Had a lovely letter from Dr. Parsons yesterday. Did I tell you that Mr. Teddy Riggs and I were advertised as coming from the University of Colorado in a recent missionary conference? Dr. Patton, the guilty Home Secretary, was an Amherst classmate of Dr. Parsons, and he wrote to say that he had dealt severely with the afore-mentioned gentleman.

No more gossip now--it is before breakfast. Love and anticipation. Amy.

Shanghai, Aug. 25, 1915

Dearest Faith:

I write you at the end of my first day in a Chinese city--and cannot describe it effectively for China has to be seen to be appreciated. One ought to say has to be smelled. The sights are bearable--but, unfortunately I was born with a sensitive Schneiderian membrane.

But I am beginning at the wrong end for you haven't heard from me since I left San Francisco. One doesn't need to describe the crowds at the pier--you have set sail frequently enough to visualize all the tearful farewells and the waving crowd on the dock. We lay out in the harbor two hours after leaving the dock, taking on mail and baggage from tugs, so it was four o'clock when we passed the Exposition. Curiously, it was the last bit of our native land that was visible for the Golden Gate was shrouded in fog--and the first lap of our voyage was dank and miserable. About two thirds of the company was sea-sick that night. I wasn't very cheerful myself, but refrained from feeding the fishes. In fact I was somewhat subdued all the way to Japan, but I stayed resolutely on deck, and didn't lose my equilibrium so long as I kept quiet. The most unadulterated joy I've experienced in a long while came the morning of the 5th day out when we sighted Maui off to the southward. I had reached the point where I firmly believed that there wasn't any more land anywhere! Presently Molokai came to view--and brought back the memory of Father Amien and of R.L.S. Molokai is less beautiful than the other islands, is flatter and more sandy. I'd never realized the distances in this island group--we had sighted Maui at daybreak--but Oahu didn't appear until about ten o'clock, and we didn't land at Honolulu until two thirty. Miss Bosher couldn't meet me for she was at the death bed of Mrs. Titus Coan, the widow of that pioneer missionary to the Sandwich Islands--so she sent her fiance, Dr. Doremus Scudder, a charming gentleman. He waved his wand and there appeared a stout good-natured old man, one Mr. William Bowen, one of Honolulu's millionaires, who loves missionaries. He bundled five of us into his big auto and sent us up to the Pali, a big cliff which is really the great Divide of the island, and separates the two beautiful valleys, one running down to the north coast and the other to the south. From the Pali we could look down to the north shore across acres and acres of young pineapples to the wonderful opalescence of the shallow waters along shore. I have never seen a more beautiful sight--Niagara was much less wonderful to me. Another wonderful thing about the Pali is the draft which sucks
through the pass at the rate of about one hundred miles an hour. The queer thing is that the current only occupies a space about ten feet wide and that there is perfect calm on each side of the disturbed region—but I can't describe everything in detail or this letter will be a thousand miles long. We saw Pacific Heights—a residence section from which one gets a view of the ocean much like one's view of the plains from Mt. Cutler. We saw and rode through the Punch Bowl, the crater of an extinct volcano; we went to Waikiki Beach and saw the surf riders. The natives swim out on a board for a distance of a half mile then wait until a wave strikes them, when they get up, and standing on the board come in on the crest of the wave. We saw the Aquarium where their fishes show all the colors of the rainbow—a truly remarkable sight!

From this place we turned back and went to Kawaiahao Seminary where Miss Bosher reigns. There I left my auto crowds and was greeted by Sassie and Miss Stotts, a young girl whom I was chaperoning from America to China—Miss Bosher was still absent, attending to funeral arrangements, but she arrived soon after and gave me a hearty welcome. She has not changed perceptibly since I last saw her eight years ago save for an additional gray hair. We went down to dinner immediately and found at the table eight other teachers, three of whom are foreign—two Chinese and one Hawaiian. All the work is done by the students and we were served beautifully by a little native girl not much larger than a ten year old child would be at home. It was good to have simple home fare again and an appetite to eat it. The ship's fare was more elaborate than tempting and I haven't desired food for several days.

