

TRANSCRIPTION OF LETTERS FROM  
DOROTHY DAISY MACKLIN TO KENNETH KNOWLTON SAXBY

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1.

Nanking, China.  
June 18<sup>th</sup>. 1916

My Own Dear Ken,

I received your letter of May 14<sup>th</sup> 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 do, me. Oh! if you could only be here or come here to see me!

Dearest, please don't worry, for my sake, about those letter any more. As I said in my last letter I am noted for my exaggerations. 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 have decided to keep a little book and jot down the date of each letter that I write so that when you write of receiving such and such a letter 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" the year is quite right but for being sweet I'm sure it is not for me. It should be bitter or sower seventeen to fit my case.

As you write, "Would it matter if I wrote more than once a month?" I am very

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sure you certainly may. I would love it if you should. I am sorry that my letters are so delayed. I don't think that it is my fault as I mail them on the day or the next after I write them. I can't understand it.

Yes I certainly do remember the assault we had. I remember also that I didn't write you of it. You see I was as laid up for the time and wrote to no 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 to a great many people so I thought you should hear about it from the Hindles as you did. If you like I will copy from my Essay book the account of it which I wrote for a composition one time and send you it.

Didn't I ever mention in my

4.

letters of your scholarship to the University? If not it was an awful oversight. Please do forgive your careless sweetheart. I am so sorry I am so terrible but you see as I say you are just getting a very little taste of my neglectfulness and my bad, awfully-terrible correspondence. I felt 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 remember them all too much. This is another taste of a "block-head" or "mullon-head" as we say here which fits my case perfectly.

Yes, it does look suspicious about those letters but as I say please don't worry any more, forget about them they weren't worth

5.

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 leave here for Kuling a week from to-morrow, the 26<sup>th</sup>. Address your next few letters to,

Lot No. 82a  
Cambridge Road  
Kuling  
via Kiukiang  
China.

We will be there until about the 20<sup>th</sup> 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 won't you, or you will have been there

6.

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 war-fare in French trenches. It was very interesting. He had just returned from Ypres. He praised the Canadians very much for there 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 concience 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

7.

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.

In 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 Heavenly Father and if it is His Holy Will it will be all right.

I hope you don't feel that I am keeping anything away from you that you 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 you it is not true. You know and I know that if every one

8.

was the same the world would be a weary dreary, horrible place. You know perhaps as I know that good looks aren't every thing. I know a good 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 him. As the saying goes, "Beauty is only skin deep". That has been my solution many a time so at last I know that it is in many case.

Please don't wish you were better for my sake for you are too good. It is I who wishes I was very much better for your sake. Indeed I shall deny it for now it isn't true. Don't let it worry you any more than it ever did. Don't let it at all.

9.

No there isn't such a think as a place to improve you looks or I would have inquired long, long ago. Now why should you ask when there isn't any need in your 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 so 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. I prefer you as you are.

I certainly do get enjoyment out of reading and re-reading your letter many times over.

I am getting along very much better now. I was extremely weak for a long time, but I am quite well again beside what I was.

10.

I am still quite thin although people don't notice it much I 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 today 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 Nanking our school and the children 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

God bless you.

Dorothy.

China.  
August 1<sup>st</sup>, 1916

My Own Dearest Ken, -

Today, on your twentieth birthday I wish you very, very many congratulations and send you the very most love that your little, unworthy sweetheart can send you.

It is now half past two o'clock and I have been thinking of you all day so far, and I will continue to do so the rest of the day. My first thought as I woke up was of you away in France, somewhere, off from all your friends and relatives except one perhaps. Off there where you have not 1 hour comfort and such things. I don't know just what you have been used to in Australia but we always have a special day on our birth days. I wish that I'd love to be with you to eat your

-2-

"birthday cake".

Here I am at last with those promised "sox" ready to send you. They are all rapped in paper and tied already addressed for mailing.

As you see from the heading to my paper, we have named our little home. Do you see any connection with our name? Well, for fear that you don't I shall tell you how we named it. At first we thought about naming it Glenwood or Glendale 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 Lynnwood so she thought that that would be nice because of our name you see Mack – lin so finally we called it Lynnwood but spelled it Linwood

-3-

from our name Mack – Lin wood. Do you like it?

I was delighted to receive your letter of June 1<sup>st</sup> along with the photo of you and your friend, Horace Knight. It is really very good on the table under the circumstances.

I am so very sorry and disappointed about the irregularity of my letters to you and can scarcely understand it at all. Perhaps it was the space of time while I was sick and neglected to write. I am so very sorry. I hope that you have some letters by now which will perhaps repay you for it all. I hope that you have got "Purple and Gold" safely by now.

I haven't much news to write about but we had

-4-

a fancy dressed party here the other day the 28<sup>th</sup> that boy Hall Paxton's birthday party. We had lots of fun. On the next day we all met, nearly all at least, to have photos taken. If they turn out good I shall send you them. Of course there were partners. My partner was quite a nice boy Hurland Paul of your mission. He is over a year younger than I am. I have known him all my life.

Talking about the harm done by your writing as you have and not leaving the love out I certainly don't think it has done any harm. It would have done some though if you hadn't put them in. You don't know how I appreciate it all.

-5-

I am just crazy about love. I don't think there is any thing nicer. I just love "love" Do you understand? That means that I couldn't live without it. I could not have lived if I hadn't met you. And I couldn't have lived through this Dysentery this spring if it hadn't have been for your letters and for your love it means so much. I do certainly understand somewhat your feelings that you speak of for I get the "blues" quite often and I feel that I must do something terrible if I can't see you.

Oh! Ken you are too good for me I'm not worthy of your love. Isn't it all a mistake it wasn't meant for me I'm sure that there is someone

-6-

better than I that not should have been for. I'm afraid that I was selfish and took it all away from someone who it was really meant for. Someone who was really worthy.

God is certainly good if He really did mean it for me, me, only just little me. I sometimes feel that I'm not worthy of God's love which He shows me so often.

Oh! dear Ken please forgive me for all that I have neglected to do which I should have done.

Now I must leave or she'll not catch the mail.

With oceans of love from here reaching to you

Your affectionate

Sweetheart

Dorothy

Please let me know what you like. Do you like candied ginger and such things. I would like to send you some. Also some Chinese sweets and cakes.

With love  
D.D.M.

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No. 1.

I

Nanking, China  
September 19<sup>th</sup>, 1916.

My own true lover, -

Your "own sweet little girl" has a very great deal to apologise for this time. Do, please, forgive me for absolutely neglecting to answer your very most extremely welcome letter of July 31<sup>st</sup> for so very long.

The day that I received your letter I was descending a long flight of steps near our house in Kuling 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

-2-

last heard from you and whether by chance it was possibly time for another one. As he handed me the mail there was a very appetizingly huge one among it and I never dreamed 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

-3-

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 fibs 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 haven'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.

-4-

Well, did you ever hear the saying, She is as "ugly as a mud fence"? If you haven't start using it on me and you will be telling some 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

-5-

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 heathen think of me putting away an unfinished letter to you, my own true lover, and absolutely neglecting to write again for a long time.

Sept 25<sup>th</sup> 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

-6-

of dangers all the time and I am here at home the best home that I have known, never so very safe, with these wretched heathen in the darkness in comparison to Australia or Canada but all and always home to me, and you off there hungry for my letters, I don't think much of your choice, I'm such a dreadful correspondent, but nevertheless I aught to do the best I can for your sake though I don't, it doesn't look like.

