This trip of mine without a wife to look after me or to be looked after has certainly been full of thrills. We made the trip from Chengtu down here in four and one-half days instead of the usual ten, notwithstanding several delays, but although the usual discomforts were shortened by half, so far as time was concerned, they were concentrated, and I am inclined to think that I prefer the slower and safer method. Here is our schedule:

Friday, 6 A.M. Walked five li before we could find a ricksha.
Rode five li to Niu sikou by ricksha.
7:30 A.M. Got the motor bus to Lungchuen, 51 li.
9:30 A.M. Got carriers and a wha-gan so narrow that I had to squeeze into it sideways. Rode about 30 li.

12:30 P.M. Walked five li up the mountain to Tsadiendze.
Got another set of carriers and wha-gans. Rode to Sichiao, fifty li, changing wha-gans three times.

8 P.M. Took ricksha in pitch dark and sleet to Kienchow, 7 li.
9 P.M. Had supper, hoped to meet General Li Jia I and failed.
Made arrangements for the bus next morning.

Saturday 5:30 A.M. Arose, collected baggage, and got carriers and walked five li to the bus terminal. Piled baggage and folks into the new bus.
7:15 A.M. Pushed the bus three li before it would take a spark, but finally got going. Rode about 40 li and get breakfast. Rode 30 li farther.
11 A.M. Met some military officers riding in an inferior car. They forced us to get out, transfer baggage and selves to their car, while they appropriated ours and went on.

3 P.M. Right out in the middle of the country we met five military officers riding in wha-gans. At the point of revolvers they forced us to get out, baggage and all, and with polite remarks that they were leaving the wha-gans at our disposal (5 whagans for ten people and baggage galore) and bade the driver to right about face and convey them toward Kienchow. We loaded the baggage on the wha-gans and started the long walk to the next village.

5 P.M. An auto-truck with "hay-rack" body, already packed seemingly to the limit, caught up with us. It was driven by the man who was originally in charge of the machine-shop industrial work at the university. He insisted on taking us and our baggage in the car. The occupants were piled in two deep and baggage lay both beneath and on top of us. I reclined backwards against the "hay-rack" not knowing when it would give way, and was spanked unmercifully whenever we hit the high spots in the road, which was often.

5:30 P.M. Stopped by another bunch of military men, but though we disembarked, the driver told a plausible lie about how his engine had stalled on him and it was doubtful even that he could reach the shop in Suiining for repairs.

5:45 P.M. Started on again, but this time I had three inches on the running board by the fender and hung on by the crook of my right elbow.
6:15 P.M. Reached Suining. Put up in the Friend’s Hospital. Had supper, and after council decided to charter a boat for Dahobah, one and one-half days’ journey. Got the boat.

9 P.M. Wrote the “log” of the day’s adventures.

Sunday: 6 A.M. Rose, collected baggage and started for the river.

7 A.M. While eating a bit of breakfast and buying supplies for two days’ eating, a soldier appeared in charge of fifteen others and tried to commande our boat. The captain, 71 years of age (Dsang by name). His wife, a convert of Mrs. Lewis’s, and two sons, a daughter, and another old po-po, were already on the boat. The captain tried to explain that we had chartered the boat. The soldier offered more than we had bargained for, but the captain refused, whereupon the soldier beat him cruelly, drew his automatic and apparently would have shot him, but as we were all turning in to help the captain, he turned away with dire threats that if the captain were not there and the ship cleared for his soldiers, whom he had to go and call, he would finish the job he had started.

6 A.M. We spread the deck with our bedding to forestall any other claims and sneaked out.

Monday: 3:30 P.M. Reached Dahobah. After some delay got another bunch of wha-gans for baggage only and started to walk to Weitou forty li, where we hoped to find another boat to Hochow. Night came on and we managed to find farmers who were willing to carry us the last 20 li.

7:30 P.M. Arrived at Weitou. No boats would go. Had supper and tried to find carriers to take us farther. Finally secured enough.

10 P.M. Started overland to Hochow, having heard at Dahobah that the Tuesday steam launch would be the last from Hochow until after the Chinese New Year.

12:30 A.M. Reached the half-way inn. Decided to rest awhile for the carriers’ sakes as the river-side road at night was extremely rough and difficult. Could find no inn with beds for the men or places for ourselves. Propped the wha-gans against ban-dens and tried to wrap up in steamer robes and keep warm, but even in-doors it was bitterly cold and we had to get up and keep walking in order to keep passably warm. The carriers suffered even more, of course.

3:30 A.M. Decided to start on again.

6 A.M. Arrived at Hochow and went directly to the steam-launch pontoon, found the boat there and piled on, choosing the two back seats to accommodate our party. Immediately afterward the boat began filling up and by seven o’clock when the boat started it was crammed to the limit.

Noon: We puffed passed our Middle School on the bluff at Dsen Jia Ngai, and anchored or tied up near the Chin Sui Men.

1:30 P.M. Went up to the hospital at Dai Jia Hang, and applied to Dr. Basil for board and lodging. Thus endeth the first chapter of our travels.

Our party consisted of Dr. Yuan and Dr. Dsao of the C.M.M. medical work, Dr. Yuan’s four-year old son, Dr. Mao of our Faculty of Dentistry, Miss Dzen of the Shensi Gai Kindergarten, Mr. Du of our Methodist College, Lincoln Dsang and myself. It was a good party and under Dr. Dsao’s direction the food was good and clean. Dr. Mao acted as treasurer so that bargaining and financial matters were taken care of and kept at a minimum without trouble to the rest of us. The company was of the most congenial and I was glad to be with them for many reasons.

...
I sent no telegrams as our movements were proving so uncertain, and in addition we arrived at inopportune times and always in a rush to get on. Hence, since Mr. Dasang was to be in the city at the hospital, I decided to ask for similar accommodation and hunt up the McCurdy's later. The Basils were rather crowded, having taken in two paying guests already, but they insisted upon my coming to their house instead. By the time I had bathed and shaved and changed it was supper time.

Wednesday morning I started out on my quest for down-river boats. The quest is not yet finished. Butterfield and Swire have one coming in port today, but on the one hand the only cabin has already been reserved and deck-passage is both packed and dangerous, and the lay-delegates have not yet arrived. (By the way, my letter to Mac, set before I started from Chengtu has not yet been delivered to him.) This B & S boat is the last of their line to go down until higher water, as there must be at least one foot of water at Tchang and yesterday it was only one-foot one inch. My hope now is that three Yangtze Rapids boats due in here within the next three days may get us down in time. But all I can do is to sit and work.

Mac persuaded me (quite easily) to come out to Deen Jia Ngai to visit with him over the Chinese New Year, since he had opportunity then to lay off for the day. I did so. Last night or this morning rather, a thief cut his way through the nursery window, stole the basked of laundry including Jimmy's five blouses and a new dress of Nancy's besides other articles, some Chinese vases and children's toys, two over-coats and a hat of Mac's, my heavy over-coat, hat gloves, etc. Mac's desk and safe keys were in his over-coat pocket. The police are on the job, but I doubt if it will do any good. Mac is lending me a light-weight over-coat which had grown too small for him, and of course I have my cap and an extra pair of gloves. I think that I shall not try to buy a new overcoat until furlough, as I have my old black one and my light one in Chengtu, and spring will soon be here. Mac's loan will see me through at Nanking, I hope.

This evening I go out again to Mac's for a dinner party, and will probably sleep there each night, though returning to the city each day for my work, and taking lunch with the Basils.

Of course there is lots to write about and it is hard to know where to stop—or to start. The new auto road which reaches from the Tong Yuen Men out past the Middle School is a dandy and quite impressive. Old landmarks are so effaced that without Mac as guide, I would have had a hard time to find their house. They are in the little cottage on the knoll overlooking everything out there, and they have made it a model of coziness. Mac has even taken a heating stove of medium size, walled it up with brick, and thus made a basement furnace whose heat coming up through registers in the dining room heats their large double room in ideal fashion. Jimmy and Nancy are both darlings. Nancy reminds me very much of Frances Kilborn. Jimmy is slightly smaller than Jerrold, clear in his enunciation, naturally polite and courteous so that he might almost seem precocious, yet full of boisterous fun when encouraged, just after the same manner as Jerrold. Nancy's speech is quite like Jerrold's at her age, monosyllables with final consonants omitted. Mrs. Eleanor is surprised that I can understand her so well on short acquaintance when others here cannot, but I have had some training.

Dr. Basil is a resident of Annapolis and married a daughter of an army or naval officer. They are both very hospitable and pleasant people to be with, though their contacts and social activities are by choice more with business and navy people than with missionaries of any board. Dr. Basil comes under a five year contract for the sake of the experience, rather than with the evangelistic motive. He apparently has gained a wide clientele here, even C.M.M. missionaries forsaking their own doctors to receive his treatments. The Chinese military and wealthy men seek his help, though he has acted so independent toward them as to be almost rude in the Chinese point of view. He but recently went out to Peiyang with an escort of 120 soldiers and a Chinese doctor as interpreter. The total cost of the visit was $2200, which was agreed upon in advance and paid. The papers have taken it up as evidence of the foreigner's hard heartedness, but the free advertising has increased his prestige and the calls for his service are growing more. But both husband and wife are not strong physically. He is overworking and suffering with bowel trouble. She is unable to sleep in Chinese environment.
Now this letter is not exactly a cheering sort of letter. I'm afraid I cannot allow things like this to depress one to too great an extent. Notwithstanding adventures, and losses, and gossip of the kind mentioned, it is proving to be a pleasure to be in Chungking and become acquainted with new folks and talk with the old friends. Miss Wells invited me to take dinner with them tonight, but I had this previous engagement. Tea this afternoon at the country W.F.H.S. with Mrs. Dudley and Miss Wencke; dinner tonight for most of the Methodist community in and out. Miss Wells is not invited. She has apparently become the W.F.H.S. problem socially, being given to much disagreeable criticism of her associates and bitter enmity toward the general board. Sorry to see such changes as this.

Must stop to write a letter to Dr. Spearling about that Christian ethics class. I forgot to tell him that the present teacher preferred to continue the course. Will you please send me the signatures of Dr. Beech and Dr. Lewis for reproduction in the minutes. Lots and lots of love to Clara dear, and to Jerrold. Wish you were with me.

Affectately
Lewis
Daddy X X X X X X X X X X
Dearest Clara and Jerrold;

It is now nine P.M. and I am thankful to say that we arrived here safely. As you know probably from Dsang Pin San, we reached the bus station at Niu Si Kou in plenty of time and started off about 7:30. We had to push the car about three li before it was warm enough to get a spark. We reached Lung Chuen all right, though things were somewhat crowded. I managed to get my black suitcase between my knees as I sat in the central seat at the back of the bus, so that I could stretch my legs out on either side. Two Chinese sat on my case. At Lungchueni we all took wha-gans, but I had the dickens of a time getting anyone to carry it, even with one extra man. Finally I got two men to carry the wha-gan and another to carry my baggage and change off with the carriers at intervals. Then in order to get into my wha-gan, I had to get in sideways and then twist around until my sides were held in like a vise would squeeze them.

I walked a good share over the mountain to the place where we expected to get another bus, but when we arrived at that point, all the buses had been commandeered by the military for a generals' conference. We got the men to carry our baggage up to Tsa Dien Dze, five li away, and there we had to bargain all over for more wha-gans.

