My dear Florence Ann—

How time does slip away here it is the first and you'll be starting off for your school. I know just how pleased you feel about your raise. I certainly offer you my heart felt congratulations. I am so tickled as when I got my big raise myself. Some how I knew you'd land something good if you just held on. You'll have wonderful equipment up there and good peppy teachers to work with. I'll bet you are "Merry". She is still in Dubuque the last I knew. I can't be sure how you spell the names whether the 3rd letter is a w or not. I bet on the w.
I shall be so interested to get your first letter telling me all about it. I suppose the only draw back will be the A.R. farm. Addie Anderson is at Chisholm. I got a letter from her this spring sent by a chance of hers whose sister is Blanche Parker, our hospital accountant. She plans ways about Nithen Main. Don't it hold that she'd be with a girl whose sister lives next door to us? Another of our blood girls from Egrem Major is a No. 1 grade and grew up in motion, etc.

The last letter I wrote you was just before Doug arrived at the sea shore. Old friends from your all summer me the only word I have had from you all summer. I certainly feel isolated up here. Mail travels too slowly and has to be forwarded from Chisholm.

And then I don't get many letters. You, mother, and Sally are the only faithful correspondents I have been able to keep up. I am not going to study Chinese more than an hour or so this winter so I am hoping to have time to write some of my correspondents. I know when my thinking gets fast I won't be able to still write the any more than I could with Phyllis. I haven't begun to show at all yet and won't until I can keep down more food. I have vomited two meals today but I am hoping to get over before bed time that will stay there. Such a disquieting feeling and I hate to be so thin. I am like my Dad only more so. Such a long neck I never had. I have weighted about a hundred. I don't elaborate over my ill. My A.R. letter told most of it. I never dreamed the innocent looking little amoeba could cause so much misery. Doug says they burrow into the lining of the intestine and move very rapidly and that the
energetic form many times along for months. So I'll keep on taking exercise as a matter of precaution. I do so want to get strong soon if I don't I'll have a puny baby. But it's not four months yet and yet I won't eat much till after then. Aren't you glad you are a healthy schoolteacher drawing down a fat salary & having lots of pretty clothes.

Your home certainly sounds enchanting. Please keep it that way so I can come and visit you when I come back. Tell me how that Jap paper holds its colors. I have not yet any but here that doesn't fade but the only good qualities don't get into the interior. I am home sick for wall paper. None out here has it unless they send to groin. I and Ms. Span's has it in their living room and it does my soul so much good. I mean to have it in my down stairs at least some day. My plaster looks pretty good yet so I am
trying to forget about it & my wood work, till I get the necessary furniture and curtains and so on. My nursery furniture comes next. I hope to change the rooms a lot this year. There was nothing new last year but Nick's bed and the ward robe trunk. But next year I mean to fix the fire place & move in with my young son and all his paraphernalia.

I am delighted to hear more potatoes are coming. Everything was so dry last year that nothing but my perennials got much for start - I did succeed in getting grass all over the lawn. The must flowers we had were six big gladiolus bulbs that I got from a cal nursery, they shipped them in the fall and I didn't put them in the ground till the drought was about over - and they were beautiful big gorgeous things.
They can be left in the ground all winter, and then the tubers given to the plants in the flower beds. There are also dahlia bulbs — 50 cents per dozen. If I get a lot next summer, I may put a few into the flower bed. They are a fine winter plant in this climate. Cucumbers do beautifully out doors and are such a treat to the Chinese. One of the aggravating things about making a garden here is the fact that I am gone for so much of the summer that lots of things I plant are blooming this year was especially hot, so no account of the dryness. So bulbs & early flowering things didn't come out particularly well. I have planted some beans & peas & melons this summer and several kinds of flowering roses & other flowering plants. I hope to get a good crop next year. I am going to live out doors this fall & have some of our vegetables this year too, now that we are learning more about it. The seasons are so different that I have to learn how all over again. Ask your mother if she still has some of her lovely was hibiscus. I'd love to have some and just a few bulbs next year. You are thanking me for the example you set you in sticking it out until I had a money making copart. — Well, I am glad I informed you of any. I would have you if I was at home but it isn't. I had gotten tired of John Hardy and mad at Earl. I was very curious to see Doug & wanted to be started in college before he came back. I had a big hank I was predestined to marry him and I know well never be happy unless I knew a lot more than I did then. — And I tell you I am glad. I don't think a husband & wife can be real friends unless their education has been something alike. I have thought about it a lot this summer for the Gentlemen the fellows we have been living with are a good example. She is seven years older than she, very much of an student — a graduate of a small college in Ohio. Then he had two years in Yale Theological Seminary — and
of course those were real work that he knew -

