

# SOME WEEP, SOME LAUGH

MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN DACCA 1960-1967
MARY FRANCES DUNHAM

----- IV -----OUR WANDERINGS
আমাদের ঘুরাঘুরি

#### FRONT PAGE TITLE AND PHOTO

The title of these memoirs comes from the lyrics of a Bengali folk song: "This world is a market place of pleasures. Some weep, some laugh."

You can find the full lyrics for this song on page 281 of my book:

Jarigan, Muslim Epic Songs of Bangladesh.

The title photo on the previous page was taken of my husband and me in 1960 soon after we first arrived in Dacca. We are posed in front of a Moghul style painted backdrop provided by the photography studio.

Editing and layout by Katherine Dunham

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# SOME WEEP, SOME LAUGH

MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN DACCA 1960-1967

MARY FRANCES DUNHAM

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### **EPILOGUE**

### **APPENDIX**

CAST OF CHARACTERS GLOSSARY BIBLIOGRAPHY To all my friends with whom I shared the adventures of these years in Dacca and especially to my husband, Daniel C. Dunham, who made this time so meaningful and memorable with his humor and common sense.

# **SPECIAL THANKS**

There are a number of people I want to especially thank for helping me to transform my eight Dacca scrapbooks of letters, photos and souvenirs into this set of printed volumes which are now much easier to share with family, friends and the public. Daisy Aziz, our long time family friend and descendant of our Dacca landlord, devoted many hours helping on a variety of tasks including scanning the original scrapbooks and being on call to transliterate Bengali words. Our friend, Ellen Lohe, spent a good portion of her summer with us patiently proof reading the first drafts and gave valuable editing comments and advice. To Fatima Terin and Adnan Morshed, I am gratefull for their appreciation of my family's Bengali patois as they helped with the Bangla translations for this latest 2019 edition. I'm also indebted to my daughter, Katherine Dunham, for her work with the organization and layout of the contents and her perseverance in getting this project done over the years that we have worked on this together.

## HOW TO READ THIS BOOK

Like a stroll through someone's house, feel free to browse through this book and read any section here or there that catches your eye. There is no need to read the book from one end to the other because I have organized the stories by topics rather than by chronology. By reading bits and pieces of my stories, I hope to provide a glimpse of our daily life and our practical and creative responses to the everyday life challenges we faced.

These memoirs are organized into five volumes. Volume 1 describes how we settled into our life in Dacca and how we set up our house and servants. Volume 2 includes a chapter on each member of the family and what our primary occupations were. Volume 3 talks about our Social and cultural life outside our primary activities and the many projects we did. Volume 4 describes our travels including our outings, our vacations and our home leaves. Volume 5, addresses the large-scale hazards we faced during the 1960's including cyclones, diseases and wars.

### BENGALI WORDS

Much of my use of Bengali words throughout these texts may seem incorrect to a native Bengali speaker. However, this is intentional. I am attempting to represent the playful way Dan and I transformed the language into our own family patois. For example, to express pluralization of a noun we would simply add an 's' or 'es' to the end of it as is done in English eventhough this is incorrect in Bengali. Hence, when we wanted to say the plural of cat we said 'birals' instead of 'biral gulo,' and for 'things' we said 'jinishes' instead of 'jinish gulo'. Throughout the texts I have noted with an asterix whenever I use our family patois instead of the correct Bengali form. Furthermore, my transliteration of the Bengali vowel sounds may also seem atypical because I seek to approximate how the vowels sound in English. I omit indicating the nasalization of vowels when this occurs, and the retroflexive quality of certain dental consonants. The "h" following a consonant indicates a concurrent breath sound, as in "bhari" (b-hah-ree).

### PLACE NAMES & SPELLINGS

Names of some cities in India or their spelling changed after Indian Independence in 1947; e.g. Bombay to Mumbai, Madras to Chenai, Calcutta to Kolkota and Dacca to Dhaka. In the latter two examples the changes represent a more correct transliteration. Although the British "raj" included outstanding linguists, government practice was more casual. I generally have chosen to use the names and spellings that were used during the time (1960s) that we were living in Dacca.

#### PEOPLE & ABBREVIATIONS

Throughout these pages you will see many names referring to friends, colleagues, and acquaintances some of which will come up again and again. To learn more about these people, who played a significant role in our Dacca life, you can refer to the Cast of Characters in the Appendix.

To facilitate the writing I have often used initials in place of our family names:

- DCD is Dan Dunham (my husband)
- MFD is Mary Frances Dunham (myself)
- KDD is Katherine Dunham (our daughter)
- CGR is Charles Raphael (my father)

### TEXTS, PHOTOS & IMAGE CREDITS

Most of the photos from the 1960s shown in these volumes are taken by my husband, Dan. The sketches sprinkled throughout the volumes were either done by Dan or me. The black ink sketches of Dacca scenes were all done by Dan for the guide book I co-wrote called Living in Dacca. The images of letters, news clippings and other memorabilia were scanned from my archives of documents collected between 1960 and 1968. I have also included in these volumes a number of texts from friends such as Pat Hill, Bob Mayers and Peggy Azbill.

# ~~~~~~~ **IV** ~~~~~~~~~ **OUR WANDERINGS** আমাদের ঘুরাঘুরি

(AMADER GHURAGHURI)

- 10. NOT FAR AWAY
- 11. MORE FAR AWAY
- 12. VERY FAR AWAY

SOME WEEP, SOME LAUGH
MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN DACCA 1960-1967

MARY FRANCES DUNHAM

# গ্রাম ছাড়া ঐ রাঙা মাটির পথ

# গ্রাম ছাড়া ঐ রাঙা মাটির পথ আমার মন ভুলায় রৈ।

Ah, the red red road, the run-away road of the village, lures my mind away. It stretches its arms out to the far distance, and my heart rolls away with its red dust.

Out of the home
it seduces me.
It solicits me, alas,
at every lagging step.
It runs away with me
and leads me on to where,
I do not know.

[Tagore, Gram-chara oi ranga matir path]



10

# NOT FAR AWAY দূরে না \*

(DURE NA)



<sup>\*</sup> This Bengali wording is from our personal family patois

2 | Part IV: OUR WANDERINGS

# DISCOVERING DACCA'S HINTERLANDS

Land travel being as arduous as it was in Bengal, meant that most foreigners arrived in Dacca by air. For many of them, that initial aerial view from the plane might be the only exposure they would have to the Bengal countryside. I remember the first time I saw the "real" world that lay beyond the edges of Dacca city. The sight of vibrant green paddy fields stretching to the horizon in all directions was a revelation to me. Ever afterwards, I enjoyed hearing the gasp of pleasure from other foreigners when I accompanied them on their first journeys out of the city.

Later they would discover the rivers large and small presenting their own scenic beauty with a variety of boats dotting their surface. Another feature was known as "Jungle," expanses of densely crowded wiry short trees with no relation to the verdant tangled and lofty tropical forests of my childhood populated by "Tarzan" or Kipling's stories. "Jungle" meant simply a rather uninteresting wilderness, but one where wilder beasts such as jackals and snakes might dwell.



এই যে আমার দেশ ফুলে কলে ভরা ভোরে দেখি রাঙা ছবি ঝলমল করা। এই মাঠে চরে গরু নদীটি কোথায় কোনু সাগরের বুকে কেমনে হারায়।

"Oh, my country, so full of flowers;
At dawn I see a scene of crimson
sparkling;
In this field a cow is grazing,
where does the river
Get lost in the heart of what sea?"

First four verses of "Amar Desh" [Kochi Kotha, p.59]

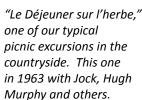














### PICNICS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

During our second winter, when the dry and cooler season set in, we discovered the pleasures of picnicking in the countryside. We often went with friends, taking a car or two with drivers, and our picnic lunch, to explore different areas outside of Dacca. We always looked for a scenic spot to eat our lunch but It often proved challenging to find a tree to shade us that wasn't a Hindu shrine or a home to snakes. -Inevitably, within minutes of laying out our blanket and sitting down, we would be surrounded by a crowd of curious villagers. Dan would enjoy engaging them in conversation in his own personalized style of Bengali. The villagers were usually so amused by his efforts that they were not offended when he asked them to step back a bit to give us some space. One time, he went so far as to draw a circle in the dirt around us to define a boundary line for them to stand behind.





A student picnic with Jack Yardley and Zahiruddin.

PAT'S DESCRIPTION OF THE "ONLOOKERS" [P. Hill, Moon Bazar, p.32]

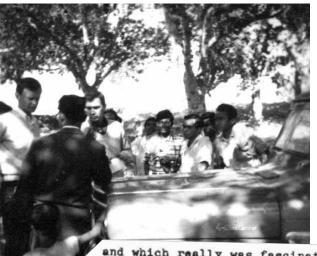
Staring is a popular pastime in Bengal. It doesn't cost money and there is no cultural aversion to it. Large pale foreigners were always somewhat conspicuous, and one did not have to venture fer cut of town to become a striking novelty. A western woman in the Old Town, or outside Dacca, attracted an audience at once. If she stopped at a shop, they crowded in behind her, discussing her clothes, her complexion, her selection, her money, her character, and who knows what else. Walting for a train or boat, the foreigner became the center of a dense ring and its unanimous gaze, as direct, unblinking, and unsmiling as a child's stare.

# **EPUET STUDENT PICNIC TO SONARGAON**

Having heard about some of our excursions, Dan's architecture students thought it would be fun to try a picnic themselves and invited us with some of the other American teachers. They decided to take us to the historic site of Sonargaon, the ancient capital of Bengal, outside of Dacca. Zahiruddin, who later became the Dean of the Architecture school, was with us on one of these picnics as seen in the photo.









and which really was fascinating. It was about a twenty minute walk from the picnic spot and there was much lagging on the way. But I think they too liked it when they saw it. It was a beautiful day and Sonargoan is always one of the most beautiful spots. I went swimming insomeones lungi but I don't think it was approved of. No comments. Lunch was Kashi meat and biriani cooked and served on the spot. There was much merri making throwing a ball around a circle, climbing trees, listening to records and radio at the same time, different tunes very loud, swimming and finally card tricks.

There were many local children buzzing around like flies and snatching anything they could get. Ruplal would run around with a stick swatting. On the way home when we got that flat tire, Dan flagged down a Malaria Erad. Jeep and asked to borrow their spare tire. The boro lok riding in it said we could if we gave a receipt which we did. But then he wanted a stamp and asked Dan why he didn't have his stamp with him. Dan who was by then bare foot (he says that doesn't mean anything because "I have a pait at home") dropped a few names and managed to persuade the loke that we were trust worthy. Meanwhile he had flagged down the other & cars returning from the picnic and the two busses so that the line up on the road really looked impressive.

My letter describing the student field trip to Sonargaon and the delay on the road coming back. [MFD letter to Peggy Azbill, 11/09/1966]

### **BOAT OUTINGS**

The solution to getting more privacy on our picnics we discovered was to have them on water instead of land. We would hire a country boat, first bargaining with the helmsman about the fee and time period, and then we would board it with our picnic provisions and let him take us wherever he chose. We would usually head north on the Buriganga (Old Ganges) River toward Mirpur town (now part of Dacca proper). We were often guite a spectacle to the river folk when we passed by, especially when we would jump into the water for a cooling swim. Sometimes during the monsoon season, when islands were submerged, we could dive off of tree limbs to our pleasure until the boatman cried "Shap!" (snake). Dan was perhaps the first of our contemporaries to make use of country boats for this kind of pleasure excursion. We even held Peggy Azbill's birthday party on one such outing, with her name written out across the sail.







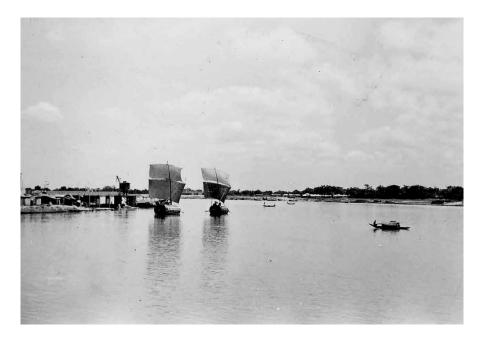
O! Maji-Bhai! "Oh! Bortherboatman!"







### **BOAT OUTINGS cont.**









MFD sketch

PAT'S DESCRIPTION OF THE RIVER LANDSCAPE [P. Hill, Moon Baza, p.16]

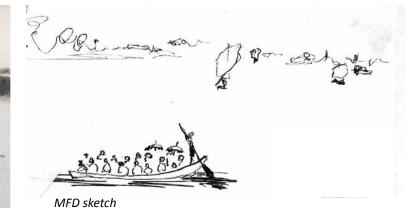
From the air, in July, the province looked like a lake dotted with islands. One day we hired, at nearby Mirpur Bridge, two country boats with their <u>madjiis</u> (boatmen), and drifted through the afternoon across the flooded fields. The rain had transformed the scene as magically as a heavy snow storm can turn a northern town to white diamond overnight.

Patches of lavender water hyacinth glided past, and other country boats, heaped with eggplant and rice and leaves and bamboo. On the hillocks, villagers clustered at the edge of the water to stare--women in faded saris and red Hindu tika dots bare brown children, old men with long tangled hair.

"You'd think we were a thousand miles from civilization,"

Dan murmured. "Actually it's about seven thousand."





### PAT'S DESCRIPTION OF COUNTRY BOATS [P. Hill, Moon Baza, p.44]

to take you to any village in the neighborhood. The country boat is a wooden vessel with a round bottom, often covered by a bamboo cowl. The madjii (boatman) sits at one end and poles it along with a length of bamboo, or if the water is very deep, he uses an oar. When the province was covered with water, the boats moved everywhere, carrying pastengers or wood or vegetables. You found yourself floating on a shallow lake over a field where you had walked a few months before. The water near the edges was beige and opaque, but in the middle it was like black crystal, with a shimmering greenish cast from the rice stalks growing and waving below. Mauve water hyacinths were scattered across the surface, sometimes bankes thickly as if they grew in a garden plot.

At times like that it was possible to bask in the serenity, and to forget for a few minutes the plague of poverty which saturated the picturesque country.









"You'd think we were a thousand miles from civilization," Dan murmured, "Actually it's about seven thousand."

BOAT OUTINGS cont.

# A DAY TRIP ON THE LAUNCH WITH FRIENDS (1963)

























Peggy Azbill's birthday party on a local sail boat with her name written out across the sail









### DAY TRIPS INTO THE OUTSKIRTS OF DACCA

[MFD diary entry 02/06/1966]

We took one pleasant outing several Sundays ago in Peggy's car to Demrai. I don't remember if you ever went there, Mother D. It is the village where the second biggest chariot carrying Hindu gods of the sub-continent is. At a certain festival in the year this chariot is dragged by huge ropes and many men, looking like Egyptian times, down to one end of the street from the other, then several days later, 10 days maybe, it is dragged back. I think I described it once anyway because we attended the dragging Road, \*\*\* and through the countryside which is surpri-ingly green this year, and a welcome sight and change from Dacca. You have to take a boat ride for about 45 minutes from one place to Daeral, and that too was pleasant. We had . Katherine with us and she enjoyed ti all. Peggy and Roy hadn't seen Domraf before so they were interested. We found a brass "factory", a shed with two men working at turning a wheel and belt and the other one grinding and polishing brass cups and the brassh shavings flying off. Katherine was again delighted. We ordered two cups to be made to our specifications while we explored the town. We visited the "Math", the chariot, and Katherine climbed up the rickety stairway inside the frame work to the top floor with Dan after her behind. When the two of them poked their head s over top the landing they found themselves face to face with an old guru, quite spooky Ban said. Katherine didn't know what to make of him but han had a hard time persuading her to come down and once down I had a hard time from keepign her off the stairs. W. took our same country boat back sgain to the spot where Nazi was waiting and drove home reaching Dagge around Another holiday Roy arove us to a village closer by on the Firpur road. We had often noticed a branch

rosd gol & off at some distance after the Mirpur bridge but it had a little bridge normally in bad repair. On the way to Demrai Dan had noticed that the bridge was now fixed so we decided to drive down that way. We came to a hindu settlement where there was a temple, a single brick spire with the finish asker, all overgrown, but a nice landmark is the paddy fields, where we set the some old women living in what used to be a fine old pukka house and who played with Kanterine and where we saw a strange effigy made of moundas of said to the shap of a gigantic man lying ander a hanyan tree, on his back with arms and legs appead out. We couldn't get anyone to tell us exactly want he was but that he was connected with some festival. Dan by this time had taken to riding on topof Boys tiny car and this of course attracted much attention and assessment from the surrouneding populace, especially the children. He would lie on his stonach with his body almost completely covering the back of the car, the roof being open, and would tell us what he saw in the distance and warm Roy of oncoming pot-holes. We had trouble pursuading . him to come back inside when we headed for home on the wain road agaih.

A visit to Demrai (Dhamrai) by boat where Katherine accidentally came upon a guru ...

"Dan by this time had taken to riding on top of the ... car and this of course attracted much attention and amusement from the surrounding populace ... He would lie on his stomach with his body almost completely cover ing the back of the car ..."

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### "FORGOTTEN" RUINS

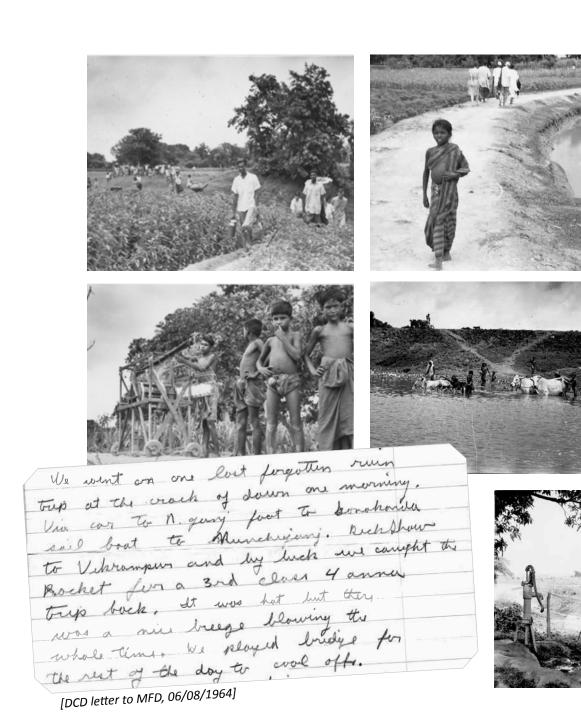
Ahmed Hasan Dani, in his history of old Dacca, mentions "forgotten ruins" not far from Dacca, in Vikrampur, a former capital of Buddhist and Hindu regimes in ancient times. Dan was intrigued by Dani's description of these ruins set among magical ponds and mystical trees and thought it would be fun to find them. Our friends, including Jock Copland, Peggy Azbill, Hugh Murphy, Roy Vollmer and Ann Werkheiser, were inspired by Dan's curiosity to organize weekend excursions with us to go in search of the famed ruins from Dani's book. Together, as a team, we enjoyed the adventure of exploring new areas and not knowing what we would find. We referred to our explorations as searches for the "Forgotten Ruins."

To get to the area where the ruins were located, took about an hour by launch from Dacca to the village closest to Rampal Lake. After disembarking at the river ghat (dock), we would take off on foot through the fields using Dani's book initially as our guide. With Dan in the lead, we hiked single file along the narrow raised paths that divided the rice fields as we looked for landmarks from Dani's descriptions. On our first trip, we failed to find anything and realized that Dani's directions, although detailed, were not accurate. On our subsequent Forgotten Ruins expeditions we learned to rely more on the villagers' knowledge of the area and its landmarks than Dani's book. In time we found a number of Dani's forgotten ruins, but what was perhaps more rewarding were the discoveries we made of our own.











[DCD letter to MFD, 06/08/1964]

### SACRED TREE ON THE BANKS OF RAMPAL DIGHI

On the banks of the Rampal dighi, just as Dani described it, we found the sacred tree "of which fantastic stories are told" (Dani, Dacca a Record of its Changing Fortunes, 1962, p262). We were so thrilled with this find that we each took a tiny cutting of its bark to keep as a good luck charm. In later years, when we lived in New York, Dan would take his sacred bark to his university exams for good luck. Dan even insisted that Katherine use it for luck on her tests at school.



PEGGY AZBILL WRITING ABOUT 'FORGOTTEN RUINS EXCURSIONS' [02/16/1966, P.2]

> than three nights in the pas a social function I had to accend in the evening

On Sunday MF? D, and Roy and I have been going out into the hinterlands, thither and hither on what we call forgetten ruin trips. Several Sungays ago we took my car (with Nasir driving) to Demra. It's a village where the second largest Roth (chariet carrying Hindu gods) of the sub=continent is located. At a certain festiv: 1 in the year this chariot is dragged by huge ropes and many men -- looking like Egyptian times, down to one end of the street from the other. Then several days later, 10 days maybe, it is dragged back. We attended the dragging one year.

It was a gargeous drive through the countryside which is surprisingly green this year -- miles and miles of paddy fields as far as the eye can see. It was certainly a welcome sight and change from Dacca. You can only go about thirty miles by car and then you have to get a country boat from Nilhot to Demra- about an hours ride. And that too was really great. We had taken a picnic along and ate this in the boat. We had Katherine and I think . she enjoyed the change, relaxed atmosphere and excitement of it as much as we.

After beaching the boat, being welcomed by friendly natives who not only gave us directions for reaching the village, but who also accompanied us, we slowly wended our way forward. We found a brass "factory" -- a thatched shed with two men working. one of them turning a wheel and belt and the other one grinding and polishing brass cups with the brass shavings flying off in all directions. Again Katherine was delighted. We ordered two cups to be made to our specifications while we explored the town. We visited the "Roth" and Katherine climbed up the rickety stairway inside the framework to the top floor with Dan right behind. When the two of them poked their heads over the top of the landing they found themselves face to face with an old guru (holy man) -quite spooky, Dan said. Katherine didn't know what to make of him and Dan had a hard time persuading her to come down and once down MF had a hard time keeping her off the stairs.

