



SOME WEEP, SOME LAUGH

MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN DACCA 1960-1967

MARY FRANCES DUNHAM

~~~~~ V ~~~~~

OUR TROUBLES

আমাদের ঝামেলা

# SOME WEEP, SOME LAUGH

MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN DACCA 1960-1967

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MARY FRANCES DUNHAM

~ I ~

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#### 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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**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.**

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## SPECIAL THANKS

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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.

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## HOW TO READ THIS BOOK

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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 Chennai, Calcutta to Kolkata 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.

~~~~~ V ~~~~~

OUR TROUBLES
আমাদের ঝামেলা

(AMADER JAMELA)

- 13. WEATHER
- 14. DISCOMFORTS
- 15. STRIFE

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

MARY FRANCES DUNHAM

WEATHER

বার মাস*

(BARO MASH)

13.1 FOUR SEASONS

13.2 CYCLONES



* This Bengali wording is from our personal family patois



The Bengali months of the year are as follows :
(Month="mahsh")

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Apr. 14 (New Year's Day)—May 15 | Boy-shahk |
| May 15—June 15 | Joy-stoh |
| June 15—July 17 | Ah-shar |
| July 17—August 17 | Shrah-bohn |
| Aug. 17—Sept. 17 | Bah-droh |
| Sep. 17—Oct. 18 | Ah-sheen |
| Oct. 18—Nov. 17 | Kar-teek |
| Nov. 17—Dec. 16 | Aw-graw-hon, (Aw-grahn) |
| Dec. 16—Jan. 15 | Pohsh |
| Jan. 15—Feb. 13 | Mahg |
| Feb. 13—March 15 | Fahl-goon |
| March 15—April 14 | Choy-troh (Soy-troh) |

13.1 FOUR SEASONS

DACCA'S SEASONS

The seasonal changes in climate especially the changes in humidity influenced our daily lives from what we ate to our social activities and to our travels. Of the four main seasons, winter was the most pleasant and Monsoon, the rainy season, the most difficult.

Winter
Pre-monsoon
Monsoon
Post Monsoon

WINTER: THE MOST COMFORTABLE SEASON

(mid-November to mid-February: cool and dry)

LIKE CÔTE D'AZUR IN SPRING

We used to compare the feeling of a winter day in Dacca to being on the Côte d'Azur in spring. By noon the temperature would warm from the 60s to the high 70s, and the air would be clear. During the day it would be warm enough to take a shower with our solar-heated water. By evening the temperatures dropped enough for Dan to set up his coal-burning tripod contraption (see chapter 09) to warm the living room where we could sit cozily around it with our guests to enjoy the heat. Outside fireflies played in our garden, but so did mosquitoes, which put a damper on enjoying the garden in the evenings.

SOCIAL SEASON

Winter was the best season for dining outdoors, parties, traveling, food and guests. The climate was cool and dry enough to eat all our meals outdoors in our back patio. The night skies were clear and still warm enough to host large parties and events outside – such as our annual Christmas party and Dan's February birthday (See Chapter 8). Winter was also high season for Bengali weddings because everything was easier when the weather was favorable.

BEST TIME FOR TRAVEL & FOOD

Traveling was also much easier during winter months when we could enjoy picnics and country boat rides without the discomforts of heat and/or rain. Food was more varied during the winter dry season when vegetables that we had missed began to reappear on the market: such as lettuce, string beans, spinach and peas. By Christmas we always had plenty of sweet juicy tangerines. The dry winter season, was also the best time to host guests from abroad. For Emmy, my father, and Dan's mother we made sure to schedule their stays with us during the pleasant winter season.



The dry winter seasons brought water shortages and the river levels dropped.

MOSQUITOES & DUST

Winter, however, also came with its discomforts namely mosquitoes and dust. In the early evenings, mosquitoes would gather to feast on us: face, neck, legs and feet were always vulnerable. Nevertheless, we continued to enjoy dining and entertaining guests outdoors in the evenings without much complaint. Even “our gang” tolerated the mosquitoes when they slept on the veranda at night. I could understand why British women of colonial times in India used to wear canvas boots under their formal gowns to protect their ankles from the onslaught of mosquitoes, but I was grateful to have our electric fans instead to blow the mosquitoes off.

Perhaps more problematic than the mosquitoes was the dust that the dry winter months brought. Dust became a constant nuisance: getting into food, covering every thing from work papers to clothing and books. Regardless of how many times a day surfaces were cleaned, the dust would make its return.

PRE-MONSOON: HEATING UP

(mid-February to mid-April: temperatures are rising)

By early March, the weather was still dry, but beginning to get uncomfortably warm during the day (into the 80s and 90s), while remaining cool and pleasant in the evenings. Every year Dan took advantage of those last cool days of March to host my birthday celebrations outdoors. (See Chapter 8).

By April, leafy vegetables and tomatoes were getting scarce, but lychee trees were in full blossom with their succulent fruit. We had a fertile lychee tree in the lane near our garden. What the birds and local boys didn't get to first, we consumed. We loved lychees so much that we had Cook buy them daily from the local market. Dan admired how well lychees were designed by nature to take the same amount of time to peel as to eat. He used to say that when he rode the train, the station stops seemed to be timed so that he could consume a bunch of lychees in time to buy more at the next station.

By May, Dan would begin to suffer with the heat. Although Dan had spent some of his childhood in Florida and had worked in Morocco, he felt the Dacca heat was much worse. Dan and I never liked air conditioners. We preferred to use our fans and other methods to stay cool. For example, on especially hot nights, Dan would wrap himself in a damp *lungi* and sleep under the fan. This worked very well to keep him cool until the *lungi* was dry at which point he was usually asleep. Dan often justified our choice to forego air conditioning by saying it allowed him to sympathize with his students and office staff who turned up late or not at all after a hot, sleepless night.

When Dan had accepted the Berger job to come to Dacca, he had envisioned that I would escape the hot season in Dacca by escaping to a “hill station” like the British memsahibs of yore, where he would come visit me. However, I didn't need to read Kipling's descriptions of how boring life was in the hill stations to know that confinement in a hill resort would not be my cup of tea, regardless of how cool and scenically beautiful it might be. I was grateful to be allowed to remain with Dan in hot Dacca instead.

“When the sky is full of clouds,
And there are flashes of lightening
And the rain pours down from all corners
‘My love is away: let him come back’”

[Shamsuzzaman, *Folklore of Bangladesh*, p.308]



British hill station in India

“I could never stand the Plains,
Think of blazing June and May,
Think of those September rains
Yearly till the Judgment Day!
I should never rest in peace,
I should sweat and lie awake.
To the Hills for old sake's sake.”

[Kipling's Verse, p.32. From “*A Ballade of Burial*”]

“...so we rush from fur cloaks
and shawls and stoves, to
muslin gowns and fans”

[Eden Sisters' Letters]

MONSOON: GETTING WET

(mid-April to mid-September: daily torrential rains & periodic cyclones)

The word monsoon comes originally from the Arabic word for weather *mausim*. Over time the word came to be associated with the specific season brought on by the South Indian winds and the torrential rains that accompany them. By May everyone was longing for the start of monsoon to give some relief to the rising heat and humidity of pre-monsoon.

“Our gang” would scan the sky in the mornings hoping to see a cloud. Eventually by afternoon magnificent clouds like Baroque sculpture would start to form. We would go out into our garden to watch with amazement the landscape of clouds evolving and parading across the sky. Sometimes the first outburst wouldn’t come for days and when it did, it might be hail as big as Ping-Pong balls. Supposedly people had been killed by the falling ice, nevertheless “our gang” liked to run out into the garden to catch the ice “stones” for fun.

“When the storm clouds rumble in the sky
and June showers come down,
The moist east wind comes marching over
the heath to blow its bagpipes among the
bamboos. Then crowds of flowers come out
of a sudden, from nobody knows where, and
dance upon the grass in wild glee.”

[Tagore, *The Crescent Moon*. p.45]



The front garden of Hafiz Villa flooded after a storm

“The coming of the rains was always dramatic: Hot wind blew through our bungalow day and night from this huge plain and then the clouds began to bank up and there was an unbearable feeling and pressure. Then the rains came down with terrific force such as you hardly ever see in Europe..... within two or three days this would go on, and within those two or three days the whole area around the house turned green...”

[Allen, *Plain Tales of the Raj*. p.139. Quote from a letter]

“The waters are receding now ... and Ramna Park playground which is my personal gauge is almost free of water”
[DCD letter MFD 09/20/1962]

[DCD letter to MFD 09/01/1962]

next, summarized in four sentences
by announced:
We have a harpsichord
" " four kittens
" " a flood
What had some disease which he got over



My description of monsoon fruits
[MFD diary 04/29/1961]

Fruits have been delicious, especially the liches. Mangoes will get better and the fresh pineapple is a new delight. I read in the papers that UNESCO has reported amongst other statistics that the Pakistanis are the smallest eaters in the world. I believe it. We get what we can from the market and supplement with what canned goods we can get from the “luxury” stores. No chocolate in any form. No yeast. Poor baking powder. The new architect in town is working on Dacca university and setting up an office.

My descriptions of the monsoon heat, floods & fruit
[MFD letter to Emmy 07/05/1961]]

90s but there have only been a few days when we really missed the heat. The monsoon rain have been gentle & rather pleasant. Dan sends a lot of the cork and other Pakistanis complaints of the heat, but I seem to be in blooming health for the moment and feel quite energetic. Dan keeps saying he will take away my bicycle so I don't ride it in the sun the way I do. However, there must be something unhealthy in the air to cause all the minor ills there are.

[MFD letter to CGR 03/16/1963]

The weather is in the 90s but I don't mind. Dan is beginning to feel it. We will move into the front room soon. We haven't made a final decision about the two air conditioners we are entitled to. We can't think where to put them or how to seal up the house. The harpsi is my only worry but even with an air conditioner, should it ever go off, the harpsi could suffer.

MONSOON: GETTING WET cont.

MONSOON IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

During the monsoon the countryside turned emerald green as the rice paddies grew lush with only the tips of the grasses visible above the surface of the waters. Villagers used small row boats and coracles for visiting between compounds. This was the season for the famous long boat races near Hasnabad (see Chapter 7).

Meanwhile, flooding in the countryside caused problems. Rivers swelled and flooded their banks. Small streams lost their course and village compounds built on raised ground were stranded by water. Snakes, moved to the high ground of household compounds endangering the lives of families. Death rates always rose during monsoon due to the increase in fatal snake bites. We learned from “our gang” that trees were to be avoided because they might attract snakes. Nevertheless, in spite of their fear of trees, Dan and I insisted on keeping a few. One year we were lucky to have a mongoose living in our garden on whom we could rely to keep the snakes away.

Once the monsoon rains started in earnest they could last whole days and nights or become intermittent. Steady rains occasionally lasted long enough to turn our garden and back patio into shallow ponds. So that we could get to our front gate, “our gang” would make a path of bricks for us to walk on. The sunny hours between downpours were times for drying wet laundry and running errands, but the heat would rise so high that we soon craved the next downpour.

By August, mangoes began to appear in the markets, a long awaited delight. Even when they were unripe, still green and hard, they were tasty with a vinaigrette sauce. The Bengali women chose these for making pickled chutneys. The sweetest ripe mangoes came from Mymensingh and Rajshai districts. Leafy vegetables and tomatoes were scarce, but watermelons and jackfruits (a fruit we never liked) were plentiful.

During September into October our patience with the perpetual dampness would be running short and we looked forward to the dry season of winter. Everything seemed eternally damp: sandals and shoes were covered in mildew, sheets were moist and clothes were wet. All the space of our verandas was occupied by drying laundry, bed sheets and *lungis*. After months of rain, the entire city would look worn down with dark mildew covering both the exteriors and interiors of all the buildings.



Hasnabad is under
4'-0" water and all the
servants have gone home
with Bags of Rice. I
am moaching meals
around town.
yours sincerely

[DCD letter to MFD]

“... The rain also fills the night. There is a delicious cool in the evenings that seems to instill the heat-baked body with new life.”

[Novak, p.25]



Villagers use coracles to get around when the river waters are high

Dan's letter to me about flooding in the villages and potential famine and Wohab and Cook taking food back to their village. [DCD letter to MFD 09/01/1962]

all of the servants except the molly have gone home and he is doing yomans service, cooking breakfast, washing and ironing, gardening and whitewashing little patches of the house. I have been getting myself invited out every night this week. I told you in the last letter that Wohab and the wok went back home to the village with bags of rice, now the paper is reporting a full scale famine in manikganj which is the next town up the river, where the ~~launch~~ launch goes. So their family is eating at least, or else they have sold it on the Black Market and will never come back. Water is still rising but I figure this is the last day for Dacca. If you have not answered my cable by tomorrow I will make new lists and send them off to you. I will also send a new cable. Today I am sick, I have a cold or worse the flu which everyone is getting

MONSOON: GETTING WET cont.

*"... Bengali people cherish rain for its blessing upon the crops, but do not like their persons exposed to it."
[P. Hill, Moon Bazar, p37]*

PAT'S DESCRIPTION
OF MONSOON
[P. Hill, Moon Bazar,
pp.12.-119)

Chapter Nine

MONSOON

In April and May, East Pakistan waited tautly for the monsoon rains as the temperature climbed. Sometimes a quick storm brought a brief ease, with little hot curly wires of lightning and then a sudden pointless illumination of the sky, barking thunder, and the wind blowing rain through the screens. Presently a wedge of wholesome sky appeared through a rent in the gray cotton cloud, and the storm was finished.

Early in May, before we had air-conditioning, it was too hot to sleep after five in the morning, and I would wander to the veranda hoping to catch a breeze. At that hour, the sun sat like a ripe egg yolk over a slab of roof. The scent was fading from the Queen-of-the-Night blossoms, and the chawkidor nodded in his cane chair. A lone man in a plaid lungi stood in the road and scratched himself; a boy appeared leading a horse, and a wallah danced by with a head basket; more and more came. By 5:30 Satmasjid Road was alive with foot traffic, all silent, thonged or barefoot. Sometimes there was a freshness, almost a breath of wind, on the air, but the day was already warm and damp. Only the birds were audible.

Later in the day, I could only sit, gasping and wilted, and watch the laborers in the street--climbing telephone poles, spreading hot tar on the roadbed, carrying bulky stacks of brick on their heads. They moved slowly; I marvelled that they moved at all. A single kite might fly up from a field, dark and pointed against the sky above the lacy branches of the krishnachura tree. The neighborhood tank was still, opaque, gray-green. There the dhobis washed clothes, and people gathered to wash themselves and their cows and water buffalo. On very hot days the surface was stippled with brown shoulders and black heads.

The most difficult feature of this season was the tension, which built up steadily toward explosion. Problems--servant, domestic, and health--all reached their crises, and people were fired, or quit, or got divorces, or got sick. I can't believe it was merely the heat, for air-conditioning didn't relieve it, but some subtler atmospheric quality which scrambled brains and shredded nerves.

On June 7 the wind changed, and the rain fell, not in drops but in streams and sheets. A low wet gray sky hung over a low wet gray earth. Gray water stood six inches deep in the compound. Wind drove rain through the clothes and tore umbrellas from clinging hands. Kripa said it was the monsoon, and somebody at Ralph's office said it was the tail end of whatever it was, it changed our world from a flat pan of baked earth and brassy light and dust to a basin of cloud and water. Black umbrellas bloomed everywhere. Bottle caps and banana peels rose from swelling gutters and floated through the yard. Drains were clogged, roofs leaked, our whitewashed walls were darkly streaked. Water flooded the servants' quarters, and one morning I saw one of their shoes sailing past the kitchen door. Rain came through the big window in the dining room--though it was closed--and the cloth lining of the new bamboo bled green onto the bamboo, the walls, the floor. Blackish patches appeared and spread on faithless ceilings. We watched with gloomy interest and wondered What To Do.

We sent for the landlord's cousin brother, who was his structural agent while the landlord was in America--studying/engineering.

The cousin brother was of the slight boneless type, with liquid black eyes that said nothing and a strenuous stubborn smile. He leaned on his furred umbrella while we pointed out the untenable defects in the structure, and inclined his head repeatedly toward his shoulder in the Bengali gesture of assent. And simply did nothing. Threatened with legal action, he looked at us with puppy's eyes or shifted his gaze uneasily. It became evident that he had no intention of squandering his important brother's money on waterproofing servants' quarters. After arduous harassment, we got an electric outlet and a bit of putty at the window. We decided to look for another house.

MONSOON: GETTING WET cont.

PAT'S DESCRIPTION
OF MONSOON
[P. Hill, Moon Bazar,
pp.12.-119)

Meanwhile, sheets and towels were draped over all the furniture to dry. Anthony's skin was so clammy that he would have slipped through our fingers if his heat rash had not provided a grippable surface. An air conditioner arrived at last; and when it had been triumphantly hoisted into place, and its bent fans straightened so that it stopped yelling and roared evenly, the electric power went off. The master brushed his teeth by candlelight, mumbling something about "these poor little people."

After a rain, we could hear the tik-tikis, the tiny lizards with surprisingly loud voices, rather like metal striking glass. Clouds massed in the sky--charcoal and dove and cream and mauve, pyramids and columns of cloud, freshly combed cloud, pillows and suds and cones, subdued in color by extravagant in shape and texture.

Every time I walked into the kitchen, I renewed my resolve to find another place to live. In that close room, with its single window, they could not even use the fan because it blew the kerosene flame out. Sweat rolled steadily from the brown faces. Steam rose from the boiling rice, mustard oil spluttered in the frying pan, and there was always the smell of masala spices, and, faintly, kerosene. Sometimes an anxious chicken crouched behind the door, cackling wildly when approached. The day's marketing would be spread out--a bunch of blue spinach, a few potatoes, a spray of green coriander leaf.

At best, the market did not offer a liberal choice. Many delicacies we never saw at all: sweet bell peppers, avocados, artichokes, mushrooms, fresh safe dairy products, to name a few. Apples and oranges imported from the West wing were shockingly expensive. As the monsoon rains approached, the local stocks dwindled. By mid-May green beans, spinach, lettuce, tomatoes and crayfish had disappeared. Fish was in irregular supply. A long prospect of eggplant, okra, and white pumpkin lay ahead.

"Madame, what you like for dinner? On Monday is no beef in market. Maybe also no mutton." Pause. "You like chicken?"

But we had, in season, an abundance of papaya, pineapple and mango, and fresh flowers filled our pottery jars daily.

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 madjiis (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."

We tied the boat at a banyan tree while we swam and ate our sandwiches; they said it was a sacred Hindu tree, with red symbols painted on the submerged part of the trunk. The madjiis smoked, and the village boys came out in their boats to join us, first to watch closely, then to swarm up the tree and into the water, laughing and splashing. Wohab, with his swarthy shoulders and wet black hair sticking out of the water and a bunch of green leaves in his hand, looked like a four-color ad for a South Pacific island.

We stopped at a village hat, the weekly bazaar, where rice and fish heads, betel nut and cigarettes, were sold. We bought sugar cane and a few shopworn bananas, and then headed our ark back to the bridge, drowsy and comfortable. Our madji, pictorial in his green lungi and a broad bamboo hat, put up the sail. The other boatman poled and sang all the way.

In the villages the rains brought relief and suffering. The rice grew, and that sustained life. The footpaths softened to mire, the children were in constant danger of drowning, and rising waters licked away at the mud foundations and sometimes crept into the low-lying houses. Thatched roofs leaked. Many houses had been damaged by storms in April and May, and if they could not be repaired before the rains started, for lack of time or money, they had to wait until the rains had finished.

POST MONSOON: DRYING OUT

(mid-September to mid-November: drying out)

With the coming of the dry season, city dwellers would start the job of “freshening” up their buildings and throughout the city one would see *mistris* busily white washing surfaces to a bright white if only for a few months before the mildew of the next monsoon season takes over.

Dan had insisted on keeping our Hafiz Villa exterior walls the original grey as we found them but we did have *mistris* white wash all our interior walls. It seemed *Sysaphisean* task to re-whitewash walls every year, but necessary nevertheless, if we didn’t want to live among grungy mildewed-stained rooms.

“When you walk out of the customs shed into the sun of India it hits you like a blow, and it continues to do that all through the years you’re in India. Every time you walk out of doors during the middle of the day you feel as if you’ve been hit by something....”

[Quote from Famy J. Baker, Six Merry Mummer. Allen, *Plain Tales from the Raj*, p.51]

The heat was so great at times that heat stroke was possible. Dan used to make a point of eating salt to keep his body hydrated

[MFD letter to Small, 09/01/1960]

The weather has not been bad. Generally a breeze, about air cooling shower - daisy, and at home we are quite happy with the fans. Temps. = 80-90°. However, they say the heat is yet to come this month when the showers cease & the earth steams off. The sun & showers make for pretty scenery, daisy, greenery and bright blossoms, as it should be.

[MFD letter to Peggy 11/09/1966]

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 visit E. Pakistan this week.

Dr.

The weather is glorious. We are thankful for that. (and the servants, of course.) It is cool and yet too early for much dust.

I got a group of memeba into a Bengali dancing class after

Post Monsoon Annual house rehabilitation



13.2 CYCLONES

THREE BIG CYCLONES MAY 1963, MAY 1965, AND NOVEMBER 1970

Pre-monsoon and post-monsoon seasons were prone to violent hurricanes called cyclones or “typhoons” (Chinese for “big winds”). They swept in from the Bay of Bengal, devastating the coastal regions with ocean surges and powerful winds, which could reach as far inland as Dacca. Within a month of our move into “Hafiz Villa,” Dacca suffered one of these cyclones.

What I remember most from the cyclones was the amount of rain that perpetually came into the house despite all our efforts to keep it out. As the first raindrops fell, we would shut all the many shutters around the house, plunging the rooms into semi darkness. As the wind and rain gathered strength, the rain would penetrate the air openings in the top of the walls and soon the walls and floors would be soaked. Our staff would run about frantically mopping knowing it was futile to keep anything dry for long. The sound of the wind outside the house reminded me of September hurricanes on Long Island when I would listen to the wind whipping through the trees snapping off branches.



Cyclone damage to Hafiz Villa



David Owen's description of floods, cyclones etc. [Owen 1963 article about conditions in East Pakista at that time]

Floodsand cyclones destroy property every year, but no effective steps have been taken to control their damage. Milk supplied by AKE/ CARE and thousands of woollen blankets donated by the U.S. for flood victims can be bought openly on the black market. Bengal's upper classes are complacently irifferent to the loss of life and farmlands among the peasants. Flood relief funds are frequently diverted from their rightful beneficiaries

MY FIRST DACCA CYCLONE APRIL 1961

My description of my first experience with a Dacca cyclone [MFD diary, 04/28/ 961]



The electricity of course went off but was on by the next day. The unexpected thing was that the storm should reach as far inland as Dacca and Bansal district to the East (W?) suffered much more. The count on lives lost is up to 1,000 and if there would have been many more except that the

“... The count o lives lost is up to 1,000 and there would have been many more except that the last cyclone took so many ...”

“... Winds were up to 80mph in Dacca ...”

“... one panel and brick column of his wall had gone over. ... so Dan went out and loosened some more ... unfortunately ... we lost half the columns in the end...”

last cyclone took so many there were few people left on the coast. Winds were up to 80 MPH in Dacca and it was like a good 2-3 hurricane to me, buffeting winds, driving rain. It really began to blow + rain around 10 AM. The cook insisted on going to the market so I figured this must be one of the seasonal storms we had been told to expect at this time. I didn't know or think to see the wind was in the wrong direction for that. The cook got back and we began hanging up a large laundry on wires in our empty room of the 3 large ones. Dan came home being worried and saw that one panel and brick column of his wall had gone over. We still thought the storm would blow over and prepared to wait. The wind got rougher so Dan went out and loosened so more panels. Unfortunately he didn't loosen them all thinking the others were protected by the neighbors wall and we lost half the columns in the end. The cook began to worry about his family but was afraid to go out. Dan pushed him out, taking the useless umbrella he was clutching from him and saying he would go with him.

MY FIRST DACCA CYCLONE cont.

My description of my first experience with a Dacca cyclone [MFD diary, 04/28/961]

"I could hear the wail of a man praying next door...."

"Dan said that he and the cook had to run from wall to wall to avoid the flying debris."

"... a completely naked Pakistan running down the road after his lungie ..."

duringly it takes about 10 mins on foot to reach the cook's house. Dan returned an hour or more later. Hanam, the cook's son and I, waited, our noses to the window or wandering about the soaking house. Our kittens slept peacefully as did the doves in the empty room. I could hear the wail of man praying next door. The bamboo house which houses the rickshaws as well as their owners collapsed around the rickshaws. Dan said that he and the cook had to run from wall to wall to avoid the flying debris. The cook's house was still standing but the protecting walls around his compound had gone. His family was all right. On the way back Dan stopped for half an hour in a house. The rain was so strong he couldn't see. By the time he got back the storm was getting softer. By two o'clock it had completely died down and the sun had come out. We rushed to the Matzakis' to compare adventures. Mr. Matzakis' car had chosen this day to catch on fire as he tried to get home. He had been fortunate in getting help to a garage but for awhile on the road he thought he would have to abandon the car as many had to do anyway. Meanwhile the kitchen shutters had blown off in their kitchen & it was filled several inches high with water in which all her empty tins were bobbing around. Mrs. Matzakis from the balcony (they have a 2nd floor apartment) saw a completely naked Pakistani running down the road after his "lungie" which was blowing away. She heard a great crash above her and later found that the corrugated roof of her servants quarters built on the house roof had blown off. Later she watched fly down into the garden where it landed on the upturned end of a two -

wheel cart and made it see-saw. They were finishing lunch when we arrived and we hurried them into taking a sight-seeing walk. Pakistanis were everywhere scavenging for wood and bamboo, fishing for the little fish caught in puddles made by the rain and overflow of ditches. The tanks were higher and there were ponds over lawns & meadows. Big yellow frogs with blue wind bags that they would blow in & out like bubble-gum sat on the edges and from a distance it looked like bright yellow flowers had sprouted. We found large hawks crippled on the ground or dead. One tiny swallow like bird caked with mud we took home but by evening he was dry and strong enough to fly away. We bought some candles at the local bazaar for the evening. Everyone was out and the children were playing in their own little tanks. The wind and rain had been chilly but by sunset the air was hot and humid. The next day I visited "Aliville" to see how they had fared. The houses were all standing but one of Ali's walls had started to blow off. The central courtyard was a mess of wet and trampled mud with garbage mixed in. You could feel the steam ascending. Many of the large trees which make this park district so beautiful fell and several roads were a tangle of trees & wires. The Queen's house's garden lost some and one fell through the wall. The roots of trees are shallow and the earth being clay it is easy to topple them. Generally all the mess was cleared up rapidly. It has taken until now, however, to rebuild our wall! And to-day there is news of 60 MPH cyclone working itself up at sea.

"Pakistanis were everywhere scavenging for wood and bamboo..."

"Big yellow frogs with blue wind bags that they would blow in & out like bubble gum sat on the edges.."

"Many of the large trees which make this park district so beautiful fell and several roads were a tangle of trees & wires."

"It has taken until now, .. to rebuild our wall. And today there is news of 60MPH cyclone working itself up at sea."



We had experienced enough cyclones to know that the momentary calm in the midst of a cyclone was only temporary as the eye of the storm passed over us.

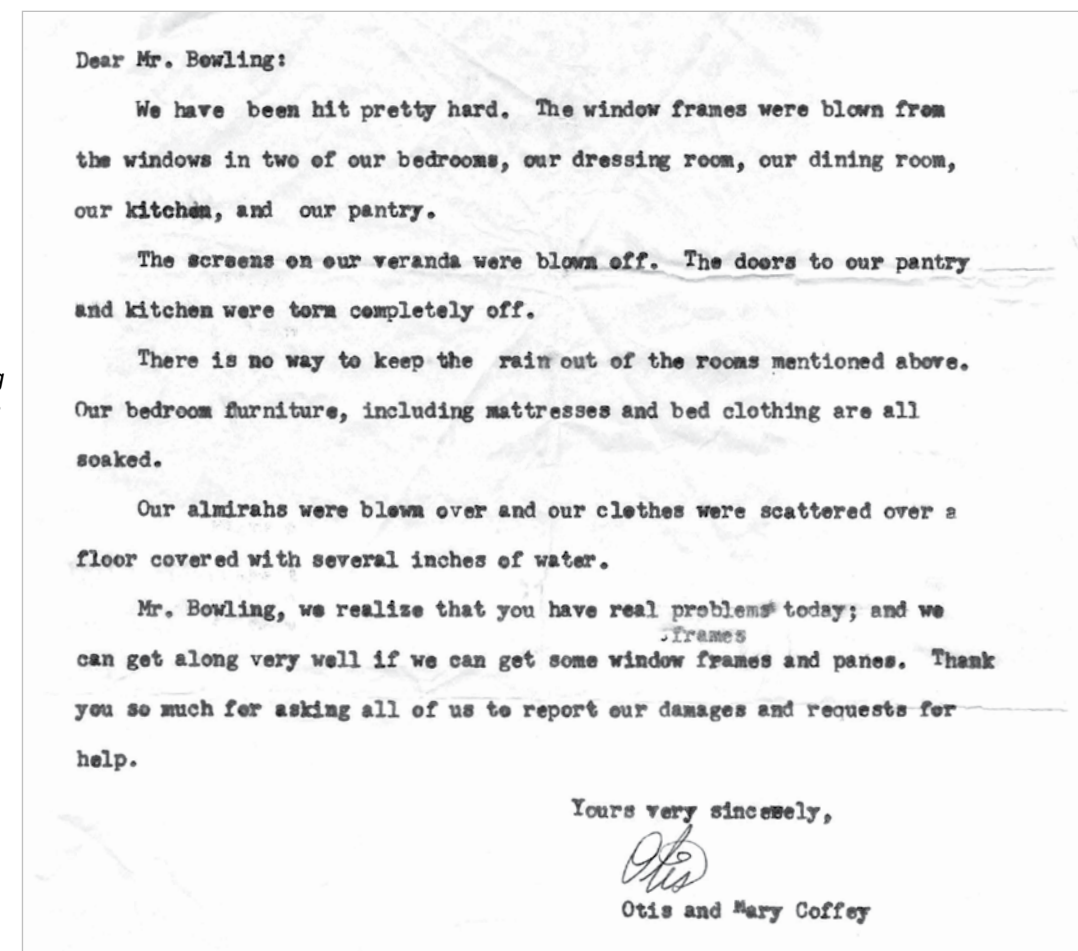


MAY 1963 CYCLONE

In our second fall, Dacca was struck by a particularly ferocious cyclone. After the first night of the storm, Dan wanted to see how the world around us was faring. Although our staff tried to dissuade him, he left to explore our neighborhood. He had hardly gone a few yards from our gate when he found himself chest deep in a drainage hole that had become hidden below the flooded surface of the road. A number of men had to help him get out. When he arrived home he looked like he had been rescued from a shipwreck. He had tales of the devastation he had seen around him: trees blown down and one-room shacks collapsed or bereft of their roofs. I remember a large tree that was knocked down across the road near us. People had to climb over it to get past. Within a day the tree was stripped of all its branches and cut down and removed by locals who needed the wood. The newspapers displayed dramatic headlines and photos of the cyclone's rampage. At the time we thought that we had survived an unusually large storm, but we soon learned that these big storms were endemic.



Letter describing cyclone damage

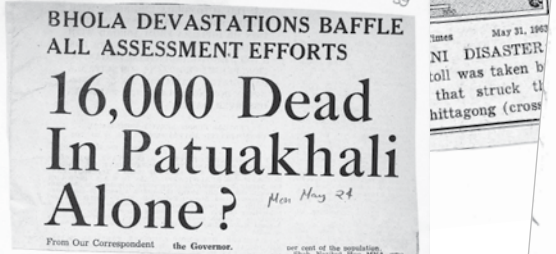
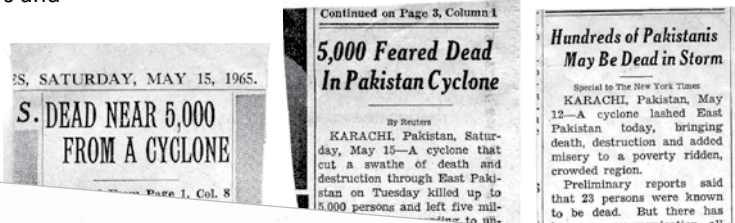
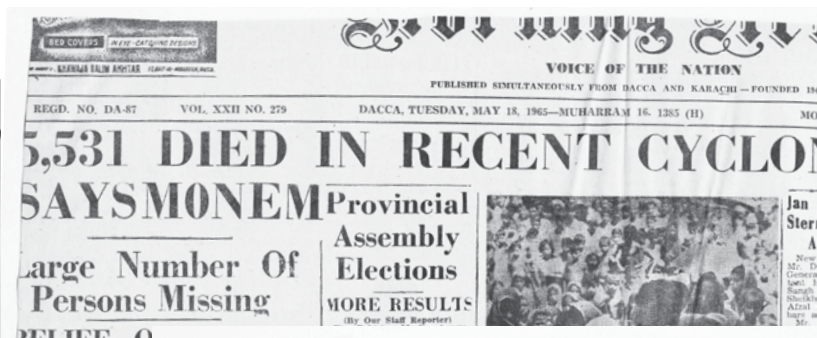
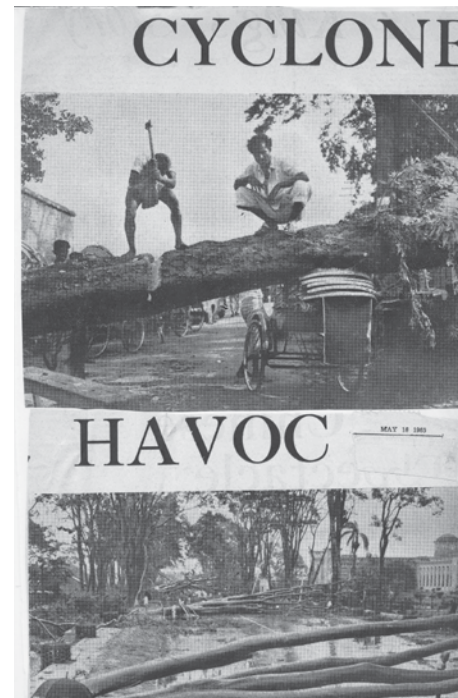


“... fluctusque ad sidera tollit ...”
 (...waves as high as the stars.)

[Virgil, Aeneid p.4]

MAY 1965 CYCLONE

We experienced a particularly strong cyclone the first week that Mother D (Dan's 80 year old mother) came to visit us when Katherine was a baby. Having survived a number of hurricanes in Florida, Mother D was relatively accustomed to big storms, but this particular one was by far the worst she had ever experienced. I will always remember the scene of Dan desperately trying to keep Mother D's tall figure protected under a flimsy sheet of blowing plastic as he walked her from her house to ours. Meanwhile the tree branches and signboards around them were thrashing in the winds threatening to fall on them. She past the worst hours of that cyclone in our house, occupying herself with the supervision of "our gang" as they mopped floors and rung out clothes.



Dan's sketch for a village house cyclone shelter, 1965 (See Chapter 04).

Continued on Page 3, Column 1

5,000 Feared Dead In Pakistan Cyclone

Special to The New York Times

KARACHI, Pakistan, May 12—A cyclone lashed East Pakistan today, bringing death, destruction and added misery to a poverty ridden, crowded region.

Preliminary reports said that 23 persons were known to be dead. But there has been no communication all

ES, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1965.

S. DEAD NEAR 5,000 FROM A CYCLONE

Page 1, Col. 8

**DIVISION OF OVERSEAS MINISTRIES
CHURCH WORLD SERVICE DEPARTMENT
475 Riverside Drive
New York, New York 10027**

May 21, 1965

REPORT OF DISASTER AND EMERGENCY RESPONSE NO. 15

TO: Church World Service Department Committee

FROM: Wilson O. Radway, Acting Executive Director

SUBJECT: *Wilson O. Radway*
EAST PAKISTAN TORNA DO

The following cables have been received as the result of the tonnado that hit the Coltz area of East Pakistan and particularly the Barisal District.

From Frank Hutchison in Dacca, East Pakistan May 19, 1965:

"CYCLONE DESTRUCTION EXCEEDS 1961 TEN THOUSAND DEAD HUNDREDS OF VILLAGES WASHED AWAY LARGE AREA STILL ISOLATED FOOD AND WATER LACKING EPCC (EAST PAKISTAN CHRISTIAN COUNCIL) CONCENTRATING BARISAL DISTRICT PURCHASING LOCAL FOOD BUILDING MATERIAL RECRUITING PERSONNEL AMEND INITIAL REQUEST WCC \$2500 CABLE \$5000 CWS"

From Dr. Leslie Cooke, WCC May 20, 1965

"EAST PAKISTAN CATASTROPHE REPORTED CAUSING ELEVEN THOUSAND DEATHS SEVEN MILLION HOMELESS NECESSITATES MAJOR ACTION BY CHURCHES WCC STAFF MEMBER NOW IN DACCA REPORTING DETAILED NEEDS MAKING INITIAL APPEAL FOR ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS AS FIRST RESPONSE UNPRECEDENTED SITUATION MAINLY RECONSTRUCTION REHABILITATION NEEDS PLEASE INDICATE POSSIBLE CONTRIBUTION EARLIEST COOKE"

28 May 1965

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
c/o American Consulate
Dacca, E. Pakistan

Marquis and Stoller
737 Beach Street
San Francisco 9, Calif.
U. S. A.

Dear Both:

Consistent with my policy of being of help when little time and effort on my part is enquired, I enclose this map of your share of our disaster. The trees marked X no longer exist.

Whl else is well here. We lost some 13,000 + souls to the south of us but only 41 people and a large percentage of the trees in this city.

Sincerely,
Dan Dunham

To the Editor
The Morning News
Dacca

Electricity has returned to our house within forty-eight hours of its extinction by one of the worst storms to hit Dacca in a long time -one of the worst storms I have ever experienced.

It sometimes takes over a week to restore the electricity in our part of the United States after lesser hurricanes.

Pakistan Zindabad !

A foreign dweller in Shantinagar, Dacca
May 13, 1965

ASQD480 UA1274
NEWYORK 9 12 2050

DUNHAM AMNCONSULATE DACCA

PLEASE WIRE CYCLONE SITUATION LOVE

PERE

MAY 1965 CYCLONE cont.

My detailed description of the 1965 spring cyclone to my father [MFD letter to CGR, 05/15/1965]

"... we lose all our servants as they return to the village to rebuild their houses..."

"The city ... is in a tragic state - most roads are a tangle of fallen trees and electric wires..."

"... but everything seems to be in rapid restoration - quite amazing..."

"... The cyclone ... never seemed to let up, and quite terrifying for those in solid houses let alone the thousands whose houses were collapsing and blowing away so that all they could do was huddle in the wind and lashing rain and hope..."

"... The Pakistanis, having survived the night, were in the gayest mood in spite of all the destruction..."

"All smiling and singing. Scavenging, rebuilding in the rain, visiting, exchanging news. It was like a holiday"

Yes. We had quite a storm (Your telegram arrived an hour ago) It was worse than the storm our first year. Our garden is a shambles and we lose all our servants as they return to the village, rebuild their houses but we are safe and sound - we have water and electricity. However, the electricity goes off when they work on the line and Mr. Dunham, mirror, air conditioner goes off. She feels the heat and had a fainting spell the other night (last week) so I worry a little. The city at present is in a tragic state - most of the roads are a

tangle of fallen trees and electric wires. My still have no electricity, some hot water, but everything seems to be in rapid restoration - quite amazing. The ayah's daughter's family's house collapsed as did most of the bamboo houses in that colony north of Mohl Bazar (the traffic circle north of us.) The cyclone lasted all night of Tuesday night. Never seemed to let up, and quite terrifying for those in solid houses let alone the thousands whose houses were collapsing and blowing away so that all they could do was huddle in the wind and lashing rain and hope. Nothing would fall on them. No one slept a wink of course. Dan went out in the middle of the storm to check on Mother Dunham. We both went out at dawn when there was only a light wind and steady rain. The Pakistanis, having survived the night, were in the gayest mood in spite of all the destruction. All smiling and singing. Scavenging, rebuilding in the rain, visiting, exchanging news. It was like a holiday. Dan's school will close in two weeks. Everybody needs ready cash or we leave or both. We may have some shikhy sets ahead.

May 28 '65

Cher Papa,

I see them are still on the refrigerators. We have sort of forgotten them

Thank you for keeping us up with the cyclone news via the Times. The descriptions of the storm are accurate but there are more dead on the coast than stated. Hugh Murphy's replacement has been down there. (I will read what WCS has to say from the reports you sent.) The pictures of the dead in our papers were unprintable anywhere else. Most everything was fairly back to normal in Dacca after a week but as usual the sufferers on the coast are only being helped a fraction of what they need - no houses, no water, no food. Yes, our 16" walls would take more to shake them but during the night I sometimes thought the roof over our room would cave in when some piece of metal kept hurtling into it. The floor was running with water so the wind and rain would go right through windows - air vents. Katiako slept through most of it, snug as a bunny deep in the earth. Nobody else - adult - in all of Dacca could sleep.

I guess you also saw the PIA Cairo air crash news. The papers have made as much of it as of the cyclone. There were so many important people on it that everyone knows well or remotely someone who died. My dressmaker's husband was on it and I haven't dared see what state ^{of grief} she must be in.

The storm has delayed the printers and then they had to put our work aside for a few days for another job. Today they say that if all goes well (this includes my daily trip to the printers) the book should be finished by the middle of June. Although I don't believe them there is hope that I might be able to finish my work by then and let the other proof reader carry on. Can you take a vacation, complete, vacation in July or August? I could indeed go by way of San Francisco also Detroit. Answer quickly.

"Most everything was fairly back to normal in Dacca after a week but as usual sufferers on the coast are only being helped a fraction of what they need - no houses no water, no food."

"The floor was running with water as the wind and rain would go right through windows and air vents..."

"... PIA Cairo air crash news. ... everyone knows well or remotely someone who died."

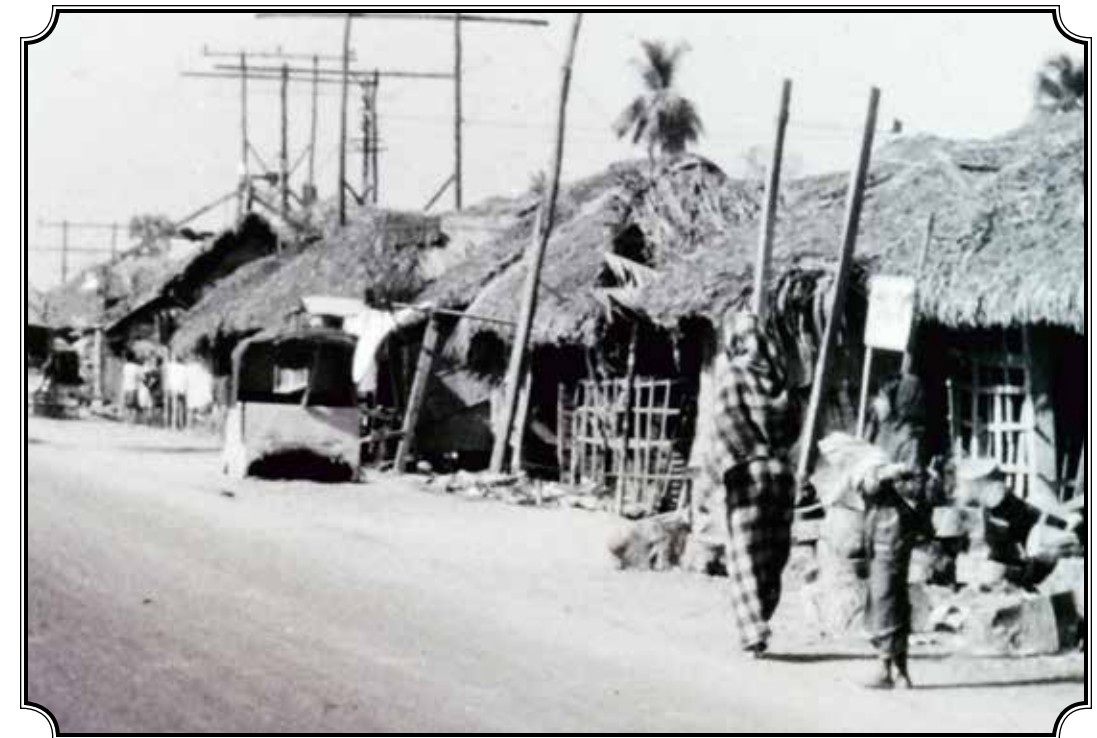
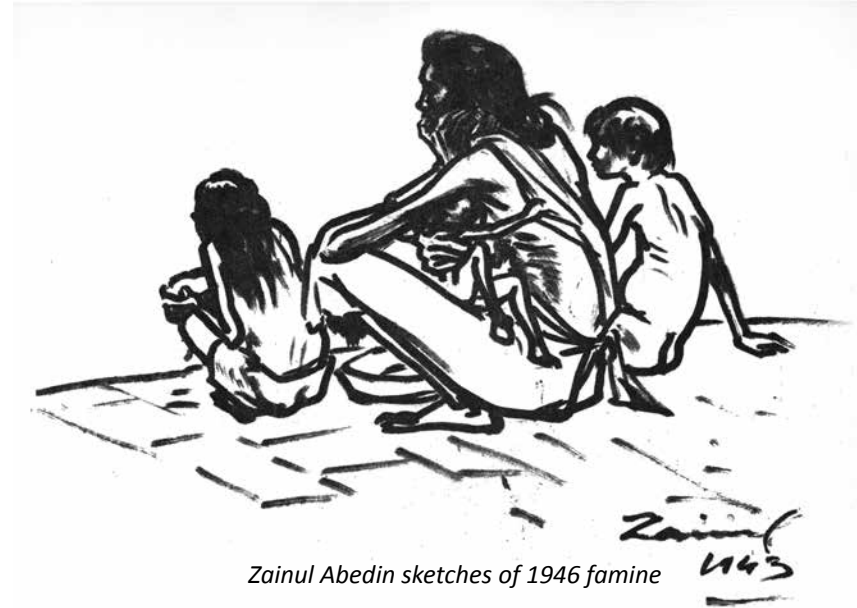
"The storm has delayed the printers... the book should be finished by the middle of June."

DISCOMFORTS

অসুবিধা *
(ASUBIDHA)

“This world is a market place of pleasures; some laugh, some cry.”

