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The King of Sweden presents the Nobel
Prize for Literature to Pearl S. Buck.

Pearl S. Buck

by EMMA EDMUNDS WHITE, 1914

It was one September evening in 1910 that I met Pearl Sydenstricker. The girls at Randolph-Macon were at supper, the day the college opened. A timid freshman, I glanced around the room, feeling that I was very "different" from most of the girls; but soon my eyes picked out one girl more different than I. Those were the days of artificial puffs and curls, but this girl had her abundant brown hair, with its lovely golden lights, coiled in a simple knot. Her dress was quite high in the neck, and her sleeves were long; but most distinctive was the material of that dress, a pale blue, shiny linen. Since then I have come to admire very much the Chinese linen, "grass cloth" as it is called in China; but then I felt sorry for its wearer, so much so that I dared to speak to her. I learned that she was Pearl Sydenstricker, but recently arrived from the land of China. The friendship which began at that moment has grown richer and deeper with the years.

Keenly sensitive to the attitudes of others, Pearl felt her difference, caused largely by clothes fashioned in far-away China, and at first she kept herself aloof from the other girls. But always she had an outlet—her brother lived in Lynchburg, and when she was lonely she could go to his home and play with his little boy and girl. Children have always been a passion with her. When we would discuss what we would do after graduation, she always said, "Some day I shall have children. If I don't have any of my own, I shall adopt some!" Once she was asked to tell a group in College why she was going back to China, for she never wavered in her determination to return to that land. She said in substance, "When I was still hardly more than a child we had a famine where I lived. I had to help with relief work, and every day I would see the lines of half-starved men, women, and children pressing on us for food. How I hated

it all! At first I thought I would get away as soon as I could and try to forget all I had seen and heard, never coming back again. Then I couldn't. The little children tugged at my heart strings, and I had no peace till I decided to go back."

Much of the time at her brother's was put to good use. Very soon Pearl's China-made clothes were either worn out or remodeled. Not many months of seeing American fashions had passed before she was able with the simplest materials to make dresses for herself that any of the girls would have been glad to wear. Her friends admired and coveted Pearl's ability to cut out clothes without a pattern. Her mother, a remarkable woman, had taught Pearl both to sew and to cook, feeling that knowledge was power, and that whatever Pearl's station in life, these accomplishments would not be amiss.

Other difficulties also beset Pearl's path in her efforts to become well-dressed. I remember well the first expensive hat she had. Many a day of careful saving had made that hat possible. It was a blue beaver trimmed in rich pheasant feathers, and the day she acquired it was an epochal event in her life. Alas, all the girls on her hall liked it, too! Frequent trips the hat made to town when Pearl was hard at work in the laboratory. She began to hide it under her bed, but it was discovered and borrowed again. Finally the only way she could be sure of having it when she wanted it was to pin a huge sign thereon, "Engaged!"

Very soon the girls began to discover Pearl's true worth and ability, in spite of the fact that she was always reserved. Early in her sophomore year she became a member of the Kappa Delta sorority, and later that same year joined an honorary society. In her junior year she was given the highest honor her class could bestow; she was made its president. From then on she took more and more of a prominent place in College activities.

Added to her native ability was her unusual wealth of experience. Brought up in Chinkiang, an important Chinese city where the Yangtze River and the Grand Canal intersect, she had gone to school in the great cosmopolitan city of Shanghai. On her way to America to enter college, instead of taking the usual route by way of Japan and the Pacific Ocean, she had come through Siberia, a six weeks' journey in a train with most primitive accommodations. Before crossing the Atlantic to America the family spent the summer in Switzerland, by the blue waters of Lake Lucerne, overshadowed by the majestic Alps. All these varied experiences developed in Pearl a poise and a breadth of outlook not often found in a college student.

This article first appeared in the February, 1939 issue of the Alumnae Bulletin. It won a citation as the best character sketch by any college publication of that year. Several alumnae have requested that we reprint it, and we do so gladly, with special appreciation to Emma Edmunds White '14, as a loving tribute to Pearl Buck.

The only woman to win both the Nobel and Pulitzer literary awards, as well as numerous other honors, Pearl Buck was working on four new books at the time of her death.

