Nov. 13, 1925,

My dear Florence Anne,

Just received your letter of Oct. 5, written on half duty. They are getting letters 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 tell your combined of beauty. How lovely it sounds and still bet 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 hide yourself on the foot. I don’t believe I
should ever do it again. Then the three houses are terribly over heated. Here we only heat two or three rooms and I crawl into my nice soft weight silk and wool under wear in Nov. and enjoy it until April. It's the same weight as baby shirts and is just enough to keep the shivers away. Finally neck and half sleeves. Better try some. I'll bet you'd say it's worth the 75 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 style we need - just because no one else has them.

Our house is in a mess for we are finishing up our fire places. We are enjoying a brick one from House and Garden as our downstairs rooms.
and in our bedroom which also has the dark stained woodwork and furniture. The guest room & mantles and the one in Mrs. 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 mild & burned a drifty 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 they say and put in the false white lines of plaster between bricks. They made the 12 ft. 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 and I spent a couple hours last evening going thru our glass number of house and gardens and we got several good pictures of simple wrought iron planters with strap iron baskets to set in behind. They are simple enough so I think the man on the street can copy them quite faithfully and they will cost us about one twentieth of the price quoted in H. G. We have had as much good out of those magazines and they aren’t worth 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...
we'll be going to them for inspiration for landscape planting. No, I am not hinting for another year's subscription. There are inexhaustible and still have lots of help in them. They have been followed and gone over by several of our neighbors too. Doesn't it feel to slowly furnish & improve a home? Doesn't 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 go in Indianapolis--trudging 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 things nothing like an open fire...
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 apple, feeding her while
she eats. There is nothing I detest
like project pianos, eggs and spinach or
smashed into a little kids mouth. I eat
bi + knit + superintend but let amish
do it. Nub is capable of feeding herself
and she does for things she is crazy
about but her every day meal
bores her to tears and the tail end
GRACE S. CORPRON
LUCHOWFU, ANHWEI, CHINA

If it has to be poked in her, at the
shore 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 revigorating
and she isn't interested in her food.
She and I both are gaining half a pound
a week, so I guess we should worry a
little. She comes back to me now, probing
here & there. Back to me sometimes. Thats the
mother. "Widdles" all those. Thats the
best she can do by her name as yet.
She is getting so much easier to manage
now that she can talk. I begin to
realize she has very much of a personality
of her own, and how we do enjoy her.
Douglas takes all this jazzy stuff on her
mind that I am in no condition to describe.
So you want to know all the gruesome details about dysentery. I guess I can tell them all right. Mine never would have been so bad if we had not been so far from a hospital where we could not get a stool examined; also I was not yet from being pregnant. We were not sure where we got it, we never know. I had been to several Chinese feasts just before we left here and probably got aholt of something uncooked there. It never twice to go to feasts in hot weather but sometimes we can't get out of it. The ameba slowly grew and burned into the intestines. Evidently I had a milc crop of them by the time Doug arrived. I was muzzy in my head, vomiting a good deal, had an intermittent diarrhea. But I perked up some after he got there and tried hard to be jolly. But ni 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 and down diseased had to
help me up to dress. I had a lot more
pain and misery than the night before.
And was much weaker. My stools
showed blood and by moving now
knew it was amoeba. Even without
an examination. They took me on a
stretcher into Taichou as soon as possible,
but all the time I was having movements
every few minutes. Especially nights.
I’d be up and down all night long. slept
very little. If I turned over or even moved
my legs. I'd get a "hitch" & have 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 think up good things to eat. In fact I kept thinking of what we used to eat at H.O. Farm. They gave me emetine with a hypodermic once a day for a week and finally the nausea lessened but it was still another week before my gastric juice began to flow. After that an egg would stay in my stomach an hour 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. It still is more fun than anything else I do. So far as we can tell I have not had any amebas for a couple months now but Doug will keep on testing for another six months. The amebas stick around in an encysted form and then come forth to eat their own serum will I believe we will never get that far away from a microscope again.

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

I am getting my Christmas panels ready - seems early, the middle of Nov. I am not sending you just what I wanted to... maybe I'll manage what I want for your birthday. Also I haven't had any chance to get anywhere but ranching to buy anything.

I can get now settled here on the street and will try and stay that way. We are as hard as a Mina school was this month but I surely aim to pay my debts and I am so glad to have you to shop for me some time -

Well, write soon & often. I love you.
November 16th, 1925.

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 appendicitis. 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 had 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 so 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 so out of the way that the wars don't touch us. Our work at Hanking and Chuhow 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 foresee what the horrors of the coming winter will be for the country people of north 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 waiting for 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.

Dearest Mother,

This Thanksgiving season I have more to give thanks 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 most in times of discouragement and temptation.

I am thankful for the beautiful memory of a paid lifetime of tribal 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 Lukowofu are thankful that we are in Lukowofu just now and not
on some railroad, where we would be
mixed up in the endless wars of the greedy
and the outdoors of this downtrodden nation.

You said you didn't know what
to do about the medicines & 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 stocks.

I would suggest Dr. Crosswell,
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 friend in the disposition of the drug is alright; let me know and I will write to him. If possible let the instruments
get here by some steamer. I desire to have some of them. But while our Xmas boxes 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 Wuhu up here
are out on war duty. So only letters are
carried in or 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 house, in
one singa & fitted on me as your
dress form.

