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Wuhu, An.
Oct. 22, 1954.

Dear Dad & Mother Stam:

It's been such a very long time since I wrote you, but I think of you very often, and pray the Lord to bless and strengthen you.

Now that John & Erwin Kohfield have actually started on the trip south, and here are the first pictures of the wee baby back from Shanghai, I have still more reason to write you.

The baby looks like John, nearly everybody says at first sight. She has his mouth and rather pointed chin. Her eyes are a deep blue, and very big, and her face is so sweet and round, with a lot of dark hair (that may be turning lighter, we aren't sure), that is actually curly when damp. Although she only weighed 6 lbs. 11 oz. when born, she has gained ever since without a drop, and now weighs at least 9 1/2 lbs. at six weeks of age. It is a real joy to take care of her. We can't say she never cries; in fact, she usually spends several hours of the daytime awake and howling; but even then she takes little naps at intervals, besides good long naps too, and during the night she sleeps soundly from 10 PM to six AM, and most of the time from six to 10 PM too.

The latest news from Tsingteh and Tunki before the boys left for the trip was encouraging; but it is rather doubtful at present whether the Kohfields and we will be moving down this winter, since the reds have been pretty near to Tunki recently and gave the Kohfields a pretty bad scare. Their family is now at Suancheng; so it doesn't look as though there'd be room for the Stams there, either! However, as Dad Stam often says (I mean you, not John!), "Father knows", and He has His plans and place for us all, all the time.

* * * * *

Next day:-Baby weighs 9 lbs. 13 oz. today. I am always wondering if she is too warm or too cold, and rushing around to feel her hands and feet. She won't keep her arms inside the bedclothes, so I pile on an extra knitted jacket, backside front. Last evening she howled and kicked so hard that she put her feet right through a little flannelette gown that Mother Scott had made for her, only washed a few times! I'm afraid it was temper; for the minute anybody picks her up, she is as placid and serene as can be, with a slightly reproachful expression, as much as to say, "Why didn't you come sooner?" So we shall have to be very strict with her!

This is a beautiful time of year, and perfect weather so far for John's trip. But the Chinese all say it will be a very cold winter, and they are all busy buying coal and other fuel. One hates to think what a very cold winter will mean, after the hot drought this summer, and shortage of food and fuel. If only hardships will turn peoples' hearts to God and His gospel.

I don't know whether John told you about the visit of the newly weds, Bunny and Ted. We were so glad they could come up to Tsinan by way of Wuhu, even though they could only stay from Saturday to Monday. They had gotten the night train from Shanghai, to Nanking the very same day their boat landed, and took a taxi from Nanking here. We had to laugh at Bunny, because she used one Chinese word that she thought she remembered on the Chauffeur all the way up, calling him the word for groom (horse driver), proving that cars have come in since her day. Naturally the Chauffeur didn't feel flattered. However, he condescended to wait until Monday, and took Mother, Bunny & Ted back to Nanking.

We've only received one hurried note from Daddy since then/ so I know they had a busy time up in Tsinan. By now I expect they've come back again to Shanghai, and taken the boat to Canton. We didn't have time to talk of half the things we'd have liked to say; but they liked their new niece, and brother and we liked our new brother; which was all very lovely.

A great deal of love from Helen Priscilla, John, and me.

Yourx loving daughter,

Betty

John has been acquired since last I saw Bunny!

PERSONAL FOR THE GROWN UPS.

As you know, I had a Caesarian operation. The cut is healing nicely; although has taken longer than usual because of some funny cat gut used that didn't dissolve properly. But now I am strong enough to take care of the Bonnie Baby (although the Chinese woman does her washing), and it is a great joy to do so.

Wuhu, An.
Nov. 2, 1934.

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~~146~~
~~John & Betty~~
Dear Folk:

Glad to find so many letters waiting for me when I got home. Hope to tell you more about the trip in another letter, but just this separate note concerning other things.

Thanks, Sis, for sending through that check so quickly. It came in ample time.

Please greet Jerry and Gertrude for me and let them see these letters now and again. I haven't time to write them, having much official and friendly correspondence needing time right now, and I don't know when I'm to be off again, beside being only several weeks away from finishing my Third Section exam, if I can only stay around that long.