He is a clear thinker, molding his views and has
been a big inspiration to me this summer. The things
they teach preachers in college nowadays certainly are
not much like I was taught in '65. Twenty years
ago - but I am away from my Type sentence.

His wife (Dine) is some fifteen years younger than he.
Her aunt has had no schooling at all and neither all of
H. S. a couple years in a state normal prep
school - some thing of the sort - she was married
when she was nineteen and has just kept
home for him while he went to school. Well
she is dear - but she is a typical farm girl, the
lace curtains are lovely for her dining room
windows, gets funny effects in her clothes and so on -
she is smart the & claims. She had a little premature
baby last summer and under Dony guidance plus
some of my advice she is the sweetest churchlike
thing you ever saw now. Dine is quite a baby expert.

But her husband breaks down on her; someone
sincerely perhaps, but the fact remains, he
corret her grammar and her pronunciation
of words and in dozens of little ways is...
GRACE S. CORPON
LUCHOWFU, ANHWEI, CHINA

always trying to improve her mind. She reads philosophy to her and it glides off her book like water off a duck. I am not saying it is taking her intellect and thoughtful. But it just bothered me to see the big difference between them. I know they can't be as happy as we are for me talk the same language (almost everything)

if Doug is tired I can read his journal to him and understand what I am talking about, thanks to my suffering under Alice M. And last winter when he wanted some special diets at the hospital. He brought his problems to me and after laboring over it together a couple hours. He said I knew six times as much about calories as he did and left it all to me.

I hate to sound braggadocious but I really think that I have an A+ husband. He is just gorgeous to me now that I am married. He takes all the burden off of me and that's a huge relief. She is no blooming petty...
that I am just plain afraid of her - One good fellow
punch the turkeys & calls my dinner Do
Dong aye. I am not to try to light of manage him
and that means he has to do a good deal for the
chance we have here is a substitute & not much good.
So that Daddy has to pop up at six A.M., and
put her on the chamber, she does the spinning if she
should need it - she tends to her the table - that's
the biggest relief of all. She does like a little friggy
the house and I do it beautifully. If I had it to do
I couldn't do anything. I have been doing my
spinning every night & nothing else. Don't
bother me with any house work & don't bite her.
She will help at all. She
men = the boys don't help all, matter
fact he doesn't bother his own kids at all, matter
fact. She doesn't help with his kids at all - she
has anything to do with them much - Edie does me
have anything to do with them much - she
with Ma. But
I wouldn't do anything more with Ma. She
wouldn't work husbands with Ma. But
I would think Dong is the end of the line because
she is the last to/See. So I suppose we are both satisfied -
we know. I suppose that's what marriage is - getting
ready to what you do, and then being happy the
rest of your days. Now consider I know I am
a lot happier than some folks I know. and
I think we shall stay this way. Except
me for raising me in this manner. But I haven't
this quite a while and I really think we have
done fairly fine in our home life, worth
mentioning about seriously.

I hope you don't get the fear over the looks
of the round Robin plenty. Dongly looked up your
down on the map and then re-wrote it for me.

He got to feeling funny when he put on the stamps
and the thing was a sight. But it really should
get there all right. I believe I forgot and left
my old letter in - the one I added took a
couple weeks to write - just adding a bit when
I felt like it. I am so ashamed of helping it
but I was so sick I did not know I had it
at all.

