Dearest mother,

I have just arrived at Banpu, and am 13 miles from Haichow and 37 miles from Grace and Phyllis Ann. Today I came thru a region which is probably the worst bandit infested region in all of this bandit-infested part of China. But I saw none, for which I am truly thankful. It has been a hot muggy day on the dirtiest launch towboat I have yet experienced, and the best one is bad.

This is the place from Grace sent the last word I had of her before I left Luchowfu. I am now at the Salt Customs House awaiting the arrival in a half hour of the Englishman in charge. I will get his advice as to the better way of going on from here. I probably will go on to Haichow tonight by rickshaw.

I landed in Tsingkiangpu at eleven P.M. last Friday, after my interrupted trip up the Grand Canal had been renewed. I stayed on the launch that night because I didn't know where to go. In the morning I got up and saw the roof of a foreign house not far from the boat landing. So I landed, left the coolie with the goods and went over to see who the foreigner was if he should happen not to be on his vacation. I found them at home, Mr. Talbot, of the Southern Presbyterian Mission, his wife, and five fine sons greeted me and invited me to stay with them until my boat left on the following afternoon. The largest mission hospital in all of China is located here also, and I had the pleasure of exploring it and meeting Drs. Bell and Woods, who are in charge. That afternoon I visited their clinic and played tennis. In the evening we had a party at the Bell home and had three tables of Rook.

The next day, Sunday, I attended church, and had dinner with Dr. Woods, who has been out in China for over twenty years.

After dinner I walked three miles to Bamba where I had just fifteen minutes to catch the launch to this place. My coolie had just taken some wine before we started and I had a hard time to get him started and had to keep prodding him all of the three miles to get my baggage there when I did.

The boatmen practically robbed me when I bought my tickets. They made me pay twice the usual price for it. But I paid it and thanked my stars they got it that way instead of by holding me up at the point of a gun as perhaps these same men have done sometime.

If all goes well I expect to be with my family tomorrow night. Murray.

Love,

Douglas
Dear Mother,

Our vacation has been somewhat of a failure except so far as Phyllis Ann is concerned. She is brown and healthy as can be, I too am well, but I had only two weeks at the sea shore, and most of that time I was taking care of Grace. Grace has had an awful time all summer, I told you something of the trouble they had in getting to the beach. When I arrived she was still having frequent vomiting spells. During my first week there I got her on her feet a little and she went in swimming a few times, and for several short walks, and she didn’t vomit for almost a week. Then suddenly she got amoebic dysentery and her vomiting returned with it. She lost fluids rapidly and I could get very little back into her for she vomited up everything. So she got thinner and thinner. I had almost nothing to work with out there so brought her in here to the hospital day before yesterday and the microscope confirmed the diagnosis of amoebic dysentery. She is some better after a days intensive treatment. I hope to have her in shape to go on homeward in a week or ten days.

We are living in the Morgan home, Dr. Morgan has fruit trees for one of his hobbies, and they have some wonderful fruit ripening now. The peaches are large, yellowish red and juicy as Yakima peaches. The apples too are a treat to us, although they don’t compare with those at home. I certainly wish we could get some fruit trees out from home sometime as Morgan has.

We are not sure just what way we will take from here on our return to Luchowfu. There is a small coasting steamer going to Shanghai about the middle of September, but that will no doubt be too late for us. The railway is still out of order and will be for a week or two yet. If it is ready when we are able to go we no doubt will take it. The other way left for us is the way I came up, which is tedious. The American Consul is getting after the soldiers that manhandled me on the Grand Canal so I am not anxious to return that way. They might recognize me and try to get even for my "squealing" on them.

When Grace and the Goulters came up something happened to them at Tsingkiangpu (on the Grand Canal) which I did not know of when I last wrote to you. They had boarded the launch for Hsupeh (Hsia) and as Mr. Goulters was coming out of his cabin someone on top of the boat spilled some hot tea on another Chinese’ foot, who blamed Goulters for it. He raised such a fuss about it that the coolies on shore, who were only too glad to find an excuse to rough-house the foreigner, threw mud and stones at them. Such is travelling in China today.

Yesterday a letter came to me here from Mr. Pierson, the Salt Revenue Inspector at Fampu who took us in on our way up here. He wrote as follows:

"What is the Consul doing about your case? Something drastic, I hope, "

Our (Chinese) Chief Secretary and his three children were fired upon for several minutes, by Haichow soldiers, whilst
they were returning to Pampu in our small motor boat. I have put in a very strong protest, both at Peking and at Haichow, but the only remedy against this sort of thing, even for the Chinese themselves, seems to be the conversion of swords into ploughshares under foreign supervision, forced upon them by bankruptcy."

So you see, China is in a pretty unstable condition. No one knows what will happen next. The students, the radicals who are stirring up most of the trouble now, are now agitating to keep mission schools from opening this fall. They are, in fact, against anything foreign. Many stations have of their own accord decided not to open their schools this fall and see first what the attitude the students in other schools will be at that time. We are all expecting another outbreak of trouble with the opening of government schools, when the students get together again.

The reports you folks get in your newspapers there give you the impression that China is more of a government than she really is. China has no government in reality. There is no force with any power except bandits, or, almost as bad, the robber, grafting Tuchuns or military heads of the Provinces. Any kind of a mob is all powerful. So a coolie mob or a student mob, large or small, is free to do as it pleases. I have a clipping from the Shanghai Times of the 12th of this month which illustrates this situation-

"PEKING, AUG. 8.

"Messages received locally from Honan indicate that the general agitation there has slackened considerably, owing to the absence of the students on summer vacation, but the executive committee of the students' and Christian students' unions are both very busy and it is thought that when the schools reopen in September there may be further trouble.