Her humanitarian concerns extended world-wide, and her special interest in children of mixed Asian-American ancestry is reflected in the Pearl S. Buck Foundation, with offices in eight nations, and Welcome House in Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

With nine adopted children and many grandchildren near her, she recently said, "My house is full all the time, and so is my life."

A week prior to her death, she had just completed her eighty-fifth book—All Under Heaven.

Her College friends did not have to wait till *The Good Earth* appeared to know Pearl's skill as a writer. Hers was usually the story selected for the College monthly and for the annual, and these stories of hers were in a class by themselves. Even before this, as a little girl, she was a weaver of delightful tales. She used to write for the Shanghai *Mercury*, which had a weekly edition for children. A childhood friend, who had grown up near her on one of those hills outside Chinkiang, triumphantly remarked to her father after they read *The Good Earth*, "Now you see why it used to be so hard to get me home from Pearl's house when I was a little girl!"

As for Pearl's studies, Latin and physics she detested; psychology and philosophy were her delight. In spite of irregular preparation, she graduated with such distinction that she was selected to return to the College for the next year to assist in the department of psychology and philosophy. But in November, when her mother's bad health made it advisable for her to go back to China, I promised to finish out her year at the College, and bade her a sorrowful good-bye.

Imagine what it meant to her father, mother, and little sister to welcome Pearl home after an absence of nearly five years! Of the seven children that had been born to that home only three were then living, and the brother, ten years older than Pearl, had gone to America to school while she was still a small child, and had never returned. Grace, the other girl, who was seven years Pearl's junior, was always her darling. Pearl was a second mother to Grace, as well as a sharer of all her tasks and her play. What would we not give for the stories she must have told the little sister to relieve the tedium of their days when other families had moved away, and there were no little playmates!

The next two and a half years Pearl spent most of her time in her Chinkiang home, studying the written Chinese language, going in and out of the homes of the Chinese women, and above all caring for her sick mother. Every summer, however, she and her parents would go up the Yangtze River to spend several weeks on Kuling Mountain. A tedious trip this, two days and a night of wretched accommodations on a river steamer; a night in the city of Kiukiang in the Rest House, nicknamed the Pest House; then a weary jaunt in a sedan chair across the plain and up the mountain. But richly was she rewarded for all this effort, for there is no spot that I have ever seen more beautiful than Kuling. The little cottages are almost lost in the dense foliage as they cling to the side of the mountain. From the top of the mountains the panorama of one vast valley is indescribable.

The Yangtze River, miles away, may be seen on a clear day from the highest houses, and the sunsets are gorgeous. Nowhere else are there such lovely lilies growing wild, and such interesting trips—to Nanchang Pass, from which one can watch the sun going down in one valley as the moon rises in another; to Paradise Pool, whose very name describes it; to Deer Grotto, and others.

After her marriage in 1917 to Mr. J. Lossing Buck, Pearl went to live in Nansuchow, a city in north China, almost halfway between Shanghai and Peking. She found this northern city and its people quite different from those she had known before. Since she spoke the language as a native, the change in dialect presented no terrors for her. But the soil was dry and barren. It was hard to make any flowers grow, and during the five years that she lived there she missed the more luxuriant growth of her southern home. In this northern wheat-growing section the people are so poor that even the grass is dug up by the roots and dried for fuel, and the bare, brown fields are never green except when the new wheat comes out in the spring.

She said of those five years that they were among the richest as well as the hardest of her life; but her life had always been among the Chinese, and here she went about among the people and came into the closest and most intimate knowledge of their lives. "Chinese women would talk to me as woman to woman and friend to friend. Some of my best and closest friends were made in those years."

After a short while it became necessary for Pearl to come to America for a serious operation, and when she returned to China she and Mr. Buck went to Nanking to live. Pearl did a great deal of teaching in the University of Nanking and also in the Southeastern University, a Chinese government school, and in Chung Yang University. She loved the contacts with the students and the insight it gave her into the life and thought of young China, but teachers will sympathize with what she once wrote about her work, "I am enjoying vacation, and *no school*. It's the papers and grades which oppress me, and I am just remiss enough about keeping up with them so that I suffer pretty constantly from a harried conscience!"

