Shanghai, July 1, 1941.

Dear [Name],

I need to write one more letter from Shanghai. I sent off my regular weekly letter yesterday. I think it went an extra. You can count on my writing one weekly. If you don't get them weekly then you are the same as for they are depending on a ship to travel.

I am enclosing your Eastern Star card. It will be necessary for you to show this to gain admission into most lodges as well as pass certain exams.

Your second Clifton letter, dated May 26th & July 17th reached me here yesterday, having got a stop at Peking.

The Mike Bumsted letter you have over here is not ours. He is in Hongkong & I am talking to him to get hold of that at last.

I find myself famous in Shanghai, all the Chinese when they see me say, "Oh, I know your name is John, when introduced to me, I know your name is John, when I saw you on the air," and I say, "I know you well, I know you well." I keep me at the air.

With much love and love,

[Name]
While in Japan I'll need to watch my step about what I say about political subjects. As I want to give you a few code phrases, I think it OK to continue speaking.

The War = the baseball game.
The Junior Baseball Team = The Japanese.

The Seniors Baseball Team = Chinese army.
(Censor team)
The Home town = Tokyo.

We have a job before us, but I still can remember our friends back in Shanghai. About these things, I will stick to the censor's code for now, and try to write a dream of travel for future refrees, but only of ordinary events.
I saw "Gone with the Wind" tonight. The last movie I had time to see.
The boys made so much noise that I was cleaning the halls this morning. They kept saying I should travel at 9 A.M. or 1 P.M., but I don’t know how to do it. If I can’t leave here too much, I’ll just wait until 7:30 to leave. I will take my stuff with me and leave my books behind.

I can’t come back, anyway. I can’t bring my books to China. I can bring my coat and shoes, but I can’t bring my briefcase, my clothes, or any food. I can’t bring any food.

I am going to leave in the morning. I have a big package of books ( besides a large package of books I had before). The Digest (magazine Digest) has a few pieces. I don’t know what to do with these, and I don’t know what to do with the others. I am leaving the books here for you.

If I must eat breakfast now I must eat breakfast now.

I will get going.

Love, love, love you.

(Doug, Dad.)
Dear Grace,

I have been in Japan about ten days now. I made a trip to Kyoto from Kobe and then farther interior. I got a serious bladder infection from my last distillation in Shanghai and it developed bad while I was on this trip, so that I had to stop off at a Japanese inn for four days and dope up with sulphamidé with a fever of 105 and my urine full of blood and pus. A most troublesome complication has been the swelling up of my left testicle to three times its normal size. But all danger is over now, thanks to sulphamidé, and I am wearing a strap to support the heavy testicle, which causes a dragging, aching feeling when not properly supported.

So now I am at Joe Hunter's taking the rest cure. It is a good place to do it. He and a Swiss businessman are batchin' together, with a Japanese housekeeper. They have a storeroom well stocked with everything, which is unusual in these parts these days. Joe brought lots of stuff with him when he returned just a month ago. He is planning on returning in December. "No future for missionaries here" he states. The McCoy's are trying to hang on two more years till retirement; but I wonder, for she is now in the hospital. Just had a breast removed three days ago for cancer.

As soon as I get rested up a bit, two or three days more perhaps, I expect to see something of Tokyo. But if everything goes well I'm not going to stick around the city longer than I can help. I want a trip to Nikko and a week or more up in the vicinity of Mt. Fuji. It might be possible I couldn't climb to the top this time; but I could have a lot of fun poking about on the various lower trails.

I have a personal letter of introduction from the Hefei chief of the Military Police. I have used it twice so far and it seems to be a green light to go ahead at all points. It makes all other explanations unnecessary, which I couldn't make anyway.

There is so much I'd like to open up on but had better not. Prudence is the better part of valor still I think. I will stick to that till a later date. But I have some material already that you can use in talks. It will come out in my later letters.

