were frozen last winter. He may get one soon, as he thinks they will begin giving them again. Friday evening we went over to Camp Murphy and had dinner at the officers' mess. We went over on a ferry, run by a Mr. McGinnis from Shelby, Ohio. When they first came down here and he found out that Dave's grandfather used to be sheriff of Richland County, he took a great interest in Dave and ever since has been very good to him. Dave rents his motor boat from him. When we came
back Friday night, he told him to take one of the larger motor boats and take us for a ride up the sound. It was beautiful and, of course, cooler than land. Saturday morning, early, Emmet, Cleo, and I went to West Palm Beach and Palm Beach. It is very pretty down there but in many ways quite artificial.

Dave and Cleo have an apartment in the rear of one of the very large houses. They have two bedrooms, a living room, kitchenette, and bath upstairs and two bedrooms, bath, and laundry downstairs. They have a private beach, shared with the Captain and his wife who live in the big house.

**New Wilmington, Pa., June 18, 1944.** Letter to Mother, Evangeline, Paul, and Janet. Now that we have a home and are beginning to get settled I hope I can write to you all more regularly.

We met Wade in New York, or rather he met us, and we went right to the hotel. He was able to be with us most of the afternoon and all evening, so that we had a most satisfactory visit. In the evening he called up Ada in Berkeley, California. It only took two minutes to get her and her voice was as clear as if she had been in the same room. He is at sea again now.

In New York we went to the Presbyterian Board rooms and met Dr. Dodds and three of our friends from India. Emmet wanted the opinion of their visual education secretary on the films. She was very enthusiastic and thought they needed little editing. We left New York Wednesday noon for Philadelphia. Dr. Taylor met and took us to the Board rooms, where we met Dr. Reed and Dr. Caldwell and their secretaries.

We went out to the Taylors for dinner and then left Philadelphia at 11:20 that night arriving here just before noon on Thursday. Mrs. Chambers had lunch ready for us all. Bob is fine. He did his own cooking while we were away. Of course it was the simplified variety but he fared well.

We are going to be quite comfortable, though the two bedrooms are on the third floor, which is quite hot. We're putting a cot on the small screened verandah off the kitchen. Bob will sleep there when Mother Alter comes for a few days. By September we shall have the larger apartment and want you here, mother. I do not know the exact day the Chamberses leave. There are three bedrooms in that apartment and the living room, etc. are larger.

Douglas Stewart, Jeannette's boy who is here in college, came over yesterday morning and helped Bob with the heavy lifting and cleaning of rugs, etc.

**New Wilmington, Pa., June 25, 1944.** Joe writes now that it looks as though everything is working out for his going to Massachusetts General Hospital. The only thing remaining is the red tape in Washington. He also has permission to visit us here for two weeks enroute; so we are looking forward to a good visit with him.

The baby is lovely. She is adorable. You will all love her. Barry and Jim are delighted that Janet is to be in New Haven this winter. They are to be here in August.

Dave is at Camp Davis. We are hoping for word from him soon.

Wednesday, Emmet and I went to New Castle to get our ration books and see the mother of a corporal we met in Dehra Dun. He told us how worried she was, and how he would appreciate our seeing her and assuring her that he is far from the fighting line and quite well located. She was so very pleased and had many questions to ask. She invited us to lunch and was so pleased to talk to us about Jim.

Mother Alter came Friday. She seems and looks much better than she did four weeks ago. She will stay about a week and then go back to Pittsburgh before going West.

You ask about our train travel. We never had difficulty getting seats. The train from Boston to New York was the most crowded - many servicemen standing in the aisles all the way. That was
 probably because it was Saturday afternoon. Of the stations we passed through New York was the busiest, Pittsburgh the dirtiest, Cincinnati the most luxurious in its furnishings, Nashville the most ornate, Jacksonville the most unorganized and inefficient. We ate in the diners four times. The rest of the time we lived on sandwiches and candy while on the train. Boston gave us by far the best sandwiches for the money, 15 cents everywhere. In Boston they were the most generous with meat and cheese, but everywhere else they gave the minimum - just enough to make the requirements for a sandwich.

Haydenburg, Tenn., June 28, 1944. Letter from Jim to Aunt Evangeline and Grandma. Barry says that Marty has a good many dresses for her present size, and that it would be more useful for her to have one for later wear - say, size 2. Martha is growing so rapidly that I wouldn't be surprised to see her outgrow very soon most of the clothing she has. She weighs about 14 and a half pounds and is certainly full of life. She rolls over on her stomach and then is unable to get back, which often makes her miserable. The cycle of turn-howl-being turned-turn-howl-etc. keeps up most of the day. But otherwise she is full of coos and friendly gurgles.

The visit with Mother, Dad and Bob was of course quite wonderful. It is still difficult to believe that it really happened. It would take at least a month at New Wilmington to become reacquainted to the place where we will feel natural with one another.

Dave is at Camp Davis, awaiting orders. We hope to see him before he sails. Joe has received permission to transfer to Massachusetts General Hospital - but when, we don't know. He will be glad to be so near you folks.

New Wilmington, Pa., June 30, 1944. Letter to Mother, Evangeline, Paul and Janet. Grandma Alter has found the heat wearing. Our third floor bedrooms are very hot in such weather as we have had this past week. Emmet fixed up a cot in the basement where she rested several afternoons. It is much cooler today and very delightful. Mother Alter leaves Monday evening. Since Bob has a holiday she wants us all to go to New Castle with her for a little outing. Bob sleeps on the screened porch.

We have had several people in this past week. Monday night Bruce Foster, on leave from the army, and Douglas Stewart, Jeannette's second boy, were here for a curry supper. The night before James Stewart, Jeannette's eldest boy, was in from his army camp only a few miles from here. Wednesday night we celebrated our anniversary by inviting a few friends in for ice-cream and cookies, and to initiate our croquet set.

Thursday evening we had a picnic of all the India folks here and afterwards Emmet showed his pictures. Tonight Wallie Downs is to spend the night with us. He will be here for his meals tomorrow. His mother leaves for Atlantic City tonight and he goes to Scout camp Sunday for a week. Jackie Downs, who married Vinton Clements this spring, was home for two days this week and we were delighted to see her again.

The best news we have is that Joe will be with us in less than two weeks. He is due at Mass General Hospital on the 24th of July. He will leave Uplands Sanitarium on the 10th, reaching here on the 11th. As Mother Alter has her reservations West on the 14th, she will be in Pittsburgh and will have a few hours with Joe. Emmet is due in New York on the 24th for a young peoples' conference; so he and Joe will travel to New York together.

New Wilmington, Pa., July 4, 1944. Mother Alter left last evening for Pittsburgh. We went to New Castle to the station with her. You wrote, mother, that you are going to Ohio next week, but did not say how you are going, whether by train or by bus. I wish we had room so that you could come
here now but I know Aunt Bessie wants you, too; so you can get that visit in before we move into the larger apartment early in September.

Peggy and Findlay Gordon walked in four miles today to have the day in here with friends. They like to swim in the pool, too.

This was the quietest fourth of July I ever celebrated in the USA. Emmet and I did a big washing and Bob hung most of it up. We have a machine in the basement. We still had some soiled things from the trip, so decided to get them out of the way.
Landour Bazaar with Kohinoor Building (center) in its original grandeur
Circa 1917/18

Coolie with load, Rajpur to Landour, 1917

Water delivery in Landour before city pipes
(l. to r.) Dave, Joe, Jim with Bob in khandi Landour, 1930

Family Portrait, Abbotabad, 1929

Uncle Joe & Aunt Marjorie with (l. to r.) Margaret, Alice and Ward
Circa 1929
Rainawari Bridge over canal, Kashmir

Houseboats, Dal Lake, Kashmir

Aru campsite, Kashmir

Nasim Bagh Camp, Kashmir
Dave & Joe with school party, leaving Rawalpindi, 1938

Woodstock Boys Hostel, family home, 1932, home for Bob & Ellen, 1948-51

Ridgewood under construction, designed & built by Emmet, 1940-41
Ellen as new bride, leaving Parker Hall, Nov., 1948

Wedding Party, outside Parker Hall

Martha & Emmet, nearing retirement, Rawalpindi, 1950
Martha with Girls' School teachers, Rawalpindi, 1950
Eiwoute Pretty Prairie, Kansas, 1952
Martha, Emmet, & Grandma Payne with friends

Family Gathering, New Haven, Conn., 1952
Back (l. to r.) Marian, Joe, Jim, Emmet, Dave, Bob, Ellen
Front (l. to r.) Marty, John, Barry, Tom, Martha, Davey, Cleo, Dean

Plate 16
PART FOUR

Fourth Term – Final Years

Partition – Indian and Pakistani Independence
Gordon College, Rawalpindi – USA

1945-1951

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Epilogue 643
Mansfield, Ohio, March 11, 1945. We have had a very busy but happy visit here. Dale and Edna have entertained us at the Mansfield and Leland Hotel in a very lovely room with every possible convenience. We have had breakfast here and had tonight's supper here as Alice Sloan's guests.

Friday night the church had a covered dish supper and then the meeting. Emmet showed his three films of our mission and then the Assam and Woodstock ones.

This morning Emmet and I both spoke at the church.

Everywhere I go everyone asked for you and Evangeline. Please send this letter on to her, for I'll not get one written telling her about the different people.

Please do not worry about us. We hope you have been able to get unpacked and that everything is going nicely. Tell Emmet we were sorry we did not get to see the hotel. We shall have to see that again. I hope Aunt Bessie is really none the worse for our visit.

Washington, Iowa, March 20, 1945. I fear it has been over a week since I wrote last. I'll try to tell you briefly what we did. At Gary we stayed with a former seminary mate of Emmet's, Rev. Person and wife. Rev. John E. Simpson, in whose home we were in Oak Park, is also a former seminary student in Emmet's time. There Ruth Sutherland and Martha Ellen Heinrich came out to see us, both girls of our India Mission. In Monmouth we spent one night with Arch Webster (Roseanne W. Graham's brother) and his wife. I don't know if the Grahams have ever met them or not. They're both such grand people. We stayed in the same house in which Grahams were living when we visited them 20 years ago. Many of the congregation there had remembered that we were distantly related and asked for them. We showed pictures there Friday night. It was a union meeting of all the churches. For the dinner before the meeting, Mrs. Webster had invited Dr. and Mrs. Grier, President of Monmouth College, and Dr. and Mrs. Davidson, a retired pastor and his wife.

Saturday night in Monmouth we spent with a former seminary friend, Rev. and Mrs. Hay, of the West Side church. That afternoon we were taken by car to Riggsville, fourteen miles away, where Rev. Mann is pastor. He had been in Stanton [Kentucky] part of the time Emmet was there [before we were married]. Early Monday morning they drove us to Burlington and we crossed the Mississippi River just at sunrise - a very pretty view. From Burlington we came by bus to Washington, Iowa. Reverend Kerr, the pastor here, met us and drove us to Brighton, where Emmet's father was pastor went Emmet was seven. We met several older people who had known the family. I almost forgot a most interesting occasion. The lady who taught Emmet in the first grade in Brighton came forty miles to Keota to meet him. Since then she has spent forty years in Africa under the Presbyterian Board and was just retired in 1942. She seemed so delighted to see him and visited a lot, telling Emmet much that he had forgotten. Yesterday afternoon we went to call on a lady who was married by Emmet's father. While there a daughter came in who was in a hurry to get to a Club meeting where she said someone from India was to speak. The minute I heard the name, I said "Oh, that's Helen Supplee Jongewaard, whom we know." She insisted I go to Club with her. After Helen Supplee spoke I was introduced to the Club and told of our acquaintance with Helen, and of the pictures Emmet would show - that of her home and the people she had just described. You can imagine how surprised Helen was. Her people lived in Kohima on the Burma border. You may remember the pictures of the tribesmen drinking rice beer and of the houses on the top of a hill. Helen's home and all the mission buildings, together with three-fourths of the town were burned to the ground by the Japanese over a year ago. Helen's husband was a little boy in our mission when his
father was a doctor in Taxila hospital. Helen was in the same class with Dave in Woodstock, and she gave us a lot of news of classmates to pass on to Dave.

[We] go by bus to Waterloo where Rev. E. E. Campbell lives. He is the one in whose home we lived our first year in India.

Perhaps Jeannette Stewart has told you that our projector caught up with us in Monmouth. Were we glad!

**College Springs, Iowa, March 28, 1945.** I got this card yesterday at Council Bluffs where we had a few minutes when changing from one bus to another. You would enjoy this part of our trip, for we are traveling entirely by bus. We find them less crowded than in Pennsylvania, and the drivers more accommodating.

In Waterloo we made a very interesting discovery. Rev. E. E. Campbell, we knew, had married a teacher in Akron. We hadn't been there more than two minutes when I discovered she was from Tiro, Ohio. When I said that I was from Mansfield she asked my name. "Payne," she said, "Evangeline Payne?" I said I was her sister and so it began.

Leaving Waterloo we came south by way of Tama (sp.) where Mr. and Mrs. Patterson had been working among the Indians. The Pattersons were in India one term and had to leave because of his health. We were there about six hours and showed pictures at 1:30 in the afternoon to school children and church members. That night we went on to Des Moines for a visit with Mrs. Picken and Kathryn.

In College Springs everyone is asking for you. We're staying with Mr. and Mrs. Grove. Since starting this letter we have come over to Tarkio. You remember Rev. Neal's son is here. He took us to lunch this noon and for a ride around town after that.

**Omaha, Nebr., April 1, 1945.** We are staying at an hotel here and are having a restful time. We went out to the Central U.P. Church this morning and Emmet will show the pictures there this evening. We leave tomorrow morning for Ewing, Nebraska where Laura McLaughlin will meet us and take us home after the meeting tomorrow night. So many people asked for you in College Springs. They all remember you so well. Mrs. Will Farquhar was so glad for your card.

**Atkinson, Nebr., April 4, 1945.** We were in Omaha over Easter and stayed at a very nice hotel. We went out to the central U.P. church for Easter morning service. . . They had two morning services and the church was packed both times. Dr. A. K. Stewart, pastor of the church, came for us late in the afternoon and took us out to their home and to church, where Emmet showed the pictures. After the service they were taking us out to their house for a supper, and just as I stepped into the car the wind swept off my hat and carried it over the top of the car to an unknown destination. The darkness and the wind combined to make it impossible for us to find it and I had visions of going hatless until Friday in Kansas City, for there is no place to shop here. However, Mrs. Stewart came to my rescue with a nifty dark blue sailor - old to her, but new to me. Some way of getting an Easter bonnet! A card today says they found the hat; so will probably have an exchange of hats at the railway station in Omaha Friday morning.

We had such warm weather for a few days, and then Sabbath evening a strong, cold wind came up. The pastor's daughter told us that the saying about Nebraska is, "If you don't like this Nebraska weather, just wait a minute."

We came by bus Monday and today that road is blocked by snow drifts! We have had just a little snow here but a powerful wind. The McLaughlins have electricity furnished by batteries charged by the wind driving the windmill. We used the electric washer this morning.
We are taking a Pullman to Omaha, and a fast train from Omaha to Kansas City, arriving there at 1:15 p.m. We go on to Sterling Saturday.

Harold Rockey spent the Easter weekend with Bob, who said he felt as though he had had a real holiday. They cooked a curry dinner Friday night and Mary Stewart joined them and brought a pie. Bob has been doing his own washing. He seemed to think the work in the kitchen at Ferguson is a lot of fun.

Joe and Jim have both written of the good visit Barry and Marty had in Boston. They so enjoyed being at the Weins.

Sterling, Kans., April 9, 1945. Postcard to Evangeline. We're getting on fine. The next nine or ten days will be very busy ones but then we shall have a rest in California. I intended writing you a letter here but simply haven't had the time. I may not get it off before I get to California. Barry and Joe both wrote of the very happy time they had with you and Paul.

Pueblo, Colo., April 12, 1945. We have just returned from Canyon City where the Presbytery and Presbyterial met. After the meeting this noon we drove out to the Royal Gorge and drove across the bridge over it. It is a magnificent thing. When we returned we heard of President Roosevelt's death. The country needs leadership if ever it did.

Colorado Springs, Colorado, April 14, 1945. As our train is late this morning I shall have time to write you. We have a very good view of the mountains and Pikes Peak from our hotel window. We had planned to go out to Marriton and the Garden of Gods this morning, but last evening a heavy blizzard struck this section and more snow fell than at any time during the whole winter.

We liked Sterling College and the spirit there very much. We stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Kelsey and think them both very fine.

Miss Anna Mulligan is in Sterling now and she took us to the cafeteria for lunch Monday. The college cafeteria is open to the town folks and it is very well run.

Tuesday morning we were taken by car to Hutchison, Kansas, where we attended a joint Presbytery and Presbyterial meeting of the Arkansas Presbytery. I spoke in the afternoon and Emmet at night. That night at 2:00 a.m. we left Hutchison (it was actually 4:00 a.m. as the train was late) and arrived at Pueblo at 11:30 the next morning. From there the pastor and his wife drove us to Canon City for a joint meeting of Colorado Presbytery and Presbyterial, where Emmet showed pictures that night and I spoke the next morning. The meeting closed at noon and in the afternoon two cars drove out to the bridge over the Royal Gorge. Twenty years ago we passed through the gorge and looked up at its massive colorful walls of rock. This time we looked down from a bridge 1,035 ft. above the river. There was a high wind and we could see and feel the bridge swing in the breeze. That evening Emmet showed his pictures at Pueblo and yesterday the pastor from here, who had stayed over a day in Canon City to visit his son, drove us over here.

Today we go to Loveland but stop for a couple of hours at Denver to try to make reservations for California. Tomorrow morning we are to be at Loveland and in the evening at Fort Morgan. Monday we go to Torrington, Wyoming. Tuesday to Greeley, and Wednesday to Denver. From there we leave Thursday afternoon for California and are due to arrive in Berkeley Saturday a.m.

Berkeley, Calif., April 23, 1945. We had a good trip here. When we got on the train at Denver we had only one upper berth, but by the time beds were ready we had another upper just beside it... On these trains now they serve just breakfast and dinner, but with such large crowds they served breakfast from 7:00 to 11:00 and dinner from 4:00 to 9:00. Saturday morning they served 300
breakfasts in three and a half hours. I think that is very good. I told you this because I thought you would be interested.

Margaret met us in Berkeley and brought us over here where Mother Alter and Auntie live. We have a large third floor room and they are very comfortable. Saturday night Mother Alter gave a dinner here for the family. Twelve of us sat down to dinner - Mother Alter, Margaret, Adah, Helen, Bill and Joe Henry (Helen and Bill's little boy), Margaret Jean and Phil (the boy to whom she's engaged), Alice, Cleo, and we two. After dinner we went to Auntie's room and showed the family album of pictures. Auntie is looking much better than I expected her to. She sits up in a chair a couple of hours almost every day. She has such a bright, cheerful room with a sun porch beside it.

Yesterday Emmet spoke at church. We met many old friends... The church was crowded - both the downstairs and the gallery... They continue to have a hundred or more servicemen there every Saturday night for the night and breakfast Sabbath morning. Families take them home for dinner at noon and they serve a Sabbath night supper to the Youth Fellowship and servicemen. It is a great work.

Mother Alter, Margaret, Cleo, Emmet and I had dinner at a very nice restaurant and then came over here for a good visit. Cleo had a number of letters from Dave that she shared with us. There was a letter from Dave waiting for us here on our arrival and I'm sending it on to the boys. He is now with the headquarters of the Eighth Army. If anyone knows where that is, please let us know. In one letter he describes his very pretty and commodious private office with an elaborate glass chandelier, mirrors, etc... Before this, according to letters from Cleo, he had been on frontline duty. They had living quarters in a house with four tiled bathrooms, etc. At one place he was in one of six of the houses left standing in the whole town... He writes in a very happy mood and is very interested in his work. He told Cleo to get the January copy of the American Magazine and read the article "G-men in Khaki." She got it out of the library and brought it over yesterday for us to read. It was very enlightening about the C.I.C.

Last night the two Nichols Roy boys came over and we showed them the pictures of Aasam and Woodstock. They are the two Anglo Indian young men who were managing the orange grove in Assam. You may remember the pictures. They came to America to study two years ago.

**Berkeley, Calif., May 2, 1945.** World news is exciting. President Truman is right. There can be no celebration here until the Pacific is freed.

Saturday night Ada had us all to dinner at the Durant Hotel and afterwards they - Ada, Helen and Bill, took us across to San Francisco and Ada asked very especially for you. The ride across the Bay Bridge at night is magnificent. The bridge is almost eight miles long, including the very short tunnel through Treasure Island, and is a marvelous piece of engineering. A cousin, Dr. Joe's niece, is taking us across and out to Golden Gate Park and across the Golden Gate Bridge Friday. It should be a very lovely trip.

Thursday night we had dinner out with Cleo in Mr. and Mrs. English's home. They live up on the hill in Piedmont. We like them very, very much and think Cleo is very fortunate to have such a lovely home in a strange city. Their daughter, Marianna, was Maid of Honor at Cleo's and Dave's wedding. She was married two months later and has a baby daughter about 6 months old. But it just happened that her husband was home on leave so we saw them all.

Friday noon we went to Dr. Siekes' for lunch and Dr. Tyler was there, too. These were the two American doctors who worked at the Catholic hospital in Rawalpindi when we were there. Dr. Tyler operated on Bob and had him as a patient part of the time during his siege of rheumatic fever. Dr. Siekes came before she left, and was Bob's doctor and later was mine when I had a long siege of kidney infection. It certainly was good to see them both again. Dr. Siekes has a beautiful home high
up on the Piedmont hills. She is married to a doctor and has a lovely little four-year-old daughter. Dr. Tyler is also married and lives up in the Berkeley hills, but has an office over in San Francisco.

Thursday, yesterday evening, we had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Rickard over in San Francisco. You remember they brought us to the station in Atlantic City. When they walked across from Burma, we had a house ready for them in Landour. Their oldest son, Sam, just flew out over the Pacific Thursday night. Johnny is at Yale under the army, studying Chinese, and I'm asking Jim to get in touch with him. Ever since coming home in 1942, Mr. Rickard has been out here in charge of broadcasting to the Orient and listening in to the enemy broadcasts.

Tonight Margaret and Cleo had dinner with us. Cleo has been with us a lot and seemed to want to be with us as much as possible. It has given us an opportunity to get better acquainted.

We leave here for Los Angeles Saturday a.m.

Los Angeles, Calif., May 9, 1945. Now I think I should try to catch up on our trip. We left Berkeley at 8:45 Saturday morning and arrived here exactly at 10:00 p.m. by the San Joaquin "Daylight." It was the most luxurious and comfortable train we have travelled on. It is all coaches with reclining chairs and seats have to be reversed, this with no additional fee. I'll try to find a folder telling about it. We left Berkeley rather tired Saturday morning and arrived here at night rested and refreshed! You can't say that of most train rides. It is air-conditioned and runs very smoothly and quietly. All stations are announced, meals called, etc. over the loudspeaker. The radio was on much of the time, though not all. There was a porter for each coach and a maid who heated bottles for babies, attended any sick, etc.. There were two coffee shops and one store with souvenirs, ice-cream, candy, books, magazines and cold soft drinks. There was no waiting in line for meals since the service was ample for the crowd. The scenery was beautiful, especially when we climbed up over the pass following up a river valley, winding our way in and out and finally making a big loop reaching the top.

We are staying here with Rev. Ferguson D.D. and Mrs. Ferguson. They are a very fine couple, now retired.

Sabbath at five Rev. J. K. Stewart, who was at our wedding, came for us and took us out to their home for supper. Emmet showed his pictures at their church that night. I'd written Mrs. Ward, Marjorie's mother, that we would be there and she came, bringing two of our Woodstock girls who had just landed on Friday. They and a Presbyterian missionary had gone out to the Pacific Homes, where Mrs. Ward is, that afternoon to see someone else. When they met Mrs. Ward, she told them we were to be at that church that night; so they stayed and came along. And did we have a visit afterwards?!

Tuesday noon we were out to the Occidental church, where Emmet spoke, and that night we were at the First U.P. Church, where I spoke at the mothers and daughters banquet. The V.E. Day service followed that up in the sanctuary. A soloist sang Kipling's "Recessional" magnificently.

After dinner Dr. J.K.Stewart and his wife came for us and took us for a ride up to the Planetarium where Wade was, and then all over Beverley Hills and Hollywood. We drove past "Sardi's" where your breakfast broadcast comes from, and past some of the famous nightclubs, movie houses, and we saw one of the studios from a distance. We also passed many very beautiful houses - Harold Lloyd's, Marie Dressler's, and others. It was a very lovely drive and we know much more about this city than we did before.

This noon we go to the Pasadena church and from there on to Long Beach, where we are going to have a visit with Dr. Gordon before the meeting and with Helen Snyder Moore and Cloyd and Cecil afterwards, arriving there before noon and leaving on the morning train for Portland. We shall be in Portland from the 19th to the morning of Wednesday, the 23rd. Then we shall be in Spokane,
Washington until the 28th morning when we leave for Chicago. I hope to get home the 31st. When will you be back to New Wilmington? I will come for you whenever you are ready or if Emmet can get a car, he’ll drive over for you. Hope all are well.

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There is a gap in Martha’s letters from the end of May to the end of December, presumably a period in which Grandma Payne was living with them in New Wilmington, Pa. A telegram from Jim in New Haven, dated October 3, reads: “We sail Friday morning from Baltimore for Karachi, leaving here tomorrow morning. Grateful for visit last week with all three of you. Barry and Marty send regrets. Much love. Jim.”

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New Wilmington, PA, December 27, 1945. What a very wonderful box you sent us!.. As Joe says "Grandma shouldn't spend so much on us!" but I know how much pleasure you get out of giving.

The Cummingses came Monday afternoon and are staying at the College Hall and having their noon meal at Stewarts and evening meal here. We have Mary Stewart here with them, too. Monday night all the young folks went out caroling and didn't get in until two. The Downses served them a supper before they started out, and after they had gone the rounds of the town and out to the Overlook, they ended up at Miss Barr's where they were served hot grapefruit, cake, coffee and candy!

Tuesday morning, Tom and Elizabeth came down for an 8:30 breakfast and opened all their parcels here at our tree. It was much jollier having such a big group. Mary Stewart joined us that day for lunch (we reversed the order of meals for Christmas, since we were eating dinner at the Stewart's); Joe and Marian and Tom went to Corinne's and Downses with some fruit and jam.

We have had two letters from Bob [who was visiting Betty Smiley in Texas] and all is well.
New Wilmington, Pa., January 30, 1946. Letter to Evangeline. I had been going to write you ever since mother wrote of going to the doctor's. She spoke of the place on her nose when she was here but thought it was no larger or sorer than when in Belmont; so we didn't consult a doctor. The one practicing physician in town is not a specialist, though he could have directed us to one in New Castle. However, I thought that since it was no worse than before, it was just as well to let it alone. From mother's letter I couldn't tell if it had gotten larger this fall.

Now, of course, I want to know the facts. I do not know if you talked to the doctor but from what mother wrote, they would be better able to tell by February 6th whether she would have to have more treatments. I'm wondering if it is a skin case or deeper. Perhaps after next Wednesday you can tell me more.

I'd been hoping that after Emmet goes, she could come here, but haven't said anything for everything is so uncertain as to the date of his sailing, etc., though he does hope to get off soon. With any treatments on she will not want to leave there, but I'm still hoping she can come. She can share the room with me as it is a large room and we have twin beds. Please keep me informed.

The Taylors drove up from Pittsburgh this afternoon and had dinner with us. They brought salad and dessert. I had pot roast and all that goes with it. Mother can tell you that it would be an uproarious time if Taylors were here with their children. Our boys were down on the floor romping with them, too. Marian was the only one who kept them quiet, for she read to them. They left at 9:00.

We had a letter from Ward Alter, son of Emmet's brother in India, who is down at Oak Ridge, that he is getting a furlough and will be up next week. As we haven't seen him since '38, we hope he gets here before Emmet leaves.

We had a letter from Dave Monday. It was written January 13th. He is now at Kumamoto, a town on the same island as Nagasaki, but one that has not been hit by bombs; so Dave feels a bit more civilized. The quarters are much better since they took over the Kumamoto social club as officer headquarters. In fact, Dave's bedroom is the one the Emperor occupied the last time he visited there before the war. Also they are a small group and have their own mess, so are able to have a few more "extras" on the menu. He says the work is rather a strain because they are sending men home every month without replacements, and his line of work is one of the most important units of the army over there now. He spends 60 hours a week at his desk, let alone the hours spent on the work outside the office. He says that the big compensating factor is that it is about the most interesting work that one could ever have over there. He doesn't know when he will get home, but says he has 59 points and has been on active duty since January 2, 1943; so when we see any statement about points and time for officers, we can know where he stands. However, he may not get home even when he has all requirements, for they can keep him at least two months longer if the commanding officer says so. He sent us two pictures - snaps he took of himself - that show he has gained in weight and that he has what he calls a "cookie duster" on the upper lip.

We also had a long letter from Cleo the same day. She is trying to find a small apartment in Berkeley, but they are hard to find.

New Wilmington, Pa., June 3, 1946. Letter to Evangeline, Paul, and Janet. Friday was the big day of the wedding but I have not had time to write since. I shall now make carbon copies of this letter, so that all the family may be able to hear of the wedding. I shall go back a few days and ask mother and the Weins to pardon a little repetition. On the night of the 16th of May, Marian phoned
to her mother in Idaho Falls and it was decided that she would come on for the wedding, the date of which was set for the 31st. Marian went to Pittsburgh to meet her mother the following Wednesday, and they returned on Friday. As Marian's brother wanted them to purchase a new car for him, they went out to a cousin's in Wilkinsburg, whose sons and daughter are in the automobile business. They found that they could not get a new one, but that a very good 1941 Chrysler was available. They came on up here then and got in touch with the brother, and on Tuesday they went down again for the car. It was a great boon to have a car this last week here.

As Joe was in the midst of exams, having five in a row from Tuesday noon until Thursday at 5:00, they got busy on the license, etc. early. Here in Pennsylvania they have to have blood tests and physical examinations, all of which take time. However, the license was in hand on Monday so as to allow for no delay.

You can all imagine the many details that had to be attended to; so I shall not dwell on them further. Those of you who have been here know what a beautiful chapel Wallace Memorial is. There were two large vases of white snapdragons, one on either side of the altar.

After the ceremony Mrs. Wengert and I were ushered out behind the bride and groom and all of us rode home in the car, with Bob at the wheel.

The bride and groom were both quite calm, though showed signs of excitement, Joe fairly dripping with perspiration before the ceremony began. That must bring up memories to Jim who had a similar experience.

There were 58 guests at the reception [held in their home on Waugh Ave.]. Mrs. Martin and Gertrude came over from Wadsworth, Mrs. Trumbull from Beaver Falls, one of Marian's cousins from Wilkinsburg, Mary Anne Rehm's parents from Pittsburgh, and Isabella Reed, James, and Bessie Adams. You can imagine how surprised I was when I went in early to the chapel and found Bessie sitting there. They left home at 6:30 and were here at about one.

Elizabeth Cummings, Mary Stewart and one other college girl helped serve. The cake was very pretty. It was made in New Castle and Joe and Mrs. Wengert went down Friday at 11:00 for it and the flowers.

When most of the guests had left and Joe and Marian were just about ready to drive off, in came a young fellow looking for the bride. He proved to be an old friend from Idaho, who was hiking to New York from the south and had hoped to be here in time for the wedding. After a brief visit, Joe and Marian took him out to the main highway to which they were going. We were all amused and said it would make a good story entitled "Too Late."

I forgot to say that a night letter was received from Cleo, and telegram of congratulations and good wishes from the Weins, Lucia, and a friend in Idaho Falls. These were all very much appreciated.

This morning they're packing, hoping to leave early in the afternoon as they are driving out to Idaho Falls. Bob is going along as far as Wooster, as he has been wanting to go there and this is a good opportunity. I shall be alone all week and will have time to collect my thoughts as well as material things.

Bessie, Isabella and James stayed until about 10:30 Saturday morning. They planned to stop somewhere enroute but we had plenty of room for them here. Saturday noon at 12:00 I went to the alumni dinner. That afternoon I also attended the band concert and crowning of the May Queen in the chapel. It rained most of the day and so none of these things could be held out of doors. Yesterday morning I substituted, teaching Dr. Sowash's class. Otherwise I would have slept in. Dr. Galbreath preached a powerful sermon at the morning service, on the need for righteousness in all spheres of life. At 4:00 in the afternoon there was a memorial service for the 43 Westminster men killed in the service. It, too, was a very impressive service.
You remember that last year Bob received the cup for being the best man actor of the year. That award is given only once to any one person. During the awards giving this afternoon I was very much surprised when the Dean announced that the speech department was inaugurating a new award this year for the highest meritorious achievement in their department for the year, and this year the award goes to Robert Alter. I do not think that Bob knows anything about it. After the program I went up to Stewart's and this evening Mabel and I went to see "Lost Weekend". The house is a sight, but I decided to finish this letter and take it easy, as tomorrow morning I have to go to speak at the presbyterial near Greenville. After that I should get down to work.

Mrs. Wengert was very eager that the bride and groom visit friends and relations in Idaho Falls, and also that they drive her out to relatives in California. All of you out there take notice and expect to see them some time in the near future. They will be back here for the second half of summer school, which opens July 18th

Clipping from local newspaper: VOWS EXCHANGED AT CHAPEL WEDDING

In a simple double-ring wedding ceremony performed in the Wallace Memorial Chapel Friday afternoon, Miss Marian Elizabeth Wengert, daughter of Mrs. Elmer P. Wengert and the late Mr. Wengert of Idaho Falls, Idaho, became the bride of Joseph Alter, son of Dr. D. E. Alter, Rawalpindi, India, and Mrs. Alter of Waugh Avenue.

Immediately preceding the exchange of vows, the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians was read by Dr. Robert F. Galbreath, college president, who officiated at the wedding, with Miss Dorothy Kirkbride, organist, playing "O Perfect Love."

Miss Mary Ann Rehm, Dormont freshman, was maid of honor, and Robert Alter served as his brother's best man.

A half-hour program of music was contributed by Miss Kirkbride, with Esther Albanese, junior music major, singing "O Promise Me."

Alter is a pre-medical student at Westminster, and his bride is a graduate of Scarrett College, Nashville, Tenn.

New Wilmington, Pa., September 29, 1946. Bob's train was late, so that he did not get here till about one o'clock. He was very much disgusted.

Everything is going on fairly well. The baggage left yesterday afternoon. The Knights took me down at 6:30 p.m. to buy my ticket and check the baggage.

Bob and I finally called on the Clelands tonight. They have their home fixed very nicely. I have several calls that I must make tomorrow.

In the morning I'm going to be at the post office at 8:00 to register my baggage checks so that they get off on that morning mail. I think Bob has very little more to move over to his room.

I have plenty of oleo for Joe and Marian. A wedding present of a glass coffee maker arrived today, and it is quite possible that I shall have to carry it, for I do not see how I can pack it for shipping, or rather mailing it.

I'll write you from New York and probably from Philadelphia. Thanks for your letter.

Philadelphia, Pa., October 1, 1946. Joe met me this morning and we took a taxi out as I had so much luggage. They are fine. The house is quite mussed up as they are repairing and painting, but it should be quite comfortable when finished. Marian was working this noon; but I came over and had lunch with Joe. Tonight we are eating out. I met Charles Stewart in the Board Rooms and he says our ship is manned by Italians and should not be affected by this strike.
Prince George Hotel, New York City, October 3, 1946. I spent last night over with the Babcocks and Grahams and tonight I'm here at the hotel.

[Joe and Marion] were telling Charlie and Mary Lou that they had such a wonderful grandmother, full of pep and energy. Joe always tells everyone how quick you are on the comeback.

I have just talked to Dave and Cleo. Dave phoned from California. Dave has definitely decided to major in art, has started and just loves it.

I have talked to Evangeline and Paul, to Janet, to Joe and Marion, and to Bob. Now I think I shall send you a night letter. Then you will know I am sailing. We go on board in the morning and sail in the afternoon. The accommodation is quite good I am told. We are due in Alexandria in about two weeks. I do not know how long we shall be there. It would be best for you to write to India rather than to any port enroute, as it would be almost impossible to reach me.

Western Union, Night Letter dated October 4, 1946, Addressed to Mrs. J. E. Payne, 134 North Grant St., Wooster, Ohio. Had good visit in Philadelphia. And two good days with Grahams, Babcocks here. We go aboard Friday morning and sail that afternoon. Much love, Martha.

New York - Ship, October 4, 1946. We got on the ship at about twelve. There are sixteen in our cabin, many of whom are of our mission. Mrs. Miller is on the berth above me and the Millers and I eat together. The food this noon was quite good. It always takes so long to go on board and get everything settled. I had a number of letters from the College Springs folks. . . All is well here. Thanks for your telegram.

M.V. Vulcania, October 11, 1946. Owing to the vibration of the ship you may find this difficult to read. Please share this with the Wein family as well as with Aunt Bessie and Emmet. This is supposed to go by air from Naples and I sincerely hope it does.

It is just a week since we sailed and I know you are eager to hear what accommodation we have, etc. . . Rumor has it that there are over 900 passengers, and from the crowd and buzz of voices on deck I am sure there must be at least that many. Fortunately the travel agency put the different groups together, or rather did not mix them. I have a lower berth in a 16 berth cabin. Since we sailed Mrs. Du Dult and her two children were able to get a cabin with her husband (going to Ethiopia under our Board) and Mrs. McBane and George have secured one with her husband, so we are only 11 in our cabin, all of the U.P. Mission. Mrs. Miller has the berth above me, and we sit together at meals. There are two sittings in the dining room, but they say there will be only one after Naples.

I have never traveled with so motley a crowd. Some are very fine but some I should hate to meet in the dark! A businessman and his wife sit on one side of me at the table and I have enjoyed getting acquainted with them. He has been abroad many times but this is her first time.

The meals are quite good but nothing unusual, except meat which we have three times a day. Does that make you hungry? We stood in line at the PX the other day and got three small cakes of soap free, and two dozen bars of milk chocolate, each at 5¢ per bar. I'll put these chocolate bars away for India. Also I have put the Weins' box of chocolates away to enjoy with Emmet in Pindi.

We have had good meetings and splendid social times together. We've attended two movies; "The Green Years" was good but the other was inane and stupid.

The ship was a luxury liner and is to be reconverted after this voyage. It rides very smoothly.

M.V. Vulcania, October 18, 1946. I'm sending this to Boston as I do not know how long you, mother, are staying in Wooster. We are due in Alexandria tomorrow noon but this ship will take this mail back to the USA, so I'm writing just a brief letter to tell you all is well.

We stayed in Naples from Monday morning early to Wednesday morning early. As I had been
to Pompeii, Vesuvius and Capri, I didn't go on the tour planned by the ship. I did go ashore twice and shopped around - window shopped chiefly. I've always enjoyed Italy but not so this time. There are so many marks of war, and the things that follow in the wake of war, especially poverty. The normal rate of exchange was 20 Italian lire to one American dollar. We got 500 lire to one dollar; that speaks volumes as to the economic disorders in the country. They say this is the biggest black market ship that comes to Naples, and to see the crowds of people in little boats who tried to get cigarettes from the ship, you would know there was something doing. We could watch them from the little verandah out of our cabin and the first night in Naples one of the girls in our cabin couldn't sleep because of the noise, so got up and looked down. In the hour-and-a-half she watched she saw 17 men crowd into portholes. We were told that some stowaways were taken off the morning we left. The first morning we were in Naples we had noticed men crawling in portholes and, as we had no key to our cabin, we decided to have someone in the cabin all the time. I was on duty Tuesday afternoon when I did most of my packing and a lot of washing. I washed my jersey dress and it looks just like new. Of course I watched the little boats from our cabin veranda and how they did store away the cigarettes. The men had on long stockings and fill them full of packages, which were naturally hidden to others by their long pants. They hid the packages in all sorts of places in the boats. There is a police motor boat that came around at intervals but it was quite evident that the police were in the racket. One of our passengers got his hair cut for three cigarettes. On the streets they were selling them for 10¢ apiece. What I couldn't understand was who could possibly afford them. When we went ashore men followed us but when we told them we had no cigarettes they went away immediately. There was evidently just one thing they wanted. The stewards and stewardesses on the ship were making some extra in the same market. I will send at least one airmail from Alexandria. We have all kept well and have enjoyed the voyage.

Cairo, Egypt, October 24, 1946. A joint letter will have to suffice this time. We landed in Alexandria the 18th. I've never seen such poor handling of luggage. Of course the size of our party made it take longer, but we took from four in the afternoon until 8:30 P.M to get through customs, just with our hand luggage. We stayed at a hotel along the sea and the next day we were at the Customs House and dock from 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m., identifying our luggage and getting it loaded through to Bombay. That evening we went out in the city to investigate, etc. Sabbath morning we attended the Scotch Kirk and in the evening we were all invited out to Sheilgo, the mission house five miles out, for a buffet supper. There were 38 in all present. In our travelling party of U.P. missionaries there were 48, including all for Egypt, the Sudan, Ethiopia and India. The Egyptian missionaries got off Saturday night to their various stations. Those for Ethiopia came to Cairo Monday noon, and we for India came Monday afternoon. Here we all are in a hotel and expect to leave tomorrow morning at six for Port Said, and sail in the afternoon on the Empress of Scotland. This is a regular liner and should be very comfortable. We should be up in the Punjab before the middle of November. There are some 70 missionaries bound for India here, all of whom hope to get off on this same ship. The hotels in the East are nothing to boast of, so we shall be glad to be on our way.

Here in Egypt the travel agencies are doing everything for us according to instructions from the mission, so we are being carried around on a silver platter. We don't have to make decisions ourselves; we just do what we are told.

In Alexandria the wind was very strong and I picked up a cold, so when we got here I went to bed for two days. Dr. Du Dult (bound for Ethiopia) was here when we arrived and gave me all the drugs necessary to put me on my feet again. I was up for dinner last evening. Davida Finney came over last evening for a visit. She asked for you each one and you in particular, mother. You boys may remember her as a lady with whom we stayed in Assiut. Helen Martin asked me over to the college
for supper tonight. She is coming in her car for me. You boys may remember she is the one who put her car at our disposal when we were here in 1938. We all had supper at the college one night then.

The mission prayer meeting is tonight and we are to have a social hour afterwards.

We're back in the Middle East where one sees a great mixture of races and types. We had quite enough on our ship. It is interesting to study different types. Many are cordial and a few are gruff and rude at times, but that is true of all races.

Rawalpindi, November 16, 1946. I am sending this combination letter so that you all can get the news. I'm sorry to have delayed writing so long but when you hear my tale you will understand. First, let me thank you for the good letters, which came in eleven days from the date of mailing. It makes you seem closer when mail comes quickly. There has been no reduction in the price of regular airmail letters from here to the USA, but these forms make a good substitute.

We were in Egypt only eight days but very glad to leave. From Port Said we sailed on the Empress of Scotland, a very fast boat which brought us to Bombay in seven days. Though we were crowded in our cabins, as it is still a transport, we had a very large and comfortable lounge where we spent most of the time, as the wind was too strong on deck.

When we reached Bombay I received letters from Emmet and Jim, both urging me to go to Jabbalpur on my way up. If you look at the map you will see that it was something of a circuitous route, but seemed to be the best thing to do if I wanted to see Jim and family soon. We didn't get our luggage through customs until Sunday morning and then I took the night train out of Bombay, having stayed there with friends. The missionaries in Bombay have been wonderful in caring for missionary transients throughout these war years.

I reached Jabbalpur at 3:00 p.m. and Jim, Barry and Marty were all at the station. Barry is very thin but is taking medicine and tonic and is eating well, so should put on some weight. They're very enthusiastic about their studies and the living arrangement. Jim seems quite fit and finds the necessary things for his diet. He says the libraries there in India are better than he would have in Yale. Marty still has your beautiful blue eyes, mother, and the most winsome smile. Her accent is definitely New England, though of course she speaks Urdu, too. You should have seen her when I gave her the doll.

I left there Thursday night and didn't get here until 10:15 Sunday morning. I missed connections in Delhi and had to spend the night in the station there and take a train out Saturday morning. This train was five hours late reaching Jhelum, where Emmet met me. He had spent from 1:00 a.m. to 6:00 a.m. in the station, waiting for me. Fortunately I had a compartment to myself; so we had a good visit on the train up here. He seems well.

Rawalpindi, November 24, 1946. We have half the house [on the Gordon College campus] and the Cummingeses the other half. Both sides are alike... It is ample for the two of us, but does not give a guest room.

Yesterday we began our own meals. Before this Mrs. Cummings had boarded us. I have as cook an older man, a Christian, who has worked mostly for the English. I hope he will prove satisfactory. He has a good reputation.

I've met a number of old friends, though I have not made many calls myself. Friday night they had a dinner welcoming me.

We have had good word from all the boys. I'm glad they are writing regularly. I'm wondering how long you are staying in Wooster, mother. I know Aunt Bessie enjoys having you there. I think you should take a taxi when you go out, as you should not walk very far and Aunt Bessie really shouldn't walk at all.
Rawalpindi, January 4, 1947. We were very pleased to receive your letter mailed on December 23rd. It came through in 10 days and one from the boys yesterday came through in eight. That certainly makes us seem close together. We were glad the checks got through in plenty of time for Christmas.

Next week Emmet, or rather on the 13th, goes to Gujranwala for a committee and I'm going down to Sialkot to see Joe and Marjorie, and he will come over there after his meeting. Marjorie has not been well this winter but is better now.

A letter from Jim says they hope to come here for a visit in April. That is a hotter time for them down there than it is here. We are really glad they did not come up for Christmas because we have had such cold, cloudy, and rainy weather that it would have been difficult to make them comfortable. We have a fire in our dining room and small sitting room all the time, but a child finds it difficult to be shut up all the time. We can make them much more comfortable in April. They do not have such cold, wet winters in Jubbulpore as we have here.

The students returned from vacation Thursday and all over the campus we saw boys embracing each other. That is their way of greeting their friends instead of a handshake. These next few weeks the students have what are called House Exams. No college is able to give a degree out here. All degrees are given by the universities and all colleges of this province are affiliated with the Punjab University. Thus all candidates for a degree must take the university exams. These House Exams are given in January and only those students who pass these exams are allowed to go for the university exams in March. One of the unpleasant tasks Emmet has these days is to collect back fees. Boys are not allowed to take these exams if they have not paid their fees to date. One of the clerks in the office goes into the exam hall and reads out the names of the boys who have not paid. Many of them have the money right in their pockets but will not pay it until they have to. Those who do not pay there are sent to Emmet. They all promise to pay the next day and sure enough they come in with it the next morning. There are a very few cases where longer time has to be given. Most of our student body are Mohammedans. We have over 900 students, of whom only 50 are Christian. We have a few Sikhs and a few Hindus. They're all alike in holding onto their money until pressure is applied. It is difficult to understand. Another difficult thing for us to understand is their pride in their debts. They really seem to count their wealth in their debts and never seem to be concerned as to how much they owe until the lender begins to apply pressure. Then it's likely as not they would try to borrow from someone else to pay the old debt, and incur another one at the same time.

Rawalpindi, January 23, 1947. I wonder if Bob wrote to you that when he got back he had a letter saying that he had been elected to the Who's Who for colleges and universities. I am very glad for him that he got this recognition. He is not a brilliant student and does not make a big splash, but he is steady and genuine. He is such a good lad, too, and very kind and sympathetic and helpful.

When I was down in Gujranwala, I got a list of American surplus groceries and ordered a number of things - canned corn, peas, Spam, salmon, tuna fish, chocolate pudding mix, hard candy, pickles, jelly, applesauce, apple butter, jelly, and marmalade. I shall get only minor proportions, according to what others ordered from the mission, but I shall be glad for anything. Three weeks ago three boys from Woodstock (one of them Cleo's brother) suddenly came in on us one night and we scraped around to get enough to eat. They were on their way to Kashmir, and [we sent] some of these American supplies with them. They did not stay in Kashmir as long as they planned (probably
it was too cold), and came through here while I was away and left 6 lbs. of Swift's bacon for us. Wasn't that grand? They also left two boxes of matches, which are exceedingly hard to get. Emmet has gone out to camp with Joe and did not return until last night. He has to go to a called meeting of Synod on Monday. I am sorry he has to go away again so soon, for he is not able to tramp around so much. Perhaps he can stay home after this for a few weeks.

Here on the college campus we have a large number of servants living in one quarter and there is always some trouble brewing. While we were away, two of the gardeners got into trouble over one of the women, the wife of one of them, with the result that one man is fired. Then yesterday a high school girl, a daughter of one of the servants, took poison. Quick aid from the hospital saved her. Her mother has been away for two months and she had to do everything for her seven brothers and sisters and her father, who is much of a grouch. Life was evidently too much for her at the time and she sought escape. Now we are trying to find out all that is behind it. Her mother is away, getting a son to a former marriage married. Weddings take much time and money in this country. How she can neglect the eight children here for so long is hard to understand. But she may find this husband a considerable brute. Who knows? These people are so poor (though we pay much more than formerly and more than we can afford, and they could not get any other work any better paying as well) and they live in such crowded quarters, though it is like they live in the village, that one wonders how they ever manage to have even a semblance of decency. If India's population continues to increase as it has in the past 50 years, one wonders what will happen to the country. They do not use any birth control methods, and, since medicine and prenatal care have decreased the infant mortality, the population problem is big.

