Talman, Rose Oral History Interview: Old China Hands Oral History Project

Hope College
OLD CHINA HANDS ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

Rose H. Talman

This project has been made possible by a grant from the Youthgrants in the Humanities Program of the National Endowment for the Humanities, a Federal agency established by Congress to promote research, education, and public activity in the humanities.

This manuscript is authorized as "open"
Hope College Archives Council
Holland, Michigan
1977
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Table of Contents</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Preface</td>
<td>iv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biographical Sketch and Summary of Contents</td>
<td>v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Narrative</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Preface

Narrator: Mrs. Rose H. Talman

July, 1977
Mrs. Talman's home in Penn Yan, New York
TALMAN, ROSE HILLER

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH AND SUMMARY OF CONTENTS

Rose Hiller Talman, born on November 8, 1891, is the daughter of Henry R. and Mary Minkel Hiller. She was born and raised in Attica, New York, and attended Elmira College where she earned her B.A. in Math and German in 1913. After teaching high school for two years Rose Hiller married Lyman A. Talman of Spring Valley, New York, a graduate of Cornell University and New Brunswick Theological Seminary. Together they went out in the fall of 1916 to serve as missionaries of the Reformed Church of America in China.

From 1916 to 1922 the Talmans worked in Tong-an, Amoy, China, where they studied the Amoy dialect and began their work. Rose Talman taught English at the Boy's School, visited homes and churches, and conducted children's meetings. She also accompanied Rev. Talman in some of his district work in the mountain outposts.

In 1923 the Talmans returned to the United States for furlough, and on their return to China in 1924 they took up residence on Kulangsu where Rev. Talman served as business manager for the mission and principal of the Boy's School on the island. He also had charge of the building of Elizabeth Blauvelt Memorial Hospital in Tong-an, and the Girls- Dormitory in Amoy.

In 1929 Mrs. Talman returned to New Brunswick, New Jersey, for health reasons with her two daughters, Mary Louise and Ruth. Rev. Talman followed them a year later. After retiring from the R.C.A. Board in 1932 Rev. Talman worked for ten years as pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church of Hyde Park, New York, and later was called to pastorates in the Presbyterian churches of Stillwater, Ontario Center, and Rock Stream, New York.
The Talmans retired in Penn Yan, New York in 1957, but remained active in church work in the area. Rev. Talman died on October 17, 1958, after many years of dedicated church service. Mrs. Talman still continues her service through her work with the United Presbyterian Women's Association, Church Women United, and Penn Yan community organizations. Her hobbies include tole painting and refinishing antique family furniture, and the beautiful furnishings in her home give testimony to her activities in these areas.

Mrs. Talman was interviewed by Julie Van Wyk on June 21, 1977, but due to technical difficulties the interview did not record. This narrative is an attempt to recapture the major substance of the lost interview. Mrs. Talman worked from questions sent to her by Julie Van Wyk, and from her own notes on her China experience. These notes, entitled "Our China Years", may be found in the Western Seminary Archives, in addition to a number of letters and photographs that Mrs. Talman donated to the project.

Rose Talman's narrative gives a very detailed account of her trip to China, the difficulties of adjusting to life there, and the working and organization of the Amoy mission.
Rose H. Talman speaking. A member of the Amoy mission serving in China from 1916 to 1929.

The question often asked is what made you decide to become a missionary. That takes me back many years. I still can recall when a girl eight or nine in my home Baptist church a particular Bible lesson story about Paul's visit to Athens; when he talked to the Athenians about their idol to the unknown God, and about whom he had come to tell them. This made quite an impression on me, and often after that, I would tell people that when I grew up I was going to be a missionary. That was my first touch with foreign missions.

While a student at Elmira College, I was member of the Y.W.C.A cabinet, and in my senior year, was elected president of the Y.W. In preparation for this office, I was a delegate to the summer conference at Eagle's Nest, Pennsylvania, and in the fall attended the Student Volunteer convention held at Auburn, New York Seminary. Those were the days in the 1900's of the great foreign missionary thrust abroad, when Dr. Robert E. Speer and Dr. John R. Mott were prominent leaders and speakers, especially among the colleges under the Student Volunteer Movement. Later, I attended a Student Volunteer Convention at Cornell University, Ithaca, where they were speakers. Also, there I met a Miss Ann Brown, another Student Volunteer worker who was visiting colleges as a speaker. As Y.W.C.A. president, I wrote and invited her to Elmira and bring her message to us. During this weekend visit, we had long talks and I was seriously confronted with my life work. After much agonizing with
myself and God's will for my life, I decided to become a Student Volunteer. God willing I would give myself for service in the foreign field. I was an only daughter with a younger brother. In those days, this was a harder decision to make. The world was less known and accessible, and therefore larger, travel much slower, and mission terms for service were set for seven years.

Following graduation from Elmira College as a Math and German major, and with a minor in Latin, I was hired to teach four years of Latin and higher Math in the Richfield Springs, New York, high school.

Let me regress and say that my language majors were not much help in learning the tonal language of China, except, perhaps for memory training. More about that later. I enjoyed teaching, and carried a full schedule.

This town of Richfield Springs was a small resort town, and soon I became acquainted with the townfolk. I attended some social functions and was invited to sing in the Methodist church choir. Also of some interest and perhaps importance in this period of time, was that I lived with three other Catholic teachers whose friendship extended over many years. In passing, perhaps I should say that during my lifetime, I have had connections with the Baptist, Methodist, Catholic, Dutch Reformed, and Presbyterian denominations, all of which have helped me to become ecumenically minded.

During my first vacation at Thanksgiving time, I returned to Elmira College for the annual alumni reunion. Certain circumstances changed my plans from staying in the dorm to staying with a friend in town whose sister also was entertaining a college friend of her
brother’s, Lyman A. Talman. He also was a Student Volunteer. He had graduated from Cornell University as a mechanical engineer, worked in the New York Central Railroad shops in Albany for over a year, and then to prepare for work in the mission field, he entered New Brunswick Theological Seminary. While in Elmira, I spent most of my time in college with other friends, but I did see and talk with Lyman at the house. He offered to send me some Student Volunteer literature, and so a correspondence began.