Enough to say that I'd a thousand times rather be a foreigner in China today than in some other places I could spit on. There at least a part of the population has a friendly attitude toward you and confides in you. Some other places there is still the sense of admiration for ours, they would like to be friendly and cuddle up a bit, but are afraid to do so. I found this in a student in one place who acted as a guide for the English practice he could get out of me. Everything was A. this and A. that and then a wondering if the subject hadn't been carried too far.

It's going to be fine to get back and at all of my mail from you. Here I have been here but ten days and I am talking about getting back. So far I haven't had a very happy time. I have had a profitable time but my illness has taken the enjoyment out of it so far. I hope that will be improved upon from now on.

I have never been so down in my weight since college days, almost since you married me. If I could just get strong and husky at this weight I'd be right. Before leaving Hefei I weighed around 190. In S'hai about 185. Today I weigh only 176 pounds. The first time in my married life that I can remember being below 180 pounds. The fever did it, and I'll go up some as I get going again. But I'm going to try to keep it below 190 for a time. My big weakness in Kwan Dao. He knows too well what I like and how I like it. I should fire him. and get OJG's Liu Dao dz. Then there would be some hope.

Love,

[Signature]

July 14, 1941.
Dearest Grace,

I just wrote a letter to you last night and mailed it this morning. That letter could make a boat just going out if it is not held up by peeping Tommies. I am again starting a letter to you in a similar mood to many I encountered while writing from Hobei. I have no especial news to forward to you; just want to talk to you.

Not a word in our “informational” rags to intimate that there is a reason in the wide world for the taking off of all means of return to our bachelor quarters in Hobei. In fact there is not a word about such a situation having arisen. If I had not been so personally involved and paid out good hard cash in the “city by the sea,” which the company had to do something about, I and all others closely associated with me might not be in on the “know” of such a happening even yet.

But rumors do get about and these point to activities down in the colonies of the “frog eaters”. If you can’t figure out who the frog eaters are just ask Joe-Joe. That is old out of date slang dating back to the last war days. He is a specialist on all such and can give you the dope. Our rag, as I called them above (also ask Joe-Joe if you don’t get that either), have been preparing the poor uninformed public for something that might have to be announced in the frog-eaters back-yard. They have been talking about an alphabetical political situation, the ABCD encirclement of the JIG countries. (ABCD stands for yank, J-Bull, chink, and dutchies, JIG for Japan, Italy, and Germany.)

Well, the evening rag just came and it lets the cat out of the bag. There is admission of action down where I intimated and also of counter measures in Orville Douglas’ city. I still feel that it is the same, so far as I am personally concerned whether I am here or with Oswald; perhaps even more convenient in case—than up there.

Today I was asked to present myself for questioning as to my intentions. I showed my ticket and that I had made application to every possible line for reservations. They thought it best, under the present situation, that I make formal application for a two month’s residence permit. So that has been done. Monday I will register with our own consular authorities so they will know that I am here and can give me any notices they may deem necessary. If things don’t clear up for a return to Marx’ town soon I am intending on doing a bit of Japanese language study. I’d like to have it for use in Hobei, and I would feel I wasn’t wasting my time.

In the meantime Oswald is there to carry on and keep the relief funds pouring in. So keep money coming to Marx office if that is possible. But that may not now be possible for the retaliatory measures mentioned were the freezing of funds for both McCoy’s and Marx’ country. You ought to ask Raleigh about that before you send any more. Or it might be as well to send it to Mr. Flopper to forward to Marx. He will be able to get it through if there is a way. At any rate you won’t lose it if it is placed in his hands.

These are interesting times. I have placed myself fully in the hands of the Lord and He will for me. I will, of course, use the best judgment. He gives me in decisions as to needed moves. But when I saw you folks sail away and leave me behind I resigned myself to any fate. Since then I find much less mental strain and rather an indifference to the turn of events. So let come what may; there is very little I can do about it. If I get marooned here, well, that is that. If marooned in Marx’ town, that is that too. If isolated in Hobei, the same indifference. I think that is a good attitude to take. For after all there is so little we can do about it; and worry doesn’t add one inch or take away one inch from the height.
July 28, 1941.

