

the hope that a sheep of letters
awaits us in Praha -

Ever so much love from us
both, Art.

Olomouc, Czechoslovakia
30 July, 1936.

Dearest Family ~

It's about time that I took up pen once more to inform you of some of our many doings. It is simply ages since we've heard from you - Budapest two weeks ago to be exact, for we received no mail at Kolozsvar for some reason or other. Becca, however, did drop you a line last week after our return to Kolo. after a six-day trip around the Lutheran churches. Our whole Romanian trip, tho not very happy in many respects, was exceedingly interesting. We were treated most royally by Szent-Ivanyi and Boros and by our numerous hosts throughout the countryside. Fed six or seven times a day, it is a wonder we are both alive to tell the tale. But despite the warm friendliness of the people, the whole situation is very depressing. The oppression is very real and very heart-rending, and the hatred on both sides permeates the atmosphere. Physical violence against the Hungarians seems to be limited almost entirely to one small district, but everywhere the Romanians seem to be using every conceivable device to make life for the Hungarians (the one-sided) impossible. I feel that we got a pretty thorough picture of the situation during our ten days in the

country, and am gradually writing a full report of all that we saw and heard.

Izent-Aranji and Csiki accompanied us around our tour. We left Kolozsvár on Friday the 17th and drove to Jorda where the famous diet was held, hence visiting about a dozen churches which seemed quite prosperous - again on to Deva where Francis David was imprisoned & died. From there we turned eastward to the Homoród district where the forceful conversions and forced labor in the building of Greek Orthodox churches is taking place, and up thru the very heart of the Unitarian movement in Székely-land. So at last our rough circle was completed, and we got back to Kolozsvár in a state of near physical exhaustion on Thursday. On Friday we lunched with Boros, but found him too aged & broken to be much of a source of information. After lunch we drove to Bihar, a little village about 5 kms. from the Hungarian border, where a new Unitarian group has just been formed. Here we spent the weekend, visiting many families

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and on Sunday speaking in the church. They are a group of about 110 persons, & have built an attractive little white church.

Sunday afternoon we left Bihor, drove across Hungary thru ~~S~~ Debrecen into Czechoslovakia, spending the night in Kosice, and proceeding the following day thru the Tatra mts. into Poland.

The roads in Romania were abominable — and so are the roads in Poland. But we bounced along at about 20, & finally got into Krakow at 10 o'clock Monday evening.

Tuesday morning Prof. Dybowski appeared, & said that a young pupil of his would be glad to be our guide around the town & to Lusatowice. This young chap, named Walligowski (spelling?), soon appeared and took us to see the most outstanding things, the Church of our Lady, the Wawel, the Clothiers Hall, etc. In the afternoon we went to tea at Prof. Kot's, and in the evening to the home of the young woman whom Mr. Wilbur

calls "Mary Pat". Yesterday we drove together to Sustawice, and returned to the huge salt mine at Wieliczka in the afternoon.

And so here today - tomorrow to Praha, where we will stay until next Tuesday or Wednesday. It's quite like returning to civilization to be in a country where the roads are free from dust & cavernous holes. I'm sure the little Flower is as happy as we are about it. We broke a spring in Transylvania, and about ruined our tires.

This letter must be terrible. I guess that there is so much to write about that it is hard to know what to pick out of the mass of our impressions. Of course a thro' discourse on these last two ~~for~~ weeks would be quite impossible.

Becca made a great hit in Transylvania - her hand was kissed day and night, and our car was loaded with flowers most of the time (quite like a funeral). - Fortunately, it was the flowers that died, not us. - But sleep is rapidly making coherent thinking impossible, & so I'll close with

P.S. On arrival here at Praha, the sheaf of letters for which we longed awaited us, and spurs me to add a word to mine. It was simply grand to hear from you both - and, believe it or not, there was a letter from Eliz. written in the rain at Windermere. Also three from our former parishioners in Shelby - were not completely forgotten yet - one from Bob Hatch, from J. B. - that is Father Sydney - & from Mother Clark - & finally one from Kittie Davis, our friend in Oslo whom we visit the last week in August. So you see we had a feast on our arrival at Karlova 8.

We have a charming little room in the Unitarian Hostel, & this evening ate in the Unitarian restaurant - an excellent & cheap meal. Neither Capek nor Hraspl are here, but we hope that they will be around in the morning as I wrote that we expected to arrive tomorrow instead of today.

We were much heartened by the news of Ricki, having been afraid that Aunt Kate was going to have him. Three cheers for Agnes! Our only worry is that she won't let us have him back.

The Lawrence, Kansas, possibility sounds interesting, tho I agree that Baker's letter didn't sound too hot. However, our minds & hearts are rather set towards the golden west, & we hope that is going thru. Father Sydney writes that he hears I have been called to Stockton, but that I am considering something else - How the rumors fly!

Now I have many other letters that ought to be written, so I'll say farewell once again. A letter from Vincent Silliman says that he would like to go to Transylvania with us - a bit late, I'm afraid. Love, Art.