

First Peace Road

Iltis Huk

Tsingtao, July 14, 1937

Dear Gola & Bessie,

This is a lovely summer resort on the coast, about the same distance from Nanking as Peiping, but more to the east. When we travelled up we came by a train that had American Pullman coaches, so it was a new experience in China. Our coach was labelled First, but we paid for only Second Class tickets; the second day it seemed quite warm and the thermometer in the car said 84 degrees; all at once about four hours from Tsingtao it cooled off and we felt we could smell the sea - an example of vivid imagination. On the way up we stopped for three hours at Tsinan; so six of us took a car, went riding on the city wall, then to the University where we visited the Chapel, and saw the general plan of the campus. Four of us went to the Institute, a sort of Museum, and had a very interesting hour there. Some of the things featured were: New and Old Roads in China (with all sorts of vehicles getting mired in the old, and the easy progress of the new hard roads); the manufacture of soap; the course of the Yellow River; the plan of the big bridge across the Yellow River, showing the foundation, the depth of the piles, etc.; the cost of the World War, represented pictorially and in charts; the work of the Red Cross in the World; China's part in the World War, chiefly as laborers; model schools; model clinics; model hospitals; one whole room showing the Bible in various languages, and the walls lined with Bible pictures; the development of the Chinese language from pictures; a chart showing the evolution of the alphabet from Hebrew, Egyptian, Greek, etc. We were amazed at the variety of the exhibits, and the amount of religious material shown. It represents chiefly the work of one man, Mr. Cartwright. While we wandered about there were quite a number of coolies going about; often they could not read, but they could look, and Miss Vautrin talked with some of them. It is a great force, I am sure, in educating the people of the city.

I wish all of you could be here with me; it is one of the nicest places I have seen. Miss Chester, Miss Vautrin from Ginling, and Miss Wilkinson from an interior station and I are staying with Mrs. Fitch, the wife of the Y.M.C.A. man in Nanking. John is 11 and Bobby 9, and they entertain us a good deal, go swimming and walking with us, urge us to play Monopoly, want me to get busy at my stamps, etc. From our bedroom and from the dining-room we can look at the sea just below us, and usually we go to sleep and wake up with the sound of the waves in our ears. It takes us about two minutes to get down to the beach, but at this nearest point it is too rocky to go swimming, so we often scramble over the rocks, or go there to watch the sun set. One night we saw a triple rainbow in one band go down into the sea just beyond the next point of rocks. And another day we saw a colored ring around the sun. Most people here have not seen rings around the sun so this was a phenomenon to them. We never tire of watching the sea: it changes from gray and green to the most glorious

I shall go to Shanghai to meet her. Dr. Wu's secretary, Miss Loomis, told me some of the details of the office routine which I am to pass on to Lillian. I am so glad to hear from Lillian that there are good prospects for a crop. I do hope that is so. Did you know that Kate Neatby has a small baby- Patsy? Her year and a half old boy died with blood poisoning.

Love, Florence

blues I have seen; as we sit at breakfast those of us who face the sea can see the scores of fishing junks in the distance, and closer up the gunboats going out for their daily target practice. Miss Vautrin talked about going for a day's fishing in a junk, but a story John told rather dampened even her enthusiasm. He told about a trip he, Bobby, their father and uncle took one day. The wind came up and the sea grew rough and all of them were sick. The uncle lost his false teeth in the process, a set which cost \$125, so they came home rather washed out and poorer in the matter of cash.

I am working at a course I am to teach next Fall in the One-Act Play. I do some work at that in the mornings and study a little Chinese. About 11.30 we go swimming. This sea water is wonderful; it buoys one up in quite an exciting way. We go to the American Beach, about five minutes' walk away; now we are going barefoot- a new experience in China where we usually think it unsafe to put foot to ground and are usually very careful about touching the floor of a house; here the soil is very sandy and looks clean, so I think we are not being rash. Anyway it takes us back to the barefoot days of our childhood. We swim for more than half an hour. Under Miss Vautrin's tuition, I am actually making some progress in swimming, and can do some strokes in both breast and side. It is a fine sensation to go each day in this very clear water. There are boats a little distance out, and on days when the tide is very low we can wade out to these boats without going beyond our depth. You can imagine how sunburnt I got; now I am past the peeling stage, and feel more comfortable. I used peanut oil to rub on before going swimming and that felt very restful and soothing. We play some games in the water and have a gay time. So far not many go in at this beach- I think it is still early. This morning the sand was almost too hot to walk on.

The other three and the two boys have hired bicycles and go on trips that are daily getting longer. I am very much a learner, and have the signs of a fall last week when I careered into the sidewalk and the zinnias. Miss Wilkinson thinks I would do better on a road, so to-morrow she is taking me out on a side road for practice. We all have bruises and cuts.

Here, besides swimming, there are walks in various directions; one of our favorites is a short one around the "Huk", the German for hook. In war days a German boat, the Illus, went down off this rocky point of land and gave its name to the peak on land where we are. The German influence is very strong here, and in the city four miles away it is to be seen in the well-planned streets, the red-roofed, well-made buildings. One might almost think it a bit of Europe. It has a fine harbor, and gunboats of various nations are harbored here. Tsingtao is the name for "green island" and as we go to town we can see this compact island. There is also tennis, movies not very far away at a big hotel, the city to go to see. None of us are enthusiastic about the city- we have enough of that all year round- and so far have not gone near the movies. We are too content here to worry about such things. Mrs. Fitch gives us the best of food, and there is more than enough interesting reading around, and outdoor things to do. Miss Vautrin thinks she needs a 36-hour day to get in all she would like to do.

Isn't it wonderful that Lillian is coming out? She arrives Sept. 6.