Oh! I hate this business

-7-

of only letter-writing all of the time, I don't mean that I don't like to write to you, Oh! I love to you, but I feel so envious for love where the lovers



are able to see each other once in a while. I just love to get your letters but I should love so much more to see you.

Is there any possibility of your coming to China ever. If so, when? When do you expect to have leave and return to Australia? Will you at all before the end of the war? I am just dieing to know.

-8-

You see it is coming to a place where your “little wife to be” will have to know a few things. Do you think it would be possible for you to come over to China, via Siberia n a train, you know, and then go on to Australia as we did via Hong Kong, Manila and so on? This seems too wonderful to be true or to think about but after you have put me to so much thinking lately with all of your questions I don’t know what to.

Oh! My Ken, wouldn’t

-9-

it all be a dream come true if this should happen? I would be my dreams coming true, and some of my wishes.

Yes, life is all very uncertain, but as you say no one thing is very much more uncertain than another, this I think is less uncertain. Now, Ken dear, you are my ideal of a “lover” and my ideal of my husband, there is no other, husband, for me in the world. As you say “what a lot can happen in two years” so I say though our minds are

-10-

sure now if we should just see each other once again it would settle it all. I feel that God has chosen for both you and for me. I pray every day that it is His will that I should be His choice for you and you His choice for me, but if not I am sure you, and I know I would not like to go against His will. Do you understand me? I hope so. Oh! How I love you Ken. I have a kiss and a hug on every ripple and wave on the ocean heading

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from here to you.

This shows you some what my thoughts about the matter, I hope. You ask what my ideas are about kissing I feel that true love needs kisses but not until there is real true love and mutual true love. See? I have regreted for a long time now that I didn’t allow that kiss when you asked

it that night, but I am proud that I stood as I did then you see I didn't really understand

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you then, not as I do know. Do you understand? Yes, I often think of our meeting again, and of our "first kiss of love". You know what I think do you?

All that I didn't allow while we were to-gether, though I know now if I had to love it through again I would trust you and love you and Oh! you know, but it has made me love you more since, it has made me true to you when I have known, walked

-13-

and talked with other men, See?

I have never allowed any thing of any sort with other men as I did with you I haven't even let any one hold my hand as you did, do you remember? I believe in true love, and true love only exists once. Some girls I know are waisting their love on men whom they would never think of marrying, they just think they will have a good time here and a good there, it won't

-14-

ever pay, when it comes to real love it can't ever because the "Red Rose" is crushed and withering and the stem is bent and drooping and the scent gone.

I believe that a girl wants to reserve herself and when she is honoured with love when the time comes that she wants to have a newly blooming rose for her hero, not all full blown crushed one all loosing its petals.

I hope to have the best Rose in the

-15-

Garden of Love which God has permitted you and I to enter, the most beautiful Scarlet Rose which has ever bloomed if is it His will, for you. Please remember that I am yours for time and eternity, if it is His will.

Your little Scarlet Rose Budding in Nanking China.

I have a lot of photos ready but I am afraid this will be too much as it is but I'll send them in my next except this which was taken in 1910.

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Nanking, China  
January 28<sup>th</sup>, 1917

My Own Dear, True, Pure Hearted Ken,

Here I am again writing, after a long neglect. How ashamed I am of myself although it may not seem so to you.

It was about a month since I had written you and about six weeks since I had heard from you when, on the day after Christmas, your package came. You can't imagine how very welcome your letters were and I certainly appreciate the sachet, cards and poetry. Thank you ever so much. You are so thoughtful and good. Oh! how I love you.

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I am not going to try to apologise for my neglect in writing for I really have no excuse. I have simply neglected that's all. Now please don't think, though, that my neglect for writing is that I ever forget you, not at all, never, I could not.

Heaps of things have happened since I last wrote. You know better than I do when I did write last, over two months away last year.

Through December I was busy in school at the close of that term before the holidays. Then the few little Christmas preparations. Then the holidays. We had heaps of fun at the time of them (the holidays) but only just fun for the time being, as it were, for it all seems now

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a waste of good time. Perhaps you don't know what I mean? I say that if I had sat down a short time instead of putting it off all the time to have written to you how much better I would have enjoyed it in the end. See?

On the eighteenth of December Muriel Molland, of whom I have spoken I think, was married to Mr. Paul Jarnigan a businessman here, but now in Ningpro a week's journey from here.

It was a beautiful wedding and one of the many interest feature was, as it was written of in the news papers, that "The Bride's Boquet thrown from the stairs was caught by Miss Dorothy Macklin."

We had a very happy

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Christmas although very plain and simple. I received lovely gifts but I gave very few.

All day Christmas I thought of you and how I wished that you could have been with us here. Not that I don't often wish the same things.

Oh! Ken dear I think of you all the time and how I wish you could come and make all right. I dream of you often, but often as discouragingly. How I do love you. As the same words “I love you” is in Chinese, are (X X X I love you)

I answered you Mother’s and Father’s letters. Shall I copy about what I wrote? I wrote ages ago and have sent it but am keeping the first draught.

I started and continued

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thus,

“Ken’s dear Mother and Father,

Your letters came several weeks ago and although I have not overlooked them I have been kept from writing by the school work at the end of the term and then the holidays coming with many things to do which added to my neglect to answer them.

The letters were not a surprise to me for Ken had mentioned of his writing to you and asking you to write. I was glad to hear from you.

I feel just what Mr. Saxby says, that our love is idealistic rather than realistic. Yes, our acquaintance in Sydney was brief – but I feel that God has blessed us to-gether so bountifully in the very different ways we have

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travelled that we can trust and have faith that He will continue His blessing on us. And if in anyway He ceases to bless us as He has I feel it is not His will for things we dream about now to come to pass.

Ken is young in years but Oh! so manly and matured in so many ways and things. And as for me I am indeed young. I am only seventeen and a half now.

If it is all His will there are several years for all to be right, for after this cruel war (Oh! I pray God the end of it may be soon,) Ken will have to finish his University course in which he had such a good start.

When I heard Ken had enlisted I was very sorrowful

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but how proud of him I was that it was not for killing but for saving and helping humanity.

Ken writes such beautiful letters and his pure, clean character shines through them all. There is nothing finer in a man or woman than a real Christian character and just how nearly perfect Ken has it makes me rejoice above all else in him. But I fall so short of the ideal of this in my own life. I feel that our love is so hampered by this dreadful war, our

youth and the years ahead of Ken in his university course and the cleanness of his character and his faithfulness and faith in Him he will win in the end.

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I want you to understand that my love for Ken is true but that I am not engaged to him nor will be until He permits us to meet again. I want our affection to grow to-gether and for Him and if it is His will. He will permit us to meet again.

Thank you very much for your kind invitation to visit New South Wales again. I should like to very much but I shall stay at home with my parents as long as I am permitted and I hope that Ken may come here to visit me.

As I write, all outside is covered with snow, but the sun is trying its best to shine supreme.

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Our holiday ends tomorrow, “(January 2<sup>nd</sup>)” and we shall be at hard work until Easter vacation then until our summer months.

I will be thinking of you in hot weather while we are here at about freezing point then when the weather here gets hot you will be having that delightful weather which we sampled while in Sydney.

I am afraid I have no good photo to send you however I should like to very much.

I should like very much to hear from you at any time and from Jean of whom you spoke.

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Now I must close. Please excuse me for taking such a long time in answering for I know you will not do the same.