I went to church yesterday and found things deader than in our Hotei church before the incident. There were but 14 members in the entire congregation. Of course this pastor is anything but a whirlwind preacher and talked theology from Revelations. There was not the life and practical application of Christianity that we now know in our parts. I am getting impressions. Perhaps I should not be ready to come to any conclusions as yet. But I am contacting missionaries, local Christians, and using my own eyes; and I am being lead to feel that the difference is in the fact that here no one has as yet been called upon to really suffer for their faith. It is still more or less a clock that has been put on, and not a vital part of the being. No real test has had to be made yet. Orders have come to unite. And union has been accepted. I believe that union is the proper thing to do. I want to see what this true experiment in Christian union will do for Christianity in general. But to date it has called for no sacrifice on the part of the churches or the individual members. I am feeling less sorry for our "other side" Christians. They have had to stand up for their faith. They have suffered personal dangers, and even family hardships and losses. But I am sure that has been good for their faith, and therefore for their whole new order of life.

That to me is the real New Order in East and West Asia; this purifying and strengthening of the faith and morale of those who have survived the devastation. It is a spiritual NOISE, not a mutual economic prosperity sphere. For that we know is the opposite from being the case. I am therefore going to preach more suffering for our faith, upon my return. I am going to caution against letting ourselves get into ruts of worship forms. I am going to emphasize what Poellick said in one of his sermons, "Don't crucify Christ by worshipping him, and let that serve the necessity for following him." It is so much easier to settle into forms of worship of a far off legendary Christ, and let it go at that; when he would have us give less lip service and really buckle down to the more difficult task of following his teachings.

I think that is one of the messages I will be taking back to our Christians; that we should be thankful for the things we have suffered for our faith, not to try to avoid them but welcome them as blessings in disguise.

Grace, I wouldn't change places with any missionary in these parts if you would give me millions in funds to work with to boot. We have a place in the order of things over there. We are accepted as true friends and even confidants by our people. The attitude here seems to be simply one of anxiety for the personal safety and comforts of old and true friends. And they are especially concerned about getting these friends safely back to their home land and out of dangers and possible dangers or unpleasantnesses. Joe Hunter is ready to return at any time. He feels there is no place for evangelists of outside rationality now. He feels more or less in the way. He has many former students now in prominent places. They all show the same close friendship and feeling of gratefulness for his former helpfulness and part in sending them on their various successful life ventures; but they dare not associate with him. He does not get invited into their homes as formerly. He feels he is a disadvantage to them.

What a difference to our situation, where our presence brings in relief and encouragement. I am glad I came to find out these things even if I do have difficulties and "na fan" in returning to my work. I feel that my objective in vacationing here has been very much worth while. Even if the turn of events should make it necessary for missionaries to leave occupied areas and these parts, and I should have to go home directly from here (which I have no idea will be necessary) I still feel that I did the right thing in choosing the vacation that I did. It will be worth many times it's cost in whatever work I shall be called upon to do at home; and to encouragement I will be able to write to our fellow-workers in our home place.
Joe is very much upset over the present disturbed situation. It is the first time he has been up against such uncertainty. The same holds true for Mrs. Mc. But he is constituted so that he can "see no evil, speak no evil, and hear no evil" of any one of this race. He is rather blinded to possibilities as he is nearly blinded by his cataract. He is a prince of a fellow. Has been doing favors and running errands for others for the past thirty years. He is the kind that never feels he is being imposed on. He has all of the dirty jobs of whatever community he is a part. Is the treasurer of every sort of organization; has many details to settle before he can pull out.

The McCoy's have family reasons for not pulling out hurriedly. They have two grown sons in positions of importance here. One in business and the younger in the consular service. But I wouldn't be surprised if they sailed soon. There is pressure from their friends.

A few months ago the local Christian school faculty asked for the return of Miss Trout. Ever since they have been feeling that that was a mistake under the conditions that have since developed. A recent cable said she was coming in Sept. But I am sure they will cable again this week asking that decision be cancelled.

