July 5th, 1925.

Dearest Mother,

I am writing often now because I know you will be worried about us, and I want to continue to assure you that we are all right, at least tell you what is going on here.

Yesterday I sent a letter; it probably will come with this note, saying that Grace and the baby had left last Monday, six days previously, and that I had not yet heard from them. This morning two letters came from them, one from Chong Miao, and one from Wu Hu which greatly relieved my mind, although I knew it would take this long to hear from them. Mr. Chen K'iei Ching, of whom I have written you often, the one I was best man for, had to go to Nanking to a meeting and accompanied them. He was of much help on their trip, but Grace's letters tell their own story and I will copy them for you.

Just passed
Chong Miao, Tues. aft.

"Well, I guess our guardian angel is still on the job. We are getting along just fine. Last night we traveled all night. We stretched out on the floor and tried to sleep. The kiddies did pretty well. I slept next to Phyllis and she wiggled like a little lobster. Tonight she has a bunk all to herself. Mr. Gouler and Mr. Chen slept on the deck and the servants up on top (see the picture of a small sail boat I sent you when we went to Nanking) but they were very much disturbed by the boat boys putting up and down the sails, and Irene (Mrs. C) and I fought fleas.—No one but the kiddies slept much. About 3 A.M. we reached the mouth of the river and the boat boys with much smoke and noise and loud sippings cooked and ate their breakfast. Then they started going across the bar with an unholy racket of songs and yells,—it being 4 A.M. it began to get light and the first thing I knew Phyllis was standing up looking out the port holes at the sights. They have a nice big slippery path now and jazzed across in no time. So then we all got up amidst many yawns and the smah held a sheet of paper up as we dressed. There was a strong wind and we just jazzed along in about half an hour to where the launch tow boat was waiting and all this before five thirty in the morning. We almost shivered sitting up there on the deck and Wen Sz Fusi (our cook who is going along to do the washing) has never before been out of Luchowfu) eyes stuck out a rod all the sights of Chow Lake.

"We got on the tow before six o'clock and Mr. Chen helped us get two good cabins across from each other, so that we are very comfortable. Of course we were early and had our pick of cabins. I'll say that's the way to do it. Travel in the cool of the night and get there early to reserve a place.

"We sat there in the middle of the lake until 10:30 waiting for the launch to come. Ever so often a boat load of Chinese would arrive, but the hawkers did not come until the launch and then they did hit us with a bang. We all turned in
to sleep about ten and the kiddies are still at it now, --after one.
Poor Oswald (Mr. G) is starved but we aren't going to wake up the
kiddies till they get ready.

"Phyllis talked about you ever so often. She threw away
her playthings this afternoon and called Daddy! right out of a
clear sky. Just thinking of you I guess. Later she has been
saying, 'Daddy all gone'.

"She likes klim and has been drinking it pretty well
today--better than tin milk. She seems very well.

"I feel much better, but of course was still wobbly this
morning. This P.M. we had much rough sea so that I seemed seasick,
but I have much more pep than yesterday. That's because of the
cool weather probably.

"I have been wondering about you a lot. Hope you are
enjoying coolness today too."

Another note from Wahu:--

"Well, this is six o'clock in the morning at Floppers.
I want to write you this note before breakfast. I only hope you
are having our lovely cool weather. It's heavenly. Last night
we had a wonderful breeze in our bedroom. Phyllis and I had two
quilts and then felt cold around midnight.

"We had a hot, sticky, noisy night at Chow Shien, with
also some bed bugs,--so I lost quite a bit of sleep. However,
I slept most of the time. Phyllis did yesterday afternoon.

"We did not have any trouble getting up here. The
cook hired rickshaws and we had a good trip up with no remarks about
foreigners more than usual. Everything is quite normal.

"Floppers are all torn up packing and we had neglected
to let them know we were coming, but they are just taking us in
and caring for us as usual.

"Sixes have gone on to Huling after waiting two days
for boats. Sarvies have not gone yet, so we are sending them a
telegram and will land there.

"Phyllis feels fine. Lovina is eating better and I
feel better except for a little while after each meal."

All is monotonously quiet in Luchowfu. I am well and
working at top speed with work picking up a bit.

Love,

Douglas.

P.S. A card came this morning from the three young ladies who left
me alone a few days ago. Chow Shien. "We are just reaching Chow
Shien after an uneventful trip. We are called "foreign devil" more
frequently than usual but aside from that there seems no difference
in the general attitude."

P. S. I hear the launch whistle for the first time in months. So
I will have no trouble in getting out when I leave in a few weeks.
July 10th, 1925.