With love, yours,

Dorothy D. Macklin. “

Now Ken dear as you see I quote word for word at least I have copied it so. That is as near as I can remember for in copying the letter to send to your folks I think I changed a bit in the phrasing but this will show how I stand with them now. Do you understand me?

My Ken dear how I love you. Perhaps it seems so unfaithful to you for me to go on like this in my

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letters and then neglect so to write but Oh! Why is it but I just get so miserable, to see you, that I can't hardly live and I just sort of dream for

days then I come back to my self and find that weeks have passed and I have still not written. Oh! I am so ashamed of myself. I can't write letters and then, less can I write them, when such perfect ones come from you. You know so perfectly how to express yourself but I can't in plain words let alone in letter writing, you just will have to come to get to know how I love you then, I guess, my eyes and my lips, not in words but, you know, will tell you

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There are such heaps of things to tell you.

I guess I am just talking with you as you said to. I have read your letters over and over again but I don't know why I have neglected to answer properly. Oh! Ken I am not worthy of you. You are far too good for me. Do you understand me? I am afraid I have been quite forward. You see when you asked me that special question I did not realise it at the time and I answered rather abruptly but Ken dear I do love you and I hope some day that we may get married and live to-gether but it is such a long time and we are so young and there are such a lot of things

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might happen before then so I think that the final decision should wait until we see each other again and can say "yes" face to face looking into each others eyes but you know my answer to you is "yes" if all turns out as we wish and if it is our Heavenly Father's will. Let's leave it and have it as Vera and George did when we were in Sydney. See?

You are the only one for me. I do so love you. I feel that our Father has been so good to us both that I have faith that He will permit us to meet again. "Oh! Ken dear why don't you come." Is my constant wish and question.

I now owe you three letters, the lovely long one you wrote,

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The shorter one but also a lovely one which I had to wait a whole week to read. I did wait too but it was terribly hard. And the other lovely long one in which you mention a ring, have come. As for the ring it would never do for you to get one now, and it would never do for me to have one before we are formally engaged. Then as for kissing, I don't much like the idea of having to kiss paper, it seems so absurd and such a dead sort of way. Let's not be so silly. I have never kissed one of your photos yet even. I don't believe in it and no matter how much I want to see you and kiss you I have no thought

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or wish to kiss paper or a photo even if you have kissed the spot. I realise that most of the snaps I have sent you are absolutely dreadful. However I have sent the best I have had. I am just dying to have a photo taken. You have sent me such good ones. I feel so horrible at never sending one yet. I think I shall beg Mother to let me have one taken won't that be nice?

How good to think of going to London. It is too bad that you could not for Christmas but I do hope that you will have a lovely – lovely time. Don't think that the letter written in France and mailed from London has come by the 26<sup>th</sup> of Jan. for it is to-day the 4<sup>th</sup> of Feb.

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I have taken a long time writing this but we have been having our mid-year exams and I have been dreadfully busy. I have passed in all but not very grandly.

Would you mind me writing a little as I get chances at school and so on? I think in that way I can send you a letter every week. I shall have to write a lot to make up to the number of letters you have sent me. I have 22 now. But I shall never be able to make up quality. Well here is the end of paper so I shall say Good-bye My dear loving Hubby-to-be I hope.

from your little wife-to-be  
Dorothy

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#### PICTURE DRAWN

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1.  
I meant to paint some valentines here and found the paper not good enough. See? I am sending a make-shift one, not very good.

Nanking, China.  
February 15<sup>th</sup>, 1917

Ken, My Own Valentine,

Yesterday was St. Valentine's Day of which I spoke. We had a very successful day. Our plans came through very nicely. As we had planned we hung red hearts, long strings of them diagonally

across the two largest rooms of the school. That is Charlies room, as well as Louises and mine. Then we pasted larger and smaller hearts here and there throughout all the rooms.

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It looked really lovely. In the morning they had a letter-box that is they had a basket where all could deposit there Valentines for each other then just before Recess I acted as Post master and there were two mail – men. I received one, from two boys, Julian Price and Louis Wilkinson together. The verse it had on it was;

“There was a young maiden so fair  
Dorothy Macklin the name she did bear,  
Long letters she would write  
Way into the night  
To the young man so tender and rare.”

Quite a verse isn't it? For fear you don't celebrate St. Valentine's day, I will explain what it is. You see it has come down through the ages I suppose that this is a day free for letters of

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love and such to be sent and so on. Of course it is just fun among young folks. I did not send one.

Then about yesterday, Mother sent up cakes and biscuits and things and we had quite a party. It was heaps of fun, changing the regular run of school days.

From my Valentine you can see what the kids about here know. Of-course they tease me all the time, but I don't mind at all, I am proud to be teased about one that is worth while.

It may seem strange for me to head my letter like this but St. Valentine's day is a day for the giving and taking of love and as it says in the dictionary that a Valentine is a Sweetheart or lover taken on that day, then that is that you are my lover chosen

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not only on that day but for every day. See? Oh! Ken dear how I do love you.

I have not been very well lately. Having neuralgia all the time either in my hands or more it is in my knee. For the last couple of days I have been quite lame. Yesterday I couldn't walk so had to use crutches



and as a result of doing so neuralgia has set into my lame shoulders. Father says it is because I am over doing in school and such work that I am run down, that I am not taking enough exercise and out door work as horse back riding and walks.

Please don't get too worried for I am talking of dropping

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one of my subjects so I can get to bed earlier and be able to get up earlier and so on. On the whole I will be greatly benefitted if I can. The subject I shall drop will be American History which is the driest most monotonous stuff I ever tackled.

Had I told you about our having Cooking and Sewing classes taught by Mother assisted by others. Well on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons we have them Sewing on Tuesday and Cooking on Thursday.

Friday the 16<sup>th</sup>. Yesterday afternoon we had Cooking class. We made two kinds of biscuits, peanuts and lemon. They were terribly good.

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6.

We also made gelatine deserts. One kind variated, making five kinds in all. They also were good. We are learning a heap of terribly nice things as well as useful things. We have learned to make bread and Oh! heaps of things. I hope some day you may benefit by the things I am learning. See?

On Monday noon I had my lunch at the school house. Just after all had left the house and I was left there alone: except for the old Chinese caretaker, a large temple just back of a large play ground behind the school house, caught on fire. I ran out to see it, it was

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7.

perfectly terrible. It came up so suddenly. It looked when I first noticed it like a very great smoke stack. The smoke was so black and towered so high. At first no flames could be seen. Then from out of the front door there could be seen the red flames. It was about the only real fire I had ever seen but I can say it was dreadful. I watched it from the school house for some time then ran to the temple. When I got there there were about five or six people there. There were only two people staying in the temple although it was large, for it was an old place. Just the old priest and a small boy-priest about

.....

8.

ten years old. No one knows how it caught fire but the small priest at seeing it ran to the sick-bed of the old one calling him to get up and run out but he would not, saying that , he should be all right and if the house should burn sown he would burn with it because that was all he had and after he would be a beggar. At this the little chap ran out in time to see this terrible smoke sack, as it were, take place.

It was only a few moments before the roof began to fall in and also before crowds of Chinese from far and near swarmed to the temple.

Later in the afternoon, after school began the fire went out

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9.

and was put out and after school some of the kids went to see if they had found the body of the old priest, which they had found after raking half the house off of lime. They said that he was all black and Oh! so terrible. I am glad that I did not see him. It was terribly exciting about there, not in a good sense however but it certainly was. Of course not as bad as it might have been, the temple only being one storied. See?

