

National Hotel, London, Eng.
Thursday July 3, 1947

Carolina dear,

This is our first leisure hour since we reached London yesterday and while Father takes a picture, his first with the new camera, from our hotel window, I'll have a visit with thee. The buildings, some hotels, are standing in ruins across the street, from war bombs. As we walk to and from our hotel we see many ruined or partly demolished bldgs. Friends House, the large center of friends activities, to be compared with 20 S. 12 St. was hit but only a portion of it badly damaged.

To begin with our story after we left the, we got to Stewart, Marty's at midnight, finally got them awake. Dottie was there too. We talked as Father and I repacked our things. Stewart brought out a gallon of cold milk which we all enjoyed. Finally we persuaded Stewart, and Marty to get some sleep before dawn - Father also slept a couple of hours. I stayed up to write notes and letters, and Dottie insisted on writing for us. At 4:15 Father was up, then Stewart, who was to keep Joe with the morning milking, but had permission to leave right after milking, for the day. Father, and Marty and I started for N.Y. at 5 o'clock in our car. Stewart and Dottie followed later in Phil. Post.

La Guardia air port is tremendous, each air line having its own huge station. Ours was Pan American world airways - our ship was the Paul Jones (Constellation). It was an hour late in departing, and every one was tired and hot. We wondered as we saw ladies carrying fur coats on their arms. Later in London we saw fur coats being worn! It is warmer today, but yesterday I was very thankful to have my green coat. Finally we said our good-byes and were in the plane. Every minute of our plane ride was thrilling - the only time that

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Sender's name and address:-

Ester A. Palmer
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P.O. 1

Caroline A. Palmer
College Settlement Farm Camp
Willard House
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BY AIR MAIL

AIR LETTER

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



I was bothered was when the plane lowered in preparation for landing - it seemed to leave my stomach in queer positions! But Father wasn't affected at all. Once as we were rising high above the clouds Father turned to me and said, "Does this suppose this is as close to Heaven as we'll ever get?" At Gander, Newfoundland at 4 in the afternoon - there wasn't much to see - miles of evergreens and small bodies of water - that was all. - a bag a dozen loaves near the airport.

Lunch had been served to us on the plane - a tray was placed on a pillow on our laps. The food was delicious and attractively served. The plane travelled at 17,000 ft. altitude and was capable of going 300 mi. per hour. Up in the air we were cool - as if the plane were air-conditioned like summer movie houses. As the plane lowered to land in Gander, we suddenly got very warm just as we had been before we took to the air in N.Y. and before the plane had stopped. We concluded that it was our altitude which was responsible for the coolness.

We were provided with down pillows and light weight blankets for our sleeping comfort. We settled for the night at 9:30. When our watches said 11:00 the stewardess told us the plane would soon land at Shannon Ireland, and to get off for 1 1/2 hrs. for breakfast! Still sleepy, and not at all hungry, we got off - found it was 4:00 in Shannon, and that we should sit up our watches 5 hours. While was all that sleep I was going to get on the trip to London? Everyone sat down at tables rather elegantly laid out, in the airport. So we did too, and were served a very good breakfast, and ate of it. Everything in that airport was clean, and rather handsome, and there were many bouquets of beautiful flowers everywhere. We washed outside a little and admired flower beds. I loved the accent of those in the airport. In the plane again and on to London. There we set up our watches one more hour, for they have "double day light saving". Having set up their time, two hours. It must have been about 9:30 London time that we arrived. There are great other customs (that in N.Y.), but no great to do about it - a few questions and green check marks on our baggage was all, the one rule one man's suit case being gone three quite thoroughly, along three rides into London and then a taxi ride to Friends House.

I can't tell you what a surprise London is to me. So many years I have wished to visit England, expecting it to be like our own country in many ways - with interesting small differences. Instead we suddenly found ourselves in a foreign country, where every single detail is strange and different - the appearance of the people - the manner of speech, of eating, manner of driving - (all traffic keeps on left) - even the trees and flowers are unusual - the we did see Petenias. Most women wear cotton lace, or sometimes none. I haven't yet seen a well fitted, becoming suit (according to American standards). Many men wear mustaches of the 1890 variety. Lunch at Friends House plunged us into English life - with a bang. Having gotten here so suddenly, and least grumpy with happiness - it all seemed like a queer dream. The monthly mags. of Friends Service Council are going on, and immediately we were invited to attend there. Oh for that sleep! Roderick Ede of the India desk is a kindly young man who has taken us under his wing. We are spending 2 nights at his hotel, then to his home tomorrow night. Our last night - Sunday, at the home of Paul Steurge. Ex. Secy. of Friends Service Council - we have his name in our guest book. The July 7 boat does not sail until July 13 - and Roderick Ede has a plane reservation for us on the 9th to India. If Phil cables him to send us on that way. There is no meeting this evening, so we want to explore London a little. Saw Richmond Neeler & wife this noon. Also have had long talks with Harry & Julia Abramson, who left the Culcutta Center in April - soon to sail for much love to the across the miles, from Mother

London, England July 7, 1947.

Caroline dear, I'm sitting in Friends House now, keeping watch on the baggage while Father finishes arrangements for our departure to India. We are to leave by plane on Wednesday evening, the 9th. I don't know the details yet, but think we land at Karachi (Sp) and travel 1500 miles to Calcutta by train. It is so very cool here - I have worn my green coat over my knitted suit and even when I have been cold at times, we have slept under blankets and a down quilt each night, with which all beds have so far been equipped, except at the hotel. What will it be like to suddenly descend in India's heat!?

Friday noon we had lunch with Janet Rice, who recently returned from the Chera Center, via U.S. and Rhode Hill. Friday evening we went home with Roderick Eds, who has taken us in hand. He is a mild, quiet spoken young person, and very understanding. His wife is quiet and tactful, and very well informed. They have an 18 mo. old son Martin and they live in a typical English house in a row, with fence in yard, hedge and many flowers. The house was built 50 years ago and has, to all appearances, not had little done to it since - particularly to the plumbing. But we had a very enjoyable visit there. Lack of what Americans consider so important does not in the least hinder the charm of English personalities.

Saturday morning we went to King's Gardens. Big Botanical gardens - much more than we could cover in our limited time. Many trees exchange to rest here & are properly named. From there we went to London for a luncheon engagement with Christopher Taylor - of the Bengal Committee. We think of him as the Postmore Ambassador of London. The took us to a very nice restaurant for lunch - which was delicious. They specialize in salads - and we had a helping plate of vitamins as the English say - instead of vitamins. There was an orchestra to provide music.

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Sender's name and address :-

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 Friends House, Euston Rd.
 London, England

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U.S.A.

Caroline A. Palmer
 College Settlement Camp
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BY AIR MAIL
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Saturday afternoon we went to Paul Sturge's home. He is Educ. Secy of Friends Service Council which would correspond to Clarence Pickett's job. Their home was larger and newer than some - and very pleasant. Immediately after we arrived we had tea - then we all took a long walk thru a nearby woods which is kept for the use of the people by the government. We learned about more English growing things, and heard many of their birds - none of them familiar (I did see a very familiar looking flycatcher this morning which was probably a Pewee, and the English sparrow looks and acts the same). The English Robin has the red breast but is as large as a sparrow. They say it sings sweetly and one comes to the Sturge kitchen window to sell for crumbs. Their Blackbird sings sweetly too, and acts like our Robin!! Sturge's have 5 children, Anne and Roger being the only ones. Anne is thy age. - Has finished her English school requirements, and expects to work as a Secy this fall to someone in the Indian consulate in London. Roger is 9. We had given the Ration office and Galtin Coupons which helped us keep our harts. One person here is allowed 3 pts. of meat a week, and 3 cakes of soap a month. The Rations being even less than during the war.

Sunday morning we walked to meeting - held in a school house, and one rather like our own little meeting. After dinner Father and I returned to London - by train - (those European trains such as I had seen only in the movies, - with compartments entered at the side), - and then on to Seer Breen to Jordans Hostel, which was 400 years ago, a farm house. It had been gradually enlarged and is now a place managed by Friends as a kind of country hotel - and place for small conferences. A number of Friends homes are nearby. The Jordans meeting house is down the road a short distance. That is the meeting house used in the picture of "Christ in the midst" and "The Quaker wedding" - just as quaint and just as beautiful. Meetings are held there regularly - and the meeting house is always full, the care. Taken well res. The living upstairs at one end and bestaurs loving care on the house and grounds, and welcomes the many visitors who come to see the place. Tom Penn and family are buried near the meeting house.

One lovely sight was the family of Chaffinches. English birds the size of a sparrow, in slate gray and rosy shades of late sunset, come to the caretaker for food. He produces bread crumbs from a tin box in his pocket, and the birds fluttered about his feet, talking as they ate. One of them is a special one which comes to his hand to eat. One time a Robin came along with the Chaffinch. Now we are back in London and will stay at the hotel again to night and to tomorrow - then off to India. We're looking forward to mail when we get there - already it seems like a long time since we saw thee - yeh it was only a week ago to night! Even that be possible! We met Henry Cadbury of U.S.A. and his wife in Friends House this afternoon. I had never met her before. She is blunt and outspoken, and I was really embarrassed at her easily over heard comments to us about life in London. I'm sure Henry isn't that way at all. Wonder how thy days are going - and how thee likes being Native Counciler. And how did thee spend thy "day off", etc. etc. - mother

Carolina dear, My letter came yesterday (July 22) and was received with joy! It's hard to get used to the long time it takes for our letters to travel - even by air! 1 Upper Wood Street
Calcutta, India
July 22, 1947.

Greetings, dear family;

On a borrowed typewriter, I shall try to write you about our recent doings. We left London by plane at midnight, July 10th, having been scheduled to leave at 9:30 that evening. While we waited the future fellow passengers began to get acquainted. There were five Indians returning home, a Russian lady, very stylish, who we heard later has an exclusive dress shop in Bombay, two American fellows, one from Cal. and one from Montana going to Afghanistan, an American Methodist missionary couple, an exotic looking dark, or rather olive-skinned couple in expensive clothes and accessories, she wearing an orchid, who disembarked at Istanbul, and a few Englishmen and others we didn't learn about - the plane being not quite full - capacity 42. (Every seat from N.Y. to London was occupied) This was still the Pan American Line, the plane being almost identical to the one from N.Y. Our Steward volunteered the information that these were army planes, re-converted and that next year P.A.A. expected to have deluxe planes with sleeping berths. Near the end of that ride he told us we had covered 4,574 miles in 17 hours, at an altitude of 17,000 to 18,500 ft.

Soaring into the air at midnight, we could see little but lights of an occasional city below - we supposed it was Europe. Finally a beautiful moonrise - and we were off to sleep in reclining chairs with blanket and pillow. When we got fully awake in the morning, we could see below rugged brown mountains and no appearance of life. There was water around the mountains, and finally we could see villages or cities and signs of roads and fields - Mervin asked the Steward who said we were over Greece. Somewhere near 9:00 we reached Istanbul and landed in what seemed less a city airport than the others. We were ushered to a rickety bus with a Turkish driver who could not speak English, a Turkish girl in khaki dress acting as interpreter and superintending the bus ride, which lasted for possibly 1 1/2 miles through narrow bumpy streets and finally it looked as though we were headed straight for the Black Sea. Very near the shore line the bus stopped and we discovered ourselves by an old frame hotel where we were to have breakfast, served on a large veranda extending over the sea. Instead of finding it very hot, the sea breezes kept us delightfully comfortable.

We all sat down at the large tables, set for us and waited for the food. (In Shannon, Ireland breakfast was served as soon as we were seated without any ordering or choice of menu on our part). But nothing happened, and finally we set to eating the bread and marmalade already there, thinking maybe that was "it". The girl interpreter then came around and said that we should order through her what we wanted, because the waiters couldn't speak English. The two American boys, large fellows, breathed a sigh of relief and with gusto ordered ham and eggs, and got it! The latter part of our journey was affecting me some, and breakfast didn't sound interesting - but they did have wonderfully good cold water which I enjoyed. Afterwards there was still time to walk around before the bus was to start back. The missionary wife and I sauntered down, or up, the little street past very old houses - noticed laden fig trees, walled flower gardens with several recognizable varieties of flowers - peddlars coming along with their wares in baskets on their heads, one with vegetables covered with leaves against the sun, the other with fish and lobsters. We were tempted to explore further, but the bus was loading up and we were off to the airport, and on our way to Karachi, India -

During our journey we talked to an Indian gentleman who was very sociable. Mervin asked him if he knew anything about Dr. Biswas, an Indian Botanist. Yes, he knew this professor, in fact had himself taken his college degree in Botany, and, he added, "I specialized in work with Algae". Imagine Mervin's delight! This man had, however, left the botanical field for government work. Another of the Indian travellers was a well dressed man who was friendly and at the end of our ride gave Mervin his name and telephone number in Karachi, should we have any difficulty there. We finally reached Karachi at about midnight, all of us were very glad for the ride hadn't been easy that day - eleven hours or more without a stop and the riding a little bumpy at times - the altitude higher - and altho Mervin was able to enjoy the scenery, I sat next the aisle and just kept as still as possible, finally becoming really air sick.

Again at Karachi, instead of being dropped into a hot oven, the air was delightful with balmy breezes from the nearby sea. After all, we were just barely in India. As we descended from the plane I was conscious of girls in beautiful saris in a group to meet someone and of their pleasant laughter, dark Indian coolies hustling about with baggage, etc, and then we approached the beautiful new airport. Customs here were more extensive than before - papers to be filled out - money declared - and this time our baggage was really opened and gone through in a very unthorough manner, which still made it seem like a form. But Mervin suggested that if something were suspected they thus had the privilege of really making a thorough inspection.

In connection with the airport was a hotel where we spent the night in a modern room. In the hall on the floor near our door, an Indian man was asleep, quite oblivious of our comings and goings. That was our first introduction to what has become very familiar, Indians asleep on ground or floor or pavement.

Supposedly there would be a message at Karachi from Stuart Nelson, Unit leader here with instructions about travel to Calcutta - but there was none, and we had to figure out the next move. The city of Karachi was actually 12 miles from the airport so we rode with a Mr. Larson, P.A.A. official next morning to Karachi in his car - (the steward (from Brooklyn) had been very friendly and recommended us to Mr. Larson who invited us to ride. He had an Indian chauffeur familiar with Indian traffic. We shall never forget that first introduction to an Indian city. Bullock carts, donkey carts, and most numerous were camel carts or camel caravans, a few horse and buggy or carriage outfits, people and cows thronging the streets in amongst the other traffic: men asleep on the sidewalk under a tree or in the shade of a building, women in all kinds of saris, one with face covered since seen many of those and know now that they are Mohammedan or Muslim women in "purdah" as it is called). Through all this an Indian driver of an auto goes deftly, honking the horn loudly every few seconds. We have since had other rides in cars with Indian drivers - and they all honk imperiously, and heaven help those who don't scramble! However, it was remarked to us that there are remarkably few accidents observed.

Our baggage was deposited at the Bristol Hotel in Karachi and then we went to the Express Co. to get our dollars and pounds and travellers cheques changed into Indian money. In the other half of the large room where we were doing this, was the Bank of China, from which our cash was drawn. We were fastidiously to see two Chinese young men deftly using instruments for mathematical calculations whose name escapes both Mervin and me, but we remember the article in Time describing the use of such instrument by a Japanese who could compete to advantage with an adding machine. These men were leafing through checks and adding them, no doubt, with movements of the fingers almost too quick to see, were flipping the discs on the instrument, the resulting noise sounding like someone were playing a rhytm with delicate chopsticks. At the rather large P.O. I bought my first Indian stamps. There were throngs of Indians in all kinds of dress or undress busily doing business there just as it would have been in Indianapolis on Saturday noon (this was, in fact Sat. noon). Karachi, we found is known as the cleanest and most pleasant of the larger cities in India. It is really desert there, hence the camels which we have not seen since we passed central India, but the air is not humid and the constant breeze adds comfort.