This trip was the first time that I had seen deviates of any kind since I've been here and in this one afternoon we saw a dwaf and an idiot. These people are not ostracized or rejected in any way. When we were gathered around the men working in the brass factory, hundreds of children clustered around to watch us and the dwarf was in their midst. The brass workers didn't like our paying any attention to the children after all it was their show, so they chased the children away to a distance of about 20 feet

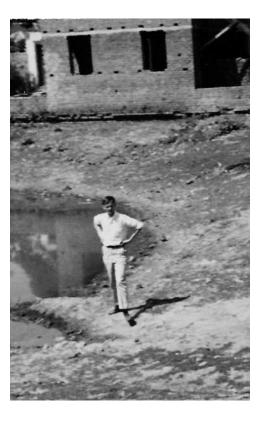


As we explored new areas Dan would ask villagers if they knew of any "kath murti" (wooden statues) in hopes of being lead to more "forgotten" treasures.





"... Not a hill in sight!"





PEGGY AZBILL WRITING ABOUT'FORGOTTEN RUINS EXCURSIONS' [02/16/1966, P.2]

and the dwarf with them; but in about five seconds he was once again in our midst. He had no intention of being relegated to the ranks of children. The way he did it with a pleased grin on his face was entirely captivating. When we returned to pick up our cups, they weren't quate finished so we sat down and walted and it was then that I noticed the idiot who had joined us and was practically sitting in our laps-- very pleased, happy, salivating all over himself and enthralled with Katherine. We took our same country boat back to the spot where Nasir was waiting and drove home reaching Dacca around sunset.

On another holiday Roy drove us to a village closer by on the Mirpur Road. We had often noticed a branch road going off at some distance after the Mirpur bridge, but it had a little bridge over it normally in bad repair. On the way to Demra Dan had noticed that the bridge was now fixed so it was decided to go exploring in that direction. We came to a Hindu settlement where there was a temple, a single brick spire with finial askew, all overgrown, but a lovely landmark in the paddy fields, where we met some old women living in what used to be a fine old pukka house. They played with Katherine and inspected me from top to toe and wanted to know what I was (male or female) and what I did. This was an impromptu outing and I was wearing slacks and shirt. I have no idea what MF told them -- but this a obviously remained unconvinced.

We saw a strange effigy made of mounds of mud in the shape of a gigantic man lying under a banyan tree, on his back with arms and legs outstretched. We couldn't get anyone to tell us a exactly what he was, but that he was connected with some festival.

Several years ago at the time of the communal riots, Dan had acquired several marvelous wooden sculptures done in Hindu villages -- they look as though they belong in the museum of primitive art. Roy and I also want some of these-- but they seem to be even more scarce than hen's teeth. One of the major goals of these trips is to look for wooden sculpture or carings. So Rey trips around and in pidgeon Bongali inquires of every passer by where he can find some little wooden men. Everyone lacks at him blankly and indicates, no buse (not understand) and that they think he must be crazy.

Dan by this time had taken to riding on top of Roy's tiny car (flat) and this of course attracted much attention and amusement from the surrounding populace, especially the children. He would lie on his stomach with his body almost completely covering the back of the car, the roof being open, and would tell us what he

saw in the distance and warn Roy of on-coming pot-holes. We had trouble persuading him to come back inside, when we headed for home on the main road again.

We've taken two additional trips since then, still looking for little wooden men and forgotten or hidden ruins. On one of these Hugh saw a tiny little girl with a carved wooden doll dradled in her arms as she looked at us through thick lashes painted with khol, Hugh tried to talk it out of her with his Irish charm, I used all my child psychology to no avail, and Dan tried to trade her a bleenex and then digarettes, but when we left the village empty handed, she was holding her doll though screaming at the top of her lungs. We're not going to be able to do this too many more times because it's getting quite warm, the temperatures have been in the low 90's for the past three weeks. I should have some interesting slides to show you when I get back. ..















### A STELE 'STEAL'

### FINDING A HINDU STELE

On one of our "Forgotten Ruins" outings we made an accidental discovery of a valuable Hindu stone stele. When talking with a group of villagers in a household courtyard, we by chance happened to notice a large flat, stele-shaped, stone serving as a threshold to a doorway. On closer examination, we suspected that it could in fact be the backside of a stele and asked if we could remove the stone to see it better. The villagers dug the stone out from the clay plinth in which it was embedded and sure enough it was a stele sculpture portraying the Hindu god Surja with accompanying deities, almost three feet tall, and very heavy. They told us that they had been using it as a washing board before they turned it into their front door step. Being good Muslims, it was understandable that the villagers disdained the Hindu sculpture, but it was fortunate that they thought to recycle it for their own utilitarian household needs rather than destroy it.

The discovery of that first stele, whetted our appetites for more. When we asked the villagers if they knew of any other *murti* (images, sculptures) they might have around they were happy and eager to show us more. By the end of that day, Dan and Ann negotiated successfully to buy the steles as well as a number of other sculptures from the villagers. As part of the bargain for the stele that we first saw, Dan was required to come back at a later time with a brick layer to build the villager a new door step, which he dutifully did. With six men carrying the stele, and others helping with the smaller art pieces we made the trek back to the launch.

Once safe on board the boat, we had time to reflect on our treasures. As far as we knew, no one in recent times had made such valuable finds and there was no precedent for the 'legality' of owning found art. We knew that the pieces we found were worthy of being protected as part of the national heritage of the country. But at the same time, we knew that there was no institution at that time in Dacca that we would trust to value and care for the work. Being under a Muslim regime, we especially did not trust the national art museum in Dacca to recognize the value of our Hindu sculptures as part of the cultural heritage of the country. Furthermore, we unanimously distrusted Mr. Enamul Hague, the head of the museum, and suspected his greed lead him to corrupt and nefarious dealings. We often joked that the museum acted more like a gallery offering art for sale to the highest bidder than a place of exhibition.



My detailed description of how we found this 11th century Hindu stele among other pieces of lost art in the village of Rampal [MFD letter to Schemerhorn, summer 6/21/1966]

> E.K.Schermerhern June 21.1966

I am becoming interested in possessions of a certain sort by dint of Dan and an adventure which we had over two months ago. Objets d'Art. For almost six years we found and acquired very little from Bengal. Village crafts are few and ancient Hindu culture is taboo, mostly destroyed or in India. We have been going on Sunday expeditions from Dacca for years, looking for "forgotten ruins" (as one site is called in the only book which is at all touristy). We go for the sake of an outing in the country as much as in the hope of finding a ruin. Dan was the leader and inspiration forging ahead from rickshaw to country boat to footing through paddy fields with mobs of children and villagers tagging along. The one time we really came across something happened to be the day Dan had to stay home to correct examinations. I had just returned from a trip in the Chittagong hill tracts with Pat Hill. A day before, Dan. Roy, and Ann had gone to Vikarmpur area, site of the ancient Hindu capital of Bengal, and had found some carving on a door which they were able to buy. Ann and Roy wanted to return in hopes of finding more. Also they had not gotten as far as some of the interesting sites and remains in a certain area named after a great Hindu king, Rampal. They planned to go that Sunday and I went with them.

Ann, Roy, and I set out early on Sunday, during the hottest season, three hours by launch from Dacca to Katporti, small village and wood depot before Munshiganj. We looked for more wood carving on old doors for sale but there was none.

"... Ann, Roy, and I set out early ... three hours by launch from Dacca to Katpotti, small village and wood depot before Munshiganj. We looked for more wood carving on old doors for sale but there was none."

by a Pakistani man and woman. We proceeded by richshaw along the road which would bring us to Baba Adam's mosque, the oldest extant in E. Bengal, to the "sacred tree", to Rmapal dighi, and the site of the palace. We had collected villagers who followed us around. We found the tree, now a long stump, broken, but with vermillion smears. Hesitathly we cut off some splinters from the hard wood for Dan. As Ann and I looked for the moat which would mark the site of the palce compound, Roy sat under a tree sking the villagers if they had any "kat Manush" (wooden men) or "murti", statues. Finally one boy produced a clay horese, newly made and brightly painted. Roy told him that was the idea but that we wanted old things not new. Later one of our rickshaw drivers who had stuck to us appeared with a hand-size carved piece of stone, the first genuinely old piece of art we had come across. We asked where it had come from and he said in the village nearby there were many more. Afraid to believe him we quickly made him guide us there. On the way we met an old man who also said there many similar pieces "everywhere under the ground". Our hope rose rapidly.

We were led to a compound of four good-sized bamboo houses around a courtyard, not far from a mosque and within a quarter of a mile fro the Baba Adam mosque. Enterine the courtyard Ann and Roy immediately spotted unusually large black slabs of stone at the foot of two fo the steps of two houses. We dug a bit under them and could feel they were carved. Ann's newly acquired archeological soul, Roy's lust for objets of the East and my new interest, \*\*\* almost paralyzed us with disbelief. We'did not know whethere to start offering a price or to dig them out or where to begin.

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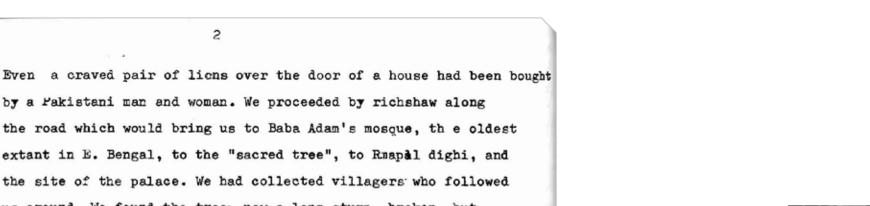
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Ann Workheiser examining the





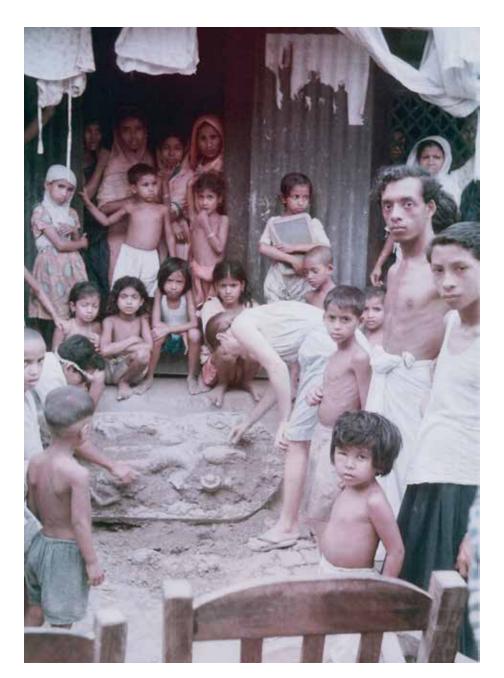
### A STELE 'STEAL' cont.

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"... One block, both stele shaped as should be for temple carvings, later required 6 men to lift it and took a good many for us to turn it over.."

Amongst the large grouped that surrounded us in the courtyard one man stood out as the "bariola" or house owner. We asked him if we could dig up the stones and offered to buy them at the same time. He said he needed them and would not sell them but we persuaded him to let us have a look. One block, both stele shaped as should be for temple carvings, later required 6 men to lift it and took a good many for us to turn it over. The other one had been broken in half but was still a big piece. We clawed away at the clyly embedded in the carving and more and more of the beautifully preserved shapes of gods and "angels" appeared. We were so amazed we could hardly appreciate all we saw. It took days to get used to seeing the netire piece in detail. By this time it was the middle of the afternoon. We had known that the archeology department of the University was due to come the next day to excavate some "pillars" in a tank. We thought if we were to take our find we had better do it as quickly as possible.

- "...As we cleaned ad bargained with the landlord who had become more willing to sell, villagers kept appearing with more and more small carvings ...
- ... Finally the landlord agreed to Rs. 150 in cash and 3 steps for one house, 4 for the other."



Me, cleaning off and examining one of the 11th century steles that we discovered in Rampal. This one had been turned over so that its flat back side had served as the front door step to a house.

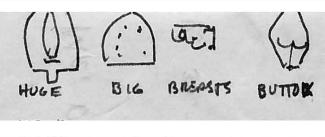
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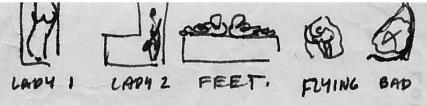
we would use a village "contractor" and would supervise. Roy wa was for paying all in cash and not binding ourselves to a return trip. Using this contract as a rough estimate

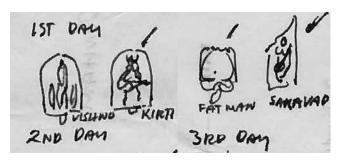
Ann was offering Rs. 10, 15, and 20 for the smaller pieces as they appeared in a decisiven and business like fashion.

Roy went off with our bearer Wohab and other villagers to secure matting and ropes to get our "rocks" back to the launch and Dacca. We hurriedly nicknamed the pieces amongst oursevles as we discussed them according to their most obvious or perfect features "Steps" = steles, "Feet" = a fragment with three pairs of perfect feet and legs up to about the knees, "Breasts" = an upper torso, "Buttox"= a large piece including legs up to the waist whose backside was more carved than the front, and so forth. We had nine pieces in all.

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Were gone. It was during this time that most of the smaller pieces were brought in. Also during this time we had made many frineds amongst the viallgers. One young boy, well-dressed, who spoke a little English, was especially charming and attentive to us and brought us water from the well pump which he said was near his house. The next day we visited his house as promised. The villagers were pleased that we were to return to build the steps. I kept giving out more information about ourselves than was wise in my efforts to make conversation, I exchanged names and addresses but it seemed to me it would be impossible not to be found if anyone really cared.

"... One young boy, well-dressed, who spoke a little English, was especially charming and attentive to us and brought us water from the pump which he said was near his house."



"Finally Roy returned

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We hired the coolies

proposed and got four rickshaws."

5

We thought of how much Dan was missing and that of all times this was the glorious moment when he should have reaped the fruits of his hunting zeal. We gazed at 800 years of history.

Finally Roy returned with large woven mats and with the help of many hands the large pieces were wrapped and bound like corpses and the smaller pieces bound together. We hired the coolies proposed and got four rickshaws. All the negotiations for the slightest service were taking too much time. As it was we were nt sure to Reach Dacca before night fall. When we reached the main street of Kat porti we had to bargain again for coolied to bear the goods to the "ghat" across a channel where there was no road for rickshaws. Then coolies when the launch arrived to lift everything on deck. And them there was still a man demanding money, the "ghat" tax for leaving the goods on the beach for the 20minutes we were waiting for the launch. During all of this we were constantly surrounded by the rougher crowds of the port.

"... and then there was still a man demanding money, the "ghat" tax for leaving the goods on the beach for 20 minutes we were waiting for the launch..."



On the launch Ann and I sat down to eat in the first class compartment. A man next to me asked some friendly questions but a man across from Ann who was from the geology deprt. of the University asked in a hostile manner what we intreded to do with the statues. Fortunately ann thought to say we were friends of someone int the Archeology dept. and she parried his questions well. However, we both felt uncomfortable and were eager to reach Dacca and get out of the public eye. It was dark when we finally reached Dacca. We had a hard time finding coolies with the usuall coming a going of launches and

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We were unable to confer with each other about the next steps but had decided we take the statues as far as the Church (Ann's appartment) and not divided them up until we had talked to Dan and possibly to Barried who should be back from Comiala that night if he was to go to Vikrampur the next day. We thought we should warn him that if the villagers talked about hur expedition to his Pkiatsani team mates that he should know who it had been. Also Roy and Dunhams had promised to go to dinner that night chez Healys who were entertaining the U.S. reporter from the West wing and the editor of the Observer which meant that as well being late we had to be careful about not telling of our day's find. Many foreigners want very much to own objets although I am pretty sure, that unless taken by the hand, there are few who would go after them the way we had. We suspected we would have difficulty getting the large pieces into the U.S. but we had each become attached to certain ones of the small pieces.

"We were unable to confer with each other about the next steps ... Roy and Dunham had promised to go to dinner that night chez Healys who were entertaining the U.S. reporter form the West wind and the editor of the Observer which meant that as well as being late we had to be careful about not telling of our day's find."

"We suspected we would have difficulty getting the large pieces into the U.S. but we had each become attached to certain ones of the small pieces."

### A STELE 'STEAL' cont.

I called Peggy to contact Dan as soon as we reached the Church. We had left Roy to struggle with getting coolies. When Peggy brought Dan they were gratifyingly impressed. Roy wzs still missing and Dan went to look for him. He had trouble with the dock guard and coolies. We were finally altogether. We wanted to unwrap everything but there wasn't time to tell out tale and decide what to do. Richard was in the tea plantations and wouldn't be back until Tuesday. During the course of the next week we fluctuated between several plans to enable us to keep as much as we had found as possible. We realized that being foreigners, each of attached to politically delicated institutions (AID, The Church, the Second Capital) that if there were any laws

"if there were any laws forbidding taking out artifacts ... we would have to limit our smuggling instincts. On the other hand, like budding Elgins, we felt we had saved these pieces from oblivion and destruction, and would certainly loan or give them to museums at home if we could take them out."

Returning back to Vikampur (Bikrampur) with Wohab and the contractor to build the new steps as was our agreement in return for the stone sculptures

7

forbidding taking out artifacts, antiquities, as in Nepal and other countries, we would have to limit our sruggling instincts. On the other hand, like budding Elgins, we felt we had saved these pieces from oblivion and destruction, and we would certainly loan or give them to mueums at home if could take them out. Now that we had found them we took a lively interest in their history and looked up as much as we could find on their iconography and history in what books Dan had. Ann had an old Metropolitan museum bulletin showing all there was on Hindu statuary and at that moment we possessed far more nad far better pieces. That night we decided to divided up the statues putting our favorite pieces into hiding and putting the rest altogether in one house where we would produce them should the museum or archeology dept. wish to see them. This was carried out the next day.

The next day, as early as possible, Ann and I and the "contractor" who had come to Dacca with us at our expense, set off for Vikarmpur again. The contractor and Wohab were to go separately to buy bricks and cement along the way. With the help of the contractor I had made a sketch of the proposed steps and estimated the amount of bricks, cment and sand needed and the cost. They reached the village around three o'clock. Ann and I by 11 in the morning. We made another pilgrimage to the sacred tree because Ann had lost her splinter and we visited "Delu" in his

ancestral compound where we were most cordially received by all the family, given tea, fresh coconut juice from their own cocnuts, and bananas from their own tree. As the day progressed I knew we would not see even the first bricks layed. Around three the contractor and Wohab found us. It would take to many hours to get the materials from the main river to this particualr village to attempt it that day and it would be done the next day. More villagers had been mentioning more statues in their homes if we cared to look. We had not planned to uby any more but we did look, and we did buy two more, medium sized steles, well preserved, too beautiful to resist. We only needed three rickshaws to get us all back to the launch this time including Wohab and we reached Dacca at sunset time, really tired from two days, sweltering days, of expedition with some mental strain throughout. I had distributed some cigaretter in the village to Delu's father and others who helped us. I started to give single cigarettes to the coolies who brought us to Katporti. I was mobbed and the cigarettes torn and broken from my hands. I was warned not to try that again.

We sat on the deck returning to Dacca and were not questioned. We also had an easier time at the Dacca end.

"More villagers had been mentioning more statues in their homes if we cared to look. ... we did buy two more, medium steles, well preserved, too beautiful to resist."

### A STELE 'STEAL' cont.

The next day, the third day, Ann had to teach. Dan came with me as I had promised to return one more day to see that yhe landlord was satisfied. Richard had returned the day before and thought in good spirit that we really had had a good adventure. At the time he didn't think we need to report our find as these things had been so long untouched and yet abailable that probably no one cared about them except us one way or another.

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As well as the two other pieces we had taken the day before I had been shown two pieces which we didn't take but which were as good as the others. Ann didN8t see them but I showed them to Dan and he also liked them. Although we had decided not to buy any more we bought these last two. Dan made a quick departure from the village easier for me once we had seen that the landlord was satisfied and had paid another visit to Elu's family. We said we might come back during monsoon time.

and caught a little motor boat to hatporti.7

We returned by launch.

During the past days we had shifted our strategy and Dan was feeling more and more strongly that we should tell the museum as soon as possible, either the museum or the archeology department. I forgot to mention that the first night between changinh for dinner Barrie stopped by our house and after brief hesitation we told him about the days find. He did not seem too concerned and had said that he would find out for us what laws there might be concerning such things. I don't remember what he found out, but we chose to tell the museum rather than the archeology department which is under the central government.

More on our deliberations regarding what to do with our treasures - to keep them or declare them ...

"... we chose to tell the museum rather than the archeology department ..."

10

Besides Dan, Roy, and I had met Enamul Hug, the young curator, I three or four years earlier through Mr. Huda. He is very suave, ingratiating, and to a large extent genuinly interested in the museum, and he was immediately interested in what we had. We recollected all the pieces from the various houses into our courtyard, at first bhinking to withold a piece or two, but then thinking it wiser to be honest in hopes that Hug would not take any or would give us some. I think it was when Dan made his first visit that Hug said that his friend the District Officer of Munshiganj had reported the theft of about seven statues that he had been collecting to present to Mr. Hug and so Hug said that if he saw our collection he could tell which were the ones that had originally been meant for him. n

He came for tea and we all sat around the collection. Mr. Hug never had a chance to count openly how many pieces there were and we never mentioned the exact number. He said there already plenty of the large stele types sculptures in the museum and that he was not interested personally but that if we had shown them th the archeology departm. they might have wound up in Karachi where the museum doens't have Palla sculpture, our period. We showed our keen interest in art and history and offered to help him with his museum and the matter was left vaguely that he would take the seven pieces which were due him, that the rest we could keep on display in our houses and take out if we could.