From the very beginning his letters took a very serious turn. You see, he was seriously looking for a wife to accompany him to the mission field—he hoped China. You’ve heard of love at first sight. Well, I guess this was it, in his case. During the Christmas holidays, my mother and I went to New York City to visit California relatives who were spending the winter East and visiting in New York City. When Lyman learned that I was to be in New York, he asked if he might come to call on his way home to Spring Valley, New York from New Brunswick, about thirty miles out of New York. So he called one Friday evening, and in fact came back the next morning before leaving the city. His purpose—to propose. I wasn’t quite ready for this as I was just launched on my teaching career. To shorten the story, and already know the ending, I taught for two years, and after two years gave him the affirmative answer he waited for.

We then started to make our plans to merge our careers and offer ourselves to the Reformed Church of America Board of Missions for service in the foreign field. At the time, there was an opening in China, so China it was to be. Being an only daughter, I decided
to stay home for the rest of the year to be with my parents and get ready to go to China. Lyman graduated from New Brunswick Seminary in May. I attended his commencement and together we had several meetings with the Board in New York. Arrangements were made to send us to China in August, 1916. However, before being accepted by the Board, I did have to change from being a Baptist and Reform, spelled with a capital "R", the Dutch Reformed Church of America. This is a long story just answering this question.

Preparing for the mission field, leaving the country for so long a period—then, seven and a half years—requires much planning. We were fortunate to be travelling to China with Miss Katherine Green, Lyman's second cousin, who was also to return to China in August after her first furlough. Because of the tropical climate which is very hot and humid in summer, missionary furloughs were planned to escape two summers. She helped us shop in New York for many staples like shoes, bedding, iron bedsteads, hair mattresses which are needed in the orient because of the heat and bedbugs which we had to guard against in China. Our clothes had to be cotton in summer, and warmer clothes, woolen in winter as we have no central heat in our homes. We packed a large trunk in New York City which was to go with our beds and victrola by freight. This was 1916. World War I was on in Europe. The United States had not yet entered. Freight was expensive. I wanted also to take a sewing machine, but the Board considered it too expensive and would send it after the war was over. That was a long time.

After we were married in June at a simple wedding at my home, we
returned again to New York, Lyman's home, to visit friends and relatives, making many final arrangements in New York with the Board, and visiting the Brooklyn Grace Reformed Church of Flatbush which had taken on our support, getting passports, final medical and dental appointments, spending extra time with Lyman's parents, and so forth. We returned again to my home in Attica, New York, for a few weeks with my family and friends, and farewells and so forth, and the final packing of trunks to go with us. We left by train for two week's visit with relatives in California in the San Francisco area. Katherine Green, who also had relatives there, was to meet us at the steamer. And on August 26, 1916, on the Japanese steamer, the Tenyo Maru, with more than a dozen people to see us off, we started on our long journey to China.

Perhaps you would be interested in our trip which took over a month, and was different from that of today. It was all the way across the Pacific and up the China coast by boat and steamer. The Tenyo Maru was a beautiful steamer. We traveled first class. There were many young missionaries, married and single, going out to Japan, Korea, China, Philippines, and other parts. We had wonderful times on board. We both like the water and were good sailors, and the Pacific lived up to its name. Our first stop was in Honolulu on September 3rd, where we had a day. Katherine Green was a good pilot, as she had been there before. So we saw the aquarium with its beautiful tropical fish, a museum, and the beautiful beach at Waikiki, and the surf riders. We all returned to the steamer about five o'clock. People are all wearing their flowered leis as the orchestra plays "Aloha." We all hated to take our leave
of this beautiful pearl in the Pacific. Now our next stop would be Japan.

There were a thousand passengers aboard. By my notes, 230 first class, 86 second, and 684 steerage. The latter were mostly Japanese and Chinese. On September 12th we reached Yokohama, Japan. I forgot to say, or I should say, that along the way, Katherine had some books on Chinese character, and so she started us right away with our learning Chinese, that is the Chinese character.

We found Yokohama comfortably warm. We visited our Ferris Seminary, a fine girls' school, and met some of the Reformed Church missionaries there and had tea. We did some shopping, of course, and had our first rickshaw ride. This, of course, was our first introduction to the Orient. Almost at once we fell in love with picturesque, colorful, and interesting Japan.

Instead of staying with the steamer, the Tenyo Maru, and going through the Inland Sea, Katherine took us overland by narrow gauge railway to the former old capital of Japan, Kyoto. Enroute we saw the beautiful and famous Mt. Fuji in all its glory, a gorgeous sunset, fields and fields of growing rice, and small vegetable paddy fields and farms through the countryside. This took part of a day, and so we were that night in Kyoto.

This former imperial city is one of the most interesting cities of Japan. It is a city of temples, Shinto and Buddhist--some eight hundred of them, I am told--and we visited a few. One Buddhist temple, dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy, has 33,330 images. There's another temple called the Nightengale Temple with a floor that often squeaks as you walk over it, resembling the song of this
On entering a temple or a home, and some shops, you take off your shoes and leave them at the door, and put on sandals, or put on slippers over your shoes. This is for protection to the fine matting on their floors.

On arriving, we went out sight-seeing in spite of the rain and mist that morning. That night we went Japanese. We stayed in the Japanese hotel called the Daibutsu. This was the first time we slept under mosquito nets, and of course we slept on these thick mats on the floor. Here we visited Doshisha Christian College.

The next day we took the train, a two hour's ride, to Kobe, where we were again to pick up our steamer, the Tenyo. We shopped, visited a famous porcelain factory where I bought my green and white bamboo dishes, one of my mother's wedding gifts, also a few vases. We bought three small Japanese cotton rugs for our new home. Also we visited Kobe College. Then again back to the Tenyo, our Pacific home.

We continued on our way. Our next stop was Nagasaki, which is toward the end of one of the islands and the Inland Sea. We arrived on the 16th, in the afternoon, about five-thirty. After dinner some of us went to shore on the boat launch to look around. We watched the coaling of the steamer all done by man- and woman-power. Some fifteen to twenty gangs of men and women, and even children, who passed back the empty baskets, were on ladders passing baskets of coals from one to another all night long. As one sampan was empty, another took its place.

Since there was freight aboard for the Philippines, we also were to make this stop, which was not on our itinerary. On September
the 16th we left Nagasaki and headed for Manila. Early on the 19th we passed Formosa, or Taiwan. It was hardly visible in the distance. We did not realize then, that we were to live some thirty plus miles from this island, in Amoy on mainland China. In this region there is a lot of phosphorescents which was interesting to watch at night on the water. On the 20th we sighted the island of Luzon, or the Philippines, and we arrived in Manila the next morning quite early on September 21st. Before being allowed on shore there was always, in every stop, always inspection. This was the rainy season, and all during our stay it lived up to it. This hampered our sightseeing and getting about. However, we shopped some and visited points of interest, such as the government normal school, some old cathedrals, Catholic, of course, in the walled city, a park, and Fort McKinley, the aquarium, and an embroidery factory. Because of the rain we were unable to hear the famous Manila band. In Manila they have a different kind of transportation, a two-wheeled cart driven by a water buffalo guided by a rope around its nose.

