

I.

Huling, China,

June 20th 1917.

My Own Dearest Sooner, Ken,

There was quite a wait, I had, for a letter, beside some I have had, then by counting up the time I figured that a letter was soon due, with the delay of the stop at Hanking, if you wrote as faithfully as usual, but when it came this afternoon it was dated the 14th May and started out about ^{you} being so silly writing so often, only the day before, and explaining for writing "such a letter etc" when I had not received it. Oh! Ken dear I feel so lost, you can't imagine how I feel. Here it is, a lovely love-letter, but not a word about where you are except

the address and how my blessed
 Dave boy is. You darling thing,
 you, worrying so about the
 writing so often for fear it
 is wrong and all, how could
 it be, why! I just long and
 live for those letters, then they
 come so faithfully often and
 so full of true, pure, clean
 love, yes, passionate love, the
 best on earth, they are life to
 me, with out them I should,
 well, you know! Yes, and
 you wondering if Mother would
 mind it. Please, for my sake,
 don't fear ~~that~~ any more.
 Mother never meant it for
 always, that we should go slow
 on the correspondence, but
 just while we were too young and

uncertain. Now that our love has developed and expanded in the right channel, that we really love each other and that God is blessing our love, she doesn't mind so long as we are sensible about it all and don't ever do the letter writing so as to take up our time from other things. See? To me there is nothing else so sweet and enjoyable in the world. Of course I realize that there are other things that will take my time, which are ^{which will} make us both better in the years to come important, but my love for you and my thoughts for you take up all the rest of the time that I am given, sometimes more and sometimes less. See?

Your explanation of having
to write every thing and then
falling short of words to express your-
self voices my feeling all through perfectly.
I sent it proofing when you have a
heart and mind full of thoughts to
write about but just can't word them.
You needn't worry about your having
done so in your letters to me for
I think every thing you have written
about has been so clearly and interest-
ingly worded. It is I who should worry
and to do, but I do hope and pray that
we may see each other soon so that we
can talk all our thoughts, and all, out,
if that is ever possible.

While writing the above, to the change
in hand, I was at Mrs. Hunt's
sitting, in the ^{day before yesterday} evening, with Mary or
rather as she went to sleep so that
Mother and Mrs. Hunt could go out calling
to say good-bye to Mrs. Ross, of whom I
have spoken before I think, who is
leaving or rather I should say left for
America, down the hill yesterday. There
was no one else whom Mrs. Hunt could
seave, no servants, while she went, so I

I.

ffered. Consequently the penciled letter
as my pen I admit filed before going
down. I hope you don't mind! I shall
just continue using pencil as I hate my
pen and can write so much faster
with the pencil. See? Had to stop off
writing that evening when I did by Mrs. Hunt's
return, after being interrupted in my
procedure by Mary, several times. How-
ever, here I am again. It is about half-past
seven o'clock on a glorious summer
morning. The rest of the family has not
arisen yet, quite asleep, but I think I
bear Charlie up now. As a rule I
am the sleepy head but for some
reason I awakened early and "some
where a voice is calling" (do you know
that song?) yes, to finish ^{my letter} or, at least,
continue writing to that loving tender
one whose voice it is, I think.

I have been bathing twice already at Duck Pond once on Saturday and then again on Monday. I didn't go yesterday but hope to go some time today. It is glorious swimming but Oh! how much I should enjoy it if you were here to go with me.

Mrs. Roy's started down the hill yesterday morning about six o'clock. I went with her a piece, up to the gap, the entrance to Stuling, about two miles from here I think, and a couple of miles or more out of the gap on the road bound for Stirling. She and her two children Margaret and Grace were in chairs, Richard and Mr. Roy's having already gone down to banking, so I walked beside Grace's (Mrs. Roy's) chair. After I left them and waved to them till they were out of sight I started back alone, to come alone all that way. How I wished you had been with me. I tried to imagine you with me but I couldn't. You know, Ken dear, I have forgotten you. I can only

remember you once, that is really
 to see you that is in Enmore,
 looking at you in church. I can
 remember so well as you sat there
 in your place, from our place with
 the Hindle's. Of course I remember
 how we were to-gether and all that
 so many times and every thing out
 I can't quite see you. See? How I
 long for you in come, to be near me,
 to see you and every thing. Oh! it is
 here I can't find words to express myself.