Our room at the Bristol Hotel was large and different, being almost an apartment (sitting room, dressing room, etc). Fans overhead as in every place we have been in India so far. Mervin asked for orange juice (they grow in India) to be sent up because we felt so dry, and when it came it tasted like furniture polish to me. We didn't finish it. Later we had some here at the center tasting just like that. It was synthetic orange juice, or "squash" as they say in London and Calcutta. This is not the right season for ripe local oranges. However, the fruits and vegetable grown here and in season are almost as expensive as they were in Ind'pls. Prices on everything are high. A hotel clerk was able to help Mervin arrange for train reservations to Lahore, and on to Calcutta. There is 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class, and and intermediate, all requiring reservations, I believe - the I'm not positive about the last two - especially when you see people riding on the outside of 3rd class cars - just holding on to anything as the train speeds along - it seems doubtful if they had reservations! The "suburban" station was near our hotel and we walked to it Sat. P.M. to get our tickets, past odd little shops as big as a "hole in the wall". Mervin wasn't sure about our tickets being properly arranged - we were supposed to have reservations all the way to Norwich, near Cal. but actually they had gotten them only as far as Lahore - so he called our plane friend who had given his tel. number. This gentleman arranged to come to the hotel after us on Sunday for a short call at his home. We learned when speaking of him to those at the hotel, that he was well known and "owned half of Karachi" they said. He came in a little car with his wife, dressed very like an American in slacks and they took us to their home - which was an elegant thing with huge carved doors where they knocked and a servant opened the doors. We entered a sort of foyer with marble floors - and as we talked we were served delicious refreshments. The first thing was beer, in special deference to American tastes! but before the situation became critical, she suggested the possibility of a soda which we gratefully accepted. Then meat balls, potato chips, and scrambled eggs on toast. Mr. Dinshaw (a Parsi Indian, a group we find is known for being the well-to-do of India) wondered why we didn't fly to Calcutta. We weren't for two or three reasons. One waited for several days for reservations - and it was expensive. We thought it not only wise to try to balance the expensive plane trips with some economy, but also we felt the experience of riding across India was an education we needed. We later decided our judgement was right on the matter - but we didn't know how rugged that education was going to be. (Mr. Dinshaw, by the way, couldn't give us much help about the tickets - if we didn't have reservations from Lahore on, we would just have to take a chance. Telegrams

in connection with the airport where we spent the night in a modest hotel. In the hall on the floor near our room, an Indian man was asleep, and I saw his feet sticking out from under a blanket. I was the only one of our company who had had a night in a modest hotel.

were most uncertain in these days of India's upheavals). Later Sunday afternoon we decided to take a little walk but found the sun so glaringly hot that we made it short. A donkey cart passed loaded with people - bells jingling merrily as the donkey trotted. Part of my description of the Karachi streets is incomplete without the mention of little bells tinkling on all the donkeys and camels, making a sound as of sleighbells. Mervin took a picture of the hotel, a yellow sort of stucco kind of structure so common here, in fact brick is the only other material I remember seeing in India, except of course, the mud houses in all the villages. We called a taxi for going to our train at 5:30 Sunday evening, but none being available, the hotel called a man with horse and carriage (very quaint). We had 1 1/2 hrs. till train time so that was alright. The ride to the station was about 3 miles; finally we found ourselves in a riot of color and sound as we descended from the carriage into the throngs of people waiting at the station. We had anticipated arriving early and enjoying the scene, but so overwhelmed were we by the strangeness of it that we followed a coolie with all our baggage either on his head or his arms straight to our waiting 2nd class compartment. Such a compartment carries six day passengers and four at night. The berths consist of the two long seats, plus two long shelves which can be let down overhead for uppers. Besides Mervin and me there was an elderly Indian man who immediately fixed his bedroll on the one lower berth and prepared to rest. We learned later that he wasn't well. He was a kindly man - we watched him bid his family and those we presumed were his grandchildren good-bye. He couldn't speak English, but at times a young man, possibly his son, would appear from another car who could talk a little English. They had brought quite a bit of food with them, which they wanted to share with us but we declined. The fourth passenger was an Anglo-Indian, a white skinned man who came to India with his parents when 8 mos. old; his father was Greek and his mother Irish. He looked and talked a little like the English. He was a police officer for the Indian gov. near Karachi, and identified himself with India - wanted us to be impressed with all that India had in fruits and natural resources. He was very interesting to talk to, knowing so much about the country and its ways, and many of its languages - he had been used as interpreter for American army people during the war. At least every hour, and usually much oftener, the train stopped at a station. These were interesting stops and usually long enough that we could get off and walk a little. By the time we repeated this across India we had witnessed great variety indeed.

We were a little nervous about the food and water situation. We had a "restaurant car" on the train from which one could be served at station stops - the compartments, you know, can only be entered from the sides, the berths going across the car rather than lengthwise. Occasionally we would order tea, a popular drink due to English influence, because we knew the water was boiled, and we had one army canteen which we asked to have filled with hot water, in order to be sure that it was boiled. Unfortunately we soon got into the Sind desert which was so hot the water never cooled, but we were so thirsty we just drank hot water. Once in a while we would order a meal, which would be brought to us on a tray, but the food wasn't appetizing and we weren't sure of its preparation, and the dishwashing we have seen has been a matter of concern to us ever since we left home. So in addition to the heat, we just didn't eat a lot and we both took in our belts a little when we reached Calcutta. I had thought fruit would be good - vendors abound at every station, but mostly with Indian hot foods. Once we were able to buy six oranges, good, but a little dry at this season - and seem more like tangerines. Once Mervin got a dozen pomegranates. I was trying to cut one with a dull knife, and the young Indian across from us volunteered to show me how it was done. He pulled out his dagger like knife and cut large slices for me deftly, but with hands that weren't clean - so I thanked him kindly and when he wasn't noticing disposed of the fruit. Later at another station the cleaner man came in to sweep our compartment; I stepped out fumbling as I went with the rest of the fruit in my hands. I had left our small hand towel on the seat, and this helpful Indian picked up the towel, came out to where I was standing on the pavement - put the towel on the sidewalk and the fruit inside, tied it into a bundle, and handed it to me as if to say, "this is the way it really should be done". His intentions were the best, so again I thanked him, but washed the towel out later. By night we had gotten away from the cool breezes of Karachi and into desert heat. I took the upper berth, thinking I would thus be out of the way as much as possible of the three men. There are no curtains, nor any privacy, except that each compartment has its own wash room. Mae Gordon Alexander at Rendle Hill had told us of this and said that she found slacks very good for travel in India, a fact I later found to be true, and was glad I had mine handy. The upper berth doesn't have much spring in it, and just a little padding. We had no pillows nor bedding, but an army blanket apiece. It seemed in the night that the car was leaping from one rail to another, sometimes trotting, and sometimes doing the two-step. And it got hotter and hotter. I was so thirsty that all I could think of was the wonderful flowing well back of the grey house, and I firmly decided that the first thing I wanted to see when returning home was to go to that well!

When the sun came up next day it was worse - even our Indian policeman fellow traveller said he made that trip at various times, but that this was the hottest he had ever known it - he guessed the temperature to be 115 - I would have thought it more - just about right for baking molasses cookies. Two electric fans overhead only stirred hot blasts over us. The metal on the berths was too hot to touch. We finally discovered that by putting wet turkish towels over our heads it helped. Then Mervin took off his undershirt and his socks and put them in water and back on again. We weren't oblivious of scenery during all this - some desert cacti, but also some cultivated fields, watered by irrigation from well built canals. It seems there is fair soil there, lacking only water. I continued to marvel at the ability of the Indian desert farmer to somehow raise crops under such conditions. The fields were small, as they are all over India, and each outlined with a six inch, sometimes more, ridge of soil which holds the water. We saw rice in various stages, much of it being planted, one plant at a time in fields flooded with water. The plants are poked into the mud, and when the field is done is a mass of the brightest yellow green you can imagine. Countless herds of goats and water buffalo and cows were to be seen, especially after we left the desert, but even in the desert they were to be seen, as well as camel trains loaded with large bundles. A rider on a camel, or sometimes a man in a field or road would look exactly as though he had stepped from a Bible picture. Another discomfort was the terrible desert dust, similar to the dust storms of Nebraska. For only a few fields were flooded, the rest offering up clouds of dust through which we rode all day. At first we cleaned up occasionally, but finally gave up, just resigning ourselves to looking like chickens after a dust bath. We should have reached Lahore at 6:30 that night, but we got there at 10:30, a 20 hr. ride from Karachi. When we got off Mervin found he was weak and could scarcely seem to breathe. We had missed our train to Horwah (across the river from Calcutta). We told the coolie we would go to the hotel which Mrs. Dinshaw had told us was across the street - for there was no train to Horwah until the next night. But, it seemed, there was no possibility of a hotel. Riots in Lahore made a curfew necessary - no one was allowed to leave the station until 8 o'clock next morning. The police friend interpreted for us what the coolie said so we were taken with our baggage to the Women's and Men's waiting rooms (first class) which were not too crowded, and there we spent the night - I on an Indian cot, and Mervin on a bench. Before finally sleeping, Mervin and I met in a fairly clean looking 1st class dining room (everything is 1st, 2nd, or 3rd) and ordered lemon sodas which were cold and refreshing, and Mervin perked up quite a bit. I was interested in the nice Indian families in the waiting room, mothers and daughters. I couldn't understand anything they said, but they seemed like people one would feel at home with, as they prepared for the night on benches or whatever. They were some of them, beautifully dressed. After everyone got settled one plump mother sat and smoked a hookah, I believe it is - that amazing big contraction through which one passes smoke through water. Finally she retired and the lights were put out - the two Indian ayahs (servants) in charge of the room sleeping on the floor. Outside were hundreds of Indians, singly or in families, sleeping on the cement station train platform floor. At two o'clock in the morning some lady came in and turned on the light and for reasons I couldn't fathom, left it on. The flies kept after me from then on, and I couldn't sleep. Mervin and I had breakfast in the station restaurant we had been in, then he set out to see about reservation to Horwah that night. He was able to get only first class, which is double the price of 2nd class and not worth it really. However, it did mean we had a whole compartment to ourselves which allowed for considerable relaxation. But we missed getting acquainted with Indian fellow travellers and particularly missed their help when at stations we tried to order something or answer questions. Uneducated Indians know little English, even in stations. We left Lahore at 9:30 Tuesday night, 7/15, and were to nights and two days on this same train, pulling into Horwah at 7:30 Thursday night. The first day of our ride there was considerable rain, the monsoon at last, and Indians with umbrellas picked their way through standing water. Rain came in our compartment, flooding the floor, so we stacked our baggage on a seat. Beautiful fields were to be seen, I must say the Indian farmer always does a neat job; so much is done by hand that everything has a neat and well cared for look. Plowing was being done with oxen and primitive plows. Once we saw a peacock, and once a monkey cawing up a tree. There were countless white egrets, and other long legged birds. For a time we passed through mountains or at least foot hills; they were sometimes of the most brilliant orange red clay, beautiful in contrast to the bright green plants and sometimes purplish rocks on them. The train continued to stop at frequent stations, the nicest one being at Lucknow - which really impressed us. At one of the stations we watched coolies having a noisy argument as to who would get to carry some baggage. When we pulled into Horwah, the same thing happened; three fellows wanted to carry our impedimenta - the first got most of it, the second managing to get one suitcase on his head, and carried Mervin's brief case in his hand. The third grabbed the brief case from the other's hand, who was helpless because he was balancing the suitcase on his head. Mervin seeing this, took the brief case from the third and gave it back to the second. As we had sent a telegram to Stuart Nelson about our arrival, but communication is slow and it reached here three days after we did, so there was no one to meet us at Horwah. Nelsons had been to the station three times in vain, and that night had given us up. We took a taxi, driven by a bearded turbaned Sikh Indian who understood the address, finally - and we rode through dimly lighted boulevards which seemed almost deserted, - what with riots here no one goes out at night, - but the curfew wasn't on yet that night.

1 Upper Wood St. We had at last arrived. We passed through a large gate into a drive which brings you in a few rods to the front door of a large yellow stucco house. Hardly anyone was here except the Nelsons - others having gone out for the evening. We had heard words of praise from everyone concerning Stuart and Blanche Nelson, who are now directors and are returning next month to Howard U. in Washington where Stuart is Dean of Men. I mean they are leaving here next month to go by boat and just hope they can be at home for duty by Oct. 1. We find them quite living up to their reputation as capable and gracious people. They made us feel at home, showed us our room, helped us tie the mosquito nettings on our beds, left two mango fruits with us for refreshments, and left us to retire in peace. Our room is large, with possibly 15 ft ceiling and has a private bath. This, like Cooperstown, is an abandoned mansion - just a little less grandiose than Cooperstown, but still impressive. Our room is on first floor, opposite the dining room. A single men's dorm room is next to us. Also on first floor is a second dining room, smaller, in which there is a rather good piano and the mail boxes. Off of this are offices used by secretaries, Indian, and the Finance officer, Barbara Pittenger from Ocala, Fla. Her husband is Bob Pittenger, from Indiana, a doctor and very useful person, indeed. In the rear is another bedroom and bath used by Hallam Tenyson and his wife Margot. Hallam is a grandson of the poet Tenyson, and is himself interested in poetry, tho I'm not sure that he makes any himself. His wife came from Germany, a Jewish refugee. Both speak Bengali fluently and are doing good work in a village project 40 miles from here. Margot took Mervin shopping for sandals - a trip he enjoyed because she could speak Bengali for him and knew all the best places to shop. I turned my ankle and couldn't go, but am going soon, to also look for sandals. It must be a bewildering sight - so many little shops with everything under the sun. But to go on with the house. Up a rather spacious flight of stairs you find yourself in a hallway with doors to three big bedrooms, then you pass into the central room, which is the upstairs Living Room - with doors leading off to two more bedrooms, and on to a huge verandah all along the back of the house. In the Living Room are books and a record player. Meeting is held there every Sunday morning, and all groups, such as the International students group, Poetry reading group, etc.

Morning meditation at 7:30 on the upstairs porch (enclosed) - breakfast at 8:00 - coffee at 10:00, lunch at 1:00, tea at 4:00 and dinner at 7:30!! After all, there are lots of English people in the group, which influences the daily program. Many of the group are out in the villages, but come in for every other weekend. Mervin and I are to visit the various projects before long to get acquainted with them. I should have explained that the kitchen is a unit separate from the house and reached by walking across a yard. There is an Indian cook with his helpers and in the butler's pantry there is an Anglo-Indian, Miss Williams and her turbaned helpers. There seems to be a difference of opinion about so many helpers - some feeling it isn't necessary - but that's the way it is - and all India is like that. Even the cook, who does the buying of vegetables and meat each morning, can't carry home what he buys, but must have a coolie to carry it for him. Mervin and I are still in the primary grade as far as learning all that is going on about us, so I'll report more about that later.

The first day we were here, we were invited to attend a meeting and represent Stuart Nelson and the Unit at the opening of a Red Cross Feeding Canteen, with which the Unit here was co-operating. There were speeches and speeches in Bengali, flowers everywhere, and children hung wreaths of flowers about our necks. It was almost embarrassing. Two little girls tried to talk to me in Bengali and I could only smile, tongue tied.

