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*About the Institute*

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

Palasbari, Assam

December 23, 1951

Dear Miss Blaine!

Your letter of October 5th reached me a long time ago. I am sorry I could not answer you at once. You asked me how you should address me in a letter and on an envelope. You addressed me on the envelope correctly. My full name is Rup Chand, Trakur is only my family name, and I have always been with Dr. Kuly since 1930 so all my mail comes c/o him. In a letter you may address me just as you do any of your friends. We sent you two dolls December 15th, one called dancer and other one Rani and December 21st we sent a peacock fan. I hope you will like them, with the fan there is a dried plant in a envelope, it is a very interesting plant such as we have never seen before, every leaf has a pitcher with a cover on, sometimes one plant

has over a dozen pitcher and about  $\frac{1}{6}$  full of water in them and full of ants and other dead bugs in them, we thought it may interest you. I could not go to Calcutta with Dr. as I planned

I am always thinking of sending you our photograph, but as soon as we get done by one of these local photographers we will send them to you, but it is hard to say when.

We had three nice months in the Khasi Hills, 4500' high all around mixed forest of pine, birch and oaks. Of course it rained all the time till the middle of November but as soon the rain stopped it was lovely. ~~But~~ in the jungle a lot of different colored berries and epiphyte orchids showed up. The end of November we had very cold weather and the Himalayas were visible with fresh snow on them, altho they were

a long way away from us. We had nice banana all summer, now the oranges and some pineapples, papayas are in

the market and some apples said to be from Dargeeling.

and was in America I learned how to bake pies from

Dr. Kaelz's mother, now it is very usefull, we after baked  
 lemon pies and now when ever we find apples we bake  
 apple custard pie. Last week we got 14 pound of swiss  
 and Roquefort cheese from Calcutta by air so we feel  
 pretty rich. We are back again our old camp Palasbari  
 along the Brahmaputra. Today I went duck hunting but  
 did not get any. We will ~~try~~ to find some more dolls  
 and fans for you.

A very Xmas and happy new year from both of us

Dear Mrs. Blaine: Very sincerely yours

No word from you for some 3 months. Probably the

P.O. is at its frequent shenanigans. Write you all some 2 mo. ago. Let  
 me know how the sugar camp arrived. ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~up~~ <sup>up</sup> ~~&~~ <sup>&</sup> ~~left~~ <sup>left</sup>? Regards, H.R.

Digitized by eGangotri Institute for Botanical Documentation

Sender's name and address:

H. Kaelz  
 c/o U.S. Consul Portofino  
 Bombay

COIN - 60

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Second fold here

Mrs. May M. Blaine  
 5725 - Linnecrest Ave.  
 Washington 15 D.C.  
 U.S.A.

BY AIR MAIL  
 AIR LETTER  
 IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED  
 THIS LETTER WILL BE SENT  
 BY ORDINARY MAIL.



To open cut here

5425 Connecticut Avenue  
Washington 15, D.C.  
April 24, 1952

Dear Thakur Rup Chand:

Thank you so much for your good letter of April 9, which took longer to reach me than Doctor Koelz' letter of March 23, even though it, also, was airmailed,

Since last I wrote you both, I have been very ill so personal correspondence has had to be somewhat neglected. Thank you for your kind words about my photograph. I am not the photogenic type and photographs never "do" anything for me.

Mr. Morrison will be pleased to know that you remember him and his wonderful narcissus. I wish you and Doctor Koelz could see his marvelous azaleas, which will be at their peak here this week-end at the National Arboretum - eight acres of them, with the dogwood trees in bloom above them. It is a gorgeous sight. These creations of his will ever stand as a monument to his horticultural genius. He has quite a collection of them, too, in Mississippi, and will always go on improving them. I think he is also starting work down there with camellias, which are also very lovely and particularly adapted to our southern states.

Well, even if you think the peacock fan and dolls were rubbish, I appreciate them and am most grateful for them. I know only too well they were not too easy to come by. We have a saying here which goes somewhat like this: "The giver's gift 'tis naught, 'tis naught; the giver's friendship is worth the thought." The things that you bought at the Bhutanese Market and are sending to Mr. Williams, Mrs. Thurber and me are being looked forward to with the greatest delight and anticipation. I don't deserve to share in these, too, but I think Doctor Koelz knows I'd have a pang of regret if I didn't get some little thing from the Bhutanese.

I did have a good laugh when I read your story of the German butterfly lover and what he got instead of what he'd asked for. But your experience in trying to get for me your photographs as the people over there want to look whiter than they are and the people over here sit on the beaches with as little on as possible, so that the sun will burn them as brown as possible. Aren't human beings all over the world just as funny as they can be? We are never satisfied with what we've got but must needs have what someone else has. But it has really taken my doll collection to make me appreciate and understand all peoples - fundamentally we are all so much alike, with the same longings for peace and happiness and a desire to be understood and appreciated. I'm sure Doctor Koelz won't send the photo if you don't want him to do so, and I shall wait patiently for the day when you can really get a good job done. I was happy to receive his little faded picture, but I shall also hope that he can get a better one some day. I want both your photographs to be as good as those others I shall have in my Memory Book.

Meeting a big cobra must be a terrifying experience; how in the world did you kill him? With a gun? Your story of the cuckoos is very interesting; what wily little creatures they are. One hundred acres of lotus blossoms must have been a glorious sight, and white and pink, too. What a pity that such a scene is not properly appreciated by the natives there. Where are you going to move to next? I trust it will be some place where you will be very happy and see lots of birds and plants. The cotton trees must be very attractive.

With the best of wishes for your health, happiness and prosperity, and many thanks for all your kindnesses, I am

Sincerely,

P.S. I enjoy your letters very much, so please write again when you have the opportunity. I am always hoping that Doctor Koelz will tell more of his travels and life in India.

Dear Miss Blaine!

Palasbari, Assam

IV. 9. 52

It was so nice of you to send me your photo and tell me all about your family. I often thought I would ask your photo because since I know you so long I would like to see you too. In your photo I found you nice and healthy. I saw Mr. Morrison once at his house where he had a lot of narcissus planted, fortunately I saw them in full bloom I never saw such a narcissus show anywhere.

In your letter you thanked us for the dolls and peacock fan, I think by this time you got them. It was rather an unpleasant surprise for you to get such rubbish. I remember some one told us that once a German butterfly lover asked for some butterflies from a remote place in the Himalayas. Some missionaries who lived there sent him some, when the poor German got the parcel he found cabbage butterflies and a few bedbugs had crawled in for the trip. We really are ashamed sending you such trash, but we are still expecting some good dolls somewhere some day. We sent you some Bhutanese baskets I think Dr.

Kaelz wrote about you, they were nicely made. Now about my photo. When we came back from Bhutan fair I went

to a photographer and had my picture taken. Instead of my hair there was a big patch of black smear and my complexion was as white as a white man. He thought I would be flattered, because most people here want to be whiter than they are, so photographers make them white.

I do not want to send it to you. Dr. Kaelz said he is going to send it to you. I am going to burn it up before he gets it. I will try again. I am very sorry for making you wait.

We just came from a short trip. Two years ago I killed a big cobra there and Dr. Kaelz every day saw a few. All my life I have seen only one little cobra in C. P. I thought I will see some more this year, but we did not see one.

The cuckoos are very noisy now. There are nine or ten different kinds of them. It is their breeding time, all of them lay their eggs in other birds nests except two or three. The other birds try to keep these cuckoos away from their nests but somehow cuckoos manage

all right, because we see just as many baby cuckoos as father birds. We saw a lake with about 100 acres of lotus blossom in it, two colors white and pink, the flowers stand about 18 in above water, the flowers were about 7" across and hundreds of white heron and a few great storks standing here and there made a very nice show. Excepting a few fishermen nobody was around, so we gathered nobody cares about this show. It is getting pretty hot now along the Brahmaputra, we are thinking of going some cooler place. Very sincerely Rufus Chaud

Dear Miss Blaine: I have here room to tell you I feel you so about the photo! R.C. went with all the zeal of an adolescent to the neighbouring town and got back, duly what might be Nepertiti or some other such degenus likeness. We have soaked the film and a great deal of preparation has come off so maybe something can be done with it. I write you some days ago sending you another endowment I shall be delighted if you can spend it. You might think it was some today if it were not so. The cotton-tails are shedding their seeds

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Sender's name and address:  
 W. K. Kelly  
 U.S. Consul Box 860  
 Bombay

Corner - Cut  
 First fold here  
 Third fold here

5425 - Commodore Avenue  
 Washington DC  
 USA  
 Mrs May M. Blaine

BY AIR MAIL  
 AIR LETTER  
 IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER WILL BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.



*Handwritten notes:*  
 I hope you will hang on and that you'll outlast Mr. Truman! Does Bism look much rusticated from his sepium in the swamps? Best regards, W. K. Kelly

Second fold here

in the April breeze. I hope you will hang on and that you'll outlast Mr. Truman! Does Bism look much rusticated from his sepium in the swamps? Best regards, W. K. Kelly

*Copy*

Apt. 215  
5425 Connecticut Avenue  
Washington 15, D.C.  
January 15, 1952

Dear Mr. Rup Chand:

Forgive me if this salutation is not correct, but in your very kind letter of December 23, 1951, you said I might address you as I would one of my friends and this comes easiest. Even from your letter, I am too stupid to know where the name "Thakur" comes in the address. Some time, perhaps, you will set it out for me correctly as I should write it, just as I would to:

Dr. Walter N. Koelz  
care of U. S. Consul  
P. O. Box 860  
Bombay, India

Naturally, as you wish, I would address you in care of Doctor Koelz.

I had not realized that you were with Doctor Koelz since 1930. What a long and wonderful friendship. Did you visit the office with him when he was in Washington before leaving here in 1939? I can not remember that I met you at that time.

As you can well imagine, I am eagerly looking forward to the arrival of the two dolls which you sent on December 15 and the peacock fan which you sent on December 21. These should reach me some time next month, and as that is my birth month, I shall consider that I have received some wonderful gifts, even though I would feel better about them if only Doctor Koelz would let me repay him and you for all the expense involved. The dolls sound wonderful, and the fan the epitome of elegance. The dried plant, which you have also sent, should be a real curiosity, not only to me but to our botanists, who, I am sure, will find it most interesting. After they have seen it, I shall send you their comments.

Now that I know you are thinking of having your photographs taken for my Memory Book, I am happy. I do hope it will not be too long before you can get them taken and sent to me. My book simply would not be complete without a photograph of each of you, because you have both been so much a part of the Division of Plant Exploration and Introduction. I know that Doctor Koelz has long since forgotten what I looked like, but I am sending you a print of a photograph taken in front of our building with Mr. Morrison on the day before he retired, November 29, 1951. I thought Doctor Koelz would like to see if he remembers what Mr. Morrison looks like. I was going to let him guess which one was I, but I thought that would be cruel, so I am enclosing a slip giving the name of each person in the photograph. He can destroy the picture when he has looked at it.

You must have had an interesting time in the Khasi Hills. It sounds like Paradise with its wealth of tropical flowers and fruits. I envy you your ability to make pies, which Doctor Koelz often mentions. I have never made one in my life, and I should be ashamed to admit it. I like pies, however, and my favorite is lemon meringue. During the holidays my aunt, in New York, made two large lemon pies for me and they were most delicious. She placed some cut up marshmallows in the meringue before she browned it, and, in the slang of the day, it was "super."

I feel cheered to know that you were able to get cheese by air from Calcutta and I know that you must feel pretty rich. You probably have the natural cheese, too, which seldom comes to market here anymore except at a very high price. Most of the cheeses we get now are processed right here in this country and they don't ever measure up, in my opinion, to the natural kinds.

During the Christmas holidays I went up to the home place where I was born and reared - Staten Island, New York. It is one of the boroughs of New York City and is the hilly little island just south of New York City proper, which you probably have passed many times on your voyages out of New York harbor. Although my parents died many years ago, I have a married sister and three married brothers still living there and consider it my home away from Washington. I have a younger sister who is Assistant Director of the New York Foundling Hospital in New York City. She is a Catholic nun. Her twin, my youngest brother, is single and lives in Buffalo, New York. Except for not seeing my brother from Buffalo, I had a glorious time with all the others and, fortunately while there, the weather smiled upon me. Three years ago when I went home at Christmas, they had the worst blizzard in fifty years and it wasn't any fun trying to work one's way through huge drifts of snow, and one had to walk because only emergency vehicles were allowed on the roads. I was lucky this time.

Although they raise the rents on our apartments on the slightest pretext, our landlords will not do for the tenants any of those things one would naturally expect in the course of the years. So, at present, I am painting my kitchen and dinette and enameling the cabinets and woodwork. I can do only a small area each evening after I get home from the office and, as I am putting on two coats, it will probably take me a month, but at least it will be clean and more livable. A man could probably do the whole thing in a day, but it's a chore for me.

Yesterday I wrote Doctor Koelz and told him of the five lovely fans which my nephew brought me from Tokyo. He brought one each to his mother and sister and also brought his sister a "Madam Butterfly" costume. He also brought me a Japanese man doll (a flute player) which is very fine; stands about 18 inches high. In addition, I received a Hungarian lady doll and a little American Indian girl doll. Except for those dolls from you and Doctor Koelz, for which he will not accept money, it is most unusual for me to get dolls as gifts, so I do feel very rich indeed with these and with those which are on the way from you. Heaven only knows when there will be agricultural expeditions from here where I can make arrangements with the explorers for getting me some dolls. Not everyone I ask is as interested and enthusiastic as are you and Doctor Koelz, although I must say that the men who have undertaken the job for me have done beautifully and at a tremendous saving in money to me.

At the moment we are having almost springlike weather, although the Far West is having real winter with much rain and snow. We shall probably get more than our share next month, which is always a bad month in Washington, with much sleet and ice; even sometimes into March.

Please believe that I do appreciate very much your having written to me and assuring me that some day I will get your photographs. I feel now that I have an ally. Your interest in finding dolls and fans for me touches me greatly and I only wish you would make known to me something that I could for you here that would in some small way repay you for all your kindness.

Thank you for your Christmas and New Year wishes. I wish for you both all that your hearts could desire. Very sincerely, *May Elaine*



Dear Miss Blaine!

