Dear dearest Mother,

Is China going to have another war? That is the leading question here now. It seems that she might. But you have read the reports in the newspapers long before this and know all about it. But it may be of interest to get word from the front in a personal way even though the modern methods of communication today give you the news as soon as we get it. But it may not have quite the same impact as we get it.

In the first place, it is another case of our military governor grabbing for more power from others. But there are other reasons given as excuses.

The excuse is that the military...
governor of Tuchua (pronounced Doojin) of Chenkiang province is protecting two military generals who have been defeated at the hands of a tsuchua of a province which lies on the side of Kien Wu Pei Fu, the man in power here at the seat of government now. So Chi tuchua of Kiangsu (Nanking), a strong member of the present Peking government's friends, backed by Wu Pei Fu, is preparing to attack Chenkiang.

The real reason I gather, is that Chenkiang does control Shanghai which Kiangsu now controls. Kiangsu wants to discourage any such thought by a defeat.

So it would on the surface seem bad for Chenkiang with with the force of the front general which has
just defeated the friends he is protecting on the side and Chi tuck in
Shangai, a very strong military force, and Wu Pei True government
forces against. But up in Manchuria (at Mukden) is Chang
Tai-so Lim, the general who was a few years ago controlling Wu Pei.
For the government and the
seated, has been preparing for
another try at it and is almost
ready for another staff who will
help Chenching. Also there
are other anti-government elements
which no doubt will aid Chenching
if worst comes to worst.
Chang Tai-so Lim is concentrating
his forces at Shenchuken now
and all foreigners have been advised
to leave Peitaiho. A doctor just down
for the O.B. shot came today and said
that all trains were now crowded
with foreigners.
and about Chenching and
Suchow and Shanghai Chi tuchu is concentrating his troops so that all railroad service between Nanking and Shanghai was stopped for a bit, and the Peking-Nanking trains also for a while. How about our non-military trains some daily?

Suchow (between Shanghai & Nanking) is almost in a panic for they will be in the center of things and almost sure to be looted. One doctor here for a short course got a letter from his wife at Suchow today saying that her cook couldn't go out in the streets that day to buy meat for all civilian dine out, venture for fear of being robbed by soldiers.

But then we see nothing. Wu Peifu probably won't leave Peking for fear of Chang Tso-lin's capture of it.

What is needed is to kill off a
few of the trouble-making military governors and give the poor starving people a chance to live in peace. Just think of the inconsistency of a war of any kind, let alone one of this kind, at a time when they are raising millions of dollars supposed for flood famine relief.

As lunch for the war, Saturday afternoon Grace and I went to the Forbidden City and spent all of one hour, which was much too short, in the museum. We entered at Tung Hwa Men (see map enclosed) and crossed the steps of B to the Museum (6) where we had to pay $1.00 each to get in.

And what we saw is beyond description. I won't attempt to describe them for you must see them to realize such things can be true. My how Arab Western things will seem after this. I will simply name some of the things we found.

The large Hall (6) facing the doorway
is full of various treasures. On the old stone platform fine specimens of antique bronzes are shown against a background of pictures.

Against the east wall are cases of red and polychromatic lacquers, dating chiefly from the reign of Chi'en Lung (1735-1796), and nowadays much copied. The artist of these required infinite patience and painstaking day after day for weeks at a time, laying in one coat after another on a thin wood foundation, spreading it equally, then while the varnish was still warm, carving it with a sharp knife. All kinds of objects are here, such as large screens with 12fold eight feet high, spacious drawers with small tables, picture frames, jewel boxes, chests, etc. Much of the rest of this hall is full of wonderfully shaped, delicately tinted, beautifully glazed Sung Dynasty (A.D. 960-1260) porcelains. I could dwell on these marvels at a time. Also in small glass cases are the most valuable
porcelain in the Museum. Especially worthy of notice are the priceless underglaze piece of the Sung period, and an example of brownish ware, a flower jar dated (A.D. 954-959), and one of the oldest pieces of Chinese porcelain that have come down in fact. Undoubtedly this was one of the preservation for a thousand years to its thickness.

I was much attracted by the collection of many colored lacquer screens found in the run way between the front and back halls. I could sit by the border in front of but one of the many and drink in the wealth of color and variety in these delicately carved landscapes. Here too were embroidered and jeweled images. I got thrilled at for skimming sitting in the red lacquer throne of Ch’ien Lung (1735-1796 A.D.) in front of its superb lacquer screen.