At last we combined eating dinner with jianging jia-chien, and finally got things settled,—that is, as far as Tsai Su Pu. When we arrived at that point it was sleeting. It took us until dark to reach Si-chiao, and then we had an hours ride by ricksha in pitch dark to Kienchow. We had to get there, of course, because our loads with the bedding were there.

Dzeo Pei Lin, the pastor, entertained us and a number of other returning preachers at supper and we sent our cards to General Li as we learned that he was in Kienchow instead of Suining and we had a large framed picture of the college to present to him on behalf of the university.

We found that there seemed to be no chance of getting a bus for Suining at the time we expected, but by getting up before daylight and crossing the river we were able to crowd into a large bus,—a new one, and we got started at 7:30 A.M. I can't tell you the tortures that we went through. With overcrowded buses, terrible roads, twice forced by the military to get out of our bus with baggage and all set down in the middle of the road some li away from the nearest village, it was a hard days trip. The last time it happened the driver and the rest of us were forced to get out at the point of revolvers in the hands of one and then five army officers.

By some good talking by Mr. Dsang, they eventually, in both cases, tried to help us. In the first case, they helped us transfer our baggage to the poorer bus in which they had come. In the second place, they commandeered Gen. Den Shi Heo's private carriers to load our baggage on the wha-gans on which they had been riding and we started to walk the ten or more li to the nearest place, knowing that there would be no chance to reach Suining by night. But after a walk of a few li, another bus caught up with us, driven by the student who used to be in charge of the university machine shop. Mr. Yuen of Chungking and others were returning from the conference at Chengtu, and the bus was already crowded to the limit, but they insisted upon our piling in:- Dsang Lin Gao, Mr. Du, (the student from Shanghai), Miss Dzen who used to teach in the Shensi Gai kindergarten, myself and some others. I got a place three inches wide on the running board on which to sit. We're thankful we're here alive, though with many bruises. I lost both face towels, my lantern was badly bent but
been fixed, the shawl strap was broken in three places before we arrived at Kienchow, and my camera shoulder strap was broken on this last stage. Otherwise we're all right. Got here too late to visit the W.F.M.S. Having conveyed our message to Gen Li at Kienchow we will not delay here but will take to boat to Dahoba early tomorrow morning. I'm asking Don San Si to mail this letter for me. Our crowd of about eight are all staying here at the Friends' Hospital.

Well, Mr. Deang has been in bed and I'm keeping him awake, not to speak of the sleep that I need, so I'll close.

Lots of love to you both,

Beres.
Faculty of Religion

Chungking: February 23rd, 1930

Dear Dean & Jerrold:

It is a bit after four P.M. (Monday) and I have just made arrangements to go on a Yangtze River Steamboat this evening, and hope only a half hour before I start. I am still using the original Y50 with which I started from Chengtu. Coming to New Year's the bank has been closed all the time I've been here, I don't know whether I'll be stuck for ready cash on the way down or not. Then for no trouble.

Received your letter this noon and glad to get a word from you before going further, Our first letter telling of my coming was delivered to McCurdy's Sunday (yesterday).

McCurdy's and the W.M.I. have both entertained the M.F.M. community in my honor. I have had a fine time.

Get my March edited out and a number of letters but nothing done on the Minutes yet. By the way, please hold Mr. Henderson's article on his trip in Kunming for the April News, sending it and any others which may arrive to Mr. Bourger by March 18th. Will try to find out another, edited one or way down river.

The Chinese are traveling together from here on, which Bob Service and I share "saloon" passage together. No cabins available. Word in Chungking asked delegates to bring their own bedding. am leaving cut here along with sheets, etc.

Wish you had enclosed a duplicate copy of things to be bought in Shanghai in your letter, had word from Bishop Dixney states that Dr. Edwards plans to leave for Tientsin immediately upon adjournment from the Central Conference and to come his Chungking sightseeing until after return from Chungtu. Six weeks in Tientsin altogether. This looks as though my only chance will be to go down directly, come back to Nanjing by real. already turned figuring I may have 4 days before Conference opens.

Doang Les intends to go to
Pecking to meet you. Elsie Jiang has also decided to go there instead of studying in Peking U. Hope all will be right.

Was invited to take dinner at Jo Jo Tsu's this PM but had to send regrets.

Well, it's time to start off. Will delay a day in Washington and will try to write whenever possible.

Lots of love to you and Sonny.

Affectionately,

Leaves.
Dear Mr. and Mrs. Serck:

I haven't much to write about, excepting to let you know that I'm three days on my journey. It may be that we shall have to move fast when we reach Kuling so we can get there much before 4:30 P.M. and if there is a boat in port we will want to buy tickets and transfer before dark.

Yesterday we reached Wanchuen, about 5:30 A.M., and stayed until 2:30 P.M. looking around, so I had a chance to go on shore with Mr. Serck and the Chinese friends for a hike and some picture taking of the old canals, lock, bridge and waterfalls which we saw the first time in came out. The light was not too good but I didn't know when I could have another chance. Today the snow is pretty bad making picture taking a poor occupation. But since my films are all used up, I should worry. Mountains are snow covered.

Have been working hard on the Minutes. I now have them practically finished and have a report from Dr. Choo Tung on his nieces who are now in the University, and a translation of the Chinese for Dr. Wallis, and of course the statistical reports from Stewart and treasurer's report from Dr. W. H. Long. I expect to get them at Wuchow. However.

We have Lieutenant Howard and young wife on board with us. They are good company, though they and Mr. Serck have more interests in common — California, bridge and bridge, and Yangtze River gossip. Since they use the dining saloon for their card games and this is our only sleeping room I didn't get into bed until 4 a.m. or 5 a.m. by the clock. The lieutenant and his wife would have yielded the room at 10 P.M. but Mr. Serck couldn't see it that way — he was too interested in cards.

However, with Lieutenant's "Prufrock & Morals," I put in a profitable evening. The seats make a hard bed, but I guess I'm getting enough sleep. The service is good. Captain W. H. Long is quiet but genial and all have gone along very well. We haven't spent so much time indoors when going through the Tungo, but one can always walk out when there is anything interesting.
I learned from Mr. Service that Dr. Latham is now in the Navy "off" at Hankow. I hope that there will be opportunity to call upon him there if we pass through.

I have been very comfortable thus far in spite of the loss of my raincoat. By the way, Bob Service had his overcoat stolen from the ball at Gordon Jones's house also, so we are all in the same fix. His has a khaki, sheep, felt-lined coat, however, which keeps him very warm. The coat which I bought is a very light-weight one, and by the time I got in my surata-coat, etc., underneath, it fits me very snugly. Today I sewed a button on the collar of my coat and wore it over all since it is raining so hard. But the dining room gets uncomfortably warm even with only ordinary weight clothing. At night, I am really "uncomfortably" warm.

By the way, the new case for the shoe-polish was a surprise to me. And the candy is heating well, largely because of my selfishness. We eat so much on the steamer that there has been no need of them, the whole thing once around.

If we make close connections at Ichang and Hankow, I hear most of my baggage and then go on to Shanghai. I can in that time and come back to Hankow for the conference. As I figure it out, with luck we can make our days before the conference begins. In that time ought to get the Minuta in press and do something toward shopping. At Shanghai I plan to stay at the new hotel. "Missionary Home," run by W. T. Beam, 338 Avenue Joffre. I would be there until Feb. 18th. Probably no letter could reach me in time there though as it will take nearly that long a trip for this letter to reach China.

Am still writing that on this section of the trip my sweet heart and my sonny were with me.

Lots of love,

[signature]
Hankow, Hu.
February 12th, 1930.

My Dearest Clara and Jerrold:—

Well, we are thus far on our journey with no more damage done. We arrived in Hankow last night at about ten o'clock. Desay Lin Gao and his party got passage on a Japanese boat to Shanghai or Nanking, and resume their journey at ten this morning. I concluded to stay by the Butterfield and Squire boats as I am buying round-trip tickets on each section of the journey and thus saving about 25 per cent of the cost. I can't get that on the Jap boat, and moreover I have my doubts whether Mr. Rape and the Edwards would choose the Jap boat for their trip up, and I want to plan to travel with them if possible.

Mr. Service and I will continue our journey tomorrow, therefore. This gives me an extra day in Hankow, or rather eighteen hours extra. In the meantime I shall go up to the Navy Y and meet Dr. Latimer, and possibly call on Bishop Roots. Haven't quite made up my mind as to that.

It seems that I shall have about three days in Shanghai, including a Sunday, by this plan. This will not be enough to get all my buying done, even if I had your list. But at least it will give me a chance to get the printing of the Minutes started and a raincoat like mine ordered for Mac. By getting a round-trip ticket to Shanghai I ought to save at least one way on the railroad. Then after the conference I can get back to Shanghai, collect all that is ready and board the boat there. That seems to be the one best bet just now.

The Minutes are all in shape to go into the printer's hands with the exception of the statistics and the treasurer's report. I hope to get them in Nanking in time to send to the printer after things get started. Also have letters written to Dr. Smith, renewal of Jerrold's magazine, etc. So will reach Shanghai in good shape. At Ichang I got the promise of an article on work with the Mohammedans, by Mr. Pickens of the American Church. Hold it for the April NEWS, if it comes before my return. Also have an article by Y.K. Koo of the National Committee of the Y.M.C.A., at least it is a private letter to Mr. Service as yet, but Mr. Service expects to help me get it for the News.

Well, this will have to do for the present, as Mr. Service is waiting for me to go on shore with him to get our reservations.

Lots of love,
Affectionately,

[Signature]

P.S. Our S.S. will not leave until tomorrow noon. I have spent the day calling with Mr. Service. A quarter of an hour with Dr. Latimer at the Navy Y. Then over to the new Navy Y where Mr. Latimer is holding forth for the present. Then to the Chinese Y where I met the whole staff. Then across the river to Wuchang where I visited the Y at that place and on to the home of the English Sec'y, Mr. Turner. From there I went to home College and met a Mr. Yip who is in the National University's employ, building the plant. Was interested in learning that he is related to Yang Foo-Chuen of the Union Middle School at Chengtu. Also
had a short visit with Francis Wei, the president of Hope College, and went around their plant. It looks smaller than it did the time you and I first visited there in company with Ike, Neumann and "family."

Came back to the "Tuck-Wo" to see if our baggage was all OK. Am having it easy this trip. All I have to do now to pay up. Mr. Liu, who runs the fruit nursery out by the Wo C. U. U. campus, used to be Mr. Seaver's table-boy, cook, etc. He and his son are on a trip to Shanghai, and returning via Nanjing where he plans to buy 30 cherry-trees, grape-vines, etc. to take back to Shanghai with him. So he attends to all our baggage transfers, and I pay "over third the price."

Am glad my feet are well again. While at Chungking I tried my "best" shoes, but they were perfectly agonying even when sitting down, and excruciating when I walked. So I had to wear my old split ones as far as Ichang and was wondering if I would have to buy shoes at Shanghai. But later on I tried out my good ones again and had no discomfort. So today I wore them and walked miles with no special discomfort. God bowmen them. There were horrors of which I seem to have only one pair along. They're cheaper than shoes though, if I buy.