Rawalpindi, January 26, 1947. Letter to Janet. I am not sure what would interest you most about our life out here. It is quite a different India from even 10 years ago because the political condition has changed so radically. I would hesitate to forecast the future, as the conflicting groups here have still not come together, but rather seem to be growing farther apart. Jinnah and the Moslem League, of which he is the head, are still demanding Pakistan, a separate Moslem state. That is just what the world is trying to get away from in its efforts to unite small groups. India's strength lies in a united country, not a divided one. The Congress Party, headed by Nehru, are working on the Constitution as if they can impose it upon the other groups. I think they have the right line but they need to have the others with them. For us as residents here all is peaceful at present, but what will happen when they attempt to set up the new government is another question. You might just write off India as a big question mark.

Here in Pindi we live very comfortably and have all that is needed in the way of equipment. We have rations of whole wheat flour, sugar, rice, and coal. All are ample except the coal, which this month has been reduced from 480 lbs. to 320 lbs. for cooking. We can buy it in the black market, but that pinches our purses and we do not do it unless absolutely necessary. There are quantities of American surplus groceries on the market now and we have given an order to our mission. These are things that taste mighty good but are not essential. One likes to have a flair occasionally. We shall probably buy Miss Cathcart's frigidaire when she leaves in March. Though it seems like a lot of money, it would give us great comfort and will make the heat more bearable. Otherwise, the butter is like oil, and milk does not keep from morning until afternoon, etc.

I have not done much since coming out. When Miss Cathcart leaves I am to be adviser for the girls' school in the city, and to take over her Sabbath School class out at the leper hospital. Uncle Emmet teaches the men out there every week now. He is in charge of the hospital as I was when I was here before. I wonder if you remember that I opened a home for untainted children out there, and later the building was erected under your Uncle Emmet's direction. There were at first only six
children whom we accommodated in a rented house. Now we have 29. Of those original six, Elizabeth was married three days after Christmas and we were out to the wedding, which was very nice indeed. She married a boy who had also been saved from leprosy in a home farther south. His mother is now well and working here and he has a position in the railway shops. Esau - another of the boys - volunteered for the army and with the medical corps for four years. He is now working in a soda water factory and wants his mother to stop work, as he is able to support her. His older brother, who was in the home down south, is now a senior in college. Another boy, Abdul Majid, did not show much aptitude for school, so Mrs. McCauley, the doctor's wife, trained him to be a cook and he is also able to support himself. Another one, Yusuf, is the oldest boy now in the home and is a junior in high school. He is gifted in drawing and writing and we hope to give him some special training in that. By writing, I mean the mechanical writing of the letters. His ability along this line would give him a position in the press, because all the Urdu has to be written by hand and then set in plates for printing. Mohammed Hussain is an orphan of about 14 years and is in the first year of high school. He wants to be baptized but we must obey the law and wait until he is of age. Andrew is one boy whose parents refused to let him remain in the home, and he is probably roaming the streets as a beggar, spreading leprosy as he goes. I was very interested in getting this information after my return. The children of school age attend school at our mission schools in the city. They also come in to the City Church for services on Sunday.

We live on the campus of the college and have very fine fellowships with the Indian staff members on the campus. They are younger and have some very adorable little children. One mother is careless about the care of her son, but the others keep their children very clean and are interested that these little ones have the best training. Indra, the eldest daughter of Prof. Thomas, is one of the most charming little girls of 10 that I have ever met. She is very well mannered and thoughtful of her younger brothers, as well as very keen mentally. Gordon College, like all colleges in America, is overcrowded.

Rawalpindi, February 2, 1947. I may have told you that we had ordered some wholesale army groceries from the surplus department. Emmet brought them home from the Synod meeting this week and we have all been enjoying opening them. We have shared some of the larger tins - such as peanut butter, apple butter (extra good, Mother), pickle relish, and chocolate pudding mix. This latter was in 5 lb. tins and Mrs. Cummings and I divided it. It seems too bad the boys are not here to help enjoy it. I've put these things away in quart jars, and the pudding mix, since it is dry, should keep indefinitely. All these things help a lot on the sugar problem. These may seem very ordinary things to you but we cannot get them out here. I also bought salmon, cream corn, peas, tuna fish, tomato juice and tomatoes. All these things we are getting at home prices or in some cases lower. Mr. Whitfield thinks we will be able to get another lot of supplies sometime soon and perhaps it will have some canned fruit or some American coffee. We're getting very poor coffee out here now. However, we are fortunate in getting plenty of good food and we have these extras for an occasional flair. I forgot to mention a 5 lb. can of hard candy, which is very, very good. Also these tins are very valuable, and I am having fitted lids made for them. Using that lovely can opener you gave us, we can make much better use of the cans.

About the oranges. They are grown right here in the Punjab and are very good. We think they are much better than the Florida ones and equal to the California ones. We bought them down at the wholesale market, where we can get a better choice, as all the retail dealers buy there, too. It is nice to have the oranges to give to friends who come to call at Christmas. These were $3 a hundred; so you see fruit is much cheaper out here than there. Mr. and Mrs. Fazl Ilahi gave us a hundred for Christmas.
That reminds me to tell you that it is possible that Mr. Fazl Ilahi will go to America the last of March, as one of the three delegates from India to the General Assembly. I do not know where they will be but if they should go to Boston I do want you folks to meet him, as you have heard us speak of him and his family for the past 30 years. I shall write later about it and let you know definitely if he is going. He was elected a member of the Punjab Legislative Assembly this past year and is a busy and influential man.

Rawalpindi, February 14, 1947. Tuesday I invited Mrs. Mary Samuel and Mrs. Ponsonby over for lunch. Mrs. Samuel is moving to Gujranwala with the Bible School and I wanted to have her before she left, and Mrs. Ponsonby is a very old friend of hers. Mrs. Ponsonby is much younger than her husband, of whom I wrote you, and was a girl in school with Mrs. Samuel. After her marriage Mrs. Ponsonby attended classes here in Gordon College and was the first woman student to pass through the college. She soon afterwards became a school inspectress but gave that up to become headmistress of the government school for girls, where she taught for many years, and then she again became inspectress before her retirement.

As Miss Peterson is moving the Bible School to Gujranwala, the house in which Mrs. Samuel and the school were housed will be vacant and we have been hounded by would-be renters. The situation has been aggravated by the border raid near Abbottabad this winter. The Moslems of the border tribes come across, looting and burning and killing. The chief object was the Hindu community, many of whom fled down this way and brought what little they could with them. In many instances that little was hard cash, which they had hidden in their houses or buried in their compounds, as they do not trust the banks. Now they are buying property here and, since they are willing to pay well for it, landlords are selling and giving notice to renters to find other accommodations. All communities are affected by this order, but the different communities give preference to their own community in renting, and since the Christians are not the wealthy class and few own their own homes and none own property to rent, they are hit the hardest. Also, the communal spirit has gone so far that Moslems and Hindus have allotted certain streets for their own communities, allowing no one else to come in. Hence, the number of people besieging Emmet, who is in charge of the [mission] property. There is not only the big house but there is a small house and there are at least two rooms that can be rented to others. The big house will probably be rented to the School Inspectress and her husband - Mr. and Mrs. Didar Singh, who are old friends of ours, are Christians, and have enough money to pay the rent and keep it up. They always keep a place looking nice and many of our people do not have the money or the ability to keep property in good condition.

Rawalpindi, February 23, 1947. We were delighted to receive your good letter dated February 9th, but very sorry to learn from it and from one from Bob that our air-form letters are not getting through since Christmas. I have written on the average of every 10 days, but it looks as though those letters had been sent by ship rather than by plane. These forms had been originally meant for Britishers, only to be sent just within the empire. Gradually the Americans have come to use them to the USA, and in most cities they have been accepted by the Post Office, and we have been assured that they were sent as airmail from here, but it is quite possible that somewhere on the way they have been shifted to the sea borne mail. I am very sorry that you have been delayed in hearing from us. I know that you, mother, often get upset and alarmed if mail does not come just on time, but I hope you have not become so this time. I hear that in the USA they are considering the use of an airmail form letter for all parts of the world for 10¢. If they do that you can send more cheaply, though you will be limited as to the amount you can write. I hope the air form letters get through to you some time.
Miss Peterson and the Bible School are moving to Gujranwala this week, so we had a farewell for her and Mrs. Samuel last night. It was Washington's birthday so we had a good theme for decorations, even though we used plum branches in blossom instead of cherry.

Now that India is to have her independence by June of 1948 it is time for different parties to quit their quarreling and get together to frame a constitution, so that they will be able to take over as a united nation. Today's paper says that Congress is willing to make big concessions to the Moslem League and here's hoping Jinnah will respond.

Rawalpindi, Written in March, 1947. Article by Emmet Alter, published in the United Presbyterian Magazine. Missionary Personnel Safe After Riots in Rawalpindi. Since Rawalpindi has been mentioned over the radio as one of the places affected in the present communal disturbances, you are likely concerned about us. We, and so far as I know all our Christians, have had no trouble except that we have had to keep inside our own bounds.

Beginning of recent outbreak. This clash has been purely Moslems against Hindus and Sikhs. The coalition government of the Punjab is made up of all three of these communities - but its Moslem members not of the Moslem League had held together for many years and given this province about the best government in India. The Moslem League, the largest single party in the Punjab, had not been strong enough to overthrow the coalition government in a parliamentary way, so resorted to outside agitation - processions, mass meetings and civil disobedience. The government and the public did wonderfully well in the face of much provocation and no severe clashes took place. But the Prime Minister [Chief Minister] (himself a Moslem), with his cabinet, Friday offered their resignations to the governor, and the leader of the Moslem League was asked to form a new ministry.

The Hindus and Sikhs then reversed positions and started processions and mass meetings and the shouting of provocative slogans. Then real trouble began. Actual fighting first broke out in Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, where the police opened fire and several were killed on all sides. That was the spark. All these communities had been preparing for some time in anticipation of clashes, and almost instantly fighting sprang up in widely scattered parts of the Punjab. Trains stopped running, newspapers and mail have not gotten through, and the radio is our only source of information, so we do not know more than you of other cities.

Whole city an armed camp. On Tuesday, March 4th, there were processions. By Wednesday they had become so noisy and insistent that we closed Gordon College. Thursday was a holiday. Friday morning brought reports of killing, arson, and looting, so we closed indefinitely. That night the whole city was an armed camp, with attacks by members of one community on members of the other on sight, with much burning of houses and shops. These various communities live in small areas which are predominantly of one community but not entirely so, hence, many individuals have suffered, but also there have been cases of larger groups attacking a whole area and burning it out. Friday night was wild. There is no question the casualties are heavy. From the roof of one of the college buildings we saw many fires within the city as well as in villages nearby. We could see large fires in Murree (a hill station on the ridge of the mountains at 7,000 ft. altitude where the road to Kashmir crosses over - and 37 mi. from Rawalpindi by road), and this morning the report is that a large area in the center of the city has been burned. One report, seemingly reliable, is that the Frontier Mail train from Peshawar to Pindi was attacked at Taxila by Moslems, and many Sikhs taken off and murdered. Since that time all trains have been stopped. Police and military have been out in force and are trying to get control. Curfew has been imposed. Ralph Stewart and Jim Cummings have received "passes"
from the authorities and have been able to contact other groups of Christians and make some arrangement for supplies.

Here at the college our campus, which is quite large and reaches through from one road to another, is an oasis of quiet - quieter than normal when college activities are in session. Throughout the trouble in Pindi there has been no anti-foreign or anti-Christian feeling. We are deeply thankful for this. There has been no effort to invade our college grounds, and our college boys, of whom there are about 150 resident in our hostels of mixed communities, have been wonderful. The effect of our Christian teaching and influences is evident at this time. They have stuck together, loyal to those of opposite communities, though the larger groups outside are fighting each other. Groups of students, of equal numbers of Moslems, Hindus and Sikhs, have taken turns in guarding our gates at night. Two cases have occurred where our students have defended members of the opposite party when attacked. Two of our Moslem students had ventured out from a dormitory and were attacked by Hindus and Sikhs. One was able to get away but one was caught. Then one of our Hindu boys stepped up and said, "This is my class fellow, let him go." He then escorted the Moslem boy to the dormitory where he was staying. Yesterday morning a lone Moslem (outside) was riding horseback along the road just outside our college gate. Sikhs attacked him, struck down his horse with swords (it later died) and badly beat the man, who managed to get away and ran for our gate. Our own Sikh students let him through, but stopped the Sikh outsiders from following. This fellow was doctored and stayed on our campus until afternoon, when Jim Cummings escorted him to the cantonment.

This has been written in the midst of these disturbances. We don't just know what happened around us or what will happen. Rumors are that tonight will be the worst yet - some say that the Sikhs who are our neighbors are coming in tonight to get our Moslem boys, in retaliation for what Moslems had done to the dormitory of a Hindu college. Others say that a large number of Moslems from another "mohalla" of the city are coming across our college campus to get the Sikhs of this area. This will bring you up-to-date about as well as we are informed.

One unintended Christian casualty. It is now Monday, March 10th, and radio reports "Rawalpindi situation under control." The city is definitely quieter but how long it will be until affairs return enough to normal to let business begin in the bazaars I do not know. Many areas must be getting desperate for food supplies. At the college so far we have enough - Ralph Stewart was able to get some supplies through the Deputy Commissioner and the police. But others may not be so well favored. Word has come today from Dr. Macaulay (the Indian doctor in charge of the leper asylum here) that they are running short, and about 200 patients are there to be provided for. So I went to the police post and got an order, then into the bazaar, and delivered to the leper asylum five large bags of whole wheat flour.

I am waiting just now for Ralph Stewart to come back from down in the city, where he has gone to try to get in touch with one of our Christian families, for he has had more contact with civil officials and will know better how to proceed. Maybe hunger will do its part to bring people to their senses.

The last two nights were definitely much quieter, though there had been rumors that they would be much worse. There were still fires visible and reports of assaults, but Ralph reports that the streets are much more open and that in some areas at least the necessary city cleaning force is at work.

So far as we know there has been only one Christian casualty and that not aimed at a Christian as such, but at one mistaken for a Hindu - a young man, son of one of our lepers but himself not a leper, and living outside the asylum in the section of the city nearby, which is
strongly Moslem. Saturday afternoon this fellow ventured out and was shot through the head and died almost immediately. The military provided a truck and escort and the body was taken to one of the cemeteries and buried. There was much fighting in the area and casualties were brought in to our doctor at the asylum for treatment. He writes, "I have been very busy attending the wounded, extracting bullets, sewing up wounds, etc. I have seen a lot of casualties."

No Need to be Worried About Us. Wednesday, March 12th, and the situation in the city now seems pretty much under control, but tension is still high and curfew in force from 3:30 p.m. until 6:00 a.m. Passes are still required to go from one area to another. Just last evening here, immediately outside our college gate, the same place where the Moslem on horseback was attacked, another man was knifed and died before we could get him over to the hospital. This we hope is a final spurt of flame before the fire dies down. This time we did get some police and military guard who stayed with us overnight.

The situation outside the city is evidently worse than inside now. Many villages have been burnt out and great numbers of refugees have come into the city. Two days ago Ralph saw one Sikh coming in with a cart on which he had piled the bodies of seven members of his family who had been killed. Reports are that large gangs have come in from the hills and are plundering wildly. The radio last night reported that the governor of the Punjab has sent more troops up to the northwest part of the Punjab - that would include our area.

I think I will close this now and send it out so that this much news may not be too much delayed. Again let me repeat and give thanks that as foreigners and as Christians we seem safe. There is no need to be worried about us at all. We got word last evening in a roundabout way from Taxila that everything is all right there at the hospital. That is our exposed place.

Rawalpindi, March 18, 1947. Emmet sent a letter last week to the boys and asked them to circulate it and I hope you received it. Your latest letter was mailed on the fifth, and you said that the night before you heard over the radio that there was trouble in Lahore. That was just two weeks ago and much has happened since. Perhaps you have heard the name of our city over the radio by this time, but just how they would pronounce it is another question. In his letter I believe Emmet tried to explain some of the tensions that led to the recent riots. Anyone who has followed the situation out here for any number of years would expect just what has happened. We have not been in any danger, though we are isolated as was most everyone. For several days people were afraid to come out of their houses and the only conveyances that passed our house were trucks of soldiers and police. Not a person ventured out except a few bent on trouble. The days were so quiet that we could hear the birds sing and really wondered where we were. It reminded me of days in camp up in the hills in Kashmir. But the nights were hideous, with all the watchmen calling and every different community calling its own religious slogan, except the Christians who were not in the trouble.

You see, it is a longstanding conflict between the Moslems on one hand and the Sikhs and Hindus on the other. Both the Sikhs and Moslems are warriors and both are contending for supremacy in the Punjab. In our part of the Punjab the population in the villages is about 90 percent Moslem, but the wealth and big buildings and business is in the hands of the few Sikhs. In all the villages around about the Moslems rose up and attacked the Sikhs, killing, burning houses and shops, making some forced conversions, and in some cases raping women. It is just history repeating itself. One night we went on the roof of the science building of the college and saw high flames destroying much of Murree, a hill station 27 mi. away, three villages at the foot of the hills ablaze, three fires in the city itself, and heard the maddening shouting of the people. They kept that shouting up until dawn. I, however, went to bed and slept because I knew there was nothing I could
do and they were not out after me. That was the worst night but many people were more nervous on
some of the other nights.

There were some instances of one community shielding a person of another community. Our
washerman came in on Wednesday and brought all our clothes beautifully laundered. We were
very surprised to see him and especially to get our laundry done almost on time. He said that his
family had lived in a Mohammedan section of the city for 50, years and when this trouble started
some of his neighbors, though he was a Hindu and they Moslems, took his whole family into their
house and kept them quietly there, letting them do their laundry in their courtyard. The
Mohammedan professor living on campus was very much afraid because we live in a Sikh area, and
for several nights he and his wife slept at Cummings' house, but for a week now they have been
sheltering a Sikh friend and his wife who lived in a strong Moslem area. We still have military
guards at one gate of the campus, though they came really after the worst of the trouble was over.

We expected to reopen College yesterday but the officials advise that colleges and schools not
open for another week. We were out this morning and the streets seem to have as many people on
them as normal, but many of the shops are not open yet. For several days we could not get out to try
to buy anything, and if we had gotten out there would not have been a shop open to purchase from.
We were glad for the many army surplus supplies and for the lettuce in the garden. The government
soon opened ration centers to sell flour and rice. We still have a curfew from 6 to 6, but for awhile we
have had it from 3:30 p.m. to 7:00 a.m., and for at least two days there was no need of a curfew. No
one went out except to make trouble and of course that is why the curfew was put on. I just hope you
have not been too anxious concerning us. We can expect such uprisings until a settlement is reached,
but they may not be as widespread as this one was.

You will be interested to know that we took advantage of these holidays and moved over to the
house Miss Cathcart has been occupying. She is still here but expects to sail by the middle of April if
not before. She bought Mrs. Porter sewing machine and it is a Domestic like yours. The latest date
on this one is 1876. What is yours? This was Mrs. Porter's mother's machine. It still works well and I
enjoy using it.

Mrs. Stewart had a severe attack of what proved to be kidney trouble three weeks ago, and
another one on Sabbath and was rushed over to the hospital. Tuesday they took her for more X-ray
pictures and found that what they had suspected is true - a growth on the kidney; so they are
operating early Thursday morning. Dr. Vroon of our Taxila hospital is to assist. The operating
surgeon will be the doctor at the Holy Family Hospital, where Mrs. Stewart is. We hope is is not a
malignant growth. Dr. Vroon seems to think there were good chances that it was not.

Jim and Barry and Marty seem to be fine. They're very busy, as these are the closing days of the
year's work. We had a very good letter from Bob in which he seems very encouraged about coming
out.

Rawalpindi, March 31, 1947. Miss Cathcart has been away for a week but is returning this
evening. I do not know when she is leaving here for America. Her ship is due to sail on the 17th. It
was finally decided not to open any schools for girls until after the spring holidays, which means the
16th of April. They have not had any school since the fifth of March; so they are having a very long
holiday. The Mission High School for Boys opened on the 24th, but attendance was very poor. The
college reopended on the same day and the attendance has been at about 75%. Things are quieting
down, though the Army still has pickets in the city, and they were increased last week as the Sikhs
and Hindus would not open their shops unless they were given more military pickets.

We still hope Jim and Barry and Marty will come up about the middle of the month but we do not
know for sure. I have written them about conditions and think it is perfectly safe for them to come,
though trains are crowded. I do not know how well Barry is feeling. Their coming will be somewhat dependent upon that. We plan to go up to Landour and be with them in August when Barry goes into the hospital. [She is expecting John.]

Emmet is showing the film, "King of Kings," this week at a number of places. Last night he showed it at the big Scotch Kirk in the cantonments and there were about 200 there. There would have been many more but for the curfew which is from seven in the evening to six in the morning in a number of sections of the cantonments and in the whole city. Emmet has a pass which brought us home safely. We're going to darken the college hall for the afternoon showing as people simply cannot come at night. He's to show it at the hall of the Anglican Church in the cantonments tonight. Tomorrow night he is showing it at the Leper Hospital. He is the only one who needs to go out and he has a pass.

Emmet had a good letter from his mother the other day. She is getting around by herself now quite well. Joe and his family are due to sail on the 17th and Auntie is so eager to live until he comes. She is very weak and frail.

We at last had a letter from Dave. He seems to be enjoying his work in the university, as he naturally would since it is art.

Mr. Fazl Ilahi is probably not going to America and we do not know about the others. They do not like to leave their families at a time of unrest. Then, funds sufficient have not been raised; so it is possible that all of them will wait another year. Mrs. Fazl Ilahi does not want him to go at present and we can quite understand that.

Rawalpindi, April 6, 1947. (Martha and Emmet have moved into the "Missahibs' Bungalow" on the Gordon College campus, the house formerly occupied by Miss Cathcart and Miss Peterson. This is the last house they lived in before retirement.)

Today is the first full day that we have run the Frigidaire and I have just put in some ice-cream to freeze. We cannot buy the prepared mixtures as you can there, but we have the big advantage of getting a lot of cream on our milk and that makes much better ice-cream in the Frigidaire. We shall see how this turns out.

Miss Cathcart came back last Monday and has been busy packing this week. She is leaving Thursday noon, the tenth. She has done a much more thorough job of packing than most missionaries do, I believe, and I know you, mother, would heartily approve of her.

It is possible that some of Barry's letters went by sea as some of mine did. In that case Mrs. Beach may hear later. One time Barry wrote that she would hate to tell how long it had been since she had written home. I think I told you that they are expecting their second little one the end of August. We're not sure if they are coming but they cannot get here before the 20th, which seems late to us. If Barry is feeling up to it and no more trouble breaks out, they will come.

When Miss Cathcart [leaves] I am moving out of the middle bedroom and taking hers, which is just beside the teachers' quarters. We have in this house a large living room, large dining room, and three large bedrooms in a row. To each of these bedrooms is a small dressing room and a small bath. Emmet uses the large one farthest from the quarters, as his office and has the dressing room and bath off that for himself. At present our beds are on the back verandah but in another month we shall have to move them to the front. There is a large veranda to the front and side towards Emmet's office and two smaller screened ones to the back, which we are using for a sleeping porch now, and one off Miss Cathcart's room, where she is sleeping now. The pantry and kitchen are off towards the quarters, too. It is a very comfortable house in which to live. There is so much dust in the air that an hour after the room has been dusted we can write our names on the tables. That would never suit you, mother. It has not been that bad all winter but it is now.
We have heard that the airform letters have been legalized for America by putting two more annas postage on them; so after this week we shall try that. This week we wanted to be sure Joe will get his letter for his birthday.

Rawalpindi, April 16, 1947. We were very glad for your good letter of the 30th of March and for the word that you had at last received some of my form letters. Sometimes the air mail goes through very quickly, as did mine of the 18th of March. Now they have legalized those forms for us at eight annas instead of six. I understand there is a similar form from the U.S. now at 104. It would be well to look it up, though you would probably think so small a sheet would cramp your style. You are very good at getting every bit of paper covered; so you would probably get a long letter on one and it will save you a lot of money.

Jim and Barry have given up coming here this month, as they have not as much time for the trip as they thought they would have had, and since the trains are so crowded it would be a long hard trip for Barry when she is not really up to par. We shall hope that Jim will be able to come to Landour while we are there. They have a suite of rooms in one of their mission houses and we can have an adjoining suite and share in the dining arrangements. It should be a very satisfactory arrangement and we can help Barry out. I shall take over the housekeeping when I get there so that the last month before the baby comes she will be relieved. We are sorry they were not able to come according to plans, but we think that considering everything they have made a wise decision.

The girls' school opened yesterday and I do not yet know what the attendance was. In another week we should have all the admissions completed and know whether our attendance has been affected by the riots. Since the majority of the pupils are from the Mohammedan community, I should think we might have about the same number of pupils, which is 350. The Sikhs and Hindus are fleeing to other parts of India as they are afraid of their position in what will eventually be Pakistan, the Mohammedan government. They have suffered enough in these last riots to have reason to be afraid.

Mr. Fazl Ilahi gave up going to America as he felt he was needed here. If ever the Christian community needed leadership, it is now, and he is one of the influential men of the Synod. He would have made a much better presentation of India than either of the men who have gone. Mr. Fazl Ilahi is also needed in his school here. It has been supported for many years on fees and government grants, which are in turn in proportion to the fees. Because of the riots the attendance was greatly decreased and so the fees are very much less for these past two months. Mr. Fazl Ilahi's salary and that of all the staff is dependent on the fees. He is also needed politically, as he is a member of the Punjab Legislative Assembly.

(Later on the same day.) Mrs. John Samuel, the Headmistress of the girls' school, has just been in to work on some accounts, and she says that the attendance is very good today and she would not be able to enter any more pupils in the primary department. A number of the Sikhs and Hindus are not back, but Muslims are taking their girls from schools run by Sikhs or Hindus and so are increasing our roll. When we get Pakistan here, and it is certain to come, it is quite possible that all schools will be taken over by the government. However, we cannot expect the Moslems to urge education, for they have been the most backward group along that line. They're not a progressive people, for they are too fatalistic in their attitude towards everything.

In his last letter Bob did not know yet what he was doing. He may know by this time. He has written so enthusiastically about the teaching he was doing. I suppose he wrote to you that he was having his practice teaching in New Wilmington. We can picture him there at the school. That is finished now and he is no doubt very busy at his thesis now. If he comes out he will have a holiday on the ship. Having gone to college every summer has not given him a long holiday or a change of
work. Next winter he will have a real change.

We close our house at nine in the morning and do not open it until seven in the evening. It is very refreshing to come in and out of the heat, but after being in for several hours it seems quite warm. The refrigerator is going steadily now. Yesterday was Doctor Stewart's birthday and we had dinner together. We made the ice cream in the Frigidaire and it was very good.

Emmet and I are fine and manage to keep busy. We do not do as much as we would like but one does not go at the pace of a teenager at our age.

Rawalpindi, April 27, 1947. It is well that you are not here this morning because we had a dust storm last night and the house is saturated with dust in every corner. If it were not Sabbath, I should have the rugs taken out and shaken, but we try not to do these extra things on Sabbath. Some day this week we shall have to do it.

Jim and Barry and Marty should be in Landour now, enjoying some cool breezes. It is lovely there in April and they were in need of a rest before the opening of Language School on the fifth of May.

A letter from Joe and Marion told of the pleasure they had been having living alone at last. I do hope they can have an apartment to themselves after this, as it is so much more pleasant and less work, even though the others do their share.

Bob wrote of his good trip to Ohio. He had a night with the Martins and always enjoys being with them. He said he had a very good chicken dinner at Aunt Bessie's and a good visit. He says he got some more family history.

We were out to the Leper Hospital this morning for Sabbath School and I always come away with thanksgiving for whole hands and feet, and also with a sense of helplessness in the face of such a nauseating disease. It is true that some people respond to the treatment, and just this week Dr. Macaulay sent three patients away, declaring them symptom free. That is as near as they ever come to saying a case is cured. We met the children from the Healthy Home going to the city Sunday School and they all looked so nice. We have nine - no ten - girls from there in our city school and six boys in the boys' school. The rest of the children are too small for school.

Now that Dr. Vroon has gone to America and Dr. Karsgaard and his wife are going to Landour for language school, Taxila is left without an American man, and it was decided that the men at this end of the mission would take turns out there. Emmet is to spend as much of May there as possible; Mr. Sutherland is to be there in June; and Mr. Cummings in July. Synod was postponed, because of the riots, until next week, and the following week there will be several board meetings here, so that Emmet will not be able to give much of the first half of the month out there. We plan to go out for the next weekend. Dr. Karsgaard is letting Emmet use his car for the summer and that will enable him to go back and forth next month more.

Things have been fairly quiet around here lately, though we still have military pickets and curfew from nine at night until five in the morning. In some parts of India there have been recent uprisings and we can expect such sporadic outbreaks so long as the leaders of the different communities do not get together. Here in the college the students think up enough things to keep life from getting dull. On Monday the Moslem students demanded a place to say their congregational prayers on campus. That has always been contrary to the rules of the college, but for six days they had been saying them on the hockey field, with one of the students acting as a priest in leading them. When Dr. Stewart refused to let them go on, they said they would leave the college. The Hindu students said, "Let them have a place to pray and we shall hire a band while they pray." Music in any form is supposed to contaminate their worship. Such an act on the part to the Hindus would lead to
communal fighting at once. Finally the matter was referred to the leader of the Moslem League, who had given the college a certificate for help they had rendered in taking a wounded Moslem to the hospital during the riots. The man died before they could get him to the hospital and they took him to his home. For this reason the League were very helpful and the whole affair was finally dropped.

The university exams were postponed until May, and now the students in Lahore have been demanding that they be further postponed until September because the unrest in the province has been detrimental to their studies. They struck for several days and were only dispersed by the firing of the police, which killed one student and wounded another Friday. Our students went on a sympathy strike yesterday and are having a mass meeting to decide what they would do tomorrow morning. They are demanding that the local examinations of the third and first year students (only the second and fourth year boys appear for the university degree examinations) be postponed from June until September. The faculty has met three times to discuss this matter, as a request came for this, and they hope to make proposals to the students at the mass meeting. The regular work is heavy and all these extra things only add to that. This strike is to continue tomorrow and Monday, it says on the bulletin board.

Rawalpindi, May 9, 1947. The past week has been a busy one. Emmet was away at Synod all last week and only got back at five on Saturday evening, and at seven that same evening we were on our way to Taxila. We came back early Monday morning, bringing Dr. Karsgaard's car with us. I think I told you that he had given it to us to use this summer. We brought three of the college boys back with us as they had been out for the weekend. This week we have had meetings of the College Executive Committee, a two-day meeting of the mission Educational Board, and the two-day meeting of the College Board which is still in session. I do not belong to any of the committees or boards but we three women have been responsible for the housing and feeding of the group. We were seven at lunch here this noon. They will all leave tonight and it will be quiet again. It is nice to see the other people from other stations and we arranged meals so that different people ate at different places, rotating as it were, and giving us all a chance to visit at a table with the others.

We had a letter from Barry, saying Jim had flu and had gone to the hospital on Monday of last week and returned on Friday. We're hoping for another letter. They are well settled for the summer and are happy to be up in the hills where it is cooler. The hot weather starts earlier down there than here. I suppose Bob has written to you of his appointment to teach at Woodstock. I do not know when they will get sailings for him but probably in June, as they want him here to begin his work in July. He is all enthusiastic but for the present he is much occupied with comprehensive exams and his thesis. That will be over in another ten days and then he will be a "free man," so he says. There will be much for him to do in his planning and packing. I hope he is able to get what he needs for coming out here.

Yes, we had a letter from Mother Alter about Auntie Wade's death. She had been eager to go for some time as she was so helpless and suffered a great deal. From what they wrote her mind had failed considerably in recent months, though Mother Alter wrote that she was so glad to receive my birthday letter and reread it a number of times and was interested in everything I wrote.

We wonder how you are spending your birthday. I suppose you are busy either sewing or doing some household task just now, as it must be about eleven in the morning with you... I tell everyone that you are 83 years young because you have so many interests and are so active and jolly. As I have often said I think you have kept so young because you have kept your interest in people.

Rawalpindi, May 15, 1947. Your good letters both came today. I notice that mother's was postmarked on the ninth, making just six days from place to place. Certainly we could not ask for
anything better than that. The other day we received the first of those air letter forms from Joe. This week we have had two letters and one each from each of the three boys. That is a good record is it not? Birthday greetings came from all.

This afternoon we were over to tea with friends who are in government service - rather she is and he is in business. She is the School Inspectress and certainly has plenty of worries these days. So many of the village schools have closed and the city schools cannot get enough teachers. The Hindus and Sikhs have always been much more progressive than the Moslems, and now since the riots most of the former groups are going away and there just are not enough teachers for the girls' schools. Fortunately we have only Christian teachers in our school and had no trouble. This Inspectress is thinking of closing the Government Girls school for June and July, with the hope that things will be more settled by the end of August and teachers more available. I doubt if conditions will be much better then, though she is hopeful. We shall not have to follow her schedule in government schools, and as far as I can see we shall not close until the 20th of July, and then not open until the end of September.

The political situation is what one hears and dreams about all the time. No matter how hard one tries to keep the conversation off it, it is bound to come up and then one cannot shift no matter how hard he tries. Mrs. Fazl Ilahi's sisters are doctors and they and the Fazl Ilahis owned three houses in Murree which were burned to the ground among many others. They say that every house in Murree was marked and certain people assigned to certain houses to burn them. Of course the Moslem-owned houses were not marked to be burned, but the Fazl Ilahis' houses were marked because he refused to join the Moslem League in the formation of a government. All the houses were set afire at approximately the same time. Three bungalows belonging to the Presbyterian mission were also burnt. They say ninety houses in all were destroyed.

Emmet and I are going out to Taxila tomorrow morning and are coming in again on Saturday evening. I believe they're planning a birthday dinner that night but I am not supposed to know about it. We always take every possible occasion to celebrate and break the monotony of our social existence.

There is little real monotony, though, around here. We had all the school girls vaccinated last week because two girls had come to school while the scabs were still on. There is a lot of smallpox in the city. Then yesterday we had all the wives and children of the employees on the campus inoculated against typhoid, as there is a lot of that in this city and two children on the campus have it. You should have seen Mrs. Cummings and me rounding them all up for the inoculations. We had visions of trouble; so I got out some hard candy - American army surplus, and the sight of the candy with the prospect of getting a piece worked wonders with them all. I wish you could have seen them. The children were as proud as punch of their own bravery. The watchman's wife is quite dramatic, and I sure was amused to see her embrace Mrs. Cummings and twist her face into all sorts of contortions while the needle went in. We're going to inoculate the men and the rest of the teachers here on Saturday evening. We thought it best to have some well member in each family all the time; hence the reason for two rounds of inoculation. My cook's daughter is one of the typhoid cases and I have been taking her temperature and attending to her food. She is gradually getting better and I must say they have done very well in cooperating.

**Taxila, May 24, 1947.** I came out here to Taxila yesterday with Emmet. He came up Monday but I did not come until yesterday, as there were some things I wanted to do in the end there. We should go in again on Tuesday and then come out to stay until Saturday. Then we shall be through with staying out here. I think I told you that the men are taking turns out here this summer.

My birthday was celebrated by dinner at the Stewarts' on Saturday night. Mrs. Cummings gave
me a can of peaches and Mrs. Stewart a colored box from Kashmir. By the way, if you want any of those small boxes Bob has, to add to your collection, let him know, as I think he is disposing of them. I suggested he have an auction sale or advertise in the paper, as lots of people are glad for small things! Write him at once if you want anything.

We are having our medical examinations for girls at the school now. Mrs. Fazl Ilahi’s daughter and daughter-in-law are doing them. They are very pleased with the way the girls go right up for their examinations without any fussing. This is the 12th year for them and the girls have learned that there is nothing to be feared. There were so many enlarged tonsils and swollen glands yesterday that I began to think I had them, too. We send for mothers of all the girls who need medical care and tell them what these examining doctors recommend. We also give calcium and cod liver oil to the girls who need them. We just line them up every morning and they take it like good soldiers. We give a taste of salt after the oil, as it helps and they also often need the salt.

We are having temperatures from 112 to 115 these days, but in Pindi with the electric fans and Frigidaire the days are much more bearable than out here. However, we have more breeze out here, and this morning, though the sun is very hot, one can be fairly comfortable sitting in the shade.

Rawalpindi, June 7, 1947. We have been having a fairly busy time auditing books and will have for another week. Then Emmet will go to Gujranwala for Finance Committee meeting and Executive Committee meeting. He came back from Taxila last Monday and we are glad that he is through out there.

We have been having a very hot spell. Wednesday the thermometer registered 118 in the shade. That is the highest, but it has been over 112 for more than a week, and the lowest has been around 88 and 90 in the mornings just before sunup. It is over 90 in the house all the time now, but with the electric fans and Frigidaire we manage to keep quite comfortable. Our heads do not work as they should and we’re generally lazy but we must count on that.

I am glad you had such a good letter from Bob. Joe and Marion must be on their way to New Wilmington now. I am thankful that they can go to Bob’s Commencement since it is not possible for anyone else to go. We had a good letter from Marian yesterday and she said Joe is taking a job at a summer camp in connection with Bedford Center. They will live out there and eat at the camp, but Marion will not work there. I am so glad that they have a place in the country for the summer, as that is just the sort of place they need after the winter in the city. They both like the country so much, too.

We had a letter from Jim today in which he said that he had just taken his Hindi exams and was off for a hike in the mountains with four of the Woodstock boys and a father of one of them. He will enjoy that very much and it will be a real change and vacation. He will have two weeks with the family after his return, before he goes down to the plains.

I suppose you have read of the plan proposed by the Viceroy for implementing the speedy transfer of power to Indians. We all listened to the speeches over the radio Tuesday night and were very much impressed by the Viceroy, and Nehru too. It was a great inspiration to hear them all, especially Nehru. It seems to be a plan accepted by all though not what they want exactly. It was feared that there might be more trouble this week but thus far there has been none except in Lahore and Amritsar, and not much there. The capital of Pakistan is to be out on the road between here and Murree, a hill station 27 mi. from here. We are in the very center of it. Two peace committees have been formed here in Pindi - one in the cantonment and one in the city. They have a loudspeaker on a bus and go all around the area and give addresses, advising the different communities to live peaceably with one another. In each bus there are several representatives from each different community. Mr. Fazl Ilahi is the one Indian Christian in the city peace committee. We all feel that it is doing a very good piece of work.
Thinking we should be prepared, if trouble should arise, I went to the shops in the cantonment a week ago yesterday to see what canned goods were available. Much to our delight I've found a very large supply of American army surplus at one shop and good supplies at four or five others. I came home and told the others and we all laid in good supplies - jams, Spam, Prem, bacon, corn, tomatoes, peas, pineapple, peaches, soluble coffee, vanilla and maple tabs (little pills of essence), boullion cubes, ice-cream mix, lemonade powder, etc. In all my years in India I have never had so much canned goods in my house, but this is really much cheaper than we have ever been able to get such things, and when these are sold out there is little hope of more.

Pakistan will be hard hit economically, as the Moslems up here are not the merchants and the Sikhs and Hindus, who are, are all leaving. They are selling out to Moslems, who do not know how to conduct the business. They will no doubt learn in time. There was a large consignment of cloth for the Punjab in Bombay and there were no merchants willing to take any of it because so many of the shops were burned. That was four weeks ago and no one has taken the cloth yet. In the meantime rationed cloth - 9 yds per person per year - is very scarce and difficult to get. I marvel that people have managed to be clothed at all. Non-rationed cloth is very expensive.

C/o Bedford Center, (Home of Joe and Marian Alter), Philadelphia, June 12, 1947. (Letter from Bob to the "Folks in Belmont") Bruce's [Foster] wedding is at 3:00 Saturday afternoon. Then after the wedding I'm going down to California Pa. to spend the rest of the weekend at the home of Mary Ellen Stewart, a girlfriend of mine I picked up this last semester. She graduated with me. You probably know her, Grandma. She was in a number of the plays you saw.

I don't know whether I thanked you or not for the graduation money. If I didn't, I will say a thank-you for it now, and if I did, then thanks again. I'm using most of my graduation money for books and a camera if I can find one. I want to take a number of books out to India with me if I can, as I'll need them for my work, and then I want to have some for reading.

Rawalpindi, June 17, 1947. Please do not worry about us. We are well cared for and so long as one is well and safe that is all that is necessary.

That brings me to the question of our safety, which you raised in your last letter; as far as we can judge we are as safe now as we ever have been. Troubles have quieted down here in Pindi, though they are worse in Lahore and Amritsar and Gujranwala. Until the whole political question is settled, there is bound to be communal unrest. We're not very much affected by it at present, as it is not against Europeans or Americans. The people are still very much disturbed and in fear of what may happen to them. There are two peace committees - one in the city and one in the cantonment. They are doing everything in their power to avoid trouble. Mr. Fazl Ilahi is on the one in the city and is working hard at it. He felt so strongly that he should not leave at this time and he has certainly had plenty to do here since the commission went to America.

Emmet and I went down to Jhelum last Friday to audit the mission books and I came back yesterday. Emmet went on to Gujranwala for Finance Committee meeting and Executive Committee meeting. He should be home Saturday. We shall both be here until we leave for Landour about the first of August.

Rawalpindi, June 25, 1947. Yesterday we had a letter from Bob written in New York on the 19th. It came in five days, which is better than any so far. I know how very disappointed he was not to get up to Belmont, and you were no doubt as disappointed not to see him again before he sailed. He was hoping to get off that day but do not know if he did. There was nothing for him to do but stay right there to be ready to sail when they said so.
Mary Ellen Stewart has been associated with Bob in all the plays and in other activities on the campus, and she was the other one of the practice teachers who got their practice work in New Wilmington high school. His freshman year she took him to a sorority dance but she was engaged to a man in the service who returned last summer. I do not know what happened to that affair, but I do know that she and Bob had enjoyed doing things together all through college and the last weeks he dated her a lot. She is a sorority sister of Mary Stewart and Elizabeth Cummings and was one of the Who's Who. She had a very high standing in college and was reputed one of the finest girls on the campus. In the plays she always took the character parts. In one I remember she was the maid who was the finest rendition of any part in the play. She gives very excellent readings. I was very glad that he was dating her the last weeks of college, because I knew he would be entering into all the school activities which make those last weeks very happy ones. I did not know that they had become so interested in each other as he tells us they have; but if they do decide to get married I shall be very happy, for she is a grand girl.

Bob is to land in Karachi; so I'm writing to find out just what date the ship is due so that we can have letters waiting for him. Lahore is so near to us that we wish he could come up here when he passes through there, but he should probably hurry to Landour and be ready for his work there. Furthermore, it would be well for him to get out of the heat as soon as possible. The trip from Karachi to Lahore will be a very trying one, as it is through the Sind desert. July is hot enough without being in a desert. I have been going out in the mornings to visit the members of our church in different parts of the city. They are very widely scattered and many of them are very poor. Many are also illiterate. There is great need for workers.

Cloth is very scarce up this way, partly because the Hindu and Sikh merchants refuse to buy any more cloth this spring. That is not to be wondered at since they lost so much merchandise in the fires this spring. The Moslems will have trouble getting what they need for some time. It looks as though Jim and Bob will not be in the same country with us. I'm not sure how letters will be addressed, but it is possible that in the not too distant future you will be addressing us in Pakistan. Don't begin doing so until you get instructions, though. On the 15th of August Pakistan will have dominion status on a par with Canada. Nehru insists that India will be the name for the rest of this peninsula. Jinnah wants it called Hindustan, but Nehru is holding out. He insists that Pakistan will be composed of seceded portions of India, while Jinnah says India is being partitioned. There are many questions arising that none of us can answer, such as whether there will be a different currency, new stamps, etc. Millions of rupees are being sent out of the Punjab every day, as they fear that Pakistan will freeze all money in this area as soon as they take over, and many Hindus and Sikhs want their money in the other parts of India. There's always something stirring up to make life anything but monotonous.

Rawalpindi, June 29, 1947. I have just come back from Sunday School at the Leper Hospital. We have been having another very hot week and the smells out there almost turned me. The lepers seem to have a special odor, though it may actually come from the medicines or from the sores. Then the doctor keeps a herd of water buffaloes, and the smells connected with them only added to the heaviness of the air. We always sit out on the verandah but even there the air was thick. When you look at the lepers in their disfigured and crippled state you wonder what incentives they find in life, but many of them have happy expressions, though the majority do not. The girl whom we sent to boarding school in April is back now and looks so well and seems so very happy.

There is just one subject of conversation these days and that is Pakistan. It is a big unknown factor and everyone wonders what is going to happen. One of the big questions with any who have any savings either in the banks or in bonds or postal savings is what is going to happen to this money.
The wealthy Sikhs and Hindus are taking theirs to Hindustan, as they are able. Many of them have never trusted banks but have buried their silver and gold. Now they have dug it up and taken it with them. Others have not been able to get back to their villages or have gone back only to discover that the Moslems found their hiding place and left nothing. Many of the professors in the college have their provident fund invested. This is a fund into which they put a certain percentage of their salaries and the government puts an equal amount. The Hindu professors are naturally concerned about this, for it is their life savings. It may be that since so much money has already been removed from this part of the Punjab, Pakistan will refuse to let money be taken out of its territory. It is not likely that they will repudiate obligations, as they will want the goodwill of other nations. They will be very poor for some time and will need help from without. Business will suffer a great deal. The man from whom I bought the army surplus things told me Friday that they are moving away by the middle of July.

The Stewarts left Tuesday and the Cummingses leave Wednesday. We shall be the only missionaries here for the month of July. Dr. Stewart will return for August. It seems best not to leave the campus without any missionary this summer. The girls' school is supposed to open on the 23rd of August but it is doubtful if it will open that soon. Here in Pindi the government exams were interrupted in March and the children are having a hard time. They have to take a government exam from Lahore to pass from high school. The exam which should have started on the eighth of March was postponed to the first of July, and now has been postponed until the end of August. What an ordeal for the children! The majority of the college students still have their exams to take in September and October.

From Monday to Friday the thermometer registered 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118 - rising one degree each day. We're glad to report a dust storm which brought down the temperature.

Aboard the S.S. Macalester Victory, To be mailed at Port Sayed, July 2, 1947. Letter from Bob to Joe and Marian. As we are due into Port Sayed sometime tomorrow evening and as one of the passengers gets off there, I'm going to try to get some letters off to some of you folks that I know will be interested in this trip of mine. I guess the last contact I had with you was my phone call to you, Joe, two weeks ago. We went aboard as scheduled at 10:00 Friday morning and didn't pull out of the dock until 1:00, and then sat around in the lower harbor until about seven that evening, waiting for the captain who was trying to get a couple more men for the crew. The first three or four days were pretty rough going and a number of us were a little under the weather. However, I managed to eat full meals and never lost one of them. Actually a full stomach seems the best cure for that sort of thing.

Right now we are southeast of Sicily on the blue Mediterranean. I'm having a wonderful time as I invariably do when I'm aboard a ship headed somewhere. To make it all the more pleasant I have nothing to do, which fits into my ideal conception of the perfect life. Maybe I'm just an inveterate loafer.

As you know, the ship I'm on is a Victory Ship. It's owned by the U.S. government and operated by the American Export lines. It supposedly has accommodations for 12 passengers. Either nine men and three women, or three men and nine women as the case may be. The reason for this is that there are only two cabins. The accommodations in these cabins remind one very much of war time travel. There happen to be only seven of us men, which makes conditions a little more pleasant, but even then it's a far cry from the comfort of a luxury liner. What it is, is the regular Navy gun crew's quarters. It must be exactly the same type of accommodation that Dad had when he went out. Since there seems to be no more need for guns, they have turned the Navy bunks over to passenger service.
As I say, there are seven of us men and three women. Two of these are wives of two of the men and the other is a single lady missionary, going out for the first time and going to Allahabad under some small new mission. On one side of me sleeps an Indian economist, who comes from Madras and is married to an American girl who is on the ship, too. He got his Ph.D. from Columbia and taught for a year at the University of Pennsylvania. Right above me is a young Indian merchant from the West Indies, who is returning to his home in Karachi. On the other side of me is an Indian Jew, who is quite a character. He speaks about seven different languages and has quite a time keeping them all separated. Beyond him, sleeping in the third set of bunks, is a young American newspaperman. He was in India during the war as a member of the American Field Service. Apparently he was a CO at the time. He's already written one book on India and is going back again with his wife, with the idea of making a study of a typical Indian village, and also writing a novel. He has also had a number of magazine articles written, one of which appeared in condensed form in the Reader's Digest some time back. It was on the Bengal famine. You may remember it. He seems like a swell guy and should make good as an author. At least he's made a good start, a good person to keep in contact with, in case I should ever achieve my ambition of writing. Above him is an American kid about 16 years old, who is going out to spend the summer with his folks in Beirut, where his father teaches at the American University. The last of the passengers is a young Indian Syrian Christian, who spent the last year studying rural sociology at Cornell. He seems like a swell guy and very much on the right track. As you can see, everyone is quite interesting and we seem to be able to put in our time together quite profitably.