Continued March 2<sup>nd</sup>. Heaps of things have happened since writing the above. For one Mother went to Shanghai last Monday week. Staying there from Monday evening to Friday morning. She was asked to go for the representative of our mission

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10.

on the board meeting of the Shanghai American school, to which we are going next year. While there she talked over and made arrangements for Louise and me.

For another we had a holiday last Thursday week for George Washington, his birthday, the first President of the United States. You see we are about the only Britishers in the school all the others being Americans so that is why they gave the holiday. Of-course I didn't object to having it.

Another thing which has happened is, that we have had my photo taken, at last. The proofs have come and that are not so bad, although they could be better even if I do say so. They certainly aren't beautiful because the original

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11.

is not, but they are better than any you have now. I shall have them finished as soon as possible and send them right away.

Had I ever written of a Miss Ackermann who stayed at our house for several days in December on her way to Peking? Well she has returned. She came yesterday and is staying till next Wednesday. She has been all over the world, in Australia several times, lived in Ashfield, spoken several times at "Normanhurst", you know, where Louise and I went to school, and she is really very nice. Quite old, over sixty I think and she is terribly well known and prominent every where she goes.

.....

12.

To-night is the Nanking Association meeting at which she is the speaker for the evening. Her address is to be "World Movement" or something of the sort. Of course I shall be going.

Then to-morrow night there is to be a "Kipling Evening" by a Mr. Henry Schlee of Shanghai. He is considered very fine. I am helping to see the tickets. They are fifty cents apiece, (about 1/3 I think). I started with 100 ticket and I have 25 left. I am doing well don't you think so. The proceeds are to go to the "War Dressings Fund" of the "British Women's Work Association, Nanking Branch".

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13.

I sold two tickets to "Les" (Mr. Owen of whom I spoke) and as he took them he said, "I think some one might go with me don't you?" To which I replied I didn't know unless it was Miss Olive Krespack (a young lady, very beautiful, who lives here.) "No," he said, "I mean, wouldn't you go with me?" So you see I have been asked to go to the Recital to-morrow night. Do you mind. Oh! Ken dear, if you were here we would go every where to-gether.

How I long for that day to come.

I have left off History as I said I might and I am taking music lessons again, not from Mrs. Settlemyer however, she is unable to teach anymore, but

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14.

from Mrs. Roys, of whom I have spoken and also of her children. She is just lovely, you know, and she is a terribly good teacher. Quite different to Mrs. Settlemyer, particular in different things of which I think are most essential, too.

Kathleen Molland has gone to Shanghai to get her trousseau, she went yesterday and while there she is expecting to buy my dress, at least the goode, my slippers and my gloves. These she is giving me, don't you think it is good of her? I am so excited about it all! How I wish you could be here, and Oh! wouldn't it be a dream some true, though, if it was to be our wedding!!

.....  
15.

Oh! but I must be patient or if I start wishing and dreaming there is no end to it.

Have you ever heard that song.  
"Honey, sit beside me,  
Put your hand in mine,  
Lay your head upon my shoulder,  
Let your dear eyes look into mine.  
Honey, stop you crying,  
Wipe the tears away  
For you know, I love you dearly,  
Can't you hear me say,  
Honey, don't you mind it if the world goes wrong  
I love you  
Honey, don't you mind it if the years seem long  
I'll be true.  
Honey, don't you mind the trouble  
Life is only just a bubble  
If all is right." ?

.....  
16.

I think these words are about right they express so much I think for you and me, in my feelings. The tune is just beautiful too. Of-course the song sung is much more beautiful. I love it.

Did you mention the "Garden of Roses" in one of your letters, I think I remember your doing so, but any way do you know I think it is beautiful and I have it now at home, at least I have borrowed it from Kathleen for a time.

Do you know "I Love you Truly, Truly Dear" and "A Perfect Day" by Carrie Jacobs-Bond. I love them too. I have the letter but the other is also in the book from Kathleen.

We have several rag-time

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17.

pieces, “Get out and get under”, “On the Mississippi”, “Tipperary” and such. We also have two my Aunt Daisy sent me from Canada. “We’ll never let the old Flag fall” and “Khaki”.

They are, at least the choruses are as follows;-

“We’ll never let the old Flag fall

For we love it best of all

We don’t want to fight to show

our might,

But when we start we’ll fight.

fight, fight.

In peace or war you’ll hear us sing

God bless the Flag, God bless the King.

At the end of the world

The Flag unfurled.

We’ll never let the old Flag fall.”

.....

18.

and

“Oh! the man whose dressed in Khaki

Is the man who fights the foe

And the man whose dressed in Khaki

It’s the man we’re proud to know

For he fights to guard the Empire

Our gallant soldier lad

Let us cheer him along

With a rousing song

The man in the Khaki clad.”

Another song we are very fond of is “By the Order of the King”

.....

19.

We only have the chorus which is on the back of “We’ll never let the old Flag fall” but that is usually the only nice part in them, it is;-

“By order of the King (God bless him)

We’ll fight or win, or die.

“The Empire and the King” (God bless him)

Is the nations cry,

Our country’s pride are fighting

“God bless them and victory bring”

For they are gladly dying just to keep the old flag flying  
By order of the King.”

Well, my Ken dear, I have been so long in writing this I shall close  
and write soon again about to-night and to-morrow night, See?

With all the best, but lonely, love from

Your own,

Dorothy

I feel dreadfully lonely today.

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1.

Nanking, China

March 9<sup>th</sup> 1917

“Ever my own Ken”, My dear one,

“I love you truly, truly dear,

Life with its sorrow, life with its tear,

Fades into dreams when I feel you are near,

For I love you truly, truly dear.

Ah love, ‘tis something to feel your kind hand.

Ah yes, ‘tis something by your side to stand;

Gone is the sorrow,

Gone doubt and fear,

For you love me truly, truly dear.”

This song by Carrie Jacobs-Bond

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2.

which I mentioned in my last I am humming and singing half the time. I think it has beautiful words but they are so perfect with the tune.

Ken dear, it makes me think and dream of you. How I long for you to come. I often feel ‘tis all vain but Oh! I have to just catch myself and hope don’t I? It is so hard. Please write soon and tell me your plans if you have any. I am getting terribly anxious for word from you. None has come since the photo did and the one from London. How dreadful you must feel away off there when I don’t write for I am simply frantic when very long a time lapses between your letters coming.

.....

3.

Oh! Ken dear please for the past, that is for the way in which I have neglected my correspondence. I am, except for remembering to improve. See? I am so ashamed and have such a guilty feeling inside.

Louise and I have a bedroom together and we are at last again in it, after being moved out for ages, for guests. Our dressing table we share, Louise having the right side and I the left. I am explaining because your photo stands on the left hand side and does look so nice. All the rest of the photos are stuck in the edge of the mirror and

.....

4.

also in the edge of the mirror over the fireplace. I feel so proud when the girls come up stairs to our room.

The handkerchief sachet is always full of my handkerchiefs and your letters, little snaps, postcards, the sailing-ribbon (do you remember?) and such I keep in a leather letter case which is almost full. The photo of you and another chap taken in London is now standing on the mantelpiece in our parlour. See?

I am just back from "Watch Guard" which was at Mrs Gilletts, of the Y.M.C.A. here who teaches with Mother in Sewing class. She has two little daughters Alice, eight years old and Elizabeth five.

.....

5.

the programme was very nice, too. To-night at half past eight is to be the Nanking Music Club meeting to which we all are invited to go.

