My dear Florence Anne:—

Just received your letter of Oct. 5. written on half duty. They are getting letters up from Shanghai in five days now. I hope the good speed continues all winter. You surely are living in the right part of Mind to fill your combined of beauty. How lovely it sounds and still hot it will be even more so next spring! I have an idea you will have a mighty severe winter. Do you mean summer underwear all winter like I need to and pride yourself on the fact. I don't believe I
Should ever do it again. Now the three houses are terribly over heated. We've

are only heat two or three rooms

and I crawl into my nice soft

weight silk + wooll under clothes

in Nov. and enjoy it until April.

It's the same weight as baby shirts

and is just enough to keep the

shrinkers away - towish neck + half

shirts. Better try some. I'll bet

you'd say it's worth the $15. a suit.

I sound like an old grandmother don't I.

But that's what we all are out here.

There are no extreme styles to bother us

and it's amazing how many sizes we

need. Just because no one else has them.

Our house is in a mess for one

are finishing up our fireplaces. We

are painting a brick one from House +

Garden and our down stairs rooms,
and in our bedroom which also has the dark stained woodwork and furniture. The guest room & mantles and the one in that room I hope to paint white. These Chinese stone masons certainly go at things in a funny fashion. They can't get good bricks here, just narrow little ones made of mud & burned a dingy grey. So they go ahead & make an inner layer of them and then make a false face of mud, cut it to look like wider bricks and also cut in the fancy pattern. Then they paint it any color I say and put in the fine white kind of plaster between bricks. They made the 1st one in Doug's study black.
and white - Now they are on the 2nd one in the dining room and I am having them make it reddish brown and it doesn't look half bad. Doug & I spent a couple hours last evening going thru our glass number of stores and gardens and we got a lot of good pictures of simple wrought iron arrangements with strap iron baskets to set in behind. They are simple enough so I think the men on the street can copy them quite faithfully and they will cost us about one hundredth of the price quoted in H.C. We have had so much good out of those two magazines and they aren't thru yet in fact I find new things every time I go thru one. Our whole house reflects their influence and next spring provided we get some rain
Grace S., Corpron
Luchowfu, Anhwei, China

We'll be going to them for inspiration for landscape planting. So, I am not
hunting for another year's subscription, there are inexhaustible and still have
lots of help with them. They have been followed + gone over by several of our
neighbors too. Isn't it fun to slowly furnish + improve a home? Doug
got just as fascinated over it as I do.

And we do have such happy long
evenings planning things together. I
don't believe I should ever want to
go back to the way we used to
do in Indianapolis - trotting out to shows
and meetings almost every night.
Do you suppose I am getting old?
If I am - it's a pleasant calm feeling.
Anyhow this nothing like an age fine
and a nice davenport to keep one at home.

We read the Literary Digest & Outlooks and
I believe know more about America
than when we used to live there.

My how my daughter grows up.
She has arrived at the pencil + paper stage
and now comes begging me to make
her a kitty. I am no artist like you,
but she seems to appreciate my efforts.

This scratch is her contribution - made
while I got up to get a tin of butter for
the book. Now she is at the table
with her mush, feeding her while
she eats. There is nothing I detest
like feeding mushy egg and spinach or
patined into a little kids mouth. I sit
on the floor + Supervised her, but let her
do it, but is capable of feeding herself
and she does for things she is crazy
about but her every day mush
bored her to tears and the tail end

If it has to be poked in her, at the 
breakfast she used to be ravenous and 
would eat two bowls of mush if we 
would give it to her. Now the climate 
doesn't seem to be so invigorating 
and she can't interest in her food. 

She and I both are gaining half a pound 
a week, so I guess we should worry. 
Here she comes back to me now, juggling 
her shoe. "Waddles" all three. That's the 
mother. "Waddles" all three. She can do by her name as yet. 

She is getting so much easier to manage 
now that she can talk. I began to 
realize she has very much of a personality 
of her own, and how we do enjoy her. 