As for the ship, all I can say is that traveling by freighter is quite an experience. Our main deck seems closer to the water than the lowest portholes in a normal liner. You can imagine what she's like in rough weather, especially with our cabin clear at the rear. You feel like you are on an express elevator changing directions every other floor, and of course added to that is the full vibration of the propeller, which is right below us. She's about 8,000 tons and carries cargo of about the same weight. She happens to be carrying only about 5,000 tons at the time. All her cargo is for India and so there is no necessity to stop anywhere along the way. However, we have to stop at Port Said to let this guy off who is going to Beirut. But that will only be a matter of an hour or so. As a result, and as the ship averages about 18 knots an hour, we'll probably make it to Karachi in under three weeks. This is, of course, excellent time; you could hardly do it faster by the fastest passenger service.

We went right through the Azores and went by three of the largest islands so close that we could see the houses. It's quite a picturesque place, very green, with little white stucco cottages with picturesque red tile roofs. Then we went past Gibraltar at about 1:30 Sunday morning. I wish we could have gone through in the daytime and have been able to see something. As it was, all we could see were the lights of the town and the lights from the town across the straits on the African shore. However, all afternoon and then all day Monday we could see the coasts of Algeria and Tunisia, which made it quite interesting and gave us something extra to do — if you can call watching the coast of Africa doing something.

As you can imagine, I'm really getting more and more excited at the prospect of getting back into India. It's only a matter of about a week till I should be in Karachi. I can hardly believe it but it must be true I guess. I'm really having a wonderful time. I'm a little sunburnt as I lay out too long in the sun a couple of days ago. The weather is getting much warmer. We have deck chairs and we can use the mess for a lounge in the evening. You might send this on to the folks in Belmont, as I doubt if I can get a letter written in time to send it tomorrow. Then they might send
it on to Dave and Cleo. I will try to write to them all separately before I get to Karachi. Thanks again for all that you did for me before I left.

Rawalpindi, July 4, 1947. I suppose you wonder how I put in my time these hot days. I try to go out every morning. Three mornings a week I go out with the Bible women. With one of them I go two days a week and with the other just one. This summer we are concentrating on visiting all the Christian women. For our church in the cantonment that is a big undertaking because they are scattered for miles around. Sometimes we go by bus and others by tonga. The bus service has developed since we were here before and is very satisfactory except during the rush hours, when it is next to impossible to get a seat or even standing room. The bus is much more comfortable than the tonga and much less expensive. The woman who goes with me to visit the cantonment was ayah for the Martin family years ago. She is illiterate but quite intelligent, and very quick in meeting a situation and in taking advantage of every opportunity given her. She shows much more judgment than many who can read. The people all respect her age and personality and she gives many a young woman sage advice about life and about the care of her home and her children. The women all listen to her very attentively and respect her advice, but one could hardly expect them all to follow it, knowing human nature to be what it is. In the city I go with the wife of one of the teachers in the mission boys' school. She meets the people well and is recognized as a genuine Christian, but she is not up to the other old woman in this calling.

At least one morning a week and sometimes two I have the older girls from the families of the employees here at the college in, to sew and have worship together. We have worship first and they are learning Bible verses different from the ones they have learned in school. I first gave them cloth to make sewing bags. After they were completed I gave them material for needle cases. Then I gave them each two needles and a spool of thread. This morning I asked them what they would like to make, and all with one accord said they wanted to make short pants for their brothers. These little brothers go around with a long tail shirt or with nothing on, and evidently the sisters do not think this proper. It is really a simple form of drawers they made but they were very happy. I finally got 9 yds of an unbleached muslin the other day and so could let them have the little they wanted. They did not all finish theirs but they took them home to complete, and the next time I shall have to find something else for them to make. They live on the very edge of existence and every little thing counts. They would never think of making anything that was not useful when they have so little.

It looks as though we shall have no more trouble up this way, as we are well within the border of Pakistan. Those who live near the probable border will probably have trouble for some time. The Hindus and Sikhs are trying very hard to get Lahore but I doubt if they succeed. They have burnt and destroyed a large part of the old city.

We leave four weeks from today and there is much to be done before that. This house never had a proper place to store wood, so we are having a godown built along the side of the kitchen. A tree had to be cut on the mission property in the cantonment and we are buying it for the families on campus, but had no place to put our own wood from it. It was a very large tree and we should get quite a lot of firewood from it, beside the wood that can be used in building.

The only flowers we have now are zinnias and galardias. It is wonderful how they keep on blooming when everything else is parched. There are only a few scattered blades of grass but as soon as the rains come it will sprout up again. Then I want to get some bushes and shrubs. Crepe myrtle is blooming many places now but we have none. Hence, I plan to get some, for if I'm down in the heat I want something to bloom. Our vegetables all come from Kashmir, with the exception of two kinds which I never saw in the USA, but which seem to thrive in this climate. Eggplant also grows in this heat.
Rawalpindi, July 14, 1947. Yesterday was a great day for us. Bob arrived at 6:30 in the morning. We were very much surprised on Tuesday to hear from the travel agency in Karachi that the ship was due on the 12th. We had not expected him to reach Karachi in less than a month and had not written to him... Saturday morning we received a wire from him saying he was leaving for Pindi Friday night. That meant getting here on one of two trains Sabbath morning. Of course there was great excitement in our house.

Bob looks well. He has a good tan from the trip but no other signs of any effects of the trip. The trip up country was hot but he expected that and came through without any harm. Fortunately they pass through the worst of the desert at night and you know the desert is always cool at night. His classes do not begin until the 28th; so he decided to come here for a short visit. He now plans to stay until next Monday, the 21st, and go on to Landour then. He's looking forward to his work there. We thought that he would have a better chance to rest here than up at the school. He was very much rushed there in America and we thought a week off would be well before he begins work in the hostel.

Last Tuesday our pastor went to a meeting at the seminary in Gujranwala and took for me three boxes of supplies for Mrs. Miller. She had ordered these when she heard that we could get them. They have been having much trouble there, rioting, arson, murder, etc. Consequently they have not been able to send to the bazaar for things for two weeks. You can imagine how pleased she was to get these things. They are going to drive to Sialkot the next day to try to get money, as the banks had been closed for several weeks.

We are interested to hear that Jinnah is to be the Governor General of Pakistan. Perhaps it is just as well, as he directs the ruling party and if he were not head of state, he might make it very unpleasant for anyone who was. Now that the responsibility is on his shoulders it will be up to him to show what he can do.

Our address from the first of August until middle of September is Kennedy Lodge, Landour, Mussoorie, U.P., India.

Kennedy Lodge, Landour, Mussoorie, August 28, 1947. Barry is waiting now for the baby to arrive any time. Marty says she wants a sister but we are trying to condition her to a brother if one should come. I have not given her the doll because we all think it would be nice to give that when her mother goes to the hospital. She is a very happy little girl and knows so many of the songs that she keeps singing as she plays. She has one of the most animated faces I have ever seen and the brightest of eyes. She keeps busy playing all the time.

Bob comes up to see us about once or twice a week. Tuesday night he made a special trip up to bring a long letter from Dave. He and Cleo were having the first two weeks of August as a holiday, and were staying home doing a number of things they wanted to do to the apartment, and taking short motor trips. There are so many pretty drives around there. Dave is very enthusiastic about his art, though I do not know what he expects to follow when he gets his M.A. He had to do a lot of undergraduate work in order to get his B.A. in art, before they would give him his M.A. So he has two B.A.s. He painted three pictures in one course this spring and sold the one at once.

Jim went back to the plains last week, as I wrote you. He would like to come up again after the baby arrives if he can get a long weekend. He was 18 hours late to Allahabad, as the train from the Punjab, to which his coach was to be attached, never came through. He seems to be enjoying his work at the college very much.

Bob seems very happy in his work. He is coaching a play for the ninth standard and two short ones for the 10th standard. He likes the boys very much and they seem to like him. Many of them
remembered him and were surprised that he did not remember all of them. They were little fellows when he was here and have grown considerably since then. He looks and seems very well. Our U.P. group entertained at the Community Center yesterday and Bob ran a contest between India and Pakistan. It was just a light and amusing part of a rather serious program. He is always willing to help in any way.

I suppose you are hearing something of the trouble in India these days. It is in the Punjab along the boundary line. In West Punjab the Sikhs and Hindus are not safe and in East Punjab the Moslems are suffering. Great numbers of refugees are being transferred to both sides of the border by the military. They have closed all traffic between Saharanpur and Lahore, both on the railway and on the highway. We're hoping it will clear before the middle of September. Many of our people were going down next week but they shall just have to wait until order is restored. I got a letter from Pindi yesterday, dated the 16th. It is the first word we have had from there for three weeks. It said that all was quiet and that the troops that were stationed on the campus were entertaining them with games and songs. These are of course Pakistan troops. We did not expect any trouble there at this time.

Everything is quiet here and in Allahabad.

Landour, Mussoorie, September 4, 1947. Letter to Marguerite Beach re John's birth on 31/8/47. After sending you a cable Monday, I decided to wait a few days before writing about Barry and Baby John. Both have gotten along beautifully. Since both Barry and Jim wanted a son this time, they are naturally very happy. Barry seemed quite well all through, though she was thinner than I would like to have seen her. One of the single ladies of our mission met her for the first time only a few days before John was born, and came to me and said, "What a wonderful daughter-in-law you have. Her face just radiates joy!" And we quite agree with that opinion. As you know, baby was a few days late but Barry was busy with sewing, etc., so that time did not hang too heavy. Dad went with her to the hospital Sunday morning at 1:30. It was a beautiful moonlight night for which we were all thankful, for some nights last week the clouds seemed to be bursting all night long. Sunday morning we had to wait until the ayah could come to take Marty to Sunday School, before I could go to the hospital. We sent a note down at 8:30 and received word that the doctor thought it would not be long until the baby would be here. I arrived in time to hear the welcome sound of the baby's first cries. As soon as Barry came out of the labor room I went up to her. She looked so bright and happy and has looked that way ever since. She surprised us all with the big baby, for we all thought it was going to be small. She was not so large as many expectant mothers. He not only weighs eight and a half pounds, but is 23 in. long, a real Beach. It is hard to tell now as to coloring but it would seem that his hair would be one of the auburn types.

Bob and Emmett went Sunday evening and they were delighted to see Barry so well and the baby such a splendid, well-formed lad. You would all love Marty. She is a very keen child, very independent and has a real sense of humor. She and her grandfather have great fun teasing and joking each other. She has been very good about having her mother in the hospital. When she woke up Sunday morning, I told her that her mother had gone for the baby; she replied "I want my mummy," looked very sad for a minute, then looked up with a smile and said, "I want to get up now." That is all. She often asks when her mother is coming home, but she never fusses for her. The other day she said, "Now I have two mamas, grandma mama and Barry mama." She insists on putting Barry's name along with John's, saying his name is "John Barry Copley Alter," or, "John Copley Alter Barry."

As you may have read, the Punjab has seen very dark days. We are cut off from communications! The banks here in India will not honor a check from Pakistan. Some of our
missionaries have money in the banks in India so we can borrow from them. We hope to get through this month, but cannot tell. All are safe down this way.

Landour, Mussoorie, September 8, 1947. No doubt you have heard from the Beaches by this time that Marty has a brother.

Barry went to the hospital at about 1:30 Sunday morning, the 31st of August, and the baby arrived at about 10:30. Emmet went with her to the hospital and came right back. I went over in the morning in time to hear the baby's first welcome cries. Barry got along much better than the first time and has looked and been so well. She looked so bright and cheerful when she first came from the delivery room and has looked that way ever since. We hope she can come home by Wednesday. John weighs 8 and 1/2 pounds and was 23 in. long. He looks much as Marty did, so Jim and Barry think.

I suppose you're wondering about us, since you have no doubt read in the papers about the trouble in the Punjab. We are very safe up here and as far as we know, Europeans and Christians have not been molested any place. The situation in the Punjab is a tragic one, with 2 million on the march, one million from each side of the border trekking to the other side with what few movable possessions they can carry. The army is escorting the large convoys of people - as many as 30,000 in a group. They travel by plane, or train, or bus, or oxcart, or horse carriage or, in the case of the great majority, on foot. Great numbers have been killed. Thousands in fact. Many women have been abducted and whole villages have been burnt, crops even destroyed in some places. Such atrocities have been perpetrated in both East and West Punjab; all communities have been guilty. The paper reports some trouble in Rawalpindi but we do not know how much. The latest letter we have received from there was written on the 15th of August, and received here on the third of September. All communications in that direction have been cut off. The paper reports that conditions are improving. We're due to leave here the 15th - a week from today - and if it is possible to travel we shall go. We do not know how work will progress this winter, with the whole situation so disturbed, but if we can be with our teachers and Christian community I am certain there is much we can do for them.

Landour, Mussoorie, September 18, 1947. I have been so grieved to hear that my letters have not been reaching you as they should. It is true that I did not write as soon as I should have after getting up here, but I have written you five letters and you should have heard long before you wrote. It is possible that all the trouble out here has delayed the letters from this end, but yours have come through in good time - the last one took only eight days. I do not get mail from the Punjab - the last letter from there was written on the 15th of August and received here on the third of September. The mass migrations have blocked communications.

Emmet went to Delhi on Saturday to see what he can do to get accommodation for all our missionaries who are up here. I have not heard from him but do not expect to hear from him until he gets here. No doubt you have read and heard over the radio of mass migrations of Sikhs and Hindus from Pakistan and of Moslems from India. They are traveling by train in small numbers and a few officials are being evacuated by air. The rest travel in large caravans by foot, or tonga, or oxcart, carrying what movable properties they can. They are in most part escorted by police or military. The numbers in one caravan vary but the largest number of which I have read is 80,000. Now Moslems going to Pakistan travel the famous Grand Trunk route, over which we have motored many times. The Sikhs and Hindus coming from Pakistan travel through Kasur and Ferozepore. Other travel on these roads is almost impossible. It took one man five hours to motor 3 mi. out of Lahore when such a convoy was on the road. Many have been killed. It will never be possible to tell
the number, but thousands have died. The large evacuee camps are desperately in need of help. There are as high as 30 and 40,000 in a camp, with no sanitation. Cholera has broken out and hundreds are dying.

Emmet has just returned and naturally I have been delayed in writing. After visiting many different offices in Delhi, he secured railway accommodation for all our missionaries on Monday. We have a special coach which will be ready for us at 4:00 in Saharanpur. At midnight that coach will be attached to the Frontier Mail, which is the only train each day to Pakistan. The train is under military escort and we should get to Lahore all right. We hope the authorities there will let the same coach go on at least to Pindi. Very few of our people would get off at Lahore.

He and Dr. Taylor also visited many offices in connection with relief work. Dr. Taylor is of the Reformed [Church mission] and is Secretary of the National Christian Council for the United Provinces. Bishop Pickett in Delhi was national president and is acting now. He went with Emmet and Dr. Taylor to some of the offices. The Minister of Health for India is a Christian lady, Raj Kumari Amrit Kaur, who was overwhelmed with the offer of help. The doctors up here have gotten together and decided to offer medical units to set up adequate sanitation in the camps, and also to inoculate if necessary. This work is to be done under the National Christian Council. One of the questions was how to get medicines, etc., from America without paying heavy duty. They went to the necessary offices and finally got sanctions to import all medicines addressed either to the National Christian Council or to the Friends Service [Committee] without duty or license. Bishop Pickett is sending a long cable to the Church World Service in America for supplies to be flown out at once. Here's hoping there is no delay, for cholera has already broken out in a number of camps. It looks as though all our time for a year or so may be given to relief work. However we do not know what the situation is in Pakistan, though we know there are many camps. Two of the Friends Service flew to Karachi yesterday, and took a list of our missionaries, telling Jinnah's government that we are ready to help. The reason that Emmett was sent to Delhi was that he is president of our mission this year and folks thought he was the one to go in an official position. In spite of the trouble and disturbances in Delhi he did not have any personal trouble. It was difficult to get transportation around the city to visit the different offices. They stayed at the YMCA in New Delhi, where a lot of work is being done for refugees. One camp - Purana Qila - is being given relief work from there. Emmet went out there as soon as he got to the Y and saw about 50,000 refugees. Someone from the Y went across to Old Delhi where the worst of the trouble has been [and where the Picketts live] and told Bishop Pickett that they were there, and he and Mrs. Pickett came right over that afternoon. The next day the Bishop took them everywhere they needed to go in his jeep. The YMCA is in New Delhi, where it is comparatively quiet. Coming back from Delhi, Emmet was fortunate enough to have a seat which a 12-year-old Hindu boy offered him. Before the train left the station, the compartment, which was supposed to seat eight, had in it 43 people and all their luggage. Needless to say Emmet did not get up from that seat until time to get out at Saharanpur.

I have written this fully because I know you are reading and hearing bad news from India. It is better that you hear from us. One of our problems is that it seems almost impossible to get mail across the boundary line, so that when we get to Pindi we should not be able to get word back to Bob and Jim; neither will they be able to get word to us. We hope these conditions will not continue long but that may be only wishful thinking. I'd suggest that when you hear that we have arrived (we shall try to cable the Board), you send a letter to Bob [in Mussoorie]... and Jim [in Allahabad.]. Also, please send this letter to Joe for him to read and then send on to Dave. I wrote him when Emmet left. In fact I wrote to both of them then.

Bob is fine and very busy. He was up yesterday for a meeting which we had after Dad arrived. We are all fine.
Rawalpindi, Pakistan, September 28, 1947. I have only a few minutes in which to write this, as I hear that the plane is flying in the morning and the man who takes this will leave in a few minutes. Please forward this to Joe and Dave, as I do not have time to write individual letters. We left Landour Monday morning and arrived here Saturday night - last night - at midnight. I shall someday write this all for you but, for the present, suffice it to say that it was a week full of events, of hourly changing of plans in one way or another, of living in a third class compartment from Tuesday morning until last night, of sleeping on the station platform Monday night, etc., etc.. Because they considered the road unsafe, the bus company would not drive us to Saharanpur but took us to the train in Dehra Dun; that made us too late for the promised reservations in Saharanpur. Almost every plan we had was changed several times, but we give thanks that we came through safely. We saw thousands trekking along the road in convoys. They were poor, hungry, wet and cold. We saw other thousands hanging onto trains, riding on the top, in boxcars and in cattle cars. We never felt that we were in immediate danger, though others had been murdered in the same place only a few days before. Emmet and Dr. Karsgaard stopped in Lahore to see what can be done about mail to be started through the Consul and also see about relief work. It took us twenty-four hours to come from Lahore and the normal time is seven. We had food with us and, since we were held in Saharanpur station for three days, we were able to get food there. We lived there in this third class compartment in the railway yards. It poured and rained most of the time and our compartment leaked at every window and door and from the roof. There was water standing in our compartment for part of the time and we had wet feet for three days. In spite of that we had no sickness and everyone kept up a cheerful spirit. There were 71 in the party in four compartments.

Please send this same information to Bob and he will send it to Jim or vice versa.

We received Joe's letter just before we left, saying that the Board was anxious as they had not heard from us.

Please keep writing and be assured we shall keep sending letters if possible. Joe might tell Mary Ellen that her good letter just arrived today and we shall be writing her soon again. Any word you get from us please pass on to Jim and Bob. We sent a letter back with a warrant officer on the military mail train which brought us to Lahore, but are not sure if it will get through.

With very much love to each one and with the hope of hearing from you soon, also with very grateful thanks for our safe arrival.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, October 12, 1947. The day after getting here I sent you a very brief letter. I was told that foreign mail was leaving that day and might not go for some time again; so I wrote, though I was very tired and could not get the time to write much. Someday I may write up that trip and tell you of the many ways in which we were protected all along the way. It is hard for anyone to believe how suddenly all the East Punjab became a dangerous territory in which to travel, though there are hundreds of thousands of refugees passing through it. We shall never forget what we saw. Our journey, which usually takes 24 hours took us six days but we did not mind inconveniences so long as we were safe, and what little inconvenience we experienced is as nothing to what the refugees are suffering. They are still on the march while some are traveling by train and some by plane. Others also are being taken by motor vehicles. Pindi has suffered heavily, for so many of the merchants and trades people were Sikhs and Hindus. Many of the shops are closed, while others have been taken over by Moslems. It is a tremendous upheaval, which will be felt for years to come. Our college started the end of September and we have about 318 on the roll now. Last year we had 900 at this time. We expect more to come as traveling facilities improve.

Pindi is quieter than it was two weeks ago but there are still looters and robbers everywhere and the new government has not been long enough in power to cope with the tremendous problems
Presented to it. An honest effort is being made by some of the officials and we hope they can eventually win out, but lawlessness has had the upper hand in this interim period.

Mrs. John Samuel, the headmistress of our girls' school, opened our school the first of September before any other school opened. Dr. Stewart was here and he asked the police if it was safe to open and they said yes and that they would keep an eye on it. She had only five teachers out of nine and only one more has returned, while another one has had to resign because of ill health. I think they have done wonderfully well. Their numbers have been gradually increasing until they have 312 on the rolls. Last year they had about 350; so you see they are almost back to what we had in normal times. The boys' school has about 60 percent of formerly. Our school is knitting for the refugees. We bought 12 lbs. of wool from our Red Cross fund and the girls are knitting children's sweaters. The college is collecting old clothes for them. There will be so much need this winter. Thousands have brought only what they could carry themselves and are not prepared to face the rigors of a Punjab winter.

Emmet stayed in Lahore and Gujranwala to look after the plans for the relief unit and to attend to some mission work. We now have a relief unit of three doctors, one trained nurse, one lady assistant, and one motor mechanic. They're making their headquarters in Lahore at the Presbyterian mission and going out each morning to one of the gates into Pakistan. Their work is inoculating and attending to sanitation, of which there is almost nothing in these camps. A request has come from India for a unit to be sent across the border to inoculate the refugees before they come into Pakistan, and it is possible that our unit may do that. I failed to say that all the people on our unit, with the exception of a doctor from the Friends Service, are of our mission. There is another unit working for the Sikhs and Hindus on this side of the border.

Yesterday we had an airmail letter from Jim written the 29th of September. We were very thankful for that, as it gives us hope of getting more and of their getting our letters. However, if you get this, please send them word that all is well with us. We hope that after a few months, when the refugees have been settled, we may have better communications between the two countries.

Emmet returned just this Wednesday and, as letters even within Pakistan are slow in traveling, I had no word from him and hardly knew when to expect him. Floods have added to the havoc. Before we left Landour it rained continuously for many days and did so for several hundred miles along the range, with the result that the rivers Jumna, Chenab, Beas and Ravi were all very high when we crossed them. In fact a train trying to cross the Jumna just two hours after we did could not make it, and thus far no train has been able to come. All the rivers have been in spate and for 10 days after we left there was no train from Lahore. The morning after we got home, Dr. Karsgaard and Emmet tried to go to Gujranwala and sat in the train until 5:00 that evening, when they were told that no train could get through. Whole large areas were flooded and in one place two thousand refugees were washed away with the flood. In one district 25 villages were washed away. This whole section of the East Punjab is lighted by the Mandi electric scheme, which is hydroelectric and was damaged by the flood, so that for some nights they had no light. It seemed to be one calamity after another.

We have not heard from you since we came here. I hope you heard of the cable Emmet sent from Lahore, saying that our party had reached Lahore. That would tell you that we had come through the most dangerous territory. We've not heard of your visit to Philadelphia or of your proposed visit to Princeton. We hope to get all the news soon. I hope Evangeline and Paul had a good holiday and that Janet enjoyed her trips, too. I suppose she is hard at work again. How are you and Evangeline? I do hope you are better. We are both in good condition. We've not heard from Bob since we came down. He came down to the bus the morning we left and got soaked by the drenching rain. He stayed at the head of the bazaar to help our people all get through. That is another long story which we will tell you someday. The same things are happening on both sides of the border. After seeing
all our party through up there, he came on down to the bus about two miles below and helped load
the luggage on the buses. Then he, with four other men, took a party of fifty coolies back through the
bazaar as they were afraid to go alone, and it was only by our walking with them coming down and
our assurances that some of our men would go back with them, that they agreed to bring our
luggage. Our trip was fraught with dangers all the way, but we were kept safely and, as I said before,
in every case when our plans were changed by uncontrollable forces it was for our good. The train
we missed in Saharanpur the first night was attacked and 700 killed. So it was with other trains we
tried to have our coach attached to.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, October 20, 1947. We have not heard from Bob or Jim since his letter of
the 29th. We are hoping that he has been able to bring Barry and the children down by this time.
There has been trouble in Mussoorie and it is possible they are cut off from communications
everywhere for a time. Things seem to be getting more settled here and more attention is being given
to all departments of government than was possible when there was so much trouble. There are
many refugees leaving here and many coming. The refugee camp for the incoming Moslems is close
to us and directly across from the Catholic hospital where Bob and I have been patients. The sisters
from there make the rounds in the camp every day. The camp is actually housed in a school and
hospital of the Hindus. Yesterday we came past it and saw hundreds sitting out on the roadside.
There are big drives for clothing for these refugees. The Christian community is making one and the
College is having another. Our school is going to have one. We have almost all Moslem girls and
they should give generously.

Our gardener and watchman is a Hindu from Allahabad and is eager to return there with his
family. His wife is expecting next month; so I'm trying every way I know. He has been in to tell of
this opportunity or that every day the past week but so far nothing has come of all the attempts. Just
now he has come to say that two lorries have just come with Moslem refugees from Amritsar and are
going back at 8:00 tomorrow morning; so we are trying again. At present I think he is safe here but if
hooligans get stirred up, they may attack Hindus and Sikhs again. There are many people who do
not at all approve of all this rioting, but a few bad men can do a lot of harm.

Emmet left this morning for the Executive Committee meeting in Sialkot. Fortunately, he was
granted extra gas and so was able to drive down and take some children to boarding school. He
hopes to bring some college students back who have not been able to return yet. Our Christians,
being among the minority groups, are hesitant about traveling in certain areas, though they have not
been molested thus far. They all wear a cross in some form or other - mostly a red painted cross on a
white background on the sleeve. Coming down on the train we made paper crosses for our Indian
Christians. Sometimes the Indians had been asked to recite some portion of the Bible, or to read it, or
to recite the creed or Lord's Prayer as proof of their being Christians. Those who have had Sikh and
Hindu names have, for the most part, changed them, taking the Christian name they had when
baptized. These old names were not necessarily non-Christian, but were names common to Sikhs
and Hindus and therefore in disfavor. The same is true of Mohammedan names across the border.

I was greatly relieved that Emmet did not have to go by the only regular train each day, as it is so
crowded that he would probably have had to sit on a bedding roll or not sit at all. People ride on the
catcher, the bumpers, on the roof, and hang from the doors and windows. Often the roof is as packed
with luggage and people as is the inside of the train. Of course there are many accidents, but people
are willing to take the chance.

Since we could not have an Annual Meeting this year, the missionaries this side of the Jhelum
decided to meet in conference to discuss problems which would be coming before the executive
committee, and send them the findings of this group, with the hope that it might help the executive
committee in its decisions. They came here Thursday evening and we had a prayer meeting that
night. The next day we sat for three sessions in our living room and all agreed that it was a very
profitable time.

Dr. Dunbar has just been here on their way back to Kashmir. She came out for refugee work, and
since there is a lull now she is going back for her cook and her dog. We're glad to learn from the
papers that the Church World Service is sending men and medicines by plane. Dr. Lucas and his
wife have just flown out. He is to head up this work out here for two years.

Please do not worry about us. We are in a very good location here in Pindi on the college campus
and we seldom go off the campus as there is plenty to do here. However, the other day we had tea at
the magistrate's here. He is a Christian man who is doing honor to the name and has won the respect
of all the people because they know he is honest and stands for the right. He has a very charming
wife and a darling little boy whose first birthday we were celebrating. Then we were out to
Macauley's the other day for tea, too. Tea is a difficult thing to serve when we have no white flour
and no white sugar. I made a birthday cake for Emmet last week and used brown sugar and whole
wheat flour sifted many times. The brown sugar is not nearly as good as what we have in the U.S.

Rawalpindi, December 5, 1947. I had thought to wait to write this letter until Bob would get
home, but yesterday, when Dr. Stewart came back from Lahore, he reported that Bob and his father
were waiting over for several days, doing some business there. I had thought Bob would be down
about the middle of the month but last Sunday learned that he was bringing the children for Pakisitan
down this week. They went to Saharanpur by military bus, took the train for Amritsar, and the
Christian Relief Committee sent a military bus from Lahore to Amritsar to meet their train and bring
them across the border. I know Bob will enjoy having a few days in Lahore, for though general
business is at a standstill, all the missionaries and Christians are absorbed in relief work and Bob will
have an opportunity of seeing them at work. In August he was wishing he could join in this relief
work, but he was needed right where he was.

Emmet went down to Gujranwala Monday. He drove Dr. Karsgaard's car with trailer as Dr.
Karsgaard, who has been working in a relief unit, wanted his car and trailer in Lahore in order to
bring up supplies for the Taxila hospital. Medical supplies are very short here and it is almost
impossible to get anything sent by rail, as all train rolling stock is being used for transporting
refugees. Emmet had to go to Gujranwala to a meeting of the committee of our mission, to discuss
the problem of our three stations on the other side of the border. This meeting was on Tuesday and
on Wednesday there was a meeting in Lahore, representing all missions affected in the same way by
the partition. It is possible that we may make some transfers so that each mission will have work on
just one side of the border. It was fortunate that Emmett was in Lahore on business when Bob
arrived. They could go around together and Bob would get a better insight into what is going on.

During the war, and since, we have all had to adapt to changing conditions wherever we lived,
whether in America or any other country. Now we out here are having to adapt ourselves and our
work to revolutionary conditions. In all phases of life we are affected by these changes. Our schools
and colleges have received grants in aid which contributed largely to their sport. Thus far the college
has received no grants since the partition; the girls' school has received half of its regular grant; the
boys school has received none. The Leper Hospital, which is a government institution, with a
missionary as superintendent, had not received any grants since July until Saturday, when it
received two-thirds of the regular grant for three months. Emmet is responsible for the finances of
all these institutions except the girls' school, for which I am responsible. The mission has loaned an
advance for the lepers and the Mission to Lepers has sent three thousand as a loan on that; whereas,
the government is itself the supporting body. They promise to give all in time. The check from the
Mission to Lepers is on a bank in Bombay and no banks here will cash it. Emmet is trying to see if one bank in Lahore will do it. If not, the mission treasurer will send it to Bombay to be deposited in his account there, from which account he has to pay our missionaries in India. We had no such account before but opened it in September, cabling the board to send a certain amount to the Intermission Office in Bombay. When we were in Landour we could not get money on our own checks from Pindi; but fortunately some of our mission had accounts up there and all funds were pooled to carry us all over the difficulty. Bob did not get any pay for some months, but the school was kind enough to give him a loan. All that is cleared up now.

Banking has been a very real problem here, since most of the bank clerks were Hindus and Sikhs. The bank with which we have dealt for many years carried on with a minimum of help - only three men for weeks. The president of the bank worked as cashier and handled all the cash. He kept one Hindu clerk as long as he could in his own house. Today they will receive no deposits and honor only checks on their own local bank. They have been open only two hours a day but we have been most thankful for those two hours. Last summer, the Finance Committee of the mission, forecasting possible difficulties, made a large deposit here in Emmet's name, and in several other stations, so that we have been able to get our monthly remittances. Emmet pays through his account all missionaries this side of the Jhelum river. The Pakistan government has now opened a bank in which we have started an account and we believe it will be the one through which we shall do most of our business hereafter. These months immediately following the partition have probably been the most difficult we shall have.

The matter of supplies has been a difficult one also. Fortunately, Pakistan has had plenty of wheat, which is the main item of food. We're so thankful that the people around us here have had enough to eat. There is a real famine of cloth but we are told there is a big supply in Karachi, which we hope can be sent soon. I believe a large proportion of that will go to refugees, who are desperately in need, especially as they come here during the cold winter months. Coal is very scarce and Dr. Cummings, who is college ration officer, was told yesterday that there would be no coal for cooking purposes this winter. As that is what we use in our kitchen we must plan something else. We have enough for a short time. I have an electric plate and a one-burner oil stove and have oil for some time to come. If coal is so scarce as to limit the use of electricity, my electric plate will not be of much use. I have wood and can use that some way. When the sheet iron stove in the living room is burning, I can cook on that. Wood is scarce and expensive; so we have not had the stove going much thus far, but will have it as the winter rains are coming. All medicines are scarce and expensive. Matches have been hard to get as there is no match factory in Pakistan. Every effort is being made to open up new industries, but it all takes time. I've written to you of these things as I thought you would be interested.

Rawalpindi, December 15, 1947. Bob arrived on the fifth and I thought I would write to you at once, but here it is over a week and I have not written yet. I sent Paul's letter off just before he arrived. He looks very well and seems to be the same. I suppose Gandhi would say it was because of his vegetarian diet, as they had meat only about twice a week.

The past week has been a busy one with little to show for it. On Sunday, the seventh, at about 9:45 at night Dr. Karsgaard and four others of his unit arrived and we served them dinner by clubbing together and opening a few tins... They brought the word that a Friends Service unit was coming up on Tuesday to go to Poonch, which is part of Kashmir, and wanted Bob to go along. He was thrilled. The men actually got here Wednesday and have been with us ever since. The day before they left Lahore the doctor was in a motorcycle accident and injured both legs so that walking was difficult. Still they went on with plans until Sunday morning, when they discovered that his one leg had
become infected. As that meant that he would not be able to walk much for a couple of weeks, they gave up the Poonch trip and expect to head back for Lahore tomorrow. Bob is naturally very disappointed, as this trip would have meant several days of trekking in the hills and he was looking forward to that as well as to the relief work. Today he has gone out to Taxila to see what he can do with Dr. Karsgaard at a refugee camp 10 mi. from there. Dr. Karsgaard hopes that they can give half a day of service there. All the officials seem to be very glad for the offer of help which would be given through the Church World Service. They, the refugees, had practically no medicines and he can get for them. If Bob works out there he would do so; if not he would try to join another unit. Dr. Karsgaard was in yesterday and urged Bob to come out. Sunday afternoon we drove out to Taxila and on to Wah to look over the lay of the land. There are only 15,000 there now but they expect 40,000 refugees there in a short time, and they were to remain there until they can be permanently settled. The set-up there is exceptionally good, as they have old army barracks in which to house the people. The refugees, however, have arrived in a very bad condition and need much medical care. Bob is coming back Friday and will go back out after Christmas, or join some other unit.

I have done nothing at all for Christmas, so must get busy. With these guests in the house I have not had much time. Also, we have moved our girls' school and that has taken much time. The former Dev Samaj school has been requisitioned for the school. It is a much better and larger building than our old one. All buildings belonging to the Sikhs and Hindus have been assigned by the government to different people, and Dr. Stewart got this building requisitioned first for the college and later for our school. Hindu and Sikh refugees were housed in it from August until less than a month ago and what a mess it was after they had occupied it. It has taken three weeks to clean and repair it. We started moving into it last Wednesday and had a very excellent program and dedicatory service Saturday morning. I wish you could have seen how well-ordered the school was and how beautifully decorated for the occasion. The teachers and pupils worked very hard those three days. There are still some things left undone but during the Christmas holidays we shall finish up. The court is too low and not paved so that when it rains it becomes very muddy. That is to be paved during the holidays and one more wall is to be put up as a curtain against the gaze of a servant's family. You see we are really a purdah school, as about 40 of the pupils are Christian and the rest of 350 are Moslem. There are two small rooms that have been sealed and we want them; so that I sent over Friday, asking the officers to open them... This morning when I went over to the Dump to see the officials about 200 woman in burkhas were sitting outside the gate, waiting for the distribution of furniture and clothing. All the property of Hindus and Sikhs left in their houses had been taken over to the movie house, which had been converted into a dump, and from there it is given out to the Moslem refugees. I notice that much furniture has been removed since I was over there on Friday; so evidently the refugees are being cared for.

Emmet and Bob are going to Chakwal on Saturday and I'm going to have the teachers in for a Christmas party and dinner that night. They would be embarrassed to have the men present.

I hope you are all well. We are fine. You must not worry, mother, if you do not hear from us regularly. I write as often as I can but I have no control over the delivery of my letters. If I were sick you would know about it. Bob is delighted to find me so free of asthma this year.

Rawalpindi, December 20, 1947. Bob's trip to Poonch did not materialize and I'm thankful, because now the tribesmen have gone into that area and it is better not to try to do relief work until things are more settled. However, that is not the reason they did not go. I believe I told you that the doctor got an infected leg.

Jhelum, December 29, 1947. Letter from Bob to Grandma Payne. I happen to be writing this in Jhelum where were staying with Miss Hartig. I have attached myself with the Friends Service
unit for a time and the result is time here in Jhelum. There are three of us and what we're trying
to do is arrange the transfer of civilian populations from Azad Kashmir with those in the
territory held by the Maharaja. I imagine the papers there have been carrying reports of the
Kashmir disturbances. The Azad government claims to represent free Kashmir, as opposed to
the Maharaja, who is a Hindu and who has been accused of various tyrannical acts. However,
India is backing the Maharaja, which brings in the international implications. India wants
Kashmir to join the union and Pakistan, naturally, wants her to join Pakistan. In the middle of
the tangle we're trying to arrange a transfer of population, for there are considerable numbers of
non-Muslims in Kashmir and the same is true of Muslims in the maharaja's territory. It's a very
fascinating experience and I'm very green about the whole thing. The other two are far more
experienced than I and I'm learning lots from them.

Mother and Dad are fine. Really their health has been remarkably good. Mother hasn't had
nearly the amount of asthma as she ordinarily has. I don't think she's had more than one attack
since I came down. Dad, too, feels more comfortable than he has for some years.

I seem to remember saying something in a letter about how nice the house is there in Pindi.
Mother has it fixed up beautifully. She is a wonderful housekeeper. I think now that she's
gotten rid of her sons she has a chance to fix up things like she's always wanted to.

Pindi is very quiet now, and peaceful. This city is so changed from what it used to be. When
you realize that over half the population were non-Muslims, and most of them shopkeepers, and
that all of these have gone, what a difference it makes. I really find it difficult to recognize
the place.

We still haven't any word on when Mary Ellen will be able to come out. We're still hoping
for next summer. I wish she could meet you all before leaving. I know you'll like her.
Rawalpindi, West Panjab, January 4, 1948. A Happy New Year to you all. We sat out the old year over at Cummingses', having games for part of the evening. Several members of the Indian Christian staff joined us and all seem glad for the opportunity of celebrating the passing of 1947. Here's hoping for a more peaceful year to come.

The day after Christmas we were just ready for lunch when one of the Friends Service men who had been here before Christmas arrived with another member - a Britisher. They came up to try to get permission from the Azad government of Kashmir to evacuate pockets of minorities from several places in Kashmir. They got that permission, but so far as we have heard they have not been able to get in. Bob went with them and they are making their headquarters in Jhelum. We know that up to Wednesday they had not gotten in to do any work. Miss Hartig wrote that they went to Lahore Tuesday and had not returned by Wednesday night. It is possible that some orders had gone through that delayed them from that end. Bob was all keen to go and I hope he will feel that it was worth the effort.

We had a telegram from Jim on Christmas night. He was at the SCM Conference at Madras, so you see telegrams are again getting through. It is hoped that in a few weeks there will be trains crossing the border. If the Kashmir situation would clear up I think we could hope for more peaceful times. I see that Nehru has referred it to the Security Council of the U.N. I hope someone can settle the matter before it is too late. However, I believe the U.N., backed by Truman, has made a grand mess of Palestine. Why can they not learn from another's experience. Let them look at India for a moment and see what partition has meant to her. It is said that he is a wise man who learns from his own experience but he is still wiser who learns from the experience of others. Of these wiser men there seem to be very few.

I did not entertain very much at Christmas time and now that I owe quite a few people, I am going to have two or three couples in for dinner Tuesday night and two or three for lunch on Friday. Now that Pakistan is here, and Friday afternoon is a half holiday instead of Saturday, we find Friday the convenient day to have guests at noon. All offices and shops are closed that afternoon.

You probably remember that Emmet sold the car he brought out to a Khan in Abbotabad district. Well, a week ago last night he appeared and had a good visit and said he was coming down Monday morning to go to Karachi. In the course of the conversation, he said that he had had a good supply of tea given him and would bring us some. He has always been more free with promises than with the keeping of them; so we did not think any more of it, but Monday morning when we had just finished breakfast he arrived with his wife and with 3 lbs. of tea and a basket of grapefruit. The reason tea is in short supply here is that all transportation has been interrupted for months by the migration of refugees, and since no tea is grown in Pakistan we have not had as much as is needed, though we have never been without it ourselves. I had been able to get a large box of loose tea some time ago and gave half pound packages to a number of people for Christmas. I gave away altogether seven lbs. and received four. All this about tea is in the way of digression. When the Khan and his wife were here they offered to leave the car with us while they are in Karachi; so we had a car to use and all of us except Jim Cummings went to Taxila New Year's afternoon, taking our tea with us. We had sent them word; so they had made a lot of things, too, even though we said we were bringing tea. If you had seen the outlay that day you would wonder why anyone spoke of famine in India. You may be sure we did not eat much supper that night. It was good to see them all and to get away for a few hours, though I have no longing to go any place these days. Bob is probably enjoying being with the
men in this work because they are continually on the move and have a car to travel in.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, January 20, 1948.** I think I told you that the Scotch [sic] Kirk, which is a very beautiful church on the Mall, is being given to our Synod and our church in the cantonment is the natural one to hold its worship services there. We had the first service last Sunday evening and about 300 were there. The parsonage is rented and the rent from it will keep up the property. The pastor will live in the present parsonage of the old church for the time at least. This new parsonage would be too expensive a house for him to keep up. They are also giving the Kirk and parsonage in Murree to our Synod. For this reason Emmett wanted to go up to Murree. Also, we are considering buying the soldiers’ home there for summer quarters, as Murree is the only hill station in Pakistan, but it is a rather depressing place, with all those 90 burned-out houses standing as reminders of the grim days of last March.

Last week we went to Taxila to audit the books according to plans. Just as we were leaving, Mr. Patterson of Mansehra arrived. He stayed in our house and boarded with the Cummingses during our absence. We returned on Thursday and he was with us until today. My cook had gone to a wedding the first of last week and never returned until this morning. He found traveling very difficult. Mr. Patterson is on his way to Bangalore to be married again. He has not seen this woman since 1914, and has no picture of her. I hope it turns out all right, but am wondering! He flew to Karachi today and will fly on to Bombay tomorrow. From there he will go by train. It is quite an adventure for a man of 70 years.

I shall let you know later if there is anything I should like you to send out next year. Miss Cathcart would bring it if Mary Ellen does not get out. The only thing I can think of now is cotton stockings for everyday wear in the winter.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, January 29, 1948.** Bob was home for a day last week and we were delighted to see him. He looks better than anytime since he came out. That is natural, since he was working under a heavy strain before graduation, and his trip out was not a restful one, and his work had been pressing as it always is at the close of the school year. This month he has been away has been spent mostly in waiting around for others to act and in riding around and driving the cars himself. That is one thing he has wanted for a long time and now he has had the opportunity. They came up here to see officials and went back the next day. They cannot do much until they get both governments to agree on a plan of action.

I told you last week about Mr. Patterson going south to Bangalore to get married. He left here Tuesday evening and arrived there in less than 24 hours, flying all the way. It takes the old folks to speed up at times. He wrote as though everything was wonderful. Here’s hoping so. The date of the wedding had not been set, so we do not know when they will be back here.

We are watching the proceedings at Lake Success with great interest. The proposals for a plebiscite and for the withdrawal of troops sounds very good but, who is going to remove the tribesmen? On paper, and in the USA, that may seem a simple matter but to us out here it is far from that.

Tomorrow we are having a meeting of the trans-Jhelum missionaries here. There are many important matters coming up before the Executive Committee on the 10th of February, and it seems best to get the opinion of as many people as possible. It is impossible to hold Mission meeting, so they have called an enlarged Executive Committee, having one from each station. In these days there are so many changes that no day do we know what new adjustments may have to be made before the next day. However, we are all well and no harm has come to any of us. There is also the satisfaction of having plenty of work to keep us busy.
Our winter has been exceptionally good and it is well since fuel is so scarce and expensive. We have had plenty of wood for heating but coal is out to the question in Pakistan. We have thinned out some of the trees on the campus, which needed cutting and thus have gotten wood more reasonably than in the open market.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, January 31, 1948. I took time off for the news on the radio and then to listen to a memorial service for Gandhi. We have been stunned ever since the news of his assassination came through. He has been the restraining force in the land during these critical days. He has worked for communal harmony and it has been due to him that the rioting and killing did not spread farther south. His counsel and advice have guided the great mass of India. Ever since we came to India, he has been the directing force of the masses, leading them on to independence. The Congress has sought his leadership through the years and all its leading men have turned to him in every hour of decision. He was a spiritual guide with a great message of nonviolence and peace. Where else in the world has the leading spirit of a nation led a prayer meeting each evening and had reports of that prayer meeting in every leading paper of the land? I cannot agree with everything he did or said. In fact I think that much of the lawlessness of the land today is the fruit of the seed of noncooperation which he sowed 20 and 30 years ago. Nevertheless, I would like to pay tribute to a man who sacrificed his time, position, money and energy for the independence of his people, insisting that it was to be achieved by spiritual forces rather than by ammunition. He is one of the great men of all history. His sudden death forbodes evil, in that there is probably no man in the land who can keep a restraining hand on the forces of violence that have been let loose in the land. His recent fast not only brought peace to Delhi but won Moslem favor, in that causes of contention were removed. The assassin was a radical orthodox Hindu. It takes only one fanatic to stir up trouble that may rock a nation, or in this case, two nations.

We keep listening to reports of proceedings in the Security Council, as we know how important it is that this Kashmir question be solved before the warm weather comes. Fighting on a large scale is impossible during the winter months, but it will break out with real force unless it is checked before the weather is favorable. The proposals sound good on paper but who is going to carry them out? Who is going to remove the tribesmen? They have come down by the thousands and, though Pakistan does not want them, she is rather surfeited with them now. The British paid them a large sum each year to keep them up in their own country, to serve as buffer states between India and Afghanistan. The land on which they live is very rocky and mountainous and unproductive. So long as they got the money from Britain they could live without looting, but Pakistan does not have the money to pay them to stay at home.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, February 13, 1948. Mr. Patterson was not able to get anything but a civil marriage down south unless he would wait for several weeks; so he and his lady friend arrived here unannounced last Saturday, and left Tuesday for Campbellpur, where Mr. Sutherland married them. They came back here yesterday for their heavy luggage and left for Manshehra this morning. We gave them a dinner party last night and a shower of small presents. They seemed very pleased.

Bill Lucas' father and mother came yesterday and went out to Taxila and the refugee camp at Wah. They will be back tomorrow. I think I told you that he is heading up the relief work under the Church World Service.

We are very disappointed that the Security Council has not been able to work out any solution for Kashmir. It is all a big problem, the solution of which seems next to impossible. If it is not settled before the warm weather, there will be more fighting than ever. It is really a very critical situation and it is hard to see just what can be done.
Emmet just returned this evening from Gujranwala and reports a busy meeting, with many decisions made. Since we did not have our regular annual meeting this fall there were so many things that had to be acted upon. The Karsgaard drove down last Saturday, taking a sick man down. They drove back today and Emmet came with them, as he wanted to stop in Jhelum for a little while, and everyone who drives through Jhelum always stops to see Miss Hartig, as she is there alone and we all feel that we should keep in as close touch with her as possible. Bob and Fenn [Norman Fenn of the Friends Service Committee] have been with her quite a lot, and now it looks as though there will be a medical unit sent there to work at a camp a few miles out. She says she has had more company this winter than in all her years in the mission. She thoroughly enjoys it. Today they brought up a nurse just out from America for relief work. She is from our U.P. Church in Washington D.C., and is going to work with the unit which is working from Taxila at the Wah camp.

If I could only get hundreds, yes thousands, of yards of cloth for the Indian people I should be greatly relieved. I'm sure I do not know what is going to happen to them if the government does not import cloth soon. They can manage with little or nothing during the summer, but when winter comes it will be different.

Rawalpindi, Panjab, February 26, 1948. Bob returned last week on Tuesday and left on Saturday. Last Friday they put back on another regular train. Since the partition there has been only one train each way daily from Lahore to Peshawar and back. You could imagine how crowded that train has been. There were refugee trains but no one except refugees was allowed to travel on them, and no one would want to either. Bob left in the morning on this new train and got to Lahore in the evening. The next morning he went to the MEO (military evacuation officer) and got transportation across the border in a military bus. Monday morning we received a wire from him from Amritsar, saying that they had reached there Sunday noon. We were relieved to know that he was safely across the border. He'd taken a schoolboy up with him and that boy's mother had a wire Monday evening, saying that they had reached Landour that morning. We were surprised to get a wire from there in such short time. It is good to know that he is up there and getting ready for the year's work.

We had expected Jim this week but there has been no letter, no telegram, and no Jim. We do not know what has held him up, though he had said he would wait to see what was doing up this way at this time. I wrote to him in plenty of time and Emmet wired him last week. We hope for some word soon.