The School itself was most attractive—it is built of the native lava rock uncut—and the combination of the brown stone and the green moss over it is undescrivable. The building is two and a half stories with extensive galleries and porches (lanai) as all tropical houses have. The whole front of the house is covered with a vine so luxuriant that the windows have to be cut out constantly to get any light into the interior. All of the rooms are sealed with tight boarding from top to bottom. They say it is the only kind of wall that will stand the climate and keep out the many crawling creeping things.

In the evening we foreigners sat on the lanai and listened to the songs of the native girls grouped on the steps below us. It was very interesting—and gave me my first sensation of being in a foreign land.

You cannot imagine the rejoicing over a real bath and a real bed that went up from our company that night unless you have been seasick for six days, and living in a stateroom with two other missionaries each of whom has a little more parapiernalia than yourself. I've decided that the popularity of Honolulu is due as much to contrast with the expanse of water as to its own intrinsic beauty, though that is great. It is one
natural beauty in which I have not been disappointed. I don't wonder that so many travellers find it so delightful that they are constrained to stay.

Dr. Jackson (formerly U. of P.) came up to breakfast with us, that being our only chance to visit with him—and then he took us in his car to see Lucile Cold Manley and her baby. We also went to see Eleanor Porter, but she was out so we failed to connect. Everybody we saw was the essence of cordiality—I never imagined any place could be so hospitable. They seem to live only to make the occasional visitors stay enjoyable. When we finally had to go back to the old Mongolia, we found everybody decorated with lei (pronounced lay) which the natives make of native sweet scented flowers and sell all along the way to the ship. The spirit of festivity had reached the ship's company and we laughed and chatted with those of our passengers whom yesterday we didn't consider worthy of even a passing nod. So we set sail again—but with a different setting. There was bright sunshine instead of fog; smiles and flowers instead of tears; and instead of the gray waters of San Francisco bay, the beautiful clear water of the harbor where the slim brown bodies of the Kanaka boys dived for pennies; and off toward Waikiki the reef where the breakers roll, all opalescent in the foreground and bright green beyond.

It was with keenerest regret that I watched Oahu fading away in the distance, thinking it the last of Uncle Sam's sail I should be seeing for four long years—but I had not reckoned correctly, for suddenly appeared Kauai, the most isolated of the Hawaiian Islands, and we watched its stern and rock-bound coast through the late afternoon under a glorious sunset and until the last remnant of a cliff was shut out by the darkness.

It is difficult to describe the twelve lazy days that followed. I could read very little, could write not at all—and tried it once to get some letters back on the Siberia which we passed out at sea, but paid for it with another spell of seasickness so I gave up. I had a constant headache—couldn't stir save for an occasional turn round the deck, so I lay in my deck chair and stared out over the white caps to the shifting horizon. I talked to such of the ship's company as forgave/reactive state and came to amuse me. Sassie and I were much together—my other chief companion was a nice fatherly old doctor from Chicago who was making the trip for rest and recuperation. He was a delightful man as simple and unpretentious as a little child—yet a man who had made a fortune practicing medicine in Chicago—and a brilliant conversationalist. He and I have discussed and settled all the problems of the universe together so we are pretty good friends.
Three days out from Yokahama I met another man--as interesting in a way but not nearly so nice a person. He was a physician also--is Professor Parasitology in University of Manila Medical School--a very clever person--knows his subject down to the ground, and I learned more tropical medicine from him than I'd ever dreamed existed! He was the worldly sort of person who smokes and drinks and goes to fashionable musicales--a sort I've known very little--so I had an interesting time exploring his thought channels. The third man of our "closed corporation" (Sassie, Miss Stotts and I were the women) was the ship's surgeon who in marked contrast to the general rule, was a brainy able man. And I never saw anyone with a greater fund of interesting stories. He has seen most of the surface of this old globe--and told about it in a fascinating way--the rest of us would sit spellbound by the hour while he told of adventures in Hongkong or Manilla or Panama.

