

Notes from Dr. Kinney's letters from Gauhati, India

NOTEBOOK #1

January 1, 1929

I surely did have a lovely time coming out. The trip was delightful in every detail—even to the small typhoon that we struck.

However, one of the first things that I did after seeing the case was to buy myself a Coleman lantern so that I could have good light and see what I was doing, where I was going, and what was doing next.

January 6, 1929

The man was here yesterday with the preliminary contract for the well. It sounds very good, and seems to be fool proof. We have sent it to Dr. Ahlquist for his O.K. and if everything goes well, we will probably have the well sunk by the 25th of this month. Of course the tower and engine will not be ready by that time, but we will be able to get good water anyway, and from a much shorter distance than at present. One contractor has been here to look over the hospital for electricity and we expect his estimate on the job soon. We certainly are looking forward to those two things—running water and electricity.

We have been enjoying the vegetables from the garden—peas, spinach, lettuce, radishes, carrots and turnips. They surely do taste good. We have been having shredded wheat biscuits for breakfast. They are made by a branch concern in England and are ever so crisp and taste like home.

Mrs. Tuttle sent us over a lovely Cecil Bruner rose bush the other day. It is covered with buds. I was over there for breakfast the other day and she served some delicious hot biscuits. I hope no one counted the number that I managed to put away as it would have been rather scandalous.

January 13, 1929

We have had a rather busy week, but have enjoyed practically every minute of it.

I wish that we could have a husband or two—we wouldn't want more than one a piece, but it would help out on the work so much if we could just have some men around to look after some of the details that take our time. The General Board let its missionaries have wives to do this, and I don't think it would be amiss for us to have husbands.

January 21, 1929

I am sitting out on one of the back verandahs overlooking the lovely green bed of the beal (found out the other day that they spell it b-i-l here) and enjoying the rain. We have had several hard rains this last week, and the air is so fresh and nice. The days make me think of Kansas spring time—not hot but mild and sometimes a bit balmy. Everything looks so green and some of the warmer weather birds are returning. We are still enjoying our fresh vegetables and have a fresh salad once and often twice a day.

I am thoroughly enjoying every minute of the time and only wish that the days were longer and that I was two or three instead of one.

January 27, 1929

I am having to use my Assamese now, and it is good for me. I get along beautifully as far as ordering meals are concerned and if they will just let me do the talking I understand everything perfectly. I even understand most of what they say regarding meals and household things as they are very considerate and occasionally use an English word.

I have a new pundit and like him very much. He spends some of the time every day in conversation and is very strict in making sure that I pronounce everything just exactly right.

We surely do need lights. The water contract is being drafted for the last time, and I do hope that they will get to work very shortly on that. They certainly do take their own sweet time about things here in this country and don't understand why it is that we want things done pronto.

We have opened up a contagious ward in the hospital now. I hated to have to do it, but it seemed the only thing to do, and as long as we had a room that could be used, we decided to use it.

It has been so cold and rainy that the girls have all been over here this afternoon (the other bungalow group) and we have had a fire in the fire place ever since breakfast at 11. They have read, played the victrola, and had a good time in general.

Last night I went for a short ride with the Longwells after tea. It was lovely and the air was delicious. Reminds me a bit of the spring days in Kansas. As we started out we saw a lone group of holy men coming into the village. They surely are a ghastly looking sight. The ashes that they rub on their bodies are put there to keep them warm and also to signify that all earthly desires have been burned out. Their faces are so lacking in any spiritual qualities and some of them are so hard and cruel. I would love to be able to send you a picture of them, but don't like them to think that I am interested enough in them to want to look at them long enough to snap one. Maybe someday I will have a chance to get one when they don't know it. They would certainly send cold shivers down your back if you could see them.

February 5, 1929

I surely am going to enjoy "Vogue". The first copy hasn't come but I expect it will be along soon. Thanks, ever and ever so much, Rie. You can't know how much we will all appreciate it out here.

I love the work here more and more all the time, and wouldn't trade places with any one that I know of. You would love our little services in the hospital. Every morning the girls sing two or three hymns as they come on duty, and every afternoon at three there is a little song service with scripture reading and explanation and prayer. We don't always know just how far the teaching goes, but the other day, I heard that a little girl who had been a patient in the hospital for a long time, some time ago, insisted on having a prayer service in her home every afternoon at three. The mother was interested in Christianity but had never professed her belief in it. She told a neighbor about it and that woman came every afternoon and together they had the little service. "A little Child shall lead them."

February 17, 1929

This morning Millie and I went over to the other compound to the church service and it was lovely. The two boys that had been working here on the compound who wanted to be Christians were baptized in

the Brahmaputra. It was a lovely river, and the surrounding hills are exquisite. The morning was almost like one in June. Dr. Tuttle baptized the boys and spoke very effectively to the non-Christian onlookers before the service. He is such a prince of a man! It was the first baptismal service I had seen out here, and it was lovely. The boys certainly have given a splendid testimony as they have been persecuted a great deal, but have remained steadfast. They told Miss Holmes that some of the other young men in the village had said—"You go ahead and we will see how you make out. If you make out well being a Christian, we will be Christians also". No one knows what the effect of their conversation may be on that village.

I do so enjoy my "Home Mail".

We have felt very conscious of God's blessing and guidance and the truth of the statement that nothing is impossible with God is being forcefully demonstrated daily.

February 27, 1929

Thanks heaps for the recipes. They are lovely and Edna has just reveled in them. She is the housekeeper and is a dandy one. I had my first taste of bala fruit the other day. They make a drink out of it. It looks like a glass of orange aid and tastes a bit like quince. It is quite refreshing. We are having loads of fresh vegetables—mostly from our own garden, with as many tomatoes as we can eat. I would love to have some steak however--that is one thing that we can't get here. There are other things that we can't get also, but that is the main thing that I think would taste the best.

It is a quarter of eight in the morning and I am writing this with the typewriter across my knees and haven't gotten out of bed yet. We are quite luxurious here and have our chota in bed you see, and so I just brought the typewriter in with me last night and have taken this time to get a letter off as I knew that there wouldn't be a bit of time after I got out of bed as the day is scheduled full.

The water contract is signed and they expect to begin work next week on the well. The light contact is in the process of making and will be ready today (maybe) and we have been promised lights and fans for the hospital by the fifteenth of April. Doesn't that sound good?

March 3, 1929

Think of it, I have been here four whole months and the time has gone so fast that I am afraid that Furlough time will come before I am ready for it. I never knew time to go so fast, and yet this week has seemed like a long one.

Say, Mother, if it is not too late, have the Walkover people put in about three pairs of white rubber heel plates to fit those shoes and also a pair of dark brown ones. They are practically impossible to get out here, and I do miss them when I don't have them.

Surely enjoyed the clippings that Dad sent. We have certainly enjoyed the Literary Digest, and Edna has the Reader's Digest. Will be glad when Vogue comes. The books of short stories are still furnishing a lot of amusement and joy.

March 11, 1929

We are planning to have fried chicken, scalloped potatoes, fruit salad, muffins, cake and tea. Doesn't that sound good? Nothing sloppy about us and our eats. We really do have awfully good meals.

March 31, 1929

The first Easter out here. It was a really glorious one, and in a way I think, meant more to me than any that I ever spent at home altho I will confess that I did miss the music a lot.

Thanks for the recipes. We haven't tried all of them yet as it means putting them into Assamese, but have tried some and they have worked pretty well. While Lorraine has been here she has kept us supplied with delicious cake and so we haven't wanted much for dessert. We use Mayonnaise by the quart. Used one gallon of olive oil last month in salad dressing. Bought a gallon tin to start with this month. Monglu makes delicious salad dressing (May taught him how, and he is quite proud of it and he may well be.)

Wish you could see the fireflies out here. I have never seen anything any lovelier.

April 8, 1929

I feel much cooler altho still too dampish for comfort. We have just had some coffee ice cream. Yes, honest to goodness Ice Cream.

The well is still unfinished—that is the pump hasn't yet been connected. They promise to finish it but at the least shower everyone quits and then they have to eat their rice about 11 in the morning and take their baths then so it is one when they return and then it is rather hot and “this is the way the w-o-r-k — gets-done-by-the-----day”. This is a marvelous place to develop patience. When I get home I'm afraid that I'll have developed such a store of it (listen to me hug myself) that I will take things so easily that I will never in the world keep up with you all.

April 21, 1929

The other day a girl or rather a woman came to the clinic. She had her four year old son with her and during the conversation, she squatted down on the ground and the boy began to hunt for his dinner,---- still nursing. We made a lot of fun of him for it, and the mother let drop the information that he had been married for a year. A married man and still dependent for his milk on his mother's breast. It struck my funny spot as well as made me heartsick. The little girl is the same age. Of course they will not live together until she reaches puberty, but that will bring them together as man and wife when they are about twelve or thirteen.

April 28, 1929

Have had corn lately but it tastes more like popcorn than real honest to goodness green corn.

I surely would love to have some good steaks, asparagus and a few things like that to eat. However, we are having good meals, and I am not starving.

Dr. Ahlquist says that we certainly do get the most abnormal cases down here. Said he hadn't had an eclampsia case in all the time he had been out here. He wouldn't—he is a man, and women die here

before they will let a man attend them in such times. Magnesium sulphate surely has worked beautifully in the four cases that we have had so far, and the Great Physician has been very near.

I am leaving tomorrow night for Calcutta but hope to be back in about five or six days. Hope to make final arrangements about the car while there and investigate several other things and also visit some of the hospitals. Wish there was somebody to go with me but Ruth Paul isn't going until the 6th and that would hold things up here too much. However, I think that by tipping the station agent (that is common custom out here) I can have first class accommodations on a second class ticket. That is frequently done for women traveling alone. I have a list a yard long of errands for various people. Among other things I am looking forward to having a bath in a real tub (the first in six months) and perhaps a steak if such can be found. I may take in a movie also. (Frivolous person.)

Millie's bed will be here this week. It is a regular hospital bed, brown finish metal frame with gatch springs (one that can be raised at the head and broken under the knees and make to look and feel like a reclining chair) and a metal dresser with mirror to match. They are for the European room. We feel ever so spuzzy.

May 6, 1929

Such a grand home mail. You don't know how I thrill when I get letters from every one of you and two from two of you. You surely are a dandy bunch to write to a feller, and I surely appreciate it.

I miss sermons almost as much as anything out here.

I had two tub baths a day while in Calcutta and Oh Boy but they felt good. I lost about two pounds while there and guess it was the extra dirt that came off as a result of real baths. I also had some delicious lamb chops (steaks don't seem to grow in this part of the country due to the sacredness of the cow but, never mind, I'll be coming home one of these years and then—well, you may as well begin to save money for the steaks that I shall ask for. We tried to go to a movie but it fell flat. It was a John Barrymore picture and should have been good, but it didn't begin until 9:30 (English for you) and at 10:30 only a fourth of it had been shown and we had been on the go all day. It wasn't bad, but not very good so we got up and left. I'd love to see a really good play---legitimate stage.

May 15, 1929

The hospital looks like a cyclone had hit it, but someday we will have order where chaos reigns supreme now.

Millie has been having a prayer service for the coolies on the compound every morning before they start in work. It seems to be yielding good fruit as one of the most promising of the group is very much interested and is considering becoming a Christian. He was formerly a bearer (a much higher caste among servants than a coolie, but has been doing anything we asked for the sake of obtaining work---a thing which is very unusual out here.

If there is enough in my bank account, please give Rose Silver (at the Medical School) five dollars for Nu Sigma Phi dues. Thanks.

June 12, 1929

I had lots of fun this last week doing some painting. The coolies were so slow and have spoiled so many things because they wouldn't do as told and thought they knew too much, that I started in one evening and did about half of the floor and cement dado in the European room. One of the girls came in to watch and said "why don't you let a coolie do this" and I said because I like to paint. She was much interested but was much afraid that I would soil my clothes. They can't understand anyone who really likes to do such a things and who will do them as they still have that caste outlook even tho they are Christians.

June 19, 1929

Has been quite hot here for the last week. Hasn't rained much but the humidity has been 100 percent. The days start off like some of those hot Kansas mornings used to in July and August. I certainly have proved my prowess at sweating.

August 10, 1929

Well, here we are back in Gauhati and wishing that we were in Shillong. We came down Tuesday afternoon and had five hard rain storms on the way down so didn't make as good time as usual but got here about six thirty about steamed enough so that we needed only some sauce to make pudding of us. We had to keep the curtains on most of the way down and one has to have lots of air here in order to keep cool at all. We were all set for a dish of ice cream only to find when we got down here that the ice factory had been on the blink for ten days and no immediate prospects of its getting fixed soon. However, we got some news that made us feel lots cooler---THE MONEY HAS BEEN GRANTED FOR THE SATRIBARI BUNGALOWS TO BE WIRED FOR LIGHTS AND FANS so, guess we won't sweat more than another month or so.

August 17th or 18th—Sunday

Again, I am sitting on the back verandah where I have my desk and writing this while attired only in my evening gown---it is too hot for anything else. It has been decidedly warm this week---92-94 every day with a humidity of almost 90. I surely can perspire with a vengeance, altho thank fortuna, I don't perspire as much about my face and neck as some of them do, but my face looks like it had been freshly greased and polished most of the time. However, the Ice Cream Factory---I mean the ice factory is working again and that will help a lot.

It scarcely seems possible that this week will mark the first year anniversary of my having left Denver. It seems like a long time, but not nearly as long as a year. Wink, I have tried to keep my diary up, but I think that my letters home have been a fairly good record. However, I'll try again. As the cheerful cherub says, when looking thru its diary "a bunch of Januaries in my past" ---only mine will be August, September, and October.

August 26, 1929

Have been spending four and a half hours a day with Rotnadar this week with a very few exceptions, and feel that I have made a little dent into things. It surely is a job to try to learn another language so that you feel that the other fellow understands what you are trying to say. The servants understand pretty well, but that is perhaps because I set my own topics of conversation when talking to them. It is very embarrassing to get everything said and then not be able to put the verb on.

September 2, 1929

Had five baptisms Sunday. The river is so high that we went down to a place where there is a white Hindu place of worship—a temple structure, but built largely as a bathing ghat (place) for bathing in the sacred river. Steps lead down into the water. The members of the church stood on the steps. It was a lovely day, and made an extraordinary background for a scene of that sort.

September 17, 1929

Well, I have begun on second times around. This is the second birthday away from home, and from now on everything will be second, and if time goes as fast from now on as it has since I left home, it will be a very short time before it is thirds, fourths, fifths and then home. Not so long after all.

I had a lovely birthday. When I was dressing I saw two tissue paper packages on my chest which I had not seen there before. Of course I explored them.

The hospital is still full. There are twenty-one just at present---fourteen of them children, and ten of them under four. Isn't that grand. I get so thrilled over the opportunities out here, and then so heart sick over the tragedies.

September 24, 1929

Last night Dr. Tuttle brought over one of his little school boys who had fallen while playing and had broken his wrist. He was a plucky little rascal and I hope that we get a good result. Wish that Carol had been here with her x-ray as I surely feel as though I were working in the dark without one. Someday-----
-----!

October 1, 1929

Mother, I have been perfectly well ever since I left home aside from a couple of colds that haven't amounted to much. I have lost weight some, but that is good for me in this climate, and I don't sweat quite so much now. In case you wonder what my measurements are, my bust measures 33, waist 26 ½, and hips 37. You see I am still fairly good size. My lips are as red as they ever were and I am occasionally accused of using lip stick. I have not had any malaria and am hoping that my good luck will continue.

October 16, 1929

The box came last night and we opened it this morning. The blankets, blocks, pillow, little night gowns and dresses are ever so dear and were much enjoyed by all.

October 23, 1929

My but I did have a gorgeous mail this week. I almost feel ashamed to get so many letter from my family (but don't stop writing on that account as I love to get them and can stand being ashamed) but Edna goes for weeks at a time without a single letter and she is one of nine children.

Yesterday we found that the orders had actually been given for putting the power line out, and we are hoping that it will be completed very shortly now.

Mrs. Coleman's copy of the "Splendor of God" came the other day. I had already read it as Dr. Robbins sent a copy to Marian Burnham. It surely is fascinating.

November 20, 1929

We are going to the Tuttle's for Thanksgiving this year and everyone will be here for Christmas dinner. We have a string of colored Christmas electric lights which we will use for the occasion, and are planning on having Roast Goose, and plum pudding among other things. Wish you could all be here. We might have to put a table on the verandah, but I assure you that we would find room for you all somewhere.

December 1, 1929

We had such a nice time at the Tuttle's. The table was set with two strips of orange crepe paper and lace doilies. The table has a lovely Valspar varnish finish and with the candles it certainly did look pretty. Had hors d'oeuvres (?), roast goose, dressing, scalloped corn, mashed potatoes, pickles, salad, (tomato and cucumber---fresh) and pumpkin pie and chesso, stuffed dates, and preserved ginger, and freshly roasted almonds and coffee. My but it did taste good.

Friday night the lights were turned on in the other bungalow and in the nurse's home much to the delight of the girls. They are so happy over it and so are we. They will soon learn the proper use of the lights and will not abuse the privilege we feel sure.

December 12, 1929

Happy Birthday Dad! I had hoped to get a cable sent to you but got mixed up on the dates during the past hectic ten days and it wouldn't get to you until too late now, so will send one at Christmas instead. I've thought about you a lot today even tho I didn't get a chance to wire.

...but if we could have more nurses we could manage better. Are hoping that we will have more girls coming in soon for training.

December 29, 1929

They expect to begin work on the water supply January first and if they do they will have everything finished in about two weeks. Glory be!

Went to the mater village to give out some Christmas things. They are not Christians, but there are so many children there and they are all so poor that we thought it might give us an opening there if we went. Some of the youngsters are the dirtiest little dears, but they are born beggars, and got rather disgusted with the bunch before we came away. Begging for more, and not satisfied with what they got. The youngsters in the Christian village were so sweet about everything.

Had a nice little earthquake today, but no damage was done. Didn't last long, but everything shook quite a bit.

December 18, 1929

The Victrola is enjoyed so much. It is played a lot, and everyone likes our new record, and the other records. The children and the patients at the hospital love it too.

January 8, 1929

Have been opening some more White Cross packages. Some of the loveliest things have come out. Many of the things are really too nice for use here and consequently represent an outlay of much more money than is necessary. Unbleached sheets do just as well as the bleached ones, and soon was not quite white, and the little dresses and Reuben's shirts are so much nicer than anything that we need. We can't have things ironed for the hospital and consequently dresses are not practical. We use the little short hospital gowns for all the youngsters, and for the tiny babies dress them in diapers and shirts.

Had a nice box of Bauer's candy come thru the mail the other day. It was from Vera and Joy. My but they have tasted good, and each of us has a hard time to leave them alone. There is nothing out here that equals the taste of Home candy.

February 26, 1930

Monday they turned the water on in the hospital for a few minutes, and today they plan to get it all running. My but it is going to be grand.

Wink, I was simply thunderstruck when I saw that picture of you with Aunt Laura. I didn't dream that you were so entirely grown up. Such swankiness! Gosh, who would have thunk it?

March 4, 1930

Another red letter day in the history of the hospital. We have had our running water for almost a week now, and today the Sahib came from Calcutta, inspected our sterilizers, and we ran the first batch thru with him. They work like a charm, and we surely are thrilled to pieces to say the least. Now, if we can get our running order advanced to include septic tanks, we will be even more thankful. I know that we have lots of good things come our way, but so many of them are over due to my notion of thinking, that I am still asking and expecting great things from the people at home. We simply must have some septic tanks.

Another thing that I would like to have you folks get for me and send by the Longwells is a pair of leather driving gloves---not too heavy ones, but good weight in brown. My hands got pretty cold driving this winter and yet for most purposes I don't need the warm ones. Would rather have a good pair of loose leather than the lined one. My usual size is 6 ½. Pull on type will be very acceptable.

Another thing that would like to have sent out with the Longwells if they don't object too soon to carrying so much for me which I don't think they will is a pair of scissors for cutting cloth etc. The pair that I brought out doesn't work well for thin cloth as they are too large, and I had to just chew Millie's dress out the other night.

March 26, 1930

Say, Mother, we are getting awfully short on rubber gloves. If anyone there wants to give us some, perhaps you could get a dozen or so pairs thru Mrs. Harvey from the C.G.H. or perhaps Neva could get them. They would be much cheaper than by getting them thru the Durbin Co., anyway.

Hypodermics, especially the two c.c. size are needed (if you happen to find any lying around loose. Those also could be gotten cheaper thru the hospital than thru Durbins.

Sunday we played the Victrola over at the hospital for along time in the afternoon, and the patients did seem to appreciate it very much.

April 2, 1930

Tonight we are all invited out to dinner at the D.C.'s (or rather the Valley Commissioner's) for a farewell to the police sahib. The police sahib while a very friendly man, is sort of unusual. He is terribly fat, and has a regular horse laugh. However, it is going to be lots of fun to get all dressed up in evening clothes. I shall wear my new blue and silver evening dress, and feel sure that I shall feel quite dressed up.

April 16, 1930

The quilts came thru in good shape, and we were so glad to get them. They are so pretty.

The fans are working beautifully and altho we haven't had to use them more than once or twice so far, it makes a tremendous difference in just knowing that they are there and can be turned on at any time.

April 27, 1930-Darjeeling

Well, here I am in Darjeeling, and surely a more beautiful place it would be hard to find.

May 3 or 4, 1930-Darjeeling

Another week, and almost half of this part of my vacation gone.

Have been doing quite a bit of reading up here. Have read two or three novels, and am still having my breakfast in bed at nine, so you see I am rather awfully lazy, but am enjoying it.

June 4, 1930

Alice has purchased an Icy Ball for the bungalow. It is one of these contraptions that you heat one end over a fire, and then put the other end into a special box and it will freeze boiled water ice cubes, deserts, keep vegetables crisp, and chill drinks. It is going to be a marvelous addition to our household, and we are looking forward to getting it set up and working. It arrived this morning and we expect to unpack it as soon as Monbahadur comes back.

July 7, 1930

Dearest Family,

Such a week as this last one has been. I don't know whether I can begin to tell all about everything or not. Guess I will just start in at the beginning.

Wednesday night, July 2nd, Alice, Marian, Grace and Ruth left Gauhati for Missouri (or however you spell it—it isn't Missouri at any rate). We went to the train to see them off. We came home and retired early as we were tired and it was pretty hot. At three fifteen I woke suddenly to find myself sitting on the edge of my bed and the house swaying like everything—all the doors and windows rattling, and heard Edna call for me. Got on a kimono and slippers altho I bumped my head on the key in my bathroom door while stooping for a pair of heavier slippers. The house continued to sway and rock, but by the time I had gotten out of the verandah it was subsiding a bit. That earthquake, according to the

telegraph office here where it was timed, lasted four minutes. We all gathered on the verandah, and during the next hour there were four more of much lesser intensity. We then went back to bed, but not to sleep. There were four more before seven, and they kept on recurring every hour or so for the next two days. I lost count of them after twenty. One of the telegraph sahibs said that there were sixty and over all together. Here in Gauhati one of the merchants' houses was badly damaged and two men were seriously hurt. Otherwise there were no injuries. Here on the compound there was quite a bit of plaster knocked off in one place in the hall and in one place on the front verandah. But in the dispensary—Boy Howdy—it looked as though seventeen monkeys had been turned loose with malice aforethought. Bottles of medicine were strewn over the floors, many of them broken, and pills, powders, stains, etc. in one grand mess. Our big bottle that we use for distilled water for washing the slides (16 rupees) was broken into fifty pieces. We got Monbahadur and some of the coolies to work clearing up and cleaning up, and things began to look better.

The patients were not as frightened as the night nurses were. Doctoroni went over and found the two night nurses outside. She lectured them properly about staying with the ship, etc. Early in the morning when the husband of a private room case came to see if all was well with his wife, one of these nurses assured him that if the patient died, they would die with her. Kika, one of the nurses, thought that the end of the world had come, and stayed in her bed praying until the others called to her to come outside. It was not until today that the papers came and the telegraph lines have been down so that practically no news was obtained until the first train came thru yesterday. At one point about 160 miles from here about twenty miles of track were broken by the bed sinking down. From a letter from Marian we found out that the girls arrived in Calcutta safely and not too late, but that in spite of their being almost in the heart of it, they didn't know that there had been an earthquake until they saw the papers in Calcutta. They evidently attributed the jolts etc. to a rough road bed. It is notoriously rough over that particular stretch.

Thursday morning I went out again to see a Mrs. Dutt who was in labor. Brought her into the hospital as she was getting pretty tired out. Gave her morphine for the time being, and she finally delivered spontaneously at 6:26 a.m. Everything came along nicely and both are doing well—a boy and her first baby.

Thursday afternoon a woman came in with a high temperature and a huge abscess on the inner side of one thigh. It was about six inches in diameter. We operated and she is doing nicely—everything is healing up fine so far.

That delivery and that operating occurred on Friday instead of Thursday as I wrote it above. Saturday, our sterile supply was getting low, so I got the sterilizer started early in the morning, only to find after I had gotten the autoclave started for the first time thru that Monbahadur had decided to clean out the elevated tank, and so had shut off the water. That meant running it thru once in the morning, and then thru twice in the afternoon. Then I got off some business letters.

