Yanking, China
June 1st, 1924

Darling Mother,

Phyllis Ann has had the best birthday she has ever had, this year. Yesterday Betty and Sam gave her a birthday party and invited a few of the kiddies in our mission. I hope to send you a picture of Phyllis and her cake. When she was first proof to eat it she grabbed a handful of frosting.

Today she has been a jewel, as happy and peaceful as she has been this fortnight. I wish she should be good all year. We had a big dinner with the Macklins this evening. Those present were Dr. and Mrs. Macklin, Dorothy Macklin, Mrs. McKay (thru whom we received of our mission at Hefei), Miss Mary Frey (nursing), Grace, Phyllis Ann, and myself.

For Birthday presents she received: bonnet, robe, stockings, hat, a hat holder from Mrs. Biren, three, 
Mrs. Kerby and Miss Steele, three, morning
stockings, shoes (not you, are from Mrs. Long); a jumper, a Tommy-Tanka doll, dress, etc., and cold cord from Miss Chapman and Marguerite; a little propylee

With brush from Miss Paul; a sundress that comes from Mrs. Sowin; a bit from Baby Rich; a to the back, natty, glass headband, rubber chidren from Grace; and new sandals from wi.
I have a saddle on my bicycle when I leave for the summer. I bought it in Dec. '74 and used it for seven months, earning about $400. I picked it up and am selling it for $500. Last week a girl asked if I would like to buy the bicycle for $5. We said we would like to try it in a trial (thinking we'd get a good buy). While we were using it, we had two offers from other for the same price ($35.00). It is a fine bike and a bargain at $35.00. So we bought it as an investment, the investment being a month's bike trip together before we leave.

Last Friday we made good use of our bikes when we rode out to the Beggars' Home and the Twelve Caves, 10 miles out of the city.

The beggar's home is a very interesting and for China, a very unique venture. Most of them are very mild with beggars partly because of economic pressure and partly because of habits forced...
also said that it would take 200 police to keep order. But he said he didn't want more than two or three police, and also that many would get to work in the town when they found that they had to go to work in the Beggar Camp. This proved true, as the case, and many have fled to other parts, and some have gone to work. The police now cooperate well and arrested everyone and beggars, and without trial took them to the camp. Twelve other cities are now either starting or planning to start a similar institution in self-defense.

The beggars in this camp are policed by some of their own number. Theirs the clever handling of the superintendent. The cleverest beggars make fine truckers.

The chief of the beggars and last year is now the doctor of the Beggar Camp. There are 250 men, women, and children in the camp. They are required to do work and learn their trade. They make hampers, baskets, make garden, etc., and find out that they really can make an
during famine times. Peking had over 2,000 beggars on its streets last year and this year has practically none. Peking, with its great tourist traffic, has over 20,000 and this number is increasing every year. The reason for our present visit to Peking was that a group of Harvard students came down to study Peking's coexistence of the problems of the population of Peking in Peking. Mr. Darvis took us all out for the inspection. The superintendent is intensely interested in his beggar theories and took great pains to aid them for their own benefit. He spoke very good Mandarin and we were surprised at the extent we got out of his talk. What we couldn't understand Mr. Darvis interpreted for us.

The idea of getting the beggars off the streets originated in the mind of Mr. Wang, a returned student who 's a leader in many reforms and has much influence with the civil governor. He got the governor to establish the camp. But it is another Mr. Wang who is the superintendent and all those practical plans are working out a success. The superintendent met much opposition among the merchants because he was preparing for only 500 in the camp and there were 2,000 in the streets; and they
honest living. Their living quarters were
ugly than most middle-class homes, and
they are required to bath once a week.

The family is about a mile or a mile
from the Steveo Cave, or after our inspection of the Beggars
Canyon. We rode and walked to meet
the horses. The road led us along the
foot of the beautiful hills where rugged rocks
in the rocks above reminded me of the
rocky hills were on the other side and the
boat-covered Yangtze River on the east. The
elbow were so tall but very interesting
for at the mouth of each was a
Buddhist temple and tea house. One of these
we reached after climbing the
steps to a badly worn about fifty feet high
which we obtained a wonderful view of
the river and surrounding country.

