

Will you  
put these  
things in your  
list to send  
me some  
time in the  
next few  
months:  
1) My hair-  
clippers.  
2) My German-  
English  
grammar  
3) My English  
grammar &  
Nanking, and  
Nanking.

1934?  
Ginling College,  
Nanking,  
December 18, 1932

Dear Folks, -I was so glad to find such a fat letter from home this week- one from Mother, one from Frances, one from Gordon, and under separated cover one from Carman. It seemed that I was very near home after all.

I am so sorry to hear that Frances' Father has what seems to be cancer of the face. That is really bad news. I shall be interested to hear how he gets along.

Yes, Mother, I shall write a letter to the W.M.S.- perhaps more than a short letter. I plan to write an occasional letter to them and Dr. McTavish, the church at Yellow Grass, and to some prominent people like Chancellor Wallace of the University of Toronto who is interested in education in China for women. This college is eager to get Canada to become interested in this college; and when I see the work it is doing and trying to do I am very willing to do what I can do. So I shall try to do it before long. Did you ever hear why the proposal to send some letters to the board did not materialize?

I was so glad to get a fine letter from Mrs. Kurtz, with the news of their home and the church and city. I think I may get off to-night a letter to them; it likely will consist of two ~~and~~ pages from this letter, plus four pages from the one I sent you last week, plus a personal note.

Now I must answer the questions Mother asked. I wish you would all ask more, for I forget to include all the details, and often forget just what I have told you about. The drinking water is splendid. It is always boiled, and the result is that it is rarely cold. In the bathroom the servant brings boiled water for teeth and drinking, and we are warned never to drink unboiled water. It is medium hard, -perhaps a little harder than that in Saskatoon but not nearly so hard as in Regina. We can buy almost all the kinds of soap here that we can at home; Palmolive, castile, Ivory etc. They are considered expensive, but not so much as at home, if you allow for the difference in money value. We can purchase here, also various kinds of well-known toothpastes, powder etc.

Our lawns are beautiful. The ground is very level and a splendid growth of grass (not much clover, but it does well here); because of the very dry season the grass is quite brown, which looks natural to me. In our dormitory we have hardwood floors in offices and living-rooms. Our bedrooms have not hardwood; the halls, and all the rooms of the main buildings have cement floors. (You can imagine the noise when twenty-five girls shove back their chairs- they have chairs and tables in some rooms and chair-desks in others) The floor in the chapel is the nicest I have seen- hardwood and kept shining. The walls of all the buildings are plaster (by the way, Rachel was told by various members that pinning should not be done), done in a grey marble effect. There is no linoleum for this is not made in China and would therefore be very expensive.

My friend Dju Ao that I mentioned in my last letter has been in

University of Toronto  
Special Collections

and out as I write, and she wants to be remembered to you all, She says she feels she know you, and from the pictures on a my chiffonier and table she has been introduced to Mother, Father, Patsy, Merle and Carman. She is sush a splendid person, and she does so much for me. I promised to tell you something about her. She has studied in U.S.A. she teaches me some Chinese and usually laughs at my attempts and mistakes I know you would liké her. She and I are going to challenge the two girls across the hall to a game of skittles some time this next week. She surprised me by saying that her brother was here to-day, and that this brother was also her cousin. I wondered how that could be. It seems that when there is no boy in any family, the father adopts a son's son as his son; so this first cousin of hers, is, in Chinese customs, a brother.

It is encouraging to know that Mrs. Reid is so much better.

We had some good storeis round the dinner table to-day. There were guests and there seemed a fund of funny things to tell. One story goes thi way: "Two American ladies visiting in Holland were overheard ~~to~~ talking. One finally said to her companion, 'You know I had my bookings all made for Norway, ;we wnted to go there to see the midnight sun. Fortunately, I remembered before we were to start, that it was the same sun. So we didn't go."

Someone told about the Ginling girls one time visiting a gun-boat in the harbor here. As they looked at the torpedo, and the sailor did his best to explain how it was operated, one of the girls asked: 'And where does the man sit?'

Another anecdote came from Italy. A party of travellers were climbing Vesuvius when an American said, 'It's hot as hell!' The an English lady haughtily raised her eye-glass and said, 'How widely travelled these Americans are.'

I had the surprise of getting two letters from Bleailey by the same mail this week. I suppose that illustrates just what transportation there is in the Yukon in the winter. She is having a really gay time, with bridge parties, expeditions, dances, and parties.

Best of wishes to you all. We are having a gloridus fall, really mild weather. The cold days I described early in the fall have not been duplicated, but everyone says, "Wait until January!" I still have my warm Chinese dress in reserve. I must tell you about the lovely comforter delivered to me this week. It is filled with goose down, and is wonderfully light and warm. When Mrs. Thurston was in Shanghai she got the silk for the covering. It is pink to match the pink flowers in my blue curtains. It is an old-fashioned Chinese petticoat silk, which was reduced in price because it is not so much in demand. It is real silk and ought to last a long time. The pattern in satin is the peony. A sheet and this comforter keep me very cosy, and everyone admires it and wishes she had one like it.

Good-bye for now,  
 Florence.