Tonight we are going to a Russian movie, made 15 yrs ago, but depicting what they did to bring better conditions for their children. There is so much to be done in India - but there are such potentialities. This morning I went with Blanche Nelson to a little informal school she was helpful in starting for children in a bustee (slum). Yesterday Mervin went to the bustee where Joan Court, the nurse from England, teaches midwifery and where she lives much of the time. He came back saying the conditions there exceeded all the horrible descriptions he had heard. But I'll tell you more later. I might add that my letter and other letters Mervin and I will write are not good material for quoting. In fact, Barbara Pittenger warned us that we should specify to our families that they should be kept fairly well within the families. Various experiences with an over zealous press have made folks rather careful. One instance I must tell you, which Blanche Nelson told me. Stuart Nelson had come home from a speaking tour with a Red Cross package (kit) packed for recuperating soldiers. He had run out of shaving cream and some friend had given him this, which contained what he needed along with something else in the way of toilet goods. Blanche noticed when he unpacked, and asked where he found it. He told her and said that Gandhi, who was in the community where this happened, had wished for one too, but there were no more left. Sometime later Mae Gordon Alexander was going to a place where Gandhi would be, and remembering the story she decided to take him a kit. She must not have examined its contents. At any rate, when she gave it to Gandhi, newsmen were hanging about somewhere. Gandhi, according to them found in his kit, playing cards, cigarettes and a hair comb. They wrote it up in the India papers, U.S. papers picked it up, and even radio commentators thought a good tidbit - that Friends Service Unit in India should present Gandhi with such a parcel. The first they knew about it at 1 Upper Wood St was a cable from Phula. "Please refute giving cigarettes, playing cards and comb to Gandhi". They had to collect their thoughts a while before they could figure out what had happened. Now I'm somewhat caught up, my next letters will be shorter, and come often, I hope. *Much, much love, Mother*

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BY AIR MAIL

AIR LETTER

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



Caroline A. Palmer
College Settlement Farm Camp
Willow Grove.

Pa. U. S. A.

CORR - 66

Calcutta, India
1 Upper Wood St.
Caroline A. Palmer

Sender's name and address :-

Sunday August 3, 1947. Calcutta, India

Caroline dear, Breakfast comes a little later Tuesday morning - which gives me a little time to visit with the bees before the bell rings. One of the two "beavers" rings a large elephant bell to announce rising and meals etc. This week, and there is a conference here for all the unit - on the subject of village work. Two men who came for it yesterday (one of them an speaker) are followers of Gandhi, and explained the principles of his group and the Congress party. Father drove with Margot Jemison in the jeep to meet them at the station. They had come 300 miles, the latter part by bus, which had overturned in a ditch - shaking them and demolishing their glasses, but no one seriously hurt. They got another bus and arrived in Calcutta on time! Both were in native garb, one dressed just as Gandhi does, with nothing more! Today the conference continues with a speaker, an American, who has spent years with the India Village Service project - associated with Methodists & Presbyterians. All the unit are to gather for this - even those who seldom get to Upper Wood St. because of the distance - such as Roger & Saeely Cartwright from Bihar, a day's journey by train. - and Charles Freeman from East Bengal. Charles is from N. Carolina - blond, very likable, and very absorbed in his work. Roger & Saeely come from the N.Y. City area - are young and lively, particularly Saeely. They are in charge of crops in village center. So the table is full of running over with unit food, and guests, including Indian guests. In order to make our Indian guests more at home they had separate tables as desired - with hot Indian food at the Bengali table. Did I tell thee that among the trees in our yard here are a Date Palm and a Banana

True? My letter started July 20 - reached us Aug 1 - just after I had wrote this. It sounds as tho camp was a very absorbing place - and something she is enjoying - and I'm very glad to hear it. It's good that she can drop in for visits at Bradona's occasionally. As we are feeling our way along, and finding where we best fit in the work here, I sometimes feel as uprooted as a Freshman at College, and occasionally catch myself feeling little pangs of something like homesickness. Before long we shall be much too busy to think of such things. This is Monday morning now. Yesterday was full of meetings. Meeting for worship at 9:30 held in the upstairs living room - possibly 35 present. Father & Horace Alexander spoke. Afterwards there was a business meeting with Ronald Waaler, English Fund. Clerk. It was decided to send two people to Delhi to state friends position concerning conscription for military training - a matter which may become law in due time. In the afternoon was another session of the conference on village work - followed at 5 o'clock by a meeting of the Poetry group (a Friends Center activity sponsored by Helen Jamison). How much love been 50 present - many sitting on the floor. Young Indian women and girls in lovely saris came, as fresh as young men. One girl had a particularly lovely combination of delicate sea green sari blouse, and sheer delicate sari of the same shade. I was told this girl's mother was American. Father Indian that she had spent most of her life in N.Y. but had in recent years come to India. The subject was Tagore - since it was the anniversary of his death. His former secretary - now a Prof. of English in Calcutta, spoke about his life, some of his poems were read both in English and in one of the Indian languages (I would not know which) - and some songs were sung by an Indian girl.

Last night there was some excitement. This house and our bedroom windows are about 10 ft. from the street so we are conscious of all passing traffic. We were awakened by shouts and many excited, running people. Things quieted down after a little - we could hear them standing outside and talking in Bengali. This morning we learned they were taking a robber, and caught him by our entrance (where the large iron gate is closed each night) and held him there until police came. From our windows we see many Indian men pass as they leave the map office - a business block not far away on Upper Wood St. An Indian carrying his tool box in one hand works by cordlessly rattling a large collection of keys on a ring. This is to advertise that he is a key maker, waiting business. After there passes a man with a kind of rattle we have come to recognize as the monkey man. He leads 2 monkeys which will perform "for a slight fee". Sometimes a man goes by with Indian brooms to sell. Often there are bullock carts with heavy loads, the driver guiding them by touching their sides with a stick - just passing - not hitting. Then they are guided thru city traffic. There is a bird that has a shrill whistle making a kind of wild song. It's name is the "Brain Fever Bird". I now have a pair of Indian sandals. They are good leather - just the sole and straps across the toes to hold them on, with one piece of leather coming between the big toe and the others. After getting used to them, I think I like them very much. To-day we have the first meeting. It will be the last one at which Stuart Nelson presides - and there will be many important matters to be decided. The procedures here are much more involved, and decisions harder to make than at Cooperstown. Life there was simple and easy compared to what we find here. There have been cross currents of opinion which has made it difficult, we are told. We certainly hope some of the problems can be ironed out. As at Cooperstown - the fund problem is close to everybody's heart, it seems! But it hasn't been a major concern - rather the policy of the whole unit - whether to look forward to more long term projects - whether the center should remain with the unit - etc. etc. enough of problems for this time. My camp term is lay over already. Probably the last half will be the best. A heart full of love. From mother

1 Upper Wood St., Calcutta, India Aug. 7, 1947.

My darling daughter,
Thy last letter, mailed Jul. 29th, reached us in just a week. What busy days thee is having at camp. I'm glad thee has dropped the Life Saving course for the present. It really doesn't do to push oneself too much. Maybe later on it might be done with less demands on already busy days. How about the Nature work? Has thee felt equal to all that is required of thee in that respect, and is thee enjoying it? I expect thee probably was fairly well prepared for any questions the campers ask thee? Those must have been anxious hours until the runaway children returned and you're probably hoping for no more of that. At the time thee wrote my letters from Calcutta hadn't started coming yet, but thee no doubt has two of them by now. Sorry thee had to search the A.F.S.C. for news of thy pa and ma!

Father and I agree that it is very fortunate that thee didn't decide to come to India. Just between thee and me, Cooperstown's hardest problems were as a rosy dream compared to those to be faced here. The people are older and are faced with heavy responsibilities which are sometimes more than they can handle - and the resulting situations present some knotty problems. The unit is exceedingly independent and critical. They didn't like Harry Abrahamson's administration, and I'm not real sure what is the evaluation of the Nelson's, but they haven't been entirely happy about that either. Now came the business meeting last Monday when it was time to elect new Unit Leader. True to Phila's warning, they reserved the right to choose whoever they wished, regardless of the plans back of sending certain individuals. Ordinarily the business mtg. should be finished in one afternoon, but this one was especially full, and a continuation was held in the evening to discuss unit leader. It took 5 hours to decide the matter and at 1 o'clock in the morning they called Father back into the room after having dismissed him early in the evening so they could discuss his merits or demerits. I offered to leave the room too, but was told it wasn't necessary for wives to leave. There were numerous doubts in the minds of some because they had known Father such a short time. A serious snag in the discuss-

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Sender's name and address :-

Father A. Palmer
1 Upper Wood St,
Calcutta, India

Code - 66

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Pa.
U.S.A.
College Settlement Farm Camp
Twicken - Kross

Caroline A. Palmer

BY AIR MAIL
AIR LETTER
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ion was caused by the intense loyalty of several for Horace Alexander (thee has heard about him, hasn't thee, and his place in the picture?) and an equally positive disapproval of him by others - not as a person who does have long experience and wide contacts in India, but because of his tendency to "lobby" for certain things he wishes to be done. His devotees were strongly urging that if so inexperienced a person as Father were chosen, surely Horace ought to be named as advisor. On and on it went. Finally Bob Pittenger asked for 15 min. of silence before going any further. All sorts of counter proposals were made even after the silence - and one felt for all their age and responsibilities, the affair was sometimes childish. Finally it was settled, and Father was called upstairs (he had been reading a book on India in our room downstairs, and wondering if we had all gone to sleep) and told by Stuart Nelson that he had been elected leader, and immediately the chair was turned over to him - Stuart N. beaming with relief to be through his job. One matter on the agenda was still to be taken up, but was post-poned until the next meeting two weeks later. That is concerning the Bushirhat Fishing Co-operatives which have been exceedingly poorly handled and are in a mess, financially and otherwise. Picture Father starting out his first business session with that kind of a problem dumped in his lap, a problem which has been developing for some months back and is not the result of any one individual's faults, but of several concerned. Another point is, they specified that due to Father's newness, they would review his administration with the idea of seeing then whether he could adequately fill the job, or whether to put in someone else. Having the faith and confidence that I feel about Father's ability to handle the situation, I think in six month's there won't be much question in their minds as to his place - and I wouldn't be surprised if the whole atmosphere clears considerably. We know now what Phila. meant when they said a mature Friend was needed here. Not all of the story is so unsavory. Charles Freeman, from N.C. is doing an excellent job in E. Bengal and is liked by everyone. Sally and Roger Cartwright from N.Y. are doing fine work in Bihar. Joan Court and Florence Large, nurses, are making an excellent contribution. They, as well as those who are less successful in carrying out the purposes of the Friends Unit are each delightful individuals, with considerable personal charm; there isn't the willingness to drop personal feelings, however, for the good of the whole. Blanche Nelson tells me (and she has told me a lot of the past history of affairs here) that that meeting was only a sample of several others as long and as difficult - in fact it seems that we considered really a harmonious meeting in comparison to others! Now, I have really unburdened myself, haven't I - and of course thee knows that this is really confidential. It might even be wise to destroy the letter. But it will give thee some idea of what is being tackled, and why. Father said the other night as we went to bed, "Well, we're past one twenty fourth of our term here," I do expect this may change - the Curtis' who left England Aug. 1 will arrive here about the 20th. We anticipate they will bring in some fresh air and good will. Also Gladys Elphick, my fellow-worker (Center) arrived from N. Zealand two days ago. She is in her 30s, trim, blond, very nice; friendly and energetic. She and I have the job of getting used to each other, for we shall be a close working team, and working out a program towards developing a Quaker Center. Even our work is not without its problems - for Horace and his satellites loom in our picture too. We hope to be able to co-operate to the extent of allowing for the best use of the various talents without letting the program be dominated by those not really sent here for Center's work. I trust that with the right spirit we may accomplish this. Father has an office now, a dictaphone and a secretary - here in this house, where all the offices are. A letter came from Roderick Ede in the London office yesterday. I must tell thee about my black jacket. When Roderick was seeing us off in the London air-port station, I had it on my arm. When we got on the bus which was going to the airport, I didn't have it, and decided it must have been left on the seat at the station. A girl telephoned for me when we arrived at the airport, but there seemed to be no jacket found. I left Roderick's tel. no. in case it was found, but left London feeling that I would never see it again. Imagine Roderick's letter saying he had the jacket, which had been found and was sending it on with the Curtis'. A letter came today from Ruth Bosworth for Colin Bell, in which she mentions thy coming into the office and that thy visits were appreciated, and that thee looked well. And now, Carolina dear, it's time to end this chat, and let thee go in for a swim or go to staff mtg. Had a letter today from Marty's mother, saying Marty was coming for a few days to do some canning. I suppose thee plans to visit them after camp. Marty mentioned several pieces of sewing done on the machine. Lots - lots of love.

mother

in 6 months

1 Upper Wood St Calcutta, India Aug. 14, 1947.

Carolina dear.

A nice fat letter from thee yesterday was much enjoyed - we feel we know quite a bit now of thy camp life and are so glad thee is enjoying it. And we were interested in thy visit to Ponds Hill and to home. What fun! This reminds myself the visit planned for the fall program of studies. I haven't discussed it with Father since thy letter came, but I still lean towards the idea that it could be very beneficial to have the requirements for teaching. This is the one who will decide as to whether to plan to teach - I do think thee has a temperament which would fit thee for it, and an understanding of people, and the necessary mental ability. And as thee knows, students often gain much from the character and personality of the teacher, and the kind of life he lives, as well as the subject matter, - so that one has significant contacts with people, even tho not doing social work. These are just my ideas which I pass along for thee for whatever they are worth.

Rain is pouring outside - but this morning was hot and sunny as we (Blanche & I) walked to the little school. To-morrow is the big day - Aug. 15 when India begins a new era, free of the British. It is a kind of 4 of July, and there is to be a 2 day holiday - with all kinds of parties at all times of day or night. Also there is fear of increased rioting, for violence has been more frequent recently. Hindus and Muslims have the greatest suspicion and fear of each other. There are certain danger areas occupied strictly by one or the other group, where there has been trouble. Now they are called curfew areas, which at night are guarded by armed soldiers. To pass thru these areas in a jeep at night, as Father & I did recently - you present

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Sender's name and address:—

Teacher A. Palmer
1 Upper Wood St.,
Calcutta, India

Conn - 66

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Pa.
U.S.A.

Caroline A. Palmer
College Settlement Farm
Lewistown, Pa.

BY AIR MAIL

AIR LETTER

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To open cut

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a couple pass to the soldiers. Lahore - the city in whose station Father and I spent the night on the way here, is reported in this morning's paper to have huge fires as a result of communal strife. We just hope that Calcutta will keep calm during these next few days. Gandhi has taken up temporary residence in Calcutta, sharing a bungalow with the Gov. of Bengal - as a gesture of co-operation, in a danger area in the Muslim zone. He plans to plead with the to persuade people to abandon violence. The Hindus are angry that he should choose a Muslim area (Gandhi is Hindu) - later he plans to go likewise to a Hindu area - and yesterday Father said it pined him. He & Gordon & Michael took Horace Alexander by car to the Gandhi house, where Horace was to stay also for a while. An angry mob outside was shouting "Go away, Gandhi" and would not let the car pass into the driveway. They parked the car and worked with outward calmness, but inward quavering. When the mob which jostled and pelted at them peacefully, and shouted loudly - but did not actually keep them from passing. After Horace was established, they went thru the same experience in getting back to the car, and were thankful to have all in one piece.

On the 12th a truck load of us, including servants, rode 8 miles to an ashram where Gandhi has been staying for a few days, and his custom is to hold a public prayer meeting each evening at 6:00. Thousands of people go out for this. The women in our party were privileged to sit on the edge of the very platform where Gandhi sat - just about 8 feet from us. Prayers were chanted, but to us it sounded like singing. Once an Indian stringed instrument was used as accompaniment. Sometimes the people joined in the words, as we watched Gandhi's silhouette against the evening sun. afterwards he spoke at length in Hindi - into an amplifier, which was later translated in to Bengali. We heard later

that the whole burden of his talk was to urge people to rejoice quietly about the new gov. - as brothers. Later we followed him on his evening walk thru the ashram lanes, while one of our party, a young Arab from Palestine had a talk with Gandhi. We didn't actually speak to Gandhi - but that opportunity may come later. Father & I both thought his vitality and personality are something that escape the camera - so I have for pictures to do him justice.

I have made use of my driving privileges a little lately in doing a couple of errands in a jeep. Once Blanch & I were taking something to school in the jeep. When I parked it - all the little girls piled in and wouldn't budge till they had a ride - So I took them down the street and back, while they all squealed and shouted - no horn necessary! Finally they all got out - and I hastily drove the distracting jeep home and washed back to school.

