

Introduction

Outline

- Methodology/ process
- Problem solving
- Introduction
 - Place of the memoir in literature
- Melvin's Memoir
- Endnotes

Problems I have encountered in regard to my individual research project have been few and far between, but when they have arisen it takes time to get back on track again. One of the main issues I first ran into when beginning to type up the handwritten memoir was the pagination. Pages did not always seem to match up, especially in the middle of the paper making transitions between certain pages questionable. As I attempted to connect the same thought from page to page things slowly started rectifying themselves. Right away I was able to recognize stray pages mistakenly out of order and number the pages accordingly. Another issue I ran into was the fact that this primary source is actually a copy of the real thing which we have no record of having. This posed a problem in some of the later pages where the top portions of the scanned pages are too dark, consequently blurring words and at times entire sentences, making them illegible.

As I transcribed each handwritten page, I realized each was never more than half a page typed. With this in mind, I made the separation between pages clear by putting a line at the end of each. This has allowed me to keep the original pagination and to easily go back to edit if necessary. What really confused me more than anything though was attempting to read Melvin's hand-writing. At times this proved to be an extremely difficult (and frustrating) task – individual letters were frequently indistinguishable and some words looked like they were in a different language all together. However, as I continued reading and translating, I began to notice his unique writing patterns; more often than not, he does not cross his "t's", "of" looks like a squiggle or some sort of symbol rather than an actual word, the letter "p"? It almost always looks like a hieroglyph of some sort... Definitely took some time to catch on to these little quirks of his, but in the end they subtly add to his personality: slightly mysterious, a bit curious, but fun. Overall, what I can deduce from this memoir in its entirety is that Melvin Brorby was nothing short of an extremely kind, selfless, and humble man.

The layout of my paper is very unconventional. Instead of using the typical thesis format, I am using a primary source (Melvin Brorby's memoir) as the basis of my research. This allows me the freedom to explore multiple topics as the course of events change within the memoir itself. Not only that, but I have the opportunity to express my own thoughts and reaction on certain aspects of Melvin's life and the goings on of the world at the time. In this respect, I have the chance to delve into everything that interests me about him without being tied to proving a specific point, just relaying the facts and making relevant connections.

MEMOIR as a LITERARY GENRE

A memoir is “a narrative composed from personal experience.”¹ As a genre, it is a type of life writing – a subcategory of biography, sharing similar characteristics and is close in comparison to the formal qualities of the novel; however memoir stands as a special form of writing in its own right. From its etymology (French and Latin), a memoir translates to “memory” or a “reminiscence.”² In this respect a memoir’s content relies heavily on memory rather than linear facts and dates as is true for autobiographies or the fantasy worlds of fiction. In other words, it is “a literary form that exposes the author’s life without the protective masks afforded by fiction.”³

According to author, Tomas Larson, “the memoir [is] a genre focused on a particularly emotional relationship in the author’s past, an intimate story concerned more with who is remembering, and why, than with what is remembered.”⁴ This inevitably brings into play the psychology of memory and how our memories change over time depending on what information is more dominant/ vivid. No matter how much truth there is to it (or thought to be) the fallibility of this faculty is high. In turn, whatever literary credence memoir has as a genre, it is affected by its inherent democratic potential. Its publication “seems to be open to anybody...permeating contemporary culture...to the point of saturation.”⁵ There are many ethic challenges when writing memoir – not only do you have the obligation to present facts truthfully, but you have a moral obligation to others as you share not only your life, but theirs as well. Memoirs can be an act of generosity, but can conversely accuse and condemn.⁶ For these reasons, memoirs (and consequently their authors) are placed under greater scrutiny than other genres: it makes no sense to fact-check a novel. I can personally testify to this as I have been – almost religiously – researching people and events Melvin Brorby has mentioned throughout his memoir. We read and therefore approach memoirs differently than novels (a “sibling” if you will, to the memoir as they share a considerable amount of literary traits), so this habitual act is justified.

Questions I am still grappling with: What year is he writing these? To whom? Posterity?

Melvin Memoir

Well, here goes,

I don’t know how this will turn out, nor how much of your time I will take, but I can assure you it has already taken quite a bit of mine.

To tell and _____ story of the life of little Melvin, perhaps old Melvin, so his great, great grandchildren won’t have to wonder who or what he was. Of course I’ll just hit the high shots – the low ones are already buried.

¹ <http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/memoir>

² <http://www.goodreads.com/genres/memoir>

³ <http://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2010/01/25/but-enough-about-me-2>

⁴ *The Memoir and the Memorist* (Athens 2011).

⁵ Thomas Couser, *Memoir: An Introduction*, (Oxford, 2011), 5 and 8.

⁶ *Ibid.*, 14

Yes, he was born in Decorah, Iowa on the morning or evening of September 20, 1894 – just imagine, ninety seven years ago. To Louise and Martin Brorby, two of the kindest and most lovable people he had ever met. Not rich, no, never rich. But always gentle and kind. How could I be so lucky. And never parted from each other for one day in all their married lives.

In Decorah, Iowa... then in New Hampton, until the young man (very young at that time) was about seven, perhaps eight, when they moved to Chicago.

Let's see, what can I remember of those early years. Well, I remember that in the fall we all went out together to gather hickory nuts. Yes, and in the little park across the street there was a big civil war canon, and little Melvin used to go over and sit on it. And two older boys, on trapezes, used to toss him back and forth. And once, on a picnic, they tried to teach him to swim and nearly drowned him (don't ever try it). And finally I made my debut as a singer. ___ girl (I believe H. Goodell) and I sang a duet at a church affair... yes I remember it, shall I sing it?

What's on the tree little girl,

Oh “ “ “ “ “ “

There's a birdie on the tree

“ “ “ “ “ “

“ “ “ “ “ “ little girl.

What a performance! And look what I turned into – a guy who still thinks he can write songs.

There is a [picture](#) here of the family reunion about that time, in Decorah (my father was one of ten children) You will see little Melvin in front, at the right.

Also, there is a picture of Melvin on the steps of their New Hampton house, about five. Does he already look a bit sure of himself? And another, on the steps of their first Chicago residence, with his two sisters Leah and Marion (probably with holes in the bottom of at least one shoe)

But he was already running around to get the four nickels and dimes he got on the way to learning his great lesson... work for it, and love. Thank God for both. And I guess he was beginning to learn, I can, I will – and keep it simple. Perhaps I can, I will, I did!

Let's move on to education.. he seems to have stuffed himself with it.

First act of that stuffing drama was at an elementary school in Chicago. The Doolittle school I believe. I just happened to find the report cards for those years... and believe it or not most were in the nineties. How did that happen? I don't know.

After that came the Wendell Philips High School on 39th st. What do I remember of that?

We lived on 45th st. and several times I had to watch carefully for a gang on the way. Also I had a final grade of 100 in solid geometry. Yes, me! Teacher wanted me to get

A scholarship at Chicago University and major in mathematics. No- I didn't want to be a teacher. I didn't know it, but something special always was in a corner of my mind. Of course I worked summers and in between – and in my junior year (I had a really good job that summer) my Dad needed help.. wished me to stay on the job. Well, I did... but because I discovered that there were night school classes I could attend (and did attend) after work. I kept up with my class. And the four years ended with success.

Except for an unusual thing. I used to love to play around in the gym... shoot baskets...hang up in the rings. Up in the air I would drop back from the rings and let my feet catch and hold me up. Only one time I dropped but my feet deceived me... I came onto the floor in a V-shape, the point of the V being my back. Walking was not comfortable for quite a while... and I believe that tumble gave me a first and lasting spell of headaches that stayed over the years.

After high school I worked for two years so I could go to college. First, as special office boy for Mr. Shar, Publisher of System, Magazine of Business; then working with Maurice Needham in the Advertising Department,

We wrote advertisements which the space salesmen would use to sell space... everything from small space to full pages. So I became a writer without planning it. I liked Maurice and I picked the University of Wisconsin and later Phi gamma Delta because he had. Later I was to go into business with him, and he would be best man at my wedding.

At Madison I had only enough money for one semester's tuition, and living for one week. So I went to the newspaper and got a job. Actually that was my life style through those first three years – work of some kind, everything but waiting on tables. No time for girls – work and study and classes... but I did play sports; a lot of basketball and was for three years on the tennis team, just two of us.

And again I seemed to be lucky – work and classes and tennis... but my grades must have been good... average for four years 94... and I was lucky enough to make Phi Beta Kappa. I got my key after just two years. Don't ask me how. Other honors too after each year...recognition of grades and performance - ____ cross at the end.

Then in the middle of my third year came the war. I enlisted for the first officer's training school of Fort Sheridan.