Doug takes all this jazz out on her 
now that I am in no condition to b其他.
So you want to know all the gruesome details about decency. I guess I can tell them all right. Mine never would have been so bad if we had met them so far from a hospital where we could not get a stool examined. Also I was not very pregnant when I got it, one never knows. I had been to several Chinese feasts just before we left here and probably got a child of something uncooked there. It is never wise to go to feasts in hot weather but sometimes we can’t get out of it. The amebia slowly grew and burned into the intestine. I evidently had a nice crop of them by the time Doug arrived. I was woozy in my head, vomiting a good deal and had an intermittent diarrhea. But I picked up some after she got there and tried hard to be jippy. But it was about the days I had an acute
attack one night. It started as sharp pains in my stomach and proceeded on down the intestine in the course of the night. I got up every ten minutes or so for a bowel movement. Neither of us slept a wink all night. Towards morning I was so weak + down Dr. Wing had to help me up + dress me. I had a lot more pain + misery than the night before and was much weaker. My stools showed blood and by morning we knew it was appendicitis even without an examination. They took me on a stretcher into Hankow as soon as possible, but all the time I was having movements every few minutes - especially nights. I'd lie up + down all night long + slept very little. If I turned over or even moved
my legs I'd get a "kick" and I'd start to pile out. And I was so hungry. I am sure I know what it feels like to starve to death - yet every thing I ate came up. I used to lie there beside Doug and I thought of good things to eat. In fact I think up good things to eat. In fact I was thinking of what we used to eat at H. O. Farm. They gave me enemines with a hypo once a day for a week and finally the movements subsided but it was still another week before my stomach juice began to flow. Before that an egg would stay in my stomach a week and then all of a sudden if I moved suddenly up it would come and it looked just as when I swallowed it. The protein not crumbled at all. Doug got so scared and kept making me try to eat things but they came up. Finally they thought of grape juice.
and it tasted good and stayed down
and I have been eating ever since,
and it still is more fun than anything
else I do. So far as we can tell I
have not had any ansoba for a couple
months now but Doug will keep on
tasting for another six months. The
cope then stick around in an erupted
form and then come forth to suit
their own purpose and I believe we
will never get to that far away from
a microscope again.

We were crazy to go to that part of the
country this summer. It might have
to get off the beaten track in China and
we won't try it again. We are going
to Teniptao next year and live in Vukali's
cottage and take in a bunch of girls.
as boarding. I am not sure how. I'll like the place but Doug will not have but a short vacation and I am not going to stay alone. Anyhow I might make a little profit if I can manage my cook and keep him from squeezing too much.

I am getting my Christmas presents ready - seems funny in the middle of Nov. I am not sending you just what I wanted to - maybe I'll manage what you want for your birthday. Also I haven't had any chance to buy anywhere but nothing to buy anything.

I can get raw cider here on the street and will try and that soon. We are as hard up as a Minn. school main this month but I surely ain't to pay my debts and I am so glad to have you to shop for me some time.

Well, write soon and often. I love you.
Dearest Mother,

Your letter, written during Pappa's illness has arrived a few days ago. It gave me the first word of the cause of the uremia. It is just what I had told Grace, however, the day that the first cable came. I told her then that he probably had had an exposure and gone on working, thinking only of others as he has done so many times before, and that it had hit his already damaged kidneys. The first sentence I said to her upon showing her the cablegram was, "He will never recover from this illness." But of course we hoped for the best and wired to you accordingly. I am now awaiting word telling what you are going to do now. We do wish that you could come out and stay with us a year, perhaps the last year, and then go back to America with us when we go on furlough. I know you would enjoy it so much here, getting an honest to goodness idea of what our work really is and understand why it is we are in love with our job, in spite of the things one must give up for it.

We are glad we are in Luchowfu now that the war is on again. We are no out of the way that the wars don't touch us. Our work at Hankow and Chuchow are in the thick of it at present. It makes one sick to read of the reign of terror that the Northern soldiers are holding over the poor people in the districts thru which they pass. They capture all coolies they come onto and press them into service in their work gangs. They give them no time to notify their families of their leaving. They just don't come home and leave an already half-starved family to starve. Many of the farmers are taken. They have just gathered in their crops and all must be carried to market on a pole. Now that the burden-bearer has been grabbed up the crops are not getting to market. Everything is getting scarce in the war zone, and prices are away up. No one can foretell what the horrors of the coming winter will be for the country people of northern and central China.

Tonight Grace and I are packing up our Xmas gifts and addressing our Xmas cards. We will send a few of the cards to you as last year, to forward for us. We are also sending some to Grace's sister to forward.

I am awaiting further word from you before I can really write a big letter to you. So this will be short.

How we wish we could be with you this Christmas time. We need each other. I feel that Pappa is nearer to me now advising me in much that I do. He can be nearer now than when he could be only in Yakima. And the life hereafter is more real now.

Love,

Douglas
Nov. 29th, 1925.

Dear Mother,

This Thanksgiving season I have more to give thank for than I have ever had before. No one ever had such wonderful parents as I have had; an inspiration that not only helps every day, but youth in times of discouragement, and temptation.

