At Home, Lincoln, Nov. 8, 1924.

Dearest Mother,

I write a letter to you on the hospital typewriter to you to be included in this. We have just sent you a letter, but in moving from Mr. Ling's house over to our own, it got lost.

We had an uneventful trip up from Weihai and were out at the boat landing place by almost all in the station. I started work in the hospital the next morning and have been doing some work there, chiefly running the lab and teaching the Chinese cook man some new things; ever since I have been studying with the teacher about three hours a day, and have got almost settled in our new home now. I will describe it to you a little later. I am now sitting before the open fireplace in our sitting room with Trace, and want to tell you a few stories about some of the Chinese women I have seen that have profited by the touch from the West.

As Trace has told you, they really are but few places in China, and I think near the coast sit on
treaty fort cities, where the facings women is any different than it has been since the time of Christ. But for I have been living in treaty fort cities so have seen a few of the kind of women that are more cleverly educated.

Miss Billy Ho was a frequent caller at our home last winter, sometimes to tea, occasionally for dinner, but most frequently for a music lesson from Miss Paul. She is the daughter of a dentist, who originally lived in Honolulu and had Western schooling. She is a graduate of Byungin College and is now teaching music in Hong Kong. She also teaches music in Miss Lomo's school and plays the organ in the First Christian Church at Honolulu. Her Christian character makes her very attractive even to foreign eyes whose eyes refuse to see any thing a Chinese can do.

Miss Ho speaks perfect English, rides a bicycle, and has her young men friends.

Miss Long is another delightful young lady whom we had the pleasure of knowing in Hong Kong. She has sold a novel and just like one in the West and is now engaged
Dear Mother,

Where do you think I am? Wait and I'll tell you. This morning Ray, Six and I, with two coolies to carry our outfits, started out to hook a 5' by 80' hole [an [sic] 1 mile = 3 1/2 miles] south-east of Tunchow to Huang Yan, where our Mission has some church property that has been closed for about three years.

We left the large east gate of Tunchow at 7:30 a.m., and made 10 li an hour until one o'clock. At every 10 li there is a village and teashop, where we stop and let our coolies drink tea and rest a bit. Believe me, those boys can travel! Each man had 120 lb., or more, about 100 lb., and they went faster than I could comfortably walk.

Our first stop was made 10 li out on about five minutes. The second stop was made at the 20 li village (where I spent about two hours) where
our men had a breakfast that cost 20 coppers or about 10 cents in our 50 cent.
This lasted the two of them until one o'clock if almost steadily walking,
but one o'clock we stopped at a town on city, Danfo, for dinner. This city
is 20 mi from Tuchowfu. The streets
were crowded so that it was
difficult to make progress, for it
was a market day. The chief products
were peanuts, rice, cotton, sweet
potatoes in the order mentioned in
quantity.
While pressing thru the main street
I noticed a Chinese with an American
army coat of some years of wear on.
As we entered the tea shop I noticed
a Bible in his coat pocket & spoke
to him and asked him to have
tea with us. During the course
of the tea lunch which we had
brought from home, we found out that he was a member of the Church at Kukhowa and living 40 li out 10% in Danle. He had been in this work. After church he walked with us to the edge of the city and bid us good-by.

The going was slowing down now for our feet were sore and one of the coolies was tiring. Finally the coolie got another on the road to carry his load on the last 8 li and relighted part of his wage.

When we were 3 li out of Yuen, we were met by Mr. Coulter and the two Chinese evangelists who had preceded us by two days and already had a day's meeting.

The object of this expedition is to lay a foundation for the reestablishment of the Church. Now there are six Christians here but about 60 inquiries, who can read. One of the evangelists lives at Danle and will frequently visit this place until other and other inquiries are baptized and the Church can be put on a self-supporting basis.
I have my bag full of medicine and dressings and while running a few days' clinic will look on this situation here. We may later establish a few dressing stations outside of reach.