But the shriveled up Sergeant turned Captain tossed me out albumin in my urine. Doctor Middleton of (medical?), who gave me my physicals before each tennis year, tried to convince him it was simply because we were in the middle of tennis matches. No go – and I was lucky again... Later in France, I discovered several of my friends, who did go, in hospitals after being gassed in their first weeks in service. Right into big action and many casualties. Then I escaped.

But I did get into a uniform. After the junior year was over, I quickly went to Washington, hoping to find a source job that would get me over.

It wasn't as easy as I expected. To get a job so I could eat, I had to go to business school and learn typing and shorthand, which gave me an interesting job as secretary and assistant to the

head of what they called “The US Bureau of Efficiency” – think that’s what it was – a very good job, but before long interrupted by a chance to get to France with the Adjutant General’s Department, and very soon on a comfortable ship for a French port. Not quite an officer, but at least an officer’s uniform.

I’ll make the war story short – although it lasted quite a while, and was very satisfying – not because I was in the trenches and could hear missiles flying overhead, but because I was assigned as kind of a secretary to general Arthur Johnson, with whom I served my entire war days and nearly two years, and whom I loved and respected greatly. He was C.O. of the Intermediate Section of SOS which took in the largest piece of France, and contained aviation training fields, hospitals, Supply Depots etc. etc. – and was a stopover point with barracks for units of the army passing through on the way to Pershing’s headquarters Chaumont. The general had been a Colonel of Infantry, and we fought the war on a big map hanging in his office. He had a black horse, Dixie, and early mornings he rode around and looked at waste stations. Any one that was wasting food got a letter which I wrote to the C.O., who came in and was told if any more food was being wasted, rations would be cut. And they were.

The General was entitled to several Colonels as assistants and Adjutant General, but he had only me, and an Adjutant General, who was first a captain, nephew of the War Secretary – who got sent on long trips because all he liked was his new uniform and Next a.....

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Had agreed to go with me, but was unable to. I borrowed the small sums they had put into a Paris bank; Another attractive and interesting young man, graduate of Princeton, Alston Waring, wanted to join me, and did. So we left Paris together on what I shall call a trip. Visit many countries and meet at least some of their people.

But before I leave altogether (which I am sure will be never) let me move into two brief stories that may be of interest.

First, as the war was drawing to a close, and the signing of an armistice was imminent, I, as Adjutant General, issued an order for three of us including me of course, to go to Paris for three days. *****THERE IS A LETTER IN THE WAR DOC. FOLDER ABOUT THIS REQUEST!!!***(22 October 1918)***** Which of course we did, and as I left my small hotel the next morning I observed that everybody on the street was beginning to smile broadly, happily, and surely at eleven a.m. the armistice was signed.

Paris of course broke into happiness which soon resembled bedlam. I couldn’t possibly do justice to it. All the shop girls were in the street, and being in an American uniform I was kissed more times in every block than I have any time in my life. **Haha!** Don’t mistake me it wasn’t disagreeable, no sir. A bit strenuous, and not ever by supper time. The boulevards, the streets, were crowded, the bars jammed. I think that’s all I should tell you. But we were there three days,

playing and singing. And in uniform (actually Ex uniform and insignia of a British Lieutenant – which he was not). As a young boy he had served some way in the military forces of Holland, his

country. But the girls were all fascinated by him, and I saw that I had better take a hand. I did, and it became a rather long story. The British military had been after him, and probably would have crossed him out for pretending to be a British officer – So, to protect the girls and perhaps to save his life, I entered into a close relation with him. We stopped at his hotel for lunch, and of course he couldn't pay. We took a cab to the Latin Quarter where I lived, and of course he couldn't pay. For several days I worked with him and finally persuaded him to go to his home in the Netherlands – at my expense of course. But he did go, and I'm sure his family got him out of that dangerous fake uniform. I did hear from him, and he sent a small part of what I had loaned and spent for him. But somehow I felt satisfied – I know I have saved his life; he had saved his country and was a talented boy, wasn't I supposed to help people?

Well, the wonderful days in Paris were over. Now could I do what I had dreamed so long? Travel and live briefly in many countries and get to know their people. Two friends from Madison...

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Then of course the games, the athletics. Each college had its own playing fields, at the edge of Oxford...room for all the games, with tennis a favorite. Tennis was my game, I was on the college team, and either afterwards, or between, sets, we had tea in the teahouse. It was a surprise to me that after two sets, and before the winning or losing final set, we stopped for tea. Proving to me, perhaps for the first time, that you can relax and laugh, yet remain competitive. You still might want to win!

We rode out to the field on our bicycles.

The major sporting activity was of course the river and the racing boats. Eight of ten boys working together to get up speed (without spilling over) and beat the other college. I did try it for one day, but tennis was my game.

Yes, I did love Oxford. It almost spoiled me for any place else.

I must add that two other Americans at Oxford as I was, were close friends, and during vacation we made a long bicycle adventure... The train to Exeter, cycling down the coast road all the way down to Lands End, through many towns like Tintagel, site of King Arthur's castle (they believe) in the water just off shore. Ed Strater from Louisville, and Bob Goodall from Alabama – we did visit together later... good friends.

That brings me back to Madison, for the last...

...year of my four there. It was an unusual year. The few of us who were returning were disappointed about certain things we found – we thought some things should be changed. Dancing at the Chocolate Shop in the afternoons – leaving football games before the games were finished, etcetera. Another boy and I started a new club or group to change the spirit of the university back to the way we remembered it. We had the captains of teams, the editors of school papers, and other oldsters to join... and in a short time anybody for the dance had to sneak in the back way. It worked, and the old Madison returned. Also, I started a new club, the Anglo American Club. And so I graduated with honors. One thing I do remember, another oldster and I

sat through lectures in Social Psychology (the Professor once wanted me as his assistant) not paying much attention. So the night before the final exam I read the Professor's book – sitting up most of the night. Not having any idea of how I did on the exam, I went to the Professor's office where a big stack of examination papers were on the desk. I approached, suddenly saw that the top paper was marked 100... Don't ask me whose it was. Me!

Now we come to the next adventure in education. When I finished at Madison, with a good reputation I applied to IIE (Institute of International Education) for a fellowship to French universities, got it, and was soon on my way back to France.

For the summer I attended the University of Strasbourg. It turned very interesting because this place of vital territory separating France and Germany had just come back to France after having been taken by Germany. At four o'clock on every Sunday morning the railway stations were packed with people of all sizes and costumes waiting to go up into the mountains. The country tours had little outdoor dance platforms with an instrument or two, and they were crowded every hour. We tried one. The house we lived in had been a student club house like one of our fraternities – the couple who took care of the one we stayed in, cooked us fantastic German food in large quantities. While we were there the President of France came over, and in a castle (so called) that had been the German's, he made a big speech of welcome to the people of Strasbourg. (I have two items to prove I had been invited – a silver spoon and a silver fork, both bearing the crest of the German Emperor. Shame on you!)

Well, it seems it was time to go back to Paris. I actually enrolled at the Sorbonne, but when I discovered it was in a small skyscraper,

...and standing at the entrance I overheard a small group of girls and boys, giggling and pinching each other. All I could think of was Oxford. So I cancelled at Sorbonne and found an interesting college in Paris, "Ecole Libre des Sciences Politique," where most of the European countries sent their young, budding diplomats. I enrolled and found it very rewarding... and different. One of two Professors became a good friend... he had written (good?) books about England and America (I'll think of his name in a minute or two).. One of the things I remember – maybe two – the foreign policy of any country is determined by what that country needs – or doesn't have _ food, land, security, etc. Each student was given ten minutes to discuss and explain the country's greatest problem or need. The only guy who could stay within the ten minutes was me, but of course I was talking to adversaries.

Perhaps I may be permitted to move in a human direction for a moment. I had met a very interesting Russian girl (many White Russians were in Paris to get away from Red Russia) and she took me to the apartment of a rich American family, who opened all their doors on Sunday to friends and guests for tea and conversation and meeting new people. When I got there I found two things – a girl I had met and liked in Louisville, visiting Ed Strater, was there with her mother and five other girls from a fashionable finishing school in Italy. At the piano sat a blond young boy, attractive...

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With the war ended, there were several options for recommended officers, principally. First, I entered the tennis tournament for officers, to be held at Nice, in Southern France. Of course I went and had one match (I don't think I won it) when a phone call came telling me that I could go to Oxford University, for a half year term. You bet I hurried back, and soon walked onto the quadrangle square of an Oxford college (one of over twenty) – I believe it was Brasenose College, where I had one of the most beautiful and useful experiences of my whole life.

