Dear Margaret,

At the end of my last letter I was on the way to Amphiabe Suanwai to see Dr. Barnes' hutchworm unit not at work. We found them in a newly constructed log house and laboratory. We went from this to the next (temple) which was packed with an audience of 200 men and a few women waiting for a hutchworm lecture. Dr. Barnes and I sat in chairs at the feet of the great gold Buddha while Dr. Barnes and a Siamese army doctor of his staff lectured in Siamese. Hanging from the window was the ever-present hutchworm chart. The audience sat still giving absolute attention at the end of the lecture they were told to sit still to have their pictures taken, and I went back to the cloistered, the only source of light of any consequence, and took three time exposures of 40 sec. each. The people sat still as we called under Dr. Barnes' coaching until the first was taken, and marvelous 5 photos, all three pictures came out well. In the background is the huge Buddha smiling sarcastically at his feet is the group of qrants, with 3 tails chart and before them sit the priests and the
people. We saw the temple library, a sort of box in which were kept the books. The books were bundles of strips of papyrus, on which were neat regular and handsome writings. These were now string together loosely by strings passing through two perforations in each page thus

After this, entering, there was a microscopic demonstration outside. We returned to the headquarters, where we waited with the staff and discussed methods. While we were there, two soldiers parachute brought in two prisoners in chains to the government headquarters in the same enclosure. They were followed by two men carrying the evidence consisting of two bottles of opium. I suppose the charge was selling opium without a licence.

In the yard one of the weeds was the wonderful screw-the plant. If you touched a leaf it almost snapped shut and if you pinched a stem, it bent back to an acute angle.

We returned to Chiangmai for lunch.

A couple of native women were waiting to sell us the beaten silverware of the region and the lacquer work.
In the afternoon we called on Mrs. Daniel McElroy, sister of Rev. Bradley of H.C., and wife of the late Dr. Bradley, one of the pioneer medical missionaries of Chiang Mai. Dr. Bradley was born in China and his father was the pioneer medical missionary of Chiang Mai. We saw the Chiang Mai Club and visited the home of the British minister. We then went with his wife, who is a half native Chinese woman with European education. Mrs. McElroy and Mrs. Harris, missionary teachers, came to dinner at the 'army' house. Mrs. Harris is the daughter of Mrs. McElroy.

In the afternoon we visited the market and sampled palm sugar, cane sugar, rice, and sugar. We visited the Chiang Mai prison. In the enclosure there was the constant sound of clanking chains of the prisoners in chains riveted to their legs. In spite of this barbaric use of chains there were evidences of prison reform, for there was a workshop in which the prisoners manufactured baskets and chairs of wood.
In the corner of the yard was the rice mill where the grains were husked out by a long row of foot-power hammers. I saw one case of deliberi and several keros.

We drove out to the tombs of the Chiang Wei
King and I photographed them with the
adjoining ruined Wall.

At luncheon we had curry an
glutinous rice. This sticky rice is peculiar
to the region and is nauseous. We
also had black rice for porridge and butter
rice cakes.

We saw a couple of Buddhist priests
planting within the grounds in the strict
silently waiting in front of a house for their
donation. They held bowls in which to put the
money.

We have reached the next day, March 8.
In the forenoon we visited the Landline
(county) Sarajevo and saw evidences of Dr. Barnett's
activities. On the way back we stopped at a
vat and asked the priests to wheel the big
temple drum (called "gong" or "kong") into the vat
so that we could photograph it, which they did.

In the afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Barnett, Dr. Kaw,
and I called on the Chao Dara (meaning bold wife)
one of the widows of the late King of Diam and
daughter of the last King of Chiangmai, and
The son of the Lord, the next to Chingman, Chao Suan, it was of the last thing of the lives in a granite which may condense him in part to not succeeding to his father's throne. We sat quite a while holding a silent conversation with the Chao Suan, although Dr. Barnes was able to talk with her. She came in with her mouth crammed with what looked like shredded tobacco, but it was probably a betel nut mixture. Then the reverend bought her anything he crawled in on hands and knees and then crawled out. After a while the Chao Suan showed us the workshop where she was supervising the making of the garments of the future queen of Siam, who was going to adopt the title "gin" and reform the dress of the four baronesses. The dresses were of silk and were being worn in handloom by native women of Chiangmai. The color and patterns were lovely — blues,
Prinks, reds, and greens. The Chao people had invented the patterns by embroidering them in pieces of serice, which were used as guides by the weavers. The thread was being wound on a spinning wheel.

We then visited the native Silversmiths. They work in primitive places hammering out silver boxes backside during the operation by a stiff way. The women do the selling. From there we went to a lacquer maker. The boxes are first woven out of banana fibers and then covered with a clayish mixture and surfaced with lacquer, hiding this structure. Patterns are scratched on by hand and then filled with color. We also visited a pottery where jars were being made on a wheel with marvelous dexterity. We also saw the same ways, the elephant gate, etc.

The next morning we started back toward Bangkok, and we are still in the way. As the initial moto side we passed many women wearing yellow orchids in their hair, a common custom. At Pitsamoles a big "tucktoo" lizard a foot long watched us eat dinner from his position on the wall. This is the third day on the road, and we shall soon reach Bangkok.

Lots of love to you all.

Wilma