Dearest Mother,

I have just this morning received your letter of Jan. 3rd, and I think of that far away. Almost 3 months has not been so long. No doubt many letters from you to me and many others are lost or delayed due to the unsettled conditions in this war torn world.

In my most humble kind way and the fairest of my meaning, as far as the East is from the West.

I beg to assure you that I was not scolding you in my letter. Your letter referred to... that your mistranslation was most unfortunate for your own peace of mind.

I will try to tell you truthfully. I will try to tell you truthfully. I was mad. I want to believe everything is going to be okay and I hope you will believe me when I say that I will try to tell you truthfully. I hope you will believe me when I say that I will try to tell you truthfully. I want to believe everything is going to be okay and I hope you will believe me when I say that I will try to tell you truthfully.
with a prayer on my heart that I might be of some help and encouragement to you in your illness, discouragement, and loneliness. My words that you misunderstood as scolding were meant in my heart, stumbling words only for a friend, but of advice from a loving, appreciative son. In his wonderful mother so far away, and so bravely praying him for the Lord's work in this most needy field, and keeping him so close to the Lord in his prayers, that the Lord would help but succeed as he is succeeding. You are winning thousands of stars for your crown in this your very much needed part, so unselfishly given. Of course, you are going to
the lovely and loving much of me than you deserve any credit to be with such a blessing from the Lord as He wants to give to have for this year 1 in His world program.

Now Mother, I am saying this in all honesty, humbly, and filling love for you. There is not a word of flattery in this. You have been and still are a wonderful mother to me. I would not trade you for any other love mothers. Just as I would never trade Grace for any love others. I have been seen and I feel that you are a little.
at times. Even though we may be careless at times, familiarity breeds contempt or at least thoughtlessness. We often do not fully appreciate those nearest and dearest to us until distance and time separate us for a time. Yes, I believe, I believe God did not mean for you to die yet, even though you were ready and wished to go to Him and be with Yass. No, doubt in my mind in the least that you are still needed to keep us children close to Him and our several tasks before Him in prayer.
Will you believe me, dear John, I say that I meant no scolding in my letter but only feeling badly about what I said, now do I feel that there is anything I think is what a wonderful consolation you must now have, after going through your recent illness and now knowing just what you were willing to do, go to them whenever He should bid you. From now on life should be just one day after the other of basking in your "Sons" of life, glowing in the good fear. He has given you in this life, and the horizon
That is yours if you will accept it, and the happiness He would give you if you would only let Him. But we are all so human, He has so much in store for us if we will only place our selves in a receptive mood.

I am so happy, mother, I feel as if God is giving me to do here. I have a part in the greatest institution in this whole district. And best of all, all of the Chinese people realize that we are helping them and that it is in a holy purpose. I can walk down the street, as I did this afternoon, and be treated like a person, and told secrets in whispers about the troubles they are having with the powers that be.
And every day I am privileged in being of greatest service to hundreds of persons, saving many lives, and giving them hope again, and telling them of how Christ has moved the hearts of the American Church friends to help them in this time of their great disaster.

What could be more blessed than to have seen the smallest share in such a program for good? And at a time when so much of the world is at each other’s throat because of selfishness and drunkenness with a taste of power. I am so happy to hear you long you on all your feet again.
Even if every day is from now on "borrowed time", you should thank the Lord for each day as He has kept you and at present let it be a time for the opportunities He has laid upon your heart to do that which He has called you to do. I like this line you have now. Don't think for a minute that my few extra years in college and medical school have taught me very much a fraction of what the School of Experience has taught you. But we all do have our human faults and have shortcomings as you have said, and it gives me no joy to see you so many days of needless unhappiness. But that is a burden in your cross. We all have them. But they need not get us down.
Today I got your letter and at once I started walking down the street. The realization came to me as the light came to Saul on the Damascus road. Of course, there was no light. I realized how fearful I felt in the presence of God. I realized how utterly helpless I felt in the presence of the possible persecution of the powers that be. I was being sincerely welcomed by the shopkeepers on all sides, who had been healed in our hospital, or had been given a new start in life by business against a record in church programs. The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. If only in a seeming small way, in the presence of
one of the world's greatest, and

What a paradox!

But it is true; on earth, in heaven, in hell, a grasshopper, a tortoise in a desert, a spotless lamb in a pool of blood.

I have just returned from two weeks in Shanghaid getting three months from my doctor and dentist and bringing back 24 tins of hay, a small bundle of groceries, fruit, drugs and a new radio, the gift of the Guild Girls. We are all well and supremely happy.

