My dear Wife,

After the rain, during which I wrote my last letter, I went over to Miss Ter Horst's Kamerbruid and got a lot of native things, some of which you may have received by this time. I like the cool, Thursday morning with an orderly from the office of the Dutch Resident together with a Dutchman formerly an officer in the Dutch Army. We visited the Kraton or walled city of the Sultan of Jogjakarta, one of the two Residences of the Sultan of Java, governed by a native ruler under Dutch supervision. In front of the entrance is a large square 40' 2000 ft or more on each side. In the center are two immense Weeping willow trees, between which a native would sit to complain of the act of another. They might wait 2 or 3 days then, but ultimately the Sultan would come there the case, if he found the complaint unfounded he would
have the complaints head cut off on the spot - I think this custom would be beneficial in our own county to reduce litigation - just outside the most of the first gate on the right, was a as a small building where dignitaries sit to watch the entrance - there we met ministers of the sultan - also men who were exercising the fighting rooster - the sultan kept 100 fighting cocks with one man to care for each cock - each one must have an horse because in day - we got a photograph of them - through the first gate we came to an open place a part which is roofed over with lattice work where the sultan receives the people - the elevated platform when he sits is formed with with velvet to keep it from being exposed - then through another platform when we found a Dutch soldier - one of the 40 who are the body guard of the sultan - then through the gate when we found the matching soldiers of the sultan armed with muskets - the cavalry were made in 1842 - the cavalry have beautiful red waists but no horses - of course the whole government is a joke - but it seems to suit them all. Then we came to the old walls.
Be sure to bring your pocketbook when you write.

Also don't come until you hear from me.

If you are at all in San Francisco/California, call the 72n house if you can.

Tell them I called for you.

I'm not circulating quite yet so don't go to this.

Love to the 72n girls and cons.

Edecus.
of his kraton once a year. He must be bored to death, the heat. Jakarta (pronounced Jogjakarta) is a beautiful city with streets & magnificent trees. We came here yesterday afternoon a beastly hot ride. Until 7 of here I had been passing. Ever since landing in Java except while in Tobari. But here the temperature was 72 this morning and 77 at 4 p.m. The real heat I have had a very comfortable day & slept hours last night without waking for the first time since leaving Sydney. This city is the center.

Oct 6, 26th

I had to stop bondig over here I commenced again I was stopped by the lights going out now I have to pack up as we now I have to pack up as we are going to Moton to Bandara. I was going to say that this place is the center of our earthly paradise I never saw a more beautiful spot & possibly never as beautiful.
Garoet, 191__

Its altitude 7,600 ft makes it comfortable 70° this morning. 77° highest yesterday. At 5:50 a.m. I went up to the Volcano Pauador for a ride. Most beautiful Honolulu rich I ever had. But must stop.

I love you.

Yours,

P.S. Have not yet seen the Beerna but Sound balls I have found the sacred ass of the world.
Mrs. Chester A. Condon
3300 London Road
Duluth
Minnesota
U.S.A.
Apr. 25, 1914