Sunday morning I was called out of church by Doctoroni as there was a call on the outside. We went out, and it was the wife of one of the Kala Azar Doctors here. She had been in labor three days and then as nothing seemed to come of all her pains he called us. She is in quite good condition, but because of some things we found we asked to have her in the hospital. She is in the 3 rupees per day room. We got her to bed and then she went to the delivery room and we proceeded to have twins—the first was a six pound boy and the second was a five pound 12 ounce girl—all in about three quarters of an hour. Talk

about delighted parents. They are beautiful babies. Just as we were finishing this, a man came from Pandu asking that we come out to the village and get a woman who had delivered the day before but in which the placenta had not come away. Edna and Mr. Selander drove out to the ghat, and then Edna went in a boat down to the village (road to the village is impassible due to rains). She brought her back up to the ghat and they brought her in. It was tea time and as her general condition was good, but her physical condition was filthy we had tea while she had a bath. Then we fixed her up. Just after getting thru with this a girl was admitted who had had dysentery for two weeks and was very ill. We were back to the bungalow about seven, and found that Mrs. Selander was starting her party.

We had hoped and counted so much on everything going well, and as far as Mrs. Dutt's delivery was concerned, everything was fine—very short and very easy. However, the baby could not be made to breathe properly and all our efforts failed to make it. We worked over an hour and a half, but could not get any response. It was a seven pound boy. Of course it has been a crushing blow to them and to us, altho there was nothing we could have done, I think, to have prevented what happened as it was apparently due to an abnormality which was present. This morning Monbahadur made a very neat little casket and I covered it with white cloth and padded it. Marie brought some lovely little Cecile Bruner roses and some Jasmine flowers and ferns and it looked very dainty. Marie conducted a beautiful little service at the grave (in the European cemetery) about three this afternoon. Both of them are being wonderfully fine about everything, but it has been hard—

The hospital is fuller than it has ever been at one time before. Seven or rather eight new patients were admitted yesterday and that made a total of thirty-one (twenty-six has been the highest at any one time before). We discharged two in addition to that yesterday. Discharged two more from the children's ward this morning only to have their beds taken by two other little tykes—

If this letter is late in arriving home, it is because the traffic out here is and will be tied for a week or more and mail and passengers have to be transshipped. Loads of love to one and all,

Dor

July 21, 1930

Our earthquakes continue. We have from one to four most every day. Had four last night. The hotter it is, the more quakes we have. It gets deathly still just before one here, and the loudness of the silence wakes me with a start. Even the crickets and insects keep quiet. However, none of them seem to do much damage except to make one wonder what is coming next. We are all safe, and I expect we shall continue to be. We are not having any active disturbances as to the political situation as far as Gauhati is concerned.

July 30, 1930

Just how does Mr. Poteat rank Ghandi is not a Christian and does not lay claim to being one—he is frank to admit that he is a Hindu but has simply borrowed some of Christ's teachings that he considered good.

He is spoken of as being Christ like which to my notion is nothing short of blasphemy. He is too inconsistent, and not only that he is working entirely for an earthly kingdom and not a spiritual one. Christ certainly did not stir the people up against Rome. Your letters have all been full of eulogies about Ghandi from this one and that one. Well, honestly, I did think that my family wasn't quite so gullible. It is nothing short of propaganda and lack of brains on the part of some folks at home that Ghandi is being talked of as he is. Don't believe anything and everything in the papers. If I did that, I surely wouldn't have a very good opinion of the USA from the things that find their way into our papers out here.

September 24, 1930

Two days ago we had a real hard quake—about the hardest we have had since the first big one. It lasted about a minute, but didn't do much damage—things didn't creak with this one. They certainly are funny things. However, they don't bother me anymore. The middle sixty did, but since then I haven't minded them a bit.

October 7, 1930

Well, I must stop and get to bed. It will be nine o'clock pretty soon. I don't always go that early---sometimes I go earlier, and occasionally----a bit later.

December 17, 1930

My new dress and shoes are so satisfactory. Everyone admires them. The dress certainly fits to a T. How did you guess the exact size, Mother? If it were an inch smaller thru the hips it would be too small but as it is it is exactly right. I didn't have to alter the first thing about it. The shoes are just right. Everything was lovely. The quilts were so pretty. The gloves are so nice and I have enjoyed them ever so much. The pin is so pretty and I needed one badly. Who is responsible for each and everything? No names were attached. I certainly send heaps and heaps of thank you's. The stockings are so nice I feel so luxurious in them. The yarn picture is framed and is in the dining room. It looks ever so nice.

January 18, 1931

We had the other bungalow folks over to tea this afternoon. Had a delicious fruit cake that came sent out in a tin box to Alice for Christmas. This is just a hint that perhaps Carol or Mother could make some and send it out.

About that money from Mrs. Dunklee, Mother. Please thank her muchly. I think for the time being I will leave it in the account. Alice is expecting some instruments out from a friend at home, and I think I will wait until I hear from them and then perhaps get some instruments with the money. Operating as much as we are doing and on such cases demands more than a dozen hemostats.

January 19, 1931

Since writing last time we have had two deliveries—one was a placenta praevia. A girl who had been hemorrhaging for nine days before they called for help. If she could have had some transfusions I think she could have made it, but as it was we did all we could, got her safely delivered, but she died about four hours later. Hemoglobin must have been about 10% or less.

Oh yes, about the ether machine that Paul wants to get. We would surely welcome such an instrument with open arms, many blessings on the donor, and with much relief for some of our patients. However, we have an alternating current and a 210 volt current. A couple of our nurses know just how strong it is, because one of our desk lights that we were using as a physiotherapy light short circuited and the nurses had turned it on, and then took hold of it to adjust it, with the result that they couldn't take their hands off and none of them had sense enough to turn off the current. Needless to say, both of them, altho not badly damaged, were scared out of about ten years' growth each. They certainly let out some blood curdling yells.

Last Wednesday we left here about eight and went to Sonapur and then on to Khetri. I was congratulating myself that we had picked a good day to go (it was the regular day) as the next day was a big festival day consequently there would be more at the 'ghat' or market. However, altho there were crowds at the market, we were for the most part shunned and then some. I couldn't quite understand it. We went on to another village where we had several people who had been in the hospital. They were very glad to see us but wouldn't touch us or allow us to touch them in any way. Reason? The next day was the final day of the big festival and they would have to stop and get purified again if we were to touch them, and they didn't have the time to stop and do it. This festival comes just two months after the light puja that I wrote about and is sort of a harvest festival as all the rice has been garnered. They gave us some eggs, but I had to hold a towel in my hands and she dropped the eggs into it one at a time—I was scared that they would break but they didn't. When she gave us some rice it was wrapped up in cloth, and as she wanted the cloth back we put it into something else. Lahaori then had to throw the cloth over to the side of the road and then she (the egg lady) went and picked it up. We decided that we wouldn't go to the 'ghats' again on a puja day or thereabouts. This particular puja is celebrated by building bamboo structures and after much noise making, very early in the morning, these are all burned and anything else they can lay their hands on (a la Hallowe'en). The bamboo makes a terrific noise when it burns as the stocks are hollow between joints and these explode. Some fireworks, I can assure you.

February 11, 1931

The last big tumor case that we operated on is going home today. She says there will be some other cases similar to hers come from up there now that she has been helped, and best of all she says that she is going to tell them about Jesus. Her face was so hard and unyielding when she came down, and has softened and brightened so much in the time she has been here. More and more of the babus who come to the hospital with their wives are accepting Testaments to read, and some of them are buying them. I had rather a long talk with Ratnadar the other night, (My Pundit), and he is most unhappy. Is trying to be a Hindu outwardly, and Christian inwardly, and realizes he is cheating no one more than himself. His father was a rather prominent Hindu priest, and because of this he is a Brahmin of the Brahmins so to speak. He says that it would be talked about throughout the province if he were to come too openly for Christ, but admits that most of his friends know that he does not follow Hinduism in all of its ritual and customs, but says that as long as they cannot prove it, that he is safe. I think he would find that things would not be quite as bad as he thinks they would be if he were to come out openly. His mother is much opposed to it, and he can't see the possibility that she too might take up Christianity if he did so.

February 18, 1931

Here is a bit you will be interested in. Before Christmas, one of the women whom Alice asked to have put on the mailing list wrote Alice asking for a list of some of the things that we needed as she wanted to send her something for Christmas. Well, the things are on the way from Home, by parcel post, and should arrive before long. They include some special leg holders for the operating table, a pad for that, and some new hemostats, and some special retractors. Ain't that sumpin' (a la Wink)? We think so, and can hardly wait for them to arrive.

Must stop and get to work on accounts. We plan to go over them this P.M. and see if we can shave down on expenses somewhere as bills are so high, and money scarce. It seems almost impossible to meet the bills, but somehow we have always managed to do so, but am afraid I for one will get gray trying to make ends meet someday, and I know that Edna feels the same way. Our expenses run from three to four times what our appropriation is and I think we have done pretty well to keep out of debt so far but do wish that we could get a bit ahead so that this month's income wouldn't all go for last month's bills

February 24, 1931

Just now we are able to get very good milk. The Government has started cooperative milk societies and has a man in charge to see that pure milk is supplied. It is a God-send to us, and we are using eighteen and twenty quarts a day in the Hospital and are getting some for the bungalow also. The milk is good and has lots of thick cream.

I wouldn't mind a few new nightgowns of the crepe. Mine are beginning to wear out. I would also like to have a very, very thin, light kimono that I can send to the wash. In the very hot weather, my silk one is really too heavy, and has to be washed so often that I think I shall put it in the trunk this year to keep it from molding.

As to things for the hospital, we could use some of the wool and cotton bed blankets for single beds. Blue and white, yellow and white or pink and white, or tans would be most acceptable especially for the private rooms.

If there is someone who wants to get something special for the hospital, we need some white enamel trays---heavy enamel----shallow, and in the small, medium and large sizes. We need three or four of each. We also need several bolts of cheap gauze. We could easily use six or eight of them, but they don't need to be expensive, and the 12 x 16 mesh gauze is plenty good enough.

March 11, 1931

I have had fewer sick days (or hours) than anyone else here in Gauhati except Lucile and I guess I haven't had any more than she has. Nobody could have much less than I have had—about three hours only.

March 25, 1931

I think the hospital is reaching more of the upper class people than any other agency in Gauhati.

April 2, 1931

Dr. Lerrigo has a list of some of the instruments that we need the most badly. He was rather shocked that we lacked some rather essential instruments and that we didn't have enough hemostats to feel safe in tackling a thyroid.

May 24, 1931

Last Saturday and the week before I went to the club (English) for tennis. They have lovely courts. Think I shall take out a tennis membership there. It is rather nice to mix with some of the English people, and it may help some in drawing trade to the hospital. At the same time it gives good exercise, and a chance to work with men as well as women.

June 11, 1931

Someone ought to write a clever skit on "Things which pass in the night". India is certainly not a place where the nights are quiet. If it isn't a wedding or a funeral or a brawl or something in the bungalow.

I surely would like to have several hundred dollars for some new instruments. We need portable operating light, ether machine, and any number of electrical instruments would be marvelous to have, but an electric cautery for gynecological work would be grand.

June 13, 1931

Our hospital is growing so fast. Last year our daily average was seventeen. So far this year we have averaged about 26.

We feel that God is indeed blessing our work which is also your work, and are very thankful to Him.

June 29, 1931

Say, dearly beloved, just take with a grain of salt what the dear brethren say about me at home. I am getting rather sick of the way some folks seem to think that I am it out here. I am just one fourth of it here at the hospital, and the growth of the hospital is due just as much and more to Edna and Millie than it is to me. Mr. Swanson loves to put on the trimmings, and of course, talking to you folks he would tell you lots about your daughter, so would the Lerrigo's, Miss Sandberg, etc. However, just remember that they are probably playing up me to you, and that if they were talking to Ruth Paul's relative they would do the same of her. I love the Swanson's, and Love to hear him talk, but he does exaggerate terrible at times. My letters perhaps make you think more of me than of the others, but that is just because if I write to you folks I want to write to you and not the whole congregation. However, if I slip up and use "I" or "me" when writing to you, (about something in connection with the hospital) just change it to "we" when passing it on. Thanks.

July 15, 1931

Well, I must stop and get cleaned up for tea.

July 22, 1931

The kimono came Monday and the consensus of opinion is that it is entirely too pretty for a kimono and should be worn for a dress. It certainly is pretty enough for a dress, and is so cool and dainty. I am thrilled to pieces with it, and also with the stockings and the handkerchiefs. I certainly was in need of new stockings. The ones that I brought out with me are about done for, and I was going to have to get some new ones as soon as I got to Darjeeling.

An Englishman fixed our car the other day so that we will not have the trouble keeping the battery charged that we have had. The runs are short, lots of stops, many slowing up places for cattle, goats, people, etc. and consequently the battery doesn't stay charged well, especially during the hot weather.

September 16, 1931

Last night I went over to the Longwells for dinner with Lucile, Dr. Savage (a research man who is very unusual in that he is a devout Christian and much interested in Missions and very friendly) and Dr. Abraham, a man from the Malabar Coast who is head of the English Department in Cotton College here. Had a delightful time. Dr. S. brought me home about 11:20. First time I have ridden with an unmarried man since I arrived I guess. (Don't put this in the mimeograph!!!!!!)

September 29, 1931

Oh by the way, next time you can send anything out by anyone please send me some minced clams. I am starved for some and they are not obtainable here. Also please send me four more tubes of that "Milford's Lip Salve" from the Imperial Drug store.

November 25, 1931

We have lots to be thankful for this year---morgue, electric pump, septic tanks, new verandahs, guest room and garage, and water piped over nearer to the bungalow.

Notes from Dr. Kinney's letters from Gauhati, India

Notebook #2

January 17, 1933

Went to the Dentist down there (American) and had a couple of fillings polished up as they were a bit rough. So far, since I left Uncle Ned I have had to have just one small filling put in. Can you imagine that for me? I have been to a dentist regularly at least once a year and have had the teeth cleaned, but there has never been any other work needed. I hope that my luck along that line will continue.

Enjoyed reading "As I See Religion" very much, but as I think I said, I couldn't help but wish he had ended things up with a bit more of a positive faith than he seemed to. There was much food for thought. Several others have read it. Have just finished "For Sinners Only" by Russell, (one of the Oxford Group books) and found it very helpful. Am reading it a second time. We are reading "The Good Earth" by Pearl Buck out loud together (Marion, Alice, and I) and I am reading "A World Can End" by one of the Russian aristocracy. It is most interesting. This came from Mrs. Beaver. The book from Rie also arrived, and I am reading that. Thanks so much Rie dear for sending it.

We have been reading the full report of the Laymen's Commission which has been received recently. I haven't had much chance at it, but will have as soon as it gets around to the bungalow here. I am thoroughly agreed with it in many points. I do believe that the time has come to build up what we have in the way of hospitals, schools, etc., and to encourage the people to assume more responsibility, and to stress certain features more, such as preventive medicine, but I really don't see that missionary work on the basis that they put it in some places, would be any better than any ordinary social service work, and I am getting more and more to the point where I believe that this world is going to be saved only through the love of Christ and the Grace of God, and I think that missions without that is going to fail. I think that lots of missionaries, myself included, have not lived the Abundant life as much as they should have, and I think there are lots who have gone about the evangelistic side of missions in the wrong way, but I still think that the Christ life is the thing that is going to have to be uppermost both in precept and practice.

Had a letter from Charlie Olney the other day announcing the birth of Dorothy Jean. She is named for me (the first name only of course) and I am most proud and happy.

February 14, 1933

Today, just as we had finished in the operating room, a note came from the Deputy Commissioner of Gauhati and Kampka district, saying that Lady Keane, the Governor's wife (Not Lady Hammond who was the former governors wife) was in Gauhati and would like to see the hospital, and would 11:15 be convenient. Of course we said yes, and did some tall scurrying around to make sure that everything was inspectable as well as respectable. She was most charming, and much interested and we thoroughly enjoyed her short visit. She seemed well pleased with everything. As Alice says, "Kid, we're getting on the map". We didn't have time to put on any dog, and she saw us just as we are ordinarily, after a good cleaning.

February 15, 1933

If I go by way of Paris and then across to England, I will get myself a coat and hat, and perhaps a dress in Paris (????????!!!!!!!) as things are cheap there. It won't be awfully cold much before I get to France, and with my tweed coat and my suit, and my other things, think I can manage fairly well.

March 1, 1933

This morning I was realizing that it will probably be only about seven months now before I start home. Really and truly I am getting a bit scared, as I can't help but feel that there is still so much to do, and because of the bit of uncertainty over future plans etc.

March 8, 1933

Had a visit from the Divisional Superintendent of the Assam-Bengal R.R. this morning. Had a note from the Station Master asking if he could bring him around as he wanted to see the hospital. Of course we said yes, and he came. Is a very nice Englishman and seemed very pleased with what he saw. Ought to be good advertising. I surely hope that there has been some improvement in the depression by the time I get home as there are so many things that we need and want out here, and it just seems as though the money for them would have to be forthcoming. A new hospital wing, staff quarters, addition on the nurses' home, x-ray, new car, and a block for taking care of private cases among men, those are some of the wants.

My furlough has been granted by the Ref. Com. And so unless otherwise ordered, I shall sail from Bombay sometime around the first of November, and will surely be home by Christmas time and probably two or three weeks before. Don't imagine I shall stop long on the continent. For one thing, while traveling, we are on only three-fourth's salary. **Honestly, I am getting a bit panicky at times. I want to come home, and I want to go on out here without any breaks. Wish you could take my furlough and come out here and see me.** The only difficulty would be that I wouldn't get in the studying that I want. Hope I will hear from Rees and Dr. Houghton soon.

Am having a new sport dress made. It is a thin pale pink artificial silk. Will be quite simple and rather pretty, I think. Don't expect to have much more made before coming home. The dherzie here is good, and quite clever, and people seem to like the things he has made for me.

Dearest Dad,

It was awfully sweet of you to send me that cheque for Rs. 190. I really and truly don't quite see how you were able to do it, and can't help but wish that you had kept it as I know that you and mother have plenty of places where such an amount could be used. You and mother have already done so much for me, in so many ways, and have spent a lot of money on me. I only wish that I could pay it back to you, and that now instead of you sending me money I could send you some nice fat cheques. I have sent it down to the Nation City Bank of New York in Calcutta, and have it in a savings account there. Hope to be able to add to it a bit now that I have gotten my share of Frigidaire paid for, etc. I send lots of hugs and kisses.

March 14, 1933

It is eight thirty, and because I am lazy, and bed is comfortable, I am writing with the cover of the typewriter tucked under my knee a la a Fowler position (it really isn't a half bad idea) and the typewriter across my knees, I am all set for some letters.

We have been quite busy during the last two weeks. Two weeks ago we heard rumors of a garden party being given for the Governor and of course, such news in a place like Gauhati caused much excitement. What must one wear, etc. etc. Well, it seemed that one was supposed to wear some sort of an afternoon dress, with either a jacket or long sleeves, and ideas varied about the length. I had not much of anything that I thought would fill the bill, so decided to expend a bit of money and make a dress for myself. I found some material in the bazar, pale robin's egg blue, and material for a slip to match. I got enough of the material to make a jacket and dress, and the slip, jacket and dress (material) cost me Rs. 5/15 which in American currency is about 1.60. This is not too bad, and it is one of the prettiest dresses I have ever had. Fits beautifully, and will give me quite a bit of pleasure. It washes quite well, and even if it doesn't it will probably give me enough satisfaction to pay for itself. It looks a bit like this drawing. Deep cowl neck, sleeveless, front flared skirt, long sleeved jacket, and then hem is about 9 inches from the floor. I have a deep cream colored panama hat with a big lacy straw brim trimmed with a band of black velvet which looks nice with it. (The hat belonged to Lucile but I bought it from her as it was too small for her. I've had it for two or three years. Well, at the last minute, we heard that the Governor's daughter had been seized with appendicitis and so he had had to rush back to Shillong, and wouldn't be at the party. And when the time came to go it was so absolutely nasty due to a bad dust and sand storm that I wore my green linen suit with the green voile top to the skirt, and found that I was quite well dressed. Such is life.

April 12, 1933

We are all very much thrilled over the fact that in a recent mail, we had a letter from Edna saying that an Ether Machine was on its way out from the women of her church. We surely are happy about it, and it will fill a very big, and long felt need. Now we shall have to concentrate on the next thing—an electric cautery set, and I also want an electric cystoscope and proctoscope. We don't want much, but we want it awful bad sometimes. We can hardly wait for the ether machine and suction apparatus to arrive.

April 19 1933

Easter Sunday was very rainy, but the church was lovely with honeysuckle and ferns, and everyone was happy. Saturday afternoon, we all went over to Judge Lethbridges and he played the Messiah records for us, and served tea at the end of part one. It was a real treat, and I felt so full of music when I came home that I almost believed I could sing---solos, etc. There were about twenty all together.

No mail from anyone on Sunday---everybody was in the same boat, so we expect a good mail next Sunday. I have heard nothing further about furlough, so am beginning to think (especially as the "Messenger" contains nothing in it about appropriations for passage allowance) that I shall probably be here for another year. There might be worse things. I am rather glad that I have a job, in these days, and that it is a job that I like, and that my health is such that vacation is not imperative. I have really been very well on the whole out here, and aside from occasional attacks of sinus infection, have had no other illnesses of any description, and I haven't really been sick with that—just the usual thing such as I used

to have at home. My weight is staying quite steady at 134, and has been around that figure for the past three years, and I can do a pretty good days work, and still enjoy loafing---as I always did.

I have enjoyed the Christian Centuries ever so much. Their comments on the Laymen's report are rather spicy. I have not quite finished the report, but hope to finish it within the next week or ten days. It is not light reading! Am finding it very interesting. Some things in it hit pretty close to home, and it rather takes the conceit out of one to be more or less painted without any trimmings.

May 9, 1933

Well, we are undertaking a venture in Faith. WE simply have got to have more room for the nurses and staff. The nurses' home built three or four years ago is not adequate for both nurses and staff. The R.C. and Property Committee approved a plan for enlarging it to cost Rs. 2399. We had thought of building the laundry, but at best it would have been just a drying shed as we would have had to put in water (an extra reserve tank, and drains, and tubs, etc. Before it could really be used as such) and there were no strings attached to the money sent out from Mrs. McCarthy as to what building it should be used on, so we are taking that, and another specific and some odd gifts during the year, and have gotten a contractor to agree to do it with some changes for Rs. 1575. This will give an 8 foot sleeping verandah across the full length of the nurses' home in back, and will put two rooms each 12x14 feet on the end of it nearest the bungalow. That will make it possible for us to house several more nurses, and will give sufficient staff quarters for the time being. We have practically all of the amount needed, but this does not include wiring it, and doing two or three other things that will be necessary, but perhaps these can be done slowly. We hope so and do hope that everything will come out O.K. I think it will.

May 17, 1933

I imagine that by the time this reaches you that Wink will be home from college. It really doesn't seem possible, but I am awfully proud of her, and think it grand that she had the honor of being the recipient of the honor about which she wrote. It is nice to have sisters that are so popular. That is one thing that I never seemed to know how to cultivate—social popularity. I don't mean that that is the only thing my sisters have gained, but it is one thing which I never did and am afraid I never will have, and it is something I always longer for. However, I am awfully glad that my sisters are my sisters (and that includes Mary.).

Today's paper says that there is rumor of another war in Europe. I do hope that it is not true. It would simply be too awful. It makes me feel sick all over to even think about it. I don't see what they think they can gain by it.

I made some new cushion covers, and covered the pad on our wicker davenport the other day. The pad is covered with a soft tan material with soft stripes in blues, creams, tans and a bit of green and the cushions are in plain colors and some are green, some a deep bright blue, and others covered with the gold Assamese silk. Also made pads for the seats of several of the chairs. Things look so much fresher than they did. Goodness knows that things needed it badly enough.

We have been having delicious Golden Bantam corn from the garden just now, and are certainly enjoying it. The snap dragons and carnations are still lovely.

May 24, 1933

Our nurses' hostel addition is going up fast and we are so glad. I am teaching them how to knit (the nurses) and they are keen on it. Ordered 15 lbs of yarn from one of the mills out here and they are making sweaters for themselves. The colors vary from mauve and pale blue and green to tan, heather =, and dark blue.

I have started Dad's sweater and have one front partly completed. I do so hope it will fit perfectly. I wish that mother would let me know his hip measurement. Will enclose a sample of the yarn (that isn't spelled right but it expresses my sentiment anyway). I think that it is very pretty, and it certainly works up beautifully. I am using rather fine needles and think that it is going to be the nicest piece of work I have done. I learn new tricks all the time.

Our ether machine arrived, and is grand. We are so anxious to be able to show it off to Dr. Roberts from Shillong if he ever comes this way, as he has simply slews of grand equipment, but nothing that comes up to this along this line. His suction machine is operated by foot power. Of course this isn't the real reason we are so thrilled, but just one of them, and a minor one at that.

The hospital is full, and there is only one vacant private room bed out of the seven available. How I do wish that we could have the new wing---gee, but we do need it. Mr. Sword and I were working over plans for it when he was down, and he has some ideas that I think will make it possible to build two thirds of two wings for the amount asked for. That would make it grand. Here is hoping anyway.

May 31, 1933

One of these letters was from Miss Sandberg and said that I was to take furlo as scheduled, and Oh, maybe you don't think I am thrilled---just a little bit. Unless something turns up, I shall SAIL from Bombay on Nov. 3 (just five years to the day of landing in Gauhati) and arrive in New York Dec. 5th. I expect to sail on the Pres. Harrison (Dollar line) and do not plan to stop in England. These boats do not go to England but cross direct to New York from Marseilles. I would have cabled you all the good news if I hadn't been rather sure that Dad would have managed to find out by this time that my furlo was to be as planned. I am really getting a bit excited about coming home now---haven't dared let myself think about it too much before. I do not know what time the ship docks but imagine that I should plan on at least two days in New York, before going west. Wish I could see Uncle John and Aunt Edith while on the east coast, but am not sure about it as I shall certainly not have a great deal of money to spend on traveling. I think it would be simply magnificent if Marian and her family could drive thru to Denver for Christmas---boys that would be grand, because I want to spend Christmas in Denver---and if I could have the kiddies also, it would be just that much grander. I'll help pay the expenses and then some, because I would be entitled to enough to get me home, and that ought to help pay for meals, gas, etc. I think it is more exciting planning to come home that it was to come out, exciting as that was.