Dearest mother,

As you see by this type I have received my typewriter and have already learned to run it. It is a daisy, and I want to thank you a thousand times for it. Grace said she wanted to learn to run it, so I am going to give her lessons until she too can carry on her correspondence on it. It certainly is a great help not only to me but also to the poor folks that have to read my trash. With a machine in the house I find lots more time for letter writing than I did before, and I can turn out letters much faster too. Dr. Liu, one of our Chinese doctors—the most recent arrival, wants to learn to run a typewriter so I have made out a set of lessons for him similar to those I used when I was learning, and he is now practicing on the hospital typewriter an hour every day he can find time.

The typewriter and box of birthday presents for Phyllis, Grace and me arrived on July 5th, in good condition. I had to pay $6.57 duty on the two boxes. I thought that was pretty good for all the things that they contained. My, what a Christmas I did have all by myself. And how I wished for Grace and Phyllis to enjoy them with me. Phyllis certainly would have had a time opening them. She is crazy about opening things. She opens every letter she can get her hands on. Those things are just the kind of things to send Grace out here where there is no Five and Dime store to run to for hooks and eyes, fasteners, buttons, etc. Grace's mother has been sending these kinds of things occasionally too.

It has been five months since we have been able to play our Edison records because we broke our sapphire needle. I asked papa to send me two, but I suppose he has been so busy that he has forgotten about it. I think you can buy them at Bradbury's for 75 cents each.

You asked me for the names and numbers of our records some time ago, but I haven't had time to make out the list before. Now I'll take time, if you send any be sure to have them packed in a wooden box for they won't get here otherwise. Mrs. Chapman has sent baby records and one good record to us at two different times and every one was in fragments. Grace wrote to her the first time but the letter didn't reach her before the second had been sent. Sometime will you think to drop a package or two of Victor needles in a package you are sending to us. We have one package of loud needles left from the supply that I brought out when we came to China, but we have no medium loud ones. I don't like to bother you but that is the only way we can get them in Luchowfu.
VICTOR RECORDS

NAME

18476-B When Aunt Dinah's Daughter Hannah--
18309 Saxophone Sam--Fox Trot
18728 Valse Erica--Saxophone solo.
18862 I Ain't Nobody's Darling--Fox Trot.
18530 Mammy's Lullaby--Valse.
10556 Oh, Susie, Behave--One step.
18630 Oh; What a Pal Was Mary--Valse
18279 Because You're Irish--American Quartet.
18625 Uncle Josh's Trip to Boston.
17735 Songs and Calls of Our Native Birds--No. 3.
18216 Red Seal--Kreisler. (double disc.)
17672 Dorothy (Old English Dance)--Xylophone solo.
17212 The Vixters March--Victor Band.
18168 Sleep, Little Baby of Mine--Elsie Baker.
16196 The Yellow and the Blue--Peerless Quartet.
18349 Sing Me to Sleep--Elsie Baker.
18399 Silent Night, Holy Night--Metropolitan Trio.
43145 Holy Night--Luoy Isabelle Marsh and quartet.
17872 My Afn Folk--Imperial Quartet.
17873 The Cross Bow (De Koven)--Imperial Quartet.
64825(Rds) Roses of Picardy--John McCormack.
64424 Who Knows--John McCormack.
64732 La Capinera (the Wren)--Amelita Galli-Curci.
64559 The Old Refrain--John McCormack.
64744 Could It--Emilio de Goforza.
18545 Smile and the World Smiles with You--Lewis James.
728 Pale Moon--Kreisler (double disc)
55470 Peer Gynt Suite No. 1, "Morning"--Victor Orchestra.
74695 Damnation of Faust--Rakoczy Hungarian March--Toscanini.
51364 Angel's Serenade--Elsie Baker.
34659 The Dying Poet (Gottschalk)--Sousa's Band.
87107 Whispering Hope--Gluck-Homer.
35594 Angels from the Realms of Glory--Trinity Choir.
64361 Yesterday and Today--Dan Beddoe.
35012 Crucifix (Faure)--Macdonough and Stanley.
74197 Caprice Viennais--Kreisler.
74570 La Ronde des Lutins (dance of the Goblins)--Heifetz.
74051 Souvenir de Moscow--Mischa Elman.
74432 The Trumpeter--John McCormack.
88130 Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht--Schumann-Heink.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

A5981 Ave Maria--Violin.
A5219 Flow Gently, Sweet Afton--Mrs. A. Stewart Holt.
A2848 Ben Hur Chariot Race--Prince's Band.
91266 The Homelend--Harry K. Shields.
A1268 The Princess of Faraway--Clara Moister and Chorus.
A779 It is well with my Soul--Stanley and Burr.
A2986 Susan--Prince's Dance Orchestra.
A1735 Because--Taylor Trio.

