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UBCHEA ARCHIVES
COLLEGE FILES
RG 11

Huachung
Corres
Lo, John C.F. and Ruth Earnshaw
1947 - 1950

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Medical

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March 25, 1947

Dr. John Lo
Franklin Marshall College
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

My dear John:

Dr. Edward Hume has just called and asked me to write and inform you he has made an appointment with Dr. Kirby, 780 Park Avenue, which is near 73rd Street, New York City, to see your son at 9:30 a.m. Wednesday, April second. Dr. Kirby is one of the best medical men possible to give an opinion on what should be done about your son's eyes. If it is possible Dr. Hume will meet you at Dr. Kirby's office to introduce you.

Because Dr. Hume has no secretarial help at the present time he has asked me to pass on this message to you. I hope it will be possible for either you or Mrs. Lo to bring your son to New York for this engagement.

With very best wishes and kind regards.

Very cordially yours,

J. Earl Fowler

JEF:O

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UNIVERSAL FELLOWSHIP
ONE IN ALL - ALL IN ONE
LO CH'UAN-FANG

Hua
MAR 27 1947
J. EARL HUNTER

1120 W. New St.,
Lancaster, Pa.,
March 26, 1947.

Dear Mr. Fowler:

Thank you so much for your letter. Either my wife or myself will take our little boy to see Dr. Kirby at 9.30 a.m., April second. It was very kind of Dr. Hume to arrange for this appointment for us.

I am staying at the home of the Beavers. During the week preceding Easter I expect to be in Scranton with my family.

With warmest regards.

Very sincerely yours,

John C. F. Lo

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HUA CHUNG (CENTRAL CHINA) COLLEGE

WUCHANG, CHINA

室 長 校

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
March 31st 1947.

CO-OPERATING UNITS
BOONE COLLEGE
GRIFFITH JOHN COLLEGE
HUPING COLLEGE
WESLEY COLLEGE
YALE-IN-CHINA COLLEGE

Professor John C. F. Lo,
1120 West New Street,
Lancaster, Pa., U.S.A.

Dear John,

I received ~~it~~ before yesterday your letter of March 19th, which had come in very good time.

I noticed that you had changed your address from 1118 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1120 West New Street, Lancaster. I am surprised to learn from your letter that you have not received a single word from ~~Huachung~~ since your arrival at America. I received your letter of September 27th, and on October 21st, I wrote my reply of two pages, single space typewritten, enclosing a certificate that Mrs. Lo was a member of our faculty from 1937 to 1944, bearing the same date October 21st. It is very strange that the letter with the certificate never did reach you. It was addressed to 1118 $\frac{1}{2}$ West New Street, and sent by registered air mail.

Enclosed please find an extra copy of the certificate.

Your cable of greeting on Founders Day was duly received and announced. We are grateful to you for that message.

I am very happy to know that you are finishing your work in Franklin and Marshall this June and that shortly after that you will be coming back to Huachung. I am going to call the attention of the Housing Committee to your need of a house by yourself.

With regard to your salary for the year 1946-1947, please take it up at once with Dr. Sherman and Mr. Lyford. John Coe is there now in America on furlough. Before he left Wuchang, I gave him full instruction to push the matter of your sabbatical allowance with the Founders according to their own decisions and regulations.

I have been frightfully busy since my return to Wuchang. This explains why I have not written to you or Mrs. Lo more than I have done. I hope you will understand.

Richard Bien is taking his sabbatical this summer, and perhaps one or two more from our faculty will also be going to America. But it is very difficult, almost impossible, to get passports for any of the younger people going abroad on the Huachung scholarships. We are still working for them in this connection.

With the best wishes to you and your family, and kind remembrances to my friends on the Franklin and Marshall faculty, particularly the President, and your neighbours, the Beavers and the Taylors,

Yours sincerely,

Francis C. Williams

0238

LO CH'UAN-FANG

APR 11 1947

J. EARL HUNTER

1120 West New St.,
Lancaster, Pa.,
April 9, 1947.

Dear Mr. Fowler:

Mr. Lyford told me to write to you about my plan of travel for myself and my family. To save you trouble, I have already registered at the New York office of the American President Lines for a July sailing. When I was in New York last week I called at the office in person, and was assured that we would be able to sail from San Francisco about the middle of July, perhaps on S.S. "General Meigs." The total fare would be about \$950. I asked the American President Lines to send me a written statement, which I shall forward to you as soon as I receive it.

I am glad to report that my wife has already secured her passport. Our two children will travel as minors on my wife's passport, issued by the State Department.

Can you, any time at your convenience, secure the special railroad booklets for special rates for clergymen or people engaged in missionary work? My family and I will begin our trans-continental journey from Scranton, Pa., right after the fourth of July.

You may be also interested to know that Dr. Kirby has examined my boy twice, and will operate on his left eye on May 8 at the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital.

With warmest greetings and best wishes.

Very sincerely yours,

John C. F. Lo

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611
April 11, 1947

Dr. John C. F. Lo
1120 West New Street
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

My dear Dr. Lo:

I am enclosing herewith Eastern and Western clergy fare applications for yourself and Mrs. Lo. If you will complete these and endorse them in the proper place I will be glad to secure the endorsement of the resident clergyman and railroad agent and negotiate the books for you.

I do not think it is a good idea to depend on your call at the steamship line office. I think we had better follow this up and I will be very glad to do this for you. Please let me have the full name of your wife and two children and we will look into the matter of reservations for you.

With very best wishes and kind regards.

Very cordially yours,

J. Earl Fowler

JEF:O
Encls.

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APR 14 1947

1120 West New St.,
Lancaster, Pa.,
April 13, 1947.

Mr. J. Earl Fowler,
281 Fourth Avenue,
New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Fowler:

Thank you for your letter of April 11. I am returning to you herewith the application blanks for clergy fare certificates.

The full names of my wife, children and myself are as follows:

Lo, John Ch'uan-fang.	Age: 43	Chinese passport No. C-3126
Lo, Ruth Earnshaw,	36	U.S. Passport No. 30670
Lo, Catherine T'ientung,	5	" " "
Lo, Kirk Mingteh,	2	" " "

I enclose also a check for four dollars as application fees for clergy fare certificates.

It is very kind of you to take the trouble to confirm steamship reservations for us. The names I gave to the American President Lines are the same as listed above.

With all good wishes.

Very sincerely yours,

J. Shu & F. Lo

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April 15, 1947

Dr. John C. F. Lo
2114 Adams Avenue
Scranton, Pennsylvania

My dear Dr. Lo:

Thank you for sending the check for four dollars, (\$4.00), to cover the fee for your clergy applications. I am enclosing herewith Eastern clergy books for yourself and Mrs. Lo. The Westerns will be sent you in the near future as they have to first go out to Chicago and are issued from there.

There is a two dollar (\$2.00) fee for each application and as you submitted four applications altogether; two for yourself and two for Mrs. Lo making a total of eight dollars, (\$8.00). I will appreciate receiving your check for the four dollars, (\$4.00), balance due us at your convenience.

With all good wishes.

Very sincerely yours,

(Miss) Elaine Olson
secretary to Mr. Fowler

efo
Encls.

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"L" L. J. L.
April 16, 1947

Miss Else R. Petersen
Travel Arrangements
501 Fifth Avenue
New York 17, New York

My dear Miss Petersen:

One of my friends, a Chinese professor who has been in this country for the past year, called at the American President Line here in New York City early in April. They promised him reservations on the S. S. GENERAL MINGIS, sailing from San Francisco in the middle of July. The following individuals were listed:

Lo, John Ch'uan-fang	Age 43	Chinese passpat #C-3126
Lo, Ruth Earnshaw	36	U. S. Passport #30670
Lo, Catherine T'ientung	5	" " " "
Lo, Kirk Mingteh	2	" " " "

I am afraid unless there is some checking up on these reservations that Dr. Lo will be left holding the bag. Is there any way you can check or anything you can do to follow up the matter? He was quoted a price of \$950.00 for the family's transportation. I do not know what class this would be. If you will check up on this matter I will try to see that payment is made through your office, if it is possible.

Thank you for your many favors.

Very cordially yours,

J. Earl Fowler

JEF:O

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Go ahead and
copy

[no attached. No. Letter]

April 16, 1947

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LO CH'UAN-FANG

1120 West New St.,
Lancaster, Pa.,
April 16, 1947.

Dear Mr. Lyford:

I have just received a letter from Dr. Wei which I enclose herewith. I know you will be glad to read it.

I have already communicated with Mr. Fowler with regard to our transportation to China.

With all good wishes.

Very sincerely yours,

John C. F. Lo

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LO CH'UAN-FANG

APR 22 1947

1120 West New St.,
Lancaster, Pa.,
April 21, 1947,

Miss Elaine Olson,
281 Fourth Avenue,
New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Miss Elaine Olson:

Thank you for the trouble of getting clergy
books for us. Enclosed is a check for four dollars,
being the amount I owe you in payment of the applica-
tion fees. I am sorry I miscalculated.

With all good wishes.

Very sincerely yours,

Lo Chuan-fang

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April 22, 1947

Dear Dr. Lo:

I am making this a formal letter so that it can go into the record after approval of the Executive Committee next Monday. Please advise me at once if it is not in accordance with your understanding.

I have conferred with John Coe and Mr. Greener regarding your salary and expenses. Also I have before me your letters of April 9 and 16, and the letter of Dr. Wei to you dated March 31. The conditions may be summarized as follows:

Expenses of Ruth and Children

As stated in my letter of March 10 to you, and as discussed with you later in New York, the procedure will be that prepared by Dr. Wei, namely that the University will carry on its books for the present the balance of the loan which is now \$3,863.08 with the understanding that you will make payments thereon from time to time from the proceeds of royalties and other earnings of yourself and Ruth. PROPOSED

Sabbatical Expenses of Yourself.

The remuneration from the University for your sabbatical leave of absence will be in accordance with the Memorandum dated March 14, 1946, of which I sent a copy to you on December 4, 1946.

Under this plan you are entitled to a Chinese salary for the sabbatical year equivalent to the salary plus subsidies received by you for the year just previous to your "leave" and plus U.S. \$800. to be applied on steamship and railway charges. You will not be entitled to payment on account of living expenses in the U.S. as those are being covered by the salary received from Franklin and Marshall College at Lancaster. a

I understand from Mr. Coe that he does not have any charges on his books for your travel expenses as such charges have been transferred to the New York office. The amount paid ^{total} ~~therefor~~ by the New York Office is U.S. \$345, which leaves a balance of \$455. due you for travel expenses. I also understand from Mr. Coe that your salary for the sabbatical year, on the basis outlined above, is equivalent to U.S. \$1,000. Therefore the balance due to you at present under the

NEW YORK

President

0247

terms of the sabbatical leave is U.S. \$1,455.

1417

and the railway fares
will be \$ 315.00

1250

Mr. Fowler advises me that the cost of your railway and steamship fares for yourself and family is \$935. Therefore there appears to be \$520. available for your expenses other than travel.

167.

I hope to hear from you by return mail if this is not according to your understanding and agreeable to both Ruth and yourself.

Yours very truly,

Oliver S. L.

Oliver S. Lyford

I am still kept at home with my eyes and have had to get my information over the phone while Mr. Fowler was in a meeting. Hence the changes which I do not have time to get copied. Please excuse.

O. S. L.

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LO CH'UAN-FANG

1120 West New St.,
Lancaster, Pa.,
April 23, 1947.

Dear Mr. Lyford:

Although I am addressing this letter to you, I expect you to read it before other members of Huachung's Board of Trustees.

I have received your letter of April 27, 1947 regarding my financial affairs. They have been constantly in my mind for the last ten months. I have hesitated to discuss all the contributing factors freely, for I do not wish to appear that I want to speak for myself, or to gain more than my share of your consideration. However, it would not be right for me to prejudice my own case by remaining indifferent to my personal feelings.

I wish to put on record the following statement concerning the financial affairs of myself and my wife.

1. When in 1944, my wife and I proposed to resign from the faculty of Huachung College, we were seriously considering the acceptance of two government offers in the Chinese Ministry of Information which promised much greater financial security. We would not have chosen to leave Huachung except for financial reasons. When we finally decided to stay at Huachung, with Dr. Wei's promise of financial assistance, we turned down an opportunity which we may never reclaim. For doing that, I have now incurred a debt to the college to the amount of \$3863.08.

I am willing to carry the burden of paying back to the college this sum of money, for I am constantly thinking in terms of larger perspectives and more enduring values.

I had hoped that my sabbatical leave would give me freedom to do some writing in this country. Actually, the sabbatical leave has brought me very little mental and physical relaxation and rehabilitation; and has not improved my financial condition.

2. My wife taught at Huachung, as a full-time member of the faculty, from 1937-1939, and again from 1940-1944, receiving a Chinese salary which was much less than the salary of a single missionary doing the same amount of work. In her case, I believe, the college had already saved some money. If Huachung expects my wife to return to teach, I feel the least the college can do is to offer to pay her traveling expenses from Scranton to Wuchang, instead of taking the money out of my limited Huachung salary; 1946-7, which I shall need for the purchase of personal books and a minimum of household equipment.

If I had any savings at all, I would not have bothered

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LO CH'UAN-FANG

you with any of these matters at all. I have been forced by circumstances to write this letter frankly, but sincerely. I shall adjust my plans to whatever you decide.

Please feel assured that my wife and I are as devoted to Huachung as you are, and that we have always the best interests of the college in our hearts.

Most sincerely yours ,

John C. F. Lo

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LO CH'UAN-FANG

1120 West New St.,
Lancaster, Pa.,
May 24, 1947.

MAY 26 1947

J. EARL FOWLER

Dear Mr. Fowler:

I am finishing my work at Franklin & Marshall College this week, and plan to return to Scranton early in June, after the Commencement.

Have you any news about our date of sailing from San Francisco?

Sometime ago I informed Mr. Lyford that with our clergy certificates, we can buy our railroad tickets at Scranton, Pa. I am hoping that Mr. Lyford will very soon send me the check covering the amounts approved by the Board.

Our little boy's eye operation was satisfactory. The doctors' bills and hospitalization amount to over three hundred fifty, which set us back financially. But we are doing the best we think necessary.

I may have to be in New York again before I leave the East, and hope to see you again.

With warmest greetings and all good wishes.

Very sincerely yours,

John C. F. Lo

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LO CH'UAN-FANG

1120 West New St.,
Lancaster, Pa.,
May 24, 1947.

Received May 27
Ans May 28

Dear Mr. Lyford:

My teaching at Franklin & Marshall College will end this Wednesday, and I am planning to return to Scranton (2114 Adams Avenue) early in June.

\$350. Our little boy's eye operation was satisfactory. There is some question about the other eye, too, but we have decided to leave it alone for the present.

When may I expect a check from you covering the amounts you mentioned in your recent letters, and approved by the Board? I am writing to Mr. Fowler to make sure about our sailing date from San Francisco.

I do hope the Associated Board meetings did not tire you out completely.

With warmest greetings and all good wishes.

Very sincerely yours,

John C. F. Lo

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*Tickets & data
Savings*

May 28, 1947

Dr. John C. F. Lo
1120 West New Street
Lancaster, Pa.

My dear John:

I have paid for your steamship tickets which amounted to \$935.00 and expect the tickets to be sent to me within the next few days. Just as soon as they are received, I will send them on to you. Please send me your Scranton address so that I can forward them there in case you have moved from Lancaster.

I will take up the matter of the balance of the money due you from Mr. Lyford with him.

I am glad that your son's eye operation was so successful. Such things are frightfully expensive. I can sympathize with you because my wife has had two major operations in the past year.

I hope that you have enjoyed your year's work here in the United States. I will be looking forward to seeing you if you get to New York again before your departure.

Very best wishes and kind regards.

Cordially yours,

J. Earl Fowler

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HUACHUNG UNIVERSITY

(Central China College)

WUCHANG, CHINA

CO-OPERATING BOARDS

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY
SOCIETY OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH
BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE
REFORMED CHURCH
ENGLISH METHODIST MISSIONARY
SOCIETY
LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY
YALE-IN-CHINA ASSOCIATION, INC.

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802 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.
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Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
JOHN WILSON WOOD, *Secretary*
402 West 20th St., New York 11, N. Y.
OLIVER S. LYFORD, *Treasurer*
54 Dana Place, Englewood, N. J.
J. EARL FOWLER, *Acting Associate Secretary*
281 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

May 28, 1947

Dear Dr. Io:

I received your letter of May 24th and in accordance therewith I hand you herewith a check of The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society for \$882.00. This amount is arrived at as follows:

Balance due you, as stated in my letter of April 22, 1947-	\$ 1,417.00
Additional amount voted by the Huachung Executive Committee on April 28 because of very unusual circumstances -	<u>400.00</u>
	1,817.00
Steamship tickets for yourself and family, being purchased by Mr. Fowler -	<u>935.00</u>
	\$ 882.00

I regret greatly that we cannot do more.

I am very glad that the eye operation was satisfactory and I do hope that the other eye will correct itself. My daughter Margaret, when a baby, had the same trouble but under Dr. Kirby's care has perfectly straight eyes today.

I am very sorry not to see you all again and I hope you will have a comfortable and happy trip back to China.

Very cordially yours,

Oliver S. Lyford
Oliver S. Lyford

OSL:r

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June 3, 1947.

Dear Mr. Lyford:

I have received your letter of May 28th with the enclosed check for \$882. Thank you very much.

Ruth and the children are getting their inoculations against typhoid and cholera, in anticipation of the trip to China. The children did not seem to mind their first reactions.

Herewith is a snapshot of our little girl and boy, recently taken at Scranton.

I cannot thank you adequately for all your kind interest in my family. We shall remember you always.

With warmest greetings to Mrs. Lyford.

very sincerely yours,

John F. Lo

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JUN 3 1947

J. EARL FOWLER

June 2, 1947.

Dear Mr. Fowler:

Thank you for your letter and your kind regards. My Scranton address is: 2114 Adams Avenue, Scranton, Pa.

I am giving my examinations today and tomorrow. My teaching at Franklin & Marshall has been very enjoyable, and I have appreciated the fellowship of the faculty and students here. I do hope in a small way I have contributed to the friendly relations between Franklin & Marshall and Huachung.

Sometime this month I shall be visiting New York and will certainly try to see you again.

With warmest regards to you and Mrs. Fowler.

Very sincerely yours,

John C. F. Lo

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1120 West New St.,
Lancaster, Pa.,
June 4, 1947.

Dr. A. M. Sherman,
Chairman,
Board of Founders,
Huachung University.

Dear Dr. Sherman:

I have just completed my teaching at Franklin and Marshall College, and will return to Scranton (2114 Adams Avenue) after Commencement Day, June 8.

In place of a personal report on my work, I am forwarding to you herewith a letter from President Distler of Franklin & Marshall College. Perhaps you and other members of Huachung's Board will wish to read it.

The faculty and students at Franklin and Marshall have demonstrated on several occasions their real interest in Huachung, and I hope this will be further promoted in the years to come.

My family and I expect to sail in July. Mr. Fowler has promise of tickets for us from The American President Lines.

I may visit New York again before I go, and shall certainly try to see you in person.

With warmest greetings and best wishes.

Very sincerely yours,

John C. F. Lo

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*Copies to Board
Journals. Also H. Wai*

FRANKLIN & MARSHALL COLLEGE
LANCASTER, PA.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

June 4, 1947

Dear Dr. Lo:

Your very gracious letter of June 3 reached my desk yesterday morning. I cannot begin to tell you how deeply I appreciated the privilege of having you on our faculty this year. I am just sorry that we could not have made arrangements for Mrs. Lo and the children so that your home life would have been less disrupted.

You did a splendid job and we were all delighted to have you with us and I want you and Mrs. Lo to know that you will always be members of the official Franklin and Marshall College family, and that whenever you are in the states we want you to drop in, for the latchstring will always be out.

I do hope that when you return to China you will write us on occasion and that if there is any way in which we can help you in your work there, you will call upon us.

With every good wish to you and Mrs. Lo, we all wish you God speed in your journey and health and happiness in your work.

Cordially,

Preedy

Theodore A. Distler

Dr. John C. F. Lo
Franklin and Marshall College
Lancaster, Pa.

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June 11, 1947

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE
HUACHUNG UNIVERSITY COMMITTEE OF
THE UNITED BOARD FOR CHRISTIAN COLLEGES IN CHINA

Dear Fellow Members:

Dr. John C. F. Lo of the Huachung faculty has completed his year of teaching in Franklin and Marshall College and plans to return to China with his family in July. In a letter received from Dr. Lo dated June 4th he enclosed a letter from President Distler which he said he was sending me in lieu of a personal report on his work.

I know you will be interested and pleased to read this and I am enclosing a copy for your information.

Yours faithfully,

Arthur M. Sherman
Chairman

AMS:O

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for Matthews C-55220

JUN 18 1947

RUTH EARNSHAW LO

2114 Adams Avenue
Scranton, Pennsylvania

June 17, 1947.

Dear Mr. Fowler:

We have already bought our railroad tickets to San Francisco, and made hotel reservations at Chicago & S. F. Our plan is to leave Scranton on July 1st.

Although our sailing may be delayed on account of the maritime strike, perhaps it is better for us to wait at San Francisco than here.

Meg. Brown wrote to us that Carole Reese of Grace Cathedral in San Francisco may be able to find accommodations for us at a modest rate.

Please let me know as soon as you can about our Deanship tickets, & whether there is any charge of the sailing arrangements.

Thank you very kindly.

Very sincerely yours,

John C. F. Lo

0262

REGISTERED MAIL

June 20, 1947

Dr. John Lo
2114 Adams Avenue
Scranton, Pennsylvania

My dear Dr. Lo:

I am enclosing your steamship ticket for yourself and your family, #9499, on the S. S. GENERAL MEIGS due to sail from San Francisco to Shanghai on July eleventh.

I am sending you by regular mail blanks which must be filled out for yourself and each member of your family and returned to me; information received from American President Line; and baggage tags which may be of use to you.

With every good wish.

Very sincerely yours,

J. Earl Fowler

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Encl.

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~~A. C. EARNSHAW~~
2114 ADAMS AVE.
SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

JUN 23 1947
J. EARL FOWLER

June 22, 1947.

Dear Mr. Fowler:

I am returning to you herewith
the Questionnaire Form, to be forwarded
to the American President Lines.

Thank you ever so much for
all the trouble in securing the steam-
ship ticket for us. We leave Scranton
on the first of July. At San Francisco,
we shall stay at Hotel Stewart.

With all good wishes for a
pleasant summer.

Very sincerely yours,
John C. F. Lo

0264

Wuchang 4, 1947 - Nov. 25

From Ruth Ernsbach To

Dear Friends:

Today is a splendid bright sunny day and it is possible to say "Merry Christmas" to you with real conviction. Winter has been with us for several weeks, and we have had some days so cold and bitter that it would have been sheer hypocrisy to write a pleasant word! But when the sun comes out, no matter how cold it is, everyone goes out doors and soaks up sunlight, visits friends, and feels cheerful. When it is cold and rainy there is no help for it but to huddle over the charcoal pan and wait for the time to go by.

After weeks of hectic repair work on our little apartment, we are finally settled; curtains are up, pictures on the walls, and the final arrangements for the winter made. It was quite an experience taming this house after its thorough demoralization by the Japanese occupants. Our home is the ground floor of what used to be a two-family building, and which now houses four families. When the Japanese were here, they squeezed one family into each room, built in their sleeping bunks all round, closed up windows and doors, and generally altered the interior arrangement past recognition. Fireplace chimneys were bricked up, and the hearths used for campfires; partitioning curtains were hung across all rooms on strings, and all the walls were studded with oddly-spaced nails driven in apparently at random into the plaster. Soot hung in festoons everywhere, and the paint, once ivory, was indescribable. Into this lovenest of three unscreened, huge-windowed rooms moved the Los in the heat of August. We ripped out the cupboards our erstwhile invaders had slept in, scraped and plastered and painted and extracted nails by the bucketful. Our Sears Roebuck screening (not enough, alas, for these fantastically big windows) helped to sort out the fiercer flies, and now we are so comparatively civilized and comfortable that I can scarcely recollect the original mess. Compared with Hsichow, we have numerous conveniences; cold running water in kitchen and bathroom, glass in all the windows (this was a rarity in Wuchang until quite recently), electricity that quite often works, but is at its most reliable between 10 p.m. and dawn. Like Hsichow's houses, though this has no built-in heating plant, and the only defense against the winter cold is the old-fashioned Chinese charcoal pan or a kerosene heater (which unfortunately doesn't work very well). Some families have set up coal stoves of the variety formerly seen in country railway waiting rooms, but they are fantastically expensive to buy and to operate. Coal last week cost nine million a ton in Shanghai. Nuff said. Our society is stratified for the winter into three classes: the stove-heated plutocrats, the bourgeois charcoal panned, and the great cold and shivering proletariat that warms its hands over the cooking fire three times a day, if that. When you go visiting you dress accordingly: a Chinese padded gown for most houses, sweaters and keep-on coats for the middle class, and western style for the stove-houses. Being believers in the middle way, we use our charcoal pan, taking constant precautions for ventilation and sparks, and contrive to keep fairly well unstuck. The children have gone into padded gowns for the winter, and I must say I wish I looked as cute as they do. At least they are snug as bugs and have avoided the colds that overheated houses seem to encourage.

I wish I could give some really exciting inside news of political and military affairs here, but very little true information penetrates. At present we are again under martial law, which affects us only in that we have to be in off the streets by ten p.m. As there is no conceivable activity to keep us out of bed past nine, it works no hardship.

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The University is running full blast, and with a heavily overcrowded campus. When I think of the luxuries of Foster Hall and the new Colleges on the Midway, I wonder whether American students would be willing to endure what my young hopefuls take for granted. And I also wonder why they take it for granted, sometimes, until I find myself resignedly accepting some new minor discomfort, simply unable to find an extra bit of energy that can be diverted to cope with it. The students are living in completely unheated dormitories, sleeping in double-decker beds with no mattresses, just folded cotton padding between them and the boards. Many of them are using U.S. army and navy blankets that various benevolent agencies have doled out. Their meals are Spartan affairs, very short on meat, and the only fruit they get is what they buy for themselves. Occasionally there is a handout of some army supplies, but the distribution and use is not very well planned, and often it results in every student being suddenly enriched by a five-pound can of corned beef hash which tastes foul cold, and which they have no way of using in Chinese fashion. The other day the entire student body received a gift of a twenty-pound can of coffee powder. This will make about one cup each, but they have no cream and sugar! And so it goes. A recent gift was some five hundred pair of shoes, used but still usable. The boys lined up to draw their chances, and as each came out with his pair there were sardonic cheers and howls of laughter, because the smallest ones were about size 11, and very few Chinese feet take anything bigger than a 10. One can always sell them to a shoemaker and buy a pair of Chinese shoes with the proceeds, but all these transactions take a lot of time, and students seem as short of leisure as they are of everything else. The academic requirements imposed by the government bureau of education keep the students very completely occupied. Most of them are in class from 7:45 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., and not a few have evening lectures and seminars. It is a life to raise heroes, and that is what it is doing. The spirit is something really inspiring to see. They know that they are headed for years of hard living, with heavy responsibilities and no security. Education will not admit them to a privileged class or to greater financial returns. Yet they keep on coming, often poorly prepared because of the deprivations of the war years, almost all poorly prepared physically, - yet they keep on coming, hundreds upon hundreds of them. Once you have known them you cannot let them down.

During this past few months so many friends have shared in our job here that we want to take this opportunity to say again how much we appreciate the friendly interest and the support that you have offered. Those of you who have sent packages of food will be gratified to know that Baby Timmy (the tiny son of one of our young Chinese professors) has successfully turned the corner of his summer illness and now, chubby on the Pablum and milk powder someone sent, he is all set to ride out the winter in his heatless home. Chin-hua, the high school girl who was about to have to leave school because of eye trouble due to malnutrition, is making good progress, her lagging appetite picked up with the little delicacies a friend is sending. We found that the extra fruit she needed could be supplied in the form of baby tinned fruits, such as Gerber's, Clapp's, etc. Small quantities, but just enough to make the big difference. Little Joyce, now 18 months old, has also discovered that even in winter time there is fruit in America, and is taking much more interest in life now that she has the extra nourishment of those little cans of baby food and those nice milk puddings. The vitamin pills and codliver oil tablets will help pull a number of other babies through the winter, too. There are so many needs it is hard to know where to start, and we are trying just to distribute whatever comes through where it seems to be needed most urgently. Having small children myself, I am more apt to come in contact with the needs of the little folks, but almost anything that anyone sends can find a good use. Small parcels, marked "GIFT," and

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valued under \$2.00 come through duty free. Larger bundles of used clothing should be plainly marked "USED CLOTHING." Things are coming through nicely now, and every day one of those bundles arrives makes Christmas for someone here.

All during the fall, in spite of their heavy class schedules, the students have been busy with a number of interesting outside activities. They have various discussion groups on education, religion, science, English, etc., and it seems that no week has gone by all term that has not seen CF meeting with a couple of them. One of the popular forms of recreation this year has been dramatics and student drama groups have put on several Chinese plays which reached a high standard of performance. Music is always a standby with us here, and the weekly Thursday evening music hour, with its gramophone concert, or recital by local talent, is a permanent institution with us. Recently we had a very fine evening of music when Alice Chow, whose father is one of our alumni, gave a recital partly in Chinese, partly in English, French, Italian, and German! She had studied in Paris all during the war, - having been caught there when the Germans moved in, - and her voice is a delight to hear, aside from the great interest of her Chinese program of folk songs. She is going to tour in America next year, and I hope many of our friends will have the pleasure of hearing her. When she sang here in the assembly hall over the library, over 1500 enthusiastic students cheered her program.

My own classes this year are larger than normal, because of the big enrollment. I am teaching one group of 40 English composition, and another class of 37 is suffering with me through a historical survey of English literature. The suffering is caused in part by our complete lack of any text book. For the whole class we have fifteen different reference books, varying in style and completeness from an English middle school review outline to the encyclopaedic Compton-Rickett. Out of this hash I select the choicest items and drave them over a Toynbee-esque version of English history. The part they like best is when I just settle back with "once upon a time there was a bandit named Robin Hood," etc., and proceed to tell stories. They seemed to enjoy Beowulf and Sir Gawayne when treated that way, and there were tears over the death of Arthur. Chaucer has been heard revolving in his grave over my free version of his Prolog, but if I can keep the sophomores awake I feel almost anything is justified. My senior thesis student, who is a disguised theological student (there is no legal degree in theology, so we give them a five-year course and call it a major in western languages), is writing on the moral problem of guilt as a feature of Hawthorne's novels. You can easily see that my light reading is heavy this fall! The freshmen, poor souls, are not up to writing long essays as yet, but there are multitudinous exercises to correct and lessons to review, so although it is not as heavy a program as I have sometimes had, it keeps me adequately employed.

Even without classes, the two children would be almost enough to keep off idle moments. Our T'ien-t'ung, almost six now, is learning Chinese quite easily, and has incidentally picked up the knack of reading English, enough to keep herself pretty busy and to take some of the load of Peter Rabbit and those blasted three pigs off my hands, reading to Ming-teh. They are getting pretty well settled now and feel very much at home, but they have provided plenty of worry by a series of minor complaints, - mumps, prickly heat in the summer, and recently TT has had a long sleep with a swollen gland that involved keeping her in bed half days for more rest. Ming-teh is stout and hearty, tough, and is rapidly making friends with everyone here, showing beautiful disregard of language

barriers, and using his own dialect, which everyone has to learn!

