Pentax Beach
July 18, 1924

Dear Grandma Copper,

This is an awful nice place. I never had so much fun before. Mother lets me around all over our porch and I can go almost as fast as our little dog can run. I can travel a long way too if I have a pencil running into my hand. If Daddy takes a hold of my hand. I really think watching Daddy and much fun for sleeping, cause sleeping is lots faster.

The beach is a good place to play. I have fun with Erwin and Fama. I like to dig holes in the sand and fill them up with white stones. Sometimes very good to eat. I tried to chew it up but I couldn't.

Today Daddy took me in swimming. The waves were real little so he would go out with me till we were wet all over and then he tried to teach me how to swim. I don't think it is very much fun tho. The water makes me cold and sometimes I got wet in my mouth.

Did you ever ride a donkey? We have lots of them here, cause we haven't any automobiles. Daddy takes me in front of train and the donkey bumps along first like my jumper swinging. It's fun I think. They make an awful funny noise. I have learned how to do it. It's easy you just draw your breath in and let it go again.

I would like to see Margery. Mother says she is smarter than I am cause she could walk when she was an old as I am.

I am sending you some pictures of us on the beach.

Kisses & hugs always.

Phyllis
Dear friends in the Church,

We are now about 175 miles north of Tientsin on the shore of the Gulf of Pechili, an arm of the Yellow Sea, and almost due east of Port Arthur (made famous during the Japanese-Russian War). We can look ten miles across the bay to Shanhaikwan and see the Great Wall of China run into the ocean; and beyond this into Mongolia. Peitaiho is a summering place for foreigners who come here from all parts of China to escape the malaria and dysenteries of the summer months. Peitaiho is not a part of China, it would seem on the surface, for everything is foreign. The cottages are of foreign construction, most of the people you see and associate with are foreigners, there is not that ubiquitous odor of gardens (gardens whose products are soaked with human excreta) that all other parts of this land have.

Although we are doing the most intensive language study of the whole year now, with the daily swims in the sea, the sun baths on the beach, and the hikes and fishing we are now more free from disease and germs that we have been since long before we left America. All are well, fattening, sunburned, and happy.

These brief summer periods of relaxation from a strenuous life in a land of germs for which we have no natural immunity are life savers. It is a curious life that we live out here as aliens in a civilization whose foundations were laid when Egypt was in its glory, and in a city (as we were last year) whose legendary founding goes back to twelve centuries before Christ, where the past cries out to us on every side and cries unheard, because it speaks a language that is not our own, and tells of a history recorded in dates other than ours, writes of it in characters that we cannot read, telling of names of which we have never heard.

Often as I took hikes in and about Nanking last winter I would dream of the former glories and carnage of happenings on that site. I wonder that the very stones under our feet do not sometimes cry out to us of the scenes of the past that they have witnesses—the Emperors and their trains of glory, the armies of conquerors and conquered, the stately palaces and pleasure gardens, the days and nights of pillage and horror. But they are mute, and I my daily rounds little dreaming of the richness and the pathos, the glory and the horrors, of those bygone days when Nanking was the capital and the pawn of dynasties, the seat of learning and culture, the prize of the conqueror and the devastation of his armies. Only here and there do we find a legend or a story, a monument and a battle-field, a name or a memorial, that, like stones on mountains containing ore, suggest the richness of unfathomed mines beneath. And even the few veins that have been opened back toward this proud and mysterious past, are inaccessible to most of us because of the barrier of language and character.
As the site of eight Dynasties at three different times rising
to the position or capital of a great Empire with gorgeous palaces, walls,
and great armies; at the fall of each Dynasty being ravaged, raised to
the ground, and its population slain, it is no wonder that as I go stroll-
ing I can find anywhere fragments of bricks, hewn stone, and tiles which
tell a grim tale of the rises and falls of this city, since 317 A.D. And
the civilization of today is but a ruin, as are all the former buildings,
of former more cultured, days. Now it is necessary that the enlightened
Western Nations come in and help them get back on their feet again, this
time we hope with Christ as a guiding factor. So you thru us are aiming
to Christianize this great fifth of the Human Race. We need your continu-
ed support but more your constant thoughts, best wishes, and prayers. And
you need ours to keep your interest in this work which is so far removed
from you and your attention. You need our prayers that you may be ever
faithful to your duty to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

"I cannot tell why there should come to me
A thought of you, Friend, miles or years away
In swift insistence on the memory,
Unless, for you, it needs be that I pray.

"You go your way, I mine; we seldom meet
To talk of plans or longings day by day;
Of pain or pleasure, triumph or defeat,
Or special reasons why 'tis time to pray.

"We are too busy even to spare thought,
For days together, of the friends away;
Perhaps God does it for us, and we ought
To read His signal as a call to pray.

"Perhaps just then that one has fiercer fight,
A more appalling weakness, or decay
Of courage, darkness, a losing hold of right,
And so, in case He needs my prayer, I pray.

