Dear Papa,

April 5, 1924,

I'll be sure of answering your letter the soon. Our correspondence has reached the sum total of about five letters now. It is so hard to say what we have to say to each other than mother that in all the years of college and the time thereafter we have not formed a letter-writing habit.

Last night I received a letter, in answer to my application for a scholarship for a short course in the Peking Union Medical College (Rockefeller Foundation), saying that I had been granted the scholarship for the one months course in Medicine beginning August 25th, 1924. The scholarship included tuition, maintenance, in the dormitory, and railroad fare to Peking from Hankou. These short courses for the benefit of the doctors of China (both foreign and Chinese) are an important part of the program of the P. U. M. C. for training doctors in medicine in China. This course I will take.

I am going to Tientsin, which includes an hour's lecture daily in Medicine in China, the ward walks, improved laboratory methods, and work on intestinal parasites. The daily program runs from 8 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

We will try to reach Peking ahead of time and see some of the wonderful sights of that beautiful city before school starts.
We may rent a room in an apartment for three months, and try this while the corn is on. The mission pay nearly enough for us to get to Peitahoko, where we spend the summer, and study more language. The scholarship money will make up what the other lacks, so we will be sitting pretty, as they say on our summer railway fare... Peitahoko is on the coast north of Japan, about as far from Peking as Yakima is from Seattle, perhaps a little farther. We chose this place partly because of the ocean batting, and partly because I had hoped to go to Peking.

We are all well again. One of the greatest stumbling blocks to new people coming out to China is the nose and throat trouble. If you have had catarrh at home it will be worse here; if you haven't had it at home you will here. The dust gets your nose and throat, and carries with it new infectious germ which the Western throat is unacquainted with. So we have had our share of colds and throat troubles. Grace has had more than her share because of her bad tonsils. And she still has them, she may not be able to get them out until we get to Peking, now. The trouble I had with my teeth did not show up in the X-ray at Pittsburgh. It started at the root of a dead tooth which had a Richmond crown on it.
Saw we have ordered the Goodspeed New Testament. They can get it for 82¢ plus postage from a certain book concern. They order so many books that they get special rates. When it comes we will look at our paid ways and put one.

The letter that you received from Shanghai to Yixing in 16 days is just as a letter can be mailed there. It took us 16 days to make the trip from Yixing to Shanghai and we didn't make the usual stop at Yokohama because of the earthquake. You probably won't get another express until the express plane the takes them.

I got more real pleasure out of the little Digest than any other Xmas present I received. All the shepherds bedroom children Mrs. Chapman sent me with a close account what I have to get up at night to bring Phyllis to bed. We used to change her pants or wipe them out. The Digest things are only real news we get from the outside world.

Today is Arbor Day in Hankow. Arbor Day is a product of association with foreigners. The fuel problem is so great that China is treeless. Even the mountain summer resorts we have on the Yixing hills.

However, the University of Hankow has started a program of reforestation which is becoming popular with the Governor of the Province. Purple Mountain has many young trees on its slope, planted by the University forestry Dept., and today the Governor is out with much pomp and show, planting more trees on Purple Mnt.

Love, Douglas.
P.S. We have Ben Holroyd's baby jumper and Phyllis Ann has great fun with it.

P.S. enclosed find a lock of P.Q.'s hair which hung down the back of her neck over her collar. cut April 6, 1914.
Dear Florence Anne,

Your March 17th letter has just arrived—took it an age to get here. It must have waited in Seattle a week or two. Didn’t get any from her this time, she is having a mighty good time as you say and is working so much of the time that she has not much time to remember she has a sister. My big nut of a husband is pestering me as if this looks sort of silly you may know he is up to his old tricks.

My goodness! I can’t imagine what it would feel like to have a bank fail and loose a hundred dollars. Dog’s laughs and says such a thing couldn’t happen cause we don’t have that much, but it could right now for we are saving for furniture and have about three hundred and fifty in the bank. I must have been awful to have that much just fade away into this air. What is the basic reason for the failures? Do you know the Mellon plan if accepted will help the farmers much?