Now I'm back at the Navy "Y." supper is cheaper here than on the Tuck-Wo. I'll go back there to sleep. I see by the papers that they have the "talking movies" here in Hankow also. But I was up until midnight last night and have had a strenuous day. So I guess I'll not indulge.

Tell Jerrold, that I visited today with a little boy who had had (until recently) 20 white mice, six canaries, and a great big black dog. And on our boat the Captain's daughter, just Jerrold's age but an absolutely precocious creature. She was the best kind of fan. Love to all. Love to Daddy.
My Dearest Clara

and dearest Jerrold:

At the last moment I decided not to go down to Shanghai until after the conference is over. Consequently, I am already in Nanking and most comfortably established. This is rather hard on the hostess, of course, since I arrived several days before I am supposed to have come. But this seemed best to me, though it has not turned out as I had anticipated.

I wrote you at Hankow that the Chinese section of our party went down by Japanese boat, while I stuck with Mr. Service where I could get round-trip tickets. Well, the Tuck-Yo was supposed to start at 4 A.M. on Thursday, but owing to the arrival of more cargo, the sailing was postponed until noon. I took breakfast therefore at the Navy Y, and afterwards as I was selling an A.M.T. check to Dr. Latimer for down-river money, I asked him to recommend a printer in Shanghai where I might get the Minutes printed. He did even better; for he told me that Mr. Uowan, who used to be in charge of the Methodist Publishing House in Shanghai and later on took charge of the Shanghai Times, had just moved to Hankow and taken over the Hankow Herald. This gave me a good idea. I got my stuff from the steamer at once and went to call upon him. He printed the Minutes for many a conference both at home and in China, so I did not have to give many detailed instructions. He promised to have everything in shape for me to pick up on my way back through Hankow, thus saving over a week’s time. Of course I have not gotten the statistics yet—though I received your letter and Jerrold’s pictures just now as I got back from a trip over the campus. (And mighty glad to get them, believe me! But more of that later.)

Being able to get the printing started without having to go down to Shanghai nor having to read proof, set my mind free. I held on to the Chungking Minutes, though, for further instructions, and hope to see Mr. Rape in person in another day, having sent a letter to him by the steamer. I still expected to go to Shanghai until the afternoon before I reached Nanking. But the only thing to take me down then was to get a raincoat started for Mac. But why should personally stand $26.00 in order to do that more than I could figure out. It would be better to pay a bit more on a ready-made one at Whiteaway’s. So I arranged with the steward for a stop-over at Nanking, and received my steamer ticket back, so that I can continue my journey by boat without extra cost as soon as the conference is over, if a vacant berth is available, and come back by boat to Hankow on my return ticket. I sent in an order to the Mission Book Co. to be filled while I’m up here, and the rest of the purchases I can complete in a fairly short time.

I didn’t have time to notify the folks here of my coming, because I had lost my last chance for telegraphing at Kiukiang. So when we reached Nanking at Noon on Saturday, I piled all my stuff on a broker’s carriage at the dock and set out for the University of Nanking. I was brought directly to the students’ postoffice, and there a very accommodating student guided me to the home of Dr. Illick, a Syracuse man, who is the head of the department of Biology here. The letter at Chungking said that he should be notified of our coming, hence my hunting him out the first thing. My idea was to find where I could leave some of my baggage and get his suggestion for a hotel until the regular time for imposing upon the hosts. They had been entertaining Bishop Birney until the night before, but he had just left for Shanghai on business, so that a room was available, and they very cordially insisted upon my staying here for the present. According to the general line-up they were to have entertained Dr. and Mrs. Edwards and Bishop Edwin F. Lee. But it is uncertain whether Ed can get here, and Dr. Edwards is now in a sanitarium at Shanghai with a “mental break-down” following their visit to
the Hsinhua Conference work, and the latest news is that he is expecting to make a base-line for New York just as soon as he is able to travel. That means that he will not be here for the Central Conference, nor will he visit West China. (And this may make some difference as to my itinerary from Chungking to Chengtu, too.)

I went to the college church service this morning at Ginling Women's College. It was a very fine service and I met a number of interesting people. The sermon was preached by Dr. K.T. Chung of the N.C.C. in connection with the Five Year Movement. The solo was sung by Theodore Du, whose six Chinese hymn records we have in our collection. He now has charge of the musical end of the Nanking University.

I haven't met any of the other delegates yet, but since I know all of the thirteen western delegates but one, I have been able to explain a few things to Mrs. Illick about certain letters stating their requirements.- Dr. Went's, for instance, who is afflicted by nervousness and must have a room by himself. Paul Wiant, Carleton Lacy, Mr. Carson, Dr. Gowdy, etc., are among them. By the way, Dr. Gowdy's name is being mentioned as a candidate for the missionary bishop, but there seem to be rumors that Chinese from his own territory would oppose it. Perry Hanson is rooting for both Bishops to be Chinese. He expects to be a delegate after Li Tien-lu is made bishop “on the first ballot”, thus advancing him from his present “reserve” status.

I was delighted to get your letter after returning to the house a little while ago. It may have been here in Nanking before I arrived and sent over just as soon as the revised list of assignments was sent out. All your fears have been unwarranted. I have had no colds along the way, and most of the time I have been quite comfortable. The first two days' were comparatively uncomfortable, as you surmised, but nothing terrible. All the rest has been luxury, with the only cares being how much to pay for baggage transfers and tips. Travelling with Mr. Service, an old-timer who makes annual trips up and down the Yangtze, made an easy job of this. My $50.00 with which I travelled from Chengtu lasted me clear to Nanking. I still have one silver dollar left. This paid for transportation to Chungking, board, tips, etc. all along the line, besides a haircut at Hankow. I got $100. in Hankow in Sihhshai currency so as to be prepared, but I didn't use any of it until yesterday afternoon when I bought some film-packs. As soon as I find a foreign clothing store where I can buy some thinner socks, I want to get some so that my feet will be more comfortable. I'm wearing the heavy black just now, but the children are getting sensitive again, owing to the tightness of the shoes. I washed out one pair that I have with me, but they are not dry yet and they will need a lot of darning.

There are two little boys here, Jerrold, and one little girl. The boys are older than you are and the girl can't talk very much yet. I will tell you more about them some other time. It is a very fine, sun-shine day. Although within the city walls, this section of the university is as much out in the country as our university in Chengtu. The various sections of the university seem to be more compact in themselves, but are scattered from each other. The residences are quite unconnected. All construction is of brick; the general lay-out is more like Venice. But I still like our own the best.

Well, it is time for the English service, and this will give me something to write about some other time. I shall eagerly wait another letter and another picture. The car wasn't waiting for me at the top of the mountain, Jerrold. But I'm glad that you and Mother are praying for Daddy. He's doing pretty well under the circumstances.

Bushels of love and hundreds of kisses.

Lovingly,

Daddy Lewis.
Shanghai, China.
March 5th, 1930.

My Dearest Clara and Jerrold:—

The way I have neglected you since I arrived in Nanking is shameful. But it seems that wherever I go I'm the one who accepts all the work that is given me. The next day after I wrote you, if I remember correctly, I had to speak before the Nanking foreign community prayer-meeting. Then the committees organized for work and I was made vice chairman of the Committee on Temporal Economy and had to preside on alternate sessions at that. These committee meetings met morning, afternoon, and some evenings, so that I had little or no chance to write letters then. On the day before the committee meetings opened, or rather the day they were expected to open, I spoke in Chinese to the students of the Nanking Theological Seminary. On the Sunday before the regular session began I was invited to take dinner and supper at the Kinling Girls College, and addressed their student body in the evening, speaking in English.

Then when the main session opened on Monday, Carleton Lacy and I were nominated for English secretary and I was elected. Daang Lin-gao was elected Chinese secretary, which was going strong for the Chengtu delegation. I nominated Bertha Gless as my assistant, and got Bishop Birney's consent after the approval thereof, so I had good help. Every evening after the close of the afternoon session at four or even as late as six o'clock, I went to the W.P.M.S. home for supper at Miss Golisch's invitation, so that we could get right down to business with the Minutes and make our rough copy for reading the next morning. Miss Gless took down the notes in shorthand and I took mine down in the usual fashion and we were able to check up on them. In the mornings as she had opportunity, she would then make five copies of the approved records. In this way, by working from 8:30 A.M. until 10 or sometimes 11 P.M. with but little leisure, I was able to keep the minutes up to date until the Saturday session. But in order to finish up all the business by Saturday night, we had to run three sessions, so we didn't get out until 11:30 P.M. on that night. Sunday was full with the consecration of the bishops, etc., so that we couldn't get anything done then. Consequently, on Monday when she had to accompany Bishop Birney to Shanghai, I had fourteen single-spaced sheets of typewritten matter to work out to be passed upon by a special committee, before I could leave.

Dr. Felt and I left Tuesday noon on the steamer for Shanghai, and arrived here today (Wednesday noon). I worked on Minutes and making the "dummy" for publication every spare moment on the way down, and still have a lot to do. We got a cab right to the Navy "Y" where I am staying now. The rates here are $1.50 per day as against $5.50 per day at Beaman's where I told you I expected to stay. We went directly to the Navy "Y" for lunch, and within fifteen minutes I was dated up to speak at the Community Church prayer-meeting this evening at 8:15. However, my baggage has not yet been delivered here, so I have a good excuse not to get busy at either talk or minutes, and I consider it providential, in that your letter, which ought to take first place any way, gets its chance.

I received several good letters from you while at Nanking, including Jerrold's letters and the pretty valentine. Miss Gless and some others besides myself got a lot of fun out of the "mouse and bride" cartoon. Many of our mutual friends have inquired about you and Jerrold and have asked me to convey their love or regards (as the case might be) to you: Miss Golisch, Joy Smith, Paul Wiant, Dr. Felt, Walter Davis, Wang Chih-pin, Miss Gless, the Birneys, Gertrude Oldroyd, and numerous others.

I radiod you that Dr. Cowdy had been elected bishop (on the 7th ballot) and was to have his residence at Foochow. And that Wang Chih-pin (Wang Ze-pin) was elected bishop (on the fourteenth ballot) with residence at Chengtu. I wired just as soon as the committee fixed the episcopal residences. I suggested that our conference or Finance Committee send a telegram of welcome to Wang Chih-pin. I hope you understood and that this was done immediately. I wanted you to have the first news, and yet I was afraid that you might forget this matter. The telegram had not arrived up to the time of my departure from Nanking. He had received cables from almost every other conference in China, from various organizations and institutions in America and Europe before I left and I should be very much chagrined because of his disappointment and wonder, if the
Conference to which he has been assigned to reside fails to send him an early welcome.
The telegram may have gone directly to Peiping, however.