Through the years we wrote often to each other. I still have the dress she sent my first baby and another she made and embroidered herself for my little girl. Joyful were the letters we exchanged when in 1921 my husband and I decided to go to China as missionaries, and we found that our first year would be spent in Nanking. Never shall I forget that cold January afternoon when we landed in the Nanking

Helianthus

PEARL SYDENSTRICKER, A. B.
K A, AM SAM
CHINKIANG, CHINA

Philosophy

Member of Student Committee, 1911-12, 1912-13; Treasurer Class, 1912-13; Leader Student Volunteer Band, 1911-12, 1912-13, 1913-14; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., 1912-13; President Class, 1912-13; Commencement Debate, 1912-13; President of Franklin Literary Society, 1913-14; President Literary Club, 1913-14; President Senior Club, 1913-14; Senior Delegate World's Student Volunteer Conference, 1913-14.

"The Sky Pilot."



station and spied in the noisy Chinese throng Pearl's well-loved face. That was before Nanking boasted any taxis, and would that I could give you a picture of the carriage Pearl hired to take us into the city—that tiny, moth-eaten horse and that overburdened carriage: first its high driver's seat, then the low seats where we were, the top folded back, and the trunks piled high on top of that! As we drove over the cobbled streets, through the big gate in the city wall, past the picturesque Drum Tower, beneath beautiful Purple Mountain that overlooks the ancient city, Pearl explained the Chinese sights and sounds, and introduced us to the oriental life so familiar to her.

During that year, 1922, it was my good fortune to be in her home constantly. The standing rule was for me to have at least one meal a week with her, and the atmosphere of peace and charm that she created was a constant marvel. Many articles of priceless value she had inherited from her mother. Other rare and valuable pieces Pearl had secured for herself. Often when I exclaimed over an exquisite bowl or table of rich wood, I would find that she had bought it for a mere pittance.

Her language ability stood her in good stead in getting what she wanted. So accurately did she describe a Windsor chair to a simple Chinese carpenter that he produced for her dining room a set that was really remarkable. Her living room was very large, and in it her husband and her father were almost continuously entertaining Chinese guests. Her desk where she wrote and worked was in the far corner of the room, but she wanted a little privacy, so that she would

not be constantly interrupted. Finally she devised this scheme: she called her faithful Chinese carpenter, showed him the back of her piano, and asked him to carve dragons on a piece of wood that could be put on this back to make it beautiful instead of unsightly. The next time I called she had her little den with her desk and her piano, the piano being the dividing wall between the den and the living room proper. The living room side was enriched by a panel of handsome redwood, carved with intricate dragons, for which she had paid the princely sum of one dollar!

In sketching the beauties of her home I must not fail to mention the yard, enclosed in its eight-foot gray brick wall, capped by tiles. Pearl had her plants so arranged that some were always blooming, and she loved to work among her flowers. Infinite patience it required to have such an attractive place with no help except that of an ignorant coolie who had many other duties besides; but attractive it always was. Time spent among her flowers was not work for her, but rest and recreation. Indeed, her love of nature and of music are very distinctive characteristics. Every time we had a free day that year in Nanking we would hire one of those never-to-be-forgotten carriages, pack a picnic lunch, and launch forth to some spot of beauty: perhaps the foot of Purple Mountain, or the Ming Tombs, Lotus Lake, or some secluded temple grove.

What a versatile person Pearl was! After her teaching she would come home to prepare her salads, for she never trusted these to Chinese servants. If the fruit was a kind that could not be scalded, such as cherries, she would wash it

carefully in a mild disinfectant and rinse it in water that had been previously boiled, doing it every bit herself. Always in those days she had a large household; her father lived with her, and usually two couples who were attending the Nanking Language School. Moreover, never a week passed that there were not overnight guests: visitors from America wishing to see the University, friends coming by train and waiting to catch a boat, and countless others. In addition, almost every day guests were invited in for tea, lunch, or dinner—professors and their wives, Chinese students, friends. How gracious her hospitality by her open fire, as she poured tea, buttered toast, and sliced her own delicious cake! No ordinary tea that; the aroma from the little white orange blossoms in it filled all the room. It took contriving to keep the latch string always on the outside, but the extent of Pearl's figuring to keep down household expenses was known to her cook alone. That winter she longed for new draperies, but they were too expensive. Finally, in a little Chinese shop she found some silk that had been on the shelves a long time and had faded. Since she knew the wearing qualities of Chinese silk, she bought this at a great reduction and dipped it herself, and her draperies that winter were the envy of all her friends. She knew what it meant to have a restful, charming home in the midst of much that was unsightly and depressing, and she considered home-making her primary duty.

