Dear family,

I will start the week off wrong this time because Mary failed to get a note into KFJ last night. I strained and strained my ears but no news from either you or Irene.

Kefi will be moving to their new location a week from today, on Mon., June 8th and for five days. But they will not miss any Sunday. We are all looking forward to big things and excellent reception when the move has been completed.

On May 31st I received a letter from Mrs. Costerus saying she had been bitten by a mad dog, and what should she do? She would await my reply. What she should have done was to have come instead of the letter. I got busy and sent Lao Ho Pao with a letter telling her to get the "lead out of her feet" and rush to Kofei if she cared a snap for her life. I wired the CIM in Shanghai to rush antirabies vaccine by special messenger, and to wire both Costeruses to come to Kofei. I did this to be sure they would both come, and a good thing I did for he had been bitten also and was going to let it go untreated. I had to even get tough in insisting that he take the injections. A missionary, Mr. England, brought the vaccine up. But now that Costerus needs it also I had to wire for them to send more. And Costeruses knew all the time that he had been bitten but had said nothing to me in their first letter, so cost their mission the price of another messenger's trip to Kofei and back. Treatment was started 15 days after the bite. Pretty late; for it should be started within the first week. But so far so good and they both now have two shots in them. He is the cause of the delay. He is a damned stubborn patchman. He killed one child by refusing treatment for pneumonia. She intimated he was "dragging his feet" this time and wanted to let it go and just pray about it.

Well I'll have them on my hands for about three weeks if they live that long. But you can just bet I'm not doing it for my health.

Miss Ruth Elliott finally got off after several delays. Last Monday it rained so she couldn't leave. Tuesday they stopped her at the gate saying she had to get a pass for herself; although she had one for the goods and cookies, and she thought for herself. Then they took the goods permit away and said she couldn't get any kind of a pass as fighting was raging round about, which was true. She finally got off Thursday morning. OIG sent two boxes of "if it becomes necessary" supplies out for himself. Lao Chao and Lao Chang carried them and are not back yet. Clothes, bedding, soap, etc.

Stories that filter in from free China don't make one hangry for work under those conditions. Craft, inefficiency, intrigue, non-cooperation, and all of the rest. Just the same as in the old pre-hostilities days. The leprous doesn't easily change his spots. We idealize the new spirit of free China; but free China is no freer than it was long ago. But we can't play up these points at this time when American friendship is sought by so many for China. But some day, when the storm blows over, newspapermen are going to spill the beans; they know the facts (such men as Burkin). Marx had a big disillusionment when he was out in "free" China, so Uncle Alex is telling us. He didn't like the idea of having to produce a pass every time he crossed a street. It got on his nerves terribly. And he rave at them and asked "where is this freedom of "free" China?" But of course with so many spies and Chinese willing to sell out for a dime, it is necessary to have rigid inspection. Costeruses tell of how their mission tried to start preaching out in Liahwang but were turned down and turned back. If one had medical work to offer the religion might be taken
along with it, of course. It seems that in places like Liian the people don't care much who has the government, if their business and grafting is let alone or can prosper. They have both Nationalist, Red, and Japanese, and Government again. It seems to make little difference to the natives; and they seem to think they suffer less under the Japanese than any of their own folks. It sounds that I have had a change of heart doesn't it. Well then isn't true. It is just that we can't shut our eyes to the facts that China is still China and not Utopia; as much as we could hope for the latter.

The pool is almost full for the first time this year. We have been carrying water for a week now. It will be six feet deep by tomorrow night. It takes one day to bail it out, and six days to fill it. With one day out for Sunday it takes eight days for the change. We hope it will rain enough this summer to permit of our re-filling it monthly. By opening our back garden gate we have access to four outside wells; which helps a lot. Ground water level in wells is still about six feet below the surface.

My potato crop is wonderful. Nice big new potatoes the size of an apple. I will soon be digging them all up. I am practically living on them now. My store-room is nearly exhausted. No peaches, no pineapple, no pears, even got rid of the plums. The pelargoniums and the bulk prunes and apricots are used up. I have only tomato juice left. But my own apricots are now ripe; and with our kids away I can keep the Chinese kiddies from sneaking out back and sniping them. I caught a kid picking them from the other side of the wall. I jumped over, caught him, and rubbed his mouth with quinine powder; so put a stop to that. Will put up as many peaches as I can get my hands on when they come in. Also eating a few tins of Japanese canned oranges. But they cost $1.40 a small tin; and I am getting terribly stingy these days. Rice is now $150 per don. The hospital can't afford to buy any more. We have Red Cross wheat. Will use no more rice from now on. Rice gruel three times a day. I like it myself, but the Chinese feel terribly hurt.