It was a great conference in many ways, and certainly a history-making one I'm glad
have been made the secretary of it and to have had the opportunity of presenting
the two bishops-elect for consecration. Dsang Lin-gao, as the Chinese ministerial delegate
from Chengtu Conference was one of the six elders chosen for the laying on of hands part
of the rite. The North China Conference has invited Wang Chih-ping to hold their
next Annual Conference, which was a very nice thing to do in view of the fact that they
supported us in asking for a resident bishop in West China. Many things entered into
that decision. We are entitled to four resident bishops in China, of whom one would
probably come to us. But that can't be for two years anyway, and in the meantime the
church at home might neglect to send the fourth if the remaining residence to be fixed
was in the interior. In the second place, it was felt that for Bishop Wang to be
appointed to Peiping where he has been so long and is connected with so many institutions
would be to entangle him in the web of small business when he ought to be free for a real
evangelistic contribution. The areas are temporarily arranged as follows: Chengtu Area
is composed of the two West China Conferences, Shantung, and North China. Foochow Area
includes Foochow, Yenping, South Fukien, and Hinghwa. Kiamga Shanghai Area takes
up the Central Conference and Kiangsi Conference.

Bishop Wang will take the
other three conferences of the Chengtu Area and become acquainted with them before moving
out to West China, and now expects to leave with his wife for Chengtu immediately after
holding the North China Conference in the first week in September.

With so many things to tell, I guess that I had better not go into all of the news
of the Conference until I get back. I roomed with Walter Davis. Other guests were
Harry Caldwell, Dr. Gowy, Carleton Lacy, Dr. Gentry for a few days, and Mr. Rape for the
last night before he started back for Szechwan.

Willard Simpson arrived in Nanking on Saturday from America. His father died just
as he was making his arrangements to return home, of which he wrote us. While home, he
himself had an operation for appendicitis. He is looking well but thinner than when
we saw him last. I was much surprised to learn at Nanking that he and Miss Alice
Bower are very much interested in each other. In fact it seemed to be taken for granted
by every one at the W.F.M.S. house that the happy day has been or soon will be fixed.
But apparently Willard has been disappointed so many times that he is not taking
anything for granted any more. He will be coming back by way of Shanghai tomorrow and I
may see him again then.

Miss Davis is in Peiping, having accepted the position that Miss Walters had up
there. So Miss Glass has promised to help out in the shopping business if needed.
If I take her out to lunch some noon, or otherwise manifest your and my appreciation of
this help and her denial of other pursuits in order to help me with that secretarial
work, I am quite sure that it will meet with your approval.

Excepting for the first three days while I was in Nanking (out of seventeen) it
rained torrents or was threatening to do so. I didn't even have time to go out on the
street to buy rubbers, so my regular program was to wade home at night, launder my
one pair of wearable socks, clean up my shoes and put them on a register to dry, change
my trousers, wash off the mud, and put them in that trouser-press, and hang them up to dry.
It was worth its weight in silver. It would have meant pressing every day otherwise.

Bishop Birney sent out a light black overcoat and had the lining repaired and presented
it to me to take the place of the one I had stolen. He is also paying for the raincoat
which Mac asked me to buy for him instead of the two overcoats which he lost. Since
coming here to Shanghai, I have learned from Dr. Bowen that Hong-Kong will make a heavy
winter-coat lining to snap into these light coats for only $8.50, so I think that I will
have this done while I am down here. That will fix me up in fine shape.

I don't know how long it will take me to get my work done here. I am hoping to get
off by next Monday. But I have the Minutes to get all in shape for printing (Carleton
Lacy has promised to attend to the job of proof-reading and mailing) and this will take
a good full day. Then I have twenty-one or so things to buy for West China friends,
to deliver all the way up the line beginning with Hankow. So I will not make reservations
until I know that I can get off. H.B.M. Consul-general Handley-Derry and wife travelled
on this boat with us, having recently left Chungking to take up work in Chi-lu up north.
They tell me that everything is tied up above Ichang now because of the pilots’ strike, so that there are no boats travelling through the Gorges to Chungking. I will try to find out just what the situation is before I leave Shanghai, lest I be held up at some expensive place en route. I imagine that everything will be properly settled by the time I am ready to start back.

The Kiang Kai Shek and Yen Shi San controversy is on at present, the latter having demanded the former’s resignation. Chiang Kai Shek has been drawing his troops nearer Nanking, and the foreign papers announce a drive toward Tientsin. The railroad up that direction has been closed to traffic so that all the delegates from the North are returning by steamer via Shanghai.

Under separate cover I’m sending material for the April NEWS.

Lots of love to you, Clara dear, and to my kiddie. I’m anxious to get back to my loved ones.

Yours always without variation,

Louis

P.S. Am to take dinner with Miss Roseworth on Sunday. As nearly as I can determine by the published sailing list, my first possible sailing date will be on next Wednesday, March 23. One goes out on Sunday, but I can’t get through before Tuesday anyway. Mrs. Anderson of Chentoo has put the local YMCA on my trail to escort a Miss Smith, trade commissioner from here to Chentoo. Now that Mrs. Pei is away Mrs. Wu up to Chungking, I thought that I was through with that kind of job.

Louis

Will try to send this to Hankow via air-mail. Save the stamp.

Am sending Mother a bit of Nanking tapestry from you and me and Frank as a birthday present and souvenir of the Central Conference.
Dearest Clara and Jerrold:

I have been postponing the Minutes until I could get more copy started off for the April number. I really ought not to stop to write more now lest this copy miss the air-mail for Hankow, but it seems a shame to let an envelope addressed to you go off without a note in it for my loved ones.

This should make about twenty-five pages of copy in addition to what you may have on hand. Fix out the table of contents to suit the need and your judgement.

I spent the greater part of the day yesterday writing letters which arise out of the Central Conference Minutes, and then I worked for a good share of the afternoon on the editorial, finishing it up this morning.

I still have a lot of shopping to do. Haven't enlisted Miss Gless as yet, not only because she's been working her limit for three bishops, but because it has poured rain every day since I came here until today. I've gone out occasionally on some errand or another, for meals or for purchases, and I have utilized the opportunity to check off another item or two on the list. I bought Jerrold's stockings yesterday; two pairs of woolens at $2.25 each, and two pairs of cotton ones, sale price $1.00 each. Bought a silk knit scarf to take the place of a handkerchief. It looked gray by artificial light. I was going to Community Church for a service so I wore it. The next day in the daylight it turned out to be a sort of khaki drab. Cost $10.50 Max. at that, about the cheapest procurable. Things all seem expensive just now owing to the exchange, which is about $2.84 down to $2.72 per Gold dollar.

The Nyus couple came in to see me last night,—chief purpose to arrange for more parcels. I'm going to have tons of it. Three or four loads of books, two or more typewriters (which I cannot pack), shoes, a load of stationery, wedding ring, wrist watch, electric light fixtures, bon-bons, drugs, hospital machinery, etc., all in addition to our own. I'm packing as much as possible into coreys. The Y.W.C.A. stuff was sent to Hankow by another. The Y.W.C.A. shipment of "one lady trade commission" has not yet been fully settled.

While I was in Nanking I was told of the death of a Mrs. Tsow, a returned student who expected to go to West China as a biology teacher. The cause was scarlet fever and child birth. Today I met Mr. Ruan on the street and learned that it was his sister, Eva, I think, that had died. He had just learned through Tang Lin Gao. Mr. Tsang is staying on a week at Nanking to study the university and should be arriving here Monday to visit Shanghai College. I understand that he introduced Elsie to Dr. Felt and others at the Central Conference as his adopted daughter and that her name had been changed to Tsang. I am wondering whether they may not have misunderstood the Jiang and thought that it was the same as his own. He has arranged for her to enter Kinling Woman's College in the pre-medical course under Dr. Streeter. I said goodbye to them in Lincoln's room where they were both engaged in packing before I came down here. I have said nothing to him about the questionings to which I referred sometime ago. I found that Miss Allen was the chiefly suspicious one. The telegram turned out to be an answer to one from Elsie who had seen in the telegrams from Chengtu printed in the Chungking paper that he was the one taken by the anti-christians instead of Tang Lo-ten, and who was naturally quite anxious.

Bishop Birney is insisting upon paying for that heavy lining which I am having put into his overcoat which he presented to me. Don't know whether I'll let him or not. I take lunch with Miss Bosworth Sunday noon, and supper at Bowen's in the evening.
March 13th 1930

Dear Mother and Father,

The rush is now over and I can get off another line to you. Am leaving for Singapore tonight at midnight on the S.S. Tain-woo. I straight through to Shanghai. Then it is an old story by now, I would again say that it has been one grand rush. I've been staying here at the Navy "Y" for eight days. I'm getting the Central Conference minutes in final form for printing. I turned them over to Carleton Lacy of the American Bible Society, who will look after the rest of the work for me, and mail them out. I finished that job yesterday morning yesterday afternoon and till 10:30 P.M. I spent writing the letters ordered by the Conference: three to Japan, one to Switzerland, another to Germany, eight to Shanghai, one to Nanking. Ten two-page letters to the Ten Annual Conference Finance Committee telling them what the Central Conference expected to do. In the meantime I have taken my rest by going shopping. Some last, believe me! and my array of packages for the West is alarming. They got so many that I had to buy 6 feather trunks on Japanese cordura to contain them, at
a cost of $46.20 for receptacles and
contact to the steamer. I have
shoes and stockings for men and women,
boys, girls, and babies; material for
nightgowns and nightshirts; hundred
of books in Chinese and English;
three typewriters; a wedding ring, a
watch, clock, and an automobile; one
bundle of bed-spreads for the
Nancy "Y. at Hankow, etc., etc. I
shall leave a mighty sink of relief,
once I get them to their destinations.

Some of them I can't deliver personally.

Beyond Chungking without dividing
myself into three sections. For the
Big Road, I have parcels for Chungking,
Hankow and Chengtu. For the
Mian River route, they include: K'otong,
Min Fu, and Yenchow. And on the
Sinfu, and Yechow. And on the
Kehang River I have a lot for Kinning.

One of the last things I did this
afternoon, after getting everything
through Customs, was to visit the
post-office Customs Dept. and get a
parcel off to you as a birthday
present from our family
(Hankow). It is a bit of Hanking tapestry, and
can be made up as a cushion with
tassels on the corners, or hemmed
for a suitable place as a hanging;
instead of a picture. We seen them
in both ways recently. This will
serve as a souvenir of the historical
Central Conference of Eastern Asia, where
we elected our first Chinese bishop.
I think that I wrote you that he lived in the same compound with us at Peking, so we all know the family well. He is to come to Chungking next October and take all the recreation that I needed. Even went to two talkies, which was a new experience for your country son. Can't say that the films were what I would have chosen had there been a choice. "The Love Parade" and "Nights on Broadway" were the only ones running this week.

A night or two when these pretty tired after shopping, I just took a lot of junk like chocolate and peanuts, and popped myself up in bed with a novel from the Navy "Y" library and read and ate until time to switch off the light was dated up for leading the prayer meeting at the American Church within half an hour after arriving in Shanghai. For met a lot of old friends around here and enjoyed the gossip. Miss Bosworth and Miss Bliss entertained me at Sunday lunch at the W. M. S. home.

Dr. Bowen, former president of the University of Nanking invited
me on Sunday night for dinner, to be the first to hear the announcement of the engagement of his daughter to William Simpson, the young bachelor who shared the Bishop's house with us at Peking.

I was also invited to Bishop and Mrs. Binney's farewell dinner, but owing to pressure of work, I sent my regrets. It is only half an hour until they sail for America, and I ought to go down to see them off.