Monday while we were eating lunch, one of the men from the college office came over to say that a telephone call had come through from the station, saying that a freight car had come in Emmet's name, and asking him to take delivery of it. As he knew nothing about it, he sent a man over to find out what it was. In a few minutes he received a letter from the Church Relief Service, saying they had shipped a car of relief material up here. It took all that day to get the 133 large boxes and bales over here, and most of the next day to get them taken out to a large room in one of the dormitories. You see, things do not move as quickly out here as in the USA. Now we have written about instructions for distribution and are making plans for organizing committees, etc. We think this car is for all of this Presbytery; so some of it will be shipped out but most of it will be opened here. It is wonderful to have the things and we shall do our best to get them distributed properly.

I think I told you last November that we lost three helpers in one week. Since then I have had two different washermen and last week decided I would just have to dismiss my watchman. Shortly after taking him on, I discovered that he was an opium addict and that his young wife, who claimed to be very sanctimonious, was a questionable character. I kept them on because I knew how destitute they were, but finally when he would never appear for work until long past the time, and when I discovered that they had brought a Moslem women of a bad reputation onto the compound, I
was forced to send him away. This morning she came for a letter in answer to one which I had written at her request, to see if she could be admitted into a nurse’s training course. It happened that he had just started working as a coolie on the campus this morning. Shortly after she came I went away and when I returned I found her at Mrs. Cummings’ house and him on the veranda. He had beaten her up and dragged her over the playing field in front of all the students. They both say terrible things about each other. I’ve never had to deal with just such a case before. We sent her over to her father’s house. I believe her father has reported him to the police before this. Such cases are very hard to handle, for we do not know how to get at the bottom of them and we do not understand the mentality of such people. There is never a day without some new incident that demands time and personal interviews, not counted on in an already crowded schedule.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, March 7, 1948. Friday morning the Sutherlands drove down and took Emmet, the Stewarts and a man in charge of the Soldiers’ Home up to Murree, to look over the Soldiers’ Home up there with a view to suggesting to the mission that the property be purchased for a place for the summer. You see, we own no hill property in Pakistan, and since Murree is really the only hill station in this country we feel that we should have something. The Soldiers’ Home was for British soldiers and since the last regiment of them left the country the home is closed. The building and grounds are very ample but since the building was constructed for a large institution it does not divide well for small families. This summer it would have to be used as a mess, and next summer enough repairs and alterations could be made to allow families to have their own arrangements. However, it may be that the mission will not want to purchase anything at this time, as things are so unsettled. The price is very reasonable and the men think we could get the amount out of it at any time. We still hope that we can go to Landour, though no one knows what may happen if the Kashmir situation does not clear up. Just at present people can get across the border with military transport rather satisfactorily.

The Sutherlands stayed overnight and we had a committee meeting until eleven that night. Yesterday, Saturday, we were all (I mean the missionary group) invited out to the doctor’s at the Leper Hospital for lunch. It was a delicious chicken curry and pilau. We had a good visit with them. They have a son who just completed his medical course last summer and has a private practice in the city. Most of the doctors here were Sikhs and Hindus and the city has been very hard up for doctors since the partition. Arnold seems to have a good practice, though he has not had as much hospital experience as he would like.

Bob writes that everything seems to be going well there. He is superintendent of the Hostel and has his hands full, though for the first month he does not have as heavy a teaching schedule.

We had a good letter from Jim, telling that he was unable to come at this time because they have to make some rather radical changes in the college, and he is on two of the committees working on them. He would so like to, but I doubt if he gets here this spring. He reports that the family is fine. He has written a very interesting account of the immersion ceremony [Gandhi’s ashes] in Allahabad. Perhaps you could get Beaches’ copy to read. One interesting thing was that they met Vincent Sheehan on the grounds and took him home with them for tea and dinner.

The world seems to be in a great mess. What else could anyone expect in Palestine with such a proposed division? Can people never learn from the experience of others? Why Truman and the UN are insisting on the division is more than I know, unless it is the Jewish vote that Truman wants. Russia is monopolizing Eastern Europe all too rapidly. We may be in for another war but I sincerely hope not.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, March 10, 1948. There does not seem to be much news but still I know
you like to hear from us and know that we are well. This past week we have had so much rain that 
houses in the city have even fallen down and every house of which I know anything has one or more 
leaks. Our biggest concern, however, is the wheat standing in the fields and ready to be cut in 
another month or less. We had a very heavy hailstorm on Monday, but as far as we know it did not 
affect the areas where most of the wheat is grown. The crop had promised to be a bumper one and 
we all look forward to a larger ration of wheat for the people. We ourselves get along because we eat 
so much besides wheat, but the people have such a limited diet that the wheat shortage has been very 
hard on them.

We had a letter from Bob, saying that he was having a bad cold and swollen glands. He is 
superintendent of the high school boys' hostel and they had as yet no matron there and only one man 
to help him. I do sincerely hope that they get more help soon, for it is too much for any one man, even 
if he has one man, a Hindu, who has never been there before, to help him.

Mr. Fazl Ilahi has been ill with pneumonia for five weeks. Yesterday we sent out to Taxila for Dr. 
Karsgaard for consultation. I do hope they can get his condition cleared up soon.

We have been having some trouble out at the Leper Hospital ever since refugee lepers arrived 
here in November. Refugees the world over are a restless and frustrated group and have been 
known to make trouble in countless places just as here in this part of the world. The ringleaders at 
the Leper Hospital have been tribesmen who have been lepers for a number of years. Now that 
tribesmen from the north have penetrated down, they have thought they had more power than 
formerly. One of the causes of discontent has been the rations of food and clothing, but they are 
getting just the same amount of food as anyone else and no one is getting clothing. At last some cloth 
is coming to Pakistan and each refugee is to get 4 yds. You know how far that will go to clothing the 
people of Pakistan. However, it is 4 yds more than nothing. Indian and Pakistan have just this week 
signed a trade agreement, whereby Pakistan would get 12 tons of cloth for 20 tons of raw cotton. We 
hope this will soon go into effect and cloth will begin coming in, but it must be rationed to keep the 
price down. Yesterday Emmet and a committee of officials met to discuss the problem and they have 
agreed to give a larger grant and help in every way they can. Dr. McAuley, who has been there for 
many years, felt he would just have to resign, as the lepers were clamoring for a Moslem doctor. But 
the official told them there was no Moslem doctor who knows how to treat them, and that all the 
work that has ever been done for lepers has been done by Christians. These are Moslem officials 
saying this. We hope things will quiet down and that Dr. McAuley and his wife will not be so afraid.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, March 23, 1948. We have just had a heavy blow. Mr. Fazl Ilahi, who has 
been a close friend for many years, died tonight. He had been ill since early February - in fact he went 
to bed the evening after his son's wedding. He had pneumonia with several relapses and finally his 
heart gave out. We have been much concerned for several weeks. Emmet is to have the funeral 
service tomorrow at 6:00 in the evening. The three daughters are in Lahore and it is hoped they can 
get here by that time. The pastor went to Lahore this morning; so Emmet is taking the service. It 
would not be easy, as Emmet counted Mr. Fazl Ilahi his best friend the world over. His going is a 
great loss to the church and to the Christian community, at a time when such a leader is greatly 
needed. Everyone turned to Mr. Fazl Ilahi for advice on all sorts of questions. He was always ready 
to help wherever he could.

Last Friday the American Consul was here and we had tea for the faculty and their wives to meet 
him and his wife. That evening at 6:30 the college debate on "Resolved, America is failing as the 
leader of the world," was held out in the big tent on the campus. Our hall is too small for such a 
crowd. Then that night the Americans had a dinner together at the Stewarts. I should have said that 
the tea was at our house. The Consul and his wife are young and very keen and intelligent.
I think I have told you that this radical change in government has added many tasks to an already crowded day. Just yesterday the workmen from the college started demolishing the Methodist Church out at the farther end of the cantonment. This church, and the Methodist church in the center of the cantonment, were built for British troops, all of whom have left the country. The land was leased from the government and, according to the agreement, reverts to the government but must be cleared. The Methodists are giving us the materials for our new chapel. All the expense to us is the demolishing and the cartage. In the church near here there is very nice pulpit furniture, all of which is to be ours. Since the churches were consecrated, they do not want the materials used for any other purposes than religious.

This past week we have been giving out some of the "towel kits" that came in the boxes from America. I gave out 45 to refugee girls in our school and 53 to refugee children in another school. We're going to give to the boys in the college and high school who are refugees. Then we made up 10 bundles for Anglo Indian refugees, who were in the attack on Baramulla and were rescued. We also made up two bundles for elderly women in the Catholic hospital. One of them was an English nurse for children and broke her leg two years ago. It became infected and had to be cut off and has never healed, so that she has no hope of ever getting out of bed. The other one broke her leg in Srinagar and was in the hospital at Baramulla when it was attacked, and was finally rescued and brought by ambulance. They seem very pleased to be remembered. We had opened some of the kits and so made up their bundles of things appropriate for shut-ins. We put in writing paper, pencils, combs, toothpaste and brushes, powder, soap, towel, washcloth, and some candy. Then there was a small fruit cake which we gave them for their tea, as they are both in the same room and can share. Later I shall take them more candy, and if I find some bed jackets that would fit I shall take them each one.

The Cumminses are leaving tomorrow morning. We shall miss them very much, as they are always so willing to work and help everyone. They seem to have endless energy.

We are much concerned over Truman's speech. Russia seems to be going just as far as she dare. This American Consul was in Russia just before coming out here and at tea one of the men asked him to make a comparison between the two countries. He replied that that would take too long, but that he would say that no one would ever have been allowed to ask such a question in Russia; and that at this tea they had met, informally, more Indian nationals than he was ever privileged to meet, informally, of Russian nationals all the time he was there. Discontented people the world over seem to think that Russia has something better to offer them, but were they to come under the high-powered Russian machine they would soon learn better, but it would be too late.

We were very sorry to learn about the hotel and do hope Emmet will be able to get something satisfactory and will not have such confining work. Do keep us informed about everything.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, April 2, 1948. We at last had a good letter from Bob, telling about himself. He went down to Dehra Doon to meet Barry last week. Jim brought the family as far as Lucknow where they had to change trains and then Bob met them in Dehra and helped them get up the hill. They're spending this month near friends close to the school, and of course that suits Bob, since he can see them more often and more easily. I asked him about his room since he had such a poor room last year, but this year he has the best in the house and just the place where he wants to be if Mary Ellen gets out. It begins to look much more hopeful now and we do hope it works out.

I think I told you that Bob and Norman Fenn of the Friends unit worked all winter on the project of evacuating some pockets of minorities in Kashmir. Finally they have all been evacuated, with the help of the Pakistan Army, who did a fine piece of work. After it was accomplished, Fenn sent Bob a telegram, for which he was very thankful.

Emmet went to a Synod meeting Monday, and then was to go to a meeting in Lahore next week,
so shall not be back until the latter part of next week. There always seem to be so many things that
turn up when he is away, but most of them I cannot attend to. I'm not doing very much but like to kid
myself into thinking I am doing something now and again.

I am trying to get the spring cleaning done while Emmet is away. The dust here is so much worse
than anything you know there that it keeps us busy trying to keep the house halfway decent. If you
were here mother, you would just go around with a dust cloth all the time.

Now is a time when we have a profusion of flowers. I wish you could see our roses. They are
especially beautiful this year, as we have had so much rain. I have two bowls of roses in the house
that I wish you could see. They're a very dainty shade of pink and are buds, for which we would pay
a big price at a florist's. I have had lettuce since October in our garden and have eaten it every day for
lunch all this time. It is just now too old, but I have put in some more which should be ready in
another two weeks. I also have some tomato plants that are doing well and some others that have
just come up. That is about all we shall have in the garden. I had some spinach, which the servants
used mostly, and a few peas.

The ration of grain is low these days and the people are finding it hard to keep going on it. Since
we eat so many other things, we try to share of some of the grain with them. Our ration is more than
ample for us who eat so many vegetables and meat and fruit. They eat the grain with just enough
curry to give it flavor. For some time no bread was being baked but now the brown bread is on the
market again, but it is very sour and I do not eat it if I can help it. Dr. Cummings brought some white
bread from Lahore the other day. He let me have a loaf. It was less than 2 lbs. and costs 65¢. It was
very good and was much appreciated even so. We have been so happy to get the army surplus
goods this winter, as they have saved the native food for the people.

I am having the teachers in for tea tomorrow, as one of them is leaving to get married. I am
making brown bread. Then I am serving some crackers I bought and some sandwich cookies. I may
buy a little Indian sweets and some peanuts. I cannot have sandwiches or cake. However, I think
they will like the tea I serve them. I could have kept more of my whole wheat flour and made a cake,
but they and my cook need the flour for their chapaties. We are not having a real famine by any
means, but there is scarcity for the people who, from custom and from financial pressure, have a very
limited diet.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, April 9, 1948. Emmet has just returned from Synod and some meetings
in Lahore. It is good to have him back.

This past week I have had a houseful. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson came on Monday and left this
morning. Then on Wednesday at noon Mr. Fenn and Mr. Starr of the Friends Service came and,
though Mr. Fenn flew back to Lahore yesterday afternoon, Mr. Starr is staying until tomorrow
afternoon. Mr. Fenn is returning tomorrow or soon after. They are doing some evacuation work up
here in connection with the governments.

There seems to be little news to write, or else I can think of nothing that would be of particular
interest to you. I went to a wedding yesterday and, though the girl has had teachers' training and has
learned for two years, she knew little about her wedding and did not even know the date, until it was
announced in the banns at the church. Her father had the banns published and did not even tell her.
You see how little the girls have to do with the planning or preparations of their weddings out here.
What a lot of pleasure they miss! Last Saturday we had tea here for one of my teachers who is getting
married next month and went home today. She may know a little more about her wedding, as her
father has more advanced ideas.

Today we made up bundles of clothing to give to needy refugees in two streets near the college.
One of the Bible women gave me the names and the number of persons in each family and their ages.
She will give the bundles to the families. She has been helpful to them all, as her house faces on both streets and she has been right there during all the transfer of persons.

This is now Saturday and Mr. Starr left this afternoon to try to get some refugees out of pockets in Kashmir. He spent the last two years in China and has been telling us a lot about conditions there, which are far worse than anything we have experienced here. China has suffered for a long time and one wonders how long they can continue this.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, April 18, 1948. The Friends Service unit turned up four strong this week for two days but have gone off again. They always come unannounced, so that it takes a little hurrying around to take care of them for the first meal, but they are very easy to please and the cook is thankful for the extra which he gets out of it. They brought me quite a few army surplus supplies this time. Norman Fenn, with whom Bob worked this winter, heads up the unit and he is just like one of the family.

We have received word from the Foreign Board that they agreed to our buying the Soldiers' Home property in Murree for a summer home for our missionaries. I think I wrote to you before that Murree is the only hill station in Pakistan and we do need a place for the summer. Emmet and Dr. Stewart went up yesterday, taking the surveyor in order to get the plans all completed for the purchase. There will be some necessary repairs to be done on it before we occupy it this summer. By we I mean others of our mission, because our plan is still to go to Landour if possible. I think I wrote you last week that Jim now hopes to get here the first week of May. We're sorry that Barry and the children have not been able to visit us, but it would be unwise to bring the children now. We hope to see them this summer.

We had a good letter from Dave this week. They hope to present us with a third grandchild in September. They are very delighted over it. Did I tell you that Dave may be out here next year, teaching art at Woodstock? He is very hopeful and of course we are delighted. Dave is going to Washington D.C. this summer for a two-weeks reserve training course, and hopes to see Joe and Marian then.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, April 28, 1948. Yes, Mary Ellen announced their engagement last September or October. The latest word from her is that all her papers are in the hands of the Board and she is just waiting for their answer. If she comes out, there will be a wedding in Landour this summer. Bob is so anxious for his father to perform the ceremony. It will be the first of the four weddings for Emmet to attend. We've had some very good letters from Mary Ellen.

The Friends Unit is still here and we manage to keep busy ourselves. There are always so many people to see, all of whom need help of some sort or other. We are only too glad to be of service when we can. Sometimes we do not seem to accomplish very much.

There is a ne'er-do-well, a so-called Christian, who has five motherless children, and we have been puzzled as to how to help the children and not the father, who has had every chance so far as we can see. Miss Hartig has agreed to take the three little ones at the hospital in Jhelum, and the two older ones can go to the Sargodah School. Now we shall have to see the father and make arrangements to send the children. The father of our mali's wife, who was such a bad character, was around this morning to ask my help to get her into training for a nurse, but I cannot recommend her to anyone and, furthermore, our hospitals do not take married women for training. A boy came to get his school fees which Mrs. Davis had left for him. A woman came asking for clothes, and a man and his wife came asking for work. We knew of a good position for the wife in a hospital in Mardan, and it was possible that the husband would also be employed, but the woman said she had worked enough and she would not take this job. I did not blame her much, though I do not know how she
Mrs. J.G. Campbell was very badly burned last week. They say she’s getting along as well as could be expected. Her neck, arms, breasts, and thighs are all badly burnt and she had a few burns on the face. It must be very painful at any time, but to be all bandaged in cotton wool in these hot days would be most uncomfortable.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, May 10, 1948. Jim came Thursday morning. Emmet was due in Gujranwala last Monday for a meeting, so we had urged Jim to try to meet him there and come on up here with him. As Jim had not gotten his passport yet he wired that he was delayed in Landour. When Emmet got back with that news, we decided to wire Jim the next morning and tell him to come on anyway since we had not known of anyone having to show his passport, though the government order required one. Wednesday night we started sleeping out on the veranda and at 5:00 the next morning a motor drove in at the gate and woke us with a start. Then three men appeared and Charles Freeman, one of the Friends Service called out, "Mrs. Alter, guess what we brought you." The servicemen had been with us for 10 days and knew how eager we were for Jim's coming. They had been driving to Lahore Monday and took Emmet to Gujranwala, and brought him back on Wednesday. As they were coming back eight strong to do some evacuating from Kashmir, they went over to the Kashmir Hotel to make their headquarters, and Charles had gone to the station early Thursday morning to meet another one of their Unit and Charles spotted Jim the minute he got off the train. He had heard of Jim in Tennessee and was eager to meet him.

You can well imagine our surprise and delight at having Jim. We've had some good visits and he has been so interested in everything here. The afternoon after he got here the Friends Unit were driving down to the Jhelum River to take two people who were starting into Kashmir for this evacuation work and they took Jim along. It was a trip up over Murree, which is 7,000 ft. elevation, and then down to the Jhelum on the other side. Jim was so glad to get this trip. Today he's going out to Taxila with two of the college boys and tomorrow he and his father are going to Abbottabad. Emmet has to leave here Friday night for Lahore and then fly from there to Delhi, so Jim is trying to get a seat on the same plane. He will not have been here long, but we are thankful for even a short time.

Perhaps you wonder how he got along without his passport. As soon as he got to Landour he started looking around and enquiring about ways and means and found that four of the Presbyterian missionaries were driving across on Wednesday; so he left Landour Monday, had that night with a friend in Saharanpur, came on to Jullundur the next day and had that night with Ernie Campbell, and then drove through with the four missionaries the next day. They had no trouble at all, though their luggage was examined.

Jim is very friendly and the Indian people love him. He has a good use of the language and is always ready to talk with people and help them any way he can. He seems quite well and looks fine. Yesterday morning he went out to the Leper Hospital with us and helped give out towels and soap to the lepers after Sunday School. Last evening the pastor insisted that Jim sit up with him and lead in prayer. Then last night he led a discussion group over at the college with Christian students. He has a very keen interest in the Student Christian Movement in which he was active at Yale.

Thanks for your regular letters, mother. I told the women at the Leper Hospital the other day how you had written to me every week for 30 years!
Aunt Bessie and Emmet, especially as he does not know just what he is going to do after the hotel closes. I hope he can have a little holiday as he certainly deserves one. I also hope that Mr. Becktel gives him some extra pay or some bonus of some kind that would make the holiday possible, and would give him some time to find a place.

I suppose that Paul is busy in his garden these days. I could have grass as you have but water is so scarce, and with all we try to do things seem to dry up. I have a watchman and gardener who knows even less than I do, and everything he tries dries up. You may remember that most of the gardeners here came from the United Provinces and were Hindus and all went away last fall. There has come a Christian gardener to the college just recently and he has promised to teach my servant something. Here is hoping.

Well, Jim has been here and gone. It seems such a short time and there were many things I should like to have done or said that were just left out. But that is always the way. We had a busy household all the time he was here but he likes things to keep moving. The last two days he was here the College Board met, and though only one man shared the room with him, we were eight at the table every meal. This gave Jim the opportunity of talking to many different people and getting their views on the situation. One day he went to Taxila and then on Tuesday he and his father went to Abbottabad, where he was royally entertained. He had not been there since he left there in 1932. They came back Wednesday afternoon just in time for the Board meeting.

The Friends Service Unit were busy while he was here, and brought out over 400 Hindu and Sikh refugees from Kashmir and had them in a camp out of town for several days. Thursday afternoon they took us out to see them and then Friday morning Jim went out and helped register them. These refugees had been well fed and were in good condition. Friday afternoon two of the Friends were driving to Lahore and took Emmet and Jim with them. Emmet was to fly to Delhi yesterday morning to attend a meeting of the Central Relief Committee. Jim hoped to go across the border with him and then to go on up to Landour, to get there today.

We're still busy sorting and distributing the things that came out from America. So many people have benefited by them but the need is so terribly great. There has always been much poverty but I have never seen the general run of people on the street look so ragged or so down at the heel. We keep hoping that in time cloth will be imported in sufficient quantity to supply the people. Now that the new crop has been harvested, the food situation is definitely on the upgrade. The whole wheat flour this time is so much better than when we got our ration two weeks ago, as there is little barley and gram mixed with the wheat.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, May 29, 1948. We just got a letter from Mary Ellen, saying that she has been appointed to Woodstock, and that she had applied for her passport and the Board hope to get her out here in time for the second term, which will be the end of July. Naturally we are all excited over everything. I have just written her again. I wonder if you folks ever wrote to her to welcome her into the family. You would all like her, I know, as she was one of the finest girls at Westminster. She has written enquiring about things for the wedding. I have been in correspondence with her all year and have tried to advise her as to things to bring out, but it is difficult for one who has been out here so many years to advise a young girl. Barry has written and that will help her more than my letters. However, she seems grateful for any suggestions, too. I think you must have been mistaken about Barry's letter, in regard to where Bob and Mary Ellen will be living, because Bob has been occupying the suite all year in anticipation of coming. It is just where we lived in '32 and '33. They can be very comfortable and happy there. Now if you have not written her, please do so at once before she sails. I know she will be very pleased to hear from you... We are so thankful that everything is working out so well for them. Bob will be very thrilled to have her here and the wedding will be a big event on the
hillside. We cannot set a date for that until we know when she is to land, and she should have a few days to rest before the wedding. We hope to go to Landour the latter part of July and I think the wedding will probably be around that time. We can go a little earlier if they want the wedding earlier. What I think Barry was concerned about was where we are to live. A letter from her this morning says that they are to move down near the school the first of July, and we are to have an apartment down that way, too. Bob had so hoped this would be possible, since we were so far away from him last year. This will make it possible for him and Mary Ellen to run up from the school often. We shall all be near each other, which is what we have wanted.

The Friends came in for a day the first of the week and will probably be here again in a day or two. As long as we have these tins of army surplus, we can take people in at a moment's notice. Last Saturday was Convocation, but only 11 of the boys were able to return to receive their degrees. Most of the applicants went across the border last fall. About 45 percent of our students are refugees, so you can imagine what an upheaval this all has been as far as the college is concerned. Things have settled down some, but as long as the fighting in Kashmir continues there will be more or less rumor and anxiety among the people.

I am surprised at the USA and its stand in the Palestine situation. It shows how little they understand the situation. By far the majority of the Jews in Palestine are Communists and the USA is going to find herself linked with Russia instead of against her. The Jews have brought most of this on themselves. I know there are two forces putting pressure on the administration. The one is the large moneyed Jew community in the eastern states, who are in a position to put pressure financially. Then there is a large and influential group of American citizens who see the establishment of a Jewish state a way of keeping more Jews from settling in the States. That is a big factor. If a Jew could become a citizen of the country and give all his loyalty to it, instead of reserving the larger part for the Jewish race, it would be a different thing. Just now they are playing up their American citizenship to let them travel to Palestine but when they get there they will fight for Israel. It seems to me they must decide once and for all where their citizenship is. If they are citizens of the USA, then they must not be officers in the army of Israel. Well, I suppose I have aired my opinions enough.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, June 6, 1948. We finally had a letter from Bob. It takes longer to get letters from there than from you folks. He is naturally all thrilled over Mary Ellen's appointment and the possibility of her coming out this summer. There has been one case of polio at the school, and it has been closed until the fourteenth. There are thirty-five boys in the Hostel and all are in quarantine, so that they cannot go to the stores, movies, etc. You can imagine what a task it is to keep them happy, but Bob has evidently succeeded because they say it is the happiest vacation they have ever had. They have a work program in the mornings, and though there is no compulsion to that, most of boys take part in it. Then in the afternoon they have tennis, badminton, table tennis and other contests with the High School girls, who are also in the school quarantine. Then they have had several night parties, and managed to keep the young folk cheerful. The boy who had polio died the day that the annual sale should have been held, but, of course, it has been postponed. We just hope no more cases will develop. There are cases of polio among the Indian people, though they do not frequently seem to develop such severe cases.

Last Tuesday they [the Taxila folks] drove in from the hospital in Taxila in a jeep, and parked here beside the house next to ours while we all had our siesta. After tea they tried in vain to get it started, and finally discovered that the battery had been stolen while we all slept. One of the Friends Service men was here and took the battery out of his jeep, and took them up to buy a new battery, at the tune of Rs.125. They say the old battery was much better than this new one.

The Friends Service have left here permanently. They feel that they have accomplished very
little, considering the time they have put in, but sometimes it is that way with relief work. One of the men, the one with whom Bob worked all winter, flew to the States last week, and was going to see Joe and Marian in Philadelphia. I do hope he did, as I know Joe would have so many questions he would want to ask, and ones that he would not write as they might be difficult to answer in a letter.

We are both fine and busy. Emmet thinks this year is equal to any three previous ones as far as work is concerned. However, we are thankful for health and strength.

**Gujranwala, Pakistan, June 15, 1948.** We came here for Finance Committee, Locating Committee, and Executive Committee, all of which are meeting this week. Last week we were in Taxila auditing books until Thursday. Mr. Sutherland lent us his car and trailer to drive down here. We came as far as Jhelum Friday evening and audited the books there on Saturday, yesterday. Monday morning we came on here [to Gujranwala]. There are supplies here for the missionaries in the trans-Jhelum, and we expect to take them back in the trailer on this coming Saturday.

Two of the Friends who have stayed with us several times are to be married in Lahore this week. They phoned to us in Jhelum to ask Emmet to marry them, but he does not have a license for the Punjab. He said he would go down if they have the wedding Thursday or Saturday. We have not heard yet. There surely must be someone in Lahore who has a license to marry Europeans or Americans.

**Gujranwala, Pakistan, June 26, 1948.** You see we are still in Gujranwala. Since we had expected to go home yesterday, we did not have our mail forwarded; so I should have at least two letters from you when we get back. Emmet has to attend committee meetings in Lahore tomorrow and Tuesday; so we are staying on and driving back Wednesday. Two of the Friends Service were married in Lahore Thursday evening. Emmet drove down in the morning for a meeting and I went by train in the afternoon. It was a quiet affair but they seemed to appreciate our being there, since they had been in our home a lot and had asked Emmet to officiate at the wedding, but since he does not have a license for the Punjab he could not do it.

We have been able to get a number of army supplies and are taking them back to all the missionaries up that way. Emmet put in a tender for large quantities at the army headquarters in Pindi. Since the supplies were in Lahore, the Boys Industrial School here took delivery of them and are selling them in "units," - a unit to a family. We are getting them at a very reasonable price. We haven't heard from Landour for a couple of weeks; so can give you no late news.

**Rawalpindi, Punjab, June 28, 1948.** We are very sorry to hear of Aunt Bessie's condition. No doubt it is all imagination, but it seems very real to her. You remember how she was two years ago. Far be it from me to advise from this distance, but of one thing I am sure and that is that she needs a nerve tonic, and one of the very best is what I had Emmet get for her two years ago and that is vitamin B complex. It can be purchased at any drugstore and is very effective. She should take two bottles now and later take more. She should also have something to put her to sleep. You remember we got something mild then. The doctor paid little or no attention to her. The ordinary doctor knows little about nerves and seems to care less. If you should have to go to Wooster again, mother, you should plan to stay a long time. You did not stay long enough to get her cleared up this time, and yet I know you would be happier in Boston. It seems to me you must decide where you are going to stay for the next year and stay there. You're not as young as you once were and should not be traveling alone, though I must say you have done very well at it. It is hard on Evangeline and Paul to have you traveling by bus alone. It is too hard on you shifting from one place to the other. I feel very sorry for Aunt Bessie and Emmet, but you have done a lot for them and I know you are willing to do more so
long as you are able. My concern for you is that you may undertake too much for your strength.

Yesterday was our anniversary, but we are celebrating today. You may remember that Mr. Sutherland's birthday is on the 27th and that we celebrated last year. They're coming down this afternoon and are bringing ice-cream, cake and chicken. We are furnishing tomato juice, mashed potatoes, beets, beans and coffee and candy. The Stewarts will also have dinner with us. The Sutherlands are spending this month in Taxila, as they did last year. They will drive Dr. Karsgaard's car in and leave it for him when he comes back from Murree, and they will drive their own car back tonight. We certainly did appreciate having their car for the trip to Gujranwala. We brought back the supplies and they will take theirs tonight.

This morning I had four women here asking for clothing. Two of them are from one area in Kashmir and two from another. All are widows with four or five children each. They have pitiful tales to tell of suffering along the way. We have only a little to give in comparison to the great need but are grateful for that little. I take their names and ages and sex of the children, and then tell them when to come for the things. Saturday I packed bundles for seven families, but this morning decided I had better stay home and clean house, as it sure needed it. Now things are in fairly good order.

When we returned we had a letter from Mary Ellen, in which she mentioned hearing from you. She seemed very pleased. I wish you folks could know her, but perhaps some time you will. We hope she gets sailings before too long. Since she is not coming as soon as Bob did last year, we have decided to wait until near the end of July to go up to Landour. In another letter or two I shall tell you where to address our letters. We have the assurance of the motor ride to Amritsar from Lahore, so that we shall get across the border without too much trouble. There is inspection on both sides, but since we shall have our own transportation it will not be too bad. There are no trains running between Amritsar and Lahore, and the buses which were running have been taken off and most people have to take a bus to a certain place, then walk half a mile and get another bus. That is not too easy these hot days when the hours of the buses are very uncertain.

I suppose Joe wrote you that Dave had been there. I suggested today that he go up to see you while he is East, but do not know how much time he has. I think I told you that Cleo was expecting this September and they are very thrilled.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, June 30, 1948. I am sitting in the dining room under the fan and listening to the carpenter on the veranda working on two chairs and a settee. These have never suited me, as they lean back too much, so now I have at last gotten a man working on them. It will only take him a couple of hours, but it is the same old story of getting the work started. We do not have many chairs of our own and we have been using Miss Cathcart's furniture, but she will be back in the fall and we need to have our own in shape for use.

College closed last Friday and the girls' school will close on the 10th, and the teachers will leave that night probably. It will be a little quieter then and we hope there will be fewer interruptions, so that we can get caught up on work. Everyone is very tired and ready for a vacation. The Stewarts are leaving for Murree on Saturday. Murree is only 37 mi. from here but the road is all up and up and up. We plan to leave near the end of the month, and hope that Mary Ellen will get out in August.

I suppose you wonder what we do. I wish I could tell you the number of different things that come into the day's program. Emmet, as you know, has the Boys High School, the Leper Hospital, the reading rooms, and two districts, in addition to being Bursar of the college. In the cantonment the mission owns three houses and all repairs on them and the renting of them are in Emmet's hands. Then this spring he has been trying to buy for the mission the large Soldiers' Home in Murree as a holiday home, since we own no property in the hills in Pakistan. He spent days on this and still it is not purchased, and we are not sure that we shall get it. This year Emmet has been president of the
Mission and has had an unusual responsibility, in addition to attending all the Executive Committee meetings. Usually the president does not have much to do during the year, but that has not been the case this year. Then, Emmet is a member of the executive committee of the Central Relief Committee (Christian) for all the subcontinent, and a member of the Pakistan Relief Committee. After Annual Meeting he will be relieved of some of this, as no one ever holds the office of president more than two years and this is his second year. Here on the campus Emmet oversees a lot of the building and repair work, too. The only time he is free to get down to office work is in the afternoons now, when it is too hot for anyone to come out, and at night when everyone has gone to bed. He is naturally very tired and I shall be glad when he can get away from here.

I have given a lot of time this spring to the clothes that have been sent out from America. It has been a joy to have them, but it also has been a tremendous amount of work. It was fortunate that I was not teaching at the school, for I never could have done as much of this if I had. Every day there are clothes to be sorted and bundles to be made up. Then there are some things that the refugees would never use, and so we have to sort everything and try to give the things according to their usefulness. There is nothing unused, but we have a regular Woolworth's store in a large upper room in one of the dormitories. I do not do anything like what I should like to do at the school, but I have been going on the policy that if our Indian teachers can handle it themselves they should do so and leave us free for something else. Our headmistress and manager has done very well. Of course she does not do everything as I would do it, but that does not say she is not doing it well. I hope we can hand over more and more work, but we must have more leaders and these days the Christians, being the only minority in Pakistan, are a bit fearful, though they have been given assurances of protection and equal rights by the leaders of the government.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, July 11, 1948. Tuesday we drove up to Murree and then back home again Wednesday morning. Mary Lenz, a nurse from our Washington church, who came out for relief work and is at our Taxila hospital for a time, was in for the week end. Mr. Sutherland had to go to Gujranwala Monday and returned Wednesday; so he said that if we could get the gas we could drive his car to Murree and show Mary what it is like up there. A friend in the government got us the gas ration. It sure pays to have friends, doesn't it? We had lunch Tuesday with Dr. Karsgaard and family, who are living with friends right in the heart of the shopping area, in the Anglican Parsonage. Then we walked farther up the hill and had tea at the Anglican summer home, where Add Brandon and several of our people are boarding. Then we came back to the car and drove about 2 mi. out to the Soldiers' Home, where the Stewarts are living. It is a beautiful location and a large building with wonderful possibilities for a summer home for our missionaries. We're trying to buy it, but so far have not succeeded. We spent the night there and had the opportunity of seeing all around the place. The next morning as we came down the hill the heat hit us just like a blast from a furnace. Murree is 38 mi. from here and some of the road is very steep. The difference in temperature is remarkable when you think how little the distance is.

Those wedding gifts sound lovely. Those towel sets are beautiful and so useful. I know Mary Ellen and Bob will be very pleased. Then, the napkins were just what she mentioned. Yours would be the best of linen and I know she will appreciate their value. We have no word as to when she is coming but do hope it is soon, as we want her here with us while we are in Landour.

There are a number of things I want to do before we start for the hills in a little over two weeks. Tomorrow I want to clean my pantry and put all supplies in order. These past few weeks I have been working hard up in the store room, getting bundles of clothing ready to give out, and then cleaning the room before closing my work there for the summer. We're sending out a form letter to all who sent these towel kits. Emmet will cut the stencil tomorrow, and as soon as it is mimeographed I shall
fold them and mail them as quickly as possible. I have about 300 envelopes addressed. The girl of the Friends Service who was married in Lahore addressed about half or more of these envelopes. There are at least 150 more to address and still many boxes not unpacked. All the woolen clothing we have packed for the winter. The Friends also gave us material for 200 men's suits, which we shall be giving out to refugee students in the fall. We shall be busy with clothing all winter. We are most grateful for it.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, July 19, 1948.** Last evening, as we came from church, we were caught in a dust storm and by the time we got to our gate the first drops of rain came, bringing relief from the heat. We had a good rain then and later in the night, and the hedges and grasses and plants are lifting their heads this morning and looking so fresh and green again. We have been hoping for this rain all week, as it has been very hot and humid.

There's been no news from Landour for some time. We received a letter from Jim after he got down, but nothing from the others. I suppose Bob is waiting to see if he cannot get some good word of Mary Ellen's sailing. It will be a poor joke on us if we do not get to witness the wedding after all. Bob would be very disappointed if his father could not perform the ceremony. However, we must just wait and see.

The Millers were here Thursday night on their way to Murree. They drove up and are happy to be out of the heat. We have arrangements to go on the 29th [to Landour] and shall send over for train reservations today. We shall take the night train from here, in order to have time in Lahore to make any legal arrangements necessary for crossing the border. The Christian Relief station wagon will take us across, as Emmet has gas coupons enough for the trip. We have to have passports, permits to leave Pakistan, to enter India, and to return to Pakistan. We also have to have our police registration form with us and properly countersigned. New regulations have just been published in Saturday's paper and Emmet is writing this morning about them, in order to know what there is for us to do. They are getting stricter all the time. The Christian Relief have made our reservations from Amritsar for the night of the 30th, and we should be in Landour the next morning.

I see that I have made countless mistakes thus far. It is evident that my mind is not working right and my fingers do not work either. You will have to endure handwritten letters in Landour, as we are not allowed to take typewriters across the border. Emmet thinks he will try to rent one up there.

Tonight all the staff who are left here are having an ice-cream party at our house. Miss Brandon and we are making ice-cream and one of the others will make a freezer of ice-cream if they can get the ice, which is very scarce now, as it is the Mohammedans' month of fasting and they are buying up more than usual, in order to have ice cold water or soft drinks when they break the fast in the evening. Last week they were selling ice in the black market at 12¢ a pound, but the government has come down hard on that. Nevertheless, it is hard to get ice and we who have frigidaires are fortunate. We give ice every evening to one of the Moslem peons of the college who has been employed here for over 20 years.

Miss Saunders of the New Zealand mission is here representing the Pakistan government at the camp for abducted women, which is close by, and she is boarding with us. She hopes to leave by the end of the week.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, July 25, 1948.** We should like some saccharine. I think I told you that Emmet uses that entirely for his tea and coffee. We are getting a little low on it since I also use it in a cold drink I mix. We have been able to get synthetic lemon powder (American army surplus) and I mix that with a small amount of hot water and then add saccharine and keep it in a jar in the Frigidaire. I've worked out a formula whereby 1 tsp. of this is enough for a glass of lemonade.
Everyone seems to like it and it is so much cheaper than the bought juices and still does not require sugar. The Indian people always enjoy a cold drink when they come in. The other need is a flashlight. Emmet bought me one here but it has never worked. I would like some extra batteries and bulbs, too. In many ways it would be simpler if I just let Evelyn Cathcart buy these things and I can pay her here. Emmet has just told me that he has written to his brother Joe to bring saccharine; so please just forget about this, and as for the flashlight I shall write Evelyn.

I am so glad you heard from Mary Ellen about the wedding presents. She has written very lovely letters and I'm hoping she is going to be a good correspondent. From what I saw of her at Joe and Marian's wedding, I think she has a good sense of the fitting and proper thing to be done. Everything we have heard of her makes us think we shall be very happy to have her as a daughter.

Thursday: We still plan to go to Landour this week. We shall leave here and get there on Saturday, providing we get all the necessary permits. We had a letter from Bob, saying that we are to move to Upper Woodstock on the fifth; so please address our letters there, and remember it is INDIA.

This past week we have had a lot of rain and it has been really cool. I was glad I was not in Murree the other day, for I am sure they must been very cold up there. It is warming up again.

Thursday night I had two teachers of the girls' school, who are still here, in for dinner and games. I've not had people in as much as I would like because Emmet is so busy that he works late every night. The Christians, since they are such a small minority in this Moslem country, have been somewhat nervous and fearful, and we need to keep them cheered up and more optimistic.

Landour, Mussoorie, India, August 2, 1948. You will be glad to know we came through in good time without any difficulty. Mr. and Mrs. Clements had gone to Lahore Thursday and spent all day until about four in the afternoon, getting their papers for coming to India in order. Friday morning they met us at the station when our train pulled in at 8:00, and piloted us around. Their experiences of the previous day made it possible for us to take some "short cuts" so that we were through all the offices and had our visas by 12:00 noon. We left Lahore at about 3:00 and were in Amritsar at 4:30. We were stopped a total of seven times on both sides of the border but had no difficulty. We had reservations on the night train out of Amritsar, reaching Saharanpur at 3:30 a.m., but did not get a bus out until 6:00. At Dehra Dun we made a quick transfer to another bus and were up at the terminal by 10:00 and here at the house [Kennedy Lodge] shortly after 11:00. I've slept a lot since and hope to be caught up soon.

This morning we went down to the hospital to see Mrs. Campbell. She was badly burnt by an explosion of a primus stove on the 15th of April and is still in bed, though her face is all cleared and she looks remarkably well. Now she is able to sit up in a chair each day, but has taken only a very few steps.

Marty and John are fine. Marty goes to nursery school in the mornings, which is a great boon. She is as interesting as ever. John is quite a big husky fellow and very active. He has a bright, happy disposition. Barry is the same dear person. We are not able to get into Upper Woodstock until the 10th. At present we are in the same suite we had last year and go down to Barry's [The Wharf] for our meals. It is just down the hill and very few steps.

Landour, Mussoorie, India, August 8, 1948. John has the same lovely blue in his eyes that Marty has. He is a real boy and is into everything. He walks around the chair but not alone yet. Marty is a very interesting child and is good company.

Bob was up for tea yesterday and today. We do hope to hear of Mary Ellen's sailing soon. It is a
disappointment that the Board did not send her earlier, but we shall be very thankful whenever she gets here. Bob is fine and very busy.

We hope to move to Upper Woodstock on Friday, the day Janet flies from Paris. We shall be thinking of her. That house is near the school so that Bob can come in every day if he wants to. After we get down there I will take my turn at housekeeping.

Marty is here beside me, asking to whom I am writing. I asked her what to write and she said to tell you that John fell down the steps and scratched his face. That was before we came up. He suffered no very serious effects.

Upper Woodstock, Landour, August 15, 1948. [Though written on August 15, it is interesting that she makes no reference in this letter to the historic events that took place that day, Independence and Partition.] We moved Friday. We had hoped to have ourselves and all our possessions down here by noon, but Barry didn't get down with the last coolies until 3:00. Everything has to be moved on the backs of coolies. We used six men and each carried five loads. Mrs. Ogden, one of the Presbyterian ladies who has another suite in the same house, gave us lunch. Bob was up a couple of times to see how we were getting along. This house is right above the playground and the school. Bob will be able to come in frequently. We only regret that Mary Ellen's sailings have been delayed, as we had hoped that she, too, would be able to come in often and we could get acquainted with her. We do hope she will sail soon.

Yesterday was the August sale at the school. We went down but didn't buy much. I did get a half-dozen towels. I hope to go to Mussoorie Thursday and want to get a few things then.

You would be interested in the food situation here. There is no rationing; so we have plenty of sugar and white flour. I made fudge a week ago, which seemed to be very acceptable to all the family. Beef is not available and fresh mutton is very expensive. We do get dry mutton, which is quite good, and we still get canned meat of different varieties. We also use dried potatoes, dried carrots, and dried fruit. We get 6 lb. tins (still American army surplus) of jam, peanut butter, cheese, margarine and pudding powders. We will live well but differently, because five years ago we could scarcely buy a tin of anything. I can remember when I thought I was fortunate to have three cans in the house. Native prices have risen so much that it is cheaper to buy these cans.

Upper Woodstock, Landour, September 5, 1948. Since Mary Ellen has not gotten any sailings yet, we are going down on the 13th and plan to come back for the wedding. Sailings seem to be hard to get this year. No doubt the departure of the British from India has greatly lessened the number of travelers out this way, and consequently the shipping companies are not routing so many ships in this direction.

Bob has just been in for a few minutes. He comes in almost every day and often we serve him tea and whatever there may be that goes along with it. He is happy to have us so near and of course we are just as happy to have him come in often.

The school put on the operetta, "The Ghost of Lollipop Bay," on Friday. Miss Sowers, the head of the music department, and Bob directed it. It was really very well done.

Landour, September 10, 1948. I am wondering if Janet would look up a young couple in New Haven, and also give their address to Dr. and Mrs. Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Strickler, 593 Howard Avenue, New Haven. He is the son of Presbyterian missionaries out here and was in Woodstock when we were there. He is studying in Yale for his Ph.D. in physics. Mrs. Strickler was Mildred Martin, daughter of the Martins who were in Taxila for some years. She knew Jim and our boys when they were all youngsters out here. The Stricklers were just married in June and I thought it
would be nice for them to go to the Beaches’ church at least once, and they may be interested in it enough to make that their church home. His mother thought they might be moving before college opens. In that case, you can probably get their new address from the University.

We got word Friday that Mary Ellen is to sail on the 19th, but she didn’t know when they were due to land in Bombay. We were certainly glad to know that she finally has sailings. Joe also wrote telling us about it. She is to have a couple of days in Philadelphia with Joe and Marian before going on to New York to sail.

We are going down tomorrow morning and hope to come back for the wedding, whenever that will be. We have talked over general plans and those who are here will carry out the details, as we shall be here only two or three days.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, September 18, 1948.** We left Landour last Monday morning according to plan and arrived in Amritsar at 6:30, the next morning. Mr. Whitfield of our Industrial School, Gujranwala has gotten a permit to go back and forth across the border this month, and plans to meet our people going down from Landour. There is no public conveyance of any kind crossing the border. Mr. Whitfield arrived in Amritsar about 10:30 a.m and since we had never heard whether he had received our letter and telegram we were relieved to see him. As he had some errands to do first, we didn’t leave Amritsar until 12:00 noon and were in Lahore, 30 mi. away, at 4:00 p.m.. They stopped us seven times and opened luggage, etc. But all officials were courteous.

I had hoped to use a typewriter again, but the mice got into the typewriter and evidently had a merry time. I’m surprised they didn’t hang themselves on the ribbon they unwound! The typewriter had the lid on but it doesn’t fit too well, and the machine was on a table which is just a little narrower than the machine. I took it over today to be cleaned and repaired, and a new ribbon put in it. The mice played in every corner of the house and made such a mess that I have spent three mornings in cleaning up and have not finished yet. I set traps last night but with no results!

We left the folks in Landour well and happy. Barry was not sure when she would be going to Allahabad, but she hoped to stay up until after the wedding. We have not heard when Mary Ellen’s ship is due in Bombay. It is really very pleasant weather here now. I like the heat better than the cold.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, September 24, 1948.** A letter from Joe said that Mary Ellen’s sailing had been postponed until the 22nd and might even be later. She must be weary of waiting and I know Bob is. We still hope that we can go across for the wedding. We have not heard from Landour since we left, but others have come down and all is well there they say. The last of our people from Landour came yesterday.

We are still waiting to hear from Dave as to the new member of the family [Dean]. I say I keep looking every day for news that never comes but some day it will be here. Emmet’s brother Joe and Marjorie and [Ida] should be landing in Bombay early in October. They will wait there until the freighter with their car and luggage comes, and will come to Karachi on that. It is much better to land in Karachi in order to avoid the extra customs offices.

We were very sorry to hear of Emmet’s illness. You did not say what the nature of the sores on his legs is. I’d hoped they could have a holiday without being sick. Please let us know how he is and please do not worry, mother, as it is hard on you. Everyone has troubles of one kind or another. I realize some are harder than others. We cannot control the nature of some of those troubles, but in a greater measure we can control the way we take them. Emmet has worked very hard without any
holiday for years and I do hope the rest he is getting will do him good. We have wondered if he will not be entitled to some pension or disability insurance from the state. Aunt Bessie surely could get something. I do not know of the Ohio laws in that regard, but certainly if there is anything she can get she should take it.

Ralwalpindi, Pakistan, September 29, 1948. Your letter saying that you were not receiving my letters came this week. It is mostly a matter of the mails, though there were about 10 days that elapsed at one time when I did not write. I started to do so and was interrupted and failed to get to it again for a few days. If I should be sick, we shall send you word. You should not write to the Board, for we do not often write them personal matters and they would not know about us personally as much as you do. If you should not hear for six months or so, you might write to enquire if mails were getting through, but otherwise you should not bother them. Joe is very regular in his writing and we hear from him and answer his letters just about the same time as we write to you; so it is well for you to enquire from him about us.

We had a letter from Bob, saying the wedding will probably be about the first of November unless Mary Ellen did not get off when planned. We hope we shall be able to go. Jim can go at that time since there is a holiday in the college.

Yesterday we had a few friends in for tea and we are having more in tomorrow. We had tea out on the lawn, as the whole garden looks rather pretty and well-kept now. We were allowed to bring five seer (Kgs) of food each from India; so I brought some sugar and flour and am making cake for these teas. I can make chocolate cake out of the whole wheat flour, but have not been able to have a white cake for a long time. I served ice-cream instead of candy - plus a native sweet which we can buy here and which gives a little more sweet to the diet. Since we have the frigidaire, I thought people might prefer the ice-cream as it is still warm weather. I wanted to have these friends in before Annual Meeting.

We are still waiting for word from Cleo. This seems to be a year of waiting. I know she must be anxious to have the baby, as the last days of waiting are very trying.

College has opened with a large enrollment. The government has opened a college here, but it will not affect our enrollment as there is plenty of room for two colleges. There were four before partition. We wish they would open a college for girls.