I am wondering how big a place Rivabake
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I sent you a green tapestry bag before I left home. I don't think I ever mentioned it— I was almost out of anything nice and had my tailor make this up. The design is very handy. I allowed him 2 shillings for gold lining— you can decide what you want for your friend. I think it usually sells for about 2 shillings more if you think it's worth it. How much more do you think I owe you still? I confess to having lost track. I meant to send some of that grey silk. Hope I'll feel well enough to get it in. Nothing I wish you'd put the money from this bag into. Some cute bodice costume for my morning. Some cute bodice stuff with amethyst and mother-of-pearl. I propose to buy silk with unbleached muslin and make it go a long way. Blues or tans or some yellow in it— I'd love. No rush about it— I suppose you'll go home Christmas and can get it in time. Rush as far away from home as possible— I got about as far away from home as possible. How much does it cost you to get there?

Well, I have talked to you for several days, and I think I'd like to write you as often as you can and let you know I'll try hard to do the same. I love you.
Dear Mother,

We are on our way home. We took the construction train from Haichow this morning at 7:30. The train consists of an engine, an open flat car, and two box cars. We are in one of the box cars. For seats and beds we have our baggage. For windows we have the open doors. For food and drink we have what we brought with us. We are very comfortable.

For some time after leaving Haichow we passed through flooded country where all crops have been destroyed and everyone is very poor. No wonder this is one of the worst bandit regions in all of China. Later we saw some sort of a crop; but this did not last long before we came to a district where nothing seemed to be growing at all nor under water. At one in the afternoon we stopped at a little station, no town in sight, and we had to stay at this place until a bridge ahead could be repaired. This will mean that we will not be able to go thru to Suchowfu tonight. So we will lose a day enroute, a day at the start of our journey.

Yunho, Ku., Sept., 16th.

Mr. de Roq de la Faille, whom we met thru the Morgans and who is in charge of the construction on this end of the railroad, heard from the Morgans that we were on the delayed train and ordered the train from the other end to go as far as the missing bridge and pick up the passengers on our train. If he had not known that we were there the train wouldn't have done it tho. So we were saved the inconvenience of all night in a box car crowded with Chinese. The Chinese were getting very uneasy about staying out with the bandits all night and many of them were hiding their money in various places about the car. When we arrived at Yunho, on the Grand Canal, we found that our bed here had been feathered also. Mr. de Roq had arranged with a Dutchman, Mr. Kanis, to take us into his home. He had chicken soup and meat and fried potatoes all ready for us. We also ate breakfast and dinner with him, and now are about ready to pull out on a real passenger train for Suchowfu, where we had hoped to arrive last night. I have been holding a clinic most of the morning, for the poor folks insisted on coming when they knew that I was in town, and I did the best I could for them with what I had with me, I had an abscess of the neck; an amoebic dysentery for whom I had no emetine; a kala azar for whom I could of course do nothing in less than three months daily hypodermic injections; a baby dying from something I could not find out what (probably died an hour after); a four-year old boy with a bladder stone. I gave his father a note to the hospital at Suchowfu. He promised to go there for operation. Probably will not though, at least not now.

Yunho is the place from which I received the last letter from Grace before they left the railroad for their wild trip to Haichow. We are now passing thru more flooded country, or at least only recently under water. Every small village has its mud wall around it and a square block-house at one or more corners of it, with loopholes in the top of it as bandit protection. This is the worst bandit region in eastern China; a part where almost all farmers are bandits at some part of the year, ready at all times, like the early American Minuet Men for call, but unlike them ready for banditry in their organized bands.
Dear Mother: 

I know you will forgive me for not writing you for several months since Doug has told you how sick I have been. I am rapidly regaining the forty pounds I lost. The other day I weighed 112. Every day I feel stronger and better. There is so much cleaning up and straightening to be done around the house and yard and so many servants to watch that I can't help but run around foolish and its good for me especially the time I spend out doors. I eat more than I do some times and drink milk in between times. Going up and down stairs is my biggest handicap. I wish my amah did most of it for me.

