

181 Central Ave.

Kuling, Kiangsi Province

July 5, 1943.

Dearest Mother and Dad,

I wish you could see me sitting up in a Chinese bed writing to you by candle and lamp light. I have a candle on the bed post (right side) and a little red lamp on the left side. I have this sort of rustic camp life we are experiencing now.

Our <sup>of</sup> us rented a house. It was mouldy, dusty and unkept in general when we first saw it Monday but each day it becomes more home like. I already like my little room. I can't get over being thrilled about the trees up here. I have lonely pines and other trees just outside my door and window. You've been sort of starved for trees since I came to China so I hope to drink my fill of them this summer.

I must tell you about our trip up. When I left the hospital a week ago last Monday, I could not see how it would be possible for me to be strong enough to make the trip by the following Friday. But Miss Stallings and Dr. Z. is certainly know how to stuff one with strength giving food. For a day or two I ate heartily even though it was like taking huge doses of medicine. Then one day my appetite came back with a bound. Since then I've eaten because I am hungry.

Our ~~the~~ train trip, fortunately, was very pleasant. We spent the night in Hanking. The next day we got on a ship which took us up the Yangtze River. This river is high now. It has flooded the country homes of many farmers who had built inside the dikes. These people were trying to reclaim land, but the river is no respecter of persons - it really is treacherous. I was so interested in the various scenes along the way. Mountains, towns, islands, etc. We saw one small island which looked to be largely rock. It was built



a temple. I couldn't <sup>see</sup> how any one could build anything  
way up there and way out there in the middle of the river,  
but they did. Reminds me of the Parvati temple building at  
in high places. They thought they were near god. The island  
is called the Little Paphan. Truly it looked the part.  
I took pictures of it. If they are good I'll send you some.  
We were on the boat from Sat. morning until  
Sun. night about 8:30. I liked the informality of the  
people in our class. I met some lovely people. A Mrs.  
Stamp's father was the Presbyterian preacher in Hoboken  
years ago. I have forgotten her father's name. I believe  
it was Stanford, Stanger or something of that kind. She  
remembers the Barnhart, Colson, Blalock, etc. She lived  
in Charlotte a long time. Then she married Mr. Stang  
who is a Southern Baptist preacher.

Felt so funny riding around in Nanking in boats  
(called sand pans) because the streets were flooded, couldn't  
see the rickshaws. It was especially funny Monday morning when  
we had to pass under a bridge and all of us had to  
duck our heads. I laughed at a boatman doing it the  
night before - didn't think I would have to. Ha.

I believe I'll say goodnight & finish this in the  
morning.

July 6, '33  
Good morning everybody. How's the world treating you. I'm feeling  
fine since I have my "tummy" full of hot cakes, an egg, and  
some bacon.

It is raining this morning. The sun is shining so I guess  
it will rain tomorrow also. Seems so funny cause we seem  
to be right in the clouds. The rain doesn't have far to fall.  
I had planned to wash out a few things. May not  
get to now.

Yesterday I had my first lesson in typing. I have a  
book of instructions on the touch system. I hope I learn  
this summer. My type writer needs oiling, but I couldn't find



[June 5, 1933]

[2]

<sup>3</sup>  
a little oil can down town yesterday afternoon.

Did it rain July 4, at home? It surely did here. Seemed so natural. I got soaked on my way back from the stores.

I am enclosing some stamps of other countries for

Lena.

I am also enclosing a picture of myself. It's one of my passport pictures. Don't so good, but I like it better than my first passport pictures. I have on my new new silk suit. Sorry the label fell back.

They say the Vilhans are up here. I've not seen them yet.

I am so sorry not to write individual letters to all the family, but I haven't gotten to that yet. Remember I'm loving each of you.

Fondly,

Lennie.



Louise Anett  
181 Central Ave.  
Huling, Kansas.

Mr. & Mrs. J. J. Anett & Family  
Newwood, W.C.  
N. S. A.

July 5, 1933 - Monday  
Sam, made me sample  
down about a 4 feet or  
7 ft. between of post by  
Mr. Rogers about in  
Huling