On the 25th, we again sailed out of the beautiful harbor of Manila. Our destination—Hong Kong, where we would leave our Pacific steamer. On the 26th, just a month enroute, almost to the hour, we arrived in Hong Kong. We stayed at the Carlton Hotel, saw mounted guns and entanglements in the harbor. Police were turbaned sikhs. It took quite a while to get out of quarantine. Here we left the Tenyo, and bade a few remaining friends aboard good-bye. At last we were in China, in the city of Victoria on Hong Kong Island. However, this was more of an English city than Chinese. But it was the Orient. We had two days to see the city, change our
American dollars into Chinese money, and shop. Hong Kong is one of the most beautiful and busiest harbors in the world. To really see it you travel by cable car to the heights called the peak from which you get an excellent view of the city, islands, and mainland, and harbor full of all kinds of boats, from sampans, junks, small steamers, to the freighters and the coastal and trans-Pacific steamers. It is teeming with activity.

Coming from Manila we hit the tail end of a typhoon, and there was about a twenty-five feet dip. Another was again brewing which delayed us a day, but we were glad for the extra time. Our baggage was given over into the hands of a company called Cook and Company, which transferred it to the small coastal steamer, the Hai-tan. We shopped for rattan furniture, chairs, small tables, mosquito netting made in England, pith hats, a mirror for a bureau which we made later, floor matting, a Nanking earthenware bathtub, and very heavy. All these were put aboard the steamer, and this was a small boat after our home for a month on the Tenyo.

We left the afternoon of the 28th. The sea was rough. Katherine and I slept out on deck chairs all night under the stars. Lyman went down to the cabin. From Hong Kong to Amoy there is only one stop in between. That is Swatow. We anchored quite early, about eight-thirty, and we went ashore and visited the English Presbyterian mission and had dinner with them ashore. The Baptist mission is across the harbor, so because of the time limit we did not get over there.

On October 1st, 1916, we arrived in Amoy early in the morning.
It was a Saturday. Several missionaries came out to welcome us, among them Frank Eckerson, Mr. Henry DeFree, Herman Renskers, and Bess Ogsbury Renskers. We had several things to do in Amoy as we came in. One of the first things was to register at the American Consulate. Then we went across the harbor and opened a bank account in Amoy.

Amoy City is on the island of Amoy. All the banks and the places of business are located here. Just across the harbor is another smaller island called Kulangsu. Here all the foreigners live. There are their consulates, like the American Consulate, the British Consulate, the Dutch Consulate, and so forth. Many of our mission schools are on this island, and the big Amoy hospital is located here. Kulangsu is an International Settlement. It's only about three miles in circumference and very rocky. Some of our missionary families live here. Those connected with our hospital, that is nurses and the doctors, the Amoy Hospital, the boys' high school, which is called Talmage, the boys' and girls' gradeschools, and also the mission treasurer and business manager. The police are all Sikhs with their turbans. There are small Chinese fishing villages, other Chinese villages, Chinese markets, and one foreign goods store on Kulangsu. Being on the China Sea, the waterways of the harbor are part way up the river and are governed by the tides. By the way, Amoy has one of the most beautiful and useful harbors on the China coast.

We stayed over Sunday with the DePrees. We went to the big Chinese church Sunday morning, which has a congregation from eight hundred to nine hundred, and attended the small English-speaking
church in the early evening, which is for foreigners on the island. There are three church bodies which also have headquarters here: the English Presbyterians, the London Mission, which is congregational, and the Reformed Church of America, which is Dutch, also the various consulates, homes of foreign and Chinese business firms, and schools. They have a bookstore, a drugstore, all English-speaking, as well as Chinese shops, are located on the island. For its size it is considered one of the three richest places in the world, Pasadena, California being the first. Many wealthy Chinese live here because it is an International Settlement and has protection called extraterritoriality.

The next morning, which was October the 3rd, on a Monday, we left for our final destination, Tong-an. A new house had recently been built there and was awaiting occupancy. We were the fortunate family. This also was Katherine Green's station. Our missionaries there were Edna Beekman, Mr. Frank Eckerson, and ourselves. So it was five. Usually, the new missionaries spend a few days or a week in Amoy for their language study. Since there was a house to be lived in and work yet to be done inside, we decided we preferred to go on, get settled, and then come back down for a visit.

I think I should tell you just a little bit about our trip up to Tong-an because it's very interesting, especially it was very interesting to us. One time later on after we had settled, we took our American Consul and his wife to visit us in Tong-an. She was quite distressed because she said she had to travel steerage. So I think you should learn a little bit about it. The Chinese follow the lunar calendar because they are dependant upon the tides,
especially in a place like this port city of Amoy. Well, the next morning on our trip, we left the DePrees and we had their coolies take our baggage and things down to a small sampan. Most of our baggage and freight Mr. Eckerson put on a sailboat and sent up to Tong-an on Saturday, but we just had many hand things that we wanted to take up by hand. Then, after about a half-hour's rowing in the sampan, we arrived at the Tong-an launch. You'll be the only foreigners aboard. You'll take your own folding chair, otherwise you sit on six-inch horses for a couple of hours or so, which is not very comfortable. The launch is filled to its capacity with passengers, their baggage, including fish dangling on a straw cord hanging from the ceiling, some live chickens or ducks, and so forth in crates, also live crabs scrabbling around in crates. We climbed aboard, and you really have to actually climb over the side. And of course, the launch cannot go until the tide is full enough, and they're able to go out. Before the launch goes out, there's an inspector comes around and looks to see what the baggage is and see who is aboard. But he's mostly looking for opium because a great deal of opium passes hands through the port city, and goes on up up-country and vice versa.

So when the water was deep enough for the launch to go, the boat was released, and off we started. Well, this launch went for about two hours, and then the water was too shallow to go any farther. And then the sailboats come down the river from Tong-an. Tong-an is on a river. And these are very flat-bottomed boats, and they are equipped with sails, and when there is a wind, it sails up
the river. Of course, the river is very winding. We always have our private sailboats sent down because we have plenty of baggage, and then we do like the privacy of our own sailboat. Otherwise, it would be filled with Chinese and we would have chickens in baskets, we would have fish—smelly fish—we would have all kinds of baggage that is taken off of the steamer and going on up with the people of Tong-an. So we did have our own boat so we can be by ourselves, eat our lunch, read, and enjoy the trip the rest of the way. In case of rain, there is a special little matting that is put up for you, and you can get under cover. This would be about a three-hour trip. And the DePrees gave us a lunch, and Mr. Eckerson also brought us a lunch. So the four of us had our own boat and had a leisurely, interesting trip up the river.