I didn't charge Miss Elliott for the board she had with me. I had my money's worth in pleasing female company. I tell you we are getting hard up for female company. A year is too long to be away from the wife. No telling what might happen in Japan this summer. Might be another Madame Butterfly affair. Man was not meant to be alone; especially one who has acquired the bad habit of a loving wife. However I still manage to keep my place in Kobe without giving cause for talk. But what will happen when there is no pressure of public opinion is still an untried field. Of course it might be necessary to die ones gray hair, but that is easily solved these days.

In other words I miss you terribly. Only much work and many distractions make life livable. But when I see all of the good that is being carried on due to our relief program and evangelistic work, I realize it must go on.

Hot weather is with us. The front door thermometer registered 98 in the shade in the early afternoon yesterday. I am today having the carpenter and trainer working on an air conditioning box system, using an electric fan and surfaces with damp gunny sacks for evaporation. It's going to be hard keeping the J. army out of the pool. I had to turn them down yesterday. As it costs $75.00 to charge the water once we can't have too many using the pool or it would have to be changed every two weeks, or one week to fill and one week to use. We are operating mornings now. Started at 5.30 this morning. Have three for tomorrow morning also.

I am trying to get sailings for Kobe for the first week in July. OJW will probably come on a couple of weeks later; so that we will have three weeks together in Japan. We may climb Mt. Fuji together. May go to Nojiri, Karuizawa, and other
places. I will first go to Tokyo and with Rev. Saita as a guide and interpreter visit Christians and hospitals there and see the sights. No definite schedule; just a vacation. I know it is a bit risky going to Japan at this time, but all I'm taking these days is risks and more risks. What is one or two more in the life of a missionary these days. I really want to contact Christians there, get some viewpoints, atmosphere, give testimonials, etc. It will be good stuff when I get home for talks. At the same time I am expecting it to be a good vacation.

It seems I have acquired somewhat of a rep for diplomatic astuteness in local official circles. The chief of the U.P. thinks I'm a slicker as the result of the handling of the missionary house, which they didn't get to "borrow". Marx wrote a very clever letter, I co-ed it for you. But I am the one that received the credit from local circles. Whenever they have requests to make now they avoid me and await O.U.'s return if need be. Well, I guess that's alright. At least it is respect along a line they have respect for.

I just received a letter from you that was written on the boat before Honolulu. It was damp, had been in the Hong Kong Censors office; and looked generally forlorn. But it gave many personal items that would never be too old.

I just received letters from Mae and Pro. Peterson saying my mother had fallen down and fractured her right humerus just above the elbow. Not a bad break but enough to put it in a splint. Mae found a woman to stay with her and thought she was happier than alone without a broken arm.

I have a great many letters to answer right away and not let them run over till after my vacation, so will bring this letter to a close. I've told you all of the local news anyway.

Love,

Dougie Dad.
June 9, 1941.

Dear Mary,

Last night I received your message over KFOY, with a nice comment by Dr. Norman Paige about the next painting by a little 9 year old girl to her daddy. In the note you also told of Uncle Sonny's coming; also to say hello to your gang. Mother also had a message. I figure one of these was meant for last week but didn't get in on time. I figure it was your note that got in last week, for it was your time to send then and mother's this week. That will mean Sonny will be sending next Sunday, if he doesn't forget. I received two messages from Irene and the girls. Oswald wasn't up to hear it, so for the time being I'm not telling him what was in it. You can tell Irene that I am the only one that loves her enough to sit up and get her messages.

It's a little hard getting up at 5 AM the next morning after sitting up to get KFOY for now the messages are so many that Norman Paige reads them from 10 PM to 11:30 PM, an hour and a half. Today KFOY is moving to their new, more powerful station and we are to listen in Thursday evening to get them on the new station for the first time. This morning I had three operations to get up for, but got through in time for the 7 AM news cast.

