Douglas Heights,  
August 14th, 1930.

Dearest Motherkin and All:-

I have been averaging five letters a day on all my letter days, and now I've come around to you again. I have completed the September NEWS as far as I can go for the present and written my "five" for this morning. Now I have about an hour before our guests come for dinner.

Our community is so small up here that there has not been much entertaining by cottages. Every Tuesday late afternoon we all get together for tennis and a picnic supper. Each cottage is responsible for only one item, so it makes preparation fairly easy. One takes sandwiches, another the main dish (a salad or devilled eggs and potato chips), another the miscellaneous, like tomatoes sliced, or candy, etc., a fifth the cake or cookies, and a sixth, if present, brings fruit. Two cottages including ours are occupied at this end, and three at the other end. Each family brings its own drinks.

We have had the Taichow ladies at one time, the Chinese friends another, and today we have the Sibley and Smith families. In both cases the "Mrs." part of the family is different from when we entertained them when they were up here last. Since I haven't much else to write about, I might as well introduce the menu at this point:

Chicken a la Peking (young chickens stewed with milk gravy placed in a nest of rice, raisins, peanuts, red pepper, and potato-straws French fried); beets Italian style; sweet corn Iowa style; creamed Bermuda onions; stringed beans any old style; bread, butter and grape jelly; cottage pudding with caramel sauce; coffee. Almost forgot sliced tomatoes with salad dressing.

Saturday afternoons we get together for "high tea" at some cottage, and some one is responsible for a "literary number". They call it literary to distinguish it from a religious service. By special request, my number, the first, was an account of the Nanking trip and conditions down river. Miss Proctor gave "King Lear"; Miss Hambley gives the story of "Genghis Khan" this week; and Mr. Sibley entertains us to a buffet supper instead of a tea next week, and follows it with a talk on the constellations, nineteen of which can be seen from their cottage yard on the mountainside.

Sunday afternoons we have our regular benedict service and worship.

Other days we just go our own sweet way. Clara reviews Jerrold's reading in the morning while I work on my various responsibilities,- college accounts and students' aid, accumulated unanswered letters, the NEWS, certain religious talks that are to be given between now and January, and heavier reading. In the afternoons we take a rest and read stories until the heat of the day is past, and then the family goes for a hike of which there are always possibilities for "adventure" as Jerrold says. They continue to be as interesting as those at Omei or Behludin or Chungking. The other places are far grander, but the hikes have to extend on for days, while we can do these with the whole family in two hours and without extra expense.

The cottage and servant's house have been re-stuccoed and some timbers in the floor changed and the boards relaid, and the roofs relaid and tile added. At the present high exchange, it cost only about five dollars gold, so we got off easily. We had some difficulty with the first trio of workmen. The head man was an opium smoker and quite unprincipled. He tried to draw money in advance, overcharged for materials, soldiered on the job, etc. At last he claimed that one large tool had been stolen and at first tried to get me to pay for it. Our servants mistrusted his word, and of course we could not be responsible for their tools if they went away and left them lying. They then said they could not go any further with their work unless I advanced them money to buy this tool, but when I challenged them to show me where they needed it they were unable to do so. Then they wanted money to buy rice. I showed them how they were already paid up to date and more. They demonstrated that I had agreed to a certain wage, to which I assented but reminded them that I had no reckoned in my account. They claimed big silver; I claimed and the cook who had hired them agreed, that it was to be in small silver, and at that we were paying 15% more for labour than others on the hills were paying. They
then struck, saying that they couldn't make ends meet on that amount. They did, however, stay the day through, meanwhile mixing up all my lime and stuff for plaster, leaving it in such state that unless I conceded their claim, the stuff could very easily harden and become unusable before we could get other workmen. Then another complication arose: our servants came in with the statement that the headman had come into their room two nights before and seeing some silver money on their table had picked it up and put it in his pocket, stating that they would have to borrow the money and would pay it back when I settled with them. They had already overdrawn on their account at that time, so our servants were out of luck. However, they grabbed the men's tools as security before they left, with the men's grudging consent. The next day word came from the men that they wanted a tea-shop meeting in an inn about a mile away to discuss the matter and settle up. Our one boy and a man who came with us as a carrier, but who has stayed on with us over the summer as a water-carrier and man of all jobs out-of-doors, clearing paths, underbrush, etc., went over. The other fellows had a group of a few dozen of their acquaintances on hand and so misrepresented matters, that consent was given to taking our extra man and holding him as hostage on the accusation that he had stolen that first axe. They held him over Sunday and were compelling him to pay the expenses of four at this inn. On Monday morning I went down with our cook to show me the place, and brought our man back with me without any trouble. Luck was with me; for the captors had gone off to smoke opium near by. I admitted Chinese law which provides that if a man is caught stealing he may be arrested without warrant, and conveyed to the nearest ya-men at his own charge, and if he resists arrest, his penalty is to be doubled. In the absence of the captors, the proprietor of an inn may be made responsible for his delivery. So I first asked our man before witnesses why he had remained away from his work over 24 hours. He was thus led to explain his forcible detention. I called the attention of the landlord and the group to the fact the accusers had not been this man in the act of stealing, that they had not escorted him directly to the ya-men as the law required, and that therefore the contractor had put himself in the category of a bandit holding a man for ransom, with the inn-keeper as an accomplice. I then told our servant to return with me, and informed those in charge that if the abductors had any evidence to bring against our men to report to the magistrate in the proper manner, and they would be delivered to the proper authorities, but not to those fellows against whom I had quite a number of charges which would show them up in their true light. Over two weeks have passed and we have not been troubled, nor have the men come back for their tools. A day or so ago, our boys took the tools to the local official to be sold to cover their debt. We got another crew of men from Junshaian, who came happily at the regular wage, worked well, and finished their work last Saturday.

The news from Chengtu hasn't been so good recently. A large mob, backed by the Russia-bought newspapers of the city, are still heckling the Union University. They came in force on two days and tore down all the brick walls that had been built after Dr. Stubb's murder. The military guard would turn up after the damage had all been done and fire a few shots into the air to disperse the crowd. A full account will appear in the September NEWS so I'll not take up space here to review it. With the exception of the breaking down of the campus gate near our compound, the vandalism does not affect our house. Lincoln Tsang, the vice president, is being intimidated by threats, however, and feels that he can't stand up under the strain. We do not anticipate much trouble after the opening up of school and the return of the teachers, however. The NEWS will deal more fully with Nanking's further efforts to suppress Christianity in East China.

Love to all, from all,
Affectionately,

[Handwritten signature]

[Handwritten signature]
Dear Lewis:-

Just a note to answer at once your quick and hearty invitation. I did not know that it would be altogether convenient for you to see the whole family more than a day. We're quite a bunch to take in. And you surely have a full week. Unless Spencers object or have work for me over Sunday, of which he has not yet notified me, we can come on Friday evening. It's mighty good of you and we are looking forward with great pleasure to a time with you.

