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## Letter from Fr. Leonard Amrhein to Catherine Amrhein, Al, and Tom.

Fr. Leonard Amrhein C.P.

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Catholic Mission,  
Huki-Kuan Chuang, Hukon,  
June 23, 1947.

Dear Mom - Al - Tom,

It's so long since I have written home, that I forget myself when it was. But there was still one letter on the way when Tom wrote that letter sent by way of the returned missionaries. She asked me whether I received the "wax savers" I wrote a letter acknowledging them. If you haven't received it yet, you had better get after the mail-man.

A couple Mondays ago Frs. Aloysius, Linus Jr. and William walked in on me. What a surprise! and what a grand reunion we had! They stayed for a whole week and did we celebrate. They brought the letters from you Mom and you Tom. Many thanks for the Easter gift, Mom, and also for the letter. That was better than the gift. You just take it easy with that arm. Don't try to rush nature. It will be as good as ever, if you don't try to rush it.

I'm glad Frs. Aloysius and Linus stopped in on their way over. They told me lots of things. Especially that Tom still "bites easily." Do you Tom? You missed your chance, Tom. You should have made chocolate code

coated blocks of wood for camels and served them. Linus likes them - I mean camels. But I warn you. Don't send them to him now. The Bishop also likes camels. He might get a wooden one. Then I would be sent away off in the mountains to convert bandits.

Speaking of bandits. I guess China isn't so bad after all. How did it feel to just miss being held up, Tom? Those fellows were clever alright. They waited till you left. Do you know why? I bet Al does. Ask him. Did you hear any more about them?

Why didn't you give that package to Al & Linus to bring over? Too bad. They had a big load of stuff but had no trouble at all. The package hasn't arrived yet but many thanks for everything. I'll bet you went and got that valley-ball & ping pong set yourself, didn't you? Remember I only suggested it - in case anyone wanted to send something. I didn't mean for you to get it. But now that you have gone and bought it, many thanks. The kids will like it a lot. I won't make any more suggestions. The garden seeds will have to wait till next year to be planted. It will be too late to plant them this year.

Tom, what do you mean "if I open the package like all men open packages"....? That seems to be a dig of one kind or another. I'll have to remember that one when I come home and have it out privately. I had to laugh when I read that. I wish you could see us opening

packages here in China. Every knot is untied. Every piece of paper is carefully unwrapped. "They might come in handy someday." Chinese string and paper aren't of much use. So when the real thing arrives, we take good care of it. I think every mission has its box of old string and wrapping paper.

What's new in Huki? Not much. It is as hot as the hinges of hell. But that isn't news here. Huki has this advantage over Yuanking. In Yuanking it is hot day and night. Almost unbearable. In Huki it is hot during the day but cool at night. Can't sleep without a blanket - and a mosquito net. Did you ever try sleeping under a mosquito net? It's funny the first couple times. You wake up and get the impression you are in a spider's web. If you don't use one you get the impression you are in the midst of an air battle. The mosquitoes over here sound like B.29's.

The other day I went out for a walk and met a tiger. He spit and growled. But he realized he had met his better. So he didn't start any funny business. He was a pretty little fellow. About the size of my cat. Look just like my cat. I'm beginning to think my cat is a relative. A boy had this tiger in a basket. He didn't like that at all.

When I peeped in at him - about two inches from his nose, he didn't seem to like my face either - hence the growl and the spitting. Hope he forgets what I look like. He might hold a grudge against me when he grows up. Couldn't forget that face, says you. But I fooled him. I had sun glasses on. Next time I meet him, I'll take the glasses off.

By the way Al. Happy feast day. I remembered you in my Mass on your feast. I'll offer Mass for your intention at the first possible opportunity. I owe Tom a Mass for her feast-day too. That shows you how far behind I am in my Mass intentions. But I'll get them all said.

How's the ice-box business Al? Mom said you were still working at it. I could use one here in Hurki. But it would have to be run on hot air. That's the only thing we have plenty of and cheap. I have an old well about six feet deep for my ice box. I haven't used it this year yet. It is not very satisfactory. Then again I don't have anything to put in it except drinking water. Meat and vegetables I buy the way I need them. The sisters have a big water crock they put stuff in. I put my butter in that. Guess I don't need an ice-box after all.

So long everybody. Don't forget Hurki and pastor in your prayers. God bless all of you. As ever - Leonard.



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