I am thankful for the beautiful memory of a 20-year life of service. He couldn't have given more of himself to his patients.

I am thankful for the kind of a job I have. I could hardly be happier in any other. If I could have it for the wishing. If I could have you here to see what it is like, and just why I feel as I do about it, the place would be complete.

All of us at Luchowfu are thankful that we are in Luchowfu just now, and not
on some railroad, where we would be
mixed up in the endless wars of the greedy
and the outlaws of this downtown's nation.

You said you didn't know what
to do about the medicine & equipment
in your hands. I think it would
be best to have some doctor-friend
help you. He would know whether
you were getting what is right
for the stock, or not. Then too, a doctor
who is still in active practice could
write to the drug houses from which
you bought the medicines and
perhaps get them to take back
the unsold drugs. He also could
be of help to you in getting bids
from several drugstores on the stock.

I would suggest Dr. Cresswell,
because he is a Masonic brother
who would therefore be glad to do it
to help me out. If you think this
idea of having a doctor help a patient with pain in the disposition of the drug is alright, let me know and I will write to him. If possible hold the instruments until I come home, I should like to have some of them. But if you get a good bridge perhaps you had better build one. We got our Xmas boat off a week ago. They probably got them to Shanghai before the present traffic tie-up came. Now our mail must be carried overland, because all means of transportation by rail or water is taken over by the soldiers for transportation of troops; even the launches from Whiskeor here are out in war duty; only letters are carried in and out about once a week, and no packages are handled.

We sent:

To you - Blue silk kimono, made of Chinese silk, bought in the street, made by a Chinese man tailor in our home, on one singlet, & fitted on me as long dress form.

A box of Chinese candy to you & me to share the Juniors. It was made in our kitchen by the Chinese cook, so is clean. I hope it
doesn't get gunged off up on entering the States. The white kind is made of puffed rice (Chinese puffed rice) & Chinese sugar. It is not as sweet as our candy. The other is made of common sugar. It is a typical Chinese candy. Explain to the quarters that Phyllis Jones hopes each one of them will get me piece at least & that the sends will get her best wishes for a happy Xmas.

Xmas.
To Mae - The real ivory carved bracelet. It is a combination birthday & Xmas present. It is hand carved in Canton. I think it will match the ivory pendant you sent her last Xmas.

Xmas.
To Roy - A necktie made by our tailor from local silk.
To Jeanne Ann - A silver bracelet made on the streets of Q9, will get me just like it for an Xmas present.
To Bonnie - An ivory pendant of a Buddha on a lotus flower. This is a familiar sight in the temple.
To John: A tie made by our tailor.

We sent our Xmas cards in a pocket to Grace's mother with money enough for mailing. So I won't be able until this year except for Aunt Jessica which I will ask you to address and mail for me. I almost only don't know her address but do not remember her married name.

We bought Yakima "Brand, marmalade on the street yesterday. They were more snapping too. We got 14 for a dollar more. At that rate it would cost us about $5 so gold for a box. Not so bad for this poor nation in a foreign land. So Phyllis Ann had her first Yakima apple yesterday and she fell hard for them.

We still keep well & are all gaining in weight. Grace weighs 127, Phyllis 33.5, 157 lbs. Now that we have frequent rains and can't play tennis, we men (Scully, Richly, and I) the city girls in 2 teams have started hand ball. We
clean the benches, platform, etc., of the hospital chapel one or twice a week & play in them.
We are very busy now. Delightfully with the teachers' two homes every other day in the mornings & one to two hours on the afternoons of the other days; the afternoons we don't operate. I still have my eye clinic. On Mon., Wed., Fri. afternoons, Dr. Chen & I operate from 2 until about 6. Once last week we operated until 8 PM. I have had no trial case every time for the last two weeks or two or one day.

We had our Thanksgiving dinner without outside guests this year. At 4 PM, we had preaching in English by Dr. Smith at his home. It was a regular, formal, worship with special music & all. After that we went to the girls' school, to the new home of Miss Wilkerson & Miss Collins, which is a golden Jubilee home just finished, and had a grand, American Thanksgiving dinner. We had two waste green instead of turkey. Grace was chairman of the sales committee, and all went off like a bomb. Everything
was planned out ahead of time, so that even the clinical boys that wanted it would know
with which foot to step forward with at all times. She got her idea of table
decoration from the Thanksgiving Ladies' Home Journal. (Paper mache baskets full of
tomatoes with the place-card tag on the handle, etc.)

