Please pass on this as a personal letter to answer all questions.

My dear Kodler:

Yum, yum. How much are you here for? I am into the Kodak book you sent me. I really feel that you are not far off, and that I actually am just next door. I need not tell you how the book brings back all the memories of the last four years, and of you all. Dear, last night told me this: "Daughter, I am thankful that you have such good friends, and I am sure that if you had gotten nothing except good friends during your college days, they are worth the four years." He was so pleased to get a "live view" as he expressed it, of my friends. He said for me to write you all that nothing would please him more than have the whole bunch come for a "summer end" party. I thought to myself
that in all probability, we could have a
pretty good time here. I know you would
love to ride in the rickshaw except that
perhaps Betty would feel as safe in one as
she did when I steered her and the sled
into a tree at the foot of the wood Hill.

I have written to each of you since
I came home, and you have an idea of
what I am doing here. In the mornings,
I study Chinese with a tutor who has been
Teaching some member or another of our family
for the past fifteen years. He taught me when
I was eight years old, and if I remember
correctly, he administered the stick on my
yelum once when he found out that I had
been eating candy all the time pretending that
it was the "foreign devil" cough drops. Now
however he is so polite to me that I could
write a whole Aristophanes Romance à la
Molloy and Miss Smith on the gallant
Phrasesologies he showered on me when he politely invited me to hold my quill pen "comme il faut." You know, the conventional and jolite form of Chinese conversation is nothing if not digresive and flowery. You kids will be to scream at the way I handed out mzburg to Mrs. Miller—but sabi credite, beside she'sChinese here at home, I sound like one of Sickey's 79cts. bargain hats minus Sickey's air of wearing it à la rue de la Paix. (For heaven's sake, don't let any of you let this out to Sickey) As I write this here picture on my desk seems to have suddenly assumed a censoring air.

Well, after my Chinese lesson (and since beginning to tell you this, you see I have digressed properly according to Chinese method of politeness), I practice on the piano. I bang, and tickle, hammer and tinkle the keys in the proper fashion. Then twice a week, I go for my music lesson. Yes, "go for" is the proper expression, because I usually
am kept waiting in the cold, cruel outside until my teacher's "boy" (i.e. not son, but the gargon) sees fit to shuffle me in with a blushing "Ming and Missis." Then I give a shine up the stairs lest the gargon should fall asleep while in my presence, and go into the studio. Here a finely formed, i.e. button formed in la Dickens' Pegotty, snuggle jinxs, quadrupled chin lady greets me and says (this is absolutely inevitably)

"And was ye scales, - oh, you boy got them right? No?"

after an hour during which I am made to feel the utter uselessness and stupidity of my ten digits while hers (sturdily as they are) fly and twinkle like

"Twinkle, twinkle little star,"

I am once more ushered out to the front door, where if the gargon has had his usual quota of some vile strong-smelling stuff, he offers to open the door for me. Thouless be however, be in a "purple" humor, minus the cheerful red glow, I wrestle and struggle with the bunglar's
look-proof catch until I am ready to buy a bungalow join myself.

When I get home, it is about luncheon time, and usually, I find some pretentions (I mean treet) women here wear long trousers under their shirts, to stiffen. Usually the company is my uncle's wife, second cousin or my mother uncle's grand-daughter, or some equally complicated and distant relatives. We exchange the polite disagreeableness of the day; i.e. talking about weather and health, and of course I answer the usual number of inquiries regarding the ways and manners of the "foreign devils" among whom I have been residing the last ten years. I wonder if that is the reason why I feel so "civil-ist" since I came home!!! Do it, Ted?

After luncheon, I usually practice a couple of hours more. And then I teach my little brother for an hour. Really, I have learnt more about geography, geography and Afghanistan and Burma, teaching him than taking History 15 in spite
I see the crowning joke during the finals. After teaching him, there is usually some kind of Committee meeting to go to—either for censoring pictures or see about subscriptions for the famine sufferers in even Red Cross. Yes, the bandage rolling craze has even reached Shanghai, the pearl of China—according to Higgins. The afternoon usually wound up with a tea somewhere or tea at home.

And if we don't go out somewhere to dine with friends, and if one of the cooke is not ill, or has to go home to see how his wife's newest baby is getting along, we stay at home and dine. Sometimes my brother brings home somebody to dinner or some friend or another drops in. After dinner, we usually go for a spin in the car and carriage, or else take
a walk, or go to the theatre. The "theatre" in Shanghai may mean either the "movies" which has the derogated name of "cinema performance" or else some shows by a travelling company. Or it may mean the cliche theatre.

If that is what it means you will hear first

"Bang, Bang, Thump, Tum, Bang!"

And then some exaggerated trelling and finally some more treasy instruments while the actors implore each other with "tooth and nail" cries in their officer voices. Then some more kung bangs! If you can remember the sort of noises we made when Kuo made her "temperance speech" last fall. Well, the noise in the cliche theatre
I hope you have all
and remember to
and truly believe in lapse.
Never be a quitter, I know you.

Once more, dear Mr.
Miss Thorne, you are my best friend.

Stay strong in the family regard.

Mrs. Thorne, please return the

This letter is a draft letter.

If you can write a few words to me, I would be

Take care, dear friend.

The chapter ends with The

I am close friends to the

I am truly yours,

Sincerely,

[Signature]