The hall beyond is devoted to a group of beautiful things recalling the
gorgeous and elegant life that once existed in China. It recalled and outshone the gorgeous dreams I'd remember then, of early childhood, of fairy princes and their courts—plated with gold and set in jewels. Here were bronze chariot ornaments, golden horse shoes, saddles with carved stirrups, gold plate, and set with precious stones and pearls, tiger skins, saddle cloths, curved swords with jade hilts and scabbards ornamented with precious stones; canopies of silk and gold tissue, satin throw cushions and brocaded robes enriched by medallions of ivory and red coral—all these trappings created with a splendid technique.

Among other exhibits in this room are the gifts offered by the French kings to the Manchus. All of gold and silver of exquisite workmanship and set in jewels. There is a case of jade which attracts the eye. There are a few fine Han dynasty
(206 B.C. – 220 A.D.) specimens. The more modern
are I think the most beautiful for delicacy
and finish of workmanship. Two rare yellow
examples are unrivalled, as this shade
is the most valuable and the handiest and
only the best workmen attempt to carve it.

In addition to their favourite jades
of many colors, the Chinese have a great
fondness for other semi-precious stones
which they use to imitate flowers and
fruits. There were cases of these jjott
jewel flowers.

Another building contains a marvellous
exhibition of bronze mostly dating from 1000 to
1500 B.C. They are valuable as types of the
earliest Chinese art which have been copied
throughout the ages in porcelain, lacquer and
today in Cloisonné and cheap modern brass.
There are no improvements today or for
the last thousands of years over these
original bronzes.

Moreover, these vessels dating back
so far reflect the development of the
Chinese race even 1500 B.C. The cups from
which wine was poured in honor of the immortal
prince how China has for countless generations
been ruled by ancestor worship. The incens
burners and the temple bells attest the piety
of these ages, and the vases and platters shov
the elegance of life in ancient times. As, believe
me, it makes one look with respect on such
residues of ancient civilization, of even this
present needy people.

We had to leave the Museum because
it was closing time and had to leave
investigation of the rest of the permitted portion
of the Forbidden City until the next day.

Grace had seen the unforbidden
portion of the Forbidden City (see print No. 1)
earlier in the week or Sunday morning.
I went over there alone. Picture No. 2 is the
outside of Wu Men; I am showing this because
another picture which I took myself is taken
from the inside of the central arch of this
gate (see No. 3). The famous Wu Men is the
official entrance to the inner Forbidden City
and the grandest of all the palace gates. It has
massive towers and heavy wooden doors intended to swing open slowly and solemnly for state ceremonies. It has somewhat of the appearance of a fortress, especially from the inside where low walkways run from the ground to its top or either side.

I entered Trung Truc Mien on the east and followed the lovely drive thru the park-like grounds, under trees thru 7 gates into the spacious enclosure before Tai Ho Mien. As I passed thru Tai Ho Mien a soldier grand punched my ticket. Beyond the Tai Ho Mien is one of the most impressive sights in China (see). The majesty of its proportions, the splendor of the surrounding buildings and their high marble terraces in the sunshine is overwhelming.

Three of the principal throne halls, known as the San Tao Dien (three palace halls), stand one behind the other on a single marble platform. The first and finest is the Tai Ho Dien or Throne Hall of Supreme Harmony (see). It is a lofty structure 110 feet high, 200 feet long and 100 feet
wide, with three flights of carved marble steps leading from the ground to its high terrace, with the curious lamp and bronze chalices and gilt bronze water containers upon it. This hall was formerly used only on occasions of the highest ceremony, such as the enthronement of a new emperor on the occasion of an Imperial birthday.

The interior is rich in color. Pillars of bronze, colored lacquer, and pillars of rich red support the painted beams of the ceiling which shows the blues and greens of the peacock's tail, and the design of the dragon, the symbol of masculine strength, and emblem of Imperial power.

But the greatest feature of the building, as always in Chinese architecture, is the roof. Its model is the tent. The downward curve of the eaves and the upward tilt of the logs are simply the natural slope of the canvas and its uplifting by the tent poles.

With great difficulty, and two guards...
watching my every move to see that I didn't do it. I managed to take two pictures of the throne itself, two
experiences of five minutes each, and without their knowing that I did it. (See pp. 6 & 7) Believe me, it took
some little maneuvering and slight of
hand performances to do it.

Behind the T'ai Ho Tien stands the
Chung Ho Tien (Middle Hall). This is a
smaller square building, where the
Emperor yearly inspected agricultural
implements and samples of seed.