[Bengali folk song]



* This Bengali wording is from our personal family patois

THE DAILY DISCOMFORTS

Dan and I were amused by the fact that Dacca was designated a “hardship post” by most of the foreign missions and companies. East Pakistan was definitely a country that suffered severe hardships from famines, floods, cyclones, and diseases, but these were not hardships that most foreigners would ever have to face. For us, Dacca was a paradise where we could have the freedom to pursue our many different interests and learn about the culture and history of the land.

However, we recognized that there were daily discomforts that came with living in Dacca such as:

- Cook butchering chickens in our yard,
- Men seeking employment at our doorstep,
- Ceaseless bargaining for anything and everything
- Frequent shortage of one food type or another (we especially missed the greens: peas, string beans, lettuce etc.)
- Periods of food rationing (sugar, flour, oil & rice)
- Tolerating routine minor thievery
- Missing the New Yorker magazine

We adjusted to most of these common ‘discomforts’ with ease, but some which I write about in the following pages had a more significant impact on our lives including:

- Insects
- Beggars
- Bandicoots
- Food rationing
- Illnesses

ON MISSING THE NEW YORKER:
After we had lived in Dacca a couple of years Dan remarked we had been away so long that we no longer understood the New Yorker jokes.



THE NEW YORKER

Do you suppose you could send us some old New Yorkers via A.P.O. sometime? We miss the New Yorker more than any other magazine and it wouldn't make any difference how late they came. It isn't worth subscribing because of this.

[MFD letter to CGR, 04//16/1963]

INSECTS

“Living in un-airconditioned Splendor” as Dan liked to say

MOSQUITOES

Mosquitoes were a ubiquitous part of Dacca life. Mosquitoes were most prevalent in the winter season, especially at dusk, which often deterred us from sitting in the garden at the end of the day. Most households that could afford to, made every effort to keep insects away by using screens on all their windows and netting for their beds. Dan and I, however, were satisfied with how well our ceiling fans worked to protect us and were able to live our entire time in Dacca without screens or netting. As long as one sat or slept within its effective radius, the air circulation was enough to keep insects away. Perhaps the vigilance and throaty staccato warning calls of the many tik-tiks, (the common local lizard) that climbed our walls also helped to keep the mosquitoes away. I can't remember ever being bothered by mosquitoes as would be expected in the tropics.

Although Dan and I preferred the sight of our open windows we soon realized that many of our visitors (especially from Dhanmandi) were made uncomfortable by our clear lack of screening. So to put our foreign guests at ease, we had removable screens made, which we put in place just before they would arrive and promptly remove after they left. This nonsensical procedure always amused “our gang”.

ANTS

Ants love sweets of any sort, liquid or solid, hence, Cook went to elaborate lengths to protect our food stocks against them. One of the first things he did when he started to work for us was to place small ceramic pots of water under the feet of all our food cabinets. I was amazed to see how well these small moats worked to keep away the invasion of ant armies when they smelled something sweet in the cabinets.

“An abundance of insects added greatly to the general discomfort, not only those that bit or stank when squashed, but others that destroyed – bored holes through books and ate through furniture.”

[Allen, Plain Tales from the Raj, p.195]

FLIES

Flies, especially during the mango season, were another discomfort, but this was a small price to pay for our life in “non-air conditioned splendor,” as Dan called our life style. Cook never complained about the flies and somehow managed his work in spite of them – perhaps because he had never worked in air-conditioned splendor himself. Meanwhile, during mango season we always made sure to eat the juicy fruit under a fan to keep the large black flies away.

We acquired 2 tiny kittens about three months ago. Left on our doorstep. I have never had pets before and am surprised at the attention & lavish in quantity who come out in the evenings, hopping around after insects in the garden, and the very small ones enjoying the living room. The cats pounce on them, then let them get away. The insect life is active in the evening but we have never been bothered except for a few times when some wind seems to bring the mosquitoes or there is a collection of dense little green bugs dropping everywhere. Malaria is supposed to have been wiped out so we take a chance sleeping without mosquito nets. When we had to give a dinner for some members of the American colony we had some removable screens made almost overnight so the ladies could feel secure but for ourselves we prefer screenless, curtainless windows. (They all have iron vertical bars like a prison. We, of course, think that is picturesque.)

My description of life with insects [MFD letter to CGR, 09/01/1960]

The toads and frogs hop about the living room in the evenings

Sometimes the wind brings in a “collection of dense little green bugs dropping everywhere.”

“... we had some removable screens made almost overnight so the ladies could feel secure but for ourselves we prefer screenless, curtainless windows.”

Dan and I were easily habituated to living with the various insects but we never got used to the wild and sporadic flight paths of the bats at night on our veranda.

My WAR WITH THE BED BUGS CONTINUES
There is no Pooka powder in town but today is commissary day and they may have something. I have now thrown Wahab OFF THE small bed and am sleeping on it. We soaked all the pillows in boiling water which may help if they ever dry.

[DCD letter to MFD 06/06/1961]

Problems with bed bugs as described by Dan

BEGGARS

A chapter heading in a Dacca guide book reads “Accosting, Assaults, Harassments” reflecting the significance of beggars as part of the Dacca scene. The beggars in Dacca were (and are still) part of daily street life – accosting foreigners on foot or in their cars at intersections, imploring “*bokshish, bokshish*” (tip money). Beggar children would approach anyone wealthy looking softly chanting “No mama. No papa” – probably the only English words they knew. We were accustomed to seeing beggars at our gate quite regularly as they went door to door receiving the customary *zakat* donation as prescribed by Islam.

There were many different types of beggars ranging from the homeless who lived in bustee shanties and on the streets to petty officers such as policemen and low level government clerks. Our first close encounter with a beggar was when we first moved into Hafiz Villa. When we woke up our first morning and opened the shutters we were greeted by the face of an old woman only inches away from my own, staring at us without shame and with no sign of moving. In shock we immediately closed the shutters. But I was soon ashamed by my reaction and reopened them hoping to make amends, but the old lady was gone (see description of first night at Hafiz Villa in chapter 2).



POVERTY & MALNUTRITION [Owen, 1963 Letter from East Pakistan]

Over 90 per cent of Bengalis are illiterate. The poverty of the peasants has to be seen to be believed. Their small holdings of rice and jute are un-economic, rice production has not risen sufficiently to provide adequate sustenance for the peasants and their families, and inflation has brought added hardship. The authorities deny that East Pakistan has a food shortage, but in many villages the situation is so desperate that peasants are eating grass and roots.



Zainul Abedin sketches of 1946 famine

“... There were many, many sights that you never forgot. The armless and legless beggars and the lepers.”

[Allen, *Plain Tales from the Raj*, p29]

“NO FACE”

Among the many disabled beggars, one in particular, was famous among foreigners in Dacca because of his dramatic style of begging. His face was seriously disfigured by leprosy. His nose and part of one cheek presented a gaping hole. He was known as “No Face.” Dan quipped that the Americans who sought raises in their salary need only invite their foreign bosses to downtown Dacca where they would surely be accosted by No Face. What better way to demonstrate the realities of Dacca as a “hardship post” than the sight of “No face” at your car window. Other than No Face, leprosy was rarely seen in Dacca.



ABOUT NO FACE

[From Bob Meyers *Memoirs of life in Dacca, 1962*]

There was only one large movie theatre in crowded downtown Old Dacca and going to the movies was a true ordeal. Long lines coiled around the block. For us foreigners there was an added risk: the movies were sometimes dubbed in Bengali with no English subtitles, but there was no way of knowing this for sure until the movie started.

We pulled up to the theatre in our tiny blue Citroen 2CY; one of us got out and stood on line while the others waited in the car. Inevitably, a hideous spectre appeared on the windshield. This was “No Face”, a man whose face was terribly disfigured by leprosy. Where No Face’s nose should have been there were just two small holes; skin was hanging off his cheeks. No Face knew how frightening he appeared and would bend over the windshield of foreigners’ cars and hover there until someone gave him a few rupees to move on. One day, we went to the movies with our friends Mary Frances and Dan Dunham, who had had years of experience living on the subcontinent. As the ‘Head From Hell’ appeared at our windshield Dan got out of the car and had a heart to heart talk with No Face. Soon, we saw Dan hand No Face a stack of rupees and get back in the car to wait with the rest of us. Dan explained that he had told No Face that by begging the way he did he was degrading himself in front of foreigners and that he could, instead, be in “business” for himself and provide a valuable service. An agreement was reached and Dan had “staked” No Face to the purchase of not four but 20 tickets, which he could now sell at a nice profit to foreigners as they pulled up to the theatre. With part of the profit he could buy more tickets. Dan announced. “No more lines; no more disgusted screams; No Face is now our official Dacca Ticket Scalper”. From then on our ticket problem was solved.



Zainul Abedin sketches of 1946 famine



DACOITS, GOONDAS AND BANDICOOTS

Every day the local papers headlined stories of dacoit mafia-style crimes, robberies, and corruption. We were victims at one point or another of all these types of criminal activities but never at a scale to do us serious harm. More often than not, the criminal abuses perpetrated against us furnished Dan with humorous stories and fond memories. However, we were aware of the danger of *goonda* attacks in the countryside ever since our first week in Dacca, when we heard the news of the murder of an American priest, Father Novak, on his way to a village. We witnessed how the news of his murder shook the foreign community.



The foreign community was rattled by the mysterious murder of a American Christian missionary in 1964. It was a wakeup call to us that we were not as loved as we thought.

THE BEAT OF THE CHOWKIDAR --- NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH

During the night at regular intervals of about an hour apart we could hear the beat of the night guard's staff on the ground, accompanied at times by a blow on his whistle. This seemed sufficient security for us so we did not bother to hire our own *chowkidar*, as many local households did.

"What *sah'b* needs is a *chowkidar*"

Our initial adventures continued in different ways. Early one morning, after we had been living in our house for several weeks, I heard a new sound in the courtyard. Wearing only my nightgown and a *chador*, I went out on the veranda with Dan to see what was going on. Dan jumped down from the veranda and caught the burglar red handed. He proceeded to take him away to the nearby *thana* police station. But when Dan returned, I learned that he couldn't go through with it. When Dan had held the thief by the wrist and saw how thin it was he didn't have the heart to take him any further. He felt sorry for him and let him go. Meanwhile the thief told him that "what *sah'b* needed was a *chowkidar*" and he offered his services. Since we already seemed to have the landlord's night guard, albeit an ineffectual one, Dan turned him down.

Another time when we had lived in the house for a while, we had a similar experience. The cook was keeping a duck in the courtyard for its utility as food some day, but it had become a skilled watchdog in the interim. One early morning, the agitated quacking woke us up, but not in time to catch the young man escaping out the patio door. However, in his hurry he dropped some of his tools that he had used to try to open our storeroom door. So this time, although we didn't catch the thief, we did stop him before he got anything and we ended up with some new tools in the bargain.

During our last year in Dacca we had yet another incident with a house thief. Dan had hired a "labor" to rub linseed oil into the teak furniture that he had designed. During that time, I found that I was missing a brassier, but made little note of it. None of servants would have taken it and it was not worth pursuing. But then another day I was missing gold earrings that Dan had designed for me. Dan correctly deducted that the wood polisher must be the thief and confronted him at his home. Dan went through every part of his *kacha* one-room house, to the consternation of the wife, and eventually he found both missing items hidden in their bedding.

Dan and our first burglar: When Dan was walking the burglar he caught to the police, the burglar "managed to point out that the Dunham house was unusually easy to rob, and to suggest that Dan should hire him as a chowkidar instead of sending him to jail. Dan, feeling larger and more brutal at every step, did not in fact hire him, but he loosened his hold enough to allow his prisoner to escape."

"One of their thieves got away with nothing but a few towels. ... I could sympathize with him: I had once pulled a towel peg off the door trying to get out of that bathroom."

"Another, luckier group came on Christmas night and took everything under the tree."

Emmy, who was our guest at the time and heard them said "... they made so much noise that I thought there were a lot of drunken Americans."

PAT HILL'S STORIES OF PETTY BURGLARY
[Hill, Moon Bazar, pp.89-90]

The Dunhams always refused to have a *chowkidar* to guard the house at night--I believe they thought it ostentatious--and they had a regular and interesting succession of Night Visitors. The first burglar came when they were fairly new in Dacca. Mary Frances, roused by an unfamiliar noise, met the fellow emerging from their godown at two o'clock in the morning. Dan woke a few minutes later to find his wife standing in the courtyard conversing with a strange man, and hastily took over the situation. Communication was limited; the burglar spoke no English and the Dunhams were not yet fluent in Bengali. Dan decided to take his burglar to the police station, and took a firm grip on his wrist. He was shocked to feel the man's arm, thin and brittle as a dry twig between his own fingers. As they walked down Siddeswar Road, the man pleaded with him. He managed to point out that the Dunham house was unusually easy to rob, and to suggest that Dan should hire him as a *chowkidar* instead of sending him to jail. Dan, feeling larger and more brutal at every step, did not in fact hire him, but he loosened his hold enough to allow his prisoner to escape.

One of their thieves got away with nothing but a few towels. It was obvious that the poor man had climbed in through the open bathroom window--a wooden shutter opening onto a field next door--and had been unable to get any farther. I could sympathize with him; I had once pulled a towel peg off the door trying to get out of that bathroom, which had no inner doorknob.

Another, luckier group came on Christmas night and took everything under the tree. (Their loot was lessened by the earlier visit of a prominent Pakistani poet, with his family. The daughter had a streak of larceny, and the gold offerings departed with her.) An English woman, Miss Emerson, was staying with the Dunhams at the time. "I heard them out there," she informed her host the next morning, "but they made so much noise that I thought they were a lot of drunken Americans."

Christopher's bicycle was stolen from our compound one day, and we had no hope of recovering it. Soon afterward, however, Ralph and I came home from a cocktail party to find a tableau on our veranda. The culprit, a skinny little fellow in a *lungi* and a ragged shirt, looked at us with a nervous smile and then stared at his feet. He was surrounded by Abinash, our bearer, and two other men, who kept a bicycle shop in the Old Town. When the thief had come in to offer

DACOITS, GOONDAS AND BANDICOOTS cont.

THE MISSING CUFF LINKS

[Bob Mayers Memoirs from Dacca in 1967]

SUCK ON DRY RICE

Why did I ever bring a pair of gold cufflinks to Dacca? No idea, but I did. Then during housecleaning one day we discovered they were gone. But, who had taken them? Certainly not our current cook, bearer or sweeper. Well, who needed cuff links here in the tropics when I never wore a long sleeve shirt anyway? The matter was dropped.

One evening we were invited for drinks with the Pakistani partner, Mr. Rahman. During a lull in the conversation about when the monsoon would arrive, whether there would be any Hindu riots and how best to drive to Naryanganj, I casually mentioned the missing cufflinks and how we had dropped the matter entirely. Mr. Rahman at once became irate, "You foreigners must not do this. If you let them get away with one small thing soon you'll have nothing left at all!", he said. I tried to explain that it really didn't matter and maybe I had just lost them, myself. "No matter," Mr. Rahman continued, "You must get to the bottom of it; if you have a thief in your midst you must sack the dacoit and send him to the police at once". "How can I tell who took them or even if *anybody* actually took them? After all, maybe I just lost them," I replied. "Easy," he said, "We do this all the time with a traditional Bengali method that always works. We line up the servants and feed each one of them a mouthful of dry rice. We wait a few minutes. Then we have them spit out the rice. He whose rice is dry is your thief! You have your man!" he proudly exclaimed. I told Mr. Rahman that it had now come back to me; I had actually left the cufflinks in our hotel room during a recent trip to Calcutta.

MORE ON PETTY THEFT ...

[Bob Mayers Memoirs from Dacca in 1967]

THE LYCHEE TREE GUARD

Directly outside our second story bedroom stood an enormous old tree, its thick branches practically cutting off all of the view from our window. One morning Abani came to our breakfast table with news: "Our lychee tree will soon bear fruit." Though we were happy to hear this our basic reply was, "So, what?" "But Sahibs, you don't understand, you must hire guard for lychee tree or all nuts will be stolen by crows and dacoits. I find special man for this and he give you one basket nuts when finished; he keep the rest". The deal was made.

Next morning, a little man wrapped in a purple lunghi (a wrap-around cloth worn as a skirt by both men and women) arrived with an oxcart full of equipment: a large wooden bed; dozens of brass cowbells and coils of rope. By that evening he was comfortably lying on his wooden bed under the tree. Around his ankles were rope loops connected to lines that rose up to the highest tree branches from which he had hung the cowbells. He was smoking a cigarette and as we left the house for an evening out he gave us a warm greeting.

We returned exhausted and ready for a good night's sleep. Suddenly, in the early dawn hour we were jolted awake by the clanging of a fire alarm. We ran to the window to see where the trouble was. Down below our lychee tree man with a big smile, waved to us pointing to his ankles which he was jerking back and to pull the ropes. Loud cowbells were jangling on all the branches. "Bahds!" he hollered up, now pointing up to a flock of black crows above the roof. "Must scare 'bahds' or eat lychees". For the next three weeks we got very little sleep until one morning our balcony breakfast was interrupted by Abani and the lychee man proudly standing over an enormous wicker basket of luscious pink red lychee nuts.

FOOD RATIONING

During our first year there were a number of food shortages in the local market because of the government restrictions on imported goods. To get things like sugar, flour, rice and *dalda* (cooking oil) we had to apply for a ration card that cook could use at the market.

FOOD RATIONING

[The Dacca Diocesan Newsletter, 1967]

Meanwhile, for those who have to buy rice, life is not easy at all. People living on low incomes in the towns are finding that by the time they have bought enough rice to feed their families, there is nothing left to buy fish and vegetables; and rice alone may give a feeling of satisfaction, but it is a very one-sided diet. Sister Leonore, in charge of St. Anne's Hospital at Barisal, writes: "In the hospital out-patients we are getting a bit desperate about the health of the poorer patients, mainly of our own parish, especially children. There is more ill-health than I have yet seen, and mainly the result of inadequate feeding. What is quite frightening is the increase of T.B. amongst the children. We have had four new cases in the last four months We have 12 cases on domiciliary treatment; of whom 5 are children". Let me add something of my own: N.K. lives near Jobarpar. He used to be comparatively well off. What he has done I do not know. His brother and he used to be in partnership selling cloth, and then the quarrelled. Perhaps that was the start. N.K. had five boys and a girl, the boys quite bright and brainy; the eldest was about to take his Matric; he died of T.B. When I saw them the next boy, also very bright and hopeful, was in the last stages of T.B. The doctor said it was far too late to respond to treatment. (At that time N.K. himself had chicken-pox. He now plies a boat for hire, and if he can't ply the boat, no money comes in to feed the family). That boy has now died. I told N.K. that if he took the rest of his family in to Barisal in his boat, we should see about the X-ray expenses. He has done this, and Sister Leonore tells me that all of them except the smallest was infected. They are now receiving domiciliary treatment overseen by Sister Slawson at Jobarpar.

ON CORRUPTION

[Owen, 1963 Letter from East Pakistan, p1]

Corruption in East Pakistan is openly and cynically accepted as a governmental way of life; a system of baksheesh, bribery and kickbacks is firmly entrenched. Nevertheless, the disposition of aid funds has not been adequately supervised by U.S. officials. Many of the 500 Americans living in Dacca are unhappily aware that their efforts to develop the economy are yielding no tangible results and that the Pakistani authorities with their practiced skill at grasping every chance to enrich their own pockets, have stolen American money. Nor is there the slightest appreciation for the millions that have been given. Indeed many Bengalis still find the concept of aid difficult to comprehend and question the motives behind the U.S. program.

OSHUKH (ILLNESSES)

Dysentery, worms, snake poisoning and flus were hard to avoid for people living in East Bengal especially in the countryside where doctors were few. Foreigners, on the other hand with their access to better medical services could be protected against most of endemic diseases (small pox, tetanus, typhoid, malaria, cholera, hepatitis, dysentery, worms) with inoculations, pills and hygiene. But nothing, could help prevent catching dengue fever, which afflicted several of our friends.

Miraculously Dan, Katherine and I managed to stay healthy. We took the same precautions that the other foreigners did to boil our drinking water and to wash our uncooked vegetables and fruits in “pink water” (potassium permanganate). I was struck by my first and only case of dysentery two months after we first arrived and one worm (5” long in my intestines) before our departure in 1967. Dan’s only major illness was a case of hepatitis.

“Vegetables, salads and fruit had always to be washed – preferably in the presence of the memsahib – in bowls of water mixed with potassium permanganate. Drinking water was always boiled and some memsahibs insisted that this too, should be done in their presence.”

[Allen, *Plain Tales of the Raj*, p.104]

“As the saying went, two monsoons was the average life-span of a European in Bengal; one year out of a total European population of 1200, over one third died between August and the end of December...”

[Dalrymple, p.315]

THE HOLY FAMILY HOSPITAL

Uneducated Bengalis all seemed to share a fear of hospitals. When one of our of “our gang” would get sick we noted that they preferred the long trip back to their village than to go to a city hospital. Learning of the high death rates at the hospitals we came to understand their irrational perception that hospitals killed people rather than cured them.

The Holy Family Hospital, on New Eskaton Road, was really the only hospital foreigners would use. It was “modern” with the best medical facilities in town, and graced with a beautiful garden setting where I organized dance classes (See Chapter 05). The medical staff was run by a sisterhood of highly qualified nun doctors.



“... gippy tummies’, denghe and malaria continued to make life uncomfortable”

[Allen, *Plain Tales of the Raj*,]

DR. BASSETT

Foreigners generally sought the help of Dr. Basset, a convivial colonial-era doctor, who enjoyed his drink and story telling. His home cum office was on New Eskaton Road, just ten minutes away by bike for us but quite a hike for the Dhanmandi families.

John Schiff (one of the American architects to take over Dan’s place at Berger came down with dysentery his first week in Dacca and went straightway to Dr. Bassett. When he told the doctor that he was staying at the Shahbagh Hotel, Dr. Bassett exclaimed, “You could get dysentery from a boiled egg at the Shahbagh!” and gave John a packet of pills oddly marked “poison” in red letters (who knows why), which John was desperate enough at that point to try.



DR. BASSETT

[Bob Mayers Memoirs from Dacca, 1967]

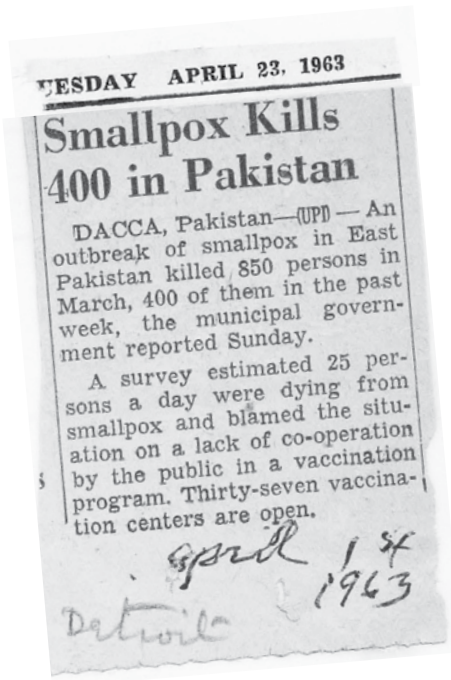
Within a few days of arrival all foreigners in Dacca contracted a record-breaking case of diarrhea. We joked that you could accurately tell how long a person had been “on station” in Dacca by the number of toilet paper rolls they had used. A “ten roller” had been there between three and five days. We soon all became patients of Dr. Bassett, a holdover from the British “raj” who had been living in Dacca for over thirty years. Dr B. was in his mid 60’s, bald, with a little sharp nose and a bright red face; he was obviously a serious drunkard. John’s case was so bad that when Dr. Bassett prescribed a medication that came in a small bottle labeled with a skull and crossbones John eagerly swallowed it.

Dr. BASSETT

[Pat Hill, *Moon Bazar*, p136]

James Bassett and Angus Hume had been in Bengal since some undefined pre-Independence date. It was difficult to imagine either man in any other background. James was our physician. Sooner or later he saw all but the most indestructible of the foreigners, as well as a considerable number of Pakistani patients. He attended his office six days a week and played golf on Sundays, and was a popular figure at social functions. He was cynical, urbane, cheerful and unflappable. He would, moreover, permit you to discuss your symptoms and pathology and to offer your own opinion of them--a congenial custom long since banished from Western medical cults.

OSHUKH (ILLNESSES) cont.



SMALL POX

Foreigners were all required to have the small pox vaccination before entering the country. And seeing the scars of small pox on some Bengalis was enough to impress us with the sad reality of this disease. The small pox scars were disfiguring enough to ruin a young girl's prospects of a good marriage.

Because a student died of small pox in the dorms "... the engineering students are blaming the University."

CHOLERA

Rarely did foreigners suffer from cholera, but it was an endemic killer since ancient times. SEATO (South East Asia Treaty Organization) chose Dacca for one of its Cholera lab centers to study the source and spread of cholera. Some of our best friends, both American and Bengali, were doctors working in the Dacca SEATO Cholera Lab. They were stumped as to what caused the outbreaks. They asked me to teach them enough Bengali to communicate with their cholera patients who came to them from the villages. I gladly volunteered to arrange some early morning Bengali lessons and to help with communication at the lab.

I accompanied the doctors a few times to the lab where I saw patients lying on sheets of canvas with a hole and bucket beneath them to catch the fluids that were continually pouring out of them. As part of the labs research we asked about the patients' diets and recorded what foods they had been eating before they got sick. In addition to documenting their diets, the lab doctors conducted water tests of the rivers and *dighis* (the water supply tanks next to every village household) in villages where cholera had broken out. I was impressed by how hard the doctors worked in spite of how little their research was helping them to find the cause of the cholera outbreaks.

[MFD letter to CGR, 04/16/1963]

At the moment Dan has no classes for a month because the Engineering students are striking. A student died of small pox in one of the hostels and the Engineering students are blaming the University. There has been an epidemic in Calcutta and one here. We have all been revaccinated, servants included.

CHOLERA STRIKES WOHAB'S SON

We were grateful for our close relationship with the cholera doctors when Dr. Taylor was able to save the life of Wohab's young son when he was struck with cholera. Upon hearing about the critical condition of Wohab's son, Dr. Taylor immediately joined Dan to go to the home in Hosnabad. They had to hurry because the cure (a kind of saline injection) had to be administered immediately if it was to halt the dehydration action of the disease. Dr. Taylor and Dan made the long journey as fast as they could with rickety bicycles (borrowed from the lab), the usual ferry crossings and a long trek across paddy fields. It took them at least a night and day before they finally arrived at Hosnabad. Dan described the scene they came to as something out of a Caravaggio painting: a dark room, a huddle of people around the ailing boy lying on a cot, bathed in candlelight. Close relatives were desperately dousing the boy with water to keep his fever down. Upon arrival, straight away Dr. Taylor was able to administer the saline solution intravenously to the boy, which must have been quite scary for him, but it did save his life.



"... by far the worst threat was cholera. 'The very name spread panic,' ..."

[Newsome, p.84]

[MFD letter to CGR, 09/01/1960]

Please allow your mother's fears as to the diseases rampant in these parts. We seem to have a lot of small complaints, no digestive ones for months now; colds, and Dan's unknown fever, but I for one feel quite healthy and energetic preferring heat to cold. I think I told your mother Dan was down to 130 lbs. (was 160 when arrived) but he had a complete check-up and they can find nothing wrong with him except exhaustion. He still smokes more than he eats and how he can drink so much of that sweetened-condensed milk-and-sugar coffee they make at the office is beyond me.

"... Dan was down to 130lbs ... nothing wrong with him except exhaustion. He still smokes more than he eats ..."

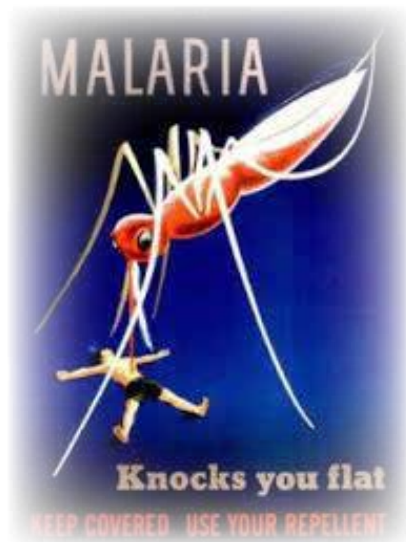
"We've got the cholera in camp – it's worse than 40 fights; We're dying in the wilderness the same as Isrulites. It's before us, an' be'ind us, an' we cannot get away, An' the doctor's just reported we've ten more to-day."

[Kipling poem "Cholera Camp"]

OSHUKH (ILLNESSES) cont.

MALARIA: “Sir, moshah not so big”

During the time we lived in Dacca, the UN World Health Organization (WHO) was running a program to eradicate malaria. The program must have been making progress, as we never saw a case of malaria ourselves until we lived in Calcutta over ten years later. Jock Copland, our good friend who worked for WHO, used to tell amusing stories about his visits to distant villages where WHO was educating the population about malaria prevention. Jock and his team brought large posters intended to give simple instructions with illustrations. One of their posters in particular caused some confusion because it showed a blown up view of a mosquito to explain its anatomy. “Sir, moshah not so big!” a villager exclaimed, when he saw the image of the mosquito drawn at 100 times its actual size in the poster.



ANN’S TYPHOID

Soon after Ann and Dick Werkheiser first arrived in Dacca, Ann came down with a mystery disease for which she was hospitalized. Whether it was Denghe fever or Typhoid, we never found out but we were relieved that she recovered quickly knowing how fatal these diseases were among the local population.

DAN’S HAPPY HEPATITIS TREATMENT

On returning from one of my trips to New York, I was met unexpectedly at the airport by the wife of one of Dan’s teaching colleagues. She had a concerned look on her face when she took my hand and said that I was not to worry, but that Dan was in hospital with hepatitis.

I learned that while I had been away, Dan had been increasingly tired until one day he was so tired on his walk home from work that he actually lay down on the side of Eskaton Road and fell asleep. He woke up to a crowd of men standing around him who eventually helped him into a rickshaw, which took him to the Holy Family Hospital. There the nun doctor took one look and said, “You are yellow.” “That’s only the setting sun on my face,” Dan assured her. “No,” she answered. “Your eyes are yellow. You have hepatitis and must stay here.”

When I got to the hospital, I found Dan in paradise. The cure for hepatitis seemed to be sugar, so Dan was allowed to have all the cookies, candies and Coca Colas his heart desired. After Dan returned home, we set up a mattress under the ceiling fan in the living room where he could be kept cool. He could lie there all day continuing to indulge in his “medicinal” sweets while friends stopped by to check in on him. Dan always remembered the days of his hepatitis convalescence as some of his happiest days in Dacca.



During his recuperation period from hepatitis, Dan slept on a mattress in the living room during the day.

*ON DISEASE
[Owen, 1963 Letter from East Pakistan p.1]*

Living conditions in Old Dacca are overcrowded and disease is rampant. With more than 12,000 persons per square mile, the area resembles Lon of 300 years ago before the Great Fire. An epidemic of smallpox early this year resulted in 900 known deaths in one month; untold others were not recorded. While the epidemic was raging, the first session of Pakistan's National Assembly five miles away was engaged in endless speech-making, but almost the only legislation which was passed was a bill to raise the stipends of delegates.

job had not come through by then. I stayed with Daddy another two months arriving here in October to find Dan in the hospital with a bad case of hepatitis, the first disease we have succumbed to between us. He had been working on his new job one week when he got it but not knowing what was the matter with him he dragged around for ten days before he turned so yellow that his friends forced him to go to the hospital. He was still a little yellow when I arrived and had to stay in the hospital one more week then convalesce at home for three more, and no liquor for six months.

Dan got hepatitis within the first week of starting his teaching job at EPUET. “... not knowing what was the matter with him he dragged around for ten days before he turned so yellow that his friends forced him to go to the hospital.”

[MFD letter to Stephen, 05/25/1963]

Has Alton recovered from his hepatitis? Please give him our sympathies. Maybe it is a vogue. Many Americans have had it here since Dan such as Silvia Milner whom I replaced at the U.S. school while she was recuperating. I don't think I will get it having survived this long and since a shipment of gammaglobin (?) was sent to the consulate of which I have two hypodermic's Spring at the Uplands six months. I am still in my imagination. However, next winter, I would put a small Persian carpet or - prayer rug in front of the fire place on top of that "white" carpet you describe. After all, the Arabs shacked carpet on carpet. Have you closed all business with Mrs. Leansky now

*Regarding, hepatitis
“Maye it is in vogue.
Many Americans have had it here since Dan ...”*

*[MFD letter to CGR,
04/16/1963]*

OSHUKH (ILLNESSES) cont.

RABIES SCARE

Pets were not common in Dacca, especially dogs because of the fear of rabies. Children were taught not to pet or stroke dogs and to stay away from them in general. During our last days in Dacca, when we were busily packing for our final departure, we had a rabies scare with *Biral*, our cat, that led to quite a traumatic finale to our seven years in Dacca. Our "Chinese packers" (as they were called although they were Bengali!) came to pack our teak cabinets and other worldly goods for shipment to New York. Having heard dire stories of furnishings arriving in the US riddled with termite holes, we agreed to the customary precaution of spraying DDT powder on the furniture to protect it.

On the second morning of packing, we noticed our cat was behaving strangely: mewling a lot and rolling about. When the cat started foaming at the mouth, I suspected the DDT powder left on the floor might have poisoned her, but I decided to contact the USA Consulate for help. Before we knew it, a Consulate driver and car arrived at our door with instructions to take us to a hospital to start the rabies injections as soon as possible. In the meantime, the cat was to be taken away for her brain to be tested for rabies. For the next two weeks, Katherine and I went everyday to the Consulate for our morning rabies injection into our stomachs.

How to get the news to Dan that he too had to start rabies shots was quite a challenge because he was already on his way to Calcutta at that time. He was at the beginning of a complicated travel itinerary to document Islamic architecture in north India, Russia and the Middle East. I was not planning to be in touch with him until we (Katherine, Ruplal and I) met up with him in Istanbul several weeks later. Because of the war between Pakistan and India at the time, there was no way for me to call or send a message to Dan in India. Luckily, I was able to reach him with the help of a local engineer friend who used radio contact with his Calcutta office to reach Dan at his hotel. Dan always remembers how he was stopped at the gate of the hotel just as he was leaving by a bearer frantically waving a note. On the note were the instructions to immediately go to a hospital to start the rabies shots, which he did. Because Dan would be traveling for a while, the doctor gave Dan his own supply of the rabies vaccine to take with him in a thermos. For the next two weeks, at each city along his journey, Dan had to find a doctor who could administer the vaccine and refill his thermos for the next leg of the trip. (To this day we still wonder if our cat did in fact have rabies or it was just the DDT from the packing that had poisoned the cat.)



Tues. Nov. 15 1966

TO WHOMEVER IT MAY CONCERN

Shahjahan, The nephew of our bearer, was bitten by a dog this morning. We would like him to have rabies shots or whatever is necessary.

For references concerning us, please contact Dr. Sachar, Dr. Hirschorn, or Dr. Taylor of The SEATO Cholera Lab.

We thank you, my husband and I, for any trouble you may take in this matter.

Sincerely Yours,
Mary Frances Dunham
 Mary Frances Dunham
 C/o USAID
 U.S. Consulate
 Dacca.

6 June, 1967

To: PIA and Indian Airlines stewardesses.

And American ~~tourist~~ tourist who left dacca on the 4th may have contracted rabies before he left. He must be contacted so that he can start the ~~next~~ anti-rabies injections immediately.

please take These two letters to the following addresses in Calcutta.

they contain instructions ~~xxxx~~ on how to find the infected man.

Mr. Vernon Reimer
 Mennonite Central Committee
 22 Girish Chandra Bose Road
 (this is near Entally market)

Sigmund Eohen
 United States Information Service
 Chowringhee Avenue

This letter will be given to a PIA stewardess going to Kathmandu on 7th morning and we request her to give it to an IAC stewardess on the first plane to Calcutta. Will the IAC stewardess take these letters to the above addresses.

Our many thanks for your help in this ~~important~~ urgent matter.



DEPUTY HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR INDIA
 IN PAKISTAN DACCA

June 7, 1967

Dear Mr. Dunham,

we were fortunately able to get in touch with West Bengal Govt. this afternoon. They will relay your message to the US Consulate General at Calcutta and request them to get in touch with your husband in Calcutta, Madras or Delhi. I do hope your husband will get the message in time and take the advice by Dr. Bassett. I have also a complimentary reply.

With kindest regards.

Yours sincerely,
Ashay

CONSULATE GENERAL
 OF THE
 UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
 5/1 Harrington Street
 Calcutta 16.

June 7, 1967

Mrs. D. C. Dunham
 C/o American Consulate General
 Dacca, East Pakistan

Dear Mrs. Dunham:

The Government of West Bengal gave us the message for your husband today. Fortunately I was able to speak to him just before he left for Bhubaneswar. He plans to be in Madras in two days and will try to obtain the rabies immunization there.

Sincerely,
Ruth M. Schimel
 Ruth M. Schimel
 American Vice Consul

Dear Mensab -

I did not go to BUBENISHWAR
 I WENT TO THE DOCTOR

UNGRATEFULL CAT

LOVE
 Dan

I WILL TRY TO MAINTAIN MY ORIGINAL SCHEDULE - WILL SEE

Ruplal KARACHI
 LOVE again
 Dan

OSHUKH (ILLNESSES) cont.

This letter is among a number of my urgent attempts to track down Dan during his travels to tell him to take rabies shots right away.
[MFD letter, Spring, 1967]

From: Mrs. Daniel C. Dunham, c/o USAID,
U.S. Consulate, Dacca, E. Pakistan

To whomever can help:

An American tourist architect traveling in India is in danger of getting rabies if he does not start the anti-rabies injections as soon as possible. His itinerary is roughly the following:

Katmandu June 4
Benares June 5
Calcutta June 6, 7 (?) (Carlton Hotel)
Calcutta, Bhubaneswar, Puri, Madras,
Mahabalipuram, Calcutta by June 15
Delhi June 16
Karachi June 17

He is probably traveling by train as far as Madras with stops for architectural sights, but will probably fly from Madras back to Calcutta.

Please try to trace him by leaving messages in the airports at Calcutta, Madras, and any other airports between Calcutta and Madras.

His name is DANIEL DUNHAM. He is 5'9".
Blue eyes. Blond hair. Slim.

Other places where he may be traced: famous temples, WMCAs, Railway Station retiring rooms and hotels — all between Calcutta and Madras, Mahabalipuram.

DACCA STRAY DOGS

[Bob Mayers Memoirs from Dacca in 1967]

PYE DOG PIE

Khurshid Alam was one of our favorites on the staff. He was a good draftsman with an endless curiosity about these weird foreigners who had dropped into his workplace from another planet. He often came over to our desks, supposedly to inquire about an architectural detail but really to ask a probing question about us and our lifestyles. We nicknamed him "Horshid" and always enjoyed these exchanges. When John's wife Alison visited us at work one day she caused a stir. The staff had never seen someone with long red hair before and were especially puzzled by her freckles; they stared at Alison as she walked up and down the aisles among the desks. Evidently, Horshid was appointed to question us on this matter and after Alison left he sidled up to me and whispered so that John would not hear: "Sahib, is Memsahib Schiff quite well?" I replied, "Why Horshid? What's the problem?" "Because, Mayers Sahib, her skin is much damaged by spots and we thought she may be very ill?"

There were always filthy wild starving "Pye" dogs wandering around the villages of East Pakistan and the alleys of Dacca. "Pye" we learned, comes from "pariah" and in India refers to ownerless half-wild mongrel dogs. None of the locals kept dogs as pets and were amazed that a foreigner would even consider having such an unclean animal in their midst. One day, Horshid casually asked whether our cook was serving us Indian or American food; what were the dishes he had served us; did we have any favorites? We told him we liked Abani's fish and chicken curries but we especially enjoyed Wednesdays when he served us "Pye Dog Pie". Horshid became alarmed; he looked sick and walked over to discuss this with the other draftsmen. Word spread about our eating habits and soon Horshid and his cohorts gingerly approached: "Sahib," he said, "You must sack your cook at once and retain better man!" Everyone nodded their heads in agreement. "But, Horshid," I asked, "Abani is a pukka cook; why must we fire him?" One of the other, more aggressive draftsmen explained, "Because, Sahib you not to eat Pye dog, it is horrible; your cook is bad man." "But, Horshid, I don't understand. Abani's Pye Dog Pie is very delicious," I said. After this there were few questions about our eating habits.

Everyone became fascinated by our attitude towards animals. Did we love them and eat them? Why would we want them in our house? One day as we approached our office building we noticed a dead pye dog lying in the dirt next to the path. We named it "Fido". Over the next few days we watched to see if anyone came to remove Fido but nobody ever did; Fido had evidently become a permanent fixture at our entryway. Each morning at the curb John and I got out of our rickshaw and greeted Fido in an upbeat friendly tone: "Top of the morning to you, Fido; and how are you feeling this fine day?" Some of the staff noticed this ritual and on some mornings a small audience stood at the entry, awaiting our arrival. As Fido lost more and more body mass and the rains came his bony corpse began to sink into the mud; but we were never deterred in our daily greetings: "Looking good today, Fido old boy," we called out. In a few months, when he had all but disappeared under the mud we said, "Here boy! And where's our Fido today?"

During dinner one night Abani approached Florence, "Memsahib, you eat pork?" Florence responded, "Yes, we love it, but this is a Muslim country and we thought it is illegal to sell pork here." Abani looked around furtively, "Memsahib, if you like I get pork man to come tomorrow night." Late the next evening there was a quiet knock at our downstairs entry door. We looked down the stairwell and saw a dark man wrapped in rags trudging up the stairs carrying a heavy burlap bag over his shoulder. He came inside and Abani introduced us to "The Pork Man", who emptied his bag onto the floor. At our feet we gazed upon pork chops, shoulders of pork, pork loins, pork ribs, pork snouts and ears, and every other imaginable piece of a pig's carcass.

OSHUKH (ILLNESSES) cont.

**LEPROSY COLONY****Dan's Solar Cooker put to good use**

Outside of Chittagong, there was a well established leper colony where leprosy survivors went to live out their lives in peace away from the rest of the world. In this colony, run by Catholic nuns, they received medical care and were healthy enough to work. One of the jobs they did was un-weaving garments to get the yarn to make blankets. On a trip with Catholic Relief Services to the leprosy colony with his friend Hugh Murphy, Dan took his solar cooker to see if it could be of any use to them. It was in fact much appreciated because it enabled them to boil water at no cost with no need to get fuel. The boiled water could be used to make rice but more importantly could help with the constant need to sterilize bandages. Dan was happy to donate the stove to them and to see them using it. (See Chapter 09 for more on Dan's solar cooker projects).

“A leper does not fret over
the ordinary fever.
His bed being the ocean
He is not afraid of the dew.”

[Lyrics from a Baul Song, in
Bhattacharya, p.107]



“Disease and death were a constant
preoccupation: There were many, many
sights that you never forgot. The armless
and legless beggars and the lepers...”

[Allen, *Plain Tales from the Raj*, p.29]

STRIFE

মারামারি*

(MARA-MARI)

15.1 INTERNAL STRIFE

15.2 EXTERNAL STRIFE

15.3 EVACUATION TO MANILA

15.4 THE LIBERATION WAR

হায় কাছেম চলিল রণে হাতে বান্ধি কক্ষনা,
 শিরে বান্ধি সেহারা, মৈন্দর দাগ ত গেল না
 এই শোকে আফশোস্ করে কান্দে বিবি সকিনা,
 জিন্দাগি ভরিয়া পতি আর ত দেখা হল না।
 —জারানীচের গান

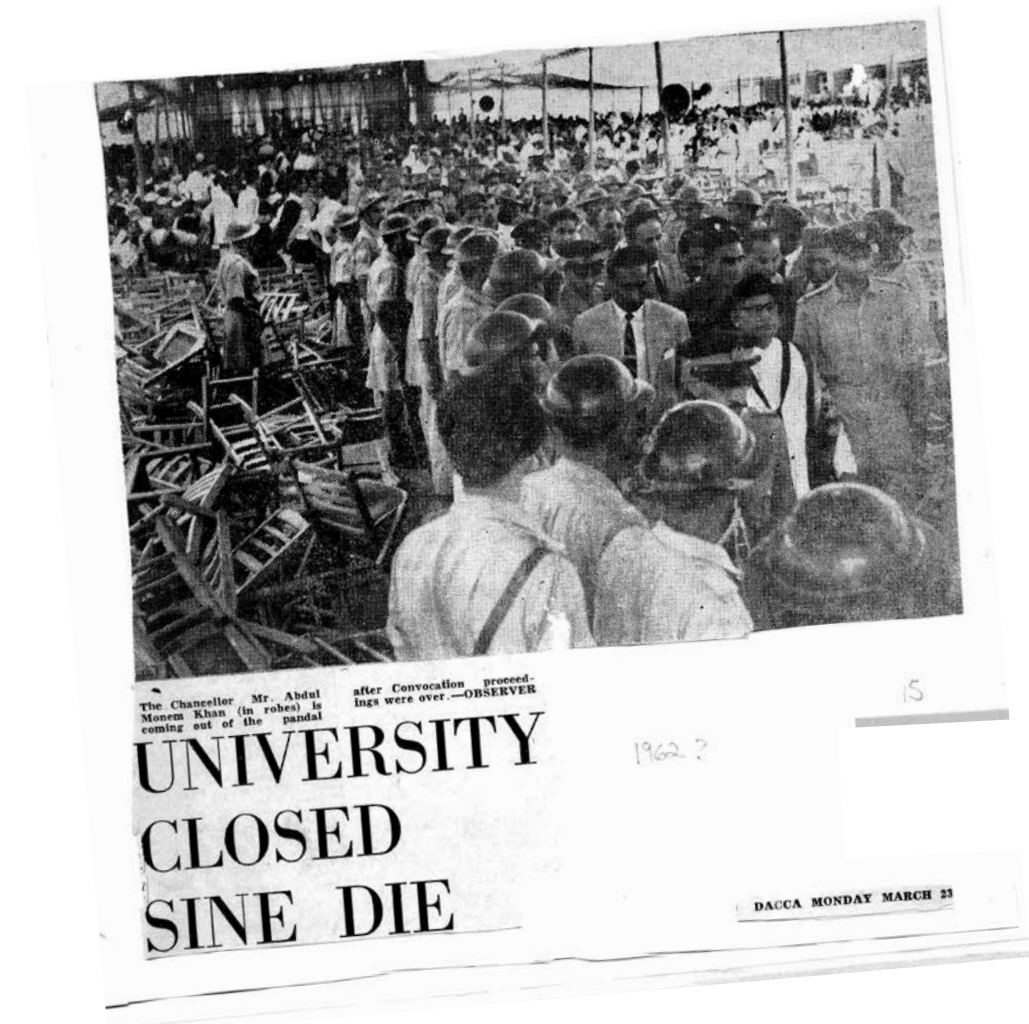


“Stick on stick the fighters smote,
 With shouts of ‘Ali, Ali !”