Cherrapunji, Assam

VII. 6. 52

Your letter of April 24th reached us May the 27th. We are sorry to hear that you were sick. I am very much afraid of the flu too, I get it once a year & puts me in bed for weeks. Here I am sending my photograph, more like a wooden Chinaman than Indian. In most parts of India they think I am either a Chinaman or Birmese. When I was in Albuquerque a Navajo Indian thought I was one of them & tried to talk with me. Where I live most people are Tibetan, because our place borders on western Tibet. Of course Dr. Koby has told you that we are in the wettest place in the world. The rainfall is said to be 600 inches a year & highest record of a day 36 inches, It sounds impossible. Two years ago when we were a few miles from this place one day I put a dish out in the rain with in an hour I got 3 inches of water. but this year we are having pretty good weather so far I mean half a days shower is considered good weather here. Our place is 4000' above sea level, an almost bare plateau. There are deep ravines on all sides and the head of the ravines are mostly horse shoe shaped. When it rains hard we see a lot of waterfalls all side of us & within a few hour after the rain stops all the falls disappear. We found very interesting things here. One day a man brought a big lizard that weighed about 50 lbs & was 7 feet 9 inches long, it took me 4 hours to skin it

We have a little zoo of our own. 2 hornbills,  
7 owls, 3 green jays, one barbet, one blue thrush,  
one magpie, one black headed bulbul. It takes  
us about an hour to feed them in the morning. At night  
we keep them in the house and in the day time they are free  
to go any where. One of the oldest jays follows us with  
in  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, he lands on rocks and lets us go about  
200 yards and then he over takes us. The horn bill  
weigh about 2 lbs he never goes very far, he flies  
around the house and goes back on to his perch again  
The owls sometimes spend the night out doors in  
the morning we find them all soaked wet some  
where outside the door or windows. The blue thrush  
always spends the night out in the eaves somewhere  
and he is the first one to wake us early in the morning.

We got all our parcels, Books, fish, yeast  
and buttons. we were delighted to have all these things.  
People especially admire our bread which we  
bake with our new yeast. Thank you for being so  
helpful to us. We hope to hear from you soon again.

Very sincerely  
Rup Chand

5425 Connecticut Avenue  
Washington, 15, D.C.  
December 7, 1953

Dear Mr. Rup Chand:

You will be glad to know that Doctor Koelz made a return visit to the office last Friday, December 4, and we were so glad to see him.

One of our men in the office picked him up at Miss Bartlett's home at 7:30 a.m. and drove him out here. Of course, it was another rainy day. However, Doctor Koelz saw all the people he wanted to see and then had luncheon at the Research Center with some of the men. Mr. Erlanson also had our photographer take some pictures of him. They had to be taken indoors, unfortunately; it would have been nice to have gotten his picture on the grounds, too, but the day was too bad. I will send you some of these as soon as they are ready. In the afternoon, the same man drove Doctor Koelz and me into Washington to the Statler Hotel, where he and Doctor Bartlett were to take the limousine to the airport. Doctor Bartlett was waiting when we got there, so we said our good-byes and they left. It was so very good to see Doctor Koelz for even that short while and, after he left, it was as though I had said good-bye for a long time to one of my own family. The weather report was that it was snowing in Michigan when they got there, but perhaps it was not too bad. Doctor Koelz thought he might go to New York this week or next, depending on whether the people he wanted to see would be at the Museum.

He brought the hickory nuts for you and these will be gotten off together with a potato peeler which he got. You hold the potato in your left hand and the peeler in your right hand and you peel the skins away from you. The skins should come off nice and thin and evenly all around. Besides there will be from me a couple of tins of pecans in the shell and a tin of Jordan almonds. Also, some new kind of cleaning cloth which should be useful.

I do not know how extensively Christmas is celebrated in India; no doubt there will be a celebration at the Catholic Church. At any rate, it is always quite a holiday and a holy day here, so I am sending you a card with all my best wishes. You will see that it relates to my doll hobby. Some time later, I hope to take pictures of the four dolls Doctor Koelz brought me; they are really beautiful.

Doctor Koelz' time was so taken up by so many people and so many conversations that I did not hear nearly as much as I wanted to about all the interesting things in India that he could have told about. I'm afraid I would have tired him out with all my questions, so, perhaps, it was just as well he could not stay longer.

If there is anything I can do for you from here while Doctor Koelz is away, please let me know; I shall do my best. Meantime, I send you all best wishes for your good health and happiness.

Sincerely yours,

Dear Miss Blaine!

December 12, 1953

Mawphlang,

Via Shillong

Assam.

A long time ago your registered letter came but I am sorry I could not answer you soon. Yesterday I got your unregistered letter of December 3. It came all right. It was kind of you to taking me all about your visit with Walter. I am glad he came to see you. I wrote to him that you will be disappointed if he does not go to see you. Your dinner for Walter sounds grand.

Filtonigran and maraschino cherry I never heard of them before. Mrs. Thurber's dinner sounds more like country people's dinner, spare ribs, sawerkant, sweet corn, strawberry shortcake etc. Walter's mother often fed us such things.

About the ivory doll arms, about 3 weeks ago the man wrote me that he will try to send it soon, but since then I have not heard from him, but I will keep on writing to him till I get it. I wish I had seen your dolls. I will come to see you and your dolls if I ever come to America again.

You don't have to send us books any more, because if I start to work again we will never have time to read. This year we did not have much things to do so half of the time we spent in reading and then I can get Time, Readers Digest, Part, Life in Shillong and always some war time books show up every week. Everybody admired my new belt and woolen coat, our neighbor Welsh missionary's wife asked me where I got it, when I said one of my friends sent me from America, she said no wonder it was nice, they have everything nice over there. All my bird families are all right, except one of the starling got wild. He is around the house but stays with wild ones. Weather has been very nice, sometimes we get little frost at night, must have been

good snow storm on the Himalayas because a lot of thrushes  
& wood cockes have arrived. one can see long range of  
snow covered Himalayas from back of Shillong, but this  
year I cant go to see it because of my birds, some one to take  
care of them. We still have few orchids blossoming in our  
woods. I got a new bird that we never shot before in  
assam. Merry Christmas and happy New Year to you

Very sincerely  
Rup Chand

← First fold here →

Coan - 68

Ans.  
12/30/41

Sender's name and address :-

Rup Chand  
mauphlang, Via Shillong  
Assam, India

Third fold here →

M. M. Blaine  
5425 Connecticut Avenue  
Washington 15, D.C.  
U.S.A

BY AIR MAIL  
AIR LETTER  
IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED  
THIS LETTER WILL BE SENT  
BY ORDINARY MAIL.



← Second fold here →

5425 Connecticut Avenue  
Washington 15, D.C.  
December 30, 1953

Dear Mr. Rup Chand:

Before the old year ends, I want to answer your very good letter of December 12, which came while I was absent in New York, so that I did not receive it until my return here on Monday evening, December 28. I left for New York the morning of December 14 because of the death of another of my brothers on the previous evening. He had been ill only one week and in the hospital only five days.

While I was in New York, Doctor Koelz wrote to me also and I did not have a chance to read his letter until December 28. However, in the meantime, I wrote him a note to Ann Arbor and told him I was leaving for New York on account of my brother's death. He sent me a very good letter to me there. Also, a few days before Christmas, Doctor Koelz arrived in New York, telephoned me at my sister's home on Staten Island and made an appointment for me to see him the day after Christmas in New York City. I met him at 11 o'clock the morning of December 26 at the Museum of Natural History where I saw hundreds of the birds in your and his huge collection. They are perfectly marvelous; I never saw such gorgeous color combinations, and I enjoyed seeing them so much. It would have been wonderful if we had had time to see them all.

It was an almost springlike day, bright with sun and not cold at all, so we walked from 79th Street down to 50th Street, where Doctor Koelz had discovered a very good Chinese restaurant. We had a glass of sherry each, a bowl of rice, and a large dish of shrimp cooked in a sweet-sour sauce with green peppers and pineapples. It was delicious, but I have forgotten the Chinese name of it. We also had a large pot of tea. After luncheon, we walked over to Fifth Avenue and to Madison Avenue, as far as 57th Street, looking in the shop windows and admiring all the lovely things we saw. All of the better shops were closed in order to give the employees an extra day after Christmas because they had worked so much overtime the week before Christmas. R. H. Macy's was open, however, so we went over there. Doctor Koelz inquired about the Savage 12-gauge reversible gun, like you have, but he was told it is no longer manufactured. Then we went through the toy department and saw some of the automatic toys. Doctor Koelz wanted to get some of the walking toys to send you, but we were told they had all been sold out the week before Christmas. We then looked at antiques, but they had practically nothing that could be called really antique. However, it was interesting to see what they did have, and there were several things I wished I might have for my apartment, but alas! It was about 4:30 in the afternoon by then, so Doctor Koelz saw me off on the subway train and he took a train in the opposite direction. Doctor Koelz had seen during the week the motion picture of the "Conquest of Everest" and he wanted me to see it, but it was no longer being played in any of the mid-town theatres. So, although we didn't buy a thing, we walked a lot, which did us both good, I am sure, and we had as much fun as though we were country people coming in to enjoy the sights of the "big city." It was really what I needed after such a sad Christmas as we all had at home. Doctor Koelz and I talked of you and wished you were with us. I asked Doctor Koelz if he had been to the top of the Empire State Building, that I had not been myself. He said, "No, but Rup Chand has been." Then I asked about several other places and he said you had been, so I told him I thought you had seen more in New York than I had seen myself. I had never gone up in the Statue of Liberty until long after I had come to Washington.

Thank you for writing Doctor Koelz I would be disappointed if I did not see him. I am glad to know my unregistered letter to you was received all right. Filet mignon is the small tenderloin of beefsteak and is considered the choicest part of the beef. Maraschino cherries are the marasca cherries which are bottled in a cordial distilled from the fermented juice of the marasca cherry flavored with the bruised pits. They

are a bright red color and are used in decorating cakes and are put into cocktails, etc. Yes, I, too, like spareribs and sauerkraut, sweet corn, strawberry shortcake, etc. However, I have never cooked spareribs. I believe Mrs. Thurber baked hers. I think I prefer the method of cooking that allows the meat to become so tender it falls right off the bones and one doesn't have to struggle to cut it. I'll have to learn how to do it properly so that when you come to see me, we can have a fine feast.

I understood Doctor Koels to say that Doctor Bartlett had written you to obtain a passport to come to America, in case Doctor Koels could not obtain permission to return to India soon. Of course, I should like to see Doctor Koels return to India to finish his work on birds, but, if he can not return soon, then I should like it very much if you would join him in this country. In that event, I shall look forward to your visiting me and, on that occasion, I shall try to show you all of the dolls, not just a hundred or so as I showed Doctor Koels. At Christmas I received a doll from Ecuador. My Chinese friend gave me a lovely jade and silver bracelet. She believes that jade brings one good luck, so she wanted my luck to be good in the coming year. Wasn't that sweet of her?

Did the books I sent you in October ever reach you? On December 12 I sent several packages (4 or 5) to Mrs. Thurber for mailing. There were two bags of hickory nuts from Doctor Koels (he got them in Michigan), some letters and newspaper clippings he received from friends, a pair of Nylon shorts for you which I got for him here in Washington, and some pecans and Jordan almonds from me. After I had the packages sent to Mrs. Thurber, I found I had left out one box of pecans. Oh, I also sent to you from Doctor Koels a potato peeler and I believe I wrote you the wrong way to use it. I wrote you to peel "away" from you, but my sister tells me that you should peel the potatoes "toward" you. Anyway, you can try which way is best for you. Doctor Koels wanted me to send you a few other things now, but, if you are likely to be coming to America, there would not be much point in sending them when they take so long to reach you. I have written Doctor Koels to make sure he wants me to send them.

I am glad you like your belt and woollen coat. I was sorry Doctor Koels did not wear his so I could see how it looked on him. His dark blue woollen overcoat looks very well indeed on him. He looks very well. I am hoping he will remain in New York long enough to meet a very good friend of mine, who comes down to New York on bank business every month from Buffalo, New York. He is anxious to meet Doctor Koels and I hope Doctor Koels will want to meet him. I think they would have much in common. My friend, although a banker, raises wire-haired fox terriers which he shows; he also judges at some of the larger dog shows in the eastern part of the United States.

The starlings here are very bold; they chase away all the smaller birds and are very quarrelsome. They roost by the thousands on the buildings in Washington and make life miserable for the people there with their noise. I love the thrushes and other songbirds. I wonder what your new bird is. The weather has been good here, too; no heavy snowstorms in our part yet, but when I was in New York, although the days were bright and sunny and the nights were starlit, it was very cold most of the time - 10 to 14 degrees above zero. It seems wonderful that you should have orchids blossoming in the woods in December; I should love to see them. Orchids here are frightfully expensive.

Please write again when you get some time. Your letters, like those of Doctor Koels, are always very interesting. Thank you again for writing.

With the hope that the coming year will be a most happy one for you, I wish you all the best that life can give.

Sincerely,

January 17, 1954

Dear Miss Blaine! Thanks for the Christmas card and letter of December 30th. I am very sorry to hear about your brother's death. I know how you felt it. I lost two of my brothers, who were very dear to me. There is nothing we can do about but be patient. Walter wrote me too about the nice time he had with you in New York, but your letter was more complicated, I enjoyed in reading it. The American Consul Bombay, sent me three parcels containing 20 books, what a nice collection of books you have sent, I thank you very much. I don't think I need anything else right away, because I have enough of everything, food that you sent last, I hardly used them, I am saving them for <sup>the</sup> jagal and clothes I have enough to last over a year. I have asked permission for me to go to Mikir Hills. There is no point in my coming to America right away. I don't think Americans and Indians are in such a bad terms as that, that they don't give <sup>visa for</sup> Walter at all. I think they are just slow. You must have been very generous with your envelopes. Professor Bartlet and Walter both are using your envelopes when they write to me. My bird family are all alive, same night they all roost outdoors, in the morning they come one by one. One morning I was still asleep, one of the hornbill twisted my nose and woke me up. Walter thinks some zoo will want them in America, I will have to know soon, because if I go to Mikir Hills, I am alone I can't take them with me. If I leave them here like last year, the woman will keep them locked up all the time as she did last year. This year they might breed and they need more care I wrote to Walter I may as well let them go wild again. I will take them in the heavy forest and leave them there. They will find plenty of wild fruits to eat. I hate to do it, but that's all I can if I have to. My friend from Punjab writes that he will be sending the arms for the Wavy deal, but I am sorry that I have not got them yet. He will send them some day, but I just can't tell when. Yes I have been on top of the Empire State Building in 1935. That year one of my friend and I traveled 8000 miles by car. I saw Silver Spring, Carls Bad, Painted Desert. One day when we were on the Mexican border, my friend said let us go to Mexico and send some post cards to our friends, so we went acrossed the border, a town called Chihuahua, when we came back the border bridge watcher wanted to know who I was and wanted to see my passport. I did not have my passport with me, so he would not let me come back, we had to stay there one week till Walter send my passport. The weather has been lately very cold, heavy frost every night in the morning it looks as if it snowed, even then few Rhododendron trees are in blossom I never saw them blossoming here this time of the year



All the villagers ask me, when Walter is coming back, it seems they missed him too. hunters after asked about Walter, we used to by thear game. Last week a man brought a otter, I gave head to one neighbor woman to clean and told her not to break the skull because mammal people want the skull with <sup>the</sup> skin, when I went to get the skull, she handed me a bowl full of otter head stew, bone and all, that much each others language we understand. I never tried to learn theal language, because every Will has his own language so it is no use for me. in Persia I tried hard and I could talk with in year.

my best wishes to you.

