Dearest Mother,

Our trip so far has been rather uneventful. That may be because we are hardened world-trotters. But I think it is because the Japanese boats or the Seattle run are second rate and do not make
any special effort
for any entertainment
as do the other lines.
There are no organized
deck games, no pool
for deck tennis, no
movies, no special
programs, etc., as
we had on the other
boats.

The service is enough
for such as we, but
it isn’t in it compared
to the bell boy and
stewardess service on
the President boats.

The food is good, except
for fish and mutton.
The fish hasn’t been
drawn soon enough,
and the mutton got
to near the billie’s
groat. But all the
other food is very
good. The Japanese
dishes are excellent.

I am sending you a
whole set of the evening
dinner menus. Not
for the menu but for
the neat pictures on them.
Roy wanted to know about the passage cost. Tell him 1st class is $240. Second class is $110. It is very good. I'd take it myself if I was paying for it. It's going again. The food is almost as good. The chief difference is that 1st class is midships and 2nd class is at the stern and where there is...
more motion in rough weather. But motion doesn't bother me. I often go just to get it.

3rd class is $60. This is not impossible. I try just as soon try it if I was alone. I think, however, it takes some extra in a box to eat. The food is very ordinary. Not so good.

But the quarters are not
bad. About five hours in a cabin.

The barometer has been low for about five days until yesterday. We passed through the "low" of the Pacific. But the storm was not too bad. About half of the passengers were flat on their back. Some were vomit and I was delighted in the rolling. At first the wind struck us broadside so that the ship rolled sidewise. Later after we passed the "low" we got the wind head on. Then we ran into the waves and tumbled up and down. Sometimes the bow would rock away out of water and then come down "splash" with a noise of a gun, and the ship would head midships like a bow. Again the bow of the ship would
dive into a wave and splash most of the forward part of the ship. There wasn't danger but it was just under the danger point. We liked it.

We crossed the 180° Meridian at 9 A.M., Thursday, Sept. 12th, so we had no Sept. 12th, but sorry didn't miss his birthday, but Major Miller a passage, did miss his birthday.
Sonny had a dinner party with a fine
bake, "everything. The
cake made a cake with

"Martin & Co.,
(Sonny)

Happy Birthday,
Sept. 13th, 1929

on the top in pink frosting.
The cake had electric light
instead of candles.
Grace and I have
done more reading
than anything else.
She will tend to for my
half a day while I
read and then I take
my turn. We read
often we go to bed.
And we wake up about 9 hours sleep
and read until we
are called for our
turn at the bath,
I took the radio,
James sent to the ship,
up to the radio
room of the ship and
hooked it up to the
ship's batteries, aerial,
and ground. We were
two days out, and
and got an hour's broad-
cast program from
W.I. & Y., Incepectly, N.Y.
So I have no doubt
I can get programs
and news in China.
Will tell you more
later.

Sincerely,
Mr. T. S.
Sept 19, 1929.

We get into Yokohama at 5 A.M. Tomorrow we have past this cold weather and are now back in summer again.

I saw one of the Aleutian Islands. The day we passed them they were about 50 miles north of us, but we did not see them. We crossed the Tropic of Cancer at 9 A.M. Sept 12th.
we had no 12th.

Sonny became a year old on a day some
than he would have
in Seattle.

Sonny walked on
August 15th, five steps
as often as he wished
now. But today (Sept 17th)
then big day for walk-
ing. He walked half-
way the length of the deck
or about 50 ft., as his longest trip alone. That is pretty good on a rolling ship's deck.
He is the joy of the ship. The most favored young man on board.

We intend going to Kamakura tomorrow morning. Then intend leaving.

Good with the ship and on missionary service for the two days the ship is in port and I will take the train to Kobe stopping at Mt. Fuji.

Love,

Douglas.
KYOTO STATION HOTEL
JAPAN.

Sept 23, 1929.