The country is beautiful. And many times when the boat runs ashore on sand because in some places the water is not deep enough. So the boatman—there is usually two—and they have to get out and wade into the water and push the boat off the sand. And sometimes they have to pole it for a great long distance. They have big bamboo poles. And you know, bamboo when it dries, is almost like iron. And this has a very pointed iron pick that was sent in so it sticks into the sand.

Then after we arrived at our destination in Tong-an, there were a number of Bible women there to greet us, and also the boys from the boys' school. In order to be welcomed properly, of course, they always have firecrackers. And then later on, there were all kinds of firecrackers. We walked from the jetty to our school. Oh, it's a good mile. And the boys set off firecrackers all along the way. Then
later on, we were met by girls from the girls' school and also from the women's school.

Our trunks and freight from New York had already arrived about a week ago. Until we could get inside of the new home ready for us, we stayed at the Ladies' House with Katherine Green and Edna Beekman. We had our meals with them for over a year while we were getting our furniture made and were learning the language. The floors and the walls of our house had to be finished, the upper parts screened, and a well dug, the ground more or less graded—which all took lots of time. We started in shortly with two teachers—one in the morning and the other in the afternoon—Chinese teachers who were from the boys' school. One of the teachers could speak English, so that was helpful to us. After we'd gone back again to Amoy for a visit, we started in also to teach English at the boys' school. We went to the Chinese church Sunday mornings and afternoons. We made visits to the city, Christians in nearby villages along with other missionaries, hearing the local dialect, which is Fukienese, everywhere, and always studying, studying, studying, both the Romanized, with its seven tones, and learning both to read and write the Chinese characters.

We took two years for language study with written and oral examinations. It is one of the most difficult of languages to learn, as it has no similarities to any other language. To learn a language, one needs to live with the people who speak it. It is a discouraging process, but someway on hearing it, thinking it, studying it, you simply learn to absorb it. After returning to American I could think in Chinese. I was able to read one thousand Chinese characters and write six hundred—as much as I hated them. Also I could do very well
in making myself understood. However, it is a lifetime study. We spoke only Fukienese. Some—especially those who are connected with education—study Mandarin in addition. And we find, of course, Mandarin is used more in the north than it is in the south, and Amoy is in South China.

Now the following things are taken mostly from Lyman's letters to his home: His parents had saved all his letters, and so I have taken out a lot of excerpts which I think might be interesting and which probably no one else would be mentioning. This is a mention about a dinner and a visit of the Tong-an major of the military forces, an ex-Mandarin at the Ladies' House, on October the 18th, 1916, letter:

"We still see a few people wearing queues, braided and wound around their heads" It was quite awhile before our coolie would have his cut. At our first Thanksgiving dinner, we had goose, and pumpkin pie. Pointsettias grow very luxurious around here and are lovely at Christmas when they are at their peak. They are like shrubs and small trees. Since mission meeting is held right after Christmas and again in July, some missionaries come down to the port of Amoy for Christmas and spend Christmas there. While Tong-an is only twenty-five miles upcountry, still it takes a good part of the day to get there, all depending on the tides which I described—which affects the steamer and launch with which our sailboats have to connect.

Perhaps because we had no medical service or store carrying foreign products, we had a Chinese—who was a man—called our messenger. Each station had its own messengers who run our errands, bring up our mail, freight and business, and messages from our headquarters and
so forth. He makes this trip twice a week. Also he brought up certain supplies, needed and not available on the Tong-an market: as kerosene, oil, tin products, flour, sugar, some meat, and so forth. Since we had no refrigeration or ice, our cooking was done on a daily basis. While we were learning the language, we traveled down with the messenger, who hired the sailboats and sampans, and took care of our baggage—hiring burden bearers and so forth. We went to Amoy for recreation, that is, special meetings, seeing the doctor and the dentist, conferring with our colleagues on mission business, banking, and so forth. Most things of the latter were handled by the treasurer or other missionaries in Amoy. The cost was very low, about fifty cents one way, in gold.

In case of serious illness, or if we could not get to Amoy, one of our doctors came up. Because of the time involved, this was only resorted to in emergencies. For this reason, we were in no hurry to have a family. Also, we both wished to complete our two years' mission study and examinations. All our other stations had access to doctors and a hospital. Tong-an's great need was for a hospital and a resident foreign doctor. This came in time, after our small Elizabeth Blauvelt Hospital was built. And Dr. and Mrs. VandeWeg, natives of Holland, and their two children came to Tong-an in September, 1920. Mrs. VandeWeg—Maria—also was a nurse. On January 18, 1921, Mary Louise Talman was born and brought great joy to her parents, the station, and the Chinese—who, I suppose, commiserated with us that we did not have a son, but who were nevertheless much interested in the new foreign baby.

In Tong-an, a short distance behind the compound there was a
Chinese Buddhist temple. This was a scene of theatres and processions. This as situated at the foot of a high, rocky hill which we often climbed for diversion and to get the beautiful view out over the wide plain: our own compound, the boys' school, the church, and the city. Once a year, there was a special celebration lasting some three days, beginning in the afternoon and lasting until eleven or twelve o'clock at night. These events are religious, and for that reason we never attend, as it was a part of their worship, which was anathema to us. Theatres are for the purpose of entertaining the spirits of the dead ancestors. The acting was similar to that carried on for years, as far as costume and make-up are concerned. They seem to walk up and down across a small platform stage which was built in front of the temple. This is done in time to music provided for by the orchestra—a band—along with talking and shouting in a shrill falsetto voice in Mandarin, which the local people could not understand. The orchestra consisted of three or four kinds of instruments playing in unison, really a din as for Western ears. Great crowds assembled. One source of entertainment, to which the whole family could attend. This year the actors were local because of hard times.

Now, just a little bit about idol paper money, a type of gold and silver paper money. Another source of worship and a lucrative business as well is that of making all kinds of idol paper, some in the form of gold and paper money, as I mentioned. This is scattered along the highway, but usually burned in special containers at temples and shrines, when it is supposed when burned to pass on into the spirit world. These are for the purpose of appeasing the evil spirits and for the use of those who have passed on. Often at a funeral,
elaborate paper houses equipped with servants, horses, luxuries, suits of clothes, house furnishings and so forth are burned also for the use of the departed in the next world.