"The provincial officials fear this and there is a question whether the schools will be allowed to open. One reason against it is the financial stringency, another the trouble that may ensue owing to the principals of seventeen middle schools in the province having been changed, and a third reason is that the authorities are unable to control the students.

"Recently the Police Commissioner put out a proclamation against Bolshevism, but the students tore it down and the authorities had to let the matter pass."

Just imagine such a situation in America if you can, where a few nurseling studielsstudents could run the government. That is literally what it all is now. The students have everything their own way in their riots and other forms of amusement. While on the launch between Tsingkiangpu and Pampu I had several hours of conversation with two students who were returning from school and demonstrations to their homes in Pampu. Naturally we talked mostly about the present trouble. I asked them where all of the graduate students were now that such kind of "saving" so badly. I said I thought that the graduate students and the returned students who had also studied in foreign countries would have a little better judgement than the undergraduate students who were at present so patriotic and earnest in saving
the country from the foreigner, I was much surprised to get the reply, "When they graduate they get big jobs and think only of big pay, even at the expense of other Chinese or of the best interests of the government," I then tried to tactfully offer a little advise about the necessity of the undergraduate "saviors" continuing their zeal after graduation if they would get China out of her many difficulties, rather than blaming the trouble all on the presence of the foreigners in China. There are many difficulties of course, but one certainly is that patriotism only goes so far as the personal pocketbook is unaffected. It's every man for himself, and regardless of the effect upon the majority.

I will try to write again before we leave here.

Love,

Douglas.
October 23, 1925.

Dear Frances Amne - your letter telling about your new school work and the beauties of the pine trees and laburn has just arrived. You sound happy. I hope you keep on being so. I knew you'd find a beautifully equipped department and with congenial pupils and surroundings you are settling pretty as Jem would say. There is nothing quite so invigorating as a bunch of pine trees and their colors. My first whiffs of them came along with high mountains as we hit the Rockies in Canada - I'll never forget that day, nor all the happy times we had that summer in the mountains. We had the same smell this summer but the trees were little,
I am still making rapid strides in weight and general health - Last night I thought I should gain another pound - I am getting out of shape enough so that my clothes do not feel tight any more; it is hard to find a comfortable position to sleep in and there are four more months of it! I hope they will quickly pass. My diarrhea seems to be all gone - In fact my phys. is about as good as it will be for next few weeks and I am well on my way back.

She did not realize it. Me, I knew she was ill and only a week ago Doug had spent ten of our precious dollars sending her a cablegram, expressing his love and sympathy and saying he could not have been on account of family conditions and such. She sends an update one saying, "Well, it's possible she had not received the other - but perhaps she was not interesting the other - but perhaps she was not.

I am feeling so sorry for Doug tonight; he got a cablegram today saying that his father is dead and that his mother added, "Please come" - I will put him in a hotel for one day, it is asking an impossible thing of him, but in her shock and grief she did not realize it. We have known he was ill and only a week ago Doug had spent ten of our precious dollars sending her a cablegram, expressing his love and sympathy and saying he could not have been on account of family conditions and such. She sends an update one saying, "Well, it's possible she had not received the other - but perhaps she was not.

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the house this summer. I am going to work out some kind of a budget and stick to it this next year or break my neck. We really live very comfortably and have more things than we'd have in America.

This early is a young doctor's practice, but every thing has to be bought in the fall for the whole year and even life insurance policy also falls due in Aug. - so you see it takes all winter to catch up. If we ever could get ahead of ourselves we'd be all right.

I hope maybe Mrs. C. thought the Society would pay this way home in such an emergency but they don't, unless they can hurry up a furlough by six months or so. I have known such things to happen. lots of people in Yokohama will say - "How foolish of that young doctor not to quit his missionary nonsense and come home and step into his father's practice which is worth the thousand a year. But it does not seem that way to us."
pleasure and joy to see what I can do out here. Chrysanthemums are one of the few kinds of flowers that everyone seems to have. The green kind of a cookie I left to look after mine didn't know anything about them. Also he was lazy and let a lot of them dry up + die, and he just cuttings from pink + yellow ones in the same pot etc. We picked him as soon as we got home and I have an older huskier man who gets more done in a day, but he also doesn't know anything about flowers, but he can make lettuce + beets come up and that is more than Jan she could do. It's all a matter of watching. We have no mine horse to turn on and it does...
not rain for weeks on end, so water has to be carried in two big buckets balanced on either end of a pole. We carry a shell of water a day that way and keep our nephews growing, but of course can't do that flowers are so important. Certainly we need someone who has a flower about folk in China never have any flowers about their doors. To have them pick off except the top one and the buds picked off except the top one and then in the fall having a nice pot full of about four hucky plants with huge leaves and four huge plants that last all winter and have to be looked after. I'd love to have the everlasting needs you speak of. I have seen them in China and they seem to do very well here. Rain or no rain. Another thing I have been having fun over is some nursery furniture. I have a little table and four chairs and a chiffonier to add to my bedroom now and it begins to look lived in. I need rugs badly. I am going to try those braid rugs just as soon as the weather gets nasty and I have to stay inside. This is by far the loveliest thing
of the year in China. Too bad it can’t last.

A third problem I am meditating over is our fire places and mantles. The 1st man is going to start in in a few days now doing my down stairs one of grey brick. It seems to be the most available material. Then the brass rails will have to be done by a man on the street and there I can use my originality again. It’s lots of fun and is paid for out of mission funds much to my relief.

We need a new man starting up down around the Railroad near Hankow. I am glad I am safety up the river with my winter supply of food in my storeroom. Poor China and her wiles of a government. I don’t know how it is ever going to be straightened out. She is beginning to wake up after a nap of undisturb. But doesn’t know how to take care of herself.

Well, with love. I love you,