Later, we had a meeting in his office. On consulation with the archeology department he had found that there is a law forbidding the export of anything found on

Enamul Haque. the museum curator "was immediately interested in what we had. ..."

"We showed our keen interest in art and history and offered to help him with his museum ... he would take the seven pieces which were due him, that the rest we could keep on display in our houses ..."

"For two weeks we owned ... 'The

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lost it all, ..." to the

11

of any antiquity rather, found on Pakistani soil and forbiding the purchase of any antiquity except through a licensed dealer. So the villagers, innocently, had sold what they and he wrote a formal note of acceptance.

DACCA MUSEUM DONATION

Nevertheless, in spite of our misgivings, we eventually decided to donate most of our found treasures to the museum because it seemed the "right thing to do." However, we did keep the stele and some small items knowing that they would most likely be safer in our hands than left to Mr. Haque at the museum. Perhaps this was a Lord Elgin-type excuse to justify removing heritage art, but in our case, at that time in Dacca, it seemed the best decision to make for the sake of preserving the artwork.

We felt confirmed in our suspicions, when we saw how eager Mr. Haque was to accept our collection and assumed must have seen some personal gain in mind. In our effort to legitimize the donation, Dan required Mr. Hague to write a formal letter of thanks documenting all the items we donated. Soon after, when Ann Werkheiser donated some of her art collection to the museum, she asked Mr. Hague if he would write a thank you letter for her "just like the one" he did for us. And sure enough, just as she had requested, he provided her an exact copy of the letter he wrote us itemizing our donations and addressed to "Dear Mrs. Dunham".

"The museum which completed its 53 year looked like a dumping house of old relics. Lack of space and preservation facilities were only obvious. ..."

[Daily Star, Monday Aug., 8, 1966 about the Dacca Museum 53<sup>rd</sup> anniversary exhibition]



DACCA MONDAY AUGUST 8 1964

An exhibition of recent acquisitions of the Dacca Museum was inaugurated at the museum premises on Sunday on the occasion of its 53rd foun-

Dacca Museum

(Continued from page 1) Hasan said that it was an institution where enter-tainment education and research were all rolled

into one.
Mr. Enamul Hug, curator

Mr. Enamul Hud, Chratosof the museum and Secretary of the museum committee, also emphasised the need for preserving the relies depicting the life an culture of the commo

Khan Sahib Abul Hasana Ahmad, acting Chairma Dacca Museum Committe speaking on the occasio appealed to the Gover

ment to implement t much-talked about scher for a new museum Dacca. He said that t ancestral treasures shot be housed in a better bui

ing with better care.

The museum which concluded its 53rd year loo like a dumping house old relics. Lack of space

preservation facilities only obvious.

only obvious.

That the museum had received due patro from the authorities brought to light when Enamul Huq disclosed the museum received annual grant of Rs. only from the Govern of East Pakistan.

When the museum founded 53 years ago.

Governm 6,000.



PHONE: 81666

21/65-66/268.



छोका साञ्चय ঢাকা-২, পূর্ব পাকিস্তান कान : ४३५४४

23. 5. 1966.

From: Mr. Enamul Haque, M.A., A.M.A. (London), Curator, Dacca Museum.

To : Mrs. Mary Dunham, C/O. Mr. D. Dunham, Department of Architecture, S.P. University of Engr. & Technology,

Dear Mrs. Dunham,

On behalf of the Dacca Museum Committee I am to thank you for kindly making a presentation of the following objects to the Dacca Museum:

One sculpture of Vish " Surya " Nara Simha Collected from Ten broken preces of misce-Vikrampur, Dacca. llaneous sculpture

One piece of stone-screen reportedly collected from the Vicinity of the Satgumbad Mosque,

May I also convey our thanks to Mrs. Werkheiser (excuse my spelling!), Mr. Volmer, Mr. Dunham and anyone else who might have taken trouble in connection

With warmest regards,

never could have owned, and we had bought illegally what never should have been sold, and we possessed by mistake what we could never take out. For two weeks we owned as Dan used to put it "the world's largest and most valuable private collection of Palla sculpture" and in a day we lost it all, or at least almost all ..... We had on the previous occasion offered to give some pieces to the museum and now of course we were giving all, but Mr. Hug did say we would have our names on the pieces as donnators



## **OTHER VILLAGE EXCURSIONS**

A swimming spot where we (Dan, Hugh, Peggy, Fran and other friends) found a perfect tree to jump off of into the river.







Fran Larkin surrounded by the usual village crowds that gathered abourn us.









## **EXPLORING** RAJ BARIS

During our forays into the countryside around Dacca, we would see abandoned raj baris, the mansions of Bengali princes and zamindars of the British raj. They looked uninhabited and in disrepair, but they still displayed a modicum of dignity in their formal architecture. These mansions were characterized by an eclectic combination of European architectural styles and were filled with European artworks including sculptures, paintings and knickknacks. The elite who built these mansions were displaying their wealth by showing off their European tastes and connections. Some of these *raj baris* came with legends of ghosts. One bari we heard had a wall built down the middle of its interior two separate two sides of a feuding family.













Peggu Azbill playing with Katherine on a raj bari trip

### EXPLORING RAJ BARIS cont.

### **BOGRA RAJ BARI**

The *raj bari* at Bogra, was one of the largest in the country and was one of the few that we had the chance to enter. The Bogra raj bari was in the typical style of Anglo-Indian Victorian architecture. Although the architectural style was eclectic, combining Grecian with European baroque features, the building was well suited for the tropical climate with its high ceilings for ventilation and thick walls for insulation.





### **INSIDE BOGRA RAJ BARI**

I don't remember how we got in, but once inside we felt like Pip wandering around in Miss Havisham's cobwebbed splendor. We were in another world and in another time from the Bengali culture we had come to know. Chandeliers, Grecian sculptures of nude women and European style paintings adorned every room we saw. Rooms were crowded with finely carved furniture, oriental carpets, heavy drapery framing the doorways, crystal chandeliers and marble Grecian style sculptures. Like other raj baris there was the skin of a prize tiger on the floor. Displayed on the faded floral patterned wallpaper of the rooms were elaborately framed artworks and photographs, usually pitched forward so that they leaned a bit into the space. On every table and cabinet there were family photographs in silver frames, showing gatherings at weddings, state dinners, and scenes from travels abroad in Europe and India. Sports trophies and souvenirs littered every table and shelf. Years later, I could appreciate Satyajit Ray's film "The Music Room," because of its setting in a Bogra type Bengali raj bari.











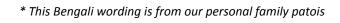


## **TOURING THE OLD CITY WITH** MRS. LOCKE

Having been a part of the team that produced the first guide book for Dacca, I was a natural choice when the US Consulate in Dacca was looking for a tour guide to show the US Ambassador's wife the Old City while they were visiting East Pakistan. But dreading the thought of sitting in Dacca traffic all day in a consulate car, I agreed to the task only on condition that I could conduct the tour by rickshaw. This was not the norm for diplomatic service so it took quite some negotiating on Dan's part to get them to agree. In the end, Dan was able to convince the organizers that a rickshaw was the better choice, especially if we were going to see the Old City. A car in the Old City would be hampered by the narrow streets and crowds of people. Whereas, in a rickshaw, we would be able to get around much more easily and she would be able to see much more from the open air rickshaw back seat than the confinement of a car.

The day before I was to meet Mrs. Locke, Dan scouted around to find two rickshaw wallahs\* (one as a backup in case there were problems with the first) who looked healthy and whose rickshaws could be cleaned up easily. To make sure they looked presentable enough for Mrs. Locke, he bought new *lungis* and T-shirts for the drivers and supervised the cleaning of their rickshaws. When Mrs. Locke arrived at our pick up spot we were relieved that she showed no hesitation at the sight of the rickshaws and she cheerfully mounted one with me.

For our tour, I showed Mrs. Locke the popular sites of the Old City, including the red fort, Dhakeswari Temple, chowk bazar, the jewelry makers' street, the Armenian church. Sadar Ghat boat docks and St. Thomas Church. When we went through the jewelry quarter, I was able to show her the gold workers melting gold and what the famous "pink" pearls looked like. It was hot and the streets were crowded, but we were able to cover all of these sights as we made our way along Islampur Road from west to east. Although she saw plenty of the hardships of Dacca on that day, the beggars and the neglected buildings, crowded poorly lit shops and dirty streets, she was not perturbed. I would have liked to have known how what she saw of Dacca compared to what she knew of Karachi, where she and her husband were posted at the Embassy, but we never had much time during that busy day to chat.







Dhakeswari Temple: perhpas the original inspriration for the "Dhaka" city name







My letter to Peggy in which I mention (among other news) my memorable tour for the US Ambassador's wife of the Old City. [MFD to Peggy Azbill, 11/09/1966]

> Hafiz Villa Nov. 9, 1966

Dear Peggy,

We used to say we would be leaving in January but we believe it less and less every day. Right now I am sitting within a barricade of books, files, slide boxes, picture frames, musical instruments, and somewhere under all this is your letter which we got some time back as well as a million carte postales. We are repainting the house. Repainting, repairing, polishing, remodeling, and i guess we are here to stay. The bedroom is full of scraping and paint mysteries and I can forget any hope of a nap to-day. All the boro lokes decided to wisit E. Pakistan this week. Dr. Gray (Texas A.& M. Foreign office), Romenicjk (SP? Dean of Arch. Texas A.M.), arrival of new consul general (Metcalfs. new ambassador Locke decided it was good policy for the two wings to trade consuls. Bowlings left last week in rickshaws because all the consulate cars had been hired to take their friends to the airport.), the ambassador and his wife. This last one I was asked to take on a tour of the old city two days ago and I am still recovering from the after thoughts of what I put her through. Mrs. Prescott said she had requested to see the old city and was the type who liked to walk and take rickwhas as that what my stipulation about taking anyone to the old city --- not in a car. Ambassadors, deans, etc. have been "passing through" on inspection tours of Dans school. Mr. Vrooman is the lead in Oklahoma due to open next week (formal dress for opening night) so has to rehearse in the evenings and can't be with the visitors. Kelly had an operation during her home leave so must take it easy (thank goodness), Firdozi Begum got mirried and the whole city has attended a function at some time. Her wedding coincided with a German Chamber orchestra conce rt (very good) at the Ladies Club. Everyone is getting married who can afford to have muscicians playing all night for days on end and decorated arches, lights, etc. we have lost some sleep from the neighbors across the way, then some more loss of sleep when Katherine was waking up with a fever due to the tonsilitis which seems to appear every six months, (She's fine now.) There seems to be a constant flow of our Pakistani friends in desperate need to go to the States (and in realisation that we me get there before they do). Although Dan theoretically has

"All the boro loks\* decided to visit E. Pakistan this week, ... "

"This last one [the ambassador's wife] I was asked to take on a tour of the old city ... I am still recovering from the after thoughts of what I put her through...."

# MORE FAR AWAY

আরো দূরে \*

(ARO DURE)



In front of the Shahbagh Hotel circa 1903



<sup>\*</sup> This Bengali wording is from our personal family patois

### TRAVELING IN EAST PAKISTAN

A trip anywhere in the country during the 1960s entailed numerous modes of travel including a combination of at least two or three of the following: train, boat, bus, car, bike and foot.





PAT WRITING ABOUT TRAVELING IN THE COUNTRYSIDE P. Hill, Moon Bazar, p.37]

The surface of East Bengal was closely sprinkled with villages, the constant timeless unit of rural life. Transportation from one village or town to another depended upon an uncertain sequence of country boats, trains, ferries, launches, and buses. If we set out for a village at any distance, it was not advisable to make precise appointments for the day of our expected return, but to accept in advance that the train would be late, or the bridge washed out, or the launch would break down, or the bus would be wrecked, or the ferry schedule changed. If it rained, everything would be delayed. Bengali people cherish rain for its blessing upon the crops, but do not like their persons exposed to it.





PIA Folker propeller planes. I remember riding some planes that were so old that we could see through cracks in the floor of the plane the ground below.

Typical roadside scenes







Typical river scenes





## **GOING WITH DAN ON A WORK** TRIP TO RAJSHAHI

For one of Dan's important project meetings, he invited me to go with him to Rajshahi. I was delighted to go, having not had many opportunities at that early time to travel outside of Dacca. However, the trip to Rajshahi turned out to be guite stressful because we were carrying Dan's delicate architectural model with us while we navigated a number of different transport modes including plane, train, bus, rickshaw and walking. We experienced the typical problems, as I learned to expect, with travel in Bengal: unexpected delays, long waits, uncomfortable bus seats, numerous switches between modes of transport, etc. ... but we managed to make it to Rajshahi with the model still in tact. While Dan handled his meetings I was wined and dined by the Vice Chancelor's family in their magnificent mansion on a cliff overhanging the Ganges River.

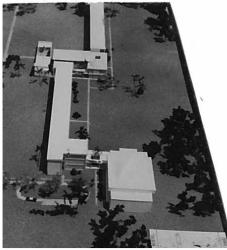












Trip to Rajshahi to officially initiate the construction of one of Dan's university buildings. [MFD diary 04/29/1961, pp1-2]

Since then we have been to Rajshahl for the laying of the corner same to Dan's building but because of the cyclone the governor couldn't come so it has been postponed We took the model with its heavy show case, watching it carefully all the way and transporting it ourselves no matter how hard we had to fight the porters. I didn8t see much of the town but it didn8t look too interesting. I was entertained by the Vice-Chancellor's family while Dan was out on the site and we had a meal with them/ We were put up in the old house nearby which is used for a guest house and although has many charms of an old Indian building and courtyard the amenities are lacking. The Vice-Chancellor's house is a magnificent old Portugueses structure on a cliff overhanging the Ganges which is wearing the banks dangerously close. The building is a simplified fortress, two round towers, massive walls, all white wahsed, a grand wooden staircase leading to the large versadah overlooking the Canges with massive white columns framing the view, large inside rooms, including a fromal living room, with plane, but many knicknacks including a model in soap sone of the Taj which lights up and a tiger sking on the florr with red light bulbs in its eyes which light up. The disting room is like a banquet hall but the furnishing is very plain including a table for ironing at one end and an ice-box. According to Muslim tradition there are no pictures anywhere except family photographs. There is a roof terrace off the first floor which we found very pleasant to sit in the evening. The building is surrounded by a flower garden and truck garden including banana tress in the back. The Vice-Chancellor has nine chiledren most of them away being educated and the eldest boy having just married a Scotch girl A small son, two teen-age daughters, and an older son were there. The daughters can play Indiam instruments and sing and wanted me to teach them how to ball-room dance. I tried the Walste. I was taken to the Rajshahi silk factory where I bought a red sari but where I didnot really see anything 1 liked but couldnot say so. I had been hoping to by some of the brass cups and bowls Dan said he had seen the townspeople with but never got a chance.

The journey form Dacca to Rajshahi is half the chore it used to be since the PIA air bus has starte d to function, but it only goes half way as far as Ishurdi where we caught the same train Dan used to carch after his river ride. Sometime I hope to take a boat ride. PIA failed us the day we left by departing before the tien they said they would. We had lugged the model all the way to the airport and had to entrust it to the office there for the night as we didn't want to risk taking it back and forth again. Dan had drawn a picture of a cobra on the wrapping to keep people from toucking it but the air port officials were quite upset and kept asking if there really was a whake inside. We took the DC-6 the next day and had a bumpy and sruffy half hour ride

'di which felt more like the 24 hours that the plane was supposed to be eliminating.

the Ishurdi airport to the railroad station we had to take a richshaw as the bus look d too crowded and would go the long way. We jogged along with the model across our km? down a long picturesque brick road under the moon sum, only an occasional pedestrian ahead of us wim our driver would honk and ring at as if he were doming to major traffic The road was lined with large banyan trees, paddy fields and an occasional neat bamboo house under some trees, were on either side of us. We felt like we belonged to a scene from a movie and incongruous in this setting. On the way back from Rajshai we took the bus from the station at Ishurdi to the airport and it too was an experience, rickety the way all the buses are, but with its shaped and once brightly painted wood panels on the outside. On the inside it was divided crosswise by a partition and prison bars which seem to be useful for easing the bumps if you hang on but otherwise make you feel like an animal being taken to the circus. On the way back the palme didn8t leave as sheheduled either and after waiting an hour in the station waiting room expecting to wi The comfort wait another we heard from some other passnegers the plane was to lea e in half an hour We had just ordered lunch and had to throw it all between slices of bread and rush offt to the bus. At the airport we had to wait anyway. We had a good tea and delicious fat lichhee muts. I was ending a little cold and Dan was starting a big one so we were both tired and uncomfortable. We were very grateful when we saw a prop-jet arriving to pick us up and we had a luxurious and pleasant ride back with an excellent view of Dacca city as we came in.

How we were graciously hosted at the VC's house "a magnificent old Portuaese structure on a cliff overhanging the Ganges ... a simplified fortress, two round towers...."

The VC had nine children

model, "Dan had drawn a picture of a cobra on the wrapping to keep people from touching it but the air port officials were quite upset and kept asking if there really was a snake inside..."

To protect the

Getting back to Ishurdi airstrip: uncomfortable bus ride - feeling "like an animal being taken to the circus."

of the prop-jet plane back to Dacca

I visited Hosnabad, where much of "our gang" came from (Wohab, Cook and Theresa), on three separate occasions: the first time with Dan in the winter of 1962-3, the second time, I went alone a few months later in monsoon to see the famous boat races of the annual Bais festival (see chapter 07) and the third time I went with Dan in Feb 1965 to show off our new baby, Katherine (see chapter 06).



[From my diary 1962 winter, pp.1-2]

Wohab's and the cook's village, "Hosnabad", last weekend. Although I don't know when I have suffered physically so much, it was worth it. It was our fault for putting it off so long until the hot weather had arrived that we suffered the heat and had an unquenchable thirst to be satistiated by tube-well water which looked as if it were drying up from the clolour of the water. The other discomforts were also due to the heat indirectly because we were made to each so much and so frequently which would have been all right in the winter but was a real problem when we had no appetite to begin with because of the heat and yet were compelled to stuff and stuff. The cook did all the cooking whether we were visiting Vohab's house or his and he cooked the same type of meals he does at home which was quite a feat as most of the ingredients are not available in the village and he had bought and brought them from Dacca. They confessed later they had tried to bring Whiskey, knowing that all American sahebs like it, but to their sadness they found they couldn't buy it without a license. Thank goodness they were prevented as one bottle of whiskey would have put them twice over in debt as they may already be in from the rest of the lavish things they did for us. Wohab moved his family into one room of his mall house leaving quite a big room for us with a big table-bed overed with a thin matress and shiny white, and we are sure, now, beets. The total composition was no harder than our bed at home.

Cook's preparations for the trip to Hosnabad

The walls of the house are bamboo weave with no windows and all across the four walls he had put red and white striped tenting cloth wall-used. tied frome the corners to door posts and cailing beams. Over the bed there was a clean sheet hung like a canopy. In the other half of the room there was a table with two heavy straight wood armchairs, covered withtowels or white cloth, and sitting on a bamboo matting with brightnly striped prayer rugs on top. Above was an ancient quilted cameny of a curious asymetrically symetrical pattern of now faded appliqueed patches. Colored tissue paper cleverly cut to hang like chandeliers hing from the four corners and the center above the table. The floor was of course clay, very smooth, warm and moist to the feet at the end of the day, cool in the early morning.

I don't know how they managed to do all the preparations which greeted us on our arrival as it wasn't until Monday that we said we could come that weekend and that they wrote their people. We left Friday morning at seven thirty from the house in two rickshams. We noticed they had bought two new umbrellas (used against the sun) and they had been glad to use a cheap but hig basket I had bought in Calcutta to put all the extra things they were bringing. I had four pounds of candy, half a dozen magasines, compacts, perfused, sponges, and othere small gifts, kidden in our bags. We relled down to and throught the old city until we reached the main water front and the launches squeezed one against the other. I have never seen this busy place so full of activity and medse. Wohab and the cook easily found their launch frem which the call of "Manigunge, Manigunge, Manigunge" was hurled. We had not been able to find their village on the map so we hadn't the slightest idea in what direction we were going. Furthermore, if anything had happened to us that weekend, no one would have been able to trace us. Dan was expected back in the office Saturtady morning but by the expression on the cook's and Wobab's faces at this news he was preparing minself to stay a little longer but had no way to warn the offfice.

Wohab's house

We gp bearing gifts ....

Taking The Launch and not knowing where we were going or for how long.

[From my diary 1962 winter, p.3]

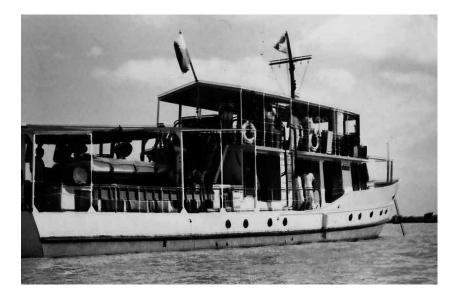
Riding first class on The Launch.

