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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.

Dear Miss Blaine:

I. W. S.

Just a scratch to tell you we have been able to find rucksacks and therefore if you haven't already got one for me, as requested in my letter of the 10th, forget about it. We start tomorrow with 5 miles for our distant jungle 9 days away. We expect we have forgotten everything we shall need, but no matter. It's better cold and the nice warm things you have sent us would have been welcome, but we are used to the difficulty of getting hold of them.

We have found three helpers, in case they don't persist during the night, and shall try to get some seeds for you. I hope you have been able to convince our precious State Department that the things I may send may be useful. I think I told you not all post offices accept foreign parcels and those that do may not have any stamps to send them.

Our family has stood the journey well and we hope they won't mind the bad time ahead. They can fly again at the end of the journey.

We hope things are well with you.

Our best, as always!

Very sincerely,

Walter Huxley

Written at Ajal Cocon.

← First fold here →

Contn - 66

Sender's name and address :-

*W. Kelly*  
*Chiefs Consul*  
*Bombay*

← Third fold here →

← Second fold here →

*Mrs May M. Glenn*  
*5725 Conover St*  
*Washington 15 Dc*  
*USA.*

**BY AIR MAIL**

**AIR LETTER**

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



→ To open the envelope →

5425 Connecticut Ave.  
Washington 15, D.C.  
February 5, 1953

Dear Doctor Koelz:

Your letter of January 17 was received and, of course, crossed mine to you of January 21 acknowledging receipt of yours of January 3 and also the bracelets.

So you have left Mawphlang at last; I can well imagine how you hated to leave and not take your hornbills. I wonder how your other birds will take to traveling by cage. Since you will be off in your "remote corner" for several months, does that mean that you will be out of touch with us altogether? I hope not.

I'm sorry, too, that something could not have been arranged for sending strawberry plants and citrus. I doubt, though, that even the fastest means possible would bring the strawberry plants to us safely. According to COE, if you could arrange to have someone sift out the seeds from the fruit and just send the seed in an envelope by airmail, as you would a letter, it would be the safest bet. Meantime, we are trying our best to see how shipments can be arranged most expeditiously whenever you have anything you can send us.

You will be glad to know that the two packages (bird labels, etc.) mentioned in my previous letter went forward last week. Mrs. Thurber was not there to send them off herself but she had someone else do it for her. She has been coming in morning this week but I think is still not in very good shape. Mr. Hyland will take the bracelet to her when he goes in to the Department tomorrow and she will write you. If she is as pleased with hers as I am with mine, she will be very much pleased. I love mine.

I don't envy you your travel by so many means of transportation. What a pity you couldn't just get into a helicopter and have it deposit you right at the spot you want to be.

Your cocoons sound interesting. I hope you will let me know what develops. Perhaps by the time you return I will have had an opportunity to buy some more pants and shirts and have them on the way to you. I'll bet you didn't give a hang when the puppy chewed the leg of one of your new pants.

I'm enclosing the bird information you requested and I sincerely hope it has all the data you need. The books had to be borrowed from the Library of Congress and the girl in the Bird Division copied them. Doctor Blake said there was no money involved as they were done on official time, but a note from you to her might be appreciated. I didn't get her name but I will and will send it to you in my next.

No, neither my taste nor smell has returned and the whole darn thing is making me so edgy I'm not fit to live with. There is a lot of tension here as everyone wonders what is going to happen next under the new BOSS; we can only wait and see. The heads of political appointees are falling right and left. I am not worrying too much because if they pick on me (I'm Civil Service, however), I now have enough years of service and have reached the age of retirement. I don't want to yet for a while, but I'm prepped for the inevitable.

I shall be looking forward to glowing accounts of your new spot and hope, too, that Thakur Rup Chand will find time to send me some of his impressions of the birds, the flora, the people, etc. Meantime, I wish for you both good health, good hunting, and happy days.

Sincerely,

Written at Palasbari on the Brahmaputra, V. 11. 33.

Dear Mr. Blaine: There was an assortment of letters and  
eight of your parcels on our reappearance and we were  
vibrated with joy. This time you apparently steered clear  
of objectionable sources! and what can I say but that I couldn't  
love but better myself? The coat is of course at a disadvantage  
with the temperature of your Washington, but I am praying  
for a blizzard. It is a fine color - Ruffchard's looks as fresh  
as new. They used to use a lighter green that showed a fly's  
tracks on it. The trousers are on the large side but no matter.  
Orlon shirt looks spiff. Lens, labels, buttons, cake flour (we mixed  
one right off, I had been trying in vain to persuade Dr. to  
create one from the elements. The soup is superb, really a  
fine thing. We shall want more of that sure. Dr. Ripley left  
us some dry vegetables a couple of years ago and we have  
blessed his name many times. So many places here you can  
find nothing but rice. The natives usually eat some sort  
of wild herbage but at times none is in season and at  
times you don't fancy what is. The trousers are grand  
in using one I never saw the other and delight in  
wearing it. I can't figure out what make it was and what  
to be done when it went. Yeast most welcome had a half  
pkg left. The labels were in the same state, not a minute  
to spare, likewise the quills! It does seem Heaven has  
defused you to look after us as well as the Dept. of  
Agriculture and I shouldn't be at all surprised if this  
doesn't turn out to be your most important, certainly  
most appreciated service. Rabbit fine, only the Cranberries  
are suspiciously suspect as if Warmingmann and Blenheim  
reich had diluted the stew and added a lot of gelatine.  
Some of our jam companies here can go them several  
better. It was a treat however, to see a Cranberry in any  
form. I asked for them from Persia once, I believe. I've  
told you many times all the warm country fruits are  
only fit for monkeys. He shed a tear or two when we  
saw your gifts. Here it seems everyone wonders how  
he can bother us and you seem to spend a lot of  
time figuring out how to help. The cocoa is a chibira

Then back back. Sorry about Mrs. J. Had letter from B.M. 28th  
for the 2nd year in succession but that is in writing. Will send you  
information of parcels. But I have yours in hand for the month of June



BY AIR MAIL

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

Miss May M. Blaine  
5725 Connecticut Avenue  
Washington D.C.  
U.S.A.

May 19/53

Class - 66

W. H. C. G. G.  
C. S. G. G.  
J. G. G. G.

Sender's name and address :-

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development in its line, isn't it? And not the least of it  
is the nice wrappings to everything these days. The firms  
have such pretty designs and colors. It would make you  
laugh to see how yours away compares with what we buy  
in our shops. The some are still in the colors of Victoria's  
days or even look as if they were made then. Those that  
are "modern" have the shape of yours. - I am not  
going to get any farther than the parcels. We are busy  
getting our plunder in order. The plants went off before  
we left the hills. There's precious little for D. I. I had a  
rather nice lot but the field rats got into it and left  
only some cotton and huge beans. There was a P.O. some  
15 mi. away that took only local (Indian) parcels else  
I could have got it off direct. I wonder if you folks have  
lost your sense of the ridiculous. One writes me a single  
seed sample has been estimated with \$5.00 a year to our  
farmers, etc. and the other that we don't want any more  
such stuff. I'm going to put the letters in the newspaper

Recd  
5.25.53

Palasbari Assam, V. 15. 53.

Kamrup Dist.

Dear Miss Blaine: Rupchand has been working on a document to you for some days and I have held up the promised letter, even tho I knew well his methods of letter writing. I'll go thro your letters and comment. The bracelets are no doubt silver, that would be the easiest metal for them to work with. The designs are taken from a foreign book. I fear Mrs. J's is out of proportion. I fearfully that they'd make the links smaller in proportion but no, they made the bracelet larger! They said my order was too small a bracelet, so they then cut it down. The Odon shirts havent been dyed yet. We're waiting for a proper occasion. They look stiff. I havent had a decent shirt since he been in India. At home I had the best. There has been no letters and no word from Bartlett. You cant mess anything with them. Bombard them all you like. As for the parcels, dear heart this is India you seem to think Mrs. Pandit is Indian. You wouldnt find another like her in the whole country. Along with your parcels came several other American ones mailed in November. At least thro the bag they get to Bombay, duty free. The duty on all others is at least 30%. The Strawberries werent fruiting or I'd have sent seed. If the letters get there in 5 days the plants would surely live so long. Now we have an air parcel service to U.S. but not all the post offices will take a foreign parcel, so yours usually no better off. The things I want to send usually arent to be found in cities. For the love of ——— are you Americans turned Asiatics? When you well know the potential value of such things, to quibble over what is proper for the pouch! You must be beginning to guess that I have sense enough to

know what is good. All my good things I've been  
picked up by accident. I'm not going to be here forever  
either. You are quite right not to envy us our means  
of transport; except the fast journey, everything else is  
nightmare. The cars perennially break down and you are  
sure to hear your pants on a <sup>hook</sup> spring in what was the cushion  
and grass spots aplenty. The planes are old and come  
tumbling down with interesting frequency. The trains are  
older. They show a handsome profit, but the 3d class  
passengers are packed in like sardines, literally, stand for  
dozens of stations on some stretches. There used to be an  
expensive 1st Cl. where you at least had the place to yourself  
but I hear that's abolished. In the other upper class, the pas-  
sengers often feel with all the money they've paid they're  
entitled to the place to themselves, and here you have to  
have such an unconscionable amount of luggage (your bed,  
food (you can't buy anything on the way, except fruit at  
times), so everyone has impedimenta in startling degree.  
We often have 500 lbs! Pupchard mended the puppy's  
hole in my pants but not before it got torn again  
by some forest bias. I'm sure I must have told puppy  
not to chew a hole in the other leg. A thousand thanks  
for the bird papers. We never seen the books. They're famous  
ornithological works. Give her <sup>the</sup> enclosed note - I'm at their  
effusion of I. 21! Don't worry about the clothes. Haven't  
you learned yet some people are never so pleased as  
when they can find fault? Will send the measurements  
when we find the tape measure. It's here but where?  
Only one cotton shirt came so far. The woolen one is  
grand. Be sure we know what an effort it is to  
do anything for us, slave as you are, and won't sneer  
at you if you abscond with the remaining 7.83. If  
there is anything you want it will be got, but usually  
there's nothing to be got here. Your campuses are in



2)  
Mend but not in sight. Trust R.C. if you have mis-  
sworn of me. The Candy from Harcus Co. tastes all things  
the top (we rationed it each morning). There's no use trying  
to make you understand what something like that is  
for us. Here everything is falsified and adulterated. The  
flour has anything in it that is cheaper than wheat. The  
razor blades, all old ones resharpened. A white peppermint  
disk is good enough when made by the British Co. but  
they have found a mold to make substitutes out of  
granulated sugar and some sort of smell approaching  
peppermint and so it goes. — As for the "bargains" here  
remember there is no sale for anything expensive!  
\$100 a mo. is a high salary. As for not seeing the  
envelope with R.C.'s picture before the jays did, you don't  
know jays evidently! If R.C. hasn't told you about the  
pickers (there were several) he was delighted and sent  
them home. The stinky fish somehow were well  
made their wrapper and your bag. They didn't mold  
this and the taste was unaffected. They are most  
useful always a bit appetizing, and so useful  
for flavoring the nothing you usually have to cook.  
Those in the box got moldy but weren't put in the  
bags in time. We throw away nothing, not even  
pieces intricately tied string. No such paper or string  
can be had here. — There was a note from Mr. Pickett.  
Must be a nice person but what was the extra package  
from him? Tell him I'm very much obliged for helping  
with the labels. I have had to cut them with a razor  
blade from the letters of such of my friends as use  
good stationery and as such they are often unequal  
in size, to put it mildly. — You needn't worry in the

least about an ant-rate, under your bed. They have  
no teeth and are otherwise of Christian temperment.  
— I am so overwhelmed by your thoughtful presents  
but Dr. C. says I mustn't reward you. You are doing  
more for us than anyone else would by trying to  
get what we want in return for abusive language  
and then to send gifts. If I didn't feel toward you  
in the spirit of understanding of your fine nature  
it would be coals of fire on my head. I should be  
distressed at the worry the things are to you if I  
didn't know your conscientious being would find  
something to worry about if it didn't have this.  
Remember for years we have gone with absolutely  
nothing. In Persia we couldn't get a scrap of cloth  
and what some of the American boys could give us  
from their stock was heaven sent. The Embassy  
wrote back to GYM I was poorly clothed! The poor Persians  
but no matter. I was going to say anything that  
comes from you is so much we couldn't hope for.  
If it can't come, don't worry. The last trip gave me  
one of the most magnificent collections I have and  
if I could get into the Assam or Bhutan Himalayas  
I should be ready to quit. I should like to have  
a decent bit of food + pleasant surroundings before  
I die. Tell Carl to ask the new Sec. to get me into  
Mushmi Hills or East Bhutan. If he pushes he can do it  
I believe. The seeds will be well worth the breath + paper  
it costs him. Do try. The State Dept. doesn't like the  
Indians + wants to squeeze them, by the looks of things.  
I hope you are better. With all your medical help you have  
so much suffering. We are lucky to have aspirin and when  
anything gets hold of us we go to heaven straight no suffering  
we shall hope to hear from you. With love. Reg. + thank  
stack

COPY

Apt. 215  
5425 Connecticut Ave.  
Washington 15, D.C.  
May 19, 1953

Dear Doctor Koelz:

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow! It is wonderful to know that you are both back safe and sound. Not having heard from you in so long, my imagination had run riot and I had you down with jungle fever, snake bite, and heaven knows what else. It is such a relief to know that you got back safely and I do hope you will relate in future letters what sort of luck you had.

Naturally, I'm very happy if the parcels and their contents pleased you and that some of the items are usable. I'm sorry if the coat is too heavy, but you did ask for a wool-lined coat! I'm sorry, too, that the pants are too large. Do you have reference to the two "cloth" pants I sent last? I had hoped they would fit better than the khaki ones I had sent previously.

I hope in the several parcels that you did find the tape measure and that, before you do anything else, you will sit right down and send me every measurement for both of you that you can think of. Then, perhaps, I shall have better luck next time. Width across shoulders, arm length, length of coat, width across chest; outside length of pants leg, inside length of pants leg, waist measurement, etc. All the measurements I asked you for in a previous list. Then I will have something to go on.

Didn't the package of Nylon and cotton shirts reach you yet? I shall be anxious to know how they suit you and if they fit well. The Nylons, of course, require no ironing and wash like a handkerchief.

The other day I wrote you to say that I had sent off four dozen packets of yeast; I hope it isn't too much, but the date of expiration is October of this year, so perhaps you will eat lots of bread between now and then. As I told you, I've had no further word from the Finland Products Company about the dried fish, so will have to locate them elsewhere. I will try to get you some more of the soup within a few days, so that you will have a supply on hand. I'm sorry you were disappointed in the cranberry. It is supposed to be pure cranberry without any gelatine; you probably found it too sweet. The ball point pen is supposed to write for ages and ages, but there are refills to be had, but I think I'll send you another pen so you won't have to be bothered with refills. The pens are really quite inexpensive. How does Rup Chand like his Sheaffer fountain pen? Does it have the kind of a nib that he wanted - it is medium. Also, I am anxious to know if the lens was what he wanted, or did he want you that is larger? My botanical associates thought the small one was what he wanted for the "small flowers" he wanted to use it on. Do let me know.

Mrs. Thurber will be glad to know that you are safely back, too. In my letter the other day I told you she moved into a new house where she won't have to climb steps. She is not able to do so.

Whatever things you sent for D of A will be much appreciated, I can assure you, and whoever told you he ~~didn't~~ didn't want any more of that stuff is just nuts. I'd like to know who it was. It was a shame the rats got the things you had to send, but you can not help that.

On Saturday, May 16, I attended Mr. Erlanson's daughter's wedding at the church (St. Luke's Evangelical Lutheran) and the reception that was held in the church hall. I should say about 250 or 300 persons attended. Anne looked very lovely in his lace wedding dress and veil; she is only 19, but very sweet and full of

sparkle. The groom is 22 and had only a few days before<sup>he</sup> returned from Korea. He is on leave for his honeymoon, but will be in the Army until mustered out in September. They already have a small apartment. There were four bridesmaids in pastel colors, and Mrs. Erlanson herself looked lovely in lavender. Mr. Erlanson's mother was there and Mrs. Erlanson's father and mother from Michigan. Wedding cake, fancy cakes, fruit punch and coffee were served at the reception. It was a beautiful day even though the temperature was in the 90's.

Still no word from BYM. He hasn't even replied to two letters I sent him, but I'm happy to say that his azalea bulletin is "in the mill" and may be out in a few months.

I have a young woman friend coming down to spend the Decoration Day week-end with me. Don't you feel sorry for me trotting around to show her the sights? I've already made arrangements to hire a car for most of one day and I think she should see a good deal of Washington in that way. I used to love to "sightsee" and welcome every opportunity, but I've grown older and less peppy, so that now I find it somewhat of an ordeal.

You may be sure I'll be looking forward to your next letter and if there is anything you want me to do for you, just say the word and I'll do my darnddest.

With many thanks for your letter and best wishes to you both, as always

Sincerely,

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Was the grade of paper in the labels satisfactory? I really hope so.

Your letter was dated May 11, postmarked May 12 and reached me on May 18. Isn't that wonderful time?

Palasari V. 22. 53.