NATIONAL MUSIC LOVERS RECORDS

1031A Rigoletto--Josepha Dunnelli. 1031B Carmen--M. Vilei.
EDISON RECORDS

80727  Forgotten--Violin, Violoncello, Flute and Harp.
Massa's In de Cold, Cold Ground--same quartet.
80386  Lullaby--Helen Clark and the Shannon quartet.
Climbing Up de Golden Stairs--Walter Van Brunt & Chorus.
51197  Theme and Variations--Sonata IX--Piano--Chapman.
51197  Valse in A Flat Op.42--Chopin--Piano--
51197  Annie Laurie--Piano--Ferdinand Himmelreich.
82197  Love's Old Sweet Song--
No No, Samson and Delilah--Cornet solo--Louis Katzman.
51124  Triumphant March (Aida)--Sodero's Band.
Silver Threads Among the Gold--Piano--Franz Falmburg.
51124  Last Rembrance--
82187  Prelude in C Sharp Minor Op.2--
Preludes de W.R.--Rachmaninoff.

The Edisons here give the titles of both sides.
July 15th, 1925.

For the rest of this letter you had better get out a good map of China, especially of Kiangsu Province, otherwise you get lost.

First of all I will copy some of the letter I got from Grace, which was written on the 6th 7 days ago.

"Well, we are on the wonderful Lung Hai R.R. (don't look for it on the map for it has just been finished. It runs from Suchowfu--this may be written Hauchau on your map--to Haichow--this may just be Hai on your map. It is on the coast of most northern Kiangsu Province,) But we can only go halfway because of a washout at Yuen Huh, a big one that will take a couple of months to fix. The whole country is flooded, it is raining hard now.

"We don't know what is going to become of us, probably go on a house boat and take another week. Isn't it awful? We wasted a whole day at Fukow (across the river from Nanking) because the coolies were so nasty. They demanded $6 for moving us and when we refused, boycotted us and would not let out stuff be weighed or checked. So we had to go to a Chinese hotel and stay over (which always means bedbugs) and the hotel man got us thru the next day for $2. The students have just added power to the coolies so that now they are impossible. Mr. Goulter has to fork over a dollar every time they move us two feet.

"I think if I were a one-piece man like you I'd get a coolie that wanted a job, put your clothes in a bag and your bedding on the other end of a pole and start out to hoof it across. I'll bet you could do the 200 miles in much less time than it is going to take us, provided you did not run into rain all the time. You could hike to Pengpu then by rail to Suchowfu (Hsuchau), then by R.R. as far as it goes, and then wade the rest of the way. The track here seems to be under water for several miles. Mr. Goulter just comes back saying there is a possibility of getting a construction train. I wonder what is to happen to us.

"We stayed last night in the Y. M. C. A. hotel at Suchowfu. It's a simple little place with only one man, but it is clean and quiet. I slept fine.

"20 minutes later. No hope of a train. The river here is very high and travelling dangerous. Folks say we might be eight or ten days on the way.

"Now we sit here debating what to do. Mostly we are for turning back. But where to go is the question. We are talking of bumming the mail train tonight and going on to Peking or Peiping. How I wish you were here to help me decide. (Yes and how I wish I had been there to tell them to get the heck out of there and come back to Luchowfu if necessary. A flood in a foreign country is no place for women and children. And the farther they go the more they cut off their communications.)"

"20 minutes later. Well the cook is back--says we can get a sail boat and go down the Grand Canal
to one place in three days, then change to a launch and in
one more day get to Haichow. Then I suppose three more days
from there. So we are going on. Good thing we have so
many groceria. I still think you would do well to hike
across. I only wish I were an independent man."

How is that for a letter to upset a person. If they
had made as slow time as they anticipated they should have
reached Haichow by the time I got the letter, and then I
would expect that they would wire me; for that is possible
from there unless the floods had torn down the lines.
I was in a pickle, I didn't know where they were or where
they were headed for; so of course couldn't leave even when
Vierling did return in two days until I had located them.
They had cut off their mail for some time if they had gone
on by sail boat, and they didn't know whether they could
get food in either. That a fool Goulter was to not see this,
The next time I let some one else take my folks for a trip
it will be a pretty well traveled road and some one whose
Judgement I have more respect for than I now have for Goulter's.
Well, there they were--somewhere in China--and I here in
Luchowfu. If I left I would cut myself off from a possibility
of their communicating with me, I didn't know whether they
could go on or whether they had gone to Peking, as suggested,
or whether for lack of funds they had returned to Nanking.