The third of the great Throne Halls, the
Pao Ho Tien (see 8 & 9) was formerly the
Examination Hall where candidates for
the Han Lin Academy were received. No
permits are issued under any circumstance
to visit that part of the Forbidden City
which lies behind it. Here the deposed
Manchu Emperor lives, in his tiny world
he and his Court still keep up a semblance
of the old days. It is a make-believe kingdom,
earnest and pathetic. It is the last thing old
of mystery in mysterious Peking.
Phyllis Ann today, 6/23rd, has
done her first real walking; that is
she has for the first time discovered
that she can walk long distances,
turn corners, get up and down easily
and start off. She is developing so
rapidly that I can’t keep up with
her in the now a day visit that
I get. When I call Phyllis,” she calls
Jack “Daddy”, and when I call
her, she calls “mama”. And she
calls the small Veo, the Peking
name for amah. Whenever many
people crowd around, or the street
peddler or the strong and
varied calls. She mimics all of these.
I will send you a negative of
her when I get a good one. At present
I have not good ones.

Love,

Douglas.
My dear Florence Ann,

Almost we having miss visits
in our letters of late. I almost feel as tho I
knew every thing about you, almost as tho you'd
appeared walking down the lane at H.V. Farm
dragging your Dad's red suit case prepared
to return and visit and sew for a week. Boy!
wouldn't our tongues wag if we might have a week
like that. A year and a half since we have seen each other.

I always love the things you tell me about
clothes. I would give a lot to walk up and
down Humeprin and a bit and jay out to the
Ag. campus \\ and take a look at the Bowly things
college girls always choose to wear. We really
have seen very few belted dresses here

I hope I am thinking when language school opens.
I should enjoy selling the new cloth of slacks straight
from home.

I effect I'll find my cotonne waiting for me
in Hankin when I get back. I certainly appreciate your
help in purchasing it. Hope you aren't rushed too much.
that means I'll give you something like fifteen
dollars over. I could find it here for you a dozen
times over and know you'd be thrilled over
what I get. However you said reserve some
of it as I will. I have been looking for raw
kiles here, but it does not compare with Hankin.
so I'll wait to get that unless I go back unless
I find it here in some other place. You mention
thongs or tiny clutches. They grow all over Peiping and I was just thinking of sending one in this letter more to follow. But you don't give them all away. I think I am going to buy you a string of beads when I decide which you'd like the most. I feel like the little girl who stole leaves in the Forbidden Palace when I was in a bead shop. There is gold stone and carved ivory and mother of pearl and amber and agate and carved peach stone and crystal and beautiful hand cut glass beads. Why, just ravishing things. Lots of them only two or three dollars a string. Miss Borden planned to suit our taste and the foreigners certainly buy. We got three strings for under a hundred. I think one of them was pink mother of pearl, graduated shadily with intrinsic knot work in between. It looked just like it. I couldn't help but buy it. Then the next string that got under my skin was amethyst colored glass, a round bead, perfectly cut to have about twelve sides. I'd say, also arranged with cord and dainty knot work, in groups of one, two, and three—proportion just lovely. But what gets you is that they shine and glisten and glimmer and reflect colors from what you have on. They especially lovely at night. I think I shall send them on to mother, but I am having great sport wearing them a while first. Only bought a string of bright red lacquer work. A flat rectangular pendant and four round beads spaced at intervals. It's very striking and of course is typically Chinese. I think we'll send it to Berthie. It's the sort of thing Palace.
Willis could get away with. Do you know anything about her?

Well, to come back to Peking. Dougly has been gone over the week end visiting a model hospital as it were, with one of his classmates at a town down the line called Peking fun. So I have had some hard, long hours for little writing. I get off at least two, & only at times. You say I don't mention Dougly much. He's still really much present I can tell you. I suppose I don't rave on about him as I used to do the first month. He is a much a part of my existence that he is almost me.

(guess I should say I but it doesn't sound correct). This month is the first time we have been lived apart. It's sort of nice not to have a main collar & tie spread across the dresser top but then again I get homesick and want to tell him some thing or take him along as I go shopping or shrink with him some new article of the habilics than I feel like a half a person indeed. He certainly is good company. At Peking he swam & kicked and played together just the two of us. We really are almost too independent, but I haven't made many woman friends out here yet. But there will be lots of time for that when he gets so blooming busy being an M.D. Then I'll strike out and get acquainted with my neighbors. Funny isn't it how a person can start in shrugging with a man when all your life you have played and chummed with girls and feel perfectly contented all day long. Married life is the ideal state all right. Only don't deal with your in-laws. Guess you know that all night and
I found it out in Yakima. I had a perfectly lovely time trying to keep the two families going. As I think of it now it's a wonder I made anyone for the baby at all for I used to fairly sail myself sick over the situation. We really are much happier now paddling our own canoe. I know I shall never be home sick. Terrible confession to make isn't it? But it's true. Doug is happier too. He never had enough to do when he was helping his Dad. His mother managed him too much. Well, here I come off the track. Suffice it to say that Doug is still the big noise in my existence, and I can honestly recommend married life as an ideal existence.