I'm wondering if you have seen our West China movies? Dr. Piper of Syracuse was out guest for two months in 1932 and brought a Cine Kodak, and got some excellent movies, the Yangtze Gorges and Rapids being some of the best. Other rolls are of Chungking city, showing it in process of reconstruction, Buddhism in West China (Mt. Omei), and three rolls of our church work, Evangelistic, Educational, and Medical in Chungking. If you haven't seen them we should get a projector and show them in the home, if your church program is full. If you could use them to help out on your program you will be welcome to them. Just to let you know we have them and they are really good. Dr. Piper gave me the six rolls to keep for the year, and I've shown them a number of times.

No more today. It will be great to see you all.

Always sincerely

W.A. McCurdy.
Dearest Motherkin and Ali:

Now we are back in Chengtu. My letters come to you so irregularly and infrequently that I imagine they must seem like a chronicle of constant travel and change from one place to another. The fact is that such times are often the best times to write, freedom from other responsibilities, things to write about and so on.

Good fortune was with us again on the homeward trip. We had planned to leave Douglas Heights on August 26th. The weather was exceedingly hot up to the 24th and we were rather dreading another experience travelling in such intensely hot weather, especially since there would be four days of it on the home trip, in sedan chairs rather than on a boat.

But on the 24th, the weather broke and heavy rains fell. On the 25th, the temperature fell from nearly 90 to 52 and stayed there all day. It made it fine for us as we took down the screens and bolted the doors and packed for the home trip.

That evening the Sibleys invited us to their home for supper. We dressed in our regular khaki travelling togs, rain outfits, etc., and went up just before dark. But as night came on the storm became a howling tempest and the bungalow roof-tile rattled and one wondered whether the houses would blow away. There was nothing for it, however, but to wander our way down the mountain to our house again. We had one lantern for the family, and the greatest anxiety was that the wind would blow out the light, or that we would slip on the mountain path and jar the light out. We were afraid that it would then be impossible to relight the lantern. I kicked myself because I had not brought the electric torch also. The path was hard enough to find anyway, because the intense darkness was made worse by the driving sheets of rain which cut off sight of all familiar landmarks and there were some intersecting paths to further confuse us, even though we were all the time within ten minutes walk of our own bungalow. But we managed to get back all right.

However, the exposed parts of our clothing were soaked and cold as ice. Fortunately the kitchen fire for boiling drinking water for the road was still going, so we heated up the fuel and spent until 10 P.M. drying out our clothes for the next day's travel. About that time the head-carrier who had gone a day's journey away to get our carriers came back through the storm to tell us that the men had arrived and were at an inn about a mile away. He also told us that if it continued raining the next morning it would be folly to go on as the river was rising so high that it would be impossible. We were up before daylight nevertheless and as there was only a drizzle, we decided to push on. The carriers, though, did not all arrive until about eight o'clock, which was very late in view of the fact that our first stage was a 30 mile walk.

The other friends met us at the top of the "High Stone Steps" where the first long descent had to be made and said goodbye to us, and provided us with hot coffee and a glass of milk for Jerrold. This was a good thing as we didn't get to the place appointed for our breakfast until 10:30 A.M. But the roads were mostly of stone slabs, so that we made fairly fast time, and by travelling until 8 P.M. we made the place we had set out for. The rain didn't amount to much, but it remained cloudy for the whole four days' travel. Each day we made our objective in good time until the last. The stretch into Chengtu was along road which had been widened for the motor-bus and faced with mud. This mud was about shoe deep and both Clara and I got out and walked through the worst of it in order to give the men a chance to travel faster. Twenty miles was along the Min River where the water had arisen and washed away a lot of the road, even the stone foundations. That night it was nine o'clock before we reached our house, and ten o'clock before our bed-load got in.
Things have been quiet here ever since the radical mob tore down the campus fences. The general feeling of the people is that the mob went too far and over-reached themselves. The authorities have asked a report from the university as to the amount of destruction, but it remains to be seen what will come of it. The United Church of Canada school principal announced in the newspapers that he had taken over the U.C.C. school property in the name of the educational authorities in harmony with the policy of "taking back school and church property of aliens" and was prepared to open up a private school this fall. But the papers are announcing that the confiscation has met with opposition from the authorities.

At Paotingfu, Hopei, a principal of a Presbyterian school attempted the same thing and got away with it. He had improved the technique a bit however. He first secretly applied for registration with the authorities at Nanking, representing the school property and equipment as his own. The government recognized it as such, and now that the Presbyterians are trying to get their property back, all lesser authorities refuse to have anything to do with the case. Oh, we are in a peculiar sort of a situation all right.

You will notice by the September NEWS which will soon be out, or by the Christian Century, if you take it, that the Nanking government has refused to grant a student's passport to a Chinese woman who applied for such in order to take her Ph.D. work in Religious Education in America. She was informed that the government was determined to stamp out such superstition. We are wondering whether the second step will not be to refuse the Chinese visa to U.S.A. passports to missionaries to China. That certainly would be the logical way.

Clara is consenting to take as much teaching work this semester as she did last year, but with the expectation of passing it on to some one else in December so that she can give full time to preparations for home-going. Owing to the return of a number of missionaries to Chengtu, and the preparation of another who was in language school, my teaching work will be lighter. In fact almost all of my teaching in religion has already been turned over. I teach two hours in Rural Economics, one in Rural Church Projects, two in Modern Social Movements, and one in Church Hymns and Music, provided there are enough students who elect these subjects this year. I shall keep up the editorship of the NEWS until the December NEWS is out. But I have enough other work to keep me comfortably busy. Jerrold's school opens on September 15th.

We both went to Dr. Peterson to have our eyes examined and fitted for new glasses, in order to avoid the rush later on. Even now we do not dare to take the risk of having our prescription filled and the glasses sent to Chengtu. We shall have to get them as we go through Shanghai. Clara is making additional visits to Dr. Peterson this week, having had
that large mole at the side of her nose (an apparently hereditary exencephaly) and a smaller one on her throat removed. The stitches are to be removed on Saturday. The ricksha is coming in handy these days, as our gardener is acting as coolie for her.

The last letter received from you was the July 1st one telling of Aunt Cora's coming, Myrna's visit, and Muzzy's departure. The only other letter which I have not answered is that of June 19th, I think. In it you were telling of Harry's and Lucile's prospective trip to points of interest in the East. Knowing a bit about the interesting things to be seen there, I anticipate a mighty pleasant trip for them. I can see how all the rest of the family are planning a nice summer, but how about you! So far as I could make out you expect to sit on the back screened-in porch, watching the verbena and salvia bloom and taking care of Beth's ten-cent store chickens during their absence. But I imagine the more complete the rest you can get, the more pleased you will be, and certainly the life which I have inferred from the facts laid before me in these various letters would seem to indicate that the most exciting experience of the summer will be keeping the chicks out of the verbena. We shall be interested in later reports.