Sincerely  
Rupchand.

← First fold here →

Sender's name and address :-

Rupchand  
maukhlang,  
Via Shillong  
Assam, India

Cash - 84

Third fold here

Rec'd  
1-25-54  
ans.  
1/27/54

M. M. Blaine  
5425 Connecticut Ave  
Washington 15 D.C.  
21. S. A

IF ANYTHING  
THIS LETTER  
BY ORDIN



BY AIR MAIL

To open cut here →

← Second fold here →

5425 Connecticut Ave.  
Washington 15, D.C.  
January 27, 1954

Dear Mr. Rup Chand:

Your very good letter of January 17 was received day before yesterday, January 25. Thank you so very much for your kind words of sympathy.

I am glad to know the books reached you safely; I thought I had sent more than 20 books, but perhaps not. At any rate, if you don't find time to read them, you can always give them away. I did not charge for them against Doctor Koelz' account. You should shortly be receiving the other parcels sent you - hickory nuts, pecans, etc. I forgot to mention in my previous letter that included in one of the parcels are two cloths, one white and one blue, I believe. They really are not made of cloth but of some of the new substitutes. Just dip them in cold or warm water and they will do a very good cleaning job, and dirt and stains just wash right off when you dip them in water again. You do not have to rub unless they get stained very badly. They dry almost as quickly as Nylon and last a long time. I am glad you have enough clothing and food on hand for a while.

In looking at the map of Assam, I see that the Mikir Hills are located north of the Naga Hills and close to the Brahmaputra River. If you have decided to go there, you will not be thinking about coming to America in the near future as I had hoped. We have not heard anything official as to Doctor Koelz' return, nor has he according to the latest letter I had from him. It is very discouraging, I know, but there is nothing to be done until the Indian Government gives its consent to his return. Since we can not tell how long that will take, I had very much hoped that you could come over in the meantime, but perhaps there are certain regulations there that would prevent your coming until later on. You know you would be most welcome, and you and Doctor Koelz would have no trouble finding a spot to your liking where you could hunt birds, collect plants, and otherwise live the same kind of life you live in India and like so well. You wouldn't even have to go very far to find a jungle. And people all over the world are kind and friendly. If you get permission to go to the Mikir Hills, how long will you be there, and will you have an address to which we can mail you letters? If that is where you want to go, I wish you the very best of luck for a most successful trip, but, when you come back, do try to come over here; I know it would make Doctor Koelz very happy. I know how you will hate to let the birds, particularly the hornbills, go back to the wild, but they would be much happier in the forest than they would be locked up at your neighbor's. Wouldn't it be nice to have some baby hornbills and watch them grow? Doctor Koelz told me the zoo in New York (I don't know whether at Bronx Park or Central Park) would be glad to have the hornbills, but he didn't think too highly of the place where the birds are kept.

I will be patient and will wait for the ivory doll arms until your friend can get them to you and you can send them.

What a lot of this country you have seen, places where I have never been myself. When I think how much of the world you and Doctor Koelz have really covered and lived in, I feel that I have had a very, very narrow existence. Even my dolls have seen so much more of the world than I have. I hope when you had to spend the week in Mexico, they really showed you some of the interesting places in and around Chihuahua. That's where those tiny little dogs come from, isn't it?

Such weather as we are having. One day it is down to 12° or 15° F., the next day it will be up to 60° F. and seem like spring. One day all sunshine, the next a blizzard of snow and sleet; we have been having more snow than they have had in New York. On two days I was unable to get to my office because no one would drive out.

It will be so nice to have Spring again and to see the daffodils and azaleas. I wish you could be here in March and April when the azaleas are in bloom at the National Arboretum in Washington. Mr. Morrison is now working with azaleas for the South and I believe has many of them, as well as old-fashioned hybrid tea roses at his present location in Mississippi. He has written Doctor Koelz to come down and visit him; I'm sure Doctor Koelz would enjoy the visit, but I don't know whether he will go or not.

I know how the people over there must miss Doctor Koelz and how much they would like to see him back. It is not his fault that he is not back there right now.

How tragic that the otter head was made into a stew, tragic, but I rather think you had to laugh about it, too. If the poor woman couldn't understand, she tried her best to please you. Did anyone eat the stew? Not knowing the language of your neighbors, I think you and Doctor Koelz get along very well with them. Doctor Koelz told me about the wedding of your neighbor's daughter and that you had made a fine cake for them.

I thought my friend from Buffalo, New York, would be down to New York City during January and would meet Doctor Koelz, but he has written me that he has been more than busy with end-of-year reports, meetings, etc. He doesn't think he will get to New York City until he arrives on February 7 for the famous Westminster Dog Show at Madison Square Garden, where he will judge wire-haired terriers. Whether Doctor Koelz will still be in New York at that time or whether my friend will have time to see him during his Dog Show engagement, I do not know. I had great hopes that they would meet and have an interesting visit. Perhaps Doctor Koelz could go to the Dog Show; he says the Austins have two of the same breed of dog that my friend breeds - wire-haired terriers.

Did you ever get my letter of December 7th? You haven't mentioned it and I wondered. It was not a long letter, only one page, and mainly told of Doctor Koelz's last day here at the office, about sending you the hickory nuts and potato peeler, etc. I did not register it.

Tonight I have been invited by my Chinese friend, Miss Chan, to visit one of the hotels in Washington where there will be an exhibit of Chinese objects of art. I do not know whether they will be museum pieces or commercial pieces, but it will be interesting, I am sure. I bought from Miss Chan recently another little Kwan-yien (Goddess of Mercy). It is ivory and is in a sitting position. The other figure I have is porcelain and is in a standing position. I have not bought any more bowls because they are quite expensive. Except for a small doll from Ecuador, I have received no more, but this week I arranged with a man going to North Africa to have him get me one or two at the time he returns to this country. The office has a man in India now, but I have not asked him to get me any dolls because I know he is not interested and would not want to be bothered. Most of his work will be in southern India and will be finished in June.

It is so nice to hear from you, I hope you will write soon again and tell me about your trip to the Mikir Hills, and also if there is any possibility of your coming to America in the event that Doctor Koelz can not return within the next several months.

With best wishes for your health, happiness, and success on the trip, as always,

Sincerely,

Assam, India ~~January~~ February 18, 1954

Dear Miss Blaine! Your letter of January 27 inclosed  
two envelopes and paper received me on the Feb 9th, somehow  
it took a long time. Yes I got your letter of December  
7th also. Sorry I am so late in answering you. I recei-  
ved 4 parcels the other day from the American Consul  
Bombay, containing 2 sacks of hickory nuts, one tin of  
sugar coated almonds, one tin of pecans, one potato  
peeler, one nylon under pants, two pieces of cloth, one  
pink and another white. You said you did not charge  
for the books, almonds and 2 pieces of cloth. That is rea-  
lly too much for you. I thank you very much for the things you  
sent me, I am ashamed of myself. Even I could not send  
the arms for the dolls. I have not heard from him lately  
The almonds were very nice. I never saw almonds done up like  
that before. I eat them as a dessert. I liked the under pants ve-  
ry much. I have not got the permission yet to go to the  
Mikir Hills and I don't know myself whether they have post  
offices out in the jungals of the Mikir Hills or not, any how  
I will write to you when I get there, and I don't know how long  
I can stay there. If I can find a dry comfortable house  
I may stay there all summer, and meantime Walter  
will hear from the Indians I hope. Yes my neighbor  
ate the other head, they eat almost everything, cats,  
rats, jakals etc although they don't eat dogs but Nagas  
do. yesterday I got letter from Walter, he says that  
some one pried open your door but took nothing,  
very strange is not it? He might have got good  
punishment if he got caught, and why did he risk it.

The weather is very nice here now. peach, plum and silver oak <sup>trees</sup> are in blossom. my bird families are all well, the hornbills are rather getting noisy, they sing often. the two magpies hate each other, the minute they get together they fight, but all of them are very friendly with me. First thing in the morning I have all the birds around me waiting for breakfast. Thank you for the nice letter.

Very sincerely  
Ruf Chand.

Digitized by Herbarium Institute for Botanical Document

To open cut here

Sender's name and address :-

Ruf Chand  
maukhlung  
Via Shillong  
Assam, India

Cover - 66

Third fold here

Miss May. Blaine  
5425 Connecticut Ave  
Washington 15, D.C  
U.S.A

BY AIR MAIL  
AIR LETTER  
IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED  
THIS LETTER WILL BE SENT  
BY ORDINARY MAIL.



FLIGHT

Second fold here

February 26, 1954

Dear Mr. Rip Chand:

Your letter of February 13 was received last evening, February 25, pretty good time. I am so glad to know that everything goes well with you.

It is especially gratifying to know that the hickory nuts, pecans, almonds, potato peeler, cleaning cloths, and Nylon shorts reached you safely. I hope the various notes and clippings that Doctor Koelz asked me to enclose with them were in the packages also. The hickory nuts, underpants, and potato peeler were from Doctor Koelz, and the pecans, almonds and cleaning cloths were from me, so, of course, I didn't charge for them, and, since Doctor Koelz wrote there wouldn't be time to read the books I sent previously, I didn't charge them against his account either. You may want to give them away to some of the missionary people who read English. Don't worry about the doll arms; they will get to me some time and there is no hurry. It is more than kind of you to want me to have them and to go to so much trouble to get them.

It would be nice if you could get a passport from the Indian Government to come over here for a while. From the looks of things, it would seem that the Indians are in no hurry to let Doctor Koelz go back and you might as well join him here, at least for the summer. It would be lovely to spend the time with him during the hot weather in the nice cool region of the Great Lakes. Why go off into the jungles of the Mikir Hills during the very hot weather all by yourself? It would do you good to get away for a while to see different sights and hear different sounds and eat different food. You could join Doctor Koelz in bringing home good beer and good cheese every night and in seeing all the good shows. You would appreciate India all the more when you went back. You surely wouldn't be lonely for birds, for we have many beautiful ones here, too. And there are even so many new things here since you were here before. Of course, I should want you to come to Washington to see how this city has grown and to see my dolls. And I should be delighted to prepare the nicest possible dinners I could think of for you and Doctor Koelz.

Yes, a thief did damage my door considerably and got it open and then it wouldn't close again, and I think, perhaps, for that reason he didn't dare stay too long in my apartment looking for things. If he had, someone might have noticed the open door and investigated and the thief would be caught without any way of getting out. He searched through the top of my desk and took the covers off some jars in my kitchen, thinking, perhaps, I had money hidden away. So far as I could find, he did not disturb anything else. By 9 o'clock that evening, as people came home to their apartments, it was found that the thief had tried to get into eight apartments on different floors. He could not get the doors of three open, but he did break into five apartments, but succeeded in getting money and jewelry in only three of them. There were policemen and detectives all over the place until after 10 o'clock, but I have not learned whether the thief was ever caught, although they took fingerprints and had a good description of him. I was just lucky. I have practically no jewelry and what I have I had with me, and I never leave money in the house. We have to work too hard for what we get to have it lie around loose. However, I did have two pairs of silver candlesticks and a silver tray in plain view, and also my chest of silver knives, forks, and spoons. And, of course, my dolls in their boxes. The police said that the thieves do not take such things very much nowadays, because if they try to sell them, the buyer gets suspicious and notifies the police, and the thieves are caught. It was a frightening experience, however, and I am still nervous about opening my door, even though I have a new double lock which they say a thief can not pry open.

Early in the week I had a letter from Doctor Koelz. He says he is working on his Persian manuscript with Doctor Bartlett. He says the weather is nice there, too. It is beginning to show signs of spring here. The robins and some of the songbirds have arrived, the willow and maple trees are coming into leaf, and the daffodils are up about six inches. I wish you could be here in late April and early May when the azaleas are in bloom; they are really worth a trip, especially those created by Mr. Morrison. We hear that the azalea clonal garden at the National Arboretum in Washington, D.C., is going to be dedicated to him this spring. His azalea bulletin is out now and I have sent a copy of it to Doctor Koelz.

Doctor Koelz wrote me that you were getting low on your supply of yeast, so I ordered 48 more packets to come to you by pouch. Unfortunately, however, when I called up our friend, Mrs. Thurber, I learned that she is quite ill and had to retire from government service. As she has a telephone at her bedside, I talked to her yesterday and she says she will never be able to go back to work. The doctor hopes that some day she will be able to do a little work in her garden. She feels very bad about it because she had hoped to work for at least two years longer in order to get the full amount of her pension. As she was the only contact I had for getting any packages into the pouch, I do not know how I can get the yeast to you. I wrote Doctor Koelz yesterday and told him about it and ask<sup>d</sup> for his suggestions. Since Mrs. Thurber felt so bad, I did not ask her to suggest anything, but, since our own office can not get anything sent in the pouch officially, I fear that my chances with anyone else would be very slim and that my request would be turned down. Since the Joneses are missionaries and if they are going to remain in Mawphlang for a long time, I think I could arrange with the yeast company to send them a couple of packets of yeast a month. The company told me when I first wrote to them that they could make some such arrangement. By sending only one or two packets a month, they would go as samples and would not be subject to duty, but they could go only to missionaries. You and Doctor Koelz might let me know what you think of that plan. What bothers me, though, is not being able to send you other things you might need through the pouch.