With all the best wishes of the season to you all, and heartiest thanks for your constant friendship, we are

Sincerely yours,

The Lo's, - CF, Ruth, and The Young

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Sent from 465 Deer Park East
Lake Forest, Ill

Copy

School of Arts, Huachung University
Wuchang 4, China
December 11, 1947

Dear Winnie: (Winifred Wadsworth - Lake Forest, Ill.)

Yesterday Ruth received a cable from her brother bearing the sad news that her mother had passed away. Although Mrs. Earnshaw had been ill for some time, we didn't expect that the end would come so soon or so suddenly ... We are all so grateful to you for writing to us so often and getting packages to us. I wish to report that last week we received several packages:

2 packages from Sally Anderegg, Burnham School, Cicero, Ill.
1 package from M. Sims and Susan Boynton
2 packages from June Work intended for a special child

The gifts are being distributed among the most needy faculty children. Here is a list of some of their names:

Baby Timmy Ying (Ying T'ien-ling), boy
Baby Christopher Wang (Wang Shih-chieh), boy
Baby Shih Yen-mei, boy
Baby Florence Ling (Ling Tao-hua), girl
Baby Grace Kao (Kao T'ien-eng), girl
Baby Joyce Yang (Yang Ming-ho), girl
Baby Li (Li Siao-chiu), girl
Annie Shih and Lucia Shih, girls
Tseng Siao-hua, girl
Two girls of Mr. Wen
Boys in the Wang and Hwang families

The parents are most appreciative of any extra food or clothing.

An idea of the cost of living may be seen from the amount of postage on this envelope - \$30,000 Chinese currency. The import duty on each package averaged \$50,000, but this is a relatively small amount in comparison with the value of the contents.

We have a three-day recession for Christmas and another three days for New Year. In addition there will be a winter vacation in February, about three weeks.

Please accept our very best wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Ever sincerely,

CF

Nov. 10, 1947 - Wuchang 4, Hup.

Dearest Wynne: Your Nov. 3 letter came today - isn't it wonderful? ... The first two food parcels sent by our Unnie in Venice have arrived, and we know now it takes just about six weeks for them to come thru. They were in excellent shape and there was no duty, as she had the value of the contents carefully labeled and it was under \$2. But it was worth a lot more than that to me to have the pet milk and pudding mixes, the cocoa and tuna fish that they brought. It does seem as if every time a package comes through we hear of some one who needs it even worse, so there is practically no limit to what we can pass on. The children feel so pleased with something so special and it really is a big boost to morale as well as to the table. Since T'ien-t'ung had her long siege with a swollen gland in her neck, it has taken a

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bit of thought to make her diet come out right, and anything that makes a treat is such a help. ... Re clothes - Tell anyone to send practically anything, as we have all sizes of people needing things. I specially worry about the children - underwear, sox, sweaters, any knitted things - men's suits and shoes are needed badly. Practically all children and men wear western dress here if they can get it. Women are more conservative but use coats, sweaters, jackets, underwear, sox, handkerchiefs. ... Oh, I could go on forever, but I should really turn my attention to the things I have got. For instance, 37 essays to be corrected ere dawn! My classes are so big and so ill prepared for advanced work, but they do try valiantly. I am hitting the high spots of Chaucer right now and we are all sweating! My thesis student this year is working on Hawthorne, and that is a pleasure. When CF and I visited the Ex-eters we looked over the Hawthorne scene, and I did love it. And love to you!

Ruth

October 29, 1947

Dear Winnie: Your letters keep on coming and how I enjoy them. I wish I could answer them adequately, but for obvious reasons I can't send letters very often. I am including this in one to the family. We have been sort of preoccupied lately with a succession of medical difficulties - varnish poison for me, then a cold for Minne, then an infection in a gland in the neck for Tootsie. It has been quite a siege, taking care of everyone and continuing the usual round of teaching and housekeeping. CF has been even busier than I, because except for a round with a cold he kept on his feet throughout it all, and did his usual neat job of dovetailing deaning with diaper wash. Highlights of recent days have been the consecration of a new Chinese bishop, a classmate of CF's, one Newton Liu. He will be missionary bishop to the Province of Shensi, which is chuckful of communists, so he should have a lively time. He is a grand person ... We have been entertaining on a modest scale recently, in between children's illnesses, and it reminds me of the great comfort I so soon take for granted, - that is, having someone else in the kitchen besides me! Our cook is not a proper cook at all, being an airplane mechanic by preference, but he is not above obliging. In personality he greatly resembles Hazel of the Satevepost. He looks like a leprechaun and communes with the cat with great understanding, and the children adore him. Whenever we go out I know he spends the evening in the easy chair, reading the classics and enjoying life. ... We are almost settled in now, curtains up and final arrangements of furniture made. Our oil heater is not doing so well as we had hoped, and we may have to use charcoal after all. The thing smells hideous and takes an hour to get going, by which time we have had to open all windows, so it is not an unqualified success. Any and all clothing can be used by someone here, so tell your friends not to hesitate. Baby clothes specially are needed, and sweaters and sox. Anything that can be reknit.

Goodbye for now, as ever,

Ruth

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COPY

Huachung University
Wuchang 4, China
Christmas Day (1947)

Dear Winnie:

Your Christmas presents make us all so happy today. Really you must have spent a lot of time and care in getting the things and packing them so beautifully. I want to make you another report on packages recently received. Kindly inform all senders how much we all appreciate their gifts and words of encouragement. On December 15 the following packages were delivered to us:

- 1 from June Work, dated October 27 (gift to the Los)
- 2 " " " " " " (for Liu Chin-hua)
- 2 " Gladys Boetcher, dated October 28 (Burnham School, Cicero,
- 1 " Grace Boetcher, dated October 28. Illinois)

Practically all the clothes and baby food have been distributed. There are still some neckties which we are considering offering to bachelor members on the faculty, after they are pressed. We must say that the parents are most thankful for any bit of extra food or clothing for their children. We informed the parents that the gifts were from "Friends in America." We wish all our "Friends" could see all the babies and children that are being helped by their generous contributions. Letters from the following have also been received, indicating that more packages are coming:

Mrs. R. H. Snow, 122 West California, Columbus 2, Ohio
Mildred D. Piper, 1248 Lincoln Ave., St. Paul 5, Minnesota
Mrs. Elsie Berne, 520 Clay Ave., Scranton 10, Pa.
Margaret Johnson, Roosevelt High School, Des Moines 12, Iowa

..... at this point Ruth interrupts CF's business report to give out a few details on the glad reception the children gave your packages. First let me thank you a million times for all the loving thought that went into your choices and into your packing, because half the pleasure of children is in the mystery of the package. Tootie is in absolute heaven over her treasure chest, and declares that the magnifying glass is what she has always wanted only didn't know about them till now. Minno is so set up over having coloring books like Gay, real ones, that he has spent all day over them, ignoring everything, except to pat his helicopter and mutter "I'd been needing a helencopter." The rubber gloves will ward off chillblains when I wash the woolies which I make for the children in my ha ha spare time. I am half way down the leg of my second long stocking now, and there are mittens on the horizon. The nylons will boost my morale and improve my appearance infinitely, and I really will vow to use one whole box of that paper exclusively on you. ... The week before Christmas was a wonderful, busy one, and it has been more help to me than I can tell to have something so gratifying to do to fill up the big lonesome place in my heart. I know of nothing that Mother would have enjoyed more than doling out those baby foods and fixing up boxes for the children, and it was a comfort to do it and think of her. The friends who sent the boxes may like to know that the children (ours) helped in dividing up the foods, and in packing them in boxes for each of the babies. Auntie had sent us several packages of Christmas paper and seals and we trimmed everything up as festively as we could, which added much to the enjoyment of the babies. I know that a lot of little folks will benefit by

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these packages, not only the small babies for whom they were sent, but the bigger ones all up the line, because as each family finds the milk supplied for this week, money is released in the budget for that pair of shoes or that needed new padded coat for an older child.

Now it is December 27, and this letter must be on its way. It will be a still more appreciated help if you will let the people CF listed know that their gifts arrived in time for Christmas. The postage for individual letters is just prohibitive. That is why I can't ask any of the children here to write in reply to the children in the schools - they just should not afford the postage, and if I suggest that they write, they will feel they must, and thus undo the good the packages do by causing a new expense However, I want the children at Burnham School to know that the baby things were especially appreciated, and I have seen them all in use. The boys' suits have been divided between two families, and will be very useful and comfortable for four boys. The summer weight dresses I have given to a family whose mother is very clever at making over, and she will cut up the material and use it for small baby things. The only things that turned out not to carry well were the pabulum and cocoa, but a lot could be salvaged even at that. The pabulum that was wrapped in wax paper came through all right, but one box got pushed open by the canned goods. Cardboard boxes must always have outside wrapping for safety. The necco wafers were an especial thrill, and the nabisco cookies went to the Christmas stockings of all our western child friends in the college.... For guidance of future helpers we would like to suggest that they concentrate on the following items: canned fruit and dried fruit, baby canned fruits and puddings; baby canned meats, other canned meats; milk in all forms, codliver oil, in tablets or in concentrated forms; knitted clothes, children's shoes, baby clothes, coats or jackets, old sheets or blankets. Every package should be plainly marked "old clothes," "No value," "gift package for child," or something like that, and the alternate addressee required by the post office slip had better be "American Church Mission, Hankow" rather than Red Cross, because there isn't any here.

I must stop now and look after the children. Our nephew, Mike, is here, and they are shooting each other with cap guns; just a pleasant quiet afternoon! Mike speaks only Shanghai dialect, Toots English and a little Mandarin, and Minno his own peculiar dialect which has more than a suspicion of Pure Nottinghamshire in it. But they do enjoy each other somehow.

Goodbye and thanks millions to you -

CF and Ruth

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June 14, 1948, Huachung

Dearest Wynne,

It suddenly dawned on me about five minutes ago that this morning I handed in my last list of grades, and that only a couple of orals stand between me and that long summer vacation. I had been going round in my usual little circles all day, feeling that I was oh so busy busy busy, when the light dawned. What better celebration than to start, at least, that long due letter to you. So here goes.

I know you will rejoice to hear that the little fan and the ice box are functioning smoothly and adding a great deal to our comfort. Minno adores the fan, and sits in front of it crosslegged on the matting, bare as his birthday, murmuring, "It goes so fast round and round and round and round", then he will leap up and dance violently up and down, returning to muse on the wonderful speed, "It's still going, not tired a bit." I guess it's the only piece of machinery more complex than a tablespoon in the house, and he is certainly yankee minded. The ice box is especially a comfort to CF who does go for cold drinks and chilled fruit. A cake of ice that will last 24 hours on a hot (96°) day costs \$160,000, which is peanuts. We think of that sum now as being about 16 cents in value, and often on the street you bargain for something as 3 or 4 wan, without thinking that the wan is a hundred thousand dollars. Cook goes out every evening and brings home the little wad of ice with considerable pride, and it is a comfort to know the meat and milk will be good. I am using powdered milk entirely now, as the children like it and it is safe.

I have almost forgotten what it would be like to be able to budget sensibly. As things are now we take home our pay in a basket, literally, done up in bundles of one million dollars each. Recently we got a bonus that brought in one hundred million for the family. We promptly went out and bought much needed furniture with it, and paid in advance for the brick work of the new kitchen stove. What remained we bought silver pieces with, hoping that they will be salable when we need to convert them, as keeping currency is just not done. It is like a game of hot potatoes. As soon as you can you exchange the stuff for goods. It is out of the question to plan ahead or to save; we are still so far behind in getting our house furnished that it is hard to imagine a month when we are not investing in some needed basic equipment. Just when we felt pretty well furnished, we expanded, and needed more to fill up. Still, Dad and Unnie will be helping with the things bought for them, so it won't be so bad in the end. Mail for Dad is beginning to arrive, which somehow makes him nearer than a letter from him would!

Hot weather has really come, and we are working systematically on keeping cool. A complicating factor has risen with Minno getting a spot of malaria. He had a croupy spell and had to be taken up nights out of his mosquito net, and I think that's when the dirty work was done. However, we have him on paledryn (sp?) a new preventive treatment, and I think we will not hear from it again. It is nice to find that our house is quite comfortable in the heat, having so many windows and being shaded well, and high on the old city ramparts. I just hold my breath, though, for the climate and Unnie and Dad, hoping it won't put on its worst performance for them.

We have masons all over the house, and carpenters revising the kitchen and hallways, buckets of whitewash everywhere. It is a hectic mess, but the results will be nice,

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if we survive the process. We have to do a little at a time, gradually converting the house into a livable structure. I think of Mr. Blandings sometimes and moan softly to myself. At least he didn't have to extract pounds of great big nails with "made in Tokyo" on them (in Japanese characters) or tear a tokanoma out of every room. The college is committed to building 12 new faculty houses, but the biggest will have only 3 bedrooms, and we must have four, or else mix up the family too much for comfort. In most households it is taken for granted that the children and grownups all sleep in one heap, but I am still holding out for a minimum of privacy, even if it means this queer arrangement.

June 27

Well, I meant the best, but look at what happened! Here we are twelve parcels and a letter later, and I am now an authority on measles. Yes, Minno developed the most beautiful case of measles you ever would want to avoid, and we are now busy waiting for Toots to get her share. So far no signs. She says she is waiting until Unnie is here to read to her. Minno was really very miserable, but he has had no complications, which is a blessing. During his worst days and nights the weather turned very cool, so we had only one thing to contend with at a time. The cool-aid drinks have been a godsend, as you can imagine. Also we got out the puppet and Toots and I put it together as a consolation award in the evenings after her necessarily solitary days, and we are now confirmed puppeteers. She is in love with the little creature, and he was just what the situation called for. I am glad I had him in the bank.

The folks should land at Shanghai tomorrow. EEEK! I can hardly stand it. Commencement is over, CF only has trustees' meetings now, books to unpack and catalogue, 175 tests to juggle mathematically, and curriculum to plan. Good old holidays! After the folks get settled, I hope toward August we can take a day off and go to Hankow together and call it our vacation. I shall mail this now with loads of love.

Ruth

Latest news on clinic front is that milk powder is getting very scarce, all but Klim at 3 million for one pound, and no guarantee that it is unadulterated.

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July 19, 1948 - Wuchang

Dear Winnie:

A lovely sight would greet your eyes could you peek into our living room right now - Daddo and Unnie sitting sociably about the fan, beaming on Toots, Minno, and Hsiao-Mei (Miss Six-years-old from upstaris) playing animal rummy on the mats. Yes, they are here, and have been for one week tomorrow. I am still reeling from the exertions and anxieties of getting them safely landed, but the deed is done. Both arrived very tired, and pretty much run down by the heat of Shanghai and the boat trip up river; being sensitive souls they were also both much overcome by the sight of so much poverty and misery en route, not to mention the devastation of war, but now they are getting rested and the washing is catching up with them, the unpacking proceeding apace, they are getting their feet under them again and are well on the way to be settled in. Today Dad and I went to Hankow to the consulate to register them, and he seemed to have a wonderful time looking at everything and investigating everything on the way. Unnie is too tired to tackle the trip yet, but she is very happy over the reception of the children, who are in perfect ecstasies of glee at having their favorite playmate back. I think the two of them are really wonderful to have made the trip and come out of it in such good shape.

This week we had a big landfall of parcels, including one with toys, which I have with difficulty withdrawn from circulation. One rabbit did stray into Minno's life and I fear will stick, because he loves it so very much for the time being, but it will move on in time to its real destination. Here's a list of the senders, and will you please send our great thanks to them:

Margaret Cain, Chicago	5/5, 14, 4/23, 5/10
Mary Worthen, New York	5/18
Mrs. Stanley Schoolay, Scranton	5/18
P.K. Bown, Temple, Texas	5/-
Dorrie Snow, Columbus	5/18, 5/18
Miss Briggs, Scranton	5/26
Mrs. Price, Scranton	5/25
Mrs. Perry, Scranton	5/18
C.M. Palmer, Dayton	5/25

It has been seriously hot all week, until today, which has given us a break, but there is an additional mental hazard now of wondering if it is being too hot for the newcomers. Little by little we are getting the unpacking and settling in accomplished. Every day sees the addition of some new comfort and essential bit of furniture. By fall we shall be in good running order, I trust, with everything under control. The measles of the past month did throw me off my stride quite a bit. Six weeks without a good sleep got me down physically, but things are coming round. The kids are in good shape again, gaining back the lost weight, and feeling full of spirits now the folks are here.

Baby clinic is booming along. We have enough supplies to carry us to the end of August, I think. It is proving a real godsend to the babies right now, as Klim is getting extremely scarce and army milk powder (which we buy wholesale with the dollars in five pound tins and distribute in one pound lots) is all gone now. Klim is 10 million a pound. I hope that if the friends have to choose what to send, they keep the milk coming in, as that is really becoming a serious problem. This is not much of a letter, but it has been a big week and a big day.

Much love to you

R

over

0275

July 23, Wuchang 4, China

Dear Winnie:

Auntie and Colonel have been here one week, and seem to like our place and food. The summer heat is not too bad, as we have rains now and then. This evening we are inviting some Huachung friends in to meet them, and some more are coming to Tea on Sunday.

Did Ruth tell you we have all been enjoying the Kools you sent recently? And several bundles of magazines have arrived, too. How can we ever thank you and the other stateside friends for all you have done for us? The children are well again, and next week Toots is going to start taking Chinese lessons from a college girl student.

The inflation goes on and on and there is no end of fighting. But all schools and colleges are planning for the next academic year as if it were the most natural thing to do. Students have been flooding our campus taking entrance examinations. A large percentage of them will have to be disappointed. (Several colleges and universities are using Huachung as a base for their Entrance Examinations).

With all our good wishes for a cool and happy summer!

CF

.....

(From Ruth's father and aunt)

Wuchang, July 26, 1948

My dear Winnie:

We are HERE-- By Golly, after all these miles of water and land and heat and smells and just about everything, Unnie and I have at long, long last arrived at good old Wuchang. It's a long story, and the half of it will never be told, what with all the new things piling up on us and crowding out the old.

But let me put into the record right here at the beginning that you and the other friends over there have been the very sparkplugs and sustainers of everything that Ruth and CF and the kiddies are doing here in China. You may not be here in the flesh but I want you to know that your help and inspiration way back there have made it possible for them to carry on over here.

The ocean voyage was very long. The ship and her crew were good, and the accommodations excellent. The passage through the Panama Canal was wonderfully interesting, and our day in Honolulu 12 hours of pure delight, but the lap from Honolulu to Manila began to get on our nerves a bit and we were mighty glad to see land again, even war-torn Manila. The city is quite a mess - an adolescent nation, bursting with pride of new "independence," working hard at the almost hopeless task of repairing the war havoc. We went ashore only twice, as the weather was steaming hot. Then the short run across the South China Sea to Hong Kong, where the first real sight of the Orient met our eyes. The pilot came aboard from a sampan, rowed by women, piloted us up the very beautiful harbor, and warped us alongside in Kowloon, just across the harbor from the city. We took

a ferry across, found a soda fountain, and spent the evening drinking malted milks with ice cream. Next day we chartered a car and drove all over the island, which is very beautiful, and very English, the shops filled with British merchandise.

Then we steamed out of the harbor and up the Formosa Strait just ahead of a typhoon which never caught up with us, and then in a driving rain up the Yangtze, into the Whangpoo and tied up across from Shanghai. There in the rain, waiting on the dock, was CF's brother, Dr. Samuel, - in shorts, rain coat, galoshes, felt hat, and umbrella, with the ever present brief case filled with money. Brother Jamie, who is a higher-up in the customs service, had sent an emissary to handle the paper work, customs declarations, etc., and we very promptly disembarked, climbed into a launch, and crossed over to the Shanghai side. There we piled into the China Clipper, the Ford Car Ruth and CF brought over to Sam last summer, then drove to the Park Hotel where Sam had engaged a lovely suite for us. The hotel is very good, the service wonderful, and the food all that could be asked for. We luxuriated there for a week. It was terrifically hot - a sort of sticky, humid heat that saps all vitality. The week's rest was imperative, as we were pretty well tired out with the strains of the past few months. Samuel drove us about the city and gave us a feast at an air cooled restaurant, where we met all the Shanghai members of the family. Much bowing and scraping and much broken English on the part of the women folks, but such courtesy and such a welcome you could not imagine.

Then we shipped out on the steamer On Kang, for the 700 miles up the Yangtze. Just imagine going from New Orleans to St. Paul on the Mississippi River, on a somewhat old steamboat, anchoring each night in a spot hotter than the preceding night! The river was in flood -- very high, very muddy, and very dangerous. The boat was crowded with altogether too many passengers. Deck passengers sleep underfoot, perform their everlasting ablutions, natural functions, and clothes washings without regard to anyone. We saw life in the raw in a big way. But after three days we got better accommodations on a more exclusive deck, amid a lot of missionaries going to Kuling for the summer, and fared a little better. It was a tough trip, but Ruth and CF and the kids had taken it last July, so we simply couldn't take our hardships too seriously.

After 6 days we pulled into Hankow. There was good old CF patiently waiting on the dock, with a crowd of friends all waiting to help in the disembarkation. He was glad to see us, and we were so thankful to have him take over the burden of unloading 25 trunks and suitcases. But we quickly unloaded and took the totally inadequate ferry across the turbulent river to Wuchang. A long line of rickshas was engaged, and single file we wended our way through the main streets, all the populace looking in amazement at the sight. Emma's white hair astonished these black-haired people, and the colonel's bulk and weight made the ricksha coolie groan - and charge double rates! We streamed through some very narrow and dirty streets, past shops where commerce and manufacture and family living were exposed to the frankest of public gaze. Then out into a country lane, past the old city wall, and there at the head of the path Ruth and the kiddies were waiting. Ruth was beaming; the kids were hysterical with glee. We shed a few tears, just full of joy at the successful ending of such a long journey. At last we had come to the end of what looked like an impossible job.

Ruth's house is adequate - the whole lower floor of an apartment building into which they have just moved. While it lacks many of the things we are accustomed to, it can be made into an attractive and very livable place. Ruth looks a little thin and drawn - just too much work and too much heat, but otherwise is

in good health. Our coming here will relieve her somewhat from the care of the children, and our gold income, even small as it is, will do much to stabilize the household financing problem. The kids are well - Toots is pretty thin from the measles and excitement and heat, but a few days' rest will put her OK again. Minno is full of life and energy and very glad to have his daddo and Unnie to play with. CF looks tired and wan and apparently has been having a pretty thin time so far as fun is concerned.

Our first impressions of China are the normal impressions of all foreigners - dirt, poverty, labor, - human burden-bearers, men carrying tremendous loads on carry-poles; open air living; closely cultivated fields, every inch producing food; complete naturalness in natural functions, children, millions of them. While this new Republic has passed laws governing practically all human conduct, procreation seems to have been overlooked, and from the outward signs seems to be the chief avocation of the population.

Everything here is so DIFFERENT. We had read of China, and Ruth's letters had described life here, but it is far harder and cruder than we had dreamed of. I think the atmosphere of poverty strikes me most forcibly. Toothpicks are only half the size of American toothpicks, matches are little bitty thin sticks, food is bought one day at a time, ice cones in 3-inch layers weighing about 10 pounds. We eat up all the day's marketing every day, and cook goes out to market and brings home another day's supply. The absence of telephones, the dim-burning electric lights, the scanty water pressure, no newspapers, no shower bath, all have a depressing effect on the American who is accustomed to fat and lush living.

The money situation is fantastic. Chinese National Currency is almost worthless; the familiar unit is a million dollars, and ricksha men, cooks, bootblacks, and shopkeepers are constantly counting their bundles of bills. The cook carries a basket of bills when he goes to market, and although we have \$5000 bills we must carry a wad the size of a brick for even a simple shopping expedition. The effect on the psychology of the Chinese is very serious and baffling, because the \$1 bill of a few years ago must be multiplied by a million to make sense. We have been trading our American dollars for 4 million Chinese each, so that a million Chinese is really only 25 cents in real money. But Ruth and CF get paid in Chinese currency and their pay, of course, has not been raised as fast as prices have increased. So they have been in a hard way for money - enough money in quantity to live on. I am glad we came because I know that our being here will divide the responsibility a little and take some of the load off CF and Ruth.

China poses some very interesting problems. I do not think that the people in the United States as a whole realize how important China is to our American well-being. It is frightfully important that we of America do something, in a very big way, to rescue this country. If we do not, promptly and vigorously, this immense country - big as the United States, with twice as many people - will swing over to the Russian sphere. I think our Chinese problem is much more important than the European. At least in Europe there is a literate, sane population who can work their way out and live as they individually want to live. But here in China is a great mass of illiterates, totally incapable of self-government who must be governed by some higher power. It's a big job.

Ruth and CF are doing the most important job in China, the education of the young men and women who must take over the job of government. They are both sacrificing health, comfort, and every material advantage for the larger result. They are heroes without knowing of their heroism.

Now I'm going to leave some room for Emma to add her bit. Our great love to you.

A. C. Earnshaw

UNNIE NOW SPEAKING:

Arthur has described the situation very accurately and ably. You have no idea what all the help from you and the other friends has meant to Ruth and CF. Twice since we have come, bundles have come through - and such rejoicing! Everything is used. We now have a big bundle of clothing for the "rummage sale" which will be held as soon as all the students and faculty are here for the fall term.

I am glad we came, for many reasons - chiefly that we are of such financial help; our gold income goes so far and is a real help at this time. Ruth says we will never know how much. I fixed curtains last week for the living room, and this week I am going to fix curtains for my room; I brought all our drapes, so I have a supply on hand. It is very warm, - unusually so. And everything seems so dirty in China. At first I thought I could not take it, but it all seems a little better now. We have met some very interesting people, friends of Ruth and C.F. They speak English very well, and it is a joy to be with them. Last Sunday CF's family entertained us at a formal family party at their old home in Wuchang. Mother Lo does not speak English but Father Lo does. The Lo family stands out as the most progressive in the community. Now I must stop and have a little rest. Our dearest love to you.

Auntie

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Wuchang, July 30, 1948

Dear Winnie:

It seems like ages since I scraped the mold off the typer and addressed a few loving words to you. Ever since the folks arrived my daily schedule has been in process of adjustment, and it seems rarely that there are ten consecutive minutes which can be devoted to letter writing. There has been so much to talk over, to remember, and to plan, aside from the time to be spent in settling them and unpacking. The trip across the ocean was long and tedious for them, but not especially rugged. I'm afraid that the river ride was a bit tough, though, as it was their first experience of the heat and crowds that are the particular difficulty of this part of the world. Unnie especially seems a bit subdued by it all, but I am hopeful that when the weather is cooler and she can get around a bit more freely she will not seem so confined to quarters. I guess I must be the most naive person in the world, but it has never occurred to me that anyone would be afraid of the people in China! Disease, dogs, communists, wars, yes - those are real dangers and can be duly weighed and dismissed or acted upon; but the "lao pai hsing," the old hundred names or common people, well - they have always been to me the big compensation for all the other minor difficulties of life over here! I think that probably not knowing the language makes her more timid, although it is also a temperamental difference. Dad knows no Chinese either, but he is simply re- velling in wandering about, meeting people, and exploring. It is infinite comfort

to me to see him having such a good time, and enjoying the same things that I enjoy.

In a few days we will have to have a powwow here on the baby clinic. We have reached a financial impasse. Up to date we have been using army milk powder, which we bought here with the proceeds of selling the single pound packages of Klim. One pound klim equals five pounds of army, and no difference in quality. Now, however, army milk is all but off the market - it was bound to be used up in time, and no more comes in, of course. We have now a group of 25 babies who ought to be using a pound of milk a week each, and we haven't got that much coming in and can't really expect it. So we are investigating through the consulate getting a special import license for importing cargo of less than \$50 value per lot, with the idea of getting it shipped in direct to us, and just promoting financial support from America. We should know about the license next week. Dad can get Land O' Lakes milk at .55 a pound sent from Mobile. Including freight charges it would come to about .75 by the time it got here. When you put it .75 a week for a baby it doesn't sound so exorbitant, does it? If the license works out, I think I see my line of attack! We will go on short rations for the rest of the summer, but perhaps can resume full feeding in the fall. The mothers are so deeply grateful for the help, and so dismayed at the prospect of the supply giving out. Aside from the expense, which is nearly prohibitive for most, there is the difficulty of finding the stuff, and the question of its being contaminated. I do hope we will be able to work out something.

A whole lot of love to you from us all.

Ruth

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June 14, 1948, Huachung

Dearest Wynne,

It suddenly dawned on me about five minutes ago that this morning I handed in my last list of grades, and that only a couple of orals stand between me and that long summer vacation. I had been going round in my usual little circles all day, feeling that I was oh so busy busy busy, when the light dawned. What better celebration than to start, at least, that long due letter to you. So here goes.

I know you will rejoice to hear that the little fan and the ice box are functioning smoothly and adding a great deal to our comfort. Minno adores the fan, and sits in front of it crosslegged on the matting, bare as his birthday, murmuring, "It goes so fast round and round and round and round", then he will leap up and dance violently up and down, returning to muse on the wonderful speed, "It's still going, not tired a bit." I guess it's the only piece of machinery more complex than a tablespoon in the house, and he is certainly yankee minded. The ice box is especially a comfort to CF who does go for cold drinks and chilled fruit. A cake of ice that will last 24 hours on a hot (96°) day costs \$160,000, which is peanuts. We think of that sum now as being about 16 cents in value, and often on the street you bargain for something as 3 or 4 wan, without thinking that the wan is a hundred thousand dollars. Cook goes out every evening and brings home the little wad of ice with considerable pride, and it is a comfort to know the meat and milk will be good. I am using powdered milk entirely now, as the children like it and it is safe.

I have almost forgotten what it would be like to be able to budget sensibly. As things are now we take home our pay in a basket, literally, done up in bundles of one million dollars each. Recently we got a bonus that brought in one hundred million for the family. We promptly went out and bought much needed furniture with it, and paid in advance for the brick work of the new kitchen stove. What remained we bought silver pieces with, hoping that they will be salable when we need to convert them, as keeping currency is just not done. It is like a game of hot potatoes. As soon as you can you exchange the stuff for goods. It is out of the question to plan ahead or to save; we are still so far behind in getting our house furnished that it is hard to imagine a month when we are not investing in some needed basic equipment. Just when we felt pretty well furnished, we expanded, and needed more to fill up. Still, Dad and Unnie will be helping with the things bought for them, so it won't be so bad in the end. Mail for Dad is beginning to arrive, which somehow makes him nearer than a letter from him would!

Hot weather has really come, and we are working systematically on keeping cool. A complicating factor has risen with Minno getting a spot of malaria. He had a croupy spell and had to be taken up nights out of his mosquito net, and I think that's when the dirty work was done. However, we have him on paledryn (sp?) a new preventive treatment, and I think we will not hear from it again. It is nice to find that our house is quite comfortable in the heat, having so many windows and being shaded well, and high on the old city ramparts. I just hold my breath, though, for the climate and Unnie and Dad, hoping it won't put on its worst performance for them.

We have masons all over the house, and carpenters revising the kitchen and hallways, buckets of whitewash everywhere. It is a hectic mess, but the results will be nice,

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if we survive the process. We have to do a little at a time, gradually converting the house into a livable structure. I think of Mr. Blandings sometimes and moan softly to myself. At least he didn't have to extract pounds of great big nails with "made in Tokyo" on them (in Japanese characters) or tear a tokanoma out of every room. The college is committed to building 12 new faculty houses, but the biggest will have only 3 bedrooms, and we must have four, or else mix up the family too much for comfort. In most households it is taken for granted that the children and grownups all sleep in one heap, but I am still holding out for a minimum of privacy, even if it means this queer arrangement.