Life at Oxford is very intellectual, but in a quiet, beautiful way. In the quadrangle are a number of stairways, and I was assigned to one of them. I had an apartment, a pair of rooms, on the top, the third floor. A servant assigned to this stairway brought me my breakfast, then my luncheon, and at dinner time we donned our black hat and I believe jacket, and had formal dinner in the big dining room, with the professors at the platform table. Lots of conversation and visiting back and forth after with other student guests. Delightful. For classes we went to lectures in any one of the colleges. In our own college we had a tutor, one of the teachers supervised our studies, made suggestions, and was really the heart and mind of the scholastic system.

For recreation or stimulation there was the Union, a delightful but meaningful debating and speaking society. Many of England's greatest statesmen were Union products.

****Questionable pagination.....****

Lt. Colonel who wasn't needed at the front, and finally, I was a Second Lieutenant and Adjutant General of the Intermediate Section of SOS. Later, (which could have been just a little earlier) "I" was recommended to be a major, but a new rule at Washington said "only one jump at a time," so I was First Lieutenant. (I only cared because a Major's salary would have helped put me through the last year of college).

But I loved the General and he loved me (I am sure). My desk was next to his, and I could ride out into our large territory any time it was necessary. He had a tremendous sense of duty [and] never accepted a simple dinner engagement from the French... It was his duty to be on the job... every minute. Sad he was.

I lived with a lovely French family – Madame Ayne, large family coming and going, husband had been a Colonel of French Infantry, killed in the first moments of war. I was lucky... so many of the young officers had French girls (husbands at war perhaps) and the hotel bar was always crowded.

I was recommended for the higher honors ... Legion of Honor and Medal of Honor. I had to take the next one down, French and American, because I hadn't been in the trenches.

_____ of _____, _____ (of?) _____. At certain hours in Paris, one is frequently offered comfort and affection by girls in the street.

I had never responded, but finally I thought I should explore these kind offers. So to one of them I did, and climbed a stairway up to a small bedroom, sparingly furnished, no sign of opulence. She threw herself on the bed, but I did not follow. Instead I talked with her, how this part of her

life had happened, did she enjoy it, did it make her a living. Then I left her ten dollars, walked down the steps, down the street, very unhappy.

So it was time to leave Paris, and our first stop was the League of Nations in Switzerland – their second assembly. America of course had not joined, although our President Wilson was one of its founders, really.

Because America was not a member, we were given a warm welcome. Lord Cecil, the head man, invited us to lunch. In the balcony we sat next to Mr. Filene, owner of Department stores. In the front now was a rather noisy journalist who expressed dislike of everything. It turned out he represented the _____ Tribune. They were not internationally minded. We met top men from the new European countries (like Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, etc.) They gave us good welcomes when we visited their countries later.

Following Geneva, we stumbled into Heaven. We met an American gentleman, unknown to us, who...

...was most interested in what we ___ _____ meet the people of the world. He was gracious, friendly, and he invited us to have dinner with him at his hotel, which I believe was in Geneva. He had just come from Florence in Italy, and we were on the way there, he told us to be sure to meet Dr. or Prof. **Assagioli** a psychologist. Halfway through the dinner, he remarked that maybe somewhere through our trip we might have some money problems and if we did, perhaps he could help us. Out of a very blue sky, as he was about to eat his wild strawberries, and not over an hour since we met him. We were silent for a moment, I presume stunned, and then I said we were close to that point now. What did he do? Reached into his pocket for his check book, handed me a check for \$2500. There must have been angels nearby, and I believe we were so surprised and so pleased we almost didn't know what to say.

But I am firmly convinced that that wonderfully kind gift had a lasting effect at least upon me, and gave me a magnificent awareness of kindness, which has been with me ever since.

His name was Frank Vandertip, and he was President of one of New York's biggest banks. I wrote him several long letters along the way, sent him a check the very first money I earned, but learned from his son later he had never (expected?) it. My one regret, I was never able to try to thank him and let him know what he had done.

In Florence we did meet ___ Assagioli, who taught me to practice presentation, and we became friends. He told us much about the religions of **India**, I will always remember him. And Italy became the first of the countries we were to visit. We made a bicycle tour of the hill towns, beginning with Assisi.

As I remember, Italy didn't become one country until about 1820. The ruling families of the provinces put their homes and belongings on hilltop, often with tall towers. These are now called the hill towns. One of our most pleasant excursions was our visit to Italy's hill towns by bicycle. During the heat of the day, in Churches looking at beautiful old paintings and such. Our offer to help a little let us sleep in the hay piles in barns – traveling as we planned in the manner of St.

Francis. The end of their pleasant circuit was **La Verna Monastery**ⁱ, across Italy from Florence, and supposedly where St. Francis received the stigmata. Two things I remember... Talking with the different monks was like talking with other people anywhere. Also, There was another visitor, from Florence.. an interesting Italian who was head of the Italian Government's Department of Antiquities - with whom we cycles back to Florence, where we had the good pleasure of being his family's guest – sleeping and eating and enjoying.

One other incident. This was **Mussolini** time in Italy. Struggle for control. I was cycling into town, approaching an important crossroad, when I observed a small band of men, many in costume, approaching towards me, just as...

A horse drawn carriage crossed at my corner. What happened? In a flash the Mussolini officers, as they appeared to be, stopped the carriage, _____ the man from inside and started to beat the hell, out of him. One after another they hit him, me watching in a rage, wishing I had a weapon or a baseball bat. The carriage driver waited, and when the beating was over, gathered up what was left of his client. One _____ I shall always remember. The last gang member to hit him was a hunchback. When the rest were finished, he started up and gave the victim a _____ stomach punch with his stick. If only I could have shot him.

Of course we spent more time in beautiful Italy where I had visited before. But time was here to start the three year excursion into the great world... So from _____ we took a small steamer down the Adriatic, past (closed?) off Albania, to historic Greece.

It was indeed an odd time to visit the historic country. They were in the midst of a revolution, and coming in our ship passed an armored small battleship. It was carrying the king, actual or deposed, somewhere. We didn't get a handshake.

In the next few days we did see Greece, new but mostly old... the many beautiful monuments, like Parthenon, north and south, and paid our silent tribute to this country that historians of the way-back past (reverse?). My only complaint was the food – somehow it did not agree with Melvin. But we loved Greece.

Paraieus

A most interesting and _____, to find _____ of Greece, was Paraieus, the port town of Athens. There was an important Greek city, ancient and modern, Symrna [correct spelling, "**Smyrna**"], halfway down the Aegean coast.ⁱⁱ It was Greek, but the country behind it was Turkey, and the Greeks and the Turks seem to be continually at war. The Turks had taken Smyrna, set it on fire, took all able bodied men prisoners, left the oldsters, the women and children, either to burn with their houses or go to the beach, some ways below, and pray. An American, YMCA I believe, had a radio and notified all ships in the area to come and help. So every port city around the Aegean was stuffed with Greeks from Smyrna – especially Paraieus, doorway to Athens. There was a bay, several shiploads of fire victims unable to land because of the Greek fear of plague, but the sidewalks of the town itself were _____ by rugs, sheets, blankets into cubbyholes, each to a family. In Athens we saw peasants frying fish on the palace steps.

But in spite of this unhappiness, we saw and loved Greece. Next stop was Constantinople, old city, full of good and bad memories, full of things to see. The allies had placed an American in charge... either former governor of Minnesota, or mayor of Minneapolis. Extremely cordial, offered to have the little battleship take us to see Smyrna, but we first wanted to see the Greek city.

What are the two things I remember most? Of course we saw the monuments and historic places...

...but there were two other _____.

As we came out of our small hotel, _____ we heard sirens that said there was a fire, first thing we saw was a _____, miserable looking so-called fire engine going to the fire. There apparently are only private fire departments – this was coming in late and was broken-down, put together with safety-pins _____, with three or four ragamuffins (how do you spell that!) trying to get the contraption to the fire.

So for the fun of it, we followed. It wasn't fast, and I think the fire was out, only smoke left. We stayed close while they scrambled forward where the property owners stood, and tried to get their share of pay for putting out the fire.

We didn't ask to join!

The other thing, clean and bright, was a bakery, or so we thought, and we were willing to try their pastry. Behind the counter were two men in beautiful white garments, with high white hats ready to sell us pastry? – No, that wonderful, powdered, jelly like Turkish candy. A delightful surprise.

We did stop at Smyrna and walked through part of the smoking, smoldering remains of a great city. Brick and cement walls still standing, but most of the rest gone. Look around this room I am in, at the furniture, rugs, pictures, piano, mementos, choice little things one treasures, and imagine it all gone up in smoke. No thank you.

Sometime after that _____ of _____. Thinking of all the unhappy people, _____ home and comforting _____ and family _____ and the happy home and fortunate people that I soon would be returning to. How different it is for people to be nice to other people.