Most of the refugees have found homes and are settled, though many are without clothing. There are a number of refugees from Kashmir who are destitute. Some are camped in public gardens across the road from us.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, October 6, 1948. We had a letter in six days from Joe, telling us all about Mary Ellen's visit with them and their trip to New York to see her off. Now we hope she is having a good voyage and will arrive in good time.

Last Thursday I went to a mass meeting for women - a real pep meeting at one of the movie houses near here. I went with Mrs. Gill, the wife of a Christian magistrate here, and we had seats in the very front row. The main speaker was Begum Liaquat Ali, the wife of the Prime Minister of Pakistan. She read a very good speech, but the pep speech was made by a woman of about 50, who has traveled extensively, and had a real flow of language. I was very pleased that I could hear her.

I have borrowed a cat for a few days to try to get rid of the mice. Thus far he has not caught any, though he has caught a number in his own house.

There are many things to be done before I go to Annual Meeting but since we hope to go directly to Landour from there I want to finish as many things as possible.
Rawalpindi, Pakistan, October 10, 1948. This week we have been distributing the wool cloth which the Friends gave us last June. They gave us eight and a half bolts of beautiful suiting to be given out in 3-yd lengths to refugees and poor boys. I had a darzi sitting on the veranda and cutting it in 3-yd lengths. We told the boys who had given the cloth, and then we took their signatures as they received the cloth. The signatures are to be sent to the Calcutta office. The boys were amazed that anyone should send such a gift. I was very pleased to find that not a moth had gotten near the cloth. It was wrapped in heavy paper and then I put a lot of DDT powder with it in a very large tin box on our back verandah, where it stayed all summer.

As soon as we get back from Annual Meeting, we shall have to begin distributing the garments which we put away last summer, as we sorted the towel kits. What a joy it is to have these things to give when cloth is so scarce and so very expensive. This wool material which we gave to the students is worth at least 20 rupees a yard. We have 235 pieces of 3-yds each; so you can see what the value is. All the coats, sweaters, dresses and underwear that we have put away will be a great boon to many poor people.

Emmet's brother Joe sent a wire Friday, saying they had arrived in Sialkot. They landed in Bombay on the first and got a ship the next day for Karachi and came right on up. Their freight and car are coming on another ship which is due three weeks later.

Yes, I feel sure we shall be very fond of Mary Ellen. Joe wrote of how much they enjoyed her visit. He also said that your two letters were in the cabin for her. It was nice of both of you to write. We're not sure just what date she is due in Bombay. I think I shall write to her before going to Annual Meeting, as there is always such a rush there that I do not get letters written as I should.

Miss Cathcart is due in Karachi about the 28th. Wasn't it nice that she and Mary Ellen were in New York together, and that she went with Joe and Maria and Mary Ellen that last night in New York to Radio City. We were very pleased that Joe and Marian got to New York.

Annual Meeting, Sialkot, Pakistan, October 17, 1948. Emmet thought he had a very excellent birthday present in the news of a grandson. Dave cabled to Bob (since he was not certain where we would be at the time) and Bob wired us. We can well imagine how delighted Dave and Cleo are. We are anxious now for a letter.

Joe and Marjorie and Ida are here. They were able to get a ship for Karachi the day after they landed in Bombay and came right on up. He will have to return to Karachi for his freight and jeep when the freighter lands there in a week or so. Marjorie gave me a very pretty piece of voile for a dress and says there are three dresses in their freight for me!

We have not heard when Mary Ellen's ship is due but have sent our letters. Bob expected to go to Bombay and we should hear in a day or so of his definite plans, which he could not make until he heard the date of the ship's landing.

We plan to leave here for Landour on the 25th. The wedding will probably take place the first or second of November. It will be in the school auditorium and the reception will be in the house were we used to live. I think I told you Barry was staying in Landour for the wedding and Jim will come up.

Sialkot, Pakistan, October 24, 1948. Our mission meeting closed last night at about 11:30. The lights went out at a little after 11:00; so we finished by flashlight and one lantern. Tomorrow, Emmet and I are going to Lahore and on Tuesday we are going across the border in Miss Trimble's car. We hope to leave Amritsar that night and be in Landour Wednesday morning. A card from Barry yesterday said Bob had left for Bombay Tuesday evening, the 19th. He wired to Bombay and Karachi, enquiring about the time the ship would dock, but no word had come when he left. Wires
came afterwards saying that it was due in Karachi on the 20th, and in Bombay today, the 24th. They should get to Landour about the same day we do. The wedding will be the third or the fourth of November. We all thought she should have a little breathing spell before the wedding. The three suites in Upper Woodstock will be at our disposal; so we shall all be able to spread out. Jim expects to arrive in Landour the 31st morning. They want Emmet to baptize John that day. I’ve given you all this information about our plans so that you can be thinking of us. We do not like to be away from Pindi so long, but as Emmet has not been able to be at the wedding of any of the other boys, and Bob is so keen to have him perform the ceremony, we are going. Naturally we are very eager to go.

Bombay, Thursday, October 28, 1948. Letter from Mary Ellen Stewart to Grandma Payne. Perhaps you have heard through Joe and Marian by now of my safe arrival in Bombay. I cabled the Board in Philadelphia as soon as I arrived on the 26th. Knowing how anxious you would be to hear from Bob and me, I said we just must write Grandma before going on to Landour.

Having left New York on September 25th, our trip took about a month in all. It was most delightful -12 congenial passengers in all. I shared a cabin with a missionary lady going to the Mukti mission not far from Bombay, also a young Indian girl (23) returning from studying for her M.A. at Cornell University in New York...

I was a bit seasick for a few days at first, but soon recovered. Except for two rainy days, we had lovely sunshine all the way, and very few excessively hot days. We stopped at Alexandria, Egypt; Port Said; Jeddah, Arabia (where we were able to go ashore for a few hours); and Karachi, Pakistan before reaching Bombay.

Bob was right on hand to greet me as soon as we dropped anchor in Bombay harbor. He looks wonderfully well, and you can guess how good he looks to me.

Due to the recent shipping strike here there will be a delay in the ship's docking; so we must wait until then before I can get my luggage from the hold. We should probably be here for a week or 10 days, which we don't mind at all. Bombay is a beautiful city, with plenty to keep us entertained.

We were very fortunate to get through customs with little delay or difficulties; so now we can enjoy ourselves while we wait.

We're staying with Mrs. Blickenstaff in their apartment here in Bombay. Many of the missionaries stop here going and coming. I'll close now and let Bob add a little note and will write again from Landour.

Bob's note to Grandma Payne. I feel almost too ashamed to write after all these months of silence. We're having a lovely time here in Bombay, though I must say I do feel guilty about my work at the school. However, they are being very generous with me. Various teachers are taking my classes for me while I'm away. Mary Ellen is wonderful. She seems to have had a grand trip which makes me very happy. I am awfully sorry you folks didn't have a visit with her before she left, but she has been very appreciative of your letters, and I was certainly very happy that she could have the visit with Joe and Marian in Philadelphia. It meant so much to her, and to both of them there.

We are going to miss all of you at our wedding.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, October 31, 1948. You are probably wondering what we are doing in Pindi at this date. Our Annual Meeting closed Sabbath night and that day we got a wire from Bob, saying there was a possible delay of 10 days and that he would wire us on Monday. Since I had given him a Lahore address I did not know whether he would wire to Lahore or Sialkot, and since we had the opportunity of crossing the border on Tuesday with some of our own people, we decided to go to...
Lahore to see that all necessary papers were ready for crossing and then hope for word in time, to know whether or not to go on. We had taken our luggage over to the house where Miss Trimble was staying, and then came back to the house for lunch and were just going out the door when Bob's wire came. He said that we should postpone all plans for one week. We immediately decided to come on home for a week's work and then go back. Mr. Stuntz said he would try to get us across on Thursday of this week. Friday we got a letter from Bob, telling of Mary Ellen's arrival on Tuesday. He secured a permit to go on the ship's launch and gave Mary Ellen a real surprise. The ship was not able to dock, but the passengers could land, coming in on launches. Several weeks ago there was a big strike of the dock workers in Bombay and that has held up all shipping since. For that reason Mary Ellen cannot get her heavy luggage and she must see it through customs herself, and they must bring it up country on their tickets to be sure it comes through without harm. There are long delays in sending freight and also much looting of baggage. Needless to say they are immensely happy. They are staying at Mrs. Blickenstaff's apartment, where we stayed four years ago. She is a lovely person for them to be with. We now plan to leave here Wednesday night and cross the border Thursday. I shall go direct to Landour, getting there Friday, but Emmet is going to a meeting in Delhi and will come up a day later. We do not know what day Bob and Mary Ellen will get there.

Since coming home we have been busy giving out heavy clothing to the needy. Last spring and summer we put all the woolen things away in DDT in boxes and those we are now distributing. I think I told you we had 235 suit pieces to give to the needy students. We are most thankful for all these garments and pieces of material. I've ordered 175 yds. of homespun and woven cotton from our Industrial School in Gujranwala and have it to sell or give, but have not received the bill yet. I'm going to sell it at cost to some who can afford to pay for it. All the cloth in the bazaar is very expensive and most people have not been able to get any reasonably priced and rationed cloth since the partition; so they are desperately in need of it. All of our employees are very much in need of help of this kind.

The sister of one of our professors was married yesterday. The professor asked if they could have the reception on our lawn and I gladly agreed, as he is one who takes great pride in keeping the lawns and gardens nice and I knew he would be careful. True to type, they asked me at 12:00 noon if they could make the sandwiches and spread the brown bread at our house and would I help. The wedding was to be at 3:00. Naturally, those of us who helped did not go to the church for the ceremony. You can imagine the rush here when we were preparing for 200 guests. It did not bother them at all, but it bothers me to have things unplanned, especially when it is at our house. However, everyone pronounced it a great success and this morning Dr. McAuley spoke of what a grand affair it was!


We have a cable this morning as follows: "Married November 10th Parker Hall Woodstock Greetings to all " Mr. and Mrs. Robert Alter

We do not know how many cables these people may have sent, but we are sure you will be interested in the report which this cable brings us, and we pass it along to you because we know that you would want word of some kind.

We had heard from Mrs. Alter of her arrival in Bombay. Beyond that we had no information. We suppose that you will be receiving letters. We shall be glad to share any information of interest and importance to us that you may pass along.
Rawalpindi, Pakistan, November 14, 1948. The big event of the year, so far as our family is concerned, is past and I am attempting now to tell you about it, though no doubt there will be some incidents that I may fail to include.

Jim and I arrived in Landour on Friday the fifth. Ellen and Bob on the sixth, and Dad, who had to attend a meeting in Delhi, on the seventh. As you know, Barry had remained in Landour to receive Ellen and give us all a home together for those few days. The other two suites in the house were empty and had been offered to us. It was wonderful having that much of our scattered family together for even that many days.

Most of you have heard of Ellen's and Bob's prolonged stay in Bombay and the very happy time they had there. The trip up country was full of new sights for Ellen and the real treat came when she started up the twenty-two miles up the hill from Dehra Dun and was climaxed when she reached our house. She had been there only a few minutes when she said, "I can hardly wait until Mother and Dad come out to see this."

Sunday afternoon she and Bob went down to the Hostel to see where her new home is to be and she came back very enthusiastic, much to our delight. Sunday morning Ellen, Bob, Marty, and I represented the family at church and almost stopped the singing of the first hymn, as we went in just after they got started and all the school children had to stop and look! At this time of year church is held in Parker Hall at the school and there are very few people on the hillside to attend. Jim went down to meet his father, as he had gone to meet Ellen and Bob the day before. Sunday night Mr. and Mrs. Ewing came up for dinner and to discuss final plans as the reception was to be at their home, the house were we used to live. Monday Ellen was busy unpacking most of the time and that afternoon we had about 20 guests for tea - old friends of the family and others who were helping with the wedding in one way or the other. Ellen has a real social gift in her ability to remember names, and when they left she knew each one's name and something definite about the person. Tuesday was a full day for everyone and that night was the rehearsal at Parker Hall. Wednesday morning there were last things to be done. I went down to Mrs. Parker's (you remember her in Wooster, mother) and she and I made open-faced sandwiches for the reception. A Norwegian missionary and his wife have been helping at the school this year, and since she had had experience in a florist shop in Norway, she came up Wednesday and made the bouquets and corsages. The bride's bouquet was a real masterpiece. We ordered flowers from a lady in Mussoorie and they came the evening before. Since there were wild tree dahlias on the hillside and they are a pale lavender, we decided on pink and lavender for the color scheme. The bride's bouquet was circular with one white lily in the center surrounded by lovely pale pink rosebuds which in turn were surrounded by ivory-colored asters rimmed with maiden hair ferns. Ellen had brought out the ribbon for the bouquet and a satin-covered testament which her mother had given her and which she carried with the bouquet. It all looked so lovely with her ivory-colored satin gown. Bob had ordered a dark blue suit through her and looked very stunning. You see, I must say something about the groom, even though he usually does not figure much at a wedding.

Miss Sowers of the music department arranged for the music which started at 2:30 with two piano numbers and two violin. Then I was ushered in just before the girls' sextet sang "O Promise Me." The hall had been beautifully decorated with pine boughs and tree dahlias banked along the drawn curtains of the stage and around the altar. There were also two pair of seven-branched candlesticks lighted beside and behind the altar.

It was a real family affair. Dad performed the ceremony. Jim, as best man, came in with Bob from the left; Barry in a pale green net gown was matron of honor. Marty in a long pale pink dress was flower girl. Ellen came in on the arm of Mr. Ewing. She looked regally charming. Her gown is
exquisite, her veil and crown beautiful, and she has so much natural grace and poise that she made a perfect bride.

I must pause here to say that we have all fallen in love with Ellen and feel as though she has always been a part of the family. She has such a gracious and kind personality and such a bearing as to give you confidence in her and all that she will say and do. She also has a very pleasing speaking voice.

To return to the wedding - After the ceremony, considerable time was given to taking pictures out in front of Parker Hall before we all went down to the Ewings’ for the reception. After passing down the receiving line, guests went into the house, where tea was served in buffet style in the dining room, with small tables in the drawing room and out in front of the verandah. The wedding cake - a bride's cake - of four tiers was set on a table in front of the fireplace in the drawing room, where the bride and groom cut it first and then Mrs. Le Shana of the staff, who had made it, cut it for the guests. Four members of the staff - old friends of the family, poured tea, two at a time. The table was beautiful, with a large white centerpiece and candles burning at each end. We served sandwiches, brown bread, brownies, cake, pralines which Ellen had brought out, chocolates and nuts. Following the wedding, the bride and groom went to a lovely old house looking across the hills to the snows. They are due back at the Hostel this afternoon.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, November 21, 1948. Ellen had all her trunks and boxes brought up to our house to open them up for many things that were wanted, and then she closed them and sent them down to the Hostel. I think she did wonderfully well to get out the right things and put everything in such good order at such a time. My gloves are beautiful but you should not have done so much for me. They will look so nice with my suit. The make-up cape is such a pretty shade of green and such a useful gift. My blue one was practically new so I hope you do not mind that I gave the green one to Ellen, who had none, and who put it to use at once at her wedding and honeymoon.

Ellen has very good taste and brought out such lovely things for the children - such a darling dress for Marty with the little bit of lace petticoat showing! Joe and Marian sent such cute toys. All Ellen's clothes are of the best material and well cared for. She is very orderly and careful and would just suit you. She had her picture taken in her wedding dress at home and gave us one so that our family group of pictures is complete, with the exception of Dean. This is the name Dave and Cleo are using for their baby. We hope we can send you some of the wedding if ever we get some. Joe and Marian sent us a picture, which is good of Marian but not so good of Joe. Yes, I was delighted when Ellen and Bob said they had written to you from Bombay. I knew how pleased you would be. Ellen is very thoughtful.

Winter is coming and we put up our stove and have had fires the past two evenings... We are very comfortable in the living room, but the rest of the house is very cold in the worst of the winter.

We are still busy giving out clothes to the poor refugees and other needy people. We are so thankful for these things and are beginning to wonder what we shall do after these are finished, unless more come.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, November 28. We were very pleased to know that you had received word from the Board that the wedding was an accomplished fact. For so many months we had been planning for it. Yesterday we had a very good letter from Ellen, telling about their getting back to the Hostel and the number of things which they had been doing these days. At the end of the school year there are countless things to be done, and I appreciated her letter all the more since I knew how busy she is. She still exclaims over how good everyone is to them. She is so appreciative that everyone wants to do for her. Also, Bob has made a very real place for himself. The boys look to him as their...
ideal. He evidently has a very good way with boys. Mr. Ewing told us that he is the most popular member of the staff. I just tell you this for home consumption. Mrs. Ewing said Ellen is just the kind of girl she would expect Bob to choose.

The distribution of this clothing is no small item, as every towel kit has to be opened and sorted in order to make it most useful. We should be free of this by Christmas, but would be glad for another carload after that as the need is very great.

We are using some of Swift's products this winter that we bought from the army surplus. Some of them Pakistanis would not eat and, in fact, they do not use canned goods of any kind much because they have never been used to it. In the canteens they say they are selling it very cheap in order to get rid of it. We, who have used canned goods all our lives, are very happy to get it. You may be sure we do not object to the low prices. I suppose there is a limit to the time it will keep.

You ask about the dolls. Only ones with baggy trousers belong to Pakistan. I do not know where I could get any more of our variety but am going to try. The woman with a tent over her head is typical. Now, however, many of these burkhas are in color or black instead of white.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, December 5, 1948.** We realize that Christmas will soon be with us and we must begin to get things ready. Of course we do not do what we did when the children were little but there are other things to be done. I want to make a fruitcake this week. I got a little flour from Landour. Last year we made all our fruitcakes out of the whole wheat flour, but they dry out much faster. You will be shocked when I tell you what I paid for the flour I bought but will understand why I brought LITTLE. It was 28¢ a pound. We think sugar is high at 16¢ a pound, but since we have not been able to get any on our ration for some weeks, I paid 50¢ for a loaf sugar yesterday and thought myself fortunate to be able to get it. They say we are to get ration sugar again soon. We can still get the brown sugar, though it too is 16¢ a pound. Now do not think that we are starving, for it is far from that, but we are not saving anything you may be sure. The only really cheap things are the army surplus tins. I should modify that, as what whole wheat flour we get on ration is reasonable and beef is cheap.

I have not done any sewing or mending for so long that I must get to it soon or everything will be in the mending basket. I must also make some dish cloths from material we were able to buy from the B I H. They bought thread for the woof and some of the Christian weavers, who could not get machine thread, came in with the homespun thread for the warp and have made quite a bit of cloth and have also taught some others to weave. It is an industry that needs more developing here in Pakistan, where there is a big cotton crop. All the textile mills are on the India side but some are being opened over here. We have quite a number of weavers in the villages but not enough to make cloth sufficient for demand. A great deal of the relief work among Christians has been in helping them get started in some trade or industry. Here we have not been able to do much of that but we did help one darzi get a sewing machine by lending him money and his paying it back by monthly installments. We have tried to get employment for many people but there is a great deal of unemployment. The government is trying to supply the people that have been coming out of Kashmir with food and clothing, but so many more refugees have come to Pakistan than left this part of the country so that the population has increased and the need is terrific. One of the worst things about such a situation is the demoralizing effect of it. These hundreds of thousands who are on relief are going to be slow about taking employment later, since their needs have been met without any effort on their part. I do not mean to say that they have had abundance of food and clothing, for that would be a great misstatement, but they have managed to exist, and for many of them that is all they ask for, for they have never had much more than that.

My watchman's wife is dying of TB, but he will not acknowledge that that is the trouble. He has
five children, all of whom live in the one same room in one of the houses at the athletic field. He would not believe that they should not live that way and I have a very guilty conscience about it, but hardly know how to meet the situation. There are not enough sanatoriums for all the TB patients and not enough money to take care of them. When I took this man on last spring, he said that his wife and children would be coming from Sargodha and that she would help me, but when she arrived I discovered they had TB and could not live near the other servants here at the college. If he were a good servant I would have more sympathy for him, but then maybe he is in such a poor state because he may have TB himself. I would like to get a good watchman but could not possibly turn this man off, with his wife in this condition.

We had a good letter from Ellen and Bob the other day. She has everything unpacked and is making a transformation in the place, so Bob says. That house needed a woman for the past two years. The men of the staff have been alone there with the older boys and we're so happy Ellen is there now. Bob says the boys are taking to Ellen in a big way. She is very friendly and goes out to meet young folk.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, December 9, 1948. Letter to Paul Wien. The time passes all too quickly and the calendar tells me that even now I may be too late for your birthday. Nevertheless, I am sure you will know that we are thinking of you and wishing you a very happy birthday with an appropriate celebration. We try to observe these days, though, with just the two of us, we do not find many ways of celebrating. It is usually with a tea or dinner and a little relaxation from work and other duties.

I suppose you are all getting ready for Christmas. At least, mother is always ready to celebrate that day. If she were here with us maybe she would give us some pep over the day. I know I could keep her busy wrapping toys for the children at the Leper Hospital and in the Sunday School. Also, we are having a tea for the Christian faculty and their families and there will be toys for them to be wrapped. Mother should have been here today when I unpacked the last box from America, because in it there were so many pasteboard boxes and I put every one away carefully, just as she would have done. They just are not to be found out here; so they are doubly precious.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, December 12, 1948. There seems to be no news except that we are having unusually cold weather. It has snowed in Murree and we are getting the cold winds off the snow. It is the main topic of conversation with everyone. We had a card from Ellen, in which she said they also had been having very cold weather and since the children were taking their tests it was very hard for them to write with their hands so cold. The school has no heat of any kind and can be bitterly cold. So long as there is sunshine they can manage by going out in it for their classes, but it had been raining at the school level and was snowing up by the church.

The children were coming down on Friday and Bob was to bring the Pakistan party as far as Amritsar and the Christian relief bus was going across for them. Now Ellen and Bob have their home to themselves and will no doubt enjoy being alone for a time at least.

Among all the things which were in the boxes from America there were quite a number of union suits and underwear. Since the people here do not wear such things we wondered what we could do with them, but as our supply of clothing got smaller and smaller we gave out the suits. Imagine our surprise when we saw a man walking down the street in the bazaar with one of these suits as an outer garment. Then the other day one of the Christian women came over to see if I had anything for her baby which is expected next month. In her arms was her child of about 18 months and as it seemed so well dressed I looked a second time at its coat and leggings, which matched, and behold there was a union suit all cut out into a loose coat with collar and buttons and button holes as neat as anything
you could find any place. The leggings were made from the legs with the ribbing at the bottom and
the child was warmly and neatly clad. I immediately let the mother have some more suits to make
up for the coming one and also let her have some other things. I wished that many people could have
seen that. She was a teacher in our Pasrur School before she was married and evidently has some
imagination as well as skill.

Today was a rally day at the Sunday School; so Emmet and I went there instead of to the Leper
Hospital where we usually go. The church was packed and the children did well. Emmet spoke for
a few minutes and then the singing parties started. The young men from different parts of the city
and cantonment get together in singing parties and are especially active at Christmastime. They
have a very unpleasant habit of singing carols in the middle of the night, coming around and waking
people anywhere from 2:00 to 4:00 in the morning. Nothing that we have ever said has induced the
Indian Christians to go caroling Christmas Eve as is done at home. The singing parties this morning
did very well but prolonged the service to two hours instead of one.

We have just had a letter from a young pastor in Kohat, wondering if we could send him any
warm clothing or bedding. He just came out of Seminary in June and has a wife and three children
and are expecting the fourth about Christmastime. He says all their clothes are worn out and their
bedding is in bad shape and I do not doubt it, for he has had no money to get anything and now his
salary is small and prices keep soaring. I wonder what many of these people would have done had
we not had some clothing to give out this year. At every turn we see something that we have given
shoes or a frock or a coat or a sweater or some garment made out of something else. It gives us a lot of
pleasure to know that we have been able to help a little bit. I wish the people who sent these things
could see how much they are being used. It is going to be a struggle for some people to get through
the winter. Not only are they without clothing but the rationed grain is not sufficient and they
cannot afford to buy from the black market. Fuel is so high they can hardly afford to cook the small
ration they have. There just is no coal and wood is Rs. 3-8-0 for 80 lbs., a price most people cannot
afford. Most of them cook with cow dung and of course it is much higher in price than it was. No
doubt the situation will continue for a couple of years, and we are sending home an urgent request
that clothing be sent out for next year. With all our giving we have no doubt made mistakes and in
cases given more than we should have and in others less.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, December 19, 1948. I fear that I must have seemed as though I was asking
for you to send some clothes when I said that I wish I had more to give. I really meant that we would
be glad to get another carload of things as we got last year. They’re all gone now and there are still
thousands who are destitute. We have sent a request to the Christian Relief, asking for more
shipments of cloth and clothing. Just this morning as we returned from the Leper Hospital, we saw
300 refugees who had just arrived from Kashmir and look in the most pitiable state. Every day we
have people whom we know to be most deserving. The other day I was talking to Mr. Sutherland out
by his car in front of our house and a man came and literally wept, saying that he had lost his wife and
all his children except one little girl. He is trying to earn enough to support her by selling fruit on the
streets but finds it extremely difficult. The other night when Emmet took a tonga to the station there
was a little boy in the tonga with the driver and Emmet remarked about it being late for so young a
child to be out. The driver said he just found this child crying in the bazaar. Both parents had been
killed last year and the people who are caring for him hadn’t enough for themselves; so the little
fellow was begging and had not got enough for a meal that night. Emmet asked the driver what he
was going to do for him and he replied that he would take him home and keep him with his own little
boys who were about this child’s age. Friday afternoon and evening were exceptionally busy for me
and when at 7:00 I had a few minutes free from others, I discovered that an old man from Kashmir

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had been waiting out in the cold verandah for two hours to ask for some warm clothing. He had evidently been a respectable man in Kashmir and had to escape. He walked out and was worn, penniless and ragged. When I brought him in the house while I went for something, he was shaking with the cold. He was most appreciative of the little I gave him. This morning as we came home there were four men waiting at our door and all looked as though they needed help, but I had nothing to give.

We have insisted that they bring letters from the refugee officer, saying they are bonafide refugees and in need, before we give them anything. On two separate occasions we arranged with the officer for them to come on a certain day, and at one time we gave to over 500 and at the other to over 1000. The four houses here on campus must have given over 15,000 people during the past year. It has been a tremendous task as most things had to be taken out of towel kits and sorted before distribution. The pressure has been very heavy and for ourselves we are thankful for the relief from the strain, but for the people we regret there is no more.

Pakistani has received over 6 million refugees, not counting about 50,000 from Kashmir this fall. Poverty has always been around us but we have never seen it so naked. Men, women and children are seen on the streets these days, when the temperature is down in the forties, with only one ragged cotton garment to cover them - no stockings, no shoes, no hat. People who have been living here for years are relying on their reserve supply of clothing, but the refugees have no reserves. As for your sending, the dresses and skirts that came had to be made over except when they were given to Anglo Indians. If Paul's cousin in Germany can use Janet's things, I think you should continue to send them to her. However, if you hear of any drives to send to Pakistan, keep in mind the desperate need this winter. The most popular things have been women's sports coats and sweaters and men's coats and suits.

Yesterday morning I went down to the big food market and bought 900 oranges to give out at the school and the Leper Home. The doctor's son, Dr. Sadiq, went with me, and of these 900, he took 200. We got them for $2 a hundred. Oranges grow in great abundance here in Pakistan as well as in India and therefore are reasonable. I always enjoy going down into the market, though I had never been in this one before.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, December 26, 1948. Ellen gave me a pair of nylon stockings and a nylon slip and she gave dad a suit of pajamas. Of course Bob was included in the gift but they were things she brought out.

We had a letter from Ellen today, telling of their Christmas plans. They were having guests for dinner on Christmas Eve and then we're going with hillside folks to the Flemings' for carol singing. Christmas Day they were having dinner at the Ewings' with eight others. It was a joint affair and Ellen was to prepare the vegetables.

We had Christmas dinner at Davises. It didn't turn out very well, as we tried to save money, since our Thanksgiving dinner was very expensive. As a result we economized too much. Nevertheless, we had a good time. The best part of the whole evening was the pictures of the wedding. Emmet had taken some small color pictures and had sent them to America by air and got them back this week. We showed them through the still projector and they are excellent. Perhaps the best of them all was one of Barry and Marty, a picture which would pass well in any art gallery. We hope we can get some enlargements of them. In these Marty is the very image of her mother.

Our Christmas service yesterday was in a more oriental setting than ever before. For the first time this really seemed like a day that belonged to the native Christians. Before this it has always been associated with the English. Outside of the church there was a big crowd of people and among them vendors of balloons, toys, cakes, candy and fruit. Inside, the church was packed and many had
to sit on the floor. There must have been between eight and nine hundred. There are so many children that there was a buzz throughout the church and not more than a fourth of the congregation could hear what the preacher said. We must have a loudspeaker before we have another such crowd. I can understand why the Moslems do not allow the women and children in the main court of the mosque. They make so much noise that it is difficult to hear anything.
Rawalpindi, Pakistan, January 3, 1949. Joe and Marjorie and Ida came on Wednesday and are leaving tomorrow morning. We have had a busy time. They brought out a jeep - a red one with a top. It is not a thing of beauty, but will get them around the district better than any other car would because it is built high, has a four-wheel drive, and has a strong engine but uses a comparatively small amount of gas. It is not a thing of beauty but a most practical thing.

A letter from Ellen and Bob tonight says they are coming next week. They hope to fly from Delhi to Lahore, thus escaping the inconveniences of crossing the border by land conveyance. They will let us know later just when we may expect them. You can imagine how delighted we are at the prospect of their coming.

We had the New Year watch night party here at our house Friday night. We played Rook and Monopoly until 11:00 when we served cocoa, sandwiches, fruit cake and candy. After that we had worship and then the end of the old year had come.

I am very glad if you are able to read my letters after Evangeline has read them aloud to you once. I shall always write on the typewriter unless I am away from home and do not have the machine on which to write. My handwriting gets worse and worse. I hope you will go to an oculist and see if there's not some help he can give you for your eyes. I do not know what he can do but I do want you to consult him and do your best to get some help. You have used your eyes all through the years on such beautiful handwork and have strained them for us. I'm glad you have been able to make the potholders this winter, as they are so useful and you get so much pleasure out of making things for others.

We were very glad to hear yesterday that a truce has been signed in Kashmir and that there is to be no more fighting there. We hope this is carried out, for it will mean so much for all concerned. The poor Kashmiris have suffered very heavily. They've been cut off from all avenues of trade, and the different kinds of art work have been abandoned for the time. We hope the artisans will be able to begin again, though it will take time.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, January 10, 1949. We had a good surprise this morning when Bob and Ellen arrived about 5:00. We were expecting them some time the early part of the week but they got here just a little sooner than we dared hope. They are both fine and glad to have this opportunity of a visit. They flew from Delhi in order to avoid some of the trouble on the border. It looks as though regulations there will be eased a bit, much to the relief of everyone. We hope to have them here with us for a couple of weeks at least. They want to go on down to Allahabad, too, this winter.

Last week we had two sad incidents here. Novin, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Fazl Ilahi, was killed in a flying accident. He was a cadet in the Pakistan Air Force and was to get his wings the 15th of this month. He was also to have been given the sword of honor, as having been the best cadet in his unit. He had never done well in school but had always wanted to fly. In this he had done well. As I told his mother, it is a great satisfaction that he got to do the thing he had always wanted to do and he did it better than he had ever done anything else. Mrs. Fazl Ilahi has not recovered from the shock of her husband's death last March and now the second shock is going to be doubly hard. All the children got home in time for the funeral. Several men relatives went up to the training center and brought his body back in a military truck. He came down in the river so that his body was not badly mutilated or burnt. This has been hard on all of us who have known him since a child. He was just a few months older than Bob.
The other sad case was a boy here in college who lost his mind. He had been acting queer for several months and finally seemed to lose all reason, though at times he seemed fairly rational. He is the only son of Millers' cook and the father has been making a big sacrifice to help him through college.

**Rawalpindi, January 23, 1949.** Bob and Ellen seem to be enjoying their visit, though we have done nothing exciting. They went to Jhelum on Monday, as they had a chance to drive down and back with Mr. Davis, and could not only see Jhelum but a refugee camp near there, too. Then Thursday they went to Taxila for two days, getting back yesterday. They will be here until the first at least.

There are several things I want to do while they are here, but this bad cold (which I got last week) has hindered . . . Bob went out to Taxila for Dr. Christy, and he came in and prescribed penicillin; so for three days Mrs. Davis (a nurse) gave me penicillin injections and I have been taking sulfadiazine, too. I have a normal temperature today and hope to be up part of the time at least, tomorrow. Bob and Ellen send much, much love to you all. Bob still thinks of your house in Belmont.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, January 31, 1949.** Bob and Ellen left on the midnight train, with the hope that they can get across this noon with some other people. There is a car going across the border after lunch and they can go in it, providing they get all their papers fixed this morning. They were due to get into Lahore about eight this morning and were going directly to the Zoerner's home, from where the car is starting, and then on out to the government offices for the visas and other papers. It was grand having them here and we did appreciate every minute of the time. I was sorry to be in bed for a few days but they did not seem to mind the little inconvenience. They were just insistent that I not overdo when I got up. I am quite myself again and much better than I was before I went to bed.

We've been having a strike in the college, but it seems to be settled now. Every year in January we have the examinations which determine whether or not a boy can go up for the university examinations, which are held for the second and fourth year students and which are necessary for obtaining a degree. Boys who failed to pass the college exams are not permitted to appear at the university exams. Last year there was so much confusion that no boys were detained from appearing in the university exams. The result was that we had many failures, both because we detained none, and also because the students had a false idea that since they had secured independence and were a Moslem state, the Mohammedan boys would be passed without any work. They had a good jolt and know now that they have to work harder. There were only about 10 boys detained this year, but when the list was published they went on strike, and about 600 others joined them. The faculty decided not to open college until these boys would come around and come to terms. The second day 15 boys went on a hunger strike and sat out in front of Stewarts' house all day and night. Finally on the third day it was settled. There have been many student strikes both in India and Pakistan. They are only another indication of unrest and confusion.

On the whole, things in Pakistan have settled down very well. Here in the Punjab there has been a fight on among the ministers and finally the Governor General of Pakistan disbanded the Legislature and the Ministry, and made the governor, an Englishman, sole ruler of the Punjab. Most of the people are very pleased, because there has been considerable corruption, and now they hope for a better government. Such things usually happen when a new nation is born.

We are very thankful, too, that the fighting in Kashmir has stopped, and hope there will be a plebiscite soon, though these things also take time. Some think it will be a couple of years, but the Pakistan government is ready for it any time. No doubt many of the refugees from Kashmir will be sent back to their homes before the voting takes place.
I went down to the bazaar with Ellen before I got sick, and was surprised to see how much cloth and other supplies had come in. That speaks well for the country, and people will be much more satisfied if they can get the ordinary necessities of life.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, February 1, 1949.** Letter to Janet. We had a double birthday celebration here the other night. Miss Brandon's birthday was the 28th and Mrs. Stewart's the 29th; so we had a dinner party for all the missionaries of the station. As it is cold here now and we do not have central heating, we decided to serve the dinner on trays in our living room. Mrs. Davis had trays from America; so we were able to carry it out very nicely... We had planned some games, but Miss Brandon went over to her house for her birthday book and while she was gone the men decided to clear out her boxes of stationery and some other gifts on her tray, and when she returned the search began and there was so much laughing and fun over the whole affair that we needed no other entertainment.

It was fortunate that we could laugh and forget the world that night, because we had just had three days of strikes among the college students and things had been tense... One of the unpleasant things about it was that most of the ringleaders of the strike were refugee boys who had been taken in free, given free books, new suits of clothing for themselves and their families. We had hoped they might be a little more grateful for all the college had done for them, but they forgot all that when there will was crossed. I suppose you can say that is human nature, but it is one of the human characteristics which we should like to change.

I went down to the bazaar with Ellen one day and wish you could have been along. I was so surprised at the number of things that had come in during the past two months. We went down to what is known as the women's bazaar. It is a street so narrow that you can reach from one side to the other. They have all sorts of toilet articles, sewing materials, hair ornaments, wearing apparel and cloth by the yard. There's so much more cloth than there has been for two years, and it is a little cheaper than it was. What Ellen particularly wanted was a tablecloth printed. We took down two pieces of white cloth and chose the pattern we wanted and gave the order to have the cloth block printed. The two table covers were finished in a week and they are really very pretty. Ellen had one for herself and one for her sister.

I suppose your winter is as busy as usual. It is nice to be where you can get good music and entertainment when you want to. We miss that out here. However, we have had two very good movies lately - Hamlet and Oliver Twist. Pindi seems to get the first showings in Pakistan.

It is hard to keep up with the happenings in the world. All we know is that if communism continues to sweep over Asia, we shall soon have it upon us. Then there will be no place here for us. However, we do not expect that in the near future, as she will probably pause in China long enough to get well established.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, February 6, 1949.** You asked who Mr. and Mrs. Davis are. They are missionaries under the Scandinavian Alliance Mission, who are associated with our mission. Last year and this they had been here in Pindi in the half of the double house that we occupied when I first came out. They have two little children, a girl Marty's age and a boy a year older than John. Mr. Davis has taken up relief work again this winter. She is a nurse and helps a lot with the servants and the girls' school. Just now she is giving first aid lectures over at the school, and she is going to give typhoid injections to all the girls, and then cholera injections before she goes uphill.

I've just come back from the funeral of one of the elders of our church and a teacher at the high school. I did not even know that he was ill before I learned of his death. Out here there are no undertakers or funeral parlors, and the stark realities of death are not hidden as they are in America.
The coffin was made in one of the rooms of the house, and we could hear the steady pounding of the nails as we sat there in the room by his wife. Then, when the coffin was ready they brought it into the room, and in the presence of everyone lifted the body into it and brought some cotton in to pad it a bit where the body did not fit well. Then after the service, when they put the lid on, there was more pounding, though they had fixed it for some screws. This is a widow who has nothing but the little he has been able to save in the Provident Fund. In that, each teacher pays a 10th of his salary each month and the government adds a tenth, but it would not be a great amount in this man's case, as he was not highly educated and got a low salary.

Ellen and Bob left Monday early one a.m., to be exact. We had a card from them, saying that they had gotten across the border that afternoon as planned and they hoped to get to Allahabad on Tuesday evening. We've not heard from them since but should get a letter sometime this week. It takes as long to get letters from there as from America sometimes. Marty will have her fifth birthday Wednesday and I'm sure they will all have a big celebration.

We are getting movies for the college, both from the English information service and the American. Some of the films are exceptionally good. The consul from Lahore was here a few minutes this afternoon. In both cases, they fly the films up from Lahore and take one set back when they leave another. The English have an army officer here who comes over and shows the pictures with his own machine. The Americans have offered to pay the expense for hiring a man to show pictures twice a month. We're trying to get a movie machine with a talkie attachment. Emmet's machine is a silent one. These pictures are all talkies. I asked the consul today if he could not get us some pamphlets of pictures which would do for our schools. I'm trying to get pictures to make our geography room a more interesting and informative place.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, February 12, 1949.** Do you remember that at Westminster they were making a drive to raise money to send a short term teacher out here to Gordon? At last he arrived in November when we were up at the wedding. His name is Robert Noble and he is from Pittsburgh. This month he is boarding with us, but before this had been with the Stewarts. We expect to take turns boarding him. It will give him a little more variety, too. We get into a rut as far as meals go, so that it is good to have someone else here so that we have to think up more variety.

Did I tell you about the moving pictures we are to have from the American information office? We have been having some from the British and will have more from them. This coming week we are to show three from the American - an American Small Town School, Occupations and Aptitudes, and American Rural Art. We hope to have such pictures once a week all spring. It is time America gets busy, as Russia is right on the spot along this line. Russia has her eyes in this direction.

Last week I wrote of going to a funeral. This past Wednesday we went to another. It was the wife of our watchman and gardener - who has been ill with TB for a couple of years. They are of the poor class of Christians who cannot afford coffins. (The Moslems never use a coffin but dig a shelf to the side of the grave which they have dug and lay the body on the shelf.) The body was carried to the cemetery on a bed and the best thing they had to put over her was a piece the daughter had made by sewing small patches that Mrs. Davis had given her from a package in one of the boxes of towel kits. It was poorly sewed and not lined or even hemmed. The grave was dug down to the usual depth, and then in the middle a narrow strip was dug, into which they laid the body. The body was wrapped in a shroud, and then a long piece of cloth was wrapped around lengthwise, and in that cloth it was let down into the grave. Over the body and resting on the main grave boards were laid, and in this case it was the ends of three boxes of the towel kits that were used instead of one board.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, February 20, 1949.** On Monday we were at a wedding in the English church. The service was long and all read from the prayer book. A domiciled English girl was
married to a British officer. The young ones of our mission - Davises, Karsgaards and Bob Noble - were quite amazed at such a service and at some of the things they saw - such as safety pins for hatpins on one of the Anglo Indian women, inappropriate combinations of clothing, etc., etc. - all of which we, who have been here for years, never even noticed! It is so much a part of that community that we just take it for granted. The reception was at one of the cafes and was well managed we thought, but the young folks didn't quite understand it all.

Thursday we vaccinated about 250 girls, and would have done more if we had the vaccine. Out here everyone is supposed to be vaccinated every year and must be done in at least two places instead of one. Many of the girls had big marks from years past. There is an epidemic of smallpox in the city; so the authorities sent an order for everyone to be vaccinated in the school. We hope to get the rest of the vaccine next week and finish this up. Then in March we are going to inoculate against typhoid, and in April against cholera. When we first came to India the people had to be persuaded to come to be vaccinated and inoculated; now they come and ask for it. On Wednesday we were inoculating the employees of the college against typhoid and some neighbor women brought their children and asked for it. Unfortunately, we did not have enough serum for all the families and employees, much less outsiders.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, March 3, 1949. Jim hopes to be ordained this month. The delay had been caused because the pension board at home will not recognize or give a pension to a member of a Presbytery in any other country than America. That is reasonable, as they would find themselves greatly involved if they included the whole world, or rather all Presbyterian ministers in the world. The difficulty has been overcome because Cumberland Presbytery in Tennessee, where he worked for two years, will accept Jim as a full member of their Presbytery as soon as they have the certified statement of his ordination out here. A normally healthy man might not hesitate to be ordained out here and become a member of the Presbytery here, but Jim, with his diabetes, cannot afford to do it.

Yesterday we vaccinated the rest of the girls at the school and did some of the servants here. They say smallpox is quite prevalent in the city. The college doctor died of typhoid or some brain infection. They were not sure, as the symptoms were baffling to the doctors. He was the father of the girl who was married two weeks ago. Immediately after the wedding, the mother and son and her mother sailed for Australia where all his people have gone. The doctor was to follow in a couple of years. The daughter who was married is to sail to England in a couple of weeks. What rapid changes! Most of the Anglo Indians are trying to go to Australia or East Africa. They think there is little for them here.

Do take care of yourselves. People out here marvel that you are living, mother, because they consider me an old lady [at 54], and how can an old lady have a mother living? And then they marvel all the more when I tell them that you write to me every week, and that you crochet and do many things around the house.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, March 6, 1949. Janet, you should have been here last week. In our school we had a doll wedding. The bride was from fifth grade and the groom from the fourth. Four days before, I was called over for the ceremony of anointing the bride's hair with oil. At that occasion they play their native instruments and the drum, while the girls sing the ceremonial songs. The next day I was called again, this time for the ceremony of dyeing her hands, or rather the palms of her hands and of all her friends and relatives. A certain leaf is ground up and mixed with oil and applied heavily to the palms of the hand and sometimes to the fingernails. At this ceremony they also had music. Then, on the day of the wedding we were called for one o'clock. At first we went to the bride's room, where they were cooking the lunch of pilau and curry and a sweet dish. The singers were
there and sang a lot of songs while they waited for the procession from the groom's home. All this time and from at least one day before, the bride is supposed to be hidden away in a room where only the near women relatives are allowed to go see her; so we did not see the bride until after the wedding. Finally the procession started from the groom's room. The groom doll was dressed in his best, with draperies over his face, and he was seated on a white horse, a wooden toy horse belonging to one of the girls. The bride's party then came out to meet the procession and they sang back and forth, sort of bickering about the girl, and for some time the groom's party was kept waiting. Finally the fathers met and embraced each other and then the groom's party was received. They brought with them 12 suits of clothes for the bride, much jewelry, some money, and some nuts and fruit. After they were received into the house, they were served their lunch, and after they went out the bride's people ate their lunch. In the meantime, some of the attendants give the bride her bath and dress her in the best suit that the groom has brought. After the bride's people had eaten, all the presents were brought out and put on the table. (We had eaten with the groom's friends). There were several sets of toy living room furniture, extra tables, a bed with all the bedding, much jewelry, and more clothes. After we had all seen the presents, they were packed up, the bride brought out in all her finery and placed in a covered chair and taken off by the groom's party, with the groom on his white horse. You can imagine how much fun the children had. All the children of the school watched the processions, etc., but just the two classes took part and partook of the lunch which they had furnished by each bringing in a little rice and other ingredients. The whole thing took two hours and I think we enjoyed it almost as much as the children. By "we" I mean all the missionary ladies, as well as the teachers. I put in my bid for the dolls after the whole thing is over, for the next event is a time when the bride returns to her father's house a few days before she finally settles down in her home.

I have not had a dinner party for so long that I'm out of the habit. It is not that I do not have people here, for I do. Last week Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland were here for the night and dinner and breakfast one day. He and a young American teaching in Kabul were here another night. We had two others from Kabul that time, making seven at the table that night. Then the next day an American woman and her two children were in from the Burma Oil Wells about 60 mi. out, and had lunch with us. Then last night the Davises were here for dinner, and this noon Dr. and Mrs. Karsgaard were in from Taxila for lunch. This lady from the oil wells has just come from America with her children and wants to send them to Woodstock.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, March 13, 1949. Your good letter of the 27th was late in arriving but none the less welcome. You ask why the Mohammedans bury on a shelf. I know of no other reason than that since they do not use a coffin, they do not have to throw dirt on the body when they fill in the grave. I had thought that this Christian family might do the same, but they put boards over the body as I mentioned.

We just had a good letter from Jim and Barry this morning. I think I told you that we are planning to go to Landour in May for the last three weeks. Jim will be there and it will be a good reunion for us all. Then, at that time of the year there is no rain and it is warm. These past two years we have been there during the rains and it has been hard on my asthma; so we're trying something different. Then I have offered to stay for a couple weeks in June and let Barry take a hike with Jim back into the hills. Bob and Ellen think they can go during the school holiday in June; so, by my taking care of the children, the two couples can go off together. [Jamnotri hike]

This past week I started cleaning house and got two rooms cleaned, when the rain came in torrents and for three days we had it in full force. It is clear and bright now and I hope it continues so. Fortunately, I got my living room and guest room cleaned. Thursday night Jim Brown was here on
his way from Presbytery, and yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Patterson from Mansehra came. They will stay until Wednesday when they're going to Murree. He is to oversee the workmen as they make repairs on the Soldiers' Home, which our mission is buying as a summer holiday home for our missionaries. We had nothing in Pakistan and since Kashmir is closed to us, it is necessary that we have some place to go for the holidays out of the heat.

Tomorrow, I'm going to start giving vitamin tablets to the school children of the employees of the college. There are 60 children living in our crowded quarters with their parents, on one corner of the campus. Twenty-five of these children are of school age and to these I'm going to give the vitamins. They need every bit of nourishment that they can get. I am giving powdered milk to the nursing mothers and both the mothers and babies show improvement. These tablets and powdered milk are from Christian Relief.

Woodstock, Mussoorie, India, March 13, 1949. Letter from Ellen Alter to Grandma, Uncle Paul, and Aunt Evangeline. I'm so glad you received and enjoyed Mother Alter's account of the wedding. Her letter must have been grand (as I knew it would be); because I've heard from so many people telling how they enjoyed her account of all the festivities. It certainly was a lovely wedding, just what every bride dreams of, with all the lovely flowers from the hillside, the beautiful sunny day, and all the friends and loved ones on hand to witness the ceremony. Everyone was so wonderful that they made me feel right at home the moment I arrived. My only regret is that all of you and my own family could not have been there. I understand that Dad Alter has sent the color films of the wedding pictures to you, Uncle Paul, to arrange for printing and distributing to various friends and relatives. We certainly appreciate your doing this, and hope you will enjoy the pictures as much as we have.

And now for some news of what we've been doing this winter and about the school. No doubt Mother Alter has written of our visit to them in Rawalpindi. We first went to Delhi from Mussoorie, spent a day or so there, and then went by plane across the border into Pakistan. It was such a comfortable way to go, with none of the red tape and confusion of going by land. It took us only one hour and forty minutes, and was so much cleaner and restful than the train. We had a lovely visit with the folks, and I really got acquainted with them. (At the time of the wedding we were too rushed and busy to actually get to know each other.) We also got to know all the other folks there at Gordon College. I just had a letter the other day from Mother Alter, and she and Dad are planning to come to Landour for their vacation in May and the early part of June this year...

Barry will soon be coming "up hill" (April 4th) and Marty will then be starting into lower kindergarten. How exciting it will be for her! In a recent card, Barry said Marty could hardly wait. Pretty soon we will all be together up here, and what a good time we will have.