I am looking forward to the bright days of spring and summer and hope to start again on my ceramic work. I saw an exhibit today here at our station and it kindled my enthusiasm again. Last week-end some of my relatives drove down from New York and stayed at a hotel in Washington. They invited me to go sightseeing with them on Sunday and we had a very interesting, though very tiring time for me. Later I took them to my ~~apartment~~ apartment and they looked at dolls until 1:30 in the morning. The next day was a holiday so I had lots of time to wrap them up and put them back in their boxes. Of course, in that time, I could show them only about one fourth of the dolls I have. I hated to pack them all away again.

Do think about getting your passport and joining Doctor Koelz over here for a while. I hope your next letter will say that you are on the way. Could you bring the horn-bills with you?

With kindest regards, best wishes, and thanks for your kind letter,

Sincerely yours,

March 8, 1954.

Dear Miss. Blaine! Your letter of February 26 was received on March 5th. Thank you for your wish me to see your dolls and nice dinners you want Walter and I to have at your place. I have not got the permission to work into Mikir Hills yet, neither they have answered my letter, so I am getting discouraged. I wanted to work before the rain if it is possible. About my passport, I asked British High Commissioner in Calcutta whether they could give me a passport in place of my expired British passport, they wrote me back and wanted to see whether I have any evidence of my being British citizen. of course I have not any such evidence and neither I am British citizen, apparently they can't give me one. The other day I went to Shillong to try Indian passport, they want some well known person from Assam to guarantee for me that I am a fit and proper person to be granted traveling facilities and he will be responsible for my maintenance and burial expenses. I doubt anybody would guarantee for me here, and I hate to ask anybody such favor as that. If I don't get permission for Mikir Hills till end of the month, I will pack up and go to Punjab, there I will ask my brother to guarantee for me if they except his guarantee. I am sorry to hear about Mrs. Thurber's illness. I hope she gets her full pension. Indeed we are grateful to her what she has done for us. Don't worry about the yeast, I still have 12 packets left, that I am keeping for emergency need, and I have started my old method with hops, it makes almost just as good bread as dry yeast, only I have to keep the yeast alive all the time, as long as I am staying one place it is not difficult. The Joneses would be delighted to receive the yeast I think they will be here another year. We are having very nice weather, the wild apple trees are in bloom, they have snow white



Clusters of  
flowers, some trees are 60 ft high, they look very pretty from  
the distance among the other green trees. A tiny little yellow orchids  
are in blossom, in a few day another nice one is going to blossom.  
If I stay another month I will see two more rhododendrons to  
blossom, one of them look like the kind we saw last year on the  
Blue mountains about 10 ft high bush with red bark, with pale pur-  
ple flowers. The tree rhododendrons are sometimes 3 ft in diameter  
and 50 ft high. Thanks for the nice letter.

Sincerely yours,  
Rup Chand.

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Sender's name and address:—

Rup Chand  
Mauphlung  
Via Shillong  
Assam, India

Third fold here

CORR - 66

Rec'd  
3-17-54

Miss May Blaine  
5425 Connecticut Avenue  
Washington 15, D.C.  
21. S. A.

← Second fold here →

To open cut here →

BY AIR MAIL

AIR LETTER

NYHJ G IS ENCLOSED  
LETTER WILL BE SENT  
ON AIR MAIL.



Mawphlang  
Via Shillong  
march 24, 1954

Dear Miss. Blaine!

Your letter of march 9 received a few days ago. Today the parcel of yeast arrived, march the 24<sup>th</sup>. at Calcutta Customs people dated march the 17, from there to Mawphlang took 7 days, so you can see what kind of air service we have. They charged me about 76 cents duty, I don't know whether they charged duty on postage or only on yeast; it said postal fee. I asked the Post master what it meant, but he does not know either. Any how I thank you very much. The Post master wanted to know what is in the parcel, when I said yeast. He was quite impressed, he thought I was very rich man that ordering yeast from U.S.A. by air. Please don't send any more things, because I don't know where I am going to be. The Shillong government have not answered my request I think they are not going to give me permission to work in the Mikir Hills either. About my passport I wrote you before. As soon as some one to guarantee for me I think I will get the passport all right. All my birds are alive so far. one Hornbill was two whole days ~~was~~ away, 3rd day a man brought news that he heard him  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile away in the big forest, so I went with

him, we walked about an hour in the forest and I called him all the time, but he did not answer, so we set on the little hill and I called him again and he came seereening out of the forest and set on the tree near us. About an hour later he arrived home, good and hungry.

We are having hail storms every week since the begining of march, so I dont have to go half a mile down the hill to get my moping water. Thank you again for the jest.

Sincerely, Rupchand.

← First fold here →

Conn - 66

Sender's name and address :-

Rupchand  
mauphang  
Via Shillong  
Assam. India

↑ Third fold here ↓

215

Washington 15, D.C.

Miss May Blaine

5425 Connecticut Ave



← Second fold here →

Mawphlang, Via  
Shillong, Assam  
July 11, 1954

Dear Miss. Blaine!

I received your three letters, the last one was June the 30th, I received it on July the 6th, came pretty fast. I am so sorry I could not answer you sooner. I had been cheerpunjee for couple of days and once went to Palasbari but it was very hot there so I came back as fast as I could. We had unusually heavy rain in the month of June, hardly saw the sun in whole month. my room got so damp that tiny mushrooms started to grow <sup>on</sup> the corners of the house, but since the first of July it cleared up a bit, last few days we had few hours of sunshine everyday. I went to see the movie of the mount Everest climbers in Shillong. Walter said he saw it in New York. It seems they had exceptionally good weather, that is the main thing for any mountain climber. I have not got my passport yet. One of the Professor Bartlett's student a women botanist came to see me the other day, she said she got a letter from Professor Bartlett saying that whether she can help me, she said she will write to the —

Government to hasten my passport. How nice that Mrs. Twibber  
can draw, she would have liked to draw some of our pheasants if she  
had seen them. I wish I had known how to draw, there are so  
many things I see that I wished I had a drawing of them. About  
three weeks ago a child brought me a sort of a caterpillar  
about three inches long has 30 lights 10 on each side of the  
body and 10 on the back, green lights just like fire fly's light  
I kept him in the glass jar a few days, he start to get thin and  
lights got dim, I did not know what to feed him so I put him out  
side in the clump of grass. ever since he is there, he got fat  
again and light got brighter. In the pitch dark the little clump  
of grass look very pretty with his light as if some one is camping  
there. I go to see him several times before I go to bed.

my best wishes to you. Very sincerely yours R. Chand.

First fold here

Sender's name and address:—

R. Chand.  
mauphang, Via  
Shillong, Assam  
India

Coen - 66

Third fold here

1917

Miss Mary M. Blaine  
5425 Connecticut Ave  
Washington 15, D.C.  
U.S.A.

BY AIR MAIL

AIR MAIL  
IF ANYTHING IS  
THIS LETTER WILL  
BY ORDINARY



Second fold here

5425 Connecticut Ave.  
Washington, D.C.  
July 22, 1954

Dear Mr. Rup Chand:

Your airmail letter of July 11 reached me on July 19 and I was so glad to hear that you are well. However, it is discouraging to learn that you have not yet received your passport. I do hope the woman botanist will be able to help you in getting it. What in the world can be the reason for not letting you come, when they said some time ago that your papers were all in order. I do hope you can get to Michigan before the summer ends, so you can see all the fine work that Walter has been doing with his garden and the house. I am hoping he will soon have his camera repaired so he can take some pictures of the place to show me.

He says there are lots of raspberries in the garden and soon there will be blackberries. Reminds me of the letters you and he wrote me, telling of making strawberry jam last year. I suppose he has told you about the little screech-owl that was rescued from some children. Walter says he is quite friendly now and doesn't like to leave the house; when he does, the robins get after him.

I enjoyed so much your telling about the caterpillar with 30 lights. That is something I have never seen, and it must be a wonderful sight to see all 30 green lights at once. Do you suppose he lights the way for the little fairies and gnomes and goblins that we read about in our children's fairytale books? Could be. I love the fireflies and they are quite numerous among the trees at this season. I used to catch them and put them in a handkerchief, just to see them light, and would then let them go.

So far, we haven't had too hot a summer in this particular region, although we need rain badly, as they do in most parts of the country. In the Middle West and Southeast, the temperatures have been quite high and the drought is very considerable. Walter says his ground is nice and soft and the trees and shrubber are so tall that the house is shaded, and so he doesn't have the hot sun shining down on it and it has been very comfortable.

Mrs. Thurber continues to keep busy in her garden and gets a letter off to Walter and to me every once in a while. She really is a very remarkable person; you would like her very much. She hopes so much you can get here soon.

I am still seriously considering retiring from government service some time early in 1955, although I have not yet decided where I shall live after that. I shall probably retire first, then stay on here for a while, until I find a place that I like and would want to live in for the rest of my life. No doubt, I shall probably decide to go back to Staten Island, New York, where I was born and spent the early part of my life. Most of my relatives are still there, and, of course, it is only a short distance across the bay to New York City proper, where I would have access to the museums, libraries, theatres, and so many other interesting things and places that have grown up in New York in the many years that I have been in Washington. My relatives are, of course, very anxious for me to return there. It will be quite a task to get all my dolls packed and moved anywhere. I do not have very much of anything else, but the problem of getting them packed and moved without too much breakage will be considerable. I have no more additions to my hobbies to tell you about. The people I know who go abroad these days do not have time to look for dolls.

Thank you for writing, and with best wishes and the hope that you may soon be on your way to America, I remain

Sincerely yours,

mauphlang.  
September 21, 1954

Dear Miss Blaine! I received your letter of the June 30th and the July 22nd. Pardon me not to answering you so long. I am glad to hear about your future plans. You surely will be busy with decorating your rooms. I am still trying to get the ivory doll arms, but the man has not answered my letter. We had an unusually rainy summer, one of the Northern big towns Dibrugarh is being washed away by Brahmaputra. Town's main protecting 1500 feet <sup>long</sup> wall said to be washed away and people are busy in saving their things. Also our old residence Palasbari is under water. Pandit Nehru came to see Palasbari and told people to build the town somewhere else. I got tired of waiting in mauphlang. First Walter to come back and then for my passport, so I moved out to Shillong for a change. I stayed in Shillong 18 days and collected some plants. Finally rain into one of the poison plants as Balways do, so I have my face neck and one arm swollen up. I had to come back mauphlang, because my madisons are there, it usually lasts 10 or 12 days.

Walter wrote me that you are going to send me some more yeast, so please don't send it, because I have not used even  $\frac{1}{4}$  of what you sent, and I have not touched what Walter sent. My neighbors Mrs. Jones is going home in November for good so they don't need it either. I am going to give some yeast to Walter's Jewish friend dentist's wife. I wrote to Walter on September the 8th and sent some newspaper clippings. I hope he received it. My best wishes to you. Very sincerely yours  
Ruf Chand.

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Sender's name and address:—

Rupchand, Maupblang,  
Via Shillong  
Assam, India

← Second fold here →

Cost - 60

Miss May M. Blaine  
5425 Comstock Ave  
Washington 15 D. C.  
U. S. A.

**BY AIR MAIL**  
एरिफ़ैल पोस्ट  
AEROGRAMME  
NO ENCLOSURES  
ALLOWED





Mr. Rup Chand  
Mawphlang via Shillong  
Assam, India

5425 Connecticut Ave.  
Washington 15, D.C.  
September 24, 1954

Dear Mr. Rup Chand:

At Doctor Koelz' request, I ordered 48 packets of the Red Star Dry Yeast and these went off to you last evening in one small box by air parcel post. I valued the yeast at \$2.00 and the air postage was \$6.50, so, no doubt, you will be asked to pay duty on the total value. I do hope the package reaches you in good order and that the duty will not be too high. I also trust the package will reach you as promptly as the previous package I sent you some months ago. In case you did not happen to be in Mawphlang when the package arrived, I asked that it be delivered to the Postmaster at Mawphlang, so you will want to give him instructions to hold the package for you or to turn it over to someone you would like to have it.

Every day I hope to hear either from Doctor Koelz or from you that you are on your way to the United States. Will you have to wait very much longer to be allowed to come?

I heard from Doctor Koelz last week and he seems to be well and getting everything fixed up in good order. I know he misses you very much and is impatient for the time when you can come. He has probably told you about the little screech owl, who now has his full feathers and is a good-looking bird. Doctor Koelz when he writes me about the owl, now says "Your terrible owl is in here bothering me as I write. He doesn't want to be left alone." I'm surprised that Doctor Koelz hasn't all sorts of birds living with him, as he did in India. Are any of the birds left with you?

We have had a very dry summer in our part of the country, but we escaped the hurricanes that did so much damage in New York and the New England States. Fortunately, my people in New York got off with only fallen trees, torn awnings, and so forth. In the New England States 39 people lost their lives. As yet, we have no sign of autumn here and the trees probably won't change their color until late in October. Doctor Koelz says that already in his part of the country it is beginning to look like autumn. He probably has to keep his wood-burning stove going in order to keep the house warm. Hurry over so that you and he can be really comfortable for the winter.

Doctor Koelz has also requested me to send a book on beekeeping to the Postmaster at Mawphlang. This I will do as soon as I get the book. It is not available from any of the bookstores in Washington, so I have had to send to the publisher for it. It should not take long, and I will mail it to him as soon as received. Doctor Koelz said it could go ordinary book post.

Well, I have not had a very exciting summer, but in October I hope to get a three-week vacation. I have made no special plans, but I hope to spend some of the time in New York. I have been doing a lot of renovating of my furniture, so that has kept me busy. I haven't got any more new dolls, but I did get a very lovely pitcher (Irish Bealeek), and two old Chinese plates. I recently bought a very old frame, that is, over 100 years old, and now I have to search the art shops to find a nice landscape print to put in the frame. By the time I retire at the end of next February, I will have gotten all the things I need to make my apartment look comfortable at least, for after that time I won't have much money to buy anything for hobbies. I am hoping that you can get over here and visit me

while I am still in Washington. I shall, of course, keep my apartment here until I find a suitable place nearer to my people at Staten Island, New York. When I find such a place, I shall leave Washington. But, even if I am living in New York, it will be just as easy for you to come to see me there.

Professor Bartlett has been here in Washington recently, but he did not come out to the office. We were hoping he would because we always like to see him.