And then there were also the ancestral homes. Certain families, all with the same surname, have these homes. Upon death, one-third of the spirit of the departed still resides in the ancestral tablet. And since each family cannot keep these tablets in their home, special halls are built for them which houses those of the clan and are honored and worshipped on certain days. These houses are seldom sold because the ancestors do not like to be moved. Much attention is given to the burial of the dead. The choosing of the gravesite is very important. A priest must be consulted and work with the FengShui, as it's called, means "wind and water element," to be sure everything is just right. So one finds graves scattered all about the countryside. This makes the buying of property very difficult, they are almost immovable obstacles, as is also the FengShui, the spiritual influence of the region.

This made the buying of a large piece of ground difficult to get for our new hospital. We had a big grave alongside of our grounds which made our front yard a very peculiar shape. Our compound, like all Chinese houses, is surrounded by a five or six foot wall with gates locked at night. This kept the unwanted animals out and prevented it from becoming a thoroughfare for passers-by, coming back and forth. Coming back to the spirits, evil and good—spirits can travel only in a straight line, which accounts for the curved gable on a Chinese roof. So we presume that the spirits hitting this curve
continue to go up and do not come back again. Someway, though, there must have been a lot of them lurking about. It's strange how powerless the Chinese consider these spirits in many ways, yet so powerful in others that they have so much fear of them. So, when an ancestral hall, which means so much to the Chinese, is converted into a Christian school, it's all the more remarkable. We had one of those. The ancestral tablets were still there, unmolested and full of dust. Some of them very, very old. And when we visited this school, this also is an example of how little Christianity fears superstitions.

Usually on special calendar days, one sees and hears processions going to the temple. Often the idols are taken out and paraded through the streets to the accompaniment of a two-piece band, drum and fife, the latter for publicity. At funerals, often the deceased's picture is carried in a sedan chair in the procession. All funerals have bands with their paid mourners as well as real mourners. White is the mourning color, and all the mourners wear sackcloth. Coffins are hollowed-out logs. It is a matter of great respect to have one prepared and ready in your house. This occurs mostly among the well-to-do.

One is not in China very long before a feast is given in their honor. The number of courses depends upon the occasion and the size of one's pocketbook, as they are all catered and many unusual and exotic foods are prepared. There are the wedding feasts. The men sit together and are served first. The women do not fare as well, as they eat the leftovers together. The table can be square or round, used bare. There are places of honor and procedures. The acoutrements or table service, consist of a pair of chopsticks—could be ivory,
wooden, or laquer—a china or a porcelain spoon flat on the bottom, and then the food is served in the central bowl. Also one has individual small bowls and cups for tea. The side dishes to be eaten between courses are salted watermelon seeds, which you crack with your teeth, pickled plums, crabapple preserves, sliced bananas with the skins on it, orange and pomelo sections—a very slippery preserve, but very good, but is hard to pick up with your chopsticks.

This is a menu, with no particular order—each feast differing. This is one we attended. These are the courses: first, one beef served with a sauce; shrimp, served also with a sauce; and lobster; fourth, chicken giblets with gravy; almond pudding with meringue; mushrooms and lichee nuts in beef gravy; fish rolls; we've got to the eighth now—chicken and vegetables in gravy; curried shrimp; canned lichee nuts; chicken with parsley; minced beef balls; very hot red pepper sauce; shrimp in roll, fried in deep fat; shellfish similar to the clams; fish in sauce; bird's nest soup. I'll stop to say there that my husband is sure that he had the real thing—it's a very expensive dish—because he found some feathers in it. Steamed rice. Rice is always the last course in case you have not had enough. But of course, it would be very impolite to eat any, much as we would like to, having had so many of these meat dishes.

Our first plans for the new Tong-an Hospital were submitted in April, 1917. We took the first half of our first year's exams. Letters from the U.S. are now being censored. These are just some notes I'll pass quickly over. Both Lyman and Rose are teaching English in the boys' school, also teaching and reading English with some of the boys'
teachers certain evenings. Also they have been having them at dinner
two at a time. You'll be interested in our furniture. Our furniture
always has to be made by the local carpenter. At first, we submit
working drawings and pictures. And then we give him some money to
buy wood. Because it is not kiln-dried, during the rainy season it
warps, and it swells, and cracks. It takes a month or more to get
one piece.

I'll have to tell you a story about some ironing boards and
breadboards. Those were the first ones we ordered. And when the
carpenter brought them, instead of being just one bread board and one
ironing board, I had seven of each. And the trouble was, in saying
seven, which is spelled in the Romanized "c-h-h-i-t," aspirating the
"cht"—and if you want to say "one", you often—-even the Chinese—
hold up your finger "one," and that is "chit," "c-h-i-t." Of course,
these had rounded ends, and they were a little different than anything
the carpenter could use, so we kept the ironing boards, and then we
sold them to the new missionaries when they came out. But the wood
in the breadboards, of course, the carpenters could use, so we took
those back. You see, the Chinese have difficulties, too, with their
language on a few words.

It took us about two years to get our furniture made. Our dining
room furniture, my desk, a fire screen, and living room chairs and
so forth, were made of flower wood. And this has a very beautiful
grain. And we had them made in Foochow. They are very, very nice.
And the wood has a very beautiful grain in it, and you buy it by the
 pound.

During the war, Rose knitted sweaters for the RedCross.
You see, these are notes I have taken from letters. Two outstanding Chinese are Chhen Llam Sian-si--Sian-si means "teacher"--who was the head of our Tong-an boys' school. He is one of the finest Chinese whom we have known, and we relied on him for a great deal of advice. Another very fine Chinese was Ngo Siong-bian. He was the pastor of the Chhoa-Chhu-Che church. We called it "the fort" because it was built on a hill, with the town and river below. It can be seen from a great distance. The preacher's story was that he has studied as a preacher. We wanted him to study farther and take examinations and become a pastor. But he was a very modest person, and he felt that he should just be known as a preacher. This church is fairly new. It has a girls' school connected with it. The pastor and the family live there and care for the church and the school. It is located about twenty miles from Tong-an in the An-Khoe Mountains.

