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Please excuse the slacking. I didn't notice at first that this was Mohrians here to be sent to you. Dearest, just received your July 8, 1916.

This is Saturday night 7:00 P.M. and it is just about the first chance I have had to sit down and write in two days. I do miss you so much! And when I see all these East Chinese men here for the whole summer, I feel almost envious and think the mission should have offered you the whole time. There you are in the heat, and here I am away off and enjoying life and coolness.

9:05 P.M. Supposed to have supper at 7:30 this evening and that is my time writing at 7:30.

I came home and started to undress, but remembered just in time that I had his wife said that they were coming over and so I made myself presentable again and am writing a little.

There is so much to tell!

Well, we had a very good trip all the way from Suaut. The barometer read down three tenths almost and on the heavy wind Thursday P.M. But by that time I could see by the boats that we were quite close to Shanghai. At 6:00 P.M. we seemed to be approaching land, but it was only the mouth of the river, and it was 8:10 P.M. before we were at the dock.

As we approached, we saw a great many factories and smelled the smoke. They seemed to be in full swing even then it was evening! Too bad!
Now before I write further in this, let me wish you a very happy birthday. How I wish I were with you! And what a mockery it is for me to be away at this time!!!!!!!! Only trust in God makes me willing to endure it. Don't forget to look in the drawer for your birthday gift. Open me in the morning and me in evening if you get this in time and if you wish. I had so much pleasure in making one of the things. Perhaps I'll write more on a separate sheet.

I go back. The captain had my bed made again on deck for the state-room is hot enough when boat is going. I was very willing. I tucked my jewelry in key into my Scotch bag, placed it under the pillow and evidently went to sleep.

The first thing I knew I was shouting at the top of my voice. "What is it? What is it? What is it?"

And turning, I saw a Chinese girl standing beside my bed, with an umbrella in her two hands. It was very odd and I was very much frightened. But I could not tell whether it happened or not for when I screamed so, she ran away and I did not see her again. I felt in my bag to see if it was safe, looked at my watch to see that it was somewhere around ten o'clock and lay there trying to firm out whether I had had a nightmare, or whether women had been on the boat, and if so why.
well not long after, this same girl and another woman walked across the deck, and as I knew it had been true! Then I was filled with when the girl appeared again, I said, "What do you want?"

Evidently the captain heard - for not very long after, he shouted out, "Quarter master, what are these women doing on deck?"

They ran and hid I suppose, and I heard or saw nothing more of them.

But it was an awful shock - I don't know whether the woman touched me or spoke to make me so suddenly. They must have been bad or they could not have been there at that time of night and acting as they did.

Goodnight dearest - it is 9:30 and I don't believe the Nanaimos are coming. I am tired and am going to bed.

Sunday noon, July 9.

To-day is misty and there are a few drops now and then. Temperature 68. I don't mind the heat the people speak of at all, and so I guess the South has got its work in on us all right.

To go back to my trip. Friday morning early without his breakfast, Mr. Bowman came on board. I had imagined him as dried up and about 49 or 53. But to my surprise - there was a sleek and lean man in white flannels and white shoes - with a
very nice face and showing no signs of age. I felt quite dandy in my dark silk and big sun hat.

Hew - he quickly said that the best thing for me to do was to get there to the khansamah that same day, and that I could do it arriving between 8 or 9 P.M.

Of course I acquiesced - there was nothing else to do. We hurried in rickshaws to his office, while the baggage started across the city in 3 rickshaws. Hew hastily opened his safe and got 50 - 75 in silver or 35 - 50 in bills, and then we hurried along in three comfortable rickshaws or that long ride to the station. They are the most comfortable I ever rode in. They have tires like bicycle tires and are wide and roomy. The roads for the most part are perfectly smooth instead of full of bumps like ours.

They have real horses in Shanghai - and cars - and trolly cars. The horses are from old plugs, but I know that you'll be glad to see them.

I left my letters with Mr. Blasman - but did not have time to see about your watch or the moon balls. I told him about Mrs. James's book and he said that he would try to get it. Please let me know immediately when it comes - and if
By any chance there is a mistake, you write a full note to Mr. James explaining to him that Mrs. James asked me to get the book for July 13 and that I couldn't. You might substitute one of our small volumes "Across the Plains" or something like that, but Mrs. James said not to get "Travels with a Donkey" or "Across the Plains".

"Virginibus Puerisque."

There a baby crying. It was my heart's time I heard them, and it seems as if my arm could break for wanting to hold them all.