I wonder if you are re-elected to now? and if you accepted. I sort of hope you go to another place where you have a more friendly atmosphere and better equipment. There is certainly really saturated at Arkansas. Guess she’ll hang on to that job a while. The big schools near Mpls are really doing better even if
Thegalories seem sort of things.

I have a little lace bowl for you which
I bought with your first money- I didn't spend
quite all of it- I'll be sending some things else along
soon too. Tell me what customs are please? Did
you know Dr. Hett died out here in Peking, a couple
of months ago? Helen Payoe worked with him and
said everyone loved him so and called him Dally Hett.
My, what a service he has done for the children
of the world!

That makes one think a great deal about her
new baby. You said she thought he was very sick with
what she called flu. I agree that means an infection of some kind caused by careless
hygiene. I wish she'd read some of her books and magazines and get some new
ideas about this baby business. She thinks all this
new stuff is foolishness but I can tell you it pays
to be careful. She was up on the 10th day the latest
letter I got from her and for a time seemed if the
ulcers didn't make week. She is advised by most doctors- I agree
she did not wear silk. Pads at all! Oh! it
just makes me so glad she hasn't the effron-

ty, ignorance that most of her neighbors have.

Did Manning really lose their farm? Minnie
must be in a plum state of affairs-

I have been trading some experiences with a
Chinese tailor of late- I have three new dresses
April 27

This does not grow very fast - I feel as tho I had passed thru a month - Some I started it - I have had two letters from you within eight days, makes you seem beautifully dear this last one tells of your salvation with no advance in salary - I hope you get a job some where else. I know there are less major schools -

Don't worry about duty I have to pay - There is no shock things - It's one of the things tht is the matter with China - She gets practically no support study. It was carried at the Washington Conference but still is very low.

Missy and I - think of my letters being read aloud at a missionary meeting. Doug's mother
is doing it too. I'll try to get in some local
realms at home certainly have funny ideas
about us. However where they all come from?

rather it is a lack of information.
I sort of forget I am in China sometimes and
then all of a sudden it comes back to me. This
morning after feeding my child her half a
boiled egg and juice of an orange I put her in
bed and she settled down to sleep for the rest
of the forenoon. I felt the need of fresh air so I went
out to admire the flowers and gather some fresh
ones for my roses. I got a lovely combination of long
stirred Bachelor's buttons and nodding white shasta
daisies and I was walking up to our side door
imagining them in your grand vase when
out from the cellar away floated the wildest
looking things. I have seen in days - and places
the home-like atmosphere of our pretty compound
was destroyed and I was conscious of Asia's
turning millions. He was a country fellow - dressed
in a blue dirty jacket I rolled up pants - bare feet
with mud stained legs. But the thing that makes
him look so wild was his hair - he had a queue
uncombed - shaggy - partly wound about his
head. You see a few queues still in the
country where people can't read and don't realize
there is a republic and a new regime is in order.
This man had first in a load of ch'i (kindling) and
had been putting it away in our basement
but he looked like a bandit came through
Those other two pages Bunkie got ahead of and when I deciphered the fact she was about to consume them and please pardon their mangled state. She has a perfect woman for paper would make a fine meal off a magazine and call it a banquet. I wonder while my magazines will be when she gets to the stage where she can crawl across the floor and pull out a piece for herself. I was over to the Hitchens yesterday which means carpenter shop. They have our dresses done and book cases and villa board and sewing table and dining room chairs. I am crazy about everything. The Gothic book cases are lovely. Just beautiful. You remember that picture don't you? We have planned the floor room and one for the L.R. Some body else saw ours at the carpenter shop and talked me like it - a compliment to our taste but if we were both to be living in Nanking I'd be mad. It's just amazing the way they can copy a picture exactly.