So I decided to telegraph to the Presbyterian
Hospital at Haichow for information concerning the party.
This morning at 9 o'clock I sent this message in Mission Code--
"jukytyjwok uskylylwhu azmojbadgy" which is translated,
"From information received railway line washed out by floods,
Anxious about safety of wife and child; let us know regard-
ing them at once. Expected to arrive on the 11th inst. Has
the party arrived?" "Dr. Corpron."

Evidently the person in the mission at Haichow that
kept the code book had gone on vacation and locked it up, for
at 7 P.M. I received this message--
"Corpron, Luchowfu
No codebook come Chinkiang Tsingkiangpu
Launch Goulter Haichow"

What I read into this message is all of this--
The code message arrived at the hospital and someone there
could read only the "Dr. Corpron Luchowfu" but the party
had either just arrived in Haichow or were waiting for
a favorable to depart, and the message was turned over to
Grace. She knew that I was worried about them altho she
couldn't read what I had sent, and had Goulter reply. They
have been two weeks on the way. According to their instructions
I will go to Wuhu, get a river boat to Chinkiang, take a
launch up the Grand Canal to Tsingkiang, which is a little
north of Hwaiianfu (probably Hwai-ningan on your map) and from
there get another launch down the Yen River to Haichow,
I have two more days to wait for Vierling to arrive.
Then I'll strike out. I think I'll take a coolie with me
to do all of the handling of my baggage and not have the
trouble they did with striking coolies.

So I am leaving for Haichow on Wednesday afternoon, July 15th, or sometime Thursday. I will write to you often on the way.

Love,

Douglas.
Dearest Mother,

I am still on the job, because Dr. Vierling has not yet arrived to relieve me, altho he said he would be here on the 15th. I suppose he stopped in Shanghai to make some winter purchases that he needed to bring up with him.

I received your Registered letter yesterday with Flint's $20 draft in it. I will keep these extra gifts as personal gifts if you or the giver so wishes, and do so with many thanks. But I don't see why you always have to jump on men like Mr. Burnham and Mr. Corey all the time for because they get a few dollars more than I do. If we got in proportion to what we are really worth to the work of the Christian Church they should be getting $50,000 to my $3,000. They have to entertain more in their official position than the ordinary person, too. They most likely have a hard time to live on their salaries. As for trips to Europe and South America, etc., They are only keeping up the relationships that our Brotherhood must keep up with other churches in order that unity may grow or even continue, just like a nation must keep up its official relations with other nations thru its diplomatic corps.

Grace was quite fat when she left three weeks ago, but she will probably lose some of it now. I am just a comfortable 165 pounds, about ten pounds fat. The few spells of heat we have had have not bothered me any. I am real well and hope Grace is not having too much trouble with nausea or vomiting. Wish I was there to help her out. They probably are enjoying themselves at fine ocean bathing now tho and feeling fine. I'll bet Phyllis is having the time of her life.

She is such a duck in her bath tub. The last week before they left it was hot here and we turned her loose with no clothes on and a tub full of water and she would entertain herself for hours and keep down the prickly heat.

All is quiet in Luchowfu. I guess the trouble has blown over, at least for the time being. Things are going on as per usual here, and more so at Shanghai I suppose than a few weeks ago. I haven't had a paper for two weeks tho so only gather a few fragments of news from asking my Chinese friends what is in the Chinese press. I suppose I don't get the worst of it that way tho, for they don't like to talk about it to us here, they are a little ashamed of it.

No we don't get ice cream when we need it most. The time we can make it is in the winter when a little ice freezes on the water buckets. Then we gather up all of it from the others in the station and make it. In Peitaia we could buy ice for that was so far north that they could gather enough for storage in the winter. So we had ice cream three times a week there. We probably won't have any this summer. That is one thing I miss very much,—is a chance to drop into a soft drink parlor and order a coca cola or an ice cream sundae. I think I'll fill up when home on furlough in 1928.
filling process—offer to give demonstrations of the proper way to use chop sticks if the audience will furnish ice cream for demonstrations purposes, Nut sundaes would be good to show how to pick up even small fragments of nuts if you know how and are in practice.

I'd like to see your house now that it is all dressed up, I wish also that you could see our house. I am living in hope that some day you and papa will be our guests perhaps for a year. There is no good reason why you couldn't. China climate is not such poisonous stuff, even for older people. Many other missionaries parents have done it. Then you could understand just what we are doing, just what the mission is trying to do, know the lay of the land, and go back to be a more efficient worker in the missionary societies there. Just think of the satisfaction you would have in knowing our working conditions here, telling about it in letters gives such a poor idea and just think of the good you could for the work when you returned. I feel that you and papa are having just as much a part in the actual work out here as tho you were here, for you are our Home Base. The home base could be made more efficient by the visit to the front, For then you would have an intelligent idea of the work instead of a distorted one. And I know you have a distorted view from questions asked, you can't help it. It's like the idea I had of the West while in Minnesota, from what papa had told about it. Of course, he told about the mountain-top experiences of the trip, the common more usual, more normal things were omitted. You are coming sometime. It will do us all good.