Our hospital has just passed a great trial, and come out with flying colors. Our nurses were getting sick, along with T. B., and two resigned. We were down to Grace Young, and one Chinese graduate nurse, and a few under-trained students. But
I got two graduate students in China and I present to her.

I was in the first year and more. We got a Jewish refugee and we got a Jewish refugee doctor and wife (a nurse) to come. These letters are delightful to have been called to this wonderful work. They come for only $10.00 a month and a house. But are supremely happy in it.

I must be able to do something worthwhile and to be free of Hitler and the gangsters. I have hopes that they may come Christianity or at least in their hearts. They show a fine attitude of cooperation with our Christian program. Refugees in other parts of China have recently been converted and baptized into Christianity.

Our Christian program is so impressive in contrast to the program of Hitler. Poles can afford them through their recently
I need this doctor's service badly, and he needs a livelihood just as badly and is much more important to him than to head and better to have work, good honest satisfying work, in a friendly atmosphere, where hope can be restored and his head raised from bowing ignoring once more. I do feel that this move is not only a good thing for our hospital & patients but also a Christian gesture toward a needy worthy refugee doctor. His wife is a nurse and will help out. But at the meager salary of $20 a month I hope the good talking friends will continued their support of such worthy cause as this. I now have about $250 for this year. It was really sent for our own personal use. But we could not accept it for personal use when so needy are so well cared for and other our crying needs are bleeding in my like tidal waves at all times.

Love, Douglas
Dear Mother,

Two days ago your letter written January 29th just arrived after a jaunt down to Hong Kong and out to West China and back. Now that the war is on all American mail that is being carried out here on the Canadian ships are taken to Hong Kong for censorship. I fear that Hong Kong isn’t very well up on their China geography, and don’t know where Vosel, Anhwei is. So you should now add to your address “Via Shanghai” and I hope this will avoid a three months delay. I think we eventually get all or most of our mail. But we are now still getting Christmas cards. This letter of yours contained you Christmas gift of US$10, $5 for us and $5 for others. We thank you greatly for our share of it and also for those who will benefit from the other $5. That $5 at present exchange rates will bring about $100, for the exchange is now 21 to US$1.00.

Your former $10 is still working, helping poor folks get on their feet. Several have returned what they borrowed, and it has been loaned out again. I wish I had the time to give you all of the details.

We have our reservations for the boat to Tsingtao this summer. I made them two months ago in order to get them. Now none are left. I expect to take Grace and the kiddies to Shanghai in June. I will see them off on the boat on June 16th and then return until after Miss Young takes her vacation. I hope to have the Jewish doctor broke into the work enough by August first to permit of my leaving for six weeks vacation. One week for the trip to Tsingtao and one for the return, and a month there. The family, however, will be there from the middle of June to the middle of September. That will keep them out of this malarial infested place and that much off of my mind at least. I will myself keep taking anti-malarial treatment all the time I am here. Last summer Goulter and I both got it although we were on our guard at all times, and slept under mosquito netting in a screened house at all times. I got mine making ward rounds, when the mosquitoes sometimes came out from under the beds of malarial patients and bit me on the legs.

I have just spent some gift money for netting for hospital beds. I have enough for fifty beds, and intend having one for every hospital bed. We have screens on the hospital windows and doors but with careless patients and their relatives the mosquitoes get in anyway.

I am enclosing a recent picture of our family. I colored this for you. I had one enlarged a little, colored it myself, and sent it to the Yakima church. Every time I look at this picture of myself I see myself looking at papa. I think I look more like him in this picture than any I have ever had before. I hope you can become as worthy of him as I look like him. Notice how grey Grace is in this picture. The picture includes but two of our twenty-one grandchildren.

I am also enclosing a snap of our pea patch. These are from the seeds Mr. Adams and his class sent out. As I ride my bike about in the city I see many gardens with vegtable blossoms from those Yakima seeds. Mr. Goulter and I also sued some of them. This is a picture I took of my gardener watering the peas. Will you see that Mr. Adams gets it. This also shows a bit of the back of one corner of our home.

We have a grand garden now. Peas, carrots, spinach, radish, onions, strawberries, Roseberris, Utah celery, are all in season now. Tomatoes, potatoes, beans, corn are all growing fine. We are going to have a lot of flowers this year.
Our sweet peas are in blossom now. We have a hundred varieties on the way.

As I sit here writing to you Sonny is on the floor playing dominoes with two of his Chinese friends. They are talking local dialect Chinese, like nobody's business. It comes so natural to our three now that they don't know when they are talking it or when English. I wish I could talk like they can. They don't have any foreign accent in using their Chinese like we do.

