Nanking China:
Nov. 27, 1923-

Dear Florence Ann:

I wish you could see your name sake sitting up in bed trying to play with half a dozen things at once. She has learned to use her rattle this week so its all sorts of fun watching her play but an endless job picking up the things she drops. China is such a dirty place I have to sterilize and scrub her play things every day or so.
I am glad you liked my description of the streets of China - I expect I shall have lots of interesting things to write about.

I am writing this week as Sanny has gone to Shunchow for a short period. He hopes to be back in time for Thanksgiving. It is only about a hundred miles over there but there is no railroad and the trip takes three days in good weather and some times much more for he has to go down the Yangtze to Wuhan and then go across China by train in a launch. Some seasons of the year when the water is too low for a launch a person has to travel by a sail boat and I have heard talks of a trip to Shunchow for lasting close on to a month - Phyllis and I miss our Daddy so lot. I have not been as very homesick. I am too busy for one thing and secondly I am amazed to find Phyllis is so much company. I talk to her just as she were a grown up and she enjoys very nice answers. I believe I have rested and slept more without a husband. He & I always find so many things to do and have such satisfying times hiking around all the fascinating country paths that we never stay at home much longer. That this week end I
stayed home, enjoyed my fire and
armed on buttons and wrote letters
till I felt rather caught up with
my work. The first couple days
I rather enjoyed my unincor-
dress top various ways and kept
watches, medicines etc but now I
find myself rather hankering
for a husband to mess up my
bedroom once again. I feel lost
at school when I see all the
other married folks. I have not
done any rambling about Doug of late
like I used to a year ago. but I
reckon you understand how
congenial and happy we are.
I believe I have had two letter
from you just recently. The last one came there in twenty days, and time. It crossed on a Canadian Empire boat such as we came on and did it in seventeen days. I was the only person on the boat who got a letter on that boat as I feel distinguished. Usually our letters come on U.S. boats from France six or eight or a bunch.

Seems to me you are managing your salary in great shape, doing H.E. and school nurse work both. Was that in your contract? Sounds to me like you'd have to neglect your sewing classes in its form and that's silly. Maybe I was
Yesterday but I never thought of working as hard as you say you are.

I sent your Christmas present off a couple weeks ago. I wanted to get your letter arrived, but Mrs. Sami has a tailor who almost constantly using her machine so I left it for I knew you had easy access to a machine. They make that kooey in many designs and colors. I keep finding some new piece that attracts me. Dong has had a tailor make up a bunch of house and we are going to send them to Made & Roy to be sold. Lots and lots of missionaries add to their income by sending home things to be sold. I think I also sent you some embroidered strips. Those we get from old peddlers who come around. They are hand work. Parts of red and white which they cut up and sell this way. Folk can sometimes finish a big piece as a picture, or use them cut in a tray or as side pieces beside a main. If I remember I am going to put a bunch of Sewing done work in this letter. It will give you a little idea of the type of work they do. Of course they have much embroidery with it and then knits and scarfs and dresser scarfs are done.
I think this thing handie can't about them cunts of course it is all hard work. They don't seem to make linen handies. The peddler told me they would be too expensive.

Reason this is going to be a three page letter for I seem to be only well started.

Yes aren't oil stoves the bunk. I had a janitor that used to help me a lot with mine. He taught me how to coddle their inner mechanism.

Then I used to have regular stated times when my class had cleaning parties. Did they love it? Yes so--

You asked how the change of food & climate agrees with me well sir - I am getting thin. I get that way while I was sick and I have the nicest flattest tummy I ever had. Perfectly gorgeous.
I can even wear a dress and waist without a corset!! I can't quite realize it is really so. I am not eating so much carbohydate for we have enough lovely vegetables. Mrs. Sarris has them all in her garden - lettuce, spinach, carrots and I fill up on them twice a day. We'll have them all winter too they say for it doesn't freeze hard here. Things grow outside all winter. Doug worries only about our swimming me so then but I enjoy it. Phyllis went camping very rapidly now. So I suppose it will be wise to start in giving her at least one supplementing feeding a day for she is getting so.
I have another important confession to make.
I am using props. Regularly and consistently.
I started last summer and kept on using them.
Mother assured me that I looked much better.
So I started out with it here and
no one knows it apparently.
I have none
recollection of promising to tell you if I
would descend to such depths.