Beyond the "fort," we have two other stations: one is called Poang-nia which means "half-past," and Sai-pi which means "west plains"--which are also in the An-Khoe Mountains. The mountain people have to import salt and oil from Tong-an and Amoy. The people are generally very poor and can only survive because some of their menfolk have gone abroad, down to Singapore, Java, or Malaya, and they send back money to support their families. The people them-raise mostly rice and vegetables. The mountains are terraced high up the mountainsides. And also, on the top, they grow tea. These mountains are known for their tigers. We often used to joke Katherine Green, who claims when brushing her teeth one night, she spit out the window on a tiger. She saw his eye, and that made her think so. Many
animals, and even children, are carried off by these. In order to get products to these people, everything has to be carried by burden bearers to and from Amoy and Tong-an. They bring down charcoal and bundles of sticks to Amoy, and then they take back produce. The people, to scare off the tigers, often burn up the mountains. Also, they have denuded them of trees, which means that when they have heavy and sudden rains, they have flash floods.

The life of a burden man is a very hard one. They carry about a hundred pounds at fifty cents a day, making eighteen or twenty miles over narrow mountain paths. Some places along this route, there are about seven miles of steps. They wear sandals made of rags and straw. Often we wore these, too, over our shoes to save our shoes and to prevent slipping on the damp stones. During the year, some of us make trips up to visit these stations to give encouragement to our Bible women, preachers, and schoolteachers, and other Christians. It’s a beautiful country. The Chinese are very hospitable and always offer you tea and confections. And sometimes a feast is put on in your honor.

Let me tell you a little bit about the rainy season. This is unpredictable, but it can start in February, but usually in March or April. When it rains, it rains and rains. It is our least favorable season, of course. Everything gets so damp. Our clothes and many things are kept in tin-lined boxes or chests. Our shoes mold overnight. The walls sometimes run with so much moisture—they’re just little streams—I used to take this as a good chance to get them clean. Vermeer furniture comes apart. American silk shreds. As the weather gets warmer, there is more humidity. Also this is the mosquito
weather. We get malaria. We suffered with colds in winter, as we had no central heat. We used fireplaces and little kerosene stoves, and wrap up with one or two sweaters, and coats, and steamer rugs. In spite, we get chilblains.

Only certain mosquitoes, you know, carry malaria. During the season, fleas are very bad. They made life miserable for Rose. Lyman had some malaria. He used to take quinine as a prophylactic. Also Mr. Eckerson and Katherine Green are constantly using our quinine. Rose suffered mostly with a cold in the winter and had quite a few colds. Dengue fever, another disease, is carried by the mosquito. Lyman had it a couple times. It's also called the bone fever cause you are in such terrible misery with these aches and pains. It is also called the peaceful sickness because nobody ever dies of it.

As I have probably said, the Chinese calendar is governed by the lunar month, and China New Year usually comes in February. Ruth was born on China New Year, February the 13th, 1926. That's our second daughter. This is the great holiday of the year. People pay their debts, take one or two weeks holiday if they can afford it, gamble a lot, wear new clothes. Each person adds a year to his age, so you really never know exactly how old a person is. Our first China New Years was celebrated in Sio-khe while we were visiting upcountry stations. We were caught there because no river boats were running for over a week. Many feasts are held—many firecrackers shot off. Special foods and cakes are made during this season.

It generally took mail from the United States about 52 days to reach China. Most of it came to Amoy and was brought up twice a week by messenger. All packages came also this way. It was a great
evening when we could read our home mail. Lyman was a great letter writer. He wrote home weekly. These notes are taken from his letters. Rose kept up the pace, too, but not as regularly. Both parents kept these letters. They were passed around and read by many relatives and friends. We also sent out printed letters to various churches like Grace Church in Brooklyn that supported us, as well as our friends and relatives.

Mr. Eckerson, who became very proficient in the language, and who lived more in the Chinese style, was a bachelor. He had many callers. He was our senior missionary, and so was more experienced. He was most interesting, and very gallant. Within a day he might have as many as forty callers. He served them tea and cakes as was the Chinese custom. They had plenty of time to chat, and never realized how busy he could be. The main talk was trivia. When they were about to leave, Chinese style they would come to the point and purpose of their call. That is the Chinese way of doing things. When one of our preachers would bring us a present, we knew that he wanted something in return. Usually money help for his church. Our principal, Liam Sian-si, our boys' school principal, was most direct—more direct than any Chinese we knew.

This is a good Chinese anecdote, that of beggars. There were three or four accosted Mr. Eckerson one day, asking him for money. He answered them in Chinese saying he was a foreigner. And if they wanted something, they of course must speak to him in his language. Then he would be able to understand and to comply. They talked among themselves and said that was true. And since they could not speak his word, there was no use so they turned and left. When do you think
they came to?

In case of emergency we work through the Standard Oil Company which does have a telephone service with their company in Amoy. Their employees in Tong-an are all Christians, so they help us out with freight programs and so forth, and we use them for our business needs as well. Our compound is about a mile from this jetty. On the way we pass through some of the streets of Tong-an which is outside the wall. Our own compound is outside the Chinese wall of Tong-an. Then we also pass our new boys' school called the Livingstone Easter School. Here we have many teachers and a great many boys.

Since all churches in the Amoy mission have their own pastors and preachers, and all elementary and secondary boys' schools have their own principals and teachers, what do missionaries really do in China? To begin with, I want to say that in most all parts of China, there is a comity of missions, which means that the older historical denominations, together with some from abroad, had divided up the Chinese territory so that each church denomination becomes responsible for certain sections or districts of a province. In that way there is not a duplication of work. China is certainly big enough for all. This was done before our time by good thinking and forward planning by the early missionaries. This may have been true mostly along the coastal region of China rather than farther into the interior. I'm not too sure about that. This is not true for the Catholic church, nor for the more recent pentecostal and evangelistic groups. They are free, and go where they please.

Mission work can be divided into three ways, or three departments of work: educational, medical, and evangelistic. Each mission-
ary, after language study and passing of two years of examinations, is appointed to one of these departments according to his ability and specialty, and the needs for a well-rounded program of the mission. Under medical, of course, would be the doctors and the nurses. They are in charge of our hospitals, and along with their work are the training of assistant doctors, and the training of nurses. In education, new missionaries, as they are learning Chinese, usually teach English in the secondary schools, and some other subjects in the high schools that can be done in English. In boys' and girls' high school—we did not have coeducation—the missionaries act as principals and superintendents. In the department of evangelism there is direct preaching, the visiting of outstations, visiting of churches, and school and work, the supervising, and encouraging and helping in any way needed. We are always teaching, supervising, building, helping with the procuring of property, and so forth.