Last week I started a little excitement. Early one morning a case of cholera case to the front gate as a special register. I immediately reported it to the Military Police. They got all excited, closed the gates, and started inoculations; went out to the country village where the patient came from, splashed lysol solution about generously, made the villagers strip off their clothes and take a lysol bath, and then locked them up in a house and passed the food in to them through a hole in the wall. The city gates are still tight. Last night two military doctors came and brought me six bottles of osi Beer as a present for telling them about the case. A bacteriologist came up from WuHu, a fine, smart chap. He asked if I had taken a stool culture for cholera. I informed him that I had turned the case over to the military doctors and that I then considered it their duty to take cultures and the like. I informed him that in 1932, when I was here alone and had thousands of cases on my hands alone, that I did take cultures and sent them to the Shanghai Municipal Laboratories; but that I was now relieved of all that bother by his presence. He had a good laugh. The man died. They took the body out and cremated it. But failed to get a stool sample. He mentioned it. I replied, "That of course that wasn't my fault." So we got on marvelously, with mutual respect for one another's medical intelligence.

Tell mother that the Mrs. Hawkins, formerly Miss Tennyson, was one of my high school teachers and at one time my room sponsor. She taught me Ancient History. I didn't know she was married. Perhaps she would like one of the hospital 1940 reports that Irene brought home to mother.

The swimming pool is very popular this year. Many of your little friends are in swimming every day. Aldeh is husky and solid and nice and brown. She can almost swim and is not a bit afraid of the water for the first time. More of the nurses come in this year. Miss Chang is in every day and can swim and dive well. Miss Dai and Miss Sung are in every day. Miss Ling and Miss Yuen, and Mr. Kung, and Miss Tiu come in some times.

Tell mother that the Baby Clinics closed over a month ago. The mothers gradually stopped bringing the babies as we closed up for the season. Miss Ling is doing O.K. with the babies; rather Kwan Tso is. We still have the same 26. Should have taken on about ten more but couldn't because Oswald's cows haven't had calves yet. As soon as they come in we can have more milk. The canned milk is almost gone and I have been using it sparingly to make it last till the cows came in.
My garden has carrots and potatoes chiefly. The carrots are mostly being used for the hospital patients' vitamins. A recent article in my medical magazine tells that alfalfa hay is rich in vitamins and keeps people from bleeding. So recently Kwang has been fixing up alfalfa hay dishes for bleeding cases. I think it helps.

My potato crop is especially fine this year. It is almost time to dig them all up. Some are as big as your two fists. I have had many fine meals from my potato, berries, and Uncle Oswald's. This has been a good year for them. If the Costeruses had not been here I would have had some to can. But I was just fixing close on supplies to last me till my vacation; when they came and have to stay on for three weeks to get their antitoxins shots. So I am out of everything and buying on the street.

Uncle Os. is eating supper with me also so it keeps Kwang busy to find enough for us to eat. We are eating mostly potatoes, spinach, carrots, raw cucumbers, last year's canned beans, and peas and beets, a young rabbit once in a while, eggs, coffee, Japanese canned mandarins (at $1.50 a can—10 cents gold).

Mother's sweet peas were lovely this year and so many that I and the nurses couldn't keep them all picked. They are just finished. The snap dragons were nice too. Now the cabbages are out in full, and we have lots of them this year.

Lao Ho is no longer working for me. He had a job at the post office for a time but not now. I haven't seen him for over a week. He took the letter I sent to the Costeruses telling them to get the lead out of their feet and hurry here for anti-oxides vaccine.

I sent one reel of black and white movies down for development by Oswald. He gave it to Mr. Wankling. I haven't seen it yet. Will buy more films and take more after my return from vacation.

Tell mother I just wrote a long 5-page letter to the Furnells at Fullerton, telling them of things here. I hope it will bear fruits.

Oswald has the sewing women at the Women's Center working for him of more tiny shoes. So I won't butt in on that. But I have one good needlwoman working for me. Mrs. Mu found her and asked me to help her. At first she made fancy shuttlecocks. I have a lot of them now. So I started her on another idea. She is making bangles to hang on blouses just like the tiny shoes. Fancy Chinese designs with Chinese smelly satchels (is that the way to spell it) in them. I think they beat the shoes ten ways. She is now working on tiny people to hang on blouses. I family with mother, father, kiddies, old nurse, etc. I haven't seen what she has done with this idea yet. I am paying her $1.00 a day and buying all materials. She is feeding herself and three children on that. If she gets something good I'll gradually increase her income.

I now have my reservations on the 'Nagoya Maru' sailing from Shanghai on July 1st for Kobe. It will cost me $120.00 for the round trip (US$16.00). I can take $200.00 cash with me and a bank order for $300.00, or $500.00 at Shanghai rates; which are double those in Japan. That will be a great plenty and amounts to only US$71.00. I will therefore take with me, counting tickets and cash, a total of US$74.00. Not much when you figure it in U.S. money. I have US$4.00 in Mr. Marx's hands, and the US$20.00 the Yakuza girls gave me at the same time they sent you twenty. I think I will use that for this trip. I have more than enough to make up the rest in Chinese money. So my vacation trip is assured ahead of time. And I will use my salary that comes while I am away and this month's for winter supplies. So that is being fixed very comfortably.