Dear Miss Blaine: My most parcels just came. The pants  
are superb. The brown shirts are fine for fit (sleeves long are  
always right on acct of mosquitoes). The Nylons are very interesting  
but be careful of your color gal. I'm going on a hundred, but  
here were not so critical of such details and we have no use for  
anything but in the jungle. Apparently everything has come now.  
No end grateful. We just sent off a package of letters to you  
which you have no doubt not yet read, but I'm dutifully in-  
forming you of this event, knowing that the first line will  
please you if you read no farther. I'm sure you're like me &  
regard a parcel as a sort of child about whose fate I want to know.  
— We have got our mess cleared up and are ready to leave again.  
If you have written here mail will be forwarded, and in any case  
we won't be far. I suppose R.C. told you all about our trip in  
the dozen sheets he sent, so I shall be silent, unless I can think  
of something he couldn't have known. We were lucky to get  
mules for transport to the mt., for these are for real a worry as  
to man beings are if you deal with them. Such lovely beasts  
I have never seen in all our experience, Army mules of the  
Sierra War, but their masters were not of the same caliber.  
In this country the cultivation don't take their grain for  
but build shelters for it near the fields and go back &  
forth to it as they need it. These shelters are of course  
crude and open to every potential thief, rats included  
but humans never rob, that is, no one who is not  
up under the septem, and it's widespread in these  
parts. We hear our herdsman did rob one of these tons  
to feed their beasts. When I first came to Ind. a such  
a thing couldn't have happened, but now you have  
to look out. Generally, restraint is giving way all  
over and in all fields and Communism, in revolt  
against restraint, creeps in. (At least they think Com-  
munism means you can have my stuff!) Prepare  
yourself to murder us for a few hundred dollars gain  
more than once and I told you our luggage in the  
rethouse was picked of so much, so you can see  
it isn't only your neighbors that are turning nose.  
— The big river is falling rapidly. They must have  
had some good rains in the Numbalays. The birds  
have all taken to the water. As the water rises

The cricket and other insects are driven out of the cracks in the dry ground. The people are busy fishing the dead wood out. That the flood brings down. Everyone that is able carries it to highland in baskets back and forth like ants. — Tell Carl: I ran into a curious Lichi. The fruits were normal in size but the seed sterile and the flesh filled up the space normally occupied by the seed. Outlings of seed would give something interesting Lichi's ordinarily a r. except a rough shot of flesh. — Is anyone interested in ornamentals these days? He would interest me especially, and jacking the pulpits in these parts are varied. In our recent out. there was a stunning one in pink and salmon, 3 ft. high, with a bulb of 4 lbs. I threw it away with great regret but even if I could have got it to you it might not have been wanted. There were a no. of stunning orchids that wd have thriven in Fla.. It's always startling to see what variations one can have on the few themes they <sup>presently</sup> furnish offers. — It's up to you again. Well expect to hear from you soon. <sup>First fold here</sup> do tell his <sup>Mr & Mrs J.</sup> are out

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Sender's name and address —

H. Koehly  
 Col's Consul  
 Bombay

Coast - 60

Third fold here

Rec'd  
 5-27-1938  
 Mrs. May M. Blaine  
 5425 Connecticut Avenue  
 Washington 13 D.C.  
 USA.

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

215



Second fold here

of the dumps. It used to be Carl. Byrn would rather die than admit a slave even. I have written him and tried not to stick on horns. R.C. seems an interesting & that makes + thanks

June 5, 1953

Dear Doctor Koelz:

The die is cast and you are now a full-fledged member of our organization, albeit without salary. Your appointment paper went off yesterday with a letter from Mr. Erlanson, together with copies of the letters written to Bombay and Calcutta. Today, we are getting ready to send you, through the pouch if possible, a small supply of stationery, cord, waxed paper, muslin bags (we don't have the muslin by the yard), Inspection House tags, pencils, a ball-point pen with refill, erasers, polythene bags, seed packets, etc. I say a small amount because Mr. Erlanson did not want to overwhelm you with a large amount because you might think we expected you to immediately send us in tons of seed! If this whole collaboratorship is agreeable to you and I fervently hope it is or my goose will be cooked and COE will be officially embarrassed, you can let us know what else you will need and in what quantity. I think Mr. E's letter explains most things to you, and now it will be up to you as and if and when you can to send us some seed of whatever you think is interesting and worth while. I shall simply die if you are not pleased with the arrangement because I have begged for it for years, thinking it was the best way to help you over there and at the same time to get in some worth while introductions for our country. I hope it will give you even more prestige than you already have over there and benefit you in many ways. At least, I do not think there will be any question now of getting things to you through the pouch should we no longer be able to take advantage of Mrs. Thurber's kindness; also, we shall be able to use the services of the U. S. Despatch Agent in New York and, of course, you can send things (seeds or plant materials) through the consulates at Bombay and Calcutta. Do you want us to write also to the consul at New Delhi?

As Mr. E explained in his letter, you will be reimbursed for expenses incident to the collecting and shipping of any plant material and seed, and, in the case of perishable material, they will have to send it by air pouch. As I think Mr. Hyland explained to you in one of his letters some time ago, such material can be sent air express collect, so it will be up to the consulates to follow your instructions.

You will know, of course, that the official letterheads and envelopes can be used only for official mail and, as I understand it, you will be reimbursed for any postage used on official letters (all airmail).

Your letter to me of May 22 was received on May 23. I'm so glad the khaki shirts fit and are satisfactory. Shall I get you some more of them. I'm sorry the Nylons didn't live up to your expectations. You can get only white in the regular, long sleeve shirt. The sports shirts in colors I sent, I thought were very subdued and just right for the jungle, but, you see, I'm totally ignorant of what is best suited to your life there. Here, the louder in color a shirt is, the better the men like them. I'll cut out some pictures some time and show you just what they are wearing over here these days. AND you are not going on a hundred; if you are, then I'm 150. It is good to know the pants are "superb." I suppose you have reference to the khaki-colored cloth pants I sent last? They seem to have reached you in record time. Have you received the last lot of 48 packets of yeast I sent?

Mr. E would have given his eye teeth for some of the lichis you wrote me about and also any of the ornamentals you saw. The principal thing still remains mangoes - any kind - good, bad or indifferent.

I just called Mrs. Thurber and found she was not at the office today but is expected on Monday. She really is rather poorly and I doubt that she will be able to continue on for any great length of time. What a pity; she is a wonderful person.

me (some of which I read to COE)

Your letters to ~~Mr. C. C. Coe~~ <sup>them</sup> were a wonderful shot in the arm for him; he was very much pleased with ~~it~~, and I hope your next letter to him will be just as fine. Do write him a really good and inspiring letter. He really isn't in any dumps but administrative work is no cinch; it has lots of headaches.

Last evening I had a letter from BYM and he told me he had a letter from you. I think he was very much pleased for he wrote a long and newsy letter and seemed to be in fine spirits. His garden is growing by leaps and bounds and he's had some beautiful old-fashioned roses.

We are having the 17-year locusts (cicadas), but they really do no harm. However, in several states the army worm is wreaking havoc with the crops and no one seems to know how to combat them.

Besides seeing what I can do for you and Mr. Rup Chand, my only concern at the moment is that you will be pleased with the appointment and that it will help you in many ways and that you will accept it. Remember it doesn't bind you to any great amounts of materials or paper work.

Hoping you are both well and that the Big River has behaved itself, I remain, with great hope,

Sincerely,

P.S. I can not imagine what you mean by the "package of letters" you have sent off to me that I haven't read. I suppose that Doctor Bartlett has sent you the Asa Gray Bulletin with your "letters" and that you are returning them to me to hold for you. Wasn't he stupid, in that case, not to have followed our first instructions? I have inquired if anyone here has a copy of the latest issue, but no one has.

In his letter to me, BYM said you wrote as though you thought of coming home. Is that possible? That would be good news indeed. Do you really mean to come soon?



Palasbari, Kamrup Dist., Assam,  
VI. 15. 53.

Dear Miss Blaine

We just came back from a trip up the railway track to see that made the nests we saw on the telephone wires. It turns out to be the Common Weaver (bird) that makes the famous hanging nest you can see in your illustrated dictionary, but here with new ideas in their heads the new ideas generally they have made a mess of it and future dictionaries will omit mention of them. Instead of the dainty gourd-shaped nest that swings from the branch tips what have they done but plastered cups onto the wires, one against the other. They don't swing and while we were looking on half of the cups and the other were blown down. Elsewhere the orthodox Weaver birds have full-fledged young but these are just nest-building. That brings me to the subject that you registered of May 27 and the two May 28 & 29 from Bombay were here. I am so glad pleased that you will try to do something to help us finish our job. I have searched far & far and am determined to give no stone unturned. We have found such startling things by our collecting in the various Assam valleys that it would be an eternal shame not to finish with the Himalayan gap. No one has been there and no one with our ability will likely go and the time is before us when the Country will be devastated. You can't believe we have seen hundreds of acres of beautiful natural vegetation turned to waste. I had

hope the Indians would be reasonable but it  
clear nothing is to be hoped from them and of course  
can't achieve anything there is no hope. What their  
sense of gratitude is you already had a taste they  
have no word for that a shame in any of their languages  
I let one of their boys come to New York and study and  
collecting a thing nobody would do and helped them  
they on after his scholarship time, and we took their  
pictures with us to show them how to work. So far we  
have had insult and abuse up to now. I haven't found  
out why we were expelled from Lushai hills. I am sent from  
hills to post and it will end up as a misunderstanding.  
It's a big question what the State Dept. will do even for  
you. They ignored your request to help when I went  
on my last assignment and have helped me not at  
all in any way since I have been on my own. But  
I've always found one's enemies are likely to be  
one's best friends in the end. I shall at least have  
something to write about someday. The great  
job here just as the last packet was used up. Don't  
worry about too much. It makes the best gift to  
our white friends. Do you suppose these Indians had  
don't know how to write. It might be too much to ex-  
pect of the producers of such a smelly product. Tell Mr.  
Sherber not to bother to write, wash his dishes instead  
if that's more fun. I rather like it. I can under-  
stand why your Colorado friend invited you without  
having seen you. Ruppchand never said you either  
and was warm an admirer. He never has you  
out of mind a moment. He took home a couple brass  
vases the other day to send you but they were just  
over the line and went off to some one else.

I haven't heard from Ben Platt all year, not even in answer to my letter telling him of the East outrage. Lord, how child of food & clothes worried us we shouldn't be here. There is always something to eat & when as, if you ever get anything destined for human consumption you appreciate it the more. The natives don't mind monkey in diet, fish 3 times a day would without end would be *replus ultra* for millions. I told you I felt sure the bracelets were silver since that would be easiest to work with. They don't like even jewelled silver that can't solder & at the alloy with it. I can well imagine your sight seeing! I shouldn't cross the Street to see the Resurrection and should feel aggrieved if a visitor dragged me along. I smile at your remarks at the "heavy coat". It's as hot here as you fare at there and would you like a wool coat? The wool coats were so stiff we did put them on something as it was. They are superb and fit finger. The Dylans are here of course and in wearing one this minute. It feels elegant and makes beautifully. It is too bad I shant live to see all the nice things they will invent in the next 10 years. The Soup will be very welcome. But mind leave an end to these no charge items. None not used to such usage. The fan to glass and the ball point pleases me like a first dill. I have been sewing with it for fear it would wear, and the lens of course is just the thing for our fiddle drummers, tho I still startle the Indian onlookers by threading my own needle. They think I am over 100. In the middle class people are quick and an active man fast too is a rare thing. Pleasant to you to hear - It is too bad the Collaborator idea recut but three years ago. There's no end of useful things

you might have had. A seedless lemon alone m-  
have paid for the paper and ink it will cost. But you  
must have realized long since everyone hasnt ideas  
like yours! If they have any. It will be interesting  
to know what becomes of the project. I have had  
an impression the State Dept has no love for me  
and they may hem abit but see that they come  
out with their objections. I'm not afraid of the Devil  
let alone his agents. I'd better wait maybe with my  
letter to Carl. - If you were here wed give you all the  
mangoes you wanted and better than any you ever  
drank of. They are in season now here in the Brahma  
putra valley, and are always warming + these from the  
Calcutta area are the only good ones. We also have  
excellent plums a basketful that came from Shillong  
will convert them into juice. We can only buy some  
Applelike pomeas in Tibet either Indian or Australian.  
The foreigners have learned to adulterate what  
they send us too. I'll enclose an editorial on  
a recent Calcutta daily for a hint as to what  
an allied seed from the high Himalayas + I spec-  
ulate. - A sort of Cuckoo suggests the rainy weather  
and shouts "You're ill" All his hoarse from the  
tree tops. Another relative calls in Tibetan "Ghot + seta  
pak" which is clear Thasa Tibetan for "Tibetan you'll  
get malaria". He will sing by the hour too, even in  
the night, so even grey skies are suitably brightened.  
The jackals almost eat out of your hand and a  
bat comes into the house to bother the birds. The  
cats, other bats, frogs and even small birds. What he is  
red like to know. Puff-blow joins in best makes + thanks all

Use this address  
Wagam  
Maupblang via Shullong June 25, 1953

Dear Miss Blaine: Your letter of the 15<sup>th</sup> just came and last night the one to Palasbari. The Bombay mail hasn't come since last month but should be along in a day or two. I don't want to begin by being disagreeable & I should vent my fury all over the paper at your buying us more groceries. It seems you and your government will insist on giving us foreign'd Paint 4, or plain cash in spite of our protest! We'll discuss the matter again; for the present please don't send any more clothes, except work shirts and pants, something for rough wear. We seldom have use for anything else and are abundantly provided with things "too good to wear for every day." I can't bring myself to put that nice work shirt out in the rain and cling in consequence to the one I've had 5 years, or what's left of it rather. Do try to find the measurement papers to make. As for food, please don't bother, unless we ask for something. Right here we can get bacon, ham, butter, pork and lard. I can always make better jam than can be bot (just now I made raspberry jam. Children bot them in by the handful and by night all dishes were full. You know Cocoa is on the market, but we've never had it but for your introduction. The dry things for the jungle trips are important, but we should need

a supply until we hear that there is hope of getting there. The situation <sup>here</sup> is interesting. The Am. Missionaries in the Naga Hills about whom there has been so much noise are leaving, according to newspapers, and most of the missionaries think the end of their work is near. That's all right but I don't think they have a right to stop scientific work, even tho' they have no interest in it. It appears the foreign govts have decided it will be best to let them have their own old-fashioned culture, they'll be harmless that way, I suppose. — He came here on the 18<sup>th</sup>. You should have heard the welcome the dear hombills gave us! And the puppy, the one that chewed a hole in the new pants, which hole wasn't mended till I caught it on a root in the jungle and enlarged it materially, even remembered us after so many months. I fear the hombills didn't get all the rations that they should have had but they looked fine. Only the ant jay succumbed undoubtedly from poor food. These people eat nothing but rice and can't get into their heads that everything else doesn't do the same. It was 90° below and here is so cool we have our coats on and sleep in all the blankets we can get. It drizzles off and on, but we get about. I went to look for some of the strawberries about which I wrote you that live for 4 mo. in the rain and found

2) a few belated ones, which I shall enclose. More  
will go when I write Carl. His papers went to  
Bombay, I suppose. I hope it does some good,  
but I fear the State Dept. won't help. The  
Indians gave me an explanation of why we  
were expelled: <sup>the first time there wasn't any</sup> <sup>reason</sup>  
but this time they "disapproved" my approaching.  
Their local officers when they had told me I  
a year before I couldn't go "for the present."  
My "approaching" was the result of his invitation  
and I naturally assumed they were going  
to be civilized for a change and make up  
for past disagreeableness, but it seems  
they aren't made like that. — Our new family  
is as yet on trial. So many things happen be-  
fore the nestlings know how to look out for  
themselves even with all our watchfulness.  
A drongo seems to be on the way to safety,  
a little long tailed black thing, with the courage  
of an eagle and a sweet twitter, that he  
will keep up as long as you'll talk to him.  
Below he always came home worst, but here  
he's scared of the hornbills inside and outside  
it's cold, so we're fearful for him, and force  
him to stay in, even tho' it goes against the  
grain generally. There are 7 others I hope you'll  
hear about later. — I was in the city the other

day and saw a stunning silver bracelet on an English  
woman. I grabbed her to find out where she  
got it — in Denmark! The brass vases were  
just for bad, even to be included with the trash  
we had after have to send you, faute de mieux.  
Tell Mr. Richey the Giant Lily will be in bloom in  
a week or two. They are about 8 ft high now with  
up to 10 buds. A child trot in one ground rched  
wine and gold, the like I never saw before.  
On the trees are white ones with yellow and brown  
marked throats a sort of daffodil freshness, but  
none of the rait's elegance that characterizes  
so many that are less showy. There is a little  
Venus Flytrap you can find by knowing where  
to look. The pitcher plant with a cover for the pitcher  
that lifts only in fair weather is found in only  
a few places in these hills. The climbing bracken  
makes a tangle on the hillsides nothing can get  
thru; on the damp rocks grows a fragrant  
little fern and the forest has large ones in  
many sorts, even the fantastic tree ferns that  
look a million years out of place. I sent Carl  
a letter on mangos a sort of last testament on  
the subject and shall try to get the seedless lemon  
cuttings but we seldom go to the same place  
twice and the mill will never see friend with  
the rate that has passed! A couple sample photos  
sent to Dr. Jackson's House. Will write again when the Bombay  
PKt. comes. Here as usual. Our best & thanks. M.

Enclosed: seeds, check, mm. photos



5425 Connecticut Ave.  
Washington 15, D.C.  
June 30, 1953

Dear Doctor Koels:

Yesterday, June 29, your letter of June 15, written at Palasbari, was received in Mr. Erlanson's absence. He will be back tomorrow afternoon. This air letter was postmarked both from Palasbari and from Bombay.

Since this letter to Mr. Erlanson referred mostly to mangoes and where to grow them in this country, I am assuming that Mr. Erlanson's letter to you of June 4, with your appointment as Collaborator and with copies of letters to the consuls at Bombay and Calcutta, had not yet reached you. The letter was, of course, addressed to you in care of the consul at Bombay.

Mr. Erlanson received about a week ago your letter of June 12, written at Palasbari, and in which you asked him to write to you at Mawphlang, via Shillong. This letter gave the names of places to which you would like to go, and I can tell you that the very next day after its receipt a visit was made to the Indian Embassy and a formal letter was written to that Embassy. So, you may rest assured that everything is being done to get your permission, and, undoubtedly, Mr. Erlanson will write you what the Indian Embassy says. Doctor Hodge, the assistant head of the Division here, is much interested in your proposed journeys and I think he will push the matter for you as much as possible. So, just sit tight and perhaps everything will work out O.K. for you. Please treat this confidentially until you get official letters either from COE or Doctor Hodge.