Last Sunday Father & I visited Joan Cross in the Burtia area - and saw the terrible living conditions of the people with whom she works. Rooms perhaps 7' x 8' with sometimes no windows, had a family of six or more - Joan goes to these places, day or night, as a midwife to deliver babies. Once there was a monkey included in the household - and as Joan started her work with the new mother, the monkey kept grabbing things out of her hands. Tonight there is a farewell party here for Joan. She sailed for England - to take 6 mo. course - graduate work - in London - then to come back here for 2 more years. She loves her Burtia people, & hates to leave them after living among them 2 yrs. She has their love & confidence and can do anything with them.

I feel, and it was mentioned by another, that already there is a better feeling in the air. That when I last wrote this - it will come gradually. But I feel severe things will work out. Gladys Repleck & I are quite busy developing ideas for Super Center growth. There is a bad flood in East Bengal. Father had 3 long distance calls last night from Ches. Freeman about it. Food is being sent by plane - in co-operation with Red Cross. Did she send Stuart birthday greeting? Father gave me a dear little brass conde-

much more to the anniversary. our wedding anniversary. all in all

BY AIR MAIL

AIR LETTER

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THIS LETTER WILL BE SENT
BY ORDINARY MAIL.



Caroline A. Palmer

College Settlement Farm

Wellesley House

Pa.

U.S.A.

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Caroline A. Palmer
12 Upper Wood St
Wellesley, India

Sender's name and address

CORR - 66

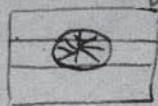
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August 15, 1947

Caroline dear - Some of the people here are writing letters today in order to get the new Aug. 15 cancellation stamp on them - which will apparently make them valuable to stamp collectors. So here comes another letter to thee - ! You might want the stamp - or could give it to someone who does.

So far our fear of violence in Calcutta has not been founded in fact. The report this morning is that there was no killing yesterday. Maybe Gandhi's visit is being affected - after all. All over the business district there are bamboo arches across the streets. Decorated with greenery. All kinds of parties, and parades

are being held. We heard shouting
bells and whistles at midnight last
night. The new flags are displayed
everywhere



yellow - black spinning
white - wheel in center.
green

There is a 2 day holiday - and our
staff of secretaries are not here - and
the servants are off after lunch both
days. And we are all preparing
our evening meal tonight - to tomorrow
and cleaning up afterwards.

We went to a very nice tea yesterday
afternoon - honoring Joan Covert - who
leaves next week for England. The Indian
girls taking nurse training - to whom
Joan has lectured on med. inquiry. She
wrote a program, and presented Joan
with a very beautiful green silk sari
making a touching little speech about
the kind of friend and teacher Joan had
been. She discovered with a short talk
in Bengali. After her six months
course in London she will come back
to continue her work in the hospital.

Barbara will be taking these
letters soon - so I must close -
By the way - I think of her every
time I see my umbrella - which
is green. I'm real proud to
have carried it all the way to
Colcutta - without having
left it somewhere -

Good bye for now
and lots of love -
from Mather

Calcutta, India

September 2, 1947. Tuesday morning

My dears,

I'm in the mood to write you again, even if I did just mail a letter to you yesterday. You are probably wondering if the disturbances have continued; to some extent they have, but the exceedingly heavy rain which has flooded Calcutta has slowed down things drastically, which will give the authorities time to try to get the situation in hand. Also this morning's paper says Gandhi started a fast last night which is to continue until "Calcutta regains its sanity". Trucks may be seen wrecked in the street, rickshaws mashed, and some shops are burning (so Barbara Pittenger reported after going after one of the helpers this morning). One man tells the story that last evening the tram got to the end of the line - the conductor told him to get off (he was seated in the back) they found he was dead of a stabbing wound. Men rush into homes and shoot indiscriminately. As Barbara and the others riding in the jeep came to a corner, a soldier raised his gun and pointed at something beyond them so that they had to "run the gauntlet" hoping for the best. It seems the Unit may be getting into some more ambulance work if the thing keeps on.

Now for the story of my jeep ride this morning which was not past guns but through lakes of water. Gasoline is "petrol" here and it is rationed. This morning I was asked if I would drive the jeep to the ration office to get the Sept. coupons. The streets were rivers, with ripples and waves, the water not far below the floor of the car. When I finally got to the place which had been described to me as the Ration Office, it wasn't there. I went on through more rivers, stopping to asking frequently "petrol rations"? and all but one man (they were wading in water to their knees) understood me enough to point on down the road. Just as I was about to reach the place pointed to, there appeared a deep but unavoidable place - gurgle, gurgle came the water up through the floor of the jeep and around my feet and the engine died what I thought was a watery death! I took off my sandals and got out in water almost to my hips - men began to collect - more Indian men wading - and began pushing the jeep back and around into a less deep area. To my amazement, I tried the engine and it started. What a wonderful thing is a jeep - I had fully expected to have to wade home and send someone in the truck after it. On the way back I found at the filling station that the filling station (ratio I had been looking for was moved during the last week to an entirely different part of town - so on I plowed, or rather churned and finally got to the right place - got the coupons - and got home again - but passing many stalled cars along the way.

The lawn of this place is under water completely. As you know the kitchen is a separate building and the "bearers" who go barefooted all the time anyway, wade through water to bring the food to the Dining Room. On the other side I will make a floor plan of this house to help you picture its arrangement. Although there have been frequent rains, this high water mark is not the usual occurrence, they say. It is still raining, but a gentle one at present.

Probably the gladioli are blooming now - I hope they did well. Are you remembering that a year ago now we were all at Sharbot Lake? What a lot has happened since then! Marty, thee can tell Dottie when thee sees her, that my striped dress which she ironed so painstakingly that night at your house, and folded in such a nice fashion for packing, came all the way to Calcutta like that - for it was too cold in London to wear any thing but wool (I thought). When I put it in on to go out one day, there were all the plaits carefully pinned and the dress in perfect shape after its journey. The sticky weather makes changing clothes necessary often, and I'm getting an Indian tailor to make another wash dress for me soon from material I brought. The charge for making amounts to about \$3.

1 Upper Wood St., Calcutta, India

September 24, 1947

My darling daughter,

That was a grand letter we had from thee at Ding and Bud's. What a nice visit thee had. I suppose we will be hearing before long about thy stay at Stuart and Marty's, and possibly thee got to Grandma's again before going on to Earham. Aunt Ruth wrote that Grandma's condition could be critical - that her headaches and dizziness indicated a breaking down - I do hope that passes -(this letter was written Sept.3)- - and now we have a letter from Grandma which came yesterday, and it's good to know that she feels like writing again.

Father left for Delhi again yesterday, by train at 10:30 in the morning, and will reach Delhi at 4:15 this afternoon. It is a journey of over 900 miles. It seemed he was needed to help coordinate the Unit activities in getting the relief work started. Horace Alexander (the older English Friend) Russell Curtis, (new Unit member) have been working on getting thru govt. permits for transportation, and other necessary arrangements, all of which takes a long time to do in India. A letter from Bob Pittenger in the Lahore area describes conditions as serious and as heart rending as Europe during the war. There are millions of displaced people wandering along highways with children and a few possessions that they can carry. Cholera has started in - and a food shortage threatens to become an actual famine before long. Norman Fenn, former Unit member, is flying out from the U.S. and will reach here day after tomorrow, then will go directly to Delhi to start work where most needed. Father thinks he may be in Delhi a week, but is needed here also - so

BY AIR MAIL

AIR LETTER

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

Sender's name and address

Caroline A. Palmer
Earham College
Delham
Indiana
U.S.A



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will not stay any longer than is absolutely necessary.

There is quite a rumpus going on upstairs in this house just now. The wall between the central meeting room and a bedroom is being knocked down, to make a large meeting room. It was urgently needed - when the International group meets, the 55 or more young people are packed like sardines - now we hope soon to spread out. It does make a problem by having one less bedroom, which may have to be remedied by taking a bedroom in a neighboring house when the next housing emergency develops here. There is a piano downstairs which needs tuning, but otherwise is fairly good. We will have it moved upstairs and tuned. Stuart Wright plays very well, as does Gladys Elphick.

Recently I attended a tea given by a young man who invited his friends in for tea and a couple of hours of music on his large record player (gramophone, as everyone here calls them). One thing he played which was new to me, - "The Planets" by Gustave Holst - recorded by the B.B.S. Symphony - and I liked it immediately. It's a series of compositions about the different planets - maybe thee has known about it already. If not, do try to hear it some time - there must be at least six records or twelve sides, tho I didn't actually count. This person is a tall Jewish person, who like most everyone you meet among the young people hopes some day to go to America. He is Vice-president of the Gramophone Society, an organization which puts on a two hour program every week in a hall for music lovers, and he came for the first time last Sat. to the International group mtg. to introduce the records we played for that meeting.

I've been riding the Unit (ladies) bicycle quite a bit lately to get errands done. Jeeps are not always free to use, and trams are usually crowded. It is the easiest bicycle to push around I've ever used, and makes me think thee was fortunate to sell thy bicycle, which takes twice as much energy to push as this one - and if the time ever comes when thee should need one again, thee should get one of this sort. I like the hand brakes too, in fact, it seems they are necessary in Calcutta traffic, for they are quick, and believe me, one has to dodge this and that with dexterity. The Curtis brought their bicycles with motors attached from the U.S. - at their own expense - but they rather feel now it was a mistake, for it was very expensive to bring them - and any repair parts or new tires would have to be sent for in the U.S. with a wait of six months for them.

A letter came yesterday from Esther Farquhar - she is sharing Rose Wright's apartment now. She said Fred Reeve was Clerk of the meeting, Sumner Mills Asst. Clerk, and Robina continues as Recording Clerk, John Bardes, Treas. A letter from the Lederers said Peter was getting ready to go to Chicago - they had been East for a vacation visit - Clarence E. had been to Palestine and back! Also a nice note from Ding with a birth announcement of Clyde.

And now, Carolina moonshine, how are things in good old Earlham? I've thought of thee often, and wondered what has been thy decision about courses - what is the room mate situation, etc. Also thee hasn't mentioned Jack Baily all summer - and I wondered if thee had any word from him. Thee mentioned the invitation from Ray in N. England. How are things going with him? Uncle Chester wrote that they were inviting thee and John Nicholson and Bertha May Person for Thanksgiving vacation, which sounds rather nice, doesn't it? Uncle Chester wrote that he had sent the last and final payment to Uncle John of the refund on the loan. I'm so glad that is settled now and can be off everyone's mind for all time to come.

It's time for me to leave for school now - and I must close this - with oceans of love from thy

Mother



BY AIR MAIL

AIR LETTER

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

To open cut here →

Caroline A. Palmer
Cochran
Indiana
U.S.A.

Caroline A. Palmer
1 Upper Wood St
Calcutta India

Sender's name and address:

Conn - 66

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First fold here →

much, much love, mother

This evening I called on the Mother Superior at Catholic College near here to invite them to send some students to our gathering of girls. We hope to have all the colleges represented. This Mother Superior from Ireland. The buildings and grounds were in excellent condition - something which one notes with special pleasure when one does occasionally find a really clean and well kept place.

It sounds as though thee was having a full and interesting life at Earlham. The week-end at Dewart lake must have been very enjoyable and worth while. In thy first letter thee wrote about a walk with Ray, and something else with Jack, and I caught myself saying "this was where we came in"! And once again I wanted to say that frequent piece of advice - "do keep some time free for the other nice boys thee might get to know". Thy courses sound interesting. I haven't read Franklin's autobiography, but wish now I could. Guess when all this is over, I'll take a college course or two!

Has thee written Roxana? She invited me to a Muslim wedding last Sunday. It was the wedding of a friend and neighbor, and certainly a new kind of wedding to me. It's really a story in itself, but I couldn't do it justice because there was such a crowd I couldn't see all the ceremony. Remember me to start with the story of the wedding in my next letter. Just now Father says it is time to go to bed, and I guess he's right. The bustee girls have learned how to find 1 Upper Wood St - quite a walk from their home. They have (three of them) come here two days straight for a short call. I showed them thy picture, and Stuart They had wanted to know if I had any "babies" Now they have learned thy name. I'm so glad thee and Wicky are enjoying life

1 Upper Wood Street,
Calcutta, India
October 6th, 1947.

My dears,

This is a hot October afternoon, but high time I was having another visit with you by mail. Father is relaxing with a book just now and I am seated at the desk in our room. After tea at 4:30 (I am actually getting the habit of looking forward to tea and bread and jam at 4:30) Gladys Elphick and I are going by Calcutta bus to call on an Indian lady at the other end of the city who has had some correspondence with Emma Cadbury about Quakers, and now she wants to meet some personally.

Father has had instructions to get two hours of rest a day, because he came home from Delhi last Tuesday with Amoebic Dysentery, something which is very common in India and the Orient, tho it did break out in Chicago during the World's Fair, and is due to lack of sanitation. Through water or contaminated food one may take in the Amoeba in vegetative form or cyst, and then the mischief begins, usually in the lower intestine. Fortunately, there are some new discoveries in treatment, new medicines, etc. which seem to be pretty effective and Father is to go to the doctor at 5:00 each afternoon for some injections, is to eat a strict diet, and to rest 2 hours each day and eliminate energetic activity from his plans during the period of treatment.

His last trip to Delhi was very trying in many ways. There was the evidence of the riots which had broken out just after Father left the first time. There were the refugee camps with their depressing spectacle of forlorn people, and there was the frustration of the Unit group there not having made as much progress as they had hoped in getting a program started for their relief work. Horace Alexander has considerable responsibility there; and as you know he is an English Friend of years and "a weighty Friend" - in fact he spoke briefly at Stuart and Marty's G.S. commencement, in response to George Walton's request. He is a remarkable man, and is making a contribution to the Unit work in Delhi that no other person could do, because of his knowledge of India and his contacts with influential govt. men. But Horace is sometimes childish, and has temper tantrums, and he spends money lavishly and without much attention to details - all of which Father as Unit Leader, must be responsible. When in a group meeting there with Horace and the others, Father brought out the matter of insurance on cars which Horace had bought, it seemed to touch a spark and Horace "exploded" with a withering tirade, and said that after all the Delhi unit was independent, and need not be responsible to Calcutta. That was his own desire, rather than fact, - and Father came home feeling low emotionally as well as physically. Horace has been known to have such outbursts before, so that it isn't particularly aimed at Father, but it does indicate that the Delhi Unit, or sub-Unit will need frequent visitation, and it will be Father's job to do it. Also there will be needed as much correspondence as possible, and duplicate reports sent back and forth to keep the machinery running smoothly.

Father got home Tuesday afternoon. It was the second time I tried to meet him at the train - but the Howrah station is so big and so confusing, what with trains coming in two hours late and no one seems to be able to inform you with the same information as to when the train is coming, or on which track, and so for the second time I missed him and came home alone. I've decided to give up meeting trains! That night we had a Unit meeting - they had been waiting for Father's return to have the business meeting. There was the report of the trip to Delhi and then the job of deciding who would be sent from the group here to Delhi and the Punjab in general. It was an extremely difficult decision - projects here will suffer by pulling out people who have been working on them, for emergency work. This meeting exceeded the one in length at which Father was elected Unit Leader, and we finished at 1:15 A.M. There was not the division of opinion at this meeting which had been evident when we first arrived - but there was a thorough review of the situation before deciding, which takes time. It was not really until after the second meeting the next afternoon that it was decided to send Stuart and Peggy Wright - Stuart to the Punjab and Peggy to Delhi. Also Norman Fenn arrived PAA from London last week and is working feverishly on the Unit transport to get it ready, at least a truck and a jeep, to be taken up to the Punjab. Bob Pittenger writes a very forboding letter of conditions around Amritsar and Lahore. In addition to the millions of wandering refugees there has been a flood reported to be the worst in 40 years. It is North India there and the nights are cool, and are expected to get frosty a little later. The fear, cold, hunger, and illness that is there and seems bound to increase makes a very hopeless prospect for the winter ahead.