Views along the

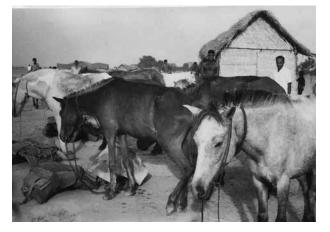
river

They took us into the First Class compartment which is fust a small cabin in the middle of the deck with leather upholstered beaches running along the walls and windows opning on the deck and river. Dan wore a tie and jacket in spite of the heat but as it was Wohab in his clean shirt and Western style pants was looking more the saheb. They put towels down for us to sit on but as it turned out we stayed outside for the trip. All during the trip they provided us with tea, japatis, hard boiled eggs, and had I known how much eating was in store, I would have fasted right then. We learned to use our umbrealas on deck and I sat under mine on some bails of chilis. The river ride was most pleasant, fascinating, going by first an area of brick factories, and then the dry fields which were above the eye level almost as the river was so low and along widch we could watch teams of those boat pullers plodding ahead. four The boat ride is about three hours but it didn't seem that long. It would stop every half hour or so like a commuter's train at a cluster of bamboo houses and a few people would get on or off. Wohab had told us how we would be taking horses after we landed and I had know idea what to expect except that he seemed happier when I packed an old pair of Dan's pants to wear. Landing at these places consists of drawing up to the cliff and putting a narrow board from the boat to shore, no dock of any sort, and the step is brief. It was the same at Ballygunda, our stop, and after clambering up the cliff we were on the edge of a wast expanse of dry fields. Some shaggy ponies were waiting and the cook and Wohab carried on a lively bargagining argument while I went behind the only building, a bamboo restaurant, to put on my pants. The baggage was wrapped in burlap and strapped on the horses like mule packs. We were sat on top fo the cushioning in between and then handed an open umbrella. The sight was comic, and Dan was a living Quimote, with his anachromists camera making him more so. A mule driver for each horse walked beside us, pushing the packs back into position when they tended to slide

Transferring from boat to pony









[From my diary 1962 winter, pp.4-5]

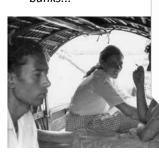
... The land was flat as far as the eye could see ...



... we reached a low jungle forest ... it felt good to ride through the shady foot paths



we crawled under the bamboo vault of one little boat, Dan stretching out to sleep, and were softly gondola-ed past the pretty banks...



too far over or pushing me into shape when I tended to fall over the neck of the horse once or twice. Although the land is flat as far as the eye could see we followed zigzagging paths between the separate filds. sometimes arrawed a hillock on which a cluster of bamboo houses in a small bankna grove would raise themselves over the plain. After about an hour and a half we reached a low jungle forest stretching along the horizon. It felt good to ride through the shady foot paths when we entered it and it felt very much like being in a movie set it all looked so carefully natural. We reached another river bank and a river which ran inside this jungle. There were small boats waiting and lots of children swimming, splashing, screaming with delight. We got off our horses and Wohab and the cook paid the drivers. (They also paid our boat fares-2Rps 8 armas for first class) We crawled under the bamboo vault of one little boat, Dan stretching out to sleep, and were softly gondolaed past the pretty banks . It all looked like a park especially as the grass was so well cut by the cows and the the trees were so shady with lanes leading off into the interior.

They told us the names of the villages we were passing although they were really one extended village. We passed the Holy Cross school for boys looking white and somewhat "panish and later the girls' atholic School and the Church, Shortly after we reached a landing spot where the cook got off to walk ahead and probably warn of our arrival. Then we came to another landing where we got off.

As we walked up the bank and down the short path which lead to Wohab's compound more and more vilagers followed us. We turned off the main lane we were on and above us a little path lead steeply up a little hill on which sat the house. At the foot of the rise two young banana trees were fixed on either side with garlands of colored tissues paper cutouts forming an arch. Anothere similat arch was near the door at the top of the rise. Tissue papaer was strun between both sets of arches. We suddenly felt like all the royalty when them amand

through the arches at Dacca on their royal visits. We were lead into the room I described feeling overwhel med by the decor and the the arm chairs, like thrones, were placed side by side at the entrance where we sat down so the crowd that had gathered could see us. A band arrived consisting of bagpipes, a bugle, a big drum, a small drum, and a clarinet. The bagpipes player wheered his bag full and they began a most terrible noise, each playing his own tune, the bugler's being on two tones only, and the drumners giving a regular beat. If they paused we clapped which encouraged them to continue. After some time our chairs were moved inside and we sat down at the table. One of the women of Wohab s family, his mother?, brought us garlands of marigolds and tissue paper pom-poms which she put around our necks. A soup plate on the table was filled with marigolds and hyacinths. We were very thirsty (as well as hot, dusty, uncomfortable) and could have drunk more of the middy well-water and orange squash, the latter had been bought and brought from Dacca for us. Tea was brought in and Kash cakes and then the local sweets which were ever present throughout the whole weekend. The doors on each side of the house were upon so that as we drank our tea we looked out on the crowd on both sides of

Wohab suggested we might want to rest which we did so he showed us how to close and bolt the doors and we were finally left to ourselves except for the eyes which continued to styre throught the cracks in the bamboo. The heat inside once the doors were shut was stifling as there was no ventilation and inspite of sweating we managed to doze a bit we were so tired. We could tell the growd was tiding out but the band had settled under the trees nearer the house and a group talked softly around them. We admired and wondered at the decor of our room getting to know the room before we relaxed and dozed off.

the house.

Welcoming party .. music, food, ...



Taking a rest ...

[From my diary 1962 winter, p.6]

The walls of the house are bamboo weave with no windows and all across the four walls he had put red and white striped tenting cloth wall-used, tied frome the corners to door posts and ceiling beams. Over the bed there was a clean sheet hung like a canopy. In the other half of the room there was a table with two heavy straight wood armchairs, covered withtowels or white cloth, and sitting on a bamboo matting with brightnly striped prayer rugs on top. Above was an ancient quilted camepy of a curious asymetrically symetrical pattern of now faded appliqueed patches. Colored tissue paper cleverly cut to hang like chandeliers hung from the four corners and the center above the table. The floor was of course clay, very smooth, warm and moist to the feet at the end of the day, cool in the early morning.

Having an audience while using local "toilet" ...

Using the local "toilet" ...

Going to Cook's house

I don't know how they managed to do all the preparations which greeted us on our arrival as it wasn't until Monday that we said we could come that weekend and that they wrote their people. We left Friday morning at seven thirty from the house in two rickshwas. We noticed they had bought two new umbrellas (used against the sun) and they had been glad to use a cheap but big basket I had bought in Calcutta to put all the extra things they were bringing. I had four pounds of candy, half a dozen magazines, compacts, perfused, sponges, and othere small gifts, midden in our bags. We relled down to and throught the old city until we reached the main water front and the launches squeezed one against the other. I have never seen this busy place so full of activity and maise. Wohab and the cook easily found their launch from which the call of "Mazigunge, Manigunge, Manigunge" was hurled. We had not been able to find their village on the map so we hadn't the slightest idea in what direction we were going. Furthermore, if anything had happened to us that weekend, no one would have been able to trace us. Dan was expected back in the office Saturtady morning but by the expression on the cook's and Wohab's faces at this news he was preparing minself to stay a little longer but had no way to warn the offfice.







[From my diary 1962 winter, pp.7-8]

"Wel-Come" to Cook's house

Music and food



Tea and sweets

yer-stuffed and red on the horison. The air was already fresh as it gets in the evening. The band played rancously behind us and the crowd with the children running back and forth followed and danced around us. We ent between a hillock and a tank where some ducks were settling for the night. Around the hillock was another tank and beyond this rose the hillock with the cook's compound, much higher than Wehab's hill, more like an island in a sea. We could see the same kind of arch had been built at the foot and at the top. When we came up to the one at the fost a sign hung from the middle saying "WEL-COME". We climbed the steep path and arrived in a large smooth mud courtyard between several arge bamboo, but solid-looking, bouses. A large canopy covered an rea in front of the cookes house strung by ropes like a ceiling, lso with a curious pattern somewhat primitive in design. A large arpet covered the clay floor and a table with two armchairs placed a the middle. We were seated here and shortly after the cook's 80 r more year old mother came to us with garlands. She was tiny and ent over, wizzened and almost blind, but she could hear and ndorstand the few things I tried to say to her. I got her to sit own in my throne while I was provided with another chair. Then it as impossible to talk as the band set up louder than ever directly chind Dan so we just smiled and looked around. It was getting dark nd a gass lamp was lit in the cook's house which had a front terrace oom and a back hedroom where we could see the cook preparing things nd where we could see a set of Holy statues, Mary, Christ, with candles nd pictures, a new sight in a bamboo house for me since they are usually indesorated except by calendars and magazine pictures if that. But this ms very neat and cared for. The whole compound was clearly in a higher :less than Wohab's. le had tea in some enormous cups and a different kind of sweet, large

hite balls of cocomut grating with gur, brown sugar, inside, good but to be eaten all week if I were to finish one. The cooks china which we used that weekend had been collected by himself and his father before

a village of expert cooks from far back, that the cooks handed their trade on to their sons and that they were in demand all over the world, mostly in India, England, and Persia, as I could gather, and especially as pastry cooks. This, of course, explain why we found our cook so skilled. The next day we found out it was one of the lirgest Christian communities in E. Pakistan having had the schools since 1700 and now about 5,000 Christians in the community as well as a let of Hindus and Huslims. I could see the cook's wife and daughter preparing things and was introduced to them. He has only one child, Ramona, his daughter, who looks like him, more stocky than most East Pakistanis, a sweet and intelligent face, and somehow all looking like her name, somewhat 19th century.

Two "boro lok" guests were sat next to us, one a cook soon in his way to England and one a secratary in the US consulate at Dacca. Both spoke "nglish well and conversed with us as we are and later watched a dance performance. I think we had roast chicken for supper with promise of pidgeon and duck for the next day. We had vegetables and salad (not available there and brought from Dacca). They had bought a tim of apricots which they epened and which is a great lummy and which I normally would have eaten all of, and the cakes again. As I looked across at Dan he looked like a chipmunk with both his little cheeks already bulging while he made an effort to store some more.

During supper a table player and a harmonium player had arrived and mats had been put down which we turned to face while they arranged their instruments for playing. This was a most pleasant surprise for me to be going to hear real music. Some young boys appeared in strage costumes improvised from saris and large colorful scarfs matly held on them by tucking around the waist. They were busy strapping bells to their ackles and went over to help one boy tie his strings. Six boys from the ages of ten to abot sixteen line up in two symetrical rows facing us. The music started and singing at the same time they went through a little dance story much like what we see at Bulbul. They did

Cook's Christrian community is one of largest in the country

Cook's dinner for us

Music during dinner

[From my diary 1962 winter, pp.9-10]

and a few latterns.

the night.

Music performance

several of these and them the cook s little mephew, the same stocky build, intelligent face, did a sole, acting out a story while species/ the others sang with him. He wasn't shy but he was good and looked like he might be the top pupil in other subjects in his class as well. A tall lanky teen ager dressed in liberty silk scarfs did a sele, a woman's dance which he was somewhat angular in executing and yet charming and graceful to with. The harmoium player was asked to sing which he felt sky about doing and didnet do for long seemi g to have forgotten the words. He played a piece on the flute. The tall boy who had danced plyed the table for awhile excellently. I asked to have a try at the harmonium but found I counldn8t play a scale especially as one or two notes didn't pla y at all and one low note would play a higher pich. The concert broke up and people started to go home. We showed we were ready to go and after saying goodnight to the dook's people we set off. He had asked if we wanted to stay in his house but we thought it best to stick with Wohab the first night anyway. I wasn't realy to get used to a new bathroom ritual and our things were all at Webab s

Return to Wohab's house in the night

Cold evening, spittoon provided as chamber pot. have again I made a trip to my bathroom enjoying the privacy of the darkness. Wohab insisted on putting our cameras above the ceiling in a sort of attig reached with a ladder. We finally said good night and belted ourselves in as directed. The night was actually cold and we were glad fo the blanket Wohab had left which barely covered us both. He had also left a shiny spitoon instructiong us not to go out at night but unable to bring myself to use it I managed to last out

until dawn when I got up enough courage to go out although ' could here

the women working in the courtyard already. Kotban, Wohab's third

sister, greeted me and escorted me to my bathroom. I returned and

do ed some more. We had had a few mosquitoes to keep us awake in

We retraced our steps by the light of a bright moon and falshlights

After Dan got up, relatively early for us, Wohab set our table for breakfast. I had my everlasting "muri" (puffed rice), milk, and banana. Dan had eggs and we both had coffee. Not such a big crowd watched us but still there were faces outside of each door as far as we could see, mostlywomen. We told Wohab we wnated to see the village, the bazar, the Catholic schools, and we set out after breakfast with the umbrellas and a small following.

The market is in Bandura, a five or ten minute walk along the river. It was still closed as we went through but we saw it in full swing on our way home. We visisted the Church with its big green in front, like a plazza, and we went around to the back where school was just getting started in shed like structure. After peeking furtively at the classes and causing them to notice us one of the teachers in the upper classes greeted us and introduced us to the principal, Mother Mary Ignatius, who was all smiles and took us from one class to another. She made one of the lower classes sing and dance for us which they did charmingly with their teacher conducting. We were invited to see the chapel and take tea downstairs in her office. She explained that this building had been a private house and that they had had to remodel it for their use. Over tea she mentioned the fourteen orphans they were supporting and low most everything they could get was saved for them. She told how powdered milk was distributed to the whole school in the merning and how they liked to eat it in this state or carefully take it home with them to have with their tea. She herself came from the South and had been in Hosnabad three or four years now. She told us to visit Father Francis in the next house which we did after leaving her at her garden gate where she declined to have a picture taken of her as against the rules. Father Francis received us in his office of which the main for was his foot operated cloth fan hung above and the length of the desk and hitched to a pedal in the knee hole of the deak where a gentle nudge with a foot would make it swing back and forth. We joined Wohab outside and wlaked on along the bank until we came to

the Holy Cross boy's school camous. As we entered the compound we saw

Breakfast

Goina to market

Visiting the Christian school / orphanage

[From my diary 1962 winter, p.11]

Wohab's school

Brother Hobart shows us on a map where Hosnabad is.

Chat with Brother Hobart about his extensive knowledge of the country

My feet are painted with henna

mostly high school age standing around in perfect silence. We later found out they were on retreat. Some were standing in line before a window. They wer most disciplined and didn't stare at us. Wohab said this had been his school and we think he got as far as seventh grade when his father died and he had to support his family. One of the guests from the night before had been going with us and he got ahold of Brother Hobart who took us in his effice for a chat. He had some old but good maps left by the English and we were at alst able to locate where Hosnabad was in relation to Dacca and what sort of an area it was. We could see how in the monsoon it would be possible to come the whole way by boat. The Daleswari and Patma rivers run somewhat parallele to each other and Hosnabad is on a smaller connecting river, the one we were always walking along or crossing to visit the cook's house which was to shallow in this season to take a launch.

Brother Hebart had agood knowledge of Pakistan and problems and had the observed how bridges and reads get malconstructed, hew projects are mismanged, etc. He objected to the new education syllabus being installed grace aux smericans in Dacca - I suppose Dr. Mertison and team., saying it was impossible to implement in a country with so few teachers. He had been in Pakistan for over 25 (2) years and there was no doubt he liked the people but kept them in their place in his evaluation of them. On the way home we passed through the market and Wohab bought a papaya which was part of a fruit salad for our dessert and lunch. Before we had set out, Katban had painted my feet with a red stipe around the souls and tip of the toes and red nails. I had become accustomed to this decoration which she also wore and some of the children. At home Wohab gave us water and cocnut juice and put the same cakes on the table. We somehow managed to excuse ourselves form eating them saying we cold eat them for dessert which would be soon.

### BAPTISM INTO VILLAGE LIFE

That first night, I slept with Wohab's wife on their family bed, while Dan and the rest of their family were bedded down somewhere else. I know they gave me the wife's bed because it was the best option they had for me, but, nevertheless, it was quite uncomfortable and sleeping was a challenge. The bed consisted of a mattress on top of a large board just like ours at Hafiz Villa. But instead of a soft kapok mattress like we had, theirs was hard, lumpy and stuffed with coarse straw. An army of ants attacked me regularly throughout the night further hampering my efforts to sleep.







I woke up in the morning to a cacophony of diverse sounds: a rooster's repeating reveille call, a baby crying, children laughing, pots and pans clanking. In the background, I could hear the cackle and squawk of chickens and ducks and the occasional moo of a cow being milked. Living in Dacca, I learned to accept as normal the morning sounds of adults "cleaning their systems": coughing, gargling, spitting, blowing their noses – however, in the village setting these sounds were in much closer range than I was used to. Amidst that chaos of sounds, I was in no hurry to rise.

[From my diary 1962 winter, pp.12-13]

Visit to the village dignitary and description of his impressive house

Lunch back at Wohah's

Visit Cook's house again before Dan departs for Dacca

I omitted to say we came home by another path after the market and visited the house of the consulate secretary. He was on the edge of the this wooded town and his house compound, on its raised hillock, overlooked the paddy fields to the East. There were tall trees around his compound and he had an avenued of tall plender palms leading from the path to the entrance of his courtyard. His house had potbellied columns to support the front verandah and these were inlaid with broken china as was the verandah floor in a pattern. He greeted us from a distance and made us sit on the verandah bench. Across the courtyard his wife was squatting inside the cooking shed over a steaming pot and feeding leaves into the fire entrance under it. Dan asked to have a picture of her cooking as it is difficult to ever get anyone in action before they jump to a pose, but she understood well and went on cooking while he got a picture. We were given water and squash and chatted for awhile about the house and his work at the consulate. (We had had to eat big pieces of a homemade dry cake at tea at the school and were feeling no pangs of hunger although it was late in the morning and we had been walking and talking steadily) Back to Wohab's. After our apperitifs of water and cake lunch was soon ready. The cook was ouside with the kerosene steve he owned or had borrowed on which he did all our cooking for the weekend. We had the promised ro st ducks and roast pidgeon, roast paratees, stuffing, carrots, salad, fruit salad, cakes, coffee. If you remeber, we were not hungry to begin with, it was the middle of the day and hot and breathless in the house, so once again we had to bend all our efforts to eat a reasonable amount.

After lunch, since Dan had arranged to meet the secretary at three and go with him to the beat, he wanted to visit the cook's house once more, so we set out with a somehwat smaller crowd than the night before under the noon sum, across to the cook's house where we stayed a short time and I suppose ate again with coffee. Dan said goodbye and I said I would be returning and we went back to Wohab's where Dan said goodbye to me after worrying about whether I couldn't get one of the girl's to

could last through the meals chead of me. This was my only fear in 15 extending my stay until the nextday, but I wanted to take the chance as I had a feeling once Dan was gone I would really be taken in by teh women get the chance to see hew they lived, at least not be so set apart as we had been, and I was fully rewarded. When Dan left all the women gathered in my room. I brought out my photographs, what I have of our families and friends, and the slides I had selected which could used with the little hand viewer which you brought and which was a great fascination! Some of the slides are slides Christopher took in Washington years age and which I had taken with to Paris the year I was to teach, also the slides of New York which Lydie took for that same purpose, some slides of our Dacca house and one of Wohab widel of course they were the most eager to see.

When I came to the end of my pictures or what I considered enough for their interest I took some of the magazines out to see if they were interested in the pictures of Americans homes and women's styles. They were sky at looking at these or perhaps not interested. Very shortly after I had brought them out, Kotban pointed to my necklace of brown plastic beads and suggested I put on her gold one. The girls squeland delightedly as we made an exchange. Then it was the earrings which she had to hang from my button ones as my ears were not pierced in order to wear hers straight. Then she disappeared and came back with a peas colored rayon sari and my audience was over-joyed as she wrapped me in it. Next she brought a pair of gold sandals which fitted me but were stiff and consequently fell off easily as I walked. One man sat in on all these proceedings, a this is a brother-in-law of Wohah's from the next compound and it was his idea that I be taken to visit the neighbouring compounds. I must say, with the end of the sari over my head, forcing me to lower it if I wanted to keep it on, made me feel like one of them especially when they are introduced to us and they hide their faces in this cloth.

Spending time with the women folk after Dan has left.

Spending time with the Women looking at photos, jewelry and saris

Wearing a sari, I am taken to see the compound next door







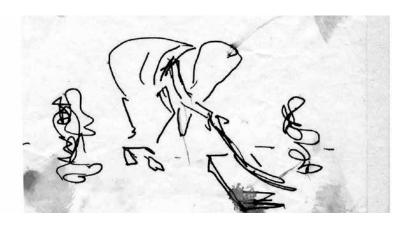
One of the village rituals I noted was the daily scene of women in pairs grooming each other's hair as they checked for lice. I suppose men must have been concerned about lice too but I never saw them checking for it.











[From my diary 1962 winter, pp.14-15]

Visiting the neighboring compounds

Holding the babies

Visiting more neighbors



Return to Wohab's house

to cause any jealousies, I had not learned who belonged to Wohabs immediate family and who were his particular friends. So far I could recognize Kothan, his third sister not yet married, and Shah Jehan, about ten from her looks, both of whom had Wohabs eyes and narrow face. I met his sister Shokina and the eldest, Amina but I don't remember how they looked. I think it was Shokina's sister who accompanied us around and seemed to be quite a ring leader. Amina's hasband was in India. Amina had three boys of which the youngest was a baby and an adorable toy. Pakistani babies are delightful to hold because they are so small and compact and yet still small when they are old enough to be alert and playful, when Western babies are too heavy to pick up. Finally I had met Wohab's mother and my memory of her too is unfortunately vague as I only saw her to greet her in the courtyard or sometimes she would come in briefly to watch us eat.

with this cortege of women and children and I went up and down from one hillock to another, one compound to the next. Eathon never let go of my hand, helping to walk where it was steep or slippery and introducing me into the low dark house interiors. There were few men around, some old ones. The courtyards were all clean swept and smooth and most of them had heaps of lentils drying in neat piles or spread out on cloth, deep maroon color against the grey clay of the courtyard and the surrounding glare of sunlight.

Inside one of the last houses, perhaps America's, I was given sugar water to drink, cane juice perhaps, which wasn't too sweet, and quite good. Inside I would be seated on the table-bed and the room would fill like a spill-way with women and children who would surround and press against me.