I wish I could tell you about all the passenger. There were many notables--the most noteworthy being Ambassador Grew to Japan, but there were many lesser lights who deserve a chapter in their behalf. There was an overload of missionaries, so the laity were somewhat obscured. There were 167 all told: 102 women, 35 men (note the weaker sex!) and 27 children. The eminent missionaries were: D. Willard Lyon, of Y.M.C.A. fame; Dr. E. H. Lowrie, the Presbyterian "Bishop" of China; and Dr. E. H. Hume, head of the Yale Mission at Changlea. Equally interesting to me and foremost among the women was Mrs. Cyrus Clark of our own Board returning to Japan to begin her 25 year of service. She was a Gulick, daughter of Luther Halsey Gulick, celebrated because of his work in Spain. She was born in Hawaii, though, while the Gulicks were missionaries there. Perhaps you may remember that the Sandwich Islands were Christianized so rapidly that the missionaries were withdrawn after about thirty years?

But I'm wondering again. The missionaries were very prominent in ships sports--everything that was stirring on shipboard was set going by the missionaries. One of the pleasantest things we did was to hold daily meetings in the dining-Solon each morning at 10:30. They varied in their program, but were popular and largely attended, many of the non-missionaries coming--first to scoff and later to pray. These meetings were very helpful to those of us who were tenderfeet--giving an insight into the duties and problems of the field that had not been possible before.

We landed in Japan on the afternoon of September 12, which reminds me that I forgot to tell you that G---- F----- of Fort Collins was on board, going to Bankok. He and his wife, who is as charming as she is pretty. Sassie and I had formed a party to go up to Tokyo. Ruth Ragan met us at the dock, found rickshaws for us and started us to the station--she couldn't go
along for she had a large Y. W. C. A. party to look after. We landed in Tokyo just at sunset and were whirled off to our hotel in rickshaws, drawn by very foreign looking coolies. The streets were more foreign looking--crowded with children and a few grown-ups in all stages of attire and disattire, many gawky looking chickens--many curs, etc., and it was very queer to look up from this setting so absolutely different from anything in our previous experience and find our eyes resting on familiar pink clouds and a little crescent moon--so absolutely part of our previous experience!

It was late when we reached the hotel and we were very tired--so we dined and went right to bed--in a big, comfortable bed that was absolutely stable!

We saw Tokyo next morning from an auto--and it is lovely. So many beautiful canals--so many extensive parks with their curious dwarfed trees. The most impressive thing was the imperial Palace, completely surrounded with government buildings, barracks, guardhouses etc., and the whole surrounded with an immense stone wall, beyond which is a wide moat. We in America have no idea of the extensive preparations for defense made in a country like Japan. China also has extensive fortifications but they are not in so good repair. . . . . At eight-thirty we left Tokyo by train en route for Kyoto, a twelve hour ride by rail across Nippon, the largest island. We were joined at Yokahama by several other "Mongolians" so we had a large and joyous party--and made a merry day of it.

I was surprised to find Japan so largely mountainous. They say that more than 3/4 of their country is tillable land--which accounts for the excellent use they make of the remainder. For instance there is no railroad-right-way. They have a road-bed and that is all--beyond that all is rice fields. I saw no tea at all, though they say there is much in the neighborhood of Kyoto--all was taro, lotus, or rice--mostly rice.

The mountain scenery is wonderful--they are not mere hills as so many so-called mountains are--but the real thing. Beside even the Rockies they would not need to feel ashamed. Some idea of the railway route may be gained from hearing that we passed through about 30 tunnels between Tokyo and Kyoto. The number of streams also impressed me--it is such a tiny land one wonders where all the water comes from for we crossed river after river as wide as the Susquehanna, or large as the Delaware at Trenton. One is impressed too with the systematic thoroughness with which everything is done--the roads, the bridges, the irrigation system, the reforestation--many of the trees showed evidence of artificial planting,
and that on the highest mountain tops. Which reminds me that we didn't see The mountain at least only its base—the top of Fuji was hidden by clouds. It isn't in the Mountain ranges, but rises solitary from an intermediate plain.