There is lots of work to do in the hospital now. Operating every other day and the wards full. I have been operating at 6 A.M. to avoid the heat. This plan has brought most of the work in the morning and thus lightened the work of the hot afternoons. I like it immensely.

Love,

Douglas
July 23rd, 1905.

Dear Mother,

I am at last on my way to see Grace and the cherub. Vierling was a week over time, and was reluctant about leaving his new summer home, which he built this year, and come back to hot Luchowfu and work. When he got back Dr. Wu asked to leave because his grandmother is very sick, and our only woman trained nurse announced she was leaving the next day for her vacation. She had made no arrangements for anyone else to carry on her work, nor had figured on taking it when Miss Blankenbiller should return. Vierling said, "That is what makes a foreigner loose his patience, when the Chinese show less interest and responsibility in caring for their own people than we show. That is a fact, but I have often noticed just such undependability in people in America too."

I left Luchowfu last night at nine thirty. It was too hot in the cabin so I moved my two quilts out onto the also hard boards of the deck and lay there in my Chinesemade B.V.D.s, and gazed at the stars until I fell asleep sometime after eleven o’clock. There were four of us,--the boatman who pulled the boat, his fifteen year old son who steered it, the coolie who is my dray horse and valet, and myself.

We got into Seco in time to catch the ferry that carried a crowd thru the mouth, over the bar (now has three feet of water on it) and four miles to the launch. We have been crossing the lake all day. In transferring from the ferry to the launch my coolie dropped one wicker suitcase into the lake and I have been drying the things out this afternoon. Luckily it was the one in which I had a lot of canned goods, but there also were books in it too. My clothes and typewriter were in the other outfit.

We will be in Chowshein by 5 P.M. where I will try my luck at Chicken Mein again. Tomorrow to Wuhu.

I have amused myself watching the boatmen play Ma Jong on the top of the tow boat. They play it all day and have the same moods at it that I have seen in poker players in America. Some show a good disposition whether winning or losing and others are happy when winning and cussing when losing. I have started my process of sun burn today too. My arms are sore already. By the time I get to the beach I’ll be ready to make regular long stays out on the sand without any discomfort the following days.
July 27th, 1925.

I have been having a wonderful time and am now at Nanking. I stopped at Chowshein and went up to the hospital for supper ad all night. In the morning I missed my boat so stayed until the next day. But I had a fine time that day. I attended Dr. Fan's clinic, and also played tennis with him in the afternoon. That evening I knew our woman trained nurse and her chum from the woman's center were coming in on the launch so I let them know about it and they invited them up for supper and games afterwards. The next day I got down to the boat an hour early, I had a good time on the top on the launch that day, I wrestled with the coolies with the one-hand-wrestle and thru them all, and I was the king of the ship all of the rest of the day. When they learned that I was a doctor they brought all the boils and abscesses on the boat to me to treat, and I did it with a large crowd of onlookers taking it all in, I did card tricks and coin tricks for them until they thought there wasn't anything that I couldn't do. When I first got on any boat on the trip down I was first asked if I was an American or an Englishman. Often for a joke I said, "I'm a Japanese," they always had a good laugh over that for the most ignorant of them could tell that I wasn't Japanese, but couldn't tell the difference between English and Americans; just as many Americans can't tell the difference between Chinese and Japanese. As soon as they found out for sure that I was an American all was lovely for me and they always paid America the highest of compliments, which to be polite I had to hurriedly deny were true, and said "America treats China very well," but England -- we hate England and Japan, they kill Chinese students."

I arrived at Wuhu at 5P.M. and walked up to the Academy and had supper with Mr. Wharton of the Advent Mission and made a report to him of what I had found at Chowshein. The next morning I took another launch for Nanking and had another delightful trip, I am just now beginning to really be able to carry on a decent conversation with the different I run across on the boat, and I talk with them almost all of the time I am travelling. Before I had much difficulty in understanding them when they talked rapidly and could only answer in single words or groups of two or three words. Now I can form my sentences, so I listen to all of the conversations I can when they are talking to each other; this is hard for they talk very rapidly and use localisms which usually don't sound like the Mandarin for it, which I would understand, but by listening in I am gradually able to separate more and more of their rapidly spoken words and get more and more of what is going on. It tickles them when I hear them talking about me and I answer their question to the other person.