Ken dearest, every thing you have written
 about I agree with you, it may be that
 each little thing I don't, for instance,
 the cross. There is nothing I object to at
 all. Don't blame you in the least for
 the cross idea, Don't blame me though for
 my ideas, I may be very foolish about it but
 as yet I can't quite see any use or sense
 in it. I can live without it and be much
 easier with out it. See? Please forgive me.

Oh! Ken my own dear one, (I hear some people having prayers not far from here and they are singing a song which always makes me feel homesick, no, love-sick. Do you know it. "I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast made the earth so bright etc.) Now, dear one, mine, there is nothing that I find to criticize you for, how could I, I love you so passionately.

I love you more for loving me passionately. My own dear one, how long for you to come, for the time to come when we are wholly each others and that our thoughts those of the past, now, and those to come be ours in our minds, and all, may be ours to talk about and everything. I hope too, that we can talk about, only after that time comes, see Ken dear, I hope you understand me.

About the letters, no, I think that you have received all, so far, yes, I had mentioned St. Valentine's Day before but not in a letter you haven't received for it was last year I mentioned it and I remember your answering about it. See? Don't worry all is well.

IX.

I have some thing to worry about though. That lovely letter you wrote all on the spur of the moment and "such a letter too". Oh! how I wish that it may come. I trust it will yet.

Yes, indeed I do ^{wish} that that wedding had have been ours except that so much has yet to happen that I look forward to as being enjoyable which I hope not to miss. See? With you and for our future happiness, as my course in Home Economics. See? I dreamt, the night that your letter came, that we were married and taking our honey moon. Of course it was only a dream and everytime I dream of you you are small, shorter, than I am, Oh! but it is disappointing. Don't you think it would be?

I.

I am sitting on the veranda and can
hear the birds, such sweet little
ones they are, making love to
each other. How I wish that we
were as free as some of the birds,
these mountain ones, where nothing
seems to hurt or mar their joy of
freedom, as was was ours.

You remember my mentioning that
Artie. Nash had left for the war.
Well he has written me two
post-cards and one, the last spoke
of his having written a letter of
his adventures through the North
Sea but I haven't received it.
He has had good luck in ^{London} and
through Mr. Owen. Well before
he left he was in ^{London} and he said
he would try to look you up.
See? Don't worry about his writing
for it is not by my consent. I
am not writing to him at all, see?
If that "such a letter" does it come
and is lost I am thankful that he
from your mother's
notes, and snap-shot of my mother-

to-be' were in the following letter,
instead, for though it is dread-
fully hard to think of losing a letter
of yours it would be so much
harder to you and me to have
lost these, too. Ken dear, my
vocabulary is insufficient to
express the true sweetness of
your mother's notes, they are lovely.
What an impression they have
made and will make in my
mind of the pure, devoted Christian
love your mother has for her own
family, a precious family it is, too,
and has for those whom she loves.
I can't ~~can't~~ thank my Heavenly
Father enough, I can't be grateful
enough for the all-to-gether wonder-
fully loving parents we have.
Indeed I understand! I am

then
 returning, with much loving thanks
 for your thought in sending them.

Now, Ken dear, it's Wednesday and
 on Sunday I will be eighteen. I am
 and I shall try to be for you ~~sure~~ ^{sure} ~~two~~
 sure I shall be happy, but not so
 happy as I should be if you were
 here, you know. Since my birthday
 is to be on Sunday Mother and
 Louise are giving me my party
 on Monday evening. They are inviting
 all our friends ~~of~~ about our ages
 and I'm sure we shall have a
 lovely time saving only that you
 can't be here. I hope Mother will
 be better by then, she still isn't
 so well.
 I shall write on my birthday if
 I can.