I wonder if you remember Wm. Merrill Vories? He is at Hachiman—and I've long wondered about his station. The reality was different than any of the ideas, however—we came into this little valley just at sunset, bursting out of a tunnel and finding this exquisite fairyland surrounding us. It is indescribable—so peaceful in its loveliness with the tiny, orderly, rice fields with the peasants plodding homeward along the dikes, the smoke rising from the diminutive thatched villages, the darker hills brooding over all—and beyond at a lower end of the valley a broad expanse of lake reflecting the loveliness of the setting sun. I don't wonder that he (Mr. Vories) has loved his work there. Who wouldn't, in so beautiful a spot?

Japan is a land of contrasts, though. Here we were rushing along in luxury, more comfortable even than in an American train, with all the safety devices—block signals, double-tracks, etc.—looking out at a country that had never known a plow or a harvesting machine, at people whose greatest labor-saving device is a water wheel, who have never seen a cook stove or a bath tub and yet whose humblest villages are lighted by electricity!

I could ramble on forever about Japan but I'd never get to China, so I'll take up the thread of my discourse again. We arrived at Kyoto at 7:35, pulling into a station as large and well equipped as Broad Street Station is. Here we were met by Dr. Larned of our Congregational Mission. We left our party here and Sassie and I went to the Larned's home. It was our first sight of an American house in many weeks, and it was truly a sight for sore eyes! We bathed in a Japanese tub which looks like a half-hogshead and smells like the spices of Araby. And we lay down for a second night in a strange land with stranger sounds in our ears. The temple bells rang most of the night—and early morning brought the clatter of wooden shoes which is unlike anything you ever heard before—the nearest approach to it is the rattle of cattle hoofs on a cement pavement. A Japanese shoe looks like this, you know, and they do everything on these little wooden stilts—even to playing baseball.

We saw Kyoto the next morning with Mrs. Larned as our guide—She has lived there for 40 years, and it was worthwhile. We started on Cloissonne—I saw the whole process from beginning to end—but, being poor, did not purchase any! Saw a chine factory
where we were surprised to find thousands of China dolls in process of construction, preparing for the U.S. Christmas trade. Then a temple, and, such are the limitations of the flesh, I was more impressed with the number of fleas in the matting than with the beauty of the art. However it was wonderful, and I realize it more, now that I have seen some of China's temples. It is amazing to think that their immense supporting columns are all of wood—and that they have stood there through many hundred years without decay. The Buddhas were as hideous as one expects to find them. The grounds and groves are beautiful and exquisitely kept—this temple being on a hillside, has a waterfall among other attractions. There are a large number of beggars around all the time. It was among this crowd that I had my first glimpse of a woman with blackened teeth. One cannot imagine a more effective means of making oneself ugly.

From that temple we went direct to the station via rickshaws—and had lunch in the station restaurant. It was reasonably clean and we were served by a little Japanese woman in a huge pompadour. Curiously the whole bill of fare was of meat and fish. It is very noticeable to an American that all the food in public places is flesh, all through the Orient. I suppose it is the English influence—but seems very contradictory in a tropical climate. We feel very keenly the absence of cream, too. They always have butter and in many places milk, but no cream have I seen since I left San Francisco.

I'm afraid I'll have to cease off from at this point and continue in the next.

Sassie and I are visiting Polkie here in Soochow and having a wonderful and interesting time—I'll tell you about it later. Tonight we are going to have dinner at the Presbyterian Mission, and as we go by boat and a very slow boat, it is necessary to start at three o'clock.

I wonder if you will pass this document on to Katrine and Dr. Rupert and any others who will be interested? There is so much to tell that I'm afraid I won't get it written to each one individually. Very much love to you, Amy