21 Scheme, Takegoe Cho
Seoul, Korea
April 25, 1935

Dear Mariam,

No doubt Marion or Florence has already told you of my change of residence. Since the girl whose place I was taking came back it seemed wise for me to come over here where there is a splendid American hospital with real American doctors so here I am.

I've had some X-rays and examinations and they seem to think things are going along nicely. The bone condition in my foot has apparently all cleared up. I'm having massage treatments for the leg muscles and they are getting strong all the time. My tummy too is getting some treating with normal diet and is taking things quite decently. I'll be all well again before I know it.

The climate here in Seoul is much like home. The air is much clearer and higher than Japan and gives one some pep.

I've been lucky this year. Cherry blossoms were in full bloom when I left Japan and now they are at their height here. Eloise, the girl with whom I live, and I have just been to a famous park, an old palace ground, to see them. They are indescribably beautiful. Long paths are lined with them and hung with rows of Japanese lanterns. Night time is the best time to see them for then the lights make the gardens look like fairyland. Glimpses of old Korean buildings may sometimes be seen through a screen of blossoms. Then from a high place one looks down over a sea of blossoms. The Japanese and Korean women in their gay clothing and the Korean men almost always in white add charm and interest to the scene.

I am living in a little combination Japanese, Korean, and foreign house set in a charming Japanese garden. The "parlor" and my bedroom are American in style. The dining room has an indigenous Korean floor. It is made of stone covered with heavy oiled paper which looks some thing like linoleum. Under one side of the floor is a sort of fire place in which is built a fire twice a day in winter. The stones of the floor keep me warm and cuddly when little heat there is in the room. It surely does feel good for we do not wear shoes but slippers in the house. The rest of the house is Japanese - tatami or matting floors and paper doors. Believe me, a Japanese

house is a cold, cold place in wintertime. Fortunately for me it is warming up now and we don't need more than our little gas heaters in each room can provide.

What a thrill it must have been to find Kenneth's first tooth. Do I remember fighting that here the "younger" of the two twins? They will be almost a year old when you get this, won't they? I can scarcely believe it can be true.

Seoul is an interesting old city. Korea, you know, is much older country than even Japan. It has a written history which antedates even the mythology in which Japan's early history is buried. Where were our ancestors then?

The only city gate still standing is a picturesque one now in the center of the city and minus the walls it was once a gate for. It is made of brick and has a tile roof with a typical tent (concave) ridgepole. Here's a rough sketch

I'm glad the people are wise enough to save it for its quaint beauty.

I mentioned the native clothes before. The women seem to have taken to them en masse. Their costume is an ankle length very full gathered or pleated skirt and a long waisted jacket which tie with a single bow on the chest. Their shoes are cut of boat shape and turn up in a funny little peak in front. High class women wear a little velvet or silk close fitting cap with a colored tassel "right in the middle of her forehead". White or gay color is used. Combinations of red and yellow or green and red (very Christmas shades) are not uncommon. Now with the coming of spring some lovely pastel shades are coming to view. It is a much more convenient costume than the Japanese but to my mind not so picturesque.

The men wear long blouses like pajamas with sometimes a long flowing coat over them. Their waist is just like the women's but some times tie or buttons or hooks are used to close them. The hats they wear are the funniest. A small frame fits close to the head. On top of this is a funny little black hat made of some very stiff transparent material. It looks for all the world like a tiny witch's hat with the point cut off.

My how I have rambled on. I'll have to stop now for it's almost my bedtime.

Love and kisses to the babies,
Selma