



THE PUBLIC HEALTH DIVISION,
THE RED CROSS SOCIETY OF SIAM.
THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH BOARD.
THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION.

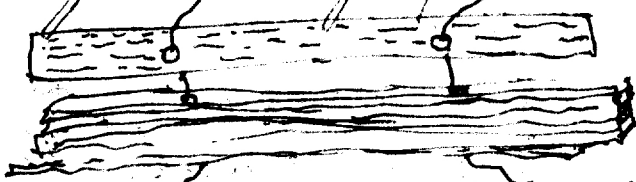
M. E. Barnes, M. D., Senior State Director.

Approaching Bangkok, March 11, 1921.

กองเสนาธิการ

Dear Margaret,
At the end of my last letter I was on the way to Amphur Samsai to see Dr. Barnes' hookworm unit no. 1 at work. We found them in a newly constructed leaf house and laboratory. We went from there to the wat (temple) which was packed with an audience of 800 men and a few women waiting for a hookworm lecture. Dr. Keiser and I sat in chairs at the feet of the great gilded Buddha while Dr. Barnes and a Siamese army doctor of his staff lectured in Siamese. Hanging from the pulpit was the ever present hookworm 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 doorway, the only source of light of any consequence, and took three time exposures of 40 sec. each. The people sat still as mice under Dr. Barnes coaching until the photo was taken, and, marvelous to relate, all three pictures came out well. In the background is the huge Buddha smiling sardonically. At his feet is the group of upstarts with their hookworm 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 palm leaf on which was most
regular and handsome ^{of evidently not written on leaves} writing. These leaves were
strung together loosely by strings passing
through two perforations in each page thus



After the meeting there was a microscopic
demonstration outside. We returned to the
headquarters, where we visited with the staff
and discussed methods. While we were there
two soldiers police 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 booze. I suppose the charge
was selling liquor without a license.
I got a photo of the group.

In the yard one of the weeds was the
wonderful sensitive 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 luncheon.
A couple of native women were waiting to
sell us the beaten silverware of the region
and the lacquer work.



THE PUBLIC HEALTH DIVISION.
THE RED CROSS SOCIETY OF SIAM.
THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH BOARD.
THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION.
M. E. Barnes, M. D., Senior State Director.

ของ สภากาชาดสยาม

CHIENG MAI, SIAM.

In the afternoon we called on Mrs. Daniel McSilvary, sister of Prof Bradley of U. of C., and ~~wife~~ ^{widow} of the pioneer missionary of Chieng Mai. Prof. Bradley was born in Iran and his father was the pioneer medical missionary of at Bangkok. We saw the Chieng Mai Club and watched the polo. The British minister, ^(Mr. Wood) was there with his wife, who is a ~~full~~ native Siamese woman with European education. Mr. + Mrs. Wood and Mr. + Mrs. Harris (missionary-teacher) came to dinner at the Barnes'. Mrs. Harris is the daughter of Mrs. McSilvary.

In the afternoon, we visited the market and sampled palm sugar, made like malt sugar, and quite good. We visited the Chiengmai prison. In the enclosure there was the constant sound of clanking chains, for most of the prisoners had 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 woven work.

In the corner of the yard was the rice mill where the grains were beaten out by a long row of foot-power hammers. I saw one case of beriberi and several leprosy.

We drove out to the tombs of the Chong Mai King and I photographed them with the adjoining ruined wat.

At luncheon we had curry on glutinous rice. This sticky rice is peculiar to the region and is ~~fast~~ very good. We also had black rice for porridge and puffed rice cakes.

We saw a couple of Buddhist priests standing with the ~~the~~ notables in the street 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 temple (county) Saraper and saw evidences of Dr. Barnes' activities. On the way back we stopped at a wat and asked the priests to wheel the big temple drum (called "gong" or "kong") into the sun so that we could photograph it, which they did.

In the afternoon Dr. & Mrs. Barnes, Dr. Keiser and I called on the Chao Dara (meaning third wife) one of the widows of the late King of Siam and daughter of the last King of Chongmai, and

pink, red, ^{gold & silver} and greens. The Chao had
had invented the patterns by embroidering
them on pieces of scrim, which were
used as guides by the weavers. The thread
was being wound on a spinning wheel.

We then visited the native Silver-smiths.
They work in primitive hammers hammering out
silver knobs backed during the operation by a
stuff wax. The women do the selling. From
there we went to a lacquer maker.
The boxes are first woven out of bamboo
fibres and then covered with a clayish
mixture and surfaced with lacquer, hiding
their 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 marvellous
dexterity. We also saw ~~the~~ some wats,
the elephant gate, ~~and~~ etc.

And the next morning we started
back toward Bangkok, ~~to~~ and we are
still on the way. In the initial motor ride we
passed many women wearing yellow
orchids in their hair, - a common custom.
At Pitsanuloke 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 + lots of love to you all,
Wilbur