"Friend, do the same for me. If I intrude
In thought upon you, on some crowded day,
Give me a moment's prayer, as interlude--
Be very sure I need it, therefore pray.

"And as you bear my name before the throne,
Perhaps in prayer for you, I'll meet you there!
Oh, let us not forget this holy gift--
What blessing God hath wrought through prayer."

Those of you at Home often think that you are so busy that you
find it hard to keep faithful in your prayer life, but you are not the
only ones for missionaries often find the routine of details draws them
away from their contact with the true Source of our strength.

I have at hand some interesting incidents which are to be pick-
ed up only on the mission field which may be of interest to you. This
whole business is our business so you have a right to know what is going
on in your business. Brother Moore may pick out the things he thinks
of most interest and give them to you in the bulletin or any other way he
sees fit.
First I'll give you some news from Loucheufu, where we will be located after this summer:

Miss Harriet Harmon, daughter of Pres. Harmon of Cotner College, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bro (Mrs. Bro is her sister) since last fall, and has been teaching in the Provincial Normal School in Lucaufu, sails for America on the "Empress of Canada", July 21. Her salary has come from the government; she hopes to come out again as a regular missionary.

Mr. Six, who is teaching in the Boy's School, will give part of his time the coming year to surveying and making drawings of mission land and buildings.

Mr. Hao, a Loucheufu boy who went to America two years ago for study, has made a good record at Transylvania College. He was baptized recently in Central Church, Lexington, Ky.

The evangelistic bands composed of teachers and students from our schools in Lucaufu, and other Christian workers of the city, have kept up their work faithfully preaching each week end in the villages near the city. They have received encouraging responses from the people. One Sunday the head man of a certain village brought 35 children of the village into the city for Bible School.

The Women's School, conducted by Miss Major and her helpers at the Women's Social Center, has had an enrollment of 22, the largest yet.

Last November Miss Collins received from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Collins, of Bedford, Ohio, a draft for $1000 Gold, to be used for the Coe Girl's School in whatever way Miss Collins should choose. The equivalent of the amount will probably be used to erect a building for a Practical School in connection with the normal department of the Coe Girl's School.

At the Boy's School about $1000 Mex. has been spent on improvements with money which Mr. and Mrs. Bro have received as special gifts from friends in America.

During the annual pre-Easter evangelistic institute at the Women's Social Center, one old Christian woman who lived in the country, and felt she could not be away from her home overnight, walked 13 miles (40 li) every day for eight successive days to attend the institute.

At the Coe Girl's School during the past term the new section of dormitory has been occupied, which was erected entirely with the gifts from Chinese friends of the school, amounting to about $1000 Mex. Six "city father's" attended the dedication exercises, as guests of the school.

The new residence for Dr. and Mrs. Gorpron will be ready to occupy by September. Dr. Vierling, who has had charge of the construction, deserves great credit for getting the job through in view of the late start last autumn, and special difficulties in getting materials.
This has been an exceedingly heavy year on the medical staff. Dr. Vierling in addition to his medical work has had to give a large amount of time to building work. He has had able assistance in the hospital from Dr. Chen and Dr. Wu. Miss Blankemiller has had responsibility alone for all the nursing and for the nurses’ training school. Miss Parker had entire charge of the business managership, until she got a Chinese assistant, and after that she had to watch him besides.

It is a twice told tale now, and more than twice, but worth reminding ourselves once again, that the Luchowfu station set the pace for all our stations, and incidentally for our other mission fields in the matter of gifts to the Golden Jubilee. They raised in a few days what the missionaries in charge of the Jubilee plans had set as a goal for all China. The best of it was that they did it, not to attract attention or to smash a record, but as a matter of course to show their gratitude for what the “mother society” had done in the past for them. The total given by Chinese and missionaries in the station was $500.00 Hek.

There are disquieting rumors of bandit operations in the district around Luchowfu. Reports say the bandits have captured the city of Lu-an, about 25 or 30 miles from Luchowfu, and that they were moving on Shuchen, about the same distance from Luchowfu. The governor has sent enough soldiers from Wu-hu to protect Luchowfu, if the troops themselves do not decide to join with the bandits. The situation is complicated there as in so many sections of China by jealous rivalry among the military officials.

Next I will give you some Nanking News:

The Drum Tower Church members are happy in the prospect of having Mr. Y.C. Lee as their full time pastor after he arrives from the United States at the end of this summer. He has been in America for the past two years, most of the time teaching at the College of Missions and studying at Butler College. One summer term he spent in the University of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Li will reside in the building in front of the Drum Tower Church.

During this summer Mrs. Thurston, president of Ginling College will go to America for a half year furlough. While she is absent, Miss Vautrin, of our mission, dean of the college, will be acting president.

Since the first of April Mr. Sarvis, dean of the Liberal Arts department of the University of Nanking, has been acting president in the absence of Dr. Bowen, who is in America.

The Christian Girl’s School the past year had an enrollment of more than 225.