After we left Rawalpindi, we went down to Allahabad to visit Jim and Barry. We had a grand two weeks there with them, and had lots of boat rides on the river. Marty had her fifth birthday while we were there, and we all got in a boat and went up the river for a picnic. She is still crazy about the doll Janet knitted and sent with me. Barry said it was one of her favorite presents at Christmas. John is growing so, and tries so hard to talk. I expect he will be chattering away at a great rate when they come up next month.

The children will start coming up on the 15th and 16th, and classes begin on the 17th. So it won't be long now! Besides our duties of supervising here at the Boys' Hostel, Bob and I will both be busy teaching. He is to have the elementary science and seventh standard general science; also he will have the bookkeeping class, which is something new for him. He has been studying up on it the last few nights; so that he will have a head start on the students! I, too, have some
classes which will be new to me, both elementary and high-school domestic science, which includes cooking and sewing. I think I will enjoy it, but will have to work hard at it, especially since I haven't done much sewing for several years. Besides this, I will also have an English class.

This year we are having a lot of staff members living with us at the Hostel. In the suite next to ours is a young couple, evacuee missionaries from China, by the name of Harvey, with a little 18-months daughter, and another baby due in August. They came two days ago, and we are enjoying them so much. Mr. Harvey will be teaching at the school, too. We also have Mr. DeNarona, an Anglo Indian gentleman, who arrived yesterday, and is to teach violin and clarinet. Another man is on his way, but is still on the sea; so will be a little late arriving. He is Mr. Murdoch, and will teach math and physics. Then, too, we will have Mr. Sharma, the Hindustani language teacher, with us again. So, you see, we shall have a full house.

I do hope you are all well, and continue to keep so. I've been hearing regularly from my family, and they are fine. My sister, Billie, is to be married this coming July. How I wish I could be there!

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, March 18, 1949. You ask about the materials we received last year. A whole freight car of boxes and rolls, or rather bales, of clothing was sent to us. In this there were 114 large boxes of towel kits and 19 bales of clothing. We gave some of the boxes and bales to other stations in this area, but kept 80 boxes for Pindi because we are by far the largest city. We also kept twelve bales of clothing. The towel kits contain many things that the refugees did not want; so we opened most of them and sorted the contents in order to make the best use of everything. These kits contained a great variety of articles and, when sorted in a large storeroom, looked like a "Five and Ten" at home. There were toothpaste and powder, toothbrushes, face powder, perfumery, hair clippers, combs, brushes, hair ribbons, Vaseline, Bandaid packages, cotton, gauze, common pins, safety pins, needles, thread, buttons, snaps, scissors, tablets, notebooks, boxes of writing paper, pencils, pens, erasers, clips, rubber bands, coloring books and crayons for children, paper dolls, balls, little motors, dominoes, picture puzzles, books, Testaments, rulers, games of different kinds, cigarettes, candy, packages of pudding mix, raisins, nuts, canned soup, gelatin, cocoa, canned meat, dresses for children, little boys' suits and jerseys, sweaters for men and women, coats, men's suits, shirts, socks, ties, skirts, blouses, baby things of every variety and in every towel kit there was soap and a washcloth. I have not completed the list, but this will give you an idea of the work it took to sort them and of the variety of people who were able to benefit by these things. Christmas this year was a far grander one than people usually have around here. We were allowed to give a certain percentage to Christians, and the rest to Moslem refugees. A few of the kits we gave out as they were. For instance, we gave about 200 in the college, sixty to our girls' school, and fifty to a Moslem school. However, there was so much in some of them that the people could not use that we did not want to give out more that way. Many of the educated people were able to purchase at a low rate the things the others could not use, and with that money I bought a lot of cloth from the Training School in Gujranwala, and distributed it. I also lent money to a refugee to buy a sewing machine, and have bought books for college students (refugees), medicine for others, milk for mothers, etc.. Some of the refugees sold some of their things that they did not want in the bazaar and we did not care, since they got the money which probably helped them more than the things would have. We were rushed with this work up to Christmas time so that we did not write even one Christmas letter. Nevertheless, we were very thankful to get that work completed at that time. We got names from officials of needy refugees, and one day he sent 500 people here to get clothing and another day he sent several hundred. Then every day there were dozens of people who came to our doors, and we insisted they go and get official verification of being needy refugees. In most cases their appearance was sufficient
evidence, but since there are people who disguise their condition in order to get something, we had to have some official word concerning them.

The Friends Service gave us enough cloth to make 230 men's suits. This was for refugee and poor students. The boys were much better dressed than they could have been otherwise, and none of them were suffering from the cold, as they would have inevitably done had this cloth not been given. It was beautiful all wool tweed. The Friends made our house their headquarters all last winter and when they brought up eight people to evacuate refugees they moved over to a hotel but were here most every day. As they went back and forth between here and Lahore, they brought canned goods up from Lahore, as the surplus material was more plentiful there than here, and was so much needed last year. We enjoyed having them and some of them we liked very much. We just had a letter from a very nice young Southern fellow who is now with the Friends Service in Palestine. He says the need there is nothing like as great as it was here last year. The Friends Service have withdrawn from Pakistan now, but this winter some of the Mennonites were distributing food and clothing.

The boxes of towel kits and bales of clothing were from the Church World Service, who are still sending clothing, powdered milk, and vitamin tablets. We have just gotten some of the tablets to give to refugee girls in our school.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, March 27, 1949. There's no late word from Jim or Bob. According to the plan Jim wrote about, he is to be ordained today; so I am going to write to him and address it “Rev. J. P. Alter.” He has enjoyed his work with the students [Ewing College] very much. They are due to go to America in 1951, and he expects to take advanced studies there, but is not certain whether it will be in New Haven or Chicago.

Let us know how everything is going with you. I tried to answer your question about the Church World Service last week. They will never know how much it was all appreciated. When people come to your house in rags, and filthy ones at that, because they've had no change of clothing for weeks; and when they are weeping and stretching out their thin hands imploring you to help find their lost children or other relatives, and you do not where to turn for help; and then suddenly these clothes and other articles are poured into your lap, and you find you can relieve a little of the physical suffering; then you can fully appreciate these gifts. We hope we shall never have to pass through such an experience of suffering as we witnessed, and we hope also that we may never have to witness such again.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, April 3, 1949. Thursday we had the eighth class girls in for tea. All the Mohammedan girls wore burkhas, though they are only 13 or 14 years of age. The older girls at our school all wear them to school, and hang them up just as American girls hang up their coats. These girls were very shy and hesitant about saying anything or taking any part. Finally, several of them sang and recited two farewell speeches. It is only natural that they should be shy, as they had probably never been in one of our homes before; and they are always kept in the background until they are mothers and grandmothers; and then they make up for lost time as far as dictating to the family is concerned.

It is now Monday night and I am not attending Synod, but all the others have gone from the house. We are putting up six missionary men in one large room and verandah, and giving them two of our bathrooms. Perhaps you have read in the U.P. that Dr. and Mrs. Gerstner are traveling around all our mission fields, and are to study abroad for a year before he takes up his position as a professor in our Pittsburgh Xenia seminary. They, too, arrived this evening just in time to go to tea for the Bishop of Lahore. We are giving them a dressing room and bath and putting their beds on another
veranda. They will leave again tomorrow night, as they must be in Karachi by Thursday, as they fly on Saturday to Egypt. We shall have the other guests here until Saturday.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, April 5, 1949. A letter has come from Jim telling about his ordination, and I thought it would be well to make copies for all of you. The service took place in the church on the campus of Ewing Christian College in Allahabad on the 27th of March. I shall copy a good part of his letter.

The ordination service was - if we can use such a word for a service - superb. Reverend Augustine Ralla Ram took a great deal of pains preparing it, and introduced elements from the Methodist and Anglican services which added a lot to the beauty and solemnity. There were seven ministers, and at the opening of the service we walked in procession to the front seats. Augustine conducted the service and Dr. Malvia, President of Ewing College, read the lessons... Then, after the intercessory prayer and the second hymn, Zaman (Zaman's father baptized Jim in Jhelum) led me out to the vestry to put on my new robe. When we returned he presented me to Augustine. I stood in the aisle before the communion table and was questioned by Augustine. The entire service was in Urdu. Following the questions, I knelt. The congregation was then requested to pray in silence for a few minutes, following which Augustine chanted an Urdu translation of an ancient prayer hymn which is used in the Anglican ordinations. This is very beautiful and deeply spiritual. Then the ministers gathered round and laid their hands on my head after the ordination prayer. When I rose, Augustine put the red stole on my shoulders and presented me with an Urdu Bible, charging me to be faithful, and praying that God would fulfill in me the work that he had begun. When the ordination was thus completed, he called Barry to come up beside me. This, he says, is in accordance with some Methodist services of ordination. He spoke to her for about a minute about her responsibilities and opportunities as the wife of a minister, and then led in prayer. From this point we went directly into a communion service, at which I officiated along with Augustine. The church was crowded and the cups collected, washed and redistributed, but there was perfect quiet and order and no signs of restlessness. At the close of the service, I pronounced the benediction.

After the service most of the ministers and their wives came here for lunch. Besides Augustine, there were Mr. and Mrs. Zaman, Mr. and Mrs. Tiwari, Mr. and Mrs. Buys, and Dr. and Mrs. Janvier. John Bathgare was also present as an ordained minister. The gown was made according to the design which is being used by many of our ministers, both Indian and American. The gown is white and made along the lines of a Geneva gown and the stole and sash are of crimson. The gown we had made of poplin and the stole of artificial silk. The white gown is much more effective for this country, I believe. We sent out printed invitations to our mission and to others in this area, and have had some very thoughtful and heartwarming letters and replies. Several of our Indian friends have spoken of how much they appreciated my being an 'Indian padri.'

Barry leaves for Landour tomorrow. Practically everything is packed and ready to go with her. She should not have a difficult trip, as a coach goes through without change. Bob will meet her in Dehra on Saturday."

Your good letter mailed on the second got here on the eighth. We were sorry to hear that Emmett was sick but hope he is much better now. Sorry, also, that Bessie had another attack. I know they will be glad to have you, mother, but do please be careful and do not try to do too much. You always
enjoy doing for others but you're not as young as you once were, and we should not like you to get sick or meet with an accident. While in Wooster, do not overdo. You and Aunt Bessie will enjoy visiting, and I know you can live simply and not have too much cooking or housework.

Dr. Laubach and his son were here for a day and stayed with us. He is the one who has furthered adult literacy so much in recent years. He is in Pakistan at the invitation of the government.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, April 19, 1949. Yesterday, Monday, was the day of the wedding. One of the Fazl Ilahi daughters, Stella, was married to the son of Dr. McAuley at the Leper Hospital. I told Mrs. F. I. that we would be glad to have the reception on our lawn. These two have been hoping to be married when they both finished medical school, but Mr. Ilahi's death and later the son's, delayed the proceedings. Unlike most couples in India, the young people decided on this marriage, though the usual formalities were carried out, including the agreement between the parents, etc.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, April 24, 1949. I still have not finished my cleaning and do not know when I will. The cook is to take his daughter to Sialkot to boarding school, Tuesday, and since this is her first time away there are a number of things to be done. Emmet is going to Lahore tomorrow night, and hopes he will be able to get all our papers ready for us to get across on the 11th of May. Here is hoping, for we do not want to have to spend a day in Lahore on our way. The two new couples out in our mission had to be left behind by the group that went up this past week, because their visas had not come from Delhi. The provoking thing about that was that their requests were still on the desk in Lahore, and had not even been mailed. It is harder for people who have not been across the border than for us who have. These people and about four other adults and five children hope to be in our party. We're going to stay at the school; so just address us there. There's no room in the suite where Barry is this year, but it is very close to the school and we shall be able to see them every day. Bob and Ellen can drop in anytime to see us. We're really between the two families on the hillside, close to both, and especially so, since Bob and Ellen are up there at the main building teaching every day, and will probably have lunch with us each day.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, May 1, 1949. This is to be your special birthday letter, but may be a little late, as it is difficult to know just how many days it will take for a letter to get through. We think of you being in Wooster for this big day. It is hard to realize that you are 85 years old, because you are so active. The other morning I went to make two sick calls on members of our church, and I was telling them about you and how much you do and how you have just taken this trip to Ohio. One of these ladies is a retired nurse, who was converted from Mohammedanism and since has taken three of her sister's sons to raise. The youngest is now in college. Though she is not nearly as old as you, she says she has given up letter writing and lets her nephew be her secretary. I told her how many years you have been writing to me every week, and how you do the same when you are away from Evangeline. She was amazed that you still write your own letters. I said I was sure you would feel lost if you could not do so.

Did I ever tell you about the two old English ladies who are in the hospital - both of them have broken legs which are not mending? They are Catholics and the Catholic hospital takes good care of them. I was over to see them the other evening, and was telling them about you and promised to take your picture over to show them. I also told them I would bring the pictures of the grandchildren. One of them is nearly blind but the other sees well.

We had a good letter from Cleo today, enclosing some new pictures of Dean. How he has grown, and what a big boy he is. I tell Emmet that this picture reminds me of my baby pictures. I was such a fat baby. They say Dean has Dave's coloring and the same deep blue eyes.
Rawalpindi, Pakistan, May 8, 1949. This is Mother's Day and I had a card from Barry and one from Ellen and Bob. Jim is due to arrive up there today. We hope to get there on the 12th, but are not certain if we have everything in shape yet. From all the red tape, you would think we are going halfway around the world. Mr. Harkness has been down there most of this week, trying to get his family set for going across with us. We all ought to know Lahore much better after riding around to so many offices to get permits.

Landour, Mussoorie, India, May 15, 1949. We got here according to our plan, on Thursday afternoon. We went to Lahore Monday night and spent the day with friends, trying to get everything in shape for crossing. We left Lahore at 6:00 in the morning, in order to get over early and let the relief (Christian Relief) station wagon come back for the others. Mrs. Norval Christy and her servant and Emmet and I came over together. We were to have come as far as the first railway station in India and take the train from there to Amritsar, but we missed the train, and the driver brought us on to Amritsar. Then the Harkness family came as far as the end of the Pakistan border in one of our mission cars, and the relief station wagon went back to the border and brought them over to the railway station, where they had to wait from noon until five in the evening. The thermometer registered 112 that day, and they had no waiting room at the little station but had to sit out on the veranda. It was very trying with three children. Then the mission car went back to Lahore and got Mrs. Foster and one of her children and the ayah, and brought them to the border of Pakistan, where the station wagon met them and brought them also to the railway station. When the Harknesses did not reach Amritsar on the noon train, we knew they would all have very little time to make the train in the evening, as there were only 15 minutes between the time their train got into Amritsar until the train for Dehra Dun left. We bought all the tickets, and since the train was made up there early we got in and had all our luggage located. I stayed in the compartment while the three others of our group went over to get the others and all their luggage, which was no small amount. We just got them in and gave them each a cold drink when the train pulled out. It was a very hot night to travel, until about four in the morning when it rained and cooled off the air. We did not get to Dehra Dun until noon, so it was about three when we got over here. Jim met us at the bus terminal and walked up with his father. Bob and Ellen were here to greet us, and Barry and the children soon came down from their house.

We have been together quite a bit in the brief time we have been here. The first night we all had dinner together at Jim's. We were also there together yesterday for tea, and today for dinner at noon. Yesterday we had lunch down with Bob and Ellen. As we are staying at the school and Bob and Ellen always have their lunch in this dining room on school days, we expect to have lunch with them every day this week. We shall attend PTA tomorrow, and on Tuesday we shall be up at the mission property for prayer meeting. We get together for a social tea first each week, so that all our mission meet at least once a week.

You asked in one letter about the Indian lady whom we met in New Wilmington. She is in Kinnaird College in Lahore and is doing very well. The brother is now a general in the Indian army. He was in the Royal Engineers. He had all his training in England and is a brilliant fellow. After he came out here, he married a Boston girl who came out for study on a graduate fellowship. They seem very happy. Both flew to the States shortly after they were married. He was sent by the government, and she went along and they had a couple weeks' visit with her people. The Mangat Rai family is one of the finest families I have ever known, and he is an exceptional person.

Landour, Mussoorie, India, May 22, 1949. I had quite a birthday. It started out with a pound of chocolates on our early breakfast tray, and ended with a birthday cake and coffee at 10:00 at night. At
breakfast, Ellen had a package with a pair of nylon stockings for me, and all through the day I had cards from different people. The little girl next to Jim's had a birthday the same day; so we were all invited there for a weenie roast in the evening. Bob and Ellen had play practice and could not get up to the house until near 10. Then they brought out a beautiful birthday cake and served coffee with it. Imagine my surprise, when Marty brought out a package to me and in that I found a Swiss wristwatch. The one Aunt Bessie gave me had just worn itself out and refused to go anymore. The whole family went together and got this for me and, naturally, I was very pleased as well as surprised.

Marjorie came up Friday; so today she and Ida and all the rest of us had dinner together at Jim's. There are four Mrs. Alters on the hillside now and it is a little puzzling at times. The two young couples hope to go on a hike this Friday, and Emmet will probably go down that same day, as he has a chance to go across the border with Harris Stewart, who brought his car across and left it in Amritsar. I shall stay until the folks get back and then go down and cross in the Christian Relief car. They come twice a week and will meet us if we send them word.

**Landour, Mussoorie, India, May 29, 1949.** Emmet left about 8:30 Friday morning, but still earlier that morning the hikers started off. They had hoped to get off by 5:30, but the mules were late so that it was 7:30 before the last ones left. Barry went with several others before 6:00, as she wanted to be away before the children woke up. Marty and John have been very, very good. At first John called for his mother, but now I satisfy his wants and he doesn't call for her. Marty knew all about their plans and took their going philosophically. She has been invited to three parties and is quite pleased.

Bob and Ellen and Jim and Barry are all fine and were counting a lot on this hike back to the source of the Jumna river.

**Landour, Mussoorie, India, June 6, 1949.** We were all so glad for your letter, mother, telling of getting the wedding pictures. When Evangeline wrote she had not heard from Mrs. Beach. I'm glad she got a letter and the pictures which Evangeline wanted to send on to you. I do not know about the extra picture of Ellen. I will ask Emmet just what he ordered, as he must have a copy of the order. In the meantime, keep it.

I've had two letters from Emmet since he left. All seems to be well with him, though he is very busy. It was very hot for a couple of days, but had cooled off some. I still expect to leave here next Monday, the 13th. I shall stop in Gujranwala for a meeting of the Locating Committee. Emmet will be there for the Finance Committee meeting and we shall go back to Pindi together.

**Landour, Mussoorie, India, June 12, 1949.** The hikers returned Friday afternoon at 3:00, exactly the time they said they would be here. Marjorie (Joe's wife) was down that day. John had just had his lunch after waking up, and Marty was playing with Marjorie in the living room; so we were all set to receive them. The three men had beards and all had heavy tans except Bob and Jim, who usually burn rather than tan. They had worn wide-brimmed cloth hats and Bob even used an umbrella most of the way to avoid burns. They all reported a wonderful trip. Barry said she had not laughed so much in two weeks in all her life, as she did on this trip. They went to the source of the Jumna River, though did not actually get to the glacier, as that would have taken several days of very steep climbing. The snow views were magnificent, and they stayed an extra day at the farthest point. On the way they met many Hindu pilgrims who were going to Jumnotri. They also attended a large Hindu fair and the girls regretted that they did not have any pretty dresses along, as the Hindu women were dressed in their best clothes and were so interested in these white women.

I am leaving tomorrow noon. Jim is going to Dehra Dun with me. Bob and Ellen are coming up here for noon dinner today, and then I am going down with them for tea.
Rawalpindi, Pakistan, June 19, 1949. Jim came to Dehra Dun with me and saw me on the train. Fortunately, the train was not crowded and I was able to lie down all night and had a good sleep. From Amritsar I took a train to the last station on the Indian side and had expected the Christian Relief car to meet me, but they did not get my letter. I took a tonga at 11:00 a.m. to the first outpost on the border, and from there walked to the last post on the Pakistan side - a distance of about one mile during which time I had to stop to show passport and other papers nine times. From there I came by bus to Lahore, getting there about 1:30. At 2:30 I was on the train, pulling out for Gujranwala where I had to attend the meeting of the Locating Committee. Emmet was there on the Finance Committee, and we came home together this Friday. It was good to get home and settled in for the summer.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, June 26, 1949. We have heard from Jim and from Bob and Ellen since we left and they seem to be fine. Ellen and Bob are trying to entertain the parents of the boys in the Hostel, and have gotten well started at that. They plan to have about six couples at a time.

College closed Friday, and the Stewarts plan to leave tomorrow. Bob Noble and Carl Davis were boarding with the Stewarts this past month, but came to us yesterday. They are also leaving this week; so we shall be the only ones here for this month, - of the missionaries. Most of the Pakistani professors will be here all summer.

The school closes for the summer on the 11th of July. The month of fasting begins tomorrow, and school will open at 6:30 a.m.. It has been opening for the past two weeks at 7:00. It makes it much easier on both pupils and teachers to have school closed before the heat of the day. No one who can help it goes out between 12:00 and 4:00.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, July 3, 1949. Last Monday was our wedding anniversary and Mr. Sutherland's birthday; so we had our annual celebration. We invited the head man of the boys' school and his wife and one of the professors and wife. Bob Noble and Carl Davis were boarding with us. Mrs. Stewart left for Murree that day, but Dr. Stewart was here, so that there were ten of us at the table.

Tuesday Miss Fehlman came for three days on her way to Murree. From then on we had a full house all week. Friday night we were about ready to sit down to dinner at 8:00, by ourselves for the first time in the week, when suddenly a jeep drove up with four passengers from Kabul. This is the month of the fast for the Mohammedans; so there was a holiday in the school there and the Americans decided to try to see something of India during the month. By sending out for things and opening cans, we managed to serve dinner to seven (one of our missionaries came in on the 8:30 train) at 9:00. We had six people for breakfast the next morning but since then have been alone, except that I had my ten teachers in for an ice-cream party last evening.

We are now having about the hottest weather of the year. The atmosphere is very humid, as it is working up for the rains. Last night was the worst we have had and today is bad. As I mentioned before in this letter, this is the month of the Mohammedans' fast, and one wonders how they manage to exist without eating or drinking anything from early dawn to sunset. A gun is fired for the breaking of the fast at about 7:45 in the evening, and another to start it again at about 4:00 in the morning. There's also a loudspeaker in a tonga that goes around at about 2:30 in the morning, to awaken the people to get up and cook their meal. I heard this the first night but have slept through it the rest of the time.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, July 5, 1949. Letter to Evangeline. Unless I write this morning before going to Murree, it will be late for your birthday. We had planned to go to Murree later in the week for several days, but since Dr. Karsgaard had room for us in the car today, we decided to take advantage of a ride in a private car instead of a bus.
I think I told you that we are thinking of going to Kabul for a couple of weeks in August, if all plans carry. It would be a most interesting trip and, since we are going to be paying guests at the home of an American who is principal of the new school there, we should be able to have a good visit. There is much that needs to be done before we go. There is some building work here on campus that Emmet would like to see near completion, since we need the house so badly for staff members. However, it is impossible to rush work during the fast month. In fact, it's next to impossible to get a full day's work done.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, July 11, 1949. We went up to Murree last Monday and stayed until Wednesday. We were fortunate in getting a ride back in a private car. There is still a lot of work in connection with the Home in Murree, and we shall all be glad when it is finished. It is nearly noon and Emmet has just finished directing the loading of a truck of things for the cement, iron sheets for roofing, almirahs, chairs, tables, paint, etc. It has been a big morning's job.

Miss Mangat Rai was here the other day. I may have told you. She wanted to be remembered to you. She is the only one of her family left on the Pakistan side of the border.

Our school closed Saturday and the teachers, or rather five of them, stayed until today. They are leaving tonight and I'm giving them ice-cream before they go. School will open again on the 12th of September. It will be cooler then and feel more like working than it does now. In August we shall have the whole building whitewashed and cleaned. You know we have our own houses whitewashed, or colorwashed, each year, rather than papering them. That is usually done while we are away. Naturally, it is a mess that we are glad to avoid.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, July 17, 1949. I have had a dainty dress with small flowers on it and also the dark blue dotted Swiss made this past week. Now I think I have enough changes for the hot weather. I wash them myself and should not need as many changes as if I sent them to the dhobi, but there are days when one does not like to iron, as it is such hot work. I've been using rice water instead of starch, as the latter is hard to get, and we cook rice almost every day and just take the water from that.

Did I tell you that the college is to have a Chevrolet Suburban Carryall? Perhaps you saw in the U.P. pictures of cars given to the religious groups of our church colleges by Sam Fulton, who was moderator of the General Assembly a couple of years ago. We wondered if he would consider giving one to a foreign college of our church; so Emmet wrote to him in April, and he immediately wrote that he would be glad to do so. Emmet suggested that he send it out with Rev. L. A. McCulloch and let him use it for several months, so as to reduce the customs charges. Today we had a letter from Mr. Fulton written on the third, saying that Mr. McCulloch had just been there to get the car, and that they were driving West in it to see her people. He said Mr. McCulloch was delighted to get the use of it. You may remember that Mr. McCulloch and his wife were on the Woodstock staff and Emmet married them. He went home and took his ministerial course in Pittsburgh, and they are coming out this year under regular appointment. We are so pleased that they can have the use of the car this summer, as all her people live in the West, and such a trip in a big car is much easier with children than a train trip. We have had no car in Pindi for many years; so are delighted to have this.

We have had quite a few people coming and going this week, but the coming week we shall have still more. Also, this week the lady is coming to finally sell the Soldiers' Home to our mission. All papers are ready, and the only thing left is the transfer of money for the deed.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, July 24, 1949. We have had so much company this week that I have got little else done but look after them. We started out Monday morning when seven were here for
breakfast. They had gone down Saturday to attend the consecration of the new Bishop of Lahore, and said they would like to stop for breakfast, Monday, on their way back to Murree. They drove all night to avoid the heat and got here at 4:00 in the morning. The men brought the Bishop’s wife and little boy with them, so I put them - wife and son - in the guest room, and all had about three hours sleep before breakfast. Monday night Mr. and Mrs. Zoerner of the Presbyterian mission of Lahore were here for dinner and the night. They have entertained us several times; so I was very happy to have them, and they seemed most grateful for our hospitality. Of course they were here for breakfast Tuesday morning, and that noon, just as we finished lunch, Mr. Patterson came. Fortunately, we had some bread and eggs, and you can always please a Scotsman with a good strong cup of tea or, rather, I should have said, a pot of tea. Wednesday morning four of our single ladies came over from the station for breakfast and took the bus to Murree from here. That evening Mr. and Mrs. Bushnell came in for dinner and the night. He is really a professor in Wooster, and is on a three-year leave, heading up a school in Kabul. It is with them that we expect to spend part of our time in Kabul, and we were glad for this opportunity of discussing plans with them. They had a two-weeks holiday and had been in Murree. After they left Thursday we had no guests until yesterday. In the morning Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Sutherland and Mrs. Davis came down from Murree and put their names in the pot for lunch. I had invited some friends for an ice-cream party that evening and we were doing some extra baking, but we managed all right. Then last evening at six, three from Taxila drove in. As the ice-cream party was at 7:30, they went over to do some shopping and came back in time. After that we had dinner and they left about 10:00. Don't you think that was a week?

Though the week seems full it was not as much so as we had hoped, for Miss Symes of the Soldiers' Home in Ranikhet, in India, was to have arrived early Thursday morning to complete our purchase of the Soldiers' Home in Murree. Emmet had spent many hours this past week getting ready for her arrival, and spent all Wednesday morning at the court, making sure all the legal papers were in order, and then at 4:30 that afternoon he received a telegram saying that all her things had been stolen, including her passport, power of attorney papers, etc. As the telegram was from Amritsar, we assumed that the theft had occurred in the night on the train, and a card from her later confirmed that assumption. She went back to Delhi for another passport, and cabled London for another power of attorney. How long it will take we do not know. I feel very sorry for her, as she is not a young person, and the one trip was hard without all this trouble, but I also feel sorry for Emmet, who had hoped to have completed the purchase of this property on which he has worked for a year and a half.

_Rawalpindi, Pakistan, July 31, 1949._ We are still having good rains, and I'm working trying to get the lawn cleaned of weeds and new grass put down. I wish I had some good grass seed, for I'm sure it would grow quickly now. The seed problem here is one that has not been solved yet. Pakistan does not have any good seed companies, and it seems they have restricted the importation of seeds... I have seeds left from last year and can make out this year. I shall continue to hope that by that time the barriers to importation will have been lifted.

This week I have tried to do all my sewing and writing on the front veranda, where I can watch the men working on the lawn. That seems the best way to get anything done. If I disappear for even a few minutes, it seems to be a signal for everyone else to vanish.

Barry and the children are planning to come up here early in September, and Jim will come for a holiday he has the last of the month. Jim has been anxious for Barry to get up this way, and this seems a year for her to do it. Emmet's brother Joe drove across the border and left his car in Jullunder. A card from Barry yesterday says that they have invited her and the children to come across with them. That will be so much easier for her. They are coming the first week in September.
Our plans have been a bit changed and we are now leaving for Kabul on the 8th. We do not have our visas yet but are told we can get them in Peshawar when we go up, and that we shall probably get seats in the British Embassy car going up on the tenth. I just got word that we have permission to open a high school department in our girls' school. We have been given a grant of Rs. 6000 to help get it started. That will take some time this fall to get it all in shape, as it means getting not only new higher-trained teachers, but a new Headmistress, as the present one is not qualified for high school.

**Peshawar, Pakistan, August 9, 1949.** I waited until today, Tuesday, the ninth, to write to you so as to give you definite news concerning our going to Kabul. We came here to Peshawar last evening and began immediately on our plans, though the offices did not open until this morning. We spent five hours today, from 8:00 a.m. until 11:00 a.m. visiting the different offices, and finally have all arrangements completed for leaving here at 6:30 a.m. on the British Embassy bus. We should be in Kabul by eight tomorrow evening. They say it is a rough, tiring trip, but of that we can tell you more after we have done it. We had no difficulty getting visas, as Dr. Bushnell interceded for us in Kabul.

Here in Peshawar we are staying with a Scotsman, the head of the Central Asia Trading Company. It is a small company that seems to be getting on a fairly well, but at present the exchange in Afghanistan has made trading somewhat difficult. At present the exchange is in our favor, but no doubt we shall find things expensive even so. Of that, more later.

We hope to get back to Pindi by September 1st, at the latest.

**Kabul, Afghanistan, August 28, 1949.** We came in from Peshawar in the British Embassy bus, and it just happened that the Superintendent of the Embassy was on that bus. He was a real English gentleman, who put himself out to do everything possible for our comfort, but he naturally could not rebuild the road, which proved to be as rough as rumor had painted it. However, we didn't miss the grandeur of the scenery. At first we came down from the Khyber Pass into the valley of the Kabul river. For the whole ride - about 190 mi. - we had sheer, unwooded rocks and mountains all around us; the only grass was a narrow strip of vegetation above the river. We stopped at several barrier posts and custom houses, and then came on to one of the largest cities enroute - Jalalabad - where we went to the Pakistan Consulate and ate our picnic lunch on the veranda. From there we followed the river for approximately 40 mi., then a very narrow gorge, riding sometimes close to the river and at other times high above it. We came out of the gorge into a small fertile valley, with a beautiful new hotel built up on a cliff overlooking the valley. Here we stopped for tea and a wee rest before starting over the last pass, which is 60 mi. long and climbs up over one rolling mountain after another until it reaches the peak at 9,000 ft. From there the downward slope is shorter but steeper. After reaching the bottom we had about 25 mi. into Kabul, the lights of which we could see in the distance just at dark.

Bushnell's home is lovely and we had a hearty welcome. We had dinner, hot baths, and good soft beds, which took all the aches and sore spots away.

We have had a very happy vacation. There isn't a great deal to do here, but we have enjoyed the shops, the people, the old palaces, the beautiful gardens, especially at the British Embassy, and the King's garden and Prime Minister's garden. Fruit is very plentiful pears, peaches, apples, melons and grapes now. There are said to be 40 kinds of grapes, but of those we have tasted we like the big green ones best. We are taking home raisins and dried apricots and nuts.

I was so glad to get your letters, which Dr. and Mrs. Rice brought from Pindi, Wednesday. They have come up to visit Bushnells, too. She is a Wooster girl, sister of the famous Compton brothers. They're both Wooster graduates and knew the Bushnells there. I'll write as soon as I get home.
Rawalpindi, Pakistan, October 9, 1949. Again I must offer my apologies for being so late. Jim and the family left Tuesday noon. As soon as I returned from the station, I had to get the guest room ready for three of the missionary men coming in for Presbytery meeting. One had already arrived and was reading in the living room until we could get the guest room in order. The last guests left yesterday morning. Then I had some shopping to do, and following that I washed four blankets, five dresses and underwear before washing my hat. Then after tea I planted seeds until nearly dark. The reason for the hurry was that I must leave for Annual Meeting on Tuesday. Emmet will go on Wednesday, but I have to be there early to help prepare the meeting room, as I am on the devotional committee. There are many things that just must be done tomorrow, but I hope to be ready to go on the 10:30 bus Tuesday morning. You see I am becoming converted to the bus, too. The time of the bus suits me better than the train time, as the latter gets in late at night.

We certainly miss the children. John has such a good sense of humor and keeps us all cheerful. The day we were out to Dr. McAuley for tea he discovered the parrot on the back verandah, and as soon as the parrot began to talk John roared with laughter, and every time it said hello, he turned around and shook with laughter, looking at us all the time, and so thoroughly enjoying it that we all joined him in his hearty laugh. Sometimes he would walk with a swagger, and if anyone of us would imitate him, he would smile and just exaggerate the swagger all the more. He tried to say everything - whether big or little words - and in most cases his attempt was quite successful. Upon first sitting down at the table, he would usually shout for his food, but when the first sharp edge of his appetite was dulled a bit, he would say "sugar please" and "cereal please" etc., just as nice and politely as anyone. The last couple of days Marty kept talking about going to Allahabad, and when I chided her about making me feel badly, she did it all the more to tease me, always, of course with a twinkle in her eye. She has never had the humor that John has, but she is learning and trying to joke more than she ever did before. She has a very keen mind and it keeps working all the time.

Today we had a letter from Ellen, saying that her mother is to speak at their Missionary Society in November on Pakistan, and wondered if we could send her some information. I asked Emmet if he had the Stewarts on his mailing list, and he looked it up and said they were not on. I wonder if you would please send her this last circular letter of Emmet's, and let her use what she can from that. I'm sure she would return it if you want it.

The Cummingses arrived back last week, and with them a young professor and his wife for the college. It is good to have them here. The McCullochs were on the same boat and drove in the new college car to Gujranwala, and will turn the car over to us at Annual Meeting. This is the first time for many years that the returning missionaries and the new ones have arrived before Annual Meeting.

Sialkot, Pakistan, October 18, 1949. We have letters from Jim and Barry and they're well settled at home again. They had some difficulty in crossing the border. They had to forfeit a piece of dress material at the Pakistan border customs and 40 rupees in coins at the Indian border customs. There are a number of Indian coins which were accepted in circulation, but are not accepted now. I had some 50 rupees of these in my school fees, Missionary Society funds, etc., so asked Jim to exchange them for me by taking them and giving me Pakistani money instead. This loss is naturally mine, but I am sorry they had the trouble.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, October 24, 1949. We were very glad to receive your letter of the 17th, but very sorry that Aunt Bessie had that fall. She is certainly not well, but, as you say, she is not willing to call a doctor and I know she does not want the expense and probably thinks the doctors do not understand her trouble anyway. I do hope she got better and was up and around soon after you wrote. I wish they all had their rooms on one floor, as it would be easier for you to care for her.
We also got a letter from Marian today, and she was having mumps. Joe has never had them and she was concerned lest he get them. They have been fortunate in having no illness since they were married. I hope with her that Joe does not get them, as he is very busy with his medical course and can ill afford to lose any time.

We came home in the new car. There were seven of us with plenty of luggage, but it came along very well indeed. We stopped for an hour in Jhelum and were home by three.

The McCullochs, who brought out the car and were in Woodstock teaching when we were there, are to be with us this winter. We have a middle bedroom which we can give them. It has a large dressing room and bath and also a large, sunny, screened verandah, where they can probably sleep all winter. Emmet and I cannot sleep out, but they are young and will probably enjoy it. They have a boy six years old and a girl, two. Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch are to spend this year in language study.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, October 29, 1949. This partition has taken so much time and energy. I wrote you about the coins which I sent with Jim and which he had to forfeit at the border. Now this week we have to go through different small accounts in the safe and take out all Indian bills which have been surcharged with Pakistan. These will be of no value in Pakistan after the first of November. Hence, we have turned them in to the bank. Another thing which goes out this first of November are all these air letter forms with the Indian stamps surcharged with Pakistan. I've just three left, but some people had bought a fairly good supply and will not be able to write them all. Some have them with just the six annas on and have no stamps to add, and Monday is a holiday; so there is no way for them to use them. At least Pakistan has not devalued our rupee. Just now, since India has devalued hers, there is no way to exchange money between the two countries, since they have not come to any agreement. The tension on the border has been greater since that move.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, November 6, 1949. There is a Dr. Brunson, an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, from Westfield, Mass., who has come out for six months to observe eye operations - especially cataracts, and who is spending the first two months in Taxila. We went out to have our eyes tested Friday, as he had been in the day before and urged any to come who wanted to check on their glasses. He says he would never have believed how many successful operations can be performed under such primitive conditions, had he not seen it for himself. He says it is the most marvelous experience of his life (he's over 50). In the busy seasons they have 400 inpatients in a 60-bed hospital. The patients are in tents and on verandas - even a veranda of a building still in the process of construction. I believe doctors still cannot explain why there are so many more cataracts out here, but many think it may be because of the glare of the sun and excessive amounts of dust.

I still have not secured the teacher I need for this beginning class in the high school. Teachers are very scarce, especially women, who are qualified for teaching high school classes and the few training colleges are not equipped to take all who want to enter.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, November 13, 1949. We had a letter from Marian today, saying that Joe came down with mumps on the first and was quite miserable on the third when she wrote. He was having them on both sides and had a higher temperature than she had. She was staying home the next day to help care for him. We are sorry this had to come his last year of medical school, when he needs every hour for his studies, but we hope he has recovered by this time.

Yesterday, we had a few guests in for tea. Mrs. McAuley, the wife of the doctor at the Leper Hospital, has not been well for over a year and never goes any place. We went out in the car and brought her and she was so pleased, as was everyone who came. The car has served a great many purposes thus far. One day the men went up to Murree to see the property up there. Another day we
went to Taxila to have our eyes tested. Then another day we took out the back seat and took a college boy on his bed to the hospital. Tomorrow a group of the faculty are going to Campbellpur to see a hockey game in which our college boys are playing. Then, when we first came back, Mr. Noble took some of the Christian students to an S C M retreat in Jhelum. Mr. Fulton [who donated the car] manufactures automobile accessories. Yes, though a layman, he was moderator of the General Assembly a few years ago. He has always been interested in the church and missions.

We are to have our Thankoffering meeting this week. Our church congregation is scattered over such a large territory it is difficult to get the women out. They live out in all directions from the church, at distances of three and four miles. In some cases there is bus service, but in others there is none and the people cannot afford to pay tonga fares. Furthermore, many of the women work long hours in the homes of others and have only a few hours in which to take care of their own families, so there is little opportunity for them to attend the meetings. Our Missionary Society is, therefore, not very strong.

We are still getting refugee students from Kashmir, but this year we do not have the clothing to give them like we had last year. Many of them walk out. I often wonder how they get across from one side to the other, but no doubt in coming over the hills it is very simple. These are, of course, Mohammedans, coming from the Indian section of Kashmir. Until that Kashmir question is settled, things will not be quiet here. Nehru has made a big hit in the USA and well deserves all the attention he received because he is a great statesman, but we think he is mistaken on the Kashmir question. He insists on India getting the valley where 95% of the people there are Mohammedans. He is a Kashmiri himself (he was not born there but his father was) and so is determined that Indians shall have Kashmir. We do hope some solution of the question will be found soon.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, November 21, 1949.** A letter from Joe and Marian says that Joe had a very bad round of mumps, with a temperature of 105 one day and other glands swollen besides those in the neck. He had a toxic reaction throughout his system and was very sick. On the 13th Marian wrote that he was having some solid food that day for the first time and had been able to shave himself for the first time, too. He took a great deal of nursing day and night, but Marian was thankful she was well and able to care for him. The doctor from the medical school attended him and one day gave him fluids intravenously, as he had not been able to retain anything in his stomach for three days. I know that a man can have a very bad reaction to mumps and that is just what he had. Marian was not going back to work until his swelling was all gone.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, November 27, 1949.** Thursday we had our Thanksgiving dinner here at our house. All of us go in together and share expenses.

Have Evangeline and Paul read Vincent Sheehan’s new book "Lead Kindly Light"? In it he tells of meeting Jim and relates several incidents in connection with him.

We are enjoying having the McCulloch children here. Lennie is a boy of six and quite a bright fellow. Suzanne is two and a real little doll and very attractive. She is so light on her feet and so friendly.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, December 4, 1949.** This past week I had a cold; so I stayed by a fire most of the time and did a few odds and ends. Among them was an article on our girls’ school for the Missionary magazine. I think I shall send you a carbon copy next week, as you do not see the magazine any more. Then I started working on the albums for the boys. I have Jim’s practically done, but there was little choice of albums and his has a very unpleasing yellow cover, which I shall
decorate in some way or cover entirely with something else. I may wait until Bob and Ellen get here to give their suggestions as to what to do with it. I shall give Bob his when he is here and send Jim's with him. Barry and Jim were both so interested in the pictures that they wanted to take them as they were, but we persuaded them that I would put them in an album and date them this winter. That is work I can do by the fire.

A letter from Joe said he is back in school again. You know that he wants to intern in the West, so that he can be nearer Marian's people. He got his appointment at the time he wrote and it is to be the Huntington Memorial Hospital in Pasadena, California. That is not the location he would have chosen, for it is a long distance from Idaho Falls. However, the hospital has a very good reputation and should be a very good place for a young man to get experience, and at the same time it has a lovely climate. It is no doubt an expensive place to live, as it is a very beautiful residential city. We just hope they will have no more sickness this winter.

Our pastor's wife had a baby boy born on Wednesday, but I have not been over to see him. This is about the 11th or 12th child he has had but her sixth. His first wife and all her children have died of TB. This wife's two brothers died of it. I wonder what chance these children have of health. The children of the first wife lived until in their teens and then all went. TB is getting much worse out here. I think it's increase is partly due to the disturbances two years ago, and consequent lack of nourishment and sufficient clothing among the thousands of refugees. Pakistan is sorely in need of doctors and nurses and hospitals.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, December 11, 1949. I told you last week that I would be sending you a copy of the article for the magazine about our school. I think you may enjoy reading about the school and its various activities. If you will save your Christmas cards and mail them as printed matter and state that they are old cards, they will come through cheaply and well. We are using up all that we have this year; so need a big new supply.

Extracts from Martha Alter's article, A BRIDE'S DREAM REALIZED. Some seventy years ago a young girl came to Rawalpindi as the bride of Mr. McAuley, a teacher in the newly-opened mission boys' school. She had a very meager education on the veranda of a missionary in her hometown, but she had enough to want more, not only for herself, but for the girls of Pindi. Thus it was that she decided to open a little primary school. She soon found that instead of one she must open two, because the parents of the Mohammedan children would not consent to their daughters studying in a school with Hindu girls, and Hindus were just as insistent that their daughters should not study with Mohammedans. She had no sooner agreed to the two schools when she discovered that they must be coeducational, since the girls were not allowed to come unless they could bring their younger brothers to read also. Then, instead of being able to charge a fee, as they did in the boys' school, she soon learned that she would have to pay the girls a small sum each month to get them to attend, as the parents did not look with favor on the education of their daughters. After some years there developed a better feeling between the Hindus and Mohammedans, and they agreed to let their daughters study in the same school, provided they sat on different mats. Years wiped away the opposition, and not until the partition in 1947 drove the Hindus away, did we have a division based on faith. From a primary class, it developed into a middle one, and this year a high school class has been opened. Throughout the years the bride's family have been represented on the staff. Her daughter, Mrs. Mary Samuel, was headmistress for many years, and now Mrs. John Samuel, the widow of her grandson, is headmistress and manager.
Home economics has a definite place in the curriculum in the schools for girls in Pakistan. In the Rawalpindi school, Friday morning is the time for sewing and cooking, as we have only a half-day session on Friday, since it is the holy day of the Moslems and is observed as a half-holiday throughout the country. The sewing starts with sewing cards in the primary class, then ordinary stitching, hemming, making of book bags (not of heavy material as in America), then pillowcases and on to personal garments, then embroidery, knitting and crocheting. It would keep American girls busy to compete with some of the embroidery, knitting, and lacemaking. The upper classes have cooking and laundry. When my five-year-old granddaughter was here visiting, I took her over one morning and she was loath to leave. The girls squat in the courtyard along the edge of the veranda, and over charcoal burners cook three or four dishes, according to the requirements of the day. On the veranda, just behind each girl, is her table which she has spread in preparation for serving her food. The teachers sample and criticize the cooking. There were 30 girls at 30 burners that morning, and we had a hearty lunch, tasting the food prepared by six. They had made pilau, curry, chutney, and a sweet dish, and I have never tasted better any place.

No account of the school would be complete without mentioning the staff. Most of the teachers are from other towns and live in quarters provided for them in a house adjoining our own on Gordon College campus. At the time of partition we were given a Hindu school building, which is much larger than the old rented quarters and has the distinctive advantage of being right beside the college campus, so that the teachers do not have far to go to their work. These teachers are Christian girls from different areas, who have been trained in our own training centers in Sialkot and in Lahore. Like most teachers the world over they are not adequately paid for the excellent and faithful service they render. It is teachers such as these that are the character builders of the nation. Pakistan is realizing this and has given liberal grants to meet the emergency of this transition period. She is also stressing education as it has never been stressed before, and thus is crowding our doors with far more pupil applicants than we are able to take.

From the wee primary school of Mrs. McAuley's dreams, we have today a school that takes the girls from kindergarten through high school, with an enrollment of 450. Great-granddaughters of those first pupils are studying in our schools today. Of the hundreds who have gone out from the school, each one of them has taken some of the truth of the word of God. Surely it must bear some fruit in the homes which they have established. The dream has become a far greater reality than Mrs. McAuley ever envisioned it, but having seen it she took the first steps to make it come true.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, December 18, 1949. This coming week we shall have several events in anticipation of Christmas. Tomorrow night we shall have dinner at Professor Nasir's home. He is one of the finest of our Christian professors and has a lovely wife who teaches in the government high school. He now has his parents with him. His father was an official in Campbellpur for many years, and his mother is a doctor. The father is very weak and they felt the need of being with one of their children, as the mother is not able to look after the father. Professor Nasir's house was too small for all of them; so the college has added a room and bathroom for the parents. They are most appreciative. We had the young couple here for dinner the other night. She is the most friendly of all the wives here. I know you would like her, mother. She reminds me of Edna Ward.
Tuesday night we are going to the Student Christian Movement dinner at the college. They have one every year at this time. Then on Friday we are having the Tree for staff children. We shall have games, a program for the children, Santa and his presents, and then sing carols. Tomorrow we're having my teachers in for tea and a Christmas party, at which I give them their presents. I feel quite proud of myself that I have all the presents wrapped. But when I think of all the cards that are not addressed, my pride gets a big fall.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, December 29, 1949. We had a telegram from the boys on Christmas, which gave us the assurance that they were together in Allahabad. Then two days later we had a letter from Bob and Ellen, saying that they hope to be in Allahabad by the 22nd. It takes five or six days for letters to come through from there. Sometimes we get a letter from there and from you written on the same day and received here on the same day. Bob and Ellen hope to come here in February.

Last week there were two Indian (Pakistani) dinners and the party for the Christian staff children. Then on Saturday, we went to another dinner given by the Christians in a certain area of Pindi. Sabbath we had a church service at 11:00, when the church was packed to the doors. There must have been eight or nine hundred present. We took the kneeling stools out and put them in the aisle and in the front of the church, and still there was not sitting space. I was supposed to be one of the three ushers for the women, but the other two ushers were sick. I never got a seat throughout the service but helped many others get one. Emmet used the new loudspeaker belonging to the college and everyone was able to hear the preacher; so there was less noise and confusion than last year. Outside, at the gate, there were vendors of balloons, cakes, candy and toys, and most children bought a balloon or a toy or some sweets.

With the McCullochs here, I needed some more help in the dining room. In the past two months I've had four men. The first one was here a little over a month and then had to leave as he was called back into the army. The next man was older and not used to working as much as he had to here, so he just did not come back one morning after he had been here a week. The next fellow had been in the Navy, and he was as raw a recruit in the house as any person I've ever seen. He was hopeless and he drove me nearly mad. Now we have just taken on a refugee from Kashmir who has done this work before and is really grand. How thankful this whole household is! He did not even have a coat; so we got him a second hand one as he could hardly do the housework with a blanket wrapped around him. I've not asked him about his family, but none are here.
Rawalpindi, Pakistan, January 4, 1950. Saturday night we had a get-together to see out the old year. There has been quite a lot of flu around; so we did not have as big a group as usual. Monday I had a few people in for tea. These were ones I had owed for some time. I think I told you I had made fruit cake for Christmas and it was quite a success. This year we could get enough sugar and flour to make a really nice one. The fruit is also more easily available. In fact, everything has eased up a lot. I also made some fondant in addition to fudge. Then I made orange straws, too, and they have been very popular. We do not buy any candy, as it is very expensive - over $1 (for ordinary hard candy) a pound. I say it is not worth it. Of course homemade candy is not cheap, and we seldom make it because sugar is 17¢ a pound.