Mr. Beaman said all nickels and fares, and said he would charge those and the stamps to our account.

At the train he bought me, he said - a second class ticket but it said 1st class and cost $1.50 - as Mrs. Leber said the fare was 2.50 I imagine a mistake was made. At any rate 2nd class was crowded and so they put me into first. It seems now that a launch is running between Nang Chow and the foot of the mountain and Mr. Beaman's plan was to have me take this launch (fare 5.00) which would have me arrive at
mountain about 6:00. Then he was to telegraph yes and have him meet me at the foot of the mountain.

Before we arrived at Hangchou, we had to get off train at Kong'enchiao, walk across tracks and take another small train for 15 minutes ride.

Cortes took baggage from one train to other without expense at terminus—Cortes took baggage to launch & launch agent paid them 8c each which was one double dime! Strange arithmetic.

On the launch, it began to rain very heavily but we were well protected. I thought a rather long ride from 2:00 until 6:30 P.M. and we were all ready to get out and I had happened to meet on the train Mr. E. T. Ring and wife (the man had been here before) and Mrs. Strob and three children (Russian). The children were three girls 9, 7, and 3 1/2 respectively, but the youngest one was the most spoiled child I have seen for a long time. If she cried for anything they give it to her to avoid a scene. The mother struck lightly at the children several times and we could easily see
that the trouble began in her lack of
discipline.

I had rather light rations that day.
There was time only for a hasty partial cup of
coffee and a small piece of unbuttered toast
before I left the boat. On the train things
looked so untidy that I ordered only sandwiches
and tea, and an extra sandwich for
the launch. I bought a little basket of
plums and got cheated into paying 20 instead
of the proper price 05. Then when
I had eaten me, a tea. I remembered
they were uncrushed—so I took some
hot Chinese tea that was there and
made them into that—but if I had
happened to think of cholera instead
of dysentery I think I should have gone
writtent all.

At the Rest House I
had only the sandwich, a biskvit, and
a cup of hot tea. Bless Mr. Ring's heart!
and his English husband! He could not
do without his tea. At the house I
forgot to un-
pick my Greater and must have been too tired to think straight, for
I led them keep my baggage with bedding
in it until the next day:-- and so we
came up the mountain in the red darkness
there three tired little kiddies and their
tired foreign mother (whose little one year-
old boy had died only a week ago, I learned
from the children.) It rained just enough
to dampen us:-- and as it grew colder I
pulled my thin nightie from my bag, glad of
that cheer lawn even. My big pith hat
kept some of the cool wind off too.

I rather enjoyed the trek up. it was so
strange. A good stone path made it fairly
easy for the men to see with their little
paper lanterns with candles inside: and the
light on the red tree lears, the thousands
of griffies, the rushing of swift mountain
streams and the comfortable chair
all made for enjoyment. The small
man was not for a little while at first.
It was ages before we reached the houses
and then it seemed ages more before we got to the right house. All the houses (being made of stone) looked imposing and big compared to Thaigong. (even in territory.)

He finally reached a big house at 11:30 or nearer 12:00 midnight, and I reached the room cold and stiff as a board. The house seemed uninhabited and I had no bedding!!!

To my great relief Mrs. Smart soon appeared in bath robe and when reached me about blankets - I begged for one - but Liz good man returned with a big mattress and steamer rug and frail little Mrs. Smart followed with sheets and pillow and a warm nightie. She is a dear!!! Well I guess we pretty tired for their kindness quite overwhelmed me and the first thing I knew was I was trembling all over and crying like a baby. Well - a pretty to-do! They got me some hot soup and bread and butter and it did taste good. As soon as I touched the bed, I was
sound asleep and rested solidly till morning when I was much refreshed. Everybody seems to think it is some feat to come up the mountain by night, and so I guess there was some reason for feeling exhausted.

Gus had not received the telegram. He received it Saturday or Sunday, I have forgotten which.

The room is very nice. Everything came safely. Mrs. Smart kept me for breakfast, and Mr. Smart entertained with droll stories. They are lovely people.

The nurse in the house (Miss Pittman) took me over to see Gus and Esther in the morning, and then to the McKenzies. Dr. McKenzie far from being an imposing old gentleman looks like the McKenzies—small, wiry, and jolly all the time. Mrs. McKenzie is a Southerner from Tennessee. They have a son of 17 who returned from America.
Looks much as Caroline did at that age and one dear little baby, "Elizabeth Stanwood," just three months old.

Dr. Mck. is related to Jannes Peabody and Salem as well as to McLennan's of Gloucester, and so he may be related to me too.

