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Chronicle.

1st Dept. from Mkt 9-12-21

Monday.

Sept. 12, 1921.

Departure Day!

The baggage was taken care of by the Sisters and every thing was thought to be O. K. Mother M. Joseph with Sisters Teresa, Anna Maria, Throphane, Agatha, and Francis went to Harmon with the group. Father Superior with Father Cassin^{thin} and Dr. Wiken had preceded us and Messrs. Cassidy and Glavin were ~~there~~ traveling part way with us.

Sister Catherine who was going to Seattle discovered that her bag had been forgotten and that she had begun her journey across country without a bit of baggage. Messrs. Cassidy and Glavin sat down as we wrote some notes and said our prayers.

Bundles of letters - one for each day of our journey were found tucked here and there in our baggage and the thoughtfulness of our busy Sisters made each one of us feel more keenly the debt of gratitude

we owed to those who had already done so much for us.

Lunch was served - 10.30 - and Sister Monica in trying to avoid mustard found a word message - Mary Knoll is thinking of you - tucked in with the ham. And we all looked for notes but some could not be found - they had been eaten.

Msgr. Glavin left the train at Albany. Some started to get ready for bed but Sisters Rose and Lawrence stayed active until after the lights of the General Electric at Schenectady had faded into the night.

Tuesday
Sept. 13.

"How did you sleep?" that instead of "Benedicamus Domini" was the morning greeting on the train.

In the midst of the chatter ^{came} Msgr. Cassidy's voice ~~was~~ wondering if any of the "children" were lost. Msgr. had given up his berth to Chicago and was getting off at Buffalo to act as our guide. A young Seminarian, Mr. Christoff, whom

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Saturday
Sept. 17.

Our second solid day of travel and it swung us through the Rockies, around blue lakes and ^{the} rapid moving streams. We stopped for a few moments at Glacier National Park and saw the majestic snow-capped peaks and the pine clad slopes. Here now and again the train stopped at a tiny village built in the hollow of the mountain and we got out to stretch a bit.

Sunday
Sept. 18.

Up early and excitement was in the air because we were nearing Seattle. At 8.45 we awoke and in a few moments we were being driven to the Maryknoll Kindergarten by a Seattle friend who was planning to meet all trains that day for us. The door of the Maryknoll Board Convent opened slowly because Sister

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Gemma was expecting a telegram which we never thought of sending. It took Sister Anthony and Sister John a few minutes to get their breath but all had recovered by the time Sister Cloyis ~~us~~ got downstairs.

Mass at the Providence Hospital by the Mary Knoll priests and then home again ~~up~~ to meet ~~the~~ Rosa and Toska, ^{the little Japanese boarders} whom we had heard but not seen before Mass, and to see the kindergarten and the house.

Sister Paul left for Vancouver that afternoon to visit her sisters.

Monday

Sept. 19.

Wash day in proverbial Seattle weather. A visit to the hospital took place in the morning and our three in training Sisters Mercedes, Marie de Fournes, and Ursula - were beaming with pleasure as they showed their guests here and there.

(Mother Thomasina, O.S.D., from Tacoma called in the afternoon and

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Oct. 13.

Thursday.

A calm day after the typhoon. Max once more and we appreciated the privilege. The greater part of the day spent in pressing and packing because tomorrow we reach Yokohama - our first port since Victoria on Sept. 25.

Oct. 14.

Friday.

Little islands, little lighthouses, little thatched houses snuggled close to the hill sides dotted the horizon. It is Japan! We are in the Orient and there is the joy of anticipation.

Mass that morning was one of thanksgiving for our safe journey and for the joy we got out of it. Everyone was on deck and there was a brightness in each face at the prospect of land. The medical inspection was brief - all assembled in the dining salon and the doctors stood at the door and "o.o'd" us. It was over in a

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oment and back to deck we went to see
vessel dock. The harbor was well filled
th ships and we were piloted in between
canoe and English flags.

Passports were looked at and ~~after~~
hen we got to the deck again Father Nat-
s with Mr. N. - a friend of Pia
obechi, was there ~~waiting for us~~ ^{Soon}
a noble arrived and we received ^{a warm} ~~best~~
~~not~~ welcome to Japan. He were eager
be off ~~so~~ down the gangway went the
arty.

Rickshaw drivers were in plenty and
were bargaining for passengers. All was
new to us and we were new to them.
With an inward smile at our ignorance
we backed into a rickshaw and off. The
little man-driver bent his thin back,
his mushroom hat bobbed, and he "hi-hi'd"
to the Bluff the ~~the~~ ^{French} concession in
Yokohama.

Rhythmically our drivers trotted
in their soft slippers. He were still in
view of the dock when Bishop Bealon,

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and thought of another day that is coming soon.

Some of the Sisters took the lighters across to Shimonoaki and joked around the shops. There was little to be seen but for the Japanese there was much because they ^{children} gathered around and stared and laughed.

Thursday
Oct. 20.

Trunks were to be sent on to Hongkong on the Montezale so the day was spent in packing. The sea was rough and there were rolls on deck after dinner. A high wind brought the thought of typhoons but we left the ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~where~~ where there was no room to roll.

Friday
Oct. 21.

We sighted China before 'tiffin' and it was with a strange thrill that we looked out on the stretches of land dimly outlined along the horizon. We gathered in our cabin and chanted the

