

Dear Mr. Rogers:

In the room to my right, "Doc" Stuart is cheerily humming from one ballad to another as he packs up to go to Bombay, to await his wife and children, on their way from the States. In the front room, Professor Thompson is trying to perk up a representative of a painfully familiar species in India: the student who has graduated (often with an MA) but has no job to turn to. And I, the man who came to dinner, am lying under a fan waiting for the doctor's daily visit.

All this calls for an explanation. The illness, first. Ten days ago, when I left Aligarh, I had a bit of stomach trouble, which came back more severely three days later, while I was in New Delhi. I had previously had occasional upsets lasting a day or two, especially in New Delhi; so this time, as usual, I merely rested and dieted a bit. I came on to Allahabad on the 14th. But this upset didn't subside, so before I had been here a day my hosts called in a doctor. Tests soon showed that I have amoebic dysentery.

Dr. Grace Edwards Barar has had long experience in India: several years in charge of a mission hospital in the Punjab, and since then a private practice in Allahabad. She has found amoebic dysentery to be a very persistent disease, and thinks the treatment I took last summer in the States may not have completely knocked out my old case, despite favorable tests afterwards. Her course of treatment, which she says corresponds to the U.S. Army course, is longer and more thorough: an injection (1 grain) of emetine daily for five days; carbasono pills for a week; a week's rest; entero vioform pills for a week; another week's rest; and a final week of carbasono. Then several checkups to be sure amoeba has gone. She started the emetine shots immediately, and gave me various doses to settle my stomach. At the moment, as a result, I am feeling a good deal better, though weak and lacking energy after the week's unsettled condition.

It was good fortune to find an experienced doctor so quickly. My departure from New Delhi was not entirely a haphazard proposition, however, for Allahabad has quite a large American community and I knew doctors were among them. (Dr. Barar is a Hoosier, and says with pride that she hasn't forgotten how to bake a deep-dish apple pie. This will probably bring me back to Allahabad in apple season). But I have felt somewhat abashed at imposing myself as an invalid on two busy men to whom I was a complete stranger. Dr. Herman Stuart is the new Principal of an American mission college affiliated to Allahabad University, and Professor Charles Thompson, a veteran of thirty years in India, has just returned after twelve years in the States, as Professor of Economics in the University. Professor O.P. Bhatnagar, of the University Department of History, who had made preliminary plans for my study at Allahabad, had approached Dr. Stuart about my lodging, and the latter invited me to share his bungalow with himself and Prof.

Thompson, at least until I could make other arrangements. I was a little embarrassed, then, to arrive a patient. But both have been exceedingly kind, arranging for my diet, giving me a cool room, and so on.

I hope not to remain a complete burden on my hosts for very long, for after the emetine shots are completed I can be up and around. The setup is really quite handy for me, as the University Library is right across the road. Already a neighbor has promised to bring me needed books until I feel energetic enough to go to the Library myself. I had originally planned to stay about eight weeks, so the six-week medication period will fit in nicely. Dr. Stuart plans to take his family from Bombay directly to a hill station, so I can stay put until the first part of July. All in all, I think luck favors me in these arrangements. I'll let you know how my recovery proceeds and whether my stay in Allahabad is working out satisfactorily.

Having finished studying Medieval and Moghul India at Aligarh, I'll finally be working on modern Indian history here. But today a reviving appetite is of more interest to me than books, so once again I'll postpone discussion of my study program to a later letter.

Sincerely yours,

*Richard Morse*

Richard Morse