

Chiao Lou Tseng,
July 5, 1934.

Dear folks:

Your letters written just after Elmer's death came this morning. I have read and re-read them and will probably read them some more.

I am staying here with Calista and Cecil. They are so good to me. Everyone has been good to me, but Calista is a real comfort. She lets me talk and never seems bored and it seems to relieve me.

This is a lovely place, although it is very hot. We have a lovely swimming pool not more than twenty feet from the back door. There are plenty of vegetables here.

It certainly must have taken a long time for the cable of Elmer's death to get through for the men sent the cable in the afternoon no hope and Elmer died that same night at 8:35. Each day I think of what we did and when Saturday night comes I always watch the clock. These hours must have been awful for you too.

I can't express to you that awful night when these young upstarts at P. U. M. C. would not call a doctor. I thought of Dr. Miller, Dr. Heald and all our good men who would gladly have stayed with Elmer. Of course the foreign woman doctor and the Chinese surgeon felt terrible when they heard about it but nevertheless that does not excuse them, when they

had ^{such} a serious patient they should have left word to be called.

I wish I could make it seem more real that I will have Elmer again. O, I do miss him so. It seems that a million things each day remind me of him. In the morning when I awake it is with the realization anew of his absence.

Everyone says I am brave, but no one knows the loneliness I experience inside. I try to be normal for it makes everyone upset if I go to pieces. This noon just before dinner when Cecil brought your letters I read them right away. Calista was having guests and the natural thing for me would be to cry and cry but I ate dinner. I often cry myself to sleep. I don't want to be a nuisance around other people.

We never will understand why Elmer had to go. He was considered as especially brilliant over here. That is the first thing Mr. Pettus and Dr. Ingram said "Such a brilliant talented man." The Chinese adored Elmer. The park kiddies in the hospital dislike Dr. Lee so much Elmer was so kind and so patient with them.

Yes Elmer worked as long as he could. On Sunday he went and gave the ^{woman} artificial respiration, and even on

Tuesday morning when they, now come and kept saying "Chin ming, or you can save her life, I know Elmer would have gone if I had said the words. He told him he would go and care for the woman if they would bring her to the hospital.

Elmer had 78,000 units of anti-toxin. I had Dr. Kuttner send a report of Elmer's sickness to both Dr. Radabaugh and Dr. Colver. I don't know why I did that, but I thought they could explain more in detail to you.

Do not worry about me financially. My father has written me too to let him know if I need money. I sold the living room set for \$100, the victrola \$175, the bed \$25 and dining room rug \$35. The mission paid me, both Elmer's and my wages for June. I have paid up everything. The division will probably help me with the funeral expenses. There no need whatsoever. The hospital bill was only \$114, as P. U. M. C. gives very good rates to doctors.

How I wish I could talk to you. It is a real comfort just to tell somebody, and especially somebody who cares.

I am so glad I came here instead of going to Pui Fa ho. The N. China folks have been wonderful to me, but I just

could not bear to go there after Florence said those things to me in Mongolia.

I just want Elmer and it does not seem possible that he is gone. A million things make me think of him. I've been in many of our homes but not many of the men ^{are} there as good as Elmer was to me. This morning I told Calista how when I told Elmer to do anything for me he would say, "Yassum," and then I would laugh. I do not say it because Elmer is dead, but he was an ideal husband.

I do not know myself just what I want to do. My natural inclination is to come home and tell you all about it. If only I could get a position teaching in one of our institutions I would come, but I am afraid I would get so lonely doing nothing. Yet I really do not want to go to Shanghai.

Yes, we had everything ready for Siu-ko. We would have enjoyed our vacation so much together.

Doesn't it seem sad that Elmer had written to Dr. Miller saying that he did not possibly see how he could go through the summer. Dr. Miller feels very badly about it. Of course I must not be bitter about it, and there is no use crabbing now, but I think that the China Division has learned a lesson. It just seems

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heart breaking when I think of how the men opposed Elmer on the foreign nurse idea during Committee meeting in January. You read Mr. Christian's letter I sent you. When I see what our other men do during a day and they are not lazy and compare Elmer's day it just makes me say to myself "Why, O why did I ever let him do it?" It is done now, but I keep thinking that maybe I might have prevented it.

I hope you have received the Chinese flowers and the pictures.

I will send the watch with Dr. Miller. I had sort of wanted to keep it, but you may have it. I cherish Elmer's Chinese Bible above everything else. If I leave China I am going to give Cecil Elmer's favorite Chinese dictionary.

Dad asked about whether Elmer knew or not about the cable. I asked the doctor whether I should tell him or not and she said not to disturb him, but Adali did tell him. I hope Adali has written you. He loved Elmer as David loved Jonathan. They were both deeply spiritual, and they both loved Chinese, and the Chinese loved Elmer and they love Adali too.

I just want to tell you all over again how good Elmer was all during his suffering. I hope you sent my letter to the folks and that they sent my letter to you about the funeral.

We have this comfort that Elmer was ready to go.

It will not be easy for me to come home and Elmer not be with me.

I am not pregnant, as you probably have heard. Folks everywhere said that I was. Sometimes I am sorry that I am not, and sometimes I think it is best that I am not.

Saturday night:

This is just about the time that Elmer died. Each Saturday night I live through that awful experience. I am so lonely that I hardly know what to do with myself.

Sometimes I think that it is the only thing for me to stay here and then again I feel like I cannot possibly stand it. I am going through an awful period of readjustment just now. I feel much worse than I did right after Elmer died.

Dr. Miller spoke this morning at church. He kept talking about the expansion of the work and the building of new hospitals. I felt like shouting, "Man the institutions you already have." Everything goes on but poor dad Colleton and I are the ones who feel it. It just seems to me that if Elmer had not been so run down he would not have gone so quickly. You can imagine just how I feel when Elmer has asked for help so long. Keep this all to yourselves for it does me no good now to have folks

Talking about it.

I do not want to do anything. I don't want to be anywhere. I must be brave, but I am tired of being brave too.

I think I shall go to Shanghai the middle of this month. I dislike Shanghai very much.

I must talk to Dr. Miller, for I do not want to go to Shanghai, unless I can go home next year. It does seem like that I ought to not be dropped flat even if I do return home this summer. It ought to be given work in one of our institutions at home. Perhaps I expect too much, but not money have given what I have for our work.

Dr. Miller told me that in order to be kept on as a worker I ought to stay now. Perhaps it is my own fault as at first I thought it would be the only thing to do, but I am so desperately lonesome. Now, I have expressed no desire to him to return home right away.

The way I feel now is that if I could just see all you folks and tell you all about it I would feel better. Then again I think "after that what then?"

Olivia and Cecil have a very nice home. They have two adorable little girls.

I must close now.

Please write me just as often as you did before for I do need courage.

It "rather" amused me to read that division reporter account that Elder Christensen

took Elmer to Peking. He did go with us and
come and had prayer when we called him
but Stanley and I worked all night and
he slept all night. I never told you that.
I held an Esmarch's can for 5 hours
and pinched the tube so the saline
would go in drip by drip to give Elmer
fluids.

The whole experience was so awful. If
only Elmer had lived it would all have
been nothing. While I was in Kalgau I
took care of Elmer "alone", except for the
last night and afternoon when the Chinese
nurses came over.

Goodnight. Please write, for Elmer would
wait for you too.

Love,
Seattle.