[Jasimuddin, *The Embroidered Quilt*, p.44]



* This Bengali wording is from our personal family patois



15.1 INTERNAL STRIFE

INTERNAL STRIFE

During the seven years we lived in Dacca, we lived with the constant threat of hostility erupting from student demonstrations to communal village riots to all out international wars. As the tensions between East and West Pakistan grew, we witnessed the growing fervor among Bengalis for autonomy which lead up to the 1971 Bangladesh War of Liberation. Although this civil war broke out three years after we left Dacca, we felt a part of it as we lobbied in Washington DC for the cause of liberation.



UNIVERSITY CLOSED SINE DIE

Students Advised To Devote Themselves To Studies Only

Chittagong, April 16: The Deputy Commissioner of Chittagong, Mr. Matul Islam, advised the students to devote themselves to their studies only and not to be misled by any outside attraction. He was addressing students of Sabitri Memorial Girls' High School at Sultanpur vil-

"1962-1963 classes were in session for only 62 days"

STUDENT STRIKES

[Owen, 1963 Letter from East Pakistan, p.3]

Since the end of martial law in 1962, conditions in the Province worsened progressively. An atmosphere of lawlessness exists that the police are powerless to cope with. The last university commencement ceremony to be cancelled for fear of student demonstrations or riots against the government, and during the academic year 1962-1963 classes were in session for only 62 days. The authorities are afraid to act against the students, who represent one of the few literate segments of the population and thus have the potential for wielding influence in their home villages.

ANIMOSITY BETWEEN EAST AND WEST PAKISTAN

[Owen, p4.]

In a very real sense the East Pakistanis to-day, like their counterparts in West Pakistan, are not a nation but an ill-assorted group of divergent elements divided against themselves, disunited except for a negative attitude to India. Pakistan was not ready for nationhood in 1947, and it is still not ready. President Ayub Khan is the one leader who shows any statesmanship, but he is like a man in search of a country. He is resented by many Bengalis because he is from West Pakistan, and the animosity shown to the West wing in Bengal rivals the resentment against India. The two wings are not in any sense united.

STUDENT STRIKES & HARTALS

Dan often liked to quip that his students spent more time out of the classroom than inside, due to the frequent *hartals* (strikes) and riots that would shut down the university for days or weeks at a time. The university students seemed to have no shortage of issues to protest about whether at the level of national politics or at the local level of university life. Students were always frustrated with the central government's control and suppression of Bengali culture and they often resorted to violence with bats and bricks to show their anger. The riots we lived through in the 1960s, were in many ways a continuation of the pro-Bengali language demonstrations of the 1950s when Bengalis fought against the imposition of Urdu as the national language. The students who died in those first Bengali language demonstrations were revered as heroes and martyrs ever afterwards.

Dan and the other architecture teachers would go to school every day, but often to find their classrooms empty and the students out on yet another strike. Dan usually chose to walk rather than risk being driven through angry mobs on the way to the University. On these walks, he appreciated the chance to wander through the protesters to observe and hear first hand their feelings. He would often come back with reports of mobs of young men flinging bricks at police who charged them with bamboo *lathi*-s. Because of the rising number of student demonstrations and street riots the central government outlawed all public gatherings of more than four people. Years later, when Dan witnessed the 1968 student riots at Columbia University, he laughed at how passive they seemed in comparison to the creative protest methods of the Bengali students.

It was during the first of these riots in the fall of 1960 that Dan met Kay Donaldson, a young American woman with a PhD in art history who was on a Fulbright grant to teach at the Institute of Art. Because the students were on strike frequently, the institute was shut down and having nothing else to do she was more than happy to teach for Dan's EPUET program.



REGD. NO. DA-87. VOL. XIX NO. 233. DACCA, TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1967

UNIVERSITY CLASSES SUSPENDED TILL MAY 31

Students Abstain From Exams
(By Our Staff Reporter)
About five hundred first and second year students of East Pakistan Technical University abstained from winter Semester Examinations which commenced...

STUDENT STRIKES & HARTALS cont.

PAT'S DESCRIPTION OF STUDENT STRIKES
[P. Hill, In the Mood Bazar, pp110-111]

Student protest was common enough in its limited way, but it was not easy to evaluate the depth of feeling or meaning.

"Well, the students have been on strike for three days," Dan announced, returning from the Engineering College one afternoon. "They spent the first morning putting up anti-American signs on all the walls, but they used local cellophane tape, and of course the signs were hanging at half-mast within hours, and there they flapped. The halls looked so frightful that today I couldn't stand it any more. I took some pukka American tape and taped all the loose corners neatly in place. And two of the same students stood watching me, and at last one of them said respectfully, 'You are a good sport, sir.'"

PAT WRITING ON STUDENT DISSATISFACTION WITH WEST PAKISTAN CONTROL
[P. Hill, In the Mood Bazar, p111]

"Disparity" was the Bengali diagnosis of their problems; "autonomy", partial or complete, was the cure they prescribed. Any suggestion of "autonomy"--or "parity"--was regarded by the central government as sedition; but it was a passion that burned ominously under every seething issue.

West Pakistanis pointed out that Bengal has always been a rebellious province: emotional, crafty, volatile, uncoordinated, and difficult to govern. Bengal, they emphasized, was incapable of self-rule. (One foreign observer, after many years in both provinces, had concluded that the Bengalis were more clever but the West Pakistanis were better organized.)

Not all Bengalis disagreed completely with the West wing. "They must get very tired of us," a young engineer remarked. "We say that God runs East Pakistan because nobody else does."

"We all cheat so," a Bengali contractor sighed regretfully. It's no wonder that our lower classes aren't more honest when they watch the rest of us stealing all the time."

Others, less resigned, suggested: "If we are so much trouble for the West wing, why don't they let us go? We would show them in twenty years who can make more progress."

[MFD letter to CGR, 11/15/1964]

Some rioting, but generally all pretty peaceful. It is in March when the basic democrats, being voted for now, vote for the president that there is likely to be trouble. If Ayub gets in, this wing may revolt. If Miss Jinnah gets in, Ayub can effect a coup.

The politics of the upcoming Aun- Jinnah election and ensuing violence

COMMUNAL RIOTS

In addition to the violent student riots, we also witnessed brutal communal riots generated by attacks of Muslims on Hindus and other non-Muslim minority groups. I never could understand why the Hindus, who composed an extreme minority of the population and who took on the most lowly and undesirable of jobs, could invoke such hatred and violence from Muslim groups. When we were visiting Haluaghat, near the India border, Sister Emanuel told us terrible stories of how the Garo tribesmen were being persecuted and killed by Muslim mobs who wanted to seize their land.

While Emmy was with us during the fall of 1963, Dacca suffered its worst plague of communal riots – Muslims invading Hindu homes and massacring entire Hindu villages. Many foreigners hid Hindus in their compounds. During this time, Dan made frequent trips with Ruplal to check on his various family members in Shegun Bagicha and at Ruplal's *basha* (city home). They were especially concerned for Mona, Ruplal's pregnant wife, who was expecting their first child imminently. When she did finally go into labor, Ruplal took her to Holly Family Hospital only to be turned away because the hospital was full up with the injured from the riots. Emmy, had wanted to getting involved as well in helping the victimized Hindu families. She argued that it was her "duty" to try to help as would be expected of any good British citizen during war times. But it was much too dangerous for her to go out in the streets. As a foreigner, especially, she was apt to attract unwanted attention so Dan persuaded her to stay at home.

[MFD letter to CGR 01/19/1964]

Newsman and the radio have been keeping our local problems to themselves, but if word has leaked out, we are entirely safe. These have been an exciting four days and the closest I have ever been to real shooting. Emmy says that it is like the other riots and there will always be something up between Muslims and Hindus, but this outburst the World Council of Churches calls you for confirmation of milk and blankets needed. You can say it is true. The Catholics have rounded up over a thousand Hindus and protect them, and many private Muslims, such as Mr. Huda are sheltering Hindus in their institutions. It is another disaster time when food and blankets are needed (also having a cold spell right now.) More of this later, but want to get this letter off.

"... Just hoodlums out to raid and kill"

PAT'S DESCRIPTION OF THE POTTERY VILLAGE MASSACRE
[P. Hill, *In the Mood Bazar*, pp.217-218]

We were to go with Scott and Dee Rutherford to the Chinese restaurant that evening. We drove a few unlighted blocks to suggest that we put it off till another time, as we had fourteen Hindus on the compound and thought it better to stay home.

Scott asked if they could borrow a few Hindus. "Everybody in Dhanmandi has Hindus hidden on their compounds, and we don't know any," he complained. "We feel awfully Out."

By Thursday the fear had thickened like a sauce, heavily seasoned with rumor. Some of the stories were of doubtful parentage, others obviously well-founded. Reliable witnesses reported that truckloads of dead, wounded and mutilated had arrived at Dacca Medical Hospital in the night. Foreigners--doctors, nurses, Peace Corps--who had gone there and offered their services, had been suddenly dismissed and told not to return until further notice.

Calcutta Radio was describing the horrors of the massacre in East Pakistan, and expressing its satisfaction that such things were not going on in India. Radio Pakistan reported the carnage in India, and glowed with virtue because such barbarism had been avoided in Pakistan.

People who lived on Satmasjid Road told us about the live cinders that floated onto their roofs during the night from the burning huts of the village behind them. Shrieks and howls had kept their children awake; some of them had nightmares long afterward.

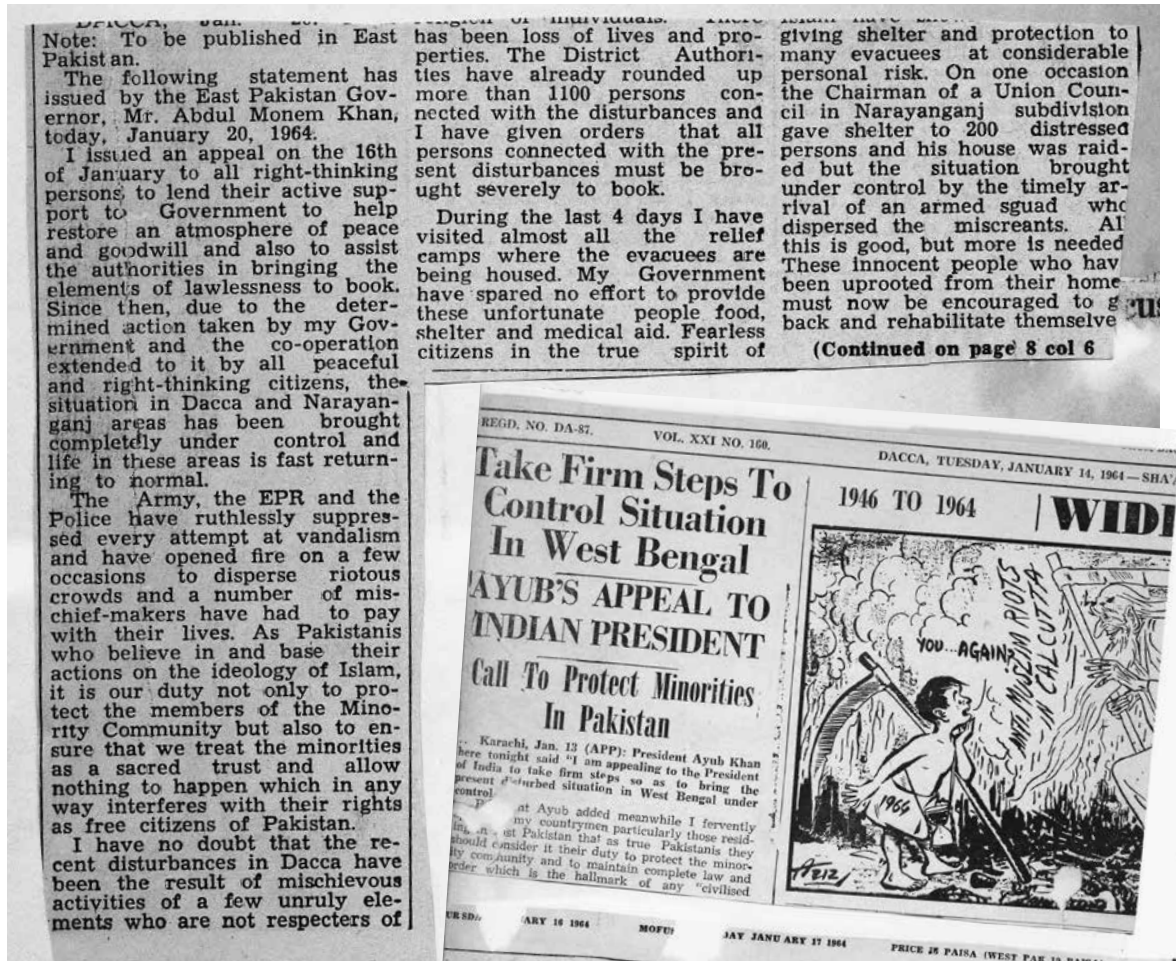
Every morning our servants, intent and grave, gathered to listen to the news broadcasts on the radio. Each of them belonged to a minority group; even those who were not Hindu might easily find themselves caught in the conflagration. In many minds, Buddhists were closely associated with Hindus; our Baruas worried about what was happening to their own people in their distant villages. I urged Kripa to bring her old mother and the children to our house. She looked out of the doorway, doubtful and uneasy. At last she said reluctantly, "I not afraid--only--we are only Christian family that street."

"Everybody in Dhanmandi has Hindus hidden on their compounds ..."

"... truckloads of dead, wounded and mutilated had arrived at Dacca Medical Hospital in the night."

"... live cinders that floated onto their roofs ... from the burning huts of the village behind."

COMMUNAL RIOTS cont.

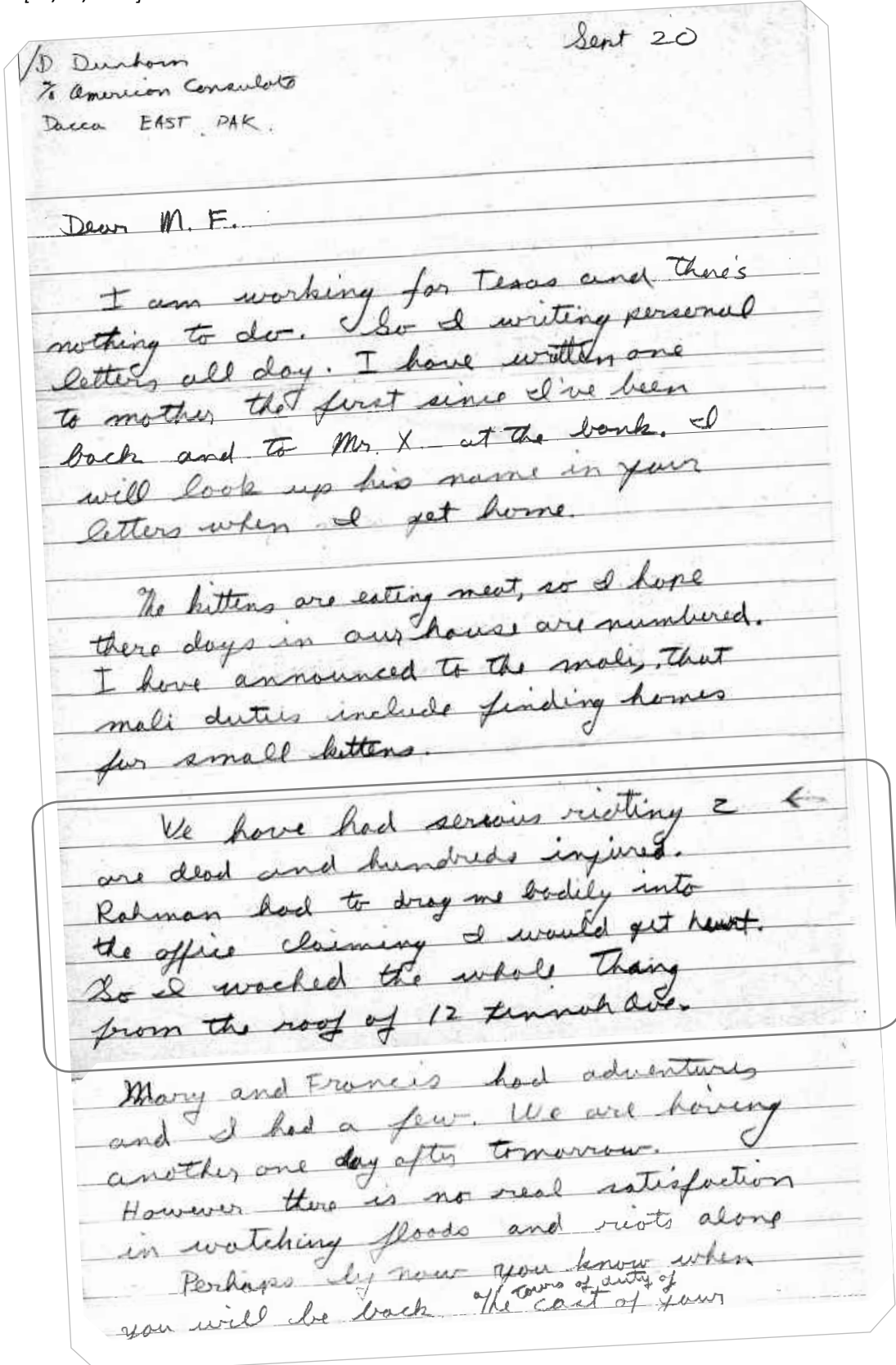


1964 News articles on religious rioting

"In the last years of the Raj 'the awful portent of Pakistan began to arise, and from 1939 this danger appeared before us and we could see no way of averting it."

[Allen, Plain Tales from the Raj, p.233]

Dan's letter to me describing communal rioting in Dacca [09/20/1962]



"... there is no real satisfaction in watching floods and riots alone."

COMMUNAL RIOTS cont.

My description of communal rioting in Dacca
[MFD diary: January, 1965]

"... 'goondas' reported to be killing. Hindus ... Christian + Budhists in danger. Curfews announced..."

who were helping Hindu friends. The "hoorigans,"^{264A} "goondas," reported to be killing indiscriminately - Hindus or no. Christians + Budhists in danger. Curfews announced if you could find out from radio + paper. Have to have curfew pass to get through old city. Nawabpur road many fires. Hindu houses 500 in BAFA. Frid. night the man left in charge thought he heard shots near by, called Huda, who called military, who gave BAFA priority + sent soldiers down. There was nothing and the chief in anger cut the phone lines. When Huda found out called on him and appeared him with cigars and cherrim. Impossible to know extent of deaths and damage except through rumours. At least papers don't exaggerate. Morning News doesn't give enough. Observer quite same - One Dan's school students saw a stabbing + chase on Jinnah Ave. and ran. Huda says saw two months baby torn apart. 1,800 being protected in St. Joseph's compound. Hugh made "warden" of old city catholics. One Father, young man, missing. Last seen Thuid. in Naryanganga heading for other side of river. Wednes. O'Donnell called Hugh, Tok, and others not to go to Calcutta,

"Impossible to know extent of deaths and damage except through rumors."

PAT'S DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSECUTION OF THE GARO CHRISTIANS
[P. Hill, In the Mood Bazar, p.239]

Things seemed as peaceful as they were likely to be, and Dacca was still well-furnished with military. Ganesh tucked the painted trunk and the brass pots into our car; a baby taxi was summoned to take the surplus people, and they left.

Bulletins continued to dribble in. Late in January we were startled to read a denouncement of the "false and malicious canard that the Garo Christians were leaving Pakistan." A few days later the papers announced triumphantly that the Garos who had gone to India were coming back. This was followed by a daily indictment of the Indian government because it would not allow the Garo Christians to return to Pakistan after having lured them across the border.

At this time one American woman immortalized herself by remarking, at a party, that she kept hearing that the Garos were leaving, but she hadn't met them and didn't know "whether they were with the diplomatic or a private firm."

PROTECTING THE ORPHANAGE WITH CARDBOARD RIFLES

When Dan heard that the Tejgaon orphanage was in danger of attack, he recruited some friends (including Jock Copland and Hugh Murphy) to defend it with him. Having no weapons of any sort, Dan made fake rifles out of cardboard for each of them to brandish as they paced the roof of the orphanage. In silhouette against the night sky, the cardboard rifles must have looked convincing enough because they did succeed in scaring off any potential attackers.





15.2 EXTERNAL STRIFE

EXTERNAL STRIFE

While in Dacca during the 1960s, we lived through two international wars both instigated by the Cold War tensions between West Pakistan and India. The first in 1962 was relatively uneventful, but the second one in 1965 posed enough danger for Katherine and I to be evacuated along with hundreds of other American wives and children to Manila for three months.

Cold Wave All Over Pakistan

COLD WAR TENSIONS

Through the 60s in Dacca we watched with amusement how the fluctuations of Cold War related tensions of the countries around us impacted our daily lives. At parties we used to play a game of guessing who among the new Americans were CIA agents. Dan had to laugh when a US Consulate official asked him for drawings of the Chinese compound in Dhanmandi assuming that Dan, because he was an architect, would have access to that type of information. Another time, Dan was amused to be identified by the US Consulate as an American who had "a finger on the pulse" of Dacca students. Although this may have been true, Dan never responded to their request that he keep the Consulate informed on student political activities.

In spite of the complex Cold War politics that were influencing the higher level dealings between the US and Pakistan, at a local level they did not prevent Dan and me from receiving an invite to the official reception for Liu Shao-Chi, Chairman of the People's Republic of China, when he came on a state visit to Dacca in 1966. Although we were amused that we were invited, we didn't go, since at that time we did not have much interest in the Chinese presence in Dacca (other than eating an occasional meal at Chu Chin Chows).

Could this have been Liu Shaoqi, who was the president of the PRC from 1959-1968?

"... The Red Chinese were conspicuously aloof in our friendly society ..."

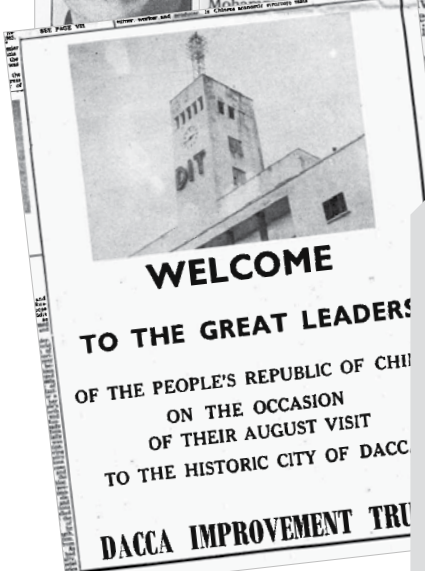
"... the Chinese contempt for public opinion was intriguing."

ABOUT THE CHINESE PRESENCE IN DACCA
[P. Hill, In the Mood Bazar, pp.143-144]

The foreign colony was small enough to be neighborly, but large and scattered enough to offer a spectrum of choice, as well as escape routes when claustrophobia threatened. We had no embassies, because Dacca was only a provincial capital. We had an assortment of consulates, and the United Nations groups; and their staffs fraternized a good deal, excepting the representatives of the People's Republic of China. The Red Chinese were conspicuously aloof in our friendly society, and must have lived lives of awesome loneliness. They were occasionally to test their love of the proletariat so directly.

"They not keeping Bengali servant, madame," he hedged. "I think bringing own servant from China." This was unconfirmed.

Certainly they did not project a very heart-warming image. Contrasted with the Americans' near-hysterical preoccupation with Imagery, the Chinese contempt for public opinion was intriguing.



THE CHINESE NEIGHBORS
[P. Hill, In the Mood Bazar, pp.144-145]

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Certainly they did not project a very heart-warming image. Contrasted with the Americans' near-hysterical preoccupation with Imagery, the Chinese contempt for public opinion was intriguing.

One afternoon Scott Rutherford, who lived downstairs in Pickwick House, was playing football with his young sons in their rear garden when the ball went astray and fell into the Chinese compound. Scott regarded the wall and struggled briefly with indecision before he climbed it. He had reached the top when he saw the Chinese gentleman, in a well-tailored Western suit, tapping his foot and watching the football roll toward him--"as if it were ticking." Scott crouched on the wall, feeling absurd, making appeasing grimaces and trying to explain. The Chinese gentleman, wordless and unsmiling, picked up the football and hurled it past Scott's head. Then he brushed his hands together and stomped indoors.

"And thus," Dee Rutherford sighed, "the curtain fell on our diplomatic efforts."

COLD WAR TENSIONS cont.

CHO EN LAI'S STATE VISIT TO DACCA, 1966
[P. Hill, *In the Mood Bazar*, p.108]

The Bengali view of the People's Republic of China was less than clear-cut. The Pakistan government earnestly courted their Chinese neighbors, and the visit of a Chinese official was an occasion for extravagant display of friendship. A road whose construction had dawdled along for two years was completed in the single week before a prominent Chinese arrived. Mirpur Road, which ran from the airport to the President's house, was strung with Pakistani and Chinese flags, and archways bearing such mottoes as "Pak-Chini ANITY (sic) ZINDABAD." Cultural groups presented local songs and dances for the dignitaries in performances which were closed to the general public but were described rapturously in the Pakistani press.

When Chou En Lai was arriving, we drove to Mirpur Road for a glimpse of him. The road was lined on either side with a thick wall of people--lungis, saris, burqas, white cottons, and babes in arms. We hesitated to thrust our pale faces prominently among them; a crowd in Bengal is always of uncertain tenor. We asked my Bengali tutor, who was with us, to take our camera and try to catch a snapshot of the Personage while we waited behind the lines.

He was back in a few minutes, laughing. "The government coaxed in hundreds of people from the villages, bringing them with free train rides, and the poor things have been waiting and waiting to see the Chinese guest. Chou En Lai just went by at a hundred miles an hour, in a closed car with curtains drawn over the windows, and now the crowd is cursing him."

The newspapers next day reported that eager Pakistanis "from all walks of life" had rushed by the thousands to welcome the great leader, spontaneously cheering and waving.

POSSIBLE BENGALI PRO-CHINESE LEANINGS
[P. Hill, *In the Mood Bazar*, p.109]

The subject came up while Pat Owens and I were visiting Akbar, her Muslim cook, in his village. We sat at a table in front of our guest hut, sipping drinks under a saffron moon in a blue tissue sky. Akbar stood beside us with Madan the mali, arms folded thoughtfully. When the news was over, Akbar said, "I think East Pakistan maybe not last very long. Somebody take it, I think. Maybe China."

We speculated about the prospects. "If the Chinese come," Pat said, "they will need rice, not people. They might take the rice and throw the people away."

"Oh, I know, madame. Chinese very hungry." He reflected a moment. "When I working in Calcutta, British time, people say Chinese eat other people."

Startled, we laughed. "Akbar! Surely not!" "I've never heard of--I don't think--"

He smiled with us, but he was not swayed. "Yes, madame, they say Chinese eating Indian children." Madan nodded agreement.

"We not want Chinese here," Akbar said quietly, and went away to bring our dinner.

Often, if the topic presented itself, Bengalis shrugged. "That's government politics. What do we want with the Chinese Communists?"

One Bengali who had studied in America estimated that popular opinion in East Pakistan might be pro-Communist.

"After all," he said, "what can our people think? They only know what they read or hear via our media: that America is bombing Vietnamese peasants and bullying Negroes; that in China and Russia, there are no poor, everybody is equal. Our high officials go to Peking and come back spouting admiration for Chinese industry and agriculture. What they really admire is the Chinese leaders' standard of living and their power. He mentioned the son of a certain wealthy Pakistani industrialist. "When that boy came back from a visit to Peking, he said, 'China is doing very well. Their officials' sons have sports cars just like ours.'

OUR FIRST WAR (Winter 1962)

A SINO-INDO BORDER DISPUTE

In 1962 a "virtual" war between India and Pakistan broke out regarding the disputed Himalayan borders between India and China and the fate of Tibet (the war is also known as the Sino-Indian Border Conflict). Since the focus of the war was hundreds of miles away in the Himalayas, no one in the Dacca foreign community expected it to have any significance on our little corner of the world. Bengalis, however, felt vulnerable being sensitive to the fact that their country was close to both enemies: India and China. And indeed there was one supposed incidence of an Indian plane that flew into East Pakistan and dropped a bomb. But story has it, that the bomb sunk in the mud of a paddy field and never went off. Dan quipped that if Dacca should be invaded, the Americans could protect themselves by "circling their wagons (their chauffeur-driven cars)" in wild-west fashion to stave off the attackers. Among our Dacca friends, we jokingly referred to this uneventful war of 1962 as "The War," as if it was in a class with the other historical wars of the world.



PAKISTAN A Bad Marriage
 In downtown Dacca, jittery shopkeepers clanked their corrugated front doors shut and raced for home. Trains were derailed, cars were stoned and burned, tires were slashed. In one howling clash with police, four rioters were killed. At Narayanganj, 15 miles south of Dacca, rioters armed with shotguns stormed a police station, and seven more were gunned down. In Tejgaon, some 20,000 swarmed angrily into the streets, looking for trouble.
 After a decade of mere talk about autonomy from West Pakistan, political leaders of East Pakistan took mat-

* The eldest, Don Alfonso, inherited the family hemophilia and bled to death after a 1938 auto accident; the second, Don Jaime, a deaf-mute, renounced the throne, though he later renewed his claim.

Tom home please

ters into their own hands last week and, in a violent 24-hour strike by thousands of workingmen, underlined their demands for freedom from President Mohammed Ayub Khan's western seat of power. The Easterners have a point. The two sections of the country, separated by nearly 1,000 miles of Indian territory, share neither borders nor cultures. West Pakistan is Middle Eastern, hot and dry in climate, puritanical in morals, warlike in manners, and multilingual. East Pakistan smacks of the Orient, with its hot and moist climate, its lush, green fields, its smaller and generally quieter people, and its lilting singsong language, Bengali. East Pakistanis complain that fully 70% of the country's civil servants and 90% of the army are recruited in West Pakistan, though East Pakistan accounts for 55% of the whole country's population.

Worst of all, East Pakistan feels isolated and unprotected. After last September's Indo-Pakistan war, when East Pakistan found itself guarded by only one of Pakistan's nine army divisions, the East's leading political party, the Awami League, decided that it was time for action. Led by spellbinding Sheik Mujibur Rahman, 45, the Awami League drafted a six-point platform calling for East Pakistan's autonomy in all matters except foreign policy and defense, and Mujibur Rahman stumped the eastern part of the country gathering support. Then early last month, the government arrested Mujibur Rahman and 20 other top Awami leaders for stirring up trouble. Last week's strike was Awami's form of protest.

At week's end, both East and West Pakistan were squaring off against each other. "It's going to be a long, drawn-out effort," says Syed Zahiruddin, a Dacca attorney and the league's executive secretary. Ayub compares the current tensions to the U.S. situation just before the Civil War. "If necessary," Ayub warns menacingly, "the language of weapons will have to speak."



RIOTER IN DOWNTOWN DACCA Differences underlined in hate.

OUR SECOND WAR (Spring 1965)

AN INDO-PAK DISTPUTE OVER THE A HAIR OF THE PROPHET

In June of 1965, a more serious war broke out between India and Pakistan. This time the excuse for war, as I remember it, was sparked by an alleged theft of an important Muslim relic from a mosque in West Pakistan. That a believed "hair from the Prophet", something so small, could instigate something so big as a war between nations never seemed plausible in our minds. Nevertheless a bomb was dropped on India in retaliation for the theft, igniting a more serious military conflict between India and Pakistan than took place in the 1962 war.



The womenfolk of Dacca and Narayanganj led by Begum Saida Razvi (extreme right) brought out a huge procession on Saturday to demonstrate their feelings against the expansionist designs of India and their determination to crush the aggression. —OBSERVER.

Angry Women Parade City Roads

By A Staff Correspondent

Valiant War Of Resistance enemy crippled

A massive procession of over 100,000 women from all walks of life paraded the city streets on Saturday morning to denounce Indian aggression against our motherland. With clenched fists and foot-throated slogans they expressed their firm determination to face the challenge of the aggressors with last drops of their blood. Heavy showers and rain did not dampen their spirits.

An OSERVER report from RAWALPINDI, Sept. 17.—Today is the 12th day of our war with India—a war fought upon us much against our will, whose victory India thought would be celebrated in Lahore's Ghalib Chowk on the evening of September 6 with a Gloria and four marches. The battle of Sialkot is still being fought mostly on enemy soil. The kind of engagement that this has been borne out by frontier correspondents who have compared it with Alamein. The latest is another massive encounter that will probably determine the issue for the remainder of the war. He has put everything that he has into it and hopes to shove the Indian Army out of the area far into enemy territory.

In the ground the enemy's might have been crippled. The number of tanks destroyed is not the only indication. The (Continued on page 3 col. 7)

SAJAL JEWELLERS (Advertisement) DRINK ASTO'S PURE MILK

THE PAKISTAN OBSERVER

INDIANS ATTACK OUR SOIL : LAHORE BOMBED

aggressors repulsed

RAWALPINDI, Sept. 17.—The Indian aggression against our soil which was repulsed in the battle of Sialkot on the evening of September 6 with a Gloria and four marches. The battle of Sialkot is still being fought mostly on enemy soil. The kind of engagement that this has been borne out by frontier correspondents who have compared it with Alamein. The latest is another massive encounter that will probably determine the issue for the remainder of the war. He has put everything that he has into it and hopes to shove the Indian Army out of the area far into enemy territory.

That May Visit Pakistan, India Battle Of Ravi Reserves All PIA Recalled Flights Put Off

Ships Alerted

Crush the enemy WE ARE AT

LALBAG'S GONDHRAJ (Advertisement) Available all over Pakistan

THE PAKISTAN OBSERVER

CEASE-FIRE LINE CROSSED : 4 JETS DOWNED : 2 POSTS CAPTURED

PAKISTAN HITS BACK

step to halt Indian advance

Confirmation by India It's A Regular Attack : Shastri Reply To Kosygin Under Study

Mujahids Wipe Out Entire Indian Platoon

OUR SECOND WAR cont. (Spring 1965)

My description of the 1965 "war"
[MFD diary January, 1965]

"... 'The hair' ...
had been stolen in
Kashmir... Although
it was returned still
some question of its
authenticity."

264 B

Trouble started night of 14th Jan, "The hair" (sacred hair from head of beard of Mohamed) had been stolen in Kashmir from mosque. Although it was returned still some question of its authenticity. Later the story came out that one of the five chief guardians had stolen it. In any case there were repercussions in Jessore and Khulna, Muslims attacking Hindus. Then riots in Calcutta. PIA stopped flights there for a day or two. Then Narayanganj + Dacca. Narayanganj seems to have had the most bloodshed. Dan, Hugh, + Fran drove into old Dacca Tuesday night and saw fires and were turned back by the police. There. PM the Vroomans were giving tea for the faculty + students but on Thursday and the 15th years turned up besides the rest of us. You could see four columns of smoke from the direction of the poorest village. Hugh + Fran drove there. Took some pictures. Were attacked by the "goondas" who tried to get their camera and "bore" Fran's sweater and hit the car with a brick. They went right home. Dan uses Alipore house roof for observing. Wednesday night we could hear the fire engines frequently. Always feared for Ruplal but he + family came through at

"... 'Dan uses the Alipore house roof for observing. Wednesday night we could hear the fire engines frequently. Always feared for Ruplal but he + family came through ..."

PRE-EVACUATION WEEKS

Although activity was occurring primarily across the northwestern border between India and Pakistan, the American consul general in East Pakistan soon felt it was wise to evacuate the American women and children. After enduring almost three weeks of curfew with all our belongings packed away and nothing to do but play Bridge and worry, we were relieved and somewhat thrilled when we finally got the notification at the crack of dawn to be ready to board our evacuation plane #3 within a couple of hours.



PAKISTAN WAR OF 1965: The War That Almost Ended the Architecture Faculty
By Ali Azad Chowdhury
[As printed in Rafique Islam's book: *The First Faculty of Architecture in Dhaka*]

"It was September 1965, Pakistan decided to settle the "Kashmir Problem" with India once and for all. At the start of our semester, the war started in the West Pakistan and India borders. Though nothing was happening in East Pakistan, the newly introduced government owned television stations were continuously covering the war and providing anti-Indian commentary. Soon many kinds of rumors started to spread. We also heard that our entire American faculty and their families would be evacuated out of East Pakistan as long the war continued. Some of us began to worry about what would happen to our new department with its USAID program... Some of the architecture students felt we should do something for our professors. We decided to visit the US ambassador at his residence next morning and pledge the assurance of the safety and support for our professors in this troubled situation. Mr. Ambassador was home, getting ready to go to his office at Adamjee Court building. I am sure he was relieved that the group of young men waiting outside was not anti-US, but rather had come to show support for Americans. ... we introduced ourselves and told him that our American faculty could stay in Dacca; there was no need to leave and no harm would come to them, etc. He was very pleased and thanked all of us abundantly. ... That afternoon, Vrooman came to us and told us that ambassador called him in his office and told him that his students went to see him that morning; they were both very pleased with us. But soon arrangements were made and all American nationals were air-lifted to the Philippines. ..."

PRE-EVACUATION WEEKS cont.
(Spring 1965)



CAMOUFLAGE FOR THE RICKSHAW DRIVERS

Although, once again the focus of the war was actually between West Pakistan and India, East Pakistanis felt vulnerable and on the alert. All around the city we could see people making an effort in various ways to participate in wartime preparations. We were especially amused by the sight of trucks and rickshaws driving about the city with leafy branches attached to their roofs as camouflage. The rickshaw drivers even took to putting branches on their heads. Soon enough the branches lost their leaves and the traffic became a twig covered parade of vehicles. Night guards would routinely tap on our doors reprimanding us for any crack of light escaping from our windows. In the newspapers and on the radio, citizens were being advised to go to their "basements rather than attics" in an air raid, although neither such existed in the country. Dan figured that they must have been referring to instructions from an outdated WWII manual from Britain where people did live with basements and attics.

"MR. BHUTTO" THE GOOSE

During the tense months before the war broke out Peggy Azbill and Fran Larkin acquired a goose. Seeing a resemblance between their pet goose and the pompous behavior of Mohammed Ali Bhutto, Pakistan's president to be, they aptly named their goose "Mr. Bhutto." On the eve of their evacuation, Mr. Bhutto was placed in the hands of "our gang" to take care of until their return. However, that trust was sadly placed, as "Mr. Bhutto" was not around when they returned several months later – most likely he was cooked into a good meal.



Katherine with "Mr. Bhutto" the goose



Katherine with Mumtaz and "Mr. Bhutto"

My constantly changing plans about what to pack in preparation for the imminent evacuation [MFD diary 09/02/1965]

Official notice from the U.S. Consul General's office advising all Americans to leave the country if they did not have essential business reasons to stay.

September 8, 1965
9:00 A. M.

NOTICE TO AMERICANS IN EAST PAKISTAN

East Pakistan has become an area of hostilities, and normal civilian international transport facilities have been disrupted. While there is no immediate threat to American lives and property, the future is uncertain. The Consul General has therefore determined to evacuate from East Pakistan to a safehaven area by air the dependents of USG employees and some non-essential USG employees in the near future, using aircraft chartered by the USG if such aircraft can be brought into Dacca.

The Consul General suggests that those Americans not having essential business in East Pakistan seriously consider leaving along with the USG employees and dependents mentioned above. All those who desire to leave should proceed to Dacca if now outside Dacca, and report to the American Consulate General for processing. Each evacuee will be allowed one piece of hand baggage, maximum weight 45 pounds. We hope to have an aircraft in Dacca on Saturday, September 11. All Americans who intend to avail themselves of this opportunity should report to the Consulate General as soon as it is convenient. They should bring their passports or other proof of U.S. citizenship.

It is recommended that each family make an inventory of property which may be left behind. A copy of this inventory should be deposited at the American Consulate General.

Mumtaz

"It is recommended that each family make an inventory of property which may be left behind...."

No one yet broken down or panicked. Situation such that can't make decisions so just wait. However, each new piece of news influences approach to packing. Last night thinking of not taking the diaries! Dan thinking of not taking any Rs but sketches. When things seem better return to things what we leave behind will reach us.

This AM Mrs. Jesiboddy can't get iron safe. As it was going on a man cert Mrs. landlord saw it & begged me to leave it with her. To late. "Itishmish" had come along & managed to grab a handful of elastic bands before leaving. Her mother did make her come back & ask for them.

Mrs. Farida's mother has been over 2 or 3 times bringing letters. Dan & Mother think

"... each new piece of news influences approach to packing.... Dan thinking of not taking anything but sketches...."

PRE-EVACUATION WEEKS cont.
(Spring 1965)

CURFEW AT HAFIZ VILLA WITH MOTHER D.

Mother D, Dan's mother who was visiting us at this time, actually enjoyed the curfew restriction of the war because it gave her a captive audience for her favorite activity – bridge. In the evenings we retired to her quarters where we curtained the windows against light shining outside and invited a friend or two to join Mother D for an evening of bridge. Back in Tampa she was accustomed to a bridge party once a week, but now she could have one every night.

During those pre-evacuation days, bulletins arrived from the US Consulate announcing plans and instructions for short term departure. I remember Mother D fretting over whether or not to wear a hat and gloves for the trip. We were told we would be given 24 hours notice of when we would be boarded on planes to take us out of the country.

Dan and I enjoyed walking in the neighborhood during the curfew nights. The temperature was comfortable, the streets were silent and the only light was that of the moon. I remember those nights as being magical, especially as they were to be our last moments together before Katherine and I were evacuated.



My notes on evacuation preparation: paking and makig lists.
[MFD diary 09/1965]

I have made 3 different inventories, no one complete. On Sat. or Frid or before made a list by rms. After packing on Sat or Sund. made a list in triplicate by categories. When unpacking a bit yeast, Sund, with Robb's help made a list in triplicate by what was collected in Mother D's bedroom. At this rate may get to a 4th itemized list with valves.

What a funny life it will be if can stay here for duration of a long war. We have come full cycle to our first days in the house of a bed & few bamboo pieces, stove, & limited kitchenware. I have always liked to live in a state of readiness but move but 5 that this was because had moved so often, but also state of war not forgotten.

This PM Dan mimeographed Operation Icarus. (c. files) By 7 PM 9 of us together w. spirits high. Roy says Paki think cease fire soon.

Hans tells of 2 Gerns. who walked for Ind to Dacca. cont. to Chittagong. Germ. cons. not pleased.

"... if can stay here for duration of long war ... We have come full cycle to our first days in the house of a bed, few bamboo pieces, stove & limited kitchenware... I have always liked to live in a state of readiness to move"

"This PM Dan mimeographed Operation Icarus ... By 7PM, 9 of us with spirits high ..." (see next page)

My notes on our living conditions not knowing whether evacuation was imminent or not.
[MFD diary 09/1965 p.4, p.6]

Took moonlight walk before bed w. Dan. All wikes (P6) bright moon. helped. Stopped at Bartha's where he, John Shift, + Hans sitting outside. Join for awhile. Bartha feeling more reality of sit. since boys had told him to black out, less that whole business was preparation for a chartered flight to winter type party.

"... nightly curtaining of windows ... using bedspreads, lungis, shawls ... Condition of living out of suitcases ..."

Hadn't described nightly curtaining of windows in Mother D's living room. using bedspreads, lungis, shawls, etc. cloth. Condition of living out of suitcases. After days of hard labor letting things around the house go un swept + untended.

(Not mentioned atmosphere of early days when absence of planes noticeable + presence electrifying. Never had been too interested in planes before. Now rush out to see what kind. Absence still stranger. Yesterday AM's planes + this AM's one plane like war itself. Feel patriotic towards our defenders as they rip open the stillness)

This AM breakfast time relaxed + cheerful. Moods = universal, incl. servants + neighbors.

(Price of food went up shortly after Lahore bombing. Frid. we bought 5 tins kerosene @ Rs 6/12. Now up to Rs 9 on open market. Ration cards allow 1 seer/person/week (?) } Price of rice, poor quality, Rs. 1/seer Rs 40-45/maund. Before Rs 25-28) and taking stock

Things have been done in the way of clearing out that should have been done anyway, & life decisions made perhaps that had not been faced, but so quickly + intensely that feeling of anticlimax during peace.

"... absence of planes noticeable & presence electrifying. ... Feel patriotic towards our defenders as they rip open the stillness ..."

"...Price of food went up ..."

"...taking stock that should have been done anyway, life decisions made perhaps that had not been faced, but so quickly & intensely that feeling of anticlimax during peace."

PRE-EVACUATION WEEKS cont.
(Spring 1965)

“OPERATION ICARUS”

During those curfew days, everyone was instructed to remain at home at night and to cover windows so that no light could be seen from outside. The American consulate distributed bulletins daily to American households giving an update on war news and on the prospect of possible evacuation. The bulletins included directions on how to store all belongings in one locked room, how to prepare one suitcase per person for urgent departure, how to maintain darkness after curfew with covered windows and candle light, etc.

The language of the bulletins was so pompously worded by bureaucrats that Dan couldn't resist creating a counter-bulletin, which we called "The Icarus Papers" (aptly named after the Greek myth of Daedalus and Icarus who made their own wings from wax and feathers and met their terrible demise when Icarus insisted on flying too close to the sun). He and Peggy Azbill, who had access to the College of Home Economics' trusty mimeograph machine, printed copies of the bulletin imitating precisely the language and format of the consulate bulletins. "The Icarus Papers" offered alternative instructions in mock bureaucratize on how an evacuation by air should take place if the Dacca airport was closed: evacuees should convene in the old city at a specified place where they could obtain feathers and wax and would be instructed how to make wings and how to take to the air. The "Icarus Papers" imitated so well the Consulate bulletins that they had at least one American fooled, or so we heard.



