

You have not heard from us since we wrote from Yokohama, and so we shall attempt to describe the trip from there to Singapore. Let us know if you did not receive the letter from Yokohama. We also sent you a souvenir from Manila. We sent it by regular mail. Let us know if you do not receive it.

Yokohama, our first glimpse of the orient, brought us many a thrill as well as smell. During our three days here, we trudged the streets, bought a few little things--- such as a doll, and each a pair of wooden shoe s. One day we took a trip to Tokyo by train. Elmer and I tried the Japanese meal "sukiyaki", which consists of beef strips with multiple kinds of weeds and rice put in a bowl on top of a raw egg. It was fun even tho I didn't manage to eat very much of it.

Kobe was reached in a day and a half, and there again we all ran up and down the back streets looking at the industrious people trying to make a living in their little shops. Makes one wish he were a millionaire. Of course the Jap. towns are filled with American soldiers. When in Tokyo, we visited McArthur's headquarters. The last morning in Kobe, we women were too tired to leave the boat, so Elmer and Bud went alone. Elmer came back with a beautiful bouquet of carnations for me--- still on our honeymoon.

On the China sea we went back to boat life--- washing, sewing, knitting, typing, etc., till the second day something went wrong with the engines and we spent a whole day floating aimlessly around while the engineers worked frantically. It was good to hear the motors (that had been so monotonous) start again during the night. We are getting good reception over short wave on Elmer's radio-hear 'Back to the Bible Broadcast' transcribed from Lincoln, Nebraska, every night.

St. Patrick's day I pulled out Elmer's bright green tie and made him put it on. The officers enjoy a little fun once in a while. They will miss 7-year-old Grace when we leave at Singapore. Fire-drill is fun. We have to don great big life belts big enough to sink us, except that they are made of cork. Most of our Sundays have been spent aboard the ship, so we've had our own Sunday S. lesson in the morning, and sing on deck in the evening, accompanied by Elmer's accordion.

Hong Kong is a foggy port. We spent only one day here, and I'm rather glad, because to get ashore we had to clamber down an almost vertical gang plank and jump several feet into a swaying little put-put. The ride from there was most disconcerting, because my dinner insisted on returning at the wrong time. However, we did have a good time in the city, finding out how the chinese live. We seem to like the back streets best, because on the main ones everything is British. Countless beggars thronged around us until we realized that there was a sort of a code system by which they all get to hear if we give one of them something. Then we had to quit. Mistkes no end--- Dora and I grinned at some cute little boys, and soon they were following us, peeking from behind doors, all the time laughing and calling out something in Chinese. We kept on laughing until we noticed that no one else was enjoying the joke, and a policeman was chasing the little rascals. (they were likely saying something that wasn't very nice). Before we left we had to have a Chinese dinner - and it was good. We had rice with chicken beef chow mein, sweet and sour spare ribs, and green tea with some delicious little tarts.

The next day we headed for the Philippines, leaving our head cook behind on a drunken spree. He had to fly to Manila. Beginning to get warm---Dora and I blistered our legs. The crew came out for the first

time and sat out on deck while Elmer played for them and we sang the songs that make us think of our high and holy calling that is taking us from the ones we ~~love~~ -- to love another people.

Flying fish are fun to watch as they skim over the water, dipping every now and then to keep their fins wet. But we are really getting into the tropics now, and is it ever warm.

Manila is the capital of the Philippines, where there is an extreme of wealth and poverty. With us on the boat, was a honeymoon couple - the bride an American girl and the groom a Filipino. Arthur and Delores Ignacio came back to the boat after they got settled at home and took us all over the city in their father's car. In the home of one of his aunt's, we saw the ancient carvings of these people, the quaint Spanish architecture, the servants - little girls of twelve, and beautiful climbing gardens in which were all sorts of tropical fruits. The one we enjoyed the most was a lovely pink colour, the shape of an apple, and tasted like cinnamon. We loved this little couple and had good opportunity to tell them of the Saviour we are going forth to proclaim. They are strict Roman Catholics, as almost all of these people are, but listened intently to our testimony. They have asked us to correspond with them from Borneo. Before they took us back to the ship they served us a beautiful little luncheon in their apartment in their father's home. Help us to pray for them, will you please.

The day before we left Manila, Elmer met some Alliance missionaries, The Clammers, and invited them into our stateroom for the afternoon. They are from China, but have been working here since the war. Oh the awful orgies they told us of here in these islands during the Easter season. So men have to be beaten on the back over the top of lacerations until blood literally runs down the street where they walk to the church. They say they are imitating the sufferings of our Saviour.

Easter morning out on the waters! We got some eggs hard boiled for Gracie; our waiter coloured them for us; a cadet engineer made a basket out of cardboard; several of the others caught the spirit and donated gum, candy, chocolate bars, etc., so that we had a grand hunt.

Iloilo (ee-lo-ee-lo) is a small port, where we stopped for only 8 hrs. Fifteen minutes before we left, all work ceased on the dock. This was because an innocent boy got out his accordion and played while all the workers clapped.

Cebu is the one of the hottest ports in the world. We believed this after we had wandered around the streets for only a short while. What a smell greeted us here. The people live in small grass huts.

Now we are on the last lap of our journey as far as this ship is concerned. At Singapore we hope to get a boat for Pontianak, Borneo. We are passing Borneo now, and can see the outline of its shore against the sky at times. The warm air saps all the energy out of one, so we just sit most of the time. Today we had a glimpse of a tropical rain. It was so hot in our cabin, but we had to have our portholes shut. Now the sun is shining gaily again.