Dearest Mother,

Yesterday I climbed Mt. Fuji. I didn't get to the top, but got up 11,000 ft., only about 1,000 ft. of the top. Because it is after the season for climbing and all rest houses are closed I had to make the walk from Yotsuba, a town 10 miles from the foot of the mountain, and back in a day. So I had to set a time limit on my climbing, which was 4 P.M., and then turn back. Another thing was that there were clouds on the mountain all day;
It had rained all day the day before and all the night before, and was raining when I started out, and I had no idea what the summit looked like or how far I was from it when I turned back. Today the mountain was fully exposed and I could see the highest "closed" rest house, when I turned back, and I was surprised to find it so near the summit. I could have made it in another 1/2 or 2 hours. I'll try it again sometime if I have the chance, and with my present knowledge.
of the mountain, well do it easy. The height of Mt. Fuji is 12,400 ft. The rest house turned back at was about 11,000 ft. according to the guide book I say. The night before the night after the climb I stayed at a Japanese inn. There was no other. I have written up my "one" experience. I will send it to you late.

Today I took the train to Kobe. Just arrived, found a room and will see as many sights tomorrow as possible. Will go to Kobe tomorrow night and
Sleep on the boat. The boat arrived in Kobe at 3 P.M. today, as she held to schedule. I left Sansei and Tommy, with Mr. Shin Young, our excursions in Tokyo. They were going to take them to their boat Saturday evening. The ship arrived anchored for Kobe, Sunday 9 A.M.

More later...

Love,

'Douglas
Dear Mom,

Arrived only about two hours ago and are mighty glad to be here and the customs. Didn't have to pay any customs on anything, nothing on the motors or boat. It declared everything in such detail that the examining said, "I know you aren't trying to smuggle anything in." He made me shake out another
customs declaration marking everything "Personal Effects," although I invented a motor, a boat, surgical instruments, and a gun was not personal effect. He only had a look at the outboard motor and didn't even have me open all the other 20 trunks, boxes, and bundles. It certainly saved a lot of fag, not to mention duty.

We are all well, and although we enjoyed our trip...
We were glad to get off of the boat. We find everything reported quiet on the Yangtze. It seems a bit far up the river. But I haven't heard from Mrs. Mary yet, as I am writing you at noon after landing, and I don't know his plans for us. Will try to write to you again before leaving Shanghai.
We expect to do this in three days unless 
Mr. X has other plans for us.

My trunk that I left in Seattle, be sure to 
get to Shanghai by 3 days.

When I took the check out of my pocket and 
gave them to the clerk at the hotel I 
didn't get hold of one.
After this check, called and checked my luggage.
missed out trunk on
going through my pockets
I found the remaining
check. The mistake
will cost me about $15.00
before I get them with it,
I will get the money
you paid out for drayage,
and to you a little later.
I think I will enclose
the $2.75 in this letter.

Thanks for the help. The
Freight is $5.00 collect. The
radioGRAM cost $6.00.

Love,
Douglas.
On the Yangtze,
Oct 6, 1929,

Dear Mother,

We had five days in Shanghai before we finished all of our shopping and affairs there. Fred and Army left on the boat from Shanghai, but I took the train to Nanking. I did this so that I could have a conference with Mr. Ward and still catch Grace's boat.
and continue on up river to Waukesha then in this way not get our baggage all set and think we could have the conference.

While in Waukesha I saw Miss Kelly. Her name is covered, Mrs. D. S. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. St. Schieffer (new people), Mr. Bick, Mrs. Clark, Mr. Rafter, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Bower, Mrs. Alice Burns, Dr. Chris Slager, all of our mission, and some friends of other mission. They met and had me report on the convention. The work in Waukesha is about half normal. Living has grown up so rapidly recently that the mission only can support money for basic living expenses.

They are getting up a petition for a raise of salary. It is not just a talk about something that would be nice to have, but a necessity that must be met at once or most will have to resign. These seem to be
no more stic in the
street of Mantingo
with the presence
of the foreigner than
before the trouble.
Mantingo looked
run down, except
in the one grand
ride, feared mad
running there it
which has caused
much trouble between
the government and
the people because the
land was practically
taken from the owner
In the road without compensation. But that's unusual.

There is a great deal of building going on in Hankow. Many foreign-style houses are being built by rich Chinese. Also, there are many new automobiles than before.

JT seems aged after
Japan, to understand
what folks were talking
about. I find my
language has not
suffered much by
two years of illness.
We may be in
Tuchowfu in 3 or 4
days. Will write
more later.
We all three have
slight colds.
Luchowfu, Anhwei, China,
December 4, 1929.