Nor have I begun to tell of all her activities. It is no mean task to run smoothly an establishment in China, but she did it. She was ever on the alert for greater efficiency. Her's was the first home in Nanking to use a woman cook rather than a man. So successful was her experiment that she later brought other women into her kitchen and trained several cooks for her friends. Many and devious are the ways of Chinese servants. One day the cook came to her in a towering rage because the table boy had collected all the "squeeze" from the tailor, when each domestic should have had a share! Another day the amah had to be appeased because the ricksha coolie had not shared a tip given by a guest. Constantly she was called in to act as interpreter when the Language School students had dealings with Chinese. She met serenely each problem as it arose, her unfailing sense of humor standing her in good stead.

With all of this she was an incessant reader, and has been all her life. Once, when I asked her how she found time to read so much, she said she was a poor sleeper and whenever she was awake she always reached for a book. The classics she loves and goes back to again and again. She is a great lover of Chinese literature, especially of poetry

and the novel. At one time she visited many of the large libraries of the North, looking up information on the Chinese novel, but she found almost no material. Then she began collecting her material from original sources.

It was while I was in Nanking that she began writing for magazines. Her first article appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in January, 1923, I think it was. How thrilled we were! In 1924 she won a \$250 prize offered annually by Cornell University for the best essay by one of its students. This was the year that she came to America and took her M.A. degree at Cornell. At the same time Pearl did all of her own housework except for two hours in the afternoon when a student took her little girl for a walk. She said what might have been expected, "I never failed to spend those two hours in the library."

In March, 1927, Nanking was seething because of the approach of hostile soldiers, and the American consul advised all American women and children to get on a gunboat for safety. Pearl's confidence in the Chinese was such that she considered this step unnecessary and decided to stay in her home. As a result she, her father, her sister, and the children of the two families were hidden for eight hours in a tiny, windowless mud hut, with the howling of the soldiers going on all around. As the day wore on the mob drew nearer. Discovery seemed inevitable and death imminent. Just then the foreign gunboats fired, and the soldiers were called away from their work of destruction.

Let me tell you of the woman who gave the Buck household refuge. In speaking of Pearl's guests I did not mention the numbers from Nansuchow, the city of her early married life. These were not friends, or even acquaintances in many cases, but refugees, virtual beggars, pensioners on her bounty. So often they came, usually with nothing but one little roll of household goods and their ragged clothes on their backs, that her patience was almost, but never quite, exhausted. A certain woman came, and Pearl helped her get a mud hut and work sufficient to provide food for herself and her baby. Later, when the baby was terribly burned, for weeks Pearl dressed its wounds every day herself. This time bread cast upon the waters returned, for it was that woman who came pounding across the field on her poor, bound feet and risked her life to offer the Bucks the shelter of her home on that memorable day in March. Nor would she disclose their hiding place even at the bidding of her landlord. A heroine in a ragged, blue Chinese cloth garment!

After their rescue the Bucks went to Shanghai, and from there to Japan, where they spent the summer. In writing later



Pearl Buck in the library of her Bucks County home with her granddaughter, Susan.
Photo from winter 1965 Alumnae Bulletin.

of her experience in Nanking, Pearl said, "I have lost about forty-five pounds, and look more like my old self than I have in ten years. I haven't dieted or anything—it just came off. I suppose in spite of myself I have been in a tension these months. I dream every night of our time last March, although by day, I never think of it."

When they had returned to Nanking, two years later, she wrote, "We are back in the same house. It was badly wrecked—living room floor burned out, windows torn out, horses

stabled downstairs, etc., but we came back last July and got it into some sort of order. It is clean and straight and home-like again—upstairs makeshift, for of course we cannot re-furnish at once—but we decided we must have one room like home, and so the living room is much as it was. Two out of my three pieces of overstuffed furniture my servants saved, as well as some other things. They were wonderfully faithful to us, as were many others. What kept those terrible two days from being impossible to bear was the devoted faith-

Pearl Buck said about writing:

*"I love the act of creation,
but hate the fuss afterward"*

fulness of servants, neighbors, students, and faculty around us, between us and those soldiers, whose faces I cannot forget as long as I live. . . . It's wonderfully interesting, if one can keep a working sense of humor. . . . If one can take everything as part of a game, it's fascinating to watch things grow—change, anyway. Many of our friends and former students are in the government. C. T. Wang is a graduate of our University—we get lots of chance to mingle with the official class and see the wheels go 'round!