Just after your letter of June 12 was received, we had out here for a whole day a young Indian, whose name and address are as follows:

P. M. Thomas, Technical Officer, Civil Supplies and Rationing, Lulow Castle, Delhi, India.

Although this is his official address, he was born and reared in Mysore, India, and is a Christian. He says about every other person in his town is named Thomas; something to do with the legend of St. Thomas being on their shore. He has been studying at Cornell University. He assured me that if you or any other member of the Department will write him if you are going to be in Delhi, he will be very happy to meet you. Mr. Erlanson will probably write you about his visit, too. Both COE and Doctor Hodge discussed with him your proposed itinerary and he seemed to think that there would be no trouble at all about Bhutan, nor did he see why you should be kept out of the other places. He said the probable reason for your being expelled from the Lushai Hills was for your own protection because he says even the government can not control the wild tribes there. At any rate, we should know fairly soon what the answer will be from the Indian Embassy.

I am wondering if you received the small package of official supplies which were sent to you at Bombay by air pouch.

Yesterday and today I have sent the following packages to Mrs. Thurber for sending to you and I do hope they will reach your destination promptly and will be a little something other than "fish and rice."

There are six packages altogether; I had to make smaller packages as Mrs. Thurber told me she could not handle them if they weighed more than a Yearbook. You can tell from this how badly off she is when it is so difficult to lift things, but she is cheerful and happy in her new home, which is all on one floor and makes it easier for her all around.

- No. 1 contains 3 packages of dried soups  
1 sponge (this is grand for cleaning up jobs; can be washed in clear water; never gets smelly)  
3 packages dehydrated vegetables (for soup)
- Pkg. No. 2 contains 4 packages dehydrated vegetables  
1 " split peas
- Pkg. No. 3 contains 5 small packages of the dried fish (all I could get at this time; more will come next week) (This may come by air pouch if Mrs. Thurber can manage it).
- Pkg. No. 4 contains 2 cans of bacon  
1 can of Klim
- Pkg. No. 5 contains 1 can of bacon  
1 can of Klim
- Pkg. No. 6 contains 1 can of beef stew  
2 cans of lamb stew

I wish I could send you whole cases of stuff but I know you feel we are fortunate to be able to get even these few things off to you. I thought I could work something for getting a lot of stuff to you through the New York Despatch Agent, but I was informed from the main office that you would have to be on our rolls one year (currently) before personal shipments could be sent to you even if addressed to the consul. So, I thought it was better not to jeopardize our sending what little we can through Mrs. Thurber's kindness. If it hadn't been for Mrs. Thurber, we could not have sent you even the official supplies through the pouch. On official inquiry, we were turned down, so.... you see how important Mrs. Thurber is and how good a "drag" I have with her. Let's hope nothing happens to it!

The above packages will probably be months reaching you, so, in the meantime, if there are other things you would like to have me send you, please let me know.

Since the receipt of your letter to me of June 5, I have written you at Palasbari twice, I believe. I do hope you got the letters. I am mailing this one to Mawphlang and shall be glad if you will let me know whether all letters have been received. In one letter to you I enclosed my letter to Mr. Rup Chand.

If wishing could get you into all the places you want to go, you may be sure I'm wishing for you both everything you hope to attain.

I've had several letters from BYM this month. At the moment they are having company from Washington (BYM got them an apartment for a month), so he will be kept busy entertaining. He complains of the terrific drought they have had in the South (it has been awful in Texas). So long as the well doesn't go dry, BYM hopes to have enough water for his plants. Here we are having temperatures in the 90's with high humidity, but, strange to say, I always feel better physically in this kind of weather.

With the best of wishes to you both, as always

Sincerely,

5425 Connecticut Ave.  
Washington 15, D.C.  
Friday, July 3, 1953

Dear Doctor Koelz:

Your letter of June 25, mailed from Mawphlang, was received at the Washington Post Office on June 30, but, for some unknown reason, was not delivered to me until July 2, a quick trip in any event. I'm glad to know you received my letter from Palasbari and the one to Mawphlang. I may have sent you one to Bombay; I can't remember at the moment. You did not say anything about my letter to Mr. Rup Chand, so perhaps I sent that to Bombay with a short note to you included. You surely should have received COE's letter from Bombay by now, as well as the small package of supplies.

Naturally, I am devastated that you should want to vent any fury in my direction because I sent you a miserable little gift of groceries. What's a poor gal to do? In one letter you say it is impossible to get anything decent in the way of food in cans or any other way, and then in the next, after I've sent you something I think will vary the monotony for a day or two, you write that you can get practically everything right there. Oh me, these men, there's no telling how to please 'em! Well, anyway, I wrote you a day or two ago that there are a few more packages of canned and dried goods on the way, so you'll just have to make the best of them; keep them for emergencies. Mrs. Thurber's daughter is also getting a few more fish for you today and, whether you get furious or not, I'm going to send them on to you on Monday. x##-!!!! Anyway, I'm delighted you can get groceries where you are.

Even though the measurements for my "future guidance" are meager, I am delighted to have them and, when I go to the shops, I'm sure the salesmen will know better what I want. All stores are closed tomorrow, being the 4th and for which we get no holiday, but I shall go next Saturday and will do my best about the work clothes.

I don't have the amount in my head at the moment here at the office, but I still have something about \$40.00 left from your last check and I hope I shall be able to get the work clothes with that and will hold the present \$300.00 you sent in your letter of June 25 until you advise me further what to buy. In any event, I'll send you the cost of the work clothes, so I can keep my records straight.

I can't imagine why you are clinging to a shirt you've had for five years, or, as you say, what's left of it. I suppose you mean it's wool. But didn't I send you each several cotton and Nylon shirts?

Even though I read the news more or less thoroughly and listen to the news accounts on the radio, I had not heard about the American missionaries in the Moga Hills. Is India, too, cutting off its nose to spite its face?

How nice to receive such a lovely welcome from the birds and the puppy. Perhaps, after all, the birds and the beasts are more loyal in their friendships than humans.

The strawberry seed was received by Mr. Erlanson from me this morning and he was very much pleased. I typed out your field note and he turned both over to Dr. Whitehouse for action. COE also had me type a copy of your mango letter to him for Doctor Whitehouse's "edification" and future use. COE is looking forward to whatever seed you will send either in a letter to him or to the Inspection House.

The explanation of your expulsion from the Lushai Hills was certainly "thin." Let's hope with officialdom behind you now, they will be impressed. Doctor Hodge had a letter day before yesterday from the Indian Embassy saying his letter had been re-

2 - July 3, 1953

ceived and the matter of your proposed journeys was being taken up with the home government. Dr. Hodge, before writing the letter, made a personal call at the Embassy and found them very cordial and cooperative. It remains to be seen, now, what the "home government" will do. Don't lose heart.

Your little "long-tailed, black thing" sounds very interesting. I hope you succeed in having him overcome his fear of the hornbills. Indeed I should love to hear about the others, too.

How nice of you to be interested in another bracelet. I'm glad you didn't snatch it off the woman's arm. Don't worry about the vases. The other day I came upon a lovely pair of Chinese Cloisonné vases in a heavenly blue color, decorated with pink cherry blossoms; they are 12" tall. They are not antique but are "before the war", which means they are heavy. The modern ones are very light because they have received so few coats of enamel. My little Chinese friend, the other evening, gave me a small figurine of the Chinese Goddess of Mercy. It was given to her by a U.S. Navy officer and she didn't want it and insisted that I accept it. It's a lovely little thing, old, white porcelain - it makes a nice companion for the ivory Hindu Musician which stands on the mahogany hanging shelf in my living room. Do you remember your writing me about witnessing a wedding in the town where you bought the figurine?

I shall certainly tell Mr. Ricker about the giant lily, Venus flytrap and pitcher plant. COE hopes very much you will send in seed (or is it bulbs?) of the giant lily. Mr. Ricker shall probably go crazy because he can't see the pitcher plant and Venus flytrap. Did I ever tell you he is an expert on taking flower photographs in color? He has over 4,000 slides of the most beautiful wild flowers you ever saw. He's about 74 years old now and as spry as a goat; I wish you could see him on a botanizing trip. How I should love to see your orchids; they sound as if they came from a dream world. What a pity that you are not getting photographs of all these lovely things, or are you?

Believe me when I say that COE will be most grateful for whatever interesting seed or plant materials you can send in and, even though you don't come again upon the good mangos you once saw, perhaps you will come upon others in the course of your travels and can send some seed in to us.

I shall be happy to hear again from Mr. Rip Chand; he never scolds me and tells me so many things you leave out. And please don't chide me anymore about the groceries; I wanted them to be only a small return for the pleasure your letters give me.

When I've bought the work clothes and have them started on their way, I shall write again. Meantime, I shall hope that everything goes well with you both and that soon we may be able to send you the news that you may proceed to the places you want to go.

We are having real Washington weather - temperatures in the 90's (93° F. yesterday) and such humidity. It is almost impossible to sleep at night because the air doesn't stir. Anyway, I like it better than the winter cold.

With best wishes to you both, as always

Sincerely,

Thank you very much for the Indian stamp.

Dear Miss Hains: July 3, 1953 The letters from Bombay arrived today and with them a letter from Cal with the papers and one from Myrm today and yours of June 5. I can say to you the whole business is making years late and don't care to inquire why. You can understand I should regret passing up what I think might be important to you = U.S. in the world, and also that I might not care to break my neck getting it to you when someone didn't want to spill a little ink to make it possible. Now at this stage the papers will be important if I can get where I want to go, I have nothing else I want to do here. Myrm tried to get the same thing once & failed & they turned me down on the Burma money, so they have a change of heart or the officials might be down I don't be so graceful as to remind C. What he knows already, I don't trouble. I have an eye cut for what may help to pay you all for the official end of what you are doing for us. The Strawberry seed I sent you the other day will pay for the papers the appointment cost or I'll be so good you notice it's a new sort entirely (white & rose purple fruit) - Now the banks are the wooden ones. They clearly don't read or can't my letters, I don't know half the time what I'm writing but the other half I do and know I told you wool. No shakes come but I'm bluegreen that I told you were too big but it took only a little stitching to make them fit. The 2 paper of meat and the disputed pieces haven't come. The shirt clippings a plain thing. In Heavens sake be merciful and don't send me anything with your quids, blotches and spots. You misread again if you understand the nylon's weren't off the cotton and the stitching and the short sleeves and the best good sense if you had given it a chance would have told you in a malaria country long sleeves, etc. I wear one every day here and am delighted with the way it founders. The color don't matter I notice they aren't too fast and here we are all a fond of quids, things as you Americans! While I think of it the leather work you wanted in times past are packed up 6 compasses or wallets and a nice handbag. I suspect they are for folks who have helped you in your bankless job and regret the delay but - they can't be sent from here and will go when mail we get to a P.O. that will take lots of parcels. I couldn't get a letter yesterday because the local P.O. didn't have 6c worth of stamps. so you see even the simplest things aren't as simple as you might think. Along with your mail, came a letter from B. H. with a gay recommendation from the Man, but no mention of the "letters", and a much more interesting one from a friend in Chicago who raises orchids. Confounded fool here, told me in all the years of correspondence. He is clearly an expert gardener and would have made the best use of the lousy things I have seen across. Sometimes I wonder if these Americans are right in the head, and am only reminded of my mouthful mentality by observing the cabbage mentality of my neighbors. I promise you I'm not going to spend the rest of my days among lunatics and morons and if you folks don't mind your ways you shall not have the pleasure of paying me an old age pension. Myrm writes more like himself. He must be lonely. There's not thing among those wild folks, his work is magnificent but one needs a little more. It was nice to learn from Cal that your gardening and squawking has only to arouse my sympathy. I might have known. It's always well to get some one else's hand on wheel.

We cant understand your modern, problem, novels (not can I). The world we live  
in is OK. & direct (Agatha Christie v. al). Please dont worry. Well, as a writing  
agent for anything we want and please do the same if you can. But sure  
anything we can do for you will be a trifle and nothing you do for us can be  
R.C. may do some handkerchiefs, cotton, no lace or embroidery, 16"-18", blue preferred  
or red for color, pattern yours & the rest. →

To open cut here →

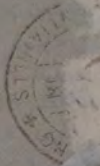
BY AIR MAIL

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



Miss May M. Blaine  
5425 Connecticut Avenue  
Washington D.C.  
USA

Third fold here



*Miss Blaine was looking  
N. K. Koff*  
Sender's name and address: —

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

R.C. was amused at your acct of supplies on the way, everything  
but what we need to work. Dont worry about supplies. The shop  
The seeds in banana leaves and write the labels on their back with  
raspberry juice but if we cant travel - you should thank your fate  
you arent with us. It rains everynight and all night and starts out  
the day. A swarm of hungry birds attacks us with dawn and if  
you show signs of being awake the attacks are continued to the dawn  
Conclusion... The hornbills can help themselves but the others, 3 Starlings  
3 magpies and a myna have to be cooked for. Lairs, the dorm, sleeps  
outside and doesnt bother till were up. The hornbills are adhdable  
One has just got in a mouse he caught somewhere and is offering  
it to his brother. Sometimes they only domesticate, but may give  
the habit. For tiny button quails have just come. They are frightful  
hard to raise, I have to keep them in bed with me in a fadded ten  
and in the end the hornbills will swallow them - we will just  
laughing at a Russian episode. I had been explaining to some boys some  
things that I thought were in their language. One didnt get the idea  
but the other said why hes right. For something that actually is  
nonexistent we had 33 synonyms and for the commonest thing  
we have no name at all. For "friendship" there is a host of words we  
use but a cow is a "female beef" a bull a "male beef". His words I had  
used for illustration. There is a vacancy and some French bottles  
are gone. R.C. found one left over from the war. Still find  
the large 5th class are gone. R.C. found one left over from the war. Still find  
and ones have no use for such things as they do buy them. - Buck up R.C.  
Kerry Lam every day. The rest of the day we had to have had, yet I have here. - Buck up R.C.  
30 days back for R.C., any sort of thrillers with a strong easy to read

Maopflung via Shilling, Assam 14 10 33

Dear Miss Blaine:

Many thanks for the good will behind your letter of the 30th that just came. Mail seems to limp these days on the way to you. It used to get there much faster but in general it still goes quicker to Washington than to Calcutta. You may be interested to know some thing of the working of our postal system. The airport is 30 mi from Palashan, but airmail from Bombay & Calcutta is carried from there, not to Gauhati, but <sup>to my party</sup> across the Brahmaputra! to await the mail from the Calcutta train. If that train is late, (it may not come at all), the airmail stays there till it does. Do you see why we are not impatient to get letters. The Bombay mail comes to me not oftener than once a month, in a registered packet. That even went up once in a plane crash. - Heaven help us if they can explain to you reasons for insulting and abusing us! I had rather hoped you might recall it. The Turks had been 3 mo. with them, one mo. alone on top of a mt. without them. You might guess <sup>that</sup> now we have some idea of where we can safely go. I shall not be surprised now if you write you have been refused with regret because of the poor hotel accommodations in the places I want to go. That's the sort of "reasons" and worse, that usually are relayed to me. I suspected you had made some <sup>official</sup> moves. Last Sat. 5 PM. in heavy rain a police officer came from Shilling 15 mi. to inquire if we were "operating" here legally. He said Delhi had inquired and gave us to understand we'd be expelled from here when our residence permit expired in Nov. that may be the result of your official request! Don't worry too much about the foreign visitors

you see and don't take too seriously what they tell  
<sup>Altho I have had less influence here than you have.</sup>  
you. It only bothers us. Carl and Ben used to bring  
"information" from such sources which cost a lot  
to run down and always fruitless. I believe you sent  
me into a disreputable section of Bombay once after  
dolls you heard were to be had there in quantity!  
And I'm sure you half believe yet me just spitefully  
refuse to send you dolls. Incidentally, your leather goods  
parcel lies here still. It has rained night and day  
since I wrote you and I told you we can't send <sup>any</sup> parcels  
from here. It has happened our P.O. <sup>at Mumbai</sup> but have  
6¢ worth of stamps to register a letter. By the way,  
do I understamp my letters? Yours always have so  
much muck on them. The P.O. even in the largest places  
here may not know rates. I have just had word  
several parcels to USA were understamped, caught  
at Bombay. In Dec. Shilling charged 20/6 & canvas, but  
shd have charged more, Balasbarn <sup>then</sup> charged 21/6 but shd  
have charged 22/10, so you never can tell and I have  
no way of knowing what happens, possibly delay.  
Please let me know. — The two parcels are awaited  
as tho they were ice cream. Since space is so precious  
please send nothing but requested things and put  
a no. in each parcel so it will be easier to acknow-  
ledge specific things. Please send no canned meat or  
vegetables. They go bad in this climate. Beans, peas &  
other allies <sup>can</sup> be had everywhere in Ind. All  
canned milk, <sup>coffee, tea, cocoa</sup> can be had. Dry things <sup>(vegetables, soap, fruit)</sup> can be used in  
out of way places. There often nothing but rice & the  
perennial peas can be had, but even these will  
not be needed if you feel with the Indians. Then  
please send nothing but things already requested.



2) Your letters to P. and here have been read. I last  
wrote you 26th with enclosed Strawberry seeds, and  
acknowledged Carl's papers that came from Bombay.  
I believe I write you than too. — A woman here  
gave me the enclosed clipping and wants the doll  
for her child. It sometimes happens such things, <sup>and</sup>  
that they seem. I should be glad to have your opinion.  
(You see I have more respect for your judgment in  
professional matters than you seem to have in  
mine!) Keep it until I send you further information.  
— The devil is in our birds today. All of them insist  
on sitting on my arm or neck. Other days they  
go out most of the day, making a half day. Lells waits  
or following us about on the indispensable chores  
in the rain but today — The hornbills don't improve  
matters by teasing them. They'll get their necks  
bit off if the hornbills get a chance to do it and  
they seem to know it. The little starlings have become  
lovable. They come when you call them and may  
go for a walk with you, riding of course, sometimes  
flying up ahead to see if they know the road &  
getting aboard again when you arrive. The children  
bring grasshoppers everyday, and meat and custard  
furnish the rest of the meals. The hornbills eat  
almost anything but not as regular diet. They  
"get hungry" for specialities, as we do. Sometimes  
it's the bread or pancakes, or some strange fruit  
the children bring. For such great creatures, they have  
amazing flight ability. They can fly into one door,  
turn all right and go out the window or ~~then~~

full speed  
I wish a crack that will <sup>only</sup> admit their body with its  
wings. The mapping and slopping you can imagine.  
— I wrote Pym the other day. He sent a plan of his garden  
which seems to be a sort of Arboretum of indefinite  
expanse. I have always felt rather useless for not  
being able to get him the queer things he needs: yellow  
Josias (never said anything but violet) Hedera and  
what not. The Hedera I might have got a couple of times,  
but there was no way of sending it. I am wondering  
if even now the Consuls will send things. They had  
had such a letter before when they refused. It may  
be the right hand doesn't know about the left. —

I am glad the heat pleases you. R.C. has a touch of old  
sciatica which the heat makes worse and rain  
and cold soothe, so it seems there's no accounting  
for tastes, and you'll need such philosophical tests  
to reconcile my nasty traits with your angelic actions.