Love,

Dad.
Hefei, Anhwei, China,
June 16, 1941.

Dearest Grace,

I will address a letter to you for a change instead of to one of the kids. My inspiration is three letters written by you as the products of your trip to the Convention. The second two arrived together. The first one written en route to and during the Convention just came five minutes ago or two days later. The first reached me just one month to the day from the time of writing the first part, or less than a month from the time of mailing.

I am so glad you went to the Convention and had such a good time. I was fine you got better acquainted with the Petersons. I am sure they were as proud of you as you were of them. Perhaps it was just as well that I wasn't there todim your brilliance. You are too humble to admit it to yourself; but you are truly a very smart and attractive and altogether likable little woman; and that is not just the words of a love blinded husband. I am terribly proud of you and wonder how I ever hooked you. And your silver threads amongst the gold add to your dignity and wholesomeness; you're not "an old woman basking in the beauty of your pretty daughters" as you stated it recently.

I can tell by your letters that you are enjoying speaking this time too. You might as well admit it to yourself and get more personal enjoyment out of it, you will do more good in that mood than one of being bored. You are doing the cause of China more real service perhaps than you could by being out here tending to the routine details of the life of a missionary. If we could only figure out some way by which to have you both here and there at the same moment, and I'll try to stick it out and give you a "Brave husband" to talk about for a little longer; if you will keep the letters and KOWI messages coming right along. They are my backbone. What a big job you have mothering three kiddies and one big boy and besides promoting for all of China. No need feeling that you have left your job behind. You have taken on a much bigger one. Go to it kid. You're doing great things. Poke it to them, just be diplomatic enough to be under the letter of the law. But get the funds coming out this way and we'll work them and give you more material to preach about. But above all have a good time while you're doing it. Don't take on too heavy a schedule, get enough rest and you'll do better missionary promoting. Don't let them push you harder than you want to go. You know what you can do and do well; and that will be better for them too.

I am making up an album of all of the pictures I can get of the hospital, the poor school, the Free Nest-heat, the baptised classes, etc. Watch I will write notes on and send on to you as soon as I can get the prints out of Mr. Yan. OIG is doing the same for his own use, but you will have the only one there. You can take it about with you to help explain your points perhaps. I am mounting them on white sheets of paper and putting them in a loose leaf cover so that they can be taken out and passed about if you wish.

I have my boat reservations for the "Tokyo Maru" to Kobe, sailing on July first. Yesterday a notice in the China Press said Britishers could no longer obtain visas in Shanghai for Japan; but had to apply to the Foreign Office in Tokyo. In other words so much fog that visas would not be obtainable. So OIG is not trying to go there this year. Don't know now what or where. Perhaps a similar rule may be issued for Americans by the time I want a visa.
Dear Family,

You've all included in this letter. I have written you all of the time I can't afford a fifty-cent stamp for our four postcards. I'd like to have some family letters. The letters are mostly that anyway.

Next Sunday I'll be in Shanghai if plans don't change. I'll be in Shanghai on my birthday this coming Friday, so I'll be able to celebrate a bit. I may celebrate on Saturday or Sunday, for I have written to Mr. Toyo, the nice Japanese gentleman that took me in last to Japan, asking whether he can have supper with me at the Foreign YMCA. Also, I have written that I am very sorry that this, if he is in town and accepts, I will make a birthday party, just trying to get him to write letters of introduction for me on all the formalities.

Tonight I'll be playing the Eucharistic Vespers, but tonight I'll find a radio somewhere in Shanghai, and it will be listening for you. Before that I have asked Carl Ott to listen for me, and he has promised to do so. I believe he won't send it, but it doesn't matter. It won't make any trouble for him to get the radio for me in the United East.

As I see it, all roads will be opened, the president of the United States will be getting me out from my prison for a more suitable one, but I am not sure yet who knows that the propaganda campaign is about to begin. I am not sure if there will be the war alone, but I guess it will be a bit longer before any of us will have our share.

If you choose to do an emergency operation in the very near future, someone cuts his leg the next day, I'm expecting him to be on the next train. Tomorrow morning I am doing another big operation, and I hope to see you and the rest of the family. The next morning I'll take the early train for the city. I am taking the early one for it has more cool going, and besides I want to visit and a few hours longer to be stiffer.