I felt like a second birthday when I got home and found all the fine presents awaiting Phyllis and I. I hope Doug told you I had gone before they came and have been too sick ever since to write about it. Any how I had to see them before I could express my thanks very well. I am going to bring the Indian dress to make into next spring after Phyllis has grown some more and after I have regained my normal size. It is wonderful cloth for China because it always holds it color - you couldn't have chosen anything better, the colors are nice too and the patterns are such a help in getting things
to look right—Mrs. Brown says that the things I had made for her by my tailor all look right and that's because her mother had sent out a lot of patterns to use. Phyllis' socks are a good fit and are so pretty. They are something I can't get here at all so we depend on our two Grandmas to supply us and they have never failed us—The toilet things I am just beginning to appreciate and I am glad to have a new supply. There was a long time that I didn't do any pruning or more or nothing. I am still so sorry that it's not much pleasure to look in the glass. And the snaps, pins and elastic and needles are just what I needed to replenish my drawers after the strenuous month I just in finishing for sister and for us before we went away in the spring. I am very proud of this picture, 'tis the first time I have had any prints for several months - almost a year in fact. Our big Kodak pictures just fit in the envelope. I'll let you thought of that while you sent it.

Phyllis' locker looks so cute on her little pot shelf. She'd like to wear it every day if I'd let her. Her ring is still too large, but I believe it's a good thing for she'll have brains enough to take care of it next summer. I am going to write Mrs. Stan and Kenny + the S. S. Shildies right away - also Aunt 2da. I am getting off a little a day and hope to make it two as soon as I can shorten my afternoon rest. I haven't begun to mention everything you sent
please just know that every thing was most acceptable. The type writer was a wonderful gift - it was the one great desire of Doug's soul. I hope to learn to use it this winter. Mr. Goethe spent his entire year's savings on a new type writer last week when he was in Shanghai and didn't get any clothes much to his wife's sorrow. I am glad Doug brought such good ones to China. He still looks brisk and strong and this new sweater you sent makes such a good combination. It seems more like a main sweater to me. You surely are good to us. I am afraid we shall be spoiled. One more thing while I am on the subject. I am going to tell you what I need for Phyllis. I know you'll be wanting to send something and lots of things: such as dresses, pettiots, and pettiots. I have enough of - but I'd love some new blankets mine are all faded. I guess I gave most of them to a baby in the hospital anyhow. Also we need nighties. I loved the knitted ones with good shaped little sleeves and round necks with buttons down the back you gave Phyllis. The Vanta ones stretched all to pieces and did not wear or wash well - If you don't remember the kind I mean, I know have my tailor make some outing ones. If anyone asks you what to send tell them stockings or little knitted socks for feeties. It's going to be pretty cold when he arrives. Just one day before
I think I shall probably stay over at the hospital the first week at least. That will be for Miss Blanksfield to say when she can take care of me the more Family. We are lucky in having a nurse here. So many places don't have. I have been feeling motion about the days now. It seems to be developing rapidly. It's a wonder she grew at all those weeks when I was vomiting everything I tried to eat. Seems like a dream now for I am eating all day long now.

You folks surely had a wonderful trip. I am so glad you could get away and that you got way up to Mt. Rainier. We had three letters waiting for us when we got home here telling us all about the last part of your summer.

Doug is especially busy now that Dr. Tinling has gone after his family & Dr. Chen has not returned. I hardly see him some days. But he is so happy and contented, just like his Pop when happiness is surging. And the nicest thing about this trip is that he can turn the night calls all over to Dr. Lin and that heats America.

Things are coming along pretty much as we left them. There seems to be much opposition to the Boy's School and its attendance has fallen off about half. The Chinese women here all been coming to see me this week because they know I wasn't well, they bring their babies to show me how they had grown. Some of them are so cute. I wish you could see the little fellow who was here today. enclosed find pictures of Ruby. Love to all.