June 27

Well, I meant the best, but look at what happened! Here we are twelve parcels and a letter later, and I am now an authority on measles. Yes, Minno developed the most beautiful case of measles you ever would want to avoid, and we are now busy waiting for Toots to get her share. So far no signs. She says she is waiting until Unnie is here to read to her. Minno was really very miserable, but he has had no complications, which is a blessing. During his worst days and nights the weather turned very cool, so we had only one thing to contend with at a time. The cool-aid drinks have been a godsend, as you can imagine. Also we got out the puppet and Toots and I put it together as a consolation award in the evenings after her necessarily solitary days, and we are now confirmed puppeteers. She is in love with the little creature, and he was just what the situation called for. I am glad I had him in the bank.

The folks should land at Shanghai tomorrow. EEEK! I can hardly stand it. Commencement is over, CF only has trustees' meetings now, books to unpack and catalogue, 175 tests to juggle mathematically, and curriculum to plan. Good old holidays! After the folks get settled, I hope toward August we can take a day off and go to Hankow together and call it our vacation. I shall mail this now with loads of love.

Ruth

Latest news on clinic front is that milk powder is getting very scarce, all but Klim at 3 million for one pound, and no guarantee that it is unadulterated.

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August 8, 1948 - Wuchang

Dear Winnie:

We are in the very middle of the No. 2 hot spell, and there is the sure prospect of coolness, then another hot spell, then autumn. The Chinese Farmers' Calendar says so, and it has been the authority for three thousand years. It is really fantastic to witness how on the day called "the awakening of the insects," every fly and buzzy beetle in the middle kingdom is resurrected from its winter sleep; how on the opening day of autumn the leaves promptly turn gold and begin to drift away, the big old and little cold spells of winter follow duly, climaxed by the stay-at-home stormy weather of New Year. Moon Festival comes late this year, so we can expect long summer, but once Moon Festival comes, it will be real fall football weather. The Grands are taking it pretty well on the whole, although the heat, they claim, is something they could not have imagined in their wildest dreams. They cannot go about very much, and they get tired of being so confined, but the days seem to pass very quickly nevertheless, and the end of vacation looms all too near when I look at the pile of untouched reference books on the end of the desk. After another two weeks I shall put my best attention to composing a report on the baby clinic, as by then we will have reached the end of the academic year. We will have to rearrange our methods somewhat, I can see, as the army milk powder is all gone from this area. Today Dad got started on a project dear to my heart, - the general policing and landscaping of the grounds round the house. The place could be made so charming, but it has been completely neglected for years and years, and is a perfect jungle. By next spring I hope it will be unrecognizable.

August 20, 1948 - Wuchang

I have a breathless sensation as of the summer's all falling in a heap at my feet and very little to show for it. There is so much to do! Two big pieces of news this week to cheer us, though - the new currency has been announced, which ought to mean a very welcome improvement in our personal and our national financial situation. The total changeover will not be completed until November, but the prospect of dealing in dollars and dimes again instead of in millions is simply delirious. If it works out as designed I may be able to take over the housekeeping accounts and relieve CF of one burden at least. As it is, it is such an involved matter I cannot cope with it. The other good news is that our youngest brother Jamie, complete with wife and three little girls, has arrived to make his home in Wuchang, and has been assigned a job in Wuchang airport, so we shall be near and neighborly. Did I tell you about Mei-hsing's new baby girl? I feel sure I did, but if not, then we have three big news items. I have been trying for a long time to get a round robin ready. We are thinking of a change of angle for the friends, shifting the emphasis a bit from parcels for babies to help for the primary school, as the duties have become so heavy we can't afford to get the parcels out of hook when they come in wholesale quantities.

* * * * *

Dear Friends:

Yesterday was the last day of the "Tiger Heat," and we are ready for a change, for it has been in the nineties for two weeks and we all have been housebound, but with my father and aunt here we have had so much to talk about that it has been no hard-

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ship just to sit and wave a palm leaf. The children and I have been taking Chinese lessons for an hour a day. Ming-teh, who cannot pronounce "s" or "h" in any language has a struggle with our sibilant dialect, but T'ien-t'ung is making good progress both in reading and talking, and will start first grade at the college primary school in September.

The Baby Clinic has been on vacation schedule since college closed. The weighing and medical advice are provided at the nearest hospital (while the doctor and baby-nurse are vacationing) and the mothers come weekly to our house for their share of whatever groceries are on hand. It has been a real godsend to all our young families during this year of inflation to have had these extra supplies. And the group participation in the clinic has done a very great deal to raise the standard of baby care in these parts. In fact, so much interest has been aroused that now some of the university students, led by one of our faculty wives who is a trained medical social worker, are now working up a neighborhood baby clinic as a social service project, which we hope in time may develop along the line of the University (of Chicago) Settlement. Meanwhile, our college babies will continue to have their special clinic; it will be smaller this fall, as four babies have moved and sixteen have taken things into their own hands and grown up. There are only five who properly belong in the infant category at present.

This fact, coupled with a tremendous rise in the tax charged on foreign parcels, leads us to a change of policy. From now on we are going to ask our friends in America not to send any more food by mail, as the duties are really excessive. Also, the supplies that can be bought here are gradually increasing in variety and many things we could not get last year are now available. The only thing that can enter duty free is old clothes, and any time anyone wants to lend a hand, a bundle of clothing will be very welcome, and we can distribute it through the clinic as before.

During the coming year the Lo family plans to put its shoulder to the wheel of another project, which is a logical continuation of our work with the babies. That is, the development of our college primary school. It got off to a modest start last February when friends of my mother sent us a gift of money to use for some work in China, instead of sending flowers for her funeral. We knew that no work was dearer to her heart than the education of children, so we handed the funds over to the Church of the Nativity (our local Episcopal Church, Chinese) whose vestry thereupon organized a kindergarten and primary school for the children of our community. There was just enough money to buy the needed chairs, tables, desks, blackboards, etc. The building was loaned by a Christian boys' high school, and the church contributed the services of its assistant rector as principal. A group of about 60 children, mostly the youngsters of Huachung, Boone School and Church members, were provided with a semester of schooling. The kindergarten was immensely popular, and there are more applicants for membership this fall than we can possibly take in.

There is no question of the need for such a school in this part of Wuchang. Local primary schools are crowded beyond belief, the teachers are poorly paid and poorly trained, sanitation is unspeakable. Our college and school community children either get no education at all until they are big enough for the church "middle schools," or study at home with tutors and miss all the joys of group life and the advantages of being with their own kind. There is no kindergarten within reach of our community, and no public kindergarten in town.

So we are suggesting that those who want to aid a good cause send their contributions to the school, so that it can carry on this year. We have our basic equipment, sparse but enough. The children provide their own school supplies, except for such

glorious surprises as the crayons that the Rogers Park Women's Club has sent over, and the slide for the playground. The families pay tuition fees sufficient to cover the payroll for five teachers. But the broken windows will go unrepaired unless we have some U.S. funds to draw on. We certainly cannot afford coal or a stove, even for the kindergarten, without some more money. We would be a lot cleaner if we could afford to hire a full time janitor. (\$50 would hire him for a whole year.) And we cannot afford to hire college graduates as teachers unless we have a real guarantee that we can pay them more than the tuition fees will permit, because a college graduate needs a big salary - all of \$40 U.S. a month. For \$20 we can get a high school graduate. Most primary schools worry along on a lower scale than that. Our staff last year included an expert trained kindergartener only because she was a very generous lady who cares more for children than for money.

We do not think it would be a good thing, either for the community or for our friends abroad, to attempt to start an endowed school. The parents ought to carry the expense and responsibility for their children's education. And they will be glad to continue to do so. I don't think you would have any reason to be interested in just another Chinese primary school. I wouldn't be. What we want to see is the further growth of the community sense of responsibility through the parents' participation in developing a community school. I want to see our children's parents and teachers collaborating on the education of this group. We want to assist in the spreading of the bigger idea that just as one sick baby is a weak spot in the community, so one uneducated person is a shame on our community. To a marked degree, the fact that American friends were concerned with the health of the babies stimulated a community interest in that problem. And we hope that the same thing may happen here in the fields of education. It takes a bit of starting from the outside, some stimulation and expression of interest from outside friends, a bit of financial help to overcome the hopeless sense of financial depression that hampers everything here; and then when the thing comes alive, it is for the people here to carry it along. And they will.

Do you know what a Chinese primary school is like? The chief subject studied is the Chinese language. The youngsters spend most of their time learning to read and write the characters with brush and ink. Now we have really quite excellent little graded lesson books, standard throughout the country. (I have just finished first grade!) The first lesson is a call to study: "Come, come, come, come read books; everyone come and read." Then "Go, go, go; go and play; everyone go and play." Within the first semester the children read about the national flag, the four seasons, the names of family relations, and such sound advice as "Clean clothes and exercise keep us strong," and "Early to bed, early to rise, etc.;" They read short anecdotes about animals, cats, rabbits, chickens, and one or two Chinese nursery rhymes. In addition to learning to read this primer (profusely illustrated in black and white) first graders learn counting and numbers, and the use of the counting frame. Drawing, folding paper, cutting, and pasting are pleasures for odd periods, and music is taught every day. In second and third grades the reading and writing and number work continue, and the children begin to read and hear stories from Chinese history, poems from the classics, geography of China, and always hygiene. School holds from 8:30 to noon, with a couple of recess periods, one for free play, and one for exercises and marching drill to music. Afternoon classes are from 1:30 to 3:30. Saturday morning there is a session too. The kindergarteners come only in the mornings.

You would notice that Chinese children are a good deal more disciplined in their social behavior than Americans are. When they enter the school room they stop at the doorway and say "Lao-shih, Tsao, Peng-yo, Tsao," - Good morning, teacher;

good morning, classmates." And woe betide the thoughtless one who bursts in without ceremony! At the end of lessons there is, likewise, a ceremonious bow of farewell, and out they march, to explode in a quite normal international fashion at the edge of the precincts. They have a good time and play seasonal games like children anywhere, but they all carry a burden of responsibility as chosen members of society, chosen for the opportunity to learn, and it is not often that the teacher has to push them to their work.

If you want to go on helping a "China Project," send what you want to contribute to Winnie Wadsworth, Lake Forest, and she will deposit in the school's bank account, so that the inflation will not melt it away en route. Those of you who are teachers, or who have children in primary school, will you write to us and share your experience and ideas? We will report on the opening of fall term and tell you about the children.

As always, our greetings and thanks to you for your friendly interest in China's growing.

Sincerely,

Ruth Earnshaw Lo

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Sept. 7, 1948 - Wuchang

Dear Winnie:

We have run into a complication on the matter of parcels with the new regulations and customs duties, and I think from now on we will have to lay off the parcel service for the baby clinic entirely, as the taxes are simply too much to make it worth while. Also, with the new currency and pay standard, the families we have been helping are better fixed to help themselves; and also they can now buy more of the needed things here at high but not impossible prices. There are still some who need help, but we will have to wangle it in some other way. Milk powder is still a big problem, but the duty is too high. I think we may have to work up a profitable connection with local cows, and try to set aside a special part of the milk for sanitary handling and make it available for our babies. In the long run, of course, raising the standard that way has most lasting value, but the emergency feeding has made pounds of sound body, which is lasting, too! So if any more friends ask about sending, sadly inform them that it had best not be done. Old clothes still come in free (and sometimes the funniest things get left in pockets - people are so careless about taking out of their pockets packets of vitamins or percomorpheum and such - you know how they are!) Also the new currency regulations make a refuge out of Mr. G. W. (US dollar bills) who has to hide his head. Anyone who wants to help out financially had best send to you and you then deposit it for us in Scranton. The heat has broken and fall is here. Days are cool and nights nearly cold. Don't you love autumn in Chicago? If you go to the Midway give it my love! The same to you, dear friends.

(An excerpt from a letter from Ruth's aunt)

September 6, Wuchang

Arthur and Ruth and I went with one of the students to Hankow last week - my first trip to Hankow since our arrival. It is quite a jaunt. We had luncheon at the Lutheran Mission - a sort of glorified YWCA with a very fine book department and

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magazine section. We did a little shopping. Merchandise is coming back to Hankow - the first since the war. There is a very earnest, sincere effort being made to make the new currency work. Many rules and regulations are being enforced. Even merchandise is being marked in the new currency. It is trying, when you make a purchase less than one "g.y." dollar, to be given several hundred thousand dollars in change - which does not mean anything at all. Everyone is so kind to us and there are little welcoming parties for us as the different faculty members return to their posts. We in turn invite them in for a simple repast. The fine art of conversation is cultivated to the nth degree. You will find yourself talking to the most learned science professor only to turn to a little merry-eyed woman who will tell you that she has been in China thirty-one years, that she was born in Dublin, of all places; and such a merry way she had with her jokes and anecdotes it was a joy to be with her. We managed to get the small bedside radio fixed so that we can get some Shanghai and Nanking stations in the evenings.

Auntie

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Packages received May 28

Mrs. John D. Samson, Santa Barbara, Calif.
Edith Foster Flint, Chicago
Dorothy Denton, Chicago
Fanny Denton, Chicago
Minnie Dunwell, Evanston, Ill.
Mrs. T. Archer Morgan, Scranton, Pa.
June Work, Chicago
C. D. Palmer, Dayton, Ohio
Mrs. James Dick, Venice, Florida
Lincoln Book Club, Scranton (Miss Anna Clark)

Miss Emma Vail, Scranton

Luella Burtness, Santa Barbara

Packages received June 8

Mrs. L. A. Klingler, Metuchen, N.J.
Margaret Cain, Chicago
Charlotte Millis, Chicago

Elsie Hassel, Chicago
Minnie Dunwell
Mrs. R. B. Keller, Scranton
Rev. John Little, Miss Amy Northing, Scranton
Mrs. R. H. Snow, Columbus, Ohio
Henrietta Hafeman, Chicago
Mrs. T. P. McCubbin, Scranton
Mary Worthen, New York City
Mrs. J. Gordon McGrindle, Century Club, Scranton
Gladys Boettcher, Cicero
Luella Burtness, Santa Barbara
Mrs. R. P. Richardson, Scranton
Mrs. B. C. Goodman, Century Club, Scranton
Mrs. C. B. Price, Century Club, Scranton
Lincoln Book Club, Scranton (Miss Anna Clark)
Marjorie Hoffman, Hammond, Ind.

Packages received June 25

Lincoln Book Club
Margaret Cain, Chicago
Dorrie Snow, Columbus
Century Club

Mailed from U.S.A.

April 2
April 12
March 23
February 23
March 27
April 22
March 24
May 31 ?
March 22
March 13, 19 (four more came in
June)
March 27 (also 2 sent to
Mrs. Fulton arrived)
March 29

April 1
April 1, 23
April 13 (2), 16 (also two five
dollar bills from
Mrs. Atree)
April 20 (3 boxes)
April 20
April 16
April 16
April 8, 16
April 20
April 8
April 2
April 2
April 14
April 12
?
April 19
April 19
April 9, 12, 29
?

(four pkgs.)
two "
two "
three "

September 23, 1948 (Wuchang)

Dearest Winnie:

I have two letters from you to answer and life has been so hectic I have let them sit for days; in fact, a third has never been properly answered, so I'll go back, looking through them as I write, trying to pick up each point this time to answer it. In re milk importing - we have ordered 40 lbs. of landolakes at the wholesale rate, to be sent in by post, but all that we know is that it has been started. Friends who want to help the clinic can do most now by sending us (through you) cash with which to buy supplies here, as the taxes on parcels are prohibitive. We will always be in need of vitamin drops, perco-morpheum, and vitamin B complex tablets, which cannot be had here. But I think soon we can get milk here. Just yesterday we got wind of an international aid to China fund that is actually looking for an outlet for milk through established baby clinics, and I think we will be able to get ours through that source. Meanwhile, with cash gifts, we can buy some of the better brands here that are still safe, and thus keep up the children's diet. Mei-Hsing's girl is doing handsomely, although we still can't agree on a name for her, so just call her Mei-Mei, little sister. She has two brothers, Mike who is five, and in our kindergarten, and Marshall who is two, and in everyone's hair at the moment! Tootie is so happy that her OWN cousin, Ming-Po, is her school mate in first grade. She feels very much at home in her little world now. Now as to Maria Meyer who wants to knit - we can always find little feet to put into socks, and there is an endless need for little pullovers and knitted pants. Right now our faculty roster includes about 15 little boys between 1 and 4, all of whom work their way through their clothes with typical boyish zeal, and who will enjoy something warm and handsome very much indeed. I note with great glee your haircut, because I have just done the same thing! I suddenly got tired of the matronly way I was looking, and had the local barber come in and we had a great session telling him to hack it off here or chisel it down there. The result is the 1920 look with a vengeance. My constituents are uniformly enthusiastic about it, and I am certainly glad I did it. The surest sign of its success is the fact that half a dozen who were permanent page boy types have followed suit!

After November 20 we can't use the GWs (dollar bills) so they'd best go in the Scranton bank. I can cash checks here, as we now have a bank account, since the new money. CF will keep special accounts of money deposited for the milk fund or the school, and we will pretend it isn't there, as far as our personal checks go. Since the new money came in, things have been much easier to manage. There is a great improvement in morale and everyone is more hopeful. Business is better and bank deposits are up. How we hope it is the turning point!

Now a word as to our private lives here. One of the great moments was the arrival of a piano. The Browns, old friends headed for an up-river station, blew in with a piano which they couldn't take any further because of transport problems, and asked us to make a home for it. Would we! Oh, boy. We literally had to blast a hole in the house to get it in, but now it is in and we are enjoying it more than anything else in life. Mei-Hsing has taken a new lease on life, being able to come over and practice every day, and the children are loving it. We hope to have a group of young faculty in on Sunday night for a song fest, and it will be a busy piano while we have it. What pleases me so much is that it gives CF another way of relaxing - just what he needs.

This week is the first one of Huachung classes. It is being pretty busy but today I have no lectures so can devote it to letters, and hope I can make that my schedule all winter. It is a help to have a lull in the middle of the week that way. I have three courses to give this year and a thesis to advise on, so I am jumping lively. I like the oral English course very much, and it requires little in the way of correcting papers, naturally, but I have to be on my toes in class. It is a big group - 35, and I hope to make a speech choir out of them in time. My poetry class is a nice group, too, so pathetically grateful that they can each have a copy of the text book! I am teaching them first to read simple poetry with pleasure, and not bothering them too much about techni-

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calities until they have some material in their heads to think about. At no point is it necessary to sell them on the desirability of reading poetry; we start in perfect agreement as to the necessity of poetry in life, which is something of a contrast to the approach outlined in all the American text books.

Yesterday we had the first baby clinic for the term here at our house. It works out quite conveniently in our big long living room, and we checked in 10 small babies, two of them new arrivals this summer. Next week the toddlers will report, and thereafter everybody will come all the time, and it will be a circus. I hope we can start distributing milk again next week. All our babies pulled through the summer in good shape, and the toddlers should be equally well off.

Primary school has been going for a week and T is settling in for the winter's work. She finds the week a long stretch, but it is her first experience of the necessity to keep on doing something after the novelty wears off. Her Chinese is improving rapidly, and she crows exultantly that she knows all the numbers already because of her Calvert lessons. There may still be room for improvement, perhaps! But it is a good thing there is something in which she can excel, to make up for the language difficulties. Minno is beginning to be restless at home, now that she is away all day. But he is still below age for the kindergarten, poor dear, and will have to put up with home life until December 30. It is such a wonderful help having Dad and Unnie here to provide the essential domestic continuity when I dash out^{to} teach.

Dad is getting over a violent attack of varnish poisoning such as I had last fall. Unnie is fine, extremely busy, and getting acquainted on all sides. The college social clock of dinner engagements is ticking along, and we come and go in squads and regiments, and a poor week it is without one or two dinner parties given and received. There is not much else to do for recreation, so we do it like mad! If you hear of any evening social games that would add to the gaiety of nations, tell, tell! Much love to you from us all.

Ruth

(From Ruth's Father)

..... Sunday, Sept. 19, 1948 - Wuchang

My dear Winnie:

Last week Fred and Meg Brown dropped in to see us on their way to Ichang, up the Yangtse River, coming from Kunming in South China. They had trucked about 1000 miles between railheads with their stock of household furniture including a piano, which they had cherished and nursed all through invasions and occupations. On arrival here, enroute, they found that the place where they are going already has a piano, so the transport of their instrument further is unnecessary, costly, and superfluous. Besides Meg knew that Ruth needs music in our home here, for our own morale, for music lessons for the kids, and for singsong at student parties. So when Meg asked Ruth to "store" the piano for her, Ruth's eyes filled with tears of pure joy. Here was indeed an answer to prayer. I could almost hear Ruth's brain cells clicking on where it could go in the living room, and how nicely that ancient vellum lampshade on the wonderfully carved bridge lamp would shed a soft light in that corner, and how the chairs could be placed so that she could sit and read while GF played, ~~in~~ a somewhat cozy nook in the somewhat bare expanse of living room.

Yesterday morning the number 2 boy sounded the alarm -- the truck with the piano had arrived at the bottom of the lane and would be come and unload it. The cook was dispatched to round up a force of coolies, and they came straggling in, with their carry poles, all agog about the funny furniture these Los were getting. All the neighborhood kids were there, getting under foot, peeking under the mat wrappings, and getting generally in the way. Chinese kids have no reticence and when something interesting is going

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on they are right in at the ringside. Four of the men climbed up on the tailgate of the truck and tied ropes about the 800 pound monster. They can do marvelous things with ropes. With a yo-heave-ho they shoved the piano overboard and the rest of the gang lowered it to the ground, not any too gently. Of course, they had no idea how much rough handling a piano can stand, and to them it was just so much dead weight to be transported. Then they tied two small telegraph poles fore and aft so they could get a handhold to work with and a place to hitch the carry poles. It is said that the Chinese invented the wheel, but so far as I have seen they seldom make use of their invention. Their idea of transporting a heavy weight such as a piano or steam boiler is to get enough men with carry poles hooked on and lift it up by main strength and tote it off.

The boss coolie sounded off a weird cry and the gang straightened their backs. The piano cleared the ground by three inches. Then he gave another war cry and chanted the first line of the carrier-coolie refrain. The gang took up the chant, with a very marked shuffle-along cadence, about a 4-4 time, without accent, little short six-inch steps, and the piano started to crawl up the lane, through the Taylor gate, along the cinder path, and came to rest at our door step. There a parley was held. All eight men voiced opinions as to whether or not the piano would go through the door. All talked at once; nobody listened. Then another wild yo-heave-ho and the piano was literally thrown up the three stone steps and through the front door. Some plaster fell, the hat rack tipped over, and the top of the piano came off, but she was inside the house at least. Then came the real trouble - the hall door to the living room. The Japs occupied this house during the occupation and the doors they built were only 24 inches wide. Japanese doors are that way. The problem of getting a 30-inch piano through a 24-inch door was too much for the coolie gang so we paid them off and they were much delighted at the \$10.00 we paid them, - about \$2.50 US, or 30¢ each.

We decided to take off the door casing, which would give us enough clearance. A preliminary reconnaissance showed that the door casing was a solid piece of timber, mortised together at the top and countersunk into the floorboards. With the aid of a carpenter we removed the door and frame, together with a lot of plaster, numerous bricks, and a considerable segment of wall. Then, by gosh, we heave-ho-ed the piano into the living room, and there she sits. She is a little on the piebald side as to color and finish because she was left out in the rain at the One Lung Railroad Station for a week, but all the keys work and she sounds fine.

The news of the piano spread to the Lo family and very bright and very early this morning Mei-Hsing and her husband came over to play for us. Mei-Hsing is a graduate of the Shanghai Conservatory of Music in prewar days, and hasn't had an opportunity for music for several years. She played Gershwin and all our old favorites, and ended her impromptu recital with the Song of the Great Wall. It has been called the "refugee song" and combines all the yearnings of the Kol Nidre, the Song of the Landless Gregor-lach, and the waiting music from Butterfly. Twelve years ago, on her graduation from school, Mei-Hsing played it for Ruth. A week later they were both refugees, flying from the Japanese invasion. After twelve years of war, bombings, wild boat and train and plane rides, over the Hump, across India, to America, Mei-Hsing hiding as inconspicuously as possible in Shanghai, - after twelve years of peril and adventure and suffering, Mei-Hsing played the "refugee song" again for Ruth, back here in the old home. No wonder we were all in tears. The words inadequately translated into English, are:

Great Wall, stretching mile on mile,
Out beyond thee lies my home -
Beans in blossom, rip'ning grain,
Over all Heaven's shining dome.
Since the evil days have come
Rape and murder filled the land;
Children scattered, parents killed -
More than heart can stand.

Day and night we long for home
While our bosoms swell with rage.
At all costs we'll fight our way,
Fearing not what foes engage.
Great Wall, stretching mile on mile,
We will build another wall
Of the faith of banded men,
All for one and one for all.

When we Americans find fault with China and criticise her dirt and poverty, her economic chaos, her faulty governmental functioning, we forget that the country has been in a state of active shooting war for twelve years. Active, externally-inspired banditry still occupies a large part of the national resources. Yet, in spite of a dozen years of war, on her own soil, China lives and will continue to live. Ruth and her husband are giving their lives to the job of training leaders for the new China. Oh, how much they are needed!

China is definitely on the upgrade. The currency reform of 30 days ago is functioning. The gigantic job of wiping out the inflated currency, and the substitution of a stable medium of exchange has been accomplished. Commodity price control has almost completely wiped out the black market. China has a far better grasp of her problems than has America of hers.

I don't think you can ever realize what you and all the other friends in America mean to Ruth. She is at this moment sorting out clothes you all have been sending, getting ready for the big rummage distribution next week. Several of the college girls are helping her and I can hear their ohs and ahs as they examine and classify the garments. They have some mysterious method of points for the purchasers, known only to the committee, based on the number of children in the family, their base pay - a dozen items - all carefully considered and weighed so the distribution is absolutely fair. Many a baby will be warm this winter with clothes "Made in America." The supplies for the baby clinic have been rolling in these past few weeks. I have seen boxes of vitamin pills and codliver oil tablets and milk powder and little special gifts, all wrapped up in American love. The baby nurse and the school doctor and all the helpers are girding up for a busy winter season. It has been literally a life saver for these babies and their mothers.

The primary school opened last week with a full house and I mean full. I think the opening session saw 51 youngsters and many more coming. The board of trustees are very much in earnest about the school and are planning on making it a model to be copied by other colleges. They are hoping to be able to get money to buy coal this winter so that the rooms will be heated. Last year they had no coal and no heat. There is so much to be done, and the means available here in China are so meagre. These folks are so earnest and sincere and hard working. Education is mighty real to them. Gosh, how everyone connected with the college, with the clinic, and with the primary school are working, - students, teachers, and all. Your help from America has made so much possible that words are too feeble to tell the story. But I can tell you that there are a lot of good youngsters who are living and growing into boyhood and girlhood who wouldn't be alive today were it not for your help.

Emma is well - trying to adjust to climate, living conditions, and doing a swell job of being "Unnie" to everyone. Everyone loves her and thinks she's a kind of fairy queen -- which she is.

All our love to you -

A. C. Earnshaw

.....

Dearest Winnie: Here it is October 25 and goodness knows how much I have not told you of our activities lately. This month has been about as hectic as one could ask, with classes going full blast, and a perfect spate of meetings and entertainments to get through. I enjoy it, but at present I am glad to note no engagements for the next few days. You knew that Dad had a really bad bout of varnish poisoning, didn't you?

Well, as he was getting over it, I caught a little bit of it from treating his hands, and to my dismay it went bad on me and I got blood poisoning. It developed with considerable speed, and for a few days everyone was running round in circles trying to get me penicillin and sulpha of various kinds. We finally got it subdued and I am completely recovered, but in the meantime Dad brewed up a gall bladder attack of a most painful and lasting kind, from which he is only now rather slowly recovering. I know that when he gets worried he goes all to bits inside, and this was obviously the case this time. He got very upset and was sure that I had leukemia like Mother. So I took my day off last week and went to the hospital, where they gave me the works, with the very cheering report that I am in excellent shape in all departments, only needing a bit of iron tonic, a little more care in my diet, and vitamins. To celebrate I have taken to walking everywhere instead of rickshaing, and I find I feel even better than before. So much for the advantages of scaring yourself with a bit of blood poison. It has made for a busy month, tho, as Auntie also succumbed and had a few days of flu, now a distant memory. With keeping an eye on her class in English, and substituting for her when necessary, I found one week I had taught 12 hours, which would make anyone need iron tonic!

Our baby clinic is booming along and the most wonderful thing has happened. Our nurse has got us in touch with the Children's Aid to China, an organization from UN, which will supply every child in a registered clinic like ours with 11 oz. of milk powder a week. This godsend arrived just on the day we finished our last bit of American-sent milk powder and army surplus powder. We all felt that the Lord was taking good care of our babies. It is a thing which has happened many times, not only in the clinic but in our own lives as well - that as soon as we had faithfully given out all we thought we had, replacement and new supplies would come rolling in. My mother always used to say that when you kept your hands shut tight to hold on to what you had, you weren't in position to accept the good things that God was preparing, but as soon as you opened your hands to give, whatever was needed would come. And I have never known it to fail. Sometimes it is better than what we had hoped for. Just this past week there has been no meat in Wuchang - but our babies had some because the last box of groceries that came through before the strike closed things up was almost all baby meats. You should have seen the mothers' faces when they saw the meat soup on Wednesday! Although the 11 oz. of milk is not enough for a child, with what we can buy here, and with some juggling, we can see that each one who needs it most can have all he really needs. I think now the chief need for the babies is going to be milk and vitamins and clothing. The little cans of Swift's meats seem to be the best (and the chicken soup). The best vitamins for all sizes of small folks are the ABDEC drops. When they have those they need not use cod liver oil, and they are not unpleasant. We can always use vitamin B complex tablets, and ascorbic acid tablets (for vitamin C deficiency). This brings the baby clinic down to more modest requirements, although the things needed are expensive ones. Cash contributions, of course, are going to be used to redeem parcels now in the mail, held up by the strike, and to buy what more milk we can get whenever we can get it. Duties have gone up again frightfully, and there is an unconfirmed rumor that even old clothes will be taxed now, but that is not certain. Even with tax, though, it is worth while to get some things which cannot be had here, particularly the meat and vitamins.

Now I must take my Minno out to meet Gay coming home from school. She is enjoying her education very much indeed, and is learning to speak Chinese very fluently, as well as progressing with her reading and writing of characters. For recreation now she reads English story books of about first grade level. I am not pushing her on that or on piano, but she enjoys doing it. When winter vacation releases her for a month I will let her really work on the music lessons a bit, but now in her spare time I want her to play outdoors. She is looking so much more sturdy, and is so happy in her expanding world. Minno, too is daily more of a joy. He is full of pep and bounce, and beginning to enjoy sociability more as he gets control of language better. He has more music than words in him yet, but he is growing in power all the time. John (CF) has just finished a report on psychological studies of our students, and it was so good I hope he can find time to do an article on it.

Much love now and a better letter soon.