The next town we walked into was Beirut, in Lebanon, around the bend and bathed by the Mediterranean Sea – in a part of the world, the Middle East, now so much in the news. There was and is an American University there, which we visited. Several of its professors are what we now call hostages. In our time the top appeal of Beirut, or Lebanon, was a Christian, _____ two a Muslim. Not fighting each other, at least not yet – but an interesting thing happened. After a few days visit, we drove with two visiting U.S. naval officers to visit Damascus, stopping on the way to see stunning Roman ruins at **Baalbek**. As we drove through open country towards Damascus, no traffic to bother us, suddenly a single car was approaching. As they got pretty near, two men with guns fired at us, just as we got near – shots directly at our front, but slightly over windshield. They might have just been drunken drivers, but in retrospect it was more likely

an early signal of the unrest and fighting that came much later. It could have put us out of business. Maybe we were just lucky.

Shortly after that we decided to walk from Nazareth to Jerusalem. And we soon had an interesting experience – and one that was (instructive?).

Just off the road we were following, was what looked like a small farm. One building, almost the size of one room, surrounded by thatched small sheds where apparently all the work gets done. I said, “Let’s call on them.”

The farmer opened the door, and we walked in. His wife was with him, and they were both cordial, but ____ surprised. The room was smaller than the one I am now sitting in. Over half of the room had a built up wooden floor – the rest was sand. They smiled at us, and we smiled at them, friendly style; but our languages were not the same. I guess they understood American, and perhaps (student?). But in spite of that, we sat for two hours of _____. She wanted to feed us, and I made my fingers into the shape of an egg. So eggs it was, and (safe?). We each had a large round flatbread. Mine I tucked into my shirt – nibbled on, but mostly for the buds along the way. But strange as it seemed, we had a two hour visit that was friendly. Why? We were all four being kind. When we left, he took me by my hand, raised to the shoulder, and walked with forty paces. He bowed, I bowed, and we were on the way to Jerusalem. Another good lesson in kindness.

Jerusalem had many things to look at. One I remember was the Wailing Wall, the big high stone...

...wall where unhappy people – maybe some of them were happy just to be there – prayed and meditated or what have you. While in this ancient city we ran into a small group of well-dressed guys who were interested in us for some reason, and the leader, after talking to us, gave us a letter to a man in Egypt, Cairo. They said he was a gentleman, important, had been something like our Secretary of State and had given his library to the city of Cairo. Of course we could not read the letter.

I should of course mention Bethlehem and the two churches there which are so important to Christians. We met somebody special there, in the.....down a few stairs _____ where someone was brought as a baby; you may know more about that than I can remember. One church I seem to remember was taken care of one-half by one group, perhaps Protestant, the other half by perhaps the Catholics. Well anyway, we did go to Bethlehem.

Now we go to Egypt, with that letter. I am glad I am not obliged to tell you everything I saw or did in every town or country I visited. You probably already know as much as I do about many of those places in countries. Remember what I am trying write about took place more than seventy years ago. Try stretching your memory that far. It would in some respects be easier had I kept a diary. But in that case, with that on my mind, by now I might be (crazy?).

Cairo is an interesting place, and Egypt is an old and honorable country. We saw many very interesting and very old things, especially the pyramids at the edge of the desert; the many things

now in museums, some around the world, found in the burial compartments of these fabulous pyramids. One important one had just been discovered, and **Prof. Breasted** and his wife, of the University of Chicago, were standing by in a houseboat waiting for a really good look at it when the scientist who discovered it returned from England.ⁱⁱⁱ He had gone to report on his discovery to the man of wealth in England who had sponsored this adventure.

Well, we saw a lot of Egypt, some memories too vague to make a story. We met important British officials, very helpful, and then returned to Suez to wait for a tramp steamer that would take us through the canal and on to India.

We were standing on the porch of a small green hut, much out of repair, in our travel clothes, when suddenly there appeared in the doorway a tall, handsome, well dressed Egyptian, bowing to us. Our letter had arrived, been read by the right people... his message, the governor begged us to stay, and be seen and entertained. We quickly changed clothes, and went with our important unknown visitor. The next several days were exciting, and finally revealing.

I might intercede to let you know that we had already been riding on camel. I wish I could draw a picture of all the interesting things we saw there. I forgot to mention that when we went first into Cairo, we were met by a gentleman wearing a flower in his buttonhole, got into his carriage, surprised him when he asked us which hotel we were staying at, and we had to say the YMCA.

Well, on with this surprise part of our story. We were taken, I don't believe to the Governor's office, because he would have been British or British oriented. I believe we were taken first to the home of Zaghlul Pasha (something like that).^{iv} He had been the leader of the Egyptian opposition to British rule. He himself was imprisoned in Gibraltar and the man who came out to greet us was quite old, and very gentle.^v He took me by the hand and led me into the house. There we met quite a dozen well dressed Egyptians, in a circle, and we were introduced to them all, gentle handshakes with a few, but most important that letter was passed along and there were smiles and several who came and put a drop of perfume on our lapels.

More of them came to meet us. I believe we ____ another group in something like a bookstore.

Anyway, we left Zaghlul Pasha's house with an invitation to come back next day for dinner. I forgot to mention for Christmas Day Dinner.

Yes, this was Xmas eve, and as we left the house with two of them, they said since they would be unable to be with us the next day, would we have dinner with them that evening. Of course we said yes, and had our Xmas Eve dinner in the best hotel. Not mad conversation, but some amusement on our part at the silly conduct of some drinking Britishers who walked little dolls up the aisle between tables. Our two Egyptians were bitterly scornful of such silliness – for 2 cents they would have killed them.

Next day, as planned, Xmas dinner at a long table, both sides crowded with our hosts. First we had what they thought would please us, a turkey dinner. Suddenly great hunks of turkey on our plates, much more than we could eat. When we hesitated between tea and coffee, they brought us

both. After our vain efforts to consume at least a good portion of the turkey, plates were removed and we were given the special Egyptian dinner. Good, but where could we put it.

By this time of course I was becoming worried – what was this all about? Then from the conversations overheard, it became apparent, and I knew we were headed for trouble. These were rich landowners, wanting us to come to their places and make speeches against the British, and to regain their properties.

I couldn't wait long, and didn't. I.....

...suddenly remembered an important phone call we were expecting from our Consulate. I got up quickly from the table, went into the hall to the telephone and hurried back to say that we had to go quickly to the Consulate. Before they had time to protest or try to keep us there, we were gone in a flash.

And soon we were back in that shabby little green hut at Port (Said?). Had we gone to India after complying with their wishes, we would not have spent much time in India.

We did go quickly to the Consulate, and I discovered he had been a Colonel in our headquarters during the war. What luck! We explored our need to get free passage on a tramp steamer bound for India, and he promised to help. He said an American cargo ship was coming soon, and he would give it a try, we waited in the next room and heard him say to the ship's captain, never let a rule keep you from doing a good deed. The result was favorable, and we met the captain of the Nile and he agreed to take us; but we had to go to Suez, at the other end of the narrow stretch. Otherwise the canal fee would be higher, passenger instead of freighter. So we took the train for Suez.

There is a big bay of water and we were at the wrong end with our baggage. We found a row boat and a man to row us, but it was a long way and we were just rounding the bow of the Nile, as the sailors were pulling up the rope ladder. A close call that could have spelled disaster to our plans. We screamed and they waited the few minutes for us. What a relief.

The sailors started to take us below, thinking we were survey people; but the captain had us taken to a small cabin, (two?) bunks, called The Slop Chest because suppers were stored there.

And thus began the most fun twelve days I could remember, then or anytime later. The captain we became very fond of. He had _____ two ships to be German - torpedoed under him on the English Channel. No neophyte.^{vi}

We were a welcome number of the six or seven officers and had all our meals with them and we were new listeners to all the stories they had been telling each other for so long. So we were really welcome and good friends all around.

The steel deck of the ship was _____, a wonderful place to walk for twelve days. Pretty expensive – my companion was signed on as a crew member to replace one who had jumped ship at Alexandria; Pay, \$1.50 a day. I think this was continuation of good fortune that has been mine ever since.

And so, rested and helpful and entertained, we arrived at Bombay in India. How can I possibly put on this paper all the things I did and the many people and experiences we had in one year in India. I'll have to try to at least skim the surface, tell a few of the wonderful things and people that had been waiting there for me.

Going up from Bombay our first stop was a round smallish Buddhist temple, with pictures carved in stone. Let me admit that at this late age I cannot remember exactly how we got from one place to another, and so many places. Train, yes. Bus probably. Car, we didn't have one of course, but we could get a lift or take a taxi. Bicycle, no. Rickshaw, perhaps once or twice. Our feet, hell yes, for many, many miles. Okay, let's go, we're in India. Camel, NO, NO!

Our first (prize?) in India was **Patrick Gedeles (Gedelis?)** Biologist, town planner, builder, or at least planner of universities. Right in Bombay.