I suppose you have had a very busy summer gathering birds and plants, and at the same time enjoying the colors of the beautiful flowers you have over there. Have you gone on any long trips into the hills? The rhododendron should be lovely, but perhaps the season for them is long past.

If the yeast reaches you promptly, I shall be glad to hear that you have received it, and also to hear how you are getting along and how soon it will be possible for you to leave for the United States. We shall be so glad to know that you are here with Doctor Koelz. Meantime, I send you my kindest regards and best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

Assam, India November 8, 1954

Dear Miss B. Laine:

I received your letter of the Sept 24<sup>th</sup> October the first and parcel of yeast. The parcel came on October the 15<sup>th</sup>. I thank you very much for it. I gave part of the yeast to Miss Jones, she said she is going to take it home, she left today here for England, after spending about 30 years in Assam. One of the church presented her a nice gold ring made by same man who made your bracelet. Last week one of the Assam's famous elephant hunter invited me to go along with him for one week's trip. He was going to shoot some elephants that killed some people and doing damage to the crops. So I went with him, we walked about 80 miles, back and forth from one village to the others, some places the natives told us that the elephants are just a head of us, but we did not see one, I was glad of it, I just wanted to see how they hunt them, I did not want to see that grand animal get killed. They come during the night to the rice field & in the day time rest some where in the jungle when one sees their resting place you walk right on top of them & you are sure to get them, poor things. They did not do much damage, here & there ate & stamped some. The natives said that some of them are so gentle that one can hit them with <sup>the</sup> stick & drive them out of the field, but as soon as they leave the field they might hit you back with their trunks, of course which is fatal, I would not have believed it but Walter told me, when we were in Garo Hills, that they would not get out of the road. So I had nice time after my long wait. I finally got my

passport, there are<sup>a</sup> few more American Consul Culebras  
questions to answer, then I will get my visa, but I have not  
decided yet when to start to America, I would like to go to see  
my brother, I may not see him again, and then in Michigan  
during the winter there is nothing much to do. The Post master  
mauphlang got a nice letter from Dadant & Sons, Ill. saying that  
you told them to send books about the bee keeping. The Postmaster was  
so excited because he never had a letter before from America,  
he has not opened the letter till I got back from my trip. We are  
having very nice weather. The tree dahlias are blossoming all over,  
and a few orchids. My best wishes to you

Very sincerely  
Rupchand

← First fold here →

Sender's name and address: —

Rupchand  
mauphlang  
via Shillong  
Assam, India

Cost - 66

← Second fold here →

Miss May M. Blaine  
5495 Connecticut Ave  
Washington 15 D.C.  
U. S. A

BY AIR MAIL  
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5425 Connecticut Avenue  
Washington 15, D.C.  
November 18, 1954

Dear Mr. Rip Chand:

Your letter of November 8 was received last evening, November 18, and I was glad to know the yeast had arrived and that you were able to give some to Mrs. Jones. She must have felt very sad leaving Assam after so many years. I wonder if she will find England very much changed from what it was 30 years ago. The people in Mawphlang will miss her very much. I'm glad the church people gave her a nice ring.

I'm delighted to know that at long last you have your passport. By this time, you probably have your visa and will soon be leaving. It would be nice if you could visit your brother before you come to the United States, but I hope it will not be long and hard a trip for you. Is your brother in another part of India? I thought in one letter you mentioned Kabul. Is that Kabul in Afghanistan? If so, you could take the plane from Calcutta to Bombay, and from Bombay to Kabul. Coming back then, you would have to take the plane from Kabul to Bombay and from Bombay to New York, stopping, I think, at Cairo, Rome, and Paris before reaching New York. No doubt Walter will be in New York to meet you as soon as he knows you are on your way. As you say, there isn't much to do in Michigan in winter and I think it is very cold there. However, Walter says he has nice heat in the house, and I think the house must be very pretty inside and outside. You both should be very comfortable and happy there. It will be wonderful to have you in this country, but I suppose you and Walter will right away begin to plan for a trip to some far away place. I do hope that you will come to see me in Washington, or, if I have left Washington, to come to see me wherever I am living at that time. I think it will take me some time to find a suitable apartment anywhere else. In New York and vicinity the rents are very high, much higher than I am paying here now on full salary, so I could not afford to pay more when I retire and have only my pension. It may be that I shall have to remain in Washington until I can find a suitable place to live.

Last week Walter sent to Mrs. Thurber and to me a nice lot of gourds of all colors and sizes. I am going to shellac mine so they will keep for a long time and be nice and shiny. Walter also sent me a few sprigs of bittersweet, which are very pretty and colorful in the winter time.

In a letter from Walter last week, he said that Miss Bartlett had invited him to her home for Thanksgiving, but he did not know whether he would come. I suppose Professor Bartlett is coming to spend the holiday with his sister. I told Walter it would be lovely if he would come and stay long enough to have a dinner with me and a dinner with Mrs. Thurber. Mrs. Thurber's daughter was very ill during September, but is now better and is back at her office. After that, Mrs. Thurber was ill for the whole month of October, but she says she is very much better but has to rest a great deal and can not do any heavy work. I think it is wonderful that she can get around at all. She says if she is well next summer, she and her daughter will drive out to see Walter in Michigan.

For three weeks in October I had a very nice trip. My sister and brother-in-law drove to Washington and took me with them up through Pennsylvania, New York, and as far as Montreal, Canada. On the way back we went through Vermont where the Green Mountains were in beautiful color, then down through the Adirondack Mountains in New York, and the Catskill Mountains in New York. The color of the leaves was gorgeous and made me think of beautiful Oriental rugs. I had a week with the family on Staten Island. All the time we were away the weather was warm and bright; we had only one rainy day at Niagara Falls.

While I was in Montreal, I bought ten china pitchers for my collection. They are lovely. I did not buy any dolls because I did not see any, but then we were there for only one day and one night. However, my sister had bought two Dutch dolls for me at a bazaar in New York. My little Chinese friend is getting discouraged. She can find so little in the way of real Chinese goods anymore, and, of course, nothing is being imported from China. The only thing I bought from her recently is a small teakwood table on which to keep my telephone. This evening I am going to see a doll exhibit with her, but none of the dolls are for sale.

I am very glad the Dadant Company wrote to the Post Master at Mawphlang. I gave them his address as I thought they could correspond with him and send him the best kind of information that would help him. I did buy, at Walter's request, a book on beekeeping and sent it by book post. I suppose it will take about two months to reach the Post Master at Mawphlang, but to send it by airmail would have cost \$8.00. If the Post Master does not write in English, he can write in his own language and I'm sure the Dadant Company will have someone to translate it. They wrote me that they had many foreign correspondents.

It sounds as though you are now having summer with orchids and tree dahlias in bloom. Here the weather has been mild for the most part; at least, we have not had any freezing weather as yet. It was at Thanksgiving time a year ago that Walter came to the office and it was snowing and was very cold. I hope if he comes this Thanksgiving, the weather will be nice and mild. The hurricane did a great deal of damage in the eastern part of the United States, but, fortunately, none of my people suffered much damage, except to lose some trees and shrubs.

No doubt Walter has told you about his little owl, who tries to come into his room whenever he can get a chance; and, of course, the bullfrog he has in the pool. When you come, the both of you will probably go on long hikes through the woods and find all sorts of little animals that you can bring home for pets. I think now Walter has a collection of birds that come chirping every day for what he calls a free lunch. He will be so happy to have the word that you have your passport and that you will be on your way here as soon as you can make all arrangements either now, or after you visit your brother. I think it would be nice if you could visit your brother before you come; you would always be sorry if you did not.

So, hoping that you have gotten the necessary visa and that you will soon be on your way, I wish you the best of luck and a safe journey and shall be looking forward to meeting you with much pleasure. Thank you so much for your letter.

Sincerely yours,

I am glad you did not see any elephants killed. I, too, think they are much too gentle to be killed just for the sport of it. If they ever kill people, it is because they have been cruelly treated or are frightened.

When you come to have dinner with me I shall have Filet Mignon and French wine, and any other delicacy you would like to have.

Dear friend!

Manuplan g  
December 26, 1954

We usually get our Christmas cards several weeks earlier or later, but this year one of my friend's card from Ann Arbor and yours came on the morning of the <sup>Dec</sup> 24<sup>th</sup>, so it was really a nice Christmas greetings.

I also owe you your letter of the November 18<sup>th</sup>. I must have made a mistake in my previous letter, writing Kabul instead of Kulu where my brother lives. Kulu is North East corner of the East Punjab, bordering with Western Tibet. It is a very nice place, the bottom of the valley is 5000 ft elevation and about 14 to 17000' high mountains all around it. In the colder days several Englishmen came there and married the native women and settled there, they planted all kinds of fruit trees. Now the Kulu valley is one of the famous apples and persimmon growing place in India, and good trout fishing. So if I can't come to America, you don't have to feel sorry for me, because I am going to a nice place. But I am sure as soon as I get my dollar exchange permit from the Reserve Bank of India, I will get my visa, and without visa I can't get the incomtax clearance certificate, but any how they are all hopeful. I would like to get away from here, I don't dislike the place but I have been here too long, nothing much doing, that's why I loafed around with the elephant hunter to kill my time.

I received Walter's letter containing some of the American Consuls wanted documents, I will write to him soon.

Tomorrow I was invited to the Catholics group Christmas party. Some of the Italian fathers will be there, so we are

expecting to have a grand time.

A tea planter rich Englishman with Khasi wife and three children is going to settle down here, he is building a big house.

A Chinaman got married a also Khasi girl, so you can see what kind of a mixture village we have.

My best wishes and happy New year

Sincerely yours

Rup Chand.

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Sender's name and address →

Rup Chand  
mauphlung, Via  
Shillong, Assam  
India

Com - 66

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Rec'd 1-7-50

Jan 12 1950

BY AIR MAIL  
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Miss May M. Blaine 215  
5425 Connecticut Ave  
Washington 15, D. C.  
U. S. A.



Grass Lake

Feb 25, 1957

Dear May!

Thank you for your letter of Feb 6th. I am very much interested to know that you think that you have not accomplished much and you are not doing anything, but I imagine you are busy from morning till night and get you cant see what you have done. It is the same with me. This is the way our daily life goes. I get up about 8 o'clock and build fire in our wood burning stove and look into the greenhouse and living room to see if everything is all right. Then I fill up the bird feeding box with sunflower seeds and crack a few walnuts for the jays and scattered a few hand full wheat under the bushes and on the paths. A pheasant comes to roost in the evergreen tree near the house and we have to leave him something to eat under the tree. After breakfast Walter often goes fishing and I start to sweep the rooms. So far we blamed the carpenters because our rooms are dusty they did a lot of sawing and planing but they have left for the time being but our rooms are dusty just the same. The ground was covered with snow most of the winter and I cant imagine where all the dust comes from. By the time I get thru it is 10 o'clock and then I build a fire in the fireplace in my room and start to work on my plants. Of course that is irregular, depends how I feel. Some days I work till night and then some days I dont work at all. At 3.30 P.M. I go to the store to get the news paper for our 85 year old neighbor and sweep his room and get pail of water for him. Our neighbor Bill comes at 5 P.M. from his work and we usually have dinner together. We often stay up till 11 to 12 and then I warm my self good and run quick upstairs and get between the icy sheets. I used to sleep in the living room but I did not like to sleep in the warm room, I get very uncomfortable. Then I went in the front room but now that is too crowded with dry plants. So you see I am doing something, but I feel guilty because there is nothing to show for what I have done. In assam

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I got up at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, walked all day in the jungle to collect birds and plants. When I got home I skinned <sup>and</sup> stuffed the birds and pressed the plants and I felt as if I have done something.

our weather is still <sup>cold</sup> but some how I don't mind as I did last year. W alters frozen eyes all right now but he is very careful now when he goes out. my heart wishes to you

Very sincerely  
R. S. Peckham

My heart wishes to you  
Very sincerely  
R. S. Peckham

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My heart wishes to you  
Very sincerely  
R. S. Peckham

Cross Lake, Michigan  
December 22, 1957

Dear May!

Thanks for your Christmas presents. We are very glad to have them. Walter said the chocolates are the most expensive ones made, they are really delicious. One of your last year's fruit cakes we just opened the other day when we had some guests from Ann Arbor. We thought the fruit cakes taste much better when they are old.

I am sure you are sick of hearing Walter telling you all the time that I am going to write you. Of course I have not answered your several letter. I don't know how to begin.

I am working same as before, as probably you know, copying all labels of the Indian plants which we collected the last few years after quitting the Department of Agriculture's job.

I have my room half and upstairs where I sleep five rows from floor to ceiling filled up with plants. Now as soon as I get printed labels I can keep on sending them back to Ann Arbor and I hope by the end of the next year I will have the room emptied. Of course Walter after wrote you about our garden

We had the most wonderful garden I have ever seen. Some of the sunflowers grew 15 ft tall. About 150 ft long row of 5 ft high Lahlia made a regular fence, one hardly could go thru.

We never went travelling very far, unless there are some flower shows. Walter once went up to Alpena to see one of his sick friends with whom he lived about 30 years ago while he was studying white fish. She died a few days later, their relations wrote to Walter whether he wants some of her things.

Of course Walter did not want anythings of hers but since they asked, Walter wrote them that he would like to have one of her little old frying pans, where she used to fry eggs for Walter.

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A few days later a parcel came with the frying pan and few phonograph records and a few old books.

I cooked all summer one meal out doors in our old rusty kerosene stove, the one you saw. and in the kitchen we have the same old wood burning stove except a few shelves, drawers and sink with hot and cold running water. So you see we change very slow compared with the rest of the Americans.

I am sending you a little ivory elephant, I hope you will like it. I wish you Merry Christmas.

Very sincerely yours  
Rud Chand.

Grace Lake, Mich.  
December 4, 1958

Dear May!

Thank you for sending me the article about Tibetan art. The Buddha looks nice, of course one can't tell much from the photograph. I am sorry about not writing you for so long. You have asked me a few questions in your previous letters and you wanted a photograph of my house. Unfortunately I have not got any photograph of my house but I do have a photograph of the place where my mother's people live. I have a small print of it in my album. I am desperately trying to find the negative of it. When I do find it I will send you an enlargement of it.

Our fall was really wonderful. Till November 26th bees were flying and all of sudden on the night of the 29th the temperature dropped to zero. All our lakes are frozen about so one can go ice fishing. Walter wanted to go fishing today but he could not find any bait because the bait people said they had not expected the ice fishing so soon.