Finally we returned to Wohab's compound. I preferred not to visit my bathroom in my costume with the crowd and managed to hold out till night time. My anuchair was brought out into the courtyard where I was scated. And then I had a surprise. A woman I hadn't met was

laughed and pushed her roughly in front of me. They had placed a wide stool at my feet and Kotban sat down on it drawing the stranger down next to her in front of my knees. I was told she was Wohab's wife at which point she bent even lower. I jeckingly asked her if she was afraid of me and she pressed herself against my knees like a frightened dog but started to glamme up. Soon she had enough courage to look at me and I joked some more with her, but she looked no more than twelve years old. I learned her name was Hazera. All these names I had to write down as they were new names I had not heard before and I didn't want to forget the principals. Wohab soon appeared, he had gone with Dan to the horses, and laughed at seeing me in a sari.

It was sumset time and I heped to get a picture of the beautiful scene we had seen the evening before on the way to the cook's with the sum so large and erange above the flat fileds and the dust hanging in the air. This day there was so much dust you could hardly see the sum which looked white and there was not emogh colour in the scene for a picture. Still I liked to look from Wohab's bank to the other side through the trees of his lane.

I have also forgotten to mention we visisted the weavers and perperers in our morning walk. The weavers live near the river and the foot of Wehab's lane. There is a rectangular plot of land on the bank framed by tall slender palms, like an inner park and in this one man had been streeching bright orange strands of otton thread for the warp of a sari. We saw saris being rapidly weven on labous inside two different bamboo houses. The petterers were in a large compound of sheds several lanes down from Wehab's. Neat piles of balckened pots were stacked in the courtyards and pots of all sizes and shapes were lined up neatly drying outside the sheds. Inside we watched two men doing their magic work at the wheel, a large spoked wheel heavily coated with smoothed clay, which they set in motion with a stick. Each kind of

Wohab's wife, Hazera.

Last night at Wohab's.

Very dusty

Visit to the weavers potterers



[From my diary 1962 winter, pp.16-18]

Last dinner at Wohab's. Thinking about the return journey to Dacca



Last night's sleep in the village and sharing the bed with Kotban

People were freer about coming in my room. Sometime before or after supper I was sitting on my bed with a small crowd of visitors. Hazera came and sat on the bed beside me and acted cey. The same man have had mone with us on the tour drew up one of the armehairs. Hezera whispered to him and he told me she wanted to know when I was going back. I immediately suspected she was thinking of Wohab and answered that I had to go back the next day but that Wohab could stay. This was in deed what she wanted but she didnat believe Wehab would let me go alone and wanted me to sya I wold stay longer. The man said I would have a hard time persuading Wohab. When he came in Hazera had aworse fit of shyness as I told Wohab he was to stay and we discussed how long. At first he did refuse and then he remembered his cousin was a day late in returning to Dacca and could take me the next day, so that seemed settled, and I think they were very happy. That might Wohab cleared the table out and told me Kotban would sleep on the floor. If I needed anything I was to wake her. For a moment I had to ask for privacy to change into my night clothes as Ketban seemed determined never to leave my side. When I was ready for bed she came back in and started to make her bed on the floor. I asked her if she wouldn't rather sleep on the bed, not really wanting her to, and she accepted readily. She got in beside me in her sari as I had seen the film star in a Bengali film do but had not imagined in real like that women didn't change into something else. I was tired and started to doze off. I could hear her get up and go out. She had returned with Shah Jehan who slept on the floor. It was cold again and the blanket was really too small for both of us. I got out the two sheets had packed and put then over us which helped. I didn't wake up again until dawn when she had already gotten up and was working with the other women in the courtyard. I took advantage of the few people around to visit my bathroom.

After breakfast we set our for the cook's house. It was decided that I would have to have an early lunch there and be back at Wohab's by two in order to earch a three of four olclock launch. I distributed presents the best I could before leaving Wohab's house in the morning so as not to have this to do when I got back. I had invited wohab, the Cook, Kotban inside and designated gifts for the the other sisters and his mot mother. The rest I took to the cook's.

Wohab left me at the cook's saying he would return to get me later. Romona took me in hand and we wat up to the house. I asked to visit the house which was simple inside, tidy, but windowless and dark. The cook had an open veranda on his house where he ha' set up the table and chairs. All the canop and carpet of the other night had been taken down and the courtyard looked formal with the large bemboo louses in good repair surrounding it, and the rall trees all around with glimpses through them of the tanks below and the paddy fields beyond. A gentle breeze blew across this "island " and it seemed a most pleasant place to live. I was given a tour of it and told how the water comes all the way up to the level of the courtyard in the monsoon and how they must go visiting by beat. Some small boats were sunken in the drying tanks and their parched beaks were sticking out. We saw a fish salesma going by with a basket on his head and as I alm said I wanted to eat curries and fish once the saheb had gone home we stopped the man and bought some big prawns from him ---not that I had any appetite appearing.

We visited the neighbouring compoun where the cook's brother lived, or rather just his wife as he was working in Karachi. The son, Thomas, we had me the first night and he later visited me at the house i n Dacca on his way to Karachi. Their house was the finest I had seen with beautifully carved wooden pannels on the front wall inside the veranda and potographs, framed, and neatl arranged all along the top. They too had a small chapel arranged inside. There was a huge pile of lentils on the veranda floor as well as other piles in the courtyard.

Last morning at Wohab's. Distributing presents

Last visit to Cook's house.

Description of the compound in its usual state.

The beautiful house of Cook's brother

#### VISITING HOSNABAD WITH WOHAB cont.

[From my diary 1962 winter, pp.19-20]

the magazines without shyness.

Last dinner at Wohab's. Thinkina about the return journey to Dacca

that this was a big cook who had worked all over the world, including England and in the pictures he looked professional. The family was pictured in pucka houses in Karachi. Across from this living house was an empty house apparently belonging to Thomas which was used for storage but strangely empty of people. Inside was not at all like pakisan. There was ne veranda. One big room with a real wooden staircase going up to a second floor. Huge clay pets of rice of various sorts were on the downstairs floor. There was a huge kite made of wood and tissue paper belonging to "Thomas".

When we returned to the cook's compound I distributed the rest of the

so well and who was looking like a little English boy in white shorts

seemed to have no personality and always defers to Wolab. His wife and Remona were also very reserved and yet I could tell they were pleased

and interested in me and seemed to understnad the pictures I brought and

presents giving a pencil box to the cook s little nephew who had danced

Distributing more gifts at Cook's house

and a clean white T- shirt. The sook was wearing white trousers and a white T-shirt that day also. Ramona and her mother had matching white saris with the same classic leaf pattern border but different colors black and blue print, or green and black print. We had always said that aside from being an excellent cook, Phillip Comes (as he was called)

The last meal before saying good bye

The good byes

I did my best at my last meal. The cook that was to go to Karachi came to call and the Comes served him lunch with me, Wehab returned at the end of the meal and I started to say goodbye. I had been promising everyone we would come back and Kothan and Hazera had expressed a desire to come to Dacca so invited Fomona too. At Wolab's house I packed with a crowd watching curiously. It was getting

time to go and his young cousin joined us, a shy boy who hardly said a word all the way home. The women followed me down the lane but most of them turned back before we reached the market. I had been saying goodbye all along and I said a special goodbye to Hasera, Kotban, and Shah Jehan who held my hand a long time. Then I didn't notice who was following and we walked on

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When I turned to say goodbye the cooks wife took me in her arms and kissed my face. The tears were running down her cheeks. Wohab's mother was crying too. I embraced them both promising to return and forgetting to thank them for all their trouble I have become so accustomed to not expressing thankyous in this country, it came to me later. I told them they must go back and joined the cook and Wellab with the bags who tried to help me sond them back. They stayed waving until we went around the mext bend. In my already uncomfortable condition and in the heat I felt faint myself and had a large lump in my threat. We hab and the Cook said nothing and we said very little thereafter.

When we reached the landing for the little boot we found out there would be no norses. We took a longer boat ride than before so that I would have less to walk to reach the launch, Wohab seemed worried but he didnat say anything. We alipped quietly between the high banks and past the laughing bathers. Had I stayed a day longer I would have bathed myself it looked so good and good. The place seemed more enchanted than ever, and I shall always feel it is mime. The boat went as far as it could before the river dried up in the direction and we all four got out. I couldn't understand why Wohab and the cook didnst keep the boat to go back in and when I heard they intended to accompany us to the launch I insisted they take the bags, which I didn't need, and go home. They still wanted to walk a ways until we came out of the woods abut I got them to stop at the next lane leading back. Webab told his cousin to stop on the way if we got tired and to drink at the wells. We said goodbye and I set off holding the umbrella following Wohab's cousin who was carrying one suitcase.

The trip back to Dacca

Boat

Walking to the launch

#### VISITING HOSNABAD WITH WOHAB cont.

[From my diary 1962 winter, p.21]

The village scenery and landscape along the walk to the launch

The launch ride back

It seemed the walk would never end and yet it was highly enjoyable. The sun was indeed hot and clouds of dust rose around us. The flat grey fields stretched to the horizon where there would be a hillock and a few trees. When we would reach this hillock and civilisation the same scene would lie before us on the other side. We stopped at one of these hillocks after about 45 minutes. The e were some old woman resting on the little path leading up to the courtyard and commound and to the pump on the way. A young girl was numping water for an older woman who drank from her hands and splashed hed face. It looked delicious. Wohab's cousin had gone to one of the houses to get a brass glass from which I drank the clear water which he numped. Then he drank and then I drank again and washed my face.

It was so hot and quiet as we walked I could hardly think and could only feel myself moving away from Hesnahad and my weekend which the last parting with the women had made so precious. I was quite mash until

only feel myself moving away from Hesnahad and my weekend which the last parting with the women had made so precious. I was quite musb until I finally got home that might when I my stomache finally did employe. I lost all sense of time and couldn't tell at all how long we had been walking. Some places I seemed to recognize but then they all looked se much alike I couldn't be sure. I did recognise the middle we had crossed through on the horses where I nearly fall off and this time we crosses on a single banboo slung between cross poles. When we finally reached the tea house at the edge of the steep bank by the main river the little launch was just pulling in. It was about three e'clock. The boat ride was also silent with the passnegers dowing , except the bell ringing at each stop. By sunset time we had reached the brick factories with their grey snoke going up against the pink sky. We passed the stop along the Narayangange road where they had loaded bales of cotton on the way down and one had fallen in the water and still the had manged to get it on the boat. We reached Shadrigar after dark. The shore was still active in the night with the lamps twinkling . There was no room for our boat but it nevertheless showed its wayas far as it could between the other boats. To get off we went from one









### VISITING HOSNABAD WITH WOHAB cont.

[From my diary 1962 winter, p.22]

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Arrival back in Dacca and baby taxi ride home

Already looking

forward to visiting Hossnabad again ...

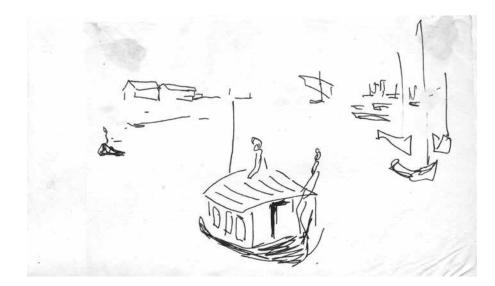
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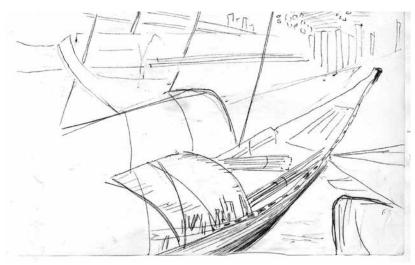
We took a "baby taxi" and dashed throught the old city. Dacca was hot and heavy and I remembered how cool it would be at this time in the village. When we fainhed mur house I said goodbye to Wohab's cousing thanking him and greeted the mali who had stayed to guard the house. I was dazed and soon very sick. The Rouches dropped by in time to take me back for a bath and give me an orange aide but that must have been the last straw for the digestion.

I am jealous to think that other foreigners will be visiting Hosnabad which was so unknown to me before, but it is certaibly a good place to visit. Above all it is so pretty. Then it must be interesting for those sociologically inclined with its three religions and its community of famous cooks. I want to see it in the monsoon and go visiting by boat, see what happens to the houses. This area is famous for Cola where a whole church went down in the cyclone killing 35 people. However, I am just beginning to feel myself again, ten days later and I know a return visit will never have the magic of the first time strangeness.

I still remember to this day the magical sound of the flute playing in the still of the evening across the waters in Hassnabad. "At evening he sits by the house Once more to play; The heavenly tunes rise up to the void And float away."

[Jasimuddin, Field of the Embroidered Quilt, p38]

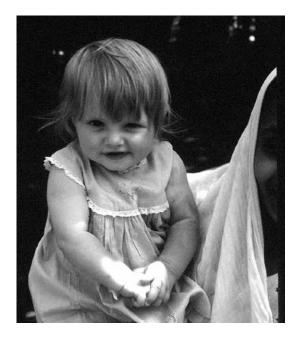


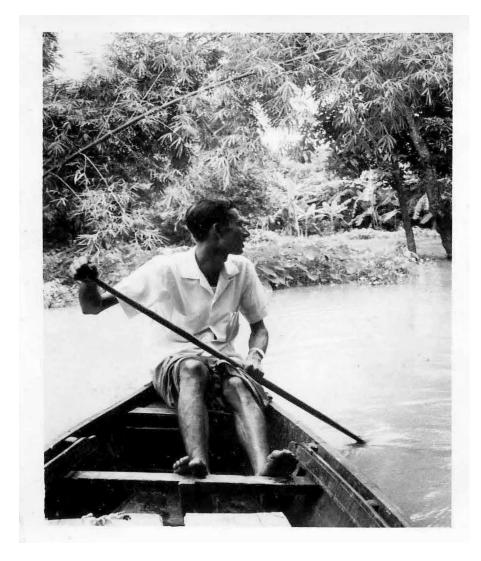




# SECOND VISIT TO HOSNABAD Feb, 1965

After Katherine was born "our gang" was excited to show her to their families back in Hosnabad. Without Dan this time, I made the long trip by bus, boat and foot to spend time again in Hosnabad.





The rice is green, the bright yellow husbard blossoms is bloom, and a bright blue oil plant blossom I the comby is lovely from the raised roud as you speed comparations was, lucking I rocking with the dust proving in the back windows. The buses are old wooden boxes, He soal's are & wroten bondes. We had left at 6:30 from the here in the cold gray down bundled up, looking like refusees (except Du in gentlemen whit he the village ) As the day warmed up Kalleria & S stripped more of more. The country bond ride is alings so parcell in you are so close the riverside retivitées - brans pols, dister, & plutes polishirs, d bething, children playing, cattle being wished ting birds which flook with a deep hogueise blue as they flit of from the reads, strange forests of dried his stock near the bout for ratching Fish, the glisheris solid curve of a dolphin appearing now and them, other books passing - I elings my formarile place to be here

From there we walked down the river bank and got into our little country bond by which he drifted, purshed, pared back to Agla. Achelly we had walked for about an hour on the intend joveney to save time because you can cut across the windings of the river by foot puts. It is a lovely with through "village" after village with many Hirahn desples with their wild I brightly printed states. There must have been a festival recelly as My were so bright and you could see where some had been thrown into the river in they do had still on the but.

Early morning bus trip from Dacca to Hosnabad: views of the countryside landscape

"The country boat ride is always so peaceful and you are so close to the riverside activities brass pots, dishes ... polishing, bathing, children playing, cattle being washed, birds ... strange forests of dried twigs stuck near the bank for catching fish, ... always my favorite place to be here."

One hour walk to transfer to another local boat ... "It is a lovely walk through village after village with Hindu temples with their wild and brightly painted statues. "

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#### "HOME" IS IN THE VILLAGE

PAT'S EXLANATION OF THE LOCAL MEANING OF 'HOME' [P. Hill, Moon Bazar, p.67]

Chapter Six
THE TEXTURE OF LIFE

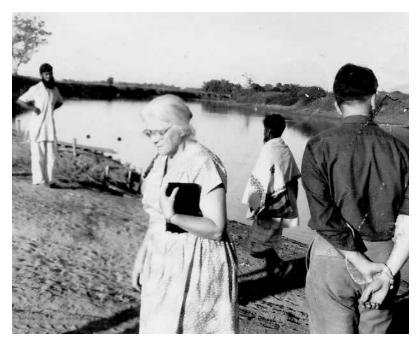
If you ask/a Bengali in Dacca where he stayed, he would give you his city address. But if you asked him where he lived, he would name his village, that village where he was born, and where all of his paternal ancestors within memory or legend had been born. Its customs and relationships formed the snug fabric into which he had been inextricably woven. From the religious caste, feuds, history, prejudices, scandals, and superstitions of that village were evolved the nivom—the rules and regulations—which were designed to govern and direct his life. It made no difference how long he had lived elsewhere; any other abode remained a basha, a temporary dwelling.

"When one of our people asks for permission to go to his village for some special reason," a Sister told me, "we ask first if it's the <u>nivom</u>. If it is, we don't waste time arguing. He has to do it. no matter what happens."

# HALUAGHAT WITH EMMY AND PEGGY

When Emmy was staying with us in the winter of 1963, I was pregnant with Katherine. I felt bad that my bouts of morning sickness prevented me from showing Emmy around. So when I was beginning to feel a bit better, Dan and I decided to take her on an overnight trip to Haluaghat in the scenic Assam foothills of the Himalayas. Ordinarily this was the kind of excursion Dan and I loved to take, but sadly I was not physically up to the usual challenges and discomforts of Bengal travel and the trip was difficult. I do, however, have fond memories of the delightful scenery and the hospitality of Sister Emanuel, the French nun who hosted us as her guests at the at the Baromari mission hospital for tuberculosis. There being no hotels in the countryside, it was typical for Christian missions to host travelers. We heard great praise from Pat Hill about Sister Emanuel and her hospital so we were happy to have an excuse to visit it when Emmy was with us. (see Pat Hill's description on next page).

I remember being greeted by the strong scent of a tiger when we first arrived at the hospital after our long journey from Dacca. Upon asking about it, one of the nuns confirmed that indeed we were smelling a tiger, one that had been captured and killed by the local villagers just before we arrived. That was the first indication to us of how difficult and risky the work was of the sisters who devoted themselves to running the tuberculosis ward of the Baromari mission. We were especially impressed by the director, Sister Emanuel and we loved hearing her stories about going to Calcutta to deliver her home grown asparagus to Mother Theresa in return for a western style toilet to take back to her mission. Our friendship with Sister Emanuel lead to an eventual job for Dan with Mother Theresa a few years later for a school in Calcutta. We learned years later, that Sister Emanuel died during the 1971 Bangladesh War of Liberation when her jeep hit a land mind on one of her Calcutta trips.







#### HALUAGHAT WITH EMMY AND PEGGY cont.

PAT'S DESCRIPTION OF BOROMARI MISSION [P. Hill Moon Bazaar]

The Garo Hills stretched east-west along the northern edge of East Pakistan. From the Indo-Pakistani border you could look across the hills of Assam, and if the air was clear, you could see the Himalayas rising in jagged snow-brushed blue cones, higher and higher into the distance. The Garo people had the Mongolian features and sepia skins of the hill tribes, and they smiled easily.

The Baromari mission was a mile and a half south of the border. Sister Emmanuel, a French doctor, kept a little hospital there, made up of a tuberculosis ward, a general ward, a delivery room, and a small surgery and dispensary, contained in separate long low buildings.

Sister Emmanuel came from a village in the Haut Pyrenees. She had dark brilliant eyes and fine strong features. She had been captured twice by the Nazis in France during World War II, and her face still bore the scars of their efforts at persuasion. Her vitality was phenomenal, as it had to be to carry out her formidable schedule.

Each hospital building stood on a hill by itself. The arrangement made hospital rounds an athletic exercise, and a visiting layman once pointed out dourly that it would be easier to install such practicalities as water pipes if the hospital were not scattered over half the Himalaya foothills. But Sister explained to us happily, "Is like a Swiss chalet. The poor patient, it is so nice for him to see the beautiful view." The wards were plain, clean and light. Food was brought and cooked by the patients' relatives.

Sister fought a running battle with the East Pakistani military personnel who were stationed near the border. Baromari was rather remote, and she suspected that the soldiers were not as carefully supervised as they might be elsewhere.

Baromari mission was in site of the Indian border. "Sister Emmanuel, a French doctor, kept a little hospital there ..."

About Sister Emmanuel's war background, "... her vitality was phenomenal ..."

Layout of buildings at Baromari mission "made hospital rounds an athletic exercise …"

"Sister fought a running battle with the E. Pakistani military personnel who were stationed near the border."



Me, Dan, Fran Larkin, Emmy and Sister Emannuel with an assistant at Boromari Mission



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### THE "ROCKET"

The "Rocket" was the name of the launch that did the two-day journey from Dacca to Khulna and back. It was a Bengali version of the old Mississippi River steamboats, with its large paddle wheel that pushed the boat gently and slowly along the river. It was one of the few touristic pleasures available. From the high level of the boat deck we could enjoy spacious views of river life and the lush landscape of the rice fields beyond. As the boat approached the southern delta of Bengal the landscape transformed into the mangroves and jungles of the Sunderban where by chance one might catch a glimpse of the famed Bengal tiger. For a holiday retreat, with a group of friends, we would sometimes, book the entire first class deck of the launch and ride round trip without getting off. The cabins were comfortable and the meals exceptionally good – so it made a relaxing two-day escape from the business of our Dacca lives.

We took my father on a Rocket trip during one of his visits. The sight of the crowds where the Rocket made short stops held my father spellbound. Most of the people swarming on and off the ship, were men carrying bundles on their heads and packages in their hands. The men getting on jostled with those getting off on the narrow planks that connected the ship to the shore. The scene reminded my father of his days with UNRRA during WWII distributing food off boats in Greece. He remembered the crowds around him there, but he said that it was nothing compared to the mobs he watched thronging the Rocket's landings.