Our plans are still undeveloped. We find that by taking the North German Lloyd from Shanghai to Port Said, Middle Class, we could save about a hundred dollars gold on our whole family. We would have to give up one or two stops in the Philippines, and one or two more in the Dutch East Indies, but we would have two points in Sumatra to take their place. And probably we would enjoy using that hundred dollars in Europe much better than on the boat with a day or two's stops in islands whose people are more or less like the inland Chinese. We are waiting for more replies from Shanghai before putting in our reservations, therefore.

Sorry I haven't any more up to date pictures printed. I haven't even sent you Nanking pictures yet. Here's one of Jerrold convalescing from his broken leg last November. With lighter work, perhaps I'll get a chance to bring them up to date before we start homeward.

Here it is the first week in September, and as usual I haven't remembered Dan with birthday congratulations.

Clara just called me into the other room as the mail had arrived and it included two more letters from you,—July 10th and July 15th. On comparing dates I find that your hottest weather was just the same time as we were having our hottest in Szechwan. It was from the 14th to the 19th that we were on the road to the Heights. Not having a thermometer of our own any more, however, we could not guess what the temperature was. 92 was the highest after we reached the hills, according to Dr. Smith's guage.

Your letters describing your evasions of the wily Myrna form a thrilling serial. I'll take it all back about having only the chicks to relieve the monotony. Hope the worst didn't happen and that your fibs were successful. That is to say, if one must eventually be punished for harboring intents to deceive, I hope that you were somewhat recompensed in advance! It's a case where the Jesuit's philosophy of right and wrong, the end justifying the means, seems to find justification.

All the dress samples which have been included, the tunics and the greens, have been very pretty. The news of Harry Pauschert's raise in salary, of Malcolm's rather remarkable talent, and of Dan's and Hazel's continued upward climb, certainly give a cheerful aspect to your last letter. We're happy for all of them, and for their parents also. A letter from Waterloo tells about Arthur Cohagan's successful work in putting over a $350,000 drive for a new Y.M.C.A. building there with $18,000 to the good. It is said to have been the biggest and most successful venture ever undertaken in Waterloo. Mother Tolstrup's age is growing more apparent, but otherwise she is holding her own against her illness of some years ago. I think that we told you that sister Ruth adopted a little baby girl.

Lots of love to you and to all, Affectionately,
Dearest Motherkin and All;

We are not yet quite out of the woods in the opening up of the University. The very bad roads of which I spoke in my last letter have not improved much. For fifteen days straight the sun did not shine on us, and then after another day or two the storms began once more. One in a while we have an hour or two of sunshine but not more than that. Consequently, the students have been very much delayed in getting back. Already two days have been given to the physical examinations and on Thursday of this week the third one will be given to nearly one hundred and fifty students who were not here for the first ones. Although I do not help to give more than the preliminary part of the tests,—the medical history of the student and his family—I have other obligations as the chairman of the Student Health Committee which give me more work than some others before and after the exams take place, while at the time I receive the completed cards and begin their classification. This time Clara comes in for a bit also, since she and Mrs. Peterson are to serve tea in the afternoon to the forty or so members of the Medical-Dental faculty and their assistants.

I thought for a time that I was going to be let in for a full teaching schedule after all, since the man who had promised to take the New Testament subjects came down from the hills two days before classes were to start and notified me that he couldn’t handle the courses after all. He will complete his language school work this fall, and I thought that he could take up this work without difficulty inasmuch as he has already taught the subjects in English at Tokyo, Japan. But he feels that his Chinese is inadequate and desires another four months chance to complete his language work, so I had to take over his classes. However, I was able to combine those registering for N.T. work into one class, and two of my courses were not called for this term, so that now I have a very comfortable teaching schedule, though two of them are courses which I haven’t taught before. Clara has taken on just as many as she had last year, though with the promise that she may hand them over to some one else a month or so before the time fixed for our departure.

Just now she is planning for a dinner on the night of our 16th wedding anniversary. I’ll save further comment on that for my next letter.

Everything is quiet here in the Province, though some are apprehensive of the results of the Szechwan governors’ announcement of allegiance to the Northern faction just now trying to drive out the Nanking government from power. This might mean the beginning of hostilities within the province, as one of the first requests of the North would be for the Chengtu generals to drive out Liu Shiang of Chungking, who still works with Nanking to drive out the Communists faction about Hankow and Changsha. If such fighting should begin, it might give the radicals in Chengtu the chance to interfere with the university again as they did during the summer.

Our university fence is still down. The Senate has not met since school opened so I don’t know what the decision will be in regard to rebuilding.

It would be surprising if you were not a bit anxious when you read such articles about the fighting in Hunan and down river. But China is a big country, and Szechwan is a long ways off as yet from any military movements. Of course, if they concentrate in the neighborhood of Hankow about Chinese New Years time, that might interfere with
October 9th, 1930.

Dear Motherkin and All:

Now that one or two other things are all of the way I think that I can get off a note to you. I think that I left off in my last letter with a reference to our coming anniversary party. It came off as planned and everything went off nicely.

We invited five couples from the faculty, two Canadian United Church, two American Baptist, and one American Methodist. I know you like to smack your lips over the menus because you usually serve one up to us when you write. So here is ours;

1- Bouillon with egg balls and salted triangles.
2- Roast goose with prune-pear dressing, riced potatoes, brown gravy, creamed carrots, baked squash, Spanish rice, rolls and jelly.
3- Persimmon salad with rolled wafers.
4- Steamed pudding with strawberry sauce. Salted nuts, chocolate-coated mints, and coffee.

We resorted to the cross-word puzzle again for entertainment, not having sprung that on the Chengtu community before. Am enclosing the questions and the key. It served to keep them occupied and interested for the whole evening. We had another pastime or two up our sleeves, but whenever we suggested that they must be tiring of this they protested vehemently, so we let 'em go ahead. Mrs. Lindsay, the librarian, won the prize, which was (appropriately) a ring, a Chinese puzzle ring of solid silver set with coral, etc. The booby prize went to Dr. Curnright, and consisted of the "Cure for Love". I remember when I got my first souvenir of the kind. Clara Donn gave a party in our High School days and the favors for the boys were the little bottles with a prescription label and a little red mitten fastened by a thread to the cork. That was so long ago that this stunt seemed quite original to our crowd. Clara prefers to select her anniversary gift some place in Europe so I had to let it go that way.

I got rid of another job last night. Took my turn at the Wednesday night meeting with the assigned topic, "The Doctrine of Sin as Discussed in Modern Thought." I had made long and careful preparation and the effort seemed much appreciated. It would be rather heavy for the ordinary congregation, but it went well with a set of college professors. I have also given up the office of secretary of the Committee on Studies and standards. Every little bit helps.