*“THE ICARUS PAPERS”
our parodies of the
Consular “special
Evacuation” circulars*

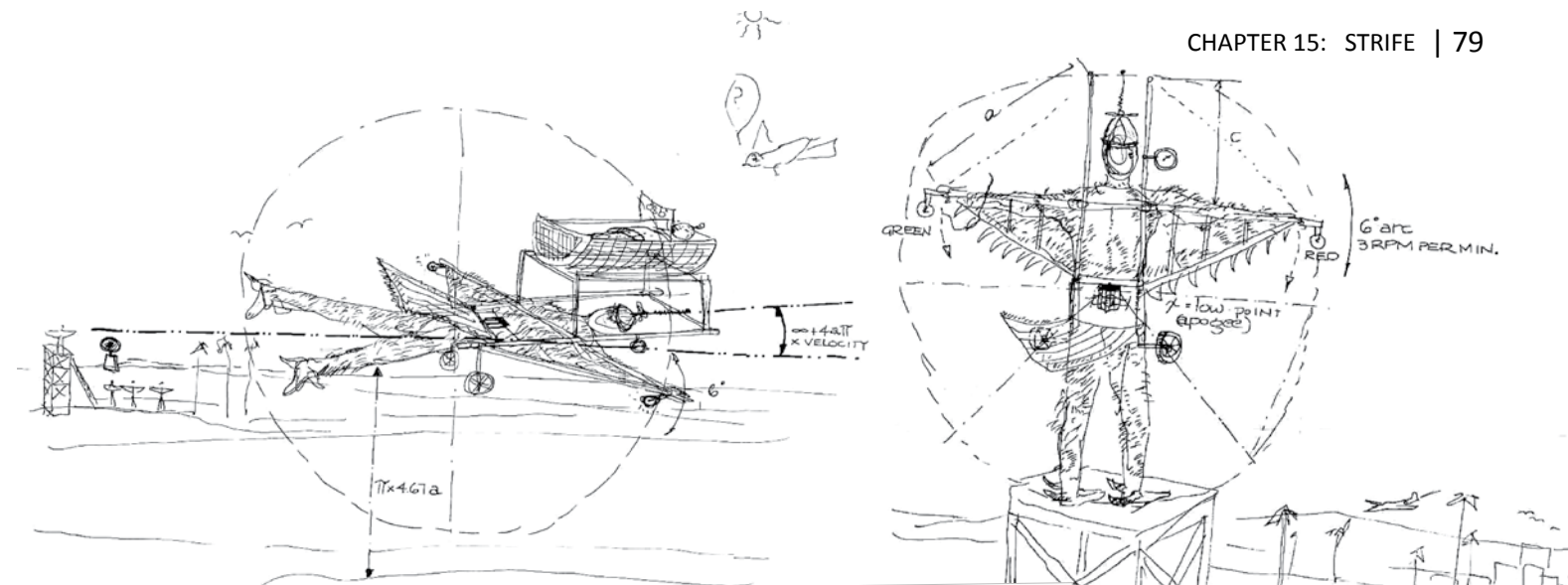
**SPECIAL EVACUATION COMMITTEE
DACCA 2, EAST PAKISTAN**

TO: ALL AMERICANS IN EAST PAKISTAN Sept. 13, 1965
FROM: THE SEECIAL EVACUATION COMMITTEE
SUBJECT: OPERATION ICARUS

These instructions are to beread carefully and fully adhered to without exception in your own interest. This is issued to assist you in preparing for the proposed evacuation, as announced on September 8.

OPERATION ICARUS:

1. Due to the delay in obtaining official evacuation transport, the following preparations should be made:
2. Beeswax - This material should be collected by all persons and stored in an air-conditioned room in the following proportions: One seer for each adult and 20 tolas for each dependent child under 12 years of age. Beeswax will be delivered to all official homes by jeep. Unofficial Americans are to contact their local apiaries. (See Shopping)
3. Feathers - It is the responsibility of all individuals expecting to evacuate to obtain their own feathers, proportional to the amount of beeswax collected under the provisions of paragraph number 2. For those homes that do not maintain a large supply of feathers, salt will be distributed that, when place on the extremities of birds will incapacitate them so that their feathers may be removed by those anticipating avacuation.
4. At each of the salt distribution points, key personnel will be available to assist the evacuees with any problems that they may have and to accept the various documents and other items that evacuees will be leaving at the pcst persuant to other instruction.
5. A subsequent bulletin will contain diagrams of the simple, easy-to-assemble evactation device, and give precise instructions for take-off procedure.



**THE "THEY ALSO SERVE" EVACUATION COMMITTEE
DACCA 2, EAST PAKISTAN**

TO: ALL AMERICANS Sept. 14, 1965
FROM: THE "THEY ALSO SERVE" EVACUATION COMMITTEE
SUBJECT: THE THINGS IN THE NEXT ROOM

The maintainence of discipline is essential to all organised operations. This discipline should be maintained even in the relative privacy of your own homes. The temptation to remove things from packed containers, however compelling, should be resisted in your own interest. The Committee would like to alert potential evacuees to signs of weakening both in themselves and in others.

1. Although it hesitates to take this step, The Committee should be informed if:
 - a. Any women are noticed wearing different apperel each day for three consecutive days.
 - b. Any household is discovered with enough tea cups or glasses to provide for guests.
 - c. In general if any person or group of persons is encountered whosedisposition seems to be improving rather than deteriorating with the passage oftime.
2. Although the above signs are not necessary an indication of guilt, each instance reported to The Committee will be investigated thoroughly and, if necessary, guards willbe placed on the packed boxes of habitual offenders.
3. To facilitate compliance with the regulations, the following substitutes for familiar objects now packed are suggested:

| Packed Objects | Substitute |
|-------------------|---|
| The record player | Spirited tunes can be played by striking window bars with any sharp metal object. |
| Toys | Children should be encouraged to play with large, immovable boxes. |
| Books | Reasonably quiet pasttimes, other than reading, being practised by many families include: <ol style="list-style-type: none"> a. Calling the office of Mike Michaud. b. Removing things from one box and placing them in another under the pretense of reorganisation. (This will not be considered an offense if the objects are not actually used.) |
| Clothes | Historically, vines and leaves of large, succulent plants have been used to good advantage. American homes in Dacca have gardens large enough to supply apperel for several months. Extra malis are being supplied to all official American homes. Americans are encouraged to use styles similar to their national dress. (Some malis can work from pictures. A subsequent bulletin will contain diagrams of simple, easy-to-assemble costumes, and give precise instructions for take-off procedure.) |

Row upon row of feathers
he arranged,
The smallest first, then later
ones to form
A growing graded shape, as
rustic pipes
Rise in a gradual slope of
lengthening reeds;
Then bound the middle and
the base with wax
And flaxen threads, and
bend them, so arranged,
Into a gentle curve to imitate
Wings of a real bird ...”

[Ovid, Metamorphoses]

PRE-EVACUATION WEEKS cont.

My detailed description of our days leading up to the evacuation [MFD diary 09/1965]

SEPT 14: rumors about delays ... "Being held as hostages until Foreign Aid Bill passed"

Return home. To commissary. For people Shirley Lind. or new "Bunny". They drive over things back & stay for chat. At commissary ice box rm. filled w. boxes of returned

(2 "rumors": "Being held until PIA back in service so have to pay our fares" "Being held as hostage until Foreign Aid Bill passed")

Fulbright said to day "He did not consider the woe. of US as against war ... an important question ...")

goods, Francis dropped dejectedly over them. Before Shirley's arrival had talked c. Gregorian chat w. Francis. At our house Shirley + Bunny express retraction + detachment. Don't want to know too much more. Shirley say SEARO group mostly on both of priority list. Don't seem to be getting as much news.

Take bath. Used madeo Barth's to phone Peggy + Caroline for bridge (Carol wearing orange quilt. skirt + blouse today) Meet Dan, Barth, John who say maybe plane to-morrow. Michael or Barting had just said "Think I have some good news." Caroline's pulse again. Must repeat Smed's visit.

Have our 2nd bridge for some since the troubles began. Play until 9 PM. Dan + Ray discuss possibilities of war direction. Our air maps still at.

Ray left to-day.

I forgot to replace case of carnation milk which had given back Sat.

(If I said Sat. was his packing day, wrong. Fridt Wed or Thurs. when entering the idea of imminent evacuation the tailor was having me try on long red velvet dress.)

Wed. Sep. 15 AM

We are still here. Last night mood strained again as had to expect possible arrival of planes. However, we slept most of night. K. Sanchino wakes up, cries, has to be taken out a bit, goes back to sleep.

Whab says Peshwar badly attacked yesterday. Yesterday he was upset by the gathering of militia at "Wally's" (wireless area) where his wife is still staying since she came a month ago to have an operation.

Although no more packing to do, + too soon to start reorganizing for staying, each day brings new outside problems to be dealt with - shortages, prices going up, etc.

Second night of playing Bridge ...

At the time the evacuation seemed imminent - MFD was being fitted by Shona Miah for her red velvet dress

SEPT 15: snippets of war news

packing complete

but "each day brings new outside problems to be dealt with and shortages, prices going up, etc."

(Yesterday Shirley was saying if overweight would cast out her feminine things, but held on to files of work she has done. Later that evening talk that Cons. thinks men better have income tax clearance w. them and there might be customs. Shirley told of plight of Mymensingh group: they had 3 hrs. notice to leave, locked their doors, no chawkidars, came to Dacca + staff house where they must remain inside compound because children have possibly contagious boils or something)

(First days, Observer using colored print. magenta + turquoise.)

(U.S. women wearing their evacuation clothes, looking spruce, or 'jewelry')

AM. Pat + Sherris's visit. We think of new bulletin "Operation Rabbits". Pat said after reading our instruction forms, wished they would find a euphemism for "evacuees". Sherris suggested "Run away". Pat "Rabbits", and on to another proposed bulletin. Barth + Gus dropped in. No plane to-day. Probably not to-morrow. Discuss difficulties of living in Rangoon.

Ladford's children play Ring around the Rosy w. Kathleen.

Mrs. J. + Asun. Brings coffee jar full of milk.

Just before lunch, Dan back from sch., a Patrick. liver on his str. asks to come + if we want to sell anything. John came. Telegram from Alison = "Please don't sell" but... take orient trip... Dan says students working. John says draftsmen working.

The only new news is that employees, inc. non-consulates, met disembark at Manila, not Bangkok. (Peggy's Mr. Osmani a great comfort. Understands our position + approach.)

John's 45 lbs. = Allisub 23 for hat, Sharp jackets, heavy sweater she knitted.

Peggy sat a Ford Ford. instructions cable 2 yds long. paper + pages.

We visit staff house, Dan K + I, where Mymensingh group quartered. Mrs. Rupel, new messmate who wanted a harpsichord bought an electr. piano, dark messmate, Mrs. L., Mrs. Peterson + flock of children were there. Mrs. Pet. described the hasty departure from Mymensingh. Said she'd rather take a country boat + depend on trains later. Mrs. Rupel not amused. Mrs. P. + family have "staff disease", boils. Show themselves USIS movies a success. Had a party which had to read evacuation poems. Asked if we had received our

"US women wearing their evacuation clothes, looking spruce ..."

"Operation Rabbits" another spoof of US evacuation bulletins ...

PRE-EVACUATION WEEKS cont.

My detailed description of our days leading up to the evacuation [MFD diary 09/1965]

"blue ribbons". Said they were being loaded out in Dhanmondi. Mrs. Rupert apologizes if we thought were not getting all the messages or instructions etc. but Dan says not to worry as we hear too much as it is. We had not recd instrs. about not selling goods as it is illegal. Mrs. Peterson said only 17 people had returned goods on Sat. "They must be optimistic" said Mrs. P to Francis. "Perhaps. However goods are appearing on the markets."

Peggy went to Ford meeting. Said she wished to stay. Her leader says had not known before what category to put her in as she was an advisor, but now felt definitely after hearing her say she wanted to stay, that she should go.

To-night she read the telegr. (2 1/2 yds long) sent to all Ford members, E & W wings + the answer they were sending back from here. The long telegr. gave general + detailed instructions and mentioned that it was Ford 1958 executives who sat somewhere doing no useful work morale dropped so this time could return to Karachi for useful work or be posted elsewhere. The answering telegr. starts out "East wing different, from West wing" the underskirt of the daysad goes on to summarize difficulties, geographic + otherwise, that US in on this side.

After shift home we stopped at Peggy's. Had cokes. K played w. ice. Went home. Found the stove-fund one, Marie. She had no other news. Had been typing + retyping an inventory. Kathy had been over at 5:00 to give Mohar D + K a shot. K not there.

Some bridge. Air raid. The nine of us try to think of things to do to nite. Dan suggests carolling in Dhanmondi, little cheerful voices in the blackness. Earlier Fantasy = Caroline + Peggy changing into flusy costumes just before landing so can step off plane swinging beaded bags + posing for reporters. Wish we did go to movies. Peggy + Volviers leave. Even nite breaking up of group for nite harder. If did b sure we wd b together for weeks to come OK but don't know what the Air will bring.

Whet left PM to take Hazere back to Wornabad.

More Bridge
Air raid
Boredom
Dan suggests
caroling in
Dhanmondi ...

A week ago to-day Dan brought home the 1st evac. bulletin. (15)

Thurs. Sep. 16 AM

Slept again. K. up 5:30-6:00 AM these days. Still working in the night.

(Some of the tailors expressions were "Manshab, on 13i or 14i 7T, on 13i 14i 7T, " When I look puzzled "ans 7T? 7T 7T? " when finished w. a piece of work wd. had it to me and flappers his head wd. indicate for me to quickly carry it off. That work was shush.)

(Dan says when someone started to read the Icarus bulletin, got as far as "Special Committee" exploded: "Have we gotten into the hands of a Committee now!")

At coffee, Dan: "Well, what is the mood for to-day" John: "What day is it? Thurs, the 16? Just great, just great." (John closed his apt. year. or day before)

(I had thought that we had too many possessions + glad to give them away but find old. use even little replaceable things which have fast out: pencil sharpener to Asma, pencils, had to retrieve K's turtles because Mother D said expensive. In pressure of packing for imminent departure threw even such things as arm dr. cushions into agabi's rm.

(Sat. Sund. + Mon. had collected 10-12 letters from Pakistan to be mailed when we get out)

K. plays w. hollow bricks = blocks. Houses perfect for childr. news. Nothing to break + free passage everywhere.

I go to commissary. Francis glad to see Annus. haven't gone. Maggie stops by. Takes me back to com. then w. K. to get typhoid shot, last of 4. Maggie expecting.

New suggestions = evacuate E. Pak. + leave US

Tat Hill stops by. Says defense stationed in house next to Janet's but have to use her phone to defend the Featherbed because Marie's hasn't been working for 9 days.

Papers have Wash. ann. that US wd. be evac. for Lahore " + Dacca area" on Wed. Yesterday.

Bulletin to-day said all US not to go out at nite. Dan suspects incident last nite. No Peggy + Caroline on PM. Roy stopped for a minute Berth + John. Kathleen = fever from this AM's injection. Take her over on bicycle to Fr. Consulate. Md. Ali greets us from roof. Vice-council there, Dr. Port, +

SEPT 16:
news that Dan's
"Operation Icarus"
bulletin got as
far as the Special
Committee!

collecting letters
to be mailed once
we are out of the
country

PRE-EVACUATION WEEKS cont.

My detailed description of our days leading up to the evacuation [MFD diary 09/1965]

The Secy. who got hit by former Consul, Rivier. All seemed calm. Mr. Ravich caught in Beirut. Mrs. R. & children in Madisid. Mr. Raulet helped correct exams & decide on grades. Couldn't help making Raycoquis's days and our times in that house. On the way met Mr. Green in full uniform, sitting in his car w. sleeping bag, tiffin carrier, & equipment. (6)

Heda visit. I ask if Mrs. Rahman still has her auto repair business advertised in Annuaire Get Pair Govn progr. Heda says yes but all the cars = Berger engineers.

(Just making still an undeclared war, but war) (Last nite many sirens but no report of bombing or planes in to-day's paper.) (Cars have lights blocked out. White bands posted around them.)

Not so many trawlers to day, but I still can't think of leaving, or wonder how Pakist. coming in & talk about what will do in future. End of world still seems imminent.

(Every day if have to get many take keys out of Burma owl, open Miller D's mirror table, take many out, & relock, replace keys in owl.)

Scrabble w. Mohar D. After supper w. Barth. Hans & John come over. Dan + John discuss career after Manila. Packing & setting up restaurant in Manila.

(Registration day memory: 2 lines one A-L, M-Z. Hardly anyone in M-Z so they would go to inner rm. Later. John got in right away. Dan knew someone on Consulate who had a passport th.I.

Frid. Sep. 17

ALTHOUGH moods change during day, generally feeling of comfort & joy after working. Lasts until the 1st news. We all slept past 8:00 this AM. Ruplal came after 8 which means he was held from 6-8, probably in expectation of a plane. If only we could live & die together & not take on responsibilities of separation.

Yest. sent telegr. to Doyle.

Now see how stock market can fluctuate w. events, gold become more valuable & hoarding, lack of imports-exports, lack of foreign currency. Thoughts so far into future wondering, far into historic past.

AM light rains. Still monsoon time. Last 3 nights no moon til later. Dense darkness at black-out time

SEPT 17: mood swings but generally feeling "comfort and joy"

Ruplal on job at 6AM in expectation of a plane

"If only we could live & die together and not take on responsibilities of separation."

Amongst other things too hastily included in the angak's rm. of five-annas = 15 vols. of music of which I have copies in US but which I might still use here having been saved from the paper vendor, all the MS printed by Art Nager, all the MS for Ling & J.

(The phrase "march on Delhi" which Ray quoted from Kofahollis a wk. ago? evoked immediately the roads from Timur -> Akbar from the reading had been doing to experiment w. history cards. Where are the Bahmanis now?)

Peggy by word II. Said by explained US planes not coming so pilots don't see where all aviation equipm. & planes come from. (7)

Yest. \$1 = 4.81 Rs., up from usual 4.7+. To-day headlines = "enemy build-up on the east" in red, no copy & Observer. "India has lost 6,889 troops", Morning News. Forgot to mention discussions during truly imminent departure, how helpless we are, not much use in making decisions. Helpless geographically & because of riot-prone people. We are minority group. Minority groups - Hindus - condemn India aggression w. Observer. w. Bengal food shortage Morn. News.

2 PM. John came by w. long letter received from Bob via a Dutchman who could make it across the border at Jessore. Bob & Flo tried it - taking taxi from Calc -> Jessore border but refused entry. Seems Jessore D.C. could grant it, but didn't contact him. Letter giving detailed insts. to John what to do w. their papers & belongings. Said could try to cross border again but otherwise would go to Bangladesh. Said Calc. peaceful tho blackouts.

(Have not mentioned the "camouflage" on trucks - Branch of dead leaves) (Dan bought a World Guide, Pan Am year. for us to read on Manila) Dan lunch in Werkhuisers. Brings latest us Directive. 'Keep ready; will try to notify 24 hrs. prior to evac. by plane or train (new word), DAS sch. to re-open Mand.')

John receives telegr. that Alison had miscarriage. Upset. Trying to make trunk call. One more straw.

Barth said Germ. Cons. had been shown last nite. Otherwise only marches downtown. Had not mentioned that cars are stopped & asked to contribute to the defense fund.

Had to put on fresh & different clothes quite unpalating.

K. uses hollow bricks for blocks. Favorite toy still cigarette lighter. To-day played w. jewelry & bangles when Peggy here AM.

Barth's mood of the day boredom.

Peggy was in pink shirt & deeper pink wrap and skirt. Said always gets upset at food machines, speaks out, cries, so embarrassed doesn't want to see them for weeks.

Evening John all in. Barth & Hans come over. Play scrabble. Had said Peggy invite us to drink. The trio turned up - Caroline lately in long black velvet coat dress, velvet pants, gold dangling earrings.

Snippets of war news

Prices going up ...

Letter from Mayers stranded in Calcutta full of instructions about packing

KDD's amusements ... Her favorite toy is the cigarette lighter

PRE-EVACUATION WEEKS cont.

My detailed description of our days leading up to the evacuation [MFD diary 09/1965]

Peggy in her orange Mr. Huda costume, Roy in lungi & jacket. So I put on Mrs. Chychie's, long Chinese robe. We discuss the new word on to-day's directive "Railway". They must be considering getting us out by boat. Dan back to wondering who that friend was w. Marie Anshinette and heads on poles. Barth says not cheery conversationalist.

Earlier Hans told how got here. Had been 2 yrs. w. Pak. w. Germ. equiv. of CRS as social worker or agric. adviser. Was in salt deserts, no water, quick sands, snakes, smugglers of opium, morphium, tobacco, which he & friend disclosed one time. Wanted to see Japan & US before going home. When no possibility of this, at least wanted to see E. Pak.

Vroomans & case over afternoon in Jeep. to had at same directive. Also commented on media of railway. No other news. Take K. for short walk on bicycle.

Last night all laughed when remembered that just a week ago John had said "I can't believe we'll be eating somewhere else to-morrow night." We wondered how many more weeks we would be needing this.

Sat. Sep. 18

Wonder what today will bring. Scheduled for all of us to eat at Peggy's lunch. Doesn't feel like Sat. cling to yesterdays. Dampur when K. wakes up, like yest. AM.

Every AM repack a bit. A little overweight. Cut out pages from black diaries. Send note to Mrs. Johnson suggesting distribution of books to Pakishnis.

Today's headlines - Morning News "Chinese ultimatum to India" Observer - U That suggests to Sec. Council that order End of Pak. to stop fighting, 'more areas occupied' a map of Sikkim & neighbors. Chinese given ultimatum to Ind. will attack 72 hrs. from Thurs eve (?)

Expecting to go to Peggy's for lunch of us 9 & Werkheisers. Kelly arrives. Departure probable to-morrow. Forms to fill out & give her w. passports. Departure trauma starts again.

Good lunch at Peggy's. See Roy's caricatures done another even. Shrimp & hot hum. Saus, Sardines & toast, olives. Ham in peach sauce (!), beans, Lyonnaise potatoes, Bushy cream pie, white wine, coffee. John leaves before lunch to keep at phone call. Dick indeed as usual & keeps things going. Dan w. red spot from K's boy suction he had stuck to his forehead last night. Told students & Kelly he barged into a door. She tells him how he shld. proceed in the dark. Students tell him in a good Muslim shirt prayer yams, before dies for such a spot. Dan says "Christians usually get it on heads & feet... Now that you mention Congo...". Shastri burned in effigy in Lal Bahadur Park. approach of Chinese on border in 7 hrs

SEPT 18: More unpacking and packing ...

news snippets

Lunch at Peggy's

Kelly had recited list of things not allowed to take: were anywhere, hidden or not, unused film, fire arms, gold bullion etc. Any cases, any keys.

Dik summarizing US attributes "so selfless, so generous, so patient... "so humble" Mother D. tops the list, sarcastically. We had talked about selfishness of nation coming down to the individ. Dan's theory of make hay while sun shines. hopelessness of a S.E. Asiatic position.

Up to date, 20 letters to mail if get to Manila

Play in Kathema. Rahul returns from Myanmar. Go to Mother D's. Caroline & Peggy. Bridge. Latest news = no planes. Reprieve? In the midst of bridge Peggy says "Well, it's just like any other night."

Supper. We are all full from lunch. Barth, Hans, John come over. Barth calling John manic depressive. Talk about possibility of "Big Bro's" coming in to-morrow PM & leaving Monday. Talk how to dismantle a cannon. Hans' cost \$400. Hans tells how he is amazed at naivety of students who think can fight w. what have at present. Says Germany fell in 4 yrs. How buttons IS-30 can wipe out entire cities. Now I think possibility diaries & slides wld. be taken at airport.

Chinese several hours closer.

Ann at lunch telling of 2 missionary ladies taking oxygen at Bishop's house. One in nunish garb but not a nun.

Mon. Sep. 20 Manila

It is hard to open this bk + return to Dacca in it. Last sight of Dan + mail at Marina house, yest. Frid. Sat PM Peggy + Caroline + Roy came over all dressed up = Caroline in long black dress coat velvet, velvet pants, Peggy Huda outfit, - see Frid. PM. Anyway

Sund AM 6:30 woken by Texan (?). Had looked for our house in the night but couldn't find it in blackness. Car to pick us up at 8:30. That was it. Dan helped sort out envelopes of diary material again so can hide newspaper clippings & hide slides. Mother D. prepares. Car picks us up. All starts weeping. Me too. Dan rejoins us at Marina house. There for about 1 1/2 hrs. Car takes us to PIA. Get off set on. Taken to Adarjee court bldg. Crowd gathering in lobby. Wait there as small doubles & redoubles. Maybe 1 1/2 - 2 hrs. Hot. Hubbub. Bus takes flight #3, us to outside airport ground. Noise of vast bellied transport army planes. Luggage loaded into open tail & we file in. Dis. Relief for many to see US army uniforms & planes. Great door shuts. Rear off. See movies for interiors of such planes.

leave Dacca airport 1:30 PM

More Bridge playing "It's just like any other night."

SEPT 20: Evacuation Day "Last sight of Dan ..."

6:30AM Texan came to pick us up but couldn't find our house in the curfew blackness. Returned at 8:30 to

Dan organizing diary materials, news paper clips and slides so that they can be hidden in the travel luggage.

Put on flight #3. Relief at seeing US Army uniforms on the transport plane. Flight takes off at 1:30PM. ...

PRE-EVACUATION WEEKS cont.

My detailed description of our days leading up to the evacuation [MFD diary 09/1965]

Layover in Bangkok is 5 hours.

Greeted by press and lots of questions

Back on plane to Manila arrival at 1AM ... "By 2AM Mother D, K, myself, all slides & diaries in nice rooms of the best hotel."

Sleep, eat, nap, compare travel stories, etc.

Down at Bangkok 5 hrs. later. Gld at nr end of plane. My families, children. Descr. to follow. (28)

At Bangkok flash bulbs & cameras. 4 men lift Mother D. down. Flo & Bob, Jane Barr. Good ladies w. \$1.00 lunch boxes, free baby food & equipment. Reporter questions us. "... and what would u say the Man in the Street in Dacca thinks..." Peggy, Caroline, Mariss... Flight #2 delayed in leaving Bangkok. Back on plane. 5, 6, 8? hr. flight to Manila. Mrs. Rupal side otherwise all well. Not pleasant but safe. Cabin men cheerful & helpful. Manik at 1AM Manila time. Good ladies to take care of. Hold Kathleen. 3 flights up for checking in & refreshments. 3 flights down for luggage & buses. By 2AM Mother D, K, myself, all slides & diaries in nice rms. of best hotel.

Get some sleep. Eat breakfast & left over sandwiches & eggs Dan had provided. Coffee & juice. Go to Embassy to pick up passports. Mrs. Bunting, Mrs. Johnson (??) at our hotel "We are w. the elite" Mother D say "or rather they are w. the elite". Back. nap. lunch in coffee rm. Lobby sparks. Mother D. up to nap. I meet Peggy, Caroline, Mariss. Other flights rougher, delays & bumps. Latest got in at 6AM. Some eating breakfast while others eating lunch. A good lady in the lobby of each hotel.

E. Grant at Embassy. Shows her efficiency early because desk lady says she & group can take over management of evacuees if not something to do. Looks up her friends in the file "Mrs. Bunting" "Mrs. Johnson" "etc. all AID" I looking for Azbill, Volmer, Hill. Her husband she has found out in charge of US in Calcutta

Mrs. Peterson & daughter here. Husb. had gone to Europe. Mrs. X who had been at Dacca rejoins children in Bangkok. Lots of separations. Mr. M will be watching news curiously. China mess on border but deferred ultimatum.

Manila looks like VS.

Petersons opposite us on the plane. E. Grant next to me, the Williams

on the cold bench before exit. Mother D. sitting w. little leg rm. hour after hr. s. moving. Kath. slept on each skirt for 1-2 hrs. Rest of time climbing everywhere. A load of little fish in the belly of a whale - Contrast of high ceiling & spaciousness above mess of humans one on the other below. K. pretty much on st. nap schedule to-day. Efficiency from beg. to end of evacuation. Don't know of any complaints of mix ups except for Mrs. Cohen's luggage came on different plane. b-7 plane lds., c. 500 adults & children. (29)

Got Time & Newsweek from Bangkok on plane. Made both covers & cover-stories. Breathless feeling to be getting news from outside. Feel less the strain of constant conjecture of past weeks. Mr. Huls (1) at lunch tells of more incidents happening in Dacca we were not all aware of. Pat. High Commissioner got beat by mistake for car lites. This man was confronted by students wanting his liquor. He heard early bombing & the other.

Have just read Newsweek. Pretty much analysis we had been getting from news in Dacca. Their conclusion: "... the distressing truth appeared to be that the conflict between Ind & Pak. wld prove to be 1 of those tragedies - not uncommon in international affairs - where reason is powerless & blind madness has to run its bloody course"... my reason feels powerless as I feel for Pakistan & safety of husbands so that even China looks gd.

As drive in bus to airport, slow & noisy, passed Jolojog Sweet Meat, Rake Electric Stores, Topkhana, Ramna Park, Shahbagh, Estabon corner, Green Rd. junction.... Waiting & reprieves, final departure no harder & as hard as death in the family. Like taking "Speed Bird" for the last time.

Except no mention of danger in being trapped in country, E. Pak, w. no exit except by air, & volatile. people who had bloody riot last yr. In case of anti-US riot nothing pro-US friends can do to protect US people.

Put on flight #3. Relief at seeing US Army uniforms on the transport plane. Flight takes off at 1:30PM ...

PRE-EVACUATION WEEKS cont.
(Spring 1965)

David Malin (one of the cholera doctors) provided this day by day description of events leading up to the evacuation of American citizens from Dacca.
[David Malin letter 09/1965, pp.1-11]

Pakistan-SEATO Cholera Research Laboratory
Institute of Public Health
Mohakhali, Dacca-5
East Pakistan
Manila
21-25 Sept. 1965

Dear Folks,

These past two weeks have been rather harrowing - not because of any actual war-danger, which has not been keenly felt in the East Wing of Pakistan, but more on account of the annoyances and uncertain ties created by prolonged evacuation-standby status together with loss of communication with the rest of the world. In retrospect, however, the chronicle of events is quite exciting, for in the absence of real danger or destruction we were able to regard the situation as a unique political experience.

For background to the crisis, you will recall that the early summer brought peace to the Subcontinent with the settlement in the harem of Kutch. We left for Pakistan in July with much optimism about the political stability of the area. After our arrival, however, it was only a matter of days before those prospects were shattered. Once again, Kashmir had erupted.

Throughout the whole of August, Indians and Pakistanis were in daily armed conflict in that troubled province. Pakistan blandly insisted that the new fighting represented a purely indigenous uprising of the oppressed Moslems in Kashmir. India kept producing evidence that the fighting was started by Pakistani "infiltrators", while the Pakistan press innocently referred to the combatants as local Kashmiri "freedom-fighters".

The whole dispute, of course, seemed academic. It was quite obvious that whether or not the fighters in Kashmir were actually regular troops of the Pakistan Army, the impetus, support, ammunition, material, and money for the uprising were Pakistani in origin. Pakistan had clearly and probably correctly realized that if Kashmir were ever to be liberated from the Indian stranglehold, it was now or never.

Quite shortly, the question of the fighters' identity became entirely irrelevant, as India openly crossed the ceasefire line and Pakistani regulars entered the fighting. For the next couple of weeks, India and Pakistan were directly at war in Kashmir, but East Pakistan was only mildly interested. At the end of August, our only reaction to the fighting - apart from constant sympathy for the anti-colonial movements - was faint amusement at the claims and counter-claims flying between the two countries.

We were regularly receiving both the Indian Statesman and the Pakistan Observer and we duly noted that each side was exclusively scoring all the victories. Of course, neither side ever retreated; there were only strategic

"... and we duly noted that each side was exclusively scoring all the victories."

JULY:
"... much optimism about the political stability of the area."

AUGUST:
tensions rising between Pakistan and India

Pakistan instigates the dispute. India starts the war.

"... India and Pakistan were directly at war in Kashmir, but East Pakistan was only mildly interested."

"... our only reaction to the fighting ... was faint amusement at the claims and counter claims flying between the two countries."

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movements to alternate positions, and tactical withdrawals to areas that were more favorable for counter-attack. It was impossible to tell what was really happening, but it was our impression that nothing decisive for the future of Kashmir was going to emerge from the battlefields within Kashmir. The only hope for the liberation of Kashmir would be if India were effectively baited into escalating the war, thereby involving the UN and world opinion. With Kashmir back in the world spotlight after 18 years, India would never be able to continue propagating the old myth that Kashmir was an "integral part" of India. This is, of course, exactly what was about to happen.

In the first days of September, something clearly was afoot. On Thursday, the 2nd, and Friday, the 3rd, anti-aircraft guns were seen going up around the Dacca airport. On the surface of things, however, life remained entirely normal. On Saturday, the 4th, we had Abdul Mannan Ahmad over for dinner, and enjoyed an assorted discussion of national and international politics. The next day we wrote you our seventh and last letter from Dacca, and had no suspicion that it would probably never reach you.

That evening, Sunday, the 5th, we had a delightful dinner with Abdul, his gracious parents (the father is a Justice of the High Court of East Pakistan) and his 12 charming and vivacious younger brothers and sisters. We were both embarrassed and flattered to have been invited to dinner that night, because early the next morning the mother and father were to fly to Karachi for the beginning of a long-awaited month's vacation trip through Europe, Moscow, England, and the Middle East.

The next morning was Labor Day. The local newspaper reported no news more stunning than the death of Albert Schweitzer. At 11 AM I had gone to the Lab for a research conference with John Lindenbaum, Chemical Director (and during the vacation-absence of Dr. Bevensen, Acting Director) of CRL. John asked me if I had heard the news. Half-suspecting I had missed some interesting new development in Kashmir, I countered by asking if he meant the death of Schweitzer. It was then that I first learned of the full-scale war.

India had fallen into the trap. That morning they had bombed Lahore, and the Kashmir issue was stripped from their hands and become an international question again. The excitement swept through Dacca, as a special edition of the Government's Morning News screamed in banner headlines WE ARE AT WAR. All international flights in and out of Pakistan were abruptly cancelled. People weekending in Calcutta were stranded outside of Pakistan, and transient visitors were frozen within. CRL's Director, Bevenson, could not get back to his post; the Consulate's nurse was trapped in Calcutta; visiting technicians were trapped in Dacca, husbands were unexpectedly separated from wives and parents were caught unable to return to their children.

Yet for all the excitement, our feelings in Dacca were primarily of detachment. We felt the excitement purely of front-row spectators, certainly not

SEPT 3:
"... on the surface of things, ... life remained entirely normal."

SEPT 6:
India bombs Lahore but only big news in the papers is death of Albert Schweitzer ...

"WE ARE AT WAR" all flights in and out of country are canceled.

"... yet for all the excitement, our feelings in Dacca were primarily of detachment. We felt the excitement purely of front-row spectators ..."

PRE-EVACUATION WEEKS cont.
(Spring 1965)

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of participants. The chaos of divided families and immobilized flights and suspended mail was really not gravely serious. It seemed to represent the only effects the war could ever have on us, and assuredly it was all only very temporary.

By the next morning, the 7th, Tuesday, the war had spread widely. Rawalpindi, the capital, had been bombed by India, and so had some areas in East Pakistan. The newspapers and radio even said Dacca had been bombed. Well, we believed the reports about the bombing of Chittapong and other areas, but paid no attention to the fabrications about Dacca. After all, we lived only one mile from the airport, didn't we? and we hadn't heard a thing.

Of course, there was also idle speculation about the possibility of an American evacuation. Unanimous opinion held that this was extremely unlikely. Everyone began to prepare for an indefinite period of isolation. People filled their tanks with gas. Buying at the Commissary was heavy. Prices on the local market were reportedly skyrocketing. Our cook took leave to go back to his village for a couple of days and stock up on rice.

Our awareness of various Pakistani's personal involvement began to increase. I called Abdul Mannan to find out if he had heard whether his parents were safe, and learned that they had never been able to leave. They had said their tearful goodbyes to their 13 children Monday morning, only to be turned back in astonishment at the airport. Anxiety began to mount in the Hindu community: thousands had been slaughtered in Dacca's communal riots last year, at a time when India and Pakistan were not in full-scale war. Our Bengali language teacher, a Hindu University professor, declined to come for our lesson that night.

The city was girding for war. Soldiers and police established roadblocks detouring traffic around the airport and military compound area of Dacca. A practice fall-hours blackout had been planned the previous day for the night, but now it became a real one, and permanent.

On Wednesday, the 8th, new fronts were opened on the West Pakistan border, and for the first time the war hit solidly home to the Americans in Dacca: the order came from our Consulate that all dependents - women and children - were to be evacuated from East Pakistan. Families had been evacuated from Mymensingh (near the border) on 2 hours notice, brought to Dacca to await further transport out of the country. Apparently the reports of bombing in Dacca were not entirely groundless; one bomb had indeed fallen near the military compound in the Adamjee Cantonment area, about 1 mile from the Lab and our home. Three bombs had reportedly been dropped on the port of Chittanpong, although only one exploded. Apparently two American missionaries had been killed in bomb raids in different areas of East Pakistan.

SEPT 7:
news reporting that even "... Dacca had been bombed."

"... idle speculation about the possibility of an American evacuation."

"... everyone began to prepare for an indefinite period of isolation."

"The city was girding for war."

SEPT 8:
U.S. Consulate issues orders for American evacuation

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Still there was no real sense of urgency in Dacca. To be sure, the soldiers were nervous; one of them started banging on a schoolbus and looked ready to take it apart with his bare hands when it failed to turn around from a roadblock quite fast enough. Nonetheless, it was expected that the fighting would all be over in a week or so. U Thant had already left N.Y. The evacuation point was guessed most likely to be Bangkok; the whole operation looked like little more than a short holiday for U.S. dependents, courtesy of the Government.

Wednesday night, John Lindenbaum had a talk with Jim Taylor and me. We were the two brand-new arrivals at CRL, and our work was therefore not yet essential. If either or both of us would like to join the other evacuees we were sincerely welcome to go. Naturally, we hooted him down. Our work was in Dacca, and besides - with still no danger thought conceivable - it seemed ridiculous to leave and miss all the fun. We said we'd stay.

On Thursday, the 9th, Jo's school closed, and she did more stocking up at Commissary to keep me well provided for while she was gone. Departure was planned for Saturday, the 11th. Also on Thursday, the Voice of America reported that the Pakistan Foreign Office had asked all foreigners to leave. The statement was repeated in several broadcasts, but as far as we know to this date no one in Pakistan has heard anything at all to corroborate that report officially.

Anyhow, regardless of the merits of the decision, it meant I was ordered to join the evacuees from Dacca. Naturally, I was quite upset about being forced to evacuate, but the orders were irrevocable. Saturday was to be the date. Thursday afternoon was therefore spent racing around doing errands at the Consulate preparatory to departure.

Thursday was rather a day of ironies. While I was being told I was to be evacuated, Jo was stocking up for me at the Commissary. Also, after 2 months of waiting eagerly to have news about our shipfreight, we were now becoming grateful that it had not arrived; that afternoon the news suddenly came the ship with all our household goods and our car was just about to dock in Chittapong! We would have been much happier to have it 1000 miles out at sea! Finally, that night there was a dinner for all the C.R.L. doctors. Most couldn't come since night-driving was difficult on account of blackout regulations. At the close of the dinner, our hosts ruefully informed us that the dinner was originally planned as a sort of welcome to Dacca for us; our welcome had now turned into a farewell.

On Friday, the 10th, there was bombing in East Pakistan again, this time in the Rangpur district. It also happened to be a laboratory holiday, and the whole day was spent running last minute errands and packing our suitcases, boxing and labeling all our household and personal effects, and making all the innumerable preparations necessary for our planned departure the next day. Official evacuation orders were distributed, and speculations regarding our

"Still there was no real sense of urgency in Dacca ... it was expected that the fighting would all be over in a week or so."

SEPT 9:
Evacuation planned for Sept 11.

"... our welcome had now turned into our farewell ..."

SEPT 10:
Another bombing ... Making preparations to evacuate ...

PRE-EVACUATION WEEKS cont.
(Spring 1965)

“... the local non-Muslim population was feeling the anxiety attendant upon the coming of the war ...”
“... it was only the presence of the American community that stood between them and murder or starvation at the hands of the Moslems...”

SEPT 11:
ready for departure

“The city’s defense preparations were in full swing, and to us the appearance was quite comical ...”

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destination (maybe Bangkok? maybe Germany? maybe Australia?) were put to rest with the news that Manila was to be the "safehaven post".

By this time, the local non-Muslim population was feeling the anxiety attendant upon the coming of war and the imminent departure of the American community. Coming back from the village, our cook was stopped as his taxi approached the airport in Dacca and he was questioned regarding his identity for 15 minutes by police, apparently suspicious had been raised by the observation of the cross around his neck. The previous day, our Bengali teacher, the Hindu university professor, had visited the Lab to say goodbye to some of his American friends. His life and job were both in peril, and he was virtually in tears. All the Christian servants, including our own were in a panic; it was only the presence of the American community that stood between them and murder or starvation at the hands of Moslems. The servants of some of our friends were so terrified that they were cowering and weeping, scarcely able to speak. A Christian employee at the lab was more calm and articulate he wondered if all the Americans were going home, he said, because if the Americans left, he added matter-of-factly, "all the Christian people here, they will die."

The morning of Saturday, the 11th, dawned with our goods packed and ready to leave. The city's defense preparations were in full swing, and to us the appearance was quite comical. All the trucks and military vehicles were driving around Dacca with palm branches tied on the roofs and hoods. This hardly provided camouflage but it did provide a windfall for industrious villagers who were busily dragging bits of trees and bushes to the city to sell to the truck and jeep drivers. Even more entertaining were the tough, grim-faced Pakistani soldiers marching about town, each with a rifle over his shoulder and three leaves on his head - presumably designed to help him impersonate a tree. Contributing equally to the civil defense effort was Shamsu, the faithful gardener of some of our friends, spotted bicycling down the street with his flowing beard, wearing a dazzling bright red pancho flapping from his shoulders, and a single leaf tucked neatly in place on the top of his head.

The CRL joined in the civil defense effort. Located only about 1/4 mile from the strategic airport and military area air-raid protection was taken quite seriously. Swarms of ad hoc employees were applying tape to the window panes, stacking sandbags against the more vital machinery, digging trenches building walls, and painting the roofs of the official cars green. At the same time, however, since Saturday happened also to be the death anniversary of Quaid-e-Azam (Mohammed Ali Jinnah) the CRL had hoisted the bright green and white Pakistani flag high on a pole from the most prominent point on the roof. In case the Indian Air Force had any trouble locating the airport or the AdanJee cantonment military installations, then CRL was available to provide an attractive-appearing alternative target.

Even the Americans in Dacca began taking their roles seriously. Bert Hirschhorn took time from his duties as CRL research physician to supervise

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the sand bagging operations and to call drills and issue mimeographed directives in his new official capacity as Air Raid Warden. His frustration mounted as window after window was broken by the swinging of sandbags assigned by government. Also constructive was the American Consulate's substitute nurse who insistently tried to arrange for the assignment of a doctor or nurse on each evacuation plane, and run about frantically issuing paper bags labelled "medical emergency kit," containing such varied essentials as cough medicine and tranquilizers, aspirate and tissue paper, morphine and lollipops.

In the midst of all the Saturday morning excitement, the news arrived that the flight was not going to take place that day after all. Perhaps it would be Sunday, perhaps not; perhaps Monday, perhaps not. The American officials had forgotten that in Pakistan at peace, things can rarely be arranged quickly, and that in Pakistan at war, things can hardly be arranged at all. The delay was not in getting approval from the Embassy in Karachi nor from the State Department in Washington, nor even in processing more military transport planes from the USAF. The problem was that this evacuation required diplomatic clearance from the Government of Pakistan, and technical clearance from the military - East Pakistan only may or military airfield would have to be turned over to the evacuation team for a whole day, anti-aircraft and other secret equipment bundled away, the Pakistan Air Force in Dacca immobilized, all military units alerted to fire on no airplanes all day, and an Indian promise to fly no raids in East Pakistan that day would have to be accepted and honored. In a country where it takes 10 minutes to place a local phone call, half an hour to buy a postcard, and four hours to pick up a package at a post office, obtaining all the necessary clearances for an evacuation of 450 Americans would be a small undertaking.

From September 11th on, more than a week of uncertainty and frustration, rumor and speculation, rationings and restrictions, orders and counter-orders, evacuation plane on again and off again - all frayed the nerves of the American community to the point of restrained insanity. Americans were ordered by the Consulate not to leave Dacca, nights were completely blacked out, research projects were hanging in a state of paralysis, gasoline was become scarcer, mobs of self-appointed vigilantes were roaming the streets at night banging on cars for real or imagined infractions of blackout regulations, night-time driving was becoming gradually impossible, servants were getting increasingly nervous and all of us were living out of suitcases and packing-cartons from hour to hour, not knowing whether we would still be in Dacca for our next meal, and generally feeling like those French prisoners of years ago who were condemned to death and then confined to their cells with no knowledge of the date of execution until one day they would be suddenly seized without warning and dragged to the guillotine.

Sunday, the 12th, the news broke: the evacuation was "definite" for Monday morning. The details were outlined by one of the Consulate's evacuation officers. By the afternoon new news had come: the officer's information was entirely groundless and the evacuation would definitely not take place Monday. Or at least would probably definitely not be Monday. It might probably be Tuesday but was definitely not definite.

SEPT 11:
evacuation flight delayed “... In a country where it takes 10 minutes to place a local phone call, half an hour to buy a postcard, and four hours to pick up a package ... obtaining all the necessary clearances for an evacuation of 450 Americans would be a small undertaking.”

post SEPT 11:
“... a week of uncertainty & frustration ... frayed the nerves of the American community to the point of restrained insanity...”

SEPT 12:
evacuation date was on again off again and “... was definitely not definite.”

PRE-EVACUATION WEEKS cont.
(Spring 1965)

"... a profound depression engulfed the whole American community..."

"The desire for solid information was so desperate, ... we all simply started manufacturing our own news."

"... trapped in an endless limbo ... we spent the nights drifting from house to house and playing parlor games..."