— No official supplies sent from Bombay. I have on hand  
a few packets <sup>given</sup> for you that can be sent any which how.  
Such packets went off some time ago. I well know  
how much you would do for us. The lower animals  
even know their friends wherefore it follows that I  
must, even without the proofs. Don't let the matter  
worry you. Your indulgence only spoils us but won't  
blunt our sense of appreciation, <sup>however it may be</sup> ~~however it may be~~  
<sup>for your</sup> ~~for your~~ expression. — Our Persian friend didn't show up

<sup>at the</sup> ~~at the~~ school wrote a day or 2 ago. The botany dept. head there  
is interested in our plant collecting & says he will try to stop  
the officials from annoying us. Gen. Mus. Nalbatat. has given me  
credentials for Bhutan, W. Mich. is trying, but I know too well that  
you are up against Don't the newspapers publish such things  
as Dulles' reception protest, —? We are thralled up, as had as any ill  
wagchuck in winter. We can't call it unusual, since <sup>its own</sup> ~~its own~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>best</sup> ~~best~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>stank</sup> ~~stank~~

Dear Miss Blaine:

11.11.13.

Your letter of the 3d came last night just as I had posted a reply to one of the day before, sprayed with gall and seem-  
-ingly scented about something or other. And nois more  
groceries! Even I am unequal to keeping up a flow of bad  
language and indecent behavior, and since you'll do as  
you damn please anyway, I give up, tho' I half believe if I  
pressed the point you could not find precedent for the behavior  
I object to. Rupchand went to Dullong today to post your parcel  
of leather goods and left me to do the baking, and look after the  
family which is a higher accomplishment. The latest arrivals  
are 2 living quail-like wads, mottled in a couple shades of brown, as  
big as a Humblebee. They are called Button Quail by the British, the  
female larger and brighter, and takes no care of the family, leaving  
everything to her husband. I despaired of raising them, tho' a  
much greater bother with such things that feed themselves than with  
the usual type of nestling that opens its mouth and if you feed  
wrong once it's fatal. They have however, taken to Cuckoo and  
are lively and hopeful. The 3 Starlings are more out of the baby  
class and will be most lovable nuisances. They constantly  
peep with their bells, peep open your mouth, shut pockets, ears, &  
even eyes and can be handled like potatoes. They are <sup>(the 3000)</sup> black  
and white with bills of orange and ivory. - Finally some <sup>(the 3000)</sup> Tibetan

to our newspapers and told them what poor Tengyng's name was. Imagine  
having some one trumpet you about as Miss Blaine or something. I  
think you, I think he's Tengyng Nor-gye, a common name among Tibetans.  
They have envied him to Dullong but I shouldn't dare talk to them  
fearing he sure I wanted information about an airbase or Mt. Wood  
or something as inequitable. The deeper you get into the jungle, the  
more alarmed they are about your nefarious doings, since of course  
no native of the huling Keraachy would ever venture out of the house  
if he could help it. - Tengyng holds a degree of doctorate. Nor-gye is a  
doctor. All Tibetan names are on this order. Muslim names refer  
to Mohamed or Ali. usually Ghulam (Slave) of them, or something about  
religion "light of the faith" etc. Hindu names the same with the god  
less gods substituted for Mohamed. This will help you to appear  
still more impressive to the young things you have to nurse  
in the office. - That reminds me we had a Tengyng once from  
R.C.'s country. R.C. was describing the hat he wanted to him and mentioning  
the enormous blocks it was made of. He had the measurements.  
Tengyng asked if they carried these on their back. I told another  
Tibetan once we had great herds of horses in the Arizona desert  
that were good for nothing but their hide. He said that was  
hardly he, but he had read in some country sheep grew on trees  
(you planted them like potatoes and harvested sheep), was  
that in my country? Neither of these folks were halfwits

The children are bringing in cocoons, great things, 3" long  
 one of them done up in a sort of chickenfence of hard silk, so the  
 chrysalis lies exposed between the meshes. A great bunch of Coral Nidychium  
 too. These occur but great variety in these hills and are very ornamental. Cal. E. 1887

Second fold here →



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

Mrs May M. Blaine  
 5425 Connecticut Avenue  
 Washington 15 DC  
 USA

Recd  
 7-21-53

FORM - 66

Sender's name and address :-  
 N. Kelly  
 Bangalore in Shilling  
 Mysore

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

First fold here →

either. Don't you laugh at us too much, let me tell you when  
 I was in Mammoth Cave I asked a guide how extensive the  
 galleries were. He answered glibly: "25 miles have been discovered &  
 there are 25 miles more as yet undiscovered." Do you see great  
 mounds in the same channel everywhere. — Pil. has come back  
 and your parcel is gone. He is exactly like my mother with  
 his shopping, loves to spend, and bring home things, and  
 careless of the job. Women here usually don't shop if you  
 can imagine it, probably not being considered a ladylike  
 job. And I'd ever tell you, the more you buy, the higher the  
 price goes, and many times it has happened, the shopkeeper  
 won't give you all he has. Even the market women may  
 refuse to let you have the whole stock, which usually isn't  
 over \$7.00 worth. The first customer in the day is not let go,  
 even at a small loss he will be allowed to buy. And if you  
 make a big purchase during the day even, your money will  
 be pressed to the forehead and offered to the air or market girls  
 whose interest in such matters is evoked. — He shall hope  
 for good news from you eventually about the major business  
 that are 3 masses. I drongo and a hembell matching the funny  
 of this + I'll be luckier if he becomes a starling if one doesn't sell

July 23, 1953.

Dear Miss Blaine: Your welcome letter of the 15<sup>th</sup> just came and we are delighted to hear you have blown in so much money. No had you don't know how to make good use of it: it would have pleased us more to hear you had bet yourself an auto or a bottle of whiskey. I tremble at the abuse of the poor golden opportunity, but am a bit wiser to think she must accuse me of impudent insistence rather than think ill of you. Things you send are forwarded by post on arrival at B. Express is very slow and of course there are few railway stations in these parts. Even from here to Calcutta it is not wise to use it for parcels of any size by air at less cost. Please, please don't bother to send anything more, except the books. Try these by book post addressed here. If you insist on paying for the book we send you we will of course have to stop sending you anything, since you likewise insist on getting the better of us a couple times over. Your comments: you sent 2 fr. green pants of large size in the shipment of May receipt and 2 books in the first shipment last year. I suppose it is our soap that dulls the nylon, it isn't serious. The Chicago man has USDA tags. I didn't send you any orchids since I don't know how welcome such things may be and

some won't likely grow in Fla., remember here the max. is never 70° these days. It's not at all unusual for Bartlett to pay no attention to requests, as you ought to know but some are there ought to be made alive. Write and ask to buy a copy and see what they say. Of course poor Ben is lonely among those savages. They wouldn't have the remotest idea of what he was about and how can they be expected to appreciate him if your outfit didn't. I suspected he wasn't too pleased with his Washington setting but that he had got used to it. I wish he had stayed. The belts are particularly welcome. B.C. has one he got in USA but mine is local and fearful to behold. Had the peanut butter too many birds in this house. How do you expect one to write a letter. It's raining as usual and four are on my neck and every other part that offers a perch. The Hornbill has just come down for a piece of bread to take upstairs to his friend, the friend told him to bring him a piece too. The little bee eyed quail is half grown. When I put them out of Custard in the box they rush for it ever one another like family. They do activities on our behalf. You will wonder how on earth we should the hours by but of you had our family around even in the gunnible shelter we fill our house, the sun would set on your fingers too. While our neighbors go to their church we stroll on, see, etc.

To open cut here →

**BY AIR MAIL**

**AIR LETTER**

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



Miss May M. Blaine  
5725 Connecticut Avenue  
Washington 15 D.C.  
USA

Third fold here →

Cover - 66

Massachusetts  
N. Hooky  
Boston

Sender's name and address :-

Recd  
Sept 18

of getting at something else. <sup>will</sup> see when you hear from them; I  
hope Carl won't be worried. I'd much rather it got worse if it  
can't get better, but keep teasing them by all means. This really  
make interesting reading some day. And I have always in the  
end been grateful to my enemies. This will be no exception,  
be sure. — You'd laugh at our weather. It just can't stop raining,  
tho' a few miles to the north it's fair. I was dusk you can at  
times see the moon thru the grey blanket but next thing you know  
it's raining and it keeps on then till it tires itself out toward  
noon and has to reduce to mist and drizzle. — I have been entertained  
by an old friend from Cherrapunji who has been collecting for me  
in the past. He brings butterflies and moths, as thrilling to look  
at as yours I've ever offers. Here it seems to be too cold or some-  
thing, you seldom see anything in that line beyond a few  
garden bots. I am going to send Calcutta Consul the dry seed pots  
I have got for you, a few hopeful things. Be sure I don't blame  
anyone for anything, least of all you. How could you possibly  
be involved, where from the acct of valuable introductions Carl  
write me about, everyone must have known where the advan-  
tage lay and long the recent happenings you can see it doesn't lie  
with me. — Here glad you're clipped and are no end grateful for your

Digitized by eGangotri, Dehradun, India

July 24, 1953

Dear Doctor Koelz:

Your letter of July 10, as well as yours of July 11, came promptly and I'll try to answer them now, taking each paragraph as they come.

Your tale of how the airmail is handled from Bombay and Calcutta is amazing, but, believe it or not, your airmail letters sometimes reach me more quickly than ordinary mail from New York to Washington. As you probably know, for the past couple of years we have only one mail delivery a day. The mail collections were almost as few, so, if you didn't have your letter in the mail box at a certain time, it waited over until the collection the following day. There has been such a hullabaloo about that, however, we now have a couple of more collections a day. The mail carriers themselves are 100% against the one-a-day delivery because their loads are so heavy, but nothing is being done about remedying the matter.

Of course, I resent your being insulted and abused and being refused permission to travel at will, but to whom can I show my resentment? COE has written you that the police officer affair may have been an incident not having anything to do with our request. As COE suggested to you in his letter, I would strongly advise you to write to Mr. Clifford C. Taylor, Agricultural Counselor, American Embassy, New Delhi, India. Mrs. Thurber says he is a man who reads thorough every letter he receives and is a man of action. I'm sure if you explained your situation to him, told him that you are officially connected with the Department (Division of Plant Exploration and Introduction, Bureau of Plant Industry, Soils, and Agricultural Engineering, Beltsville, Maryland); that Mr. Erlanson has written to the Indian Government (through their Embassy here) requesting permission for your travels, etc., I'm sure he would help. Perhaps, of course, it might be better to delay your letter to Mr. Taylor until you have let Mr. Erlanson know that you want him to try through our Embassy there and then hear from him that he has done it.

No, I don't take too seriously all the foreign visitors tell me; so many of them have promised to send me dolls but never have. BUT, my dear man, I never sent you on any wild goose chase for dolls in Bombay. Once, when a Mr. Bhavnani was here, he told me that beautiful native dolls could be bought in a market in Calcutta. I told you about that, you went and saw them, decided they were trash and not worth sending, and that was that. I do not believe you spitefully refuse to send dolls because I very well know there are none to be had, except a few of the tourist trade which are seldom of the collector type. Most of these, also, are made at the American missions and I doubt if any of them are located anywhere near you. I've told you time and again not to bother about anything for me; I am just overjoyed to get letters from you and Mr. Rup Chand, so please believe me. Now, if China were open to travelers and I had lots of money, I'd be tempted to have you bring me yards and yards and yards of gorgeous brocades, not for doll dresses, mind you, but for reupholstering my living room furniture. A couple of years before World War II, one of the women who used to work in the office went to China to visit her sister, who was married to an Englishman. She came back with bolts of the most beautiful brocades I ever saw and she had all her furniture covered. Of course, I never found out how much she paid for it or how much duty she had to pay, but she said it was very inexpensive. I believe she had three different colors. But I reckon it will be many a long day before China will be opened up again to the world or that any American will be allowed to travel there, so, you see, you are safe from ever having to carry out such a commission. When you come back, I'll still have my old furniture and I'll probably be just as happy. Sometimes I just have dreams of having a dark red chair, a gold chair, or a gold-colored sofa, and a darkish blue chair, all to go with my red background American oriental rug, with creamy-pink walls, instead of the sombre colors I now have in velours. You see, the beautiful colors in my Ming bowl have given me all new ideas. But to carry them out !!

I'm so sorry to hear that Mr. Rup Chand is troubled with sciatica and I can understand how the cold would soothe rather than the heat. Years ago I had a very bad sinus condition and the doctor prescribed my keeping a hot water bottle to my face. The heat nearly drove me insane; I simply couldn't stand it. I telephoned the doctor and told him so. He then told me to use ice bags and, lo and behold, the relief was immediate. In fact, I kept up that treatment, along with his treatments, and never did have to have an operation for it. I should think, though, that the dampness would <sup>not</sup> be good for sciatica.

No seed packets have come in yet except the strawberry seed, but, no doubt, they will be along in due time.

Now, for your July 11 letter. It was more than kind of you and Mr. R.C. to send me the leather goods and I shall appreciate them no end and give them to those who have helped. Mrs. Thruber said before she didn't care for any, but she may change her mind. I wish I could think of something you might get that would please her, other than pitchers which you can't get and bracelets which are too expensive, because you could send whatever you got for her to Mr. Taylor at the New Delhi Embassy and ask him to send it to her, but I know of nothing that would especially please her. So far as I know, pitchers are her only weakness! I think she'd appreciate having a note from you now and then as much as anything.

Your birds sound fascinating. How in the world do you tame wild birds so quickly. And the starlings; they must be different from those we have because ours are a perfect nuisance and the authorities are always thinking up diabolical ways to get rid of them. They swarm by the millions downtown and ruin all the buildings.

As you can imagine, I am glad to be able to say that I know the correct name of the man who reached the top of Mt. Everest. Your account was most interesting. I know that he was received by the Queen of England and I don't know, if he comes to Shillong, why you, as an American, should not speak to him. He probably is broadminded enough to know that you're no spy. Your story of sheep growing on trees reminded me of one of my little great-nephews. His father bought him a pedigreed toy terrier and the baby was crazy about it, but after a few days he wanted to know if he could plant it in the backyard so he could have puppies. Another time his mother let him set some little plants in the ground and told him he should take care of watering them. One day she said, "Have you given your plants a drink?" He said he hadn't but he would, so out he rushed, pulled up the plants and brought them in to get a drink out of the faucet, then planted them back again. You can imagine the explaining "how" his mother had to do.

Well, I love to shop, too. In the years before we became buried at Beltsville, it was my chief indoor sport. It didn't make any difference whether I had money to buy anything or not, I got just as big a kick out of going through some of the big stores as I would if I went through a museum. I especially love to look at fine china and glassware, art objects and furniture, and books. I'd never tire looking at them and I'd never feel covetous for the things I knew I could never afford. I get the same feeling when I go through the National Gallery and view the paintings. But money always has burned a hole in my pocket so if I see something I can afford, I get it; usually it is for giving to someone, not to myself. Practically all stores here are closed on Saturdays during July and August, so now my apartment gets a better clean-up job on week-ends. Speaking of the "first customer of the day is not let go" as being a custom over there. That is the custom among the Jews in New York City; over in the Bowery section where there are so many clothing shops, the first customer is fairly dragged in off the street and isn't let go until he buys something usually at a great loss to the merchant, but there is something about the purchase of the first customer of the day bringing them luck.



Did I tell you that parakeets are quite the rage here now. So many people buy them in pairs for pets and many of them teach them to talk. I believe the technique is to go round the house all day saying certain phrases over and over until the birds pick them up and repeat them. They are supposed to be very affectionate and easy to keep in the house; they do not have to be confined to a cage all day. Most of those I have seen are a lovely blue color.

In the last few letters I have written to you, I have forgotten to tell you that I had a letter from the girl in the National Museum who got out the bird references for you some time ago. When I received the note you sent me to send to her, I wrote her a note and sent yours with it. On June 21 she wrote me as follows: "I have been intending to write to thank you for your note and the enclosed note from Dr. Walter N. Koelz from Assam, India. I showed both of them to Dr. Friedman, the Curator of Birds in the Museum. What a fascinating word picture Doctor Koelz gives of the jungle! I enjoyed it so much and hope that if you are writing to him some time you will tell him how much I appreciated having the jungle come right into the Division of Birds in Washington. Thank you very much for your thoughtfulness in writing to me. Sincerely yours, Jane Love." So you see, I'm not the only one who appreciates your letters.

Of course, not having any sense, as you have suspected right along, I failed to number the packages that have gone forward to you. I have, however, listed everything on the attached sheet which you can hold and check off as the parcels arrive. As you no doubt also suspect, I have had to improvise boxes myself and get the things packed and wrapped and forwarded to Mrs. Thurber as best I could between my official duties. You will laugh at the make-shift boxes I have made and how I have held them together with glued tape, but boxes of the size allowed for the pouch are at a premium, so I save all the corrugated board that I can get and hold it until I have something to send to you. As I told you in a previous letter, Mrs. Thurber keeps asking me to make the boxes smaller and smaller and to send fewer and fewer, first because she can not lift anything but small light-weight packages, and second because she is afraid if we send too many, the privilege will be taken away from her. As yet, I haven't found any store that carries five pound tins of peanut butter, but I'm not giving up. In another couple of weeks, I'll ask her if I can't get some of the "thrillers" on the way to you. Of course, had I known that you would be upset by my sending the groceries, I wouldn't have run the risk of sending so many parcels and arousing the ire of whoever it is that sends the packages forward for us. Don't give up hope; some day I'll acquire some sense.