I decided to wait to mail my letters until I added another page or so. One can get practically a book on one pagewith this type. Also a letter came from Caroline yesterday and today one arrived from Marty which I want to reply to. Caroline, thee asked what did we actually do during the riots. It seems that in Aug. '46 the Unit did a good deal in the way of ambulance work, since at that time there were very few organized to do such work and the dead and wounded had to be gathered up by the thousands. Since that time at least four ambulance organizations have come into being which took care of the work this year fairly adequately without the help of the Unit, whose vehicles are not equipped properly for ambulance work. Besides the disturbances in Calcutta in Sept. this year were very small in comparison to the destruction a year ago. What the Unit did do this year, in cooperation with other organizations, was to start a community project in an area where Hindus had once lived, but had been run out by Muslims and their homes badly damaged. The group were loaned a house in which the volunteers lived somewhat in work camp style. From this center they moved about among the people, inviting former Hindu residents to return and encouraging the neighbors to join in helping clear the debris and repair homes. Not the least of the jobs was to restore confidence between people, and also to act as a go be-tween whereby Muslims could return looted property to Hindus. Verria Curtis was the able Unit representative in that project, which is now drawing to a close and it is being considered as to whether there is an opening for similiar work in another section of Calcutta.

Marty, thee asked for an explanation about the "bean" I enclosed in my letter. Did thee try pulling out the little white stem, and did thee find a tiny ivory elephant inside? Caroline, I'll enclose one of those in this letter to thee. They are a sort of curiosity which are very inexpensive - two annas or 4cents each. You can get them with two, four, six, fifty, or one hundred elephants all in this one size bean. I didn't get the more numerous ones because I felt so sorry for whoever had to strain eyesight to make such infinitesimal objects. I suspect they worked under a magnifying glass.

Thee mentions, Caroline, feeling a sense of satisfaction and benefit from the period of morning meditation. I hadn't known about this, but did know thee has been searching for answers to many questions in thy mind, and frequently I have thought about something I was reading, "I think Caroline might find this helpful - I wonder if she has seen it." One of those is "A Guide to True Peace" or (The Excellency of Inward and Spiritual Prayer) compiled chiefly from the writings of Fenelon, Mme. Guyon and Molinos. It is published in association with Pendle Hill by Harper Bros. and has an introduction by Howard Brinton. Parts of it are worth reading over many times. Also "Reality of the Spiritual World" by Thomas Kelly and "Our Hearts Are Restless" by Gilbert Kilpack, both Pendle Hill pamphlets. We have morning meditation here from 7:30 to 8:00 which I too find very helpful.

Marty, thee mentioned in one of thy letters that thee felt you at home were not doing work of such signifi-gance as that of foreign work - but I have always felt that work in one's home and community is equally important and perhaps more difficult because of the many responsibilities and distractions which seem to get in the way of one doing all the things that are important to spiritual growth. So many people here, particularly the young people, look to U.S. as the place of their heart's desire, and I feel like sending an SOS back home to hurry and make it the place these people think it is. I must confess, tho, there are others who uneasy about U.S. and feel it's interest in India could easily be with the same interest in economic gains that Britain had, and I've heard some pretty harsh words about American government men and their ways. One feels that it is hardly possible to build bridges of understanding fast enough in this troubled world.

No more word from Father, except a telegram to Russ Curtis this morning from Delhi signed by "Palmer" which would seem to indicate that he is still in Delhi. The telegram concerned transport and personnel.

One of the men who has been coming here lately wishing to know about Friends brought a friend of his to also be told the other evening. The friend proved to be quite a character - a native of Calcutta who is just out of the British army where he served for seven years, and has come back with a very British accent, and experience in many countries in Europe and sufficient language to be interpreter in the High Court here in Calcutta. He loves to tell storys in a most dramatic fashion, and I must say the stories he told of his army life were of a different sort than one usually hears at this place. These two men expect to come back tomorrow evening to a reading and discussion group, on some aspect of Quakerism. Also expecting to come is the Irish policeman, Sargent Halligan, (who loves to talk endlessly, Mr. Hanson (English, and also quite a talker) and our eccentric Hindu friend, Mr. Biswas. Gladys being away I'll have to manage alone. Well, we'll

loads of love - Ma -

See.

as to work in Punjab - it is entirely wild refugee camp - medical work, and any kind of agriculture that can be given to one for instance helping which need babies. As many as 10 new babies are born in one night in the refugee camp. Assistance to render with only flood light.

1 Upper Wood Street
November 4th, 1947.

Caroline

My dear ones,

In our Friends Centre (English spelling) office we are using a Royal type-writer with elite type which I shall try out on family letters too, since it will mean I can get much more on one page. A letter came from Father two days ago, from New Delhi telling of his train journey in a second class compartment, which part of the time he had all to himself, and part of the time shared with twenty others. A compartment is normally planned to hold eight comfortably, with four berths for overnight travel. Near Delhi he saw evidences of recent flood damage to the railroad - tracks hung like hammocks where dirt had been washed out from underneath - new tracks were being laid. As yet the jeep, truck and trailers and motorcycle sent by train had not reached their destination. Norman Fenn and Bob Pittenger were waiting impatiently in Delhi for the transport to arrive so they could drive them back into the Punjab area near Lahore and Amritzer, where they are working. The Delhi-Punjab section of the Unit, which is now larger than the main body in Calcutta, has been housed in a rather luxurious home loaned temporarily but now they are moving into a hostel for government workers. Father writes that more will be going into Punjab, so that only a few will remain at Delhi to act as administration officers. Father also wrote that planes roared over the house every morning at dawn - and it was his understanding that they were taking soldiers to Kashmir where there are serious disturbances which it is feared could break out into real war. Father was considering riding to the Punjab with Norman and Bob, to see for himself the situation there and if I don't hear from him for a while I will conclude that is what he is doing. He said he might be away for two weeks or even a month - he had no idea "not" he said, that he wanted to stay away" - but being responsible for Unit activities makes it advisable for him to see the problems personally.

On Saturday Nov. 1, Gladys Elphick, Barbara Pittenger, and Neil Johnson left for a place in Assam, in the north, where there is to be a large collection of arts and crafts from all the surrounding villages. It is apart from city life and they will see the true Indian customs of that area, and they expect to take hikes into the hills and enjoy every bit of scenery and local color. It is cold in the north now so they took sweaters and blankets, and plenty of K rations, not knowing what kind of food situation they will get into. I took the three of them in the jeep, not to Howrah Station, but Sealdah Station (on Lower Circular Road, Stuart) and you would laugh to see them wedged in between bed rolls, bags, boxes, and suitcases until you could scarcely see people. Barbara said she was surprised they didn't decide to take their bicycles! They will be gone for about ten days.

Now Florence Large and Satya Chatterje (Indian Unit member whose name is pronounced like "Shato" have left for Bombay to represent the Unit at the All India Social Workers conference, and they won't be back for about ten days. I had a chance to go to this, but thought Florence was more directly involved in social work, and besides, someone needs to be here at the Centre, especially with so many away. They are about four or five of us at meals lately. A number of people have been drifting in lately to talk, mostly out of curiosity. They ask all kinds of questions about what we are doing here, what are Quakers, etc.etc. Some of these have come as a result of the notice recently put in the church column in the Saturday paper as a sort of experiment. The news of the Nobel prize award came as a great surprise when we read it in Sunday morning's paper. We wonder about the decision and on what basis it was made. Several people in India thought Gandhi was likely to be given the award, and the conversation at table Sunday by the Bengalis about the subject made one a little embarrassed to witness their disappointment. Possibly the fact that Gandhi's efforts towards peace were within national limits rather than international influenced the decision.

Mr. Biswas, the teacher who took Gladys and me to see the Puja shrines came last Saturday to talk and show some poetry he had written. He was pathetically eager to have it appreciated by someone, as was Mr. Valinet who once came over to the Efreymson house with poems he wanted us to read, and each man's poetry was of about the same amateur concoction. Mr. Biswas said he hoped the next time I came to his house I would be wearing a sari! I do want to get one, tho I know that draped effect will make me look a foot taller. Then Mr. Paul (the nephew of Mr. Das) came Sunday afternoon

for a call - (Father being in Delhi - I did the honors,) and stayed to tea and supper in the evening. He was very curious to know what kind of food we had at our Westernized table, and remarked afterwards that we seemed to have as simple a menu as the Indians. There always has to be a variety of foods prepared to take care of the wants of our different kinds of guests. All Hindus, as I understand it, are vegetarians, and several of the Unit members are also. That means they have egg and cheese dishes when the rest of us have meat. For the Bengalis, it means having rice and dal and curried vegetables to heap over the rice. So when Mr. Paul came to supper, the bearers assumed he would have no meat, (he is a Hindu) and brought him an egg. But I realized he was disappointed at not having a chance to try the meat and vegetable baked dish we were having - so asked that he be given some. Apparently his Hindu religion does not prevent him from experimenting. He told me about all his responsibilities as oldest in the family, whose father deserted the family long ago, so Mr. Das in Indianapolis told me, and Robindra Paul now acts as the head of the household. It is his job to arrange marriages for his sisters and three of them have been married, apparently satisfactorily. I asked him if he consulted the horoscope before deciding on husbands for his sisters (you know that has been a long established custom in India and conscientious parents waited until the horoscopes of the two people concerned seemed to agree in most of the points before they would agree to a marriage.) Mr. Paul said he had given up paying attention to horoscopes because it meant waiting so long before the right man came along, and due to economic pressure he had to get his sisters married off. He has a pathetic idea that America knows how to do everything and India nothing. I showed him the beautiful brass vase Father brought me from Delhi, and the lovely hand carved knitting bag handles I got which came from Kashmir and explained to him that India could produce beautiful things made by hand that no American ever has done. Indian hands are delicately constructed and can fashion lovely things.

Today Isaac Sironomi came for a visit. It is college vacation time so Isaac could spend some time talking. He is a year younger than Caroline, comes from South India and his native language is Tamil but he speaks English with very little accent (listening to Mr. Paul is a great strain because of his accent). Isaac's father is something or other in the Y.M.C.A. - the family is Christian. He is dark, nice looking, with a great interest in religion and is hoping to get a chance to enter Union Theological Seminary in N.Y. He is active in the International group, hence I have occasion to talk with him frequently and to get well acquainted. Today he brought a sweater he had just finished knitting for a friend - shades of Bill Phillips! It was beautifully done. He said he took up knitting in the riots last year - when everyone had to stay in their homes for days for fear of being killed. He is very modern in much of his thinking, yet today I could tell from his bright red tongue that he must chew pan just like a few million other Indians.

This evening Sidney Stray and his room mate Edward Morrissy have come to enjoy themselves. They are frequent visitors and are almost like one of the Unit. Sidney is English with a funny Yorkshire accent, and is an accountant for the Calcutta tramways. Edward Morrissy is from Ireland and is an optometrist here. Sidney is now picking out favorite songs on the piano while Edward pores over periodicals in our magazine rack.

Phyllis Short and some Michael have been here for a week but have now joined friends living not far away. Phyllis is wife of Joe Short, New Zealander who is working in experimental farming at Tagore's school, Santiniketan. They are a young couple and of the nicest kind of people who have been sent to India by the Friends Service Council for the sort of thing they are doing. Previously Joe had worked in the famous Kew Botanical Gardens near London. Phyllis was born in China of missionary parents who returned to England when she was six, so she is very English and very wholesome and sweet spirited. Their son is now thirteen months old, and the newest member of the family is expected about next Sunday or later. If they have trouble getting a taxi in the night, they are to ring us here and we'll see that the jeep is put to good use in a trip to the hospital. I took all the baby equipment, bed, etc. in the truck over to their new address yesterday. It was the first time I had driven the truck since taking my driver's test with it and somehow I had felt hesitant about actually taking it out alone. Now that I've done it once, I guess I won't feel that way again.

A letter from Aunt Frances tells a little more of Grandma's situation, but as far as I know she is getting along satisfactorily, Caroline, I think thee missed the news that Grandma had a malignant growth removed from her breast which the doctor said had to be done immediately. I'm anxious for more news of her. I'll send this along with deepest love,

Uncle never in write that Grandma was getting away from me. I was a week in a hospital. Aunt Frances came down to be with her and a Mrs. Edgar happened to be in Washington. Also came on to see her - Ma.

Mother

Dear family, *Carolina Furusaker*

This is a beautiful Sunday afternoon. The climate is perfect, pleasantly warm by day so that thin summer clothes are still usable, but cool enough at night for a jacket, and a blanket at bedtime. In various flower beds over the city little plants have been set out as we would do in May at home, so that from Christmas on there should be a nice variety of flowers. The gardeners use few tools but seem to achieve about the same results we might at home with all the gadgets. I can't say that applies to the farmers too - altho the crude, ancient plow they use perhaps fits their tiny fields better than a tractor.

Mervin has been in the Delhi - Punjab area for almost three weeks now and likely won't be back for another two weeks. Leslie Cross is an English Unit member who has been in India for five years. He and his wife Kathleen have been on extended leave to England and U.S. - are now just returned to England before returning to India for further service. The Delhi sub*unit needs leadership, and a cablegram was sent to London to please fly Leslie to Delhi to be leader there, Kathleen to follow by boat with the baggage! If London and Leslie agree to this, and it seems likely they will, Leslie should be in Delhi in two weeks and Mervin can turn matters over to him.

Gordon Muirhead, Unit member working with the Red Cross, just flew back from Delhi day before yesterday, bringing with him a letter which Mervin had written to me that morning. It was good to have so new a letter - even air mail from Delhi to Calcutta takes two to three days. Gordon reported that Mervin seemed to be in good shape which I was glad to hear. I had sent up a letter by Gordon when he flew to Delhi a week ago, for Mervin, but he forgot to deliver it. The night before he left, (he and Mervin were sharing a room) Gordon decided to read his book a little and on opening it, my undelivered letter dropped out - and it was then that Mervin realized why he hadn't any word from me!

Mervin had made one trip into the actual refugee camp area in the North and was expecting to make another this week. They went to Kurali Camp, 40 miles N.E. of Ambala and the team, including Bob Pittenger MD, innoculated 1050 people with small pox vaccine, gave medicines to 800, and served a cup of milk to 1,200 (the milk powder being supplied by missionaries there). The camp had about 20,000 people, Mervin writes, "many of them looking like skeletons because of lack of food in sufficient quantity for the last two months. They were dying at about the rate of a thousand a week, it was estimated. Many of them resembled the pictures of those in the Bengal famine or the German concentration camps. They gladly submitted to vaccination in order to get their cup of milk." Gordon explained that considerable deaths were due to disease as well as hunger because of the lack of any kind of sanitation. Mervin says powdered milk is an urgent necessity, yet it is difficult to get.

Another one of the critical shortages is in transport, and petrol, which has been rationed all along, and this month in Calcutta the amount allowed is exactly half of that normally given. The Unit here has suddenly found the petrol coupons almost running out, and the month just half over. Soon there will be a waiting list for bicycles! Before this rude awakening, we had blissfully taken a ride about Calcutta in the truck on the evening of the 12th to see the lovely "festival of lights" which is one of their many pujas or religious customs and is always made a holiday. All over the city, on every house, large or small, and every large store or small hole in the wall shop were many lights, either candle, or little shallow earthenware dishes filled with some kind of oil and a wick giving off a cheerful yellow light; these were placed a foot apart on verandahs, window sills, railings, anything that would hold them. The nights are always so still and the lack of breeze allowed the lights to burn with scarcely a flicker. When we returned to 1 Upper Wood St. we found the "durwan" (night watchman) had placed a row of little oil lights on each side of the entrance gate. I found three candles we had in our trunk brought from home and put them in our window sill on the front side of the house. We were told this was the first good "divali

for a number of years, since last year there was a curfew on, and before that famine, preceded by war. Everyone comments on the freedom to go about in Calcutta. At least on the surface everything is calm and peaceful, a great contrast to the Punjab. Just as I am writing an air mail letter from John arrived, which proved to be clippings with TIME's feature article on India which I am very glad to have. I stopped everything to read it, and I must say, that from the limited knowledge I have it seems to be fairly true to fact, pictures and all. I just hope everyone who has read the article went clear to the end which states that "India was not to be singled out, for condemnation or contempt. - - - In every process of hope, ambition, confused value, self deceit, India is merely the world in small, and one more terrible warning to the conscience of the world. India's gravest error, her deepest sin, is rampant in all the world and never so madly as on those portions of the world which call themselves "modern" - - -".