Yesterday, after finishing my operation, I came home and sat by my radio and listened-in on the World. I had London, San Francisco, Washington, Paris, Berlin, Manila, Shanghai, and Tokyo. Many Fingers-Tips. I was listening to the frequent up-to-the-minute news broadcasts of the invasion of Holland and Belgium. I never cease to marvel at the radio. To sit in my easy chair, away out here in interior China and have Treasure Island broadcasts come in louder than Shanghai IS SOMETHING. And yesterday the atmospherics were perfect for short wave reception.

There is something I want you to know. Every Saturday morning, your time, midnight Saturday my time, Treasure Island, KBSI, broadcasts what they call their "Mail Bag", or messages to the orient. I try to listen in each Saturday midnight in hopes of picking up a message from some of my friends. You may send a short message to me that way, say a one or two paragraph message free of charge. Get it to them by Friday (or write and ask when their next time it is best to get to them and they read it to me. This is also a good thing to know in case you need to send me some urgent message. The other Saturday I picked up a message for Miss Whitner at Guling College in Hankow, from a friend of hers, Mrs. Hazel Hill, in Michigan, saying, "Your glasses have been received and fixed, and are now on their way back to you." I wrote a postal card to Miss Whitner, when I know, and mailed it. She answered saying she was so glad to get it and she had not listened in. That she had sent her glasses back there as she couldn't get the prescription filled out here. She was sending me postal card back to Mrs. Hill as a Conqueror to know her where the message was pick up.

If you do send me a message over KBSI, you can listen in on someone's short wave set, at meter band (8550 Kcs) at 9 AM your time on the Saturday you send it, and hear them talk to me; and know that I am hearing you out in Hefei.

Futh has just recovered from a case of tonsillitis. This is the second bad attack she has had. The other was on the ship coming out here. It is going to be up to me to take out her tonsils in a few more weeks. I'll rather not have to do it myself, but no way out.

I just got the announcement of the birth of Douglas Norman Farnsman.

I wonder if you moved closer to town as you threatened to do in this last letter. It seems to me that that is not a bad idea.

We have our little swimming pool full again. The kids and Grace and I have been swimming since April 15th. But the Chinese don't go in much.

Love,

[Signature: Douglas]
Dearest Mother,

I am writing with the red part of my typewriter ribbon because the blue half is getting used up. This is much better, and will be easier for your eyes.

I arrived back in HoFei a week ago, from Shanghai where I had seen the family off for Tsingtao. On my way back I found one letter from you at Haskela in Wuhan, the one written May 15th. When I got home the next day I also found two others here, the ones written March 7th and March 28th. Today another just came, written June 3rd. What a richness has been mine these last weeks.

But this piling up of four letters into one ten-day period just goes to show how bad the mail service is now in these war times. Your letter today tells of how anxious you get if you don’t hear from me regularly. Now this now is not my fault, but that of the poor mail service, for I am writing about twice monthly. So if you don’t get one regularly, you will get them in bunches, like bananas, just as I did this week. The trouble is they don’t come in the right order, but out of order, and sometimes it is difficult to know some meanings referring to things said in previous, unreceived letters.

The family are all very well and happy in Tsingtao. I get letters from them almost daily. Now the children all write to their dad too. So it keeps me humping to keep up my correspondence. Dad must not slight anyone; for to receive personal letters is a big event in their lives. So all in all I am quite a busy letter writer. Not the least of my writing goes trying to persuade the Society and friends at home that the needs of the hospital are urgent. It takes almost as much of my time trying to raise money to run this hospital as it does to treat the sick. Now that shouldn’t be the case. I should be left free to give all of my time and self to attending to the spiritual and physical needs of my patients. My supporters at home should relieve me of more of the other responsibilities. But distances are so great and it is so easy to forget. I must keep stirring up all of the time to keep from being left "holding the sack".

Don’t worry about me or if letters are delayed in transit just take it, as I have had to become resigned to. That is the way the old world is these days. And it would be worse if we were in Europe.

A fine, three-page typewritten sheets, personal letter came to me from W. Orville Douglas on the same boat as your last letter. We have been corresponding lately, and this is my second since he has been in the Supreme Court. This was in answer to one I wrote to him last January from Shanghai, where I could say things. I will quote a few lines from his letter:

"Your letter of last January finally got through. I was delighted beyond words to receive it. I have been generous in showing it to my friends — including the Chinese Ambassador, who has a copy. I was especially anxious to have a copy in his hands as he comes from your province — across the river from you, I think he said." Then he goes on to tell of the world political situation as see from Washington. You will be interested in his last two paragraphs:

"Civilization owes you and your family a deep debt of gratitude for your glorious work over the years at one of the great outposts of Christianity. Few would make the real sacrifices you have made. But in spite of the trials and tribulations and suffering that are yours, I know that you must have moments of
supreme joy and satisfaction for a real contribution."