Now since my letters take so long
 getting to you I shall miss your birthday
 with a fond wish and message but
 however I will be thinking of and
 praying for you more especially
 even than any other time for my dear
 boy will be a grown man. May God
 bless you more abundantly as you get on -
 Good night with oceans of love reaching from me
 to you from your affectionate ~~brother~~ ^{brother}

well start near Jelling, Denmark, Brittain.
 on to opposite how & June 18th 1916.
 My Own Dear Ken, I received your letter
 of May 14th last night. You see it
 only took a month and 3 days to
 come. Thank you very much for
 your greetings for my birthday.
 Yes I hope I will be happy and
 I am sure I will be very, except
 for one thing only. Can you guess
 what it is? It is just, one thing
 and I am always happy except
 for it. But I am very happy
happy that I know and love you
 and that you love me. Oh if
 you could only be ^{here} or come here
 to see me! I tried to do
 up to date, please don't worry,
 for my sake, about those letter
any more. As I said in my last
 letter I am noted for my exaggera-
 tions. Please forget about them.
 Even if they are lost there
 was not anything in them
 worth seeing I doubt greatly

2.

whether I really ever wrote them
but that I was exaggerating
when I said I wrote such and

such a time and very likely I
did not. I had to have decided to keep a

little book and jot down the
date of each letter that I

wrote so that when you write
of receiving such and such

letters I will be able to
know, for sure. Then I won't

exaggerate and worry you and
make all of this trouble. The card which you sent

me is a beauty. I shall
treasure and prize it greatly.

About being, "Sweet seventeen"
- then you are quite right but for
being sweet I'm sure it is not

for me. It should be bitter
or sour seventeen to fit my
case. As you write, "Would it
matter if I write more than
once a month?" I am very

sure you certainly may as well
love it if you should. I don't say
 that my letters are so delayed. I
 don't think that it is my fault
 as I'll mail as them the next day
 or the next after as write them.
 I can't understand it. I'm
 sure you certainly do remember
 the assault we had. I remember
 also that I didn't write you of
 it. You see I was so laid up
 for the time and write to ^{no} any
 one about it as we tried
 to forget it as much as possible
 so that when I did start writing
 again Mother and Father had
 written it to a great many
 people so I thought you would
 have about it from the times
 as you did. If you like I
 will copy it from my "Essay
 book" the account of it
 which I wrote for a composition
 once. I had read it
 before. even my person that
 I didn't ever mention it

blue letters of your scholarship to the
 University? If a note it was and
 careful oversight. Please do forgive
 my poor careless sweetheart. I'm
 so sorry's and so terrible but
 you see as I say you are just
 getting a very little taste of
 my neglectfulness and my
bad, awfully - terrible conceiv-
 ing deception I don't feel very, extremely
 proud of you when you got
 the scholarship and you don't
 know how proud father and
 mother were when I told them
 about it. I am so very, very ashamed
 of the way I have acted about a
 great many things with you.
 Please, don't forget them all
 much. This is another taste
 of a "block-head" or "mullon-
 head" as we say here which
 fits my case perfectly. Good
 night anyway, it does look suspicious
 about those letters but as I say
 please don't worry any more, forget
 about them they aren't worth

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anything anyhow.

I am still knitting, but very little. At the rate I am it would take ten years to do a pair of socks. I will knit some this summer in Kuling and send them to you. We are expecting to ~~write~~ leave here for Kuling a week from to-morrow, the 26th. Address you next few letters to,

Lot No. 82a

Cambridge Rd

Kuling

via Kiuksiang
China.

We will be there until about the 20th or so of September.

All that you have to write about the war and where you are and what you are doing interests me greatly.

Well by now and surely when you get this you will be in Ypres wont you, or you will have been there.

We get very good reliable news papers and journals from London and other places about the war.

Not long ago, to be accurate, a fortnight ago to-morrow evening a Captain Jackson (?) formerly a resident of Shanghai was here on leave for a few months.

He gave a lecture on trench warfare in French trenches. It was very interesting. He had just returned from Ypres. He praised the Canadians very much for their bravery and courage.

Am I not proud of my country men? But, believe me, I am equally as proud of the Australians.

Please don't let your conscience prick you at all, for my sake. I am sure Mother does not mind she is so good about all of it. She knows that we are getting older and we can judge for ourselves.