The University of Nanking the past year has been crowded to an unprecedented degree in all departments. In the college department alone there were over 400 students, overflowing dormitory accommodations, filling nearby hotels and lodging houses, and swelling classes. They came from all the 18 provinces, from Korea and even Java. In all its history the University has never had a larger or better spirited student-body, than at present. Last spring in order to do something to help their alma mater, the whole student body organized three nights of plays
at the Public Lecture Hall of the city and raised $1500 Mex. for the grading of a much needed athletic field for the college.

The deficit of the University has been reduced from $1000,000 Mex. to about $24,000 Mex.

The American Famine Fund Committee has turned over to the University of Nanking approximately $700,000 Gold in trust to be used by the Department of Agriculture and Forestry for future famine prevention work. This will add another new and important feature to the varied activities of this department. Famines have been a scourge in China throughout the centuries. It is fitting that the Christian Church and its institutions should seek to bring the light and technique of modern scientific methods to bear upon this hoary but not insoluble problem.

Forty young men are in the nurses' training department of the University Hospital. The three graduates of last year took the highest honors in the examinations of the Nurses' Association of all China.

Dr. Wilmot, the Christian Church representative in the University Hospital, during the year took up Public Health work, along with other work in the hospital and the care of the foreign members of the Christian Church in Nanking. His first efforts were directed to students in the University, who have had too little physical attention. Each student was given a thorough examination, and records kept, treatments being given where needed. During a large part of the time he had a daily clinic both in the High School and in the College, treating on an average of 35 to 40 boys daily, besides 75 eye cases with trachoma each week. The net result has been a great improvement in the general health of the student body.

Our station at NANTUNGCHOW has the following:

The Nantungchow Hospital, under the direction of Dr. Hagman, during 1923, the seventh year of its operation, treated 5163 patients in its out-patient department. Of those 303 were admitted to the hospital as in-patients, residing an average of 20.1 days each. The total number of treatments was 21,733. The total number of surgical operations was 440, of which 125 were under general anaesthesia. Outcalls, including visits to foreigners numbered 177.

Gifts of $500 Gold were received by the hospital for additional X-ray equipment, from a friend in America and from the China Medical Board.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Garrett are spending their summer with Mr. and Mrs. Waldie Holroyd, in Kirin, Manchuria. Mr. Garrett will give a series of a dozen lectures in a summer school while there.
At our station at WUHU:-
At unusually successful union evangelistic meetings held in Wuhu last March, when more than 1000 people enrolled themselves in special classes for the further study of Christianity, which the older Christians hope and expect will lead a large percentage of them to baptism, and active fellowship. About 200 of the people enrolled, expressed preference for our church.

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Mr. Cheo Haiaochu, after three years graduate study in America, at Princeton University and Yale Divinity School, returned to China about New Year, and took up the work of pastor of the Wuhu Church. He has also been assisting Wuhu Academy by teaching part time. Mr. Cheo (pronounced--Joe) is unusually well liked by the congregation at Wuhu, and gives promise of a fine career.

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Miss D'Estel Tremaine came out to Wuhu from America to visit her sister, who is one of our missionaries there. She filled an emergency created by Mr. Haskell's absence on furlough, and did a full time job throughout the whole year teaching in the Academy. Her remuneration was only half that of the regular salary of a missionary, and she paid her own travel from and back to the U.S.A.

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Our station at CHUCHOU:-
Dr. Osgood's departure for furlough early in June was a real community event. For days before, there were the inevitable feasts, receptions, tea-parties and gifts. On the final day, it looked as though the entire city turned out to line the streets, and crowd the station platform. It was a surprise even to old timers, to see the dimensions of this demonstration of esteem for Dr. Osgood, who has given a quarter of a century to this one community. Officials and leading citizens walked in the procession accompanying him to the station.

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Friends, I wish that I could write to each one of you personally but for several reasons that is impossible, and not the least of these the ten cent postage on each letter. But we are anxiously awaiting letters from many of you in answer to this letter. Then when I again write a Church letter I can answer any questions which you may ask in your letters. We have not received more than a dozen letters all year from the Church people.

Sincerely,

Douglas L. Carpenter

P.S. My address is after this:

Luchowfu, Anhwei,
Via Wuhu, Anhwei, China.
Luchow, via Wuhu, July 24, 1934.