When we arrived about 6 o'clock this evening, we were politely shown into the home of a man now working on an intact for church. Here in this small house we ate to sleep and eat. At supper we had Chinese food served in typical Chinese style and courtesy. We each had a bowl of rice and chopsticks with which to manipulate the food from the bowl to our mouths. In the center of the table were placed six bowls of meat and vegetables and eggs. Then we all helped ourselves to, with our own chopsticks as we wished a bite. We were also given choice bits by our host's own chopsticks from time to time in the most gracious hostlike fashion.
After supper surrounded by bystanders who were wide-mouthed with awe at the foreignness of Chinese food, we took the steam stired machine out in a vacant lot and served the.slides we had to about 800 people. Afterward the evangelist held a meeting in the Church to a full house, and afterward a meeting in a private house to a group of inquirers where the gospel was further explained.

Nov. 11, 1924

I've had a full day with a clinic from 10 A.M. until 4:30 P.M., with a half hour off at noon. Let me tell you about a few of the 35 cases that I had. All histories had to be taken in Chinese. I asked the evangelist who helped me, the questions with a few isolated words and some action and he asked the patients. I had to pick up what I wanted to know from their conversation.

I have six scabbed cases presented themselves. I have seen such hopeless cases, for their clothes are always infested...
and everyone else in the large family who was it. So even if you could take them into a hospital for a few days and rid them of this itch, they would put on their same and only infected clothes and go back to their infected families and in a few days be scratching again. So call you can also give them a bit of sulphanilamide ointment and let them go.

Then the machines cases are numerous. It is hopeless to do anything for them on a two day stop like this. So I tell them that it will take a several months of treatment in a hospital to do them any good, drop in a drop. You not give them a bath of zinc sulphanilamide solution and tell them to come to the hospital 80 to away (which they couldn’t do) if they want relief.

Tuberculosis is too is very frequent. All you can do on such a lust is tell them to get fresh air (but they will continue to cheat themselves in close contact with their neighbors), to feed themselves (which in too many is not good food (which in the majority of cases they haven’t been able to get all their lives), and rest a lot (which they can’t do if they get
anything at all to eat.

Then there are the babies, with shaky heads, with fine oily gray scalp oozing into chilblain hair. I try to microscopy by aseptic wash and cover them with an antiseptic ointment to give the mother a little more ointment to take home with them.

One man came in today with a gonorrhoeal urethritis and I gave him an intravenous injection of mercuromione. Next came a man with a hydrocele, the size of an orange. I told him I couldn't help him that he would have to go into the hospital for operation.

A patient was brought in mainly two with a TB hip and a cold chest showing at his knees, I promised him a plaster cast if they could get him to the hospitals.

An old man in a broken with a large family wanted a magic capsule to stop his craving of an old man with an emphysema tendril from an infected nipple of a church doctor. One of the most famous clowns of church doctors sue to put a dirty needle into the affected area.

I had to extract two decayed teeth from an old woman. When the broken
The pity of it all is that these poor people have been suffering for so long that they come hoping to be cured miraculously, and there is so little one can do in a day or two. In they are all chronic cases. As I walk down the streets crowded with children I find it almost impossible to find one without something wrong with eyes, scalp, ears, or skin. I should say that half of the children in and around this town have trachoma and the other half abscesses and scales in their scalps.

This trip has made me realize the uselessness of sporadic missions like this. If we are to have sanitation work it must be constant and systematic. If we are to do any good, there are so many millions in China and the majority sick that we can't hope to do more than the best we can.
We arrived home at 3:30 P.M. My wife seemed glad to get back to a clean house and good food prepared, after a long time at work. During the time we were at work, all the time we were at work, when we had been living in a mud-walled, thatched roofed house with hard dirt floors, the only room in the city. It certainly is nice to get home and get to work.