Dear Mother,

This is the letter I mentioned in my last letter, that I was going to write, and in it give you some idea of our return and the conditions we find and the reactions we are having. I am leaving Luchowfu for a trip down to Shanghai to buy an electric light radiant and X-ray machine. I left the family all well in Luchowfu, in the care of Mr. Coulter.

The Coulters arrived safely from the Philippines about ten days ago. He has been busy repairing their home since, but in the meantime are living with us. They are quite well.

Upon my return to China this time I find myself moved with many and varied emotions. First of all there is the warming of the cockles of my heart by the renewal of former friendships and the return to old homeside sights and sounds, and smells. For after all Luchowfu is home and it is here that I have a real job to do; it is Luchowfu that needs what I have to offer and is glad to receive it.

While passing through Japan, on the way back to China, I took the trip overland from one port of call to the second, meeting the ship there. This overland trip took me to and up Mt. Fuji. And it was necessary for us to be out of touch of any English speaking people for two days, when I had to make all my wants known by sign language only. Therefore, when I got back on Chinese soil and found it possible to again talk to the people I got another real "kick".

On the way up to Luchowfu I stopped off at Kansai. I expected to find more anti-foreign, or at least more hostile feeling towards the foreigners. But I was pleasantly surprised by the lack of it. However, I did rather covet for Kansai some of the old courtesy of my language school days, which has largely disappeared with the advent of the new Nationalism and its accompanying desire to throw off everything that smacks of the old regime. The fine wide paved highway that runs through Kansai now looks very progressive, until one comes to home after home and store building after store building that has been ruthlessly cut in half and left standing thus with the interior exposed; and one learns that all property was confiscated for the road and a mere infile allowed the owner. Such medievalism dims much of the progressiveness that the broad highway is meant to give to the city's appearance. But there is a very definite effort on the part of the new government to be "modern" even though some of the methods used to so become are rather gray-haired and antiquated.

As we came on farther interior it seemed that the farther we advanced into the interior the more friendly the people got. They were even unusually friendly. It was quite evident that the communist propaganda against the terrible, imperialistic (by what a terrible thing it was to be imperialistic—whatever that meant) foreigner, the direct and immediate cause of all of the rain and very real ills of poor old ignorant China. Now, instead of being
the much-followed and—yes—much-feared communist "soap box" orator these half-baked school boy propagandists find themselves either dumb, converted, or headless. And the "imperialistic" missionary doctor is welcomed back with yards of firecrackers, personal calls of welcome from the highest military and civil officials, and weeks of Chinese feasts.

We were most fortunate in getting a launch through from Wuhu, on the Yangtze River, to Luchowfu. None had gone all the way through for the week previous and none the next few days. We had the usual trip up river with the constant circle of curious eyes watching our every move and multiplicity of Chinese waiting our strange food. Some world tourist has characterized this unashamed and curious gape of the multitudes in China as "The Chinese National Air." Found nowhere else as in China. It is as typically Chinese as the odoriferous "Chinese National Air" that the foreigner notes as he passes through any of the dirty towns (emphatically on the N.Y.), or by the gardens that are fertilized by human "night soil". Our white-headed Sonny Boy attracted an unusual amount of attention. He no doubt was the only white child with white hair of them had ever seen. And when he would laugh at the entertainment they furnished him, they would always say with great surprise, "Why, he can laugh." We are so different in color, dress, language, and in the food we eat that it surprises them to learn that laughter is common in all languages. And when he says, "Ha ma ma"—"He speaks Chinese."

We were fortunate in getting the launch all the way through to Luchowfu, as I said before, but we were just as unlucky as ever in our financial dealings with the launch company. A Chinese could have gotten the same accommodations (I have to laugh as I say "accommodations") for you really shouldn't be forced to call the bare piano-box hole in the depths of this Chinese tow boat, "accommodations" and the fifty boxes of baggage, freight, and the year's supply of groceries for about $10 or $12. But we were held up, very courteously to be sure—but nevertheless held up, for $12 as fare and $16 and $1 tip for the freight. The Chinese have a proverb which says, "One doesn't eat as much bitterness in a thousand days at home as he does in one days travel." It is more true for the foreign stranger who too often would much rather pay the held-up money than grumble over it as a Chinese stranger would be willing to do.

