

I could talk all day of Manila, its quaint people, luxuriant vegetation, and peculiar customs; the waterbuffalo which they use as oxen to draw little woven carts is a study in itself. It is called the carabo.

The Luneta by moonlight is a dream. It is a great open place with two band stands on it. As a rule two bands hold forth here and play alternately.

On one side of the Luneta is a park; on the other is the bay, with hundreds of great ships at anchor out some two miles from the beach. Sunset with its changing light thrown on this scene is beyond description.

When the teachers were assigned stations there was much dissatisfaction and many tears shed. Miss Cooper and I were assigned together to La Union Province. Miss Foley goes to Ilocos Norte [this is pronounced Ilo-cus Naughty.] Mr. George is superintendent of La Union—a lovely gentleman, who is an ex-volunteer army officer. He gave us the best pueblo that was in need of teachers,—San Fernando.

Ilocos Norte is the most northern province of Luzon. Vigan is where Colonel Woodson is now located. San Fernando, our post, is on the Gulf of Lagayan.

We left Manila on September 9th on a pretty little sailing vessel—the Bunyan. The trip to San Fernando occupied 36 hours. On the morning of the 11th we steamed into the Gulf. There was a launch out to take some passengers ashore and we were invited to join them. The President was at the beach with his kilos [kee-lus] waiting for us and we drove to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins. Mr. Tompkins is Treasurer of the Province. Our luggage was taken to a dear little bungalow and our cots set up in readiness for the night.

In the afternoon we took possession of our new home and proceeded to drag out some fresh toggerly and make ourselves presentable, as we had been invited to join the officer's mess.

A description of San Fernando, be it most glowing, would but inadequately depict its beauties, so I will refrain from

boring you.

The weather is very hot at times, almost unendurable, but the scenery and vegetation are rich, rare, and a delightful treat.

We began teaching Friday the 13th. instant. The school house is a large building constructed entirely of bamboo. We teach two hours a day—from 2 to 4, with 20 minutes recess. Only the girls are at our mercy. There are two gentleman teachers for the boys.

Our little tots wear long trains and low cut bodices; a folded kerchief around the neck to match the bodice, which is usually made of hoosie or pina cloth. I enclose a scrap of hoosie—pina is much more sheer, thinner goods. The little creatures generally manage to have on a petticoat and underwaist that are trimmed with embroidery. The trains of their dresses they tuck into their belts at the front. They wear little slippers with wooden soles and velvet toe pieces and oh! such a howl as rends the ethereal blue when Domingo, Manuela, or Visitation loses a shoe.

We found a new house and moved. My letter was lost in the shuffle but to day I ran across it, and as there is a boat leaving soon for Manila our chat will have to end more abruptly than I intended. I want you to know, however, that your little comrade is comfortable and contented.

Our house is gradually assuming a cheerful appearance; the army officers and ladies have been most kind and cordial. We have a muchaco [native boy] and a chinaman cook and it will only be a question of a little while until we will be most happy among these novel surroundings. The uniqueness of it is glorious.

I would give much to be able to see you but that, if ever, will be sometime in the dim future. If there are any at Chema-wa who would care to hear of me kindly remember me to them, Mr. and Mrs. Childers and Claudia.

Mail accommodations here are a perfect farce and the one disagreeable feature.

Love to you and believe me as ever,

Yours sincerely,
HATTIE MITCHELL