About the Association of last Friday and of the "Kipling Evening" last Saturday well, Both were lovely. Miss Ackermann's address was real good. She is great on woman suffrage and sort of masculinised in her ways and all through her speech people almost had convulsions, they laughed so hard. She was so funny and sarcastic about women, being so sweet, and dear, and lovely. How I wished you had been there, Ken dear.

.....

6.

I sold all of my tickets, successfully. The Recital was fine. Mr. Schlee was very good himself and then his selections from Kipling were perfect. One, the best of all was of the different colonies represented in the Empire. Australia, Canada, Africa, India and the Native born. It was grand. Oh! Ken dear, my heart thrills when I hear anything concerning the "Sunny South" and Oh! the selection on it, that evening, was just perfect. The Canadian one was good too. Lew Owen took me to the

Recital as I mentioned he was. The family and all of us sat to-gether in two seats, really long benches, Philip Evans (Levering Evan's younger brother of whom I have written) who was then staying with us his family having measles

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7.

and in quarantine but gone home now, Mother and Miss Ackermann in the front bench and Father, Mr. McGowen (Commissioner of Customs who wished to sit with us) Lew and myself in the second bench behind the first. In the intermission sweets were sold and which were fine. We feasted and feasted on them. They were home-made ones by different ones appointed to do it. I was asked but was too busy through the week and I was also asked to help sell but father doesn't care for girls lowering themselves this even if it is for the war so I refused to do so. See?

March 12<sup>th</sup>. My dear one, still your letter has not come nor has my photo been completed. (Hang the photographer!) He hasn't come to even see about it since he sent the proofs.

.....

8.

The Musical on Friday night was great. The best of the Club that I have attended.

We had ever so much fun. All of us after the programme during the visiting and time for the refreshments.

Saturday morning I got up late after going to bed so late and, on account, most of all, not feeling very good, and Mother persuading me to rest while I could. Then I went for my music lesson. After lunch, before we had quite finished in fact, Lew came to get me to play tennis. There is a Tennis Club and courts just next door to us. I could not go and play on account of not feeling well mainly and because I had a tailor working, helping to remake a dress and because I wanted to plan some of my summer dresses.

I hope you will excuse the abrupt way in which I closed my last letter. I was feeling so very miserable and lonely and homesick to see you.

.....

9.

To talk to you. For you to hold me in your arms and we talk over all our plans and plan. For us to dream to-gether in truth and reality instead of my having to do it by myself, only.



Yesterday, Sunday, The Hamiltons of our mission were given a little daughter. Ruth is to be her name. Have I ever written about the Hamiltons? Well, Mrs Hamilton was a Miss Sryder, whom we call "Sister Lu" her name being Lulu. She has been here for about four years now. Dr. Hamilton, not an M.D. but a Ph.D. has been here but two years now. They were married last April 18<sup>th</sup> a year next month. We were at their wedding.

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10.

We are all so glad they have a little girl. She called Mother her "little Mother" because she reminds her of her own mother.

Also, yesterday, or rather Saturday night, there was a little daughter given to a Mr. and Mrs. Kauffman of the Language School here but who did not live but for three quarters of an hour. Oh! it is so sad. We did not know them very well so we did not attend the funeral. We sent a large bunch of Peach Blossoms to each little mother.

At school we have a large encyclopedia of Quotations so I looked up "Love". There are a number of pages of them so as far as I read the nicest of them on it I saw was, "Whoever lives true life, will love true love." By E.B. Browning.

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11.

I think it very fine, Don't you?

Ken dear, we get the "Graphic" from the library here. It is, as you know, a journal from London which treats entirely on the war. In it there is a page of the V.C.ers. I always look at it and never yet have I seen one given to a man who has lived. It is always that he received it for giving his life. Now Ken dear, I do love you but I feel not like you do, I don't say you aren't right in saying that about if I "called home" for I should feel that a great part of my life would be deprived me if you should be taken, for I believe that God is going to permit me to have a husband, a happy home, some Dear Little ones and my hopes are that my husband is to be you the only true one in the world.

.....

12.

Now, my true one, please don't be too brave and valiant and risk you life foolishly, to win a V.C. or any such thing because you are doing you duty equally as much now, a good deal more if you can only be spared to return to fill you place to fulfil the duties and tasks that are waiting for you. (I pray that this may be). Do you understand me. Oh!

Ken dear, I have so many ideas and thoughts and feelings that I can't express in writing.

Several Sundays ago at afternoon service we were handed the enclose sheet which we sang as one of the hymns. I am enclosing it because I thought of you so very particularly while singing it.

I am also enclosing a poem which I wrote in English class several weeks ago. It is terrible. Also very sentimental. The thought was suggested

.....

13.

by a picture on the wall of a friend's bedroom. What do you think of it?

Do you remember that ring I wore while in Sydney and you inquired about? Well, you know, my Aunt Daisy gave it to me. I am not wearing it now because I lost the sets out of it. Mother is, however, going to have two pearls set in it someday. For the last six months I have been wearing a little band ring, of mothers when she was a girl, on my left hand little finger but have had to stop wearing it because it was making such a scare on my finger which I was fearing would take some time to disappear. Louise is wearing it now. She also has a ring which Aunt Daisy gave her.

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14.

When I stopped wearing that ring it meant I had none to wear as Mother said that Louise and I could have two rings she had of her Mother's, her wedding and engagement rings. I am wearing them both now because Louise is wearing those other two, see? The engagement ring is only a carved band ring not a diamond ring. I don't wear them on my left hand, more especially not on my wedding and engagement ring finger, although they do fit it, but on my right hand little finger. I hope you don't mind my telling all this or that you don't mind me wearing these rings.

Well, I must stop so as to get this mailed.

With ever so much love from your little sweetheart, "Migpah"

Dorothy

"May the Lord watch between me and thee while we are sent one from the other".

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1.

Nanking, China,  
April 29<sup>th</sup>, 1917.

Ken dear,

I don't just know how to write. So much has happened and so many days have lapsed since I wrote last, the real sense of the word, lapsed, too, for again I have neglected writing. Ken dear, I love you so much, though it doesn't sound like it nor do I seem to act like it. I can't quite understand myself, nor, I am afraid, do you understand me. I have just been living on, loving and longing for you to come, hoping every time I have come home, after being out, that you would be there, waiting my arrival to surprise me.

Ever since that letter you wrote of about

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2.

January 15<sup>th</sup> posted the 25<sup>th</sup> I have felt so queer and unhappy. I know and try to appreciate the fact that you always wish that I may be happy, but Ken, my true one, not until you come can I be really happy. I feel like crying but can't, I know I love you but I have forgotten you so much. It was a lovely long letter full of plans and wishes and such lovely ideas concerning my course and about your family but still it hurt. I have been loving you and trying to write regularly and all that but I know that I haven't succeeding in doing so. I feel so lost and queer, Ken dear, I can't explain I am so tired of writing letters, all the time, I want you

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3.

not substitutes of letter writing and photos only. I hate to make you unhappy but if it was not that I fully believe that you are coming, soon too, I should surely die of love-sickness. I live on your coming.

Ken dear, I'm not worthy of you, here I have four letters now from you and none of them answered. They have come so regularly and they have made me so happy all except the feeling that that first of the four gave me, still I have ----Oh! Ken dear I can't apologise, ever, I have so often, and resolved to do better and then do worse I can't explain, you will have to come and see.

It is becoming quite hopeful that the war is going to end some-

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4.

time, perhaps before the end of the year, how my life depends upon its ending, though.