All school, church, and missionary home property has been turned over to a Japanese governing board. Only official final acceptance is needed. That means that the UCMS no longer owns property in these parts. It also means that all work here will be on a self-supporting basis save for some income that some institutions will get from the interest on an endowment fund. And the UCMS has no further say as to the disposal of that endowment or the interest. So the Church and institutions are cut off to do for themselves. It is an experiment that will test the efficiency of the foundations that have been laid during the past 30 years of missionary endeavor. It will be interesting to watch.

As my ship was taken out of circulation so far as civilians are concerned the police asked me to register as a resident. So I made application as a resident of Japan for two months, the shortest period possible. That doesn't mean I must stay here for two months, just that that business is cared for for that long a time should I require that much time here. Today I am going down to our own embassy and register. Joe is going along as he hasn't as yet registered. Things surely must open up with transportation facilities to Shanghai for there is so much business and business interests involved. But for time being no one knows anything. This gives me a good chance to do more visiting. Mr. Saita, who was in HoFei when I first returned, is arranging for me to visit the various hospitals here and meet Christian doctors. So I will be gainfully employed. If I should learn that I will be delayed a month or more I will get a teacher and study the language. It will be useful in HoFei. So I am not anxious about what may come. Old is there to hold with the relief work and advise. He was doing just that more and more; with the object of letting them try out their "wings". So nothing will be lost by my absence. They will just need to do a little more of my routine duties.

This has been a very cool summer here. There have been typhoons in this region most of the time that have brought with them storms and cool weather. I have had but four or five real hot days since my arrival. It has just started raining again and another typhoon is promised. This is hard on the local farmers. Many of their crops have been washed out by the heavy rains. Also the rains have held up the transportation of food stuffs into the larger cities as here. Meat and vegetables are almost not available. We are practically living out of cans that Joe brought out with him. I feel
rather guilty living off of their precious stock. I am paying my share of all costs of running the house, which amounts to about $6.00 each for the three of us per day. That includes the cook, lights, food, and all. But I may get off to Nojiri soon where food is plentiful. I can board and room there with a family for $2.00 per day. I am now waiting for information as to when I may expect to be able to return to Marx' town. But I may be up at Nojiri in another week.

Mails are very uncertain these days and no one knows ahead of time when or if they will arrive or be sent out. So I will put this in the mail and hope it gets to you sooner or later.

I had notes of introduction to a couple of young Japanese graduates of the U. of Wash. We had a very pleasant chat the other day; I believe I told you of it in my last letter. Tomorrow we have a noon dinner party somewhere. They seem very happy to meet someone from back there. They feel somewhat like fish out of water here. Just don't seem to belong anywhere.

I have plenty of good reading and can talk to you frequently so I'll get along alright during my period of being marooned.

Don't forget how I love you and how much I miss you. It isn't right to be separated in this way. But the fates are against us and we will have to become resigned to the turn of events. Of course we are much better off than millions of folks, whose families are broken up by the same phase of the world war. I or Sonny might be on some front line these days; and you might be in some city where daily bombing was the regular diet.

As I started to say before and got side-tracked; the folks here are very much disturbed over the present uncertainties. But I really feel more normal since the onset of the present situation. I feel more at home here now that there is the same usual state of uncertainty that we consider normal in Hoi-fai. I have even become more animated in my conversation the last few days. So much so that Joe has noticed it and remarked about it. We in Hoi-fai almost need some situation of uncertainty as a stimulant. We have become calamity addicts; we need to be knocked a bit woozy to be able to carry on our usual activities. We need the "night cap" and the "eye opener", and the noon "constitutional" or "tonic" in order to really function properly. If we should be dropped into some situation of normal American life we would simply die of boredom.

Now I think I will close this letter, this talk with you, and get it into the mails. I will soon start another as the spirit moves me. I think I have given you something to think about in these few pages, which if you think over a bit you can use in your conferences and contacts. That too is, as you know, one of my reasons for such a vacation, to give you fuel for your fire, your front-line fire.

I am proud of you and our fine family. I am glad to be doing my bit to keeping you supplied with a reason for campaigning, and material for use.