The place we most enjoyed was a Tea-hut
shrine inside of the little mouthed, cool
cave. The size of your house. After investigating
the dark, roost-like recesses with a candle
the keeper had peanuts and delicious
tea ready for us. The hug was made from
a crystal-clear water that dropped from
the stalactites on the ceiling.

It was noon before we started home,
and we were hungry, and the food smelled
so good in the cattle house in the village
that which we pasted that we stopped
for dinner, which was prepared unexciting
personal supervision. I always want to know that everything is cooked well and served hot. It always seems a bit sad when someone tells you the chicken is hot but the fried corn was dished up.

We had built rice fish meat balls fried in deep oil and served with deliciously seasoned gravy. Fried chicken livers and gizzards and water chestnuts, scrambled eggs and tea. You will be interested to know that often hot towels were served with which to rub on our heads (and if we had been Chinese—our shaved heads, teeth, and even feet) and we sipping tea while awaiting the food. The cook caught one of the chickens, that were pecking up a fermenting rice under the table, and cut its throat, plucked it, and served us the gizzards and liver in our food in about fifteen minutes.

The return trip was very interesting, for it is rice planting season and the rice is producing season.

The rice seed is first sown very thickly in a small patch. When it is about six inches high, it is transplanted into the rice paddies which in the levelidd, flooded fields. The whole transplant is placed into the mud about six inches deep, and the bright green color of the rice plants with the reflected light from the surface of the water makes a very beautiful
Some one has been so kind to us as to send us The Atlantic Monthly Magazine. We don't know who to thank for it. It is a big addition to our library. I wish I could read it very much, but I have never learned to read it yet.

The money gift send by the Borean Class was very thoughtful of them. We wish that some of the good things could come from me to them. It is all going into the first payment on our furniture. We are paying $185.00 down and $50.00 a month until the $475.00 is paid.

Before we really arrived in the field we had two months salary advanced. This we are paying back at the rate of $5.00 a month. This and the furniture, and other household goods (curtains, rugs, etc.), insurance, summer vacation, Grace's stay with me in Peking, and the staple grocery for next year are all going to make me scratch to meet. We probably will have to borrow a little to do it.
The silkworms, only a month ago hatched from the eggs, have grown rapidly to a length of about three inches in a diet of mulberry leaves until they were transplanted and filled with a silk producing fluid. They are then transferred from the tray quirk which they have been eating leaves, treading or twisted wire (Hulla brush salon) where they have spun their cocoons. In our return trip we were fascinated with the process of unraveling the silk from the cocoon, to great delight. The cocoons are dropped into a kettle of steaming water which kills the worm and makes the cocoons pliable. The long silk on the outside of the cocoon is held and the cocoon is detached from the silk until it becomes a single strand again. It is placed in a soap solution and attached to racks. This single thread is wound together with others singly, thread by thread, until the weight of the cocoon and silk is not enough to unravel it as it is unwound. After the silk is all unravelled the worm is saved for food. It is a delicacy for the Chinese.

When you think of all the many hours of work in raising and feeding the silkworms, the spinning of the cocoons, the unraveling of the filials called the making of thread, and the hard weaving into silk. Afterwards you feel that a silk shirt is cheap at any price.
Your next letters must be sent to our
summer address:

Putaiho Beach,
Chibei,
China.

I am enclosing my last character
and receipt. We have had three, and I
have made 97, 100, and 100 in their respec-
tively.

I have in hand a beautiful cross-
stitch table cover, which I am sending. The set cost me $17.80. Also a white rayon cloth, which cost me $1.80.

Here is the last batch that I am going
to send in this mode, for you will then
have samples of the kind of thing I
can get here and I will only send them
to whoever wants them, upon receipt
of the money in advance. After this summer
I will not be able to get any of these
things until the following summer, for
I shall have neither time nor the opportunity
in the city of Fuchow to
get them. But if I have the note or money
in advance I'll be glad to get any thing
for any body during the summer. Reddie
bought this, having no place with this
good.