Bishop Binney has certainly outdone himself in giving me the advantage of the "rejected chuds." Having heard of the theft of my overcoat at Chingking, he presented me with a three-year-old one in very good condition, and had it relined with "Camel's hair" winter lining. Since the doctors are making him fatten up in order to overcome his TB, he had a lot of collars both soft and starched, which were almost new and just my size — enough to last me several years, unless I grow too much also. And he gave me my choice of ten new $2.00 and $3.00 books which had been sent him for review, and were no longer needed. So I have fared luckily. I must hurry if I bid them goodbye. Three weeks hence I ought to be back home with my loved ones.

Lots of love to all.

Affectionately, Lewis.
Dearest Motherkin and All;

Tomorrow afternoon I shall have returned to Chungking, if all goes well, and my letter will be mailed there. It seems a long time since I left Chengtu and my folks. As the saying goes, "a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since then". When I wrote last I was just about to leave Shanghai. I've been almost (or more than) two weeks on the way so far. I spent a day in Hankow, and did all that I could do there, but since the Chengtu statistician had not provided me with the statistics of the Annual Conference after all my letters to him urging that he get them off by the quickest mail, I had to leave the Minutes in press, unfinished, until I can get back to Chengtu and find out "WHY IN THE DICKENS" he has gone back on me so.

At Ichang, I had to wait a few days because of the pilots' strike, and then still longer for the Yangtze Rapids boat to exchange cargo. I stayed at the C.I.M. there and preached at the Scotch Mission church and took dinner with the parson on Sunday. In the meantime I utilized my opportunity to overhaul my seven trunks or coreys of parcels and books, sorting them for Chungking, Suifu, Suining, Tzechow, and Chengtu. I found that notwithstanding my instructions to the agency at Shanghai, the packer had gotten them rather mixed up. Consequently my work was not in vain and I am thereby saved unnecessary delay in Chungking.

When I left Chengtu I was wearing my heaviest woolens, my heaviest overcoat, and a fur cap pulled down well over my ears. Even when I reached Hankow the snow still lay on the shady side of the houses. An overcoat was still very comfortable when I left Shanghai. But when I arrived at Ichang the thermometer was up to 80 F. and the fruit trees and lilacs were in bloom. As I am sitting on the observation deck of the "I-Ping" here at Wanhsien while the steamers coal up, there is a breeze blowing which makes it quite pleasant under the awnings. But in the sun it is very warm and when the boat stops at night and I get on my cotton-flannel pajamas, I need no bedcovers until in the morning when the boat starts on once more. What it will be going up the Big Road unless the rains start in is hard to imagine. I do have a khaki suit there and I can leave off all underwear, since all I have with me is the heavy woolen, and I may be able to get along without a sun-helmet by buying an umbrella, but I am anticipating a rather warm trip.

Part of the reason for this anticipation is that I expect to do a bit of walking this time, and see if I can get the ricksha that I bought for Clara a year and a half ago up to Chengtu on my travel allowance. Thus far there has been but one chance to sell it in eighteen months, and that was queer because the Chinese assistant in the place told the prospective buyer that the original price was $150 and the selling price of $260, which would only have covered expenses, looked as though someone was trying to get too big a squeeze on the side. As a matter of fact, it was the Chinese internal (or infernal) customs which had already gotten the squeeze, but of course you couldn't make the prospective purchaser believe that. My idea now is to hire two carriers to trundle the thing along with me in it wherever it is possible, and to carry it over the places where the horse road is not yet completed, at which times I will walk or hire a wha-gan. I haven't told Clara this yet, because it may be that the plan will not be workable. At any rate, we ought to get into Chungking tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon, and after that I shall work hard to get off by Monday and make the regular stages up the Big East Road to Chengtu. This should bring me into Tzechow for over Sunday and give me the chance to get some books which I left
there when we moved, thinking that I wouldn't want them any more.

We have been quite fortunate thus far on our trip, especially in view of what has happened on this stretch of the river and farther down below Ichang within the last few weeks. There was a Communist uprising near Shensi, firing upon the steamers and the armed guard fired back, killing a few. And in the gorges above Ichang, some of Yen Shi-san's soldiers from the North in Shensi tried to commandeer steamers. One of them was the one on which I now have passage. Mr. Rape and Miss Allen were on it then. The U.S.A. armed guard claimed to have killed 120 of the Shensi men, and on their side about five were wounded. The boat had to turn back to Ichang. And the "Chi-Ping" on which I came down to Ichang from Chungking also got into a row for the same reasons; and the guard killed two or three and the lieutenant in charge was wounded besides several rather miraculous escapes. The Chinese have been keeping all of these things out of the papers, and, some claim, were rather happy that the foreign guards turned in as they did, inasmuch as since then traffic has been quiet and the civilians have benefitted. But we are now past all the places where trouble has occurred in times past or where there is reason for expecting any.

Passengers in first class foreign quarters have been few or none. I am the only one on this boat though Chinese cabins are full. They have given me the "bridal chamber", a twelve-by-twelve stateroom with large double Simmons bed, triplicate mirror dressing-table, lovely cushion seats, etc. and private bath and toilet. This is better than when I came down and had to sleep on the benches in the dining saloon. There are no foreign passengers on the "I-Ling" or sister ship. The U.S.A. guard has quarters there. The Yangtze Rapids Steamship Company is American-Chinese owned and is the only company which has made any concessions to the striking pilots; hence its business is rather heavy just now. They send two ships together, with an armed guard between them. I was agreeably surprised last night when we anchored side by side to discover that my Chinese fellow-delegates from the Chengtu Conference, etc., were on the other boat. We had not planned to travel together and I thought they were ahead by two days and they thought I was ahead. So I guess that I shall have some company on the way to Chengtu after all.

I've been getting out part of the Pentecostal 1900th Anniversary number of the News and have been reading George A. Coe's "What is Christian Education?" and have finished Walter Lippmann's "A Preface to Morals" since starting, besides some odd jobs. The only recreational reading was the February "Ladies' Home Journal" which a fellow-traveller gave me at Hankow. All the rest of the time on the upper stretches of the river I've been enjoying this scenery that never grows old. Clara wrote me a letter on February 18th which caught me at Ichang and this is my latest word from home. So you can be sure that I'm looking forward to getting back home to my folks.

Well, I'll save room for a postscript at Chungking.

Lots of love to you and Muzzy and all,

Affectionately,

Lewis.

Sunday: Arrived all right though under depressing circumstances: An overloaded ferry boat tried to ride the waves in the wash of our steamer and took in water. The passengers all rushed to one end of the boat, thereby sinking it clean under. Eight were rescued out of nineteen. Then a cargo boat tried to hang on to the steamer before she came to anchor and was upset. The two men were saved but the cargo was lost. Had hoped to get off tomorrow morning early, but the Chungtu doctors have telegraphed me I2
bring all the difficulty's serum which I can buy and get it to them as Chengtu is out, and I will probably be held up until noon at any rate.

Love

Lewis
Faculty of Religion

Chungking
Chongku, Sze. March 29, 1930

Dear Mr. Clark,

and Sonny Boy.

It's beginning to seem like I'm getting back home when I can mail a letter to you in Chungking. As I write this, however, I am not yet there. It is nine P.M. on Friday and I still have half a day before arrival, but unless I get part of a letter written now, I'm afraid it may be crowded out later.

I was held up at Ichang from Friday night of last week until the Tuesday noon of this, since the pilot's strike was still on and I had to wait for the Yangtsze Rapids boats to make their return trip. I stayed at the C.H.M. and utilized the time by re-sorting and re-packing my seven cases, etc., so that I would not have this to do at Chungking or elsewhere along the line, and would be sure not to carry anything along to Chungking which I ought to drop off somewhere else.

Sunday I attended at the Scotch Mission Church, meeting Mr. Booth in again and other friends. In the evening I had dinner with the parson and wife and a Swedish missionary.

Monday I was off my feed a bit, but moved over to my boat in the afternoon after tea, and since it was along side the "Ichang" where the jevels were quartered, I went over on their boat and gossiped until about dark.

The voyage has been uneventful thus far, though on the trips immediately preceding they had plenty of excitement. As you may know, Mr. Raper and Miss Allen were on their boat...
(the "I-Ping") and there was a scarp in the gorge
with soldiers so that they had to return to Ichang.
The "Chi-Ping" on which I came down to Ichang also
had a scar, in which several of the guard were
wounded. The guard claims as many as 120 killed
in the assaulting party. One never can tell.
The steamer traveled in pairs with one guard
of six men to serve both boats. Young Ti Lu,
Hsiao Lin, and Tien Bo she are on the other boat,
though they left Shanghai three days after I did and
we did not know that we were together again until
the second day out of Ichang.

My plan is to come by way of the Big East Road.
If I find it to be advacable I may bring your nick-sha
with me. Since I don't get to Ch'ungking until Saturday
now, I'll have only two or three hours chance before
Sunday to get places made, etc., I want to start off
Monday at noon and reach T'zechow or Wuch
from tomorrow, or April 5th. That would bring me into
Ch'engtu on Thursday, April 10th.

Saturday morning. It's raining in sheets. This may change
plane, etc., so I'll not write any more until things are
definitely fixed.

Sunday A.M. Am afraid I can't get off early Monday
morning and may be unable to get to T'zechow before
Sunday. Have just received Joe's telegram telling me
to try all the different places possible. This
means delaying at least half a day here. Also
learned that the statistics have been returned
to him. Please tell him as soon as you can
get word to him to send them with a covering
letter to:

"The Hankow Herald"

To Mr. Cowan, Editor,
Hankow, Hubei.

I'll send a mailing list from Ch'ungking. Am
longing for home and loved ones.

P.S. Went out to Rafei for lunch and
and met the community again.

At home had a good letter from you and
your mother awaiting me. Just finished reading them. Great news!
P.S. #3: Can't get any more diphtheria serum nearer than Peking according to Dr. Bassi. He has a very little bit, but does not feel justified in depriving the Chungking hospital of it.

I'm told that Custom's permits + tax receipts (5 places) will be required and if I do not have them in hand I'll be delayed at least one more day. I think I shall risk it and maybe I'll get by and make T PANEL. Maybe not! Wash me luck! Though this will reach you after all is over.
Dearest Motherkin and All;--

At last I'm back with my homefolks again. Over two months away seems a bit too much for the first time, and I doubt whether I could get used to it. The trip was pleasant and helpful and I worked hard enough to have made some contribution to enter on the credit side of the ledger. The article which I wrote for the "Chinese Recorder" on my way down to Nanking has just been acknowledged with a check for ten dollars which they call an "Honorarium". I'm using it to subscribe for 25 yearly subscriptions to a new "Preachers' Magazine" which I'm expecting to send to the Chinese preachers of this Chengtu Conference.