I got into Nanking at 5P.M. and took rickshaws to Sarvises, I didn't expect to find them at home but had to dump my things somewhere and knew that their gardener would be there to let me in, I learned from him that Mr. and Mrs. Porter, who were in Language school with us and had been very good friends and invited us to stop with them.
whenever we came to Nanking, were staying down for the summer so I want over there and they took me into their new house.

Today I did some shopping and had dinner with Mr. Lee, who taught us Chinese at the College of Missions. In the afternoon a party of College men from the colleges of Washington, Oregon, and California arrived on their tour of the Orient under the auspises of the Y.M.C.A., in the interest of a better understanding between the students of America and China, and I was asked to stay over a day and help show them around Nanking and by my conversation give them an idea of what an inland station is like. One young pre-medic student is so thrilled over my description that he would like to come back in Missionary work when he finishes his medical work. The reason I was asked to help is not only the two I just mentioned but also because there are very few men left in Nanking and most of them are doing their own and someone’s else's work and can't get off, and I am a free lance. I'm going to take a few of them snooping today (July 26th) and talk for them while they get a few curios.

Tomorrow at 7:45 A.M. I leave for Chinkiang by train. I think I can get there in time to catch the launch up the Grand Canal of the same day.

Love,

Douglas.
By the Sea Shore
July 29, 1925

Dear Florence Anne,

I know you are wondering about me as I am about you. I have been cut off from mail and newspapers for a month now and don't even know where you are to teach next year. I am hoping you will arrive any day now with a big bunch of mail.

This has been a hectic month. The best got things in Lucknow so that the gullies & I came on ahead leaving Dong to come on when his rotation begins the middle of July. He has been over the daps on the way now. He surely should be here soon. This is the most out of
the way place to get to. We were six or seven days coming a distance not two hundred miles but it seemed four thousand. But we had a good time. We had all kinds of fun. We gathered berries in baskets, field topics, and to mention three kiddles and a little horse. But the word for there was no mind. The three kiddles and the horse were just allowed to tumble as we crawled along the river. We were in a dirty, haggard little house. Crawled is the word. The only food was two men and two little boys and a tin plate full of bread and the rats of say two mills an hour. There was no time to cook. We had to stop a day to shop, then we lost a day at Tamaqua before we got to the cookies who handled baggage. They were very rough. All summer even the students have been egging them and giving them strike money. Well, the strike money is all gone but they are still hard to ferocious. They demanded six dollars and showing our twenty pieces and when we refused to give them more than a dollar, they boy called us. We would let us one touch our stuff no other outside cooks. It made our stuff no other outside cooks. It made our staff out of idea. We had no idea we could just do the heavy work and the cookies would not let the baggage master weigh what had been moved. So there we stood it. We had to wait for the train — on account of miserable hands of the crew. We had to stay in a dirty, haggard little house. We were all night, all sleep in the same room. It was a shock. One night we received an order on us. We were on the train — all night. The next day we went on "gypsy" style on the other lines. We had some rest and stayed at a tiny, little house. We had a nice day and stayed at a tiny, little house. We had a nice day and stayed at a tiny, little house. We had a nice day and stayed at a tiny, little house. We had a nice day and stayed at a tiny, little house. We had a nice day and stayed at a tiny, little house. We had a nice day and stayed at a tiny, little house.
a month there. Well, we were stuck almost ready to turn back, but we finally decided to come on. We went two days down the Grand Canal in another tiny houseboat without further, just that there was hardly space for the three of us to stretch out at night. The servants slept on bunks etc. Can you imagine it? All together like pigs.

There or I wanted to be free. We had to show the anchor head a check up in front of us. The kids got so cross because they couldn't move around any and my stomach kept getting sicker and sicker. I lived on Klim mostly. About the only thing I didn't miss. Finally we came to a cross river where we transferred our baggage by raft. We then got on a launch and came up the river to the hotel. Each time we transferred we had to pay the men several dollars and the boats we hired averaged between 15 to 30. We were got within the miles of Rainbow and the launch did not go any further. Another change-
and it rained and rained—Mr. Goreet went up to seek advice of a Mr. Bland—a English and customs man—the only foreigner who lived there. He invented it was too late and we had to go on that night so we under his insistence went up to his bachelor house and were taken care of in great shape. Of course he said we were foolish idiots to subject ourselves to such conditions. He turned over his bath room to us with its real tub and what a treat it was—only I had no clean clothes to put back on. He almost took off his heads off—a man that lives alone like that gets horribly lonely. He has a wife two grown children but his never taken them there because it's so hard to get to.