I hope I should begin to think of having another baby soon. However getting my new house established will take all my energy this fall.

Besides, Doug says I am not quite husky enough either. Thirdly we are having daydreams of spending next summer in Japan. Well being the case, one kiddie is enough for such a trip. So we are able to being like all your handsome friends. Did either of you ever have a baby? I don't want my kids more than three years apart at the most tho. Not good for them. However this business of getting used to China certainly has taken most of my energy. I am feeling quite well now, but I covered I have all sorts of things to read. I still only weigh 112 lbs. My neck is a bit too bony. But it will come together quickly with my next baby.

I'll bet you had fun taking Clarence to Ramsey Park. My! how I should love to see those old hills again. Don't they make you homesome for the good old days! I think going
back would make me miss my Dad so much. I surely hope you get a chance to go back East with them. I imagine the New England states are beautiful. When we come back, Daddy wants to study either in New York or his old hospital in Pittsburgh. So I hope we’ll see that part of the world then. I’d like to get on a train farm with my kids, they have no concept of such a thing! Of course living out here, the Davis kids have never even driven a horse or hunted eggs or loved little pigs & snakes & calms. Maybe at some island station such as Luchow for we may have more of such things.

Sept 8

Well, I have been shopping all morning and got a couple tiny cloths for you. I’ll leave the piece marks on them in Mex. so you decide it in half when you think of it in your money. Cheap as dirt aren’t they. It is so hot. drawn wool done on grass cloths. Not their very best quality but nice enough so they will last a long time and about one fifth what they would cost you I hope. Price such things 1¢. Please send me more.

You ask about lamps and my exposure & general color scheme. My living room is south west. Dining room south east. I really have no very definite ideas as to a color scheme. I can’t get into things now. Only a good start. I am going to get a brown or neutral colored matting rug. My curtains will be cream not from Gore Ward. I’d use what you send me as a basis and get things that correspond. We are to have electric lights
connecting with a small plant in the hospital. I am going to get a couple more cloth lanterns while I am here in Peking. That's another thing everyone manages to find money for in Peking. They are made of silk and painted on patterned, very prettie, some of them are. They also make a lovely kind of candle black wood with cloth sides and gorgeous tassel hanging down below. Just the sort of thing to add a note of distinction to your hall. They'd catch dust terribly if smoke, but with so many smokers a fellow ought to keep them clean. Peking is the center of the rug industry. Everywhere you see shops where the most furiest rugs are made. They cost $1.50 to 2.00 a square foot. However, that seems to be one product they sell for its true value. I don't want to get one till I can get a good one as I am going to wait till we come up here again some summer soon.

I am going to try making rag rugs as you suggest. I think I'll find some old sewing machine and give him a job. I don't know any thing about making them. Wish you'd give me some instructions and advice. There was a good article on it in last Ladies Home Journal I think found them up. I need some good American dyestuff. Stock in some packages of blue and orange and black with hints you are sending some thing in this direction. I can't get things dried on the cloth here. But they are being dyed.
Dear folks,

My! I've so much to tell you that I hardly know where to begin.

I'm so glad that you had such a lovely auto trip. I hope you have many more as pleasant. Now that you have all your children married off and your obligation to the world well paid off you can afford to take time to enjoy the beautiful things God has placed upon this old beautiful earth for me to enjoy.

There is no good reason why, in a few years, you and I could not pay a visit in China. You know I say, "Sightseeing Old China Shuffle as La Changlu (another of ours, Dick), that China was no place for old people. But I've found out that Miss. Dick knows me to draw conclusions in; in she lived in a little Chinese home in the heart of China (a province) a lonely Chinese district, and
handy ever ventured out to
shop even for fresh air. When
she is in Japan that didn't
agree with China (as well as
China not agreeing with her).
I can sight massy where
mother and gray-haired
father have raised their
children and had a wonderful
time; gotten enough of an idea
of what China is like so
that they wouldn't worry
so much; and seen their
children happy in a great
work. I just shot an old lady
over 70 years old today and her
dughter just out for concert
to see another daughter. Dr.
Mounting Dr. Helen Brenton Payor's
old mother Dr. Brenton, 70 years
old & a graduate of the Johns
Medical School, was in Marahken
all last winter and attended
most of the language school
work and liked it.
At the planning on having
you come out for a year when
you have a mortgage of $2,000
or $2,500 and well carry out
the following program:
We will plan to spend
that summer at Batainho, and
you will come thru Japan across.
to Sinktao and down to Peking. You will share a cottage with us and have fine warm sun bathing for six weeks! Then we will show you Peking in 10 days to two weeks, then a few days in Shanghai and the trip up river to Hankow where you will spend the winter, living in our house and wonderful compound.