Dr. Wilson Popenoe, once our chief in the Division and since 1925 associated with the United Fruit Company in Central America, sent me two dolls recently, then a letter saying he and his wife were en route to Spain from Honduras and would stop a couple of days in Washington. I get so tired of seeing some of the old-timers come back here for a visit and just have a stiff, formal visit, I decided to do something about Dr. Popenoe's visit with COE's permission. So, I gave a party in COE's office. He has a long table, so I decked it out with crepe paper tablecloth, paper napkins, plates, cups, (I brought my own silver spoons), and I served a fruit punch (borrowed the bowl and ladle from the recreation association out here), ice cream and fancy cakes. He came without his wife, who couldn't stand out heat, and he had a very good time. Of course, he didn't know I had given the party. In fact, everyone was kind enough to say it was a grand party. At least, it was an ice breaker and people ~~didn't~~ didn't stand around stiffly. Dr. Popenoe told many stories of his life in Central and South America which we all enjoyed. He said he would get me dolls in Spain (I haven't any) and he wouldn't take any money, so I thought this was one way to repay his kindness for those from Guatemala. I only had one evening to shop for everything and my arms were almost dragged out of their sockets carrying bottles of gingerale, cans of lemon and grape juice, cakes, and all the fixings (had to carry them five blocks home, too). However, I come out in a car in the morning so that problem was solved. The ice cream I ordered from the cafeteria out here,

By the length of this letter, you can easily surmise the "Boss" is away, but don't think I haven't anything to do. The assistant boss, Dr. Hodge, let his stenographer go on vacation for two weeks, so I am pinch-hitting for her besides keeping up the routine work on my own and COE's desk.

I now have about 250 "flower" stamps in mint condition and Mr. Ricker asked me the other day if I was going to wait until I retired before mounting them. It certainly looks like it, for I never seem to get a minute. That isn't quite true, either; I do have the time but when I get home from Beltsville in the evening, have my dinner and do the necessary household chores, I'm too exhausted to do anything. I don't know why Beltsville takes so much out of all of us but it unquestionably does.

Now that I've moaned and groaned and complained and whatnot, I'll close with the hope that the sciatica is improved, that you are taking the "insults and police officers" in stride and that you are neither of you going to lose your good dispositions, at least until you know that nothing can be done.

All my best and thanks for your fine letters, but, if you want me to survive, don't blast me so hard.

Sincerely,

Maupphang, August 1, 1953.

Dear Miss Blaine: Your document of the 24<sup>th</sup> arrived last night, anxiously awaited since the promise conveyed in the slip in Carl's which came a few days before. Meantime you have my letter of the 22<sup>d</sup> informing you that I had been asked to do no more work here. Nothing has happened since, but it usually takes some time to shuttle the subject back and forth to Delhi. What neat they have in view I can't imagine. You probably didn't know that U. G. M. made the same request you did a couple yrs ago thru the Embassy and was refused, so unless you have some other ammunition than prayer. —, in fact I doubt they'll even answer your request, now that they have taken this method of showing you what they think of you. — With your tastes for Luxuries, I recommend you be a little more careful about how you spend money to support worthless jungle acquaintances and you'll be able to buy all the Mora Licas, Robinsons, etc. you want. If you have anyone in Japan, Caracas can be got there, I forget in what city, probably Tokyo. They are also made in Jehran, if you had told me when I was there. Of course one would have to know what colors, patterns you wanted, and then all sorts may not be suited to the rough use you have in mind. — Many thanks for the opinion on the doll. I wrote my friend. Will see what she says now. It has nice to hear Mrs. Thurber was well enough to resent your attempt to send <sup>the rest of</sup> the Washington stores. I should like indeed to give her something if you can suggest it. Pitchers have no place in Indian housekeeping and I don't recall ever having <sup>even</sup> seen one here. As for bracelets, the latest I've seen was local woman made of tips, claws + gold, hardly in your line. Indian women as I told you, have as much gold and jeweled jewelry as they can afford, never anything purely for effect like "costume jewelry." It serves as an investment besides. — The birds are indeed a pleasure but about the same sort of one as a couple weeks old babies

The starlings are not like spurs. They go out by  
we get up and come back in a couple of hours, the  
three together, in <sup>at</sup> the window, with a straight dash  
to the custard, like schoolboys to the cupboard & as it  
must be nowadays, the refrigerator. The little black Dingo  
is the only one that doesn't sleep in the house. He  
comes quietly in the dusk to say good night in a sweet  
little wattle, the most lovable little thing you can imagine,  
and then is gone till morning. Sometimes he comes  
while we're still in bed and rarely he worries us by  
being an hour or 2 late. Shewshew is the only one of the  
lot that always answers when he is called and comes  
when he is wanted. He is built exactly like a Cardinal  
but is a nice yellow-green. The hornbills have at the  
moment put them <sup>all</sup> up to flight, and eliminated the prospect  
for the time being of getting stamped, by coming to the cus-  
tard dish kept on the floor by the charcoal burner. It's a  
beautiful day but they won't go out till afternoon. They  
are stunning things with their sleek job of black and  
white and great ivory bill and exploded brown eyes. The  
morning is usually spent in founding on the turoof  
trying to bite each other's neck off, teasing the small  
birds, or some other such activity. The quail are nearly  
grown up, very tame, and bother nobody. They dust them-  
selves in the ashes and pick up wonderful things from  
the kitchen floor till its time to go to sleep in their box they  
were bred up in. — The prospect of the tobacco is overwhelming.  
The work in packing them must have been that too, as no one  
knows better than we. They pack better than need be, and  
everything always arrives in perfect condition. Consul factors  
another wrapper and postage. Don't worry about the expense  
at this end. An empty parcel would be an event in our  
day. — Our neighbors are busy digging potatoes and cutting  
ropes for their beasts. Incidentally they run across things that  
think me'd like, including every thing you could possibly

27. ~~to find~~ here. I'm certain there isn't <sup>even</sup> an insect that  
came into their clutches that I haven't seen. The butterflies  
usually crumpled up in their fists or if they have understood  
my directions for careful handling wrapped up in a cloth.  
Usually, all the fresh eggs of the neighborhood arrive, and we  
seldom have to fall back on the Chinaman's wife who has  
a steady supply. She is a Klasi and has 4 or 5 children  
all of them 8 yrs old and all called Kay Shang, at least so  
it seems. The youngest stays with its pa in Shulong and  
is so cute everyone wants to kiss it when it visits  
the family with pa on weekends. - I wrote Dr. Hatcher  
the other day to find out about the Kulu potato, etc and to  
give him ~~some~~ <sup>some</sup> advice on how to run his business. A  
small packet of seed went off to Calcutta Consul last  
week, all I had on hand. The other things I sent as samples  
from Palasari. To repeat and recapitulate, that's all I can  
do for you till you are able to do something, except of course  
the advice! - The month's rain stopped abruptly and the  
sun is out in a ~~cloud~~ <sup>cloudy</sup> ~~filled~~ sky with a dry wind, like  
an after-rain day in September at home. You would have  
expected it would have put us in mind of Noah's 40 days  
and 40 nights of rain but I didn't at all think of the  
possible danger and couldn't have found boards enough  
for an ark if it had seemed advisable. The trees are ~~laden~~  
with flattened gasoline tins and kerosene with tin roofing.  
Wood is scarce thruout the Assam hills and in a few  
years they'll really suffer for fuel even. The trees in these  
parts are so varied and often so lovely spind like to have  
a garden of them, especially since often there is only one  
of a sort to be found and that saved by God's grace.  
A year ago I ran into a patch of virgin forest 100 acres or  
more, with trees 6-10 ft. thru, and had the heavenly thing  
chopped down and burnt up before my eyes. They some-  
how had overlooked it in their agricultural activity

roundabout. — Who is interested in ornamental  
your outfit these days? If it should happen that the Prince  
of Darkness is hatched there is a variety of lovely things  
in these parts of the genus *Hedyotis*, in Coral, white,  
yellow, orange, often fragrant. *Polypodium* omnississimum, and  
the enthusiast would have to be a Southerner, or better  
New Yorker. And the balsams (*Impatiens*). These are really  
superb, in colors like above but also purple, cerise.  
Now that you are on good terms with Woffm you might also  
get a set of my herbarium material, tho probably there isn't  
any left after Nat. Mus. is supplied. You see I write you  
about delicate & important matters as in the old days  
the King's mistress used to be fettered on such subjects.  
— I have just reread what I have written and see nothing  
you can call blasting or even foisting in it. I suspect  
tho it would take at least a hydrogen bomb to disturb  
your tranquility, that is, change you from a course you  
had set out on, and if I protest and scold in future  
it won't be because I don't know any better. I am en-  
closing a note to Carl, since he isn't here anyway, and  
since 10 to 1 there won't be stamps enough for even the  
letter. Rupchand is baking. He gives the preachers a loaf  
once a week. No one here can make such bread as yours  
fast makes possible, and folks like him who know  
are appreciative, poor things. I enclose a couple clippings  
for your edification, one on the Mishin area, one of my  
goals. The missionaries of the other are American, the  
only Am. in Assam except a few 7th Day Adventists. Remind  
me, drop a note to the Drammal Div. Woffm and ask  
what shrew I have that is so small, adult measure  
overall 60-70 mm, tail about 25 mm. Must be the smallest of  
Siberians. — Keep on tugging at the sunrise, and may your  
eyes run short of pearls for the frogs. Our thanks and  
very best regards and good wishes. Sincerely, W. K. S.

August 4, 1953

Dear Doctor Koelz

Your letter of July 22, addressed to Mr. Erlanson, was received on July 31, but, of course, he is in northern Michigan and will not see it until his return about the middle of this month. He wrote you on July 20 and, no doubt, you have his letter by this time. We have received not a word from the Indian Embassy.

Your letter to me of July 23 was received on August 1. I wrote you on July 24 and perhaps you also have that letter.

In a letter to BYM, I told him of your wish to have me send you some "whodunits" and he has written back that he and "Andy" have tons of them and he'll send some along to me for forwarding to you. I'll try to send some by book post, but I'm rather skeptical that they will be delivered to you. I talked to Mrs. Thurber and she says it will be all right to send a couple of small packages in another two weeks or so, so I'll get some of the books off to you then.

When you receive the last shipment of pants I sent you, will you then have five pairs each? That is, two dark green, two khaki, and one khaki-colored wool? I can't seem to get the matter straightened in my mind, but, without going back over the correspondence, that should be what you have received. Your supply of shirts should be pretty good now, too. Do you want me to get any more woollen shirts? I'm delighted to know that I hit upon something that pleases, or will please you - the belts. COE thought they were super.

Your birds sound like an amazing family. Are you by any chance another St. Francis of Assisi? I enjoyed your story of the starlings of how they travel ahead of you to see if they know the road and then "get aboard" again when you arrive. You certainly must have a way with the birds and the beasts. What ever became of the ant-eater?

If the visit to you from the police is connected in any way with our official request that you be permitted to travel in certain areas, it seems strange indeed that they should go that way about it instead of taking the matter up officially with us and then issuing orders through official channels. We don't know what to make of it and Dr. Hodge here is inclined to wait until we hear from the Indian Embassy before taking any further steps. But what if they don't reply to us at all? They have had time to do so.

Do you collect butterflies and moths, too? I'm always so glad to hear that I am not the only one who has the collecting urge. Some day shall I be able to see all these beautiful birds and butterflies at the American Museum of Natural History? Speaking of collecting, the other day Doctor Hermann, one of our botanists came in, and asked me if I had a madonna from India. I told him I did not and that you had scoffed at the idea of there being such a thing in India. So, he produced a lovely madonna in color with the title in some of the Indian languages and English, "Our Lady, help of christians." SO ..... He said someone had sent it to him from one of the missions there.

It will be interesting to see how cooperative the Calcutta consul is in sending the dozen seed packets you have for us. We were asked recently to list the introductions from India and Pakistan that had proved noteworthy in this country; we sent quite a list and most of them were your introductions, I am happy to say.

I'll try the Michigan people again about your "Letters," but I'm pessimistic about the outcome. I know the secretray of the outfit that is supposed to get them out.

I'm concerned about Mr. Rup Chand's sciatica. Is he able to get any medicine over there to relieve the pain? In view of his sciatica and his susceptibility to colds and because of the difficulties you are having in obtaining permission to travel, it seems to me you should seriously consider coming back home to the United States. Surely you could find a spot somewhere here where you both could be happy, could grow your own produce, have all the birds you wanted, climb any kind of mountain, live near any number of rivers, perhaps not as large as the Brahmaputra, and find just as much solitude or as much noise as you wished. BYM told me once that one could live well where he is for \$1,000 a year; it seems unbelievable, but I understand there are places here where one can live even more cheaply and still be civilized. I'll need such a place myself when I retire. You could then set yourself down to writing about all your experiences since you left here in 1939. Mr. Rup Chand could do the same thing, and I'm willing to wager you'd both be a lot happier than you have been this past year in India.

Did Tenzin Norgye visit Shillong and did you get to talk to him? Was there a parade and a celebration such as we might have?

By the time this letter reaches you, perhaps you will have received the four boxes of groceries sent to you during the week of June 16; I hope so.

Our hot weather and drouth still continue, although today is cloudy and there is a promise of rain and perhaps a cool spell. I don't think I've ever been as brown as I've been this summer.

Do you know the story of the Japanese Kwannon or the Chinese Goddess of Mercy? Mr. Morrison sent me an account of how she came to be called the Goddess of Mercy and it's too fantastic. If you know the story, will you give me your version? Most of the figurines of the Goddess of Mercy are pure white porcelain with a right hand that agrees in and one of the left arm, turning the hand palm down means one thing (I don't know what) and turning the hand palm up means another. When I wrote BYM I had one of the figurines without a loose hand, he wrote and told me he had one also and gave the story of it. It's a lovely thing, but I've never seen two that looked alike or were dressed alike, but they are all pure white porcelain.

Well, since the Indians won't allow you to "work", it's a blessing you have the birds to fuss with or you would have a dismal time of it, especially since it rains constantly. Can't you even move to a more pleasant locality? Do the Indians mean that you can not travel anywhere in India, or only in the places where you proposed to go?

It won't be long now till COE is back and perhaps something will have been heard from the Embassy by that time. Keep on hoping for the best anyway.

With the best of good wishes to you both, as always

Sincerely,



August 20, 1953.

Dear Miss Blaine: your letter of 12th just came. I had sent you one on the 18th from Daulatabad (then) went down on the Plains for the day and mailed Dr. W's. (Dr. W. posted July 26th, came back to me on the 17th for 20.00 more postage, an air letter!). The air parcel sent Chicago VIII-16. got there VIII-11, so you can see what may happen on the meantime the 4 parcels of soft supplies & 3 of your groceries arrived. There seems to be one pkg with biscuits, meat & a tin of cake still out of the June 16 shipment (he ate the peanut butter) and but one a pkg of soup. Lefton certainly deserves a slap on the back for putting up such things under the nose of the Yankees. Such a stylish packing for here the Br. packages are much as they always were, in mudbrown, mudredrilled, etc. or we will probably keep the stock to look at until starvation force us. A million thanks for the bright ray you sent into our gloom (the rain has recommenced again worse than ever) - We were very sorry to hear of your trouble. As the forest is thinned, the remaining trees have to become stragglers. - The hamill in NY. might well have been ours. Ours can't be as independent as the weather but they get hungry and then they're sorry. They knew the rain was coming and stayed out the night in a down pour. Since then they hardly go out at all, but spend the time searching out stored things, the breadbasket especially, biting up the potatoes or sowing back and forth in the house. They like to pad on my shoulder & nibble my ear and if they can, give my nose a tweak. Dr. got them some meat the other day as usual but it was too tough for their taste & even the nappers refused it. We have often noticed birds have much the same estimate of food we do. Of course I don't have in mind robins & angleworms, etc. but the meat of chickens is generally sought for while crow meat & the like is looked on with little favor. Custard of duck legs is a fine substitute for beefsteak, and fruit must be up & around.

You will be curious to see a doll we have been trying for years to get for you. It finally came yesterday but - the head is carved very & done well enough but the body is mud & so frail that the limbs were broken in transit. We are wondering whether to send you only head & legs, you could make up a body there perhaps. The thing is about 15" high. - Your NY friend's garden must be nice. If you find out what he would like especially, I should gladly try to send him something, provided of course you get the Indians in proper humor. The jackknifepulps in these parts are choice of taste runs that way. There have to be taken in in winter. - Our neighbors are Mohl Prichfermans middle aged for. I don't know whether they will clear out. Strangely the anti sentiment is strong, vs Americans. Just now there is another flareup, accusing Am. of interfering in Iran & Kashmir. If they are, they seem to be getting the worst of it. No acknowledgment came of the req. pkg I used sent Calcutta Consul with letter of explanation. The sample pkts from Palasbari ought to be here by now. - Your advice to come home & wait for the undertaker <sup>(Washington)</sup> is undoubtedly sound but like good advice generally, isn't appreciated or it shouldn't. It doesn't seem as tho it ought to be necessary to give up an important job just because of someone's whimsy but if maybe one doesn't see the inside of the clockwork <sup>(organism)</sup> that's another matter.

