



Penaguid Point, Ulaiva, U.S.A.

19/viii/11.

My dear Goldyther,

My last was written I think in great haste and under great pressure of heat.

But I want now to write to you, if only a word of greeting, from my summer refuge here. This is the coast of Ulaiva and we are at the end of a point which stretches well out to sea and is swept round by an Arctic current which keeps us always cool. Also I am hard at work doing nothing, in part by intention and in part by accident.

the students in the West. East and West are coming together a little by little.

Big the bye with regard to my adventures at Habrus which run through a Scotch troupe I have been told by a Scotch missionary who has been twice or thirty years at Tiberias that Habrus is not nearly as fortuitous now as it used to be. (He seemed to think that my experience was nothing out of the way.)

And now to give me that I do not write further. This is a pretty only but a hearty one. Please remember both most kind in Mr. Seely's and also to Mr. Edinger when you see him. We both put you to rest.

Farewell Yours,  
Damon B. Woodard

My book-box vanished on the way hither and now I hope it will turn up until I am ready to go back to Hartford.

And in truth I need the rest. I have had grip again which left me with neuritis in my left arm and a general condition of collapse in my head. I trust I shall be ready for the beginning of October.

By this time I hope that my old friend and pupil Gairdner is with you. He knows Arabic well and is pretty interested in the theological problems of Islam. He is the first missionary I know to take the trouble to learn what has been done in