We went to see the art show at Detroit a month ago we saw a collection of dolls, they were not very good, and very expensive. one of them was marked \$130 they were only common playthings of ordinary folks of not much more than 50 or 75 years age.

We sent you yesterday a parcel with a couple pitchers for your collection. I am still working on Assam plants. Professor Bartlett came after during the summer, but lately he does not feel very well

Very sincerely  
Rud Chand.

Cross Lake, Michigan  
March 5th, 1959

Dear May!

We have not heard from you since your last letter to us saying that you were to leave shortly for your new place. We hope everything is all right with you, but would like to know how you are getting along, hope you have plenty of room so you can display your dolls.

Our winter was very cold, most of the month of January and February was zero, 25" of ice on the lakes. Walter goes fishing every day from 7 A.M. till 7 P.M. The dog goes with him. We ~~decide~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~don't~~ see each other in the morning. If <sup>he</sup> wants to tell me something he leaves a note on the table. I get up at 8, my first job is to feed the birds. I put 1 lb of sunflower seeds in the automatic feeding box, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb of cracking in the tray and one lb of wheat under the bush for the house sparrows so they will not eat up all the sunflower seeds. There are our daily guests. Jays, Cardinals, Titmouse, Chickadees, juncos, evening grosbeaks, purple finches, starlings, tree sparrows, nuthatches, Downy woodpeckers, red bellied wood pecker and hairy wood pecker. The mourning doves stay around the house but never came to the feeding place. A few pheasants and quails used to come in the yard but somehow the never came this year. The Sharpshin (a little hawk) comes once in while and gets some of the birds. The Chickadees are the nicest of all they

will eat from your hand.

I do usual work on my dry plants. ~~When~~ when I get tired of it I go out and split <sup>some</sup> wood. I do that almost every day. Sometimes I go to watch T.V. at the neighbors. Once a week or so some one comes for dinner, always from the U university.

Walter got a letter from Mr. Erlenron saying that he traveled in Russia 8000 miles and visited numbers of collective and state farms and a report is being published. You may get a copy of it.

Good luck and best wishes. Walter said hello to you

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Sincerely

RWP Chand.

Crasso Lake, Michigan

22 August 1959

Dear Mary!

Thanks for your post card and the letter which I received a long time ago. I am sorry to answer so late.

I will try to explain to you our all summer's activities. Probably Walter told you that Professor Bartlett had been very ill. He just got out of the Hospital. He is still very weak but feeling all right. We went to see him almost everyday in Ann Arbor for six weeks. Since he was sick I could not get my plant labels printed. I had to ask another man to do it. So I was not working about six weeks. Finally I got my labels.

Last couple of weeks we had very humid weather, with occasional showers, but you should see the way the garden grew, you really would not believe it. Every bit of land is covered with flowers, vegetables, melons and shrubs. We just can't give away our garden products, the neighbors take armfuls of flowers. The late red raspberries are starting to ripen and also strawberries. In a few days we will have plums and peaches too, our three young apricot trees had plenty of fruits but somehow most of them fell off.

One of our friends just came back from a six weeks European trip, she spent a day with us and told us all about her trip. She brought me a beautiful pair of hand knitted Scotch woollen gloves and a carved mountain goat and for Walter three nice French berets and a carved camel, probably made in Egypt and 1 glove.

We have lights now in both our yards, a young professor comes to see us after and offered to do it. We went to see



an antique show at Milan Ohio, they had some nice rare American  
furniture but very expensive, one chair was marked \$900.<sup>00</sup> and a  
table for \$500.<sup>00</sup>

We have had some one at least once a week for dinner, but last  
week was bad guests, every other day, some of them came unexpectedly some  
fed them cold meats, salad, melons and coffee etc.

Sincerely yours

Ruf Chand.

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

Washington 15, D.C.  
July 23, 1952

Dear Thakur Rup Chand:

Your very kind letter of July 6 was received and I thank you for your kind wishes and for your photograph. I presume this is the one that Doctor Koalz had to "doctor" after the photographer made a mess of it for you. At any rate, it was good enough so that Mr. Morrison recognized you immediately and said you are the same good-looking man he met years ago. I do think you look very distinguished and scholarly. I am having our photographer make a few enlarged prints, with the permission of my boss, Mr. Erlanson, and I will send on a couple to you. If I can do a good job of it, I'll make one or two nearer the color you would like the photograph to be, with water colors. If I get way off on the color, please forgive me, as I'm not very good at it but will try to make the color as near to those persons I have seen from India and there are quite a number in my neighborhood. Did I tell you that I saw Madame Pandit on two occasions and she is very beautiful? However, she is not dark skinned.

Mr. Morrison is back from Mississippi for a two-week stay and he is browner than any Indian I ever saw. He tells the joke on himself that on one of his previous trips up from Mississippi, he was mistaken for a Negro by the steward of the dining car. He passed it off nicely and never let the steward know otherwise.

Your account of your location when you wrote is most interesting. You and Doctor Koalz can so beautifully describe places and things in such few words that we have no difficulty in picturing just what it is like. If you are both not doing it, I think it is a great pity that you aren't both writing books about your travels, the people, the flora and fauna, and all the things you do see and experience but, perhaps, irritations with which you must contend. Since I have always been under the impression that you camped in tents, I was surprised to hear you speak of windows and doors and wonder if you have a house, and if you really keep the birds in the house with you at night. The birds and the flowers (orchids) all sound most fascinating.

I'm glad to know the packages reached you safely and trust the second package of fish and two spools of white cotton reached you safely also. I should think with so much dried, salt fish, you and Doctor Koalz would have consumed all the water in India. I should certainly like to sample your bread and pies and Dr. Koalz' jam.

This is the eleventh day that we have had official temperatures of 95° F. and over with very high humidity; the unofficial temperatures have shown 100°, 110°, etc., in the sun. The reason we find the heat exhausting and depressing is that the nights do not cool off and it is difficult to sleep. Usually on the nights that I can not sleep, the mocking birds in the trees outside my apartment house decide they can't sleep either, so they sing all night, and I'm not sure sometimes whether I shall go crazy with the heat, from lack of sleep, or listening to the mocking birds. I used never to mind the heat here in Washington, but now that I'm getting on in years, it is a little more difficult to take, especially since we have to come so far to work. I often think that the heat in India must be terrific, especially in places you speak of as jungles where the atmosphere must be very humid. When Doctor Koalz asked me to get you a wool-lined jacket, I couldn't imagine it could be cool enough to use one in India, so you see I know very little about the climate there and what really is needed in the way of clothing. I do hope the jacket fits well and is satisfactory in every way; if not, I'll try again. There were so many kinds to choose from and I am so ignorant of your needs.

With the things I am sending, there will be enclosed the grocery company's list of articles for export; also a tiny bank pass book which belongs to Doctor Koels and which Mr. Erlanson found here in our safe. It probably is of no use to him now, but he should have the privilege of disposing of it. Will you kindly tell him as I may have forgotten to mention it in my letter to him of yesterday.

Recently in an English magazine, I saw a full page advertisement of a sale of art objects from Tibet and Bhutan and it made me think of your recent visit to the Bhutanese border. The advertisement spoke of beautifully embroidered costumes, swords, etc. They belonged to a wealthy man who had done much traveling in Tibet and Bhutan; what a pity he had finally to sell everything.

A few months ago I became acquainted with a young Chinese woman who keeps a shop not too far from where I live. Recently I bought a lovely bowl from her which she swears is a Ming bowl (circa 1500). It is a lovely thing, sort of four leaf clover shaped, dark blue band on upper outside rim, pale blue rim at bottom, and on each side there are various Chinese symbols of long life, happiness, etc. The inside of the bowl is a lovely jade green. I have no way of knowing whether it is really authentic Ming Dynasty although I paid a good price for it, but it is a lovely thing and complements the lovely hookah bowl which Doctor Koels sent me years ago from Iran. I have them on opposite sides of my living room and, except for the little ivory Hindu musician which Dr. K sent me, they are the only old pieces I possess and I do love them. She has other lovely things like silks, etc., but they are for me luxuries that I can not afford. In a recent shipment she got in a lot of brass work from India (water vessels with hinged tops, bowls, bells, etc.). Some of them are inlaid with silver and enamel and, although I don't believe they are old, they are pretty. I wonder if you could give me your opinion of such wares and whether, in India, they are considered objects of art. I like the real old things best, really antiques, but I am no expert and could easily be fooled in a purchase and then would be sorry ever after. I will not buy any of these Indian pieces until I have word from you as to what you think is good and what is not. I should be so grateful for your advice.

I am distressed to know that you have an attack of "Flu" every year. Could I send you some real good vitamin tablets that you could take and build up your resistance to such attacks? I should be happy to do so. "Flu" is such a devastating disease and one feels the effects of it long afterwards. I really think that you and Doctor Koels should come back to the States, find yourself a nice little house in a warm section of the country, have a little produce farm and live like "country gentleman". Don't you think you both have been "roughing it" for a great many years and that you are now entitled to a little rest and relaxation from mountain climbing and plant and bird hunting? You would both have time to work your "farm" and also write those interesting accounts of your travels which would make popular books in this country particularly. Do talk it over, both of you, and say you owe it to yourself to conserve your health and strength.

The dolls from Argentina haven't reached me yet, but I understand they are on the way. We have a man leaving in August for Turkey and South Africa, so I'm hoping he will be able to get me a doll or two from each place. I also know two other men who are going on a round-the-world trip, but, unfortunately, they would not be interested in getting any dolls for me even though they know I want to pay for them. Not everyone in the world is as kind and generous as you and Doctor Koels.

Do let me know about the vitamins and what else I can send you. In the meantime, get all the sunshine you can and build up your resistance to "Flu".

With kindest regards to you both, as always,  
Sincerely,

Maiphlang, Assam, IX. 20. 52

Dear Miss Blaine your letter is received. I am glad that you liked my photographs. If I ever get to Bombay I will send you some of our old photographs that we took years ago while we were traveling in the Himalayas. I remember once Dr. Koely had his beard grown long & riding on a yak & some of his friends enlarged and water colored it which looked very nice.

Dr. Koely was making fun of me when I was writing you last that all rain water falls through a lot of waterfalls, he was saying where do you think she will expect that water will go but over falls, but it seems that you pictured Cherrapunji all right from my description. Now about our houses you are wondering whether we are living in a tent or house. During the British rule they built nice English fashion houses all over the country. Some places every 10 or 12 miles they may have one or two bed rooms, dining rooms, bath rooms, kitchen with all cooking utensils and some times a cook too. These houses were variously called, Circuit house, rest house, dak bungalow or inspection bungalow. Govt officials pay nothing but we have to pay & are not allowed to stay more than a week, but with special arrangement one can stay longer, so all the rainy season we have to stay in these houses. We left Cherrapunji 15 August & now are at Maiphlang only 35 miles from the first place & 15 miles to Shillong (Capital) this house had a little mushroom growing on the mantelpiece, when we came. Since we built a fire in the fire place it dried out. All our mail comes from Shillong as before Christ by runner. He leaves early in the morning from here & comes back after dark, altho we have good bus service. Some such things I can't explain to any American. It is as hard to believe as if I tell folks here that the average American family has electric lights, radio, teleph. etc. & cars etc. They can't imagine that. Our people imagine Santa Clause to be two women. They give you everything you wish for. I think that you & Mrs. Thurber because we are getting all our wishes. I can hardly wait to see my new army jacket. We used to buy them in Shillong but now there are none. Dr. Koely asked you some pants for himself, I told him I don't want any because they never fit me. I am tall and very thin. We asked the American Consul Bombay to send our parcels here, we would have got them <sup>them</sup> ago probably but part of the Assam railroad was washed out by a flood that stopped everything to Assam except by air. Now the road is open again, we got our salt fish already & the two skeels of thread that you sent long ago. I don't know much about the antiques you are asking me about, the Indian brass work inlaid with silver and enamel. The old work is silver inlaid on iron usually plates or small boxes, the iron is very thick almost like cast but I don't think it is cast were very rare years ago and if your neighbor has plenty of them look carefully before you buy them. Dr. Koely can explain much better about these things. I think he has some examples among his things in America he may be able to give you one some day. Many thanks for offering the vitamin tablets. One year we

ate all kinds some \$5 a bottles and I don't believe we were any  
 the better for them. Dr. Koebel tried your penicillin remedies once  
 and I almost had to bury him so we are a bit careful these  
 days of new remedies. I am not surprised the cucumber  
 turned out to be interesting. The climate in these mountains is  
 so sloppy when crops are growing you wonder how anything  
 manages to amount to anything. I think if you try to get crop  
 seeds from the different tribes you will find more useful things.  
 Every tribe has different crops. At this place they grow  
 potatoes the year round. A friend has just written us about  
 nylon for shirts. They sound interesting but would they stand  
 our jungle life? We have to have something that won't rip  
 on the first bush we pass. If you think they would do please  
 send a sample shirt size 14 in khaki or dark blue.  
 And a good field lens for examining especially  
 small flowers would be welcome. Very sincerely  
 Rupchand

← First fold here →

Digitized by <http://www.india.gov.in> for Botanical Documentation

Sender's name and address

N. Koebel, G. S. Condit  
 Bot Sleo  
 Bombay

Com - 66  
 Third fold here

Rec'd Sept 24/54  
 Miss Mary M. Blane  
 5425 Connecticut Avenue  
 Washington 15 D.C.  
 USA

**BY AIR MAIL**  
**AIR LETTER**  
 IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED  
 THIS LETTER WILL BE SENT  
 BY ORDINARY MAIL.



← Second fold here →

5425 Connecticut Avenue  
Washington 15, D.C.  
October 2, 1952

Dear Thakur Rup Chand:

Thank you so very much for your kind and interesting letter of September 20, which I received on September 26 - a record time, indeed.

I am delighted at the prospect of your sending me some of your old photographs when you eventually get back to Bombay. I should certainly love to see the one of Doctor Koelz with the long beard and riding on a yak. I just can't imagine him with a beard.

Don't mind if Doctor Koelz does make fun of you for your rain descriptions; I understand them perfectly and can see them just as if I were there. You both describe things so graphically and so interestingly that I can hardly wait from one letter to the next.