Ruth

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Wuchang
November 14, 1948

Dearest Winnie:

Your letter of November 3 has just come, and there are so many things I should remember to tell you. First that some parcels are at hand in the PO waiting for the wherewithal to bail them out. Fortunately the exchange has changed just yesterday so we are breathing easy again. For several weeks it has been really just about as bad as I would want it to be. Not that we have lacked for anything personally, because with the US reserve that Dad and Unnie bring to bear we are not going without anything necessary, but the general atmosphere has been pretty desparate. The new currency from which we expected so much suddenly went the way of all other currencies, and there was a lag of fantastic proportions in the rates of black market and bank. Our pay was in terms of 4 to 1, and prices were in terms of the black market rate of 25 to 1. Rice went off the market, food became scarce and wildly expensive, and everyone was in a very discouraged state of mind. Things still are bad, and there is only slight hope of very much improvement in the near future, but I really think we have hit bottom and ought to bounce next. The most alarming thing in China is when you cannot buy rice, because it means that millions of people are going really hungry. You can't have that condition very long without a real blow-up and violence. This morning, though, the cook came back from market glowing with smiles because everything had come down a dollar. Even a little slack lets off the pressure and postpones the breakdown of law and order perhaps indefinitely. Dad and Unnie were somewhat perturbed when they got a notice from the consulate advising them to consider leaving China, but they are not planning to go at present, chiefly because there is no place to go that would be any improvement. Cold weather has settled down and we are keeping warm with a stove in each end of the house. John, TT, Minno and I each have a paddy gown and are quite cozy, but Dad and Unnie feel the cold rather severely. They resist the paddy gown as yet, but will come to it ere long. I realize now that it is the only costume adequate to this climate. After all, the Chinese have been living here a long, long time and they ought to know.

November 18 - and how did it get that way! Anyway, things are looking slightly brighter financially, since the exchange has officially gone up and salaries are advanced. The price of rice has zoomed down from 480 to 200 a load (which used to be 20). This is a sign of confidence and has some mysterious connection with the military situation. This last was very tense this past fortnight, and is still by no means relaxed, but there is improvement with the holding of Hsuehow. If we can hang on for a couple more weeks, until US military aid begins to make itself felt, we ought to be able to be all right here in Wuchang. The US consul has ordered evacuation as definitely as he ever does, but that is only an "advice." However, for once he is implementing his advice with the chartering of a car for Kowloon on the railway. Three of the US families with babies have been ordered out by their missions, but we are not moving by a long shot. Dad and Unnie think they will ride it out, too, in spite of the uncertainties of the situation. To my view there is one big certainty: once you start to refugee you find big trouble. If you stay at home you will probably miss it. Life has been just thick with meetings and conferences, dinner parties and guests. It is a poor day that nets us less than ten callers. Dr. Wheeler of Yale has been here inspecting Yale-in-China; Dr. Slater of London has been inspecting us for British support; Sherwood Eddy is due on Sunday for inspecting us for heaven, I guess. There has been, at least, one doings every night for weeks, and I long for a respite, which is not to be had before Christmas. The baby clinic is moving along all right. We came to the utter end of our American supplies and then the UN fund offered us milk powder, and we cheered. Then the Nanking office of UN re-

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scinded the order, and we are now just able to provide for the littlest ones again. I don't know what we can expect next, but the clinic will continue somehow. For large quantities of milk powder it is no longer practical to depend on parcels; we need at best 50 lbs. a week! And the duties are absolutely prohibitive. Cash is perhaps the next best help right now. Medicines, vitamins, old clothes come in on reasonable taxes; foods are out of sight. Auntie is teaching a course in English lit., as she no doubt will be telling you, and enjoying it very much though taking it very hard. I am so glad for her to have this official contact with the university, as it makes her feel more a part of things. Dad is feeling good again, though he finds it hard to balance his unfailing interest in affairs with the limitations of the flesh. It is a blow to him to find that at 67 he has to go slower than at 17. ... Now I must stop, collect my kittens, wash them, feed them, and stow them away. John is having the Chinese department for dinner tonight, and I want all shored up ere the guests come. So it goes! Our address will remain the same indefinitely. Love to you.

Ruth

.....

November 28, 1948

Dearest Winnie:

Here is our Christmas RR letter. Will it be asking just too darn much to have you get it copied and sent round to the whole list of friends who have been sending to us? I wish I could write each one individually - I feel a guilty wretch that I don't. But oh, life has been so hectic all this fall - pleasant but hectic. No, hectic is not quite right, either, because I can't honestly recall any waste motion or undirected gestures! Just a superabundance of living, I guess it is. Tomorrow - November 29. Just got your November 20 letter today. Things are moving a bit slowly. We had a really nice Thanksgiving Day, dinner at home with a neighboring pair, Fulton by name, our colleagues in the clinic, plus 2 C.A.T. men Dad picked up more or less on the street and asked in out of the cold. They were two very pleasant Americans, here to open up a new field for Chennault. After dinners at separate homes the Americans of the community met at the Taylors' house for pie, coffee and singing, some 40 strong, in spite of the evacuation of several families. Very jolly and warm. Recent high-lights and low-lights include:- a trip by jeep out to Wuhan U. which we can see from our windows but never visit because of lack of transportation. It is on a huge lake and we went boating, all very delightful and the children wild with joy. We had a long long Indian summer, broken only now by real cold and storms. "Low light" was the departure of the children's (and my) good friends for Hongkong. It was sad to see them go, partly because we will miss them, partly because they will regret it. Since then TT has distinguished herself with chicken-pox, very mild, and M is holding out bravely. Classes go on, clinic goes on, crises comes and go. Every day brings an exhausting load of rumor but we don't listen. We intend to stay here, willy-nilly, because there is no place to go in China any better, and no place out of China, for that matter! Yours --- Ruth.

PS Thanks for postal coupons and deposit slips. GW (US dollar bill) can once more enter at 20:1 officially. Good business. And please thank the friends who have sent gifts for the Baby Clinic and the Primary School via you and the bank;

George and Erna Meyer	Mary Worthen	Dorrie Denton	Nan Montgomerie
Esther Franz	Mrs. Biller	Catherine Crowley	Bill & Peg Gaskill
Alice Querfeld	Minnie Dunwell	Ruth Douglas	Rosa Fish
Una Johnson	Billie Ryden	Marthe Golde	Joe & Hildred Nash
Marjorie Hoffman	Lillian Voltz	Edna Staudinger	Hazel Phillips
Marty Ownby	Mary Beery	Anna Fisher	Mrs. Carr
Marie Pradt	Marion Johnson	C. M. Palmer	

Dear Friends:

The Sunday after Thanksgiving is the time-honored occasion for writing the first Christmas greetings to friends abroad, so today I send all of you, dear and valued old companions, and new and perhaps unknown associates in the work for children in China, warmest greetings of the season from all of us Lo's, Earnshaws and Kirks here in Wuchang. We could scarcely wish you anything better than that you should all enjoy as much happiness as your kindness has brought over here. In spite of a rather gloomy political and military situation, which has caused a good many Americans and British to leave these parts, we do not have any plan for departure. For one thing, there has been no general opinion here that Wuhan (Wuchang-Hankow) is unsafe; the Chinese have not been evacuating this center, and most seem to feel that even if the cities fall to the Communists there will be no siege or major disorder. The only considerations of safety that would make it right to move would also apply to the rest of the town. So until everyone moves, we will stay put.

After long and arduous labors with carpenters and masons we have finally got our home into winter condition and have dug in for the cold weather. Aided by sister Meihsing early in the fall we laid in a stock of padded clothes, cotton quilts and warm things which will make us quite comfortable, if a bit stout, until spring. It is quite wonderful this winter, compared with last, for we have more room, and two stoves, which makes it possible for all ages to carry on without getting in each others' hair. The best thing of all is that our family now includes three generations, as a proper Chinese family should: grandparents, parents, and children. My father and aunt have settled here magnificently, and words cannot begin to tell what their presence means to us all. The children are so happy and the home runs so much more smoothly with their help. It is like having those 36-hour days all mothers sigh for, having grandparents in the house to lend a hand. Unnie is not limiting herself to hand-lending at home, however. She is teaching a course in English literature in the University to her great glee. And Dad now finds himself using his Florida experience in construction work by putting in a water system for a nearby girls' middle school. He is now grandpa to 400 little blue-gowned girls as well as to his Toots. Said Toots, now soberly known as Lo T'ient'ung, is whipping through Chinese first grade in the primary school that has been started on the campus as a memorial to my mother. It is a typical Chinese primary school of modern type, cleaner than average, with good young teachers and almost adequate equipment. No heat at all, but no one seems to expect it. Padded gowns, short sit-down lessons, lots of games, and hot tea at recess, seem to pull them through. I must say there are few colds so far. In spare time at home I am teach TT to read English so she can read story books for her own pleasure, and she is now rapturously working through Mowgli, reading it aloud to Minno, who finds it rather alarming but cannot be won away from the delicious horrors of tigers. Minno himself, now a stout almost-four, will go to the kindergarten after Christmas. Both the children are lonely since their little English-speaking friends evacuated, but TT, at least, now speaks enough Chinese to be able to play with her schoolmates, and M will soon catch up when he goes to school regularly.

My own special projects more than fill any moments left over from caring for a six-passenger family. My teaching schedule is heavier this year but the courses are favorites of mine, and I am having a lot of fun working out some new angles. I am teaching English poetry to a class of 16 seniors, and they are not only reading at a great rate but writing quite creditable pieces of their own. They enjoy poetry with a real spontaneous enjoyment; you don't have to sell it. We have a lot of fun reading poems aloud, and their choral work on Shakespeare's songs and sonnets is really worth listening to. In a more desultory way I am trying a bit of "research" in phonetics in my speech class, trying to find out which speech difficulties are associated with which provinces, so that I can save time in my remedial work by

putting the students in small groups for practice on the right things right away. We are trying to do more oral English throughout our department, and it is encouraging to see it get results. One result is embarrassing: more students want to major in English than we can teach, and we are forced either to lower the standard which attracts them, or exclude the ones who need us most. We could use six more teachers if we could pay for them. The college is bigger this year, and in spite of many difficulties and financial problems for both students and faculties, there is a definite air of expansion and development. We are rejoicing at the opening this week of ten new houses for faculty members on the new campus. This will make living a lot easier for more than the ten families who will live there, by relieving congestion elsewhere and allowing a better allocation of space. Many of our families have been making do with the most impossible housing, ever since returning from Hsichow, - some of it so bad that they have sighed for the good old days of exile. Our students too have occupied new buildings this fall, and look forward to the completion of still more student housing next year. Work on new buildings is slowed down by financial gyrations and scarcity of building materials, but wonderfully enough it progresses in the face of everything. Our own students have kept up good spirits so far this year, though if rice gets scarce again it will go hard for them. They are on congee only for breakfast now, and their other meals are very simple indeed with rice and four vegetables, meat or eggs once a day. However, our wardens stored a sufficient supply to finish the semester. At Wuhan U., a government school, students are on strike because of lack of food.

The Baby Clinic prospers and has several new customers in attendance and several in prospect. Those who have sent old clothing will be glad to know that we have just had a big "divvy" and rummage sale. All children's and baby clothes we divided up among the 60 odd children in the community, and fortunately there was sufficient variety for every child to get something. The grownup clothing we placed on sale at very low prices so that all the parents could buy what they could use best at less than the cost of the same amount of cloth. The money was used to buy window glass and pencils and paper for the primary school, so it all came back to the children in the end. The young mothers here find the foreign suits are very useful; the jackets appear on mother, while the skirts appear on the little boys, made over into very snappy short pants. A variation on the mother and daughter costume. There is practically no end to the usability of clothing, with the exception of sheer rayon, and high-heeled shoes. Everything else can be used. Children's clothes, especially overalls and slacks, are particularly welcome and go immediately into use. The food supplies for the babies have been just about exhausted. The duty on parcels is so high, though, that I hesitate to ask for more milk or meat. However, duty on medicines or vitamins is lower, and we do need them very badly. The best buy is ABDEC vitamin drops; they have everything, and all sizes can take them. Next best is B complex and ascorbic acid tablets. These can be sent with old clothes, and declared as "old clothes - no value - medicines - \$?? "(quote wholesale prices). There is hope now that we can get milk from the UN fund for children, but it requires an ungodly amount of paper work to administer it. You have to prove each child undernourished before you can get it, and our idea is to get it to the kids before their teeth begin to fall out. Our Huachung children are not starved, because the parents jolly well go short-rationed themselves before the children are allowed to suffer. But they all need milk and will drink it if they can get it. Whether or not we can continue to supply special foods, the Baby Clinic will continue its work of checking babies' growth and advising on diet and care. It has proved so very worthwhile in all its aspects. The mothers have developed a fine esprit de corps, and the whole community has come to feel that the children are an integral part of our college. Since the mothers meet at clinic and the children meet at school and clinic, they all know each other and it is very sociable and pleasant.

0297

As I write this the radio announces its usual ambiguous report of fighting approaching Nanking, and I wonder quite honestly whether Christmas will find us still under the same government. I only hope it will find us still right here, in any event, for I dislike refugeeing very much. It will take bombs to budge me again. As far as government is concerned, governments come and go, but we hope to be able to carry on always obeying the laws we recognize.

With every good wish for your Christmas - and everyone's.

Sincerely,

Ruth Earnshaw Lo

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465 Hsien Path East
Lake Point, Ill

Wuchang, January 11, 1949

Dear June:

..... Two more packages from you for Lee Meimei came in last week, and she is visibly fattening on them. She is much stronger and peppier than she was. Whenever I am in her house I wonder how she or anyone else can survive the environment. There are her father and mother, her five brothers and sisters, and 18, yes, I mean 18 refugee relatives from the country who have been camping there for the past year. It is a wonder they have not all gone crazy. The interior of the house is a maze of clotheslines for the drying of the ragged lingerie of three or four babies, the windows are glazed with dirt and cardboard, and the only heat is from the kitchen stove. It is a depressing place, to put it mildly, and I wish I had the spirit that can rise above it as theirs seems able to do. My Phoebe, who is Meimei's older sister, and the mother of Christopher, does the best she can with it, but the family is old-fashioned and younger members have little to say. The father has more or less recovered in recent months from a pretty complete nervous breakdown due to war conditions - it is a family full of well nigh insoluble problems. The more I think about it the more I feel that even the duties are high on parcels, we can absorb that as they come, but keep on sending. Anything that brings the element of cheer into that house is worth the effort. We had a lovely Christmas here I have to smile when I see that TT still prefers Margaret Mouse, a disreputable plush beast we took up with in Kuming 5 years ago, above all her later and more sophisticated toys.

Ruth

Wuchang, May 4, 1949

Dear Betty-Jean: Your two good letters have been most joyfully read. It is so nice to be remembered and to be in touch with you again. My contacts with friends in the western world have become slimmer and slimmer in recent months, as I write fewer letters and friends assume that we can't possibly still be here. But here we still are, and here we aim to stay, so don't give us up! It means a lot to me to keep in touch. I read all your news and comments with keen interest - do keep on writing.

It is a very queer feeling indeed to read the comments in the American press about the situation over here - and to judge from the remarks of the friends who still do write - we seem to be counted among the lost! It is like reading your own epitaph - the mood is so elegiac. Actually the first effect of the situation upon us is economic. The money is so crazy and the economic structure so chaotic that it takes all one's best efforts to keep up with changes and to keep the domestic expenses in line. We are not in anything like hard times financially in one sense - the college has somehow managed to keep up our pay regularly, and by infinite maneuvering has even been able to pay us in silver, since the official paper money has become worthless again. But there is absolutely no assurance from week to week as to what you dare spend, and no way to plan except to keep your silver as long as you can, and when you have to take paper money in change to spend it as quickly as you can. I have to laugh when I think of what the instructive books say you should teach the children about saving a share of all their allowance etc. Last week I gave T'ien-t'ung \$300,000 with which to buy three marbles. This week the same bills would buy only one. It is startling to hear a child ask for \$500,000 to take to school for a pencil. At present only silver is really acceptable money. And there is still a very insufficient supply of copper coins or nickel money to make change with; the cook gives the butcher a silver dollar for today's .50 worth of meat and gets tomorrow's on the change. People are digging up old Ch'ing dynasty coppers and prewar cash. I have even seen old square-holed copper cash offered

0299

in change in the market. It is all very interesting but it keeps CP on the jump to figure things out. U.S. checks theoretically could be sold, but at the present moment there is little demand for them, because everyone wants to keep his silver dollars to buy food. Currency sells a little better, but it is a queer thing to sell a US dollar bill for \$.80 silver and get a lapful of Manchu cash in change.

Letter writing is a big investment. Until last week there were no stamps issued bigger than \$1000 per, and the postage had advanced to the point where the average sized envelope was too small to hold all the stamps necessary. Also, when the stamps were all affixed, if the paste was a bit too thick, it increased the weight of the airletters enough to make the postage go up for the next half-ounce, - it was an appalling prospect! You could see no end! Now, however, we have stamps in \$50,000 denominations, and can once more crowd them on the cover. The PO has to accept the paper money officially, and so everyone plays the stamp market. Oh it is a rare and intricate situation.

Our household is all in good health and spirits, in spite of all reason. Dad and Auntie have fitted so well into our life here - they really are wonderful. They have a class of English students every day, and Dad is busy with an engineering survey of the property of the college. Auntie's being here really makes it possible for me to go on teaching. Last year, before they came was just about more than I could carry, but this year it is much better. She attends to all the enormous business of keeping track of clothes and changing linen, counting things and putting away, and is always on hand to be in when I'm out, and to read stores and listen to the astounding adventures that seem to happen to our young.

The children are really making an old woman of me fast. TT is pushing through her seventh year, in that lengthening-out stage that means a continuous letting out of hems. She is still a pretty child, and will be even more so when she settles into her "permanent size." I am frankly proud of her doings at school, as she is head of her class in primary school, where all the work is in Chinese, and quite able to keep up with reading and writing and composition in Chinese, while her conversation with her schoolmates is way ahead of my vocabulary already. I keep her home afternoons in order to keep her from getting too tired out. The garden is lovely for play in the spring, and she needs relaxation more than she needs the afternoon school which is mostly devoted to chanting and drawing lessons. She does her drawing and painting at home anyway; her school efforts are undistinguished daubs and scratches meticulously imitative of what everyone else does, while the work she does at home seems to me and to more artistic friends here, to show some artistic talent. We are reading The Secret Garden aloud currently, and she is deep in a history of stone age man for per private reading. Ming-teh, who is 4 plus, was supposed to start kindergarten this spring, but after trying it a few times announced that he preferred to stay home, as it was too crowded and noisy! So home he stays and is apparently very happy following the gardener around, carpentering and drawing, and reading books with Auntie. Afternoons he plays with his sister and her friends, but he is not what I'd call madly sociable. He is a very cheerful and busy little guy, but he just doesn't like a crowd! In which respect he is so like his father that his Grandma Lo just can't get over it. This morning at the breakfast table in an outburst of four year old vigor he brandished his fist in his Grandpa's face. Grandpa promptly brandished his fist back. For a minute Ming-teh was nonplussed, then remarked, "That didn't hurt." He thought a moment, looking at Grandpa, and added, "And it didn't teach me a lesson, either." He and my Dad have great times together supervising the construction work here and there on the campus. I am frequently amazed when we pass some workman on the road to have him greet Ming-teh familiarly, and M explains, "Oh, we were laying bricks on the wall together." He ought to be a mason bye and bye.

0300

I am having fun teaching Walt Whitman to my junior class. They have just had a strong dose of Browning and are reeling slightly, but the fresh air from Manhattan is bringing them round. There is not much time for developing new material for my courses, as my life is too interrupted for any very strong intellectual efforts, and for these few years I have to teach out of my savings, so to speak. Still, I am introducing choral speaking in my speech classes and enjoying some experiments with Basic as remedial work in composition. The Baby Clinic is running itself pretty well now, but I don't know how long it can continue to dish out free milk, as the stock is about all gone, and no more is in sight. Parcels cannot supply it in sufficient quantity, or at an economically feasible rate, and the UNSCF supplies are closing down. Perhaps the communists when they come will make everything so much better that we can all afford to buy it in the street like normal people! This spring we have gone all out on gardens in the college. We have expanded our campus and it includes a lot of farm land, so all the faculty and staff have been allotted garden plots, and we will probably raise most of our own food this summer. Our yard around our house has been my chief enterprise. When we moved in it was pretty awful, being a mass of rubbish and building debris, sand, lime, tile, and schrapnel. We still dig up bits of shells and bullets occasionally. With mighty labor we have levelled it down, fenced it, and got it cleaned up so that it is at least a clean and attractive place to play, with swing and sand box and a climbing tree. It is pretty continuously in use by all the neighboring children during the daylight hours, and in the evening it is becoming a popular rendezvous for the strolling students. Every fine day when I am not in class I steal time from my air-tight schedule and get out and dig, and generally qualify as a gardener by transplanting everything from where it was to some place else. We have an old gardener who works two days a week for us, and he is a rare and delightful soul. He has firm ideas about what should be where, and looks on my efforts about as I look on Ming-teh's, well meant but usually mistaken! Still, he tolerates us, and Minno and I scratch around the beds as happily as if we knew better. This afternoon he is waist deep in thistles which have developed on the side of the hill going down to the old moat which runs along outside the old city wall where our house is. I have strong feelings about thistles, and at last have been able to persuade him to mow them down, and he is at last content to do it, since we thought up the sublime plan of selling the crop to a man down the lane who keeps a donkey!

It is a strange thing how life can go on so normally here in the college and in Wuchang city while so much is going on outside. We have spells of considerable tension ever so often, but so far there has been no violence or disorder. We are all constantly alerted to go to a so-called safety zone in the old compound next door if there should be rioting in the city, but there don't seem to be many riotously inclined souls in Wuchang. Most folks are more interested in keeping the peace here. There have been few tears at the loss of Nanking, though there is natural apprehension of the unknown that lies ahead, and not so darn far ahead at that. The outgoing government has done little good to anyone here, and we hope that the new one will do better. As far as suppression of liberty goes, we've been suppressed by experts for some time, and it is largely a matter of a different angle as far as we can foresee. No one knows just what the effect on financial arrangements with US will be. We can only wait and see. That of course will make a lot of difference. But even as things are, we are not greatly benefitted by our peculiar financing and will just take our chance. Unless there should be a strong and violent drive against all Americans, such as the '27 outbreak in Nanking, we have no idea of moving elsewhere. That sort of thing can happen and might, but is not necessarily in the picture. The college intends to continue teaching until it is proved impossible to continue. In any event, education must go on, - it is the one recognized need of the country, which both sides agree on. Every day of teaching is a day gained!

Now I must mark papers. Those darned compositions do pile up so, when the weather is nice! Do let us hear from you again and don't be discouraged about our being swallowed up. It is just fantastic how the mails do keep on coming through.

Love, Ruth

0301

Wuchang
Wednesday August 3, 1949

My dear Winnie: A whole flock of parcels broke through the blockade a few weeks ago - how they got through, nobody knows. They were sent in March and included parcels from you - bless you - several from Scranton and from Venice and St. Petersburg. Emma and Ruth have a complete list of the parcels and their contents, and will acknowledge them if, as, and when, etc. The sweaters for the kids and the PA for Gung Gung were more than welcome. In the present state of mail communication we will not describe them in more detail, but take it from me, each and every sender will have a special seat in Heaven.

This noon we received three letters, mailed as late as June 30 - airmail - from friends in Scranton, St. Petersburg, and Chicago. The stamps on the back indicate that they came via Hong Kong, Canton, Changsha to Wuchang. How they travelled through the war zone is a mystery known only to the wonderful Chinese postal service. These are the first letters we have received since our Liberation in late May. There was also a copy of Newsweek of June 13 which someone is mailing me from Manila. Ruth is up to her ears in reading it now.

We received no news of the outside world, except radio broadcasts every night from the Voice of America. We are fully informed through this medium of the status of affairs in Indo-China, Pakistan, the dock strike in London, and the World Health Organization in lower Egypt, but not a word about things nearer to us. The Chinese newspapers publish only the official news - possibly only one story a day and obviously slanted. There is no objective news service here, so we know absolutely nothing of the situation in China outside of our own limited vision.

The war has moved on from here. Our Liberation was very peaceful without any fighting and no disorder. One night the National Army went away and the next day the Peoples Army moved in. There were a few hours of nobody in command of the city, but everything kept on as usual. Then the new government moved in. A few orders were issued, mostly reassuring everybody that there would be no interference with daily life and telling everybody to go about their business as usual. The new set of police took up the stations lately occupied by the other set and traffic moved along as before.

Foreigners discreetly kept close to their homes and did no aimless wandering about - not by official order, but just good common sense told us to keep as quiet as possible and give the new government a chance to take over. There has been no interference with our daily living. The soldiers are polite, well disciplined, and while they are obviously strangers in this section of the country, looking at foreigners with astonishment, they respond to a smile and a "How-bu-How" from us.

There were a few days when the post office had no stamps and nobody had any People money. But the post office man took our coppers, postmarked our letters without stamps, and sent them on (we hope). Then the Peoples currency appeared, with an official exchange rate for Chinese silver dollars. The old National currency became worthless immediately. We had a few silver dollars and some coppers which the cook used for daily marketing. I believe the exchange rate is something like \$1500.00 Peoples currency for 1 silver dollar. There has been no exchange rate for US dollars, and as Emma and I have nothing but US bank checks, we have been stranded for money. However, lately the mission people have worked out some arrangement whereby we have given them a US check for \$100.00 and they have sent us over a bundle of the new currency. As all American missions here depend upon checks against American bank accounts, they have been in quite a dither to pay salaries to teachers and servants. But some arrangements are in process and it is quite probable that a way will be found to trade US bank checks for usable

0302

currency. China certainly cannot exist behind a steel curtain against all the world.

We have heard over the radio that some one, possibly our State Department, is trying to arrange for the evacuation of Americans from Shanghai, and possibly from the interior. We do not know any of the details, but after much soul-searching Emma and I have put in our names to be included in the evacuation if, as, and when. Ruth and John agree that we might be better off if we were out of this zone of uncertainty. The future of Americans in China is very uncertain. The new government may be very friendly to Americans and life could be very interesting. On the other hand, America's attitude toward Communism has been pretty hostile and the new government certainly would be justified in firing every American out of the country. The public statements of officials safe in the United States, urging military aid to the Nationalists, do not make life in Liberated China very pleasant for Americans.

In view of this uncertainty, together with our lack of spendable money, Emma's health in this perfectly beastly climate, the advisability of preparing a landing place for Ruth and the kids just in case --- all convince us that a strategic retreat is sensible.

So --- you may find Emma and me on your doorstep some fine morning within the next few months. We simply just don't know what we shall do. We cannot determine when nor how nor where we shall leave China, nor where we shall land. But if we do leave we shall go to St. Petersburg, Florida, and start all over again. We might go via Chicago - we would like to see you - but money, weather, time, and a million other things will set our course. It's been a great experience, and we're glad we came and sorry we can't stay - if we can't. Now I must get this off to the post office. Nobody knows how nor when it will get to you, but it contains our great love for you from all of us.

Arthur
Emma

0303

Wuchang, January 27, 1949

Dearest Winnie:

Your two good letters of January 10-12 just came in and I want to tell you right away how comforting they were to us all. Dad and Auntie and I were all just about knocked out by the news of Kirk's death. I am so thankful they are with us and that we can stick together. Nothing is so bad as being separated from those you love.

You, no doubt, read plenty of nonsense in the papers these days about everyone evacuating Wuchang. Well, don't you believe it! We aren't, and we are not alone. The towns are getting in gear for a really festive China New Year, and there is more genuine hope for peace than at any time for 15 years, so the mood of despair is distinctly lacking from the winter landscape. After all, if one side is losing, another is winning, and there are a lot of people on the winning side who are rejoicing and looking forward to great improvement in the living of the masses of the people. The University has decided to stay here and not heed the evacuation notices of the local government, although all faculty members are free to move if they so desire, without losing their jobs. I have yet to hear of any family moving, tho. For some weeks there was little or no mail coming in, and when it did break through (it was held up because of a flood on the air field, which sidetracked airmail, and it is low-water time on the river, with very few boats running), we were astonished at the tone of our American correspondents. They seem to feel that we are lost souls. May be I'm unduly sanguine, but I don't feel lost yet. Keep on writing and don't be discouraged at delays in answers. I think on the whole things in this area are going to be much better from now on. No one expects any fighting here, and if we can get through the next ten days without disorder, we are all set for a really good new year. The disorder would be of a purely local nature, if any, but most people are so sick of that sort of thing, that we don't expect any serious trouble.

We are overwhelmed by the \$45 gift for the primary school. It will help us in instituting one big improvement - raising the salaries of the teachers, and getting some better instructors as a result. I know you will share our pride and satisfaction when I tell you that TT was first in her class, the first grade, with especially good score for arithmetic. I am delighted that she could even keep up at all, starting with so little Chinese, but she has more than held her own. I have been teaching her a little at home, and she now reads English easily for pleasure, and has finished all the first grade number reader, social studies, geography, etc. that I had counted on for the whole year. Do any of the Phi Deltas with aging children have any second grade school books that they could pass along? She simply eats them up as light reading, and I don't think it will do any harm for her to be busy as long as I don't push her.

Tomorrow is Chinese New Year eve, and everyone is full of holiday spirit. The town is gay and the shops full of merchandise. The armies are moving out en masse, and everyone rejoices. The weather has fooled us by turning out warm and spring-like, although this is supposed to be the season of the deep cold. It is really balmy out today, and all the fruit trees are bursting into bloom. The south window of the living room is filled with pink plum and golden lan mei, with two sturdy determined maroon chrysanthemums, which will not stop blooming in spite of the calendar. TT's pet hyacinths are about to burst out, and Auntie's ferns are bigger and bonnier than in October when they joined the family. Not for nothing is this called the central flowery kingdom. Mao Taitai is stretched out by the somewhat unnecessary stove, purring like a teakettle. We hope for a crop of kittens before long. How the children anticipate the great event! They have prepared an elaborate cradle for them behind the coal box in the kitchen, and Minno's tender solicitude for her is touching to see. Mrs. Mao is nearly as long as he is tall, but he gathers her up in his lap with cat falling off in all directions and sings soothing songs to her. Happy New Year to you, -

as ever,

Ruth

0304

Gifts received for the Earnshaw Primary School:

Clara Border	Elsie Berne	Marty Ownby	Mary Beery
Billie Ryden	Lillian Voltz	Marion Johnson	Ionia Rehm
Roach children	Esther Daniels	Dorothy Boynton	Jeanette Anderson
Reba Elvidge	Jo Edelstein	Gertrude Vanderbeck	Kay Franger
Nan Montgomerie	June Work	Phi Delta Upsilon	Fred Bell

Wuchang, February 2, 1949

My dear Winnie:

If we survive this crisis (and I think we shall) and if you get this letter (and we hope you do), you will be having a letter written right in the midst of stirring and historical events -- a great nation being in the process of getting itself bisected or maybe united, depending upon what side you are on. If I had enough paper, time and words and could put together all the stories that are floating about, telling you the complete picture of China "at the crossroads" you would not know any more about it than we do. So let that be a lesson to you when you read press dispatches from China. Most of the stories are exaggerated, some of them are just plain "ain't so," and some have a sprinkle of truth. But the country is so big, the various factors are so numerous, so far apart in motive and urge, that the China problem at any one moment cannot be understood. By the time this letter is completed and certainly by the time it reaches you the "situation" will be entirely changed.