The next—well—wet went in the rain the next day—He said his mother back to town on this day. We looked about all afternoon trying to get on the train which was to bring us there but
Finally found we couldn't on account of the tide. So then he had to telephone to the Dutch Mission folks to get ready for us and we had to walk up a narrow walk on a long dirty broad to the East Gate and about five o'clock we got started in chairs - (pouring down rain) I forgot it rain in China - we had to crawl thru a muddy corn field up above our rubbers before we got in the chairs - four men to a chair & knew then they slipped & stumbled in the mud. The men wore those straw & gross raincoats that made them look like chimney boys. We rode for an hour that way. The walking was better when we got inside the gate of the city. But of course the roads were plastered with water. Mrs. Goodwin gave her chair to her uncle & the kids walked with her husband - she says she worked up to her knees several times. We arrived about eleven o'clock - the district without
that we are only just nicely started in
the work we have to do. We understand very
little of the language, so get along fairly well, and we
feel settled and as tho' we really belonged.
Last fall, all was new and we had to make
a plan for ourselves. Now, Doug has a regular
operating schedule, and he has been as happy
this last month as I have ever seen him,
just because he was so busy from morning
till night, running things, handling both
clinics and really getting a chance to operate
all he wants to. That's what he likes
more than any thing else— when I see
dozens of folks lined up for his clinic,
needy heads, running eyes, abscesses,
and aching teeth, as well as half a dozen
crying, dirty, sick, stolen looking babies
then I begin to see what we came to
China for. And I want to stay here.
Do you think I am more than one thing in my own favor. Finally sixteen dollars more saying "Can't come." I feel selfish—but here is where he belongs and he couldn't do a thing for his mother if he should go except to let her watch his shoulders and he couldn't stay more than two days if he didn't go well. It's all decided. We are inviting his mother to come and make us a visit, but I don't suppose she'd ever get this far. Her life insurance isn't very large. Their money has mostly been invested in their children's education. She is going to be more alone and without a job than my mother who at least has unmarrried boys to mother and knit scarfs for and looks forward to their points. I was so pleased to think that Grace and still even get that far away from home in a real vacation. How did it come about.
Joe evidently has purchased the motorcycle but another does not sound as though he were going to get right away. We'll want to go fishing on the handle bars of the dolly for she is her sweet heart. I hope Joe will settle down and get some money ahead like some before he gets married. He ought to have a real profession. A sailor's life is not for a married man. I wonder if you are doing the night watching. I am afraid it would be an awful drag but of course the money counts just like much preparation but home equity does.

I wish you could see my row of chrysanthemums out in front of my house. They are the little yellow & white kind that are bushy and are covered with blossoms if you can keep the birds from eating them. Later all new to me - but a constant
GRACE S. CORPON
LUCHOWFU, ANHWEI, CHINA

lot of drowned rats. You know! You can't get into a big foreign house again with clean white beds and super torching. Everybody was wonderful to us. We stayed there three days waiting for a change in the wind and weather. Some of the folks there I knew in language school. They were someone here— Dra. Schuyler and Willard. They were much good guest. However, they weren't much good guests. She developed a little spell of indigestion as guests. She refused to eat for three or four days. The stomach refused to eat for three or four days. I simply collapsed when I got in a real bed, vomited every thing I tried to eat, until Doc. Woodbridge found some medicine that helped me a little. Finally on Monday we made the last lap of our journey on a high sea junk. We got to sea and we dropped ourselves on the big deck. No cabin to go in to get out of rain or rain. We had to trust to umbrellas and luck.
Well, it wasn't as bad as the rain, but as soon as we got out on the high seas and all got sick, the waves were bad, we had to go back all the time for the wind was practically against us. Two of the crew were awfully sick, the three ladies all voted to stay, and the sails were all quiet, but the waves were never quiet, and while we slept in a cave that night, the waves were quiet but the wind was strong and the men were all very uneasy. We slept in a cave that night. The next day we started out and about eight o'clock the wind was still blowing and we managed to make the land. The men were all very sick, and I don't want to see another boat right away. The Morgan's took us in, fed us, and then we started to move in our homes. It isn't a long store and minds are off with much of the men. Plenty of food and wine. It has no flies, and the water is clean, and the men are all very healthy. The wind is still blowing, but the sun is hot and the sea is calm. We still have to work frequently, everything gets covered with mould. Whiskey, as it is called.

However, the beach and swimming are fine there are beautiful mountains covered with snow, and the smell of salt air fills our nostrils, and we enjoy it.

I have only been in swimming three times. I have only been in swimming three times.

I have only been in swimming three times.