So many people want to see a drama now that it will be well for me to have the sale soon.

I called on Mrs. Brooks Black yesterday. She is near eighty, rather worn out — and has her hands full with her five children.

There met a number of others. The Niles who came out with us have a six months old baby.

The beds are very nice and there is a great big bureau made in plan of chiffoniers — something like our bureau at home. The men wear good suits.
suit and please bring all your shirts, collars, and neckties. I am afraid you will not need your new yellow suit if you bring the two khaki suits, but perhaps you had better bring one.

Men and women go in bathing together. There are to be 7 tennis courts, three all ready for use now.

I had lovely ice cream yesterday and fresh corn and cucumbers with vinegar and oil. I have also been enjoying roast mutton.

The number of your house is 268. You had better make note of anything in the letter that refers to this trip and then send it immediately to Aunt Cele at Bridgewater as I very plainly see that I should not begin to duplicate this material in a letter home. So family please forgive the personal things. But keep well.

Lottie.
Dearest, (8 o'clock)
Just think, I let all day yesterday go by without writing.

11:30 AM and so the time goes. Imagine the spare hours this summer will not be many.

Saturday, the first day I was here, I washed early, got up at 6:30, and was largely unpacked by breakfast time.

The room is about 12 x 12 feet.

The view from the front door is beautiful. It takes in mountains, valley, river, and large lake.

The clouds make it among the mountains and the haze makes the sunset glow even in this Faulkner sky very beautiful indeed.

If this house were far more beautiful than the same view from Taiping.

The room, however, being on the ground floor, is a little more exposed, and I have to keep shutters closed most of the time.

By this house are Mr. and Mrs. Smart and three children. Methodists from Soochow. Poor Mrs. Smart has had a very hard year.

On the first place - she had affluence, floating
kidney, inflamed uterine, tears, and other complications. Couldn’t walk any distance without fainting. Physicians declared she must be operated on. So her mother from Japan came to visit her. On her way back to Japan, the mother died suddenly of heart disease.

Mrs. Smart was operated on for five different things - first one operation - then six weeks later, another. She collapsed, had a chill and was expected to die for two days. But she pulled through only to have little children come down immediately with measles and then whooping cough. The little girl also had the measles too so ill, that they thought she could not live.

What a night mare of a year, and yet she is just so cheerful and bright and happy so she can be and the children are very well now. They are older now, two boys John, and Frances, and a little 3½ year old - Elizabeth.

I don’t believe Mrs. Smart weighs over 90 lbs. She is very small - but has a beautiful voice. They all like music. Miss Smart is my desk. She plays guitar and sings Southern songs.

In the house, too, are Miss Pittman, a nurse of our mission, and Mr. and Mrs. Sweet, the only old married couple in the mission.

Well that first morning Miss Pittman took me over to meet Sue and Esther, who are living with the Nykkers in the Eucalash house. They have the same house room that the children had last year. Mr. Nykker is a big, shaggy giant. He was once a lumberman, and the certainly looks the part as to physique. Mrs. Nykker is tall and lean, but very refined dressing and clothes.

Then they took me to the McKinzie’s. Guess I have written you of them.

After lunch, Tues.

When I went over for lunch, they asked me if I had received a letter, and so I flew back to the house to intercept the postman.
It was so good to hear, dear, and to know that you reached home safely, and were getting something to eat. I want to eat and wash these now, but I am saying to myself, "you must take a nap," and so I'll make myself do what I know you would want me to--even this. I am not much inclined to get up now.

4:00 P.M.

Up again and all dressed for tennis. Coffee was coming over for me and took my turn to introduce me to some poor players. But a sudden shower came up, and I don't know whether she will come or not.

The rest of Saturday I've spent cleaning out the bureau and putting things away as well as putting on table covers and making things look as neat and attractive as possible.

In the afternoon my old friend, Pope Lang, and the Gladstone came up, so that I was pretty busy unpacking them and arranging things.

Oh, by the way, Shanghai seems fairly cool to me, although Mr. Steaman thought it warm.

Have not worn my felt hat once yet, and have been out several times without a hat!!!!!!

The meal hours at the Mc Kenzie's are very hectic--breakfast 8:00 A.M., dinner 12:30, supper 7:30. But dinner and supper are really late--perhaps partly because the cook has been sick. We have had ice cream twice. The meals have not been particularly good, and one day we met another housekeeper's evening off for another meal. Does that remind you of anything? We are warned that we shall not always have dessert!!!