Dear Luchowites and Mr. Marx:-

Talk about excitement! We've been having it! You all know about the trouble at Lanzhou and Shu-Chen and the continued rumors that Luchow might be attacked, or at least that bandits were not far away. Although there has been uneasiness the feeling has been that because of the isolation of the country round about Luchow the bandits would not dare to try to attack it, but yesterday morning about five o'clock we woke up to the fact that the city was actually being fired on in good earnest, at South Gate and on west from there. Mr. Wang hurried over at the first shot to tell us to get downstairs as quickly as possible as he was afraid bullets would be coming into our upstairs. (Foya is here with us yet, we three being the only foreigners left.) Of course it was exciting as the firing kept up pretty steadily. The bandits were sheltered in a grove of evergreens at Chen Po-Ming, hoping to come in the night hoping to surprise the city. The soldiers were evidently pretty well prepared, however, and slowly returned the fire. By the time we got dressed and had had a bite to eat folks were already coming to the hospital for protection, so we were a busy bunch getting plans made for them. Everything had shut up on the street so all that could be bought for the day's food was a few melons from a neighboring garden, placed out with what we had here. Before long bullets began coming into the compound. I went to the gate for something and one hit a tree not far above my head and a little bit afterward while the doctors were doing the dressings in the women's ward a bullet came whizzing through a window and hit a little boy on the arm, making a slight wound and scaring the poor youngster almost to death. He had his leg in a cast so couldn't get out of bed, but we fixed a place in a sheltered room and moved him out of the danger zone. We have a bunch of wounded soldiers from Shu Chen and three of them have broken legs which are strapped to their beds, but we moved them around as best we could to protect them. The women's ward is quite exposed so we moved the women patients over into an empty bathroom which is protected on three sides. It looked pretty serious and we had to be careful about going out of the building. Fortunately the kitchen is protected by the main building and there is a cistern which is also protected where they could get water. The west window in the study in our house was shattered by a bullet, but being open on the outside flat against the wall the bullet went into the wall instead of into the room. The tailor works by that window and when he came next day he remarked that that hole was about where his head would have been had he been working that day. It is needless to say we didn't stay in our house much. We ate in my office and slept there last night.

That was the day for the women's prayer meeting, and as many of the women were already here and it wasn't safe to be on the streets we had prayer meeting here, but it wasn't just a women's meeting as most of the men around the place went too. It was such a fitting time for prayer meeting and Yuan Ching led it so efficiently.
It was quite significant that the bandits had planned a determined attack at five o'clock, and during prayer waiting it began to rain, and just poured down in floods for sometime. We could hardly hear the prayers that were made, but the rain put off the attack. It was significant, too, that there wasn't the least bit of panic among the Christians, just calm expressions of their trust in the Lord and assurance that they would be taken care of. Yun Shing said in her talk, "We know that even if the bandits come in and we are killed we shall go to a good place."

The firing began again soon after the rain stopped, and the bandits hung up a flag on which it said they would enter the city at nine that night. They evidently were determined to do it too. More people came to the hospital in the evening. We put the women and children in the chapel, where they slept on the floor. I don't know how many there were but the floor was well covered with beds. The men slept in the clinic dressing room and consulting rooms. I say "sleep", but they didn't sleep much. No one did. Mr. Wang and the drill Sergeant patrolled the place all night, and so did the mosquitoes. They nearly ate everyone up. The firing kept up steadily, and lying in the dark unable to sleep we realized more than ever what must be before us. We knew there were not many soldiers in the city, and there was a possibility that the bandits might get in. That might mean, of course, that there was possibility that we three might be taken off for ransom, and we tried to prepare ourselves mentally for that. It was a strange feeling and hard to analyse. I was glad we were here, however, for the sake of the Christians. It seemed to give them moral support. If there had been a way to leave the city and the Consul had known of the fighting he would have expected us to leave, and perhaps ordered us to go, but since it was not possible we were glad to be relieved of the decision to go or stay. I do not believe we could have decided to go and leave the Christians.

The firing let up along toward morning, and we didn't know whether the bandits had stopped to prepare for another attack or what, but we learned in the morning that reinforcements had come in the shape of two detachments of soldiers, one under Gov. Ma himself and one under a man named Hsu, who has been a patient in the hospital here at two different times. There have been several reports as to what happened to the bandits, one that they had scattered, one that they were being driven away towards Huang Yuan and Chien Au, and others that they were still near the city, or had moved a short distance away. The magistrate happened to be out with his soldiers the day the attack was made but got back that same night too.

With the peaceful expect on things in the morning most of our guests went home, giving the kitchen folks a bit of rest, though the hospital family is always a large one.

We tried to telegraph the Consul, but the wires had been
out of course. We will send out either.

Friday, the 29th.

Last night we were able to send telegrams and they hoped to get mail out today but do not know yet whether they have been able to or not. Things have been peaceful all day today. Yesterday there was some shooting but not a great deal. An attack was reported to be pending last night about five o'clock and we did hear firing at that time, but it didn't last long and evidently the soldiers were victorious. We have reports that the rebels are still here, but with the soldiers here now it seems quite safe. Up to last night no man was allowed on the streets without a permit from the rani. Dr. Ang got such a permit early yesterday morning so we could send out when necessary.

Yesterday was certainly the "day after the night before", I don't know how one would feel after such a week's time when I see what one day did to most of the folks around here. The strain was hard on everyone. We didn't really feel afraid, I don't think I had a bit of real fear of getting shot, but it is the strain of wondering how things are going to come out or something else where one day.