We got one stove up yesterday. The
masons are now building brick fireplaces.

Dr. Wieland left this for me to do according
to our own taste. Well send you a picture some
time.

One letter was just getting large
eough to eat & we had enough to make
me until New Year's time, when we bought
our new garden putting neighborhood on it. I
jumped all over him and made him tear it
even. Now we well have to use that
point of the garden for things that we
cook for over a year. I find him but took
him back the next day when he begged
and promised me to do it again.
We are still getting tomatoes, carrots, beets, and celery out of our own garden. We can still buy spinach on the street and have had it almost every day since we got home. We like it with our noon meal which is always Chinese food—chopsticks and all.

I told you last spring that I thought we would be out of debt by this coming New Year. Now I know that will not be the case. We are in debt $600.00 now. If we owe $700.00 by New Year time we will be lucky. The summer knocked me into a cocked hat. But that's the usual story with misfortune with families. You must have the heart to endure of the last month but least you have to get the children out of it, so the man has to take them out of it. So we are all paying that put the year for the few weeks of the summer. The single folks manage to save a bit on their salary by economy. I know of no family that is not in debt.

Yet Yickling has the nerve to have another kid; their sixth was born a week ago. I'm sure I don't know how they are going.
educate them. Mr. Ting has been trying hard to teach the two older boys between having railroad headaches. The oldest, eleven years, would be in about fifth grade, some new is this other nine years, can't read yet. Next year they will be on furlough and the boys will have a good year in some public school in New York City.

The Southerners have solved their school problem for their little girl. For the time being by enrolling her in the kindergarten department of a girls' school, where she is taking the regular Chinese subjects with the Chinese girls. She is shielded to first grade however. She also attends the Chinese Sunday school that broad is morning.

Our baby to be is very lively. Almost kicked Tuesday out of bed sometime. Grace is not having as much trouble about eating as she had at this stage last time.

Love to all,
Douglas
P.S. I received such fine letters of consolation from Bro. More, Mrs. Stan, Mrs. Grey, Mr. Hine, Carvie.
Dear Mother Corpron,

Our hearts are filled with love and sympathy for all the time. I never realized how far away we are until now. We can't seem to realize that Dad is gone and probably won't until we get home and see you without him. He was such a kind and loving husband and father. My memories of him will always be beautiful.

I have seen my mother go through the miserable lonely years and so I have a real idea of how you are going to miss him and how lost you are going to be without a job. Can't you get yourself elected as some kind of a state missionary worker...
and then get your way paid out here to see us like Mrs. Anderson has just done. I guess Doug asked you all his last little to come to visit us. We should love to have you.

I feel so guilty at first for keeping Doug there when I should have comforted you so much. But now that we have had letters from Mrs, Long I realize that it would have been an utter impossibility for him to return now. Even if Doug had been a single man with no family to bind him down, the committee could not have sanctioned his return now. They have hundreds of dollars invested in his and me and we are only just beginning to be able to do any thing. Doug is busy from morning till night these days especially Mon. Wed and Fri when they celebrate last time he did not get around for supper until eight o'clock and was so tired he went to bed right after supper.

I find he is more content and satisfied when he is rushed with work. He is like his Dad in that way I must be. I try to all that he gets but for tennis every other day and this helps well. I am not going to let him wear himself out this going to let him wear himself out the first few years so many doctors not have thing considered. I have regained twenty pounds I lost and all of my hair and interest in life. I am getting busy of course and have only one dress can get into. But I can still walk down to the Church and superintend my Primary and Junior S.S. kiddies and to the Church. I suppose he will be in for another month at least. I have it well organized now with a new bunch of girls students and two young first bunch of girls students and we are married women as workers. We are married women as workers. I wish you could hear the kiddies sing.
Jesus loves Me. Mr. Goeller lends us a small garden he has for country work. It helps a lot.
Our rooms are cold, and I wear flannel and some of the children that come are so dirty and ragged. I had four or five little alone girls this morning who come hugging the babies - (6 mo to a year) that it is their duty to carry about all day. The babies are a big bother. I think I'll have to improve some kind of a money or Cradle Roll.

Phyllis Ann is a big girl for her age now. She weighs 33 pounds and is more than I can lift out of her bed. She is wearing the little brown shoes and stockings you sent every day. They are so comfortable and the stockings are nice and warm in the wet raw weather we are now having. She makes an incessant stream of talk now and learns new things so fast - we love her most to pieces for she is the best plaything we have.