The hot weather is setting in and
our school hours have been changed to
3:00 P.M. to 12:30 P.M. But
it hasn't gotten as hot as it gets in the
summer in Yalking yet.

Grace is getting fat since she hasn't had the temerity to her to eat, and she had both of her legs up.

I will write to the assembly house as soon as possible to see that they straighten out their difficulties.

Love to all,

Douglas.
Mandingo, China
June 15, 1924

Dear Mac & Roy,

We were not glad to hear from you direct; of course, mother has kept us in pretty good communication with you, but we like to hear from you in your own wonderfull handwriting! (Of course my script is a model.)

Language school starts on May 24 and the first week we work on me (although I am not as bright as I was in Yamen in the middle of the summer), and in ten days we will be on our way to a northern sea shore where we have four more days more language study for the next month, most of before the year's work is completed.

Grace was sick again for the last week of school. This time with a severe stomatitis. Her gums were swollen, red, and ulcerated. The soft palate, buccal mucous membrane, tongue, and lips were inflamed and ulcerated. It was the worst looking mouth I have ever seen. And she had an adenoid and temperature of 101 to 102 for four days. It was a mild infection, but chiefly streptococcal. She is just now recovering her strength. Today she has been up most all day and had an iced tea sandwich just this afternoon.
But Phyllis Ann has been well throughout the year except for one short attack of illness. I am glad well, but much in need of exercises. I intend getting a lot fitter at the home sake this summer.

Phyllis Ann looks as neat as a pin in the swell new suit she got from her Auntie Mai and Uncle Roy. She wears them only on special occasions. She says thank you for them.

Of course she and Margery Ann would have some great old scrapes if they could get together. I have handled Phyllis so roughly that she is a regular young rock bound and is more than a match for any battles called much her older.

All the countryside is harvesting wheat now. The grain is cut with a hand sickle, the stubble then pulled up and used for fuel, and the ground, again trenched, is another crop. The cut grain is carried to the house on both ends of a carrying pole and then spread out on a hot summer, beaten flat, ground and played with wooden flails. The straw is gathered up with a fan and then the grain is swept up with a grass broom to throw into the air for the wind to blow the chaff out.
cak you sent her and was the prettiest baby in all China. I don't know what she would wear if she didn't have an Aunt Bernice and Uncle John in America.

We made the grade in the grade in language school but had to go to bed (for she had been sick a week with a severe mouth infection and general symptoms) and treat me by seven points getting 92%.

We had a very interesting trip to Peking which I described in detail to Mother and you may have seen this already so I will just redescribe it.

We have a very cozy summer cottage with large veranda from which we get an excellent view of a large bay and in another direction of the open sea. The bay has the atmosphere of Angoet Sound with the Olympics for the background, for across this bay there are high mountains. This chain of mountains runs into the sea at the East of time and here also we can see (on a clear day) the Great Wall of China running down these
mountains into the sea. Just inside of
this wall is the city, which is the great sea-
port for North China in the winter when Tutu-
ha (the south) is ice-bound.

The weather has been very cool and
the water warm for swimming, even on
arrival. We have been here nine days now
and that we have worked hard opening
and cleaning the house, doing our own
cooking, and washing baby pants. We
have been in swimming five times.
The waves have been high all
that time so we have not great fun and
swallowed one day of salt water. I had
a cold but she has snuffled enough
salt water while in swimming to
clear that up.

Today we started language study
with four hours with one private teacher.
We intend studying daily with the teacher,
from 7.30 A.M. to 4.15 P.M. We spent the first
hours as a review and
teaching; the next period of an hour on character
writing, then a ten minute recess when
Tutta sent P.Q. to bed and the teacher
and I walked or drank tea, then an hour
and a quarter for reading the Bible in Chinese
characters or Chinese stories, or studying
the geography of China. Today we started
reading the fourth chapter of John. At 11:30 A.M. we dined at our hungry ace near by 1 P.M. our dinner hour.

