Dearest Florence,

I must tell you that there is a lot to tell you and not enough time to put down all the details for I want to mail this tomorrow.

The thing you have been wondering about is we were sick and I am proud to report not a bit. We felt kinda funny the first day or so in the morning but soon I had some medicine that helped it off.

Lots of folks have been sick as I feel almost normal. It seems to me we are well and happy. She has slept more on board than she ever did in Yokohama. The boat rocks her. Everybody seems to have gone in love with her and we have had lots to tell just now about doing things a nurse has her having a good time loving her. We leave her alone in her bed when we go to meals and she sleeps most of the time.

Such great meals as we have had from six courses for luncheon & dinner. The servants are Chinese boys and we order...
by winter which makes it simple for us. We had a vast amount of milk which they kept frozen. Our breakfast is a gorgeous affair - two steaks one alone the other - their firsts & followers - downed with coffee and white bread. There is a good rigid closet, lounge, lavatories and the like. Everything is English and there are such odd books and catches our cabin boy does all the room work and we feel like pillowbeds indeed. Most missionaries know all about it. I think our food was especially nice to us on account of the baby, they say it's very crowded down below.

Most of the people are English or Americans they do speak so strangely. Sometimes I'll hear just like in stories. This morning I heard a red face man ordering - "draw my bow!". They drink a lot of whiskey, but not all the while. We are lucky enough to be rotated pleasantly with these school boys from New York in search of thrills and the ship's doctor who is a white headed old man full of the most yarns! The girls we like very much. They come once the baby bathed.

Nisly the great violinist is on board - just a young fellow. He gave a concert the other night for the benefit of the refugees in Japan - it was wonderful. I thought of you and skipped you. I thought of you and packed you. We enjoyed the Dance of the Gothic the most because we had at one of his recitals.

We have taken a northern route, because it is shorter, but to Alaska, or at least within sight of the Aleutian Islands, their access to Kamchatka. Maybe you think it wasn't cold up there. It was very warm again now - almost too warm in fact. This morning when we awakened we saw Japan - long rugged islands - timbered on top, the peaks and little fishing villages nestled...
along the shore about noon we
passed an active volcano which
just looked like a mt with white
clouds on its top till we got near
then we could see smoke rise.
We are not stopping in Yokohama
on account of danger of submerged
islands - but we stop at Kobe which
is further up the same island
will be there all day tomorrow-unloading
our cargo of flour & condensed milk which
is sent by Canadian relief committee
we shall get out tomorrow and see
the sights with a nicky ride at
least - I want to browse around
in the shops and get some souvenirs
then we go on to Nagasaki for coal
and then to Shanghai - several days
trip as yet - our clothes are mostly
dirty so I'll be glad to land - I've
been busy keeping things clean.
I'll write you again as soon as
we get to Peking and am settled.
Tell you like teaching H.S. as much
as I did - How are - Grace
Peking - China - To my Dear...
Dear Mother & Dad,

When I start to record a few of my impressions of Japan, as seen at Kobe, I find myself at sea (literally and figuratively). It has all happened so recently that I haven't yet a recording perspective.

Well!! I arose at 5:30 A.M. on Sept. 18th, and the ship was lying at anchor in the Kobe harbor, in quarantine. Then the sun began to burst forth and gradually
light up the much-ribbed sail of the Japanese fisher boat, which were already pushing out for the morrow's fishing.

At six o'clock the quarantine doctor's launch pulled up alongside our starboard and found all of our 500 crew men on deck at attention. First they inspected the ship's crew list and then counted them, and superficially looked each one over.

Then the steerage passengers, a motley crowd of Japanese and Chinese men, in all sorts of dress and underwear, undershirts and B.V.D.-like outfits were worn as outer as well as under garments, slippers and sandals, and room slippers of all descriptions were huddled up onto our first class harbor deck and given the once over.

Then the third class, Japanese men and women of a better class came out. The second class passenger was looked over in their quarters. All of the first class passengers assembled in front of our dining room and with quarantine cards in
hand passed in scimgle of the stairs and gave them in. Phyllis Ann was in her little kimono and was admired by all. She held her own card, and so tightly that the shop clerk chuckled when he took it from her.

Then we went up to the lounge with our passports and police permits and the police officers examined them, had us fill in answers to a lot of written questions, and stamped a permission of
Shore leave on our canals, which we had to carry with us wherever we went.

After all this was over we raised anchor and came into the dock. The bay was full of ships and barges; many more than usual for this port has to handle Yokohama's shipping now for a while, as well as her own.