Two people are reported as having been killed by stray bullets on the street day before yesterday, one a child and the other a woman. One wounded soldier came to the hospital day before yesterday from the "firing line" and another one yesterday. That makes twenty-two soldiers in all in the hospital now. We still have four from a bunch that came in sometime ago, fifteen from the bunch of sixteen who came in from Shu Chen and these two. One from Shu Chen had to have a leg amputated and he died a couple of days later, while soldiers of ours filled the hospital to overflowing. We had then in every nook and cranny where a bed could be put. The magistrate has been fine about helping us take some of them. He came over the day the sixteen came and offered money, cloth, help of any kind, or anything we needed. Also he sent money for their food, three 30-yard bolts of muslin for extra garments, and extra men to help wait on the soldiers. We had them at the dispensary, however, so give the doctors and nurses time to get the dressing done as all of course were wounded and the daily dressings take lots of time, and besides we were pretty well filled up with regular patients. Then Dr. Chen got sick and when he was able to come back Dr. Wu gave out. We called in the "Indian Aid" one day to make dressings. Dr. Chen said that was putting into effect one of Mr. Walton's suggestions to the Christians about the opportunity of doing good.

We had hoped to get away next week, but do not know yet if that will be possible.

With best wishes to all,

Sincerely yours,

[Signatures]
218 East Cliff, Pittand Beach, Chibbi, China,
July 27, 1924.

Dearest Mother,

China is again the victim of serious floods due to excessive rainfall, and as a result practically all of the rivers north of the Yangtze are out of their banks and once more thousands of helpless people are made homeless and objects of public charity. Soon there will be drives for funds to provide food and shelter for the needy. Already we have the menace of the Peking cabinet's action in asking for a customs rate of 5% for famine relief.

There are ultra-patriotic elements among the Chinese, especially returned students, who are fond of parading the superiority of China's ancient civilization over that of the West and almost forcefully denying in America any statement made by missionaries on furlough saying that foot-binding still exists, or that the practice still leads their people to do many of the 'heathenish' things. But these must reply to China's complete failure
to meet this problem of floods in Central and North China. The Chinese people—farmers for many centuries—have occupied the nine valleys of Eastern Asia all their time, and at regular intervals, met disillusioning in their frequency, they have watched their rivers overflowing their banks and even the countryside. The old fatalistic attitude was to view the floods as an indication of displeasure on the part of the gods, at the oppressions of the unpopular human rulers, or to view them as an act of providence to keep down the population.

In the modern days of the Republic, official China does not lay the floods to the angry gods. Now they make investigations and collect money for relief; but nothing is accomplished and the reports only give temporary jobs to high-priced foreign experts and returned students and to job hunters. When they sit back and wait for the next flood without doing anything to prevent it.

Because of the enormous graft that goes on, the Chinese themselves are not even able to give good relief after they have collected the money for the starving population. During the last great famine, over 88,000,000 old rice sent to China from foreign
countries. This the Chinese officials tried in every conceivable way to get hold of, to administer, as they said, where they as Chinese only knew best to administer. But the foreigners knew how much would be left over in relief after the officials had their share if it was turned over to them, managed it themselves, and in an efficient manner gave relief and the Chinese couldn't see how it was possible to handle so many people in a single day. And much money was left over which is now to be used in preventive measures in society.

With the money which the Chinese themselves raised they started out with the same extravagant way of completing an organization for distributing food. Committees after committees were organized, and always paid high salaries were paid; and when all this had been done there was almost nothing left for the starving — it had been spent in fees to the relief givers.

That is the way Chinese do any kind of Charity work. Last winter in Hankow some wealthy Chinese women have a Social
Welfare Club. They have an elaborate organization with committee for every sort of social welfare enterprise. Not all that they had all year was to construct and a well-furnished headquarters with someone in charge. But the only welfare they had time to do on side was handling their bungalow organization, was to run one school for poor children with thirty children enrolled.

On the other hand, some of the foreign women had a simple organization meeting in the home of the members, and on what they could earn out of a poor missionary salary for such purpose were able during the winter to do the following welfare work:

1. Open and run a free clinic in the heart of the principal business district of Shanghai, where 50 to 70 patients were cared for three times a week.

2. Four women were taught cross-stitch work and were able to support the family during
3. Patients in the hospital were made self-supporting by being taught ribbon making.

4. A baby welfare clinic was started with a foreign doctor in charge once a week and a Chinese nurse to follow up.

5. And they are cooperating with Chinese officials in a home for giving "traveler's aid" to Chinese women.

That is the difference in the Eastern and Western way of doing things and doing things.

Grace and I took a very interesting donkey trip last Thursday afternoon. We went to Lotus Hills, about five miles from here and were able to ride the donkeys to the top where we got a glorious view of the surrounding country from this elevation of 600 feet. There are three peaks which rise abruptly out of the plain at the edge of the sea. There is nothing from the top of these peaks to obstruct the view either far out at sea to the east and south or to the distant mountains.
fifteen twenty miles to the north and west. The Hills them-selves are wooded with scrub pine, and have wild flowers in abundance. The trails which we took were as wild as any in the Washington mountains, and for the hour we were again hiking thru those mountains.