Wide and wild is the river of life with splendid playful waves where three streams meet. Each of the waterways flows true to its course but three together is a whirlpool

[Songs of the Bauls of Bengal, translated by Bhattacharya, p.106]





The Mark Twain like vessel plying the main rivers between Dacca and Khulna was called "The Rocket"









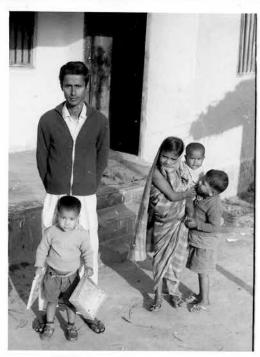
The sight of so many people getting off and replaced by so many getting on was spell binding.

### **SYLHET TEA PLANTATION ...**

We had heard about the beauty of the tea plantations in the Sylhet district and Dan had his first chance to visit the area when he was working on his district thana project. When Dr. Rashid, the Vice Chancellor of EPUET, invited us for a weekend at his place in Sylhet, we were delighted to accept. I remember it was a long but pleasant journey by train to get there and how touched we were that Dr. Rashid's wife had gone a day ahead to prepare for our arrival. The landscape of the tea plantations was indeed beautiful. The bushes growing tightly together and all trimmed to the same height presented a carpet of green that looked like a National Geographic illustration.

That trip turned out to be quite significant in that Dan happened to meet the young, future Nobel prize winning, Muhammad Yunus, who was working in the region on a Ford Foundation funded community project. No one at that time, would have predicted that Yunus would go on to achieve world recognition for his successful micro-banking system which he called Grameen (village) Bank.









#### RANGAMATI TRIP WITH PAT HILL

Pat Hill and I spent a week away from Dacca to trek in the tribal hills of Rangamati ("red earth") district near Chittagong in the border zone with Burma and India. The tribes of the region lived autonomously, crisscrossing among the bordering countries without regard for the established national boundaries. Partly animist and partly Buddhist, these tribes have a distinct culture of their own, and frequently come in conflict with the predominantly Muslim culture of the plains. The Chakma tribe was the largest and most influential of the various tribes that lived in the region.







"No Englishman of sensitivity who's been to India and loved the hills can deny the Hindu inspiration that the gods lie in the hills somehow."

[Allen, Plain Tales of the Raj, p.143]

#### RANGAMATI TRIP WITH PAT HILL cont.

We stayed at the Catholic mission in Rangamati, in the hilly region north of Chittagong, where we were put up in simple wooden shacks. During our first day we trekked along paths in the cool jungle surrounding the mission, picking wild blossoms from the trees and watching out for leeches that lived in the streams. The next day we had the honor of meeting Tridev, the king of the Chakmas, and his wives and their families. It surprised me to hear him speak in formal "King's English" when he welcomed us and later I learned he had been educated abroad. As he lead us to the houses of each of his wives he introduced each of them to us by saying "This is my wife number one." And then at the next house "This is my wife number two." etc., each time with a proud chuckle. I felt like I was Anna meeting the many wives of the King of Siam. Tridev explained that the Chakmas were a "matriarchal society," and that the women held the power because they held the purse strings. This was very unusual for me to see having never seen a society where women were in charge of all the important decisions.

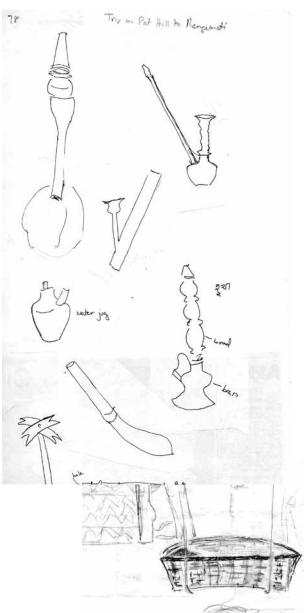












Not speaking the tribal language we could not converse but we did observe closely their beautiful ethnic clothing, fabrics and household items such as hookah pipes, water jugs, and wooden polished bowls and spoons. I especially liked the women's clothing which was made up of a full length skirt of thick woven cotton with a simple pattern of colored lines. Sometimes the women were topless and some wore a thinner scarf like fabric wrapped around their chest. I appreciated getting to see one of the women weaving the traditional cloth at a loom sitting on the ground (see my sketch).

We didn't get to see Tridev's "palace," as he called it, because it was too difficult to get to on it's island at the center of a lake. But Tridev did take us to a hill from where we could view his "palace" humbly built of bamboo and thatch. He told us the sad story of the dam that would be soon be built on the Karnaphuli River which would drown his island and his palace with it. Little did I imagine, standing on that hill talking about Tridev's palace that one of his sister would stay with us in New York a few years later during the Bangladesh War of Liberation in 1971 (see our Princess and the Pea story in chapter 16).

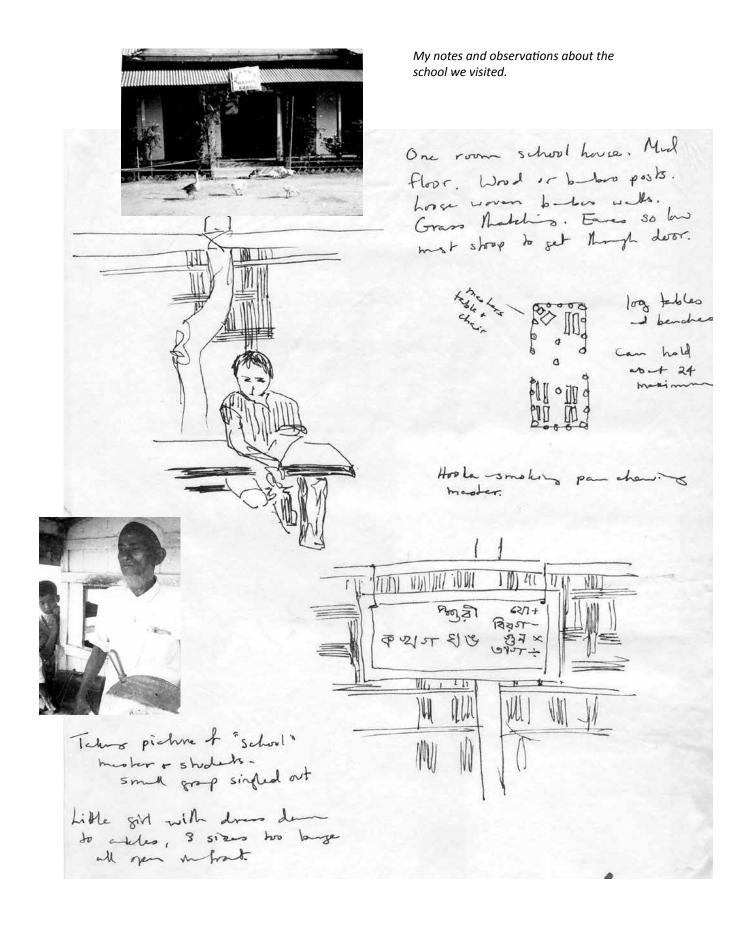


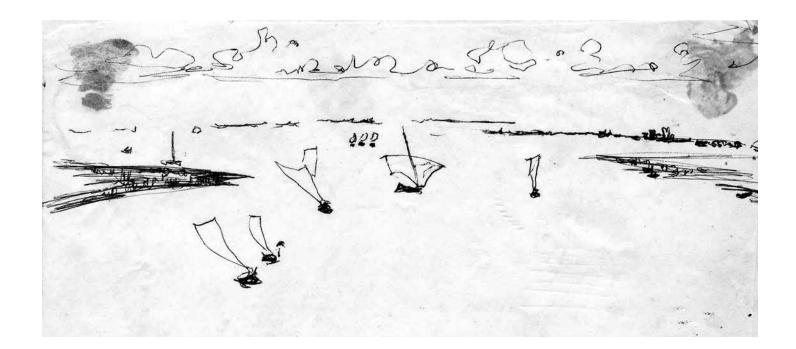




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## RANGAMATI TRIP WITH PAT HILL cont.





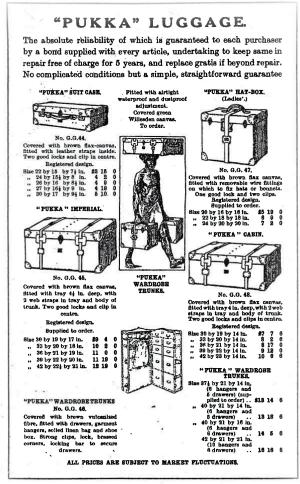


মেঘন। নদীর পারে বিধা দারে দারে নৌকা কত, ঢেউয়ের তালে নাচছে বারে বারে।

On the shores of the Megna River
Today I shall go to that place;
To where no one knows;
My boat will run ahead with the sail pulled tight.

["River Life," from *Kachi Kotha*, Bengali primer for kids]





'Pukka' luggage; Army and Navy Catalogue, 1930

12

# **VERY FAR AWAY**

অনেক দূরে \*

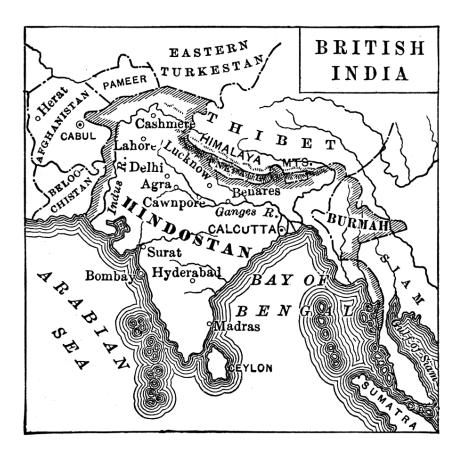
(ONEK DURE)

12.1 TRAVELS IN ASIA
12.2 HOME LEAVES



<sup>\*</sup> This Bengali wording is from our personal family patois

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# 12.1 TRAVELS IN ASIA

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## A WEEKEND IN RANGOON (Fall 1960)

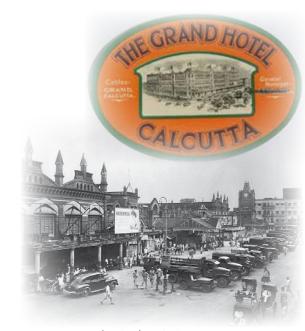
During our first months in Dacca Dan and I had a chance to fly to Rangoon for a weekend. We stayed in a hotel that had once been a royal residence overlooking a small lake. I remember the darkness of its rooms which were lined in teak panels. During that short visit we also got to see a remarkable house designed by one of Dan's classmates from the AA in London. The house was literally a "tree house," built on a platform, up thirty feet in the air in the branches of a large well-foliated tree. I remember noting how well it was constructed, much better quality and craftsmanship than anything we were getting for the renovation of our Hafiz Villa. I also remember enjoying how open it was with wood panels that opened up on all sides to the surroundings. I couldn't conceive of ever having such an open living space in Dacca without attracting a crowd of curious onlookers to watch us.

After seeing a few temples we spent much of our time in the markets. We resisted the emerald stones and rubies that Burma was famous for and bought things we couldn't get in Dacca, such as pencil sharpeners (which Dan was in dire need of for his work) and good quality cotton cloth. We also bought some beautiful trinkets including a small wooden carving of an apsara (goddess) and a set of lacquer-ware owls that fit one into the other like Russian dolls.

To avoid the risk of being charged an import tax at the Dacca airport for the bolt of cotton we bought in Bangkok, Dan devised a way for me to "wear" it through customs. After wrapping the fabric around me several times, he secured the cloth to me with a wide belt, which lent my outfit a touch of style. I remember trembling with fear as I passed through customs, but no one stopped us. Dan's clever scheme worked.

#### **FORAYS INTO INDIA**

I had a number of opportunities to visit India while we lived in Dacca. Sometimes I went as a tourist to join friends or family when they had plans to travel in India. Dan and I took a number of short trips to Calcutta when Dan could spare the time. Rather than stay at the Fairlawn or Grand Hotel, where most foreigners went, Dan and I preferred a modest hotel off of Chowringhee, near New Market because it was cheaper and close to New Market. We did, however, appreciate the Victorian splendor of the Grand Hotel and from time to time would go there for a drink.



New Market in the 1950s

#### **NEW MARKET:**

We liked the architecture of New Market and went there to shop for raw silk, saris, hand soap, and cheese ... all things we could not get in Dacca.

#### **CALCUTTA STREETS**

I remember on our first visit to Calcutta feeling a bit shocked at the site of so many local women on the streets. And to see so many of them with their heads un-covered. In Dacca we had gotten used to the purdah customs that kept women more our of sight.

## **INDIA & NEPAL WITH NANNO** (January 1961)

During our first months in Dacca, my childhood friend from New York, "Nanno" (real name Ann Eristoff), and her mother invited me to join them on a two-week sight seeing tour in western Bengal and Nepal. We agreed to meet in Calcutta and go by train to Benares, Sarnath and Patna, before ending our trip in Kathmandu. It promised to be an amazing introduction for me to India and Nepal, but sadly I was struck by my first case of dysentery from the start of the trip and suffered with it during the entire trip.

Regardless of my constant discomfort, I loved the train rides through West Bengal and Bihar. We spent two days in Benares (Varanasi) where we had an amusing boat ride with an eloquent boatman who explained, in strong Indian-English, the sights of ritual bathing and cremations. We enjoyed a peaceful interlude communing with the sacred deer at the holy site of Sarnath, where the Buddha lived. From there we flew to Nepal in a plane with cracks in the floor large enough to glimpse the mountain-scape below.



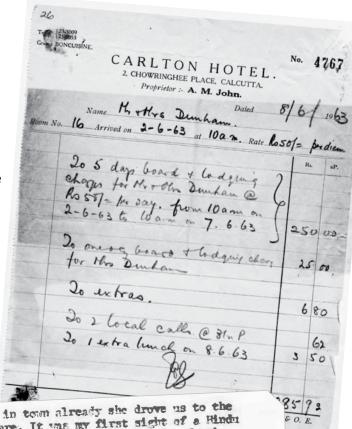
We stayed at the Grand Hotel in Calcutta and saw all the sights of the city including the docks and Kali temple, as well as two weddings. [MFD diary, 01/1961 p3]

"... Calcutta Saturday Night Society gathering at the bar and dining and dancing to the persistent orchestra cum singer. The young people were more elegant than any gathering we had seen in Dacca and the whole scene looked like the specter of New York. ..."

[MFD diary, 01/1961 p3]



Nanno Eristoff in Benares in 1961



As we had seen most of the lights in team already she drove us to the smale of Kali and the burning ghat near there, It was my first sight of a Hindu saple up close, and the impact was rather savege. Mrs. Fleisted in her Bresh hirt-dress moved about the inner sanctum like a tourist ad but she had been so ften before that all the guides didn't even bether to offer their services. We aw where the goats were sacrificed and where the offerings were being presented. e drove to the cremating courtyard on the river near by which were ruch were orbid than anything we saw in Benares, will drove to two other clubs after that ad then picked up her children and to her house. Name and mother pumped her ith good questions all along about life in Calcutta and she had clear enswers ad well formed opinions to give so that we got a good idea of the pleasures and ardships of life in the European colony.

#### INDIA & NEPAL WITH NANNO cont.

#### **FIVE DAYS IN BENARES**

We spent five days in Benares during full moon and during a time of festive preparation for the Queen's visit. We enjoyed the friendly service of The Clark's Hotel, saw all the temples, including Sarnath, Nerhu temple to Mother India, The Golden Temple, The Monkey temple. We visited the university and a sari factory where we watched the weaving.. We took boat rides on the Ganges to see the "Burning Ghats" during the day and at night. The markets of the old town. By luck we came upon a musical performance event at a shrine. We also were impressed by our tour of the Raja's Palace. We appreciated the beauty of the ghats at dusk.

Boat ride up and down the Ganaes to see the funeral rituals at the 'burning ghats'

"... the mourning family ... the pouring of the water into the dead body's mouth were not only matter of fact and commonplace in the midst of all the other lively activities, but only added to the lively spirit that seemed to pervade Benares as a whole."

"... first shopping in India trying to satisfy the long list of saris I was to bring back ... Next time I will know better than to take orders."

Evenina tour of the 'burnina ghats' by moon light on a horse drawn cart

[MFD diary 01/1961]

The next morning we were off with our gride to the ghats and a boat ide up and fown the Ganges along the shore. The main ghat was crowded with beggars. ricats folding forth under thiarge univalled to little groups, men being wested and haved in prevaration for their Canges bath. This was much the scene all chang the hore from one guat to another, greet activity, like a beach laid out on steps. 'e went unstream the down stream in a heavy row boat. Down stream we were to see he "barning glats" which are a main feature of Benares in tourist guides for high we decided we must be morbid like all the other tourists to have come to such town. But the funeral pyres, the mourning family sitting around, the pouring of nter into the dead body's mouth were not only matter of fact and commonplace in he midst of all the other lively activities, but only added to the lively and ital spirit that seemed to pervade Benares as a winde. We saw several corpses rpped in a colorful cloth, born on a light bamboo stretcher, with a small crowd I followers looking quite happy, and I don't think we felt any horror or even uniosity aside from pointing the scene out because we agreed that we must pay Me tribute of a tourist to the main feature of Beneres. Above the activity along he bare of the stope the skyline of steep walls with buildings toward above sking a remarkable view. Our guide pointed out the different temples as we passed hem and answered more questions on Hinduisa and Hindu castons. The sun was shining. he river air was cool, and the trip entirely pleasant.
We spent an hour or so wandering through the old streets with our guide,

few of widel we became very familiar with before leaving Benares, (which by the my they are trying to get called Varanarki after the two rivers there) The open ari shops would call out to us as e passes to just "look". The narrow streets re labyrinthine but quite clean com are to old Dacca, Calcutta, and some Medinas saw in Morocco. In the afternoon Namue and I returned there on foot and I did y first shopping in India trying to satisfy the long list of saris I was to bring ack to the Shahbagh bearers and Alis family the cook's family, and the office river. Next time I will know better than to take orders. For the prices they were illing to pey they couldn't get the realy nice silk of Benards and whit I saw for ess seemed to me was available in "acca, but I had not explored Dacca enough to be me so I just had to go ahead and choose obviously sound rate saris, one hearer had sked for a nylon sari which seemed like a contradiction but they were indeed vailable and cheap and rather pretty, better than the cleap silk anyway.

That evening our guided came to pick us up with a horse drawn cart ad driver for an evening ride through the town, one of his ideas tailored to ur likes. The moon was almost full and the air was cool and fresh. Mrs. E. limbed in front with the gride and we out in the back seat facing back with he streets of Denames running away from us as the berse pulled us rapidly along. e returned to the main ghat which was much less crowded now, with only sleeping ome on the steps. We took the same bast we had before and the some rout up and on the river. We were the only ones out and the stillness was lovely. The burning sixt" was more colorful at night because we could see the glow of the yers and the smoke moving up. Clouds moved rapidly across the bright sky making nteresting patterns. The towering buildings made deep shadows with their indented



The ritual bathing in the Ganges in Varanasi, taken on my trip with Nano and her mother

[MFD diary 01/1961 p.6]

We returned to our carriage but arranged to meet it further on while we alked through the streets againg Mrs. E. had been asking to see some dancing and usic ever since Calcutta but there seemed to be no public performances as such and s she had seen in Madras (?) before coming to Calcusta including an actual dance

see class, one was rewarded that might with a spontaneous, "living", show which I dess across at the an open entrance hall to a shrine. As we pecked in a side door s saw a gou) of men sitting on the floor singing and chanting in a frenzied manner allowing a toothless, tousured, elderly men who would sing the vorses and the bruses started. A young man, American cut straight hair, was waving his arms and lacking the special hand symbals we had seen on able made of two tembourine-like isces of wood held with the thumbl and finers so you can clack them together. in rout of the group and also in front of the shrine which we couldn't quite see, a harf dressed in pasts with a girl's dress on top and looking a little sleepy eyed, as stanning and whirling like a top, urging the singers on, as if he were a burlesque t.C. getting the andlence to join in the chorus. A group of women with their heads sovered sat between him and us and invited us to come in and sit down with them when they noticed us with the crowd that had gathered peering in. After a while the song some to an end, the Little dwarf took off his dress and packed it up with some other belongings and trotted out. The old leader asked the young symbol player to massage his arms and hands as he had been playing the cymbals too. Then from another door a very inteluctual looking man with black Nehru coat and glasses came in and was greated warmly by the old leader, our guide told us that he was a well known singer and was going to sing, he sat down next to the old man and reached for the little hand organ someone near by had been playing. He went through a few runs on it, then a few runs with his voice whelding at the old leader at the same time, and he was off. de song what sounded like a ballad with a story he seemed to be illustrating with his facial expressions and slight gestures from a hand not playing the organ at the moment, but our guide later told us it was hely chanting. Another young man was playing in two taking, embellishing the beat. The singer sounded like his reputation but sound very musical as well performing beautiful scale like phrases with his voice and rapid passages on the organ. (One hand plays while the other pumps the back flap) Sometimes he would lift his face to the skies, sometimes look nitifully at his friend who would shake his head in scorn which would send the singer off again. We didn't stay until the ond but as ourguide said, I was indeed charmod and could have But we hadn't had some out and us had the drive have the fall week

" spontaneous, "livina", who which I came across at the open entrance to a shrine."

All night performance of singing and dance

"We didn't stav until the end but as our quide said, I was indeed charmed and could have staved all niaht."

#### INDIA & NEPAL WITH NANNO cont.

My letter to Dan describing our unforeseen layover in Patna on our way to Kathmandu from Benares [MFD letter to DCD 02/05/1961]

#### LAY-OVER IN PATNA

"My funds are perilously low due to purchase of many sarees and first class travel so the rest of the trip is looking a little grim."

"Patna is raining and ugly in contract to Benares, one step from Paradise."