No Dad, I didn't mean beans when I said that Bhabuki was full of beans. That is an English slang expression, and means that she is full of life. I am afraid that between English as it is spoken out here, Babu English, and Assamese, that I shall have a hard time making myself understood when I come home.

Gandhi seems to have withstood the effects of his self imposed fast. The papers have carried daily dispatches regarding his condition. We have just gotten a new book which we hope to read soon---The Unique Christ and the Mystic Gandhi. It is written by an Indian Christian (I think his name is George) and is an exposé of some of Gandhi's religious beliefs, and is an attempt to let people know that he is not a Christian. Enjoyed a comment that the late Henry VanDyke made about him. It was to the effect that he preached a "dismal, bilious travesty of the Gospel". Excuse me, but this refers to Machen.

Expect to go to Shillong for a week end with the Longwells next week. Think I will take a week off in July, maybe ten days, and call it square, as I will have a good month of laziness on shipboard.

June 28, 1933

By the way, Mother, how much bedding do you want me to bring home with me? I can bring all or a part of what I have. I was glad to hear that the white shoes are on the way out as my white shoes are getting rather near to being a minus quantity. If anyone has any particular desires as to what they would like to have me bring them, they had better be getting in their orders.

July 5, 1933

I suppose that Marian and her family are all with you this year---I hope so. Wish I could be there to enjoy everybody and everybody else, but it won't be long now. I've only got three more Communion Sunday's here, and by the time this reaches you there will only be two. Ain't it grand and glorious. Mother's birthday will be this week, and I am thinking a lot about her. I'm saving up a lot of hugs and kisses.

July 12, 1933

The way the time is speeding along simply makes me feel panicky as there is so much to be done before I shall be ready to go. I expect to go to Shillong the last of next week, and after I get back, Alice will be gone for a month, then it will be September, and only a few weeks left to get all the rest of the things done. Of course I am trying to get some of the sewing done, and will turn over my books to Alice as soon as she gets back from vacation. I really can't realize that it is so nearly time to be starting on the second half of the journey around the world.

I thought about Mother's birthday when I got up yesterday and sent an awful lot of love and good wishes. Hope that they arrived safely. I surely am loving my family at home, and will be so glad to see them.

May 29, 1934

It was so nice to be with Dad. You know, it is funny, but I am awfully proud of him. When I see some other men, I just swell up and bust with pride in my Dad, and my Mother.

July 3, 1934-New York

The machine that I am using is the one we have on the delivery floor—noiseless one and I am using it while it is not needed for writing reports of cases. It feels awfully good to get at one again. I do miss mine, but do not think I want to bother with it here for the rest of the time that I will be here.

July 13, 1934

No I'm not sick, dead or indifferent but just working like the devil. I'll be thru with delivery floor service next Sunday and I'm not sorry. The schedule is rather hectic.

March 8, 1935

This morning when I got back from the Richardson's there were three telegrams for me. The first one I opened was from (and these names will not be mentioned except to say that the first one was from the mother of the second one) Mrs. X and she said "It will give me great joy to provide all the funds needed for a laundry at your hospital in accordance with the figures you have submitted in your letter of March fifth. Let me know when the money is needed and how it shall be sent, With love". Well, that almost floored me. That means that we will have a real building, and we will have hospital equipment, electric motor driven washer, mangle and extractor capable of handling the laundry of a 50 bed hospital and sufficient for 75-100 beds. It will provide for wiring, plumbing, drains, and an additional tank for water storage. Well, as though that weren't bliss enough, I opened the second one and read "As it is Mother's pleasure to give the entire amount for laundry use my thousand for your next most important needs. Best love and bon voyage". Well, "Did you ever see a dream walking? I have" is the only expression that fit my feelings. I wept I was so happy. Then the third was Millie's telegram saying that she approved and go ahead if I thought best.

Well, today I have done some repacking, gotten all the various parcels waiting for me disposed of, (Oh yes, I had to get another suitcase---got one of those little hand trunks---looks like metal but isn't I guess). Then I found the dolly to take Little Ruth's place and am having it mailed to Urbana. It is an Effannbee. It isn't as pretty a doll as I would have liked, but it will do, I guess.

Must stop and get my passport, funds, etc. I got a bright green little felt to wear with my sport coat as I found some on sale. It is shaped something like my dark blue one with the feather. Then a light blue one just like it to go with my boucle. They weren't at all expensive. Also got a pair of white shoes---Arch preservers.

March 12, 1935

Now to get you all caught up from where I left off. Friday was an awfully busy day, but at about five thirty Miss McKay, Miss Burr and I left the office and went to see the "Lives of a Bengal Lancer". It was quite good. Then we had dinner together and I had a grand steak. It tasted awfully good. Then to the hotel so that I could check out, and finish a bit of packing, then to the dock.

Vera and her husband and about six or eight of their young people were there to see me off. Mildred Tucker, Mildred Adams, and a Miss Schroeder were there, and a Baptist woman and her daughter who said she wanted to see a missionary off so that she could tell her church about it. Miss Burr and Miss McKay left early, but the others stayed until 11:30 when all visitors had to leave. They waited in the pier

room until the signal was given for pulling away, and then they came out and waved good bye to me. It was dear of them.

There was a lovely big bouquet of flowers—snap dragons, jonquils and tulips and sweet peas in my stateroom from a Committee of N.Y. City Baptist women. Miss McKay had given me a lovely bunch of violets, and Vera brought me another.

The meals on board are very good. They seem to try to cater to both English and American tastes and so I have had liver and bacon, grilled chops, steaks, etc. The deserts are almost all English except for the ice cream which I am not wild about so I have cheese and crackers rather often. It is just as good for me anyway. Imagine having rice pudding one day, Farina pudding another day, custard the next, rhubarb with custard sauce, etc. The coffee is good which is rather unusual on British boats

I don't know whether I told you that I got the Kodak or not. It is similar to the one I had before but a much better one. This one was a \$20.00 one that I got for \$15.00. Did not get a carrying case as I really rarely used one, and besides, the Kodak must be kept inside of something metal when not in use out there. Did get a portrait lens for it. Still think that I should have sent back the money as I think that I could have done it with my money better than you with yours, but I will get even with you, see if I don't.

March 26, 1935

This trip is rather less nice than former ones for the fact that due to fog out of London and the incident delay, we have gone thru the most interesting places at night. Went thru the Strait of Gibraltar about three in the morning, passed thru the channel between Corsica and Sardinia during the night and now we go thru the Suez Canal during the night. Tomorrow we will be in the Red Sea.

April 25, 1935

Here it is Tuesday and I arrived here last Friday. I had hoped to get an air mail letter off to you on Sunday but Easter proved to be an exceptionally busy day at the hospital and no letters were written.

I wish I could tell you more about my trip to South India. It was most interesting, and I felt it was well worth while. However, I feel---and am not bragging---that for the time our hospital has been running that it is equal to the best or perhaps better than any I saw. There are others that are larger, some with much more adequate equipment, but on the whole, I came back well pleased with our own progress so far.

The nurses had decorated the car with garlands and various bouquets, and I felt quite like a bride when I stepped into the car. All of the nurses were lined up as we drove into the compound, and sang a song of welcome and put several lovely garlands around my neck. It was nice to get back and things looked so nice.

There has been a good deal of improving going on. There is a good walk around the nurses' home, their sleeping verandah has had the cement floor laid, there is a small storage house and work shop, and various other little things. The new operating room light is grand and certainly will be a source of real joy all along. Edna and Alice seem quite well as do all the others.

The curtains for the nurses' home are hung, and the girls are crazy about them. They do look so nice and they are so much prettier than the unbleached muslin ones that they had. The cushion covers that came in my trunk (most of them are in my freight) are covering pillows and are in place. The curtains for my room are up and look lovely.

I left New York at the close of the Day of Prayers, and arrived in Gauhati at the beginning of a special Easter season day of prayer. There were three services each of which was lovely. I attended two of them. It was a lovely way to leave and to arrive.

May 5, 1935

Our new car arrived day before yesterday and is much admired. It looks as though the old car was going to be sold in the next day or two.

May 14, 1935

Word has come out that the laundry stuff is on the way. We are hoping that actual work will be begun on the laundry soon. Such a slow place to live when it comes to getting things done.

May 21, 1935

My freight will arrive next Tuesday and will I be glad! Such a long time on the way.

The X-ray is ordered finally, and now I am wondering just how I am going to "make both of my ends meet" as a babu said out here some time ago. Am wishing for a lot of European patients altho am not wishing anyone bad luck. Don't have any idea about how soon the X-ray will be installed—things take time, more time and still more time out here. The materials for the laundry building are being accumulated gradually and they expect to begin actual work on it by the first of June and have promised it by the middle of July. It remains to be seen. If we don't have too much rain, perhaps it will materialize by then. Such speed!

May 29, 1935

My freight will arrive next Tuesday and will I be glad! Such a long time on the way.

June 4, 1935

Have thought about you all so much lately. Hope that the blouse arrives in good time for the convention, and that you all have a grand time down there in C.S. (? Not sure if that is right Mary). Have also thought about you during the day on which you were celebrating your wedding anniversary and am wishing for you and Dad the loveliest years ahead and many of them. I surely do feel that I am one lucky person to have such a Mother and such a Dad and such a family. Shall be thinking about you on Father's day and did think about you on Mother's day.

June 5, 1935

I have been in Gauhati about seven weeks now, and am beginning to feel as though I had never been away at all. It seems so good, and so natural to be here that furlough seems more and more like a lovely dream.

June 15, 1935-finishing letter from June 5th to friends

My freight came thru in good order with only two articles broken---a vase and a plate, and inasmuch as I did my own packing, guess that I have no one but myself to blame. The teakettles are in use in the operating room, the dishes have been in use, and much enjoyed, the telephones are being installed and the games, fixtures, curtains, etc. that arrived are being much appreciated and much enjoyed.

It is a thrill to be back and at work, and I feel that I owe so much to each and every one of you at home who have helped make possible my return. I know that we out here can count on you and on your support. The work must go on!

June 15, 1935-letter to family

My freight came thru in really good shape, but the pretty little green bowl and one of the white divided plates were broken rather badly—two badly to be of any use. Everything else came thru without a scratch with the exceptions of one or two pieces of enamel ware which had a chip of the bottom. The little tubs are in use, and the teakettles are quite in their element in the operating room. Bessie is quite proud of their good looks. They are getting up the telephone poles today, and one of the phones has already been fixed in my room. I am so anxious to see how they will work. The books are being read, the puzzles have already furnished a lot of enjoyment, the wringer works beautifully and the girls marvel at how dry the clothes are when it comes from them. The hand washing machine is being used every day in the wards and the girls seem to like it. It was funny the first day to see them go at it. Sort of a case of Tom Sawyer and Huckle Berry Finn—the doctoronies and staff nurses all wanted to run it. The new rods look so nice in the hospital and are such an improvement over the old ones. The nurses are quite taken with the pillow covers and several of them are already in use. It is nice to have my stationary as I have been decidedly handicapped by not having it. Mosee seems to enjoy using the aluminum ware things which I brought out, and Monglu (we have him back with us again as I think I wrote) seized on to the egg beater and made some perfectly swell salad dressing. The little cake tins are fine, and the girls are quite crazy about the strainer for the rice. It works “so easy like”. We have had our eggs fixed in the new poacher several times. Several of the girls including the two doctoronies came over to help me unpack, and so it didn’t take long. Took longer to get things all put away properly.

July 10, 1935

Such a waiting place as this is. I’ve been trying to get an extra water tank ordered from Calcutta since I arrived, and have only succeeded in getting the estimates for it. Ordered it and then got a note that they will try and dispatch it within “three or four weeks”. Riot act number one!

The X-ray equipment is still “on the way”. Received word that it had been shipped but haven’t had the bill of lading so far. Do wish that it would hurry up and arrive. The telephones were installed, but we haven’t been able to make them both ring as yet. Hope they can get them fixed soon. It is maddening to have them on the wall and not be able to use them. The new microscope which we purchased a short time ago is a nice one, and we are enjoying it ever so much.

July 30, 1935

The X-ray things arrived on Saturday.

August 14, 1935

Am hoping that the man for the X-ray will show up within the next week. All the wiring is done and the dark room is about finished. It will be so nice to be able to use it. Our water tank arrived yesterday and so that will be up within a few days I hope. It certainly takes lots of time and patience to get everything going and keep it going. The laundry drain is almost finished and they are working now on the putting up of shelves and drying racks.

Our telephones continue to work altho the bells are rather feeble. Something woke me up the other night and I started up but couldn't tell what had wakened me. Looked over toward the hospital, saw the light on in the office so got up and answered the telephone. Lahaorie was at the other end trying to get me.

August 28, 1935

People, my table cloth is finished and washed and ironed and ready for the first dinner party, and is it good looking. Wink, if I was at home I would let you use it for your wedding tea or whatever you are having.

September 4, 1935

I thought about you all a lot, particularly Sunday night as that would be the wedding day at home. I tried to picture each one of you, what you would wear, where you would stand, the guests, etc. Shall be so anxious to get the first reports. I sent the Cable from here Sunday about noon. Forgot to send it on Saturday, and wanted it to be there in time. Do hope that it arrived Sunday afternoon. Your cable arrived here Monday about two P.M. According to the blank it was sent about 7:25 P.M. which would mean that it came thru in about seven hours. The cable was well worded for it told me that the wedding had taken place according to plans, and that Marian and her family were there. That meant so much. It was a thrill to get the cable, all right.

The laundry is getting "doner" but it is such slow work. They have been getting the tank in place this week, and finishing up the drain, (and this---is---the---way we---work----by----the-----day etc), getting the drying racks in, etc. The tubs are almost finished. It is maddening, and my temper seems to be almost gone sometimes (Maybe I'll lose so much of it that there won't be any left).

September 9, 1935

The x-ray and the laundry are still in the process. Will I be glad when they are working? I'll tell the world.

Was ever so glad to see the picture of Mother and Dad in the Missions. It is a good picture of them—one of the best I have seen for a long time. Would like a copy of it. The picture of "Dr. Kinney's new hospital" made me see red. I'm writing to that gentleman. He asked me to before I left home, and I said when I had something interesting to tell, I would. Well, I have several things that I can tell him.

September 30, 1935

Last Saturday we had a terrible blow fall on us but we are surviving it. About four in the P.M. Monbahadur came to tell us that the electric pump wouldn't work because the cylinder was filled up with sand, the fine gray river sand. The filter in the bottom of the tube well had evidently broken or

given away and the whole thing is filled with it---125 feet of two inch pipe. There was a possibility that it could be cleaned but not unless the brick bldg. and the iron water tank came down and then maybe, they couldn't repair it. We have leased a contract for a new well driven back of the old well house and will connect this up with the present tanks and build small shelter over it or the pump etc. We have let a contract which I think is the first its kind in the mission---namely that if they do not finish by the set, they pay us at the rate of Rs./20 per day for every day overtime. They promise to have it done by the 27th of October. In the meantime we are having to have all the water carried and stored in barrels etc. and believe me it is no fun. The city officials as well as the Public Works Department have assured us the new mains for the municipal water will be all laid and in working order by April. If that is so, then with the new well and that, we will perhaps be fairly well fixed for water. We sincerely hope so.

October 16, 1935

You will remember that I told you about a little four or five year old girl we have had in the ward for a long time. Finally despaired of her relatives calling for her so sent her over to the orphanage. About two weeks later the father came. Took her home and now about two afterwards, he and a friend have come back. They say that she has been singing and singing the four songs she learned while here, one of which is Jesus Loves Me, and has taught them to a number of the other children. The father said that he heard about the Christian religion when some of the folks from the hospital were out at a market day last year. He has not been happy since and wants to do differently. Wants to know more about Christ, and His teachings, and wants to bring little Habitri here and put her in school. He says that she has insisted on going to school with her brother, and in two weeks has learned to read three pages. She has a good mind, and is a sweet youngster. I hope that things work out. There are no Christian's in that village. "A Little Child Shall Lead Them".

November 5, 1935

Our well was finished ahead of schedule---thanks to putting in the clause in the contract that we would deduct Rs. 20/per day for every day over the month that they were late, and offering them a small bonus if they finished ahead of time. It was worth it to get the well sooner. Now it is working, and is 167 feet deep and the water is beautifully clear, and seems O.K. in every way. Do hope that it continues. The laundry was delayed because of the water supply, and then when we got that fixed, the man from the electric company came to inspect the wiring before connecting the laundry up with the supply, and lo and behold there was a mistake in the wiring which would have done considerable damage had it been allowed to pass. Well, that is being fixed. Perhaps by Christmas we will have our first wash on the line. The x-ray is working beautifully, however, and we have already had some 26 cases or more, and the pictures on the whole have been very good.

Saturday I took half of the nurses (Edna took the other half the day before) on a picnic down by the river. We found a place (rather Edna did the day before) where it was much like a beach at the side of a lake---clean white river sand, shady, and yet sunny. The girls roamed around, climbed up to inspect the water reservoir, etc. Then we had rice and curry. It was so good. They had big leaves that they had gathered at the compound before coming, washed them, and heated them---makes tem soft and pliable. They used these for plates. We finished off with oranges. The sunset on the river was gorgeous---all cerise, gold and orange.

November 21, 1935

The laundry is still in the process. Mr. De Trude has gotten a settlement with the insurance company for all repairs and 50% discount on the original price. I think I wrote that there had been some mistakes made in wiring the house, and when that was corrected we found that there was a short in the mangle. That is being rectified now. Such a time as we are having to get things really started. Well, maybe we will celebrate Thanksgiving or Christmas with our first wash.

December 4, 1935

Thursday, being Thanksgiving, we were busy with various things. The dinner was served by the Tuttles this year and we did enjoy it. The table was decorated in green glass low vases filled with small yellow chrysanthemums, low glass candle sticks with gold and white candles (cheap white ones with gold sealing wax decorations), Thanksgiving paper napkins for table cloth, and the cloth was sprinkled with freshly popped corn, and tiny red and green peppers. It was ever so attractive. The dinner consisted of cream of tomato soup, rolls, goose, mashed potatoes, peas, gelatin salad, and pumpkin pie and coffee, nuts, and some candies. It was a very simple meal in a way but very, very good, and we did enjoy it.

Friday was the thirtieth. In November 30, 1929, we celebrated by having our lights turned on. This year on the thirtieth we had two things for which to celebrate. One was that we did our first washing in the new laundry.

The second thing for which we were exceedingly grateful was that the nursing text book which Millie worked so hard over, and did so well, has been published, and the first copies came that day. The girls are terribly thrilled about it, and so is everyone else.

Monday morning I worked with the laundry almost all day, and we did about 200 lbs of washing---that is dry weight. We had all the clothes ready to hang up by 11 and most of them out on the lines. Would have had the others but ran out of line space. We have a really big drying field to use during the nice weather. By one when the folks came back to work, the clothes were dry and ready to come in, and the other things were put out. I then showed them how to use the mangle, and it works quite well. By five, everything that was to be mangled had been done, and all the other things had been folded and put away. We're smart! The dhobie who usually does the work looked rather glummer than usual when he came and saw all the things on the line, realized that his days were over. Of course there are lots of things that we will have to learn by experience, and many tricks of the trade that are unknown to us as yet. However, our clothes are getting whiter and whiter.

December 11, 1935

Our well is fine, the laundry is doing good work, and so is the x-ray. We are now engaged in doing some much needed repairing. The roof of the hospital, that of the bungalow and that of the dispensary are to be painted---a lovely poinsettia red. They haven't been painted for years---about 11, and it is time that it was done. We are also doing the operating room over the Barreled Sunlight, doing the woodwork and floor over in the European room, doing the woodwork over in the sterilizing room and treatment room, and doing over some of the furniture and also the two ward bathrooms. We shall feel ever so fresh when we get thru. Wish that they would work a bit faster, but it seems to be the policy to make work last as long as possible, and I think I shall take up a brush myself yet and get some of it done.

December 29, 1935

The hospital roof is all finished, also that of the bungalow. They do look so nice and the hospital looks like a brand new building. The operating room is positively pristine in its White Barreled Sunlight walls and wood work and all the furniture which has been done over in super-valspar enamel.

Christmas morning early our nurses went around the compound twice caroling. They sounded so sweet. We had breakfast over at the other bungalow with Ethel, Marian (she got up here about the 17th) and Grace Lewison who will be here until about the first of March. We sat around the fireplace and had fried potatoes, sausages, (tinned ones) fruit juice, toast, jam and fruit and coffee. Then we opened our things.

Friday I played tennis, Saturday went to tea at the Tuttlles.

February 9, 1936

It really doesn't seem possible that it was one year ago today that I left Denver to come back to the field, and that about one sixth of this term is gone already. Honestly, time goes so fast out here that one seems to never get anything really accomplished and one is always behind.

March 31, 1936

When I was in Jorhat, I left in such a hurry that I was unable to get the things that the Brooks had brought out in their freight. Mr. Chambers came thru the other day and brought them down. I was ever so glad to get the little case, and the mirror and perfume were lovely. I was thrilled to pieces over the "Book of Joyous Children" and had a good time refreshing my memory with it. Was also glad to have the "Quotable Poems". The Perry pictures are lovely and we are having them framed for the hospital. Thanks heaps and heaps.

April 8, 1936

Mr. Roberts (here more than a week now) is doing beautifully. We still have his day nurse. His Excellency the Governor came down to see him and to go over the hospital again on Saturday. He was much interested to find that we had more beds than the new hospital in Shillong, that we had an electrically equipped laundry (and Government House doesn't), and decided that our private room beds were better beds than they had. I rather had to smile as he is very partial to the new hospital in Shillong. I think, however, that finding Mr. Roberts as a patient has given him the ammunition that he wants as he can now say without having to stifle his conscience that the Ganesh Das Hospital in Shillong is the only one in the province exclusively for women and children. However, the time is coming---has come, when we must do something for the men as well as the women. A good many of our Christians do not understand why it is that we have a hospital for women but won't take in the men when they are sick---they need nursing care as much as the women do, and many of them have died in the government hospital.

April 15, 1936

Last Saturday I went out on the village clinic trip, and got quite a thrill out of it. We saw over sixty patients and some very interesting cases. The little house at Rampur [where we had set up a small dispensary] seems to be doing a lot to stir up interest, and a former patient—a middle aged woman who

came into the hospital with what we finally decided was hysteria several years ago, and who is now okay—is the chief assistant. She is grand at chillowing (managing the people) and enjoys it. We brought a little seven year old boy and a young woman back with us. A little girl of about four came in—tiny, chubby and pretty as a picture. Wasn't at all afraid of us. Came (to the dispensary) because of a staphyloma of the right eye following small pox a year ago. Nothing to do for it just now, and no hope of the sight there. She came expecting to be cured, and had her mother open up the car door and got in and sat by the little boy. Said she was going to Gauhati where they would make her eye well. It was rather heartbreaking all the way around.

April 22, 1936

You should have been here the other day when the husband of a patient came to see his wife. He arrived on a huge elephant and left the elephant parked under the portico of the hospital. It is the first time that we have ever had an elephant parked in such close proximity to the hospital. Later, Marian took some snaps—I didn't have any on hand—and then got up on its back and rode over to the bungalow where she was joined by Ethel, and then they rode back to the hospital again. Ethel said she had to hang on for dear life to keep her seat.

May 6 1936

Just at present we are quite full—all the private rooms full, and three babies in the European nursery. The little memsahib that was expecting twins came in last Monday a week ago and gave birth to twin girls on the following Thursday morning. They are lovely babies—one five eleven, and the other five eight. Both of them and the mother are doing well. Then on Saturday we admitted another sahib into the hospital, and Monday morning our other memsahib delivered—a lovely baby girl. Another case, this time an Indian lady, has just come in for the small private room—delivery case. A week ago Wednesday we removed a large ovarian tumor and yesterday we did a Caesarian on a case that had been in labor for four days. So far everything is okay.

May 25, 1936

The two rooms under the bungalow are coming along ever so fast, and are going to look very nice. We surely shall enjoy them. Have needed them so long that it will seem almost too good to be true to really have them.

The new plates, the castors, and the glass wear sound lovely Mother. Thanks heaps.

I think of you all so often, wish I could run in and chat a bit, talk over things, and just visit.

May 15, 1936

Will you see if you can get me a small copy of "The Presence"—perhaps not more than 10" or thereabouts in length—that is to say the picture part—not the mat, and then pick out a very simple but dainty frame for it, and then perhaps have the frame taken apart and the pieces wrapped in paper and put inside the picture roll. I want it as a birthday gift and want it by the middle of July if possible. I'll have the glass put in here. Please and thanks. Take the money from my account.

It begins to look as though we were going to be able to go ahead with our library and class room which we are thinking of building under the bungalow. We do need both ever so much, and it will be grand to have them. Hope nothing comes up to prevent the plans from going thru as they stand now. It will give us a small library that the staff can use as a sitting room and study room, and a class room with blackboards, cupboards, etc. for the nurses.

May 20, 1936

In the afternoon I had a queer case. A child of three came in just about wild. They said she had not slept for three days, had eaten scarcely anything, and had been going about in circles. She was bleeding from one ear. Got one look in her ear, and then Alice gave her some Chloroform. In the next two or three minutes we removed eight nice big fat maggots, each very, very much alive, and each about one-half inch in length. One never knows what will come next.