My view is out of order and will be until I return. Two of newness and wires. The fine resistance wires were rusted out after ten years in the cement floored room. I am sure that I have no difficulty in having a wired line in Shanghai and be ready for my return. I don't know how I could get along without it now. It is like a crutch and a wheelchair to me now. I am sure of my ears to abstract from radio, and have learned to depend upon 24 hours a day entirely.

The military police admit gave me a personal letter of about three weeks. Then it may proceed in Japan. The next day we received it, and I sent it to a friend in various cities. Now, what does that mean? I mean that I was a thought of that and told it they were not very rough and that I was a gentleman or not. They were told that they did not want to understand or was it just to prepare the way for my arrival to be so that I would not be an issue of protection from where I go. I will be under protection from wherever I go. I have not been able to say anything about my actions of any way. It did not work to a good extent, the way I have not lived in American China for nothing. I have not been asked why as the loyal subject of the people. I can keep the story of what your government. I wonder if I'll be shelters? Please don't try to show a good

This last week a notice came that it was to be in march fully of all things. Not all Americans have to do this. Only the Chinese are truly the ones that are being taken care of. There is no need for any more developments that will not be of our way to show a good

HoShal, China; March 24, 1944.
getting in as a summer tourist with a 30-day transit visa; if that is possible, and I don't see my for I am not entering as a missionary to Japan at all. But I'll not let you 10,000 stop me now either. The more the obstacles the more reason I want to go at this time. Something more to tell about in your speeches or mine later. But while there I'll be as discrete as necessary. You'll have to await the details for a later time. It'll be worth 10,000 extra to you if I figure it must be.

I have paid Mr. Li da da for two months and our servants two same. I've got just about enough to get to Shanghai comfortably. Then I'll begin to spend money, and get more in American money, but there too much. Of course I've got a little help from the Mission. I travel. I figure it will cost me around 30.00 per day while there. In fact Mr. and Mrs. John have offered me board and room in Nagari for 30.00 per day. I figure that will be higher than I'll need to pay most other places. That is foreign board. I am taking one of my sacks of sugar along, and sugar is scarce there, and I have three 10-15 sacks in my storehouse. I'm also going to take some tea, Washington coffee along, perhaps a pound of regular coffee here; perhaps some milk and candy, etc. I've been without candy for two months now, and I could bear to stick my teeth into some again.

We are down to two weeks supply of canned milk for the babies. But yesterday Oswald had a cow come fresh at long last. So by tomorrow we will be able to start using that and that will save the day for the babies. I was beginning to get worried for we had expected the cow to calve several weeks ago. Another will be in anytime now.

11:50 AM

I got Ruth's message tonight and also one from my mother. Ruth certainly made a hit with Norman Peers with her neat printing and personal note to him. She is the only kid of all those sending messages to their dates that gets this special attention. That is a real compliment. Her teacher at school should know of it and she ought to give her due appreciation. I hope your parents were much appreciated and you wanted more. There is one in New York who says she hasn't seen it yet, but it is about the receiving of the Red Cross wheat. So it will fit in nicely with your ½ other. I will try to get more to you in the mail. I wrote to Mrs. Has. about sending the first one I took here; I hope she sent them. I wrote to Mrs. Has. about sending the first one I took here; I hope she sent them. I wrote to her, as they are the first ones I took here; I hope she sent them. If not write to her. Then you see them tell me what they look like, as you know I have never seen them myself; Joe may need to edit them a bit for you and perhaps put some titles on them for your use. All together will make a nice long week.

Oswald received a message from Lovena from Riverside and also one from Irene. One of them was probably meant for last week as he received none then.

We just received the bill for the transportation of the Red Cross wheat to Nagari. It came to $1,000.00 this money, or $2.00 per sack. But to buy the same wheat were now with the new crop would cost us $3.00 per sack or more.

MFR came in the clearest he has ever done, all this evening. Please drop a card to MFR for me giving this information and save me a fifty cent stamp. I already have one letter in the mail about reception to them so will wait till later to write again. But a card from you will be appreciated by them, with a thank you for sending your messages. So say that reception on June 22nd was the best ever.

June 23rd, 9:30 AM.