To sum up my impressions made and results of this trip, I will say that:

1. The Indians are so eager to learn and willing to learn that they really need help and are eager to learn. They are very intelligent and desire to learn about the world outside. How can we not help them realize that thirty years ago all this region was closed to the outside world, that it was a wilderness, that there is nowhere to go.

2. The great amount of homesickness, resignation to their fate, suffering, and desire for change are very evident. There is a feeling that there is nowhere to go.

3. The helpful feeling that comes over me when I help to relieve their suffering, to stay and help them when you know that all the work you do is so much easier for the people and the equipment is inadequate to the work.
an amusing incident occurred on this Afternoon. There was a man whom I recognized as a priest in one of the temples, borne in life with his unit’s flag. He was a mass of machinery—processsing, foolish, dirty, unclean, mass of alcald on the coat of the joint line, jewel about half a church involv-
ment I had just seen. He had to wait
with them outside of the door where the
Christian evangelist was preaching
about God and the Church. In order to
put his mixture up I was given alcohol
which smelled and I heard
the door say to his companion, ‘My God’s
medicinal water.’

Nov. 17, 1924,
The crew at 5:30 yesterday morning
arrived at the town of Khongophaan
at 6:30. We landed at the port
before we had breakfast. At first we
had bread and fruit, and half a
chicken, and a hot cup of tea. While in
Djopher, the shamanic wife brought up that
I was a doctor and was asked on my
stomach by a local—whether on the
of baby. I wasp rt of a strange grap
of the baby’s father, a friend of
all of 21 years.
Dear Florence Ann,

I have been in my new house almost a week now. This is Sunday as I am going to cease my putting things in order for a day and try to write to you and to mother. I don't believe I have ever had more fun in my life than we have had this last week. Getting everything in the place where they belong and thinking - well, now they can stay there for a few years.

Yesterday we hung pictures and the room is finished my upholstery, and we got our living room all straightened around. I can just stand and look at it for half an hour at a time. It's such a lovely sunny room and our new furniture and pieces do make such a good combination. I have every corner + window filled with gorgeous Chrysanthemum plants. I'd give a whole lot if you could see it. We are going to take some indoor views now and send you one. That's the least we can do. Work fail me.

I found two letters and my dinner awaiting me when I came back before last. Yesterday another letter came from you - It is such a grand feeling to get them that often. Let's keep it up! I am afraid I have let a month
much by this time but I was traveling about & moving, no chance to write letters then.

You certainly sound happy and contented. I am so glad for you that you are to have your house by yourselves again - why didn't you say what you thought before and get all of them long ago. I'll bet both families are happier. I think you might at least name this mysterious bean you drop hints about. Is he the brother of the girls who live near you? Are his eyes blue? I've given and does he shave every day? Come on I ain't pinning for more information. Can he write an interesting letter?

No I don't envy your Black Note book any. I can distinctly see twenty of them arranged in two files awaiting my Saturday afternoon to mark them pretty carefully. Others they did not keep the girls any. Are you following my plan in teaching your Senior girls? Some nothing part of the time & some Superintend the other part. I loved that class.

I don't know where to start to tell you about this last month. We made our trip from Peking to Hankow without any mishap at all. We saw soldiers and troop trains filled with carts and donkeys all along the way but experienced no inconvenience ourselves. We had to stay in Hankow over a week waiting for our furniture ship to get his correspondence off, so that later he would have time to pack and crate our furniture. Also it took several days to get a permit thru the Chinese Custom House allowing us to ship
our things through without any trouble. We had a cold trip up here. There is no direct route at all. We have to go down the Yangtze for half a day, stay all night at Bubu and then come up a little narrower river and across a big lake for a day and a half. We traveled a couple of hundred miles that way. I guess in a tiny, dirty cabin of a launch packed like sardines. Our beds were nothing but hard board bunks, our toilet room was not. The Chinese flew over the railing. We used Phyllis' little outfit - Bertha Park one of the single girls was along and my amah. So it proved embarassing at times. We had to cook our own food, ate cold things a good bit and played all we were camping. The first couple days it rained and I almost froze, put on winter underwear and everything and still my teeth chattered. But towards the end of the trip it cleared off and we roved on the top decks and enjoyed the scenery. Snow lake is lonely - colored like green lake but big as Minnetonka.