On Sunday we had lunch at S.S. and Geo., and called at St. Ron's next, and Church at 5:00. You will laugh when you see the hymns they sing--a little cheap red cover hymnal without music--1200 hymns, colored and
anthems — but as for colors & anthems, there are 32 — and you could, accurately, tell them from hymns. And the hymns! The Chinese hymnal on well might be superior in some ways.!!

We were invited to a sing Sunday night but the Miggins had invited Bus and Ethel, and did not let us down to get until 8.30 the latest, and so we did not get there!!!

Monday yesterday — I was busy with lavender or dream phials. I then looked over all of Stein's books, but not the rest.

Mrs. Smart took me on to see the tennis about 7:10.

In the evening Mrs. Nuttie had a party to celebrate the 10th anniversary of Mr. & Mrs. Bateeman. Everyone carried trimmed things and wrote clever poetry. It was very funny! Mr. Bateeman looks like an elephant. It is too funny to see him play tennis.

Brooks, Clark & Mrs. Clark were there, but Brooks has been sick — I suppose it was dysentery again. Too bad.

They called for speeches — and called in China. But we cleared my enemies and dug off. Mr. McKinie's son is a young Mr. Motts told stories and everybody loved ice cream & cake and candy & punch. Singing too!

The party began at 9:45 Shanghai hours!!!

Mrs. Goddard has had nervous conjunctivitis her children and her own eyes have a cough. Her sister has had a little boy — a beautiful child (about 8) — and a baby of about 6 months. The baby's cough is shaking and there was danger that he would die yesterday and to-day. Everybody is so worried and so bad. — For Miss Jones has lost me to two children — it seems terrible!!!

All in our mission are just grand! They are young and good looking. Our Japanese very bright! But I'll leave you to find more about them when you come.

Mrs. Afford has no children and probably none will have!

Very much love — Lattie.
Dearest,

We were disappointed again yesterday not to receive mail, and to hear the bad news that soldiers are all around, and that Khou Tshong ti has been victorious, and Ang Tshin ti men have fled. The boats do not dare leave, making us and I don't know when the folks will get up. We are expecting so many this week.

Mildred and the children and I went up to the Giecti yesterday for a little tea-party and a game of croquet which was left incomplete.
because Mr. Mackenzie called.
Mr. Finn is still quite sick
I think, but Mr. Mackenzie is up
and around.

I am enclosing a letter
to Dr. Thomas and check.
I thought you were going to make
it out before I left, but since
you didn't, this seemed the simplest
solution.

It is rather a hopeless task,
this writing letters, for we don't know
whether things are going to get this
or not. I haven't had anything
since your postal of July 4; although
I suppose that some things are
on the way. I do want home
mail and some newspapers.

Mildred thinks you do not
Write me so often as Newton writes her!

Children are playing happily.

"John said yesterday.

"The are there met in doughnuts?"

"And to-day I overheard him and Alice talking:

"I have a mamma. Her name is Een Chink. She takes

care of the baby. She laid it herself without any

helping her."

Now Kenneth and Alice are together in their room,

and John is here feeding an imaginary fig!

Much love to you. I do so want to

Yours how you are getting on. Latti.
Please bring Associated Mission Treasurer's Account Book here when you come.

And Personal Tang Seong to check book.

Evening. I hear that Dr. Wright is going down to-morrow, and so I'll try to send this letter and a little tin box of salted almonds and chocolate brownies, for you and Douglas to celebrate on. Save the tin. It may serve for your lunch of raisins etc. when you come.

We all went in bathing this afternoon, and had a very early supper. Phyllis and William happened in while we were eating.

I sent down our chairs today for the lectures. Many lent me her chair poles. Please don't forget mine if you can arrange to bring them.

Please tell me about military situation. We are looking for you July 21, 22 or 23.

Very much love from each of us, Lotus.
Dear Daddy,

I hope you will have a good time at Vermont. And we will have a good time when we get there.

Love John.

Rockport, Nov. 1, 1928.

Dearest, We were glad to get your postcard. What a big day you must have put in. I am sorry you were cold in the P.M. when going. I hope you will be warm enough on the trip to Calot.

We thought of you last night. Yesterday, I went with the birders to the "Bird Sanctuary" in the morning. In the P.M. I sprinkled clothes, picked up apples, had a caller (Mrs. Allen) . I also mended some in even.
John and Alice were delighted with Grandma Wildreth's little Hallowe'en figures. Grandma R. gave them Hallow-e'en horns and I got out the lanterns which they had last year, then they drank boiled for apples and had a delightful time.

We all send much love,
Lettie.