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In the midst of this Alice-in-Wonderland existence, a profound depression rapidly engulfed the whole American community. People listened to their short-wave radios, heard Radio Pakistan say that Pakistani forces had won spectacular victories, and then heard all-India Radio say the Pakistanis were damn near and India had really won every encounter. Voice of America and the BBC knew nothing more than what they heard from Radio Pakistan and All-India Radio. The Pakistan press said everything was glorious for Pakistan, but outside mail and newspapers were completely shut off. Dean Rusk announced the US was in favor of a plebiscite in Kashmir, the London Telegraph published a story that the CIA had encouraged the Indian attack and plotted Ayub's overthrow, a local Pakistani paper called Holiday published a vicious anti-American tirade predictably headlined "Yankee Go Home", U Thant was chasing from Rawalpindi to Delhi, China was saber-rattling on the Sikkim border, and nobody had any idea what was really going on anywhere.

In this atmosphere of isolation and uncertainty, wave after wave of unfounded rumors swept through the American community. The desire for solid information was so desperate, and the supply so meager, that we all simply started manufacturing our own news. Something we heard on the radio, something we heard from someone else, something we guessed would probably be the case, something we just wished might happen - the distinctions among all these items became blurred and disappeared. When would we leave? Where were we really going? How long would we be gone? Why had the Consulate decided to evacuate us in the first place? Where were the orders coming from? Would there really be fighting in Dacca? Would there be riots? Would anti-Americanism erupt? What would the UN demand? What would U Thant accomplish? And perhaps above all - what was China going to do next? Of course, no one had the remotest idea what the answers were, but everyone had a theory. And the less we knew on any of these issues, the more certain and assured were the pronouncements we each made. There would be a ceasefire within a week, and we'd never have to leave Dacca at all. Obviously, the war would continue at least six months, CRL would be strangled to death, and we'd all have to be reassigned elsewhere. Naturally, there was no story we couldn't hear; and if we failed to hear one, we'd end up propagating it ourselves.

During the on-and-off evacuation standby, the Americans hung in a state of suspended animation. With our movements restricted and our work obstructed, our lights darkened and our future unknown, we felt ourselves trapped in endless limbo. Living each day as if nothing were real and everything were a dream, we spent the nights drifting from house to house and playing parlor games: Password, book, Password, poker, Password, carom (a sort of Bengali billiards), Password - playing irresponsibly late into each night.

Work at the Lab had ground virtually to a halt. The wards were emptied for security reasons, only later to be half-heartedly refilled to forestall a threatened military takeover. Bert Hirschhorn's research slowed down while he conducted air-raid maneuvers. Jim Taylor spent 18 hours a day immutably hunched over his short-wave radio. John Lindenbaum was exclusively occupied with administrative details in his capacity as Acting Director - duties which he claimed

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to be a nuisance but which he performed with unconcealable relish. And I sort of wandered about in a daze, filling my lucid moments with insignificant busy work in the CRL Library. Throughout the crisis, only Henry Mosley kept his senses; as Director of Epidemiology, with his friends and colleagues wandering all around him in a trance-like state, Henry nonchalantly carried on as though nothing unusual had happened, and unperturbedly launched a monumental vaccine field trial of colossal proportions.

In telling caricature of the Americans' pathetic condition, one member of the community published and distributed a parody of the Consulate's continuing stream of incomprehensible directives and uninformative memoranda. One of the mock publications, for example, lampooned packed-up-and-ready-to-go evacuation status by threatening serious penalties against any woman seen wearing a different dress on two consecutive days. Another offered suggestions for games and pastimes such as aimlessly calling up the office of the harried U.S. Vice-Consul, or constructing play-castles in our bedrooms using our packing cases as building blocks.

Somehow, after the tortures and frustrations of that first weekend on standby alert, our depression finally reached its nadir and a sense of reality gradually began to return. On Monday, the 13th, John and I had a serious discussion about the alternatives lying in my future. We spoke of the great likelihood of my return to Dacca, but frankly considering the possibility of reassignment elsewhere in case the situation did not improve. The primary concern would be to resume useful work in my field of interest, and to avoid the thoroughly undesirable prospect of being forced to relocate back in the States. As angry and miserable as I was about being evacuated from Dacca under protest, I finally began to realize that it would be professionally ruinous to stay on there if the war situation did not improve. Supplies were cut off, communications were interrupted, and fruitful research would be practically impossible. At CRL I was undoubtedly in one of the finest clinical research positions available anywhere in the world, but it would all be useless if the Indo-Pakistan war dragged on indefinitely. If that happened, I now began to understand that I really would be better off somewhere else, like the SEATO lab in Bangkok or the Naval unit in Taipei.

As my assessment of my situation became clearer as a result of the conversation with John, my frustration eased and I started getting back to more useful activities. Work began cautiously to resume, without further obsessive concern about the possibility of imminent evacuation. I was pressed into service as a subject for some routine absorption studies which would take 3 days to complete. In the Library I stopped handling trivia and returned to serious work in ordering new books badly needed to fill longstanding deficiencies. With particularly cocky optimism I prepared a clinical-pathological conference discussion for the following week.

At the same time, everyone else began to step out of limbo into the light of day. On Tuesday, the 14th, Jo unpacked her toothbrush and arranged to

Dan and Peggy's lampoon of the "Consulate's continuing stream of incomprehensible directives and uninformative memoranda."

*SEPT 14:
"... everyone else began to step out of limbo into the light of day..."*

PRE-EVACUATION WEEKS cont.
(Spring 1965)

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begin a teaching job again at Holy Cross College. Abdul Mannan Ahmad came to the Lab to find out what had happened to us, and we brought him home for lunch. On Wednesday, the first cholera cases of the season were admitted to CRL. That same night, we ambitiously accepted a dinner invitation to the Ahmad's. The lab car arrived quite late to pick us up, but fortunately intercepted us just before we drove off ourselves. Without a Bengali driver, we might have ended up in serious trouble that night. As we picked our way through the crowded, pitch-black streets of the Tygaon industrial area, unruly mobs responded to real and imagined air-raid siren by pounding on our car, surrounding us, cursing us for driving even with properly dimmed headlights, and growing even more menacing when we tried to coast away with our lights out. Similar mobs, we learned only later, had accosted Jim Taylor the night before when he was driving himself, banged on the car with sticks and clubs because his lights were on, and then one block later pounded even more furiously because his lights were off.

We arrived at our destination quite late - the 3 mile drive had taken over an hour - and we found Abdul's usually charming father quite nervous and agitated by the entire political situation. A thoroughly distinguished and friendly person, a brilliant and educated Judge of the High Court, Mr. Justice Abdullah was so upset and frustrated by the events of the week that he had developed several wildly insane concepts of U.S. intentions, including some idea that the US would pretend to favor a Kashmir plebiscite in the Security Council but would secretly sabotage it by arranging for a veto from Formosa. Although the Justice remained a perfect and gracious host, his absurd ideas and misconceptions served to demonstrate how even the most intelligent and genuinely pro-American Pakistanis - not to mention the others - could be driven by the pressure of events to seize on the U.S. as a scapegoat.

In any event, our lives remained quite normal for the next few days. Jo continued teaching and I continued working. We sensibly resolved not to drive again at night. With typical consistency, the Consulate announced on Thursday that night driving by Americans was forbidden, and declared on Friday that it was not forbidden, but we paid no attention anyhow, our own experiences were adequately convincing of the wisdom of staying off the roads at night.

On Thursday, the 16th, we learned that several private American families (who enjoyed the prerogative of choice denied to Government families) had decided to remain in Dacca. The Dacca American Society School was going to reopen Monday on a day-to-day basis. That afternoon we had Abdul and one of his brothers over for a steak luncheon. We observed that when vehicles didn't turn around quickly enough at military roadblocks, the Pakistani soldiers had stopped pounding on the cars and had started pounding on the drivers' heads instead. But otherwise, a sense of relaxation and optimism had returned to buoy our spirits.

During the days prior to our evacuation, there was abundant opportunity to sample the people's opinions on the war. Everyone spoke freely, and the

"... unruly mobs responded to real and imagined air-raid siren by pounding on our car, surrounding us, cursing us for driving"

"... Consulate announced on Thursday that night driving by Americans was forbidden"

SEPT 16:
"... the Pakistani soldiers had stopped pounding on the cars and had started pounding on the drivers' heads instead."

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consensus was quite unanimous among the Bengalis. The people felt high confidence. They knew their many advantages over India, despite their smaller size: the Pakistanis were more unified, their army better equipped and trained, their food supply more reliable, their economy more stable, their cause unquestionably just, and the balance of world opinion was on their side. There was confidence that this time Kashmir would be freed. No one insisted on its union with Pakistan; a plebiscite in favor of independence would be equally welcome. But the principle of self-determination for Kashmir was an unalterable goal.

Despite what many American editorialists wanted to believe, there was not blind chauvinism in these opinions. There was not predominantly a fanatic religious hatred. The Pakistanis were neither crazy nor stupid. They knew perfectly well that this was a war their country could not afford and they were unhappy about it. Yet there was also resoluteness and determination, and even a sense of catharsis as a final showdown with India approached.

The attitude of the Pakistani people over the Kashmir war, in brief, was strikingly analogous to American feelings about the war in Vietnam - it was a costly and terrible war which nobody really wanted, but a war which was clearly an inevitable political necessity. Moreover, the Pakistanis held a major advantage not enjoyed by many Americans: they knew beyond question that their struggle was as much morally justified as it was politically necessary.

Of course, the new found peace of mind of the American community in Dacca could not last. Bureaucratic insanity set in once again. Late in Friday, the 17th, a notice from the Consulate announced that there would be a relaxation of the emergency stanby status. Adequate notice would be given before any evacuation date was set. The next day, Saturday, the Consulate suddenly requested that all passports be collected. John said that a Sunday evacuation was being planned but was not likely to occur. Bob Freiss, CRL's Administrative Officer, announced confidently to me that Sunday was "definite". Bob told Jim Taylor the same. Jim repeated the news to John, who denied it. Then Henry Mosley told Jim Sunday was definite after all. Jim told me. I told John. John denied it. Where had Henry gotten the news? From Bob Friese. The comic opera had started up again, with the same old cacophony of rumors and counter-rumors echoing from every corner. Finally, the ultimate ringing assurance came again from John, our highest authority: it was definite that nothing was certain yet. Anyhow, he guaranteed no midnight awakenings.

We went to bed Saturday night no more sure of anything than we had been before. At 2:30 AM Sunday morning, however, we were suddenly awakened by a pounding on our bedroom window. "Who is it?" "This is John" "Yes, I know, what is it? Are we leaving?" "Let me in first and I'll tell you." Stumbling about in the dark, half-naked and cursing. Groping for a bathrobe, open the door. John comes in, looking as though he should be heralded with a flourish of trumpets. The evacuation agreements were completed

Local opinions about the war ...

SEPT 17:
"... of course, the new found peace of mind ... could not last. Bureaucratic insanity set in once again."

SEPT 18:
Consulate collecting all passports

SEPT 19:
2:30 AM notification that evacuation is on

PRE-EVACUATION WEEKS cont.
(Spring 1965)

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with all parties, we are leaving that day; we will be picked up at 9:30 AM. Hence we have adequate notice - 7 hours - but they simply happen to be the 7 hours between 2:30 and 9:30 Sunday morning.

Meanwhile, the members of the Consulate evacuation committee accompanying John on his Paul Revere ride, with a full 1-1/2 weeks to make their preparations have apparently neglected to bother finding out where any of the evacuees in our area lived. So at 3 o'clock in the morning we are ushering them around Gulsham, pointing out the households to be alerted.

Then back to sleep till 6 AM. Last-minute packing. Tearful farewells to the servants, who still look skeptical when we promise them we're coming back. At 9:30 sharp, we're all bundled off to our assembly point, served lunch, transferred to the Consulate, processed, transferred to the P.I.A. offices, processed again, loaded up with more medicines and needles and syringes and bottled water by the ever-vigilant Consulate nurse, and finally bussed to the airport. This time, the official Americans and Pakistanis have outdone themselves, the evacuation proceedings were efficient and uneventful, red tape was cut, and the operation went like clockwork. The Pakistani customs officials didn't even bat an eyelash when one old lady marched past with her parakeet firmly in hand.

By 3 PM the bus has discharged us directly into the belly of the big USAF C-30 transport plane, taking care that we see nothing around us at the airport in the process. All photographic equipment is strictly prohibited. We are loaded into the plane - no chair-seats, this being a paratroop transport craft - and strapped into place sitting sideways along one of the four rows of bench-type seats made of bright red canvas webbing. Our flight was the 5th of the captain of the 3rd flight carefully welcomed his passengers to the "Champag Flight!" Our captain told us the flight plans and invited us to visit the cockpit, one at a time.

Three hours later we landed in Bangkok, where the US Embassy staff and wives had arranged a wonderful reception with free coffee and softdrinks, plenty of strollers and playpens and liberal supplies of such essentials as baby foods and paper diapers. Another 4 hours later, after the replacement of a defective starter, we re-embarked and were off on a 5 hour flight to Manila. Half-way there in the middle of the night, the crew passed out life-preservers to everyone, forgetting to tell us whether it was for a drill or for some more ominous reason. It was somewhat baffling figuring out how to put them on; a young Air Force crewman came around to show us how, but was obviously even more perplexed by them than we were. We flew the rest of the way wearing life-preservers that looked like a cross between hip-holsters and water-wings.

We arrived in Manila at 5 AM local time, were again given a warm-hearted sympathetic, and efficient reception by the Embassy staff and wives, and were then bundled off to our respective hotels. Those of us from C.R.L. were told by the Embassy that AID (Agency for International Development) would

take care of us; AID said the Embassy would look after us; ultimately both agencies attended to us and we ended up with double sets of maps, brochures, P.X. cards, and general information.

We have been here 5 days now and have been having a gay time relaxing, shopping, sightseeing, and dining out in Manila. Everyone has been grand to us, and Jo and I have been enjoying personal hospitality from such sources as private Americans and the Canadian Consul. I have even managed to fit

SEPT 19
Evacuation day
given 7 hours notice
for the 9:30AM
departure

3AM Paul Revere
ride to notify all the
Americans

"... the evacuation
proceedings .. went
like clockwork ..."

USAF C-30 transport
plane:
"... strapped
into place sitting
sideways along one
of the four rows of
bench-type seats
made of bright red
canvas webbing."

3 hours to Bangkok

4 hours in Bangkok

5 hours to Manila

"... warm-hearted
sympathetic"
reception in Manila."

5th day in Manila:
"having a gay time
relaxing, shopping,
sightseeing, and
dining out"

EVACUATION AT LAST
(Spring 1965)

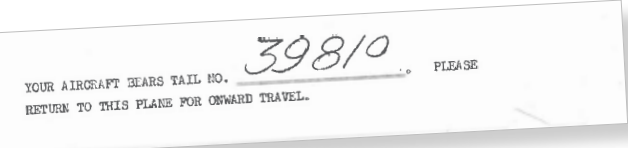
DEPARTURE FROM DACCA TO MANILA

Finally, the morning arrived when Mother D, Katherine and I were to be picked up by a consular vehicle and driven to the airport where we were loaded with some other 100 American women and children on an army transport plane. With Mother D and Katherine in tow, I had the oldest and the youngest passengers with me. We boarded the plane from the rear into a vast space - large enough to "hold 15 elephants" as I read later. Although the space was enormous, it felt crowded as we sat shoulder-to-shoulder on long canvas benches that lined either side. The walls behind us had thick roped netting which Katherine couldn't resist climbing. A bucket behind a curtain served as our toilet.

The plane first landed in Bangkok, where we were greeted by a bevy of foreign women bearing sandwiches and cold drinks. A few women, men and children remained in Bangkok while the rest of us flew on to Manila. As we passed over Vietnam all lights were turned off in the plane so as not to attract enemy attention from the war being waged below us.

Finally, after more than 24 hours of traveling, we landed in Manila, our designated "safe haven", where we were greeted by another enthusiastic welcoming committee. Upon arrival, we were delivered to the Manila Hotel, the most luxurious hotel I had ever seen at that time. Had we not been so exhausted, especially Mother D, we could have enjoyed our first moments there more thoroughly. As it was, we were grateful for beds and bath.

Mother D, took everything in stride. Having already survived one of Dacca's worst cyclones, and then the evacuation, she was not surprised when soon after we arrived in Manila a volcano erupted. She wrote in her first letter to Dan from Manila (1965/10/07) "Of course, you have read of the terrible volcano eruption on this island a week after we arrived. Disaster seems to follow me."



Six C-130s Head
For West Pakistan
To Evacuate 600

TEHRAN, Iran, Sept. 15 (UPI) — Six U.S. Air Force C-130s would fly into Dacca, East Pakistan, to begin the evacuation of about 600 Americans there. The planes will go from Mehrabad airport here early today to evacuate about 600 American women and children from West Pakistan. They carried extra supplies of fuel for the trip via Afghanistan air corridors to Lahore, Pakistan. The six aircraft have a capacity of 100 but will be unable to fly out that many because of the extra fuel load. Each of the planes will take about 70 passengers. This means that three of the planes will have to make second round-trip flights from Tehran to Lahore to evacuate all 600. The first 400 were expected to arrive in the Iranian capital late this morning. Pakistan has been unable to provide aviation fuel for the Hercules. She is reported not to have enough for her own fighter and bomber aircraft. The extra fuel being carried on the Tehran-Lahore flights is to be reloaded into the tanks at the Pakistani city. Other news agencies reported from various points: The Indian government agreed to facilitate the landings of six C-130 transports at Lahore. In Washington, the State Department said eight other C-



BAKED
WITH
CARE
BY COUNTY FAIR

MAYERS ENDLESS WEEKEND VISIT TO CALCUTTA
Bob Mayers (Dan's Berger colleague) and his wife, Flo, were stranded in Calcutta on a weekend visit when war was declared. They were never able to return to Dacca and made their way from Calcutta back slowly to New York. They relied on Dan and John Schiff to pack up and deliver all their belongings to NYC.

EVACUATION AT LAST cont.
(Spring 1965)

Mr. Dunham, Daniel

Official evacuation orders
from the U.S. Consulate.

[09/02/1965]

US AID MISSION TO PAKISTAN

Consolidated Emergency Evacuation Travel Authorization
No. AID-DA-6-131 dated September 2, 1965

These orders have been issued under authority Embassy, Karachi
Unnumbered Telegram, dated 9/7/65.

Appropriation No. 72-FT-800 (Local expenditure) 72-1161004 (Dollar
expenditure) Allotment 654-50-391-69-54-61.

The following named AID Contract employees are authorized
to travel from their post of assignment, US AID/Dacca, East
Pakistan to designated safehaven post: Manila. In connection
with such travel, per diem is authorized while in transit
status, and upon arrival at safehaven post, in accordance with
Standardized Regulations Section 600, 131 (b).

Special Instructions:

Baggage Allowance: If travel is by air, each traveller is
authorized 66 lbs. accompanying baggage.
If travel is by surface means, weight of
baggage allowance to be determined by
carrier.

Packing, Shipping,

Storage of Effects: Packing, shipment and storage of effects
is authorized as provided in 6 FAM 162.2-1,
weight allowance.

Emergency storage of automobile: Authorized.

| <u>Serial No.</u> | <u>Name</u> | <u>Identification</u> |
|-------------------|---|------------------------|
| 1. | Mr. COFFEY, Otis (Employee) | Colorado State College |
| 2. | Mr. CURTIS, James (Employee)
Mrs. CURTIS, Wylodine (Wife) | Colorado State College |
| 8. | Mr. TANGEMAN, Larry A. (Employee)
Mrs. TANGEMAN, Corinne F. (Wife)
TANGEMAN, John A. (Son, dob: 1/3/55)
TANGEMAN, Jane C. (Dau., dob: 7/26/57) | Colorado State College |
| 9. | Mr. DUNHAM, Daniel (Employee) ✓
Mrs. DUNHAM, Mary F. (Wife)
DUNHAM, Katherine (Dau., dob: 7/14/64)
Mrs. DUNHAM (Mother of Daniel Dunham) | Texas A&M |
| 10. | Mr. LINNE, Alton C. (Employee) | Texas A&M |

The
Dunhams

23. Mr. ZANE, Ah Chong (Employee) Univ. of Hawaii
Mrs. ZANE, Edna M. (Wife)
ZANE, Penelope Sue (Dau., dob: 12/21/50)
ZANE, Andrew C. (Son, dob: 10/11/53)

24. Mr. ERWIN, W.R. (Visiting Professor - CSC)

Willard W. Angel, Admin. Officer
(Signature of Authorizing Officer)

John W. Bowling
John W. Bowling, Consul General
(Signature and Functional Title
of Requesting Officer)

Authorizing Post: American Consulate General, Dacca, Pakistan

AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL
DACCA-2, EAST PAKISTAN

SPECIAL JAS CIRCULAR ANNOUNCEMENT RE EVACUATION September 9, 1965

TO : ALL PERSONNEL, ANCONGEN, USAID, USIS & PEACE CORPS
FROM : THE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER, JAS, DACCA
SUBJ : SPECIAL EVACUATION INSTRUCTIONS

These instructions should be read carefully and fully adhered to without
exception in your own interest. This is issued to assist you in preparing
for the proposed evacuation, as announced by the ConGen Dacca Notice of
September 8, issued to all American in East Pakistan. All dependents are to
be evacuated; none are to remain behind. The evacuation is scheduled for
Saturday, September 11.

1. An official determination has been made of U.S. Government employees
and dependents to be evacuated and those affected have been notified by the
heads of the agencies concerned. Check with the head of your agency if you
have any doubt whatsoever relative to your own evacuation status.

2. Documentation required. Report immediately to the Consular Officer
with your passport, if you have not already done so. Also report to the
Health Unit with your health card for checking.

3. Packing and storage of your personal effects. Packing materials
are now being distributed to evacuees' residences. Pack your personal effects
in the same manner as you would if you were departing the post for home leave
and return, to the maximum extent possible. Place your most treasured and
valuable effects which you are leaving behind in cardboard cartons and mark
them. Place all your effects, including clothing, in one airconditioned
room which can be securely locked. If lock devices need to be installed,
call the Maintenance Section, phone number 44022. If you are leaving behind
any air freight which you would want to be shipped to you later if that
becomes necessary, clearly identify and leave with your other effects.

4. Automobiles. Privately owned cars of evacuees will be stored at
designated places under JAS custody. The designated storage areas are
indicated in a separate Notice. Cars are to be delivered to these designated
areas on Friday between 2 and 4 p.m. or on Saturday between 6:30 and 7:30 a.m.
Official transportation will be available at the designated storage areas to
return the owner to his place of residence. After the evacuees' vehicles
are placed in JAS custody, official transportation will be available on call,
following usual practices. Tag your car keys and show on the tag full
identifying particulars of the vehicle. Keys will remain with the car and
become the responsibility of JAS. (If any employee has in his possession
keys to cars belonging to other employees who may be away from post on R&R,
TDY or for any other reason, he should turn such keys in to Mr. Coronado.)

5. House security. Full 24-hour Chowkidar service is being established,
effective today, for all residences. Double night time guard service is also
being provided for the duration of the blackout period. For security reasons,
it is preferable that no servants remain in any of the houses which are to
become vacant.

6. Servants. The disposition of servants is a personal matter. It
is suggested that advance pay made to servants be limited to 30 days. As
indicated above, it is preferable that servants not remain in vacant residences
for which JAS must assume custody and responsibility. However, should an
employee desire to have his servants remain in his residence, Mr. Ball, the
General Services Officer, is to be informed by memorandum of the servants'
names, their home addresses and particulars regarding pay. JAS will not be
able to assume responsibility for the security of personal effects left
behind if servants are permitted to have access to residences.

7. Accompanied baggage. Each evacuee is limited to one piece of hand
luggage and maximum weight of 45 pounds. Include your valuables - insurance
papers, birth certificates, bonds, etc. Check your baggage to assure that
you are not overweight, as such will only create problems in boarding the
aircraft. Tag and identify your hand luggage.

EVACUATION AT LAST cont.
(Spring 1965)

Official evacuation orders from the U.S. Consulate. [09/02/1965]

AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL
DACCA-2, EAST PAKISTAN

September 21, 1965.

IAS CIRCULAR ANNOUNCEMENT

TO : ALL AMERICAN PERSONNEL
STATE, USIS, USAID & PEACE CORPS

FROM: THE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER *WVA*

SUBJ: VARIOUS

The following information is made available to you for guidance during the present emergency.

- Movement restrictions during the present emergency.
Under regulations of the GOEP Americans must not travel outside Dacca except with special permission of authorities. Henceforth travel of any employee of the US Government agencies in Dacca must be cleared with the American Consulate General.
- Prohibition - Photography and Fire Arms.
The use of cameras and fire arms is prohibited for the duration of the present emergency period. Do not carry cameras with you at any time.
- Transportation.
Official transportation is available to all official US Government employees remaining at a post. This policy will continue until there is a marked improvement in the local situation. The use of privately owned vehicles is discouraged.
- Kerosene.
Kerosene is now rationed. It is a valuable item. Do all you can to conserve. Check your kerosene tins frequently to prevent any possible unexplainable losses. Currently the kerosene ration is one tin per family per week. Please use this as a guide in your consumption.
- Commissary goods left in residence of the evacuees.
For employees involved in checking residences of evacuees for condition and storage of personal effects it is recommended that where large quantities of commissary goods are found they be returned to the commissary for credit to the individual concerned.
- Personal mail.
To enable employees remaining in Dacca to communicate with their families who are outside Pakistan if and when an outward means of air transport is available, arrangements have been made for such mail to be handled through official State Department mail channels. Pakistan Postage stamps will be required on all such mail leaving the country through the State Department Pouches. Drop your letters in the APO Mail Slots at USAID, AmConGen and C&R offices.

My description of the days leading up to our evacuation and our quick departure
[MFD letter to Aunt Emily, 12/26/1965]

OUR EVACUATION TO MANILLA

"The actual evacuation, getting over 300 women and children to a meeting place, baggage taken care of, red tape accomplished and take them to the 6 ? transport planes which were only aloft 20 minutes on the ground, was a masterpiece of maneuvering. The families were noticed during the night and this alone was a job as we are spread far and wide over Dacca and our houses, such as ours, were hard to find in the blackout though our positions had been ascertained earlier. We had been prepared to leave 2 weeks before we actually did and had been living out of one suitcase a person, 45 lbs., with all other belongings packed in barrels and boxes ready to be shipped in case we didn't return. We had black outs every night so life was alternating between boring and tense according to the last "word" as to our probably evacuation or "new" in the paper as to how the "war" was proceeding. At first we got little sleep always expecting we might be wakened and told we were to leave the next day. Then we got used to the situation and it almost became a joke. Then it actually happened, all according to the plans, and we were bearded on our boxcar planes with no loved ones to say a final farewell and off on our Odyssey to Manila."

My detailed description of the evacuation journey on an army transport plane from Dacca to Manila via Bangkok. Accompanied by Mother D. (80+ years old) and Katherine (1 years old), I was responsible for both the oldest and youngest passengers in our group.
[MFD diary, 09/21/1965]

A moment to describe Army Transport Plane. Petersons app. US. and entire Rescue Corps family beyond norm. Mr. and children brought 20 in plastic carriers which they offered around from hire to time. Waldens and E. grant on my left. Can imagine how heat the four lines of army would look on the long red canvas benches with strips of canvas woven basket fashion up walls and up a central pipe, but we looked quite a refugee group especially w. so many children and hand bags of every description, carts, rugs, children's books and toys. E. grant had brought ~~Wksk~~ of bourbon. Most people had brought biscuits. We had sandwiches and hard boiled eggs Dan had provided. The kidies-man's children's room - curtained off section with sanitary bucket. Hard to climb all over baggage and around stumbling back trap door, over liquid rollers and protruding metal to get to it. The pilot (?) over loud speaker when we got on again at Bangkok humours about the accomodations not being exactly 1st class. The two cabin men sweating profusely as worked to get baggage strapped down and all of us seat with belts at Dacca. At Bangkok it was suggested we may have to wear like prisoners but they were never handed out. Flite 5 had to wear them and wearing said thing were uncomfortable. The rear end of plane got quick chilly. I had put Mother D's coat in my half empty small case at Adingee* court bldg. we probably have kept it. K. & I wore sweaters. Hard to tell passage of line. By carelessness I ate some of K's sedative tabs. Bangkok & Manila & uncomfortable because of desire to sleep, but no way to do it holding R. & cramped quarters.

From the moment the numbness from the journey started to dissipate thoughts of Dacca crept one by one - the last sight of horse, Dan, servants, and those all faces and connections. Mrs. McNeforth thinking of all things left behind as well.

SIGNIFICANT EVACUATION DATES**Fall 1965 9/20-12/11**

| | |
|----------|---|
| Sept 2 | Evacuation orders officially announced |
| Sept 8 | register for the evacuation plane |
| Sept 13 | “Operation Icarus” spoof memo |
| Sept 14 | “The Things in the Next Room” spoof memo |
| Sept 20 | 1:30 PIA Evacuation flight to Manila via Bangkok |
| Oct 19 | MFD passports, travelers checks, cash stolen |
| Nov. 3 | Dan arrives |
| Nov. 17 | Mother D’s birthday |
| Nov 1 | Dan departs |
| Nov. 30 | Mother D departs on Pan Am to USA via Hawaii |
| Nov. 27? | Baguio Hill resort (6 days) |
| Dec 6 | Official notification that we can return to Dacca |
| Dec 11 | Flight back to Dacca |

**15.3 EVACUATION TO MANILA**

“Bangala has a hundred gates to open for entrance,
but not one for departure.”

[Francis Bernier, 116. Taifoor, p.xi]

EVACUEE LIFE IN MANILA (Sept. 21-Dec 11, 1965)

FINDING A TEMPORARY HOME IN MANILA

Katherine and I, along with the other evacuated American mothers and their children, ended up living in Manila about three months before we were finally allowed to return to Dacca. For those of us who had husbands hired under US government contracts, we were granted a \$16 per diem, which we soon realized would not be enough to keep us lodged at the luxuriant Manila Hotel. So after a few days at the hotel, Maris Langford and I, with our one-year olds in tow, set out to find more affordable lodgings. Not having any idea how long the war would last, we thought it best to find an apartment we could rent on a month-by-month basis. We found we were received better by potential landlords when we had our babies with us. Otherwise without the children we might be perceived as prostitutes looking for a place to live. Meanwhile, Mother D recouped from the difficult journey at a hospital where she stayed a number of days before joining us in our new apartment.



Mother D, Maris and I with our infants and Filipino ayahs



Mother C. Dunham

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM
W. P. MARSHALL, President

SYMBOLS
DL=Day Letter
NL=Night Letter
IT=International Letter Telegram

1965 SEP 20 PM 5

NHC136 (27)SYB446
SY WB162 GOVT PD ASHINGTON DC 20 308P EDT
C G RAPHAEL
520 EAST 86 NYK

DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN ADVISED THAT PARY FRANCES, KATHERINE DAYLE DUNHAM ANF ESTHER COCHRAN HAVE ARRIVED MANILA WITHOUT PROBLE AFTER EVACUATION FROM PAKISTAN. THIS MESSAGE SENT TO PROVIDE REASSURANCE SINCE INFORMATION ON INDIVIDUALS NOT AVAILABLE IN PRESS

JEROME P IRWIN CHIEF EMPLOYEAS SERVICES CENTER DEPT OF STATE WASHINGTON, DC (25).

The Manila Hotel, where we stayed briefly before finding more affordable accommodations.



This is my first letter from Manila to my father and describes briefly the situation we arrived to. [MFD letter to CGR 09/23/1965]

Cable to Manhoco

MANILA HOTEL
OVERLOOKING THE MANILA BAY — "THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE ORIENT"

Manila, Philippines
Sep 23 '65

Cher Papa,
It was good to have your cable yesterday. We never thought we would be in this situation. Uplands sounds tempting alright, but we want to stay as near Dan as possible, not that it is any help. We get \$16 per diem so might as well have a holiday. Today there is an ^{AID} meeting so I may know more definitely what expectations are. We are very comfortable and everybody is making a fuss over the evacuees from E. Pakistan.

I read about the jurists in Washington conference in Time. Did you go? Keep those rule of law people working. The reports on our situation in Time or Newsweek have been good, but you must read further into them to realize Dan's situation and those that stayed behind. As soon as things go bad for Pakistan there is danger of another Congo as we have already seen in anti-US demonstrations and from the risk of two Januaries ago when that Father Noak was killed. All our sincere Pakistani friends can not protect us from the mobs and even the students that had a procession asking for Dan's group to stay can loose their heads when surrounded by India with shortages of famine facing them. It took over 11 days to get our evacuation permitted so the next one will be even harder. Read the diary I am sending under separate cover. Also tell me when you get it as I would hate to loose it. They have been 2 exciting weeks.

There are 2 Castillejos listed in the phone book, but I hesitate calling until I hear from you. I remember Lino as somewhat of an imposition although he would be different here perhaps as well as his father. Are there any jurists? It would be nice to know a local person who could recommend shops etc., but not at all necessary.

How about you coming here? The climate seems delicious even with a daily rain. I don't think the island is tremendously interesting, but restful and calm. And then there is Khatko who needs a playmate too, as well as a dancing partner. We have a swimming pool. . . . Come.

Mo', mo', to follow
love Peekies

P.S. Please notify Motor Veh. Bureau that my application will be late but not to cancel it. The delay was unavoidable.

"We get \$16 per diem so might as well have a holiday."

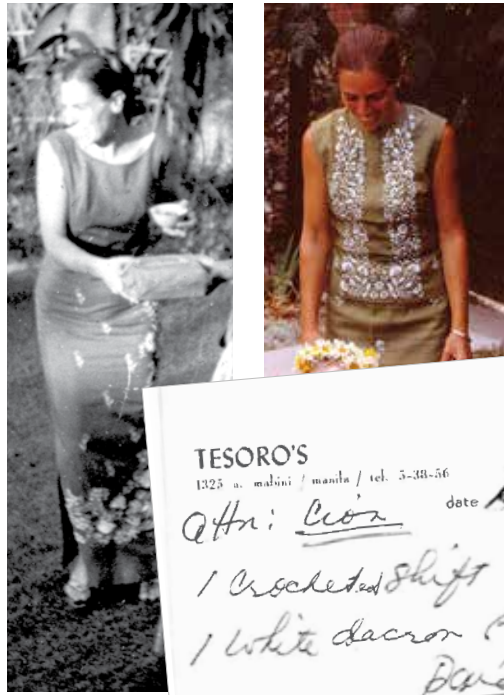
Need to read behind the news headlines: "you must read further into them to realize Dan's situation and those that stayed behind. As soon as things go bad for Pakistan there is danger All our sincere Pakistan friends can not protect us from the mobs ..."

"The climate seems delicious ... I don't think the island is tremendously interesting, but restful and calm."

DAILY LIFE IN MANILA

During the first weeks in Manila, we evacuees indulged in luxuries we had missed in Dacca. We went to hair dressers and high-end dress shops, like Tessoros, which could tailor quality dresses overnight. We led dual lives where, on the one hand, we struggled with daily problems of housekeeping in a new environment and on the other, we were enjoying luxuries we could never have had in Dacca.

Being a "single" mom taking care of both Katherine and Mother D required much of my attention. Yet at the same time, I was dealing with daily bureaucratic errands to get our per diem payments, pay bills, collect correspondence, etc. Much time was also spent on managing the essentials of survival on our limited budget: shopping, cooking and cleaning. For recreation we had access to the US Army Club and appreciated the use of their pool.



TESORO'S
 1325 a. mabini / manila / tel. 5-38-56
 Att: Cora date 12-26-65
 / Crocheted shift
 / White dacron shift
 David
 Mrs. Dunham will
 pick this up tomorrow
 at 8:30 sharp 12-10-65
 Jo



"So many lovely things to shop for in Manila"

[MFD letter to Aunt Anna 01/27/1966]



wish I could have for the rest of my life. There were lovely things to buy on the street where we lived, especially cotton clothes, and endless delicious and reasonable restaurants. It was hot but we rented air-

"... I became utterly materialistic as time went on and bought more and more dresses for myself. ..."

[MFD letter to CGR 01/15/1966]

I am glad you got the things from Manila. It was a present shoppers paradise and I should have done much more. I became utterly materialistic as time went on and bought more and more dresses for myself. They were irresistible. I kept thinking how all the dresses I had left behind (we brought out only 45lbs of luggage but it is amazing how adequate that is) were all old and that I would throw them out if ever we got back to Dacca but now that I have got back I like having the largest wardrobe I have ever had and the closet is bulging. I felt especially sinful as I had my bag stolen with \$200 in pesos which I had just cashed the day I was to pick up Mother D from the hospital as well as passport, health cards, and all kinds of other papers whose replacement would have been a real headache.



OUR SHARED APARTMENT

In our apartment designed for one family, we were for a while two mothers (Maris and myself), two infants, two ayahs and one grand mother. We never knew how much to invest in furniture and household items such as pots and pans, cutlery and dishes. We proudly created our own set of tableware from recycling food cans, plastic containers and jars. We did have box spring mattresses, which our landlord charged a monthly fee to use. The apartment was far from ideal and we suffered water shortages regularly. We didn't have the energy to look for a new place and lived on the hope that we would be returning to Dacca soon. Just as I had reached the limit of my patience with our landlord, regarding a leaking ceiling that had damaged our clothes, we received the official word that we could return to Dacca.



"... I had a fight with the landlord after the apartment above us had leaked all over the kitchen. ..."

[MFD letter to DCD, 12/06/1965]

Is it true...? "Did you hear...?" Saturday night I had a fight with the landlord after the apartment above us had leaked all over the kitchen and parlor with Sue's clothes in it. It was a screaming fight and I was shook up. I read Time that evening and saw the article on the shortage of food in Dacca. This was the first piece of hopeful news for us I had seen since we got to Manila and the fact that the per diems were to be disbursed could well be interpreted as a return to Dacca rather than the U.S.

The difficult living conditions of our apartment, especially on Mother D.
[MFD letter to Aunt Anna 01/27/1966]

reasonable restaurants. It was hot but we rented air-conditioners or just suffered. Our apartment had a water shortage which was especially hard on Mother D. Everyone seemed to have some problems but then we were lucky to be safe and cared for to that extent.

| House acct. M.F. (cont.) | |
|--------------------------|--------------|
| Nov-1 | 11.89 |
| 5 | 14.39 |
| 6 | 3.88 |
| | <u>66.70</u> |
| Nov-8 | #1 11.99 |
| | 12 37.28 |
| | #4 |

| House account Manila | | |
|----------------------|---------|-------------|
| Date | Total | incl. share |
| Sept 27 | 1600.00 | 534.00 |
| Oct. 2 | 885.92 | 28.64 |
| 7 | 46.07 | 15.36 |
| 19 | 33.51 | 11.17 |
| 23 | 43.55 | |

| 1965 House Account Mary Frances Dunham | |
|--|--------------|
| Sept 27 Rent (2) | 1066.00 |
| " Air cond. (2) | 40.00 |
| " Elec. meter (3) Exp. | 20.00 |
| " Equip (3) | 3.95 |
| " Food (3) | 4.80 |
| " " (3) | 15.16 |
| 30 Equip (2) | 9.50 |
| " Food (3) | 13.39 |
| 30 Equip (3) | .90 |
| 31 Food (3) | 2.50 |
| | <u>70.20</u> |

Received from Mr. Ericio S. Henson the following furnishings for Apt. 1, B. S. Henson Apts. 1555 A. Mabini Ermita, Manila in good condition

- 2 - Pictures with frames
- 2 - sets, 3 seater sectional sofa with 2 cushions each
- 4 - side tables
- 1 - corner table
- 1 - center table
- 3 - table lamps with shades
- 1 - bookcase shelf
- 1 - double box spring bed with mattress attach
- 1 - 4" mattress for double bed
- 1 - single steel bed with one 4" mattress
- 3 - pillows
- 2 - bed headboards
- 2 - bed lamps
- 2 - night tables
- 1 - ladies dresser with mirror and stool
- 1 - rattan dining table for 6 persons
- 6 - rattan dining chairs
- 2 - flower pots with plants
- 5 - ash trays
- 5 - venetian blinds
- 1 - wall mirror (T & B)
- 1 - electric water heater 5 gals. (T & B)
- 1 - electric refrigerator RCA with 2 aluminum ice cube tray
- 2 - porcelain crispers
- 1 - transformer for refrigerator
- 1 - electric oven with 2 burners
- 20 - electric bulbs
- 1 - telephone and one telephone book
- 1 - drum (55 gal.)
- 4 - keys

Mother D was a great helpo with establishing a household budget and keeping track of accounts.

INTERNATIONAL SUPERMARKET
479 Maras St. Telephone: 53421 - 54345 - 54345
CHECKOUT No. 2

Mari's parcel
96
119

- apple ...00.80Gr
- walnuts ...02.35Gr
- Margarita wine ...00.75Gr
- egg ...02.10Gr
- Apple ...03.60Gr
- Milk ...02.40Gr
- milk ...01.60Gr
- bread ...00.80Gr
- envelopes ...00.50Gr

15.74
1.37
14.15

S--15.74 • CA
--50.00 • CA

• 3 235 +••34.26 • CA

INTERNATIONAL SUPERMARKET
479 Maras St. Telephone: 53421 - 54345 - 54345
CHECKOUT No. 2

MT pd
4 wgs

- ...00.75Gr
- ...02.10Gr
- ...00.85Gr
- ...00.42Gr
- S--04.12 • CA
- ...20.00 • CA

• 3 147 +••15.88 • CA

We Appreciate Your Patronage

Note: Busted bulbs and fuses on account of the tenant
Date: September 27, 1965

Mary Frances Dunham
MARY FRANCES DUNHAM
LESSEE

Mari's Langford
MARISS LANGFORD
LESSEE

THE FIRST TWO WEEKS IN MANILA

[MFD diary Sept. 21- Oct. 10, 1965]

SEPT 21
Evacuation day

September 21 Early AM
 I might could sleep soundly tonite but wake up restless. News and events of the day going round in my head. Didn't have chance to read AM Manila Times which Mother D. had bought. Read news but nothing more.
 The headline had reported in early PM - Chinese deferred ultimatum. Good to see news not on front page for once but grim analysis in short articles inside that we are world-wide front page news. Walter Lippman 'while the news these events (in Eur.) still interesting, and even important, they are overshadowed by what is happening in Asia ... at least we are in a position to realize there is no mortal conflict within the Western world ...' Mother D., Mariss, Cohen and I have supper in "Champagne" room. (Baby sitter Linda in my room for Gus and Katherine). Like movie set and we live it out from Daquiris requesting numbers from pianist, Mother D making request. After we left and, our aching bi-ceps from carrying babies the day before and future plans. Days seem to be more pessimistic than most except Caroline. Peggy is a part because so positive but her debunking of sensationalism may be too coming. The basic danger always in my mind. Bengali rioting and perhaps in present groups I'm the only one to have actually seen it, the others having to go to Dacca post hoc. (Thinking of Lat., our practical present concern for the future - the Per Diem).
 Cohen and husband had just got to Bangkok when trouble broke out. Tried to get back to Dacca via Rangoon and Chittagong but flights cancelled. Sit for days in Bangkok waiting for news of Baby. Yesterday she met all the transients. Baby didn't arrive until the 5th came down. They came on to Manila and hotel.
 Benenson here. Her children in school in Switz. but she didn't know it till now. Not here. Don't understand her story. Knew the Benenson left Dacca before the 5th.
 Pedersen here. Also had packed newspaper clippings and slides photos. Checked to slides at Pak customs so they inspected every inch of her bags and took to Taipei. Knowing East Pak customs I had lied to both questions ... any photos? "No" "No personal photos?" "No". Customs was pleased with answers. Peggy had got back to Adamjee Bldg. after customs and told me I shouldn't open bags if you said you had nothing. Mother D could answer honestly and with gusto and humor. Customs laughed. Tony Rosario getting the line through. Somebody behind the passport officials seemed to recognize me and he was familiar. He could and didn't want to leave.
 I had a meeting (as usual) with Ford Foundation this PM. She decided to go to directress' house. Talked of going to Karachi before the meeting and got to ask her what thgt. after it. Caroline rooming with Myra (?) nicer and more congenial of the 2 Alipore secretaries that came to our house a couple of days during the wait, however, Caroline will be lonely.

At airport customs:
 "... Knowing East Pak customs. I had lied to both questions ... any photos? "No" "No personal photos?" "No" ..."

-2-

Philippines so friendly and of course good English everywhere. As Mariss says - so close to being in the U.S. and yet not. Used the phone 5-6 x today. Crib arrived for K. in time for her AM nap. She also slept well in afternoon. We ate lunch in coffee room and she ate whole cold plate of chicken. Tonite drank extra mild.
 Sent telegram to Dan at about 9:30 AM - Manila Hotel with View, don't delay, releasing you and one to COR. Had cashed \$20 last nite at airport (special desk set up for convenience of arriving evacuees) of which Mother D has \$10. Seems to last well because also paid baby sitter P16 + 1 (4 hours).
 Now living another kind of parody. Last 14 days have been like war movie. Today was like Hollywood sentimental film setting tourists in swank hotel. Champagne dining room dimly lit (Mother D couldn't read menu), air conditioned (a little too much) soft music on the piano and later combo, landscape lighting on the garden outside glass wall with tables, swimming pool under over hand trees and harbor glistening beyond. All like Muzak which superficially hypnotizes the mind, but may become an aggravation. For the moment thankful to have big room with view, comforts of hot water, cleanliness, good bed, radio, telephone, good food. Tomorrow will have economic reckoning when know what AID plans are for us. Mariss eager to get out of hotel situation. Peggy's hotel old + roaches, so glad to get at tonight. She will case private villa possibilities. All us can use commissary and scheduled buses came by 3 main hotels everyday. Also buses to Embassy.
 Embassy compound also looks like movie set of ideal and typical US Embassy emanating strength, wealth, some architecture. Padded, air-conditioned and paneled inside.
 Lots of movies in town as Peggy pointed out tout de suite. Also Music Powers changing on head and El Greco and troop here, by which I mean Jose Limon.
 Tuesday 21 PM Manila Hotel
 Second full day in Manila. Still a movie set except when we start talking about news and wondering how husbands and friends and servants are in Dacca. Met Mrs. Johnson in lobby of the Bay View. Told how Dan still at Monica House * whilst her group being detained there and how he brought over a steward chicken lunch from our house and sent message. She was on 5 M flight. Pat still in Bangkok. Kath. McInefert in this hotel.
 Telegram from COR^{sk} this PM under Mother D's door: "Why not come to uplands?"
 Peggy says one of Ford group here had also received Nat cable saying "Well aware of situation. Rely art Colorado ... group" or to that effect. Said she should have cabled back then inform us of what's going on."
 Today's news "Sinreda" making attacks on Sikkin side border. Bhutto gone to N.Y. to discuss possible truce. More Indians gain listed than we had heard in Dacca. An editorial welcomed us evacuees and said we were to feel at home and secure in Philippines.
 * Monica ** CGP

Manila Hotel dining room, spacious accommodations etc. but "... eager to get out of hotel situation ..."