You have read all the China national news in the American papers, - the Generalissimo's resignation, the overtures to the Communist General for peace terms, the demand for the arrest of the "war criminals", the alleged removal of the capital to Canton -- I won't bother you with those reports. All I know is what I see with my own eyes right here in Wuchang and across the river in Hankow. And none of that is exciting and possibly not even interesting. The money situation is bewildering. We called on one of our Chinese banker friends this afternoon to see about cashing a small check on an American bank, - \$10.00, to be exact. He told us that our American ten dollars would buy only about eight Chinese silver dollars. He said that the asking price of silver dollars was fantastic and was caused by the demand for "hard money" in place of the Gold Yuan. He advised against selling our American ten dollar check for silver at that price. Then he said the official rate on Gold Yuan was only 270, - that he could give us only 2,700.00 Chinese Gold Yuan dollars for our \$10.00 American. He advised against that deal also, saying that in a few days we might get up to \$5,000.00 Gold Yuan for our ten US dollars. So we kept our little US check and hope that we have enough silver dollars and gold yuan and rice in the house to carry us a few days. That is a good sample of the financial situation here today. Yes, the money situation is bewildering. Business, of course, is on an hour-to-hour basis.

The Chinese New Year is one grand festival. There were many street parades, much feasting, lantern carrying and firecracker shooting. It started last week and the stores are still closed. The day started with several early morning callers, all smiling and cheerful and wishing us "Gung She" and shaking hands with themselves and bowing, and Emma and I doing the same to them. John's parents had us in for a feast in the evening, and such a feast! Fish and ducks and chicken and mutton and beef, vegetables by the dozen, a wine that tasted like perfume, a sweet soup at the finish, and a glass of really good coffee. Emma and I chopsticked our way through from start to finish. Oh, yes - there was pickled starfish and very old pickled eggs. The eggs are very old, very dark, and full of flavor. They are wonderful to eat if you like eggs that way. The dining room with the ancient family scrolls on the walls, the old pictures of John's grandparents, was heated with a giant brass bowl filled with burning charcoal. John's father and mother beamed on the gathering, justly proud of their family. Everyone was so good and kind to

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us and made us feel so very clearly that we have been taken in as members of the clan. Mother Lo lighted the ceremonial candles on the mantel, big fat red candles on special candlesticks and decorated with Chinese characters; one inscription said, "In this world there is tribulation"; the other said, "In Jesus Christ there is peace". Just before we sat down to dinner, Mother Lo slipped out the door with a lighted paper in her hand. She slipped back in looking very unconcerned. Then followed a fusillade of firecrackers out in the front courtyard, very noisy and festive and sounding like a magnified Fourth of July. The feast was on.

Last night we had at our house a meeting of all the faculty members who live in our immediate neighborhood, just outside the old city wall. The meeting was to exchange views and ideas about what action we should collectively take in case of emergency. It was like a meeting of the Civil Defense Council at home, only this was real. Each faculty member gave his ideas. The danger that seems to threaten us is that arising from civil disorder in case the present local and provincial government moves out. There may be a few days' interval before the Communists enter the city and take charge. It is in those few days, without any peace force, that rioting and looting may take place. They seem to think that if the Nationalists evacuate the city, stray soldiers and unruly civilians may seize the opportunity to do a little looting on their own. A decision was made to send the women and children into the college compound, to be housed in a woman's hostel. Provisions were made for food and water and candles and a first aid station. The men are to stay in their houses and guard them as well as possible. They do not think there will be any shooting and certainly no bombing or shell fire. The faculty members in this little neighborhood group range all the way from a very dignified Confucian scholar to a very modern physics teacher from M.I.T. I don't know just how they expect to do their protecting jobs, having no guns, but they seem to know how to handle the job. They made out their program in a most business-like way, even having a secretary who kept the minutes of the meeting. Most of them have been under fire before. Most of them have experienced government turn-overs. Nothing seems to excite them, and certainly they are not scared. None of them have the slightest fear of the Communists.

This morning a very old gentleman called to see John. He is Mr. Chien, a teacher of Confucian literature, a scholar of the real old China school. He wore a skull cap, long blue gown, long white beard, thick-lensed glasses. I opened the door for him, John being temporarily out of the room. He stood there bowing and smiling and clasping his hands in front of his face. I knew enough about Chinese courtesy to bow and smile also and to make a little gesture to take off my glasses. One removes one's glasses when speaking to a learned scholar. We stood there exchanging courtesies in pantomime when John came in and took charge. The old gentleman had come to suggest that he would be very glad to contribute a measure of rice to be used by the refugees in case of emergency. He also said that Confucius remarks somewhere in his writings that, "A man on a high place can see more than six men on foot". That was his way of suggesting that we post a watchman on top of the university buildings where he could see what was going on in the surrounding streets. He was a charming old gentleman, like something out of a book.

We have burned our allotted three tons of coal and, the financial situation being what it is, have decided to burn coal balls in the two heating stoves for the rest of the winter. The making of coal balls is quite a business in Wuchang. All the cooks use coal balls in their cook stoves, and the business runs along all year. So I investigated the coal ball business. There is a coal ball factory at the crossroads near our house. It is just an open-faced store, the front part being coal ball factory and the rear part the family dwelling. Coal balls are made of coal dust. The coal dust is mixed with clay to make it stick in balls. The amount of clay determines the quality of the coal ball. I think the ones we use are about 75% clay and 25% coal, judging from the ashes I shovel out every few hours. The clay and coal dust mixture is shoveled out on the factory floor, wet well with water, and mixed. The boys who do the mixing weal just

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a breech clout and slosh around in the black and sticky mixture, puddling it back and forth until it reaches a satisfactory state of tackiness. Then they pat it down flat in a big sheet covering the floor. They mark it off in squares with a big roller. Then they make the coal balls, just like kids rolling snowballs, - all by hand. They pick up a biscuit-shaped hunk of mixture, roll it about in the hands, and place the formed balls on a sort of stretcher. When the stretcher is full they put it out in the sun to dry. The whole street is generally lined with these stretchers of drying coal balls. When they are dried they just barely stick together. They sell them by the pound. Strangely enough, they burn pretty well, and while the B. t. u. content is not very high, they do most of the Chinese cooking. I think I could devise a machine to form and compress the mixture that would increase the output per man-hour and probably cut the cost in half. But who am I to break these kids' rice bowls. I'll just let them go on as they have been for generations.

Now it's ten o'clock. I'm tired, what with walking back from the bank. The rickshaw men were not working, and the only one I met wanted \$600 to pull me home, so I walked, in the rain and mud, up Pig Alley, through the gate. And I'm tired and I'm going to bed. Emma says she will finish out this page in the morning. It will cost \$80.00 to mail this, so we make every inch of paper do its bit. Good night.

Arthur Earnshaw

Dear Winnie: Here it is February 3rd, a very mild spring morning, so much so that we have windows open. Chinese spring officially begins on February 4th; then they say the "deep cold" is over. Colonel and I keep busy as possible, trying to get over these difficult days.

All the love and kindness expressed for us have helped us more than you can know. We are determined to go on and help all we can, as there is so much to be done here. We went over to Hankow for three days; we had rooms at the Lutheran Mission Home - a sort of glorified YWCA. We had such an interesting time, meeting a young American couple, Quakers, who were headed with a Friends' Ambulance Unit for a five day travel trip north of here on the edge of Communist territory. They were so enthusiastic - pores wide open - and they were just the contact we needed. They had just arrived in China. They came over for luncheon and Ruth and John did enjoy them so much. Colonel has told you in his letter about the New Year celebration, which is still going on in the town, as many stores are still closed. We have been living on salted fish, a salted pork which they call laro, also some rice dumplings which the cook serves for breakfast with great glee and which we do not choke down with the same glee; then there is a salted duck with a row of Chinese characters down its back, making it look as though the duck had gone to college. All of these salted foods are elaborately prepared for this festive season, as farmers do not come to market, the stores are closed, and one must exist on these salted foods. Fortunately we had some American canned goods in the "bunny cupboard", as the children call it, so we were able to supplement the salted diet. We are living in rather a tense situation right now and it looks as though things might right themselves within the next two weeks. John seems very sanguine about "the situation" as we call it. Letters are coming through and we look forward very eagerly to our mail. We all send our dearest love.

Auntie

Dearest Winnie: All this vacation I have been saving up things to talk to you about, and I hope this is the morning when I can. I have even made an incoherent list as I thought of things. Business matter - the \$45 you accumulated and deposited is being used for the primary school. The babies are in pretty good shape at the moment, and the school needed money for salaries more than we could budget last fall, as prices have gone up. This additional sum will enable us to get a full time teacher to act as principal. She is a normal school graduate, and will be able to supervise all the grades quite competently. We have a new and better trained first grade teacher, too. During

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this vacation TT has been writing Chinese every day, and we have covered more arithmetic in the first grade American book. Also I have started her on the typewriter, as I think it will help her in learning spelling and composition without being a burden on her. Handwriting in Chinese is not only a manual skill, it is practically a way of life, and I don't want to confuse the issue at this important time by giving her too many different things to think about. I suffer from distraction myself: The kindergarten which Minno will join next week is pretty well equipped at present, by local standards, and it has the most important things of all - kids and a good teacher. They always need paper, of course, and if anyone comes asking you for ideas of things to send over, ask her to mail drawing paper, good quality in big sizes, by book post - also construction paper in any or all weights and colors, and that wonderful crepe paper from Dennison. Almost anything of that sort is extremely useful in a kindergarten, of course, and is a luxury by our financial standards. Since the last lot of parcels I reported to you, we have not received any, which is not surprising considering the local situation. However, they will begin to show up again soon, I am confident. Duties have not been excessive on recent ones, anyway.

I hope that the next time I write I can send the copy of the baby clinic annual report. I have written it and Anne Fulton is going to illustrate it, and we will distribute copies here as well as abroad. I think it should go to all contributors so they can see what their work has mounted up to over a year. It is really pretty impressive.

The news of the situation here politically is all bad and a good deal of it true. I honestly think with each letter I write that it may be the last! This past week in Wuhan has been one of considerable strain. There is no real reason why the government should not change in a very short time. Everyone wonders why the delay. Money has been utterly cockeyed. We just live from day to day, hoping that there will be enough buying power left in it to finish the month. Planning is impossible. During last week we were on the alert for concentration at refugee points for a few days, as it was thought likely we would have riots, but things quieted down as they usually do here. For some obscure reason it seems that once schools open things will be more stable. They will be, too. I don't know why. Over Chinese New Year the stores and markets all closed, and afterwards many refused to open because the money was so unstable. This left a lot of the people downright hungry, as probably the greater part of the city population lives from day to day and seldom accumulates enough surplus to eat without buying for more than two or three days. That's why the riot act was feared. Dad and I, naturally, went for a sightseeing walk downtown the day the tension was worst, and we did see the beginnings of some slight disturbances, but the police were on the job and the crowds kept moving without resort to violence on either side. We decided, though, that we would stay home for a while. There has been no decided anti-Americanism displayed, though again I don't know why not. The shilly-shally policy of the US makes us all sick with shame over here. Talk about hypocrisy and corruption in the Chinese government! I don't know what you call it when it comes from the US, but it certainly smells the same.

We - our household, that is - have no intention of going away as far as we can foresee. Refugeeing in winter is too much hardship, and it is a certainly dangerous thing, whereas staying at home may be anxious, but it is not dangerous, as yet. There may be disorder when the government changes, but no one expects this city to be bombarded or fought over, though goodness knows what will really happen. We can only sit tight and live one day at a time. I think the people everywhere are more afraid of the defending army than anything else. Right now there are soldiers chopping trees down on the campus, and I could weep for every splinter, but I ought to be weeping just as much for the chilblains of the soldiers, I suppose. There are soldiers billeted just absolutely everywhere in town, although hundreds of thousands have recently moved elsewhere. In case of disturbance, the women and children are to be concentrated at the women's hostel in the college campus, and we are all advised to have a few supplies on hand for such an event. It is uneasy living this way, but it will pass.

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There is no predicting what will happen to the mail service when the government changes, altho there is reason to believe that after a delay it will function as before. So don't stop writing and don't discourage friends from sending things in, because ultimately they will arrive, and the worse the situation is the more they will be needed. For the babies generally, the need continues to be for meat, fruit, sugar, milk and used clothes. The Los feel pretty well fixed at the moment, but any used clothing is always welcomed in the neighborhood.

During this vacation we have busied ourselves with some rationalizing of the house, moving various people and occupations from one place to another; and rearranging things generally. We have constructed a tiny but efficient bathroom unit in what was a big and drafty passageway, and today we are working on altering what was formerly the kitchen before the expansion, making it into a small bedroom for Dad so he can sleep at the same end of the house as Auntie, who is sometimes timid at night. This releases a small but very suitable room at the front of the house for John to use as a study, and this in turn releases a big room adjacent to the children's bedroom for them to use as a playroom. Dad invented a pipe arrangement that puts heat from Auntie's stove into my bedroom so now I can use my big room for a study too, and everyone feels less crowded. It is fine for the kids having a big enough space for their affairs. As Toots remarked with some justice, "When Daddy reads, he just needs room for a chair and a light, but when we want to build a house with seven chairs, a table and a horse, we need ROOM". Well, now they have it! And those who need privacy have it, so all should be happy!

I am now waiting for a number of things - waiting for college to open, for the current crisis to simmer down, and especially for the cook's boy to return from his New Year holiday. As long as he is away we tread in fear lest the old cook overwork and get sick. If that should happen we would be in a real jam. He is a dear old soul, and he is in process of training his son (who now acts as houseboy) to take over the reins of government when he retires, so we don't dare get a substitute in for the houseboy work lest we seem to break his rice bowl. As the pair of them are real jewels domestically, they are worth pampering, but I will surely be glad to get the housecleaning back on a routine basis once more.

John just announces that postage is going up five times beginning tomorrow, so I must get these pages mailed today. Keep on writing, won't you - I know you will. Goodbye for now, and a whole load of love to you from us all.

Ruth

Ruth's address: Mrs. C. F. Lo, Huachung University,
Wuchang 4, Hupsh, China

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Dear Winnie:

Today after what seems like weeks, at last we have some sun, and a suspicion that spring will be along just any moment. Classes begin again next week, and we will all be on the regular old route again after the irregularities and general upset of this so-called vacation. Actually as I look back upon it, we have accomplished quite a good deal in the department of house repair and fixing, with increasing convenience for all comers. But such operations effectively prevent anything like repose in the house while they are going on. ... The past fortnight brought us to the teetering edge of a climax and then as so often happens, things smoothed down and nothing ever came of it. Now all we have to do is relax our tight nerves and get ready for the next one. At the moment it looks as if all would be peaceful here for some time, at least there is no longer any very imminent threat. One very cheering event last week was the arrival of 2 parcels from you, one containing a tremendous jigsaw puzzle, which has given me several very diverting evenings when I needed them. Also a pair of perfectly elegant corduroy trousers which we assumed were for John because they fit him to perfection and arrived just at the moment when I was threatening to make him a sort of burnous out of a blanket if he didn't get some new pants. There were also some baby clothes, and in some pockets bottles of vitamins; also some Kools among the puzzle. Good idea! Many many thanks. I dote on jigsaw puzzles, incidentally - always did. I can't read whodunits - they bore me; John hates bridge; but jigsaws I find a real relaxation. ... Yesterday we had an unexpected but delightful visit from the Kwei's, a family at Wuhan University. They report that the financial situation of the national universities is about as bad as it can be, but the professors have no idea of shutting up shop. They really are superb. ... Last night was lantern festival and one of the teachers asked all the campus children to come for a parade. She provided all with gorgeous paper lanterns, and they had cymbals and gongs to make a terrific noise as they paraded from sunset to moonrise, all over the quadrangle. It was a pretty sight and they did enjoy it. When they finished parading they all met at the primary school and had cocoa and cookies, so it was a real treat. On the way home everything was so gay, with lanterns and candles everywhere. Even in the cabbage patch on the other side of the moat there were tapers among the cabbages, and on the hills the villagers paraded their dragon processions. ... I wish I could get more of a hold on my strength again. I don't seem to have enough of what it takes, in spite of vitamins and pills and trying to be very very good etc. Kirk's death has made a very big difference to me. I hope summer vacation will give us a chance to get really rejuvenated; in any event, spring always is a big help.

Love -- Ruth

February 20, 1949

Dearest Winnie: This is a perfectly lovely spring day here, the kind that makes you think of gardens and digging, and everyone in the college is doing just that. Dad and I have been out all morning planning borders and cheering on two workmen who at long last are digging up our ghastly drainage system. It has taken two years of howling on my part to get even this much action out of our lethargic and hard-pressed buildings and grounds director, and I rejoice in proportion to the effort. The college has apportioned garden space to those who want to raise their own crop of cabbage, and everyone is in a fever of digging and planting. Now that the military crisis has abated somewhat we are all settling in for another four months of semi-normal existence. ... During this next week I hope to see some big progress in the taming of the environment for the Lo house. I have enlisted the aid of our upstairs neighbor, Dr. Cheng, who is a biologist, a returned student from Brussels. He is keen on the gardening project, and between us we are planning to enclose the whole back area of the building here with a high bamboo lattice, and then we are going to start a really elegant garden. The fence man has agreed to operate on Tuesday, and once that lattice is up I will heave a great sigh of satisfaction. In Hsichow one of the greatest pleasures was having a courtyard where one could live outdoors without being inspected by curious villagers, and I have so much missed it here. The architect who made this house planned it very cleverly so that all the entrances are on the road, and the whole "back" should be unbroken garden space, but it has never been developed. At present it is just a wilderness, but it has lovely trees

and great possibilities. ... I heard an interesting comment the other day that normally students are getting more and better education than any others in this area. Wuhan U. and Chinghau, nearby, have only had about 8 weeks of lectures while we were slogging away giving 16. So far we have had no political disturbance here, and no students have demonstrated or gotten into trouble or gone on strike. The students themselves seem to feel that it is something to be proud of to get a degree here. They have to work darn hard for it. Much love from us all - Ruth

Wuchang, February 24, 1949

Dear Winnie: First let me say that the magazines do come through and are the only ones entering Huachung University. Needless to say, they are all circulated widely. Second, don't worry about the newspaper stories. All the missionaries are not leaving China. But the ones who do, feeling slightly ashamed of themselves, give an exaggerated account of things. Here, at least, we have no difficulty at the moment. If and when the new government takes over, we plan to roll with the punches, as everybody else does - right now, only punches from a different direction. You can get a surprising lot done between blows. There is no place to move the college if Wuchang changes government. There would be no place to go that would be any different. A lot of us feel that the "worse" things are the less we should go. Americans in China should not be free to teach in ways the Chinese disapprove, any more than the reverse in the U.S. It is our attitude of expecting special privileges that makes the US unpopular and earns the name of "imperialist." If Christianity has to be backed up by Marines, we've got everything upside down. And last - here is the Baby Clinic report. Can you circulate it far and wide? Love -- Ruth.

(Note: The report will be reproduced and circulated as soon as possible.)

Wuchang, March 3, 1949

My dear Winnie: The past few weeks have been scrambled; many things to do, many people to meet, many new sights and experiences; I hardly know where to start a letter to you. I have been smoking cigars made of a choice brand of alfalfa, very good when fresh, but the ones obtainable here are war stock, sent over for the "Armed Forces" and now largely in the hands of street peddlers. They, the cigars, are frayed and old and musty. The bands are loose and the cellophane torn with much handling by prospective customers. You never buy anything here without unwrapping and smelling and tasting. I have smoked all the brands of Chinese cigarettes until my tongue was blistered. There wasn't much joy in life in cigarless China.

Then one day last week I came into the house and was greeted by cheers from Ruth and Emma and the kids, all shouting at once. A parcel from Winnie had come through. There were many things in the parcel, but what the family was cheering about was one GREAT BIG BOX OF ROBERT BURNS PANATELLAS for the old man. And there they were, a brand new, fresh cedar box full of long slender brown-skinned beauties. In glistening transparent sheath gowns, with fresh golden waistbands --- whole row on row of them, a whole box of them. Until you have been a cigar smoker of all the choice brands and until you haven't had a cigar for two weeks, you can never know what these beautiful ladies meant to me.

This past week has been one of the farmers' celebration weeks. They have been parading through the fields, stopping at the earth shrines, little figures of some God of Agriculture under a brick arch, beating on brassy-throated gongs, praying for good crops. They make quite a fuss about it and from the way they have been planting and cultivating all week, things look pretty good. All the community is breaking out in a rash of gardening. The Chinese are basically farmers, and when the smell of Spring earth rises to their noses, they all madly grab mattocks and hoes and start planting something. All the students have little garden plots, all the faculty have planted cabbages and all sorts of Ti-things, ti being the family name for vegetables. Ruth got the fever too, and nothing would do but we grass the front yard, put in some flowers, make some flower beds, and generally go rural. John hired, on a part-time basis, an old gardener who has a green thumb. I understand not a word of his Chinese and he can't understand a word of my English, but we get along swell with sign talk. Each morning he shows up with a basket of new plants. I think he steals them somewhere along the road. We have fenced off the yard with bamboo splints, buried the surface drains, and generally raised hell with nature.

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There is a man named Kwai, a Ph.D. from Harvard, Yale, the Sorbonne, and Heidelberg. He is head of the Science Department at Wuhan, the National University some ten li out in the country from here. His wife was born in New York and Dr. Kwai has lived for some years in America. He used to smoke cigars and a pipe, but his salary is only two silver dollars a month - this National Government is a mess - so cigars are not on his budget. And I had a whole box of fresh Robert Burns Panatellas. So I bundled up SEVEN of them - one for each day of the week - and gave them to his wife to take home to him. I know he will call your name Blessed.

Ruth has just come in and wants me to pass these items on to you: Thanks for the red sweater - (I think it makes her look quite, - well quite - and probably gives her students a thrill. God knows they need something to brighten their lives.) -- for the Kools (one a day is her allowance) -- for the brewers years -- and for the dairy books, whatever that means.

I decided to smoke only one Robert Burns Panatella each day, preferably just after breakfast. We always have swell breakfasts with bacon (Army) and eggs (Chinese) and two cups of Nescafe, and a cigar in the easy chair reading and rereading Newsweek is pretty swell. But this morning what-the-hell I have a whole box of them so I smoked two.

I have been doing a little job of making a survey of the library building to see what its condition of repair might be, with an idea of surveying all the buildings on the campus and building up a report that may be a directive for the management. I found one supporting pillar completely eaten away by termites. It was only holding up the floor of the assembly hall and the stage, and how it has held them up so far is a mystery. I crawled under the building where no human being has been since 1908 when the building was erected, and found those nice little tunnels that termites build. The job has taken me into every nook and corner of the building. Some of the wood carving is wonderful. There are hippopotamuses on the newell posts; there are carved gargoyles in the oddest places, and the partition screens are delicately carved wood. These Chinese craftsmen are wonderful.

After supper tonight I was pretty tired with gardening all day so I smoked another. Speaking of termites -- one of the workmen doing some excavating uncovered a termite nest. The nest had at one time been a very dead Chinese, but there wasn't anything left of the body, just the form in the clay, - skull, backbone, legs completely gone and the cavity filled with the porous termite nest. Gruesome, but life in China is like that.

We are doing pretty well with the bath problem. While we haven't quite yet achieved running hot water and a plug to let the water out, the bathroom is partitioned off the hall, and with the oil heater it can be warmed enough for a fairly comfortable bath. One of the English teachers remarked recently, speaking of baths - "When I took my bath last week -" So you can see that bathing is a weekly ceremony here.

On Washington's Birthday Emma and I went over to Hankow to attend a cocktail party given by the American Consulate. Beautiful Martinis, pinkish and influential, grapefruit juice for the missionaries, canapes, and peanuts. The entire American colony was there, and many of the bigger Chinese, official and mercantile. It was a swell party. Later in the evening at another party - we frequently have two parties in an evening here - I met a prominent Chinese general - an old friend of mine - and asked him how come he wasn't at the Consulate party. He explained that his invitation, being in English and addressed to his military headquarters, had been referred to the translating department. The translator had read it to mean that George Washington was being "Resurrected," which looked like a political move to oust Truman in favor of this man Washington. The translator thought this was pretty serious and that my friend had better not butt in on what looked like a purely United States affair. China is a wonderful and fearful country.

I really don't think that two panatellas after breakfast are too many. I am strong and husky, and smoking has never hurt me - much. I think I'll try two more tomorrow morn-

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ing. Ruth has just been in to broadcast the arrangements for the clothing sale. The committee is coming Saturday to mark the prices. In view of the crazy currency, they have decided to price the clothes in terms of eggs. Eggs are fairly common articles of diet, and they will mark each piece as worth so many eggs. Then on the day of the sale they will compute the Gold Yuan prices at whatever eggs are selling for on the local market. Your stunt of marking your parcels "Old Clothes" passes the customs free and without examination. Some of the people here have received nylons, so marked on the customs tags, and have had to pay outrageous duties. So send nothing but "Old Clothes - No Value." If anything slips into the pockets, well, who cares; it's in a good cause.

Emma went to a baby party last week at the Yang's. They have a new baby and according to custom the parents give a feast when the baby is two months old. She says it was a wonderful feast. The food was good and the conversation sparkling; some Chinese feasts, especially among the women, are apt to be just eating. Emma enjoys conversation with her meals. The baby was enthroned in the hall to greet the guests and seemed to enjoy the show. Emma left a little money for the kid's college, which is also customary. Emma went to a discussion meeting this afternoon to hear papers on the Episcopal Prayer Book. I believe the group approved of the book. Emma is getting to be quite a social butterfly and goes tripping over the campus with great eclat, whatever that is.

Now I must leave some space for Emma to put in her personal story. I think I shall continue to smoke one after lunch and another after dinner. I've only got a short time left to enjoy panatellas, so why not enjoy them? My great love to you.

Arthur Earnshaw

Dear Winnie: You might in some way gather the impression that Colonel was pleased with the cigars. I never saw a man in such a state of joy. The winter is slipping away quickly. Yesterday was like a day in late spring in Pennsylvania, very warm and soft and balmy. We will soon be able to put away those little pot-bellied stoves which we welcome in November and begin to despise at this time of the year. Today is a busy day, as students are coming for English reading and conversation. We all enjoy it, as Colonel strolls in and adds his little bit to the students' opportunity to hear English from another person. My dearest love to you and I will write a special letter soon.

Auntie

Wuchang, March 9, 1949

Dear Winnie: This week Ruth and John have had a vacation which is like our Easter vacation at home, so consequently things have not been on schedule as we have been draping our time around their activities. On Sunday we had a guest for dinner, Dr. Bien, the head of the chemistry department. He is very lonely as his family have just left for Hong Kong to go to the States, and he is breaking up his home here and living in bachelor quarters, so we cheered him up as best we could.

Then Monday was children's day all over China. It was also celebrated as Founders Day for the Earnshaw Primary School, so we spent the day going back and forth to the school for the various celebrations. I do wish you could have seen the children; special efforts had been made to present them as clean as possible. Two little girls in black and red long gowns (Chinese) evidently sisters, had big white men-sized handkerchiefs fastened to their dresses. They all just strutted with pride. They had their pictures taken in a group, then went inside and all the children sang the national song of China and that was thrilling. They were so earnest and starry-eyed about it. Then there were some little recitations, and speeches by the various board members. Then we were all invited for tea and cookies and peanuts, and the children were given bags of cookies and peanuts and candy. In the afternoon there was a little play and more songs. Arthur and I stole away, as we had been invited by the young man in charge of the post office station on the campus to go to his house for supper. On the way over (he took us by rickshaw and pedicab) he picked up his old teacher at the little Catholic Middle School for Girls. To our surprise the teacher turned out to be an American woman from St. Louis, who had been in this country since '35 and just returned four months ago. She was as glad to see us as we were to see her.

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In the first fifteen minutes we had told each other our life histories and wept on each other's shoulders. She is with Chinese altogether - has not "foreign" people with her, - so she was happy to meet Americans. The trip to the young man's house was most interesting, going through a part of very old China, over the old bridge. We passed the old stream which runs into the river under the bridge. We had a typical Chinese meal which had been prepared by the young man's mother-in-law. Then we started home, and I do wish you could have seen the sampans all docked along the side of the stream, looking very picturesque in the early evening light. We could hear the sounds of "living" as we stopped to listen - talk about a symphony of sound - you could hear a baby crying - all sorts of what sounded like whispered conversations to us at that distance - some one playing a flute - here and there a light flashing in the sampan - the odors of cooking, - oh, well, I could go on and on. Then we came back through town and all the merchants are displaying their wares on the sidewalks these days all trying to sell as much as possible so that all the sidewalks were edged with merchandise of all sorts. We came home just thrilled. No one else we know here seems to know where we had been, and knows nothing of that part of China. The young man certainly gave us an unusual experience which we enjoyed greatly.

The Spring has come, though it is very late this year. I do wish you could see the view from my window; there are soft mists all over the gardens which are so green, and there are great buttercup yellow patches in among it all, and way off in the distance there is Wuhan University which looks like a great ship sailing on top of the hills. Just at that moment someone sounded the bell which hangs in the trees - a bell placed there to call us to safety in case of emergency. It was just a test case - like a practice fire drill. Just now we are rather edgy and jumpy owing to the "situation" which we are hoping and praying will come out all right. We all send our dearest love to you.