This evening our cook came from Peking to the fog I getting meals and washing dish will I removed tomorrow. Tomorrow Mrs. Carsie and their three kids will arrive from Hankow to take our cottage.

We are tickled over your pictures; they are good if both especially John. Brenda you already have a motherly atmosphere about you; being married and having a nice husband to work love with has improved your looks greatly.

A few days ago Grace gave me the privilege of opening my birthday present from you! I thank you. Mr. Kim all the best. I'm sure I hope you get this. May I sent you.

Love from mum later,
Douglas.
Nanking - China
June 19, 1924

Dear Bernie and John -

We just got a letter from Pop today saying that Bernie was sick with appendicitis and would probably have an operation. We were very sorry to hear that. Just before graduation we are hoping that they find the operation is all over with that you are almost well again and that your work was complete enough so that you get your diploma.

Phyllis' birthday gift came a couple weeks ago and we surely were delighted with her lovely little cake. She looks like a million dollars now. It just nicely combs below her knees and her hat sits stuck out of the sleeves. I suppose it's the latest thing at home. None of the ladies in Nanking have anything half so stylish. We certainly feel exclusive and plutocratic. I'll take a picture of her in it and send it to you some day. Phyllis is getting so big now that hardly recognize her as our baby. She has learned how to creep this last week with a funny little sideways motion. Also she can stand up in her pins and just sort of walk along the sides, but she would not think of walking around without hanging on to something as yet. But she will learn before we know it.
We are in the delicious state of affairs, where we are getting ready to leave and our belongings are all about half packed and sorted. I am writing this letter in a trunk. I have written all the letters I am going to leave with you in order to save time. My beloved has been helping me and she said today, "My! you do have fine clothes!" I don't think they look upon us as millionaires. I pay them only about five dollars a month and have about two suits of clothes. And at that they always manage to look clean and neat. I am a poor housekeeper. I can't keep the house clean and neat. I feel much like a missionary millionaire, with only a few clothes to wear. When I look at the floor, I see the floor covered with dust and I think, "This is my house!"

We have to buy our groceries from town and we have to pay in advance and it keeps our bank balance low. We have to save for six months ahead and it keeps our bank balance low. We like our money so much. We need to save for things we want. I think you folks should do the same. I am sure you wouldn't want to be in our position.

I am sorry you folks got the idea of coming to China. If you had known that I would have done it. I think of coming to China. I wish you had come some time. I think you would have liked it. I think you would have liked it.

Dear Bo and John,

Phyllis and I will be married soon. I hope you will come to see us. I think you will have a lot of fun. I think you will like it. I hope you will like it.

Phyllis and I will be married soon. I hope you will come to see us. I think you will have a lot of fun. I think you will like it. I hope you will like it.

Phyllis and I will be married soon. I hope you will come to see us. I think you will have a lot of fun. I think you will like it. I hope you will like it.

Phyllis and I will be married soon. I hope you will come to see us. I think you will have a lot of fun. I think you will like it. I hope you will like it.

Phyllis and I will be married soon. I hope you will come to see us. I think you will have a lot of fun. I think you will like it. I hope you will like it.
June 23, 1724

Dear Mother,

After much trouble and trouble, we got all our things packed, cased, and boxed, and the two trunks cleaned, greased for the summer rain and secured and stored. We have all the things for the summer in our Wardrobe, trunk, two cases (wicker cases), two nightstands, and two handbags. All the other things are packed ready for transport, so that we can start them off a boat as soon as we return to Hankow. We are off for a summer of work, recreation, and new sights and experiences.

How much easier it is to get about and to handle the coolies that carry our baggage than when we came from Shanghai last summer. I know the customary fees and can talk back with them, and over the shops, as they always do.

If we take second class on the China's finest trains, we don't have anything in them, except like the 3rd in America, but large, roomy compartments like the train of goods.
We have a whole compartment to ourselves and can close the door and draw the shade and be disturbed by no one. We have lunch and our little pressure burner stove on which we prepare fish soup, rice, kim, and coddled eggs and a Chinese date.