The launch often gets into Luchowfu after dark. But this time we arrived at four in the afternoon. Miss Collins and Miss Wilkinson were there to meet us; as were also Dr. Chen, Dr. Wei, Dr. Tsui and all of the hospital student nurses and cookies. Miss Collins and Miss Wilkinson took Grace and Sonny with them up to their home; and Dr. Chen took full charge of my baggage and made all arrangements for getting it carried up to our home. It was indeed a great relief to get home, after two and a half years of travel and "status unsettledus." As is customary we got all of the baggage arranged in one and two-man loads and sent it on ahead, so that nothing would "fall" by the wayside. At the city gate I reported the number of pieces and stated that it was all for my personal use and not for sale; and we sailed on in. As I approached the hospital the air was rent by long braided ropes of crackling firecrackers; and I made a triumphal march down to my very door.
I have been writing this letter on my way from Luchowfu to Shanghai; the object of the trip being to buy and bring back an electric light plant and, if possible, an X-ray machine for our hospital. I travelled from Luchowfu to Chow Hooin by sailboat. From there to Wuhu I was able to take a small launch. The trip from Luchowfu to Wuhu (120 miles) took three days only. This is not unusual for this time of year. Just a week earlier the Coulter family arrived in Luchowfu, all the way by sailboat, and it took them eight days for the trip.

I arrived in Hankow Saturday afternoon, December the 7th. That evening while visiting at the Sorrell’s home with them and the Schaffers, and Dr. Slater; Mrs. Slater came in saying that Mr. W.P. Mills had just informed her of revolting soldiers between Hankow and Shanghai and that the railroad had been cut. He was greatly concerned because his wife and another woman had left Shanghai earlier in the day, returning to Hankow, and they had not been heard of; and no word could be sent to Shanghai because the wires also had been cut. I had been planning on going down to Shanghai by train the next day, but now that was off, and the boat is three or four times more expensive. But there was nothing to do but to plan on going that way. The next day I was eating an early lunch preparatory to catching the noon boat when Mr. Mills brought around a letter from the American Consul requesting all women and children and as many men as could to leave that afternoon for Shanghai. The reason given was the imminent change in government, and with Hankow as the prize there was sure to be trouble in a short time. Footing of the city is almost certain, and possible at any moment.

The Standard Oil Company offered the use of their large launch the Mei Foo and one British river boat came in in the afternoon. Eighty Americans left. Accommodations would only permit women and children and a few of their husbands to go. I worked all afternoon helping them with their baggage and trying to decide whether to “beat it” back to Luchowfu and my family or not. Anyway I couldn’t do that until the next day. The next day, Monday, I called on the American Consul and had a consultation with him about our Luchowfu folks and the possibility of trouble there. It was decided that the present trouble would be chiefly Hankow trouble, and that our isolation away from the main routes of travel would make them as safe in Luchowfu as they ever are, with the many bandits that are on all sides of the city. Also he said that the foreign river boats would continue going up and down the river and I would have no trouble getting back to Wuhu from Shanghai. So I decided to go on to Shanghai on my hospital business and try to get back to the family as soon as possible.

Since we have had no electric light plant in Luchowfu lately I was unable to recharge my radio battery, and I am taking it to Shanghai to recharge it. When I return with the light plant I expect to be able to do this for myself. In times of real trouble in our Luchowfu district, as during the evacuation of 1927, all of our means of communication are cut off. At such times we can send no mail or telegrams. Sometimes we can get wires through if they are not in evident code or when the English is not supressible
material from a military point of view. So when trouble is brewing we get a secret code. I made up one of these and have given copies to the American Consulate, friends in Shanghai, Hankow, Wuhu, and Luchowfu. I also have an agreement with the Consulate as to certain times of day I will listen in on Radio Manila's short wave broadcasting station and Tokyo, Japan's station JOAK, long wave station if we get cut off, and he says he will send us news or orders via one or both of these routes. But we aren't expecting trouble up our way at this time. We may get it later when the new government gets in. It is sure we will have some inconveniences when the new communist "pink" officials get in. So I must keep the radio in order. (Thank you Yakima Bertsans.)