If wish you could go for a walk with
myself and I come night— I sneeze along
all sorts of interesting by paths with the
baby carriage. The other night I got out
from our fine girls college. Glimpsing into the
hills. They were brighter than those in "Happy Valley"
grassy like mosquito bit and covered with
mound after mound even on the most
perpendicular plains. All clover is a green yard
down in the valley. I could see the
gardens at work watering vegetables. The
fields with their bright green and the many
flower costs make such vivid spots of
color. Walking cabbage is a great crop here. Such
big lewky plants and how good it tastes.
Then I am interested in slopping around
the cotton fields. It is grown extensively here
we are right near to the experimental fields
of the Ag college here. They have developed several
new strain suitable for China.
Then there is a big building down
below us where they have millions
of sick worms in the spring. I'll
tell you all about it then.

I have four hundred thousand
words in my vocabulary now.
I have the funniest red private teacher
this week. He has quite a keen
sense of humor and guides my
formless tongue so that I get quite
a few ideas across. It's fascinating.

Well, I must have a bath and
get in bed. I must sleep right to
midnight. I wish you the happiest
kind of a Christmas. I hope you
have
By the way - Doug & I need a book on child feeding. We'd like Holt's latest but don't know its name or publisher. We have some old books but nothing later than my feeding the family. I wonder if you'd know the name of book & could get it for me. I'll send the equivalent amount of money here for you or send you a money order.

Oh yes - I also wish you stick a card of new baby dress buttons in your next letter. Four wasted ones about the big O. or a little larger. I'll include an extra handkerchief to fray for them.
Rankin, China
Dec. 9, 1923

My dear Grandma—

I can sit up now so mother says I can write you a letter. My legs are so fat that I can wear Grandma Dudley's stockings. They are tight in the legs but the feet are big and look funny so mother puts booties on me but when I is gone to school I kick them off.

I wish you were here to play with me when mother is at school and I wake up early and want to play at eleven o'clock. Sometimes if I holler loud enough Amah sits me up in my basket and gives me things to play with. She is a very good amah. She is teaching me some Chinese words. Mother likes her because she washes my diapers and boils them every day.

I like to play. I can throw my rattles way across the room now. It is almost warm out. Mother says that perhaps Santa Claus
will give me another - I hope it is rather so that I can chew it.

My bath is lots of fun - Yesterday I kicked and splashed my rubber all over the floor and my mother's apron. Daddy laughed like everything but mother took me out. Tonight Daddy put on one some rubber pants and the white sweater suit you gave me and took me for a ride. He has had a little wicker chair made and I ride behind him on his bike. It is lots of fun for he goes fast and finds more bumps and funny all things.

I don't think. Bla - bla - da, da, now so when I wake up in the night I sholler - da - lee and he comes down the hall in a funny white coat and takes me to mother. Last night mother and I both went to sleep when I was eating and we didn't wake up for three hours. I think it is fun to sleep in the big bed.

I am going to have a new bed soon. Mother and David are drawing pictures of it and then a man is going to make it.

Please write me a little soon -
your loving grand daughter
Phyllis Ann Coplin
Nanking, China.
Dec. 10, 1923.

dear mother,

I have meant to write you for some time for I know a woman will tell things that a man can't think of or know how to say.

Your eighth letter arrived today telling of Phimie's wedding clothes and if you being sick - We hope you are better now. Too bad you had to have operated.

such a busy life as we do have. I never lived such a life before that was quite so full, and I am happy and content and really enjoying language school a lot. It's such a satisfaction to get so I can be trusted to shop alone and tell servants my wishes.