Can use the commissary - with bus service

"... typical US Embassy emanating strength, wealth, some architecture."

THE FIRST TWO WEEKS IN MANILA cont.

[MFD diary Sept. 21- Oct. 10, 1965]

First days in Manila

The US Commissary

Naps, baby sitter, movie, night out & baby sitters

"... evacuees looking well-dressed"

-3-

Mother D slept late. Mariss, I, and babies to Commissary by taxi some distance. Commissary next step to A&P altho about some stock in Dacca, all in one vast room. Fresh meat, fruits and vegetables as well as US goods. Open everyday. Not many people shopping. Two cash registers. Carts like US with place for child. Shopping tiring with babies. Get soap powder, baby food, crackers. Return. Meet Mother D and Peggy. K. sleeps, Mother D baby sits. Peggy and I to Embassy. No news except will be meeting tomorrow. Pick up envelope of instructions should have had from 1st nite. Steal pad of paper. Return to hotel. Lunch in Coffee room. Stroll Kath. Naps while Peggy, Mother D and Caroline to My Fair Lady. Caroline also slept late and then to beauty shop where get super and hair do. Tonight have baby sitter. Mariss, Peggy and I have supper Martini with Caroline and Mr. Haps (?) (Man had met 1st day in coffee room see above) Caroline in her black guatemala dress very becoming. We feel trowsy in comparison.

Last nite and today eating like can't get enough. Tonite Mariss and I however couldn't finish Aroz dish. Mariss talks of getting an aptment, an ayah, and giving tutoring. Part fantasy, part real as can't afford hotel and hotel not convenient for baby.

Manila Hotel surprisingly uncrowded for circumstances. Bay view lobby more cramped ... more crowded. However, Manila City looks as absorb another 1,000 easily. Peggy met Ford Foundation man in charge of all SE Asia. Sall ordinarily Bangkok-refugee place. Manila was to cover only as far West as Java (?). At Bangkok, Jane Barr in sort of woman's hostel. Sue Cohen described Eastatatspecific hours. Convent life. Difficult with babies. Husband comes from Saigon every 6 weeks (?).

K. loves to have radio on which see ms to have 24 hour calypso music. She does her dance routine - turning and turning, pumping, and clapping.

In coffee room this evening Peggy remarked in shame Dan wasn't here to finish the remarks on the people we were seeing that obviously evoke a remark only we can't think of it.

Still haven't read last week's Time on War. Just read the week's. "The Curious Battle at Kasur" sounds like typical confusion. Seems to be more hope for truce in the week's article. Silkin so smart, so crucial.

Some evacuees looking well-dressed. Generally people brought best clothes if only 2-4 garments.

Wednesday September 22

PM: Too tired tonite. Tomorrow must tell c. tonites' supper ar New Europe and give menu of Peggy's supper 1st nite at "Baby's". Mother Ds Roaring 20s. Katherine up early and racing around all day. No naps for either of us. Am getting "smack" on Frid.

Today's news - Pak agreed to a cease love but it hasn't come about yet. USIS in Karchi burned. Other incidents in West wing, anti-US.

* SARIS

-4-

Thursday September 23

PM. Still tired but could keep vp to date. News of today is that cease fire was effected. News here - Lov is Khan has no funds. Caroline and Mariss short of maney and don't know whether husbands being paid. Spent AM at Commissary Pool and APO. Mother D has a permanent and we miss each other at lunch. Join up after 4. She's looking V trim. Peggy had her hair done yesterday, did a swishes somewhat like Caroline. I guess my turn next. About evacuee costumes - Grace Michand wearing san's* in evenings and gets away with it with dark complexion, hair in Fr. roll, and sari draped well. Hotel seems to be emptying of our lot. Heard Waldens and Rutherfordds have found an apartment. Will look into it tomorrow especially for Caroline and Mariss. Otherwise prefer to stay here. Amah should be coming tomorrow 8 AM.

Swimming this morning in large, crystal clear Army pool with blue skies and warm weather. Wear Gloria Robersond suit after she was done. K. in plastic pants.

to leave Calif. APO. APO and Commissary and PXs, vast network makes whole world on US. Maggie says Paris PX enormous with great parking lots.

Last night: onion soup, vickysoise (read postage), avocado cocktails, scalops newburg, mashrooms, sauce just right, cheese cake. Peggy last night at Betoy's snapes, lobster tails. Our restaurant - the New Europe. Appetite going strong since we arrived.

A moment to describe Army Transport Plane. Petersons app. US. and entire Rescue Corps family beyond norm. Mr. and children brought 20 in plastic carriers which they offered around from hire to time. Waldens and E. grant a my left. Can imagine how heat the four lines of army would look on the long and canvas benches with strips of canvas woven basket fashion up walls and up central pipe, but we looked quite a refugee group especially w. so many children and hand bags of every description, carts, rugs, children's books and toys. E. grant had brought bksk of bourbon. Most people had brought biscuits. We had sandwiches and hard boiled eggs Dan had provided. The kidies-man's children's room - curtained off section with sanitary bucket. Hard to climb all over baggage and around stambling back trap door, over liquid rollers and protruding metal to get to it. The pilot (?) over loud speaker when we got on again Bangkok humours about the accomodations nbt being exactly 1st class. The two cabin men sweating profusely as worked to get baggage strapped down and all of us seat with belts at Dacca. At Bangkok it was suggested we may have wear like prisoners but they were never handed out. Flite 5 had to wear them and wearing said thing were uncomfortable. The rear end of plane got quick chilly. I had put Mother D's coat in my half empty small case at Adingee* court bldg. we probably have kept it. K. & I wore sweaters. Hard to tell passage of line. By carelessness I ate some of K's sedative tabs. Bangkok & Manila & uncomfortable because of desire to sleep, but no way to do it holding R. & cramped quarters.

From the moment the numbness from the journey started to dissipate thoughts of Dacca crept one by one - the last sight of horse, Dan, servants, and those all places and connections. Mrs. Mc Neforth thinking of all things left behind as well.

*F. H. W. J. E.

SEPT 23
Still at hotel

Commissary run
Hair salon

Other families
moving out to

Swimming at Army
pool

Description of
evacuation flight
on Army Transport
Plane:

"... so many children
and hand bags, ...
carts, rugs, ..."

"... curtained off
section with sanitary
bucket ..."

"... I ate some of
K's sedative tabs ...
desire to sleep, but no
way to do it holding
K. ..."

"... thoughts of
Dacca crept one
by one - the house,
Dan, servants, ..."

THE FIRST TWO WEEKS IN MANILA cont.

[MFD diary Sept. 21- Oct. 10, 1965]

Dissappointments of apartment search

"... thinking how Dan wanted us in a 'cottage by the sea' but the only waters ... 29 miles out of Manila ..."

KD's amah, Alexandra Martinez

SEPT 26 Still apartment hunting ...

"Dee w/ her 3 Children & 1 amah quite a site coping for herself getting off to apt."

Dinner out ...

-5-

constant "Where are they now" feeling nagging during pauses in the day's scorching round.

Mariss & D beat the parents behind the Bay View Hotel looking for apartments, she carrying the baby Caroline somewhere looking too. After an hour of disappointments enter one more dingy bldg. & find Mrs. Hobar & one dgr. just coming out. She looking hopelessly but not as long. The only possibility was on the in the beginning a walk up to 1st. flr. on the str. apartment "like a cheap summer place", depressing but 2 bedrooms, a silver bathroom of which the door opened on the shower and such a high price. The Motels seemed to suspect us of being unwed. Around 1:30 we dropped into a dark bar just to sit and have coke. The girls were delighted as we & 2 youngmen interested in our plight. One girl sound intelligent & suggested we try Quezon City. All the time looking to and thinking how Dan wanted us in a cottage by the sea" but the only waters for swimming - 29 miles out of Manila. The cottage more feasible but however find at? If we get to the suburbs that will be something. Mother D seems comfortable here. I too except for meals in K. Hobar's eggars around the dining room. (Recently has found her shadow, while D thing of comical owning to take it)

Today Alexandra Martinez (Alehandra) 1st. day with K. K. screams when knows will be left & to go out. Alejandra seems nice, but hrs. difficult as don't get a nite said. She must go by 6 (!) otherwise afraid to travel at nite.

This A.M. go to AID office. Then coffee with Caroline & Mr. Halstead (ladies Aid at the moment) up on Bay View roof restaurant. 1st view of the city. Looks like Taipei.

Sunday September 26

First 2 days haven't kept up. Have been apt hunting w/ Mariss. More discouraging of any city I've known. horrible - only think staying a mth. Have seen a number of back Sts. of Manila, mostly cased Mabini st. & adjoining sts. Stop in at all Motels as well as apt. bldgs. until we learned they only take people for 1 nite. Spent an hr. on phone yesterday but half of time desk downstairs wld get wrong so, or no answer or busy. The hotel seems not to be charging for our calls. All main hotels giving 20% discount for evacuees but don't know how long that will last. Around 4:30 bump into Dee who was moving to an apt. from Bay View. Helped her move so engage about empty apt. in same bldg. but landlord won't give it until Oct. 2. So far the P450 1 unit apt. behind Bay View seems only possibility. Am baby sitting while Marissa and Mrs. Dominguez looking some more. Dee w/ her 3 children & 1 amah quite a site coping for herself getting off to apt. In some ways might have been beckon to put all 400 in barracks when considered the sort of life many will be needing in run down apts. for next month. None of us yet have courage to really go out of Manila but means taking Embassy movies, restaurants, beachfront with commissary, APO or pool, etc. etc.

Peggy came to pick us up last nite to dine out & we really did. Went to the Summit restaurant where she and D had real chinese food from Smorgesborg & Mother D. had hogs legs. We've always regretting Dan not there to see & taste. Had qualls' eggs w/ cocktails & had to ask whose eggs they have, so miniature. Mother D said must be a "qualleng". Somewhere when we wondered hen eggs were got.

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such out of hotel into gathering cars for festive evening at hotel & parade ground in front said "terrific terrific to-nite." Full of bon mots. A "combo" of double bass & 2 electr. guitars, good voices. Sang Caribbean Spanish Rock-Roll, all good. "Wish D were a yellow bird." Meal nicely served. China, silver, and serving plates especially pleasant. All food delicious & prices low for such specialties. Peggy had Dish coffee to finish and as we watched liquid fire being played with by chef thgt. of Dan. Peggy got her way & paid for whole evening.

Apts. seemed to have kakti uniformed guards w/ pistols. Many of these armed door men around town at entrances to building, shops, restaurants, etc.. Peggy said we would be surprised how hard life is for most people here and can tell from condition of back sts. altho not overcrowded like Peking and Hongkong. But dirty smells, dingy, unpainted. Perhaps higher standard in construction but not in maintenance from E. Pek.

Humor has it a plane may go to Dacca tomorrow. One of unofficialmen told Mrs. Johnson he had been ordered on it by his company.

News yesterday and today of cease-fire violations from both sides but fighting otherwise has stopped. UN observers, 47, along Kashmir trouble spots. More coming. Able from CGR yest. "thanks for huge letter (the diary) but why not come to U.S. lands. Do you need food for Kat Love Papa"

Today 2:30 PM parade on grounds in front of hotel. Perfect rice from our room but sleepy so don't watch all. Tomorrow holiday for Miguel Malvar, last Filipino surrender to U.S.

Have supper at Sea Front restaurant. Interesting sand sculptures on work. Mariss complaining how done. Rest. like Schurffs level. Pleasant, very US.

TUESDAY September 28

Another day skipped. Yesterd. Mariss & D after speeding a final AM apt. looking for Mrs. Dominguez & her Filipino lady friend, signed a lease for our present dwelling - Henson's Apartments. Mrs. Hobar had told me about them Sat. by phone when I had lost interest. The Lees had seen it but too expensive. Hobar's turned it down because of lost & highly polished stairs & Mother Hobar's tendency to fall. By the time we went back to check for Mrs. Dominguez (who didn't want to go so far out) the original P450 apt., the one behind Bay View, it was taken. Mrs. Dominguez & boys out. She disappointed. But this makes us hurry up to sign lease at Henson. We think Mother D would like to join but not sure. I tell her what we found. She skeptical that it will be too much work. Finally we decided Mariss & I will move, let Mother D visit us a day later, then, decide. Always Caroline (in Aguio at that moment) to consider. I took taxi back to Henson lady (Mother D baby sat during AM search), signed lease & put down P1,600. in equivalent travel-er's checks - \$421.00, 2 mos. rent in advance. A big step, but it got us out of the hotel & still cheaper) 1 mon. in hotel. Rushed back after chat with proprietress re packing. By 4 PM had checked out at Manila, tipped boys & elevator & front man, moved in 2 taxis, same style as Dee's exodus, to Henson apts., Angie - Mariss' amah - following along. Whilst telephone rang constantly, the toothless

Manila ... security every where, hard life for most people, "not overcrowded like Peking and Hong Kong"

SEPT 28 Sign lease for place at Henson's Apartments.

Moved out of the hotel in 2 taxi trips

Mother D stays at the hotel

THE FIRST TWO WEEKS IN MANILA cont.

[MFD diary Sept. 21- Oct. 10, 1965]

Making an inventory of what's in the apartment

Texas A&M dinner

Comparing stories about evacuation flights

First meals in our new apartment: using plastic spoons, baby food jars and paper plates

Mother D accepts invitation to move into the apartment too.

"... laughing over the evacuees being distinguished by their high hairdos and new embroidered Filipino shifts."

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concierge insisted we go thru the inventory of our furnishings K. the list, item by item, down to 20 light bulbs & that we are responsible for "busted light bulbs & blown fuses" and please sign. The double bed Mariss pointed out was quite bad. We got an extra swing mattress in compensation. Sanches got babies fed, washed. To Manila hotel by 7:00 for 7:30 Texas A & M dinner in Moon Cage rm.

Ms. Rupel & Ferguson had sent out invitations 2 days ago. Turned out to be a larger Texas A & M. Mrs. Banling & Johnson & others. At round tables in Chinese decor. Large Lazy Susann in middle of round table & we help ourselves. Dr. Underwood on my left. He is in charge of Texas A & M here. D couldn't figure if he had been in Minnesota. Both figuring each other out. Dear Mrs. Langley beyond. Grand Tony on my right, small & vociferous. Mrs. Banling twice carries, but she has required poise. Mrs. Rupel mother-in-charge. Mother D at other large round table.

Fun to hear Texas A & M reminiscing over evacuation. Grant Leks have planes were allowed only 20 mins. on ground. We all admired him efficiently we were loaded on from the buses. Place #5's pilot amazed at slight delay in getting his load of passengers. Also fite #5 put on life preservers during fite at certain point. AI this not told why, some say were flying in dark because of possible every places over Vietnam. Some food preservers very uncomfortable. Others had useful for support in sleeping positions.

Jan Walder's brother, #5 died of cancer the day before, and she had flown to U.S. leaving children with Maggie and Mrs. Hirshorn who took over her apartment. Sanchen D frantic lying to get settled but others w/ real problems.

To-day first day in apartment. Yesterd. had discovered supermarket avoid corner and went silly shopping for the least & cheapest things we could find to get started. Today, PM, did the same at commissary. Both v. tired & had forgotten list of prices from super market had made for comparison w/ commissary. We had our own eggs, toast, coffee, juice this morning, cheese sandwiches & do. nuts for lunch, & baked beans supper w/ Mother D & Caroline as guests to-nite, all using plastic spoons, 3 doved soup crackers, (I had brought for K's cereal on plane), a couple of baby food jars, 2 sps., 2 forks, paper plates & napkins - one pot to cook with a pot de chambre, enamel.

Mariss especially warm in reiterating invitation for Mother D to stay. She agrees. Will move tomorrow. Caroline willing to sleep on coach for a week. She thinking of returning to U.S. Good to be altogether again for awhile anyway. Hope have no trouble tomorrow w/ landlady.

Caroline's trip to Baguio not all joy. Rey's brother-in-law put her up in hotel which she had to pay for a dropped her outside Manila in bringing her back & they had not much to talk about. Baguio beautiful however. She redid hair today. We were laughing over the evacuees being distinguished by their high hairdos & new embroidered Filipino shifts. Over the Bourbon this evening same situation in worst light. Caroline thinking of going home if we saw no hope of return to Dacca & question of Louis Khan being able to pay their fares or not etc.

Cable home CGH to-day "Do you need money?" Had mailed letter this AM but maybe better send another cable. Know he wld. say the kind of living we will be

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being in this apt. is just being stingy & typical of me.

We laugh to think of Dacca husbands imagining us living it up in some cottage by the sea.

Caroline reminiscing over our first chankidaho-"I am your chankidar, Good morning sir". Also when Dan set about the Ayah one of her vague passages thru room "Ayah seems whimsical today."

"Angle" will take care of children, wash their clothes, do some cleaning, baby at nite. I will have to dismiss Alejandra tomorrow.

News today still of uneasy cease-fire. Chinese bidg. a Berlin type wall along Sikkim border.

Babies fretful this evening but Angle has them bedded down by 8:00 & sleeping soundly. Last nite difficult sleep for all. New beds (old beds), heat, traffic noise. Another disadvantage - H₂O shortage. On at certain hours in AM & PM Rest of time depend on large reserve drum in the kitchen.

Maris has our only time piece - a travelling alarm clock. She doesn't have a watch either.

Mother D's feet swelling-too much walking on heat. Also worries probably. She has been thru 3 unsettling wks. & isn't over.

More & more people calling home. But finding less & less needs emotionally speaking.

Thursday September 30

Days so busy no time to write, but amusing matters nal so more uninteresting train of events.

Maris got cable yest. (?) from Gus "Everything fine ... miss you ... boil Gus water".

Yesterd. went early to embassy to cash check for Mother D to pay hotel bill so could move. Met Caroline in a state because hotel had charged P700(?) for her telephone call to Phlla. saying she had talked 29mts. Sure she hadn't but no proof. Wants to leave and go home. Enquiring how can pay for ticket. E. Grant there and other lady making suggestions. Say consulate gets you back on dire circumstances. We have coffee in roof top cafeteria of Embassy where is Mr. Halsted again, no peace w/ Kakense. Caroline to come to us in PM.

Return to apt. w. K. Return to Aid Office 10:00 when bank open. Cash my own check. Got to embassy to find out how can cash check on Dan's bank, Hanover. Not possible. So asking over. Go to Manila hotel & Mother D who is packing. Have lunch which she pays. Peggy joins us. Plan a bridge evening. She has bought dresses. Post lunch, Mother D pays bill and returns to room to finish packing & move. Peggy & D back to apt. w. stops on dress shops. Then to Acme Super Market. By time get back Mother D has arrived & air conditioner being installed.

Later message arrives w. receipt for P100.00 for 2 mos. of air condition. D go

"I will have to dismiss Alejandra tomorrow."

"... difficult sleep for all. New beds ..., heat, traffic ...H2O shortage ..."

SEPT 30
"Days so busy ..."

"Mother D has arrived & air conditioner being installed."

THE FIRST TWO WEEKS IN MANILA cont.

MFD diary Sept. 21- Oct. 10, 1965

landlords & say can only pay for one mon. She agrees but must pay eventually. Marris hears of this & says anyway we were told that airconditioner were P40.00/mon. I go w. her while she holds to that & won. We also get one free until it is disconnected on some indefinite period. Caroline for supper. This time we have noodles & cheese, doughnuts, coffee.

To-day return to AID office to double check on not being able to draw money from Dan's bank. Return w. K. to apt. Make apt. for 1st. hair wash in 2 weeks or more at Peggy's & Betsy's places. Mariss & I got jeepney to Qulapo area where Angie said we could get cheap pots & pans. We arrive at 14th st. area of Manila. See many shops but anything v. expensive. 2nd. had things costing same as new. We get knife, another cooking vessel, 4 plates, 4 china mugs, etc. Taste a new nut like lichees. Buy buns. Return by 2 jeepneys as 1st. one not quite right direction.

Tuna fish sandwiches & hard boiled eggs for lunch.

PM get my hair done. Mariss goes for 1st. teaching at US sch. Caroline moves in. We go to Acme for shopping. Prepare supper together - minced meat, pots, onions all in one pot. We burn the buns & the cereal pudding I had made earlier gets watered by melting ice box. Peggy was to come to-nite but left message that another Ford Foundation Function wld. interfere. We played bridge anyway; Mother D. introduces Mariss to the game.

Mother D's air conditioner too cold last nite & no blanket. To-nite hope it operates better. Caroline on coach formed of 4 chairs higher. K as usual on single bed mattress on floor backed by bed & wall. Mariss & D on big bed. Gus in pen on Vrm.

News to-day - mostly the volcanic eruption at Taal. 1,500 dead & many refugees. Pak & India condition accusing each other of breaking cease fire & sticking to their claims.

Yesterday Mother D got a blessed letter from Dangle saying all well, when wld. move, & saying a place for refugees" ready in her home. Mother D V. relieved & happy. (Had not mentioned that along w. Pak - Ind. headlines our 1st. week here, the "Banjo" (Ukelele, as Caroline called it) case being reported, the murdered wife & dgth-awaiting trial, sitting in Hongkong. etc.)

Mariss wrote to L. Kahn's secretary yesterd. D to Dr. Gray today. Financial matters. D guess other are doing same.

Friday October 1

Mr. Harlset over in AM says has been ordered back. Thank immediately of having delivered letter to Dan, so do 300 other Americans. We think to make Caroline change her mind & wait a little longer in case Rey can get through a cable via Halset or same way. She decides to stay but by PM has decided to go provided has had no word by 8:30 to-morrow at 8 AM. Says can't stand present position of indecision. Thinks could get herself back to Dacca in the event Rey should summon her from U. S.

Troubles withdrawing money from bank

Shopping: "... get knife, another cooking vessel, 4 plates, 4 china mugs..."

Dinner at home Mother D teaches Mariss how to play bridge

Taal volcanic eruption

OCT 1 Sending letters back to Dacca

Bob & Flo arrived today. Peggy, Caroline, Mother D, Mariss, Bob, Flo, D have supper at New Europe. They say Bangkok flooded w. US. Hardly see Boyleys. Singapore interesting for mixture of people & number of youths. Met the British evacuees who said Dacca like morgue after US evaluation. Bob & Flo to Hongkong tomorrow, later Taipei, then Honolulu when can reenter US without taxation. Same Jewees' stadium in Kualalumpur. His name & the Kings the only names on corner stone. He suggests we all meet in Boston at a restaurant. We plan for Dorgon Park on Oct. 30'66. They pay for seven dinners inspite of protection from all of us.

This PM a movie at last! "The Sound of Music". Mother D & I, Caroline joins us just on time on the loge. I think we r missing beginning of movie but Mother D sure it is and Right. The story is 1st. half of Trapp story. The sequel we had seen on Dacca USIS. Caroline & D weeping & laughing at some parts. Beautiful scenery & colours throughout, tear jerking moments but always broken by a song - probably some of the worst Oscar & H. have ever written including "Do, a dear, a female dear, r'le, a golden ray of sun -- " " ..we say adieu, adieu to yieu" .. Even the abess burst into song, a philosophic one. Dan would have loved castle, dinners, and party (Viennese Waltzing), second half.

No newsreel, but Dacca type ads burst on top of choir pre'lude music doing Intermission. Pokka movie theater, stickeringstar lights & comfortable seats.

Mother D helps work out a budget. I in conference with her this AM. Very roughly for rent, electricity, amah & food it will cost us about \$220 - 240 each for the 1st. month (up Oct.22) and \$100 less the 2nd. since rent paid in advance. Present plan is to return to US if seems Dans will be long time in Dacca but we not allowed back but really are making no plans whatsoever until here from you. Still sleep for Mariss .

Caroline gives me some of the newspaper sheets had saved by using as wrapping for clay horse figures. Anything to do w. Dacca so charged. The Bangali Academy has meeting to protest Dnd. agression. She has one blue longin. her.

I put up our sketches almost as soon as moved in. Home immediately recreated in part.

Mariss 2nd. day teaching. She will only get \$100/month & has 5 hr./day schedule/

As we go by a central location abundantly flowing on our way downtown to movie make D suggest we shower there on the off hours of water.

Soon we will have have been here 2 wks. Seems more like 2 months. Sept. 10th. bulletin from James T. MacMahon, executive officer to Pakis L Evacuees All of us regret the unfortunate events which have necessitated your evacuation and the family separations which have resulted. We admire the way you have borne this difficult & disrupting experience & are hopeful that families can be reunited soon. Although I cannot at this time predict with certainty when this will be, I want you to know that we have your situation very much in mind, & that agency officials will be in touch w. you about the salare as soon as this is feasible. In the meantime good luck & warmest best wishes." This has been the tenor of our guardians from the beginning and althou the seeing at the AID office who has helped in two previous evacuations says each one is different, it askingly seems that it worries needs have been anticipated by the consular offices. However, as Bob says, a US officer could be freezing to death on Mt. Everest while talking on & on about the possibilities of warmth impending. At the moment I don't mind the opintes.

"Dacca like morgue after US evacuation."

Agreement to re-unite in Dorgon Park on Cot 30, 1966

Seeing "Sound of Music."

Mother D helps work out a budget: \$220/ month /family

"... 2 weeks. Seems more like 2 months."

A SNIPPET FROM KATHERINE'S DAILY LIFE



[MFD to CGR 01/15/1966]

KDD likes to follow urchin children

KDD playing "ringa ringa" with the kids

KDD learned to say "pulea" (please)

Katherine has a following of urchins from the neighboring field and all she has to do is step to the kitchen door and go "hi! hi!" in loud demanding tones for these adorable wide eyed little friends to come running from the pile of bricks at one end of the field or from the "kutcha dairy" at the other. I have taught them to play "ring around the rosy" which they call "ringa ringa" and which they demand to play when I appear. They worship Katherine who looks like "a white lily amongst the black eyed susans" as a friend put it who saw this built-in nursery school the other day and there is probably a stage when this adulation could be bad for the character. We don't know what we will do if we ever have to live in a city apartment. Katherine in reality is hardly a "lily", more like rag weed as you probably gathered from that photo, scrubby and so far indeluctable. Always dirty. Only "Angie" seemed to have the knack of keeping her fairly respectable.

She has learned to say "pulea..." (please) with a little bow and coy look upwards which is difficult to refuse but sometimes I can't give or do what she wants and I would like to know Emmy's answer to that.

KDD's mishap at the pool and her rescue from the water

The other adventure or misadventure in Manila happened while Dan was visiting us and Katherine fell into the pool at the Manila hotel where we had gone for a swim. I used to take Katherine to the wading pool in the army compound which is ideal, but the Manila Hotel had not this convenience and although we were at the shallow end when she fell in and although I had been holding her I panicked and forgot I could stand whilst I grappled with a very slippery being to get her into the air. Our hostess jumped in and Dan who was fully clad, to rescue me as much as Katherine. She has often gone under and wasn't anymore impressed than usual but I was in a state of shock and am nervous about pools now! Do be careful! I hadn't realized how slippery she would be and the sight of her going down down was terrifying.

KATHERINE'S AMAH



My ayah "Angie" was a dream and if I could have sent her to you I would have. She not only is gentle and playful and efficient with children but she would keep the house sparkling clean (which was a feat since we refused to buy much equipment under such temporary circumstances) do perfect laundry (which was also a feat in our Manila apartment where there was a water problem so that we only had water three times a day) and would baby sit after a twelve hour work day no matter how late we would be out. It is best not to think of it. When I think of her it is like a vision. She was young

KDD's ayah, "Angie," is ... "gentle and playful" and keeps house clean, does laundry and stays after hours to babysit.

was my former room mate's ayah and I inherited her when she left for Dacca and I got another room mate. For awhile I had a pretty funny ayah of my own, "Lourdes". She was young, bad complexioned, emaciated, and always had a grim expression on her face until moments when she was overcome with embarrassment and she would let out a shy smile and go giggle behind her hankie in the corner. The moment Katherine would fuss she would swoop down on the child and whisk her off into some other part of the universe. At first we thought maybe she was a deaf mute, this would account for her silent behaviour and some mistakes but soon I found she just didn't know any English, the first such case I had met in Manila, and was very shy about it, if not in continual terror. My new room mate's ayah, "Mary", was an experienced ayah (she told us often about her former job with the children of the Johnsons of Johnson baby products) but continual high-pitched chatter. "Lourdes" would call on us ~~at the~~ after she had been dismissed when we had enough ayahs and would help out wherever she could. She helped us pack when we had only three days notice that we would be returning to Dacca.

Much better than previous ayah, "Lourdes," with grim expression" and silent behavior" due to her lack of English.

[MFD to CGR 01/15/1966]

[MFD letter to Aunt Anna 01/27/1966]

and Mother D left within a few days after. Katherine thrived on the swimming and an excellent amah, one I wish I could have for the rest of my life. There were

STOLEN PASSPORT

At that time, Manila was quite dangerous with daily reports of violence, muggings and robberies. Both Peggy Azbill and I had our handbags snatched. Unfortunately for me, I had our passports, travelers' checks, cash and health cards in my bag. Getting new passports was relatively easy compared to the hassle of getting new health cards. We had to journey to an army base outside the city to have all the necessary inoculations given to us again before they could fill out new health cards.



My letter to American Express itemizing the stolen checks [MFD 10/20/1965]

Mary Frances Dunham
% U.S. Embassy
Pakistan Evacuee Office
Manila
Oct. 20, 1965

The American Express Co.
Philamlife Bldg.
D.N. Blvd., Manila

Dear Sirs,

I would like to report the loss of some travellers checks which were stolen with other things in my bag on October 18, 1965 while I was trying to put through a call at the reception desk of the A.I.D. office building. This is to reconfirm a report I made by telephone to your office on October 19th.

I had not kept a record of my checks since coming to Manila, but the following is a rough idea of what checks were remaining when the bag was taken:

| Amount | Denomination | Serial numbers |
|--------|--------------|-------------------------------|
| 10 | \$10 | AA 98-849-527 through ... 536 |
| 1 | \$10 | AB 17-500-444 or 446 |

(This check belonged to Caroline A. Vollmer and was signed to me and I endorsed it.)

CORRESPONDING WITH DAN

The quickest means Dan and I had to communicate was by telegram. It was expensive so we kept our words to a minimum.



In October Dan made a trip to photograph the ancient ruins of Angkor Wat

MEANWHILE, BACK IN DACCA

Meanwhile, back in Dacca, Dan was managing to keep up his teaching and various other projects in spite of the various challenges that arose in association with the war-time activities. He couldn't help but notice that he was under constant surveillance from Bengali authorities who assumed he must be a CIA agent since he could "speak" Bengali. Dan was amused when he found out that his favorite local cigarette vendor, whom he enjoyed inviting home for tea from time to time, had been conscripted to "spy" on him.



[DCD letter to MFD 10/08/1965, p.1]

Oct. 8, 1965

Dear Memsabs

A miracle occurred today when the dictaphone and mother's record player and whoops ~~sheets~~ iron arrived. I long since had given them all up forlost and had written a nasty letter to the victor a Lau Co. telling them to try and trace the shipment, but they are here now, and I have this fine new toy to play with in the boring days. I am sending my first dictated letter to you. The thing weighs a great deal more than I expected. I had hoped to be able to take it back and forth to school, but I think now I'll just leave it here at home.

I have received mother's two letters, neither of which mention either of my telegrams or letter, which I am now assuming you haven't got. I will send a copy of this one by A.P.O. and hope that one or the other gets to you finally. We had been told here that the international mail would be faster so I had been using it. Your mail gets to me in 5 days.

None of the evacuees have yet returned although we have a rumor that Peggy is coming this afternoon. I don't know how it got started but I am supposed to call Mr. Usmani at 4:00 today to get the final word. There was also a rumor yesterday that the Leeds Mill, Delsu were coming back from Bangkok on the 19th of this month but that seems definitely to be untrue, and the consul is rumored to have said that no one will be back before the first of November.

Speaking of the Consul, Having nothing better to do I typed out mother's paragraph of praise for the evacuation and sent it on to him. He, in turn sent a thank you note to me, adding that he would be very thankful, if mother would please write a similar letter to the secretary of state and the secretary of defense. I told him that I wasn't sure that my mail was getting through, to you in Manila but that I would ask you.

DCD using his new dictaphone machine

Requests for copies of Mother D's letter praising how well the evacuation was handled.

[DCD letter to MFD 10/08/1965, p.2]

I have decided to carry on life here as is eventually everything will turn to normal. Mali is busy digging up for the winter garden, and Wohab and mali have taken together the contract to finish the painting of the house by November 5th for Rs. 100 only.

School closed for the between semester break in two more weeks and I think Jim is planning to go to Manila at that time. I am afraid I will have to use the time here to prepare courses, still hoping to use the Jan vacation to spend some time in India. However, if it looks as if you are going to be there for some time, I might also come with my R & R, if its legal in October, or the early part of November. I have never had any particular desire to see Manila, but now that you three are part of the ~~sites~~ sights I might try to see them. I hope you are comfortable in your apartment, which I have mentally placed equidistant from the post office, concert hall and the beach.

and that you can find a fourth of train Katherine for bridge. I had a misty here for one day to work on your bridge table but he never came back. I will try to find another. In a burst of last minute fury I am having books bound and am trying to do all the things I have put off. Living each day as if it were my last.

They say here, absolutely that you are being paid to live there. If you are not I have plenty of money in my bank and can transfer it into either account if they are getting low. Live comfortably whatever it costs.

Mother says there is a new Ayah, poor Katherine, now Spanish. I am enclosing a short letter for her in this envelope. In the other envelope I sent all the other mail that had arrived by that time. There is another letter here now I will put it in the A.P.O. copy of this. Most people probably know you are in Manila by now.

Unless you want to go home, mother, I don't see any reason not to come back for the good season, if you are comfortable there. The trip back should be more comfortable if less dramatic than the trip out. Your house is still the same, your record player is here, and the bridge table should be done by the time you return if you stay long enough. Mrs. Werkhieser left with the British for Singapore so I am being forced to teach that unfortunate history course again. I had forgotten how difficult it was.

I have dictated all this into the machine, I have no idea how long it is going to take to type all this, so I will stop now.

All my love,

Hafiz Villa routines carrying on as normal

School closed and DCD plans to travel to India and/or possibly take R&R to visit MFD in Manila

DCD binding books and doing projects he has put off

DCD encouraging Mother D to stay rather than return to USA

MEANWHILE, BACK IN DACCA cont.



DCD living with all the storage boxes in Mother D's house behind Hafiz Villa ... "feel like an Egyptian pharaoh entombed [sic] with all his worldly goods ..."

I am living now in your house, mother, which does seem to work well for one person. I sleep in that room with all those boxes around me and feel like an Egyptian pharaoh entombed with all his worldly goods around him. The air conditioner and the curtained windows are partly responsible for the effect. When the weather gets about one degree better I will shut off the air conditioner and open the windows at last. It has not rained for over a week

[DCD letter to MFD 10/08/1965]

My description of Dan's life in Dacca without the women and children [MFD diary 11/04/1965]

Nov. 4. Thurs.
Dan arrived yest. in afternoon. As coming up stairs hear Angie telling K. "That's your Daddy, that's your Daddy!" I think she must be rehearsing her, but arrive at our floor to find Dan just got in. Had planned to go to evening plane w. Hirschorn & to-morrow's KLM if he weren't on that.
Dan reports from Dacca. He's being "watched". 2 men in lungis who obviously not accustomed to wearing them sit all day near parents. Had asked servants if D had a transmitter. They upset that he didn't & swear that he receives many high gov. officials. Huda comes in early mornings.
Scott demanded Dan entertain visiting "lawyer" from Karachi so can see how "the people live" according to D. it has to have others who really 'knew Bengal' incl. Father Scott. Gov. can on him except Scott & guest. Machines mend laid out in garden line except for bygo. Sherry there. Dan says shld. sit in l.r. & eat & let Scott & lawyer look through bars & feed the peanuts.
His second yr. exhibit makes front page of newspapers.

DCD was being "watched" by 2 men in lungis ... who note that DCD "receives many high government officials"

DCD asked to host a lawyer from Karachi so as to give the guest a glimpse of how "the people live" in Dacca. Dan jokes that he should have let the guest watch Dan through the living room window bars and feed Dan peanuts.

DAN'S ARRIVAL IN MANILA à la LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

In early November, while the war was still raging, Dan was allowed to make a trip to visit us and to deliver mail and money from the American husbands in Dacca to their wives stranded in Manila. These funds, which were sent by bank checks turned out to be quite a problem for Dan on his trip. At his layover in Bangkok, when the customs agencies found the many personal checks that Dan was carrying, they pulled him aside and strip-searched him. Carrying funds of such a quantity was clearly against Thai law. The situation was quite harrowing for Dan, as he tried to persuade the customs agents of the extenuating circumstances of the wartime situation and how important it was that he deliver these funds from the husbands to their wives in Manila. Eventually, after somehow surviving the Bangkok interrogation and many more hours of difficult travel, Dan made his way to the US Embassy in Manila, only to be told at the front door by a guard: "Sir, you can't enter wearing shower sandals." Dan always described this story like the scene from "Lawrence of Arabia," where Lawrence survives fights and starvation on a historic desert journey to arrive in Cairo a hero, only to be rudely snubbed at the door to the British Club for his scruffy appearance.



DCD says coming to Manila was like Gulliver having left the "world of men" to come to the "world of women."

During DCD's short visit we enjoyed some day trips together as a family, including a boat tour to a waterfall and butterfly reserve at Pagsanjan.

My description of Dan's epic trip to Manila from Dacca [MFD diary 11/04/1965]

DCD's difficult passage through Bangkok to get to Manila. He was strip-searched because he was carrying checks from husbands in Dacca to their wives in Manila.

Says at this time U.S. golden in E. Pakistan. Had no trouble at airport. Came out in camera. Had trouble in Bangkok where they inspected. Asked if he had any checks in the mail he was carrying. He said no. They held to light & behold a check. Has he any others? He didn't know what he had & said so. People had just killed his box w. envelopes before leaving. They find more checks. Dan manages to keep names addresses of envelopes as opens them. Then they inspect all over. New regulations don't allow personal checks of any sort.
Life perfectly normal. Rationing of kerosene & food never came. Says coming to Manila = like Gulliver's travels having left the "world of men" and come to the "world of women".

DAN'S SHORT STAY IN MANILA

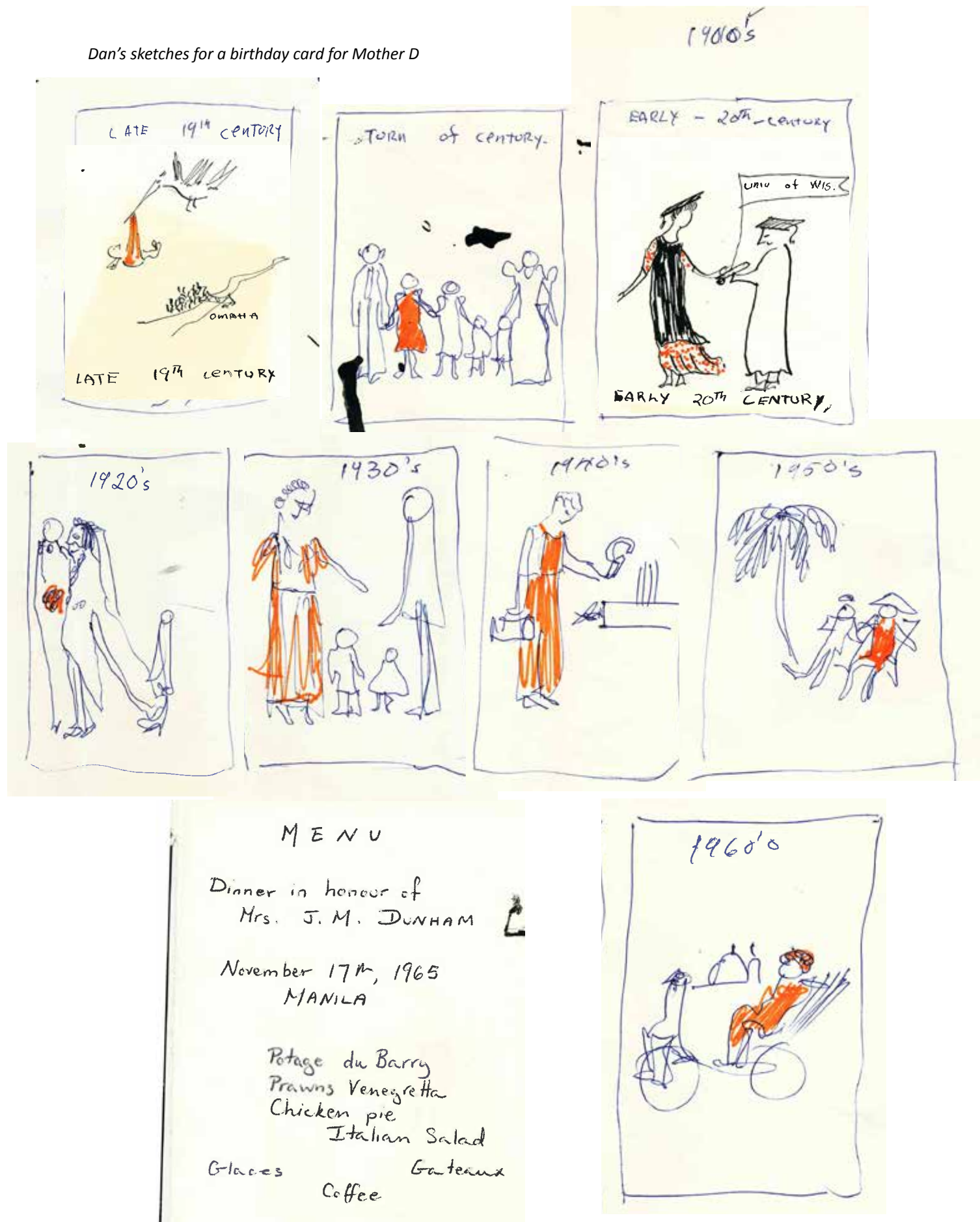


MOTHER D's BIRTHDAY PARTY

During Dan's brief stay with us, we had a gala 80th birthday celebration for Mother D. We invited all the American families who were still there. I made place cards to look like bridge cards and Mother D made a fine speech.



Dan's sketches for a birthday card for Mother D



A WEEK IN BAGUIO HILL RESORT

After Dan left, I decided with Sue Cohen to take a week off from our urban frustrations and escape to the “famed” hill top resort of Baguio. As a scenic resort, it was a far cry from the mountain places I had visited in Darjeeling, Kathmandu and Austria. Although the resort did not live up to my expectations I enjoyed watching the pleasure it gave our ayahs whom we had brought with us.



[MFD letter to DCD 11/30/1965]

Now summer arrives, eh! But I don't ^{think} this resort is you, or, for that matter, me. It is a lovely rest and change from Manila, but a far cry from Darjeeling, Kathmandu, and the hills of Austria to which it has been compared. We are living on a vast golf link called Camp John Hay, in a 3 bedroom cottage in its furthest corner. Looking out the back we can see the hills opposite veiled in clouds, streaked with sunshine, and framed by pine trees. If we look out the front we see other cottages, lawns, cement roads, tennis courts, skating (roller) rink, and the rest - like an old people's home in New Hampshire. The town of Baguio (which you have to take a taxi to reach) is as ugly as Darjeeling without any colorful Tibetans, but some colorful hill tribesmen & women, vegetable markets, and crafts shops, but nothing I like although my ayah had said the "wood" was so wonderful up here. Well, chawan & son got. It costs us only \$5.50 flight for

Baguio "... is a far cry from Darjeeling ..."

"... like an old peoples' home in New Hampshire."

"... the town ... is ugly ... nothing I like ..."

[MFD letter to CGR 01/15/1966, p.1]

jeeling or Kathmandu, for local color, ~~noting~~ but a nice change from the heat, dirt, and noise of Manila. It was chilly enough at night to have a fire in the cottage which we could have for \$5.50/night (US army and navy rest camp) The children, or rather the ayahs (we brought both) were so excited at the sight of their first fire. I shall never forget all of them squealing with delight and pointing at all its beauties. (For some reason my ayah always called Katherine "Cynsia". Mrs. Garman calls her "Susanah" and everyone seems to have their own name for her.) My ayah

However, our ayahs loved it, especially the fire in the fireplace.

THE DEPARTURES

MOTHER D'S RETURN TO THE USA

Considering Mother D's age, and all she had been through since coming to visit us, she was doing remarkably well with us in Manila. However, she was fatigued and after a number of medical visits decided that she would prefer to return to the USA than to wait out the evacuation period and go back to Dacca with me. Soon after Dan left, I was able to put Mother D (and her 50+ pounds of luggage) on a Pan Am flight back to Tampa via Hawaii and Los Angeles to visit her sister and friends.

OUR RETURN TO DACCA

On December 6, soon after Mother D had left, we received the official notice that Dacca was safe enough for us to return. Within five days, Katherine and I boarded a designated flight along with other American evacuee families back to Dacca. We arrived home at Hafiz Villa in time to host our annual Christmas party.

[MFD letter to Aunt Anna 01/27/1966, p.4]

"... all was as if we had never gone ..."

Hafiz Villa in tip top shape

"... it is all just a ridiculous nightmare. However, Dacca was never more appreciated ... than by this group of ladies from whom she was suddenly taken with the probability of never being returned."

Feeling compelled to host the traditional full scale Christmas party in spite of not having time to order gifts for everyone from Sears.

Fortunately Ramadan was at same time so there were fewer guests than usual

When we got back all was as if we had never gone, as if there had never been any trouble even. Dan had transferred all the furniture back to its normal position, gradually and the servants had repainted the house. They were very glad to see us as we were to see them and they had to get at Katherine as soon as they could. The rest of the city, not our close friends, seemed to be unaware of the mass exodus of foreign mensehebs, (the British evacuated two days after us to Singapore). Strange walls in front of entrances to buildings had been put up as a guard against bombs and cars still have their head lights half painted but it all is just a ridiculous nightmare. However, Dacca was never more appreciated and loved probably in its entire history than by this group of ladies from whom she was suddenly taken with the probability of never being returned.