The letter you wrote telling of your full plans and hopes for when the war ends made me live in the seventh heaven, and I have ever since.

Oh! I can't believe that I have such a dear, true one to love me and hope for my good. Mother is as anxious for the war to end as I am. Also for your coming, I guess.

I am ever so glad that you have been able to join the stretcher bearers. Of-course I know nothing about it but I realise that you would choose for the best. Your speaking of we means you and Eric?

Now Ken dear about the ring. Yes, I don't see any reasons why we shouldn't be properly engaged when

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5.

you come. I think that your plans are very well made (of course D. ?.) except, do you think it would save you anything, time and expence, by coming to Nanking via Siberia, stopping here for a visit and then returning to Sydney via Hong Kong etc? I really don't know but perhaps you have not thought of that. Perhaps the, wherever you get your pay and way paid, might pay it all for you. Don't think I am complaining and do not approve of your other plan. Not at all, I just suggest this as proposition see dear?

Your wondering about the jewelery shops here is quite excusable. Yes, they have good

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6.

jewelry but not the sort we want in this case. No diamond solitaires or doublets.

Your visit seems too much of a wonderful, beautiful dream to be really planning on.

I am posting my photo right away I have it already wrapped. I hope you will like it better than the ones you have now. Mother says, "Tell Ken that it doesn't do you half justice but it is better than a mere snap-shot or any he has."

We are getting up our own "Purple and Gold" again for this year, and shall send you one. There will be some photos in it.

I have told you about my being Kathleen Molland's Brides-maid? Well she is giving me my

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7.

dress etc. She bought the Crepe de Chine in Shanghai. A beautiful salmon pink. It is made by a Shanghai tailor, who is very good, and is back finished. It is just perfect, as perfect as dresses can be. I wish you could see it, and me in it. I am not proud of myself but I do like to look

nice. If there are groups taken of the wedding I shall send you some. Mother says I may have a good photo taken next year in Shanghai. I expect I shall wear that dress. See? How I wish that you were going to be here, then I would be supremely happy. Have you heard of people announcing their engagements at people's weddings.

.....

8.  
Well I think it would be just great to announce mine thus. I'm sure that if you were here we would announce ours at Kathleen's wedding reception.

On the twenty fourth of this month, last Tuesday evening we gave our play of the year. You know that "Hillcrest" gives one a year. We were so glad to get it over after having postponed it three times. It consisted of two groups of Tableaux, that is tableaux after famous pictures of Chinese and American History. The Chinese ones came first and then the others. In the Chinese ones I was Mencius' mother sitting at the loom and in the others a guest at Pres. George Washington's wife's reception, a tableau. If the photos came out good I shall send you some.

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9.  
Then there was an "Interlude" of four acts. First a Chinese mission girls school of which I was the Chinese teacher, where globe trotters were visiting. Second a Chinese boys school of the old type with same visitors. Third was a Men's College where the Globe trotter boy meets one of the Chinese school boys whom he met when visiting the school. And the fourth the home of the girl globe trotter where there were a crowd of girls amongst whom was the Chinese girl, whom she had met in the mission girls school of several years before. I was also one of these girls of the crowd. It was all rather foolish, very much so and of a nothingness to last years play "A Midsummer Night's Dream" you know

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10  
which I couldn't be in you remember.

Louise is likely going to Shanghai to take part in the Shanghai American School Orchestra which is to play on the eighteenth at a Roman Wedding it is giving. If she goes she will go on Tuesday coming back for the wedding, Kathleen's of course on the fifteenth after which she will go back on the sixteenth. See? It will all be a great experience for her.

I am planning a "Shower" for Kathleen for next Saturday afternoon, tea time. For fear you don't know what it is, well it is an American

custom for the close friends often the Bride's Maid to be to give a girl a shower shortly before her wedding. Sometimes it

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11.  
may be a special one as a "Kitchen Shower" consisting of various kitchen articles. Others may be "linen" ones or most any kind. This is however to be a miscellaneous one, just anything for her or her home. My invitations are out already to about twenty people, all ladies of course. I hope it will be a success.

Oh! Ken my own dear loved one, I haven't written yet about our Easter. Well we had a very enjoyable one. None of our guests could come, three girls, but a good many of the Shanghai American, the S.A.S. kids

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12.  
were up. We had a merry crowd. The most crowningly enjoyable time of the holiday was our picnic, Louise's and mine, we got up, to the caves, several miles down river. It was a great success. There were twenty eight in the crowd of young folk my size or thereabouts and some grown ups. We started at eleven on Saturday morning the 7<sup>th</sup> of April and returned by moon light about nine o'clock. Every-one seemed to have a glorious time.

We went down the Yantze by sail boat and were tugged back by a tug.

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13.  
I, I had a good time and was happy except that you weren't there. I miss you dreadfully and wish you could always be along wherever I go. Oh! Ken I want you so bad, you can't imagine. There were several other parties some in the evenings and one other picnic, to the Ming Tombs. Ken dear I have forgotten just how much I have written about Nanking and hereabouts or of Kuling but you are coming soon and will see it all for yourself. See? How I long for that day to come when I can show you about myself. Won't it be glorious?

You are always asking whether I got your letter of November 5<sup>th</sup>  
yes, I

.....14.

think you mean the one of Nov. 13<sup>th</sup> in which you inserted a slip on which you told of writing to your mother about me. Is that the one you mean? Oh! no, excuse me I have them mixed now I have looked, not the one of the slip enclosed but that of Nov. 18<sup>th</sup> a long continued one ending on the 20<sup>th</sup> in memory of that memorable day two years before. Don't I remember though.

Ken dear I am no good for answering letters nor am I for writing them. I just love to read and re-read your living letters which they are. The just make me feel as though you were here talking to me. How I wish I could do a millionth the same with you in my letters.

.....

15.

Later. Days and days have passed since I wrote the above. I can't be forgiven. I have posted your photo though.

How I love you, dear true lover mine. I am not worthy of you, nor I shan't ever be. Oh! why doesn't this dreadful war ever end, so that you can come and put an end to all my misery. I love you to death but you are so vague in my mind, I have forgotten you so.

Do you celebrate the first Sunday in May as "Mothers' Day" in Australia or is it an American custom? Well we do so here and every one wears a rose a red one for a living mother and a white one for a mother in heaven. I have pressed

.....

16.

the beauty red one I wore but it isn't very beautiful now. The colour is all changed and it is dead but I am going to enclose it because I pressed it to send to you if I could. You just imagine it a beautiful scarlet rose having bloomed for me in my garden, now coming from my bosom where I wore it to you with so much love from my heart as its colour will carry.

Now Ken, my very own dear one, each ripple on the ocean kissed by sunshine carries a fond kiss of love to you and each swell of the oceans deep as a swell of my bosom carries a loving hug to you from

Your little wife-to-be

Dorothy.