I had the novel and most interesting experience yesterday of sitting in on the council of evacuation held at the American Consulate, with the Consul Adams, Captain of the American Cruiser on the river, business men, and missionaries present. It made plans for notifying the various scattered groups of Americans, who intend to stay with their work until absolutely necessary to leave, of trouble; where they were to gather to be picked up by autos, and how they were to make it for SONGY Hill as best they could if cars were impossible. The Standard Oil home on SONGY Hill is just inside the city wall and nearest the river of any foreign property. It is also in plain sight from the river and the gunboats. This is the place in 1927 where the American Consul was being mobbed by rioters and the gunboat laid a barrage around it and gave him and others with him a chance to climb over the wall and get to the river. Signal flags and lights are being placed on this hill and at the Consulate, which is visible from the hill. Also a radio sending and receiving set is being set up at the Consulate to communicate with the ship. Tonight as our boat is leaving Hankow & for Shanghai there are twenty some Americans left in the city. The British Consulate is preparing for trouble by having fifty or more of their marines encamped on the Consulate grounds. But the American Consulate is not preparing for resistance in case of looting, but for flight. I think the latter the better policy for future friendly relations. Also a foreign river boat, on another line than this one, is lying at anchor in the river tonight to take on the foreigners left if trouble comes tonight. Trouble will not doubt break very soon.

Who said the life of the missionary is monotonous? I haven't found it such so far. Also, who said the Chinese were conservative? At least when it comes to government change and a wish for turnover we have nothing else but. Of course this is a chess game of the military leaders, and not of the people's doings. I wonder when it will end. The present government was China's best bet. Now it is going to be rapid changes from one bad thing to another. I see no light ahead for relief. We all wish the seat of government would move back to Peking, now called Peking, and get these skirmishes farther away from our district, and let us keep at work for longer periods of time. At least the banking missionaries are wishing that now.
We found our home in surprisingly good condition; practically as good as if we had lived it all this time ourselves,—and of course done no repairing during that period of time. It showed only the natural deterioration of three years of time and use. And after unlocking and unboarding our attic door we found everything just as we had so hastily left it at the time of our hurried evacuation of three years before, except that all was heavy with dust, and most of the large books had parts of their covers gnawed off by the hungry rats. However, we had to live with Miss Wilkinson and Miss Collins for two weeks while the house underwent a thorough cleaning and all of the walls and ceilings retinted, and the household goods cleaned and rearranged in their former places.

When all was ready for our homecoming we were asked to set the exact hour, for it is quite an event to move into a new house according to the Chinese point of view and one worthy of celebration, and all of the hospital folks demanded permission to properly celebrate. At the appointed hour we made our exit from the girls house and were proceeded for the entire three blocks to our own front door by hospital-cookies carrying long strings of crackling firecrackers tied to the tops of bamboo poles. Two strings were going at a time, and two others were lighted before the first had finished. Of course all the people along the street came out to see what was all about, and I'll have to admit that it made me feel like exhibit "A" on the guest at his first marriage. But finally we got home and served tea and Graham crackers to all of the celebrators.

Then it was up to us to do a little entertaining of all of the friends who had welcomed us home. First we called a caterer to feed all of the laborers of the mission institutions;—hospital-cookies, church janitors and gate men, school-cookies and awahs, etc. We included all forty of them. Next we feasted the hospital staff, doctors, nurses, student nurses, registrar, and evangelist. There were twenty-one of these; twenty-five with Grace and myself. After the dinner the radio, which was given to me by the Berean Class of the Yakime, Wash. Sunday School, entertained us with news in Chinese from the Government broadcast station XZG at Nanking; Japanese music from Tokyo and also Nagayo, Japan; American jazz program from the Municipal Broadcast Station at Canton (South China); vocal solos by a Russian contralto at the Eastern Siberian station RAY on a 70-meter wave-length, and selections by the National or Constabulary Band in the Plaza at Manila from Station MANILA broadcasting simultaneously from Manila and Baguio, over about a 15-meter wave-length.