At our usual morning nap time we put Q. A. to bed in the car, lay on the shelf and she is merely snoring away the hour. She is no trouble at all for she has a regular schedule and lives by it.

Upon leaving Pukow (across the Yangtze from Yankweing) we started north and passed through a country much like the Yakima River Valley with fine Yakimeor to Ellensburg, except that the hills were greener and the small amount of river bottom land was planted to rice upon little mounds. And the hills, like the Yakima hills, are uncultivated. The water is raised from one level by hand or tow.
feadle wheels. It is raised about three feet with each paddlewheel flush with each step-up into a shallow hole.

I. P. M.

The valley has widened into a plain and the distant hills are low. There still predominates but there are also some corn fields and harvest wheat. Every station has stacks of bagged wheat. 2 P.M. The hills are cut and highly arid and rugged like the Yering Hills. This is a new style of transportation. There are many old railroads still around and one old water system. The cars have four long red wood wheels about the front four. I have never seen a Chinese railroad in life. Formerly, at one time they used to make a high ratio between laborers, much of the Yering residents water their house yards from irrigation ditch.

The day is so hot and the sun so bright on this Yering, even in last summer, but all the time it "93° in our con we are getting a breeze and we comfort a lot. 4:30 PM a great time for ice cold, bottled, distilled water. It tastes like Ritzcras.

There are small villages on all sides, as close together as vineyards, farm groves, and like, there are markets...
out by these. But unlike them all houses are thatched and wrecking. They are made of mud because there is nothing else to make them of.

3 P.M. Rice has disappeared and corn has taken its place. Not a hill in sight. Of the corn patches were not in small half-acre tracts, and you could see an occasional prosperous farm house with a barn and silo, you could imagine yourself in Iowa.

5:30 P.M. We are well into Shantung Province now. In an hour we will be in Tsinching where the Bandits held up the train last year and kidnapped the foreigners. Our train has a heavy guard. There are two or three armed men on each car and at all stations they guard the doors. Also at each stop there are local soldiers lined up on both sides of the train when we pull in. At the last station we also attached an extra car of guards.

Any but this is a desolate part of the country. Rocks, rocks, and more rocks with a little patch of thin soil here and there. All that is growing is a little scrappy corn. The wheat just harvested leaves a
very scattered squalor. The whole the shanty inhabitants seem to stand by.

I walked myself. And the villages and farm between. Now the houses are all built of reeds and thatch and each group has its wall.

The hills have no jagged spits all are very rounded. When you view them close at hand they give the impression to my mongolologically trained eye of having been washed away by thousands of years of torrential rains leaving huge rounded boulders showing their cores.

6:30 PM.

Lincheng (Bandit holdup place) about 20 minutes before coming into this station we emerged from the valley hills and entered a broad river valley, where the land is low and flat and the crops green. When much better prospects. Also the family villages are much closer together.

Lincheng is a very ordinary Chinese small town. There certainly is nothing here to suggest a land of bandits. The houses are all the same thatched rood and construction. The equally adobe, try to hide behind a few willows or cedars. And like all other towns and villages few girls are seen on the streets or about.
The houses; the few you see are clotted while all of the numerous little boys under fifteen years of age are stark naked, save for a heavy coat of tan. The men for the most part were only long blue cotton trousers and a shirt of unbleached skin and large hexagonal straw hats.

I tried some of my Mandarin on them and the different we could understand each other.

In the distance, to our right can be seen the hills to which the foreigners were dragged by the bandits.

June 24, 1924

We awoke to quite a different landscape to that of the night before. Every direction there was not a hillock or direction there was not a hillock nor a suggestion of one to be seen. It was flatter than the flattest part of Nandele in flatness. All the houses are made of brick, plastered on the outside with the common brown clay of the region. They are the made the shape of the box-can houses; that you so frequently see along sides of railway tracks. The pines are only around the hills as along the course of the large canal and could see the rails as they were gliding over the plain. All the houses in this region are along this canal, but the gardens carry the...
workmen as mile or two from home.