Kuchowfoo is a quiet little country city, not as very different from Nanping except that distances are greater and that there are mountains. We all live close together there so that we don't walk a great deal. Our home is in a big compound which also contains the hospital and Dr. Ridings' home and the home of two of the old maid nurses. The compound in itself is lonely. Dr. Buttard an early pioneer established it which land was easy to get aboard of. His hobby was floriculture and landscape gardening.
and the whole compound is filled with big trees - elms, willow and sambu & cornelian and a plane tree that looks like a Catalpa as well as an orchard of peaches and plums and the most luscious persimmons you ever heard of. They are just like a tomato in size shape and color but are so sweet and luscious inside. Our part of the compound is pretty much of a mess. But it has great possibilities. I'll draw an outline of what we saw.

I am going to dispose of a good many of the willow trees. The willow court yard is bordered with them. The ones directly in front of the house are big noble drooping ones like a Cort picture. I want to keep several of them. The sad thing about them is the fact that directly underneath them is an interesting row of the gum cedar trees which shaped little things but you can't get the effect of them at all because they are right in under the willows. I said at first I'd cut down the willows but the more I look at them the more I like them. They are the biggest trees
on the place - give grand shade in the afternoon
in my living room and on the porch. I don't
see why Dr. Peabody ever planted the two rows
of trees so near together. The Chinese can move
short any kind of a tree, but I am afraid these
ever grow on top [as the hole where a pond will
be filled up with mud from
the carpenter house and the walls old cow
fence we are going to tear down. We are going
to keep two cows but build a smaller place
for them. Will I have the winter to study
and wonder over the landscape part of this.
I have stored all my old House Gardens
and I am using them every day in this
getting business - I'll study the gardening
parts in them this winter over again too.
When we were throwing pictures we got
out some choice illustrations and arranged
our fireplace with pictures and some
in good proportion according to a couple pictures.
It certainly has been a wonderful Xmas present.
Now that I have a whole year number I
can go to them - for years to come for inspiration.
Now our house - it's just ideal - seems to me
I am loving it harder every day. The front
porch has four long Georgian pillars reaching
almost up to the top of the house. They are
square not round - the Chinese can't seem
to make a round pillar. Personally I should
have preferred a simple little colonial entrance
doorway - but the pillars were done before I
knew it. And the house is big. It really
gets away with the pillars pretty well.
The carpenters are still putting on finishing touches. Building, curtains, my closets, placing the stair railing, putting in screens etc. My windows and big woodwork affairs. Opening in. We got lovely morning sun in our dining rooms and living room. Just lovely of it!

We shall have coal first because of that. I'm sure. Bed chamber the hall + living room + bedroom. The D.R. and B.R. are sliding doors. Lovely things with little pans of glass. French doors they are. And they slide with just the touch of a finger. Between the D.R. + Butlin painting is a built-in cupboard. It must be so much a serving room as a place for storing + keeping lamps and the cooler for the drinking water. The kitchen has my new new range with a white inside-back and shelf with a thermometer + everything! The work table is long with a gin top and a sink at one end. The cabinet is a lovely big thing with all sorts of places to put things. The cupboards have been working a couple weeks to make it. I am going to have it painted white, a wonderful thing in China, for most people get tired of having all their coke who can't seem to keep things clean + find a dark kitchen the best. I want to be white at least. My office room is off the kitchen - rows of rows of shelves in the shelves and a space under the stairs for my big boxes of milk + potatoes.

I'll tell you about my notebooks in my next. Some sending some now will soon. I am too busy for writing. Have been a week at this.

Well - love you. Grace.