

[To Mrs. B.T. Cox, Winterville,  
N.C. From V. Cox, Peking]

Union Language School  
Dec. 2, 1917.

Dearest Mother:

I have just half an hour in which to write this today, and I wonder if I can do it. I doubt it, - there is so much to say. There is to be a confirmation at the Anglican Mission at noon, and I want to be present. As it takes about  $\frac{3}{4}$  hr. to get there it gives me a very short morning.

I wrote Olivera about all the news I could think of last time, and I hope she passed it around. Thanksgiving is over and we are very busy making preparations for examinations, which begin in about two weeks. I just dread them, especially the one on phonetics. They are going to be fiendishly hard.

I had a very nice Thanksgiving with many good things to eat. The American Board Mission across the way gave me a big dinner in the middle of the day, and at evening I had a perfectly lovely dinner with a real turkey at Mr. Pettus'. Both places were very "homey" and American, which made it seem like home. Then, I furnished music at both places for entertainment afterward. There was no service at the Eng. chapel, of course that day, - so we could not make our Thanksgiving communions, - but St. Andrew's day followed immediately afterward and we made that our communion for T. - as well.

Then, we went to the Union Church here for services at eleven o'clock, - which was nothing more than a patriotic rally. You know how to appreciate your own church when you go to a thing like that. It was only for the foreigners, so the Chinese got nothing of it, I am thankful to say.

The American minister, Mr. Reinsch gave the address, which was a summary of the past + present political affairs in America, - also the development of resources caused by the war.

You felt like saying, - "Where does God come in, in all these wonderful things?"

Friday, we were given another inoculation for perov typhoid, - and yesterday we were a pretty "bum" crowd. Several of them went to bed & stayed, but I struck it out. With a bad cold and this I still feel like a sick patient.

It is so windy and cold today, I have slipped into my woollen underwear, and I tell you it feels good. The dust too, is perfectly terrible, you hardly breathe outdoors. My throat begins to feel parched & dry again. I need a veil like you use in motoring, - you know, this like weight silk chiffon. I wish you would send me one along with a woollen muffler for my neck. Could you get them to me two months from today? I'll buy a gold check next Saturday, and send you to cover some of the expense I have put you all to recently. I need both articles right now, so please get them as soon as you can. A dark green or copenhagen blue or a light brown or something of the kind would be a good color. I prefer the blue if it can be found, - but a green muffler. You might think it best to get both of them green. That will be O. K.

I haven't heard from home in two weeks. Yesterday I had to waste about 25 cents in ricsba fare & 12 cents in postage, again, to get out a letter from Cousin Will & Cousin Lula. I'll soon be broke at this rate. However, it was worth it, - they sent a cunning snap shot of Wm. Edward Jr. He has grown a great deal since July, - the dear little fellow.

I became so disgusted with a foreign man on the street here yesterday, I could have thrashed him if I had been a man. Just as he was turning a corner on his bicycle a ricsba coolie who was walking leisurely along with an empty

ricksha ran into him, and knocked him off his wheel. He had given his warning as he turned the corner, so I suppose it was provoking for it not to be noticed. But he did such childish, silly things because he was angry. He almost swore at him in Chinese, and ran at him, - knocked him down and turned his ricksha bottom side up. My! I was so mad. The poor coolie was so frightened he fell on his knees and literally covered in the dust, - but the foreigner kept on with his oats. These are the things the missionaries have to overcome. The small number of foreigners causes you to be known practically <sup>all</sup> over the city. The ricksha coolies frequently call me by name, and ask me to ride in their ricksha, - and they know where I live. Every night I attend service at the Eng. Legation the ricksha man call to me as I come out & ask if I want to go to the Teng Shih Kou.

Oliver's letter of Oct. 21 has just arrived, telling of the exciting experiences of entertaining soldiers and an auto accident. I am expecting the package containing shoes at any moment, but there's no telling, - it may be February before they arrive.

Drs. Hart has also sent her Xmas letter, - saying that she is in N.C. but not in my diocese. She is being kept so very busy just now, the Board has given her permission to stay until next summer so as to get a little rest. I wish you people were going to meet her. Poor Drs. Stewart is having a very hard winter without her, - so I'm hoping she won't stay away longer than necessary. She wrote consulting me about an organ book to use for my pupils, - she wants to bring back what she can for us. Isn't she nice?

I just wonder what kind of Christmas or New Year you have had. Write me about it as soon as you can.

With much love,

Venetia

P. S. - I find that it is the Prime Minister's wife who is going to entertain the Friday Club at the Legation, - at which I am to play in Jan.

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I want a calendar for 1918, - can you send me a small one? I wish it might be a church one.

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