True, there is a pretty concentrated dose of the world's ills in this country, but I'm constantly remembering instances at home which have their roots in the same beginnings. Also all the publicity India gets in the press probably fails to record the many constructive works that are going on by a large number of educated Indians. Florence Large has just returned from a conference of Social workers in Bombay and was much impressed, particularly with what is being done in S. India. There are so many cultured, serious thinking people devoted to a better India. Last Sunday our good Unit friend Mr. Chaudhury pointed to us in one of the Sunday papers, photos taken in San Francisco and sent here by an Indian woman, of two movie houses, each with huge signs covering the front of the houses and letters as high as a man saying "SEE BLOODY INDIA". The comment of the local paper was "see how the U.S. is making money out of our misery" Also a new friend of the Unit's - Mr. Bratacharje - a very cultured and thoughtful person, said today to me, "I must confess I'm getting a new impression of Americans in knowing you. I supposed they were all like the American soldiers who were here during the war." Roxana said that when the A. soldiers were here she wasn't allowed the freedom on the street she is now, and that some soldiers who made friends with their Anglo-Indian neighbors got drunk and carried on through the night keeping them all awake and making them feel pretty bitter. So of course it is necessary to try to explain that many kinds of Americans too.

Roger and Sally Cartwright have now started their village work at Pipha, at least started to the extent of studying Bengali - their language at present being Hindustani which they have used in Bihar. They were extremely helpful at the meeting of the International group we had last Sat. with their accordion and banjo while we sang together such songs as Oh Susanna, and She'll be Goin Round the Mountain When She Comes! We didn't know if the group would know Western songs - but most of them did - another result of the American army, they said. Thomas Dunny and his Chinese friends gave some very interesting Chinese music, and a Mr. Aql Aql from Palestine sang some lovely Arabian music. I learned recently that Sally's mother does caricatures for publication, such as in the Post, and has made covers for Colliers, but is now busy illustrating books. She goes under her maiden name of Anita Parkhurst. Sally's father builds houses and she inherited both talents - handles tools with skill and is an expert wood and metal worker and good at sketching. (From an aluminum airplane wing which had been discarded she made a set of hammered aluminum dishes for her mother). Roger's home is not very far from the Cooperstown area, and he likewise has various skills, so it will be interesting to see what happens out at Pipha in the next year. An interesting item Sally told me was that her younger sister had made a good school record and was offered a scholarship at Swarthmore. At that time negroes were not allowed to go there, and the sister refused to enter because of that. Subsequently, Swarthmore decided to let down the barriers to some extent - but the sister had already started in another college.

Phyllis Short has a beautiful baby boy named Murry. We took her to the hospital in the Unit truck at about 9:00 in the evening and at 1:30 the baby arrived, so we heard next morning. I went next day on the bicycle

to see mother and son. There the baby was in a crib beside the mother's bed, which I suppose isn't scientific, but it did make a glad sight to see them together - baby sleeping peacefully and looking so round and strong - mother beaming happily and feeling well enough to get right up. She told me that the hospital was overflowing with new babies, and the delivery room was shared by two at once, the nurses flitting back and forth between the two patients. Phyllis would have been pleased with a girl, since they already had Michael, but was happy with her boy. A few minutes later the other baby was born to the Brahmin Hindu young woman. It was a girl, and the poor mother wailed "I don't want it - I don't want it". Girls are still nothing to celebrate over in many Indian families. The nurses wear saris, white ones, and caps and look pleasant and efficient. But Both Margot Tennyson and Phyllis report hardly half enough food to eat, so we take bread and jam, etc. to help them fill up.

After meeting this morning we had a reading group doing two more chapters aloud from Rufus Jones' "Faith and Practice of Friends". As we read I heard a clatter, clatter of little wooden clogs coming up the stairs and knew my little school girls must surely be approaching. - sure enough - they came the door of the meeting room, beaming and saying, "Good Morning". I whisked them off downstairs to our room where we had a session with some picture books then started them home again. It is possibly a mile from this place to their homes. One of the older girls had baby brother on her hip, as so often is the case. Sometimes you see little girls not much more than babies themselves carrying a little one on the hip (astraddle - you know)

Last Monday Mr. Chaudhury took Hugh Seeds (from England) and myself to hear a famous Indian singer who was giving some songs at the home of a friend near here. He studied music in Germany and Italy, has written books of poetry, and books about his travel and the famous people he has known. Now he has returned to India and has joined an ashram in Pondicherry, India where Auribindo Ghose presides, and he has become a monk, donning the yellow or saffron robes worn by religious people here and sings only religious music. In this home, which was large and well kept, but very simply furnished as are most Indian homes, we sat on the floor of a large room - the women on one side and the men on the other. The singer, Dilip Rai, sat squatted neat the center and played the harmonium (which sounds like the old organs at home a little) as he sang while accompanied by the tabla which is an Indian drum played with the fingers and hands only - the player likewise seated on the floor. Our shoes or sandals had been left in the other room and white coverings had been spread for us to sit on. Our host and hostess were such friendly people, so easy to talk to, just like one's friends at home. They had a little three year old boy who sat on my lap for a little while and talked to me in Bengali. His mother explained that he was asking if I was his auntie. We were introduced to a maharaja who is supposed to be fabulously wealthy. Instead of ornate apparel and jeweled headgear, he was wearing the simple white shirt and dhoti everyman wears on the street, and talked in friendly and easy fashion. Likewise Dilip Rai was a warm personality and not the queer sort of person one might expect, knowing of the life he had chosen. We discovered he is a cousin of some girls we had already known here in Calcutta, and he had one of them sit close to him while he sang. His voice is rich and very pleasing, and altho I haven't learned to get as much enjoyment from Indian music as that more familiar to me, he made it easier to listen to than any previously heard.

Mr. Chaudhury loves to arrange things and do for people - so he, knowing Dilip Rai, asked him for a date to come to the Unit and sing for our friends. It is set that he will come next Wednesday, and we Gladys and I, have been very occupied getting out invitations to the gathering. This sort of occasion, Mr. Choudhury says, is one to which the Consulate Generals should be invited, so the Chinese, French, and American are being invited. Some will bring their friends and we rather expect there will be the largest number of people here ever assembled at once - but then we shall see. Dilip Rai sang for Gandhi, Lord and Lady Mountbatten, and at Government House here in Calcutta.

November 21, The weather is definitely cooler, and I shall have to get out my Knitted suit for evening time - days still warm. Another letter from Mervin tells of busy days in Delhi and plans for going North. He had actually seen an elephant carrying six men near Delhi. We had been saying ever since we left home that we were coming to India to see the elephants - but so far hadn't realized this hope. Mervin says camels are also to be seen in the Punjab. They never are used in this area. But we can see, in the trees outside our office windows, beautiful green birds which must be a first cousin to a parrot, but are slimmer. I saw a stray monkey on the street the other day - I don't know whether it was wild or someone's pet. Anyway, a cluster of men were standing round laughing at the monkey which seemed to annoy it and it made a quick slap at one of the men who was sitting at the front of the little shop. One of the pests that has to be guarded against is the white ants, who revel in paper or wood. Barbara had men come from Camp Knox yesterday with a large spraying apparatus to go over the whole house with DDT which will relieve us for a little of the mosquitoes which were becoming numerous, as well as all the other intruders.

The Dilip Rai meeting was a great success - not the record crowd - but quite a comfortable group of 60. Gladys spent a strenuous morning arranging the room, having furniture moved out and finally moving it around ourselves. The two helpers, known as bearers, in this house are Rampisad, Hindu, and Abdul, Muslim. They are good friends and make a pretty efficient team - Rampisad is a little man in his 50s, with a mustache and a turban, very mild and quiet. Abdul is in his 20s, probably, wears a maroon plush Muslim cap, and keeps hoping that we will really learn Bengali, trying simple sentences on us from time to time. They have certain parts of the house for which they are responsible, and the serving of the meals and clean up afterwards. All well and good - but just ask them to move furniture, or put up a curtain pole in some spot which isn't in their province, and immediately the atmosphere becomes clouded. Gladys is in charge of the house - she moves quickly - just like Ibbet - and so furniture is hoisted somewhere, only later to be found more suitable somewhere else - and in the meantime, the two bearers yank and push and scrape things so violently that Gladys says she wonders if they do it on purpose so as not to be asked again. And then I hear them talking to Miss Williams in a stream of Bengali chatter which I don't understand at all and yet understand perfectly well - namely - they object to moving furniture around for women who can't make up their minds. All this to explain, that after we got a davenport upstairs in one veranda room Wed. morn and then found it was really more fitted for the other room, we just didn't have the courage to call the men, and finally succeeded in pushing it around by ourselves.. We decided to make one veranda room, which until now had been an emergency bedroom, into a reading room, and also to relieve the big room of the large bookshelves, we removed all the books, had the selves moved and replaced them. So the big room was cleared of everything but the piano. A mattress was placed for Dilip Rai to sit on, along with his tabla player. Most the others sat on mats on the floor, with those who preferred using chairs and stools around the edges. Mr. Choudhury brought flowers called Rajahi-ganda (meaning night scented) - small white hiacynth-like flowerets on a very long straight stem which are used at all important functions here. He brought a garland made of the same flowers which Verna Curtis put around Dilip Rai's neck before he sang. Also he brought the assorted spices to pass on a plate, and some very special incense. Lacking an incense burner he asked for a potato and stuck the incense sticks into it. The Chinese and French Consul-Generals came, but Mr. Thomas the American, had an engagement. When I went to see him about it at his office, he had some tea sent in and we chatted a bit. He is a very friendly person to talk to - comes from Montana, (also tall and handsome). I asked him what he thought about the article in TIME. He thought it fairly accurate - a little unfortunate that a Siah should be singled out as one who had received so many wrongs, since the Siches had in reality been the aggressors when the Punjab trouble started. He realized that being spoken of as a "decadant" nation was pretty hard to take, and he had heard some pretty bitter comment about it on local radios. I told him what Mervin had reported about the death rate in the Muslim camp. He was quite surprised - the fact is, that none of that information has been in local papers. But Sidney Stray says he finds it in English newspapers sent to him.

After our meeting was over I felt a sore throat coming on, which got quite bad, but seems to be getting over quickly. It seems the change in temperature brings on colds here just as it does at home.

Carolina dear,

I feasted on another of thy good letters which came yesterday. So thee is going to Nebraska for Christmas. I expect it's a good idea and it will be a nice experience for thee and a good chance to see Camilla once again. The only important flaw I see is the fact that thee won't see Grandma. I just hope she manages to pull out of her present weakness. A letter just came from Aunt Frances saying Grandma had been home a week and up and around, but she fainted one day and had been in bed since, seemingly too weak to get up, altho the doctor encourages her to try, feeling she will lose strength if she allows herself to stay in bed. Aunt Frances and Aunt Esther have been trying to help as much as possible since it seems Aunt Ruth has her hands too full to do what is needed. Aunt Frances said it was necessary to change Grandma's bed frequently and even to feed her one day, which sounds as tho she must be quite helpless. But the doctor thinks she is making favorable progress, and it may be that once she gets her strength on the up and up, she may be alright. How I do hope that will be the way.

No very recent word from Stuart and Marty, but Aunt Frances said they were at the G.S. Alumni day gathering, and also were to visit Grandma on a Sunday. Esther Parquhar wrote that Ernest Lundeen died suddenly October 31, of heart failure. He had not been feeling well for two weeks, but they had no thought of it being serious. It was quite a shock to realize it. Poor Ethel Lundeen will be very lonely. Esther said Suzanna reports that Ethel was holding up very well - much better than she had thought possible. The Fred Reeve family now has the comfortable home in the country - West Newton - they had hoped to get a year ago and are so very happy to be together. Meeting had been held there - Fred, Clerk, Sumner Mills, Asst. Clerk, and Robina, recording clerk, as formerly. But - if thee is going to see Uncle Chesters and Sumner and Lela about next week, thee will be learning all this for thyself.

Another book I find very helpful, along the line of the others I mentioned to thee recently, is Thomas Kelly's "Testament of Devotion" which has been in circulation for some time, but I somehow had not gotten a hold of one. In addition to being beautifully and helpfully written, it gives one pleasure to remember Thomas Kelly as we knew him.

I tried on the sari that Margot Tennyson gave me, but the effect was disappointing, partly because it was a five yard one instead of six, and I definitely need the latter, and partly because it is white, with figure, and I should wear a dark one which will not show up height so much. So when we had our big doings with Dilip Rai, I wore my Bemberg sheer again, while Gladys, Barbara and Verna wore saris, and looked very nice in them. Verna's is black with a nice border. They say saris used to be very cheap before the war, but now you can't get a cotton one for less than Rs 15 or five dollars, and the nice ones are Rs 60 on up into the hundreds for those of silk with beautiful borders. I am amazed to see the apparent endless variety of saris Indian women, who are comfortably fixed financially, wear. Amita, who works in the finance office, gets a good salary, and her husband works for the police. Amita wears a different sari every few days, and then you don't see it again. I suppose she may bring it out months or a year from now - the saris last forever, it seems, so are practical. Likewise Roxana seems to have a different one everytime she comes to some function here. She came with her parents and brothers to the Dilip Rai meeting - but alas for me, she is started into college again, here in Calcutta, rather than going to Karachi - and her program is much too full to think of volunteer teaching. Ishita Chatterji's mother had a sari given her for a wedding present which was made of pure gold thread. When putting it away, it was folded instead of put in a roll, and the threads broke. So she had the gold melted and made into ear rings. Ishita was wearing a cotton sari which had been her grandmothers, yet it looked quite like new. She is a Hindu girl whose family has broken away from the Orthodox beliefs and is very modern, yet they still are very Indian. Her father publishes the "Modern Review" which corresponds, as I understand it, with the Atlantic Monthly at home.

I still don't know about thy Secondary Education course - is that something to prepare thee for teaching? And how did that jointly written paper rate? Is thee enjoying thy other courses? It sounds as though thee was having a happy and profitable year. Aunt Frances said she heard Boyd was homesick? I will enclose a letter for Floretta. A good hug, and lots and lots of love, from me

P.S. Aunt I'll write separately to Floretta. This will be too fat!

1 Upper Wood Street,
Calcutta, India
December 9, 1947.

Our
My dear family, *Carolina dear -*

I am anxious to get another letter off to you now, in order to wish you each and all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and also because Mervin and I are leaving tomorrow for Madras, and likely letter writing of this sort will be out of the question. It is hard to believe that Christmas is so near, and that many of you are bustling around with preparations for holiday activities, or if not that, addressing the last of your Christmas cards - or maybe you are just starting! Here all that seems very remote - warm sunshine by day, 83 the highest temperature, 54 the lowest at night (I suspect this must be like Florida) - Poinsettia bushes flashing their gorgeous red display along high garden walls, the flower beds in our lawn showing promising little plants of Snap dragons, pinks, and others whose identity I shall determine later. There is a bed of dahlias, and another of miniature yellow chrysanthemums which are a special joy. Dorothy Schlick, of U.S., is landing at Bombay soon, having come by boat for work in the Punjab. With her is a trunk marked for Friends Centre, Calcutta and we are eagerly looking forward to its arrival, for in it are a number of new books ordered by us through A.F.S.C. for our Library, and altho we didn't ask for it, we have word they have included Christmas tree decorations. Whatever festivities are held here have been placed in the hands of a committee of three, and the last I heard, they were wondering if it was possible to get turkey (they are seldom seen about here) and were saying that it would be much easier to get goose, which is commonly seen roaming the streets or in tanks (pools).