The crops now growing are corn and
beans, and some grain which has already
been harvested.

Trondheim, 11:30 P.M.

Trondheim is an handsome town rising on the
river from the sea. It is not a Chinese city
for it is an modern in appearance as
an American city, save for the few rich
houses which make their appearance.
The buildings are tall, from four to
six stories high; the streets are broad and
macadamized, there are electric
motor cars of the latest design.
abundance, traffic cop at every
corner and night schools in English.

But the people you meet on the
streets are of all nations; French,
English and Americans seem to pre-
dominate. And there are soldiers
of all nations in all sorts of uniforms
and their Military Poles to keep them
in order.

We had only an hour in Trondheim,
but I had an hour of the same kind of
feeling one has upon returning home
from a long camping trip, a return
to civilization.

From Trondheim we entrained for
Oslofjord. At one o'clock P.M. we reached
Sandern for the sea. Here we viewed for
the first time over square mile of salt
evaporation — what shall I call them? 

pores, and huge pitea salt.

Before reaching Patanrino we came within sight of real mountains. We arrived safely and were met at the train by friends of Mrs. Davis and conducted the three miles from the station to East Cliff, where we found our house opened, all aired, and the worst of the dirt swept up. Then we were taken to one of the homes for 

suffrage, where we could cool the heat and hear its continuous moan. We will get our own breakfast and supper, but will take dinner with the Nevada neighbors, until our Chinese cook comes from Peking next week.

I will get this letter off to you and 

describe the resort later.

July 11 was perfect in the entire Tientsin 

of her regular schedule of sitting or sleeping 

was upset. From Tientsin near the sea was 
crowded so we put her in the car and 

and showed her under the seat. After 

minute she was almost slept for 3 hours.

We are all well and very happy with 

our lot as Poor Missionaries!

Love,

Douglas.
My dear Florence Ann,

I love you. I love you a lot.

Even tho' you probably hate to hear that I have forgotten
I have a best friend watching for a letter from China.
I have talked about you and missed you because
I couldn't find time to write. It must be a month
and a little over since I have written to you. I know
I have had two letters from you, one long, lucid one
all about clothes and houses. I have read it at least
six times till I am sure I have digested it every bit.
The other letter was telling me all the spring news,
blue birds, maple trees etc.

What have I been doing this hectic month. Just a horrid
ten day review at language school with all spare time
spent catching up on characters, then exam weeks
which I promptly proceeded to get sick as I have both
other exam times. I had a badly infected mouth, some
kind of a strep infection with which I ran a temp
of 112 for almost a week couldn't eat a thing
but milk. I got so blooming thin - 109 lbs. least
I can remember weighing when I was 114.5.

Then when I was just winding up I had to
begin packing, cleaning and moving. Rolling over
beds. Then two days and a night on the train
and at last we are here at this heavenly
place where there’s the beautiful Pacific Ocean on three sides of it, where we can swim four times a day if we want to and where every breath of the lovely sea air goes to the bottom of my lungs and I know I am going to get fat and chucky again in a short time.

Here’s to an outline of my days—when you sandwich in pants changing every hour, putting sitting in prayer through a silence, folding eggs, making four bottles of milk a day, picking up dirty things, changing diapers when the seats get wet, holding bed. Putting her in for her nap, getting her up to sit on her chair quickly and so on and on and on.

She is the sweetest baby in the world but she is at the stage now where you have to stay by her most of the time and she gets so blooming dirty all the time for she is sleeping. So taking it for granted that you have forgiven me for being sick and elaborate on my writing and hope I will never have to treat your so again.