Yesterday we received a letter from the Peats at Singapore asking us to come there by an early boat so that we might visit with them for a few days before going on to Europe. If we go by the Prince Line as we plan, this will not be necessary, for we have a six day stopover in Singapore. This afternoon, however, I received a telegram in code stating that all accommodations are taken on the Prince Line March 30th next year, and the Blydenburgh proposal is called off. Whether this means that all chance of getting passage on that line is gone until after March 30th, or just that one date is impossible, I shall not know until I get the covering letter. I have already sent a preferred proposal for the last sailing in February; however, so I shall await an answer to that before attempting any change in plan.

This week-end is a busy one, although this week is full of holidays. Monday the sixth was the Mid-Autumn Festival with a reception in our Methodist College dormitory, and a day off. Tomorrow, the tenth, is Republic Day; no classes, and an invitation to dine at the court hall of the Governors of the province. Tomorrow night we entertain the members of the Faculty of Religion at dinner with discussion following. Saturday morning at eleven, the Faculty of Arts with all departments including my own, have a picnic at the Liu Gardens. In the evening, Lincoln Danig, acting president of the university, has asked us to take dinner with them. And we have a letter from the Brewers who have decided not to return to China, asking us to sell a lot of their belongings and pack and crate the rest to return to them by freight. This in addition
to our own packing. And our own packing will have to be begun mighty soon if we do not want to be rushed to death in final examination time.

Well, this letter is going to be a bit overweight because I want to send some more photos besides the crossword puzzle, so I'll not attempt to think up any more news. Oh yes, I forgot to add that on Saturday we begin our typhoid-paratyphoid inoculations as a further preparation for home-going and travel. After that comes teeth, and for the others at least there will be vaccination for smallpox. We take no chances in our family, you see, but employ all the scientific methods that we know of.

Lot of love to all,

Affectionately,

[Signature]

Jell. this letter is 'wine' to be a bit overweight because I want to send some more photos besides the crossword puzzle. So I'll not attempt to think up any more news.

ah yes. I forgot to add that on Saturday we begin typhoid-paratyphoid inoculations as a further preparation for home-going and travel. After that comes teeth, and for the others at least there will be vaccination for smallpox. We take no chances in our family, you see, but employ all the scientific methods that we know of.

Lots of love to all,
Dearest Motherkin and All;-

The days do come and go. As we look ahead to the work still to be done before we start off, the time seems all too short. And to complicate matters, the Brewers who are remaining in America, wrote to us asking us to sell all of their stuff with the exception of certain designated articles, and buy certain other designated articles to send to them at their new location in Arkansas where Mr. Brewer is to be the head of a Department of Theology or Religion in a Presbyterian College. This request Clara took quite seriously, and since quite opportunely the community organized a rummage sale in the Educational College basement to sell off odds and ends left behind by folks not expecting to return, she got busy at once and with the servants' help (mighty little of it) she got all but the big articles of furniture sorted out, priced, and over to the salesrooms. Quite a few of our odds and ends also got there. The place was certainly jammed with folks, and quite probably a lot of stuff was stolen. I sent over a Valet safety razor which Stanley High turned over to me in Shanghai a few years ago, and for which I had bought new blades but never used them, and it was stolen right from Clara's side. However, the Brewer's stuff to date has brought in over Eighty Dollars, and ours, when it is all collected, will amount to about Sixty. The furniture, some of which we have been using, will be kept for the Liljestrandas to look over before it is offered elsewhere. We are glad to get the attic cleared out so as to have a dry, light place, to store our own stuff.

Our time of sailing from Shanghai and our plans are still "up in the air." I finally received a telegram and a letter by air-mail saying that the first proposition was called off as the Prince Line was all booked until April 20th. So we have had to give up the Java trip. The American Express Travel Bureau said that they could book us for the Nord Deutscher Lloyd's "Saarbrucken" Middle Class for March 3rd. We telegraphed the very next morning asking them to book us for that date, but since it was seventeen days before their air-mail letter arrived, and fifteen days for the telegram, we do not know how long it will take the message to reach them, or whether there will be any vacancies by the time the message reaches them. However, we are planning on it. The party remains the same; Raper, Simkins and ourselves. Since the trip is shortened about nine days, Simkins and we are planning to add that to the time spent in Palestine, using about four weeks there for study, and going to Genoa by the next boat of the N.D.L. If it is at all possible, we shall try to reach America in time to take in the big conference at Ohio Wesleyan on "The Place of Jesus Christ in Modern Thought." Dr. Diffendorfer has asked me to serve on the Commission of which Dr. Spockman of New York is chairman, dealing with the problem of Secularism and the Scientific Method as it is being revealed as an opponent of Christianity in China. This conference begins on June 24th and continues until the second week in July. It looks as though I am trying to find things to delay our arrival at Canton or Webster City, but these are big things in relation to the future work, and they are coming at rather inopportune times.

I got out the November NEWS this week, and have only one other number to get ready. My successors have been elected: Archdeacon Moreham, brother of the Australian writer whose books you may have read, becomes editor and Mrs. Starrett is associate. The secretary of the Advisory Board in advising me said, "You see it takes TWO to fill your place." I've enjoyed the work. My study of the subject, "Sin in its Relation to Modern Thought" which was given at our Wednesday night meeting seemed to give such a review of the present attitude toward that doctrine, that many requests came for me to print that in the NEWS, so I finally agreed to put it in instead of my editorial. It had just gone to press when the Chengtu City Community asked me to read the paper to them on Thursday night, but I declined. I speak at the Canadian College dormitory service tomorrow morning, and have the Thanksgiving service in November, and the Union College service on December 14th, which will keep me going.
By the way, you were writing recently or brineing out the old envelopes of my letters for someone to take the stamps for their collection. This is O.K. until we get started on our homeward trip, but Jerrold is making a collection, too, and he would like it very much if you would save the stamps from the different countries which we visit for his collection. And while I'm on the general subject, may I ask that you keep the original manuscript of my letters for my use (especially the first term letters) since I have not kept any other kind of a diary than this. I have carbon copies for all of this term, but not knowing the value of these papers for reference nor the need of having them, we destroyed them when we started homeward in 1922.

We had five couples here for dinner on Saturday night. It was a lively crowd so there was little need for special entertainment. Conversation ran fast and brilliant. However, since in the home land it was the opening of the football season, we taught them to play "Football a la Jenkins" on the dining room table, and it was ten thirty before any one realized it. Place cards were a bit different than usual, as we had miniature clay Chinese model figures on the cards. For instance Robert L. Simkin's card had the figure of a Chinese fisherman with pole and fish creel by his side, and since he is a Faculty of Religion Man, formerly dean, I used his initials merely and called the name "Reclaiming Lost Sinners." His wife had the figure of a tall Chinese gentleman and since he is about six feet three inches and her name is Margaret T., her card bore the name, "Married Tall Saint." Dr. Sparling, the vice president's card had a figure of a Chinese school-master with uplifted stick, and following the same plan, we called it, "Governor Wily Students." Dr. Leslie G. Kilborn's card had the figure of a stork upon it, and since he is dean of the Medical Faculty, we entitled his card, "Leaves Good Kiddies." And so on --

We have our obligations to Chinese guests to fulfill besides one more table of western guests, and then, as the saying is, our turn begins and we will have "to eat our way out of town."