If I attend the All India Women's Conference, as planned I shall miss Christmas in Calcutta and will likely be spending it in Madras. That isn't as I would have wished it, but the reasoning goes something like this: Mervin was asked to go to Madras to speak to the small Friends group there on the 13th, and 14th. Also he has been planning for some time to check on some milk canteen work being done there with which the Unit is connected. So he wired me from Delhi "could I arrange to go with him for a holiday together"(we're all entitled to some time off occasionally, and neither of us have taken any so far). It seemed a good plan and arrangements were made - then we discover that the A-I Women's Conference meets in Madras, Dec. 28 - 31. The Unit sent three people to the meetings in Bombay last year, and since I was to be in Madras felt it would be suitable for me to also attend these meetings. I suspect this body is one of the most progressive in India, and to attend the meetings will be a privilege and an education, and should give splendid opportunity to become acquainted with a representative group of Indian women. All this outweighs the fact that I may be spending Xmas in a strange city among strange people. Whether Mervin stays that long is a question - depending on how urgent it may be to get back to duties in Calcutta. Russ Curtis, Finance Officer, takes charge when Mervin is absent.

This morning we thought for a while that the whole thing was off. Mervin came back from Delhi day before yesterday with Dysentery, and if it were found to be Amoebic Dysentery, it would be necessary to stay here for a two weeks treatment and a considerable amount of rest. But tests by the Laboratory this morning proved it was Bacillary Dysentery, which seems violent for a short time, but is rather quickly overcome - therefore the doctor said, "don't cancel your reservations - you will be alright". Dr. Hahndel, the physician, I may have mentioned before, ~~he~~ came from Germany, remembers being fed cocoa, etc. by the A.F.S.C. when he was a boy - he has a well established practice here, and is flying today to Switzerland for a ten day absence, to consult with some medical men, leaving today. While in Delhi Mervin was able to get some dental work done, for although we got thoroughly fixed up before leaving Ind'pls, he had developed more cavities, and one tooth lost it's half crown so that a whole new tooth had to be built up of enamel, which the dentist did with skill. He is Indian, but got some of his training at the Univ. of Pennsylvania.

Although Delhi is a beautiful city, Mervin wasn't favorably impressed with the citizens who seem to be the cool, disinterested sort in contrast to the warm, friendly people we find in Bengal - many have told us that altho Calcutta is the worst city for lack of cleanliness, and lack of organization to city govt. and general sloppy ways, the people are friendly, artistic, hospitable, and often intellectual - also emotional, and someone has compared them to the Italians. It is so easy to make friends here - every where one turns they seem to be eager to be friends.

Thanksgiving passed by without a thought, almost. I did think about it the night before and remarked that if I just had time I would go out to our Bengali kitchen and make some pumpkin pies, American style, but the day was much too full to take time for such ventures and besides that brick and clay stove with no oven might have cramped my style with tragic results. In Delhi, Mervin did enjoy a chicken dinner which had been ordered by Peggy Wright for the occasion at the govt. hostel where the Unit now makes its headquarters.

There seems to be more rapid progress in getting refugees resettled out of camps that would have been thought possible, in the Punjab. However, there are still thousands of homeless, and still untold suffering. Some camps are worse than others - the one which Mervin had described where thousands were dying being the worst. There are several groups cooperating in relief work, of which the F.S.U. is one, so that very real progress is being made, and the question now considered is for how long in the future should they expect to be doing actual relief work, and when to end before it gets into the longtime program of rehabilitation which we have neither funds nor personnel to do, at that great distance from here. Richard Symons, who came out from London for 3 months has finished his term of service and is returning to the work he left behind. Norman Fenn was given leave from his U.S. job and must return before long. It seems just possible that the emergency nature of the work may be over in two or three months. Mervin describes the area in which most of the camps are located as flat, dusty country similar to the hot dusty country we rode thru from Karachi - a very dismal, dull kind of scenery. The Kashmir area is mountainous and beautiful, and Bob Pittenger has a hankering to see if he can do some medical work there. He has been doing strenuous service among dying people, and since there is no time for a rest, I expect he feels a change of scenery would give him the necessary lift. However, it hadn't been decided whether the Kashmir work was most important when Mervin left - they were to consult other workers before deciding. It is a somewhat more dangerous area, in that frontiersmen are quite used to killing indiscriminately, not caring about white faces or brown, but most of that seems to be subsided or at least lessened.

After several attempts, I am now able to wear a sari properly, and enjoy doing so tremendously. Gladys and I wear them on special occasions when we're having a gathering, and lately we have taken to wearing them in the evenings because we enjoy them and especially because they keep your legs comfortably warm when the air gets chilly - and I mean chilly. Last night we had Unit business meeting in the evening and I sat through it wrapped in a blanket!

I must tell you about one of our full and interesting weeks just passed. Monday - Unit Meeting day, Tuesday - school in the morning, afternoon shopping and errands (on that trip Nilima DasGupta took Barbara and me to the little Indian shops to look at saris and I got a dark red one, and material for the blouse to wear with it which an Indian tailor made according to the local style. I shall take the outfit to wear at the A I W C). Wednesday evening we had a gathering of 30 people to hear Miss Palme Dutt tell about her work with the ILO. She is on the Editorial Board and has just spent a year in India working for that organization in connection with labor problems here. Her father was a Bengali who went to England to study, met and married a Swedish girl, but Miss Dutt had never been to India until this trip. She is tall, dark skinned, but with non Indian features. Her brother is Editor of the Communist "Daily Worker" in London, I understand - but she does not seem to share his views. Another brother married the daughter of George Lansbury, famous Quaker member of Parliament who I once heard speak in Ind'pls. She stayed to dinner (most gatherings are held during the hours of 5:00 - 7:00, rather than after dinner) and we had a most pleasant evening of conversation. She was returning that week-end to Geneva, via a Swedish freighter from Calcutta.

The next evening John Haynes Holmes talked to a gathering of 60, very informally, followed by questions and answers - a very stimulating session. He speaks very directly, letting the chips fall where they may. He had come to India for a three months period of lecturing, having been sent by the Watmull Foundation which arranges for Indian and American persons to be exchanged as lecturers, and for Indian students to go to the U.S. Friday afternoon we had the College Women's Fellowship, the group recently started for the benefit of Calcutta women students who are restricted in their contacts. This time Mme. Trelat, of the French Consulate, a young and attractive Frenchwoman, spoke on life in France and of the student in Paris. We all sat on the floor on grass mats and had a wonderful time! The 20 girls from Lady Braebourne, the Muslim college, usually

arrive in a curtained bus, but because of petrol shortage the bus was not available this time. We promised that if they could somehow get here we would take them home in the truck (weapons carrier - first cousin to a jeep, with a hood). I arranged for Russ Curtis to drive, and was dismayed to find him driving up to the door in the truck without a cover. It was the only one that would run at that moment, so all the girls piled in, some sitting some standing, and instead of feeling perturbed they loved it. It was a beautiful, moon-lit sky overhead, and Calcutta does have the most enchanting nights of any I have known. The girls were deposited at the hostel gate where they all spoke so appreciatively as they said Good-bye, it is a pleasure to do things with and for them. Back to Upper Wood St. and our dinner guests of the evening, Prof. Roy Choudhury of Calcutta Univ. and Prof. and Mrs. Sarkar, also of the Univ. The former is widely travelled in the middle East, and the Sarkars have a fascinating story which I learned from Mrs. Sarkar that evening, and I'd like to tell you briefly of it.

She was Austrian, trained in Domestic Science, went to England to take special training. The first world war broke out. She couldn't go home, and finally got to the U.S. to stay with relatives - in the winter with a brewer relative in Cleveland, and in the wimmer with farmer relatives in Westmoreland, Pa. In the latter she learned to raise chickens and to garden, and loved it. On the U.S. boat she had met Mr. Sarkar, from Calcutta whom she married years later in Vienna. He studied in Europe (Economics) and they spent happy years there - then to India and residence in Calcutta where Prof. Sarkar has been teaching, and has started a college which now has over 1000 students. When they left Europe for India, Mrs. Sarkar's mother gave her a fairly large artificial Xmas tree from Bavaria, and many bright trimmings, saying that in Calcutta where she might not find a Xmas tree, she would have this one from her own home. For 22 years Mrs. Sarkar used that tree, and the ornaments seemed not to grow dark with age. Their home has been a center and refuge for many students through the years, and always she invited many in for singing of Christmas carols to experience something of the Xmas she had known, and to see her tree. The students told her that the love and kindness in that home kept the ornaments from tarnishing.

The second world war came. Mrs. Sarkar's family in Austria suffered horribly. Her youngest sister was killed in an air raid two nights before the war ended. Her mother has recently died of starvation. She tried to send food parcels to them but was unable to do so. While the army men were in Calcutta, Mrs. Sarkar made her home open to them, feeling that maybe someone might do as much for her relatives and she told some fascinating stories of incidents which happened during that period. The Bengal famine came, and she found herself in the midst of it. People were to be seen dead on the street - starved. They found at one time 17 babies in a garage, left by starving mothers. Once a pair of new born twins was found by their dead mother. A friend of Mrs. Sarkar's who was lonely adopted the twins who have grown into lovely children. (This was one of the crises which kept F.S.U. in Calcutta, but I hadn't talked to anyone before who had been an eyewitness) Then came the riots. The Sarkar home is in an area which got the worst of the trouble. All night, one night their home was besieged and barely escaping, they fled to another part of the city - remained in hiding for days without food, and since then until recently when it seems at last that Calcutta is peaceful again, they have returned to their home vacated, locked and boarded for the past year. She found the piano had been ruined by white ants, and Prof. Sarkar's books as well, and saddest of all, her beloved Xmas tree. Yet she spoke without rancor, and with a kindness that was heartwarming. She has one daughter, Indira, who is getting her Doctor's degree in Paris at present. We've asked Mrs. Sarkar to speak to the college women's group next time.

Saturday I found that the girl who was expected to give a program of Indian dancing for the Int'l group a week later was going to be out of Calcutta. She should have let us know sooner, - but she didn't - so to find a substitute quickly. There was Prof. Chaudhury who had been to dinner the night before - he was just the person - but he had no phone. I got on the bicycle and finally found his home and was lucky to find him there. He very graciously took on the job of filling in, and the subject chosen was "Life Among the Beduins" in costume. That night Rabindra Paul came, who is a nephew of Mr. Das in Indianapolis and stayed to dinner.

Sunday morning, after Meeting for Worship, there was a special meeting to hear Donald Groon, English Friend doing rural work in the Central Provinces, which is

under Friends Service Council. He is an outstanding person in that he combines clear, straightforward thinking and a practical approach with a spiritual maturity and leadership. His wife is a niece of Henry Hodgkin - they have three children and have spent seven years in India. His week end here left a deep impression on us.

Sunday afternoon came the teaparty for my school girls and their mothers at the Dispensary school room on Lower Range St. We had never seen any of the mothers - this seemed to be a good way to get to know them, if possible. Kathleen Waller had her Muslim bearer buy some Muslim cakes. I took tea and sandwiches and hot water in a kettle, all in the jeep. Presently little girls in their most colorful saris appeared, and mothers in bourkas - all of them. Can you picture a hourka, exactly? It fits the head smoothly - is usually white - has two eye holes with a criss-cross work across them. From the neck down it flows out into a sort of all over cape. As soon as they enter the school room they remove it. Some mothers came in rickshaws. One or two sent word that they couldn't get a rickshaw and could I please come after them in the jeep. At one home the mother came out in bourka - I did not speak because I didn't suppose she would understand. She got arranged in the back of the jeep, and as I was turning around, from that shrouded character came the words, "It was very nice of you to come after me, and I am so glad to meet you"! I almost turned around again in my surprise. She was the only mother who could speak English. Later she explained she had been schooled in a Catholic convent. Including children, babies and mothers there were 40 in that little room - oh yes, and teachers too. Roxana was a great help that day. Homegoing time meant rides in the jeep, so the little girls thought - and the tumbled en masse into it in such a spirit of wild abandon and squealing that I had to get Roxana to come out and tell them in no uncertain terms that they couldn't all ride at once, and that actually it was the mothers I was delivering home. Down narrow curving lanes, bordered on either side by mud huts we wound our way to deliver these bourkad ladies to their very front doors. The street being possibly 8 feet wide, it was necessary to back out, and then to get into as tight a situation in someone else's street. But the party was a success, and we hope to have another one later. There are even ideas of getting the mothers over to the Unit one day for movies from the American Consulate - but it will take some time before we can expect them to be so bold. A Mr. Rahman, who has encouraged this school from the beginning, offered to pay Rs.30 a month for a teacher to be hired for the two hours the school meets each day. A widow living on that very street, who has had some past experience teaching, is now coming every day, and has helped immensely to give continuity to the program. Also she has good control over the girls, so far as I can see without resorting to violent methods, altho in the Corporation Schools (city schools) it is well known that children are beaten. She does not speak English, so planning is difficult, as far as any sharing of ideas - but we get along. She teaches Urdu and Arabic and I have the English group. I feel so encouraged about it, both for the help she can give and the fact that more interest and responsibility is being taken on by the community rather than something being administered from 1 Upper Wood St. Also it makes it possible for me to plan for a holiday, which formerly I didn't like to do without some arrangement for the school, and volunteers just weren't to be found.

A Muslim festival which came off recently was the Mahorum which lasted several days and ended with an all night celebration and procession. Hugh Seeds, Barbara, and I went with Abdul, the sweeper, the cook's helper, and the peon, (or errand boy), to see the procession. I really wasn't impressed - it was a series of floats, and several flame throwers and that was all. But Abdul and the others liked it, and they were so pleased that we went along that it was worth the effort. Abdul went into the Muslim temple for some brief ritual, and came back with some Indian "sweets" which he passed around, and the peon, wanting to do something, bought a package of cigarettes and a box of matches and handed them to me. He should have known me better than that by this time - but since he understands no English I couldn't explain, so accepted them and then wondered what to do with them!

I hope this reaches thee before thou leaves for Nebraska. We'll be anxious to hear all about thy holiday. Father and I have gathered thy letters which we read and loved together since his return. One has to be careful about publishing letters, or parts of them. and the A.F.S.C. should be consulted - - but I never think of these letters of mine as being the sort of thing one would want to publish, anyway.

Our deepest love to thee - and many thoughts - this Christmas - so many miles apart - yet we feel very close to thee. Affectionately, thy Father and Mother

Our covers Camela, and Charles Eggers - I haven't gotten letters written to them as I would like to do. May be the Com. take them.

To open cut here →

BY AIR MAIL

AIR LETTER

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



Caroline A. Palmer
J. Edgar J. Palmer
University of Nebraska
Lincoln, Neb.
U.S.A.

Economics
Research Div.
CORR - 66

Second fold here →

Third fold here →

Sender's name and address: —
Eaton Palmer
1 Upper Wood St
Calcutta, India
(Unit Jan. 2)
4 W.C.A. Hostel
214 Ponnammal Road
706000,
Madras

First fold here →

Y.W.C.A. Hostel
Madras, India
Dec. 12, 1947.

My darling daughter.
This can't reach thee in time to say Happy
Birthday - but maybe thee will have it soon
after. Probably thee will be travelling on thy
birthday - to Poona West. Thy last letter didn't
mention vacation plans - but I presume thee
is actually going to Uncle Edgar's - so I shall
send this directly there. So now thee is
a young lady of 21. Too bad not to be able
to ^{give thee} a big hug - Father might think thee
needed 21 spoons! We hope this is a truly
happy birthday for thee, one in a long series
of such days in the years ahead.

In one of thy recent letters thee mentioned Stephen
Thorne being at Eareham. Is he the one from London years
ago? If so, Father and I wanted to see him one evening
from Jordan's Hostel - to call on him. We had never met
him, but were told he was soon going to U.S. and
that we would enjoy meeting him. But he was at Rome.

The other English friend she spoke of. (I knew his name so well, but at this minute it has left my mind) who was on his way to Japan & China, - and spoke to you about foreign service - was at one of the Caribbean conferences I attended before 1920 or '21 - and in my Snap Shot album is a very good picture of him eating an ice cream cone. Does she remember it? Bobbie - Happy Birthday!

This is the morning of the 13th. One week exactly from my birthday. I am seated on the bed in our room at the U.C.C. Hostel. It is raining outside and there is some wind, as in autumn at Rome. We don't anticipate rain. In Calcutta the rains are over till next summer - so we brought no equipment for rain, only to find that they are expected here now. They were also expected in October, but failed with disastrous effect on the rice crops.