Some days I don't have time to sit down and write at all between seven o'clock in the morning and six at night - so, no wonder I am too tired evening to write letters. Saunie had a much more formal life than I have been used to. Some days it seems
as this we spend a very long time at the table some meals. Mr. Davis serves the meat course and Mrs. Davis Desert and everything else is served by the servant at the left of each guest. We are often kept five minutes getting them three courses at dinner. It's a very elaborate and fine and quite possible with so many servants. I'm sure if I could tell you how many there are, first there is the cook, the highest paid man who probably gets about ten dollars a month. He cooks the three meals and does nothing else. He has a fifteen year old boy who is learning the trade and who does all the dish washing and vegetable cleaning. Dawseef (the cook) does all the marketing, takes our letters to the P.O. changes money etc. that's two servants. The woman who serves at the table is Wangswoda. She is quite a capable woman and besides her meal work she does the down stairs cleaning and tends her baby who is a month old. Her husband Wangswoda does the washing and ironing for the eight of us and it takes him all week long. He has a tiny charcoal stove in the basement where he heats his irons and he works away all day. He is awfully slow and stupid and does not do our wash very well. He has to be handled out about every ten days.
Then there is Amah a woman of some fifty years
the best servant Servis' have. She has been part
of the family for two years. She makes beds, keeps
the fanatical clothes needed and put away in drawers,
cleans the three bath rooms and toilet each day,
hangs up our clothes and cleans our floors
and does all my baby washing. She is a very
interesting woman capable and trust worthy. I quite
often leave the baby with her. She has a good for
nothing husband who hangs around the place. Pearl
wants to get rid of him but he is a stickler. I think
he has a bunk in the basement now. Amah sleeps in a tiny
room next to the linen closet. Last there is low Prof.
the gardener who also carries mops and builds fires.
He and his family live in back in the servant quarters
as does Wang foo and his family. The cook lives away
and arrives in state at six thirty A.M in anick shaw.
I can hardly realize that I haven't washed a dish
or a diaper or made a bed or ironed a thing since
I arrived. I do manage to do the baby flannels
since we have来了 running water in the bathrooms.
And some times if I am not too tired I wash some of her
dressed, but most of my energy goes to housework.

We get up at seven, take the baby down
stairs with us & put her in her cradle while
we eat our three course finger bowl breakfast.
Then after everybody has had a chance to hug the
baby a bit Doug carries her back up stairs and
I put her - it's usually eight thirty by that time
and now put her to bed. - I sometime give her
a play thing if she doesn't seem sleepy at all, but
usually she fusses two or three minutes and goes
to sleep. then we hurry to school, chapel
first and then three hours of school. I come back
daily at eleven thirty and usually find Phyllis
talking to herself & counting fngers or picking up
the blankets. I sit her up & give her a bath of
drinking water, Annah brings her bath water
and I assemble her bath things on a table by the stove.
Phyllis just loves to play in the water. I put the
bath on the floor today and let her kick & splash
around and she had a circus - then I hurry & dress
her - then put her just before the lunch bell rings.
After lunch we play with her a bit before we
go back to school at two. At four she fades
again - then either Doug or I take her out alone
till it gets dark. There aren't many good roads
so we usually go down the big road to gym. It's a beautiful campus and new buildings, and just the place for baby carriage. The rest of the evening Doug has a gymnastics class with Clydie. I think he is going to make quite an a-cu-let out of her. She surely loves him and laughs and squeaks and wiggles in every muscle when he plays with her. She gets one supplementary feeding a day, now, just before we go down to dinner. Then she sleeps till about nine o'clock and I give her the fifth feeding then. If I find her at eleven as I am going to bed, she'd sleep all night - but it's too long a time to make her wait till eight the next morning and I have to feed her just before I leave so she can go until noon. It makes a furious strenuous day but we are well and happy and couldn't wish for a more model baby. She gets all day without crying some times - but is apt to fuss a little at night while we are asleep.