I had a good trip up from Chungking. Travelled without other company than my own carriers and walked a little more than half the way. Brought the ricksha up and paid for my mountain-chair and auto-bus on less than I've ever come through for before, owing to the fact that my feet held out. There was no rain all the way during the ten days, which was another blessing. Although the road does not run through as yet, they are making progress. When I arrived at Nei Kiang on my old stamping ground, I sent my bedding and loads on to Tzechow the next morning at 5:30 A.M. while I stayed over for a meeting and dinner. I didn't leave Nei Kiang until 3:30 P.M. and I arrived in Tzechow at 5 P.M. And then when I stopped at Chinsup on the second night after leaving Tzechow, according to the usual method of travel I had one and a half day's travel to Chengtu. But on last Wednesday morning I got up at 5 A.M. walked in to Kienchow (seven miles), visited for awhile with the district superintendent and school superintendent, hopped onto the bus at 8:15, and notwithstanding some time out for engine trouble, reached the top of the mountain by 10:15, walked less than a mile to the other section of new road, climbed into another bus, whirled down the mountain side to Niusikou, transferred to a ricksha and got to our house on the campus by 11:30 A.M. I was still in the bath-tub when Clara got back from her 11 o'clock class, but I was "all clothed and in my right mind" by the time Jerrold came home for dinner.

Of course I was stopped at a good many tax stations, but they were quite easy on me and I got everything up here free. I had a good empty-handed foreman for the carriers who served me well. My cot and bedding usually arrived a few minutes before I did, so that by the time I reached the resting place for the night everything had been set up in the best that the place afforded, my foot-bath and my shaving water and pot of tea were all ready for me to pitch in. In the morning, I had hot water and two poached eggs served Chinese fashion with fermented rice and sugar, so that I started out refreshed and ready for my long walk, which usually amounted to about twenty or twenty-five miles. I left here in the winter, so that I had no summer clothes with me. I came back from Shanghai passing from winter into spring and from spring into summer, so that heavy suit, cap, and woolen undershear were rather uncomfortable. I had left one khaki hiking suit at Chungking, and by going without underwear for the ten days I was able to keep quite comfortable, notwithstanding my exercise. A Chinese umbrella took the place of a sun-helmet.

At Kienchow a letter was awaiting me telling me that I was to speak about my trip to the students of the university on Sunday night. Within two hours of my arrival on Wednesday I was attending a meeting of the Committee on Student Health. Saturday night Clara had all of our Methodist missionary community here for supper, and I was riddled with questions about the conference. This week I have been getting back into the harness, and trying to get used to new jobs. I have been relieved of the chairmanship of the Committee on Student Religious Activities, but I
was re-elected dean of the Faculty of Religion and elected to a seat on the University Senate. My job as principal of the Methodist College is also giving me new duties, though fortunately for me I was in Nanking during the hardest part of the work connected therewith, that is, at the beginning of the spring semester when registration and collection of fees is the program.

This is Easter week, and beginning tomorrow I will have no classes, probably not until next Thursday, so that I ought to get properly lined up again unless a lot of extras are shoved upon me. It is not all Easter vacation, but University Day comes soon, also, and now Clara has been made chairman of the University Functions Committee. She is now taking charge of the plans for serving dinner to about 150 alumni, faculty, and government school officials.

Jerrold is happy in the company of August Lovegren, one of the younger boys who has been sent up here by his parents in Kiating to attend school. He has been rooming at the Stubbs' home, but they are going away for Easter vacation, so Clara consented to look after him here during their absence.

I had a feast of your letters to read awaiting me upon my return. If I started to speak of every thing of interest which you mention, I would have to go back for some months. Your letter of March 4th came this morning. You appear to agree heartily with Clara's own opinion about the present day styles. She is so disgusted with them that she refuses to cut into new dress material now and hopes that they will have improved before we are ready to take off for home next January. I was tempted to bring her some silk "bootees" or whatever those second-layer socks are called that try to enhance the illusion of bare legs in winter, but I guess it's just as well that I didn't waste my money. If one has to pay $9.50 for a paper pattern for a dress such as you say Lucile had to pay, for goodness' sake what do you have to pay for the dress itself?

In a couple of weeks you will be celebrating your birthday. I hope that the bit of Nanking tapestry got through all right. The old Chinese woman who wove it looks just like the pictures of the elderly peasant women that one sees in paintings, "The Gleaners" for instance. Just fat enough to wobble a bit, and young enough to have fairly good eyes. I brought a few pieces back for Clara, but not very much else for presents. I got Jerrold a small size foot-ball or basket ball. And of course there was lots of winter clothing, dress and shirt material, etc. A box of mixed candies from the Chocolate Shop got through all right for a wonder.

Clara wants to know whether she should begin to let her hair grow again before starting for America, in order to conform to the style there. Perhaps I should ask whether bald-headed men are still out of style, and whether I should buy a wig or not. My hair is so white now that when it's clipped short you can't tell whether I have any hair or not. When I go back home, Jerrold got Clara back into a corner by herself and whispered, Mommy, what makes Daddy's hair so white?

Well, one would think that having been away for so long and having written to you so seldom on the way that I would have a lot to write about. But as a matter of fact Finance Committee night before last kept me up until 11:30 and last night after a session helping a Chinese student translate a section of Ghandi's autobiography into Chinese and meeting some theologues, and being awakened by August who had a nightmare, I am so sleepy that I don't know what to write. I'll try to do better next time.

Lots of love to you all from us all,
Affectionately,

Lewis, Clara

and Jerrold
officer in white duck, topee with flowing blue streamers, etc. Dr. Best was a regular Yankee type. I togged up as a Boy Scout. It certainly was no easy matter to keep the crowd in order! Dr. Beech made a hit as the referee in a remarkable country "jay" get-up, using a shoe to measure off the "feet" in the jumps; he used one tiny Chinese shoe whenever he wanted a favorite to register a greater number of "feet" than his opponent. Markers and scorers, starters (with an immense pistol) were all in grotesque costume. But I think that the contestants who came out in running costumes incongruously mixed up with such "academic" costume features as plug-hats, mortar-board hats, mufflers, galoshes and umbrellas, huge black-rimmed and smoked glasses, etc., Dr. Stubbs, vice president made a hit with his velocipede though he won his race because there were no other contestants. The track men were the tallest spindliest men of the faculty and in those freak costumes they certainly were the limit. Some of the men faculty members appeared in ladies' costumes, accompanied by one lady (head of the Fine Arts department) who appeared in her husband's Tuxedo suit. And there was the omnipresent photographer who was always trying to get a movie of the runners and got in the way just as the starter's pistol gave the signal.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON: April 27th.

Yesterday was filled up with class preparation, recitations, and an all afternoon meeting of the College Board and Mission Finance Committee. Last night I read the last proof on the English Conference Minutes, and the first lot on the May number of the NEWS. I hope that you have been getting this little paper so that you can see what I am trying to do along that line.

Last Sunday we had five guests to dinner, and Wednesday night Mrs. Peterson took supper with us and stayed all night. Sunday morning I preached to the Methodist College students on Christian Imperialism. This afternoon the whole family will take an afternoon off and go into the city to attend a benefit program given by our W.F.M.S. schools. A Chinese "dollar" program always presupposes a four hour performance. I would much rather stay at home and get out some letters than to sit through the posture dancing of those little kindergartners and lower primary youngsters. But Jerrold has begun to think that I never have any time with him, so I guess I'll have to go. Had to decline an invitation to the Japanese Consulate-General on Monday where a celebration to commemorate the emperor's birthday is to be held.

Jerrold is tickled pink though because I have bought a share in a row-boat which has just been completed. Dr. Stubbs, Dr. Anderson and myself share in its ownership. When it has been oiled and painted, etc., it will be ready for use. Since the river runs right by our compound gate, we ought to have some pleasant times and some agreeable exercise.

Mrs. Grose wrote us the other day that the Bishop has improved in health so slowly that it seemed probable that he would have to go back to America and be relieved of responsibility for awhile. We're sorry to hear that. No one up here realized that he could be under such a strain. The rest of us take our difficulties more as a matter of tact, I presume.

By the way, I just received a letter stating that the Methodists of China have elected me an alternate delegate or member of the National Christian Council. There aren't many Westerners left on the Council now so I feel quite honored. One alternate delegate is Dr. Bowen, former president of Nanking University, and another is Miss Ella Shaw, the sister of our Peoria pastor.

Last night we received a letter from Tzechow telling us that the most severe battle ever experienced (in modern times) at Tzechow had just been waged. Since the fighting was mostly in the near vicinity of the hill where we used to live, we congratulate ourselves that we didn't happen to be living there just now. The W.M.F.S. house was very slightly damaged by bullets entering doors and windows. The affair seems rather settled just now again. The Commander who entertained us at dinner in Suining was endeavoring to cut the communications of the other General who entertained me several times here in Chengtu. One wonders just how earnestly they were trying to annihilate the other. The two commanders in Chengtu who are now both on the "Governing Council" started out together and after a day on the road, they divided forces,—the one to fight the Suining man, and the other ostensibly to help him. Such is war in our section.

Now it's my turn at the tub and we'll have to hustle if we get to the entertainment in time for the opening number. Jerrold is enclosing a letter for Beth.

Much love to all,
Dear Motherkin and All:

Not because I particularly admire this letter head but to give you another for your collection, I'm using this one which has just been sent me from headquarters. I'm so glad up with a number of things all of which seem to rejoice in sporting an advertisement of their task, that I'm being provided with more or less free stationery.

I think that I have written you but once since my return. My teaching load has been lightened considerably, but I have had a lot of loose ends to pick up and tie together. I've gotten out the 1930th Anniversary of Pentecost number of THE NEWS since I came back and am reading the first proof just now.

University Day has come and gone, this being the twentieth anniversary of the founding of this West China Union University. Clara and her committee covered themselves with glory in their provision and management of a hot dinner for nearly two hundred guests. Compliments have simply rained in upon her as chairman. Mr. Crawford had set the high water mark for efficiency in these events hitherto, but it seems that Clara's executive ability and the cooperation of her committee have set a new standard.

Addressees were given by the joint-governors of the province of Szechwan at the program, and set such a high mark of praise for this university and its work, that the provincial Commissioner of Education whose college it was that caused such trouble last Fall was left floundering high and dry for something good to say. For once the tables were turned; usually the military are not remarkable for their platform ability, while the educational leaders show them up rather embarrassingly. But this time it seemed to be the other way around. Equally noteworthy was the emphasis which both governors put upon the religious motive which lies behind the educational and philanthropic work of the Christian church and of which they spoke approvingly. This is also much at variance with the Nanking Government's Educational Ministry. The latter are prohibiting, so far as it is in their power to do so through edicts, the teaching of the Bible or chapel services during school hours or on the same premises in all mission schools from Lower Primary to Senior Middle School, and attempting to curb such teaching in the colleges which are registered.

A student in our university who has majored in Religion, for instance, cannot have his diploma stamped by the government or be employed in any government institution, whatever subject he may be qualified to teach.

This morning, being Saturday, has been spent in a rather varied fashion. Right after breakfast I developed a roll of film which happened to be the stereo of the bishops at the Central Conference at Nanking. They turned out pretty good, notwithstanding it was a week of rain. Don't know when I will get time to print, or when I can get supplies. I might have brought some up from Shanghai with me, but I had previously ordered about $25.00 worth thru our photo department here, and did not know until my return that they had been spoiled by rains en route. They were insured so I'll have them replaced eventually, but I do not have any paper for printing on hand. Then I repaired a pair of Clara's white canvas slippers. She did not tell me to buy shoes for her in Shanghai, and is trying to pull through until we start home in January. I was able to put this pair in fair shape, so she claims. Then I wrote a letter to the American Consulate in Shanghai for forms of application for passport, since that will be the next thing in order, and none too soon at that! It will probably have to be sent to Shanghai and be taken up on our way.