"Meanwhile, I plant cabbage and spinach and larkspur and violets in my poor demolished garden without being at all certain I'll ever pick them. But I may—who knows!"

In June of that same year she and her husband came to America for four months, and during that time she had her first novel, *East Wind: West Wind*, accepted by the publishers. She told me of it when she came to visit me, and we were as excited as we had been in Nanking over the publishing of the first article.

Since *The Good Earth* was published as the "Book of the Month" for March in 1931, Pearl Sydenstricker Buck has become famous. See what she says just after she wrote it, "I have finished my second book and sent it, but do not know yet what favor it has found with my publishers. Personally I think it better than *East Wind: West Wind*, but I am not a very good judge of my own work, I am afraid." This modest claim for such a book! After its publication she wrote, "I don't care for being well known. My keenest personal pleasure is in producing a unified work of art, if I can. . . . I am my father's daughter in that I don't give a penny for praise or blame. . . . I shall avoid all publicity stuff, and want to slip in and out of America unnoticed." Again, "I am now definitely committed to the career of a novelist. I love the act of creation, but hate the fuss afterward."

After this monumental work Pearl went quietly on her way. A letter headed "Peiping, Feb. 24, 1932," says, "I am here doing some work I have wanted to do for some years, and seizing the necessity of evacuation under consul's orders yet once again." Success only whets rather than dulls her thirst for knowledge.

In 1935 Pearl was married to Richard J. Walsh, editor and publisher, and in the summer of 1936 I had the pleasure of visiting them. Words fail me to describe the lovely old Pennsylvania farmhouse that is their home. The house is built of native gray stone, and the date of its building, nearly one hundred years ago, is set in the stone. Her study is fascinating, a little house of the same grey stone, which used to be the farm kitchen. At one end is the big open fireplace with the warming closets on each side and at the other a

little winding stair and a balcony. The barn, also of stone, has been converted into a garage underneath with a gymnasium and play room above.

The house itself has been changed only enough to make it comfortable. The wide floorboards are still there, the same hasps on the doors, as well as the big hand-hewn beams in the ceiling. The little desk in her room had been her mother's in China, and had been made from an old sea captain's chest. Much of the furniture is antique, in keeping with the house. But the pool, where we had a delightful swim, is altogether modern, as are the conveniences of a modern home.

We had supper on the terrace under a pear tree, and watched the moon rise over a distant hill. There we sat and talked until bed time. It was all so unbelievably lovely and peaceful that it is no wonder Pearl's beauty-loving soul has selected it as her haven for rest and work after crowded days in New York.

The next morning while I lay abed and luxuriated, she arose at six to give the babies their bottles. Yes, two of her adopted children were six months old, and she had no regular nurse, as she said she wanted the pleasure of caring for them herself in their babyhood. After breakfast she gave the boys their baths, and wrote awhile in her study; then we had a long walk. She showed me the growing things in her fields, her plans for more flowers, and the trees and rock formations in the woods. A few days ago I happened to see an old letter I had written home from College which said, "Pearl is the only girl I have found here who loves flowers as much as I do." Her feeling for woods is shown in what she once wrote in *The Forum* about Virginia woods: "I found myself walking through a wood in Virginia. How can I put the excitement of it into words! No one had told me how paganly gorgeous it would be. . . . I found myself in a living blaze of color—robust, violent, vivid beyond belief. I shall never forget one tall tree trunk wrapped about with a vine of prize scarlet, standing outlined, a fiery sentinel, against a dark, rocky cliff."

It was a delightful place, all beautiful and simple, inside and out, and the whole visit was a joy, with Pearl the same true, unspoiled friend. Since it was the maid's afternoon off, after the babies were put to bed Pearl prepared supper, and I found that her hand had lost none of its cunning in the kitchen, though it was a far cry from the days when we used to study "in the Pines" for exams, and lunch on crackers and tomato soup. We discussed many books, from *Gone with the Wind* to Lin Yu Tang's *My Country and My People*. The time passed all too soon, and the next morning we, babies and all, were up and dressed by seven, ready for the trip to

New York. How cunning those two little boys were in their blue rompers, as they bobbed about in their baskets in the back of the car the whole two hours. Among other things that Pearl and I have in common is our love for babies. Some years before this, after she had adopted her first baby, Pearl wrote of what a joy she was to her, and said, "I marvel at my good luck in finding her out of all the world."