Hope Dad is keeping up feeling well. Take it easy Dad. We'll all be sorry out here to only get letters every two weeks, but don't write any oftener than you have time for. For myself, I find it such a joy and pleasure to get your good letters from home, that I find it equally pleasurable to tell you what I am doing. Perhaps on the weeks when Dad and Mother don't write, they might prevail upon some of the others to do so. Start off early in the week, and go the rounds, Dad. That would only mean we'd have a letter from Sis, Amelia, Henry and Neill about once every two or three months anyway. We surely do look forward to hearing from you, getting snapshots of children, etc.

I was certainly glad to get home and find my family in such good condition. Betty is well, and the baby weighed 10 lbs. 2 oz. this morning. Praise the Lord. They are both a joy to my heart.

Dad, the name of the old lady on the picture I sent you is Mrs. Wang. She lives at a village named Miao Sheo. Glad to hear of the Lord's continually supplying your needs.

Glad to get that prospectus of the "First Evangelistic Leadership Training Cruise." Sometime I'd like to hear more about it. Thanks for it Neill, as well as for your little outline on I. and II. Thess. Pray for me that I may take more time in the study of the Word. Good for mother and the typewriter. Keep it up Mother.

Am enclosing some miscellaneous things which are self-explanatory. The money is fake money that is used for burning. This insures one money to spend in the next world. Marked:- "Bank of the Unseen World" - Ten Dollars.

Good for Peter III. The Lord bless and guide him.

In His Name,

John & Betty

More later! D.V.

A NIGHT SIGNAL

It was a starry spring night at Wuhu. From across the broad Yangtze, dark between its reflected ship's lights, came the occasional sound of distant shooting. Bandits were at work, and in a ward of the hospital lay one of their victims of the night before, a chubby boy of nine, very much frightened, and in pain from the damage a bullet had done in his abdomen.

From his home about 25 miles away it had taken him almost a day and a night to reach our hill. Part of the way he had traveled by sampan, being carried between streams in a crude stretcher made by turning a bamboo bench upside down, and finally finishing the journey by sailboat. His father also had been shot and it was the old grandmother who, having learned of the distant hospital when selling goslings in the town, had engineered this journey.

He needed operation, and immediately, although it was already late. It would be serious work which could be much better handled if we could get one more surgeon. There was one, and a good one, Dr. Warmolts, on the American destroyer anchored far out in the river. He was under no obligation to the hospital but we knew he would be glad to help as he had done before. But how could we get word to him? The hospital car, so often proving its usefulness in emergencies, was sent down to the landing with a letter to be carried across to the ship if possible, but there would probably not be a boat at the landing to carry it.

As it happened, we had in the hospital a British radio man named Cotterrall who had been a patient here for many months. What about having him signal a message? He had had another minor operation earlier that same day and might well have preferred to be left in peace, but when he learned the situation he thought only of the unknown little Chinese boy and asked to have a chance to try. So we brought two big electric lights for his inspection. No, those were not right. Switching rapidly on and off for dots and dashes would destroy the filaments. We found one that was suitable and carried it up to the roof, with a long cord to reach down to a plug at a lower level, then up to the roof went Cotterrall on a stretcher.

"Since the port is comparatively peaceful now", said he, "there may not be a lookout on duty, but I'll try, and if I don't get them perhaps I can get the British ship and send a message from there." "S-T-E-W-A-R-T" went the dots and dashes flashing out over the water, and hardly had he finished when the two bright masthead lights gleamed out with startling suddenness high above the ship. We heard a gleeful chuckle from the radio man as he settled down to the work that he had not been able to do for months. "Click, Click" went the switch and steadily the flashes shone out, punctuated at the end of each word by an answering flash from the Stewart.

"PLEASE-ASK-YOUR-DOCTOR-TO-COME-TO-HOSPITAL-AT-ONCE.

EMERGENCY-OPERATION. CAR-WAITING-AT-BUTTERFIELD'S-HULK."

The flashes stopped at last and our patient lay back to rest while we watched. Then "put-put-put" came the sound of a motor boat. That was one that our Chinese driver had found at the landing and we knew that it carried the letter labeled, "Urgent, get this to the doctor and get a reply". Swiftly the green starboard light started out across the water, and as suddenly there was an answering "put-put-put" as the red port light of a second motor boat began to speed from the ship towards shore, already bringing Dr. Warmolts, coming in response to Cotterrall's signal.

Steadily the red light moved across the dark water to the landing.

12600
All future mail to Tsingteh-please

Suancheng, An.