He had taught biology in Scotland – made his pupils start a garden and plant and grow while they studied. Associate with **Huxley (Haxley?)**, the great Biologist, planned the University of Jerusalem etc. He was leading a seminar at Bombay's university and it was a sort of summing up of his life. He invited us to stay and join, and we did for a month. In my notebook I show elaborate charts, like trees, with.....

..... which he brought segments of education and learning together. He showed us one stuffed steel filing cabinet in which all of his writing, letters etc. were in verse. A most interesting guy, a good month with which to start the year in India and a good friend.

We won't go through India logically or in perfect order. Here and there a few very interesting times – and people everywhere. Such differences... look at the pictures if you can find them.
ADD SCANS OF INDIA PICTURES HERE.

Perhaps I should start with our most interesting and heartwarming adventure. We met her, I should say we had the pleasure and good luck to meet her, in Shillong, way up in the Northeast corner of India. I tell it just because it was the best, meeting the Maharani of Moubhong, a province near Bengal.^{vii} She was a daughter of Keshub Chundra Sen (I'm sure that's not the right spelling).^{viii} He was one of the few who wanted to modernize or make radical changes in the Hindu religion – to make it more flexible. He wrote a book on that subject.^{ix} He had two lovely daughters – the second couldn't marry until the first had done so. This maharani was number two. Number one finally married the Maharaja of Cooch Behar province. I shall never forget seeing her riding her beautiful horse with two handsome children on their horses behind her on the morning ride.

My Maharani, whom we always called Mommy was engaged to be married to the Maharaja of the state of Maeirbunge (spelling?), but because of her father's book, the ultra conservative state of [Mayurbhanj] refused to let him. Made him marry the unattractive daughter of a very conservative Eastern state. I'm sure he very seldom saw her, but did build a large, beautiful house for Mommy at the edge of Calcutta, where I also stayed.^x When the seldom-seen wife died, he came at once and married Mommy. But she never was able to go into the conservative

state, even then... at least not to live. When I first knew her in Shillong, she had had four children: two sons, both of whom became the Maharaja, and two younger children, boy and girl.

The girl I talked with last week in Newbury, England. Her first husband had been a Rajah, head of a small state, and they had one son. Later both Rajah and son were killed in an accident, and she married a distinguished Englishman, living mostly in England. He died, and she divides her time between England and India. I finally reached her there last week by telephone, a happy visit. She __ __.

The Maharani's youngest son was a pilot in the British Air Corp. He was unlucky – ran out of gas flying back from Burma.

But the saddest blow was still to come.

Her husband and her own brother were hunting, probably after a tiger. By accident, the brother shot and killed the husband.

She put on a saffron robe and began walking from temple to temple – then remembered the children at home and returned to them.

I mention these periods of sadness because they explain her great kindness, humility and why she was so much loved by everyone.

I have **pictures** of her, one as she is sitting on the kitchen floor with her servants, cutting up the vegetables for the curries.^{xi}

After breakfast, she would take me or Alston by the hand and lead us into a room that was her chapel. She would pray and meditate and we would do the same, then return to the dining room.

She is still an important part of my life.

Now where do we go next. Let's try the tea plantations, and Alice _____ and the tiger. There were seven of the plantations on large hunks of land: It was up near the foothills of the Himalayas. A great river ran through the middle of the large area, and could be crossed only by elephant. Hence Dev Raj, I believe he was called, second largest elephant in captivity.

Doctor _____ was medico for the whole lot. But he was away a good deal, and I enjoyed my long visit with Alice. She had two daughters, both at school in Italy. We drove around the garden in a carriage and walked a good deal. I told her about the Maharani and when we were back in Shillong I invited her up... she and Mommy became very dear friends. Two of a kind. And Alice and I became friends for life.

I could ride a horse to visit some of the gardens and visit with their managers, which I did. One ride I shall always remember. Two of us on horses, and we turned into a narrow path through the jungle. All of a sudden my horse took off as fast as he could and completely out of control. Suddenly we came into a wide open space. What? Of course, a polo field and my polo pony knew where he was going. We trotted up to the tea house, and there stood the elephant, waiting to take me across the river.

This time the river was quite fast and Dev Raj was swept off his feet several times (sand dunes for river bed), but we made it. Going home an incident, no risk involved. An elephant is managed by a Mahout, who straddles behind his ears. Part way home the elephant, on his own initiative and in spite of the Mahout's vigorous and no doubt painful efforts, turned around and walked back slowly.

After about 100 feet or so, he reached over to a ditch at the side of the road, and with his trunk picked up my raincoat and with his trunk handed it up – to me of course. Then he turned again and walked quietly home. What a surprise, for everybody except Deb (Dev?) Raj.

The Doctor was a successful hunter, and when he heard there might be a tiger in the neighborhood, asked if I would like to join him in the hunt. Not being a hunter and not knowing tigers, of course I said yes.

We rode horses into the jungle, left them with the ____ (don't know how to spell it) and walked up the sandy bottom of a dry stream bed. We saw the tiger's footprints (they call them pugs) and actually saw a second pair. No doubt the mate was somewhere around. We picked a good open spot at the top of the six foot high river bed and took our positions straddling a fallen tree trunk, looking both ways; the Doctor with a rifle and me with a shotgun. How long since I held a big gun?

Quiet as a mouse until the Doctor turned and whispered "tiger." Sure enough there he was, not so many yards away, front feet up the bank, catching a bite to eat or sharpening his claws.

Dropped to the sand and slowly ambled towards our tree trunk, not very far. When he was just one jump from me, and turning his head my way, the Doctor fired – the tiger rolling on his back in agony, but still alive, and blood curdling cries such as you could not imagine. To kill you must hit the heart or the brain. The Doctor's second shot didn't come, the gun jammed – I put two bullets into his middle as he squirmed, trying to find one of those vital shots.

He was able to pull himself on his back into the jungle, the blood curdling screams continuing. It's dangerous, they say, to follow a wounded tiger with a mate around, but the Doctor said shall we go in, and I said yes. When we got through a small piece of jungle, we saw the blood stains, but I suddenly realized it was so crowded, if he were right in front of me I probably couldn't get my gun up.

So we gave up that try, took our horses home, came back the next morning on the elephant, Mrs. _____ joining us. Deb (Dev?) Raj could plow through the thickest jungle. We found the blood trail, but the mate must have pulled him away.

But he wasn't far. I heard those cries under my bed for quite a few days.

Well let's try Kohima and Cherrapunji, both primitive, both in the province of Assam, and not too far from Shillong, our temporary home with Mommy.^{xii}

Kohima first. I once later did a _____ in the Chicago Daily News, with a speech thrown in for good measure, about these primitive but very friendly and interesting people. But I can't seem to find it... probably in Tucson while I am writing this in Michigan.

They wear very few clothes. The men something like bathing trunks, but bead-ornamented, and well developed bodies. Not so long ago they were headhunters and one of them still remembers the last time he took a head with an interesting handmade wooden sculpture in his front yard.

We went down into the fields, some grain crop, probably for their beverage. Each thatch covered, hand woven house had a large receptacle woven like a big, fat bottle, full of some home brew. We helped them catch grasshoppers, one of their favorite foods. We did not sample either the brew or fried grasshopper. Hard telling what we missed.

When we left their village, we later took a special vehicle that took us several miles, maybe more, to the river where we took a boat ride. It was small, flat, on the rail lines, and when we reached our destination, we exchanged gifts with the six (pushers?). I still have mine – a woven, worn belt, holding a wooden receptacle that in turn held their large, flat, sharp knife. I didn't get the knife itself, it was their weapon, even though they were no longer head hunters.

We liked them. We have good photos of them, and that last ride.

The town of Cherrapunji was just as interesting, just as primitive, but different in many ways. It was not far from Shillong where the Maharani lived. The people there, also with little clothing, were friendly indeed... when we arrived they brought us bananas, all sizes and colors, bunches of them. Always thought bananas were yellow. The people raised crops, probably vegetables and fruits. These were carried down a long, steep slope, usually by women, on their heads, across a river to a town where what they brought was exchanged for what they needed. Very friendly. Their headman was called the Siem. When one died they had to have an elaborate, and for them expensive, ceremony. They were short on cash so we met the last Siem, still...

...in his small cottage, himself in an open coffin carved from a tree trunk, but open to view, and that is where we met him. He was a bit dried up but recognizable because he had been pickled in grapefruit juice. The ceremony had to wait for better times.

The interesting thing to me about these people, without knowing it they were going to change their occupation... from farmers to coal miners. The British had discovered coal on their land, high above the river. But already an overhead trolley was ready and operating. In huge, metal baskets, it carried (or would soon be carrying) the coal down to boats on the river. Would they like the change? I couldn't say. I wouldn't.