Last night I received a letter from the new pastor of Grace Methodist Church at Waterloo. He has undertaken something which I'm afraid it will be hard to put through and I don't know that I want him to put it through. At present their church pays $1800 a year to our support; he writes that he has asked the Board to allocate $2000 a year thereto, and to give all the rest of their benevolent collection to the support of our work. The first will go through all right, because the Board is already giving us $2050, field salary including Jerrold's allowance. But I would not want the church to concentrate all of its interest on the one small portion of a great field. I am enclosing one of their letter-heads which may be of interest to you all.

Your letters of August 26th, 22nd, and 30th are all before me. Beth's books have also arrived in good condition. Jerrold hasn't seen the latter yet, as Clara wants the momentum of newness to help keep him going at odd times on the trip homeward. Thanks very much for sending them. Gladys Harger's article in The W.M. "Friend" is well written and true to fact. I'm wondering whether she quoted me in that comment on the children's singing. I know that I made a comment just like that afterwards, but it was to Rachel Penn rather than to Gladys.

Sorry that Dan's back is giving him trouble again. I'm not sure that I remember the cause of it; was it carrying his salesman's outfit around, or the heavy work in connection with his "ranch"? I'm wondering just how and when we will get to visit them this furlough. But then, everything is uncertain in the future for, and it may be that we will not be permitted to return to China, though we are counting on it and desiring it. We will probably plan to visit there on our way to the coast, and possibly start from there by the Dollar Special. (That name sounds like a bargain counter, doesn't it?)

Lucile's party and menu, your plans for the use of the university panorama photo in raising money for the Woman's College buildings and wall, and all your other activities are full of interest, but I haven't any more room to comment, and I want to put in some more stereo.

Lots of love to you all, and a Mother's special share for yourself,

Affectionately,

[Signature]

P.S. Out of 14 days in Nanjing, all but the first three were very rainy, hence my photos are very unsatisfactory.
Dearest Motherkin and All:

I presume you are all wondering whether we are sick or well, since it has been pretty close to three weeks since I wrote last. Well, we are well, and getting still better fast. This, of course, is due to our getting rid of a job or two preparatory to closing up the term's work. Clara gave up her University English class to Winifred Canright this week, and so has one class and its final examination out of the way. I got out the December number of the NEWS and have read my first pages of proof, so I have little more to worry about there.

There was a little excitement in the October editorial. In touching on the India question by way of illustrating a wider point, I stepped on some more Britishers' toes. They are a "patriotic bunch", these Britishers. Most of them would not say a word in criticism of Britain for the world, and they are just as opposed to any one else, especially an American, attempting it. I have selected a few letters for publication in the December number, together with my explanation. I think that I told you about one sentence in the September number calling down the wrath of the British Consul-general upon me. I explained that in a personal letter and made amends in the November NEWS and he sent me a very nice letter in reply. So also with regard to these other paragraphs on "Then and Now", I have had both kinds of letters. But now this work is concluded so I will have December free from interruption on that score.

Sunday the 23rd I will preach the Thanksgiving sermon. It is all prepared and the order of service is printed, so that is as good as over. Next week I give my final examination in Rural Community Projects and then Dr. Crawford takes over the lectures for the next nine weeks, so I am practically clear on that score also, though I shall continue to attend the class until the term is over.

Clara's work is temporarily increased instead of being lessened. She is going in with two other American families in entertaining the Community at Thanksgiving Dinner. She has planned the program for the adult section's celebration, and will serve the dinner and provide the program for all of the junior section, consisting of ten U.S.A. youngsters. I just can't keep her out of it, unless I take it over myself, - and you know me, Al! I'm sort of a selfish individual and hate to obligate myself for anything more than I already have. I counted Sunday as my share.

Another thing which has given us concern is the government measures for suppressing Communism. For a week we have all been under more or less strain. The local government would send a guard up to a school door, force admittance, line up the students for a roll call, pick out one or more, march them out to a graveyard not very far from the campus, and practically next door to our Junior Middle School, execute them and leave them out on the ground for all to see, with just a paper pegged down beside them with the Chinese characters for "Communist." There seemed to be no trial whatever, though the government claims to have completed the evidence-taking before the execution so there was no doubt in their minds as to the proof. Two schools which have been a source of annoyance to us because they practically adjoin our campus were visited in this way and a total of three boys and one girl were executed after this manner, and now both the Silk School and the Art School have been done away with, the furniture sold at auction, and the premises occupied by soldiers.

At our Goucher Junior Middle School, they walked in to take our principal, Wang Yu Bo, who had been accused by someone out of spite, though they had some show of evidence in his case. In order to help his students in confidential problems, he has them write diaries which he collects, reads, adds his notations or advice, and returns to them. One student had asked what he should do to fit himself in the reconstruction of the New China. Mr. Wang was indiscreet enough to advise him to read the social reform books. Some enemy got hold of this and accused him. The guard came first to the school
but he was not there so they went to his home. Meanwhile his friends learned of their purpose and warned Mr. Wang but since his conscience was free he did not go into hiding. His old mother, not knowing the purpose of these men, told in her garrulous way about how good a son he had been to her, caring for her notwithstanding he himself had been handicapped by sickness, etc. The soldiers hearing this came to the conclusion that Mr. Wang could not be much of a communist if he were so loyal to his old mother as this, so when Mr. Wang returned home, they did not march him out to execute him according to the original plan, but took him to headquarters instead. He has been there ever since but it is claimed that his life is not in danger.

The principal of last year is in hiding because in a similar question by one of the students as to whether in the new China a boy's parents should consult him when fixing an engagement for marriage, the principal wrote that since the prospective groom was rather vitally concerned in such an arrangement, parents should take his desires into consideration. So our Goucher school is rather handicapped just now. Clara, as official adviser, has secured some extra teachers to take some of the classes, and Mr. Liu who has just returned from getting his M.A. at the University of Chicago, is looking after the school administratively.

In the university each of us principals took time by the foralock and accompanied by the university president and the chairman of our student body undertook to examine the boys' rooms for incriminating literature. The students were certainly scared stiff as they had a right to be; for the oriental way, even in New China, is not like the western way, if one excepts Massachusetts and California. It is said that over $1000 worth of books were burned on our campus by the students themselves before the search was made. I offered to receive for safe keeping any books which the students of whom I have charge themselves considered unsafe because of their social reform nature, and I have approximately 500 volumes stored away as a result. Some of them are Marx's writings, but most of them are descriptions of modern social movements of all kinds and would be quite admissible and permissible in the west.

I have one Middle School student rooming with a relative in the Methodist College dormitory. He is the son of the Suining District Superintendent. For some reason he is suspected of being a radical probably because of the company he has sometimes kept. After checking up on students one night and being informed that all were in, the doors were closed and locked and I returned home. (The dormitory students, by the way, are under the self-government system.)