Auntie

Wuchang - March 12, 1949

Dearest Winnie-my-dear: This past two weeks has been about a month long - the kids were both in bed for seven days and convalescent after that, with really painful coughs and colds. It has rained practically all the time, which is routine at this time of year, but has meant such confinement to quarters as is very trying to the young. Luckily, parcels have come twice in that time - 2 from Mrs. Gruendel containing wonderful baby clothes and some fine books for the clinic; 1 from Dorothy Boynton containing men's suits, a bathrobe (which has been taken over by CF who needed one badly,) and a suit (which Auntie is "buying" from the clinic, as it fits her perfectly!), and one from you containing the old underwear, which is still usable, soap, gum, and the miscellaneous odds and end which you always manage to tuck into pockets and linings and cuffs, and which the children can claim as being for them. As you know, it is the odd useful materials for making things that are the most prized by the young. They can always use clothespins, paper clips, pipe cleaners, pads of paper in odd sizes and colors, little note books or copy books (those scraps of window shade were simply marvelous) bits of paper or felt scraps, crayons, or paint brushes. As we live here we don't go to town casually and have little treats at the drugstore on the way home, and it is the mysterious and wonderful parcels that come from you that provide all that sort of excitement and fun. ... So glad to hear of your visit with Mrs. Carr, and the "fashion clinic for the mature woman." I'd like to look in on one myself! The idea somehow seems perfectly hilarious to me. Over here fashion for the mature woman is just about reduced to whatever one can get to cover one, and glamour is incidental. The idea of a clinic for it just tickles me! I am getting as grey as a badger myself, and am finding new pleasures of the wardrobe in experimenting with Chinese dress for myself. The style this winter is slacks and fingertip-length tunics, with the usual long sheathlike gown for formal wear. I like the slacks and tunic for home wear very much - it's warm and convenient, and with the lovely colored silks and soft padding they can be very attractive. When I feel occidental I dazzle 'em with my red sweater; when I want to melt into the landscape I wear the paddy gown! ... Now I must go get some tea organized for the youngs and olds and middles. We seem to have drifted into that habit, and a rainy Sunday is much brighter for a little festivity. Love --- Ruth

Monday Morning, March 14

Dear Winnie - I'm continuing on where Ruth left off. The children are much better, I am

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happy to say. Gay went to school this morning and Winno is up and around. This morning the sun shone for a few minutes and everyone's spirits went up accordingly. I am busy making nightdresses for Gay. I found lovely pink cotton material downtown and I find that I quite enjoy the process of making something. I used to despise sewing, but now it gives me a lot of comfort and relaxation. A few minutes ago Ruth asked me to find in a Bible the reference to the tree being cut down because it was withered, as she wanted to talk on this parable at the chapel service where she will be in charge tomorrow morning. Strange to say, the Bible that came to hand was my mother's old Bible which belonged to her mother to whom it had been given for perfect attendance in a little chapel in England. The inscription was in such fine handwriting but I could make out the date of the gift and it was 1851 - almost one hundred years ago, and now the dear old Bible is being used by her great-great-granddaughter. It gives me quite a thrill when I think of it. Now I must stop, as Monday morning brings many duties. All the family join in dearest love to you -

Auntie

Wuchang, March 28, 1949

Dear Winnie: Colonel and I have just returned from a little walk with the children. It is a gorgeous spring day, soft and warm, and one feels like luxuriating in it. There are many little wild flowers in bloom. The children gathered a handful which look like our buttercups, dandelions are all over the place, and everywhere you look you see groups of Chinese women and children gathering what looks to me like clover. They dig it up and cook it much as we do our dandelion greens in the early Spring. Colonel and I are still very busy with the students who come here frequently. I don't believe I told you about my Jean. Ruth says that Jean needs tlc, which she translates as tender loving care. That is what I try to give her the most of. Two weeks ago she burst in saying that she had to take part in a story telling contest the next afternoon at the English Club. I found a simple version of "Pippa Passes" told in prose. She took it home and the next afternoon came again and I drilled her in posture, pronunciation, etc. and she went to the contest at six and walked off with third prize. I was so thrilled, as she had had such a short time to prepare - learned it by heart over night. Her parents were killed by the Japanese. We are all very much excited about the Peace Negotiations, which begin next Friday. We do hope and pray that all will go well and the peace which we all so earnestly desire will be a reality. All the Chinese need is just a little time to catch their breath, and they would do wonderful things, we know. Just this Spring there is such a difference. Colonel has succeeded in getting the boys in our hostel to be interested in their grounds and they have worked hard and are getting results. Then you would have been pleased if you could have seen the sale of old clothing which Ruth and her committee sponsored, to raise funds for a small playground for the toddlers. There was no safe, clean place for them to play. Ruth did a splendid piece of work, as she finally brought about a community spirit - something which the Chinese cannot understand. It was quite a triumph. All the family join me in sending dearest love to you.

Auntie

Wuchang - April 10, 1949

Dearest Winnie: We are now anticipating a change within a very short time. The money has gone completely and only Chinese silver dollars can be used at all. Fortunately we were paid in silver last month, and Dad and Auntie can still sell their US checks for silver coins. It looks like long doubtfulness ahead, though. The University still intends to carry on as long as possible. The one possibility that is definitely alarming is that of a US - USSR all-out war. We would be awfully on the spot in that event. If it looks imminent, I'm in favor of a move, if I can find a better 'ole. I don't crave to waste a few years in an internment camp if I can avoid it. I hate to think of moving again, ever, tho. I'm just getting the garden as I want it! Still, there are many considerations - one being Toots' health, which is not robust here at all. But enough of such worrisome topics. I really must tell you about Mei-hui's wedding. We attended en masse except for Dad who was holding off soldiers at home; an empty house is a mistake. The ceremony was at the hospital chapel which was gaily decorated with daisies and spring flowers. Father Lo, looking immensely

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dignified and elegant in long gown and jacket gave away the bride (his niece). She wore a lovely white foreign-style gown with long veil, and had two cute little flower girls and two page boys as attendants, plus a bridesmaid. Meihsing sang very beautifully and the ceremony was especially sweet and sincere. Afterwards there was a splendid Chinese feast at a good restaurant, attended by 100 guests. The bride appeared in festive red brocade and all was very merry. Quantities of delicious food were enjoyed and we had a fine time. A pleasant touch was supplied by the use of an ambulance for taxi service between chapel and feast, as the groom is an M.D.! They are in raptures at the prospect of going to the US very soon. ... This vacation week has flown by and I still have stacks of undone school work on my desk. We had three fine days and I spent every minute outdoors with Minno enjoying the garden. Their swing is up, and gives such joy. All our love to you.

Ruth

Wuchang, April 18, 1949

Dear Winnie: I feel I should write you a short note to inform you of some recent business transactions. Please send grateful acknowledgments for us to Miss Minnie Dunwell for \$30.00 for the Earnshaw School, and to Mrs. Bown for \$10.00, both deposited in the Scranton bank. ... I enclose a negative of a picture showing the children and faculty of the Earnshaw Primary School, taken on Children's Day, April 4. The local photographer told me he couldn't get it enlarged. You may have better luck in America. It is a clear picture and you may want to print some for distribution. ... The situation here remains uncertain, but we do not anticipate any trouble. College and school going on as usual. With warmest greetings.

C.F.

Wuchang, April 24, 1949

My dear Winnie: Emma writes letters to you and doesn't tell me what she has written; Ruth writes letters to you and I don't know what she says. So when I take typer in hand I run the risk of boring you by repeating, but that's a chance you must take in reading these Life in China efforts. Of course, the main interest right now is the SITUATION. That covers the war, the currency, the possibility of evacuation, will there be fighting in Wuchang, and when will the Communists take over. Nobody knows any of the answers, and I find that by the time I have written one letter the entire situation has changed. But from where we sit, it looks as though we are at the very front line of World War III. We certainly have front row seats in this ideological struggle. If we survive (And I think we shall) we ought to be able to tell an eye witness story. While life in Central China is fraught with a small amount of danger, a somewhat larger amount of inconvenience, and a very large amount of mental anguish, we are glad we came and glad we are staying. Ruth and the kids must remain here while they have their jobs at the university, and we can't very decently pull out and leave them.

I have thought for many years that Puffed Rice, the food shot from guns, was a Yankee invention. But no, the Chinese did it many centuries ago. A few days ago I heard a noise of an explosion down the street and saw a small crowd gathering. I nosed in and there was an itinerant puff rice factory. A small steel flask about three feet in length by 12 inches in diameter was laid on brackets over a small charcoal fire, rotated by hand. When the pressure reached a certain point the man hit a trigger with a hammer, the flask popped open with a loud bang, and out flew the rice, all nicely puffed. They were puffing the customers' rice. Each customer brought his little pan of rice, the rice puffer puffed it and collected his fee, and the purchaser went home with a wash basin full of regular Puffed Rice. You simply can't beat the Chinese.

The Chinese craftsman has a great fascination for me. Last week I saw a weazened-up old man squatting beside a little box, very busily filing a piece of brass. He was a brass smith with his little portable workshop, including a tiny furnace, and he was making a clock key for a nearby housewife. He had a 22-calibre cartridge case for the barrel of the key. He cut a piece of white brass from his small stock, carefully filed it to make a handle, notched the cartridge case, drilled a tiny hole, and fitted a brass peg, - a delicate job, done with crude tools, a bit of scrap brass, and a thousand years of accumulated skill.

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John Ben is one of the kids who wants very much to be an engineer. He is one of the few lads who are not afraid to get their hands dirty; most students think that manual labor is undignified, something for the servants to do. But John gets a bang out of creating something with his own two hands, - a book-shelf last week, and a coat of whitewash for his room. Well, John and I sometimes take walks about town, poking our inquisitive noses into all sort of places and asking all sorts of questions of the people. One day we saw in a tiny shop next to the coal ball factory, what appeared to be a donkey. The shop was only about 10 feet wide, but there was the donkey, blindfolded and walking around in a circle, running a do fu mill grinding soy beans, extracting a milk-like substance, the basis for many Chinese foods. The donkey was only about four feet nose to tail, and there was just enough room for him to make the circle, round and round and round. The mill stones were handmade, and the juice ran over the edges and was caught in a trough. The residue, a pulpy, clabbery substance, was drained in somewhat dirty cheesecloths, patted into various sized cakes. These cakes are peddled about the streets, and cooks and amahs come out at the peddler's mournful cry and buy a few. Fried in oil they taste like hell and are said to be very good for one, containing all the vitamins and proteins. The Chinese knew about vitamins many years ago.

Emma has just finished a lesson with her English class. The lesson today was about foods. It is difficult to imagine what a tangle we got into explaining the difference between dinner and luncheon and supper. "What is HAM?" What is BACON? Try explaining in 3-letter words. We are falling back on Ladies' Home Journal ads now for pictures of hams and pies and cakes. I think Emma's lesson on clothes was the funniest, especially on women's clothes. The kids, when in search of knowledge, have no sense of sex, and Emma's explanation of bras and girdles and corsets was a close race between a purely academic research project and a strip tease act. One kid's demonstration of "Disrobe" was almost too realistic for mixed company.

Now I must go down to the post office and mail this letter. It will cost \$41,000.00 Chinese currency - about 30 cents US. It will take 41 stamps of \$1,000 denomination. Where shall we stick them? The postal rates are going up faster than they can print the larger stamps. It's a wonderful and fearful country. And so with our great love to you -

Arthur

Wuchang, April 25, 1949

Dear Winnie: We are about to start off on another week and I am determined to write a letter to you before doing anything more. We get so involved with the "situation" at times that we are very good episcopalians and can say with all truthfulness "we have left undone those things which we ought to have done and we have done those things which we ought not to have done." The days speed by and there is much to be done and as a consequence we are very busy, and I am the guy who used to worry for fear I would not find anything interesting to do when I was retired. It makes me laugh now. ... Easter Sunday morning we had the, well, I was going to say "HEAVENLY" butter for breakfast. After months of army rubber butter, you can imagine what a great treat it was. Then, in our home life we always had chocolate layer cake - one of those little family traditions that develop - so we had the chocolate frosting on a layer cake, and Oh, Boy, was it good? We get sweet-hungry here. Then if you could have seen the joy the little package of "trifles" gave the children! On Saturday they painted hard boiled eggs and made an Easter basket which was to be a surprise for all of us at Easter breakfast. You can imagine their joy when Ruth said, "I think the Easter bunny left something else in the basket." Then began a search and each child came up with what looked like a big colored egg. Ruth had made wonder balls for them, wrapping all those little trifles in paper, then winding colored papers around so as to make big eggs. Both of them were so pleased. I went to the early service in the little chapel on Easter morning, an English service which I thoroughly enjoyed. I had attended services at home in the States and in New York on Easter Sunday where the music would be so divine that you were fairly carried to the gates of heaven and the flowers were just too beautiful for words, but somehow the simplicity and the dignity of the little service in the chapel with no flowers and no music, just six people worshipping together, was very rewarding and full

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of reverence. In the afternoon Ruth and I went to hear the student choir sing the Easter music from the Messiah. That was a glorious musical experience. Even now the chills go up and down my spine as I think over the event and hear those seriousfaced earnest-looking Christian Chinese singing, "He shall reign forever and forever." ... Then on Monday night I went to a meeting of the poetry club. Two of the younger members of the Chinese faculty gave a paper on the poetry of the Tung Dynasty. They regretted that Chinese poetry lost so much of its delicate fine feeling in the English translation. It is a blow to think that our English language of which we are so proud is so inadequate to express these finer shades of feeling. You would have smiled if you could have seen me starting out with one of these young Chinese faculty members. Ruth could not go so John had asked him to call for me. As we went down the steps he turned and in most gallant fashion said, "If an emergency should arise, will you please take my arm?" I told him that as far as I was concerned the emergency had arisen, so I took his arm immediately, as I cannot walk over these rough roads at night without assistance, so we "armed" it to the poetry meeting. ... On Tuesday night Jean, my favorite student, asked me to lead their devotions so I went with my little talk on the 23rd Psalm. The earnest little group looked as though they didn't understand a word I said, as I had to speak in English. Afterwards I asked Jean if they had understood any of it, and she said, "It does not matter if they did not understand as long as they remember the Lord is my shepherd." I thought how right she was and had to be content with that. On Thursday I played bridge with a little group that started this activity to get us through the "situation," and so we can get talked out. Each one brings all the news they have heard or know, so on Thursdays when I return from these little bridge teas I am a very popular member of the family. I relate it all and we have much fun straightening it all out. It is an outlet which we all need and should have in these troubled times. On Saturday afternoon we had a great treat when Mei-hsing's husband flew up from Shanghai and brought us a newspaper printed in Shanghai that same day. You can imagine the thrill of reading a fresh newspaper when we have had only those a week to ten days and sometimes two weeks old. The values change here in China and it is surprising many times where the emphasis finally ends. It is time for lunch now and I must stop and let Colonel finish his letter to you - I stole the typewriter when he wasn't looking. Our very dearest love to you!

Auntie

Wuchang, April 24, 1949

Winnie m'love: So many things to tell you today - where to begin? First, that the package of books arrived, as always at a psychological moment. I think I told you of getting the parcel with the shirts, which are now in use, and none too soon, and the aluminum foil, which has been taken by the radio department with screams of joy. Seems it's very scarce and is an essential material for some electrical doings they are involved in. Did I tell you that the moccasins and the green suede jerkin are the basis for the long-term game of being "Billy and Straight Arrow," complete with bamboo bows and arrows, and much stalking of coyotes down the terraces? As to family news, Dad and Unnie well, CF ear-deep in lectures, advising and student meetings, Minno stout and vigorous, Toots a bit frail and Ka lagging in sympathy but rising like a trout whenever the sun comes out. The garden is my life saver, for nerves and recuperation generally. We are keeping T out of school afternoons, and encouraging outdoor play and long naps, plenty of vitamins, milk, and leisure. She still leads her class, even on half time, and makes up for the social hours by having flocks of little girls chirping on the swing in the garden after school releases them. Minno is still unsold on kindergarten. He says simply and firmly that he prefers his "dear dear 'ome;" he sees no advantage of playing with a large group of little boys all of whom want the same train, when he can play with his own train at home. Company to him means his adored Gay, who thinks up such wonderful plays, and to him is all-powerful and all-wise. All of which means he still has some growing to do. ... This week saw some lovely bright days, really summer-hot, and we spent them in the garden with fine results. I wish you could see it, both as it is now, and as I plan it in the future - and for that matter with the memory of the deserted brickyard it used to be, intersected by stagnant open drains, full of nettles and featuring an abandoned lime-pit and the remains of an old air raid shelter. At present it has a high bamboo paling at both ends, which gives a degree of

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privacy and cuts off casual bypassers, with resultant cleanliness. All our windows face it. At one end Unnie's room overlooks the widest part where we are diligently developing perennials and grass. The narrowest part is deeply shaded by plane trees, and all along the flat land ends in a steep, formerly terraced hill, going down to the old moat, fringed with willow trees and haunted by birds. Our part is the highest ground round about, so it gets a good breeze and is a sort of look-out. We now have a swing, which is the social center of the bigger children, and a sand pit which all enjoy. In time we will build bamboo benches for the bigs, and make use of it more and more for a sitting room. We have already enjoyed many tea picnics and pleasant mornings out there, helping the gardener and just sitting. The pansies, roses, and marigolds are doing their best, and the small front flower borders are brave with purple iris. In a few days of sun we will have the locust trees in bloom, and will live in a cloud of perfumes. Dad is working away happily at his renovating projects, and will soon have the front walks all laid and the gardening done all round the building. He has made such marvelous improvements in our comfort here, not only for us but for all our neighbors. ... Of course, the Situation is always with us these days, and the fall of Nanking brings us that much nearer to inevitable change here. We expect that we may be cut off from US money and from mail service for a while when it comes, as the CP does not recognize the US, and the US does not recognize the CP, which makes for a silly situation, to put it mildly. However, such a blockade is bound to be only temporary, so don't be discouraged about keeping in touch with us. There is no reason why non-political mail and whatnot should not come through. At least, it is worth trying until it is proved impossible. ... Last night CP and I enjoyed a real treat. The students' "Border Dance" club gave a program, a combination recital of border dances and modern ballet. There is a great interest at the moment in the less known cultures of the northwestern area of China, Sinkiang and the Tibetan borders, and all students are interested in learning to do the folk dances of the people of this part of the country, as they are a real holdover from the primitive Chinese society. It is a sort of feeling back for cultural roots, on the part of the students, and a very desirable and healthy turning away from European cultural expressions which are bound to be purely imitative. The students danced astonishingly well, for complete amateurs. Their only accompaniment was a chorus of singers, led by a Chinese fiddle and occasionally a drum or gong. The folk dances included several courting dances, of great vigor and interest, and one delightful ballet of the rice, in which they acted out the whole drama of the rice growing, to the music of traditional folk songs - it was partly ballet, partly folk dance, and wholly delightful. They also presented one propaganda piece called "Hitler Still Lives," in which a character made up as Hitler was shown being revived by England and America, while a chorus of Hitler ghosts rejoiced in the background. This piece was not original with our students, but indicates the direction that propaganda is taking. The audience was a huge and enthusiastic one, and they sang heartily between numbers and generally rejoiced. The student sympathy even in our markedly non-political institution is, shall we say, liberal? At least, I saw none in tears over today's events. ... End of page and 40 themes to mark yet for Monday. Loads of love from us all.

Ruth

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O. S. ...
Monday June 6, 1949

Wuchang

My dear Winnie:

We understand from the radio that Shanghai postoffice will now take mail for the States, so we are taking a chance on this letter getting through to you. Quite naturally there has not been time enough for the new government to organize an international postal service, but they have done a remarkable job in reestablishing communication in liberated territory.

The liberation of this city occurred May 16 and was very peaceful and quiet. On Sunday the National Army withdrew. On Monday the Liberation army came in - just a small detachment. Everything quiet, orderly, no fighting, no disorder. New civil authorities took over, issued a proclamation for everybody to continue his job, carry on as usual - that all foreign property was to be protected and foreigners not to be molested nor interfered with. They have meticulously carried out this policy. Shops are open, food comes in as usual, and life goes on. We go about the campus, the Thursday bridge game continues, classes go on.

Ruth and John, kids, Emma and I are well -- better than ever. Kids are thriving after a hard winter. The garden is blooming full of flowers, the rain keeps on coming down - ten days so far, but this is the rainy season. Ferry to Hankow is operating. Emma and I may go over for a spree this week. Mail from the States is expected this week. Rumor reports a ship up from Shanghai yesterday. We should have mail soon. Last mail from home arrived May 16. Telegraph and telephone service to Shanghai is operating. Currency situation still unsettled. Silver dollars in great demand. Foreign checks still not salable but probably will be soon. American dollar bills are very desirable and can be traded for anything we need. Will write more details as soon as mail service is reestablished. Love to you -

A. C. Earnshaw

Dear Winnie:

Just a line to let you know you are in our thoughts and in our hearts, that we all are sending our love and greetings. We are rejoicing that communication has been reestablished and that means such a lot. We have had a grand reading feast during the past few weeks - in the meantime have been busy with the mending - have repaired old blankets - just now I am making a sun suit for Minno - with no machine progress is slow but we are getting there. We had ice cream a week ago - the first since last summer - a big event in our lives! Colonel and Ruth have been busy making a garden - it is lovely now - have had so much rain that everything is lush and green - air is so heavy with moisture - making it difficult to breathe.

Our very dearest love to you.

Auntie

Read for Claire Chennault's
"Ray of Light"

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Wuchang, December 10, 1949

Dearest Winnie:

In a few minutes when the children get in from school I must go out in the garden and pick a few roses and chrysanthemums for the dinner table tonight. Doesn't that sound fantastic? It is really cold winter now but the garden keeps right on performing, which I cannot understand unless we have loved it so dearly that the warmth lingers on. The chrysanthemums have been magnificent and there is still a brave ring of gold all around the grass plot, the zinnias are taking on more autumnal tints, but the lavender cosmos and the sweet williams are booming along and an occasional snap dragon snaps. In front of the house there is a fine border of miniature button mums, bright yellow, and a fine big bush of dark maroon ones, which the cook has trained on splints to grow like the red star which is now over China! Dad and Unnie have gone to Hankow to do their Christmas shopping. Our list of people gets longer every year because babies keep on happening. We only give Christmas presents to children nowadays, but we do like to see that all the kids we have anything to do with get something purely frivolous for Christmas. Unnie has a good backlog of dolls and bunnies which she made so lovingly all fall, and now she is out for painting sets and jars of candy for the larger fry. There will also be a good number of warm garments to go with the things for fun, thanks to Joyce Horner's Corso friends in New Zealand. They sent her a big bagful just before communications closed last spring, so we held them over till cold weather would make their distribution more timely. Dad and Unnie are both well and sticking it out in good spirits. To their great relief they had a cable from the bank this week, assuring them that Unnie's pension checks are now being received in Scranton and deposits there. We don't know yet what has become of Dad's, but having at least one set in order relieves them of the necessity of thinking about returning to America. The more they think of the problems of finding a home there the less they are inclined to go. I am more busy this term than usual with my teaching work, as I am making an all-out effort to get on top of certain technical aspects of it. So far I feel I have just slid along on the surface, but this year I am determined to make it my chief occupation. With Unnie to hold the fort at home and both children in school half days I have a freer mind and more time. Since September I have romped through the Nibelungenlied, the Divine Comedy, the Greater Testament of Villon, Don Quixote, and am now tackling Candide, with Goethe's Faust looming on the horizon. In addition, and running on a parallel track, I am working out a series of reading lessons for freshmen, using biographical material on the writers of the western world who seem to me to be most significant of important aspects of western thought. Each reading is limited to 500 words, and must be factual, expressed fairly simply, yet using a variety of sentence structure, designed to fit into the grammatical review that I give in little bits all during the year. There are also vocabulary-building exercises for each reading, and questions to test comprehension. It is a lot of fun working them up, and when they are done I will probably never teach freshman english again. Life is like that! We have a great many meetings this year as the various newly established government agencies have to instruct the various branches of the public as to new principles and policies. It is a phase that will pass but it is time-consuming and interrupts production. The students are working particularly well this fall, though, and morale is high. We have a lot of inspection visits from the police registration office, checking on residence permits, etc. but there has been no interference with our living or our teaching. The college has not been hampered in any way, and there has recently been a general returning of institutional property that had been requisitioned for temporary use, which is an encouraging earnest of good faith. Travel within the country is still limited and I have not heard of any new foreigners being admitted, at least not from countries which have not recognized the new regime. It is ridiculous to hold out on recognition, and I hope that America will soon make the necessary gestures. There is really only one government existing in China, and it will not help to make it liberal, progressive and friendly to refuse all intercourse with liberal, progressive and formerly friendly peoples. China is too proud of her ancient culture and too deeply Chinese to take kindly to any foreign domination, but she needs friends, desperately. I hope that the U. S. will be one of them. Compared with the old regime, this government is

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giving just, conscientious administration, and there is an idealism and a devotion to the cause that is an enabling thing to the young people who are taking up the burden. It is a terrific contrast to the cynicism and discouragement of the preceding years. The situation is still formative. I am glad to be in on it and able to see history happening. . . . Please tell our deepest thanks to Helen Tartakoff for her wonderful gift, and to Dorrie Snow, Mary Worthen, and the Senn Players for theirs. Together they all made enough for us to give the six teachers at the primary school an extra month's pay as a Christmas bonus. It came in the nick of time to meet a rise in prices and exchange, and was a life-saver. . . . The baby clinic is still in operation, with a growing clientele, even though the babies who were our first customers are now almost in kindergarten already. But new candidates keep on coming, and though we no longer hand out milk, we still can provide vitamins, cod liver oil, and advice. The kids thrive on it, and it is a fine crop we are raising. Just as the milk powder went off the market, the college began its co-operative dairy, and we can now safely use our own cows' product. Almost all the new campus ground has been laid out in vegetable beds, and everyone is eating better these days as a result. The playground continues popular, although right now it is rather cold and blwy for the small fry to be out much. . . . John is working long hours these days too, especially doing psych. tests on all his numerous students. He puts them through a whole battery of tests and measurements which end up with a sort of personality profile and abilities estimate, which he then discusses privately with each, giving each one an idea of how he is equipped for living. It is a big work, and one of inestimable value to the students. In time, too, it will provide some solid information of a scientific nature about personality and brains in China. . . . Now I must stop for I have a date with Gay and Minno to make Christmas tree ornaments. Even if I could buy them I don't think I ever would again, they get such pleasure out of what they make themselves. A lumpy clay angel with one silver wing gives Minno a greater thrill of creative pride than the most finished product of Kresge and Dennison. And Gay is now able to make quite attractive things with paper, paste, and scissors. The colored papers that came by parcel post are now in great demand. . . . Good bye now, and keep warm!

RUTH

Wuchang - December 18, 1949

Dearest Winnie:

Your letter accounting for all letters and money sent since spring came this week, and we are glad to report that practically everything seems accounted for. John has brought the bank book up to date, and we are now in better condition than we thought. The funds deposited for the primary school were used to give a Christmas bonus for the teachers of one extra month's salary. It was very welcome and necessary. We determined to do it, and then the money came! Life is like that, we find. We have had no comment from anyone on our personal financial affairs, and I think our disposition of American funds would be quite acceptable if anyone should decide to mind our business for us. Anyway, there are far bigger fish than we, and we just keep supplies moving along, from American friends to the children who need things. The friends may like to know that the primary school is running in full force, with a new full-time principal, a Rua Chung graduate and an experienced administrator. She also teaches the sixth grade and is doing a splendid piece of work. The school is under the general administration of all primary schools of private support in the city, and we have to conform to general regulations as to hours of attendance, text books used, etc. There can be no religious instruction during school hours, and Christmas this year, fortunately falling on Sunday, will be observed by a Sunday School Party, which will take in most of the children anyway. Our HC students have a rousing big non-denominational Sunday School in operation, on their own initiative, and more than a hundred kids attend. I have not yet sent our two, because Sunday is their only free day, and with my working all week and their being at school, if we don't reserve Sunday for our private family affairs we are in danger of becoming merely speaking acquaintances! I find I have had to make a formal schedule of every

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day to keep track of the various comings and goings of all members, as all the different grades of school and college meet at different hours. From 5-6 of each day is dedicated to the kids, though, and we faithfully meet for a session on my bed, when I can rest my tired back, and we read aloud, talk, make things, sing, and just generally concentrate in an hour the visiting of a day. It has the advantage of being done on purpose and the equal disadvantage of being done on purpose, but is better than just scrambling through the days hectically and never having time for fun together. I don't know how we'd manage without dad and Unnie. I have to put in more time now on my teaching, and when a child is grounded with a cold, which one can expect at regular intervals, what a godsend it is to have a patient loving Unnie to read aloud and keep company when I go out.

Time out. Went downtown with dad for a short spell of Christmas shopping. It was a bit cold but we had good hunting. We have recently become acquainted with two brothers who own their own rickshas and when we want to shop it is a wonderful convenience to engage them, as they stay with us to the bitter end, know where we ought to go for what we want, and don't bargain and fuss when we pay them. Their rickshas are clean and springy and a pleasure to ride in, and the men don't have to labor so hard, either. So we went forth with the Chang brothers and had a good trip. Coming home we passed several parades of working men carrying spades, dancing the yang-ko, headed for working parties on the roads somewhere. It is a common practice now for white collar employees, students, teachers, etc. to put in their Saturday afternoons doing manual labor of some kind. It is partly disciplinary, to teach the more privileged the taste of hard work, and partly to get certain public works done. There is still a lot of rubble to clear up since the Jap bombings, in some parts of the city, and now where brick heaps festered for the past four years, we begin to see vegetable gardens in neat little patches as land is reclaimed and rubble cleared off. I have never seen Wuchang look as clean as it does now, and business seems to be a little better than before. I am working tonight in Unnie's room, as she and dad have gone out for dinner, and CF has gone to the Rin-chia-ch'ao Philosophers' club. Unnie's room is a sort of social center for the most weirdly assorted group you ever saw. This afternoon when we came in we found two little Cantonese girls perched in here on a box, warming their cold southern toes by the fire, with little chirps of pleasure, Minno the Mighty Wuzbubble enthroned on the couch in a nest of blankets, cutting out lace paper doilies in a perfect sea of scraps, Gay in Auntie's bed reading bliss-fully through all the confusion, a somewhat bewildered sophomore boy was making tea, Unnie was dusting off the biscuit tin, and Li Hsien, the houseboy, was stirring everything up with the fire tongs, mending the stove. To this base was soon added Anne Fulton, with her two-year old, bringing in an armful of antiques for dad to choose from then the laundress stalked in to deliver in equal parts the laundry and her opinions of the antiques. This is all just a typical quiet Saturday afternoon at home for Unnie. She says sometimes her head swims with it all but it is diverting. And now comes a rap at the door, so I shall let in my wandering philosopher and call it a day. Next week will be a busy one, with a student show on Friday evening, the Messiah on Saturday afternoon, a party here for the junior faculty on Saturday night, and then Christmas itself. So far we don't know if there will be a holiday on the 26th but we are hoping. If so I'll write a more coherent letter than if I can. Love -

RUTH

Wuchang, China, January 1, 1950

Dearest Win -

The last tea guest has been bowed out into the drizzle, Minno is temporarily placated in bed with paper and scissors. Gay is rearranging the doll furniture, and the grands are unwinding by the fire. The festivities of Christmas and New Year are drawing to a close, and to change the tempo I want to sit down at my untidy desk and wish you a happy New Year

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with the first letter of 1950. We have had a lovely Christmas and a fair share of New Year gaiety. The lasting parts of Christmas are unaffected by the new circumstances of our life, but there are changes in mood and atmosphere that are notable. Fortunately Christmas came on a Sunday and it was possible to have a one day holiday following it. The students sang the Messiah music better than ever before, and there was a good attendance at church services, in spite of every disadvantage of cold drizzle, which has been going on for weeks, it seems. We had our usual Christmas eve party for the junior faculty, and enjoyed the singing of the carollers at midnight, the thrills of the children opening their parcels, and the very lovely Christmas dinner at night for the grownups, given by the Fultons. Our children's Christmas party for the babies took place on the 21st, and it was a gala day. They adored the dollies and bunnies that Unnie made, and I think she felt well repaid for the hours she spent on the project during the hot weather this summer and fall... Our youngsters had a very fine time with their parcels and surprises. This year we had a homemade wooden playhouse, produced by the carpenter shop of the college, and it is a dandy - big and complicated, with lots of things to do. It can yet be painted, and it is solid enough that alterations by a little boy will not be fatal. It was Minno's big moment for the year. I think Gay's greatest thrill was her penknife, a thing she has been longing for for many months. She is a tomboy at this stage and all she wants is boy toys, games and books....

Following Christmas week-end I have had a strenuous time, though, as darling Professor Wuzbubble came down with a mysterious fever, and although he is better today he continues to go up and down in an irregular sort of way, responding to sulfa but apparently not getting over the top of it yet. His birthday was celebrated on Friday very quietly, with a mild family celebration, but even that was not too good for him, although omitting it would have been worse Next day - We are reconsidering our English dept. curriculum pretty drastically and I hope that there will be useful changes forthcoming. The head will retire to England come February, and the new head will be Walter Allen, who is young, American, progressive, and trained in linguistics at Columbia, which will all be a big help. Our retiring head is English, 63, conservative, and trained in Greek at Manchester. Her idea of racy reading is Thackeray, and because she can't understand anything in American written later than 1870, all such material has been tacitly ignored in the book buying, which pretty effectively handcuffs anyone with a different taste or opinion. We hope now to be able to offer our students a much more attractive course in their first two years, letting the junior-senior course follow more tutorial lines. If we don't make some big visible concessions to the students' needs there won't be any need for a department at all, so there we are!I must hand this over to John now and get it on its way. It was so nice to have your cable for Christmas, and to feel really in touch with you across the seas. Pass on our greetings and New Year wishes to all our friends. I just don't write anyone any more. PS - Tuesday - Prof. Wuzbubble's trouble turns out to be pneumonia, a light case but worrisome. Still this morning shows real improvement; he is able to make known his needs for paper and pencils for more pictures of sabre tooth tigers! You can see he is better!