One other brief, but educational _____, we learned something about monkeys. We had walked some distance inland to have a look at a new school, and returning, talking with one of the professors who came with us, we suddenly had a character in saffron robe, alongside and unexpected, who said in English, "what do you want to learn about yoga." He looked somewhat respectable, and he invited us to visit him in his small temple...

...on the Ganges River, not far from the station where we had left our baggage.

We thought hard about it, but finally decided to accept, and somehow we reached his temple, not very far up the river – or down the river, I couldn't say. We brought some fruit with us, not knowing how or what we might be eating. [We] put the fruit on the stone mantle piece, the only piece of furniture in what was to be our bedroom. Cement floor, we would sleep in our bedding rolls.

Good thing, because our host was of the Brahmin sect, and couldn't eat with anyone not so fortunate. He told us he had several who came to stay with him to learn more about yoga, and how to make it work. It was a pleasure to watch the big and famous Ganges River in the moonlight, but sleep took us to our cement room, and we slept on the floor in our bedding rolls, leaving the door open – the fruit still on the cement mantle.

In the middle of the night, I had a strange feeling. I opened my eyes, and what do you suppose I saw. A circle of six large monkeys staring down into my face. Weird? I guess so – never so surprised and I suppose a bit worried. They had...

Of course taken our fruit, and were probably as concerned about what to do with these strange characters as we were about them. We finally shooed them out, and though remembering that monkeys are somewhat holy creatures, we had the next day, not a lesson in yoga, but a running battle with six large monkeys.

Nobody won, though we narrowly escaped their nearly grabbing our hair and scalp and probably our heads, reaching us by surprise over the wall. We decided not to spend six months or six years learning about yoga, but finally made our way back to the railway station and our baggage, and I should add replacing our fruit on the way.

Before I forget it, I am reminded by a lovely girl who helps to keep me from having another fall, that I should tell you about my red socks. Yes, I do wear them, all of the time except in evening clothes – and of course not in bed. I like red socks.

You know of course that India is a big country and I couldn't possibly tell you everything I did there and everybody I met. But at least I'm trying, don't you think?

Peshawar is an interesting town, way up in the Northeast corner of India. We did _____ pay a quick visit there, and we did – but the main reason I am mentioning it is the trip up there and our acquaintance with another animal, the camel. We were getting close to the city when we ran into a camel caravan, coming towards us. Suddenly the front two camels had an argument. Something they couldn't settle without a battle. And that stopped us cold made us wait a long time. One camel's head and neck wrapped around the others, like you tie two pieces of string together. We waited a long time, each camel trying to penetrate the other's jugular vein, and failing. After a long time they were finally separated and we had a glimpse of Peshawar, and a bit of Afghanistan down the mountainside. So, now we can say we know all about camels.

Another interesting city was Darjeeling, way over in the other upper corner. The interesting thing about it is its nearness to Tibet, and the fact that every now and [then] China takes over Tibet. Tibet is a hard country to enter, full of monasteries hanging on the sides of mountains.

Two things I remember about Darjeeling, other than its attraction as a city wanting to climb a mountain. Because it is close to Tibet, you see...

...Tibetans there, often women walking around the square wearing interesting ornaments. I remember buying several of those, one __ different necklace, made with different stones and animal teeth, that I gave last year to lovely Rose, Michael's girl who is soon to become Mrs. Michael Brorby.

We were seated at our small roaming house hotel next to two Englishmen. In conversation they told us they had come from England hoping to enter Tibet and see some historic documents there, but were not allowed to enter... except their third member who had dressed himself in coolie's clothes and entered Tibet with a small group of men carrying supplies into the country.^{xiii} He was allowed to stay, saw the documents or whatever... and curiously one day much later as I was eating lunch at this Tavern Club in Chicago, there he was at the next table and we visited. He was doing some teaching or lecturing at Northwestern University – a long, long way from Tibet.^{xiv}

I forgot to mention that the two men who didn't get in, wanted to sell us the bag of trinkets they had brought as gifts for the Tibetans.

One thing I shall always remember, our visit to an ancient monastery (so many Tibetans are monks) hanging, it looked to be, from the side of a mountain.

There is another brief episode which is pure Indian. Holy stuff. Because there were so many small boats gathered around one clear space, and something going on above, we stopped to have a look. It was a meeting of some kind of a fairly large group of what I have to call "holy men." We were astonished. Holy men or _____ or whatever, it was a group doing astonishing things. Like a super circus, but in reality doing stunts to ____ up a living. I have pictures of several of them. Standing bare-footed on a board that was covered with sharp nails, in bare feet, another lying on such a board naked. Another lying on the ground, his face covered with something like flour or sand, I couldn't tell which, yet still breathing. It was astonishing but not a thing of beauty. We did not stay for long.

We had met Rabindranath Tagore, India's famous poet.^{xv} He had established a well-regarded school, like a minor University, with a school attached run by his brother. It was called [Santiniketan].^{xvi} It was highly regarded, and there were usually one or two professors or teachers from abroad, like England or America in attendance. The courtyard, an American woman of some importance, had built over a garage, a small apartment for herself, a big round center table made from a slab of American redwood, ordered for the...

...occasion. Her familiar name was Tantine, delightful, intelligent, (I may be forgetful, she might have been attached intellectually to another religious leader – but I don't think so).

But Gretchen Green was there, and when Tagore was invited to China, she went along – I believe the way I now have nurses, to keep me from falling again. She has written an interesting book out of such helpful services. We liked her... and Tantine, too.

We did not attend classes at Tagore's school, but we walked with some of the art students to the nearby town of Santal. I believe I wrote a song about the Santal dancers. On the rail in this room is a very good sketch of me made by one of those art students.^{xvii}

[Missionaries] – yes, there were quite a few. To get a _____ on them, that is to understand how helpful and important they were to India, we visited and talked at length with a group of five assigned to one area we visited, one after the other...

No. 1 [number one] we admired greatly. He was attached, that is, working with and for, a small college. We stayed in his home, ate with his family for several days. He cared for his followers, whether they became Christians or not. Many of them did.

Numbers 2, 3, and 4 were very likeable, serious about their assignments, but not sensational in their caring.

Number 5 was spectacular, but not for our taste. More show than of success in giving love with his sermons, which I am sure he liked to make. He played the trombone, his wife the piano. We stayed in his home, and he was angry when we brought into his rooms one of his probable converts, whom we really liked.

Well, you pays your money, and you takes your choice.

I must say a word about something very beautiful, no doubt most beautiful of anything we had yet seen there. The Taj Mahal. It was a temple built by a long past but important Maharajah as a tribute to his dead wife. Everybody has to see the Taj, but its best in moonlight. We saw it in full moon, then spent the next day admiring its jewel-like beauty. I really can't describe it, but if you look over my left shoulder you will see a picture of it resting on my knee. Part of its beauty is the large amount of white marble, delicate patterns etched or drawn upon it, better still the delicately carved white marble, water running under it. Be sure to see it.

That's the best I can do. You must see it.

There's really too much to see and do in India. I've covered only a few of its highlights. There were the beautiful resorts built by and for the British leaders, some with house [boats]. We saw two of them, and there were several big parades. We met the British, got along with them.

And of course I had malaria, and was taking quinine, fifteen grams a day when we left India, and kept it going until our ship landed at Vancouver.^{xviii}

But I delight in memories of that country and its people. Look if you have a chance, at my three volumes of photos for the entire three or four years, one thousand to a volume. Did we really take all of those pictures, just full of people?

Hurrah for people.

One other thing, very small and no relation to politics; we were guests of our Maharani again in Calcutta. Her Maharajah son was there, with another Maharajah in his Rolls Royce. One of Mommy's servants was a nice looking girl, and one of the chauffeurs liked her, and she must

have said yes. But the girl's boyfriend didn't think she should. He worked for the Maharani, and during the dinner hour, as we looked out...

...the window across the grounds, we could see and did, him carrying a heavy bundle across the property. Perhaps you have guessed – it was the girlfriend who had said yes to the visiting chauffeur. She had to be carried because she had been killed by the man she had disappointed. He was tried and his broken hearted little old mother had to hear the sentence, exile to prison for life on an island prison. Poor old mother.

Well, you know I think I have done justice to India. One of the most interesting years of my life. Hard to leave some of these friends and places, especially our beloved Maharani. But we didn't leave her; several pictures of her still hang in my Tucson home, and having talked by phone to England once, I will do it again soon, with her daughter Cissie, with whom I once played hockey. So long India.

Let's see, what came next. First a very short visit to Burma, across the Bay of Bengal. Mommy had given us a letter to a good friend of hers, a gracious lady who immediately made us her American sons, for a very short visit.

Then we began to move faster.

Singapore and Hong Kong were already crowded, and a good place to catch a glimpse of a variety of people... but nothing like what they are today... very crowded and diverse, separate countries, little but important. You might be buying something you wear or like, and if you look closely, find it was made in Hong Kong.