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Nanking, China

May 25<sup>th</sup>, 1917

My True, Strong, Hubby-To-Be, Ken,

I started my last letter on April 26<sup>th</sup>, I think and wrote for several days finishing along about the 7<sup>th</sup> of May, or so. Then Mother was better and said she would write surely, for me to leave off posting my letter and she would enclose some thing so I did and left it with her to post when she finished. Consequently the delay and the late posting and then after all with no enclosure, as you see, for Mother then turned not so well again and neglected the writing. However she is now heaps better again almost herself and am sure she shall write soon. She wants

.....  
me to explain that there is no illwill or any thing but her ill health. You see, perhaps I haven't written, she has been over doing with the household cares and the Cooking and Sewing class teaching and along about the first of April just before Easter she had a complete nervous break down. Resulting in nervous prostrations which broke up the house and home and consequently let fall many more cares on me at home. She has been better some and then worse again ever since but now she shows that she shall likely pick right up again. I am helping more with the home cares and she is having the assistant teachers finish up the courses commenced. See? Of-course it made everything so unsettled and all, making us sort of talk of hurrying up the furlough but now it seems quite possible for us to resume our original plans. I have written some-what of them have I not?

All has been going on fairly well inspite of all our troubles which

.....  
are so slight on the whole beside yours, away off there in the war.

The "Shower" I mentioned that I was planning for Kathleen was in the end a huge success though I do say so. Of-course most of the responsibility was on me but Mrs Meigo of whom I have spoken, I think, helped too as a joint hostess and Mother was our guest in a way. See? Kathleen received some twenty very nice gifts which are proving useful in her new home. I am so pleased. Of-course this entertainment was over by the time I finish my last letter but I just neglected writing of it.

The wedding too and my being Bride's maid all resulted in great successes for which I am greatly pleased and thankful. Oh! but how happy the Bridge and Groom are.

.....  
The night of the wedding we had a flash-light snapshot taken which I haven't seen yet, but if it is any good I shall surely send you one. There wedding trip or "money-hoon" as Erica writes was taken on the river



steamer to and then back from Hankow. The same sort of steamers on which we travel to Kuling on.

By the way, I received on Friday noon a long letter from Erica. I was terribly glad to do so too. She is such a dear. She spoke of you in several ways referring to this and then that and then admitting that of-course you had written about the things, perhaps. She is a dear. She also mentioned Jack Bardsley and that you and I were the only ones who new about where her affections were resting. Ha! Ha. She is starting young too, Eh? She also sent a photo of her and Mother and sister for which I am pleased too. She told of Daisy's being married which was the first we have heard. Isn't it great. I wonder why, but we haven't heard from Amesbury

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for ages. I hope they aren't angry and that we haven't offended them in any way. I have written two or three times to them since they wrote to us. What about George's and Vera's engagement and when are they planning to get married? Do you know? I wonder if sometime you are writing you might mention the fact about the lack of letters from Amesbury. I do so love them all there. I hate to think of losing their friendship. Especially as Vera may be a sisterinlaw of mine some day! Oh! Ken but how I love you. How I want you to come. Just think of all the grand times we'll have and all the things we'll do and talk about and plan to-gether just we two. Just think of the places we'll go sight seeing, me showing you every thing of interest in this dear old city, things I've showed to so many people, but to think of my ever showing then all to you. Won't I take pains

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though to do it nicely and won't I love to though. Oh! Ken I just day-dream all the time about it all. Oh! I just live for the day when we shall see each other again. But, Oh! for the day when I shall be yours and you, mine, "for better or for worse" etc !!

Now for the way I think of next year and your coming. You see we shall be in the Shanghai American School (S.A.S.) from the middle of Sept. to about the twentieth of Dec., returning then for the Christmas holidays of about a fortnight. See? Now you might come before we returned or you might come after. Then again you might come while we are in Shanghai after or long before our holidays. If this should happen I'm sure I should come back to stay and miss school while you are here. You see I could study my lessons so I wouldn't miss my work while you were studying too. See? You ask for what I would do when we did meet, well I expect to love and kiss you but not

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on the station or any public place with a large audience as I have seen some do. Our meeting in the way I hope it to be will be too sacred. In any case I may not meet you but some one else, perhaps father, if it is in Nanking and but wait at home to welcome you in. Oh! but won't it be glorious. I hope it may all come about soon.

After writing my last letter but before I had posted it I received your letter of March 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> posted the twenty third. You are so faithful about writing. How ashamed I am I'm not.

I am now in the library (Nanking) which is within the University hence the pencil for I have no ink here and my pen is not filled, am here alone fortunately, so am taking this opportunity for finishing this letter

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unless some one comes in, which is only too likely. It is over a week since writing the above and the cause of such a delay in finishing right up was that last Sunday week after writing part of my letter I put it aside, some one or other coming in and interrupting. Yes, I remember I did not go to afternoon Church so stayed home resting it was so hot and at the others return from church I put the writing aside. Miss Ackermann was then staying with us for the third time. Then I was delayed longer than I had expected I would for I had my second dose of the Typhoid inoculation prevention of-course, which was just a week after the first. The first, usually the least painful, I had in my left arm because of the breaks, etc. so that the worst of the doses, the second, I could have in my right arm, consequently

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I was unable to write for several days and then only a little in school until to-day, Tuesday the 5<sup>th</sup>. You see I was reviewing and preparing for final examinations of the year all last week and yesterday. I am just finished and down from the school house from my Algebra exam. It was a three hour exam and I finished in one hour and three quarters. Lucky me. Consequently Mr. Price had time to look over it and correct it before my coming down to prepare for my exam on the war for Thursday which we are studying in place of English our course for this year being completed. A heap of studying I'm doing now, eh? Just guess what I got? You couldn't believe it of me. I couldn't even, for as a rule I'm stupid but doubly so in an exam. Well, I got 99 ½%. Missing only by omitting the plus or minus sign in  $x^2=9$ .  $x = \pm 3$ . See?

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I'm terribly proud of myself. Haven't I right to be though?

To morrow morning I'm to have my final exam in Plane Geometry, pity me!! I'll get zero. Oh! but I hate the stuff I just despise it. I'm not trying to say bad things about myself. I'm just telling the truth.

On Empire Day the Britons' Overseas League procured a film, pictures, of course, "The Battle of the Somme" which we went to, it was good but gastly in places. I suppose you know what all it was like. It had mostly His Majesty inspecting troops etc and etc. There was marching to the battle and preparations, firing of cannon near so we could see properly and then the effect. The exploding of a mine. Oh! heaps of such things. We saw some wounded and stretcher bearing, how I thought of you then. Also we saw Anzacs and then Canadians cheering the King. As a result of the pictures I dreamt a long dream of you.

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It was a muddle of queer things and every thing disappointing and all but yet very satisfying on the whole for a dream. Of-course only a dream and I have almost forgotten it all. I can remember you were quite your self except you weren't as tall as I. Oh! I was disappointed at that. By the way how tall do you measure. I am about 5ft 4 or 5 my heels differing sometimes in height my having my shoes on.

Still no letter from Mother for you but I hope so by next letter. It's quite a time since I heard from you last, about a month, I hope and pray you are safe and well.

My unceasing prayer is that you may be, but if you should get hurt or injured in any way that it should be all for His Will.

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That it be not serious but that from any thing you might be greatly blessed and benefited, if it be possible, and that it might just better fit you for the tasks before you and the race you are to run. And that at the end you might not get the V.C. (What is that!) But the "Well Done".

Oh! Ken dear how I love you. I'm not worthy of you, your faithfulness you love and your goodness. Would that I were. May it please God that I may grow to be.

Some how I fell especially love-sick for you. I hope nothing has happened to you lately.

Now with the best of a Sweet-heart's love and a true Sweetheart's kiss

Your affectionate

And dear Dorothy

God Bless You.

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I.

“Linwood”

82a Cambridge Rd.

Kuling, China.