Feb. Th. Patra on rove Katmandu. 1901 Cher D. I am hoping you haven it been tabled and robbed and that all goes as well as might be expected. After a gloriors hive days in Benares we have come to a temporary standstill at the are port in Patra waiting for a plane, amy plane to take us to Katmardu. My funds are perilossly low due to purchase of many sarrees and first class travel so the rest of the trip is woking a little grim. If all goes well I should be in Calcuta on the 9th When & shall perform Shailes commission and sell my sout in the I wicked city to have some yard goods I bought faked into a dress and try to buy what I can in the way of valous, umbrelles, masking tape etc. Forhandely & have my return flight to Doccats and will try to make it by the 10th Patra is raining and vally in

contrast to Benares, one step from Paradise. Had we died in Benares we

would have some directly to heaven with no turther reincarnations, but we didn't, and the plane we were hoping for, although we had no definite confirmation, was to leave from Pahra to-day. Eurobody seems to be in -Kalmadu where we couldn't get hold rooms either and he are sitting the days out at the airport hoping to be put on a plane reserved for a four from Benaves which man not arrive due to the bad weather. If we fail it mans another wisht in the dreadful hotel or also walk to Mpl.

Benaves, hower, surely bealiful having amongst other thing dear mongrous I found difficult to leave and courtyard houses. Most people are interested in the burning shats and no one stays five days the way we did. We saw may strap o renderful soins on, religious al Merwise, temples, palaces, I he Carges itself, and strange and wonderful people. Have learned much about Hindrism + Fordin history a Above all, the silks -d febrics on display empulsore are blinding ed not being sure that I would ever make this distant and costhy voyage again & thought & had better buy what Tricords

Good memories of Benares: "many strange & wonderful goings on, religious and otherwise, temples, palaces, and the Ganges itself, and strange and wonderful people. Have learned much about Hinduism & Indian history..."

Torget me not and have good cheer. It yor haven't dismissed all our servants by non 5 imagine you have left the house to them and taken up Somewhere else, perhaps in the service of the Queen. I can't make at her route at all except she seems to have caused rain and no accommodations everywhere Le so. A bientst.

II is visiting Dacca ... "I can't make out her route at all except she seems to have caused rain and no accommodations everywhere we

go."

Meanwhile ...

Queen Elizabeth

Live from moi. P.S. to add to my misers I have broken the little film number regulator on

Teb. 7th Karmane and and and a side of God's country. The Scenery is exceptional of me are being ontertained by the Home minister, friend of Enish ffs. I can 't get a flight for to-morrow but will tros sitting at the air port for consellations again.

> Arrival in Katmandu: "... we are in God's country. The scenery is exceptional and we are being entertained by the Home Minister ..."

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## INDIA & NEPAL WITH NANNO cont.

#### ARRIVING IN KATHMANDU

Flight into Kathmandu from Patna:

"We spent two rainy days in Patna where we caught our flight for Kathmandu. The flight scenery was dramatic as the plane flew through the mountain pass."



[MFD diary 01/1961 p.10]

The short wide inst Mepal was the most mediting for views I have ever had in a place. We approached the mountains passing over a blacket of tadical soffe, clean white, formy clouds. Alread of us we saw the dark nountain peaks like remetain islands in this occar of four. (The steward configered out carevas) No somer did we reach the mountains when we and right between them following the beads of the pass and close to the terraced slopes with their interiouse tracing of cultivation or shoop paths. Then we saidenly burnt into a large painting of a west garden surrounded by blen mountains in the distance and a blue sky beyond. The Kathaputh volley is so calcivated, the strooms so distinct, the houses with their pitched roofs so neat, that it all looked line a gardon well-cared for by a single gradener. When we louded at the air-port in the went oftenmen sun the contract les Paine was complete. We not into





#### **KATHMANDU SIGHT SEEING**

Our visit to Kathmandu was a unique experience thanks to Nanno's royal blood. Because the Eristoffs were descendants of Russian royalty, we were treated like royal guests of honor by the Prime Minister of Nepal himself. We stayed at the best hotel (previously the royal palace), which had luxury amenities such as electric heaters in each room. His excellency turned up early every morning, driving his own jeep, ready to take us to his favorite haunts around the valley. In those days, there were almost no tourists to disenchant the magic of the temples in their mountain setting. Our host was genial and his enthusiasm for the scenery which, indeed, rivaled Switzerland, was contagious. Sadly, however, I couldn't show my appreciation as much as I would have liked because I was still feeling ill. Fortunately Nanno occupied his attention and he did not notice my suffering.

"Toured about by foot as much as possible during the city's festive preparations for the upcoming visit by The Queen. Saw all the ancient sights with help from assigned guides. Met up with former acquaintance of Nanno's mother, Mr. Thapa, who had become an important government minister. With Mr. Thapa as our quide we were able to see a tremendous amount in three days. I had my first view of Mount Everest on the flight back to Patna." [MFD diary 1961/01 p.10]

[MFD diary 1961/01 p.10]

So much happened in the three days his Thank took us around that I condidn't been track of the sequence in which we sawthings or the names of what we saw so that now it is all literally a dress. All our hopes for getting into the exemtation were enswored, Mr. Thopa told us how he loved the meuricalm and the walleys beyond and took us to his favorite mote for views and beautiful places to walk and contemplate. He led us up and down hills on foot talling and juking all the class, genting more and more exorgetic and santing to do more all the tien. These times we have into the mountains. Once we want at somest in the Emedian care. That time Mr. Thank drove and the Jeep with body guards fellowed behind. He undowered the little official flag on the front so we could get through the rold gates seed to check incoming and entering trucks rapidly. Hr. These would joke about our having to put up with all the people who becomed the macrow roads because they had to go on foot and that it must all look very picturesque to us. All this he was going to change by drastic means if necessary. House begged has not to let Read blease super highways and more sings and by Laughol and weld be didn't them it would be that there had to be vest changes in the parame tire. He would just out in prison arrows who opposes idm he said with a think. But Repail must be industrialized and the people educated and he seemed sincere in his optimism and enthusiasm. When we visited the temples in their beautiful setting he explained how he was not a believer although his wife was devout as it seemed to be with women in general. He told us about the Kanas whom he was supposed to hate because they hated his family which had belonged to the middle class but politically powerful with the people. The Eristoffs had told me of Hr. Thomas roadd rise from his viallogo



"... After Dacca and India it was a long time since I had seen so much wood. Temple roofs were supported by large wooden beams carved in the forms of dragons and strange beasts. ..."

"... it was impossible to take a bath but we had learned to wash in a "tea cup" as Mrs. Eristoff said one should be able to do. ..."

[MFD diary 1961/01 p.15]

# THE UNCOMFORTABLE JOURNEY BACK TO DACCA

By the time we returned to Calcutta, I was clearly losing strength and getting sicker. Regardless of my poor health, I couldn't resist my desire to take the train rather than the plane back to Dacca. Little did I realize how arduous and tiring the journey would be. Whereas the plane would have taken an hour, my journey by rail required a series of trains and it was more than 24 uncomfortable hours before I reached Dacca.

During the train trip, I was relegated to the women's coach against my will. Having spent long hours trapped among the women's groups at Bengali weddings with nothing to talk about but jewelry and clothing – I did not look forward to being confined for many hours to a women's coach on the train. As it turned out, I was the only occupant, except for the frequent visits of a female customs officer who delighted in making me open my suitcase while she rummaged through it, enjoying a chance to see what foreign ladies traveled with. Eventually I got rid of her by offering her my pair of sewing scissors, which she had been eying.

The first of the many train switches on that journey, occurred at the India/East Pakistan border crossing where we had an interminable stop late in the cold of night. All passengers were required to disembark from the train with their belongings, passports, and papers. We then passed through two sets of tedious immigration reviews: one on each side of the border. On the Pakistani side, we resumed the journey on a new train, the first of a number of trains to get us back to Dacca. At every large river crossing, I and all the other passengers would have to descend, board a raft-like ferry to the opposite bank, and wait for another train to take us the next leg of our journey.

It was early morning by the time our train pulled into Dacca's old station. With no one to meet me, I took a rickshaw home. When Dan saw me at our back door, he said I looked "like a ghost." After a few days, I recovered my usual good health. It is perhaps thanks to that first strong bout of illness that I gained some immunity since I never suffered from dysentery again during the rest of our seven-year stay in Dacca.



#### **VISITS TO DELHI WITH MY FATHER**

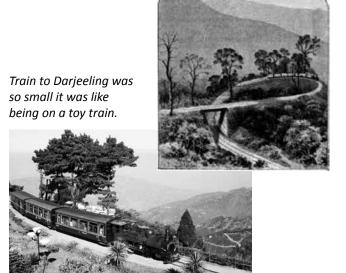
I had two opportunities to see New Delhi for brief visits when my father happened to be there for his work. The first occasion, was for an ecumenical gathering of Catholic, Protestant and Orthodox prelates that my father was invited to attend. At that time, because my father was a lawyer for the New York Greek Orthodox church, he was asked to join the Archbishop Athenagoras's entourage to Delhi. We had rooms in the Ashoka Hotel, the newest and most elegant of the Delhi hotels in those days. Sitting with my father among the prelates at breakfast, I remember feeling proud of him and laughing to myself at the thought of the Bengali expression: "Onek shonnashi gajon noshto" ("too many holy men spoil the festival"). While my father attended meetings, I explored the main avenues of central Delhi, where I splurged on textiles and outfits that I could bring back to Dacca.

The second time I went to Delhi was in the winter of 1962, when my father was there for the world meeting of the "International Commission of Jurists" of which he was a member. We stayed again in the Ashoka Hotel and I think that it was at this meeting that my father shook hands with Prime Minister Nehru. Afterwards we spent a lovely week in Kathmandu and that time I could enjoy it without feeling ill.

# DARJEELING WITH FRIENDS (December 1962?)

For their Christmas holiday our Ford Foundation friends, Fran Larkin and Mary Kefgen, decided to go to Darjeeling, even though it would be cold there. I thought that this might be my only chance to experience this legendary resort in the Himalayas. I remember that trip as being brutally cold. Although our hotel provided electric heaters, unless we were right next to them we had no warmth. Hence, we spent a good part of our week sitting in restaurants which were somewhat heated. One morning, before dawn, Fran and Mary braved the trip by car to see the sunrise over Kanchenjunga. I decided that I didn't need to because I knew about it already from the texts Professor Sharif read me during my first Bengali lessons at the Shahbagh Hotel.

I did, however, enjoy traveling around the area with all the ups and downs of its mountain terrain. It was a welcome change after the flatness of the plains of the Bengal countryside. On these forays, I had my first sight of the Tibetan refugees who escaped the Chinese occupation of Tibet. I liked the Traditional Tibetan style long dress that the women wore. It was a simple gown made from stiff fabric in a dark color that looked to be warm as well as stately.





Windemere Hotel



# BANGKOK WITH MOTHER D (Spring 1963)

When Mother D came to visit us for the first time, I met her in Bangkok where I stayed with her for a few days before bringing her to Dacca. Nancy Tuckerman, our travel agent did a fantastic job of arranging our flights and having us met at the Bangkok airport. (Nancy later became Jacky Kennedy's personal secretary when JFK was president).

During most of our short stay in Bangkok, I spent much of my time shopping for Thai silks, books, LPs and office equipment for Dan. Meanwhile, Mother D toured the sights of the city. We also made time to visit a number of friends, including Smaisart Sniduong, one of Dan's AA classmates and Rolf Kaiser, a Berger architect who had worked in Dacca. We enjoyed a delicious Thai dinner hosted by the Varavan family (a prominent local architect). I was embarrassed at the start of the dinner when I presented my gift of an LP (thinking it was an appropriate gift for a cultured family) to find out they did not have a record player.

### BANGKOK WITH MOTHER D cont.

My description of my trip to Bangkok with Mother D. [MFD letter to CGR, 03/16/1953]

Giving an LP as a gift to the Thai family only to find out they did not have a record player ...

When I presented my record which D had carefully chosen for its universal appeal they had to tell me they didn't possess a record player. They accepted the record most graciously, nevertheless I was ashamed I had assemed they would have a player. They did have a felevision which it seems many families have and we talked don't that guile a bit. It seems that may people buy a radio with their television so that they can turn it to a certain station which gives a simultaneous translation of any American show they may be watching such as a Western. We had what I suppose was a real That dinner, perhaps Westernized a little, and vay good, lots of separate distes of things from which you help yourself, but which as a get everyone has around his central plater Thai curries (my good, not like here), exellent

" fried shrimp, explic resolution, a salad which you eat with your hands by taking a leaf of letuce or spinach and using it to pick up the rest of the salad. The descent came in little cone-shaped containers made of leaves. He had affec out on the little piece built into their pond. It was refreshing to have young sirls do the "bearing" but domestic help seems to go in inverse proportion to the prosperity of the country. Mrs. Varavan said it was fairly difficult to get good help and there girls (2 or 3) looked like strdents. Their whole horsehold, - horse -d servets, looked more like an American home, than & even the Dhan mondiones here. Mr. Varavan is also building or has

I sam a good deal of the architecture school which has been much improved physically since we came and I givens expanded. The students were preparing for exams so D didn't see any work. Professors bow to Mr. Varavam in the traditional form I suppose, but it made me a little timid. Smaisert, who is now supervisor for one class, said that Varavan is too conventional -d the rest of the faculty doe subservient. During the days I was there the faculty was M morring for the wife of a professor who had drad and they wore the bissest arm bands I have ever seen.

Smarsart spent a lot of time showing me where I could get architectural equipment. We spent a lot of the in a book store where I felt I was back in N.Y., and a whole hour in a record store where you could sit in an air conditioned booth and listen to records, calling for the ones you pant into a telephone. The afternoon 5 was to catche the plane (I had standed my stan from 3 days to 5) we visited the oldest house in Barkok which is a well preserved

Visiting the architecture

Shopping for architectural supplies

### BANGKOK WITH MOTHER D cont.

[MFD letter to CGR, 03/16/1953]

Visiting the oldest house in Bangkok

mansion, "palace", which you may have seen al which is almost my favorite horse in the world, after the Uplands. I am my fond of the custom of the living quarters upstairs and the empty space downstairs which is a sarden-sitting room. In this palace there was a grand piano on the ground I like taking off one's shoe and the beautiful floors kept so well thereby. I don't understand how they protect these fook as if the weather were designed always to be beautiful for them.

I had no idea I would find so many helpful people, ones I would want to see, before leaving and didn't do much looking up white I was with Mother D. I had a full shopping list in my head but when I saw that Berghole was nothing short of Hongkong I really took advantage. While Keller D. was doing her morning flowhing market tour I got material and arenes started in the making with the help of Rolf's friend whose job is partly being a goide anguay. By the time I

Shopping in Bangkok ...

1) left Borstok I had one Thai silk dress of three cottons all completed for \$35.

I would have had twelve more if I had had the hime. The balance of \$400 5 spent an architectural equipment, records, books, gold (necklace, bracelet, ring), complete get of bronze tableware, 12 of each piece, a B small Buddha head for \$20, transistor, watch, several \$6 pens, Indonesian cloth (of which I wish I had brought more), tea, mushrooms, I don't know what was left. Mother D. I chose different restourants to eat in I wined I dired such other quite well. The hotel price and food prices are very reasonable, much more so them in India and the comfort and food is 100% better. We were in the new part of the Oriental and had a view both on the river of over the city. It was a lovely room, modern but most comfortable of well arrayed. The service was so good after the confusion you get in the Indian world I no one asking for bakshish. I was feeling quite at home at the end of my stay and getting

Shopping in Bangkok ...

Eating separately from Mother D

My room at the Oriental Hotel and the good service

The more confortable version of our motor.

Victohams) and for a person with as little a head for money and in as a great a rush as

I was constantly I am surprised he one took advantage of me, and on the contrary were most helpful. I did find Thai English much more difficult to understand than Indian English, even with the university professors.

# **CALCUTTA & DARJEELING WITH EMMY** (January 1964)

#### TRACING EMMY'S ROOTS IN CALCUTTA & **DARJEELING**

When Emmy came to visit us the winter I was pregnant with Katherine, I was eager to take her to Calcutta to explore her childhood growing up there. Emmy's father had been an important figure in Calcutta during preindependence times. He had managed a prestigious department store, financed the building of a school and received an honor for his role in transferring finances from India to Britain. Emmy still had memories of her childhood in Calcutta - enough to establish an itinerary of places to see.

We visited the maidan, where Emmy and her sisters used to ride in their open carriage wearing their large sun bonnets. She was especially pleased to walk around Eden Gardens where she had so many childhood memories. Like finding the final treasure on a treasure hunt, I was pleased when Emmy recognized the Hathaway department store building, which her father had managed and where her family spent a lot of time. It had a prime location across the street from the Raj Bhavan, the mansion of the British viceroys when Calcutta was the British capital of India. Sadly, the Hathaway building was in bad condition, with decaying stucco facades covered in billboards and signs advertising the various offices that occupied its interior including the Times of India. Above the main entrance, written in large but crumbling letters, it was still possible to make out the name "Hathaway." We tried to explore the interior of the building, but on reaching the second floor we found that it was all subdivided into grungy, small offices the sight of which saddened Emmy too much want to see more. Afterwards, we passed Bow Bazar and I remembered fondly how she used to imitate the way the "CheeChee Bow Bazar" English which the Anglo-Indians spoke when they shopped there.

Next on our treasure hunt, we found the Sunday school that Emmy's father had built with his name still clearly legible in the cornerstone. It was located in the heart of Calcutta, on Dharamtala Street (now Lenin Street) next to the church that Emmy's family had regularly attended.





The original Laidlaw & Hathaway Department store in Calcutta, that Emmy's father managed 1930s



#### **VISITING BUILDINGS FROM EMMY'S CHILDHOOD IN CALCUTTA**

Entrance to the Raj Bavan, across the avenue from Hathaways (Emmy's father's store)



The church in Calcutta that Emmy's family attended





Cornerstone of the school that Emmy's father helped to establish. The school was associated with their church.

### CALCUTTA & DARJEELING WITH EMMY cont.

[MFD letter to CGR, 03/18/1964]

18 I 64 Puja for Saraswati, go dales of learning. Carlton Hotel Calcutta

In this letter to my father I describe this trip to India with Emmy which I took when I was pregnant with Katherine

Getting to Calcutta from Dacca was not "Because of the number of Hindus migrating to India, it was rumored there would be no space on the plane ..."

> Hugh got us a seat on the flight to Calcutta "... by telling PIA I was 'grosse' and could not take the wait in Calcutta ... so I guess there are some compensations for my condition."

Cher Papa, You will see we have finally made it to Calculta. At the rate I get things done there days it took a week to get our tickets, my papers and shots together. Because of number of Hindus migrating to India it was rumoved there would be no space on the plane until the 26th al we considered going to Kulna by boat (a pleasant drip n'est-ce pas) then train to Calculter (an impleasant 24 hours at the least) But when we achally applied for tickets we found we goold get them for the 16th by going to Chitagony changing to the Calanta plane. We bone Dacca at 7:00 AM, spend a good five hors in Children before catching he 2:00 PM Cala Flight but High Morphy Fixed that by telling PIA I was grosse and could not take the wait in Calcutte so they found room us on the duche o'clock from Dacca and

we had a smooth flight almost non-stop to

for my condition.

evers there are some compensations

I am indeed beaucorp mieux ad if I am - little sick in the morning or evening lasts like it used to. Immy seems be more fired at the moment and little worried as do how she is enjoying I don't blame her if she is getting homesick for her cottage as she has really been patient for so many months while I didn't feel like doing anything. The climate has changed too and we all know she can't take the heat. Her ankles are smollen at them the doctor has given her pills and she has a runny ear seem to get bether. I am sure she will like the Darjeeling climate it nothing else which orght to be plenty bracing. We her ancestral home our first day here which was really more than we had expected. large building which housed her fathers Store (Francis Harrison, + Hathaman - the Emerson branch was in London) and her family's I the Hallow another pertoes still standing opposite the Governor's Palece just as she had described. It is inside now to house donnstairs, clubs, and the Times of India offices upskirs and is badly kept up.

"Emmy seems to be more tired ... I don't blame her if she is getting a little homesick for her cottage ..."

> "We found her ancestral home ..." and other childhood places

## CALCUTTA & DARJEELING WITH EMMY cont.

[MFD letter to CGR, 03/18/1964]

Describing the poor condition of the places we found from Emmy's childhood

"We could just make out ... in fading paint the name of Frances, Harr & Hathaway, the only remaining proof."

The front verandahs have large ugly advertising Me Times I be Seandingerian Seamon's club. We could just make out over the main entrance in chipped - I fiding Me name of Francis, Harr, of Hohamanythe only remaining proof. We went inside and the various tenants were very kind when they heard Emys story and let us wander from room do room as we pleased. You could har enormous the rooms used to be although the were partitioned now. The vast windows are the same and the view across to the Covernor's Palace is unchazed except for the trees in the garden which are better. At the very top of the building, quite a climb, we found an appartment carved out of the two domes which top the building, a terrace, of some like rooms, quite charming. The man we found there is just about to john his in England Leaving Ending, and they had lived up there 17 years so he knew

something about the origin of the horse of the interested in meeting Emy Before antering the building we had explored the side streets where Emy Ment she spoked

some of the first floor bedrooms. Non wholms I veradahs are derelist ad there are poor failies living on the could hear the press machines he grand floor. Her father much of the building rebuilt and she he insisted on providing for by keeping it back from the street and obstruction the upstains view adjacent buildings. It is a massive building with columns and pediments on façade and quite impressive in spite of decrepihde. She was achally born on Lindsay Street which bounds me side of Now Market but we couldn't tell what horse world have been. I accomplished a mission even if she doesn't although she will certainly be able to report something to the root of the family when she

"Now the windows and verandas are derelict and there are poor families living in the back."

Description of the building as Emmy's father had designed it originally

Emmy "was born on Lindsay Street which bounds one side of New Market..."