No date to this but it was mailed with the letter dated May 25, 1936

This is strictly within the family and no mention must be made of it until I give consent—not even confidentially. I hesitate to write in a way, until things are definite, and yet if I could be at home would talk things over freely with you. What would you say if I were to marry one of our missionaries out here. There is no engagement at present, but there may be. I am giving you a bit of warning so if it happens, you won't have too much of a bomb shell. Also, I'm telling you, as I want your prayers that whatever comes may be the right thing in His sight.

Dad has met the man—Fred Chambers. Fred told me a while ago that he had a long chat with Dad at one of the summer assemblies in California several years ago—said Dad invited him to come down to his cabin. (Do you think you'd have room for a second Fred in the family?) I am learning to care very, very deeply for him. His first wife died about 1 ½ years ago. I am afraid that if he asks me to marry him I shall. Don't think that either of us will go into it lightly. He feels very strongly about my work and feels that it must not be lost to the Mission. Fred is stationed at Jorhat at the High School there. They very much need a second doctor there and my going might solve more than one difficulty and would perhaps help Jorhat. However, these factors have not entered into my thoughts and plans. I mean they are not influencing my thinking. I realize there are lots of problems to be settled and I don't want anyone to think I am a piker. I'm a very human person and a woman and know my longing for a home and children. I told Dad of it but rather felt that he thought that single-blessedness was a price I must pay. I can't think that way and I've never been able to think that way.

Of course, even if we decide to marry, it will be several months before it would be possible as I would have to give at least six months' notice, etc. I know Mrs. McCarthy would understand as she told me very frankly once that if I ever wanted to do so, to be sure that she would give me her blessing and would not hold it against me in any way whatsoever. It would be so much nicer if we could talk as I do want your reaction. When I came back to Assam this time, it was because I had a lot of faith that God knew and understood my desire for a home and family and that it was only "by seeking the Kingdom of God first" etc., that "these shall be added until you". I can't help but feel that it is part of a plan.

I wish you both knew Fred. He is the most radiant person I know. I hope this may fill you with a joy like mine and not make you feel that perhaps I'm a quitter. Loads of love to the finest Father and Mother a girl ever had.

Letter from Dorothy's mother to Dorothy's sisters:

My dear Girls—Marian, Carol and Wink:

This is a very precious letter that we have shared with you each. Somehow I have felt as I have been typing it that I was truly "awalking on holy ground" for Dorothy has so shared her heart and life with us—and now with you each. God bless you as you read it and grant that it shall make your lives richer and sweeter and your comradeship with her and the ones dearest you sweeter. Dad and I love you each and all better and better every day and pray that, as with Dorothy Joy, the Kingdom of God shall come first in your lives and "these things be added unto you".

Mother

I am learning to care very, very deeply for him. His first wife died about 1 ½ years ago. I am afraid that if he asks me to marry him, I shall.

June 3, 1936

The Tuttle and I started out about eight a.m. a week ago yesterday for Shillong. We had a lovely trip up and it didn't rain until just as we got into Shillong. From then on for the 24 hours that we were there, and for the whole of the trip down it rained. We stayed at a place called Ferndale and were very comfortable, altho I wouldn't want to afford it there for very long at a stretch. We started out hunting for a house. We don't know yet whether we have gotten a place or not, but found one that was ideally located and everything. The only difficulty was that there was someone considering renting it for a longer period of time than we wanted. The Tuttle are taking it for two months if they can get it, and then I will pay my share for the month that I hope to be there. We may know today as Dr. Tuttle was going to telegraph. If we can't get that, I don't know just what we will do unless we go to a Boarding House and they are not too nice unless one pays a lot.

While in Shillong got the material for two more summer dresses. One is white linen and I am making it very simply and using bright red buttons for a trim. The skirt is six gored, and the blouse has short cut in sleeves, turn back reverse in front and buttons down the front. A white stitched belt with red buckle, and perhaps pockets will complete the outfit. Have enough linen left to make a hat. The other is a blue linen about the color of my knitted dress. Am making it with one big lapel on the right side and none on the left and side closing. Trimming it in big white buttons and buckle. Think that these two, together with the one that Marian is sending out will more than see me thru the summer. Hope so at any rate. Am also making some new slips as my old ones are pretty well gone to pieces.

The hospital continues to run full. Have only two Indian private room patients, and Marie Holmes. Poor girl, she is going to have to be in bed for at least six months, I guess. It looks like a pretty clear cut diagnosis of an early Tb. of the hip. She is being a marvelous sport about it and that helps her and me. Had one of the large ovarian cyst cases on Thursday—this one weighed about 21 pounds, but the little lady is only about four and one half feet high and is correspondingly tiny. She is doing well. Then we operated on a three-year-old who has a tumor of the bladder. It is apparently a malignancy and is pretty far reaching. All we could do was to relieve the intestinal obstruction. He can't go on much longer, and he is such a dear.

Can't help but wonder just where you all are now. Wink and Fred must be about ready to start housekeeping, and Carol is perhaps in Berkeley (will send a copy of the letter there), and Mother and Dad at home. Wish they could come out here for a visit. How I would love to see them.

Must stop, but I think of you all often and wish that you were all closer.

June 10, 1936

I seem to be walking on air most of the time these days, and it is hard to keep my feet on the ground long enough to get much of anything accomplished. The high spot of the day is the morning mail (Wink, I see where I have to apologize about what I said about not seeing how it was ever possible to write to the same person every day and find enough to say—I really never thought it would be possible but it is, and I am finding out that so many things that I always thought were impossible aren't). Fred is coming down here on the 27th and we will go to Shillong with the Tuttles on the first. By the time you get this, we will be ready to announce things out here, but would rather you waited at home until I give the word as I shall have to write the Board, but don't want to do that until it is announced out here. There are several reasons for doing it that way. (I have written Alice this week as to what to expect, and am hoping that she will come back this fall.)

It seems queer that we have so many things in common with each other and yet never met until we came to Assam. He has taught in Denison, was student pastor at Boulder after Charles Thomas left for two years, then we got our degrees the same day at Mackey (His M.A. and I my M.D.). If you are interested you can find out something about him from the Sutherlands as he was a very good friend of theirs. Dad has met him, but may not remember him. For the benefit of those of you who haven't seen him, will simply say that he is taller than I by about two inches, maybe more, has light brown curly hair, very blue eyes, medium weight, rather on the slender side. There is only a few months difference in our ages. He has one of the most radiant personalities that I have ever met---the most radiant. His Christianity is positively contagious. I know you think I am raving, but it is all true and you will find it out for yourself one of these days.

You will be wondering when the wedding is going to take place but I can't tell you that yet. It probably will not be before the last of the year at the earliest altho I could wish it much, much sooner. As to whether we will be located in Jorhat or in Gauhati remains to be seen. There is some talk of his taking over the student work here in Gauhati, but that is not to be mentioned. It will not be settled until after Dr. Howards visit out here this winter in all probability. His furlough (and therefore mine) will be due, I think, in the spring of 38'.

I know that Mother and Dad will be wondering about my work. That remains to be settled, but I am so convinced that this is the right thing to do that even if it meant giving it up completely, I would do it. It is all a part of a big Plan and of that I am absolutely sure. Before I left home, before mother was taken sick, I was quite upset along several lines. One of them was that I felt that I couldn't really live, even in my work, unless I could have a home, and that unless I could reach some sort of a solution to my problem, I couldn't come back to Assam. In trying to solve that problem I came upon a verse in my reading one day that just sort of leaped out of the page at me. It produced a very decided effect on me, and I was convinced that the next step in accordance with God's plan was to come back to Assam, and be patient. I had absolutely not the faintest idea how or where or what was going to happen, but I was sure that it was part of the Plan. Things have fitted in like pieces of a puzzle, and I know that this is the right step

and the next step. Fred feels the same way, but he has been very insistent that I face up to all the angles involved. He has been wonderful.

The Tuttles have been the nearest to Home folks that one could find out here, and they have been grand. I think so much of them, and believe that they think quite a bit of me. I am so gloriously happy that I couldn't bear to have anyone be unhappy because of me. Fred will write after he has been down this month—when everything has been definitely settled. We know where we stand, but there are some things that neither of us want to write until we can say them first.

June 17, 1936

Of course I was thrilled to pieces with all the nice things that came in the trunks for me. The dress, Marian, is ever so nice, and aside from having to be taken up under the arms and over the hips quite a bit was just right and looks ever so nice. I certainly do feel spuzzy in a dress that you made for me. Thanks for the girdles, Mother. The new material for a dress, and the jewelry to go with it are ever and ever so pretty. May wait a while to make it up as I have five new ones already with the two linen ones, the two Filipino ones, and the one that I brought material out for. The book of O'Henry is most welcome and we shall enjoy it on the vacation. Thanks heaps and heaps.

The dishes are lovely and came thru very well except that one cup and one saucer were broken. Mother, could you get me two more cups and saucers, and six or preferable eight bread and butter plates, and perhaps two sandwich plates to match and send them out with Alice when she comes? Would love to have the whole set. Take the money out of my account.

The doll is lovely and so beautifully dressed. The girls are crazy about it, and I had lots of fun with it at the hospital the other day. Took it over and the kiddies were thrilled to pieces with it. One little tyke about two and a half or three was pop-eyed when she opened and shut her eyes, and he called one of the nurses and pointed to his own eyes and made them open and close and then pointed to the doll. Another could only say 'Ay-yeow' over and over. In the woman's ward the fun was almost as good. The women all wanted to touch her.

Just nine more days until Fred gets here. The days drag and fly at the same time. Do wish that you could all know him, but you will some one of these days. I can scarcely wait until he gets down here so that we can begin to get some plans made.

I am so happy these days that I sort of walk on air, and wish that you could all be here to share in the joy. Things have happened rather fast, as six weeks ago I was just beginning to think that perhaps something like this might happen. Margie and Mary are going to get a grand uncle as Fred is crazy about children. Don't think I've ever seen a man, particularly one that had none of his own, get along with tiny children or handle them any more beautifully than he does.

June 21, 1936

I know that I have probably knocked the breath out of you several times already, and may do it again this time. There is a possibility---quite a possibility in fact, that we will be married---don't faint---about July 1st before going to Shillong, and then have the four or five weeks in Shillong as a honeymoon.

I know that it sounds awfully speedy, (but think that Wink at any rate will understand) but there are lots of things to be said for it. If we don't do it then, we can't do it until November, and then Fred would have a hard time to get away for very much, as October and November are going to be full because of Dr. Howard's (N.Y. board) being here in Assam, the Conference (of which Fred is president), school work, etc. It will mean of course that I will have to stay on down here until about the first of November or until after conference as the hospital can't be left without someone here, and Alice is not due back normally until then. However there is a possibility that if we precipitate things a bit, that the W.S. folks will speed things up a bit at home whereas if I simply resign to take effect on Alice's arrival, that might be at any time. Have talked it over with the Tuttles, and they think that perhaps it is the best thing to do. They are for it. If we do it, it will be a very simple wedding, probably here at the bungalow, although the details are not settled yet. How I would love to have you all here, but have a scheme up my sleeve that might work so that it would let you in on a bit of it. I wish so much that you knew Fred, but you will one of these days.

The two rooms under the bungalow are coming along famously. They are almost finished, and they are going to be so nice. The library is going to be a very attractive room, and the class room is beautifully cool and light. It will fill such a long felt need.

July 6, 1936 Shillong, Assam. Fred to his mother.

Have not come down to earth yet but trust I am sufficiently rational to share something of the experiences of the last few days with you. Life has held some rich experiences but there has been nothing to compare with the sheer joy of these last few days. If Heaven can be any sweeter, then it will be almost unbearable. My very soul feels as if it would burst at times for the thrill and deep joy of it all and even prayer seems inadequate to give expression to my gratitude. It is some satisfaction to know that the Lord does understand my heart and can know the thanksgiving that is there for it all.

Our vacation time is about up as we expect to go down to Gauhati on Saturday. We have had such a gorgeous time. We have both of us gained some weight (I now weigh 136), and both of us have coats of tan that some might be proud of. (Lahaorie isn't so keen on it but assures me that I will clean up after being back in Gauhati for a time.)

Shillong, July 7, 1936

*****Letter from Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle to Dorothy's parents*****

I must say at the beginning that we heartily approve of this union, that we are very happy over it and that it is a great joy to have the children with us during these weeks in Shillong. And they-well, they are absolutely satisfied that they have been divinely led, they are thoroughly in love, completely happy.

July 8, 1936

Letter from Marie Holmes to Dorothy's parents

Dear Mrs. Kinney,

This letter should have gone off on last week's mail, as I intended it to. But Dorothy's wedding brought so many guests to Gauhati that mail day morning was spent solidly with callers.

You will have guessed that the enclosed Cecil Bruner rose buds are from the bridal bouquet. It was a lovely wedding, beautiful in its dignity and simplicity. Several have remarked that it was one of the most impressive weddings they ever saw.

For the previous fortnight Dorothy had looked like a lighted candle, but the day of the wedding her eyes were like jewels glinting from an inner light. Miss Blakely gave her a facial and helped set her hair and manicure her nails but she really had no need of the3se aids to beauty. She probably thought her friends would be better satisfied that she had them, however.

It was a very warm day, but Dorothy looked cools as a lily in the clinging folds of her sheeny white satin gown. The lines of the pointed yoke of the skirt, the cowl front clasped down to a point, the circular cape sleeves, suited her perfectly. A closely meshed silver girdle and attractive shoulder clasps were the only trimmings. Her corsage was of exquisite Carl Bruner buds and maiden-hair fern. How I did wish that you might see her in her radiant joy and loveliness. A Parisian dressmaker couldn't have designed a gown to suit her more perfectly, yet Dorothy cut and made her gown herself in less than a week!

It was difficult to know just whom to invite since the bungalow accommodations were limited so it was decided to limit the invitations to the hospital staff, missionaries, and the school and orphanage staff. Since Mrs. Higgins, the Commissioner's wife, asked if she could not be present, I believe she was told the hour of the wedding and given to understand that she would be welcome if she dropped in at that time. She and her husband dropped in! The living room was filled with rows of chairs facing the dining room. Dr. Tuttle was in the center. Mrs. Tuttle was at the piano. Milly sang, "Oh Promise Me". Then Dr. Tuttle walked in in his doctor's gown and took his place. Immediately Dorothy and Mr. Chambers entered through opposite doors of the living room. Dorothy paced the bride's hesitation step but Mr. Chambers showed more eagerness, so he arrived in front of Dr. Tuttle a second or so before Dorothy.

Dr. Tuttle read a simple wedding service with such fine expression that I've engaged him to read my marriage service. When it came to repeating their vows, both Dorothy and Mr. Chambers spoke clearly, deliberately and with gaze fastened upon each other. Dorothy didn't blink and eyelash either when she was listening to Mr. Chamber plight his troth as when she plighted hers.

When they were pronounced man and wife, Mr. Chambers kissed his bride and then allowed the minister the same privilege, but not the same intensity.

You would have loved the service. It was perfect—perfect to the eye and perfect to the ear. Dr. Tuttle addressed the two as "Dorothy" and "Fred" throughout the service.

After the service Dr. Tuttle led the way through one of the doors, Dorothy and her husband following, to sign the register. I believe Mr. Boles signed the register as witness. Millie sang again as they left the dining room and during the signing of the register. Then husband and wife returned to the place where the ceremony had been performed and all their friends went to wish them well.

Later refreshments were served under the finest tree on the Batribari compound. The bridal couple changed to their travel clothes. Dorothy wore her blue and hat and an exceedingly pretty brown georgette, I think it was. She said she had never worn it in Assam. No one would have supposed but that she had done considerable shopping for her clothes!

All the missionaries went down to Pandu to see them off and quite a little party went on the journey with them, which was too bad, I thought.

I should have said that Dorothy started to take her flowers with her. Then she said it was a shame to take them on the train and have them dead in an hour, so she gave them to me. Later Lahori said, "Where is Dr. Kinney's bouquet? She was going to throw it to me!" I told her I had it but would share it with her. I put a few buds in water for her but the rest I pressed so I think each nurse may have a rose. One of them told me she is going to embroider around it and frame it. She is really the only one who knows what I have in mind to do with the flowers—or knows even that I've pressed them.

Of course the staff and some of the patrons of the hospital are rather cut up about Dorothy's marriage. They just never thought she would get married and they recognize the great skill she has professionally and are aware of the blessing of healing which she has brought to many so it will take them a little while to adjust their thinking to the new situation. It was all so unexpected. They hadn't even expected the engagement, although I believe some of the missionaries expected or even suspected an engagement.

If you knew India, you would have a much better appreciation of the reasons which led to the marriage immediately following the engagement. They were booked to spend their vacation together. This could hardly have been done in India without considerable talk and considerably more whispering.

Because Dorothy's own home has been such a happy one, it isn't at all strange that she should want to make another such happy one. Part of her professional efficiency is due to her innate womanliness and understanding of home relations. If you could see her great joy you would know that the love of which it is born is a gift of God, even as her medical skill is a gift of God. She has used the one to His glory and I think she will use this new gift also to His glory. Then there is Fred's side, too. His love for Dorothy and need of her are counterparts of her love for and need of him. He is a man of God and worthy of her love.

Seeing Dorothy's great happiness some of the staff are more reconciled to her decision to change her career. I can recall only one other to whom love so patently brought wings and such transparent lilted joy. If you could but witness this you would lose any lingering regret that you may have had because Dorothy has given up the profession in which she has been so signally successful, for that calling upon which God first bestowed His blessing and upon which our Saviour too set His seal.

Is your garden at the height of its beauty now? I am so glad that I had the joy and privilege of meeting Dorothy's people in their home. It was so easy to love you!

Affectionately yours,

Marie Holmes

July 14, 1936

Neither Fred nor I can get over Dad's saying what he did about having told Mother months ago that he wished something like this would happen. Well, it all goes to prove what we believe---that it is all part of a Plan. If only we didn't have to be separated for the next few months, it would be perfect, but even then I think that it is worth it to have had this perfect month here together.

I am finding that married life is even better---lovelier, more satisfying, and more beautiful than I had had any idea it could be. Fred is such a dear, and we seem to be well suited to each other. Dad will get such a thrill out of the fellowship with Fred, and I know that Fred will get just as much of a thrill out of the fellowship with Dad. It has meant so much to both of us, to have such a hearty approval of our plan, and we are anxious to get the letters that you will have written after having received the cable.

July 26, 1936

I think I wrote to you that I was taking up golf. According to my husband I am making extraordinarily rapid progress (but I think he is a bit partial). It is fun, I am improving.

August 18, 1936-From Fred to his Mother

These are trying days here. I am so lonesome for Dorothy that I have to fight every minute to keep the proper perspective on the work here. I try to keep busy from morning till night and definitely allot special times for writing to her and yet I find myself tempted all the time to break over and let my work slide. Am scheduled to return to Gauhati, leaving here on the afternoon of the 27th, and we will have three days together. I must leave there on Sunday night and get back here at noon Monday, in time to meet my class in the afternoon. If cases in the Hospital run properly, she may get to come up here for a short stay in September. To date, the return of Dr. Randall is more or less uncertain, and definitely not before November, so that makes us all the more unsettled, for it would mean something if we had a definite date to count on. Guess we are spoiled children, for we both get just about everything we wish for, and now we are both feeling that things will break so that we will get to be together in our own home sooner than we see it possible. We have to be optimistic about the matter or we might do something rash.

One of the reasons I am getting such a kick out of Dorothy, is because I can think with her without reservation and just as strongly as I like and she can come back in the same strength. We have both decided that we will never get old but always find new things to learn. Music and literature seem to offer our first adventure and we know there are plenty worlds still unconquered, but, one at a time.

August 18, 1936-Letter from Fred to Mr. & Mrs. Kinney from Jorhat

Am enclosing a letter written to my Mother and had hoped that I would be able to write at length to you. The fact is, between the lonesomeness and the heat, I am finding Jorhat a most unsatisfactory place these days. I try to discipline my mind sufficiently to keep busy at my work but I find it is almost a hopeless task. I know I can never be myself until Dorothy and I can be together in our own home. Those six weeks together are just intimations of the fullness that life will assume when we can work together in the same place. Had we not reckoned in advance on this present situation, I, for my part, would not put up with it a minute. But the absolute harmony and happiness of those six weeks were worth it all.

I tell Dorothy again and again that I got the bargain and I hate to think what she got but I am willing to do my best to improve what she gets. I am glad that she and I discovered the secret of our hearts before we had any reactions from friends and relatives on either side at home. I tell her she will just have to take me for what I am and not for what others think I am, or what she herself might think I might become and she seems to be of that mind. However, when I get further word from home, I get a sinking

feeling inside, for I know I can never live up to the expectations of some for Dorothy's husband. Guess it will be better to stay in Assam, rather than disappoint her friends. But there is one point on which I offer no apologies at all. If there is anyone who can love her anymore, or be any crazier about her than I am, then I would like to find the rare person. I know I have found a prize and I knew just as soon as I realized that she cared for me that there were no questions about our marriage. In fact, I have done nothing in life in which I was more sure that it was the best thing to do; and that the Lord had a special hand in it, than when I married Dorothy Joy. The only thing I can't understand is just why she should care for me. She and I don't discuss that point and have stopped arguing over which got the better end of the deal. I feel that I have stepped over into an entirely new world and my desire to be of use to the Kingdom of God has multiplied many times. I can never be fully worthy of Dorothy's love but if I can only do my best for the Lord's Work, I feel I can approach something in that direction.

August 19, 1936

Have good letters from Fred every day, but would give anything if we could be together and not have to write. He plans to come down next week end—a week from now, and I am so anxious for the time to come. Hope to go to Jorhat the middle of September for a few days, but the way the European cases are stacking up, it looks a bit doubtful. Still hoping. We are just as much in love as ever, and even more so.

The library is completed now, and looks very attractive.

August 22, 1936-Letter from Fred to his Mother

I am sitting on the verandah trying to keep cool and trying to keep from taking the first train to Gauhati. Between the heat and lonesomeness, I am just about good for nothing. I did not think I could ever fall so irrationally in love with anyone as I have with Dorothy Joy. Rather prided myself on my ability at self-control but this is one time when I capitulate completely. Write to her only once a day because there is but one mail a day. But from the time I waken in the morning until I fall asleep at night, my whole world is Dorothy and everything turns about her. I try to keep busy continually or I would simply go crazy. We bargained for it and I would not take back the six weeks we had together, but it is mighty hard to try to keep my mind on my work and remain in Jorhat.

August 24, 1936-Letter from Fred to Dadkin (Dorothy's Dad)

In the first place, to have the love of a wonderful lady like Dorothy Joy, had made me walk on the air from the first realization of the fact and now to be so kindly welcomed into the hearts of her Mother and Father makes me feel like a double millionaire plus.

August 26, 1936

Fred comes Friday morning, and I am more excited about it than I was when he came down before the wedding. I guess our case is fatal for we seem to be falling more and more in love all the time, and I have never spent such a long two and a half weeks in my life as I have in the past two and one half since he went to Jorhat. Guess I wouldn't make a good wife for a traveling man. Mother, how did you ever stand it, (and I think Fred would say, "Dadkin, how did you manage to stick it out.")

The nighties are lovely, and I shall enjoy wearing them ever and ever so much. The pink one is just about right as to size, and the blue one needs only a bit of altering under the arms to make it about O.K. I've never had as many pretty nighties in my life as I have at the present time and I feel awfully rich.

September 1, 1936

Have just returned from a visit with your daughter and my wife and if Heaven can be one-half as glorious as those four days, then I am in favor of it.

I knew I was decidedly in love with that little lady while we were in Shillong but these last four days revealed another stage of our love that I never dreamed of. The more I see of that Sweetheart of mine, the more irrationally I fall in love with her. I never dreamed that so much pure, unadulterated loveliness could be concentrated in one person until I came to know something of Dorothy Joy. And the thrill of it all is that it is so deep and abiding that the more I discover the more there appears to be. I am the luckiest human being on earth and I can never adequately express my gratitude to God and to you for such a wonderful wife as I have. And I know that this is just a small fore-taste of the Heaven that is to be ours when we can be in our own home and can be together 24 hrs. each day, instead of this sporadic, concentrated life that we are trying to live these days. Still, we know what we bargained for and we are not recanting on the way we did things.

September 7, 1936

Last Saturday afternoon I had some time and made a sport blouse out of some yellow cloth that I got in Shillong. Made it with the yoke and center pleat in back, short sleeves with the pleat in them, and the fronts are plain except for a deep tuck stitched down part way on each side. Shortened my white flannel skirt so that the bon-gooties (the seed grass that is so nasty) wouldn't be able to stick in it quite so much. Then I put some button holes into the belt of the skirt and some buttons on the waist of the blouse, and I have a nice sport outfit for golf if I get to play some. The course isn't so far from the compound in Jorhat, and Fred has been playing from six to seven in the morning up there. Might be able to play some, and would love to if possible. It is fun just to walk around the course with him.

Have been reading Stanley Jones' Christ and Human Suffering and have enjoyed it very very much.

Sunday morning there were seven of Ethel's school girls baptized down at the river. Following the service we had the communion service. In the evening Mr. Sword had the English service. I am so glad that he is having the weekly English services and only wish that more from the city would come in. Maybe they will in time.

September 14, 1936

Jorhat, Assam.

I am writing this from Home, so that this is the first letter of its kind you have ever received. I found that the memsahib upon whom I was waiting was not coming to Gauhati until next week so took the opportunity and came up to Jorhat Wednesday afternoon arriving here Thursday forenoon.