I have the hysterectomy out of the way now. Everything went alright but I sweat like a pig. Had a hard time keeping sweat from falling into the wound. And it was morning too. Took me from 6 to 8 AM to do it. Yesterday's stab wound case is doing alright so far. They will be taking it to court; so both sides will be soon shelling out the cash to the lawyers. They don't know what to quit.
We heard the radio news of Germany's declaration of war on Russia last night. Now where does that leave all of us, especially Japan. Is she to fight one or the other or both? Is her treaties with either Germany or Russia of any value to her??????????????????"Me that is not for me is against me," but the big question to everyone is;"Who is for me and who is against me?"

Well, I must bring this to a close and get about last minute things for this is my last day here. I expect to leave on the early morning train.

I love you all,

D. L. Cpaim
June 29, 1941.

Dear Mother,

I am now at the Missionary Home, having arrived here Wednesday evening, June 25th, by a train from Paris and Shanghai, just under a flood. The flood waters have only today almost entirely receded. It is my first time in Shanghai during a flood. The district around the Missionary Home was one of the worst I have seen. In some places the water rose 2 feet. To take a medicine from the first gate to the #14 place. The medicine man was more than knee deep in most of the time. I was not in my medicine for the first time. I wanted to keep it from you. I got up off the bed long before to get the first dose of my medicine. Every thing is arranged for my return home last Friday, which I hope will be the 25th. This day partly cloudy, and I was beginning to get worried about the time to leave. I had to go on without any money? & have my passport signed for tomorrow now. I had a Japanese visa (not old enough to sign it). I wrote in Japan but #400 all claiming entrance fee, Akasaka only. I must leave on the missionary work. I have ¥200 cash + ¥300 in Yen, which I need as my need bank draft (may be more than my need here in tokyo). I am all set with all day today + all of tomorrow to run about for money.
I am to live with Mr. John Reed and will be in Tokyo. He will give me a week of pocket money and I can save up as much as I can. I have brought 60,000 yen with me (an extra 10,000 yen in case of an emergency). I will not spend much on my pocket money, but will save it. I will eat at home every day and not go out for meals or buy coffee. I will buy coffee and tea at a small shop. I will also buy a chocolate bar. Prepare for the first few weeks and make myself more welcome as a Frenchman. For the ¥500, I bought ¥1,200 worth of goods. I had ¥630 left. I paid out US $76.75 exactly. I had a few days in Shanghai long before I came back. After I got some French from Marco, enough for a good meal, I went away to be able to take the boat. I am looking forward to seeing my husband. This month, as my allowance is only 20,000 yen, I will have to save money for the month. I will try to save 30,000 yen this month, perhaps 40,000 yen. That will help me a lot. But it is not only about saving money on my vacation. It is also about taking care of the students and the Japanese students who take care of us in the dormitory. I am not sure if this will be enough, but I will try my best.
May 15th, 1945

Mr. Johnson,

I am writing to request you to send us a check for $2,500 in accordance with the terms of the policy we purchased from your company. The policy covered the loss of the safe which was insured under the policy.

I have enclosed the receipt for the amount paid to the Safe Company. I am enclosing a copy of the policy for your records.

Please let us know if there is anything else you require from us.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

P.S. We have also received a receipt for the amount paid to the Safe Company.
Yesterday Frances took me to a place for luncheon in the American Red Cross building. I was welcomed as a friend of the Red Cross. It was a splendid affair, with many important persons in attendance. The American Red Cross and other organizations are giving money monthly. The relief work has been needed during these past few years. The Red Cross Y.M.C.A. is sending a large amount of relief money. I am glad we have this satisfaction.

I am making reservations to return by July 31st. That is the latest date. I am not sure, but most likely it is July 31st. I think the American Red Cross is sending a large amount of money. I have been told that the U.S. is sending a large amount of money. I am glad we have this satisfaction.

If you get a message from me, please call K&J's at 11:00 PM. I will be on the air then.
June 30, 6:30 A.M.

Since I received your message last night on the imaginary phone ringing, I was very clear
with you only about 20 feet. I didn't tell
you to put your string along the walk
in the room. I received a Dang Dang Birthday
greeting. Miss Betty Corless said I have
decorated each other's hearts. I love you, too.
I also received a message from Mrs. McCallum.
Corfe has been in San Francisco.
I'm sure my kinwoman in San Francisco
asking for your address.

I had a letter from Eva saying they had
taken their places in the game. She had
take the tomorrow's event something about
a bridge golf. She painted yellow fumbers
Mrs. McCallum had at the party. I'm in big
gains. A truck was still last for
her story across. Or you can hear
we all out here keep track of
you all over there. Too bad it doesn't
work both ways.

Love, Dang!