Kobe is a city of considerable size, perhaps four miles along the bay and running from the shore line back up into
The mountains for a half

to a mile and a half. The
slopes are of stone, there
are many small businesses
blocks in the region of the
consulate near the water
front. But beyond any surround-
ing that you find the typical
narrow, crowded, winding
streets, with their open small
shops and a市场 seven
at each end, about two
foot deep and covered
with flat stone pavement
covered at all on the side;

Japan is as quaint and
eastern as narratives
picturesque, and more too.
The streets are alive with
people, no sidewalks for the
most part, all walk
in the middle of the street,

a stop and talk at any
place; while icicles and
frost with their large, rubber
frosted wheels. Bicycles dart
by from all directions with
much ringing of bells;
and occasionally an auto
with the stetson horn
 horns make its way thru
the throng.
The men and boys that
are working on mounds
with their bises wear almost anything; rather, almost nothing. Usually, they have a straw hat; drawers; a shirt with the tail out (often no shirt); sometimes not held up by exposed American made Boston garters; still clothed in wood[.] tennis shoes which separate the great toe from the others. Most of the working men carry a hand towel about their heads to wipe off sweat.

But the women, children, and gentlemen wear the typical Japanese costume.
of many colored kimonos, wide
sash with loop at the back;
and wooden, stilted or malting
sandals; the ladies carry
parasols and have their
greatest hair done up for
the week; the gentlemen
may or may not wear
mats (most of them American
made).

Everything is so new,
so different from
anything you have ever
seen before, and you have
been transported to this spot so easily that you can hardly realize that it is real. You can hardly feel that you are in Japan; it has seemed so far away, and now here it is before you.

As soon as I got my shore leave and we had docked I got off and took a ricksha up town where I got some money changed to yen and sens. [One sen = ½ cent. One yen = 50 cents]

I got some "sense", some 5 sen and 10 sen pieces, some 50 sen silver pieces, and 1 yen bills. I then found out where the shops were and went back to the ship to get Grace, who had been taking care of Phyllis Ann.

We then took rickshas up to the shops and got out and walked along the street, taking in all the sights and learning much. All the women noticed Phyllis Ann and you could hear them say in their own language, "Don't she cute?", the kind lady of a group, smile.
and said to Grace, "Nice baby" in English.

When we got tired seeing we returned by nickels and while I was arguing with them and getting cheated by the nickels boys, a group of women were examining the clothes Phyllis Ann had on, and admiring her. Then I went up town again before lunch and bought some more chop sticks which I asked sending to Fae.

Grace was too tired to go out after dinner lunch and the baby had to be feed and took the three
old maid school. We were taken from New York, who sat out on the tack, out for a rich, rich ride to see the sights.

We engaged nickels for 2 yen each to take us to a Shinto Temple and waterfall and back.

The Shinto temple of Okuta stands in a wood of cryptomerias and camphor trees. The deity worshipped here is Waara, hiruma no Mikoto, who might perhaps be styled the Japanese Minerva, as she
taught the use of the loom and introduced clothing. We were jogged up a long street to a place where many oriental arches crossed the street and inscrupled storeaways on all sides. As we neared the temple we met increasing numbers of little children, just inside and to the right of the principal arch was a drinking fountain crowded by children trying to get their turn at the drinking. I took a picture of this with my large camera, missing my self-timer, but wonder what results I got for the crowds of children around the Trumped trying to see what it was all about.

Then we walked around the temple itself, for we couldn't enter, and saw a woman, with a side baby, on her knees in a sheltered place before the main temple, having the main temple, hearing the young, white-robed priests read the prayers...
In front of this was a sheltered boulder on which worshippers then offered their offerings as pebbles before moving.

It was a cloud temple.

Then we went to a very beautiful ravine in the hills which was heavily wooded with camphor trees and with a stream at its depths. We came here to see beautiful Manobiki Falls.
Shanghai, China,
September 23, 1923

Dear Mother, Dad, and all,

We arrived yesterday morning at 10:30 A.M., and found that Mr. Harris had arranged to have Mr. J.C. Clark, one of the YMCA secretaries here, at the boat to meet us. He helped us get our hand baggages of customs and had a carriage outside to take us to rooms in a "Y" home.
where we are staying until we leave tomorrow for Nanakita. After getting Grace and the baby settled at home he went back with me and we got the trunk and some of the customs paint. The $2.00 (gold) duty sent a special delivery letter to Mrs. Robinson so she will meet us and bought some Smallpox Vaccine for Phyllis Anna.

While in Japan I got mixed up with some kind of a poison plant, that affects me like poison ivy, and now have an unesthetic desire to scratch my swollen face. While at Nagasaki, Japan I bought from a 24-rich chain of Pearl beads; not the true pearls of course, but the best you can buy for ordinary folks. They are made of mother of pearl covered by a process which lasts forever. In U.S. you would pay $15 to $20 a piece and I got them for $1.00 each. I looked over every bead in many chains in several
shopped, and shopped, and Jews, and Jews, and Jews before I got this perfect chain at this price. One just like it in one shop was marked $7.50 (7350). I got it for $5.00 down to 5.00. This chain is 2 feet from 4 feet down to 2 feet ($1.50) seen by me ($1.50).

If it hadn't been some
boat leaving time I would have gotten some for you. Folks; but bargaining takes time so I can't.

Love,
Douglas.