Fred is living now in the Bible School bungalow—the one in which the Forbes lived. It is a very attractive and cozy little bungalow and I am enjoying it. We are not sure just which of the two bungalows—this

one or the one that he lived in before—we will eventually take. So much depends on the way in which certain things are decided by Conference in December, on the solution for the problem of staffing the hospital in Gauhati, etc. Until then we are going to continue to call this bungalow home.

Sunday was a lovely day. Attended S.S. in the morning, the vernacular church service at 2:00 and the English service at 7:00 in the evening.

September 22, 1936

I left Jorhat last Wednesday afternoon—the 16th. I did hate to come back to Gauhati, and couldn't help but feel that I was as much needed there as here but in a different way.

Tried to have the flu this week, but guess I have managed to sidetrack it. Stayed in bed a couple of days.

October 14, 1936

Fred writes that the sweet peas are up, and that other things are ready to transplant from the boxes to the garden, and he is getting much of it done before he starts up or rather down toward Gauhati on Friday. It sounds as though we would have plenty of flowers and vegetables. Wish I could can some of the vegetables for the warm weather as vegetables are much harder to get in Jorhat than here, and it would help the menu a lot. Think it is going to be fun to keep house if I can have half a chance at it. Surely am looking forward to it with a huge amount of anticipation. Am so eager to get established in our own home and do away with the stop clock.

October 21, 1936

Handwritten letter from Fred to Mrs. Kinney

The news of our Dadkins Home Going was relayed on to me from Gauhati by Dorothy last Thursday night. My thoughts immediately turned to you and I wished that Dorothy and I could be with you. However, it was reassuring to know that you received our cable and knew we were thinking of you.

And further with a joy in the knowledge that our Dadkins going was a victorious one. It is a glorious thought to know that his life has been so worthwhile for the Kingdom and has now ripened into such a glorious reward. I am sure this brings much comfort to you in bearing your loss.

Wish we could be near to help at this time but be assured that in spite of the great distance that separates us physically still we are one with you in sharing your sorrow—our sorrow and our loss.

Page 123---no date

Handwritten letter from Fred to Mother Kinney

Think of you often and we both pray for you daily and feel sure you are finding that great spiritual strength for your daily need. Wish you could be in our home these days and just get away from all thought of responsibility of any kind. This is the best season for Assam with Sunny days and cool nights. While we do not have the snow, we do have blooming poinsettias on every hand to help make Christmas real. We hope you find much joy and peace in this Christmas season. Our present will be late in reaching you but we hope you will accept it with our love.

November 18, 1936

Well, I am back on the job again here in Gauhati. Had hoped to be able to stay in Jorhat until yesterday but Wednesday afternoon---a week ago today, when I came back from the Jorhat Hospital I found a telegram saying that operative cases were piling up and that there was a private maternity case in.

Letter from Fred with no date

We are gloriously happy that the end of our separation is in view.

It looks as if everything has worked out far better than many of us ever dreamed or hoped. I am ready to dig in with all my might and try to make the coming year the best yet. And with Dorothy alongside every day, I think I shall have just double incentive to do my best. She gets more loveable every day and if Heaven can be any happier than we these days, then it will have to set a mighty high standard. She seems to have made me so happy that I'm getting fat.

If anyone in this world has all the marks of an ideal wife, then Dorothy has them plus. I marvel at her understanding of so many little things that make for perfect harmony between us. Surely God has a special purpose for us in this country and we are gloriously happy to give our best to what comes to our hands to do. We are both coming to a fuller realization of John 10:10.

December 13, 1936

Am to take over charge of the hospital in Jorhat until missionary staff changes make it un-necessary for me to care the superintendency (I think they are hoping for a new doctor) and are providing funds to get a second hand car—think it may be a third hand one, but maybe it will run) and upkeep for it. Will be awfully glad when they get a new doctor and I don't have to carry the load. This does not mean that furlough will be postponed. It might be, but it would be because of the school and not because of the medical work.

Fred and I got a lot of packing done while he was here as he stayed until Thursday.

December 22, 1936

Handwritten letter from Fred to Mrs. Kinney

Yesterday when Dorothy arrived she gave me Dadkins watch that you had sent. She well knows how deeply it moved me to receive it. I have made no mention in my other letters concerning it, when you had suggested sending it because there was nothing I could write to even express my feelings and appreciation of even the smallest part. Perhaps you can know how much it means to me when I say that I prize it second only to my Dorothy's love.

Notebook #3—Notes from Dr. Kinney

January 12, 1937-Jorhat

We would love to have you come and pay us a visit. We are almost completely cleaned and settled, and really we do look quite nice. Our verandah looks very gay and attractive with the new pillow covers (will try and enclose samples), and the living room is very attractive with the new voile curtains of bazaar voile in a soft green shade, and the newly covered cushions in green silk and the gold muga (the native Assamese silk (like that that I brought home with me) and the black silk bindings. The bedroom looks swell with its new blue hangings and purdahs, and all it needs is a bit of painting done (the store here is out of the cream enamel just at present so I am having to wait.)

The school boys have worked well for the most part, and considering the fact that they are so new to anything around a bungalow they are doing very well indeed. To be sure they brush up the floor, and sweep the dirt on to the carpet, wipe their feet on the best rugs, clean the woodwork instead of the windows, etc. However, we have had no major catastrophes and when they understand what one wants done they turn to with a vim.

Last night we had our first dinner party for the missionaries—beginning to entertain a bit as we must.

January 16, 1937-Gauhati, Assam.**Letter from Fred**

We have been working like ants getting our house in order preparatory to this run around the country and I believe it has been fairly well accomplished, altho all the credit goes to Dorothy. A man always needs a woman to help him make a house look like a home and Dorothy has the art down to a science. Just wish you could all drop in and visit with us for a while and you would agree.

That wife of mine is certainly a home maker and every day is Xmas and in between we are having picnics.

We are on our third honeymoon now. The first one to Calcutta, the second was to the Naga Hills and now this one to Tura. We have decided to have one anytime and without notice.

February 1, 1937

The "Gospel from the Mountains" came last week and we are ever and ever so glad to have it. We had read over Dad's outline for that sermon on Math. 6:33 but found it difficult to fill in some of the outline, and were so glad to have the sermon in full. It means much to us. Thanks so much for sending it.

Am so glad that everything is going as well as it is for you. I think I can appreciate ore just what you mean by the "loneliness" than ever before. Fred means more and more to me all the time, and I do so wish that you could know him. He is so fine and sweet. I don't think I could possibly be any happier than I am. We speak of you and Dad often, and are enjoying the "Upward Look". We use it every morning at breakfast time. I have the picture of you and Dad, Mary and Marjie (the enlargement) in a small gilt frame in a little standard here on the desk. It is such a good picture of you all. When I saw the picture, there seemed to be a quality about Dad's face that I had never noticed before—something not of this world.

The hospital situation is still in rather much of a mess. This is all confidential. Dr. A. wants me to take over charge now, and he doesn't plan to leave until late in April. He says there are many things that

need to be done on the compound, and he wants to run around and visit the various stations, etc. I have refused to take over charge until shortly before he goes as we contend that it is his job, and that no other missionary starts his furlough two or three months ahead of time (he wanted me to take over in Novem. Last) and then dates it from the time he actually leaves India. He apparently intends to run around anyway, and let things go as far as the hospital is concerned. We are also holding out that I will not do any work over there until a car is provided as I can't run back and forth (three miles from here) and be dependent on their coming for me and bringing me back. Lahaorie is here, and is finding things in pretty much of a mess. The nurse there goes on furlough and it is expected that Millie will come her to relieve for a few months and then perhaps the nurse from Tura will come for a few months. I have refused to assume any responsibility for the nursing service. I wish in many ways that I could wash my hands of the whole thing. They will not cooperate to the point where it would be possible for one of the Gauhati nurses (Miss-sahibs) to come up and do a constructive piece of work. They want things carried on "as-is", and the status of things is very lax with the girls. Nuff said. Maybe things will work out better than we anticipate. We hope so anyway.

February 15, 1937

I guess that we are back home to stay for a while now, and it does seem good. We've been on the go so much during the past two months that it has been hard to get things settled and realize that we were really at home.

February 23, 1937

When I think of the speed with which the weeks didn't fly during the time that I was in Gauhati and Fred up here, I wonder how it was because they go so terribly fast up here. Just think, it has been more than two months since I left Gauhati, and it seems like about two weeks, in other ways, Gauhati seems very, very remote.

We have been enjoying a book that we got for Christmas—"Science Discovers God". If you haven't read it, I think that most of you would thoroughly enjoy it.

Wednesday night, Fred and I tried something new. The prayer meetings are rather dry part of the time, and they usually have no one to accompany the signing as the man who usually plays is one of the pastors and often takes the meeting. So, Fred and I tried playing for the bunch. Yes, I know that that I one thing that you never thought I would do, and perhaps Mother Chambers never thought that Fred would do it either, but we did, and expect to keep it up. The people sing so slowly that it is painful, and we are trying to get them speeded up a bit, but that will take weeks of work. We've made a start anyway.

March 1, 1937-Jorhat

Letter from Fred to his Mother Chambers

The chief purpose of this letter is to let off steam. The first burst is that I believe I have the best wife in the whole flat world. I was crazy about her eight months ago but that's nothing to the way I feel now and I get worse daily. She can think up the nicest things to do and say for my happiness and then goes on to do them in about the finest way you can imagine. Some folk thought because she was so good professionally that she wouldn't be so good domestically. The fact is, she is showing them all where to

get off. Can she cook! Each time I think she has made about the best there is and then she springs a new one on me and it puts the former one in the shade. She makes such good cookies that they simply won't last anytime at all. Then she countered with some doughnuts and they went just as fast. Her green tomato pickles get better all the time and she has turned out a real supply of orange marmalade that beats the market all to pieces and has a much better flavor. She seems to never lack for originality and monotony simply isn't in her vocabulary. And on top of all the good food she is giving me, she fixes the house up so tastefully that I am proud as punch every time someone comes to call. I sometimes sit and try to think what I can possibly do to even in some small way let her know how very much I appreciate all she does and how much I love her for all she is.

Dorothy is a great buddy to share everything with and we have a great time reading, thinking, and discussing things. If life could be any fuller than it is now, I can't conceive how it is possible. Certainly God is gracious to grant so much happiness and I only hope that somehow I can be of some use in bringing a measure of some such happiness into others' lives. Wish we could share our happiness with you at home, for we feel as if we have more than our share and plenty to spare.

March 2, 1937-Jorhat

Have tried several things in the line of cooking this past week. Made some doughnuts and they came out quite well. Think I could do better on the next lot, but these didn't soak any grease, and were quite light. Wish I had had the brains to write down Grandmother's recipe for doughnuts such as I used to make when I was a little girl (well, it is over 22 years ago that I made them). Have made two batches of cookies, and both batches and the doughnuts (full recipes every time) have all disappeared. The batch that I made yesterday is almost half gone this morning. (There were about three and one half dozen when I finished) then I tried a lemon chiffon pudding (the baked kind). It came out perfectly. I tried to get Mosee in Gauhati to make one once and gave him the recipe for it, but the dumb-bell decided that anything so thin as that would never bake, and put a good deal more flour with it and the result was anything but delectable. I proved that the recipe is O.K. at any rate. Am going to try an Angel cake soon.

Made some more shorts for Fred last week.

Wink, I have a recommendation to you and Fred if you are anxious to save money. Learn to cut each others hair. The barbers here in Jorhat are N.G. I tried cutting Fred's about ten days ago, and did it again yesterday. The first time I was afraid to much more than trim the edges, but this time, I got really a very creditable do on it (if I do say so, as shouldn't) and am much encouraged. He cut mine at the same time, and is going to cut it again today. He is a good barber, and we are going to save at least \$1.25 a month this way. We're not doing it for the purpose of saving money, but simply because we both believe that we can do as well as the local barbers, and can learn to do it better. At least neither of us has said anything about refusing to go out in public because of the barbering. Then too, the one person that we have been able to get who does fairly well is so uncertain and rarely keeps his word as to when he will come. This way, we can set our own time and suit our own convenience. Yes, Wink, I can hear you say "My cow" or some such expression, but it can be done, and out here one learns to try almost anything, and it turns out to be fun.

March 9, 1937

Yesterday I got some hanging baskets ready to put up in the verandah. Two have that fern that the florists use so much, and the other two have Maidenhair fern in them. Painted them to match the furniture—they are made of the Indian pottery.

We have started the Frigidaire today—haven't had it on since December first but the butter is beginning to get runny, and things are not keeping well. Used my cream mixer today—puts the butter back into the milk. Have two cups of thick cream for the price of about one third of a cup of the Nestle's cream. Guess that we can afford to use more cream at that rate for the ice cream. Frigidaire frozen desserts have to have more cream than do the ice creams made with a freezer. Otherwise they are filled with particles of ice and are not so nice. We are getting lovely butter, and by heating it with a bit of water, and then letting the water drain off, the salt is removed, and the butter can be used with the milk.

We are going to have a 1934 Chev. Touring car on the 18th of this month. It seems to be in fairly good repair, and we are hoping that it will serve the purpose for which we want it.

Thanks for the book, the papers, and the letters and clippings. Home Mail is one of the big spots every week, and we enjoy every bit of it. Loads and loads of love to one and all.

March 16, 1937

The Vogue and the Knitting Book came last Thursday and I am so glad to have them.

Friday night the party for the new boys was seemingly a grand success by the peals of laughter, cheering and such that broke the stillness of the evening. I went over later on and they certainly were having a grand and glorious time. They had all sorts of games,—spin the platter, getting a cracker on the end of a string up to their mouth, eating it and then whistling, three deep, bell and bat, pillow fighting, races, etc. Then they had tea, buns, and akoi (puffed rice) with sort of molasses syrup poured over it to make it sort of stick together in balls (only there wasn't enough syrup in spite of using about four pounds of our sugar with the "goop" that they brought to make real balls). I wish you could have seen the mound of the stuff—there were about 105 boys to be provided for. They did have a good time, however, and everything went according to schedule and they were thru by ten or a bit before.

Rosa is also going to try and get "Monopoly" that game that they are playing quite a bit at home and out here. We think that we could have a lot of fun with it some evening when we have some of the other folks over.

March 23, 1937

This morning we had our "chota" out on the back verandah at 6:15 and it was lovely. Usually have our 10:00 o'clock meal out there. We had "akoi" (puffed rice as made out here) heated with butter and salt, coffee and fruit. Fred is very fond of the akoi and so am I.

Sunday night about 10:45 we had a very heavy earthquake shock---one of the longest and hardest that I can remember. It didn't do as much damage around here as in 1930, but we are wondering what it did nearer the center. The lights and fans swung for a long time, and the doors swayed and rattled for several minutes. Gauhauti usually has them heavier than Jorhat. Unlike many such shocks, there were no more afterwards and we went back to sleep.

The Boucle came yesterday and I am thrilled to pieces with it. It is just the color I wanted and I think the blouse stuff is lovely. Couldn't wait to see how it was going to work up so have about two inches done on the back of the coat. Chose the short coat suit with the diagonal stripe in it as the pattern, and it is going to be "plenty ritzy" as Fred says. Thanks heaps, and heaps for getting it out so promptly. Shall hope to have it done within the year at any rate. It will make grand pick up work.

March 30, 1937

Nine months ago today we were married. It doesn't seem possible that such a big part of a year has gone by, and the time has simply flown since last December. We get happier and happier all the time, and have never once, even for a second, wished that we had done otherwise than we did. Life is very, very rich and full.

April 11, 1937 Jorhat-Letter from Fred

There's a song in my heart today that nothing could express or quite describe. Perhaps, you, Mother, can best understand it when I presume it must be something like the thrill you must have received when you felt the first little flutter of new life under your heart. The Lord willing, and all goes well, it looks as if you and Dad will have a new grandchild some time toward the end of this year. Dorothy and I have been so eager for it to happen that we have been reluctant to accept any of the symptoms until we could be more or less sure. Now having found something a bit more reliable, we are hastening the good news on to you that you may enjoy the period of expectation with us. Dorothy has been feeling off color for the last few weeks and being a physician, she knew something of the signs but was so afraid it might not be true, would not accept them as such until she could be sure. However, Friday evening, she went to Gauhati and Sat. had a check by Dr. Randall and I received the good news yesterday by telegram and am writing to you even before I have received the word from her own lips. Dor will arrive late this afternoon but I was afraid I might not get a chance to write and get the letter off in the mail this week if I did not do it today.

You know mighty well that no child will ever be more desired than this one. And it certainly is a child of love. Dor and I have been married ten months the 30th of April and there has not been the slightest thing to dim the thrilling joy that has been ours from the first. In fact, I get more crazily in love with her all the time and she seems to have it as bad as I. These last nine and one half months have been so ideal that if I were a pessimist, I would be afraid that something terrible would happen. They have been ideal and like a beautiful dream. And now comes this good news to make our cup of happiness run over all the more. And when you meet Dor you will understand what an ideal wife and lovely mother she can be. Both from the standpoint of her scientific knowledge and the greatness of her Christian heart and character, she will make any child's lot a blessed one.

April 12, 1937

We do so wish that we could share our joy with you in person, and while this is early to be saying much about it, we just can't help but want to share it with our nearest and dearest and know that you all will have joy in anticipating that birthday. These last nine and one half months have been so full of joy and now to have this makes our cup of happiness full to running over. Fred and I are more in love with each other all the time, and he is such a peach—so thoughtful, considerate and loveable in every way that I wish you could all know him now. Surely no couple was ever more deeply happy and in love than we are.

June 7, 1937

Fred is busy this morning getting a shed built under which he hopes to be able to keep some lettuce, tomatoes, etc. growing during the rains. It would be grand if we could have them as we surely would enjoy them.

Have a little pair of white wool panties knitted (they take the place to a certain extent of rubber ones) and are especially nice to use over the diapers at night as they keep the baby warm.

June 21, 1937

I made cookies this morning—the coconut-oatmeal ones, and some chocolate tea bars with Marian's recipe. Fred was eating them as though he liked them and I said I was glad he like them to which he relied—"Like them! I have an inordinate affection for them."

Thursday evening we went out to the Duncan's for dinner and had an awfully nice time. They are such a nice couple, and so congenial. Little Elizabeth is growing fast now, and is such a dear. Mrs. Duncan gave me a lovely baby bassinet made in a blind school in Aberdeen. It is a reed basket, slightly oval in shape but really more of an oblong with the corners rounded, slightly higher at the head than at the foot, fitted with handle on each side of it, three curved bars that fold down which can be used for a mosquito or canopy frame. It is ever so pretty. Is one that she got for her baby and then was given one that she liked even better. This is such a nice light one that it will be nice for traveling.

June 29, 1937

Have wondered if it would be possible for us to have some sort of a family reunion in the mountains next summer. If we could only get two or three cabins close together and could spend six week or two months up in the mountains, it would be grand, and I think everyone would benefit by it.

Last night Fred and I went to the first movie we have seen since we were in Shillong. It was the Coronation Film and was quite good, altho not complete by any manner of means. They have quite a nice theater here. Perhaps we will go some during the summer. The only trouble is that they rarely have an English film, and the others are poorly done and in Hindi or Bengali for the most part.

Tomorrow, Millie and Mrs. Kirby are having a tea supper to celebrate our wedding anniversary. It doesn't seem possible that it will be a year, but time has gone quickly. We are thousands of times more in love than we were a year ago, and it looks as though it would keep on increasing. Wish you could all be here to help us celebrate.

July 7, 1937

Wednesday was our first wedding anniversary and was a very very happy one. Millie asked us over for tea supper in the afternoon and had invited the other missionaries as well. During the day a wire came from the Hardings and Merrills in Tura with congratulations and best wishes, and that did warm the cockles of our hearts. Mrs. Kirby said that she and Millie had had a hard time deciding just what the first wedding anniversary was—wood, cotton, or what, and decided it was cotton. She gave us a dear little padded holder for the hot handle of a teapot made in the shape of a parrot, and two hot lid lifters. Millie gave us two lovely white tray cloths, and Victoria presented with one dozen jharons (dish towels). Fred

said the world began a year ago, and so Millie said that this was the beginning of the Year Two. I finished the dress (with Fred's help as he pinned the hem for me and did a jolly good job of it) made from the material Mother sent last year, and it looks ever so nice. Wore it as a celebration of the day. Made a small bunch of organdy flowers for the front.

July 12, 1937

We spent a lot of the time on the trip---especially the steamer trip---reading "Gone with the Wind" and have enjoyed it tremendously. Some have given it rather adverse criticism, but we have thoroughly enjoyed the character portrayal in it, the humor, and the author's understanding of human nature. We have about two hundred pages left to read, and hope to get it finished in the next few days.

The new material, a sample of which you sent is lovely, and I shall love to have it. I didn't know that cotton couldn't be sent to India. That is a new one. Imagine that the Forbes (sailing Sept. 7th) would be glad to bring it out. It will be nice to have something new for the trip home as we will be getting home in the spring. We have asked the Forbes to bring out a small folding baby buggy so that we can use it on the boat going home and out here as well. It is a very inexpensive one, and I think will do the deed until we know more definitely what our plans will be.

Fred hopes to get one or two pieces of furniture made for the "nursery" during the vacation period and we are getting eager to begin to get the room fixed up. Altho the hospital work hasn't been too heavy, I will be glad when I can let up for a while and not have to go over every day at 11.

July 20, 1937

We finished "Gone with the Wind" and certainly did enjoy it. We are finishing "An American Doctor's Odyssey" now, and are reading "His Life and Ours" together. We have a lot of books we want to get read, but with the hospital work interrupting there doesn't seem to be much time left. I finished the little white sweater that I was knitting and it is ever so cute. Have the leggings finished to the little three piece suit of soft blue and have started on the sweater. The shirt pattern for Fred's shirts came today, and I hope to get started on the two dresses for myself, and the shirts for him soon. Expect to help Victoria with an evening dress soon. She was down yesterday for a bit and we talked over plans for it.

August 31, 1937

This week got the confirmation of our furlough for March from the Board at home, so guess there is no obstacle to our going home in March barring some unforeseen occurrence out here. At least we are beginning to plan definitely.

Have the little pink and white jacket that I am knitting about four fifths finished, and it is going to be adorable. Such fun as I am having, and Fred seems to be getting as much fun out of it as I. This morning I made some of the oatmeal cookies as we were just about out. Earl was over to dinner Friday night, Millie on Saturday night, and again for a wee supper after church on Sunday. She sang at the evening service and Fred preached. Gave a very fine sermon on fear and one that I think did everyone there a lot of good, and one which I think the boys were able to grasp and apply in their own lives.

September 20, 1937

Thursday was also my birthday. When I came out to chota I found three parcels at my plate. Fred had gotten a copy of "Victorious Living" by Jones, and a lovely nightie and bed jacket to match. The nightie and jacket are of white silk, with tiny pink rose buds worked in clusters over the bodice and edge, and the edges have ecru net finish. It is a lovely set and is designed for wear down in Gauhati when we celebrate the "EVENT".

October 18, 1937

If all goes as we plan it, five months from today we will be sailing from Bombay for home. Doesn't that sound interesting?

Fred and I have just come back from a walk—it is full moonlight, and the moonlight at this time of the year is different from others times---more mystical and whiter than during the rains.

I did some painting this morning and will get the second coat on tomorrow and then I can really begin to get the "nursery" settled and in order. It is lots of fun.

October 26, 1937

Have done practically no hospital work lately. Have gone over two or three times a week but haven't really done any work. Leah wanted to know why I wasn't coming oftener and Lahaorie told her that Fred had said that if she made any outside appointments for me he would put her in an incubator (Fred had said the autoclave where they sterilize the dressings). We did laugh.

November 2, 1937

We have quite a full social calendar on this week. Last night we had Hazel and Ernest Hedges over for dinner---they are just back from furlo. This afternoon we go to the Kirby's for tea, and then to Millie's for dinner. Tomorrow night is prayer meeting and so free as to other functions. Thursday we go out to Mariani to dinner with the Duncans. Friday, Jawaharlal Nehru, Pres. Of the Congress is speaking here in Jorhat and we both expect to go and hear him. Saturday, Millie, Ruth and Hazel Smith will be over for dinner again. Last week Millie came over Tuesday afternoon, or rather about noon, and I helped her with some more sewing. Friday afternoon we drove out to see the Duncans as we hadn't seen them for two or three months.

Fred got in three afternoons of tennis with some of the other men here in Jorhat last week, and has the court over at the other bungalow in quite good shape now. I went over and sat on the side lines and watched him play yesterday afternoon. Hope I can get some tennis in in January.

His Royal Highness is getting to every real part of the household even now, and we are quite sure that he will rule the roost when he arrives. Sani came to me in church Sunday night and said "It is going to be a boy", and Ernest Hedges prophesies a boy and says he has never missed it (don't know just how much experience he has had, but then---).

November 9, 1937

They brought all the things that Mother had gotten together for us, and did we have a good time unpacking them. It was better than Christmas to get all the things out, admire them, and get them put away in the baby's chest of drawers. We are crazy about the little "coffee cup" with the wee elephant on

the side and the dear little sponge rubber ring for the top. We think that if we are going to use the little traveling case for it that we had better get a little padlock for it as otherwise the “pot du chamber” might go rolling over the station platform somewhere along the way. The Baby Book is adorable, and I shall take it down to Gauhati so that the record can be properly started—such fun!!The wee bracelet is so sweet. The little blue wool wrap is adorable, and will be the first wrap. I am so glad that it is blue. Fred likes blue better than pink and blue is for a boy everyone out here says, and we are still sort of hoping maybe it will be a boy. We will be inordinately proud if it is a boy, and wild with delight if it is a girl, so guess there really isn’t much a choice. The rubber sheeting, the tiny rubber panties, the clever mosquito net, the dear little bands, the cunning coat hangers, shirt frames, safety pins, Q-tips, Curity diapers, Chux (Leila says they will be a life saver on the Dollar Line as there is no facility for any real washing), the clever rubber zipper bag. Leila says the little silver cup is in her mal that is coming up by steamer so we will get that later. The voile for the dress for me is ever so pretty and will make up well, and be a good traveling dress that it is fairly dark. Thanks heaps for getting all these things together. Mother, and also for the many things which you included which we didn’t expect.

