

ON BOARD

S.S. *Mishima* MARU



Sept. 15, 1929.

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 on the Seattle run are second rate and do not make

any especial effort
for our entertainment
as do the other lines.
There are no organized
deck games, no place
for deck tennis, no
movies, no special
programs, etc. as
we had on the other
boats.

The service is enough
for such as us, but
it isn't in it compared
to the bell boy and
stewardess service on

the President boats.
The food is good, except
for fowl and mutton.
The fowl haven't been
drawn soon enough,
and the mutton got
to near the billie
grat. 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 and
going again. The food
is almost as good. The
chief difference is that
1st class is mid ship
and 2nd class is at the
stem end where there is



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more motion in rough weather. But motion doesn't bother me. I often go aft to get it. 3rd class is \$60. This is not impossible. So just as soon try it if I was alone. I think, however, I'll take some extras in a box to eat tho. The food is very ordinary. Not so good. But the quarters are not

bad. About five bunks
in a cabin.

The barometer has
been low for about
five days until yester-
day. We passed thru
the "low" of the Pacific.
But the storm was
not too bad. About
half of the passengers
were flat me day. But
Grace and I enjoyed
I delighted in the rolling.
At first the winds

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
rocked up and down.

Sometimes the bow would
rock away out of water
and then come down
"spark" with a noise
of a gun, and the ship
would heel midship
like a bow. Again the
bow of the ship would

dive into a wave and
splash most of the
forward portion of the
ship. There was no
~~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 sonny didn't miss
his birthday. But
Major Miller, a passenger,
did miss his birthday.



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Sonny had a dinner party with a fine sake, in everything. The cook made a cake with "Master S. Corpron,
^(Sonny) Happy Birthday,
Sept. 13th, 1929" on the top in pink frosting. The cake had electric lights instead of candles.
Grace and I have

done more reading
than anything else.
She will tend to do my
a half a day while I
read and then I take
my turn. We read
after we go to bed.
And we wake up after
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
got an hour's broad-
cast program from
W.S.Y., Scenectady, N.Y.
So I have no doubt
I can get programs
and news in China.

Will tell you more
later.

Sept 19, 1929.

We get into Yokohama
at 5 A.M. tomorrow. We
have past thru the
cold weather and are
now back in summer
again.

I saw one of the N
Aleutian Islands
the day we passed
them they were about
50 miles north of
us but visibility

We crossed the meridian
at 9 A.M. Sept 12th at



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we had, no 12th.
Sonny became a year
old the a day sooner
than he would have
in Seattle.

Sonny walked on
Sept 15th, five steps
as often as he wished
to. But today (Sept 17th)
~~is his big day for walk-~~
~~ing. He walked half-~~
~~way the length of the dock~~

or about 58 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
kissed young man
on board.

We intend going
to Kamakura
tomorrow morning.
Then I expect having

Break with the
ship, and our
missionary friends
for the two days
the ship is in port
and I will take the
train to Kobe stopping
at Sut-Suji.

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 Yotsuhida, 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;

KYOTO STATION HOTEL

JAPAN.

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, where I turned back, and I was surprised to find it so near the summit. I could have made it in another $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 hours. I'll try it again sometime, if I have the chance and with my present knowledge.

KYOTO STATION HOTEL

JAPAN.

of the mountain will do
it easy. The height of Mt. Fuji
is 12,400 ft. The rest house I
turned back at was about 11,000
ft. up, so the guide book says.

The night before & the night
after the climb I stayed at
a Japanese Inn. There was no
other. I have written up my
"Inn" experience & will send
it to you later.

Today I took the train
to Kyoto. Just arrived
found a room & will see
as many sights tomorrow
as possible. Will go to
Kobe tomorrow night and

KYOTO STATION HOTEL

JAPAN.

Sleep on the boat. The
boat arrived in Kobe at
3 P.M. today, if she held
to schedule. I left Grand
and Sonny with Mr. & Mrs.
Young, our missionaries in
Tokyo. They were going to
take them to their boat
Saturday evening. The
ship raised anchor for
Kobe, Sunday A.M.
~~More later...~~

Love,
'Douglas.'

P. O. BOX 1488

THE MISSIONARY HOME
4 QUINSAN GARDENS
SHANGHAI, CHINA.

Sept 29, 1929.

Dearest Mother,

Arrived only about two hours ago and we are mighty glad to be here and thru customs. I didn't have to pay any customs or anything; not even on the motor or boat. I declared every thing in such detail that the examiner said, "I know you aren't trying to smuggle any thing in." He made me make out another

P. O. BOX 1488

THE MISSIONARY HOME
4 QUINSAN GARDENS
SHANGHAI, CHINA.

Customs declaration marking everything "Personal Effects" although I insisted a motor, a boat, surgical instruments, and a gun was not personal effects.

He only had a look at the outboard motor & didn't even have me open all the other 20 trunks, boxes, & bundles. It certainly saved a lot of fog, not to mention ~~duty~~ duty.

We are all well; and altho we enjoyed our trip

P. O. BOX 1488

THE MISSIONARY HOME
4 QUINSAN GARDENS
SHANGHAI, CHINA.

we were glad to get
off of the boat.

We find everything
reported quiet on the
Yangtze. It seems O.K.
to go up river. But I
haven't heard from
Mr. Marx yet, as
I am writing you so
soon after landing, and
I don't know his plans
for us. Will try to
write to you again
before leaving Shanghai.

P. O. BOX 1488

THE MISSIONARY HOME
4 QUINSAN GARDENS
SHANGHAI, CHINA.