I hope your kimona fits you. We all like the Chinese and the potliss so much.
Dearest Mother,

In the last letter just received from you you asked this question, "Do you think some day in the future that you will go back to America to practice?" That is a question I cannot know the answer to, nor can I only answer it in this way: I love my work here, I believe it is my work, I feel it is a calling. I see no good reason why I should give it up at the present time. Something may come up later to change this feeling. With the unsettled political situation in China and the likelihood of the abolition of extraterritoriality, with the possible insecurity which this will almost surely leave foreigners in if clauses for their protection are not inserted, as all inland missionaries well know, no one can say how much longer missionaries will be able to carry on in China. The schools are going under, unable to withstand the boycotts and even forceful objections of the radical students and student organizations to foreigners being at the head of schools. Our Luchowfu boys' school is now to close, and our Luchowfu Boys School will probably close in February. Because students refused to come, teachers had yearly contracts already signed, and the entire year's budget will be used up at the end of this month. Other mission schools all over China are faring in like manner. Again, the Devil certainly is working diligently in the home churches to break them up. He is working thru the "sainted" Standard crowd to break up our church and kill its missionary work. Viz, it looks as though Miss Teagarden would be kept at home because she was cornered and catch-questioned and said something that she didn't mean at all and doesn't believe at all, and now on furlough is being accused of believing and preaching, and practicing open membership. John T. Farrow, came to this place to get somebody. He arrived one day and left the next. He saw none of the work, and knew not a thing of what was going on here. He cornered Miss F. as she came out of the church on her way to dinner. She was in a hurry, thought she had made her statement with Miss Major the night before, and was peeved at being held up, and in such a gruff manner, so she was completely off guard. You can easily see how a catch-question when a person was in that frame of mind might incriminate them. If she is kept home it is nothing more nor less than a crime against the Lord's work and someone will have to answer for it in the day of judgement. So even the most conservative are not saying more than they have to, for the most innocent statement may be misquoted and we can't fight our side at this distance. So, there is no telling who of us will be called or kept home for other than Chinese political reasons. I, therefore, can't say that I know whether I will practise in America or not. I'm not thinking about it—too much just yet.

We will be home in 1928. You will know better then what your needs and wishes will be, in relation to what I do. We will have a whole year to talk things over in, and should then come to some understanding on the matter of my future in China. I think you will see that is the best way out of it. So I am going to let the matter drop from my mind for the time being.
We feel as safe here in Luchowfu, now, as we could anywhere in China. No rumors of bandits for months, and we are far away from the war zone. So don’t worry about us. Phyllis Ann is much safer playing around in our nice compound than in any yard and street in America with all the automobiles running wild.

A week ago today I developed a sore throat. Monday (the next day) I had a white patch on my throat which the microscope proved to be diphtheria. I went to bed at ten Monday morning, had my first shot of antitoxine at noon, another the next noon, and by Wednesday night my sore throat and patch was gone. I had fever of 100°F three nights, but didn’t feel sick at any time. Yesterday afternoon (Sat.) I got up, dressed, and Vierling and I took my shot gun and walked for an hour and got a pheasant. As soon as I get three negative cultures (with the help of papa’s Antiseptic nose wash) I will go back to work. Its great to have hospital facilities at hand at such times and avoid severe illnesses.

The beautiful Chinese pheasants, exactly like those you see there around Yakima, are very abundant in this part of the country. There is a large orchard and garden about a fifth of a mile from the house, within the city wall where I go to shoot them. I always come back with at least one. The first time I got three, the next time two, and since one each time. We had a married folks dinner the first time, an old maids dinner the next, and I have sent each of the Chinese doctors birds. Now I only hunt until I get what I want and then come home.

I’ll be glad to get the watch and overcoat and underwear you mentioned. I’ll like to keep the watch as a keepsake. I don’t really need the overcoat out here now tho. The fixed-over army coat that I brought out is good enough for the kind of society we get here, and it will last much longer than this term. But I’ll need a good coat when I get home. So will you please put it in moth balls until I get home, I think it would be best for you to keep the watch for me until we come home also.

About the high-frequency electric machine: it may be disposed of locally. If not the name of the agents might be found in the book on High-frequency Currents, which papa had. It described the principles for use of these currents. The name of the agents must be there somewhere for he would have to know where to send it for repairs.

The needle Mr. Bradbury gave you this time is a Pathe needle, a round point. I am sending it back to be changed for an Edison needle.

Will write again after Friday.

Love,

Douglas.