The houses at which you stay sound most interesting. Does each tenant leave the rooms nice and clean for the next occupants? It would seem to me that they would be most convenient for the traveler, particularly if they contain bathroom and also cooking utensils. Do they have regular stoves or open fire-places that you cook over? I'll bet you don't have to pay a quarter as much rent a month as I do for my little apartment of living room, kitchenette, dinette, dressing room, and bath. I don't suppose you have gas or electric, so what do you use for light? Do you have comfortable beds and chairs? What is Shillong like? Is it a large capital, that is, many people and large buildings?

Even if your mail is delivered by runner, it seems to be most speedy. I have never gotten letters from you so fast nor, I daresay, have mine reached you as speedily.

I had to laugh at the idea of your people thinking of Santa Claus as two women; I guess little old Santa Claus is fat enough to be as round as two women. It is very sweet of you to think of Mrs. Thurber and me as Santa Claus; we think it a real compliment. We only wish we could send you all that you wish without expense to you at all and in the speediest way possible. Although the pouch is a great boon, it does limit one in the things one can send.

Has the Army jacket reached you yet? I fear it will have been so tightly rolled in the package for so long, it will take some time to get it smoothed out. I do hope all nine packages have arrived safely and that you and Dr. K are satisfied with everything I've sent. I didn't like the idea of your not having any new pants for yourself, but, as your only measurement was that you are tall and very thin, I had to do some tall guessing, and got you a pair of pants of the best khaki twill in size 32" waist and 34" length. If that is still too big in the waist, you could perhaps have some seamstress take it in, and I'm sure the length will be too long but can easily be turned up to the proper length. I'm sending khaki thread for that purpose. If it doesn't suit at all, perhaps you can sell it to someone it will fit over there. I'm sending a tape measure along and if you will send me all the measurement I asked for, I'm sure I can do better another time.

I could not get nylon shirts except in white, but I am sending a shirt of Orlon

The cost of the lens was \$12.00 plus 24 cents tax.

P.S. In my letter to Dr. Koelz of this date, mailed last evening, I told him the lens would be LOX. Since you asked for a lens for "especially small flowers" I got, on Mr. Ricker's and the botanists' advice, a Bausch & Lomb 20X lens. It does not give as large a field but a much better magnification for small flowers. Everyone seemed to think you would already have the LOX. If not right, let me know and I'll send you another.

which is newer and supposed to be better even than Nylon; it is mildew resistant and everything else, but its greatest advantage is that it washes easily and does not have to be ironed at all. I have some curtains and lingerie of it and it wears marvelously well. Unfortunately, I could not get khaki or dark blue.

The lens I hope to have in time to send to Mrs. Thurber for the pouch the beginning of next week

Thank you very much for your comments on the Indian brass work. I am very glad to know that the old work is silver inlaid on iron. However, since you say that Doctor Koelz knows more about these things than you, I am asking him to tell me what the upper class Indian family would consider a good object of art; something they would be proud to show, so that if I should be tempted to buy some of the Indian art objects my Chinese shopkeeper (a very nice woman) has for sale, I will not buy something that I should be ashamed to show afterwards. I did buy from her, very reasonably, a small Persian sacred water vessel - brass with flowers in red, blue, green and white enamel. I've always wanted one, but never seemed to be able to afford one. This one cost \$7.00 and is supposed to be much cheaper than I could buy it from other dealers. It is about 7 inches high.

Perhaps you are wise not to try any new vitamins, but I do hope you are able to get lots of milk and green vegetables to supply the vitamins you need. There is nothing like milk for putting on some weight, as I found out. But I do love milk.

Mrs. Thurber is a very tiny, thin woman, but with, as you know, a very large heart of gold. She is improving from her recent accident, but tires very easily and can spend only part of the day at her office in the Department in Washington. She leaves for a month's vacation the latter part of November, so I am anxious that all the things you and Doctor Koelz need will be on their way through the pouch well before that.

To go back to the Orlon shirts, I could not get a longer sleeve for you than 33" and, if you are tall, I fear they will not be long enough for you, but, perhaps, you wear your shirtsleeves rolled up anyway. Most men here do. If you would want the nylon shirts, which come only in white, I think they do come in longer sleeve lengths, but both the Nylon and Orlon shirts are expensive - the Orlon \$6.95 each without tax and the Nylon \$8.50 each without tax.

Mr. Hyland has gotten off a letter today that should bring action on the part of the Calcutta people, so perhaps you will be able to start sending in some seeds or whatever. I think practically everything you have sent in in the past has proved its value. I'm trying to get the latest report on the Kulu potato.

Tell Doctor Koelz when he gets the package I'll be sending next week, there is in it besides the small box of pen points donated by Mr. Erlanson, a long red and black box with two penholders and several kinds of lithographic pen points (mostly crowquills). These were presented to me by a friend and so I am sending them along as she wanted to do something for "those poor men in India." I understand some of the pen points included are hard to come by these days. My friend is a cartographer (soil map maker) and buys most of her own supplies so that she will have the best.

I'm so glad the yeast has proved so satisfactory and I'll be sure to get some on the way to you early in November with the latest expiration date possible.

Do write again whenever you can spare the time. In the meantime, my best wishes to you both for good health, happiness and success.

Sincerely,

Palasbari, Assam

#. 15.53

Dear Miss Blaine!

I am so sorry that I could not write you sooner, but I am such a clumsy writer that it takes hours to finish a letter. Now first of all I liked my photographs very much. You made such a nice job that I was surprised. I am going to send one to my brother and another to my aunt. The thick wool lined jacket size 36 you sent fitted me perfectly, it was most useful thing on my Blue Mountain trip. We are sorry to hear that you still can't taste or smell. When I was a child I used to catch cold and then I lost smell and taste for couple of weeks, especially when I ate meat it seemed as if I was chewing a piece of cork. I know how horrible it is. We hope you will get over it soon. I think Walter has written you all about our trip but I will write anyway. In January the 17<sup>th</sup> we hurriedly packed our things and left the hornbills and one of the jays with a man and woman to look after them and a couple nice Welsh missionaries to supervise them. We left Mawphlang by a pick-up for Shillong, then by bus to Jyauhati 62 miles, we spent the night at Palasbari our old camp which is only 14 miles from Jyauhati. Next morning we took a plane for Silchar which was  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour's fly. We stayed 2 days in Silchar. The Welsh missionaries gave us a big room so we let our 2 jays, laughing thrush and 2 owls loose, poor things did not like the rattling about. Silchar is on the plain with here and there low hills with



2  
tea gardens. I think most of them are run by white men be-  
cause we found a much better assortment of groceries than in Shillong,  
of course none American which are the best. Till last month I  
could find K lim but now that disappeared. One nice thing we can  
get is Scotch oat meal and in Shillong an English man makes  
nice bacon. January the 21 st we started by an open truck for  
Aijal which is 120 miles from Silchar but it takes two days to  
get there, soft dusty climbing and winding road, at the foot  
of the hills is very dense jungle big trees and bamboos a regular  
elephants and hornbills heaven. We spent the night at  
3000 in a small village. One of our old friends heard that  
we were coming so he came with a basket of oranges to meet  
us, and wanted to go with us to the Blue mountains. He did  
join us a few weeks later. Two miles before we reached Aijal  
our truck broke down in front of the American 7th Day  
adventists mission, so we just walked in, they took very  
good care of us. Now the Blue mountain is 120 miles from  
here everything has to take by porters and it is not easy  
to get porters even by the Govts help. One day our friend  
came and said a had 5 mules but wanted high wages. So  
January 27 the 5 nice mules came and off we went. We had  
no help at all so at Aijal our friend arranged us a couple  
young green horns. The first week or so they did not know  
how to cook green oat meal. Both of them knew a few words  
of English. I would not find fault with their English be-  
cause I did not know even one word of English when I met  
Walter. We walked 12 or 13 miles every day. 100 year old  
English men's rest houses were all along the road with  
one or two bed rooms, bath room, porch, and kitchen

provided with a few utensils.<sup>3</sup> In the rooms were a few books and magazines ~~they~~ almost as old as <sup>the</sup> rest houses and the more interesting for it. The yards usually a border of orange trees, a few rare bushes and Bougainvilleas. In most places the oranges were still on the trees so it was quite a welcome when we arrived. I liked to lie down a few minutes but Walter would say For heavens sake we will have to take care of the birds and plants before it gets dark, so we take sip of brandy and work till dark. One of our new help soon learned how to skin the birds so that was a great help, otherwise Walter had to skin all the birds and stuff them roughly and I do the finishing. We ~~eat~~ <sup>eat</sup> what ever our help stued up, usually rice and chicken. Your salted fish and ham came very handy, those we kept for emergency, because chickens werent always to be had. There were not many plants in blossom a few orchids, but later on around Blue mountain we found a lot of orchids that we never saw atther parts of Assam. One white one with little yellow in the center was magnificent, about 18" high, 12 blossoms on one stalk, flowers 3" across. The natives call Blue mountain Phongpue, means big mountain, it is always hazy and from the distance it looks blue. The people of that area are called Chins, the men keep long hair and wear a heavy hairpin, we bought one of their hairpins made of brass, it weighs about 1 lb. Almost all of them are hunters. They have their own made flint lock guns and who ever has the largest collection of skulls on his walls is considered a rich man. On one village chiefs wall I counted 230 skull neatly decorated, most of them were monkeys. others were bears, several different kinds of deer, pigs, wild  
ma were now hills with

cats etc. A tiger stayed around <sup>4</sup> our camp most of the time  
some nights he roared, he killed several cows. The nat-  
ives set dead falls for him but one night they got one  
of their own bulls instead. We stayed over a month at  
the foot of the B. mountain and then went on top, in both  
places we built huts. It was a very healthy place, we  
even got fat. We left Blue mountain April 21. They were  
building a jeep road so we got a 50 mile ride, it  
saved five days walk. We ordered our mails <sup>and</sup> parcels to  
Silchar. When we got there we found only letters, but a  
few days later 13 parcels arrived at Palabarari. It was  
really a pleasure to open all those parcels. Some of them  
were <sup>from</sup> our friends in Ann Arbor. Walter has written you all the  
things we got, we liked everything especially the pens  
altho I don't do much writing. I kept the blue Arlon shirt  
because it fitted me just right. We thank you for the pre-  
sent you sent us. You are doing a lot for us besides  
sending us presents. Sorry still no dolls. The Chins never  
heard of such things as dolls. 8 or 10 years old girls were  
playing with small weaving looms and <sup>at the</sup> same time they  
can learn how to weave. It gets pretty hot here in the  
day time. we had a couple of showers last week, expecting  
the big rains any day.

Very sincerely

Raj Chand.

5425 Connecticut Ave.  
Washington 15, D.C.  
June 18, 1953

Dear Mr. Rup Chand:

Your letter, telling me of your trip to Blue Mountain, was very much appreciated. It gave me a very good picture of your travel to the mountain and what you found there; Doctor Koelz had not included much about that in his letter. He did write, though, as you did, about the beauty of the mules you had and what fine beasts they were. I should love to have seen all those wonderful orchids.

I was glad, too, to know that the tinned ham I had sent came in handy on the trip. I have often wondered whether you liked it and found it as good as I thought you might.

By this time, you will know that Doctor Koelz is back on our rolls officially and we hope that he will be pleased and that when and if he can send us interesting seeds or plant materials, he will not meet with all the difficulties he has heretofore from the consulate officials. On our side, we shall be able to send him all those things he will need officially without any difficulty. However, for personal things, I believe it will be best for me to rely on our good friend, Mrs. Edna Thurber, to get them to you quickly, or at least quicker and less expensively than any other way I know. She is in poor health, however, and it is a question as to how long she will continue to come to her office. At present she comes only half a day four or five days a week. If you can possibly persuade Doctor Koelz to send me all the necessary measurements for both of you, I could be getting together some more clothing for you so that it could be on its way before any other ill overtakes Mrs. Thurber. If anything should happen to keep her away from her office, I would have no other way of sending personal items to you both except through the mails, which would entail expense for postage and customs duties.

I am glad to know the wool pants are satisfactory, even if heavy for your climate right now. I'm enclosing an advertisement from our paper showing some of the tropical wear suits. If I had the proper measurements, I could get these for you and, even though I should have to pack them in such small boxes for the pouch, I think they could be pressed into shape again, because most of them are crease resistant. You might both discuss this kind of wear and decide whether it is the kind you would like me to send. There is a new kind of suiting out now that is usually mixed with cotton or wool. It is a marvelous fabric - crease resistant, spot resistant, washable in most cases, and requires no ironing. It is called DACRON. It is, however, more expensive than Nylon or Orlon. I am glad that Doctor Koelz now likes the Nylon shirts, but I'm sorry I didn't know that it would have been better to send long sleeves in all cases. I'll try to do better next time.

In his latest letter, Doctor Koelz mentioned that you had bought two brass vases for me, but for some reason had to send them off to someone else. I am most grateful for your kind thought, but please don't try to send me anything. I very well know how expensive everything is over there and how much trouble and expense it is to send anything to me. If you will just continue to send me your nice descriptive letters, I shall be more than grateful.

Although I visit my Chinese friend, Miss Chan, it is months now since she has

been able to get any Chinese goods for her shop. Of course, nothing can be imported from China and such Chinese wares as were stored in warehouses in this country have long since been bought up by dealers throughout the country and have been sold to their customers. Before her business is closed out altogether, she is arranging to open a restaurant and tearoom, real Chinese style. She has such a lovely personality, I am sure she will make a success of it. But it will require a lot of money, courage, and a lot of hard work, and she is a tiny little thing.

My doll collection still grows - my most recent ones are from Portugal, brought by my flyer nephew. One of our men in the office returns from Cuba next week and I'm hoping he will have a Cuban doll for me. My trouble is finding any place in my apartment to put them. I think I'm much worse than your jays when it comes to storing things away - what with dolls, fans, madonnas, pitchers, etc. Of course, I'm always hoping that when I retire I can go some place where I can afford a larger place than I have now and can, for a while at least, enjoy these things that it has been so much pleasure to collect. The pitchers I have in bookcases in my dinette, but the dolls, fans, and madonna pictures have to be packed away in boxes - to save them from dust and moths. Time passes so swiftly that it should not be too long before I shall lay my typewriter aside and begin to enjoy some leisure, or at least to do many things I have always wanted to do and could never find the time while I worked, especially since I've had to travel back and forth from Washington to Beltsville, Maryland. Of course, at the moment, I can not let the people in the office know that I'm even thinking about it, so I'm telling this to you and Doctor Koelz in confidence. When I have made my decision, I will let them know in plenty of time.

