Guindy, Madras,
March 29, 1924.

Dear Margaret:

Just a line before I put on my hot blue clothes to go to Govt House to luncheon. I am advised to wear blue. They say silk would be too comfortable for a vice-regal function.

Yesterday & the day before I went to Ranipet, 10 miles away to see one work there. When we arrived the Brahmin physician in charge of the local work put a wreath of jasmine around my neck & had an assistant fan me during my stay in the office. In the evening we drove to a village 12 miles

miles further off to hear an out-door lecture in Tamil, on poochies by another one of the Holsworne doctors. Again was I invested with jasmine and this time before the multitude before the temple. I left my wreath on with the result that the bits of red wool that decorated the wreath stained my coat. But what of that, — it should wash out!

I spent the night with Dr. Galen Scudder, one of the group that Dr. Flora Jones is with at Vellore, a few miles further on. Dr. Jones was away & I had no time to go further.

Providence guided me to Ranipet on one of the two

weekly ice-cream days in the Scudder household. I lived up to American traditions.

Yesterday we drove straight through to Madras in a rattly Ford. We stopped to refresh ourselves with plantain + coconut, our only food + drink all day at Conjeeveram, one of the seven great Hindu temples of India.

To day I have packed, I removed the mongoose from my suit-case three times and think he is not in with my clothing now. He has a reputation for burrowing into the cushion of one of the chairs in the drawing room, but no one has sat heavily on

him yet.

Address me in care of the Am. Consul at Calcutta or Bombay.

I hope you all have a very good time at Nuwara Eliya. Give Mother my best love when she arrives.

The enclosed tinsel is off my last huge wreath of jasmine. Look out for the red stuff; it stains.

The Tinsel is lost for the time being.

I hope it has not been altogether too hot in Colombo. It is hot & dry here & Vellore is already declared a famine area. The last monsoon failed. With love

Wilbin.