RUTH

Haichung University, Wuchang, China, January 2, 1950

Dear Winnie - Each of us is trying to write you about our Christmas which was a grand and beautiful one, thoroughly enjoyed by all. Having the children in a home makes such wonderful excuses for doing all sorts of things you would not do otherwise. Then there is such a nice exchange of greetings in this university - each one tries to make the other one very happy, and as a result there is a sort of an aura around the place - all of love and light. As the days go by from Christmas it seems as though the aura grows dimmer. It is such a pity, as one feels as though there had been a vision of what the world may be - if we could make it last.

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On the afternoon before Christmas Ruth and Gay and I went to hear the Christmas portion of the Messiah sung by the university choir. It was a great experience. All the choir was dressed in white surplices, and with the very black hair of the Chinese it made a wonderful study in black and white. Their hands seemed to be such strange colors as they held their music, and as I looked I found each girl was wearing colored mittens; and then below the white surplices protruded the strangest array of slacks and padded Chinese gowns. But I wish you could have heard the student sing those opening lines, "Comfort ye, my people" - the most beautiful voice, soft and sweet and mellow. It was the kind of voice that makes you think of cool mountain streams, the first wild flowers of spring, and things like that. Then in the evening John and Ruth had invited the Junior Faculty members for a party which was greatly enjoyed. Then came the carollers singing their carols before the door of each faculty member's home. One of the girls sang in front of my door and that pleased me no end. Then on Sunday morning the children had their stockings and other gifts. Arthur had had made a real doll house with upstairs and downstairs, roofs that would come off, walls to be taken down and rearranged. Such fun as they had with that. After Christmas dinner we had Christmas tea for the students who had been coming to my room, and that was a great pleasure. We had loads to eat, a fireplace fire going, we sang carols and rounds, and also Gay and Minno acted out the Good King Wencelaus. They are in the spirit of King Arthur right now so their mother had made for them long capes (from the old drapes from our Scranton home) and tin shields and swords fashioned by the local tinsmith. The children were thrilled to death with them. For the part of the monarch in the carol Gay donned her cape and added a small red cap for a crown. Minno donned his cape, adding a wool cap in which a pheasant feather was stuck; it was the feather which made him a page. Ruth sang the first verse of the carol behind the door through which Gay and Minno entered the room, Gay looking out of the window as the carol tells us, "Good King Wencelaus looked out". Then the two children came in on the second verse. I wish you could have heard Minno singing "Sire, he lives a good league hence." He came in boldly and clearly. Then when the King ordered "Bring me wine," etc. Minno walked on with a loaf of bread and an old wine bottle. At that point the students could hardly contain themselves. Such a round of applause greeted them at the end. The next day they went through it for one of our friends who dropped in. Minno stopped right in the middle of the last line and shouted, "Be sure to clap." In the evening we went to the Fultons for our Christmas dinner at eight o'clock. That put the ending on a nice day. John invited four students whom he knows well to come and stay in the house while we were gone. We loaded that table with goodies for them so they had a good time too.

Then on the Tuesday afternoon after Christmas Arthur and I went over to the convent, to see the pageant which the little Chinese children were doing. Mother Ursula had written asking us to come. This particular group of sisters (part of an Episcopalian order) do such valiant work, run a kindergarten, a clinic, also an industrial center, also a sort of Home for the very poor and sick. This order has been here for years and have been evacuated several times. The story of their lives would fill several books. One of the sisters that afternoon told me how they were with the soldiers of the "death march" at the time the Americans rescued them. They were all taken to a big building where they heard the BBC telling over the loudspeaker about the very thing of which they had been a part. To go back to the pageant, I almost wept as these little children, not more than four or five years old, acted out the Christmas story. If only you could have seen the angel who came carrying a stick of colored paper to which had been attached the Annunciation lillies - all in paper. In their very much padded gowns the Chinese children look like tumble toms, anyway; then when they were attired as angels, with cheap cotton colored materials making their wings, they were broader than they were long. They could hardly get their arms up to stand as angels should. Afterward they did their little songs and dances and had band music. Somehow or other it makes things seem worth while and makes you want to keep on trying when you think of the students singing the Messiah, our students singing (in Chinese) "Oh come, all ye faithful," and the Christmas story as it was given by these little Chinese children.

Then on New Year's Eve the Fultons invited us over to their little dancing party which was a lot of fun. That brought to a close a very happy holiday time with many enriching and rewarding experiences. Now we are all settled for another year. If we can get recognition we will be all set. A cablegram from our bank informed me that my checks had gone through all right. That is a comfort and relieves our financial difficulties for the present. Lovingly-

AUNTIE

My dear Winnie - There is space left for a footnote to Emma's newsful letter. The one thing I want to say is that according to our letters from the States, you are all very much concerned about our safety. Well, you need not be at all. We are perfectly safe, perfectly comfortable, and having a wonderful time. Do not believe all the propaganda you read in American mags and newspapers, particularly the alarming statements that may be made by returning diplomats and others. They all have to justify their scrambling out of China and must needs make it appear that we are in daily danger of being jailed. It just isn't so. We have had no interference of any kind since the liberation. The new government is doing a swell job of rebuilding, railroad to Canton opens this week - through train service from Peking to Canton, the whole length of China. They are trying to stem the inflationary prices. All the students are putting in a day's work on filling in trenches dug by the late government - a great lesson in public service. The changes the Department of Education has recommended are sound and much needed. The refusal to allow foreigners to roam about the country is perfectly justified by the fact that most foreigners, particularly Americans, are openly hostile to the new government and the fact that there is a war going on. So do not be alarmed by jingo stories. If, as, and when there is any danger to us here, trust us to have plenty of warning and that we shall scam if we have to. If our own State Department could only stop calling names and open up conversations with the real Chinese, all would be well. Recognition is bound to come some day; why not bow to the inevitable and do it gracefully! Love to you -

ARTHUR

Huachung University, January 14, 1950

My dear Winnie: There are an awful lot of people in China. They haven't been counted lately on account of other pressing business, but the best estimate is 500 million. That's a lot of people. The difficulty of interpreting China to the people of America lies in just that fact. Too many people, too many individuals, too many thousands of diverse interests, too many motivations. It is impossible to lump China into one lump and try to say what "China thinks," what "China wants." It is impossible to classify China as "Communists," as "democratic," as anything definite, clear cut. It is an amorphous blob of human beings; a mass of individuals being born, procreating, working at the individual's job, dying -- endless, ceaseless repetition of individual life processes.

This great gob of people is as impalpable as a cloud and still as persistent. China impresses me as comparable to a mass of frog eggs in the spring - a more or less cohesive entity, held together with a gelatinous transparent something, incapable of movement of its own volition, but basically composed of individual frogs. Influencing China as a whole is as impossible as driving a nail into a fog bank. The Japanese occupied this whole country in the last year. They were everywhere, in every city and village. Now they have gone, disappeared, vanished, leaving absolutely no impress upon the country. You could never know that there had been a Japanese occupation.

China has had many governments, empresses, war lords, dictators, presidents, none of them stemming from the people; all of them imposed from above. Governments have come and gone, but the great mass of people that is China has steadily survived, and will continue to survive. Famines have starved millions, floods have swept over hundreds of square miles,

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disease has been widespread, inflation has destroyed financial solvency, but these great magnificent people have gone steadily on, plodding through mud, through cold, through depression, through wars; always surviving, always living. Truly a great and wonderful people.

My dear Winnie, I started this letter with a hope that I could in some way explain to you and through you to our friends in America that China is not communist, is not methodist, is not episcopalian, is not democratic, is not prohibitionist, but just 500 million individual human beings whose only common denominator is that fact that they were born in this geographical area that we know as China. If our people, especially our statesmen, could only fully realize that no one person or group of persons can speak for all China, we might avoid the obvious errors of oversimplification. But the job of explaining China is too big a job for me. I bog down in even thinking about it, let alone trying to put it in words. China is faced with a tremendous job of reconstruction. The problems are many, and complicated, and will take all the resources of the people to solve. The people in America can best help by being patient and tolerant, by understanding the efforts that are being made, by loving these hard-working, patient people -- by just being helpful.

But John is happy because he has just had the gatekeeper make about 50 feet of sausage for us all to eat this Chinese New Year. This is the season when everybody smokes and dries and salts fish and pork and makes sausage. The gatekeeper is a cleanly person, who sits in his new gate house and who turns out to be an expert sausage maker. So John bought a lot of pork and engaged the man to make our sausage. We watched him cooking it over a little charcoal brazier in the gate house yard. Then he stuffed the long sausage by hand, tying the long string in six inch lengths. The whole string, yards long, was draped over a bamboo pole and last night was handed over to our cook. The pole was long -- too long to put anywhere but in my bedroom, where they hung it up over the curtain rods. In the morning the cook takes the pole out into the back yard and hangs it up in a tree. His little son takes on the "watch cat, watch birds" job to protect the precious string. But we shall have Chinese sausage come New Years.

Our present project is the making of a water heater for our weekly baths. The present method is to heat a gallon of water over the kitchen stove, drag the tin tub into Unnie's bedroom before the potbellied stove, bucket the hot water in, scrub, dry, and then bucket the water out again. Not a very satisfactory method. So Ruth and I have designed a Chinese brick stove, made of common bricks. We are negotiating with the tinmith to cut up an oil drum and make a sizeable tank which will be embedded in the interior of the stove, connect it up to the chimney, turn on the cold water faucet, light a coal ball fire, and pray that the dam thing will work. The stove ought to heat the bathroom as well as the water. If it works we may cut down the interval between baths to 3 days instead of 7. We never realized what a luxury a bath tub could be.

Mail service from the States has been spotty, indicating that the US post office is not functioning very well. One letter came through in 8 days. Your November 23 letters came yesterday. The Chinese service is fine and mail comes up from Hongkong and Canton in two or three days. I think there is air service from Frisco to Hong Kong but apparently the US post doesn't know that letters landing in Hong Kong come through by railroads in very fast time. We have no air service out of China as yet, but we may find a way to send mail to Hong Kong, there to be British air mail stamped for air service to the States. Minno has been sick with pneumonia the past two weeks, poor kid, but is on the mend now. He will be bedbound for another two weeks but he is pretty rugged and will recover rapidly. It is hard on Ruth, however, being nurse and carrying a pretty heavy teaching load. Unnie is a most faithful standby, however, and takes over the never-ending linen and clothing washing job as well as sitting with Minno while Ruth goes over to college. Unnie is as well as can be expected with this beastly climate, little amusement, little liberty of movement, and no magazines! But mail service is definitely improving, and when the US recognizes China, things ought to move along smoothly. Our great love to you -

ARTHUR

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Haichung University - January 30, 1950

Dear Winnie - Three of the Cantonese students who were here on Saturday are returning to their homes on Tuesday for the mid-winter recess and they told us they would take our letters and mail them from Hong Kong air mail. We shouted for joy as it was a grand chance to get letters to you quickly. They leave on Tuesday afternoon as soon as the exams are over, then they take the evening train out of Wuchang, arriving in Canton early Thursday morning. They go third class and consider it quite a lark. As they have not been able to go to their homes for a year, you can easily imagine their joy at the prospect of seeing their families again. I had a little tea bridge party for them on Saturday afternoon. They all play such a keen game of bridge, looking at you so innocently and wide-eyed as they take all your tricks. They surely play for blood and I would not put it past them to do anything for a little fun. Alas, my game has not gathered any momentum through the years, and at best is as mild as a summer day so you can easily see I am like a white wooly lamb among them. We laughed our heads off and had a good time.

You will be glad to know that Minno is much better, able to be around and to come to the table for his meals. Ruth has been a splendid nurse and has brought him through in fine shape. She is rushed right now and has asked me to write for her as she is busy getting ready all of John's things for a two weeks' conference at Wuhan. That means he has to go there and stay all that time. As he looks after all the housekeeping arrangements we feel that each one of us must gather up a rope and hang onto the boat in his absence. He does things so quietly and efficiently. Also he has been doing such splendid work in preaching at this time. He is in great demand on all sides. People tell me afterwards that John gives them the necessary inspiration and comfort for these troubled times. He seems to be able to interpret our religion in a way which means so much. We are all very proud of him. Yesterday he preached at the Cathedral in Hankow and was a guest at luncheon in the Bishop's home.

Arthur is still plugging away at the "damned language" as he calls it. He is getting to a point where he really can speak and make people understand (Chinese). I think it is wonderful, as it is not an easy language by any manner of means. I pick up a word here and there. Ruth says I can get farther with the least Chinese of anyone she knows. While the winning smile is on my face I set out what I want and it works like magic. Ruth adds as long as you keep your thought clear you can make people understand anything. Why can't we use that technique in the big affairs of the world?

I am about to start on another toy and doll project for the little urchins in Hankow. These are the children who have been attacking foreigners. One of our friends has taken them into her home and gives them two hours each morning in schooling and games, etc. They have practically nothing to amuse them so she asked if I would start making them some toys. Jean, my favorite student will help me after Tuesday and it will keep both of us busy during the mid-year recess. Now I must stop. Ruth has just popped her head in and asked me to make a flannel pillow for John - all of which I must do today. There is no heat at all at all at all in any of the rooms where he will be for the next two weeks. If all the Chinese could be made warm and comfy and well fed for a year, I am quite sure the country would advance by leaps and bounds. Do write us often as you can. Lovingly,

AUNTIE

PS - I almost forgot to tell you that since the rebuilding of the railway from Hong Kong we have had bananas once more. After a year of "yes, we have no bananas" you can imagine our great joy at having them again. It seems as though we cannot get enough of them. I never thought I would be lyrical over bananas but that is one of the things life does to you in China.

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And PS from Ruth - Dearest Win - The children just told me I looked like a "distracted mother mouse getting peas and beans for her children in the woods" (see the epic of P. Rabbit, B.P. Potter) as I ran to and fro assembling the essentials for John to take to Wuhan. It is a conference on contemporary affairs, shall we say, for all senior ranking professors - two weeks long, and sessions all day every day, mostly lectures in frigidly cold rooms, and dorm. living in the intervals. There is discussion but all the answers are in the glossary, so it all adds up to a long cold sit. It means J must take a padded quilt, blankets, wash basin, thermos for drinking water, etc. We can see the towers of Wuhan from our windows but it might as well be Mars for all the practical contact once he goes. I pray that the cook will not get drunk, the water pipes will not freeze, and no one will get sick for the next fortnight! My last exam is tomorrow and then I will concentrate on domestic issues - Love

RUTH

February 11, 1950 - Wuchang

Dear Win - Today is about the coldest most miserable day you ever would want to see. Not Chicago cold, but grim and sleeting and muddy, and I suppose it seems all the grimmer for having seen John go off at 7 AM to Wuhan university for the conference. Theoretically he was not to have been home all the time of the conference, but he has managed to squeeze off a few hours, by cutting meals and social hours, to come home and see us. It has been the longest two weeks of my life, I declare. I begin to appreciate how much work it is to run this bug household. When John is here he orders the meals and attends to one million domestic details, particularly the matters involving money. As the money and prices vary all the time, it takes a master mathematician to keep it all straight, and I can't add a bridge score without aid. So these few days have been character builders for Ruthie!

It began with the house boy falling ill with flu on the first day of John's absence. This threw all the domestic machinery into a tailspin. The boy is responsible for the stoves, coal, ashes, and general housework, such as sweeping, table setting, and getting the meals on. The cook cooks, period. So right off we had the added difficulty of having to handle not only CF's usual affairs but the boy's as well. And then Unnie came down with flu, and that meant sick room meals and nursing on top of the other. And then Tootsie came down with it. Also Minno is convalescing from pneumonia, which has kept him grounded since his birthday, and requires a good bit of supervision to keep him from running into trouble again. Luckily, as Toots went down, the boy, I-hsien, came up, and can wobble around doing at least some of his usual work. Then to make sure we wouldn't be lonely everyone we know has been coming in to call, and one day we had 11 different callers in the course of the day. I love my friends and appreciate their care, but 11 visits, plus the nursing, plus the housekeeping is, shall we say, enough? But the end is not yet. We had been plugging for a long time to get some decent plumbing put into this house. Carried water for a family of six is really too much work for the boy, and means everyone goes dirty in cold weather, as baths involve such a lot of work; we keep ourselves down to one tub each week, using auntie's warm room as a scene of operations. So Dad decided this winter vacation we would put an end to all that. Conferences on the matter alone occupied three full afternoons, and just as the general domestic confusion was at its height the plumbers descended, about 14 of them, and took over one end of the house. Minno enjoyed it deeply, as there is nothing he likes so much as building and tearing up foundations, and Dad enjoyed it, but I must say all my enjoyment has been in the future tense, as I contemplate the joys of a bath in a tub in a warm room, with running hot water and a real "blush" toilet as Minno calls it.

In excavating for the pipes we had a thrilling moment when we found a hidden trap door and an unsuspected shallow cellar, which turned out to be full of window screens for windows which the Japs removed, and a case of empty J been bottles. And one J sandal. The workmen were overjoyed at the loot because good bottles sell at a nice price. I half feared they might find the rest of the Jap the shoe belonged to, but nothing more turned up!

Sunday

It is now the next day and colder than before. Last night it rained and froze so the ground is covered with ice and it is COLD. Yesterday we got so worried about the students and their perfectly unheated quarters that we sent word for them to come over in relays of six or so at a time, to spend a while in the warmth of our fireside and get thawed out. It is really unbearable to be without any way to get warm at all as they are in the hostels. So last night, this morning, and now there are students all over the place. They all brought their books, and are quiet as mice to start with, but when they thaw out they make more noise. I try not to talk to them very much so they don't have to think in English. Toots is feeling better, thank goodness, and if the weather moderates she can soon get up. However, we are due to have it like this for a few days more. China New Year is next week and after that comes spring. And it really comes, with enthusiasm, and no holding back. This storm is the worst of the winter and is all foretold in that wonderful Chinese farmers' almanac.

When John comes, when John comes home - all my thoughts begin with this proviso! Anyway when ... I have oceans of work to prepare for next term. It is impossible to do anything right now, though, as I am too interrupted to think very well. I smile when I look over my notebook for this week and see that I have bought two pots of orchids and two of daisies, a leg of venison, five loads of coal dust, a crate of laundry soap, and a pound of white salt! I have two menservants, a laundress, and a small boy to run errands, but I can't get a bath for love or money, and I am worn out from marching up and down a house a half a block long answering questions. It is a queer life indeed, but at least not dull, and I wouldn't exchange it for one more comfortable and conventional. At times Unnie and I look at each other and break down into silent laughter when something particularly outlandish happens, and it is a comfort to us both. Such things as a very deeply unbathed student coming to offer her a perfectly exquisite scroll, a monochrome on mauve silk, showing a pine tree sheltering a young plum branch, a delicate gesture of thanks for her help in phonetics class! Now I must go see to my parlor full of thawing students. With loads of love from all of us here in Cloud Bridge Town.

R.

And again, continuing - this time on Feb. 17, with China New Year holidays on and everything quiet and peaceful, John home, everyone up and well, the new plumbing working with dreamlike efficiency! It is like waking up from a nightmare. Your good cable with NY greetings came in, to our great joy, along with our letter telling about the money from the Phi Deltis. Many thanks to our pals. I'll try to do a letter addressed to them before school opens. Meanwhile, please tell them that the money was used before it came (!) to give our primary school teachers a New Year bonus. It is just too uncanny how it always works. When we need some extra unbudgeted funds and dig into the Lo grocery purse to meet some unexpected need, invariably we get a letter from you announcing that some one or ones have just deposited funds for us in the bank to cover it. So we never hesitate to dig in, and we never worry! Loads of love -

RUTH

February 21, 1950

Dear Win: Your cable with New Year greetings reached us on the last day of the old year. We were delighted and it made us feel your presence in the midst of our festivities. The weather has been just lovely and the children are enjoying outdoor sports again.

From February 1st to the 15th I attended a conference on Higher Education called by the local Ministry of Education. The Huachung Delagation consisted of 20 professors and assistant professors. The conference was held at Wuhan University. Over 300 people met and discussed educational problems and listened to political lectures. The main purpose of the conference was to make us understand the policies of the present government so that we may readjust our own work. Here in Huachung we are making an attempt to revise our curriculum to make it more

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realistic, and to integrate the activities of the various departments.

I must give you a brief report on the Earnshaw Primary School. Thanks to the generous contributions of many of our friends, the school has been able not only to maintain its existence, but to continue to improve. There are now 7 full-time teachers in the school, and two servants. The principal is a graduate of Huachung. Last semester the enrollment was 130 boys and girls, including those in the kindergarten. The school fees collected from the pupils form the main source of income of the school. Last semester this income was almost enough to pay four months' salaries and wages. For the other two months' salaries and wages the Board of Directors of the school raised two hundred dollars (U.S. currency). All our American friends' contributions sent through you made up a good part of the two hundred dollars. The second semester is just beginning. Beginning this month all teachers' and servants' salaries and wages are raised 40%. This is done primarily to relieve the teachers' growing needs and partly to promote greater efficiency. The former kindergarten teacher has resigned, and the principal is still looking for a new one.

Although this is supposed to be our vacation time we have meetings almost every day. Tomorrow evening our Faculty Discussion Group will hear a paper by a colleague on "Russian Democracy," which will be interesting because it will stimulate many heated arguments. On the following two evenings we have departmental meetings. Next week there will be meetings of the faculties of the different colleges and meetings of administrative officers. College reopens on March 1st but we do not begin teaching until the 6th.

I shall send this letter by air mail and hope it will reach you in good time. Our best wishes to you and all our friends.

CF

Friday, March 3, 1950

My dear Winnie: Way up the Tangtse, well up in the gorges, way up above Ichang, a long way from the sea, there is a silver plume of a waterfall, hanging on the mountain wall. Just a feathery wisp of bubbling water, cold and clear and sparkling in the sunshine, faintly glimmering in the moonlight, but always falling, falling down into the Yangtse below. The Tangtse gathers this water into its murky bosom and whirls it away. Down through the gorges, past Ichang and Whangpoo and a thousand little villages squatting along its banks. Under a thousand junks and sampans, past the headlands with their Buddhist temples atop, the age-old Yangtse sweeps and swirls. At Wuchang a Diesel-powered rotary sucks a few thousand gallons into its maw and pumps it up to the top of the Serpentine Hill. There it sits down and rests long enough for the Szechuan silt to settle in the settling basin. At seven each morning the valves are opened and water, blessed water, flows down through the street mains, finds its way up the Rin Jah Show, under the old city wall, into the Lo house, and falls with a splash and gurgle and whistle and drip into the flush tank of the new Lo flush toilet. Oh, joy, oh, bliss, oh, ecstasy.

Lee Shin, the Number 2 boy, builds a fire - just a little fire - in the wondrous water tank, and in a few minutes the bathroom is warm, warm enough for the shah hisahs to wash in. The 45 gallon water tank is filled with warm, sometimes hot, water. The kids roll up their sleeves and wash in the new wash bowl. This morning Ruth rolled out of bed and slipped into her bathrobe, put in the plug, filled the tub with hot water, and had a hot bath before breakfast; then she pulled the plug and the warm water ran off down the hill without bucketting out as we used to do, before we installed this bourgeois doodad.

Yep, Winnie, we have a flush toilet, a wash bowl, and running hot and cold water in the bathtub. The hot water system is a fearful and wonderful contraption. A big galvanized iron tank - a former gasoline drum - by the skilled hand of the local tinsmith now has a tiny stove built into its very innards. The tank fills itself automatically from an auxiliary tank built high up on the outside wall. The fire is started with a handful of chips, and soon the water tank is writhing in anguish over its internal fires. The tub is our old tin tub, rather short,

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rather narrow, a little wobbly when a fat man steps in, but, praise be, it holds hot water and we now can have a bath without calling in the servants.

Spring came today, right on schedule. The Chinese have been living in this climate so long that they have set days when certain things happen. The Dragon Festival is today. It's the day the farmers burn up the winter, so there will be little processions of farms wending their way through the fields tonight carrying huge paper dragons with lighted candles inside and with much beating of gongs without. Spring is officially and actually here. The magpies are building huge nests, the little birds are singing to each other, some little puppies are frolicking about the top of the old wall, even the students are walking a little close together, boys and girls. Oh, it's Spring. Big flight of geese high up last night.

Which reminds me that an hour ago the anti-aircraft guns began to shoot and the shells burst right over our house. A Ginn Bow was on. There is something about these air raids that makes me mad all over. The planes are American planes, the bombs are American bombs, the gasoline is American gas, the pilots are American trained; there are no military objectives in Wuchang, there are no military objectives in Shanghai; Myet the so-called Nationalist Army puts on these air raids frequently. Yesterday they flew over Shanghai, dropped bombs into the city streets, killed several hundred women and children. The Chinese people are trying very hard to feel friendly toward Americans, but when some damned fool in Congress yelps about "Aid to Nationalist China" our Chinese friends are beginning to have their doubts. The downright hard facts are that China is now definitely being governed by the new Peoples Democracy. The new government is working hard to make a success of the job. They are succeeding in many ways. It is not a bad government. In many ways our Carpet Bag government of the South in 1865-70 was a thousand times worse. The Nationalist government is now confined to Formosa. The rest of China has been liberated. I wish that our American statesmen could get that fact into their minds. When America helps a handful of die-hards on Formosa drop bombs on a thickly populated city like Shanghai - well, it's a hell of a way to make friends.

Your air mail letters come galloping over the ocean in six days. We hope our letters Statesward go that fast. Then we'll feel right back in the world again. The best information I can get about the mail situation is that the United States is responsible for printed matter not coming through. That the mails have been stopped in the United States. Some of our friends say that some U.S. post offices still refuse to accept letter mail for China. I understand that the refusal of printed matter by the U.S. has something to do with the postal union -- nonrecognition -- and the fact that China exports little printed matter whereas the U.S. has a much larger amount to China -- something to do about the money involved. Naturally the Chinese government doesn't want to handle a large amount of American printed matter without getting paid for it. Can you suggest to the Postmaster that some of the millions of dollars appropriated for the general area of China could be used to pay the differences between income and outgo? It would be a very profitable investment in mutual understanding between the two countries and might help avert a calamitous war that nobody wants. I wish I were in Washington where I could pound on somebody's desk and MAKE them see the importance of keeping up communications between the people of this country and the people of America. The Peoples government here emphasizes all the time that the Chinese people have no quarrel with the American people. They say that it is the reactionary American government that they are against. From the Chinese viewpoint our handling of the Ward case was to say the least unfortunate. Some of the consulate people are said to have struck a Chinese servant. That was not a good thing to do in any country, let alone in China where the laboring man was so recently elevated to a position of power. The so-called seizure of the consular buildings had at least a semblance of legality from the Chinese viewpoint. The treatment of Americans in China has certainly not been any worse than our horrible treatment of Chinese in America, by our immigration officials. Possibly Americans might look at our behavior before damning everything Chinese.

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Emma and her girl student Jean are sitting here stuffing rabbit dolls. They are for some street gamins in Hankow - kids without home, parents, or anything. They have been gathered into a group by some of the American women in Hankow and Emma is making dolls for them. In her little unassuming way she is doing more to cement friendship between human beings than all the mouthings of the high brass. What our American government needs is a big shot of ordinary Christianity, just a love for other human beings, no matter what their color or political ideologies -- just a lot of plain love. And so, with all our love -

ARTHUR

March 18, 1950 - Wuchang

Dearest Winnie - Today is a sort of slowly warming up clearing off sort of day after 4 days of rain. The spring is coming very slowly this year it seems to me; perhaps I am more anxious that usual because I so long to get out and do some gardening. We have already planted trees this spring - two apple and a peach and a pear, and moved into the yard a wild pipa (with a fruit like an apricot which comes early in May). We hope for blossoms if not for fruit. The garden itself is a big level plot with a number of trees and a sunny edge for flowers; down from the edge is a quite steep embankment, almost a cliff, dropping thirty feet to the old moat, which is fringed with willows and haunted by bulbuls and wood pigeons and birds-of-happiness. We have set the fruit trees on the embankment, so that their tops will just show beyond the flower borders, and the blossoms will form a hedge of flowers out in space beyond the jumping-off place. It ought to be quite a sight next fall when they get well established and we have a ring of gold all around the garden with the mums, which have spread like giants. Right now the fields are all getting green, and down beside the moat on the flat lands the truck garden plots are alternating blue green with golden yellow, and wonderfully fragrant mustard plant which is our broccoli here. The willows are already in leaf and the frogs are waking up in the evenings. We should have a few warm days for planting before the spring rains. As Dad says, here we stick the things in and jump aside, they grow so fast.

We have been more than busy this week trying to solve some of the problems in connection with the primary school. We had to repair the kindergarten floor, which was getting to such a state that we thought we might lose a small one down a hole any day, and that meant other repairs to be reconsidered. The classes were all bigger and the rooms were the same size, and there was much rearranging to be done. It is difficult to run a school these days for lots of reasons - everyone is consistently called off the job for meetings and discussions, and what seems elementary calls for much explanation. If we had lots more money some problems could be met by hiring better trained personnel, but even then there would be other problems I know very well. I think all the parents feel that it is a desirable thing to maintain a decent private Christian school for the primary children of this neighborhood, though. The public school is too crowded, and poorly taught also.

College classes have been going on a full week now and I am getting my time organized a bit better. I am offering five courses altogether, - oral English, 2 hrs; reading English, 2 hrs; phonetics, 2 hrs; European literature, 2 hrs; and poetry, 2 hrs. I can see ahead that our work will continue in the proportion, more hours in language skills and less in advanced literature. English is being dropped from junior high school now, so our students will come to us with only 3 years of preparation, and that only 3 hrs. a week. They will have to spend at least 2 years of their college language time on mastering basic skills. A 4 year language major will be able to about what our juniors do now. However, I have considerable faith in the good judgment of Chinese educators. Right now they are following a trend which may alter, when the results begin to show up. The country will continue to need a certain number of skilled language workers, and colleges like ours are the best places to train them at present; we have the great advantage of having foreign teachers and a good bit of experience and material.

Gay and Minno are both thriving and full of joy at getting back to school. Minno has quite taken to education this term, and at last is finding that it is fun to do things with the other kids. His Chinese is still of the unconscious kind, but it is making some progress. Gay can now chatter away with real ease, and finds no effort in leading her class in all her lessons. She is getting tall and grown up now, and Minno is no more a baby. Since he has taken a liking to school they are pals once more; for a while it was awful, but they are in step again. ... Now I must do some serious typing, making copies of things for my oral students.