We are leaving for Gauhati on Thursday—Armistice Day. It is a holiday and Friday won’t amount to much as a teaching day. I think we will both breathe easier once we get down there. This Indian woman—Sani--who has made so many predictions is very much worried that I am not going to get to Gauhati on time. Says there were three babies due at the same time, and the other two have delivered. She is sure I am not going to wait long. She is so funny!

November 22, 1937-handwritten letter from Dor

There isn’t any place I know of where I’d rather be than here, and if you all could drop in and see me it would be perfect.

November 24, 1937-Gauhati Assam India

The little lady (6 lbs. 14 oz) was a go getter from the start and opened her eyes and surveyed everything with all the wonderment of two big blue eyes. She was moving her arms all about and persisted in chewing her hands and kicking for all she was worth.

The baby is a beauty and looks like her mother. Beautifully shaped, large head, mouth like Dor’s and I am sure she will have the same “laughing eyes” that you, Mildred remarked about in Dor’s wedding picture. I think her ears are going to be the Kinney type: small, and setting close to the head. She certainly is a healthy little tyke and as I told Dor yesterday, I am sure all the parts came with her and all the springs are wound up and performing nicely.

November 28, 1937

Dor and I have each waited longingly for a long time for a baby and we are making the most of it and I do get the biggest kick out of the little thing and an extra wallop when I see Dor with the baby. She certainly makes a lovely mother and I am sure no child will receive more intelligent care or have more love given to it than our baby. We wanted her long before we knew she was a possibility and now that she is really here we are happier than we even dreamed. I have found a new glow under my heart that I never knew before and it never gets cool.

December 1, 1937-Gauhati-Handwritten letter from Dorothy

He is so wild over Carol (and so am I) and it gives me a thrill to see him with her. I think he could sit and hold her all day, and is so anxious to get us home so he can help care for her. Is crazy to learn to bathe her, etc. He's a grand husband and is going to be just a fine a father, I know.

However, Carol has been worth every pain and I'd cheerfully go thru it again for another one.

My milk supply seems to be getting established well and Carol has automatically put herself on a 4 hour feeding plan as she simply won't nurse on a shorter interval. So far she hasn't really begun to gain but isn't losing and considering everything, I'm not worried. She is such a wee darling.

December 19, 1937

Dor is at church. I went for the first half and she has just gone for the second half. The church building is just across the road from our bungalow, so it makes it possible for us to plan accordingly. We thought it best not to take the baby to church this first Sunday at home and have not made arrangements for anyone to stay with her. So, we decided to "half-it". She has been a good baby and slept nearly all day, except for bath time and a short time this morning. Thus far we have not had occasion to complain for her actions and she has done very well in getting adjusted to her new home after the routine of the hospital and a long train trip from Gauhati here. Naturally we think she is the ideal child and are rather expecting the relatives to all feel the same way about her.

This is the happiest day Dor and I have had yet. The first Sunday in our own home with our new daughter.

It just doesn't seem possible that furlough time is here already and that I have been out here five years and six months. It will be good to get home and see everyone and meet my new relatives and have my family meet my two darlings.

December 27, 1937

The baby is gradually getting into the new swing of things, and is proving to be a very good baby (but I guess I won't comment to strenuously on that point as if I remember properly I told what a model child she was in some of the letters last week, and then she cried from 10 to 3 that night. However, that is the only time that she hasn't been good at night. Guess if I had had sense enough to have given her an enema that she would have settled down better that night.

She has been smiling since the 22nd and is full of smiles when she awakens early in the morning for her first feed, at bath time, and in the afternoon and evening. She adores her bath and is a regular little fish. Her eyes are bigger and bluer than ever and her hair is growing and is the prettiest golden shade. She surely is the center of the household here.

February 20, 1938

This is our last letter from Jorhat before leaving for furlough.

October 2, 1939-Iloilo, P.I.

The trip across the Atlantic or rather the Pacific was pleasant for the most part. War was declared the day after we sailed, and with Canada entering the war a day or so later, we found ourselves on a Belligerent's boat. War precautions were taken all the way along—no running lights, deck lights practically nil, all portholes and windows heavily blanketed at night, no radiograms sent or received in order to keep position secret, the course changed frequently, a naval convoy from g to Hong Kong, and enroute the ship which is usually a sparkling white was painted a battleship gray.

We left Manila on the inter*Island boat and it is a lovely thing. The trip was delightful. We arrived about ten Wednesday morning, and were met by about twelve of the thirteen missionaries here, and some thirty of the students and faculty members. It surely was a royal welcome.

The bungalow we have is going to be very pleasant.

We were much disappointed when we arrived to find that our freight from N.Y. was not due until the second week in October, and according to letters from Gauhati, the stuff from Assam had not been shipped as late as the 23rd of August. Consequently, much that I wanted to get done at once is having to wait until things arrive.

Carol has stood the trip remarkably well. She is talking a blue streak, making complete sentences now. She is getting more and more adept (if such it can be called) on the piano, and will play every note in the scale, and then alternate notes, "tickles" the piano, and crosses her hands to play and all the rest of it. Never pounds.

We have taken on one girl as "lavendera" or laundress. She will do the laundry all here at the bungalow. Then we have taken on a "house girl" who is supposed to help with the house work and help with looking after Carol.

October 8, 1939

Fred is preaching tomorrow, and is anxious to put the finishing touches on his sermon. He played some tennis with two of the Filipino doctors from the hospital, and one of the Filipino Faculty members, a Dr. Rio, who spent several years in study in the States and seems like a splendid chap. He has been trying (between painting jobs) to get started on his school work. They have given him four courses for next semester, and one of them is in Freshman Ethics and there are a hundred and thirty some students in it—two sections—but it will give him a good chance to get acquainted with a large number of the student body early in his stay here. However, it is going to give him plenty to do, and they hope that over the week ends he will get acquainted with the churches in the field, and in the pastors or rather with them and their problems. I was designated to the hospital here.

Went over to have Dr. Waters check things up today. Like him very, very much and feel that I'll be in good hands in February. He feels that in as much as I will be about six months along and a bit over when the examinations in Manila come due, and with the adjustment to climate for myself and the rest of the family, getting settled, Fred's work, etc., that I had better not try the exams until the party is well over with. Would like to have the things out of the way so I could do something if the occasion demanded, but he says, I can help in the hospital anyway altho would be technically speaking under the direction of someone licensed to practice.

Have several speaking engagements lined up ahead---one for the W.W.G., another before a get together of women, etc.

October 17, 1939

Somehow, things have been so rushed out here, and there has been so much going on that it has been hard to keep track of the dates and days. Not having a newspaper that is up to date makes it difficult. The Manila papers are all from two to four days late depending on when the boats sail.

We left our radio in Ohio with a man to sell. We find that we could use it out here with a transformer (and these are not too expensive) so have written air mail to send it out if it hasn't already been sold. That would help us keep up on the news a bit, and give us some music. I hope they haven't sold it!

Our stove came yesterday and Fred got it in working order today---a real job as it was pretty much apart for packing purposes, and rather heavy and awkward thing to handle. It looks it is almost identical with the one that Mother Chambers has, except that it is a kerosene instead of gas burning.

Fred has to begin classes next week. Is trying to get his courses organized, but has had so many interruptions with getting freight out of the customs offices, etc., that it has been difficult business. We expect to have a telephone in soon, and that will make things simpler along some lines as the grocer with whom we deal delivers. Last Friday night I spoke to the W.W.G. chapter here---quite a good sized group composed of the girls in the dormitory here on the campus. They were discussing India, and were very attentive to what I could tell them.

The girl that we have---Leonor (Carol calls her Nee-nor) seems to be working out pretty well, and I think in time will be quite good. She surely is not lazy.

Carol is growing so fast and is developing more independence every day---both a good and a bad thing. She is sleeping in her room at night now, but our doors are in line, and so she can see us in the morning when she awakens (at five or five thirty). She is often so tired by nine that she goes to sleep again for an hour or so, and then doesn't sleep in the afternoon when Fred and I would like to have a bit of rest. Twelve to two is siesta time around Iloilo, and no one goes anywhere. Stores and business houses are all closed during those hours, and there are no classes, so----- She is talking in more complete sentences all the time. Her interest in books continues to grow and she knows more and more of the stories. When she sees Fred coming, she frequently calls out "here come Daddy boy".

October 27, 1939

This week has been rather a busy one. Monday afternoon Miss Ernst and Miss Buchner at the hospital gave a big tea for me. There were about fifty European and American women there. It was really quite a swell affair. They served Waldorf salad, candied ginger, peanut brittle, sandwiches, three kinds of cake, hot or ice tea, etc. There are some lovely women here and I am looking forward to meeting them and knowing them better. They all seem to have the idea that I am taking Dr. Water's place during his furlough! Wednesday we were to dinner with the Feldmans. Had a lovely evening. Thursday there was a big tea on at the Iloilo club to which I was invited, but as I was feeling a bit tired and not too ambitious, I sent my regrets. Tomorrow evening there is a faculty party for us. Next Monday they want another picnic out at Otone and Wednesday Charma is giving a tea for me. Thursday there is another big tea at the Iloilo Club, but I have already declined that---feel sort of tea-ed to death.

Fred began Classes yesterday. It seems to take an unusually long time to get things underway here. They register the students and find out what the students want to take, and how many in a class and then make out a schedule. Rather a dumb idea we think. The students are much like those in Assam—they are late coming and late getting started, and Fred feels rather disgusted just at present. Out of a class that is supposed to have over fifty in it, five showed up, etc. He is playing tennis with Dr. Waters and some of the others tomorrow and that will buck him up a bit.

November 4, 1939

We have taken on another girl---this one to act more in the capacity of ayah for Carol. Carol would have almost nothing to do with Leonor the girl we had, and I guess she had good judgment, for I finally let her go this morning. Rosa, the new girl is, seemingly, very much more refined and Carol seems to have taken to her quite nicely.

Finally decided to make a stab at the exams in Manila now. The hospital is going to be in rather a difficult position here due to the fact that the Board of Control has elected a Filipino as acting director during Dr. Water's absence (and there is a good deal of feeling that once in he will not be gotten out. The European group will not go to him, and if the hospital is to keep the European patronage---including American, it will be only by having a European or American doctor on the staff. I plan to go to Manila a week from Monday and will have to be there a week due to lack of daily means of transportation between the two points. Hope I can pass the things, as I am afraid that if I don't I'll not have the nerve to try again.

This evening I spoke to the Alumni group of the Nurse's Training School here.

November 7, 1939-Handwritten letter from Dorothy

Am feeling pretty well these days and seem to be in good shape all around. The baby is very active and has been from the start. Carol talks much about "new baby" and asks for one quite often. Says "I, I, pat a baby-I kiss a feet, I, I, nove (love) a baby." It will be fun to see her with it.

November 12, 1939-Iloilo, P.I.-Letter from Fred

Carol's idea of God seems to be growing considerably, orthodox or otherwise would be difficult to say. She has learned to say the blessing at the table and uses the same four lines when she says her prayer before going to sleep. From the book that Motherkin gave her. The verse that ends with, "Thank you God, for everything". Of course, Mother and Daddy have to start the sentences and she completes them.

It looks as if this next week would be father and daughter week in our house. Dor leaves at 7:30 tomorrow morning for Manila to take the Medical Board exam and cannot get back until one week from Monday. Carol and I have plans laid out by Dor that ought to see us thru the main schedule and I think we can manage the rest. You see, Carol and I had certain understandings before we met Dor. (Figure that one out!) Everyone has been generous in offering to help and I think between the College group and the Hospital group, we ought to be well taken care of. Dor has had such a heavy time getting ready for these exams and trying to run her house that it should be some relief to get away for a week, even if it does mean exams. Looks as if we might begin in earnest to try to get settled, although we have no word on shipping of our things from Assam yet. We'll be lucky to get them by Xmas at this rate.

Last week we had another enjoyable picnic at the beach. That place certainly is a Godsend.

December 17, 1939-Letter from Fred

It does not seem possible that Xmas is so near at hand. The tropics are not conducive to the Xmas spirit for poinsettias are usually blooming everywhere and there is a lack of clear crisp frosty air and snow that makes for Xmas. The main evidence of Xmas for Carol and me will be to have mama home again and then the Xmas holiday for the College will afford opportunity to really enjoy her and help protect her from doing odds and ends that we can do with the extra time at hand. However, the days are filled with parties and programs.

December 22, 1939

I came home Tuesday afternoon---23 days in the hospital—but am gaining strength daily, and altho still trying to be careful, and not trying to do more than navigate “in low”, I feel lots stronger today than yesterday, etc.

Fred has been thoroughly disgusted with the shops here. We wanted to get one of the tiny artificial Christmas trees that stands only about 27 inches high, and they want \$3.75 (gold) for it.

December 24, 1939

We have been trying to get a Christmas tree. They have wanted so much for them that we hated to buy one. Then Miss Houger who is in charge of one of the dormitories said she wasn't going to use hers over the Christmas time as she had had it up for the dorm girls before they went home. Fred brought it over, and Carol has been in seventh heaven with it. “Daddy bot Carol Chrissen tree—mine Chrissen tree”. She had to help decorate it and we had a good time. The “pretty balls” were all put on, and the “sojer bicycles” (silver icicles). The lights are attached, and “Daddy Boy” got a silver star for the top.

December 26, 1939

Well, it is the day after Christmas. We had a lovely Christmas. Carol woke up about four-thirty, but stayed in bed with us more or less quietly until about six. She is crazy about the little toy piano that we got for her and sits and plays and sings for long periods of time.

January 1, 1940

We got word about our freight from Assam on Thursday—it has gone down to the bottom of Singapore Bay on the S.S. Sirdhana which struck a mine sometime in the first half of November. It seems the Captain (it was a British boat I think) didn't know the mine fields that had been laid out. Well, we don't have to wait for it now, and Fred won't have to spend two or three days getting it out of customs, and there were probably many things that we didn't really need, but it included about \$250 worth of my medical books, all my uniforms, curtain materials that I wanted for upholstering cushions here, and curtains, dishes, aluminum wear, two table lamps, toaster, little vacuum cleaner, all of Fred's books, and the ones that we wanted to keep just as old friends, about thirty lovely Victrola records, some brass wear, extra sheets, pillow cases, towels, vases and our lovely pictures.

Henry Waters had a letter from a doctor in Manila to the effect that I had passed the exams and that my grades would be released as soon as the H.S. and Pre-Medical certificates were in hand. Will really believe it when the other letter comes.

Fred has been spending a good deal of time getting the yard in order. Has had a trench dug all around it and the earth used to help fill in the yard near the house, hoping to prevent water standing around the house when it rains hard again.

School begins Wednesday and Fred's last classes this term come about March seventh. The new term doesn't begin until June. April and May are the two hottest Months here. It will be nice to have his vacation beginning about the time I get back from the hospital. Will give us time to enjoy our family together.

The Victrola is proving to be a valuable addition to our household. Carol came in to Fred yesterday and said "Daddy make mu-ic for Carol".

January 8, 1940

Got my grades from Manila today. They weren't too bad—an average of 80.63 for the seventeen exams.

Carol had the time of her life this morning helping me wash up some of the baby things. She announced today "we get a baby boy". Hope she is right.

January 16, 1940

Just after the last home letter, Wink and Fred's box came. The little afghan is exquisite and has been very much admired. For those of you who haven't seen it, it is one that Wink wove on one of the little Loomettes using a fine pink yarn with a silk thread in it. It is faced with pink China Silk bound with satin ribbon featherstitched down, and with some little blue flowers embroidered in pale blue wool scattered over it. Carol adores her dolly. One of the first things she discovered is that "dolly have a tongue". She insists on having "bof a dollies" (both of the dollies) in bed with her at night, and carries them around together most of the time. (the other is a baby doll that she got at the Christmas party) She has named it A'Wink. The other one is "Al-s" (Alice). She kisses them, feeds them, holds them on the toilet, rocks them, sings to them, and adores them.

Yesterday I had a surprise. Some ten days ago or two weeks ago, Fred and I were talking and he suggested that we had better make out some lists of things that would have to be replaced in order to get along—kitchen things, etc. I made out a list, and have been hoping we could get some of them soon. A week or so ago, Charma told me that she was having a tea for some friends that were coming down from Manila, and could I come. Yesterday I went to the tea. After everyone was there, Charma announced that they had a poet in their midst (the guests from Manila didn't show up), and that Hazel would read it. This is what she read: (Can't seem to find it, and think perhaps Fred has it.) Anyway it was about this good ship Sirdhanna the second, that had scoured the corners of the earth for treasure, and whose Captain had steered clear of mines. Well, Alice Covell came in, dressed like a sailor, and hauling a small ship that was filled with wrapped gifts. There were some nineteen people present, and they brought the ship to me and I had to open things. There were paring knives, a small strainer, colander, two lovely aluminum pans, two frying pans, cookie tin, angel cake tin, pie tin, six jello molds and ring,

orange squeezer, vinegar cruet, salt cups, spoons, fork, etc., (cooking) paper towel holder and roll of towels about a dozen new dish towels and some four or five dish cloths, a lovely green glass mixing bowl, two water bottles for the ice box, three green glass refrigerator dishes (square) grater, rolling pin, etc. Well, I surely was surprised. It was a lovely tea. The missionaries were there and some six or eight of the American women here. It was certainly lovely of them to do it.

Only about five more weeks now, and then Carol can have her baby. She said "When God going to send Carol's baby" yesterday.

Fred is working hard to get his four talks for the Pastors and Workers Conf. next week. Is giving the series on Galatians. I agreed to talk to the College Woman's Club next Friday. They wanted a talk on "Sex Problems". From what I had heard from one or two of the missionaries it was a subject much needed. I asked for questions from the girls, and when I got them last night, I felt like Dorothy Dix. One wants to know how she can keep boys from falling in love with her, and another wants to know why she is attractive to boys but can't keep them. There are a lot of other similar questions. Miss Dowell says they go in for love potions a lot to either make themselves attractive to certain boys, or to try and repulse others. Guess I got myself into a mess.

January 29, 1940

Dr. Henry has decided on an elective Caesarian and plans to do it sometime between the tenth and fifteen of Feb. Feels that with my age, the history of a previous Caesarian, the fact that I am potentially a primip (first baby) as far as normal delivery would be concerned, and the fact that the same conditions seem to exist now as were present at the time of Carol's arrival, that the chances for normal delivery aren't too good and that the safest and best is the elective. I agree with him. I like Dr. Waters ever and ever so much, and feel every confidence in his judgment, skill and ability. So, before you get this letter you will probably have had a cable announcing the arrival of him or her.

February 5, 1940

Dr. Henry has decided to wait until the 16th for the Caesarian, if all goes well, as that is a better date as far as the baby is concerned and things seem to be going along quite well. I'll surely be glad when its royal majesty is lying in a separate bed as it is most unmerciful in the way it kicks. So will probably go into the hospital the night of the fourteenth.

February 15, 1940-Letter from Fred

The refrain goes like this: "It's a boy!" and the verses are somewhat as follows.

Robert Bruce made his first impression on the world with a cry about 3:00 p.m. The little laddie weighed 8 lbs. 5 oz. according to the nurse who weighed him while we peered thru the glass door of the nursery. He looks a lot like Carol, has a mouth like his Mother is a husky little tyke with a well-shaped head, more hair on his head now than Carol had in a long time. He rolled his little blue eyes at u, squinted a bit, yawned and seemed quite contented with the world as he found it up to the present. I shall try to get a good snap of him during the next few days and get them off on the next mail possible.

Dor's repeated word has been, "I'm so glad it's a boy". With this second Caesarean, it means the terminus of our family and we are happy it could be one of each sex. Would like to have had another

one or two but since that is out of the question, we are quite happy with the blessing of God in Carol Joy and Robert Bruce. If he lives up to his name as Carol is living up to hers, you know he will be somebody. We are glad he is a boy for the special reason, too, that we can name him after his grandfather, Dadkin. We know that his other grandfather will not be jealous for he would not like to have an "Alphonso" for a grandson, but will rejoice in his new grandson by such a famous name.

February 25, 1940-handwritten letter from Dor

I'm getting along famously. Robert has lost 9 ounces after birth but today weighed 8 lbs. 4 oz. so he's done remarkably well. Even being circumcised didn't make him turn a hair and he ate well and gained an ounce that day. He surely does nurse well and the girls say he rarely cries. Did I tell you that his right ear is much like Dad's was---the "Kinney ear".

March 4, 1940

Well, our family is at home together again. Do wish you could all have been at the Hospital when Carol and Fred came to take me home. Carol was almost inarticulate she was so excited. When she got into my room and found the baby there, she could scarcely contain herself. Wanted to take the baby right away, and was desperately afraid that we were going to leave the hospital without him. We hadn't any more than gotten in the house on Saturday when she brought out some of her books and tried to get the baby to read them.

March 15, 1940

Thanks so much for the cheque. It was dear of you to send it, but we don't really need it. Will put it by for a bit and have it when the need arises. There was no bill at the hospital for Bobbie---can you beat that. I really feel terribly under obligation to the hospital having had six weeks of private room, special nursing, operation, drugs, etc. All because I was designated when we arrived to act as associate physician on the staff, and altho I haven't brought in but about four or five pesos so far. Feel as though I sort of needed to get busy and earn my board and keep for the time I was there. Thought surely there would be some bill for the baby, but no.

March 22, 1940-handwritten portion from Dor.

I do so long for you to see Carol and Bobby. It doesn't seem right for them to be so far away from relatives, especially when I know the relatives would be so crazy about them. Said to Fred the other day I wished you and Mother C. could come out for a visit. Father C. continues about the same. Recently weathered a heavy cold that the doctor thought would prove fatal.

April 1, 1940

I think that one of the hardest things to put up with in this country are the ants. They were bad enough in India, but much worse here. I wrote you that we had to keep the baby's bassinet legs in tins of mothballs and ant powder. Well, if you want to keep ants off your clothes, you have to keep your dressers, and everything else in the same thing. It is getting to be habitual to first inspect any garment from a drawer or taken off a hanger for ants before putting it on.

April 13, 1940

I am feeling ever so well—in fact think I haven't felt so well since Carol arrived. Bobby is doing splendidly! Carol is still thrilled with him and wants so hard to carry him. The other day I had put him on our big bed, and found her trying to lift him as she would a sack of flour.

Got a recipe for ice cream the other day that is delicious, lovely texture (especially if stirred once or twice while freezing). Out here where we can't get whipped cream it is hard to make lovely smooth ice creams in the G.E. This one works beautifully. It is four cups of Carnation Evaporated Milk (I boil the cans, unopened for twenty minutes and then chill before opening, and then whip it with a Dover egg beater) 20 graham crackers crushed, 1 cup sugar and vanilla. It is very inexpensive as compared with whipped cream and really is delicious.

I am thinking strongly of having my hair cut again as I used to wear it. I like it the way I have it, but it is getting well below my shoulders, and if I want to continue to wear it in pinned curls at the back I would have to have it thinned, shortened and recurled, and there isn't a good permanent wave to be had here and I can't go to Manila for it as it takes such a long time to do up well, and I have to wear a net or else comb it several times a day, and with hospital work coming on, caps on and off, perspiration etc., think that the two haircuts a month won't be any more expensive than the nets \$.15 each. Haircuts are \$.30 here.

Wish you would look around for a birthday present for Fred that I want for him. He has used my Goodspeed N.T. and likes it so much, especially or sermons. He has wished however that he could have one that had wider margins than this for notes, and one that was perhaps just a wee bit, not much, larger than mine. I think you remember mine---the one you and Dad gave me some eleven or twelve years ago. It has the flexible leather cover, thin India paper and quite clear print. His birthday is August 1 and one would have to allow about six weeks for it to get here. Would like the flexible binding, thin paper, and would like his name on it if possible. Don't want to go about \$3.00 if possible. Let me know what it comes to and I'll send the cash. Fred is using Dad's stunt of fastening his notes into the N.T. at the place where he is reading his text, and cuts his paper fit, and then can file them later.

April 29, 1940

All continues to go well. You should see the swell sign in black glass with my name in gold that has been put up over the office at the hospital. Gee, I never put on so much dog before!

May 7, 1940

Saturday afternoon we went out to Arevello for a swim. Carol surely does get a kick out of it.

May 12, 1940

Next Saturday we plan to go to Capiz for the week end. Will take Felicidad with us, and I think it will be sort of a lark. It is the annual Missionary Affairs Committee and is comparable to our annual missionary conference in Assam, but much less formal.

Started in on my woman's service at the hospital yesterday. Had rather a full day as my resident was sick and I had the outpatient—or his share of it—as well as the other work. Think it will be interesting as well as help me get back into shape professionally speaking.

June 13, 1940

The war news is surely terrifying these days. Today's report was that the fall of Paris was imminent, but that German gains were being had at the terrific sacrifice of men. Just where it will all end is a mystery.

Our yard is beginning to look a bit like a yard.

Wish you could share some of the lovely gardenias we have. They grow over on the Water's compound, and we are enjoying them. Must have at least two dozen in the house just now. The shrubs are beginning to look lovely again—scarlet, pink and yellow santan (has a lovely cluster of tiny blooms against dark green shiny leaves), gardenias, oleanders, hibiscus, Temple flowers, Bougainvillea, wisteria, etc. Amaryllis' are in bloom and are quite plentiful in most places. Have several coming up in the yard here.