We have a standing building committee which plans new buildings as schools, hospitals, foreign residences, and so forth. The large projects. For small schools the mission acquires local properties and buildings that it can buy or rent and make useful for its purposes. When we left China in 1930, each of our five stations had its own hospital, a foreign doctor's residence, and other residences for our missionaries, grouped sometimes together in a compound with schools, particularly girls' and women's schools, within walking distance. The boys' schools did not matter so much. They were sometimes a little farther away.

The mission treasurer, or business manager of the mission, lives
on the island of Kulangsu because all the banks, as the American, the Japanese, the British, the Chinese, are located across the harbor of Amoy, on the big Amoy Island. The treasurer receives and disperses all monies coming from the Board of Missions in New York City for our work. It comes to him in American gold draft. He takes it to Amoy and visits all the banks to see who will give him the best rate of exchange, and he therefore sells his draft for the most he can get in Chinese currency, which he of course, in turn, banks in Amoy. He checks out to various missionaries this money for their salaries, the salaries of certain preachers, Bible women, messengers, building needs, and various expenses for the running of the mission stations.

All projects and mission business is taken up at semi-annual mission meetings, meeting in January and June on Kulangsu, and is fully discussed and voted on by all active missionaries, those allocated to definite work. All missionaries can attend, and do attend mission meeting at times. But not all are voting members. Some wives and mothers have homes to run with their servants to look after, and their children to teach, so they cannot be active. All missionaries are much involved in all the work of the mission and are part of it. And I should say each missionary husband, wife, or single missionary, is paid on an equal basis, that is, the same salary. We all work together and cooperate, but we do not always agree and think alike. We work in a democratic way. Have I said that all missionaries are college graduates, or have comparative training? So you can easily understand that there is a great difference of opinion, and we do have very interesting and animated discussions at our mission meetings. I used to find them very interesting and stimulating.
Our Amoy mission was one of the pioneer missions in China. The oldest Protestant Christian church in all China was located in Amoy. To summarize, missionaries are always teaching, training, supervising, visiting, encouraging, evangelizing, acting as co-workers together with the Chinese, proclaiming the Good News, as we say in Chinese, the Do-Li, that Jesus Christ died to save all people, to save them, the Chinese, and all the world.

I have been asked about my reflections on my experiences in China—would I do things differently? Of course. Experience is the best teacher. One always has to learn to adapt with adverse conditions, accept people as they are, try to understand their ways, difficulties and problems. Our older missionaries, Frank Eckerson, Katherine Green, and Edna Beekman were a great help to us newcomers.

I wish that I had had better knowledge of Chinese history, its wonderful art, its customs, etc. Some of these things we gradually acquired on the field during our first term which was far too long (7 1/2 years).

The climate was very trying for me. Shortly after the first summer, I had atosis of the stomach, which was never diagnosed until our return home and I had X-rays there. The intense heat left me with little energy. There were the hot summers. The fleas, which were always with us, poisoned me. And there were the flies, the mosquitoes, the cockroaches, centipedes to be careful of if you were in the mountain resorts and we did get away a few summers.

There were servant problems to deal with. You saw how hard the women worked—the treatment of a little slave girl distressed me and
we were helpless to do anything about her. She lived in the village near us on Kulangsu.

On the whole, I did adjust though China was not my favorite place to live in. I thought I would never want to return. Our furlough helped.

On our second term, it was different story. We returned to Kulangsu though we always liked Tong-an. I felt much better healthwise. I had a more usable knowledge of the language. Things did not seem so difficult even though many of the same conditions were still with us. I was able do little outside work except conduct some children's meetings, entertain our missionaries, and run the house.

My pregnancy with Ruth was much the same as with Mary Louise as I was confined to my bed my first three months. After that, all was well until Mary Louise who was susceptible to all kinds of measles, had them all. Next followed bacillary dysentary and we almost lost her. (Only three out of ten survive among the Chinese). The following year, she had bad infections in her middle ears. This was a bad time for seven long weeks. With the wonderful help of doctors and nurses, we pulled her through, thankfully. After that, it was decided that she could not risk another hot season or another illness like dengue fever which, like malaria, is carried by the mosquito.

Before her illness, she was attending Beginning school in first grade, a class which Margaret Bosch had started for a number of children the same age. In turn, I taught Mary and Donald B who were doing grade work.
Following Mary Louise's last illness, Helen Joldersma, our new nurse was helping us and from our house, she went to Chiang Chou to a Mission Meeting. We think she may have eaten something at our house as her fatal illness started almost at once. Her death was a terrible blow to us all; also that Dr. VandeWeg a short time later with whom we were associated in Tong-an. It is harder to understand when such capable and needed people are taken from our midst. The blow seems harder someway. This is the story of our return to the U.S.A. in 1929--Lyman followed in 1930.

To answer briefly some of the questions not included in my notes which I had drafted previously in our years in China and not recorded:

First impressions--poverty, over-population (a baby every year), lack of sanitation, insects, the industrious, hard-working people, their honesty and trustworthiness, their great respect and desire for learning, their cheerfulness, politeness, ingenuity. China has an old class system. Scholars were revered as the highest, then officials, farmers, merchants, and soldiers, the lowest class.

We were in China during the period of the warlords with sporatic fighting there between those in the North and those in the South. We were in Kuliang when there was trouble in Tong-an. Not much damage, except for stray bullets in our house, but quite a lot of bullet damage in our new Boy's School. The school principal who lives on the grounds, was in charge and kept track of things, making sure the soldiers did not billet in the buildings. Soldiers are not paid and so live off the people and land. They burn homes and buildings and frighten people. Quite a lot of this was done in the
My Work in Tong-an

While learning the language, we both taught English in the Boys' School and English to a small class of teachers. I often went out with the Bible-woman visiting women, Christians and their neighbors. They are honored to have a visit and especially from a foreigner, so I was the attraction. We were always welcome. People left their work and came to gaze at the Bible-woman and ask questions about me since she explained that I could not yet speak their words. Our eyes and hair were not black. They would feel my sleeves and remark that I only wore one garment as there was only one thickness. Their clothes are all made in the same pattern and one puts on one or more garments depending on the weather. Probably the idea of our first pants (suits) came from China.

The Bible-woman read or told them Bible stories, invited them to come to church service and learn more about the Do-li (the gospel). Often, we were served tea and confections which we tried to pass up. One special treat was to give you a raw in sweetened honey tea. I usually had used post cards or a Bible picture for the children. So many hands reached out for them, even from the babies carried on their mothers' or big sisters' back. When the gates around the house were open, all or many neighbors wandered in to see what was going on. Only we were served the tea.

