

Peking, China.
June 1934.

Dear Father Caulston:

I just feel about wild. There are so many things to think about and so many things to see too that I hardly know where I am at. I feel like a ship without a rudder. Mr. Christian has been appointed administrator of everything. He is not clever nor is he awfully bright. I cannot trust his judgment. Now I thought that you could find out at least. I have told Mr. Christian to have the American Consul drop it until they hear from me.

As it stands now I have to pay the attorney five per cent on everything even including Elmer's clothes. They have asked very specifically if there is any money in America. If I remember rightly the money in Kalamazoo is in my name. You can ask my father if it is or not. He sent us the note for it and I have lost it. Elmer mentioned about money he had in the printing company. I never have known anything about it. I am not saying this because I want it especially but you understand how it is.

Adeli said he would see Mr. Johnson, the American minister and see if we

cannot get out of the fees. If so I will let you know right away. It seems so strange when I have worked all the time and everything we have is what we have saved together. There is the furniture and about six hundred dollars now on the checking account, and about fourteen hundred dollars on our account and Baby Chris's account. It is such a small amount to turn over to lawyers. I wish you would see what you can do about it. It will do no harm to find out at least.

I am staying with Florence and Adali in Peking. I plan to leave here on Wednesday. Please write me at Shanghai at the Sanitarium.

Received mother's letter yesterday. I have read it again and again. When we came down to Peking I asked Elmer whether I should let you know how sick he was. He said not to worry you with it. O, Elmer fought for life. That is one thing that makes it so hard for me. I am glad you did not see him die. I did not want to and yet I knew I would not be satisfied if I did not.

It does not seem that it could be

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God's will for him to go.

There is not a minute during the day that I have him out of my mind. I seem so alone to everyone else, but no-one in this world knows the struggle I go through inside. I would be so much more comforted in my own mind, if I just knew what I believed. One says to me, "If only we had given more help to Kalgau," then another says, "It must have been God's will, or he could have raised him up, even if he was run down." No-one seems to give me the satisfaction I would like to have. Sometimes I feel like Jesus is soon coming and I will have Elmer again, then again I look ahead at the lonely years. I guess I need to experience more faith and not try to see through so many things. However it is I get lonelier every day.

It about broke my heart to pull out from Kalgau. Just four weeks to the very night that I took Elmer to Peiping elapsed till I left forever. So many times before, we left on that train together. I was thinking how wonderful it would have been if we could be going to Feing Tao together now.

I can't write more. It only upsets me. I think of you too and know you are

going through the same experiences.
I must close now.

Love to all,
Leatha.

P. S. Don't think that I meant that Mr. Christian is not doing the best he knows for he is, but he is not real clever, and of course anxious to get the matter off his hands. He wants me to turn the piano over to a company and sell it on consignment. Everyone else advises me against it.

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