Ph. By the way I had my tonsils out last Saturday (Addie Butterworth announcing a new baby) I really meant to say it first thing but one thing seemed to lead to another - Dr. Peterson and aesthetic was leaving for west China, so I just decided over night that I'd go ahead and miss a week of school and get it over with. A week ago this time if day I was just awakening from my body sleep, I found so beautifully tired and logy I talked to Betheen about waking up long enough to get rid of the blood in my head that was
Lodging me. I slept for two days straight, at the foreign hospital, had grand baths, bed pans, medicines and everything—when they could wake me up body enough. It was a grand rest. Then I came home and bore enduring around with illness and Dr. Young to wait on me and tend me. My milk has diminished as I think I'll use this as a grand excuse and finish up this business of weaning her. Dr. Notts plan seems very sensible. We are going by it almost entirely. I am using Kline and find it sober than milk from these dirty cows. Phyllis crawls all over my bed now and can stand up by things. She begins to understand words now, and can pattle & wave by-by.

Doug's mother sent her three sweet confitures last week made of Japanese crepe. She looks as sweet in the blue ones and even looks pretty good in a pink one much to my surprise. She is so fair that it looks nice with her cheeks.

The world is lonely now. It has rained for about a week—nice soft penetrating showers, and the flowers are lovely. I have been especially impressed with the roses every where—like in the Cal. climate the climbing ones are the prettiest. Pearl has a beautiful white one on a vine that seems like a climatic but the blossoms are dainty little white roses no thorns at all—It climbs and trails and has been good for my soul all week.
Wisteria has been everywhere this week. It grows wild not in Pretty Mt. - Azaleas are something else - but in Summer they grow wild here too and everywhere. One is drawn to the bushes - the more you see of them the more you want. Today I saw a field of them - a mass of lovely apple blossoms on bushes three or four feet high, they are white and pink. And yesterday a man came around selling yellow roses. They take them up out on the hills and bring them in here to sell - you don't need to go to the shops to buy things. You come to you here in Peking. Last week we had a house full of guests one evening. The salesmen got hold of it and after lunch they all piled in with tapestry sellers, an old woman selling tatting, and three men with brass, mirrors, turquoise, vases, etc. They spread out all over the floor, till we looked like a bazaar (how is it spelled). I got some more tatting and Real bought a beautiful piece of chine or velvet from one of the tapestry houses. It cost ten dollars and is big enough for two pillows and seems cheap to me. Have you seen the tapestry page in the May WJ Comp? It's not Chinese, but looks much like ours. Their prices are about ten times what we pay. I want a long piece some day for my living room table - it will have to be about 3 yards long so I am going to be patient I have seen every kind there is and I get the one I want the hardest! Though I had some returns for upholstering my wicker chair and demount - maybe I can get some in Peking this summer.
This is now Sunday afternoon and we have just
returned from a walk down to the sericulture field.
That's a branch of the University, a big modern building set apart by itself not a mile north of here. They
are not making silk there but working on the problem
of developing healthy worms which they sell to the
farmers who come to buy. You can't show them
new things but you can improve her methods and
show her how to prevent diseases. Today we
saw at least a million worms. I let them out like a cut worm in color and shape were about an inch
long today—about two weeks old. They are spread out
on round green bamboo trays eating the cut up mulberry leaves. A crew of men was out working in
the field. Cutting up the leaf which looks like a
shovel grown backwood—till they get them so
they look like a half cabbage. Then the
worms are fed this eight times a day. Goodness
I got the creeps just looking at them. I think I have
a dream of being devoured by hungry worms tonight.
It was very interesting—I mean to go down
give it a try and watch them grow and develop.
No wonder silk is cheap in China. Where worms
are so plentiful—there are many country districts
where every farm house makes silk.

I got hold of what Pearl calls saw-silk. I'll
enclose a sample. It costs 35p a yard is about 2 feet
wide and after this filling wash out. It has a lovely shine and softness. Folks here use it instead of
ponge, muslin cloth—men shirts etc. I
am going to have a new dress out. Want me
to send it on room—Don't allow write a miss letter.

And about the worms—the dumbest things.

Well—love you—come to see me—Grace