Day by day the water at our beach is getting warmer, and as the water gets warmer the jelly fish increase in number. They are this shape:

![Jellyfish Image]

They are a cloudy, transparent animal from the size of a pea to a good sized pumpkin. They look like a mushroom pulled up by its roots. They protrude themselves thru the water in the direction of the arrow by the stem-like stalk. At the far tail which gives a secretion which they touch your skin stings like nettles. It is very disappointing, to say the least, to get mixed up with a half dozen of them even though they don't sting you. I have kicked dozens of them but have come in contact with the tails of only two of them and gotten stung.
I'm not writing a letter to the Morning Herald, but have one almost ready to send to Miss Anthony. I promised to write to her, and she'd be mad if I sent it to anyone else.

Phyllis Ann is advancing so rapidly now that we can hardly keep up with her. She is almost forty and the old woman but she can't walk. She could if she only knew it; but she hasn't discovered that yet. Let her hold onto me finger lightly and she strikes right out with almost no help. She can't travel fast enough by creeping so get up on hands and feet and go along like a little bear. She tries to imitate every sound she hears. She makes a noise like a monkey when they Bray and repeats the calls that she hears. She will try almost any word but gets only the number of syllables and the sound exactly. But she also knows certain words. Grace and I are both daddies, "ama" is "baba," the dog is "gaw," the cock's name in Chinese is "daw-fou" and she calls him "Slot-fou." And she says "li-lé" for come. This is the Chinese word for come, and she has learned
it from the awak. For bellow she says "slumber," for bye-bye she says "dye-dye-dye."

Phyllis loves the surf and I hold her under the chest with one hand and she kicks her feet and splashes her hands in good dog-paddle swimming style, no-kicking it at all. She kicks and splashes this whole time. We let her stay in. Even a mouthful of salty water doesn't dampen her color. She also enjoys digging in the sand with a big spoon.

Often she and I play ball. This tickles her until she laughs and screams when the ball is rolled toward her.

She is the biggest pig when it comes to eating. She knows the formula of preparing her food and has the most divine dinner look until she gets it. Yesterday she weighed 23 lbs.

There are lots of things to go to here; so many in fact that you have to choose. Every day many of these weeks, except over the week-end there is being held a missionary conference at Rocky Ford three miles away, with morning devotion...
and afternoon conferences, and evening lectures. There is a Wednesday Bible study class for women daily. Bible study groups for anyone at 4:30 P.M., frequent lectures Tuesday night, star talks, story telling in children's Saturday, manual training for boys for Syracuse, book exhibits, industrial school product sales, and an Sunday adult Bible class led by prominent preachers, young and international Sunday school, Chinese church services, afternoon foreign church with a prominent speaker each time.

At the summer is not only a time of recreation and play but a time of study and interchange of experience and ideas.

We are all well and from Washington Indiana, working hard and playing hard and best of all swimming lots and eating enormous amounts.

Love to all from all,

Douglas

P.S. July 28, 1924.

Your letter of July 17th, the first one addressed directly to Patako Beach, arrived a few
home ago. I didn't have the stamps to mail this so will answer in this post script.

First I must tell you that Phyllis now does a complete paddylet's stunt, but often she can't wait to toss it into the air. We are so glad to hear that Bernice is now over the worst of her operation. The adhesion certainly showed that the appendix was the offending member. Too bad she had to offer that temp.

We haven't had any hot weather like you have; all has been cool and rainy. We have had lots of rain, but one can from a flood district. We can't realize that the rest of China is having floods, nor the horrors of the many cities than you in America can.

Boy, I wish I could get my hands on the wheel of your sports car. Keep it in good shape for six more years and I'll be home.

P.S. I can almost swim. I hold her by her knees and she does a breast stroke and keeps her head up as I push her along. She laughs all the time.

We are getting along pretty well in our language work. We have had 24 lessons in Chinese characters, but only one more to finish this year.
can write 310 Chinese characters, we have 100 more to learn to finish the year, but we were about 130 behind when we started the summer work. We can read the 7th and 9th chapters of John in the Chinese Bible. We still have the 9th chapter of John and the Lord’s Prayer to study to finish the Bible study for the summer of this year. Also we have to draw from memory a map of China and the 18 provinces.

Dr. Vicelung has a new daughter born at the summer resort. They are at Leesburg. He now has three boys and two girls. Vicelung says our house will be ready for use whenever we get there. He is wiring it for electric lights from the hospital delco. It will be the only house in the area with electric lights. The hospital delco is only a 6-volt outfit. Dr. Stenerson got it. He might just as well have installed a 110-volt outfit, while he was at it and then we could have an X-ray machine. Some time in the future we will get ahead enough so that we can buy
from home,
some furniture. Now we can't afford it.

I am trying to get a loan from the M. C. M. of $200 to pull
me through this first hard year. I should
be hearing from the request in a few
weeks. We hope to get out of debt
by the time we go on furlough.