I am miserably in fits very

often. But don't you mind it. It
 can't be helped except for one
 way it can. It is lovely to
 love. And love one and only one,
 instead of like some foolish
 girls and boys I know. I hope
 you feel the same. I will answer to your question.
 It is not the first time the
 matter has entered my head.
 How can you ask whether I
 like it or not? I wouldn't love
 you if I didn't like it.
 Of course it is very uncertain
 how things are to turn out but
 if we trust in our Dear Heaven-
 ly Father and if that is His
 Holy Will it will be all right.
 I hope you don't feel that I am
 keeping any thing away from you
 that I should know. I love you
 and what more would you have?
 Now all of this talk of yours
 about your looks and that you
 should like every one to be the
 same as you it is all true. You
 know I know that if every one

was the same the world would
 be a ^{very} dreary, horrible place.
 You know perhaps as I know
 that your good looks ^{aren't} not everything.
 I know not at all. many people
 who are good looking but that
 is all. Now you wouldn't like
 to ^{be} loved for your looks only
 would you? I think you are
good looking but if I may add,
 as you hinted Vera said once,
 that your brother Eric is the
 handsomest of you, George and
 your himself. As the saying goes,
 "Beauty is only skin deep". That
 has been my resolution many a
 time, so at last I know that
 it is true in many cases.

Please don't wish you were
 better for my sake for you are too
good ^{for me}. It is I who wish
 I was ^{very much} better for your sake. Indeed
 I shall deny it all for you know it
 doesn't hurt. Don't let it worry you
 any more, that's it ever did.
 Don't let it at all. Love

No there isn't such a thing as
 a place to ~~inquire~~ you look or
 was would have inquired long, long
 ago. Now why should you ask
 if there isn't any seed in
 the case. If I was to talk as
 you have it would be more to
 the point but there is no remedy
 as I have found as I have
 learned to be at least satisfied
 in a very small degree.

Talking about wearing
 gas masks that Captain had
 one to show us and Charlie was
 called on to the platform and
 had it on for us to see it.
 I certainly prefer you without
 one on. I prefer you as you
 are.

I certainly do get enjoyment
 out of reading and the reading
 of your letters many times over.
 I want you getting along very much
 you better now. I was extremely weak
 for a long time, but I am quite well
 beside what I was. I feel good

I am still quite thin although people don't notice it much & am wishing I could stay this way as it seems more normal and becoming.

When my cousin Rachel was here she took ~~two~~ snap-shots of me. One with my hat on and one with it off. When she sends it back from Japan I will send you it.

I have nothing to enclose to day but the next thing to it is to send you the annual book which our school has got out. It will give you a much better idea of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~school~~ ^{the} ~~children~~ ^{the} and such things than I could write. You I hope you will enjoy it. I will also copy that account of our assault and send it in the same parcel.

Well I must close.

With much love and good wishes,
yours sweetheart
Dorothy.
God bless you.

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"Linwood" published

sent this card to 82a Cambridge Rd.
New York "Joe" Kulling, in my
hoped to see you in London
and be pleased to see you August 1st 1916.

My Own Dearest Ken, -

To-day, on your twentieth
birthday I wish you a very, very many
congratulations and I wish you the
very most of love that your little,
unworthy sweetest can send you.
It is now half past twelve o'clock
and to have been thinking of you
all day so far and I will con-
tinue to do so the rest of the
day. My first thought as I woke
this morning was of you and all the
times I have remembered you, I am
not your friends and relatives except
perhaps. I am there where you
are and I have no comfort and such
things. I don't know just what
you have been doing, used to in Australia
but we always have a special
wish for you on your birthday and wish
that it could be held for you

"Birthday Cake"

. . . at last with those
 promised "box" ready to send
 you. They are all rapped
 up & tied already address-
 ed for mailing. We
 will send you from the reading
 of my paper, we have named
 it "Little Home". Do you
 see any objection with
 our name? Well, for fear
 that you don't see that
 we named it
 we first were thought about
 it & named it "Lynwood" or
 "Lynwood" but we were
 not satisfied so we hesitated
 a while. Then one day Mother
 was thinking about it and
 thought of a certain place
 called "Lynwood" so she
 thought that that would be
 nice because of our name. You
 see Macklin so finally
 we called it "Lynwood"
 but spelled it "Lynwood"

from my own name / Mack - Linwood.
 Would you like it? I thought to include
 at your letter of June 21st along
 with the ~~note~~ photo of
 you and your friend,
 Horace Knight. It is really
 not very good but best I
 could do under the circumstances.
 I am so very sorry and
 disappointed about the
 irregularity of my letters to
 you and how you can scarcely
 understand it at all. Perhaps
 it is because of the space of time
 which I was sick and
 neglected to write. I am
 so very sorry I hope that
 you have received my letters by
 which you will perhaps
 have paid for it all. I
 had hope that you have got the
 copy of "Purple and the Gold" safely by
 now. Now, well, I hope
 - I hope to have it in much time to
 write about it but I will Red

to have a party dressed party
 here the ? there say the 18th
 anniversary of Capt. [unclear] birth
 party. We had a lot
 of a fun. On the night

we all met, nearly
 all at about 7 to have
 photos taken if they turn
 out good I shall send
 you them. Of course here
 my partner
 was quite a nice boy.