So Shanghai was really our net stop, our entrance to a short visit to a big country, with lots of people and a tremendous history.

Before we got off the ship, the brief story of two men on board that we had visited with, one we liked very much, the other we felt sorry for, or at least I did.

I can't remember their names, and I'm sure they don't remember mine. Age? I guess in the thirties. The one I liked lived in Shanghai. He had been sent by the Chinese government to study flood control methods in other countries. We talked about China and their life style with him; he was helpful, interesting, we liked him.

The other one, about the same age and wearing American clothes, smoked nothing but American cigarettes, only wanted to speak about America, as if he wished he were one. He was an exchange student who had stayed in America...

...too long: twelve years. Later, when I was a board member of the Institute of International Education, IIE, his problem was often discussed. Give them enough, but not so much they won't want to go home.

When we left our ship, the man that was thoroughly Chinese, before going straight home, after two years away, took us first to Shanghai's leading and very interesting restaurant, China's

excellent food at its best. The next day he took us to his home to meet his family. No matter how big China was, this made us feel very welcome.

Shanghai is too big and bustling to spend much time there. So we took the train to Nanking, in the middle of the country, and before (Peking?) the capital of China, Waring had a friend in YMCA, and he was supposedly part of the University there. So when we finished visiting, we found two rickshaws – small carts pulled by marathon runners, and spoke the only words of Chinese that we could remember – Ching Nee Wag Which we hoped meant YMCA. No hesitation – the coolies were off with us in their carts like a streak of lightning – clear across the big city of Nanking, around corners, up and down paths, actually through people's backyards. We weren't sure we were not being captured, and less certain...

...of our destination. But right at the edge of town, in open space (compared to the city) stood the University and YMCA.

That's about all I remember about Nanking, [it was] an interesting short visit, till we pushed to Peking, way up North country. We noticed ____ of soldiers around, at most stations, the reason being that China was not really one country yet, but there were parts, run by separate and not always friendly provincial rulers.

Peking was full of things and people to see, but we didn't stay long. My next recollection was a visit to the Peking Medical College, supported by or gift from America or Americans. We enjoyed very much one friendly American Professor, and especially his lovely wife, who took us to see many things. I still have in a box, tucked in with books in my book case, containing an entire Chinese village, each little figure, people, buildings, animals, etc. wrapped in cotton. For special dinner occasions, Rody and I would display this miniature Chinese village on the middle of the dining room table.

Next time you come to my house, our house, because I feel and hear and see my Rody at...

...the head of the table, you too can visit my Chinese village.

Our three years of travel, four years counting Paris and a bit more of France, were drawing to an end, but we still had a wee bit of time for Japan. Yokohama and Tokyo, but first two other historic towns and then a village at the foot of Fiji (Mountain) – I don't remember it's name... but I'll never forget the village of Fiji, nor the friendly Japanese gentleman who sat next to us on the train. He was a medical Doctor, and because his studies had been in Germany, I was able to have a slightly imperfect conversation with him. But one that was very instructive of the Japanese character.

He was being helpful as well as friendly, told us about the earthquake which had so recently devastated Japan, especially in the vicinity of Fiji and the village in which he'd lived with his family. When we had arrived at his village, he took us to the small Inn, a real experience with old Japan, explained what we needed for the night if and only then did we discover that the earthquake, very recent, had destroyed his home, and his entire family. We could only give him our thanks...

...and share his grief privately.

The Inn was really old Japan. Three ladies on the front steps to welcome us, show us to our room, behind sliding bamboo doors; and then a hot bath in the basement, the hot water in a large container, from where the women dipped out buckets full and doused us as we stood before them in Nature's Clothing.

Then back to our room, where supper was served to us seated on the floor, and with no beds apparent, a closet door opened and out fell two sleeping bag mattresses, one arm in the bag, one in our laps.

Delightful.

The next day we walked a ways up the mountain, and had a close view of the tremendous damage. The rails of the mountain railway standing on end, the _____ towns in a heap.

___ to Yokoshama for the last ride until we reached our final destination, that country we called home, landing first at Vancouver.

The only place of importance, where I stopped before I walked in the Brorby front door in [America] was San Francisco. There, I knew at last that I was home because Uncle _____ was ...

...Pastor of a Lutheran Church.^{xix} My Aunt had charge of the musical parts of the churches affairs, and another uncle sang the solos. I didn't know what was about to happen, but it was a long time since I had played an organ or a piano, so course I was soon at the organ. Out of its deep chords there emerged words and music and what was obviously intended to be an Easter song: my Aunt liked it, my uncle sang it as the Easter solo, and I had taken my first step in writing music, especially songs.

How grateful I have been ever since _____ Aunt and my two uncles. What happened soon after was my real homecoming, with a grateful and very kind mother, and father, and two sisters, Leah and her family and Morgan(?)

Needless to say I was happy as could be to actually be home, after four years away – what happened in the rest of 1924, was a mixture, catching up on my family life, at the same time going over in my mind some of the thoughts I had been having from time to time of my future. My travels and studies had prepared me in a way for several possible futures...teaching, writing, The Foreign Service, etc. One thought I had remembered; was a floating university or college...living on a ship studying and learning as the ship took its classes from one country to another.

But one thing I did know, I had a few money loans that must be repaid, and while I was working slowly on these, my old friend with whom I had worked two years preparing for college – Maurice Needham – wanted me to join him in starting an Advertising Agency, at first the Needham Agency, but soon Needham, Louis and Brorby.

So my career seemed to settle itself; I had been a writer that had possibly or probably been one of my goals. I didn't know it then, but that assignment was mine for thirty five years. And many

things besides this job soon became a major part of my interest. Listing some of them will sound like I didn't remember where I lived – but I joined them without losing sight of my major job, and I believe I increased my usefulness, as well as my personal satisfaction and my service to the company I had just joined. Shall I mention a few, that were scattered over those 35 years? Well, Chicago Council of Foreign Relations, American Association of Advertising Agencies (4 A's), Putney School which my children attended, Institute of International Education... oh, that's enough _____. There were more.

When I retired from this good company in 35 years, when I was sixty... because the Agency began January 1, 1925, I was asked to help start and build the Johnson Company's Conference Center, (Wingspread?), where knowledgeable people were gathered from everywhere to help solve the country's, even the world's problems. That lasted for 23 years, happy ones, but no pay.

Did I enjoy these activities? Indeed I did. For again and again I was reminded of the need and value of two things – friends and kindness.

It would take too long to answer the questions, principally to myself, did I do well? Let me add two pieces of information that will let you, and me, decide.

One, the tape of my speeches at the notable party they gave me on my 90th birthday, at The Arts Club.

Also, a letter I received recently from a friend, M_____ C_____, who had been on of the executives with Needham, Louis, and Brorby.

With these I rest my case, with my thanks to anyone who has troubled to read this piece. God bless you, and may laughter and kindness continue, forever.

Every good writer leaves a few things to _____ after the main story appears to be done, but really isn't. And maybe one or two episodes or chapters that need special attention.

My special one is of course Rody – she was Rowena Williams till she decided all of a sudden to be Mrs. Melvin Brorby. How tremendously happy that made me.

It was August or September of 1926. My vacation plans were upset, and my friend (Nolle Lee?) said, "Why don't you go over to our place in Michigan." Of course I did, to the Lake Michigan shore in Holland, Mich. Another young man and I (I must have been young then myself) were together, living mostly on fried apples. Driving past a good looking place, he said "Let's go in, I want you to meet the Williams." And we did, and how lucky can a young man be. We went into the side door of a bungalow, straight into the Williams' family in _____, all except Mrs. Williams a fine musician who was not living unfortunately. Mr. Williams, Aunt Rowena, Rowena Day, Carter, but especially Rowena Williams. Who could possibly know that in about three months she would be Rowena Brorby and even after, for sixty one years, Rody to everyone – but to me, Heaven on earth.

Notes

ⁱ Located on Mount La Verna, an isolated mountain situated in the center of the Tuscan Apennines, is the La Verna Monastery. Since 1213 this mountain has been “hallowed by association with Saint Francis of Assisi.” For more information visit the website: La Verna Region Secular Franciscan Order. Accessed March 17, 2015. <http://www.lavernasecularfranciscans.org/laverna.htm>.