We expect to do this
in three days unless
Marx has other plans
for us.

My trunk, that I
left in Seattle, beat us
to Shanghai by 3 days.
When I took the checks
out of my pocket and
gave them to the clerk
at Clitheroe hotel I
didn't get hold of one.
After the ship sailed I
counted the baggage &

P. O. BOX 1488

THE MISSIONARY HOME
4 QUINSAN GARDENS
SHANGHAI, CHINA.

missed one trunk. In going thru my pockets I found the remaining checks. The mistake will cost me about \$15⁰⁰ before I get them with it. I will get the money you paid out for drayage, etc to you a little later. No I think I will enclose the \$2.75 in this letter. Thanks for the lift. The freight is \$5⁰⁰ collect. The radiogram cost \$6⁰⁰.

Love,
Douglas. C



On the Yangtze,
Oct 6, 1929.

Dearest Mother,

We had five days in Shanghai before we finished all of our shopping and affairs there. Grace & Sonny 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 Wuhsu with her. In this way we got our baggage all up and still ~~so~~ could have the conference.

While in Hanking I saw Miss Kelly, Mrs. Mrs. Lovel, Mr & Mrs. ~~Mr~~ Schaeffer (new people), Mrs. Ditch, Mrs Mrs. Plopper, Mrs Mrs. Marx, Miss Bower, Mrs & Mrs Bates, Dr & Mrs Slater, all of our mission, and some friends of other missions. They met and had me report on the

convention. The work in Hanking is about half normal. Living has gone up so rapidly recently that the missionaries are borrowing money for bare living expenses. They are getting up a petition for a raise of salary. It is not just talk about something that would be nice to have; but a necessity that must be met at once or most will have to resign. There seems to be

no more stir in the
streets of Nanking ~~than~~
with the presence of
the foreigner than
before the trouble.

Nanking looks much
run down, except
for the one grand,
wide, paved road
running thru it,
which has caused so
much trouble between
the government and
~~the~~ people because the
land was practically
taken from the owners



for thy road without
compensation. But that's
China.

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

It seemed good after

Japan, to understand
what folks were talking
about. I find my
language has not
suffered much by
two years of disease.

We may be in
Luchowfu in 3 or 4
days.

Will write
more later.

We all three have
slight colds. ~~all~~

Got them in Shanghai.
We ~~do~~ don't feel sick.
Just a little nose runny.
Love,
Douglas)

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 plant and Xray machine. I left the family all well in Luchowfu, in the care of Mr. Goultner.

The Goulters 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 me 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 Nanking. I expected to find more anti-foreign, or at least some hostile feeling towards the foreigners. But I was pleasantly surprised by the lack of it. However, I did rather covet for Nanking 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 Nanking 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 trifle allowed the owner. Such mediævalism 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 communistic 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 many and very real ills of poor old ignorant China. Now, instead of being

had failed.

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the much-followed and--yes--much-feared communistic "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 ~~sight~~ noting our strange food. Some world tourist has characterized this unashamed and curious gaze of the multitudes in China as "The Chinese National Stare"; 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 (emphasis on the ANY), 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 child with white hair any 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, "Ma 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 through for about \$10 or \$12. But we were held up, very courteously to be sure--but nevertheless held up, for \$12 at fare and \$18 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 day's travel." It is more true for the foreign stranger who too often would much rather pay the hold-up money than rangle 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 coolies. 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.

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Dec. 10. 1929

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 Hsin 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 most unusual for this time of year. Just a week earlier the Goultor family arrived in Luchowfu, all the way by sailboat, and it took them eight days for the trip.)

I arrived in Nanking 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 Nanking 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 Nanking, 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 preparitory 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 Nanking as the prize there was sure to be trouble in a short time. Looting 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 Nanking 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 compressable

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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, Nanking, 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 communistid "pink" officials get in. So I must keep the radio in order. (Thank you Yakima Bereans.)

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 SOCONY Hill as best they could if cars were impossible. The Standard Oil home on SOCONY 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 visable 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 Nanking 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 no doubt break very soon.

X 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 ~~is~~ ~~what~~ 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 Peping, and get these skirmishes farther away from our district, and let us keep at work for longer periods of time. At least the Nanking missionaries are wishing that now.

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1929(?) Fall

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We found our home in surprisingly good condition; practically as good as if we had lived in 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 un boarding 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 larger 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 preceded for the entire three blocks to our own front door by hospital coolies 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 it was all about, and I'll have to admit that it made me feel like exhibit "A" or the groom at his first marriage. But finally we got home and served tea and graham crackers to all of the celebraters.

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 coolies, church janitors and gatekeepers, school coolies and amahs, 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-three with Grace and myself. After the dinner the radio, which was given to me by the Berean Class of the Yakima, Wash, Sunday School, entertained us with news in Chinese from the Government broadcast station XGZ 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 RA97 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 Cebu, over about a 15-meter wave-length.

The Yakima Bersans didn't realize the great help in 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 write 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.

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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 no doubt 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 Bearian Class had added another important one. ~~one~~

But all things are not lovely. There are many discouraging features 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. Now 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~~^{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. Much 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 mess 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.

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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

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Dec. 26th, 1929.
Wuhu, Anhwei, China.

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 manuel 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 head 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 turn over 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 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.

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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 us^s, 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 Nanking 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 Xray 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 Xray 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 knowlege 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 Corpron name clean and if possible add a bit to its respectability.

I will write to you again when I get home.

Love,

Douglas.