

MCC Minra  
via Lusambo.  
Belgian Congo.  
Dec. 12, 1948.

Dear Doctor Henry,

I've been long wanting to write you. First wanted to ask you a favor, but then I wanted to write anyway, and hope it may not stop with this one. The favor is to ask if you will please write a card to Mr. Hasemeyer, Dept. of Purchasing and Transportation, Board of Missions, 150 Fifth Ave., New York 11, telling him the name, author and publisher of the little manual on reflexes and syndromes that I gave you, and telling him that is the name of the book I asked him, about September, to order for me. I had told him I would write you for the title, but didn't get to it. Thanks very much. I lost my copy.

Am struggling along trying to get patients quarters rebuilt at the hospital. Have had to refuse patients ever since I've been back, who were not acute cases, telling them I didn't have room enough, and that they were welcome to build huts for themselves on the hospital grounds. Finally some hernia patients, one family with hookworm disease, the family of a compound fracture case, a man with chronic urinary retention from enlarged prostate broke the ice and began building; and now I have a little hospital village of about twenty huts, and they are as proud as punch of their little hamlet. They themselves dubbed it "Utama walanga" or roughly interpreted, "They whose hearts want it", explaining that only they who wanted to build built.

Have gotten in an inspiring lot of equipment that your dear mother helped tremendously to furnish--and much more is coming. The husband of a patient from a distant mission proved to be very skillful and set up the generator and x-ray apparatus; but there is still some fault to be remedied before it will work. An electric shock machine I am using temporarily with a 110 volt converter from my old 32 volt system and have gotten some good results in cases I have diagnosed as involuntional depression, psychoneurosis, and probable schizophrenia. The results in the first case have been amazing, and have produced quite a sensation among the Africans. *Of course I am trying to tackle the psychotherapeutic angle.*

Today (Sunday) the two nuns from nearby Catholic Mission, one a nurse and the other a nurse and midwife (well trained and good) brought in on a borrowed Government truck a poor women pretty far gone with sudden hemorrhage from marginal placenta. The midwife and I scrubbed up, and with the other nun and our Station nurse and some of the Africans helping we worked on her for some three hours. She wasn't even in labor. Did a manual dilatation, version and extraction with considerable difficulty. The baby probably was already dead, and the mother collapsed about the time of the delivery, and soon died. A sad ending; but the mother (grandmother) saw we did our best. We gave her saline intravenously and by hypodermoclysis.