We are having the craziest weather. So far this year, I believe we've had ten inches of rain above the normal for a whole year. It rains practically every week-end and in between; it is so humid and damp most of the time, I feel hindered. Over the country we've had hundreds of tornados that have left widespread damage. The scientists say the atom bomb tests in Nevada have nothing to do with the rains we have had, but a great many people think they do. Of course, all growth is very luxuriant. We have had an invasion of the 17-year locusts (cicadas), who have left the tips of many trees, particularly the oaks, brown and dead. In some parts of the country, the crops are being destroyed by army worms, and now the latest in the Western States is a horde of tent caterpillars that makes even driving on the highways hazardous. And so it goes. One day it is real hot and humid here and we wear cotton dresses; the next day it is rainy and cold and we wear wool suits. In fact, we never know what to wear for the temperature changes sometimes in a matter of hours.

On the East Coast and on the Gulf Coast 45,000 seamen have quit to tie up shipping leaving these shores. It is a question then when you will receive the packages I sent off this week. We can only hope that the strike will be settled very soon.

Thank you again for your fine letter and with kindest regards to you and Doctor Koelz and the hope that you will both continue well, I am

Sincerely yours,

Mauphlang, Via Shillong  
Assam. I. 4. 53

Dear Miss Blaine!

Your letter of Sept. 25. to Walter reached here October 3. Walter has left Mauphlang October 1 for U.S.A. He suppose to arrive New York October 7. He told me that he will write you from there. I hope he did.

As Walter wrote you in his last letter that all the parcels have arrived safely and how I liked the coat, belt and handkerchieves. Coats came in beautiful shape, very little wrinkle but it straightend up when <sup>we</sup> left them hung up over night. I thank you very much for all the nice things you have sent for us. You have spent a lot of your money on us besides what trouble we are giving you. I don't know what I can send for you. Only chance is if I ever happen to be same big citys I may find something from the antique dealers. I remember in Amritsar (Punjab) one rich man had a huge room full of all sorts of glasses & porcelains, he might have had some nice thing as fitchers & vases. Of course that was 20 years ago & we were not interested in such things so we did not pay much attention to them. The man who sent us Ivory doll head wrote me that he will mail the Ivory arms for the doll October 5. as soon as I get them I will send them to you. I am very sorry to here about your accident. I hope you will be better soon. Please send Walter the copy of the letter that you sent him here in your last letter. His address as follows  
University Museum Ann Arbor Michigan.

Very sincerely yours  
Rup Chand.

← First fold here →

Coin - 68

Sender's name and address :-

Puk Chand  
Mauphlang, Via Shillong  
Assam.

← Third fold here →

Miss May M. Blaine  
5425 Connecticut Ave  
Washington 15 D.C  
U.S.A

← Second fold here →

BY AIR MAIL

AIR LETTER

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED  
THIS LETTER WILL BE SENT  
BY ORDINARY MAIL.



To open cut here →

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5425 Connecticut Avenue  
Washington 15, D.C.  
October 30, 1953

Dear Mr. Rup Chand:

Your letter of October 4 (received on October 10), announcing that Doctor Koelz had left for the U.S.A. on October 1, was a very great surprise, and even yet I feel that he must have decided to fly over when he reached Calcutta. Certainly he gave no hint in any of his letters that he expected to return to the United States at any time in the near future. Your letter was more of a shock in that I received it October 10, Doctor Koelz was supposed to have arrived on October 7, and I hadn't heard a word from him.

I wrote to him at once and told him of my surprise and said I hoped very much that he would visit us all in Washington, D.C. I did not hear from him until his letter of October 14, although he wrote one a few days earlier to Mr. Erlanson here at the office. I've written to Doctor Koelz several times and have had a second letter from him, but, so far, no indication that he will come to Washington. If he does not, we shall all be very much disappointed. My personal feeling is that he would do much better about matters in India if he were to come here and personally interview the people who might help him. Naturally, I should like to see Doctor Koelz again for, if he goes off to India for another 14 years, it is not likely (in fact very unlikely) that I shall be here in the office or in Washington when he returns again. By that time I should be well past the retirement age and heaven alone knows where I shall be. If Doctor Koelz does come here, Mr. Erlanson has graciously invited him to stay with him; Mr. Russell in the office would also be delighted to have him stay at his home, and I have offered to turn my apartment over to him while I go stay with a friend. I understand also that Mr. Morrison has extended a cordial invitation for Doctor Koelz to visit him at Pass Christian, Mississippi; and, no doubt, he has received invitations from many other friends in Michigan and elsewhere.

In his second letter he asked me to write you and invite you to come to the United States to visit him. I suppose he is teasing as usual, but he is finding that many changes have taken place here in the 14 years he has been away and he is simply amazed at all the new inventions, and undoubtedly he wants to share his amazement with you. He is finding delicious German beer, and is devouring quantities of frozen strawberries. Keeping foods indefinitely these days is no problem at all if one has a deep freezer. Whole dinners can be packed away and be served as fresh as when prepared six months to a year later. Then Television keeps one up on all the latest happenings, including baseball and football games, etc. The new cinemascope pictures are breathtaking, too. And, of course, Doctor Koelz is finding an air of prosperity in the well-painted homes, the motor cars, people well dressed, etc., etc. I myself do not have a freezer (but a good refrigerator), nor a car, nor a television, and I'm just as happy, but I do have a small radio which I can turn on or shut off according as I like or dislike a program. Of course, I know that Doctor Koelz is determined to finish his work with birds but, after that task is completed, I do think it would be very fine if you and he would come to the United States and settle down in a locality to your liking and really rest up from these long arduous years and do the things you would like to do. Even in this country, one doesn't have to be rich to be happy; nor does happiness consist in having all the latest gadgets, as you know. Mr. Morrison has found happiness, I think, in doing what he has always wanted to do and is finding that his living expenses are not high.



At any rate, when Doctor Koelz returns, he will have many things to tell you. If he does not come to Washington and I do not see him, I shall be very much disappointed. I really wish you had come with him for then there would be no reason for hurrying back. It seems incredible that one can be in India one day, take a plane and be in the United States the third day. How small our world has grown.

You will be glad to know that the carved ivory doll head arrived day before yesterday. It seems to have come in a remarkably short time and I trust the hands will get here as quickly for I am anxious to have a new body made. The carving is really superb and, as I wrote Doctor Koelz, I really do not know how to express my gratitude to you both. Just saying "Thank you" seems so very inadequate. I shall be very proud of this doll and I know that few other doll collectors in this country possess a doll whose head and hands are carved of ivory. It will be a very choice piece.

The week before Doctor Koelz arrived I had sent forward by pouch in four or five packages the small books he requested (I call them "Whodunits"). There are about 23 or 24 of these and several copies of this year's Reader's Digest. I trust they will reach their destination in good order and be worth reading. I don't know much about the books myself but tried to select them on the reputation of the authors.

It was good to learn that all the packages I had sent in June and July had reached you safely and that you and Doctor Koelz found the contents satisfactory. I am hoping while he is here that he will be able to send back all the things that you and he may need that I would not be able to send by pouch. He does not think of anything I can buy for him at the moment but he has asked me to look into the matter of Nylon sheets. This I will do tomorrow, but, so far, I have not heard of them here. They would be an advantage in that they would be lightweight, easily laundered without ironing, and would be nice to the touch. Did I tell you that the best results with Nylon, Orlon or Dacron shorts after washing is not to wring them out but hang them on hangers just as you take them from the suds water soaking set. They then keep their shape and require no ironing.

It is more than kind of you to feel that you have to send me some gift for any little thing I do for you and Doctor Koelz, but, please believe me, there is nothing I want. You and Doctor Koelz have been so very kind to me in the past, have sent me so much more than I deserve, and have sent me such interesting letters, that I feel more than repaid. Both your letters are looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation and I experience with you, in spirit, all your joys and hardships and sorrows and disappointments. Over the years you have opened up a new world to me that I scarcely knew existed. My fervent wish now is that when Doctor Koelz returns he will be allowed to go to the places he wants to visit and that you and he can write me about those places and about the people. On that point I have no encouraging news as yet, but there is always hope. For that reason I believe his own presence in Washington would do more than anything else to further this cause.

I hope you are not feeling too lonely without Doctor Koelz and that all the birds are behaving themselves as good birds should. Time has a way of passing much more quickly than we want it to end, before you know it, Doctor Koelz will be back with you. In the meantime, I hope he will not disappoint us here by not coming to Washington.

Again, my most sincere thanks for your letters, good wishes, gifts, and all your kindness. My arm is getting better slowly and will, I hope, soon be entirely well.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

5425 Connecticut Avenue  
Washington 15, D.C.  
December 3, 1953

Dear Mr. Rup Chand:

Doctor Koelz wrote me more than a week ago that you had received my letter. He said you thought I was placing too much postage on my letters. The rate here is 25 cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof for airmail to India. Some months ago Doctor Koelz suggested that those letters I sent to Mawphlang might better be registered, so that is the reason I have been registering them. The registration rate for letters increased considerably about two years ago, and a letter to India now, without any money value, costs 40 cents besides the regular 25 cents airmail. If the letter weighs over one-half ounce, I have to pay 90 cents. I told Doctor Koelz this and he says, since you received a letter from the United States without registration, I should try it and see if it reaches you safely. So, here I am writing you another letter. Please let me know if it reaches you safely.

Doctor Koelz has undoubtedly told you all the news up to now. He and Doctor Bartlett arrived in Washington, D.C., a week ago tonight (Thanksgiving Day here). The next day it was very cold with a wet snow (which, fortunately, did not last too long), but Doctor Koelz came out to the office and had luncheon with Mr. Erlanson. My, how good it was to see him again after 14½ years. Except that his hair has receded a little, he looked to me just the same as he did when he left here in June, 1939. He looks grand in his new dark blue wool overcoat - quite the equal of the best dressed man on Fifth Avenue in New York or on any of the boulevards of Paris. But, best of all, he was his real self, just as gay as ever. He went to dinner that evening at Mr. Erlanson's home and later Mr. Erlanson drove him to Doctor Bartlett's sister's home. Doctor Bartlett, too, had come out later in the afternoon but left before our closing time. He is so very nice, isn't he? I had seen him several times before, but had never met him to speak to until Doctor Koelz introduced us.

The next day, Saturday, Doctor Koelz had an appointment with Doctor Deignan at the National Museum. The next day, Sunday, he came to my home for dinner and he was kind enough to stay for supper also. I think he enjoyed himself and he wanted me to write you at once to tell you all about it. He will probably tell you himself, but, in case you are interested in what we had for dinner, I can give you the menu as follows: Shrimp cocktail, French onion soup, broiled steak (filet mignon), large Lima beans buttered, creamed cauliflower, a molded salad (relish in lime gelatin on lettuce leaves), a dessert made of crushed pineapple, marshmallows and heavy cream, topped with whipped cream and maraschino cherry, a very fine brand of Sauterne (white wine) from France, coffee and after-dinner mints. (Does that sound good to you?). After dinner, which we had at 2 p.m., I showed Doctor Koelz about a hundred or so of my dolls. They were easy to get at, but most of them are packed in chests that reach from the floor to the ceiling of one room and are difficult to get at without a ladder. It would also take several days to really see them all. I believe Doctor Koelz got a good idea of what I had, but perhaps some day both you and he can see them all. I should like that. I should like very much for you to see the perfectly lovely ones he brought me from Italy and France; I wrote you about them in my previous letter.

In the evening we had a light supper of crackers and cheese and bread and beer. Doctor Koelz would have only one small bottle; I do not drink it at all. We had such a good talk and he seemed pleased with my little apartment. He returned to Miss Bartlett's about 9 p.m. It was a very lovely day for me.

The next day, Monday, turned out to be another fine day. Doctor Koelz, Doctor Bartlett and Mr. Erlanson went to the State Department and then to the Indian Embassy, where they were received very cordially. Doctor Koelz has, no doubt, written you all about their visits. At 3:30 in the afternoon Mrs. Thurber and her daughter met Doctor Koelz and me at the National Museum and drove us out to her home in Maryland, about 20 miles or more from Washington. After admiring her lovely new house, she served Doctor Koelz, herself and daughter with beer, and other appetizers; I had tomato juice. We spent the afternoon in talking about various things, then Mrs. Thurber served us each a cocktail and shortly after dinner was served. We had spareribs and sauerkraut, baked potato, sweet corn, coffee and strawberry shortcake. They drove us home shortly after 9 p.m. It was a very good day. I know Doctor Koelz was as much surprised on seeing Mrs. Thurber as I was the first time I saw her. She has a very strong voice, but she is a very little woman, nearing 70 years of age, and is very frail. However, she is not letting herself become an invalid but is interested in everything, planting things in her garden, painting walls, building an open fireplace of bricks in her yard, and many other things, besides going to her office work every day. She really is a very remarkable woman. Her daughter, too, is a very sweet young lady. She is a Civil Engineer, a most unusual occupation for a woman.

We have not heard from or seen Doctor Koelz since, although he thought he might be able to visit the office yesterday or today. I hope he has not gone back to Ann Arbor without seeing us again. I rather think he is busy at the National Museum and, no doubt, there are many people here that Doctor Bartlett would like to visit while he is here. Seeing Doctor Koelz for such a short time after all the years he has been away seems very little, but I am so grateful that I was still here when he did return. As you know, I thought it would be years and years before he would return again and that I should long since have left the government service. I don't think he remembered at all what I looked like, but he looked just the same to me, and also to Mr. Erlanson. My only regret was that you were not with him as I should like so much to meet you and to thank you personally for looking after my doll interests so long and for your fine letters, which I always look forward to receiving. Perhaps when Doctor Koelz and you have finished your bird work there, you will come back to the United States and come to visit me wherever I happen to be at that time.

Perhaps the last package I sent has reached you by this time. We will shortly have another package to send forward to you when Mrs. Thurber returns from her vacation on December 14 or 15.

I hope the hornbills and the other birds are behaving themselves and not giving you too much trouble. Do they miss Doctor Koelz? I had to laugh when he told me your dogs did not like the Catholic priest - poor man, what have they got against him?

Do write to me when you have an opportunity; your letters are always so interesting and receiving one is just like making a visit to you there in Mawphlang. I do hope that Doctor Koelz will find the doll you wrote him about as I should very much like to add it to my collection, and I thank you very much for wanting me to have it.

Trusting that you are very well and with the best of wishes, I remain

Sincerely yours,