We thought to excuse ourselves from that Christmas party which seems to have become a fast tradition but we finally faced the fact that people would be calling anyway and if we got food for a few night as well for 100. Dan was upset about not being able to offer the usual gifts which we used to order from Sears or have with us from home leave and there was no cheap source except a wholesale market in the old city where he bought quantities of trinkets. He kept telling Ruplal the driver that the guesets would be disappointed but Ruplal said he needn't worry as they didn't come for the presents but for the food. So there was no way out. It wasn't as tiring as previous years, however, as Ramadan fell the same day and most of the students had gone to their villages for the holidays or if they came, came after sunset and left after eating.

THE DEPARTURES cont.

The official letter for the USA government notifying that we could return to Dacca.

Texas/Dacca

MEMORANDUM

TO : See Distribution Below

FROM: Personnel Office *Sub*

SUBJ: Return of Dacca Evacuees

December 9, 1965

This is to advise you that we have received a message from Manila indicating that your family will return to Dacca via Thai Airlines, Flight 303, arriving Dacca 1515 hours, December 11. Sufficient transportation will be provided at the Airport. However, employees who have their own cars at the post are urged to use them.

If you would like your next-of-kin in the United States notified of your family's return to Dacca, we need the following information. This information is needed urgently.

Name of person to be notified: _____

Address in U.S.: _____

Your Agency Affiliation: _____

Relationship of next-of-kin to you: _____

Your cooperation would be appreciated.

Distribution:

- Mr. James J. Holmes
- Mr. Paul B. Lanus
- Mr. Sigmund Cohen
- Mr. Joseph L. Budy
- Dr. Norbert Hirschhorn
- Mr. Paul J. Isenman
- Mr. Donald G. Larson
- Mr. James D. McGraw
- Dr. Wiley H. Mosley
- Mr. Thomas L. Houston
- Dr. Andrew C. Preston
- Mr. Scott V. Rutherford
- Dr. David V. Sachar
- Mr. LeRoy W. Schulz *
- Mr. Daniel Dunham ✓
- Mr. Larry A. Tangeman
- Mr. Delbert D. McNeal

The official memo to Dan notifying him that Katherine and I were coming back. [12/06/1965]

Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

TO : Mr. Daniel Dunham
Architectural Consultant
US AID/Dacca.

FROM : Dorothy L. Berkely, Personnel Specialist *Sub*

SUBJECT: Return of Dependents to Dacca

DATE: December 6, 1965

This is to inform you that you may advise your wife, who is not presently in Dacca that she may proceed to Dacca at her convenience. You may send a telegram to her at USG expense.

My description to my father about the discomforts of the long awaited return trip back to Dacca [MFD letter to CGR, 12/12/1965]

Cher Papa,

We are no longer exiles. I still haven't realized it completely. Although I have thrown the house into some order and unpacked all that Dan had not already unpacked from the original big packing, I no longer feel any permanency. Everything seems so normal, however, that it is hard to believe we went away for anything except a vacation. A few restrictions are still on, prices high, and we watch the papers anxiously for news of Ayub's visit.

The trip back was in some ways more arduous by commercial lines as we had a stopover in Bangkok and had to go through all the usual red tapes in Manila, Bangkok, twice, of entering & exiting countries. Before we had been sealed into a flying vessel and unloaded in Manila with a brief stroll in Bangkok so that although it was a long uncomfortable ride there was no changing. Thai airlines for our return trip were up to their good standard of service and food but there was nothing they could do about the predominately child passenger list. I must say they were good for most of the journey, but many of them like Katherine were still in-arms or needing close attention and of course we had no ayahs or men to help. We were delayed getting on the plane in Bangkok 2 hrs. which was a strain. When the pilot announced we were coming over Dacca and to get ready for the descent a heart felt cheer went up from the passengers. Our actual landing was sobering as no relatives were allowed out to greet us, only a few officials, and the usual crowds and the airport of spectators was completely missing. Dan was the first friend & relative to greet the wives & mothers as they reached the lounge. He got in by the kindness of Ford Foundation pull through Peggy Azbill. The Ford Foundation Mr. Osmani whipped me through the registering red tape and while all my colleagues were left standing in line we were able to exit, get our bags, and drive home.

"We are no longer exiles ..."

"...everything seems so normal that is is hard to believe we went away ..."

"The trip back was in some ways more arduous ..."

"Our actual landing was sobering ... only a few officials, and the usual crowds ... were missing..."

"Dan was the first ... to greet the wives & mothers as they reached the lounge."

Thanks to Ford connections we are whisked through all the usual entry procedures.

SUMMARY OF THE EVACUATION EXPERIENCE

[MFD letter to Aunt Anne, 1/17/1966, p.1]

*
 Godmother of MFD
 This letter is good overview of
 the evacuation

* USAID
 N.Y. A.P.O. 09683

Jan. 27, 1966

Dear Aunt Anne,*

I hope you are well and although I don't deserve a word from you I am anxious to have one. Perhaps it has not been as long as it seems since I last heard so please forgi any undue anxiety. There has been so much sickness this year both at home and in the community here and I just read Jung's auto-biography for the first time so that I may be overly sensitive to silences and absences for the moment. I am sure I haven't written you since we got back to Dacca in the second week in December and if you received a little photo of Katherine from Manila you may be wondering where we are. I also wonder if I wrote anything from Manila. We were so well cared for and returned to our homes so unexpectedly that I am beginning to recall these past sick months with less pain although at the time I disliked describing what had happened.

To anyone who has experienced the world wars more closely than we have our "war" pretty silly from the start and presently like a farce. But to anyone knowing the unpredictability of this part of the world or who has been close to some of the senseless killing which happens during riots, even during quarrels, life here holds some unmentioned risks which stem from so much surrounding poverty and misguidance. People are quick to take action unreasonably, even by their own standards, and if things went wrong for Pakistan in the "war" which began undeclared as it was, the thought of another "Congo" was a possibility not to be toyed with no matter how great a country we had behind us. The consul had a difficult decision to make since an evacuation of Americans would indeed look like a desertion on our part. Dan persuaded him to let American men who were working in close contact with Pakistanis to remain even if it was wiser to send the women and children out before it was too late. A day was set within a week of all normal air communications having been cut off when we women, children, and "unessential" men on the first lists could expect to be flown out by U.S. army transport planes. It actually took ten days before the consulate could get permission for the planes to use the airport because E. Pakistan had to get assurance from India that the Indian would not attack during that time as our little airport in Dacca is also our only air base for defence. All commercial flights had been cancelled shortly after the fighting in earnest had begun in Kashmir and when India forbade flying over her territory. We were cut off from the politically and materially stronger wing of the country and from all communications with the outside world. Cables were censored and it took days for some of them to get in and out. The consulate was never able to say exactly when we could expect to leave. At one point it seemed as if we would have to consider taking trains and launches to Chittago

[MFD letter to Aunt Anne, 1/17/1966, p.2]

port and leave by sea but even the port was reportedly under attack. Dan sent around a spoof directive to our friends when we were whiling away the long hours suggesting that "evacuees" buy beeswax and birds feathers in the old city and learn to fly. The paper was called "Operation Icarus".

The days of waiting were an experience of a new sort for most everyone and I kept an almost hourly diary. We had only a few days notice for our first probable day of departure and those who received the consulate bulletins were instructed to have everything packed ready to be sent after us should we not return and to have one bag of not more than 45lbs. ready for the flight out. This meant in the case of our family that we lived in Mother D's two room apartment with all our furniture and belongings stacked in her bedroom. There were strict black-outs every night and instructions not to drive around so our neighbours would walk over and we would play parlor games in the free spot in the heavily curtained living room, every night expecting to be told during the night that we would be leaving the next day. Each time the morning rolled around and it was clear that no planes would be coming (we were very conscious of all air activities) was like a reprieve as we got wishing we would never leave and hating the whole idea. When we were just getting used to this atmosphere of waiting and beginning to have hope that we would stay, come what may, we were indeed summoned to our doors in the middle of the night and in the wee hours of the morn by messengers that we would be leaving the next day and that we were to follow the instructions that had been coming out as to exact procedure, actually quite a masterpiece of planning and execution.

Everything went like a good rehearsal, that's what I desperately hoped it was or just a nightmare, and we were picked up at our various houses from all over town, taken to various local meeting houses, then taken to the large hall of a big building in town where the US consulate has two floors, sorted out by plane numbers (over 300 women and children milling around) and after about another hour taken in batches to Pakistan air lines office where we went through an ad hoc customs and clearance procedure, then taken a bus load at a time through the city and out to the airport to a side portion I had never noticed before. There the US planes in sequence so that only one at a time would be on the ground for not more than 20 minutes were roaring ready for the take off. The back side was open like the jaws of a huge whale and we filed into the cavernous belly where we found our luggage strapped down in a large heap and four long rows of red canvas benches where we were strapped down by two crew members working against time. About six hours ago we had said goodbye to our husbands (they were not allowed to come to the various meeting places), our servants, our houses and gardens, and, in my case, to five very happy years, in the case of many years of work and money for what looked like a failure for US aid when the country was just beginning to get on its own feet. *This was a day for boating on the river or swimming in the pool but now it's just the house and our exodus seemed incongruous.*

The flight from Dacca airport to Manila, the chosen "safe haven" via Bangkok took about twelve hours. We probably had the greatest age spread in our plane from a 10 day infant to Mother D, almost 80, and probably the largest percent of children of the climbing age, all of whom

SUMMARY OF THE EVACUATION EXPERIENCE cont.

[MFD letter to Aunt Anne, 1/17/1966, p.3]

were very good considering how crowded we were and how long the trip was. The two crew members were cheerful and helped with the children. We stopped in Bangkok for over an hour where we were received with fanfare, food, and sympathy by the ladies of the US Embassy. Bangkok was already full of evacuees from Vietnam and wives stationed there whose husbands were working in Vietnam but some of our group stayed in Bangkok, private engineering firms with branch offices and such. We took off for Manila and reached there around 1 A.M. The last plane got in about 6AM. The Embassy staff and volunteers worked around the clock there to receive us, process us, and get us into hotels. Mother D. who is tall to begin with had been sitting without moving for the whole flight, knees between knees of the person on the opposite bench, through the heat of Dacca and Bangkok airports followed by the chill of our end of the plane in the air, people and children restlessly climbing on top of her to get to the "bathroom" or just move about, had gone up and down long stairs in Manila for the processing, had had her whole very regulated life completely turned upside down, without a murmur. She seemed to be fine at first, but as the days went by she ate less and less, had less and less of her old vim, and after two weeks of living in our apartment seemed ill enough to see the doctor who suggested four days rest and check-up in the hospital. This restored her although she was not to exert herself, but she felt confirmed in her desire to return to Florida and I didn't blame her.

Under any other circumstances a three months stay in the Philippines would have been a delightful holiday but not knowing how long we were to be there nor where we would be next made it difficult to take advantage of all the amusements at hand. Also we were getting few letters if any from our husbands and were much more occupied with trying to get letters out with anyone going back or cabling and catching up on our correspondence with family at home now that we could. Most mothers with children tried to get apartments and get out of the hotels as soon as possible but landlords would ask for two months rent in advance or more and the higher mathematics of our situation was quite a mental strain. Those who were "dependents" of US employes such as Dan had good per diem allowances but rents were high and buying equipment expensive. At least we could do our own cooking and laundry and the children had space to run and make a noise. (I rented an apartment with another young mother, very nice, and it worked well. She was able to return to Dacca a month before I could but another mother and child took her place so I always had company) I had access to the US commissary, swimming pool, restaurant, APO, and a cottage in the mountain resort for US army in Baguio where we spent six lovely days just before being told we were to return to Dacca. Dan came out to Manila for two weeks around the middle of our stay and



15.4 THE LIBERATION WAR

MARCH 26, 1971



THE LEAD UP TO THE 1971 BANGLADESH WAR OF LIBERATION

Throughout our time living in Dacca in the 1960's we witnessed the growing discontent among Bengalis with the control and suppression practiced by the Central government in West Pakistan. Since the riots in East Pakistan of the 1950's against the West Pakistani attempt to make Urdu the national language, it was quite clear how strongly Bengali's felt about preserving their culture and their identity. We witnessed this dedication again and again in the student riots of the 60's. By the time we left the country in 1967, we could see that peace between East and West Pakistan was not a realistic possibility. Within three years of our departure, after we moved back to New York, Bangladesh achieved it's independence.

MARCH 26, 1971 "JAI BANGLA"

By chance, Dan happened to be in Dacca on the day Sheikh Mujibur Rahman made his famous speech declaring Bangladesh's independence on the *maidan*, on March 26, 1971. Dan had been hired by UNDP to advise on cyclone rehabilitation in Chittagong following the devastating cyclone of November, 1970. After Mujibur's speech Dan's work was immediately terminated and he was evacuated along with other UN members out of the country. During the months that followed, West Pakistan proceeded to conduct a war of genocide in Bangladesh fortified by USA-supplied arms. Back in New York, Dan and I were horrified to learn of the secret dealings between the U.S. and West Pakistan regarding the Kissinger's historic plan for Nixon to go to China. As payback for West Pakistan's secret help in making this meeting happen, the USA was giving them arms without concern for how these weapons were being used to suppress East Pakistan.

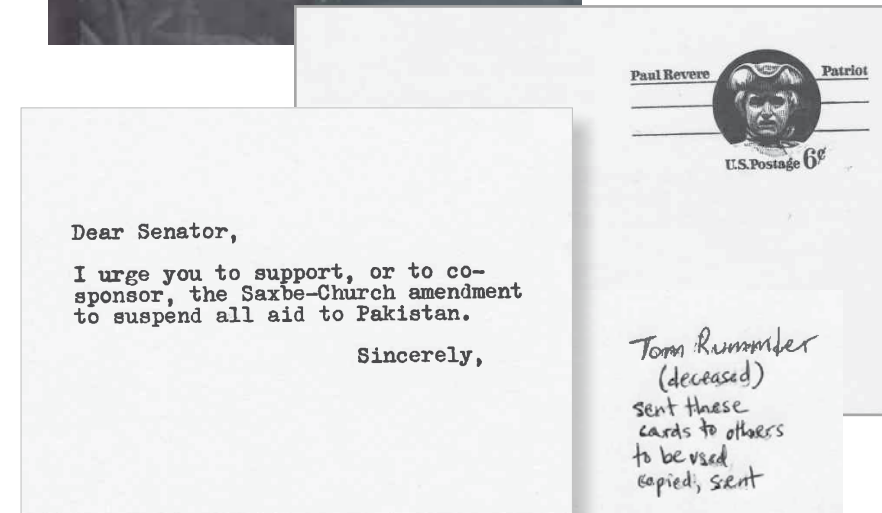
THE PRO-BANGLADESH CAMPAIGN IN THE USA

Back in New York, as we got news of the West Pakistani massacres in East Pakistan, especially among intellectuals and Hindus (amounting to more than 2 million by some estimates), we joined with other Americans in Washington DC to protest the US involvement. It was quite an extraordinary grass roots, self-propelled gathering of Americans from all over the country. We all spontaneously came together in Washington DC to implore our government to stop its military support of West Pakistan. The effort to educate Americans about what was happening in Bangladesh during their struggle for independence was a remarkable instance of a grass roots response, a purely spontaneous and un-sponsored lobby to persuade the U.S. government from supplying arms to West Pakistan. The sympathizers came from all corners of the nation, some of them putting their jobs in jeopardy. An ad hoc office was set up in an old house near the Capitol to collect information from various sources about the plight of the Bengalis.

We had realized that we needed to educate senators and government officials about the history of what was happening in "East Pakistan," especially as most of them did not even know that East Pakistan was over a thousand of miles away from West Pakistan on the other side of India. In addition to enlightening them on the natural and cultural separation of these two regions, we gave them the first hand accounts from smuggled out letters of the holocaust and magnitude of devastation occurring in East Pakistan. Volunteer lobbyists made daily visits to the Capitol. They displayed posters and visited state senators and representatives one by one. One volunteer even went so far as to conduct a hunger strike on the steps of the Capitol for several days. (She was the wife of the SEATO Cholera Lab doctor who went with Dan to save Wohab's son when he had cholera.) Although this citizens' campaign was instrumental in turning the tide of U.S. support away from West Pakistan, it was not until India came to the rescue that Bangladesh's independence was achieved.



My letter to the editor about the pro-Bangladesh campaign in the USA. [New Yorker, 10/21/2013]

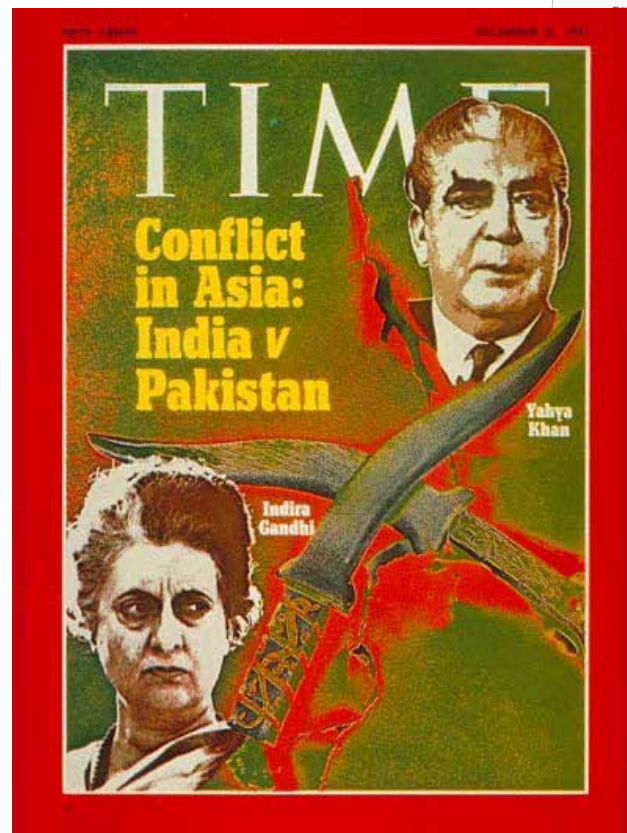


REVISITING BANGLADESH

Pankaj Mishra, in his review of two books on the creation of Bangladesh in 1971, exposes the disgraceful position of President Nixon and Henry Kissinger during the conflict between India and Pakistan ("Unholy Alliances," September 23rd). As one of many American citizens who gathered in Washington that year to educate our government on what was happening, I am gratified that the Administration's misjudgment at the time is finally getting a balanced treatment. These spontaneous, self-sponsored lobbyists included well-informed Americans who had worked in that region in the sixties: doctors, U.S.A.I.D. consultants, Peace Corps volunteers, religious missionaries, teachers, and their families. Some of us had received letters smuggled out of the beleaguered region and could give firsthand news of the atrocities being perpetrated by Pakistani soldiers. My husband worked in a refugee camp outside Calcutta, and we were able to bring to America a family from a village where all the men were shot, including teen-agers. *Mary Frances Dunham New York City*

A planetary catastrophe is taking place in Asia, a human disaster so massive that it could bathe the future in blood, not just for Asians, but for those of us in the West as well. Yet the response of the global community has been minimal at best. Alvin Toffler in The New York Times, August 5, 1971.

THE PRO-BANGLADESH CAMPAIGN IN THE USA cont.



Kennedy Hints U.S. May Plan To Help Police East Pakistan
 By BENJAMIN WELLES
 Special to The New York Times
 WASHINGTON, July 22 — Edward M. Kennedy, man of the judiciary subcommittee on refugees, publicly disclosed today that the United States was planning to send teams to East Pakistan. Kennedy, who is a Democrat from Massachusetts, put the question to John N. Irwin, Under Secretary of State, as he testified on the refugee problem in East Pakistan, and other areas.

Irwin and officials with him appeared surprised. C. Rees, director of South American operations for the State Department for International Development, conceded that there were plans for the return to East Pakistan of Robert H. Jackson, who has been by the agency as a specialist since 1964, and in Brazil before his assignment to Dacca. Mr. Rees denied that the United States had authorized \$70-million to assist refugees in India.

Mr. Kennedy also disclosed the contents of cablegrams to the State Department from the United States mission in Pakistan. One sent July 6 by the consulate general in Dacca, said in summary: "Specter of famine hangs over EP [East Pakistan] and prospects for averting widespread hunger, suffering and perhaps starvation are not good."

Charles W. Bray 3d, State Department spokesman, criticized Senator Kennedy for having made public the State Department cablegrams. "The Senator should not expect a constructive dialogue on the real human problems of East Pakistan when he abuses our confidential communications," Mr. Bray said.

In other testimony, Francis L. Kellogg, special assistant to the Secretary of State on refugee and migration affairs, said the average flow of refugees into India was believed to have dropped from 50,000 to 21,000 daily. He added that the United States had authorized \$70-million to assist refugees in India.

2 Beatles' Benefits for Pakistanis Are Sold Out

Thousands of patrons—mostly youths in informal attire—waited overnight Wednesday at Madison Square Garden and at more than 100 Ticketron outlets for tickets to two benefit shows featuring two of the four Beatles, George Harrison and Ringo Starr, and the Indian sitar player Ravi Shankar.

The crowds came early and in abundance, demonstrating that the Beatles—or whatever is left of them—can still draw the fans.

In about 10 hours, 36,000 tickets were sold yesterday for performances scheduled to be held at the Garden on Aug. 1 at 2:30 P.M. and 8 P.M., according to Allen Klein, the American manager of the Beatles.

Originally, only one evening performance was to have been given, but the faithful were so numerous that a matinee was arranged.

The Garden's box offices had been scheduled to open at 11 A.M. yesterday, but after a throng had swelled to more than 5,000 Garden officials decided to put the tickets on sale Wednesday midnight. By 8 A.M. yesterday all available reservations had been purchased.

Will Aid Pakistanis
 The benefit performances are being presented by Apple Corps, Ltd., and Mr. Klein's company, Abkco Industries, Inc., which manages the affairs of the Beatles. Apple is the name of the Beatle-owned recording, film, retail and electronic ventures.

Mr. Kellogg, the United States President's special representative in Dacca, said that the United States had authorized \$70-million to assist refugees in India.

Apple & Abkco
 Sun F. **SOLD OUT**
GEORGE HARRISON RAVI SHANKAR AND.....
 For the benefit of the homeless children of Dacca, Bangladesh through UNICEF.
 Tickets: \$10, \$7.50, \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50
 TICKETS ON SALE 10PM AT
 MADISON SQUARE GARDEN & OVER 100 TICKETRON BOX OFFICES IN THE METROPOLITAN AREA INCLUDING:
 A&S • B. BLYMAN (E.L.I.) • BAMBERGERS
 CHASE MANHATTAN GRANDS • GERTZ
 GIMBELS • GRAND CENTRAL STATION
 MACYS • SEARS
 Also available in Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Washington, D.C. For the Ticketron nearest you, call (212) 644-6400.
TICKETRON

From the Bangladesh Genocide Archive:

It all started with **Operation Searchlight**, a planned military pacification carried out by the Pakistan Army started on 25 March, 1971 to curb the Bengali nationalist movement by taking control of the major cities on March 26, and then eliminating all opposition, political or military, within one month. Before the beginning of the operation, all foreign journalists were systematically deported from Bangladesh. The main phase of Operation Searchlight ended with the fall of the last major town in Bengali hands in mid May.

According to New York Times (3/28/71) 10,000 people were killed; New York Times (3/29/71) 5,000-7,000 people were killed in Dhaka; The Sydney Morning Herald (3/29/71) 10,000 – 100,000 were killed; New York Times (4/1/71) 35,000 were killed in Dhaka during operation searchlight.

The operation also began the 1971 Bangladesh atrocities. These systematic killings served only to enrage the Bengalis, which ultimately resulted in the secession of East Pakistan later in December, 1971. The international media and reference books in English have published casualty figures which vary greatly; 200,000–3,000,000 for Bangladesh as a whole.

There is only one word for this: **Genocide**.

Genocide in Bangladesh, 1971

The mass killings in Bangladesh (then East Pakistan) in 1971 vie with the annihilation of the **Soviet POWs**, the **holocaust against the Jews**, and the **genocide in Rwanda** as the most concentrated act of genocide in the twentieth century. In an attempt to crush forces seeking independence for East Pakistan, the West Pakistani military regime unleashed a systematic campaign of mass murder which aimed at killing millions of Bengalis, and likely succeeded in doing so.



In national elections held in December 1970, the Awami League won an overwhelming victory across Bengali territory. On February 22, 1971 the generals in West Pakistan took a decision to crush the Awami League and its supporters. It was recognized from the first that a campaign of genocide would be necessary to eradicate the threat: "Kill three million of them," said President Yahya Khan at the February conference, "and the rest will eat out of our hands." (Robert Payne, *Massacre* [1972], p. 50.) On March 25 the genocide was launched. The university in Dacca (Dhaka) was attacked and students exterminated in their hundreds. Death squads roamed the streets of Dacca, killing some 7,000 people in a single night. It was only the beginning. "Within a week, half the population of Dacca had fled, and at least 30,000 people had been killed. Chittagong, too, had lost half its population. All over East Pakistan people were taking flight, and it was estimated that in April some thirty million people [!] were wandering helplessly across East Pakistan to escape the grasp of the military." (Payne, *Massacre*, p. 48.) Ten million refugees fled to India, overwhelming that country's resources and spurring the eventual Indian military intervention. (The population of Bangladesh/East Pakistan at the outbreak of the genocide was about 75 million.)

THE PRO-BANGLADESH CAMPAIGN IN THE USA cont.

*Letters to the Editor***Civil War in Bangla Desh**

To the Editor:

You are to be complimented on the excellence and accuracy of your coverage of the current civil war in East Pakistan. Although the facts of the day-to-day struggle are scant, you have placed them in the correct context. Sheikh Mujibur Rahman and the overwhelming majority of the 75 million people who elected him are not a rebellious minority to be put down by force but represent the legally elected majority of Pakistan.

The slaughter by the army of this unarmed majority is another example of a sad miscalculation by a military-industrial complex, in this case that of Pakistan, which is resulting in untold bloodshed and misery yet cannot achieve in any sense a victory.

I have lived for three years in Dacca, East Pakistan, and been involved in the work of the Pakistan-SEATO Cholera Research Laboratory for ten years and I am writing to you to point out that recently an embargo that prevented the sale or shipment of arms from the United States to Pakistan was lifted. A shopping list of arms currently approved by our own military-industrial groups for sale to Pakistan includes 300 armored personnel carriers, seven B-57 bombers, six F-104 jet fighters and four reconnaissance aircraft plus unlisted small arms and supplies.

If our Government is unable to take a strong public stand in support of stopping the genocide of the Bengali peoples, the least we can do is to immediately stop supplying any military hardware to assist in this slaughter. The \$1.5 billion to \$2 billion worth of military aid supplied between 1954 and 1964 obviously cannot be rescinded, but its present use should serve as an object lesson.

Other projects for the people, which are supported by us and others, are being jeopardized by the mindless use of weaponry. But this consideration, although perhaps useful to convince those responsible in our own country to stop arms aid and avoid further destruction of American technical assistance efforts by our own arms, is minor when we view the suffering of the people of Bangla Desh.

W. E. GREENOUGH 3d, M.D.
Chief, Infectious Diseases Division
Johns Hopkins U. School of Medicine
Baltimore, April 5, 1971

Bengal: A Threat of Famine

To the Editor:

The exclusion of the foreign press and observers from East Pakistan has meant the loss of vital information on the course of events there and will deprive us of the dramatic facts that rouse individuals and governments to action. But there is enough conclusive evidence from past and recent history to predict the result of the present conflict on the food position of the province.

The food grains that sustain a large part of the Bengali population come from abroad. Their distribution depends on the effective functioning of the port of Chittagong and on internal transportation and administrative services.

East Pakistan, with a population of more than seventy million, expected 2.5 million tons of imported food grains this year. That is about one-sixth of the total food requirements for the province, enough to feed twelve million people. However, a far greater number is actually affected by an interruption in the steady flow of food. For the 50 per cent of the population living barely at subsistence level, these supplies maintain the balance between life and death.

Bengal has always been extremely susceptible to famine. The last such disaster occurred in 1943 when food expected from Burma did not arrive

because of the Japanese occupation of that country. At that time military demands on the Indian transportation system prevented the timely distribution of the food that was available. The food deficit that year was 6 per cent; this year it is 16 per cent. Deaths in 1943 numbered 1.5 million, and the famine left social problems from which Bengal has yet to recover fully.

Bengal has always been extremely susceptible to famine. The last such disaster occurred in 1943 when food

A crisis was imminent in 1965 when the Indo-Pakistani war stopped imports. It was avoided when the great powers used their influence to bring that conflict to a speedy close. Recovery was aided by normal internal supply activities, which had been unaffected by the war.

Today, in contrast, not only has the import of food been cut off, but the internal administrative and transport services have ceased to function normally. In addition, military action at planting time will reduce the coming harvest.

The regular import of food has been interrupted since February. Even if the conflict were to end today, the months required to return the system to normal would probably exceed the time during which the food reserves could sustain the population. The factors that determine mass famine are irreversible after a certain point.

When the first stories and photographs of starving families are published, it will be too late to protect thousands of others. International action, immediate and strong, is perhaps the only defense the people of East Bengal now have.

DANIEL C. DUNHAM
New York, April 20, 1971

Letter from President Nixon's wife, Patricia Nixon, to me regarding my concern over USA support of West Pakistan.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

June 30, 1971

Dear Mrs. Dunham,

I have received your most thoughtful letter of May 24, expressing your feelings about recent tragic developments in East Pakistan. My earlier involvement as Honorary Chairman of the Pakistan Relief Fund has made me all the more sensitive to the suffering in the recent civil strife there.

The United States Government is again playing an important role in humanitarian relief activities for both the East Pakistani refugees who have crossed the border into India and for those people in East Pakistan whose lives have been affected. I hope, as I know you do, that these efforts will contribute toward helping those people whom you described with such concern to return to more normal lives, and, ultimately, toward achieving a peaceful resolution of this conflict.

Thank you, too, for the guide to life in Dacca prepared by American women who have lived there and have obviously come to cherish the heritage of its people. I share your hope that life in that city may soon resume more familiar patterns so well described in it.

Sincerely yours,

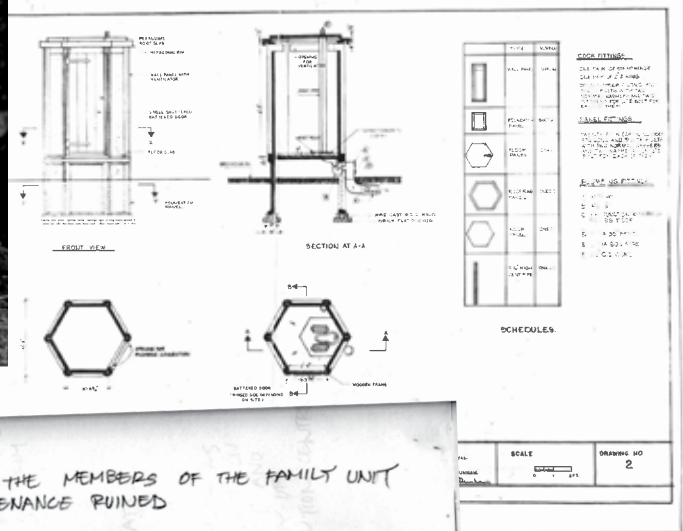
Patricia Nixon

Mrs. Mary Frances Dunham
520 East 86th Street
New York, New York 10028

DAN'S REFUGEE RELIEF WORK

DAN IN CALCUTTA TO HELP WITH REFUGEE SITUATION

As the civil war raged, Dan went to Calcutta in the summer of 1971 to help address the problems of the refugee camps accommodating the growing numbers of Bengalis coming across the border into India. As part of this effort, he advised on the planning of the refugee camps and designed prefabricated latrines, which were used later for Calcutta *bustee* communities.



- PROBLEMS NOW
1. DISLOCATION AND SCATTERING OF THE MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY UNIT OF THE VILLAGES. PRODUCTION MAINTENANCE RUINED
 2. FOR HARVESTING THE DAY LABORERS ARE NO MORE AVAILABLE
 3. ~~THE~~ RAIL & ROAD COMMUNICATION CHANNELS ARE 70% RUINED
 4. PRESENT SUPPLIES CATER THE ARMY FIRST, MANDATORILY, WHO ARE NOW SPREAD ALL IN THE COUNTRYSIDES.
 5. FEELING OF TOTAL INSECURITY SPOILED CONCENTRATION ON FURTHER PRODUCTION
 6. A SUDDEN INFILX OF BIG ~~THE~~ NUMBER OF CITY-DWELLERS IN THE VILLAGE. 85% OF THE TOWNPEOPLE HAVE SENT THEIR FAMILIES TO THE COUNTRYSIDE.
 7. VILLAGE CENTRAL MARKETS CAN EASILY BE KEPT UNDER CONTROL BY A HANDFUL OF ARMY.
 8. MALNUTRITION FOR BABIES AND EVERYBODY ELSE
 9. FOODSTUFF SMUGGLING TO INDIA THRU BORDERS
 10. STORAGE TENDENCY OF HANDFUL OF RICH PEOPLE/OR BY ONE FAMILY

Dan's list of the problems in the refugee camps

Dan's report on the dire needs of the refugee camps

Received July 22
Daniel C. Dunham

SALT LAKE - Sector V

This report has been written by one who has been living and working in Sector V for three weeks. Most of the information in it is based upon personal observation, and can be taken to be factually correct. However, I must admit that some of the information is based on work of mouth reports, 'general opinions held by the workers in the camp' etc, and may not be one hundred percent accurate.

The camp is administered by the West Bengal Government Department of Relief and Rehabilitation. The camp is part of the Salt Lake refugee project, consisting of presently of 5 sectors. The head of camp administration is the camp commander, who is in charge of all five sectors. Sectors I-IV are close together, but Sector V is separate over a mile from the others. The camp commander and other government officers have their offices in Sector I, which makes them somewhat inaccessible to Sector V.

The camp is planned as a permanent residence-camp refugees will stay here as long as they are in India. This means that all the problems which the camp faces must be solved on a 'long-term' basis. At present there are an estimated 30,000 refugees here, and this will probably treble within the next two months. There are already enough huts completed or under construction. To house 80,000 but only 15,000 provide what can be called adequate accommodation at present. Unfortunately, the flow of refugees into the camp is so fast, that huts cannot be completed quickly enough to take them. Refugees are being sent here from Sahara camp, which is being dismantled due to its proximity to Dum Dum airport, and also direct from the border. The daily inflow must be at least 400 refugees.

Food At present only Ration distribut Each family receives mainly rice, but some generally regard the coming from Salt Lake the rations from here.

Getting the rations into the camp has been a problem. Until recently the trucks had to drive a long distance over open ground to reach the camp, and after heavy rain the ground becomes waterlogged and impassable. At one time no ration trucks got through for two days. Eventually, food was brought in by an alternative route which involved 1/2 miles walk, and a boat trip across a canal. Now a road has been built and at present trucks can reach the camp easily. However the road is only brick and there is always the change that several days heavy rain would again make it impassable.

The pressure on the ration distribution centres is terribly heavy-making it essential that food is flowing in all the time as one day's break leads to ridiculously long queues the next day. At present, two centres are distributing rations-one in a corner of the camp, the other almost dead central. Both centres have very long queues (75 yds.) from very early in the morning, and if things flow smoothly, these gradually diminish during the day. When there is any hold-up in distribution, though, the queues just remain. Last week there were queues at one centre all through one night.

The arrival of people who do not have ration cards is a big problem. There is an arrangement for issuing people with cards if they have a 'border chit' - i.e. proof that they are genuine refugees from East Bengal. I am really not sure how people without this proof obtain cards, but I do know that there are many cases of people saying that they have not eaten for three days because they have arrived without cards. Also, people do 'obtain' cards

THE END OF THE LIBERATION WAR



War of '71 Crowned Bangladesh Struggle

To the Editor

In "A History of Violence," a table accompanying your May 22 report on Rajiv Gandhi's assassination, you summarize the events of 1971 as follows: "India fights another war with Pakistan and invades Pakistan's eastern province. Pakistani troops surrender and an independent country, Bangladesh, is proclaimed."

In my opinion, this summary is highly misleading.

What was then East Pakistan, and is now Bangladesh, had many grievances against its rulers in West Pakistan, which is now called simply Pakistan. A series of popular movements erupted, starting with the language movement of 1952, and continued over the years.

In the late 1960's, these movements crystallized mainly under the leadership of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, and the eastern part of Pakistan proclaimed independence in March 1971. The military junta of Pakistan, headed by Gen. Yahya Khan, retaliated by sending troops into Bangladesh.

In the course of the campaign of terror to put down this revolt, General Yahya's army massacred about three million Bengalis in little more than eight months. This is a genocide that rivals the Holocaust of Jews during the Second World War, but it is little known in the Western world.

It is estimated that 10 million people fled the ferocity of the Pakistani army and took refuge in India. Indira Gandhi, then the Prime Minister of India, asked for an international reaction against the Pakistani regime. The big powers of the world — who needed only a few days to assert themselves not long ago when their oil supply was at stake — wasted months in vacillation while the death toll mounted.

By contrast, India, already overwhelmed by the burden of refugees, responded to the appeals for help of the people's army of Bangladesh. Thereupon Pakistan declared war on India. Your account implies that the only reason for the India-Pakistan war of 1971 was India's unilateral invasion of Pakistani territory. Any Bangalee would be happy to tell you that by December 1971, Bangladesh no longer considered itself a part of Pakistan and looked upon the Pakistani army as the invading force.

Pakistan lost the war of 1971, and the independence of Bangladesh, long proclaimed, was finally recognized by the whole world. PALASH B. PAL
Eugene, Ore., June 1, 1991

The writer is a research fellow in physics at the University of Oregon.

Excellent summary of the creation of Bangladesh

DUNHAM LIBERATION WAR MEMORABILIA

After Dan's death in 2000, I donated to the Bangladesh Liberation War Museum our archives documenting the Bangladesh independence war and the American grassroots movement in Washington, DC to support it. The collection includes newspaper clippings, magazine articles, first hand accounts, photographs and pro-Bangladesh outreach documents and souvenirs.



Phone: (202) 244-0183
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 E-mail: bdootwash@bdembassyusa.org
 Website: www.bdembassyusa.org

September 16, 2013

Ms. Mary Francis Dunham
 545 West 111th Street, Apt. 2F
 New York 10025

Honouring Bangladesh's foreign friends

Dear Madam,

In recognition of your great contribution to our war of liberation in 1971, the Government of Bangladesh has decided to honour you along with other foreign friends of Bangladesh at an official ceremony on 1st October 2013. In that connection we are pleased to forward to you a letter of invitation from the Honourable Foreign Minister of Bangladesh Her Excellency Dr. Dipu Moni, MP.

Please also find attached a tentative programme schedule.

The Government of Bangladesh is happy to bear all costs associated with your/ your representative's business class airfare and stay in Dhaka. You are requested to indicate to us your/ your representative's possible travel as early as possible. Please also let us know if your health condition would require any special assistance during stay in Bangladesh. Local aide would be assigned to each of the awardees.

If you desire to stay in Bangladesh beyond the programme duration, please indicate to us the places you would like to visit so that the domestic travels could be well coordinated from Dhaka.

We look forward to hearing from you soon.

Sincerely,

 Nirupam Dev Nath
 First Secretary (Political & Culture)
 E-mail: nirupam.devnath@mofa.gov.bd;
nirupam_bd@yahoo.com
 Ph: 202-244-3658 (Work)
 Cell: 301-221-4524

In honor of
 His Excellency
SHEIKH MUJIBUR RAHMAN
 The Prime Minister
 of the
 People's Republic of Bangladesh

The Board of Trustees
 of
THE ASIA SOCIETY
 cordially invites you
 to attend a luncheon
 on Tuesday, September 24, 1974
 at 12:30 p.m.

Reception at 12 noon
 Persian Room
 THE PLAZA HOTEL
 NEW YORK CITY

Ext. 15, 16



“Thus grew the tale of Wonderland:
Thus slowly, one by one,
Its quaint events were hammered out --
And now the tale is done,
And home we steer, merry crew,
Beneath the setting sun.”

[Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*]



EPILOGUE

পরের কথা

(PORER KOTHA)

FAREWELL DACCA - “DHAKA BIDAI”

ABAR DEKHA HOBE !

(“WE WILL MEET AGAIN !”)

By the spring of 1967 we began thinking of a return to our “*desh*,” our homeland, New York. The Architecture Faculty was well launched and running under local staff. Zahiruddin, who had completed his architectural studies in America, was made dean of the faculty and the teaching staff came from local sources. Meanwhile, Dan and I were contemplating studying for further degrees in New York as well as getting Katherine started in a good school.

When word spread about that we were leaving, we were fêted like royalty. At BAFA Mr. Huda honored us with life memberships and at the Architecture Faculty the students staged an afternoon of Tagore songs and speeches, and with a presentation of commemorative essays that the students wrote about Dan and their school experience.

FAREWELL TO OUR GANG

On the morning of our departure, I said final farewells to “our gang”, leaving them in charge of handing the house back to the landlord. Dan had left them each with a large bonus. As was the tradition among British colonials in India before us, Dan and I understood that taking on servants meant taking on family. We knew our obligations to our staff extended far beyond a salary contract to include familial responsibilities such as helping to support weddings, funerals and births. We had made a point of visiting the families of each of our staff in their village homes. When anyone in “our gang” was suffering, whether it was Wohab’s son with cholera (chapter 14), or Ruplal’s family at risk of Muslim rioters (chapter 15), we tried to give the best help and protection we could. Needless to say, leaving “our gang” in good stead was very important to us as we made preparations for our departure. They had been exceptionally adaptable and loyal and we did our best to find them new employment. I wrote “chits,” (detailed reference letters) for each of “our gang” commending them for their loyal service. However, we regretted that we had not taught them more English and that our *modus vivendi* had been somewhat more casual than it was in other foreign households. In spite of our concern, “our gang” seemed disinterested about looking for other jobs, probably being more keen to return home. We promised to keep in touch and hoped to return in a few years.

FATE OF “OUR GANG”

Keeping in touch with our Gang proved difficult. Cook, sadly, died of cancer within a few years of our departure. We lost track of Mohan and Mali altogether. We were in touch with Theresa through her brother when he asked us to help his daughter to get a tourist visa to the USA. We were pleased to help, but were disappointed later when we learned that she stayed on in the US illegally and have since lost touch with the family. As for Wohab, I enjoyed seeing him and his family again when I was in Dhaka in the 1990s. Thanks to Dan’s help, he had purchased more land and expanded his house to accommodate his large family of children (!) the eldest of which was working in “the Gulf.”



Ruplal's photo for his first passport to immigrate to the USA to work for my father.

EXPORTING RUPLAL TO NYC

From the time that Emmy had suggested that Ruplal could work on a farm near her village, Bildeston, in East Suffolk, we began to think seriously about bringing Ruplal with us when we moved back to New York. By our last year in Dacca, Dan and I decided he could be a great help to my father as a chauffeur who could also take care of household work. At around this same time, my close friends, the Hills, also decided to bring their beloved bearer, Obenish, home with them to the US. Fortunately Pat and I were completely naïve at that time about how challenging it would be to get the necessary immigration documentation for them, otherwise we might never have tried. After much tea drinking, bureaucratic red tape, long waiting periods and eventually the involvement of the Chief Justice in Dacca and a US Senator we eventually succeeded in getting Ruplal and Obenish Pakistani passports and highly prized US work visas.



Getting passports for Ruplal and Obenish was the first step. Unwittingly, Pat and I spent many hours, over many visits, charming mid-level Bengali bureaucrats at the foreign affairs office near Topkhana Road before we realized that absolutely nothing was progressing. At each of these sessions we were served the usual “milk tea” and expected to chat politely about Tagore and Bengali culture before talking about the issue at hand – how to get passports for our bearers. At the end of each visit we would be given yet another set of forms to get done.

Meanwhile, I was faced with the challenge of how to fill out the required forms for Ruplal, given that he did not have a birth certificate. Like most Bengalis, Ruplal only had a rough idea of about when he might have been born, plus or minus a year or two. Dan ended up concocting a birth date for Ruplal, which he got Ruplal’s relatives on Topkhana Road to vouch for by signing an affidavit. But to make their affidavit valid we had to hire a lawyer to process it through the court system. This entailed several trips to the Old City where the High Court was located before the affidavit was stamped and accepted as a birth certificate.

Beside the affidavit, there were various other documents that we were required to furnish. Each time we returned to an office in hopes that we had accomplished a step in the procedure, we would be “invited” yet again to another cup of tea and conversation with whatever officer was in charge at the moment. We began to measure our progress, or lack thereof, by the number of teas we had imbibed. Eventually we realized that our paperwork had stagnated, and was always at the bottom of whatever was the largest stack of folders – ironically all bound in red-tape.

“Are we not to be spared!” Pat would often declare after these fruitless tea sessions. Pat and I suspected that a bribe would be necessary to “expedite” matters, but stubbornly refused to stoop so low. Anyhow, even if we were willing to “put some oil on the head” of the bureaucrats (“*tele mathai, tel deoa*,” as is said in Bengali) we had no idea how to go about doing it. My father, reading about our predicament in one of my letters, went right to the top and asked for the assistance of Chief Justice Murshed, whom he had met and helped with a case on one of his previous Dacca visits (see chapter 8). The next time we approached our friend behind the desk, he had the two passports in-hand.

We were ready to celebrate, but we knew that the passports were only half the battle. Next, we approached the US Consulate at Adamjee Court to apply for their visas. The US system seemed no faster, or efficient, than what we had just gone through with the Bengali authorities. After much paper work, waiting indefinitely for results and not seeing any progress my father once again came to the rescue. With a little lawyerly research, he learned that we needed to prove that Ruplal would not be taking a job away from an American. Using his connections, my father contacted a US Senator to make a case for Ruplal’s work visa on the grounds that Ruplal had the unique combination of driving and housekeeping skills that my father required. Shortly afterwards, Ruplal’s visa was approved - just in time for him to travel with us back to New York in the spring of 1967. Pat, by then, had also succeeded in getting Obenish’s immigration paper work done and he was able to migrate with his wife and two sons to Utah where he got his own job.

OUR KATABASIS – JOURNEY HOME TO NYC

THE “GRAND TOUR” ON ONE SUITCASE EACH

We decided to make the most of the journey home: to take our time to see friends in Kuwait, shop duty free in Beirut, to bring Ruplal with us and to invite Didi and Jay (Dan’s sister and her six year old son) to explore Europe with us by car. Dan left first, to travel through India one last time to take more photos of Islamic architecture that he had missed on previous trips. About two weeks later, Ruplal, Katherine and I joined him in Karachi.