I think it over.

Phyllie Amy is getting to be quite a talker, but she talks both Chinese and English and understands almost everything we say to her in English and her amah says in Chinese. Her amah says "Di manja" (put your hat) and she scramble into the house and get her hat and wants to be off. Phyllie got out and last night yesterday and Trace said "hat, Phyllie and Phyllie promptly corrected her with "Man." Then she put it on back head and said "Di." Every dog she sees she calls "Wooba, wooba, wooba" because the amah's dog name was "Wooba." When the amah says "Russi\'s mama," Phyllie
nine & fifteen francs. At 4 o'clock every afternoon she begins to fry for an outing so gets her hair up and takes her hand by the hand and everything must stop for the outing. She is thrilled by rides & horse rides.

Tomorrow I am finishing up the short course in medicine but the Chinese Medical Board has allowed me to stay on for the surgery about control which lasts until October 3rd. Our house is not ready yet so they are not quite well for our arrival at the house.

There is quite some avoid a now as you will know from the papers. Latest fighting between Shanghai & Nan-taung, and it is about to start near Pe-tsien & Nan-taung they know these as a war and all are ready to help in relief work when necessary. I have been in Peking three days & have seen very little. Some doctors are entering Red Cross work near the war zones. If we should be forced to remain in Peking for the winter all will be well for France has a good & comfortable place to stay and I have been offered a job in Peking.
as house assistant in dermatology if I want to stay on after the surgery season. In any event, as they say, it's a matter of...
ceins and meditations of pleasant things in the garden. Some wonder that the wooded park, caressing the tame deer, also the white stag and fallow deer, gazelles and oryxes and fine renaissances, all seem to be found here. How it is a beautiful world, a fit place to find deer. Kublai Khan and his followers had no easy task here and perished. But the remains of their age still cling around the Pei Tai.

The hill at the side of the lake is occupied by the White Dagoba (see #1, 2, 3), a mighty monument like a phantom floating and in the sunshine. This was built by the Emperor Shun Chih in A.D. 1652 when the first Tibetan Dalai Lama came to Peking. Other in his time. It has five sections, each body, spire, ornament, gilded ball — which represent the five elements: earth, water, fire, air, and ether.

It is visible from every part of the city and from its tallest tower looked down on one of the most beautiful views in Peking which so many views are beautiful. The cliff was steep, and halfway up we found a temple with golden bronze figures. On the highest platform is a shrine (see #24) of a fright-headed many-handed lamaist idol with a necklace
of Skulls. Behind this shrine much higher, the huge bulb of the Dogota towers, larger than all anticipation.

Looking down from here we saw buildings among the trees, where we had no reason to expect them. Fantastic roof shapes, surprises, and delight. And as we left the grand view overlooking the forbidden city and the lakes we descended stone steps a short distance to enter a labyrinth of cave-like winding, always lighted by jack-torches of daylight, to one of the many fantastic-roofed buildings to view overlooking Pei Hai. Then we would climb to another cave entrance (see §5), even descending to look at our the building until at last a vista, after dodging here and there inside the walls hilly we came out upon a beautiful picture pavilion on the lake shore with a marble-lined promenade.

We walked around the lake shore to the Crumbling Temple on that side, where we saw the Pei Hai Temple a "little Western Heaven", with its broken image, a model model hills and valleys representing the Paradise of the Buddha Amitabha where those who are deserving get perfect
youth. (See #6), Back of this stands the beautiful Porcelain Dragon Wall (see #7 & 8) in a growth of weeds.

We continued our walk around the entire lake before taking nickels to go home.

We received your check for $25, so I have told you, just as we were leaving, P практичо and I thought I had written and thanked you for it, but evidently in the the rush of packing it leaving scissors had failed to catch.

In considering your offer of a
Typhus Xmas present we thought that that would be a luxury that we don't absolutely need now. We need a sewing machine much worse. The Remington portable can be purchased at Shanghai for $120. You have to pay 55 gold letters. The sewing machine (perpetual) can be purchased at Hong Kong for $65. Of course you would get more good out of a typewriter. The hospitals at Wellington have a typewriter, so I doubt I could make items.

Love
Douglas.

2/25