Grace is getting some wonderful school
ing in housekeeping in China and hard-
ly being a Chinese cook. It would be almost
impossible for a foreigner to do her own
cooking in China. The cooking part of it
would be simple enough. But the buy-
ing is another item. The Chinese always
charge foreigners more than Chinese; and
when you buy there is always price or
in America, but here a third price
are asked and you must often pay
than the regular selling price, and
then you pay back and forth until
a sale is made at about this right
value (if you are a Chinese or if
a foreigner). Everything you buy is more
Chinese and they always think to over-
charge; he can not if you. Then too, you
cannot get all your groceries at one
store as in America, but you buy
change at the bean shop, rice at the rice

shop, oil at the oil shop, eggs at the egg shop, coal or coal at the coal shop, etc., etc. It takes lots of time. So you have to hire a cook.

But when you have a cook, you trouble get over. There is so many temptations in handling the amount of money needed to feed a foreign family by a man that can live well at 87 a month in a Chinese fashion. That all costs fall, and you have to watch out for regency, sleeping in the side of the day in all Chinese society. It is almost considered a part of the salary to get what you can as a cook of a foreigner. So once every day the Chinese wife and the cook sit for an evening or a dinner on the account of the purchase of the day and the house given the amount of money he has 10 cents.

Then every hand has a locked store-room where things are kept and stored out when asked for for costs. And a system of slowly keeping out each day a few eggs, a little salt, a sugar, a few potatoes, a pint of kerosene, etc. until your living expenses get paid as high as you need you will stand for. So we live and learn; and we know that...
the coast we got from Peking to Tumen. Water right up to the town, with several cans of milk and chicken eggs, and we paid him. We were lucky in getting another
man who had been cooking for Dr. Candlin. Dr. Candlin had just died, & we needed a cook. This
is a much better cook and hasn't tried anything yet. So I say, Groce is getting good training for she keeps house
very well the weeks with Mrs. Lorine and
Mrs. Long's coachman.

On the road back I was going
to write you a note; in China.
Character so that you may know
my writing hand in China; I
will write it all without looking
at a book so you may see that I
am making some progress.

The reason why I said add layers to
good mattress was that I had
enough. I told you that it was not near as
bad as we had been taught to
expect.
My dearest Flora Anne,

I don't believe this will be a terribly long letter, but it will at least convince you that I haven't forgotten my dear friend.

Your last letter was written on one of Willmar's first summer rains and you were sleeping. We have had a peculiar weather outline lately almost exactly as when we first came but this rain for almost two weeks. The longest rain in the spring that I have ever seen. We were sleeping off the porch but were droning in central nights at midnight so we moved in till the spell was over. I never saw so much dampness. Mold (dichthamos) flourished everywhere. We take off our shoes at night and wake up to find them separating green and yellow molds of the most lovely colors. No, it wasn't that bad quite but all the shoes line interest smelling get that way and our leather bags, etc. some of our ceiling pipe. Mwa haw haw how to get it off this. I brushed and scrubbed and when the sun finally came out every thing we own went out into the middle sun light for a couple days. She even took the hanger covers with new sheets right in them and arranged them in a row on the grills. Everyone on the hill did it. It looked as if the we were having a series of auction sales. I do appreciate this awash I can tell you. Pearl has had her for some twelve years and she knows how to go ahead without being told. She finds that our study time and nap hour changes her diet and kids a dozen times a day seems like it keeps her bed beautifully sweet and elastic. Pokes her food into her after I get it
My days and weeks and months and patches keep my whole whit
of all sorts of drudgery that leaves me free for studying.
The things that take hard work like English history, teaching her for
the dishes, putting food away at calico etc I try to do myself
but I let alone the arrows and sleep for me. You worked
though I'd have no end of time for better writing at least
so much fun playing I guess. We swim at least
once a day, and most every afternoon hike somewhere
This shore line is fascinating. almost every day one finds
a new interesting bay or pile of rocks that we had not as
yet discovered. Thus we get so beautifully tired out that I
may stay awake after nine o'clock, and so the days go.
I never imagined a more ideal summer. I mean.

I never imagined anything as changeable as the mighty Pacific. If I write
anything as changeable as the mighty Pacific. If I write
by anything as changeable as the mighty Pacific. If I write
I write it all out in American prose for
you. Its hourly changes of texture and color, the interesting
samples of sea left that we find on the shore, its violent
mighty power on a stormy day as the waves advance
up the shore and middle past sweeping both houses
and seem to batter the big rocks in pieces and that against
its power to divide itself into fine sprays until they
wet rocks cover every expanse and cabinet, every thing
my room in fact is saturated with moisture
Today it is the most amiable of friends, a beautiful
quiet blue green of deep intimacy, and every little white
caps to mark its broomed surface. I have an idea the
jelly fish are plentiful. On warm days they swarm
to the top of the warm water and we have to watch
out. They emit a poison from their tails and it stings
some thing like a hypodermic needle. It certainly is a
disconcerting feeling to have a big jelly fish as big
as a grape fruit suddenly land on your chest
and Other his tail a few times & jabber you with
prickles. I beat it the other way when I see the coming.
Dora has been encouraging me to get out away into the
depth in with him where they aren't so thick. We
went way out around a rocky point the other day,
I never dreamed I could swim that far but we went
slowly and I rested on my back when I got tired.
It gave me a lot of confidence in my swimming powers.
I dream to do it again soon.