June 24<sup>th</sup>, 1917

My own Blessed Ken,

Ever so much has happened, as you can see from the heading, since I wrote last. Your lovely welcome and longed for letter at last came last Sunday, just a week now. You blessed boy of mine, how can I believe it, that you have been spared me, as it were! To think that our Loving Father has been so near you and me, so directly. How tenderly and wonderfully he has answered my prayers as well as all those offered for my brave, hero, lover. It seemed strange that I came to realise a little more what our love was, and was coming be and mean about the middle of the month of April.

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II.

I felt that I wasn't writing enough, yet I couldn't seem to do so any more, I was so busy with our play etc. I came to feel I should pray, pray, pray more, yet I just couldn't seem to do so more than I was, what was the matter. I knew I loved you so much but I couldn't see you and have you near me. I was too much in love with you to express my self. I was just love-sick for you, my own one.

You dear thing you are so faithful and considerate about writing. You are the one who needs it, the mail, so much and yet I am the opposite to what I should be about it. Oh! Ken dear I love you so but I can't express myself properly.

Your letter of the 24<sup>th</sup> April came last Sunday and I've been trying to write all week

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III

but as you see I haven't succeeded until now. Now how I wish I could write a decent letter, even a half way readable one. You write so perfectly.

Well, to begin with we left Nanking with Father behind last Monday morning at half past seven o'clock on the steamer, bound for my birthplace this lovely summery, ???primary Kuling how I do love this place. I hope some day you may see it, with me included. We arrived in

Kiukiang at half past two on Tuesday afternoon, the following day. We had a jolly big crowd on the steamer trip. As a result of the new motor road and motor cars

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IV.

we were able to come on across the plains in the cars and on up the hills in the chairs (the latter, as usual,) the same afternoon arriving here at about half past eight that night. The motor cars shortened the trip by half, it seemed because of being so quick and did away with the long tiresome trip across the plains in the gogly chairs.

There is a half way stop at the foot hills where we used to change chair coolies but now where the motors are at an end and we take chairs to ascend the mountains. I always enjoy every step of the whole journey from Nanking clear to here but one of the reasons I enjoyed it more especially was

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V.

that I carried a fifteen month baby boy, "Mikey" is his name, up from "Lane Hwau Dung" the half stop in my chair.

They, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson were on our steamer and we knew them quite well in Nanking. Mrs. Hutchinson, the mother, was not well and since Mikey liked me and seemed to enjoy going with me they allowed me to carrying him, it was grand fun. There is nothing I could enjoy better.

Well, arriving at such a late hour on Tuesday we were thankful for having good friends as the Hunts, English people of our mission, living near by who had invited us as they have for years to be their guests until our place was

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VI.

settled. You see our house is small and rudely furnished but whatever we have as furnishings is packed away in boxes for the nine or ten months we are away, while the place is unoccupied. Of course this all necessitates a bit of work in settling and all. This year it was especially tedious as all our bed-rooms two rooms furniture and some of our living room furniture was being varnished through the winter months as well as the two bedrooms being re-painted and all. This meant that all other furniture was stored in the one ?????? living room which had to all be sorted out and replaced in all the rooms. This all takes time but we were finished and

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VII.

comfy by the end of the second day. Still I have been busy with one thing and another until today.

It is a glorious summer's day in the mountains, cool but not too cool, so inviting for a nice lovers stroll. How I wish you were here, still I have to be content, don't I? Oh! that my prayer for you to soon come may be quickly answered! You blessed one how I do love you. I hope and pray that you may soon be well and strong. It is dreadful of me but I had wished since the war didn't seem to end that you needn't go back now that you were wounded but that you could come by China home soon.

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VIII

How! I love you and long for you to come!!

Now that we are here for a long time till about the middle of Sept. I have a long summer to spend in writing letters to you, reading and re-reading your letters and dreaming and longing for your coming.

I hope you have my photo by now. By the way I should have mounted it. Our annual "Purple & Gold" will be out soon and when I post it I shall send some photo backs to you see.

Do you collect stamps at all! I can't remember. If not have you any friends who do, that you could sell a good full set of Nanking local post stamps to, which Mrs. Meigs gave me for you. See?

With as much love as to equal the volume of this mountain I am  
your own

Dorothy.

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PHOTO

On our trip down across the plains between Kuling and Kiukiang

This summer

1916

Charlie's acting silly.

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PHOTO

Our house here in Nanking.

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PHOTO

I guess you don't know what this queer object is. It's me sitting on the sand, playing your old mouth-organ with mother's old washing hat on. I had to pose for about ten minutes before Joyce took me, hence the strained expression.

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PHOTO

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PHOTO

Your own little girl.

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PHOTO

Kathleen Molland 20.  
Lois Hudson just turned 16.  
Olive Bowen 16  
Louise Rowe aged 14 in May  
Me, Dorothy aged 17 in July !

Puppies in our hands each aged 2 weeks.

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PHOTO

In a box in the pond. + Me

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PHOTO

Also terrible.

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PHOTO

Affectionately  
Dorothy.

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I.

Kuling, China  
June 25<sup>th</sup> 1917.

My Own Dearest Lover, 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 Nanking, if you wrote as faithfully as usual, but when it came this afternoon it was dated the 14<sup>th</sup> May and started out about your 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. There it is. A lovely love-letter, but not a word about where you are except

II.

the address and how bless'ed brave 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 correspondence, but just while we were too young and

III.



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 over 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 important which will make us both better in the years to come 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?

#### IV.

Your explanation of having to write every thing and then falling short of words to express your-self voices my feeling all through perfectly. Isn't it provoking 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 has been so clearly and interestingly worded. It is I who should worry and 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 evening, day before yesterday 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. Roys, of whom I have spoken of 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 leave, no servants, while she went, so I

#### V.

offered. Consequently the penciled letter as my pen I hadn't filled 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 freer with the pencil. See? I had to stop off writing that evening where 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 summers morning. The rest of the family has not arisen yet, quite asleep, but I think I hear Charlie up now. As a rule I am the sleepy head but for some reason I wakened 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.

## VI.

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

Mrs Roys started down the hill yesterday morning about six o'clock. I went with her a piece, up to the gap, the entrance to Kuling, about two miles from here I think, and a couple of miles or more out of the gap on the road bound for Kuikiang. She and her two children Margaret and Grace were in chairs, Richard and Mr. Roys having already gone down to Nanking, 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 were with me but I couldn't. You know, Ken dear, I have forgotten you. I can only

## VII.

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 but I can't quite see you. See? How I long for you to 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. I 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 sence in it. I can live without it and be much easier. See? Please forgive me.

## VIII.

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 as bright" etc) Now dear one, mine, there is nothing that I find to criticize you for, how could I love you... so pationately.

I love you more for loving me passionately. My own dear one, how I long for you to come, for the time to come when we are wholly each others and that our thoughts in our minds, those of the past, now,

and those to one and all, may be ours to talk about and everything. Those 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 something 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 Honeymoon. 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?

X.

I am sitting on the verandah 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 war has 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 a commission given him in London I hear through Mr. Owen. Well before he left he was in Nanking I gave him your address 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" doesn't come and is lost I am thankful that the notes from your mother and snap-shot of my "mother-

XI.

to-be" were in the following letter, instead, for though it is dreadfully hard to think of loosing 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 thank my Heavenly Father enough, I can't be grateful enough for the all to-gether wonderfully loving parents we have.  
Indeed I understand! I am

XII.

returning these 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 sure I shall be happy and I shall try to be for your sake too 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 barring 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 enter man-hood. With oceans of love reaching from here to you from your sweetheart Dorothy.