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Archives Center - NMAH

Leo Baekeland Diary Volume 39, 1925

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our limit on account of frail primitive bridge, which could not stand our car. Graves and graves everywhere. Some small mounds of sand. Others elaborate in sand and mortar and the general shape of the horseshoe shaped wall, terraced sometimes: Primitive wooden ploughs. Water buffalo everywhere. Stupid looking animal.

Entered in a village flanked by four square flat towers with slits for rifles or bows. Houses brick and thatched or tile-roofs. Men and women, and particularly children

very dirty, and many flies on their dirty faces. Same small, narrow crooked streets full of stench. Won the good will by buying each child of the village a piece of sugar cane. At first all

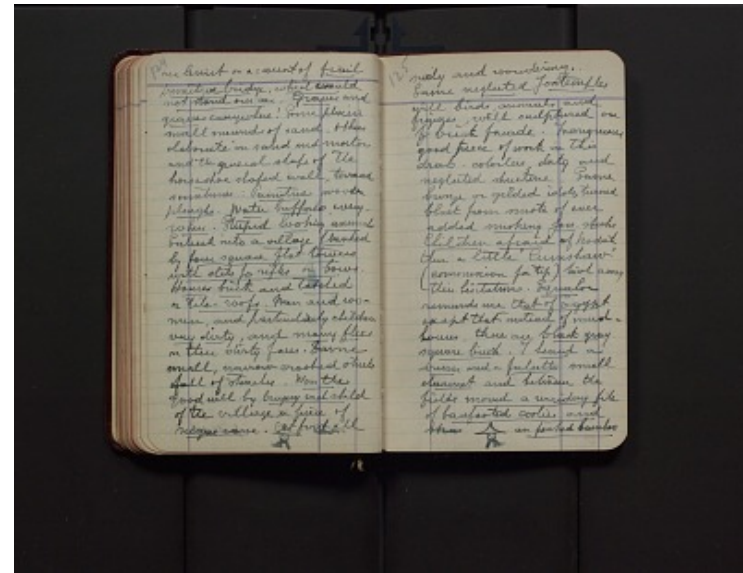
[[drawing of stick figure child in hat]]

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surly and wondering. Same neglected Joss temples with birds, animals and figures, well sculptured on brick facade. Incongruous good piece of work in this drab, colorless, dirty and neglected structure. Same bronze or gilded idols, turned black from smoke of ever added smoking Joss sticks. Children afraid of Kodak then a little "[?Cumshaw]" (commission for tip) took away their hesitations. Squalor reminds me that of Egypt except that instead of mud-houses, there are black gray square brick. I heard a drum and a falseto small clarinet and between the fields moved a winding file of barefooted coolies and an peaked bamboo [[drawing of stick figure child in hat]]



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