I can't get that beautifull Miss Jorgensen up here
it will have to wait till I get back to Macabung two
months from now. In the meantime I wish you'd write
her and have her send me the money. 20.00 hundred
is a good method. We are cutting every thing and even having
to borrow money to get our furniture moved up to hudson's
also partly paid for at the rate of 450.00 per month. Anyhow
I think it a good plan to have cash or hand with a
order from home that wouldn't apply to you or my family
of course. Have her tell me how long a table runner she
would like and whether she'd like a black or blue
back ground. These are the ornamental colors. I'd also like
to know the width. Our table mat has a big appeti-
can and we'd want her stuff better if I believe what her table
was like.

Please one and I are taking turns keeping house and I am
learning more at that than I ever did writing characters.
The way of a twist and a turn. Chairie cooks are many.
When we started out we had a cocky young lad from
Piking a servant of one of Pearl's friends. And he did mis-

11
up night. She was awfully cute, panic white teeth

hid that thing under at working and clean. He really scaled

which at least had to hold his body; dishes, books, and

we have now graduated from a kettle. -well- this little cook

was too small, he evidently had a friend who was running

a party shop for the carried off our butter + milk and

cereals and sold them. We realized that we seemed

very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very,

finately get hunkay we were awakened by a remark in the

and how very our husky woah cookie stood in the door way

and yow yow or husky woah cookie stood in the door way

an expressive box of golden oatmeal -

with two clams of milk and an express box of golden oatmeal-

and how many our husky woah cookie stood in the door way

and yelled for us and wouldn't let him go. "was a dramatic

and yelled for us and wouldn't let him go. "was a dramatic

situation - good enough for a movie plot! of course the cooks

situation - good enough for a movie plot! of course the cooks

maintained but he drank milk + ate oatmeal - which was a lie for

Chinise man of this. There was nothing to do but discharge the

man + hunt another cook. The man his teeth chattered and he

had lost all the "fan" he ever had. Pearl + I had a good

laugh at it afterwards. We can't quite see why the other

man squeaked, the most probable solution being the idea

that he was not getting his share of the "squeeze." However

be sure beautifully hooded. Fortunately we got a new cook right

away and we only got bread as many eggs and milk + cereak.

They have so many sides away of cutting things away,

They keep out a little sugar each day - a little salt of butter

each meal + that one Sunday when they have amounted to

didn't make good ice cream and since

something they sell it. Milk they can substitute for. We had him

thinking because he didn't make good ice cream and since

than the mush cookie has told us that he only put half

the milk in that one game shell. Eggs, the same way. Eggs

for instance they put away one at a time + when it sometimes
To buy another dozen they ship them in a crate. We never need more than a dozen for them. I suppose they have many others. Are all folks like this? All the others are very nice. I suppose they have many others. Are all folks like this? You ask. Most of them are more or less "squeezing" or "shaving" connected with them. The man who gets a new job and is helped to it by several people - they all expect money for their advice. Servants demand sums of money and think they get it as a legitimate addition to their wages. We have to put up with it. I hope that my cook was satisfied and happy. I haven't been able to get a better room and not feel temptation in this way.

One more thing - I have told you before about my hair. Does that surprise you? I never wanted to wash till this summer but hung in the wash as much as I could get. I never got my hair dry from the start. The next made me feel to. So when I tell you what I have done it. I sat down and tore (call) in the neighbors and off she came. I love the way it feels. I'll send you a picture soon. Come out join the rest.

I love you.
Write me next month at
Peking, China 90 F. U. M.C.
I'll be there Aug 25 to Sept 19.

after that my permanent address is
Kuching, via Wulu
Kuching, China
This has been laying around two days waiting for time to write a post script. Meanwhile your third letter has arrived—mercy I am ashamed.

You spoke about sweaters. I shall be wanting them as soon as I get to Enchufa in October. So I think I'll ask you to get them now. I can trust your judgment I can't spend more than six or seven dollars on it. So get as much as you can for that money. My sicker sweater and big chair—home to come first. I think it's just if a yarmulke will do them. I have had the stained shrunken sort of a chocolate warmish brown, so a topaz would be all right I think, or possibly a blue like the emerald, such cloth ought to wear very well then. As many yards of highly colored ones as you can squeeze out for thirty or forty dollars. If seven dollars won't possibly get that much—add a couple. I will see if I can get your raw silk now, perhaps I may have to wait till fall when I go back to Mandy, for till now it is made no where else in China. I'll send you a draft on our Society for the sweater unless you tell me how much you want to let that raw silk money run. Unless you want me to buy you some thing else. Don't mind to have a coat do you. These gray brocade silks would be scrumptious & last forever.

Well, I must go.

Love,

Grace