RUTH

March 18, 1950, Hua Chung University, Wuchang, China

Dear Winnie - All week long I have been struggling to find some paper on which to write you. It is no easy matter once you find yourself out of things here. In the first place is the hunt for the money. You have to find out what the rate is for the day, whether the college servant can go over to Hankow to get the money, etc. Having been raised in the U.S. and after forty years experience of working in the p.p. with a loaded gun at my side, to say nothing of my first duty each morning to place guns at each window - then to send the servant over to Hankow to get the money for a big university just strikes my sense of humor. The other day the college servant rushed in, gave us a million dollars, rushed out, and then over to Remoteville to give people over there some money - just like that. It is fantastic. Just now the rate is forty-one thousand for one American dollar. You can imagine what the result is when you cash a check for ten or twenty dollars. The fifty and one hundred dollar bills are just thrown away as they are of not value at all at all at all. Then the next step is to fine someone who will go "on the street" and buy the paper for you. Ruth brought in some today just before lunch. I am so happy. By this time you no doubt have the letter we sent you via Hong Kong. The students had quite a time getting back and forth, and they looked at Colonel and me and said very quietly, "You had better not go to Hong Kong, you had better stay here in Wuchang." Nuf sed!

We heard the broadcast of Mr. Acheson's speech which did please all of us so much. What he said was and is so true. I wanted to stand on a chair or table and shout and tell everybody that was America talking and what is more she was meaning it.

I have finished Bombay bunnies and white lambs for the urchins in Hankow, and Colonel took them over this morning. We will start another series in the summer, getting them ready for the Clinic Christmas party and for the little kindergarten children. Jean, my student of whom I am so fond, has helped me take apart some old woolen socks that came to us and we are now launched on a sock-making campaign for the children. Jean is have "Adventures in English" this semester and we are enjoying it together. This morning we spent studying the "Ancient Mariner." I do enjoy it so after all these years. It seems to mean more than ever as I try to explain it to a Chinese student. As Jean had helped me make the toy lambs, we took the subject "The Making of Toy Lambs" for her expository composition work. It was fun and we could make the plan work. The conversation class comes in each Wednesday night. Colonel takes charge of that. Last week he wrote a little play for them, trying to stretch their imaginations at the same time. That plan worked too.

Now at the end of this afternoon I must take this letter to the dirty little p.o. station on the campus where there are five canaries singing. It always makes me smile when I think of our clean, business-like P.O. .. then this little one so dirty, a little pot of flour paste so grimy with dirt, open sewers all around the place, and caged canaries singing all the time. That is China. Do write when you can, as letters mean so much to us - Lovingly,

AUNTIE

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Wuchang, Hupeh, China - Monday March 27

Dear Winnie - Today was just a quiet day in China. You may be interested in a blow-by-blow account of this rainy day. Gosh how it has rained and has been raining for the past ten days. Well, here is the story of "A Quiet Day in China."

It started like this. Tomorrow all of us foreigners have to ferry over to Hankow and report at the police station to register as "Alien Residents," answer a lot of questions and, we hope, receive identification cards. We are all going, the kids and all. And Mrs. Fulton, Brank Fulton's wife, and little Billie; Brank can't go because he stepped off the ferry last month onto the dock that wasn't there and is flat on his back with a possible skull fracture. That makes our party five rickshaws. And three kids, with sandwiches, and boiled water in thermos jugs. All this is just as complicated as it sounds, because Lee Shin gets the rickshaws - 1 to go to Fulton's at 7:25 a.m. and stop off at Widener's to leave the Fulton little baby; 4 rickshaws at our front gate at 8 a.m. I'll bet Mrs. Fulton gets 4 rickshaws and we get 1; you simply can't make them understand a very simple order. Now I hope that you have all this clearly in mind.

All this hurley-burley gave Unnie a headache and a sore throat, and also the little pot-bellied Erie Railroad stove started to regurgitate and her room was cold, so she decided to stay in bed today and get rested up for the doings tomorrow. Last night a rat came down the chimney, out through a hole in the flue, and cavorted about Emma's desk - right next to her bed - which did not make for a peaceful sleep. This sets the stage for the opening scene.

Lee Shin came in to do an autopsy on the stove, muttering in good old Rupenese, Do-Qui-La-Ouw which means all shot to hell and he's dead right, because the little pot-bellied devil leaks at all its pores, wiggles about when shaken, burns like a volcano sometimes and slumbers like a comatose toad when most needed. He kept pointing to the wall and insisting that "there's something in there." We knew there was because we had been hearing mysterious noises in the wall for several nights. But we had blamed it on the rat. Ruth tapped on the wall - 1-2-3-4- and right back came an answering tap - 1-2-3-4. By cracky, there WAS something in the wall.

Good old Lee Shin shinned up on a chair and pulled off the sheet of paper we had pasted over the old stove pipe hole. We don't have a 10 cents store where we can buy a stove pipe thimble so we used a sheet of typewriter paper and it really answers just as well as a fancy tin with a picture of a Swiss village on it. He reached in the hole and found that the flue was completely blocked with soot, bricks and rubble. Well no wonder pot-belly refused to function. Lee climbed down and Ruth and Emma, the latter snugly nestling in bed, watched the operation. She had on a pink shoulder shawl and a red sweater, a blue bathrobe over the foot of the bed, and was smugly knitting squares for an afghan. The wool was salvaged from an old pair of my socks; nothing ever actually wears out here.

There was a moment of quiet - all wondering how to clean the chimney without tearing down the house - When - a gigantic magpie poked his head out of the chimney, bowed, and said in best magpie hwa, "Good morning folks, how are you and I'm hungry and thirsty; I've been in that damn chimney or yours for a week and every time you lighted a fire I damnear roasted. I finally had to throw a lot of loose bricks down to keep from being completely ruined as a magpie. Why didn't you have a fireplace instead of that dratted foreign invention? How can a Chinese magpie climb out of an Erie Railroad stove?" Then he swooped around the room. Emma ducked under the covers, Ruth pursued Mag, and Lee Shin stood by helpless, thinking it was a customary foreign performance. Mag finally made a perfect two-point landing on the dresser, and Ruth pounced. Aside from a few singed tail feathers and a little bewilderment, he was Ding How, so Ruth turned him loose outdoors and warned him that it should be a lesson to him and that he should never, never climb into strange chimneys again. Old Mag high-tailed out of Wuchang very fast and headed over the Serpentine Hill for Changsha.

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When the dust settled and everybody was wondering how to fix the chimney, Mouseda, the family cat, came wandering in. She doesn't speak any English, but her cat Chinese is perfect. She crouched down in front of Emma's desk and pointedly pointed her whiskers at a lower drawer. I think she said in her deliberate way, "You think that your troubles were magpie troubles--- but have you forgotten that you also have RAT trouble? I warn you that your rat is in that lower drawer, right here, and if you will kindly pull out the drawer and stand to one side, I'll show you what a Chinese cat can do with a Chinese rat." Ruth quick pulled out the drawer and Mouseda crawled in. Out popped a big Chinese rat with Mouseda right on his tail. Round the room they whirled. Under Emma's bed - Emma again under the covers, - over the desk, on the table, round and round until there was visible only a blur of cat and rat. Then one last pounce, a screech, and Mouseda had him. Boy, what a rat. Boy, what a cat! Then Mouseda withdrew, under Emma's bed, to finish Mr. Rat. When old man rat was finished, Mouseda came sauntering out, brushing her hands and saying, "There, that's the way to handle this situation. If you have any further trouble give me a ring. But now I must go back to the kitchen and give nourishment to my four babies."

When Ruth told Philosopher John about it at lunch, he thought a bit and then quietly said, "Well, that's one less rat."

But it was just a quiet day in peaceful old China. Tomorrow we go to Hankow to be registered as "Alien Residents."

ARTHUR

Easter Sunday (4/9/50) Wuchang

Dear Winnie - Happy Easter to you and many of them. I wish I were better organized so that my greetings would not usually be retroactive, but it is the best I can do. I have recently hit upon a happy solution to one of my minor problems, that of keeping a protective eye on the kids without shadowing them too much. Dressed in bright red and orange they now carry each a small police whistle, which without instructions they toot frequently, and if I can't see them, at least I can hear them anywhere within the range of their explorations. They have both suddenly burst the bounds of the compound and feel that life within walls is too dreadful. So they are enlarging their scope as fast as safety permits. ... Yesterday we had a big day. Minno and I and our dear Jean, Unnie's special student, went to Hankow to the Union Hospital for a checkup on Minno's chest and to make sure no lurking "new monias" were within. We got a good report on him, and I am greatly pleased. He is getting bigger and older so fast. After we finished our medical mission we repaired to the park which lies next door, and there to our glee found a modest but entrancing zoo. We admired the bears and the alligator, which lay in state on a quilt in a wooden bathtub, which was somehow funnier than it sounds, and Minno was especially impressed with the eagle which was a vulture, and bigger than he is! The park was delightful, with all the willows at their most enchanting tender spring state, leaning over the lagoon, and the judas trees were a mass of lavender and deep rose. Bulbs were beginning to pop and it was the spring day to be in the park, nothing dirtied up yet, and everything fresh and gay. We had lunch at a tea house on the lagoon, and enjoyed the sight of the carp playing about right under our feet, and a tree full of cormorants, who also watched the carp, but with more practical purpose. It was the kind of snatched interlude of fun and rest that you always remember and could never plan. Minno was so happy and our only regret was that Gay wasn't along. After lunch we went on into town and shopped for odds and ends, most of which we couldn't find, but it was fun to be out and see things. Minno has had to live at home very much and finds such a thrill in the most commonplace things.

On Wednesday and Thursday of this week Dad, Unnie and I had to go to Hankow for registration. We made one trip the preceding week and filled out quantities of papers, then there was an individual interview this week. All the foreigners in Wuhan are doing it this month. My interview was on Wednesday, and one of my department colleagues interpreted for me most helpfully. I could understand the questions all right, but I couldn't have made up polite and adequate answers fast enough by myself, and I might have gotten mixed up and caused much

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confusion. It was a simple enough rather routine inquiry following the sort of questions that you answer on passports and registration papers anywhere. I expect the government is trying to find out just who the aliens in the country are and what they can expect from them. Being just a wife and teacher I was not very interesting to them, and it didn't take long. They were more interested in Dad because of his long and more varied work career, but it was all perfectly friendly and matter-of-fact. Most of the foreigners were very jittery about it, not knowing what to expect, but were reassured by the actual experience once it was over. No doubt business people who have guilty consciences about exploiting Chinese labor, or financial dealings that have helped to improve the country, also Catholic missionaries, may feel more difficulty than we did. However, if it is going to be necessary to re-register very frequently - and I have absolutely no reason to think it will be - it is just scuttlebutt - Dad and Unnie view the process with alarm. The trip to Hankow is a hard one for them, and it gets no easier. Fortunately this week we had a three-day spring holiday. It was a godsend, because we were all so busy going to Hankow we couldn't put our minds on anything else. Now that Easter is over we can all settle down to the spring term and polish off the work a bit. Classes are meeting regularly and there is less interruption, partly because we can foresee when there will be need for time off and arrange regular work accordingly. I hear that three USSR scientists are in town giving special lectures on biology, history, and philosophy, but have not seen or heard them myself. Wish I could.

John is in Hankow today preaching the Easter sermon at the cathedral. Also wish I could hear him, but when he has to go out I have to stay in..... Now I must go scrape the children for lunch. From the direction of the whistles they are in the playground sand pile. -

RUTH

Wuchang, April 21, 1950

Dear Winnie - We are recovering from the emotional strain of crossing the river twice to go to Hankow for the registration. While everything was made as easy and comfortable as possible, still there was a strain. I was so surprised to find that old "China hands" felt it even more than we did. I wish you could have seen what a motley crowd we made as we waited in the corridor of the Police Building for our application blanks. As there are about 500 of us foreigners in the Hankow and Wuhan areas we made a good sized crowd on different days for that first week, in surrendering our passports and obtaining the necessary application blanks. It was all done very orderly, as you were given a number when you entered, and you made your entrance when your number was called. In the crowd there were priests with their black berets set rather jauntily on one side of their heads, nuns in every colored garb, - black, brown, drab, white, French and otherwise, many Americans, all as vociferous as we always are on all occasions, many English standing around with their aloof, insular air, never melting into the situation; they had all come on their inevitable bicycles, and you could even see their framed pictures of the death of Nelson popping out of their pockets. Then there was a strange wandering female in a lovely new blue coat walking up and down the corridor. Finally someone said, "Why, that's Miss Nash." Consternation prevailed. Miss Nash had accomplished the impossible. She had "come in" from Hong Kong just the day before. Then everyone fell to. She had waited in Hong Kong for five months to enter this area. For several months the main topic of conversation had been, "Has Miss Nash come yet?" Then to see her, - one felt as if a miracle had been performed before our eyes. Then to make it even nicer, when we did speak to her, to find that she had the loveliest soft English voice, the kind they tell about in song and story. We all felt very jittery the second time we went over for our interviews. We had a very good interpreter so our path was made as easy as possible. We are hoping now that we will have travel permits so that we can go about a little more. All of that would be a great help.

On Palm Sunday Colonel took me and two students for a picnic to Wunan where there is the beautiful East Lake. The cherry trees were all in full bloom, also the Judas trees.

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During the occupation the Japanese planted many cherry trees like those we have in Washington. All the gardens and fields were gay and bright with a yellow flower which was not only beautiful but fragrant too. We ate our lunch on the lake - it was all so sweet and very pleasant. We rickshawed out and back, passing many interesting spots and sights, - a group of our students signing on their way to Wuhan for the day, a dirty Chinese farmer driving his pigs to market, all the pigs tied on one string, the rice paddies all being prepared by small boys who led the water buffalo through the mud, then a Chinese family walking the narrow path between the paddies, so that from a distance it looked as though they were walking on the water, so narrow was the path. Then we came home, had tea, and went to the Evensong Service at the little chapel on the campus, where there is an English service the first Sunday in each month. That service was very simple, dignified, and meaningful. On Easter Day we had Jean for lunch, then tea for the students in the afternoon, then we went to the college service in the big church where the combined choirs sang the Easter music from the Messiah. That always thrills me - to hear those Chinese students sing, "And He shall reign forever and ever" - it does something to you that it's very difficult to be the same afterwards. Since Easter we have been busy with many things - putting away winter clothing; we had a very warm spell and we were seized with a desire to put everything away. Now we wish that we hadn't as it is very damp and cold owing to so much rain, although I must tell you I have a bouquet of roses on my desk - Arthur brought these in for me from our garden. We have also had wallflowers in bloom, and the iris are all out, a splendid showing. From my window there is a gorgeous plant of calengua in full bloom, making a bright spot of color. These flowers have bloomed ever since Christmas.

Now I must stop as the clan is gathering for lunch and I must not keep them waiting. Loads of love from all of us -

AUNTIE

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School of Arts
HUACHUNG UNIVERSITY
Wuchang, China.

January 25, 1949

Dr. Robert J. McMullen,
United Board for Christian Colleges in China,
New York City, N.Y., U.S.A.

Dear Dr. McMullen:

A few days ago President Wei sent me an excerpt from your letter of December 27, 1948 which has reference to the proposed re-union of Boone Library School with Huachung University. As Chairman of the university's committee on Cooperation with Boone Library School, I am writing to express my profound disappointment at the action taken by the United Board Committee on this matter.

For more than a year - since the visit to this center of Dr. Charles B. Shaw - we have been steadily working for closer cooperation between Huachung and Boone Library School. The proposed re-union of these two institutions was not only inspired by Dr. Shaw's visit: it has long been the cherished hope of many friends and alumni of Boone and Huachung. In working for the re-union, we are not aiming at adding something new to Huachung University, but restoring the organic unity which once did exist between the two institutions and re-affirming the leadership in library service that is the birthright of Boone Library School.

There was a time when the library facilities of Huachung or its predecessor Boone University were inadequate for the full development of a library school. Yet in those same years Boone Library School was able to train efficient librarians many of whom are still occupying important positions throughout China. Whether the present facilities at Huachung can be improved or not depends not so much on geographical location as on the degree of support and genuine cooperation from the United Board. Both historically and organically, the re-union of Boone Library School with Huachung University seems to be the most natural thing to promote. We do not believe in doing things in a big way, but we do have faith in the essential wisdom and fairness of restoring things to the order in which the founders of Boone and Huachung envisaged.

We in Huachung do not feel that we have any right to dissuade any other university from opening a library school for itself, but we cannot believe that any fair-minded person could wish the destruction of the organic unity between Huachung University and Boone Library School in order to facilitate the library school project of some other institution which is too eager for expansion.

May we hope that your Committee on Program and Budget will consider all things most impartially and in the same spirit of just cooperation that your own representative, Dr. Shaw, so well exemplified.

With warmest greetings and regards.

Most sincerely yours,

/s/ John C. F. Lo
John C. F. Lo

Committee of Huachung University
Committee for Cooperation with
Boone Library School

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C O P Y

To Dr. A. M. Sherman
Mr. O.S. Lyford
Mr. J. E. Fowler

Huachung University
Wuchang, China
July 3, 1950

My dear Friends:

As I sit here at my desk to compose this letter to you that is long over-due, I recall how many times during the past school year I thought of writing to you, to tell you something of particular interest. Always the weight of an over-crowded schedule and my own mental unpreparedness killed the initial impulse to communicate. But the busy year has now come to an end; and, to begin my vacation properly, I can think of nothing better than to refresh my memories of old friends and to share with you some of my personal thoughts and experiences.

Throughout the historic and momentous changes, it is significant that we have been able to carry on our little enterprises, and to live, work and play quietly, unassumingly - "with malice toward none; with charity for all." As I look back upon this eventful year, with its anxieties, worries and frustrations, it is still satisfying to be able to say that the fruits of honest, Christian labour are good and nourishing. Life has, indeed, become richer and fuller for those who are learning to bear the cross. Far from being pessimistic, I feel confident that human society, whatever its ideology, will always have room enough for honest, Christian workers who are dedicated to the enrichment of other people's lives.

I have been much pleased and impressed with the Huachung Christian Social Service project on "Chopsticks Street." which is maintained and financed by a small group of Christian teachers and students. Six months ago, members of the Christian Social Service Association opened a night school for destitute children living in a definitely poor region near the water-front. About one hundred children attended the evening classes, taught by student volunteers from the college. The school building was loaned by the Church of Christ in Wuchang. Apart from its educational value, the project has provided us with a channel for the expression and demonstration of the spirit of Christian service; and it is very encouraging to note that the morale among the student workers has always been very good. The Association also publishes a little magazine called "Faith and Work" for the spiritual benefit of middle school students. The third issue has just come off the press, and contains three short articles by members of the Huachung faculty.

For many years, different denominational groups on the campus have maintained denominational "Fellowships." Before and during the war, we also had a "United Fellowship" open to all Christians, but it did not function satisfactorily. This year the "United Fellowship" was re-organized under the leadership of a few able students. Although not very active, the "United Christian Fellowship" is beginning to mature. Here we have at least a fair demonstration of Christian unity regardless of sect or nationality.

We spent many hours this year revising our curriculum. The first attempt was made in September, 1949, just before the opening of the school year. The second revision was put into effect at the beginning of the second term. Now we are preparing for the third, and perhaps final, revi-

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sion based on the recommendations of the National Conference on Higher Education (which was held in Peking in June). The fundamental principles for all revisions are about the same: lighter academic load for students, more political studies, more practical courses, greater teaching efficiency and better coordination of related subjects. I think on the whole teacher-student relationship has improved, but class-attendance fell below our previous record.

Teaching is more difficult now than before liberation, because both teachers and students are not always sure what should or should not be emphasized in any particular course of study. Naturally, there is a certain amount of confusion or misunderstanding. This last term, for example, when I started to lecture on "Psychology for business and industry" one or two students questioned whether there would be any future for "Business psychology" or the psychology of advertising. I was able to answer that quite positively because the government has been encouraging the proper use of advertising in order to facilitate the movement of commodities. Government enterprises use the radio and the newspaper everyday to advertise their goods and services. Apparently, some students think that "Business psychology" has no place in a new democracy that is moving toward socialism.

Our faculty had many extra-curricular activities this year, but not all of them were new on the campus. The Faculty Philosophy Club, an informal organization which meets once a month to discuss topics of general intellectual interest, devoted several meetings to the subject "Democracy". Other papers were built around the topic "New frontiers of thought." In my opinion, the Club provides an excellent medium for exchange of ideas outside the class-room. Next year we are going to discuss "Problems of modern civilization" and "Theological trends." Although during the past year we received no new publications from the outside world, there was no lack of enthusiasm for intellectual exploration beyond our daily occupational interests.

Recent discovery of several cases of T.B. among our students made us suddenly conscious of the need for a general health program for the university community. Two girl students have already been hospitalized for long-term treatment; and two more students were found to have T.B. just a few days before the end of the term. Over-fatigue and poor nourishment, I think, are among the contributing factors.

I have encountered many cases of needy students, too. The scholarship and work-relief funds have helped many, but there are always more cases than the university can take proper care of. Some members of the faculty give private assistance to a few needy ones. Professor Chien of the Chinese Department, for example, contributed a whole month's salary to help a dozen students. This problem of needy students is not confined to the period when school is in session. With the beginning of the summer vacation, many students are looking for part-time jobs in order to earn their board for the next two months. A few are able to find employment in faculty houses.

Members of my own family are all well. Ruth is glad that she can relax a little, now that class-room teaching is over for this year, and

all her examination papers have been properly graded. Catherine, our eight-year old daughter, has just completed her second grade in the Primary School. Our little boy, Minno will be able to go to the first grade this fall. He is now wearing reading-glasses which Dr. Peng of Hankow prescribed for him.

With our warmest greetings and best wishes.

Most sincerely yours,

/s/ John C. F. Lo

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1. W.P.M. ✓
2. C.H.C. ✓
3. JAC ✓
4. File Room ✓

Hua Chung College,
Hsichow, via Tali,
Yunnan, China.

Dear Friends:

Our mountain fastness seems to become more and more remote as the years of war roll along and we are more and more cut off from contact with the outside world, yet we are still here and flourishing, and long to hear from you all.

Our remoteness is really a paradoxical thing. Every day the skies overhead are filled with the hum of airplanes ferrying in freight over the Hump, and occasionally we even hear a brisk bit of gunfire, but our personal excursions are limited to the distance we can walk. Occasionally we have the great excitement of a visit from some military people from an airfield at a nameless place, and then we all rally round to hear the latest news, borrow their magazines, and shamelessly steal as many of their cigarettes as we can get away with. We are almost as puzzled by them as they are by us, and such visitations make us realize how we are being affected by this curious life.

Little by little we have all been reduced to the bare essentials for living. Hardly anyone has any foreign supplies, such as coffee, baking powder, etc. anymore, and we are all inured to the work of the kitchen. All our clothes are wearing out and the newest thing any of us has is now two years old and well worn. Our shoes are such that they should be preserved in museums, and most of us now use local cloth shoes or sandals to spell out the fragments of our western foot gear. The doctor, whose mileage is probably the greatest of any of us, has frankly abandoned shoes and taken to straw sandals. All of us now wear the local big straw hats, rather like sombreros, except at Christmas and Easter, when we dig out the last foreign hat we have and have a good laugh. We are all used to each other now and only when someone from the outside sees us do we catch a reflection of how odd we are becoming. All hairpins have given out and long bobs are still the fashion as a result. We gave up stockings long ago. Nightgowns have all been transformed into petticoats and pajamas into underwear. One more winter will see us in matting.

Why not wear what the locals do? The reason is easily put. The cheapest cloth of which a dress could be made costs \$90.00 for ten inches. We are a "fixed income" group, and as money depreciates and prices go up, we live plainer and plainer and think higher and higher when we have energy left to think at all! It is a compensating development that our community life has shown a tendency to break down artificial standards and to be more honest and kindly than it used to be. The "Ladies' Dress Exchange" is one instance. When any of us finds a garment no longer usable by reason of shrinkage or personal expansion, it is immediately passed on to some one else. Everyone is now using some garments originally belonging to someone else and false pride has died a natural death. Every new baby in the community offers an occasion for everyone else to dig down and find some essentials, and as fast as the not-so-new babies grow bigger, they pass on their diapers and socks to the next size smaller.

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So much for our plain living, and now for our high thinking! It is truly very difficult for our science staff to be so isolated, and perhaps they miss their learned journals and newspapers more than any one else. However, they do what they can with what there is. The chemistry department has done research on local dyestuffs and indigo; the physicists have worked out practical water power electric lighting, and have "lit up" the local middle school; the economists plug away at the economic phenomena of our constantly shifting prices. The work I see most of, naturally, is CF's, and in spite of extremely heavy academic hours and the demands of housekeeping in shares with me, he is driving away at his work on Chinese opinions and mental traits. This term a course in ethics has given him a chance to get a lot of new material on the moral judgments of the student class, and during vacations he is administering the Roschach Ink Blot test and a number of general ability tests to as many students as he can round up. In another year he will have a numerically significant amount of material and can begin to draw conclusions. As far as I know, he is the only man in Asia working on Ink Blots!

Under his direction as acting head, the Chinese department too is turning out some interesting research on local religions and dialects. This place is like a museum for old customs and traditions, and we sigh for an anthropologist to do something about it. The English department suffered a large loss in personnel this past year and we have all been struggling to do the essential extra work, but we are proud of our reputation as the best western languages department in Free China, and would do a lot to keep it up. We have a small enrollment as colleges go, even in wartime, but our high standard attracts good students, and I feel more and more that they are worth while. Other colleges have met wartime conditions of ill-prepared freshmen by lowering their requirements, so that the bachelor's degree is now being awarded to students of what would be pre-war sophomore standing; but we have put on a five year and six year course instead, so that our seniors are up to prewar senior standards. This is particularly visible in English, where we have standardized tests and results dating back for fifteen years. All our students have a choice of jobs when they graduate, a situation which seems like a fairytale to me, a member of the class of '31.

One of the most curious experiences we have had here came when some army men very kindly sent up a load of magazines, ranging in date from 1942, January to 1943, March. We fell on them like starving men, and gulped them, only to suffer a kind of revulsion as we read. For several years now we have had radio bulletins and the classics as our only reading matter. It was a shock to see what kind of thinking and writing has been going on during our vacation from the world. We felt that - even allowing for the time lapse and age of the articles - American thought about the war - as expressed in the magazines - was very childish and that the writing was even worse. It was hard to tell which was more disappointing, the note of pained surprise at the realities of war or the childish "wait till we show 'em" attitude. There seemed to be very little mature thinking about the total situation and very little writing of a permanent importance. (Speaking of pained surprise - in the middle of that last sentence I moved my typewriter from the garden to the study and before my eyes were adjusted to the lamp light, sat down inadvertantly on the kitten.)

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Typical of the life of a mother with an 18 months old baby, this letter was interrupted here, and I am continuing several days later, with no assurance of not being interrupted again. This brings me to the subject dearest to our hearts and of most profound importance in our lives - our little daughter. She is a year and a half now, and finds this world a most fascinating place, and makes it such for us. She is a chatterbox (like her mother perhaps) and every day sees new additions to her vocabulary, which is about half English and half Chinese. We use English at home so she is gaining more rapidly in that language, but in time she will be as bi-lingual as her Daddy. I sometimes wish she were not quite such a democrat for reasons of hygiene, but I think it better to wash her often and let her make friends rather than keep her in cotton wool and under glass. Every day I take her for a ride in her tumble down fourth-hand carriage up the road to the Big Trees, where our village road meets the old Marco Polo trail, and there on the turf under the two huge fig trees which are our landmark, she gets out and pushes the carriage, digs holes and collects flowers in her tiny basket. Here we usually meet various villagers, tribespeople, Tibetans, soldiers, all the miscellany of the back country, going about on their various occasions, on foot, on horse or donkey back, in horse carts, jeeps, and trucks; and they all stop for a look at Toots, and a word. She is very much interested in them all, smiles, and says "morning" to anyone in western shoes, and "halloo" to people in sandals! Fortunately she prefers not to be touched, but she is not afraid of anyone. Everyone in China likes babies, and all the mothers with babies strapped to their backs ask just the same professional questions western mothers ask: How old is baby? Boy or girl? Can she walk alone? How many teeth? Can she talk? What does she eat? I know what they ask and have the answers all ready, and can return the questions for their statistics, altho I can't understand what they say in reply. They are always astonished when I admit that I no longer nurse the baby, but feed her on cow's milk!

This must be sent by airmail, so I must stop while it is still a reasonable weight, hoping that it will get through in time to convey our Christmas greetings and New Year good wishes to you all.

Sincerely yours,

Ruth Earnshaw Lo.

Received by air mail from China,
transcribed and mailed to Ruth's
friends by her parents,
Colonel and Mrs. A. C. Earnshaw,
2114 Adams Avenue,
Scranton, Pennsylvania

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RECEIVED
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Photos of
Ruth Earnshaw Lio
and their children

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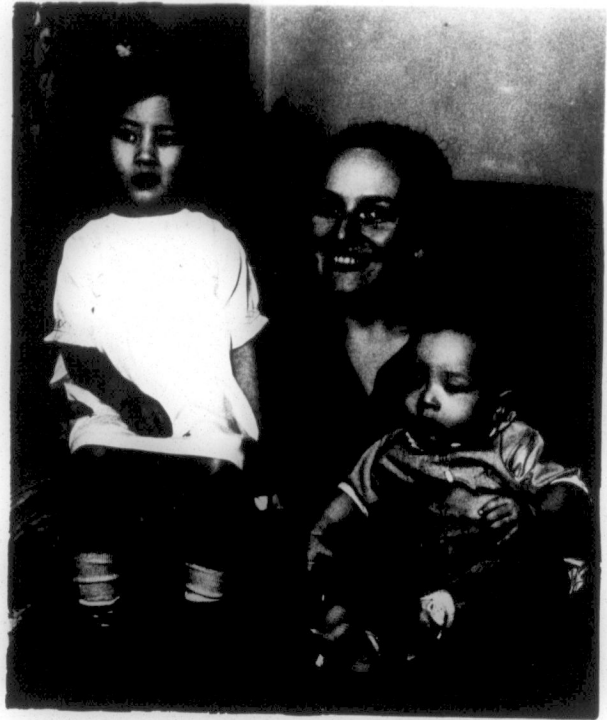
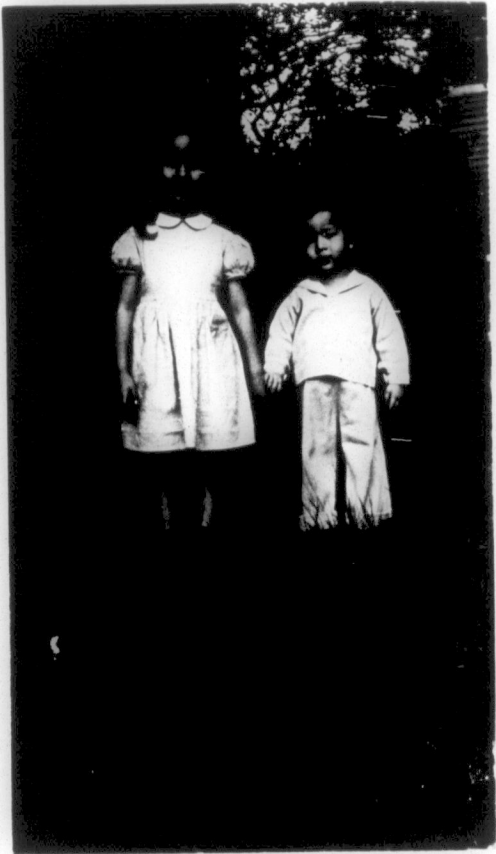
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Two Refugees from Hukaw -
July, 1944

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Ruth Earshaw Lo

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Catherine Tientung Lo
Kirk Ming-teh Lo

May 1947

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Lo Tien-Tung
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