The servants entertain a lot. We meet such interesting people here. Last Sunday night it was the Cameron's. Mr. E is president of a college in New Zealand and a bonny Scotch man - his daughter stayed at
Mom Dad Got Done Their Training and we all moved to Langleybur.

Took 3 Days, 1st Day on a Train from Baghot to 
to Langleybur. Stayed there the 2nd Day Down to the
Boat Ramp Sale sure I Had several Comic Books

Manly Spidersman Archie Superman

2nd leg of trip is a Tank Your Boat with a Tow-Tail

2 days Sand Rover with a Wrench

Finally Reached to the Mexican Property. Let's Party!

Ken Checken Goat & Hunkel Bag?

Tell them both Dragon Elephant Dug for

Gathered Butterflies. Fished (hinted) Do anything they

Collected Butterflies. Fished (hinted) Do anything they

Wild Animal Birds Armadillo cow, fox, ptarmion,

Eating Frosty Cacao (Brownie) fairy, Rhamid

Baby -mother, machine, horses & cow Arco & Mammy Mango

Papaya, pineapple, cantaloupe, mangosteen, bamboo bridge, bamboo

Huts, tiki, chestnut, rice, hick, rice, coconut & mango

Ocean, hells, clams, storms
Born March 16, 1952 - Fort Worth, Texas

Only child till Jan 6, 1954 - Kenneth Champ Born in Seattle

2. Douglas O. Cooper & Helen Louise Ball Married 1950 in

Pendleton, Calif.

Served in Fort Worth, Texas only 8 mos then moved to Seattle, WA. When Dad went to Medical School
1953-56

Educated Program - 57 Denver to Fort Logan - Amherst School -

Bill Apple Tree & I ate Green Apple & Snowden in the Big Palace of Leaves in Front of House

1956 1958 Mom & Dad were offered a Mission Field in

Nakota City - Thailand

During that Summer, we lived with the Grandmother &

Grampa's House was Grampa's "Woo-Too."

Placed in matches, upright, into Kleenex. Unfortunately
the strongest one Fan that one up at the furniture

+ Casona big Fire

1958 Left for New York City - Dad took the Name of Herbert

Actually My Parent's got went separated & died

what years told hepatitis E Place -

Soon they came & found me (I said why every foot)

Then we flew to London, England where in the Balloon

they finally founds where the Mosh Fork. I had

they finally founds where the Mosh Fork. Another showed eache one up to

to fight one another. Showing each one up to

Toilet till I got sick from the Sulfur Fumes

Wiggy was with a Hair Brush or Belt Whipping of

Wiggy was with a Hair Brush or Belt Whipping of

I was a Hand. Mom always said Wait till your Daughters have

then Paris France Eiffel Tower -

then Switzerland - Gondola Redepuy Mountain
I think we went to Rome on Jan 1958. Mom and Dad started learning the language of Rome and I, as a child, learned it by playing with the Roman kids. 

One other missionary family, "The Germanwicks," lived on the same street, walking distance. They had servants - one to cook, one to do daily laundry. Her name was "Mia." 

I was just Sally Shellen between girls and played 2 in with both Sally and Jane Kolar. "I'll show you mine if you show me yours. Kind of thing." 😊

Saw the Spera Club on the street and went up to the High Dive. Played 'Naked', played tennis, played rubber bands, played 'Rope', played 'Basketball,' played 'Tennis,' played 'The Three Boys.' Also played 'Tinkers' and a Bamboo Ball that you kick into a net "High off the Sky." 

Then went to get grade with my little briefcase. JSB. 

There I met my first real girlfriend. Mary. 

Mama was there. 

I learned to ride my bike in the front yard. I just learned to ride my bike in the front yard. I just learned to ride my bike in the front yard. I just learned to ride my bike in the front yard. I just learned to ride my bike in the front yard. I just learned to ride my bike in the front yard.
Dear [Name],

You surely are a friend worth having.