I passed the blooming old exams but had to write them in bed running a temperature. Grandpa won. One of our wood shop teachers came to hear me read my lessons and listened to my speech. I told him the story of Chironomus. Do you remember when I told it in court? Hector, it’s a standby with me, and quite easy to turn into Chinese because of the simple language. I got 91 in the exams but I think...
They were rather sorry for me, and caught
I wrote in bed. In about three days more
Trong dew will arrive here - he is the fir
private teacher for the summer, and he'll
work three or four hours a day with him and
swim and rest the remainder of the time.
I at last got your letters because someone
wrapped it up and mailed it. Must have returned
to you that I had forgotten all about it. I hope you
don't have to pay a lot of customs in it. That makes
it was almost as much as it cost. Next time
I'll send you something light. I am sure you
will love it. I'm such a grand fellow,
well-proportioned little thing. She has just lovely
with a big bunch of violet in it. You will notice by the quickness sound of my little feet
I am walking with and two little neighbor
bones with one eye and matching to your
with the other. The dogs can ask questions faster
than my legs, so no wonder I am sleepy. I guess I'll go start the stove and see if they won't
create a stink.

Guess I'll stay in bed and tell you about
our trip up here. We traveled from a fine hundred
kilometers here. Get out your map. We are
quite near Lieutenant's house across the bay from
Fort Anthony, and it is just beautiful. We left
right about the town. We change on the Blue
Express, Chinese railroad train and it was one of the most comfortable trips I have ever had. Our mission pays its generous travel allowances so that we won't be subjected to any disease or dirt by traveling with the Chinese lower classes. We came second class and it was slightly better than Pullman on American trains, for it is patterned after the best Continental trains and is divided into compartments with one stove in each. We gave our porter the promise of a decent wage, which is their word for life and he took beautiful care of us and did not put any one else in with us--altho we had reserved only two of the berths. We slept and ate and read and played with the baby just as tho we were at home.

We have a fifty pressure barometric stove--only 50 days a minute but quick because it is gas. We boiled hot water and filled her bottles of milk on it. She can drink milk at a little more but if we are in a hurry we still give her a bottle. We boiled our own water to drink part of the time too. It is not furnished on the train free as you is--for this is a tea drinking country--and brought several bottles of six cold distilled water which they brought on from the driver. They called it cold water, but it cost 30 yen per bottle, so we boiled ours too. Our practice was so funny--within an hour of our destination she came
around with a tray and a pile of silver dollars and a gun and said "Catch the Money now." Did you hear a dollar and he departed with many bows. You have to hand it to them. They know how to catch their money. They don't stand around and look wistful as American negro porters do. Also he had his pile of silver dollars to show you how generous other people had been. I doubt if it was tips for most of the people in the car were high-class Chinese and they don't pay as foreigners do. I have giggled over him a lot; his pigeon English was delicious.

We crossed Shantung province. Thats the one province of China that you probably are familiar with. It's supposed to be a rich and fertile province but it had not rained for months so that we were not favorably impressed. There are no trees of any size at all, except a few small willows. The houses and walls around those tiny villages were made of mud, since money is an unheard of luxury in China for building houses at least. The people all worked as hard and humble and stood around watching the train move. I think of the Peabody Lincoln at home, just such a simple sort of clean life and bare naked youngsters rolling about in the dust. We went through a religious harvest festival last year and they put a car of soldiers on behind with a powerful searchlight. We more or less of a fair for soldiers
in this land don't amount to much.

Now about this place - it is a summer resort of
good size and you see so many Americans and
English that most of the time you forget you are in
China - one half of the place is called Rocky Point and
mostly business people live there, our part is called
East Cliff and most everybody here belongs to the
missionary tribe. The homes are lovely, much more
elaborate and better furnished than the ordinary
summer cottage at home, with big verandas and
shingled porches - People invest quite a lot of money
in summer homes here for it means the chance
to recuperate (for the big percentage of us have some
kind of weakness to get over). Then it means much
to families. I never saw two farmers build little
houses than these two hundred houses. They have been
dating these this week waiting for the cooks to
come. Every house has two or three beds and they
keep their attendants spend hours and hours over
the beds. The swimming is like nothing I have
ever known, most like Gradland - but here we
got the big waves thatランド you out of your
shout jumps right just night. Good sport but I was
scared at first.

I'll tell you how we live night time, or write
it to Cathie to ask her to send it to you. You send
her this letter will you please? I know I won't have
time to write this ever.

I hope you will try to write this.

Agnes.