We've been thinking a lot about you all at home these days. Before this reaches you Wink and Fred may have a son or daughter—it really won't matter which, and we shall be so relieved and thrilled to hear from you all.

June 19, 1940

How we do wish you could see the kiddies. Bobbie grows so fast---hasn't gained as fast lately as I would like, and think I will have to give him some supplementary feedings—hospital work is a bit hard on my milk supply at times, but no one would think he wasn't well. He and Carol have a grand time together. Carol looks different but ever so cute---she has had her hair cut.

Two or three days ago, the box of books which Dr. Smith sent out to Fred arrived, and you would have thought it was Christmas sure as anything. The books were such fine ones and ones that Fred has been especially anxious to have---some are duplicates of those he lost in the freight. One of them is a book he has wanted for a long time "Hocking's—The Meaning of God in Human Experience". Almost thought he was going to take it to bed with, he was so thrilled with it and the others.

July 4, 1940

So far war conditions surely sound bad, altho there is not much doing here as yet. Some 5-7,000 British and Americans—women and children mostly—have landed or are shortly to land in Baguio and Manila from Hong Kong. Papers here say there is no immediate danger there, but that they have been advised to get out now rather than waiting until the emergency arises. It will surely put a strain on Manila. Everything seems so screwy!

July 7, 1940

For the past four days we have been having typhoon winds most of the time and terrific rains at time. The rains will almost wash things away for fifteen minutes and then be gone for maybe five minutes to half an hour and then comes another deluge. Today has been mostly wind—but such wind! Took the metal top of the girl's cookhouse off the other day and sent it flying across the yard.

Carol has been having chenopodium in Castor oil today as I found she had "worms", and she has been a darling about taking the medicine. Hope it may be a lesson to her to keep things out of her mouth.

We had the picture of Carol “crossing the ocean” enlarged in sepia and tinted and it is lovely.

We decided that for our anniversary celebration that we would replace our toaster (a wedding present lost with our freight) with a combination waffle iron and grill-toaster combination. It has been ordered and we are anxiously waiting for its arrival. Wink, wish you would send me the gingerbread waffle recipe you use. Also would welcome any special Waffle recipes any of the rest of you might have.

July 12, 1940

The package from Mother came the other day, and we say thanks many times for the books. Carol is charmed with her “Jesus Book” and Fred likes the Reader’s edition of the Goodspeed N.T. Thanks for much for both of them.

The war news gets screwier every day and just what is the next thing no one knows. Japan is just itching for excuses, apparently, and Germany is sitting on a tack and we hope perhaps Russia can keep her there until Britain can act. Doesn’t sound very neutral does it, to take sides, but one can’t help it, altho I still hope that the U.S. will stay out. She will lose more than she gains if she goes in, I am afraid. Filipinos are beginning to think that many of the so called refugees from Germany are not Jews but “Fifth Column” folks. The poor Jews!

Have been having rather heavy hospital work this past week—have more patients in than I have had at any time before on the woman’s service—just happens that way, I guess. I get all that don’t come in asking for a particular doctor.

Fred seems to be awfully busy most of the time. Is on eight committees at present and that with his school work, the new catalogue to get out, outside speaking dates, coaching athletics---baseball, he doesn’t have much time for anything else. Has been doing a lot to get the library for the Training School and Theological school in working order and it has been quite a job.

September 13, 1940

Carol is using new expressions every day. Talks about mistakes now.

Bobby gets more and more venturesome—there isn’t anything he won’t attempt.

September 18, 1940

Have been working on the kiddies room. Have worked out some little silhouettes which I have done in black. Have one of a duck chasing a little girl, another of two wee calves more or less facing each other, one of Peter Rabbit and the Tortoise, another of a goose, another of an elephant and another of Little Brown Bear.

The play outfit is complete and is a lovely piece of work. This one has a teeter-totter, a metal frame from which is suspended a swing with chains in place of ropes, two rings and a trapeze. Carol is crazy about it and we think it is going to add a lot to her joy.

September 27, 1940

Today marks our first anniversary. One year ago today we arrived in Iloilo. I said to Fred this morning that there were a lot of funny feelings going thru me as we steamed up to the dock here—sort of homesick, apprehensive, etc. However, altho the year has been hard in spots, we surely are enjoying the work here and the people. I said something to Fred the other day about being a bit homesick for India and he said that there were so many doors open here and so many opportunities and that he was having so much fun with these students that he didn't have time to be homesick for anything (unless occasionally it might be for Colorado). The fellowship of this group is surely fine, and we do enjoy them. Will enjoy it still more when the Waters get back.

I surely have been lucky with my two when it came to feeding and sleeping. They have both been good at it. Have Bobby on Full Carnation milk modified with Dark Karo now and have him completely off the breast now. Did hate to stop nursing him. With Carol I sort of felt that it was just temporary when I stopped with her, but now this will have to be final I guess. Surely would like to have another one.

October 5, 1940

We would so love to see the fall colors at home and enjoy the mountain. They must be lovely. Can never forget the aspens as we saw them two years ago this fall. That was such a lovely riot of color.

Mother, will you see if you can get me one or two tubes of Calmitol Ointment put out by Leeming and Co. of N.Y. It seems to be good stuff for some of these insect dermatites and it isn't obtainable out here. It seems to be working on Bobby but Carol sort of painted the town red with the only tube I have, and would like to have some ahead. Also, I like the P.J.'s you sent her so much that I wish I had at least one more of them---it takes a long time for things to get dry, and she perspires so much, that it sometimes takes two during a night. How much are they? Wish you would let me know.

November 14, 1940

Papers announced lately that it was not considered necessary now for further evacuation from Hong Kong—but that those who had gone home would not be returned for a while. Today's news about the fact that the convoy of 39 ships was not entirely sunk but that thirty had already reported, and the damage done the Italian Naval base, seemed to indicate that Britain was keeping her head and shoulders well above water. Just what Russia is going to do, and what Japan will decide to do, is yet to be seen. Don't worry about us, however. We are all well—I haven't felt so well in years as I have since Bobby arrived, --are getting our salary regularly, have plenty to eat, and if Japan does strike we won't be any worse off than millions of others---but I rather doubt if Japan really goes thru with it---she is biting off an awfully big mouthful with Britain sending reinforcement with the fortification of the Islands here.

November 22, 1940

You don't need to worry about our house not being comfy---it doesn't have a furnace but we wouldn't know what to do with one if we had it. The only convenience that I would like that we don't have---two maybe---is a verandah, and a hot water heater (and a bathtub). However, the latter two are not so essential and we have been very happy even without the first. Some folks want us to be on the campus—especially with Fred's new work, and it may be that we will have to swap with someone, but I'm not too keen on it.

November 29, 1940

Well, it look as though we were going to change houses. I do hate to leave this one, as it is so nice and comfortable, light, sunny, airy, etc. However, a good deal of pressure is being brought to bear for Fred to be on the campus next year in his new job as many feel—and rightly, I guess—that we won't get close to the students and faculty unless we are on the campus.

I get so hungry for you to see the kiddies sometimes that it seems that I would have to bring them home, or cable you to come out here. They are such a precious bunch of nonsense, nuisance, and indispensableness.

April 5: Thought of Daddy so much Easter Sunday. It must be wonderful to spend Easter in Heaven.

No date—We are getting some radio news daily, and heard Roosevelt's speech the other night. The war surely seems to be getting under way, and one can't help but wonder where it will end. If only the U.S. will preserve honest to goodness out and out neutrality, instead of the action in regard to Japan and China.

Notes from Dr. Kinney's letters

NOTEBOOK #4

January 3, 1941

1941 is here and I can't help but wonder what it is going to bring. Everything is quiet here, but papers indicate that Roosevelt is getting more and more in favor of getting into the thick of things. Guess his promises can be easily broken in the "face of national emergency". It all seems to be so senseless, and so beastly.

January 10, 1941

The most striking event of the week is my black eye. Fred was in Negroes over the weekend, so his reputation is stainless (and I expect it to remain so). Bobby woke up about five in the morning (Monday) and as it was too early to get up, I pulled him over into bed with me. He was trying to get to the head of the bed, fell on me striking my left upper lid with his hard little head (didn't faze him) and within three minutes I had a black eye and I don't mean maybe. Guess he must have pushed the lid up as he fell and caught a small blood vessel against the bony ridge and ruptured it. The entire upper lid has looked like Concord Grapes—the skin ---when well squeezed. It hasn't been painful after the first few minutes, but I didn't go to a tea today as I felt socially unpresentable. However, I used it more as an excuse than anything else as there was something I thought would be more fun—and was.

This afternoon we decided to take the kiddies out to the beach.

The house is growing rapidly and we are getting rather steamed up about it.

Fred has kept awfully busy these days. War conditions, etc. are effecting finances among the students, and the College will face some rather strenuous times next year, we fear. Finances are very tight now—if they could collect back student debts, all would be well.

January 17, 1941

The big event of this week—as far as Carol and her Daddy in particular are concerned—was the arrival rather unexpectedly last Sunday A.M. early of the puppy. Carol was speechless, and while afraid of most dogs, has never shown any fear what so ever of "Skippy" as she has named him. He is about two months old, quite small as yet, has black ears that are a bit like a Spaniel's, black face except for a bit of a white marking, a head a bit like a Pointers and a white body with an occasional black spot and black freckled feet. He is cute and very playful, and from the start has had no eyes for anyone except Carol.

The house is coming along so fast. Mr. Talamero thinks he can finish it in about ten days. We probably won't rush getting in until after the first of February, and may be a bit later. I want everything to be

ready when we do go, and not have to get over there and have one thing after another that still needs to be done—painting, curtain rods, etc.

Yesterday I gave the first of four talks to the College girls here on personal hygiene, style, make-up, friendships, courtship, etc. They seemed to really appreciate the first one, and were quite free to ask questions. Hope they will continue and that some real good can result.

February 3, 1941

Bobby is surely growing fast. Doesn't seem possible that he will be a year before long. He understands so much of what we say to him, and does so many things that we ask him to do. Is throwing kisses now, and is getting quite affectionate in his lovings. He is a great little climber and the dining chairs are nothing to him anymore. Is trying to say Carol and get something that sound like "faro" out when he wants her. I told him to call Daddy this morning and he yelled "Da-da".

The pup continues to grow and is more socially acceptable than he used to be, but has got to be trained out of the playful habit of grabbing clothing—especially silk stockings and socks.

February 9, 1941

Everyone has been interested in the Comet which we have been able to see lately. Because of the fact that the moon has been so brilliant, and the comet sets early, it hasn't been too plain when I have seen it. Doesn't have nearly as long a tail as I remember on Halley's years ago.

February 16, 1941

There is so much to do—sewing, sewing, and more sewing to get done, changing to the other house, getting things ready for Baguio. Got word the other day that we can have another cottage in Baguio—one that is a bit bigger than the first one offered us—two bedrooms, and has a better place for the kiddies to play. Hope to leave here on the 29th of March and go up there on the 31st. Will be there probably until about the 20th of May. We are looking forward to it very much, and Carol is looking forward to the boat ride and the train ride. Haven't decided definitely whether we will take our car or not---costs \$30.00 to get it to Manila and back.

March 9, 1941

We actually moved on Friday, altho we had moving at it for a week.

March 18, 1941

Yesterday we "delicated" the house as Carol says---dedicated it. Fred worked out a short service and it was really lovely. We had about thirty two here---faculty, missionaries and a few students. Carol "fired" the candles as Fred indicated which to light, and she looked so pretty-wore the little Bridesmaid dress of Mary's—and was very composed. The poem that I read was "Hymn for a Household by Henderson (it is Quotable Poems---1st Vol.). Mrs. Gonzaga sang "The Living God". Then following the service, folks had a chance to see the house, and then had punch and barquillos. We had a small organ for the occasion—not too good a one, but Carol got a terrible thrill out of it, and has spent most of her waking time at it. Manages it very well considering that the key board was so high that she could just barely lean against the edge of the chair with feet on the peddles (paddles she calls them.) Fred has arranged for her to be

allowed to go over to the Training School Building from 9:30 to 10 every morning until we go to Baguio and play on a piano there.

Next week comes commencement on Wednesday and then we hope to get off to Baguio on Saturday so that there is barely two weeks left and such a lot to get done. We are taking Rosa with us and she is all thrilled and excited. Don't think she has ever been on a train, and never on one of the steamers so that the trip, the mountains, the cold, and all the other things are going to be a real treat.

Carol is growing so tall. Gets crazier and crazier about music. Spent the whole hour and a half of her siesta time the other day sitting on a pillow doubled under her on the bed and playing on the window sill of the window just about her bed. Had a music book up in front of her, and played and sang very quietly the whole time. When we get back from Baguio we are definitely planning on getting a piano of some kind.

Bobby gets more and more interesting. You would love to see him keep time to music. One little hand sort of beats the time and the other is used like an orchestra director's left hand when he wants to bring in other instruments, etc. The minute music begins, he starts to keep time. The last two or three nights he has been waking early---two hours after going to sleep and wanting to get up and play. Last night and the night before, he went back to sleep when we put records on the Victrola.

We do not like Roosevelt's policy and think that his promises are no better than Hitler's when it comes to taking the troops over-seas, abroad, etc. Think that he has been rather badly bitten by the bug of dictatorship and wants it himself. Certainly, had he talked as he talks now before the election, I doubt if he would have gotten a third term, but in this day and age, promises seem to be only words uttered for the time being with no idea of really keeping them. It is rather an unhealthy state of affairs, and one wonders if the world ever can get back to a point where there will be any sense of honor, and any sacredness attached to a pledge or treaty.

March 30, 1941-"Don Isidro"---enroute Manila

Well, at last we are on the way for our vacation, and such a week as we have had.

The boat is lovely---exquisitely clean, lovely cabins, quite roomy, beautifully furnished, and all have private baths and toilets. They put a cot just outside the cabin door on the deck (many passengers go "Deck" and sleep on cots on the deck but have all first class privileges. I is quite a saving and lovely on deck) for Rosa and she has gotten quite a thrill out of the trip so far and has been a good sailor. We have had lovely smooth weather. Had a cot put in between the berths for Carol and I had Bobby in bed with me---result---Mamma didn't sleep too much. Both Carol and Bobby are enjoying the trip. Had a grand dinner last night with a tenderloin steak---broiled---that was so tender it could be cut with a fork even though it was a good inch thick. That alone was worth the price of the ticket to Manila---in my estimation.

We expect to arrive in Manila about noon today, and will do some shopping there tomorrow and go up to Baguio Tuesday. So, the next letter will be from there.

Everyone likes our house so much, and one of the professors said, after looking around the living room the other day "This looks like the President's house".

April 5, 1941

We were several hours late getting into Manila, having been so late in leaving Iloilo. We went to a Boarding house that had been recommended to us. Made us think a good many times of Calcutta. It wasn't too bad, but neither was it too inviting. The food wasn't bad, however, and we managed to survive. Most of Monday we spent in shopping. Tuesday morning we were up early. I fed Bobby and we were off for the train about six A.M. Both Carol and Bobby got a kick out of the train—air conditioned, compartment train. We rode in this until 11:30 and then took big cars---seven seated—the rest of the way. The mountains are gorgeous---heavily wooded with pines, deep gorges, etc. Baguio is a combination of Shillong, Darjeeling, and Estes Park. In some ways it is much more of a city than Estes is, but the cabins and small cottages make it look a bit like it.

Carol and Bobby are having the time of their lives.

Fred playing golf yesterday—first since coming out here. Says the course is a most interesting one-up hill and down and across arroyos, etc. Made a score of 87 which wasn't too bad for a first time in about two years. Came back with a huge appetite and a nice sunburn.

The vegetables up here are lovely—very fresh. Can get almost any that we get in the states. Haven't had any meat besides bacon since we arrived as the vegetables and fruit have been so nice we haven't wanted any.

April 14, 1941

The day after Easter! Thursday afternoon there was a very lovely Communion service (should have said evening) at the United Evangelical church here, and Friday afternoon a meditation service on the "Seven Words". The Easter service was very nice yesterday altho I confess I would have loved to have attended the service at Calvary (Denver).

There has been a record breaking crowd in Baguio this season—always a lot over Easter, but this year there have been some 6000 guests in the city during Holy Week, and some three thousand over the week end (these are included in the 6000 but came during the last few days).

Carol has had a grand time this Easter. Friday, Daddy and she colored her first Easter Eggs, and she got a big kick out of that.

We will simply have to have a piano for her when we get back to Iloilo as she is crazier about one all the time. Spends hours during the day pretending to play the piano and playing it when she gets a chance---singing.

Bobby is getting so sure of himself and so independent. He loves music and expressed his approval of the choir number yesterday very emphatically. Much to the amusement of some of those nearby. His main love at present is a bunch of keys and locks. The little scalawag has gotten to know which type of keys go in which lock, and when he goes to work on the door, he invariably selects the big door key on the ring. If one doesn't fit he will try another.

Opinion is divided out here as to what will happen. Many feel quite sure that Japan will not be foolhardy enough to try getting in any deeper with the U.S. than she is already. Others think she will make trouble, and still others think that if things do happen, Manila will be the only target. We are continuing to live one day at a time and enjoying life. The Board has inside information from the State Department and up to date feels that everything is safe.

April 22, 1941

It doesn't seem possible that we have been up here better than three weeks. The time just slips by so fast that it is unbelievable. We are having the most gorgeous weather up here—cool, clear, sunny, with birds, flowers, etc. Makes me think of beautiful spring days in April or May at home. It seems impossible that there should be any place in the world that was upset, devastated, and in ruins.

Sayre spoke recently here to a big gathering of Red Cross workers and expressed the opinion that while he thought it would be very foolish not to be prepared for some emergency that he did not think there was much chance of any invasion. To date there has been absolutely no word either thru the papers or thru the High Commissioner's office of advice to Americans here in the Islands to evacuate so that we feel that the probabilities are that things are pretty safe. In Japan and China, evacuation, especially of women and children (and men also in Japan, I think) has been advised, but that is not true, so far, of the Islands.

April 29, 1941

We took Carol to see Pinocchio the other day. She enjoyed the first part ever so much but didn't like the noise in the latter part.

May 12, 1941

Again, I am late with the letter—must be almost two weeks since I wrote last. I had hoped to get another letter off last week just before leaving Baguio, but things happened fast and there wasn't much time.

Tuesday afternoon I got a permanent wave in the ends of my hair, and it is now done much as it was when I left Denver—much to the joy of most of the people here. I think that the girl gave me quite a nice one, and that after it has been washed once will be quite natural looking. Fred thinks it makes me look younger. I felt that I needed a bit rejuvenating before becoming the President's wife!

One of the nicest thing about getting home was the pile of home mail---must have been three or four from each of you and today another bunch came.

The three patterns came, and are ever so pretty. I like all three of them, very much. Thanks to each and all of you. The books of "stickem pictures" came and Carol has had a grand time with it. Thanks heaps, Carol and Mother.

June 10, 1941

Word came yesterday of Fred's father's death on June eighth. Altho we had been expecting such word for a long, long, time, it came rather suddenly. We haven't had any of the details as yet, aside from the fact that he died in the hospital—that he had been seriously ill for about two weeks and unconscious the last two days. Apparently slipped away quite easily. We are so glad of the release for him, and for the

burden it will lift from Mother Chamber's and the girls' shoulders. He has been paralyzed for five years and it has been so hard on him. Always accustomed to a life of out of doors activity. The enforced helplessness and more or less idleness were hard to stand. I am so thankful that Dad didn't have to spend such a long time as an invalid, and that his going was so easy.

We are thinking of getting a radiola---radio and Victrola combination. Fred feels the need of keeping more up on the news and that is hard to do when some of the papers are three and four days old when we get them.

June 23, 1941

We have taken Siebe's radio and radiola (lovely toned one) and have sold our Victrola. Then Alma gave me a very good offer on her electric sewing machine, and so we have gone in for that.

Tonight's report is that Germany has declared war on Russia and we are wondering what effect that will have on Japan. Will she think her treaty with Germany is worth not much more than Russia's was; will she fight Russia, or side in with her because of the non-aggression pact, or what.

It is grand to have such a lovely radiola.

I am going to enjoy the electric machine altho I would just as soon have had a treadle machine--- however, a second hand one would have cost me more than this one would.

July 14, 1941

This past Saturday, Fred, Signe and I took the two kiddies of ours and Bill and George with two amahs, and went out to the beach for a swim. There was rather a stiff wind blowing (a typhoon was in the offing) and the waves were nice smacky ones. Bob just gloried in it.

July 21, 1941

I have been asked to take the Advisorship to the Woman's Club here on the campus. It is composed of all of the girls in College, and is more or less of a requirement as an extra-curricular activity (government) and up to date has never amounted to much. They have met one a month and more or less killed time. They seemed to think that the four talks that I gave last year were better than anything they had had up to that time. I want to make it really practical this year.

August 8, 1941

We have just gotten back from a very nice party which was held in our honor (ahem!!!!) Fred and I were in the place of honor, and such a tea. No sandwiches but they did serve "Smax", but the cake!!!!!!! The one in front of the host was about 14 x 18 x 3 inches—a sort of fruit cake, and the most exquisitely decorated of any cake I ever saw. Lovely rose buds with tiny blue flowers scattered in among the bunches, and these against a creamy frosting. Then there was sponge cake, a chocolate layer cake, a sort of Washington pie, coffee, and tea. Oh, yes—ice cream. Then there was more music.

Last night we had a faculty prayer meeting here at the house—Fred is trying to get such a group started again as it has been something like three or four years since they had them. This one was very well attended—much better than we anticipated and there were over forty here. The spirit was fine.

We are having a Faculty "Buffet Supper" here on the 23rd. IT is one of the social events, and the social committee is in charge.

A week from tomorrow we hope to go to Antique for the weekend with Olive Buchner.

Radio news continues to be very contradictory and it is hard to know just what to expect.

War news sounds a bit easier as far as the P.I. is concerned, but guess no one can predict what is going to happen. Peggy Cuddebach says that all last year the Jap. Papers were full of editorials to the effect that if J. was going to attack the P.I. that they should waste no time in doing it as if they waited a year, it would be too late. Fred attended a stag party the other night and one of the Army Colonels was there,-- has just come here (been here in the country for thirty years or more) to establish a cantonment near Iloilo for some 10,000 troops. The Col. said that if J. had tried to attack a year ago that the P.I. wouldn't have stood a chance but said "I'd like to see them try it now." It seems that there are a great many more bombing planes, fortresses, etc. here in bomb proof shelters (We aren't making the mistake of having our planes where they can be bombed on the ground) than most have any idea of. Seemed to think that if war did come, the biggest difficulty would be the lack of shipping facilities and that we would have to get along on the food supplies native here---but that means vegetables the year around, and fruits, and I have a good supply of milk and fruit juices on hand, so guess we could manage O.K. We don't seem to be very jittery. Peggy Cuddeback says that she simply can't believe that Japan will be foolish enough to even attempt to attack the P.I.

August 25, 1941

The Faculty Buffet supper went off very nicely, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Afterwards, we cleared the tables, and they had games. They seem to like to come here, and we enjoy having them. Many of them have spoken very appreciatively of the way the house is furnished and decorated, and the fact that much of it is so inexpensively done.

Friday I had my First Aid talk to the R.O.T.C. boys, and had another one today. Tuesday and Thursday were my regular classes in First Aid, then there were inoculations on two evenings, prayer meeting Tuesday evening, and Sunday night there was a City S.S. teacher's meeting---hoping to get a permanent organization of all evangelical S.S. workers. Had my last lecture with the R.O.T.C. today, but have a quiz period with them next Monday. Have spent most of the morning helping women get the things arranged for the sale, and have promised to help on Wed. and Thursday mornings of this week in the sale.

September 14, 1941

Have practically finished the E. Stanley Jones' book "Is the Kingdom of God Realism" and have surely gotten a lot of inspiration out of it.

They had their first Blackout practice here last night but we were in Antique so haven't heard how things came out. We hear that they are planning them for all along the Pacific Coast. They have been having them regularly in Manila and especially in Corregidor and Cavite.

September 19, 1941

My birthday arrived in due time—I wasn't particularly anxious to really reach the forty mark, but can't say that I feel any different than before unless it is a determination to make the next forty count for more than the last forty have. I was looking at Bob and Carol today and wondering what the future held for them and it came over me as never before that it is up to us of this generation in a pretty big way to see to it that the youngsters of this generation don't have to face some of the hatreds and terrors of these times. Fred brought some lovely flowers. Ruth gave me a cute little Chinese Brass dinner bell—guess she took pity on me as ours has a dislocated handle and I was always having to fix it before I could ring for Amy. Miss Abada, one of the teachers, sent me a lovely light blue satin house coat (but it is about a size 32 or 34). I am afraid that I can't make it big enough to do me much good, and it is such a pretty one. Amy made a Daffodil cake and in the evening Fred and I and Ann and Henry went to see "Tug Boat Annie Rides Again". It was good and we came away feeling that we had had a thoroughly enjoyable evening. Came back to the house and made up some ice cream sodas with vanilla ice cream, pineapple and grapefruit juice and carbonated water. It really was good.

October 13, 1941

War conditions seem to be about the same as far as the Far East is concerned. Had another two hour black out last Wednesday evening. Wish that there was something useful that one could do in a blackout, but there doesn't seem to be much except listen to the radio. Apparently the present Japanese cabinet is pretty conservative, and not much will happen until another cabinet gets in, but who knows. Fred has talked some of my taking the kiddies home on the Clipper (to Honolulu and Matson line from there on) but I can't see it yet at least. Neither can Ann when Henry suggested the same thing. Somehow it seems easier to face uncertain situations together than apart. Guess we will continue to live one day at a time and trust that we will be guided in doing the right thing at the right time.

