

Fusan, Sat. 26, 1913.

Emma dear, and others.

From
Blanche
Gardner

It is getting late but I must begin this letter to you tonight. We have spoken of you, dear friend, and wished for you, oh so often. Blanche has such a dear, homey home. After being out awhile in these heathen homes it just seems like heaven to come back to this sweet, clean American home. For your eyes do ache to see home things. This house is on a high hill above the city of Korean and Japanese homes. We reach it by a steep, winding climb, but the view of the sea and mountains is beautiful from the house. There is a big yard with trees all around the edge of it. They look like poplars and were planted by the ~~the~~ missionaries. There are flowers Blanche planted and a good garden with potatoes, summer squash, lettuce, cucumbers, peas, tomatoes and other things. There are lots of ripe blackberries, too. The Korean village ^{one of many} is built right against their wire fence. The Korean houses are just pat down anywhere without reference ^{to} streets. They wind around after the house ^{the streets}. There are no trees but sometimes there is a bit of garden or a pumpkin vine growing over the thatched roof. The gutters are right along the edge of the house and there all the slops and debris of the family is deposited. The family washing hangs in the rocky pathway, also and every doorway opens out it and there play and quarrel the naked children and the half naked men and women. There too, the family

≅ washing is done and it is on the little porch for "marrow" is where the two women sit who iron with the long handled skillet filled with burning charcoal. It is wonderful how smooth they make the men's long linen coats and trousers and their own trousers, wide, plaited skirts and cotton jackets. One woman holds the garment with both hands while the other holds one end with one hand and wraps one between her feet and holds it very taut, and irons with the other, rubbing her long handled skillet along the garment which she dampens with a rag in her hand. Sometimes they iron with the two sticks on a flat stone, just pounding the folded cloth. They do it expertly, making almost a rhythmic sound.

Yesterday the Japanese inspector called to pay his respects and "by the way" get my name, home address and age. You must register within ten days after entering Japanese territory or they may fine you 15 \yen which is $\$7.50$ gold. He said he was sorry we didn't speak the same language so he could greet me. Day before yesterday we had a dreadful experience, in one of the little huts about as far from Blanche's front gate as the width of a street in Washington, in one of the little mud Korean houses, on the mud floor

3 on a dirty mat is a woman sick with
dysentery - a disease common here and
often ~~very~~ fatal. She is the mother of several
children and has an old mother-in-law and an-
other old woman in the house with her besides
the husband. George went over to see her once
or twice and found her unconscious. The hus-
band sent for our Korean doctor who came and
prescribed for her but about noon two
blind soocers with their drum arrived.
Soon men, women and children began to arrive,
naked children, dirty half clothed
women and men with the little tight
top-knot on top of the head, - the sign
of manhood as the boy's hair is plaited
down his back until marriage. There were
women with babies on their backs and even
little children carrying younger children -
a most heathenish group. The drum began
to beat and loud wailings to be uttered. I
can never forget that wined shriek.
Firecrackers were exploded and loud
jabberings and incantations added to
the awful confusion. Think of the poor
fever racked body inside that low
roofed hut with just one hole down
by the ground, for a window. Presently
a bough of green leaves with a long
paper attached was stuck up against
the side of the wall. Our Amah, who is

Paul's nurse, and a lonely woman, told us that if the bough moved, it meant "no, no" she would not get well, if it stood still it meant "yes". As the wind was blowing all the time of course it waved "no" and the sorcery had to go on with the additional extra cost and more "sool", the strong intoxicating drink of Korea, made of fermented rice. Presently a man came out and threw water over the house and all about. It was the effort to appease the spirits of the air, those devils who might be troubling the sick one. For they believe that she had offended some devil hence this illness. Then an old woman took a big knife and jabbed it all over the body of the sick woman, in the effort to find just where the spirit was for when she struck the spirit with the knife, her hand would shake. Then following the spirit off the body of the woman and around the room it led her out on the road where she went stooping along jabbing at the earth. In front of her knife, in an effort to coax the devil away, a man poured "sool" after having poured quantities of it outside in

5. The effort to get the devil out of the house. Pretty good temperance argument isn't it - that the devil seems to like it so well? As the poor sick creature did not seem better the sorcerers said perhaps the spirits wanted an offering of rice or perhaps money and they must make an effort to get the money, by night. That meant that relatives must be appealed to for money or the woman's hair ornaments or her wedding rings, - the only treasures she has ever possessed - must be sold and the money offered to the devils - ending of course in the pockets of the sorcerers. All day and far into the night that horrible noise went on until we were almost distracted. That she is alive yet is a wonder to us. George and another missionary went over and preached to them but they were mad with fanaticism. Think of the handicap a physician has under such circumstances! If the people who don't believe in missions and who think we had better confine our efforts to those at home could have had an hour of that I am sure their ideas would be changed. Oh, it just wrings the heart to be here in the midst of this misery and

6 ignorance and to see before our eyes every moment heathenism, heathenism.
Out on the front steps now is a man; a lame beggar whom George has helped several times. He comes constantly and sits there for hours. He may stay all night. George says they have had lepers sit on their front steps three days at a time. We went over to the other Win's today (for I am finishing this on Sunday evening) for the "Foreign service" they have every Sunday afternoon, just these two families here in Fusan. There were five of us and George preached a dear, sweet sermon on "our bodies a living sacrifice." He is so simple and earnest and so real. He told us the struggles he had at the close of his college to decide to come to the field for he knew what it meant, he was born in Japan of missionary parents. He wanted to do something else but decided God wanted him here.

Dr. Underwood's brother - the Underwood typewriter man, offered to send seven missionaries to the field and support them if his brother here would go to China as the agent for his