Also, once a week, the Bible-woman and I held children's meetings—she doing the teaching, I helping with the singing as by then I could read a few hymns in the Romanized (Chinese put into a
written language with the Roman letters and tone marks, which we were also studying). After passing my first year's examination, I took some of the morning devotions at the woman's school. This I at first went over with our teacher to be sure I had the right tones and idioms.

Also, after boarding for our first year with the ladies (Nurses Green and Beekman), we had enough furniture to start our own housekeeping. They let us have their cook and they trained his younger brother.

Someone may have told you that usually the family has three servants in China. The cook, a man, does the buying down the street, the cooking, waiting on the table, and drying the dishes. With children, you need an Amah, a woman who does the washing and ironing and looks after the children, and the coolie who brings water into the bathrooms and kitchen from the well, waters the flowers, and all the running of errands and washing the dishes, etc. We had a wooden tub made for that.

One day when I wandered into the kitchen which is separate from the main part of the house, I found the cook washing his feet in the dishwashing tub! Well, that had to be remedied.

Each day you reckon with the cook, pay him for what he bought in the market, make out a menu for the day and advance him more money for that day. We ate American style, but used as many nature products as possible---of course rice and sweet potatoes instead of white potatoes, etc. Often you give a cook a new recipe to try which meant translating it. Our servants spoke no English so there
were many new terms to learn and after a year of language, you could manage. We were always studying and working on the language, both the Romanized and the characters.

Since without a doctor in this station we were without a family, which left me free to travel on occasions with Lyman up in the An-khoe Mountains to visit some of our out-stations and work. Also I made a few trips with Edna Beekman and Katherine Green. Sundays we went to church in the morning and afternoon at our nearby church or the one in the city or farther out in the country. As I many have said, twice a week our Tong-an or station messenger went to Amoy taking our mail, collecting home mail, doing errands for us, and buying supplies that were not available to us locally. They often carried money for us from Amoy, so they had to be very trustworthy and we always found them so. They were Christians of course.

After our first year Lyman began to take over more and more duties in the station so as to relieve Frank Eckerson who badly needed a furlough and who was not too well as he had a great deal of malaria. (His many duties I have outlined in my notes) Lyman was on the Building Committee and there was a gift for a new hospital to be built, the Elizabeth Blauvelt Memorial Hospital. Besides doing the blueprints, he and Mr. Eckerson had the hard task of buying enough land for the building near our compounds. Before we left, the hospital was built, Lyman supervising the workmen, etc. No small job. Others of the committee came up from time to time for consultation.

In running the station, Lyman was in charge of the outstations, the hiring and paying of Bible women and some teachers and preachers. We really subsidized many as there was not enough money in some regions to support preachers, colporteurs, Bible women, etc. However, we tried
wherever possible to make the work self-supporting. Much money was passed along in cash so he had to hire trustworthy colporteurs and find ways to send.

It was the custom for all new missionaries to visit all our mission stations so that they would be familiar with all the work as many problems came up at mission meeting to be decided and voted on. This was usually done while studying the language.
INDEX

Amoy 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 23, 24, 26, 30
Amoy Hospital 10
An-khoe Mountains 22, 23, 33, 35
Beekman, Edna 11, 14, 30, 34, 35
Bible Women 23, 29, 33, 35
Brown, Ann 1
Buddhist Temples 17
Chhen Llam Sian-si 22, 25
Chiang Chou 32
China
  burden bearers 16, 23
  calendar 11, 19, 24
  celebrations 17, 19, 20, 23, 24
  Chinese hospitality 19, 20, 23
  churches in 10, 11, 14, 26
  climate 4, 23, 30
  clothing 33
  coolies 15
  customs and superstitions 17, 18, 19, 20, 25
  languages of 14, 15, 17, 21
  messengers 15, 24, 29, 35
  opium problems 12
  political strife 32, 33
  schools in 10, 26, 27
  transportation 11, 12, 13, 15, 16
DePree, Mr. and Mrs. Henry 10, 11, 12, 13, 16
Eckerson, Frank 10, 11, 12, 13, 24, 25, 30, 35
Elizabeth Blauvelt Hospital 16, 35
Elmira College 1, 2, 3
Feng Shui 18
Formosa 8
Green, Katherine 4, 5, 6, 9, 11, 14, 22, 24, 30, 34, 35
Hong Kong 8, 9
Honolulu 5
Japan 6, 7
Java 22
Joldersma, Helen 32
Kulangsu 10, 29, 31
Kuliang 32
Malaya 22
Missionaries 5, 10, 11, 15, 16, 26, 30
  comity of missions 26
  communications 20, 24, 25, 26, 35
  financial matters 29
  mission meetings 15, 29, 36
  mission work 26, 27, 29
  preparation of 4, 29, 30
  stations 22, 23, 24, 27, 29, 33, 35, 36
Mott, Dr. John R. 1
Ngo Siong-bian 22
Philippines 7, 8
Poang-nia 22
Red Cross 21
Renskers, Herman and Bess Ogsbury 10
Sal-pl 22
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Singapore</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sio-khe</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speer, Dr. Robert E.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Standard Oil Company</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taiwan</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Talman, Lyman A.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Talman, Rose Hiller</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VandeWeg, Dr. and Mrs.</td>
<td>1,6,32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y.M.C.A.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Talman, Lyman A.**
- death of 32
- duties of 35,36
- education 3
- health 24
- impressions of changes in Chinese culture 15
- letters of 15,25
- marriage 3,4

**Talman, Rose Hiller**
- arrival in Amoy 9
- arrival in Tong-an 11
- children of 16,24,31
- decision to become a missionary 1,2,3
- difficulties adjusting to China 30,31
- difficulties with Chinese language 14,15,21,33,34,35
- domestic problems 16,30,31,34
- early years and education 1,2
- establishes home in China 14,21,23,34
- examinations in Chinese language 20
- first impressions of China 32
- health 24,30
- impressions of Chinese 25,26,32
- joins Dutch Reformed Church of America 4
- journey to Asia 5-9
- marriage 3,4
- preparation for China 4,5
- reflections on missionary experience 30,31
- statements on Christianity 19
- teacher 2,3
- teaching English at boys' school 14,20,33
- welcomed in Tong-an 13,14
- work in Tong-an 31,33

**Tong-an** 11,12,13,14,15,16,20,22,23,26,31,32,33