Her apartment in New York was fascinating, yet as different as possible from the country home. The furniture was very modern, with everything in rich warm colors—here, vivid blue Venetian blinds; there, an orange chair; here, a yellow; and the most charming and unusual effects in lighting. High above the busy throng on Park Avenue the balconies blossomed with shrubs and flowers. We ate our leisurely breakfast on one of them in as much privacy as we had had in the country, while the babies took their sun baths on another.

In contrast to the rolling green Pennsylvania fields, the tall buildings of the New York sky line stood out like an etching. But there was a view of Central Park too. Did I say everything was modern? Pearl's workroom seemed to have been brought intact from the heart of China. I remember particularly the scrolls, the desk, and the chest. She was working then on *Fighting Angel*.

One reason for Pearl's skill as a writer is her unfailing interest in people, from the least to the greatest. One day in New York she told me of her little maid, a girl from a neighboring farm in Pennsylvania who came to New York with her every week. On the maid's evening off, it had grown quite late and she had not returned. Pearl could not go to sleep for recalling gruesome stories of what sometimes befell young girls alone. Finally she heard the key turn, and was at the door instantly to know what had happened. Pearl laughed merrily as she recalled the girl's words, "I went to the movies, and it was the Quintuplets. They were so good I had to see them twice. I sat there all alone, and cried and cried, and had the best time!"

A personality that caught her attention she describes thus: "Lindbergh and his wife are here now. . . . We dined with them last night at the consulate and were the only guests, so had a chance to become acquainted. . . . His wife I thought *perfectly charming*. She is very small, one of the smallest women I ever saw, and with a face that is increasingly pretty, because her prettiness is not obvious at first. She has lovely eyes and hair and a very winning simple manner. . . . She will probably unfold more and more." This was written in 1931, before either *North to the Orient* or *Listen, the Wind* was published, when Anne Morrow Lindbergh was still simply

ly "Lindbergh's wife."

How much truth she packs here in a few words! "Met Helen Keller the other day, to my great excitement. A marvelous, eager, sensitive personality, bursting through the external barriers!"

It is unnecessary to mention Pearl's books by name. They are known to everyone who reads this article. I shall, however, quote a little from her Alumnae Address of June, 1933, "On the Writing of Novels," because we are all interested in how her genius works. "The truth is I cannot be happy without writing novels, quite irrespective of whether they are read or not. I am, I regret to say, one of those unfortunate creatures who cannot function completely unless he is writing, has written, or is about to write a novel. . . . But there is a second way in which a novel may attack you. You may find yourself obsessed by a character or characters. . . . It is my peculiar form of obsession. These people are always crowding into my mind. . . . This one and that one cries out, 'Look at me! I've been waiting through the past two novels, simply aching to be put down. Can't you use me yet?' . . . So the novelist waits and soon the characters begin to live, to speak, and for themselves to shape the plot. . . . Thus the book is made. Long before the last page is written the whole scheme is perfectly clear. With me, even the last scene is exact, the last words said, before I begin writing at all. . . . The consciousness of words, that awareness of the beauty and the charm of the word, in its own right, free even from any context, or sometimes from meaning also, is like a gift for music. . . . The *real* novelist must have three gifts: a sense of form . . . a sense of character . . . a sense of the magic word. . . ." Pearl has all three in abundant measure, but to my mind the last especially. As I read her books I think of the old saying from *Proverbs*, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

And now she has won the Nobel prize! How well she deserves it! Her own words about it are best, "I had a wonderful time in Sweden—a warm, generous, kind people. The prize was given me *not* for *The Good Earth*, as some people have thought, but for the total body of my work. They discussed every novel and the two biographies, too. I was glad of that. In Sweden the favorite novel is *The Mother*, and for many people the favorite book is *Fighting Angel*. It was a successful and happy time."

After I left China she wrote, "I am glad you had the years in China. . . . Life will be forever the richer for you." Because she had the years in China life will be forever the richer for countless thousands. I say of her what she said of a mutual friend, "I love her, she is growing!"