India and Pakistan keep up their bickering and squabbles. Now India has refused to sell coal to Pakistan. For a little while that will make fuel difficult, but Pakistan already gets half of her coal from other sources and has a promise of all of it from other countries.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, January 9, 1950. I hope Dave has sent us a card, for we should love to see what he has made, and, of course, we want any pictures we can get of Dean. They say he has the deep blue eyes like his father's, and that he has a very good disposition. Dave was our best baby. The reason they moved was that a friend and family were going away for a year or more, and wanted them to move into their house to keep it while they were gone. By making the move they got a reduction in rent and more room and a nice big backyard where Dean could play.

There is still a lot of bickering and backbiting between India and Pakistan, and now, as India has refused to sell coal to Pakistan, we shall need to be careful for a few months until more coal can be purchased from Europe and Africa. Already Pakistan was getting some coal from other countries, but now she will be getting it all from abroad. We use wood in our heating stoves and have been using coal for cooking, but shall probably take to using wood for that, too.

The picture of China is a sad one, and one wonders how much further the Communists will go before they are stopped. If China had been a united country, there would've been some hope for her, but the internal fighting kept her from gaining any strength. The future looks bad for the Far East.

We just had a very difficult few days at the school. One of the teachers who lived in the city had left, and when our headmistress was down in Gujranwala for Christmas she got one whom she thought would be all right, but I did not like her looks the minute she arrived. She turned out to be quite out of her element here, and left on Saturday, taking with her some of the school money. The headmistress is usually careful in her choice of teachers, but this time she missed it. The whole affair has taken a lot of time and energy, but we hope to get the money and are well rid of her.

We had a letter from Ellen the other day. They seem to be having a very good time in Allahabad. They do not expect to get here until February. That means they will not be here very long, but it will be good to see them even for a short time.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, January 15, 1950. We have just received a letter from Bob and Ellen this morning, saying that they are not coming our way this winter. The complications of crossing the border are more than they can tackle this winter. One of the teachers waited up in Mussoorie until Christmas for his papers to come across and did not get them. Bob said they would have to go back to school and wait there three or four weeks and then maybe not get their permits, and they did not want to go back up into the cold. Then, their passports are now with the police in Dehra Dun, and
they might be delayed in getting them, and their residential permits are due to expire the end of this month, and it may take some time to get them renewed. Consequently, they think it best to stay on at Jim's and take side trips. We are naturally very sorry they cannot come, but we quite understand.

We have had a more open winter than usual, though the temperature in December got down to 30 many times. Because we have not had much rain, and also because we went to a dry place this summer and I did not get asthma started in the fall, I've been comparatively free of it this winter, for which we all are glad.

I had been wanting to get out to make some calls and think I shall try to begin on Friday, if not before. We get so centered in our own little field that we do not get out very much, and in some ways there are not many places to go. Most of our activity is right here on the campus and in the mission schools and leper hospital. There are, however, some Christians scattered over the cantonment, whom we seldom meet and with whom I should like to have more companionship. It is on these that I hope to call this coming week.

The question of our High School in the girls' school is still hanging fire, for though we have opened the first class we do not know if the government will give us enough grant to keep it going. The mission has said that we can have it if it does not cost the mission any money.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, January 22, 1950. I have bought the fourth Kodak album and hope to get Bob's finished this week, unless we have too many interruptions.

We had the bad news that Bob and Ellen are not coming this winter. Or did I write this to you?... If the Kashmir problem would be solved, then there'd be no trouble along the border; or so we think. Many of the difficulties would be resolved with the clearing of that problem. It does not look as though that will happen very soon.

We had a good letter from Dave. He thinks he will have to go back in the Army for several months, as it is not possible to get a teaching job this time of the year. I hate to think of his having to be away from his home for any length of time, for he is so attached to his home and family. He should get his degree early in February. Being in the reserves, he is supposed to give a certain amount of time each year, or every other year, in training.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, January 29, 1950. Tomorrow we are having Mr. and Mrs. Alam and family for tea. He is a police inspector for all this division, which includes six districts. We knew him in Landour, as their son went to Woodstock, and we were invited over there to lunch on Tuesday. Their eldest son finished at Woodstock in December of '48, and the others have not gone back, as it is too difficult for Mohammedan children to get across the border. After this tea tomorrow I'm going to stop for a time. I had not meant to have so many in succession, but it just turned out that way.

I shall be writing Aunt Bessie and Janet this week. I must not forget our young granddaughter, either, as her birthday comes on the ninth. She is old enough to count a lot on cards and letters. If I write on the typewriter, and use simple words, she is able to read it. She is getting along so fast in her reading and arithmetic. Did I tell you they are expecting another baby in June? They wanted another one before going home. If this one is as nice as the others, they will be rich, indeed. We think Marty and John are grand and only wish we could see our other grandchild.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, February 5, 1950. Emmet had to go to Lahore for a meeting of the relief committee. He went on the Friday night train and returned on the Saturday night train. It is just about a seven-hour run and there are trains that leave about midnight and get in, in the early morning. It makes it very convenient.

Begum Liaqat Ali Khan visited the college Friday morning. She was born in a Christian family.
but turned Moslem when she married. He is the Prime Minister of Pakistan and will soon be visiting the States, we understand. Then, that same afternoon we ladies all went to a tea, given to her by the Pakistan Women's Association. It was quite a nice affair. I suppose there were about 100 women present. The Begum spoke again. She does not give the Christians credit for doing anything, but that may be because she is afraid of her position, since everyone knows she was a Christian before her marriage. There is an industrial school and home for refugee Kashmiris and their work was on display, and they gave the Begum a very pretty luncheon set. None of the work displayed was equal to what we used to buy in Kashmir. We hope the art will not be lost in these years when there is no market for the things. I understand they are sending out some things to India for sale, but it would be very little in comparison to what they had made formerly.

Monday: I have the albums for the boys finished except for the writing of names and places and dates. I hope to get that done this month, and then I shall send Bob's and Jim's with the McCullochs when they go the first of April.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, February 13, 1950. This past week the Deputy Directress of public instruction for the Punjab visited our school. In fact, she came on the very coldest day. Have you seen Margaret Bourke-White's new book, entitled "Halfway to Freedom"? If you can get it out of the library, I am sure you will enjoy reading it. She was out here the winter of '47-'48 and gathered a lot of information, which she has written up very well. On one of the picture pages, between pages 102 and 103, you will find a picture of this Deputy Directress, Miss Feroze-ud-Din. She is one of the conservative group. There are many more liberal than she, and most of us think the liberals will carry the day. The chapter on coeducation and Islam will interest you, though you will learn a great deal by reading the whole book, which is easy and pleasant reading. Like most travelers, she never contacted the missionaries or the Christians. Though a minority, they do have considerable influence far beyond their numerical strength.

We had a good letter from Barry. They're very busy these days and have so enjoyed having Bob and Ellen with them. The latter were taking several trips - one to Benaras and another to Jabbalpur. They may go to Delhi and Agra, too. The school opens the ninth of March; so they will have to get back to Landour the end of this month.

A letter from Joe says that Marian is having a thyroid operation this month. We thought from her pictures that it was developing, and are so sorry that she has to have this operation, but thankful that they are not delaying. We shall be glad when we hear that it is over and that all is well.

I had to stop to look at the cook's bicycle. It was badly in need of repairs and I had them done, but wanted to check on the work and the prices. A bicycle is essential for his shopping here in the city, where the markets are far from the house. I hope these repairs will last, though it is so easy to let things run down, especially when one thinks that someone else will pay the bill.

I stopped and went down to the bazaar for cloth for the dhobi to wrap our clothes in. He does not carry them in a basket, but in the square of cloth that he folds over them and ties. I have been planning to get a new one for some time, and when I saw the state of the old one today, I realized I could not delay longer. The streets were packed with people, so that it was difficult for our tonga and the others to get through. One wonders where all the people come from. They say the population of Pindi is 250,000, and probably that is near correct, but they live in such crowded quarters that it does not appear as big a city as that.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, February 19, 1950. It is warming up and we are certainly glad. Mr. Patterson had gone to Mansehra for a few days, and then came back through here on his way back to Murree. He is now up in Mansehra, but his a letter back from Murree says he never saw so much
snow there and that in many places the road was dangerous. He got back just in time, as Mrs. Patterson had burned up all the wood she had. Fortunately, their suite has small rooms and low ceilings. Thus, it is not hard to heat. We shall still be cold here until the Murree snows melt.

Dr. Rice from Forman Christian College in Lahore was the speaker [at the college convocation]. You may remember that the Rices were in Kabul with us, and that she is a Compton. We enjoyed having them here in Pindi. Yesterday morning I went shopping with Mary, and they were here with us for lunch.

I did the writing in the albums this past week. I should have said the "printing," though I confess I cannot do it as well as some can. Father used to print very well, I remember.

Emil Brunner, the great Swiss theologian, is coming to Lahore for a three-day conference and Emmet is going down for it. He will leave Thursday evening and return Monday.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, February 27, 1950. Dr. McAuley is an Indian. I do not know where they got their name, but I suppose from some European. Indians do not usually have a surname, but sometime or other this was added on in their family. He has leukoderma so badly that his whole face is now white, and anyone seeing him and not knowing him thinks he is European.

Emmet had a rather unpleasant experience the night Dr. White was here for dinner. He has had a varicose ulcer off and on for ten years and it broke out again about six weeks ago. That evening he was taking a bath before dinner when a blood vessel on the edge of the ulcer broke, and before he could get anyone to get it bandaged he lost a lot of blood. He eventually fainted, and we were enough concerned to drive out to Taxila for one of the doctors; that is, one of the younger men drove out. Emmet picked up very quickly and even rode in a car to Lahore to the meetings of Emil Brunner, a famous Swiss theologian. He had been in Allahabad (this man Brunner), and had commented on what a decidedly Swiss face Jim had. He recognized Emmet at once as Jim's father. It is rather interesting, since the Alters came from Switzerland about 250 years ago. Emmet and the others drove back last night and got home about one o'clock.

It is beautifully warm here now, and our flowers are beginning to bloom. Sweetpeas are out and are so fragrant. I am the first one to have them here on the campus.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, March 5, 1950. Yesterday I went over to the cantonments to a meeting called to discuss the need of a YWCA hostel here in Pindi. We need such a thing for Christian girls who want to come to college. They say that there is a real need in the cantonment, too. The ladies who were there have been doing a lot to work among abandoned British women and Anglo Indians, and the stories they told of some conditions over there were most distressing. I cannot see how a British officer could abandon a British wife out here, but it is done sometimes and there is nothing for the women but one thing. One feels so sorry for the children, who are the real sufferers. Now England will not let her own people return, unless there is assurance of their support. One of the women had been doing a lot along that line - interviewing officers and pulling strings to get English women and children back to the homeland. They say the Anglo Indian community has just no place for recreation and games. The station school, under the direction of the deaconess, is opening its doors for a recreational center in the evenings. That is a good start.

We have had no word from the family since I wrote a week ago. Emmet is gaining back his strength and blood. He is getting a better color. I wish he could get rid of his rheumatism, but that is a vain wish.

I think I told you that the bulbuls had been eating all our lettuce and I put thorn branches over it. Now those birds have gone to Kashmir and the lettuce is coming on fine. Some of it is heading and is very good. Today we got such good tomatoes and had a very good salad. We had a real American
lunch, macaroni and cheese and a tin of herring, ending with grapefruit and coffee. Emmet had
brought the grapefruit from Lahore.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, March 12, 1950. We had a letter from Jim and Barry. Jim took the school
party up to Landour and Barry and the children went up with them to stay. It means a long
separation, but it is good that Marty can be in school with the other children. In another year they
will be leaving for the U.S.A.

Things in Pakistan have improved in many ways, so that the situation is quite different from
what it was even a year ago. We have plenty of food for the people. The Punjab has been the granary
of India. Here is where most of the wheat is grown. Sugar is still scarce and expensive but the native
brown sugar is down to 5¢ a pound and one could not ask for anything less. Milk has come down to
16¢ a quart, and vegetables and grains have come down in the same proportion. Cloth, since most of
it is imported, is still expensive, but since we grow a lot of cotton, this should also be cheaper when
mills are started. Pakistan is low on the technical side, and will need help along that line until she gets
her own people trained and factories started.

Often the women at the Leper Hospital ask about you, mother, and I must take out a picture to
show them. The only thing is that all the pictures are small, and I do not like to pass it around as I do
not care to touch it again, though it is not proved that leprosy is contacted that way. The McCullochs
will be going in two weeks and are taking the albums. I'm glad I have a picture of you for each of the
albums, but I do not have of the Wien family. You had better look through your pictures and give us
some. Jim has them, but no one else.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, March 19, 1950. Yesterday we received your good letter of the fifth, and
also one from Aunt Bessie. We were glad to know that she had such a happy birthday, and that so
many people remembered her. I suppose you wrote to the Mansfield people and told them it was
her 80th birthday. That was good of you, as they would want to send cards to her, but would not
know if you had not sent them word.

Friday there was a wedding out at the Leper Home. In fact, it was a marriage of one of the six
boys who entered the home for healthy children when it was first opened about 12 or 13 years ago.
He was married to a girl who was then in the home for four or five years. Dr. and Mrs. McAuley
made all the arrangements and had the reception in their home. I asked them today how many
weddings they had had in their home, but they did not stop to count them. They're very good and
kind people, and have raised a number of children on their own. This wedding was of two quite
young folks, but he has a job and they will probably manage nicely. Both of them have read as far as
the eighth grade; so are better prepared for life than 95% of the people. Pakistan and India's trouble
is that, try as hard as they can, they have thus far not been able to compete with the birth rate in the
literacy program. Though many more are literate than were so some ten years ago, still the
population has increased so rapidly that percentage of literacy is lower than it was then.

I said above that Dr. and Mrs. McAuley had raised many children. Now they have a little girl by
the name of Margaret. Her mother is a Burmese and her father was a British Tommy. During the
war they were evacuated from Burma, and she and Margaret were sent to Murree with many other
wives of Tommies. He was sent to Lucknow, where he died of dysentery, which he got in Burma on
the way out. In his last letter to her, he urged her to go to a doctor to see what was the matter with her.
The army doctors sent her to this leper hospital, and when Mr. McAuley saw Margaret they urged
the mother to let them have her and save her from this loathsome disease. She gladly agreed, and
now Margaret is in the third grade and doing very well. She is a very bright and affectionate child
and seems so appreciative of her home with them. We wish the mother had been as responsive.
About a month ago, without the McAuleys' knowledge, she married a Mohammedan leper and herself became a Mohammedan. By so doing, she has lost the pension she was getting from her husband. Now she has been trying to get Margaret's school allowance, which is given to children of Tommies (British government of course), and Dr. McAuley is trying to have himself made her guardian, if he cannot adopt her. You asked where Dr. McAuley got his name; so I asked him the other day, and he said it was the name of the Presbyterian missionary who helped his father through seminary.

Tomorrow Emmet and I are going to Murree to bring the Pattersons down. The mission has asked Mr. Patterson to go to Pathankot to hold over for Morgan McKelvey, who goes on furlough this next month. We wanted to go up to take over the home from Mr. Patterson and check on the watchman who is there and get a line on everything, since that is one of Emmet's numerous jobs. Having the car makes such a trip so much easier. The Pattersons will go out on the night train for Lahore; so will have dinner with us.

Tonight the Stewarts, Cummingses and we are invited to have dinner with the Bishop of Lahore, Anglican bishop. He is here for his annual visit and confirmation class, etc.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, March 26, 1950. We were very pleased to receive your good letter of the 13th and to know that all were well. We, too, have been having a very cold spell. Emmet and I drove up to Murree on Monday to take over the Sandes Home and to bring the Pattersons down. I think I told you they are to go to Pathankot [India] to take over for Morgan McKelvey, who is going on furlough. It was bright when we left here, but up there it rained and hailed heavily and was very cold. ... By the time we got home that evening it was cold here, and the next three days it snowed in Murree, so that men had to wade in snow up to their waists and the road was washed out in one place, and up in Murree it was so covered with snow that motors could not go the last couple of miles. Whenever there is snow in Murree we know it by the change of temperature here. I had taken down our stove last week, but got it out again and put up, as the evenings have been as cold as in January. Finally, the sun came out yesterday, and we have hopes of getting warm again in a few days. When it snowed in Murree, it rained hard down here. The McCullochs had taken down their stove, but had to set it up again in order to dry clothes. The Middle East - Palestine, Lebanon and Iraq - have had the coldest winter for many, many years.

Yesterday, we were invited to the opening of the new Holy Family Hospital. As you remember, the Holy Family Hospital is where Bob was operated on, and where we all go in case of illness. It has been just a five-minute walk from us here, but now they have built a magnificent new plant out about three-and-a-half miles from here. The opening was a really grand affair, with four bishops and all the priests of Pakistan present, together with the sisters. Representing the public: all the "brass hats" of the cantonment and all the civil officials, together with the six of us missionaries from Pindi, and two doctors and their wives from Taxila. There must have been four hundred or more present.

The building was started four years ago, but during the riots in the spring of '47 all the lumber and some trucks were burned. Then, at the time of partition, the contractor, who was a Sikh, fled to the other side, and since then one of the sisters has been in charge of all the building work, with one main foreman under her. The brick kiln was abandoned by the former contractor; so this sister took it over and had all the bricks made there - over three million bricks. In spite of seemingly insurmountable difficulties, the building is now ready for use, though the chapel and one wing are not complete. The government has given a large grant, and individuals - mostly the Sikhs and Hindus - have donated generously. Of course, the Catholic organization itself has made the largest contribution.

The sister was greatly applauded yesterday. She gave a magnificent speech, in which she first
spoke of what a remarkable thing it is that they - a Christian organization - are allowed to work and live their way of life in a Moslem state; whereas, there are so many countries in which that is not possible today. Then, she went on to say what the Christian way of life is, and we were glad she did, as an explanation to some who were in the audience. She said that in the New Testament there are two commandments - love God and love your neighbor. This, she said, is the Christian way and we're here to live it. She gave thanks to all contributors, as did the others who spoke. The Bishop of Pindi stressed the point that here was a large plant built by a woman, and staffed by women, ready to serve in a country where the women were very backward, and he hoped this would be a challenge to the women of this country.

The Major General of the all Pakistan Medical Corp. of the army gave the main address. At the close, a certificate and check were given to the main foreman, a Moslem. After the program we made a tour of the building and were then served a sumptuous tea. The military band played outside all the time we were touring the building and having tea. It was really a very grand affair, and we were very pleased with the tone of it and the high ideal that was held up before all present. I almost forgot to say, what pleased the Catholics most was that they had a cablegram from the Pope and from the head of the Holy Family Order, both of which were read. They also had high Mass yesterday morning for all the Catholics of their schools and hospital. With four bishops and all the priests and nuns, they must have had quite a mass.

Emmet goes to Synod tomorrow and the McCullochs leave the same night. I shall be alone and could get a lot of work done, if only the sun would shine. It is cloudy now and cold.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, April 4, 1950. Marian had her operation on the fourth. She may have written to you about it by this time. She went to the home of her friend when she left the hospital and had a good rest there. Joe says they have made some very good friends in Philadelphia. This friend lives out in Germantown, and Joe went out there every night. When he wrote, she was back home and was starting to work on the 20th. His examinations - National Board - will be on the 24th and 25th of this month; so you may know he will be very busy until they are over.

I had a good letter from Bob and Ellen yesterday. They have had such severe cold that they had to close school for several days, as the classrooms were just unbearable. He says almost everyone has a cold and cough. I am anxious to get a letter from them after they have seen the McCullochs and had a visit with them.

Last week the staff of the girls' school had a farewell dinner for one of the teachers who is getting married this month. The teachers furnished the pilao and curry and I gave the dessert. We had it here in our house.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, April 10, 1950. We were shocked with the news of Dr. Graham's death. Your letter written on the second and mailed on the third came here on the eighth; so the news came through very quickly. No doubt it was a heart attack or stroke. Such sudden deaths are hard on the ones who are left, and yet a long protracted illness of suffering is much harder for all concerned. Mrs. Graham will miss him terribly. They have had so many years of happy married life, and they are so companionable

Emmet has not been so well; so I insisted on his having a thorough checkup by the doctors. By appointment we went to Taxila Saturday and the two doctors out there gave him a thorough examination. They gave him some medicine and limited him to a nonfat diet. That will be hard to keep up, but since I think it would probably do me good, I'm going on it with him. They also put a new kind of bandage on his ulcer, and if this does not help they will try something else. If it does not heal by May, he promises to go to bed to rest the leg. He thinks he cannot go now, as the college
accounts have to be ready for the auditors the end of this month. The diet is because of his high blood pressure. His rheumatism has been worse and he is generally run down. We went out Saturday morning and had lunch and tea with the Karsgaards. It was nice to get away, and Emmet could rest at least that long.

At last we got a good letter from Dave. He sent copies of all his Christmas cards, pictures of Dean and Cleo, and a copy of the one he is sending with his applications for a teaching position for next fall. He also sent us a placemat which he has woven, and a copy of the letter which he sent with each application. The placemat is very, very pretty. He got his degree in February and will get the official document in June at the graduation exercises. He has an army assignment for three months. He drives over to San Francisco to the Presidio every morning, and has only 40 hours work a week. He thinks he has it easy these months. This assignment was for only three months but he is going to try to have it extended. He has located several openings for next fall, but is not sure just what he will take.

There's no late word from the boys across the border. We had a letter from the McCullochs saying they had a good trip up and had seen Bob and Ellen and Barry. We have not heard from Jim since the principal of his college died of a heart attack on the 19th of March.

Easter was a very, very pretty day out here. We went to three services, at two of which Emmet spoke; so you see he keeps right on. He did, however, refuse two other requests for yesterday.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, April 16, 1950. Today we are going out to Taxila for the dedication of their new chapel, which is built in memory of Mr. Heinrich. You must remember him, mother. The church that supported him and his family gave most of the money for it. We shall be eleven riding in the carryall. A number of the Pakistani Christians are going, too. It is cloudy and windy this morning, and more like a February day than an April one. What weather!

Emmet has been taking his medicine and keeping to his diet. He had to stop the Theogardenol because it made him too sleepy all the time, and seemed to make him lose control of his muscles, so that he could not walk straight. He is going to consult the doctors again today when we are out there. He did take another pill last night, as he agreed to stay in bed this morning. His ulcer seems a little better and we are hopeful that it will clear up in time. Tomorrow we have to go to Murree to attend to repairs on the house there. You may remember that we purchased the old Soldier's Home for the mission. This year there are to be five family apartments, and in the main building there will be 21 of us who will be boarding together, and I am running that. It is only a matter of six weeks but I shall have to go up early and stay late. We shall come down again on Saturday, as Emmet has to be here a few days before college board meetings on the 26th.

We had a good letter from Barry. Her letter, too, was written on Easter and got here only one day before yours written on the same day. They are all well. Bob and Ellen were coming up that day for tea. All seemed well and were happy that it was warmer.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, April 23, 1950. Emmet and I went to Murree on the 17th, as I had written we hoped to do. We took our cook along and kept house in the apartment that the Pattersons had occupied. They left dishes and pans, etc. and so we just stepped in, as it were. The job in Murree is a big one, and I wonder what the architects who plan remodeling for Good Housekeeping, The House Beautiful, and Better Homes and Gardens would do with it. It is a big stone house of two stories, with several wings and then an annexe. The rooms are - three of them - 18 ft. square with 20 ft. ceilings. There are other rooms of varying sizes. In the main building, which is two stories high, there are 23 rooms besides the big dining hall and a very big drawing room. Three of these we are adapting for families. Two of these are on the far side of the building, and since they are such large
rooms- 24 ft. by 20 ft., we are dividing each room in two by panels which came from the English church, which is being demolished, since the church was built for English soldiers who are no longer here. This paneling is very beautiful and the apartments will be very attractive. Then, for these apartments we have had to make kitchens, and in the whole building we are installing 14 toilets.

Between the big drawing room and one of the rooms, which we are giving to a family, there was an immense arch. To partly fill this in, we have taken the beautiful panel arch which is behind the altar in the church and which matches the other paneling. This arch we have put facing the drawing room. On the side towards the apartment, we are putting shelves on each side of this arch and then, backing the arch and carrying that on to the ceiling, we are putting cement blocks which will be whitewashed to match the rest of the room. All this takes a tremendous amount of work and much thought and planning on Emmet's part. Another suite is being made by glazing in a veranda on one of the wings and dividing off part of the room, which was the billiard room, to make a bathroom and kitchen. Two small suites are in the annexe, and it was in one of these that we stayed.

This building was built years ago for a rest home for British troops who could take a two-week leave there and know of a hearty welcome. There were never any rules or regulations in any one of the Sandes Soldiers' Homes, but in every drawing room, or social hall, there was a large board with the one word WELCOME. We have this sign on the wall still and always will keep it there for sentiment, I suppose. In all the years they have never had electricity or running water. This year we have put in the running water and installed the sanitary toilets. Last year we got electricity.

As men are still working on the apartments, we shall have to go up again next week to set things in order in the apartments. For furniture we have had to get where we could and it is a motley-looking pile of stuff, but it does. We shall have to have more made before I open the main part in July. In the main part there will be 21 of us eating together and I am responsible for that this year. From this big church which is at Gharial, a mile away from Sandes home, we have got enough benches for the Gordon College chapel and for the Taxila church. For Taxila we also got the pulpit, a reading table, and pulpit chairs. At Sandes there are piles of benches, some of which we are using in the big rooms and on the verandas, both upstairs and down. Others we're cutting up to make furniture. It is a big job and an interesting one. The money for it all is a big item, yet it is necessary to take care of the summer needs of all these people. There will be 31 adults and 13 children at Sandes this summer.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, April 30, 1950. The two ladies at the Holy Family Hospital asked for you the last time I was out there. One of the Catholics here had gone to Rome, as this is the holy year and all good Catholics, who can afford it, try to go. He brought back each of these ladies a small crucifix which he said the pope has blessed and sent to them. And are they pleased!? These two, who cannot think his general condition is improving, though not much. Emmet's ulcer is much better and we think his general condition is improving, though not back to what it was before that hemorrhage in February. I am fine.

We surely will be remembering you very particularly on the ninth of May and wishing all good things for you. You have been a wonderful person and a great inspiration to your children. If you had not given us so much encouragement to go ahead, we would not have done the little we have. You have so much pep even at your age that you put me to shame. It has been grand having a mother like you, and our boys count you as one of the big treasures of their lives. They all are very fond of you and always speak of you with affection and deep appreciation. May this be the best birthday yet, with many even better ones to follow.
Rawalpindi, Pakistan, May 7, 1950. We were very pleased to receive your good letter, written just before the Wiens left and you went to Mrs. McCreary's home, mother. How very kind of her to ask you to stay with them. Evangeline and Paul could really enjoy their trip, knowing that you were in such good hands. I only wish I were where I could have you with me, too, some of the time, but that is not possible now, and Emmet needs me more than he ever did. We look forward to having you with us when we go to the states to retire.

Emmet and I were in Murree for four days this week. We have the five apartments all finished and three of them are occupied. The three families came up Friday just before we started down. The other two apartments are locked until families come up. We want to go up again before the end of the month, if Emmet can get away from work down here. I have not done much for the main part of the building, where our guests will be.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, May 14, 1950. The R. R. Stewarts left for America Friday night. There had been a lot of farewell parties, and there always is a lot of work connected with the going of anyone, and especially one who holds such a responsible position; so we have been greatly rushed and now hope for a quieter time. I'm sure they are very tired and hope they can get a rest on the ship. But this is a bad time of year to travel these waters on a slow ship such as theirs is.

When the carryall was brought out the windshield was cracked when the car was being taken off the ship. We sent for another, to be paid for by the insurance company in America and also for an extra set of springs. We have to have a special permit to import both of these things and, though Emmet has applied for this permit many times, he has not been able to get it. Now the springs have been lying in Karachi for two months and the windshield should be there by now. He has given assurances and evidence that these were paid for by money in the USA, but still the permit has not been granted, though these articles are not manufactured in Pakistan and cannot be secured here. There is some mix-up somewhere that we should like to get cleared up. One thing they are very keen on is that all dollars should be saved and that no money should go out of Pakistan. That is to save their resources, insofar as possible. We should just keep trying to get these things.

From what the papers out here report, Liaquat Ali Khan and Begum are getting a very hearty reception in the USA. He is a real statesmen and much of the progress that Pakistan has made has been due to his wisdom and efforts. I'm glad that the USA has given him such a hearty welcome.

Emmet's diet bans all fats but we manage to have some ice-cream, though it is not at all rich. I suppose it is the kind you would like since you do not like cream. It is quite remarkable what tasty meals we get without fat. I'm sure my cook must have used half the fat I gave him for his own family. Now that I do not buy any at all we manage very well and much more cheaply. I must confess that some meals seem very dry, but we are both better off with this diet; so we do not mind.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, May 21, 1950. I know Joe and Marian would want to come to Boston if at all possible, but time is short and money is scarce; so they just may not be able to make it. Did you hear about their car? They had thought of trading in their old one, which is not much of a car, and getting something better for the trip West. In the letter from them yesterday, they said that Mrs. Wengert and Bob were arriving that night in their car, which they were leaving for Marian and Joe to drive West. It seems that Mrs. Wengert has been wanting to give them a car, but last year she lost heavily on their potatoes because of a late frost and for that reason she had not been able to do it this year. Now she is insisting that she and Bob will return by train and leave the car for the children. That is just like her, for she is very generous and kind. Marian and Joe are feeling very guilty about taking it, and they are trying to persuade Mrs. Wengert at least to stay and drive West with them. Bob would have to return to the farm at once, as this is the time of year he is needed. Mrs. Wengert and Bob came East for a meeting in Detroit, with a stop before going to Philadelphia.
The mail has just come with such cute letters and cards from Marty. She drew the pictures and wrote the letter. She is very happy in school and does very well. Her mother put in a note, saying that on my birthday Marty was down with chickenpox. The three of them had flu but fortunately Bob and Ellen escaped. Jim got up last Saturday and sent me an airmail letter, which got through on the very day of my birthday. Bob's letter came the next day. Barry was still feeling worn out from the flu, and Marty had gone back to school Monday after a week's absence.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, May 30, 1950. We went up to Murree yesterday just for the day. I hope I shall not have to go again until I go to stay and can get things cleaned up and in order in the main part of the house. The sanitary installments are all in and we hope things are going to be nice this summer.

What a crowd there was in the Commons for the third jubilee [of partition]. I know you always like crowds, mother. I wish I had gotten some of that liking as a portion of my heritage, for I've been in many crowds and never enjoyed any one of them. If I could view them from a distance it might not be unpleasant, but to be jostled and pushed around and have the din of many voices in my ear just does not appeal to me.

Last week we were at a dinner given by one of the Aziz-ud-Din sisters, about whom I have written several times. You may remember that the one flew to England last year to have her son operated on. They are a remarkable group of women and have real character. One of the guests was one of a group of displaced persons who have come out to Pakistan on a three-year agreement. This lady is a young doctor from Estonia. As you know these people have no passport, but at the end of the three years are promised a passport by the Pakistan government. This young woman looks so thin and seems so restless. She had been walking alone in the cantonment several nights after dark and someone advised her against this, as not being either wise or safe. She replied that she had been through so much that nothing worse could happen to her. It seems that when the Russians go into these countries, they separate the Christian families and forbid communication. Pakistan has employed a number of these people as doctors, specialists and technicians.

Murree Hills, Pakistan, June 2, 1950. We were very pleased to know that you reached Wooster safely. Joe and Marian were so delighted that you all got to Philadelphia for his Commencement. They would be glad, too, that they could take you to Wooster. I know how pleased Aunt Bessie would be to see you all.

We came up Monday and Emmet left Thursday. He was here long enough to help me get some things done. We are still working on the cleaning, but should be fairly well settled by Wednesday. The dining room and the living room are practically settled. There are 17 other rooms, besides long halls, bathrooms (8) and verandas. There are two single ladies here with me now, another is due Wednesday and five people come Friday. By the middle of the month we shall have our full quota of 21 or near it.

Taxila, Pakistan, June 4, 1950. We came out here Friday for auditing and, since we did not bring a typewriter, I'm going to have to ask you to read my handwriting. The mission financial year closes the 31st of May; hence all the auditing is done early in June.

There's no late word from Jim or Bob. Bob and Ellen are having their 10-day vacation now, and are probably with Jim and Barry.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, June 13, 1950. While we were in Taxila there was a very unfortunate incident in the girls' school. A mother had had a dream that there were evil spirits in the school and
she had told her daughter about it. This girl is in the fifth class and she told other girls. Then on Saturday, a girl fainted in that class and all began to shout "Jin! Jin!", which means "evil spirit", and the girls began to run towards the gate shouting this. Other classes took it up and there was general panic. The headmistress was sick in her rooms that morning. If she had been in her classroom, I do not think it would have spread as it did. By the time she appeared, men had broken in from outside and there was general pandemonium. The Cummins and professors from the college went over to try to quiet the people but there are still bad rumors in the city. The same class shouted a second day; so they were sent home for a week and are just back today. For three days last week I went over for the whole session and this week I'm doing the same. The headmistress is down with flu now. It will take some time to quiet rumors in the city. However, it has not decreased our enrollment or attendance, except as the one class was expelled for a week. I'm told that women in the homes are afraid of evil spirits and cry out in the night about them. Certainly I do not want to have any more experience of this kind.

Emmet seems to be gaining back his strength, and says if he once gets caught up with his work, he thinks he will be able to keep up. This is always a busy time of the year. I'm going to Murree to stay on the 26th, but Emmet will have to come back for several weeks. I wish he could stay up there with me, but there is work that must be attended to.

The last we heard from Landour, Marty was down with measles and John with chickenpox. They're having a hard round this summer. Barry had not regained her strength after her bout with flu. Her baby is due the end of this month.

*Rawalpindi, Pakistan, June 18, 1950.* Emmet got back late last night and is happy to be home. This past week has been really hot, with a temperature of around 115 every day. Yesterday morning a dust storm brought in much desired relief. The whole day was much better than the previous ones and a shower settled the dust, too. Emmet is better than he was, though the ulcer is still not healing.

We are still having a little trouble about the evil spirits and witches and ghosts that are rumored to be in the school. I have never before witnessed such a vivid picture of real belief in them.

*Rawalpindi, Pakistan, June 25, 1950.* We have a fourth grandchild now - Thomas Beach Alter. Tom is a new name and a nice one to add to the others. He was born on the 22nd and weighed 7 lbs. and 11 ounces. We got the telegram the morning of the 23rd. Now we are anxious for a letter telling us more.

I had to stop, as the cook we are taking for Sandes Home came and I wanted to talk to him about plans. He is going up on a lorry, as there will not be room in our car for everything and he can take some of our things in the lorry with him. We're also taking up a sweeper from here, as they are hard to get up there. The cook [Khan Zaman] is the one we had when we lived here in Pindi before. He is now working at Taxila and they have agreed to let us have him for two months this summer. He was at Sandes last year and has been the head cook at our Annual Meeting for several years. He is very fond of our boys and always asks for each one of them.

Just keep on sending your letters here, though my Murree address is Sandes Home. Perhaps it would be just as well to begin sending there as soon as you get this letter, as I am not sure when Emmet will get up there. We shall be coming down early in September. I should like to be able to stay up there long enough for Emmet to get a real rest after he gets up there. His ulcer was almost healed a month ago, but has gotten worse since. If he could just get off of it long enough it would probably heal. In general he is much better than he was in the winter and spring. In March he had a light stroke when he was down at his brother's, but he seems to have gotten over the effects of that. Though it was very light, it was enough to give us all a fright.
Murree, Pakistan, August 2, 1950. We were very pleased to get Evangeline's letter telling about the trip to Philadelphia, and sent it on to Jim who, will pass it on to Barry and then Bob and Ellen. As Emmet said, it was very well written, with excellent descriptions and character portraits. Joe and Marian have always sought friends among those who were searching for spiritual fellowship and growth, and they feel that they have grown spiritually during these years in Philadelphia. Did they tell you that the head of the Quaker school where they are living in Pasadena is named Evangeline? She has talked plans over with Marian and is willing to give Marian a few, as few or as many teaching hours this fall - either morning or afternoon or both - just whatever Marian wants. Marian says it's wonderful to have a choice and not have to do just whatever someone else says! Joe is so anxious that she not work all the time, though his income as an intern is not sufficient. She has been made head resident of the house they are in; so they get free rent except for the first two weeks they were there. They say it is a very pretty place to live - gardens, lawns, and trees - quite a contrast to Philadelphia! Joe likes the hospital and the staff. Isn't it fortunate this Quaker school is so close to the hospital?

Emmet came yesterday and it is good to have him out of the heat, and also out of the pressure of work. He has been having a lot of sciatica and lumbago, so cannot stand up or walk straight, but does not notice it so much when sitting.

You asked about Emmet's mother. She has failed a lot. Joe wrote that she didn't know him at first, but when he said he was "Joe D." she said, "Oh, yes, you just graduated from medical school." Then she asked who his mother was, and, upon naming me, she began then to talk freely of us. She has not been well physically for several years.

Murree, Pakistan, August 9, 1950. Perhaps I did not make the arrangement here clear to you. In a central dining room there are just 21 persons for whom I am responsible. In the family suites there are five couples, with 13 children in all. Every Wednesday night we have a Bible study and prayer meeting, at which we all (except children) attend, and on Friday night we have a social night for all, with dessert together. Other nights we often play games in the living room. I have had time for some reading and knitting, in addition to household duties.

Murree, Pakistan, August 14, 1950. Last Thursday we had the U. P. picnic here. There were about 70 here (not all U.P.s). We had a full program from 10:30 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. - games, stunts, contests, a program by the children and, after tea, a musical program. The outsiders all brought sandwiches for lunch and tea, and I served vegetable soup to everyone and coffee at lunch and cinnamon rolls at tea. Our cook makes delicious rolls and cinnamon rolls and we have fortunately been able to get good flour this year.

We wish we could hear better news of the fighting in Korea. Communism will have to be checked and the sooner it is done the better.

Murree, Pakistan, August 25, 1950. I have told you that Emmet's physical condition has been far from what it should be. We have wondered sometimes if he shouldn't give up and go back to the States, but have kept on hoping that he would be better and that we could carry on until the time for retirement. Our two senior doctors, Dr. Hunsberger and Dr. Vroon, made separate examinations Saturday and Monday, and then after consulting together were united in the decision that he should go to America as soon as possible, after turning over work early in November. His blood pressure is far too high and has increased these past months. There are definite signs of hardening of the arteries. Though the ulcer could be operated on by a specialist in Lahore, the doctors say that is not the serious trouble. They think his only hope for a few more years of usefulness is this new treatment for rheumatism, ATCH. This is given only in clinics and hospitals as yet and cannot be secured by
our doctors out here. We are writing to Margaret and Joe to see what is possible in California. I'm sure he could get it in New York and Boston and other places in the East, but a mild climate would be best for him. Do they have it at Duke, Janet? We are relieved in a way by this decision, for the last six or seven months have been very hard, with Emmet overloaded with work and unable to do it, but naturally we do not like to have to give up before our term of service is completed. We'll keep you informed as to all our movements.

Sandes Home, Murree, September 3, 1950. I am sitting up on our upstairs verandah, looking out over the hills for many miles. Monday the Clementses took us for a long ride back in the hills towards Abbotabad. It was a continuous ride through gorgeous mountain scenery over a very narrow road. It was a beautiful day and we thoroughly enjoyed it. Today we can see a little of the snows which have been hidden by the clouds for several weeks.

Our last guests left Friday morning; so Emmet and I are alone in our part of the house, though the five families are still here. We hope to go home Friday. I have been putting things away, making a list of furniture in each room, listing dishes, silver, pots and pans, etc. Since I shall not be here next year, I want to have everything in good order for the one who comes. Then I want to finish my accounts. I cannot complete them entirely until I get the water and electricity bills, but everything else can be closed.

We have no further plans, as there is not time to have anything definite, but as soon as I get to Pindi I shall begin sorting and disposing of things, as we plan to sell everything we do not expect to take to America with us. It will be difficult to plan where we will live, but we hope you, mother, can be with us wherever we are.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, September 10, 1950. Here we are back in Pindi and I have my typewriter, for which you must be thankful. We had a good trip down Friday evening, for which we were thankful. If we should have any tire trouble we would be dependent on motorists passing by, as Emmet could not do any of the work involved.

We had a very good summer - a very fine spirit was shown by everyone. I was especially grateful to the missionary men at Sandes for doing all the odd jobs that would have fallen to Emmet had he been able. It is good to have such happy memories of the last summer here.

We were sitting at the lunch table when the telegram came, saying that David Emmet III arrived on the fifth. Dave sent the cablegram to Bob, as he was not sure where the rest of us were at that time. Bob sent it on to us. Now we hope we can get a picture of the three when we get to the States.

We had good letters from Jim and Ellen yesterday. Bob and Ellen plan to come to Annual Meeting; so will get to see us before we leave. Jim has a long vacation from near the middle of October to sometime in November. As he is coming to Ludhiana for a meeting then, he will come on up here, and he will hope Barry and the two boys will come along. Marty has gone into boarding; so will not be along.

I do not know if I told you that we have sailings from Karachi on the Anchor Line on December the 11th. We are due in England on the first day of the year. Cox and King will book us on the first Cunard Liner out from England after our arrival. We hope we shall not have to wait in England long. We would have preferred to go straight to America, but the President Line is the only one by which we could go, and their prices are so very high that we do not feel justified in asking the Board to pay so much extra. We shall just let Cox and King to take care of everything in England, so that Emmet will not have to worry about the arrangements.

We hope that these last weeks here will not be too heavy a strain on Emmet. We're trying to relieve him in every way possible, but there are certain things he will have to do until someone is sent
to relieve him after Annual Meeting. We could have gotten sailings on the 10th of November, but felt that was too much of a rush for him.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, September 17, 1950. I have been spending all my time sorting and packing, as these are things Emmet cannot very well do. I am leaving his office until last and know it will be the hardest part, as he is even worse than I am in saving every little thing that he thinks he might be able to use some time. I want to have most of the heavy packing done before Annual Meeting.

There have been very heavy floods down around Lahore and Gujranwala, so that all railway traffic has been disrupted, and many who were vacationing in Murree have been detained there indefinitely. Many houses had been washed away and there has been much financial loss, but no loss of life.

At last we had a good letter from Dave and Cleo, with some very cute pictures of Dean. Now we are anxious to know more about David Emmet III.

Joe writes that Emmet can get his ATCH treatments and all medical and surgical care at Huntington Memorial Hospital. As the climate there is dry and mild, we should probably go there, since it would be nice to be near some of the family at that time. We're writing more about it. Margaret also wrote about a possibility of getting the treatment in San Francisco, but that is a damp climate.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, September 26, 1950. We have had a busy week. On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Lotze and two children came down from Murree, expecting to take the night train to Gujranwala, but because of the floods no train went and none will be going for several weeks probably. They have a room at the house beside us and are eating with us. Then Wednesday morning we had a phone call from Peshawar, saying Mr. and Mrs. Bushnell and the two young men would be here for dinner that night. They were here until the next afternoon, when they went to Murree for two nights. They stopped on their way back Saturday for a few minutes.

Last night the first group of men to get back from the Sialkot Convention got through, and naturally we wanted to hear all the news about the floods. Three rivers have been in spate and large areas have been inundated, with a resultant heavy loss financially. Many homes were washed away and many villagers have lost homes, clothing and a year's grain supply. Wheat is the chief thing in their diet and when that is gone there is little left. The road is so badly damaged that few think it can be repaired in less than a month.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, October 8, 1950. We had a much colder September than usual, due probably to the heavy rains. The bus route to Lahore was opened to light traffic yesterday, but immediately they took off the plane service of three planes each way daily, so that now it is almost impossible to get a bus seat as traffic is so heavy. It will take another month or two to repair the railroad. At present there is no way to get to Karachi except by air, but we hope the way will be open before the first of December.

I have been sorting and packing this week and made real progress. Also, I've been having what Persian rugs we have washed and put upon the roof to dry. They were dirty and I'm not sure we got all the sand and dust out of them, but from the color of the water I know we got a tremendous lot out.

We're still not certain if Bob and Ellen are going to get to Annual Meeting. Ellen's passport had expired and they had to get it renewed and it took longer than they had thought. After getting it, they will have to get all the papers necessary for crossing the border! We probably won't know until
we get to Sialkot. Jim still hoped to get up for a few days the first of next month.

Emmet's rheumatism in his hips eased somewhat so that he walks better, though he finds a cane very helpful still.

Sialkot, Pakistan, October 15, 1950. We drove down here for Annual Meeting on Thursday. Where the road had been washed out by the floods, they had built a temporary road over the sand. The breach in the road at several places was as much as 20 ft. deep. Buses are coming through from Lahore, but the railway will not likely be repaired for several months. All the villages down this way show the marks of the floods - some by the high water mark on the walls of the houses and others by crumbled walls and roofless houses. The rivers were in spate and overflowed, while a steady, hard rain continued for four days. Hundreds, yes thousands, of acres were turned into lakes. The flat mud roofs leaked like sieves and finely crumbled in. They say the cries of the people all through the night were terrifying. Many have lost many things - shelter, food and clothing. Grain for the year had been stored in the houses in large earthen jars which crumbled under the impact of rain and falling roofs, and, before they could get it out, it had sprouted. Those who were here say the losses were heavier than in the year of partition -1947.

Bob and Ellen were not able to get all their papers for crossing the border; so could not come to Annual Meeting. Now they plan to bring the children who are coming to Pakistan at the close of school (November 30th), and will come direct to Pindi and possibly go to Karachi with us. We still expect Jim in early November.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, October 24, 1950. In the new trade agreement between India and Pakistan, no coffee is to be exported from India to Pakistan, and since none is grown in Pakistan, and imports from other countries are restricted because of monetary difficulties, there is no coffee in the market. Before we went to Sialkot there was some Nescafe, but that is all gone now. However, we can fare very well without coffee, much as we like it.

We had a good Annual Meeting, at which there was a very fine spirit in spite of this somewhat depressing atmosphere, for we are faced with the problem of decreasing our number of missionaries, and our budget has already been greatly reduced. We are to be reduced to just 20 men on the roll in 1955. We are 27 now. The ladies, too, are to be reduced. Then, tremendous loss by floods and rain is staggering - more than all the loss of the partition year, 1947. Dr. Grice, who is visiting us now from the Foreign Board, said that he felt we had gone through so much these past four years that we were finding it hard to look ahead - our senses were somewhat dulled by it all, and that is no doubt true. Dr. Grice is coming here from the third to the eighth.

I hope you all are keeping well this fall. We are planning to sail December 11th, unless we get a freighter straight through to the States, which we would prefer.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, October 29, 1950. You asked about Emmet's condition. He does not have the rheumatism in his hips and back he had this summer; so he is able to walk much better, but he still uses a cane, as he is weak and unsteady. His rheumatism has always jumped around quite a lot. Just now his hands are the most affected. He cannot lift, of themselves, the last two fingers on his right hand; so his typing has to be picked out by two fingers. Dr. Hunsberger insisted that he not drive back from Annual Meeting. He agreed, though he felt there was no danger, but he was willing to relieve the minds of others by letting McCulloch do the driving. These last weeks here of closing accounts are bound to be hard ones for him, but Jim is coming this week, we hope, and he will help, and Emmet's brother Joe is coming to help the next week. We think the sea voyage home will give him a good rest, and should make him feel much better.
The heavy packing will be finished this week and we will ship the freight the next week. We have sold almost everything, but cannot deliver some things until the last day. The college library has bought most of our books. Others we gave away. The Audio Visual Committee of the National Christian Council bought all Emmet's camera equipment.

Joe has written us some about the ACTH treatment. Margaret and Dave want Emmet to get his treatments in San Francisco. Wade's son-in-law is a doctor, teaching at the University Medical College and thinks, after having talked to the head of the hospital, that if Emmet can take the treatments (tests, etc. have to be made first), they may be able to give him a research bed which would be without cost. We've told them to fix this up among them out there and let us know what is decided.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, November 5, 1950.** Jim came Wednesday morning and left last night. He certainly looks well and seems in fine shape. He is truly a son in whom one can be justly proud. He has such a fine spirit and such a strong and beautiful philosophy of life. His Christian faith shines in his face and speaks so clearly in all he says and does. The family seem to be well and Tom is such a big, healthy baby. Marty is in boarding at Woodstock and seemed to be very happy, though she does miss her parents.

My heavy packing is finished and now we are not certain how to send it - whether to send by freight or take it with us, as we are allowed considerably more on our tickets since we are sailing.

Dr. Grice of the Foreign Board is here for a few days. Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, Dr. Grice, Jim, Emmet and I went up to Murree, driving in the Sutherland's car. It was a most beautiful day and the snow views were magnificent.

Emmet's brother Joe comes tomorrow, to help him with his many accounts which have to be ready for the auditors.