Having maximized what we could pack in the freight container home, we had the luxury of traveling light. We each had only one suitcase for the six week journey ahead of us to the US. Katherine had her little mora, which acted as a container for a few toys as well as for a stool.



Ruplal was our chauffeur driving the five of us including Dan, myself, Katherine, Did & Jay around Europe.



During our travels through Europe in the Volkswagon we visited the Celleriers and the Cauchys at Etretat.



THE “GRAND TOUR” ITINERARY DACCA-NYC (summer 1967):

- DCD travels through India: Calcutta and Delhi for two weeks
- MFD, KDD and Ruplal meet DCD in Karachi staying a few nights there
- DCD flies to Teheran to take photos
- MFD KDD & Ruplal fly to Kuwait and visit Pat Hill (Ruplal can communicate using his Urdu, streets are too hot)
- MFD, KDD & Ruplal join DCD in Teheran
- All fly to Beirut (tax free shopping in the markets, indulging in European cuisine, Ruplal buys an Omega watch which he still has to this day)
- All fly to Munich to meet up with Didi and Jay and buy a VW station-wagon
- European tour by car with Ruplal driving with Dan navigating
- Bavaria, Austria, Italy and France: driving through Alps to Venice, Ravenna, Bologna, Nice, Avignon
- Pooling rice at restaurants for Ruplal,
- Choosing destinations that would please the kids: zoos, beaches, parks etc.
- Didi and Jay split off to see more of Italy
- We go through France to arrive in Paris in time for KDD’s birthday on Bastille day.
- Make our way to the Celleriers in Etretat on our way to the channel crossing to the UK.
- Stay in London: Ruplal told to stay in chauffeur quarters at the Claridge Hotel
- Visit Emmy in Bildeston
- Ocean liner to New York with the car: first class for us and Ruplal down in steerage with sea-sickness



Dan, Katherine, Ruplal and I arrived in New York on the SS United States ocean liner in September, 1967 to start our new life back in the USA.

DACCA STAYS A PART OF OUR NEW YORK LIFE

So much happened and we made so many friends when we lived in Dacca that our time there seemed like a lifetime. Our connections to the country did not end when we moved back to New York. In fact, in many ways they got stronger as we kept up our ties with Dacca friends, lobbied in Washington D.C. for Bangladesh's liberation, incorporated Ruplal's family into ours, pursued academic degrees based on our Bengali experiences and lived among our cherished *jeeneeshes*, artworks and furniture.

Almost thirty years after we left Dacca, I found myself back in the city resuming our old lifestyle and reviving old interests, both Dan's and mine. In 1993, when Katherine received research grants from Harvard and Fulbright to study housing issues in Dacca, she invited me to accompany for her year of study in Bangladesh. Her research was inspired by Dan's original work on the same topic and she used her time to update his materials and to develop his work further. During that year in Dacca, I picked up on my prior interests and was granted funding by Ford Foundation to turn my research on *Jari* songs into a book.



Dhanishlal (Dhanish) Parvati (Parul) Sagupa (Kum Kum) Pradiplal (Peechee)

When we helped Ruplal's wife (Mona) and children immigrate to New York in 1973 his family became a part of ours.



The sign above our Hafiz Villa entry way alley still reads "Hafiz Estates" even though the house is long gone.

When we arrived in Dhaka the fall of 1993, Katherine and I were pleased to find the descendants of our former Hafiz Villa landlord still at the same location, but sad to see that our house and garden had been replaced by two apartment blocks. We were able to find a small one-room apartment a few buildings down the street where we recreated the lifestyle we once had at Hafiz Villa. As before, we lived in "un-air-conditioned splendor", with limited use of a phone, and enjoying dining outdoors. Instead of a garden we used the roof top for our daily meals and entertaining.

On the surface it may seem that conditions have worsened in Dacca (congestion, pollution, etc.) but for me, the kindness of the people, and the beauty of the poetry, and language still endures as do my fond memories

SOME OF THE MANY WAYS

BANGLADESH HAS STAYED A PART OF OUR LIVES:

- When we moved back to New York we adorned our apartment with our beloved Dacca *jeenishes* including Dan's teak furniture, the moras, the rickshaw paintings, and other art works we had collected on our 'forgotten ruins' expeditions. We enjoyed special occasions to bring out our *kutcha* Dacca tableware from New Market and wear our clothing tailored by Shona Miah.
- Ruplal's family became a part of our family when he brought his wife and four children to New York in 1973. Regularly we gathered together to do daily homework or go on field trips or celebrate events. Traditional holiday rituals such as Thanksgiving with roast turkey became 'Turkey Puja' with tandoori chicken and naans.
- In 1971, after we had moved back to New York, Dan and I became passionate supporters of the Bangladesh Liberation movement. During that summer we helped organize a strong movement among Americans to lobby our congress in Washington, DC to stop US support for West Pakistan and to educate them on the horrific conditions of the Bangladesh civil war.
- After leaving Dacca, Dan went back to Bangladesh on numerous different consultancy jobs over the next 30 years including help with Bangladesh refugee relief in 1971, and post-cyclone rehabilitation projects.
- Dan helped a number of Bangladeshi refugees come to NYC and find work.
- In New York, Dan and I regularly attended and helped promote Bangladeshi cultural events at the Asia Society.
- Dan and I both went back to school to get master's degrees from Columbia University in our respective Bangladeshi interests. Dan continued his work in urban planning and I studied Sanskrit and ethno-musicology based on the work I had done in Dacca on *Jarigan*.
- As a professor in planning at Columbia University and City College, Dan specialized in teaching his students about design and urban planning in South Asia and taught numerous students from India, Bangladesh and Pakistan.
- I also found ways to share my interests in South Asian music through lectures and book projects. In 1979 I worked with Elise Barnett to produce Ravi Shankar's educational book with recordings to introduce a western audience to Indian classical music. In 1997 I published my book on *Jarigan*.
- Influenced by her father's work in urban planning and her own ties to Bangladesh, Katherine has developed a specific interest in urban development in Asia. Academically, she has done a number of research projects related to Asian urban development patterns, including her master's thesis at Harvard, and research grants from Harvard and Fulbright to look at high density living patterns in Bangladesh and globally.
- Since Dan's death in 2000, I've been grateful for a number of opportunities to strengthen my ties to the country including:
 - In 2012, attending the BUET 50th Anniversary celebrations,
 - In 2013, being awarded a presidential honor for Bangladesh's foreign friends, for the contribution Dan and I made to the 1971 War of Liberation (which my grandson Nick Sweeting was able to attend along with Katherine)
 - Since 2012, donating much of my assembled archives regarding the Liberation War to the Bangladesh Liberation War Museum in Dhaka and regarding the founding of the EPUET architecture school to BUET's Department of Architecture.



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APPENDIX

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(ARO KOTHA)

A. CAST OF CHARACTERS

B. GLOSSARY

C. BIBLIOGRAPHY

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

MARY FRANCES DUNHAM

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APPENDIX A

CAST OF  
CHARACTERS



## FOREIGN FRIENDS & ACQUAINTANCES \*

**PEGGY AZBILL** (Ford Foundation)

*"I thought you would never ask!"*

Peggy lived in one of the Seagull House flats on Dilu Road where her colleagues, Fran Larkin and Mary Kefgen, also occupied flats. All three worked for the Ford Foundation setting up a Home Economics College in Dacca. Peggy collaborated with us on such escapades as Dan's surprise "elephant" party, which she did with me, and the "Icarus Papers," which she did with Dan. Dan enjoyed her air-conditioned home where he often retired on hot afternoons after work. After Peggy left Dacca she worked for the education department of NY State. Sadly she died of cancer a few years after. I have included passages from her entertaining letters in these memoirs.

**LOUIS BERGER** (Director of Berger Engineers, NJ)

Lou Berger hired Dan to start up an architecture team for the Berger engineering office in Dacca, East Pakistan. He was more like a father to Dan and me than a boss in the way he communicated with us and took care of our needs. He had an uncanny ability to spot the talented individuals such as Dan, Bob Boughey, Bob Mayers and John Schiff, who had the resourcefulness and sense of humor needed to face the challenges of life in Dacca.

**DR. BASSETT**

Dr. Bassett was an old time doctor who had been practicing in Dacca since the time of the British. He was the doctor foreigners relied on most for their medical concerns.

**RITA BOUCHER** (Music school in Barisal)

Rita founded the Oriental School of Indian Music in Barisal, a six-week program which I attended in the winter of 1966-67. She held a masters degree from India in sitar playing and Indian classical music. I must have been the first American to attend who was not a nun or someone affiliated with the church.

**BOB & FARIDA BOUGHEY** (Berger Office)

Bob Boughey was among the architects that Lou Berger hired to replace Dan, when Dan left to teach at EPUET. Bob oversaw the completion of Dan's final project, the Kamalapur Railway station. While keeping Dan's original concept for an open-air station, Bob transformed the shape of the ceiling vaults to the pointed arches, which have become the symbol of the station now. Bob met his wife, Farida Masjid, a daughter of a prominent Dacca family as well as a model and later a poet. Dan

and I were in touch with her later when we all lived in New York. In 1971, she was one of the more influential lobbyists in Washington DC to raise awareness about the Bangladesh War of Liberation.

**JOHN COPLAND** (UN WHO)

"Jock" worked for the UN World Health Organization on their malaria eradication effort. Jock was a star member of the Dunham social circle, contributing his wit and charm at many of our Dunham occasions. He entertained us with Noel Coward songs and his humor satirizing Dacca life and the Bengali English of the local newspapers. He conscripted me to play the piano for his production of Kurt Weil's "Down in the Valley" which he directed. He was a regular on our "Forgotten Ruins" expeditions and we missed him when he left Dacca, but have stayed in touch with him ever since.

**MARY KAYE DONALDSON** (Fulbright scholar)

"Kaye" became a close friend ever since Dan recruited her to teach South Asian art history at EPUET. She was an art historian and had originally come to Dacca on a Fulbright grant to study and teach at the Institute of Art. She turned out to be a captivating lecturer. She often came to listen to and sketch our musical soirées. Her sketches have preserved well for me the memory of those gatherings.

**ESTHER COCHRANE DUNHAM** (Dan's mother)

"Mother D," Dan's mother, was widowed and retired in Tampa when she came to visit us in Dacca twice. In her past she had been a Latin teacher and had founded one of the first summer camps for girls in the Midwest. She was a dominant influence in Dan's life for her resilience and resourcefulness in raising Dan and his sister, Dayle, through the difficult times of the 1930s depression years. At almost 80, she showed remarkable endurance when she dealt with a cyclone on her first visit to us and a war evacuation on her second.

**MARY FLORENCE EMERSON** ("Emmy")

Emmy was the British lady whom my father hired to help take care of our family after my mother died when I was twelve. She was a "Norland Nurse," professionally trained to take care of children at the prestigious Norland Institute in London. She came to us after working for the Whites, family friends of ours from Long Island. She had a clear no nonsense, strict, "keep an upper-lip" approach to raising me. I learned from her the importance of charity, honesty and frugality as well as a love of history. Coincidentally, Emmy was born in Calcutta and shared memories with me of her childhood there long before I moved to that part of the world with Dan. When Emmy came to visit us in Dacca in the winter of

1963-64 (when I was pregnant with Katherine), I had a chance to take her to Calcutta and Darjeeling where we explored the places of her childhood (Chapter 11). She retired to a cottage in Bildeston, UK, where we often visited her. She eventually passed away in 1969 (the same year as my father's death).

**DR. 'BUCKY' & JANE GREENOUGH** (SEATO Cholera Lab)

"Bucky" and his wife, Jane, played alto and soprano recorders respectively at our weekly musical soirées. Sadly, Jane suffered from headaches that took her life. After she died we no longer wished to play without her. Bucky was one of the leaders of our group of American lobbyists in Washington DC in 1971, fighting to support the Bangladesh liberation movement.

**BILL GUTH** (Peace Corps – Pak 1)

Bill was a member of the "Pak 1" first contingent of the US Peace Corps to come to Dacca. Dan and I were impressed by his intelligence and charm when he stayed as our guest at Hafiz Villa on one of his Dacca R & Rs. He was a skilled bricklayer as well as a perceptive cinematographer. Soon, after he completed his Peace Corps service, he made a Bengali movie called "*Nodi O Nari*," which achieved international acclaim.

**BARTH & LEE HEALEY** (Catholic Relief Services)

Barth replaced Hugh Murphy at Catholic Relief Services and lived close by to us. Like Hugh before him, Barth became an integral part of our lives over the two years when he worked in Dacca. His wife, Lee (whom we called "Sweetie" because that's how Bath referred to her) was a professional reporter and wrote for the Dacca Daily Star on a regular basis. Dan and I remained in touch with the Healeys after they left and moved to Rome and later to New York where Barth worked for the New York Times.

**PAT & RALPH HILL** (Dhanmandi friends)

*"Are we never to be spared ? !"*

Ralph worked for an American engineering office with contracts to build highways and bridges in East Pakistan. He moved to Dacca in 1960 with his wife, Pat, and two sons: Christopher (about 10 years old) and Anthony (about four years old). With Pat and Dee Rutherford, the three of us wrote Dacca's first English guide book called *Living in Dacca*. Pat was a reporter specializing in foreign cuisines. She was a talented and witty writer and I have included numerous excerpts from her writings about Dacca life here in my memoirs. I have especially quoted extensively from her text called "*In the Moon-Bazar*" (a title I had suggested from Bengali folk songs, which she liked because it captured the adventure and mystery as well as the routine aspects of life in Dacca). After Dacca, the Hills continued to live

and work abroad (in Kuwait, Vietnam and Sierra Leon) before settling in Salt Lake City, Utah.

**MARY ANN HIRSCHORN** (SEATO Cholera Lab)

Mary Ann was married to one of the SEATO Cholera Lab doctors. Mary Ann and I organized our classical Indian dance classes at the Holy Family Hospital in their garden. She was evacuated with us (Katherine, Mother D and me) and many others to Manila during the 1965 'Indo-Pak' war.

**MARY KEFGEN** (Ford Foundation)

Mary was among the Ford Foundation ladies, including Peggy Azbill and Fran Larkin, who lived at Seagull House on Dilu Road not far from us. Dan and I spent a lot of social time with the Ford Foundation ladies. I also had a chance to travel for a winter vacation to Darjeeling with Fran and Mary.

**GUS & MARIS LANGFORD** (Louis Kahn's firm)

Gus worked along with Roy Vollmer for Louis Kahn as one of the resident architects supervising the construction of Kahn's design for the "Second Capital" parliament complex. Gus and Maris were among our close Dhanmandi group of friends. I became especially close with Maris after sharing a small apartment with her, her infant son, my infant daughter and my aged mother-in-law in Manila when we were all evacuated there during the 1965 Indo-Pak war. Maris and I stayed in touch ever since until her death in 2015.

**FRAN LARKIN** (Ford Foundation)

Fran was among the Ford Foundation ladies, including Peggy Azbill and Mary Kefgen, who lived at Seagull House on Dilu Road not far from us. Fran and Mary, frequently joined us for afternoon cool-downs, dinner parties and occasional travels. Fran accompanied my family on our trip with Emmy to Haluaghat as well as a trip with me and Mary Kefgen to Darjeeling.

**JOHN & SHIRLEY LINDENBAUM** (SEATO Lab)

John was an American doctor hired to study the causes of cholera at the SEATO cholera research laboratory in Dacca. He met his Australian wife, Shirley, in Dacca. She was there doing anthropological research.

**MRS. LOCKE** (US Ambassador's wife)

Mrs. Locke was the wife of the American Ambassador to Pakistan. I became acquainted with her when I took her on a rickshaw tour of Old Dhaka (by her request) during one of her husband's official visits to Dacca.

**MR. & MRS. MATZAKIS** (Doxiades office)

The Matzakakis were our first foreign neighbor friends on Siddheswari Road when we moved into Hafiz Villa.

\* For associated photos, see the volume I, Prologue, Cast of Characters



Mr. Matzakis worked for Doxiades, an internationally respected Greek planning firm. Mrs. Matzakis was teaching French at the university. They were Greek and invited us to dine with their Greek friends in the jute business who lived in Narayanganj in a 19th century mansion overlooking the Meghna, (probably the mansion that was filmed in “*The River*”). Mrs. Matzakis used to bring ice cubes in a thermos to Dan for his drink in the late afternoons and she taught our cook how to make mayonnaise. When the Matzakis left soon after our arrival we were grateful to inherit some of their locally made furniture.

**BOB & FLO MAYERS** (Berger office)

Lou Berger hired Bob Mayers along with his New York design partner John Schiff to join the Dacca architecture team when Dan was getting ready to leave to teach at EPUET. The Mayers found a second floor apartment overlooking a tank not far from us and stayed for two years. To this day, John and Bob keep the Dacca memories alive with their humorous stories. Bob has recorded many of these stories in his own memoirs from which I have included numerous excerpts in my memoirs here.

**MURRAY & SYLVIA MILNER** (Church World Service)  
Murray worked in administration for Church World Service alleviating poor dietary and water conditions in the countryside. Sylvia was musical and taught music classes at the American school, played the organ at St. Thomas Church and sang the heroine’s role in Jock Copland’s production of “Down in the Valley.” They had their infant daughter with them and a second daughter was born in Dacca. The Murray’s lived on Dilu Road and were among our group of neighborhood friends. After returning to America, Murray gained a doctoral degree in Sociology. He teaches at the University of Virginia and has authored a number of books.

**GAIL MINAULT** (USIS officer)

Gail was a young information officer working at the United States Information Services. She was a student of Urdu and played her Calcutta rented cello in our weekly soirées musicales. Gail and I became friends when she joined us for several of Dan’s field trips for his architecture students. Since living in Dacca she has written a number of books including: *Secluded Scholars: Women’s Education and Muslim Social Reform in Colonial India*.

**MOTSUDI** (Berger Office)

Another Berger office member who was most helpful to Dan was Motsudi. He spent his childhood in Pondichery where he became fluent in French. Perhaps it was Motsudi who inspired Rob Golam to learn French.

Motsudi could write fluently in three languages and was invaluable in running the Berger office. During our second year in Dacca, he left the office to return to India and we never saw him again.

**HUGH MURPHY** (Catholic Relief Services)

Hugh Murphy replaced Mabel Shannon at Catholic Relief Services and as our close neighbor until Barth Healey took his place. Hugh was part of our late afternoon gatherings at Hafiz Villa and Seagull House. He participated in our escapades, including building the howdah for Dan’s birthday elephant. One time, when we returned to Dacca from America, he surprised us with a bus to greet us at the airport and take us home. After Hugh left Dacca he was married to Joanna and went on to join the rice research program in the Philippines.

**DAVID OWEN**

We never knew David Owen but we were aware of his article criticizing the conditions in Dacca at the time we moved there. In the article he condemned the East Pakistan economy as a hopeless case, which stirred resentment among Bengalis and distress among foreigners who felt that the picture he painted was unnecessarily gloomy. Coincidentally he lived on Siddheshwari Road, but we never crossed paths with him before he left.

**CHARLES G. RAPHAEL** (My father)

Charles Raphael, my father, was Greek. He had immigrated to New York as a young teenager from a Greek village of olive and indigo farmers in Anatolia, Turkey, called Yayakoi. He eventually made his way to Harvard and graduated as a lawyer specializing in international issues. In addition to running his own firm in New York, my father worked a year for UN Relief & Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA) on war relief efforts in Greece, was the lawyer for the New York Greek Orthodox church and was a member of the ecumenical movement of the World Church Services. He served on the International Commission of Jurists, which brought him to India on occasion for meetings that he combined with visits to us in Dacca.

**MAURICE & DANIELLE ROUCH** (Alliance Française)

Maurice was a French professor who was hired with his wife Danielle by the French government to start an Alliance Française in Dacca in 1961. They had two sons: Pascal, about 4 years old, and Laurent, who was born in Dacca. I became close with the Rouchs ever since I helped them find their Dhanmandi building to accommodate the Alliance Française as well as an apartment for their family.

**PAUL & SHEROO RUSBY** (CARE)

Paul worked for CARE. His wife, Sheroo, was Parsi and came from Bombay. Paul and Sheroo had a son and a daughter both born in Dacca. I became close with Sheroo when she helped with the guide book project, *Living in Dacca*, which I wrote with Pat Hill and Dee Rutherford.

**SCOTT & DOROTHY (“DEE”) RUTHERFORD** (CARE)

Scott worked for CARE. Scott and Dee had three children: two boys John and James (age seven and five) when they came, and a daughter, Ann, born in Dacca (Katherine’s age). They stayed in Dacca six years. She was one of the three authors along with Pat Hill and myself who wrote the *Living in Dacca* guide book. Dee later became an anthropologist specializing in the life of Bengali immigrants to the USA.

**JOHN & ALISON SCHIFF**

John was hired along with Bob Mayers by Lou Berger to replace Dan in the Berger Dacca office when Dan left the firm to teach at EPUET. The Schiffs, like the Mayers, lived in our Siddheswari Road neighborhood and we met them frequently. To this day, John and Bob keep the Dacca memories alive with their humorous stories.

**MABEL SHANNON** (Catholic Relief Services)

Mabel Shannon was our close neighbor when we first moved into Hafiz Villa. She worked for Catholic Relief Services and rode a bicycle although she was of retirement age and a woman. Other than myself, she was the only other American female seen bicycling around Dacca. She was a passionate gardener and accompanied Dan on his forays in search of outdoor and indoor plants for our house.

**BOB TERRY** (Peace Corps, Pak 1)

Bob was the head of the Dacca Peace Corps contingency. He was among our group of American lobbyists in Washington DC in 1971 when we were fighting to support the Bangladesh liberation movement.

**ROY & CAROLINE VOLLMER** (Louis Kahn’s firm)

Roy worked for Louis Khan on the “Second Capital” project along with Gus Langford. The Vollmers lived near Tejgaon, north of Mogh Bazar. They joined wholeheartedly in our various escapades including providing a party lunch for an all-day birthday celebration for me during our second year and the “Elephant” party for Dan’s birthday (Roy could do an excellent imitation of the trumpeting of an elephant).

**DICK & ANN WERKHEISER**

Dick was the priest at St. Thomas Church in the Old City. He came to Dacca, with his wife, Ann, an art historian, the same year we did. Dan recruited Ann to teach art history as part of the EPUET architecture curriculum. With Ann, I co-created some lectures to introduce the students to Western art and music for which we coordinated slides, music and our outfits (sewn by Shona Miah). Ann accompanied us for a number of our “Forgotten Ruins” excursions and shared in the angst with me about giving so much of our treasures to the Dacca Museum.

## BENGALI FRIENDS & ACQUAINTANCES \*

### ALAUDDIN (Rickshaw artist)

Alaudin, sometime called “Naz,” was a talented rickshaw artist, painting colorful scenes for display on the backs of rickshaws. He worked in the depths of the Old City, in a ground floor room, which was lit by the light from the lane through his open door. His skill at colorful detail was worthy of the Mughal illustrators. I’m sure I was the first foreigner to commission him to paint rickshaw style art panels us showing our life in Dacca.

### SHAHEEN BAHAR CHOWDHURY (EPUET student)

Shaheen, known as Dolly, was one of the first three women students in East Pakistan to enroll in the EPUET architecture program that Dan helped start with the Texas A&M teachers. I became friends with Dolly and her family, especially Dolly, her mother, and her sister, Selina (see Selina Chowdhury). Dolly eventually moved to London and we continue to stay in touch.

### SELINA BAHAR CHOWDHURY

I met Selina when I attended classes at BAFA. She was related to the director, Nurul Huda, and was working as his secretary. Selina became my first close Bengali friend and we stayed in touch until her premature death in the 1990s. She belonged to the prestigious Bahar family. Her parents played a part in Bengali history. Her father was a famous poet and teacher in Calcutta who had supported the self-rule movement and anti-partition struggle of the 1940s. Selina’s mother had worked in the 1930s in Calcutta with Rokeya, the first Indian feminist who was active in promoting women’s education and right to vote. Selina, herself, was highly educated, taught mathematics at Dacca College and was the author of many children’s books. Selina and her family lived in Shantinagar, which was next to the open market east of us, only ten minutes away by bicycle. Thus I became friends with her entire family, her mother, brother and two sisters. As it turned out, her sister, Dolly (Shaheen Chowdhury), was one Dan’s first students (see Dolly Chowdhury). Selina became friends with Emmy and visited her in Bildeston, UK in the late 1960s. I have stayed in touch with her sister, Dolly living in London and her brother, Iqbal, who runs “Voice of Bangladesh” in Washington DC.

### RUPLAL DURIA (“Our gang,” driver)

Dan chose Ruplal out of the US Consulate Driver pool to be his ‘personal’ driver when he was hired by USAID to join the Texas A&M teachers to start the architecture school at EPUET. Dan was impressed by Ruplal because he spoke English well and was a good driver. We grew so fond of Ruplal that we were able to eventually bring

him to the US where he worked for my father. After we moved back ourselves, we helped Ruplal’s wife and four children to immigrate to New York. We found an apartment for them near to us and spent so much time with them that their family became an extension of ours.

### PHILLIP GOMEZ (“Our gang,” cook at Hafiz Villa)

Phillip, whom we called “Cook,” as was the custom, was the first member of “our gang” at Hafiz Villa. He helped us hire the rest of our household staff, all of whom came from his Christian village, Hosnabad. He was literate in Bengali and knew some English from his work with another foreign family before us.

### THERESA GOMEZ (“Our gang,” ayah at Hafiz Villa)

Theresa was hired to be Katherine’s ayah. She was the Cook’s niece and came to us with no previous contact with foreigners other than with Christian missionaries in Hosnabad where she came from. She was capable and reliable and Katherine seemed happy with her.

### NURUL HUDA (Director of BAFA)

I met Huda, head of the Bulbul Academy of Fine Arts (BAFA), when I was introduced to him through Professor Ahmed Sharif, my first Bengali teacher. Huda arranged for me and two other foreign women to take dance lessons at the Academy. Huda was a public figure with a reputation as a freedom fighter during the Indian struggle for independence and he was one of those patriots who had been jailed in Dacca central jail for an extended stay (albeit in first class).

### JASIMUDDIN (Poet laureate)

I met Jasimuddin when he learned that I had a harpsichord and could play piano. He recruited me to transcribe into western notation the *Jarigan* music he was documenting. The many hours I worked for him paid off because I later focused on this topic for my Masters degree at Columbia University and wrote a book about it.

### GOLAM ROB KHAN (Berger Office)

Rob, as we all knew him, was an outstanding Bengali. He came from a middle class family and only had a “matric pass” education. I don’t know how he was hired to work in the Berger office, but he was a resourceful person who seemed to have been there since the beginning and was especially helpful to Dan in setting up the architectural studio in the first months. Shortly after Dan joined the office, Rob started to attend a class at the Alliance Française in his free time, and soon after he was practicing with me the phrases he had learned. By the time we left Dacca in 1967, he was proficient enough to gain an office job at the French consulate and later at the French bank in Motijheel. Whenever he wrote to me, his letters were in French.

ABDUL MASJID (“Our gang,” gardener at Hafiz Villa) Abdul, whom we called “Mali”(the Bengali word for gardener), was our gardener and general all around extra help. He came from Hosnabad, the same farming and fishing community as the rest of “our gang”. He came to us with no previous experience with foreigners. He was a cheerful, knowledgeable and able gardener, but he never quite understood Dan’s desire for “decorative” plantings.

### SHONA MIAH (Our tailor)

“Ami Jani na”

Shona Miah was everyone’s favorite tailor. He was so thin that we described him as “The man who could run between raindrops”. When he came to work, he would spread a spotless white sheet on the veranda floor and perform a prayer before he set to work on his sewing machine. Over the years, relying on Shona Miah’s talents, Dan designed a number of haute couture outfits for me to wear at formal receptions and parties.

### MOHAN SHIDDHA (“Our gang,” sweeper at Hafiz Villa)

Mohan was our sweeper-cum-second bearer. Like the rest of “our gang,” he came from Hosnabad and like Mali came to us with no previous contact with foreigners or the English language. We liked his responsiveness and winning smile.

### CHIEF JUSTICE MURSHED

When my father was visiting us in Dacca, he made the acquaintance of Chief Justice Murshed. I don’t know how he met with him, but perhaps it was through the International Commission of Jurists, to which my father belonged. My father helped the Justice with the resolution of some shipment issue in Chittagong. Later, Justice Murshed had a chance to return the favor when he helped expedite our applications for Ruplal’s papers to come to New York with us to work for my father.

### MAKBUL RAHMAN (Berger office)

Makbul was a co-partner along with Asanullah Sheikh of the Berger Engineers Office in Dacca. Although he was disappointed that Dan and I did not choose to live in Dhanmandi, where he lived with his wife and young son, he welcomed us cordially and was tolerant of our more Bohemian lifestyle choices.

### ABUL SAADUDDIN (Scholar/Ethnomusicologist)

I met “Saad” during the last six months of our stay in Dacca. I don’t remember how I had the good fortune to meet this talented self-taught ethnomusicologist, who had made tape recordings of Bengali folk music and had studied the Tagore melodies. I remember listening to his little cassette player and going over my *Jarigan* notations with him. He gained a scholarship to

study in California, where he received a PhD, but took ill and died shortly after. I still have the books of Tagore music and LP recordings that he gave me. In 1992-1993, when I was back in Dhaka with my daughter we had a chance to meet Saad’s brother and family.

### PROFESSOR SHAHIDULLAH (Scholar/Linguist)

Professor Shahidullah was a linguist and was the first South Asian to study at the Sorbonne. I became acquainted with him when he attended academic gatherings in Dacca such as at the Alliance

### PROFESSOR AHMED SHARIF (Dacca University)

Professor Sharif was an honored professor, Chairman of the Bengali Department of Dacca University, and author of many books and articles. He had a robust sense of humor, including about the Sharif (nobleman) in his name. During our early weeks at the Shahbagh Hotel he came regularly to help me with learning Bengali. He introduced me to his relatives, Nurul Huda and Selina Chowdhury, who ran the Bulbul Academy of Fine Arts (BAFA).

### ASANULLAH SHEIKH (Berger office)

Asanullah Sheikh was a co-partner along with Makbul Rahman of the Berger Engineers Office in Dacca. When we first knew him, he and his wife lived in the Old City. They invited us to dinner where we enjoyed our first Bengali home style meal. It may have been thanks to the Sheikhs that Dan found the glassware factory near their home in the Old City. Later Sheikh designed a new home for his family on Eskaton Road.

### ABDUL WOHAJ (“Our gang,” bearer at Hafiz Villa)

Wohab was our chief “bearer” and was from the same village, Hosnabad, as the rest of “our gang.” He was partially literate in Bengali, and had no English learning. He was bright and resourceful. He was married with two or three children, one of which survived cholera thanks to a valiant effort by Dan and a SEATO Cholera lab doctor.

### SHAH ALAM ZAHIRUDDIN

We got to know Zahiruddin when Dan first helped him apply for a Fulbright grant to study architecture in Florida where he went for four years. On his return to Dacca, he taught at EPUET and soon rose to head of the Architecture faculty. After we left, he became the Chief Government Architect for Bangladesh. We have remained close friends with him to this day – and have had opportunities to see his family both in Dhaka and in the USA.

\* For associated photos, see the volume I, Prologue, Cast of Characters

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## APPENDIX B

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### GLOSSARY

#### HOW TO PRONOUNCE THE TRANSLITERATION OF BENGALI WORDS

From our first days I felt attracted to the Bengali language, although I had never heard it before. It sounded somewhat like Latin as spoken by Italians and the script contained an abundance of elegant curves. When I found out how methodically the alphabet was organized, I was eager to learn it.

While learning the alphabet, I did what others have done, which is to sound out the Bengali shop names as I passed by them. Sometimes the signs told me the shop owner's name or what the shop offered for sale. It was fun to discover that the Bengali word on a sign was a transliteration of an English word; for example : "PENCILS" or "SOAP."

#### A ROUGH GUIDE TO PRONOUNCING THE BENGALI WORDS IN THIS GLOSSARY

**VOWELS:** /a/, /e/, and /i/ sound like they do in "America": *ah – meh- ih – kah*. The vowel /o/ sounds like the

/o/ in "go" and the vowel /u/ sounds like the /u/ in "blue". I have omitted indicating nasalization of vowels when this occurs.

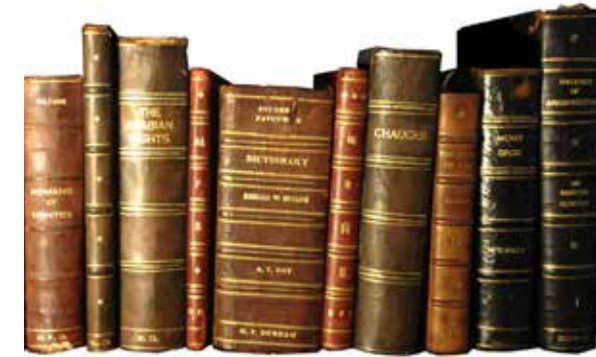
**CONSONANTS:** I have not indicated the breath sound that accompanies some of the Bengali consonants, nor the retroflexive quality of some consonants.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                |                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                        |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>accha</i> (ah-chah) : Right! Yes! Agreed!                                                                                                                                                            | <i>dhuri</i> (dori) (dhoo-ree) : strand, rope                                  | <i>lila</i> (lee-lah) : play, games, sports, etc.                                                                               | <i>por</i> (pohr) : after ; afterwards                                                                 |
| <i>ache</i> (ah-chay) : is, are, there is, there are                                                                                                                                                    | <i>dhurji</i> (dorji) (dhoo-rji) : tailor                                      | <i>lungi</i> ( lu-ng-i) : a cotton cloth worn sarong-like by men for informal comfort                                           | <i>pore</i> (poh-reh) : in later time, afterwards                                                      |
| <i>am</i> (ah-m) : mango                                                                                                                                                                                | <i>dighi</i> (dih-ghih) : “tank”, man-made pond, usually rectangular           | <i>mach</i> ( mah-ch) : fish                                                                                                    | <i>pukur</i> (puh-kuh-r) : small pond                                                                  |
| <i>age</i> (ah-geh) : before                                                                                                                                                                            | <i>din</i> (din) : day                                                         | <i>maidan</i> ( mah-ih-dahn) : an open space in a town or city for public use                                                   | <i>pul</i> (puhl) : bridge                                                                             |
| <i>amader</i> (ah-mah-der) : our                                                                                                                                                                        | <i>dokan</i> (doh-kah-n) : shop, store                                         | <i>mali</i> ( mah-lih) : gardener                                                                                               | <i>pur</i> (poo-r) : town, as in Dinajpur                                                              |
| <i>amar</i> (ah-mah-r) : my                                                                                                                                                                             | <i>dotara</i> (doh-tah-rah) : a folk two-stringed banjo                        | <i>mandir</i> ( mun - dhi-hr) : temple                                                                                          | <i>raj</i> (rahj) : rule                                                                               |
| <i>badam</i> (bah-dahm) : nuts                                                                                                                                                                          | <i>dudh</i> (dhoo-d) : milk                                                    | <i>mara – mari</i> (mah-rah - mah - rih ) : fighting; strife                                                                    | <i>raga</i> (rah-gah) : mode in classical Indian music; the classical form of Indian music             |
| <i>bagh</i> (bah-gh) : garden                                                                                                                                                                           | <i>dur</i> (doo-r) : far                                                       | <i>mash</i> (mah-sh) : month                                                                                                    | <i>ranga</i> (rahng -ah) : red ; color                                                                 |
| <i>Bangla</i> (bah-nghlah) : Bengali                                                                                                                                                                    | <i>gach</i> (ghah-ch) : tree                                                   | <i>mashjid</i> ( mah-sh-jihd ) : mosque                                                                                         | <i>rasta</i> (rah-stah) : road, roadway, path                                                          |
| <i>bari</i> (bah-ree) : house, home ; i.e. permanent home as distinguished from a rented or other temporary home ( <i>bhasha</i> )                                                                      | <i>gaon</i> (gah-ohn) : village                                                | <i>mati</i> (mah-tee) : earth, clay                                                                                             | rickshaw / rickshah : a transportation tricycle, from the Japanese word, meaning human-powered-vehicle |
| <i>barite</i> ( bah-ree-tay) : at home                                                                                                                                                                  | <i>gamcha</i> (gah-m-chah) : colorful multi-purpose cotton cloth ca. 20” X 40” | memsah’b* ( mem - shah-b ) : Mrs. or Miss                                                                                       | <i>rikshawala</i> (reek-shah-ah-lah) rickshaw operator                                                 |
| <i>baro</i> (bah-roh) : twelve                                                                                                                                                                          | <i>gan</i> (gahn) : song ; music                                               | <i>mistri</i> (mih-strih) : craftsman (cf. maestro)                                                                             | <i>sah’b*</i> (sah-b) : Saheb, master, mister                                                          |
| <i>basha</i> (bah-shah) : temporary dwelling (e.g., rented dwelling)                                                                                                                                    | <i>ghora</i> (ghoh – rah) : room                                               | <i>monsoon</i> (mah-n-suh-n) : season, the rainy season                                                                         | <i>sari</i> (sah-rih) : cloth about 6 yards long for dressing a woman                                  |
| <i>baul</i> (bah-ool) : name of a class of minstrels who sing songs about mystical experience                                                                                                           | <i>girja</i> (gi-r-jah) : church                                               | <i>murgi</i> ( muh-r-gih) : chicken                                                                                             | <i>sarod</i> ( sah-roh-d) : stringed instrument used in Indian classical music                         |
| <i>bazar</i> (bah-zah-r) : market                                                                                                                                                                       | <i>godown</i> (goh-da-un) : storage room                                       | <i>moti</i> (moh- tih) : pearl                                                                                                  | <i>shanti</i> (shah-n-tih) : peace ; peaceful                                                          |
| <i>beli ful</i> (beh-li fool) : jasmin flower                                                                                                                                                           | <i>ghor</i> (ghor) : room, house                                               | <i>muri</i> -(muh-rih) : rice                                                                                                   | <i>shap</i> (shahp) : snake                                                                            |
| <i>beshi</i> (besh-ee) : more                                                                                                                                                                           | <i>goonda</i> (gun-dah) : criminal, mobster, <i>dacoit</i>                     | <i>murti</i> (muh - r-tih) : a solid representation such as a statue                                                            | <i>sher</i> (sheh-r) : a weight equivalent to about two pounds or one kilo.                            |
| <i>bhalo</i> (bhah-lo) : good, well                                                                                                                                                                     | <i>gram</i> (grahm) : village                                                  | <i>mynah</i> (mah-i-nah) : a bird popular as a pet in Bengal because it could “parrot” human speech almost as well as a parrot. | <i>shilpo</i> (sheel-poh) : arts; crafts                                                               |
| <i>bhasha</i> (bah-shah) : lodging, abode in a temporary sense versus home which is more permanent                                                                                                      | <i>gur</i> (gur) : “brown” sugar                                               | <i>na</i> (nah) - not                                                                                                           | <i>shilpi</i> (sheel-pee) : arts                                                                       |
| <i>bhasha</i> (bah-shah) : language ; dialect ; discourse                                                                                                                                               | <i>id</i> (eid) : Muslim holiday                                               | <i>nach</i> (nah-ch) : dance or dance performance                                                                               | <i>shomoy</i> (shoh-moy) : time                                                                        |
| <i>Bougainvillea</i> (boo-gan-vee-lay-ah) : type of flowering vine popular for decorating entrances and verandahs in Dacca and named after Antoine de Bougainville who sailed around the world in 1667. | <i>jari</i> (jah-ree) : lamentation                                            | <i>nagar</i> (nah-gor / naw-gor) : village, town                                                                                | <i>shona</i> (soh-nah) / <i>shona</i> (shoh-nah) : gold.; golden                                       |
| <i>boro</i> (bo-ro) : big, large                                                                                                                                                                        | <i>jama</i> (jah-mah) : clothing                                               | <i>nawab</i> (nah – wah-b) : feudal royal person ; a lord of a district, etc.                                                   | <i>shorjo</i> (shuh-r-jo) : sun                                                                        |
| <i>bromo</i> (bro-mo) : journey, travel                                                                                                                                                                 | <i>jatra</i> (jah-trah) : journey ; itinerant theatrical performances          | <i>nim</i> (neem) : eucalyptus tree, especially handsome along Ramna roadways in Dacca                                          | <i>sitar</i> (sih-tahr) : a stringed instrument used in classical Indian music.                        |
| <i>cha</i> (chah) : tea                                                                                                                                                                                 | <i>jhil</i> (jhi-l) : pond                                                     | <i>nimontron</i> (nee-mohn-trohn) : invitation                                                                                  | <i>tabla</i> (tah-blah) : the pair of drums played by the hands in Indian music                        |
| <i>chakri</i> (chah-kree) : work, labor                                                                                                                                                                 | <i>Jinish</i> (jih-nih-sh) : thing; things                                     | <i>nodi</i> ( noh-dih) : river                                                                                                  | <i>tali</i> ( tah-lih) : rhythmic beat                                                                 |
| <i>chand</i> (chah-nd) : moon                                                                                                                                                                           | <i>kacha</i> (kah-chah) : raw, temporary, cheaply made,                        | <i>noshto</i> (noh-shtoh) : impure, rotten, bad                                                                                 | <i>Thakur</i> (tah-kur) : title of respect; cf. : Rabindranath Tagore                                  |
| <i>chini</i> (chee-nee) : sugar                                                                                                                                                                         | <i>kaj</i> (kah-j) : work                                                      | <i>onek</i> (aw-nek) : many                                                                                                     | <i>Thana</i> (tah-nah) : District                                                                      |
| <i>cina</i> ( chee – nah) : China / Chinese                                                                                                                                                             | <i>kak</i> (kah-k) : crow                                                      | <i>oshuk</i> (aw-shoo-k) : without ease; discomfort; disease                                                                    | <i>that</i> (tah-t) : short songs that help to learn the characteristic mode and motifs of a raga      |
| <i>cingri mach</i> (cheeng-ree mah-ch) : shrimp- fish                                                                                                                                                   | <i>kath</i> (kah-t) : wood                                                     | <i>pa</i> (pah) : foot                                                                                                          | <i>thik</i> (teek) : correct ; right ; properly done                                                   |
| <i>citra</i> (cheet-rah) : painting, art                                                                                                                                                                | <i>khela</i> (kheh-lah) : play, games, sport                                   | <i>pakah</i> (pah-khah) : ripe, solid, good quality                                                                             | <i>tik-tiki</i> (teek-teekee) : gecko                                                                  |
| <i>dacoit</i> ( dah-koh-eet ) : gangster                                                                                                                                                                | <i>khoja</i> (khoh-jah) : look for                                             | <i>par</i> (pahr) : shore, bank (of a body of water)                                                                            | <i>Vanga</i> (vah-ng-ha) : ancient name for Bengal                                                     |
| <i>desh</i> (desh) : country ; homeland                                                                                                                                                                 | <i>khub</i> (khu-b) : very                                                     | <i>parda</i> (pahr-dah) : curtain, garment covering women, custom of concealing women                                           | <i>Zindabad</i> (zih-dah-bahd) : long live !                                                           |
| <i>dhan</i> (dhah-n) : paddy                                                                                                                                                                            | <i>ki</i> (ki-h) : what                                                        |                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                        |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                         | <i>kokil</i> (koh-keel) : a kind of bird                                       |                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                        |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                         | <i>kola</i> (koh-lah) : banana (s)                                             |                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                        |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                         | <i>korbo</i> (koh-r-boh) : do ; make                                           |                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                        |

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APPENDIX C

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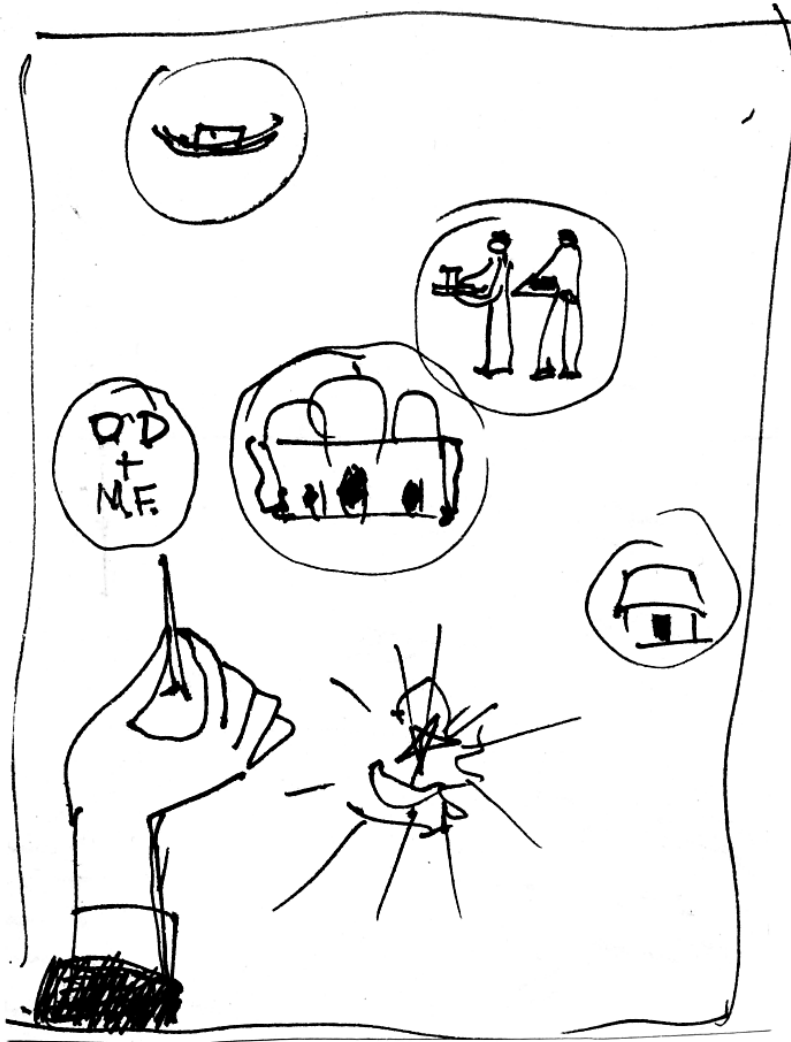
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“ ... forsā et haec olim memēnisse iuvabit ... ”

“ ... perhaps someday even these things will be fun to remember ... ”

[Virgil, I, line 203]