Love,

[Dong]
Dear Grace,

Yesterday morning I got back from beautiful Kishin island. I got a telegram waiting in the boat company to a letter from you. The telegram asked me to go immediately to their Tokyo office where I was informed that the ship I had booked to pay for return passage had been taken off. You will know this reason why I am thinking I do at this moment. I know your press is over. But we can do a lot of guessing.

I had a personal introduction to the head of the Travel Dept. of the Japan Tourist Bureau. He told me today that "wires were too busy" for China. He thought this only temporary, but that I had two weeks more of regular vacation left, time to enjoy the company of others, and the temper of the air would be better today. In the mean time I am settling fairly well with a few people to take up my life and plenty of money. I bought 200 yen in bank drafts, a got 100 for the round trip ticket. I hope it is better today than the past few days. In the course of thing I have been going to a class of 12 students at Japanese Times when possible.
In food, lodging, travel, and everything I have used only $200 and have $400 left. I have a house in New York and could use an extra five weeks or two here would be an extra joy. You are all right and a lot of times you are all outfit and a lot of times you are all outfit.

I just can’t seem to get excited over what happens to me personally. All I want is a new connection. I am doing my duty as far as I am physically able, and acting from day to day as the best judgment I have directed me to do. What more can I be pleased in? My family attacks me left and right. They try something else on others. I can only what comes at my own decision.

Joe Hunter was so thankful for the news about his wife. He included your letter to me here. He has been showing a letter from his wife that the bureau found in the post office to which the family wrote in response. They depend on you and your family more than they depend on means. Were not as bad as letter writers are.
You misunderstand my saying that "you are my only bad habit." Do you refer to you as a bad habit? I said it that way because we usually speak of our bad habits and not our good ones. It seems I can get along without the other. Perhaps it seems to be the call for that reason.

But the you presence the real you part of the you + I life together is a real habit. Call it what you may — good, bad, indifferent. I was not even thinking of what you referred to when I wrote that. But I'll forgive you for thinking that I must be a great at times. But you have always been a good wish to me and very seldom ever complain if I nagged on to sleep. But I find that it's a small flaw in our married relationship. I get the...
The Society asked Mr. Hunt to give up a job of $500,000 and to sell or rent his new house of $75,000 to India. He had just moved to Colombo. The local Christian leader had asked him if they were going to send any aid. Then the mission told him that now missionary days in those parts were ended. He is definitely returning to India by December, if not earlier. All mission projects have been transferred to a local Christian body, and all are going well. Indigenous leaders have taken over financial aid. The Coop has within 2 years of retirement. He has a catastrophe that needs $5,000,000. He can see very little coming from a great sale. She is sick all the time. The front was ordered to come to the capital. Today a cable came by the local Christian leader. A cable came by the local Christian leader. A cable came by the local Christian leader.
not to come because I found no certainty to come. I am sure it could be possible to have the right kind of work, but I am not sure I might come to be left with it, when passing the road. This, in turn, is not a certain time to say the least. I should think to go to Shanghai I have nothing of great value in Hopei to go back for. But of course I can try to get back as soon as possible. This is just to show you how little I worry about what than events might take. I think where one I leave move fast.

My vacation from Kowau Dar is doing great things for my work time. I have long recovered from the sick spell I had some after the trip to Tibet. And after my think of But, I feel physically fit. But things, as seems I do not know. I have good health. To eat out I must I am in company. You, and I do not gastronomically greatly tempted.
I am now flipping the scales at 172 pounds & feeling fine. Can run with out making a mile check. I don’t remember in my life back in junior high & college days but I will be glad to stick my teeth in some chocolate thick cream again, and eat some good fried rabbit and potato salad. I had a fine day with three young folks of the U. of Wash. One girl was born in Vancouver, B.C. had 4 years at Seattle, another was born in Seattle, the third a young man. They are both because in 1929 their race was against them in obtaining jobs. But they are not the upbringers. They are sweeteners, not happy. They claim they did the good. All had been in trouble, 1 in one to have a party Tuesday night had letting of an apartment from the boy of the house. P.S. I am glad on love. 9 July 2nd. I arrived at July 24th.