10. You, maybe object to this remark has been put in

The last of our edible pears are on the market, not a  
 lb. not wormy and so good as you usually find in U.S.  
 They could grow quinces & grapes in places but don't know  
 how or what to do with them when ripe. I sent you seed of  
 the wild grape that ripens here in our coldwest. A smart  
 boy could possibly make good use of it. — Paderbare was 95°  
 with a clouded sky. The places that had floods in the late summer  
 now cry of the drought for a change. The Nepalese night watch, there  
 (we're known, him for yrs) has gone home on leave, undoubtedly to get  
 rid of a friend's wife left in his custody. The friend went home  
 but didn't come back as advertised, so unless you want the  
 article, what else can you do but deliver it back? The poor boy  
 is so good natured, he is always surrounded with his starved out  
 countrymen, all of whom flock out of Nepal if ever they can.  
 He has a tiny room, big enough for any quantity of company,  
 and a salary of 8/10<sup>00</sup> a month, ample for hospitality & charity.  
 He is a person after your own heart surely, tho' I recall your  
 were a bit stuffy about my sharing your Apartment. Exercise me  
 my pencil just followed the ribbon with a map on one end. All the  
 matchboxes went long ago and I am going to learn the boys about  
 how to make a fire, so as to be independent of such articles.  
 Our idea: If you can find Brandell's Taxative Pills (something like that)  
 send a couple pkts. they are <sup>First fold here</sup> put up in a very old-fashioned looking

Sender's name and address:—

W. H. Hunt  
 Maulblang & Co. Sillong  
 Assam

Cover - 66

Recd 12/15/53

Third fold here

Miss Mary M. Blaine  
 57 25 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

41 new pps. I sent the NY Corbill. He sends a dry banana at a sitting.  
 unferable tin, but we got from Am. Mus. shipment & analysis, etc.  
 Some of the advertised brands don't work, they are approved in your office  
 supply, surpass anything we've seen. I bought a tin of them from us with  
 no other equipment than a lantern and can of worms, with big fish  
 tackle fishing is prohibited. Hope things are well with you.

August 26, 1953

Dear Doctor Koels:

Your letter of August 17 was received on August 24 and truly I am distressed by your present situation. I no longer know what to suggest or how I can help you. Although I am not convinced as yet that our having made you a collaborator is responsible, I feel that, if it is, then I am more to blame than anyone for having wanted you to have official status.

Surely some of the packages should have reached you by this time because some were sent in June. From the list you give of what you have on hand in the way of clothing, it appears that Mr. Rup Chand did not get everything I sent. I was certain that I had duplicated for him whatever I had sent to you and now you seem to have more than he has. I thought I had sent each of you a wool shirt; did I send two of the same size so that they are the two you now have?

The "postage due" was on this side, because the letter had added to it two United States four-cent stamps. I don't know how they figure it either.

I have just called the Inspection House and find that a packet of seeds, containing your Nos. 11303 through 11321 and consisting of soybean, pepper, Coix, perilla, citrullus, vigna, solanum, etc. When I told Mr. Erlanson, he said, "Fine, fine."

So far as I have noticed in the Washington papers, there has been no hint that the British party did not reach the top of Mount Everest. I think they did, don't you?

I'm delighted to hear that Mr. Rup Chand's rheumatism isn't any worse than my "ailments", but, listen here Mister, sometimes my ailments are pretty painful, and those that aren't painful are very inconvenient or something. How would you like it if you didn't have any taste or couldn't smell? Poor me, no one ever sympathizes with me!!!!

Well, I'm disappointed you have no story on Kwannon. Mr. Morrison told me a beaut and I wanted to find out if you knew the same story. I have looked up Kwannon in the Encyclopedia Britannica and, although I found a picture of her, there was no story.

Yes, I know what you are up against. It is what the white man is up against now in any oriental country, and it seems to me that it would be best for all of them to return to their own countries before they are subjected to further humiliation. What's the matter with making a living right here and living in some kind of comfort?

Sorry to disappoint you, but the Madonna from India was a very nice copy of a madonna painted by an Italian artist back in the 1600's. The colors were lovely and soft. Of course, I don't want "horrible colored pictures" and I told you about the other because it was so nice.

Enclosed is something I clipped from this morning's paper which confirms your French friend's story about conditions in Iran. We have been hearing them for a long time as happening in several countries where our money is welcome but we are not.

The month of August, as far as I am concerned, has been ideal; pleasantly cool and summery with high humidity. However, it has been very dry and that hasn't done the farmers any good. This is the corn season and I've been making a pig of myself eatin corn on the cob; the season for it is all too short. Wish I could send you some.

It is nice you can borrow the neighbor's flatiron; I hope it will still be available when your clothing arrives. I fear everything will be pretty wrinkled after being packed in small boxes for so long.

Your hornbills sound like cannibals and I'm surprised that haven't eaten the ears off both of you. After reading the article I sent you on the one that escaped in New York, I'd say they look fairly ferocious. And now, of all things, you have two wild dogs. I'm convinced now that you are another "Francis of Assisi." Think of Mr. Rup Chand seeing "Ivanhoe" in Shillong; I didn't even see it when it was here!

No sign yet of the leather work you sent; no doubt it is much too soon to expect it. Yesterday Doctor Whitehouse received your letter and I had to "translate" it for him. The ink in the ball-point pen had come through on both sides making the reading difficult for anyone but myself, who can read anyone's writing, or at least I have that reputation. I hope you get some information out of him. For your private ear, he is not one of my favorite people around here. Some day, perhaps, I'll tell you how he "knifed" BYM in the back while BYM was in Peru; nearly wrecked the whole Division, too.

My "pen pal" in Colorado, who is still camping in the Rockies with her husband, keeps writing me of the wonders of Colorado and what a wonderful place it would be to live in after I retire. She makes it sound wonderful, but I don't know that I want to live that far away from my home folk. As we grow older, it seems to me family becomes more important. On August 5 I returned home to attend the funeral of the dearest friend I had in the world; we had been bosom friend since I was ten and she was eleven. There was never an event in our lives, either joyful or sorrowful, that we did not share. She retired last December from the New York Life Insurance Company in New York on three-fourths salary and had looked forward to doing so many things and we had planned to spend so much time together, but "as purposes and God disposes." She died of coronary thrombosis, just as my brother did last September, except that she lived a few days and he did not. Staten Island will never be the same to me again without her. So the question remains, "To retire or not to retire." (Of course, I daren't say the word "retire" here, or I'd be helped on the way. I'd prefer to make my own decision and then go quickly.)

No word has come from BYM since I last wrote you, so I don't know whether he has decided not to send the "whodunits" or not. If they don't come soon, I'll go ahead and buy some and get them on their way to you. I'm worried, though, that not even our official parcels have reached you.

I do hope we can have good news for you soon. Meantime, my best to you both and keep a stiff upper lip.

Sincerely,

Dear Miss Greene:

IX. 5. 53.

Your letter of the 26th got here yesterday. Meanwhile you have got one acknowledging some parcels and a photo enclosed in a letter to Carl. As for my situation and you, dearest dear child, think rather of nearer troubles. With the big issues in these parts we are only ants that get in the way of the elephants. Didnt your paper tell you that Nehru is flirting with the Communists? The Calcutta Consul wrote yesterday that my parcel of June with raisins & mints I have only one wool shirt R.C. did not ask for any. Where should have come <sup>to you</sup> a parcel containing Cotton, sent on May 1st. Comparing me to St. Francis why did you leave off his letter? Did you mean that I am no saint? I wish the wry doll had not been sent you till I knew. Hornbill sent a feather in the parcel and does not care a straw that you think he's fuscious. R.C. went to Skelling last morning and we had to run to catch the bus. Up the hill after us came the dogs, the hornbills and the magpies! Hornbill came this morning with a scorpion that he gave Nigger, his mate. It was a frog but he ate that himself. He buys a piece of beef for market days but if it's tough they throw the pieces back. Nigger is molting and Hornbill has a lot to do keeping his feathers straight his neck across a beam, head down, mouth open and gets hairdresser. Every now and then Hornbill gives a jerk and falls back. I suspect the treatment isn't very expert. Nigger has his neck lank pretty much eaten with great bare patches where feathers old and new have been cleaned out. - We are in the midst of great industrial activity. They have cut a new road into the hinterland and are getting ready to surface it. All day from dawn to dusk women with hammers are breaking stones into small pieces for the surfacing, and carrying them to heaps on the roadside. Later they are carried into a frame for measuring. I don't know how lucrative the work is but it has stimulated greater activity than we are used to seeing. I have tried to poke R.C. into joining the company but he won't stir away from his reading. He finds old magazines and books in the old paper stalls at the market in Shilling. Once he took home a splendid thing "History of U.S." put out by the U.S. Information Service. They had a great pile of them they were selling for old paper! Reminds me of the use the Chinese made of a consignment of Bibles. What do you want to retire to Calcutta for? From all I have seen of retirements they are brief preliminaries to the last one. Unless you know what you are going to do and that it will keep you good and busy, you might as well take Capelinic acid. I know quite well I can be in peace & comfort at

friends & ask of the Hawaiian those I'll hold out there. No one has believed, no since the 3 police & the head of the Native State served papers on us to quit work - do put that in the newspapers. I'll do a bit of good - that they may stand up again any minute with some things. Dene had a lovely Indian letter on the 24. There might have written it

BY AIR MAIL  
 I shall try to make my trip home, but I have nearly finished an interesting job and shall be interested in waiting for the undertaker until I am convinced I have to. Ask Carl to sound <sup>the</sup> the Burmese about working from their side. The Dapha Bum <sup>stands to see in the Kingdom</sup> <sup>near the Burmese border</sup> and I should like the Saramati <sup>12-30</sup> to speak on the Burma-Naga border northwesterly from Kohima. And while you are on spec, may be the Burmese Embassy take your calling pen & ask the Indian what the hell they mean by stopping your man from working. The whole trouble here is humans disgusting courting of their people. Our former Ambassador went about appearing soft soap that would have revolted a lumberjack - edict. But had our Statesmen can understand Shakespeare or they might have read Love like a shadow lies, fleeing what pursues & - - I will have no further difficulty here if you put up <sup>in</sup> <sup>and</sup> 3 police and tell a couple Indians they can leave their street. I had have my trouble with interrupters while I am writing. I have just spent 10 minutes under a tree in the yard relaxing. The cap of my pen that a magpie snatched off the jays nest, is steal but had their plunde in the house and often had it put again later. No pieces however, <sup>are</sup> among the sun-foam things we never recover. Small coins is the staple of the building must be in the endless chunks of it. (Phone your Ben

Don't forget to tell the Burmese about the 3 police and the head of the Native State served papers on us to quit work. I'll do a bit of good - that they may stand up again any minute with some things. Dene had a lovely Indian letter on the 24. There might have written it

at the church all over  
 and the high above  
 - I am glad to hear  
 Mrs. D's friend visit a school

BY AIR MAIL

September 6, 1953.

Dear Mrs. Blaine: Yesterday came your letter of the 3rd, before I could find stamps to mail my reply to yours of a few days before. The mailmen found it and put some fascinating touches to it. You are right about them, they are interested in everything, and nothing is safe that they can carry off. Weeds have to be tied down, some of ones to be tied behind my ears, some to be snatched off and stuck into a tree in the yard. Rats come and get fished and stuffed down my neck and all kinds of deers are dug after and the contents squeezed with one eye. If favorably appraised they are eventually removed and magpie influence is impressed on the rest. One of them is independent and spends little time with us but invariably shows up whenever Jauffi doko (the six-traced little black thing that has now smothered to shellblue). The other two will join you on a walk or spend hours on your arm at Chaddai while you are quiet inside. They have soft brown eyes and are friendly to look at. The Kambillo are darlings, there is no telling what to expect from them. They like to tease the other birds, especially the magpies, and come to steal their custards; the only food any that the Kambillo get any more now they are grown up. (They find no food insects outside but depend largely on the custards that is made just before when we get up.) They knock all the fruits and you need not offer them anything. They take you right away that they want the apples, keep bananas as a staple, the best are pruned with beads, and their supplemental supply of all the fruits that the landowner market affords the reception of even the old standards is unpredictable. You may get the things thrown into your face. They can catch perfectly, and never miss anything they want that is thrown at them. Today was near as plain when we had for a leather (they say Kappo) at Chaddai till they to his old bones of a shop) has an impression. Catholicism never so prominent as should be clipping. I didn't know Catholicism was so prominent or that the public did so much singing in it. A young state, fresh to having them very plainly in some language that probably is their own. The really influence about one, have not been without effect and I am horrified to that the word that you suggest I lie to the Calcutta Council about the doll head. You manipulated to get me into trouble with the Indians and now try to make me lie to one of my and in the same paragraph accusing me of ruining your reputation. I shall never believe good of anyone ever being again. But the doll has gone off by post 10 days ago. It was made in Amritsar where there used to be a few good workmen in ivory. It represents nothing and the dress is an ordinary Indian lady's shape. I shall try to get every favor carved for it. (The priest is wearing furious and R.C. will be imitating him for the next week or so). So so nice to hear Mrs. Kukul is going strong again. I almost fight with the silver smith that the little fault might be useless. But if she wants more she must have favor's good useful etc. They Nambary & the Council who just made me so

narrated before. There'll be no use my trafficking with the diplomats, for if you can't get State Dept. to do anything, what can I do. I learned in town today they published a newspaper, then about us that we weren't to be allowed to travel, so obviously they want some one to know what they are doing. The newspapers could only have got such information by the Brit's wanting them to have it. Dulles' remarks about the situation in Korea suggests they are beating each other, which explains our position after they found you quite interested in us. They are capable of getting us to any degree - I can't get 1000000 dollars that was sent me by the bank to the bank treasury in Dallas, <sup>in which I don't answer req.</sup> letters from the bank! And a few other things of the same sort. You see I can't give them any excuse for such harassment. It seems you can't properly ask them any ordinary courtesies are shown your opposite. Can you imagine sending a police, a plane, the organ and the lead of the native state, some papers on paper, scientific apparatus, I was in Washington I demand an airplane carried by 2000 dollars to send them! The British used to have things before they got their courage. - I had excitement in the neighborhood yesterday, a dog barked, had two great balls come every day for a visit and a handful of grain. A dog scared me into the air and he flew out of sight with wasn't till dark, we found him a mile away. P.C. said him take off else we wouldn't have known what happened. You can see with such mentality such an event is the equivalent of your torpedo or airplane crash. I got back Feb 2nd, 1957 to marked yesterday and took back a stack of books in exchange! The neighbors (the monkeys) gave us a pile of old English magazines, as we shall have instruction and training for a while. Then only can work we have no use for literature, and until the Indians get money we hadn't seen a dollar since childhood. - Dr. W. M. has a shipment of 100 dollars for me, you recall I had your sleuth about for them once. It seems they had those fifty dollars. Only thing that saved even you who value not a cent, and in your spare time you can pray that that lovely money may not be wasted. The University may be able to do something for us, this wrote a savage letter to the State Dept. once on which even my artistic talents couldn't have improved. If I am expelled, as they promised to be when my residence permit expired, shall have some interesting things for the printers and the Indians will have that that is a foreigner return for enjoying their hospitality. - We have at half bushel of coconuts that ought to sell out on the any day but they emerge very slowly. I collect them to have something to look at, most of them, over 100 pieces supposed, are as real stuff. A native at Chirapuzhi comes periodically with a basketful. I suppose they sell on not really, much better than you are with your clay bands and Sunday school cards. The service is not and the next days have gone probably to stir up a crowd in some other village. I don't know English. I'm in the church and manufacturing furniture, so the situation is it happens in the neighborhood. His wife is a Char and they talk to each other in Urdu. It seems all them, white folks usually keep to themselves on these parts these days, and if you get such a word you see get he comes for a purpose. - The Cilla letter about beginning to bloom and the tree falling are budding. You have the dabbler in that 157 with a large head and bloom! Hummer's Nest! Carl's letter has come to your many thanks of the time, into the



Can you get me a passport? Mawphting via Shillong, Assam IX. 18. 53.  
Miss Blythe recd no. 4 to a job to get a new machine

Dear Miss Blaine: I ought your letter of the 8th arrived and found  
the one of the 1st that didn't get here so promptly. You have  
meanwhile received my bundle of hieroglyphics and the coast is  
cleared except for the package of cotton sent in May. I begin with  
no more parcels have come and no word from U. G. M. I shouldn't  
let those "letters" bother you. What can be in them, but what I  
have written you a dozen times already? - Your interest in our  
attic is alarming, and convinces me your apartment must be  
such a rat's nest as one would hardly find in these days of general  
enlightenment. I shall certainly not make trouble for a thought  
lodging unless the Salvation Army hotel should be full. Geo. Walker's  
killed so still there and at my disposal. I have no hope of seeing  
anything of any account since Mrs. Jones says Walker gave away  
most of her nice things and the rest no doubt evaporated. They  
even dug up some of my nice shrubs I hear, but that sort of  
freedom one expects in a democracy. She gave a lovely string of  
antique garnets to a nice who promptly looted. These were some  
pieces of gold and jet as bosses, the like of which I never saw  
before till here where our neighbor has one, an heirloom of the Mitchell  
family. A fine old parcel not nearly 100 years old I always  
admired as a child, still like new. A Swiss music box everyone  
had their eye on. I hope they didn't take my winter overcoat. -  
I am not surprised you couldn't find the fossils. They looked like  
a museum exhibit and probably were the remains of some ancient  
storia such place keep for their capricious, but they were effective.  
Let the matter rest then, and many thanks for trying. It was  
not completely disappointing to find even you fail at times -  
to find the administration in this case. As for the May 22 package of letters  
I have no recollection and it couldn't have been important - I didn't  
write New Delhi, not having been asked to, nor do I see what  
good I could do. It seems clear enough that the issue won't be  
settled until a much greater one is. There is always the possibility  
that the "anti-Americanism" is a smokescreen. It either that the  
Indians are trying blackmail. We are not the main issue nor  
even a significant one. Notice how the affair in Persia were being  
run behind the stage. His next on the program probably. - The  
rain was just gathering reinforcements and attacked 10 days ago  
with such an assault as we haven't yet seen at his place. One  
day a Blizard came from the east driving rain there our red walls  
and every other possible aperture and feeling to drive us out  
turned to the west the next day. There it had an advantage  
- the dew had warped so it wouldn't shut and the garnet

Digitized by eGangotri Institute for Botanical Documentation

had to beets itself mopping up the flood. We are consulting ourselves  
with the certainty that such weather can't continue for more than  
the rest of the year. The birds don't mind the straight rain but the  
wind-driven storm distresses them and everyone stayed in.  
The hambills get on each others nerves in the end and one went  
out and sat in a pear tree till dark. When he came back they had  
a quarrel over the roosting place — They always roost together on  
a perch — and one had to find a new place. The smaller birds  
two of 3 species think they are relatives and often play together  
outside, ignoring their own folks that are wild. These last  
the unusually shy by nature since every hand is turned against  
them have lost much of their timidity in our neighborhood  
and some of the bravest even come into the house to forage.  
When seen nothing happens to our birds there. — Your first  
batch of provisions has dwindled. The peas cook in a remarkable  
short time. The local sats are much like gravel. Gum has become  
rather common here, Curiously. It's expensive and probably is con-  
sidered as medicine. Our dry and condensed milk has some such  
reputation — it is believed to be more strengthening than fresh milk  
quite apart from the fact that the ordinary supply is most often  
diluted. Even here among these unsuspicious folk we use  
the dry milk — they tend to skin the before delivery. — The hambills  
have just arrived and one has examined my back teeth. There  
is nothing to fear from his examination. He handles your  
eyelids and ears with proper care but is apt to be rough with  
noses. I shall have to fry an egg to get rid of them. The serious  
business comes in the morning. Everyone is hungry and  
the first dogs matches are blown out by their wings while  
I am trying to get their breakfast. Whatever else we can get  
together for them the piece of resistance is still cutworm, better  
than grasshoppers, sawbeef and any such haughtier delicacy.  
— The moths are emerging. Some of them are very fat. One  
one quady one is 6" across. I have to exert all my intelligence  
to protect them from the rest of the lodgers. — Richard is mending  
and has just finished the nice thread you sent at decent coil  
and twist like the sort we used to. He does a creditable  
job of mending but his sock darning is superlative. His foxglove  
chain stitch the hole full of thread. — I have just written Carl too  
and am sending his letter with this. There is nothing to report  
except that a letter has just come that my registered parcel sent  
care of a govt office last Dec. is in Shanghai, together with my  
money, not the 1000 rupees that is still in the Post Treasury,  
but if they read this letter they may let that go too. I shall write  
as soon as any parcels come. I have asked for every circus for you and

September 17, 1953.