Then I began this letter to you and had to give it up at 11 A.M. to attend a joint meeting of the University Property Committee and the Union Middle School Board of Founders, the last named being the one of which I'm a member. It broke up in a riot
so to speak, at 1 P.M. and we all went home to dinner. The Property Committee tried to get us to sign papers acknowledging that sites, property, residences, etc., not used by the Union Middle School are all University property, and that in addition the Union Middle School owe the university about $540. All this may be quite true, but those of us on the Board of Founders are just new on the job and did not propose to represent the missions in conceding all these things without some investigation on our own account.

The day still has a few exciting events ahead of us. The Middle School had a term reception at one P.M. to which we were invited, but we have skipped it. For Clara is busy getting ready to lead the Faculty Midweek Meeting on Wednesday next in the religious biography series, taking "Bordon of Yale" as her subject. I am to preach in Chinese at our College Circuit service tomorrow morning, and haven't begun my preparation yet. At 4:30 P.M., two hours from now, we all join in a reception for Dr. David Z.T. Yui, the National Secretary of the Chinese Y.M.C.A., and his wife who are visiting in Chengtu. There will be a light supper followed by an address by him on the subject, "The Present Situation in China." Yesterday morning, as a member of the Chinese "yx" in Chengtu, I was invited to the Chinese reception for him. Their idea is to get a lot of folks together by hook or crook, give the guest of honor a chance to speak, and then show off a good time. When I called, Dr. Yui was almost alone in a little office, and I sat and drank tea with him for about ten minutes, and afterwards we all went into the assembly room where the chairman introduced him in two sentences, Dr. Yui gave a good thirty-minute speech, and then the windows were darkened and they put on Harold Lloyd in "Danger Last". I couldn't get out very easily, and almost missed my two P.M. class.

The day is beautiful. Rains for which we have waited all Spring have been coming during the night, and the campus is lovely. Our gardener has kept the lawn in a blaze of glory by transplanting flowers from the beds in the rear—daisies, phlox, Sweet Williams, peonies, marigolds, a few nasturtiums (mostly frozen out this winter), and lovely red roses like American Beauties. The hollyhocks are in bud, the pomelo tree has been in bloom and filling the air with fragrance, the purple iris blossoms still have a few scattering blooms, and two varieties of poinies are still blooming. Back in the garden at the rear, the boy has just transplanted the asters and hybiscus, and he has about 300 chrysanthemum plants about ready for planting farther apart. We haven't gone in for anything but tomatoes, lettuce and radishes among the vegetables, but we have been having strawberries from our own patch and we can buy cherries on the street. Oranges and pomelo lasted just until I got back from Nanking. They served me the last piece of pomelo this morning. It's a lovely campus and a lovely compound in which we live. We shall miss it if we settle in Chicago for the school year at home.

I'm finding it very difficult to fix upon anything definite. There seems to be a very decided desire upon the part of our mission and the university that we be returned here after furlough. I'm made a number of counter propositions to them if they want a way out, in view of the fact that so many of the former members of the faculty are at home with no prospects of return that we can see, but the propositions have all been vetoed. Yet if we do return, I ought to complete graduate work for the Ph.D. and this not only takes money but time and effort. As dean, I find it very difficult to develop a field of my own, but it may be that things will clear up toward the end of the year. I've been getting letters and catalogues from the University of Chicago, but they offer very little in the Rural Dept. Northwestern is more satisfactory, but exceedingly expensive for families. Few, if any, institutions will accept credits for Ph.D. done outside of their own institution, so I'm thereby cut out of 24 credits out of 32 necessary for the S.T.M. degree if I change from Boston University School of Theology. And yet we're anxious to be more accessible to our home folks, which makes either the East or California out of the question.

Well, the "tempus fugit" so I must call this a letter and get ready for the reception and plan to work up my Chinese sermon after we get back from there. Haven't been getting home letters for a couple of weeks, which indicates that the lean period of my own writing has at last come to you. About the time that you are answering this letter, we will be busy getting ready to go to Douglas Heights at Junghaien, probably, but you will continue to write to us at Chengtu. For one never knows what may turn up to change our plans. To go to Douglas Heights means that we go by boat to Kiating near Mt. Omei, and then go two days in the opposite direction to our cottage. We may decide to stay right here or spend just a short time at some nearer resort.

Lots of love from us all,
May 25th, 1930.

Mrs. Knola Havermale,
Canton, Illinois.
Dearest Motherkin and All:

I think it was just three weeks ago since I wrote to you last. No matter how hard I try, it seems almost impossible to keep up with Time. Before me there lies a bunch of music paper upon which I am supposed to transcribe the music of "The Soldiers' Chorus" which the boys of our Methodist College have chosen as the music for their college song. Mrs. Lindsay, dean of the Fine Arts department, has been after me for a long time to get this into her so that a university song book which we have been preparing can be finished, but I haven't gotten down to it yet.

Last week, Sunday morning, I preached at our church in the city. The week before it was at our own college service, and I have to preach here again next Sunday. But today, I happen to be free, and I'm not even going to attend the service there on Shensi Street. Have been to one service this morning, and will go to the university service this evening, where I have been asked to make the prayer. The notice came last night that the foreigners' children's Sunday School service will not be held this morning, since the majority of the youngsters are still convalescing from the measles. So Clara, also, is free. Jerrold thus far has escaped.

The time is moving rapidly along toward term examinations and Commencement. Most of the spare evenings recently have been taken up with different farewell receptions. The Board of Governors called for Dr. Beech to meet with them in London to consider the principal problems of the university from their point of view of future policy. So he came in for some farewells. Clara and Mrs. Lewis entertained the foreigners and the university faculty, including Chinese, at a light tea on our tennis court one afternoon. The college has about twenty-two graduates this year, including one from the school of religions.

We have made another change in our way of doing things. We are planning to open up a College of Theology, independent of, but affiliated loosely with, the university. I am principal of this hypothetical college which has not yet come into being unless one counts the Rural Leaders' School as the nucleus for it. We have collected most of the courses offered by our faculty as electives in the university into a Department of Religions under the Faculty of Arts. I remain head of this department. It is this last which functions to the greatest extent at the present time, though it remains to be seen how long the anti-Chinese Ministry of Education at Nanking will stand for it. This is the plan in use at Yenching University of Peking and Shanghai Baptist College, which are already registered. But some young upstarts in their 'teens who seem to have control of the local educational bureau in Shanghai in the name of the Gwei Min Dang have been making things warm for Shanghai Baptist College department of religions, and the University of Nanking's similar department recently, according to the reports in the papers.

I received word yesterday from Mr. Sibley of Junghsien, that it would be impossible for the Canadian Methodists to unite with us for carrying on a three weeks' summer school at Douglas Heights this summer, and no place to house the delegates even if they had the money to carry on. This seems to put the quietus on my plans again. If it were not for Jerrold, I think that we would decide to remain in Chengtu for the summer instead of going away and get a lot of extras accomplished looking forward to furlough. One can't take sewing to the mountains, or do much lantern slide making, or things like that. But we would like to see how our cottage has stood being vacant.
I have written to Dean Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago making application for one of the apartments for missionaries studying at the university. I said a three-room apartment. I wish now that I had said four rooms, so that we would have a room wherein to entertain our folks when they come up to visit us. But I think that this can still be done and keep within the rent allowance provided by the Board. I hesitated a bit in choosing the University of Chicago, but the school is one of the best and it would be strange if I couldn't find what I want there. I understand that living expenses are cheaper than at Evanston, and we would be more in the center of things where we could take advantage of evening concerts, lectures, etc. Mr. Rape's brother is the principal of a day school not too far away where we could send Jerrold. So it begins to look as though this would be the school. Their summer term usually begins about June 12th. If I get to make the most of my furlough in study, I will have to start in almost immediately upon my arrival in America. But Clara and Jerrold could have the summer with the home folks at least, and not move to Chicago until the autumn, and I might have opportunity to come to Canton fairly often for the week-end. After being on the road home for nearly half a year, I shall not be able to say that I need a prolonged vacation before getting down to hard work. Even then it may take me two years at home to complete the Ph.D. work, and if I'm ever going to do it it will have to be this time. I'm only allowed a year and a half away from the field on salary, however, unless I give full time to deputation work.

Your letters here before me, from March 10th to April 11th, show how much more a Mother writes than a son. You are certainly a faithful correspondent. I wish I could measure up to you and relieve you of the worries "that so easily beset you". Apparently I travel under a "lucky star"; for I miss many of the dangers which you read about in your papers. There are so many bits of interesting news,—the Canton church's new chimes, for instance. The service of dedication was both interesting and inspiring. I'm glad you have them at last. Good chimes at intervals during the day carry their message.

Am glad Beth is doing so well at "numbers". Jerrold seems to be very good at that too, though now we are out of touch with his progress. We know that most days he gets gold stars for having all of his problems right, but the last two days he has reported that he had two wrong or three wrong. (He just corrected me, saying that he has never had more than two wrong in any lesson.) The question of being "adopted" hasn't troubled Jerrold yet. We have talked about it, and the other day when we got a letter from Clara's sister, Ruth, telling of their child's new three months' old daughter, we told him that they got Shirley Ann at the same home where we found him.

Sorry that Hazel had such a disappointment, and that their dream of a car had to be given up. It's real mean of me to continue to remember it now, but I cannot help but recall his first dream of a car at Canton and his comfort of me with the phrase, "But you're used to it." I'm glad to know who the author of "The Merry-go-round" is.

Clara just came in and suggested that we ask Lucille, if possible, to give us some idea of the ground covered in Beth's second grade work in reading and numbers, and if convenient to sell us her second hand books. You see Jerrold will have to lose half a year from the second grade while he continues his trip around the world, and Clara would like to help him make that up since we spend so much time on the steamer. She feels that while he would be well up if he had continued with the Galver system, he has lost a lot of ground both in spelling and composition and numbers by going over to the Canadian school. He has companionship there, but according to their system they do not teach spelling there as yet, and they have changed his writing back to the Spencerian so that he's being mixed up. He's lost his taste for reading too. Yet we pay Gold $100. for his tuition.

You speak of the experiences of some missionaries writing for the NEWS. Yes, and there will be a still more thrilling one in the June number. Mr. Bridgman tells of his abduction for ransom. But don't fear for us. My job just now is a soft one that way.
I shall be glad to have a later photograph of Uncle Clay. It is kind of Aunt Lettie to include me among those who will receive one of them. We're glad that she can continue her work with profit as long as she chooses to do so. Yes, I think perhaps it may be safer to keep the photograph until we come, and we shall need a few things of our own to make even a furnished apartment seem homey to us, although the last three years have changed our environment a number of times. We sometimes wonder whether we should take a few of our "special" possessions back with us, such as our Peking rugs, our Korean silver cabinet, and a few other smaller articles of furniture. But with such a depletion of missionaries, our church seems to have gotten down to rock bottom. Within two years in our Chengtu conference, which formerly had twenty or more missionaries, we shall have not more than six including wives, and two of those will be over 75 years and five years on the retired list. So it seems quite probable that we shall be sent back here. That will mean at least five years more on the field, Bishop Binney having put through a new regulation five-year term for West China missionaries, but a shorter furlough. So if we expect to enjoy pretty things of our own, it seems best to leave them here in Chengtu.