ⁱⁱ I had to look up “Symrna” because I could not for the life of me figure out what it was at first. My search result pulled up “Smyrna” right away and thus I discovered Melvin had spelled the name of the city incorrectly (quite consistently too...). To give some more background information for those, like myself, who do not already know, Smyrna was an ancient Greek city located at a central and strategic location on the Aegean coast. Within modern day Izmir, Turkey there were two settlements: Old and New Smyrna. My search also yielded key words such as “massacre,” “genocide,” “catastrophe,” “fire”. The burning of Smyrna was one result of the Greco-Turkish war from 1919-1922. In an article titled, “One Man Changed Greece and Turkey Forever,” the identity of the American with the radio is revealed: Asa K. Jennings. Jennings “saved 350,000 people from certain death in 11 days and 1,250,000 in nearly a year. [He] then created social relief and vocational training programs to raise the standard of living of a nation. When he died, his son, [Asa W. Jennings] carried on his work...” See the full article written by Roger Jennings (grandson of Asa K. Jennings): Jennings, Roger. “One Man Changed Greece and Turkey Forever.” University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill’s College of Arts and Sciences . Accessed March 16, 2015. http://www.unc.edu/depts/diplomat/item/2010/0103/comm/jennings_oneman.html.

ⁱⁱⁱ James Henry Breasted (1865-1935) was a member of the University of Chicago faculty...as well as America’s first teacher of Egyptology.” His sincere interest in ancient cultures of the Near East coupled with his training in Egyptian, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic at Yale lead him to travel to Egypt. Breasted’s discoveries, archaeological explorations, and artifact purchases resulted in his unprecedented contributions to and the shaping of “the American image of past civilizations.” The University of Chicago Centennial Catalogues. “The University of Chicago Faculty: James H. Breasted | Egyptology.” Accessed March 18, 2015. https://www.lib.uchicago.edu/e/spcl/centcat/fac/facch10_01.html.

^{iv} Correct spelling, “Zaghlūl” Pasha, his full title being Sa’d Zaghlūl Pasha Ibn Ibrāhīm (1857-1927). Sa’d Zaghlūl was an Egyptian statesman and patriot who, as Melvin stated, lead “Egyptian opposition to British rule.” In 1904 Zaghlūl was appointed as Egypt’s first minister of education, which is how he received the title “pasha,” awarded by the Khedive or *viceroys* (*English equivalent*). Originally, “*pasha*” (Ottoman Turkish and Persian origins) seems to have applied exclusively to distinguish persons of high rank in both the political and military systems. It was a title of honor the court subsequently used to distinguish any high official, as well as unofficial persons they desired. Zaghlūl organized the Wafd party and lead the nationalist movement in 1918, which led to Egypt’s autonomy from Britain in 1922. He held several other political positions throughout his life that furthered the nationalist idea to ultimately gain independence from Britain. The more I read about Zaghlūl Pasha, the more I understand exactly how important he was in Egypt’s history. Melvin was extremely lucky, in my opinion, to have come in contact with and befriend him. The people he met throughout his travels abroad seem almost happenstance however, personally I never would have known about any of these historic figures if it were not for reading Melvin’s memoir. It is most certainly curious, the things we learn about the life of the author and the lives of others represented/ briefly mentioned therein. Marlowe, John. “Sa’d Zaghlūl Egyptian statesman.” <http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/655329/Sad-Zaghlul>; Magill, Frank N., ed. *Dictionary of World Biography: The 20th century, O-Z*. Vol. 9. New York: Routledge, Inc., 1999.; “pasha, n.”. OED Online. March 2015. Oxford University Press. <http://www.oed.com/view/Entry/138404?redirectedFrom=pasha> (accessed April 30, 2015).

^v Gibraltar is an overseas territory of the UK, connected to southern Spain by an isthmus. HM Government of Gibraltar. Accessed April 25, 2015. <https://www.gibraltar.gov.gi/new/>.

^{vi} Neophyte, n.: "A person who is new to a subject or activity; a beginner, a novice." "neophyte, n. and adj.". OED Online. March 2015. Oxford University Press. <http://www.oed.com/view/Entry/126060?redirectedFrom=neophyte> (accessed April 30, 2015)

^{vii} Correct spelling, "Mayurbhanj." It is a district in Odisha, located in Eastern India. District Portal: Government of Odisha. http://oddistricts.nic.in/district_profile/aboutus.php.

^{viii} Actually, it is! However Chundra is also sometimes spelled "Chandra" or "Chunder."

^{ix} Keshab Chandra Sen (1838-1884), born in Calcutta (now Kolkata) was both a Hindu philosopher and social reformer. He attempted to create a syncretic ideology by integrating Christian theology into Hindu thought. Sen thought it could revitalize Hindu life. "Keshab Chunder Sen Hindu philosopher and social reformer." <http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/315595/Keshab-Chunder-Sen>.

^x Previously, Calcutta had been the capital of India during the British Raj. Thus "Calcutta" was the Anglicized name of the Bengali pronunciation of the Indian city, 'Kolkata.' In 2001, Calcutta officially became Kolkata in attempt to get rid of this colonial legacy. But that's just it, it's an "attempt." It is going to take a lot more than simply renaming cities to push that period of British control out of the minds of all those affected as well as the influence they had on India. However, in the end, renaming the cities in tune with the Indian pronunciations is a small step in the right direction if this is truly what they want. Several other Indian cities have undergone official governmental name changes in for this same reason: Madras is now Chennai, Bombay is now Mumbai, just to name a few. Although the name changes are almost immediate within the government, it may take a long time for the population to begin using/ integrating them – their dissemination is a slow process. However, it is considered respectful to Indian independence to use the Indian names. Goldenberg, Suzanne. "Calcutta becomes Kolkata as name-dropping spreads." *The Guardian News*. <http://www.theguardian.com/world/1999/jul/22/suzannegoldenberg.;> Lonely Planet. "Kolkata (Calcutta) / India." <http://www.lonelyplanet.com/india/kolkata-calcutta>.

^{xi} These pictures unfortunately have not been found in our archives collection of primary resources. They may perhaps still be in existence if they are in the possession of Melvin's grandchildren or his daughter-in-law, Nancy (His son Harry's, children and wife, respectively).

^{xii} Kohima is a district of Nagaland state in India and Cherrapunji is credited as being the wettest place on earth. Kohima is known for the Battle of Kohima in World War II, during which the British and Indian troops were able to hold the territory. This battle was a big turning point, as "for the first time in South-East Asia the Japanese lost the initiative to the Allies which they then retained until the end of the war." Government of Nagaland. "Kohima District." <http://kohima.nic.in/default.htm>. Cherrapunji has very high levels of precipitation due to "the village's location on the plateau's southern edge, at which point the saturated summer monsoon air rises up the southern slope and cools rapidly, releasing enormous quantities of condensed water." "Cherrapunji India." <http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/109515/Cherrapunji>.

^{xiii} Coolie, n: "an unskilled laborer or porter usually in or from the Far East hired for low or subsistence wages," Coolie hat, n: "a conical-shaped usually straw hat worn especially to protect the head from the heat of the sun." "coolie (hat)," n. <http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/coolie> (Accessed April, 20th 2015).

^{xiv} I searched some key words on Google, "Northwestern University+Tibet" (and several other combinations of keywords) until I came upon a link that took me directly to the University's library/ archives. Consequently, I then had to read alphabetically through all the past professors from the 1900s and their descriptions until I found who I was looking for! William Montgomery McGovern (1897-1964). Turns out, he was an extremely accomplished man, with several degrees and a deep love for the orient, where he spent a majority of his early life. McGovern went on a couple of expeditions, one of which was to Tibet (1922-23). This happens to be the expedition that was taking place at the time Melvin wrote about running into a two Englishmen who were waiting for their third member (McGovern) to return from Tibet. Melvin later ran into him at a tavern in Chicago. McGovern turned his travels in

Tibet into a book, To *Lhasa in Disguise: A Secret Expedition Through Mysterious Tibet*. Surprisingly it can be found at Hope College's Van Wylen Library, (location: VW Main Stacks on the 4th Floor; Call number: DS785 .M3 1924). In brief, "after being refused entry into the country via normal channels, he disguised himself as a Tibetan coolie and succeeded in entering the capital city of Lhasa, one of the first Westerners to do so." Northwestern University Library. "Guide to the William Montgomery McGovern (1897-1964) Papers." <http://findingaids.library.northwestern.edu/catalog/inu-ead-nua-archon-234>.

^{xv} Rabindranath Tagore, India's famous poet won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1913. He wrote all genres of literature, however he is most known for his collection of poetry (over 50 volumes). "Rabindranath Tagore - Biographical." http://www.nobelprize.org/nobel_prizes/literature/laureates/1913/tagore-bio.html.

^{xvi} Now a university town (Visva-Bharati University).

^{xvii} We have a sketch of Melvin's portrait, but cannot be certain as to its origins. I cannot honestly accredit it to being created by one of these art students, but it is a possibility (however much uncertainty surrounds it).

^{xviii} Quinine is a medicine to treat resistant infections.

^{xix} This passage gives insight into his possible religious affiliation that was curious early on in the memoir however it still cannot be stated with certainty that Melvin was in fact a Lutheran – or a practicing one at that.