"I feel I have accomplished a mission even if she doesn't..." 112 | Part IV: OUR WANDERINGS

#### CALCUTTA & DARJEELING WITH EMMY cont.

#### **DARJEELING THROUGH EMMY'S EYES**

When we were finished revisiting Emmy's past in Calcutta, we took a train to Darjeeling, the British "hill station" closest to Calcutta, where her family used to go on vacations. Other than the presence of the Tibetan refugees around town, Darjeeling hadn't changed much from her day. At the cemetery, Emmy recognized the names of children she had known who had died in one of the many avalanches she remembered hearing about.

As we passed through Kalimpong on our way out of Darjeeling, Emmy was pleased to see that "Dr. Bernardo's Home for Boys" was still functioning, which her family had supported.

The trip for me was memorable because it gave me living proof that Emmy had been in Calcutta as a child. But for Emmy, the sight of her family places in such run down condition was perhaps more depressing than nostalgic.









The Hills provided a brief escape from the extremes of India's climate and culture - and something more: 'No Englishman of sensitivity who's been to India and loved the hills can deny the Hindu inspiration that the Gods live in the hills somehow.' ... "

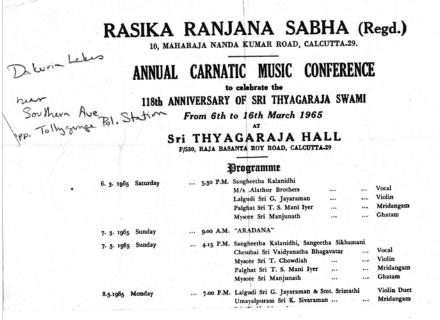
[Allen, Plain Tales from the Raj, p.143]

# A WEEKEND TRIP TO CALCUTTA FOR A "MUSIC CONFERENCE" (March 1965)

The one time I went to Calcutta on my own was to attend an Indian Classical music event there, which turned out to be a turning point in my life. Friends of ours (the Lindenbaums) had tickets they could not use to the event and offered them to me. I was eager to go because I was curious about the music — not hearing much of it in Dacca — and I knew this would be an invaluable introduction. The event included the best musicians in India and lasted over a weekend with performances nonstop around the clock for the entire time. Like the rest of the Indian audience (I was the only foreigner), I didn't leave the concert hall except to get a drink or snack during the entire weekend.

During the first hours, I sat mesmerized by a kind of music new to my ears. I began to understand how the music was organized and could begin to recognize structures and melodic modes. I took notes and gradually became familiar with some of the terminology and how the whole audience reacted with nods of approval, and groans of contentment. The music so inspired me that when I got back to Dacca, I dedicated myself to learning more about Indian classical music. Eventually this interest lead me to pursuing a career in Ethno-musicology: getting a Masters from Columbia, giving guest lectures on Indian classical music, writing a book with Ravi Shankar and publishing my own work on Jarigan.

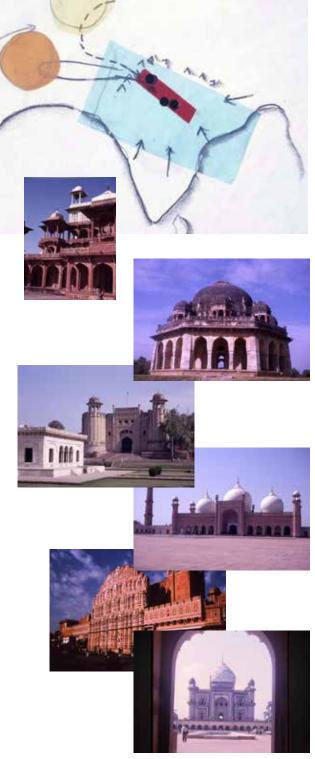




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# DCD'S TRAVELS TO PHOTOGRAPH THE HISTORY OF ISLAMIC ARCHITECTURE

To support his courses on the history of Islamic architecture at EPUET, Dan made an epic trip through North India, parts of the Soviet Union, and the Middle East to photograph significant monuments of the Muslim world. His journey started in Delhi and Agra where he documented the famous Moghul architectural sights including the Taj Mahal, among other Mohgul mausoleums, Fatehpur Sikri, and the red forts. He traveled into West Pakistan to document the ancient civilizations of Taxila and Mohenjodaro. At Taxila, he bought several pieces of Buddhist sculpture including a stone sculpture of a standing Buddha, with feet missing, and several stone Buddha heads from the Gandara period. Afterwards, he went into USSR occupied Turkistan where he had to accept the required Russian escort to watch his every move. He managed to charm his attendant enough to get access to a number of the Muslim monuments that were rare to see at that time. His photos of the mosque and other Islamic architecture at Samarkand were well worth the troubles of the trip. Dan did an excellent job of keeping careful records of the photos he took and the history of the monuments. A number of the monuments he photographed have been destroyed or are no longer accessible. After his death in 2000, I donated the entire collection of his Islamic Architecture slides from that research trip to the Library of Alexandria in Egypt.

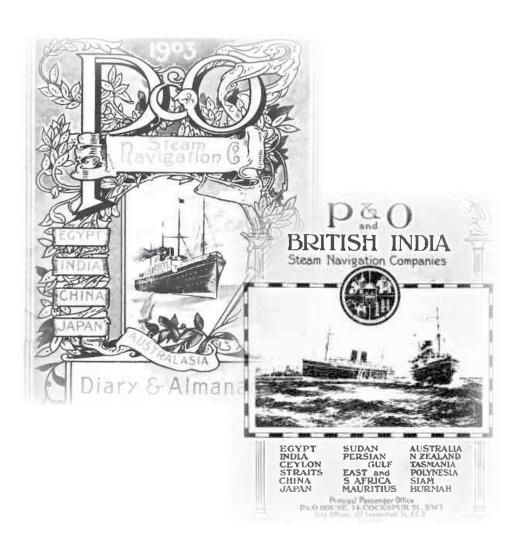












# 12.2 HOME LEAVES

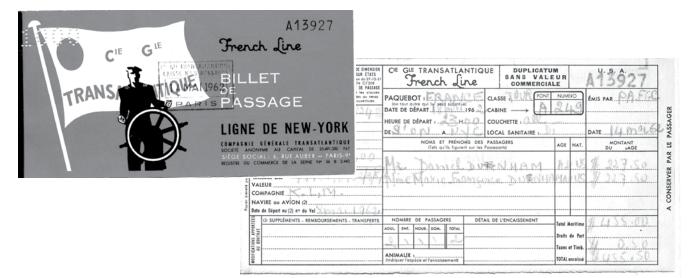
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## **OUR FIRST HOME LEAVE** (Fall 1961)

After our first year in Dacca, Dan and I took advantage of Berger's annual 'Home Leave' policy to come back to New York in the fall of 1961. We used the home leave trip as an opportunity to visit a number of other places. I remember how much I enjoyed our layover in Beirut. After a year in Dacca I appreciated the fresh strawberries and the walks on the unpopulated beach. Although we stayed in one of the best hotels, the rooms seemed small to us because we had gotten used to the high ceilings that were the norm in Dacca. After Beirut we went to Munich where Dan put in an order for my "tropical" weather harpsichord to be made (See Chapter 5 for more about my harpsichord). From Munich we went to Paris and then Le Havre where we boarded The France to make the ocean crossing to New York. We preferred to make the ocean crossing by ship rather than take the first class air travel tickets that Berger offered.



We took The France from Le Havre to New York



#### **NOT QUITE FITTING IN ...**

In New York we stayed at my father's apartment on 86<sup>th</sup> Street and at "Uplands," his new home on Long Island that Dan had designed. We spent time with good friends, but in a general we found that fitting into my father's New York social life was trying. On the one hand, it was difficult for us to explain our Dacca lives to people who had never been to Asia nor wished to go. We felt flummoxed trying to describe the environment of Dacca: its streets filled with colorful rickshaws and wandering cattle, or the dynamism of the crowded Old City to people who had never traveled outside of the US and Europe. And on the other hand, it was difficult for us to understand or take an interest in the lifestyles and choices we saw people around us making in New York.

#### PAT'S ADVICE TO ME ON WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN ON HOME LEAVE TO THE USA [P. Hill letter to MFC, 06/09/1964]

Pat also provided advice about how to prepare for Katherine's birth and ayah needs back in Dacca.

Dacca June 9, 1964

Chere chere Mary F ..

Your letter came yesterday, and I have fingered it and thumbed it and re-read it and carried it about with me like a comfort blanket. I miss you dreadfully. In some obscure way I feel happier having evidence that you really are there, eating all those astonishing things and seeing all those quaint landscapes and attending authentic indigeneous functions. And will come back home after all.

But what else could you do? You can't go on forever, biting your tongue at "In Pakistan---" and swallowing your native Bengali all unspoken. In the last few months I have wondered, briefly but fairly often, just how awful I will be when I'm back in the old country. I'm not at all confident that I can be rehabilitated at all. One can physically restrain oneself from wearing funny clothes or pouring Tabasco sauce in all the food: but how to keep quiet about Our Trip To The Village, or The Loved Ones, or the Pakistan Observer. I think of all the people we've read about who went to Asia and just sort of stayed on; or, much worse, the retired Indian Army lohk who went back to the old country and spent their autumn years sitting around in dismal clubs reminiscing with each other. At least they had each other --- who, in our villages, will ever talk Bengali with us?

It's two weeks since you started your letter to me, which means that this week or next should bring your incubation period to a dramatic conclusion. Oh how I do wish I could be there with you. I would be an ayah. It's hard to evaluate those Long Island ayahs from here: if you find one with good chits, you might put her on duty for a few days till you find out if the bacha is night-blooming variety. If he/she is a sleeper, you can probably manage nicely yourself, reading Spock and drinking milkshakes while the little one rests. If he/she tends to insomnia and conversation, Ayah will spell you, isn't it?

It is very important to have Dhobi and Bottle-washer, however.

By the time you are ready to bring the new one back where he/she belongs, you will have a fair idea of whether you want an ayah, and if so, whether you want a strong, knowledgeable ayah, or a meek uncertain little ayah who can stay with the baby when you go out but not get in your way otherwise. Let me know. Meanwhile, in your father's bari, grip your Baby and Child Care firmly and direct away.

I remember forsythia -- yes, and daffodils -- yellow tulips even. You might bring a picture postcard of the cherry blossoms. I have been trying to find out why all malis plant endless purple flowers. I have counted five kinds of purple flowers in my bagan. I don't know if they love the color -- it looks so teek in an orange wase -- or if these are just hardy flowers that can flourish without diligent care. I'm going to have the little fuschia pom-pom things torn out by the roots and burned with ceremony.

Which reminds me that I must tell you of the changes in our bari.

#### **HOME LEAVE SHOPPING LISTS**

On the whole, our visit back to our homeland was not very relaxing. I felt perpetually rushed because I had such a long list of items to bring back. Men (including our servants and Dan's office workers) mostly requested transistor radios and watches. But Mrs. Rahman's list, gave me a lot of stress because it was very long and she was the wife of Dan's boss. I was particularly perplexed by her request for American bed linens, given that Bengal was known for its fine muslin (called *mul mul*). But perhaps she desired the prestige of a JC Penney name tag. I took the gift lists very seriously and let them consume most of my time. But on following trips home, I learned to be more selective and to use my time better to enjoy the things that I liked to do.

## [DCD letter to MFD 08/23/1962]

BERGER TODAY AND WILL SEND

LIM A LIST OF MATERIAS NECESSARY

FOR THIS OFFICE, WHICH YOU MIGHT

BE ABLE TO BRING IF HR

WANTS YOU TO OTHERWISE

BOB CAN BRING THEM

[MFD letter to DCD]

Dr. Gren just came through on the Phone. He says it is much more important that we have soud repport with Pakistania rather than American and not to worry one bity if we want to keep our house.

He says AID gives us one air conditioner if we want & Says may people bring one extra for a den or play room.

He says not to bring things for other people became we have to take out all we bring in. If Mrs. Rahmam is not prepared to pay custome I would like to know right among. My plan now is to take her things with me (341 lbs. including the hot water healer, cand table, & chairs), since it is all things we don't have and could be for our personal use. Make sure she is prepared to pay customs when we leave. If she doesn't cancel the whole affair it will be the a big favor and I won't feel like going to her house for the heat two years.

Dr. Gray, one of Dan's Berger, bosses in the USA, confirming that MFD should not worry about the USAID living requirements and should feel free to reject them and continue to focus her interests on getting to know Pakistanis rather than adjusting to American ways.

Dr. Gray trying to relieve me of the responsibility I feel to bring back desired items for Pakistanis from the US (especially regarding Mrs. Rahman's extensive list of requests)



Our travel itinerary on the Vulacani and a description of the ship

on the Lusitania

(the boat sunk by

the Germans in

WWII).

Dressing for first class dining on the Vulcania



# KATHERINE'S BIRTH IN NEW YORK (Summer 1964)

I went to NYC in spring to prepare for Katherine's birth. I traveled to NYC via Cairo. Dan joined us in NYC after Katherine's birth. The three of us returned to Dacca on The Vulcania to Naples, then drove to Sicily, ferried to Athens, and flew back to Dacca. (See Chapter 6 for more on this home leave)

[MFD letter to Jock Coplan 11/06/1964, p.1]

We escaped the mainland by boat, the Mn Vulcania. When asked what that was Dan would answer the sister ship to the Lusitania, but when asked by Mr. Graves, his stock broker, he answered that we were going on the Lusitania and the man continued in the interview in a testy manner. If you have never heard of it, it is the oldest of the Italian line and due to be scrapped this Jan. In the brochure we saw that the dining room had an enormous chandelier (we planned to go first class), De la robias and mirrors with candelabra, our cabin with a private deck, and all the old world charm and service to make a pleasant two weeks voyage to Palermo with stops in Lisbon, Barcelona, Naples, The night before we got my first class wardrobe together from my scanty supply of old dresses that fit (I've gained ten pounds) and several aris with stoles, jewelry, and a dress which my father's housekeeper sewed in a day from 99cent material got at Macy's. I was the best dressed , at night at least, of first class, and while several of the other ladies put on the same dress twice, I always had a new way to drape a sari or combine a stole and always got comments. We hid the fact that we had to start dressing an hour ahead of time while Dan excersized his art of draping lenghts of material in different ways. He wore his tuxedo for all the galas and we wished you could have seen us. Being the youngest couple also added to our popularity amongst the returning immigrant set which composed the majority of first class. Fortunately we had some friends in cabin class, a friend of Dans from Paris days with her three girls and another couple. At Lisbon we took on my father but while we were in port made for Estoril and the casino where Dan won \$60 while we dined and watched the

### KATHERINE'S BIRTH IN NEW YORK cont.

[MFD letter to Jock Coplan 11/06/1964, p.2]

Entertainments on the ship

Worn down conditions of the cabins ...

Baby sitting for Katherine by a blond Italian girl

Dan saw all the movies

Good rest and good

Got off the ship at Palermo and rented a car to drive to Paris, site seeina along the way.

Visiting friends in Paris

A cold week in England: dan in London and me and Katherine with Emmy

Long flight on Quantas back to Dacca from London

floor show which fascinated more with horror than beauty and reminded us of the chorus line from Bulbul academy. The floor shows on the boat were produced by the stewards and stewardesses thmesleves, charming the first time, sort of musical skits, and there were other economies on the boat. The hardware was ready to go, the tap water a little rusty, the upholstery a little worn. They complained about the food in cabin class (I think they were getting our left overs) and there was a real old fashioned steerage third class down by the engine rroom. We found out how Italians could gush over a small baby and basked in it and have never seen the equal since except perhaps here. There was what Dan dalled the "Bacheria" where we could leave Katherine in the kind care of a blond Italian girl and also on days in port. The movies were something old and didn't always run smoothly but Dan went pretty consistently. He saw Tom Jones for the second time. We slept a great deal which was part of the reason for taking a cruise and the food was quite elegant and close to magazine represntations.

Daddy went on to Greece. We got off at Palermo, rented a car, drove to Agrigentum, spent a night in a doubtful hootel after visiting the timples and drove back to Palermo.From there to Paris where it was grey and chilly but the food tasted very good, the hotel was very friendly, and where we saw the Bordrionnets and the next day the Rey-Coquais who haven't changed at all. They have a small modern apartment but it is filled with reminders of Dacca and Thailand in the form of Buddas, Francois' clay chess set, Tibetan scroll, orietnal rug, Sunan's flower arrangements, and their still informal life. Caro is bigger and talking as fast as his father. The baby had had coqueluche and had been sent to the in-laws ih the country so Sunan could rest.

We went on to Engalnd for a week where Dan spent most of the time in London while I stayed with Emmy later joined by Daddy. It was quite cold. Frost when we left but they still keep the windows fully open . Emme seemed pleased with Katherine and had borrowed a genuine pram where Katherine was tucked in, rain or shine, and where she gathered roses in her cheeks like all good English babies. I gathered roses in mine too but they felt more like frost bite to me.

Then the long flight to Dacca which we lived through soem how. Quantas for out first time and not bad.



IUICES

SOUPS

HORS D'OEUVRE

We traveled first class with Katherine as a new born on the Mv. Vulcania Ocean Liner from New York to Naples.

> "Italia" Società per Azioni di Navigazione GENOVA

#### "VULCANIA"

Sailing from New York Tuesday, September 15, 1964

> Arrival at Trieste Thursday, October 1, 1964

#### Eastbound Schedule

New York September 15, 1964 September 22, 196 Lisbon Gibral'a September 24, 196 September 25. September 28, September 29. October 1. October 1.

FIRST CLASS

Milan

Pisotho th fres

M/n VULCANIA

Stazza lorda: 24.495 tonn.

Lunghezza m. 192 • Larghezza m. 24

Cabine con veranda privata in Prima Cl.

## Piscine all'aperto

Aria condizionata in varie sale sociali

Grapefruit, pineapple and saverkraut Gemella della "SATURNIA", questa nave effettua viaggi-crociera che offrono al passeggera una vacanza di grande interesse turistico prima del suo sbarco al porto di destinazione finale

CHEF'S SUGGESTION

" VULCANIA

PRIMAICLASSE

FIRST CLASS

Agnolotti w meat gravy

Mixed belied meat with plain vegetables

Combination salad Assorter cheese Queen cake

Fresh fruit in season

Agnoliotil with meat and and mushrooms Square noodles sluted with minced meat, cell brein, salsiccie, eggs, armanan cheese, selt and pepper. Then boiled to or 7 minutes, drained and served with meat were and mushrooms

Mixed boiled meat wir vegetables

consommé served with Boiled mixed meat plain vegetables and geen sauce.

#### Portuguese olives Mushroom in oil Celery and chicken j Parma raw ham Snapper mayonnalse, Russia

Roasted peppers

Anchovy fillets with Rollmops herrings Brazilian palmitos Marinated salmon Rice or pastina in co Clear consommé, hot or cold On on soup à la Française

Luncheon

Fresh fruit cup

Modena cooked ham

Salted gherkins

Spaghetti in butter and chaese FARINACEOUS Meat gravy Sauces: Curry Genoese Poache Omelet Lycnnaise EGGS . . . . Shirred w

Scrambled with ham Gold mackerel supr me, f Breaded fillet of Lounder

Pork cutlets, Hungarian style ENTREES . . . Rack of year casserole with article es

REGIONAL DISHES Agnolotti with meat gravy and mushrooms Mixed boiled meat with plair

GRILL TO ORDER Grilled steak, fried potatoes Calf's liver with bacon Buttered cauliflower Stewed pepper Pledmontese VEGETABLES .

Buttered Mashed POTATOES Baked Prime ribs of beet à l'Anglaise COLD BUFFET Stuffe Venison pie Truffled chicken galantine Leg of la Modena zampone

SAUCES Mayonnaise Cucumber, East Pakistan White beans SALADS Lettuce DRESSING Vinalgrette

Requefort Bel Paese

M/V VULCANIA

Gross Tons: 24,495

Length 631 ft. • Beam 79 ft.

Cabins with private verandah in First Cl. Outdoor pools

Air-conditioning in certain social rooms

Sister ship of the "SATURNIA", with an equally

renowned record for cruise-like voyages that help you unwind and enjoy a vacation even be

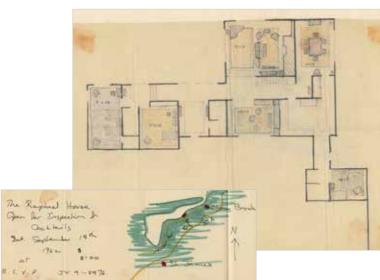
ach your final destination.

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# HOME LEAVE SUMMERS AT UPLANDS (1961, 1962, 1964, 1965)



FINISHING TOUCHES ON UPLANDS
Much of my time during these first
home leaves was spent helping my
father furnish Uplands, his new house
on Long Island which Dan had designed.







We celebrated Katherine's first birthday at Uplands in the summer of 1965. Hugh Murphy visited us that summer as well.







#### **HOME LEAVES**

1960 - Fall: Dan and I move to Dacca

1961 - Fall: Home Leave #1

Traveled through Beirut, then Munich, to order the spinet then went to Paris. Took The France ocean crossing, from Le Havre, to New York City. Spent time in NYC, Uplands and Florida visiting Mother D. Dan returned to Dacca via Munich to pick up the spinet I stayed on in New York two more months, fretting about fulfilling shopping requests from Pakistani friends.

1962 - Summer: Home Leave #2

1964 - Spring: Home Leave #3

I went to NYC in spring to prepare for Katherine's birth. I traveled to NYC via Cairo. Dan joined us in NYC after Katherine's birth. The three of us returned to Dacca on The Vulcania to Naples, then drove to Sicily, ferried to Athens, and flew back to Dacca.

1965 - Summer: Home Leave #4:

We celebrated Katherine's first birthday at Uplands.

1965 - Fall: Indo-Pak Evacuation

Katherine and I were evacuated with Mother D to Manila. (See chapter 15)

1967 - Summer: Final departure

We leave Dacca and move back to New York



Evacuation time in Manila with Maris, her baby son "Guslet," me, one year old Katherine and 84 year old Mother D (See chapter 15 for this story)