"Keep up the great work. I hope before long we can have a real reunion in this country." Now this was very nice of him to say this to us, and you are included in it all. Your share is the greater share in the praise. Please take your share. I was interested in one other sentence,"The moral values which you and I were brought up to admire and respect certainly are disappearing fast from large segments of the globe. The biological reigns supreme over the spiritual." Which means he is holding to the moral and spiritual truths he and I were raised up on, and deplores the rising faith in might as right, and that force is the only God so many now worship.

Sonny is again catching fish at Taoting. Others go fishing with him but he catches all of the fish. He is like Roy Buck, of Redwood days, used to be. Guess he gets his fishing instinct from his paternal grandmother. Although I do not like fishing too, I don't like it as he does. He can fish longer without catching anything than I can.

Grace says we have raised three ducks. They now all three swim well and are no longer a worry around the water. Even Mary took to the water as soon as they arrived, swam out into the ocean to a diving rock and jumped off of the deep side. But no wonder when Grace and I both love swimming so much.

In about six weeks time I will also start for my vacation, if all goes well as at present. I think by that time it will be alright to leave the medical and surgical cases with the Jewish and Chinese doctor.

We are not having such terrible malaria cases this year because of the draught and few mosquitoes. This is nice for the malaria, but terrible for the rice crop. There will be almost no rice crop in this district this year which means starvation for thousands.

On the evening of June 28th I said to Mr. Coulter,"About this time 46 years ago my mother was having pains on my account. I have cause her many different kinds of pains since; but I hope also some joy and satisfaction; at least no great sorrow or regret." I wish to thank you for all the pain and trouble and worry you have had on my account; and will try to do my best to be worthy of the best mother in the world, and not "Forget whose son you are."

9:30 PM

I just came from Coulter's a few minutes ago, where the leaders for this week's Young People's Conference were holding a last conference in preparation for the start of the Youth Conference tomorrow. Most of the time was spent in prayer before the program was discussed. Usually we have an All China Young Peoples Conference, or more specifically all of China that our church works in, about as large as Washington and Northern Idaho only. But now we have so many Christian young people in our own city that we are having our own conference here this year. We have outside adult Christian leaders, both Chinese and missionary, already here to act as the faculty. We have over 100 young people, the hope of the Christian Church tomorrow, registered for the Conference. Isn't that a wonderful thing. Just think of the responsibility that is ours in trying to mold this young life in this oppressed occupied China.

Another thing you may be interested in. Because of the very disturbed surrounding political conditions it is not at present possible to do much country evangelism. This city is occupied China. Seven or ten miles out and beyond is Free China. In between is "no man's land", a strip of anarchy, where there is no
law but the law of the robber, the bandit and the man who burns his victims to get a dollar or two. This might be considered a great handicap to our evangelism. But we are trying to take Paul's advice and make of our handicaps blessings. So during this period of political handicap when we cannot go out we are training many young men for country preaching. They are just high school boys who are earnest Christians who have volunteered their lives to Christian work. There are some twenty now in training. They live together, study together, attend classes together, lead services, etc. They are to be our country evangelists as soon as the way opens up. They are taught the Bible first. They are also instructed in public health work and first aid treatments. They are given instruction in agricultural things also. So they can be of spiritual and practical help to the farmers and farm villages when they go out. We are planning on the evangelism of this entire county (Hsin-an as it is called here), a district of 1,500,000 people before the war; perhaps 1,500,000 now. Christian methods and teachings are in such marked contrast to the war methods that we feel it will be as enthusiastically accepted by the simple, ignorant country folk as it is now being sought after by the city people. We could have 1,000 Christians in our church this year instead of 200 if we had the staff of Christian leaders to instruct them properly. But we haven't the staff because we haven't the funds to hire them. Our greatest hindrance to the evangelism of China today is the inadequate support from America; support to hire an adequate staff of Christian workers to teach the people. The people are begging for Christ and we can't give Him to them fast enough. The "field is white unto the harvest, but the laborers are few" was never more true than China today. Shame on all Christians who are not doing everything in their power to correct this error. They must answer for their sins of omission.