Dear Miss Blaine: Your acknowledgment of the leather thing has just come. At that rate in another month you'll have the hell head. We were sorry to hear you hadn't enlisted the Afghan explorer in your dolehunt, in order that you might be convinced that we were or weren't capable <sup>of</sup> research. We could of course be more worried that he will show us up as seed eaters. — I can well imagine BGM has his hands full. It's no simple matter having an invalid to look after. Never mind the books. They won't be needed this winter, since we will either be busy to in or out of here. No parcels as yet from Bombay, tho I asked for mail a couple weeks ago. Strange that things sent in June shouldn't be here, but they may not have left Washington as you thought. — The air is beginning to feel like fall and the birds from the north are coming. That's all you will observe of the change in season until you realize suddenly in December, that you need a fire most of the time. The rain is exasperating, it's almost humanly persistent, a quality Americans of all people can't be expected to admire in the weather. The hornbills go out in it once in while and sause themselves to the skin in the wet foliage that harden that of sleeping out in it for a long time. Curiously, they ~~seem~~ go near water and don't drink. All the other birds like to dip into the water-pail or wash-dish, and we have to watch such vessels lest somebody drown. — When the rain stops there'll be something we can do catch butterflies that can hold the against any of these laws. You observe from the last of the Calcutta Consul's letter, they ~~are~~ have their eye on the seed line! We have a nice collection from these <sup>places</sup> hills. When you get around, write the Insect Dept. in the USNM and ask them who could or would identify such a lot mostly moths. Probably no one outside England. The British were often collectors in India. There are also a few craneflies. There's an American working on those. I forget who they'll know. — We would have had plenty of time to learn the Khasi language but I know too many useless languages already and there's little incentive for learning this one; the people are seldom so interesting in appearance you'd like to talk with them. Tho perhaps 50 years ago I'd have that otherwise. The postmaster's wife being of aristocratic lineage, at least that's what Pappeband made out of her narration in fluent but unintelligible Hindi, and others of that circle, know a little at least of the languages we know so that needful intercourse is possible. With most people you can do something with a few words and signs but not with these. Sunday A.C. met the above-mentioned lady looking for her son. He apparently was overdue to do the cooking and she said she was hungry. He — — — (all the foul names she could possibly have heard if she had studied the subject) hadn't

been home all day. She of course had no idea of what she  
 was saying. The people of such good Christians they would  
 sell you a drink of water on Sunday, let alone use bad language  
 and they can't even solace their misery with drink, at  
 least with the Church's sanction. — When you are in NY why  
 don't you look in some of the antique shops there for special  
 trash collection? They must have no end of stocks, it  
 would more likely be genuine than what you find in  
 your flybynight Washington places, in fact the good places  
 would have nothing phony. I hear prices aren't high in  
 USA for such things these days. — Last year just about not  
 having got the books to us, a new bookshop has opened in  
 Shilling where you can get the current new and cheap editions  
 of a lot of readable things, so we haven't suffered in the least.  
 Now the poor fellow makes a living out clear, in the last mo. his  
 sales slips average 10 a day and mine at 95¢ was probably average.  
 — Again we managed a little with the help of 2 birds and their  
 no sign on the face of the grasshoppers and jobs of custard that  
 were stuffed down my collar. P.C. has gone 2 mi down the road  
 to the weekly market, the harrubills went out for their morning  
 rally. The rest of us are prisoners of the rain, we have only one un-  
 bell. We shall hope to hear, again, from you.

New York, N.Y.

Sender's name and address:—

V. Keely  
 Manuphtang via Shilling  
 Adam.

COAM - 06

Third fold here

Second fold here

Recd 11/5/53  
 Ans. 11/6/53

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

Sea Mail

Mrs May M. Brown

5725 Connecticut Avenue

Washington 15 D.C.

1953



To open cut here

Dear Miss Blaine VIII. 17. 13.

Your letter of 14th came a little late this time. You will not hear from the Indians, I am sure. It is singular, I agree, that they should have had it proper to make such an answer to your enquiries but there is no doubt about the sequence as I have entered it to you. Remember that this is a region open to everyone, that nothing is protected and that their action is a cancellation of previous arrangements, with no provocation, other than yours. It might not seem so strange to you if you knew how things go in these parts. The State Dept. can make it understandable perhaps. The newspapers say the area I want to visit (not Bombay) is mismanaged & it may be they don't want witnesses. Kingdon Ward was the last white man I know of who went there. I had a permit at that time too, but didn't go on acct. of the earthquake. — No parcels came from Bombay, not even the expected. Neftane on hand: R.C.: 1 wool pants, 1 Khaki shirt; 1 wool shirt, 2 Khaki shirts. The 2 Khaki shirts were a year or so ago and near their end. The nylon, etc. not included. Don't send any more equipment other than that requested till the battle is decided. You'll never get anywhere without vigorous State Dept. action. I believe Mr. Nehru is opposed to imperialistic exploitation! The <sup>Government</sup> is not responsible for anything that happened to me. The <sup>Government</sup> never acknowledged the need package or my letter. He may send them to you nevertheless. Hope for the best as you say. The postage due is a puzzle indeed. If there was anything over night it must have cost one rupee, not 80¢ but 40. There is no more talk about Congress coming to Shillong. Do your next best hunt that the Company may never have got to the top at all. The rheumatism isn't so bad as all that. It may be much like the ailments you are always listing. I don't know anything at all about Chinese figures, there must be an article on Kwamun in the encyclopedia. A faithful reader is inspecting this writing and everything in it is sure then to be authentic. You can't just move to a more pleasant place in this country. You might never get a roof over your head in that place these days. There are no hotels or inns in the country where a white man can stay except in the large cities, and the <sup>in Calcutta</sup> <sup>rest houses</sup> are rather well distributed. They have only one or 2 rooms, usually occupied by traveling officials. They probably wouldn't harass us if we had to go elsewhere, but they probably wouldn't let us do anything there. There are no laws in force or perhaps even on the books to justify their action but they are free to do as they please. Who can stop them, <sup>an independent</sup> <sup>of the</sup> High Court? Just imagine how you would like to live in <sup>an independent</sup> <sup>of the</sup> rest of the world and then you can understand what white folks are up to here. — Good lord if you want these horrible colored pictures there's no end of them here. I don't see what you want. I wonder you are able to laugh at

door of your domicile open if you had such things, I will not send you more trash. — Just had a letter from a French friend in Iran saying many foreigners who have lived long in Iran are leaving property and jobs, on acct of the hostility of the populace. You are apt to hear "Yankee go home" and if you know the language much worse, even get a stone in the back. They are anti Br. Am. but of course don't discriminate in favor of the others even their own people suffer from the resemblance at times I am told. Am. money is however, welcome there as here, for which we may be very thankful. Wouldn't it be awful if they should refuse to take our millions? The rain continues to behave. We get a shower at times and then the sky clears with enormous colored cardboard clouds, cut in weird shapes that bank the horizon like a wall, that you are sure is obstructing the view beyond. — R.C. is ironing. The neighbor has a flat iron that burns charcoal. It hasn't a superheated point of course. The hornbills are kicking back and forth in the intervals. At one time they try to bite each other's necks off and my ears. Their bells clash with a sound that R.C. says he heard in the battle in Iran when they came to shelling the other day. No wild dogs sleep in the porch and roar out at the trespassing cattle. The weather is bright with a trash breeze, like your October. I shall have to think up something

First fold here

Sender's name and address: —

W. Kelly  
Mawphlang via Shillong  
Assam

Third fold here

Cons - 66

Rec'd  
10/15/50

Mrs. Mary M. Glenn  
5725 Conestoga Drive  
Washington 15 D.C.  
USA.

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

Stamp on reverse



Second fold here

for lunch pretty soon. Yesterday we made noodles nice for reserve when you want to cook in a hurry. So you see one can find work all over the place. I collected birds, mammals, plants, seeds, etc. you are cheaper and that you get your desk dirty before the boss sees it.

Maioptlang via Shilling, Assam, 18. 28. 53

Dear Miss Blaine:

Today came the last of the series of parcels shipped by your pack of June 30 and July 15. They have arrived in three batches since our post comes on fast. The contents are as indicated on your list except for "5 pkgs of dried fish (no more can be had until the summer is over)". The missing articles of your June 16 batch were in the lot, so it seems now nothing is outstanding from you. The parcels arrived at dusk. They were so intricately and securely packed that there is no evidence of the abuse transatlantic packages usually manifest, but our post office rats got into two and wasted the contents, a testimonial surely of their quality. He scratched and chewed to open the packages much as my butcheries used to when visitors brought a package of bones back in Michigan. Now for an appraisal of the contents. Obviously you have been scared by your own and I can't see a place where I can find fault. Foremost the haberdashery: the coats are beautifully tailored. I never saw such a ready-made job. They fit as well as a tailored article. I can't resist a little jab: the nice colors were a surprise we rather expected orange and purple stripes or polka dots, since you defended your pink and gold shirts as the latest and corrected my statement of age. Do better say "I" instead of "we" because Rupel and I went at all nasty and was so touched by the colossal labor you went thru to pack, to mention only a part of the job that he threatens to write you and berounce the fact there were no dolls. He did have a letter <sup>today</sup> that says "dolls" for your dolls <sup>are</sup> on the way. They'll be sent to the Calcutta Consul for Mrs. Hurber. - The closed handkerchiefs were superb and just what we wanted. R.C. took his marketing home in one and the Khair ladies eyed them enviously. They wear such things on their heads. I never saw such <sup>good</sup> quality. As for the linen, they were sorely missed, I had not any left

long since from my original stock, and I loathe white cotton.  
The belts of course are superior, nothing like that or the <sup>one</sup> sh-  
tes to be seen in these parts. The shirts and pants fit like  
sausage skins and came just in time for Ruppchand. He  
dressed up in them today and went to market, but forgot  
a tie, not used to such things. The Klim is most welcome  
it is no longer to be had here and R.C. thinks the substitutes  
aren't so good. One called Donna seems to me good enough  
but the others are a sort of flimsy night dot. The dried zamps  
and vegetables will be kept for the jungle. Raisins like yours  
I had forgotten about. Ours come from Afghanistan, and are costly  
here. The quality of the fruit is perhaps superior to American but  
they are sold in bulk and clearly show the hard time they  
had back home. In Persia they invariably told us with pride  
they employed the "California method" of raisin preparation but  
it seemed from the dogteeth, rabbit manure and other such  
extraneous articles that the finished product often contained  
they had modified the method to suit the local conditions. But  
however welcome and useful the contents of your parcels  
are, you would have to have our background to understand  
how we appreciate and are moved by the spirit that in-  
spired you to do these things for us. The feeble return we  
can make is to thank you from our hearts. — Your letters con-  
taining a copy of papers to Carl Cause too, an interesting  
collection of words. I am inclined to the view that Carl knows  
how to go about his business! Tell Carl to make a list, my  
friends here will stall, since the country is difficult if im-  
possible in the ruins, except Bhutan. — There are two letters on  
the way to you both of which you now must have, and one  
to Carl. In one I asked if you'd get me a passport. I shall  
have something to tell you some day of the unexpected use-  
fulness of the appointment you have regretted. The one that  
brought me the honor of the police visits. — All the family is  
home helping me write. I have distracted the mapies with  
matchboxes, the starlings are sleeping on my arm and the horn-  
bills are trying to tear open a bundle. The children are bringing  
old raspberries now, not like ours in any way. I have gathered  
seed of all local raspberries and if you don't develop a full rasp-  
berry, a dwarf thornless one or something else out of the lot



I in desire to be investigated by Senator McCarty, I made  
nice sketches out of these prints and filled a 2<sup>d</sup> City R.C. jar  
one in town that had come from U.S. with some sort of Am-  
erican goods. The turnbells like a taste once in a while so  
then the first batch came P.C. separated out the best and  
left them beside the kitchen fire where the turnbells may come.  
The rest he left on their table. They gave one look at the trash  
and came over and ate the others. — The devil has taken a  
hand in the weather again, it does beat all where all the water  
comes from, but in this country its either flood or drought  
as with you. Temperature fluctuations like yours we don't  
have. — I am planning on a trip to Calcutta soon and I  
may see something good like. You must not think there is  
a success in such places. Here never were good shops and  
with the British gone what there were have folded up or shrunk.  
One shop keeps a few imported delicatessen items such as  
French cheeses, but for the main, any A.S. would be far ahead  
of it. I hate to leave home as much as any mother with a dozen  
children. I am worried about the birds. I know of course P.C.  
will look after them but you know no one can do things as  
well as you yourself! And then one gets attached to the dear  
things they arent dirty and smelly like children. — I told you  
our neighbor had got religion. They have suddenly started  
on a structure in her back yard, above room affair with flattened  
galvane tins for roof & siding, that will be the local Catholic  
Church. On the other side we have the Welsh Presbyterians and  
farther off on one of the other sides some other sect not so far  
but that the noise reaches us. Any emotional changes  
you note henceforth for better or for worse, you can ascribe to  
the new influences. There ought to be some effect from being  
steeped in so much religion. The Calla lilies are beginning  
to bloom and there is a big banquet on the porch. Inside  
the birds resent them and bite them to pieces. I find they  
have planted them all around one of the Churches this year  
and I suspect our flowers come from there. The children  
often bring them under their clothes. — We are having fun  
with our butterfly catching. We have improvised a net and have  
an excuse for a walk whenever the rain lets up for an hour.

You can't go walking about the landscape without a purp  
with any pleasure for long anyway, and the more to go  
I have in mind to look for the most interesting in the  
looking and the most profit to each of the lines. By m  
understood and the Department used to pay the expenses  
on my name - I was waiting to hear of your outing in the  
York. You do so much gadding on your own and our busi-  
ness I wonder how the dear government stands it. You  
can't thank Heaven that Carl is your boss and not some one  
with an upright conscience like me. - Our neighbors have  
been quiet lately but in Shillong the other day they enacted  
a pleasant comedy. The Government for some reason deposed  
the chief of that state and tried to resist the demands for  
his reinstatement. You would have thought the gentle Khasis  
would have given in but nothing of the sort. The other day  
a mob of the feroce Say Soo, mostly women, mobbed the  
post office and forced their demands. Some franks des-  
cended the scene. The police and Chief magistrate had come to  
protect the office but our brave girls were too much for them.  
You can of course imagine what a fearsome spectacle a mob  
of <sup>ferocious</sup> women would present in fact one lone one can  
inspire terror at times, but here they were used to prom-  
nent women. You don't even see them shopping, not as you'd  
shop <sup>anyway</sup>. The newspapers say for the Delhi that it is clearing  
houses in the area I have asked to visit trying to put in  
the best men they can find, so perhaps conditions there  
are such they would not want anyone to see. It must be  
truly frightful if it would shock me, or be a novelty.

We hope things are well with you and that you'll  
fill up your idle hours with letters to us. The postmaster's  
son got a nicker for delivering the mail and we part with the  
coin with particular pleasure if it happens to be a letter  
from your Ruf Chand joins us ever best.

Very sincerely,

Walter R. Koch

P.C. is very pleased that his things (in his size) are better looking  
than mine. I'm not saying anything yet.

University Museum, Ann Arbor,  
October 14, 1953.