Paul of our mission
 is over a year younger
 than I am. I had known
 him all my life in
 talking about the farm
 to by your existing
 as you have and not leaving
 the love but certainly
 I don't think it has done
 tongue has in fact would have
 you at some though if you
 had it put them in. You
 don't put in the apple-
 but it had.

stand just, crazy about love.
 I don't think there's any
 "blue" here, it's just love
 that means I can't live
 without it. I could
 not have lived if I had
 met you. And I
 could not have lived through
 this. Definitely this is
 significant, hadn't been
 with you. Little bit for
 your love lost means so
 much. I do certainly
 understand what your
 feelings that you speak of
 before I get the "blues"
 but quite often and I feel
 that I must do something
 terrible up to can't see you
 Oh! Ken you are too good
 for me. I'm not worthy
 of your love. It's not
 a mistake it wasn't
 intended for me. I'm sure
 that there is someone
 out there.

I have been thinking of you a great deal lately & wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well & happy. I have been very busy lately but I will try to write you more often. I love you very much & I hope you love me too. I am your affectionate friend & sweetheart. Dorothy

all the way, say that I
should have been ^{for} I'm
afraid that I ~~was~~ ^{was}
~~selfish~~ and "took it
all away from ~~you~~
one who, I think, was really
meant for someone
else. ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~really~~ ^{really} worthy.
God will certainly good if
He really did mean it
for me, I'll just
live a little. I sometimes
feel that I must
be ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~love~~ ^{love}
which I ~~show~~ ^{show} me
so often last year
Oh dear, please
forgive me for that that
I have neglected to do
which I should have done.
I must love one
but I can't catch the mail.
I'll write you with the ocean of love from
I'll be waiting for you
I am your affectionate
Dorothy

Nanking, China.

September 19th 1916.

My own true lover, -

Your "own sweet

little girl" has a very great deal to apologize for this time. So, please, forgive me for absolutely neglecting to answer your very most extremely welcome letter of July 31st for so very long.

The day that I received your letter I was descending a long flight of ^{near our house in} steps, as I came back from getting our drinking water from a spring with our coolie, when I caught sight of the mail-man. I asked for our mail, as I reflected when I had

last heard from you and
by chance it was
possibly time for another
one. As he banded me
the mail there was a
very appetizingly huge one
among it and I never
deemed it should be
mine. You can imagine
how happy I was.

Somehow you have certainly
made me very shy. Don't
for a moment think that
I don't love it all for I do
but it is quite natural for
your little sweetheart to
be shy, I can't quite believe
that it has all come to this.
I don't deserve it all.
You are so very good.

far ~~far~~ too good for me,
it is indeed.

You talk of my letters of
being good but I have never
written any thing to compare
with yours, and I never
shall.

I have never told you
fibbs about myself all those
things I said are quite true,
- they were at the time and
- they still hold true. You
ask me not to say them
again I have n't said
them again but I think
- them all of the time and I
shall.

Did you ever see a mud
fence? If not you shall when
you come to China.

Well, did you ever hear the saying, she is as "ugly as a mud fence"? If you have it start using it on me and you ^{will} be telling some ^{to} truths whereas you told such awful fibs about me in your ^{last} letter. You see I dare deny some things you say don't I?

I have heard of and read stories of girls who could tell things with their eyes but I never and I'm sure few ever thought that silly little, ugly little, innocent little Dorothy Macklin of China should.

I am terribly sorry to hear of your spraining

your ankle. I am glad to hear that it was getting along alright and I hope that long before this it is quite well and strong again.

Oh! but I am a little heather thing of me putting ^{away} an unfinished letter to you, my own true lover, and absolutely neglecting ^{to write} again for a long time ~~to write~~.

Sept 25th. Oh! how ashamed I am of myself. I know you can't ever forgive me this time. You have always been so good and faithful about writing whereas I, why! there you are in all sorts