The next morning, I decided that the responsibility for looking after this young student who really did not belong to my flock must be asked to find other accommodations as soon as it could be fairly done. After securing the president's O.K., I went over to the dormitory to tell him, and his relative confessed to me that the lad had not turned up all night, nor had he been seen since the morning of the day before. Before ten A.M. we received a communication that he had been arrested in a home on the other side of the city. We were all pretty anxious, but by evening his relative, armed with letters from the Middle School principal, had secured his release. Like Sacco, when he realized that he was being spied upon he had gotten panic-stricken and was afraid to return to the dormitory for fear of being more easily taken from an institution.

So he had entered the city and tried to get lodging for the night at the home of a former teacher in the Middle School. But no one wants to shelter suspects these days, and so since he had not been able to shake off the spies, his eccentric actions served to arouse suspicions the more. At last, just as he had found shelter with the father-in-law of one our university teachers, the men marched in and arrested him. Since they had no other evidence against him, however, he was released with a warning. He is no longer in our dormitory.

Another boy who has a high record in scholarship, wrote a rather radical article for one of the newspapers in the city and was afraid that he might come under suspicion, so he went into the Canadian Hospital as a patient for a week. He came back yesterday. Taking it all in all, we are fortunate in coming out without one casualty or one permanent arrest in our university. There are said to have been over 50 executions within that week, of whom three were girls.

Now each of the students is required by the government to furnish a guarantor living within the city or on the campus, who is approved by the government as a safe and responsible person.
I think that I have written you that we have our sailing fixed for March 3rd by the North German Lloyd. Yesterday I got their letter with plan of the boat. Although we are on Deck D (the lowest deck) and near the bow of the boat where one notices the swells of the ocean a bit more, we have pretty good accommodation in the main. The Rapes got two adjoining cabins so their family is well provided for. The cabin assigned us is a three berth cabin, so we would be all right but for the fact that I have been the one who has been asked to represent the others in arranging passage. So the Simkin family having been assigned a two berth cabin on one side of the boat, and a child's berth in another cabin on the opposite side of the boat, are rather upset. Their children are under five, so they want them with themselves of course. Our cabin just suit them. If the trade was made, our arrangement would have to be the same as theirs. I would take the single berth (if "child's berth" may be interpreted as "child's fare") and leave Jerrold with Clara in the two berth cabin. Simkins could make similar arrangements but Mrs. Simkins laments that she always gets seasick and so she needs Mr. Simkins either with her or with the children. So we have offered to make the exchange in case the N.D.L. find it impossible to make other adjustments.

Jerrold is tickled because he is to have a part in the Christmas program of his school as one of the many children who lived in a shoe, I believe. He has done better in his school work this term. He still ranks first in his writing and has come up to second in reading and language, and third in arithmetic, bringing him up to second in his class in the final average.

Your letters of October 6th and 9th came yesterday. Sorry to learn of your anxiety over the $3000. investment. Such a loss as that would make any one glum, especially if one was not earning money outside. I hope you get good news in answer to Mr. Owing's letter.

Sorry that Harry's department of the interior is given to long debates over the relative food values of a milk and graham diet. Out here, whenever we have troubles of that sort we take Santonin and usually find that the guess was right. Otherwise we go along normally from one year's end to the other, eating what we choose, seeing that it is well-cooked, and thus far managing all right. We have been exceptionally fortunate for missionaries, however, in that we have escaped amoebic dysentery.

The Board has not yet notified us of any salary cuts, though the Missionary News Letter has told us of the salary cuts for ministers in various sections of the States, and warned us that only 75% of the appropriation for the last payment of the fiscal year of 1930 will be forwarded. Inasmuch as one cannot very well suddenly refuse to pay a fourth of a native preacher's salary, this will probably mean that the missionary will be the goat, just as we were in 1927 when we sold our furniture to make up the $1300 deficit on the Tzechow District. They also say "the shortage will have to be adjusted in the next fiscal year by a decrease of work or by the retaining of missionaries at home on furlough." This probably means that Dr. Manly will not be returning in 1931, and may make it impossible for us to return in 1932. These are rather sobering facts for all of us to reflect upon, both as missionaries and as individuals. But while as Methodists the retreat seems to continue, the American Baptists have been sending out several new families to West China, and so have the United Church of China. The Liljestrands are due to arrive soon and Harry will no doubt be the one to take over my administrative work. It creates the problem for me, too, of whether to bring home any books at this time. In my line of work, a good library constitutes my tools. Whichever place I'm in I will need them. Such is life.

Lots of love, and a very Merry Christmas to you all.

Affectionately,

[Signature]

P.S. In a few minutes we go to have our family picture taken for our passports. Another reminder that the time is shortening.
CONFERENCE CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES OF LITERATURE

Religious Education Curriculum Committee

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

IN CHINA

Chengtu, Szechuan
December 13th, 1930.

Dearest Motherkin and All:

As the time for departure draws nearer, the demands on time grow more frequent. I have not taken time to hunt up my last carbon copy of a home letter to know when I wrote to you, but I dare say it was quite a while ago. I do not recall having written to you about Thanksgiving Day and one or two other events. I recall sending you the Sunday Thanksgiving order of Service, however.

Well, Clara's plan for making the Thanksgiving evening a "family gathering" worked out very nicely. At 5 P.M., she had all the American children who could come at our home for dinner. There were about ten of them and they did the meal justice. Clara had fixed up a long board to represent the shore line of Massachusetts, and after reading the youngsters the story of the origin of the holiday, they reconstructed the scene with rocks, trees, wigwams, Indians, the "Mayflower", etc. Much of the materials for these had already been partially prepared, and with paper, sticks, and plasticene the children did the rest, even to building a few log cabins. This occupied them clear up to the supper hour.

After they got away I presume every parent was busily engaged in getting them off to bed. I know that we had our hands full in order to get to the other end of the campus for our affair at 7:30 P.M. Sister Clara sat next to Pa Moncrieff who was the pilot of the program, and various members of the family contributed some interesting number — musical or otherwise. This was following the dinner, and like most Thanksgiving Dinners, this was both bountiful and tasty. Of course there are no turkeys in our section but four large geese were disposed of in quick fashion along with all the other eats that grace such a table. The program began with light stunts which changed to the more serious and reverent phases of the day after the annual business meeting at about the middle of the evening.

We spent two delightful evenings with the Dr. Lindsay family. The first was a formal dinner with others, and the last a course dinner about the family hearth, followed by two or three hours' talk about travel in Europe wherein I noted down a good many "words to the wise" for our help when we start homeward.

Monday night, December 15th, the Arts Club of the students is putting on a farewell reception in our honor. As they say on the campus, the time has come for us "to eat our way out of town."

Clara has turned over one of her classes and I have arranged for one of mine also. We are daily expecting the Liljestrand family and Bishop and Mrs. Wang to arrive. They reached Suining sometime ago, but have been waiting there for the arrival of their freight or heavy baggage and a number of auto chassis (twelve in all) which Dr. Liljestrand and the Cunninghams are to help drive over to Chengdu. Then more entertaining will begin.