A box of Chinese candy to you & me to
the Juniors. It was made in our kitchen
by the Chinese cook, so it's clean. I hope it
doesn't get tinged at all on entering the States. The white kind is made of puffed rice (Chinese puffed rice) + Chinee sugar. It is not as sweet as our candy. The other is made of sesame seed candy. It is a typical Chinese Candy. Explain to the Juniors that Phyllis Dunn hopes each one of them will get one piece at least & that she sends with her best wishes for a happy

Xmas.

To Miss - 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 we sent her last Xmas.

Xmas.

To Roy - A necktie made by our tailor from local silk.

To Marjorie Ann - A silver bracelet made on the streets. Roy will get me just like it & for an Xmas present.

To Annice - An ivory pendant of a Buddha on a lotus flower. This is a familiar sight in the temples.
To John: a tie made by our tailor.

We sent one Xmas card in a pocket to Grace's mother with money enough for mailing. So I won't be there until this year except for Aunt Jessie which I will ask you to address a small one I most only don't know her address, but do not remember her married name.

We bought Yakima 'Y' brand oranges on the street yesterday. They were more + snapping too. We got 14 for a dollar each. At that rate it would cost me about $5 to get a box. Not so bad for this fruit imported in a foreign land. So Phyllis Ann had her first yakima apple yesterday and she fell fond for them.

We still keep well & are all gaining in weight. Grace weighs 127, Phyllis 33, 2 157 lbs. Now that we have frequent rains and can't play tennis we men (Somita, Vicky, and 2, the apartments on 2nd floor) have started hand ball. We
clean the benches, platform out of the hospital, chapel once a twice a week & play in there.

We are very busy now. duties with the teachers attend home 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. Cheneaux operates from 2 until about 6. Once last week we operated until 8 PM. I have had me until four every time for the last two weeks or two or more days.

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 girl's school, to the new home of Miss Williams & Miss Collins, which is a Golden Jubilee home just finished, and had a grand American Thanksgiving dinner. We had two roast geese instead of turkey. Grace was Chairman of the sale committee and all went off like a stiff. Everything
was planned out ahead of time, so that even
the table-hoys that wanted a table-linen
with which first to step forward with at
all times. She got her role of table
decoration from the Thanksgiving Ladies'
Home Journal. (Paper market baskets full of
tomato seeds, nuts & the place-card tags on the
handle, etc.)

We got our store up yesterday. The
maisons are now building brick fireplaces
up. Dr. McMillan left this for me to do according
to my own taste. Will send you a picture some
time.

Our lettuce was just getting large
enough to eat & we had enough to
run
us until New-Year time, when we caught
our new gardener putting something in it. I
jumped all over him and made him tear it
collars. Now we will have to eat that
point of the garden for things that we
cook for even a year. I feel sorry, but took
him back the next day when he begged
and promised not to do it again.
We are still getting tomatoes, carrots, beets, and celery out of our own gardens. 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 the 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 us into a cocked hat. But that's the usual story with misfortune with families. You must have the heart and desire of the best season, put least you have to get the children out of it, & the man has to take them out of it. So we are all paying it now - the you for the few weeks of the summer. The single folks manage to save a bit on their salaries by economy. I know of no family that is not in debt.

Yet Mr. Hamilton 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. Miss Tingting has been trying hard to teach the two older boys, between having headache. The oldest, eleven years, would be in about fifth grade at home now, if this other, nine years, can't read yet. Next year they will be on furlough & the boys will have a good year in some public school in New York City.

The Fourtens have solved their school problem for their little girl for the time being by enrolling her in the kindergarten department of our girls' school, where she is taking the regular Chinese subjects with the Chinese girls. She skipped to first grade however. She also attends the Chinese Sunday school that Grace is running.

Our baby-to-be is very lively. Almost kicks twice 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, Bro. Grey, Mr. & Mrs. Sarvis.
Dear Mother Corpron,

Our hearts filled with love and sympathy are with you 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.

Nov. 29, 1925.
and then get your way paid out there to see us. Mrs. Anderson has just
done. I guess Doug asked you all his
card letter to come to visit us. We should
love to have you.

I felt so guilty at first for keeping
Doug there when I should have
confessed you so much. But now
that we have had letters from Mon, I
realize that it would have been an
terrible impossibility for him to return now.
Even if Doug had been a single man with his family to hind him down, the
Committee could not have sanctioned
his return now. They have hundreds
of dollars invested in his 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. & Fri when they
operate. 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 pushed with work. He is like
his Dad in that way, isn't he? I try
to tell that he gets that for tennis every
other day and this helps well. I am not
upset by the pounds I lost and all of my
free time to the pounds. I lost and all of my
hope and interest in life. I am getting busy
of course and have only one dress coat to
get into. But I can still walk down
to the church and supervise my
Primary & Junior S.S. kiddies and

hope to keep in for another month at least.
I have it well organized now with a
I have it well organized now with a

first bunch of grill students and two young

I wish you could hear the kiddies sing...
Jeans loves Mr. Mr. Guetter lends us a small
dog—she has for country work; it helps a lot.
Our rooms are cold & bare-like and some
of the kids that come are so dirty and
ragged. I had four or five little slave
girls this morning whom I was 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 Bell.
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 fashions
a incessant stream of talk now and learns
new things so fast—I love her most to
pieces for she is the best plaything we have—
I hope your kinsma fits you. We all like
the Chiricahua potatoes much.
Yours to you grace
Dec. 20th, 1925.

Dearest Mother,

In the last letter just received from you you asked this question, "Do you think some time in the future that you will come back to America to practice?" That is a question I cannot know the answer to, so I can 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 Shantung 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 suffering 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 tho Miss Tesgarden would be kept at home because she was cornered and caught-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. Brown, 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 T., 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 peevish 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 1926. 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. It's 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.