**Rawalpindi, Pakistan, November 12, 1950.** You ask for some specific information about our sailings. We are traveling under Cox and Kings (Agents) Ltd., and letters addressed to us in their care, either at Karachi or London should reach us. Be sure to put the name of the ship on which we are traveling. Here is our schedule, so far as we know it now.

December 5th, leave Pindi on the night train.

December 7th, arrive in Karachi in the morning. We're staying with Chaplain and Mrs. Crouch at Holy Trinity Vicarage.

December 11th, sail on the Anchor line "Circassia" which is due at Liverpool on December 30th.

January 9th, sail from Southampton on the Cunarder, "Mauretania." I do not know when the ship is due in the USA, but suppose it is about the 19th, as those slower ships take nine or ten days, I believe. We do not know at what port it docks.

Thanks so much for your invitation, Evangeline. We shall be glad to see you for a couple of days. Emmet thinks we should go to the Board Rooms in Philadelphia, too, before going West. If we can make it, we would like to stop for a couple of hours to see Mrs. Graham. We can probably make our reservations for going West before going to see you and before visiting Philadelphia. This will have to be worked out, though, near the time. We'd like to take you, mother, West with us if we had a home, but we'll, or I'll, come back East to get you when we get settled. Though we are going to the Bay area first, I think we should choose a drier place for permanent living. The Bay area seems to be the place for Emmet to get his treatments. Now you know as much as we do about our plans. Please do not worry, but trust.
Rawalpindi, Pakistan, November 19, 1950. I told Emmet this morning that I knew one thing that I could write that would make you happy, mother. The school had their farewell for me yesterday morning and gave me a ring. Now I know you will heartily approve. It has a small pearl in the center and a small ruby on each side of that. I told the teachers that you would be very happy to know that someone thought of giving me some jewelry. The program was quite good and I hope to have some pictures to show you.

This past week does not have so much work to show, but I have gotten some more things disposed of, and my accounts have been audited and turned over. Emmet has all but two of his different accounts audited and turned over, though the two remaining ones are the largest, but he hopes to have them ready in two or three days.

In spite of his crippled right hand, he has been driving the car around the city, but Tuesday Dr. Karsgaard was in and he said he must not drive any more. I think I told you that he did not have full use of the fingers on his right hand. Monday a third finger went out of commission, so that he only has the first finger and thumb he can use. Hence, he does everything under a big handicap. He is hopeful he may get their use again, but Dr. K. thinks it is doubtful.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, November 26, 1950. Thanks for copying a part of Mrs. Graham’s letter. We have read of these very remarkable cures and hope Emmet may be able to take the treatment and be helped. He would be more hopeful if his general condition were more encouraging, but he is weak and generally run down. We both hope that the voyage home will prove very beneficial.

We got a letter from Cleo this week, saying that Dave had been called up and is taking a three-month course in a training school near Baltimore. She said he hoped he would get enough time off at Christmas to go up to see you all.

They moved into the home they are buying before he left home. Dave should be through with his course just about the time we land in the USA. We hope and pray that he will be sent back to California, as the officer in command of the Presidio in San Francisco has asked that he be sent back as an instructor. All is going well here. Bob and Ellen will be here Friday to help us.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, December 3, 1950. Bob and Ellen arrived Friday morning and are fine. We have been invited out for most meals since then, and tomorrow morning we have our last meal here, as we are closing up everything. We leave at midnight Tuesday night; so the time is short indeed.

We had a good letter from Dave, Friday. He said they moved to their new home September 30th and he left home October 9th. He drew a sketch of the ground floor of their new home and it looks most inviting. He wants us to visit his camp if we possibly can. He said that if he can get a three-day leave before Christmas, he would like to go up to see you all.

Karachi, Pakistan, December 10, 1950. We arrived here Thursday morning, according to schedule. The trip was as comfortable as one could expect through desert country. The Crouches have been wonderfully kind, so that we have been well cared for.

Emmet took the strain of the last days in Pindi well, and as soon he will be able to rest all the time we think he will gain a lot from that. Bob and Ellen have been a great help and we certainly are glad to have them with us.

The Crouches and Bob and Ellen will go on board with us tomorrow afternoon and will have tea with us there. We hope to get permission for Bob and Ellen to have dinner with us, too. They will leave for Lahore the next morning.

We were glad to know the date - January 15th, when the Mauretania is due in New York.
On ship "Circassia", Anchor Line, December 16, 1950. It was so good to get your letter on shipboard. There was one also from Jim and one from Joe. Bob and Ellen were able to have tea with us on board and be with us for a couple of hours before we sailed. They were delighted with our beautiful accommodations. We have a most comfortable cabin, with hot and cold running water and enough mirrors to make a handsome person vain! All the appointments on the ship are beautiful and the service is excellent. I have never had so much leisure in the midst of so much luxury.

Emmet has his breakfast in bed each morning, and certainly is having every chance to rest. The voyage should do him a lot of good.

I think I wrote you of the lovely place where we stayed in Karachi. Chaplain Crouch and his wife were missionaries in Burma at the time of the last war, but since then he has been a chaplain in Pakistan - the only English chaplain left there now. They have a very nice home and she is a most gracious hostess. The young folks were at the mission house just across the road, and were with us every night after dinner for coffee and music in the drawing room.

Ruth Mayer, our old friend from Abbotabad, is living close by and we had a nice visit with her.

We had a few hours in Bombay but will not be able to get off in Aden or Port Said. It is just as well, for we have been both places and there is not much to see in either.

England promises to be cold, but I will buy some warm clothes to augment what I have. Fires are few in their homes and they seldom have central heating. We are to be at a missionary guest house in the north of London, but do not know the address. I shall write you from there.

Nearing Port Said, December 21, 1950. Actually, we are lying at anchor at Suez, waiting for the convoy to start through the canal. The captain tried to get us here early enough to go through with the convoy this morning, but a very heavy headwind yesterday retarded our progress. Since this is a Scotch [sic] ship and is officered by Scotsmen, they are very keen to get into Liverpool on the 30th, in order to get home for the New Year. In Scotland Christmas is not nearly as big a day as New Year.

Christmas Day there is to be a party for the children, of whom there must be nearly fifty on board . . . I do not know if anything else is planned aside from the dinner - which would not need to be a special one to suit the occasion, as all our meals are excellent. It seems to me they are serving us something most of the time - early tea in the cabin at 7:00 a.m., breakfast at 8:00, ice-cream and coffee on deck at 10:30, lunch at 12:30, tea in the lounge or on deck at 4:00, dinner at 7:00, and sandwiches and coffee on deck at 10:00. Aside from this, people seem to be continually buying cold drinks of one kind or another.

Among the passengers there is a large proportion of very nice people. Many are officers who have been with the Indian and Pakistani armies. There are some Indians and some Anglo-Indians and just four Americans, the two couples of us. The officers are an exceptionally nice group - all Scotch. The stewardesses are also Scotch, but the stewards are from Goa, Portuguese India.
London, January 1, 1951. A Happy New Year to you all! It is opening as a very cold one here.

We had a very good voyage with a moderately rough sea only one day. The ship was really excellent and everything about it was the best. We came here by boat-train yesterday, leaving Liverpool at 12:15 at noon and arriving here at 4:50. It gets dark before 4:30; so the days are very short.

Along with your letters, there was one from Jim, telling of their sudden change of plans. On the day we sailed they had a letter from Dr. Dodds, asking if he (Jim) could get to New York by the first of February, to take part, or rather be the India representative, in a student fellowship on Christianity and Communism. They consulted the local people, all of whom thought they could and should. So when he wrote on the 17th of December they were packing furiously. Their Secretary in Bombay thought he could get sailings the first week of January, which is this week. Bob and Ellen will feel very much deserted! We can find out in New York from the Board just when they will be landing.

The Secretary to the Mission to Lepers booked us accommodations at this house, and we are quite well satisfied and the rates are very reasonable. We’ll tell you more about it later.

This morning Emmet and I went out to get our ration cards. We have a gas heater stove in our room. We pay by putting pennies into the meter.

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There are no letters written in February, probably because of their staying with the Wiens in Belmont during that time. The next letter, written in March, is from New York City, where they are apparently staying with Jim and Barry.

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New York City, March 11, 1951. We are well established here. Our living room and dining room look out on Barnard College and then onto Columbia University. One block north is Union Seminary and across from it Riverside Church where we three went to service this morning. It is a magnificent Protestant cathedral, and the nave was packed this morning. We sat in the first balcony. The music was excellent and the sermon, too. This afternoon Jim and I are going over to hear the orchestra - the Passion of Saint Matthew.

The Beaches are bringing Barry and the children down in time for lunch. Janet [Beach-Daniels] and her husband are coming, too, for lunch, and Tom and will be baptized after lunch.

Mary Rice has asked the three of us down there for supper tonight. She and I went shopping together yesterday morning and took Barry’s small grocery cart to carry the provisions.

I hope you have been able to get your rooms in order again. You certainly were wonderfully kind to let me use your room and litter it up as I did. [This may mean that Emmet was in hospital in Boston during this time.] How we hope you all can get a rest. You are wonderful to do so much and keep up such an interest in everything and everyone.

Emmet and I both can never thank you and Evangeline and Paul enough for all you did for me.

New York, March 14, 1951. I promised to write you about mother’s coming here after Barry should get here and we could talk over everything. They still would love to have mother, but we all wonder if it would be fair to mother or to Barry. Jim has taken the small room with the extra lavatory
as his study, for he had to have some place where he could get by himself for study, and it was the
only room that could be used for that. Thus, mother would not have a bathroom by herself. Then, the
children do have their toys around, and it would be hard for mother to see and she would probably
stumble over them. In many ways mother would enjoy it, but the strain of the children and the noise
would be hard on her. Therefore, we think she would be more comfortable and happier with Miss
Robinson, who was so good to her. I think you will all understand.

The Berkeley cottages are all occupied now, but one has been promised to us a few days after
August 1st, and we can have it for a year. Margaret is trying to get something for the months
preceding that.

Mrs. Graham writes that Helen Adams is staying until the 21st; so they wondered if we could
come for the day of Saturday 24th. I answered that if Ellen's parents are not here that day, we shall be
very glad to do that.

47 Claremont Ave, New York City, March 16, 1951. Letter from Emmet to Evangeline, Paul and
Grandma. I know Martha has written the news but this is something extraordinary! I am writing!
This is an acknowledgement of the extraordinarily good visit we have had with you, and all the
many things you did for us. We'll never forget how you made over your house to us and waited on
us and the many trips in the car to the hospital and church, etc., etc.. Thank you for everything!!!

Here in New York Jim has just gotten a new machine [typewriter] through his Mission Board,
which has an agency and supplies at a discount to their own missionaries. He asked if they would let
him have another, with the understanding that he was turning it over to me and they agreed. He has
got me exactly what I wanted - a Royal Quiet De- Luxe, with a 35% discount . . . Personally, I think
this is the best portable made.

Tonight we are having a group of 30 some missionaries together (some from these apartments
and a good many from outside - mostly ones who have had some contact with India and Pakistan)
for a showing of movies (mostly mine but also some others) and refreshments. The Rices (formerly
principal of Ewing Christian College in Allahabad and later of Forman Christian College in Lahore)
are largely arranging it all. Mrs. Rice is the sister of the Compton brothers.

We have had a week here now. We don't have further plans and moves worked out exactly as
yet, but Cleo and the children are expected to arrive with Dave in Baltimore on the 18th. We will give
them some time to settle in before we descend on them. We will hope to start for the West some time
early in April. My sister has written that my mother is very weak and that they never can say when
she might pass on. Margaret is anxious that we do not delay our move out there too much longer.

My general condition is pretty much as it was. The leg is still not entirely cleared up, and my
wrist and other joints are about as you saw last.

New York, March 21, 1951. I had thought of calling you last night after I received mother's letter
telling about Mrs. Robinson's sister, but decided to wait until I should hear from Evangeline.

We have written to our U.P. pastor in Baltimore, asking him to help us find a room where mother
and I can stay. Emmet can still stay at Dave's while mother and I can sleep elsewhere and be at
Dave's for the day. Therefore we want you to bring mother there. I am writing to him tonight about
a place for Evangeline and Paul to stay Tuesday night.

Barry feels badly that grandma is not to be here, but, as I told you, I feel sure the noise of the
children would bother her. Also I have that concern lest she fall. If we should be with her, it would
be different. Barry has all she can do with her family of three children, and we have certainly
crowded them, as they have given us one of their two bedrooms so that three of them sleep on cots in
the living room and dining room.
We leave here Saturday morning for Princeton, and go on to Baltimore that same evening.

Pasadena, California, April 16, 1951. We had a very good trip and were quite comfortable all the way. Certainly, the trains have been greatly improved since our first trip across the continent. I'll write you a letter telling more about it.

Joe and Marian and Ada and Wade met us at East Los Angeles. Ada and Wade came home here with us and had dinner with us. We are to spend a few days over with them in Hollywood. Wade is driving us to Berkeley two weeks from today.

Pasadena, California, April 17, 1951. I shall try to give you an idea of our trip, but am not good on details like some of the relatives are. Jim went to the station with us and saw us in our little bedroom. For day sitting we had a long couch that had arms that could be let down to make three very comfortable seats. For nights, the back of the seat came down for the lower berth and an upper berth was made from the wall. Emmet slept on the upper berth and both of us slept through each of the three nights. We had a separate bathroom and the tiny closet for coats. There was ample room for all our luggage.

The dining room on the Pennsylvania Railroad had no dinner less than $3.50. We had soup and Emmet took an omelet and each of us had coffee. It was ample and not too expensive. The Union Pacific Diner was put on in Chicago and stayed on until Los Angeles. Their meals were less expensive and better served, we thought.

Saturday morning we took the ranch style breakfast - very large - and then didn't go in again until dinnertime at night. We had apples to eat at noon. The food was excellent and in great abundance.

The weather was variable as you might expect. In Chicago we walked from one station to the other to get exercise, but it was raining and even sleeting and the wind was high and cold! They told us it had been that way for almost a month and everyone was fed up. All across Illinois and Iowa it was raining (we crossed the Mississippi River at 2:30 p.m.), and no doubt it rained most of the way across Nebraska, but we were asleep. At Laramie, Wyoming the next morning the sun was shining and from then on we had fair weather. All across Wyoming one sees little but rolling hills and sagebrush, though we are at an altitude of over 7000. In western Wyoming we saw more of the distant snow-covered peaks, and that was true at Ogden and Salt Lake, and no doubt would have been true of the whole trip down though Utah and Nevada, but it was night again. At Ogden we got out and exercised for the 20-minute stop - the longest from Chicago to L.A.. The weather there was mild. From there we started south. We were surprised to see the fruit trees in bloom there and farmers out plowing. The fall wheat was up. The farming land between Ogden and Salt Lake is beautifully fertile - some dark soil reminding us of Iowa.

Sunday morning the sun was shining brightly at San Bernardino and there at the station was beautiful green grass and flowers in abundance . . . We passed many orange groves as we came in Sunday morning, and, though many oranges had been picked, there were still some on the trees.

Where Joe and Marian live is the nursery school. They have two rooms on the third floor. On the second floor are six bedrooms, a large living room, and the office of the head of the school. On the first floor is another office, a small nursery and a large classroom and the kitchen. There are two other separate classrooms in separate buildings of brown shingles, and each classroom has its own fenced-in playground with equipment. They have three groups two-year, three-year, and four-year-olds. Marian has the three-year-olds in this house. The bedrooms are for transients or for students who take part in one or more of the projects here. We have a corner bedroom, with windows all along two sides.
The house we are in is very rustic looking as it, like all the buildings, is made of brown shingles and appears to be built around a wide-spreading old live oak. Circular steps come up through the branches to a porch in front of the living room. Two tree doctors were here this morning. They’re going to feed the tree through its roots, boring down a number of places, and in the summer will cut off all the dead wood. There is a similar live oak in the garden next door.

Yesterday afternoon Marian drove us on errands to the laundry, dry cleaners, several stores and post office. Then she drove us to the hospital, which is on the hill about a five-minute ride from here. It is probably about the size of Peter Bent Brigham, but all of light yellow stucco buildings and spread over a lot of territory. In the back is a very pretty garden, and several patients were sitting out there. Each floor has verandas for patients and at the front there is a tower - only six floors up - from which we get a lovely view of the surrounding country. After we went through most of the hospital, we went to Joe's room and visited until time to eat. Joe took us to the hospital cafeteria, where we had an excellent dinner at the unbelievable price of 60¢.

**Hollywood, California, April 22, 1951.** We are over here with Wade and Ada for this weekend.

I think my last letter told about our visit to the hospital on Monday. Marian teaches every morning, and Joe has every other afternoon (approximately), or part of afternoon and evening free; so we spend the morning writing letters or sewing or reading, and go out in the afternoons. Tuesday afternoon we drove down to the beach and on to Long Beach and called on Dr. Gordon and his wife.

Wednesday afternoon Marian drove us over to Glendale to our U.P. House to see Miss Anna Mulligan and Miss Woods.

Thursday, as you know, was Joe's birthday. He got home in time for a late lunch and at the table we gave him his presents. He was delighted with your chocolates, Mother, as you would expect him to be, and so were the rest of us... Later in the afternoon we went over to the Huntington Museum and Gardens, but were too late to see much that day; so we decided to go back on Friday. From there we drove down to Clifton's Cafeteria for dinner. You may remember my telling you about it when we were here before.

Friday noon Emmet and I had lunch with Rev. and Mrs. Baker of San Marino. He is a Presbyterian minister here, and it was their son who was out in Afghanistan and India for a year with the Bushnells, and had been in our home a number of times, and had also visited Bob's in Landour and Jim's in Allahabad.

From there Mrs. Baker took us over to the Huntington Museum and gardens. It is really a very beautiful estate, with Japanese gardens and palm, fern, rhododendron, camellia and azalea sections.

Saturday, yesterday morning, Wade drove over for us. In the afternoon we went to the planetarium, where Wade lectured at 3:00 p.m. There was a large crowd of people there and among them many schoolchildren. This month the lecture is on colors of the sky. Twice during the lecture he used music to dramatize the effect, and it was very well done indeed.

This evening Wade took us for a long drive around Griffith Park. He says now it will be Tuesday, the 30th, when we will drive to Berkeley.

**Pasadena, California, April 27, 1951.** I wrote last from Wade's and Ada's. Monday night was the annual YWCA banquet, and I went with Ada, who has been very active in that for many years... There were 227 present, among whom were a few Negros, Japanese and Chinese.

Thursday noon we had dinner with Rev. and Mrs. John Ferguson, who had entertained us in their home when we were here before.

Tuesday afternoon Joe and Marian came over at 3:30, and we all went up to the planetarium and took pictures. Ada had invited them and Mrs. Ward, Marjorie's mother, for dinner that night... We
showed family pictures after dinner. It was the first time they had ever seen them. Joe and Marian drove us back here Tuesday night.

Yesterday morning I did some ironing for Marian, and in the afternoon we went out on some errands here in Pasadena and then drove out to see the Rose Bowl. It has a lovely setting with hills all around on all sides.

Since Wade may not be able to drive up Monday or Tuesday, or any time next week, we have made reservations on the train for Monday morning.

_Berkeley, California, May 1, 1951._ We had a good trip up here yesterday on a most comfortable train. I'll send you a folder they had on each seat. Joe and Marion put us on the train at Glendale, which is close to Pasadena, and Margaret met us here in Berkeley. I bought a few groceries, and Margaret had bought a few before, and we had supper here in the cottage. I'm sure we shall be very comfortable here with Miss Oltman, and it looks now as a though we shall get into our own cottage sometime in June.

I should go back and tell about the weekend in Pasadena. Margaret Jean (Emmet's brother Joe's daughter) and Phil and the two children came down from Santa Maria Saturday afternoon and stayed until Sabbath afternoon. . . Joe took us to Quaker meeting that morning [Sabbath]. In the afternoon Wade and Ada came over for an hour.

This morning Emmet and I went out to see Mother Alter. All I could think of, mother, was how fortunate you are that you are so strong both physically and mentally. Mother Alter is really quite broken in health, cannot walk around by herself, and is hardly awake to much that is going on around her. She just isn't herself anymore. She has a very nice place to stay and is given the best of care. Margaret has Wednesdays off; so was coming over in the morning to take us to her mother again, and then take us on several business errands.

_Berkeley, California, May 11, 1951._ Mother Alter wasn't so well Sabbath, but yesterday she was better than we have seen her since we came. Margaret was over there Sabbath morning, helping care for her mother. In the afternoon she took us over, and Emmet and I stayed there for a couple of hours while Mrs. Sullivan had a rest. Then Margaret took us for a very pleasant drive up on the ridge and back down a park we had never seen.

_Berkeley, California, May 16, 1951._ Miss Oltman will go with me to some of the Oakland shops one morning before she goes on to her work. She teaches afternoons in a nursery school in Oakland. I suppose you have wondered how we manage about the meals. We usually eat breakfast a little before she does. For her noon meal she goes to the school where she gets it at the cafeteria. At 3:30 or 4:00 she has a snack with the school children, so that when she gets home in the evening about 6:15, she doesn't want much. Usually we have finished our supper by that time. On Saturdays she and Margaret have had lunch with us and I think we'll just continue that custom. On Sabbath she has noon dinners out with a friend. We use all her things now. I think I told you that we are to have F cottage from about the middle of June. Isn't it fine we can get it so soon? Miss Oltman is really very kind and is good company.

Our luggage from New York was here on our arrival, and Monday we had the freight brought over from San Francisco, so we have it all together again. There is a small storeroom for each cottage.

Margaret took us to see her mother this afternoon. She is better than she was Sabbath. They have rented a hospital bed for her now.
Berkeley, California, May 20, 1951. Margaret had arranged with Helen Tracy for the four of us to take a drive over to Golden Gate Park to see the rhododendrons. Margaret does not like to drive in the city but it is second nature to Helen. You probably want to ask who she is. Helen is the daughter of Will Alter, a brother of Dr. Joe Alter in New Kensington. Will and his wife and son are dead; so Helen is the only one left of her father's family. We all like her husband very much, and her son Tom is an engineer, graduated from Cal. Tech. two years ago. He's a very nice young fellow and doing well. All this is by way of digression, but since these folks were not here in 1934, I knew you would not understand who they are without some explanation. I should probably add that Helen dresses very well indeed and drives a 1951 Packard. She is very keen and very active, but not in the church. Her husband is a Catholic and a faithful attendant, but she never goes to any church.

Emmet left today with our pastor for General Assembly at Des Moines. He had been very anxious to go and it will no doubt do him a lot of good. He got word that he has a single bed in a home close to the church which is good for him. His old ulcer finally cleared, but he has two small new ones. We shall see what they are like after this trip. It may be that they will not be much worse. They are certainly a nuisance.

Berkeley, California, May 24, 1951. According to our plans we went shopping Monday morning. After trying on about 15 coats and visiting four or five stores, I came home with a light rose "topper" with a light beige fleck in it. I like it very much and know you would, too. It is all wool and beautifully lined and will be a dressy coat for me this summer. You remember we never go any place without a coat all summer long. This coat I got for $15. It was marked a special for that day and they said it had been $24, but I always take those things with a grain of salt.

Yes, they still give parsley away, but as far as I can judge the vegetables and fruits are much the same price they were in the East, though cabbage is not the exorbitant price you were paying for it this winter. Bus fares are 13¢, but if you buy tokens they are two for 25¢. The thing which seems to be definitely higher is dry cleaning - $1.50 for a dress and $1.75 for a suit. I see where I'm going to learn how to do something for myself. Newspapers are all 7¢. I do not remember what you were paying. Milk delivered at the house is 21¢ and meat is high like it was in the East. We use the ground beef mostly but we did have pork chops one day ...

When Margaret Jean and Phil came down to Pasadena to see us I asked him if he could recommend a good dentist in Berkeley. He asked why we didn't come and give them a visit and let him take care of us. You may remember that he is a dentist. So we are taking him up on it, and I'm going down there next Tuesday or Wednesday and Emmet is coming home from General Assembly that way. You can address us there care of the Reiners ... We shall be there a week or so I suppose, as I have to have a new lower plate made, and Emmet has to have a partial upper one. We want to do this before getting into our own cottage.

I'm enclosing a letter from Ellen that has lots of interesting news of her and Bob.

Berkeley, California, May 28, 1952. Thursday and Friday were very warm days here hot, the people say. They say the rhododendron leaves shriveled up from the heat. It was 90 degrees here and over that in many places.

Friday afternoon Mrs. Ogden (the friend from India whose cottage we are to have from the middle of June) asked me to come over and have tea, as Mrs. Smith was there. Margaret was here; so we both went over. Then while we were there Mrs. Morrison, who was a teacher in Woodstock for two years, and has since married, came to see me and she came in for tea, too; so we had quite a party. Mrs. Morrison came to invite us for dinner tonight. Though Emmet is not here, I am going, and she is coming for me. This special occasion is that people from India are here visiting her. Mr. and Mrs.
Pedersen and their son. Mrs. Morrison, then Ida Staud, was making a tour around the world and had planned a winter in India with Mrs. Pedersen, who was an old friend. She liked it so well that she decided to stay and teach if we had a place, and it happened that we needed one in just her field - Home Economics. I'm looking forward to the evening with them.

Yesterday, Dr. Francis Russell preached at our church. Perhaps you remember him at Mount Hermon, mother. He was in charge there for many years, but now lives in Palo Alto, and drives down to Mount Hermon every Sabbath morning for his Bible class. They drove up yesterday morning and back again last night. They usually stay at Hammonds as they are great friends.

As you may remember, Dr. Russell has been a friend of the family and was glad to go out to see Mother Alter in the afternoon. John drove us out and she was naturally very pleased, and we were glad she recognized him, though I went in ahead of them and told her who was coming.

Santa Maria, California, June 1, 1951. Emmet came on back to Berkeley and I waited for him; so we came down here yesterday, Thursday, instead of Tuesday, as we had originally planned. Phil took us down to the office last night and X-rayed our teeth. From the films, as he looked at them last night, he saw no abscesses, but he wanted to check on them again this morning to make sure. If no teeth have to be extracted, the fillings and plates will not take too long.

We came down here by Greyhound, mother, which would just suit you! The latter part of the ride was more scenic than the first part, but on the whole we think the valley ride is prettier. That was the route we took on the train coming up to Berkeley.

Phil just built a small office which was formally opened last December. He and a doctor and a lawyer bought a plot of ground and divided it, each building his own one-story business unit. It is quite modernistic in design and really well done. Margaret Jean helped with the drapes and decorating and made a most attractive waiting room. As she says, it is much better done then her own living room. The whole building consists of seven rooms, a hall and bath. He has two rooms fully equipped with dental chair, instruments, etc.. He says that by running two chairs and equipment, he can do about 25% more work than with one, because of the saving in time. He has a big business, being all booked up for a couple of months ahead of time. He is doing our work out of office hours. Now, they want to build a home and have a lot chosen. Phil's uncle is a contractor, and so he can be sure he is getting good workmanship and good planning before that. They have a house not much larger than our cottage and pay $75 a month for it unfurnished. They would feel so much better if they could put all rent money into buying a house. Here they have a sizable lot, which we don't have, but they will have a much larger one where they are going to build.

You asked about Bob. Yes, it was a position connected with the consulate that he was considering. As you notice, he will not go until after this school year, if he goes then. Ellen will of course go with him. I believe he will either take up that work this winter or come to the states, though I am not sure. I wrote of friends from India visiting here. Their son graduated from Woodstock last November, and the first thing the mother said to me when she saw me was "Oh! Bob is doing such a fine piece of work out there, and the boys are all crazy about him. Ellen, too, is doing great work. We can't tell you how much they mean to Woodstock."

Santa Maria, California, June 5, 1951. There are a few minutes when I can write this morning before we leave for Berkeley. We shall return here for three or four days next week to finish up the work. Phil has sent the impressions to Santa Barbara and has to wait for about a week for the plates. When I return I'll have my upper plate re-lined, as the gums have receded a bit, and by the relining the plate will fit better. Phil wants us here a couple of days after that, to make sure everything is OK.
Then, when we get back to Berkeley that time, our house will be ready for us to move in.

Thanks for sending the notes from Barry and Cleo. I am returning them. We haven't heard recently from Jim and Barry; so hadn't known about John's having his tonsils out. I do hope it proves to be a real help to him, for he has been sick most of the winter and spring. I had thought they were staying in New York until the end of June, but evidently they have changed their minds. Jim's course closed the end of May. We'll be having the details of their plans soon no doubt.

Berkeley, California, June 10, 1951. Friday I washed and ironed. That night there was a "pot luck" supper at the church, and again Nelly Hammond took us and brought us home.

Following the dinner there was a congregational meeting, and I don't think I've ever attended a more inspiring church business meeting. There were two subjects up for discussion and decision. The first was about our contribution to the relocation of Pittsburgh Xenia Seminary. The committee of the church at large, headed by Mr. Sam Fulton, has suggested $2,000 from this congregation. When it was thrown open for discussion, Mr. Grove made the first and longest speech, and urged that we give $2,000 and more. A number of others spoke, all saying much the same thing. Then a motion was made and carried that we give $3,000, as there would probably be some small congregations who couldn't pay all they had been asked to give, and this extra $1,000 would help out! The next question was regarding the reopening of Servicemen's Center. During the last war, they carried on a tremendously big program, with the social room open every night and a light supper served (or perhaps it should be called snacks), a party Saturday night, sleeping accommodation furnished following that party to any man who had leave (they had as high as 170 men in one night), breakfast Sabbath morning, took men to their homes for noon dinners, and then served supper... That was a tremendous task but a most rewarding one. Now that there are so many servicemen in the Bay area, the question of reopening a center was raised. A committee had been appointed to go into the whole matter and bring recommendations. They proposed that the center be opened in a modest way, with the Saturday night party, and suggested the different committees that should be appointed and named... Though it was stressed that it meant work, there wasn't one dissenting vote. When the center was opened it was financed entirely from gifts outside of the regular budget, and that was the suggestion for the coming program... Everyone seems ready to work and to give. As the work grew during the war, many contributions came from outsiders and from our U.P. churches all over the country. Now don't you agree that that was a wonderful meeting?

Yesterday, Margaret came for lunch. Evelyn Oltman had wanted me to try her pressure cooker; so I got a small chicken and we had fried chicken and it sure was good... In the afternoon we went over to see Mother Alter. She has been better this last week and looks much better.

This morning, just before we went to Sunday school, Alice Alter, Emmet's brother Joe's second daughter, phoned, and we asked her to come over to dinner after church. This is the first time we have seen her since we came to California. Her birthday is this coming Thursday, and she is coming down to Santa Maria to celebrate it with Peggy and Phil, so we'll see her there, too.

Berkeley, California, June 17, 1951. On Thursday we celebrated Alice's birthday with a steak dinner. That was a good test for new teeth, wasn't it? Our teeth seem very satisfactory and we are quite pleased.

Yesterday a man came and cleaned most of the house we are moving into, while I cleaned the kitchen, bathroom, and back porch. Others worked on it all day Friday. Some people just don't seem to know how to keep house. I mopped the floors after supper last night, and now feel that I can move in nicely tomorrow.
Mary, Ward's wife, is coming Wednesday morning and will be with us until Thursday noon. Margaret will be with us all day Wednesday.

Emmet hopes to begin work on his films now that we will have more room. It will be good to have a home of our own, though no one could have been kinder or more considerate than Miss Oltman has been.

Yes, Joe takes his exams this week. They take three National Board exams - one after two years at medical school, one at the close of the four-year course, and the last after one year of internship. Joe and Marion expect to be here by the 12th or 13th.

Mother Alter has not been so well this past week. She has her ups and downs you know.

Emmet taught a Bible class this a. m. and did very well.

Berkeley, California, June 25, 1951. As your good letters have kept coming this last week mother, I have been more and more sorry that I hadn't got even a card off to you. But surely you must know how very busy we have been! We moved in Monday. A little neighbor boy helped by carrying many, many cartons of things. Evelyn Oltman and Emmet loaded the cartons in the other house and I unloaded them here. Wasn't that simple and easy for me?

Then later we went over to see Mother Alter. After supper, Helen and family (Wade's daughter) came over to see Mary and the children. Thursday morning was taken up mostly with packing after ironing, an early lunch and they were off on the 12:16 train. Yesterday morning they got off the same train in Schenectady. I'm sure she'll be glad to get the children home. She has lovely children - a girl three-and-a-half and boy one year.

Thanks for sending Jim's letter. We finally got one from the hospital. We're glad he was in for this check-up, and hope this new type of insulin will be more effective than the other.

You asked what I need, mother. There just isn't anything I need but you. Now that we are settled we turn our thoughts to ways of getting you out here with us. Do you feel able to make the trip? It really is quite easy on the train as we came. You can get on in New York and off in Berkeley. I do not know if there is a through car from Boston. If so, that would be even better. Jim had hoped he would be sent out this way by the Board for a conference, but all the conferences come the end of September, after his classes open at Yale Divinity. Do you think you could pay your own fare? By August we might be able to help on Jim's fare and let him bring you, though this will have to be decided a little later. Keep thinking of this and let us know what you all think about it. Living in this house is very easy, as there are no stairs and few steps in any direction.

Berkeley, California, June 29, 1951. Thanks so much for your card, and Evangeline and Paul's card with congratulations on our 35th wedding anniversary. Margaret was here with us for noon dinner... Mother Alter has been better this last week than any time yet.

Berkeley, California, June 30, 1951. We were so pleased to get your letter today, mother. We were telling Margaret about it and she is delighted that you are coming. You may not have heard that Margaret is having to move, and she may get into her apartment this next week. She has lived in the nurses' home ever since it was built 20 some years ago. Now they are taking that building for administrative offices, and the nurses are having to live off campus. Margaret found a very nice four-room apartment within walking distance of the hospital. She is delighted with it. She may retire next year but is not sure.

I think you could come by yourself in the train, but you should pay the extra and get a bedroom. When Joe and Marian come, we shall find out more about their plans and can talk about Jim's coming out. He is anxious to see Joe and Marian and they are very eager to see him, and have even talked
about driving East to see the family. If they should do that, it is possible Jim would not consider coming West. Hence, we shall just wait a little to decide definitely which way you will come. The New York Central has a car through from New York City. It would be well to inquire if they have one from Boston. Emmet was looking it up and it connects with the Zephyr in Chicago, which comes the most scenic route through Colorado. You can just be planning to come, and working towards that end, even though we do not know the exact date or way.

Monday, Emmet and I are going to Asilomar to the California Synod Family Week. Asilomar is on the coast near Pacific Grove, about 80 mi. from here. Dr. Downs of St. Paul’s U.P. church is going to take us in his car. We could go by bus but it would mean four changes, and that was just too much for us. We are anxious to go to this meeting, in order to get better acquainted with the California Synod.

Asilomar, Pacific Grove, California, July 4, 1951. We are having a very good time here and the meetings are excellent. This afternoon Dr. Theo Taylor and his wife took us to Carmel and the Mission.

Berkeley, California, July 5, 1951. Dr. Davies wanted to come home Friday; so we came then and got home about 6:00 p.m.. On the fourth, Theo Taylor and his wife (you remember them I think, Mother) took us for a drive along the sea - the famous 17 Mile Drive - and on to the Carmel Mission. We stopped in Carmel itself for sodas. The mission dates back to the early 18th century. Some of it is still well-preserved, some has been restored, and some of it needs restoring.

The grounds at Asilomar and all the buildings are owned by the YWCA. We had a very nice room, with twin beds, running hot and cold water, and a private bath. The food was excellent and one of the most interesting features was that a young girls' group of Jewish girls shared the dining room with us - they eating at one end and we at the other. There was a mutual respect for the belief of the others, and a very fine fellowship there. The meetings were good and we are very glad we went.

We are glad you can come out, Mother, and hope we can arrange for a companion traveler sometime in August (I went to sleep and wrote March!). No, do not buy new clothes. You could buy out here when you need any, but you have nice clothes and people out here have not seen them. Just bring all you have. You can bring everything on your ticket and, as you know, postage out this way is heavy.

Berkeley, California, July 12, 1951. Thanks for your card. Yes, we do have lots of birthdays in one week, four -10th, 11th, 12th, 17th. I'm sorry Evangeline's card was late but you would understand why. A card from Joe today says he cannot get here until tomorrow evening, Friday. They probably had more packing to do than they had counted on. Alice telephoned from Santa Cruz last night, saying she will be here tomorrow night, too. I'm getting a room in another house on the court for her.

Berkeley, California, July 15, 1951. . . Nellie Hammond took me shopping and I bought a half ham. Friday morning I had just put it in the oven when Margaret Jean and Phil and Jerrine arrived. We had a card that morning saying they would be in that day. We had planned on a reunion of the cousins this week - indeed we did have a wonderful time. Joe and Marian came at about 8:30 that night, and Alice shortly after them. I got rooms for all of them in one of the cottages here at the court.

Last night Mrs. Lucas phoned that the Rices had just arrived. We're going there for tea tomorrow, and they are coming here for supper Tuesday night. It will be nice to have a visit with them again.
I haven't time to write much, but please keep on planning to come out here. If you get your things ready, then you can come when you get the opportunity. We are still working on it.

Joe and Marion both seemed fine. They want to know all about you all. Joe showed his slides last night and you should have heard Margaret Jean and Alice exclaim about the beauty of your house, Evangeline and Paul.

Berkeley, California, July 19, 1951. The Rices and Lucases were here for supper Tuesday night. The Rices think we have a lovely place. They're having a fine trip. Mary asked for word of you. Yesterday the four of us took a whole day trip across to Mount Tamalpais, Muir Woods, and on to San Francisco to Fisherman's Wharf, the Embarcadero, and back by way of the Bay Bridge.

Berkeley, California, July 22, 1951. Letter to Evangeline. Thanks so much for your letter. I'm sorry mother has not been so well, but from several things she said in her letter, I feared as much, though she was careful to make no direct mention of her condition in any letter. You were fortunate to have in hand medicine that would help her. We're so thankful you took her to the doctor, and that he agrees that she can take the trip out here. With you, I certainly agree that she should not travel alone. I have not succeeded in finding anyone who is coming out and could travel with her. It looks as though Jim will be the one.

There are two trains daily out this way that require no change in Chicago, and are not "extra fare" trains. One is by the New York Central lines and is fastened onto the "California Zephyr" in Chicago. It is the most scenic route and has five or six "vista dome" coaches (glass second-story observation rooms). The other is the Pennsylvania line and is the one we took. Emmet says to take the New York Central if possible... I am writing to Jim and then we can begin on setting a date... If for any reason Jim could not come, I would go for her, but since Jim is anxious to come West to see Joe, this would probably be the best arrangement.

Berkeley, California, July 25, 1951. Somehow the days seem so full that I have neglected my correspondence, but when we are not such a big family and when you are here to inspire me, maybe I'll get more writing done.

I am writing Jim again, urging him to try to make it. He is very anxious to see Joe, and this would be just the time for him to do so.

As I have told you, we have just the place for you with no stairs and not many steps. Your bedroom has a double-door into the living room. These doors have a blind as well as curtain on each of the glass doors; so it is cut off from public view. It has a doorway into the kitchen, but only a curtain, not a door, there. I can just reach around the corner from the door and give you your breakfast in bed. It will be no work at all to give you any meal you may want in bed, but since we are all on one floor you will have no reason to stay in your room late in the day, as you are doing now in Belmont. We're all looking forward to your coming.

You asked about things to bring. Bring whatever you wish to but be sure to bring all your clothes - summer and winter. Though the trip will cost you money, you'll have no expenses once you get here, and your clothes are new to everyone here; so you need not worry about them.

I'll write to Jim tonight or tomorrow morning. Joe says to try to come while he is here; so he can see you.

Berkeley, California, July 25, 1951. Letter to Evangeline. We went over to the hospital today and made arrangements for me to be admitted Saturday and be operated on Monday morning. Joe and Marian are staying for another two weeks, and we all think it would be fine if mother and Jim could come here before Joe and Marian leave.
Please don't worry about me. As I've said before, we have no stairs and this house requires the minimum of work. I'm going to get help for cleaning and washing each week, for a month after I come home, for I don't want to undo what the operation has done. We're having the operation at the University Hospital in San Francisco, because expenses will be much less than in any hospital on this side of the Bay, and will have just as good a surgeon. We've been looking up trains again, and find that the Pennsylvania also has a through car connecting with the California Zephyr - the glass-domed train... They have only roomettes and double bedrooms. The double bedroom has a bunk and the upper berth, a private bath, and a tiny wardrobe. There's plenty of room for luggage, I mean what luggage is needed on the trip... they serve meals in bedrooms without extra service charge to children and elderly people. Mother could get a child's serving, which has two advantages - it is small and it is less expensive. If she leaves there Wednesday evening, she would be here Saturday afternoon. I just tell you that so that you can know how long it takes to make the trip.

San Francisco, July 29, 1951. According to plans I came over here yesterday morning. It is wonderful to have Joe and Marian here. Joe can drive them over and Marian will run the house; so all is well. They all came over with me yesterday, and got me located. I called them by phone last evening and will call them again this noon. They're not coming over today, because Emmet has his class this morning and is showing his pictures tonight at our church; so we all thought they should not come.

I've known for a long time that I had to have this operation. When I went out to India in 1946, I had a very bad attack of asthma in Egypt and evidently in the coughing tore tissues so that I have had a prolapse of the bladder ever since, and it has been growing worse and more annoying. Since I had a lot of severe asthma the first couple of years I was out there, the doctors didn't want to operate there. Then, with all the trouble out there - riots, etc., I just didn't manage to get it done.

One of the most interesting things was that when I saw the first doctor here in the clinic, he looked at my name and said, "My folks knew people by that name in the U.P. Church in Oakland." When I asked his name, I found that he is the son of the president of the Bible class Emmet teaches.

When I got my appointment for the operation and went to the office to arrange for payments, I found that the doctors have a fund from which they make payments in part to the hospital, for persons whom they consider need it. Of course I wouldn't get it if I had the Blue Cross, but as it is, they have given me a flat rate of $100, including everything - hospital, medicine, operating room, operation, etc. I knew you would be interested in this.

We're looking forward to your coming, Mother. I've not heard from Jim to know if he will be able to come early in August, but you will probably be hearing from him soon.

Please don't worry about me. I'm getting the best of care. I am in the ward for 12 and everyone has been friendly and cheerful.

Do take care of yourself so that you will be able to come out, Mother. I'm sure Evangeline and Paul are all attention to you.

San Francisco, July 29, 1951. Letter to Evangeline. I've written this letter to you all but am sending it in your name, so that you can use your own judgment about reading it to mother. It will get there after the operation is over.

Berkeley, California, July 31, 1951. Card from Emmet to the family in Belmont.

Just a card to give you a bulletin on Martha's progress. Joe, I think, wrote to you yesterday. She is making a very satisfactory start on recovery. We were over to see her from one to two this afternoon. She was still a bit dopey but wide enough awake to take a real interest in our visit. By
tomorrow she ought to be quite normal that way. She has of course some pain but not too bad, and had gotten up and walked to a nearby chair and sat for awhile.

Thanks for your letter which came yesterday, along with one from Jim. We will expect you out here about the 11th of September.

San Francisco, August 7, 1951. I'm sorry I haven't written more cards but I haven't much urge to write. I'm getting along fine and hope to get home by Saturday, the 12th. Joe and Marian will probably leave on the 13th. This hospital is about 15 mi. from home, but most of the way is on the six-lane throughway across the Bay Bridge, so that it does not take so long as it might, considering there is a lot of city traffic, too.

San Francisco, August 8, 1951. I was very pleased to get your letter and two cards, mother, when the folks came over last evening. They brought Margaret Alter with them. She had supper with them and then they drove over. The visiting hours are from 1:00 to 2:00 p.m. and 7:00 to 8:00 p.m. I'm in a ward of 12 beds and it is full most of the time. This hospital has 300 beds. As I told you, it is the University of California hospital - a teaching center like Peter Bent.

Joe and Marian think they must leave Monday, and I hope to get home by Saturday or Sunday. I am to do nothing for a week after I get home and then gradually I'll get back into things. We shall get help once a week, and by opening cans, etc., we should be able to manage the meals very well.

I've got along very well; so please do not worry about me. I walk quite freely. As you know they get operative cases up the first day, though I'll confess I didn't feel much like it.

I've had a number of cards but haven't had any inclination to answer them. I'll do that later.

I was glad to hear the doctor's report on your health. The trip out should not be hard on you, though you will be tired when you get here, no doubt.

Berkeley, California, August 13, 1951. The big news is that I came home Saturday afternoon - just two weeks from the day I went into hospital, which was the time the surgeon had said when I first saw him. They say I am making a splendid recovery. I am to go back to see the surgeon at the clinic on September 4th. I am up and around most of the day, though I lie down in the morning and in the afternoon. I shall get someone to come for heavy work once or twice a week for three weeks. Emmet and I, together, can get our simple meals. He did everything this noon.

Joe and Marian left this morning. I don't know how we could have managed without them. Marian put out a washing this morning before she left and Emmet has just brought it in.

They say September and October are the warmest months of the year. We shall see what we think of them. Most of the time we have been here we have turned on the heat each morning for a short time.

We had a letter from Bob, saying he has definitely decided to enter seminary when he returns this winter. He's thinking of Yale Divinity if he can get in. He would like to enter the second semester or spring term.

Berkeley, California, August 16, 1951. Everything seems to be going well with us. Emmet does the work and I do only small things that I can do sitting down... Everyone who has seen me thinks I look very well. I told the doctor the operation hadn't been worth it because I hadn't lost enough weight! They said not to diet now but wait until I had made a complete recovery.

Berkeley, California, August 19, 1951. If I figure correctly, it is just three weeks since my operation and three until you leave Boston? That will be just the time the surgeon said I would be
back to normal activities - six weeks after the operation. I did not know the operation would be as big as it was or would take as long for recovery, but it is probably just as well I didn't. . . . They tell me I shall soon feel much better than I have for a long time.

You also ask about Joe and Marian. They went first to the Pacific meeting of Friends near Portland, Oregon, which started Thursday evening. . . . They are going to Seattle to see about the prospects of a position there in a cooperative Medical Center. From there they follow the Columbia River highway and the Snake River to Idaho Falls to visit her people. . . . Joe heard several days after I went to the hospital that he passed his examinations OK. Those are the final National Board exams. Joe is purposely slow in deciding on his location, as he wants a vacation through Sept. if possible. The plan is for Jim to take a route back that will get him to Pocatello, Idaho, which is only 50 mi. from Idaho Falls, and Joe and Marian will meet him there and take him back there for his train East.

Emmet says to tell you that all is going well here. We manage very well with all the help friends give us.

Berkeley, California, August 27, 1951. I am enclosing a note for Jim. If he is there when this reaches you, please pass it on. We want to have a date for making reservations for his return. I'm sure you will find Jim very kind and helpful and also thoughtful. Just tell him when you want to dress or undress and he will be glad to go to the smoking room or coffee room or whatever they have on the train. And don't hesitate to ask him whenever you want a suitcase moved or some such thing. I've just remembered that it won't be possible to sit and comb your hair in the bathroom; so if you have a small mirror, you can comb your hair on the seat in the bedroom. I hope the dining room will not be far from you, as I know you enjoy going there and it is a break in the day's monotony, and you have Jim to take you.

I am gaining in strength daily and surely will be back to normal by the time you arrive, if not before.
In September, 1951, Grandma Payne apparently joined Martha and Emmet in Berkeley, California. In early 1952, Martha and Emmet joined their four sons, wives and families for a family reunion in New Haven, Connecticut. Barry's parents, David and Marguerite Beach, very kindly offered their home for the gathering.

Following this reunion, Martha and Emmet moved to Pretty Prairie, Kansas, where Emmet was pastor of a small United Presbyterian church. While speaking at a mission conference in the area and showing his movies of mission work in India, Emmet suffered a heart attack and died on July 15, 1952. He was buried in Pretty Prairie in a plot given by Mennonite friends, Dan and Twila Stucky.

Grandma Payne was living with them in Pretty Prairie, and just before Emmet's death she had broken her hip. With the help of Dan Stucky's sister, Mary, as caregiver, Martha kept Grandma Payne at home, while she (Martha) served the church as "Stated Supply." She could do everything but Communion, marriages and baptisms, which a neighboring pastor was called in to perform. In that day and age - before the time of women's ordination - even this much must have been an unusual arrangement, especially in the old United Presbyterian Church. (I have always felt that my mother-in-law was one of the early feminists.)

After Grandma Payne's death in 1954, Martha became a housemother at Sterling College in Sterling, Kansas. When Jim, Barry and family were on furlough in 1958/59 in New Haven, Connecticut, she spent that time there, in an apartment near Barry's parents, David and Marguerite Beach. In the summer of 1961, she left Kansas to join our family in Ithaca, NY, where we were on furlough.

In late 1962 and on into 1963, she made an extended trip back to India - where three sons (Jim, Joe and Bob) and their families were living - and to Pakistan. Upon returning to the USA, Martha settled in Westminster Gardens, a Presbyterian retirement community in Duarte, California, where she died on October 13, 1978.

Subsequently - just for the family record - the deaths of the three older sons occurred:

- Jim - November 7, 1983
- Dave - August 24, 1992
- Joe - November 16, 1997
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

First, we must thank Grandma Payne, without whose meticulous foresightedness (conscious or unconscious) these letters would never have survived, been returned to her daughter, and safely delivered into our hands.

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1916-1951

Martha Payne Alter

Edited by Ellen and Bob Alter
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