I must say, I was as pleased with your Christmas present as with any I received. A whole year's number of House & Garden will give me material enough to draw upon to last me this getting my house and yard all started beautifully. It will be like having a dozen presents from you and besides that I can pass them around to all the other women in Bucharest who are wrestling with the same problem.

So just think what an appropriate, expensive, practical gift you are making me. It's one I'd never give myself because that's a magazine classified as a luxury - I got the announcement from the Post Office today. I hope to get the first copy on the next boat. Letters are always faster than 2nd class things.

I received a big bunch of furniture catalogs on the boat that got in last week. Isn't it amazing how far they'll send advertisements? I even got from Danube, the one you were afraid of.

Doug and I have settled on a dining room suite, which will be quite easy for a three-man family...
It's Sheraton. We can give the picture to the conductor after we have worked out the measurements. I want a larger table than the illustration shows, everything else about the same.

So you appreciated my husband's picture. That being the case, I'll send you this passport picture. I think you surely must have sent you one of mine. I'll stick one in just for luck. If you have one, send this on to Grace Alexander. Doesn't look much like Phyllis now. Same including a few other pictures. We are tempted to take pictures of Phyllis all the time and really spend too much money at it. But we're blowing it on movies if we were at home.

We got us a good start on our furniture last week—bunch of wicker stuff — a very good quality of rattan, good graceful lines. We have a big six foot davenport, two big chairs—one of them with fan back and wide arms. (Ding just lined it already.) Two plant stands, two cute round stools and a hanging fern basket. I am going to have them stained some day and painted for the chairs and pretty. We paid $25 (more) for them—that's $25 for your money about the price of one chair. I suspect I'll have to send home for the carpeting.
I must tell you about our Christmas. I had planned to have my friends over the day before but the day before I developed a temperature and went to bed. My throat was very sore, so my doctor had to put me to bed and he had to do all the package wrapping and stocking hanging. But I was up for breakfast and some days I went back to bed after the ceremonies and read one of my new books all day. I succeeded in teething off queasy that way but now the operation will have to be put off till next vacation.

Phyllis Amis little went stockings once hung and the mantis along with the candy stockings and she had great sport putting the presents in there. The present paper is one of her chief delights. She spread a play thing in front and was squirming and squealing with delight. I placed a bright yarn tassel in front of her and her eyes got as big as saucers and she dropped the other things to hurl him to her bosom for a hug and which is her way of kissing. We had so much from laughing at her that we almost
first was from Mrs. Butcher, a shirt made for Phyllis. My mother and I had gone to the Butcher store the day before and I had bought Phyllis something for the occasion—two boxes of chocolate and a book of games. She had taken them home and it was her party to have them arrive at the psychological moment. Phyllis must have had at least a dozen toys, rattles, and shiny things, and a big rubber doll that squeaks. Then one of the women in the station store (Mrs. Hibbard) gave her a rubber bat and frisbee. What better gift for the? Mrs. Davis had little Miss a sweet little blue and white sundress and her grandmother sent her mittens and a stocking cap. They had a blue striped silk shirt made for her. Beautiful heavy Chinese silk and the tailor charged 35¢ for making it!! Just fancy! Mother sent her some nice barely bed room slippers just the thing for Chinese and then white o'clock in the morning when Phyllis is hungry. I also gave her a pocket book and shaving mirror. We gave her a beautiful blue and good price.
...and also, they say that it is for charity.

And there is a very nice woman who is a great friend of theirs. Her name is Lavinia. She has been at college and she is so grateful that she wants to give them a big gift each year. That's the way it usually goes, you see. We used to think of that a gift of a piano is about something that one couldn't afford. But it turns out the piano will carry on the family's tradition of music, just like the stringed instruments in the family. It's a wonderful thing.
I am using this carbon sheet to help out my problem of so many folks to write to. I love you.