The Yakima Bereans didn't realize the great help in the missionary work their gift-radio was going to prove to be when their liberal gift was made, before my return to Luchowfu. They had in mind that the chief use of the radio would be to permit me to get news from Shanghai so that we wouldn't again be caught like rats in a trap without news of the world, like we were during the revolution of 1927, when we had no news of the Nanking Affair until ten days after all American friends had read it in their morning papers, although we were only a few hundred miles from Nanking. And no one could get word in to us or we out to them for weeks. But as it happens the news items received daily in Chinese from Nanking and daily at 7 P.M. in English from Manila are of minor importance as compared to other uses it has found for itself.
Since this is the only radio for a radius of perhaps a hundred miles, it is a great curiosity you may be sure. Every night for the first month our living room held from twenty-five to fifty guests, who had heard of this wonder of wonders. Finally more and more wished to come and there was no room left, not to mention tea, peanuts, and watermelon seeds. So it became necessary for various groups to arrange ahead of time to be permitted to come and have the seats. At all times all were very orderly and quiet so that all might hear. This is unusual for a Chinese group of almost any kind. But we have the fact that we treated all as our guests in true Chinese fashion, with tea and watermelon seeds, and all they at all times reacted to this deference shown and we made friends. So therein, it seems to me, lies the radio's greatest value—friendship making, an important thing in missionary work. The hospital itself is a great entrance gainer to the hearts of the people, probably the most important and most substantial in Luchowfu. Now the Bearman Clan had added another important one.

But all things are not lovely. There are many discouraging factors about our return to the mission field. Some of these things are in regard to quarrels and misunderstandings of many of the Christian workers. During the stresses of the difficult times of the Revolution all were working at top speed to carry on under most difficult circumstances, and short-handed for helpers after the exit of the missionaries and with all of the new responsibilities that had so suddenly been thrust upon them. They were bound to make many mistakes under such conditions. And they were able to overlook many things when all had more than he could do to tend to his or her own business. Thus, that the revolution is over and the missionaries have returned to help, there is more time to think, and incidentally to remember mistakes of others and points of friction with others during those trying days. And during the past year there has been a veritable epidemic of accusing the other fellow going on in the station. Chiefly accusations of misappropriation of mission funds put into their keeping. Usually these reports come from those who didn't have such funds but wish they had had. Mr. Marx, our China Mission Secretary has just finished several weeks investigating these reports and finds that no one who has handled mission funds has intentionally misappropriated these funds, but that many mistakes in bookkeeping have been made, naturally, by those unused to keeping books according to foreign business methods, and in some instances funds meant for one purpose got into another fund and were lost so far as the first fund was concerned until this accounting took place. Such has been done to relieve the strain of the situation but still there is much left to desire. When we first returned to Luchowfu we jumped right into the midst of the worst of the cases of misunderstanding and unchristian lack of forgiveness. You may be sure we were at first very discouraged and began to wonder if the work in the past had been of much avail. But we find that everyone is not as bad as everyone said he was; and we also find that the very happy and agreeable relationship amongst the missionaries themselves is having a healthy effect upon our Chinese friends. So it helps to know that your presence is helpful, and that missionaries are still needed.
Don't worry about us mother, we will get along alright. There is no antiforeign feeling in Luchowfu. There is some in Nanking. But in Luchowfu it seems that people and the officials are more friendly than before the days of the revolution. But people are more watchful for trouble than they were in 1927 for they are not blind to the possibility of trouble. And they do not hesitate to get out of the way of trouble now.

Will you please let the Bereans have this letter for a while. It is written both for you and them. It is to let both of you get a "peek in" at China today, and it is a thank you to them for the radio, and to let them know how useful it is proving to be. Even far beyond their dreams.

Love to all from all,

Douglas.
Please send these back soon after you read them.
Dearest Mother,

I am remembering today that you are having a birthday tomorrow by our time, but day after tomorrow by your count. For instance, it is now 11 A.M. Shanghai time, Dec. 26th. At this very moment it is 7 P.M. Xmas night, Dec. 25th there in Yakima. I have a radio manual with diagrams that help me to figure the exact time any place in the world at any particular time I wish to try it by my own time. So at this moment I am wishing you a Merry Xmas and looking forward to your birthday, and wishing you a happy birthday.