I'm sorry that I mentioned the peculiar nature of Bishop Grove's illness. It seems that for the sake of his family and the church, they are carefully avoiding anything which might lead to graver misunderstandings. So I had better follow their example and say no more, lest you inadvertently pass on a partial statement. With the exception of our family and Mr. Manly, we know of no one in Chengtu who has any idea of the peculiar nature of the breakdown.

It's interesting to know that Violet is going to Jerusalem to be with the McCowes. I wonder if she will still be there when we arrive next April. We're doing a lot of inquiring these days and making notes on what we want to see. We are planning on a minimum for the three of us of Gold $2500. for the trip. We still have our savings deposit to fall back upon if needed. We are allowed a total of G$1500. for our travel by the shortest way from here to our home, and we are planning to use our regular salary for the six months in addition, with our travel savings as a last resort. But the premiums on life insurance, one a semi-annual premium and the other a rather heavy annual premium both fall due in November or December, and we want to leave enough on hand in the Shanghai bank to provide for the payments which fall due while we're on furlough, so we begrudge using the travel-savings if we can get along without it.

Clara is helping Jerrold start his postage stamp collection now for his Sunday morning recreation. I'm afraid that I have a reputation for being a very busy father. Clara is certainly the "parent" in this family. She is able to do several things at a time, it seems. Most of the time I have some kind of writing or preparation to do, and mine is a one-track mind. Since my office is at home, Jerrold sees me a lot, but rarely at a time when I can do as I was able to do when we were in Shanghai, and my work was over at 4:30 P.M. Here it just runs on and on, but with too little exercise. The Lord sent me Jerrold to keep me exercised and I'm afraid I'm not taking advantage of it.

Well, it's nearing noon. Judging from your letters you and Huzzy are both keeping well and we're happy over that. Clara's sisters have been writing her that Mother Tolstrup is apparently failing in health during this past winter. We are much concerned over that, but hope that it is simply the natural decline of old age, rather than a continuation or renewal of her former illness.

Lots of love from us all to you-all,

Lewis, Clara and Jerrold
Dear Mother, Muzzy, and All:

I am sure it is time again for my biannual or triannual letter but you already have all the news told in a more interesting style than I could tell it. When I told Lewis I was going to write you this time, I asked him to write the news as he usually did and then I would see what I could find to write about after he had finished. When he had finished he told me he had left me "the family" to write about. I must admit it is a good live subject, and one I am very much interested in, but so as not to add to the already increased postage, I will try to be brief.

I will begin with The Head. Your last letter which has just come speaks about how proud you are of Lewis' efforts as Editor. I share those feelings with you. Often he receives notes of appreciation thru the mail from his readers and many times they come more direct. The many committees upon which he has responsibilities show how his coworkers seek his opinions and judgments. He is the secretary of several of these committees. He has been kept very busy ever since coming to the University but he enjoys the nature of the work and is happy in it. After the first few days up here he has kept quite steadily at work during the forenoons but Jerrold and I have had the pleasure of his companionship for afternoon hikes and social events. And Mother, do not be prepared for a shock when you see Lewis' hair. Yes, you will see it, and some on the very summit, too. I have no idea what he has written you that brought forth the remarks in one of your recent letters. I am his barber regularly every three weeks and although Jerrold generally wins in the contest as to which will have the biggest pile of hair cut off, the greatest difference is in the color.

Jerrold is managing to put in his time very well in spite of the scarcity of playmates. This past month he has completed the reading of two primers and about half of another besides reading the stories of Black Sambo and The Three-legged Stool. When packing for the hills I put in several months of The Picture Story Paper. Each Sunday after our little Sunday School service we give him one month's papers and read them to him thru the week. He looks forward to receiving them with great pleasure. I got the papers from Bishop Grose when in Peking. For handwork we have mounted a number of United History pictures and dog pictures which we have been collecting for some time. We have also made some of Jerrold's valentines for next year. We fear there will not be time for them later and we are planning for Jerrold to leave them with someone for his schoolmates when we leave for furlough. Before we came here Jerrold and I had planned to see which one of us would first learn to swim this summer. The first time we visited the pool the water was not only low but not at all clean so it did not look very attractive to us. We visited the pool again yesterday afternoon and found the water higher and clean after two recent big showers. I fear the time is a little short to learn to swim now as we have only ten more days left on the hills and other events are planned for over half of them.
When we get back to Chengtu it will be one grand rush of school work interspersed with preparations for furlough. It will make the time pass quickly. I am anxious to get started.

I have had many interruptions and now it is time to get ready for the afternoon tea and "literary program". I do not want to make this too late for the mailman so will just have to stop. Will try to continue in another letter. Much yet I would like to say.

More love from us all to you all.
June 28th, 1930.

Dearest Motherkin and All:

It is just three days over a month since I wrote you last. No use making promises. I just can't ever keep them. Lots of things have happened since my last letter, and I'm afraid that some of them have been printed in the home papers, and perhaps have increased your constitutional and motherly anxiety for us. Whether I can tell all in one letter or not remains to be seen.

I wrote you on May 25th. May thirtieth was Jerrold's birthday. He had his usual party but with fewer children this time; with one exception they were members of his day school and Sunday School classes. In issuing the invitations Clara was careful not to give them the lead that it was his birthday which was to be celebrated. But Jerrold took care of that part, announcing it at school, as he later rather shamefacedly admitted. As a consequence almost every child came with a little gift. His main gift from our family was a little steam-engine with a number of contraptions which can be run with this as the motor-power. Just now his little playmate, Glen Walsley, and Patty Canright are in Clara's study getting up the steam in it. Besides that he got a story book, "Burgess' "Buster Bear"", an Eversharp pencil, a jack-knife on a chain, another book of transfer pictures, and the inevitable firecrackers. His playmates gave him 4 handkerchiefs, 2 colored pencils, a laundry-bag for soiled kerchiefs, a box of modeling clay with moulds, a nice box of water-colours, some Japanese trinkets, some postage stamps for his collection, two packages of Milk Chocolate, etc. Clara had a nice simple supper for them, with the table nicely decorated, including place-cards, and with miniature Chinese wheel-barrows complete with a load of mixed candies, nuts and raisins as favours.

There were two or three other adults' birthdays which were being celebrated that afternoon by a boat ride on the Min river. Within half an hour after their return, the tragedy was enacted of which you have no doubt read in the cablegram which was sent to America with the request that the respective Boards reassure our relatives lest too much be read into the account and cause anxiety. The death of Dr. Stubb, at the hand of assassins has created a profound impression on the community in Chengtu, both those connected with this institution and throughout the city. Communist propaganda has been quite active among certain groups of students. The authorities deny that it had any connection with Communists or as reprisal for the May 30th incident on Nanking Road Shanghai. I was in to call upon General Shiang yesterday morning, along with the two vice presidents of the university. Three of the murderers had been traced and caught as the result of a $2000 reward for their apprehension, the evidence being obtained when there was an attempt to sell the bicycle which had been stolen on that night. These three men confessed to the crime claiming robbery only as the motive. They were executed yesterday afternoon at two o'clock. At our request the Chinese law that the murderers shall be executed on the scene of the murder was waived in this instance, but photographs of the execution were taken and presented to the university and widow. But though it is not admitted that Communism was behind it all, it is significant that three "colleges" and trade-schools have been officially closed and doors sealed, never (?) to be reopened, and these three schools were known to be the centers of the Communist movement. General Shiang feels his responsibility in the matter, and really is doing his best to give protection. He would not listen to our plea not to assign soldiers to the campus, but sent thirty who live right by the Administration Building and patrol the whole campus and nearby streets every night. I have written up the whole affair for the NEWS which you will be receiving about as soon as you get this letter. Mrs. Stubb and Jack started back for England the other day to join the two daughters who are in school there. There have been no demonstrations...
of any kind and everything is quite peaceful.

It has been an unusually cool month for June, and we have not felt the desire to get away to the mountains at all. My birthday fell in the midst of final examinations as usual since taking up the educational work, and I was busy from dawn till night supervising and doing other work. Your letter with birthday card and draft came between Jerrold's and mine, so it was just on time. I also got a letter from the general secretary for China of our Board of Foreign Missions with birthday congratulations. We had August Lovegren, a Baptist missionary's lad, with us after the Stubbs' household was broken up, so he was here at the time. Although Clara provided the gifts, he was happy in the knowledge that he, too, could give me a present. So among them all I received a high-powered electric flashlight, a blackwood Chinese mantel-frame for our Havermale family picture taken at Hollywood last time we were home, a book of "Quotable Poems" just printed, to help me in my NEWS work, a bow necktie, a chamois skin to aid in removing the shine from my nose, a Menthol inhaler, etc.

The last two were the gifts from the two boys. My brother-in-law sent me Baillie's "Jesus, in Modern Thought". Clara also gave me a couple of Chinese marionettes for shadowgraph plays. So I fared rather well for a forty-four-year-old.

Commencement was held on June 23rd, with Dr. Franklin, the Baptist B.F.M. General Secretary as the chief speaker. It poured down rain on the day and night before, but did not rain during the day. So it was cool and there were not too many present. Twenty-one students were graduated, the largest number thus far. Only two of them were girls, however, which very nearly parallels my class at Upper Iowa. At that time we had twenty-one of whom three were girls. This institution has the groundwork for a much larger institution, however. Dr. Franklin looks upon our plant and equipment as among the very best in the foreign field. We have a good faculty, though greatly depleted by the evacuation in 1927.

Hard on the heels of Commencement came the Christian Student Federation conference on the campus with its 97 delegates and four full days' program. Inasmuch as we had called off the summer school at Douglas Heights, I was asked to take charge of one discussion group, the topic being, "Highways to International Good Will." I had a small group, but they entered into the discussion with a good deal of vim. But these four days have been crowded. At 8:15 A.M. came the Bible Study class. From 9:30 to 12 Noon, the discussion groups. From 1 to 3:30 P.M. visiting with the students and personal interviews. Tea on some Faculty member's lawn at 4 P.M. and a meeting at 7 to 8 P.M. followed by a number of "summary" meetings by denominational groups until 9:30 P.M. I think that it has been considered a very successful conference. It will close tomorrow, but my work is all done now.

The last sentence must be qualified a bit. That particular job is supposed to be over now. But I still have the final examination papers to correct, the final section of the double number of the NEWS to get out, the Methodist College accounts to reckon, the starting of the building of a de-bugging establishment initiated by the Student Health Committee of which I'm chairman to look after, letters to be written to over forty applicants for student aid, final grades for this number to be hunted up and averaged to see if they qualify, physical examination records for all our college and middle school students to classify so as to plan rooming arrangements for next fall in accordance with the regulations fixed by our Committee.

Clara plans to go to the hospital on Monday for a tonsillectomy, and that means Jerrold to look after during the time of her convalescence. We hope that this will help that ear of hers so that next winter she will not have a repetition of that trouble. Whether I then take my turn at a similar operation will depend upon both the examination by Dr. Peterson, and my ability to complete my work in time. We are not planning to start for Douglas Heights for another two weeks at least. Two other western faculty members will stay on the campus, interchanging at stated intervals