

[Letter from Flora Young to Arno Knight; Flora is the daughter of Parker and Myra Young, who are neighbors of Arno, but not related; Marion is her sister]

Richardson Hall
Castine, Maine
Jan 2, 1925

Dear Uncle Arno,

Thank you many, many times for the apples. They were so good that Marion and I have devoured all of them, also a box of hers. I wouldn't want anyone else to call me selfish but I know I am as we gave not an apple away. They are not only Delicious by name but by nature also.

Well our January thaw has come and went as the little boys said, however it hasn't been a very bad winter yet.

I am getting along quite well this term although teaching here is not like teaching in one's own school. Some of the children I like quite well but there are others who have no intention of obeying which makes some situations rather unpleasant and difficult. In one week the school year will be half over and I am beginning to wonder where I will be next year at this time. I only hope it won't be too far from Lincolnville.

I am inclosing a copy of a poem by a contemporary writer which I liked especially well because I think it tells of the times when young people have to leave home and go out into the world to earn their living. Some people think that the house may symbolize all that stays and is permanent, the road all that leads up and out and away, all that never rests. After you have read it see what you think.

Since I saw you I have heard an especially good preacher lecture and give stereopticon pictures about the Japanese question. He pleased me most by saying that we Americans judge the negro by the low colored man, the Chinese by our laundry man, the Japanese by the coolie, but the Americans by Washington and Lincoln.

I must close now and prepare to study.

With lots of love to all,
Flora