October 19, 1941

The way things sound over the radio, it looks a bit stormy. Will send this by air to Manila and hope that it will catch one of the President boats as it leaves for the States. Will let Mother forward them to the rest of you. The radio report said last night that American Merchantmen had been ordered to go to friendly ports—and that applied especially to those going and coming from the P.I. So, mail schedules may be disrupted for a while. However, as Dad used to quote "(sposin agin it shouldn't".) We've been expecting something to break since last January, and it hasn't altho things do look more ominous than they have before. However, we are not worrying and are taking one day at a time. It would be very difficult to get out of the country now if we wanted to, and somehow I can't feel that that is the thing to do anyway. The Filipinos are Americans in the same sense that Canadians are British, it doesn't seem just fair for us to try and get out when they have to stay by. The Army and Navy folk seem to feel that Japan wouldn't have a chance now in trying to invade the Islands, and that we are well protected. So, even if the mails are a bit slow and irregular, remember that no news is good news, and that we are writing regularly, and you will get a lot at a time. We can listen in to the "Mailbag," and get some news that way.

April 13, 1942—Calinog, Iloilo

Just now we wonder what is going to happen next as Cebu is being attacked, Bataan has fallen, etc. This of course you know—probably know as much as we do. We have a small radio which belongs to a friend—it is complete with collapsible aerial, battery, etc. and we have enjoyed it as we can get local

stations, London, San Francisco, Australia, etc. Helps to keep us informed as to what is taking place. Our radio is of course no good up here as there is no electricity. We have a good Coleman light and are enjoying that. We had thought about going into the mountains in case of invasion, but have decided that one place is about as good as another and will probably stay right here and keep at our jobs. Neither Fred nor I liked the idea of running and would probably have stayed on in Iloilo until now had it not been for Ann and now I feel that perhaps it is better for the kiddies to be away from the coast in case of trouble. I am not too much worried as to what will happen—perhaps we are overly optimistic but think with Fred that the key to the situation to keep at the work in hand and try and make our Christian witness as effective as possible. That is the main thing we have at stake and pray with us that we may be worthy of it.

Notes from Dr. Kinney's letters

NOTEBOOK #5

August 10, 1943—Internment Camp Philippines

We are safe and well. We have been together all the time. Fred and I are about our usual tropic weight. Carol weighs 41 and Bobby 35. Fred is teaching, preaching, in the camp, and I am helping some medically. Fred is writing to his mother. Bobby is almost three-one half-head covered with very fair tight curls—uncut as yet. He does not have long curls and is not at all girlish in appearance or otherwise. His eyes are a very light brown: having begun to change at 2 years. He loves everything mechanical and loves stories about planes, trains, radio, etc., and has plenty of personality and pop. Carol, at five one half, is still very pretty, has bobbed hair, a bit of curl about her face and wears a ribbon on top. She is very small boned-delicately featured. She begged so hard to learn to read that a fine primary school teacher in camp started her in February: one half hour daily. In July, she started in first grade and after ten days was skipped to second. She reads very well. Asks innumerable questions and is very quick to grasp something new. Told us she was homesick to see her grandmothers the other day. "We think and pray for you every day and are looking forward to happy days ahead. Love and best wishes to you and our friends and loved one. Dorothy Chambers"

Dear. Mrs. Chambers, I have just returned from Santo Tomas Internment Cap, Manila, P.I., where I know Dr. Chambers and his family. They are all safe. Your son is helping in the Education Department and his wife is working in the Medical Department of the camp. The children are very bright and attractive little people. They are well most of the time except for minor illnesses. Very Sincerely, Sally M. James

July 12, 1943

Foreign Field Bulletin – No. 4

To Relatives and Friends of the Missionaries of the Two Boards

Dear Friends:

The Philippines

On June 30 word came that the following persons had been interned by the Japanese in the Iloilo Internment Camp:

Miss Olive Buchner, Miss Flora G. Ernst, Miss Ruth L. Harris, Rev. and Mrs. R. Fred Chambers and their two children, Carol and Robert, Dr. and Mrs. Henry S. Waters and their three children, George Junior, William Martin and Mary Alice

It is now possible to write to these friends, addressing your letters as follows:

Civilian Internee Mail Postage Free

(Here insert name), American Internee

Iloilo Internment Camp

Iloilo City, Philippine Islands

VIA: New York, New York

SENDER'S NAME SHOULD APPEAR ON BACK OF ENVELOPE.

We urge that you do write because again and again the note has been sounded that one of the greatest hardships that comes to those in the occupied lands is the almost complete separation from their loved ones in this country.

February 13, 1944-Written on American Red Cross stationary—the date said 1944 but it is believed to be a mistake because she was just too excited to remember it was 1945—it was addressed to Mrs. Bruce Kinney

It scarcely seems possible that it is almost ten days since the troops came in and took over the camp. It has been such a relief and it is such fun watching the kiddies begin to fill out and have a chance to get enough food and the right kind of food again. Milk, creamed chicken, fruit juice, mashed potatoes etc., all taste so good. It doesn't seem possible that Bobby will be five in the next day or two. He is quite tall and I think a very good looking child-of course I may be prejudiced. His hair is just beginning to darken over the crown, but for the most part he is a platinum blonde. His hair is very curly and cutting seems to have no effect on the curliness. His eyes began to turn from blue to brown when he was two and now are a very light brown. He has a very dark brown-very long sweeping lashes. Right now he weighs about 37 lbs. I am making a cake for him for his birthday and hope to get the presents later. Carols is taller, of course-and weighs now about 41 lbs. She is still the slender type-small boned. Her eyes are still very blue, but her hair while wavy is not curly. She has it in a long bob now as she wants to let it grow. She has lost 3 front teeth and looks funny now. She learned to read shortly after she was five and reads anything now. Thinks very deeply for one of her years. She has gotten interested in sewing lately and does quite well—also has learned to knit and knitted Bobby a pair of socks for Christmas. She is looking forward to a lovely doll and Bob wants an electric train and tools. Anything mechanical appeals to Bob and he uses his hands very well. Has quite a bit of ingenuity and is good at drawing—especially tanks, planes, soldiers and guns. Carol looks forward to cooking, flowers, etc. Fred has been busy teaching in the college, helping out in various camp jobs, preaching occasionally and working along the lines of vocational guidance with young people here. He is full of plans for getting back into work again. I have been doing more or less full time medical work since we came here in June, 1943. Bob wants me to “let somebody else be the doctor and you just be the momma”. That is what I hope to do for a while at least when we leave here. Have done all the sewing for the family-by hand, knitted etc. Made Fred a lovely pair of linen trousers by hand and really they look swell. Our plans are still uncertain depending on conditions here. Word from the Board, etc. Have no really reliable information as to exact conditions in Iloilo relative to College building. Loads of love to all, Dor

February 6, 1945

All four thin but in fair health. We thank God for victory over our internment. We are studying the advisability of immediate return to the States if possible; delay for a survey of our work; or, temporary service in our field if health and conditions permit. We have plan the fruitage of 36 months of prayer and study for future work. We are eager and ready to go and serve wherever Christ and His Kingdom lead. We are thrilled to get fourteen (14) letters thru the Red Cross today. Latest one before dated Easter '44 and to get those written in Nov. & Dec. '44 today. Carol Joy reads everything-finished 2nd grade in camp and was well started in 3rd. Sews very nicely and knits. Is a darling. Hair is light brown-very slightly wavy. Bobby has light brown eyes and very blonde tight curls. Tremendously interested in anything mechanical. Shows quite an aptitude for drawing. Much love to each & everyone. Please share this with everyone, including the Mission Officials.

February 16, 1945-Letter written by Fred to his mother

When it can be told we will give you the story in detail but for the present we will write only of personal affairs. We are happy beyond words to breathe the freedom that our flag brings and our gratitude for those who made it possible is beyond words. We had won the fight against internment, at least for me the walls never existed. There was always so much work to be done and so many interesting things to think about or plan for that the time passed rapidly and new experienced expanded life in many respects. Some of the finest men and women one could wish to meet were among our colleagues here and their fellowship is one of the valuable contributions of these two years and nine months of internment. Our whole family naturally had to pay a price for our experience but we feel that for the rest of our lives, we shall be reaping dividends. There were heroic souls among us who gave inspiration to others. And the "parasites" who burrowed among us also showed us that right is ultimately vindicated and that one cannot get something for nothing. Our camp life has been an interesting study in sociology and human ingenuity. Dor's major work was medical but her contributions personally will have lasting benefits in the lives of a number here. I am sure. Our life together has been considerably deepened and enriched and we go out to an entirely new perspective in life and new plans for the future. Just as to details, we are watching developments and feel sure that each day will give the proper data and indication for the right decision. We hope you will understand our attitude whatever decision we make and we shall try to give you the full story just as soon as it is possible to do so or conditions permit. Just now everything seems to be in a general state of flux. However, our own plans appear to be moving toward rather definite goals. We were grateful for the many letters received thru the Red Cross & are looking forward to replies to our recent letters written since our release. Also, we hope to have some advice from the N.Y. Office.

Letter from Fred---no date---on American Red Cross stationary

There were many minor activities of the camp that gave interest & variety to life: gardening, baseball, men's and women's choruses. Both in the Iloilo Camp and this one. I sang in males and mixed choruses and our last program here was a minstrel show. There were many talented stage persons among us, so our productions were often of high grade. There were discussions groups, conferences and many private discussions of great profit. Fortunately, there were a number of libraries at our disposal and we were able to read some interesting biographies, histories, journalistic accounts, travel, etc. With more time to give to leisurely thinking, our reading often took on deeper meaning. In spite of many untoward circumstances, there were many rewarding factors for those who looked for them.

For the time, we try to “follow the Gleam”

Love to one and all, Fred

February 26, 1945

It doesn't seem possible that three weeks have passed since our dramatic rescue. We are all well & gaining lost pounds rapidly. Bob has gained 5 lbs., Carol 7 lbs., Fred 19 lbs., and I about 10 lbs. It has been thrilling to watch the kiddies filling out, and losing the listlessness. Bob is full of energy from morning until night now and the baby roundness is back in his face. Carol's dimples are in evidence and she almost has a double chin. Fred and I have grown closer than ever during the three years and especially the past 3-4 months and felt as never before that we have a definite task in this world and an unpayable obligation. We have been very conscious of the prayers of loved ones and friends at home and long to see you all.

March 4, 1945-To Mother and Carol from Dorothy

I do hope one of these days to be able to sit down and write a real letter (typewriter) to you all and give you a really detailed account of our last 3 years. I am so glad the airmail of April '42 got thru to you. We had a number of letters a year ago (last Mar. or Apr.) when we received those sent by the Gripsolm which arrived here in December. The grand packages came also and such a help as they were. The salt, the needles, the food stuffs, shaving soap, clothing and toys were just right for everyone. Then from time to time we received letters but usually a year old. The last one—before the troops arrived—was dated Easter or thereabouts last year and we received it in Nov. or December.

It is going to seem marvelous one of these days to have a home of our own with a bathroom equipped with towels, soap, t.p., etc.—public showers and toilets aren't too good. It will be grand to have a dining room and kitchen and not have to stand in line for everything. It will be grand to go to church, visiting, etc., without having to take your own chair, and it will be grand to sleep in a room without anywhere from 20-60 others sleeping in the same room-4x6 was about the average of the space allowed per person for living purposes.

¾-1 quart of milk a day plus the other things make a different diet than the one which allowed about 850 calories per day which we had had for the previous 3 months, and nothing over about 1400 for the past year's average up until Nov. 1.

March 4, 1945-To Marian from Dorothy USE THIS!!!!

It has been thrilling to see Fred and the kiddies fill out and to be able to have good food for them. It used to be rather heart breaking not to have something when they asked for it. They were such good sports though. Bob woke up from his nap one day and asked for a “snack.” I said there wasn't anything until supper time (about 4:00 o'clock-we were on 2 meals a day) and he said “well, can't I just have some salt for a snack?” The last 3 weeks before the troops came in I had Carol in bed full time as she had a murmur that was getting much worse and she was so thin-weighed about 37 lbs. Bob wasn't allowed out of bed until 8:00 a.m. Spent about 3 hours at a siesta and was in bed at 7:00 again—was listless and had no energy to play. Thanks to the camp policy (internees) the children's diet was kept up to the highest point possible as long as possible and it was lucky for them as had it not been so we would have lost a number of them. As it was, they were all on the ragged edge and had an epidemic hit,

we would have been powerless. Both youngsters had measles and whooping cough a year ago but at that time we had sufficient foods to build them up afterwards.

March 13, 1945

I weigh about 122 now—was down to 109 shortly after the troops came in. Haven't gained any for the past 2-3 weeks, but feel well and seem to have an increasing amount of energy. The kiddies are fine and Fred is back up to 145 (was 117). The average weight loss of the men was 51 and of the women 38 lbs. The kiddies are fine and Carol's heart seems ever so much better and I think it is a condition due to malnutrition etc.

Our plans are still uncertain. I do hate to come home without Fred but it may come to that. There is so much that should be checked on in Panay. So far have had no definite word from New York as to what they expect us to do—and it is difficult to find out when it may be possible to get back to our field. Hope to know more definitely soon.

I am looking forward to getting some new clothes that look like me rather than like everyone else's. My shoes look like gunboats and I haven't worn stockings for over 3 years, tho have managed socks. Have knitted a good many pairs for our family—string etc. However, we have managed to keep clothed and neat and many have said that I'd managed to keep my family looking better than most. I surely have sewed a lot by hand.

We have been very fortunate and aside from a bit more than the usual run dysentery, whooping cough, measles. Carol had her tonsils out a year or more ago—Bob had to have an eardrum opened because of hemorrhage when he had whooping cough, and he had a go with erysipelas early in the internment. Fred had his appendix out 2 years ago. I had a good go of Dengue, but we are intact and "farrin" to go.

March 14, 1945-Letter from Fred to his Mother

Your cable arrived several days ago and your letter of Feb. 28th today. We also feel somewhat relieved that your suspense is ended. It is still difficult to believe we are free and no words can describe my feelings the morning I took a walk outside St. Tomas. I suppose we shall never feel just right until we set foot on the USA. We have not dared even to dream of that until the boys came in for we knew what could easily be the end of our internment, altho that thought never disturbed us. One day when the full story has been written we may then fully realize how narrow was our escape. Nevertheless we shall always be grateful to those who gave all that we might live. The remainder of our lives however well invested cannot pay the debt.

March 17, 1945-Handwritten letter to Mother and Carol from Dorothy

I think our plans are beginning to shape up more definitely now. Fred feels he must stay and check up on things but living conditions, especially for families, is almost impossible here—outside the camp—so I am bringing the kiddies home and may see you quite soon. Fred may be out here for 4-6 months depending on where one field opens up. I think it would be grand for the kiddies and myself to spend some time in Bakersfield, if you can find us a place to stay.

Was out and saw the city a few days ago and the terrific widespread destruction is past description. It will be good to get away from the sound of heavy artillery.

March 17, 1945-Typed letter to Wink and Fred from Dor and Fred

One month ago today that the Army arrived. One wouldn't recognize some of us as the same people. Fred weighs 142 a gain of 23 lbs. in the month. Bob weighs 39-5 lb. gain. Carol 45—8.5 lb. gain and I weigh 121-an 11 lb. gain. We are feeling fine, being very well fed and hope our plans will become more definite in the next few days or so. Whether we will come home, wait a few weeks or months or stay out another year—it is hard to decide. Our Mission has been terribly hard hit and we can't help but feel, that if possible, we should go back to Iloilo even for a short time.

There is so much to tell and yet I don't know what can be told. We certainly had a very narrow escape and had the boys been another 24 hours in getting here might not be alive to tell the tale. We didn't realize till it was all over just how serious our situation was. I still find it hard to believe it. As far as we know, we like 90 percent of the Camp have lost everything except what we have with us—enough to fill 3 or 4 suitcases perhaps and yet we feel rich. We realize as never before that we “have been bought with a price” and that our lives are a stewardship. One of the most fantastic parts of the whole experience has been the fact that WE have been in the middle of this war but NOT of it. The camp has been kept so isolated. Especially this last year that, altho we have gotten news by secret routes and rumor, it has always been difficult to know the real from the fancied and often we have had to give the army troops time to catch up with the rumors as to their progress.

March 24-Palm Sunday

Up until a year ago, the kiddies and I were in a room with 16 other mothers and children and Fred was in a dormitory with 2-3 hundred men. Then they gave the doctors a break—at least three of us, and partitioned a room off into three (it was a corner room) compartments and let us live together as families so we've had a private room of about 15' x 15' with partitions between us and the Water family, and Dr. Allen and her family. We made a double decker bed and lived in this room-eating etc., but it has been heave compared to the dormitory living! Don't know whether we'll be able to sleep on beds again as we've slept on wooden slat beds with 1 ½" think pads for so long.

Hand-written letter from Dor—no date

So, the kiddies and I will be leaving very soon. Just how soon we will arrive is another proposition put probably by or shortly after or before May first. I'd like to stay with Carol until early June, and then go onto Colorado and try and get settled for a year in Boulder and Fred will come as soon as he can.

March 31, 1945-Handwritten, in cursive, a letter from Carol Joy to her Grandmother's

I would like to go home. We are going home very soon. I am anxious to get my doll. I have lost four teeth—two on the top and two on the bottom. My mother made me a dress for Christmas. It is a dark blue silk. It has bright embroidery on the pockets, belt and blouse. IT is a gorgeous blouse with pads in the sleeves. I would like to show it to you. Bobby has a blue pair of pants and a little green slack shirt. It looks cute on him. I love you all. Your Little Granddaughter, Carol Joy P.S. Thank you for the Easter cards.

Easter Sunday

We boiled the six eggs and then I drew designs on them and Carol did a nice job of coloring them with crayons. We hid them and they hunted them this morning. Fred conducted a sunrise service at Harris Memorial this morning. Said he almost lost his nerve when two companies of soldiers walked in. It has been so long since he's spoke outside the camp and when he didn't have to censor what he said or thought out loud—it was the first time since 1941 that any special Easter services had been allowed—Sermons etc. had to be submitted in writing before being given—Church bells are ringing for the first time in a long time.

April 6, 1945

Happy Birthday to Carol! We wish we could be there to help celebrate, but we are still waiting for our "ship to come in" as Aunt Sue used to say. I thought we would surely be on the way by this time but we're still waiting. Trying to keep washed up and clothes clean and packed as often folk are notified one evening to be ready the next A.M. It is no joke. Seems as though I'm more or less packed for an unexpected happening (or an expected one that didn't happen) for at least a year.

April 7, 1945

Please don't plan to "feed us up" the simplest diet is best. We were without protein and fats so long that they are hard to handle in large amounts or in rich foods. Fruits, vegetables, milk, cereals, eggs and a little meat with simple desserts are our style for a while. The kiddies are drinking close to a quart of milk a day—never less than a pint. Neither has much appetite now except for milk, fruit. Our food is good but too heavy and too much canned stuff for our GI tracts.

If it is possible to get a house in Boulder before fall, I wouldn't mind spending 2-3 months in the mountains if a convenient comfortable cabin were possible altho I'd rather get settled and get the youngsters into a civilized routine. Think the new routines of school, etc. will be easier if we can come to them gradually—also would like to get some canning done if possible.

April 10, 1945-St. Tomas-From Fred to his Mother

Well, I'm a bachelor again. Dor and the kiddies left yesterday morning at 8 and did it leave a hollow feeling in me. However, I have survived these 24 hrs. and it looks as if I would make it all right. I immediately took Carol's bed apart and thus changed the appearance of the room but when I came across some of Bob's toys it was almost my Waterloo. But Dor was the thoughtful buddy as usual and left a letter for me to read after they had gone and it was so encouraging that it put new pep into me. We have gone thru much together these last few years and our ties have been considerably strengthened—they were quite strong from the start and grow stronger steadily. And as the kiddies grow older they become dearer than ever. They are so different: Carol-mystical and Bob practical. Carol was a good sport about going to the States without Daddy but night before they left, at supper, she broke down and shed a few tears but other's eyes were moist too and that didn't help matters too much.

So while I dislike being separated from the family, and delaying my return to my country, I think of the many men in service who have not seen their family for years and I consider my case an easy one—especially since it was our privilege to be together in internment camp and to live as a family during the last year. There is much to be grateful for and we can never pay the debt for our release--truly we were

bought with a price. I am glad to stay here and do all I can. The homecoming will be all the more thrilling. I am sure you appreciate my position.

April 29, 1945-St. Tomas, Manila-Letter to mother & Carolyn from Fred

I hear any number lament how they lost EVERYTHING, I just sit and chuckle, for we lost ours right at the beginning, so had the pleasure of going thru internment without encumbrance. We certainly picked up plenty in the meantime and I hope you have a good sense of humor when Dor begins to tell you about the marvelous tin cans we collected and how we prized certain gleanings from the garbage barrels. It still is difficult to throw even a rag away. Nails, bits of wire and string, pieces of paper, odd bits of cloth, glass, etc. You would be surprised at what the ingenious internee did with these scraps. We certainly learned, in the last analysis, that life does not consist in the abundance of THINGS a man hath but in his resourcefulness.

May 12, 1945

I am feeling fine now, and am having no trouble with my back. My leg still cramps some, but the B-1 and the prostigmon seem to be taking care of that, so I guess I am O.K. Carol looks as though she had gained a pound or two and I am sure that Bob has. He is getting roses in his cheeks and they are most becoming. Such an appetite as they have. Carol can't seem to get enough cottage cheese and buttermilk. Eats about half of a 25 cent package of cottage cheese at a time, and would drink a quart of the buttermilk a day if she had a chance. Each one gets away with most of a quart of milk a piece, and the other night for supper, Bob ate three baked eggs and Carol two. Yesterday I made a big Indian pudding. A friend sent us in a gallon of raw milk and we were getting three quarts every other day from the dairy so decided that was the safest way to use it. Bob said that the reason he was getting pick cheeks was because he was eating so many red apples. He seems to have an endless appetite for apples.

May 4, 1945

You can't imagine how good it seems to be able to write to you all from the shores of the good old U.S.A. and to be able to do so on a typewriter. This is the first time in some three and one half years that I have touched my hands to a machine and it feels good and at the same time funny.

We left Manila by boat on the 9th of April. It was a big boat, made good time, and for travel of that sort wasn't too bad. About eight days after sailing I stopped over one morning to lay a blanket down on the deck for the kiddies to sit on and something slipped in my back with the result that I was in the ships hospital for 14 days and was discharged the evening before we docked as the doctor was afraid the motion of the boat would throw things out again if I was up and about. The hospital was well equipped and very comfortable. Ruth Harris and Flora Ernst (the latter especially) came to the rescue and took beautiful care of the kiddies but it was a bit hard on them. During that time we had a terrific storm at sea, and things more than rolled, tossed and tumbled, and "flew thru the air with the greatest of ease."

It is such a joy to be in such utterly peaceful surroundings. Things were so noisy at the camp and on the boat that Bob, especially, was just shouting when he wanted to say something. This morning he said while at breakfast, "gee, isn't it nice to have it so quiet."

Letter from Dor to Mother Chambers—no date

The kiddies are fine. We are going out to some friends tonight for a barbeque---another new experience for the kiddies.

May 24, 1945

Last night the church here had a reception for me. It is the "givingest church" that I have ever known. Anyone would think I had been a member and a special possession for years and years. Certainly because of Carol and Mother I have been received as part of the family. Well, I thought everyone had been just about perfect before last night having received a very sizeable check, a new dress, slip, silk p.j., stockings, and about fifteen dollars in cash plus all the food stuffs and canned fruits that they have brought. But last night here was a shower. I received 11 sheets—nine of them large size, about fourteen pillow cases, six or seven of the flowered table cloths, about fourteen bath towels, and about a dozen and a half dish towels, some ten or a dozen dresses for C.J. and a sunsuit for Bob. Many of the little dresses will be ok for Carol with a little altering. In addition there was another check for more than twice the amount of the first one. And they are bringing a lot of canned stuff today.

May 28, 1945

Last night I spoke to a full house at the church. Carol said there must have been about six hundred there, and that the Messiah is the only thing that has brought that many out in the evening. Had excellent attention. I am glad that it is behind me instead of ahead of me. Have spent a good deal of time working it out. May speak to the Rotary Club on Thursday.

No mail this morning except the card for Carol and Bob from Aunt Marian which they much enjoyed. They are very excited over the prospects of roller skates.

Got a barrel packed with the fruit etc., and will have to put the overflow into a box, I guess. It surely is nice to have so much ahead.

The kiddies are looking fine. Bob has muscles as hard as iron and is very proud of them. So far I have been able to keep up their daily siestas. Carol rarely sleeps, but lies and reads or plays dolls on the bed and Bob sleeps one to two hours about five days out of seven. They are in bed shortly after eight. Think it has done a lot to keep them fit and do hope I can keep it up until school this fall.

June 14, 1945-handwritten letter from Fred to his Mother

Have covered considerable territory since arriving here and feel the trip was well worth the effort from my viewpoint. When I talk with the Filipinos I find our lot was easy in comparison with what they had to suffer. That constant fear of attack by night or day must have been terrible. Still they have come thru it with fine spirit and the story of our colleague's experiences is not a pretty one either. The story has been released now in the USA.

Am not certain where Dor is just now but last reports indicated enroute to Denver. Hope we get a good house in Boulder but if we don't we shall consider it another closed door that leads to something better. It does my soul good to read her reports concerning the kiddies. I won't recognize them when I meet them. Reports also indicate a better appearance for Dor. She dropped the word about being in hospital on ship but no details. I fear she had a rough time of it.