I have only been in swimming three times.
I have been doing some good reading. In fact, the last two weeks in a steamy choice on the verandah, reading my way on not too bad a big read. I have enjoyed Conrad, Lord Jim, Henry James, Daisy Miller, and Green Mansions written by Hudson, as well as a lot of Ripley. I brought along everyone in Wambaugh's lovely books and am glad to read. I am trying to elevate my plebian tastes a bit. I believe there is some hope for me yet. I can now read almost everything in the Atlantic, with pleasure, except some of the deepest political articles. My Dad would rejoice to see my more elevated alone the cosmopolitan or good housekeeping. Mr. Fuller is a Yale graduate and I am learning a lot from him this summer. Perhaps I'll get a real passion of theology worked out to my satisfaction under his guidance. The modern movements but here and I decide to date on their religious training. They make me realize my college course was one needed — too much chemistry and not enough cultural subjects. I'll let you know. Hope Doug brings me a letter from you.
Dear Mother,

I last wrote you from Nanking. Since I sent it, I have helped entertain the party of western American college students who are traveling thru China trying to better understand the conditions here to carry back a report to college people in America and make for more friendly understanding thru a better knowledge.

One hour ago I was under arrest, I am now free but waiting for tomorrows boat. At this little place some soldiers boarded the boat and asked to search my baggage. They found my revolver, which I have always had in my bag while traveling, in case of getting into a bandit nest, and then they raised a great racket. They first lead me to the boat office and questioned me and said they would take me to the head of the soldiers here, but I didn't get their full meaning. I thought they were asking me to get back onto the boat and go on. I asked for my gun, but they of course wouldn't let me have it. They insisted on my moving and when I did it too slowly to suit them they tied my hands behind my back and lead me forth. When I got outside and saw that the boat had gone some time ago I knew they were taking me to the head man of the town. So I asked one of them if that was not the case and he said that it was. I then offered to go peacefully and asked to be untied. They got very rough at that and one kicked me in the hip and they tied me up tighter. My coolie was scared stiff, I was interested to see what was about to happen, to say the least. On the way I tried to take the shady side of the street and the one with the other end of the rope jerked me back into the sun.

After arriving at a temple, where the lieutenant's headquarters were located, he was called. Upon seeing that I was an American he had me untied and was asked to enter his quest room and given tea. He started to ask my bone-headed coolie some questions, but he was so scared he could hardly keep from crying. I asked the lieutenant to talk to me that I could talk for myself and understood almost everything he had said. When he learned that I was from Luchowfu Hospital he was even more friendly for his home is there and he knew much of Dr. Butchart's work. He asked me why I had the gun and I told him that I had always had it in my baggage while traveling, and now that I knew I was going into a district famous for its bandits, He said it was not allowed to carry arms, and anyway I would have no chance against an entire band of bandits with one gun.

He then asked me if I had my passports, I did but he couldn't tell whether they were of value or not, so sent to a school in town for the acting president and his nephew. The acting president is the head of the city council and the nephew speaks some English. The nephew said the passports were alright. Then the leut. wanted
to know if I had any friends in town who could vouch for me. Of course I said, "No", I suggested that he wire to Counsel Davis at Nanking. I said that he knew me personally and his answer would be dependable. I could plainly see by his answers that he wanted to keep the affair from the Consular office if possible. He said that he would first have to telephone to his superior officer at Kaoyu, the county seat. So he telephoned and when he returned he said that that officer said to let me go at once, since America and China were such good friends. He also begged my pardon for the way the soldiers had treated me.

I then had a nerve and asked him if he would please mail the gun to my Consul, for I had paid $32 gold for it and didn't want to lose it, nor did I want to carry it on with me since it was against the law, as I now knew; nor did I want to be delayed at other places. He again avoided having anything to do with the Consul and said the mail would not take it, and that I would have to take it on myself. So I walked out a free man. It was amusing, and another novel experience to add to many others I have had in China.

Since the boat did not leave until today I was invited to go to the school and stay. I was treated royally there and about every hour my pardon was begged for the rude treatment I had at the hands of the ignorant soldiers. I said that they were only doing their duty as they saw it and that it didn't amount to anything. Two other English-speaking young fellows came over and helped to entertain me. They were both fine chaps and studying for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. They said that there were only three Christians in the place, and that when they finished their schooling they were returning home to try to convert their home town folk.

I had a pleasant time in the town, save for the first half hour, and when I left town my fare was paid for me and I was given the best cabin on the boat. When I arrived the day before I was riding third class up on the cabin roofs. I am famous in this town now and I reckon I could come again with a hundred guns and not be molested, but I think I'll leave them at home.

The Grand Canal is a grand canal. Started some 2,000 years ago, but its construction is as good as could be done today. In many places the inside is faced with fine masonry for miles, and it is in as good condition as it could have been when first made. The canal is wide and has spillways at frequent intervals so that it can't overflow its banks and destroy them. It looks good for thousands of years more.

I will now close and mail this at the next place possible, I am well and enjoying my trip.

Love,

Douglas.