Mary Greenwell, in charge of this Hostel, is a friend from Australia and it is here that the small friends meeting gathers each Sunday morning. Father is to speak to them tonight - just now he is concentrating on the preparation of his talk, - I'll report to you more about it later.

Last night a dinner meeting of the Madras Business & Professional Women's Club was held in one of the Bldgs. and Father & I were invited. There we met a young Indian woman & her mother who are running a school. The daughter, whose long name I can't remember, went to Wellesley - and she knew Florence Potts (Tom Potts' wife - remember?) who had written her that we were coming to India, - but she had no idea she would meet us in Madras. We met another young woman - just arrived from U.S. to teach nutrition here. She taught at Berea, Ky. last year & knew Norman Fenn. Also at the dinner was a young Indian woman who is secretary for the U.C.C. of Ladies' Bazaar, Ceylon who was acquainted with several F.S.U. people. She had been to the U.S. - and had in fact come to Madras on the same train as we, and we didn't realize it. Riding in compartments as you do, it doesn't give one opportunity to see the other passengers.

In our compartment were two prosperous business men, wearing somewhat Westernized shirts over the regular Indian dhoti. One could hardly guess their comfortable circumstances by their clothing, but their equipment was of the best, and I presume the glittering stones in the watch which were diamonds. They talked with Father, but would not talk to me. I concluded they were of the school of thought which did not include women in conversation. I have read of village families where the wife could not address her husband directly even in his presence. We brought sandwiches, canned fruit juice & K. ration's with us (we were 2 nights - 1 1/2 days on the train for a trip of about 950 mi. - the train stops often and briefly) - and the two men got Indian food, rice, dal, curry, etc. etc. at which was brought in and also banana leaves spread on a newspaper, & placed on the seat. On the leaf all the various foods were piled, mixed and eaten with the right hand only.

We are considering a trip into Travancore next week - from whence come Chappa - de Perle Hill. We might get to the very Southern tip of India. Tom Thomas, a native of Travancore who has worked with F.S.U. has invited us to go along with him. I will write the more about it. I hear full of love - from the
Ma

To open cut here →

BY AIR MAIL

AIR LETTER

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



Caroline A. Palmer

Caroline Creely

Reclmond

India

U.S.A.

COAR-66

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Caroline A. Palmer
1 Upper Wood St
Calcutta, India

Sender's name and address -

← First fold here

Jan. 3, 1947.

Y.W.C.A. Guest House
Madras, India

Darling daughter,

It seems so long since we have
heard from each other; - There are probably
letters from the waiting at Calcutta, but
due to my travels I haven't seen them yet -
and likewise haven't gotten my usual
letters off to the. There will be a fuller
account when I get to a typewriter - but
this is to let the know I'm still around.

Father and I have had a truly
wonderful time in S. India. He returned
to Calcutta Dec. 30th - while I stayed
on for the All-India Women's Conference
which is now over, and I will be
back at 1 Upper Wood St by Jan 7th
- (almost a month after I left there!)

Since we are generally allowed a month's holiday during the year - it would seem fitting for me to stay on the job till next July - But in addition to that, occasional week-ends are recommended as a needed change.

Our Christmas was spent in the mountains on the west side of S-India - known as the Nilgiri Hills - we were staying at a Y. W. C. A. Hotel in a little town called "Ooty" the spot for Ootacamund - which is 7,000 ft above sea level - and the weather has the feel of late October at home. Father and I decided that our trip was enough and did not present gifts to each other. In the morning - we climbed to the top of Elk Hill, which was still a thousand feet higher than Ooty - and felt we were on top the world! Tom Thomas was with us that day - The afternoon and evening was spent by a wood fire in the living room fire place.

Letters from Grandma, Aunt Lizzie, Aunt Ruth, Cecelia, and Stewart had been forwarded to us from Calcutta to Madras, & Madras is Ooty. Reaching us the day before Xmas. Stewart's news about the hope for a little one next summer made us happy - and was the nicest sort of news to receive just at Christmas. We thought & spoke of her often - and hoped she was having a good vacation. Give's a Happy New Year to her - and much love to our Mother

FRIENDS SERVICE UNIT

(FORMERLY FRIENDS AMBULANCE UNIT & AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE)

TELEGRAMS: QUAKERSERV
PHONE P.K. 397



1, UPPER WOOD STREET
CALCUTTA

February 22, 1948.

Dear darling daughter,

I had thee so much on my mind yesterday that I almost wrote thee a letter. I had been watching the mail box so carefully lately that Russ Curtis, whose desk is near the mail distribution center, said in fun that he would ring a bell for me if any mail came! And now today thy letter has come - this evening, in fact. (Strangely enough, mail is delivered once a day on Sundays here.) Father has been in Delhi and the Punjab a week and will return possibly in another week, so he wasn't here to share this letter tonight, but since thee wrote it, thee and Jack have no doubt had letters directly from him.

So your engagement is announced by now. I realize that along with the good reasons for not making it public so soon, there are other good reasons why it would seem the desirable thing to do, and realizing that you feel it is good news which you want to share, I can't complain I had, for instance, thought of one advantage of having it known, being that family visits could be made with greater ease - such as the proposed trip East at Spring vacation. At that time it would be very nice if the folks at Ridley Park could meet Jack, particularly Grandma. If thee goes East I hope thee will be able to spend some time with Grandma, for me as well as thyself. A letter from Aunt Ruth says that tests made after Grandma's operation indicate that she is not rid of the cancerous condition - which means that her life span is limited in more ways than one. We just hope she will still be there when we come home, and it makes me sad not to be able to do things with and for her now. Of course she has been given no hint of the results of the tests - and I do hope she may be able to enjoy herself a little before the hard days come.

I expect the Intelligencer may report that they can't print the announcement, for I seem to remember a printed notice that due to lack of space they could only do births, marriages and deaths. But I'm sure the American Friend will do it. We'll be looking for it - tho our copies are two months old by the time they get here by boat mail. Before long we will no doubt be hearing about the dance, and how you made the announcement. A Valentine dance was certainly an "auspicious" occasion (as the Indians would say) for that kind of announcement. Has thee written the family letters by now? I have dutifully been refraining from mentioning the matter in my letters so that it is for thee to break the news. How I would love to be visiting thee and Jack at Earlham tonight. Of course we knew that most anything might happen in the two years we would be in India and that we'd have to accept the fact that we couldn't be two places at once - so we'll just continue to depend on thy good letters and those from the rest of our dear family to satisfy us until such time as we can be together again.

Does Uncle John continue his term rewards as in the past? And does thee do some piano playing this year. I hope thee hasn't dropped that altogether - but I haven't read any reference to it in thy letters, have I? I hope our diary-like letters can get started again - they are such a help in keeping in close touch with each other's thinking and actions. I don't have Uncle John's new address, having had a letter when still in Albany telling of their expected move to Florida and the new position.

I must tell thee something of the interesting afternoon we had, which, by the way, has become suddenly very warm, with the kind of humidity that bespeaks of the hot months just ahead. We have not experienced them so far - April and May have temperatures near 100 and considerable humidity - then come the rains.

Robindra Paul, nephew of our Mr. Das in Indianapolis, invited Barbara, and Gladys and myself (and Father, had he been here) to come to his house this afternoon to meet his family. He came to Upper Wood St to call for us and we walked to the tram on Chowringhee to ride the five miles to his part of town in N. Calcutta. The trams were so full that we

FRIENDS SERVICE UNIT

(FORMERLY FRIENDS AMBULANCE UNIT & AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE)

1, UPPER WOOD STREET

CALCUTTA

TELEGRAMS: QUAKERSERV

PHONE P.K. 397



took a double decker bus, Gladys and I in saris, and the first time we had tried boarding buses with them on, but it isn't difficult, and in fact I get great pleasure out of wearing them. I have three now, one white printa one which Margot Tennyson gave me is a little skimpy to look well. I have a dark red one with green border I got in Calcutta, and a salmon pink one with grey and red border I got in Madras. Today I wore the red one. The two I bought are six yards long, and the beauty of them is that if one doesn't care to use them as saris they can be made into dresses. But I do like them, and wear them often and it isn't likely they will be cut up.

In this part of town near Upper Wood St. the thoroughfares are wide and there is a feeling of space. In the north part where we landed by bus, the streets are narrow and winding. We followed Robin through a narrow street and finally reached his home - a building right against the pavement, and directly across from a row of tiny shops or bazaars. Upstairs we filed, followed and preceded by a number of brothers, cousins, nephews sisters, etc.etc. and were shown into a front room about 10 feet square. In this room was a very large bed, a chest of drawers, and a small stand with a vase of flowers on it. We were invited to sit on the bed, and having removed our sandals before we had got all the way upstairs, we perched on the bed. We were introduced to Robin's mother, (Mr. Das' sister) and his grandmother (Mr. Das' mother). I had been looking forward to this after having heard about them from Mr. Das - particularly his mother whom he would like to see - but he hasn't seen his way clear to come to India since he left it more than 25 years ago. She has a very fine face, cultured and gentle, and I liked her immediately. Most of the masculine part of the family speak English when necessary, but none of the women can. I had taken along some pictures of our family to show them which they found interesting.

After a time we were told that we would have some Bengali food, and Robin took us to the spot where we should wash our hands. He dipped water with a brass vase shaped container from a bucket and poured it over our hands onto the cement floor in the hall, where the water drains off somewhere and then we were seated on a white cloth on the hall floor where three silver plates loaded with food had been placed. The three of us, Gladys and Barbara and I sat each with a plate in front of us and started eating, while about 15 pairs of eyes watched us with interest. The food was good - had been prepared by Robin's mother; there were three cornered pastry things called signaras, which contain a vegetable mixture, there were oblong little patties containing a mixture of peas, etc. and a browned potato surrounded with a spicy sauce, and a round ball with another filling of I don't know what, and several other things I can't name, besides a side dish of "chutney" made of tomatoes, sugar, raisins and ginger - very good, and curds, which is sweetened sour milk, and a favorite dessert which one eats with fingers as we did everything else. We couldn't possibly clean our plates - there was so much - but we did the best we could. Then there was tea.

Then we sat on the big bed again, while the many people crowded in and all around. Someone brought in some beautiful crocheting of Robin's mother's. We talked of this and that with the men - while the women looked on - one, the brother of Robin's brother-in-law, sang a song for us in Hindi and then we started home, making the traditional Hindu gesture of greeting and farewell, the hands brought together as in prayer and saying "Nomishcar" and we made arrangements for the family, or at least some of them to come to the Unit in two weeks for tea. They have the traditional joint family system where all live in one household - and we hardly know how many will likely come to visit us for tea. When we left the nice grandmother Das said in Bengali which was translated "would I please write to her son asking him to come to see her" She lives in the hope she may see him. We came home to dinner, but none of us had any appetite after our large refreshments. It made us wish longingly that we could really use Bengali, and Barbara and I are studying it together.

So day Florence large is returning to England by plane, at doctor
orders. She has still - after considerable treatment got amoeba
in her liver **IT WILL BE A SERIOUS PERSON** it seemed
urgent to get her to London where she can be given the
proper treatment. It leaves Papha with **RECEIVED**
Good news is a problem in England - **RECEIVED**

baggage was a dog. I go
I want to write on this book
I promise to start a diary
I go to the States

look a couple of people
one of the things in the morning
grey and red border I got
thought are six large
them and wear them
wide and there is a
narrow street and
we filled followed
In this room was a
with a vase of flowers
the bed. We were
Grandmother (Mr. Das,
like heard about them
put he hasn't seen
his way clear to come
to India since he

6, Aurangzeb Road
New Delhi, India
Nov. 17, 1947

Dear Caroline -

I thought you might be interested to know that I am making good use of the sweater you sent for me. In this part of India it gets cold at night so that some wrap is needed in evenings and until after breakfast. In the Punjab, I used the sweater, my Turkey Run jacket and my wind jacket. I'll possibly be going up that way again this week so will have to be ready for cold nights again. We are still held up by transport vehicles which it takes so long to repair. Most of the mechanics in Delhi were Muslims and they have been driven out during the riots a few weeks ago.

As soon as Leslie Cross arrives by air from London, I hope to turn over supervision of the work in Delhi-Punjab to him and I'll head for Calcutta again. I've been here 3 weeks, this time.

It is thought that most of the evacuees in the Punjab will be moved to their new locations by mid-December, leaving work with refugees only to be done then. (An evacuee = one who is to leave his home land. a refugee = one who has left his homeland).

The hatred, during riot periods, is so great between Muslims and Hindu-Sikhs that evacuees had suffered terribly, going without food, sanitation, blankets, etc. I visited one camp north of here about 160 miles, a week ago, and saw starving people in large numbers. Our medical unit worked there until the camp was moved a few days ago.

People in India are accustomed to few comforts and to unsanitary conditions and to much suffering. They may be able to adjust themselves, following this mass movement, faster than we have thought possible. One great danger, however, is that the trouble may easily spread to other parts of the country.

Esther writes that she is very happy in the present surroundings. Wonder if she has gotten over to Indianapolis this fall. When she goes next I hope she will stop in at 3711 N. Cass, also go to the Botany Dept at Butler and report what seems to be going on. We look forward to all of thy letters. I haven't seen one first hand for 3 weeks but Esther reports some

of the news about them.

I've just purchased a book on Trees of India which is far from complete but is a good start. Practically every plant is new here, although I do see mulberry trees and castor oil plants frequently. Many of the trees are legumes with pods for fruits and quite a number have large, beautiful flowers. I just identified one Saturday which I found in the front yard. It is the "purple Bauhinia" with flowers ² two inches wide and resembling orchids.

The Unit's headquarters in New Delhi are in one of the Government hostels - a large house, surrounded by a row of one-room dwellings. I live in one of these dwellings and have meals in the large house. They are run much like a hotel but are primarily for government workers.

New Delhi is an unusual city for India with its big yards and wide streets. Old Delhi is typical with every inch of space occupied. Looks as though I must stop ^{my love to them and a big square!} _{try & alter.}

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Sender's name and address:—

C. Merwin Palmer
6 Aurangzeb Road
New Delhi, India

Corn - 66

Third fold here

Caroline A. Palmer
Cathlamet College
Cathlamet, Indiana
U.S.A.

BY AIR MAIL

AIR LETTER

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



To open cut here →

Second fold here

Surge Elliott Road
Calcutta.

19.9.42.

My dear Caroline, you will be very
surprised to get this letter. I know
your mother Mrs. Palmer was one
working in the same school where we
teach the poor children from the slums.
So I came to know all about you &
at once I wanted to write you Mrs.
Palmer comes to our place to take me
with her to the school.
As for me it seems that you are
my close friend. It will thrill you
very much to know that both of us
read born in the same year, in the
same month & both have finished
the first two years of college life.
I have seen your lovely picture &

liked it very much. You have
brown hair & blue eyes. Isn't
it? You look so sweet & lovely
in the picture. I wish you were
in India so that we could
become a real friend.
Naturally you want to know
about me. I am sixteen days
older than you. I have dark
hair, dark eyes & brown
complexion. I am 5.5" tall. Later
a I will send you my photo.
I have passed my J.A. Examination
this year. I will join the college for
the third year. I am a Hindu
Hindu Muslim.
I will be very glad to know the
college life of your country. Hope
you will write me all about-

your college life in U.S.A. I really want to have a pen-
 friends in America, so that we can know about each other's country.
 you must be getting some news about India from your parents letters. Do you know any India there?
 we get a lot of news about America from the pictures & magazines.
 I hope you will write me a long letter informing all about you & your country. I will write you a long letter, later on. Take my best wishes.
 your's
 unknown friend Roxana Reza.

← First fold here →

BY AIR MAIL

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



Caroline A. Palmer.
 Earlham College.
 Richmond.
 Indiana.
 U.S.A.

← Second fold here →

Sender's name and address :-

Miss Roxana Reza.
 c/o. Mr. Ali Reza.
 25/c Elliot Road.
 Park Street.
 Calcutta (Bengal)
 India.

← Third fold here →

→ To open cut here →