Well, it is now after 10 PM and tomorrow starts another hard week under trying tropical weather conditions. It is now necessary to do my operations from 6 to 8 AM every morning. At other times it is so hot in the operating room that we can't keep sweat out of the wound. Tomorrow I have a cataract operation and a lung abscess. I had a tonsillitis, the child of my book keeper, but she started an acute throat today and must be postponed. And so it goes.

Take care of yourself and I'll try to do the same. Remember, no matter what happens, whether the mails are delayed or not that I love you dearly and pray for you that you may be strong and able to uphold my hands in His work.

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Douglas
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I am writing with the red part of my typewriter ribbon because the blue half is getting used up. This is much better, and will be easier for you eyes.

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On the evening of June 26th I said to Dr. Gouiter, "About this time 46 years ago my mother was having pains on my account. I have caused her many different kinds of pains since; but I hope also some joy and satisfaction; at least no great sorrow or regret." I wish to thank you for all the pain and trouble and worry you have had on my account; and will try to do my best to be worthy of the best mother in the world, and not "Forget whose son you are."

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Take care of yourself and I'll try to do the same. Remember, no matter what happens, whether the mails are delayed or not that I love you dearly and pray for you that you may be strong and able to uphold your hands in His work.

Love,
Douglas
Aug. 10, 1940.

Dear Sister,

I missed your message to me on KGEI on Sunday, Aug. 4. The best E.E. and June got it there at 3:00 P.M. I listened on the wireless, "almost" every week but once in a while when at the hospital, keep me firm. This was the only thing I heard missed in a long time. But we got it any way. The following message is for your effect.

"Dear Douglas, I have had a fine summer and am feeling fine. I have been to Barrow for a week or 3 weeks and they are really glad. Bracy and the children are having a good summer at the seashore. Now when you can do that, aren't so far behind. The only trouble is that it is so hot and dry. Our only one to have this privilege. Don't feel this is the last time. It's good plans and I've been to mention the great kindness of KGEI and your German Pangs in sending this message."

Yours truly,

[Signature]
message for you. I make them feel good about continuing my service. I try to keep in touch with them occasionally. I tell them the cars are going well, how they seem to be performing. They are very friendly and like me. I convince them and have spoken with them. But you in the business, I do not want to take up your time.

Paragraph 4
Whenever I hear a message from you, I know I got down the message. I get so excited and want to tell them. They have not happened to me before. The message came and made me very happy in a way.

I had a very good lunch at the Four Seasons.
This time again, I was at 7:10 PM. Yesterday,
I went to the Park and sat on the bench. I
did not take a hat. Could have done it in shade by reading.
I wanted an update after my friend
jumped out of the hotel and passed me.
In the way, I was feeling better.
Instead of the way, we had a pleasant
journey and had a lot of the way.
I was glad to tell you about the
enjoyment of the long trip.
I left my hat on the back seat,
you will have to figure out what to do.
When you get back today, I can hardly
read your own writing. I do not think the postcard writing anymore.

Thank you.
it has become such an effort to keep the writing legible. Also, I can't write half as much in the same space as my letters will have to be shorter. I found the family all healthier than they have ever been, even after storms. I hardly knew them. They met me at the station and took me to the house.

I plan on having a fresh fruit juice which I have been planning for a long time. It's a combination fruit juice that was good. But in response, I got a cold. I always imagine I had a good diet at home, but now I'm in town. Bread, fish, milk, carrots, beets, potatoes, Lima beans, chicken, & Chinese greens. Life is much better here. There are more things one can do, and it is different. A good diet. I don't feel my vacation in good health. I weigh 192 lbs, but my figure has improved. I still don't feel as long as it was. I plan on reducing my middle still more as my five weeks are here. I can't continue to eat. The kids all do well. The school takes long distance drawings as they can't have two hands for trouble that we do.
Take along to spell things if they get
stained. I also like a walking stick. I will also bring with
you a crook. I warn you to start dressing like
you each other. I have some interesting
wine glasses. I have some flowers too. Never
see the flowers or drink the wine. I will offer you
first. I also offer a flower.

We had a little anti-American
demonstration in Hirok on September 12.
I was not a local college boy. I had
he because of order for standing. The demonstration was abandoned after
march came around it begged
our foundation for having to go through
with it. They agreed that we should
only dress with the white man when
part of Japanese places only.

It was great advantage for the
to go. It will also mean much

And I work through

The worst week has

Love,

P.S. Oct 1st

Please let us

Begun to arrive here. We can always get our

Uncle in More, 1st week.

Like your express. We'll talk more later.

Handwritten