You will wonder from this letter why I am in Wuhu instead of Luchowfu just one day after Xmas. That is a very sad sad story. From my last letter you now know that I made a buying trip to Shanghai for the hospital. The trip was very successful so far as the buying was concerned. But I was held up in Nanking three days by an order from the American Consul for all women and children to evacuate to avoid expected trouble from what seemed then an imminent turnover in the government and probably looting. All space on the one steamer, the day I wanted to leave, was used for this emergency by the evacuating women and children. And the railroad between Nanking and Shanghai was cut by rioting rebel soldiers; so I couldn't get down that way. Also I debated for two days whether to go on to Shanghai or hurry back to my family, to be there to help them in case they too would have to get out. But after a conference with the American Consul, we decided that there would be little chance of the turnover in government affecting any place but Nanking and its immediate vicinity; and that I might as well go on and get the business over with. (Incidentally, we now know that the present government has weathered the present crisis, probably as much because of the onset of winter as anything else. And the people are returning to Nanking again.) The delay in Nanking, waiting for another boat for Shanghai, delayed me just enough so that I hit a snow storm the day I returned to Wuhu. And here I am still snowbound. No boats have either departed for or returned from Luchowfu since that day. And of course no mail is going through either. The first few days the telegraph lines were opened. The last message I sent from here to Grace said, "Goods on launch. Leaving Sunday. No further message unless plans change. Send two hospital men and sailboat to meet me." Then it got real cold. The river froze over. And it became certain that I could not only not leave Sunday, as planned, but for some time thereafter. Then I sent another wire down to the telegraph office but it could not be sent out because the wires were down between Wuhu and Luchowfu on account of the heavy snow. And they are still down. Now for four days later, Grace has had no word from me. She is guessing that 1- I was unable to Leave Wuhu, or 2- That I started out and got frozen in the ice somewhere along the way, or 3- That I am still moving slowly somewhere along the way.

A boat came in from Chow Hsein last night, and my boat is going to try for it tomorrow morning, maybe. It's a great life.
They had a little local excitement in Luchowfu all their own, while I was in Shanghai. Retreating soldiers, cutting across country from Anking, on the Yangtze River, to Pengpu, on the railroad north of Luchowfu, came past Luchowfu. They demanded $10,000 and food and fuel of the city government. The officials offered them food and fuel, but refused them the money. So the city shut her gates to all comers for four or five days, determined to stick out a siege if necessary. But that was unnecessary, for the soldiers went on by without trouble. Grace's letter telling me about it was thrown over the wall to the outgoing boat. That's more "life" in China.

The people in Nanting are awfully tired of having to pick up and leave every few months. This is the second time this year; and the third time in three years.

I have an electric light plant with me; and have ordered an X-ray outfit. Both are German make. The Germans are greatly underselling American and English firms, and I could get more for my limited amount of funds with the Germans than anywhere else. If I can get home in another week it will then be about another week before I can build the concrete foundation and get this plant operating. The X-ray will be sent on to me in three or four months. It has to come from Germany.

I also exchanged Mr. and Mrs. P.J. Flint's gift of gold $200.00 for Mex. $495.00 and bought enough dental equipment to make a start in the new department. So as Dr. Chen said in one of his letters to me, "We will soon have very good appearances."

I hope this letter finds you all well and happy. Most people in their fifties and sixties say that that is the best years of their lives. They can live on memories that they have been storing up these years. But here I am talking as if you were an old lady, when you should still be a comparatively young woman. You can be so happy if you only will. You have no renegade sons or daughters. One child is a wonderful mother; another is a foreign missionary; and the other is the respected wife of a college professor. The mother always receives much credit for good children or successful children, or blame for the other kind. We are none of us marvelous successes, but we are doing our best to live the Jesus principles you taught us. Being one of those children, I should be very modest; but nevertheless, I think I can say that you should receive some comfort in the knowledge that your work as a mother has not been for naught. We all love you, mother, more than we can tell you. Words don't tell such things. And it is impossible to do in return things for you adequate to repay you for all you have done for us. Jesus said, "In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these." And it must be the same with mothers and fathers, the children must do their bit in the world, do for others, if they are to do for the parents any gratitude returning. So we are trying to keep the Coppern name clean and if possible add a bit to its respectability.

I will write to you again when I get home.

Love, Douglas.