

3 P'ing Ts'ang Hsiang,
Nanking,
30 January, 1938.

Dear Morton and Bobby:-

I am hoping to hear again soon from Morton, probably through a letter that he will send to Mummie and Bobby in Shanghai. It's a long time since I have heard how he is getting along with class work and with games and other things in Kobe. This is a very good chance to improve in arithmetic and writing and the other school subjects, besides the athletics. I'm hoping to hear from the school that Morton is a reliable and careful boy, improving each month. Do you have any coasting or other winter sports? There's a good deal of snow in Nanking today, but rather wet.

And how is Bobby liking his new school? I hope it's all right, but I don't believe Shanghai is as nice a place to live in as Kobe and the Gloucester House where Morton is. But I'm sure Bobby will find some good friends among the boys just as Morton does.

Sometimes I am lonesome for a couple of rascals to play with. But there are about twenty Chinese children in our compound, and four dogs. One of the dogs is Dr. Wilson's "Snooky", a great big fellow who stands higher than my knee, and likes to rest his nose on it when I am sitting down. "Snooky" is very friendly, and has a good disposition except when strange soldiers come. He is partly pointer, with big brown ears and face, but a white body with gray spots. "Snooky" often wants friends to hold his hand, and puts up his paw for a long time. He plays a lot ~~XXXX~~ with the little dogs, and never hurts them with his big jaws. Then there is "Bearlie", who belonged to Miss Ward. He is a white dog, half Spitz and half alley cur, Dr. Wilson told me, rather small but with plenty of pep. "Bearlie" has played with "Snooky" so much and so roughly, that he is very cruel to small dogs whom he can bully. But he is a good watch dog. Mr. Fitch's "Tibby" was lost for a month, but was found on the street about two miles from home. He is a woolly Tibetan with the asthma, but very bright eyes and a friendly manner. The servants have a tiny pup who can walk under "Bearlie", and "Bearlie" and "Tibby" can walk under "Snooky". Mr. Sone brought his dog here, but the others bit it so much the first day that he took it home again. Mr. Buck's old, fat yellow cat used to be boss of the place and sleep in the chairs. But since the dogs came we hardly ever see her. I have two pet mice and one noisy rat, but the latter I have n't seen yet. He runs around all the closets in the house by turn, and bothers one or two people each night, but never goes into our trap. What shall we do about him?

Thank you, Bobby, for the letter about the boat and your arrival in Shanghai. When your address is finally decided, please write and tell me about the place where you will be living, as well as letting me know where to write to you. There's one thing I did n't understand, however. You said that your toy airplane runs on the ground, but you played with it on the boat. Ha! ha! Somebody slipped that time. Did you like the "Andre Lebon" for food and cabins?

One day Mr. Riggs' servant came here very much excited, to tell us that a soldier had left a gun in their house, and they were terribly afraid that other soldiers might come and find it, and then blame the people in the house for taking the gun away from the soldier to whom it belonged. We thought this was an important matter. So Mr. Mills asked a Japanese policeman, who was going with

him to look at some American buildings, to go first to Mr. Riggs' house for the gun. In that way there might not be any blame on the servants and friends in the house, because they were reporting how the gun came there, and willingly gave it up. When Mr. Mills and Mr. Riggs and the policeman all got to the house, what do you think they found? Your toy pop gun! The soldier had brought it from our house to the Riggs' house, and left it there. Then other people saw it, but were so frightened that they did not dare come close to see that it was only a little gun, and a toy. Mr. Mills and Mr. Riggs tried not to laugh, but they could n't help it. The policeman did n't think it was funny. So you see that you and your gun had something to do with the war in China, though I thought you were friendly and peaceful boys.

One time I was talking with a group of soldiers who had some big packages of money from a bank or perhaps from a large store. They showed me some ten-dollar bills, new ones with a white circle that had nothing printed upon it; and asked me whether the bills were good. I said I thought not, because there should be a seal or something on that white circle. Then they tore up about a thousand dollars' worth, but they had plenty more of ordinary used bills. Really those new bills were good, a new kind that I did not know about. Those two things are about the only jokes I know from the last couple of months in Nanking.

I forgot that one day some of the women and children who are staying in the University dormitories came rushing in to say that there was a shell in their room. I went there, and was told it was in a certain closet. But I could n't find it. Then they said a little girl was the only one who had seen it, and the rest were afraid to look any farther; but she had told them it was on top of a paper on the shelf in the closet. So I pawed around there, and found five imitation cartridges used by students for practice in military training -- just to learn how to load a gun, not to shoot. Perhaps you know that on the last day of artillery firing in the Japanese capture of Nanking, one shell hit the corner of the Drum Tower Church where Morton used to go to Sunday School, and some small pieces of it came through the windows of the operating room of the Hospital, while Dr. Wilson was taking out the eye of a man wounded in some other part of the city by a piece from another shell. Dr. Wilson said that operation was then finished in one minute, a record for removing an eye. Another shell went into a University dormitory while I was close by. And still another went into Stewards' house, but did not explode; it only punched a hole through a window and a door and the cellar floor. So we put it into the pond to prevent it from being exploded later by some careless person. These were the only shells in the University.

Well, Morton, after you have read this carefully, you may show it to Mrs. Coates and to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. Then please send it along as a friendly message to the people where Mummie was staying in Tokyo. You know my old trick of using a typewriter for more than one copy; so you get one, and Bobby gets the other. Look at the first part again, for we expect good improvement from both you fellows. Some time I may see you again and find out! How about it? Can you spare a little time in the summer vacation to get acquainted with Daddy if he can see you then?

With much love,
Daddy