Dear Mrs Blaine:

Your 2 letters came, the one with the copies  
of your Dad's letters this minute. I reread your invitation  
to Washington several times and I am not clear whether  
I am invited to stay with you, but in any case Carl  
has as clearly as graciously invited me to stay with them.  
You are always referring to Rufchard as an umpire of your  
conduct and tho in the main he is prejudiced in your  
favor, I can't see how any really good human being can  
condone such treatment of me. You as a woman know  
Mrs. Erlanson will blame me for all Carl's vices particularly  
since we were friends in school and she may accordingly  
pelter us both out with the broom if he brings me home.  
A lot you appear to care. - There was no tragedy connected  
with my return other than leaving the family, tho Rufchard's  
Dad. He won't treat them properly, I know, the dear things  
- The dolls were from Italy; one Inverno (Winter), one Sicilian  
one Piedmont (to Paris a Brittany peasant. They went  
off Monday to you by insured parcel. - Tell dear Mrs. Thurber  
I didn't bring her anything but I may find something  
in my packets an wooly beach nappe. The Consulate was  
closed in Calcutta so I didn't see Mr. Kenberg. The wavy  
dollhands were supposedly on the way to Manphlang  
then I left but Rufchard probably won't venture to send  
them to the Consul. - I am distressed to hear of your  
accident and hope you are recovering. Such things are  
apt to leave a bit of rheumatism so keep it warm.  
- I expected to stop first in NYC to work in the Museum  
and Rufchard wanted me to phone you from there then I  
got the urge to see my friends here and stepped into the  
next plane and was here in early afternoon. Monday 9:15P.  
I left Bombay, and was here Wednesday morning. The  
"letters" haven't been published as yet. I have seen Professor  
Barlett's book but we have so many things to talk

about I didn't find out why. The people here are indy-  
gant about the nasty Indians and propose to treat  
them the same which is what I recommend. I believe  
Carl knows what he is doing and that something may  
come of his efforts. What does Mrs. Thurber suggest? I  
am rather sure there is some tussle going on between  
Nehru and Washington, else why so much ado for nothing  
— I am eager to get back as soon as possible since winter  
is our work time. I want to look over the bird collections  
and see they are properly cared for, before venturing off  
for the final lap to finish what we hoped to do before  
quitting. — Things here are amazingly shiny and inflated  
everyone is well dressed, with new cars, all the houses  
are painted and even the henhouses have television sets.  
I of course saw my first exhibition of the phenomenon  
and am not disconsolate at the prospect of not having  
to look at it in India. The frozen vegetables and fruits  
are new to me too. I am dressed in rayon orlon shirts,  
cotton pants & wash shirt my suit in Bombay is in  
in condition to wear but has now been so beautifully  
restored I am reserving it for baptisms, weddings, &c.  
— Ask Carl if I should try to get my political friends to  
poke the State Dept. for me. It may not be necessary  
since I rather believe they know what Carl is doing.  
Many thanks for your nice letters and the welcome!  
I shall want you to cook some special things for me.  
I am getting my friends to treat me to the strawberries,  
cheeses, German beer & what not I have been yearning  
for. The parcel of fish came in the end quite all right.  
Your "appointment" was a blessing indeed. More later.  
I was a bit amused at Carl's intimation only "screened"  
people get into Federal jobs, the meshes appear to be  
variable. — My best, my thanks and an revoir!  
Nelle Uthoff

# THE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION

FOUNDED SEPTEMBER 28 1893

JOSSelyn VAN TYNE, PRESIDENT  
MUSEUM OF ZOOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN  
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OFFICIAL ORGAN

The Auk

Ann Arbor.

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NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY  
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

R. ALLYN MOSER, TREASURER  
90TH AND FARNAM STREETS  
OMAHA 6, NEBRASKA

Tuesday 10/20/53

Dear Miss Blaine:

Your letter on the train has come and of course I am charmed with your invitation to come to see you, especially since you won't be at home. I think I had better count on the Salvation Army instead. I am telling Ruf Chand what to expect from you so case he ventures this way. A letter from GYM had a really cordial tone and when I get down there you'll be hashed to a frazzle between us. I hope your sister reads this letter when you are out looking. — Ruf Chand has written twice, once on an envelope he said you had sent them the family, seems to be all right and the birds are not to worry about them. The hembells get their usual food egg and they are cared for in general, not in the stepmotherly fashion I feared, so he assures me. He says the rain has stopped and he amuses himself catching butterflies. The first few days he was a bit lonely and drank an extra glass of beer. — I shall be thru with my dearest tomorrow and should be ready for another 14 year stretch. One of the favorite pastimes I have found is drinking beer and eating frozen strawberries. You can get superb German beer but the University doesn't allow beer drinking in their buildings. Stuffy, aren't they? I don't see why I can't amuse myself in my own way as long as they let the students hug & kiss each other while walking down the street — The weather is as hot as anywhere in India, I am sure. I don't wear the green wool shirt you sent. The cotton pants I send to the cleaner, so they hold their press. I stay in the bird room whenever I am free from inescapable engagements. The staff has all gone to California to a meeting, so I am not disturbed. — I hope you will have a pleasant visit and that you will tell me

about your doings. Let me know when you get back of  
Curator Reigman is going to stay put for a while (Birds in  
USNM.) I shall want to see him before I go back. — Carl wrote  
about getting me a visa, as you know. I can't make out what  
is behind the whole shooting match. If they are going to  
insult me as the representative of U.S.D. & G.O.M. it is  
not to be tolerated in the same strain as the I were a  
private individual. The Univ. will have nothing to do with  
them if they want to behave and I don't see why Carl can't tell  
them the same. Such people understand only such language.  
I think I want the Indians to know that I am going  
back with your blessing, whatever the consequences. They'd  
be sure to stick pins into me after I got there if I did slip  
in the back door. If anyone there can find a way to get  
the Indians to see sense, I'd be glad to know how he intends  
to go about it. Taylor, obviously isn't getting very far  
very fast. — A box, <sup>from the States</sup> mailed July 27 arrived today, so your  
dear head has some time to go. R.C. didn't say anything  
about the birds. The man wrote he was going to send  
them the last of September. Look at Nylon sheets if you  
are in town & tell me what they're like. I don't think of  
anything to buy at the moment. You can carry only 44 lbs.  
on the plane so I'll have to go light. Thank the Lord you  
got the books in the pouch. Ruff Chand will read them. I  
told Consul to keep parcels sent on to Maulfharaj as they  
came. — I am not sure I can get used to your superconic  
civilization, with all its unbelievably choice stores. Every  
thing looks like 5th Avenue used to, even the drug stores.  
I don't attract any attention on the street so you can  
see I'm not completely wild. Do send Ruff Chand a line  
and urge him to come over to see me. I think he would  
be really terrified. He asks about our garden. It looks  
much like an Assam jungle. I'm going out for a second  
look tomorrow. With best wishes and my usual  
thanks for your friendly letters! Walter Haezel.

October 26, 1953

Dear Doctor Koelz:

Doctor Daigam of the Bird Division, U.S.N.M., expects to be here permanently now. I have just talked with him and he is delighted to know that you are in the country and will be coming to Washington. He says he will drop you a note as he does want to see you.

This morning Mr. Erlanson had me forward to you a letter that came to you here from Persia. Do you want me to hold any mail that may come for you or shall I send it on to you there?

COE has a cold, too, so I fear there will be no letter from him to you today. I hope you were able to get your passport and visa O.K. out there, but, if not, we'll do our best for you here. I haven't been able to reach Mrs. Thurber as yet today. More anon.

Sincerely,

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN  
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

MUSEUM OF ZOOLOGY

October, 28, 1953.

Dear Miss Blaine:

Many thanks for your 2 letters and the Persian one. You can keep on sending things for the present. You seem to have behaved yourself in the usual fashion by coming home from New York on a sketcher. People who are always so considerate of other folks don't know how to take care of themselves, I find. — I have succeeded in getting a lot done with my birds and in seeing a lot of people, the latter being a bit strenuous for a wild man used to sleeping with the birds. I shall be going to Trip when I get home here and then you're only a stone's throw away.

— I wrote Call the other day and told him why I'd like the Indian visa from there. The dear soul is ready to humor me in spite of his good sense, but I'd rather jam up the whole mess than continue to be the instrument of degrading our country in the native's eyes. I believe I am right that the State Department will not or cannot do anything with the Indians.



We intend here to clamp down on them completely if they don't behave. Professor Bartlett is quite as disagreeable as I am! - The weather is beautiful still and your costume is still adorning me. I found a suit that I had stored, a bit moth-bitten, but it does for ceremonial occasions, especially in the dark. I intend to buy a pair of socks if I can get around to it and I am praying to your gods and our own that it won't be made necessary for me to buy an overcoat. - Rupchand's letter from Daland has arrived, and sends requests for Knickknacks of one sort and another. If they have nice tickory nuts your way put a package in the pouch for him. I told Consul to send any parcels to Newpflang and letters to you. The birds are still all right, the two of them are fighting. We was pleased to find a bunch of the nice seedy bananas the hornbills prefer, now apparently out of season. - It's nice to hear Mrs. Thumber is around. I look forward to seeing her. I wrote Curator Deignan. - A friend found rag paper for labels, and says rag is always necessary for durability. He's going to take me Sunday to see one of Dr. Fairchild's daughters, the nearest I'll have come to seeing the distinguished gentleman. People treat me beautifully, else I'd take the first train out, it's still so strange! An hour! Mr.

Tuesday

11-3-53

Dear Miss Blaine:

Your letter of yesterday just came. I don't know how you manage to make me feel so important and such a desirable goal. A smart person would leave it at that, but I am resolved to destroy the illusion in return for the pleasure of being with you. You are quite right about the disposal of my overcoat and the music box. I stopped inquiring about the rest and didn't even go into the house. It has occupants and seems in good condition. The yard has been untouched, which is all right since few people could be trusted to use an axe. You are right about hickory nuts being here. I suppose Carl took especial delight in telling his cockiest explorers to look in his backyard, but at certain places in your locality you can find — O what the use. I'll send you some for Rupphand. He wrote yesterday and of course reported my insect bird had been eaten by a native. You see no one looks after things like a matter. He swears he is feeding the hornbills their daily fried egg and says the poor dears are so lonely they scream at him a block away when he has been away from home. I got a pair of sax and nylon underwear which with your Corbin shirt will keep me for a long time. I'm the only person in these parts who knows about them and I tell everyone I have a very important friend in Wash. who sends me these things in the pouch. They think it's a White House infant of course, since I know no one else can get such things done. — Protes the labels. Of course they're all right. I recalled only you could get all rag paper. That isn't necessarily the only good sort and I mistook it because they didn't know in the Museum here either. I thought you'd like to have the latest information! Deignan wrote and we shall have a lively hour together. He and the other ornithologists of Wash. are all crazy and I alone have any sense. This will be the subject of our discussion. Of course I shall come to eat your desert and anything else you can give me. I am not at all nervous since I have seen the great improvement in the variety and quality of canned food. I am writing Mr. Dumbler has accepted her invitation. I called Bates to tell them what you said about them but Mr. B. was out. A thousand thanks for the envelopes. I never have any stamps and they keep their office envelopes in a file that is too complicated for my untamed nature. I am leaving a job hanging by a hair to answer your nice letter and to make you believe I am as eager to see you dear friends as you could be to see anyone. I sent my passport for the Ind. on my way yesterday. I shall be interested in the result of your request. Dear Miss Blaine.

# THE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION

FOUNDED SEPTEMBER 28 1883

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EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

R. ALLYN MOSER, TREASURER  
90TH AND FARNAM STREETS  
OMAHA 6, NEBRASKA

November 6, 1903

Dear Miss Blaine:

Spurs of H.H. and Carl's came today and I have asked Carl to return the passport. Terribly nice of you to be patient with ~~me~~ me. I am overwhelmed with the kindness you dear people are showering on me. Please thank Mr. Russell for his offers of shelter, but you must never take me seriously except when I tell you how much I value you. I have had feline overcoats offered me in the last two days and shall be driven to the inconvenience of shopping to protect my friends from the distress of seeing me in obvious destitution. I never wore an overcoat as a child except by force, Mother said she couldn't stand seeing me walking about like a picked goose! - I am much obliged for your advice about seeing the State Department. They have told the University they will give me an interview. I sent the University's letters to Washington to Rufchard and he was delighted with the kind of language they contained. An old friend from Detroit was in yesterday and suggested we might get better results by working thru influential Indians who have been in this country. The International Committee for wildlife preservation has been ticked by the Indian attitude toward me, who have had so much experience in collecting records of what the country once contained. That's what has made the University so bitter on the subject. - It has grown cold, 22°, but the sky is clear and I am very pleased with the weather's behavior. Usually here the early winter is so nasty. - Be assured I am coming to Washington expressly to see you dear friends and to try to tell you how much I appreciate your friendly interest. I can't imagine any rebellion

of your not seeing as much as you want of me! - Rupchand  
has just written that the hornbills are well and come to  
the fire in the morning where it's warm and to wait for pan-  
cakes. He is much interested in my gold teeth and suggests  
a ring and wishes he could get rejuvenated. He believes with  
an effort my reports of scrubwomen's wages but doesn't venture  
to repeat the report to his friends there, where not even the  
Prime Minister would get such a wage. And a bricklayer! Who  
in India would be in his class of salary? The neighbor's goat  
has had twins, bringing her flock to 8. She feels so opulent,  
says Rupchand, she sings all day. He thinks my penmanship  
has improved from my association with educated people. -  
You can understand how pleasant it is to be among  
my old friends, whom time has truly made more dear, and  
I shudder to think how accidental my trip was. I should  
have missed the most inspiring experience of my life.

My best wishes and ever thanks and au revoir!

Very Sincerely,

Walter H. Keesley

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN  
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

MUSEUM OF ZOOLOGY

Thursday 11/19/53

Dear Miss Glavin: Many thanks for your letter and the usual  
enclosures. Never fear, I shall provide myself with stamps some  
how, tho I shouldn't have found the pretty variety yours exhibit.  
The overcoat has come but the weather is such that I go about  
on the street in shirt sleeves! even into the evening. I should  
like to sell the overcoat but I am sure I shouldn't be able  
to realize 10¢ on the dollar on it. — It wasn't necessary to bother  
poor dear Mrs. Thurber, I had written her, telling her I was coming  
to Washington expressly to see you and her. Professor Bartlett  
hasn't told me yet when he will be able to get away, but  
I hope it will be soon before the weather gets too uncertain  
to fly. — Rupchand just wrote and said he had heard from you.  
I haven't told him yet of the latest Indian Shenanigans. He  
sent clippings of the massacre you read about in the last issue.

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

Thanks for the tip about Haldy. We have a copy here. The  
book review sounds as if the Indian writer was a miracle.  
I never heard of him or the book, but I never know about  
Cultural matters, and haven't read a book in years. I got Al's  
hooky nuts and have them done up in 2 cloth bags, wt. less  
than 4 lbs. I'll try to get them off to you, together with a Kuschnack  
or two for the punch. I told Consul to send parcels to New Orleans.  
So nice your cold is improving. I got a can of the nice glassy  
mints you tried to find for me, and have had a dozen. Now I  
happened to think of lobsters and that's for tomorrow. Frozen rasp-  
berries are on the noon menu, strawberries are out. Al. advice  
me to saturate myself to last another decade. He had an American  
visitor while I was away and gave him some of your Michigan  
Mints. I enclose a letter from him, his last is in the neighbors  
hands. Folks find his letters interesting and Professor Bartlett  
wants to keep them. Please return this one then. He says he'll be  
after your ivory doll hands. I should hate to think no one had  
been so kind to you as me! You really must be Irish. Hope things  
are well with you. My best, as always! Sincerely, Hilda Welch

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FOUNDED SEPTEMBER 28, 1893

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R. ALLYN MOSER, TREASURER  
80TH AND FARNAM STREETS  
OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA

November 11, 1953.

Dear Miss Blaine:

Your nice letter of the 9<sup>th</sup> came duly and I am delighted with your righteous indignation. We have been giving the Indians good advertising here and at least will have some fun out of it. I have replied to Carl but the letter isn't typed yet. The University likes to have copies of my letters, they say. The next move is to send a collection of HNB's letters to important Indians to let them know what the University people think of their pickiness. There is of course no reason why they should order me out and they of course know too that I am not only there — You will be comforted to know that the weather isn't cold in the least and I shall wear your costume. It was very hot when I left India to wear the wool coat and under such conditions I never realize that 6 months hence conditions may be different. If you do, know that Marshall Field has an overcoat on the way to me, according to a postcard, and when I show up on your doorstep, I will be garbed, superficially, in the best Chicago style. HNB is coming to Washington with me and the date will be of his choosing. Do tell Mrs. Thurber that I have no "dislikes" where food is concerned, and whatever her daughter thinks edible will surely suit me. What a nice time I shall have with you! If I get to New York first I shall have something to bring you all from my Persian stores. There are some interesting things there, not the usual trash I so often have to give you. — Please don't distress yourself about my affairs. I have long got over being too much worried about ~~about~~ such things, and while a separation from the dear family will be like war devastation, we will have to ask the Ford Foundation to rehabilitate them. That would be the most profitable thing they are likely to do, left to themselves, in India; save the hembills! Carl's letter of the 10<sup>th</sup> about

The "no objection to return to India" stamp was not got before I left. I mentioned it in my letter I am preparing. I didn't take the trouble to ask for it since there was a good chance I shouldn't have got an answer from the Arcam Government - they'd have had to ask Delhi in this case, since all the special attention I have had lately was by direction from there. Your stamps are a godsend. I am too shiftless to provide myself with anything in this environment and shall shortly become a shapeless lump of fat, if there is anything to the theory of adaptation to environment. I am much touched by your evidence of friendship and that displayed by Carl. I was very fond of him when we were together here, but American men aren't often very "friendly"; and I have been much impressed by his interest lately. I have fortunately been brought up in an environment <sup>where</sup> the "milk of human kindness" was particularly valued and my subsequent experiences in the world have not changed my outlook.

I hope things are better with you. And it's you worrying about me catching cold! With best wishes!

Very sincerely,  
Hester W. Whately



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN  
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

MUSEUM OF ZOOLOGY

Tuesday, 12/7/53

Dear May:

He arrived home whole and today I got my letter to the Indians finished. I expected Professor Bartlett would send his with it but he was in last night and says his will go off today in a separate envelope together with or followed by one from the University President. The bird people are writing too. — There was a letter from Rupchand here on arrival. He says it is getting cold and the hills feel chilly. — The weather was nice in the air in spite of the ugly outlook when we left. Now it is sunny and warm here and I am expecting spring any day. — I hope to get to New York in a little while. It has taken me a long while to straighten out these wretched birds and there's still no end in sight. A notice says my boxes of clothes, etc. have arrived from Bombay, so I may get hands on them before long, except

That there is an express embargo on Detroit where they will have to be cleared, and I may end up by going to New York to do it there. I am trying to get American Express to do it for me meantime. — I am still aglow with the pleasure of my visit with you. I hardly expected to find such a cordial reception after all these years of absence. It is much appreciated.

I hope things are well with you. I enclose R.C.'s last letter and the one to the Indians. I shall be much obliged if you will put it with the two application forms and send it on. When all the letters are off I shall write Carl.

Best regards and au revoir!

Walter H. Koebe

Enclosures