Nov. 19, 1934.

Received Dec. 17, 1934.

Dear Folk:

Well here we are again at our old stamping ground, and enjoying ourselves hugely. All our stuff is packed up and ready to get bumped on its way to Tsingteh--some seventy English miles by wheelbarrow.

We ourselves hope to get off by day after tomorrow, making the first good stretch by more or less luxurious busses, and then just one stretch by sedan chair, and we are home. All D.V. of course, in this land of frequently changed plans.

Right now they are having a short term Bible School here in Suancheng, and the Lord is blessing. I have much enjoyed some of the sessions taken by the Chinese teachers. Miss Yao was very good on the tabernacle. I must tell you about her some time when I have my own typewriter. Miss Kiang is good on Hebrews too.

Yesterday in church the Birches had their little John, and we had our little Helen dedicated. It was very impressive, and very blessed. Both babies behaved wonderfully, our little Helen when she was awak quite enjoying herself doing nothing. Mr. Weller prayed that she might be like Priscilla in the Bible, she might be a help to the church, and minister to the saints. Incidentally we have transliterated Helen as nearly as possible into "Ai Lien"--and at Mr. Weller's suggestion, we took that particular "Lien" that means a link or chain, so that her name in Chinese means a "Love Link". She surely is a darling, and behaves wonderfully. She has her crying spells, but those are valuable too. If I can find it, I shall enclose a recent photograph. More are coming.

I know you will be praying for us as we go to Tsingteh. The Lord has wonderfully answered prayer on several points. We have a cook whom we think will be satisfactory, and the little one-eyed woman whose husband put her off is turning out to be a fine helper for Betty. Very efficient, and pleasant. She just surprised us by bringing two little pairs of most beautifully embroidered shoes for the baby. Wish you could see them.

Glad for letters from Dad and Mother. The Lord bless and use you Dad. But don't forget that there are times when less does more, and little can be very very much when God is in it. Let the privates in the army do the running around, and you play Captain and only do the things you really enjoy, and not too much of that. There's another sermon from your young upstart.

We have stoves, mother, so don't worry. Will send you a description of the Tsingteh house some other time.

Love from Betty.
More when I get my own
typewriter.

The Lord bless you all,
In Him,

John & Betty

Rec'd Dec. 17, 1934.

Suancheng.
Nov. 21, 1934.

Dear Jake:

went on yesterday
4 coolie boys and 5 barrows
All set to go this A.M. Went to bus station with all our/
baggage--broken down, so had to come back. Hope for better things tomorrow.
Meantime it's much better waiting here than in some little place on the road.

Thanks so much for your letter which arrived today with all its
enclosures. Very sorry to hear about Amelia's three ten dollar bills.
They never arrived! Probably the very fact that they were registered marked
them as valuable and thus they were opened up here. If Amelia still
has receipts it might be checked up from that end.

At this end it's supposed to be illegal to send bills through
the mail. I recently sent some up toward Tsingteh, and despite the fact
that it was registered, and the stamps placed over the flap in the rear
(which you can't do at home), the thing was opened and the five dollars
lifted. Others around here have lost even American notes sent to
Shanghai for depositing.

This is specially true in small back country places, where
you are the only foreigner, and as a result the Postman holds all your
outgoing and incoming mail up to the light to see what is in it.
You can't catch him, and you've no redress because you're doing an
illegal thing anyway.

So, please let the family know, please NEVER NO MORE to send
bills. They have arrived here, but I don't want to see our Tsingteh
Postmaster tempted. Instead turn it over to Sis, or have folk send it
to the C.I.M. marked "For transmission only", I get it all then.
It's no use throwing money away. So far as I know this \$50. is the
only that you-we have lost, but many of our Inland Stations can never
send or receive any undisturbed letters. It's a dreadful nuisance,
but you simply cannot get anywhere about it.

Incidentally, for your and Dean's private information, the
Lord wonderfully answered prayer for us in regard to Betty's hospital
bills. We had only figured on ten days @ \$8. per day at the Methodist
Hospital. Instead there were 32 days, plus lots of extras amounting
to some \$400. The Lord wonderfully supplied, so that we could pay up
before we left Wuhu, and have enough left for the quarter's needs and
since that more money has come in. Praise His Name. Glad to get all
those good letters of Peggy and Peter III and all the rest.

More later,

In Him,

John