Bishop Song of the Anglican Church has been elected dean of the Faculty of Religion, which is a big step forward. Dr. Liljestrand has been elected to succeed me on the Senate of the University. With the exception of the principership of the Methodist College and my membership on the Board of Founders of the Union Middle School and the Committee on Student Health, all of my administrative work has now been passed on. Dr. Liljestrand will no doubt relieve me of some of these.
The Szechwan Commissioner of Education has decided to fix the closing date for educational institutions for this year according to the Chinese calendar, rather than the western calendar. This means that college closes on January 31st. What it will mean as to the date of the Annual Conference remains to be seen. One thing appears to be certain; though, and that is that we shall not be able to attend before we leave. We plan to leave by small boat along with the Sinkins who will travel after a similar manner. We'll leave Chengtu on January 19th. McCurdy writes that they must have Bert Rape at their Conference, so they may try to get a later sailing from Shanghai and there will be one family less in our party, at least for the first part of the journey.

I have been taking some dope which is supposed to color up my innards somewhat and on next Friday I shall have an X-Ray photo taken of my appendix to see whether there is anything to be feared from that source during the six months' trip homeward. I have had no symptoms whatever since the attack at Tzechow that was diagnosed by Dr. Hill as appendicitis, and that was four or five years ago. But so long as I can use this method to learn if the trouble is existent, at all, I thought that I had better take the precaution. I don't want to commit myself to any old "kosher butcher" somewhere on the high seas, nor pay a thousand dollars to some European doctor who would charge me tourist prices.

We have been selling off a lot of old books of the Brewers, Neumanns and ourselves, and towards the last a few other things may have to go. I'm planning on bringing home a few boxes of reference books. If I have to stay home I shall need them there. If I am sent back, I shall have access to the University Library all the while, presumably, and will not need them so badly. In that way I shall have a small nest egg laid by for a time of crisis any way.

We have sent off over 150 Christmas letters to "foreign parts". Another hundred and fifty for friends in Szechwan, Chinese and western, are being printed and will be addressed during the next few days. Mrs. Canright will probably have the campus Methodists at their home for Christmas Eve. We are planning to entertain the boys of this year's graduating class who live in our dormitory here for Christmas dinner. About seven of them. Don't know whether Bishop Wang and Mrs. Wang will be here or elsewhere. On Dec. 29th, I give the last of my final examinations.

The sewing women or women are turning off the work in great style these days. Kimonos of all descriptions, bath-robies, and puff quilts are being handled by one of them, while the other is utilizing the scraps and old garments of little earthly use otherwise in making a number of small rugs. So Clara keeps all kinds of things going on all the while.

Jerrold is to be in his school's Christmas program and is getting a lot of kick out of it in anticipation. The play is to be put on once for the parents and foreign friends and twice for the college students. The crowd is thus divided because it is thought that with the larger halls crowded, little could be heard beyond the first few seats.

We had three Chinese families in for dinner last night to celebrate the release of Wang Yu Bo who was arrested under suspicion of being a Communist. He was imprisoned for over a month but won his way with the officials under the acid test of everyday scrutiny. One of the families was that of Liu Dze Jiai who is just back from the University of Chicago where he got his Master of Arts degree in education. He is a dandy good fellow. Tomorrow noon we have dinner at Dr. Peterson's home. On the Sunday after the arrival of Bishop Wang, the city church gives a dinner in his honor and a farewell to us. I have several good letters from you, but none telling how your scare over the loss of $6000 in bonds turned out. Well, I wonder when and where I shall write my next letter to you.

Lots of love from us all,

Affectionately,

Lucas, Clara, and Jerrold.
A Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year

This sacred season closes for us our second term of service in China. Notwithstanding some months of anxiety in which all Christian workers have shared in varying degrees, God's providence toward us has gone far beyond anything that we might merit. We have realized the truth of the Angel's song that peace dwells in the hearts of those who would please God, who earnestly endeavor to maintain an attitude of goodwill toward men.

Though not through our own seeking, we have been permitted a variety of service in east, north and west China during these more than seven years. This we cannot help but view as God's good gift to us, redeeming the promise that "everything shall work together for good to them that love God", and accept their call as one to fulfill His purpose.

And now we are looking forward to reunions and graduate study in America. We are sailing from Shanghai on March third, 1931, spending a month in study in Palestine, stopping off here and there in Europe and England as time and means may allow, and hoping to reach New York during July. The sabbatical year passes by all too quickly and we should like to make use of every possible opportunity to renew our touch with friends in the home land, even though it be only an hour between trains at junction points, or an evening's visit when you may be passing through Chicago. For we expect to work in the University of Chicago and shall occupy missionary apartments in connection with that institution. Please write us in care of the Board of Foreign Missions at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, that we may know where you now live and may be able to send you our own address when we become settled for the year.

As we pass the portals of this new year, may it be with the consciousness of the presence with us of the Great Companion, and with the determination that on our part we will carry with us the Christmas spirit through all its days.

Most cordially,

Lewis F. Havermale.
Clara B. Havermale.
Ierrett S. Havermale.

Chengtu, Sze., China.
December 25th, 1930.
Dear Friends:

Evergreens, tinsels, carols, secrets; happy girls and Santa Claus, together with the spirit that goes with Christmas! Can any time of the year be more happy than Christmas time? The Sunday before Christmas came our first program, a pageant "The King’s Tribute". It was given by the girls of the choir. It was the day of giving for all the schools, and since the church could not begin to hold them all, it was decided to have the program twice,—in the morning for the little folks and in the afternoon for the grown-ups. Early Sunday morning we went to the church to get the girls dressed for their different parts. School after school marched in in regular order while we got ready. Finally the hour arrived and the seats were full to overflowing with eager, happy children. A few mothers and friends and a fond father or two had come along with their little ones to make sure that the gift was properly laid in the manger.

The processional passed up the aisle of the church as they sang, "O Come All Ye Faithful". How the girls did sing! The Spirit of Love then told of the first great Christmas gift to the world—the love of a heavenly Father for a sinful and fallen race. The Bethlehem children, the Shepherds, the angels who announced the glad tidings all appeared in regular order. The invisible choir sang, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" and the screen was removed, revealing Mary and Joseph beside the manger—cradle of the Infant King. After the shepherds had worshipped and the wise men had brought their gifts, the Spirit of Love again appeared and told us that the spirit of love is the real spirit of Christmas and when we open our hearts and let Him in, no longer can selfishness, envy, hatred, strife, or fear dwell there. She told us that the heart where love reigns is a giving heart and in our giving we are blessed indeed. She then invited us to bring our tribute to the Christmas King, remembering His words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Then the children marched on the platform and laid their gifts in and around the manger. When the last little child had left her gift, there was no room more, the manger was full and overflowing. The program was repeated in the afternoon for the High School students and the older people of the church who at this time, brought their gifts. The ones who had charge of the distributing the gifts were very glad for the big collection of things for the poor, the distribution of which came the day after Christmas. Of this I shall tell more later.

On Dec. 24th the teachers gave a program for all the students of the Woman’s Bible School and the Girls’ High School. It was a great time for us all. The students enjoyed this departure, for usually they had been the program makers. What fun to sit and watch a program given by their teachers!

Heretofore, we have had other foreigners in the station, but this year there are only the three of us. So we invited the Chinese girl teachers of the compound to a real Christmas dinner following the program on Wed. night. A goose which had been one of our Christmas gifts, was an excellent substitute for turkey. What a joyful time we all had around the table, twelve of us, each heart mentally reechoing the spontaneous outburst of one of the girls, "How good Jesus is!" After this repast we went into the living room where Santa Claus had previously made his appearance. We had been unable to buy a tree but we had taken sprigs and tied them together and had the nicest little tree ever. A gift for each teacher and one for
each missionary was on or under the tree. It was such a jolly time and every one went home full of the real Christmas Spirit! The missionaries had several hours work yet to do for the next day was Christmas and Santa’s pack was not quite ready though we’d worked all spare time for the last two or three weeks. But by one o’clock every student was provided for and we had Santa ready to appear at each door the next morning early. At three-twenty we were awakened by Christmas carols being sung by the students of the compound. At six-thirty the students of the two schools gathered for a worship service, where each one was reminded that

"Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If He be not born in you
Your heart is still forlorn."

Santa arrived just in time and not one student was forgotten, though he had traveled many a long mile to get here. Letters had been written to him in America and we found that he was able to travel 'way out here. He said his heels had chilblains and his limbs were sore, though he was mighty happy to come and it had brought him so much joy that he plans to come again next year. We hope he does not forget for had he not come this year, the students would not have known so much joy. How much we thank the kind friends at home for remembering them; words cannot express. The demand exhausted the supply.

In the afternoon our living room was the scene of another merry time when the servants with their families and the women of the industrial class with their children gathered to hear again the Christmas story told by Miss Jung in her interesting way. One old woman sat spell-bound as she heard again how this Christ-child came to earth, and did it all for us. Of course Santa came again and happiness ran riot as the little children received dolls. They were so full of Christmas joy that they just bubbled over. This program following one at the church made the day a full one, but it was not yet ended.

The two schools together put on a program that evening in which there was some very fine dramatization. One number was "The Other Wise Man". The characters were so well chosen and the spirit of the story so beautifully portrayed that it moved the hearts of all of us.

The following afternoon several groups of people went out to take the gifts which had been received on Sunday for the poor. Can you imagine what it would be like to live in a home where no one knew about Christmas and its meaning? There are many such homes and some such were visited on this day after Christmas. The story of Jesus and his love was told to them and a very small gift given. In one home the mother was in great grief at the loss of her child. They were very poor and the child only had a piece of straw matting wrapped around it for burial. How sorrow-stricken that mother’s heart! But we were glad that at such a time she could hear of the Comforter, the God of love and have hope and faith spring up in her heart through trust in Him.

Now, we must turn our attention to preparing the other packs for Santa Claus to take to the 23 Day Schools for which we are responsible. Our appeal last year for handkerchiefs and pencils met with such generous response that every one of the nearly 2000 students is to receive a gift. The Bible women will start out with these in a few days. They will hold a Christmas service in each school and give to each child a handkerchief or a pencil in token of the Love the Christ Child brought.

With the Christmas song of victory in our hearts, we end a year of wonderful blessing and begin another one with renewed pledges of faith, loyalty, and prayer.
Dearest Motherkin and All;—

Just a few lines to let you know that we are still hard at it. Bishop and Mrs. Wang are with us and we are head over heels in social affairs both on their account and on ours. We expect to get the major part of these events out of the way by the end of this week and then knuckle down to packing in real earnest.

Since writing last we have been entertained at dinner by the principal of the Methodist Middle School Dormitory, the Dean of Studies of the university, the district superintendent, Dr. Hu of our medical faculty, the Homer Brown family, and have had to decline another invitation from a western family. The Faculty of Arts students and the Theological Faculty students have given us farewell teas and reception and presented photographs or silk embroidery scrolls by way of remembrance. The Shensi Gai Methodist Church included us with the bishop in a combination welcome-farewell reception and feast on Sunday. On Wednesday of this week the four student bodies of the Methodists connected with the campus give like receptions, and the university as a whole, including all missions give a tea and reception on Friday afternoon. Mr. Lo has us to dinner on Wednesday noon.

On our part we have entertained one group at dinner on Christmas evening, all Chinese families. We had another group just a few days before Christmas, also our associated workers among the Chinese. Still another for the Methodist college graduates of this year and a family from the Friends' Mission to meet the Wang family. On Christmas day at noon, we furnished a Chinese banquet for 48 students of the college dormitory of which I have been principal. This was given in their own dining hall, since it would be impossible to have them all in our home at once. Tonight we have the last of our dinners for western families to whom we owe social obligations, in honor of the Liljestrides and Jerrold's teacher. On New Year's afternoon we have the 20 theologues here for high tea.

This will leave us just two weeks of working days to finish the packing which has not yet been done, with the exception of our books. Our conference has been postponed to February 2nd, so we shall not have to attend that. We shall leave by boat from Chengtu along with the Simkins family on January 19th. The C.B. Rape family have definitely given up going with us, owing to his work, the date of their annual conference which they insist on his attending, and on account of Mrs. Rape's health.

The X Ray test for appendicitis seemed to indicate that I need have no special apprehension on that score, so an operation was declared unnecessary. That frees me from a stay in the hospital at an inconvenient time, and saves Clara undertaking the packing and so on alone. We are thankful for all of this.

Jerrold finished his term's work a few days ago, and school does not take up again until next Monday. Whether we will place him in school for the two weeks before our departure has not yet been fully decided upon. Clara has not yet been able to give up her classes completely, but has planned the final examinations so that not quite so much work will be required to clear things up as was at first feared. I gave the last of my finals yesterday and as soon as I finish looking at the twenty or more Chinese examination papers, and get one more speech off of my chest at the New Years Retreat of our Christian Student Federation, I will have all of my outside obligations completed.

All of us are keeping well, and looking forward to the start homeward with a great deal of pleasant anticipation, even though the time is shortening up and we know that there will be a great rush at the end. Thanks very much for the draft for $15.00 which was received just two or three days before Christmas, it will be well spent on the way home, at Shanghai or elsewhere. Today is Clara's birthday, but Jerrold and I have decided to pool our gift for her in a fur coat to be purchased in Shanghai.
Cannot write more just now. In another fifteen minutes the bishop will be back from his morning calls and then comes dinner at once. I can't answer all your good letters which have been coming in even up to the present time. I wonder if we shall receive more before we start down river.

Much love to all.

Affectionately,

Lewis, Clara and Fred.